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AND THE

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FAN-TAIL DEER AND PINE-NUT BEAR.

FOR a good many years hunters have been hearing of little deer killed in the Rocky Mountains, which were variously called fan-tails, flag-tails and gazelle deer. For quite as long a time naturalists have known of deer called *leucurus, macrurus, mexicanus* and *couesi*, the zoölogical standing of which was uncertain. The characters on which these different sorts of deer, English and Latin, seem to have been based are more or less intangible. Size seems to be one of the chief distinctions, but there are others, such as length of tail, the way in which the tail is carried, the small and supposed differently shaped antlers. The subject was brought prominently before the notice of our readers by the letter in last week's FOREST AND STREAM from Capt. H. F. Kendall, which is of great interest. It seems to imply that there is a zone or region in the section where his observations were carried on in which the "flag-tail" deer occurs and only the flag-tail. This, however, does not appear to be true of all other regions where this deer is reported. We are told that fan-tail and gazelle deer exist in the northern Rocky Mountains and in localities where Virginia deer of ordinary size are commonly found. There seems to be little doubt that in southern North America, say in parts of Mexico, Arizona and Texas, the white-tail deer average smaller than in other regions, and there appears to be there a valid species—not a Virginia deer (*Dorcelephus couesi*). The largest white-tail deer we have ever seen was killed on the plains of Nebraska, at the head of the Dismal River. Yet, in the belief of the hunter, latitude does not seem to have much bearing on this question, since we hear of gazelle and fan-tail deer in Montana.

Size alone is a character of little or no value in determining species. It may have a certain force in confirming other specific characters if such characters exist, but in itself it is a small matter. We quote from an article published some years ago: "There are big deer and little deer just as there are tall men and short men, and until some characters more tangible and constant than size can be given it is scarcely worth while to dignify small specimens of the Virginia deer with varietal names. In the year 1874, during the first expedition of the late Gen. Custer in the Black Hills of Dakota, deer were found there in great numbers and most of them were of this species (Virginia deer). It was a common thing to kill on the same day adult bucks which one man could without difficulty lift and put on a horse, and others two or three times as large which required the united strength of two men to put in the same position."

This particular matter turns on the meaning given to the English terms used to designate these little deer. If the name fan-tail deer is supposed to have the same value as the Virginia deer, mule deer, or Columbian black-tail deer, its use is not justified by any proof of its existence hitherto adduced. In other words, it has not been shown that the fan-tail stands apart from all other deer, that the offspring of two fan-tail deer will be fan-tails and not ordinary Virginia deer. The pairing of male and female mule deer will produce mule deer always; not white-tails nor elk nor Columbian black-tails. This is a rough illustration only, but we cannot here go into the question of what constitutes a species.

We cannot think that the existence of this little deer as a distinct species or variety in the North is proved until a series of specimens shall have had examination and been pronounced on by a competent naturalist.

If the existence of the fan-tail deer is doubtful, much more so is that of the pine-nut bear. This beast, which is said to inhabit the Rocky Mountains and to live very high up, near timber line, is written about by Mr. Hough, and many singular details of its ways have been related by him. Until very recently specimens were absent, but some months ago Mr. A. Gottschalk, of Bozeman, Mont., wrote us that he had the skulls of two pine-nut bears. At our request he sent them to us. They were duly received and examined at our request by Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, of the Philadelphia Zoölogical Gardens, a gentleman who has devoted considerable attention to the bears, and whose confirmatory opinion we desired to obtain. One of these skulls is quite small and is clearly that of a wolverine, an animal that belongs to the family *Mustelidæ*, and not in any sense to the bears. The other is a bear skull, very small, quite aged, and unfortunately very badly broken at the base, as if the person who killed it had chopped the head off with an axe, having chopped away the angle of the lower jaw on one side and all the base of the skull. The specimen was interesting on account of the very great wear to which the teeth had been subjected, and also because, though old, it was practically without sagittal crest, such as is usually found in aged bears. Mr. Brown advised us that this skull is of the pure *americanus* type. He calls attention to the fact that the bear had had difficulty in getting along; that its food had been of such a character as unduly to wear down the teeth, and that the bad food had probably reacted on the general system, because the bones of the maxillaries were more or less diseased and spongy. Mr. Brown, however, is perfectly clear that the bear is a black bear, and that the skull is slightly abnormal. We are, therefore, still without the fan-tail deer and the pine-nut bear for which we have long been seeking, and which we had hoped the energy of Messrs. Hough and Hofer would long before this have provided us.

"ACCOMPANIED BY OWNER."

IN a constantly increasing number of States the principle is gaining recognition that one effective means of conserving the game and game fish stock is to prevent shipment to market and to the homes of "game hogs." The principle is embodied in many laws, where provision is made either against any transportation at all or against carrying game by others than the owners of it. Reference to the *Game Laws in Brief* shows that the Maine statute reads:

SEC. 13. No person or corporation shall carry or transport from place to place any moose, caribou or deer, or part therof, in close time, nor in open time unless open to view, tagged and plainly labeled with the name of the owner thereof, and accompanied by him

New York has a similar requirement that venison must be accompanied by the owner:

SEC. 46. Deer or venison killed in this State shall not be transported to any point within or without the State from or through any of the counties thereof, or possessed for that purpose, except as follows: One carcass or a part thereof may be transported from the county where killed when accompanied by the owner. No individual shall transport or accompany more than two deer in any one year under the above provision. This section does not apply to the head and feet or skin of deer severed from the body.

And the same rule applies to woodcock, ruffed grouse, quail, trout and landlocked salmon.

In Wisconsin:

SEC. 27. It is unlawful for any person to ship, carry or transport or receive for shipment or transportation to any point or place out of this State, any fish taken in the inland waters of this State, exceping that when accompanying and having in his personal charge the owner of such fish may carry out of the State 20lbs. or two such fish. To transport any carcass or carcasses of deer, buck, fawn or doe, except when such carcass or carcasses are accompanied by the owner or owners thereof, and each such owner so accompanying shall not be entitled to more than two carcasses, as aforesaid, upon such trip.

When the law says that game must be "accompanied by the owner," what does it mean? If the fish, or the venison, or the quail is carried in the bagggae car of the train on which its owner goes as a passenger, the custom has been to regard this as complying with the law, and reasonably so. But if the game be handed over to an express company for transportation and delivery in the regular course of business, whether or not the owner happens to go on the same train with the express car, does that come within the letter of the law? If within the letter, is it within the spirit of the statute? Should the courts hold that the American Express Co. might receive game for transportation from Maine, as related by "Special," we can see nothing to prevent an unrestricted traffic in venison and trout, if only each consignment shall be delivered to local express agents by the owner. An action was once instituted against one of the express companies for carrying venison from the Adirondacks, but it never reached a stage where the point in question was adjudicated.

Sportsmen in the Adirondacks have been subjected to the same treatment complained of by Boston men on the Maine Central. Quite aside from the legal considerations the system is open to criticism. It appears to have been adopted in the line of the policy of some roads to squeeze the last cent out of the sportsman-tourist and to make no account of his convenience so long as that last cent can be extracted.

MOWING MACHINES AND FISH.

WHEN the people of the Great South Bay on Long Island were confronted with the problem of rescuing their fish supply from the ravages of nets, their ingenuity saw in the worn-out mowing maching an engine of usefulness. The machines were gathered up and were floated out into the bay and dumped overboard, to serve as discouragements of netting. For when a net gets well tangled up with a mowing machine on the bottom, there is no particular satisfaction or profit in trying to do anything with it. Old anchors were added to the mowing machines, crib-works were built, and a regular system of submarine fortification was laid out. It stopped the drawing of nets, and it preserved and restored the fishing.

There must be some thousands of mowing machines in this country which have outlived their usefulness on land and might now with profit be consigned to a watery career of fish protection.

Dump them overboard.

SNAP SHOTS.

ONE may not read without sympathetic appreciation the note of tribute which a friend pays to the late E. M. Brown, of Preston, Conn. In his welcomed contributions to our columns Mr. Brown reflected those qualities of man and angler upon which his fishing companion dwells. He was a type of the busy men of the community, to whom these brief outings in the field and on the stream mean so much; and he was only one of thousands. It is for these men, those of us who cannot afford to go off to distant resorts, that the fishing resources of the home waters should be defended and maintained. There never was a more senseless position than that of the foolish people who oppose fish protection as class legislation, devised for the benefit of the rich alone. The truth is, as exemplified in this case, that when the vandals wreck a stream, they are striking at the right of the entire community.

The new taxidermist license law of Maine provides that "the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game may, upon application, issue a license to such persons as taxidermists, who, in their judgment, are skilled in that art, of good reputation and friendly to the fish and game laws of this State. Such licensee may at all times have in his possession at his place of business fish and game, or parts thereof, lawfully caught or killed in open time for the sole purpose of preparing for, and mounting the same; and such fish and game, or parts thereof, may be transported to such licensee and retained by him for the purposes aforesaid, under such rules, restrictions and limitations as shall, from time to time, be made by said Commissioners and stated in such original license and additions made thereto from time to time by said Commissioners. Section 2. Such licenses may be revoked by said Commissioners at any time after notice and an opportunity for a hearing; and every licensee and carrier violating any of the provisions of this act, or of the rules, restrictions or limitations set out in said license and additions thereto, shall, on complaint before any trial justice or municipal or police court, be fined."

The Sportsman Tourist.

A FEW REMARKS ABOUT A LIVE WESTERN TOWN.—II.

BY GEORGE KENNEDY AND HORACE KEPHART.

ON opening this week's number of FOREST AND STREAM I find the first chapter of a serial under the above heading, signed by our jolly friend Kennedy, who blandly assures you that No. II. will be contributed by myself. It strikes me that George could have found a better mate for so risky a venture, but on his head be it. As a mark of appreciation, I give him full liberty to tell all the turkey stories he knows.

His indications of the course I am to pursue are a little hazy, but, as near as I can make out, he wants me to give the details of that episode in the Ozark village to which casual reference was made in "Notes from Camp Nessmuk, No. I." Now, what is Kennedy driving at? Has he a sequel to my story up his sleeve, as it were? Hardly. To the best of my knowledge, it had no sequel, for the affair was a finality, and the only people who might have desired a continuance were—overruled.

No; Kennedy has a story of his own to tell about some place in the Ozarks, perhaps this very town, and I am as anxious to hear it as anybody. Besides, there seems to be a slight tone of banter in his request for those details. Is this a challenge? Bismillah! I accept it; and here goes.

But first let me worry Kennedy a little. He hates preambles and explanations, for you remember his sly dig at long-winded people. Now, any story of the Ozarks needs an introduction, for that region is almost unknown to the outside world, and has its little peculiarities that must be understood before one can appreciate the natives at their full value. For instance:

It is not so very long ago since all the West was "wild and woolly," from the Eastern standpoint. Then somebody took it into his head to come and see for himself. He traveled by drawing-room car across the continent and back; found the appliances and customs of civilization everywhere; saw no wild Indians, no buffalo, no bandits, no sign of savagery at all. He returned disillusioned, and declared that the romantic interest of the West had fled. Everywhere it was civilized, flat and commonplace.

And he told the truth—about what he saw from the car window. Nevertheless, there are still a few oases left where worn-out souls can taste primitive pleasures, and where sometimes they can actually enjoy thrills of the thrill-a-minute variety that Mr. Hough experienced on *skis*.

A good part of southern Missouri and the land over the border is still a trifle fuzzy. The local newspapers do not say so, nor do the seductive boom books; and a due regard for the truth obliges me to confess that I would not go down there and say so myself. Yet it is a fact that you do not have to go far from St. Louis to satisfy a yearning for the unconventional, from legal procedure to the culinary art.

Take Missouri below the "Big Muddy," add Arkansas to it, and then piece on as much of "the Nation" and so forth as you care to investigate; now subtract a dozen or so of the larger towns with their immediate vicinities, and you will have left enough wild country to get lost in for a moon or so, and never know that you are anywhere in particular. You will see some pretty rough travel. There will be leagues and leagues of razor-backed ridges, of rich but uncultivated bottoms, of yellow pine forests, of prairie, and table-land, and mountain. To the south east are the immense swamps of the overflows, gloomy, weird, rank with cypress, tupelo and gum, fringed with jungles of cane, and adjoining these are level uplands thick with white oaks, tall and straight as pines. You will marvel at the clearness of the mountain streams, until you run across a spring like a young lake, its surface blue as indigo, its outlet a river, its white bottom distinctly visible fifty feet below. You will discover caverns, and sinks, and mineral outcrops, and the chigres will discover you.

You may or may not find game. That depends upon whether you know where to look for it. I have hunted through the heart of Shannon for a week without seeing a deer track; and on the other hand it was only last fall that seventeen bucks were shot in four days within a small area not fifty miles from St. Louis.

Probably you will form low estimates of the men who publish maps, and will even have doubts about the veracity of Uncle Sam. For example, Round Spring on the map is a spot as big as Boston; in the postal directory it is a post office; in reality it is a round log cabin with one window, inhabited by old man Heine, his family, and a pack of hounds. You can't buy an ounce of salt within ten miles of this metropolis.

Now and then you meet the sallow native, find him "just tol'able," with everybody else the same, except "the old woman—she's a-chillin'." You notice that his rifle is heavy for its caliber, and wonder why he wears a cowboy hat in a wild hog country.

The log cabins have no windows sometimes, and no floors occasionally. The chimneys are built of sticks and mud (rocks are plentiful, but it is a weary business picking them when sticks will do), and they rise no higher than a man can reach without straining his buttons. There is only one room and one bed; but that bed is yours if you want it, while the family takes the floor, and your offer to pay for the hospitality is indignantly declined. Nobody ever hurries, nobody seems to work; if there is a plow it is rusting in the furrow, and nobody frets about it. Ask a question, and then sit down and light your pipe; but don't forget what the question was, or it may be awkward for you when the answer arrives—it is such a long, weary way to an answer in that country. Be choice of speech. Don't mention a boar or a bull in the presence of ladies, but call it "the male," and then there will be no trouble. I once spent two hours of hard thinking wondering what the U. S. mail was doing in a certain cane brake nine miles from a trail.

(Now, Colonel, don't you know that I'm not talking about your place? Everybody recognizes your people as cultivated, industrious and law-abiding—the very salt of the earth. But over in the next county—now, just between ourselves—you know that they are "prohibition" for the sake of the moonshiners, and that they rub snuff, and hold up trains, and shoot oftener than is decent; and I haven't said a word about that. This is no place to tell about our electric cars and eighty bushels to the acre. These hunters have no more use for "natural resources" or "well ordered communities" than they have for a corn-stalk fiddle or a rag baby. They are looking for something wild. Come, Colonel, let's h'ist one, and then I'll stop the geography and go on with the story.)

Date, October, 1894. Place—we will call it Due West.

As you may remember, I had gone to bed in the little hotel and was sleeping the sleep of a very honest man, when at 2 o'clock of the Sabbath morning, right outside my window, there was a pistol-shot.

"Good-bye, pussy!" I thought, and rolled over.

Then again—bang.

"Somebody gunning for a burglar, perhaps."

Bang—bang.

Then a woman's voice, ringing out clear and dreadful in the still night air: "It's all a lie! I won't let you in. If you want to search this house you kin go an' git an orficer, an' I'll let him search, but I won't you uns."

Bang.

"Oh, God! I ain't got nobody to defend me but jist my little lame brother, an' him a cripple. An' here's my two pore little childern, an' them a-down on their knees a-prayin'—don't cry so, honey; they sha'n't git in."

I arose from bed, chilled to the heart. Nothing could be seen from my window, for the night was pitch dark.

Crash—the door went in. The sound of heavy boots upon bare stairs. Two sharp cracks from a self-cocking revolver of small caliber. Two heavier ones from a navy. Shrieks, curses, pistols and shotguns indiscriminately. Then a lull.

They were coming down stairs. A few stones through the windows. The woman's low moans gradually dying away. Utter silence.

It was horrible. I dressed hastily, rushed down stairs, strode into the office and lit a lamp. Somebody in the next room was evidently struggling to get under a feather-bed; otherwise no sound. Stepping out on the sidewalk, the raw air made me shiver. Never was there quite so dark a night. Not a light was to be seen anywhere, save at the railway station. Yet all the town had heard that infernal din. What kind of place could this be that no one was astir? I went over to the station and found the night operator, pale as myself.

"What's all this row about?"

"Don't ask me. All I know about it is that when the shooting began I crossed the tracks and started to go in back of the hotel where the noise was, when a man rose in front of me with a double-barreled gun. He said: 'You go back!' And I came back."

There was no more to be learned here, and I returned to the hotel mystified, and not knowing whether to look after the woman or not. Just as I had about made up my mind to do so two men flitted by, each with his coat turned inside out and with a black mask over his face. Presently another came carrying a long bowie that he seemed too excited to conceal. As he passed the lighted window the blade glittered. Seeing me he halted and boldly removed his mark. He was pale and perspiring.

"What does this mean?" I asked.

"Well, it was this way. [He placed the point of his knife against my chest and began describing diagrams, as if to illustrate his remarks.] You see there was a no-account white woman lived back there in the alley. [Here followed some local history, which may be summed up in the one word miscegenation.] Public decency couldn't stand it. The best citizens in town got together with some tar and feathers. But when we called she began to shoot; an' of course nobody can't preserve his dignity when somebody's a-shootin' in his face."

"Did you kill her?"

"No, I reckon not."

"How about him?"

"Shucks! how do I know."

An hour later several men and one woman assembled at the station to take the early morning express. Not a word was spoken by anybody. To all appearances the operator and myself were the only people in town who had noticed anything unusual, or were in the least perturbed.

Come, Kennedy. HORACE KEPHART.

ST. LOUIS, June 21.

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN NORWAY.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

ONE of the most noticeable features observed in passing through almost any valley in Norway is the accumulation of boulders which have from time to time fallen from the adjacent mountains. In some places a huge talus has been formed of rocks heaped higgledy-piggledy in rough confusion, but presenting from a distance the appearance of a straight and even line reaching from the valley to some 1,000ft. up the mountain's side. Not infrequently, when spending some months in my favorite occupation of salmon fishing, I have witnessed considerable falls of stones. On one occasion a large fall took place at a spot where we were in the habit of fishing when visiting the upper waters, and had we been present escape would have been impossible. The farm-houses are built where from the experience of generations the situation is known to be safe, but now and then an accident occurs. I remember a few years ago a single stone of about 5ft. square went right through a cottage, killing one poor woman and injuring another. A cow was struck by a stone while feeding high up on the talus, opposite the little hotel where we stay, and stone and cow rolled down together for some distance. A man went up and put the animal out of its misery, but the meat was too bruised for even the peasants to eat. All new stones which fall on or near the road are carefully covered with bushes, for otherwise the ponies would shy, they having an instinctive dread of stones. But these are small matters in comparison to the great fall which occurred last year.

Right opposite to our hotel there is a talus running up into a point more than 1,000 feet up the mountain, as measured by the anaroid. It was on the Fourth of July last that there occurred a memorable fall of stones, which threatened to overwhelm the little cluster of houses of which the village consists. An American gentleman (who was fishing with me) and his family were present; for, having first ascertained that my British *aumor propre* would not be seriously hurt, a supply of fireworks and bombs had been obtained from Bergen, and the young folks had determined to devote the day to burning powder, in commemoration of July 4, 1776. The fireworks were reserved for the evening in the vain hope that it would be dark, and the bombs were let off to inaugurate the great day. I cannot tell if these bombs had the effect of attracting the storm which soon broke over the valley; suffice it to say that, after months of dry weather, a deluge of rain descended almost immediately. Very shortly a report, like that of a cannon, high up in the mountains, here 4,000ft. high, told that a huge mass of rock had given way and was coming down the various gorges which led to the top of the talus opposite. Clouds of spray from a small watercourse indicated the progress of the roaring mass, until at last the rocks could be seen leaping and rolling down toward us, while the torrent brought with it a stream of smaller stones and mud which turned off to the left, devastating all before it, burying potato fields, and finally making its way into the river. But the bigger rocks, many of them as large as a good-sized room, came straight for the hotel, and apparently nothing could save us. But somehow or other each big stone turned aside or stuck fast before reaching the bottom, though some came much too near to be pleasant. This lasted a couple of hours. The rocks seemed to accumulate in the gullies high up in the mountains until one of extra weight would set the whole lot in motion. Then the noise was tremendous and the narrow valley re-echoed with the din.

When at last the storm subsided we went to see what damage had been done. The road was obliterated by stones and mud some yards thick. Potato and other cultivated patches were buried; a grove of young trees had disappeared. Of course, all traffic was stopped here, and also at another spot a mile up the valley, where the road had been covered by another stream of stones and mud. Gangs of men were soon at work making some kind of a track over the debris, but it was some days before they could remove sufficient to enable a cart or cariole to pass over. Just at the time a visit from H. I. M. the Kaiser was imminent, and every effort was made to clear the road, without success, however, and H. I. M. and his party were forced to leave their carioles and walk over the inundated parts of the road. I do not think that my American friends will soon forget the Fourth of July, 1894, and I am quite sure it will be long remembered in the valley. H. T. B.

TWO MONTHS ON THE ST. JOHN'S.

[*Concluded from page 527.*]

THE young man who was so courteous to us was Emmet McGraw, and we were camped at Buffalo Bluff. We sat around the fire very late that night swapping yarns with our new acquaintances, and I must acknowledge that we had to stretch the truth out of all proportion sometimes just to keep pace with them. The McGraws were Washington, D. C., people. Liking Florida, they had bought and settled on this place. There was a nice grove loaded to its full capacity with oranges. Besides, there was a banana grove in the rear of the house. Then they had strawberries, yams, and other fruits and vegetables in great profusion under cultivation. Directly in front of the house there were seven islands, and on firing a rifle or shotgun these islands would send back eleven distinct echoes. While we stayed here we set lines between the islands and caught turtles weighing from 30 to 50lbs. Sometimes we would find our hooks broken in two, apparently by something of great size and strength, as they were large shark hooks. The lines we used were nearly the size of clothes lines, and yet we would find even these lines broken sometimes. I suppose it was done by hooking alligators or large catfish. We caught one of the latter one morning after we left Buffalo Bluff that weighed in the neighborhood of 50lbs.

One morning, while Tom and I were sailing on the river a short way from camp, I shot an alligator a trifle over 10ft. in length. This was the largest one we shot on the trip.

Sam came in very handy here in the culinary line. He would cook about everything he laid eyes on, both meat and vegetable. After he tried these dishes we would wait a while, and if they didn't make him sick we would try them, too. One day he cooked some alligator for us and I must say it was a surprise to us to find that the flavor was almost identically the same as that of veal. If Sam had only removed the hide a little further from camp our appetite for alligator might have lasted longer. As it was, we would take a mouthful of alligator, then our eyes lighting on the hide the sight was altogether too suggestive to suit even our cast-iron stomachs. One meal completely satisfied our longing for alligator. We also tried water turkey. While I wouldn't recommend it, still it is much better than alligator.

Emmet made it a point to call every day and have a sociable chat. He was generally accompanied by a large, ferocious looking, black dog, called Gulliver, which, according to Emmet's description, was very bloodthirsty and dangerous. He kindly informed us that it would be just as well for us to tree as quickly as possible if we should happen to have the pleasure of meeting Gulliver alone some time on the place, for he was generally in the habit of disposing of anything in the shape of a biped or quadruped in about two gulps.

This glowing description of Gulliver's good points naturally made us hold him in great respect, especially when he would glide suddenly and swiftly behind one of us and poke his chilly muzzle against the calf of our legs. It is needless to tell how sweet and musical Emmet's "Come huh, Gulliveh," would sound in our ears on such occasions.

We always kept the pointer, Rake, chained near the tent. As Tom had parted with a pretty snug sum for him when he was a pup, we were naturally more or less worried about him when Gulliver was around, especially as Gulliver seemed determined on making a meal of him. Much to our surprise and fear, Rake, instead of trying to conciliate this huge fierce monster, made matters worse by snapping, growling and tugging at his chain until we thought it would break, and showing in other ways the utmost contempt for this sausage machine. Poor Rake. We feared his end was near. Poor foolish dog, to come one thousand miles to be eaten by a wild cannibal of his own species. It was awful.

One warm day, while we were lying in the shade trying to keep cool, and thinking of nothing in particular, we were startled by sudden manifestations of excitement and great agility on the part of Rake. We never saw him so

worked up before. He would bark, growl and tug at his chain as though his very life depended on it. When in the height of one of these spasms the chain suddenly snapped and away went Rake before we could stop him. He took a bee line for the orange grove. We couldn't understand what made him act in such a manner when suddenly, horror of horrors! there was the bloodthirsty monster Gulliver standing in the grove and Rake was rushing to sure and sudden death. For hadn't Emmet kindly advised us more than once "to put a double fastening on Rake, as he would be sorry have him to get away some time while Gulliver was around. He was such a pretty dog it would be a pity to have him die, as Gulliver would kill him so quick he wouldn't have time to repent.'

I guess Rake must have taken him unawares, as that is the way Emmet explained it that night, anyhow, when he came over to the camp without Gulliver.

When we got there we more than had our hands full extricating Gulliver's hind leg from Rake's mouth. When we did finally succeed he put for the house on three legs as fast as he could "scratch gravel." Although he was a big brute, his voice was way out of proportion to his size. He never came near our camp after that the whole time we stayed there, with or without Emmet. We even got reckless, and whenever we came across him afterward we wouldn't tree.

As for Rake, he rose high in our estimation after that. He was the hero of the camp. Nothing was too good for him. No matter if he was eccentric and had a way of deliberately rolling overboard while we were under way, he being chained to the foot of the mast, thus allowing himself to be towed through the water by the neck while lying on his back with all four feet doubled up on his breast and his tail streaming out behind like a comet. He generally made it a point to go through this performance about four times a day, when there was a good sailing breeze; not so often when the breeze was indifferent—as there wasn't as much excitement in doing so then, it didn't make so much trouble to fish him out.

Rake just enjoyed such occasions, as he would show when pulled on deck, by trying to tangle his chain around his rescuer's legs, in his wild cavortings and gambolings of joy, and pitching him head first overboard, which he succeeded in doing to perfection on two or three occasions, both to Tom and myself.

One day while camped at Buffalo Bluff we witnessed a serious phenomenon. It was a warm, bright afternoon, without the least indication of rain, when suddenly a small cloud appeared in the south, directly over the river. As it gradually drew nearer and nearer, we noticed that it seemed to follow every crook and turn of the river, also that it was accompanied by a heavy downpour of rain. Finally it passed the camp, and while there was a perfect deluge on the water, not half a dozen drops fell on the shore that we could see. All this time the sun shone on the camp as though there wasn't a cloud in the sky. What appeared stranger, there was only a slight breeze on shore, while the cloud traveled at great speed. It wasn't over twenty minutes from the time we first observed it until it had passed by and beyond us, around the sharp bend north of camp, and out of sight.

This was the only rain we had the whole time we were encamped in this delightful place. Every day was as bright and pure as possible, being just warm enough through the day to make it comfortable lying in the shade, or sailing on the river. The evenings were just cool enough to make it enjoyable sitting around a good camp-fire. The owls would gather in the near-by hammocks and hoot and jabber away to each other like a lot of mixed politicians at a hot caucus. Or there would be sudden grunts or groanings, followed by splashes in the river, flowing darkly and silently within a few feet of the tent. Then some one of the many river steamboats would pass up or down, her lights glowing and twinkling in the darkness like some huge fiery monster just out of the infernal regions. As the sides of some of these boats, between the upper and lower decks, are completely open, this effect would be heightened when the doors of her huge furnaces would be thrown open, and the crew of darkies would begin to pile in heavy sticks of cord wood. Then the heavy flood of light issuing from the mouths of these furnaces would disclose the whole interior, the red glow upon the dark, red-shirted crew giving the appearance to a person with a vivid imagination of a crew of fiends engaged in some devilish midnight revel.

It seems queer, when I look back on those days, that the possibility of some lurking reptile or other animal crawling and secreting itself in our bedding during the day never seemed to enter our heads, although the place was overrun with rattle snakes and moccasins. With the exception of a blacksnake, which Sam caught one day while Tom and I were away from the camp, and which bit him on the hand in the operation, the only creature we ever saw in the tent was the cheerful and companionable little green "chameleon," which was so tame and cute as to make our camp all the more cheerful and enjoyable.

We would often sit inside during the day with a newspaper spread in our lap and catch flies and put them on the paper, when presently one of these little fellows would make his appearance from some secret nook or corner, and crawling up on the paper would stop just before a dead fly, turn its solemn little head to one side and look up into our faces with its small, cute, sharp eyes, as much as to say, "Mister, if that fly is of no use to you, and you don't object, with your kind permission, I would like to dispose of it myself." Then making a sudden dive, it would swallow the fly in a twinkling, then look up in the most solemn, comical manner, as much as to say, "How is that for high?"

We led this free, careless life for three weeks, then Sam accepted an offer of Mr. McGraw to stay with him. So one morning Tom and I regretfully pulled down our tent for the last time in Florida. We slept on the boat altogether afterward. After storing everything aboard and bidding our new friends a regretful farewell, Sam especially, who looked rather wistfully after us, we made sail, and in half an hour's time had seen the last of what was the brightest and happiest three weeks I ever spent under canvas. But though the reality is a thing of the past, fond memory will treasure and keep it fresh and green as long as life and memory last.

There was but little wind; when darkness came we had made only eight or ten miles. Running up close to the shore so as to be out of the way of passing steamers, we anchored for the night.

We felt so lonesome that evening while eating our supper that we were half inclined to turn back to Buffalo Bluff again. After making up our beds, however, and hanging the lantern in the cabin, it looked so cheerful and homelike that the feeling partly wore off.

We had left our trunk in Sam's charge at McGraw's, and with that and Sam's valise gone we had ample room to live aboard. We would have fared badly if we had had to depend on the tent for shelter, as we met with very few places on which to pitch a tent from Buffalo Bluff to Sanford.

We were under way the next morning by 8 o'clock, and about 10 we sighted Lake George. There was very little wind, so it was fairly noon before we entered the lake. This lake reminded us of the ocean, for we were unable to see across.

About 1 o'clock we sighted what we presumed was the south shore, but on getting closer we were greatly surprised to find that what we had taken for land was a huge flock of ducks. There were thousands upon thousands of them, and when we got near they arose like a huge black cloud, fairly darkening the southern horizon. The roar of their wings sounded like a heavy gale of wind. They left the surface of the water covered with feathers.

Just before reaching the lighthouse, which stands on a framework of spiles near the southern entrance of the river to the lake, a sudden puff of wind nearly capsized us. We managed to pull through by a small margin, however.

When we entered the river again we were confronted with a puzzle by coming to another stream which branched off to the right. As it was a larger stream than the one we were on we didn't know which one to take. We finally decided, however, to keep to the right, so we entered the larger stream. We didn't sail a great way before we began to doubt whether we were right or not. As it was nearly sunset we decided to anchor for the night. Before turning in we had our doubts set at rest by hearing a steamboat pass down the other stream.

The next day dawned with scarcely no wind at all; and as the current of the river grew stronger and stronger the further south we advanced, and at the same time the river became more crooked and narrower, we made very poor headway. Sometimes we had to resort to sculling, which was very hard and unpleasant work in the hot sun. After sculling a mile or so beyond Astor, we anchored close to a small island in the middle of the river so as to be out of the way of the traffic.

The next morning while we were eating breakfast we were startled by hearing quite a commotion and racket in the swamp, which sounded like a couple of cats fighting, only the noise was about ten times as loud. These catawaulings would be followed by the crackling of vines and and branches, and splashes and flounderings in the waters of the swamp. Tom took the oar and I the gun. Working the boat cautiously in the direction from which the sounds proceeded, we had almost reached the shore when we were considerably startled and surprised to see a large, lithe, tawny body drop out of one of the trees that lined the river's edge into the water. We quickly saw that this animal was a panther. How it came to fall in the river I don't know; but there it was right in front of us and not over 10yds. away, exerting itself to its utmost to reach the shore. I brought the gun to my shoulder pretty quickly and gave him a charge of buckshot in the head. He disappeared under water, only to reappear soon after, but further out in the river. He acted as though he was stunned.

By this time Tom had got his gun, and at the word we both fired; he showed us such an ugly wicked set of snapping teeth that we were perfectly satisfied to be no nearer to him. The water was quite bloody where he disappeared. We tried to feel him with the oar, but the water was so deep we couldn't touch the bottom, so we never saw him again.

After the panther excitement was over Tom thought he would take advantage of this chance to give Rake a run, as he had been cramped up on the boat ever since we left Buffalo Bluff. Loosing the dog we sat down on the cabin top and watched him floundering around in the swamp for awhile. There was no wind, so we were in no hurry. Forgetting all about the dog, we entered into conversation about the panther. When we finally did think of him, he had disappeared entirely. We called, whistled, and shouted at the top of our lung's for fully an hour, but to no purpose. Then we sculled the boat up and down the shore for a mile or more; still no dog.

Finally it was decided to return to the spot where we had turned him loose, and wait until afternoon; then if he didn't make his appearance, to proceed without him.

When afternoon came, however, he was still missing. We hated to leave without making one more effort to find him, so it was decided that one had better stay by the boat, while the other went into the swamp to see if some trace that would lead to his whereabouts could be found. We drew lots to see who would do the exploring, and it fell to me.

I must confess that I didn't relish the prospect much, and when I started I vowed to myself that I would make the trip a short one. The panther adventure of the morning was too green in memory to make it enjoyable roaming around in that dismal, dreary swamp. I took my gun and a dozen cartridges loaded with buckshot, and I took a small but excellent pocket compass.

The experience of that afternoon will satisfy me for a lifetime. It required more than two hours to get through the swamp from the river to the dry forest land. It was dark and gloomy in there. The huge cypress trees rose high overhead, their giant branches heavily draped with the crape-like Spanish moss, which produces an effect of gloom so deep that to be realized it must be seen.

The trunks of these trees rose out of damp, reeking, miasma-polluted ground, littered with the decaying trunks of fallen giants, which were overgrown with green briers and other vines in such profusion as to make it almost impossible to get through them in some places. In other places there were dark silent pools of stagnant water, the bottom of which could not be seen. Part of the time I would be wading through these treacherous pools up to my waist, not knowing what moment I might tread on a moccasin or some stray alligator. At other times the undergrowth and dead soaking fallen timber were so thick that I would almost have to go on my hands and knees to force a passage through them. When I did finally reach the dry forest land, I was a sight. I was soaked and covered wtih mud and scratches from head to foot. Looking to the south, I spied a cluster of small log houses. I walked to these houses, and after knocking on the doors of two or three of them, and receiving no answer, I concluded that no one lived there, and was about turning away when a young darky appeared at the door of one of the cabins.

I told him about losing the dog, and asked if he had seen him. He answered "No." I then told him that if he would find him and bring him to us we would give him $5. This offer made a very expansive grin overspread his face, and he said, "I reckon dat I'll start huntin' for dat ar dorg right orf," and he suited the action to the word.

I thought it would be as well to start for the river, if I intended to reach there before dark. It was the same old story going back. If anything it was worse, as the afternoon was so far advanced that the sun was nearing the end of his day's journey when I entered the swamp again. The darkness and gloom under these conditions was greater than ever. It was considerable after sunset when I reached the river. I had to fire the gun half a dozen times before I received an answer from Tom. I had struck the river so much farther to the north than I had left it that it took Tom quite a while to scull the boat to where I was. When it finally appeared to view it is no exaggeration to say that the sight was a most welcome one. By the time I changed my clothes and supper was ready it was pitch dark.

It was a very gloomy supper we sat down to that night and neither of us cared to talk much. We had no idea of the hold a dumb animal could gain on the affections until we lost that dog. We had both wished him inside an alligator on a number of occasions during the trip, but now, when he had actually gone, we found the hold he really had on us, without knowing it almost.

We had almost finished our meal in silence when there was a sudden splashing and floundering in the swamp, and before we dared hardly to hope, a deep, sudden bark awoke the vault-like echoes of the swamp, followed by more rushing back and forth along the edge of the river.

We got the anchor up quicker than we ever did before, and the old oar was doing good execution before the anchor reached the deck. Before we had made half the distance to the shore the dog plunged into the river and was on his way to meet us. When we pulled him aboard he was the most tickled canine I ever saw, fairly boiling over with joyful exuberance. We found a piece of rope around his neck, which some one had tied there hoping by this means to keep him, I suppose. This, however, is where they made a monumental mistake, as Rake knew how to gnaw a rope in half—as Tom had discovered to his disgust on several occasions. However, the knowledge stood him in good stead this time.

Next morning while breakfast preparations were under way we baited one of the large shark hooks and dropped it over the stern. In about ten minutes the boat began to sag sideways through the water. Tom grasped the line, which was ¼in. in thickness, and began to haul in. The line cut his hands so that I had to assist him. We thought we must have hooked an alligator by the way we had to pull, but we soon had a river catfish flopping on the stern of the Rambler. It weighed, as near as we could judge, in the neighborhood of 50lbs.

We had to kill it with the axe. It seemed as though it was his last ambition to pound the very deck in. This was the only fish of the kind we caught on the trip. But by the way he pulled when we hauled him aboard we concluded that it was his kind that had broken so many of our hooks and lines.

For the next three or four days it was one continual drudge with the oar, through a river that was so crooked and disagreeable that it seemed impossible to duplicate it. The banks were nothing but damp, reeking, malaria-infested swamps, with an insignificant dry spot here and there, on which would be perched a few log cabins. These places generally sported names bigger than themselves. Just before entering Lake Dexter we came to one of these dry places, on which there was a log cabin. We stopped here to make some inquiries, and found that this was a mossers' camp. There were six men here, who were engaged in collecting the gray Spanish moss. The moss is buried under the ground for a certain length of time, when the gray outside skin drops off, leaving the inside fiber, which resembles horse hair. It is then cleaned and shipped North, where it is used in upholstering establishments for stuffing lounges, chairs and other furniture. At that time mossers made very good money. We met with quite a number of persons engaged in this business while we were on the St. John's, the majority of whom were West Indians.

In places the river was literally covered with water lettuce, making it the hardest kind of work to force a passage through with the use of the oar. This lettuce, or cabbage, as it is sometimes called, is so thick in places as to cause the stoppage of steamboats by clogging the paddlewheels so that they can not turn. We were always sure to find plenty of ducks in this lettuce, however, and as they were not very wild we would shoot them whenever we felt duck hungry. We made it a rule never to kill game of any kind unless we intended to eat it. We couldn't see any sport in the practice indulged in by some so-called sportsmen of killing for killing's sake that which had no power to defend itself. I remember quite well, one day as we were making our way laboriously against the current with the oar, we counted twenty-three squirrels in one large cypress tree on the shore, and then stopped counting. These squirrels are not as large as the Northern gray, but larger than the red squirrel.

The day we entered Lake Dexter we had a hard time finding where the river entered the lake on the opposite side. We sailed and sculled around the lake two or three times, keeping a sharp lookout all the while, but could find no river. The lettuce formed one unbroken line, extending hundreds of yards out in the lake. But just as the sun disappeared back of the moss-covered cypresses that lined the low damp shores of the lake, we saw a steamboat coming, as it seemed, right through the woods.

There are a great many islands, some with small trees and underbrush growing thereon, to be met with in the small lakes of the upper St. John's, which look firm and substantial enough, but a person must be very careful and not attempt to land on them without proper investigation beforehand, for they are very apt to prove to be nothing but a lot of floating weeds, brush and other vegetable matter which a person would sink through into the water beneath and so stand a good chance of being drowned. The first time we noticed one of these islands was the

afternoon that we entered the river after leaving Lake Dexter.

We had anchored alongside a nice well-behaved appearing little island of about a quarter acre in extent when, as a steamboat passed, much to our amazement, the island began to move rapidly up the river. After the boat passed, however, the island moved back to its original position. The cause of its moving in the first place was due to the suction of the paddle-wheels of the steamboat. We were going to land on this island but changed our minds after the steamboat passed. On investigation we found that we could shove an oar clean through what appeared to be solid ground into the river.

The river got to be so narrow and crooked and the trees were so dense on either bank that unless there was a heavy wind blowing we wouldn't get enough to fill our sail. We had to use the oar almost continuously until we reached Blue Springs one night after dark. Our hands were so sore from the drudge at the oar, and we were so much discouraged and disgusted, that we had almost decided to give up the trip altogether at this point.

The morning after reaching Blue Springs we emerged from the cabin of the Rambler to find the sky all clouded over. A gale of wind was blowing from the north which bent and swayed the branches of the trees on the river bank as though determined to tear them from their very roots. The roar of the wind was as sweet music in our ears, however, and we hurried through with breakfast so as to take all the advantage possible of this chance.

After we got under headway it commenced to rain very hard, but that didn't bother us any, as we were clothed in heavy oilskins. Besides, we were making grand headway, and fairly flew through the water, which was almost perfectly smooth on account of the river being so narrow and crooked. It stopped raining by the afternoon, but the wind seemed to blow harder than ever, fairly picking the swaying moss off the giant branches of the trees, and skurrying it in gray patches through the cheerless air.

It was regular sharpie weather—a fair wind, in fact, a gale, and smooth water. The little Rambler acted like a wild horse that had been confined against its will and was now suddenly loosed.

We passed through considerable marsh land that afternoon, where the river spread out in innumerable shallow lakes on either hand. These lakes were literally alive with ducks, which on account of the high wind acted very wild. Flock after flock would arise and fly from spot to spot in the wildest, most unsettled manner.

We reached Lake Monroe that night shortly after 5 o'clock. After a most exciting sail across the lake in a gale of wind, which made us strain every nerve and muscle more than once to keep from turning turtle, we anchored to the leeward of the dock at Enterprise, while the ragged clouds were chasing each other in the wildest conceivable manner across the pale face of the crescent new moon.

The next day was spent in exploring Enterprise, and after two or three days here we sailed across to Sanford, where we received letters and papers from home.

While we stayed here, which was about a week, Tom was taken so seriously ill with chills and fever that the doctor ordered him to get out of the country, off from the river anyhow. So after staying in Sanford long enough to dispose of the little Rambler, which we did with many regrets, as we hated to part with her after she had carried us safely through so many hardships, trials and pleasures, and after selling the rest of our outfit, including Rake (Tom realized a good price for him and so knew that the new owner would give him a good home), one morning, when it seemed as though all nature smiled, with the sun casting his warm rays over the sparkling, laughing waters of the lake, we boarded the motherly looking old steamboat Rosa, bound for Jacksonville, *en route* for home. The little Rambler, anchored near by and looking so deserted and lonesome that it went straight to our hearts, bowed and bobbed us farewell as we watched her from the deck. Our steamboat pulled out from the wharf and headed down the river, and we realized that our dreamed-of, wished-for, Florida trip had come and gone, and was a thing of the past.

WM. H. AVIS.

A WORD ABOUT CRACKERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have taken your paper for the last eight years, have read it very closely, clipped from it quite copiously and now for the first time do I ask for space and to be heard.

It was with the greatest pleasure that I read the first installation of "Two Months on the St. John's." It brings to my mind pleasant recollections of "days gone by," recollections of my experience in Florida and my experience with the "Florida Cracker." But I can't say my reading of the second number was quite so pleasant. It would have been a great deal more pleasant if the writer had not cast odium on the whole piece by his reflective rubbish on the "Florida Cracker"—as it was my reading it was with a feeling of disgust and deepest pity for him. It has always seemed a little queer to me that the Northern visitor will take his trip South only to return home and spend his time complaining of the laziness of the white people and the industry of the "handsome and intelligent" negroes.

Now I have traveled in every State east of the Mississippi River, I have fished and hunted, been in the woods and in the backwoods of many of the States, and I have been nearly all over Florida from Tallahassee and Jacksonville to Key West, but I have never yet run afoul of the "unwashed, thin, humpbacked, concave-chested, long-haired, bewhiskered, vermin-covered, lazy, trifling, good-for-nothing exister" that Mr. Avis claims the distinction of having discovered in northern Florida. But I must confess that the nearest to it can be found right there in Florida, but as I understand it a "Florida Cracker" is a person born and raised in Florida. Now let me state by way of explanation to our erring brother that people born and raised in Florida are used to the heat and climate and are therefore no more "lazy, trifling or good-for-nothing," etc., than is the "cracker" of Maine, New York or any of the other Northern States. If our friend had investigated things a little while down here (and not formed "snap conclusions") it would "stand him in hand" as a writer, and he would have discovered that ninety-nine cases out of a hundred of the creatures that tallied with his glowing description were emigrants from Northern States; too lazy to make a living at home, they had come to the South and were scraping out an existence without working—and if he had taken the trouble to inquire of them their birthplace (as I have done in Georgia and Florida), I am sure their answer would have been Philadelphia or other refined and cultured centers of the North, and not Patagonia, as he tries to intimate.

There is one thing certain, we are a hospitable people, and the hospitality of the South is noted. When I am in Florida or any other State my chief reliance is in the Crackers. They always appear desirous of helping me out of trouble and always moderate in their charges.

It is very distasteful for us (I mean all of us) to see a journal of so much importance and value to the sporting fraternity as is the FOREST AND STREAM used as a vehicle for dissatisfied writers to vent their spleen and prejudice on any particular section.

Now, Mr. Editor, it is certain that if Mr. Avis has ever been in Florida he has enlarged on the Cracker question to the proper extent to make his article readable with a relish by your Northern readers, or he was too young and verdant to have the power of observation necessary for a good descriptive writer.

Trusting this is not too great an intrusion on the magnanimity of our editor, and promising to be more agreeable next time I write, I am proud to be able to sign myself A GEORGIA CRACKER.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 25.

NORTHWARD TO THE FAR WEST.—I.

"All things move westward ho! It is bound up in the heart of man, that longing for the West."—*Kingsley.*

"ALEXANDER THE GREAT having conquered the world, sighed for new worlds to conquer," and no doubt there is hidden, deep though it may be, in the breast of the average man, that same ambition to do, to conquer, to control. All may not care "to seek fame at the cannon's mouth," or to amass great fortunes, or to become learned, or to travel, but each mortal probably has some pet ambition which he cherishes.

Twenty years ago the writer dreamed of the West, and his dreams became realities, and "the appetite has grown upon that which it has been fed on" and has not become satiated. Each tour of the West but paves the way for the next, and so, having been over most of the western portion of the United States at various times, "new worlds to conquer" were longed for. They were not hard to find, as the boundless expanse of the Northwest Territories and British Columbia were virgin fields.

When planning former western jaunts the better half of the family had never been included, but this time she did not want to be left at home, and having heard so much of the glories and grandeur of the West, was anxious to see for herself some of the beauties and discover some of the charms that were so seductive and which proved so alluring that they could not be resisted, but took the man of the house off so often for long months. This being the case it was necessary to plan a little different programme from the ordinary hunting trip.

After much cogitation and discussion a plan was agreed upon which would give madame an introduction to the West that would never be forgotten and under the best of auspices, and the writer would get a little chance to "rough it" in his beloved mountains.

The middle of August came and with it the time set for our departure, and we were off on what proved to be one of the most pleasant tours of our lifetime.

As we crossed the broad and clear flowing waters of the Detroit River on the graat car ferry of the Canadian Pacific we looked back at the beautiful City of the Straits, wondering whether all would be well with us until we again beheld its shining spires and towering electric lights. A shade of sadness came over one of the party as she was going into a new country and to her mind a rough one, but when once seated in the speeding train, reclining in the luxurious chairs of the parlor car, home for the time was forgotten, and only the enjoyment of the future was thought of.

Toronto, "the Queen City of the West," as the Canadians love to call it, was reached on time and a day was spent running about, though it had been visited several times before. We of the States would dispute the right to the title of the "Queen City of the West," but we will let it be the queen city of western Ontario and give it all the honor we can. The city is a queer mixture of English and American customs and manners and inhabitants. It has many of the characteristics of our cities over the border, and yet it is not like them. It is a pleasant place to visit and in summer is quite a center for tourists doing Canada, as the boats running the St. Lawrence start from there, and it is also the most central point for tours of the great Muskoka and Georgian Bay countries.

Northward from Toronto we go to Owen Sound, where we take the steamer for Lake Superior. This is the most pleasant way of travel in the summer and we never fail to go by boat when we can avail ourselves of the privilege.

It is only 122 miles from Toronto to Owen Sound and the steamboat express soon takes us through a very charming country. The nearer one approaches the Georgian Bay region, the more picturesque the country becomes. High rolling hills, deep gulches and brawling trout streams abound, and ever and anon rough and rugged rocks crop out and lend a charm peculiarly their own to the scenery. The Georgian Bay country is a charming one to spend the summer in and possesses a charm foreign to most resorts.

It is the cheapest place to spend a vacation ever found. This is true also of Muskoka, but the two sections go hand in hand.

Owen Sound is a great summer resort, and one can find good fishing near by, and better by taking one of the numerous steamers that ply on the bay and go further north.

Many fine excursions by water can be taken from here, as all the bay steamers call, if they do not make it a point of departure. The Canadian Pacific has a fine line of steel steamships, consisting of three boats; two of them were built on the Clyde and brought over the Atlantic, being cut in two, so as to pass through the canals up the St. Lawrence, the third is a home production and the largest of the fleet. These vessels are built more on the model of ocean steamships than most lake boats.

If one wishes and has the time, arrangements can be made to take one of the local steamers that run through the Georgian Bay to the Sault Ste. Marie and take the regular Canadian Pacific steamer at that point. By doing this all the principal ports along the eastern shore of Georgian Bay can be visited, and the sail in among the thousands of islands is very charming. There is great bass fishing at numerous points, and at Parry's Sound one can take a stage for the head of Lake St. Joseph, one of the Muskoka chain. Having visited this region on a former tour, we took the regular boat, the Athabasca, one of the Clyde-built steamers.

The scenery after one leaves Owen Sound as viewed from the hurricane deck of one of these steamers is very fine, as the town is situated on the head of the sound and is surrounded by high hills, covered by dense timber or rugged rock. The scenery of Georgian Bay is not unlike that of the St. Lawrence, "only," as a person expressed it, "more so."

The steamer usually leaves about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, but we were a little late, so that the sun was on the decline as we pulled in the gang-plank and threw off our lines.

To the left lies the western coast of the Indian Peninsula, and we pass the high headlines of Cabot's Head, and as we pass the lighthouse a salute is given by our whistle. Evening is with us ere we pass from the waters of the bay into Lake Huron proper.

The great Manitoulan Island is away to the right, and the outer course is taken. The night is cool and we are glad to retire early, as the air so pure and fresh has had a soporific effect. That is one of the great charms in traveling on our great lakes, one is always assured of a good night's rest, and it is far superior to be in a commodious stateroom than in a narrow berth in a sleeper.

Morning comes all too soon and we are loath to arise, even to go on deck to see the scenery of the far-famed Ste. Maries River. Maybe we would have been more eager had we not seen it many times before, as it should not be missed; and even though it had been very familiar to us some years before, we found its charms still held us, and the novel we intended to read was not opened, Twenty years ago a writer who visited this region wrote: "The scenery of the Ste. Maries River seems to grow more attractive every year; there is a delicious freshness in the countless evergreen islands that dot the river in every direction, from the falls to Lake Huron, and I can imagine of no more tempting retreats from the dusty streets of town in summer than these islands. I believe the time will come when neat summer cottages will be scattered along the steamboat route on these charming islands. A summer could be delightfully spent in exploring for new scenery and in fishing and sailing in these waters."

The writer of the above was an old man seventeen years ago, when I met him on the steamer in Ste. Maries River, and has since gone to his rest; but he was a true prophet, for many cottages, hotels and summer resorts are to be found on the river now.

The beautiful sail of fifty-five miles is too soon over, and we are in sight of the "Soo" Rapids, with the Canadian Pacific bridge, the great locks and the two towns, one in the United States, the other in Canada, spread out before us, a living panorama.

The "Soo" is a great tourist resort and an old and reliable "stamping ground" of the sportsman. The trout fishing at and near the "Soo" is very fine, and by engaging Indian guides and going up the shores of Lake Superior nearly virgin waters can be found. A short distance in Canada, via the Canadian Pacific's Soo Line, are a great number of small lakes which teem with black bass, and in September the bass fishing down the river near the Neebish Rapids and in other localities can hardly be surpassed. Ruffed grouse are abundant, and many ducks breed in the little bays and inlets along Lake George and Mud Lake. There is always something to see at the "Soo," and even if one does not stop off time is generally given to run about, as the lake traffic is so great that a steamer cannot lock through at once. Some of our fellow voyagers wander about town and purchase Indian curiosities, the handiwork of the natives who live near by, others catch grasshoppers to feed the trout in the fountain near the lock, others watch the Indians in their canoes out in the rapids, scooping up the far-famed "Soo" whitefish, while others more adventurous hire some red man or half-breed to take them through the rapids in a canoe. "Shooting the rapids" it is called, and a great sensation it is.

It is a pastime more dangerous in appearance than reality, but it is an experience worth having.

The Government locks are stupendous examples of engineering skill, but a technical description might weary—they must be seen to be appreciated by the layman.

In 1846 J. G. Whittier visited this region and was presented with an eagle's quill, whereon he wrote the following, which is quite appropriate in view of the present situation:

THE SEER.

I hear the far-off voyager's horn,
I see the Yankee's trail—
His foot on every mountain pass,
On every stream his sail.

He's whistling round St. Mary's falls
Upon his loaded train;
He's leaving on the pictured rocks
His fresh tobacco stain.

I hear the mattock in the mine,
The axe stroke in the dell,
The clamor from the Indian lodge,
The Jesuits' chapel bell.

I see the swarthy trappers come
From Mississippi's springs,
And war chiefs with their painted brow
And crests of eagle wings.

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe
The steamer smokes and raves,
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

By forest, lake and waterfall
I see the peddler's show:
The mighty mingling with the mean,
The lofty with the low.

I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be,
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form.

Each rude and jostling fragment soon
Its fitting place shall find—
The raw materials of a State,
Its muscle and its mind.

And westering still, the star which leads
The new world in its train
Has tipped with fire the icy spears
Of many a mountain chain.

Whittier's dream in poetry has come to pass, and as we leave the locks and slowly steam up the canal we pass great modern steamships laden with the results of the Yankee's thrift and toil, aided by the host of "furineers" we have invited to this land of the free. We leave the canal and the Upper St. Mary's River is before us, and we settle down for a quiet afternoon's sail, fifteen miles of river is soon passed over and the bold headlands 600 or 700ft. above the level of the lake mark where the river ends and the Great Lake begins. This headland was named by the old voyageurs Gros Cap. Parisian, Maple and Sandy Islands are passed in turn.

Taquamenon Bay or White Fish Bay, as it is called, is off to our left, and it is only after we are fairly across it and White Fish Point, forty miles above the "Soo," is passed, that we feel fairly afloat on the waters of the "brother to the sea."

The twilight deepens and one by one the stars shine forth and the crescent moon shows dimly through the fleecy clouds that drift so slowly over the sky. The dark waters, as black as ink in the gloom, are thrust aside by the steel prow of the Athabasca and break into a wave, foam crested, on either side of the huge hull. We stand at the bow of our ship, and as we gaze ahead over the vast expanse of water, that has been the theme of poet's pencil and artist's brush, we feel the spell comes stealing o'er us in the breath of the summer zephyr which is wafted over the crystal waters of this unsalted sea. Poetry, not prose, seems to be the fitting manner of expression and all we have read comes back to us with double meaning. We do not remember the authors always, but the lines are fresh in our memory:

"Father of lakes, thy waters bend
Beyond the eagle's utmost view,
When, throned in heaven, he sees thee send
Back to the sky its world of blue.

"Boundless and deep, the forests weave
Their twilight shade thy borders o'er,
And threatening cliffs like giants heave
Their rugged forms along the shore."

We turn from the bow, and as the evening air is cool—it always is on Lake Superior—we pace up and down the deck, and for fear our better half will become satiated with poetry, we fire off a few dry statistics. The lady in question does not like statistics, and says she hates maps, but sometimes she gets cornered where she cannot run away, for instance on a boat on Lake Superior, and then she has to listen. Will the reader listen, too? If not, skip a little. Lake Superior is the largest of our inland seas, between 46° 30′ and 49° north latitude and 84° 30′ and 92° 30′ west longitude from Greenwich, and is situated at a height of 600ft. above the Gulf of St. Lawrence, distance therefrom about 1,800 miles by its natural course. It is 460 miles long from east to west, and 170 miles broad—extreme breadth—with an average of 85 miles; to travel round it you would go 1,200 miles. Its extreme depth is 900ft., which makes its deepest waters 300ft. below the ocean's level. Thirty-one thousand five hundred square miles is its estimated area and it is the largest body of fresh water on the globe. Its waters are as clear as crystal and as cold (nearly) as ice. If you fall overboard you will become chilled so suddenly that your chances of rescue will be nil. (This causes a shudder and a tighter grip of the lecturer's arm.) Many a strong man has gone down into the blue depth owing to this fact. The tonnage of vessels now sailing on this great sea and passing through the "Soo" Canal is greater than passes through any other canal in the world. The ——, but what followed was lost in the clanging of the steward's bell, and that ended the lecture, for we are all human, and who can resist the call to supper on a Lake Superior steamer; so in we go, and with appetites sharpened by the ozone laden breezes of this northland, we discuss something more tangible, if not more solid, than statistical facts.

Of course the "Soo" whitefish is always on the bill of fare, and of course we do not miss it, for to the writer's taste it is the finest of fishes. We call for a generous portion, and as it disappears we say to the companion of our joys (no sorrows at this time), "When we finish supper I will read you some poetry on the 'Whitefish.'" "Never mind," is the reply, "the fish is good enough without poetry as a sauce, and my physical being is more in need of food than my mental." However, when supper was passed and we sat in the bright and warm social hall of the ship, and while listening to the musical efforts of some of the passengers, she had to listen to the lines of Schoolcraft, who evidently had eaten "Soo" whitefish, too:

"All friends to good living by tureen and dish
Concur in exalting this king of a fish;
So fine in a platter, so tempting a fry,
So rich on a gridiron, so sweet in a pie,
That even before it the salmon must fail,
And that mighty '*bonne bouche*' of the land, beaver's tail.

"'Tis a morsel alike for the gourmand or faster,
While white as a tablet of pure alabaster;
Its beauty or flavor no person can doubt,
When seen in the water or tasted without;
And all the dispute that opinion e'er makes
Of this king of lake fishes, this 'deer of the lakes,' *
Regard not its choiceness to ponder or sup,
But the best mode of dressing or serving it up.

"Here, too, might a fancy to descant inclined
Contemplate the love that pertains to the kind,
And bring up the Red man in fanciful strains
To prove its creation from feminine brains." †

"Ther., what do you think of that?"

"Oh! did you speak to me, dear?"

Now, wasn't that too much, and a compliment at the end to the female race and thrown away. The Lake Superior air, the whitefish supper, the music, the poetry, or all, had been too much and my partner had been "nid-nodding."

"Oh, yes," I replied. I said we had better retire early if we want to be up in the morning to see the glories of the north shore.

"Very well, dear, I do feel sleepy; I think it's the air."

F. F. FRISBIE.

DETROIT, Michigan.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* The Indian name for this fish as ad-dik-keem-maig, the "deer of the lakes," is a literal translation.

† *Vide* Indian tales and legends.

Natural History.

BIRDS OF EASTERN NORTH AMERICA.*

WORKS on North American ornithology are sufficiently numerous, but most of them are so technical in character and so expensive as to put them out of the reach of a very large proportion of those persons who are interested in birds. The latest work on this subject, from the pen of Mr. Frank M. Chapman, assistant curator in the departments of mammalogy and ornithology in the American Museum of Natural History, of New York city, is, however, neither technical nor expensive. Mr. Chapman has made, as he tells us, "an honest attempt to write a book on birds so free from technicalities that it would be intelligible without reference to a glossary, and . . . to do this in a volume which could be taken afield in the pocket." He has given us what his personal experience with students of birds has taught him to believe would meet their wants.

The present volume deals with the species found east of the 90th meridian. It contains keys to the families and species, descriptions of their plumages, nests and eggs, their distribution and migration, and a brief account of their haunts and habits, with introductory chapters on (1) the study of ornithology, (2) how to identify birds, and (3) how to collect and preserve birds, their nests and eggs.

Mr. Chapman is well qualified to write a popular book on birds. He has long been associated with Dr. J. A. Allen in the American Museum, has had access to its large collections and has had a very large field experience, having made frequent trips and extensive collections, chiefly in the South, in Florida and in the West India Islands. In the preparation of this work he has had the assistance of Dr. Allen, Mr. Ernest E. Thompson, Miss Florence Merriam and others, and the result is a most useful volume of 421 pages, which covers the whole of the North American continent east of the Mississippi River.

The opening chapters of the work treat of the study of ornithology in general, the study of birds out of doors, and the collecting of birds, their nests and eggs. Of these chapters the last two are especially practical and useful. For example, the second is subdivided into several heads, as "How to Identify Birds," "How to Find Birds," "When to Find Birds" and "Hints on Keeping Note Books and Journals." Here, too, are given tables covering the spring and fall migrations of birds about New York, giving the dates of arrivals and departures; a table of the summer residents, giving the dates at which they leave us, and a table of dates at which certain birds begin to nest in the vicinity of New York. Here, too, are explained to the student many practical and labor-saving devices which the practical ornithologist has worked out for himself and which his experience has taught him to value.

The chapter on collecting is also full of information of great value to the student. Mr. Chapman warns the young collector not to make the accumulation of specimens his object, and quotes an admirable extract to the same effect from Captain Bendire's "Instructions," published by the U. S. National Museum in 1891.

Coming to the body of the work, we find begun on page 41 a key to the orders and families of the birds included in this work, which occupies fifteen pages. This key is illustrated by outline drawings of heads and feet of the more characteristic species of the different orders, about fifty-five figures being used, in some of which there are seven or eight different sketches. The keys to the species of any genus seem to be very simple and very complete, and should make the identification of any specimen an easy matter to the student who has made himself familiar with the terms applied to the different parts of the figure of the bird shown on page 33. Following the Latin and English names of any species come descriptions of male, female and young, the measurements, the breeding and winter range, a description of the nests and eggs, with the measurements of the latter. With each description of a species is found a very brief biography of the bird, which usually describes one of its characteristic features, often in the form of a quotation from some author who has given special attention to the species; but many of these paragraphs are written by Miss Merriam, Mrs. Olive Thorn Miller, Messrs. E. P. Bicknell, Jonathan Dwight, Jr., E. E. Thompson, Bradford Torrey and others. Here is one from Mr. Chapman's pen, very happily put:

"The cowbird is an acknowledged villain, and has no standing in the bird world. English sparrows, either because they are not aware of the customs of New World bird life, or because of a possible and not unlikely affinity, associate with him, but no self-respecting American bird will be found in his company.

"As an outcast he makes the best of things, and gathers about him a band of kindred spirits who know no law. There is an air about the group which at once tells the critical observer that their deeds are evil. No joyous song swells the throat of the male. His chief contribution to the chorus of springtime is a guttural bubbling produced with apparently nauseous effort. In small flocks they visit both pasture and woodland, and are given to following cattle, clustering about the feet of the herd, presumably to feed on the insects found there. They build no nests, and the females, lacking every moral and maternal instinct, leave their companions only long enough to deposit their eggs in the nests of other and smaller birds. I can imagine no sight more strongly suggestive of a thoroughly despicable nature than a female cowbird sneaking through the trees or bushes in search of a victim upon whom to shift the duties of motherhood.

"The ill-gotten offspring are born with the cowbird character fully developed. They demand by far the greater share of the food, and through gluttony or mere size alone starve or crowd out the rightful occupants of the nest. They accept the attention of their foster parents long after they could care for themselves, and when nothing more is to be gained desert them and join the growing flocks of their kind in the grain fields."

The volume is very fully illustrated and in a most useful way. The frontispiece is a colored plate of male and female Bob White, and besides this there are twenty other full-page plates, of which two are color charts and the others half-tones, showing groups of birds, many of them from beautiful mounted groups in the American Museum. Besides these the volume is very fully illustrated by 115 figures in the text, of heads, feet, wings and tail, each one of which tells some story to illustrate the type. The volume is one which must be in the library of every student of birds.

* Handbook of the "Birds of Eastern North America." By Frank M. Chapman, New York: D. Appleton & Co.

BREEDING WILD DUCKS.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y., June 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The exposé of the great duck egg fake is quite a relief to the writer. For the past twenty years my hobby has been the breeding of our beautiful wild ducks in confinement, as you have known, but the greatest obstacle is to get the ducks. It seems strange, but is true, that I can buy some American species in Europe that are difficult to get here, and the reason is that over there the zoölogical gardens breed them and sell the surplus, while there are "waterfowl clubs" and a regular demand for ornamental wildfowl. Therefore this great duck egg business, which no one seemed to doubt, suggested to me a possible source of supply of certain species, and I have been on a wild duck chase for a long time, expending time, stationery and postage with no return to date. Your exposé is therefore a relief.

A dozen years ago I could buy wood ducks by the dozen pairs, but none are to be had now from those who used to get them, but for the last six years I have bred enough to maintain my flock, and do not care to buy wild ones. I have two broods, of 7 and 8, under my window as I write, all hatched on June 7. I always suspected the men in Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, who sold me many wood ducks years ago, of netting them for market and of getting a better price from me for live ones; but my object being to get breeding stock, I did not ask further than "how many and how much?" I believe this summer resident has been exterminated in many places by the small boy with a gun who knows no seasons when he sees a "wild duck."

My pintails and teal have been mainly wing-tipped birds sent by gentlemen who know my hobby, but I have bought a few. I have only one pair of pintails now and they were shot at Chincoteage two years ago. They were expected to breed this year, but did not so far. The nests of my green-winged teal were robbed this season by crows, rats or other vermin, and I will not raise one. A young green-winged teal is funny, but he, or she, does not know it; about as large as the last joint of a man's thumb—a mere ball of down colored black and yellow—a little girl said "they look like bumble-bees," and last year's crop were "bumble-bees" until in full feather.

It has been an off year with my pets; the black ducks and mallards have not laid, the gray and the white call ducks either refused to set or left their eggs after spoiling them, and only one of the Chinese mandarins has laid. Yet with fifteen little woodies to look at in the morning, and to come to the food box later, we are not entirely disconsolate. They are quite tame and will be so until a few weeks older, when I will catch them and with scissors snip off one little wing just back of the thumb; after that they are wild enough and it is the catching, not the clipping, that they fear, for when again tamed they go wild after handling.

From the great egg fake I had fancied to get some old birds, for young ones would not stand the long journey. In my vision I saw breeding flocks of canvasbacks, redheads, blue-winged teal and some others; but my eyes are opened, and while the dream will never materialize, it was enjoyable at the time. What of it if we discover that Santa Claus does not come down the chimney, and later on that there are other cherished beliefs snapped short off; we sigh and look to other sources of pleasure, more or less real, and look back on the fun we had when we did believe that the reindeer of Santa Claus leaped to the housetops, that the storks brought the babies, and that the great Northwestern duck egg company might furnish us with handsome birds as well as albumen for our cakes and candies. After all, it is pleasant to believe that we will catch a creel full of trout when we start, and to look back on the pleasant time we had when we return with our faith in that stream as strong as ever, but lay failure to the wind, the moon, the sun, clouds, or any other thing that comes to hand. The dream of ducks galore has been dispelled as far as the great Northwestern egg fakers are concerned, but it was enjoyable, and is now transferred to a market-shooter who writes every summer to know how many live canvasbacks I will take, and who has never sent one. I tell him to send all he can get up to fifty pairs. This encourages him and does not impoverish me, and it cheers us both. Why not? FRED MATHER.

An Aged Parrot.

ITHACA, N. Y.—The death of a parrot owned by Wm. A. Bennett, of this city, removes an interesting specimen of bird life. Polly was a bit over sixty years of age and possessed a memory that was wonderful. Her command of language was little short of marvelous. Some fifteen or twenty years ago Polly lived in Scranton, Pa. Her attachment for an old lady of that city was maintained to the day of poor Poll's demise. She tirelessly persisted in lavishing upon "Grandma Atwood" finely modulated terms of endearment. A few years ago she witnessed a melée participated in by railroad employees, and her terse and vivid description of the "scrap" and the solid chunks of Anglo-Saxon hurled about was a startling revelation of mimicry and power of memory strangely out of the common of what we are usually taught to expect as inherent characteristics of our feathered friends.

M. CHILL.

Forest and Stream Outdoor Scenes.

PHILADELPHIA, May 21.—*Forest and Stream Pub. Co.:* The pictures came yesterday and I am very much pleased with them; they are the best of the kind I have ever seen. J. G. BEATH.

LARGE MOOSE ANTLERS.

SEVERAL very large sets of moose antlers were spoken of in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Almost invariably these large antlers (by large I mean spreading upward of 60in.) were of bulls killed many years ago. Forty years since, moose, both large and small, were quite plenty and much easier to find than now. The early settlers on the Magalloway River depended to a certain extent on moose meat. To them antlers large or small were of no value. Usually the whole head was left where the moose was killed. To the sportsman of the present day the head and horns are by far the most valuable part of the animal.

On my hunting trips after moose I have never been fortunate enough to get a shot at or even see a bull with very large horns, and I have been where moose were quite plenty. The first bull I shot had a large finely colored head with very good antlers spreading 40in., blades and brow antlers very even, with twenty points in all. A large bull was killed about four years ago near Clearwater Lake in Nova Scotia. This head is in the gun store of William Read & Sons, of Boston. The antlers spread 62 or 63in. The head was set up by Carnell, of St. John, N. B. At the time of the killing of the moose I was hunting within a few miles of where it was shot, and the story as I heard it is as follows: A party of native hunters had called up and killed a good-sized moose and were at work skinning it when the big bull walked out of the scrub timber quite close to them and was shot. Some Indians told me later that it was caught in a snare, but Indians will lie and white men too, sometimes. I spoke of this big bull to Mr. Edward Read, and after some correspondence he bought it. Mr. Read has several photographs taken from different points of a moose head with a monstrous set of antlers. The head in question is owned by a gentleman in St. Louis, Mo., and I would suggest to the FOREST AND STREAM writing to Mr. Read for a loan of the photographs and to print an illustration, and give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a chance to see what immense horns a moose can have. The dimensions are given with the photographs.

On my last trip to Nova Scotia an old-time moose hunter who had killed a great many moose came to our camp and naturally the talk was principally on one subject. He said: "It appears to me that bulls nowadays don't have such big horns as they used to." He spoke of a couple of sets of very large horns which he had seen years before lying on a certain barren. The horns and skulls together. The former were firmly locked together and a tine of one brow antler was driven into the eye-socket of the other and imbedded in the bone at the back. They had laid there for years and were much bleached and crumbled. Our oldest guide also said he had often heard of them. I said I would be glad to pay well for such a specimen. The old man replied: "I suppose they'd be worth something nowadays, but they weren't then. The sportsman of to-day may hear stories of these big bulls, but that will be about all. Should he be fortunate enough to kill one with antlers between 40 and 50in. he will do better than the majority of the brotherhood.

A companion of one of my trips said on starting: "I will be satisfied with a set of horns of 40in., but I don't want a head without antlers." After a week of unsuccessful calling he thought he would shoot a cow if he got a chance, and at the end of ten days he said, "I will shoot a sick calf if I see one." I thought my moose-hunting days were ended, but I have a longing to go at least once more; and when the next season opens I think I shall go to my friend Peavey, in Aroostook, and try and get a big bull—that is, a moderately big one, 50in. or so spread of horns. Peavey writes: "We will get him sure if you come."

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., June 20.

DO ANIMALS PRACTICE HYPNOTISM?

IT is only of late years that some naturalists ascribe to animals the power of hypnotism. They claim that, by means of this power, certain animals are able to throw their prey into a hypnotic state. Otherwise, how could a bird be "charmed" by a cat? How could a dog be transfixed in its tracks by a snake?

A curious instance is recorded by Mr. Bates in his book entitled "A Naturalist on the Amazon." He says that one day in the woods a small pet dog flew at a large rattlesnake. The snake fixed its eye on the dog, lifted its tail and shook its rattle; it seemed in no great hurry to strike at the dog, but as if waiting to put the dog into a more suitable position to be devoured. As to the dog, it neither continued the attack nor retreated; it stood spellbound, and could not or would not move even when called. It was with some difficulty that the animal was dragged away.

Some years ago the writer watched two boa-constrictors charm a rabbit that was put into the cage. At first the poor victim seemed in great terror, gave a jump or two, and then stood perfectly still. The snake simply lifted its ugly head and seemed waiting for the rabbit to jump down its throat. Poor bunny shivered all over, and actually moved toward the snake, which seized him.

Many of our readers have seen cats try to charm birds in the trees. Last summer where I was visiting the family had a beautiful Maltese cat called Tom. He was a great hunter, and was continually bringing in various kind of small game.

One bright morning I saw Tom creeping around the big elm tree in the yard. High up among the branches a family of red squirrels had its little house and home. The frisky fellows were seldom molested, and they would come to the window sill.

This morning I saw a red squirrel running down the main trunk. Then he would run back again. The next time he ventured a little further down the tree. He seemed anxious to reach the ground, but he was afraid of Tom. For fully half an hour the play went on, and I wondered whether or not the squirrel would abandon his efforts.

Finally the squirrel came down slowly to within five or six feet of the cat, that stood with raised head and tail out straight and his neck fur on end. This time the squirrel did not scamper back, but there he hung to the bark, fixed, motionless and waiting. I am not sure whether the squirrel dropped toward the cat or whether the cat sprang for the squirrel—it was all done so quickly—in a second.

These and other examples would seem to prove that the power commonly called "charming" is a kind of hypnotism. Snakes and cats possess this strange power to a greater degree than most other animals.

There is another curious point. As those who have studied hypnotism know, one of the most common ways of inducing the hypnotic state is by means of a rotating light or mirror. The "subject" is told to look at the light; by and by the rapid, monotonous motion produces a feeling of fatigue and then sleep. Perhaps this may furnish some clue to the mystery of birds beating out their brains against the windows of the lighthouse on the sea coast. Again, buffaloes, wolves, coyotes and wildcats will stand on the railroad track, face the glare of the headlight of the locomotive and get run over.

V.

[We know so little about the mental processes of reptiles, birds and mammals that as yet it is difficult to draw any conclusions from such occurrences as our correspondent mentions, or even to assign to them their proper name. We have seen performances by squirrels which appeared to parallel those mentioned above, but which we understood in quite a different way. In a large place on Manhattan Island gray squirrels are very abundant, and there are three or four dogs about the house. These dogs devote much of their time to efforts to capture squirrels, but rarely succeed in doing this. We have seen them chase a squirrel into a tree and then sit on the ground gazing wishfully at the animal perched only a short distance above them. Sometimes the squirrel who has been through this experience will come slowly down the tree almost within reach of the dog, and there will chatter at it, apparently wishing to tease the animal. This performance we have watched many times and have always imagined that the motive governing the squirrel—which sometimes ventured down almost into the jaws of the dog—was malice and a desire to worry the animal on the ground below. We never saw a squirrel let itself be caught. There are examples enough of this fascination exercised by snakes and cats especially, but actual facts are not abundant.]

FOREIGN BIRDS IN AMERICA.

MR. HUGH L. FORD takes issue with me upon the question whether Europe or America can claim to possess the best feathered songsters, and asserts that the European birds do not compare with the American in singing qualities. He further advises Americans of foreign birth, or foreign gentlemen, as he puts it, to cultivate the acquaintance of foreign birds in America.

Now I for one never rush into print and express an opinion on a subject unless I know of what I speak, unless I believe that I understand the subject upon which I dwell, and that I am entitled to a hearing. Mr. Ford is an Ohioan; he resides in a State where I have lived a great number of years and where I assisted in having a law passed for the protection of all birds, American and European. I have studied the habits and singing qualities of American birds, and I doubt whether Mr. Ford has had as good an opportunity as I had to do the same, and whether he has traveled as extensively in America as I did, not only on railroad cars or steamboats, but on foot, marching in the ranks of Uncle Sam's army during our civil war. Has Mr. Ford ever had occasion to compare the singing qualities of the birds he refers to? I fear not. He bases his opinion on his own belief—on hearsay. I have now in captivity our mockingbird and our redbird. They are fair representatives of their respective species. I compare their song every day with that of the best European singing birds and those of other foreign lands.

I cannot agree with Mr. Ford that the mockingbird is the best singer among the feathered world. The Schama thrush of India is by far the superior of the two. Our brown thrush does not at all compare with the nightingale, unless our "Way Down on the Swanee River" can be compared with a song of Schumann. Of course Mr. Ford would not change his mind if he were in a German grove, field or forest. I take his word for that, and this because Mr. Ford is evidently prejudiced; he does not care to change his mind on the subject.

I agree with Mr. Ford that our birds excel in gayety of plumage. Here he is right. So do our American flowers flatter the eye, but all those who know will tell Mr. Ford that they do not have, as a rule, so sweet a smell, so fine an aroma, as the European flowers. I admit further that "young America" is not the sole fiend of our birds; "old America, too, is not free from blame; but I venture to say that all those who mercilessly slaughter our singing birds are free-born American citizens or such who look upon foreigners as inferior beings.

ARMIN TENNER.

Springfield's Birds and Animals.

WE have at Forest Park a considerable number of young pheasants, over fifty all told. There are four varieties represented, the Mongolian, the golden Japanese the ring-neck and the common English variety. The Mongolian variety has its home in the north of China and the Siberian plains, and is very hardy. It is with this that New England is to be stocked if the plans of the society are carried out. As soon as the work of breeding is completed it is proposed to let loose in the region of Forest Park the male and female birds a few at a time in the hope of having them make this region their homes. The Legislature will be asked to prohibit the killing or exposing for sale of these birds, and Connecticut will be asked to co-operate with us in this matter.

If the looked-for result happens, the other portions of this commonwealth will become interested, it is expected, and even the other States, so that in time New England may be populated with this new game bird. At Forest Park they are fed hourly on boiled custard unsweetened, with a flavoring of red pepper. Of eighteen ring-neck pheasant eggs of this variety under a golden pheasant every one hatched and sixteen of the young pheasants are still living. Still better is the result of a hatching of the Mongolian variety, for of a setting of thirteen all hatched and are living. These varieties were got from eggs obtained from the State Commission in exchange for the other varieties sent them. There are six or eight eggs in the nest of the one of the female ring-neck pheasants, but she has not yet begun to set.

Among other additions to the Forest Park collection are two varieties of deer, one of the Japanese deer and the other an example of the American elk. Messrs. Graves and Wilder of this city recently presented the park an excellent specimen of the blue heron and the black-billed heron. The litter of prairie dogs are also prospering and fifteen of the little fellows are ready to stand on their heads at a moment's notice. The litter of five coons now nearly weaned bid fair to grow to maturity. The raising of coons in captivity is rather rare and the managers are much pleased at their success in this line. Unfortunately both badgers have died, and it looks now as though the wolf might soon follow. Little Red Riding Hood's companion seems to have a sort of St. Vitus dance.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican, June 26.*

Bob White in Town.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., June 28.—Within 75ft. of where I write this a quail is whistling. We are in town, with houses all around us, and about one-half mile from the Depew Woods of "Our Chauncey." It is a large piece of woods and surrounded with meadow and swamp land. There has been a flock of quailin the nighborhood for years, but for the last two or three years the number has been very small. This bird must have been started this afternoon with others and flew into this big elm, and seems perfectly at home and whistles as if enjoying itself.

WM. MABIE.

P. S.—Children and whole family are studying him as a curiosity.

That Buffalo Chip Suggestion.

OKANOGAN, Wash.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your suggestion is a good one in regard to the buffalo chip. When I read that short paragraph it carried me back forty years, and in my mind I could see from fifteen to twenty boys out with gunny sacks gathering chips to do the cooking for our train or to set the tires on our wagons, and sometimes to build a social fire, where the boys would gather around and sing songs or spin yarns until the wee sma' hours. Yes, by all means get the genuine chip, and we will be indebted to FOREST AND STREAM for one more favor to our already long list of good things we appreciate, but can never fully repay.

LEW WILMOT.

Elk Antler Measurements.

MR. CHARLES PAYNE, of Wichita, Kan., gives us these dimensions of a pair of elk antlers owned by him, the measurement in inches: length of right hand main beam 61¼in.; circumference between third and fourth prongs 7⅛in.; length of first prong 21½in.; length of second 20¼in.; length of third 16⅜in.; length of fourth 24½in.; length of fifth 15⅜in.; length of left hand main beam 59⅜in.; circumference between first and second prongs 8¼in.; length of first prong 23½in.; length of second 21½in.; length of third 18½in.; length of fourth 23½in.; length of fifth 15½in.

A Goose and a Hawk Fight for Possession.

OKANOGAN, Wash., June 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Two weeks ago, while on my way to Oroville, when near the town, my attention was called to a fight between two large birds. On going closer I saw a large goose and a fish hawk fighting for a nest. Whether the goose was trying to rob the hawk or was merely trying to retake its original nest I could not tell, yet it looked strange to see a goose on a limb more than 100ft. from the ground, where it is supposed to belong. Finally the goose flew away, leaving the hawk sitting on the limb near the nest.

LEW WILMOT.

The Tinamon.

MACOMB, Ill., June 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you or any of your readers tell where a person can get the game bird tinamon? It is said that this bird is a native of South America. It is a little larger than a quail, but is not as large as a pheasant. It is a deep olive color, slightly and narrowly blended with black, with a red crown.

W. O. B.

[Perhaps some reader may advise "W. O. B."]

Game Bag and Gun.

THE OLD WIZARD—OR WHAT?

IN about the year '53—I was then in my teens—I concluded to visit my great-uncle, who lived at Wattsburg, Pa. He was one of the pioneers of that part of the State, and was regarded as one of the foremost hunters of bears and deer. And, incidentally, I must declare that he was a man strict in morals and religiously conscientious, even beyond the character of generally reputed good men; and there seemed to be no admixture of superstition with the sound and sensible piety of John Duncombe.

His children were all married and comfortably settled around him, while he and his wife—a helpless invalid, whom he attended with the utmost assiduity and patience—lived alone in their humble little cottage.

Observing my fondness for hunting, he said to me one day, "Let me tell you my experience once while deer hunting."

"O do, John, stop telling about that old wizard," said his wife with some degree of submission, however.

"O, well, let me tell it to Nelson—it was such a strange thing."

"Well," continued the good trapper, "I started one morning early, fixing my point of operations at a certain spot on the mountains. On my way along the road I came across some wood choppers with whom I had some conversation which turned upon an old German who the superstitious people declared was a genuine wizard. 'Aint you afeerd he will put a spell on your gun?' said one of the men. Of course I ridiculed the idea; and just at that moment, looking along the road, we saw the old man coming.

"When he came up I began talking with him, and asked him if he knew where there was a good place for deer. 'Yes,' said he, 'do you see that place on the mountain?'

I said I intended to go there.

"'Well, that is the place to find deer. Before you can eat your breakfast I warrant you see a deer.'

"When I arrived at the spot alluded to I began to feel pretty hungry and sat down to eat the cold bit that I had stowed in my game-bag. Just as I began my open air repast I raised my eyes and what should I see but a magnificent buck! I could count the prongs of his antlers and fairly look into the depths of his clear, moist eye. I

was used to such sights, so of course my nerves were not unduly affected. Carefully I raised my rifle and sighted along the barrel. The next moment another monarch of the woods would fall to my unerring aim. But no. Just as I was about to pull the trigger he vanished. Ah, he saw me, cunning old fellow! Chagrined, I picked up my traps and started to get his track, for there was a fine covering of snow that had recently fallen, but no track could I find. Persevering in the search, I began walking in a circle, enlarging the same as I proceeded, but all in vain. What does it mean? thought I, and while wondering the old wizard popped into my mind. But I banished the thought and went for more game. I had not gone far when just before me rose another fine deer. His broadside was toward me, and a fine mark he was. I got a shot and brought him to his haunches, but he rallied and ran, apparently badly wounded. Wondering that I did not kill him instantly, I loaded and started to trace him by his tracks and blood. But neither tracks nor blood could I find. I adopted my circuit dodge, but without success. There, Nelson, that is what happened to me. I can't say what it was—you may call it witchcraft or optical illusion, just as you see fit."

N. D. ELTING.

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.

CALIBER FOR BIG GAME SHOOTING.

IN general terms the best caliber would be described as the one that with accuracy and a fairly flat trajectory would combine good killing and stopping power. Or, in other words, a projectile that would have sufficient penetration to inflict a mortal wound and whose area of impact would be large enough to cause sufficient shock to stop an animal, whether running deer or charging bear. Men become wedded to the old, and new things come strangely to them. Sportsmen are very conservative, as far as their armament is concerned; and each one is apt to uphold the thing which has brought him success. So that the armament of the American sportsman, both as regards weapons and projectiles, does not cover a few years, but many. In this large western country we find many of the old men clinging to the "old reliable" Sharp's with its great weight of metal, or the '73 Winchester, and they look with doubt—not to say suspicion—on the locking bolts and safer action of the '86 model. One old fellow will tell you: "I killed 84 elk in one day with that ere old gun, and I reckon she's good enough for purty much any killin' I want to do."

Early in my professional career I saw a case that impressed the question of calibers very forcibly upon me. A man shot another man through the left lung just above the heart with a .22cal. pistol. The man who was shot took the pistol from the other and beat him over the head with the butt of it so hard that he fractured his skull. Then he walked home and four days later died of pneumonia caused by the bullet. The cases where hunters have been killed by dying bear are numerous enough.

I have always been in favor of large calibers for big game. Nearly all of my shooting at big game has been done with the .50-110 Winchester with the 300grs. explosive ball. The longer I use it the more confidence I have in it. I find it accurate, with a good flat trajectory, dropping say 2in. in 150yds., and above all it stops the game, so that a deer will not run off for miles in the brush or a bear charge several hundred yards with a mortal wound. I many times have seen this weapon spoken of as a "cannon" and "inaccurate," and it has seemed to me to be due to ignorance of the gun and its qualities.

This particular military reservation under a wise system of game protection has more deer on it to-day than any other locality I know of. They are nearly all the Virginia deer, commonly known in this country as the "white-tail" mule deer, and antelope are fairly numerous in the broken country. The antelope are increasing, more particularly since the decline of sheep raising in the immediate vicinity. I think, with the exception of the grizzly bear, it is commonly conceded that no animal will carry off more lead or go farther with a killing hit than the white-tail deer. This being true, the great desideratum in hunting these animals is a weapon with "stopping" power.

During this last winter I did a great deal of my hunting with Mr. Harvey Robe, the son of an officer at this post. He is one of the best running-game shots I have ever seen. His experience with me has been a marked one in this point. He shot a .40-82-260 while I shot the .50-110-300express. I recall one day when we were carefully working a narrow strip of brush about 50yds. apart. A great white-tail buck jumped from cover about 70yds. away and ran off quartering. As quickly as ever I heard a gun shoot, four shots rang out and the buck disappeared in the thick of the brush. We found him dead about 100yds. from the point where he was shot. Two of the shots were within 3in. of each other behind the left shoulder ranging forward, and a third shot was higher up near the spine. The two shoulder shots had torn through the heart, one through the junction of the auricles and ventricles, and the other through the auricles, yet that buck had run a 100yds. He had received the worst sort of a killing wound, but the ball had not the stopping power. A few days later, after having hunted without success all morning, at about noon he had a shot at a large ten-point buck. The deer squatted as the gun cracked, ran into the brush some 20yds. and lay down in the densest part of the thicket. On carefully working to the place we found hair, and blood in three large pools, one on each side of the trail and one in the middle, indicating of course a severe lung wound. We trailed that buck for five hours by the blood sign alone and then had to give up on account of darkness. Several times we came near enough to hear his labored breathing. On another evening at dusk, when just about able to make out his front sight, he shot another buck. He came into camp while I was irritating the fire into a more vigorous blaze, quite jubilant.

"Doctor, I just shot a buck with horns so big they looked like a pile of brush on his head." It was too dark to get him, he said, but he had marked the place and we would get him in the morning. The next morning bright and early we started and gave up after trailing him by his blood for six miles. Harvey was very unhappy over this and I do not blame him. I think if anything can spoil a hunter's pleasure it is to wound game and not to get it. Just at the time when he should be enjoying the best part of the camping day, when the pipes are lit around the cherry fire, he begins to think of that poor wounded thing lying out in the brush. If he is a human it hurts him and spoils his evening, and he is glad to roll up in his blankets and try to forget it.

I want to add to this, as a graphic expression of results with the .50-110 Winchester, a deer profile on which I have marked off the shots in my last winter's deer hunting. It is not inserted in any boasting spirit, but is given simply as an accurate record of carefully noted shots. This is as good average shooting as I have ever done yet; although I know it is my best, it is a long way from being the gun's best. During the winter I fired twenty-six cartridges at deer, making seventeen single hits and one double hit. All these with one exception were running shots, and every deer hit was bagged; making eighteen deer with expenditure of twenty-six cartridges, or one and four-ninths to each deer. The range varied from 30yds. to 140yds. The average range was about 50yds. The average distance run after being hit was not more than 10yds. The double hit was at a young buck standing, the first hit of which is the one plotted at the edge of the neck. The ball cut his throat like a knife. He bounded off and a second shot in the shoulder dropped him. This is a good showing when the circumstances are taken into account. These deer were not hunted in the runways, but were still-hunted in the brush. As said before, all but one were running shots. The post game law limited us to killing bucks and only one a day; so that a man could not take the easiest shots offered, because they were usually does. Many of these deer would never have been brought to bag with a smaller caliber.

How well the small caliber high velocity guns will do as game guns is an open question. It seems from all accounts that it will be a very uneven gun. A hit in a solid organ within the shorter ranges should stop an animal



26 SHOTS—17 SINGLE HITS, 1 DOUBLE HIT.

immediately—that is to say, up to 300 or 400yds., where the bullet exhibits its shattering effect. A shot through the brain, heart, liver or the solid muscular structure of the neck and surrounding the spinal column would cause such extensive comminution as to almost instantly drop the animal from shock. On the other hand, a lung or abdominal wound might not be fatal for hours. I have shot the new Government rifle, .30cal., nickel steel jacketed bullet propelled by Peyton powder, giving in round numbers a 2,000ft. per second velocity, at a buck antelope. The animal flinched badly at crack of the gun and was manifestly hit. He lagged behind a while, then closed up to the bunch with a rush and scampered with them for miles over the prairie until they disappeared from view.

CHARLES F. KIEFFERS,
1st Lieut. and Ass't Surg. U. S. A., Fort Buford, N. D.

THOSE ADIRONDACK DEAD DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When I wrote the letter which you published on June 1 containing the facts told me by Robert P. Froelich and William Clark I had no idea that any member of the League would do otherwise than thank me for bringing to their attention the unusual mortality of deer in the Moose River region—things which it appeared and appears they did not know. Much less did I fear that the testimony of my friends would be doubted and characterized as "tattlers'" tales. But since their words are at present under a shade I must respect those of a prominent League man, Mr. W. T. Finch.

He came out from Moose River, where he had been fishing on the day that I sent the letter to the editor, and so I had not heard him speak on this subject at that time. He said when asked about the carcasses of deer found there: "I never saw such a sight in all my life. Why, they lay everywhere."

Mr. Finch's friend, Wm. Cassler, had the same story of dead deer everywhere, and William Pardy, their guide, said that he had never seen so few signs in that region before, and that seven carcasses lay between the river and the pond hole where young Pell was shot for a deer some years ago.

Mr. Finch told me that the League constables took the last dog from the lumber camps between Canachagala Lake and Moose River, and that the deer therefore could not have been killed by a lumber camp dog. Any one who knows the average lumberman will say that they are the most reckless of woodsmen. They are of a restive nature, and though they work hard six days in a week, on the seventh work harder yet—or play. In parties of two, three, a dozen, they wander about the logging roads. A deer starts from under a topping and away it flounders. Who has not seen children chase one another through the snow? The lumbermen are as children at times. They chase the deer and a cruel death winds up the sport. Then on they go again. And so deer after deer is slain. The bosses at camp forbid venison or the regular hunter supplies it, so there is no use of carrying the meat to camp.

"The deer lay everywhere," said Mr. Finch. On the ridges and in the swamps. Some deer left the yards in the thick dark swamps and fled far for their lives, but in the end died. In the spring the knife wounds in the throats have rotted away, a pile of dismembered bones and gray hair is all that remains of the deer.

"Say, ye'd orter hev been thar," said an old-timer. "He wa'n't sech a big buck, we'd killed lots bigger, but ye'd orter heve seen him caper clean tew his ears in the snow every time we'd cut him with a birch whip." That is sport for a lumberman. Suppose now that a deer had had a few such trials during the winter, in the spring would not his hips be weak? Suppose that a doe heated by a wild race for life in zero weather with a troop of lumbermen and at last escaped, then lay down exhausted. I have known men to get diseased lungs and throats even in warm weather for lying down in a draft.

From the West Canada creek lakes very favorable reports are coming as to the number of deer. A letter from there, less than two weeks old, said: "There are lots of deer here. We haven't got anything here but an old shotgun and we loaded that with nails." The letter came to Northwood direct from the camps I think about nine days ago, but it may have been written a week or so before it was mailed.

That the deer are so plenty there and so few over on Moose River is taken as evidence by some that the deer were so persecuted in the river region that they fled to the Canada creek lakes, near where the arrest of two deer killers as told in the FOREST AND STREAM last spring had made the lumbermen cautious.

"There is reason to believe that both the hunting and fishing will be bettered by the scientific lumbering which this club has specified and secured," said Mr. W. H. Boardman in FOREST AND STREAM of June 29. Mr. Finch will take the stand again.

"Two years ago I alone caught more than enough trout to supply camp, but it took hard work for three of us to get sufficient to eat from Moose River this trip," were the things that he said to-night in the store, being just out to-day from his camp on Moose River. He saw one deer on this trip and his camp is on Canachagala stillwater. He laid the scarcity of trout to the lumbermen who are now culling out the spruce from about his camp.

If I remember correctly, and if Mr. Wm. Light also remembers correctly, the League does not forbid camping on or crossing League lands, but the signs say that hunting and fishing is prohibited on those lands. By the recent decision of a Utica court, Moose River and its tributaries are a public highway, for State moneys have gone to opening up the rocks, etc., that the logs might go through, and also that it is a public highway to high water mark. When Mr. Froelich and Mr. Clark were at Moose River it would have taken better fly-casters than they to have reached the river's water from League lands with their casts.

The indignation of the woodsmen against the Adirondack League is increasing. It is even believed that so many deer died because some aggrieved one dropped heaps of poisoned salt about. Others would not in the least be surprised to learn that the dried spruce tops along Moose River had been fired and the region burned over. I have heard that talked of, and some of the men are capable of doing it.

I am sorry that the meaning of my previous letter may have been misconstrued. I said at the end of my last letter: "It is earnestly recommended that the Adirondack League take steps to see that such slaughter does not again take place on their territory." I sincerely meant what I wrote then and I mean the same still. I cannot believe that deer are increasing on League territory as a whole, nor in the Adirondacks. A strange disease carried off all the deer along the Tug River between Kentucky and West Virginia about the time the Hatfield-Macoy feud broke out there, years ago. Maybe such another disease has come to this region and is about to devastate it because men cannot agree.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., June 30.

In the Old Days.

"Jacobstaff's" letter was, as you suggest, the best reading for a fortnight. I well remember the old bored out rifle, with its long birds-eye maple stock and trap trimmings, which was the first percussion "shotgun" I ever used. I had begun with a flint-lock, but a neighboring blacksmith, a great friend of my boyish days, who was the terror of the country at the annual turkey shoots, lent me a rifle from which, it not suiting him, he had bored out the lands.

It could not have been over .50 caliber, and as, like all small boys, I believed in big shot, I used No. 4, and consequently had very few in the regulation charge of a finger, and though the gun carried true and close, its killing was problematical.

I remember one foggy October morning, when a companion and I treed four gray squirrels in an isolated oak, in a newly cleared cornfield. He had an excellent fowling piece, made by Pratt, of Roxbury, a local maker of celebrity in those days, a 12 or 14 gauge, as I should think now. He secured his brace of squirrels, though having only one barrel he had to reload between shots; but mine both got away in safety to the woods.

After that I either fell back on the old flint-lock, or used a little "Windsor rifle," which was made in our immediate vicinity, and with which I was moderately successful. My only trouble with this was, that the lock being under the barrel, the caps were apt to drop off unless they were a perfect fit, and thus cause an occasional misfire, the dull "click" of which, when I had a good aim, was fearfully aggravating.

I could match "Jacobstaff's" experiences almost word for word, all the way through, and you may believe I enjoyed them.

VON W.

"Jacobstaff" writes that the readers of his reminiscences in our issue of June 22 might infer that he was still using the Manton given to him in the '60s. That arm was laid by years and years ago for a Scott.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
TO FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

MAINE GAME AND FISH BY EXPRESS.

A GOOD deal of indignation is manifested among sportsmen who go to Maine as to the attitude of the Maine Central Railroad in regard to the refusal the present season of that road to forward boxes of fish caught by these sportsmen as baggage. Perhaps sportsmen would never have thought of such a thing as their trout and salmon being forwarded as baggage but for the peculiar reading of the Maine game laws, which specify that fish and game can only be transported by the person taking the same in prescribed quantities, as his own property, or wording to that effect, and from the fact that the Maine Central has always forwarded these boxes as baggage and free of charge, up to the present season. But early last winter that road issued a notification to sportsmen that no more fish or game would be forwarded as baggage. Sportsmen returning soon after began to find their deer in the hands of the American Express Company, and the company's servants demanded very round charges for the forwarding and delivery of such game. As soon as the trout season opened returning fishermen began to find that their boxes of trout were not to be checked by the Maine Central, as on former seasons. I then wrote the officials of that road for an explanation of their position. In reply I received, in substance, the following: General manager's order, to which you refer, has not been rescinded, and is still in effect, the idea being that the express company, under their contract with us, claim the privilege of carrying the fish and game in question, it not being, for instance, baggage in the generally accepted sense.

The officers of the Maine Central expressed, in the same reply, the idea that some slight inconvenience may be caused to the sportsmen who visit Maine, "but we believe that they can readily accommodate themselves to the situation."

Early in the season that road issued the following circular, or was about to issue it, giving an abstract of the game laws, and mentioning the fact that landlocked salmon and trout are not to be transported, except in possession of the owner. The circular was addressed to agents and baggage masters and others interested, and reads:

Especial attention is called at this time then, as the opening of the fishing season, to Order No. 125, issued by the general manager Dec. 15, 1894, directing that fish and game offered for transportation must be referred to the express company, and inasmuch as the 25lbs. of trout or landlocked salmon must be in possession of owner, *i. e.* on the same train, as must also be the case with one bull moose, one caribou or two deer, and in the case of transportation of birds, etc., they must be open to view, tagged and plainly labeled with owner's name and accompanied by him, it would seem as though the freight department could not, except in rare cases, handle, and that reference must be had to the express company in nearly all cases.

The circular is peculiar or, the proof—the above is only a proof—as will readily be seen, and legal minds will doubt the right of the express company to handle the fish or game in question. If it is in the hands of an express company how can it be in possession of the owner at the same time? Prominent Boston sportsmen declare that they shall yet test the right of the "express company" to have anything to do with forwarding of fish or game in Maine, except as especially directed by the owner; indeed as to their right to forward it at all. It is asked: "If the express company can forward fish or game, who is to be responsible for the possession of the owner? Or, if they can forward it at all, what is to hinder their doing a general forwarding business for anybody who sees fit to hand the company game at any station in the game sections of the country, and who is to be reponsible for the owner's being on the same train?"

The Portland & Rumford Falls Railroad, though also having a contract with the American Express Co., is forwarding sportsmen's boxes of trout as baggage, and free of charge, as has already been mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM. The Boston & Maine Railroad has not declined to forward these packages of trout as baggage, and its officers say that they do not intend issuing any such orders. It seems to be the desire of the Portland & Rumford Falls road to make matters as pleasant as possible for sportsmen, and it may be mentioned here as already noted that the Rangeleys may be reached by that road in connection with the Boston & Maine, or Boston and Portland steamers. All the Colonial railways, so far as I have been able to learn, are willing to forward sportsmen's fish or game and outfits as baggage.

So far as the American Express Co. is concerned its position is not strange, but simply a matter of business. If fish and game are not forwarded as baggage, that company can reasonably expect to get the forwarding of it on roads with which it has contracts. But its position in regard to handling this fish or game after it reaches Boston is one that causes sportsmen a good deal of trouble. Generally these sportsmen reach Boston in the evening—about 9:30—and formerly, when their fish were forwarded as baggage, the packages could be obtained at once and taken home. The express company is in the habit of taking packages to its storehouse, if they are directed to points in the suburbs, and in the morning giving them to local express companies. In such cases sportsmen have not received their trout till late on the day after their arrival. Some very vigorous objections have been raised against this position of affairs, and even to the express company having the forwarding of fish and game under any conditions. One returning sportsman, I hear, has gone so far as to take his box of fish into the passenger car in his hand and to refuse to deliver it to the express company. He persisted in his right to the fish, and since the company would not forward it in the baggage car, he claimed the right to carry it in his hand. He was not deprived of this right. Sportsmen declare that the attitude of the express company is that of compelling them to have their trout forwarded. "Since there is no other way you are forced to give us the forwarding of your fish and game."

It is fortunate that this attempted monopoly of the forwarding of sportsmen's fish or game exists only on the Maine Central Railway, so far as I have been able to ascertain. The other routes that sportsmen from Boston or New York would naturally take to reach and return from the Maine and provincial hunting and fishing resorts have no contract with the American Express Co., so far as I have been able to learn.

The Grand Trunk Railway is disposed to be very liberal with sportsmen as to what that road will forward free in its baggage cars. I have the following from Mr. N. J. Grace, New England passenger agent, under date of May

Copy of extract of rules in regard to sportsmen:

Excess baggage tariff, clause 18: "For the accommodation of sportsmen, their outfit, consisting of wearing apparel, tents, canoes and skiffs (provided they are under 20ft. in length and can be handled conveniently in the baggage cars of regular trains), camp utensils, including also fish and game, catch of 50lbs. in weight, will be carried free to the extent of 200lbs. for each sportsman, whether traveling alone or with a party, between stations on the Atlantic district. One dog will be carried free between the same stations for each sportsman. An excess ticket must be issued, on which endorse 'Sportsman's Dog,' and the number of the passage ticket held by the passenger."

The Canadian Pacific Railroad also makes matters as easy as possible for sportsmen who travel over its lines. The following is extracted from its baggage regulations:

"200lbs. of baggage, consisting of wearing apparel and sportsmen's outfits, including tents, camp utensils, also including fish or game—catch of 50lbs. in weight—will be forwarded free to and from any C. P. stations in the territory as below, for each passenger carried, when ticketed to stations between Pembroke and Nepigon. Canoes and skiffs under 20ft. long can be included as a part of the sportsmen's outfits, at actual weight. All over 200lbs. in weight will be charged for according to ordinary excess baggage rates. One dog will be carried free for each sportsman, for which an excess baggage ticket must be issued, marked 'Sportsman's Dog,' etc., etc. Guns must not be carried in the passenger cars, except in wooden, leather or canvas cases; otherwise they will be conveyed as baggage at owner's risk."

The steamer lines running out of Boston in the directions taken by sportsmen are very polite and desirous of securing the patronage of the hunters and fishermen who go to Maine and the provinces. The Portland Steamship Co. will not only carry sportsmen's boxes and packages of trout, but they will put them in the refrigerators during the trip, if sportsmen will take the trouble to inform the proper officers as to the contents of their packages. This will be done free of charge. The International Steamboat Co., or St. John steamers, as they are familiarly called, will carry the sportsmen's fish and game free up to a reasonable extent. The officials are not willing that anybody should attempt to do a fresh fish business over their line free of charge; but the sportsman who brings home a box of trout of his own catching, or venison or game birds, can do so free of charge, and the officers of either of the steamers will put such fish or game into the coolers, free of charge, when desired to do so.

The Yarmouth Steamship Co., running from Boston to Halifax and Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, has the good will not only of sportsmen, but of bicyclists also. Sportsmen's fish or game will be forwarded free of charge up to any reasonable amount. Besides the forwarding, the Boston agent, Mr. J. F. Spinney, assures me that his steamboat people will willingly put either fish or game into the boat's refrigerators, if sportsmen will make their wishes known to the steward. For bicyclists special customs arrangements have been made, whereby the steamboat company is responsible to the Government for the deposit required on each bicycle. The same is also true of guns and rifles. Hence these deposits can be received and returned at the wharf.

I have several times called at the office of the American Express Company here, and at last found the general superintendent in. He admits the contract with the Maine Central; a contract as to express matter, fish or game not being mentioned. The length of time the contract is to run he does not state. In stating the case to him, as to trout arriving on evening trains, and that it was desired by sportsmen that they be allowed to take possession of the fish at the station, he said that he would at once issue an order that, where so specified on the way bill, sportsmen's boxes of fish might be delivered at the station. Hence it will now be only necessary for sportsmen to specify at the point of shipment that they desire to take their boxes of trout at the Union Station on its arrival in Boston, and they will be delivered by the officers of the company there. Superintendent Dwight suggested that such a proceeding was contrary to their methods of doing business, but that his company was desirous of pleasing its patrons as far as possible. He was also desirous that I should see General Superintendent Carr, who has charge of the division including the Maine Central Railway, but who was absent at the time.

SPECIAL.

Game Transportation by one Maine Road.

GEN. PASS. AGENT GEO. M. HOUGHTON, of the Bangor & Aroostook R R., writes to the *Railroad Gazette*, that the game shipped over his line in October, November and December, 1894, comprised:

From.	October.			November.			December.			Total.		
	Deer.	Caribou	Moose.	Deer.	Caribou	Moose.	Deer.	Caribou	Moose.	Deer.	Caribou	Moose.
Alton	..	..	.	..	..	.	1	..	.	1	..	..
St. LaGrange	..	..	..	2	..	.	..	..	.	2	..	..
LaGrange	3	..	1	2	..	.	1	..	.	6	..	1
Mib	11	..	1	12	..	.	12	..	.	35	..	1
Brownville	6	..	.	9	..	.	1	..	.	16	..	..
Schoodic	32	..	.	30	1	.	8	..	.	60	1	..
West Seboois	3	..	1	1	..	.	9	..	.	13	..	1
Norcross	206	2	4	132	3	.	62	2	2	400	7	6
Millinocket	9	..	1	5	1	.	25	4	.	39	5	1
Grindstone	31	..	2	12	..	.	5	..	2	48	..	4
Stacyville	16	..	.	7	1	.	3	3	.	26	..	.
Sherman	20	2	2	4	..	.	..	..	.	24	2	2
Crystal	16	..	1	6	..	.	9	14	1	31	14	2
Island Falls	6	1	1	10	1	.	..	..	.	16	2	1
Oakfield	6	2	.	2	5	1	3	2	.	11	9	1
New Simenck	..	..	.	1	..	.	..	..	.	1	..	..
Houlton	..	..	.	4	..	.	..	..	.	4	..	..
Sebec	1	..	.	1	..	.	..	..	.	2	..	..
Monson Junction	..	..	.	2	..	.	..	..	.	2	..	..
Monson "M. R. R."	..	..	.	7	..	1	..	..	1	7	..	2
Blanchard	1	1	.	1	..	.	1	..	.	3	1	..
Shirley	1	..	.	3	..	.	1	2	1	5	2	1
Greenville	90	2	9	46	..	1	18	..	2	154	2	12
Brownsville Junction	..	..	.	4	1	.	..	..	.	4	1	.
Katahdin Iron Works	31	..	1	42	..	5	18	..	4	91	..	10
	479	10	24	345	13	8	177	27	13	1,001	50	45

He adds that he estimates that "the above is about 50 per cent. of the number killed during that period that was not shipped."

Ring-Necked Pheasants in Michigan.

L. C. SHELLEY, of Bancroft, Mich., has just received seven Mongolian pheasants which were shipped him from Shanghai, China, last March. Sixteen were shipped, but nine died on the journey.

E. M. S.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, new edition, now ready, June 27, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

[*From our Staff Correspondent.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., June 26.—A couple of million or more of people saw and admired the American sculptures of American wild animals which mounted guard at the divers bridges of the lagoons at the World's Fair. These great and beautiful figures were among the accepted things which everybody loved and felt that he owned. All the world knows that the two sculptors who did these figures were Mr. Kemeys and Mr. Proctor. Perhaps some who saw the big bears down toward the Administration Building may have recognized them again in the bronze miniatures which their parent, Mr. Proctor, was good enough to place in the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit at the recent Sportsmen's Exposition in New York.

Mr. Proctor's studio is in New York, but Mr. Edward Kemeys, who did the great panther figure known as the "Still Hunt" at the west end of the bridge between the Manufactures and the Electricity buildings, established his studio in Chicago after the Fair, declining to go to London and become still more famous. "I love the West and its creatures," said he, "and at Chicago I shall be 1,000 miles nearer my hunting grounds than anywhere in America, and I will not leave America." So Chicago, which first heard of Mr. Kemeys years ago, when he was emerging from the wilderness of the Rockies after years of study among the Indian tribes and among the great game of the West, is to-day the chosen home of an artist whom she can never honor too much as one skilled in his art, and moreover thoroughly in touch with his theme. The one theme for Edward Kemeys is the wild life of the West. He has lived in it and loved it, and knows it as few have known. To-day there is melancholy in his eye as he talks of the fading of the West.

Mr. Kemeys came up to my office the other day, and later I went over to his studio (in the Monadnock block) and there had such a treat in bronze and clay and plaster as has not been possible since Mr. Kemeys came to Chicago with his grizzlies, his buffalo, his mountain sheep and panthers, and wolves and Indians, more than ten years ago. And now the numbers of all these have grown, so that one may have far rarer opportunities of seeing the wild animals and wild men of America done in such fashion as only a sculptor who loved them could command. On these, of course, one fell eagerly, and so we went to talking, and I forgot an engagement I had. To hear Mr. Kemeys tell how he killed his first grizzly is a liberal education. And there is among numbers of other trophies a great black bear skin, killed by Mrs. Kemeys—whom he declares to be a better hunter than he is himself. So among the trophies and the figures—what wonder if we talked. Most of all, of the glorious West of the past, of which Mr. Kemeys could talk books full of much better sort than we commonly see in print. So I told Mr. Kemeys of the land where I think I have discovered my big bear that has been lost, and maybe—who knows?—we are both some day going there after this bear, and will kill him, and measure him, and build him into pictures of bronze. All of which is at least good to dream about. And in a studio full of great and beautiful things, done by a man who follows his art because he loves it—as few men in these days dare say—it is for once in a way permitted to have dreams.

Got his Musk Ox.

I find a letter at hand which has in its corner "The Ranchmen's Club, Calgary." That sounds pretty good. All the way from the far British Northwest, and with some news in it, as is customary with its writer, Mr. Thos. Johnson. Mr. Johnson writes entertainingly of meeting Mr. Casper W. Whitney, of Harper & Bros., of New York, who has been in the far North for some months. He says Mr. Whitney had had an awful tough time of it, and on his arrival was "the wildest looking animal ever seen." Mr. Whitney had been plucky and successful, though, and had gone where he intended to go—to the Arctic barren grounds—and had killed six head of musk ox besides getting some photographs of that animal. The journey was one of the most extreme hardships, being made practically without fire, with the thermometer 40° below most of the time. Mr. Whitney was out fifty days from Ft. Resolution, twenty-four days on the true barren grounds. He got his musk ox heads back all right, reaching Ft. Resolution in April, since which time he has been coming back to civilization gradually. Of course, a lot of us will feel a little envious and jealous of Mr. Whitney, and be disposed to sniff at his trip, but the enterprise was genuine and not a fake, and the manhood necessary to carry it out is of a sort to deserve only hearty praise from the newspaper profession at least.

Snakes with Horns and with Feet.

I am prepared to shed some more light on the subject of snakes, which has been much obscured by science. I have no science, but I have snakes—or rather, some of my correspondents have snakes, or have seen them—and snakes are stubborn things. Mr. F. E. Whittemore, agent of the Texas & Pacific Railway, at Petty, Texas, writes me:

"I notice in FOREST AND STREAM of June 8 something in regard to the 'horned' tail snake. I have just returned from a visit to my father, in the Chickasaw Nation, Indian Territory, and while there one of my brothers told me of killing a horned-tail snake, and he gave me a description of the snake, which he had killed three or four days previous, and he piloted me to the spot in the hope that we might find the horn, as I wanted it to send to FOREST AND STREAM. We found the battle ground with the weapons used (which were a couple of dead limbs), also the signs of the combat, the weeds and grass which were broken, remaining intact; but we could find no part of the snake, and came to the conclusion that some scavenger bird had appropriated his snakeship.

"I will give you a short description of the encounter as he gave it to me: Two of my brothers were going through a strip of timber, when one of them, by some unknown power, became conscious that danger was at hand, and on looking before him he saw the snake about 2ft. from him. The snake became alarmed and commenced to 'strike' in all directions with its tail (much the same as other snakes strike with the head). They retreated and procured some clubs and struck the snake, when he became more violent; but after half a dozen well-directed blows he seemed to 'sull' like the possum, and tried to go in the ground, but they despatched him. They examined his horn, which was about 2½in. in length and was very keen at the point. The snake was about 2ft, or

perhaps 2½ft. long, about 1in. in diameter, the head small and very blunt, body striped (light and dark), horn light colored, with the point merging into a brown color and black for ¼in. at the extreme point.

"I would like to know through FOREST AND STREAM what kind of a snake it was. I can vouch for the correctness of this, and was told that such a snake had never been seen in that part of the country before.

"Quail are very plenty there, the season is favorable to nesting and there will be a large crop of young this year. The song birds of all varieties common to this section are unusually plenty this year. I hope to have your opinion on the above snake."

I am of the opinion that the evidence in favor of the horn snake is too overwhelming to be denied. (The editor of the Natural History department of FOREST AND STREAM admits the existence of the "horn snake," but does not think it can split a wagon tongue by striking it with its "stinger.") If the above evidence, added to that which I got from Dr. Taylor, Mr. Miles and others, of Brownsville, Tenn., be not sufficient, the following letter from Mr. W. H. Wilson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co. at Barree station, may serve as a further drop in the bucket. Mr. Wilson writes:

"In 1873, while with an engineer corps in Susquehanna county, seven miles north of Carbondale, Pa., we killed a gray and dark spotted snake about 8ft. in length, and were all surprised to find its tail terminated in a spur ¾in. in length, not very sharp, but hard and smooth. Sorry I had not then the interest in the matter that FOREST AND STREAM has since created.

"Some years ago I shot the head off a large black snake that was coiled on a large oak limb twenty or more feet from the ground. I hung it up by the neck, and passing it an hour later found it quite dead and its muscles relaxed. At intervals along its belly either two or three sets of small curved spurs were hanging from beneath its scales. These folded neatly under the lap of the scales, points toward each other, and being so concealed are seldom seen. I imagine any snake that can climb would show them if killed and suspended as above."

Here again we fall upon mystery. Yet that snakes have legs appears to be the next proposition susceptible of proof. It may be remembered that I mentioned the specimen of "blue racer" snake showing two "feet," sent me by Dr. Taylor, of Brownsville, Tenn. This specimen I sent in to the Natural History department of FOREST AND STREAM, where it has proved a serious puzzle, though it is thought the projections are not really feet, but possibly certain organs not connected with locomotion. But how about the feet on Mr. Wilson's black snake? Has anyone else any help on this? I want a full specimen of the "horn snake," also of any snake that has legs or feet. If I can get hold of actual specimens of this sort, I shall be prepared to do business with these scientific folk who don't believe a horn snake can kill a tree with its stinger. Of course it can. If not, what has it got the stinger for?

Fantail Horns.

Moreover, I am so close on the trail of the "fantail deer" that I can see its horns. Mr. Phillips ("El Comancho") writes me:

"Write to Mrs. E. Jose Ansley at Westville, Ind. Mention my name and tell her to send you that pair of fantail deer horns that I was going to bring to Chicago. She will let you have them for examination and to photograph if you wish. Take care of them and return them when you get through, as she prizes them as part of a collection. They came from Belle Fouche river, Wyoming."

Of course they are fantail horns, and of course there are fantail deer. I want a whole fantail deer, too. When I get this and all my snakes in line I shall make plenty of trouble with science. I believe in William Tell, me!

Destructive Fishing.

Mr. Norman Fletcher, writing from Kalamazoo, Mich., sends a clipping from the Minneapolis *Journal*, which reads: "A large delegation of Aberdeenites has just returned from Big Stone Lake, where they have spent several days fishing. They tell some pretty big stories, but since the gentlemen are representative business men and have brought home their catch, there is no occasion to doubt the veracity of their statements. The party consisted of Messrs. F. W. Brooks, H. H. Sabin, S. M. Salisbury and W. F. Hall. In four hours one day they caught 124 pike and bass, and on the following day, reinforced by two more gentlemen, on the same ground, they caught 511 fish, weighing 1,000 pounds, and caught them all with a spoon hook, trolling. The catch has been photographed by an Ortonville artist, and will be used in a pamphlet to advertise this lake as the fishing pond of the West."

In regard to this Mr. Fletcher justly says some severe things, with which any real angler must cheerfully agree. There is no sport in such butchery. In regard to it Mr. Fletcher says:

"When I see such reports I think that the sooner all game fish are exterminated in the United States the better. I am fond of fishing, and have had experience from southern Florida to northern Michigan. Wherever I go, however, I find people who seem desirous of killing everything that swims, and think it a big thing to show a large string of fish, even if caught in a net or by a guide. And these people think they are sportsmen. The idea of six grown men, who are reported to be 'representative business men, going out on a lake and killing fish to the extent of 511 in one day—truly the fish hogs are at large in Minnesota! Are these persons of average intelligence and do they consider their performance sport?

"The laws here in Michigan are very badly enforced. I was out on Gull Lake (about thirteen miles from here) last week and caught a few small-mouth bass. I caught one of 3½lbs. with a spear wound on his back. I made some inquiries and found that the natives speared the bass when on their spawning beds in the spring. It was reported to me that as many as twenty boats had been seen out on this lake this spring spearing bass at night. Gull Lake is the natural home of the small-mouth bass, having a good deal of sandy and pebbly bottom. The lake is about seven miles long and quite wide. With proper protection this would be a fine lake for bass in a few years. If the spearing continues for a few years more there will probably be few, if any, bass found in this lake."

Not a Brook Trout.

Mr. A. N. Cheney in his interesting notes recently had the following: "There was an exhibit at the Exposition which interested me, as it was a mounted trout said to have been a native brook trout, and its weight was given at 13½lbs. I had no opportunity to examine the mounted fish, but I would be glad to know where the fish was caught, who caught it, etc., if any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM can furnish the information."

This trout was shown in the exhibit of another paper, and was labeled "brook trout." This was not a brook trout. It is the same fish which was displayed at the FOREST AND STREAM exhibit at the World's Fair. It was there pronounced by Dr. Henshall to be a Dolly Varden. Mr. G. W. LaRue, who owns the specimen, insists it is a genuine brook trout. As the fish was caught in western Montana the chances are rather against that. The fish was mounted for a brook trout. In life it was not such, but *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. It is not the fate of all Dolly Vardens to be thus translated into a higher sphere in re-incarnation.

The Diving of Pelicans.

Mr. John Bludworth, of Rockport, Tex., writes me to correct a statement about the diving of the white pelican, which I had indirectly alleged. He says:

"I think you are mistaken about the white pelican diving (May 18), as is Mr. Bell, writing from Florida (April 27). They do not feed that way, as the gray ones do. I have often watched them in the early morning or late in the evening forming a line across the mouth of some small bayou or inlet and gradually closing up (as fishermen would with a short seine) they snap up the fish as they try to escape. They may dive from a height in Florida, but they do not here, and they are here by thousands in winter.

"Tarpon are very plentiful here this season; the cold weather did not seem to effect them any. A good many have been caught at the Pass, and I have seen lots of them here in the channel, but have not fished for them any."

"Forest and Stream" Emigration Bureau.

FOREST AND STREAM should establish a Texas emigration bureau. After I came back from my trip South last winter I sent five different parties to the gulf coast of Texas for sporting purposes. This spring I heard of a lawyer of Atchison, Kan., who has moved from his old home and located in San Antonio on the strength of the FOREST AND STREAM story. At Cleveland, last week, Mr. W. B. Higby, of that city, told me that he intended moving from Cleveland and making San Antonio his permanent home and place of business. He said that the "Sunny South" story of San Antonio was the only argument impelling him thereto. I hate to depopulate the North, but really must keep on going South and writing about it if I have luck. Of one thing be sure, people in the North don't know how to live.

Texas Cat.

Very beautiful are the little spotted "leopard cat" (ocelot) skins which one sometimes sees in Texas, and no American fur is more ornamental, though good specimens are rarely seen, as the Southern hunters are so careless in taking off the skins. Last winter we killed one of these little creatures, but it was only 3ft. long—full grown, as we then supposed. Much to my surprise and delight this week I received from an unknown friend (Mr. T. H. Glover, of San Marcos, Texas) a perfect and extremely large specimen of this "leopard cat" skin. It measures 4ft. 1in., and has not a blemish. I did not know this animal ever grew so large, but here is the skin to prove it. It is a beautiful and much prized ornament in the FOREST AND STREAM Western office. Great cats and mighty fine men grow in Texas. I don't know how Mr. Glover happened to hit thus on my natural passion for furs, which have always been a delight to me ever since I can remember.

Travelers.

Prof. Edmund Orthans, of Toledo, O., the celebrated painter of field scenes and animal portraits, is in Chicago this week with some paintings which are on exhibit at the leading art store of the city.

Mr. H. B. Jewell, Mayor of Wabasha, Minn., a sportsman of the good sort and an old-time reader of FOREST AND STREAM, was East as far as Cleveland last week. He says the fishing is fine in Lake Pepin. It sounds odd to hear a Minnesota man talk of having to go 500 miles further West for his duck-shooting, but there is your story of the game of America. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Protz-Trotz-Froschbauer.

TWELVE years ago a wealthy peasant farmer was caught poaching on the forest preserves of Baron Rothschild, near Froschausen, which is not far from Frankfort-on-the-Main, in Hesse-Darmstadt, Germany. The head forester, whose name is Schlange, came upon him one day just as he was kniting a deer he had shot. The peasant sprang upon the keeper and plunged his knife into him. That peasant committed suicide last night, in a miserable room under the slant of the roof of No. 180 Second Street. His name was Adam Buser; he was sixty-eight years old and has a large family of married sons and daughters in Germany.

The case was reported as "just a bum suicide," meaning it was the end of a wretched person and contained no "story." But a countryman of *der alte Adam*, as the dead man was called in the neighborhood, gave the particulars of his friend's life already mentioned, besides others, showing the man to have been a type of the German peasant.

Adam Buser divided with his brothers the inheritance of a fat farm and its accumulated products of generations of cultivation. Adam was the older son and got the larger part, so that he was heir by general consent to the title *Froschbauer*, composed by the other peasants out of the first syllable of the name of the place, Froschauer, and the word for peasant, *Bauer*. He was not popular, however; he was ignorant, shrewd, purse-proud, and quarrelsome. Even when he married he did not settle down. He loved sport and preferred to poach, though he could have got permission to hunt in the neighboring forests or to pay for his pleasure. The knowledge that Schlange, the Baron's head-forester, was hunting him, while he hunted the rich city man's game, increased Adam's delight in the chase. He boasted over the beer-board that he would shoot Schlange if the forester caught him, and would then buy the family off. The villagers applauded the promise of a fight, but they despised the braggart and his money and gave him another title, *Protzauer*, or purse-proud peasant.

When the meeting did occur in the woods and Schlange was stabbed, not shot, Buser did offer to settle. He made two offers with assurance in the power of money, his friend here said, and he was pretty nearly right. Schlange, who recovered from his wound, listened to the overtures, but he asked so much that another weakness of the *Froschbauer* came into play. Adam offered 2,000 marks, Schlange wanted 5,000 marks; then the peasant raised his bid to 3,000 marks, and the forester came down to 4,000. There they stuck. The *Protzbauer* won another title by his obstinate meanness; his neighbors called him the *Trotzbauer*, the stubborn peasant.

The *Protz-Trotz-Froschbauer* had to run away. He made arrangements with his family to send him means and hurried away to America. Here he lived on the east side, leading an idle life and developing his original bad temper, and sustaining the reputation he brought from Froschauer. He made a few acquaintances among peasants from his part of the country, but they could not become his friends because of his disposition to quarrel. So he drank beer in silence and gloom, till age and weakness laid him open to disease. He was ill with many complaints, but he had brought with him his old prejudice against the *Spittal*, and refused to go to the hospital. Among his papers was a greasy order from Dr. Einhorn for his reception at the German Hospital. He had never used it. Moreover, he had complained that remittances from home had not come regularly of late. So in this year, when his time was out, his liability for the crime of stabbing the forester outlawed, he killed himself. He was seen last night. This morning he was found hanging by a strap to a clothes-hook in his dirty, dark and miserable room, and the neighbors told one another that the *Froschbauer* was dead (*todt*).—*New York Evening Post, June 21.*

About Spring Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I WAS glad to see your exposure of the "Great Duck Egg Fake" in the FOREST AND STREAM. When the infernal practice of spring shooting is put an end to we shall not need such Münchausenisms to account for the scarcity of wildfowl; and the selfish game hogs, who say that if they do not shoot in the spring they could not shoot at all, may be reminded that there is no law which compels them either to burn gunpowder or commit murder, for such it is, and that there are thousands of thorough sportsmen who feel it no deprivation to be entirely deprived of spring shooting by the absence of birds, and who are willing to take such chances as they can get in the fall, and those very slim ones. The slaughter of ducks and geese is by no means one of the necessaries of life. VON W.

Sea and River Fishing.

TROUT IN A CATSKILL LAKE.

NEW YORK, June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Most of the records of successful expeditions after trout seem to emanate from those only who have had the opportunity of visiting the wilds of Maine, the north shore of Superior, the Rocky Mountains, the streams of Canada, and such places as these, which may be visited by those who have time and money in abundance at their disposal; give us the assurance that there still remain in favored spots numbers of our earliest love, the brook trout.

Ten years ago I remember catching as many trout as I could wish, and as often as I wished, near the foot of Mt. Marcy, in northern New York State, but for six years since that time I have been living in Western Texas, and confining my fishing to the capture of the Oswego bass and channel catfish—not that these fish are to be looked down on, for they give a man plenty of work in landing them with light tackle. Still very often while lying in camp at night on the plains, the thought would come to mind that I should feel very happy in hearing again the rush of a mountain stream and having the opportunity of dealing again with my friend the trout.

In the spring of '93 and again in '94, after returning to New York city, I spent the few days at my disposal for such purposes in trips to northern New Jersey and Pennsylvania after my favorite fish, and although I always caught a few fish, I cannot say much for their size, or the excitement of landing them.

Of course, I enjoy fishing a trout stream, whether or not I catch fish, for the scenery and exercise repay one for his trip, to say nothing of the expectation, as you cast your flies just at the head of a deep, shaded, inviting pool, that some unwary denizen of the brook may yet respond.

I had begun to think by this spring that perhaps I had best save my days of vacation until I could afford the time to go away for several weeks and try the North Shore or some such locality; and I had about decided to give up my usual June outing, when on the 16th of this month a friend said to me: "Father and I have been invited to visit a preserve in the Catskills and catch all the trout we desire; will you go?" On the 3 P. M. train of the West Shore R. R. of the 17th inst. might have been seen Mr. T., a gentleman between sixty-five and seventy years; K., his son, and myself. We passed the night at Kingston, and the 7 A. M. train on the Ulster & Delaware R. R. took us through a beautiful valley and over the mountains forty-eight miles west by 10:30 A. M., where we were met at the station by the manager of the estate we were to visit with a wagonette and fine team of grays. After a ten-mile drive over the hills we reached our destination in time for dinner.

Imagine a small lake of about thirty acres, surrounded on all sides, excepting the southwest, by hills of 500 to 600ft. rising directly from the shores and densely wooded. On the southwest a slight elevation, partially cleared, on which stood a two-and-a-half story house of 100ft. front, with a 20ft. verandah almost encircling it and a lawn of 300ft. stretching down to the lake, and you have our surroundings. The lake is about 2,000ft. above the sea level, I should think, but in the middle of the day we felt the heat, and so waited until 4 P. M., when K. and I took a canoe from the boat house, and jointing our rods started around the shores.

For two hours we whipped the waters by turns, one

paddling and the other fishing, but caught only about fifteen trout, running a trifle less than 10in. in length, and then we returned to the house for supper. Just before dusk we were out again fishing with white-miller and red-ibis; and as darkness came on the surface of the lake was fairly covered with leaping trout. We fished with three flies and often caught two trout at a cast. They all ran about the same size—10in. We threw back into the lake of course a great many trout, as we had no use for them.

At 4 A. M. the next morning K. and I were again on the lake, but the trout would not rise. After breakfast we took Mr. T. out on the lake and gave him some instructions as to casting a fly. He caught one trout and was well pleased, as he had never before had that pleasure.

During the morning an elk came down from the hills to stand in the lake for coolness and relief from the flies, and K. and myself paddled to within 30 yards of him before he would move away. We had the same experience later in the morning with two Virginia deer, one yearling and one two-year-old buck.

The bucks, however, when they did start, ran much faster and further than the elk, which did not seem particularly anxious to escape from our vicinity.

In the afternoon K. and I walked about three-quarters of a mile across the hills to a trout stream, and brought back from an hour's fishing 34 good trout to take home with us in the morning, and I suppose we threw back into the stream 40 more trout.

Before going on the lake that evening we secured a box of wire netting, with a wooden lid. This we dragged in the water behind the boat and placed in it such trout as we desired to take with us. We fished that night until 9:20 P. M., when the trout stopped rising and retired to bed I presume, as we did shortly after. Five o'clock the following morning found us packing up. We took our 34 trout from the ice box, and enough from the box in the locker to make up 90, which we packed in grass. After breakfast and a pleasant ten-mile drive, we took the 9 A. M. train on the Ulster and Delaware, and arrived in New York city at 3 P. M., well satisfied with our trip. I cannot say that I did not enjoy myself fully, nor catch enough trout, but I find that I shall visit the Pacific slope on business this summer, and I confess that I am planning a little fishing out there, where I can camp out in the mountains and feel at home again.

H. L. BURDICK.

DR. EDWARD SPALDING.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday's mail brought me the sad tidings of the death of an old and dear friend, Dr. Edward Spalding, of Nashua, N. H. Dr. S. was a veteran member of the Anglers' Guild, being in his eighty-second year, and died on his annual fishing excursion to Parmachene Lake and the Megalloway, from which he had expected to return to-morrow.

Dr. Spalding was not only an enthusiastic angler, but had been a prominent feature in the business life of the State for many years. A graduate of Dartmouth College, he was one of the Board of Trustees, he had been a member of the State Senate and the Governor's Council. Educated as a physician, he had given up practice to devote himself to business, and was identified with the banking interests of his city, as well as president of the boards of directors of both the large manufacturing companies there.

He aided me in revising the fish and game laws of the State in 1878, and succeeded me as chairman of the Fish and Game Commission in 1881, but soon gave it up to a younger man.

A strong churchman, he was prominent in all religious and educational work, and his life was marked by his good words and deeds.

Yet with all this active life, he never allowed himself to be "chained to business," but regularly took his June and September outings to the Megalloway and Dear Diamond region.

And now among his much-loved streams he has made the final passage, and crossed the dark river from whose shores no voyager returns. SAM'L WEBBER.

NASHUA, N. H., June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you the Nashua *Telegraph*, June 24, and Manchester *Union*, June 25, containing an account of the death of Mr. Edward Spalding, of this city, who died at Megalloway Meadows, June 22. While the articles contain a fair account of his life and work, they but feebly state the universal respect and esteem in which the Doctor was held, not only in this community, but by all those with whom he came in contact. Especially was this the case with the guides and residents in the Rangeley and Parmachene regions, where he had passed at least one month each season for more than forty years. Long after he had retired from active practice here he found plenty to do in the woods each year, it being the current opinion of his friends that all the broken legs and arms, as well as events of a strictly domestic nature, were sacredly kept for the Doctor's annual visit, and no one else was allowed to touch them—if he was expected within six months. His sympathies were broad, and no sacrifice of personal comfort was too great for him cheerfully to render aid to all in distress, whether personally known to him or not. His large means and high education were at the command of any one in need. He was, in short, the highest type of a true sportsman I ever knew or ever expect to know.

The continued freedom from serious ills and the unclouded intellect for 82 years must be largely attributed to his love for the woods and the frequent opportunities he had for long stays in the Maine woods. While he enjoyed all field sports, trout fishing was his hobby, and that at a time when a man who "went afishin'" was regarded with suspicion, or was until he made the retort, "Well, Dr. Spalding goes too;" that always settled the right or wrong of the question.

P. S.—He was, I believe, a subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM from the first number. W. H. BEASOM.

The *Union* correspondent gives these particulars of Dr. Spalding's death: "Three weeks ago to-morrow morning he left his home in this city to go on his annual fishing vacation, in company with Mr. Van Wagenen and his wife, a member of the Lake Parmachene Club; they were also accompanied by a guest of the club, Mr. Van Woert, of Morristown, N. J. Dr. Spalding joined the party at the Concord station on June 11, and together they went to Camp Cariboux in Oxford county, Maine, which is the last Maine camp of the club mentioned, and is at the lake. On the journey out Dr. Spalding stood the travel well and appeared in the best of spirits, and the entire party arrived at this point in the wilderness in apparent perfect health. He with his guide and members of the party started homeward on Thursday morning, intending to stop over at the camp in the meadows on the Megalloway River until to-day, and pass the time in fishing with the guests of the club in that vicinity. The party arrived at the camp, which is sixteen miles below Cariboux, all right Thursday night; his friend, Van Wagenen, seeing the party off all right over the four miles, at which time he bade the Doctor good by, and all were in the best of spirits. They arrived at the meadows on Thursday night. Friday Mr. Van Woert and party left on a fishing tour to Lincoln Pond, Dr. Spalding remaining to enjoy himself at the camp and fishing in that vicinity. He was about as usual, and at night retired after a fine day's sport. Later the guests returned from Lincoln Pond, and no one for a moment realized that the death angel was hovering about the camp in the stillness of the depths of the forest, to claim one of the party before the sun should rise again. The first indication of trouble was Saturday morning, between 3 and 4 o'clock, when Dr. Spalding called for help, and his friend immediately called his guide, who went to his assistance. The Doctor was conscious, and was lying on his bed. He asked for assistance to change his clothing, and also made a request for a drink of medicine. He then apparently gradually sunk away, and in fifteen minutes was dead, without the utterance of another word. The men who work about the camp as helpers were aroused and sent out to notify the friends at Cariboux, and Mr. Van Woert immediately started for a telegraph station at Colebrook, which point he reached Saturday night in season to send word to Nashua.

"The guide arranged the body and took it down the river sixteen miles in the club's steamboat, then a distance of forty miles in a carriage to Colebrook, arriving at 11 o'clock in the night, when the remains were placed in charge of the undertaker. The medical examination showed that Dr. Spalding died from cerebral apoplexy.

"The guide, Robert Storey, in conversation with the *Union* man, was visibly affected at the loss of his friend, and stated that he never saw the Doctor in apparently better spirits than that Friday before his death and the evening he went to his room and retired for his last night in the camp, where he so thoroughly enjoyed an occasional visit."

NOTES FROM FISHING WATERS.

PARLIN POND, Me., June 26.—Seeing one of your blue signs tacked on the hotel here, I thought that perhaps your readers would like to know of a catch of trout which ex-Senator and Mrs. A. P. Williams, of San Francisco, Cal., took from the pond here Monday morning. One of the fish weighed 3¾lbs., one 2lbs., two 1¾lbs., and one 1¼lbs. There were also twenty-five of ordinary size. This is the favorite resort of Mr. and Mrs. Williams for fly fishing, and here they have spent their summers for many years. EARLE MURPHY.

CANTON, N. Y., June 29.—Canton does not advertise as a fishing resort. Nevertheless the local fisherman is now and then well rewarded for his labor. So thought Homer Womack and Frank Healy last night when they landed a 24lbs. muskallonge. The fish measured 44¼in. in length, and was a beauty. It was caught at the mouth of a small tributary to the main river half a mile above the village by still fishing, the bait being a 1lb. mullet. When hooked it made several leaps clear from the water. J. H. R.

THREE LAKES, Wis., June 25.—Messrs. H. V. Vogel and F. R. French caught last week 9 maskallonge, largest 28lbs.; 92 pike, largest 9lbs.; 70 bass, largest 4½lbs.; 172 pickerel. The prospects look good for next week. H. V. VOGEL.

Some Lake St. John ouananiche scores: L. C. Flint, A. D. Norcross, F. G. Nelson, 79 weighing 119lbs., largest 3¼lbs. June 19 to 26, A. W. Hooper 171, weighing 256lbs., largest 3¾lbs. June 19 to June 26, E. B. Mayo, 152 weighing 225lbs., largest 3¼lbs. June 26, M. D. Rothschild, 45 weighing 60lbs., largest 3½lbs. June 26, M. D. Tyson, 80 weighing 150lbs., largest 3lbs. June 26 (3 days), E. C. Quiggle, 59 weighing 100lbs., largest 3¼lbs. June 25–26, J. E. Nichols, 56, largest 3¼lbs. June 27 (2 days), H. D. Hotchkiss, 39 weighing 63lbs., largest 3lbs.

Babies and Fish Protection.

PORT HURON, Mich., June 20.—At the last meeting of the Anglers' Protective Club the following officers were elected: President, Henry N. Botsford; Secretary, Chas. Weichsler; Executive Committee: Fred D. Sanborn, J. B. McGregor and Alex. R. Avery. It was the largest and most enthusiastic meeting the club has ever held. The reports of the executive committee, giving in detail the work done by them during the past year, was submitted, and it was the unanimous opinion of all the members that the work had been most judiciously done. The club purposes to have several fishing tournaments during the coming summer, which are looked forward to with a good deal of pleasure. Bait and fly-casting contests will also be held. As the action of the past Legislature was adverse to the interests of sportsmen, the club has decided to take aggressive steps toward the enforcement of the fish laws. Arthur McDonald, son of Ambrose McDonald, was last night elected mascotte of the club. His age is 1½ years and his weight 22lbs. "Look out for him," says the *Times* of this city, "for he's likely to take after his dad."

Bass at Swartswood Lake.

BERGEN POINT, N. J., June 20th.—I have just returned from a week's fishing in Swartswood Lake, New Jersey, and met with very good luck. I have been staying at Emmaus Grove and found everything as well and comfortable as of old. I enclose a picture of three bass and two pickerel, the five largest fish I caught last week, and as you can see, they were all of very large size. The weight of the bass were 3½, 3 and 2¾lbs., the pickerel 2¾ and 3lbs. I used live bait shiners. I also caught two good size bass with the fly. Some other angler may like to try Swartswood, which is a mighty good place for fishing and not a great many fish there. P. M.

An Angler's Tribute.

NORWICH, Conn., June 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondent, E. M. Brown, of Preston, who has written many pleasing sketches for your very interesting paper, was killed by the cars here on the 19th inst., while in pursuance of his duties as conductor on the N. & W. R. R. He leaves a wife and four children, the youngest five years of age.

Of him as a man I can say that he was upright and honorable, a devoted husband and loving father, universally loved by all that knew him, enjoying the full confidence of his employers.

As a sportsman he was my ideal; whether it was the breech-loader or the rod, he was ever the same, always considerate with his friends, the personification of generosity, and a day spent in his company was sure to be fraught with pleasure. His quotations of the Gentle Izaak (of whom he was a worthy successor), and little anecdotes of his own childhood and happy days spent in the woods and along the rippling streams, added to the delights of the outing. He knew the names of all the wild flowers and birds, and would discourse at length on their beauties or peculiarities.

It was the height of his ambition to some time visit the Rangeleys, but never to be realized; for, like many other lovers of the gentle art, he was so unfortunate as to be poor and dependent on his daily earnings for sustenance. Two years ago he had by self-denial and the aid of a loving wife saved up enough to take a two weeks' trip in that region with myself and two friends; but a sudden and fearful sickness compelled him to stay behind. Yet ever patient and expectant he looked forward to the time when he might satisfy his longing.

I knew him at work, for in my capacity as engineer I was daily thrown into his company, and neither of us would accept a day's outing if the other was unable to get away. I have lost my chum. I loved him as a brother, and time can never obliterate from my mind the happy hours spent in his company.

Brother sportsman, if you could have stood by my side and looked down on that poor crushed form (with a smile still on his lips, for he was laughing when death overtook him), your comrade, I think you would have joined me and wept.

I have placed my rods high on the rack, and the dust will be thick on them before I can again take heart to follow the stream; for every ripple, every fall, will sing to me of one that is gone, and there will be no pleasure in it for me. F. D. PALMER.

Braddock's Bay and Thereabouts.

"I have paid close attention to the river this season," said Constable Marshall to a Rochester (N. Y.) *Herald* reporter, "and I am glad to say that the violators of the law are getting tired of their vocation as fishermen. Last season I was comparatively alone in seizures and arrests on the river, but since Game Protector Brooks has taken an interest in that neighborhood and made several seizures and arrests, the poachers are getting quite shy. When I began patroling the river last season it was a common occurrence for me to seize from three to five and as high as seven devices on one trip, but now it is not unusual to make a long trip and find not a single net.

"As I rowed back to Charlotte yesterday I saw quite a number of men and boys fishing along the river with hook and line. Several of them with whom I had conversation said they were having excellent luck and said that they were glad nets were being kept out of the water. I have been surprised at the quantity and quality of fish I have found in the fyke and gill nets in the river this year. Next to Braddock's Bay, the fishing in the river is the best to be found around here.

"At Braddock's Bay the fishing is splendid. Nearly every man who has gone still fishing or whipping has captured a fine string. Perch and bass fishing has never been as good in my recollection as it is at present off the pier at Manitou. The other morning I met a man from McCrackenville who was whipping in the bay. He said he had landed thirteen noble pickerel that morning and that he had been catching from eight to ten every morning for a week. Manitou is a great place to enjoy a good day's sport with rod and line. I am pleased to say I have been rewarded to a certain extent for my labor for the past two years in keeping the waters of Braddock's Bay and Salmon Creek free of nets, of which I have seized and destroyed over 125 fyke and gill nets. Devices of any kind are hard to find in any of those waters at present."

Promising Youngsters.

SEBEC, Maine.—Master Eugene Wyman, a thirteen-year-old boy, fishing with a 7oz. rod, hooked a fish, and after being fast some time said his arm ached. But his father, P. H. Wyman, of Sebec, told him to stay by the fish, that it was a large one, and was his to save or lose. Gene "was there," and after a long and hard fight brought the fish to net, and was the proud owner of a landlocked salmon weighing 6lbs. 14oz. Mr. Wyman has mounted the fish and Gene will have it in some conspicuous place when he has a home of his own.

The same day Master Eddie, brother of Gene, age seven years, landed with a light rod two good salmon weighing 2lbs. or better each. The party took nine fish in all for the day.

On another day, in the same waters, a party with me took eight good salmon before 9 A.M., the smallest of the eight weighing over 2lbs. These fish were taken to Waterville and were seen by many sportsmen at Newport Junction. FRANK A. JORDAN.

Shad taken with Minnows.

HAMPTON, N. H., June 23.—While waiting for a dense fog to clear away in Hampton River to-day, Charles F. Peel and Charles E. Foy, two expert fishermen of Boston, made a most remarkable catch of nineteen adult shad. An occurrence of this sort is seldom recorded. The shad were captured with a hook, with live minnows for bait, on sixty feet of line. The shad is a fish that is not caught with a hook, but by nets, as their mouths are not formed for grabbing a bait, as other game fish. Their action is described by the captors as that of a bass, which is invariably full of fight and tricks when hooked.

Texas Tarpon.

A Ropesville, Texas, correspondent writes that tarpon fishing has been excellent there, some fifty odd having been landed to the date of his letter.

NEW ENGLAND FISHING NEWS.

BOSTON, Mass., June 29.—W. A. Macleod and Charles F. Randall, two of Boston's prominent lawyers, have just returned from a fishing trip to the Northwest Miramichi. At Fredericton they were joined by J. Henry Phair, commissioner of fisheries for that province; James S. Neil, F. B Edgecombe and Rev. Henry Montgomery. Sea trout fishing was the main object, and they were very successful, the fish abundant and of large size. Mr. Macleod captured an 11lb. salmon, and Mr. Edgecombe a ten pounder. The party camped for ten days at Brown's place on the Sevogle, a branch of the Northwest Miramichi. Their best fishing was had at Big Hole, a pool situated a little below where the Sevogle empties into the river, and at Exbow on the Southwest Miramichi, nearly down to the junction of the two branches with the main stream. The Sevogle country is described as picturesque beyond description. Mr. Macleod and Mr. Randall, with Jim Maddock and Sandy Johnson as guides in charge of their pirogue, went up to the square forks of the Sevogle, one of the beauty spots of the region. The canoeing on this trip was exciting enough to please any enthusiast, but the party found that they were ahead of the fish, and did not get a large catch on these upper waters. On returning to Fredericton Messrs. Macleod and Randall crossed over to Nova Scotia and visited the Gold River country. A large interest in this stream has been purchased by Mr. Macleod, and from the Cumberland pool down very good fishing can be enjoyed. Beginning in April and lasting through May and June, salmon are caught. The sea trout fishing begins early in June, and grilse enter the river about June 15. The stream takes its name from the mines in that locality, and with a fair degree of protection, which the Government ought to furnish, but at present does not, would be again, as it once was, one of the finest of Nova Scotia's salmon rivers.

Mr. G. N. Talbot, his two sons and Mr. Olmstead, all of Boston, and Mr. Currier, of Lynn, leave on July 1 to fish the Barnes pools on the Grand Cascapedia. July is not so good a month as June to fish this stream, but good enough to repay the angler, and there is always sport with sea trout.

Mr. C. D. Boss, Jr., of New London, leaves July 1 to try the salmon. He goes to fish the Adams pools on the rough waters of the Nepissiguit.

Wm. P. Church, of Malden, and Jas. C. Gibbs, of New York, at Belgrade took 230 bass in one and one-half days' fishing with the fly, and returned nearly all to the water. The Glezen party, of Providence, just returned from the same place, also had great luck. Mr. Glezen was high line among all the fishermen present during his visit, and took bass almost beyond count. His style of fishing was much admired, and contributed largely to his success. His largest fish were taken on the St. Patrick fly, and he handled them all to perfection. He is a fine sportsman and has a record for tarpon fishing in Florida waters to be envied.

The former custom prevailing at Belgrade of shipping the bass to city markets is now stopped by the application of the new Maine fish laws in Kennebec and Somerset counties, which absolutely prohibits the sale of white perch and black bass under a penalty of $10 for each fish. This will do much to bring these ponds back to their former prosperous condition. Simply tons of bass have been shipped during the last three or four years, and it is a wonder that any fish are left. I understand that a Boston man who captured a 6lb. salmon and shipped it out to the city was heavily fined for the offense. In his case it was probably an innocent transgression, but to escape penalties in Maine this year as regards fish and game one must live pretty close to the letter of the law. The excuse of "not knowing" will not pass, and is sure to lead into trouble. The old system of fines had no terrors for many men who could not resist temptation; but the penalty of imprisonment, which is now attached in some cases, sets them to thinking.

Chas. G. Haley and A. Carroll Briggs, of Boston, have been down to the Commodore Club, near Hartland, Me. They fished in Moose Pond for black bass, which run to 3 and 3½lbs., and are taken best with the fly. Pickerel and very large perch are frequently caught, and the perch are said to be quite gamy. There is fair trout fishing in the brooks near by. It is the intention of the club to put 12,000 salmon in the pond this fall. Moose Pond is a beautiful sheet of water, divided in the center by narrows, each part five or six miles long. The bottom is sandy and the water very clear. The club have a large number of good boats and a fine steam launch for the accommodation of members. An elegant club house graces the shore of the lake, containing everything to increase the enjoyment and add to the comfort of members. There are 240 names on the roll, mostly Boston men. The club is about ten years old, and the first signature obtained at its founding was that of General Benj. F. Butler. Ex-Governor Russell, Adjt.-Gen. Dalton and many other men of prominence are members, and the club is in a very prosperous condition. Large game is often seen near the house, and the bird shooting in the fall is pronounced excellent.

The very sudden death of Dr. Edward S. Spalding, of Nashua, N. H., which occurred in the Maine woods a few days ago, cast a gloom over many New England sportsmen. Dr. Spalding was one of the original members of the Parmachenee Club, and had been there twice a year for thirty-five years.

Salt-water fishing along the shore is now quite the fashion, and the sport is not confined to any one class of anglers. High and low, they are found from the wharves of the city to Portsmouth on the north and to Plymouth on the south. Excursion parties to go outside for deep sea fishing are numerous and nearly all are having good luck. Mr. Samuel Williams, one of Boston's greatest financiers, greatly enjoys this kind of fishing, and his yacht is often seen a few miles out, where the cod, haddock, etc., are thickest. Dr. Maurice H. Richardson, New England's great surgeon, has no time for long vacations, so steals away over Saturday to Buzzards' Bay to have a good time with the bluefish or bottom fishing, as fortune wills. Whether fishing is good or bad makes little difference to the Doctor, the outing is enjoyed just as well. The largest tautog of the season up to date was taken off the rocks at Nahant in front of Senator Lodge's estate a few days ago. It weighed 14½lbs. and was hooked on light perch tackle early in the morning at low tide. The two gentlemen fishing waded into the water up to their waists to save the fish and had quite an exciting time. Mr. Frank H. Benson, of Salem, is having a good time fishing for big pollock off Newcastle, N. H. He is catching them up to 15lbs. in weight and says it is great sport.

Dr. C. E. Prior, of Malden, has gone to Sunapee Lake for ten days' fishing. On his return he will leave for King and Bartlett, and will spend a few weeks there taking a much needed rest.

Julian K. Viles, of Tim Pond, Me., found time to visit Boston for two days this week. It is quite unusual for him to get away from his camps at this time of the year, and his many friends in the Hub were both surprised and pleased to see him. He says business is good, and the trout in "Old Tim" are still rising to the fly at all times of the day in the same phenomenal way that they always have risen. HACKLE.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

LAKE KOSHAKA, June 23.—The Kushaqua Lodge has been opened for the craft four weeks now, and some very good catches have been made in the meantime. Dr. A. W. Saunders, of New York, brought home five brook trout one afternoon, after two hours' casting, the weight of each being a little over a pound. Ralph S. Townsend, also of New York, killed 101 brook trout in one afternoon. Mr. W. H. Barrett has a record of 40 in three hours; and so it goes, the scores all being excellent.

Some of the good fishing must be ascribed to the fact that the energetic proprietors of the Kushaqua Lodge in the last three years have put in no less than 3,000,000 fry, and have watched carefully, so that no netting has been done during the winter. The guests at the Lodge are reaping the benefit of their farsightedness.

The lake trout are plentiful and are biting very freely. They will average about 3lbs. in weight, and afford good sport either with a fly or with a spoon. T. T.

CHAZY LAKE, June 23.—Fishing in and around Chazy Lake has been fine for the past few weeks. Several very large strings have been brought in. The famous comedian, John Queen, did his first brook trout fishing here Saturday, and came in very much pleased with his day's work. He and Mr. Isaac Schlesinger, of New York, caught 296. Mr. Queen says it is great sport.

Several deer have been seen near the Chazy Lake Hotel lately, and a bear weighing 300lbs. was killed not a mile from here last week.

Judge Bailey and Rev. A. B. Flanders, of St. Albans, Vt., were successful in landing 77 good-sized lake trout in a single day. I. H. MURDICK.

A Night Fishing Incident.

MOUNTED Policeman Heyer, of the Kingsbridge Station, who recently earned an honorable mention, which was added to his record at headquarters, for stopping a runaway, saved a life early yesterday morning at the imminent risk of losing his own. He has a beat about seven miles long, extending from Riverdale, on the Hudson, to the interior. Shortly after 1 A. M., after sending in his signal "All's well" from a box on Riverdale avenue, he turned his horse down River avenue toward the railroad station.

Heyer once found a man unconscious late at night in the roadway there, and since that he has regularly taken a look over the road clear down past the bridge. He let his horse walk down to the bridge. Just as he came to a halt, he heard a cry that sounded as if some one was calling for help from the river.

He listened. Again came the gurgling cry from near the dock back of the Riverdale railroad station. He galloped down the drive and leaped from his horse.

On the southwest corner of the dock was a lighted lantern, a fisherman's basket and a rough hat. Down and in the black darkness overboard he could hear some one splashing the water. He picked up the lantern and held it over the edge of the dock. By its light he distinguished a man in the lee of the dock making his last efforts to keep above water. Without hesitation the policeman leaped into the water, and swam toward him.

Hyer caught him just as he was about to sink. The drowning man was hardly conscious, and, fortunately, did not grapple with his rescuer. Policeman Hyer is a fair swimmer. He missed the collar of the man's coat and caught him by the hair at the back of his head and set out for shore. It was fortunate that the man had fallen in the lee of the dock, out of the reach of the swift current. As it was, the policeman had all he could do to keep himself and his burden above water and drag the man toward the dock, 25ft. away.

He was nearly exhausted when, hardly knowing where he was, his hand struck a float belonging to Mr. Samuel D. Babcock, who has a summer home at Riverdale. He climbed aboard the float and lifted his man after him. He then carried him up to the dock. There, in accordance with his instructions in such cases, he placed the man face downward on the ground, and, placing his hands underneath the stomach, lifted up and down to force the water out. He also placed him across his knee and continued the regular movements for recuscitating drowning persons till the man showed signs of life. In the fisherman's pocket was a half-pint flask of whisky. This he poured down the man's throat. The man finally revived enough to warrant Hyer's leaving him.

The policeman then ran to the railroad station and awakened George and Edwin Algeo. They came out and took turns at treating the man. One of them ran down the track to a signal tower near by, and a message was telegraphed down to the Grand Central station and thence to Police Headquarters and then back to Fordham Hospital for an ambulance. It was nearly 3 o'clock before the ambulance arrived. By that time the man was out of danger. He told them that he was George Madden, 31 years old, of 615 Lexington avenue, New York.

He had been doing some night fishing alone, and had fallen asleep on the edge of the dock. Two large eels were found on his line after the excitement was over. Hyer thinks that the eels tugged on Madden's line and the fisherman moved in his sleep and rolled overboard.

Madden was taken to the Fordham Hospital, not much the worse for his bath.

Hyer went to the station house and then had to go home. His ducking gave him a chill that sent him to bed. —*New York Sun.*

A new club house belonging to the Comet Fishing Club, of Milwaukee, and situated at Pewaukee, Wis., was opened last week with 200 guests present.

Striped Bass on the Jersey Coast.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Never within the past eighteen years, which period about covers my experience in salt-water angling, has striped bass fishing been better on the New Jersey coast. There is occasionally a day when none are taken, then the following one, perhaps, will give results of an astonishing nature. To give names and weights of all would be impossible. The conditions have changed somewhat. The medium weights mentioned in my last article have given place to the larger sort. Within the last week the following heavy weights have been taken, nearly all of them from the Ocean Grove pier: J. H. Van Riper, 10¼ and 13¼lbs.; Walter Clayton, 13½lbs.; H. H. Brown, 15½lbs.; Wm. Brumaker, 16½lbs.; Willard Reid, 14lbs.; Dr. G. B. Herbert, 18lbs.; L. P. Streeter, 11¾lbs. Of course dozens have been taken ranging in weight from 3 to 8lbs. The excitement is intense, and day and night the sport is continued. Every large fish, so far as I can learn, has been taken between 4 P. M. and midnight. While at first the bloodworm was the only successful bait, the conditions are changed, and they take the shedder freely.

A rod infirmary could do a rushing business now. To the man who has never taken the bass in the surf the strike and first rush is something of a revelation; the first impulse is to block the reel with the thumb and hold the fish; the result usually is a broken line or crippled rod—sometimes both.

The kingfish are now with us in abundance, although nearly two weeks later than predicted; still they are none the less welcome, and good catches are being made nearly every day. The continued east winds have thrown great sandbars across the mouths of both Manasquam and Shark rivers, entirely destroying the fishing in those streams; but they will soon open, and then fine fishing is to be expected there. To the observant our good fishing is easily accounted for. The surf has been kept in a turbulent condition for the past two months by the east winds, and the bloodworms and small crustaceans on which the bass feed have been washed from their beds and the fish attracted thereby.

During the past week I have received visits from Warden Tooker, of Perth Amboy, and Chief Shriner. Both men are working hard in the interest of protection and propagation, and should receive the warmest assistance from all who are at all interested in the good work so recently begun by the State. LEONARD HULIT.

Didn't Want no Dude Tackle.

SWISH! swash! kerslap! was what I heard as I rounded a point extending into a well-known bass lake, and what I saw was a man standing up in a boat, firmly grasping a 16ft. cane pole to which was attached what appeared to be about 20ft. of chalk-line with a gang of hooks baited with a frog at the further end. Swish! He swung the pole back over his left shoulder and the frog flew through the air until extended at the end of the line far behind. Swash! He brought the pole forward with the force of a catapult and froggie shot ahead. Kerslap! The bait struck the water 30ft. or more from the boat, and to my surprise was seized by a 3lb. bass of the open countenance variety. With a yank that made his pole crack the man hooked his fish and pulling in his pole hand over hand, pushing the butt end overboard, he continued until the whole pole floated on the water and he held the line in his hands. Without paying any attention to the struggles of the poor bass he "snaked" it into the boat and the deed was done.

I rowed up and asked what he called that style of fishing. He said it was "skitterin'." I asked him if he had ever used a light rod and quadruple multiplying reel for casting frog or minnow. He said he didn't "want no dude tackle." I spoke of my preference for the small-mouth to the large-mouth bass and he replied to the effect that the man who thought he could tell the difference between the two species when they were cooked was a "darn fool." I said that to me the reverse appeared to be the case, but as his opinions seemed to be so firmly seated I would not further discuss the matter, only hoping that in the course of the advancement of an ever progressive civilization he might some time be led to modify his views in regard to fish and fishing in general. He said, "Mos' prob'ly," and fishing his pole out of the lake, went to "skitterin'," and as I rowed away the last I heard from him was, Swish! swash! kerslap! W.

Cayuga Lake Fish.

ITHACA, N. Y.—According to the common speech of people and to the local dailies as well, illegal fishing in the waters about Ithaca has not been confined to Memorial Day. The *News* charges that it is carried on in Fall Creek in broad daylight. It asserts that 700lbs. of fish were taken out of waters leading direct into Cayuga Lake, June 4. The commoner kinds of fish are said to be hawked about town for 10 cents per pound. Muscallonge and pickerel, with not a mark to signify their having been taken in a lawful manner, are peddled about at prices that would make the poor man envious.

The city is evidently infested by a rapacious gang too lazy to earn an honest living, who hold a respect for law as the least important token of citizenship, and who are bent on cleaning out every decent vestige of a fish supply in open and notorious defiance of statutory enactments.

Perch fishing at Carr's Cove, near Union Springs, has been very enticing. M. CHILL.

One Minnow, two Togue.

BOSTON, June 24.—Trolling for togue, the bait a minnow fastened with three hooks, two lines out, a lady who occupied the stern seat had a strike. The fish was rather a lively one, and kept her busy. The boat was kept moving and the fish seemed to be getting tired, when suddenly a short rush was made, and about the same time my line caught on the bottom. The lady now tried to land the fish, while I simply reeled in slack line. Soon the guide caught hold of the line, and much to the general surprise of all, we found two togue on the line, caught by the tail hook and the middle hook. The second fish had gone over and over my line, dragging it to the bottom, and the hooks had caught. Both fish were saved. Weights about 4lbs. and 5lbs. First fish must have torn minnow from tail hook; the second fish struck the middle hook. This case is only of interest in that the two fish were caught at one casting of a single minnow.

F. M. JOHNSON.

Why did this Fish Take the Fly?

NEW YORK, June 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Perhaps you have thought, as I have, that the discussion of why a trout takes the fly is exhausted. Nevertheless, the following experience is new to me, and I assure you that the incident is circumstantially true:

A few days ago, at the dock of the Adirondack League club house on Little Moose Lake, a large salmon trout was seen pursuing a 9in. brook trout in the shoal water. The salmon took him in tail foremost, held him nearly enveloped for a few moments, and then released him. He doubtless released him in order to turn him around and swallow him head foremost, which, I observe, is considered to be the proper caper among swell trout. *Fontinalis* was not, however, entirely disabled, and he made another race for his life, turning sharply and whirling back and forth in a few inches of water. John Commerford, who was watching the struggle, then dropped a fly in the troubled waters, and *fontinalis* immediately took it and was promptly landed. He was badly cut and scratched by the salmon's bite.

Now, dear editor, you know all the precedents and have heard all the fish lies. This is true. You know that a trout takes an artificial fly sometimes for food, sometimes for play, and sometimes from a feeling of hostility, as the bass does while guarding on the shoals; but did you ever before know of his taking a gaudy fly as a harbor of refuge? W. H. B.

Leaping Bass.

IN his discussion about leaping bass, and his estimate that, with a leap 5ft. high "it would figure up more than a quarter of a second that the bass was in the air," "Kingfisher" recalls some things which I was taught in school about forty years ago.

As I then learned the "law of falling bodies," a bass 4ft. above the water could not reach the surface of the water by even getting on "a double move" or "a double hustle" in less than one-half of a second. And it would be just as impossible for him to get from the surface of the water to a point of rest 4ft. above the water in less than the same time, one-half a second.

Now, unless I was wrongly taught the law of falling bodies, or have forgotten what I was taught, or unless the law has been abrogated since, neither a bass nor any other fish could get out of the water, climb 4ft. high in the air and get down to the water again in less than a second. And the figures which I have given leave the resistance of the air out of consideration. Whatever delay might result from this cause would have to be added.

Now, a man who, in one second of time, at 20 or 30yds. distance, cannot take in with clearness and accuracy the movements of a bass out of water, had better have his eyes taken out and sand-papered, or refitted with new lenses, or else he should confine himself to fishing for bullheads with a hand line. C.

An Erie County Association.

THE Erie County (N. Y.) Fish and Game Protective Association has organized with these officers: President, Richard H. Hoyt; First Vice-President, C. W. Miller; Second Vice-President, Dr. F. F. Hoyer, Tonawanda; Third Vice-President, Judson Bennett, Angola; Secretary, Thomas Cary Welch.

New York Fish Commission.

AT the last meeting of the New York Fish, Game and Forest Commission the resignation of Secretary E. P. Doyle was accepted, and Franklin B. Mitchell, of Norwich, was appointed to the place.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 3 to 6.—Kingston Kennel Club, Kingston, Ont. H. C. Bates, Sec'y.
Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.
Sept. 17-20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.
Sept. 24 to 27.—New England Kennel Club's second annual terrier show, Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
Oct. 8-11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.
Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.
Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, New York.
Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 29.—New England Field Trial Club, at Assonet, Mass. S. R. Sharp, Sec'y.

THE RANELAGH SHOW (ENGLAND).

THE formation of the Ladies' Kennel Association in England last winter excited much interest in the United States at that time, and much praise was bestowed on the promoters and organizers of the Association, and the attention of the ladies on this side of the water was specially called to this new movement, with encouraging advice to them to do likewise.

The success of the Ladies' Kennel Association's show, held on June 8, proves that the organization is an active body, quite able to take independent flights of its own. Of course it would not be a live dog show if there was no dissatisfaction, nor would the ladies relinquish their claim to equal capability with man by ignoring the much honored protest. Of the organization of the Association the *Stock-Keeper* says:

"Whatever may be the verdict on the success of the Ladies' Kennel Association show as regards having been an improvement on the best kind of dog shows or the reverse, it is certainly an event in kennel history that an exhibition of such size could have been got together in spite of limiting it to lady exhibitors. For this reason, if for no other, we think it apropos to say a few words about the origin and growth of the society which accomplished this extraordinary feat. The first appearance of what may now be considered a star of the first magnitude in the kennel firmament was of a somewhat nebulous character at a meeting called by Miss Darbyshire at the Inns of Court Hotel. There were present, besides a lady convener, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Stennard-Robinson.

"The plan which was put forward at this reunion seemed, however, to the majority of those present to be unworkable. Mrs. Stennard-Robinson then came forward and undertook to call a meeting on behalf of Miss Darbyshire, and at that meeting, which was attended by about fifty ladies, Mrs. Stennard-Robinson gave an outline of the club which she had in view. Her listeners were so favorably impressed with what Mrs. Stennard-Robinson told them that twenty-five at once agreed to become members on the condition that she undertook the management of the whole thing, and thus Mrs. Stennard-Robinson became hon. sec. of the Ladies' Kennel Association, with all the heavy work, responsibility and honors of the office on her willing shoulders.

"The result of the energy which Mrs. Stennard-Robinson has expended on her self-set task is shown by the fact that the Association numbers now about 300 members. The executive and officers are, however, only elected from among the founders, of whom there are about 200."

The presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Maud was considered a most felicitous feature. Of this the *Stock-Keeper* remarks:

"On the arrival of the royal party at the handsome pavilion specially erected for the occasion, Miss Myrtle, Mrs. Stennard-Robinson's little daughter, tastefully dressed in two shades of blue, which are the Association's colors, presented to the Princess of Wales a bouquet, which was also an arrangement in blue, to harmonize with everything concerning the society.

"We have the pleasure to announce that Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has expressed to Mrs. Stennard-Robinson her willingness to become the patroness of the Ladies' Kennel Association."

Of the competition for the "champion of champions" prize the same journal says:

"The judging of the 'champion of champions' prize was an unmitigated and undignified farce from start to finish. To begin with, it is impossible that an award for the best dog among a number of varieties could ever be otherwise than nonsense, and it is certain never to give satisfaction. We never saw the ludicrous side of such specials so conspicuous as at Ranelagh, where so many of these specials were donated.

"But the 'champion of champions' was the champion Muddle, and promises to end in a very tangled dispute. The schedule announced that five judges would be selected by the L. K. A. committee to dispense this particular honor, but the judges at the show did not themselves appear to know which of them had been so honored with the committee's confidence.

"At 'Special' time there were several crowds in the grounds. We betook ourselves to one, and learned that the 'champion of champions' had just been found in the fox-terrier Despoiler. That news spread all over the show, and the award, good or bad, became the gossip of a quarter of an hour. Soon after we espied another crowd, and hied ourselves thither, to find a mass of men, women, and dogs, some exhibitors, some judges, and many amused spectators. Three judges wanted to help, but were told that they were not on in this scene, so they gladly retired. 'What is going on?' we asked another judge. 'This is for the champion of champions,' he replied. Continuing: 'The Prince of Wales wants the judging done in front of the Pavilion. He wants to see how it is done.' We retorted that the award had already been made, and Despoiler had got it. 'Ah! but that was all wrong,' was the reply, 'because Redmond helped to judge, and he had no right to.' We do not know what His Royal Highness thought of the scene, but we are certain he could not see what was passing in such a mixture of dogs and people. All we could see was Mr. Taunton trying to evolve order out of chaos, like a Nonconformist parson marshaling together a lot of unmanageable schoolboys. *Que diable allait il faire dans cette galère*, we do not know, he was not one of the chosen, but there he was. The judging looked as if it was being done chiefly by Mr. Astley.

"A cry arose from the crowd, 'The Jap's got it!' and then the blushing Mrs. Addis is led up to royalty to receive at the hands of the fairest princess in Christendom the honor won by her little spaniel Dai Butzu II. The crowd clapped the lady—did the little dog laugh to see such fun, we wonder? Behind the lady followed a beaming and proud gentleman, who appeared surprised that he was not allowed to accompany her up the steps. We are told the gentleman was Mr. Addis, and shall be delighted to learn that he and Mr. Stennard-Robinson have received the honor of knighthood.

"Mrs. Lawrence writes to us saying that she has claimed the champion of champions cup at Ladies' Kennel Association and Kennel Club. Mr. Redmond told her, 'The cup is Despoiler's, we gave it him, and under K. C. rules it cannot be taken from him.' This promises to be a very pretty dispute."

The criticism of "A Lady Journalist" in the *Stock-Keeper* is reprinted as showing how the ladies wield the pen of criticism in the new departure in canine matters:

"Whatever their other failings may be, and being mortals they must have some, there can be no doubt that the members of the Ladies' Kennel Association possess plenty of courage. It was a bold stroke to attempt to manage a big dog show entirely upon their own responsibility; and though, as might have been expected, they did not appear to have succeeded to perfection, they may be congratulated upon having done much towards proving that women are capable of transacting some kinds of business almost as well as men themselves. Perhaps the omissions were due to inexperience, perhaps to a desire to effect improvements upon the ordinary dog show, but my experience of the latter is only limited to such exhibitions as the Crystal Palace and Aquarium, and therefore it is beyond my power to draw comparisons. It seems to me, however, that, whatever their qualifications as experts upon dog-flesh may be, the members of the Ladies' Kennel Association have yet a good deal to learn before they can claim the honor of being considered qualified to entertain the public and make them comfortable. The difficulty to procure a chair for love or money for many a weary hour was itself an oversight which was not conducive to good temper; while the management in the ladies' tents, in which water to wash in was as scarce as the precious fluid is stated to be in the Sahara Desert, was absolutely the worst I have ever seen. This is a sad assertion for a woman journalist to have to make when writing of the doings of her sisters, but we members of the weaker sex are perhaps a little spoiled by the consideration we receive from the sterner one, who, I will say, with all their horrid failings, are usually solicitous of the 'ladies' comfort,' and treat us with an amount of hospitable attention which we ourselves are apt to overlook when associating with each other.

"It was a little bit humiliating, too, to notice that not a single lady judge was busy in the rings, and, so far as my investigations bore me, the comparatively easy duties of stewardship were all intrusted to members of the sterner sex. Possibly the last-mentioned arrangement was deliberately designed in order to show man in his proper place—the administrator to female needs and humble henchman of our sex; but the absence of the lady judge was indeed a blow. In other respects the show was certainly a very charming gathering, and few more pretty sights could be seen than the mingling of the gaily colored dresses with the varied coats and figures of the dogs."

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Manitoba Field Trial Matters.

It is very gratifying to learn that the differences which existed so long between the Northwestern Field Trials Club and the Manitoba Field Trials Club have been buried, and that they will now proceed in friendliness and with a common purpose in promoting the interests of the dog and gun.

Manitoba is exceptionally favored with a beautiful game supply, the upland shooting being chiefly on pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse, concerning which the province has wisdom enough to protect their birds by laws which are much more stringently enforced than are similar laws on this side of the boundary line. The field trial clubs have grounds and birds in their midst, at its very doors as it were, thus insuring good sport and field trial facilities for an indefinite number of years. This is in sharp contrast to the impoverished game supply of the United States, and the constantly lessening available area for field trial purposes. It would be a very difficult matter to hold a field trial on chickens in the United States, owing to the great destruction of the birds illegally accomplished before the season opens, and the still greater and more uniform destruction which is wrought on the opening day and afterward. Probably no satisfactory trial could be held unless a long trip were taken into the country beyond the range of the average shooter.

Returning to the club matters, the Winnipeg *Free Press* of June 25 has the following concerning the recent important club meeting:

"A very satisfactory meeting of the Manitoba Field Trials Club was held at the Manitoba Hotel last evening, at which a large number of members were present. Encouraging reports of entries in all the stakes for the forthcoming trials in September were given. Mr. Thomas Johnson was unanimously elected a member of the club. It was also agreed to join in the grand challenge stake for the Lonsdale Challenge Cup with the N. W. F. T. C. and the Continental F. T. C., to be held at Morris at the conclusion of the Manitoba F. T. Club's meeting.

"To encourage the interests of amateurs, the honorary patron, Mr. C. C. Chipman, has donated a silver cup value $50) to be competed for by the amateur members of the club. Mr. Thomas Johnson has consented to judge this stake.

"The prospects are that the forthcoming trials on the 10th, 11th and 12th of September will be the most successful in the history of the club.

"The Northwestern Field Trials Club have decided to run a championship stake in conjunction with the Continental and Manitoba Field Trials clubs' trials. The stake will be open to any dog having won a first or second prize in any field trial anywhere, entry fee $10, starters $15 more; entries close Aug. 1, except to winners in the Manitoba or Continental trials; the latter will be eligible up to the time of the draw, which will take place the evening the Manitoba trials are concluded, and the stake will be run near Morris, commencing the following morning. The prizes will be:

"First—The trophy presented by the club's patron, Mr. A. C. Heywood-Lonsdale, and forty per cent. of the total amount received for starters and entry fees. Second—thirty per cent. Third—twenty per cent. It is anticipated that the stake will have twenty starters, which would give the trophy and $200 to the winner, $150 to the second, and $100 to the third. The club will also donate a handsome engrossed diploma, setting forth that the winner is entitled to the honor of 'Field Trial Champion.'

"Mr. W. S. Bell, of Pittsburg, Pa., and Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., the judges of the Manitoba and Continental trials, respectively, have been invited to judge. The rules of the Continental Field Trials Club have been adopted by the Northwestern Club, except heats to be at least one hour each. Entries are to be made to Thomas Johnson, Hon. Secretary, Winnipeg, Manitoba."

Undoubtedly the coming field trial events of Manitoba will be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, combinations ever held in America, and in the variety of the interests and the purity of the sport as a sport they stand without a rival. Taking the events of the three clubs, they offer inducements which appeal strongly to the sportsman who loves sport for its own sake, to those who are interested in breeding, and to those who engage in it professionally.

I am glad to see that that sterling sportsman Mr. Thos. Johnson will act as judge in one of the stakes. It has been a source of some surprise to me that his services have not been engaged sooner. Mr. Johnson has done much to make the dog and gun popular in Manitoba. His energy and interest have made a large part of the history of field trials prior to the last year or two. As a judge, every competitor can have the most implicit confidence that the most rigid observance of fair play will be enforced. Mr. Johnson is not a good man for those who in competition are looking for short cuts to the money.

Canadian Customs and Dogs.

When at the meeting of the U. S. F. T. Club last winter I suggested that there might be many unpleasant customs obstructions to overcome in holding a United States trial in Canada. I was alone in the opinion. Every one had a rose-colored view of the matter apparently, and

one handler thought he had influence enough to carry the whole matter easily across the boundary. From several sources I have been advised that the customs regulations will be enforced with a closer observance to the letter of the law this year. According to the customs laws, dogs can be brought in for exhibition purposes—that is, field trials, bench shows, etc.—but the customs officers claim that large numbers of dogs are brought in which are not intended for exhibition purposes. The American officials too complain that Canada is not keeping up to the letter of the law.

I have been informed, furthermore, that the stringency of the customs officers, in respect to American dogs, is largely the result of past abuses of their courtesy, abuses which caused much annoyance to them and some expense. If any one feels guilty of having abused the special courtesies and favors bestowed by the customs, such one will now perceive the ill effects of it and the hardship it works on all owners and handlers entering Canada with dogs. It will require a lot of extra effort to secure concessions from the customs granted freely before, even if they can be secured at all, and in any case the customs would probably feel painfully apprehensive in granting much concession outside of the strict interpretation of the law, without having most ample security. They have been very kind and obliging heretofore. For any care and precaution they now see fit to observe they have good warrant. Those who go over with dogs from this side have no cause of complaint if the letter of the customs laws is enforced. A strict and conscientious observance of the laws should now be uniformly observed by the owners and handlers, as it should have been in the past, and eventually their confidence, so badly shattered, may be restored.

Foreign Competition.

Every sportsman will be glad to learn that it is definitely settled that Mr. Brailsford will come to America this season. He intends to participate in the grouse trials in Scotland on July 25, and will leave immediately for Manitoba after those trials are concluded. Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale will send out Musa and Bonny Dan to compete in the champion stake in the Northwestern Club's Champion stake, and will have a string to run in the other Manitoba trials.

B. WATERS.

DOG CHAT.

Mr. John Davidson has a letter in the *Breeder and Sportsman* of recent date, referring to the recent Pacific Kennel Club's show and denying the published surmises of Mr. Heffernan and explaining the impossibility of any just grounds for such surmises. Mr. Davidson's character and integrity are so well known that comment in that relation is unnecessary; but the brethren on the Pacific coast will learn in good time the harm such childish and peevish disturbances produce. Many men value their good name and peace of mind more than they value the ownership of a dog or the possible honors to be gained by competition. When the kennel world is largely made up of brawlings and bickerings, it is not a very attractive one for gentlemen and ladies to enter. If all that has been bandied to and fro were true, what is the onlooker to think?

Dog owners should be careful to observe the laws governing dogs. Violations of the laws often result in harm and a popular sentiment which is against all dogs, good and bad. In Rochester, N. Y., the presence of dogs in the parks seems to be a cause of much annoyance. Of this the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* says: "There has been a great deal of trouble lately caused by dogs running loose in the parks. Everybody who owns a dog seems to be fond of taking the animal to the parks in spite of the fact that there is a park ordinance prohibiting the visitations of these dogs. In Genesee Valley Park dogs have fallen into a habit of chasing the sheep, and this became such a nuisance a short time ago that the shepherd was ordered to shoot any dog that might annoy the flock. He has already killed several dogs, and proposes to kill quite a number more. The shepherd is armed with a shot gun. Park Commissioner Maine said yesterday afternoon: 'It seems to me that it is quite as necessary to protect the children in the parks as well as the sheep. In fact, it is a good deal more necessary. The commissioners adopted a humane policy as first, and provided that all dogs, except those caught chasing the sheep, should be captured and taken to the city pound, but this is rather an awkward business. Last Sunday one of the park policemen while trying to take a stray dog to the pound was severely bitten. It may soon become necessary to have the park policemen shoot all the dogs found in their territory. The public parks are not the right places for dogs, and people visiting them should leave their animals at home. The commissioners have abundant authority to take active steps to stop the nuisance, even to going so far as having the dogs shot.'"

The following reprint from the New York *Sun* will be of interest to married women who think they own dogs, but do not. There seems to be a long felt want for a genius who can make *bona paraphernalia* out of a dog:

"The General Term of the Common Pleas handed down a decision of interest to married women who own dogs. Judges Bookstaver, Bischoff, and Prior have had under consideration for some time the question who is the owner of a black cocker spaniel bitch valued at $150. The court hold, in an opinion written by Judge Bischoff, that, 'as between husband and wife, the possession of the dog, which was not shown to be a chattel in the nature of *bona paraphernalia*, imputed title in the husband, the enabling acts in connection with married women notwithstanding.'

"This decision was rendered in a suit brought by Mrs. Annie Reddin against James Lawlor before Judge Joseph H. Stiner in the Eighth Judicial Court to recover the dog. Mrs. Reddin said that her husband took the dog away from her and gave it either to the defendant or to some one who did give it to the defendant. In his opinion, which is concurred in by the other Judges, Judge Bischoff says:

"'The evidence in support of the judgment established the fact that the dog was in the possession of the plaintiff's husband after she had temporarily left their common home, and that in her absence he had presented the animal to the defendant, who in turn made it a present to another person.' Then follows the decision quoted above.

"At the trial in the District Court Mrs. Reddin testified that the dog was given to her as a Christmas present in 1893 by a Mr. Curtin, of Buffalo, and that she had cared for it since it was six weeks old. The suit was decided in favor of the defendant, and the General Term affirmed that decision.

"*Bona paraphernalia* are 'personal articles reserved to a wife, over and above her dower or marriage portion, as apparel or ornaments suitable to her rank and condition in life.'"

The field trial supporters of the Pacific coast are quite pleased with their field trial prospects, and are confident that their next trials will be a great success.

Is it not rather conspicuous concerning dollars and cents that all the contributions to the E. Bardoc Elliott fund have been from residents of the United States and Canada, notwithstanding that several of the English kennel papers commended the matter to the attention of their readers? There is a cold indifference manifested which is in sharp contrast to the good fellowship of empty words.

The action of the Manitoba Field Trials Club in adopting the rules of the Continental Field Trials Club for the government of its competitions is quite a compliment to the new club's skill as law makers.

Mr. R. B. Morgan, Akron, O., informs the public through our business columns that he wants a brace of dogs to teach retrieving. West Philadelphia kennels offer terriers and collies. A. L. Bailey, Plymouth, Mass., offers pointer puppies. J. Feulner, Cherry Valley, N. Y., offers English setters. William Child, Glendale, Pa., offers cocker. The Mere Kennels, Tarrytown, N. Y., offer fox-terriers for sale and in stud.

Mr. Fred Mansell, London, Eng., writes us that for a friend he purchased the wire-haired fox-terrier Roper's Nutcrack, a famous winner, for 121 guineas, at the auction sale of Sir Humphrey F. DeTrafford, Bart.'s, kennel of wire-haired and smooth fox-terriers, retrievers, collies and Irish water spaniels on June 21.

We have been informed that Des Moines, Ia., will give a fall bench show this year.

Mr. Ed. Warner, manager of Mr. Geo. J. Gould's kennels, will leave for Manitoba about July 8. He will be accompanied by Mr. Armstrong, the trainer and handler, who will prepare the dogs for the chicken trials. The party will make the journey in a private car, a pleasant manner of traveling.

Of the special prize nuisance, the *Stock-Keeper* (England) says: "It is not easy to foresee what will be the solution of the growing nuisance of special prizes. They have become far the most difficult part of a judge's task, and are attended with much ambiguity, and often also with some heart-burning. It would be most desirable if generous givers would let their presents be added to the prize fund to swell the number and the value of the ordinary prizes. We know the drawback to this plan, the special being divested of the personality of the donor; but, for the general good of dog shows, we wish that the publication of the donors' names in the catalogue might suffice."

R. I. S. F. A. Dog Show.

IN the first place the bench show of the Rhode Island State Fair Association is to be enlarged and rendered, if possible, more attractive to fanciers and the public generally. This feature of our annual fair has proved a great success. Last year the exhibition was of excellent quality, a large percentage of the 500 dogs on the fair grounds coming from the leading kennels of the country.

The management has within a few days contracted with the Spratts Patent people of New York, who will bench with their metallic benching, and feed the canines this year. Mr. E. M. Oldham, of New York city, has been engaged as superintendent, and he will have entire charge of the show, from the arrangement of the premium list to the very smallest details. Mr. Oldham is at present at work revising last year's premium list. Several important changes will undoubtedly be made and a number of new classes will be added. There is some talk of raising the entrance fee from $2 to $3. The prize money allotted to each class will be divided into three parts, so that the third best dog will have a finger in the pie.

It is the aim of the Association to have a much larger exhibition this year than ever before. Accommodations are being arranged for over 600 entries, and from present indications all the room will be occupied. Owners from all parts of the country have announced their intention to compete, and everything looks bright for a successful and excellent show.

A. C. RIDER, Corresponding Secretary.

Toronto Show.

TORONTO, Can.—From present prospects the seventh annual dog show of the Industrial Exhibition Association, to be held at Toronto, Sept. 10 to 14, promises to be the best yet held. I am receiving applications from all over the United States and Canada for premium lists, which will be ready about Aug. 1. This year we have a Canadian circuit consisting of Kingston, which will be held the week previous to Toronto, and Montreal the following week, which show draws a large American entry.

C. A. STONE.

Yachting.

IT is hardly necessary to state that the Great Steam Yacht Race that has been paraded before a defenseless public ever since last winter was on the same low level as all the previous contests. Three yachts were present at New London on June 28; on the eve of the race one broke down, or claimed to have done so, another sneaked away over night, and the third, Vamoose, ran over the American Y. C. course alone; her time for the 80 nautical miles to Milton Point being 4.11.00, or 23m. 35s. better than the record, an average speed of 19.12 knots. Both the original and the present owner of the Vamoose have shown a disposition to race, and have had the boat at the line on every occasion when they have promised, and we believe that they have honestly desired a fair trial, and taken reasonable trouble to bring their boat to the start in good season and in racing trim. The other alleged fast yachts for the past five years have made but a lamentable record of backdowns, breakdowns, bad faith, and blunders so childishly stupid as to seem inexcusable.

SO FAR as originality and distinctive meaning are concerned, there is not much to brag about in the name Defender; but there are good grounds for thankfulness that it was not even worse. One can write it without affixing a string of Roman numerals, and there is no suggestion of the Trilby craze about it—a disease to which untold numbers of owners of new boats have this year succumbed.

THREE of the four gentlemen who are paying for the defence of the America's Cup this year have the doubtful honor of having been the recipients of more virulent and unstinted abuse from American newspapers than has ever been heaped upon any other American yachtsman. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, who is paying the greater portion of the cost of building and running the Defender, and who is likely to be out of pocket some $150,000 by the time that the final settlement of the syndicate's account is made, has been for three years held up to the public execration because he went to England for a steam yacht after the best estimates of American builders had shown that it would take nearly a year longer to build on the Delaware than on the Mersey. Mr. E. D. Morgan, another of the three owners of the Defender, who will also draw some large checks this season, getting no dividends in return when the final account is settled, has long been known as a spirited and patriotic yachtsman, but this did not save him when he committed the unpardonable sin of bringing to this country such model craft as May and Ituna instead of building something that looked like a brass-mounted tugboat. Mr. George Gould's experience with the American press, and American yachtsmen too, is too recent to be already forgotten: how he was charged with throwing away races for the sake of toadying to royalty. This year Mr. Gould, of his own volition and with very little encouragement, after being snubbed for his first generous offer to pay half the cost of a new defender, is spending money in the most liberal manner in putting Vigilant into the best condition as a trial boat to sail against Defender; and if necessary through any mishap, to defend the Cup against the new Valkyrie. There is no better means known of sinking good money without hope of a return than in building a modern racing yacht, and the contributions, voluntarily and generously made by the owners of Defender and Vigilant, can bring them in no return other than the knowledge that they have performed a patriotic duty that cannot be too highly appreciated by the American people.

THE latest contribution to the interesting subject of steam yachting is a syndicate article from the pen of Mr. Charles H. Cramp, who, as the head of the concern which built Columbia, Peerless, Atalanta and many other steam yachts, should certainly be qualified to discuss them. The most important statement which which it contains is that the firm has now an order for a steam yacht "bigger, faster and better than the Giralda in every way." If this order is filled, as Mr. Cramp promises, it will be through the adoption of different methods from those which have produced the three yachts named, or even the St. Louis; there is absolutely nothing in the model of one of the four to warrant the assertion that "perfection has been almost attained on our own American shores." So far from this being the case, it is a fact too painful plainly and patent to be hidden under any amount of boasting and buncombe that this country has actually retrograded in the important field of naval design within the past forty years; and that it has nothing afloat to-day that can show the superiority over foreign craft of the American clipper ships and the old Collins Line steamers in their day.

In sailing yachts, America has, within the past ten years, come to the front with such successful craft as Puritan, Mayflower, Volunteer, Gloriana and Vigilant, and there is no fear that she will not hold the first place in the future, now that all old traditions have been thrown overboard. In steam yachts, save in the smaller class of cruising craft, not even a beginning has yet been made, and owners are hardly yet awake to the inferiority of their pet craft to such yachts as Rona Giralda and Maria. On the high seas there is a fleet of serviceable coasting steamers running to Cuba, South America and Southern ports, good boats for their work, but showing no marked individuality or superiority to similar craft of other nations. In the trans-Atlantic trade there is one vessel, as yet untried, but to the eye at least anything but a matter for pride and congratulation beside the foreign vessels of her class. In the inland passenger service on the great rivers and Long Island Sound, a fleet of very elegant and comfortable vessels has grown up, but even in them the art of the decorator, the cabinetmaker and the engine builder is years in advance of the modeler of the hull. One remark of Mr Cramp we can agree with, "there has been but little notable change in the model for fifty years." This is, alas, but too true, and the time has come for a change in mercantile models just as radical and extreme as that which has replaced the old centerboard sloop by such yachts as Volunteer, Lasca, Iroquois, Ariel and Emerald.

ONE of the pleasant sights at Bristol on Saturday was that of Capt. Haff about again in good health and spirits, though still feeling the effects of the painful operation which he bore so bravely. He is improving steadily, and will be ready to go into commission on the new boat by the time she is ready.

JUST at this time, when so much is heard in connection with the smaller classes of "stealing length" and "cheating the rules," by means of freak distortions of lines, it is gratifying to see that the two great designers, who are pitted against each other in the battle of the America's Cup, have kept clear of all tricks and juggling, and have been content with a legitimate use of the measured length. We noted a short time since how in Valkyrie III. Mr. Watson had drawn a sheer plan free from any downward distortion of either stem line or hornimber, the buttock and bow lines showing the same characteristics. In Defender Mr. Herreshoff has done the same; neither in the bow nor the stern is there any attempt to force an excessive amount of unmeasured length into the water; and further, the waterline, while of course round and convex, as in all modern boats, shows none of the excessive fullness that is the main characteristic of Wasp, Vigilan and some of the smaller fins. In the fair sweep of all fore and aft lines, and the absence of a heavy quarter, Defender is perhaps more allied to the fin-keel Pilgrim than to any other American yacht.

The Sinking of the Say When.

THE steam yacht Say When is the largest of the different yachts built by the Herreshoffs for the late Norman L. Munro, a finely built craft with double skin, the outer planking all of polished mahogany, 138ft. over all, 115ft. l.w.l., 14ft. beam and 6ft. draft, with quadruple expansion engines. For several years she has been owned by W. J. White, of Cleveland, who has used her on all of the Great Lakes, where she is well known. On June 19 she was under way off Cleveland, in charge of Capt. J. B. Todd, with Mrs. White and her children on board, with other ladies and children as guests, eighteen in all. When near the breakwater the yacht struck a piece of wreckage or some floating obstruction and a hole was made in the starboard bow. The engines were reversed and the yacht quickly beached stern first on the sand, the ladies and children, who behaved with remarkable self-possession in spite of the fact that the forward part of the yacht was flooded, being landed in boats, the schooner Priscilla lending assistance. Efforts were made to keep the yacht on an even keel, but as she sank she heeled to starboard. Some of her furniture was removed, but the interior was all damaged by water. She has been raised and will be repaired at once.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE officers of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., including the race committee, have been particularly active this season in planning that the club may do its full share in the Sound racing, the opening races of the club covering practically the ten days up to July 4. The date of the annual regatta was set for June 24, the fleet sailing next day for Morris Cove and on Wednesday for New London, the time for the two runs being cumulative. On Thursday, June 27, the fleet was invited to take part in the regatta of the Pequot Casino Association, while on Friday the yachtsmen could witness the Harvard-Yale boat race. The return programme was to be decided on at New London, one or two days' racing, allowing time for the fleet to reach Oyster Bay on Monday, July 1, and on the following day a special race was arranged from Oyster Bay to Larchmont, the course being from off the mouth of Oyster Bay Harbor around the easterly buoy of the Larchmont courses, then around the Prospect Point buoy, again around the easterly buoy and in to a finish off Larchmont Harbor, 22 miles. The race to be open to yachts of the American, Atlantic, Brooklyn, Corinthian, Eastern, Larchmont, New York and Pavonia Clubs and the clubs of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound; each rig, schooner, cutter and cat, to sail as a separate class, with a first prize in each and a second prize if four or more start. The prizes for the New London races were to be, for the race to New London:

For Schooners—First prize offered by the commodore, value $150; second prize offered by the rear-commodore, value $50.

For Cutters—First prize offered by the vice-commodore, value $150; second prize offered by the rear-commodore, value $50.

For the race from New London:

For Schooners—First prize offered by the rear-commodore, value $150; second prize offered by the vice-commodore, value $50.

For Cutters—First prize offered by the commodore, value $100; second prize offered by the vice-commodore, value $50.

A special prize of $100 for all schooners, and one of the same amount for all cutters over 43ft.

On Monday, June 24, there was a large fleet at anchor off the station, the flagship Oneida, Com. E. C. Benedict; the schooner Iroquois, Vice-Com. H. C. Rouse; the sloop Indolent, Rear Com. S. V. R. Cruger; the steam yachts Sapphire II., formerly Cleopatra, Vision, Allegra, Reverie, Clermont, Alcedo, Nada, and Nirvana; the schooners Emerald, Alcaea, Ramona, Mon Reve (late Thetis); and the cutters Uvira, Queen Mab, Wasp, Gossoon, Norota, Infanta, Katrina and Hildegard. Among the many smaller craft were the new 34-footers Dragoon, Adele and Vorant II.; the 21-footers Celia and Houri, the 1 raters Wave and Shrimp, the 15-footer Trust Me, and the Senorita, Indolent, Maud, Feydeh, Beatrix, Mary, Nameless, Dove, Lurline, Oconee, Kittie, Ethel and others. Most of those present were bent on racing, the starters numbering 32, a very good fleet as regattas go to-day. Unfortunately this fleet was distributed among 16 different classes, so that several yachts were obliged to sail over, the full prize being given, however. In no case were there more than the necessary three starters, so no second prize was given. The Leland Challenge cup was this year given in the 85ft. schooner class, but failed to bring out more than one entry.

The starting line and finish was off the mouth of the harbor, the courses being, for the larger yachts, down to the 43ft. class of single-stickers, two rounds of the "Sound triangular course," five miles N. W. by W. to a mark buoy off Greenwich Point; five miles E. ½ N. to a second buoy off Long Neck Point, and five miles home; the 21-footers sailing one round of the same course. For the 36, 30, 25 and 34ft. special classes the "Shippan course" was sailed twice, five miles N. around the Cows Buoy, 2 miles E. ½ S. around the Long Neck Point mark and home over the last leg of the "Sound" course, 24 miles in all. The 20 and 15ft. classes sailed one round of the "Shippan course."

There was a light northerly wind when the fleet left Seawanhaka Harbor just before noon for the starting line, the tide being ebb. A special class was made of Ramona and the steel schooner Alcæa, under charter for the season to Mr. James Ross, of Montreal, a member of the club. Iroquois was swinging a new and wonderful mainsail, an experimental sail lately made by Wilson & Griffin, on the plan devised by Mr. Gilbert L. Wilson, the seams running from the leach inward, but at all angles, no two cloths being parallel. She, as well as the new Norota and Vorant II., carried jibs cut after the same system, but less peculiar in appearance, the cloths being wider and less divergent. Norota in particular has a very fine jib and staysail. The 34ft. class for the first time this season showed more than one starter, there being present besides the victorious Dragoon the new McGlehan boat Adele and the new Olmstead boat Vorant. The little Wave sailed with her English rig, but her sister boat, Shrimp, was under a new and larger sail plan. The fleet was started in two divisions, all above the 60ft. singlestick class in the first, the smaller craft in the second; the starting interval being five minutes to cross, the handicap signal for the first division marking the start of the second. A very fine start was made, though the line was well inside the mouth of the harbor, leaving little room for maneuvering such deep yachts as Ramona, Alcæa and Wasp in the middle of a lot of small fry. In spite of this the yachts crossed very promptly and without mishap, the times being:

Wasp	12 50 52	Houri	12 56 49
Queen Mab	12 51 10	Vorant II.	12 56 58
Ramona	12 51 52	Dove	12 57 03
Hildegard	12 52 19	Feydeh	12 57 04
Alcæa	12 52 40	Mary	12 57 27
Iroquois	12 53 02	Dragoon	12 57 33
Emerald	12 53 03	Kittie	12 57 41
Wave	12 55 35	Shrimp	12 57 50
Nameless	12 55 51	Infanta	12 57 51
Dodo	12 55 55	Ethel	12 57 58
Beatrix	12 56 03	Oconee	12 58 53
Indolent	12 56 05	Senorita	12 58 41
Maud	12 56 10	Adele	12 59 04
Norota	12 56 21	Gossoon	12 59 19
Celia	12 56 35	Trust Me	12 59 53
Lurline	12 56 42	Uvira	1 00 00

The larger yachts had a reach to the first mark, but the smaller had to make a tack, some doing so shortly after crossing, getting a lift under the shore of Lloyd's Neck. Wasp set the pace, followed by Queen Mab; and Alcæa, crossing to windward, but a little astern of Ramona, soon ran by her. Iroquois started ahead of Emerald and up to windward of the fleet, a very pretty race resulting before the latter got by after a little luffing. Wasp and Queen Mab overstood the mark and sailed more water than necessary, but it made little matter, the former sailing alone and the latter being well ahead of Hildegard and steadily gaining. The times at the Greenwich Point mark were; Wasp 1:39:47, Emerald 1:40:33, Queen Mab 1:42:17, Iroquois 1:43:17, Alcæa 1:44:17, Ramona 1:45:15, Norota 1:46:48, Hildegard 1:48:37, Uvir a 1:48:50, Gossoon 1:49:34.

Alcæa had no balloon maintopmaststaysail aboard, and when Ramona set hers she ran up very fast on the smaller boat. Dragoon set the pace for the Shippan division, sailing very fast indeed.

Just after the schooners rounded the first mark, the wind went to the eastward and made a beat to the second and a reach home. The first round was timed:—

Emerald	3 18 20	Uvira	3 42 42
Dragoon	3 26 12	Ramona	3 43 44
Wasp	3 27 38	Indolent	3 44 36
Queen Mab	3 29 39	Gossoon	3 46 30
Senorita	3 32 15	Kittie	3 47 44
Iroquois	3 32 30	Dodo	3 47 45
Infanta	3 33 00	Ethel	3 51 30
Vorant II.	3 34 40	Norota	3 52 16
Alcæa	3 36 11	Feydeh	3 54 56
Mary	3 39 40	Shrimp	4 00 06
Adele	3 41 09	Nameless	4 00 38
Beatrix	4 01 15	Dove	4 19 25
Maud	4 06 45	Wave	4 19 54
Lurline	4 18 48	Houri	4 26 01
Trust Me	4 32 05		

The first leg of the second round was sailed quickly, but then the wind fell and the fleet drifted for a time in the middle of the Sound. Ramona was in hard luck for a time, being becalmed while the other boats held a little breeze. Just as the greater part of the fleet was approaching the finish the sky blackened ominously and a very hard squall swept over the Sound. Fortunately it was of short duration, though much rain fell in a little time. Topsails were struck on the larger yachts and the smaller ones doused everything, while their crews sat and took the deluge as best they could. Gossoon went through it bravely, tearing along under three lower sails, and the little fin-keel Feydeh fairly flew along. The wind soon dropped to a moderate breeze that brought all in safely. The official times were:

SCHOONERS—CLASS I.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ramona	12 52 12	6 38 17	5 46 05	5 46 05
Alcæa	12 52 40	6 31 19	5 38 39	5 32 12
SCHOONERS—95FT. CLASS.				
Emerald	12 53 03	6 07 18	5 14 15	5 05 06
SCHOONERS—85FT. CLASS.				
Iroquois	12 53 02	6 19 49	5 26 47	5 12 40
CUTTERS—70FT. CLASS.				
Hildegard	12 52 19	Withdrew.		
Queen Mab	12 51 10	6 17 00	5 25 50	5 23 35
CUTTERS—60FT. CLASS.				
Wasp	12 50 52	6 16 32	5 25 40	5 18 35
34FT. SPECIAL CLASS.				
Dragoon	12 57 33	5 58 36	5 01 03	5 01 03
Adele	12 59 04	6 24 25	5 25 21	5 25 21
Vorant II.	12 56 58	Withdrew.		
50FT. CLASS—CUTTERS.				
Uvira	1 00 00	6 39 45	5 32 45	5 08 56
Gossoon	12 59 19	6 38 59	5 38 40	5 17 00
36FT. CLASS—CUTTERS.				
Senorita	12 58 41	Withdrew.		
Indolent	12 56 05	6 21 23	5 25 18	5 25 18
Infanta	12 57 59	6 19 54	5 21 48	5 14 02
30FT. CLASS—CUTTERS.				
Beatrix	12 56 03	6 57 23	6 01 20	5 55 57
Maud	12 56 10	Withdrew.		
Feydeh	12 57 04	6 42 24	5 45 20	5 45 20
25FT. CLASS—CUTTERS.				
Dodo	12 52 55	6 55 17	5 59 22	5 59 22
Nameless	12 55 51	Withdrew.		
21FT. SPECIAL CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Celia	12 56 35	4 44 36	3 45 01	3 48 01
Houri	12 56 48	4 26 01	3 29 12	3 29 12
30FT. CLASS—CABIN CATS.				
Mary	12 57 27	6 26 37	5 29 10	5 29 10
Oconee	12 58 23	Withdrew.		
25FT. CLASS—CABIN CATS.				
Kittie	12 57 41	3 47 44	2 50 03	2 50 03
Ethel	12 57 58	3 51 30	2 53 32	2 45 28
20FT. CLASS—CABIN CATS.				
Dove	12 57 03	4 19 25	3 22 22	3 22 22
20FT. CLASS—SLOOPS.				
Wave	12 57 35	4 19 54	3 24 19	3 24 19
Shrimp	12 57 50	4 00 06	3 02 16	3 02 16
Trust Me	12 59 53	4 32 05	3 32 12	3 24 18

The winners were: Schooners—Class 1, Alcæa; 95ft. class, Emerald; 85ft. class, Iroquois. Cutters—70ft. class, Queen Mab; 60ft. class, Wasp; 50ft. class, Uvira; 34ft. special class, Dragoon; 36ft. class, Infanta; 30ft. class, Feydeh; 25ft. class, Dodo; 21ft. special class, Houri; 20ft. class, Shrimp. Cabin Cats—30ft. class, Mary; 25ft. class, Ethel; 20ft. class, Dove.

Emerald won the Leland cup and special schooner prize, and Wasp the special cutter prize.

The rain continued through the evening and interfered with the festivities ashore to a certain extent, though the club house was full and there was music and dancing.

Tuesday morning was clear and very calm, and not untill 1:25 P. M. was the start given, eleven yachts crossing the line: Emerald, Wasp, Norota, Ola, Katrina, Gossoon, Dragoon, Hildegard, Indolent, Iroquois and Alcæa, the latter being becalmed up the harbor and starting an hour after the fleet. Ariel arrived on Monday from New London, having started on Saturday morning and met calm weather, and she and Clytie started, but did not cross the line. The wind was light for a time, but finally came in from the south, and the boats started at a good pace over the 39 miles to Morris Cove. After passing Stratford Point a rain squall with a strong breeze came from the eastward, followed by a fog, which delayed the fleet. The times taken were:

SCHOONERS.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alcæa	Allows.	Not timed.	
Emerald	3 02	6 44 37	5 19 37	5 16 35
Iroquois	8 46	7 34 20	6 09 20	6 00 34
CUTTERS.				
Katrina	Allows.	6 33 19	5 08 19	5 08 19
Wasp	27 46	6 26 02	5 01 02	4 33 16
Gossoon	36 17	7 32 40	6 07 40	5 31 23

A wind factor of 65 per cent. was used, based on the average force of the wind during the race. The regatta committee accompanied Com. Benedict on the Oneida.

An early start was made next morning at 10:05, there being a moderate breeze from S.E. which held all day, though light and variable at times. The fleet was timed at New London:

	Allowance.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	Cumulative Cor'cted.
Alcæa	Al'ws.	6 11 05	8 06 05	8 06 05	.. .. ..
Emerald	03 43	5 41 55	7 36 55	7 33 12	12 49 47
Iroquois	10 12	5 59 00	7 54 00	7 43 48	13 44 22
Katrina	Al'ws.	5 10 50	7 05 50	7 05 50	12 14 09
Hildegard	12 40	Withdrew.			
Wasp	28 23	5 02 35	6 57 35	6 29 12	11 02 28
Gossoon	42 08	5 26 53	7 51 53	7 09 45	12 41 08
Norota	55 43	6 12 43	8 07 43	7 12 00	12 59 32

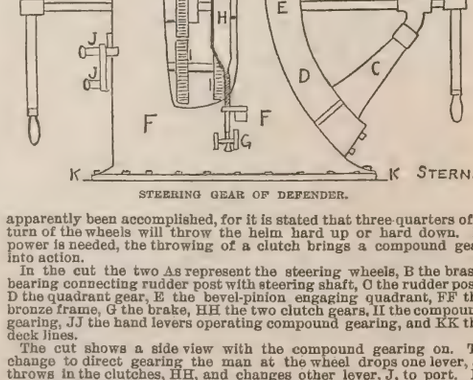
The wind factor for the run of 39 miles was 60 per cent. The first prizes go to Emerald and Wasp, and the second to Iroquois and Katrina.

Defender's Steering Gear.

From the Boston Globe.

Like some other carefully guarded secrets about the boat, the secret of the improved bevel steering gear, of which mention has previously been made, is a secret no longer. The accompanying cut and description give an excellent idea of it, and show that in this as well as in many other things the boat is away ahead of anything else in her class.

The main idea of the gear is to secure such speed of movement as is found in a tiller, while at the same time getting power enough to steer the boat should she prove at all hard headed. This object has



STEERING GEAR OF DEFENDER.

apparently been accomplished, for it is stated that three quarters of a turn of the wheels will throw the helm hard up or hard down. If power is needed, the throwing of a clutch brings a compound gear into action.

In the cut the two As represent the steering wheels, B the brass-bearing connecting rudder post with steering shaft, C the rudder post, D the quadrant gear, E the bevel-pinion engaging quadrant, FF the bronze frame, G the brake, HH the two clutch gears, II the compound gearing, JJ the hand levers operating compound gearing, and KK the deck lines.

The cut shows a side view with the compound gearing on. To change to direct gearing the man at the wheel drops one lever, J, throws in the clutches, HH, and changes other lever, J, to port. In changing either way, the helmsman places his foot on lever, G, which keeps the boat on her course while the change is made.

The wheels are so arranged that four men can be put at them if need be. The wheels are on the same shaft and work together. The gear is boxed over, so that none of its parts are in ordinary view. The invention is that of Nat Herreshoff, and is patented.

Cohasset Y. C. Second Championship.

COHASSET.

Saturday, June 29.

THERE was a strong breeze and heavy sea off Cohasset on June 29, but the yachts of the Cohasset Y. C. sailed a fine race, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Grimalkin, Com. Howe	22.10	1 50 55	1 30 10
Winona, H. Braman	26.08	1 49 35	1 31 23
Khedive, J. W. Wilcutt	27.03	2 02 58	1 45 07
Edytha, F. W. Clark	.. ..	Did not finish.	
SECOND CLASS.			
Zig Zag, C. W. Gammons	20.02	1 15 50	0 52 50
Arab, C. Cousens	Not meas.	1 33 05	.. .. ..
THIRD CLASS.			
Fredora, A. O. Higgins	16.06	1 00 20	0 47 04
Escort, J. Richardson	14.05	1 02 20	0 47 46
Hazard, F. Pegram	15.05	1 03 55	0 50 00
Banshee, H. Montgomery	14.10	1 06 40	0 52 22
Watermelon, M. Knowles	14.07	Withdrew.	
FIRST SPECIAL CLASS.			
Elsie E, F. Higgins	14.04	1 05 12	0 50 34
Nameless, I. Blossom	13.04	1 08 12	0 52 50
Widgeon, F. Higginson	11.06	1 21 38	1 05 06
SECOND SPECIAL CLASS.			
Quamino, C. H. Cousens	....	.. .. ..	1 21 20

Defender.

THE uncertainties of yachting were never more clearly and conspicuously demonstrated than on the afternoon of Saturday last, at 12:54 Eastern time. The new challenger, Valkyrie III., was nearing the Skelmorlie mark on the second round of the Royal Northern Y. C. regatta, her maiden race, with a lead of over half an hour over Britannia and still more over Ailsa; at the same minute the new Cup defender, with the champagne dripping from her bows and her name Defender still echoing through the shops, was gathering rapid way as she cleared the doors of the south shops and felt the water surging round her bronze keel. When the Clyde race finished, two hours later, Britannia was flying another winning flag, and the unlucky Defender was perched almost high and dry in a dangerous position on the launching ways, just outside the shop, after all efforts to move her had failed.

In the case of the challenger, the result was in no way serious; she had sailed her first race in variable weather without mishap, and to all appearances quite realizing the expectations of her designer as far as the test went. At times she had profited by the flukes of the wind, and in the end the chances of war were against her, she was becalmed for a long while, Britannia meanwhile coming up and just saving her time.

With the new defender the matter was more serious, at best it meant a great disappointment to many people, with the disheartening effects which always attend an unsuccessful launching; and what is of more practical consequence, the loss of time, which is growing more valuable each day. Furthermore, the yacht lay in a very dangerous position, perched up high on the new ways, with only her fin immersed at high water, the average rise of the tide being but 5ft., and inadequately cradled for any such emergency. In event of a strong N.W. wind and a sea, the consequences might easily be very serious: the sinking of a part of the new ways under the continued heavy strain, the failure of the cradle, if it can be called such, or the overthrow of the huge hull through the force of the wind and sea.

So many changes have been made and so many false reports set afloat about the date of the launch that up to the middle of last week there was almost as much uncertainty as a month ago. In the morning papers of June 25 an official statement was made that the launch would take place at high water, between 12 M. and 1 P. M., on Saturday, June 29, and that the public would be admitted to one of the docks of the Herreshoff works. There was a general feeling that this announcement was but a blind, and that the yacht would in the meanwhile be rushed quietly into the water; and this suspicion was strengthened by a report in a New York evening paper on the same day that it had just been decided to launch next day, June 26. On the strength of this latter report, some newspaper men and photographers took the night express for Providence and the first train on Wednesday morning for Bristol, being rewarded by a fine view of the outside of the Herreshoff works, with the regular watchman in the foreground, and of the beautiful expanse of water inside of Prudence Island.

As events proved, the Saturday story was true, the launch being really set for that day and a number of prominent guests invited; as for the photographers, newspaper men and general public, they wisely did not wait for invitations. Saturday morning was hazy and overcast, with a close atmosphere and no wind, the water being quite calm. Up to 10 o'clock there was only the little steam yacht Nautilus and the schooner Priscilla off the works, but Colonia was visible in the distance, under tow, coming from New London with an absence flag aloft, while a large white schooner was beating up slowly and many small sails were visible in the distance. A little later a good breeze sprung up, bringing in sailing craft from all quarters, and by 11 o'clock there was a large fleet at anchor about the two piers of the works.

The big Valiant came in from New York with Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt and a party aboard, anchoring well off shore. The Conqueror came in close to the piers, with the Ballymena and Sheerwater, on board the latter being Mr. E. D. Morgan and a party. In the road in front of the main shop was a bustling crowd of men, boys, wheelmen, fakirs, equestrians—all watching the closed gates and doors. Peddlers selling badges and souvenirs made from the punchings and clippings from the bronze and aluminum plates were about in numbers, and one dealer had a large display of aluminum cups, tableware and cooking utensils, all warranted to be made from pieces of the Defender.

From the shore side of the shops there was nothing to be seen but the busy and bustling crowd; many people have been admitted to the works during the past three weeks, and during the morning many more were passed in through the partly opened door, but the newspaper men were rigidly excluded, watchmen and policemen being plentifully distributed. The water doors of the shop were open, however, workmen being busy on the ways and about the stern, but rowboats were hardly to be had; a man was lucky if he could charter at any price a leaky bateau with portions of a pair of sculls. Early in the week a clever artist of the Providence *Journal*, with a companion, had rowed quietly up to these same big doors, almost the whole front of the building up to the gable having been cut out, first to pass Colonia in 1893 and now for the new boat. The pair laid by quietly for about an hour, the artist securing a very good sketch of the afterbody of the yacht, no easy matter when her great size and extreme proportions are considered. The sketch, however, is incorrect in one particular, a rib along the horn timber, an ogee to the foot of the frames; the frames of the counter make a fair sweep across at the after end, merging into an increasing angle as they go forward. The venturous artist had nearly finished his picture before his object was discovered; then he was greeted with a shower of washers and bolts and other missiles, including coal tar, and finally vacated his position after attaining his end. In the morning the stern of the yacht was surrounded by a light and lofty scaffolding used by the painters, but this was quickly taken down, disclosing the entire afterbody from the water. Two steam derricks and a pile driver were close in to the shops, a diver working steadily under water and sending up bundles of old and rusty rails from alongside the ways, the derrick lifting them out. About noon Mr. and Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, with their children, arrived with quite a party of guests in carriages, and all were admitted to the shop.

By this time there was a noisy and excited but thoroughly good-natured crowd pressing against the gates leading to the north wharf, which was augmented a little later by the contents of a special train from Providence. When the gates were opened at 12:30, the sight was an amusing one—a footrace pell mell for the end of the dock, the crowd almost in an instant swarming over the pier, the pile driver and the roofs of the adjoining buildings. The South pier was reserved for the Herreshoff family and their friends, and for the owners of the yacht. Among the many vessels present were two tugs, one chartered by Stebbins, the Boston photographer, and the other by Bolles, of Brooklyn, while canoeists without number bristled from the piers and neighboring yachts and boats.

In their method of launching the Herreshoffs are quite as unconventional and original as in everything else, and to all appearances in this case, as in Wasp and other boats, the arrangements were simple and to the average eye inadequate. It was impossible to inspect them near at hand, and all that could be seen was during the brief moment while they moved from the end of the shop into the water; but even this glance was sufficient to show the absence of such long and carefully built cradling as is always considered necessary for a sharp and heavy vessel. The sliding ways apparently were not more than 20ft. long. On top of them were heavy oak cross bearers supporting the keel. From this foundation ran up almost vertically six spruce timbers, 6in. by 8in., on each side of the vessel, each abutting against the lower edge of one of the outer strakes of plating. The base was so narrow, probably not more than 9ft., that these long shores were almost vertical, and of themselves could afford little support. They were, however, held by long bolts through the cross bearers, drawing their heads against the sides of the fin. The calculations for the launching weights were based on the figures used in the larger class of vessel, the limit of weight per foot of surface being normal. It is to be said that probably two-thirds of the launching weight of the vessel was in her lead keel, some 75 tons or more, and that this itself had a very wide base; but on the other hand, the superstructure, the hull proper, is very lofty, and in a strong wind might be an element of danger; while the ways were new and in no way tested as to the weight they could safely carry on a very narrow and short base. As she passed out of the shop, the most striking feature of the whole launch was the disproportion between the big lofty hull and the match-like sticks resting against the lower part of the fin.

At 12:45 the tide was at its height and everything in readiness, and a few blows of mauls came from within the shop. Mrs. Iselin stood by the bows with a small hammer, and when the hull began to move, at 12:54, she promptly broke the bottle and christened the yacht Defender. The spectators outside, missing the musical rally that ordinarily announces the last ten minutes before a launch, were quite unprepared when the cry went up from inside showing that the vessel had started, but in another moment the long counter cleared the door and half a dozen nimble members of the new crew set a flagpole with a large new silk ensign. Then the bow cleared, and another pole went up forward bearing the burgee of the New York Y. C. and the private flags of Messrs. Iselin, Vanderbilt and Morgan. The crowd cheered, guns were fired on the yachts, and the scene became exciting; as she left the door of the shop the yacht gathered way, a square platform of planks, one side loaded with lead, was dropped from the bow to act as a drag, but before it had fairly caught the water the yacht began to slow up and of a sudden stopped, having run just about three times her own length, or one length clear of the house. At this point only her fin was immersed, up to the point where it flared into the body of the hull.



DEFENDER——TAKEN JUST AFTER SHE STOPPED ON THE WAYS——FROM A PHOTO BY C. E. BOLLES, BROOKLYN.

The programme, as arranged by the builders, was that no newspaper man should see the yacht before she was under water, and though there was no canvas hung over her sides and the idea of attempting to prevent the taking of photographs had been abandoned, it was expected that she would pass so quickly from the shop to the water that nothing more than a single snap shot at most would be possible. This time fortune favored the minions of the Press; there lay the yacht, the whole hull visible, while the tide, already beyond the turn, was each moment laying bare more and more of the treasured secrets of the designer. With a Samaritan-like spirit, too seldom seen in this sordid age, the first to come to the rescue were the photographers, who, without a moment's hesitation, hastened to heap figurative coals of fire in the very practical shape of stout wet hawsers on the decks of the unfortunate craft. Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, who was personally directing every detail of the launch, was everywhere, around the yacht in a yawlboat, on her decks and flying from place to place. Soon a stout hawser was led around under her bows, held by slings from the deck, and the two tugs were straining at the outer end. Still a third tug was added, and without the least effect. The twenty or more men on the deck were then sent forward and ordered to shake the boat, which they did; but this was at once stopped by Mr. Herreshoff.

The diver, who was still on the derrick, was sent down and came up after a time with the report that the cradle was all right, resting near the end of the ways, and no cause of the trouble visible. The big steam yacht Conqueror was now called into requisition by Mr. Vanderbilt; she ran off a little distance, directly ahead of the yacht, dropped an anchor from her bow and ran out astern a heavy hawser which was run along the deck, the bight being made fast to the stemhead just forward of the outer gammon iron. A pull here seemed to be a risky business, as it would have brought a heavy downward strain on the end of the counter; before the Conqueror was started up this plan was abandoned, and the hawser was passed around under the bows, below water, supported by three sets of slings from the deck. When the Conqueror started, the hawser first tautened, then the slings settled down with a jerk to their places and the steam yacht's capstans began to get in their work. A long pull and a strong pull—then a snap—and the bits of deck had pulled out of the Conqueror, the defender lying just where she had first stopped, over an hour before. The tide had now fallen over a foot, many of the spectators had left, the workmen had disposed of a generous feast in the North shop, provided by Mr. Iselin. The derricks busied themselves in getting ready shores and gear, as further proceedings were deferred until the midnight tide. The owners of the yacht and their friends had gone to a garden party in the town, in honor of the launch; the yachts, small and large, slipped away, a strong breeze now blowing; and the shipyard was practically deserted, the regular work having stopped for the day. Mr. N. G. Herresoff was still about the yacht and pier. It had been intended to step the mast at once, and during the evening it had been removed to the marine railway in the cove just south of the works, but of course all thoughts of masting and rigging out were abandoned before the one great problem of safely, if not speedily, launching the boat.

Late on Saturday afternoon a dispatch was sent by the builders to the War Department at Washington, asking the loan of pontoons to lift the yacht, the request being promptly granted. A message was also sent to New Bedford to the big wrecking tug Right Arm, which does most of the wrecking work about Nantucket Shoals, and she reached the works at 10 P. M. Saturday. It was decided, however, not to attempt the work by night, as the services of the diver might be needed and he could only work by daylight. On Sunday morning the Right Arm steamed into position just astern of the yacht and dropped two heavy anchors, some 7,000lbs. in all, from her bows. A heavy strap was passed around the yacht's bows and down around the cradle, and from this a 12in. hawser from the Right Arm was bent. The preparations were completed before noon, but the final pull was delayed until high water. The yacht's consort, the familiar Hattie Palmer, put in an appearance during the morning, Mr. Iselin sailed over to Colonia, and many yachts were present. At 1:20 the Right Arm prepared for a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether, her powerful steam windlass started up, and the cables and hawser were hove taut, the strain being maintained until the port cable parted; the yacht meanwhile being immovable. Then the tug backed in and steamed ahead rapidly, trying the effect of a sudden jerk, two or three of these attempts having no other result than to snap the 12in. hawser; bringing the proceedings to a temporary stop while repairs were made. Divers were sent down during the morning and reported that everything was apparently all right, and the fore end of the sliding ways about two feet over the end of the ground ways. A telephone message was sent, ordering pontoons, as the attempt at hauling off seemed hopeless.

Nothing more was attempted until Monday afternoon; then, the pontoons not having arrived, the Right Arm ran out four heavy hawsers to the yacht and backed in close, the slack of the hawsers being coiled down in a yawlboat. When all was ready the tug started ahead at full speed, attaining headway before the 200ft. of slack in the hawsers was taken up. The effect of the jerk was to pull yacht and cradle clear of the ways and then to pull the cradle from under the yacht, leaving her floating easily in the space between the pier heads. So far as could be ascertained, she is entirely uninjured, and none the worse for her unpleasant experience. The mast was brought up from the marine railway and stepped at once, and the work of preparation will now go on very rapidly, but it is a question whether she can be ready for the race set for July 10.

The dimensions of the defender are still a matter of doubt, and will be in all probability for some time; the exact beam will not be known until some reliable and disinterested person shall put a steel tape across her, and it may be even longer before the true draft is known. The over-all length is given as 124ft., but even if correct this means nothing as a basis of comparison with Colonia, Vigilant and Navahoe, or even with the yachts of other designers, because the two ends are treated in a very different manner from the other Herreshoff boats, to say nothing of Fife or Watson.

The fore overhang is comparatively short, and the over-all length is lessened further by the very straight line about the stemhead; if the sweep of the stem from the waterline to the stemhead were carried out fair, the length on deck would be from 1 to 2ft. greater. The same is true of the after end, if the lines of the deck and counter were carried out to the same pieplate finish as Colonia and Vigilant, some 4 or 5ft. would be added. The fore overhang does not look to be as long as in Colonia, even apart from the snubbing in of the line of stem near the deck; but the counter is quite as long as in the other Herreshoff boats, except that the extreme end is cut off to make a different finish.

The keel of the yacht could only be seen for a moment just as it entered the water, but from what was visible, taken with the hull itself, it would seem that the new yacht is in most respects much less of an "improved Colonia," as she is generally called, than a modified Valkyrie II. The midship section shows much greater draft on about the same proportionate beam, and the sides of the keel are narrowed in, swelling out lower down into a wide bulb. In the body of the boat proper the section shows a more regular sweep from the plankshear down to the hollow of the keel, the rather straight topsides, strong bilge and straight rising floor of Valkyrie II. being replaced by a flowing and continuous curve from the rail downward. There is nothing whatever of Vigilant or Colonia in the keel contour, their long straight keels being replaced by a continuous curve from the heel of the keel, very slight at first, but rising much as in Valkyrie II., crossing the waterline at about the same angle, but, as stated, snubbed in abruptly as it nears the deck at the stemhead. The rake of the rudder post could hardly be gauged in the short time the rudder was visible, only some 2ft. of it being out of water when the boat stopped. It is, however, very great, probably almost as much as Valkyrie II., and the rudder was set well under the boat to about the same extent, instead of just touching the waterline, as in all the older boats.

The strongest point of difference from the old craft and of likeness to Valkyrie and Britannia is on the bow and entire forebody. It would surprise no one to learn that the full waterlines and round frame lines of Vigilant had been relegated to the domain of the has-been, but the new yacht goes far beyond Colonia and in the direction of the Watson boats in the lines of the bow; clean, sweet and powerful, but free from the suggestion of force and effort that so characterized Vigilant and in a lesser degree Colonia. The boat is in-and-out plated, and the lines of the edges, themselves fair and true, show the clean and easy sweep of the diagonals; while the waterlines, both in the topsides and below water, show the same freedom from an excessive fullness. The afterbody is carried out in the same manner, a counter that would be called full, but at the same time not forced to an extreme.

Those who are familiar with Mr. N. G. Herreshoff's work in Gloriana, Wasp, Colonia and Vigilant appreciate the fact that he takes up the problem of designing as an engineer rather than as an artist; and, having certain definite and probably original ends in view, that he works directly for them with little regard to fairness of form, forcing a line into a hard curve here and a flat spot there to gain power above everything else. It has been frequently said that his yachts show their origin in the carved model and not in the paper design, and we understand that he uses the model to a greater extent than any modern designer, ascertaining the displacement and center of buoyancy from it by immersion in a tank. How true this may be we know not, but the majority of his boats indicate that the ordinary weights and splines have played but a secondary part in their origin. In the new boat there is more fairness of form, less apparent forcing of certain parts and more thorough harmony between middle body and ends than in the other big boats, the result being a craft in every way pleasing to the eye save in some superficial matters.

It may be that experience with the smaller fin-keels, in which power is of less importance and form more than in the large yachts, has led to this change; but it is also probable that two seasons' sailing in company with Valkyrie II. and Britannia has had a share in it. Be the cause what it may, and the dimensions right or wrong, the new boat has certainly a model that will compare favorably with anything yet launched at Bristol.

The stem we have already described, the stern is shaped much like Isolde and Niagara. The sterns of Vigilant and Colonia, as yachtsmen know, were formed simply by carrying out all the lines of the hull until they intersected the deck, practically coming together at an acute angle, the deck line being elliptical. It is not necessary to compare such a stern to that on Valkyrie II. or Britannia to realize how inartistic and ugly it is; but at the same time there is no avoiding the conclusion that it is strong, simple of construction, and in everything but appearance an excellent stern. In the new boat, what would be practically the same stern is cut off, the lines no longer continued until they meet, but joined by a transom, as in most modern yachts. This transom is like those of Isolde and Niagara, an improvement on the straight and awkward ends of Wenonah, El Chico and Dacotah, but lacking in that bold and decided sweep necessary to give character to the end of the counter. It curves a little, but it falls far short of what it might be—an ornament and finish to the whole yacht.

The freeboard is moderate and the sheer slight, the deckline shows a pleasing round carried down through each successive waterline, and the yacht promises to be an exceptionally handsome craft save for the short and awkward fore end and the finish of the stern.

The length on the waterline is of no importance just now, as it may be safely assumed that it will come out very close to 90ft. when the yacht is in measuring trim. It would be indeed unfortunate if either yacht should exceed this limit; but with the care that has been taken to this end by both Herreshoff and Watson, there is little danger of such a mishap. The extreme beam is still unknown, though Mr. Iselin is credited with the statement that it is 24ft.; others insist that it is 23ft. 8in. The draft too is unknown, though safely fixed between the limits of 18 and 19ft., probably nearer the latter. The bottom of the yacht, from a foot below the top of the lead keel up to the waterline, is plated with Parson's Manganese Bronze, manufactured by Cramp & Co., at Philadelphia. The topsides are plated with aluminum, manufactured by the Pittsburgh Reduction Co., of Pittsburgh. All the plating is in-and-out, there being five strakes to a side in the hull proper. The plating, caulking and finishing is very well done. The bowsprit will ship in two heavy steel tubes strengthened with angle



VALKYRIE III.——FROM A PHOTO BY ADAMSON.

iron, bolted to the deck about 8ft. apart. There is a short piece of bulwark abreast the forward gammon, but beyond this there is only a low rail, probably 6in. high, formed of an aluminum half-bulb beam. There are seven hatch openings in the deck. The interior of the yacht has not yet been profaned by the irreverent eye of a newspaper man, and there are contradictory reports of what it contains. The mast is a fine stick of Oregon pine, the spar dimensions, for which we cannot vouch, being: mast, over all, 100ft.; boom, 100ft.; topmast, 60ft.; gaff, 62ft.; masthead, 19ft. The masthead work consists of two bands, one above the other, connected by three arms, the shrouds going over the upper band. There are no oak cheeks, as in the old style of rig. The boom looks very small in diameter and very light, a solid stick.

Practical Construction.

THE New York *Herald* discusses the interesting question of racing construction in the following off-hand and superficial manner: "Valkyrie III. is a composite yacht of fine construction, but of a type of marine architecture old, and in most part not the best for the most trying service. What motives induced the owners of Valkyrie III. to adopt the most economical form of construction admissible is not known; but when compared to the Defender, it sinks deep into the oblivion of antiquity. Where the builders of Valkyrie III. employed wood in the construction of their yacht, the Americans used the finest manganese bronze, an alloy famous for its strength and its ability to resist the action of sea water and through all exposure to retain its smooth polished surface. In the Defender, where it is essential to make the lightest possible construction consistent with proper strength, the builders, with most highly commendable wit and boldness, have used a metal which until lately has been closed save to a very few uses, yet which science is to-day placing at our command in quantities and at such low cost that it will soon enter into very general use where the valuable factor of lightness is of prime importance."

All of this is rather hard on a method of construction which has been thus far the most elaborate and expensive known, and that has stood most perfectly the practical test. At the same time we doubt very much whether the composite yacht is quite such a back number as the *Herald* asserts. Up to the construction of Vigilant two years ago with a skin of Tobin bronze, the Clyde-built composite yachts, such as Genesta, Varuna, the two Valkyries and Britannia, were far ahead of any other yachts afloat. The wooden construction of Puritan and Mayflower was cheap and crude in the extreme compared with them; nor was the all-steel construction of Thistle and Volunteer much better. The hulls were strong, light and very durable; and, with all that has been urged against copper sheathing, it is, when newly off the ways, as in the Cup races, an admirable bottom, better than steel, and after a short time afloat better than black lead on wood. That a number of small sheets overlapping cannot be as good as a single smooth and unbroken surface of the same metal goes without saying, but taking the racers of 1893, the bottom of the composite-built Valkyrie II., when it came out of the Erie Basin after careful smoothing and polishing, was good enough for any racing in a moderate breeze and disturbed water. That it was inferior in smoothness and evenness to that of Vigilant was perfectly clear, but the difference would have been of moment only in very light airs and smooth water. It is further true that after two or three weeks' immersion, with possible damage from grounding or wreckage, the sheets might be inferior to the solid metal; but the Cup races, for which alone the Defender is intended, are likely to be over within a week or ten days.

In adopting the composite construction for Valkyrie III. her designer, with many other serious problems to trouble him, has lessened in a great degree the problem of construction by following a method familiar to him and the builders, the excellence of which was fully proved, and which could be carried out very rapidly, getting the yacht afloat at an early date. The saving in cost was probably not considered for a moment under the circumstances. The result is a yacht which, judged by long experience, should be safe for the Atlantic passage, secure from any necessity for subsequent strengthening, and capable of holding together for a generation. In adopting a totally different course in Defender, Mr. Herreshoff has shown a boldness and enterprise which are highly commendable; but at the same time he has accepted a serious handicap that is likely to affect the success of the yacht. The question of durability need hardly be considered in the case of these big and useless craft, but it must be admitted that the life of a yacht built of lead, manganese bronze, aluminum and steel, all subjected to salt water and salt air, is an open question, and to be very seriously considered before the composite construction is entirely rejected for all yachts in place of aluminum and its alloys. The question of strength is a much more serious one, and remains yet to be answered by practical trial. No amount of care and skill on the part of the designer can entirely discount the risk accompanying the use of an unknown and treacherous metal. If reports be true, a great deal of steel has already been used to replace or supplement the aluminum; and it is still a question whether further strengthening may not be found necessary.

The great disadvantage of the novel construction of Defender is the accompanying waste of most precious time. Possible seconds in a match have really been paid for by weeks taken from the already brief time of preparatory sailing, and in our opinion the price thus paid is entirely too high. We believe that, even if the new construction should finally prove fully strong, and as light as is anticipated, the defense of the America's Cup would be far safer with a composite yacht of the same construction and weights as Valkyrie III., afloat by the end of May, as might easily have been done, and sailing through the whole summer, than with a yacht of light construction and most perfect bottom, but perched high and dry on the ways up to the first of July and with no certainty as to when she will be ready for a trial trip.

Duxbury Y. C. First Regatta.

DUXBURY, MASS.—DUXBURY BAY.

Saturday, June 22.

THE new Duxbury Y. C. sailed its initial regatta on June 22, on Duxbury Bay, in a variable wind, the times being:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eclipse, H. H. Sears	26.09	2 05 42	1 29 24
Fedora, E. P. Wadsworth	20.07	2 24 24	1 39 09
Athlete, S. C. Winsor	28 03	2 27 28	1 46 34
No Name, F. M. Wadsworth	20.07	Withdrew.	

FIRST CLASS.

Future, W. T. Witman	21.11	2 23 21	1 45 21
Adele, Boyer	26.00	2 27 51	1 50 39

SECOND CLASS.

Cleopatra, M. McDowell	20.07	2 11 12	1 16 07
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	19.10	2 14 03	1 18 40
Fanny D, McDowell	19.09	2 19 44	1 23 12
Lulu Maud, F. L. Pike	16.06	2 53 06	2 06 06

THIRD CLASS.

Honest John, J. C. Dawes	16.00	1 15 40	0 40 31
No Name, Charles Ranson	14.09	1 20 45	0 52 02
Annie, Myles Weston	16.09	1 20 53	0 54 34
Flosshilda, F. P. Carren	15.00	1 36 02	1 07 39

FOURTH CLASS.

Vigilant, A. M Watson	17.01	1 02 15	0 46 03
Gipsy Girl, W. Steele	16.04	1 13 40	0 46 33
Ellen B, C. F. Bradford	16.06	1 13 30	0 46 56
Major D, C. H. Drew	16 02	1 13 56	0 46 39
Eunice H, W. I Symmes	15.01	1 15 40	0 49 48
Tom Jeff, S. S. Richards	15.07	1 20 06	0 53 38

FIFTH CLASS.

Solitaire, B. B. Boker	17.10	1 11 30	0 46 27
Perhaps, T. S. Diman	15.10	1 16 03	0 48 42
Nereid, A. E. Walker	16.10	1 16 20	0 50 09
Dolphin, N. Morton	16.40	1 16 29	0 50 14
Natalie, H. M. Jones	16.10	1 18 38	0 52 27
Myra, B. F. Cheney	16.04	1 33 21	1 07 06

SIXTH CLASS.

Clear the Track, O. C. Hunt	15.06	1 23 33	0 55 47
Now Then, T. J. March	15.04	1 35 05	0 57 07

Dorchester Y. C. Annual Regatta.

DORCHESTER—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, June 29

THE Dorcester Y. C. sailed a very successful regatta on June 29, the times being:

CLASS A.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Violet, H. J. McKee	33.04	2 29 45	2 05 12
Albatross, T. F. Temple, Jr	33.08	2 35 05	2 10 46
Folly, Foster & Robinson	29.00	Did not finish	

FIRST CLASS.

Harbinger, W. F. Bache	38.03	2 19 30	1 50 42
Beatrice, John Cavanaugh	25.06	2 25 05	1 58 55
Heroine, C A. J. Smith	28.00	Did not finish.	

SPECIAL CLASS.

Satanic, Wm Daly, Jr	28.04	2 15 05	1 44 30
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.10	2 15 05	1 45 02
Romance, Loring Sears	24.06	2 15 05	1 45 43
Savitar, Otis Cook & Hutchinson	21.09	2 15 30	1 46 23
Cleopatra, Fanny Davenport	22.03	2 22 00	1 50 12

SECOND CLASS.

Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	2 09 35	1 38 10
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	2 16 55	1 47 02
Haroide, A. T. Bliss	24.07	2 22 25	1 53 08
Adolph, Henry Mochs	22.04	2 24 50	1 53 08
Madge, A. P. Nute	23.11	2 28 00	1 58 03
Bessie, W. H. Billings	22.00	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS.

Cachio, F. H. Borden	18.11	2 19 25	1 43 21
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	2 20 40	1 43 23
Tribby, F. L. Bassett	18.06	2 21 00	1 44 10
Evadne, R. N.	18.03	2 21 40	1 44 37
In It, R. V. Williams	18.02	2 24 05	1 46 55
Maggie, A. Stevens	19.10	2 21 45	1 46 58
Tautog, W. P. Whitmarsh	18.05	2 35 00	1 58 12
Attempt, H. G. Flynn	18.04	Withdrew.	

KNOCKABOUTS

La Chica, C. N. Souther	21.00	0 23 25	2 23 25
Bessie Lee, A. E. Schreef	21.00	2 23 27	2 23 27
Nike, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	2 24 20	2 24 20
Nabob, H. W. Friend	21.00	2 28 00	2 28 00
Hobo, T. W. King	21.00	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Alpine, C. J. Bleiben	16.06	1 57 20	1 26 21
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	16.11	2 11 05	1 40 39
Imp, L. A. Horton	16.01	2 14 30	1 42 56
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	2 15 50	1 44 44
Fantasy, W. Allerton	16.08	Withdrew.	
Mirage, C. E. Shindler	17.09	Withdrew.	
Jonah, W. B. Stone	16.05	Withdrew.	

FIFTH CLASS.

Tantrum, F. L. Perkins	14.11	2 07 45	1 34 30
Icurez, Walsh Bros	14.08	2 08 35	1 34 57
Princess, Gay & Ware	14.06	2 19 30	1 45 37
Unknown, A. A. Martin	14.11	2 38 25	2 05 20
Cutty Sark, M. M. Torrance	14.05	2 41 40	2 07 39
Vivian, George Carson	14.11	2 41 20	2 08 05
Katydid, C. B. Pear	14.00	2 44 45	2 10 03

Pequot Casino Association.

THE Pequot Casino Association, of New London, includes a number of active yachtsmen who make that city their summer home, and who are desirious of making the Thames as interesting as possible for yachtsmen on the Sound. Under the leadership of Mr. L. Vaughn Clark, owner of the 40-footer Gossoon, the Association has organized a yachting department and this year a regatta was arranged, to fit in between the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. cruise and the Yale-Harvard rowing race. Invitations were sent out generally to the Sound clubs, and with the many yachts gathered for the rowing events there should have been a good field of starters, but the weather was very unfavorable; a mixture of rain, fog and strong winds, but of varying force, calling for reefing and shaking out. The new Hanley 30-footer, Ashumet, was classed with the Herreshoff fin-keel Memory, while in the class above was the fin-keel Drusilla, of 36ft. l.w.l. The trio sailed a very hard race, Ashumet finally beating Drusilla on elapsed time, no small achievement considering the difference in size. The times were:

SCHOONERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Elsemarie, J. B. King	75.60	3 40 32	3 37 42
Iroquois, H. C. Rouse	82.24	Withdrew.	

SPECIAL CLASS SLOOPS.

Wasp, Lippett Bros	54.97	4 22 37	4 22 37
Ilderim, C. Vanderbilt, Jr	54.88	4 44 39	4 44 03

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

Drusilla, A. L. Tyler	38.28	3 37 33	3 37 33

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Ashumet, C. H. Jones		3 36 16	. . ..
Memory, W. M. Murray		3 42 28	. . ..

34-FOOTER.

Dragoon, F. N. Freeman	33.75	Withdrew.	

Squantum Y. C. Opening Regatta.

Saturday, June 29.

THE opening race of the Squantum Y. C. was sailed on June 29 in a fresh easterly wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Agilis, Seaweed Club	1 54 40	1 23 15
Naiad Queen, C. H. Smith	Not taken.	

FIRST CLASS CATS.

Myrtle, H. F. Burkhardt	1 47 10	1 21 31
Thrasher, F. J. Stewart	1 49 07	1 22 54
Payomet, H. Flood	1 57 05	1 31 31

SECOND CLASS CATS.

Arctumus, G. S. Hollowell	1 11 07	0 43 49
White Wings, A. L. Baker	1 22 47	0 56 25
Lucia, W. J. Coombs	1 54 20	. . ..

SPECIAL CLASS.

1402, A. E. Linnell	0 27 40	0 18 14
Gertrude	0 28 50	. . ..

The Clyde Races.

JUST a year ago the attention of all American yachtsmen was for the moment turned from their home affairs to the River Clyde, in anxious anticipation of the races of the Clyde fortnight. Keen as the interest was then, with an American yacht just ready for a trial with the foreign cracks, it is even keener to-day, though the Clyde racing will be limited to three home boats. Then it was, so to speak, a matter of pleasure, of ordinary sport in yacht racing; now it is business—the defense of the America's Cup. The interest in Vigilant, Valkyrie II. and Britannia was no keener than that felt to-day in Valkyrie III., Ailsa and the same Britannia; yachtsmen are figuring closely on the question of whether either of the new boats will beat the old craft; and if so, which will prove the better for the work off Sandy Hook next September. The interest is even heightened by the very uneven performance of Ailsa, first beating Britannia and then continually beaten by her. Since the Mersey regatta, June 20–21, the racing has been very dull, Britannia and Niagara sailing over alone in the Douglas and Ramsay regattas, Ailsa being on the Clyde for alterations and the 20-raters evidently having pressing business somewhere that Capt. John Barr and Niagara were not. The Clyde regatta began on June 29 with the Royal Northern Y. C., the same being continued on July 1. The Mudhook Y. C. has July 3 and 4, the Royal Clyde July 6 to 9, the Clyde Corinthian 10–11, Royal Western 13, Royal Largs 15, then the yachts go to Bangor for the Royal Ulster regattas on July 19–20. Ailsa was out and had six tons of lead removed from her keel, her mast shortened 5ft., boom 3ft. and topmast lengthened. The first day of the Royal Northern found Valkyrie III., Ailsa and Britannia at the line off Rothesay, with Niagara, Zinita and Dacotah in the 20-rating class. Zinita is of 20-rating, but a fast cruiser rather than a racer, and Dacotah is the Herreshoff 10-rater of last year canvassed up to 12-rating.

The course for the large yachts was the quadrangle between Rothesay, Mount Stewart, Largs and Skelmorlie, 12½ miles, sailed three times, then across diagonally, around the Largs mark and back, 50 nautical miles; the 20-raters sailing once around and to Largs and back, 31 miles. Valkyrie III. allowed Ailsa 2m. 59s., and Britannia 4m. 2s. The wind was light S. E. at the start, all carrying clubtopsails, jibtopsails were sent up just before the start, Ailsa setting a large one and the other two setting small ones; the first short leg, to Bogany Point, being to windward. Ailsa got the start, 15s. after the gun, Britannia being 20s. later. Valkyrie had to tack in order to get a weather berth, and was handicapped 2m. at the start. The wind was light and in patches, Ailsa being badly served at first. Valkyrie soon took the lead and stood for the Mount Stewart mark on a close reach with a better breeze, heeling until her plankseer was awash and pointing high. She had a long lead at the first mark, the times being:

Valkyrie	11 16 55	Ailsa	11 39 10
Britannia	11 24 20		

On the reach across to Largs the wind left the yachts for a time, then came in from N.W., catching Ailsa first and putting her in first place. Britannia held to the northward, close to Great Cumbrae Island, and caught the next fluke of a S.W. breeze, that sent her around the Largs mark:

Valkyrie	1 25 37	Ailsa	2 03 53
Britannia	2 00 15		

They set spinakers for Skelmorlie, Britannia gaining some 3m. on Valkyrie, the times at the last turn being:

Valkyrie	2 54 55	Ailsa	3 06 50
Britannia	3 03 35		

There was a nice breeze on the last leg, Valkyrie still gaining, the end of the first round being timed:

Valkyrie	3 20 35	Ailsa	4 06 45
Britannia	3 56 54		

Again they went off for Mount Stewart, where they were timed:

Valkyrie	4 06 57	Ailsa	4 52 50
Britannia	4 42 50		

There was more wind on the free reach across to Largs; from there they ran up to Skelmorlie, where the leaders were timed:

Valkyrie	5 25 30	Britannia	6 01 10

Ailsa gave up and was towed in from Largs. Valkyrie had nearly finished the second round when she was becalmed, lying idle for a long time; meanwhile Britannia picked up a light breeze and came up on her before she felt the new wind. The two made a fine race over the last mile or two, Valkyrie failing to save her time, the race being called at the end of the second round. The finish was timed:

Valkyrie	7 37 26	Britannia	7 39 15

The 20-raters started at 11:15, meeting the same variable weather. Zinita got the start, 10s. after the gun, Niagara being 20s. after her and Dacotah 1m. 20s. late. Zinita led for some time, but was finally passed by Niagara; the race was called at the end of the first round, the times being:

Niagara	4 27 38	Dacotah	4 35 22
Zinita	4 33 50		

The allowances were proportional to the shorter course, Niagara winning.

On Monday morning the rain was falling steadily, and though there was a good breeze from the East, Lord Dunraven decided not to risk the soaking of her news sails, so Valkyrie III. laid at anchor, while Ailsa and Britannia prepared for the start over the same course as on Saturday. Britannia crossed 9sec. after the gun and Ailsa 7sec. later to leeward. A short leg on the wind brought them to Bogany Point, from which the course was a reach with booms to starboard to Mount Stewart, Britannia turning at 10:51:10, Ailsa 10:52:00.

They sailed a good race in a strong breeze, Britannia steadily leaving the larger boat and winning by 2m. 41sec. without her allowance.

The 20-rating class had the same trio as on Saturday over the same course, Zinita giving Niagara a good race, but being finally beaten by her. Dacotah won the prize on her large allowance by 2m. 46sec. from Niagara.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

THE new steam yacht Washita, designed and built by Charles L. Seabury & Co., Nyack, N. Y., was launched Wednesday night, June 26, at high tide at 11:55. The yards and yacht were beautifully illuminated with electric lights and Japanese lanterns, and presented a novel sight. Her principal dimensions are length over all 100ft., l. w. l. 83ft., beam 14ft., draft 5ft. She is of the very latest design, flush deck, schooner rigged. There is a fine mahogany deck house forward, with a bridge overhead. The deck house is used as a dining room, with dumbwaiter from galley below. The owner's stateroom, guests' staterooms, saloon, bath room, etc., are aft. She is lighted throughout by electricity, and a search light is arranged on deck house forward. She also carries a small launch. The machinery consists of a Seabury triple expansion engine and a Seabury patent safety water-tube boiler, speed 15 miles per hour. She will be used by her owner, Mr. John P. Duncan, principally on Shrewsbury River, L. I. Sound and lower New York Bay. Capt. Downey is in command. She will be in commission in a few days.

The sloop Nepenthe, owned by Messrs. W. S. Dudley and Geo. Agar, sailed from New Orleans on June 18 for New York. She will go north to witness the trial and international races. Nepenthe is a very fast 45-footer; she was designed by Edward Burgess and built by Lawley in 1889. Mr. Barnes and Mr. Blair Jamison are guests of the owners.

Steam Launches.

MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Marine and Field Club Regatta.

Saturday, June 29.

If anything could bring out a good gathering of canoeists it is the regatta of the Marine and Field Club; this organization, while in no sense a canoe club, having held some of the largest and most important races for canoeists, outside of those of the A. C. A. meets. No better test of strength, or rather the present weakness, of canoeing about New York could have been devised at this time, the event gaining interest from the presence of the Montreal canoeist, Mr. C. E. Archbald, who is in New York to challenge for the New York C. C. cup. The weather was very unfavorable, a close cloudy day with threats of rain that were realized in heavy squalls in the afternoon, and the racing suffered in consequence, but still there were not the men present who have made the former races of the club a success. The Vespers, all the way from Lowell, the old hands Butler, Goddard and Gray, with a novice, Butler Ames, nephew of Mr. Paul Butler, with the old Wasp, Bee, Fly and V., gave a familiar look to the racing; Yonkers sent three men, Quick, Hale and Goodsell; the Passaic River gave no sign of life, and even the New York C. C., with a deep interest in the races from the fact that they were in part to serve as trial races to select a defender for her cup, had but two men entered. The course for the sailing was a triangle with mile sides, on Gravesend Bay in front of the club house, to be sailed twice, six miles.

The first race called was that for the Marine and Field perpetual challenge trophy, the start being made at 11:20. Foggy Dew took the lead at the start, but was soon passed by Mab and later by Wasp, these two fighting it out, the victory finally going to the Canadian.

	1st Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mab, C. E. Archbald	11 49 40	12 21 38	1 01 38
Wasp, Paul Butler	11 51 30	12 22 42	1 02 43
V., Howard Gray	11 49 55	12 22 53	1 02 53
Bee, D. S. Goddard	11 51 45	12 23 38	1 03 38
Fly, Butler Ames	11 51 47	12 27 02	1 07 02
Torment, F. C. Moore	11 53 12	12 28 33	1 08 33
Foggy Dew, H. L. Quick	11 52 45	12 29 03	1 09 03
Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr	11 53 20	12 29 55	1 09 55
Damosel, Wm. Whitlock	11 57 50	Withdrew.	
Bo Peep, D. B. Goodsell	11 56 30	Withdrew.	

The second event was for the new 15×36 class, with four starters, three of the new boats and a wide canoe, the old Mayflower. Two of the boats, Lark and Why Not, stood out into the bay and missed the mark, the third sailed the course, but turned a mark on the wrong side; the race being called off and postponed to July 2.

The third race was a sailing handicap in three classes, the first class, old sailors like Butler and Goddard, allowing three minutes to the second class, men who had never won sailing prizes, and six minutes to the third. The starters were all in the first class except Mr. Butler Ames, the only novice. The men who had sailed canoes, but had not won prizes, did not turn up. The race was started at 3:08. Mab carried a small rig and was thus handicapped. The times were:

CLASS A.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
V, Howard Gray	3 14 00	4 22 33	1 08 33
Wasp, Paul Butler	3 14 00	4 23 13	1 09 13
Foggy Dew, H. L. Quick	3 14 00	4 25 15	1 12 15
Mab, C. E. Archbald	3 14 00	4 29 11	1 15 11
Bee, D. S. Goddard	3 14 00	4 29 40	1 15 40
Damosel, Wm. Whitlock	3 14 00	4 39 39	1 25 39
Beta, Thos. Hale, Jr	3 14 00	Withdrew.	

CLASS C.

Fly, Butler Ames	3 09 00	4 24 52	1 09 52

The tandem paddling race brought out but one crew, Messrs. Plummer and Mowbray, of the New York C. C. The final race was for the Marine and Field Club trophy, to be held permanently by the winner of two successive races, the present holder, Mr. Schuyler Schieffelin, not contesting. The result was:

	1st Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
V, Howard Gray	5 16 40	5 44 50	0 59 50
Foggy Dew, H. L. Quick	5 17 40	5 45 13	1 00 13
Wasp, Paul Butler	5 18 00	5 45 35	1 00 35
Mab, C. E. Archbald	5 15 07	5 45 50	1 00 50
Fly, Butler Ames	5 22 50	5 51 58	1 06 58
Torment, F. C. Moore	5 16 22	Withdrew.	
Bee, D. S. Goddard		Withdrew.	

V fouled a buoy, making Foggy Dew the winner.

Commodore Witherbee was present, acting as referee, the judges being Messrs. M. V. Brokaw, Irving V. Dorland, Paul B. Rossire and Nelson Greenfield.

Under the New Handicap.

WHILE the sailing races of the recent Eastern Division A. C. A. meet were uninteresting, owing to lack of wind, the "unlimited" proved of interest since it was the first race sailed under the new handicap rule.

The course was three miles in length and the entries were four in number. Class A, Paul Butler, canoe Wasp; Class B, D. S. Goddard, canoe Bee, and Howard Gray, canoe V; Class C, Butler Ames, canoe Fly. Butler allows Gray and Goddard 1.30, Butler allows Ames 3.00, Goddard and Gray allow Ames 1.30. The race was slow, the three miles being covered by the winner in 53.45; second 58.20. Butler won over Gray, the second man, by 4.45, thus easily saving his time.

The classes were started a minute and a half apart, so that the first man to finish won the race. With so few starters the method was easily worked, but I have serious doubts as to the result when a large field comes to the starting line. The starting of the classes was greatly aided by using the megaphone, by means of which the regatta committee were enabled to speak to the competitors wherever they were.

ILEX.

Hints for Canoeists.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following simple suggestions may prove useful to some fellow canoeists:

1. An old bayonet makes the best camp candlestick, a good poker and a good tent peg.

2. Butter will keep, and is easily carried, when packed in sausage skins; a half pound to a link. Your butcher will do the packing for you.

3. Dry toast is better than stale bread.

4. A sheet of unbleached muslin, 9ft.×7ft., waterproofed in lime and alum water, takes but little room in the knapsack, and is good for a shelter tent, a tent awning, or a floor cloth.

5. Vaseline rubbed on the hands and face before going out for the first day in the sun prevents blistering of the skin from sunburn. Keep applying it as it wears off. CANOE LORNA.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION:—Waldo L. Plimpton, West Newton, Mass.; Maurice Mason, Edw. L. Sargent, Taunton, Mass.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The National Schuetzenbund.

The formal opening of the National Schützenbund of the United States of America took place at 8 A. M. on June 30. At that hour the gates of Glendale Park, L. I., were thrown open and a score of bands poured forth the inspiriting strains of "Die Wacht am Rhein." The greatest meeting of German sharpshooters ever held in this country, was thus inaugurated.

The contestants came from all parts of the United States: from Maine and from the Pacific Slope; from the cities that line the shores of the great lakes and from those whose homes look out upon the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Marksmen were also present who claim Germany, Austria and Hungary as their home. It is a great meeting, and those who are taking part in it are enjoying themselves thoroughly, the local management apparently having left no stone unturned to render this the most successful and the most enjoyable Schützenfest ever held.

The official programme arranged for the ten days devoted to the Schützenfest is as follows:

Saturday, June 29, at 8 P. M., *commers* in honor of the visiting marksmen, at Central Opera house, Third avenue and Sixty-seventh street, New York.

Sunday, June 30, beginning of the prize shooting and bowling tournament at Glendale Park, games and popular amusements during the day, and distribution of prizes in the evening.

Monday, July 1, parade, opening of the contest at the Columbia target, first shot to be fired by President Cleveland.

Tuesday, July 2, designated at Volksfest-versios day. Reception of visiting organizations, popular amusements as on every succeeding day, and distribution of prizes in the evening.

Wednesday, July 3, known as veterans' day.

Thursday, July 4, national holiday; salute of 119 gun-shots and fireworks in the evening.

Friday, July 5, bowlers' day; bowling tournament and distribution of prizes.

Saturday, July 6, gymnasts' day; great gymnastic and calisthenic exhibition and contests for prizes.

Sunday, July 7, singers' day; chorus *en masse* by the United Singers of Brooklyn and New York.

Monday, July 8, distribution of prizes and proclamation of the "king" of the festival.

The officers of the National Sharpshooters' Union are: William V. Weber, of the Independent New York Schuetzen Corps, President; Lorenz Zeller, Henry Offermann, Adolph Richter and Christian D. Rehm, Vice-Presidents; Fritz Baumann, Recording Secretary; Charles I. Roedel, Corresponding Secretary; Henry J. Behrens, Financial Secretary; George H. Wehrenberg, Treasurer; Bernard Walter, Gebhard Krauss and William Hayes, Shooting Masters; Frederick Cook, Robert Henke, Otto Nehlein, Frederick Erxmeyer and George H. Fredericks, Trustees.

The charter societies of the National Sharpshooters' Union are the Independent New York Schuetzen Corps, the New York Schuetzen Corps, the New York Central Corps, the New York City Corps, the Harlem Independent Corps, the Zettler Rifle Club, the Williamsburg Schuetzen Gesellschaft, the New York Schuetzen Gilde, the Newark Schuetzen Gesellschaft, the Hoboken Corps, the Hoboken Independent Corps, the German-American Schuetzen Gesellschaft, the Brooklyn Schuetzen Corps and other local marksmen's clubs, the Miller Rifle Club, the Turtle Bay Schuetzen Corps, the Luetzow Rifle Club, the Empire Rifle Club, the Philadelphia Schuetzen Verein, and about a dozen clubs from Jersey City, Passaic, Hartford, Springfield, Cincinnati, St. Louis and San Francisco.

Notwithstanding the heavy downpour that took place on Saturday evening, Koenig's Glendale Schuetzen Park, or Glendale Park for short, presented a very gay appearance. Bunting, hundreds of yards of it, put a genuine holiday look on every portion of the park. It is a holiday, a German holiday, and the Germans know how to enjoy themselves. The park contains at present about all the devices known which help to make a day enjoyable to everybody that is capable of being amused or interested. Bowlers, as well as riflemen, are decidedly in it.

No really serious shooting was done on Sunday, June 30, although many thousands of bullets sped over the ranges and spread themselves on the targets. Gus Zimmerman, of course, was present and was the center of attraction wherever he went. A. Strecher, a member of the Columbia Rifle Club, of San Francisco, showed that he had not traversed the 3,000 miles which lie between 'Frisco and Glendale Park for nothing. His scores on the man target and on the ring target astonished the Easterners and correspondingly elated those from the West. Mr. Strecher will take a prominent part in what promises to be one of the features of the week's sport: a match of 100 shots each between George Gebhard, of the same club (the Columbia), and himself on the one side, and F. C. Ross and M. Dorrler, of the Zettler Rifle Club, New York city, on the other side.

On Sunday Gebhard Krauss, one of the shooting masters of the Union, was the fortunate man to make the first 25 points and also the first 125. His margin was a narrow one, as 90 seconds later a second shooter had duplicated his record, and within five minutes from the time he finished six more similar scores were recorded. All received medals, but Krauss's was the one that all had tried to get.

Monday morning's parade was a decided success, nearly 5,000 men being in line, among the number being a corps of veterans of the war of '70–'71, in which they took an active part in upholding the honor of the flag of Fatherland. It is impossible to particularize any further, or to give any detailed account of the different societies that were represented in the parade; but it is also impossible to pass on without referring to the appearance of the Independent Schuetzen Corps, of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose ranks were led by Miss Clara Bonne, attired in peasant costume. Mayor Schieren, of Brooklyn, N. Y., supported by Mayor Wanser, of Jersey City, N. J., and Mayor Fagan, of Hoboken, N. J., Sheriff Tamsen and Jacob Ruppert, reviewed the parade from a stand in Seventeenth street. The line of march was marked by crowds which thronged the sidewalks and cheered the various corps as they passed.

Some good shooting was done during the day, although many of the cracks refused to risk their reputations after the fatigue and exertions of the morning parade. G. W. Plaisted made the fine score of 72 out of 75 on the ring target, while the first festival silver cup for 300 points was won by G. Neuman, of the Miller Rifle Club, of New York.

Sumner Paine Accepts.

THE following letter, dated Boston, Mass., June 29, has been received, it being a response to Mr. Petty's communication which appeared in our last issue:

"I am glad that my friend Mr. Petty has recovered his health and I shall be much pleased to shoot him a friendly match when and where he wishes. I will accept all his terms as published in your last issue, but I do not entirely approve of them. In the first place, the subdivisions of the Standard American Bullseye are to my mind finer than the accuracy of the weapon warrants; certainly they are when I am holding it and I think that Creedmore count might be better. In the second place, I hope to be able to attend the shoot at Seagirt the first week in September, and if so I should prefer to shoot with Mr. Petty at that time. Still I am anxious to shoot a match, and so many unavoidable hindrances have interfered with our meeting in the past that I do not wish to interpose any more. A third suggestion is this: Lieut. G. W. Coulston, F. R. P. Twenty-third Reg't, N. G. S. N. Y., wrote at the time of our first attempted match and suggested our letting him in and making the match three-handed. Now, I have never had the pleasure of making Mr. Coulston's acquaintance, but I should like to do so, and should be pleased to have the match three-cornered; or if Mr. Petty objects I tell you what I will do: I have two brothers who can both shoot with a revolver, and I will get one of them to come down with me if he can spare the time and shoot a match with Lieut. Coulston at the same time and place as our match. If neither of my brothers can come I will agree to bring some member of the M. V. M. to shoot with Lieut. Coulston. I think, if it could be arranged for my brother to come, it would be interesting, as he and Lieut. Coulston are both F. R. P., one of the Twenty-third N. G. S. N. Y., the other of the First Infantry M. V. M.

"Let me know if Mr. Petty will wait till September; if not we will come any time in August he may name. Please communicate with Lieut Coulston, for at the time my attempt to get a match with Mr. Petty failed I wrote you I would shoot Lieut. Coulston instead at any reasonable time, place and conditions which he might name. I never got any reply from either him or you." "SUMNER PAINE."

Lyman Rapid-Fire Target.

The Lyman rapid-fire rifle targets are finding much favor. They are in two sizes, for 25yds. and 50yds. The smaller one sent post-paid for 15 cents a dozen, the larger one for 25 cents a dozen, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

July 10-12.—ALTOONA, Pa.—Third annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club at Wopsononock; targets. W. G. Clark, Sec'y.

July 16-19.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company in Fairmount Park.

July 17-18.—MACON, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club; $200 added.

July 16-17.—BELFAST, Me.—Second annual tournament of the Belfast Gun Club; $125 in cash guaranteed.

July 24.—WORCESTER, Mass.—All day shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, under the management of Chas. E. Forehand, Sec'y.

Aug. 9-10.—NEW ORLEANS, La.—Tournament of the Inter-state Association, under the auspices of the Louisiana Gun Club; $200 added money.

Aug. 20-24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

Aug. 27-29.—CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Charlotte Gun Club.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Sept. 2-3.—UTICA, N. Y.—Two days tournament; live birds and targets

Sept. 2-3.—NEWARK, N. J.—Tournament of the South Side Gun Club; targets New Jersey Trap Shooters' League contest at 2 P. M. on the second day. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. Va.—Morgan's Grove Fair Association's tournament, under the management of the Interstate Association

Sept (second week).—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—First annual tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. —.—FREDONIA, N. Y.—Tournament of the Clover Trap and Target Company. $1,000 added money.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

1896.

Jan. 9-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the management of Texas Field; $2,500 added.

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2 000 added money.

May (second week).—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Elmer Shaner has forwarded to us a very amusing effusion from the pen, or rather typewriter, of a live-bird shooter who lives in Central Pennsylvania. The letter, which has evidently been manifolded, is addressed to the Pittsburg Gun Club, and from the wording of the letter copies have been sent to other papers. The party writing the letter wants to arrange for a series of shoots with Dr. Carver for gate receipts. Part of the letter reads as follows: "I have shot a great many matches with members of gun clubs, they furnishing the pigeons, paying for the advertising, etc., and giving me 50 per cent. of the gate receipts. They usually charge 25 cents admission, and from 15 to 25 cents for the grand stand. Have you a man in your club who would shoot me a 50-bird race under the above conditions? We would make a *great drawing card*, shooting under the A. S. A. rules, 28yds. rise, from 5 unknown traps." (The italics are ours.)

The first tournament of the "Maryland and District of Columbia Trap-Shooters' League" will be held at Oak Crest, Md., to-day at 10 A. M. The tournament, which is open to all, will be given under the auspices of the Laurel Gun Club. The announcement of the tournament contains the following: "It is very desirable to get together at this tournament all shooters in Maryland and District of Columbia, especially those belonging to regularly organized gun clubs. It is proposed on this occasion to call a meeting and organize the Maryland and District of Columbia Trap-Shooters' League, elect officers and arrange for tournaments during the season of 1895." Mr. H. A. Penrose, of the Excelsior Target Company, 120 E. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md., and Mr. George E. Baldwin, Laurel, Md., sign the call.

"Milt" F. Lindsley, inventor and late manufacturer of American Wood Powder, has severed his connection with the firm of that name, and has accepted a position as superintendent of the King Powder Company, of Cincinnati, O. "Milt's" specialty will be "King's Smokeless," a new powder which will shortly be on the market. Everybody wishes Lindsley and Mrs. Lindsley ("Wanda") success; but shooters in the vicinity of New York regret that the change of business necessitates a change of residence from West Hoboken, N. J., to Cincinnati, O. "Wanda" says she is going to take both her bears with her to the new home.

The Worcester Sportsmen's Club, of Worcester, Mass., will hold an all-day tournament on July 24 under the management of its secretary, Mr. Chas. E. Forehand. The main event will be a 100-target race, $3 optional sweep, targets extra at 2 cents, the first prize being a Forehand Arms Company's $75 hammerless ejector gun. The 100 targets will be shot as follows: two strings of 25, known angles; two strings of 25, traps in reversed order. Each 25 will be a sweep at $2 entrance. Anybody can shoot for the gun by paying for the targets. There will be no handicap and nobody is barred.

The management of the Pennsylvania State shoot at Holmesburg Junction, Pa., Aug. 20-25, is working hard to make the tournament the most successful in the history of the Association. Recording Secretary Harry G. Thurman, Germantown, Pa., and Corresponding Secretary John C. Shallcross will answer any inquiries that may be sent to them. A merchandise event will be a specialty this year; it will be open only to members of the State Association. Empire targets will be thrown during the tournament.

Mr. F. M. Dawson, of Lynchburg, Va., spent this week in the city. Mr. Dawson is connected with the Lynchburg Opera House and was here on business, booking dates for the coming season. From what he tells us the Gun Club's hoodoo is still paramount; even a dose of Hazard's Blue Ribbon had no appreciable effect upon it, except in isolated cases. They are talking Charlotte now down in Lynchburg.

Anent the recent Passaic City-Newburgh team shoot, Mr. David Brown, president of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, writes: "Well! we did them up and just enough too—five breaks. We had a splendid time, and though beaten they looked pleasant, hoping no doubt to have it different next time. The weather was as fine as the trip."

Altoona's tournament promises to be every bit as good as last year. Everything will be in readiness for a little preliminary practice on Tuesday afternoon, July 9. The 100-target handicap (100 to 120 targets) takes place on Wednesday.

Is the Wilmerding (Pa.) Gun Club the only club in existence around Pittsburg? Where are all those clubs which Manager Shaner tells us about, and what are they doing?

The Hollywood Futurity Handicap at live birds will be shot to-day on the grounds of the Hollywood Gun Club, West End, N. J. From the number of entries the affair promises to be a great success.

Jack Parker intends giving a tournament this year either in August or September; dates are not decided upon yet.

Don't forget Altoona—July 10-12.

Mr. A. S. White, of Syracuse, N. Y., took part in the recent championship meeting of the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association of Great Britain. Mr. White has the honor of being the first American to win a cup in a target contest in England. EDWARD BANKS.

The Vicksburg Interstate.

VICKSBURG, Miss., June 27.—The fifth tournament of the Interstate Association held here yesterday and to-day was an event which awakened more enthusiasm in shooting than anything in that line for years past. Manager Shaner and other officials of the Association perhaps never felt more gratified over a tourney than in this one. It produced that result which is most desired—an awakening of the back, sliders in gun circles. Vicksburg had more than its share of these boys, for two years ago one of those obnoxious laws was passed by the Mississippi Legislature. By it the shooting of live pigeons from the trap was expressly forbidden. The law held back the sport and many guns lay vaseline covered in their cases. They were out this week and it is a safe assertion to make that the cheery word "pull" will be heard oftener in this "city on the hills."

Manager Elmer E. Shaner, of the Interstate Association, was the advance guard of the boys, who began to arrive early in the week. While the Vicksburg boys were welcoming the visitors he was busy getting the grounds in shape. He soon had the traps in position, tent pitched, stands and blackboards erected and everything ready for the opening of the tournament. Dan Searles, D. M. Porterfield, J. W. Hayes and L. R. Pinkston, of the Vicksburg Gun Club, made all the boys feel at home the moment they arrived. The Carroll lobby was occupied by quite a number of shooters the night before the opening day. Among them were noticed W. M. Thomas, representing the Union Metallic Cartridge Co.; Lieut. A. W. duBray, representing Parker Bros., a firm that recently joined the Association; Col. Pipes, H. L. Baker, J. McDowell and Col. Wade, of Natchez; F. Waddell, of Chattanooga, Tenn.; H. L. Foote, of Rolling Forks, Miss., and several others.

The shooting took place at the Fair grounds, about one mile from the hotel. It was reached by a pleasant drive, and spinning along in a bus stirred up reminders of old time days. "U. M. C." Thomas made the crowd laugh one day when he said: "This reminds me very much of the rapid transit at the Charleston, S. C., tournament last October."

The out-of-town contingent once more enjoyed Southern hospitality. There is nothing to compare with it. Every member of the Vicksburg Club took off his coat and sailed in to make their guests at ease. They succeeded, and the visiting sportsmen carried away happy thoughts of the good jolly time they had had in the bright, busy city of Vicksburg. The scores follow:

	U	M	C																		
McDowell	16	9	18	15	13	14	16	12	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
DuBray	14	16	14	15	15	11	15	13	16	15	16	15	13	18	18	14	10	17	17	14	
Miller	11	12	16	16	12	12	18	12	15	14	17	15	17	12	16	16	18	16	w	16	
Allen	6	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Porterfield	19	14	18	w	18	11	16	17	w	13	17	18	14	13	13	13	14	16	15	..	..
Pinkston	15	15	17	13	14	15	20	w	15	16	17	14	15	17	13	19	12	15	18	14	
Foote	13	18	13	17	15	15	15	16	17	15	17	18	10	18	13	12	19	17	17	14	
Waddell	12	13	10	8	10	9	10	8	7	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Searles	16	16	13	9	15	13	16	13	18	w	16	16	17	11	7	15	11	12	9	16	
Bennett	14	16	14	18	10	16	17	17	w	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Baker	16	15	19	w	17	17	14	9	15	13	14	18	11	10	15	12	..	..	..	13	
A Katzmeier	15	18	10	7	11	15	17	15	14	14	16	14	17	w	13	16	14	10	..	..	
Wade	11	14	9	12	..	10	..	9	16	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hayes	13	14	13	12	11	17	10	15	16	16	16	16	14	20	14	14	11	17	12	15	
Hossley	13	15	10	..	15	12	13	15	11	14	16	16	13	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Katzmeier	..	..	..	..	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Henry	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	9	10	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	15
Pipes	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
P Katzmeier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dorsey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bradfield	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	16	15	17	19	w 14
Divine	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Events 1 to 10 were the programme events on the first day; events 11 to 20 those on the second day. Each event was at 20 targets, $2 entrance. The w in the scores signifies that the shooter retired as soon as he had shot himself out of a place. BIX.

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., June 25.—The following scores were made today by members of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club in the sixth shoot of the cash prize series and merchandise handicap series, the handicap allowances in the latter events being counted in the totals:

Sixth shoot, Cash prize series, 25 targets, known angles:

Davis	1010111011111110001111111—18
Mascroft	0011110110111111111111111—21
Kennerson	1101111111111111111111011—23
Buck	1010111111110111101111111—21
C W Walls	1101110000010100300110110—12
R C Walls	1111000100110011111160101—15
Roach	0111111010110110111111100—17
A W Walls	0011011111110111111100000—17
Small	1111001110011001111111010—16
Hoyle	1111101001101001001001010—15
McLellan	1011011111111111111111010—21
Ide	0001011111101110001111001—15
Kinney	1000310010001111101010000—10
Forehand	1111111101111111111111111—24

Sixth shoot, Merchandise handicap series, 50 targets per man, 25 known and 25 unknown angles, handicap allowance of misses as breaks:

Davis (0)	1111001101011111111111101100011101111011111111010—38
Kennerson (0)	1111111111011111110011011111101110011111111101110—41
Mascroft (0)	1100110100001100100101011111100111111111111111111—41
Ide (6)	1101000110010100111111111010110000110001100100110—32
R C Walls (0)	1111101111011111111111111111111111111111111101110—41
McLellan (4)	1011110110010011110011111111110011001101111111100—39
C W Walls (6)	1101011010100101001001000110111001001110001111111—34
Roach (5)	1111110011111111100010111101100111000011001011—37
Small (4)	1100111001111111001110101101111001111111001111111—41
Buck (2)	0011111011111111111111111011011111111111111111111—45
Kinney (2)	0111101110101011011100101000100100100110101111—28
A. W. Walk (0)	1110111110011111010111111111001110111111111101111100—39
Hoyle (0)	1110101110110701110011100110011111111011101111101—36
Forehand (0)	1101111111111111011111111111111001111011111111111—45

CHAS E. FOREHAND, Secretary.

Brunswick Gun Club.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., June 29.—Seventeen members of the Brunswick Gun Club took part in the regular monthly shoot this afternoon. Following are the scores:

Club shoot, 28 targets, unknown angles:

Fisher, J	1111010111101101011110101—18
Pettit, R. M	1111111101111011111111011—21
Hoagland, J	0110111111111111001111110—19
Stevens, H. H	1111111011111111111111101—22
Sperling, W. E	1101101111110011111111101—20
Pratt, T	0111110111100111000011100—16
Randall S	0 1111011110000110100011101—15
Carpender, C. J., Jr	0101011010101101111101010—15
Oakley, C	1010111110111111111111111—21
Smith, H. B	1001001111011011001111000—14
Endicott, G	1111001111001111111111101—25
Allen, M	0110011011111110011110111—18
Parsons, Jr	0001010000001000100000000— 4
Voohees, J. S	0010100500110111001111101—14
Blish, J. A	0111111011111101111101111—21
Waldron, Wm	0111101000100001010011001—11
Nicholas, R. C	1011101001101111101111010—18

H. H. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Mr. Bacon Scored 383.

CLEVELAND, O., June 25.—In figuring the averages at our tournament by some oversight we neglected to carry out the average made by "Shorty" Bacon, and in consequence his name does not appear in your list of average winners. Mr. Bacon made a score of 383 out of a possible 420, winning the eighth average at our tournament, and we trust you will make this correction so as to give him credit for his excellent work. THE CHAMBERLIN CARTRIDGE & TARGET CO.,

per PAUL NORTH.

Niles Gun Club's Eighth.

THE programme for the eighth annual tournament of the Niles Gun Club, Niles, O., at Midway Park, July 8, calls for ten events, entries from 50 cents to $2, with four moneys in each. In all events targets will be thrown from known traps and unknown angles, except events Nos. 1, 6 and 10 will be known trap and known angle. Shooting begins at 8:30 o'clock, standard time. Headquarters for shooters at Sanford House. Shells and lunch for sale on the grounds. For information address JOS. RUMMELL, WM. TURNER, JOHN NAYLOR.

Circus in Belfast.

BELFAST, Me., June 25.—Will you kindly change the dates of the Belfast Gun Club tournament from July 17 and 18 to July 16 and 17. We are obliged to make this change in order to get clear of a large circus which has billed to be here the 18th. CHAS. R. COOMBS, Sec'y.

Saratoga.

THE thirty-seventh annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was brought to a close on Saturday last, June 29, after five days of continued shooting on the grounds of the Saratoga (N. Y.) Gun Club.

For some cause or other the tournament was not a success; that is, compared with the previous tournaments of this Association. Shooters were scarce, notwithstanding the fact that a programme of twelve open events was scheduled to be brought off on each of the four days devoted to target shooting. Compared with last year's shoot at Utica, the entries in the State merchandise event, No. 3, showed a wonderful falling off. This year there were but 55 entries; last year there were 85 who put down their names and shot for the merchandise prizes offered for competition. The greatest number of shooters on the grounds, taking the figures of the open events on Wednesday, was 87; a large number, it is true, but nothing like old times! So far as the comfort of the shooters was concerned, the management had looked well after that. They were protected alike from the sun or rain while at the score by a long shed roofed with hemlock boards. The posts which supported the front of this roof, however, were sadly in the way when it came to making the 10-gauge men (and there were two or three present) stand back at the 18 yard mark. The consequence was that one yard was all that could be exacted as a penalty from the 10-gauge guns.

The list of those present would be a long one if it was made complete. Here is a summary of those whom we noticed taking part actively in the shoot during the target days: K. M. Moore, Farmersville, Texas; W. R. Miller, Austin, Texas; A. Holzapfel, Cuero, Texas; Harry G. Lemcke and William M. Davison, of Savannah, Ga.; T. H. Keller and "Dutchy" Smith, Plainfield, N. J.; Gus Greiff, representing Von Lengerke and Detmold and Schultze powder, and doing the honors of the W. L. & D. test that many made their home during shooting hours; F. Van Dyke and his "pump" (as fat as usual); Harvey McMurchy shooting his Smith gun as well as ever (and that's saying a great deal); "Uncle Dan" Lefever and Colonel "Court" (no further introduction necessary); B. A. Bartlett, who handles his Burgess slicker than ever, and whose work with the gun, both in trap and trick shooting, always catches the crowd; G. D. Oliver, O. M. Paddock and W. H. Tallet, Watertown; F. W. Partis, Johnstown; T. C. Pegnim and Chas. Weeks, Canajoharie; Robert Hunter, of the Hunter Arms Company, Syracuse; the Browning Bros., J. M. and M. S., of Ogden, Utah, inventors and patentees of the Winchester repeating shotgun; C. W. Tuttle, J. J. Brinkerhoff and Corning, Auburn, N. Y.; Capt. E. B. Wadsworth ("Puck"), president of the Boston, Mass., Shooting Association; W. W. Bennett ("Jones"), of Boston, Mass.; W. H. Allison and "Herbert" Federhen, Hingham, Mass.; B. "LeRoy" Woodward, Campbello, Mass.; O. R. Dickey, Wellington, Mass.; Dr. Mosher and C. M. McFadden, of Greenville, N. Y.; George A. Mosher, of the Hollenbeck gun, Syracuse, N. Y.; M. F. Roberts, Rupert, Vt.; Wm. Wadsworth, Brigden and H. R. Sweny, Albany; H. B. Whitney, Phelps, N. Y.; W. C. Hadley, Sim Glover, Borst, Byer, Weller, Richmond and J. T. Norton, Rochester; E. Chamberlain, B. Tolsma, J. J. O'Brien, E. C. and C. S. Burkhardt and Heinold, Buffalo, N. Y.; E. F. Hammond, East Ashford; Gus Holloway, Ed Hudson ("Van Syke") and C. H. Mowry (of the *Sporting Goods Gazette*), Syracuse; A. M. Schemerhorn, Cortland; A. and B. Rickman, Greece; A. Paul, Choloes; Perkins, Troy; Seth Glover, Fredonia, N. Y. (talking the Glover trap, target and September tournament, $1,000 added); H. G. Wheeler, Marlboro, Mass.; W. P. Rayland, Rome; Kendall, Hobbie and H. W. Brown, Binghamton; E. D. Fulford, Hardie Richardson, A. S. Hunter, H. L. Gates, "Mort" Mayhew, Siebold and Utter, Utica; Allen Willey, Hartford, Conn.; W. J. Simpson, L. H. Schortemeier and H. P. Fessenden, of New York city; M. F. Lindsley and Mrs. Lindsley ("Wanda"), Hoboken, N. J. (soon of Cincinnati, O.); "Arnold," of Albany; F. D. Kelsey, Aurora, N. Y., etc. On Friday the attendance was increased by several live-bird shooters from New York and Brooklyn, among the number being McKeon and F. L. Train, of the Cobweb Gun Club; C. Furgueson, Jr., W. Lair, Dick Phister, Dr. Wynn, G. E. Nostrand, W. F. Sykes, of the New Utrecht Gun Club. Phister, Schortemeier and Fessenden were the members of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York city, who were present on Friday.

While on the subject of the shooters from New York and Brooklyn, it is just as well to refer to what was, in our estimation, the most unpleasant episode of the tournament. The episode referred to was the defection of the live-bird shooters from the northern part of the State on the evening of Friday. The affair is all the more regretable because it is evidently the result of a misunderstanding on the part of these gentlemen. Had they fully grasped the situation, the contest for the Dean Richmond trophy would never have been practically narrowed down to three clubs—New Utrecht of Brooklyn, and Emerald and Cobweb of New York. As we understand it, and as it was explained to us by some of the shooters who left Saratoga on Friday evening, their action was taken to show dissatisfaction with the action of the New York shooters; it was claimed that there was a lack of sportsmanship and good fellowship on their part because they did not shoot in the target events, not coming up to the shoot until live-bird day. The dissenting parties surely do not understand the case: Of all the members of the three clubs from the "Greater New York," Mr. L. H. Schortemeier is the only one that makes any pretension of shooting targets, and lack of practice tells on him as well as on others. The clubs named are live-bird clubs pure and simple, and possess no target shooters who could hope to break anywhere like even, except with constant practice, and that they cannot get at home. It seems to us, therefore, that there is some misunderstanding somewhere. It could hardly be meant that it was the desire of other members of the Association that these gentlemen should come up and deliberately throw away their money. The movement this year is all the more inexplicable, since there was no objection raised at Utica last year. It is sincerely to be hoped, for the good of the Association, that everything will be satisfactory at Buffalo next year. (Mr. Simpson, who is a member of the Emerald Gun Club, shot in the sweeps on both the first days.)

As for the target shooting itself, the scores made ruled very high, McMurchy and Glover being away up. On Tuesday Glover started the ball by running his first 122 straight! The contest for the E. C. Powder Cup is mentioned elsewhere and Whitney's great record is given due attention. Three sets of bluerock traps were used; Cruttenden's kingbird being the target adopted by the Association, was of course the target thrown. Jack Parker managed the shoot on behalf of the Saratoga Gun Club, and did all in his power to make everything work smoothly, but he seemed to be handicapped somewhat by his office force, which did not seem to be able to handle the rush of work entailed upon the cashier's department by a large tournament. Parker was ably seconded by Billy Hobart, of Newark, N. J.

A very pleasant feature of the tournament was a 10-men team race arranged between the guests of rival headquarters for shooters, the Saratoga and the Kenmore. The challenge was made and accepted, and terms were arranged on Tuesday night, the match itself taking place on Wednesday afternoon. Time did not permit of the race being shot as a separate 20-target event, so the scores made by the members of the teams in event No. 6 of the open events were agreed upon to decide the question of superiority. As the members were scattered about in different squads, a good deal of interest was lost; still it was a close enough thing to keep the Kenmores guessing until the end was almost in sight. The teams and the individual scores were as follows:

Kenmore Team.		Saratoga Team.	
McMurchy (Capt)	19	Glover	19
Kelsey	19	Fulford	19
Wheeler	19	Levengston	17
Whitney	18	Mayhew	17
Mowry	18	Lefever	17
VanDyke	18	Brown	17
Holzapfel	17	Tallett	15
Bartlett	17	Hobbie	14
J M Browning	16	Gates (Capt)	14
Hadley	14—175	Paddock	13—162

The result of the match naturally tickled Mr. J. N. Ramsdill, proprietor of the Kenmore. A defeat for his house at the hands of a team from the Saratoga Hotel would have been a black eye for him. A curious feature of the match is the fact that out of all the cracks on both sides not a 20 straight was made. It is still more curious that there was no straight in the whole event, 19 being high and seven men in for first money.

In the open events Nos. 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 were shot at unknown angles. The scores must now be left to tell their own tale. Unfortunately the paper used for the manifold scores was of a wrong material, the scorers being unable to press heavily enough to make clear and legible copies. Considerable difficulty was experienced, therefore, in making out the tables which appear below. In several instances it was absolutely impossible to do more than guess at the totals; in some cases not even a guess was possible. It has been deemed better in consequence not to give the averages as we usually do, as their correctness could not be vouched for. Where any averages are given, as in the State events, special pains were taken to verify the totals.

The following are the scores made on the

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*10*
Herbert	9	9	17	9	13	14	7	13	18	7	14	8
Allison	9	13	18	9	13	18	7	13	17	7	14	8
Wheeler	9	13	20	10	13	19	9	12	17	9	15	5
LeRoy	10	13	16	8	14	18	9	13	19	9	12	7
Gates	8	12	16	9	13	16	9	14	15	9	14	7
Willey	10	9	19	6	13	16	7	13	19	8	13	9
Sweny	10	12	18	10	14	17	9	11	19	7	13	..
Simpson	7	12	15	8	12	12	8	12	9	8	10	9
Van Dyke	10	13	17	10	14	16	9	13	18	8	15	10
J Browning	8	14	19	8	14	15	9	11	17	9	15	10
M Browning	8	13	15	5	13	15	8	13	17	10	13	10
Wadsworth	9	8	15	3	9	6	5	4	..	..	..	..
Fulford	8	15	18	9	14	20	10	13	20	5	15	10
Kendall	6	13	18	8	13	17	8	9	17	8	15	9
Brigden	8	9	20	9	12	14	7	11	19	7	12	8
Tuttle	9	12	17	7	10	15	7	12	20	6	12	9
Whitney	9	13	19	10	15	17	10	15	18	9	15	10
Corning	6	10	16	8	11	14	10	14	18	7	13	8
Keller	10	13	18	8	13	14	10	13	18	9	11	10
W. R. Miller	7	11	15	8	14	17	9	12	17	6	13	10
Holz	10	14	18	7	14	17	10	12	17	10	14	8
R M. Moore	9	12	19	9	15	18	8	11	16	10	12	10
Dickey	8	12	17	10	15	15	10	13	16	9	13	10
McMurchy	9	15	19	9	15	20	10	14	17	10	14	7
Hadley	7	13	14	..	14	..	8	13	..	..	..	..
Betts	3	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Borst	5	10	..	8	13	..	7	..	15	6	11	..
Beyer	7	13	20	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hammond	8	5	18	..	13	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
A M S	9	..	17	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
E C Burkhart	8	14	17	7	13	17	9	12	15	8	13	..
Emond	9	12	18	7	13	13	7	..	19	..	..	..
C S Burkhart	9	8	13	8	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heinold	10	13	12	9	..	15	..	12	..	7	..	..
L W Bennett	8	10	..	10	..	14	..	8	..	7	..	..
Kelsey	8	11	20	9	12	16	..	11	19	8	15	10
Gibbs	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Dyke	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Hobbie	9	8	18	..	12	13	6	13	17	..	..	..
Perkins	6	9	19	5	10	..	8	..	14	..	..	..
Weller	6	8	..	..	13	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Greiff	9	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lefever	9	..	..	..	14	..	..	14	..	8	..	..
Holloway	10	..	16	..	..	..	..	12	16	..	14	7
Brown	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	14	..
G C Oliver	7	..	..	9	10	..	9	11	..	..	..	..
Puck	10	..	18	9	13	14	8	10	16	7	13	9
Paul	7	..	17	..	13	18	10	12	16	..	..	..
Storey	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Arnold	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mayhew	7	..	19	..	14	16	9	14	..	9	13	..
Chamberlain	7	..	..	..	11	13	5	10	..	..	..	..
Tallett	9	..	19	8	14	18	7	15	18	9	15	7
Partiss	6	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Glover	10	15	20	10	15	19	10	13	19	10	15	10
R Hunter	8	9	17	7	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rhoades	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Mosher	8	12	17	10	13	..	8	14	17	..	..	..
Weeks	9	10	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Levengston	9	..	17	9	15	17	9	12	17	9	13	10
Richmond	..	10	..	..	11	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Story	..	11	18	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
J J Brinkerhoff	..	14	13	8	12	14	..	11	16	..	..	8
Mowry	..	12	..	..	..	16	..	7	..	8	..	..
Davidson	..	11	6	..	11	12	..	12	..	..	..	..
Lemcke	..	14	16	..	15	15	..	13	15	..	13	..
G Mosher	..	13	18	..	10	15	..	11	19	..	13	..
Roberts	..	13	17	9	12	..	8	14	18	..	..	..
Barker	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McGuire	..	..	18	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Arnold	..	..	20	6	13	17	10	13	..	..	..	..
Kinney	..	..	10	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Paddock	..	..	18	..	12	..	..	13	17	..	..	..
Tolsma	..	..	18	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sully	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Courtney	..	..	16	8	11	18	..	9	..	8	11	7
Park	..	..	..	8	..	..	5	..	..	6	..	..
Sutton	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fulton	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wagner	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	..	9	..
Cunningham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	3	..	..	..
Rickman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	9	..	..
Greiff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*10*
Kelsey	10	14	17	10	15	19	8	12	19	9	15	10
Rayland	9	12	18	10	9	17	9	13	17	7	12	9
Van Dyke	8	9	19	8	14	18	10	13	20	10	14	8
Dutchy	6	13	12	6	13	18	8	9	14	7	12	8
J M Browning	10	13	19	6	13	16	10	14	19	8	13	9
M S Browning	9	14	17	8	14	18	8	11	18	10	15	7
Fulford	9	14	19	9	14	19	10	11	20	9	15	9
Kendall	9	12	17	8	14	15	8	11	16	9	13	6
Brigden	9	12	16	9	14	16	9	13	16	8	14	7
Tuttle	3	7	18	7	13	15	7	12	14	8	13	8
Whitney	9	15	18	8	15	18	10	13	17	8	15	10
Corniag	8	11	16	8	15	15	9	11	18	9	12	6
Glover	8	13	19	9	15	19	9	14	19	10	12	9
Byer	9	14	17	7	11	13	8	11	17	6	11	10
Hobbie	8	13	18	..	..	14	10	..	15	10	..	..
Bartlett	10	15	19	10	13	17	9	12	18	8	15	9
E C Burkhart	10	12	17	8	10	15	9	14	16	8	14	9
Courtney	8	11	15	9	15	19	10	13	18	9	11	5
Puck	9	12	20	7	14	16	10	13	18	4	14	10
Keller	10	14	18	9	14	16	8	12	18	10	13	10
Dickey	9	8	20	9	15	18	8	14	17	9	13	9
Holz	8	9	18	8	15	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Moore	8	14	17	9	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	9	13	14	7	13	18	7	..	..	..	..	..
Herbert	9	12	17	9	14	16	9	10	18	8	12	8
Allison	10	12	16	8	9	17	8	9	18	8	14	8
Wheeler	9	13	18	8	13	19	10	15	20	10	14	9
LeRoy	8	13	17	9	13	18	10	14	17	9	15	10
Gates	8	12	16	8	13	14	8	8	18	..	..	..
Willey	10	12	19	8	13	18	10	12	20	8	11	8
Weeks	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hammond	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Borst	9	9	16	..	11	..	7	..	18	..	..	..
Hadley	9	13	19	..	..	14	..	..	16	..	..	..
Mayhew	7	11	..	..	11	17	..	14	..	10	..	9
Brown	9	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
A. Rickman	9	..	..	..	12	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
C. S. Burkhart	8	15	16	8	12	14	9	..	..	..	..	..
Heinold	9	14	17	..	10	..	8	13	..	..	..	..
"McGinnis"	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fulton	5	..	..	5	..	..	10	12	..	..	14	7
Partiss	6	..	..	7	..	..	7	..	..	8	11	..
Levengston	10	15	15	10	13	17	10	15	18	9	12	8
Oliver	7	13	..	..	..	..	9	11	..	..	..	..
Hunter	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	..
Cunningham	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Storey	7	9	..	..	9	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Roberts	8	12	16	5	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Perkins	6	8	17	6	12	..	6	..	17	..	..	..
Dr Mosher	9	12	17	..	14	..	8	..	15	..	..	..
Tolsma	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sweny	7	13	16	10	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Simpson	6	11	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wagner	6	11	..	..	..	19	..	9	..	..	..	..
O'Brien	7	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Becker	9	11	..	6	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Coster	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bennett	..	12	..	7	11	..	9	13	..	..	..	..
Lefever	..	14	..	9	..	17	..	12	15	..	..	..
G Mosher	..	13	19	..	12	16	..	11	17	..	13	..
Lemcke	..	9	14	..	13	15	..	15	16	..	14	..
Mowry	..	13	..	10	..	18	7	12	17	..	14	..
Weller	..	8	..	..	10	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
B Rickman	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Norton	..	10	17	..	..	16	7	14	..	..	..	8
Wadsworth	..	11	..	5	..	11	6	..	..	..	8	..
Lyons	..	12	..	7	..	15	7	..	..	..	..	..
Sanders	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Holloway	..	12	15	..	14	18	..	10	..	..	..	..
McFadden	..	6	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McMurchy	..	..	20	..	..	19	..	..	20	..	..	..
Greiff	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pegnim	..	..	..	2	..	..	9	6	..	..	..	..
Valentine	..	..	..	8	12	..	9	..	..	6	10	..
Lindsley	..	..	..	13	16	14	..	13	..	..	..	..
"Wanda"	..	..	..	7	10	..	9	..	..	..	14	..
Richmond	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Emond	..	..	..	11	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
"Peters"	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	10	..	..	..

Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*10*
Weller	7	12	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
C. S. Burkhardt	9	10	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E. C. Burkhardt	8	10	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heinold	6	6	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kelsey	9	12	20	..	15	18	..	14	20	..	..	..
Bennett	8	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schortemeier	8	9	16	7	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Glover	9	13	17	9	15	19	10	15	20	9	14	10
"Dutchy"	9	13	18	7	14	15	10	11	17	5	11	9
O'Brien	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hobbie	7	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fulford	9	13	16	10	14	19	9	14	16	9	15	9
"Jones"	10	13	18	9	15	19	9	15	20	9	15	8
Keller	9	11	19	7	12	11	10	13	19	8	14	6
Wheeler	9	12	20	7	15	17	7	14	18	7	15	10
Bartlett	10	13	19	10	14	17	10	10	20	8	15	10
Whitney	8	15	20	..	14	18	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fessenden	8	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wadsworth	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Perkins	4	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lindsley	6	..	..	9	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
"Van Syke"	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fulton	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Mayhew	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ray	10	..	17	..	..	..	8	14	18	7	..	..
Oliver	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Levengston	10	13	18	8	12	19	10	14	18	9	15	7
Richmond	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Norton	8	15	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McMurchy	..	..	18	..	..	17	..	..	19	..	..	..
Brigden	..	12	19	..	13	15	..	13	..	..	13	..
Tuttle	..	13	19	..	13	18	..	14	18	..	15	..
Corning	..	10	16	..	12	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
G A Mosher	..	9	20	..	13	20	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lemcke	..	11	17	..	13	18	..	12	16	..	15	..
"Wanda"	..	12	14	..	12	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Dickey	..	11	19	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Puck	..	14	17	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Willey	..	..	19	..	..	16	..	..	19	..	..	..
Sweny	..	18	19	15	16	8	15	20	2	15	10	..
Courtney	..	17	..	..	15	..	..	16	..	..	..	..
Hadley	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mowry	..	14	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C A B	..	..	..	8	13	11	8	13	..	..	..	..
Hunter	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hammond	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Holloway	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Pegnim	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..

The scores in the six

STATE EVENTS

which were shot during the first three days of the tournament, two each day, are given below in tabulated form:

	1	2	3	4	5	6
McMurchy	25	23	24	24	25	24
Glover	25	25	23	23	23	23
Hadley	24	19	..	25	21	..
Mayhew	24	22	22	20	22	21
Hammond	24	23	22	22	20	21
Bennett	23	17	16	..	..	..
Tallett	23	21	21	22	..	..
Byer	23	21	20	21	19	..
Hobbie	23	23	21	23	20	19
Fulford	23	23	22	24	22	24
Brinkerhoff	22	20	..	..	..	..
Mowry	22	25	20	24	23	21
Sweney	22	19	21	18	23	24
A M S	21	24	23	22	23	24
Heinold	21	16	22	20	..	..
Kelsey	21	23	25	20	23	24
Emond	21	16	20	..	..	..
R Hunter	21	..	21	17	..	..
Paddock	21	22	25	21	23	24
Lefever	21	21	20	20	19	18
Holloway	21	21	..	22	..	19
Weller	20	..	..	..	..	..
Gates	20	20	20	21	15	..
Kendall	20	23	22	20	24	15
Tuttle	20	18	19	21	22	25
Whitney	20	12	24	24	21	21
Corning	20	22	20	21	19	19
Brown	19	22	25	20	..	..
Dr. Mosher	19	25	20	..	..	..
E C Burkhardt	18	19	22	20	17	..
Wagner	18	19	19	..	..	..
Courtney	18	20	11	24	22	22
Simpson	18	15	..	..	..	..
Wadsworth	18	..	21	15	..	..
Brigden	18	21	20	20	21	22
Allison	17	..	..	..	..	..
Weeks	17	..	..	..	..	..

	1	2	3	4	5	6
Richmond	16	23	19	17	..	..
Tolsma	16	..	21	20	..	..
Fulton	16	..	19	21	..	..
C S Burkhart	15	21

Lefever fourth, Beyer fifth, Dr. Mosher sixth, Gates seventh, Corning eighth.

In the ties for the seventh class there were six with 19 breaks. The tie was shot off, miss and out, as far as Richmond, Tuttle, Lyons and Wagner were concerned; Willy and Fulton drawing for prizes, as they were not present when the tie was shot off. The shoot-off resulted as follows: Richmond 6, Tuttle 5, Lyons 1, Wagner 0.

THE TEAM RACE.

On Thursday afternoon the team race was the principal feature of interest in the programme. Only three teams competed, two from Utica and one from Syracuse. The Syracuse team won by the narrow margin of one break over the Utica No. 1, the scores standing as below:

Syracuse.			
McMurchy	25	G A Mosher	20
Mowry	32	Holloway	18—85
Utica No. 1.			
Fulford	23	Richardson	21
Mayhew	21	Rayland	19—84
Utica No. 2.			
Dexter	22	Utter	18
Siebold	18	Gates	13—71

State event, Lefever diamond medal, donated by Lefever Arms Co.; 30 targets, 20 singles and 5 pairs:

Paddock	1111110111111111011101	10 10 11 10 10—23
Tallett	0110101111111111111101	10 11 10 11 10—23
Fulford	1100101110011110111101	11 11 10 11 10—23
Sweny	1111010111111111111111	11 00 10 00 10—22
Tuttle	1111111101111011111111	11 10 11 11 11—27
Brigden	1111011011011111111111	10 10 00 10 11—23
Mosher	1111110111011110111101	10 11 10 10 01—23
Bartlett	1111111111111111111111	10 11 10 10 11—27
Rayland	1110111110111101111101	10 10 10 10 01—22
Glover	1011111111111110111101	00 11 00 00 11—22
McMurchy	1111111111111101111101	10 01 11 10 10—24
Brown	1111111111101111111111	11 10 10 10 11—25
Richardson	1011111110111111111111	11 10 11 11 11—27
Arnold	1010101111111111011111	10 10 10 10 10—21
Levengston	0111111111111111111111	10 01 10 11 11—26
Kendall	1111101111101100111111	10 10 10 11 10—22
Oliver	1100011001111101111111	10 11 10 11 11—22
Courtney	1101011110011111111111	11 11 11 10 10—24
Clover	1111111101101011011101	01 10 10 10 10—21
Mowry	1111111111111111110110	10 10 10 11 11—24
Kelsey	1111111111111111111111	11 10 10 10 10—26
Corning	0111111111101101111011	00 10 11 10 00—20
Lefever	1121111111111111111111	11 11 11 01 11—28
Schorty	1111111111110110110	01 01 11 10 10—23

Wednesday was hot as Tuesday and there was really nothing in the way of a breeze to cool the air. During the morning the glare was very trying on the eyes and the records made by the shooters are more than creditable. The table of scores given below shows that 87 shooters were on the grounds, at least that is the number that took part in the open events. The scores made on this, the

There was some comfort in riding out to the grounds of the Saratoga Gun Club on the morning of Friday, the

Fourth Day

of the New York State shoot. The recent rains had laid the dust, previously many inches deep; the leaves of the shade trees tha line each side of the streets of Saratoga had been washed and looked fresh and nice in the morning sun; the whole country seemed refreshed and grateful for the much-needed moisture.

Noel Money was one of the most prominent arrivals on the ground this day. Noel has to stick to business pretty close just now. Capt. Money is away in England on business, and is incidentally trying conclusions with European wingshots at Hurlingham and the Gun Club, Notting Hill. The affairs of the American E. C. Powder Company, therefore, keep Noel Money's nose pretty close to the grindstone just now. He was obliged to come to Saratoga, however, to witness and take part in the contest for the beautiful cup, a silver jug, by the way, presented by the E. C. Smokeless Powder Company for competition at this tournament. This contest was the most interesting of the whole shoot, and was productive of the best shooting of the week, not excepting Sim Glover's run of 122 straight on Tuesday morning.

To begin with, Noel Money stipulated that the contest should be at 100 targets, unknown angles, targets to be charged for at 2 cents each He also made it a point to have the bluerock traps screwed up to their highest tension and lowered as much as the rules of the American Association permitted. The consequence was the targets flew some 80yds., skimming low over the long grass. The angles, too, were acute, and tried the skill of the shooters to the utmost. The shooting was in fact as hard as any we have ever seen. In the face of all this, Whitney's great score of 97 out of his 100 must be classed as equal to anything ever done by him or any other shooter. LeRoy with 92 was second, breaking 46 out of each 50. McMurchy and Levengston scored 91 each, while Noel Money and Tallett tied for fifth place with 90 breaks each. The scores given in detail below tell the story of the shoot:

E. C. Powder Company's cup, 100 targets per man, known traps, unknown angles:

Whitney	1111111111011111111011111111111111111111111111111111	48
LeRoy	1111111111111011111111111011101111111111111111111111	49—97
Levengston	1111100111111111111111011111011111111111111111111111	46—92
McMurchy	1111111111101111111111011111000111111111111111111111	45—91
Money	1111101101111111111111101111111111101111111111111110	45
	1111111110111111111111001111111111111111111111111101	45—90
Tallett	1111011111111101111011111101011111111111111111111111	45
	1110011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111101	45—90
Bartlett	1111011111101111011101111001111111111111111111111111	44
	0111110111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	45—89
Glover	0111110111011110001111111011111111111111111111111111	43
	1111111111111110111011111111111111111111111111111111	46—89
Herbert	1111110111011111111111111111111111111111111111111100	45
	1011111101111111111111011111111111011001111111111111	44—89
Kelsey	1111111011111011111111111111111111111111111111111011	45
	1111011111111111111111011111110101111101111111111101	44—89
Lemcke	1111001111011111111111111111111111111111111111111101	43
	1111111111111111111101111101111111111111111111111111	47—89
Wheeler	0110101111111111001111011011111111111111111111111111	42
	1110111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	47—89
Keller	1111111111111011001111010111111111111111111111111111	43
	1111111111111111111111111111111111001111011111111111	45—88
Fulford	1111111111111111111011111111111111111111111111111111	42
	1111111111111111111011101111111111111111111111111111	45—87
Tuttle	1111111101011111111001111011111001101011111111111111	40
	1111111111111111111111111011111111111111111111111111	47—87
Van Dyke	0101111111111111111011111111111111111111111111111111	45
	1101111011011111111111111111111111111111111111111110	42—87
E C Burkhardt	0110011111101111111101111111111111111111111111111111	44
	1111111101011111111111111111111111111111111111111111	43—87
Paddock	1111000111011011011111111111111111111111111111111111	38
	0111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	48—86
Ray	0111111111111111011111111111111111111111111111111111	45
	1110111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	46—86
Parker	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	43
	1111011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	43—85
Willey	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	44
	1011001111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	41—85
Allison	1111101111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111	44
	1110111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111110	39—83
Dickey	1101011000111111111111111111111111111111111111111110	40
	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	43—83
"Jones"	1101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	44
	1101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	39—83
G. A. Mosher	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	46
	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111110	40
Clover	1111011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	43—83
	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	46
Halloway	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111110	36—82
	1011001111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	39
Mowry	0010111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	43—82
	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	41
Courtney	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	41—82
	0111100111001111111111111111111111111111111111111111	37
Sweny	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	43—80
	1101111111011111111111111111111111111111111111111111	42
C S Burkhardt	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	41
	1111001111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	38—79
Schortemeier	0110111011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	36
	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	43—79
Hobbie	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	40
	1001111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	38—78
Dutchy	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	41
	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	36—77
Brigden	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	40
	0001111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	36—76
Corning	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	36
	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	39—75
"Puck"	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	34
	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	41—75
Lefever	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	38
	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	35—73
"Arnold"	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	35
	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	37—72
Mayhew	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	42
	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	25—67
A. S. Hunter	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	46
	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	17—63
Storey	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	27
	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	17—44
Norton	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	39
Gates	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	35
Kendall	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	16
Richmond	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	13

DEAN RICHMOND TROPHY.

Saturday, the fifth and last day of the tournament, was live-bird day. The Dean Richmond Trophy was the main event set for the day. This trophy is to be competed for annually by three-men teams from any club in the Association, the proviso being that the men composing a team shall be bona fide members of the same club, and shall be residents of the county in which the club has its headquarters. Owing to the defection of the majority of the northern New York shooters, referred to elsewhere, only seven teams were entered. These were: New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Cobweb Gun Club, of New York city; Long Island Gun Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Saratoga Gun Club; Emerald Gun Club, of New York city; Keystone Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Onondaga County Sportsmen's Club, of Syracuse, N. Y.

The shoot resulted in the victory of last year's winners, the New Utrecht team, after a tie on 39 out of 45 with the Cobwebs, the Long Island team being close up with 38 kills. The birds were an excellent lot of flyers; as good birds as one could wish to see. It took 4 hours and 25 minutes to finish the shoot—slow time considering that only 313 were trapped. The scores in detail, showing the flight of the birds, run as follows:

Dean Richmond Trophy, three-men teams, 15 live birds per man, ties shot off at 5 birds per man:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1894 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

New Utrecht.

W Wynn	↑↖↗↗↑↗↖↖↖↖↑↘↑→	
	2 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 0 2 1 0 1 2—12	
C Furgueson, Jr.	↗↖↘←↘→↑←↙↑↗↖↖↖	
	2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 2—13	
R Phister	↑←↑↑↑→↑↘↘↗↖→↗↙	
	0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—14—39	

Cobweb

F L Train	↖↗↗↑→↗↙↘↗→→↑←↗↑	
	2 1 0 2 1 2 1 2 ● 2 1 2 1 2 2—13	
Elliott	↗↑↖↖↑↑↗↘↙→↑↙↗↓→	
	2 0 1 0 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2—13	
P McKeon	↘↗↓→↖↖↑←↗↖↗→→↘↓	
	1 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 0 1 2—13	-39

Long Island.

Meyer	→↖↖←→→↑↙↑↗↖↓←→→	
	2 2 1 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 2—13	
G W Cropsey	↗↖←↑↘↖↖↖↖↗→→↗	
	1 0 0 2 0 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1—11	
G E Nostrand	↑↖↑↖↖↙↑↘↑↓←↖←↗	
	0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2—14—38	

Saratoga.

H M Levengston	→→→↓↙→↖←←←→↗↖↓↙	
	0 2 0 1 1 2 2 0 ● 2 0 1 1 2 2—10	
N H Bockes	←↖↖↓↗←←←←↑↑↖↙←↑	
	2 0 2 2 1 2 1 ● 1 1 1 2 2 1 2—13	
Pike	↗↗↗→↗↶↗↖→↑↗↗↘←	
	2 ● 1 1 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1—13—36	

Emerald.

Dr Hudson	←↑→↘↖→→←←↑↘↖↗↗	
	1 2 1 1 ● 1 ● 1 2 2 0 0 0 1 1—10	
H P Fessenden	↖↗↑↑→↑↑↗↗↗←→↖↙↖	
	2 0 2 0 0 2 0 2 0 2 0 1 0 1 1 2— 9	
L H Schortemeier	←↖↑↖↘↖→↗↗→→←→↗→	
	2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 0 1 0 2—13—32	

Keystone.

Kinney	↑↖←↑→→↗↑↙↘↘↑←	
	0 1 2 1 2 1-1 0 2 2 1 0 0 2 2—11	
Sully	↖↘→↑↖↗↙→←→↑←↙↑	
	2 0 0 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 ● 1 2 0—8	
Emond	→←↘↗↘←↖↗↑←←→↙↘↑	
	1 2 1 2 0 1 2 ● 1 1 1 0 2 0 2—11—30	

Onondaga.

C F "Arno"	→↖↑→←↗↑	
	1 2 ● 0 ● 2 0 w	— 3
D Lefever	→↖↖↙→↖→↑	
	1 ● 0 0 2 2 0 w	— 3
C H Mowry	↗↙↘↗→↑	
	0 2 2 ● 0 1 w	— 3— 9

Shoot off ties:

New Utrecht.		Cobweb.	
	↖↑←→↓		→↑↗↓→
W Wynn	0 1 2 1 2—4	F L Train	1 0 0 ● 1—2
	→→↓↘←		↑↙↗↖↖
C Furgueson, Jr.	2 2 2 2 2—5	Elliott	2 2 0 1 0—3
	→↓←↑↗		←↓↙↙↑
R Phister	2 2 2 1 2—5—14	P McKeon	....2 2 1 1 0—4— 9

NOTES OF THE SHOOT.

Seth Clover was completely upset on Friday morning. He ran 25 straight at unknown angles in his second string for the E. C. Powder cup, and couldn't account for it in any satisfactory manner.

Milt Lindsley and his wife, Mrs. M. F. Lindsley ("Wanda"), were present on Thursday and Friday. "Wanda" showed that she could break targets as well as she drops pigeons; when she broke 10 straight to Courtney's 8, the latter drew himself up and said he wouldn't beat a lady anyhow!

Nobody said anything about "dropping for place" at this tournament. Perhaps it was because there were no places to drop into.

The "Levengston system" of dividing the purses is hardly the thing for a big tournament; it doesn't afford enough incentive to make men shoot up. The difference between the size of first and fifth moneys is far to slight.

Buffalo gets the shoot next year. The "Bisons" promise us "a corker, sure."

"Dutchy" Smith was in danger of getting run in on Thursday night. While returning from the concert in company with a few friends, "Dutchy" saw a cop and thought to toy with him. Simulating a good, healthy jag, he embraced a tree. This is what he got: "Come out o' that, you there. Youse fellows can't come on Broadway and play us for suckers. If yer don't go home at once, I'll run the whole lot of yer in!" They went.

A report was started on Thursday that "Uncle Dan" had blown out the gas when he went to bed the previous night! The fact was, he didn't want to get up when the boys came around in the morning, so he just let them bang away at the door without saying a word. When they looked through the transom he lay still and smiled at them.

Jack Parker promises that his tournament in September shall please all the boys—if they will go to Des-Chree-Shos-Ka and give him a chance.

The three "Texas Steers" made lots of friends at Saratoga. It will be our loss if they don't come north again.

After the Kenmore team had won the team race, Mowry offered to bet Glover $50 that he could pick another team of 10 men from among the shooters at the Kenmore that could beat the Saratoga team. The bluff was a good one, because it went, Glover passing.

Tuttle will have his little joke; but it is hardly fair to ask the leader of the orchestra in a concert hall to bring you a sandwich. "Sare, I refuse the sandwich to bring you! I am zee leader of zee orchestra, Sare!"

Bartlett's exhibition of trick shooting took very well. Three cheers and a tiger greeted his efforts each day, while the squad lines were deserted during his exhibitions.

A noteworthy feature at this tournament was the abundance of seats for spectators and shooters. Another feature, not so pleasant, was the frequency with which one bumped one's head while passing in and out of the shooting lines and cashier's office.

George Mosher has got back into his old form and can knock out 20 straight with any of them, but Harry Lemcke beat him out of a bottle of Vichy by leading him in the E. C. Powder cup contest, George not being at his best.

The cheers were loud, hearty and well sustained which greeted the veteran, Dan Lefever, when he won his own diamond medal on Thursday morning.

Seth Clover gave practical lessons in the excellency of his trap and his new electric pull attachment.

"Crutty" as usual was here, there and everywhere.

EDWARD BANKS.

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

LAST Saturday, June 29, saw the fifth contest in the series 1895 of the N. J. Trap-Shooters' League contests decided on the grounds of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, at Marion, N J. The weather was very warm, and until the time for the State League team race the light was good. During the main event lowering thunder clouds made the light poor; as the birds were thrown low and at acute angles it was hard shooting; the black fence which is part of the background adding to the difficulty of getting on the birds quickly. The clubs represented in the League race were (besides the home club): Boiling Springs, of Rutherford, N. J.; Maplewood, of Maplewood; Elizabeth, of Elizabeth; South Side, of Newark; Climax, of Plainfield; Union Hill, of Hoboken. The Riverside G. C., of Red Bank, and the Union G. C., of Springfield, were not represented. The Climax team came out ahead, scoring 106; South Side was second with 103; Maplewood third with 98; Boiling Springs, Endeavor, Union Hill and Elizabeth finished in the order named.

Several sweeps were shot during the day, shooting commencing early in the morning. A perfect deluge of rain put a stop to the day's sport about 5:45. Among those who took part in the open events were three prominent shooters from Texas: K. M. Moore, of Farmersville; W. R. Miller, of Austin, and A. Holzapfel, of Cuero. Mr. Moore fulfilled the duties of referee in the League contest, duties that were rendered all the more arduous by the poor light, dark background and low flight of the targets. His work was very satisfactory; not one of his decisions being questioned.

Scores were as follows:

League contest, 5-men teams, 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

Climax		
T H Keller	1010001111001101111111111	—18
N E Money	1111111111111101001111122	—22
N Apgar	1111111111101110111111123	—23
E Miller	1111111111111111010101122	—22
E "Edwards"	0111111101110111111111123	—21—106
South Side.		
Asa Whitehead	1111101110011100011101111	—18
L Thomas	0111101001011011111110110	—17
J Hoffman	1110011111111111111011122	—22
R H Breintnall	1111111111111111111111124	
Geoffrey	1111101111110111101111122	—22—103
Maplewood.		
F Van Dyke	1111111111111101001111122	
W Smith	1110111111101011010011118	
A Sickley	1111000111111001001110116	
O L Yeomans	1111111111111010011111122	
W N Drake	1010111111111101011111101	—20— 98
Boiling Springs.		
G A McAlpin	1111111110111101111111100	—21
C F Lenone	1111101110011001111101111	—19
Krebs	0101101011111111111101120	
W H Huck	0111110101010101010111111	—17
P A Jeanneret	1111111001111000001111111	—18— 95
Endeavor.		
C McPeek	1011011111110111111001111	—20
E Collins	1111111111111101111101011	—22
J S Dustin	0100110011011100100110111	—14
M F Lindsley	0100101110111111111111111	—20
W Piercy	1011001101111011111101111	—18— 94
Union Hill.		
Buttenbaum	1101111100011100001010100	—14
Sullivan	1010001100101010010110011	—12
Untermeier	1110101111111110011011	—18
"Wanda"	1011111101111111111101001	—20
"Wallace"	0111111111111001111111	—22— 86
Elizabeth		
R Williams	1001111011101010011011	—16
W Parker	1111011001111111001011	—18
C Hebbard	0100016011011111100011000	—12
M Astfalk	1111101100111011111010	—19
H Folsom	0000100010010000111001010	9—74

Sweepstakes were as follows, all events being at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	20	10	Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	20	10
A Strader	6	12	6	..	9	..	8	W Smith	..	..	..	..	..	17	5
Polhemus	8	12	8	..	8	..	9	Yeomans	..	..	..	..	..	18	8
E Miller	6	15	10	13	9	16	9	Apgar	..	..	..	..	..	16	10
W Piercy	8	8	8	9	7	..	7	Dustin	..	..	..	..	..	15	8
Eames	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	Lenone	..	..	..	..	..	15	7
Thomas	8	10	7	11	9	14	6	Collins	..	..	..	..	..	17	8
Whitehead	10	..	4	..	7	..	8	A Sickley	..	..	..	..	..	16	8
Hollister	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	Folsom	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
L Piercy	6	8	..	..	..	8	4	Huck	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Drake	..	13	7	14	9	15	..	Moore	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
R Strader	..	3	6	..	..	..	..	Ross	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Van Dyke	..	13	9	15	9	17	8	McAlpin	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Hope	..	9	5	9	6	12	5	Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Dr Jackson	..	..	9	..	7	16	9	Jersey	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
N E Money	..	..	..	..	10	18	10	James	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Hoffman	..	..	..	..	7	17	8	Roberts	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Keller	..	..	..	..	7	15	7	Parker	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
W Miller	..	..	..	..	5	15	9	Astfalk	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Paul	..	..	..	..	9	14	9	Untermeier	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Hebbard	..	..	..	..	6	13	10	Buttenbaum	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Holz	..	..	..	..	7	14	9	Sullivan	..	..	..	..	..	..	0
Geoffroy	..	..	..	..	9	17	10	Krebs	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Breintnall	..	..	..	..	18	8									

Onondaga Sportsmen's Club.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 20.—The contests for the medal in Class A. of the Onondaga Sportsmen's Club are growing very warm. Five wins entitle the winner to absolute ownership of the medal, and several members have won it four times. This afternoon it looked dollars to doughnuts that "Uncle Dan" Lefever or George Holloway would win it outright, as both have four wins to their credit, and Arno, McMurchy and Courtney being absentees. George Mann, however, a dark horse, saved the medal for another day by breaking 45 In the extra events after the medal contest some capital shooting was made, Lefever, Morris, Hunter and Mann shooting at 25 targets apiece, and breaking 95 out of the 100. Scores in medal contest:

Medal shoot, 50 targets, unknown angles:

Class A.		
G Mann	1011011111101111111111111111111111111111111111110111	—45
D M Lefever	1111100001111111111111111011011111111111011111111	—43
C H Mowry	1111111111111111011011111111111011001101011111111	—43
J Montgomery	1111111111010111011111101101110111111111111111111	—43
G Holloway	1011111111111111111101111111111111111111111111111	—42
Class B.		
R Hunter	1111110111111111111111000100110111111000110111111	—40
W Morris	1110111110101010011101111111111011101110111111111	—40
J Brill	1111101110101001111010110111001101110101101111111	—33

On the shoot off for the medal in class B, at 10 targets, Hunter won by breaking his ten straight, Morris missing his eighth goal.

A. R. K.

Want to Shoot Team Matches.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With a view of promoting the interest of trap-shooting a meeting was called of the representative sportsmen of our city, and it was decided to select and send a team of ten men to visit and shoot a contest against a like number of representative sportsmen in cities of 100,000 inhabitants or more. Would be pleased to hear from the following cities: Omaha, Minneapolis or St. Paul, Milwaukee, Chicago, Pittsburg, the Riverton Gun Club of Philadelphia, the Carteret, Westminster or New Utrecht Club of New York.

The following conditions to govern all matches, viz: American Association rules revised, 30yds. rise and limited to 12-guage guns, 50 live pigeons per man, two men up and shoot down, losing side to pay for birds; should gate receipts be charged at any point same to be applied on payment of birds, and if any surplus to be divided as follows: winners 60%, losers 40%.

Following the Chicago contest would be pleased to meet a selected team from the Dominion of Canada on Des-Chree-Shos-Ka Island, near Detroit. CHRIS. S. GOTTLIEB, Corresponding Secretary.

807 DELAWARE STREET, Kansas City, Mo.

Climax Gun Club.

PLAINFIELD, N J., June 26.—The attendance of members of the Climax Gun Club at the regular monthly shoot this afternoon was the smallest that has been recorded for many months. The following were the scores made:

J L Darby (7)	1001111110010111111111111110111	—26
Swody (6)	1101110111111111111111010001110111	—24
T Brantingham (0)	1011111101101101101111110	—19
Williams (4)	1111101101011100011111011111	—22
D Darby (5)	1001111100000101110101110111	—19
J Manning (2)	1110111101101111111110110	—21

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, June 24.—It seems rather incongruous, with the sun pelting its red-hot rays upon the earth and the denizens thereof, and with the temperature at 98° in the shade, to see two score or more of men, presumably with their due proportion of intelligence, standing on a small platform dripping with perspiration, their only canopy the blue vault of heaven, holding in their hands steel tubes which ever and anon belch forth flame and smoke, thereby increasing the burden of the already overheated and stifling atmosphere. If this were a species of torture to which men were subjected, the victims thereof would be the recipient of our warmest sympathies. These men, however, are not the victims of torture, inflicted against their will; they are enjoying themselves; this is sport, fun, pleasure. Trap-shooting, when once it gets its tentacles around its votary, never lets go. The poor fellow becomes mesmerized, hypnotized, and if he does not keep his weather eye open, pauperized. No sacrifice is too great for him to make; no opposition but what can be overcome; whether the weather be freezing or baking, wet or dry, it is all one to the man suffering from the temporary aberration occasioned by "artificial birds" on the brain.

Baltimore has had its full share of equatorial heat and oppressiveness, but the Baltimore Shooting Association has gone right ahead in the good work, adding constantly to it's already large membership list, opening its new club house, giving tournaments, both at targets and live birds, and altogether demonstrating that the odor of burning powder is still pleasant in the nostrils of the natives of "Maryland, my Maryland."

On May 22 the Association gave a house-warming, on the occasion of the opening of the new club house. A description of this club house was given in a previous communication; suffice it to say that we think we have a club house and grounds complete, with all the accessories, that has not its superior anywhere in the United States. The morning hours were devoted to trap-shooting, and in the afternoon the boys demonstrated how easy it was to part with their money in an endeavor to stop the seemingly heedless yet rapid course of the wily pigeon.

The more I see of shooters the more I wonder how it is possible for any man to shoot well. The ordinary public have no conception of the tremendous difficulties to be overcome, the obstacles to be surmounted, by the aspirant for honors before the traps. It is about as uncertain as striking the winning policy combination.

I have jotted down a few of the reasons why shooters have not been able to break targets:

No. 1 misses because he allowed a friend to shoot his gun in the first event; will never loan it again. (The friend, however, happened to break every target; how could he put an evil hoodoo on the gun?)

No. 2 always shoots in an old slouch hunting hat, full of holes; he forgot it and couldn't hit the holes in a sieve. (We presume he is hot-headed and needs the holes for ventilation.)

No. 3 has been unable so far this season to find his "gait." (His missing excites no surprise. We often hear of the man who can't find the keyhole on a dark night, but when a man can't find a gate in the daytime, we can hardly expect him to see a flying target, much less "find" it.)

No. 4 broke his first two birds, but some one spoke to him, making a suggestion, and this "broke him all up." (We suggest that after this the party make his suggestion to the targets instead of to the shooter and perhaps it will break them up also.)

No. 5 said his breakfast did not agree with him; therefore, could'nt shoot. (We suggest that he change his boarding house or else settle up, and perhaps she'll give him the tenderloin instead of the choice "rump" cut.)

No. 6 never could shoot on Saturday, anyhow. (We presume Friday night is club night; not yet recovered from the nervousness superinduced thereby.)

No. 7 is going to apply to legislature for change of name or for privilege of changing same when occasion requires. When he shoots at live birds, always gets white ones and can't hit them; thinks the antithesis of white, viz., black, will break the spell, therefore enters as "Black." When he shoots at targets, they being black, he enters "White." (Who says there is nothing in a name?)

No. 8 is a bicyclist; can only shoot in bloomers. On one occasion recently he found himself in long pants; couldn't break a target, laid down his gun, rolled up his pants, displaying his stately Trilby propellers and after that broke everything he shot at. (Great feet.)

There are a hundred and one other reasons why birds are missed, and every man always has a satisfactory excuse, at least to himself; but we are of the opinion that you never get the real facts in the case until you get down to the green amateur, who is just beginning to shoot; he has not been at it long enough to acquire the art of scientific lying. He tells you he missed because he did not point his gun straight. That is the reason the balance of them missed; they simply employ different terms for stating the same proposition.

Here are the three club shoots to date:

May 25, the regular weekly club shoot was held. The score was as follows, 25 targets to each man, handicap by distance:

Twelve yards: Russell 21, Thomas 21, Harrison 19, Heiskell 19, Field 18, Parker 16, Woodward 14, Baker 13, Herbert 12, Henry 11, Collins 1.

Fourteen yards: Antique 22, Hamilton 21, Zolliner 21.

Sixteen yards: Claridge 24, Hall 23, Hartner 23, Lupus 23, Storr 22, Malone 21, Penrose 19, Cook 16, Coe 15.

On Saturday, June 1, the regular weekly club shoot was held, with the following scores:

12 Yards: Evans 23, Thomas 22, Russell 20, L. D. Thomas 20, Parker 18, Field 18, Law 16, Baker 12, Pryor 2.

14 Yards: White 24, Williams 22, Zollinger 20, Hamilton 20, Antique 20, Vance 13.

16 Yards: Penrose 24, Claridge 24, Hawkins 24, Coe 22, Bird 21, Hartner 21, Storr 21, Malone 21, Hall 20, Hood 20.

On Saturday, June 8th, the club score was as follows:—

12 Yards: L. D. Thomas 22, Thomas 21, Heiskell 21, Goldsboro 21, Henry 18, Parker 17, Russell 17, Fields 16, Gallagher 7.

14 Yards: Brown 24, Antique 23, White 23, Vance 17.

16 Yards: Claridge 24, Hartner 23, Coe 23, Hall 22, Penrose 21, Hawkins 18, Malone 15, Cook 15.

STANLEY.

Newburgh Beat Passaic.

PASSAIC, N. J., June 20.—On this date a team of 10 men came down the Hudson River from Newburgh, N.Y., for the purpose of upholding the honor of the Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association before the Passaic traps. Ten men of the Passaic City Gun Club met them and shot a match, the first of "a series of shoots for sport," at 25 targets per man, 250 to the team, everything known. "Wanda" (Mrs. M. F. Lindsley) was official scorer. The totals on the score sheets show that the visitors won by the narrow margin of 5 targets. The scores were as follows:

Passaic.

Lenone	1110100111011011111010110—17
Conan	0110101111101000110010111—14
Ferguson	0100100001000011101011110—11
Kevitt	1001111101111011111100001—17
Bowes	1110111111010111011010101—19
Jelleme	1111101101111110011111011—20
Kelly	1100001101111011010101101—18
Palmer	1111111111111111111011010—21
Abbott	1111111100111111100011011—19
Wise	1111111110111010101011111—20—173

Newburgh.

Taylor	1110111111111101111111111—23
Likely	1011111100101010111101111—19
Wood	0111101111011111111111011—20
Leicht	0010101000000010010111100—10
Kissam	1001010110101001010111011—14
Donahue	1011111011011111111010110—19
Taggart	0010011101111100111010111—17
Halsted	1111110111111111111011012—22
Mitchell	1111111100011101110011110—18
Higginson	1110111001101011010011110l—16—178

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., June 26.—No. 1, at 15 known angles 10 unknown angles, entry targets, A. S. A. rules:

Hayes	1011111111111111111111111—24
H A Johnson	1100101111011101111011111—19
See	1010101111111001011111101—19
E L Affantranger	1111111001101111001011011—18
Reisinger	0011100111111111100100111—17
Crider	0011011111011011100010000—13

No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles:

H A Johnson	1111011011011111111111111—22
Reisinger	1100011101111111111110111—20
Hayes	1101100011111111110011111—19
See	1110001100111111111111111—18
E L Affantranger	0111111100110111100011111—18
Crider	0101000000111011010110111—13

No. 3, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Hayes	1111111111111111110111111—24
H A Johnson	1111111101101111111111111—22
Reisinger	1111111111111011101111011—22
E L Affantranger	0101101011011111100100011—15

CHOKE BORE.

Trap-Shooting in North Dakota.

FARGO, N. D., June 14.—The first annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association which closed to-day was thoroughly enjoyed by all that took part in it. The attendance was fully equal to the expectations of the management with respect to the number of shooters. The weather was almost perfect for trap-shooting. Bluerock traps and targets were used; the targets being thrown past the 50yds. flags, the shooting was hard enough to suit an expert.

The shoot in all respects was a gentleman's tournament. No disputes or wrangling occurred; no gambling or liquor drinking was observed, and the management had the details of the tournament at all times well in hand. Mr. C. W. Bowers's decisions as referee were unquestioned. The scores were kept in a systematic manner, and the cashier's duties were attended to with promptness by Secretary Smith. It was the universal opinion of the shooters that they never attended a better managed tournament or had so pleasant a time. The visiting shooters claimed that they never saw as even and regular work on the part of trappers and puller as at this tournament, and to show their appreciation they made up a purse of $10 and presented it to the trappers and puller. The Fargo Gun Club takes considerable pride in these boys, some of them have been drilled in this work for several years, and the club claims that for quiet, quick and conscientious attention to their duties they have no superiors. This report would not be complete without a mention being made that there was no "dropping for place." Every shooter tried to break as many targets as he could, and, while some shooters were not up to their average, there was an entire absence of combining for positions. No blackboard scores were kept and many of the shooters did not know their total score until it was announced by the secretary.

The scores made by all who shot in the ten programme 15 target events are given below. The scores of those who shot only part of the programme are omitted:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total.
Carpenter	12	13	*15	*13	14	*9	10	7	6	14	112
Burke	13	*10	*13	13	13	14	*14	12	*13	*11	126
Duke	12	11	14	*12	14	*14	*12	10	10	14	123
Duck	6	7	9	10	11	11	9	11	13	*12	99
Fox	10	8	11	11	10	11	8	9	10	8	96
Gokey	13	*8	12	12	10	10	10	*13	7	11	106
Hill	10	10	15	*14	*8	12	11	7	7	12	106
Hub	10	14	*10	13	11	12	13	*13	*11	11	118
Holt	12	12	13	13	12	14	*14	*13	*12	12	127
Lane	7	11	11	8	10	12	10	5	4	10	88
Landers	12	10	10	11	11	9	8	10	*13	12	106
Rentschler	7	9	8	9	11	10	12	7	9	10	92
Robbins	14	*13	*12	15	*15	*14	*10	13	*12	13	131
Roberts	9	11	13	8	12	12	14	*10	9	14	112
Stratton	10	12	11	9	14	*11	12	11	15	*11	116
Schirrman	10	10	12	13	12	7	10	10	11	14	109
St Cloud	12	9	11	10	9	10	12	13	*7	10	103
Thompson	10	10	10	7	11	11	10	9	5	10	93
Wilson	8	14	*14	12	14	*10	14	*11	13	*13	123
Wapahasa	12	12	13	13	12	13	*13	*10	13	*9	120
Whitla	10	9	15	*9	11	12	13	*8	11	11	109
Walters	6	11	11	9	11	6	3	5	7	5	74
Vine	10	12	13	7	11	14	*7	13	*10	9	108

* Shot at known traps, unknown angles.

The longest run made during the tournament was by Mr. Robbins of the Fargo Gun Club, who broke 84 targets straight. Photographers A. A. Bentley & Co. were on the grounds and have finished some fine pictures of all the shooters in a group.

The election of officers of the Association for the ensuing year was held last evening. The officers elected are as follows: C. E. Robbins, President, Fargo, N.D; J. J. Gokey, Dawson, N. D., 1st Vice-President; R. Ducke, Larrabee, N. D., 2d Vice-President; W. W. Smith, Fargo, N. D., Sec.; H. E. Magill, Fargo, N. D., Treas.; W. P. Miller, Fargo, N. D., Att'y. Fargo was selected as the place for holding the next convention and tournament.

LAST EVENTS OF THE TOURNAMENT.

The team shoot for traps donated by Fargo Gun Club. Same regulations as in the special event No. 6. First day resulted as follows. Two teams only competed.

Crookston Gun Club.		St. Cloud Gun Club.	
Morrisey	17	Theilmann	21
Thompson	18	Hill	15
Fuller	19	Landis	17
Vine	13—67	Flynn	16—69

The extra shoot for 500 loaded nitro shells, donated by a member of the Fargo Gun Club. Entrance, targets only, was won by a score of 22 out of 25 single targets, known angles. Score—Schirrman 13, Duke 22, Holt 20, Burke 18, Wapahasa 21, Whitla 20, Gokey 18, Roberts 20, Carpenter 18.

Special events were shot as follows:

First Day.

Special No. 6, team shoot, 25 bluerocks, known angles, entrance $4 per team, for targets (no money). The North Dakota Sportsmen's Association will give to the winning team in this event a set of three bluerock traps and electric pull, 1895 model, value $45. This event is open to all teams of four members of a regular organized gun club from any State. The shooters composing each team may be certified to by an officer of its gun club if required:

St Cloud Gun Club.		Crookston Gun Club.	
Thielman	23	Morrisey	22
Hill	21	Thompson	19
Flynn	18	Fuller	20
Landis	21—83	Vine	16—77
North Side Gun Club.		Brainerd Gun Club.	
Schirrman	16	Lane	16
Rentschler	21	Walters	17
Smith	12	Fox	23
Bowers	14—63	Willis	14—70
Fargo Gun Club.			
Lyon	22	Carpenter	19
Roberts	20	Robbins	25—86

Second Day.

Special No. 6, State championship contest, open only to members of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association, 25 single targets, 3 known traps, known angles, $2, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. among shooters making second, third, fourth and fifth highest scores. The Association will give a Lefever hammerless gun, value $60, to become the personal property of the member making highest score at this event. No handicap in this event except as to guns: Robbins 19, Roberts 19, Gokey 21, Stratton 18, C. Smith 20, Ducke 17, Carpenter 23, Schirrman 14, Rentschler 13, Magill 15, C. Bowers 14, E. Bowers 17, Scofield 16.

C. E. R.

Endeavor Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., June 22.—The Endeavor Gun Club held its monthly prize contest on the club grounds at Marion, N. J., this afternoon. The weather was favorable, but the scores were not as large as usual, owing to the hard flight of the targets and the acute angles at which they were thrown. All the events, the scores of which are given below, were at unknown angles, with the exception of No. 7, which shot under expert rules. Scores:

Prize shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Fry	1111111000010011101111101—17
Fletcher	1111110101000111011110011—17
Strader	1101101111011110101111011—19
Bijur	0001101011111000010011110—13
G Piercy	1111111111111111111110110—23
Creveling	1110111010100100000001010—11
Collins	1011111001111111111111101—21
Polhemus	1010110110111101011001111—17

	No. 2.	No. 3.
L Piercy	0111101001— 6	0011111111— 8
Meyer	1101110001— 6	1100101111— 7
Bijur	0011100101— 5	1111010001— 6
Creveling	0011111100— 6	1010100101— 5
Fry	0111111011— 8	0111111111— 9
Strader	1110000110— 5	1111101001— 7
Fletcher	0011111110— 7	0111111011— 8
Polhemus	1110101011— 7	1111111101— 9

	No. 4.	No. 5.
Wanda	1011011111— 8	1101011110— 7
Fletcher	0101101110— 6	1001101001— 5
Strader	1011101111— 8	1111111111—10
Polhemus	1101111111— 9	1111110011— 8
Bijur	0011100001— 4	1011111111— 9
Meyer	0101111111— 8	0111011011— 7
Creveling	0000101110— 4	1111111011— 9

	No. 6.	No. 7.
Wanda	0101111101— 7	1001111111— 8
Fletcher	1110101100— 6	0110111011— 7
Strader	0110001111— 6	1110111111— 9
Bijur	1011001111— 7	1111011101— 9
Polhemus	1111111111—10	1111111101— 9
Meyer	1110101001— 6	1101011010— 6
G Piercy	1011011110— 7	1011111001— 7
L Piercy	1111110111— 9	0111101011— 7
Collins	1110101100— 6	1111101111— 9
Creveling	1011111111— 9	1111110110— 8

J. A. CREVELING, Sec'y.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 22.—The E. C. Powder Cup contest this afternoon brought out ten entries. After a long struggle C. Furgueson, Jr., won the cup by killing 14 straight, Dr. Wynn and Coulston dropping their fourth birds in the shoot-off. In the $1 optional sweep which was made up after the shoot had commenced, Meyer and Furgueson divided the money. Other sweeps followed, the scores being as below:

E. C. Powder Cup, club handicap, 10 live birds, $3 entrance, also $1 optional sweep:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing C

C Furgueson, Jr	↗↗↖→↖H↖ 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 —
Dr Littlefield	H↗→↗↖↖H↗→ 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 —10
G W Coulston	↗↖→↖↖↑↗↑↖ 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 —10
Dr Wynn	↖↗↙↗↑↖↖H 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 —10
G E Nostrand	↑↗↓↗↓T↗H↖↗↗ 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 1+1—10
Stuart	↖←↑→↖↙↗↖↙ 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 0+1—10
C M Meyer	↘↖↖↗←↖↖↖→ 1 • 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 — 9
C W Floyd	↓↖↑↖↖↑→↗↗↗ 2 0 1 2 1 1 1 2 0 — 8
Connie Furgueson	←↑↗↖↗↖↖↙→ ↗ • 1 2 2 2 0 • 2 2 1+1—0 — 7
J Lott	→↘↗↗ 1 1 1 2 0w — 4

Ties for cup and sweep:

C Furgueson, Jr ..... H→→H↗ 2 2 1 2 2—5 Dr Wynn ..... ↖→↗↙ 2 2 2 • —3

Dr Littlefield ..... ↗ 0 G E Nostrand ..... ↗ • —0

G W Coulston ..... →↑↖→↗ 1 1 1 0 —3 C M Meyer ..... ↖H↗↖ 1 1 2 2 2—5

Furgueson wins cup; Furgueson and Meyer divide optional sweep. Other sweeps were as follows:

	No 1.	No 2.	No. 3.
C Furgueson, Jr	12•22—4	22•21—4	222211—6
Stuart	21102—4	2112•—4	.....
Conny Furgueson	22102—4	22•21—4	.....
Coulston	12101—4	11212—5	21120 —4
Floyd	11102—4	21112—5	.....
Wynn	.....	21112—5	11110 —4
Lott	.....	10201—3	.....
Dr Littlefield	.....	.....	1•22 —2
C M Meyer	.....	.....	211222—6

Nos. 1 and 2 were 5 birds, $1 entrance, birds extra; No. 3, 3 birds, $2 entrance, miss and out after third round.

Weir City Scores.

WEIR CITY, Kan., June 19.—The medal contests of the Business Men's Gun Club at this place brought out nine shooters last week. The club medal allows known traps and angles, giving a bird allowance to even things up. McIlhany and Calhoun preferred to shoot unknown angles, and as the targets were quite swift this was in itself a handicap. The President's medal was won by Calhoun at 5 unknown traps and unknown angles. Should he or McIlhany win at double the medal will become their property. Below are the scores:

Club medal:

McIlhany * (0)	1111111111111011111100011—21
Calhoun * (0)	1111011111011111011011101—20
King (5)	0001011111011011111111111—24
Goddard (5)	0111001110011101110111110—22
Histed (5)	1011011111111011111111100—25
Morrison (4)	1110011111101111010111011—23
Abbott (6)	1011011110111111001110100—23
Beadle (7)	0011100011101011101101101—22
Granat (8)	1100011010111010110011100—22

* McIlhany and Calhoun shot at unknown angles, the others at everything known.

President's medal:

McIlhany (13 pairs)	01 00 11 10 11 11 11 10 11 10 11 11—18
Calhoun (5 unknown)	1011111011111111101011111—21
King (3 unknown)	0100111111101111101110101—18
Goddard (known)	1101111110011110111101110—19
Histed (known)	1111011101111011111110010—19
Abbott (known)	1111101111001111101011011—20
Morrison (known)	1011111011100111110101111—19
Beadle (known)	1000111101111011111111001—18
Granat (known)	1111111000110101011011100—16

MAMALUKE.

Naromake Gun Club.

NORWALK, Conn., June 22.—The scores made by members of the Naromake Gun Club this afternoon were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
A Sandford	8	..	9	9	5	8	7	7	9	7	5	..
Martin	8	7	6	5	7	6	9	2	..	9	8	6
E Lockwood	6	6	7	6	6	6	7	9	8	7	8	7
G Ferris	6	6	10	10	7	9	7	8	..	..	..	..
H Gehrman	7	10	6	7	8	9	9	10	9	9	8	8
Ingersol	..	..	..	10	6	7	6	7	..	5	7	10
Coleman	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gerard	..	..	..	..	..	3	3	4	3	..	..	..
Fields	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	7	8	9	8	6
Barry	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	..	..	..	..	..

F. E. L.

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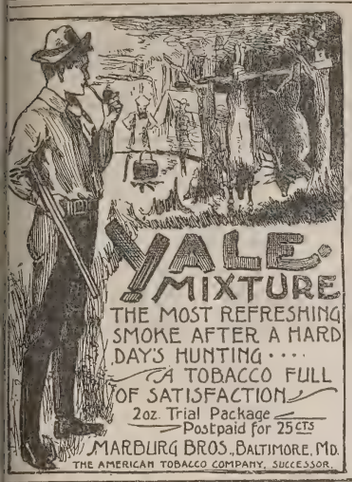
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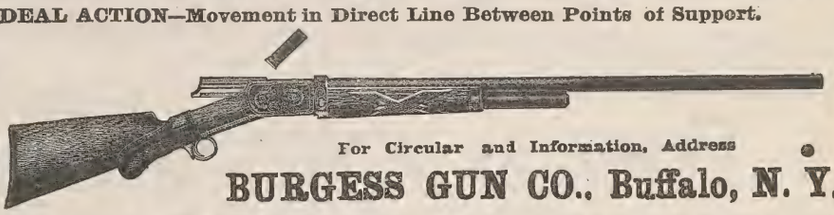


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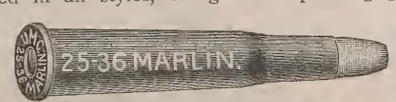
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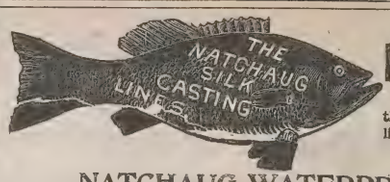
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A FAMILY AFFAIR.

THE great National Schuetzenfest, in Brooklyn, was a family affair. Our German brethren are not selfish in their pleasures, for they take their mothers, wives, sisters, brothers and friends with them to enjoy witnessing the competition or to indulge in the wholesome pleasure and recreation which are adjuncts to it. The competition of the individual is thus lifted above selfish oneness and becomes the common property of the family and its friends. All alike share in the pleasure of victory or the struggle for it, and all alike have equal benefit from the recreation.

In this respect the Fest differee widely from the competition of the average American. To him a competition is a serious matter. He may call it recreation, but in most instances it is merely the same serious business manner directed into another channel. He goes out for relaxation, but he does not relax. His play is quite as serious as his work. He carries the same fixed business face at all times. He is not responsive to the general good nature and chattiness, nor does he display much personal vivacity. To foreigners, with whom sociability is a polite art and duty, the pleasant diversions of the American seem to be periods of greater sadness. He is self-centered and serious, slow and cautious in mixed company, so much so as to be noticeably distinct in contrast with the vivacious deportment and sociability of the Germans.

Glendale Park during the past week has illustrated that at a German Schuetzenfest it is not all of shooting to shoot. The constant rattle of rifle shots, the almost equally loud and spitefully sharp noise made by the bullets striking the target and the whip-like crack of the echo, did not in the least mar the enjoyment of the thousands of men and women gathered there. High, strong fences securely inclosed the shooting grounds, thus guarding the careless picnickers from danger and the shooters from interference or annoyance. The long line of firing points, carefully arranged with every convenience of gun racks, each divided from the other in a stall-like manner, so that each firing point had its own individual arrangements, permitted a long line of competition all at the same time without confusion or disorder, though to the lay onlooker there was no evidence of system. Two or three reports would be heard, then a single one, then a whole volley, sounding much like a whole pack of firecrackers exploding at once, then shifting and changes of the reports from volleys to single shots the livelong day. The firing points occupied one side of a pavilion, the rest—the larger space—being used for tables where the shooters or onlookers could sit at tables and refresh themselves; while pretty girls, strong, robust, fresh and healthy, in the picturesque costume of Vaterland, filled and refilled the foaming steins.

But in the large grounds, so extensive and so filled with people, and having so many other amusements in action that on the opposite side the reports of the rifles could not be heard, the rifle shooting appeared but an incident. Small brass bands were here and there, the center of large groups of listeners who sat at the tables clustered about every attraction, and applauded each effort politely. A large dancing pavilion so swarmed with waltzers that it was a marvel that they could turn at all. Yet the broad mass whirled round and round and rarely was there a collision. On Singers' Day the park was filled to its full capacity. There were many thousands of people present. In every part of the wide grounds there was something to engage the eye or the ear. In one place was a large platform on which was a continuous performance of athletic feats—trapeze, tumbling, contortions, and parallel bars—some of them being exceedingly difficult, and all very good. A diversion which was particularly well patronized, though crude in its requirements, was a test of strength. A heavy beetle or maul was struck on a pin which by lever action threw a small weight upward between two parallel frames, which were fastened to a board structure about thirty feet in height. Young men and men not so young would take off their coats and work at this enticing device with a vigor and determination, costing five cents for two trials, which would have won their employers' undying confidence and esteem were they to use the same effort in business. While one was bending and swaying in swinging the ponderous mass of wood, a dozen would be waiting for an opportunity to show their strength. A shooting gallery of many targets and many rifles was running constantly up to its full capacity. Groups of singers here and there warbled forth melodies. There were the usual "fake" schemes too, which separate the good-natured money owner from his money—as the colored gentleman whose head is pushed forward through a hole in the canvas for any one to throw three or four balls at for the sum of five cents, not so easy a game as it looks to be, nor so certain of safety, as the colored gentleman often finds out to his hurting. The cheap photographer who takes pictures while you wait was crowded with customers, mostly the young man with a pretty girl who wished to show good faith. The merry-go-round, with its impossible horses and tigers and its machine music, was patronized alike by old and young, though a grown man, sitting with grave dignity on a wooden horse, going about in a circle to the weird notes of a steam organ, does not seem to enjoy it so much as he should. Every amusement was run up to its full capacity. Every one was spending money and seemed to be happy. Every one appeared to take his or her enjoyment in a social manner. The pleasure of each individual seemed to blend with the common pleasure of all.

"ACCOMPANIED BY OWNER."

IN our comments last week upon the Maine system of prohibiting the transportation of game unless accompanied by owner, it was said that similar provisions have been adopted in other States. A study of them is interesting. Here is an abstract, not, however, complete:

In Arizona it is forbidden for any common carrier or private individual to receive game animals, birds or fishes for transportation outside of the limits of the Territory.

Arkansas has a statute, which has been commented upon before in these columns, making it unlawful to export any fish or game from the State.

California forbids railroad companies, express companies and private individuals from exporting from the State deer and game birds.

Colorado forbids killing of deer, elk or antelope at any time except for immediate use, governed in amount and quantity by the reasonable necessity of the person or persons killing the same.

Connecticut forbids exportation of woodcock, ruffed grouse and quail.

Delaware forbids the exportation of game entirely.

Florida has just passed a new law forbidding the transportation of venison from one county to another, except that it may be carried home by hunting parties.

Idaho forbids the taking of deer or antelope at any time for the purpose of traffic in carcasses.

Illinois in a law which has been upheld by the Supreme Court forbids the sale or transportation for sale of quail, pinnated grouse, ruffed grouse, pheasant, squirrels or wild turkey taken within the limits of the State.

Indiana forbids exportation of deer, quail, pheasant, wild duck, grouse, prairie chicken or woodcock at any time.

Iowa provides that game may not be shipped out of the state no within the State, except that one dozen birds may be sent in one day, provided an affidavit is made that the birds are not shipped for sale or profit.

Massachusetts forbids the exportation of woodcock, quail and ruffed grouse.

Michigan forbids transportation, except for food consumption within the State, of deer, ruffed grouse, pinnated grouse, quail and wild turkey.

Minnesota, in a law which has stood the test of the Supreme Court, forbids the exportation of birds, animals, or fish killed in the State.

Missouri forbids the shipment of quail, prairie chicken, deer and turkey from the county where killed to any other county in the State or to any point outside the State.

Nebraska forbids the transportation or shipment of game animals, grouse, quail and wild turkey at any time.

New Hampshire forbids the killing of woodcock, ruffed grouse or partridge except for consumption as food within the State.

New Jersey forbids the export from the State at any time of any birds, game or fish unless in possession of the person who may have lawfully captured it in the open season.

New Mexico forbids the exportation at any time of deer, elk, antelope, wild turkey and quail.

North Carolina forbids the exportation from the State of any quail or partridge whether dead or alive.

North Dakota forbirds the exportation at any time of game or fish.

Oklohoma provides that it shall be unlawful to export game or fish, except that live birds or animals held for domestic or scientific purposes may be exported, though not more than one pair of such birds or animals at any one time.

Oregon also forbids exportation except for breeding or exhibition purposes.

The South Dakota law forbids the killing of birds for traffic, and limits the number which any one person may kill during one day to twenty-five. It also has a provision against the exportation of trout or other food fish.

Vermont forbids the killing of woodcock or ruffed grouse for the purpose of shipping or in any manner disposing to parties outside of the State for traffic or gain.

West Virginia forbids the exportation except alive of deer and wild turkeys.

Wyoming forbids the capture of game for the purpose of selling or disposing of the same, or of shipping it out of the State except by express permission of the State Game and Fish Warden, and then only for the purpose of supplying public parks.

In Canada the law in general forbids exporting into the United States, and most of the Provinces forbid also the export of game from one Province into others of the Dominion.

PROTECT IDAHO BUFFALO.

A NUMBER of years ago, soon after the extinction of the large herds of buffalo on the plains, several of the Western States in which mountain buffalo were still found passed strict laws preserving this game for a term of years. Such a law was passed in Idaho, being recommended by the Governor, whose attention was called to the matter by an earnest letter from Mr. Arnold Hague, of the U. S. Geological Survey. This law was in force in 1889, but it has since been repealed, and there seems now to be no provision on the statute books of Idaho providing for the protection of the species.

This is particularly unfortunate since a portion of the Yellowstone Park borders on Idaho, and it is perfectly possible for poachers to enter the park, kill buffalo, and—provided they are not captured within the jurisdiction of the superintendent of the park—to possess their spoils in Idaho without contravening the statutes of that State. Or if, as not infrequently happens, a bunch of buffalo wanders out of the park into Idaho, they can be legally killed there. It is only two or three years ago since something of this kind took place and one man butchered ten buffalo just without the park. Within two years a Montana taxidermist hired a resident of Idaho to procure some buffalo for him and six head were secured, probably all in the park. The killer is now suing the man who incited him to do the killing for pay for the specimens.

The southeast corner of the National Park is a great summer range for game of all descriptions, and should have all the protection that can be given to it. The force of troops in the park is small, and although they are handled to the very best advantage, it is a physical impossibility for them to cover the whole of this extensive territory.

Besides the actual killing of buffalo which takes place in Idaho or on its borders, more or less injury is done to the small herd by the capture of calves. A certain man named Dick Rock has now, we are told, three calves in Idaho just beyond the borders of the park. These, it is claimed, were captured in Idaho on Warm Spring Creek, but there is good reason for thinking that they were taken in the park and carried over the border line into Idaho, where they are now being reared in captivity.

The passage of a law to protect buffalo in Idaho should be recommended to the next session of the Legislature of that State by the Governor. Such a law could not interfere with the rights of any citizen, but might do much to strengthen the hands of the authorities of the National Park, who, by acting in concert with the authorities of Idaho, might put an end to the poaching which notoriously now takes place in the southeast corner of the Yellowstone Park.

CHARLES T. VAN SANTVOORD.

CHARLES TOWNSEND VAN SANTVOORD died suddenly at his home in this city last Friday. Mr. Van Santvoord was born in 1854, was a graduate of Rutgers College of the class of 1873, and manager of the Albany line of steamboats. He was a member of the Union, University, Seawanhaka and other clubs.

Mr. Van Santvoord was a sportsman of the highest type and had many close friends among shooting and yachting men. His was a singularly winning nature, marked by a great gentleness and sweetness of disposition, and those with whom he was at all brought in contact soon became strongly attached to him. His gentle manner did not imply any lack of pluck or hardiness. No man would longer face the bitter storm in the ducking blind, or more effectively handle oar or sheet in the gale when returning at night, or more unwearyingly tramp after the dogs all day through field and swamp. He had a keen appreciation of nature and cared far more for the contact with outdoor things than he did for the mere shooting of game. Mr. Van Santvoord was a rare man and will be sincerely mourned.

How delightfully human it all was. Two elephants in a Lawrenceburg, Indiana, circus parade fell out over a peanut, and then elephants and tigers and lions and hyenas all had a free fight. All for a peanut. Just like men.

Didn't-Think was one of the kindest, most tender-hearted and benevolent old gentlemen in all the world; but Didn't-Think killed his man. He didn't think it was loaded.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NORTHWARD TO THE FAR WEST.—II.

[*Continued from page 5.*]

THE next morning we were fast approaching Thunder Bay, and to the left the rock-bound shores of Isle Royale loomed up from the placid bosom of the lake. Thunder Cape, sometimes called the "Sleeping Giant," is before us. It raises its head 1,350ft. above the crystal waters which lave its feet, so gently when calm, or dashing against the rugged sides in vain attempt to beat it down when the "Storm King" rides forth from his home in the north. The old Indian tribes looked upon these mountain peaks with awe, and thought the thunder clouds were huge birds that had their homes or nests in these high hills or mountains.

The scenery now becomes grand and beautiful in the extreme, and the North Shore well deserves the encomiums lavished upon it. As we enter Thunder Bay we pass Pie Island in our unpoetical language, or "Mahkeneeng" or Tortoise in the ruder but more poetical dialect of the Indian. The island is about eight miles long and five wide. One point is elevated 850ft. above the lake. The French or English *voyageurs* gave it the name of Pie Island on account of this bluff or knoll being like an inverted pie in shape. The Indians thought it resembled a tortoise. This elevated point is basaltic, rising perpendicular near the top, like the Palisades of the Hudson.

We do not go into Port Arthur, which used to be called Prince Arthur's Landing, but continue on up the bay into the Kaministiquia River to Fort William. As we steam slowly up the river we have a fine view of McKay's Mountain, about three miles west and rising 1,000ft. above the lake level.

The Falls of Kakabeka can be visited by rail by staying a day at Fort William. The fall is about 200ft. high—higher than Niagara, but of course of much less volume.

Those going to try the far famed waters of the Nepigon leave us here and take the train back eastward seventy miles.

Almost every fisherman knows what fishing there is along the north shore of Lake Superior, and especially in the Nepigon.

We are sorry to leave the staunch Athabasca and our comfortable stateroom for the more confined quarters on a sleeper, but we must now take the only route, which is rail—and we were fortunate in finding the Winnipeg sleeper not full when the train pulled in from the east, and we secured good quarters. Fort William was built in opposition to Fort Arthur and hence "boomed" a little, but was now quiet. It was Hudson's Bay Company's post originally and some of the old buildings now stand.

The old fur house of the fort shelters the engine used on the coal derricks, and the great elevators of the Canadian Pacific overshadow them all. Whittier's lines are again brought to mind. The past and the present go hand in hand.

Again westward we turn our faces and leave the "brother of the sea" behind us.

We whirl along through a very rough but pretty country, with lakes here and there and rushing streams, that look as if full of fish and which are. When in 1870 Wolseley led his army to Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, he used those lakes and rivers much of the way, as many are connected.

At many of the stations we saw civilized Indians, or partly so, and the ladies were much taken with the papooses strapped up in the queer cradles their mothers use. One squaw stood looking at the train and rocked her babe with one hand, as the board it was strapped to stood on the ground. The little one was as content and as happy looking as if it was in a patent rocker, probably more so.

As we traveled west and evening came on the air became cool, and though it was August we never suffered from the heat again. There are no towns of great importance between Fort William and Rat Portage, but the ride is very interesting, as the country is so wild and rough. From Eagle River, where there are falls of some magnitude, to Rat Portage the scenery is wild and pleasing. Keewatin and Rat Portage are only four miles apart and are situated at the outlet of the Great Lake of the Woods, where the waters break through the rocks and plunge into the Winnipeg River. Two hundred years ago the Hudson's Bay Company had a post at this point, but the town is not yet twenty years old.

All these Hudson's Bay Company's posts were links in the chain which the company established, extending from Fort William through Fort Garry (Winnipeg) to York factory on the Hudson's Bay. Several millions of dollars worth of furs passed through these posts in their palmy days. One never realizes what a power the Hudson's Bay Co. must have been in the days gone by until they visit the Canadian Northwest and see the traces of their organization. The great company yet exists and has its stores in every town or city of any size, all the way to Victoria.

Rat Portage is fast becoming the fashionable summer resort of the Northwest (Canadian) and is honored with the title "Saratoga of the West." The fishing in the vicinity is of the finest, and the Lake of the Woods offers great attractions for the tourist. Several steamers ply on the lakes and our Canadian cousins camp along its shores and are great for canoe trips over it and its connections.

The amount of fish taken from the lake is stupendous. Ten cars of fish a day are shipped by one company from Rat Portage. Lake trout, mascalonge, pickerel and bass abound. For the finest bass fishing one wants to take a canoe to Bass Lake, which is reached by a short portage from the Lake of the Woods, and here they will find nearly virgin waters. Indians can be hired for one dollar per day and their grub. The lake is about ten miles long and is about forty miles from Rat Portage.

The Lake of the Woods is the largest body of water touched by the Canadian Pacific between Lake Superior and the Pacific, and is sixty-eight miles in length by fifteen to twenty-five miles broad; it is studded with islands, some claim thousands, but as to the truth of these accounts we will not vouch. One of the most noted is Manitou Island, and the Indians are very superstitious in regard to it. They think that the "Mache Manitou," or great evil spirit, holds undisputed sway on its rocky shores. It is not known that any Indian canoe ever went near its shores, and they will not look that way, it is said, or speak of it when near by. Their superstition is that if any one dares to speak within hearing of the evil spirit, or looks or points at the isle where his malicious and whimsical will rules, it will cause a storm to arise and overwhelm the daring one.

A summer could be well spent cruising about the Lake of the Woods and down the Rainy River into the Rainy Lake chain, but one must go prepared for the flies, which, at seasons, are very bad all through this country.

Westward from the Lake of the Woods we run into a more prairie-like country, but it is not the prairie of the South—there is plenty of brush and considerable water. As we are eating our breakfast in the dining car we gaze out of the windows and note the great number of prairie chickens and ducks which fly up from the grass and out of the little sloughs.

There is plenty of good shooting for the man with the "scatter gun" in this country.

As Winnipeg is the capital of the Province it is worthy of some notice. It is the site of old Fort Garry, and the stone gateway of the old fort still stands. In 1870 the population claimed was 215, not counting military forces there; the buildings, all told, in fort and out, forty-six. Population claimed in 1894, 35,000 and 1,100 business places. Winnipeg had a big "boom" with a capital "B" in 1881, but the collapse of said "boom" did not mean death to the town, and to-day it is going along in a very respectable fashion. There are several good hotels. The Hudson's Bay Company have one of their largest stores and storehouses here, and it is like visiting a museum to go through the establishment, as they deal in every conceivable thing.

A canoe trip up the Assiniboine River from its junction with the Red River is very interesting and the scenery of an order that is very pleasant to look upon, even if it cannot be called grand.

The Canadians are all great for sport, and Winnipeg boasts of a fine boat club, which was holding a regatta while we were there, and we had the pleasure of seeing races rowed in four-oared, double and single shells of the latest model on the historical Red River of the North, where only a few years ago floated the bark canoe of the aborigines.

The summer climate of Winnipeg would cause one to doubt the stories that up here is where our "blizzards" come from, as it is very warm and salubrious. The dryness of the atmosphere makes the heat and cold more durable than they are with us on the lakes. We had letters to one of the Government officials, who had come up to help put down the rebellion in 1870, and who became enamored of the country and never went back. He was very kind and showed us the Government buildings and explained their system, which in some ways the Canadians think they are ahead of us in, and candor urges us to admit that they think right—however, we will not dip into politics.

From Winnipeg west our afternoon's journey took us through a level country, but not the barren, treeless plains. What surprised me was that there was so much brush and vegetation, also the abundance of wild flowers. There were also a great many ducks in the sloughs and little streams, and chickens enough to please the sportsman. All along through this country the lover of the shotgun can find sport.

We are gradually climbing toward the great plains, which lead to the foot of the Rockies, and at Brandon we are up 115ft. above the altitude of Winnipeg and 133 miles west. The twenty-four-hour system in use on the Canadian Pacific west of Fort William is puzzling at first to those unaccustomed to it, but we soon learn how to figure, and it seems quite natural to say 16 or 17 o'clock.

We have followed the valley of the Assiniboine to Brandon and now we leave it. We pass through a fine farming country, and sometimes after dark we pass from this into a more open and rolling country, and during the night pass through Regina at an altitude of 1,875ft., and the capital of the Northwest Territories. Here also are the headquarters of the Northwest mounted police. Members of this body of soldiers are seen at nearly every point along the line, and with their jaunty and showy uniforms they are very noticeable individuals. They are all young, strong and athletic fellows, finely mounted, and they do most excellent service through this entire country. One would be apt to think they were play soldiers to see them about the stations with their shining top boots, silver spurs, skin-tight trousers with broad yellow stripes, the jaunty little red jacket and then such a cap, about the size of a pill box and worn just above the ear. One feels like crying "Where did you get that hat?" every time he meets a police. Their white belts are pipe-clayed as neat as can be, and their hands are generally covered with white gloves with huge gauntlets. Given a very, very small cane or crop and our mounted police is complete—when off duty.

There are 1,000 of these men in the Northwest, and it is doubtful if the same number of men distributed over such a territory would do as good service elsewhere.

About 7 o'clock the next morning we are ready for breakfast, and as we roll along over the great plains, which we have now reached, and which end only at the base of the Rockies, we gaze upon the numerous prairie dog villages and the usual alkali lakes of the Western plains.

This country was only a few years ago the range of the most northern or Canadian herd of buffalo, but they are all gone, and all that is left are the deep worn trails and wallows yet plainly to be seen, and the piles of bones at many of the stations, gathered up ready for shipment.

At about every station there are Indian women and half-breeds selling buffalo horns, polished and ornamented, with deer, antelope and coyote skins. A bunch of three or four pairs of horns can be purchased for $1.50. These squaws do not like to be photographed, and when they would see us point our camera at them they would cover their heads with blankets.

Late in the afternoon we arrive at Medicine Hat and find we are not as high as at Swift Current, having dropped from 2,400ft. to 2,150, showing the depression in the river valley.

We are now on the South Saskatchewan and cross it at this point. The river is navigable for 800 miles below to Lake Winnipeg. We have a half hour here to get out and stretch our limbs, and we find plenty to occupy our time. There are always a large number of Indians hanging about, and as they are genuine plains Indians, in full paint and native dress, they are objects of much curiosity. Then a squad of mounted police add color to the scene, and last, but not least, a large grizzly bear in a pen is worth seeing. We tried to photograph the Indians and the bear, but they were both shy, so we did not succeed very well. Mr. Lo knows the value of his ugly phiz, and has to be tipped as a usual thing. Westward still a few miles from Medicine Hat we pass one of the Canadian agricultural farms. It is night before we get to Gleichen, so we do not get the glimpse of the Rockies that can be had at this point; but we can see the sparkling waters of the Bow River shine in the moonlight as we follow its winding course toward Calgary.

F. F. FRISBIE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A FEW REMARKS ABOUT A LIVE WESTERN TOWN.—III.

BY GEORGE KENNEDY AND HORACE KEPHART.

THIS is not quite so true a story as that one of Kephart's, but he has kindly agreed to vouch for it just the same. It is not so hard on the town either. Indeed, if I had been he I would rather have refused to tell the story and let me go ahead with those turkeys (and I have a notion to do that anyway now), because he can never go hunting at that town any more without having the leading citizens get after him after sundown with their coats turned wrongside out and their dander up. Mighty good hunting there, too. And I may as well admit, now the thing is done, that it was not a bad idea on my part to get as many other people to stay away from there as possible. Not that they kill much game, but they keep it so scared all the time that it won't lie to the dogs.

I feel bound to say in extenuation of the town in question that the misdemeanor referred to and called by the long name was not committed by a colored woman. If it had been the mob would have just naturally wrecked the place.

My remarks are about

The Calm Courage of Mr. Jim Hilliard,

which he kept the hotel at the same town some years before the miscalculators (I believe that is the word Mr. K. uses) came there. A little boy had been carrying my lunch basket and extra shells all Christmas day, and as we came in sight of the village he became loquacious.

"They's goin' to be a fight in town to-night."

"What about?"

"Oh, it's jest a ordinary fight. Them Lollards wuz over here Thanksgivin' from Long Prairie and cleaned the town out, and when they got through they 'lowed they'd be back Christmas.

"How many Lollards are there?" I inquired.

"Three, but they're right good fighters."

And so, after supper, while Mr. Hilliard was in the midst of a long account of his troubles and misfortunes as a cattle raiser, the fracas suddenly began in the neighboring saloon. Yells, retorts, cuss words, scuffling, falling chairs; and as a knife interfered with the cuticle of one of the over-sanguine Lollards and he gave a scream that made you almost feel the blade yourself, the fighting ceased and the sounds died away. A general fight seems to have two prime characteristics: it starts before you know what's up and stops before it's over. This one hardly broke one of Hilliard's sentences. He finished his story with imperturbable gravity. Tom felt like asking him if he knew there was a fight—if he had not heard that awful scream. Directly, however, he seemed to realize for the first time that there had been some little disturbance. He said,

"Well, I believe I'll go over and see what wuz all them fellers fightin' about. I think them Long Prairie fellers got the worst of it this time." And he sauntered out. He evidently knew something about it after all.

Perhaps half an hour elapsed before he came back. His thoughts, always calm and philosophic, dwelt upon the event and the curious ethnological aspects of the Lollards' principal antagonist.

"Well, sir, d' you know there ain't a man in this town can arrest that there Town Marshal of our'n but me? No, sir; there wasn't one of 'em dared touch hide ner hair of him. 'N so they came to me as soon as I got there 'n' says, 'Hilliard, don't you 'spose you could arrest Henery?' 'N' I allowed I could, 'n' so they says to go ahead, 'n' I says 'What for?' says I, 'n' they says, 'Well, it's a leetle uncertain who cut Lollard. Some says it was Henery 'n' some says it was another of the Lollards did it by mistake, 'n' some think likely Si Lollard cut himself; but if you don't lock Henery up they says he'll sure be fightin' ag'in inside of fifteen minutes. It ain't reasonable to suppose we're goin' to keep 'em apart all night, 'n' it ain't right to expect the Lollards to go as long as they've been cut and hain't cut back any.'

"Well, I see they would have trouble if somebody didn't take Henery up and arrest him, so I says, 'All that's in favor of me bein' Town Marshal pro tem. so I can lock up the present incumbent, say 'I.' And everybody voted for it, and so I went in and got him."

"He made no resistance?" I inquired.

"Why, he come along like a yoke of oxen."

It was the unconscious fearlessness of the man that impressed me and doubtless everybody else.

"Huh! why, he jest follered me along as if I wuz leadin' him to water. And what beats me is there wasn't another man in town dare rub up ag'in' him even. Why, he fairly weakened up there by the Baptist Church, across from the lockup. So I says to him if he is got enough, and will go home and not stir out till he comes to the Squire's in the morning, and will consider he is my prisoner, I'll be easy on him, and spare him the disgrace of actually bein' locked up in his own lockup; so I let him go home. But I wuz the only man in the hull town could arrest him. (With fatherly pride)—He's a son-in-law of mine."

I learned that the Lollards retired during the night bearing their wounded with them, and leaving word that they would be back either New Year's or Washington's Birthday and wipe out the place—Town Marshal's a specialty.

The latest fish story is told by John Troy, a Boston fisherman, who has just arrived in this port on the fishing boat Iolanthe. He says that early on Thursday morning last, while trolling off Chatham, Mass., in a 14ft. dory, a swordfish 12ft. long became tangled in the buoy line and carried the boat a number of miles out to sea. Troy says that he was not picked up until Saturday morning, until which time he was without food or water.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

A REJOINDER ABOUT CRACKERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While I do not wish nor intend to enter into controversy with "A Georgia Cracker" over the manner in which I described my first meeting with a "Florida Cracker," still if you will kindly allow me a little of your valuable space in which to defend myself, I promise not to transgress again.

Now, in the first place, if "A Georgia Cracker" will kindly look on page 507 of FOREST AND STREAM, in the first column near the top, he will find these words: "There may be a better class of this part of the human race than we met. I hope there is." I did not say that there was not a better class of these people. That I hoped there was. My assertion that we did not meet this better class, however, I still stand by. While I do not in the slightest doubt the word of your Atlanta correspondent when he says he has met this better class, still what he has met and what I have seen are "horses of different colors."

Secondly—I do not wish "A Georgia Cracker" nor any one else, from anything I may have written, to infer that I include all persons born in the State of Florida categorically as "Crackers." Far from anything of the kind. I always supposed that they were to be found exclusively in the lower class of Southern whites. And from all accounts of camping, hunting and fishing in that State that I have read (for I, too, have read FOREST AND STREAM very closely; in fact, as I write my eyes rest on more numbers of that valued journal than an able-bodied man could very well lift, as they date as far back as 1879), I do not remember having read anything that would lead me to infer to the contrary. I would not for one minute class the considerate Fernandina storekeeper with the concave-chested exister.

Thirdly—It puzzles my mind considerably, in fact, it is utterly impossible for me to get it through my head—how under the sun friend "Georgia Cracker" could investigate such cases so thoroughly as in one place to say that if I "had taken the trouble to inquire of them their birthplace," as he had done in Georgia and Florida, "I am sure their answer would have been Philadelphia or other refined centers of the North;" when in another place he distinctly says he never has run afoul of a case of the kind while hunting, fishing and traveling in every State east of the Mississippi.

Fourthly—Of the hospitality of the people of the South as a whole there is no question. But as to his inferring in one place that my article was written to suit the taste of Northern readers of FOREST AND STREAM; then again, in another place, of his distastefulness of my use of FOREST AND STREAM'S columns in which to vent spleen and prejudice against the South he simply is 'way off the track, as I have no feeling of prejudice whatever to vent against the South—for, list you, Sir Georgia Cracker, while I gently whisper in your ear the fact that every drop of blood that flows through my veins is Southern. My parents and grandparents, uncles, aunts and each and every one of their preceding ancestors, extending far back into the past, years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, all first beheld the light of day in that sunny land to the south of Mason and Dixon's line.

With good feelings for all—even concave-chested "Crackers"—and animosity to none, I close.

WM. H. AVIS.

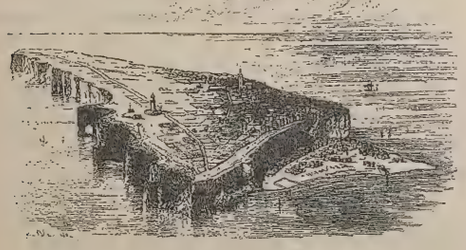
NEW HAVEN, Conn., July 4.

Natural History.

GÄTKE'S BIRDS OF HELIGOLAND.

A YEAR and a half ago in FOREST AND STREAM attention was called to Mr. Gätke's important work, entitled "Heligoland, an Ornithological Observatory." This was the German edition, which had made its appearance nearly a year before. An English translation of this very interesting work has just been issued from the press of Mr. David Douglas, of Edinburgh, Scotland. It is introduced by a preface by Mr. John A. Harvie-Brown, which bears date May 8, 1895.

As is well known, Heligoland is a tiny island in the German Ocean, about forty miles north of the mouth of the river Elbe. It consists of a rock rising 200ft. above the sea, a waste of sand hills and rugged stone, which offers little attraction or hospitality to the migrating hordes which pass it. Only the auks and the guillemots find a congenial home among its desolate storm-swept crags, yet this tiny island is a stopping place for millions of birds on their passage to and from their summer breeding grounds. In early February the first of the advancing hosts make their appearance from the South. In March their numbers increase, and by the end of the month many summer birds, like the song thrush, two species of doves, the snipe and the water rail, are abundant. In April and May the migration is at its height, and it is then that the collector reaps a rich harvest of facts



HELIGOLAND.

for his note book and secures his rarest specimens. Mr. Gätke says, "If * * * the weather be especially favorable the species pour in in incalculable numbers; during the hours of night this great host of wanderers weeps across and passes the island without taking rest h ereon—some of the birds traveling singly, others in maller or larger groups, according to the nature of the pecies—all striving to gain their far-off homes. About unrise, however, and during the early hours of the forenoon thousands and tens of thousands of these birds break their journey; some, too, at sunset, in order to make a few hours' stay on our island. It is, however, absolutely impossible to ascertain the manner and method of arrival of most of these visitors even by the most careful observation. This is especially the case with the small song-bird and similar species, whose number increases with each minute, without one being able to see a single



THE AUTHOR IN SHOOTING DRESS.

bird descending from on high or shaping its course in any one particular direction. Many alight on the fields while it is still dark, and are present in their thousands by the time it has become daylight; some on the other hand arrive shortly before sunrise, others arrive only after the day has fully begun. From this time onward their number increases steadily."

Toward the end of June the returning migratory wave sets in, and this increases through the following month. With August the southward migration is in full force, and continues through September and October, while in November the northern species, sea birds and birds of prey, are abundant, and the migration cannot be called at an end until well into December, when the winter residents, such as the wildfowl, take up their home about the island. Thus briefly, but most practically, does Mr. Gätke, in his opening chapter, entitled "The Course of Migration in Heligoland," set forth the seasonal progress of bird life there.

Mr. Gätke's observations, which have continued over fifty years in this island, have established two main facts in regard to the direction of the migration flight: that in autumn the migration proceeds from east to west, and in the spring in the opposite direction; that in the cases of all the species and individuals noted on the island these courses are rigidly maintained during the passage, or if any deviations occur they do not extend beyond one or two points of the compass. Similar observations conducted since 1879 at the lighthouses and lightships on the English and Scottish coasts have yielded results like those of Mr. Gätke, and the conclusion seems inevitable that the vast numbers of birds which breed in northern Europe take, on their fall migration, a westward course until they reach the shores of the Atlantic Ocean, when they turn sharply to the south, and crossing the English Channel distribute themselves over southern Europe or pass on to Africa. In spring, however, the line of flight is for many species a different one. The birds no longer have time to pass along in a leisurely manner at their ease; it is essential that they should be at their breeding quarters, perhaps in northern Asia, at a fixed time, and instead of returning northward by the route followed during their autumnal journey, they make a direct northeasterly flight, which carries them to their summer home in the shortest possible time. Thus it is that many species which are most abundant in Heligoland in autumn are extremely rare there during the spring.

Mr. Gätke's chapters on the altitude of the migration flight, its velocity, and the meteorological conditions which affect it, are full of interest. They could hardly be otherwise, since they contain the results of observations carried on for so long a time over so limited an area.

The altitude at which birds fly during their migration is one of the subjects to which Mr. Gätke has devoted much attention, and to this he has devoted a chapter containing a great number of interesting facts and generalizations. He concludes among other things that the common buzzard (*Buteo*) can soar upward without wing movements and yet steadily and rapidly in unbroken lines to heights where the human eye can no longer reach the birds—in the present case at least 12,000ft. Allied to this same question of rising through the air is the habit common to many, if not all, the diving birds of immersing a part or the whole of their bodies under the water. This, of course, is wholly different from the act of diving either in search of food or to escape active pursuit. He says: "All these birds when alive and undisturbed float so lightly on the water that they scarcely make any noticeable depression in it. Nor is this surprising, for all of them have their under sides clothed with a covering of down and feathers. It is perfectly easy to understand how birds can without difficulty float on the water on an almost weightless support of this nature, which is moreover filled with warm air; but it is difficult to explain how, in spite of such a float, they are able to immerse themselves under the water and to remain for any desirable length of time beneath the surface. Thus a little grebe managed to escape observation on a piece of water about sixty paces in diameter and from two to three feet in depth by immersing itself up to its beak and eyes in the middle of the pond and remaining quietly beneath the surface. What is still more surprising, the bird selected for its hiding place a part of the pond where some dried grass blades and wood shavings about an inch long were floating about, which entirely diverted one's attention from the insignificant portion of its head and which were still visible above the water. On another occasion a bird of the same species remained quietly immersed at the margin of the same pool, where the water was only about six inches deep, so that only its beak and eyes remained above the surface. It should moreover be noted that in the first instance the depth of the water as well as the presence of any kind of vegetable growth completely precludes the supposition that the bird might have obtained some kind of hold or attachment under the water, while in the last case the bottom was so hard and level that it is quite out of the question that the bird could have held on to it with its feet. In both cases the birds remained perfectly motionless, since the least motion would, at so short a distance—at most some thirty paces—have at once betrayed their hiding places. Naumann, in Vol. IX. of his great work, relates similar experiences in regard to this small diver.

"Another extremely valuable opportunity of observing this quiet immersion of the body was presented to me many years ago in the case of a cormorant in a pond in the Zoölogical Garden at Hamburg. For the purpose of catching some of the swallows which were roving in fairly large numbers over the surface of the water, the bird had immersed itself to such a depth that only its head remained visible above the surface. In this position it remained perfectly motionless, for the least movement of its feet would have been at once betrayed on the perfectly smooth surface of the water. The swallows, foreboding no ill, frequently came up very close to it, and when the bird thought it could reach one of them it would quick as lightning protrude its neck and make a snap at it. After four or five unsuccessful attempts it actually did manage to catch one of them, which it swallowed after giving it a few shakes in the water. It then quickly immersed its body as before, and with neck drawn in continued to lie in ambush for further prey."

While, of course, it is difficult to determine the limits of elevation for small birds, which disappear from view before they have attained any very great height, the case is otherwise with large birds, such as the stork or the dark plumaged crane, which may be supposed to disappear from view at a height hardly less than 15,000 to 20,000ft. Humboldt is quoted to show that the condor soars and maintains itself for a long time at a height of not less than 30,000ft. and which may be very much more. Observations made in the open air in Heligoland have yielded similar results, and at a measured distance of 22,000ft. a flag of the same breadth of the expanse of wings of the condor would not only be at once seen from the island, but its color might be recognized. From these and like observations, Mr. Gätke concludes that 40,000ft. above the sea level is only a low estimate for the height of the condor's flight. Birds such as rooks and curlews are thought to pass across Heligoland at heights as considerable as 10,000 and 15,000ft.; sparrow hawks at not less than 10,000ft. Attention too is called to the enormous velocity with which some of these birds descend from the great heights at which they traverse the upper air and the abruptness with which they check themselves on approaching the surface of the ground. All duck shooters have observed this feature in the flight of wildfowl. It is believed, and with apparent reason, that the number of birds whose migration flight is commonly carried on within a few hundred feet of the surface of the sea is extremely small. On the other hand, in dull or foggy weather the flight is much lower than when the weather is fine. Examples of the capture of great numbers of migrants which have flown against lighthouses or

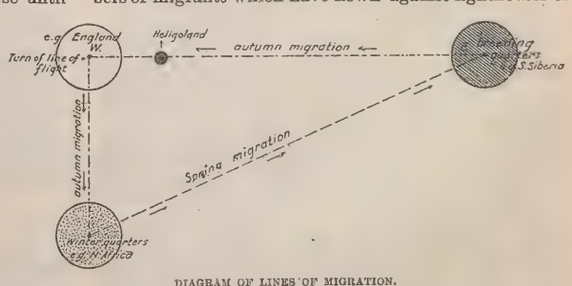


DIAGRAM OF LINES OF MIGRATION.

lighted steamboats will occur to every student of bird life. Mr. Gätke instances the night of November 6, 1868, when no less than 15,000 larks were captured on the plain of the Highland in the space of about three hours. No less than 3,400 of these were caught against the panes of the lighthouse lantern alone.

Mr. Gätke is disposed to assign to birds during their migration flight a velocity much greater than has been commonly acknowledged. Among the birds of swiftest flight he instances that of the Virginian plover (*Charadrius*

drius virginicus), for which he claims a flight of 212 geographical miles per hour.

Reference has already been made to the fact that dull or foggy weather affects the height at which birds migrate, and it is generally acknowledged that birds are especially sensitive to the first indications of atmospheric changes. Rain storms, especially if violent, lightning and fog are all likely to interrupt migration, and during the hours preceding such change in the weather birds are likely to hurry along at unusual speed and in unusual numbers.

The chapters on the order of migration according to the ages and sex, on exceptional migration phenomena, and on what guides birds during their migration are of exceeding interest, whether one agrees or disagrees with the conclusions reached by the author. It is interesting to see that, notwithstanding the long years of observation and thought which Mr. Gätke has given to the cause of the migratory movement and to what guides birds during their migration, he does not advance new theories to account for any of these phenomena. The second part of the volume consists of a chapter entitled "Changes in the Color of the Plumage of Birds without Moulting." This is followed by the main body of the work, more than 400 pages, in which are enumerated 398 species of birds observed by the author in Heligoland, together with his notes on each one. An index of the species mentioned gives an added value to the work, which is also illustrated by two portraits of the author, one of which we reproduce, and by a number of striking tail pieces.

Quite apart from its value to the ornithologist, this volume has a strong personal interest, for it represents fifty years of absorbing labor by a single man. It can well be understood how year after year his work took a stronger hold on the author, until at last it became so much a part of his life that he thought of little else, and we can imagine something of the satisfaction that he must have experienced when the last words were written, and the greater gladness with which, later, he received a copy of the imposing volume. Such a culminated satisfaction comes to but few men.

A CAPTIVE HEN-HAWK.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., June 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Saturday evening as I was finishing a late supper after a thirty-mile ride about the country on the "silent steed," a neighbor came to the door and said that he had a bird at his house that he wanted me to see. I told him that I would be with him in two minutes and turned him loose in the flower garden.

Arriving at his house I found that he had a live red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*). I told him that it was commonly known as the hen hawk. He said that if that was what it was I could take it away if I wanted it. I found that he had a string around one leg and tied to a crowbar. He said the hawk was captured by getting caught in a coil of wire.

When I attempted to take the hawk, he faced about and made objections to my doing so; but getting hold of the string I soon had him turned upside down, and getting the free leg in my hand I soon had him under control and in my yard, where I placed him on the handle-bar of the lawn mower and tied the string to the handle.

Later in the evening I went out to see how the hawk was getting along, when I found the house cat creeping up to him. Now, this cat has a propensity for birds that she finds on the lawn or garden. A few days since she caught a female house wren, but did not have the satisfaction of eating it, as I took it away from her after she had killed it. This wren had just finished a nest in a box on the grape trellis. After taking the bird from the cat I soundly boxed her ears and dropped her to the ground. I hardly think she would have fared as well if she had tackled the hawk. But to make it more safe for the cat I ran the handle of the mower through the entrance of an unused dog kennel and closed the entrance.

The next morning I withdrew the mower from the kennel without disturbing the hawk; but *Buteo* was not to remain undisturbed, as he was soon discovered by the ever-present English sparrow, who sounded the alarm, and soon the apple and cherry trees were full of birds that came from all directions. There were more robins than I had seen at one time this season, for I had thought them not as plenty as usual this year. They were brave, and looked quite ferocious with their crests erect as they flew back and forth within two feet of their enemy. The orioles also came in numbers, and their bright yellow and black plumage seemed brighter than usual as they flitted through the green foliage of the trees.

A pair of yellow warblers (*Dendroica æstiva*), that have a nest full of young in a pear tree within fifty feet, also joined in the excitement. This is the first instance I have known of warblers nesting within the city limits, and such a nest as these have I have never seen before. The outside is composed entirely of cotton, and it looks like a large snowball that might have been left from the six or eight inches of snow that fell on May 14, when the apple and pear trees were white and pink with blossoms.

Also a pair of meek little chipping sparrows (*Spizella socialis*) got excited and chased each other from tree to tree. Even the lonely house wren (*Troglodytes ædon*)—which daily, since the death of his mate, has sung his love song from the top of the apple tree overlooking the little box on the grape trellis containing the nest, which his lost love worked so faithfully to build—even he forgot his sorrow during the excitement, and joined in the protest against the advent of an unwelcome visitor.

But a few ineffectual attempts by *Buteo* to increase the distance between himself and the birds, which only the length of the cord prevented, seemed to assure the excited crowd that there was no danger and most of them soon dispersed.

But a pair of robins that have their second brood in a near-by apple tree did not seem inclined to give *Buteo* much peace. The male especially seemed to take pleasure in flying from an apple tree across to a cherry tree, under which the hawk sits most of the time on the dog kennel. He usually flies within two feet of the hawk, but sometimes he will go near enough to strike him, when the hawk will turn his head; at other times he does not notice him.

Buteo seemed to be more docile after his would-be lynchers had taken their departure, and I tried to induce him to partake of food, as he had eaten nothing since he was captured. But although the food offered should have been to his taste—head and neck of a freshly killed chicken—he refused to eat it. While trying to feed him I noticed that the string around his leg did not look safe and procured a stronger one and a piece of soft leather and made two holes in it. I expected to have some trouble in putting it on him, but to my surprise he let me do it without moving a toe from the handle-bar of the lawn mower; but he kept his sharp eyes on my hands during the whole time.

Your readers will probably think that this is a young bird. Such is not the case, it is at least more than full grown, as no young *Buteo borealis* could have the plumage of this one; its tail feathers are 9½in. long, crossed with eight bars of brown, except the two middle feathers, which are red with one black bar and tipped with white, but only about 7in. long. It is now moulting and at present has only five of the old tail feathers besides the two red ones. I am undecided as to its sex. A few years ago I had a young bird of this species from the nest that I kept until June of the following year, and its first tail feathers were red and I supposed it was a male. After keeping it until it was more than a year old I sent it to the American Museum of Natural History, Central Park, New York.

The bird I now have is apparently uninjured as far as can be seen, but from the first I noticed a peculiarity about it, and that is that it never turns its head to the left, but always to the right. If it wants to see anything to the left it will turn its head to the right until it is squarely half way around. His eyes are, so far as can be seen, perfect, yet he is entirely blind in the left eye. I generally feed him from my hand, and if I hold the food to the left so that he cannot see it with his right eye, I can move it within half an inch of his left eye as long as I wish and he will not notice it, but as soon as I move it to the right he will take it instantly. The pupil of the left eye expands and contracts with the other. I might advance the idea that hawks have one shortsight and one longsight eye, as a professor of one of your colleges a few years ago advanced the idea that hawks soared by imbricating the wing feathers, because he happened to find them in that position after he had killed one, and it had fallen some distance to the ground. The probability is that the concussion from striking the earth was enough to imbricate every feather on it. I have found the wings in the same condition when I have shot hawks on the wing when not soaring.

I did not start out to write the "life history" of the red-tailed hawk, as that had better be left to Captain Charles E. Bendire, and as these notes have extended much beyond what the caption alludes to they had better close.

J. L. DAVISON.

A Mother Cat Adopts Rabbits.

BLOOMINGDALE, N. J., July 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Am in receipt of your letter of July 2, asking about a cat bringing home some young rabbits. The following are the facts:

About six weeks ago our pet cat, Tootsie, gave birth to four kittens, all of which were drowned two days later. Two weeks ago, in looking over a berry patch 200yds. back of the house, the Misses Donald saw our cat watching something very closely. On going to look what it was they were surprised to find a nest of seven young rabbits apparently about four days old. The cat was purring and seemed well pleased with her find. They took the cat away and brought her to the house. Next morning, on opening the door, they were again surprised to find four of the young rabbits on the porch and the cat in the act of depositing a fifth in the same place. She went back to the nest again and brought another, put that down with the five and made another trip for the seventh. She then made one more trip and examined the nest carefully to make sure that she had got them all. The seven little rabbits were taken into the house and placed in a box, the cat going in with them. They sucked her, but the cat not having enough milk for them, the family gave them milk out of a teaspoon. Five of them are now alive and bid fair to become full-grown rabbits, eating now without help. Of the two that are dead one jumped out of the box and got caught between the leg of the table and casing; it was dead when found. The other was very delicate when the cat first brought it home, still it lived a week. The cat is very proud of her family. She kills and brings to them birds, ground squirrels, etc., evidently expecting them to eat them. Needless to say, they disappoint her.

The cat and rabbits can be seen any time by calling at my residence. They have been visited by a great number of people already.

JOHN DONALD.

Catskill Mountain Deer.

THE deer in the State Game Park in the Catskills have eaten all there was to eat in the preserve and the Commissioners have for that reason determined to liberate them. The seventy-four deer were turned out this week. The law protects deer in Ulster, Greene, Delaware and Sullivan counties for five years. The Commissioners have posted notices of the law and proclaiming: "This herd has been obtained and cared for at great expense by the State, with the intention of restocking the Catskill forests with this kind of game. The co-operation of all good citizens is respectfully solicited in the furtherance of this work, and they are particularly requested to discourage all attempts of lawless or thoughtless people to molest these animals, and to report promptly any violation of the law in this respect."

Deer were formerly found in this region and the species would be there to-day had a wise use been made of the original stock. If only these animals now set free can be protected, they will prove progenitors of a new race of Catskill deer.

Some Sense in This.

PHILADELPHIA, July 5.—In the interest of science I think Mr. Hough ought to be suppressed. The way he is going on about horned snakes and snakes with feet, the story of the man who had a tame oyster that would follow him up and down stairs will soon cease to be a joke.

FRANK ROBINSON.

A man may guy,
And a man may lie,
And a man may puff and blow!
But he can't get trade
By sitting in the shade,
Waiting for business to grow.
If he's wise
He'll advertise.
—*Source unknown, but worthy of credit.*

Game Bag and Gun.

SMALL-BORE BULLETS.

NEW CASTLE, Col., June 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Parker Gillmore once wrote that the best part of every gun is behind the stock, and I believe that it is the same with bullets. There is no doubt that a small bullet properly placed is very effective; but when a snap shot is necessary, or when the game stands in an unfavorable position, the larger bores are undoubtedly preferable.

There are some excellent rifle shots in this part of the Rocky Mountains who use .25-20 rifles for deer hunting, and speak very highly of their effectiveness. Others do excellent work with .32-40s, but the majority prefer .38-55, .40-82, .40 90, .45-70 and .45-90.

Some men are so nervous that they almost invariably flinch at the report and recoil of a large caliber rifle, and I believe that such men could do better work with the smaller calibers; but for any one who has sufficiently steady nerves to shoot a medium or large-bore rifle without flinching at the instant the trigger is pulled, I believe that a .38 to a .45cal. are the sizes best adapted to such game as deer and elk.

I once owned a .38-55 which killed eight consecutive deer where they stood when the shots were fired. They were shot through the neck, heart or close proximity to the heart at less than 100yds. distance, and in each case dropped with the report of the rifle.

On another occasion I fired the same gun, loaded with 45grs. powder and 270grs. bullet, at a deer standing with his rump toward me at about 450yds. The bullet struck in front of the hip and came out at the base of the neck, dropping the deer inside of 20yds.

All the sportsmen in this locality who use .38-55 rifles speak very highly of them, and it is their boast that they "never find a bullet in a deer."

Although the .38-55 possesses remarkable accuracy and penetration, its trajectory is high, and unless one is a good judge of distance he is likely to miss through error in sighting at distances over 150yds.

Some time ago I discarded the .38-55 for a .40-90 single shot and have obtained more satisfactory results at long range from it than from any rifle I ever owned, including a .32-40 and a .45-90. I procured a grooved bullet mould, 355grs., and a set of reloading tools from the Ideal Manufacturing Co., and the ammunition prepared with them appears to be perfect in every particular. The grooved bullet is preferable to the patched for hunting, and as the wads and lubricating discs used with patched bullets are not necessary with grooved ones, ample space is left in the shell for the full charge of powder. This cartridge possesses great accuracy and penetration with low trajectory at all ranges, a combination difficult to obtain, and I can heartily recommend it for large game shooting, especially at distances of 300yds. and over.

EDW. F. BALL, President New Castle Rifle Club.

REMINISCENCES.

As the sportsman becomes somewhat advanced in years he takes great pleasure in reviewing the incidents of the past, and his mind dwells lovingly on the many agreeable experiences of days gone by. What sportsman does not remember his first gun and the thrill of rapture that attended his first successful wing shot? He had killed a bird on the wing, he knew just how he held and fondly believed he had mastered the art. Alas! But subsequent frequent failures only tend to sweeten an occasional success, and as he is a true sportsman discouragement is unknown to him.

The sportsman is a lover of the rod and reel as well as of the gun. He recalls his early angling achievements with rod (pole), minus the reel and worms for bait, and smiles as he thinks of the simplicity of the equipment. But who will say that the joy he felt in those days, when he "yanked" a small trout out of a "likely hole," was less intense than that felt by him in later years when skillfully "playing" a larger trout with a 5oz. split bamboo rod, click reel, enameled line, fine gut leader and flies on No. 10 hooks?

In looking back upon the past, I recall to mind my first gun and the beginning of my education in the art of shooting. I was about 14 years of age when my father purchased for me a single-barrel muzzle loader, light and a good shooter.

My brother, four years my senior, was a tireless hunter, a good wing shot, owned a double-barreled gun and a pointer dog. Small game was quite plentiful in those days in Connecticut, where we lived. Almost every pasture contained a bevy of quail and "partridge" could be found in fair numbers on the wooded hillsides and frequently in the open fields at quite a distance from the wood, giving a good chance for a shot before they reached cover. Woodcock were numerous in the alder and willow thickets on low ground, and jacksnipe abounded in the swamps and marshy places.

During many excursions with my brother he did all he could to teach me, giving me the best positions and often waiting until I missed a bird before he fired. I missed many times before I killed a bird on the wing. I well remember the first one. It was a woodcock and looked to me as big as a spring chicken. My brother had stationed me in a good position and gone around on the opposite side of an alder thicket, where he sent the dog in. "Look out," he called, and over the tops of the alders the bird appeared coming straight toward me. I raised my gun and fired, and by good luck held so true that without a flutter he dropped almost at my feet. I gave a triumphant yell, and my brother asked in some surprise, "Did you get him?" "Of course I did," said I proudly. After discussing the shot, of which I gave the most minute details, we resumed the hunt and soon had another bird on the wing which I neatly downed, or at least I thought so. We both fired at the same instant and the bird fell. I was sure that I had hit it and explained that it was a much easier bird than the one I had killed before, and if I could kill a hard one of course an easy one like this could not get away from me. He admitted, with perhaps a shade of sarcasm, that undoubtedly the bird was mine.

We now began to feel the need of refreshments, and ascending a rising piece of ground seated ourselves in the shade of an apple tree near a fence which separated us from a pasture, where we purposed looking for quail after lunch had been discussed. We were quietly engaged in

appeasing hunger when our attention was attracted by a slight noise to the right, and looking in that direction we saw a pretty sight. Under the fence from the pasture a bevy of quail were filing along, daintily threading their way between weed stalks and scattered hazel bushes. Eight or ten were in sight at intervals, and still they came. Cautiously picking up my gun and taking quick aim, I fired into the midst of them. The same instant there was a whirring of wings as they rose, and my brother, who would not shoot them on the ground, was ready, and brought down one with each barrel in as neat a manner as could be desired. The dog, which had for some time been uneasily sniffing the air, probably having scented the quail before we saw them, was now told to retrieve, and brought in, one after another, five fine, plump quail, three having fallen to my shot on the ground. I know it was unsportsmanlike, but I was only a boy.

We finished our interrupted lunch and going into the pasture proceeded to hunt up some members of the scattered flock. We found more quail, of which my brother bagged several, and I missed as many—he let me shoot alone—and our hunt was drawing to a close, as it was getting late in the day.

While we were walking along, reviewing the incidents of the day, a partridge rose from a clump of berry bushes, almost at our feet. So sudden and unexpected was his appearance that I did not attempt to shoot. Not so with my brother. His gun came instantly to shoulder, and as he fired the bird shot up into the air, higher and higher, when after a few convulsive flutters it fell to the ground, dead. I learned then that a bird frequently towers in that manner when shot in the head, as this one upon examination proved to be.

We reached home at night with a respectable bag of game, three quail and two woodcock credited to me, and well pleased with the result of our day's hunt.

These are some of the incidents of an experience of long ago, and as they come to my mind I write them down so that other sportsmen may read and compare them with their own experiences. W.

TINAMOUS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Replying to the inquiry of "W. O. B." in your issue of July 6, the re about fifty species of tinamous, ranging from Mexi 'o the Argentine Republic. Probably his description refers to some members of the genus *Crypturus*, and while I cannot tell him where these birds may be purchased—though I doubt if they can be procured in numbers outside the countries which they inhabit—I would not advise him to attempt their introduction. First, because it is doubtful if they would long survive the change of climate. Second, because so far as my experience goes the birds of this genus inhabit the undergrowth and take wing only as a last resort. Indeed, although I have been for months in a country where tinamous were common, I have rarely flushed them. Third, because their flesh is dry and comparatively tasteless.

FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, July 6.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are various kinds of tinamous, one (*Calodromas elegans*) as large as the ordinary mixed blood hen in the United States, and another smaller—"a little larger than the quail and not as large as the pheasant." The latter kind is found clear down to the islands of the Cape Horn archipelago. While on a journey in the Cape Horn region last summer, I saw three of them, a cock and two hens, brought on board the steamer alive in a big wooden cage. They looked very much like the mountain quail of California. They had been trapped on Navarin Island, the captain told me. They were exceedingly shy, hiding behind a wisp of straw provided for the purpose whenever anyone approached the cage; but they ate wheat, oats, grass seed, bread crumbs, scraps of meat and table refuse, and were brought eventually to Buenos Ayres in excellent health and spirits. On the other hand, three dozen that were taken on board a steamer at Buenos Ayres bound for New York began to droop soon after we entered the tropics. They ate a variety of grain with relish at the start, but soon refused to eat more than a little of anything. Fresh sand was kept on the bottom of their cage—a huge wooden box—and ample shelter for hiding was provided. The cage was under a good awning and it had, moreover, a double top, light and ventilation being provided for on the sides; but this was all to little purpose. Only a half dozen or so survived the passage. These were taken ashore on Staten Island by their owner and I have not heard their subsequent fate.

As a game bird for the pot both kinds of tinamous are unsurpassed. As a bird under the dog's nose they would probably please people accustomed to the preserved game of English country places more than one accustomed to the swift, well-sustained flight of North American birds. They get up with a tremendous roar of the wings, but they move slowly and are soon tired out. The usual way of killing them on the pampas is to ride them down with a pampa cayuse and kill them with a blow of the riding whip. They are exceedingly sensitive. Natives told me that the cowboys there very often surround a covey and then charge on it with all the noise they can make, and thus actually scare a half of the covey to death. They say, too, that when a bird has become tired out it can easily be captured alive. The moment it is taken in the hand, however, it feigns death—gasps as one that has received a fatal wound and then tumbles over with its muscles all relaxed. But if then the captor should release his hold on the bird it will recover its life and energy in marvelous time and jump away with a flutter that will entirely upset the unaccustomed spectator.

Both of the tinamous are skulkers and are hard to put up. One may walk right through a flock of them even on the barren plains of Patagonia without seeing them and without starting them awing. But should he chance to catch the eye of one of the skulkers, away she goes and the rest are likely to jump into the air also. That they should be so hard to put up is undoubtedly due to the fact that their worst enemies are hawks. Foxes and even the great desert panthers feed on them (the panthers run them down), but the peregrine falcon is feared more than anything else.

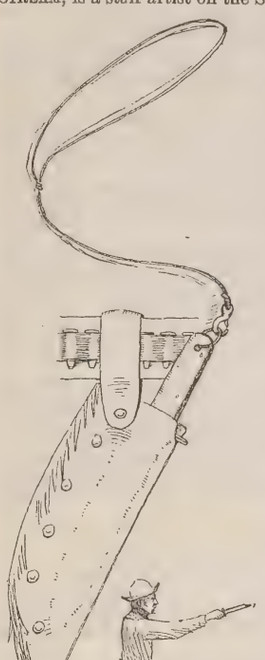
I never saw their eggs. W. H. Hudson, in his "Idle Days in Patagonia" (a most interesting book for the naturalist), says that the larger bird "lays a dozen eggs as large as those of a fowl, with deep green polished shells," The smaller bird lays eggs of "a reddish purple or liver color." Hudson also tells a most remarkable fact about the tinamous. He says that the desert birds do not drink—that they live without water. I do not doubt the statement. I know they are found on the desert where there is no fresh water at least within fifty miles. I wish some of the bird lovers who know and who read FOREST AND STREAM would tell us if there are birds built in that fashion in the United States (in the Colorado or the Mojave desert, for instance), and add other facts about them if any are found so.

Should "W. O. B." wish to import some of the tinamous he will find it expensive, but just what it will cost I do not know. Norton & Son, of Wall street, New York, run a line of steamers direct to Buenos Ayres. They are Americans and will do all they can to accommodate customers. Very likely they can get the birds through their agent at Buenos Ayres. If not, W. O. B. might write to Mr. Edward L. Baker, American consul at Buenos Ayres, for the address of a trustworthy dealer in live game. Mr. Baker is one of the few consuls who will always answer a courteous letter. JOHN R. SPEARS.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y.

A Handy Knife Scabbard.

"El Comancho," valued as a contributor to FOREST AND STREAM, is a staff artist on the Seattle, Wash., daily press, and is as handy with the pencil as the rifle. He favors FOREST AND STREAM with a drawing of a knife scabbard which he says he has found very desirable in a rough riding country. The sheath is of heavy leather, riveted, with the top split to let in the knife guard. [Some hunters do not like a guard on the knife.] The scabbard is suspended in the belt by a loop which is let on well back on the top of the scabbard, by means of a loose rivet which acts as a hinge, the scabbard easily swinging back and forward on this hinge. It is claimed that this form of scabbard is safer in case of a fall from a horse, or an entanglement with brush or limbs of trees. Any object striking the scabbard merely swings it back so that it clears itself. "El Comancho" further makes his knife secure by means of a lanyard snapped to the handle, the lanyard having a loop which is passed about the neck of the hunter, so that if the knife be jarred out of its scabbard, the cord prevents it being lost. A good knife scabbard is something hard to buy in the sporting goods trade, and most of those offered are wrong in principle. "El Comancho's" idea is good if one carries but one knife. Most big game hunters would perhaps prefer the scabbard carrying in addition a skinning knife and a steel, and in that form the hinge idea would not be so desirable. Yet the terrors of a scabbard with its handles sticking stiffly up are such as any hard-riding horseman hunter knows perfectly well. E. HOUGH.



Where Ducks Cloud the Sky.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with much interest your article pertaining to the gathering of wild duck eggs for commercial purposes. The theory whenever mentioned never failed to produce audible smiles. Did any of the theorists ever try to find a wild duck's nest? Sad, but only too true, the secret of decimated ranks lies more with those fortunate enough to get where ducks use, and with the market shooter in particular, who is on the ground all the time. No, wild ducks are not all dead yet, not if we may judge from the vast multitudes to be seen in the swamps of the sunk lands of Missouri and Arkansas.

In October of '94 a party of four from this city and four from Cincinnati shot over 1,000 ducks in one week, and from the hordes still seen it didn't look as if any were missing. To the average amateur the piles of ducks would have looked like three times the quantity, as nine-tenths of them were choice mallards.

Nor were these all the ducks shot in this quiet and celebrated spot that week. Five market hunters are in there all the time, and in this particular week averaged from 80 to 140 ducks per day each.

A netter was also at work, who made shipment of 20 barrels of mallards at one time. Again to the average amateur and even the semi-professional this may sound "fishy." If the steamboat receipts, which brought the ducks to this market, will be proof they can be produced. The netter made no more shipments, for the natives forced him out of the country with Winchesters.

In these days of plenty of sportsmen and as some say "scarcity of game," it is truly a question, where will we go?

At any time after the middle of August to Sept. 20 or 30 it is an easy matter to get from 100 to 200 killing shots on wood ducks at the evening flight. After that they have moved on and the big ducks begin to arrive.

There is plenty of game of all kinds in this State: deer, ducks, geese, snipe, quail, turkeys, some chickens, squirrels and rabbits by the wagon load. Any of the counties in the sunk lands of Missouri and Arkansas will afford plenty of deer, duck, geese, turkey and squirrel shooting.

But the sportsman must get into the locality where the game uses. Plenty of game does not mean that it comes to you. ONE OF THE CAMPERS.

[And outsiders will please remember that Missouri has a Chinese-wall non-resident sportsmen law.]

Lumbermen as Sprinters.

HARTFORD, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In FOREST AND STREAM of last week I read a most interesting communication entitled "Those Adirondack Deer." In it Mr. Raymond S. Spears, its author, gives a most graphic description of the heartless and wanton slaughter of Adirondack deer, which in itself cannot fail to arouse the sympathy of any humane man, but the indignation evoked by Mr. Spears's realistic picture of the killing is dissipated by the feeling of profound wonderment at the supernatural fleetness and endurance of the lumbermen, of whom he says, "The lumbermen are as children at times. They chase the deer and a cruel death winds up the sport. Then on they go again. And so deer after deer is slain." Before reading Mr. Spears's truthful tale, I had supposed that to catch a deer was a task for the best of dogs or fleetest of horses, but when I read of those lumbermen-children chasing a deer to its death in a calm-like and easy-like manner, I wondered greatly at their marvelous fleetness; but when I read that they then went blithely on slaying deer after deer, my wonder was beyond bounds at both their fleetness and demoniacal endurance. Such fleet runners could break all records on the race track, whether of men or horses, or bicycles, or even the famous World's Fair Flyer No. 999. Pray do not think that I doubt Mr. Spears's statements. Much credit is due him for the discovery that the lumbermen can run down a deer and then go on running down another one, and another *ad infinitum*.

He also says: "The bosses at (lumber) camp forbid venison." Those dear good bosses. Of course they do. Would anyone suppose for a moment that an æsthetic lumber camp boss would permit his men to eat venison when he could buy provisions for them to eat? Of course not. Any boss would prefer to pay for his meat in preference to getting it for nothing. Those kind, good bosses! DICK.

Adirondack Deer Destruction.

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., June 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On my recent annual fishing trip to the Adirondacks I took occasion to make considerable inquiry in regard to the reported slaughter of deer in or near the locality I am in the habit of visiting, and although I was satisfied from previous observation that most of the residents of that community had but slight regard for game laws, I was horrified to learn to what extent depredations had been committed against the game supply, which they all naturally ought to be interested in protecting. Judging from the reports of people who annually visit both the West Canada and Cedar lakes, as well as the guides who hunt and fish in that vicinity during the open season and trap fur-bearing animals in the close season, there seems to be no doubt that the number of deer in that vicinity is rapidly diminishing.

It is well known by everyone within fifty miles of those lakes that certain parties have been lumbering the entire length of West Canada Creek, as well as some of the streams and lakes which form its source; that some sections have as many as seventy-five lumbermen at work. There seems to be no question that the principal meat supply of those lumber camps consists of trout and venison. Men are hired ostensibly as choppers when it is positively known that they are (on account of their proficiency as still-hunters) paid to kill deer for the consumption of those camps. And when those log jobbers and camp keepers have not the nerve to keep a game butcher in their own camp, they hire the deer killed by such men as John Leaf, a half-breed Indian, who was tried and convicted last winter at Lake Pleasant, and who, through the machinations of some of his friends or accessories, escaped with the insignificant fine of $40 or forty days in jail, and after he had served twenty-six days in jail was liberated by paying $14. This is the way the laws are enforced in the face of the reported evidence of a dozen deer carcasses which were found around his camp. It is also said that a man by the name of French Louie, who lives near one of the West Canadas, is in the habit of furnishing deer to some of these lumber camps.

Another cause for the depopulation of deer in the Adirondacks is the misuse of the hounding law. Hounding in the neighborhood of Arietta, it is said, is commenced as early as July by certain parties, who also night hunt as early as June. But of all the deer which are killed illegally nine-tenths go to wood choppers.

A man, who worked last winter in a logging camp not more than six miles from Piseco post office, told me that he had eaten what he was satisfied was fresh venison from December till the last of March; and in that camp as road cutter and hunter was employed one of the worst old game butchering reprobates that tramps the woods.

John Richardson, of Gloversville, who in company with Dr. Beach, of the same place, has annually visited the Cedar Lakes for the last twenty years, reports that although they were in camp a week or so earlier than usual this year, nevertheless where in former years they had counted fifteen or twenty deer during the two hours preceding darkness, this year they comparatively speaking had seen none. They express the opinion that there is not one-quarter the number of deer of three years ago.

What can you expect toward the conviction of violators when the nearest game protector is fifty to sixty miles away; and when everybody knows within two hours of his arrival in the neighborhood. I was told by a number of guides and people who seemed to be interested in stopping this wholesale slaughter of game that, whereas a few years ago they had ample protection through the efforts of James Higgins, of Ruddeston, who was a game protector at that time, now nearly everybody in that community seemed to take a hand in violating the game law. I also discovered considerable evidence of illegal catching of trout. It seemed to be common talk that the son of a certain hotel-keeper at Piseco had set lines in the lake, and as evidence which would seem to verify this common rumor he is known to visit the lake after dark or at a time when no one else is on the lake. It is also known that this same man and his friends are in the habit every spring of taking advantage of the April 15 trout law and catching them through the ice at T Lake.

With the appointment of a man with the sterling qualities of this man James Higgins all such violations could be eventually stopped. I speak of him not that I am any friend of Mr. Higgins, as I have never had the honor of his acquaintance, but think that being so near at hand to these violators, and being held in such great respect by them, as well as the law-abiding citizens of that locality, he would be an excellent person for the position. I also wish to speak in condemnation of the party of alleged sportsmen who about a dozen strong, with their guides, dogs and plenty of whisky, go to the Cedars each year, and not content with a decent amount of sport and venison, must kill, eat and feed venison to the dogs for two weeks, and then each bring out a whole deer, generally nearly all does, simply because the law allows this wanton slaughter. Such game destroyers are nearly, if not quite, as bad as the men who kill for the lumber camps. All it needs in order to stop this terrible slaughter is a determined and efficient game protector appointed who resides in the same community with the unscrupulous violators of the game laws. CAYADUTTA.

Sea and River Fishing.

A DAY WITH M. SALMOIDES.

ABOARD! And we are pulling out from St. Paul, Minn., over the Great Northern Railway, for a day with *M. salmoides* at Lake Minnetonka, the "we" being my brother Harry and myself, both also claiming the relationship of "brothers of the angle," as quaint Uncle Ike puts it.

A pleasant run of an hour or so lands us at Spring Park station. Mine host Hopkins, of the Hotel del Otero, soon has us fixed out with boat and frogs, and we pull out from the dock in the teeth of a sou'wester that makes the white foam curl on the crest of each blue wave we ride. Ere reaching the point where our fishing is to be done, we notice dark thunder clouds advancing toward us dead against the wind. For once our storm coats are left behind, and we debate the question whether to make for shore or risk a wetting where we are. A rattling peal of thunder and a few heavy rain drops decide us, and we make for the land, drag our ship up the beach, and, propping it on edge with an oar, are soon seated dry and comfortable beneath it, smoking our pipes and arguing the question of hooks, reels, leaders, etc. For half an hour the rain beats in torrents against our improvised tent, but we are masters of the situation and heed it not.

Ere long the worst has passed, and we rig our craft anew and put our tackle in order. Here is my idea for a bass-casting rig for Minnesota or Wisconsin lakes: Rod, two-joint, 7½ft. long, or slightly shorter, weight about 8oz., rather stiffish action. Reel, quadruple multiplying, the finest your purse will allow. Line, moderate-sized raw silk, tested to a breaking strain of 10lbs. or better. It will surely lose some strength though dried and wiped ever so carefully, and a strong line is needed for a 4lb. bass when he finds the weeds. Now, just here is where I use my own little device. Others may have employed the same, but I have never seen it used except on my own tackle. It is very simple—just a couple of lengths of silkworm gut (so-called), stained mist color, and tied as a short leader, say 12in. long. In one end I fasten my line, in the other a Sproat or Carlisle-Kirby 4-0 snelled hook.

I confess to being somewhat "on the fence" as to the respective merits of straight or side-bent hooks. For years I religiously followed and continually preached Dr. Henshall's practice of using Sproat hooks, No. 1 or 1-0 for minnows and a trifle larger for frogs, but have recently been putting the "Kirby" bend to a series of actual tests in the water, and am inclined so far to think it hooks as many or possibly more fish than my old straight hooks.

For sinkers, when necessary, as they always are with a large frog in deep water, I use the handy patent spiral ends placed on the line just above the "leader." These 18in. or so of gut make almost invisible the connection between your frog or minnow and the fishes' arch enemy, man. I have in an actual test with this method of rigging the cast hooked two fish to my comrade's one, all other conditions being precisely similar.

But to return to our mutton, or rather fish. The storm has passed, and leaves a dead calm with blazing sun overhead. Casting is well nigh useless, but we coast up and down the rushes in various depths of water, and keep our lines wet for hours; but in vain. Then we give up and take to smoking for solace, and whistle for a breeze.

At last the water ripples under a rising west wind.

Now for the edge of the bar. We anchor in 4ft. of water, while a few rods in front it deepens suddenly to about 20ft.

Harry drops a frog lightly on the water 80ft. away, allows it to sink almost to the bottom, and reels slowly in. "Here we are!" He exclaims, and drops the handle of his reel. Out goes about 20ft. of line, then a stop, the point of the rod is raised a trifle, *Salmoides* feels the restraint and away buzzes the reel again. A good 30ft. runs out when the angler takes a hand. A short strike sets the hook firmly and the concert begins. The reel sings as the click button is shoved over, and the rod transferred to the left hand. "Keep your rod up!" I cry, for Harry is a Colorado mountain trout angler, used to brush streams, and this is his first bass season.

The bamboo doubles up like a whip, and cree-e-ee the reel sings again. "He's a whale!" says Harry, and egad! I almost believe him. Now a long tack to the right and the line hisses as he "gives the butt," for that way lie weeds and danger. For half a minute it is touch and go, then very slowly the tip of the rod rises, and the line is as slowly recovered.

Suddenly it slackens and a peculiar "lifting" motion seems to possess it. Experience tells me what to expect and I caution Harry to keep the line taut and the rod bent, when with a rush and a splash there springs above the surface a flashing mass of green and gold, the water dripping from it in a shower of diamonds, and the crimson jaws and gills blazing in the sunlight. Harry is wild. "Gosh!" he exclaims, "ain't that out o' sight?" It is almost his first sight of the leap of a 3½lbs. bass, and those who know the beauty of that thrilling leap for liberty (or, as Dr. Ellzey has it, from "fright") will appreciate his exclamation.

So the fun goes on. Up and down the brave fish dashes, ever and anon vaulting above the water, with armored sides and red jaws flashing like jewels. Tiring at last he comes slowly along near the surface. When he catches sight of the boat he makes a bold dash in an attempt to get under it. Harry cleverly swings his rod around the stern and foils his little strategy. One more wild hum of the reel and he turns his "snowy breastplate" (Henshall) to the sky, the landing net slips under him and rescues him from oblivion. As he touches the bottom of the boat the hook drops from a long tear in his lip and Harry gasps at the narrow escape.

Three pounds and a half by the pocket scales and perfect in scale and fin, a magnificent fish, and one to make any angler proud of his trophy.

Though an old bass fisherman I am distinctly "not in it" to-day, and Harry "wipes my eye" in most approved style, hooking two more bass and several pickerel, while I vainly drop my frog on every inch of water within a circle of 90ft.

The two bass scale 3¾ and 3½lbs. respectively and the pickerel average about 3lbs. apiece. The latter we kill and give to some boys who shout in boyish glee over the "big suckers."

At last my turn comes and I get a genuine bass "strike." I let him have it and he takes 10 or 15ft., then check him slightly, but a succession of short jerks tells me he is not yet satisfied and 15ft. more go under water. Then I put on the click and check him again, now it's a steady pull, so, "Give it to him!" Harry cries, and I strike him hard. Ye gods! what a run!

The reel fairly screams, and the line just melts off from the spool. And see! Away out in the water, 40 good yards away, flashes the well-known crimson and gold in a setting of diamonds, but the line is taut and he gains nothing by the leap. I fancy I hear critics say, "Shows how much that fellow knows about 'playing' a bass," "He should 'drop the point of the rod.'" etc.

I take off my hat to dozens of well-known names in the angling fraternity, Dr. Henshall included, who has forgotten more about bass than I ever expect to know, but nevertheless I say, keep your line taut, first and last and all the time, when there is a large-mouth bass at the end of it. I have lost plenty of bass in various ways, as every angler has, but I recall but one that I lost through "falling on a taut line."

Meantime *M. Salmoides* has been cavorting around there in fine style, while Harry sits idly on the boat seat holding the landing net on his knees. Maybe "basso" is "sulking," but he is down there somewhere doing anything but what a well-conducted bass should, so I take the disgorger and rap on the butt of my rod, salmon fashion, a telegram to "Get up and dust," and he does.

What a series of rushes and leaps and wild breaks for liberty that make the reel-plates hot from friction (?), but finally the steady strain of even a 7½ft. 8oz. rod tells on him, and with a last ineffectual spurt when close to the boat—which, however, finds me expecting it, and ready to foil his final effort—he joins his comrades, the top of the string and the topper in weight—4 square solid pounds of glistening paradise.

The shades of evening are now closing in and our wrists and our elbows ache from the steady eight hours of casting, so we unjoint our rods, pack up our smaller tackle and pull for the boat landing.

Just four bass, but they run 4, 3¾, 3½, 3½lbs., and that's glory enough for me for one afternoon, even if Harry is "high hook" in point of numbers, and I can only plead guilty to the 4-pounder.

Minnetonka, especially the north end, abounds with such bass, and many are the days that our modest string has been excelled, possibly not in individual and average weight of fish, but at any rate in numbers.

But we are content. It isn't the fishing for count that gives the pleasure. It's to match your skill against your brave antagonist and by pure generalship bring him to bag.

And so we return home with the memory of the song of the birds and the music of the reel in our ears, the clear blue of the sky and water, the vivid green of the beautiful verdured shores, the "cloudy pinnacles" of the snowy *cumulus* and the flashing crimson and gold of the armored bass before our eyes, and say together in unison, as we strike our "ranch" at 1:30 A. M., "We had a bully time!"

Don't you think so? W. L. AGNEW.

ST. PAUL, MINN., June 25.

SMALL BOY AND BIG TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having recently returned from a brief fishing trip to Plymouth, N. H., I make, as in duty bound, my report to FOREST AND STREAM.

After the first few fishing trips I found brook trout to be very abundant, but much smaller than I had expected to find them Of the fifty trout which I caught, the result of one day's fishing, I was compelled to quickly return to the water twenty on account of their diminutive size. For the past thirty years I have fished in these regions almost every year, and find to my delight that trout are as abundant as ever, which, of course, is due to the restocking of the brooks and lakes from time to time.

About two years ago I fished in a brook about five miles from Plymouth, and found quite a number of salmon trout, but this year I felt keenly disappointed on finding that they had all disappeared. These trout were, on an average, from 6 to 8in. long, and this year I had expected to find some of considerable size, and my disappointment was very great when I discovered that all had vanished.

My luck has always been pretty good on the East Branch of the Pemegewassett River, a branch of the main river, which leaves it at Woodstock, N. H., about five miles south of the Franconia Mountains. My visit to New Hampshire being necessarily short this year, I did not have time to take in this stream. Those desiring to visit these wild, beautiful regions and fish in the many lakes and brooks which are so abundantly supplied with fish, will find now the best time of the year in which to go.

From Boston take the train for North Woodstock. At this place there is a hotel—the Deer Park. Follow the stream up from here, passing through one of the wildest woods you ever entered. After a five-mile tramp up the stream trout may be found, but the deeper into the woods you go the better luck you will have. A party of four, including myself, spent two very delightful weeks on this stream several years ago and had all the trout we desired.

Great sport is being had on Newfound Lake, N. H., catching trout and salmon. The great abundance of these fish is surprising, as is also their size. Many have been captured weighing from 6 to 12lbs., but Frank I. Cross, of Bristol, N. H., a lad of but fifteen years, broke all previous records by his wonderful adventure with a trout while fishing in this lake.

On May 20 he had been out rowing the boat for several hours, for a city man to troll, but without success, and finally the fisherman left the boat and returned home.

The boy then concluded to try it alone. He trolled slowly for an hour, when suddenly his line refused to move with the boat. His first thought was that he had struck a snag, and he began to back water. Just then a mighty fish leaped from the water, and with a big splash headed toward the boat. The situation was no ordinary one. To handle the line and boat too was more than enough for an experienced fisherman, but the boy, although somewhat "rattled," did not lose nerve, but reeled in as fast as possible, getting the trout quite near the boat, when away he went for another one hundred feet. Thus he continued to play him for fully twenty minutes.

Finally the boy succeeded in getting the ponderous fish near the boat in a very much exhausted condition. The excited boy now began to think about landing him. In holding the line and reaching for the gaff hook, he slipped and pitched headlong into the boat. Recovering his equilibrium, and when the fish was within reach, he struck him with the gaff, but too far back in the body to be sure of landing him. He drew it out and struck him once more. This time he fetched the fish into the boat, but even then there was danger that he might flop out and get away, and so the plucky lad laid on him to keep him quiet.

The fish was weighed three hours after being taken from the water, pulling the scales down to 20lbs and 6oz. It was 35in. long, measured 21½in. around the body, was 10in. deep, 6in. across the tail and 4in. across the head. It was indeed a beauty.

To catch a 12lbs. trout with a man to handle the boat for you is no easy trick, but for an inexperienced youth to capture this monster alone was much more difficult, and the persevering boy deserves much credit in my estimation. DR. M.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., July 1.

MORE ABOUT LEAPING BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It would seem cruel and pitiless to cast another stone through the glass house erected by Dr. Ellzey, and so perforated by "Kingfisher" in his letter published in your issue of June 29.

Dear Kingfisher!—that article was a "sockdolager;" it reminded me of how you flayed alive that Black Lake chap and left so little of his original physiognomy that even his mother refused to recognize him.

But a thought or two occurs on this subject of the "leaping bass" that is suggested by Dr. Ellzey's proffered excuses in behalf of those whom he seems to consider the victims of weird hallucinations and as grossly ignorant or willfully perverse; and that is, I seriously doubt whether Dr. Ellzey ever caught a black bass in his life. I don't question his sincerity. I don't doubt his honesty. I don't challenge his good intentions. But as "the eyesight is the most deceptive of our senses," it is fairly to be inferred from his description of the fish he saw, of his control over them by "lowering the tip of his rod" and "slackening of his line," and by their failure to do what scores of fishermen have seen them do, that he has mistaken some other fish for the black bass. He has, in part, been exerting the muscles of his wrist and forearm on mud cats—a fish that naturally infest the bottom —and in part been playing mongrels of som rt that are given to describing Hogarthian curves in th r and falling with mathematical exactness inside a boat and not beyond it.

Nor can we, on reflection, be sure the Doctor ever saw these mongrels leap from the water, for he himself says, "A bass is above water so short a time you can't see him open his mouth or shake his head." Therefore it is to be presumed Dr. Ellzey mistook a flash of sunlight or a glimmer on the pool or a curl of smoke from his pipe as he sat in his easy chair on the bank and dreamed dreams of the bass he read of in the books—he deemed these optical illusions as actual bass—in the body and not of the spirit.

"The eyesight is the most deceptive of our senses" is not the tentative but the absolute dogma that settles the discussion with Dr. Ellzey in the matter of leaping bass; not his eyesight, but the eyesight of other bass fishermen. This is pedantry.

Doesn't Dr. Ellzey know that the line that divides theory from fact or logical demonstration is the number of particulars that constitute the premises of his argument? Doesn't he further know that many a man has been justly hung on the proof of what witnesses saw with their eyes—"the most deceptive of the senses"—and not upon what others didn't see?

His testimony is simply negative and therefore inconclusive. He never saw a bass open his mouth above the water; therefore he says they don't do it. He never saw a bass shake his head when leaping, nor jump over a boat, nor describe other than a beautiful curve above the surface; therefore he says they don't do it.

The writer never saw a live whale, nor a dead elephant, but he would not affirm that such things don't exist. He is willing to take the testimony of others.

As to the quickness of the eyesight. A bolt of lightning draws a line along the sky in less time than a fish takes in his leap above the water. Yet we can discern whether the electric line is straight or crooked.

Two race horses, at lightning speed, cross the string at the winning post a nose apart, and yet the judges easily pick out the winner. It is done in the twentieth of a second.

The hunter catches lightning aim on the flying bird across his path and kills it, and he knows the sights of his gun caught the bird fair and full.

The eye is quick and alert—quicker than the fish that even at times delays its stay above the surface to shake out the hook with open jaws and vigorous muscles.

Less than ten years ago, on the salt shoals of Cumberland River, I saw a bass that had taken from me nearly 30ft. of broken line leap nearly perpendicularly upward to escape its trailing trouble. This action was repeated, and following him into shallow water I finally caught the line and captured the fish.

In Doak's Mill Dam on Dix River, in Boyle County, Ky., I saw a party seining for suckers, cats and bass. The seine was seven feet high and 100yds. long. They were passing a submerged tree top, full of green leaves, near the bank, when some one got on it and gave a vigorous shake. A dozen bass leaped from the cover like sheep, several passing over the top of the seine and one over the head of the man holding the right brail. The latter cleared the water at least four feet.

The capabilities of fish in their leaping powers are scarcely collated. Gen. Geo. B. Crittenden stated to me that while stationed on regular duty near the Rio Grande, in Texas, he saw a number of fish ascend a perpendicular fall nearly or quite twenty feet high. They seemed to take a running jump, and striking the face of the fall worked their way up—many failing in the attempt, but a few succeeding. His opinion was that they worked their fins more rapidly than the water's descent, and gained a fulcrum that assisted them upward, taking the surface and avoiding the heavier downpour. I don't think Gen. Crittenden said these fish were bass, and therefore Dr. Ellzey is released from repeating his favorite expression that "the eyesight is the most deceptive of the senses."

I am afraid Dr. Ellzey fishes from a stool; that he fishes with preconceived notions and an eternal opinion; that he fishes for mud-cat, eels and the market; that he has no

due reverence for the fitness of things, the rights of the black bass and of their defenders. But I forgive him.

OLD SAM.

SYRACUSE, June 21.—Having seen considerable controversy in the last few issues of the FOREST AND STREAM about leaping or jumping bass, I became very much interested, and began to think that perhaps my eyes had deceived me after reading the communication of M. G. Ellzey, when he said that the bass leaped on account of fright; that he very seldom lost a fish by having it leap from the water, and that a tenth of a second was not time to see whether the bass had its mouth open or not. But being at Montezuma last Tuesday I took particular pains to test the argument. I caught a good number of small-mouthed bass, two of them weighing 3lbs. 4oz. and 4lbs. 2oz., and was very unfortunate in losing a number by having them break water and leaping from 6in. to 1ft., and in every instance did the bass have its mouth open and it shook itself. I could not say it was exactly like a terrier shaking a rat, but it would be a very good comparison, and in one instance the hook flew to a considerable distance, and each time did I have a taut line. I can save most of the fish that do not break water, but am very unfortunate in losing a great many that do. But as the Doctor says good-by, I don't think that we can have an argument.

A. R. K.

IN NEW ENGLAND WATERS.

BOSTON, Mass., July 6.—Judge Horace Gray, of the U. S. Supreme Court, has left Boston for the St. John's River, where he will spend a few weeks fishing for salmon. For many successive seasons he fished the Nepissiguit at the Grand Falls, but I understand has not done any fishing at all for the last six years. I trust his return to the sport will be made agreeable by the best of luck on his present trip.

Mr. Jas. Bird, of Boston, has returned from his bass fishing trip to Belgrade Mills, highly pleased with results. He reports the fishing to be exciting enough to satisfy the most exacting. At one cast, on a 5oz. rod he hooked three bass whose total weight was 7¼lbs. It required great care to land them without breaking his tackle, and this was only accomplished after quite a struggle. Mr. Bird will go to the Plymouth Ponds for a short time, and will return to Belgrade for a few weeks, later in the season.

J. C. Gibbs and E. R. Eustis, of Boston, have left for Belgrade, expecting to make a two weeks' stay. Mr. Gibbs has been there before this season, and goes back this time determined if possible to capture some of the big land-locked salmon known to be so plentiful in these ponds. He will try deep water trolling, and ought to be successful. From Belgrade the two gentlemen will go to fish the waters in the vicinity of the Katahdin Iron Works, spending a week in that locality.

H. N. Whitman and wife, Samuel Boothby and wife, Charles Gilman and wife and Mr. Fred. Eastman, all of Portland, Maine, have gone to spend a two weeks' vacation at their comfortable camp at Millnocket Lake, near the west branch of the Penobscot. The fishing is generally very fair in that region and it is said to be quite a sight during the months of June and July to watch the game coming down to the water. Mr. Whitman is an old Sebago fisherman, and captured several lusty salmon at that lake shortly after the ice went out this year.

Professors G. S. Lamson and J. C. Rolfe, of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, stopped a few days in Boston this week en route to the White Mountains, where they will stay during the month of July, spending most of their time fishing the streams for trout. Prof. Lamson is very fond of brook fishing, and no alder thicket is too dense for him to penetrate if he thinks there is a fair chance of reward. A part of August will be spent in salt-water fishing, and after that a trip to the Maine woods has been planned to last until college reopens in the fall.

The fishing at Big King and Bartlett Lake in Maine is reported to be better this season than for many years. There has always been a degree of uncertainty about what to expect in this pond. Plenty of trout are known to inhabit its waters, but they have been somewhat eccentric and not always ready to take the fly. This year has proved a notable exception to the past, and everybody who has visited the King and Bartlett camps seemed very well satisfied with their luck. A peculiar feature of these trout is their almost exact average of 1lb. in weight. It is singular how uniform they are in this respect. As evidence of this fifty trout were taken on the fly in one day a short time ago and were found to weigh almost exactly 50lbs. The success of sportsmen who have visited this preserve during the present season is worthy of special notice. There is only one Spencer Stream in Maine, and that is a paradise for those who like brook fishing. T. H. Rollinson and wife and E. L. Barry and wife, of Waltham, Mass., while at King and Bartlett spent a couple of days fishing this stream with the very best of results. The Kibby Stream, a branch of the Spencer, is also good; 235 good-sized trout were landed there in one day by two gentlemen who fished for a record, but returned most of their catch to the water. Big Spencer Lake, about four miles from the main camps, is noted for large lake trout, mostly taken by trolling. The record for big game seen on the preserve this season is also quite remarkable. Mr. F. H. Talcott, just returned to Boston, saw thirteen deer and a moose at Long Pond. While Dr. Johnson's party were fishing at Big Spencer Lake a large black bear came down to the lake to satisfy his thirst. He watched the boat for five minutes and then made off into the woods. The Messrs. Epting, of Philadelphia, with Fred. Davis as guide, were fishing on Spencer stream. A noise on the bank attracted their attention, and the next instant a large moose thrust his head through the bushes. He looked at the party a moment and then boldly descended into the water and commenced to feed on the lily-pads. The guide paddled up to within 20ft. of the moose, and they watched him for fully ten minutes. Finally his wild sense was aroused and he sauntered off into the woods. An hour or two later the same moose presumably was seen at Fish Pond, and the party got within 20yds. of him. Finally one of the gentlemen commenced to bellow at him. This aroused him with a vengeance, and as he showed indications of a charge the party beat a hasty retreat, considering that discretion was the better part of valor.

Mr. S. C. Dizer and wife, of Boston, have just returned from what proved to be a very enjoyable trip into the Moosehead region. They went to the Northwest Carry, from there into the Upper Penobscot, and then to Spencer Pond. Fair fishing was had, the largest taken weighing 2¼lbs. At Northwest Carry Mr. Dizer saw six deer within gunshot distance of the house. When fishing at Spencer Pond he saw a doe and two fawns, which came out on the shore and stayed in plain sight for some time. The trip just over was undertaken principally to arrange for a much longer one to begin in August. At that time it is Mr. Dizer's intention to make a canoe trip of 200 miles, starting at Moosehead, over the Northeast Carry to the Penobscot, thence to Chesuncook, Chamberlain and Eagle lakes, and the Allegash and St. John's rivers, coming out at Edmanston, N. B.

Mr. Frank C. Black, of William Read & Sons, leaves Boston in a few days for an extended trip over the best fishing territory of Nova Scotia. Before returning he expects to stop some days with his father, who owns a large farm in the midst of a good sporting country, where excellent fishing is to be had almost at the doors of his home.

Messrs. H. Williams and Robert Williams, of Boston, have gone to Norcross, Me., where they will take guides and go into the woods for a three weeks' trolling and fly-fishing trip. Last year these gentlemen spent some weeks salmon and grilse fishing in the Miramichi River. This year they are trying Maine for a change, and as they are going into the Aroostook country will no doubt have good sport.

HACKLE.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, July 3.—Mr. Rodney P. Woodman with his friend Chubbuck starts to-day for a fishing trip that is likely to prove to be a good one. They will visit the almost unknown ponds that lie in the mountains beyond Parlin Pond. Parlin Pond itself is well up to the Canada line on the borders of Maine, on the celebrated Canada Road, which is about the route Benedict Arnold took way back in the days of the Revolution. Parlin Pond has been somewhat opened up to sportsmen by the building of a hotel there. It is said to be in the midst of a great fish and game section. But up among the mountains, over one of the roughest of buckboard roads, are Grace Pond and Horse Pond, the latter named from the fact that the lumbermen once got a horse into it and drowned him. A little further in is another pond or two called Enchanted Ponds, or "Enchantment," for short. This name seems to have been rightly given, for the few that have visited the locality are loud in their praises of the scenery. The mountains, over 2,000ft. high, hang over the little ponds, shutting them in, with only a narrow gorge for a gateway. Murphy, the hotel-keeper at Parlin Pond, has built some camps at the Enchanted Ponds, and with his men will transport the luggage of sportsmen on his buckboards to his camps. Murphy is a character that the sportsmen will speak in high terms of. He makes them comfortable somehow, and his charges are said to be reasonable.

Mr. Harry Powers, of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, with a party of friends visited the Enchanted Ponds a couple of years ago for a spring fishing trip. But alas, they were too early! There was actually ice in the ponds very late in May, the sun barely rising above the mountains in the middle of the day. They caught very few fish, but were well satisfied with the surroundings, and that the fishing must have been great a few weeks later.

Mr. Woodman has reports from these ponds that satisfy him that the fly fishing must be all that could be asked in midsummer. He says that guides are not necessary, except a man for all work, including cooking. All there is to do is to take a boat and row out to some of the fishing grounds, drop the anchor and cast the fly. "If one spot does not prove satisfactory, why, pull up and move to another." The shores are so bold and rocky that very deep water is found only a rod or two from the land in hundreds of places. He says, "in fact, there is very little shoal water in these ponds."

Deer he speaks of as being remarkably abundant there, with occasionally a moose. Mr. Woodman thinks strongly of making another trip to Enchantment this fall for gunning, provided he finds the signs of game, big or little, as abundant as represented, and if he likes the country as well as he expects to.

There are some complaints of poor fishing from the salmon anglers, who are now generally on their rivers. Mr. John Fottler, Jr., one of the best known of salmon anglers, and owner of the salmon rights of the St. John at Gaspé, P. Q., with Mr. I. W. Adams, writes from Mossy Cliff Camp, under date of June 27: "Salmon fishing is fairly good on our river. Up to date we have taken 24 salmon. Other rivers, famous for salmon, we learn, are affording light catches as compared with former years. The weather here is cool now, and we have had rain for a week. It was very hot ten days ago." It will be remembered that Mr. Fottler has had great success at the same river on former seasons.

July 6.—There has been a hearing, under the new law, and before Commissioners Stanley, Wentworth and Oak, relative to restricting the fishing in Quimby Pond, at Rangeley, Me. The hearing resulted in a decision that no person shall kill or carry away from the pond more than 15 landlocked salmon or trout in any one day. The ruling is to stand for four years from date.

Dr. Fred Mores, of Boston, is passing his summer vacation, with his family, in Monmouth, Me. He is counted as an expert angler. Up the Carthage Stream, and back of Saddleback Mountain, is a favorite fishing resort of his. He has recently returned from a trip to that stream, where he is reported to have taken 134 trout in four hours' fishing. Some of the brook trout weighed over a pound. If he put back three-quarters of his numbers, he made a good catch; but if he brought them all away, he simply deprived the next fellow of sport that he had a right to expect, and showed himself to be unreasonable. There is not a trout stream in the world from which 134 trout can be taken in four hours without taking the very stock that should be left to breed and grow, and such fishing is simply depletion, that is not sport.

Many of the vacationists are taking New Brunswick and Nova Scotia as their objective points, and they are seeking points where there is promise of sport with rod and line. From the salmon fishermen there have come home many complaints of poor fishing. This is, in a measure, accounted for by the fact of dry weather and very low water through nearly all of June, with so little water that the salmon would not come to the fly, or were not on hand. All this has been changed, however, with an abundance of rain along the Atlantic coast, and it is likely to bring better sport to the salmon fishermen.

Mr. "Nick" Boylston, of Worcester, is down for another big catch of trout. Mr. Whorff, landlord of the Mooselucmaguntic House, Haine's Landing, Me., writes a friend here an account of this catch. It was made on Friday, June 28, and included 10 trout weighing respectively 8½, 5¾, 5½, 5½, 4½, 4½, 4½, 4½, 2½ and 2lbs., the united weight of the string being 47lbs. The length of the largest trout was 27in. Mr. Boylston has spent a number of seasons at this resort, and is as well acquainted with the fishing and hunting there as almost any man can be, besides being a great lover of the rod and gun.

SPECIAL.

CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The fishing for ouananiche in the Grande Décharge has been, so far this season, even better than it has ever been known for some years back. Mr. J. U. Gregory, the agent of the Department of Marine and Fisheries at Quebec, who first visited the Décharge twenty years ago, long before there was any railway to Lake St. John, assured me that the fishing this year is fully equal to what it was when he first visited the locality, both as regards the size of the fish and also their abundance. He attributes this fact to the care shown in preserving the waters by their lessees, and also to the sportsmanlike qualities of the American anglers who principally visit the haunts of the ouananiche, and who invariably return all their catch of small fish to the water. This statement of one so well qualified to judge will be very gratifying to all admirers of the fish, disproving as it does the necessity for the note of alarm sounded by a writer on this fish some few years ago, who expressed the fear that with the completion of the railway to Lake St. John and the consequent rush of anglers to the ouananiche waters this splendid fish would soon become a thing of the past.

No doubt the ouananiche fishing, as usual, will continue fair throughout July and August in the Décharge, but after about the 20th or 25th of July the fish often run much smaller than during the early part of the season. The larger ones are then running up toward the spawning grounds in the large feeders of Lake St. John, and the best of the sport is then to be had in the Mistassini, Peribonca and Ashuapmouchouan rivers.

Trout fishing is still exceedingly good in the various club waters between Quebec and Lake St. John. Kit Clarke, upon the Amabalish club waters; Mr. A. W. Hooper, of New Haven, at Lac Commissaire, and Dr. R. M. Lawrence, of Lexington, Mass., have all enjoyed splendid sport. Dr. Lawrence fished some of the lakes of the Triton Club, of which he is a member, and has a 5¾lbs. *fontinalis* to his credit at Lac Trois Cariboux. Dean Robbins, of All Souls Cathedral, Albany, is at present on the Triton Tract, and splendid sport has also been had there this season by Messrs. G. F. Gregory, M. C. Pierce, J. G. Seymour, Dr. Hugh H. Brown and F. P. Denisson, of Syracuse, N. Y. The gentlemen just mentioned and several of their friends and fellow citizens are about joining this club and will have a cottage of their own upon American Point, overlooking one of the prettiest of the hundreds of pretty lakes now known to exist upon this tract. Plans are in course of preparation by this club for the construction of a handsome club house to be 105ft. in length, and to be constructed on Vermillion River, where it can be reached in twenty minutes by a canoe trip from a flag station upon the edge of the water, on the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway.

Judge Harlan, of the Supreme Court, is expected here shortly to fish on the Triton Tract, his son, Rev. Mr. Harlan, being a member of the club. Among other prominent members of this club are General Fullerton, of the War Department, Washington, Rev. Mackay Smith, of Washington; Messrs. Eugene McCarthy, Dean, Curtis and others.

Mr. McCarthy took home with him last week to Syracuse four splendid salmon between 20 and 30lbs. each which he killed in the Ste. Anne des Monts River.

The Moisie River, on the North Shore, has also furnished good salmon fishing to a party of American anglers, and Messrs. J. D. Gilmour, Edson Fitch and Veasey Boswell have had fine sport on the Trinty.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, July 6.

Mussels Take the Hook.

U. S. COMMISSION OF FISH AND FISHERIES, WASHINGTON, D. C., July 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Persons familiar with the operations of haul seines used in capturing shad and the river herring have observed that the shell-fish known as the fresh-water mussel is brought ashore during a great part of the season. The mussel comes in not as an involuntary but apparently as a voluntary prisoner. They cling to the twine with both edges of the shell as if they had grabbed it in their mouths. Fishermen believe that the twine drops into the open mouths of the mussels while they are innocently feeding, and that their seizure of the twine is done under excitement, which seems probable.

Two or three years ago I knew of a number of these animals being captured on hook and line by W. T. Lindsey, custodian of the Bryan Point Station, U. S. Fish Commission, situated on the Potomac opposite Mount Vernon. When the catch was reported I inquired somewhat minutely to determine whether or not the mussels were after the bait, but could not reach a conclusion. Last week Mr. Lindsey put out a trot line for the obtainment of a mess of channel catfish, and when he raised it he found the hooks covered with mussels. They evidently took the hooks in order to secure the bait. There were 175 hooks on the line and nearly every one had one mussel and quite a number had captured two mussels. This statement is furnished as a fact in natural history and not to create a sensation as a fish story. The line was laid crosswise of the channel on the bottom and in water 30ft. or more deep.

S. G. WORTH.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

NOTES FROM THE RESTIGOUCHE.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B., July 1.—It is now the close of June and so far the month has been most unfavorable for the angler. The spring opened early in May and the hot days we had took the little snow away quickly, and the total absence of rain until last week reduced the water in June to summer level, the intense heat raised the temperature over 60°. The salmon took hold—when they would rise at all—so gingerly that the hook would soon come home.

I went up to Kedgwick, some seventy miles above tide water, and my first fish was taken on the 8th, proving the fish did not run up as quickly as supposed, as a few good fish were caught in tidal nets the last week of May. I only killed six fish there, as Mr. Ayer, of Bangor, arrived on the 12th. My largest was 28lbs. Mr. Rodgers, whose property joins this pool, has four fine pools, two of them high water and two of them for low, consequently he has made his usual score, some eighty salmon, and has now left for New York. Some fair scores have been made by others. About eight fish in one day is the highest I have heard of. I think the Montreal party had some twenty-five, however. We are going to have better fishing in July, and as the dry spell has broken up we stand a better chance for a rise of water.

Some fine fish have been taken on the Metapedia, giving grand sport. The river being in better trim did not feel the drought owing to its lake supply of water. The river is very rapid, banks are steeper, the angler works under difficulties, which much enhances the sport when he lands his fish. So far as the numbers of fish in the river go I believe they are fully equal to last year. Many of the netters in the estuary have taken their nets out of the water, it being impossible to keep them clean between the green growth in the water and the refuse from the timber booms and saw mills this season. So the netting has not been profitable. The catch has also been poor all along the south side of Baie de Chaleur, but better on the north. I hear the Labrador rivers are turning out well, and probably will turn out a good July score, and as many of our July run will have no nets to contend with, I hope to be able to maintain the credit of the old Restigouche as the king of rivers in the Dominion when the season closes. JNO. MOWAT.

NOTES FROM FISHING WATERS.

NEWPORT, Vt., June 29.—I saw your sign up in the hotel here to report one's luck either with rod or gun. I have had some very fine trout fishing last week in the Soco River. Four of us went from Bartlet, N. H., last Monday from the Mountain Cave House, and drove eight miles up the Soco River. The four of us took 170 trout, the largest of them weighing 4½lbs.; they ran from ¾lb. to 1½lbs. I think the Soco River the best fishing in the White Mountains. GRISWOLD A. THOMPSON.

POINT CLEAR, Ala., July 2.—Chas. Zundel at 8 P. M. yesterday caught a 30lbs. redfish off the wharf of the Grand Hotel. As a winter resort we claim advantages surpassing Florida. ELLIOTT TOXEY.

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, Newport, Vt., July 3.—Bass and 'lunge fishing is good at Lake Memphremagog, Vt. Mr. Young, of New Hampshire, who will pilot fishing parties from Owl's Head Hotel during the season, caught on July 3 five 'lunge weighing from 10 to 17lbs. each. Dr. Roe, of Dartmouth College, who is a guest at the hotel, and who is also a very ardent fisherman, has made some very fine catches of bass and 'lunge. JOHN LADJING.

CAPE VINCENT, N. Y., July 4 and 5.—Guests of the Union House here had great fishing these two days. R. J. Sloan, W. J. Gillett, W. C. Bradley and George S. Sanford, of Syracuse, N. Y., captured 240 black bass; the majority would average 1½lbs. each. Messrs. Sloan and Gillett caught seventy-nine of the 240 in four hours; all weighed 1½lbs. each. J. A. FRISBIE.

COVINGTON, Va.—July 1 was opening day for the black bass season in this part of the Jackson River, which is protected by law. The river was fairly alive with rod fishermen, much after the fashion on Long Island on April 1, when the trout law goes off, and several hundred fish were caught, for the most part small. In the Greenbriar, over the ridge, they are larger. C. HALLOCK.

The Platte Lakes.

CINCINNATI, O., July 3.—I was thinking of writing up this winter our camping and fishing trip on Platte Lakes, Benzie county, Michigan (Lower Peninsula), but upon second thought, concluded some "Rodster" might like to know now of a good place to go to catch big bass, also enough trout. If so, wend your way to Benzonia, Mich., on the T. A. A. & N. M. R. R. You can stop there over night at the Van Winkle Hotel, on the shores of beautiful Crystal Lake, and the next morning drive a distance of five miles to Wm. Thompson's (a farmer who keeps boarders and has good boats for hire), who lives on the shore of Platte Lake; or if you prefer to camp, you can pitch your tents there, and he will board you, or supply you with milk, butter, etc., and at this writing has some ice left. There are lots of 3½ to 5lbs. bass there (large and small mouths about equally divided and gamy fellows) and in Platte River we have caught a good many trout, from fingerlings to a pound and over. Reduced rates on the G. R. & I. R. R., also the C. H. & D., in connection with the T. A. A. & N. M. R. R. You can catch some bass in Crystal Lake, but the Platte Lakes are much the best. This has been our second season there. I will cheerfully answer any brother angler, and remain,
H. W. VOSS.

Vermont League's Midsummer.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt.—The Midsummer Meeting of the Vermont Fish and Game League will be held at Isle La Motte, Vermont, Thursday, August 1. Members of the League are urged to extend a cordial invitation to their sportsman friends, to accompany them on this excursion through a portion of the most beautiful scenery on Lake Champlain. All members of branch clubs are cordially invited to join in making this the most successful of a series of meetings which have brought pleasure to those who have participated and have helped further the interests of the League. The steamer Reindeer has been chartered to take members of the League, branch clubs and their guests to the island and return. The boat will stop at Fisk's dock, and the meeting and dinner will be served on Mr. Fisk's lawn. An opportunity will be given to ramble about the island, boat or fish, during the afternoon. A Lake Champlain fish chowder will be part of the dinner. After dinner speeches will be dispensed with except of distinguished guests or at the request of those present. JOHN W. TITCOMB, Sec'y.

Fisheulture.

Influence of Railroads on Fishculture.

[A paper read before the American Fisheries Society.]

BY FRED MATHER.

THE continual extension of railroads has been an important factor in stimulating fishculture, and has had a most important bearing on it that is worth considering. When I am asked why shad are not cheaper, now that so many millions of eggs are taken from fish caught for market and are hatched and added to the natural product of the river, I answer, "Railroads." If the question refers to the price of oysters, lobsters or the fresh-water fishes of the Great Lakes, the same answer is returned.

Forty years ago the Hudson River furnished all the shad for New York city and for a district included in two strips thirty miles back from each bank of the river as far north as Troy. Farmers drove in to the fishing grounds and bought shad to salt for winter use, and in the height of the season they could be bought at the nets for from $3 to $5 per hundred. In Albany they retailed at two for a quarter of a dollar, and sometimes for less. Lobsters were retailed at about 5 cents per pound, and were seldom seen under 4lbs. weight, oftener 6 to 8lbs. Before the building of the Boston & Albany Railroad, teams came through to Albany from Boston, when sleighing was good, loaded with boxes of fresh codfish, haddock, pollock, and kegs of opened oysters. The latter were in quart, two-quart and gallon sizes. The Hudson River Railroad was not built and the only source of supply of sea food in winter was from Boston. In summer the steamboats brought some shell oysters to Albany, but the demand was light and the shipments were not as prompt as now, and I often heard it said that we never got good oysters in Albany! To-day they can be had in Omaha, owing to fast trains, prompt express service and the use of ice, for it must be remembered that there were no express companies in those days, and the great New York Central Railroad did not exist as a continuous line. From Albany to Rochester there were three railways—the Albany & Schenectady, the Schenectady & Syracuse, and the Syracuse & Rochester via Auburn and Canandaigua. These railroads did not sell tickets nor check baggage beyond their own lines, and if passengers were delayed by stops to transfer and recheck baggage, freight was sure of long delays. No wonder, then, that the inland towns of the State of New York in those days never saw an oyster in the shell nor a shad. Ice was then a luxury, and we only got a few lobsters because they spoiled so quickly that it did not pay to risk large shipments. Under these circumstances it is plain that shad, lobsters and sea fish did not get far beyond Albany and Troy, the head of navigation on the Hudson.

In boyhood days, forty-five to fifty years ago, I did not see either hard or soft crabs in Albany, but my father was part owner in and agent for the Eckford line of barges engaged in freighting between Albany and New York, before canal-boats were towed down the river, and my main desire for a trip to the great city was to buy hard crabs along the dock for a cent apiece and go down the pier and eat them, regardless of smeared face and fingers. Now soft crabs are common in Chicago; packed in seaweed and kept cool, they are whirled through in good shape.

In the early days of which I have spoken and up to twenty years ago no shad came to New York from Florida, nor even from North Carolina, where some of the finest come from to-day, and the citizens of the great metropolis waited for the first shad to be taken in New York Bay. This was an event in the year that was heralded far and wide, and hotels bid high for the first fish, as much as $25 having frequently been paid for the honor of serving the first shad of the season by the Astor House and other hotels. Now that Florida begins to send shad in midwinter, the strife for the first "North River" shad is ended.

Having glanced at the different conditions of railroading some decades ago and noted the effect upon the fish markets of inland towns, let us see how the changed conditions affect fishculture, which only began operations on a large scale well within twenty years. The pioneers in fishculture fondly expected to make fish cheaper for the masses. We expected to multiply certain species to such an extent that the market prices would be perceptibly lowered, and it is on record that the shad fishermen of Holyoke and South Hadley Falls, Mass., rebelled at the first efforts at shad hatching there by the late Seth Green because he said that he could "make shad cheap." He meant that they would be made plenty, and merely used the wrong word to the fishermen. We have increased the yield of shad in the Hudson, the Delaware and in other rivers farther south, but this increase of supply has been met by an increased demand that has kept prices up to, and even beyond, the old standards, and the extension of railways and the improved express facilities have made increased demands upon the shad fisheries that have kept, and will keep, the prices up, and perhaps increase them notwithstanding the increased production.

In this paper I have chosen to take shad as an illustration of the effect that the railroads have had on fishculture in America, but the same line of argument is applicable to the whitefish of the Great Lakes, which now reaches a hundred tables where it only fed one a quarter of a century ago. The oyster is more subject to an increased consumption by the extension of railroads than either the shad or the whitefish, for it not only has a longer "season," but is not as perishable as the fish, and by the use of ice is now found on the "half shell" in most small towns, while in tins, both raw and cooked, it is a visitor to many mining camps.

But to return to the shad. The increase of population and of fishermen with improved appliances along the Hudson River would have exhausted the supply of shad without the help of railroads twenty years ago but for the aid of the fishculturist. The annual catch had been falling off for some years before the work of shad hatching was begun, and continued to fall off for several years after, for the first work was done on a small scale. We know this in a general way by reports of the fishermen, for there had been no attempt to gather the fishing statistics until 1880; but both fishermen and marketmen from Troy to New York city agreed that the supply had gradually fallen off, until many fishermen declared that it did not pay to wet their nets.

The work of shad hatching on the Hudson River was begun in a small way by the State Fish Commissioner in 1868, near Coeymans.

The next year work was not begun until the first day of June [second report, page 4], about a month late, and continued until July 13. The report says: "Only 15,000,000 of shad were hatched in place of 300,000,000, as could doubtless have been done had proper legislation been had." In 1870 there were 2,604,000 shad fry planted [see report for that year, page 4].

This, judging by the plants afterward made, was an average year, and it is possible that there was a typographical error in the figures for 1869. But whatever may have been the number planted each year since the good work began, it is certain that each young shad artificially hatched would never have seen daylight but for the aid of the fishculturist, for the eggs obtained were from fish caught for market, and would have been wasted entirely, as they were too ripe to be eaten as "roe," for when within a week of maturity the ovarian sac is almost purple with the distended veins and not at all tempting as food, besides being very tender to handle, for the eggs are ready to drop apart.

This extra supply of young shad, preserved from danger during the egg and embryo stage, and let loose at the time when ready to take food, supplements and reinforces the natural hatch in the river, which has gradually grown less each year, because of the increase of fishermen with improved appliances of capture to supply the increased demand occasioned by the extension of railroads.

Looked at in this light it will be seen that the natural hatch in the river must decrease in proportion to the number of fish caught, and only artificial propagation has kept the shad fisheries of the Northern States up to their former standard, and now that the southern rivers are beginning to feel the drain, they will soon have to look to shad culture to keep up their stock or see it dwindle into next to nothing, as the shad catch has done in the Connecticut River. This river furnishes a case in point. Its shad fisheries, once so famous, have fallen off until they are hardly sufficient for home consumption since hatching was discontinued at South Hadley Falls. In 1880 the catch of shad in the Connecticut was 268,608, or about equal to 1,074,432lbs., with a value of $53,721. In 1889 the catch of the whole State of Connecticut, including the Housatonic, Connecticut and Thames Rivers, was less than one-third of the catch of 1880, the official figures for the three rivers being 48,963 shad, weighing 195,852lbs., and worth $16,580.

These figures for two different years would mean little did we not know that the falling off had been gradual and that the catch has fluctuated with a downward tendency for the past six seasons.

The shad in the Hudson have been enabled to stand the drain caused by an increased local population and the shipments by rail by two factors: artificial fishculture and the newly worked southern rivers. I say "newly worked" because it is only a few years since the northern markets have taken great quantities of shad from the South. Ten years ago New York city was forced to look beyond the Carolinas for early shad, and Florida began to get her fish to the great market even as early as January, and how long these rivers will stand the increased fishing without crying for aid from the fishculturist remains to be seen. At present the hatching of shad is mainly done on the Hudson, the Delaware, Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac. Some work has been done on Virginia rivers and in North Carolina, but the work of the U. S. F. C. near Havre de Grace, where the Susquehanna loses itself in Chesapeake Bay, has been one of the most important stations. Last year the State of New York received over 7,000,000 of shad fry from that place for planting in the Hudson, in addition to what hatching was done on that river.

According to the census of 1880 the catch of shad in the Hudson was 683,400 fish, which at an average of four pounds each would be 2,733,600lbs., valued at $136,680 at wholesale. While I have not the figures at hand for any of the succeeding years I am informed by the fishermen that the river has more than held its own in the past fifteen years.

From the above statements it seems plain that while the fishculturist has been striving to increase the food supply, and possibly cheapen it, he has merely been successful in keeping the supply up to the increased demand, and the railroads have prevented any decrease in prices by taking all surplus above the local demand far inland and thereby bringing to people distant from the fisheries delicious and wholesome food which has been produced by the fishculturist.

Last year Mr. Charles Hallock read a very interesting paper before this society, entitled "When shad were a penny apiece," in which he stated that "Connecticut shad in barrels were first advertised in Boston in 1736, though they were current in river towns for at least three years previous at one penny apiece. By 1773 prices had advanced to two or three pence." This was caused by lack of transportation to inland towns, and no matter how many shad we may produce, those prices will not be heard again, nor will the markets be glutted to the extent of lowering present prices unless for an occasional day or two when the catch has been much larger than usual.

The extension of railroads will always drain the fisheries, which are limited in production, especially in the fresh waters. The shad only feed in fresh water during their first year of life and afterward get their growth at sea, but the pasturage for young shad, to borrow a word from the herdsman, is limited by the amount of food such as cyclops, copepoda, daphnia, etc., which are in turn limited by other causes. Therefore there is a natural limit to the capacity of every stream to produce fish, but that limit in our shad rivers and in our lakes has not even been approached by our labors in fishculture.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 3 to 6.—Kingston Kennel Club, Kingston, Ont. H. C. Bates Sec'y.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.

Sept. 17-20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Sept. 24 to 27.—New England Kennel Club's second annual terrier show, Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

Oct. 8-11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 29.—New England Field Trial Club, at Assonet, Mass. S. R. Sharp, Sec'y.

Railroad Rates and Field Trials.

LOCK BOX 4, Indianapolis, Ind., June 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am sorry to be compelled to say that special railroad rates could not be secured to the Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials, at Morris, Man. However, tourists' tickets can be purchased at nearly all points in the South and West for St. Paul or Winnipeg. These tickets are on sale now, and will be good returning up to and including Oct. 31. Parties going who intend taking dogs with them had better apply to me for a permit or pass for their dogs, otherwise they will have to pay for having their dogs carried.

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

DARWIN ON THE DOG.

IN many of his writings Darwin refers to the dog in an interesting and instructive manner, both in respect to the qualities absolutely possessed by the dog and in respect to others as they relate to those of different species.

The full force of Darwin's remarks on the dog cannot be gathered from the quotations detached from their context. There is a mass of testimony of which the reference to the dog is but a trifling detail. Many of his remarks have a direct bearing on the possession of reason by the dog and on his power to communicate with his fellows through the medium of language, matters which have been treated in FOREST AND STREAM recently. The following excerpts are taken from the chapter on mental powers in his famous work, "The Descent of Man:"

"Desor has remarked that no animal voluntarily imitates an action performed by man, until in the ascending scale we come to monkeys, which are well known to be ridiculous mockers. Animals, however, sometimes imitate each other's actions; thus, two species of wolves, which had been reared by dogs, learned to bark, as does sometimes the jackal; but whether this can be called voluntary imitation is another question. Birds imitate the songs of their parents and sometimes of other birds, and parrots are notorious imitators of any sound which they often hear. Dureau de la Malle gives an account of a dog reared by a cat who learned to imitate the well-known action of a cat licking her paws and thus washing her ears and face; this was witnessed by the celebrated naturalist Audubon. I have received several confirmatory accounts; in one of these a dog had not been suckled by a cat, but had been brought up with one, together with kittens, and had thus acquired the above habit, which he ever afterward practiced during his life of thirteen years. Dureau de la Malle's dog likew se learned from the kitten to play with a ball by rolling it about with his forepaws and springing on it. A correspondent assures me that a cat in his house used to put her paws into jugs of milk having too narrow a mouth for her head. A kitten of this cat soon learned the same trick, and practiced it ever afterward whenever there was an opportunity.

"The parents of many animals, trusting to the principle of imitation in their young, and more especially to their instinctive or inherited tendencies, may be said to educate them. We see this when a cat brings a live mouse to her kittens; and Dureau de la Malle has given a curious account of his observations on hawks which taught their young dexterity as well as judgment of distances by first dropping through the air dead mice and sparrows, which the young generally failed to catch, and then bringing them live birds and letting them loose.

"Hardly any faculty is more important for the intellectual progress of man than *attention*. Animals clearly manifest this power, as when a cat watches by a hole and prepares to spring on its prey. Wild animals sometimes become so absorbed when thus engaged that they may be easily approached. Mr. Bartlett has given me a curious proof how variable this faculty is in monkeys. A man who trains monkeys to act in plays used to purchase common kinds from the Zoölogical Society at £5 for each; but he offered to give double the price if he might keep three or four of them for a few days in order to select one. When asked how he could possibly learn so soon whether a particular monkey would turn out a good actor, he answered that it all depended on their power of attention. If when he was talking and explaining anything to a monkey its attention was easily distracted, as by a fly on the wall or other trifling subject, the case was hopeless. If he tried by punishment to make an inattentive monkey act, it turned sulky. On the other hand, a monkey that carefully attended to him could always be trained.

"It is almost superfluous to state that animals have excellent memories for persons and places. A baboon at the Cape of Good Hope, as I have been informed by Sir Andrew Smith, recognized him with joy after an absence of nine months. I had a dog who was savage and averse to all strangers, and I purposely tried his memory after an absence of five years and two days. I went near the stable where he lived and shouted to him in my old manner; he showed no joy, but instantly followed me out walking and obeyed me exactly as if I had parted with him only half an hour before. A train of old associations, dormant during five years, had thus been instantaneously awakened in his mind. Even ants, as P. Huber has clearly shown, recognized their fellow ants belonging to the same community after an absence of four months. Animals can certainly by some means judge of the intervals of time between recurrent events.

"The imagination is one of the highest prerogatives of man. By this faculty he writes former images and ideas independently of the will and thus creates brilliant and novel results. A poet, as Jean Paul Richter remarks, 'who must reflect whether he shall make a character say yes or no—to the devil with him, he is only a stupid corpse.' Dreaming gives us the best notion of this power; as Jean Paul again says, 'The dream is an involuntary art of poetry.' The value of the products of our imagination depends of course on the number, accuracy and clearness of our impressions, on our judgment and taste in selecting or rejecting the involuntary combinations, and to a certain extent on our power of voluntarily combining them. As dogs, cats, horses and probably all the higher animals, even birds, have vivid dreams, and this is shown by their movements and the sounds uttered, we must admit that they have some power of imagination. There must be something special which causes dogs to howl in the night, and especially during moonlight, in that remarkable and melancholy manner called baying. All dogs do not do so; according to Houzeau, they do not then look at the moon, but at some fixed point near the horizon. Houzeau thinks that their imaginations are disturbed by the vague outlines of the surrounding objects, and conjure up before them fantastic images; if this be so, their feelings may almost be called superstitious.

"Of all the faculties of the human mind it will, I presume, be admitted that reason stands at the summit. Only a few persons now dispute that animals possess some power of reasoning. Animals may constantly be seen to pause, deliberate and resolve. It is a significant fact that the more the habits of any particular animal are studied by a naturalist, the more he attributes to reason and the less to unlearned instincts. In future chapters we shall see that some animals extremely low in the scale apparently display a certain amount of reason. No doubt it is often difficult to distinguish between the power of reason and that of instinct. For instance, Dr. Hayes, in his work on the 'Open Polar Sea,' repeatedly remarks that his dogs, instead of continuing to draw the sledges in a compact body, diverged and separated when they came to thin ice, so that their weight might be more evenly distributed. This was often the first warning which the travelers received that the ice was becoming thin and dangerous. Now, did the dogs act thus from the experience of each individual or from the example of the older and wiser dogs, or from an inherited habit—that is, from instinct? This instinct may possibly have arisen since the time, long ago, when dogs were first employed by the natives in drawing sledges; or the Arctic wolves, the parent stock of the Esquimau dog, may have acquired an instinct impelling them not to attack their prey in a close pack when on thin ice.

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"The following cases relate to dogs: Mr. Colquhoun winged two wild ducks which fell on the further side of a stream; his retriever tried to bring over both at once, but could not succeed; she then, though never before known to ruffle a feather, deliberately killed one, brought over the other and returned for the dead bird. Colonel Hutchinson relates that two partridges were shot at once, one being killed, the other wounded; the latter ran away and was caught by the retriever, who, on her return, came across the dead bird; 'she stopped, evidently greatly puzzled, and after one or two trials, finding she could not take it up without permitting the escape of the winged bird, she considered a moment, then deliberately murdered it by giving it a severe crunch, and afterward brought away both together. This was the only known instance of her having wilfully injured any game.' Here we have reason, though not quite perfect, for the retriever might have brought the wounded bird first and then returned for the dead one, as in the case of the two wild ducks. I give the two above cases as resting on the evidence of two independent witnesses, and because in both instances the retrievers after deliberation broke through a habit which is inherited by them (that of killing the game retrieved), and because they show how strong their reasoning faculty must have been to overcome a fixed habit.

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"Our domestic dogs are descended from wolves and jackals, and though they may not have gained in cunning, and may have lost in wariness and suspicion, yet they have progressed in certain moral qualities, such as affection, trustworthiness, temper and probably in general intelligence.

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"*Language.*—This faculty has justly been considered as one of the chief distinctions between man and the lower animals. But man, as a highly competent judge, Archbishop Whately remarks, 'is not the only animal that can make use of language to express what is passing in his mind, and can understand, more or less, what is so expressed by another.' In Paraguay the *Cebus azaræ* when excited utters at least six distinct sounds, which excite in other monkeys similar emotions. The movements of the features and gestures of monkeys are understood by us, and they partly understand ours, as Rugger and others declare. It is a more remarkable fact that the dog, since being domesticated, has learned to bark in at least four or five distinct tones. Although barking is a new art, no doubt the wild parent-species of the dog expressed their feelings by cries of various kinds. With the domesticated dog we have the bark of eagerness, as in the chase; that of anger as well as growling; the yelp or howl of despair, as when shut up; the baying at night; the bark of joy, as when starting on a walk with his master; and the very distinct one of demand or supplication, as when wishing for a door or window to be opened. According to Houzeau, who paid particular attention to the subject, the domestic fowl utters at least a dozen significant sounds.

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"The feeling of religious devotion is a highly complex one, consisting of love, complete submission to an exalted and mysterous superior, a strong sense of dependence, fear, reverence, gratitude, hope for the future and perhaps other elements. No being could feel so complex an emotion until advanced in his intellectual and moral faculties to at least a moderately high level. Nevertheless, we see some distinct approach to this state of mind in the deep love of a dog for his master, associated with complete submission, some fear and perhaps other feelings. The behavior of a dog who returned to his master after an absence, and, as I may add, of a monkey to his beloved keeper, is widely different from that toward their fellows. In the latter case the transports of joy appear to be somewhat less, and the sense of equality is shown in every action. Prof. Braubach goes so far as to maintain that a dog looks on his master as a god.

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"*Sociability.*—Animals of many kinds are social; we find some distinct species living together; for example, some American monkeys and united flocks of rooks, jackdaws and starlings. Man shows the same feeling in the strong love for the dog, which the dog returns with interest. Everyone must have noticed how miserable horses, dogs, sheep, etc., are when separated from their companions, and what strong mutual affection the two former kinds at least show on their reunion. It is curious to speculate on the feelings of a dog who will rest peacefully for hours in a room with his master or any of the family, without the least notice being taken of him; but if left for a short time by himself, barks or howls dismally. * * * The most common mutual service of the higher animals is to warn one another of danger by means of the united senses of all. Every sportsman knows, as Dr. Jaeger remarks, how difficult it is to approach animals in a herd or troop. Wild horses and cattle do not, I believe, make any danger signal; but the attitude of any one of them who first discovers an enemy warns the others. Rabbits stamp loudly on the ground with their hindfeet as a signal; sheep and chamois do the same with their forefeet, uttering likewise a whistle. Many birds and some mammals post sentinels, which in the case of seals are said generally to be females. The leader of a troop of monkeys acts as the sentinel, and utters cries expressive both of danger and of safety. * * * Wolves and some other beasts of prey hunt in packs, and aid one another in attacking their victims. Pelicans fish in concert. The Hamadryas baboons turn over stones to find insects, etc., and when they come to a large one, as many as can stand around turn it over together and share the booty. Social animals mutually defend each other. Bull bisons in North America, when there is danger, drive the cows and calves into the middle of the herd, while they defend the outside. In Abyssinia, Brehm encountered a great troop of baboons who were crossing a valley; some had already ascended the opposite mountain and some were still in the valley; the latter were attacked by the dogs, but the old males immediately hurried down from the rocks, and with mouths widely opened roared so fearfully that the dogs quickly drew back. They were again encouraged to the attack; but by this time all the baboons had reascended the heights, excepting a young one about six months old, who, loudly calling for aid, climbed on a block of rock and was surrounded. Now one of the largest males, a true hero, came down again from the mountain, slowly went to the young one, coaxed him, and triumphantly led him away—the dogs being too much astonished to make an attack. * * * Many animals, however, certainly sympathize with each other's distress or danger. This is the case even with birds. Captain Stansbury found on a salt lake in Utah an old and completely blind pelican, which was very fat and must have been well fed for a long time by his companions. Mr. Blyth, as he informs me, saw Indian crows feed two or three of their companions which were blind; and I have heard of an analagous case with the domestic cock. We may, if we choose, call these actions instinctive; but such cases are much too rare for the development of any special instinct. I have myself seen a dog who never passed a cat who lay sick in a basket and was a great friend of his without giving her a few licks with his tongue, the surest sign of kind feeling in a dog. It must be called sympathy that leads a courageous dog to fly at any one who strikes his master, as he certainly will. I saw a person pretend to beat a lady who had a very timid little dog on her lap, and the trial had never been made before; the little creature instantly jumped away, but after the pretended beating was over it was really pathetic to see how perseveringly he tried to lick his mistress's face and comfort her. Brehm states that when a baboon in confinement was pursued to be punished, the others tried to protect him. * * * Besides love and sympathy, animals exhibit other qualities connected with the social instincts which in us would be called moral; and I agree with Agassiz that dogs possess something very like a conscience Dogs possess some power of self-command, and this does not appear to be wholly the result of fear. As Braubach remarks, they will refrain from stealing food in the absence of the master. They have long been accepted as the very type of fidelity and obedience."

ALOPECIA AREATA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Alopecia areata is a disease of the pillary follicles, characterized by the sudden occurrence of general and asymmetrical or partial and asymmetrical baldness, the latter exhibited in distinctly circumscribed smooth patches, which are in typical cases entirely destitute of hair."

The symptoms of this disease, according to Dr. Jas. Nevins Hyde, A. M., M. D., in his work on diseases of the skin, may be at its outset accompanied by symptoms of ill health, such as malaria, loss of appetite, mal-nutrition, etc.

In the three cases I have met with in canine practice none of the above symptoms have been present, and in fact to all appearance the animals have been in excellent health when presented to me for treatment, and in cases 1 and 2 the disease manifested itself by the sudden and complete loss of hair in round or nearly circular patches, and presented the appearance of having been scalded, so completely bare were the parts affected.

Hyde describes it in human practice as presenting roundish, or oval, or irregularly shaped patches, varying in size from a small coin upward, and states that they may be so numerous as to disfigure the entire scalp, and while they may touch at the borders when thus numerous they can scarcely be said to coalesce, as the line of demarcation is recognizable; and he states that in point of abnormal sensations, temperature or signs of disease of the surface from which the hairs have fallen as a rule show complete absence of symptoms, and that the skin when the disease is in complete evolution is usually normal to the touch, but occasionally anæmic, thinned and more movable in the affected parts than in the parts not touched by the disease. The latter or anæmic condition I have found in cases presented to me, but whether from the disease or from the effect of previous unsuccessful medication I could not say.

The cause of the disease seems to be obscure. According to all authorities it is not transmitted by heredity or contagion, and yet it is claimed it is not due to a parasite, and the neurotic explanation is now generally accepted as *fait accumulate* bearing on its etiology. This I can hardly reconcile myself to believe is the cause of the disease in the dog, and while I cannot give a probable, satisfactory explanation of its cause, I do from observation believe it is parasitic; and further, that while authorities claim it is not infectious, I am inclined to believe it is, from the fact that such history as I could obtain regarding the cases showed that, while it appeared in two or three patches simultaneously, it invariably affected adjoining parts in the course of a few weeks, which were caused I believe by subcutaneous infection.

Pathology.—The anatomical lesions which produce alopecia have not been recognized. The hairs fallen from the surface, according to Hyde, when examined by a microscope, appear to be atrophied in the bulb and shaft, and he states that no parasite can be discovered in uncomplicated cases; but that he had in one instance detected spores and myclia of the trichopyton in the hairs. His diagnosis alopecia areata is distinguishable from ringworm, and favors by the suddenness of its onset the absence of all stumps of hairs, scales, crusts or evidences of irritation in the parts involved, and the complete baldness and smoothness.

Treatment.—According to the author above referred to he states that one must necessarily view with distrust all treatment for a disease which, while continuing for months or years, usually terminates in spontaneous recovery, and in the meantime bids defiance to each and

every therapeutic measure. Nevertheless persistent and hopeful management in even apparently desperate cases is occasionally rewarded by such brilliant consequences that, however slight may be the belief in the treatment employed, it deserves recognition. He prescribes such remedies as the following, either alone or in combination: Camphor, cantharides, carbolic acid, croton oil, tinct. capsicum, etc., in the form of stimulating lotions applied with friction to the parts affected, all of which should recommend themselves to the practitioner or party having the disease under treatment. My own treatment, while it has proved eminently satisfactory so far, I should like to hear of it being used by others, and their success reported. It is as follows:

Case No. 1.—A small black and tan terrier was affected with patches the size of hen's eggs on the shoulder, back, rump, one side and under neck; had been so for six months, and everything in the way of mange cure tried; dog ordered washed thoroughly and one patch painted thoroughly with cantharidal collodion, two or three applications until blistering was produced; after puncturing the blister and applying vaseline as an emollient, a second place was treated the same, and so on, a patch being blistered every three or four days until all had been treated, when a wash composed of alcohol, 1 pint, balsam Peru, 2oz., was applied alternately with a dressing of crude petroleum. This was used every three or four days and a cure was effected in between three and four months. The only internal treatment employed was occasional small doses of quinine as a tonic.

No. 2 was a large dog of the Newfoundland species. The disease made its appearance simultaneously on his back and head. So sudden did it come that the owner himself declared that some servant had poured boiling water on the dog, and only for the lack of any soreness previous to the loss of hair or at the time I was called, I confess I would have been most inclined to concide with him. This case was treated same as No. 1; while it did not make its appearance in any new places, it was quite stubborn in its amenability to treatment, being fully six months before the patch on the skull was restored to its normal condition. I would say that in this case I also used rum sulp. 1gr., ferri sulp. 1gr., arsenic acid $\frac{1}{10}$gr., given in pill three times a day.

Case No. 3 is now under treatment. He is a black, corded poodle about five months old, in apparently good health otherwise. He is affected in five places: each side, on back, on neck and on the throat well up toward the jaws. This dog was purchased in New York, and the seller stated that it had been scalded with hot water, but that as it was a long-haired dog no one would see it. I was called, as they wished to see if possibly something could not be done to permit the growth of the hair in the spots so called. In examining him, I found more spots affected than they had seen, and after calling their attention to the fact that it was next to impossible for the dog to get accidentally scalded so high up under the neck, I suggested that it was from disease, and took it for treatment. One of the most eminent physicians in the State and a man of almost national reputation has interested himself in the case on account of its rarity. He pronounces it a typical case of the disease, and is watching the effects of treatment preparatory to reporting it in the medical press. ALBERT.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Puppies and Training.

THE manner in which many people care for puppies, as compared with the high expectations which they have concerning their puppies' mental and physical development, are so antagonistic that they are sources of wonderment to those who give the matter rational thought. Many puppies and dogs are kept in confinement, or, what is worse, on a chain. If under restraint on a chain, the puppy or dog acquires a habit of standing at the extreme length of it, pulling it taut. This strained position, elbows out and neck set hard in the collar, the whole body leaning forward and resting against the collar, soon becomes habitual, and then he stands out of shape when not on chain. The puppy grows up with light and badly formed bone, elbow out, and, from constant fretting and irritation, with a most ill-favored countenance. The scowl which comes from tugging at the end of a chain, from anxiety to be released, and from the irritation of such confinement, in time becomes permanently set and mars the dog's expression. For his best development and health, the dog requires freedom.

Any man, if confined to his room with nothing to read and no one to give him any information, would consider himself unjustly treated if he were expected to learn worldly ways and worldly knowledge under such circumstances. The puppy cannot learn when confined. He learns only by direct experience. Unlike man he can gain no knowledge from the speech of others or from writings. Cut off his powers of observation and the source of all knowledge is cut off from him. Confine him, his physical development is impaired. The dog thrives only when he has sufficient liberty. The knowledge which man teaches him is but little compared to the vast knowledge which he acquires from his own observation and perception. Information does not come to him by instinct. If it were so the dog, if kept in confinement all his life, would have an equal knowledge with the one which has its liberty. Everyone who has owned dogs knows how essential experience is to them. The city dog in the country for the first time is in a new world. He chases sheep at first sight and all kinds of fowl are alike his prey. A frog is a source of quizzical wonder and careful investigation, while a butterfly affords delight. Yet the country dog in town for the first time has far more complexities to encounter and many dangers to learn and guard against. The strange noises of the city are terrifying to him; the crowds of people cut off his view of his master, and if a corner is turned he is lost.

Only by experience can the dog learn the problem of living. Give him his liberty and he will gain his own knowledge of every-day life, he will grow up healthy and vigorous and his temper will be sweet and even. Inaction and seclusion have the same effects on both men and dogs —undeveloped minds and bodies.

Dog Laws.

There is no doubt but what in any community which has sufficient age and interests to establish itself permanently the ownership of dogs must be so regulated as to conform to the requirements of the public good, and the increase and liberty of homeless and ownerless cur dogs must be restricted to such numbers as are harmless to the community. Nearly all cities have provided legal and humane means for the capture and disposition or destruction of such dogs as are harmful or offensive to them. Their capture is effected with as little tumult and demonstration as possible. The laws are directed toward freeing the community of a nuisance in a dignified and orderly manner, by efforts which are made with a commonplace, every-day regularity the year round. The dogs which are valueless or ownerless are privately destroyed. There is no publicity, no sensation. The public mind is thus not brutalized and degraded by the sights of pursuit and bloodshed on the streets; innocent onlookers are not in danger of losing life or limb from the reckless shooting of the official killers; the peace of the community is not disturbed nor is its business suspended to witness a gory sensation, and sensible discrimination is observed in saving the valuable well-bred dog from the death inflicted on the homeless or vicious cur. When a policeman with pistol in hand, followed by an excited crowd, is in pursuit of a dog, he is very apt to have in mind the dramatic effect and his own egotistical personality quite as much as the simple matter of ridding the community of homeless dogs. The mob, when once excited by the pursuit, desires to see blood regardless of the merits of the case.

It is strange that at this year of civilization a city can be found where such open brutality and senseless, erratic methods prevail as those adopted by the citizens of Elizabeth, N. J., if the press accounts of them be true. It is pleasing, on the other hand, to note that a part at least of the daily press can discuss the matter in a sensibl manner, free from the exaggerations and sensationae features which it deems so necessary in treating of any event connected with the violent death of a dog or dogs.

Touching on the recent killing of dogs at Elizabeth, N. J., which in its details reads more like a description of an annual battue for the edification of the police, the *Sunday Call*, Easton, Pa., has the following very sensible editorial under the caption, "Which are the Brutes?"

"Which are the brutes, the officials or the dogs? Elizabeth, N. J., is making its annual raid against dogs, and its authorities have within a few days butchered over 1001 dogs that have appeared to be not within the letter of their dog law. A dog found on the street without a collar and license tag, or a muzzle, is shot without ado by any policeman. It does not signify whether the dog is registered or not. If by any accident he appears without his paraphernalia he is shot. This butchering is carried on by the instruction of the Mayor. Many valuable dogs have been butchered whose owners have endeavored not to transgress the dog laws, and much hot blood is the result. New Jersey within the last decade has proclaimed more bad dogs and more epidemics of rabies than the rest of the earth has exhibited since the creation. Her dog laws are brutal, and the sundry crusades in her towns have been as brutal as they are senseless. The muzzling law in hot weather, when a dog needs water and his open-mouthed respiration, which stands him in lieu of the perspiration of other animals, is brutal, and the law which allows officers to kill dogs indiscriminately is brutal. Summer dog laws are mainly directed against the fancied danger of hydrophobia, one of the rarest of diseases, the authenticated cases of it usually occurring in winter, which being the fact muzzling in summer is as unnecessary as it is brutal. There seemingly should be mental resource in New Jersey, if not in Elizabeth, sufficient to make sensible dog laws. The registration and taxation of dogs are not objectionable. Muzzles are needless at any season as a safeguard against rabies. Vicious dogs are barely worth considering, as any neighborhood will protect itself against such dogs. But whatever dog laws Elizabeth or any other town may see fit to enact, the principle should prevail that punishment should first be visited on the owner of the dog, and not death upon the innocent dog. The covert dog poisoner ranks among men as a skulking coward, as well as a brute. And the official wholesale butchery of dogs in Elizabeth ranks those who are responsible for it as brutes in the estimation of all humane persons."

The hot weather seems to have less effect on the poor dogs than it does on the more intelligent biped. The ignorance and imaginary fears of the people, with a love of the sensational superadded, are the causes of much cruelty to the dog.

Nevertheless the killing of dogs, as practiced with such offensive publicity and brutality by the police of Elizabeth, cannot justly be blamed on them. The Mayor, with the hot weather ideas which he unfairly attributes to the dogs, should be muzzled politically when the next election takes place, regardless of his political faith.

The Marvelous.

There is constantly manifested by the daily press, and the papers specially devoted to the dog and gun are not free from the evil, a disposition to color any dog story with tinges of the marvelous, or fantastical, or even the supernatural. The common test of reasonable action or possible or accidental happening is not seasoned properly for the news writer or his readers. It must be made extraordinary or sensational.

A dog meets a death in a manner out of the ordinary and forthwith it is heralded to the world as an act of suicide. It does not matter that the writers of such trash cannot possibly know of the dog's intentions; such absence of knowledge does not affect in the least the fulness and firmness of their assertions. A dog has a fit in the street; a cry of mad dog is raised; the frantic efforts of the dog while afflicted or his dazed efforts to escape while recovering are all perverted into furious and ferocious onslaughts, in the relation of the circumstance after it is all past. A dog performs some acts which he was taught, and forthwith it is discovered that he inherited a knowledge of how to perform them. There never was a better time than the present for the kennel and daily press and dog owners of the country to be governed by the rules of common sense in treating of dogs and their doings. The fantastic, the wonderful and the supernatural have no more place in the phenomena of dog life than they have in the life of any other organic beings. B. WATERS.

Mr. E. M. Oldham will have the general management of the kennels of Spratts Patent, on the retirement of Mr. John Brett, which takes place in a short time. Mr. Oldham will have the management of the kennel matters in addition to the other important interests which he cares for so efficiently and popularly.

C. F. T. Club's Quail Derby.

ALL the dogs entered were whelped in 1894. There are 22 pointers, 32 setters.

SISTER SUE—N. T. De Pauw's liver and white bitch (Jingo— ——).

DOWLAH—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white dog (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

NABOB—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' black and white dog (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

INDIA—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' orange and white bitch (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

AMEN—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white dog (Wrecker—Selah).

WRESTLER—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' lemon and white dog (Wrecker—Selah).

TOXIC—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white bitch (Dog Wood—Maid of Kent).

STRIDEMORE—Richard Merrill's liver and white dog (Strideaway—Hops II.).

COINAGE—C. G. Stoddard's liver and white dog (Trinket's Coin—Ightfield Blythe).

STRIDEAWAY'S LAD—S. W. Alsdorf's liver and white dog (Strideaway—Ightfield Teighn).

ELDRED GAME—Eldred Kennels' liver and white dog (King of Kent—Graceful II.).

ABDALLAH ROMP—J. B. Turner's liver and white bitch (Castleman's Rex—Tiney Kent).

TOP SAWYER—E. O. Damon's liver and white dog (Strideaway—Ightfield Teighn).

SAL STRIDEAWAY—E. O. Damon's liver and white bitch (Strideaway—Ightfield Teighn).

KENT B.—Dr. J. S. Brown's dog (Rip Rap—Croxie Kent).

VIRGINIA—H. K. Devereux's liver and white bitch (Little Ned—Pearl's Dot).

SIDMONT—P. T. Madison's liver and white dog (Strideaway—Hops II.).

CRACKER JACK—Adams & Thompson's liver and white dog (Lad of Rush—Cyclops).

BLITHLEY—J. L. Adams's liver and white bitch (Trinket's Coin—Ightfield Blythe).

SAPPHO—Dr. O. Totten's liver and white bitch (Strideaway—Warwick Nellie).

BLAZEAWAY—Damon & Holmes's liver and white dog (Strideaway—Ightfield Spree).

SHADYWAY—Prof. E. H. Osthaus's liver and white dog (Strideaway—Jean of Beaufort).

ENGLISH SETTERS.

PAULINE BO—Richard Merrill's black, white and tan bitch (Paul Bo—Tube Rose).

RUDGE BO—Richard Merrill's black, white and tan dog (Paul Bo—Tube Rose).

KING'S DAN II.—Geo. W. Ewing's black, white and tan dog (King's Dan—M'liss II.).

M'LISS III.—Geo. W. Ewing's black, white and tan bitch (King's Dan—M'liss II.).

KATE—Geo. W. Ewing's black, white and tan bitch (King's Dan—M'liss II.).

—— —Geo. W. Ewing's cream, white and tan bitch (King's Dan—M'liss II.).

MARIE'S SPORT—H. B. Ledbetter's black, white and tan dog (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent).

ROD'S BOY—King Graphic Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Lany Gladstone).

TROUDADOUR—Eldred Kennels' blue belton dog (Gladstone's Boy—Rill Ray).

GLEAM'S RUTH—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Gleam's Maid).

GLEAM'S DART—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Gleam's Maid).

ROD'S TOPSY—Wm. A. Hinesley's black, white and tan bitch (Topsy's Rod—Lulu Hill).

MAZEPPA—T. H. Gibbs's lemon and white dog (Rod's Dan—Bondhu's Nellie)

PATRICIAN—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog (Chevalier—Patsy).

FEU FOLLET—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Fullie).

FLEET'S PET—Avent & Thayer's lemon and white bitch (Count Gladstone—Fleety Avent).

TOUCHSTONE—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog (Orlando—Dolly Wilson).

—— —Avent & Thayer's black and white bitch (Topsy's Rod—Lady Lib).

HARWICK—H. R. Edwards's black, white and tan dog (Topsy's Rod—Opel).

CLAUDE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan dog (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).

FANNIE L.—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).

ARAPAHOE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan dog (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine).

FRED—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black and white dog (Eugene T.—Ightfield Rosalie).

BRIGHTON DICK—T. G. Davey's black and white dog (Brighton Tobe—Brighton Lady).

BRIGHTON TOM—T. G. Davey's black and white dog (Brighton Tobe—Brighton Lady).

BRIGHTON MAUD—T. G. Davey's black and white bitch (Brighton Tobe—Brighton Lady).

ADELAIDE—R. V. Fox's black, white and tan bitch (Gath's Mark—Countess Rush).

TORY FASHION—F. R. Hitchcock's lemon and white dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Fleety Avent).

TORY CELIU—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.).

MARK OF IGHTFIELD—Joseph Becker's black, white and tan dog (Ightfield Rhiwlas—Queen Regent).

DOMINO—P. H. O'Bannon's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Ruby's Girl).

BOB S.—D. E. Rose's (agent) black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Oriole). P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

English Setter Type.

CHATHAM, Ont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I cannot let Albert's article, in your issue of the 29th ult., on the type of the English setter, pass without a word of protest.

In the first place, let me say that, although I have read the Stonehenge and the English Setter Club standards, I attach very little importance to either of them. My idea of judging the English setter and all other animals is by comparison. We do not hear of a standard by which horses or cattle are judged. Fancy fowl were judged by a strict scale of points a few years ago, but now I believe the best judges judge them by comparison.

Albert says "he is a firm advocate of the Stonehenge or

Laverack type, and until we can produce a dog of that type, why try to breed otherwise? That the otherwise breeding has been the ruination of English setter breeding, and has been the cause of many an old admirer and breeder as well as new one leaving the fancy."

I have always contended that the English setter, the king of field dogs, was not a member of the fancy. He should be judged by the man who takes him into the field. The members of the fancy should keep their hands off him and off the other breeds used for practical field work. Let them stick to the non-sporting classes, and I will promise for the sportsmen that we will not interfere with them.

A few years ago I saw a letter in an English sporting paper, from a prominent setter breeder, complaining that the members of the fancy had so interfered with the sportsmen's dog that the latter were driven out of shows entirely. I think this must be so, to judge from the weak classes of setters and pointers shown at the principal shows, and also the absence of prominent breeders.

Albert says: "Until we can breed a dog of that type (the Laverack), why breed otherwise? My reply is, the English setter has other work to do than to sit up like a pug at a bench show and look pretty. The Laverack setter has shown himself, in spite of ample opportunity for the last twenty odd years, fit for little else.

Albert's advice to breeders of the Laverack type, to keep their dogs at home unless judges favorable to their type are appointed, is perhaps good; and the opposite will no doubt be good advice to breeders of the field type.

I would say to breeders of the field type of English setter, keep your dogs at home unless Major Taylor or one of his lieutenants is on the cards. We shall then find out who is who. CINNA.

DOG CHAT.

A writer in the Philadelphia *Times* thus describes Magistrate Fulmer's dog:

"The tall, lank form of the Magistrate is a familiar figure and as he passed everybody gave him a familiar greeting. But nobody paid any attention to the dog. It has no friends, never has had, never will have, and does not deserve any. It is a bad-tempered, measly-looking, dirt colored bull-terrier that the dog catchers of the ward would have gleefully asphyxiated long ago if it were not for the influence of its owner. It has the look of a criminal, and even the Magistrate's efforts to improve its appearance by putting a real silver collar around its neck does not conceal the plain fact that its ancestry was bad. If it ever escapes from its master's affectionate eye for ten minutes it will be murdered."

Poor thing!

Mr. Francis W. Kitchel, Perth Amboy, N. J., writes us that an official dog catcher has been appointed in Perth Amboy whose duty is to catch and impound all unlicensed dogs running at large within the city limits. If not redeemed within five days, the dogs are to be killed. Mr. Kitchel adds: "Under the circumstances you can understand how jubilant a number of us feel that modern and merciful methods will prevail in the future."

The circular of the Muckross Kennels, Springfield, Vt., is very complete and neatly gotten up. They are sent to those who apply for them.

Under date of July 5, Mr. Alex. Mackenzie-Hughes writes us that the site for the dog shelter in Brooklyn has not yet been determined. He adds: "I have just recovered from a rather bad bite on both hands from a cat which I was putting into the 'death box,' and when the beggar realized what was going to happen to him, he went 'red hot' for me."

Concerning foxhounds a writer in the *Field* (London) says: "It may interest some of your readers to know that black and gray hounds were imported here (Virginia, U. S. A.) from England about 100 years ago, and have been the favorite breed in the district ever since. They stand from 20in. to 22in., straight legged and upstanding, though not so stout a build as the present English foxhound; but it strikes me they have better noses, good at puzzling a line on a cold scent and fast on a warm one; they are probably purer bred here than in England, being the established breed of the country."

The bickering epistles, which were spiced with something akin to ill-temper and which followed close after the ending of the Ladies' Show at Ranelagh, afforded a proof, if any were needed, that dog shows are much alike in their effects on human nature the world over—they develop what tempers are good and what are otherwise.

Mr. H. W. Lacy, who was kennel editor of FOREST AND STREAM many years, has accepted the editorship and general management of the *Kennel News*. As is well known, Mr. Lacy is one of the brightest and best informed newspaper men, whose training in the special field of canine matters has been long and broad. Under his skillful management the *Kennel News* should prosper. We heartily wish him success. He intends to leave to-day for his new field of effort.

From correspondents we learn that the northward flight of the handlers has begun. Mr. Nat. Nesbitt left on the 3d inst. for the chicken country, and Mr. C. E. Buckle, we are informed, starts for it on the 15th inst. The secretaries of the clubs interested could help matters out greatly by publishing full information as to the correct mode of procedure or what measures they will take to aid the handlers in arranging with the customs. Mr. Thomas Johnson was kind enough in this connection to give valuable information in FOREST AND STREAM of May 18.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

BRED.

Rochester-Pittsburgh Bull-Terrier Kennels'
Lady Dinah, bull-terrier bitch, May 17, to champion Streatham Monarch.
Nellie Harper, bull-terrier bitch, April 16, to Little Flyer.
Mr. Henry Spencer's Spencer's Julia, English setter bitch, June 15, to Mark of Gladstone.
Muckross Kennels' Olive, Irish setter bitch, May 27, to Henmore Shamrock.
Prof. Wormwood's Nellie, corded poodle bitch, June 5, to Ponce de Leon.
Mr. Jos. Smith's My Joe, cocker bitch, May 9 and 11, to champion Red Roland.

WHELPS.

Mr. Jos. Smith's Vexation, foxhound bitch, whelped, May 21, nine (two dogs), by imported Jimcrack; one dog and five bitches dead.
Warwick Kennels' Albert's Moll, English setter bitch, whelped June 15, seven (five dogs), by imported Albert's Ranger.
Dr. H. W. Lincoln's Broomfield Madge, Manchester terrier bitch, whelped, June 4, four (one dog), by Broomfield Sultan.
Mr. G. G. Williamson's Belle of Blue Ridge, English setter bitch, whelped, May 30, eight (four dogs), by champion Gath's Mark.
Mr. Richard Merrill's
Canadian Lily, English setter bitch, whelped, April 5, three (one dog), by champion Paul Gladstone.
Tube Rose, English setter bitch, whelped, June 15, four (two dogs), by champion Paul Gladstone.
Lady Lucy, English setter bitch, whelped, June 10, seven (four dogs), by champion Paul Gladstone.

SALES.

Mr. A. D. Fiske has sold a beagle dog pup to Mr. A. C. Darrell.
Dr. H. W. Lincoln has sold Ridd's Chink, fox-terrier bitch, to Mr. Chas. H. Wendell.
Eberhart Pug Kennels have sold
The Colonel, toy terrier dog, to Mr. John M. Ritner.
Nellie, corded poodle bitch, to Prof. Wormwood.
Earl of Rossmore, pug dog, to Mr. J. H. Wilder.
Mr. J. M. Avent has sold
Chevalier, English setter dog, to Mr. Geo. N. Clemson.
Kingston, English setter dog, to same party.
Mr. H. E. Cook has sold his kennel of foxhounds to Messrs. G. S. White & Co., West Fork, Ark.
Muckross Kennels have sold
One Irish setter dog pup to Mr. Fred G. Wiese.
One Irish setter dog pup to Mr. Wm. Hyres.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

*Dates marked thus are unofficial.

12. Larchmont, 1st class, special schooners, and 34 and 21ft. classes, Sound.
12. Larchmont-Atlantic combined annual cruise, rendezvous at Larchmont.
13. Larchmont to Black Rock.
14. Black Rock to Morris Cove.
15. Morris Cove to New London.
16. Special race, New London.
17. New London to Shelter Island.
13. Royal St. Lawrence cruising race to Beauharnois, Montreal.
13. Cor., Marblehead, first cham., Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
13. Hempstead Harbor annual, Sound.
13. Squantum second cham., Squantum, Mass.
14. San Francisco open race, San Francisco Bay.
15. Savin Hill open, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
15. Riverside annual cruise, Sound.
15. Rhode Island annual.

WE have confidently anticipated a series of stirring races next fall, such as have never yet been seen, in the meeting of Defender and Valkyrie III. If the latest news from Bristol and Glasgow is to be believed, however, we and many other yachtsmen are doomed to disappointment; the Cup is already saved, and all is over but the shouting.

All reports from Bristol agree that the new defender in her first trial has, in a light breeze, made 12 knots without effort, or the same speed as Vigilant showed in the second leg of the triangular race and the run home in the final race with Valkyrie II. The average rate of sailing in the Cup races of 1893 was about 8 knots. With this speed the defender carries her lofty rig admirably, and makes no perceptible wave disturbance

The challenger, on the other hand, as described by the Glasgow correspondents of the American papers, cannot carry her sail, lying down and dragging her boom in the water; she turns up a bad bow wave and a worse one on the quarter, and her shrouds have pulled up her sides until her sheer is broken in but a few days' sailing. Under these circumstances Lord Dunraven's task is indeed a hopeless one, and he might better give it up now and stay at home.

SUNDAY was a gala day in Bristol, the streets being full of people and the water covered with yachts and boats, the occasion being the first trial of the new defender. The work of rigging had been hindered by the rain throughout the week, and Saturday morning was so rainy that no attempt was made to bend sails. Capt. Haff and his crew, however, were scrupulous about taking the first sail on Sunday, so when the sun came out in the afternoon the big mainsail was sent aboard and bent, and the yacht taken in tow by the Hattie Palmer. When the tug started she parted her towline, Defender being aground, but after a second line parted the mainsail was partly hoisted, heeling the yacht so that she cleared the ground. She sailed about for some time in a light breeze, handling very well.

The real trial was made next day, in fair weather and smooth water with a moderate breeze. On board of Defender were Mr. Herreshoff, Mr. and Mrs. Iselin, Messrs. Vanderbilt, Morgan and Duncan, Capt. Haff being in command; while Colonia, manned in part by the crew of Wasp, was in charge of young Capt. Harry Haff. The two yachts sailed in company, but without formal starting and timing, Defender easily beating Colonia on the wind and free in all the varying strengths of the wind. With the two were a number of steam yachts, all doing the regulation "twelve knots," and Defender ran away from them easily. The various reports agree that she carried her sail admirably, having all lower sail and jibtopsail, and it is reported that Messrs. Iselin and Herreshoff have already decided to increase her sail plan. The reports also agree that she made no material wave disturbance, even when running at twelve knots, a showing that her designer may well be proud of.

The sails are all of the new Herreshoff cut, the working topsail being too large, but the others sitting well. The yacht will not be under sail again before the last of this week, much work on deck and below being uncompleted. The special race off Sandy Hook, set for July 10, has of course been postponed, the new date being not yet decided on, but it will not be earlier than July 16, and possibly about July 21.

THAT the Cup defender was finally floated without serious damage by the heroic process of yanking the cradle from under her was a matter of sheer good luck, and in no way is it due to care or skill on the part of her builders. One may admire the boldness and audacity with which this magnificent and costly piece of property was pulled and hauled about for three days, at the risk of tumbling the whole structure into the mud, but it can hardly be commended as a precedent in engineering. Many reasons are given for the sticking of the yacht; the ways were not parallel, but converged slightly, thus jamming the sliding ways; the ways could not be properly greased, being so far under water; the ways settled under the weight and the bolts projected, catching the sole of the sliding ways. All of these reasons may be correct, but the one obvious cause of the trouble was the very small base of the sliding ways. The launching weight, probably 130 tons, was supported on a base said to be but 20ft. long, and certainly not very much longer. The ground ways, on which the yacht and sliding ways slid, were new and of unusual length, extending far under water. The work of building them was necessarily done by a diver; piles were driven and sawed off below water at the height necessary to give the required grade to the ways, ¾in. to the foot; transverse caps were laid on these piles and on top of them the ground ways, of heavy yellow pine. It is quite possible that this work may not have been done perfectly, but, whatever the trouble may have been, it would probably have been avoided had the yacht been cradled in the usual manner, distributing the weight over a sufficiently long base, thus lessening the friction and the danger arising from improper lubrication, and also lessening the danger of a part of the ways settling under the great weight. The form of the yacht made her a difficult craft to cradle properly, but for this very reason she should have been specially secured against the danger of capsizing on the ways. It is probable that the next large cutter built at Bristol will be launched in a different manner.

AFTER seeing Defender on Saturday we made a point, but four days later, and while the form of the new boat was freshly in mind, to look up Vigilant, by chance on the dock at the time, in order to compare her with her younger sister. In thus comparing the two, it is difficult to believe that one man designed them both and for precisely the same purpose, only two years apart, and it is equally difficult to consider Defender as other than the plainest possible admission on the part of her designer that Vigilant was radically wrong. The differences between the two models are in no way those arising from a regular course of evolution, or from the higher development, even to an extreme point, of the same ideas or principles; but they are so radical as to amount to a complete condemnation of all the distinctive characteristics of a yacht that has been generally considered one of the masterpieces of modern naval architecture.

That Vigilant was very far from a perfect craft, and that her designer would never build another large yacht like her, has been our opinion since the last Cup races in 1893, frequently expressed in print; but still we were completely taken by surprise by the developments of this year, as finally disclosed in the launching of Defender; nor are we yet able to follow the reasoning which has produced such a different type of craft.

The faults of Vigilant, as we saw them in 1893, were mainly the carrying out of the distinctive Herreshoff features to too great an extreme, the long straight keel, the very moderate rake of post, and in particular the great beam and flaring side, and the excessive fullness of the waterlines and framelines, especially forward. There was, it is true, a certain justification for the extreme beam at the deck in the use of the "ballast crew," and this no longer exists; but beyond this the model was forced in every way to gain power at the expense of form. To our eye, Colonia, in dimensions and the form of her hull, represented a much happier medium—a fine, wholesome, powerful craft, and yet with a pleasing form. The weighted centerboard of Vigilant was of doubtful benefit, any small gain derived from it as ballast at times being offset by the liability to derangement of gear or total loss of the board at a critical moment, as finally happened. The fault of the sail plan is generally known, the abnormally advanced position of the center of effort, giving a dangerous weather helm, detrimental at all times to the speed of the yacht.

Ever since the last Vigilant-Valkyrie race in 1893, it has been a matter of speculation with us as to what the next large Herreshoff boat would be like; and with the prospects of a new challenge last winter the subject became still more interesting. Looking at the leading Herreshoff boats—Navahoe, Colonia, Vigilant, Wasp and Gloriana—we had quite confidently selected Colonia as the one on which he would rely, above all others, for the basis of the new model. In her he had a boat of excellent proportions, possessing the power which long experience has shown to be essential to success in the Cup contests, of excellent form and fast through the water; possessing one defect that was perfectly well known and quite easy to remedy. The addition of a deeper and shorter keel and the raking of her sternpost would add to her power, increase her speed in maneuvering, and make her quite as weatherly as the smaller Herreshoff keel boats—that is, the equal of any centerboard boat.

The remark has been frequently made of late that Defender is an improved Colonia, but we fail to see that this is at all the case; on the contrary, the new boat is of another type, lacking all the characteristics of the earlier Herreshoff boats, and denoting an entire change in his methods. An improved Colonia of 90ft. waterline would show a beam of nearly 25ft., with a strong bilge and powerful section carried down into a very deep keel, the full waterline and general model being retained, though perhaps faired up. The new boat is in beam and draft more of an enlarged Valkyrie II. than Colonia, with even an easier section and lighter bilge than Valkyrie II., about the same proportionate beam, and a long and fine bow for a modern boat. Her sail plan too is more like Valkyrie II. than like Vigilant and Colonia—a large mainsail and comparatively small headsails, with mast well forward.

How she will carry her sail will soon be known by actual trial, but it is certain that the model is lacking in that beam and bilge which gave the power heretofore deemed necessary to defend the America's Cup. In general racing there are times when extreme power costs more than it is worth and when form pays; but the long experience in Cup racing has shown the necessity for a yacht of high power, and each year has seen an increase of sail spread, from some 7,000 square feet in 1885 to 12,000 in 1895. This year, for the first time, the increase of power in the defender has apparently stopped, and at the very time when the challenger has built a yacht of abnormally high power.

We are yet in the dark as to the exact sail area of Defender, and more particularly as to how she will carry it; but it does not seem possible from her model that she can stand up under a larger rig than Vigilant. The nature of the sail carrying power derived from low weight instead of beam and bilge is better understood now than it was a few years since; and the fact is generally appreciated that in American waters a yacht must stand on her feet to sail fast. If the new boat does this under a big rig by mere virtue of low lead, with a cleanly swept section of narrow beam, it will be a new revelation to yachtsmen. If she does not stand up, it is hardly likely that she will win from other yachts, like Vigilant and Valkyrie III., which do; save in such exceptional weather as has never yet been met with in a Cup race in twenty years except in the last Puritan-Genesta race.

The coming races are important in that the keel boat is on trial in a peculiar way, and if defeated it will be universally attributed to the fact that she has not a centerboard. Under the circumstances such a conclusion can only be unfair and misleading when it is considered that the distinctively American features of beam and a marked bilge are entirely lacking. It would certainly seem that, in summing up the faults of Vigilant and Colonia preparatory to designing a new boat Mr. Herreshoff had quite overlooked the strong points of each, those which give power, and which might have easily been retained in a model of easier and better form and improved lateral plane. What he has done, apparently, is to sacrifice all other considerations to easy form, low weight and reduced wetted surface.

So far as we can learn, Mr. Herreshoff sailed in none of Vigilant's races abroad in hard weather, but only in the light weather races on the Clyde, which brings his experience of Vigilant in rough water down to the one final race for the Cup. In this race, as we have fre-

quently stated, the performance of Vigilant in a moderate sea was very much better than might have been expected from her very full model. Badly canvased and very badly handled, she still made the 15 miles to windward in rough water in only 2½ minutes less than Valkyrie, and with a proper disposition of canvas and good management she would have beaten the other boat in spite of the sea. It may be that her behavior, as experienced by those on board, was much worse than it appeared to be, but to the careful observer she was doing much better than would be expected from her extreme form There was certainly nothing in this race to call for the entire abandonment of this form for one so radically different as that of De fender.

Speaking without authentic and adequate data, and from only the hulls of the yachts alone, as they appear to the eye, it may be presumptuous to criticise a decision arrived at after long and careful study and deliberation, but there are many others besides ourselves who are at a loss as to the reasons for such extreme changes, and in doubt as to the results.

THE performance of Valkyrie III. in hard weather is exciting a great deal of comment on both sides of the ocean, much of it being absurd in the extreme. Some of the British papers, which a few days ago spoke as though she had already won the Cup, are now ready to pronounce her a failure and are starting little booms for Ailsa and Britannia. Assuming that the yacht was well sailed and sailed to win, there is nothing extraordinary in the fact that she was tender under the conditions described. The last Vigilant-Valkyrie II. race, sailed in a "gale," was made at an average speed of 8.7 knots; while this race, of fifty nautical miles, was sailed at an average speed of 11.26 knots. The yacht was sailing with gear and canvas all new and stretching, lessening her speed and increasing her liability to heel.

Every yachtsman knows that, with a wooden hull, a month afloat makes a vast difference in the stability of a new yacht; the bottom is heavier by immersion and the spars lighter by drying, both helping the stability. The gear and canvas being in good shape, the yacht may be better sailed, consequently keeping on her feet far better than when constantly eased to favor a stretching shroud or depressed by baggy sails.

We have still a keen recollection of that stirring race off Marblehead in 1886, when Priscilla first went round the Cape and Mayflower made her debut; a race, by the way, in which the regatta committee of the club builded better than they knew in laying out a triangle of five mile sides, to be sailed twice. The course was a fine one for trying the yachts and seeing the race, but it was objected to very strongly by the yachtsmen on the ground that it made too much work, spinakers and other kites having to be set twice. In this race Mayflower made a spectacle of herself, staggering around the course with decks almost vertical; but the whole trouble was easily remedied, and she finally beat Puritan in the trial races.

It is probable that Valkyrie III. will be materially stiffer in a short time, especially after she has been coppered, as she probably will be in this country. Even if such should not be the case, it is an easy matter to cut her down a little. The only way to get enough sail on these over-rigged boats is to give them the last inch that they can be expected to carry, reducing it if found necessary on trial; and this is probably what Mr. Watson has done. It is a question whether a boat for racing off Sandy Hook should not be sparred to the last limit in a moderate breeze, trusting to just such weather as all the races are sailed in and taking chances in the unlikely event of a real hard blow. There is a possibility that some day the whole series of races may fall in a week of hard easterly weather and a bad sea, in which event the lower powered and easier formed boat may win; but the likelihood of such a chance is not to be considered in designing a challenger or defender. Unless Valkyrie III. develops some more serious defects than are thus far reported, she is likely to prove far and away better than any of her predecessors.

The 20-Rating Class.

DURING the past week Niagara has met a new antagonist, the fin-keel 20-rater Eucharis, designed and built by Will Fife, Jr., for the Earl of Lonsdale, the order being placed just after the time Niagara left New York, less than two months ago. In the Mudhook Y. C. regatta of July 3 four yachts started—Niagara, Eucharis and Zinita, 20-raters, and Dacotah, 12-rater. Eucharis won this, her first race, easily, the times being:

Eucharis	2 14 14	Zinita	2 18 47
Niagara	2 17 01	Dacotah	2 34 03

On July 4 the same course was sailed in a light and variable wind, an unsatisfactory race, resulting in a win for Niagara.

Niagara	5 44 48	Zinita	5 54 52
Eucharis	5 52 21	Dakotah	5 59 28

In the strong breeze of July 5 Dacotah was overpowered and Eucharis made a bad showing, the honors going to the Fife cruiser Zinita, the times being:

Zinita	2 50 03	Eucharis	3 10 20
Niagara	3 05 55	Dacotah	3 19 55

Zinita was disqualified for crossing too soon and failing to return when recalled.

On July 6 in a moderate breeze the four met again. Niagara had the lead at the end of the first round, but was disqualified for fouling Zinita's main sheet with her bowsprit at the Kilcreggan mark, the race finally going to Eucharis:

Eucharis	3 40 50	Dacotah	3 54 05
Zinita	3 41 55		

Dacotah second by 2m. 30s. on time allowance.

Gravesend Bay Y. C.

BENSONHURST—GRAVESEND BAY.

Thursday, July 4.

THE bad weather of the Fourth spoiled the regatta of the Gravesend Bay Y. C., nearly all of the starters giving up. The times were:

CLASS A—SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 18FT. AND OVER.

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gael, Simonson & Benedict	28.00	4 25 03	2 02 38
Iris, J. E. Ball	28.00	Withdrew.	
Arrow, H. W. Brett	22.06	Withdrew.	

CLASS B—SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS UNDER 18FT.

Pup, G. C. Hallenbeck	12.06	Withdrew.	
Iere, G. J. Howatson	14.04	Withdrew.	

CLASS C—CATBOATS OVER 18FT.

Lester, H. M. Furgueson	22.11	Withdrew.	
Rob Roy, W. P. Coffin	21.06	Withdrew.	
Isabel, R. H. Sherwood	20.06	Withdrew.	
Clytie, O. F. Spate	19.03	Withdrew.	
Lizzie, S. O'Brien	19.02	Withdrew.	
Edda D., R. W. Rummell	19.01	Capsized.	

CLASS D—SMALL JIB AND MAINSAIL CLASS.

Naiad, F. M. Lathrop	14.05	3 59 10	2 01 45
Bessie, W. E. Johnson	15.02	3 56 56	2 00 26
Columbia, P. & G. Pfalzgraf	15.07	3 57 45	2 01 05

The Regatta Committee included S. H. McElroy, Chairman; T. W. Harris, T. Cleary, J. W. Lane and W. H. West.

Newport Y. C.

NEWPORT, R. I.—NARRAGANSETT BAY.

Thursday, July 4.

THE annual regatta of the Newport Y. C. was sailed on July 4 in a heavy rain and variable wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Seamaid, Jas. Arnold, Jr.	2 33 06	2 33 06
Betsy, Richard Wadsworth	2 33 37	2 32 13
Prunell, Ralph Woods	2 37 33	2 34 51
Reindeer, W. Tripp	2 31 07	2 31 07
Niobrara, Jno. Scanwinn	2 33 38	2 32 47
Zuta, W. Arnold		Withdrew.
Eyries, C. Callahan	2 35 38	2 33 02
Vesper, C. S. Plummer	2 38 45	2 38 45
Shadow, Edward Hassard	3 04 00	3 03 32
Omega, George Slocum		Withdrew.

Valkyrie, Britannia and Ailsa.

THE past week has been an interesting one on the Clyde, awakening a lively discussion on both sides of the Atlantic. On Monday, as told last week, Valkyrie III. did not start, there being a strong breeze with rain, and Britannia beat Ailsa by 2m. 41s. corrected time. On July 3 the three sailed a 50-mile course in a strong breeze with smooth water, and Britannia beat Ailsa by 1m. and Valkyrie III. by 3m. This defeat, and the reports of Valkyrie's tenderness and of the big quartering wave carried by her, have given rise to many unfavorable comments on both sides, the yacht even being pronounced a failure by some hasty critics. On July 5 Britannia was temporarily disabled and Valkyrie sailed against Ailsa only, beating her by 15m. after a good race in a fresh breeze and smooth water, Ailsa doing very well in the early part of the race. On July 6 the three again met in a moderate breeze and smooth water, Valkyrie beating Britannia by about 18m. and Ailsa by nearly 20m. in a 50-mile race.

July 3 was the first day of the Mudhook Y. C. regatta, the course being from off Hunter's Quay, around the Skelmorlie mark, Ascog mark, Kilcreggan mark and home, two rounds making 50 miles. The restriction calling for amateur helmsmen was removed in the large class. There was a strong N.W. wind at the start, Ailsa leading over the line with boom to port for a quartering run of 7 miles to Skelmorlie, Britannia being on Ailsa's weather quarter and Valkyrie in Ailsa's wake.

All started under jack yard topsails, Valkyrie carrying a No. 2, and jibtopsails were soon drawing after the line was crossed. Britannia soon took the lead and held it to Skelmorlie, where they were timed:

Britannia	11 06 01	Valkyrie	11 06 30
Ailsa	11 06 15		

They luffed around the mark and stood across for Ascog, four miles, with the wind forward of the beam, Britannia carrying sail well, while both of the others rolled down, Valkyrie, from all accounts, showing a great deal too much side. No times were taken at Ascog, where they luffed around and hardened sheets for the 11 miles to Kilcreggan, a close reach, Valkyrie losing a little, the times at Kilcreggan being:

Britannia	12 26 39	Valkyrie	12 28 18
Ailsa	12 27 32		

Another luff brought a three-mile leg to the line, with the wind well on the starboard bow, Valkyrie now shifting her second jack-yarder for a jibheader. The end of the round was timed:

Britannia	12 45 30	Valkyrie	12 48 44
Ailsa	12 46 37		

Reaching off for Skelmorlie, even Britannia was glad to shift to a jibheader. No times were taken until they turned Ascog:

Britannia	1 42 28	Valkyrie	1 45 25
Ailsa	1 43 45		

The finish was timed:

Britannia	2 56 37	Valkyrie	2 59 45
Ailsa	2 57 47		

Britannia beat Valkyrie 7m. 10s. corrected time, and Ailsa 2m. 13s.

Valkyrie sailed with three ladies aboard; accounts differ as to the details of her performance, but all agree that she showed a lack of stability, heeling badly and throwing a heavy wave. It is also said that she was poorly sailed, and some express the opinion that she was intentionally held in, her owners and designer being only anxious to form their own judgment as to her abilities.

On July 5 Valkyrie was to sail a private match with Britannia, but the latter boat had something wrong with her topmast and declined to start. A race was then made up with Mr. Walker, owner of Ailsa, and at 2:30 P. M. the two started down the Clyde, the wind being moderate from the south, to sail the seven miles to windward to Skelmorlie mark and return. Ailsa started 15secs. ahead and an obstinate fight of half an hour ensued, each tacking frequently. In the end Valkyrie got clear when off the Cloch Light, the wind being stronger than at the start. She continued to gain to the turn, where they were timed:

Valkyrie	3 36 50	Ailsa	3 40 19

As they ran up the Clyde the wind dropped for a time, then freshened. Both set spinakers and balloon jibtopsails. The finish was timed: Valkyrie 4:45.55, Ailsa 5:00:50. The race was a fair test in moderate weather, Valkyrie's win being apparently on her merits.

On July 6, the first day of the Royal Clyde Y. C. regatta, the three met again, the wind being light to moderate from the south, making a beat of 7 miles to Skelmorlie, a reach to Ascog, 4 miles, a run to Kilcreggan, 11 miles, and a reach across the 3 miles to the line. Ailsa and Britannia crossed before the gun and were recalled, Valkyrie, after a good start at 10:30:50, heaving to and waiting to start evenly with the others, they crossing; Ailsa 10:32:45, Britannia 10:33:25. They beat out with club topsails set in a moderate breeze and smooth water, Valkyrie steadily gaining, the times at Skelmorlie being:

Valkyrie	11 39 55	Britannia	11 46 30
Ailsa	11 45 01		

There was not much difference on the reach to Ascog, Ailsa gaining a little, the times being:

Valkyrie	12 00 56	Britannia	12 07 41
Ailsa	12 05 50		

They ran up the Clyde under spinakers in a light wind, Britannia overhauling Ailsa, the times half way to Kilcreggan being:

Valkyrie	12 37 45	Britannia	12 45 43
Ailsa	12 45 23		

British second place just before the mark was reached, the turn being timed:

Valkyrie	1 18 47	Ailsa	1 25 35
Britannia	1 25 30		

Valkyrie picked up a slant on the last three miles of the first round and ran away from the others, the times of the line being:

Valkyrie	1 32 50	Ailsa	1 46 48
Britannia	1 44 59		

Valkyrie had gained 12min. on Britannia in 25 miles.

With sheets well in and beeling to a good breeze, Valkyrie made the 7 miles to windward in good time, being timed at Skelmorlie:

Valkyrie	2 38 55	Ailsa	2 55 19
Britannia	2 55 23		

The short reach to Ascog showed about the same positions:

Valkyrie	2 59 45	Ailsa	3 16 50
Britannia	3 14 50		

Down wind Valkyrie still gained a little, the times at Kilcreggan being:

Valkyrie	4 11 45	Ailsa	4 29 50
Britannia	4 27 30		

The last short leg was soon covered and the finish timed:

Valkyrie	4 31 10	Ailsa	4 50 57
Britannia	4 49 36		

Valkyrie beat Britannic 14m. 24s., corrected time, and Ailsa 16m 48s.

The race was sailed in a true breeze of moderate strength, sometimes blowing quite fresh. The average speed over the 50 mile course was 8 33 knots, a good rate of sailing, while in the race of July 3, in which Valkyrie was defeated, it was as high as 11.26 knots, a very high rate for a course with seven turns, and on which the distances with and against tide are about equal.

Early on July 8 Valkyrie III. was towed up the Clyde to Henderson's yard, where she will be fitted for sea, sailing on July 18. She will be rigged as a yawl, with a smaller mainmast, contrary to the usual custom, the racing mast having been carried on the ocean trip by Genesta, Thistle, Galatea and all the other large yachts which have crossed from the other side.

Beverly Y. C.

MONUMENT BEACH—BUZZARD'S BAY.

Thursday, July 4.

The 22ist race, first championship, was sailed off the club house on July 4 in a howling north-easterly gale, a blinding rain and fog, with a very heavy sea running. It was one of the roughest races ever sailed in the bay, and the absence of serious accidents speaks well for the seamanship of the crews.

The morning opened rainy and calm, with light airs from all round the compass, but at noon the north-easter struck in, butt end first, and in fifteen minutes the bay was feather white.

For the first time in the club's history the cannon could not be heard against the wind, and most of the boats missing first gun were badly handicapped, Anonyma, Grilse, Fin and Weona alone got a good start, going off when their watches said the gun ought to be fired.

The special class found it very rough and thick down the bay. They had in all their reefs, and Ashumet had the jaws of her gaff settled down on the boom, but finally ran off for Quisett. Salmon was misled into following her when she bore off to leeward and sailed about 25 miles in place of 20; she finally came home at 5:15, and as the wind had moderated somewhat was carrying storm jib and close-reefed mainsail.

The first class boats are both new at racing and did not read their sailing orders. They went nearly twice as far as the course called for, sailing catboat fashion under balance reefed mainsail and no jib. Finally Mistral, having got down to bare spars and being beaten, gave it up and ran off for Falmouth.

In second class Surprise and her owner missed each other and she could not start, as she had no club member to sail her. Anonyma got by far the best start, Bernice was drowned out, Linotte did the best work and came home barely leading Anonyma; all the boats carried balance reefs.

It looked as if Linotte had both pennant and second prize, and Anonyma first prize, but next day Mr. Wilson reported that he had become tired and given up the wheel to a professional, which rules the boat out.

In the fourth class the judges gave the short course, as they did in the fifth, being unwilling to send the small boats round Abiel's Ledge in such weather. Grilse with a crew new to her sailed a wonderful race, carrying only three reefs, while others had four or five; she also carried storm jib; she finished with a tremendous burst of speed. The short courses were dead to windward and back.

Ghuzz got badly left at the start. She sailed fast, with only two reefs, but did not point with Grilse, and finally withdrew.

Fin made a good race for first round and then had her jib blown away.

The new Silence was on hand, but could not get her crew aboard, and did not start. During the race Mr. Crane tried to sail home alone under storm jib, but capsized. However, the boat floated and he was picked up unhurt.

Dawdle sailed a good race in fourth class cats. Howard found one round enough.

In third class Gilt Edge would not start on account of the wind. Colymbus had her sail split right across by the wind. Melro and Puzzle were drowned out, leaving Doris alone to make the race.

In the fifth class cats Imp won by a little over Vif. In the sloops P. D. Q. was towed up, but in the heavy sea could not ship her mast in time. Mr. Burgess was on hand with Laurel, but parted her cable and had to beach her on a sandbar.

Experienced judges figured the force of the wind at about fifty miles an hour. Courses, 20 miles for special, 11¼ for first and second, 8½ for third, 5½ for fourth, 2¾ for fifth class. Judges, W. Lloyd Jeffries, N. H. Emmons, A. H. Hardy.

The race proves that the boats of the Onawa type, properly handled, can do most anything, but other races show that unless so handled they are useless.

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Salmon, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	33.07	4 10 10	4 08 28
Ashumet, C. H. Jones, B. Y. C.	34.04	Withdrew.	

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

Little Peter, W. G. Cotton, B. Y. C.	28.10	3 45 10	3 36 48
Mistral, R. J. Edwards, B. Y. C.	37.07	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS CATS.

Linotte, W. P. Wilson, B. Y. C.	25.10	2 19 45	2 07 12
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	24.09	2 20 40	2 06 58
Uiula, W. H. Winship, B. Y. C.	24.03	2 25 27	2 11 01
Kalama, Charles Brewer, B. Y. C.	26.10	2 27 05	2 15 40
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr., B. Y. C.	25.08	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS CATS.

Doris, J. Parkinson, B. Y. C.	21.10	2 00 05	1 44 41
Melro, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	20.08	Withdrew.	
Puzzle, G. S. Amory, B. Y. C.		Withdrew.	
Colymbus, Alfred Winsor, B. Y. C.	21.06	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	19.02	1 12 23	1 14 00
Ghuzz, L. Brooks, B. Y. C.	17.11	Withdrew.	
Fin, H. Stockton, B. Y. C.	17.09	Disabled.	

FIFTH CLASS CATS.

Imp, G. B. Dabney, B. Y. C.	14.04	0 46 55	0 39 18
Vif, R. Winsor, B. Y. C.	14.04	0 48 18	0 40 41
Weona, H. Ware, B. Y. C.	14.08	0 54 56	0 47 56
Tern, W. Tileston, B. Y. C.	14.05	Withdrew.	

Winners of prizes: Class 1, sloops—Little Peter first. Class 2, cats—Anonyma first, Uiula second. Class 3, cats—Doris first. Class 4, sloops—Grilse first. Class 5, cats—Imp. Special class—Salmon first. Little Peter, Anonyma, Doris, Grilse, Dawdle and Imp won legs for pennants.

New Rochelle Y. C.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, June 29.

THE annual regatta of the New Rochelle Y. C. was sailed on June 29 over the regular club courses on the Sound off New Rochelle. The wind was light and variable all day, making an unsatisfactory race. Sasqua went up a class and then beat Banshee very badly. Polly and Onaway fouled at a mark. The official times were:

CABIN SLOOPS—CLASS 6—43 TO 49FT.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sasqua, H. Andrus	4 50 00	4 50 00
Banshee, H. Doscher	5 11 40	5 11 40

CABIN SLOOPS—CLASS 8—30 TO 36FT.

H. W. Beecher, C. H. Bevers	5 17 01	5 17 01

CABIN SLOOPS—CLASS 9—25 TO 30FT.

Water Lily, G. Birrell	4 06 12	4 06 12

YAWLS—CLASS 9—25 TO 30FT.

Polly, H. F. Booth	3 47 55	3 45 33

CABIN CATS—CLASS 12—26 TO 29FT.

Mary, W. Ellsworth	3 44 48	3 44 48
Onaway, ——	3 57 08	4 51 59

CABIN CATS—CLASS 7—23 TO 26FT.

Twilight, Eugene Lambden	4 14 02	4 14 02

CABIN CATS—CLASS 8—20 TO 23FT.

Kittie, Hazen Morse	3 52 43	3 52 43
Melita, ——		Not timed.
Addie	4 38 06	4 38 06

CABIN CATS—CLASS 8—20FT. AND LESS.

Dorothy		Not timed.
Addie	4 28 06	4 38 06

OPEN CATS—CLASS 9—23 TO 26FT.

Fairy, F. E. Towle	3 43 24	3 43 24
Punch, M. H. Clark	3 59 42	3 48 39

OPEN CATS—CLASS 10—20FT. AND LESS.

Ondawa, Howard Lambden	4 01 30	4 01 30
Ida K., C. W. Voltz	4 01 20	4 01 20
Terrapin, W. L. Curry	4 04 40	3 59 38

SPECIAL CLASS—21FT.

Celia, C. A. Gould	3 53 15	3 53 15
Vaquero, W. G. Brokaw	3 46 44	3 46 44

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, July 6.

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed its third race on July 6 in a fresh southerly breeze, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.
Winona, Hammond Bramen	1 37 37
Grimalkin, G. R. Howe	1 42 27
Duster, Mapes Bros.	1 45 53
Vacuna, F. H. Pratt	2 02 43
Edytha, F. W. Clark	Withdrew.

SECOND CLASS.

Zig Zag, Gammons & Wheelwright	1 21 29
In It, R. B. Williams	1 22 15

THIRD CLASS.

Fedora, A. O. Higgins	0 53 23
Escort, John Richardson	0 56 13
Rattler, James Dean	0 56 53
Banshee, H. D. Montgomery	0 57 55
Hazard, F. R. Pegram	1 01 00
Primmer, Frank Balch	1 02 15
Watermelon, H. M. Knowles	Withdrew.

FIRST CLASS—SPECIAL.

Elsie E., F. C. Higgins	1 01 40

SECOND CLASS—SPECIAL

Quamino	Withdrew.

The judges were Caleb Lothrop, Daniel N. Tower and E. Snow, Jr.

Hull Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 6.

THE Hull Y. C. sailed its third club race on July 6 in a fresh southwest wind, the times being:

THIRD CLASS.

	Elapsed.
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	1 49 13
Beatrice, John Cavanaugh	1 50 40
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	1 57 42

FIFTH CLASS.

Rooster, C. F. Adams 2d	1 13 29
Kayoshk, F. B. Rice	1 14 30
Opechee, W. P. Barker	1 16 29
Sunshine, W. B. Harding	Withdrew.
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	Disabled.

SIXTH CLASS.

Cocheco, George C. Hills	Withdrew.
Spinx, S. Johnson	Dismasted.

KNOCKABOUTS.

La Chica, C. V. Souther	1 15 23
Nabob, H. W. Friend	1 15 30
Nike, T. E. Jacobs	1 15 51
Hullo, Hull Y. C.	1 16 38

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND

Thursday, July 4.

THE weather of July 4 did all that it possibly could to spoil the racing of the finest fleet that has been seen about New York in many a day; sixty yachts, from the big schooners Constellation and Ramona down to the tiny 15-footers Question and Trust Me, starting in the annual regatta of the Larchmont Y. C. After a threatening morning, rain began to fall at 10 o'clock and continued all day, in fact, for the rest of the week, with short intervals of clear weather. The wind was light and variable, north at the start, going all around the compass and ending in the north again. The rain bid much of the race from view, but at the same time the spectators on the club steamer Albertina and the judges' boat Raymond saw the start, the end of the first round and the finish—very much more than was ever seen over the old courses in the clearest weather.

Though the fleet was divided into 21 classes, in only one class was there a sail-over, and in some there were five or six good boats. All things considered, the racing was good, with less fluking than might have been expected from the shifting breeze.

The schooners Marguerite, Constellation and Mayflower came on from Boston, being matched respectively with Emerald, Ramona and Iroquois, the last pair in cruising trim. The new steam yacht, designed by A. Cary Smith for W. G. Brokaw, was matched against the older Smith boat Elsemarie in this her first race. She was just from the builder's yard, with a green crew and hastily rigged and fitted out, sailing under considerable disadvantage. Loyal and Florida made up the smallest schooner class. The promised race of the 90-footers, announced for some time as the great event of the day, was off through the delay over Defender, and Vigilant was not present, her alterations being uncompleted.

The largest single-stickers were Katrina and Huron, sailing together in the regular class, while Queen Mab was put with them in a special class for a separate prize. The old 40-footers were divided into flush decked and trunk cabin classes, which brought the three keels, Uvira, Gossoon and Minerva, together in the former and the two centerboards Penguin and Choctaw in the latter. Both Uvira and Penguin are over 40ft. l.w.l., but they are placed with the old forties under the present classification. The 43ft. class had six starters, including the new cutters Norota and Eidolon, the old 30-footer Kathleen, and the centerboard sloop Sasqua. In the regular class 8, 30ft. racing length, were the modern Fife cutter Infanta, the old sloop Henry Ward Beecher, a famous racer of her type, and the cutter Gavilan. The 34ft. special class, also of 30ft. l.w.l., included but Dragoon and Vorant II., the new Adele being under way, but not starting. The 1-rater Shrimp was matched against Badger, the fin-keel Folly and Bingo. The larger cabin cats had but three starters—Mary, the well-known Ellsworth boat, Weasel, a brand new boat designed by T. E. Ferris and built at Tom's River, and Molly Bawn. Weasel showed a very rough bottom, the seams having yelled; she carried a handsome mainsail made after Wilson & Griffin's new style, the cloths running in all directions.

Amorita had a complete suit of the same cut, Iroquois has a mainsail and Norota has two headsails. All of these sails seemed to stand well, taking a beautiful sweep throughout; so far as they have been tried, all of them new and just bent, they have been most successful.

The oddest boat in the fleet was the 15-footer Question, a square flat box, with a big centerboard, a flat deck but a few inches above the water, with a small square hole in it to carry a spinaker and a sandwich or two, a mainsail and a diminutive jib. The crew of two laid flat on the deck like the crew of an iceyacht in the car, and in the tide rips they were washed fore and aft. In marked contrast with them was the crew of the little fin-keel Trust Me, in the same class, the bold owner sailing alone, locking his tiller and running forward to set and take in spinaker. When they finished the race Question's crew drew up alongside the judges' boat in a state of complete exhaustion, being hardly able to stand or speak after four hours of continual drenching with rain and sea.

Penguin was in hard luck on Wednesday, being in collision with a steamer on her way up the East River and losing her bowsprit. She managed to ship a new one and to show up in time on Thursday morning. Ethel started from New York with a new boom, a miserable stick, which broke about a third of the way from the fore end before she reached Larchmont. One of her crew cleverly reduced the fracture and put it in splits in time for the start, afterward lashing on an oar when the splints threatened to go during the race. She finally won in her class. Folly had hard luck, towing over from Oyster Bay with barely time to get her number and make a late start, some eight minutes astern of her class, the 25-footers. As she crossed the line she was mistaken by the regatta committee for a 21-footer and ordered back, the signal for this class not having been given. After three or four peremptory hails from the committee boat she returned and laid about for some time before the committee discovered and rectified its mistake, when she started far astern of her class. With all of this handicap she finally won.

The courses selected, the wind being north, were the Red Springs and Parsonage Point course for all above Class 9; the four larger schooner classes sailing three rounds, 32¼ nautical miles, and all of the others sailing two rounds, 21½ miles. The other classes sailed the smaller and similar triangle, the first mark being half-way to the Red Spring Buoy and the second mark being the Scotch Caps Buoy, two rounds making 10¾ miles. The starting and finish line was off the mouth of Larchmont Harbor, two scows with flags being anchored, one plainly lettered "Southwest Spit Boat." The courses and classes with the series numbers, were displayed from the committee boat.

The fleet was started in four divisions, at 11:35, 11:43, 11:51 and 12:01, the latter being a one gun start for the 21 footers. All went over with spinaker booms to port, some setting spinakers and then taking them in only to set them again a few minutes later. Balloon jib topsails and balloon main topmast staysails were also set, though a few of the schooners were content with small main topmast staysails. The fleet was timed:

Queen Mab	11 36 24	Vorant II	11 46 00
Emerald	11 36 27	Badger	11 53 51
Elsemarie	11 37 20	Fairy	11 55 11
Katrina	11 37 44	Ione	11 55 16
Ramona	11 38 03	Feydeh	11 55 43
Amorita	11 38 32	Bingo	11 55 53
Iroquois	11 39 35	Trust Me	11 55 58
Mayflower	11 39 55	Punch	11 56 00
Constellation	11 39 55	Ramona	11 56 00
Loyal	11 39 55	Mary	11 56 00
Marguerita	11 39 55	Edna	11 56 00
Florida	11 39 55	Water Lily	11 56 00
Choctaw	11 44 30	Terrapin	11 56 00
Huron	11 46 00	Colleen	11 56 00
Infanta	11 46 00	Caper	11 56 00
Uvira	11 46 00	Flounder	11 56 00
Minerva	11 46 00	Weasel	11 56 00
Dragoon	11 46 00	Annie F	11 56 00
Gossoon	11 46 00	Adele Rae	11 56 00
Penguin	11 46 00	Shrimp	11 56 00
Sasqua	11 46 00	Question	11 56 00
H. W. Beecher	11 46 00	Zelica	11 56 00
Gavilan	11 46 00	Ethel	11 56 00
Dorothy	11 46 00	Molly Bawn	11 56 00
Norota	11 46 00	Houri	12 01 00
Kathleen	11 46 00	Vaquero	12 01 00
Swirl	11 46 00	Celia	12 01 00
Eidolon	11 46 00	Folly	12 01 00

The wind from the north held but a short time, then coming from southwest and making a reach on starboard tack over the last of the first leg and a free reach over the second. Then it shifted to northwest again and made a close reach over the third leg. A number of the smaller boats managed to make a wrong turn and were sent back over the right course by messages from the regatta committee, wafted through an aluminum megaphone. The ending of the first round made a fine sight, in spite of the rain and haze, the long procession of yachts, large and small together, jibing at the southwest markboat. The times were:

Houri	1 26 25	Adele Rae	1 53 02
Vaquero	1 37 03	Trust Me	1 53 51
Fairy	1 37 28	Zelica	1 54 30
Folly	1 37 50	Weasel	1 55 08
Feydeh	1 39 55	Question	1 55 11
Mary	1 40 10	Caper	1 55 45
Ramona	1 42 51	Constellation	1 57 15
Badger	1 43 16	Iroquois	1 57 20
Celia	1 44 00	Uvira	1 58 34
Kittie	1 44 08	Mayflower	2 00 03
Molly Bawn	1 44 59	Ramona	2 00 20
Colleen	1 45 25	Katrina	2 00 25
Zelica	1 48 46	Huron	2 03 28
Punch	1 45 55	Gossoon	2 07 01
Edna	1 46 28	Minerva	2 10 09
Ethel	1 46 29	Loyal	2 13 41
Queen Mab	1 47 27	Eidolon	2 19 31
Emerald	1 47 35	Penguin	2 19 56
Bingo	1 48 06	Norota	2 20 50
Ione	1 48 24	Dragoon	2 25 10
Amorita	1 48 31	Choctaw	2 31 22
Shrimp	1 49 20	Vorant	2 34 02
Elsemarie	1 50 41	Infanta	2 39 39
Flounder	1 51 33	H. W. Beecher	2 59 45
Marguerite	1 52 10		

The second round was sailed with a free reach to the first mark, a beat to the second and a close reach in, the last boats being headed and having to make a short leg. The committee very wisely signaled the larger yachts to finish on this round. The times over the line were:

Fairy	2 47 20	Emerald	3 41 27
Houri	2 48 49	Amorita	3 46 53
Folly	1 52 07	Queen Mab	3 47 10
Vaquero	2 54 15	Marguerite	3 53 02
Mary	2 54 55	Elsemarie	3 55 41
Ramona	2 58 06	Uvira	4 05 53
Celia	3 06 54	Constellation	4 13 42
Adele Rae	3 08 43	Katrina	4 15 51
Ethel	3 12 35	Iroquois	4 19 46
Punch	3 12 38	Huron	4 21 56
Feydeh	3 14 14	Mayflower	4 23 58
Kittie	3 15 41	Ramona	4 26 24
Colleen	3 16 29	Gossoon	4 27 29
Edna	3 17 08	Minerva	4 33 12
Ione	3 20 41	Loyal	4 39 36
Terrapin	3 21 13	Norota	4 41 30
Shrimp	3 22 16	Penguin	4 44 36
Weasel	3 25 43	Dragoon	4 47 19
Badger	3 28 49	Eidolon	4 48 18
Flounder	3 30 31	Vorant	4 50 26
Bingo	3 30 42	Choctaw	4 51 13
Trust Me	3 38 06	Infanta	4 53 14
Question	3 38 50	Henry Ward Beecher	5 05 48

The official times were:

SCHOONERS—CLASS A—ALL OVER 90FT. RACING LENGTH.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ramona, H. M Gilliz	105.84	4 48 24	4 47 55
Constellation, B. Thayer	107.24	4 35 42	4 35 42

CLASS B—ALL OVER 81 AND NOT OVER 90FT.

Emerald, J. R. Maxwell	89.51	4 05 00	4 05 00
Marguerite, H. W. Lamb	83.38	4 14 02	4 11 06

CLASS B—CRUISING TRIM.

Iroquois, H. C. Rouse	82.26	4 41 46	4 38 10
Mayflower, W. A. Gardner	89.64	4 45 48	4 45 58

CLASS C—ALL OVER 71 AND NOT OVER 81FT.

Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	.. ..	4 08 53	4 08 53
Elsemarie, J. B. King	78.18	4 18 21	4 17 12

CLASS D—ALL OVER 60 AND NOT OVER 71FT.

Loyal, B. F. Sutton	64.51	5 01 36	5 01 36
Florida, F. A. Reid	63.36	Withdrew.	

SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS—CLASS 2—ALL OVER 69 AND NOT OVER 77FT.

Katrina, George Work	76.08	4 38 07	4 38 07
Huron, E. S. Hatch	69.01	4 45 56	4 39 32

CLASS 3—SPECIAL.

Katrina, George Work	76.08	4 38 07	4 38 07
Queen Mab, Percy Chubb	53.28	4 10 46	4 06 22
Huron, E. S. Hatch	69.01	4 43 56	4 39 32

CLASS 6 (FLUSH DECK)—ALL OVER 43 AND NOT OVER 49FT.

Gossoon, L. V. Clark	47.83	4 41 29	4 41 29
Uvira, F. P. Sands	47.13	4 19 53	4 19 03
Minerva H. W. Bucknall	45.63	4 47 12	4 44 32

CLASS 6 (TRUNK CABINS), ALL OVER 43 AND NOT OVER 49FT.

Penguin, G. E. Brightson	48.90	4 58 36	4 58 36
Choctaw, T. L. Arnold	.. 46.30	5 06 43	5 03 39

Sloops and Cutters, Class 2.—Katrina beat Huron 1:25.

Sloops and Cutters, Special.—Queen Mab beat Katrina 31:45 and Huron 33:10.

Sloops and Cutters, Class 6 (Flush Deck).—Uvira beat Gossoon 22:28 and Minerva 25:29.

Sloops and Cutters, Class 6 (Trunk Cabin).—Penguin beat Choctaw 5:03.

Sloops and Cutters, Class 7.—Norota beat Eidolon 6:56.

Sloops and Cutters.—Infanta beat H. W. Beecher 10:30.

Sloops and Cutters, Class 9.—Feydeh won.

Sloops and Cutters, Class 10.—Folly beat Shrimp 24:47, Badger and Bingo.

Cabin Cats, Class 11.—Mary beat Weasel 25:55.

Cabin Cats, Class 12.—Ethel beat Kittie 7:31.

Open Yachts, Class 13.—Fancy beat Punch 20:03 and Edna 29:40.

Open Yachts, Class 14, Adele Rae wins on elapsed time, Terrapin second.

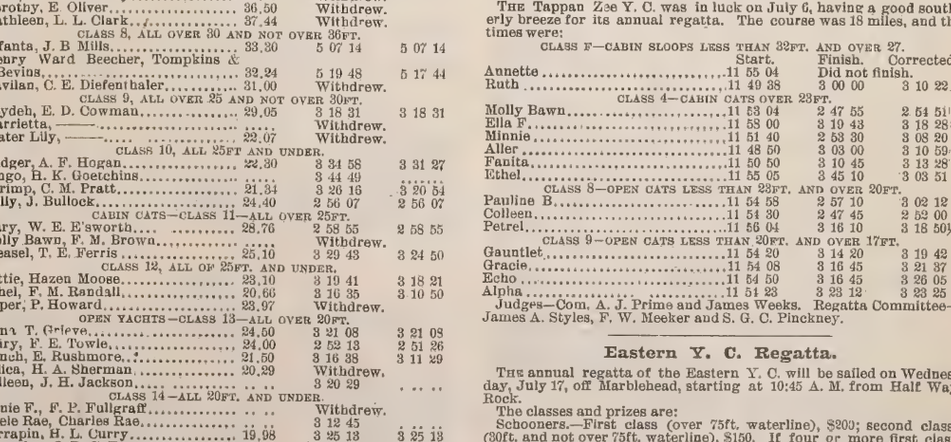
Open Yachts, Class 15.—Ramona, walk-over.

Thirty-four-Raters.—Dragoon beat Vorant 3:07.

Twenty-one-Footers.—Houri beat Vaquero 5:26 and Celia 18:05.

Half-Raters.—Trust Me beat Question 0:42.

Emerald wins the Colt cup. The large fleet was well handled by the regatta committee, Messrs. J. F. Lovejoy, Otto Sarony and Wilson Marshall. Among the large number of attendant yachts the new Seabury launch Levanter attracted the most attention from the model and workmanship on her hull and her clean running when speeded. Amorita made a fine race, judged by all the other large schooners, easily beating her older sister, Elsemarie. She came to grief, however, just after finishing, there being an incompatability between her draft—12ft.—and the rocks off Pagoda Point. The tide was out at the time and she soon came off without injury. Her elapsed time was 3m. 53s. slower than Emerald. Queen Mab not only beat the 70ft. Katrina by half an hour, but made the course in 5m 45s. more than Emerald and 1m. 54s. more than Amorita. The Fife cutter Uvira made remarkable time, beating Gossoon and Minerva very badly, while the three keel cutters were far ahead of the two centerboards in their class. Uvira is going wonderfully well this year, but her owner knows her to a nicety, and sailing her himself is getting all out of her that is in her, just as he did a few years ago with the old centerboard sloop Peri. It is a pleasure to see a yacht kept and sailed as Uvira is, and that by a Corinthian. Norota sailed a good race in her class; in fact, she outsailed Penguin and Choctaw in the class. The little Fife cutter Infanta, a boat that has been little heard of in the two years that she has been afloat, is doing very good work this year, this time easily beating one of the fast centerboard sloops of the old type. The little fin-keel Feydeh, a failure on her first trial last year, has been greatly improved, and is doing very well this season. Folly scored a very creditable win in her class, and Shrimp beat the two centerboard boats. Mary won easily from Weasel and Molly Bawn, the latter an old-time McGlehan sandbagger lately fitted with a cabin house. Ethel beat Kittie in spite of a broken boom—a very creditable performance. The old Fairy won again in her class, and Adele Rae in hers. Vorant II sailed a good race, but was beaten by Dragoon; the latter had her crew in uniform, making a pretty sight. Vaquero swung a new suit of Herreshoff crosscut sails, but was beaten by Houri. The two 15-footers had quite as much racing as they wanted, and Question's crew were in hard luck, too. Mr. Clark sailed a very good race, handling his boat entirely alone.



DEFENDER—TAKEN TWO HOURS AFTER LEAVING THE SHOP,—FROM A PHOTO BY R. B. BURCHARD, AMATEUR.

CLASS 7, ALL OVER 36 AND NOT OVER 43FT.

Eidolon, H. F. Crosby	41.70	5 02 18	5 01 35
Norota, F. M. Hoyt	41.14	4 55 30	4 54 39
Sasqua, H. Andrussa	39.79	Withdrew.	
Swirl, E. W. Presbrey	42.25	Withdrew.	
Dorothy, E Oliver	36.50	Withdrew.	
Kathleen, L. L. Clark	37.44	Withdrew.	

CLASS 8, ALL OVER 30 AND NOT OVER 36FT.

Infanta, J. B Mills	33.30	5 07 14	5 07 14
Henry Ward Beecher, Tompkins & Bevins	32.24	5 19 48	5 17 44
Gavilan, C. E. Diefenthaler	31.00	Withdrew.	

CLASS 9, ALL OVER 25 AND NOT OVER 30FT.

Feydeh, E. D. Cowman	29.05	3 18 31	3 18 31
Harrietta, ———	.. ..	Withdrew.	
Water Lily, ———	22.07	Withdrew.	

CLASS 10, ALL 25FT AND UNDER.

Badger, A. F. Hogan	22.30	3 34 58	3 31 27
Bingo, H. K. Goetchius	.. ..	3 44 49	.. ..
Shrimp, C. M. Pratt	21.34	3 26 16	3 20 54
Folly, J. Bullock	24.40	2 56 07	2 56 07

CABIN CATS—CLASS 11—ALL OVER 25FT.

Mary, W. E. E'sworth	28.76	2 58 55	2 58 55
Molly Bawn, F. M. Brown	.. ..	Withdrew.	
Weasel, T. E. Ferris	25.10	3 29 43	3 24 50

CLASS 12, ALL OF 25FT. AND UNDER.

Kittie, Hazen Moose	23.10	3 19 41	3 18 21
Ethel, F. M. Randall	20.66	3 16 35	3 10 50
Caper, P. Howard	22.07	Withdrew.	

OPEN YACHTS—CLASS 13—ALL OVER 20FT.

Edna T. Grieve	24.50	3 21 08	3 21 08
Fairy, F. E. Towle	24.00	2 52 13	2 51 26
Punch, E. Rushmore	21.50	3 16 38	3 11 29
Zelica, H. A. Sherman	20.29	Withdrew.	
Colleen, J. H. Jackson	.. ..	3 20 29	.. ..

CLASS 14—ALL 20FT. AND UNDER.

Annie F., F. P. Fullgraff	.. ..	Withdrew.	
Adele Rae, Charles Rae	.. ..	3 12 45	.. ..
Terrapin, H. L. Curry	19.98	3 25 13	3 25 13
Flounder, J. R. C. Tappan	.. ..	3 34 31	.. ..
Ione, ———	19.97	3 25 25	2 25 25

CLASS 15—JIB AND MAINSAIL YACHTS.

Ramona	25.30	3 02 06	3 02 06

SPECIAL CLASS—34-FOOTERS.

Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	.. ..	5 01 19	.. ..
Vorant II., G. G. Tyson	.. ..	5 04 26	.. ..

SPECIAL CLASS—21-FOOTERS.

Houri, E. B. Hart	.. ..	2 47 49	.. ..
Vaquero, W. G. Brokaw	.. ..	2 53 15	.. ..
Celia, W. S. Gould	.. ..	3 05 54	.. ..

SPECIAL CLASS—15-FOOTERS.

Trust Me, C. McL. Clark	.. ..	3 42 08	.. ..
Question, M. H. Clark	.. ..	3 42 50	.. ..

The winners were:

Schooners, Class A.—Constellation beat Ramona 12:13.

Schooners, Class B.—Emerald beat Marguerite 5:54.

Schooners, Class B, (Cruising Trim).—Iroquois beat Mayflower 7:48.

Schooners, Class C.—Amorita beat Elsemarie 8:19.

Schooners, Class D.—Loyal beat Florida.

Tappan Zee Y. C.

GRAND VIEW—HUDSON RIVER.

Saturday, July 6.

THE Tappan Zee Y. C. was in luck on July 6, having a good southerly breeze for its annual regatta. The course was 18 miles, and the times were:

CLASS F—CABIN SLOOPS LESS THAN 32FT. AND OVER 27.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Annette	11 55 04	Did not finish.	
Ruth	11 49 38	3 00 00	3 10 22

CLASS 4—CABIN CATS OVER 23FT.

Molly Bawn	11 53 04	2 47 55	2 54 51
Ella F	11 53 00	3 19 43	3 18 28
Minnie	11 51 40	2 53 30	3 08 20
Aller	11 48 50	3 03 00	3 10 59
Fanita	11 50 50	3 10 45	3 13 28
Ethel	11 55 05	3 45 10	3 03 51

CLASS 8—OPEN CATS LESS THAN 23FT. AND OVER 20FT.

Pauline B	11 54 58	2 57 10	3 02 12
Colleen	11 54 30	2 47 45	2 52 00
Petrel	11 56 04	3 16 10	3 18 50½

CLASS 9—OPEN CATS LESS THAN 20FT. AND OVER 17FT.

Gauntlet	11 54 20	3 14 20	3 19 42
Gracie	11 54 08	3 16 45	3 21 37
Echo	11 54 50	3 16 45	3 26 05
Alpha	11 54 23	3 23 12	3 23 25

Judges—Com. A. J. Prime and James Weeks. Regatta Committee—James A. Styles, F. W. Meeker and S. G. C. Pinckney.

Eastern Y. C. Regatta.

THE annual regatta of the Eastern Y. C. will be sailed on Wednesday, July 17, off Marblehead, starting at 10:45 A. M. from Half Way Rock.

The classes and prizes are:

Schooners.—First class (over 75ft. waterline), $200; second class, (30ft. and not over 75ft. waterline), $150. If four or more first class schooners complete the course, a second prize of $75 will be awarded.

Sloops and Cutters.—First class (over 70ft. waterline), $200; second class, not over 70ft., $100; third class, not over 61ft., $100; fourth class, not over 53ft., $75; fifth class, not over 46ft., $75; sixth class, not over 40ft., $75; seventh class, not over 35ft., $75.

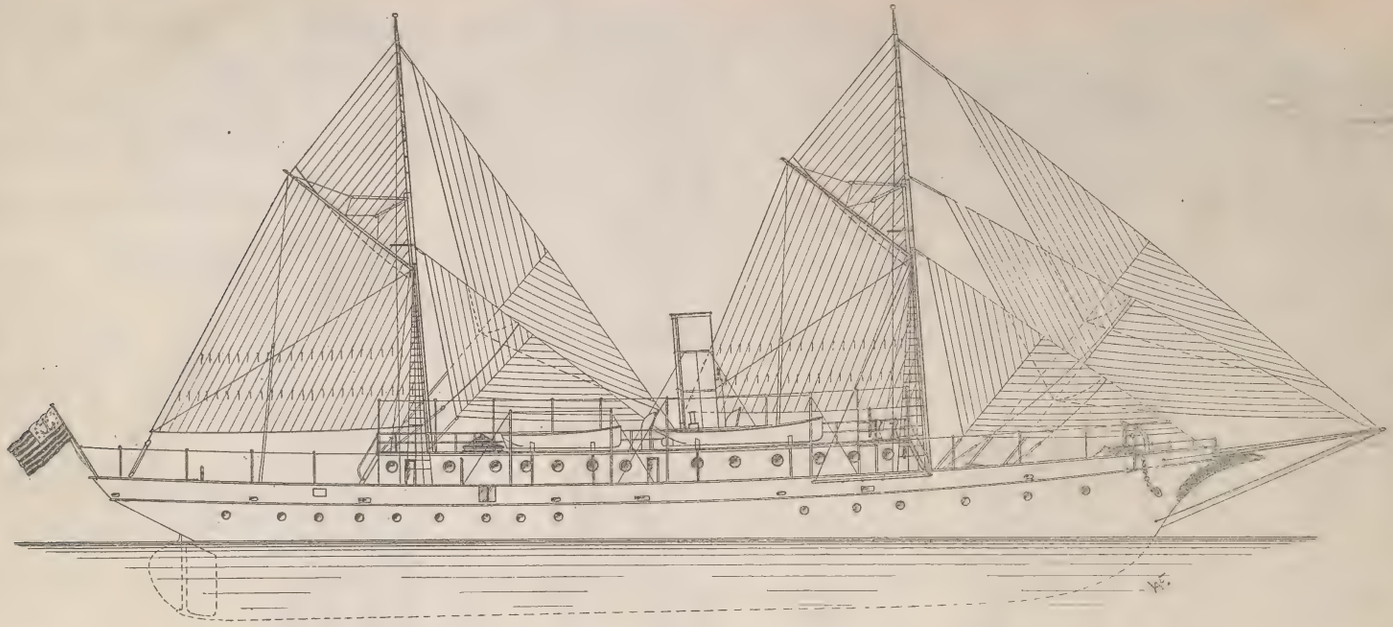
If four or more yachts start in any class, a second prize of $25 will be awarded in that class; if three or more cutters or sloops of first class start, both prizes will be increased.

The Puritan Cup will be awarded for the year to the yacht of the club making the best corrected time over the course sailed by the larger yachts.

Entries must be received in writing at the office of Mr. William S. Eaton, Jr., secretary of the club, 281 Franklin street, Boston, before 2 o'clock P. M. on July 16, or before 9 P. M. of July 16 at the club house.

"No yacht shall be entered for a race without her ownership, rig, and official measurement are on record with the secretary."—Racing Rule 2.

The measurer of the club is Mr. Henry Taggard, 264 Purchase street, Boston.



STEAM YACHT PEREGRINE.—DESIGNED BY C. B. HANSCOM FOR R. H. WHITE, 1895.

The Steam Yacht Peregrine.

THE steam yacht Peregrine is now building, by the Bath Iron Works, of Bath, Me., for Mr. R. H. White, of Boston, Mass., from designs by Mr. Charles Ridgely Hanscom, of Bath, Me. She is a steel, single screw, schooner rigged steam yacht of the following dimensions :—

Length over all	158ft. 3in.
L. W. L.	131ft. 0in.
Beam, extreme	23ft. 0in.
Depth of hold	13ft. 0in.
Mean draft	10ft. 0in.
Extreme Draft	10ft. 9in.

The accommodation comprises every requisite to insure comfort and convenience, and all the decorations and fittings are designed to be elegant, efficient and tasteful.

The principal feature of the main deck is a large mahogany deck house 72ft. long, with an average width of about 13ft. At the forward end of this house is the captain's stateroom, about 8ft. long, finished in handsome paneled white mahogany, with white enamel ceiling, and furnished with large berth, desk, washstand, wardrobe, sofa and convenient lockers. Abaft this room on the port side is a stairway leading below to the officers' quarters. Then comes the pantry, 5ft. long and the width of the house, and this room is finished in ivory white, with mahogany trimmings and fitted with all necessary dish racks, dressers, sinks, etc. A dumb waiter will be arranged between this room and the officers' mess-room. The galley is directly aft of the pantry, and is a commodious and well arranged room 10ft. long, with red tile floor and white tiled sides, the ceiling being finished in ash. A passage 30in. wide, on the starboard side, leads from the galley to the dining room aft, thus maintaining communication with the forward and after parts of the vessel without exposure to the weather. Between the boiler and engine hatches is a room 4ft. by 6ft. for the stowage of deck chairs, rugs, etc., on the starboard side, and a large deck toilet-room on the port side.

Abaft the engine hatch is the dining room, 12ft. long and the width of the house. This room will be finished in selected paneled oak, and a handsome large sideboard and dish closet occupies the forward end. The height in the clear is 6ft. 6in., and a large circular skylight is placed directly over the dining table. There will be seating accommodation at the table for ten people. Connected with the dining room by large sliding doors is the social hall. This room is 11ft. long, and a mahogany stairway of elaborate design leads below to the main saloon. The owner's desk is at the forward end, and transom seats are fitted on each side. The finish is in harmony with the dining room. Large circular sliding lights or air ports, 16in. in diameter, give light and air to the living compartments of this deck house, and these lights have proved a great improvement over the ordinary swinging ones.

Hand rails will be worked on the outside of the house for convenience in rough weather. The galley and machinery hatches are completely cased in with steel as a safeguard against fire. The top of the deck house forms a clear promenade for the owner and his guests, the smokestack and skylights to the dining room, engine room and galley being the only obstructions.

There is a bridge at the forward end, also the steering stand, binnacle, chart table, search light, etc. Brass rail stanchions are worked around the top of the house, and awnings will be placed forward and aft.

Abaft the deck house is a large mahogany skylight which gives light and ventilation to the main saloon below. There is a large transom seat directly aft and a Bath Iron Works patent hand screw steerer. A raised forecastle deck is placed forward, of the height of the rail.

The compartment forward of the collision bulkhead on the lower deck is to be used as a lamp and oil room. Then comes the crew's quarters, which are quite roomy and have excellent accommodations for nine men. Abaft the crew space are the officers' quarters. Three staterooms are located on the starboard side, the forward one for the chief engineer, then one for the cook and steward, while the third will be fitted up for the mate and assistant engineer.

The mess room is on the port side, also the w. c. and dish lockers, and a transom seat is fitted so as to make beds for two boys. An ice room occupies the aft end of the mess room.

Abaft the machinery spaces are the owner's and guests quarters. At the forward end are the toilet and bath rooms, handsomely and conveniently appointed. These rooms are to be wainscoted with white tile 4ft. high and paneled in white mahogany to ceiling. Directly aft are two large staterooms for the owner. These rooms are to be finished in paneled white enameled pine with a little gold leaf decoration. The beds are extra large and the rooms are well furnished with sofas, bureaus, wardrobes, etc.

Aft of these staterooms and communicating with them is the main saloon, a beautiful roomy compartment 17ft. long and the full width of the ship. The height in the clear is nearly 7ft., and this room is to be furnished in handsome selected mahogany with ivory white ceiling, and fitted up in the most modern and artistic style. A staircase of carved mahogany leads from this saloon to the social hall above. A piano, table, bookcase, shelves and lockers are located in this room to the best advantage. At the aft end of the saloon are two guests' staterooms finished in white mahogany with bird's-eye maple panels. These rooms are furnished similiar to the owner's staterooms, and they will undoubtedly prove very desirable compartments. Leading from these rooms is the guests' toilet room, finished same as the guests' stateroom, and complete in all its appointments

In the forward hold is located the cold storage room and large compartments for stores, and in the after hold are the engineer's stores, wine room and three fresh-water tanks with a capacity of about 2,500 gallons of water. A large tank is also located amidships with a capacity of 3,500 gallons of water, and small tanks are fitted in the engine room for hot and cold, salt and fresh water.

The ventilation and plumbing systems are designed to be most complete and efficient. A donkey boiler will be placed in the boiler room for steam heating and auxiliary purposes. A Williamson steam steerer and a Hyde patent steam windlass are also fitted. The vessel will be lighted throughout by electricity, the dynamo being placed in the engine room, and a 12in. search light and display lights for the rigging will be fitted. There will also be efficient telephone and electric bell communication between various parts of the ship.

The Peregrine will carry the following small boats: One 23ft. lifeboat, one 23ft. gig, one 23ft. naphtha launch and one 16ft. dinghy. She has two pole masts, each being about 64ft. long above deck, and is rigged as a two-masted schooner, the total sail area being about 3,500sq. ft.

The motive power consists of a vertical triple expansion engine, with cylinders 14, 21 and 34½in. diameter respectively, and a stroke of 22in. Piston valves are used throughout, and the high pressure cylinder is placed in the center, the intermediate forward and the low aft. The condenser forms part of the framing at the back of the engine, and the cylinders are well supported and braced by steel columns. The propeller is of manganese bronze, four-bladed, with a diameter of 8ft. 3in. and a pitch of about 10ft. There are two Almy water-tube boilers, built for a working pressure of 185lbs. each, occupying a space 83in. long, 83in. wide and 104in. high. The grate surface is 65sq. ft., and the heating surface about 2,500sq. ft. The designed indicated horse power is 800, and this will give the vessel a speed of over 14 knots.

The Peregrine is a very commodious yacht for her size, as will be seen from the above minute description, and with her large deck house so efficiently subdivided, her accommodations are quite equal to that of most steam yachts fully 40ft. longer. She is being built under the rules of the American Shipmasters' Association for the highest class, and when completed she will be commanded by Capt. Theodore M. Bunker.

Mr. Charles Ridgely Hanscom, the designer of the Peregrine, has given considerable study to this class of vessels, and he is well known as a man of new ideas.

It will be remembered that Mr. Hanscom is the designer of the steam yacht Eleanor, constructed last year by the same shipbuilding firm for Mr. William Slater, of Norwich, Conn., and which is now on the Pacific Ocean on a two years' cruise around the world.

The Eleanor is a handsomely appointed vessel, and has proved herself a very staunch and seaworthy craft. Wherever she has been she has received considerable attention, and the foreign press all agree in acknowledging her to be a triumph of American yacht building.

American Y. C.

MILTON POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Friday, July 5.

THE American Y. C. sailed its annual sailing regatta on July 5, the steam regatta being a thing of the past in spite of the club's $10,000 challenge cup. The day was stormy with heavy rain and S.E. wind, and but few yachts started, though there was some good racing. The course was from off Milton Point, around white spar buoy off Parsonage Point; distance 1⅝ nautical miles. Course E.N.E., leaving same on starboard hand, thence around white spar buoy off Red Springs Point, Hempstead Harbor; distance 3⅞ nautical miles. Course south, leaving same on starboard hand, thence around southwesterly stakeboat off Larchmont, flying American Y. C. flag; distance 3⅞ miles. Course N.W., leaving same on starboard hand, thence across finish line off Milton Point; distance 1⅜ nautical miles. Course E.N.E. Total distance of course, 10¾ nautical miles.

The schooners sailed three times around this course; the 36ft., 34ft. and cats twice around and all other classes once around this course.

The start was timed: Marguerite 12:12:31, Elsemarie 12:13:24, Dragoon 12:21:58, Fannie 12:22:18, Infanta 12:22:19, Vorant II. 12:23:09, Kittie 12:23:15, Mary 12:33:40; Shrimp and Vaquero handicapped 2m. 30s.

One and even two reefs were in order. Dragoon sprung her bowsprit and gave up early in the race, after sailing for a time on her side. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS.			
Marguerite, H. W. Lamb	83.38	4 18 07	4 18 07
Elsemarie, J. B. King	74.68	4 19 16	4 11 58
SLOOPS AND CUTTERS 30 TO 36FT.			
Infanta, J. B. Mills	33.03	4 00 17	4 00 17
34FT. SPECIAL CLASS.			
Vorant II., G. G. Tyson	34.00	4 03 43	4 03 43
Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	34.00	Disabled.	
CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.			
Mary, W. E. Elsworth	28.76	4 14 36	4 11 40
Fannie, C. M. Greer	30.00	4 28 34	4 28 34
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.			
Kittie, Hazen Morse	23.01	2 18 58	2 18 58
SPECIAL 21FT. CLASS.			
Celia, C. A. Gould	21.00	2 19 08	2 19 08
Vaquero, W. G. Brokaw	21.00	2 21 20	2 21 20
Shrimp, C. M. Pratt	21.00	Dismasted.	

Infanta easily beat Vorant II., though not classed together. Shrimp lost her mast near the finish line. The regatta committee included Stuyvesant Wainwright, Marselis Clark, Isaiah Paxon, Horace Lee, Simeon Ford and J. Howard Wainwright.

Fall River Y. C.

FALL RIVER—MOUNT HOPE BAY.

Thursday, July 4.

THE annual regatta of the Fall River Y. C. on July 4 was sailed in the rain, but with a fresh N.E. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS—CATS 32FT. AND OVER.		
Nellie, J. Waldron	1 57 14	1 57 14
Annie, George Hindle	Withdrew.	
Reaper, J. Gates	2 34 43	2 30 44
Harvest, Hathaway	2 16 05	2 13 37
Harvest, B. Ling	2 31 43	2 27 18
Olivette, Fahey Bros.	2 13 16	2 07 25
Glide, P. Conlon	2 12 30	2 07 53
SECOND CLASS—UNDER 32 AND OVER 19FT.		
Hesper, T. Haggerty	2 43 25	2 42 13
Ouija, T. Calvert	Withdrew.	
Patience, C. Millwood	2 25 01	2 23 01
Nyda, W. Ivers	2 33 25	2 30 51
THIRD CLASS—UNDER 19 AND OVER 15FT.		
Myrtle, H. Hathaway	3 08 38	3 06 51
Lalioo, J. Whitehead	3 19 28	3 17 41
Barnacle, W. Braley	3 13 13	3 09 43
Alice, W. G. Morse	2 48 29	2 48 20
Ladie, B. Darling	Withdrew.	
Fedora, J. Hinckley	2 49 21	2 49 21
Lucy, D. Lebounty	3 06 30	3 05 43
Belle, T. Kershaw	3 08 19	
FOURTH CLASS—CATS UNDER 15FT.		
Dido, M. Considine	0 58 14	0 58 14
Wasp, T. E. Wood	1 01 13	0 59 41

Riverside Y. C.

RIVERSIDE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 6.

THE Riverside Y. C. sailed its annual regatta on July 6 with a very good fleet of starters, but a poor breeze, there being a flat calm for a time. The courses were:

Course A—Sailed by all yachts over the 30ft. class. From a line marked by black gas buoy off eastern end of Little Captain's Island, and stake boat east of it, around white spar buoy, course about south by west, thence around stake boat, course east by north one-half north, and thence around home stake boat, northwest one-quarter west, keeping same on port hand, eighteen nautical miles, two rounds.

Course B—Sailed by 30ft., 25ft. and 21ft. special class. From starting point around White Spar Buoy, course S. by W., thence around stake boat, course E. by N., ½ N., thence around home stake boat, N. W., ¼ W., keeping same on port hand, thence around southeasterly stake boat and return, the finish being across starting line from S. E. to N. W., fifteen nautical miles.

Course C—For all other classes. From starting point around White Spar Buoy, course S. by W.; thence around stake boat, course E. by N., ½ north, and thence to home stake boat, nine nautical miles.

The official times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected
SLOOPS—60FT. CLASS.		Finish.
Whitby, H. Tyson		5 47 57
Eleanor, A. S. Williams		5 38 14
CUTTERS—50FT. CLASS (FLUSH DECK).		
Uvira, F. P. Sands	3 56 05	3 56 05
Minerva, H. W. Bucknall	4 30 47	4 29 15
CUTTERS—50FT. CLASS (TRUNK CABIN.)		
Penguin, G. E. Brightson	4 52 40	4 52 40
Choctaw, T. L. Arnold	4 55 34	4 53 01
CUTTERS—43FT. CLASS.		
Eidolon, H. T. Crosby	4 33 44	4 33 44
Norota, F. M. Hoyt	4 17 14	4 16 30
Sasqua, Henry Andrus	4 54 38	4 52 16
Tiger, Joseph D. Sawyer, Jr	Withdrew.	
CUTTERS—36FT. CLASS.		
Vorant I., Daniel Prentice	5 07 27	5 07 27
Infanta, J. B. Mills	4 55 25	4 52 02
Gavilan, E. Diefenthaler	Withdrew.	
SLOOPS—25FT. CLASS.		
Hazel	5 12 19	
Sea Bird, O. W. Ingersoll	Withdrew.	
Americus, Dr. Heximer	4 56 40	
CABIN CATBOATS—30FT.		
Consuelo, Mr. Cabot	Withdrew.	
Mary, W. E. Elsworth	3 50 07	3 50 07
Almira, Wilmer Hanan	2 49 07	Not meas.
Nixie, W. G. Buxton	Withdrew.	
Oconee, C. T. Pierce	4 32 55	
Weasel, T. E. Ferris	4 09 49	
CABIN CATBOATS—25FT.		
Ethel, F. M. Randall	4 19 51	4 19 51
Arvika, Dr. Gilfillan	Withdrew.	
OPEN CATBOATS—25FT., FIXED BALLAST.		
Sirene, R. Outwater	4 24 59	4 24 59
Mischief	Withdrew.	
Gertrude, W. J. Selleck	Withdrew.	
Brant, J. C. Varian	Withdrew.	
OPEN CATBOATS—25FT., SHIFTING BALLAST.		
Fairy, F. E. Towle	3 49 47	3 49 47
Punch, M. H. Clark	3 53 29	Not meas.
OPEN CATBOATS—20FT.		
Chippie, W. R. Hatfield	3 53 54	3 53 54
34-FOOTERS.		
Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	4 50 23	4 50 23
Vorant II., G. G. Tyson	4 56 49	4 56 48
21-FOOTERS.		
Vaquero, W. G. Brokaw	3 50 18	3 50 18

The winners were Eleanor, Uvira, Penguin, Norota, Infanta, Americus, Almira, Ethel, Sirene, Punch (probably on corrected time), Chippie, Dragoon and Vaquero.

Regatta committee—W. J. Selleck, S. Dewey Pierce, Edwin Bluney and George Clark.

After the race Eleanor ran ashore, but was hauled off. The steamer Aurora carried the members and guests, and in making a landing the crowd proved too heavy for the gangplank and it broke, throwing a lady and gentleman into the water. They were soon rescued without injury.

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—PLYMOUTH HARBOR.

Thursday, July 4.

THE Plymouth Y. C. had bad weather for its second regatta on July 4, the start being postponed until late on account of a calm, the wind rising during the race to almost a gale. Nancy Hanks went up a class and then won. The full times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS—CATS.			
Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	21.00	2 26 40	1 53 23
Ishtar, A. M. Beale	21.01	2 36 00	2 02 49
Future, W. T. Whitman	21.11	2 35 25	2 03 15
THIRD CLASS—CATS.			
Amie, M. S. Weston, Jr.	16.09	2 32 29	1 54 04
Honest John, J. C. Dawes	16.00	2 35 48	1 55 05
No Name, C. A. Ransom	14.09	2 43 50	2 00 45
Frolic, J. A. Bailey	15.03	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS—SPRITSAILS.			
Vigilant, A. M. Watson, Jr.	16.11	2 30 22	1 51 14
Fair Play, G. D. Bartlett	17.02	2 30 59	1 52 15
Natalie, H. M. Jones	16.10	2 32 59	1 53 43
Gipsy Girl, W. W. Steele	16.02	2 35 30	1 54 34
Ellen B., C. F. Bradford	16.02	2 35 22	1 54 57
Katherine, J. Watson	16.01	2 38 15	1 57 41
Svea, O. Loring	16.11	2 37 45	1 58 37
Puritan, C. D. Craig	17.05	Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS—GAFF FORESAILS AND SPRIT MAINSAILS.			
Perhaps, T. S. Diman	15.10	2 31 52	1 50 51
Nereid, A. E. Walker	17.00	2 30 51	1 51 51
Dolphin, N. Morton	16.02	2 32 28	1 52 03

Shrewsbury Y. C.

RED BANK—SHREWSBURY RIVER.

Thursday, July 4.

THE third annual regatta of the Shrewsbury Y. C. was sailed at Red Bank on July 4. Although the day was a dreary one, showers of rain occurring at intervals of five minutes, the usual number of ladies and their escorts filled the balconies and club house. The start and finish lines were in plain view of the club house. The regular club courses were sailed.

Strange to say the cabin sloop and open jib and mainsail classes did not fill. A class was made for cabin cats that came near not filling also. Mr. Randall's Allegro, that had been entered, met with an accident in crossing the bay, having run into a log, and she was with much difficulty kept afloat until she reached Red Bank. It was out of the question for her to race, however. The committee spied a newcomer in the shape of the cat Mollie Mae, and she was pressed into service, and so they succeeded in making a race for the class.

The usual number of 22ft. flyers came to the line, although it was regretted that Mr. Sawyer's Arrow and ex-Chief Byrnes's Nancy did not start, the former being engaged at Larchmont, while the latter had his usual excuse of not being able to get a crew. Undine, sailed by her owner, Clinton R. James, won handily, beating her nearest competitor over 8m.

The preparatory signal was given at 10:45 in a downpour of rain, and the starting signal at 10:50. Several of the boats were handicapped, handing F. R. Smith's Irma T. over 4 minutes, and Mr. Haughwout's Tempest over 10 minutes. The following are the full times:

CLASS A—CABIN CATBOATS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mollie Mae, R. C. Greier	22.06	. . ..	. . ..
Drift, T. E. DeSotolongo	22.02	2 29 19	1 53 53

CLASS D—CAT-RIGGED, 23FT. AND OVER.

Tempest, Wm. M. Haughwout	22.10	. . ..	. . ..
Irma T., F. R. Smith	22.00	2 45 27	2 09 48
Jessie, A. B. Murray	21.11	Withdrew.	
Undine, C. R. James	21.10	2 27 08	2 01 36
Shrewsbury, C. F. Wagner	21.09	2 48 16	2 12 17
Ulunda, H. L. Powers	21.05	2 47 09	2 10 44
Volsung	21.11	Withdrew.	

CLASS E—CAT-RIGGED, 18 TO 21FT.

Crescent, G. J. Gillig	20.07	2 00 40	1 23 06
Baby, W. L. Bass	19.11	Withdrew.	
Martha, C. M. Washington	19.11	2 25 21	1 46 49
Annie B., C. E. Burd	19.11	1 52 19	1 13 47
Dione, Frank Taylor	19.10½	2 23 34	1 44 59
Nereid (1), Knapp & Houston	19.06	2 02 59	1 23 29
Anna, W. B. Parsons	18.03	Withdrew.	

CLASS F—CAT-RIGGED, UNDER 18FT.

Pauline, J. F. James, Jr.	17.11½	2 09 55	1 28 16
Alice, F. W. Cornish	17.11	2 14 38	1 32 55
Lusson, A. E. Philbrick	17.09⅓	2 03 04	1 21 10
Nereid (2), G. S. Brown	16.07	Withdrew.	
Clytie, M. P. Fisher	15.11	Withdrew.	
Wasp, J. M. Hance	15.01½	Withdrew.	

The winners are: Class A, Drift; Class D, Undine first, Irma T. second; Class E, Annie B. first, Crescent second; Class F, Lusson first, Pauline second.

The judges were Geo. E. Gartland, New Jersey Y. C.; Henry Clay Miner, Jr., and George Williams, Shrewsbury Y. C. The regatta committee included Clinton R. James, Henry C. Miner, Jr., and Carl Wagner.

After the race the prizes—handsome silver plate—were presented to the winners by Mr. John F. James. In the evening the club house was illuminated and there was dancing.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, July 1.

THE special race of the Indian Harbor Y. C. on July 1 furnished good sport for the few yachts which started, many of the entries failing to show up at the line. The light northerly wind was by no means what was wanted, but it served for a very good race between the two 34-footers, Dragoon and Vorant II. The new Sibbick 1-rater, Shrimp, has been canvassed and ballasted to get her into the 21ft. class, though smaller than the Hereshoff 21-footers, and she started against Celia. The course for the 34-footers was from off Little Captain's Island around Center Island Buoy, back over the starting line and out around the Matinnicock Buoy and back, 20¼ nautical miles. The others sailed from Little Captain's Island around Matinnicock Buoy and back, 10⅝ miles.

The fleet was started from the gun, in three classes, at 12:25, 12:30 and 12:35, but the yachts were slow in getting away, being timed:

Dragoon	12 28 10	Teddy	12 36 27
Vorant II.	12 31 10	Celia	12 36 56
Minnehaha	12 32 30	Shrimp	12 37 51
Mischief	12 34 00	Flounder	12 38 55
Kittie	12 35 28		

Teddy and Flounder are old boats, no new boats starting in the 20ft. class.

Reaching off for Center Island Buoy, Dragoon had a start of 3m., which she increased to 5m. 20s., the times being:

Dragoon	1 38 30	Vorant II.	1 34 00

On the beat back, a long and short leg, Vorant II. picked up, the times at the line being:

Dragoon	2 35 30	Vorant II.	2 39 53

The third leg, to Matinnicock, was run with spinakers to starboard, there being little loss or gain, the times being:

Dragoon	3 22 55	Vorant II	3 27 33

The last leg was dead to windward in a light breeze. Vorant II. made a wonderful gain on Dragoon, 13m., and won easily. The other classes were not timed at Matinnicock, but the order was: Mary, Celia, Kittie, Shrimp, Minnehaha, Mischief, Flounder, Teddy. The full times were:

SPECIAL—34FT. RACING CLASS.

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	34.00	5 02 40	4 37 40	4 37 40
Vorant II., G. G. Tyson	34.00	4 54 09	4 29 09	4 29 09

CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.

Mary, W. E. Elsworth	28.76	3 42 15	3 12 15	3 12 15

CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Kittie, Hazen Morse	23.10	3 50 41	3 20 41	3 06 55
Minnehaha, F. N. Monjo	....	5 53 30	5 28 30	Not timed.
Mischief, D. M. Winne	....	5 57 30	5 30 30	Not timed.

SPECIAL—21FT. CLASS.

Celia, C. A. Gould	21.00	3 46 40	3 11 40	3 11 40
Shrimp, C. M. Pratt	19.00	4 11 12	3 36 12	3 36 12

20FT. RACING LENGTH CLASS.

Flounder, J. B. C. Tappan	....	....	Withdrew.	
Teddy, G. W. Pfeiffer	....	....	Withdrew.	

The Tyson cup for 20-footers was not awarded. Shrimp was very badly beaten by Celia. The regatta committee included Messrs. F. Bowne Jones, D. W. Merritt and Charles E. McManus.

Fox Lake Y. C.

FOX LAKE, ILL.

Saturday, June 29.

THE second regatta of the Fox Lake Y. C. was sailed on June 29 in a variable S.E. wind, the times being:

SLOOPS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Grimalkin	1 23 24	1 17 14
Canvas Back	1 14 49	1 14 09
Hornet	1 15 14	1 15 14
Alice	1 17 37	1 17 37
Marcella	1 18 21	1 14 53
Joker	Disqualified.	

CATBOATS.

Happy Days	1 09 17	1 09 17
Vixen	1 13 29	1 13 16
Clemates	1 17 43	1 17 43

Winthrop Y. C.

GREAT HEAD—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 6.

THE championship race of the Winthrop Y. C. on July 6 was started in a reefing breeze from S.W. that dropped after half an hour, whole sail being carried to the finish. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Satanic, W. Daly	1 10 00	2 52 10	1 28 34
Harolde, H. T. Bliss	1 10 00	2 54 50	1 29 35

SECOND CLASS.

Savitar, E. A. Cook	1 15 00	2 55 07	1 16 51
Clara, W. Burgess	1 15 00	2 56 03	1 18 33
Anne, C. A. Hadley	1 15 00	3 00 29	1 21 07
Mist, A. H. Merrill	1 15 00	3 07 13	1 26 38
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	1 15 00	3 14 32	1 36 46

THIRD CLASS.

Eclipse, W. H. Mirick	1 20 00	2 47 15	1 00 37

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS—DUXBURY BAY.

Saturday, July 6.

THE second race of the new Duxbury Y. C. was sailed on July 6 in a gale from the south, most of the boats being reefed. The race in the second class was for the cup presented by Miss Fanny Davenport, for catboats not over 21ft. sailing length, owned between Cape Cod and Cape Ann; to be the property of a yacht winning it three times in four races. The race in this class was specially exciting, Cleopatra leading for a time, but being headed by Fanny D. and losing her mast. The times were:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Harbinger, C. F. Bache	28.00	1 51 44	1 16 59
Josephine, F. Norwood	18.08	. . ..	. . ..

FIRST CLASS—CATBOATS.

Future, W. T. Whitman	21.11	2 05 55	1 23 01
Wild Duck, B. F. Brown	20.06	2 07 17	1 28 07
Adele, Boyer	20.00	2 10 45	1 33 33

SECOND CLASS—CATBOATS.

Fanny D., W. Melbourne McDowell	19.09	1 58 58	1 12 28
Nancy Hank, P. W. Maglathlin	19.10	2 01 29	1 15 06
Ishta, A. M. Beals	19.06	2 04 43	1 17 93
Cleopatra, W. M. MacDowell	20.07	Dismasted.	

FOURTH CLASS—SPRITSAILS.

Vigilant, A. N. Watson, Jr.	17.01	1 04 36	0 38 41
Gipsy Girl, W. Steele	16.02	1 06 29	0 39 32
Eunice B., W. I. Symmes	17.01	1 08 00	0 42 05
Katherine, John Watson	16.01	1 11 05	0 44 02
Natalie, H. M. Jones	16.10	1 15 56	0 49 45
Fair Play, G. D. Bartlett	17.02	1 16 45	0 50 56
Tom Jeff, S. S. Richards	16.07	Withdrew.	

FIFTH CLASS—GAFFSAILS.

Perhaps, S. T. Diman	15.04	1 19 10	0 43 51
Solitaire, B. B. Baker	17.09	1 09 11	0 43 59
Dolphin, N. Morton	16.04	1 12 47	0 46 02
Neviot, A. E. Walker	16.10	1 13 12	0 47 01
Water Witch, J. Frame	17.02	. . ..	. . ..

SIXTH CLASS—KEEL—SPRITSAILS.

Clear the Track, O. Hunt	15.06	1 17 51	0 50 11
Now Then, J. Mock	15.09	1 19 10	0 51 12

Corinthian Y. C., Marblehead.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Thursday, July 4.

THE eighty-eighth regatta of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, was sailed on July 4 in a light N.E. wind, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie, J. F. Cole	28.06	2 06 18	2 05 45
Marena, D. H. Follett, Jr.	29.11	2 16 10	2 16 10
Ariel, J. Barrett	26.02	2 19 45	2 16 56

THIRD CLASS.

Reaper, H. P. Benson	24.01	2 04 07	2 04 07
Exit, A. H. Higginson	21.04	2 24 10	2 20 44

FOURTH CLASS.

Egeria, R. F. Tucker	23.05	1 16 23	1 16 23
Magpie, A. L. Stearns	22.04	1 26 38	1 25 50
Koorali, R. C. Robbins	23.01	Withdrew.	

CLASS A—HANDICAP.

	Handicap.		
Barnacle, C. F. Lyman	7 00	1 09 49	1 02 49
Hiawatha, G. F. Chapin	7 00	1 10 45	1 03 45
Hawk, Gordon Dexter	....	1 04 00	Disqualified.
Anaqua, A. P. Loring	5 00	1 09 18	1 04 18
Brenda, H. S. Goodwin	3 00	1 13 03	1 05 03

CLASS B.

Lotis, George Burroughs	....	1 16 10	1 16 10
Edith, F. M. Wood	2 00	1 28 38	1 26 38
Sagamore, Edgar Scott	10 00	1 40 30	1 30 30

CLASS C.

Toyo, F. O. North	....	1 10 55	. . ..
Carl, C. H. W. Foster	....	1 12 50	. . ..
Sally, D. C. Percival	....	1 13 38	. . ..
Dorothy, F. Brewster	....	1 16 03	. . ..
Jane, C. W. Parker	....	1 17 02	. . ..
Maia, E. Paine	....	Disabled.	
Cornet, A. A. Lawrence	....	Withdrew.	

DORIES.

Alberta, W. N. Chamberlain	....	1 40 30	. . ..
Trilby, G. H. Martin	....	1 41 30	. . ..
Mabel, G. F. Rich	....	1 47 05	. . ..
Witch, F. G. Ramsdell	....	1 50 30	. . ..
Madeline, C. Patey	....	1 51 34	. . ..

The winners were: Second class, Susie, $10; Marona, $5. Third class, Reaper, $10. Fourth class, Egeria, $10; Magpie, $5. Class A, Barnacle, $10; Hiawatha, $7; Anaqua, $5. Class B, Lotis, $10; Edith, $7. Class C, Toyo, $10; Carl, $7; Sally, $5.

Hull Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Wednesday, July 3.

ON account of the Dorchester open regatta on June 29, the second club race of the Hull Y. C. was postponed to July 3, when it was sailed in a light S. E. wind. The times were:

THIRD CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	2 51 11	2 22 04
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	2 51 16	2 22 09

FOURTH CLASS.

Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	1 34 25	. . ..
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	1 41 22	. . ..
Nachita, ——	2 06 30	. . ..

FIFTH CLASS.

Swirl, H. M. Faxon	1 39 15	. . ..
Rooster, C. F. Adams, 2d	1 41 10	. . ..
Kayoshk, F. B. Rice	1 44 40	. . ..
Opechee, W. P. Barker	Disabled.	

SIXTH CLASS.

Cochico, F. E. Borden	1 22 20	. . ..
Sphinx, H. A. Keith	1 25 27	. . ..
In It, R. B. Williams	1 28 23	. . ..

KNOCKABOUTS.

Nike, T. E. Jacobs	1 37 34	. . ..
La Chita, C. V. Souther	1 39 09	. . ..
Nabob, W. H. Friend	1 39 35	. . ..

In the evening the club gave its first band concert and hop.

Yorkville Y. C.

THE eleventh open spring regatta of the Yorkville Y. C. was sailed on June 30 in a very light S.E. breeze, the times being:

CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS, 30FT. AND OVER.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Bundahr	1 39 55	. . ..	. . ..
Ripple	1 33 30	. . ..	. . ..

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS, UNDER 30FT.

Merry Monarch	1 38 55	. . ..	. . ..
Monetta	1 32 20	. . ..	. . ..

CLASS C—OPEN JIB AND MAINSAIL, 23FT. AND OVER.

Cygnet	1 38 45	. . ..	. . ..
Maud	1 36 50	. . ..	. . ..
W. H. Gill	1 35 00	7 46 30	6 11 30

CLASS E—CABIN CATBOATS, 23FT. AND OVER.

Crocus	1 38 10	. . ..	. . ..
Lauretta	1 37 26	. . ..	. . ..

CLASS I—OPEN CATBOATS, UNDER 17FT.

Tramp	1 41 25	5 54 15	4 12 40
Belle	1 42 00	6 02 30	4 20 10
Pauline	1 42 25	. . ..	. . ..
Mascot	1 42 15	6 38 00	4 55 45

Cygnet fouled a mark and was disqualified.

Excelsior Y. C.

LAKE MINNETONKA.

Thursday, July 4.

THE Excelsior Y. C., of Excelsior, Lake Minnetonka, has lately been reorganized with the following officers: Com., Prof. William Cross; Vice-Com., L. S. Gillette; Treas., L. Perkins; Sec., Albert Lyman.

A race was sailed on July 4 in a very strong south wind, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Slipener	4 19 12	5 16 45	0 57 33
Arrow	4 20 19	5 22 10	1 01 51
Victoria	4 15 00	5 22 45	1 07 45
Lorelei	4 23 01	5 22 15	0 59 14

Boston City Regatta.

BOSTON—BOSTON HARBOR.

Thursday, July 4.

THE annual regatta for prizes, given by the City of Boston, was sailed on July 4, proving a great success. The wind was moderate at the start, from east, but freshened to a reefing breeze, making a fine race. The times were as follows, subject to a number of protests to be decided on July 10:

CLASS A—CENTERBOARDS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mabelle F. Swift, G. E. Bruce	37.06	1 45 50	1 19 48
Nausett, F. C. Cummings	31.00	1 54 47	1 23 17
Maggie, E. Perkins	36.06	2 11 51	1 42 31

CLASS A—KEELS.

Gracie G., M. J. Sughrue	28.00	1 58 24	1 28 28
Countess, J. F. Blanchard	29.07	2 02 51	1 29 45
Camilla, T. H. Jackson	29.06	2 06 05	1 33 04
Stranrear, Hodgkins et al.	31.00	2 11 18	1 37 38

FIRST CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Harbinger, W. F. Bache	28.03	1 50 11	1 15 39
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	25.06	1 54 32	1 16 42
Ida J., F. E. Beekman	28.09	1 51 23	1 17 23
Ouissett, W. P. Taylor	25.09	1 58 25	1 20 54
Emma C., P. A. Canpal	28.10	1 57 00	1 23 06
Heroine, C. A. J. Smith	28.00	2 01 06	1 26 16
I Am, William Dixon	27.00	2 03 42	1 27 42

FIRST CLASS KEELS.

Caribou, James Bertram	28.04	2 08 29	1 29 01
Kitty, Bowers et al.	25.00	2 09 02	1 30 33
Tourist, A. P. Graham	28.02	2 12 36	1 37 58

JIB AND MAINSAIL CLASS.

Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	22.07	1 30 20	1 02 34
Satanic, William Daly, Jr.	23.04	1 35 11	1 08 00
Eulalie, R. G. Hunt	21.02	1 41 08	1 11 44
Alma, R. Bigelow	22.00	1 45 22	1 16 51
Gave Adsum, J. L. Jardine	22.09	1 45 14	1 17 28

SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	1 33 51	1 07 17
Savitar, Otis et als.	23.06	1 35 18	1 08 16
Black Cloud, E. H. Taylor	22.09	1 37 25	1 09 39
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	1 40 54	1 11 56
Harolde, A. T. Bliss	24.07	1 40 55	1 14 14
Adolph, H. Moebs	22.04	1 42 32	1 14 22
Little Rogue, S. W. Spencer	21.05	1 44 05	1 14 57
Madge, A. P. Nute	23.11	1 44 36	1 17 58

SECOND CLASS KEELS.

Topsy, W. O. Gay	22.09	1 35 37	1 07 51
Lillian, W. E. Whitney	21.10	1 38 36	1 09 54
Linda, A. M. Davis	22.11	1 39 32	1 11 57
Swordfish, Hall & Johnson	24.06	1 40 49	1 14 43
Wahneta, Smith & Cobb	21.10	1 45 51	1 17 09
Lilla, H. A. Hutchins	23.00	1 44 43	1 17 13
Jeneata, M. J. Clougherty	24.11	1 48 04	1 22 21

THIRD CLASS CENTERBOARDS.

Zoe, Jas McCarthy	19.06	1 01 15	0 37 45
Mist, A. H. Merrill	20.08	1 00 20	0 37 53
Chicago, F. H. Borden	18.06	1 02 25	0 37 58
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	1 03 13	0 38 21
Attempt, H. G. Flinn	18.04	1 03 00	0 38 23
Rooster, Adams Bros.	20.00	1 01 41	0 38 38
Emerell, W. H. Low	19.01	1 02 40	0 38 47
Harriet, L. A. Harrington	20.07	1 01 27	0 38 03
Kayoshk, F. B. Rice	20.11	1 02 51	0 40 35
Thorn, Fletcher et al.	18.00	1 09 37	0 44 40

THIRD CLASS—KEELS.

Phantom, Geo. Hazlitt	19.05	1 04 25	0 40 51
Topsy, C. M. Paterson	19.02	1 07 38	0 43 50
Kitty, J. A. Evans	19.06	1 10 50	0 47 29
Altmia, P. Monahan	19.02	1 12 27	0 48 39
Trio, A. H. Barker	18.06	1 15 50	0 51 23

KNOCKABOUTS.

Nike, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	0 58 05	0 58 05
Nabob, H. W. Friend	21.00	0 58 30	0 58 30
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	0 58 39	0 58 39
Hobo, T. W. King	21.00	0 59 35	0 59 35
Hullo, Hull Y. C.	21.00	1 00 51	1 00 51

FOURTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.

Imp, L. A. Horton	16.01	1 05 34	0 38 31
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	1 05 39	0 39 00
Mirage, C. Schindler	17.09	1 06 53	0 41 40
Tiot, Jonathan Cobb	16.01	1 13 44	0 46 41

FOURTH CLASS—JIB AND MAINSAIL.

Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.07	1 00 26	0 35 04
Jonah, N. B. Stone	16.05	1 03 48	0 37 09
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton	16.08	1 04 33	0 38 11

FIFTH CLASS.

Unknown, A. A. Martin	14.11	1 04 15	0 45 15
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	14.11	1 07 41	0 48 41
Princess, Gay & Ware	14.06	1 07 54	0 48 32
Icurez, Geo. Walsh	14.08	1 12 52	0 52 38
Katydid, C. B. Pear	14.00	1 31 01	0 53 11
Vivian, Geo. Carson	14.11	1 38 12	1 19 12

The judges were: A. T. Bliss, chairman; W. A. S. Grimes, secretary; Com. Hartford Davenport, Com. Allan M. Davis, Com. W. H. Fessenden, Com. E. C. Boggs, Com. Charles F. Morrill, Com. John Cavanagh Com. E. W. Dixon, Com. John A. Stetson, Com. Elmer E. Gray, Capt. C. E. O'Donnell and Com. Lewis J. Bird.

Minnetonka Y. C.

LAKE MINNETONKA.

Thursday, July 4.

THE race of the Minnetonka Y. C. on July 4 was sailed in a very hard blow from the south, only thirteen yachts completing the course out of twenty-seven starters. The times were:

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marie	10 42 30	12 31 33	1 49 03	1 47 28
C L C	10 45 00	12 42 17	1 57 17	1 55 42
Orphan	10 45 00	12 43 33	1 58 33	1 57 46
Alpha	10 41 39	1 03 13	2 21 34	2 20 51
Siren	10 45 00	1 04 46	2 19 46	2 19 46

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

Bird	10 32 40	12 46 29	2 13 49	2 07 55
Ida	10 33 00	12 49 24	2 14 24	2 14 24
Kingbird	10 33 46	1 00 50	2 27 04	2 21 10

FIRST CLASS CATBOATS.

Aurora	10 36 12	12 42 01	2 05 49	2 05 49
Atalanta	10 34 16	12 45 40	2 11 24	2 07 27

SECOND CLASS CATBOATS.

Oswa	10 25 00	12 48 23	2 23 23	2 23 23
Senorita	10 32 33	12 51 48	2 19 15	2 19 15
Imp	10 25 00	12 55 26	2 30 26	2 21 25

SPECIAL CLASS

Cupid	10 22 30	12 43 43	2 21 13	2 10 05

Alpha parted her throat halliards during the race.

Jersey City Y. C.

COMMUNIPAW—NEW YORK BAY.

Thursday, July 4.

THE New Jersey Y. C. sailed its thirty-seventh annual regatta on July 4 with poor results, the wind and rain preventing most of the entries from starting. The times were:

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS.

	Start.	Finish.
Eleanor, P. W. Figueira	11 20 30	3 55 25

CLASS C—CABIN SLOOPS.

Forsythe, Alex. Roe	11 27 17	4 33 00

CLASS D—CABIN SLOOPS.

Mariposa, Dr. O. F. Coe	11 24 56	2 53 54

CLASS F—OPEN CATBOATS.

Eureka, William Durham	11 37 24	1 04 25

CLASS G—YAWLS.

Bessie, Garret Van Horne	11 20 23	3 15 09

The regatta committee comprised P. W. Figueira, Dr. O. F. Coe and J. V. Woolcott. The judges were R. J. Hill, James H. Love and Gustav Blau, Jr.

Sewaren Y. C.

SEWAREN—STATEN ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, July 4.

THE race of the Sewaren Land and Water Club for the Sewaren trophy was postponed on July 4, there being no wind, but late in the afternoon a special race was started for prizes offered by the commodore and the chairman of the house committee the course being 5 miles. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Fury	21.01	0 59 00	0 59 00
Gracie	16.00	1 02 40	1 00 07¼
Lotona	19.10	1 01 30	1 00 52½
Ripple	19.00	1 03 20	1 02 17½

Penobscot Y. C.

PENOBSCOT—PENOBSCOT BAY.

Saturday, July 6.

THE second race of the Penobscot Y. C. in a fresh S.W. breeze, the times being:

FISHERMEN'S CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Viola, M. A. Rice	3 22 35	3 22 35
Acme	3 39 35	3 30 33
Aurora, John Lewis	3 42 05	3 37 17
Comet, John Fuller	Did not finish.	

THIRD CLASS

Surf, C. E. McIntyre	2 57 25	2 57 25
Elonia, C. E. Tuttle	Did not finish.	

FOURTH CLASS.

Snarleyow, C. G. Weld	1 42 40	1 40 13
Marguerite, David Little	1 43 38	1 42 38
Tita, F. H. Gardiner	1 48 03	1 44 54
Emona, Jackson Richardson	1 43 13	1 42 36

Emona was disqualified for fouling a mark. Acme broke her gaff, but still won the Bay Point cup.

Cape Cod Y. C.

EAST DENNIS—CAPE COD BAY.

Saturday, July 6.

THE second race of the Cape Cod Y. C., postponed from June 29, was sailed in a strong S.W. breeze, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Addie, R. C. Nickerson	25.03	2 05 35	1 33 47
City of Chicago, F. F. Crosby	25.06	2 08 38	1 35 06
Eclipse, H. H. Sears	25.09	2 08 38	1 37 22

Spruce IV.

MR. J. ARTHUR BRAND'S new Spruce IV. sailed her first race on June 22, in the Hamble branch of the Minima Y. C. She won second place in a fleet of five, in spite of twice taking the ground; being beaten 1m. 31s. by the Viva. She is described as fast running and reaching, but not so good to windward. The wind was fresh and true through the race.

Steam Launches.

MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

New York C. C. Challenge Cup.

THE sixth series of races for the international challenge cup established by the New York C. C. in 1886 was sailed last week on Gravesend Bay, the challenger being Charles E. Archbald, of the Corinthian Sailing Club, of Montreal, with his canoe Mab, and the defender, selected after the races of the Marine and Field Club on June 29, Paul Butler, of the Vesper B. C. of Lowell, an associate member of the New York C. C., in his canoe Wasp. Both of the canoes are well known to canoeists as old racers, having been frequently seen at the meets. The Marine and Field Club very hospitably offered their club house, boat house and grounds to the New York C. C. for the races, the location offering a better course. This was a 3-mile triangle on Gravesend Bay, sailed three times, 9 miles.

The first race took place on July 4 in very bad weather, a cold rain and fluky and variable wind. Mab started just before the gun and was compelled to recross, Wasp crossing at 10:55:05, just 5s. after the gun, and Mab at 10:55:50. The start was made with sheets trimmed for a reach, but soon a shift of wind made the first leg to windward, Mab losing a little through the greater distance she had to beat. The first round was timed:

		Elapsed.
Wasp	11 22 12	0 27 12
Mab	11 24 12	0 29 12

Mab gained on the first two legs of the second round, but capsized at the second mark; the round being timed:

		Elapsed.
Wasp	11 49 41	0 54 41
Mab	11 51 18	0 56 18

On the last round there was more wind, and Mab gained; but once more capsized at the second mark, losing much time. Her mizen sheets fouled, and she went over a second time after one righting. The race finished:

		Elapsed.
Wasp	12 12 16	1 17 16
Mab	12 15 38	1 20 28

A remarkable incident of the race was the courtesy of the captain of the tugboat W. E. Ferguson, with a tow of three barges, who went to a great deal of trouble to avoid crossing the course when informed that a race was being sailed.

The second race was sailed on July 5 in a strong and puffy southeast wind, over the same course. Wasp carried a small rig, 115ft. reefed down to 85ft.; Mab carried about 90ft. The first leg was a free reach, the two crossing the line together at the gun. They sailed very fast, Wasp gaining a little, having a lead of 10s. at the first mark. The second leg was to windward and Mab made up her loss, but capsized and again lost time, Wasp also nearly being over. On the reach in Wasp gained, the round being timed: Wasp 4:48:17, Mab 4:48:50. Wasp lost all of her lead by a capsize at the turn in jibing, Mab making a clean jibe and running ahead. She failed to hold her advantage, however, and had but 5s. lead when they came on the wind. Wasp passed her at the first mark and had a lead of 41s. at the end of the windward leg. On the home leg Wasp's rudder jammed and she became unmanageble, capsizing twice. After righting her the second time Mr. Butler withdrew, being tired out. Mab finished the second round at 5:16:05 and the last round at 5:43:33, the elapsed time being: First round 25.17, second round 53.15, third round 1.22.43.

The third race was sailed on July 6, the wind being light from the south and the water smooth. Wasp carried 157 square feet of sail and Mab 165. The start was made at 3:30:30, Wasp crossing very promptly and Mab about 30secs. late. The first leg was to windward and Wasp gained, having a lead of 2min. 50sec. at the first mark. She continued to gain on the free reach of the second leg, the round being finished:

		Elapsed.
Wasp	4 12 53	42 03
Mab	4 24 16	53 46

Mab was in very hard luck, her crew slipping off his piazza just at the turn in trying to right her, and losing much time in regaining his seat and making the turn.

The second round was sailed slowly in a falling wind, the turn being timed: Wasp 4:54:50. Mab 5:04:14.

The last round was finished:

		Elapsed.
Wasp	5 38 16	2 07 46
Mab	6 01 17	2 40 47

Mr. Butler was warmly greeted by his friends ashore.

This series of races was marked by the number of capsizes and the delay which they caused, both contestants suffering in this respect. If our recollection is correct, in none of the previous five races has a canoe capsized, though all of them were sailed either just inside of the Narrows or on Gravesend Bay. The weather made the first two races of the present series unusually hard on the contestants.

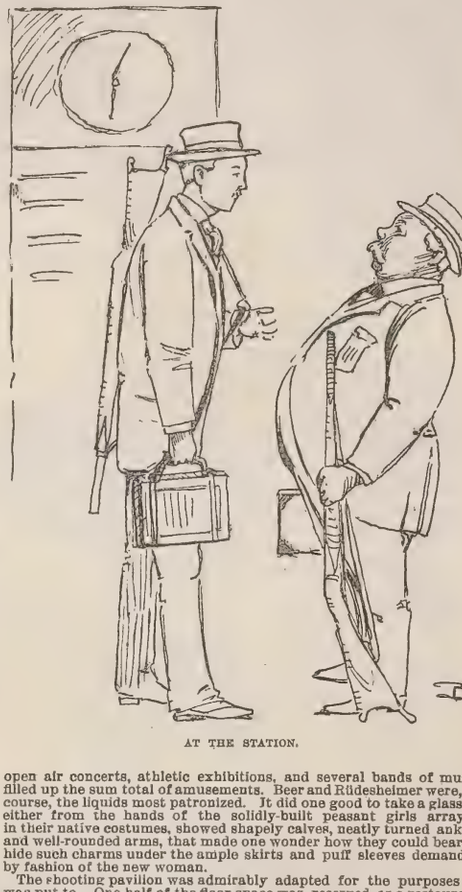
Rifle Range and Gallery.

The National Schuetzenfest.

THE National Schuetzenfest, which has just been brought to a close, has proved the greatest gathering of skilled marksmen ever coming together in this country. There has been no question as to its management, and the fact that somewhere about 500 riflemen have taken part in the proceedings goes to show that the management has had no sinecure.

On June 30, the opening day, great crowds visited the scene, Glendale Park, L. I. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, also, the presence of a large number of visitors gave promise of a banner day on the Glorious Fourth of July. Weather prophet Dunn promised fine weather for the Fourth, but he didn't guess correctly. There was something off the Atlantic coast that he did not wot of, and that something came ashore on Thursday morning and caused heaps of trouble. If the sun showed itself at all on that day it was during those hours when the small boy was getting rid of his first fire-crackers and while we were asleep. Dull, gray skies greeted those who breakfasted at 8:30. By 11 A. M. rain had set in in real earnest and Glendale Park was anything but a pleasure resort. Rain! It just poured! At times it obscured the targets, but still the marksmen were not disheartened. Late in the afternoon the wind played havoc with scores and shooting was practically discontinued. A good-sized crowd of visitors was present, but it was only just large enough to make those who had rented saloon, restaurant and amusement privileges (at exorbitant rates, it must be said) all the more wretched when they thought of "what might have been."

The arrangements at Glendale Park were capital. Trains deposited shooters and visitors right at the entrance, and two minutes' walk brought one to the main shooting pavilion, situated on the right hand side of "Weber Avenue," as the road was called which passed up the eastern side of the park. Weber Avenue, beyond the shooting pavilion, was a miniature Midway Plaisance. It was there that the average visitors passed their time, finding lots of opportunities to part with nimble nickels and dimes in return for the fleeting joys of fishing in a fish-pond that produced more collar buttons apparently than anything else; or in pegging baseballs at an astute, dodging nigger's cranium; or in bucking the tiger in the shape of a wheel of fortune—"the only square game on the Island." Early in the week fakirs with more deadly intent on the dollars were to be found, but these were cleared out as soon as discovered and complaint was made. Punch and Judy,

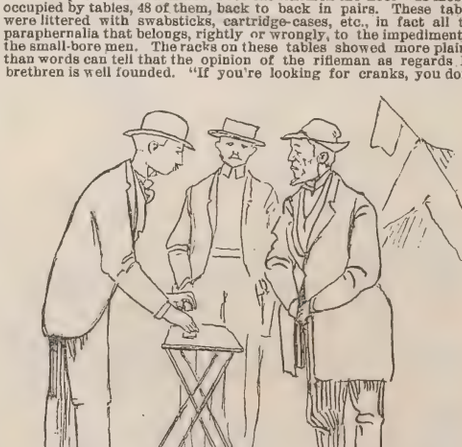


AT THE STATION.

open air concerts, athletic exhibitions, and several bands of music filled up the sum total of amusements. Beer and Rüdesheimer were, of course, the liquids most patronized. It did one good to take a glass of either from the hands of the solidly-built peasant girls arrayed in their native costumes, showed shapely calves, neatly turned ankles and well-rounded arms, that made one wonder how they could bear to hide such charms under the ample skirts and puff sleeves demanded by fashion of the new woman.

The shooting pavilion was admirably adapted for the purposes it was put to. One-half of the floor space was reserved as a restaurant and as a promenade from which visitors could see all there was to be seen of the shooting. This portion of the floor space was raised some 18 inches or so above the other half, which was sacred to the use of marksmen, the management, their aides and newspaper men. It would be just as well now to pay a tribute to the management for the manner in which they handled the pressmen. So far as we could see everything was done that could be done to aid the newspaper men in gathering up what news there was floating around. This was no small thing when the newsgatherer was a novice in the art of shooting with the small bores.

In the space reserved as above for the riflemen the floor was mostly occupied by tables, 48 of them, back to back in pairs. These tables were littered with swabsticks, cartridge-cases, etc., in fact all the paraphernalia that belongs, rightly or wrongly, to the impediment of the small-bore men. The racks on these tables showed more plainly than words can tell that the opinion of the rifleman as regards his brethren is well founded. "If you're looking for cranks, you don't



ONE OF THE GAMES.

want to go outside a meeting like this," said a popular member of a local Schuetzen Verein to us one day last week, "look at the variety of hand rests used!" He pointed out such a multiplicity of devices for supporting the rifle with the left hand that it began to appear as if the man who devised a new one that was of any account deserved properly to be crowned King of the Fest. To a novice, and to one accustomed to the long forearm of the scattergun crank, these rests were very upsetting. He began to realize that the men who talked smokeless powders, shells, "field" or "trap" wads, hammer or hammerless guns, Tatham's or other shot, sights and recoil pads, did not have a monopoly in the field of gun cranks. There are others and—we've found some of them.

The firing stands were necessarily unsatisfactory from the looker-on's point of view. The rifleman leveled his rifle through an open window, as it were. A few yards in front of him was a lofty and solid wall of blocks of lumber, loopholed; each loophole being edged with sheet iron. Beyond this wall was another, somewhat similar in get up, but with wider apertures. Beyond this again was the target shed, 200yds. from the firing point. The intervening loopholed walls were for the purpose of catching wild bullets. That they were needed was shown by the marks here and there on the sheet iron casing. Each stand, each of the two loopholes and each target was numbered; there could be no mistake on the part of any shooter as to his own target. As soon as he had fired, the scorer, who stood alongside of him, pressed an electric button; this signified to the marker of that target that a shot had been fired and notified him to point out its location and value. As a general thing, one required a neck like a cormorant to get a glimpse of the flag when both shooter and scorer were looking to see the value of the shot. As a rule, it was far easier, and more satisfactory too, to stand back and judge from the expression of the shooter's face as he left the score the effect of his last shot: Red flag—a peace-upon-earth-good-will-toward-men look on his face; blue flag—not-so-dusty-after-all; white flag—a that-won't-do sort of expression; nothing at all—a where-abouts-was-that-anyway kind of a twist to the mouth. It was dead easy to score when once you'd caught on.

Although the majority of rifles were of standard makes, there were not a few that were the product of the skill and ingenuity of their owners. Among this number was the weapon handled by W. Milton Farrow, of Morgantown, W. Va. Mr. Farrow, who holds the world's championship at long ranges, has won honors on the other side of the Atlantic with the American team. His rifle is peculiar in that all the mechanism, lock, triggers and hammer, are contained in the lever and drop down out of the way, permitting easy and effective cleaning. There is nothing complicated about it; everything is remarkably simple. Judge E. J. Cram, of Biddeford, Me., on the other hand, has a truly remarkable weapon. Its very ponderousness attracts attention, while its homely appearance (His Honor will please excuse us!) produces a smile that is almost more than a movement of the muscles around the corners of one's mouth. Being a man of powerful build, the judge requires a heavy weapon. He's got one. It weighs about 27lbs., more or less; probably more, from its general appearance. The following description taken from the New York *Times* of July 5 can't be improved upon:

"The gun has a rifle barrel inclosed in a 2¼in. gas pipe. The gas pipe is filled with lead, so as to give it the required weight. There is no rest. The weapon has an aperture sight, which is tied upon the barrel with a piece of twine. A fragment of a three-cornered file is also tied on the rifle, this doing the service of a spirit level. The Judge loads his own cartridges on the shooting stand and uses a bullet with two tails to it, which, being something of a wag, he calls the feathers. When he gets a swelled shell in the chamber, and if the leverage of the lock is not strong enough to force it into the breech block, he drives the breech block down with the butt of his re-and decapper. The gun was tried yesterday for the first time and the Judge expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with it. He broke the firing pin after firing twenty-one shots. While he was demonstrating the working of the weapon to several riflemen the gun made an average of two misses out of three attempts to shoot. Judge Cram works industriously while he is at the gun rack, and each shot is only made after he has performed all the labors entailed in cleaning the strange firearm and making the cartridges."

In addition to the above it may be stated that the judge extends his left arm when in position, assuming very much the position of a trap-shooter at the score.

Where so many great shots, the best this country can produce, are gathered together, it would be impossible to particularize. Among the visitors, however, who have left their marks were: A. Strecker, F. O. Young, M. Blodau, George Helm, F. P. Schuster, A. H. Pape, of the Columbia Rifle Club, San Francisco, Mr. Pape being quite a young man and only a beginner, being a pupil of Mr. Young; W. Milton Farrow, Morganton, W. Va.; H. M. Pope, Hartford, Conn.; M. Gindele, Cincinnati, O.; John F. Humphrey, Herbert E. Tuch, J. P. Westfield, Boston, Mass.; J. E. Kelly, Springfield, Mass.; Col. H. F. Clark, a down-Easter, who was a member of the American team which visited Wimbledon in '88; Robert Bartow, of the Bridgeport, Conn., Schuetzen Verein; G. Homrighausen, Baltimore, Md.; W. Hasenzahl, Cincinnati, O., etc. etc. New York and New Jersey marksmen, however, held their own quite comfortably in the matter of good scores, as a reference to the totals given below will show. Among those from the nearby clubs were W. C. Collins, of the Greenville Rifle Club; G. Plaisted, of the Zettler Rifle Club; Fred. C. Ross, Gus Zimmerman, Gebhard Krauss, William Hayes, M. Dorrler, etc. etc. The work of Zimmerman and Ross was watched with the closest attention.

Prominent among those who mingled among the riflemen was Major Geo. E. Albee, who sported the P. Lorillard magnificent gold medal which he won in 1882 owing to his remarkably rapid and accurate work with the Hotchkiss Rifle at Creedmoor, firing 20 shots in sixty seconds, scoring 62 points. Major (then Lieut.) Albee beat some very speedy competitors in that contest; some of his antagonists were among those taking part in shooting at this Schuetzenfest. Major Albee is now an important factor in the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn.

The personnel of the management of the Schuetzenfest was given in our last issue. Suffice it to add that shooting masters Gebhard Krauss, Bernard Walther and William Hayes had their hands full, but made no fuss over it. Everything was done quietly, orderly and in a soldier-like manner; hence very few people really appreciated the good work of the management.

A word as to the prizes. These were on exhibition in a glass pavilion opposite the headquarters tent. Policemen patrolled the platform surrounding the pavilion and kept spectators moving. Seldom, if ever, has there been gotten together by any association such a magnificent lot of cups, trophies and medals. When seen, it is readily understood that their value mounted up into the thousands of dollars.

A special feature in the park was a little tent on the left hand side as one started up Weber avenue after entering the gate on the railroad side. This tent was the Emergency tent of the Brooklyn Eastern District Hospital, which was in charge of a regular corps of surgeons. Alongside the tent, and in the shade of the trees, was hitched a gray horse harnessed to the ambulance. Everything was ready for a sudden call. That this institution was needed was shown by the records, thirty-six cases treated in the first three days of the Schuetzenfest. Of these cases only one was serious; John Baumann, a man 50 years of age, a resident of New York city, was talking to some friends who were shooting at the swinging targets in the little airgun range operated by John Bayer. In some way one of the guns was discharged, the bullet striking Baumann in the right side. At first the case was thought to be serious, but investigation proved that the wound was only slight, the bullet having glanced off a rib and being found just under the skin. The other cases treated were of various sudden ailments and mishaps.

If the rain on the Fourth of July destroyed all chances of a big crowd on that day, the heat on Saturday, together with the thousands who visited Glendale Park that afternoon, gave promise of a big day on Sunday. The spirits of the management rose correspondingly high, and everybody in and around the park was all smiles. The maidens in national costumes toyed coquettishly with the glasses of lager and the smaller glasses of Rüdesheimer. It was going to be a harvest to-morrow and it was.

Sunday broke with a sky that told of hot weather ahead. At noon it was suffocating in the streets of the Greater New York; while at 4 P. M. the best laundried collar was threatened with a disgraceful collapse, so warm did the slightest exertion make its wearer. But at Glendale Park is was delightfully cool, refreshingly so. What a relief it was to sit down on a bench under the shade of the oaks, a glass of cool lager before you; the strains of Tyrolean Yodlers, mingling with the blatant crack of the rifle, effectually shutting out the high-pitched song of the Long Island mosquito. How cool it was! Even a hot Frankfurter was not out of place! And "pickelt eels," too!

And there were thousands that thought just so; about 30,000 of them. Trolley cars from all parts of Brooklyn and trains from Long Island City, the route for all New Yorkers, poured their thousands into Glendale Park. Standing room only was the order of things on the Rockaway Beach trains. Inside the shooting pavilion, on the dancing floor of the big hall, in the bowling alleys, on the benches in the groves, everywhere there were thousands of people, young and old, and all good-natured. It was a great gathering, and one from which much might be learned. It was a sermon in itself, and a good one at that. The extreme good nature with which shooting-master Krauss went about his duty of keeping the firing lines clear, so that the riflemen might be able to get to their stations, was something to marvel at.

Along Weber avenue, the Midway Plaisance of the park, every amusement booth and refreshment stand was taxed to its utmost to satisfy the wishes of its patrons, while the nigger dodged the baseballs and kept the crowd amused by allowing a zestly thrown ball to tap him on the head now and again. Fred Sauter's Museum of Natural History, tucked away in a far-off corner of the park, well repaid the dimes paid for the privilege of a visit.

The firing lines were comparatively deserted toward 4 P. M., but there were plenty of riflemen present, most of whom were discussing the chances of Dorrler and Ross for the kingship of the tournament, and relating how they managed to make this or that score.

The question of the ultimate ownership of the King's Medal was practically settled on Sunday afternoon when Michael Dorrler, of the Zettler Rifle Club, finished his string with 370 points, or one point less than that of Fred C. Ross, the Brooklyn crack who scored 371. Mr. Dorrler up to his very last shot appeared to have the advantage, although it was a slight one. On his last shot, however, he pulled his trigger before he intended to, the shot going clear of the black. It was a great disappointment to both himself and his friends. Ross's average of 18½ is a big one, and one that it would be hard to beat. A story was afloat that Ross had told Dorrler that his (Ross's) score was 373; this led Dorrler to believe that he must get a red flag with his last shot to win, or a blue to tie, whereas a white flag would have tied the scores as they actually were, and a blue flag would have won the King's Medal for the Zettler champion. Mr. Ross denied that he intentionally misled Dorrler, and stated that a mistake was made when he counted up his score. He added that he spoke in all good

faith when he told Mr. Dorrler and his friends that he had made 373. The contretemps was a little unfortunate, as it marred to a small degree the absolute goodfellowship that has rendered this National Schuetzenfest a truly remarkable gathering.

TARGETS AND SCORES.

The targets in use were the Honor targets—Columbia and Germania—Standard, Man, Ring and Point targets. The Honor Target Columbia is divided into twenty-five rings, ¾in. apart. The black is 12-in. in diameter and contains the rings 18–25; the remainder of the target is white and contains the rings 1–17. Honor Target Germania: This target has a black 12in. in diameter; in the center is a bullseye 6in. in diameter, and nothing but bullseyes count. The Man target is the shape of a man's head and upper half of his body. This target is divided by perpendicular lines ½in. apart; the central division is numbered 20, the divisions on each side being numbered 19–1, the ones being on the outside of course. The Standard target is well known, having an 11in. black. This black is divided into four rings as follows: Inner circle, 3.36in. in diameter; next, 5.5in.; next, 8in., and the last the remainder of the bullseye—11in. The remainder of the target is white and is divided into five circles. An inner circle hit counts 10, the other circles run from 9–2, while the balance of the target outside the outer ring counts 1. The Ring target is the same as the Honor target Columbia. The Point target has a black of 12in. in diameter. The inner circle, the bullseye, is 8in. in diameter and counts 3 points—red flag. The next circle is 6in. in diameter and counts 2 points—blue flag; the remainder of the black counts 1—a white flag. Shots that hit outside the black do not count.

There were 45 targets in use as follows: 36 Point targets, 2 Man targets, 2 Standard, 3 Ring, 1 Columbia and 1 Germania. Up to the time of going to press the scores made during the Schuetzenfest were as follows:

HONOR TARGET.

Monday, July 1.

Columbia: W. C. Collins, Greenville R. C., 56; H. Cordt, Hoboken J. S. C., 47; Fred Heilman, Elite S. C., Brooklyn, 47; B. Prossie, Friday R. C., Jersey City, 42; Charles Geschke, Friday R. C., Jersey City, 31; P. Schider, G. A. S. C., 20.

Germania: W. C. Collins, Greenville R. C., 2.

Wednesday, July 3.

Columbia: Robert Bartow 67, George Schlich 65, W. Hayes 64, F. C. Ross, C. C. Boyce, C. E. Gentsch, 63 each; J. Rebhan 62, Henry Walter, R. Zimmer, G. W. Lotz, 61 each; L. Enders, J. W. Graif, 60 each; E. F. Travis, P. Schmitt, G. Perkins, Martin Ficken, W. F. Channing, G. Purkess, 59 each; Fred Meyer, E. Bloedorn, C. E. Gentsch, J. Porris, 58 each; M. B. Engel 57, F. N. Lange, M. B. Engel, 57 each; Richard Nolze, G. Jantzer, C. Horny, Sr., H. Lutz, 56 each; Henry Kraus, John Speicher, 55 each; Charles Molter, E. Meurer, Samuel Karlsen, 54 each; F. Greiner, H. Kroeger, 53 each; J. Blumenberg 52, G. Gross 48, Phil Muth 48, Robert Fliende 46, C. W. Horny, Jr., 45, William Stein, Jr., 44, Thomas Hughes 40, A. Malz 39, C. F. Gernerich 38, H. W. Tamm 37, F. A. Holzmann 34, Charles Bischoff 33, G. F. Kolb, Emil Gully, 29 each; C. H. Schroeder, G. Breda, 23 each; J. Schissler 21, H. Siericks 17, William Waltmann 15, Henry Schroeder 9.

Germania: E. Blodau, John Speicher, Frederick Meyer, E. T. Traves, F. A. Holzmann, H. Kroeger, E. Meurer, 2 each; Charles Bischoff, H. Lutz, W. C. Ross, A. Malz, J. Rebhan, R. Nolze, H. Kraus, William Stein, Jr., H. W. Tamm, Emil Gully, P. F. Schmidt, C. C. Boyce, C. E. Gentsch, Charles Molter, Max B. Engel, J. Schissler, 1 point each.

Thursday, July 4.

Columbia: The following scores were made up to 2 P. M.: F. P. Schuster 71, Louis Flack 70, H. D. Muller 66, A. Braun, Jr., 66, Herman Block 65, A. H. Pope 65, A. Strecker 64, F. C. Watts 63, G. Helm 63, R. Buss 62, Charles Hutch 61, H. Nahlenbrock 60, E. Fisher 60, V. Rapp



TAKING IT EASY.

60, Otto Heinz, D. A. S. G., 59; J. Schmidt, Zettler R. C., 58; John G. Toekse, D. A. S. G., 56; G. Bermus, D. A. S. G., 56; H. Lohmann, Hoboken S. C., 55; J. Jarden 54, Max Weikersreuther, Williamsburg S. G., 49; A. Stroll, Freitag R. C., 49; J. Bodenstab, Zettler R. C., 49; John Mason, Greenpoint R. C., 49; H. Weber 48; William Muller 45; B. Hecht, Freitag R. C., 42; J. Meyer, Hoboken S. S. C., 41; Otto Heim, Hoboken S. S. C., 37; Ferd. Stutz, D. A. S. G., 36; A. Kahle, S. T. S. C., 36; John A. Scheuermann, Steppenfeldt Co., 33.

The following scores were made from 2 P. M. until firing ceased for the day: D. B Factor, San Francisco S. V., 68; Robert Schulenberg, Williamsburg, 65; August W. Steuben, Hudson A. C., 64; William A. Hicks 64; A. A. Stillman, Baldwinsville R. C., 62; W. Heunery, Excelsior, 61; G. D. Wiegman, Zellar, 61; C. A. Range, City S. C., 60; J. G Dill, Ion, Philadelphia, 60; D. Merrn, Central, 60; G. Worn, Williamsburg, 59; C. Neugobank, Trerdy, 59; Alis Stein, T. S. N. Y., 58; D. A. Steng, Newark, 57; Max Tropp, D. A. S. G., 56; J. H. Hughes, Excelsior, 54; John Meryll, D. A. S. G., 53; C. Neumege, Hoboken, 52; Henry Benkelsbach, Brooklyn, 52; J. Facklamm, City, 51; N. C. Kiegel, Newark, 50, C. Hepk, Miller R. C., 50; H. C. Tonng, Bridgeport, 49; N. Becker, Zettler Rifle Club, 48; F. W. Brandt, Hoboken, 48; Guy Lindklosser, D. A. S. G., 45; T. C. Blumersberg, Zettler, 43; H. Zettler, Emp, 42; J. Wilkersen, Bridgeport, 41; William Roeber, Brooklyn, 38; C. Gochman, City, 33; F. Jarkenbein, Freitag, 33; William Ricke, O. O., 31; C. Schultz, 27; A. Stehle, 18.

Germania: The following scores were made up to 2 P. M.: A. H. Pape, San Francisco S. V., 3; Charles Hutsch, Hudson R. C., 3; J. Schmidt, Zettler R. C., 2; A. Stoll, Freitag R. C., 2; Louis Flach, Zettler R. C., 1; A. Braun, Jr., Hudson R. C., 1; H. Block, T. S., St. Louis, 1; F. C. Watts, Newark S. G., 1; G. Helm, San Francisco S. V., 1; E. Fischer, Hoboken S. C., 1; Ferd. Stutz, D. A. S. G., 1; A. Kohle, S. T. S. C., 1.

The following were made from 2 P. M. until firing ceased: D. B. Factor, 3; S. Francke, 2; J. H. Hughes, Excelsior, 2; Robert Schulenberg, Williamsburg; J. G. Dillon, Philadelphia; G. Worm, Williamsburg; John Menzel, D. A. S. G.; H. C. Koegel, Newark; F. W. Brandt, Hoboken; F. Lindklosser, D. A. S. G., and E. Schultz, Freitag Rifle Club, 1 each.

Friday, July 5.

The following scores were made at the targets of honor from 8 to 2 o'clock:

Columbia: A. H. Merriman, Bridgeport R. C., 66; L. Schmidt, Hoboken R. C., 61; John Bander, Newark, N. J., 57; Henry Dreise, Staten Island, 57; D. L. Seymour, Hartford S. V., 55; Louis Zoellner, Elite S. C., 54; Ed Riedel, Officers' Casino, N. Y. S. B., 54; Charles Engert, Elite S. C., 52; E. Soff, Williamsburg S. C., 41; W. W. Tucker, Hartford S. V., 40; Joseph Lehner, S. T. S. C., 35; Charles Schaefer, Brooklyn T. S. C., 32; Fred Erxmeyer, Hoboken T. S. C., 31; H. Kuhn, T. N. Y. S., 28; Bruno Euner, C. S., 26.

Germania: D. J. Peters, Miller R. C., 2; E. Soff, 1; Charles Engert, 1; D. L. Seymour, 1; A. H. Merriman, Bridgeport S. V., 1; Henry Markus, 1; F. Dietz, 1; N. Zickel, 1; C. Jock, 1; A. Mattes 1.

The scores from 2 to 7 were:

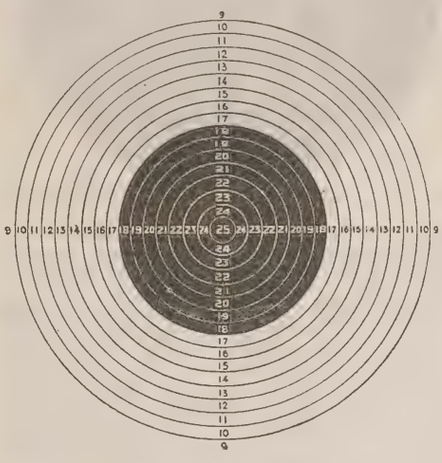
Columbia: Gustav Gregor, Lützow R. C., 68; C. H. Lovant, Greenville R. C., 67; R. Zack, Miller R. C., 66; William Koch, New York Central, 66; J. P. Grannis, Bridgeport R. C., 64; Charles Pletz, New York R. C., 64; William Kronsberg, Zettler R. C., 64; C. Weinbacher, Harlem T. S. C., 63; Richard Gregor, Lützow R. C., 63; Richard Gutt, Greenpoint R. C., 63; J. A. Wagner, S. G., 62; H. Hofer, Zettler R. C., 61; H. Neumann, Miller R. C., 60; W. H. Roubidous, Greenville R. C., 60; Fred. Schmidt, N. Y. S. B., 59; R. Morris, Baldwinsville R. C., 59; William Forker, Hoboken S. B., 58; J. Kolbe, Brooklyn S. B., 58; Geo, Eberhardt, Greenpoint R. C., 57; C. Meyer, Brooklyn S. B., 57; D. C. Grosch, New York, 56; F. W. Hoefele, New York T. S., 55; F. Brech, Emp. R. C., 55; Edward Rich, N. Y. Central S. C., 54; F. C. Knothe, Newark R. C., 54; Henry Koch, N. Y. C. S. C., 53; Henry Koster, N. Y. S. C., 53; C. Born, N. Y. S. C., 51; R. Bendler 51, C. H. Hoerning 51, Frank Kolb 48, A. S. Volk 47, P. Bartel 46, H. Luettich 46, Henry Evers 45, Erwin Karl 45, J. Dickerscheicht 44, D Liebmann 44, W. G. Dunbar 44, H. Heish 44, F. Marquart 44, A. D. Rehm 43, Charles Schnabel 43, T. Holl 42, J. Bunz 42, Henry Markus 41, F. Dietz 41, N. Zickel 41, D. Lang 38, J. H. Bahnenburg 38, C. Weber 37, C. Brunning 37, B. Meyberg 36, C. Jock 36, J. Warnken 36, C. M. Magnus 34, S. Loose 34, R. Busch 33, C. G. Hoeslon 32, A. Lieschke 31, A. Mattes 31, J. H. Fischer 28, I. Seibert 27, A. D. Richter 18

Germania: John Eberhardt 2, C. Weber 2, Henry Koster 2, Charles D. Rehm 2, M. Forker 1, August Meyer 1, Dr. Charles Grosch 1, J. W. Hoeple 1, Edward Rich 1, H. Luettich 1, Frank Kolb 1.

Saturday, July 6.

Scores up to 2 P. M.:

Columbia: Michael Dorrler, Zettler R. C. (22, 24, 21), 67; M. Gindele, Cincinnati, 66; John Coppersmith, Newark S. G., 66; G. W. Joiner, Zettler R. C., 65; Herbert E. Tuck, Lawrence R. C., 63; Aug. Begerow, Newark S. G., 63; Stephen J. Lyons, Zettler R. C., 61; F. H. Scofield, Bridgeport S. V., 61; Aug. Meyns, Hoboken F. S. C., 59; M. Rosenthal, Wauwatose R. C., 57; F. S. Harrison, 56; Jacob Loewes, I. N. Y. S. C., 54; D. Miller, Miller R. C., 53; F. K. Rand, Hartford S. V., 53; George Loewer, I. N. Y. S. C., 52; John J. Jobels, Lutzow R. C., 51; J. E. Kelly, Springfield R. C., 50; Frederick Eisele, D. A. S. G., 50; William Soell, I. N. Y. S. C., 50; F. Goodmann, Heidenreich R. C., 49; F. Hecking, Zettler R. C., 49; Dr. Charles Hettesheimer, Elite S. C., 49; G.



HONOR TARGET COLUMBIA.

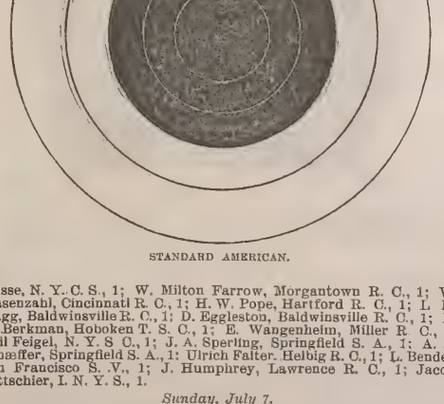
Hodgdon, Pittsburgh R. C., 48; A. Peters, Hoboken I. S. C., 48; Dr. G. Schmidt, Williamsburg S. G., 47; Philip Klein, South Brooklyn S. S., 43; John Volz, N. Y. S. C., 41; Wm. F. Baab, N. Y. T. S., 41; John Eusner, N. Y. T. S., 37; G. Monses, B. S. C., 32; Jacob Weisner, Dufour S. C., 16.

Germania: J. E. Kelly, Springfield R. C., 3; M. Gindele, Cincinnati R. C., 3; Herbert E. Tuck, Lawrence R. C., 2; John J. Jobels, Lutzow R. C., 2; F. K. Rand, Hartford S. V., 2; Fr. Goodmann, Heidenreich R. C., 2; G. W. Joiner, Zettler R. C., 1; Stephen J. Lyons, Zettler R. C., 1; Aug. Meyns, Hoboken I. S. C., 1; M. Rosenthal, Wauwatose R. C., 1; D. Miller, Miller R. C., 1; George Loewer, N. Y. I. S., 1; F. Hecking, Zettler R. C., 1; Philip Klein, So. B. S. S., 1.

Scores from 2 P. M. till close of shooting:

Columbia: W. Fohrbach, Williamsburg S. G., 72; A. C. Wheeler, Bridgeport S. V., 66; Joseph Henners, Passaic S. V., 66; R. Busse, New York C. S. C., 65; W. Milton Farrow, Morgantown, 65; W. Hasenzahl, Cincinnati, 64; H. M. Pope, Hartford R. C., 64; Julius Link, D. A. S. G., 63; Fritz Simon, T. N. T. S., 63; Ignatz Martin, Elite S. C., 63; L. M. Magg, Baldwinsville R. C. 62; A. A. Stillman, Baldwinsville R. C., 62; L. Dreyer, N. Y. T. S. C., 62; C. Brag, Greenville R. C, 62; G. Eggleston, Baldwinsville R. C., 61; Louis Eggleston, Baldwinsville R. C., 61; David Crocker, N. Y. R. C., 61; C. G. Zettler, Empire R. C., 60; E. M. Boerckman, Hoboken T. S. C., 60; E. Wangenheim, Miller R. C., 60; C. E. Tayntor, Newark S. G., 60; Carl Fraenkie, D. S. A. G., 60; Charles Seiburg, Central S. C., 59; F. Landolt, Miller R. C., 59; Philip Feigel, New York S. C., 59; Charles Reien, D. A. S. G., 59; Charles Argeneau, Greenville R. C., 58; A. Hamann, B. E. D. S. G., 58; J. A. Sperling, Springfield S. A., 58; A. J. Schaeffer, Springfield S. A., 58; U. Falter, Helbig R. C. 58; A. Albrecht, Williamsburg S. G., 58; L. Bendel, San Francisco S. V. 57; J. Tabler, Luetzow R. C. 57; A. Pfiffner, St. Louis T. S., 57; L. Sohl, Miller R. C. 56; J. Humphrey, Lawrence R. C., 56; Louis Vogel, Miller R. C., 55; Jacob Pettschier, S. N. Y. S., 54; J. Stehle, Hartford S. V., 54; A. Nehling, Passaic S. V., 54; J. Meunier, Wauwatosa R. C., 54.

Germania: W. Fohrbach, Williamsburg S. G., 2; J. G. Martin, Elite S. C., 2; A. A. Stillman, Baldwinsville R. C., 2; David Crocker, N. Y. R. C., 2; Charles Agneau, Greenville R. C., 2; A. Pfiffner, St. Louis T. S., 2; J. Stehle, Hartford S. V., 2; A. C. Wheeler, Bridgeport R. C., 1; R.



STANDARD AMERICAN.

Busse, N. Y. C. S., 1; W. Milton Farrow, Morgantown R. C., 1; W. Hasenzahl, Cincinnati R. C., 1; H. W. Pope, Hartford R. C., 1; L. M. Magg, Baldwinsville R. C., 1; D. Eggleston, Baldwinsville R. C., 1; E. M. Berkman, Hoboken T. S. C., 1; E. Wangenheim, Miller R. C., 1; Phil Feigel, N. Y. S. C., 1; J. A. Sperling, Springfield S. A., 1; A. J. Schaeffer, Springfield S. A., 1; Ulrich Falter, Helbig R. C., 1; L. Bendel, San Francisco S. V., 1; J. Humphrey, Lawrence R. C., 1; Jacob Pettschier, I. N. Y. S., 1.

Sunday, July 7.

The following scores were made at the two targets of honor from 8 to 2 o'clock.

Columbia: James Bushfield, Lawrence R. C., 70; G. Homrighausen, Newark S. G., 67; R. Miller, Morgantown R. C., 65; L. W. Joseph, Morgantown R. C., 64; Anton Klein, Zettler R. C., 60; Franz Mayer, I. S. C., 60; E. T. Stephens, Springfield R. C., 60; A. W. Lemcke, New York S. C., 58; B. Zettler, Zettler R. C., 58; H. A. Fox, Hartford S. V., 58; C. Bayha, South Brooklyn S. S., 55; Justin Ringler, Lutzow R. C., 55; H. N. Lighton, Baldwinsville R. C., 55; J. H. W. Meyer, New York S. C., 54; A. O. Zischang, Baldwinsville R. C., 54; Peter Bernhardt, Philadelphia S. V., 53; R. Meininger, Williamsburg S. G., 53; T. A. Barthlow, Morgantown R. C., 52; E. C. Goddard, Philadelphia S. V., 47; Joseph Sauer, Brooklyn R. C., 47; C. Reichert, Rheinische S. C., 43; V. Kryer, Hudson R. C., 42; P. C. Schmidt, Williamsburg S. G., 41; F. C. Heinz, Zettler R. C., 39; Joseph Bernel, D. A. S. G., 39; L. Winkelmann, Brooklyn S. C., 38; Herman Heinecke, Brooklyn S. C., 38; W. Wurflein, Philadelphia S. V., 37; A. Schmitt, Ind. S. C., 35; H. Michelson, South Brooklyn S. S., 13.

Germania: H. A. Fox, Hartford S. V., 2; Justin Ringler, Lutzow R. C., 2; H. N. Lighton, Baldwinsville R. C., 2; James Bushfield, Lawrence R. C., 1; G. Homrighausen, Newark S. G., 1; R. Miller, Morgantown R. C., 1; Anton Klein, Zettler R. C., 1; G. Bayha, South Brooklyn R. C., 1; Franz Mayer, Independent S. C., 1; A. O. Zischang, Baldwinsville R. C., 1; Peter Bernhardt, Philadelphia S. G., 1; P. C. Schmidt, Williamsburg S. G., 1; F. C. Heinz, Zettler R. C., 1; Joseph Bermel, D. A. S. G., 1.

From 2 to 7 P. M. the scores were made as follows:

Columbia: A. F. Bardwell 66, L. P. Hanson 63, George Niemoeller 62, A. G. Peller 62, O. G. Luft 57, Reinhard Wiehler 57, A. Fischer 56, Joseph Guenther 56, H. Van Der Heyden 55, Dr. W. J. Furness 53, Joseph Linch 52, Charles Steller 49, Fred W. Luecke 49, H. Mahnken 48, H. Walters 45, Henry Neuss 44, J. Spahn 43, Ernst Stieber 41, John Hasselbeck 40, A. C. Fischer 40, W. Kintzer 39, W. Ehrenpfort 32, A. Brose 32, F. W. Leonard 30.

Germania: L. P. Hanson 2, Reinhard Wiehler 2, John B. Holden 2, A. F. Bardwell 1, A. G. Peller 1, Ignatz Luft 1, A. Fischer 1, Joseph Gunther 1, H. Van Der Heyden 1, Dr. J. W. Furness 1, J. Spahn 1, Ernst Stieber 1, B. Braun 1, W. Kintzer 1, W. Ehrenpfort 1, A. Brose 1, H. Mahnken 1.

MAN TARGET.

Sunday, June 30

A. Strecher 97, A. Stern 92, L. Flach, R. Busse, J. Blumberg, 90 each; J. Martin 89, E. Blodau, F. O. Young, 88; M. Dorrler 87, A. W. Hoffman 87, A. Peters 85, C. Horny, A. Homrighausen, M. B. Rupp, 87 each; G. Nowak 83; J. D. Weigmann 77, and G. Gross 64.

Monday, July 1.

Mike Dorrler 91, C. W. Horny 81, A. W. Hoffmann 72, Ignatz Martin 69, and W. C. Collins 69.

Tuesday, July 2.

H. M. Pape 95, M. Dorrler 94, A. H. Pape 93, F. Ross 91, J. B. Holsten 91, E. Travis 91, M. B. Engel 90, P. E. Kent 88, D. B. Factor 86, F. O. Young 84, G. Nowak 83, G. Schlicht 82, G. Homrighausen 82, J. Menzie 81, G. F. Kolb 76, W. Stein, Jr., 71, A. Moller 71.

Wednesday, July 3.

William Hayes 92, S. F. Lyon 91, G. Homrighausen 90, Ignatz Luft 89, M. B. Engel 88, B. Zahn 87, G. Kraus 86, P. Bartow 84, L. Schmidt 84, Ignatz Martin 83, F. W. Hofele 78, J. Rebhan 78, A. Kronsberg 77, R. Fliendel 74, F. Schroeder 72, Theodore Lloyd 72, F. P. Schuster 64, J. Corrie 63, J. G. Dillie 63.

Thursday, July 4.

G. Worn 93, C. Neumeyer 91, W. W. Tucker 91, John Facklamm 88, Gus. Zimmermann 86, M. Gindele 86, H. D. Muller 86, C. Langsdorf 85, J. W. Rothwell 83, S. J. Lyons 82, L. Buss 81, Otto Hintz 80, H. Lanby 80, W. A. Pryor 78, Val. Horn 78, A. Kranzberg 77, G. Menzel 76, C. Bodenstal 75, G. C. Cramm 73, John Kolle 70, A. H. Merriman 70.

Friday, July 5.

F. B Holsten 95, B. Zahn 89, T. Bartel 87, M. Weikersreuther 86, E. Fischer 85, W. Rothwell 84, P. F. Schmidt 82, M. Gindele 79, L. Bendell 79, F. P. Schuster 79, G. Joiner 79, P. G. Frauenfelder 78, W. M. Farrow 77, E. T. Stephens 76, H. Tuck 76, F. A. Wells 76, Max Rosenthal 75, J. Kopt 74, F. W. Hoefele 73, J. P. Delehanty 72, H. Radluff 72, A. H. Pape 71, August Ringler 71, J. M. Maurer 70, Frank Kolb 69, P. L. Engert 68, S. J. Lyons 68, A. F. Bardwell 68, A. Gregor 66, G. Hodgdon 65, Christopher D. Rehm 65, W. Dalton 64, H. Newman 64, W. W. Tucker 64, E. J. Cram 63, J. Bushfield 62.

Saturday, July 6.

A. Albrecht 91, R. Busse 90, H. M. Pope 89, Emil Berkman 88, F. Schroeder 88, C. Tayntor 87, W. Hasenzahl 87, A. T. Stephens 87, J. B.



A SOLID REST.

Jones 87, H. Tuck 84, Max Rosenthal 84, Louis Bendel 83, F. Kolb 83, A. Begerow 83, M. Kauer 82, V. Rapp, Jr., 81, J. T. Humphrey 80, A. A. Stillman 77, L. Vogel 77, J. Wagner 76, F. Prickowitz 74, J. Curry 72, E. Meunier 72, D. Eggleston 71, J. Bettschier 70, J. Bushfield 70.

Sunday, July 7.

Henry Holjes 96, Gus Zimmermann 95, Louis Flack 91, M. Gindele 91, F. Novicki 90, D. J. Peters 89, F. Schweickert 87, George Lurch 87, F. B. Schuster 86, J. W. Rothwell 86, P. Bernhard 80, H. D. Muller 79, F. O. Young 78, B. Blumenberg 76, Jacob Schmidt 76, Ignatz Martin 71, E. T. Stephans 70, F. C. Ross 70, G. Homrighausen 69, George Funk 68, Theodore Wolters 64, C. J. Dalley 63, A. Mennings 62, E. F. Vacheron 60.

STANDARD TARGET.

Sunday, June 30.

Strecher, Zimmermann, Blodau, 46 each; R. Busse, L. Flach, 45 each; G. Hebein, 44; R. Holjes, J. Martin, 43 each; C. D. Kluen, D. B. Factor, 42 each; L. Bendel, G. Weigmann, A. Stern, 41 each; F. V. Rapp, 39; J. Blumberg, 33; H. Kadloff, 31; G. Thulman, 28; G. Young, 27, and A. Pfeiffer, 26.

Monday, July 1.

H. M. Pope 46, Ignatz Martin 43, G. W. Plaisted 42, E. Rapp, Jr. 40, U. Bocki 38, J. Peters 38, R. Herold 33, W. Miller 28, and F. G. Dolan 26.

Tuesday, July 2.

F. C. Ross 47, A. H. Pape 47, W. Morris 46, John P. Holsten 46, A. Stein 45, A. Streker 45, J. P. Young 45, M. B. Engel 45, M. Dorrler 43, A. E. Stillmann 43, Ignatz Martin 42, W. Wheeler 42, C. G. Dalley 41, John Reohan 41, W. G. Channing 41, George Schlicht 41.

Wednesday, July 3.

W. Hayes 48, M. Gindele 47, C. J. Dalley 47, W. Wheeler 47, F. C. Ross, L. Flack 46, S. J. Lyon 45, J. W. Rothwell 44, C. T. Travis 43, C. Schroeder 42, G. Homrighausen 42, F. Schroeder 42, H. M. Pope 42, F. Simon 40, A. A. Stillman 40, G. Kraus 39, R. Busse 38, J. Blumenberg 38, W. Morris 40, B. Zahn 37, J. Corrie 37, E. Greiner 37.

Thursday, July 4.

M. Gindele 47, Gus Zimmerman 46, Alex Stein 46, William Hayes 44, D. B. Factor 44, L. Beers 44, G. W. Joiner 43, P. F. Schuster 42, A. H. Pape 42, G. Worn 42, J. Martin 42, A. H. Merriman 41, John Bordenthal 41, H. J. Lyons 41, W. A. Pryor 39, H. D. Muller 39, Charles Neumeyer 39, M. Bedell 39, C. Langsdorf 39, Henry Lomann 39, C. J. Dalley 38, F. Bendel 38, A. A. Stidman 38, J. J. Kelly 38, W. Morse 38, P. F. Schuster 36, A. H. Lighton 36, V. Ropp, Jr., 35, A. Feigel 33, A. Kronsberg 32, F. S. Harrison 32, A. Schultz 31, G. H. Hughes 31.

Friday, July 5.

N. J. Lightor 46, L. Schmidt 45, S. J. Lyons 45, M. Gindele 45, H. Seeley 44, B. Zahn 44, H. M. Pape 43, T. G. Martin 43, R. Busse 42, L. Bendel 42, F. S. Harrison 41, J. E. Kelly 41, G. Homrighausen 41, E. Fischer 41, J. Bushfield 41, J. Hodgdon 41, J. O. Delehanty 40, F. P. Schuster 39, W. Hasenzahl 39, F. W. Heofle 38, Henry Holkes 38, J. Kolb 38, J. B. Holston 38, E. Karl 37, J. G. Neubing 37, M. Bedell 36, A. Begelow 36, S. M. Maurer 36, F. A. Will 36.

Saturday, July 6.

G. Zimmerman 49, W. Morris 48, Fred C. Ross 47, V. Rapp, Jr., 47, Ignatz Martin 47, J. E. Kelly 46, H. M. Pope 46, W. Hayes 46, M. Gindele 46, L. P. Hanson 45, W. M. Farrow 45, H. J. Cram 45, A. A. Stillman 45, Hiram W. Hawes and L. Bendel 41, Emil Berkman 44, "Mike" Dolan 43, A. C. Wheeler 43, G. W. Plaisted 43, C. F. Tobler 43, "Phil"

Feigel 41, M. Bidell 41, C. W. Horny 41, D. Prickovitz 41, F. C. Weets 40, A. H. Merriman 40, William Roeber 40, H. E. Tuck 40, J. W. Locks 40, S. J. Lyons 40.

Sunday, July 7.

Henry Holjes 48, Bernard Zettler 48, M. Gindele 46, D. B. Faktor 45, F. P. Schuster 44, Hiram W. Hawes 43, F. B. Hanson 43, F. Schweikert 43, B. Zahn 43, W. Hasenzahl 43, H. M. Pope 42, J. W. Rothwell 41, George Helm 41, John Deitz, Jr., 40, M. Dorrier 41, J. Bushfield 39, Ignatz Luft 38, Robert Schulenburg 38, Peter Bernard 38, Frank Novicki 37, L. Winkelmann 36, D. J. Peters 36, George Funk 35, A. Kronsberg 34, Joseph Luhr 34, A. Gfeller 34, A. Pfiffner 32, Franz Mayer 31.

RING TARGET.

Sunday, June 30.

The following were the official scores made to-day: A. Strecker 73, J. Castein 72, G. Zimmermann, L. Flach, M Dorler and G. Heler, 71 each; R. Busse 70, R. Blodau 70, S. Martin 69, J. Brodenstate 69, D. Weigmann 68, C. Gersch 67, J. Buchenberg and D. B. Factor, 66 each; T. Bloming 65, H. Holzos and L. B. Bendal, 64 each; G. Nowak 63, F. V. Rapp 61, A. D. Miller and G. Gross, 60 each.

Monday, July 1.

G. W. Plaisted 72, L. Nongesser 69, T. Schiveder 69, W. C. Collins 68, H. F. Pope 68, L. Flach 67, M. Dorler 66, C. W. Horny 65, E. Rapp, Jr., 64, P. F. Schmitt 62, R. Herold 62, A. W. Hoffman 61, M. Kaiser 60, and W. Muller 60.

Tuesday, July 2.

P. F. Schmitt 64, R. P. Schuster 64, A. W. Hoffman 63, C. G. Dalley 63, H. M. Pape 63, G. Kraus 62, G. Lutz 62, E. F. Travis 61, W. Seppenfeld 61, A. Merriman 60, G. Nowak 60, M. Dorler 73, F. C. Ross 72, W. Morris 69, A. E. Stillmann 69, E. F. Stephens 68, A. C. Wheeler 68, A. H. Pape 67, M. Engel 67, G Schlicht 67, R. Herold 67, L. Schmidt 67, R. Busse 66, W. Wheeler 66, F. O. Young 66.

Wednesday, July 3.

W. Hayes 72, L. Flach 71, G. Homrighausen 70, C. W. Horny 69, F. S. Lyon 69, F. C. Ross 69, I. Luft 68, M. B. Engel 68, M. Gindele 68, B. Zahn 68, G. Purkess 67, G. W. Lutz 65, H. Ranluff 65, E. T. Stephens 65, A. Krousberg 65.

Thursday, July 4.

L. Bendel 71, M. Tropp 71, C. B. Factor 71, A. Strecker 70, Gus. Zimmermann 70, W. A. Pryor 69, J. Dux 69, A. Stein 69, M. Gindele 69, Charles Neumeyer 69, L. Buss 68, S. G. Lyons 68, W. Muller 67, A. Stillmann 67, G. Worm 67, Frederick Eisele 66; W. Morris 66, J. W. Joiner 66, F. O. Schuster 66, H. Loman 65, A. H. Merriman 64, A. Gross 64, F. W. Brandt 63, C. G. Daily 62, John Facklamm 62, Philip Feigel 62, C. F. Schneider 62, W. W. Tucker 61, John Motzer 61, F. Lindkloster 61, Ernest Fisher 61, Otto Hinz 60, Henry Lamby 60.

Friday, July 5.

[George Helm 75, M. Kolb 72, W. Morris 72, F. C. Ross 72, Henry Hol-



GERMANIA TARGET.

jes 71, F. P. Schuster 71, Gus Zimmermann 70, Gebhard Krauss 70 Charles Bushfield 70, H. M. Pope 69, W. Wheeler 69, S. J. Lyons 69, R. Busse 69, A. P. Stephans 69, George Schlicht 68, A. H. Pape 68, E. Muerer 68, Dr. A. Boyken 68, H. E. Tuck 67, S. G. Martin 66, L. Bendell 66, Peter Barbl 66, J. E. Kelly 66, H. Radloff 65, L. Schmidt 65, B. Zahn 65, George Alfer 64, A. Begelow 64, J. T. Travis 63, W. Hasenzahl 63, T. B. Grannis 63, J. Wilken 62, Edward Richard 62, W. P. Morris 62, M. Gindele 62.

Saturday, July 6.

H. M. Pope 71, J. A. Sterling 71, H. M. Pape 70, M. Gindele 70, W. Wheeler 70, St. J. Lyons 69, F. O. Young 69, W. Hasenzahl 69, L. P. Hanson 69, H. Selig 69, R. Busse 68, A. Pfiffner 68, A. C. Wheeler 68, V. Rapp, Jr. 68, F. C. Ross 68, Gus Zimmermann 68, Frank Schweickert 67, J. W. Rothwell 66, G. Homrighausen 66, Phil F. Schmidt 66, C. Schmidt 66, J. M. Maurer 65, James Bushfield 65, William Soell 65, George W. Plaisted 64, O. Delehanty 64, John V. Herman 64, A. W. Hoffman 63, Phil Feigel 63, A. F. Bardwell 63, D. Eggleston 62, Max Rosenthal 62, A. A. Stillman 62, L. Bendel 62, John Mozzio 61, William Ehrenpfort 60, Jacob Betschier 61, James Gunther 61, John Correy 60, L. P. Hanson 60, John A. Wagner 60.

Sunday, July 7.

Frederick C. Ross 73, H. Holjes 72, James Bushfield 72, Louis Flach 71, Hiram W. Hawes 71, H. M. Pope 70, B. Zahn 69, G. Homrighausen 67, M. Gindele 67, E. T. Stephans 67, H. E. Tuck 66, Jacob Schmidt 66, W. Hasenzahl 66, F. P. Schuster 65, A. Schulenburg 65, W. Dalton 65, H. A. Fox 64, L. P. Hanson 64, A. H. Pape 64, W. Torkel 64, Theodore Wolters 63, D. J. Peters 63, H. D. Muller 63, John Bodenstab 62, C. H. Buchholz 62, D. B. Faktor 62, H. Lighton 61, Charles Fox 61, A. Navony 60, Anton Klein 60, Joseph Lurch 60, F. O. Young 59, Otto Langsdorf 58, Ludwig Kick 57, E. L. Gardiner 57.

POINT TARGET.

Sunday, June 30.

Gold medals for 150 points made by one shooter were awarded to Gebhard Krauss, Louis Bendel, H. D. Miller, C. Coppersmith, J. Facklamm, Henry Holges, A. Jungblut, G. Homrighausen and C. Newman.

Silver medals for 25 points were won by John Blumenberg, E. Bloden, C. Borg, Louis Bendel, John Coppersmith, Louis Flach, John W. Hornig, A. Marhausen, G. Homrighausen, A. W. Hoffman, Henry Noeges, V. Horn, D. Krauss, C. E. Gent, O. Mertens, Robert Schulenburg, A. Stein, J. Warm, Louis Bloch, D. Factor, George Price, A. Jungblut, William Koch, R. Kick, Jacob Loewer, Ignatz Lucas, George Löber, H. T. Muller, Charles Neumayer, H. Neuman, William Searle, T. P. Schuster, G. T. Weelman, Louis Grunt, John Bodenstack, C. Grunack, C. Börneus, N. Junghardt, A. Juse, C. Dietz, Jr., William Dalton, John Eisner, Joseph Fachler, D. Mischer, F. Goodman, L. G. Crowe, C. F. Gonersch, William Eldrich, Robert Hencke, John Polley, Anton Klein, H. Kronsberg, A. Loman, O. Meyer, D. Mercy, J. Wenzel, L. Nowocki, D. Peters, H. Radlow, J. Breitweisner, Chris. Rehm, O. Schlappe, D. G. Smith, C. Seidel, Theodore Walters, T. C. Warts, H. Walther, R. Wiehle and John Young.

Monday, July 1.

Festival cups for 300 points were awarded to Plaisted and Newman.

Gold medals: J. Blumenberg, George Plaisted, W. Gindele, D. B. Factor, F. W. Höfele, A. W. Hoffman, H. Lohmann, J. Reithwiesner.

Silver medals: Albert Bocki, F. W. Brandt, George Plaisted, W. C. Collins, G. Diekerscheidt, F. J. Dolan, D. B. Factor, M. Ficken, J. Feigl, M. J. Furniss, G. Grigor, M. Gindele, A. W. Hoffman, F. W. Hoefler, X. D. Henken, Robert Herold, J. B. Jones, E. Karl, G. Kirchbuber, F. Kolb, H. Krouger, H. Lomann, H. Loden, J. Liemann, A. Ludgwig, O. Langsdorf, M. Muller, F. R. Mueller, W. Waltz, J. H. Muth, F. Mendorf, J. M. Maurer, W. R. Pryor, C. Reibevlesnacht, W. Rosenbaum, G. W. Rothwell, W. Loeber, H. Reiling, E. Rapp, Jr., J. Schippers, F. Schroeder, W. Stein, Jr., J. H. Schmitt, L. Schmitt, F. Simon, A. W. Steuben, George Schlicht, H. Stoll, L. Schuman, J. Schmidt, L. Von Der Leith, S. M. Van Allen, J. Wanken, C. Weber, H. Zimmer, Louis Zollner and L. Flach.

Tuesday, July 2.

Silver festival cups: F. P. Schuster, A. Stein, A. Facklamm, G. Homrighausen, and Gebhard Krauss. The winners of the goblet receive a silver-and gold medal.

Gold medals: Thomas Lloyd, William Koch, F. Stein, F. S. Harrison, William Stein, Jr., A. Streckler, O. Mertens, L. Schmidt, P. Meyer, J. Rothwell and P. Schlicht.

Silver medals: L. Maurer, F. Meyer, S. Bozzoni, W. F. Baab, C. H. Horning, P. E. Kent, F. S. Stulz, A. H. Merriman, P. F. Schmidt, H. W. Weber, W. Vosbach, E. Gully, Joseph Blocklinger, L. Enders, M. Kaier, H. Kraus, H. Mahlenbrock, R. Nolizt, H. M. Pape, J. A. Rebhan, C. H. Engert, A. Eppich, T Hughes, M. Haumann, G. Schmidt, G. Lolz, J. G. Martin, Carl Schneider, G. Mowak, Capt. F. Ersmeyer, W. Falter, C. E. Taintor, J. Yarrick, J. Harburger, P. J. Lawritzer, Stephen J. Lyons, J. P Holster, W. J. Martin, A. Braunsen, A. Braun, Jr., L. A. Wollenweber, G. G. Williams, G. Alpers, F. Eisele, F. Egleston, W. Hughes, Jr., C. J. Watson, G. W. Joiner, J. Spiecher,



POINT TARGET.

Y. E. Jantzer, Henry W. Tamm, C. H. Schroeder, O. C. Bozel, C. W. Fanning, C. F. Stephens, E. F. Traver, E. Sachs, and A. Kahle.

Wednesday, July 3.

Silver festival cups: M. Gindele, H. Holjes, H. M. Pope, Stephen J. Lyon, F. Eisele, L. Enders, J. W. Rothwell, F. W. Hofels and L. Schmidt.

Gold medals: L. Enders, G. W. Joiner, E. Buckman, C. W. Horney, H. M. Pope, Stephen J. Lyon, F. Eisele, J. M. Maura, F. Schroeder, C. K. Hoerning, R. Brisse, W. Schuller, A. Bloedau, D. J. A. Bocken, A. Fischer, S. Hodgdon, A. Epping, T. Mirth, A. B. Jones, J. Rebhan, M. Bicken and George Smith.

Silver medals: H. Hildebrandt, H. Koster, J. Muzzio, W. E Seppenfeld, F. Lindklorter, Sam Gall, P. Leibinger, A. C. Wheler, J. D. Dillon, G. Hodgedon, Emil F. Kolb, A. Pfiffner, W. Schieller, M Braun, W. M. Farrow, Sam Karlen, Ch. Meyer, P. G Frauenfelder, Dr. Wieseckel, L. W. Joseph, W. Ehrenpfort, Memroth Keck, E. Berckman, L. Vogel, E. Greiner, J R. Jones, F. A. Gruneberg, E. Meurer, L. Wissel, F. Luhr, August Schumacher, K Reiber, P. Eppig, R. Fliedl, G Buchstein, G. Kaege, E. Richard, August Schmitt, F. W. Luecke, John Bunz, G. W. Graf, F. Schill, N. Knowsky, W. Wollmann, G. Purkers, J. Jordan, W. Schneller, M. Braun.

Thursday, July 4.

Silver festival cups: Otto Mertens, H. M. Pope, H. D. Muller, G. W. Joiner, and W. Roeber.

Gold medals: W. Dalton, W. R. Pryor, J Schmidt, E. M. Steuber, J. Munzel, E. F. Kolb, J E Kelley, W. Helbig, L. Vogel, J. A. Boyken, W. Roeber, W. M. Farrow, Phil F. Schmidt, J. F. Travis, S. G. Schmidt, H. Weber, J. S. Dillon, C. Molter, A H. Merriman, L. Maurer, William Soll, Val Horn, D. J. Peters, C. B Schneider, C. Plitz, J. Kolle, F. Meyer, G. A. Strong, V. Rapp, Jr., J. G. Thoelke, C. Engert, Capt. D. Meersse.

Silver medals: G. L. Fetry, H. Block, Joseph Bittschier, H. Koch, A. F. Christen, Julius Lask, J. Gunther, A. Hildebrandt, Albert Geher, A. Rodler, A. Liscke, H. Lutz, G. Renker, W. Fajen, C. A. Niemeyer, C. Pletz, F. C. Rose, August Schmidt, M Dorrier, J. E. Kelly, Henry Meyer, G. Keiser, August Schumacher, H. E. Tuck, Philip Wissig, R. J. Young, F. O. Young, B. Lehn, A. A. Stillman, Charles Schaeffer, Charles Reid, C. J. Dalley, G. Bauer, Jacob Buchfeldt, Peter Bernhardt, M. Prapp, W. Lieber, J. Meyer, A. W. Lembke, H. Wensing, H. Nolte, A. Peters, G. Tossler, John Knieste, William Mueller, Fred Mayser, W. Morris, Lorenz Zeller, E. Piepenbring, H. C. Koegel, A. H. Pape, J. N. Hermann, John G. Thoelke, G. Rückel, Franz Mayer, J. C. Hughes, G.



MAN TARGET.

A. Strong, Charles Fuchs, W. Kintzer, C Neugebauer, A. Siedenburg, A. Nehling, John Volz, W. Hennessey, H. Heckmann, Otto Hinz, and Jacob Dux.

Friday, July 5.

Silver festival cups: R. Busse, A. Jungblut, E. T. Travis, F. Simon, G. Schlicht, C. W. Horney, D. G. Peters, John Blumenburg, Ernst Fischer, Henry G. Thoelke, A. Eppig, G. Loewer, F. Meyer and G. D. Wiegemann.

Gold medals: H. Block, M. Kaiser, C. Hutch, Henry Weiler, P. Eppig, A. Braun, H. Mahlenbrock, D. Dreyer, A. C. Wheeler, William Wheeler, C. Weber, J. Eberhardt, E. Karl, H. Kraus, E. C. Ross, J. Jordan, W. Vorloch, H. E. Tuck, F. O. Young, D. L. Seymour, F. Schweickert, M. Bendel, W. F. Baab, R. Spitz, John Garrich and Gus. Nowak.

Silver medals: Charles Wissel, W. Wurfflein, J. J. Mountjoy, L. M. Mogg, F. A. Wills, Charles Schaefer, William Wheeler, Frank Knochenhauer, A. S. Hills, W. J. Dunbar, J. H. Feldscher, H. Kuhn, J. F. Baude, C. F. Knott, Edwin Hotz, R. Gute, Milton Bedell, J. Brauer, J. Budensieck, F. W. Brandt, H. Fox, Bruno Eusner, C. Bayer, H. Sulzer, J. C. Bonn, W. W. Tucker, D. L. Seymour, Max B. Engel, M. Weikersreuther, E. Pipenbrink, E. Soff, H. Lohmann, Fred. Mayser, George Wehrenberg, M. E. Riedel, William Krumsick, Gus. Gregor, H. C. Young, R. Spitz, H. Martin, W. Tornford, C. Hutch, W. A. Hicks, Henry Bentelsbach, C. G. Ditrich, George A. Friedrich, John Heft, R. Gelzer, F. Erxmeyer, H. Bremer, W. R. Sternkopf, Henry Weiler, H. Schultheiss, J. Loebel, George Niemviller, L. Dreyer, J. Weisner, A. Heil, A. C. Wheeler and C. Robner.

Saturday, July 6.

Silver festival cups: Thomas Lloyd, William Koch, E. Karl, Stephen J. Lyons, H. D. Miller, V. Rapp, Jr., F. Schroeder, William Soell, F. Reitwiesner and W. E. Pryor.

Gold medals: H. A. Fox, Albert Gehrer, Henry Kosser, Richard Gregor, L. Brech, Aug. Meyer, Milton Bedell, S. Buzzini, F. Y. Rand, James Bushfield, T. G. Dolon, Philip Leibinger, L. N. Magg, J. Humphry, D. Eggleston, A. A. Stillman, H. Radloff, P. Bernhard, George Algers, F. Schmidt, B. Zahn, C. Seidel, John Jobels, Ed Maurer, F. Kolb and A. J. Christen.

Silver medals: Joseph Bennel, G. Hodgdon, John Eisenhardt, Bernard Meyburg, Richard Ahrens, John H. Fischer, John H. Furboter, D. Lange, Dr. Charles Hettesheimer, Charles Keppler, Fred Dietz, Dr. C. Grosch, L. Kutscher, C. Jack, N. C. L. Beverstein, H. R. Duff, H. Haase, M. Brendel, J. L. Wood, J. A. Wagner, L. Sohl, Aug. Meyns, C. H. Chavant, May Clinton, J. T. Humphry, Debos Eggleston, H. B. Michelson, William Muller, H. Martin, A. Stolzenberger, L. Arfmann, Charles Meyer, Fred Mahler, Louis A. Hoffman, E. Modesohn, F. K. Rand, Ed Meurer, John J. Jobels, H. H. Fleischer, W. Roos, N. Zirkel, J. Sarbacher, H. Loose, Lev. Hutter, H. Weber, H. Michelson, John D. Wilckens, Richard Bendler, F. Kolb, James Hennes, W. Dutcher, A. Uhling, J. C. Welcher, F. Plump and E. Wangersheim.

Sunday, July 7.

Silver festival cups: Gus Zimmermann, V. Horn, John Young, Martin Ficken, L. Bendel, Emil Berckmann, Charles Engest, F. S. Harrison, W. Helbig, J. Schmidt.

Gold medals: Ernst Stieber, August Meyns, Henry Zimmer, Gus Zimmermann, George Alphers, Julius Bittschier, E. T. Stephans, Max Rosenthal, William Sorkel, Fred Mahler, Ludwig Kick, P. Fiegel, W. J. Furness, Jacob Dux, L. P. Hanson and John Bloechlinger.

Silver medals: H. Mesloh, F. H. Scofield, A. J. Volk, Max Rosenthal, E. Richter, A. Schneck Ernst Stieler, A. Weissenholder, Hiram W. Hawes, P. C. Schmitt, George Klingelhoefer, J. H. W. Meyer, A. Q. Z schang, Gus Zimmermann, P. Bartel, G. Bauer, F. A. Bastlow, E. J. Cram, U. Delisle, John Von Dobren, J. Dodds, D. Meyer, Fred Mayser, F. Marquardt, George Niemoeller, F. Prickovits, Robert Kelly, John Mason, C. G. Zettler, F. B. Granniss, Philip Klein, J. Hamhorst, Max Rosenthal, H. Blumenberg, L. Buss, A. Begenow, George Fessler, William Torkel, E. L. Gardener, A. F. Bardwell, E. C. Goddard, H. H. Fleischer, David Crocker, C. Keller, F. Landorf, H. C. Boddy, B. F. Amend, H. Heinicke and H. Bonitz.

BULLSEYES ON THE POINT TARGETS.

Measurements by the Committee.

The measurement of the bullseyes on the point targets is done by the Shooting Committee, the measuring being accomplished by means of a special gauge. The best bullseyes made on the opening day were made by the following persons, the figures denoting how far, in one-



WALTER WINANS, JUNE 15.

thousandths of an inch, the bullet struck from the inner circle of the black: John Rolle 10, E. Blodau 18, F. P. Schuster 21½, Alexander Stein 31½, D. G. Schmidt 35¼, John Bodenstadt 38¼, G. D. Wagner 39¾, G. Worn 43, H. Neumann 71.

On the second day the measurements, as above, were as follows: Phil. Flegel 28, G. W. Plaisted 55, F. Herbert 62, H. Neuman 71¼, P. Schmitt 74½.

On the third day the following figures were given out by the Shooting Committee: F. George Hodgdon 27½, M. Ficken 38, F. S. Harrison 45½, F. Erxmeyer 56.

On Wednesday, the fourth day of the Schuetzenfest, the best bullseyes were recorded as follows: F. Schroeder 13, A. H. Pape and Wm. Hayes 34, Wm. R. Pryor 37½, Emil Berckman 45½, Joseph Rebhan 72½, F. G. Hodgdon 58, Emil F. Kolb 77, George A. Strong 95½.

On Thursday the best bullseyes were as follows: H. D. Muller 10, J. Buchfield 12, J. Worn 20¼, W. Beutelspach 57, R. Schulenberg 60, Fred. Meyer 62, G. G. Dielin 63¾.

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, June 21.—Below are the latest revolver scores made at the North London Rifle Club. Both the clubs are suffering in number of entries just at present, owing to absence of members to other rifle meetings.

June 5.—Fifty yards: Franzmann 36, Knapp 34, W. Bashford 34.

June 15.—Twenty yards, stationary target:

Lieut C Chitty	677767—40	Maj Palmer	655577—35
C Knapp	767577—39	Lieut Richardson	547667—35
A J Comber	775776—39	A Franzmann	573766—34
Luff	664767—36	Carter	457647—33
Capt Earle	667467—36	Gould	674473—31
E Howe	477576—36	Diggins	643755—30

June 20.—Disappearing target: Only Mr. Chitty shot, scoring 37.

At the South London Rifle Club the wind was too high on June 6 for good shooting, and only Mr. Knapp shot as below:

Twenty yards, stationary target:

C Knapp.....476776—37

June 15.—The revolver records for 12 shots stood in England till June 15 as follows:

Twelve shots at 20yds., 2in. bullseye: Walter Winans, 82 out of a possible 84; at 50yds., 82 out of a possible 83 on a 4in. bull, also by Walter Winans.

On June 15, at the North London Rifle Club, in two consecutive entries of six shots each in the 20yds. revolver competition Mr. Winans made the following:

First score.....777776—41 Second score.....777777—42

Total 83 out of a possible 84, or one point over his previous best on record.

Below are details of the revolver competitions at the club.

June 15.—Twenty yards stationary:

Walter Winans	777777—42	Capt Earle	576754—34
Lieut Chitty	777767—41	Col Atherton	377604—27
Knapp	777667—40		

June 19.—Alternate hands:

Lieut W W Chitty	767777—41	R B Luff	657437—32
Knapp	775577—38	Howe	773762—32
Comber	767567—38	Carter	466573—31
Maj Munday	776774—38	T H N Aldridge	734305—28
F H Frost	576754—34	Capt Earle	664640—26
Richardson	666546—33		

Below are details of the South London revolver scores. Mr. Winans at 50yds. made the best score at that distance yet made this season at either club.

June 15.—Twenty yards:

Walter Winans	677777—41	E Howe	677377—37
C Knapp	757777—40	Capt T W Heath	476757—36
Lieut J Howard	757666—37		

Fifty yards:

Walter Winans	667777—40	Capt T W Heath	466775—35
Knapp	775757—38		

Scores for Revolver Championship of club to date:

Walter Winans	41 41 40 40 39 40 39 39—319
Capt T W Heath	39 39 38 36 35 36 36 36—297
Knapp	40 40 38 37 30 38 35 31—289
E Howe	38 37 36 37 36 32 31 30—277

(N. B.—The last two scores for the championship in each case are at 50yds., the other at 20yds.)

Milwaukee's Schuetzenfest.

THE following are the scores made at the Milwaukee riflemen's Schuetzenfest as given in the Milwaukee *Herald* of June 24:

Honor target: Stephan Meunier 70, C. F. Gottsch, J. Guschl 68, A. Mohr, W. M. Fairow, W. Heyser, J. Schmidt, H. M. Pope 67, L. Bendel, J. Kundert, H. Richter, J. Alpers 66, L. J. Sehring, M. Gindele, A. J. Van Dusen, J. Demling, J. S. Regennitter, J. Karlen, Jr., C. Peterson, D. Wigert, C. W. Ranzow, C. Findeisen, E. Berg 64, W. Ott, J. Marf, W. Kappe, G. Kuhl, A. Strecker, A. Kunz, C. Theiler, George Helm, A. Kavel 63, A. D. Riedner, J. Braun, Jr., F. Mathe, H. M. Campbell, D. Lauer, C. Restler, C. B. Traub, C. F. Richter 62, W. C. Story, F. Roth, H. P. Yale 61, S. Schindler, G. D. Payne, A. Fienhold 60, J. Ringle, F. Lee, T. F. Bredow, E. Berger, D. Stamm, R. Unzicker, A. Reusch, C. T. Schutter 59, G. F. Schmidt, F. D. Young, G. Spengler, W. Hafenzahl, D. Altpeter, D. B. Faktor, F. T. Buplinger 58, F. Pfeifer, A. Engel, J. Pfister, F. A. Fuller, C. Burdick, T. W. Budd, A. Munster, H. Wesle, A. Weinheimer, D. Schneidewind, J. Ott, G. Kurtz 57, F. Gebrlich, G. Ziegenfuz, F. B. Schuster 56, H. L. Babler, M. Koch, Mel. Schmidt, F. Maus, G. Blodau, F. Schulz, J. Traudt, V. Link, G. Weltzau, A. P. Steffen 55, M. Rosenthal, B. Ahnert, R. Bothman, F. Bredow, C. A. Johnson 54, W. Glatz, W. P. Bragg, F. Bohri, M. Grau, S. T. Dorman, E. Rieger, E. Thielepape, C. T. Maulick, T. F. Bethauer, R. Plopper, T. H. Theller 53, J. Ehlers, A. Gotterdam, F. R. Rest, B. S. Schmidt 52, R. W. Stalley, W. Sonneberg, F. Schroder, 51, G. Schober, T. Zander, W. Randall, C. H. Wellinger, 50, P. Zapf, B. Rapp, A. Wesle, H. Kroseberg, 49, D. Zapf, W. Finger, R. Plotke, 48, J. Meumar, M. H. Regennitter, 47, M. Kagel, C. Schotte, F. Wittwer, H. C. Gustavus, M. Maidroth, J. Spelter, C. H. Gehlin, 46, L. Schweighofer, H. Rollmann, F. W. Buck, P. Ducker, 45, R. Ruhder, A. W. Reen, W. Ehrenfort, F. Kellnohfer, P. G. Van Dusen, 44, J. Arps, A. Jungblut, T. Martz, Dr. Matthey, 43, H. Riepenbrink, W. Frodeman, F. Mengedoff, D. B. Schmidt, H. Schroder, 42, P. Walger, F. Linder, H. M. Sifton, H. Hohn, 41, A. Cowe, Wm. Ott, F. M. Martin, 40, F. Toggenberger, P. Schobacher, 39, H. Wild, F. Arps, F. Mertz, L. Dawser, 38, F. Gehr, 37, A. King, H. Peterson, 36, A. Betzold, G. Muller, 35, E. K. Ansorge, F. Kellnhofer, 32, E. Schmidt, 29, F. King, 26, A. Kohl, 22, A. Bose, 13, F. Bethke.

King target: E. F. Richter 228, W. Ott 226, F. F. Schmidt 225, L. T. Sehring 220, A. T. Van Dusen 218, D. Schneidewind 215, J. Arps 212, M. Gindele, D. Wick, S. Meunier 211, H. M. Pope 210, F. W. Ranzow, H. Wesle 209, F. Arps, S. B. Traub, C. Fendeisen 208, F. Roth 207, H. L. Babler 205, G. Helm, F. A. Fuller 205, L. Bendel, D. Faktor 204, J. Pfister, A. Engel, J. Morf, T. Bendow 203, A. Strecker, W. Koppe, D. B. Schmidt 202, V. Rapp, Jr., O. Lauer 201, J. Gusche, W. Ott, A. Wesle, F. Berlinger, G. A. Gotterdam 200, F. Young, F. Toggenburger, E. Berg, C. Johnson 199, J. Beethauer, J. Zander, C. Pederson 198, W. Koch, A. Kuntz, F. Pfeiffer 197, P. Pieder, S. Schindler, G. Schober, L. Schweighofer 196, P. Van Dusen, W. M. Farron, J. Braun, Jr., H. Hohn 195, W. Sonneberg, W. Hasenzahl, G. Manlick, C. Smehlin, H. Gustavus, F. Schuster 194.

Man Target: A. Strecker 97, F. Schuster, W. Ott 94, A. Steffen, H. Pope, M. Rosenthal 93, C. J. Schutter, L. Schweighofer 92, L. Sehring, W. M. Farrow, A. Van Dusen, C. Ranzow 91, V. Rapp, Jr., J. Ehlers, E. Gotterdam, E. Richter, A. Engel, H. Bernhofer, D. Manthey 90, E. Payne, S. T. Dorman, C. Bentley, F. Toggenburger, T. Young, C. Maulick, E. Berger, E. Berg 89, G. Alpers, F. Arps, G. Ziegenfuhs, G. Helm, D. Schneidewind, W. Reggennitter, C. Restler, F. D Young 88, F. Berthauer, W. Hasenzahl 87, J. Pfister, J. C. Manthey, A. Jungblut, E. Richter, L. Bendel 86, J. Buck, M. Kacer, W. Koppe, T. Bredow, F. Theiler, J. Braun, Jr. 85, R. Staley, H. Piepenbrink, G. Muller, C. Schonberg, J. Morf, F. Maus, F. Blodau 84, J. Ringle, F. Mertz, S. Burdick, D. Faktor 83, F. Roth 82.

Open target: H. Pope 96, E. Gotterdam, A. Strecker, E. Berg, E. Blodau, F. Young, G. Helm 93, L. Schweighofer, A. Van Dusen, W. Hasenzahl, W. Ott, E. Berger 92, G. Ziegenfuz, S. T. Dorman 91, E. Richter, M. Gindele, W. M. Farrow, L. Bendel 90, T. Brethauer, B. Kapp, Jr., T. Bredow, L. Sehring, M. Rosenthal, F. Schuster, E. Resler, T. Theiler 89, P. Lagenmak, T. Carlan, Jr., J. Ringle, D. Faktor 88, D. Schneidewind, T. Braun, Jr., C. Johnson, H. Wesle, P. Van Dusen, V. Link, W. Koppe 87, J. Ehlers, T. Martin, J. Arps, C. Findeisen, S. Meunier, W. Regennitter 86, J. D. Regennitter, J. Schmidt, H. Piepenbrink, E. Rugger, F. Maus, A. Mohr, G. Alpers, A. Jungbiunt, W. Heyser, C. Ranzow 85, C. Maulick, J. Ott, F. Marz, A. Engel, C. Richter, F. Arps 84, J. Guschl, H. Peterson 83.

Standard target: M. Gindeie 85, E. Payne, W. Randall 82, W. Koppe, H. Hohn, A. Engel, F. Manthie 81, W. Hasenzahl 79, A. Restler 78, F. Lee 77, A. Kuntz 75, C. Johnson 74, W. M. Farrow 73, G. L. Detler 72, E. Wittwer, C. J. Johnson 71, E. Muller, C. Maulick 70, J. Ott, C. Burdick, J. Arps, W. Story 69, C. Wellengar, M. Rosenthal 68, H. P. Yale 67.

Team shooting: St. Louis 972, Joliet 971, Winona 963, Cincinnati 953, Monroe 952, San Francisco 951.

Cincinnati Riflemen.

CINCINNATI, O., June 30.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds., strictly off-hand, 3lb. trigger pull, rifles under 10lbs. weight, at the standard target, 7-ring black. A strong 9 o'clock wind blowing required from 1 to 2 points windage. The small attendance was due to some of our members leaving for the National Schuetzenfest at New York, and also a few more were attracted to the Dayton (Ky.) range, where a military match was to be shot between two members of this Association. The scores:

Payne	9	10	9	9	6	8	6	9	7	9—83
	9	7	9	8	10	7	9	6	7	5—77
	5	9	8	5	9	9	9	7	6	9—76
	8	10	8	9	10	9	9	8	7	9—85
Topf	6	9	7	9	8	8	9	8	4	8—71
	10	9	10	5	8	5	4	5	5	6—67
	6	6	4	9	7	10	5	5	7	5—64
	6	7	7	5	9	9	5	5	4	8—65
Randall	7	8	9	6	9	9	10	7	10	9—84
	8	10	9	9	10	6	5	6	6	5—74
	5	8	6	5	7	10	6	8	9	8—72
	4	9	7	8	6	10	6	6	9	9—74
Weinheimer	9	6	10	6	9	10	7	4	8	8—77
	8	7	7	9	9	8	8	5	6	5—72
	4	8	5	7	5	9	5	6	7	10—66
	5	10	8	8	6	9	8	10	10	6—80
Daube	9	6	8	8	7	10	7	8	8	7—78
	5	10	8	7	5	7	8	9	7	7—73
	6	10	10	10	9	10	6	9	6	10—86
	9	4	9	4	10	6	8	7	10	9—74

Pacific Slope Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30.—There was a slim attendance at the regular shoot of the Columbia P. & R. Club last Sunday. The wind was raging all the afternoon and only one rifleman finished his score in the Kuhule Medal Contest, viz., Dr. Rogers, who made 83.

The pistol shooting conditions were better. Scores: J. E. Gorman 94, S. Carr 94, C. M. Daiss 93, A. B. Dorrell 92, Dr. Rogers 89.

To-day was held the quarterly contest for the Columbia Diamond 50 shot pistol medal. Scores:

J. E. Gorman...93 89 91 92 86—451 Smith Carr.....79 82 86 93 91—431
C. M. Daiss.....87 84 90 92 95—448

Two of our irrepressibles, Young and Pape, are in New York attending the great shooting festival. Two of the representatives of the Columbia Club did themselves proud yesterday in the great shoot, Messrs. Strecker and Blodau. We expect good work from all of these four. ROEEL.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, new edition, now ready, June 27, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

July 16-19.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company in Fairmount Park.

July 17-18.—MACON, Ga.—Tournament of the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club; $200 added.

July 16-17.—BELFAST, Me.—Second annual tournament of the Belfast Gun Club; $125 in cash guaranteed.

July 24.—WORCESTER, Mass.—All day shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, under the management of Chas. E. Forehand, Sec'y.

July 25.—GUTTENBURG, N. J.—Sixth monthly tournament of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Union Hill Gun Club, of Hoboken, N. J.; league contest at 2 P. M.

Aug. 9-10.—NEW ORLEANS, La.—Tournament of the Inter-state Association, under the auspices of the Louisiana Gun Club; $300 added money.

Aug. 20-24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

Aug. 27-29.—CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Charlotte Gun Club.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Sept. 2-3.—UTICA, N. Y.—Two days tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 2-3.—NEWARK, N. J.—Tournament of the South Side Gun Club; targets New Jersey Trap Shooters' League contest at 2 P. M. on the second day. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. Va.—Morgan's Grove Fair Association's tournament, under the management of the Interstate Association

Sept (second week).—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—First annual tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. —.—FREDONIA, N. Y.—Tournament of the Clover Trap and Target Company. $1,000 added money.

Sept —.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Fourth annual tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club; three days of tne week following the Clover tournament.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

Oct. 23-24.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Fourth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

1896.

Jan. 9-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the management of Texas Field; $2,500 added.

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2 000 added money.

May (second week).—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Ivins's shooting in the Hollywood Futurity Handicap stamps him as a rattling good live bird shot. In the Grand American Handicap at Paterson, N. J., last April, he killed 24 out of 25, missing his 19th bird. E. F. Thomas was another 24 man in the Grand American, going straight until the 22d round. Messner, the winner last April, shot well on Saturday last up to the time he made his first miss, but then went to pieces, being unlucky, however, in losing his 17th bird dead out of bounds. The 21yds. boundary figures largely in the score; note the number of "dead out of bounds."

Capt. Money shot well during the International week in London, but was only fortunate enough to come out on top in one of the main events at the gun club grounds. This event was a $25 sweep, 20yd. rise, miss and out (as all the events were), with a $150 cup added. There were 49 entries, but F. Marsden Cobb, Gordon Smith and Capt. Money were the only ones to kill 9 straight. On the shoot-off, Capt. Money missed his first bird and took third prize ($100); Cobb killed three straight and took first money ($750 and cup); Smith missing his third tie bird took second money ($250).

The team averages in the Maplewood-Peekskill match were remarkably high. The return match is set for Labor Day, Sept. 2, and may possibly be brought off at the grounds of the Southside Gun Club, Newark, N. J., as that club advertises a two days' tournament for Sept. 2 and 3. Shot off in a regular 25-target event, the teams of course shooting in squads as they did at Peekskill, this event would attract a good deal of attention and help the tournament. We hope that Secretary Hobart may see his way to acting on this suggestion.

Mr. H. M. Stewart, of Rochester, N. Y., writes under date of July 6: "Will you kindly mention in Drivers and Twisters that the fourth annual tournament of the Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club will be held September, the week following that of the Clover Trap and Target Company. Ours will be a three days' shoot, and we expect to send out an elaborate programme."

At the meeting held in Mr. W. P. Ashton's barber shop on Tuesday evening, June 18th, called for the purpose of organizing a rod and gun club, the following officers were elected: President—W. A. Judd; Vice-President—E. G. Williamson; Secretary and Treasurer—G. W. Lisk; Captain—W. P. Ashton. The organization is to be known as the Clifton Springs Rod and Gun Club. The club starts with 12 members.

In a match at 25 live birds, modified Long Island rules, shot at Dexter Park, L. I., on June 28, Henry Knebel, Jr., defeated P. Sweeney by a score of 22-19. After the match Sweeney challenged Knebel to a 50-bird race under the same conditions; the challenge was accepted and it is understood that the match will be shot off in the near future.

The annual meeting of the Dedham, Mass., Sportsman's Club was held at the Quincy House, Boston, on Friday evening, June 28. The following officers were elected for the ensuing 12 months: Wm. F. McQuillen—President; Danforth P. Wright—Secretary; Amasa Alden—Treasurer.

The "Farmers" of Dayton, N. J., got away with the Freehold, N. J., team on the Fourth of July. That kind of a team race does more to stimulate interest in trap-shooting than any amount of three-day tournaments. Team races between clubs get men together and arouse an *esprit de corps* that no other style of shooting can bring about.

The programme issued by the Belfast, Me., Gun Club, for the second annual tournament to be held next week, on July 16 and 17, is a varied and interesting one. Event No. 7 on the first day is a team shoot, 5 men to a team, 25 targets per man, is open only to State of Maine clubs. Valuable prizes are offered in this event. Mr. Chas. R. Coombs is secretary of the club.

A new club has been organized at Aitkin, Minn., under the title of the Bass Lake Gun Club. The score of its maiden effort at the traps is given elsewhere. The totals are by no means poor ones under the conditions given.

The Schmelzer Arms Company's tournament at Kansas City, Mo., next week will be a big attraction in the South. The championship cup offered by the company will be a special feature of the tournament.

Major J. K. Thibault, who won the State Championship at the recent tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association at Little Rock, shoots a Parker gun, a fact that makes Capt. DuBray smile every time he thinks about it.

In our issue of June 29 we stated that the Emerald Gun Club of this city would not hold its regular shoot in August. What we intended to say was that the next shoot would be in August, no shoot being held in July.

Paul North has claimed dates in '96 for the third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. The third week of next June will witness the annual reunion at Cleveland.

The Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club claims Oct. 23-24 as the dates for its fourth bi-monthly tournament. The first day will be devoted to smashing empires; the second day live birds will be used.

Send in your scores, and send them in early. They look well in type, even if you don't all make straights. Let other shooters know that your club is alive.

The Multnomah eleventh annual scores have come to us just as we go to press. Next week.

EDWARD BANKS.

Bass Lake Gun Club.

AITKIN, Minn., July 5.—I send you herewith the score of the maiden shoot of the Bass Lake Gun Club, just organized by Aitkin sportsmen. The score, of course, is not flattering, but it must be understood that but one of the members can shoot a trap; the wind also was blowing heavily. One of the shooters, Mr. Rice, has but one arm, and at live birds and game he is reckoned a good shot. The trap was new and the shooters had not got it adjusted. The regulation 18ft. range and rules prevailed. I trust later on that I can give FOREST AND STREAM a score from the Bass Lake Club which will compare favorably with older clubs. Scores:

Lott	0001010110010111001101010—12
Marr	0010010101100101010110—11
Danwick	0101000010110111001010100—10
Rice	0010110001000100101010100— 9
Bond	1101010111010111010101010—15
Spalding	0101101011101101110111111—17
Knowles	0010100010100101000100010— 8
Sanden	0110000000001000001001—

F. J. S.

Hollywood Futurity Handicap.

LONG BRANCH, July 6.—The Hollywood Futurity Handicap was shot to-day on the grounds of the Hollywood Gun Club at West End, N. J. This event has grown in popularity from year to year, until this year it had the largest entry—twenty—that has been recorded. The conditions are 25 live birds, handicap rise, 21yds. boundary, $50 entrance. The birds were good ones considering the time of year, the consequence being that no straight was made. Ivins shot well throughout and won the cup with 35 straight. The details of the score, given below, showing trap, flight of bird and result of shot, tell the tale.

Hollywood Futurity Handicap, 25 live birds, $50 entrance, handicap rise, 21yds. boundary, four high guns:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A L Ivins (28), Red Bank, N J.	5 2 3 1 4 5 4 1 4 1 5 2 4 3 2 4 3 4 4 5 4 5 1 4 5 ↖←←↖↗↗↗↖←↖↗→↗←↖↗→↗↗↗↖↗↙↙ 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 ● 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2—24	—24
J H Davis (27), Riverton G C.	2 8 4 2 1 4 4 2 1 4 2 5 4 2 2 4 8 3 4 1 3 4 2 1 4 ↘←↗↑↖↑↖↑↗↙↗↗↖↖↗↗↗↑↓→→↗↑ 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 2 1 1—24	—24
George Work (30), Carteret Club	3 4 2 4 1 4 3 4 1 4 5 1 1 1 1 3 5 2 1 5 2 3 4 2 5 ↗↗↑↗↗↗↖↖↑↑→↗↗↙↗↗↗↗→↑→↖↗↑ 2 2 2 2 1 2 3 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24	—24
T S Dando (28), Riverton G C.	3 1 2 4 2 5 4 1 2 4 4 3 3 3 4 5 4 1 3 1 4 5 3 1 4 ↗→↘↖↗↗↙→↙↙↘↑↗↓→←←↖→↖↑←→ 2 1 2 ● 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23	—23
L Finletter (27), Riverton G C.	5 1 4 1 5 5 2 1 5 4 1 1 4 3 4 5 4 4 2 1 5 1 1 2 4 ↘↗↗↗↘↗↖↗↖↗↖←↑↑↗↖↙↗↓→↖←↖↘ 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—23	—23
C M Chapin (27), Carteret Club	4 3 1 5 1 2 4 4 5 3 2 4 4 3 5 4 4 4 2 3 4 4 3 4 2 ↙↙↓→↗↖↖↘↘↗↘←←↗↗↗↑→↓↖↖↑↑ 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—23	—23
J Seaver Page (28), Carteret Club	4 5 5 5 3 2 1 4 4 1 5 2 4 2 5 4 4 4 2 2 2 3 1 ←→←↗↑↓←↖↙←↖→↗↘←↗↖←↗↖→↑↓→↑ 2 2 1 ● 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 ●	—20
C F Thomas (28), Denver, Col.	4 2 5 3 5 4 5 3 1 1 4 1 2 2 4 4 5 4 1 4 4 3 ↘↗↑↑↘→↙←↙↙←↖←↗↓↑←↙→↑→ 1 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 ●	—19
J P Knapp (30), Larchmont Y C.	1 2 5 1 4 3 4 4 4 1 3 2 3 1 4 2 1 2 3 1 →→↘↙↗↘←↙←↘←↖↗↖↗↙→↘← 1 2 2 2 0 2 3 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 ●	—17
Dr Gilder" (26), Country Club	4 1 1 3 3 1 3 4 4 3 1 5 4 3 2 4 3 4 5 3 ←→↙↖↗↖→↘←↖↑↗↗↗↖↖↖↖↘↖ 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 ● 1 1 2 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0	—17
H C Higginson (27), Newburgh, N. Y.	5 2 2 2 3 4 2 2 4 4 4 4 2 1 4 3 4 3 3 ↙←↘↑↗↗↗↖↗→↙↖↖↑↓←↖ ● 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 ●	—16
J G Messner (30), Pittsburg, Pa.	1 5 4 1 4 1 2 1 5 1 5 3 4 5 1 5 3 1 ↖→↙↗↗↖↗↗↖↗↖↖←↗← 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 ● 0	—15
W H Mead (26), Carteret Club	5 2 4 4 1 3 2 3 3 3 1 4 2 2 4 4 5 4 →↖←↘↗→↗↗↘↗↗→←↑↑↗← 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 ●	—14
W S Edey (27), Country Club	4 1 2 2 4 1 4 3 4 1 2 4 2 2 ↖←↗←↓↖←↗→←→↙↖↖ 2 2 2 ● 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 0	—11
J A Ellison (28), Riverton G C.	3 3 1 1 3 3 1 4 4 4 2 2 4 ↗↗↖↖←↙↖↗↑↗ 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 ● 2 2 0	— 9
J H Held (26), New York	3 1 2 4 3 4 5 4 1 4 1 4 3 ←←←←↑←↓↙←←→ ● ● 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2	— 8
F L Train (28), Cobweb G C.	4 2 1 4 4 5 2 2 3 5 4 ↓↖↘←→↖↑↖↓→ 2 2 2 2 2 ● 0 2 ● 2	— 8
N E Money (27), Carteret Club	2 1 2 4 2 5 3 5 2 4 2 ↗↖←→↘→↗→↖↓← 1 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 ● 2 2	— 8
R F Harned (25), Country Club	4 3 2 2 3 5 2 3 5 5 5 3 ←↑↑↖↗↗↗↗↗↑↓ 2 ● 2 2 2 0 2 1 ● 2 1	— 8
F Ballard (26), Louisville, Ky.	4 2 2 2 2 5 ↖←←↖↑↖ 2 0 ● ● 2 ●	— 2

Ivins, Davis and Work divided first, second and third moneys, but shot off for the cup. The tie was decided at 10 birds, Ivins killing his 10 straight, Davis 9 (missed his 7th bird), Work 8, the latter losing his 6th and 9th birds. Finletter, Dando and Chapin, with 23 each, shot off for fourth money, Finletter winning.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 4.—The following scores at live birds were made to-day by members of the New Utrecht Gun Club at their grounds, Woodlawn, L. I.:

Holiday cup, Class B allowed one miss as no bird:

N E Money (A)	2222●●1222 — 8
G W Coulston (A)	2221212211 — 9
Dr Littlefield (B)	2222112101 2—10
C W Floyd (B)	2021211221 2—10
L Schortemeier (B)	0212221122 2—10
G E Loeble*	201*012211 — 7
W H Thompson*	111111w — 6

*Guests.

No. 2, 25 live birds for price of birds, Dr. Littlefield allowed 2 misses as no birds:

N E Money	2211222212221222222222 —25
G W Coulston	2021212221211212122222 —24
Dr Littlefield	2222121112*221*12101122222—24

No. 3, 25 live birds for price of birds and $5, Dr. Littlefield allowed 2 misses as no birds:

G W Coulston	1121112212021*2222221221 —23
Dr Littlefield	2221212212022212221220*23—23

No. 4, 10 live birds for price of birds, 41yds. rise; tie shot off at 5 birds, 29yds. rise:

N E Money	22*22020*2 - 6 11122—5
L H Schortemeier	22*2022*20—6 0221w

July 6.—The following scores were made this afternoon at targets: Club shoot, class A at 20 targets, class B at 22, and class C at 24:

D Deacon (A)	00101110110011101110 —12
C Furgueson, Jr (A)	01000010100011100110 — 8
D C Bennett (B)	10101001111111111101 —16
Jere Lott (C)	11111010101001111110101—17
P A Hegeman (C)	10000011111101101001111—15
C F Cowperthwait (C)	01000000010100000000000— 3
G E Pool (C)	11011101111101111101011—20

No. 2, 15 targets, $1 entrance: D. C. Bennett 18, G. E. Pool 13, J. Lott 11, D. Deacon 10, P. Hegeman 9, C. F. Cowperthwait 4.

G. E. POOL, Sec'y.

A New Gun Club for Michigan.

HOLLAND, Mich., July 5.—A number of we amateurs have lately organized the Holland Blue Rock Gun Club here for the purpose of trap-shooting. O. E. Yates was elected President; S. Arleth, Vice-President; Dr. Yates, Treasurer, and Arthur G. Baumgartel, Secretary.

A shoot, open to all, was held at Macatawa Park, July 4. Messrs. Wharton and Walton, of Grand Rapids, made some of the highest scores. Shooting was at known traps, unknown angles. The following scores were made:

No. 1, 10 bluerocks: Geo. Bender 2, S. Arleth 5, A. G. Baumgartel 5, C. J. DeRoo 3, P. Dulyea 6.

No. 2, same: Bender 4, Arleth 7, Baumgartel 7, DeRoo 0, Dulyea 4, Wharton 10

No. 3, 25 targets: W. Thomas 17, D. Blom 15, Dulyea 17, C. Harmon 14, Wharton 23, Bender 8, Baumgartel 16, Arleth 11.

No. 4, 5 pairs: Thomas 4, Blom 3, Dulyea 7, Harmon 5, Wharton 8, Arleth 6, Baumgartel 5, Bender 6, Walton 7.

No. 5, 10 targets: Blom 2, Walton 8, Wharton 7, B. Van Raalte, Jr. 3, Arleth 8, Bender 7, Dulyea 7, Baumgartel 3, J. Skinner 10.

No. 6, 10 targets: D. Blom 4, B. Van Raalte, Jr. 9.

ARTHUR G. BAUMGARTEL.

The Fourth of July is a big day for the Lynchburg (Va.) Gun Club. It is an annual reunion and a family picnic for the members and their friends, the picnic being held in and around the pretty club house and its groves of oaks. Regular committees—on shooting, invitation, reception and lunch—are appointed, and the day is made a field day. The formal invitation received at this office (alas! that it could not be accepted) was brought to a close with this note: "Notice: We will eat fried chicken, drink circus lemonade and shoot bluerock targets." Lynchburg's "fried chicken" and "circus lemonade" mean a good deal to those who know how expansive those terms are.

Paducah Gun Club.

PADUCAH, Ky., June 29.—The following scores were made by members of the Paducah Gun Club on June 21, 24 and 28:

June 21.—No. 1, 25 targets, National Shooting Association rules:

Geo Robertson.....1111111111111101111001110—21
Rawleigh.....1111011111100111101111101—20
Holley.....1000101111111111111100111—19
Perkins.....1110001101110111100111011—18
C L Robertson.....1111111111111111111101111—24
Ingram.....1111111101111011111110100—20
Lang.....0011100011111011111110111—18
Whitmore.....0000101110110011100111110—14

No. 2, same:

Geo Robertson.....1111101110111111111011101—21
Rawleigh.....1111111010111100111111101—20
Holley.....1100111111000011010111101—17
Perkins.....1110011000111110011011011—16
C L Robertson.....1111111111011111101110111—22
Ingram.....1111011111101111111100110—20
Lang.....1100111111001111111111011—20
Whitmore.....1100111110001111011100111—18

June 24.—No. 1, 25 targets:

C L Robertson.....0111011111111101111111011—21
Ingram.....1111111110111011111001111—22
Holley.....1110111101101011110011111—20
Lang.....1111011101111111111001110—19
Moore.....1101111111110011111111101—20
Thompson.....1111111010110011111111111—21
Geo Robertson.....1111111111111011111111111—24
Hinkle.....1111001111110111111111101—21
Fowler.....1100111010101101110111111—19
Cochrane.....1111111111110011010111011—21
Craft.....1111111101101111010001111—20
Erhardt.....1111011111111111111011100—20

No. 2, same:

Lang.....1101011110011101111111110—19
Thompson.....1111111100011111111111101—21
C L Robertson.....1111111111111111111111111—23
Ingram.....1100101111111111111111111—24
Cochrane.....1111101010111111011111011—20
Craft.....1111011111111111111111111—21
Fowler.....1011111111111111111111111—23
Geo Robertson.....1101111111111111111111111—24
Cochrane.....1111101010111111011111011—20
Hinkle.....1111111111111111111111101—23
Piper.....1011111111111001111111111—22
Boswell.....1111101110111111111101100—20

No. 3, 10 pairs:

Thompson.....11 00 11 01 11 11 11 11 00 11—15
Craft.....00 11 11 00 11 11 11 10 11 11—15
Cochrane.....11 11 10 01 11 00 01 01 11 11—14
Hinkle.....11 11 11 01 11 11 00 11 10 11—16

The above was shot by four of the boys, which was their first attempt at doubles.

No. 4, 10 targets: Hughes 8, Fowler 7, Lang 8, Hayes 10.

June 28.—No. 1, 25 targets:

Thompson.....1001101101111111101111111—20
Ingram.....1110101110111011111111111—20
Concier.....1001101110111011111110110—18
Lang.....1111111101101101111111111—22
Geo Robertson.....1110110111011111111111111—22
Hinkle.....0111001111111111111111110—20
Rawleigh.....1111011110110011111101110—19
Beadles.....1001100011111010111111111—18

No. 2, same:

Thompson.....1111111111111111111111111—25
Ingram.....1000111111111101111111011—20
Craft.....1100011111111111111111111—23
Lang.....0001111111111101111101110—19
Chitwood.....1100160111111101110110l—18
Geo Robertson.....0101111111111111111111—23
Hinkle.....1111001110011111111110101—19
Rawleigh.....1111111111111111111101111—23
Beadles.....1101111110001111111101111—20
Perkins.....0000111101111111111100111—18

No. 3, same:

Thompson.....1111101111111111101101111—22
Ingram.....1101011111101111101111111—21
Lang.....1100111111111111111110111—22
Craft.....1111011111111111111111111—23
Geo Robertson.....1101111111111111101100111—21
Beadles.....1111101101111111100111101—20
Perkins.....1101110111011111111000111—19
Boswell.....1011111111101101101111111—21

July 1.—The following scores were made July 1:

No 1, 25 targets:

Erhardt.....0111111111011111111110111—22
Ingram.....1111010110111011100111110—19
Piper.....1011111101111111011111011—21
Beadles.....1110110110101111111101100—18
Lang.....1100011111111110111111100—20
C L Robertson.....1100111101110011111111111—20
Halley.....1111111110010111111111111—22
Brudas.....1010100111111111111001110l—18

No. 2, same:

Erhardt.....1011111110011111111111110—21
Ingram.....1111110010101010011111111—18
Piper.....1011111101111010111010111—18
Beadles.....1101111110111010101010111—18
Lang.....1110111101111011101110111—20
Robertson.....1110111011011011111011101—19
J S Winston.....0101111110101111110111111—20
Brudas.....1010111110100111111111110—19

T. J. MOORE, Sec'y.

Eureka Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 5.—The Fourth of July outing of about a dozen members of this club was spent before the traps, on the grounds Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes avenue, where they have a cosy club house, located on some forty acres of land, and good traps and electric pulls, kept in the best of running order. In fact, it was a matter of comment among the 150 visitors how smooth and fast things went. This perhaps was best illustrated by the number of targets thrown—something over 2,000. Goodrich astonished his friends by breaking 49 out of his first 50. Perhaps the presence of so many of the fair sex lent an additional incentive, not only to him, but to all. Certain it is that we are glad they graced the occasion by being there. The day was an ideal one in every respect, wind and weather being perfect. Scores:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Davie.....0000001000100000000010100— 4
J L Jones.....1111101110110111011011011—19
Cleaver.....1110110101101111111111011—19
Dr Hinkins.....0101011010111101C0001111—15
Stannard.....1111101001111111111111111—22
H Haller.....1111111010010101101011—16
Goodrich.....1111111110111111111111111— 24
Isbell.....0111011100110111111110001—17
DeWolf.....1000011101011101111111110—17

No 2, same: Adams 16, Davie 11. Stannard 22. J. L. Jones 16, Cleaver 18 Dr. Hinkins 13. Goodrich 25, Isbell 18, DeWolf 20.

No. 3, same: Jones 18, Arnold 15. Adams 14. Carraher 16, Stannard 24, Boyle 10, Buck 18, Haller 17, Weart 13, DeWolf 16, Goodrich 21, Dr. Morton 12.

No. 4, same: L. Jones 16, Adams 17, Dr. Himkins 8, Cleaver 17, Goodrich 20, Stannard 21, Isbell 21, DeWolf 12, Buck 18, Haller.

No. 5, same: Adams 21, Cleaver 18. Hinkins 10, Jones 23, Stannard 24, Isbell 21, DeWolf 13, Buck 20, Carraher 17, Goodrich 18, Haller 21.

No. 6, same:

Adams.....1101100101001111110011100—15
Stannard.....1111011111011111111111111—22
Hammond.....0010011001000001000000001000— 6
Goodrich.....1110111011110011111111111—21
Buck.....0100000011011100001000011— 9
Jones.....1110001010110111111011010—16
Arnold.....0101001110110000000110110 —11
Harton.....0000000100000001000000000— 2
DeWolf.....1111111101111111110000111—20
Weart.....0001000011110111010101101—15
Carraher.....1111111111111010011111110—18
Boyle.....1000111001100011010000001—11

No. 7, same: Adams 15, Stannard 22, Jones 17, Buck 17. Morton 21, Weart 6, Arnold 9, Hammond 11.

No. 8, same: Arnold 15, Morton 17, Weart 8, Buck 16.

W. F. D., Sec'y.

The Union Hill Gun Club, of Hoboken, N. J., announces through W. R. Hobart, secretary of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, that the sixth monthly contest of the League will take place on July 25 on the Union Hill Club's grounds near Guttenburg race track. Trolley cars run direct to the grounds from the D., L. & W. station at Hoboken, or from the Court House in Jersey City. The League contest commences at 2 P. M. Sweepstake shooting will be indulged in all the morning.

North Judson Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 27.—This shoot was the maiden effort of the North Judson Gun Club. It was a success from beginning to finish. This was owing largely to the active work of J. T. Helfield, of the Helfield Kennels; Dick Devor and Mr. Lightcap. To say that they made it a success is putting it mildly. Among the visitors were: W. H. Skinner, of Chicago, representing the W. A. Powder Co.; C. W. Grubbs, of Chicago, representing Montgomery Ward & Co.; J. H. Robins, of the *Sportsman's Review*, of Chicago; J. B. Corley, of Chicago; O. N. Britain, of Indianapolis; J. C. Gwinn, of Wilders; C. W. Thomas, of Sogan, Ind.; C. M. Townsend, of Knorr, Ind.; G. H. Cornelius and George Elliott, of Rochester, Ind.; J. W. King, Reussler, Ind., known as "Rain Maker;" Judge Burson and F. M. Dukes, of Winamac, Ind. The following are the scores of regular events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
Targets:	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	20	10	10	15	10	20	10	15
King	8	13	8	7	8	10	9	8	12	10	9	12	8	10	20	8	9	14	9	14	15
Elliott	8	13	8	8	8	10	9	9	9	8	10	13	8	9	15	10	10	..	8	16	13
Skinner	8	14	7	7	8	7	..	..	..	10	..	11	9	8	17	..	9	11	9	..	10
Lever	9	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McCalley	6	12	7	10	7	10	9	7	12	9	8	12	9	7	15	3	6	12	5	12	8
Townsend	10	12	9	9	10	9	9	8	14	9	9	12	8	8	20	7	10	14	10	20	12
Lightcap	7	7	7	6	7	6	8	8	8	10	4	7	9	9	13	..	8	9	5	..	10
Dunkleb'g	6	..	8	6	..	7	9	10	..	9	7	14	8	8	16	..	6	11	9	..	..
Burson	8	14	7	10	8	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dukes	10	14	8	10	8	8	9	8	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas	9	14	7	7	8	10	8	9	13	9	10	12	10	9	19	10	10	15	10	15	13
Devon	..	..	..	..	9	10	8	8	7	12	7	8	11	8	10	16	..	..	..	9	18
Gwinn	..	..	..	..	6	5	..	..	..	..	8	9	..	7	..	14	7	..	..	7	..
DeCamp	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	..	..
Cornelius	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	15	9	8	18	..	9	18	..	17	..
Hetfield	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	..	..	..
Grubbs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	9	10	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Robbins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	9	6	15	9	9	12	6	17	11		
Cosby	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	10	7	6	11	5	5	12	6	13	9		
Cumstock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13	9	10	17	8	10	14	8	18	14		
Welsh	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	
Eatenger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	15

Nos. 1 to 10 were shot on June 26; Nos. 11 to 21 on June 27. The entrance moneys averaged 10 cents per target, except in the 20-target races, each of which was $2 50 entrance. Nos. 15 and 20 were at unknown angles.

The guns and powders used were:

Name.	Gun.	Powder.
J. C. Gwinn	Winchester	E. C.
A. T. Hetfield	Winchester	S. S.
F. J. Cornelius	Parker	E. C.
J. M. Dukes	Parker	E. C.
Judge Burson	Parker	S. S.
O. F. Briton	Smith ejector	Am. Wood.
George Elliott	Burgess	E. C.
J. H. Robbins	Scott	E. C.
S. B. Cosby	Greener	E. C.
C. W. Grubbs	M. W. & Co., hammerless	S. S.
D. Devor	Ithaca, 16-gauge	S. S.
W. H. Skinner	Hollenbeck	W. A.
C. W. Thomas	Lefever	DuPont.
J. W. King	Ithaca	E. C.
J. C. McCalley	Remington	E. C.

Mr. Hetfield was unable to shoot on account of his arm being sore. The best average was made by C. W. Thomas, a young man only 19 years of age, who rolled up some capital scores.

Please permit the members of the North Judson Gun Club to extend a vote of thanks to their visitors for their presence at the tournament, and for their aid in making that tournament a success. SECRETARY.

Maplewood Defeats Peekskill.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., July 4.—The Maplewood, N. J., Gun Club and the Peekskill, N. Y., Gun Club have entered into an agreement to shoot a series of three team races, six men a side, fifty targets per man, known angles, home-and-home matches, with the third on neutral grounds. Judging from the scores in to-day's race the teams are very evenly matched. For a team race the scores are remarkable, Maplewood winning with 272 out of 300, an average of 90⅔, with Peekskill but four behind, breaking 268, an average of 89⅓. Of course the race was at known traps and angles, but the Peekskill grounds are not famous for a good light. Yet it was on these grounds that the Peekskill team made a record that it will be hard to beat under any conditions

In to-day's match the interest was kept up to the very end. Drake, A. Sickley and Yeomans, of the Maplewoods, and Halsted, Southard and Dain, of the Peekskills, formed one squad, the balance of the two teams forming the other squad. When each team had fired at twenty-five targets per man the score stood:

Halsted 23, Southard 23, Dain 23, Pierce 23, Mason 21, Everinghim 23—total 136.

Drake 24, A. Sickley 24, Yeomans 21, W. Smith 24, E. Sickley 22, Geoffroy 20,—total 135.

These totals show the Peekskill team to have had a lead of one target at the halfway house. In the second half the Peekskill total dropped to 132, notwithstanding Halsted's straight score. Maplewood, on the other hand, picked up and beat her first score of 135 by two breaks, scoring 137 out of 150. Geoffroy going straight, and Yeomans and Warren Smith breaking 24 each. The scores for this half were:

Halsted 25. Southard 21, Dain 23, Pierce 19, Mason 23, Everinghim 21,—total 132.

Drake 19, A. Sickley 22, Yeomans 24, W. Smith 24, E. Sickley 23, Geoffroy 25,—total 137.

In grand totals Halsted and Warren Smith, the president of the Maplewoods, tied on 48 out of 50. Dain, captain of the Peekskills, and A. Sickley were second with 46. There were three with 45 (all Maplewood men), and three with 44 (all Peekskill men); a 43 by Drake and a 42 by Mason made up the list. In the 12 strings of 25 targets there were two straight scores, 5 of 24, 8 with 23, 2 with 22, 4 with 21, 1 with 20 and 2 with 19. Halsted made the largest score in the team race, missing his 4th and 7th and running 43 straight. Geoffroy did some great work during the day, making a big score, something like 80 straight, a big portion of them at unknown angles. Details of the team race are as follows:

Maplewood.

W N Drake...1111111111011111111111111101010101111101111110111—43
A Sickley...1011111111111111111111111111111111111111111101111—46
O L Yeomans1101101111111111101111111111111111111111111111111—45
WarrenSmith1111111111101111111111111111111111111111111111001—48
E Sickley...1111111111101011111111101111111111111111111111—45—272

Peekskill.

J B Halsted...1110110111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
F Southard...1100111111111111111111111101111111111011111110111—44
H P Dain...1001111111111111111111111111011111111111111111111—46
W H Pierce...1111101111111111111111111111011100111111100111011—42
P H Mason...1101110111100111111111111111111111111111111111111—44
B Everinghim1111111101111111111111111111001111111111111011101—44—268

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 2.—The fourth shoot for the Forehand Arms Company's trophy took place to-day. The shoot was at 50 targets per man, 25 known angles and 25 traps in reversed order, known angles. The scores made were as follows:

Forehand Arms Company trophy:

Mascroft...1111111011111001111101111101001011011111111011101—39
Kennerson...1111111111111111111111111011001111111111111111101—45
R C Walls...1011111111111101111101111111111111111111111101101—44
Buck...1111101111011111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Cook...1001000100100000100111110010000100101100000000010—17
Kinney...1110011110010101111011011011111011001101011111111—38
C W Walls...1001100101101001000101111111111111111111100101110—31
Ide...1110011110111011110011111111011100011001110011110—35
A P Cutting...0010110010101010110101010010010110111101111000—27
Hoyt...1111111111111011111011111111100110011011011111101—42
Davis...1111111101101001111111111111111111011111101—39
A W Walls...1111100111111111010111111w
Forehand...1111001111111101101111111111111011101111111011100—41

CHAS. E. FOREHAND, Sec'y.

Bronx River Gun Club.

WEST FARMS, N. Y., June 29.—The members of the Bronx River Gun Club held their monthly club shoot for gold medals in Classes A, B and C this afternoon. The Class A medal was won by C. White with 19 out of 25. M. Herrington and Jas. Duane tied for the Class B medal with 18. C. Dittmar won the Class C medal. Scores:

Jas Duane...1011111010101111101011011111—18
H Catheart...1011001000000110111101111—14
M Herrington...1101111011110100111010111—18
C Dittmar...0010100000010100100000— 5
E P Miller...111111010111111w.
C White...1011001001111111111011111—19

JOHN T. MURPHY, Sec'y.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., June 28.—The scores given below were made at our club shoot this afternoon. The hoodoo was still in attendance. We think the "Hoo" got stuck on that red sweater which Shaner wore at our interstate tournament, and is waiting for him to return. All events were at unknown angles. Scores:

No. 1:

Felson...1111111111111011111111111—24
Terry...1110101111111111111101111—22
Dornin...1111111111011111001111110—21
Moorman...1010111100001111100110010—16
Empie...1001111110111111011111101—20
Scott...0101110111001011100101111—16

No. 2:

Manson...1000011010101011001000010—10
Dunphy...1100001100011000001000110— 9
B Nelson...1010110100100110101010000—11
Empie...1101101111111111111111111—21
Fleming...0000010011110110101010111—13
Moorman...1111111011111111101011110—20

No. 3:

Nelson...0111011111111111111011011—21
Terry...0010111100111111111011100—17
Dornin...0100101111111111111100111—19
Empie...1110101010100101000011100—12
Scott...1100110010011000001111111—15

No. 4: Nelson 11, Terry 10. Dornin 9, Moorman 7, Empie 11, Scott 11.

No. 5: Nelson 5, Terry 9, Dornin 8, Moorman 6, Empie 8, Scott 7, Durphy 7.

No. 6: Nelson 10, Terry 8, Dornin 7, Empie 9, Scott 5, Dawson 5.

No. 7, for Silverthorne medal, 9 singles and 3 pairs:

Nelson	101111111 11 10 11—13	Empie	101111111 10 10 10—11
Terry	101010111 10 10 10— 9	Scott	111101101 00 10 00— 8
Dornin	110111111 10 11 10—12	Durphy	000011000 00 10 10— 4
Moorman	100110101 10 11 10— 9		

No. 8:

Nelson...1111111111101101111—18 Empie...1101011111111111100—15
Terry...1000111110111111111—16 Scott...1101001111101101100—13
Dornin...0111000100000011010— 8 Dawson...0100101000000101110— 8

F. M. D.

Dayton Beat Freehold.

DAYTON, N. J., July 4.—The Freehold and Dayton Gun clubs shot at Jamesburg, N. J., to-day for a prize presented by the Odd Fellows Lodge of that town. The conditions were: teams of 12 men, each man shoot at 30 targets, 10 known angles, 10 unknown angles, and 10 expert. Dayton won by 30 broken targets. Appended are the scores:

Dayton.

McDonald...1111111111101011110101111111—26
R. Farr...1011100101111010111010000010—16
M. Farr...1010100111111110000010110111—18
Gromdyke...0011101011100101000001000000100—11
Rule...1100111110101101111111100111—22
P. Emmons...1111111010101111111111011011—23
Carroll...1111111111111010111011110000010—22
Barclay...1101101101101001000010011—18
Richmire...1111101111111110101011110010—22
Van Dyke...1011111111111111111111100111101—26
Clinton...1001100110111011101101100001—17
McDowell...0010101101111111111010011010100—19—240

Freehold.

Van Schoick...1011110000110110111011010110001—19
Campbell...0111110010101110001110111000001—18
Ivins...1011101111111111111111111011101—26
Burtis...1011111010110101111101101010—20
Hance...1111101101010100000001011110—15
Snyder...1011011011111101010101000100—18
Danser...1101011101010100000001011110—15
Hall...0010000010110010011110101001—13
Buck...1001011101110100110110100101—18
Davis...0011101100110010000000011—13
Atkinson...1001101111011110010000010010001—14
Shepard...1011010111101110111010000011—19—210

Michigan City Gun Club.

MICHIGAN CITY, Miss., June 27.—The regular weekly shoot of the Michigan City (Miss.) Gun Club took place at the club grounds to-day. The attendance was slim, but the ones who attended had a fine time. The club will hold a tournament Aug. 8, at which some excellent prizes will be given. The shooting to-day was from three traps, targets being thrown at unknown angles. Following are the scores in detail:

No. 1, 10 singles: Aldrich 6, McCarley 7, Tway 9, Prewitt 7, Maples 2, Hardaway 9.

Club shoot, 25 singles:

Aldrich...1110101001011101010100010—15
McCarley...0100101011100001101111111—16
Tway...1111011111111111111111111—22
Prewitt...0000001001001000010001000— 5
Maples...0100011000011110110011101—13
Hardaway...1111111111111111111111111—21
Robinson...0011001010100000110010111—11
Joe...1001100110111011111001101—16
J Prewitt...1001000000111111110001101—13
Oakley...1000000000001010100001— 6

No. 3, 15 singles: Aldrich 7, McCarley 13, Tway 14, Prewitt 10, Hardaway 11, Robinson 6, Joe 7.

No. 4, 25 singles:

Aldrich...1100111111111110110001110—18
McCarley...1111011010111010111011110—18
Tway...1111110101111111111111110—22
Prewitt...0010101001100001111100001—11
Hardaway...1110101111111111101011111—21
Robinson...0001100000111100001110110—11
Joe...1011111011111010010111111—19

No. 5, 25 singles: Aldrich 16, McCarley 12, Tway 21, Prewitt 9. Hardaway 22, Robinson 10, Joe 12.

SECRETARY.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, PA., July 3.—The weekly contest for club badges took place to-day, but owing to a misunderstanding regarding the rules, the badges were not awarded.

No. 1, club badge contest, 15 targets, known angles, and 10 targets, unknown angles:

Reisinger...1111101011111111111101111011—22
H. A. Johnson...1001111111101111111101—21
Hager...0001111111111111111111111110—20
N. Affantranger...0110011111111111101010110—18
Prenatt...0101101100111011110111110—17
Krider...1110101110000011101101110—15
E. L. Affantranger...1011001010010011101110100—13
Stem...1001010010100010010110111—12

No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles:

N. A. Johnson...1010111111110011110011101—18
Hager...1111001111010001111111—18
Reisinger...1101000111111010100011101—17
E. L. Affantranger...0001010101100011111011111—15
Prenatt...1001101010111011111101001—15
Krider...1101110100001101011101011—15
N. Affantranger...1101010011110110100100101—14

CHOKE BORE.

Lake Erie Rod and Gun Club.

FREDONIA, N. Y., June 29.—The handsome badges for first and second prizes at our Saturday shoots have arrived, and to-day A. C. Clark, heretofore a novice, carried off the 1st badge with 23 out 25, a percentage of 92. Ware took the 2d badge with 22 out of 25. Last Saturday (June 22) our shoot had to be postponed owing to the races of the Fredonia Bicycle Club, when riders occupied the race track, making shooting dangerous. Considering the number of members in the Lake Erie Rod and Gun Club, and the difficulty they have to get to their shooting grounds, I can safely challenge comparison with any other club for the enthusiasm displayed in regular attendance and their hearty entrance into the sport. Since the club was organized, two months ago, not a weekly shoot has passed with less than 1,000 targets thrown. The improvement in marksmanship, too, is notable. When we first started we had several members who could not hit more than 1, 2 or 3 out of 10; the same shooters are now breaking 7, 8 and 9 out of 10, with an occasional 10 straight. The following are to-day's scores:

Prize contest: Clark 23, Ware 22, Shelly 21, Dr. Dodds 20, Porter 18, Dr. Johnson 16, Marsh 14, Sackett 13.

In a team race, 50 targets per man, the following scores were also made:

Ware 44, Porter 40, Shelly 39, Dr. Johnson 34. Sackett 31—188.
Bristol 41, Clark 39, Dr. Dodds 38, Dr. More 36, Marsh 31—185.

D. W. B.

Wet weather doesn't stop trap-shooters as a rule, but the steady downpour on the Fourth of July put a damper on the all-day shoots in the vicinity of New York.



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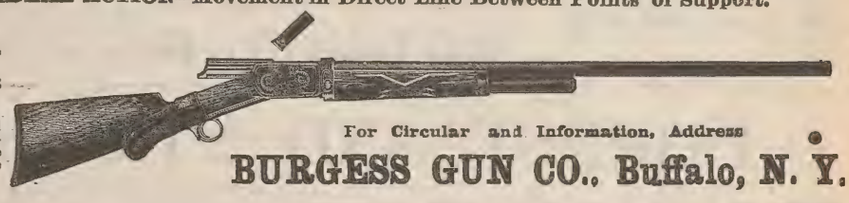
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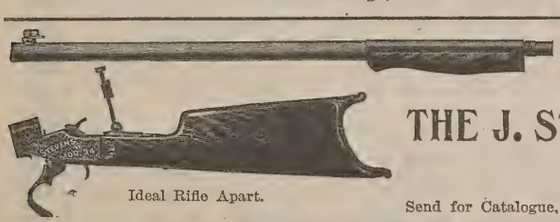
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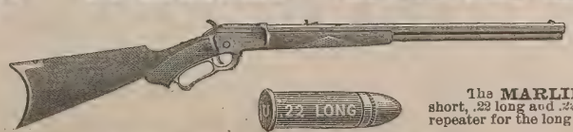
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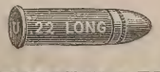
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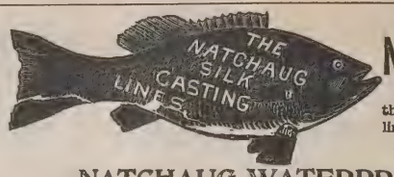
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1895.

VOL. XLV.—No. 3. No. 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page vii.

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GAME NOW ON SALE.

WE print two interesting papers on the New York game law. One is from the pen of President F. J. Amsden, of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, who is also a member of the Association's Law Committee; and the other comes from Mr. Geo. R. Peck, of Auburn, who has long been known as an active and intelligent worker in the cause of protection. A careful reading of these two papers will show that there is among organized sportsmen more of a diversity of opinion than Mr. Peck is willing to grant. We have no doubt that there is a large number of those who, as Mr. Peck, considering the new law inexpedient, would have opposed its adoption; and we believe that such a number would represent nine-tenths of the sportsmen of the State; whereas the Association's Law Committee urged the Governor to approve the measure. They contended that, though imperfect in some respects, as a whole it was an improvement on the old law. As this committee represented the Association, the present law may correctly be said to have had the Association's sanction. We do not mean to say that the committee or the Association defends that section which relates to game sale all the year around, but the Association is on record as having declared through its law committee that the new law is an improvement on the old.

We cannot accept this view of the advantages of the new law. In it we look in vain for any improvements over the old statute which would begin to compensate for its reactionary features. There were in the old system no evils which could not have been endured for another year at least much more advantageously than to have opened the markets to the sale of game. Nor do we share the rosy expectation of those who aver that it will be a simple matter to repeal this Sec. 249 immediately upon the asembling of the next Legislature. If the game protective forces of the State found it impossible to keep that section out of the amended law, they will find it no child's play to remove it, now that it is on the books.

The paper by President Amsden was read by him before the meeting of the American Fisheries Society. Upon the conclusion of Mr. Amsden's remarks, Mr. E. P. Doyle, at that time secretary of the New York Commission of Fish, Game and Forests, took occasion to defend the game selling feature of the law. This was to be expected, for both Secretary Dole and President Davis of the Commission were active in their championship of the Wilks bill, which was afterwards merged with the game law as this Sec. 249. Now that Mr. Doyle is no longer connected with the Commission, it is not worth while to discuss his stand toward the opening of the markets for the sale of game; but the activity of President Davis in behalf of the dealers is significant and may well excite apprehension. If the officials appointed to protect our game do what they can to secure its destruction, as President Davis did by his influence in this special instance, we have to cope not only with the forces of destruction which have hitherto been recognized as hostile, but with new agencies within the ranks.

Game is now on sale in this State. We learn of shooters who have been out for woodcock to supply the restaurants, although the season on that game will not open until the middle of next month.

Last week we printed an outline of the laws prevailing in nearly thirty States against the export of game to market. By opening its game stalls for twelve months in the year New York puts a premium on crime in every State tributary to her markets. To urge that New York game dealers do not know that they are receiving illicit goods is puerile. To give them license to carry on the traffic in this game smuggled from sister States is an outrage, against which a game commissioner should never cease to protest.

ABOUT BUFFALO.

WITHIN the past two or three years frequent notices have appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of a small herd of plains buffalo, which still range along the Rio Grande and the Pecos River in Texas, and in the State of Chihuahua in Mexico. These are the last survivors of the old southern herd, from which Buffalo Jones captured a number of calves seven or eight years ago. This little bunch, when first discovered, numbered only about twenty, but it is believed that it has now increased to forty or thereabouts. The newspapers state that an attempt is soon to be made by Dr. J. B. Taylor, of Tom Green county, Texas, to drive these buffalo on to his range and to hold them there in a state of domestication. It is said that all arrangements have been made to find the herd and drive it to Dr. Taylor's ranch.

It is to be hoped that the efforts will be successful, and that the animals may prove as amenable as the projector of this enterprise appears to believe they will. Certainly none of them should be killed, and certainly no attempt should be made to capture any adults or even yearlings. Past experience clearly shows that while adult buffalo may be run down, captured and tied up, they will not live, even for a short time, in captivity. We have frequently talked with Mr. Jones on this subject. He captured a considerable number of young cows, but invariably found that after being caught and hobbled, they died almost within the hour. Others have had a like experience. While there is no question that buffalo can be run down, it is very doubtful whether they can be driven, as is proposed in this case, 150 miles in any particular direction. If a bunch of buffalo make up their minds to go anywhere, they will go there, unless some insuperable obstacle interposes itself. A horse and his rider do not present such an obstacle; but if in the way will be run over. In years past we have too often seen buffalo run over cut banks, into impassable morasses and against railroad trains, to feel any doubt as to their obstinacy and blindness when once started. They are like stampeded horses or cattle; they think altogether of the danger behind them and nothing of what may be in front. The results of Dr. Taylor's buffalo driving enterprise will be looked forward to with much interest.

Under the title, "Distribution of the American Bison in Pennsylvania, with Remarks on the New Fossil Species," Mr. Samuel N. Rhoads has published an interesting paper in the Proceedings of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. Mr. Rhoads alludes to the fact that the most easterly range of the bison was in Pennsylvania, quoting Dr. Allen's statement that the last buffalo killed in Buffalo Valley, near Lewisburg, in Union county, Pa., was shot by Col. John Kelley about 1790 or 1800. Among some bones, found forty-five or fifty years ago in the celebrated Carlisle cave in Pennsylvania, were teeth—now lost—supposed to belong to buffalo, and the molar tooth of a bison was found at Pittston, Lucerne county, in association with the remains of the mastodon and the fossil horse, which was identified by Dr. Leidy as belonging to the extinct *Bison latifrons*. This tooth, Dr. Rhoads thinks, is probably an abnormal tooth of the American buffalo. Two other specimens in the Philadelphia Academy came from Lucerne county and were identified by Dr. Leidy as of buffalo, which identification is confirmed by a later examination of the specimen by Mr. Rhoads. Another specimen, consisting of a lower jaw of the last molar tooth of the bison, was found in Hartman cave, Monroe county, and is now in the collection of the Academy. It was pronounced by Dr. Leidy *Bison americanus*, and Mr. Rhoads believes that the animal formed part of the feast of some Delaware Indians in comparatively recent times. This record extends the wanderings of the buffalo as far as the Delaware Valley.

A horn core with a small portion of the frontal bone, taken from a closed limestone crevice in Durham cave, on the bank of the Delaware River, in Bucks county, forms a basis of a new species called by Mr. Rhoads *Bison appalachicolus*.

It is said that buffalo in England do badly; that they are not healthy and do not breed. We should be glad to receive some notes of the animals sent over there within the past few years, telling of their condition and whether they have increased or not.

CHALLENGER AND DEFENDER.

BY the end of this week the ninth competitor for the America's Cup should be on her way to New York, and the question of what she is becomes daily of greater moment.

Unlike Genesta, Galatea, Thistle and Valkyrie II., the third Valkyrie has done no continuous racing at home; but at the same time she has sailed often enough against Britannia and Ailsa to give a fair idea of her powers. Unfortunately the reports from the Clyde are largely unreliable and misleading; some are written by the Scotch correspondents of American papers, and are so obviously intended to please American readers that they are of no possible value. Others show the partisanship of the writers for Ailsa or Britannia and are thus equally worthless. The most that can be gleaned from a careful review of the many different reports is that Valkyrie III., in her preliminary trials, and with little chance for working up, is very fast in ordinary racing weather. That she is over rather than under canvased cannot be doubted, and it is possible that some small reduction of spars and sails may yet be made; but from what is known of her beam and draft there are good reasons to distrust the reports of undue tenderness. What she may do in a hard blow is quite uncertain, but there is little doubt that in the usual weather of the cup races, for which she was specially designed, she will be very fast. Her beam is about 26ft., or a medium between the two American yachts Vigilant and Colonia. Her draft is at least 18ft., and is probably quite adequate both for stability and windward work. In construction both hull and rig are fully up to the times, and are probably fully strong, and reasonably though not extremely light, and she has an excellent suit of canvas. Judging from the models of Vigilant and Colonia there is every opportunity in the dimensions of Valkyrie III. for a designer to turn out a high-powered boat of moderately easy form, and the photos indicate that Mr. Watson has done this.

Of the actual performances of the defender nothing is known up to the present time save that she is fairly fast and lively in light airs; her behavior under a clubtopsail in a breeze, or under a jibheader, is still a matter of conjecture. In dimensions she is very little wider than Valkyrie II., the unsuccessful challenger of 1893, but with proportionately more draft, an extreme of about 19ft. Of her construction, all new and experimental, nothing definite is known, and only time can tell whether the designer's expectations of ample strength combined with extreme lightness have been fully realized. From all that has thus far appeared, it seems probable that much of the unknown and unreliable aluminum has already been removed and replaced by plain, honest steel, thus reducing the intended gain in lightness; while it is still a question whether further strengthening may not prove necessary after a real trial under sail.

In view of her extreme dimensions, even allowing for the heavy and low hung keel, the question of her stability cannot be considered as settled without a thorough practical test, and it is still doubtful whether she can carry sail as previous successful Cup defenders have carried it. Like the hull, the sails are an experiment, as yet untried, and of doubtful merit, judging from the reports of similar sails on the 20-raters Niagara and Isolde.

After all the glowing reports of the Bristol correspondents, it must be admitted that the new boat is one big question mark, possibly a great success, but quite as possibly requiring time and labor before that success is attained.

MR. JOHN MANUEL of Ottawa, Canada, nephew of the late Allan Gilmour, has presented Mr. Chas. Hallock with a handsome souvenir of the old gentleman. Mr. Gilmour had some stock in FOREST AND STREAM during Mr. Hallock's incumbency, and this testimonial of Mr. Manuel is a very graceful recognition of the friendship then existing between the two anglers.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NORTHWARD TO THE FAR WEST.—III.

[*Continued from page 24.*]

WE are now up 3,388ft. and keep climbing fast in the next sixty miles. It is hardly daylight when we reach Kananaskis, 4,100ft. up; but as we are anxious to see the beauties of the approach to the Rockies, some of the party have arisen.

We cross the Kananaskis River on a high iron bridge and a little beyond the station enter what is called the Gap. The Bow River comes rushing forth from the mountains above and passes out into the plains through this Gateway. As we turn to the north the Fairholme range is to the right, while on our left stretch the Kananaskis range, two very prominent and beautiful mountains, Wind Mountain and the Three Sisters, the last being one of the most "numerously" photographed of any in the section. At Canmore during the summer an open observation car is added to the train and one has a fine and unobstructed view of the grand scenery. It is only fifteen miles from Canmore to Banff, but we climb 270ft. The ride is one to be remembered. Great and rugged masses of rock rise on each side of us until their summits seem to pierce the cloud-covered sky. The scientist claims these mountains are upheavals of the Devonian and Carboniferous ages. The average tourist don't know, or care, in what age the great upheaval took place, but he does know that the result is some of the most weird, rugged, and entrancing effects ever seen in mountain scenery.

The grade is steep and it takes nearly an hour to run from Canmore to Banff, with but short stops at Duthie and Anthracite, at which place are located the coal mines. We are circled on every side by high, rough, ragged and snow-capped peaks. The mountains in this part of the Rockies are of the most rugged and rocky description. There is nothing in their outlines but that which suggests the wild, the terrible and the grand work of old "nature."

As we near Banff we seem to enter a cul-de-sac, from which there is no escape. To our right, rising nearly precipitously from the narrow valley, with its sharp and snow-capped crest, encircled with the flying fleecy clouds, 9,796ft. high, we gaze upon Cascade Mountain backed by Stony Squaw, which, while only 6,130ft. high, does not seem to lose prestige even in comparison. Fronting us is Sulphur Mountain with its steep sides covered with the dark green pine, fir and other mountain growth; 7,455ft. we would be, if on its highest point, above the sea.

To our left is Tunnel Mountain with its rounded top only 5,510ft. in the clouds, and then comes Rundle, or, as ocally known, "Razor Back," which is one of the most mpressive and forbidding of all the group, with its jagged nd sharp outline marked so distinctly against the morn-ng sky and thrusting its highest peak 8,637ft. toward the blue dome of heaven.

We were very glad to get up to the Sanitarium, as the morning air was cold and one always feels the chill in the morning.

Banff is "the Mecca" of the patriotic Canadian, as it is the headquarters for their national park, and it is a natural sanitarium. As a natural park it of course is not o be compared with that we of the States boast of, as n that we easily lead the world; but as a pleasure resort, with some natural curiosities, some good sulphur (hot) springs, the finest kind of mountain scenery, some excellent trout fishing, and a place to have a general good time, it is hard to beat.

The size of the park is twenty-six miles by ten wide, and embraces parts of the valleys of the Bow, Spray and Cascade rivers, and "Devils" or Minnewanka Lake.

Banff is not much of a town, as it exists on the tourist and health-seeker's patronage. The altitude is 4,500ft. at the station and most of the valley would average about that—a very good altitude for a mountain resort, high enough, but not too high, for numbers of invalids who cannot go up where the air is too rarified. There are three hotels: first, the "C. P. R.," as it is called, built by the Canadian Pacific road to care for its tourist travel, and only open during the summer months.

We do not all think alike, but our humble opinion is that the architect of this fine hotel nearly spoiled a good thing by placing the front of the hotel where the rear should be, and it is only because the situation is so grand that this mistake is not more of a mistake. Wright's, or the Mountain View House, is way up on Sulphur Mountain, 5,000ft. high, and is near the springs that boil out of the mountain.

Most centrally located and most accessible is the Sanitarium. The location is fine, but not as fine as the C. P. R. in regard to scenery, as this part of the valley is not as pretty; still, one can feel pretty well satisfied when looking out of the windows or gazing from off the verandas at the beautiful vista before him. The Madame, to whom the mountains of the West were new and a revelation, went into ecstacies over the grand view from our window. And it was grand! A little fall of snow had capped the mountain with white, and great storm clouds were rolling over the tops and now and then obscuring them. Some cloud more heavily laden with moisture than its fellows would roll majestically down over Cascade's side, and then the sun would burst forth and gild the high peaks with a golden light, causing the pure white snow to shimmer and glisten like molten silver in a golden setting.

After breakfast we took a long walk and visited the pool and cave. The latter is quite a curiosity, and the natural warm bath in it is well patronized. The light in the cave is very dim, and lamps have to be used passing through the tunnel leading to it. The outside pool is for swimming baths, and parties of gentlemen have great sport in the warm water fresh from nature's fountain.

There is so much to see at Banff, if one's time is limited, that we had to be on the go; so in the afternoon our party hired a guide and team and started for Devil's Lake.

The drive was a lovely one, as we had an open wagonet, and could gaze on the hills and streams to our hearts' content.

The road was fine, as are all the drives in the park, and we bounded merrily along. Some of the party were students from the Chicago University and the usual Chicago spirit was not wanting, and the echoes of the old Rockies were awakened by college yells and songs.

Part way to the lake we crossed a little bridge over a deep cañon, at the bottom of which flowed a struggling torrent, the outlet of Minnewanka. It is called the Devils Cañon.

The road took us over high hills with the mountains to the right of us, mountains to the left of us, mountains behind and in front of us; now crossing some little valley and anon climbing along the steep hillside with the brawling stream far below us, in a chasm deep and dark, with its sides covered with green brush and straggling pines. As we near the lake we go over a small rise or hill, and then the lake in all its beauty, with its mighty mountain sentinels, bursts forth on our vision.

The sheet of water spread before our view was like a plate of polished glass, and not a ripple broke the surface of its silvery sheen. A little propeller, or more properly a steam launch, is kept on the lake, with a number of row boats, for the use of tourists and fishing parties. The fishing is all deep trolling for what is called locally lake trout, and at the proper season large catches are made. We soon made arrangements for a sail over the calm waters, and our little launch went puffing up the lake. The scene was one of the most beautiful and charming that the writer ever saw. The huge rocks of the mountains were reflected in the bosom of the placid lake as if in a huge mirror, and every tree, bush, rock or silvery stream descending from the melting snow was duplicated, so that we did not know which was the most beautiful to look at, the original or the reflection.

Castle Rock and Gibraltar Point look down upon us as we speed along, and far up the side of rugged Gibraltar a deep and rocky cañon is filled with a foaming, rushing silvery looking stream, that as it descends becomes almost spray before it reaches the lower level from the dizzy heights above. We had not the time to thoroughly enjoy the lake, as one should make arrangements to go and stay at the hotel there for a day or two. The hotel at the lake is not pretentious, but fair accommodations can be had.

The next day the Madame thought she would like to get up a little higher than she had been, and so the desire must be gratified, and off we went behind a fine old gray mare from the hotel stable, warranted to be both sound and able.

Winding about through the jack pines the road leads up toward the C. P. Hotel and then turns to the right and begins to climb Sulphur Mountain—up, up we went, winding back and forth to make the grade more easily. As we climbed upward we were treated with an occasional glimpse through the dark trees of charming views down in the valley below, but it was not until we had breasted the last steep pitch and drove up in front of the Grand View Hotel that we could gaze our fill upon the wonderful and beatiful vista stretched out before us like a picture, but more beautiful than any picture fashioned by human hands. Standing upon the platform built out over the steep mountain side—so steep that we looked over the tree tops only just below us—we gazed down literally into the Valley of the Bow. There before us was a combination of forest-clad slopes, rocky ranges with snow-capped peaks, swift-flowing rivers and streams, grassy valleys and rocky cañons; truly all that serves to make scenery in the mountains beyond compare.

The flowing Sulphur Springs were at our feet and the earth and rocks were dyed yellow with the overflow. The roadway was so sharply steep in its descent for a little way the Madame concluded she would walk down the stairs which led down to the road below and let the rest of the family risk his precious neck driving down; but the old mare was steady and we soon were bowling down the fine roadway much more rapidly than we came up.

Banff was charming and the Madame kept the outfit so busy sight-seeing that the sporting portion of it had not been able to go fishing, but one afternoon a compromise was effected, the rod was taken out and we wended our way down below the C. P. Hotel to some rocks that overhung deep pools, and while Madame sat under the trees and listened to the murmur of the running waters the fisherman cast the seductive hopper or attractive fly in the river below.

Quite good sport was had, but the best of the season was past, and to get really good fishing at Banff one must go about nine miles by boat from the hotels. It is not to be expected that good fishing can be found where it is so accessible that every man, woman or child that takes a notion to catch a trout can go to the spot in twenty minutes from the hotel. July and August are the months for the best sport.

Had we not known that new glories awaited us toward the setting sun, we would have been content to linger longer at Banff, for it is a beautiful spot, and he must be dead to nature's charms indeed who can visit it and not wish to remain, or wish to visit it in the near future again.

Before we took leave of this charming resort we had a fine canoe ride up the Echo River into Vermilion Lakes, and rode round the "Loops," a lovely drive down the valley of the Bow.

A carriage road or bridle trail takes one up Tunnel Mountain, or a good walker and fair climber can easily go up. The views from the different points where the road winds about the mountain are charming. As a mountain resort which combines so many attractions Banff has few equals.

The air was chill and the sun not up as we took the train from Banff on the morning of our departure west, but we put on our heavy wraps and braved the cold of the observation car, for we did not want to miss the climb up to Stephen, the summit of the Rockies. We follow up the Valley of the Bow and pass the Vermilion Lakes, which we had visited.

Rocky peaks are all about us and we gaze with wonder and awe upon the mighty monuments that nature has reared. Castle, Pilot, Copper mountains and Mount Temple are all admired in turn, and Mount Lefroy then claims our attention, and calls forth words of astonishment and admiration as we catch sight of its grand proportions.

At Laggan, thirty-four miles from Banff, those who wish to visit Lakes Louise and Agnes, called, with Mirror Lake, "the Lakes in the Clouds," can stop off and do so. The best plan is not to follow the instructions given in some guide books and go to Banff and return the same day, but go to Laggan and up to the mountain chalet and stay a day and a night, as the trip then will be more endurable for ladies. Arrangements can then be made to go on westward.

It is only seven miles from Laggan to Stephen, but we climb 366ft., which is a pretty good grade, but nothing to the drop we take on the opposite side. We are now at an altitude of 5,296ft. and at the highest point the line reaches in the Rockies and also the highest point on the Canadian Pacific. This is a very low pass when compared with many on the transcontinental lines which run south of us, but the grandeur of the scenery does not suffer in comparison as one goes north. For ten miles now the admirer of the grand and sublime in nature has a treat,—the descent is rapid, as we seem to drop right down 1,246ft. in the ten miles.

Steam is shut off on the engine and brakes applied, but still our train rushes down, the wheels groaning and shrieking at being held in the iron grasp of the brake-shoe. We pass Hector and the pretty little Wapeta Lake and cross the Kicking Horse River, so far below us in the terrible gorge. The curves in the road are so steep that we can look into the engine and cars ahead one moment, while at the next they are hidden from sight behind some massive rock which juts out to dispute our passage, and as we whirl round it we look down into the depths of the great cañon below, on the edge of which we seem to be hanging twixt heaven and earth. We catch glimpses of the shining river through the green tree tops a thousand feet below us, and gazing upward from the open observation car we see snow and ice-capped peaks of great mountains, which seem to have opened to let us poor weak mortals pass on our way, until we feel like poor King Lear ready to exclaim.

> "I'll look no more,
> Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight
> Topple down headlong."

And yet the fascination is so great that the ladies, though they shudder and utter little feminine shrieks of fear as the train gives some sudden lurch and they gaze down some extra precipitous rock into the cañon below, cannot be tempted to leave the side of the car, but cling more firmly to the iron bars and look again.

We plunge into a short tunnel, and for a moment, which we begrudge, lose sight of the mountains, then into the light again and round the mountain's base, and the great peak of Mt. Stephen is before us,

> "Fronting heaven's splendor,
> Strong and full and clear."

The time is all too short to enjoy thoroughly all there is to see, and yet when we arrive at Field we are glad to be there, for the early rising, the mountain air and excitement has given us sharp appetites. Even Madame, whose æsthetic soul was only a brief period before feasting on the sublime and beautiful, and who would have scorned the allegation that she was hungry or that her baser nature needed something more satisfying than grand and beautiful scenery, could not help purring out that "the tenderloin steak was delicious, the trout too sweet for anything, the coffee and cream awfully nice and the hot cakes just lovely."

Field is not a town nor even a village, it is chiefly mountains and incidently a very pretty, neat and well-kept hotel is there. Here is a spot where one can sit and gaze their fill upon Mt. Field, Mt. Stephen and various other mountains which make up the Otter Tail and Van Horn ranges. Lake Emerald lies near by, a charming little mountain lakelet filled it is said, with trout, that we won't vouch for.

A day or two at Field would not be lost in one's life's calendar, and a hardy climber could climb his climb without going very far. There was a time in the early history of the road when white goats were plenty hereabouts, but white goats, like most other wild animals, don't like tourists, so they have hunted themselves a new resort or maybe have been hunted to one. Therefore, if one wants a white goat they had better go a "leetle" further west—that is, unless they want one a great deal more than the writer.

We all enter the observation car with a kindly feeling toward Field, and off we go plunging down again into the valley of the Wapeta (literally, rushing water). The ride continues to be very exciting, and new beauties of this wonderful cañon are discovered every moment. Twenty-one miles below Field we reach Palliser, 800ft. down, and just beyond we pass through the most beautiful and grand portion of the cañon we have seen.

The walls of the cañon draw near together and become nearly vertical, the rocks are seemingly unpassable, and the curves and turns which we make to escape them seem shorter and more daring than those above. The roaring of the river, the grinding of the wheels, the snorting of the engine, the roar of the escaping steam of the train, prevents conversation, and all we can do is to hang on and look. The camera is "shot off" out of the windows, or side of the car where they ought to be, and we tried to catch the fleeting beauties of the scene for our friends at home.

But here we are, too soon, at Golden—only thirty-four miles from Field and 1,500ft. below. Before us is the mighty Columbia, which here is flowing northward.

It is our first sight of the great river, but we become well acquainted, of which more anon. At Golden one can stop off and take a side trip up the Columbia a hundred miles to the lake, and this seems incongruous, as the "up" is to the south. The steamer only made weekly trips, and we did not have time to go everywhere; but if one is not hurried, it would be interesting to go to the source of one of our mightiest rivers, which has its birthplace in such a magnificent country.

For a short time now we follow the Columbia and our steel pathway is almost level. The great Selkirk range is before us, however, and as we gaze on its dark, somber, forest-clad sides and up to the snow and ice-capped peaks we see we are not through climbing yet. Donald, where we change our iron horse for one freshly groomed, is soon reached, and then we cross the Columbia and get nearer the Selkirks. But we have not said farewell to the Rockies, and at Beaver Mouth there seems to be a conspiracy between the two mighty ranges to bar our way; but we follow the mighty, resistless mountain flood which breaks through a narrow gorge, and turn to the left, forsaking our friend the Columbia, but finding a new one in the Beaver River, and taking advantage of the gateway it has cut for itself through the Selkirk's giants on its way to add its volume to its mightier brother, we enter the Selkirk range.

The Beaver here is crowded so hard by the rocky barriers on either side that a tree felled across it serves for a foot bridge.

We now begin to climb in earnest and the puffing and straining of the two mighty giants that push and pull us up the great grades fill the air with a deafening roar, for 160ft. to the mile is at least a fair grade. We are soon looking down on a little silver-like stream 1,000ft. below, whose course we can just trace through the dense forest that fills the valley. We are struck with the almost tropical luxuriance of the vegetation and the denseness of the fir and cedar trees. The juxtaposition of the high peaks has a tendency to dwarf and belittle the immense trees of this section, but one must notice their great height in spite of that.

The scenery now is something that no pen can describe so that any idea of its real grandeur can be conveyed. Nature in many ways defies the efforts of weak and puny man to portray her beauties. The master hand of the greatest artist fails when he essays to place on canvas the many hued tints of the gorgeous sunset, or the flashing lights of the aurora borealis, and words fail to convey, though they be ever so flowery or well placed, in describing the real beauties of a ride through the Selkirks.

We can only try to show a little and feel that there is so much left unseen that even the trial is a failure.

From side to side of the observation car we go, first gazing up the valley of the Beaver to the line of high peaks ahead, then admiring some foaming cascade that comes plunging down the precipitous mountain side, nearly all foam as it dashes over the rocks, then almost holding our breaths as we cross some stupendous work of engineering in the shape of a bridge over a chasm so deep and dark that the rays of the sun light it only for a few moments each day. At Bear Creek station we are 1,000ft. above the Beaver, and through a break in the cliffs catch a view of Hermit Mountain, at whose base the pass we are seeking lies.

We now leave the Beaver and follow Bear Creek deeper into the heart of these glacier-covered peaks. Great gorges and tumbling cascades are on all sides, and the chief of all is that of Stony Creek. The bridge, a new steel one, is 295ft. above the little stream below. We now are in the great snow country and snow sheds come too often to suit us, as we begrudge every moment we lose in darkness, but the Canadian Pacific people have done the best they can by having outside or summer tracks at points where the scenery is too fine to miss.



MT. SIR DONALD AND GREAT GLACIER.

Now we approach Rogers Pass, 4,275ft. high, and go between Mount Macdonald on the left and Mount Hermit on the right, the first of which rears his hoary head a mile and a quarter above us.

The pass was named for Major A. B. Rodgers, who discovered it in 1883, before which it is claimed no human foot had ever trod these mountain fastnesses. It is only two miles to the summit and we soon reach it, 4,300ft. up and 1,700ft. above Donald, and only 33 miles in distance have we ridden, but such a ride! This is the summit of the Selkirks and here we are surrounded by

> "The snow-crowned monarchs of an upper world,
> Rugged and steep and bare the mountains rise;
> Their very feet are planted in the skies;
> Adown their sides are avalanches hurled."

Mt. Cheops is before us and down the dark valley of the Illicilliwaet we gaze upon the beautiful symmetry of Ross Peak. While overtopping all, like some huge giant, the sharp peak of Sir Donald, the father of them all, rises through the fleecy clouds that hide the lower levels from view.

The steel pathway of our iron horse is seen winding in and out among the green firs and cedars away below us, turning on itself, and twisting like the coils of some huge serpent as it seeks its way to the valley below. Huge snow-sheds are on our left, but we remain on the outer track, provided for summer use, and with a sharp turn we front the great Glacier, which looks as if its immense ice fields were ready to slide down and overwhelm us, but which is more than two miles away.

Our engine snorts and the wheels grind and we glide down the steep descent into Glacier Station. Here, nestling in the green trees of the forest, only enough of which has been removed to make room for the station and the three buildings that are used for hotel purposes, we find one of the most charming stopping-off places that heart can wish for. It is dinner time, so only delaying long enough to register, we pass into the pleasant dining room and with our fellow travelers enjoy a good dinner.

It does not seem like the average railway eating station, in fact, it is not. Ample time is given to serve a regular course dinner, and everything is done with a quietness and order that is refreshing as well as surprising. We do not hurry, but are ready to go and wave farewell to the friends who do not stop with us, but quite a party remain, and it may not be uninteresting to state what a cosmopolitan crowd we were. There was a gentleman from Sweden, who was circling the globe; a wholesale grocer from Ohio; a young student from Yale College, who had spent the entire summer among the glaciers near Lakes Louise and Agnes climbing and hunting white goats; two young gentlemen from England, who were enthusiastic mountain climbers, and were also traveling round the sphere; several ladies from Chicago and Madame and your obedient servant from Detroit. So the world is small after all.

The foot of the great glacier is a mile and one-half away and 540ft. above the hotel. A very good footpath leads up to it and we wend our way under the great trees and through brush toward it.

The ice-cold stream that flows down from the great ice body above is crossed by rough bridges. Great ferns and flowers abound in the dense shade, or where the sun can send his rays. The vegetation is almost tropical in its luxuriance and surprises us as we walk through it. Bear berries and blue berries grow in profusion. We cross the second bridge and follow the zigzag path up the hillside through the trees, and then into the open through lower brush, and finally over boulders and rocks to the great ice bed which covers the mountain before us. By skirting the ice field and keeping through the forest, one can easily get upon the ice, but this we did not attempt the first day.

The "great glacier," or as many call it the great "Illecellewaet glacier," is a field of pure white or blue ice, 2,500ft. high, and lies to the right of Mount Sir Donald, which is the highest peak of the Selkirks, 10,645ft. high. The ice is covered with snow most of the year, but when any portion happens to be bare and the bright rays of the sun shine upon it, the effect is dazzling.

In this section are many other glaciers. The glaciers of Mount Bonny, the Dawson, Van Horne and numerous others lie in among the great peaks about the Glacier House. One need not climb at all to get a fairly good view of the glacier, as it can be seen very plainly from the hotel veranda, but most everyone wants to get to the ice.

The view from the hotel satisfied Madame, as it was pretty wet in the forest, a snowstorm having come up, arriving the night we did. The next morning was wet, but the storm did not prove continuous and it was a blessing rather than otherwise, as it killed the forest fires to the westward, and the low driving clouds heightened the beauty of the scene about us. The sun would come forth now and then from out the dark clouds and send its darting rays toward some white-capped peaks, making the pure white snow glisten and shine like a silver crown upon the heads of the mountain kings.

Old Grizzly in the Hermit range, Mount Cheops, Ross Peak, Eagle Peak and Sir Donald would play hide and seek with us, now covered with fleecy or dark, storm-laden masses of vapor, now standing out bare and bold against the blue background of clear sky, then half obscured with only the dark forest below showing beneath the light covering of snow, which seemed to be marked by a line, as if some mighty hand had stretched an invisible barrier, saying, "Thus far shalt thou come." Sudden squalls would come flying up the valley, and hail and snow would mingle for a moment down below, while far above we would see the fleecy covering grow thicker on the green firs.

We would long have lingered at Glacier, as its beauties grow upon the lover of mountain scenery, but there is more before us. As a point for the mountain climber or the lover of nature who wishes to sit and admire, Glacier is a spot that will rank with the finest—but a "sportsman's paradise" it can hardly be called. White goats are in the immediate neighborhood, no doubt; bear are quite plenty, and at certain seasons can be seen near the hotel, but one must make up his mind if he hunts in this country to walk and pack. There are no trails nor horses to use, if there were. If, however, one is strong enough to pack and stand severe climbing, there is plenty of sport, but still to stop at Glacier just for hunting would not pay. A little further west, a miner informed us, if we would stop at his camp, we would find "plenty of goats." There is no doubt that one who wishes to thoroughly enjoy the trip over the Canadian Pacific should do as we were doing, stopping and taking it in sections. It is altogether too much of a feast to digest all at once. The old adage that "too much of a good thing is good for nothing" applies very forcibly here, for if one goes right through from Banff in one day he will see so much that he will not appreciate half. Therefore, stop off as often and as long as possible.

F. F. FRISBIE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAMPING OUT.

THE taste for camping out during the summer months seems to have grown greatly during the last few years, and the fashion is a healthy one. It is good to get away from the restraints and vexations of city life and, resting our nerves and renewing health in the pure air of the woods or seashore, realize our insignificance when alone with nature in the wilderness, and how much there is in our daily life that is useless and unnecessary. The style of camp may vary greatly, from the elaborate affair, floored, curtained, with cots, kitchen tent, refrigerator, etc., in the woods, down to the little tent pitched in a back lot of the suburbs; but in any case it is good, and I trust the fancy may still spread and more of us will see our way clear to include the women and children in the annual camping party.

For some years I lived in Australia and passed many months of that time under a cotton tent. Camp life may be made by necessity very simple and yet be both easy and pleasant. It is wonderful how little a man can get along with when driven by necessity, and how what at one time we look upon as a hardship at another is passed by without a thought. Now I look back with pleasant memories of my life under the cotton, of the nights in the silence of the forest, with the wind sighing in the tops of the giant gum trees and the camp-fire flashing faintly in our sleepy eyes and of the awakening before dawn in the cool violet-covered light of the morning, with the lofty ranges standing clear cut against the sky, while the magpies, "laughing jackasses," and cockatoos commenced their daily clamorous chattering.

I can laugh now as I think how we had to pass one Sunday sitting holding down our tent inside, with a blanket over our heads, and our clothes, etc., underneath us to keep them dry, while the wind roared and the rain sifted through our old 8×6 cotton tent, and we tried to pass time between lulls by reading an old paper, smoking and abusing things generally, but we weathered the storm.

Australia is the land of the camper, and on any bush road the wandering digger, shepherd or laborer, on foot or on horseback, may be met miles from a settlement, each with his little cotton tent, roll of blankets, tin pail or kettle and hatchet. One of the most primitive styles of camp consists of two long sheets of bark cut from a big, stringy bark gum tree. One sheet laid on the ground serves as a bed, and the other sheet, round side up, laid over the occupant, serves both as quilt and roof. As it is difficult to cut a sheet of bark over 5ft. long the camper's head or feet generally have to stay outside in the wet. Two such campers were located thus one wild, wet night on a bleak hillside, all to be seen of them being long boots projecting at one end and soft hat with glowing pipe at the other. Said one to the other, "Bill, I pity them poor chaps what's out to-night without a cover."

Ordinary travelers on foot usually carry a small cotton wall tent of 8×6ft., with fly, fitted with long, light ridge rope. Weight is an important consideration, as tent, blankets, spare clothes, boots, hatchet, tin pots, frying pan and provisions make load enough for two men on a twenty-mile-a-day tramp. By using a ridge rope the tent is easily slung up between two saplings and no poles are necessary. Diggers use the same style of tent, but when settled down raise it a foot or so on log foundation, fix permanent poles, etc., and add to it a mud fire-place and chimney. Such a home as this can be made very comfortable, and I have known a married couple with young children live in such a tent 10×12 for months. Of course the mild Australian climate makes tent life easy all the year round. Campers always avoid the neighborhood of big trees, as a dry branch falling any distance is no joke, and some of the blue gums in Victoria grow 400ft. high. In Gipplands, in the south, many such are to be found to-day. I have wandered considerably on the subject of camping, and will not take up more of your space, but I think all your readers who have not done so should try a turn of camp life, and I believe they will enjoy it. Why should not parties of neighbors unite in a little camp settlement for the vacation? United they would find time pass quickly and would go back to their homes invigorated by the rest and pure air. What say you?

W. HAMMERSLEY.

MASSACHUSETTS.

A Correction.

ST. LOUIS, MO., July 11.—The other day a veteran, to whom I am indebted for many "points" strolled into the office and asked for the last few numbers of FOREST AND STREAM. After reading a while, he looked up suddenly and exclaimed: "Say, who told you that rattlesnakes wuz good eatin'?"

"You did."

"Me!"

"Yes."

"I never told you no sech thing."

Here was a facer.

"Why, didn't you tell me once that you used to eat rattlesnakes when grub was scarce, and that you got to liking them?"

"Not much. Prob'ly a big fat diamond rattler might be good, but the little prairie rattler ain't no good at all—too sweetish fer my taste. We had to eat them sometimes, but they ain't no comparison to puff-adder."

He paused, with a far-away look in his eyes. Then he remarked: "Puff-adder is out of sight."

HORACE KEPHART.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

Natural History.

THE PORCUPINE AS FOOD.

A PARTY of us left Providence late one fall for a two week's camp in the woods of Maine. One pleasant forenoon, Mell Tucker, our guide, asked me if I didn't want to still-hunt deer. We struck a trail some distance from the camp, got a shot at deer, missed and started back, as it was getting late. On the way back, as we came down through a ravine out into an opening, away up on a side-hill I noticed a tree with a peculiar looking bunch of wart toward the top. I stopped and tried to make out what it was, and Mell, noticing me looking questioningly toward the sky, asked what was up. I pointed the object out to him.

"It's a bear cub, sure as you're alive. Sneak up on him, don't let him hear you."

I "sneaked." Mell didn't come, but, as I afterwards learned, sat on a log shaking his sides with laughter to see me still-hunting a porcupine. He said it took me half an hour to work up to the tree, and that the beast had probably been up there for a week and if I had not brought him down he would have remained there another week.

I got near enough to draw bead on the dumpy black animal, and let drive. He came dawn like a hod of bricks, and yelling like a loon I started for him. Mell now came running up and between his smiles told me not to touch the animal; it was a porcupine and would "quill" me. I told him I knew it all the time, but somehow he didn't swallow that and when we reached camp my bear cub was the plague of me for several days. The only consolation I had was that I had shot him clean in the head.

We dragged him to camp. He was an old one. He had been in a trap once, for one of his fore-feet was gone.

When Dan W. saw the peculiar looking animal, he declared we would have it for supper and as long after as it would last. At this the Maine men turned deathly pale and in feeble tones implored him not to do anything of the kind, but to take it away over the hills and bury it; but the Providence party were hungry. Sour meal, sour baked beans and fat pork were monotonous. We wanted fresh meat.

Dan peeled the porcupine, spitted him on a huge pole, and over the big camp-fire roasted him to a turn. I can see that picture now. While we were setting the table for supper, in came the Indian with the porcupine, which he tenderly laid in the center, and with John's big bowie proceeded to carve the pig. We sailed in, rather gingerly I will confess at first, but after getting a fair taste of the meat kept Dan busy serving up the "porky." The Maine men went hungry. But we found the porcupine a very good substitute for fresh pork. The meat, it is true, was a little strong, and had a gamy flavor. It was also a trifle tough, but that we attributed to the age of our prize. If I were ever cast away on a desert island and there were plenty of porcupines around, I would never go hungry.

Several days after, when we broke camp on account of the scarcity of provisions, and Mell and John stood guard over the broken camp wagon while the rest went to the front for a new set of wheels, Mell is declared to have said, "John, I actually believe I could go a small piece of that porcupine now!"

What is the matter with the animal anyway, that people should have such a prejudice against it? It feeds on the bark of good, clean, healthy trees, and, unlike many other animals which we delight in eating, is practically fastidious in its food. Certainly it is preferable to the genuine porker as far as cleanliness goes.

Our party is much separated now, but I will guarantee that when the porcupine subject is mentioned in the presence of any one, the animal is well defended.

TODE.

Wanted, Some Fan-tail Deer.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was much interested in Capt. Kendall's letter two weeks ago on the small deer of the Chisos Mountains in the Big Bend of the Rio Grande, as I believe that I am one of the few civilized men who have been unfortunate enough to get into that desolate region, where I spent some weeks two and a half years ago.

The game conditions there now are very different from those Capt. Kendall speaks of ten years back. There is no sign of antelope, black-tail, nor the small deer. There are a very few common deer in the mountains, but so little game of any kind that a poor hunter would soon starve. Nor do I believe that the country has ever supported much game, as there is little food and less water.

ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN.

[In connection with the subject of the fan-tail deer, which has so frequently been mentioned in these columns, the FOREST AND STREAM announces that it is authorized to offer the sum of $100 in payment for a pair—buck and doe—of fan-tail deer from the North. These must come from some point north of the Union Pacific Railroad. Of course, it is understood that this price will be paid for these animals only in case they prove distinct from the Virginia deer (*Cariacus virginianus*) or the mule deer (*C. macrotis*). The opportunity is thus afforded any hunter who is confident of the existence of the fan-tail deer to settle the question at little or no expense to himself.]

Deer Whistle—Moose Horns.

LOWELL, Me.—Not long ago I noticed in FOREST AND STREAM the remarks of some one about the snort or whistle of the white-tailed deer, and different opinions as to how they produced the sound. If I remember rightly it was said to come from the throat. This is a mistake. They do it by forcing their breath through their nostrils, and it is similar to the snort of a horse. I have been near to them and have seen them do it.

Then again the same article spoke of their doing it after being wounded. A badly wounded deer seldom or never does it. I used to hunt by night and when I shot at a deer and he ran away a short distance and stopped and whistled, I never went to look for him, but took it for granted that he was not hit.

Then again I was surprised that your Bethel correspondent, an old woodsman and hunter should differ so much from my own experience on moose. He never saw where a moose took the bark entirely around a tree, but I have, and it makes a difference whether the snow is shallow or deep, or there is none at all. They cannot get the bark when the tree is frozen hard; but in the early fall or warm days in winter they usually take the bark off from the tree on the side that they come to, then pass on to another tree and so on.

Then his observations about their shedding their antlers are different from mine. He believes that a thaw in the winter takes them off. My experience is that the colder the weather the quicker the horns loosen and come off. Then he states that the new horns by the first of June have attained their full size. The horns don't get their full size until into August, and it is usually the case with all beasts and fowl to go where the best feed is, unless driven by their enemies.

He states that we have two kinds of moose in Maine and that they never were known to yard or mate together. This is all new to me, except that there is some difference in their color and shape of body, and so there is in all animals—deer, bears, etc. J. DARLING.

[Two correspondents have now written that a deer whistles; but the original question still remains, does a deer challenge?].

Game Bag and Gun.

SPORTSMEN AND TRANSPORTATION COMPANIES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In an editorial of July 6 you speak of the laws relating to taking out game and fish by sportsmen, from the Maine and other hunting and fishing resorts.

I will give some of my experience on this subject both in Maine and the Province of Nova Scotia. I have made several hunting trips to Township No. 7, and to the region above Oxbow in Aroostook county, Maine. The Bangor and Aroostook road was not open when I made my last trip, and I went there as formerly from Bangor to Mattawamkeag, some sixty miles each way, by the Maine Central road. I found this road to be an expensive one to travel over, and the accommodations rather poor. My last trip will illustrate how a sportsman (who is fortunate enough to kill some game and unfortunate in trying to bring it home) is treated.

Returning from No. 7 early in December of '93, I brought out whole a bull caribou, a buck and the hind quarters of a cow caribou. At Mattawamkeag I was told that they must go by express (I knew this before), and that I must put them on the train myself, as the station men were not allowed to handle game. I have usually found the trains somewhat behind time at Mattawamkeag and the stop there was very short, and I knew perfectly well that I could never get those animals on the train alone, even if I had some time. I said so to the station agent. I do not know whether the intention was to make me leave my game there, but it looked that way to me. By the use of the almighty dollar I got one of the men at the station to help me put the game on a truck and wheel it to about where the express car would stop, and also the promise that he would be there and take hold of one leg of the big caribou. By hard and quick work on my part I got them into the car, but came very near getting left myself, having to jump on a rear platform as the train moved off. I had my rifle slung over my shoulder and a heavy ulster on; and as it was, I lost a new pair of expensive gloves, not having time to pick them up.

The next proceeding was to see the express messenger. He, after looking the game over, said that $9.50 was the charge. I objected, and he then told me they would weigh so much. Now, I think the big moose, caribou and deer we hear about must have been weighed by some express agent, that is, he estimates the weight. I know he did not weigh mine, and as I had weighed them while waiting at the station, I thought I knew the actual weight. The expressman, however, set the weight some 300lbs. more than the scales showed. After some kicking I got a slight reduction.

At Bangor the game warden was seen, and everything was satisfactory as far as he was concerned. While waiting for the warden I had a pleasant talk with Mr. Sumner L. Crosby, the expert taxidermist, and he introduced me to the warden. In fact, I never had the least trouble with the wardens at Bangor, and found them gentlemanly in every way.

Reaching Boston, I waited until the game was in the express room at the station, and asked to have it weighed. As the weight was the same as when it was put on the scales at Mattawamkeag, I demanded that the overcharge be refunded. At first they were not inclined to do so, but as I insisted, I was given a document and sent to the general office, a few blocks away. There I was informed by an elderly individual that I had broken the game laws by bringing any game out of Maine. I told him at once that he knew nothing whatever about the game laws. From there I was sent across the town to the offices of the grand mogul, general manager, or some one else of the express company, and was told that it should be looked up, and the over-charges, if any, would be sent to me, which was done a few days later. The amount I recovered was not worth the trouble I had in getting it, but I was bound to have it if it cost twice what it was worth.

The last few lines of the editorial I have referred to apply well to this particular road—get the last cent a sportsman has when he is returning from a trip. The road charges all they can for his ticket and turns him over to the express company, who will try hard to get anything, he has left. I know that, as far as I am concerned, I will never undertake again to bring out the carcass of any game if I have to travel over the Maine Central under the present rules. I would rather give the meat to the first lumber camp or settler I can find. Should I get a head and horns I will do as the gentleman spoken of by your correspondent "Special," and bring it out in my hands, and should the horns be too wide I will saw open the skull lengthwise so that I can handle them.

Now in comparison I will give my experience when on hunting trips in Nova Scotia; and it has been the same in the different parts of the Provinces which I have been to. Returning home one fall by way of Digby, we had two moose heads, two moose skins and four bear skins. With our packs containing our blankets, sleeping bags and hunting rig we had quite a number of bundles, and I did not know how we should get them to Boston. Asking the agent at the wharf in Digby he said, "I will check them all through to Boston." I expressed my thanks, and he said, "Oh, that is all right. You sportsmen come down here and spend your money and we want to make it as pleasant as we can for you. Hope you will come again and have good luck." Again returning once in January from moose hunting I went from Digby by rail to Yarmouth, and from there to Boston. I had considerable baggage, including a pair of large snowshoes and some moose meat. Everything was checked to Yarmouth, and from there to Boston. In fact, I have always found without a single exception that the officials of the steamboat lines, the custom house, the railroads and stages were very courteous and obliging, and this without feeing of any sort.

Verily, it would be a good thing for the managers of some of our railroads to take a trip through Nova Scotia during the hunting season, and to see, mark, learn and inwardly digest the way in which non-resident sportsmen are treated by the officials of the Provincial transportation companies. Certainly it would not do them any harm, C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., July 8.

A DAY IN MISSOURI.

WE had determined on a good day's hunt for quail and chickens as soon as the weather would permit. Reports from the surrounding counties toward the opening of quail shooting had it that "quail were thicker 'n rabbits," and that was saying considerable, although we had had a light winter before, and quail had not suffered here as they had in some States.

Finally everything was settled and the rendezvous named. I was the farthest away from it and the youngest of the party. I had not had a gun or rod in my hands for very near two years, except for a day's trout fishing in the streams of McKean county, Pennsylvania, and I very anxiously wanted and I might say needed the exercise and open air, being confined as I had in an office where exercise was an unheard-of thing.

The day that I was to start came, bright, sharp and breezy. I hitched my pony to a light road wagon, threw in my traps and was off for all the quail I could get. The road led me west from Brookfield through a waving country, where nothing but corn and blue grass met the eye, as the farmers of Missouri all raise corn as their principal crop. I arrived at the rendezvous at just 6 o'clock, sixteen miles from where I started. M. and A. were both there and they predicted a "rattling quail day" for the morrow.

The sun rose the next morning bright and clear, and on getting out we found there was a strong breeze from the west. Indeed, it was a quail day. Putting in our "traps" and dog, we started for Grand River bottoms, which are nothing but prairie land overflooded by Grand River in the spring. Arriving there—an hour's ride from A.'s place—M. and myself got out and started to work a "draw," A. saying, "I'll go around to the head and work back toward you."

Stepping over the fence, we had barely straightened up before wh-r-r, wh-r-r-r, went a half dozen birds from under M.'s feet, who got in one barrel with no effect. "They're here," he said, as he let drive right and left at a brace his dog flushed. "Yes, but why don't you stop some of them?" "Oh! I haven't got down to work yet," he answered. We took opposite sides of the draw, which was about five rods wide and had a cornfield on each side. We could not see each other and at intervals I heard his gun, but nary a bird did I see. Thinking my time would yet come, I kept on up the draw. Getting half way up, I saw him flush a bevy and raise his gun to shoot, and looking for the cause I saw A. just rising up about where the birds went down. "Close call," said he, "but never mind, we'll have those quail."

The dog stood the birds, which lay very close and got up in pairs and threes. The first two got away clear, but the next three A. and M. got one apiece. The balance got up and most of them got free, as it was in very thick brush, and you had no time to lose if you even saw one. Out of this bevy I got three, and A. two—M. still keeping in his bad shooting form.

Going a rod further we got up a bevy and here M. redeemed himself by killing right and left, which was a usual thing with him, as he was by far the best shot of the three. After this we separated and I continually heard the bang, bang of their guns, while I was busy between rabbits and quail. After a two hours' stay we came out on the road and counted up; twelve quail, two squirrels and four rabbits having been killed. "Well, that's not so bad," remarked A., "but I am out for chicken." I ventured we go after them and M. consenting we started. On our way over the bottoms we stopped in on a few bevies of quail and got some more rabbits.

The chickens here in Sullivan county are quite plentiful, but very wild. They lie in the cornfields and stubble all the morning, and in the blue grass through the mid-day heat, going back to the stubble to feed at about 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

We arrived at our "chicken roost," refreshed with lunch, with cider, and started after chicken. "I bet we don't get a chick," said I, well knowing how wild they were and how they fly. "I'll make feathers fly if I get near enough," said M. The first piece of corn was about a fifty acre piece and we started through that, about five rods apart. Getting about half way through I was startled with "Look out, Ed," and bang, bang, bang, bang. Looking over the corn I saw one lone chick going like a bullet for the grass. Asking A. and M. what the matter was they said they didn't know as they "ought to have knocked him down with a club."

We got up two more, letting them both get away. A. and M. then went across the road into another piece of corn and I took off for the lone chick that I had marked down. I worked a stubble going over with no success, and was looking sharp for my chick, but as they run when they light I didn't know how near I was to him. In my front was a hedge, which I had to climb—a difficult thing to do and save clothes. By the aid of a board I had got on top, and was just about to jump off on the other side when whr-r-r went my bird out of the grass, four rods away. Turning, I let him have one barrel, which broke his leg and knocked me off the board in the hedge and tearing my clothes in rents; but that was nothing, I wanted that chick. Following him I got him

up and missed him clear with both barrels. Thinking he had earned his liberty I let him go and struck off through another stubble, where I got up a flock of thirty or more.

At periods I could hear M. and A.'s guns in the distance. On my getting over to where I marked the flocks down, I found M. and A. waiting for me, but neither had a chicken. We spread out and started through the grass, A. got one bird up and missed. One got up behind me after I had walked by him, and I knocked him over before he had gone five rods. One got up before M. and started to the left at lightning speed; M. gave him one barrel, which, as could be plainly seen, knocked him a foot out of the line of his flight, and the second seemed not to touch him. To illustrate how much shot a chick will carry, that bird was picked up a quarter of a mile away from where he was shot at, stone dead, just riddled with shot. As it was getting dark by this time we started for the team.

Arriving at the wagon, I was surprised to find that M. had his coat full of quail and rabbits he had shot while over on the hills, he not missing a shot, and A. doing his share of killing too. That night at home we counted up and we had thirty-nine quail, two prairie chickens, seven rabbits and two squirrels, besides some other birds we had shot for specimens. This was not a large day, but it was sufficient to stretch our legs, give us a good appetite, and appease our thirst for "sport" for days to come.

BROOKFIELD, Mo. E. K. M.

HUNTING ON THE UPPER MISSOURI.

IT was a hot, sultry day, the 17th of last August, when Geo. Wells and his partner, Henri Moor, arrived at Fort Benton, the oldest trading post and fort on the head waters of the Missouri River. Their journey had been a long drive over the old stage and freighting line running between Lewistown, situated in the heart of the Judith Basin, and Fort Benton, a distance of fifty miles. Their route led them across a waterless plain, where in dry seasons no moisture can be found, save occasionally an alkali pool or an old-time buffalo wallow with its filthy, green water, shunned by every living creature, perhaps excepting the rattlesnake. A fifty-mile drive over a dry prairie in the hot days of August without water for man or beast is certainly a tester for human or brute constitution. Before the setting sun had hid among the foothills and the distant Rockies the party had reached their destination.

Surveying the surroundings, they spread their canvas in a cool, shady nook, overlooking the noble Missouri, and after supper they lit their pipes and strolled far up and down the river bank until the late hours of the night, mapping out and discussing their work for the next few days to come.

First, there was a boat to build, then a wagon with four head of bronchos to dispose of, and an outfit of provisions, suitable clothing and ammunition to purchase before embarking on our long hunting trip down river. Early next morning the boat was planned and under construction. It was to be 21ft. long by 5ft. in width, with a 20ft. mast, oarlocks for one set of oars, with lock for steering oar, and a canvas cabin in the stern. Under skillful workmen the boat was completed in less than a week, and in the water ready to undertake its long, tedious expedition.

All that was left to do was to sell the bronchos and purchase supplies. A person acquainted with Western ways knows that it takes but a short time to make a trade or sale, especially in a horse deal more than any other. By the night of Aug. 23 the stock was sold and ammunition and camp supplies were purchased and packed in the boat chests.

Early on the morning of the 24th Wells and his partner spread their canvas to a steady breeze, raised anchor and were off.

Their aim was to make as many miles by the river as circumstances and the season would permit. Their expedition was for hunting big game and to explore the famous Bad Lands. They expected to experience hardships and were prepared. As for Wells, it was not by any means his first trip in pursuit of noble game; he had hunted the Canadian and Minnesota woods for deer, bear and moose. He had followed herds of antelope over the trackless wilds of western Dakota and through the Bad Lands of eastern Montana, and had followed the big-horns in the Rockies.

Their gun case contained a .45-90 Winchester, a .44 Marlin, one breech-loading shotgun and two .45cal. Colt's six-shooters.

The day was beautiful, with a cool river breeze blowing down stream. The boat was riding the water like a duck and not leaking a drop, the hunters were in the best of humor. The scenery was magnificent, the steep cut banks of the river were a panorama ever changing. They told of mysterious events of the past. In places can be seen where the current is cutting away the soft banks and exposing to view buried trees, logs, bones of animals, etc. How long these have been hidden away no one knows; but it is reasonable to suppose that the course of the river is ever shifting.

Looking to the northward, the Bear Paw Mountains can be distinctly seen, while between them and the river is a rolling grassy prairie. The explorer turning his attention to the south can observe the rocky peaks of the Big Belt, Little Belt, Highwood and the Snowy Ranges, exhibiting themselves in the distance. Near by are the rolling foothills and occasionally a flat-topped butte standing like a solitary sentinel alone on the prairie.

This our friends knew at sight was no big game region, and not until the third day out from Benton did they strike favorable surroundings. The country along the river became more broken and wooded with a growth of scrub cottonwood and willow. The creeks and small rivers that empty their waters into the Missouri become more numerous, thus affording good runways and watering places. Fresh signs of black and white-tail deer, bears, wolves, elk and other wild game were numerous. Frequently through the field glasses small bands of antelope could be seen in the distance.

It was the third night out that the boys had for supper their first fresh venison. Wells brought down a fine fifteen-point black-tail buck with antlers in the beauty of velvet. Two days' more sailing found the hunters at the mouth of the Mussleshell and among the Missouri Brakes or the famous Bad Lands, with its everchanging scenery. Game was found in abundance, the weather being so hot the party shot only what they wanted for immediate use or for fine heads. Several days were spent exploring the wonders of the Bad Lands; it is a vast extent of hills, cañons, dry coulees, washouts, blowouts, gullies and burnt-outs. It is a hard country to picture.

One of our generals who had charge of a campaign in that region some years ago was asked by his friends to describe this country. The general answered by saying that he knew of nothing better to compare it to than to "hell with its fire out."

Our friends found many interesting things, such as petrified logs, fossil fish, fossil shells, enormous bones of some prehistoric animals.

Fresh bear tracks could be seen about their camp every morning and some of enormous size, made by nothing smaller than a silver-tip.

Coyotes would make the nights hideous by their howls and yells, causing a pilgrim to imagine there were ten thousand or more of the brutes. Frequently the blood-curdling yell of a mountain lion would be heard, and with the snarling, growling and fighting of the old buffalo wolves over the carcass of a deer there was a wild din in the air throughout the nights. The prairie and foothills, far back from the river, are the favorite haunt for the timid antelope; among the brakes will be found the places of refuge for the mule deer and black-tail, as well as the elk and big-horn or mountain sheep and the cinnamon and silver-tip bear; while in the immediate vicinity of the river dwell the white-tail.

The progress down river was fine, the ever changing scenery broke the monotony of a several days' sail.

The weather throughout the month of September was hot and no place in the world could be much worse for flies of all descriptions than along the Missouri. The boys tried to dry hams of venison; but in vain, the flies would set claim to the meat the minute the hide was taken from a carcass. Under this difficulty deer hunting was actually becoming monotonous, so the boys turned in the direction of bears and wolves.

Plenty of poison was put out, but Bruin appeared never to be meat hungry; but as for the big buffalo wolves, they were frequently tempted to accept the fatal morsel of venison.

The mouth of the Milk River was finally reached and here the Missouri runs along the Indian Reserve. This meant to the boys that there would be a scarcity of game until they passed the reservation at least. After leaving Benton but few signs of civilization were met with, occasionaly an abandoned fort and trading post or an old cow-camp; and frequently a lone placer miner would be passed.

The course of the Missouri is ever changing, the current of the river will be cutting away at one bank, while on the opposite side it is filling in; this in course of time causes a great crook in the river. Such is the case at Fort Buford, situated close to the Dakota-Montana boundary. The fort stands near one of these great loops of the river. Early one morning in October our hunters came within sound of the bugle at the garrison, but instead of getting nearer the river bore them away and it was six hours before they were again in hailing distance of the fort. White-tails became numerous again, especially on the Fort Buford reservation. Wells shot several fine specimens.

It being now late in the fall, and there being many miles before the explorers and hunters, and having a boat load of specimens, hides and heads, they made but few stops. The weather was becoming severe, the nights cold and stormy. The winter winds played a mournful tune through the rigging of the little craft. The icy waves dashed against the sides of the boat, leaving it a glistening mass of ice the next morning.

Contrary winds prevailed, so that the progress was slow and Bismarck was not reached until the end of October.

Geese were met with in vast numbers, but most large game was left behind. Eight out days from Bismarck, the distance was made to Pierre and on the night of November 8 the party tied up at Chamberlain, not to make another mile by water, for the next morning the river was frozen over, and after waiting for several days to allow the river to break up (which it did not do), the party decided to abandon the expedition, and in a few hours they were en route by rail to their eastern homes. Thus ended as glorious an expedition as two hunters could ask to take. They traversed a river that is but little known to many, through as wild a part of North America as can be found. Many nights their sleep was broken by the cries of wild animals and the tread of herds of deer. What more could man ask for?

The trip was a success in every particular. They killed in all twenty-one deer, twelve old buffalo wolves, twenty coyotes, one antelope, and a goodly sprinkling of small game.

They also got many fine specimens of fossils and petrifactions from the Bad Lands of the Upper Missouri.

REMAC.

CAPE BRETON CARIBOU.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps some of your readers may be interested if I tell you of my trip after caribou in Cape Breton. I went in the early part of January; the law allows no hunting after Jan. 15, and at this season the best hunting ground is upon the table land which forms the backbone of the island. This table land is about thirty miles wide and extends from the center of the island northward, till it ends precipitously in the Atlantic at Cape North, 1,100ft. high.

My friend Mr. Cann and I went in with a party of five hunters from the settlement of South Bay Ingonish. We started at noon in a heavy drizzle, and after a tough climb, each man on snowshoes pulling a toboggan and carrying a pack containing provisions (*i. e.*, biscuits, molasses and bacon), we reached the top of the mountain at 5 P. M. For that night we put up in an old lumber camp with a fireplace of the most primitive kind; the chimney consisted of a hole in the roof, and by the morning we were as thoroughly smoked as red herring and glad to resume our march before daybreak. Arrived at the hunter's camp at 3 P. M., having seen no signs of deer.

The camp was a log hut 10ft. square snugly placed in a heavy bit of timber about 200yds. in from the edge of the barren. There were marten tracks around the hut, and Jim Williams became much excited, and immediately set to work to build a deadfall to such fell purpose that next morning he appeared leading an unfortunate little marten by the back of its neck and exhibited it to us before killit with a stick.

It froze hard that night. The next morning we had an early breakfast and started for a day's hunt; found fresh tracks of ten deer, and as there was only 14ft. of snow the deer had taken to the woods. We once got a glimpse of them, but it was perfectly useless attempting to follow them on account of the infernal noise our snowshoes were making on the crust, so we headed back to camp about 3 P. M. Stopped at a little brook on the way to eat our biscuit; an old raven flapped past us, flying slowly against the wind, and I put a sudden stop to his mad career with a .38 Winchester bullet. We tramped on again and were descending a hill when seven deer came out of a wood about 600yds. in front of us and began feeding; but as they were almost dead to leeward of us their appetites suddenly deserted them and they remembered another barren where they had important business and made tracks for it. Everyone swore a little about the poor dead crow, and we went sadly back to camp, having tramped between fifteen and twenty miles.

That night three other hunters arrived in from the settlement, making ten men in a 10ft. square tent. Second morning dawned bright and cold, and when we arrived at the edge of the barren there were four deer about 500yds. in front of us. The head hunter, Mr. Hawley, placed seven of us across the southern end of the barren, sending two men up through the woods to windward to drive the deer. As luck would have it, the deer came galloping straight down on top of him. I was a little ahead and to the right of him, and had a magnificent broadside shot as they passed me, bringing down a splendid buck with a beautiful pair of horns. A yearling calf wheeled back and passed within 40yds. of me. I dropped her and turned round in time to see Jim surveying all that remained of a fourth victim—a pretty little cow. We hauled them into the woods, cleaned them, and started for the barrens again, but the remainder of our hunt was unsuccessful.

Next day it rained and we could do nothing. Some of the party went out, tracked one deer, but lost him. A heavy thaw set in that night and the following day the barrens were as bare of snow as in midsummer, and we feasted on large cranberries, which were growing all over the place, and any one who has ever had a severe attack of colic while in camp would, I am sure, have sympathized with me that night; but owing to the kind care of my hunter friends, pepper tea, hot socks and three big pills I pulled through.

The next day, a rainy Sunday, we lay in camp all day. Monday morning we lashed the meat on the toboggans and started for the settlement. A silver thaw during the night had made the road slippery, and our twelve-mile tramp to the edge of the mountains was about the most tiresome piece we ever put in. But the getting down the slippery side of that mountain wasn't, and what with running into trees and getting upset, I still can't understand how we reached the bottom with no broken bones.

Next day we said good-bye to our kind hunter friends with many regrets, and set out on our sixty-mile drive for home. We considered our trip a most successful one, as parties often go in, but don't see a deer. And if you happen to pass this way just drop in, and I will show you the head of my buck with his fine pair of horns. R. C. B.

SYDNEY MINES, Cape Breton.

Calibers for Big Game.

PORTLAND, Ind.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read Lieut. Kieffer's interesting article on "Caliber for Big Game Shooting." Recently I wrote you of my experience with a small caliber rifle. The gun was a .32-20 and not a .32-40, as stated in the letter. Two of the deer were shot once, one twice, and two of the five three times, but they all fell within sight. I have hunted with a .45-95, but for forest hunting prefer, as I said, a .38-40, or in place of that some close breeched medium caliber using a short cartridge. They are so handy for rapid firing in the timber.

That a large caliber gun has the greater stopping power I do not question, and yet Lieut. Kieffer cites an instance where Mr. Harvey Robe put two balls through the heart of a buck from a .40-82-260 rifle, and the buck ran 100yds.; while last fall I shot a 12-point buck through the heart with a .38-40 Winchester at a distance of 85yds. and he ran just thirty-five steps. In October, 1893, I killed seven deer with eight hits with this same .38. Two of them were running and fell within 50yds. One sneaked and lay down about 40yds. away. One was lying down and never got up, while the other three dropped. I believe this: if a deer's lungs are inflated when he is shot, he will run until his breath is exhausted.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

HALIFAX, N. S.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of 6th inst. "Lieut. Kieffers" has an article on "Caliber for Big Game Shooting." He advocates something which when it hits will hit hard. The Winchester .50-110-300 hollow-pointed ball fills the bill exactly. True, a great many ridicule it, calling it a cannon, and say the recoil is so great it throws off the aim. But such is not the case; the recoil does not begin to be as great as with the Martini, at present used by the Canadian militia, and with which first-class shooting is being done all over Canada.

Its only fault in my opinion is want of penetration. For example, a moose shot by me last year at 200yds. was hit in the side, the ball making a clean hole at its entrance, penetrating the rib without breaking it, going through the lung, cutting off the large bloodvessel at the junction with the heart and breaking the rib on the opposite side, the bullet lodging under the skin. Now this bullet did not pass through any very hard substance, and in my opinion should have gone clean through the animal.

This moose ran nearly 500yds. before falling and then dropped perfectly dead. Again I have seen an animal hit over the high bone in the fore shoulder and with such force that the animal fell at once, although not dead; but here again there was but little penetration in comparison with smaller calibers, which I have seen make a hole clean through and through, but the animal did not stop so soon. I have picked out my bullet on several occasions and found it generally turned back and spread out to about the size of a 25-cent piece.

This principle of hitting with a shock and making a big hole is adhered to strongly by the Indians. In most cases an experienced Indian guide will prefer to use a common smooth-bore gun and trust to getting close, in place of taking a rifle, which according to them "make too leettle hole, no much blood come."

TIAM.

Adirondack Deer.

BIRCH HAVEN, Blue Mt. Lake, July 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a lover of the Adirondacks for many years, I have been much interested in the discussions as to the depletion of deer. My own observation has led me to believe that they are increasing rather than diminishing in numbers, at least in this section, and I have been repeatedly told by reliable men of the starvation of many deer during the severe winters. This week Mr. C. L. Stanton, a thoroughly reliable man and a skillful guide residing here, told me that he knows of the starvation of about 150 deer the past winter in the country stretching from Moose River to Bog River. In repeated instances deer were found in the road too weak to leave it, and were taken to stables and an effort was made to feed them and save them, but they were too far gone.

Mr. Stanton further says that he knows of large areas that were absolutely stripped bare of everything a deer could eat. Other experienced and reliable guides give me similar statements, and say with emphasis, "The deer are increasing."

I give you these facts as bearing on recent articles, and as indicating the wisdom of the Legislative Committee last winter in consulting the people who live in the Adirondacks all the year. J. C. ALLEN.

Rains and Nesting Quail.

WEST POINT, Miss., July 5.—It has been raining here for at least three weeks, and some of the rains have been very heavy. I do not know whether they have drowned any of the young quail or not, but I have commented on the fact of my seeing so many pairs of quail together at this time of the year, when one usually sees only the cock birds.

I walk about over the farm a good deal, and as you know there are any quantity of birds here; so plentiful, in fact, that I go only a few hundred yards to flush at half a dozen pairs of quail.

Their being together as when they are first paired off I do not understand, without attributing it to their nests being drowned out. A quail in making its nest invariably makes a hole in the ground like a guinea fowl's. In this country when it gets very wet the whole surface becomes saturated with water, and all depressions become miniature ponds; hence the quail's nest being in a hole fills with water unless on the side of a hill. W. W. TITUS.

Sea and River Fishing.

FROM A GIRL'S LETTER.

HERE are some extracts from a letter telling of the experiences of a party of three girls in the Adirondacks. They drove in from Westport by way of Elizabethtown:

We flew on and reached the cabin about half past ten in the morning. Everything there looked delightful; fresh flowers in the vases and brilliantly colored columbine blooming just outside the door, adding not a little to the charm. They have built a cunning little store-room just under the porch steps, and there we found eggs, butter, meat, etc. As the butcher only came once a week, and as veal was the only thing he had when he did come, we would have fared badly if we had not brought up some canned things with us. We made up our minds we would dine in the kitchen and have no table-cloth, no saucers to our cups as a matter of course and only one spoon apiece—you know our habits. We reduced the number of dishes which had to be washed very considerably, and, as there were only three of us, the washing did not take long.

In the afternoon we initiated our fishing-poles in Roaring Brook. We were fishing with flies, for which the fish will not rise so early in the season, we were afterward informed, and met with no success. The next day being Sunday, we went to church like good little girls, and Dr. DuBois being a "fisher of men," caught us instead of our catching anything. That evening Dr. DuBois brought over Verde Beede, a protégé of his and a guide, and we arranged then and there to take a thirty mile drive the next day to St. Armands, which is northwest of Lake Placid, in search of the mighty trout, which were declared to be particularly plentiful in the streams in that section. Alas! We awoke to hear the gentle patter of the rain and knew that we were doomed for that day at east. We resigned ourselves to the inevitable, provided ourselves with the vulgar worm, and in spite of rain and encased in rubber boots and sweaters went down to the Ausable below the house. This was the scene of our first victory, for Sib caught a beauty about 9in. long, Bessie caught several and I came out at the rear with two small ones. We had trout for supper that night.

The next morning it was pouring; however, we thought we would not wait any longer, and started off at 2 o'clock, although it was still drizzling. Beede's little boy, a kid of about eight years old, went along with us, and a useful little soul he was. He was wild with delight at the dea of going, and held out bravely through a very mosquitoey night. In order to reach this place, St. Armands, you have to cross a long ridge of Whiteface, over a very rough road. It cleared off during the afternoon, but was as cold as Greenland toward 5 o'clock, and as Beede did not seem very clear about the road being passable over the mountain, not having been over that year, we concluded it was better to stop at Wilmington for the night and push on fresh in the morning. The next day was gloriously clear and brisk, so that we walked most of the way over the mountain, the horses having hard work to pull the wagon up, the road being one series of ruts and rocks and quagmires. We passed the most beautiful clumps of painted trillium and lovely patches of violets, although many of the trees had been very badly bitten by a late frost, so that their foliage hung brown and lifeless. Sib was the victim of the first black fly, as indeed she was of most of those that came after, and while mosquitoes worked their will on Bessie and myself, Sib had the glory and anguish of all the black flies, so much so that at the end of our expedition she looked as though she had had a good case of chicken pox.

The view from the top of the ridge was superb, taking in Keene Valley, Marcy, Whiteface, the Poke o' Moonshine range and many others. We stopped by a stream on the way to fish, called Merry Brook, and it was indeed merry. No sooner had I whipped the water than up came a trout, and for a while we were quite busy. St. Armands is simply a tract of land, mostly farming and rolling, with one mountain, called Catamount, rising out of the ground like a sentinel, and seeming to be more of a geography book mountain than any I have seen. It is a very moth-eaten looking mound, owing to there being few trees on it.

We took up our abode in a cabin, close to Lincoln Brook, on some land belonging to Beede. He is a much better guide, companion and friend than our others have been. Nothing is too much trouble for him, and his funds of stories about the woods are endless. We fished up and down the stream, meeting with fair luck, having plenty and more than plenty for every meal. We turned in early, and were very comfortable the first part of the night, but toward morning were devoured by mosquitoes, so we arose with the sun.

We drove a couple of miles further up the brook that morning, and then separated each to try a different part of the stream, and then literally dove into it, for the trees came so close to the bank it was impossible to fish from the bank. It is most deliciously cool and refreshing to stand in rubber boots in the water, for you get all the sensations of wading without the wetness, unless you go in over them, as happens occasionally, and as Sib did when we were on the Boquet a couple of days later.

It was the funniest sight I ever saw—she was standing on a very sloping rock, and one moment I saw her and the next I didn't! Nothing but her pole, violently agitated, was visible over the top of the rock. I had given her up as lost when her head slowly appeared above the rock and she emerged again, having been in up to her waist!

To return to Lincoln Brook. We did not start to drive home that day until 2 o'clock. It was an awfully hot day, and we were forced to go very slowly, as Mary, one of the horses, showed signs of a rush of blood to the head, and we did not dare drive her fast. All the evening it threatened a thunderstorm, but it did not dampen our spirits. Beede told stories, and we all told stories, rattling along in the gloom. It was half-past ten before we reached the cabin.

Another day we went to the Boquet for all day. I was too lazy to fish and watched the others. We found that our taste for eating them was considerably diminished by the time we had cleaned them, and one mess of about four dozen we left for so long, not being anxious to undertake the task, that in the end we had to throw them away. Bessie and Sib found a place in the Ausable where two great big old grandfather trout dwelt, which must have been from their description somewhere between two and three feet long, and they angled for those grandfathers through rain and shine, but the old gentlemen were too wary for them. We got Beede to drive us out by way of Port Henry for a change, and found ourselves aboard the train bound for home much too soon for our taste. There were lots more places we wanted to go to, and we had just begun to know how to fish. E. L. L.

BASS AND BOATING ON THE UPPER DELAWARE.

A STREAM of crystal clear water, fresh distilled from the sand and rocks and moss of the unsullied mountains, is the Upper Delaware. It is a swift stream, full of foaming rapids; but at regular intervals the white water ends and the stream takes a rest, flowing lazily over shingly bottoms or through deep rock-strewn pools. Here in the amber waters lurk hordes of hungry bass—athletes by training and fighters from the word go.

Your lake bass are sluggish by comparison and not in the same class with these river warriors. The river fish are light, running from ¾ to 1½lbs.; but weight is not a standard of excellence with fish any more than it is with men.

Mr. George Dixon, with his hundred odd pounds, is more than a match for a ton of pot-bellied aldermen, and these Delaware small-mouths strike in a way to shake your teeth loose. They are up to all the tricks of the game, too, and if they can't shake the hook loose while out of the water, they will go the other way and rub it out on the rocks or foul the line on the bottom of your boat, or get free in some equally not-to-be-prevented way.

The two main branches of the Delaware rise in the western Catskills, fed by innumerable trout streams, and unite near the northeast corner of Pennsylvania, in Delaware county, N. Y. Just below their juncture is a deep foam-flecked pool, perhaps a quarter of a mile long, where we had our first good fishing. We—W. F. P. and myself—had come down the Mohawk Branch from Deposit in an Adirondack boat, but out of eleven bass taken in that stream we had only one good one—a fish weighing a pound and a half. In this first pool below the juncture of the branches, however, we took two good bass above a pound in weight and lost two more that would average as well, in less than fifteen minutes. From this point down at every reach of still water we took some bass. At Stockport, a little settlement of five or six houses and a sawmill, we caught eight good bass, averaging above a pound apiece.

At this point there is a cable ferry of the type so common along the river. A short distance below, near the center of the pool and in the deepest water, there rises a little island of rock, and around this and among the submerged rocks on the New York side the bass were lurking. We were trolling with phantom minnows, and several times had strikes and hooked fish before we had gotten out 20ft. of line.

After half a dozen turns on this pool we had lunch and then proceeded on our way down the river.

Running the rapids was exciting work. One man in the bow kept a sharp lookout for rocks and the other in the stern directed the boat's course with a stout ash paddle. Our boat was heavily loaded and the water was low, and as a consequence there was a good deal of wading to be done. At times, however, we ran considerable rapids without wetting our feet. This happened when most of the volume of the river was drawn into narrow compass between steep shores. Where the river spread out over broad rapids it was next to impossible to get through without wading or dragging.

A short distance below Stockport we shot into a deep, still pool, where the river ran lazily along the foot of a precipitous mountain. The scenery was wild and beautiful in the extreme; not a house nor a clearing was to be seen, and all the mountains within view were heavily wooded from base to summit. The fragrance of spruce and pine was sweet to the senses, and if added charm were needed it was there in the soothing certainty that our game was present. Hardly had the deadly phantom touched the water when the rod bent nearly double in response to a vicious strike, and from that instant a battle royal began which only ceased when seventeen bronzed warriors were *hors de combat*. A native fishing from a rock as large as a small house eyed us with ill-concealed envy. He was using small conger eels for bait, which next to small bull-heads is the Upper Delaware idea of a fetish for black bass, but he had caught only four. The phantom minnow had the field. It was an ideal day for trolling. A brisk wind raised miniature swells that galloped up stream against the current, and rain squalls occasionally added variety. Bass were on the feed, and though it is more than doubtful if they ever before had seen anything in the minnow line resembling our English importations, they bit at them greedily and did their level best to spoil their beauty. Frequently they broke loose from the cruel deception that gave them a mouthful of hooks instead of a meal, and no doubt such fish as escaped will have a lasting suspicion of high colored minnows with prominent eyes if they chance to see any such in future, and the sight will recall the ghosts of dead brethren, but enough reached our boat to satisfy our barbarian instincts of sport, and not one of these but gave a whole theatrical performance of the melo-dramatic class. Rearing, leaping, standing on their hind legs and tossing mains of foam; diving, darting, cutting the water and causing the obedient line to hiss and simmer and rip the liquid element, straining the rod to the utmost at one instant, and the next swimming faster than the reel could take up line preparatory to aerial flight—all this and more too was the performance for which the bass stood treat.

This "eddy," as such pool is known in Delaware parlance, was half or three-quarters of a mile in length, and after we had gone up and down it three times we concluded to give the bass a rest from their arduous entertainment. At succeeding eddies we added to our catch, and when we went into camp that night on a shingle beach just below Fordville, we had 37 nice bass. In addition we had caught half a dozen shiners and one pickerel. These shiners are toothsome eating and possess many of the qualities of game fish, chief among which may be mentioned courage. They measured from 10 to 13in. in length only, and being slender in build averaged less than a half-pound in weight, but they tackled phantom minnows half as long as themselves and fought with no little spirit.

We had each lost our biggest fish, as was natural. W. F. P. had one alongside the boat that looked 24in. long, that fouled the line with the keel and so escaped, and I lost a similar fish which got into shallow water and rubbed the hook loose on the bottom. We thought these fish would each weigh 3lbs. They were hooked in a deep pool opposite an old sawmill that stands in a narrow gorge, almost hidden from sight by the trees and overhanging cliffs. In the middle of this pool is a reef of rocks sheering off rapidly on both sides to deep water. It was here that we struck these, our largest fish, and here that we lost them.

The next day we went as far as Callicoon, but had no especial luck. It was a still, clear day, and bad for trolling, or, for that matter, any style of fishing. Our trip netted us fifty-five bass besides about twenty-five other fish. We had gone along leisurely and not fished for count or the score would have been larger.

As a rule the fishing near the railroad stations or towns is poor. This is a good thing to remember if you go to the Upper Delaware. It is in the inaccessible pools and virgin waters where the fish are plenty.

J. B. BURNHAM.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE.

TROUT LAKES NEAR MONTREAL.

NEWT and I went fishing the other day. We went to St. Agathe, on the Montreal and Labelle branch of the Canadian Pacific R. R., sixty-four miles from Montreal. A special fishing train leaves Dalhousie Station every Saturday during the season at 1:45 P. M., making the run in about three hours, returning on Monday morning, leaving St. Agathe at 7 A. M., reaching Montreal at 10 A. M. The return fare is $2.10, good for this time only.

We looked up some friends in Montreal to learn something of the country. Nearly every one named a different lake as being the best fishing. Finally we struck a party who had been fishing there on May 1, to whom, being a reader of FOREST AND STREAM, I might drop a hint that the season does not open till May 2, which he may paste in his hat for future reference. They fished four lakes in the two days, catching some 175 trout, bringing about 35lbs. home with them. Following his directions, we duly arrived at St. Agathe.

We crossed the street to Sauve's hotel, engaging him to drive us out to Mr. Jos. Belisle, at Lac à la Truit, three miles away, 75 cents for the trip. Arriving, we introduced ourselves, stating we were after fish, and asking if he could accommodate us with lodgings. He seemed to take us for city bloods, and was apologizing for his poor accommodations, when I cut him short by saying that we were just common farmers, that as soon as we could get our Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes off we would demonstrate by our old duds that we were not above farmers' fare, our principal object being trout. This seemed to relieve him greatly. We were on familiar terms at once, when he became quite communicative.

It being then 6 o'clock, we had a glass of milk with a slice of bread, slightly sour, for which the good woman apologized, but when we told her that it was just the kind we had at home she seemed relieved, so that we got on famously from that out.

A boy had in the meantime been digging some worms, and we proceeded to the lake. Our Montreal friend had told us that his best fishing there was almost in the guide's door yard, which proved to be the case. At the lake, only a short distance from the house, the boy pulled out about 25ft., and dropping a stone with a cord attached for an anchor, put worms on our hooks, telling us to cast in anywhere and we would get fish. This was our first experience in lake fishing, and it did not seem just right to fish for trout as we would for bull pout at home. The boy had a sapling about 7ft. long with the bark peeled off and painted red, with a large line, which he soon had dangling over the boat, and we took our cue from him. For a time no one had a bite. I was beginning to think

it rather slow work, when the boy gave a yank and speedily boasted a pound trout. "Ah," says Newt, "I have one." His rod was bending, the trout tugging at a great rate. "Be very careful," I said, "you can't afford tolose a nice one like that. Don't try to pull him over the boat. Work him up to my end and I will take him in for you." This he did, but just as he got it within reaching distance it made a spurt and broke away. At this moment I had one on that required all my attention, which with Newt's help I successfully landed. We fished there till about 8 o'clock, the result being nine trout of nearly a pound each and one about seven inches long.

We had some more bread and milk; shortly afterward retiring to a fair bed, without springs, where we slept fairly well, anticipating the morrow. We were out bright and early in the morning, when we secured 14 nice fish in the dooryard, so to speak, and then made a tour of the lake, working the flies, at which I am a very poor hand, with lots to learn. I had the satisfaction of seeing about a pound trout jump clear over the fly, and that's all the satisfaction I did get, although I worked faithfully and long. We anchored up the lake in several places, but the wind was too strong and we got only a few, mostly small.

In the afternoon Newt and I went out alone, working the ground all over again, getting about a dozen. At one place Newt caught five, fishing right beside me, where I did not get a bite. In the evening we again fished in the dooryard, where I got even with Newt by catching seven nice ones, while he got only one. We were up at 3 o'clock the next morning fishing the dooryard, but had to quit early so as to have breakfast and drive three miles to the 7 A. M. train.

We had our trout cleaned and packed in grass in a box, which we subsequently got iced at Sauve's hotel.

Mr. Belisle, although having quite a farm, gives a good deal of attention to fishing parties, claiming that all last summer he had not been able to go to mass once, while this summer he expected it would be the same.

He has boats on seven different lakes, his being the only ones. The lakes, as I remember them, besides the one at his dooryard, are Lac Dugas, Lac Legros, Lac La Croix, Lake Dunham, Lac à la Cabin; the last he intended to put a boat on the next week; it was about ten miles distant and practically had never been fished. The whole country is full of lakes with nothing but trout in any of them. I found his charges very reasonable. Hotel rates would have charged us practically two days, while our bill (including board, boat, boy for guide and drive back St. Agathe) was only $4 for both of us. His usual charges are $1 per day for board, $3 a day to furnish boats on the different lakes and drive you thereto, and act as guide in every respect. The $3 includes two sportsmen.

As to fishing, he claims that on many of the back lakes where he has boats fishermen have quit fishing at 4 P.M., claiming they had all the fish they could dispose of. In the smaller lakes they run from ½ to 2lbs., while a couple of 3-pounders have been caught in his dooryard. I am told there are other lakes up nearer Labelle, where they get lakers as large as 22lbs., while one Montreal party in three days' fishing brought down 150lbs. of trout.

I have seen it stated in the papers very often that the black flies and mosquitoes were fearful; in fact, in one case it stated that the party had to have a surgical operation performed in order to get back his eyesight. I took a supply of Talcott's lotion, but did not use it at all. We had got tired carrying it and left it at the house, but could have tried it the last evening, as there was no wind at all, the mosquitoes then getting in their work, and I must confess their bites were very painful.

The country has been settled the past fifty years, but it is only the last three years that they have had railroad facilities; so that the lakes have been very little fished, while plenty of them back a way have never had a line in them. Mr. Belisle says that the mosquitoes are a myth on most of the lakes, as the country is pretty well cleared up, which insures a breeze most of the time, thus preventing the mosquitoes getting their work in. He advised fishermen bringing worms with them. The soil being light, sand worms are hard to get, and by August have practically disappeared. A telegram addressed Jos. Belisle, fils, care Sauve's Hotel, St. Agathe, Que., will always catch him in a day. With a little notice he could accommodate a party of five or six, or more if they were willing to occupy the same rooms.

I asked the conductor if he would take my box of fish down in the baggage car. "Certainly," he said. "No name on it? Well, when you get to Montreal just call up for it." On arrival at Montreal the box was placed on the truck and run inside the station. The young man wanted to know if we did not want a cord around it, so as to be able to carry it, and immediately procured a cord, fixing handles so we could carry. We were not going home till the afternoon train, and asked if we could leave the box there till we called for it. "Certainly, sir; put it right in the icebox," which he did forthwith. He was very active about it, and as soon as finished went on with his other work, not even giving me time to tip him. I took charge of the valises and rods, Newt agreeing to get the box in the afternoon and transfer over to Bonaventure Station, where I duly found him.

"Did you get along all right with the box?" I asked.

"Yes, I had to see two or three parties first, but they looked up the old man, who recognized me at once; when I asked him for the fish, he said, 'Yis, sor, and doant you want some more ice poot on them?' I told him I thought they would keep till we got home, so a young man took up the box and carried it up the street for me as nice as you please."

"Well, they treated us very decently," I said; "I hope you tipped him."

"Tipped him? Why no, I didn't tip him. He ran up the stairs with the box, and by the time I arrived up he had disappeared about his business. Didn't give me a chance."

We arrived home that evening with about 20lbs. of trout in fine condition. We hope to make another trip up there some time this summer, when we will take in some of the other lakes.

The lake at St. Agathe village, Lac au Sable, I understand is pretty well fished out, but there are lots of them up there; so that one could go most any time, stop at the hotels in the village, of which I believe there are some good ones, and have guide call for him in the morning, when they can drive to some of the lakes, which Mr. Belisle assured me they very often do, returning before supper with all the fish they want.

I think any man could get all the fishing he wanted in a few days' time from the different lakes at not very great expense, if he is willing to put up with farmers' fare, which means plenty of milk, eggs and trout—if you catch them—bread of fair quality, ham and salt pork, lots of children around, ducks and hens meandering around the table picking up crumbs while you are eating, beds without springs, but withal clean.

French is almost essential, although Mr. Belisle says he he has handled English speaking parties.

I cannot speak too highly of the C. P. R. employees' courtesy, which I know will always pay in the end, and no doubt the C. P. R. officials know it too. Quite a contrast with some of your roads across the line, pretending to cater to sportsmen. J. BRUCE PAYNE.

BOYER'S TROUT.

It was a glorious day
When we, with tackle stout,
Three gallant fishermen
Saw Boyer catch his trout.

For the sky was lowering dark,
And the rain came down the spout,
And the wind was blowing right
When Boyer caught his trout.

And the worms they wriggled in,
And the worms they wriggled out,
And the fly they wouldn't take,
But Boyer took his trout.

And away in yonder bush
The birds they raised a shout,
They whistled and they sang
When Boyer caught his trout.

But a bite he first must have—
He couldn't catch without—
Three hours passed before
That Boyer struck his trout.

His fellow fishermen
They called, "Look out! look out!
Give him more line, my boy—
Oh, Boyer, hold your trout!"

An alder bush hung near;
He'll make for it, no doubt.
He'll get away, he'll break away!
Boyer, don't lose that trout!

"I see him now," cries one,
"I see his awful snout!
See what a swirl he cuts,
That dandy Boyer's trout!"

Ah, now he's coming in—
And now he whirls about—
Hold hard! More line, my boy,
Oh, Boyer, take that trout!

He's making for the brush,
That ugly alder spout;
Give him the butt, or else
Good bye to Boyer's trout.

"I'll give you fifty cents
For chances on this bout,"
A business comrade cries—
Would Boyer sell his trout?

"Hand me that landing net;
Now, steady, boys—look out!"
Swish! a racket in the boat—
And Boyer's got his trout!

Sixteen inches and a half
From tip of tail to snout—
A beauty and a dandy he
Is Boyer's noble trout.

Hurrah! hurrah! what fun
We had in getting out
From these dark waters deep
Proud Boyer's noble trout.

And the birds they merry sing
And the frogs in chorus shout—
"Oh, Boyer, Boyer ho!
Oh, Boyer's got his trout!"

EASTON, Penn., July 3. HENRY M. KIEFFER.

NEW ENGLAND AND CANADA.

BOSTON, July 13.—Forge Pond, down near Plymouth, is one of the ancient trout ponds of Eastern Massachusetts. It has been fished for a hundred years, and many distinguished public gentlemen have dropped a line into its waters in times gone by. Daniel Webster used to fish there. All of which goes to show that our modern statesmen in devoting themselves to the pleasures of angling are only following in the footsteps of the great men of long ago. The old pond has had a severe strain on its resources in the past, and I have been told that forty-five rods (representing just so many fishermen) have been seen on it in one day. It draws its main supply of water from three brooks, which in turn take their source from springs back in the woods. Its area is about twenty acres, and it seems to be a natural trout preserve, resembling in this respect the celebrated Tim Pond in Maine.

But a few years ago Forge Pond, with considerable territory in its immediate vicinity, was purchased by Mr. E. D. Jordan, Jr., one of Boston's most prominent merchants. He has built a fine home there, and taken many steps toward beautifying the estate. Delighting in the pleasure associated with rod and gun he has paid particular attention to restocking the pond with fish, and the woods with game. Eight hundred young salmon were put in the pond last spring. Since then one has been taken out 13in. in length and another 8in. long. Native brook trout are at present the principal fish there, and they have been taken out up to 2lbs. in weight. In Eel River, a tide-water stream, the outlet of the pond, 2,000 English brown trout were placed some time ago. These fish run into salt water and spawn above on the river like salmon. They have been caught up to 2¾lbs. in weight this year, and nine have been taken by one party.

Mr. Jordan has imported a number of Belgian hares. After keeping them for some time, sixty of them were turned loose to roam over the country. They are great speeders and jumpers, and ought to furnish good sport in a year or two more. Many quail have been turned out, and partridges are said to be very plentiful. There are now 110 Mongolian pheasants from one to three weeks old. As they become strong of wing they will leave for the surrounding country, but still with instinct strong enough to make their headquarters at the old home.

Mr. Jordan has 500 acres in the estate, and in addition to the resources of his own property is very fortunate in its location, as the entire surrounding country provides good sport. Great South Pond is only a short distance away, and excellent bass fishing can be had there. It is only two or three miles to the ocean, and the Manomet shore is noted for tautog fishing. It is along this shore that the great flights of coot, brant and loon occur in the fall, bringing out scores of shooters to participate in the sport. Wild geese are also abundant in the ponds in the neighborhood, and a system of blinds used there by the sportsmen is about perfect in effect. Several other Boston men have private estates near Mr. Jordan's place, among them Messrs. Howe and Blodgett. These gentlemen have also put out quite a number of quail. With good game protection, which is the urgent need of the locality, the woods of Plymouth will soon surpass their old time reputation as a resort for sportsmen.

Mr. Herbert Dumaresq, of Boston, a partner of Mr. Jordan in the firm of Jordan, Marsh & Co., has a fine assortment of tackle and delights to use it on every possible occasion. He is fond of salmon fishing, and belongs to a club with elaborate headquarters at Sebago Lake. A party consisting of Mr. Dumaresq, J. Murray Brown and C. B. Gookin, all members of the club, made a recent record of 24 salmon, with an average of 5lbs. each, in a few days' fishing some weeks ago. Mr. Dumaresq was high line, taking the largest fish, which weighed 11lbs.

J. W. Bailey, author of the new book with maps on the St. John's River and its tributaries, and Geo. Clark, both well-known Boston men, have gone on a fishing and exploring trip to the Upper St. Maurice River, in Canada. They go first to Kiskisink station, then to the Bostonnais River, and by canoe to the St. Maurice. They will be away about three weeks.

Gaston T. Hubbard and his son, F. Perry Hubbard, passed through Boston on Tuesday last bound for a two weeks' trip to Moosehead Lake. Fishing is the favorite pastime of Mr. Hubbard, senior, and he will make a strong effort to instil love of the sport into his son, who is now making his first trip. Last year he took his other son with him to Tim Pond, and says his success with him was of the best. I hope he may do as well this time.

N. N. Mason and S. S. Stone, of Providence, have gone to Cape Breton to spend a few weeks fishing the waters near Baddeck. Mr. Mason has fished in that country for sixteen successive years, and is one of those anglers who can tie a fly, mend a rod and do anything that may be necessary to repair his outfit or increase his chances of success when away on a trip of this kind. He has reduced the sport to a science and thereby insures success.

Henry W. Clarke, of Boston, has just returned from a six weeks' trip to Maine. Mr. Clarke, with David Haines as guide, has made an annual trip for twenty odd years into the Rangeley and Dead River country. After spending some time at Rangeley, he went to King and Bartlett, and was very much impressed with the beauties of the country around Big Spencer Lake on that preserve. The trip was closed with a stay of some days at Flagstaff Pond, where Mr. Clarke delights to take the pickerel on a fly. He had great success at this fishing, capturing most of them on a scarlet-ibis, and says they are surprisingly gamy taken in this manner. Generally speaking, pickerel fishing with a fly is not a pronounced success, but close proximity to trout in the Maine ponds as an example may make a difference at Flagstaff.

Mr. Louis Curtis, of Boston, has just returned to the city from a trip to the Restigouche River. He is a member of the Restigouche Salmon Club, and killed twenty-nine salmon in sixteen days' fishing. This is an excellent score, considering the poor luck this season of many older salmon fishermen on New Brunswick rivers.

Mr. E. A. Hitchcock, of St. Louis, and James L. High, of Chicago, have gone to fish the upper waters of the Nepissiguit for salmon. Mr. Hitchcock, together with hi brother the Hon. Henry Hitchcock, of St. Louis, control valuable pools on this river, but have not been fishing them for the last two seasons. They have good camps nicely fitted up for comfort and convenience. The gentlemen will be on the river two weeks, and ought to do well, as the June fishing was very poor and the run of salmon long overdue will probably occur in July.

HACKLE.

More about the Leaping Bass.

BEDFORD, Ind., July 10.—Your excellent correspondent "Kingfisher" seems to be abundantly able to maintain his end of the controversy with Dr. Ellzey over "The Leaping of Black Bass," and perhaps it is for this reason he has been left almost alone on his side of it. I am surprised that Dr. Ellzey should claim an extensive experience in bass fishing and yet deny that "Kingfisher's" statements are entirely within the bounds of probability, in fact that "Even his failings lean to virtue's side."

Black bass, both large and small-mouth, will leap and shake themselves "When the spirit moves them" to make such efforts for freedom, regardless of whether the angler plays them high, low, or Jack. Some years ago, while fishing at Grass Lake, Ill., I hooked a very large bass on a 4½ Skinner spoon. The rod and line were very light, the water shallow and very weedy, the line was quickly fouled, and parted a few inches above the spoon. I had scarcely time to realize that the fish had gone before it leaped from the water, its dorsal fin was extended, its mouth was wide open, I thought I saw that bass shake itself, I know I heard the spoon rattle, and that it was in some way disengaged and thrown to one side about 15ft. I know that I saw the spoon strike the water and that I afterwards recovered it. At the time it did not occur to me that there was anything remarkable about that spoon's flying through space; I was accustomed to seeing bass jump and shake themselves, and I then thought, and up to the time I saw Dr. Ellzey's letter had continued to believe, that the bass had shaken itself with sufficient violence to throw the spoon to the spot where I saw it strike the water; but since the doctor says that bass don't "shake" I am anxious to know how the one I write of sent my spoon so far from it?

I have frequently seen bass leap two or three feet above the surface of the water, and on rare occasions have seen them go perhaps as much as 5ft., but always in lake fishing. I have never seen a bass make a high leap from a swift stream. HOODOO,

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, July 10.—Harry B. Moore, of Boston, and Geo. C. Moore, of North Chelmsford, Mass., are back from Europe. Both had to give up their spring fishing trip, usually taken in Maine, but latterly to the Inglewood Club's preserve—had to give it up for this trip to Europe. But they "wet their lines" in Scotland, and fished in the famous Loch Katrina. They caught what Harry describes as "sort of perch." They were not trout at all. It is easy to see that these two experienced anglers are not pleased with fishing in Scotland, in protected waters.

Salmon fishing in the Provinces is the attractive sport with Boston anglers at this season. But one must be possessed of considerable means, or have friends who are rich, in order te fish those leased waters. Dr. C. Warren and his son have been at the Restigouche for a few weeks, with fair success. Hon. George Von L. Meyer, Mr. Louis Curtis, Mr. F. L. Higginson, Mr. Henry Whitman and Mr. Louis Cabot have all been in that region after salmon. Ex-Gov. Russell, Mr. Lemuel Howe and Francis Peabody, Jr., are the guests of Mr. A. H. Wood on his river, a branch of the Miramichi. Mr. Oliver Ames (2d) has also gone to the Restigouche.

To go to Nova Scotia for trout fishing is also getting to be a feature with Boston sportsmen, who know the waters. Master Herbert L. Kidder, son of H. A. Kidder, of the Boston *Herald*, is now at a post village of a most outlandish name, three miles from Brookfield. It is at a point some sixteen miles from Truro. The young man is only fourteen, and has had no experience whatever with line and rod, and yet on his first trip he writes his parents he took twelve handsome trout. He will be joined by his father in a few days, who will also do some fishing. They expect to visit a salmon river owned by an uncle.

July 13.—Bluefishing is a popular sport at this time, and some good catches are being made off Nantucket, in the vicinity of Martha's Vineyard, and even up well into Buzzard's Bay. A number of Boston merchants and business men are summering at different points along the Cape and at Cottage City, coming up to Boston every week day by train to business. On Sundays some of them go out sailing. They say that there has been some trouble about "bluefish biting the boats," and that they have felt obliged to take some hooks and lines along. In this way the safety of the boats is assured so far as the bites of bluefish are concerned, and it is certain that several good fish have been caught. Mr. Harry Gardiner is summering in the neighborhood of Marion, not far up the coast from the celebrated Gray Gables, and he reports good fun with the bluefish about the day Ruth's little sister was born. Formerly he was an enthusiast at trout fishing, and frequented the Rangeleys every spring at the time when it was a stage ride from Farmington to Phillips and Phillips to Rangeley, and it took a couple of days to get in. But of late years he has been satisfied with easier fishing.

Master Herbert L. Kidder, mentioned in my letter the other day, is in danger of becoming an angler. He is still spending his vacation in the neighborhood of Upper Studiack, Nova Scotia, with his uncle and cousins. It seems that he has fallen into the midst of what might justly be termed an "angler's paradise," and is with men who understand the business. They have made a fishing trip to Lake d'Armandi, and camped over night, at which a young fisherman of 14 years is greatly pleased. The party took in all 145 trout, of from 4oz. to 8 or 9oz. in weight. The boy took more than his share of the fish.

Mr. Richard O. Harding, with Appleton & Basset, and so well known to the angling fraternity as Secretary of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association for several years, has just returned from the northeast branch of the St. Marguerite River, where he has been the guest of Mr. David H. Blanchard. It seems that there had been a good rainstorm a day or two before they reached the river, which put the water up to "just the right pitch." This lasted for a day or two, and during the time they took ten salmon, of which number Richard got his share. Since the fall of the water the fishing has not been as good, but good enough to bring a number of fish. The day before Mr. Harding came out Mr. Rolin Jones, another guest of Mr. Blanchard, came in. Mr. Harding was anxious to see him kill a salmon, and so gave all his attention to that gentleman. Mr. Blanchard was interested also, and the result was the capture of a salmon by Mr. Jones weighing 22½lbs. Before Mr. Harding left eleven fish had been taken, the average weight of which was 22½lbs. and none larger than 24lbs. This is considered a remarkable average. Mr. Blanchard, with his daughter and children, will remain for a month longer.

Mr. Walter M. Brackett, whose salmon privilege is on the same river, but below that owned by Mr. Blanchard, has taken a few fish only up to date. The St. Marguerite Club, the fishing rights of which are on the northwest branch of the same river, have, up to the latest reports, taken twenty-five salmon to five rods. Hence it will be seen that salmon fishing on the St. Marguerite is better than many of the other rivers in that part of the country.

SPECIAL.

Washington City Notes.

THE Potomac for the past three weeks has been a very muddy stream, and anglers have waited impatiently for a return of the good conditions prevailing during the third week of June, when what few rods were out made good catches of bass.

Frank Curtis spent the week June 17 to 22 at Edward's Ferry, a point on the Potomac about twenty-six miles west of Washington, and took nearly 100 bass. Comparatively few anglers knew that the conditions were favorable that week for fishing. After the present bad condition of the water good sport is expected.

Mr. John Devine, the well-known angler and manager of Gov. Morton's Hotel Shoreham, is back from a pleasant and successful piscatorial trip to Canada.

Landlocked salmon in Twin Lakes, Col., show evidences of thriving there. Specimens weighing 3½lbs. have been taken by an agent of the U. S. Fish Commission, and reports of quite a number of small ones have been received. These salmon were introduced by the U. S. Commission several years ago.

Black bass fishing on parts of the Susquehanna during June was good, notably at Marietta, where old anglers say it was better than for several years past. Prospects are bright for good fishing during the present month, as the river has been up and the water is cool.

B. A. BEAN.

HELL-GATE CAMP.

BOSTON, Mass., July 6.—I have returned from a short trip to my old favorite fishing waters, the Dead Diamond River, northern New Hampshire. Six years had passed since my last visit to Hell-Gate Camp, and I was anxious and curious to learn how time had dealt with the then ideal home of the trout. Many changes had taken place since I was there, and I confess to a deep feeling of sadness as I again contemplated the buildings "Old Injun" had labored so hard and long to rear, and he resting peacefully in the cemetery at Colebrook.

After Amasa's death the syndicate into whose hands the camp fell deemed it best to change the name from Hell-Gate to Deer Lick Camp, because they thought the latter would not grate quite so harshly on sensitive ears and natures. But as the camp is situated at the foot of Hell-Gate Falls, and with some little regard for the old man's memory, the present proprietors have wisely determined to restore its original name, and henceforth it will be known as Hell-Gate Camp. These proprietors are five gentlemen, all well known on the Megalloway and its tributaries: Charles M. Kelley, proprietor Kelley's Hotel, Wilson's Mills; Percy C. Ripley, for the past ten years in the employ of the Berlin Falls Lumber Co. as inspector of all their lumber possessions, dams, streams, etc.; J. Winslow York (in charge of camp), for the past ten years guide on the Megalloway and its sources; W. A. Bragg, proprietor of Umbagog House, Errol; and Fred. A. Flint, Colebrook. Now, here are five men, any one of whom is capable of swinging the old camp back to the place it occupied when Amasa left it; unitedly they can once again make it the home camp of the northern wilderness in reality as well as name.

They will not advertise at all this season. Not a circular even will be issued, but the old latch string will still hang on the outside, and they will do all in their power for the pleasure and comfort of any and all who make them a visit. They recognize the fact that they have quite a contract on their hands, and they are bending all their energies toward putting the camp and its approaches in the best of condition for the season of '96. To that end guides are working every day on all the old trails and carries (they are sadly overgrown and choked with windfalls) and swamping new ones.

In Amasa's day the only approach to the camp was by the river from Wentworth's Location, and consumed nearly a whole day. Now there are two good trails from Kelley's: the Upper or Abbott's Brook trail, which can be easily covered in three and one-half hours, and the new trail called the Brown lumber camp trail, which places the camp within two and one-half hours of Kelley's. In connection with this last trail they have thrown a light temporary footbridge across the river so that all fording and boating can be avoided; but a boat will always be kept at the bridge in case parties would prefer to make the rest of the way by river.

Parties going in, whether from Colebrook or Berlin Falls, would do well to make Kelley's the objective point, because at Kelley's, whether you notify him in advance or not, will always be found guides to pack in luggage.

Much to my surprise I found the trout just as numerous as in the past, and I found in the upper waters many more large trout than formerly. This is easily accounted for from the fact that the old dam which for years stood across the river at the Location has been removed, and now the big trout have interrupted access to the upper waters. The first week of our stay we had fine fishing. I was high line with a 4½-pounder. The second week it rained a good deal, and the river persistently kept too high for good work. In fact we were two weeks early for the best fishing. One thing the present proprietors are determined to try and put a stop to is the work of the salters; for years they have been a curse to those waters and the evil is deep rooted, but it can be stopped.

Deer signs were everywhere, and as the law prohibits hounding in New Hampshire this year good sport for the still-hunter seems to be assured in the season.

During my stay in camp a moose paid us a visit. It was during the night, and of course we could not determine just how long he lingered, but we found his tracks within 60ft. of the building, saw where he followed the footpath down to the landing and crossed the river, and he seemed to be in no hurry either. I am afraid his confidence in human nature will diminish a trifle before October is over.

J. W. B.

Adirondack Guides' Association.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Adirondack Guides' Association has been organized to promote and facilitate travel in the Adirondacks; to secure to the public competent and reliable guides, thus assuring the welfare of tourists and sportsmen; to aid in the enforcement of the forest, fish and game laws of the State, and to maintain a uniform rate of guides' wages.

Any person to become an active member of this Association must be: First, a citizen of the United States of America and have a permanent residence within the State of New York; second, a well-equipped, competent and in every way reliable guide, having been known as a resident of the Adirondacks for fifteen years.

Every guide holds a certificate of membership signed by the president and secretary.

Sportsmen and tourists should ask to see the certificates of guides before employment.

Write the secretary for copies of constitution, blank applications for membership, etc.

All lovers of the Adirondacks are invited to become associate members.

JOHN H. MILLER, Sec'y.

A Gunnison Rainbow.

MR. H. M. ORAHOOD sends us this note from the Denver *Republican* of July 6, recording the capture of a big rainbou trout in the Gunnison:

"There was a picture in yesterday morning's edition of the *Republican* showing a laughing Fourth of July angler illustrating the size of a fish he had caught. It was not intended to represent Receiver Trumbull of the Gulf line, but yesterday Mr. Trumbull came into town with a trout caught near Gunnison which measured 28¾ inches in length and weighed an even eleven pounds. So far as known this is the heaviest trout ever caught in this state with rod and line. The receiver confessed it broke his heart to tell that he did not catch the fish, but that Tom Harper of Gunnison did.

NOTES FROM FISHING WATERS.

OUANANICHE SCORES at Lake St. John, first week in July.—Dr. Henry F. Dean, 20 weighing 50lbs., largest 3½lbs. R. Bacon, Jr., 35 weighing 67lbs., largest 3lbs. Messrs. Allport, Klein, Penhole, 15 weighing 28lbs., largest 3½lbs. Richard Bacon, 62 weighing 127lbs., largest 5½lbs. (the largest to date). J. C. Bower, 10 weighing 20lbs., largest 2½lbs. J. T. Carpenter, 14 weighing 30lbs., largest 3lbs. D. Dean (July 4), 24 weighing 42lbs., largest 2½lbs. (and 10 pike weighing 93lbs., largest 17lbs.). J. M. Pangman and J. A. Hamilton, 13 weighing 25lbs., largest 3lbs.

SPIRIT LAKE, Iowa.—Mr. Walter N. Light sends us a photograph of a string of fish, caught by still fishing in Spirit Lake in 4hrs. 30min., and comprising forty-five wall-eyed pike, three big-mouth bass, seven cats, one pickerel, one croppie, one rock bass, thirty-six perch.

RUSTIC LODGE, Axton, Franklin, Co., N. Y., July 5.—"Report your luck." So here goes. On July 4th, with Fred Reeves for guide, I took on the Archer spinner with an extended gang, a lake trout weighing 22½lbs., length 37in., 9in. deep. Was 1 hour and 10 minutes landing him. Caught at the head of the gut on Upper Saranac Lake.

L. O. CRANE.

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG, N. H.—Mr. S. E. Young, a guest of the Owl's Head Hotel, caught on July 1 a lake trout of 18lbs., measuring 36in. length; and on July 2 a 14-pounder. On July 10 Mr. John C. Roe caught two lunge weighing together 30½lbs.

H. W.

MISS ALICE FULLER, who is summering at Owl's Head Hotel, Lake Memphremagog, has proved herself an expert with the rod and reel by making a very fine catch of bass and landing a fine specimen of lake trout weighing 12lbs., on the afternoon of June 11. Mr. Young, of Pelham, who will pilot fishing parties, caught on July 10 five lake trout weighing altogether 75½lbs., the largest 17½lbs. On Sunday last Mr. Young caught the largest trout of the season; weight 18lbs.

GREENWOOD LAKE.—New York, July 15.—The fishing at Greenwood Lake has been fairly good this season. Several good catches have been reported. Three dogmen, Messrs. Oldham, Watson and Waters, took a day there last week, and after diligent effort caught nothing, while one easy-going sort of a fisherman on other ground not far away caught thirteen without any assistance. The heavy rains of last week decreased the number of catches and their size. It is rather late for the best sport. The bass seldom rise now to a frog bait, or to any bait which is cast. Most of the catches are made by still-fishing or quiet trolling.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noting your request in FOREST AND STREAM that we report our luck with rod and gun, I send you the following fishing scores on weakfish: June 22, 11; June 23, 4; June 25, 2; June 29, 3; July 2, 3; July 3, 19; July 5, 2; July 6, 15; July 8, 2; July 10, 5; July 12, 15, and July 14, 2. All the above fish were caught near Perth Amboy. Much larger scores are made here, but my time is limited, and therefore the best tides for fishing are often lost. For instance, W. Hartmann, in about four hours caught fifty-seven weakfish and one bluefish.

G. M.

BAY VIEW HOUSE, Waretown, N. J., July 15.—Mr. Charles Strickler and party caught 117 weakfish on Saturday, T. M. Hagelton 66, Howard Fleck 80. Sunday, Frank Felton and party 137, C. Brown, Philadelphia, 75; T. M. Hagelton 63, J. B. Turner and party 50. Prospects good for the season. Catching a few bluefish.

J. H. BIRDSALL, Waretown, N. J.

Incidents.

IT was on one of our annual jaunts to Green River that Mel and I, sitting by the fire, he smoking, I dreaming one of those contented self-satisfied dreams that fried trout and coffee always bring—a sort of lief-as-not-stay-here-all-my-life kind of a feeling.

"Say, Kirk, let's go over to the Mill Pond and fish for eels. I heard that one of the boys got a big trout there one night. It's only quarter-past nine, and this moonlight is so beautiful I don't want to crawl in yet."

Putting a chunk on the fire I raked the coals together and patted them down, then we walked over to the pond.

After fishing patiently about twenty minutes I felt a bite and pulled out a ½lb. trout. "Got one, Mel." "That's good. What?" "Trout!" "How big?" "Half-pound or so."

Silence reigned for a time, broken only by the plunk as one or the other of us cast into different spots hoping to entice another trout. Eels were forgotton. "Hey, Mel!" "What you want?" "Got another, 7-incher." "Good. There's something fooling around my line. He picked up the bait and started with it once."

Splash! thud! and something strikes on the knoll behind Mel, the length of a cane pole and 10ft. of line. "What in thunder was that?" "Darnation big sucker, I guess," running up the knoll. "Hold him up between you and the moon, then you can see what it is." "He don't keep still long enough, seems as if he's too wriggly for a sucker." "Put it down in the sand and stroke it the wrong way, if he ain't got scales that will tell. Hurrah! Trout! Come see it, Kirk. Pound an' a-half." "Let's quit now and go over to the tent. You can smoke one more pipe and I will have a cup of coffee."

Quarter to eleven. He smoked, I drank coffee, then well pleased we turned in. Next day at evening his trout weighed 1lb. 6oz.

H. C. KIRK.

New Jersey Coast Striped Bass.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 12.—A welcome as royal as was ever extended to any monarch has greeted the striped bass on his advent to our coast this season in such abundance. Dignitaries of Church and State have paid him homage and justly. The true aristocrat of our waters, nothing said in song or story can be construed as flattery which his reputation will not sustain. My offer in FOREST AND STREAM to answer inquiries has been a revelation to me. A perfect deluge of letters has been showered upon me from the North, East and West, until I have been forced to the conclusion that bass fishing is a mighty fascinating pastime to your host of readers. Let the in-

quiries come, brothers of the rod and reel. I will continue to give to all who shall apply such information as I am possessed of, and find pleasure in so doing. Among those who have already given it a trial I have formed some most agreeable acquaintances, and am pleased to say not all have gone away empty-handed.

I paid a visit to Barnegat Bay recently and found the prospects there most encouraging. Weakfish are already there and are biting fairly well, although two weeks later should find the conditions much improved. Fishing one tide I took eleven, the heaviest 4¼lbs., also one 2¾lbs. bass. Bluefish have also made their appearance. I saw two fine schools at least nine miles up from the inlet. Their presence is easily accounted for. Dotted here and there over the entire surface of the water was to be seen the familiar ripple of schools of menhaden. I could easily have taken some bluefish, but had nothing but light tackle and improper bait. The wardens have cleared out the illegal nets, and with these conditions continued Barnegat will soon be restored to its old time supremacy.

To some this may seem like prophecy, but I am in position to know that that disgrace to civilization and curse to the gill and drift net men, the "modern pound," in its present condition will receive a set-back unanticipated, and from a source unexpected which will restore to the poor man some of the inalienable rights which the pound men have vaunted in defense of their destructive methods of taking fish, and which should have been promptly suppressed long ago by the authorities of our State.

LEONARD HULIT.

BARNEGAT BAY, Forked River, N. Y., July 11.—They are catching weakfish in Barnegat Bay now, from 40 to 60 to a boat. Fine striped bass are being caught and some sheepshead; so there is good fishing. B. E. ENO.

Susquehanna Pike Perch.

SUSQUEHANNA, Pa.—Three years ago I wrote you that I had received and planted in the Susquehanna River a car load of pike perch fry. It was said to be the largest plant ever made at one place. I am happy to tell you that it was very successful. We are now having good sport. Last week my brother took eight fish at one time, weighing 18lbs.; they run from 1½lbs. to 3lbs. It's a wonder there are any black bass left. Last fall hundreds were caught from 4 to 5in. long. There is no protection; there ought to be a deputy here to look after the fishing interest. Spearing goes on, and dynamiting as though there were no laws in existence. If we could stop illegal fishing some good sport could be had. I took bass last year weighing 4lbs., small-mouth; I do not think there are any large-mouth in the river at this point.

O. H. SIMMONS.

A Veteran Angler.

BIRCH HAVEN, Blue Mt. Lake, Adirondacks, N. Y.—My father, Mr. Rufus C. Allen, of Brooklyn, accompanied me on a recent fishing trip and caught forty-five brook trout in less than five hours. Besides these he caught several that were returned to the stream as under size. To do this he rode some miles in a boat and tramped about three miles. He is seventy-eight years of age, but enjoys the woods as thoroughly as ever. J. C. ALLEN.

Vermont Trout.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt., July 15.—Mr. Benjamin H. Sanborn, of Boston, who recently erected a cottage at Greensboro Pond, caught the largest brook trout on record for this particular body of water on July 6. It tipped the scales at 8½lbs. and was 28in. long. Greensboro Pond or Caspian Lake is a beautiful trout pond of about 1,200 acres. Several trout weighing 4 to 5½lbs. have been taken there this season. WHEELOCK.

Okoboji and the Des Moines.

A FORT DODGE, Ia., correspondent, "A. C. H.," reports, upon his return from Okoboji Lake, a good time and plenty of fish. The fishing in the Des Moines this year is not as good as usual, owing to low water in the river for the past year, as it has not been high enough to allow the fish to get over the dams, and a fishway is an unknown thing on the river.

Game and Fish Protection.

Fish and Game Protection in New York.

A paper read before the American Fisheries Society by FRANK J. AMSDEN, president of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

AT this moment the game laws and their enforcement are better than ever before. This is due to a very large extent to the activity of the friends of the law and through their organization.

We ask, and we think that we are not unreasonable, that all animals, birds and fish should be undisturbed in their breeding season, and that they should be allowed to mature: and that nets and unlawful devices should be prohibited, except that nets may be used for food fish, under license and regulations by the State Fish Commission.

Prior to 1890 the game laws of this State were a mass of patchwork, confusion beyond measure, susceptible of almost any construction and feebly enforced. About this time Gen. R. U. Sherman, Robert Roosevelt and Edward J. Whittaker, a committee appointed by the Legislature, after a very thorough investigation, submitted a bill of codified laws. It was passed, but not until it was sadly mutilated for selfish ends, or in the interests of the murderous element; but notwithstanding all this, so superior was its superstructure that it is to-day and will remain a standard not only for this State, but for all other States, and a monument to its builders. It repealed all the old and antiquated laws and made a basis upon which much good has since been built up.

But, gentlemen, no matter how good your laws may be, if not respected and enforced they are useless. A public sentiment in their favor is absolutely necessary. How to secure this is the problem. In this State we have, we think, found a solution in organization. In 1890, after the work of the Commission just mentioned had been accomplished, and encouraged by a set of laws that were clear and comprehensible, and by articles that appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM signed "D. H. B." (Gen. Dwight H. Bruce, of Syracuse), several hundred enthusiastic lovers of the rod and gun assembled in Syracuse and proceeded to reorganize on a protective basis the old State sportsmen's association, which had declined into an annual trap-shooting tournament, changing the name to New York State Association for the Protection of Forests, Fish and Game. Its subsequent meetings have been largely attended and deep interest has been shown for better protective laws and their enforcement. Local clubs or branches have been encouraged and formed throughout the State. We feel our increased strength and realize a rapid changing of public sentiment—particularly so whenever a local club is formed. Our influence is now felt at Albany as it was never felt before. We find that the Fish Commissioners appreciate us and look to us and our work as a great auxiliary to theirs. The protectors also regard us as their friends and supporters. It encourages them to be more active and enables them to secure more convictions than formerly. I firmly believe that this is the true and best method to pursue. The friends of fish and game must organize and combine, if we would save the birds and fish. It should be done all over the Union. It should be done locally and then in combination for strength. The local club can change public sentiment and control their representative, and the general organization can then frame the laws as desired and carry them through the Legislature. "In union there is strength." This has been our experience. Results have exceeded our expectations. We are very greatly encouraged.

The past winter at Albany has been an active one. The Senate Committee, who were instructed by the previous Legislature to prepare a new game bill, have shown a very deep interest in the subject, far more than any previous committee. They held a number of hearings in different parts of the State during the summer of 1894, at which representatives of this Association appeared and were received in a very courteous manner. The bill which they presented was in many ways a decided improvement on the existing law. Many ambiguities and contradictions were removed. The law was simplified and made clear. Seasons were not materially altered, except to make them uniform, which was one of the main principles adopted at the beginning. In carrying this out it was necessary to change the open season on wildfowl, ducks, etc., so as to conform to the season on Long Island. This is unfortunate, for our Association as a whole desires to see spring shooting abolished everywhere, believing it all wrong; and that, if persisted in, it means the total extinction of the species. But Long Island interests will not yield, therefore shooters throughout the State became restive and demanded the same privilege; and they are right. It was justice; and so the law was made uniform throughout the State, making the open season to May 1. Our Canadian friends complain bitterly and well they may, for their close season on ducks begins Jan. 1. Much criticism is made on the strictness of Canadian laws for both birds and fish. But I believe that unless the people on this side of the border do follow their example, the wisdom of the Canadians will be very apparent, for they will have all the game, and if we want any shooting and fishing we Americans will have to pay them for it.

I must not forget to mention the fact—and it certainly is very gratifying—that our State Association law committee was shown such confidence by the Senate Committee that they were asked to assist in drawing up the bill that finally passed the Senate in most complete and satisfactory form, more nearly perfect than they expected to get it in a long time. This was a great compliment and our Association appreciate it, for it shows conclusively what we have gained by organization.

I almost forgot to mention a new feature of the game law, which is a provision to license under proper regulations prescribed by the Commissioners the use of nets in some of our inland waters. After our experience with Lake Ontario, a body of water which has been exhausted by unrestricted netting, many of our associates looked with disfavor on this innovation, fearing that the privileges granted would be abused. As the provision was adopted on my suggestion I sincerely hope that the plan will not prove unwise. Very much will depend on the care taken in preparing and enforcing the regulations.

In many of our inland waters there are vast quantities of desirable food fish—whitefish, frostfish, bullheads, etc. These are not game fish and some of them cannot be taken by hook and line. If netted they will afford an excellent food fish for the people of the localities where found, and I believe that this concession will remove much of the friction now existing between these people and the friends of game and fish protection. Possibly, too, the netting will prove of advantage to the game fish by removing to some extent the competition for food and the destruction of their spawn.

As I have said, the bill left the Senate and went to the Assembly in a form which we thought was about perfect. I wish that I might stop here and say no more. But as a citizen of New York—the pioneer State of fishculture and game protection—I must confess my shame at the amendments incorporated into the measure in the Assembly. Slight changes were made in the general features of the bill, and this we consider fortunate, for we had grave apprehensions. But in some very surreptitious manner and at an hour when it was impossible to correct it without endangering the entire bill, a section was incorporated, No. 249, the effect of which is to foster and encourage crime—to put New York in the position of a fence, a receiver of stolen goods. This section will be a disgrace to our State as long as it shall be tolerated on the statute books. It permits the sale of game the entire year around. It says to the market-shooter, "Go to our sister States, shoot their game in season and out of season, invoice it and ship it to the old Empire State and we will help you to dispose of your unlawfully gotten plunder." And further, it says to those of the same disposition as to our own State—and there are many of them—"If you can get game out of season without being caught by the protectors, box it up tight and mark it eggs or dried apples, or by some other deceptive name; we will take care of it, and when it has been mixed up with Pennsylvania or Michigan game the difference cannot be told, for the invoice of your fellow market-hunter of Pennsylvania or Michigan will cover it all."

Such a blot on our statute books must be wiped out at the earliest moment. I shall not be content until it has been.

The thought occurs to me that our sister States must regard us with fine scorn and indignation for thus offering a premium to their own law breakers for the paltry gain to be won. It would be only reciprocity for these States to offer the same premium to our own pot-hunters.

But such backward steps must not discourage us. Keep up the ranks and march in line. The victory is surely with us. The fish, the birds and the game animals in their wild condition belong to the people, and the public is now beginning to recognize this fact and to demand the preservation of its interests; and our law makers are beginning to hear the demand, and they must give heed to it.

SECRETARY EDWARD P. DOYLE, of the New York Fish Commission, in defense of the game laws spoke as follows: The gentleman who has just read a paper has spoken of the crowning iniquity of the game laws, and inasmuch as he has spoken so very strong and been so severe in speaking of it as a blot upon the statutes of the State, I think it is well that I should tell what this law is that he construes as so deadly and dangerous.

The game, fish and poultry dealers of this city Mr. Amsden characterizes as "pirates" and men in a disreputable business, so to speak. There is an association composed of prominent men of this city, men like Robbins of Fulton Market, who has a large storage room. They formed th association to get what were their rights and what they were entitled to. They claim that large quantities of game were killed west of Chicago and shipped to every city of the United States except the city of New York, but that this great city of 1,500,000 people was the only city where game could not be sold (outside of New York State) that was legally killed in other States. They sent a delegation to Albany; first went to their attorney and he drew a bill which was introduced by Assemblyman Wilkes, and it was reported unanimously on by the committee and finally ordered to a third reading, then being passed by a fair representation of the people of the State of New York, and that bill was called to the attention of other people. Its adoption gives too much latitude to the introduction of foreign game. The chairman, who is just as much a protectionist here as any member, called in Senator Guy, one of the active members of the Senate, who is familiar with game laws, to modify the Wilkes bill so that ample protection would be afforded to game in the State of New York. Senator Guy modified the bill so that game coming in must be killed 300 miles from the State of New York. This would take in Chicago, providing the burden of proof was on the dealer that this game had been legally killed and killed 300 miles from the State of New York, whether north, west or south. The transportation companies should mark such game, giving the place it came from, so mark invoices, also way bills, and enter in books at office. It should be entered in books of dealers, and they should permit fish commissioners to examine the books at all times for the purpose of tracing game. This game is killed, the larger part of it, west of Chicago. We have no right to presume that laws are openly violated, nor say people out there are poachers. We should presume that the laws are enforced and think that this game is legally killed, and the good sober sense of the members of this society will accept this view. This society ought not to go on record as having said that reputable dealers and reputable transportation companies are openly violating the laws and swearing to false laws. Of course, as far as I am concerned, I belong to that unfortunate class who are not able to have game on the table.

I do not wish the statement to go on record that this is a blot upon the records of this Association and it ought to be wiped out. If it was proposed to send me to the Senate, I would fight very hard to prevent this "blot" being wiped out.

MR. AMSDEN: Do I understand you to say that the Legislature passed an act requiring that packages be properly marked game, the place they come from and their destination? A. The provision was made by Senator Guy that game should be marked when brought in.

MR. AMSDEN: Mr. President, I do not want to get this meeting into a discussion on this matter. I think it will be well to let it rest. Before next winter, I am perfectly satisfied in my mind, this bill will be repealed. Mr. President, you know what cold storage houses mean. You have seen the result in the Great Lakes, and this is one of the causes of the depletion of the lakes. How it will affect the game in New York State is uncertain. I actually know of one hunter living just west of Monroe county who last year acknowledged having shot 400 head of game birds and shipped them to New York. Our inspector was on the watch all the season and knew it, but we never got track of it. The law prohibits the shipment of game from one county to another. People can live without game, but I have boys, and I want to see the coming generation have a little sport.

The Donaldson Game Law.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The new game law for the State of New York is known as Chapter 974 of the Laws of 1895, and it was introduced in the State Legislature by Senator Donaldson, of the Eighteenth District, who is, I believe, a candidate for re-election.

To my mind, this act is the most iniquitous game and fish law that was every worked through a State Legislature, and how any body of men could have passed such an act is beyond my comprehension.

It needs careful study to fully appreciate its grave imposition on the true sportsmen of the State of New York, and the true sportsmen of the State will do themselves great injustice if they do not study it and if they do not resent it at the polls.

In the first place, it ought to be said in preparing an article of this kind that there are two big associations in this State representative of the true interests of sportsmen, one of them being the Central New York Fish and Game Protective Association, of which W. S. Gavitt, of Lyons, is president, and the other being the New York State Fish and Game Protective Association, of which F. J. Amsden, of Rochester, is president. These associations are composed of clubs of sportsmen from all over the State, and sportsmen individually can join the associations by paying a yearly due of $1.

Every year it has been the custom for these clubs to meet in convention and formulate laws for the consideration of the following session of the Legislature.

These statements are necessary, in my judgment, that all may know that there are laws which the true sportsmen want and laws which they do not want. And the Legislature which meets to make these laws has the views of the two associations placed before it by proper committees.

The pin-headed legislator will say, "Oh, you sportsmen are not united on anything you want, and some want one thing and some want another." I deny this allegation *in toto*.

The State Association is always united and knows what it wants, and it presents its wants to the Legislature in a fair, comprehensive manner. It is a stunner, however, when the sportsman asks the pin-headed legislator if he ever heard of any other body of people being divided? Do all the people think the same of capital punishment, of free passes for State officers on railways, of teaching the young in our public schools about the evil effects of alcohol?

In a study of the Donaldson game law bill one hits upon Section 49 as the first act of devilishness on the part of the last Legislature in connection with the new game law. The county of Wayne is made exempt from all the specifications of law in regard to the killing of rabbits.

In Wayne county—the only county in the State—there is no law affecting rabbits. In Wayne county the rabbit is left unprotected the year around. They can be hunted there every day in the year, with ferrets too. That's a good joke, is it not?

Whether it mainly affects the rabbit or Wayne county let the reader decide.

But again, the rabbit can be killed in this State only between Sept. 1 and Dec. 1. December is the best month in the year in which to hunt the rabbit, and about the only time for tracking them in the snow, and also about the only time the farmers' boys can hunt them, for it is not everyone who can afford to own hounds and guns and the other paraphernalia of hunting rabbits. What do the farmers' boys say to that game law? While rabbits can only be hunted from Sept. 1 to Dec. 1, ducks can be hunted from Sept. 1 to May 1, and from an hour before sunset to an hour afterward.

Instead of trying to make the open and close season on game as nearly uniform as possible, as the sportsmen have always urged, the legislators have attempted to make it as varied as they could.

Woodcock and grouse shooting opens Aug. 16 and closes Dec. 31. Take Section 79; who, do you imagine, ever asked to have the closed season on meadowlark made perpetual?

The most ravenous game butchers might ask for a temporary inhibition, but even the most conservative sportsman could give no reason why one ought to be prohibited from killing meadowlarks at any time of the year simply to help out Long Island sportsmen. Did the Legislature at Albany think it a good joke on the sportsmen of the State, except-

ing those of Long Island, when it prevented them from killing meadowlark during the whole of the year?

Section 100 says that dye stuff, sawdust, etc., shall not be run into streams or waters of the State "in quantities destructive to the life of fish inhabiting the same." The rich bank director has a law like that for his benefit. It says he cannot be held responsible for the wreck of a bank unless it can be proved that he knew of it. Before it was *prima facie* evidence of misdemeanor to run the stuff into the waters of the State inhabited by trout without any reference to quantities sufficient to destroy the life of the fish.

Section 143 allows eel weirs again to be placed in waters of the State, which will not please the true sportsmen along the Susquehanna River, who have labored hard to knock them out of that water.

Another very bad feature of this act is this: Formerly netting was prohibited in certain waters of this State. Now it is allowable in any of the waters of the State through a license to be had from the Commissioners of Fish, Game and Forestry. It would be well for the sportsmen of this State in convention assembled to take up the study of this subject and have something to say about the rules and regulations regarding this netting license clause in the game law which brings fish into politics and puts in the hands of a fish commissioner, who hardly knows a bullhead from a brook trout, a political lever to use in politics, if he deems best. Here is new work for sportsmen to undertake. It would be interesting to know if nets are to be used, by license, in brook trout streams, or in waters inhabited by lake trout, black bass, etc., etc., and if lake trout placed in such waters as Owasco Lake, Skaneateles, Seneca, Cayuga, Canandaigua and Saranac lakes, are to be used to capture the political influence of Tom, Dick or Harry by granting one of them a license to net the lake trout aforesaid. Is it for this that the people have spent their money in propagating fish and building State hatcheries? Are the people to be taxed for expensive commissions and hatcheries simply to provide good netning grounds for licensees?

It would be to the interest of the State Commission if it would also consult the State Sportsmen's Association in the matter of appointments of State protectors.

The last bad feature to which I desire to call attention is this: The law allows woodcock, quail and grouse to be had in possession at any time of the year, providing the possessor can prove that such were killed outside of the State.

The cold storage people, whose interests are hereby consulted, are very happy over this, and some of the pusillanimous sportsmen say: "Oh, well, they eat game in Chicago the year around. Why not in New York?" They surely ought to be allowed to do in New York what they do in Chicago, just as soon as it becomes well established that two wrongs can be made to make one right.

I am told on good authority that all this game is now found on restaurant tables in New York almost daily.

The sportsmen of the State of New York will never amount to anything as a body until they make one or two organized fights by literature and otherwise on bad legislation and bad legislators.

Until that day comes it is questionable just how much the name of sportsman is an honor. GEO. R. PECK.

AUBURN, N. Y., July 9.

Maryland Association.

BALTIMORE, July 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It might be interesting to the readers of your widely-circulated and popular paper to know that the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association is in a very properous condition. Though but recently organized the membership numbers over 200, and applications are coming in every day. Last week a club of twenty from Washington county joined the Association. In Maryland, as is the case everywhere, the sportsmen and anglers are largely made up from among the leading citizens, especially the various professions, and it is most gratifying to the members of the Maryland Association to see so many prominent citizens from all parts of the State enrolled upon the Association's roster.

An organization of this kind is an absolute necessity in Maryland, and we hope to make it as effective as kindred associations are in New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Massachusetts and other States. The first prosecution by the Association took place on the 6th of July, when one James Bardley was tried and found guilty for killing a rabbit contrary to the public general laws of Maryland. Upon failure to pay fine and costs, he was sentenced to the county jail of Queen Anne county. This will no doubt have a salutary effect in that part of the State. We intend to prosecute every offender who kills game or catches fish contrary to the laws of the State. The laws have been a dead letter for years simply for want of organized effort to enforce them. We will be glad to keep you posted from time to time as to the progress of the Association.

GEO. W. MASSAMORE, Sec.-Treas.

New York Law About Nets.

CONSIDERABLE discussion has been going on among the fishermen in our midst in regard to one of the provisions of the 1895 game laws. Section 151 says: "It shall be the duty of the board of commissioners of fisheries, game and forest to prescribe rules and regulations for the purpose of granting all licenses to seines, fykes and nets in water when specially permitted by this act." Some contend that this section permits the licensing of nets by the commissioners in any waters of the State, while others maintain the contrary. The section is loosely worded and the use of the word when makes its meaning very ambiguous, but a reference to the context shows plainly and conclusively that the word when is used instead of where with the double meaning of both words and that the licensing is only to apply to those waters of the State in which netting is expressly permitted by statute, for certain fish and at certain seasons of the year. Any other interpretation of the law would open our waters to the poachers and pot-hunters and lead to the almost total extinction of our game fish. The course of the commissioners is being closely watched by anglers in all parts of the State and any attempt or disposition on their part to construe the statute other than as above will be resisted to the utmost.—*Seneca Falls Journal.*

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 3 to 6.—Kingston Kennel Club, Kingston, Ont. H. C. Bates Sec'y.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's third annual bench show, Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Sept. 24 to 27.—New England Kennel Club's second annual terrier how, Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

—. Morris, Man.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wel's, Sec'v.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 29.—New England Field Trial Club, at Assonet, Mass. S. R. Sharp, Sec'y.

OUR COON HUNT.

PRESTON, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The season was far advanced and, to judge from the oft-repeated gun shots that awoke the echoes of the surrounding hills, the squirrel crop was growing lamentably small, and as squirrel shooting is my hobby I concluded to go before they were quite exterminated.

I joined my two chums of sporting proclivities, and making known my intentions, by the ready assent of George and Morris I found I had but voiced their sentiments; in fact, they were but waiting for some one to propose the trip. "I am with you," said Morris. "Same here," echoed George, "but to have a thorough good time let's start to-night and hunt for the festive coon." This proposal struck the right chord, so we settled it that way.

We hustled around that afternoon, and at 6:30 P. M. Morris drove up. I was ready, clad in my hunting togs, so grabbing my Parker 10-bore, away we drove after George. We found him ready and waiting, and packing things snugly in the Concord we were off for the wilds of Franklin.

Stopping at the old Maples Farm, we took aboard the principal actor in the programme—Morris's old coon dog Keno.

Our objective point was the home of George Wheeler, who was somewhat of a Nimrod and a jolly good fellow withal. We felt sure of his company, but found the family abed and the house in total darkness. In response to Morris's thundering raps, Wheeler came shivering to the door. Acquainting him with our business in that region at that hour, we insisted that he should go with us, but no use; our eloquence was wasted upon the night air, for Wheeler, with a plea of indisposition, banged the door and retired to warmer quarters. Morris was familiar with the old farm, so we soon had the mare in the stall, and pulling the Concord in on the big barn floor, seized the guns and started across the meadow for Ayers Mountain, whose rugged crest was faintly discernible up in the west.

It was a night of Egyptian darkness and the pleasures of coon hunting soon began. We waded ditches, clambered stone walls, and when we stepped into the road skirting the mountain we were an elegant-looking trio. We had scarcely regained our wind when the rapid *yep-yep* of Keno up the mountain side announced the beginning of sport. In an instant all fatigue was forgotten, and up the slope we went, tearing along through the thick scrub, the night air rent by an occasional howl as some unlucky hunter came in contact with the concealed rocks, or mayhap as he received a stinging slap in the face from a swaying bough. We soon located the dog in a clump of poplars, exceedingly tall and slim in growth. Donning the climbers, Morris started up the largest tree, as Keno seemed convinced the coon had taken refuge there. Up went Morris, the lantern swinging at his belt, his movements followed with eager interest from the party below; but the attempt was a failure, for Morris soon called out, "I do not want coon bad enough to climb this bean pole any higher," and casting the rays of the lantern aloft in a vain effort to discover the coon, he came down.

George said he saw the coon curled up at the end of a branch, and he let go one barrel with no other result than a shower of dead leaves and twigs. Well, we left the coon to his own reflections, which no doubt were not very complimentary to the party of idiots who would go coon hunting without an axe.

Calling off the dog, we took a winding course up the mountain side. It was toilsome work, now skirting overhanging ledges, clambering up through the ragged clefts, stumbling over the concealed rocks and decaying logs. Oh, the joys of coon hunting on a dark night!

Just as we reached the summit, the deep tones of old Keno close at hand told us there was another coon in trouble. "Come on, boys," cried Morris, "this way," and in the grand rush that followed we nearly fell over Keno in the darkness. The dog was stationed at a mass of shattered rocks. One look proved that Br'er Coon was very little troubled on our account, as he had quietly crawled into a seam in the ledge out of harm's way. "Well," growled George, "this is interesting. If ever I go coon hunting again, it will be on somebody's lawn, where there are no rocks or holes. This is hard work with little results," and this expressed the feelings of the party. Throwing our tired bodies on the leaves beneath the gnarled and twisted old oaks that swayed with ghostly motion in the chill night air, we rested as we lay thus on the summit of the hoary old mountain. The surroundings, to say the least, were such as to create a queer feeling. The huge masses of gray lichen-clad rocks, the dark, dense banks of laurel, the distorted forms of the windracked old trees—all these seen in the feeble, flickering light of the lantern, produced a weird effect which, coupled with the witches' hour, midnight, caused anything but a cheerful feeling; and to make things pleasanter, Morris began to relate how some coon hunters a short time previous lost a valuable dog on this very spot, and when found he was torn completely into shreds by some unknown animal. "Shut up," cried George at this point, "let's move on. We will never get a coon up here, anyway," so we soon reached the western extremity and began the descent. Talk about the going up! You should have seen the coming down. We crawled, rolled and bumped along, myself in the lead, the lantern's dim rays only making the darkness beyond more apparent. Occasionally some unlucky member of the ill-fated expedition would step into a fissure concealed by the dead leaves, and down he would go with a rush, grabbing wildly at the various objects within reach till the downward trip ended in a whirl of leaves as farther progress was checked by a tree trunk. Oh, it is lively sport, this coon hunting!

Now all things earthly have an ending, and we finally landed in the road in a demoralized condition. We had scarcely gotten our bearings when the deep tones of the old dog again rang out above us. "Well," growled Morris, "have we got to enter tophet again." "Let him yell," quoth George, "I suppose it is the same old dodge anyway,—coon in the ledge. He can't coax me into that hole again," and with a grunt of satisfaction he stretched his tired body along the top rail of the fence. Now it certainly was discouraging to think of climbing those rocks again; but leaving George alone in his glory, back went Morris and I over the old course, and after a lively scramble found Keno and also found our usual luck awaiting us. George's words were verified. The coon was snuggly stowed away in those rocks. This was the straw that dislocated the camel's spine. Four coons old Keno had started and not a hair to show for it. Calling off the equally disgusted dog, we again slid into the road to find George in sweet repose, oblivious of all things even to the varmint that slew the hunter's dog. His shoulders were tightly wedged between two stakes to prevent rolling off into the meadow. His first words were, "Well, did you get the coon?" "We didn't expect any coon," snapped Morris. "We merely went out of respect to the dog's feelings anyway."

We discussed the situation, and considering the chances as ever against our getting a coon, we voted the hunt off and filed along the mountain road, bound for Wheeler's barn. Arriving at those sumptuous quarters, we considered the propriety of arousing the family, but naturally feeling averse to awakening them at that unseemly hour (1:30 A. M.), we decided to pass the remnant of the night in the barn, so covering the hay with horse blankets and regaling the inner man with an apple found in the Concord, two walnuts and three chestnuts from the pockets of the generous George, we pulled the buffalo robe over us, and packed like sardines tried to sleep. What a night we did pass in that barn! We slept cold. We shivered and shook till the old barn seemingly rocked on its foundations. Now and then the monotony of this was varied by the passage of a large rat over our shrinking forms, or the unearthly bellow of one of Wheeler's cattle in the stable below. Well, the night wore away, and the first rays of light were greeted with a sense of delight, and straightening our cramped limbs and shaking the hayseed from our hair, we tumbled out of doors. It was a glorious morning, and the miseries of the night were soon forgotten in the anticipation of the pleasures of the approaching squirrel hunt, and thus ended the night and thus ended the memorable coon hunt.

E. M. BROWN.

THE EFFECTS OF MUTILATION.

SEVERAL inquiries have come to FOREST AND STREAM within a few weeks concerning the effects of castration and spaying, there seemingly being a number of people who desire to own a dog or bitch without any of the sexual disturbances which to them are so annoying. They wish to own the dog for his own sake and not in any way for breeding purposes, hence if the dog and bitch will retain all the qualities of their race after being deprived of their sexual powers, they will more fully meet the wishes of such owners. Unfortunately, in reference to this matter, the dicta of the authorities is positively unfavorable to mutilation. Many good writers on the dog, particularly modern ones, ignore this subject, so that the available source of information for the seeker of knowledge pertaining to the subject is exceedingly limited.

There is no doubt of the harmful effects of the operation. Youatt writes of this subject as follows: "It has been said that the castrated dog is more attached and faithful to his master than he who has not been deprived of his genital powers; this, however, is to be much doubted. He has, generally speaking, lost a considerable portion of his courage, his energy and his strength. He is apt to become idle and is disposed to accumulate fat more rapidly. His power of scent is also very considerably diminished, and he is less qualified for the sports of the field. Of this there can be no doubt. It has been said that he is more submissive; I very much doubt the accuracy of that opinion. He may not be so savage as in his perfect state; he may not be so eager in his feeding; but there is not the devotion to his master and the quickness of comprehension which belong to the perfect dog. The removal of the ovaries or spaying of the female used to be often practiced, and packs of spayed bitches were, and still are, occasionally kept. In performing this operation, an opening is made into the flank on one side and the finger introduced—one of the ovaries is laid hold of and drawn a little out of the belly; a ligature is then applied around it, just above the bifurcation of the womb, and it is cut through, the end of the ligature being left hanging out of the womb. The other ovary is then felt for and drawn out and excised and secured by a ligature. The wound is then sewed up and a bandage tied over the incision. Some farriers do not apply any ligature, but simply sew up the wound, and in a majority of cases the edges adhere and no harm comes of the operation, except that the general character of the animal is essentially changed. She accumulates a vast quantity of fat, becomes listless and idle, and almost invariably is short-lived. The female dog, therefore, should always be allowed to breed. Breeding is a necessary process; and the female prevented from it is sure to be affected with disease sooner or later; enormous collections and indurations will form that will inevitably terminate in scirrhus or ulceration. A troublesome process often occurs when the female is not permitted to have young ones, namely, the accumulation of milk in the teats, especially if at any previous time, however distant, she may have had puppies once. The foundati

is laid for many unpleasant and unmanageable complaints. If she is suffered to bring up one litter after another she will have better health than those that are debarred from intercourse with the male."

In "The Dog in Health and Disease," the author, Dr. Wesley Mills, treats the subject as follows:

"It is impossible to predict what effect on the physical and psychic nature of the dog these operations may have. After either, the subject may be little more than a useless, animated mass of flesh, unworthy the name of 'dog.' The author would not allow any dog he owned to be thus operated on, nor could he be induced to perform it except when the parts are diseased; and he hopes the time is not far distant when every reputable veterinary surgeon will take the same view of the case, and absolutely refuse to thus run the risk of destroying the dog merely to gratify the whim of some owner who wishes to shirk his responsibility. Every owner should either not keep a dog at all or treat the animal as a dog. A spayed or castrated dog cannot win a prize on the bench."

There is good sound sense in the foregoing paragraph.

The following is the dicta of Edward Mayhew, M. R. C. V. S.:

"Castration in the dog is not of itself dangerous, but it renders the animal disposed to accumulate fat, and destroys many of those qualities for which it is esteemed. The creature afterward becomes lethargic and its spirits never are recovered."

SETTER TYPE AND OTHER MATTERS.

TUCKAHOE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Although fully in accord with your Bridgeport correspondent in regard to the shameful way that noble animal, the English setter, is usually mal-judged at our shows, I do not see that he is very much better than those he justly accuses of not knowing what they attempt to judge, and, worse still, he does know and disregards the standard because he wants the English setters judged as Laverack setters. I think the proper English setter standard is good enough for them all.

"Albert" certainly is right to call the present system ruinous to the breed, but what he suggests about having the standard defined and enforced by the A. K. C. would be more so. "Albert" has, like most dogmen, no idea of the scope and composition of the A. K. C. and its delegates. The A. K. C. has more than enough at hand if it looks after the correcting and enforcing of its rules, so as to have them fair and just to each and every party alike, but certainly not to cope with standards and other matters not in his scope.

Has "Albert" ever thought a moment about the composition of the A. K. C. delegates? Does he think each and every delegate must perforce as a delegate be a perfect all-round judge, also (the *rara avis*) to demand from them the fixing of standards?

Most of the delegates are not out-and-out dogmen (thank the Lord), only gentlemen with good, sound judgment as a rule, and the majority has to rely in cases of particulars in regard to the different breeds mostly on those present who have, or are thought to have, a thorough knowledge of the respective points and rely mostly on their judgment; and for this very reason, for this composition of its body, the A. K. C.'s scope is only to make necessary rules fair and just to all, and to enforce them, which is quite wide enough a field to attend to properly without a suggestion to look after standards.

Just for the curiosity let us consider that the A. K. C. would take the English setter standard up. The majority would as a matter of course listen to the ideas and testimony of those of its members who are considered experts in the breed, and as the majority rules, how easily might it happen that the Tennessee type of setters would get the majority, and where would you be? And you having desired that the A. K. C. should settle this matter, of course will have to abide by its decision, it acting, as its position properly requires, as a "superior court" in all doggy matters.

Speaking of rules, there is one in the bench show rules which states that all prizes must be as represented in the premium lists, and another says that bench show committees can change any prizes before the closing of entries, provided they publish said change in a sporting paper, which abolishes the first rule, and is in fact quite unfair, as it compels every exhibitor to keep and read each line in all the sporting papers or get left; but it would not permit you or me to withdraw the entry money should I have entered under the first offered conditions of the directly sent premium list. A simplifying of this rule should certainly be brought about, as showing dogs is very rarely a paying fun; and if I pay my entry to compete for an offered prize, I think I am entitled to hold the offering party (the bench show) to its contract, as it will me by keeping my money. Such rules and their proper enforcement are the proper sphere of the A. K. C., and I think it absolutely dangerous for it to meddle with any particulars in regard to the different breeds, as "Albert" desires it to do. Lately something in that strain has been introduced to be acted on at its next meeting, that is, "the cropping prohibition," and I say very emphatically, this is no question for the A. K. C. to decide. It is plainly and simply a business for those clubs interested in the respective breeds, and the above-mentioned composition of its body makes it absolutely unfair to act on such vital questions to the breeds interested in the contemplated prohibition, and any filibuster could work up those delegates who are not interested in the cropped breeds (and they are naturally the majority), and by judicial application of sentimentalism have them adjudicate on breeds they do not know anything about. Do not think I am for "cropping." No, in the principle I am against it, but I do think this is such a vital question to those breeds that no body but those clubs interested in such breeds should have anything to say, and only use the A. K. C. as a last resort, to decide, if necessary, but not to take the matter up and decide off-hand, when the majority doesn't know anything of it.

Let us see how the abolishing of cropping works in England, then we have time enough to follow suit. But as we are not the original breeders of most of the cropped breeds, our abolishing rule would mean absolute prohibition to some breeds and would plainly kill them here. I hardly think that is for what the A. K. C. was created.

But I started in on English setters and land by objecting to interference with cropping. By the way, if the principle of prohibiting cruelty is to be the point, then the principle should be carried out entirely and the docking of tails stopped also, as a tail is as good as an ear. I know well enough that a puppy hardly feels any pain when his tail is snipped off; but it is a nice thing to follow out a principle to its whole length, and as the modern way of cropping, with cocaine and pasteboard and sticking plaster, has taken much of the most objectionable part away, there being no pulling necessary now. The pulling is the real cruel part of it.

But to hark back to English setters. Your correspondent hits the nail when he repeats the answer—that it is so much easier to breed poor ones than good ones; but he should go further, for it is a lack of real knowledge of breeders and judges of what really an English setter should be, and partially a lack of real sportsmanship, and our American trait "to get there" no matter how.

What has made the English setter such a conglomerate mass of just long-coated dogs with some setter appearance? It takes a real sportsman to discard everything not up to highest form so as to keep up the standard. It is so much easier to raise fifty or one hundred puppies down South, bred on paper and great reputation, without the least regard for individual fitness to keep up the standard, if one has the money to pay for it. Of course, under any kind of luck there should be five or six good field dogs among that number of puppies. The blood lines no doubt are in the purple, on paper, and the puppies raised among game, as I agree all hunting dogs should be. It would be funny if they wouldn't get a good dog now and then. But I contend that it is impossible to breed the most celebrated specimens together and add each new crack to this breeding and get an average up to the standard, if not carefully and constantly selected and mated to their individual peculiarities, so as to strengthen weak points and confirm the good ones. That is what I understand in breeding to a standard means, it being so dead easy the other way, and that easy way has brought to us dogs which make it difficult for one to define their origin at the first look.

Although the Tennessee setter started out with a good specimen—Roderigo—who was an English setter, this pernicious disregard of type and fostering only the "get-there" kind have brought out a dog which is only a setter in his royal blood lines on paper, but very little in exteriors; and as to your judges, well, they either have not learned the breed or have succumbed to the above-mentioned "get-there kind" craze; and "Albert" names the only remedy—stay away from such men, and also from those who sit on the fence, till the tide will turn again, when we will have dogs as good looking as there are in the field. That is my sportsman's ideal and can be attained with very little more trouble, as the bench show duffer, the pointer—formerly a laughing stock for field trial setter cranks—has proven by the persistency of a real sportsman breeder like Mr. Dexter.

G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

DOG TRAINING VS. BREEDING.

THE following from the New York *Sun* will be interesting reading to trainers and breeders, particularly to the latter, as a consequence of the heresies of breeding which it contains. Breeders will be slow in admitting that mongrels are more intelligent than well-bred dogs. Prof. Richards, the trainer of the troupe of dogs referred to, has wonderful skill as a trainer. One scene in particular always wins enthusiastic applause:

"A little street is shown on the stage. The night is dark and the lamps are all lighted. A firebug, of course a canine firebug, sneaks along the wall, approaches one of the houses, and sets it on fire by throwing a match inside. In a moment or two the house is in flames. The audience hears the cries of alarm, while in the distance the horn of the firemen can also be heard. The firemen, dogs of course, in their regular uniforms, arrive with their engines and life-saving apparatus. They attack the fire with energy, handling the hose like veterans, but it is already too late. The roof of the house falls in, and at the top story a mother in her night dress appears, holding a child in her arms. One brave fireman, a sort of white mongrel with a good deal of the bulldog in him, approaches the ladder, which the others place against the wall. He climbs up the ladder rapidly, grabs his precious burden and brings it down to the street in safety. But his courage is fatal to him. Wounded in his perilous enterprise, he falls down and dies almost immediately afterward. His comrades stretch him out upon a bier and send for the ambulance, which arrives upon the spot. Just then his widow comes, dressed from head to foot in mourning. She flings herself upon the body of her dead husband and goes through all the motions of the most violent despair. Three times the "firemen" drag her away, but she returns again with gestures of terrible grief. At last the body is put into the ambulance, and the procession moves away.

"All this is done, each dog performing his part without any visible command, and the Parisians are perfectly astounded at the intelligence displayed by these wonderful dogs. Some dogs also perform phenomenal acrobatic feats; others mimic the *danseuses*, and one of them goes through the skirt dance, or serpentine dance, without being any more troubled with his robe than the celebrated Loie Fuller herself.

"A well-known Parisian newspaper man, M. Guy-Tomel, has just interviewed Prof. Richards, the owner of the dogs, in regard to his methods of training.

" 'The education of intelligent dogs,' he said, 'is an easier thing than people generally suppose it to be. It requires great patience and absolute kindness. Kindness is the key of success. If an animal is beaten or hurts himself in going through his exercises he gets a horror of them, and it is impossible, at least for a long time, to coax him up to the mark again. One of my most brilliant acrobats hurt his nose last year in one of his jumps. It was impossible to get him to recommence the next day, and, what is stranger still, he refused to perform three other feats that he knew perfectly well and which were not attended with danger. It is only quite recently that he has gone to work again.

" 'The great error of amateurs in dog training lies in the notion that every dog can be made a learned dog. Now, as a matter of fact, there is not more than one per cent. of the whole dog population that is susceptible of thorough training. This is a pretty good proportion, after all; probably more than the human race can boast of.

" 'But you ask me how we are to distinguish the one smart dog from the ninety-nine stupid dogs. Well, in the first place, you must avoid aristocrats. There is no use in looking for a wise dog among them. Dogs with long pedigrees are, almost without exception, idiots. You have remarked, perhaps, that my troupe is composed exclusively of horrible mongrels, without any distinction whatever as to breed. Possibly nature, knowing that these disinherited ones will have more trouble than the others in the struggle for existence, endows them with more intelligence. But to be a mongrel alone is not sufficient to possess genius. Here again among the mongrels a careful selection must be made. Now, this is the way that I operate: I go among a pack of dogs, having first learned all their names. I call out a name, and if the animal comes to me wagging his tail I say to myself, "Hello, my old friend, you at least know your name, and that is something." Then I put him through a thorough examination. Of course the animal must conform to certain physical conditions, according to the employment which I have in reserve for him. If he passes this civil service examination I get on more intimate terms with him. I caress him, observe his motions, watch his eyes and the way he carries his tail. As a general rule the cocked tail is a good indication. At the close of the examination I bring away my pet and advance him to the rank of a pupil.

" 'The first act in training a dog consists in utilizing the instinct of the animal in fetching. When he knows how to fetch perfectly, you can teach him quite a number of elementary exercises, such as walking on his hind-legs, taking queer positions, jumping, etc. There is one important detail, however, which should not be omitted, and that is to repeat always in a loud voice the command corresponding to the act desired. Dogs understand perfectly the word, and can retain an almost indefinite number of words representing an action.

" 'My advice is to feed learned dogs once a day only a full dish made from biscuits containing one-quarter of powdered meat and three-quarters of flour. Bitches are more easily trained than dogs. Their education should commence when they are about ten months old, after they get their final teeth.

" 'It is by the application of these principles that I have been able to bring out a troupe that is without a rival in the entire world.' "

Suicide and Dogs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During the past week there have been paragraphs in various papers relating the curious case of a dog's suicide. This one causing so much interest, was not the first case of this kind that has come under my notice.

Some friends of mine, ladies, had a large dog. On leaving their country home in the autumn he was left there in charge of the man who cared for the place. The second season of their departure he appeared much distressed when he saw the preparations being made. He knew he was to be left without his mistress, and be kept shut up much more than he was accustomed to. Under these circumstances life was a burden to him, so a few days after they left he watched his chance to get off. He went to the station, waited there until he saw a coming train, when he walked on to the track, laid himself there, and let the train go over him in the presence of the station master and others who tried to call him away.

It is most strange that a dog should know that a train would kill him and water drown him, but I feel sure Roslyn Wilkes felt that his life was not happy to him, and could bear it no longer.

Food, water, bathing and combing add materially to a dog's health, but not to his pleasure or contentment. They are never happy unless they are following their instincts.

Roslyn Wilkes was kept shut up except just enough to give him exercise. A collie dog's instincts are very strong. He wants to be with horses, people, and to see something go on. They feel the heat very much, and it was, I think, misery to Roslyn Wilkes to be kept in an inclosure, during those warm days especially. It was said that he whined piteously when the keeper tried to coax him out of the water. He was begging not to be taken back to the kennels.

This is not sentimentalism; it is simply a fact of the nature of dogs learned from experience. The finer bred they are, the longer the pedigree of race, the more need it is to allow them to follow the instincts of their race. If a pointer, setter or any bird dog, they must be allowed to hunt. One which is never hunted with, and is persistently deprived of having a few hours off among the woods or hills, becomes spiritless, thin and old before his time.

We put bits on the horses' mouths and turn them wherever we will; but one could not put a race horse to the plow, nor can a fine-bred dog be treated like a mongrel, who has in him the various races and no mind of his own very especially; thus is very pliant to whatever kind of life his master wishes him to lead.

So people who have pedigree dogs should recognize that good feeding and care are not enough, but keep themselves in touch with their feelings to keep them happy.

One of my friends has a setter, come of the best stock in the country. Its mistress pets and indulges it in every way, but cares for it so that it never is allowed a free run for fear some accident might happen. It is really touching to see it looking out of the window for hours watching every sign in the field that might be of rabbit or bird. This setter, with all the care, is poor and dejected, an object of compassion, while in the same house is another dog who cares nothing for hunting, and is as happy and free as a bird in a tree. G. L.

[A *post mortem* showed that Roslyn Wilkes died of organic disease of the heart.]

United States Field Trial Club.

TRENTON, Tenn., July 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The judges for the United States Field Trials Club's winter trial, at West Point, Miss., will be Messrs. John King and A. Merriman, of Tennessee; Gen. F. F. Myles, of New Orleans, and Dr. W. F. Grimstead, of Illinois.

W. B. STAFFORD, Sec'y-Treas.

New England Beagle Club.

A MEETING of the New England Beagle Club executive committee will be held at Worcester, Mass., Friday, July 26.

W. S. CLARK, Sec'y.

Friendly Rows.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is amusing to see how few men there are who can see merit in other people's dogs, while the good qualities of their own are ever uppermost in their minds, and are lacking in nothing which goes to make up the "great" field dog. I have a dear friend and hunting companion, whose fondness for field sports and his marksmanship are second to no man's with whom I have tramped; but his admiration for his dog is so great that, however well my dog performs, there is always a lack of something in him which makes him unworthy of praise, while the slightest movement in his dog when "'tendin' to business" will call forth such remarks as these: "Now, ain't that beautiful?" "Did you see him when he struck 'em?" "Did you notice how he wheeled on 'em?" "Did you ever see such nose?" "I tell you, he's a daisy!"

If his dog should be guilty of making a false point or a flush, however plain it may be to my mind that he ought to be thrashed for his blunder, his master will find all sorts of excuses for him. Occasionally he makes one of those mistakes which so disgust me, and is so ruinous to our sport for the day, that my usually "sweet" temper leaves me, and I insinuate that there ought to be a "hole" dug in the ground for him.

A stranger, seeing us gesticulating wildly with shooting irons in our hands, would naturally conclude that when the "war of words" was over there'd be a dead man lying on the ground; but that stranger doesn't know us, for when I got him to the point of loading his gun for me with that "extra shell" which he always "totes" for big game, I back down, and the war is over till next time. Sometimes, when a dull day strikes the produce market, some member of the Board of Trade will gather around him a crowd of men and begin to tell them what I said about my friend's peculiarities. He does not see that it's a put-up job in order to have a little fun at his expense, and when he is told that Polk Miller says that he's the most "excitable" man in the field he ever saw, the Colonel will hold his audience spellbound for an hour in telling that I am a "bundle of nerves." The first time he sees me he arraigns me for having made the statement, and when I solemnly declare that I never said it, he discovers for the first time that his friends were guying him, and as he recalls the fact that he had abused me dreadfully and undeservedly, he shows his sorrow for it by displaying the tenderest affection for his "nervous friend."

If I had the time and space to tell your readers of the laughable scenes which I have witnessed afield with this "chum" of mine, this prince of good fellows, it would furnish a lot of fun, but when your columns are always crowded with "good things" I cannot trespass upon them, for "my recollections of a friend" would fill a book.

But to return to the dogs. Sometimes when a fellow has a run of bad luck in hunting he feels out of humor and wants to quarrel with something or somebody. That "extra" shell, heretofore mentioned, prevents my tackling my companion, and the dog, of course, becomes my target. No sooner than I advance to the attack, however, than my friend admonishes me that he'll allow no criticisms upon his dog. Now this dog had been bought from a countryman for $10 without testing his field work, but on the recommendation of a Hay Seed who declared that he had "raised him from a puppy, and that he stood squir'ls, ole hyars, birds, chased deer, foxes, and that nothin' couldn't stay on dem groun' whar that dog went along." I found him an all-round dog sure enough, but, like his original owner, was slightly lacking in education; but when I undertook to "educate" him, I was told that I "hadn't been employed as teacher," and here was another row.

I had a very fine dog and he was considered so by all who knew him, so I thought I would give him to my friend and thus overcome the difficulties which embarrassed me when I felt like "letting off" my pent-up anger. It was wonderful to note the great improvement in this dog's qualities as soon as the change of ownership was made, and I felt like I could "cuss him" *ad libitum*, and felt happy. When owned by me he was hard-headed, defective in nose, pokey, had no bird sense, and was unlovely generally, but now all these had disappeared. I felt proud to think that I had made my friend happy indeed; but alas, nothing is satisfying in this life, for while I had transferred him as property, I failed to reserve the right to "cuss him when I pleased," and having left that out of the deed I was just where I was before. One day soon afterward I had occasion to reprove him for some act, as I had often done before during an ownership of several years, when I was brought to a halt suddenly by my friend, who disputed my right in law as well as in morals to say a word about him. I have given him several pups since, but never fail to make a record of the fact that I don't waive my privileges, though in the exercise of them I keep one eye on my chum to see how high the temperature is, and if it is anywhere near the "bilin" point I stop.

POLK MILLER.

Canadian Customs Regulations.

THE following is useful information to those who will compete in Canadian bench shows or field trials. It relates to animals brought into Canada, temporarily, and for a period not exceeding three months, for the purpose of exhibition or competition for prizes offered by any agricultural or other association.

"First.—Before any such animal is admitted, the importer must produce to the Collector or proper Officer of Customs a certificate, signed by the president or secretary of the association, certifying that the said animal (which shall be therein accurately described) is accepted for the purposes of such exhibition or competition for prizes.

"Second.—The importer shall present a certified invoice or certificate of some person having knowledge of the fair market value of the animal, showing the amount of such valuation, on which shall be written a full description of such animal, duly certified after full examination by the proper Officer of Customs both as to value and description.

"Third.—The importer shall thereupon make entry of the animal.

"Fourth.—In addition, the importer shall execute a bond for a sum equal to the full value of the animal, conditioned for exportation within the time prescribed—or the payment of duty therein.

"Fifth.—At or before the expiration of the term the importer, or some person authorized by him, shall produce to the proper Officer of Customs for identification, and make entry for export of the animal; and on receipt of the Landing Certificate of the Foreign Customs testifying that the same has been duly received and entered, the bond shall be cancelled.

"Sixth.—If the importer fails to comply with and fulfil any one of the conditions of these Regulations, the animal shall be liable to seizure and forfeiture.

"J. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Customs."

Manitoba Field Trials Club's Entries.

MANITOU, Man., July 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our list of Derby entries, which closed July 1, has 58 entries. Last year, 1894, we had 32, and in 1893 35. These were previously the largest on record. This year is nearly double, which is very satisfactory to the club and very pleasant for the secretary to record:

ENGLISH SETTERS.

ALICE F.—Theodore Ferkas's black and white bitch (K. C. Dawn—Lippo's Dixie), May.

BESSIE S.—Jas. Simoneau's black, white and tan bitch (Columbus—Maud à Rose), April.

RUDGE BO—Richard Merrill's black, white and tan dog (Paul Bo—Tuberose), April.

PAULINE BO—Richard Merrill's black white and tan bitch (Paul Bo—Tuberose), April.

ST. PETER—John Wootton's black, white and tan dog (Duke of Manitoba—Hickory Link), March.

LANGDON—John Wootton's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Belle of Piedmont, Jr.), March.

VALLETTA—E. McKenny's black, white and tan bitch (Columbus—Manitou), May.

INDIAN—W. F. Ellis's black, white and tan dog (Columbus—Maud à Rose), April.

MILO—W. F. Ellis's black, white and tan dog (Columbus—Manitou), May.

JEKYL—W. F. Ellis's black, white and tan dog (Columbus—Manitou), May.

ARIEL—W. F. Ellis's black, white and tan bitch (Duke of Manitoba—Hickory Link), March.

HENRY OF NAVARRE—Chimo Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Ruby's Girl II.), February.

MARGERY—Chimo Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Cassio—Atalanta), July.

SAM T.—W. W. Titus's black, white and tan dog (Luke Roy—Betty B.), April.

LITTLE BILLIE—Thomas Johnson's black dog (Black Prince—Rhyl), April.

THE LAIRD—Thomas Johnson's black dog (Tom X.——), April.

TAFFY—Thomas Johnson's black, white and tan dog (Whyte B.—Dido III.), April.

REX—C. P. Mingst's black and white dog (Antonio—Columbia).

BRIGHTON DICK—T. G. Davey's blue belton dog (Brighton Tobe—Lady Brighton), January.

BRIGHTON TOM—T. G. Davey's blue belton dog (Brighton Tobe—Lady Brighton), January.

BRIGHTON MAUD—T. G. Davey's blue belton bitch (Brighton Tobe—Lady Brighton), January.

TORY FASHION—F. R. Hitchcock's lemon and white dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Fleety Avent), March.

TORY CELIA—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.), June.

MARK OF IGHTFIELD—Joseph Becker's black, white and tan dog (Ightfield Rhiwlas—Queen Regent), April.

GLEAM'S RUTH—Manchester Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Gleam's Maid), April.

GLEAM'S DART—Manchester Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Gleam's Maid), April.

COUNT VASSAR—J. W. Gollan's black and white dog (Dash Antonio—Queen Bess II.), April.

LADY VASSAR—J. W. Gollan's black and white bitch (Dash Antonio—Queen Bess II.), April.

KING'S DAN II.—Geo. W. Ewings black, white and tan dog (King's Dan—M'liss II.).

M'LISS III.—Geo. W. Ewing's black, white and tan bitch (King's Dan—M'liss II.).

KATE—Geo. W. Ewing's black, white and tan bitch (King's Dan—M'liss II.).

——Geo. W. Ewing's cream, white and tan bitch (King's Dan—M'liss II.).

PAUL BO, JR.—Claremont Kennel's black, white and tan dog (Paul Bo—Susie), June.

TOUCHSTONE—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog (Orlando—Dollie Wilson), January.

PATRICIAN—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan dog (Chevalier—Patsy), May.

FLEET'S PET—Avent & Thayer's lemon and white bitch (Count Gladstone—Fleety Avent), March.

FEU FOLLET—Avent & Thayer's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Folly), May.

—— Avent & Thayer's black and white bitch (Topsy's Rod—Lady Lit), May.

DOMINO—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), February.

SELKIRK DAN—W. B. Wells's black and white dog (Whyte B.—Luna), April.

SELKIRK WHITE—W. B. Wells's black and white dog (Whyte B.—Luna), April.

SELKIRK BELINDA—W. B. Wells's black, white and tan dog (Whyte B.—Dido III.), April.

POINTERS.

STRIDEMORE—Richard Merrill's liver and white dog (Strideaway—Hops II.), January.

DOWLAH—Charlottesville Kennels' lemon and white dog (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), May.

NABOB—Charlottesville Kennels' black and white ticked dog (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), May.

INDIA—Charlottesville Kennels' orange and white bitch (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), May.

AMEN—Charlottesville Kennels' liver and white dog (Wrecker—Selah), March.

LEGAL TENDER—W. N. Kerr's liver and white dog (Little Ned—Pearl's Dot), May.

VICTOR HUGO—Tyro Kennels' liver and white dog (Mainstay—Jessica), June.

BELL DEXTER—N. Wallace's liver and white bitch (Dogwood—Maid of Kent), June.

BONNY DON OF COLDHILL—A. P. H. Lonsdale's liver and white dog (Don of Bolcord—Duchess of Bolcord), May.

IGHTFIELD MENTOR—A. P. H. Lonsdale's liver and white dog (Ightfield Torridge—Ightfield Musa), February.

PAUL BANG—Frank Aulthouse's liver and white dog (Jap—Frankie Paul), February.

COINAGE—C. G. Stoddard's liver and white dog (Trinket's Coin—Ightfield Blythe), February.

SIDMONT—P. T. Madison's liver and white dog (Strideaway—Hops II.), January.

RIDGEVIEW CASH—J. M. Avent's liver and white dog (Trinket's Cash—Ridgeview Revelette), March.

SISTER SUE—N. T. De Pauw's liver and white bitch (Jingo—Rooney Croxteth), June.

IRISH SETTERS.

DASHING NELL—Claremont Kennels' red bitch (Claremont Patsey—Sally Gold), May.

J. WOOTTON, Secretary.

International F. T. C. Derby Entries.

CHATHAM, Ont., July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you Derby entries for 1895 of the International Field Trials Club. Everything points to a more successful meeting than usual.

Birds are coming out in good numbers and the season has been most favorable so far.

There are twenty English setters and seven pointers, against nine English setters, three Irish setters and nine pointers last year. The Derby will be run on Nov. 5, at Mitchell's Bay.

L. H. Smith, Strathroy; W. D. Tristem, Detroit, and Thos. Guttridge, of Chatham, have consented to act as judges.

SETTERS.

BRIGHTON TOM—T. G. Davey's black and white dog (Brighton Tobe—Brighton Lady), Jan. 2.

BRIGHTON DICK—T. G. Davey's black and white dog (Brighton Tobe—Brighton Lady) Jan. 2.

BRIGHTON MAUD—T. G. Davey's black and white bitch (Brighton Tobe—Brighton Lady), Jan. 2.

MINNIE H.—Thos. Hallam's black, white and tan bitch (The Joker—Lucy H.), April 7.

BLUE LADY—Jos. Kime's black, white and tan bitch (The Sultan—Rose Roslyn), April 5.

DOTRILL—Jos. Kime's black, white and tan dog (Blue Jim—Pearl Roslyn), April 30.

CAMPERDOWN—Same owner and breeding, April 30.

SELKIRK DAN—W. B. Wells's black, white and tan dog (White B.—Luna), April 18.

SELKIRK WHITE—Same owner and breeding, April 18.

SELKIRK STAR—Bitch, same owner and breeding, April 18.

SELKIRK IRIS—Same owner and breeding, April 18.

SELKIRK BELINDA—W. B. Wells's black, white and tan bitch (White B.—Dido III.), April 25.

SELKIRK TESSA—W. B. Wells's blue belton bitch (Thiers—Cambriana), April 27.

FORREST SPRAY—Forrest Kennels' lemon and white bitch (The Sultan—Rose Roslyn), April 25.

COUNT VASSAR—J. W. Golden's black and white dog (Dash Antonio—Queen Bess II.), April 24.

LADY VASSAR—Same owner and breeding, April 24.

BOB—J. J. Spracklin's (agent for H. T. Bunberry) black and white dog (Sharpe—Susie).

TAFFY—Thos. Johnson's black, white and tan dog (White B.—Dido III.), April 25.

THE LAIRD—Same owner and breeding, April 25.

LITTLE BILLEE—Thos. Johnson's black dog (Prince—Rill).

POINTERS.

COBWEBS—A. Harrington's black and white dog (Plain Sam—Pope's Trixey), July 18.

BOWREY DAN OF COLTHILL—A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's (Whitechurch, England) liver and white dog (Don of Bolcoed—Duchess of Balcoed), May 16.

IGHTFIELD MENTOR—A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's liver and white dog (Ightfield Torridge—Ightfield Musa), May 10.

MERRY BOY—Leamington Pointer Kennels' white and liver dog (Count Graphic—Beppo's Mollie), June.

MARYGOLD—Same owner and breeding.

GLIDE AWAY—Dr. Totton's black and white dog (Strideaway—Warwick Nellie), May 21.

DOROTHY—Bitch, same owner and breeding, May 21.

All were whelped in 1894. Entries for the All-Age Stake close Nov. 1. A very large entry is expected.

W. B. WELLS.

Canada Notes.

CHATHAM, Ont., July 8.—J. J. Spracklin left for Manitoba per Str. Alberta from Windsor on Saturday last. The C. P. R. have put one of their fine steamers, the Alberta, on the route between Windsor and Port Arthur, and it is a most convenient and pleasant mode of reaching the Manitoba and Continental trials.

Every facility is afforded for the safety and comfort of the dogs, and those wishing their pets to travel in comfort should send them by this route.

The customs officers at Windsor, having a great deal to do with passing animals in for racing and other purposes, should be much easier to deal with than at smaller points on the line.

Spracklin has in his string dogs belonging to A. Baugham, Windsor, Ont.; H. T. Bunberry, Hamilton, Ont.; W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont.; J. N. Gollan, Nassau, Mich.; Thos. Johnson and R. H. Agur, Winnipeg, Man.

Robert Storey went at the same time with Mr. T. G. Davey's string of six.

W. B. W.

IN a communication published in the *Times-Democrat*, Mr. James R. Randall gives a most interesting description in a reminiscent way of the life and character of that mighty statesman, Alexander H. Stephens. Tender recollections of his friendly qualities and sympathetic sketches of his achievements could not be more kindly presented. His love of the lower animals was sincere and unaffected. In this connection Mr. Randall writes: "Alexander's last negro body servant well said, when at the grave of his old master: 'He loved dogs more than some folks does people.' Wedded to the uprightness of his ethical nature was the love he had for the dumb animals as well as his fellow bipeds. * * * Once I drove with him in May through the department grounds at Washington. I admired the emerald sward, the lustrous grass, and pointed out its enchantments. He glanced at it kindly and said: 'It is fine! fine! I wish that my old cow at Crawfordville could get a whack at it.'"

DOG CHAT.

The cordiality of the "happy family," consisting of such heterogenous individuals as a fox-terrier, a cat, a wolf, half dozen monkeys and other animals, living in a cage in the Zoölogical Garden at Glen Island, was rudely broken and family ties sundered by the wolf eating three of the puppies for breakfast. The fox-terrier bitch fought valiantly in the defense of her young. A stream of water from a hose separated the combatants. The superintendent offered the wisdom-laden explanation that the monkeys had annoyed the wolf to a degree of madness and that it then ate the three puppies by mistake.

In the daily press is a story of an American gentleman who purchased a dog which was imported from Germany, and consequently the dog did not understand the English language. After deliberating solemnly, the gentleman concluded that it was much easier for him to learn German than for the dog to learn English, to the end that they could understand each other, therefore he studied German. It would be much easier to learn to bark and growl than to learn a whole language.

Mr. C. A. Stone, superintendent of the dog show of Canada's great Industrial Fair, Toronto, writes us that he will be pleased to have all those who intend to donate specials communicate with him immediately, so that he can insert all in the prize list. The Blood-Hound Club of America donates its gold medal for best dog, also for best bitch, and silver medal for the best puppy under twelve months. The American Spaniel Club donates its trophy, value $100, for the best field spaniel; and its trophy, $100, for the best cocker; the Bell cup for the best brace of cockers. Quite a long list of other special prizes are already promised.

Mr. Wm. Brailsford has written to Mr. W. B. Wells, Sec'y of the International Field Trials Club, that he will arrive about the first of August, going to Manitoba to attend the trials there, thence returning to attend the International Trials.

A lady lost her dog last week,
And this week, when she went
To interview the butcher on
The style of meat he'd sent,
He pointed to a sausage link.
The lady turned to look,
And when she said she'd take it home
It wagged right off the hook.
—*Stock-Keeper* (England).

The Eldred Kennels, Eldred, Sullivan Co., N. Y., have issued a circular which is the perfection of the printer's art. It contains portraits of Champion Antonio, Brighton Tobe and Gamester. A reference to their large list shows the best of setter and pointer blood. The kennel has issued a notice as follows: "For the convenience of Southern breeders, our stud dogs, Champion Antonio, Brighton Tobe and Gamester, will be sent to our training quarters in North Carolina, Sept. 1, where they will remain until Feb. 15.

In our business columns this week the United States Field Trials Club announce their Derby, which stake commences their spring meeting, at West Point, Miss. This trial will give an excellent opportunity for a competition when birds and grounds are at their best, and in respect to these important necessities no club is better equipped for a spring trial. The entries so far show a negligence or lack of interest on the part of Eastern sportsmen, save a few who have stanchly supported all good trials these many years. Those who have neglected the fall trials have yet a good opportunity to enjoy the sport of competition in the spring; for, though February is a winter month in the North, it is springlike in the South.

From a notice sent out by Spratts Patent we learn that their kennels have been thoroughly reorganized and in the near future will be much enlarged. W. H. Mackay is resident manager. Dr. T. G. Sherwood is consulting veterinarian.

Mr. Geo. R. Krehl's famous collie Eclipse died recently in his fifteenth year. He, besides his success on the bench, was a noted sire.

An Albany correspondent of the *Globe-Democrat* (St. Louis) says: "Landlord Moses of the Brunswick Hotel, at Eagle Mills, has a fourteen-year-old house dog which is a more correct barometer than many of the mechanical instruments. For two hours before the approach of a shower, and with no visible signs of the arousing of the elements, he is as uneasy as a fish out of its natural element. He will roam from house to house, call on all his old acquaintances, and when the shower is near at hand he will seek a comfortable place at home and go to sleep. This peculiarity has been noticed on a number of occasions lately, and has won much renown for the brute." Next!

In our business columns Mr. H. H. Green, Sanford, Me., offers pointers; Mr. F. A. McGrath, Philadelphia, offers fox-terriers; Mr. W. H. Pierce, Peekskill, N. Y., offers to board and train pointers and setters; Swiss Mountain Kennels, Germantown, Pa., offer St. Bernards and cockers for sale and at stud; F. J. N., Saratoga Springs, N. Y., offers fox-terriers; Mr. F. G. Tripp, New Bedford, Mass., offers bull-terriers; Mr. W. A. Freed, Homewood, Pa., offers beagles.

The Continental Field Trials Club announces in our business columns its All-Age Stake, to be run on chickens at Morris, Man., commencing on Sept. 2. The popularity of the chicken trials and the magnitude of those events this year, make almost a foregone conclusion of their success.

Mr. Noel Money, the famous trap shooter, received July 15, on s. s. Mobile, three Welsh fox hounds, one dog and two bitches. They are from the Llangibby pack.

The Omaha Kennel Club selected Messrs. John Davidson and H. W. Lacy to judge all classes at their show, to be held Sept. 18 to 21, the former to take the usual sporting classes, and the latter the others. A change will, however, have to be made in regard to non-sporting classes, as Mr. Lacy had already accepted the invitation to judge at Providence the same week when advised of the Omaha K. C.'s action.

The Wilkesboro *Chronicle* mentions a remarkable freak, a puppy which has three well-developed eyes, two of them in their natural positions, the third about half way between the other two, but higher up on the head.

In a pleasant letter, Mr. Thos. Johnson says: "Mr. Brailsford cables me three aged entries, viz., Deemster and Musa, pointers, and Roma, a setter. He will run them in the Manitoba, Continental and International Trials. He does not mention any others, so I presume he will not visit any of the American (U. S.) meetings this year. He expects to arrive here about Aug. 10. Birds are reported very plentiful. Nearly all difficulties with the customs are about overcome, so I anticipate one of the best meetings—when I say one I mean the three—ever held anywhere.

"Mr. Bell has accepted the position of one of the judges. I have not yet heard from Mr. Wells."

Our Dogs (England), in so vigorously defending Mr. Taylor in a recent issue, is wrong in its assumptions pertaining to the matter, and therefore wrong in the conclusions drawn from them. Mr. Taylor, in a weak explanation, claimed that the counterfoils taken from his book, containing a list of the awards at the New York show, was all that the management was entitled to. Though Mr. Taylor's book was morocco bound, with his name on it in gilt letters, that fact conferred to him no title to the books. The books, for the use of the other judges, were similarly arranged. At smaller shows the judges' names are sometimes put on their books with common, every-day ink, but in either case it is as a matter of convenient reference. Usage in this country requires that the judges return their books to the club after they have completed their list of awards. The books alone are considered official. The counterfoils are for the information of reporters and others, and for convenience sake are tacked on the wall of some adjacent room. The books are carefully guarded against surreptitious changes, and only as an act of courtesy is a reporter or others not directly interested permitted to see them. The catalogue, with its list of awards, is not official in a strict sense. When Mr. Taylor took to England the book containing the awards which he had made, he took the club's official records of his judging. Had he cared to learn fully the duties appertaining to judging in this country, he would have saved himself much humiliating notoriety. Mincing airs and supercilious graces may or may not be unbecoming to a judge, but careless statements are so. The explanation that the Messrs. Woodiwiss' dogs could not be given a prize without a violation of the rules has been in a manner ignored. Under the rules the dogs had no right to compete, but by inadvertence having competed, the only way out of it was to correct the error. The management, however, did not shirk any responsibility in reference to the prizes won by the dogs. In the meantime, there is no doubt but what Mr. Taylor thought, from the dignity and training he had acquired, that he owned that book; but there is no doubt of the knowledge on this side that he did not.

We received the entries of the Derby of the U. S. F. T. Club Tuesday afternoon, too late for publication this week. There are 47 nominations—24 setters and 23 pointers.

R. I. S. F. Association.

THE premium list of the Rhode Island State Fair Association is ready for distribution. The judges so far selected are James Mortimer for mastiff, bloodhound, great Dane, Russian wolfhound, pointer, Chesapeake Bay, dachshund, poodle, bull, Scottish, Bedlington, Skye, Dandie Dinmont and Yorkshire terrier, pug and miscellaneous classes; Louis Contoit, English, Irish and Gordon setters; German Hopkins, fox-terriers; E. M. Oldham, all spaniels. All other classes, H. W. Lacy, excepting Boston terriers, the judge of which will be announced later. Entries close Sept. 2.

The show will be benched and fed by Spratts Patent, and superintended by Mr. Oldham, the expert in such matters. The disinfecting will be done by the Imperial Hygenique Fluid Co. In challenge classes for mastiffs, St. Bernards, pointers, English and Irish setters there is $12; and in open classes, $10, $5 and $3; puppies, $8 and $4. Newfoundlands, one class, $10 and $5. English foxhounds, Skyes, Bedlingtons, Yorkshires, Chesapeake Bay dogs, Italian greyhounds and miscellaneous have $10 and $5 in each class.

There is a challenge class for all breeds of spaniels over 28lbs., prize $10. Field spaniels, four classes, $10 and $5. Cockers, two challenge classes, $10; five open classes, $10, $5, $3. Clumbers (two classes), $10 and $5. Irish water spaniels, $10 and $5. Bloodhounds, Great Danes, deerhounds, American foxhounds, black and tan terriers, Dandie Dinmonts, dachshunds, Russian wolfhounds, greyhounds, collies, bulldogs, bull-terriers, fox-terriers (wire and smooth respectively), Irish terriers, have in challenge classes $10; open classes, $10 and $5; some have a third prize, $3. Puppy classes have $8 and $4, and $6 and $3. Poodles, challenge, $10; open (four classes), $10 and $5. Boston terriers, challenge, $10; open classes (four), $10 and $5; puppies, $6 and $3. American Spaniel Club's Classification No. 2, with additions, has been adopted. A kennel prize of $15 has been made for mastiffs, St. Bernards, beagles, pointers, English and Irish setters, spaniels, collies and fox-terriers; and $10 to Gordon setters, bulldogs, bull-terriers, pugs and poodles. Spratts Patent offers $20 in gold for the best exhibit of dogs owned by one kennel or exhibitor, awards to be decided on the following values: First prize, 7 points; second, 5; third or reserve, 4; vhc., 3; hc., 2; c., 1 point. All additions or changes in the premium list will be published soon as possible.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, new edition, now ready, June 27, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

*Dates marked thus are unofficial.

20. Sea Cliff annual, Sound.
20. Royal St. Lawrence A, 30ft., 25ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal.
20-21. San Francisco cruise, San Francisco Bay.
21. Cor. San Francisco regatta, San Francisco.
25. Riverside special, Sound.
27. Indian Harbor annual, Greenwich, Sound.
27. Quincy, Quincy Point, Boston Harbor.
27. Cor., Marblehead, second cham., Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
27. Royal St. Lawrence, 18ft. skiff and steam yacht class, Montreal.
27. Duxbury club, Duxbury, Mass.
—. Cor., Atlantic City annual, Atlantic City.
28. San Francisco outside sail, San Francisco Bay.
29. New York Y. C annual cruise, rendezvous and race, Glen Cove.
* New York Y. C., first run, Sound.
* New York Y. C., second run, Sound.
* New York Y. C., third run to Newport.
* New York Y. C., Goelet Cups, Newport.
* Ne York Y. C., fourth run to Vineyard Haven.
* New York Y. C., at anchor, Vineyard Haven.
—. New York Y. C., special races at Newport.

AUGUST.

—. Lake Michigan Y. R. A.
2. Lincoln Park, Chicago.
3. Columbia, Chicago.
7. Racine, Racine.
3. Cor. Fleet annual, New Rochelle, Sound.
3. Monatiquot open, Boston Harbor.
3. Shelter Island annual, Greenport, Shelter Island, Sound.
3. Larchmont, 34ft. and 21ft. classes, Sound.
3-4. San Francisco chowder cruise to Pinnacle Rock, San Francisco.
10. American special, Milton Point, Sound.
10. Winthrop open, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
10-11. San Francisco cruise to California Y. C., San Francisco Bay.
10. Squantum, ladies' day, Squantum, Mass.
10. Duxbury Club, Duxbury, Mass.
13. American open, Newburyport.
14-15-16. Cor., Marblehead mid-summer series, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
15. Green Bay, Green Bay.
15. Cor., Atlantic City Special Cup, third race.
15. Sea Cliff special, Sound.
17. Huguenot annual, New Rochelle, Sound.
17. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
17. Roton Point Imp. Co. annual, Roton Point, Sound.
17. Cor. open, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
17-18. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
17. Royal St. Lawrence Hamilton trophy, 18ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal.
17. Cleveland, ladies' day, Cleveland, Lake Erie.
19. Manchester open, Manchester, Mass.
22. Riverside special, Sound.
24. Norwalk, Norwalk, Sound.
24. Squantum open, Squantum, Mass.
24. Horseshoe Harbor annual, Larchmont Sound.
24. Cor., Marblehead third cham., Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.

THE New York *World* has, in answer to an inquiry, received from Sir Francis Knollys, private secretary to the Prince of Wales, a letter stating that the Prince will not visit America this year. There is no longer any chance of Britannia coming over.

UP to the date of writing, July 16, practically nothing is known of the merits and defects of the new Cup defender. No doubt those intimately connected with her, Messrs. Herreshoff, Iselin and Morgan, have been able to form some definite conclusions; but the newspapers and the yachting public know far less of her than of Valkyrie III. The daily papers are publishing about one column per day of important news from Bristol, mainly describing the yacht as a great success, but her performances thus far may be summed up as but four trials under canvas, almost entirely in light airs and with no pretense of racing. The much vaunted victories over Colonia, the latter only half sailed, and with a foul steel bottom, and the burlesque trial with Vigilant on Sunday, are absolutely valueless in giving an idea of the yacht's speed and stability. If the projected special races off Sandy Hook take place on Saturday and Monday next they should show something positive; in the meanwhile such trials as have been made seem to indicate no serious defect, though very far from affording the needed guarantee of Defender's superiority to the older boats.

FOR some time past nothing has been heard from Boston about either Jubilee or Volunteer, both of which were generally looked for in the 90ft. class. Last week, however, Gen. Paine announced that Jubilee would not take part in the special races of July 20 and 22, nor in the trial races later on. Mr. Forbes's intentions as to racing Volunteer are as yet unknown.

SINCE Valkyrie III. has left the racing the duel between Britannia and Ailsa has continued, the former usually winning. The 20-rating class is divided, none of the Solent boats going to the Clyde. Niagara seems to be a little better than the new Eucharis or the old Zinita, and Dacotah continues her attempts to spoil sport by going into the 20-rating class under an allowance of 12min. The *Field* states that Niagara will have a new suit of sails, made by Perry, of Birkenhead; and also that Mr. Howard Gould is talking of a Herreshoff 40-rater for next year.

THE proposed new rule of the Y. R. A., which we recently published in full, was adopted at the general meeting of the Y. R. A. on June 17, and afterward was submitted by a mail vote to all the members. The result, as just announced, was for the rule 79, against 13, some 50 members not voting. The rule is thus adopted, to go into force next year.

Huguenot Y. C.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Wednesday, July 10.

THE Huguenot Y. C. sailed its first open regatta on July 10, in a moderate breeze, the times being:

21-FOOTERS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr.	21.00	3 06 48	1 39 26
Celia, C. A. Gould	21.00	3 02 52	1 35 37
CABIN SLOOPS.			
Water Lily, Birrell Brothers	27.01	4 38 35	3 21 20
CABIN CAT CLASS—OVER 25FT.			
Mary, W. E. Elsworth	28.76	4 12 25	2 55 10
Sirene, T. Jackson	28.55	4 55 22	3 38 07
CABIN CAT CLASS—25FT. UNDER.			
Kittie, Hazen Morse	23.10	3 35 19	2 18 04
Duck, Lewis Celin	22.75	3 49 20	2 22 05
Avis, H. Stotthoff		4 03 22	2 46 07
OPEN CAT CLASS.			
Angora, T. Weber	20.10	3 49 55	2 22 40
Edwina	20.10	3 53 43	2 26 28
Fairy, F. E. Towle	21.90	3 19 51	1 52 36
Punch, M. H. Clark	20.13	3 23 58	1 56 43
MIXED CLASS.			
Goat	17.04	4 03 33	2 36 18
Question, L. H. Huntington	12.06	3 48 55	2 21 40

The winners are Celia, Water Lily, Kittie, Fairy and Question.

On July 11 Capt. A. Peterson, of the schooner Emerald; Andrew Morrison, the mate, and one of the crew were injured by the premature explosion of a cartridge in saluting. The yacht was off Bay Ridge at the time, and the mate and man were taken to the Norwegian Hospital. Capt. Peterson was but little injured, and the others not very badly.

The Larchmont-Atlantic Cruise.

THE two busy periods of the yachting season—that of the spring regattas, so called, covering the last three weeks of June, and that of the annual cruise of the New York Y. C. in the first half of August—have always been separated by an awkward interval which the various clubs have sought, with but little success, to bridge over by their annual cruises. Of late years this interval has been shortened by a week, the June regattas on New York Bay, once so important, now being secondary to the many races of the Sound clubs in the first week in July. It has always been the custom of the clubs other than the New York Y. C. to sail their annual cruises during the last three weeks of July, the results being that several small fleets start out from the west end of the Sound, some of the yachts finally bringing up at Shelter Island or possibly Newport, where the cruise is formally disbanded several days after it has died a natural death. The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. after many trials has given up all attempts at an annual cruise, and though the Larchmont and Atlantic clubs have started off boldly enough each year, the cruises have been purely family affairs, of interest mainly to those favored yachtsmen whose boats were reported in the daily papers, truthfully or otherwise, as winning on the runs from port to port. With a view to remedying this state of affairs by the assembling of a fleet sufficiently large to hold together for more than a few days, the officers of the Atlantic and Larchmont clubs last winter proposed a joint cruise, and the idea was at once acted upon, and in a manner which promises the most satisfactory results. It has been the custom of the two clubs to sail over the same water at much the same time every year, each with a small fleet, it being difficult for a yacht enrolled in both clubs to accompany both cruises. While the cruise has been pleasant enough for those who go every year and are well acquainted, each has been strictly a family affair, of no particular interest to yachtsmen. This year the two clubs have mustered a fleet not only far larger but superior in quality to any previous ones of either club, and the cruise begun on Saturday promises to be a successful and memorable one.

It was expected that Defender would be ready long before the date set for the rendezvous, July 12, and the two clubs were ready to offer suitable prizes for a race of the 90-footers, to be sailed any time during the cruise, but the delay in the completion of Defender proved an insuperable obstacle to the projected race.

The yachts of the Atlantic and Larchmont clubs, to the number of nearly a hundred, assembled at Larchmont Harbor, the rendezvous, on July 12; a few of them taking part in the special races on that day, but most of them were in cruising trim. The start was set for 11 A. M. on Saturday, July 13, the first run being to Black Rock, the yachts being timed as they started off Larchmont Harbor and again as they finished off Penfield Reef Light, 26 miles distant. Saturday morning was clear enough, but before the hour for the start a violent squall came up, the rain falling in torrents, and the start was postponed. The squall was soon over and just at noon the preparatory signal was fired, the first division, the smaller yachts, being started at 12:10. The classes above 49ft. racing length were started at 12:35. The wind was light from the south and many of the yachts were handicapped.

The race was a quick run with a freshening breeze over the starboard quarter, the wind being light at times, but keeping all the yachts in motion. The event of the day was the sailing of the little schooner Loyal, in the 70ft. racing length class, she beating both Amorita and Elsemarie, in the 80ft. class, on corrected time. The two larger boats wasted some time in luffing each other, but their times serve to show the excellent work of the smaller one. The official times were:

SCHOONERS—CLASS A, 80FT. AND OVER.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ramona	12 37 17	3 17 47	2 40 30	2 39 55
Sachem	12 38 35	3 22 23	2 44 48	2 36 53
Alsacienne	12 38 57	4 02 21	3 23 24	. .. ..
Crusader	12 40 00	3 41 56	3 01 56	2 49 51
Phantom	12 40 00	3 50 17	3 10 17	3 00 04
Emerald	12 38 35	3 17 15	2 38 40	2 30 09

CLASS B, 70 TO 80FT.

Amorita	12 40 00	3 42 43	3 02 43	3 02 43
Elsemarie	12 40 00	3 46 33	3 06 33	3 05 10
Florida	12 40 00	4 07 10	3 27 10	3 24 36

CLASS C, 70FT. AND UNDER.

Loyal	12 40 00	3 41 45	3 07 45	2 57 07
Viator	12 40 00	3 46 22	3 06 28	3 03 03
Cavalier	12 37 57	3 53 15	3 15 18	3 15 18

SLOOPS—CLASS 2, 50 TO 70FT.

Katrina	12 40 00	3 31 37	2 51 37	2 51 35
Huron	12 40 00	4 23 33	3 43 33	3 37 41

CLASS 3, 53 TO 60FT.

Wasp	12 41 00	3 48 18	3 08 18	3 08 11
Eclipse	12 40 00	4 01 50	3 21 50	3 21 50
Clara	12 40 00	4 03 51	3 23 51	3 23 51
Vixen	12 40 00	4 32 40	3 52 40	. .. ..

CLASS 4—46 TO 53FT.—FLUSH DECK.

Gossoon	12 15 00	3 54 57	3 39 57	3 39 57
Verena	12 15 00	4 12 53	3 57 53	. .. ..
Xara	12 15 00	4 08 40	3 53 40	3 50 36
Minerva	12 15 00	3 50 16	3 35 16	3 32 03

CLASS 4—46 TO 53FT.—TRUNK CABIN.

Penguin	12 15 00	3 56 50	3 41 50	3 41 18
Choctaw	12 12 29	3 49 03	3 36 34	3 31 55
Harriet	12 14 40	4 14 36	3 59 56	. .. ..
Awa	12 15 00	3 52 36	3 37 36	3 33 41
Iola	12 15 00	4 28 12	4 13 12	. .. ..
Wenona	12 15 00	4 10 33	3 55 33	. .. ..
Ventura	12 15 00	4 06 48	3 51 40	3 48 19

CLASS 5—40 TO 45FT.

Kathleen	12 15 00	4 21 44	4 06 44	3 58 28
Bonnie Kate	12 15 00	4 23 48	4 08 48	3 00 32
Tigress	12 15 00	4 09 42	3 59 47	3 54 42
Norota	12 14 58	3 50 36	3 35 38	3 35 18
Senorita	12 15 00	4 21 29	4 06 29	3 55 42

CLASS 6—35FT. AND UNDER.

Infanta	12 15 00	4 05 52	3 50 52	. .. ..
Fidello	12 14 16	4 35 16	4 21 00	. .. ..
Modesta	12 14 09	Not timed.		
Dragoon	12 14 09	3 53 19	3 39 10	. .. ..
Gunhilde	12 15 00	4 24 03	4 09 03	. .. ..
Almira	12 12 34	4 18 58	4 06 24	. .. ..

The above is official, but there is apparently an error in the 53ft. class, Verena being a trunk cabin boat and Ventura flush decked.

On Sunday morning service was held aboard Fleet Chaplain W. L. Moore's yacht Kanapaha, and in the afternoon the fleet sailed for Morris Cove. On Monday an early start was made for New London, many of the yachts being late at the line. The wind was light from the east all day, and very slow progress was made over the 38 miles. The times were:

SCHOONERS—CLASS A.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ramona	7 40 00	3 51 01	8 11 01	8 11 01
Sachem	7 40 00	5 30 27	9 50 27	9 39 36
Phantom	7 40 00	7 28 51	11 48 51	11 36 34
Emerald	7 40 00	5 44 53	10 04 53	9 53 09

SCHOONERS—CLASS B.

Amorita	7 40 00	2 21 47	6 41 47	6 41 47
Elsemarie	7 40 00	2 51 42	7 11 42	7 09 39
Florida	7 40 00	6 17 33	10 37 33	10 33 42

SCHOONERS—CLASS C.

Loyal	7 40 00	7 13 45	11 33 45	11 26 51
Viator	7 40 00	4 57 28	9 17 28	9 12 34
Cavalier	7 40 00	6 18 49	10 38 49	10 38 49
Fenella	7 40 00	Did not finish.		

CUTTERS—CLASS 2.

Katrina	7 40 00	6 00 06	10 20 06	10 20 06
Ventura	7 35 55	5 54 18	10 18 23	9 58 29

CUTTERS—CLASS 3.

Wasp	7 38 38	2 22 06	6 43 28	6 43 18
Eclipse	7 39 20	5 59 17	10 19 57	10 19 57
Clara	7 40 00	Did not finish.		

CUTTERS—CLASS 4—CABIN TRUNKS.

Penguin	7 15 00	6 07 59	10 52 59	10 52 11
Verena	7 15 00	6 43 09	11 28 09	11 24 41
Choctaw	7 15 00	5 58 52	10 43 52	10 36 58
Awa	7 15 00	6 10 23	10 55 23	10 49 35
Wenona	7 15 00	6 49 19	11 34 19	11 34 19

CUTTERS—CLASS 4—FLUSH DECKS.

Gossoon	7 15 00	6 13 49	10 58 49	10 58 49
Xara	7 15 00	6 24 25	11 09 25	11 01 11
Minerva	7 15 00	6 16 51	11 01 51	10 57 05
Ventura	7 15 00	6 22 52	11 07 52	11 02 42

CUTTERS—CLASS 5.

Kathleen	7 15 00	Did not finish.		
Tigress	7 15 00	6 01 41	10 46 41	10 45 54
Norota	7 15 00	2 51 35	7 36 35	7 36 35
Senorita	7 15 00	6 05 04	10 50 04	10 35 32

CUTTERS—CLASS 6.

Infanta	7 15 00	4 04 29	8 49 29	8 41 40
Fidello	7 15 00	6 58 48	11 43 48	11 36 42
Gunhilde	7 15 00	Did not finish.		
Almira	7 15 00	6 25 22	11 10 22	10 43 51

The winners were Ramona, first prize, and Sachem, second, class A; Amorita, first, class B; Viator, first, class C; Ventura, first, class 2; Wasp, first, class 3; Choctaw first and Awa second, class 4, cabin trunk. Minerva first and Gossoon second, class 4, flush deck. Norota first and Senorita second, class 5; Infanta first and Almira second, class 6.

The special race off New London for schooners, cutters and sloops takes place on Tuesday, July 16.

Unfortunate.

THE "knockabout" in Eastern waters has attained a well-deserved popularity. It is a safe, comfortable and somewhat speedy type of craft. Its inception was as a cruising rather than a racing boat, but having developed some speed, the boats are now raced to a considerable extent.

In order to retain some of the sterling qualities of the other boats, the following definition was established. "A seaworthy keel boat (not to include fin keels), decked or half decked, of fair accommodations, rigged simply, without bowsprit, and with only mainsail and one head sail."

Further restrictions governing l. w. l., beam, freeboard, position of mast, thickness of planking, size and spacing of frames, deadwoods, rudder and ballast, are also set forth in the circular of the Knockabout Association, adopted November 30, 1894.

These limits are not to exclude any Knockabout built prior to the above date.

The mode of measuring the sail area is as follows: "The sail area shall be limited to 500sq. ft., measured by the formula, viz.: Multiply 85 per cent. of the base by half the sum of the gaff and the distance from the top of the sheave of the upper throat halliard block to the stem head."

By the above method of measurement the new boats easily evade the sail area rule of 500ft. by the following means: Shortening the luff of the sail, lowering the the throat halliard block, and shortening the forward overhang. Thus La Chica, one of the fast ones, sails with an actual measurement of 530sq. ft., while the rule shows her to be carrying only 498sq. ft. The unfortunate point is, that Bessie Lee, one of the best boats of the type and the handsomest in the fleet, sails with an actual area of 495sq. ft., but under the rule measures 540.31sq. ft.

The reason for writing this article is the manifest injustice of the measurement rule. In spite of the fact that La Chica is a knockabout under the rules, she is nevertheless as near a racing machine as the rules will allow, with no cabin and lead ballast. Bessie Lee, on the other hand, while fast, is the best boat of her type, with cabin house and most excellent accommodations below, and with iron ballast, and in consequence of her cruising features she weighs about 1,000lbs. more than her open sisters. On account of her speed she is, however, protested in racing on the ground of her excess in sail area by the rule, when in reality she sails with nearly 40sq. ft. less sail than her rivals.



The accompanying diagram shows the working of the rule and how it is worked. The dotted lines show the snub-nosed boat caused by the shortening of the base line, the lowered throat halliard block, etc.

I am interested in none of the knockabouts, but it seems a decided injustice to rule out a good, wholesome, speedy cruiser, carrying less than the limit of sail, because by an inaccurate system of measurement she appears to have too much sail, while others carrying more are charged with less. The owner of Bessie Lee has been to the expense of having his sails measured accurately, with a resulting 494.71 sq. ft., while by the system herein mentioned he is charged with 540.31sq.ft. A very accurate system, is it not? No account being taken, under the rule, of the size of the stemstaysail, this sail is cut way back, and in reaching serves as a balloon jib, and in running is poled out as a fair sized spinaker.

There can be no difficulty at all in measuring the actual sail area in these small boats, and why such is not done is a mystery to ILEX.

Defender's Speed.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I presume that it is too early yet for a land lubber to glean anything about the merits of Defender, and I must say that I for one am in a very "unsartin" state in regard to her merits; but I trust that this week's issue of your paper will set me straight. When I read of Defender's trial against Colonia it seemed to me that the new boat was a flyer, especially down wind, as I believe Colonia at her best was a trifle better than Vigilant at running, and not so very many minutes astern of her to windward. But as there seems to be some doubt about Colonia's bottom being in good shape, I surmised that there must have been some "grass" on it, though I could not quite understand the daily papers even hinting at a foul bottom—it seemed like encouraging Lord Dunraven and Englishmen in general.

A few days afterward I read in one of the dailies that Defender sailed so fast when sailing alone that she actually ran away from the wind and had to wait for it. That satisfied me; all my doubts were set at rest. A boat that could do that, I thought, could run right away from any number of Valkyries, especially only the third. Why, they would have to build at least a hundred of their boats before they could build a "phenomenal wonder" that can run away from, say, a fifteen-mile-an-hour breeze. So I take the liberty here of warning Lord Dunraven that he had better call off the challenge and go to work on a few more Valkyries. He might begin by trying at least a dozen more, and then challenging with Valkyrie XV. just to see if Watson can produce a boat that can run away from a small blow—perhaps a three-mile-an-hour wind. If he can, then there may be a small hope of his winning the cup some day.

But what is this? This morning I read that, after all, perhaps there was something the matter with Colonia's bottom, for Defender and Vigilant, in a four-mile run, only come out about even, and in reaching and windward work Defender apparently has but a little the best of it; whereas, it seems to me as though Vigilant should have been run away from on every point of sailing—that is, if Defender is going to keep the Cup here, as it was apparently just the sort of a wind that Valkyrie III. would have delighted in. It seems fair to assume that with her large sail plan she would have run away from both boats.

Is it not possible that Vigilant, in a light wind, is several minutes slower than she was before her recent alterations? It seems as though it would be a good idea to put Colonia in first-class shape, if for no other reason than to find out how much faster or slower Vigilant is now than she was in 1893. It might at least give the American public a good "line" to bet on in the coming races. It seems that perhaps the syndicate members are a little nervous themselves; as, if reports are to be believed, they are going to give Defender a larger sail plan. Does she not quite come up to their expectations? LAND LUBBER.

NEW YORK, July 15.

[We regret that we cannot enlighten our correspondent, as he is but one of thousands of yachtsmen who would like just now to know something accurate and reliable about the new yacht. The best advice we can give, as at least a temporary relief from their anxiety, is that they should read only the headlines in the daily papers, in which Defender's speed is fully vouched for, not looking at the details which follow of her "races" with Vigilant, Colonia, Hattie Palmer, Sheerwater and the winds of Narragansett Bay.]

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Friday, July 12.

THE Larchmont Y. C. had a good breeze on July 12 for its race for the Drexel cup, presented by John R. Drexel, yacht Sultana, in the schooner class, and the special races for the 40ft., 34ft. and 21ft. classes. The wind was S.W., light at the start, but freshening to a good sailing breeze. Only three schooners started—Ramona, Amorita and Elsemarie, Emerald being kept out by an accident which injured Captain Petersen and two of her crew. The course for the schooners was the 15-mile triangle marked by the easterly buoy and the Prospect Point mark, sailed twice. The 49 and 34ft. classes sailed to the second Mid-sound Buoy and then to the Prospect Point Buoy, and home, 11 miles, sailed twice; and the 21-footers sailed twice over the smallest triangle, 11 miles in all. The schooners were started at 12:05, being timed on the line:

Ramona.....12 06 46 Elsemarie.....12 06 52
Amorita.....12 06 46

The cutters were timed, start 12:13:00:

Minerva.....12 13 36 Dragoon.....12 15 14
Gossoon.....12 13 54

The 21-footers started from the gun at 12:21.

The broad reach of six miles to the first mark opened with a luffing match between Amorita and Elsemarie, the former coming out ahead; the two, however, rounded the mark together at 1:30:30, half a minute ahead of Ramona. Elsemarie held the new boat very well in the heat to second mark, the times being:

Amorita.....2 15 20 Ramona.....2 25 40
Elsemarie.....2 16 05

On the 4-mile reach home Amorita showed a more decided gain, the times being:

Amorita.....2 32 58 Ramona.....2 44 05
Elsemarie.....2 34 40

With a freshening breeze Amorita continued to gain on her sister, the second leg being timed:

Amorita.....3 08 45 Elsemarie.....3 11 40

Ramona withdrew at the end of the first round.

This time Amorita did better to windward, the times at the Prospect Point mark being:

Amorita.....3 59 50 Elsemarie.....4 05 25

The last leg made little change in the positions, the finish being timed:

Amorita.....4 18 38 Elsemarie.....4 24 00

Gossoon and Minerva sailed a very close race, being within less than a minute of each other through the two rounds, Gossoon finishing first, but losing in allowance. Dragoon sailed fast, but none of her classmates were on hand to make a race for her. Vaquero was well sailed by Mr. Camacho and beat Celia, while Shrimp withdrew. The times were:

SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Amorita	12 06 46	4 28 38	4 11 50	4 11 50
Elsemarie	12 06 52	4 24 00	4 17 08	4 15 33
Ramona	12 06 46	Withdrew.		

49FT. CLASS—CUTTERS.

Gossoon	12 13 54	3 42 15	3 28 21	3 28 21
Minerva	12 13 36	3 42 45	3 29 09	3 26 26

34FT. CLASS.

Dragoon	12 15 14	3 56 25	3 41 11	3 41 11

21-FOOTERS.

Celia	12 21 00	2 29 26	2 06 05	2 06 05
Vaquero	12 21 00	2 27 05	2 08 26	2 08 26
Shrimp	12 21 00	Withdrew.		

Defender.

ALL last week the new Cup defender lay at the Herreshoff works, where men were busy all over her in the endeavor to complete the work. The joiner work was put in below, the decks planed and finishing touches put to all parts. Some of the aluminum work about the masthead gave out in the first trials and was replaced with steel, and it is generally reported that some of the steel tubular braces within the hull were badly bent on the first sail, being replaced with heavier material.

On July 9 Vigilant came to Bristol for her new cross-cut sails, and it was expected that the two yachts would have a trial. On July 11 Defender was ready, but Mr. Willard was absent, so Vigilant did not start. Defender went out in the morning and her compasses were adjusted by Mr. John Bliss, of New York, after which she sailed around alone, trying various sails. Mr. Willard returned next day and Vigilant was under way, but Defender laid at the dock. On July 14 the two towed down to Newport and went outside for a trial, sailing around for a time in a very light air with no particular results, there being no timing and nothing like a race. On Monday Defender returned to the shops, being still uncompleted, while Vigilant sailed to City Island. It is expected that both will be in New York the latter part of the week, as the two special races are set for July 20-22, as announced by the regatta committee of the New York Y. C.

The start will be off Sandy Hook or Scotland Lightship, dependent on the wind.

The preparatory signal will be made at 11 A. M.; ten minutes later the signal for the start will be given.

Two minutes will be allowed to cross.

The first course, signaled by the letter B, will be from the starting line around a mark 15 miles to windward or leeward, and return, the mark to be left on starboard hand.

The other course, signal letter T, will be from the starting line 10 miles around a mark, thence 10 miles around a second mark, and thence 10 miles to the finish line, turning the marks on the outside of the triangle, to port or starboard, according as the yachts are sent around.

The flagship Sylvia will be the judges' boat, and the starting and finish lines will be between a white flag raised on her and the mainmast of the lightship.

The New York Y. C. offers a $200 cup for the winner if two or more start, and a $100 cup for the yacht finishing second if four or more start.

The 34 Foot Class.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The yachting season has now well advanced, and yet that greatly advertised "34" class of Larchmont has not had one interesting race. There are four boats in the class, two of which seem to be unable to cross a line, and one of which is somewhere in the dim east. The other boat has kept every engagement, has thrown her gauntlet at every boat in the class, and has been raced for all she is worth all over the Sound. Is it sportsmanlike for a yachtsman to enter into an agreement to fill a class and then back out?

When the Larchmonts made up their rules men built in good faith for the class. They were assured sport, and the club certainly did all it could to make the classes interesting, but it seems that its labors are to be undone by a lot of so-called yachtsmen who build boats to race and then spend the season in dilly-dallying around shipyards and moorings. "Dragoon had a walkover" is becoming rather monotonous.

Can't it be cured, or are all the other fellows afraid of the "freak"?

SWEDE.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Hermione, steam yacht, lately chartered by Robert Goelet, arrived at New York from Gourock on July 8 after a twelve-day passage, including a stop at St. Johns for coal. She met with head seas and some bad weather.

It is reported that Col. A. J. Drexel, owner of Margarita, steam yacht, has ordered a steel steam yacht of the largest size.

White Ladye, steam yacht, under charter to Ogden Goelet, was in collision with a car float on July 8 in Hell Gate, the plates on her port bow above water being stove in. She was repaired at the Erie Basin Dry Docks.

Yampa, schooner, R. S. Palmer, was seriously damaged on July 12 at Southampton, while several workmen were killed or injured. The yacht was hauled out at Fay's yard, and as she was about to be lowered the chain of the railway broke. The yacht fell on her side, striking the schooner Ursula as she fell. Two men were injured—Schubert, a sailor, who was thrown from the masthead to the ground, and another named Carton, while a third man was crushed to death beneath the yacht. The hull is badly damaged, but no details are given. Mr. Palmer has given $1,000 toward the sufferers by the accident.

Burgee and Pennant has just come out in a new cover, in which the word "Yachting" in large letters occupies the most prominent place, the old title being retained in addition. The paper is still devoted to the Naval Reserve as well as yachting, but will give still greater prominence to the latter.

The annual race of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. for the Alfred Roosevelt memorial cup will be sailed on Saturday, July 27, in Oyster Bay, being open to all yachts of not over 50ft. racing length. The start will be from the gun.

Col. Jos. T. Perkins, owner of the schooner Columbia, died of apoplexy on board the yacht on July 12, when anchored at Yorktown, Va.

Milwaukee Y. C.

MILWAUKEE—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Thursday, July 4.

THE annual regatta of the Milwaukee Y. C. was sailed on July 4 in a very light wind, the times being:

CLASS A—SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Priscilla	10 05 00	1 41 21	3 36 20	3 34 36
Idler	10 05 00	Withdrew.		

CLASS C— SCHOONERS.

Hawthorne	10 05 00	2 02 20	3 57 20	3 57 20
Merlin	10 05 00	2 16 28	4 11 28	4 05 55

CLASS B—CABIN SLOOPS.

Valiant	10 15 47	1 47 55	3 32 08	3 37 08
Phantom	10 13 10	1 57 40	3 44 30	3 41 03
Scorpion	10 16 00	2 01 42	3 45 42	3 44 41
Jeannette	10 15 10	2 04 04	3 49 50	3 45 05
Peri	10 14 04	2 07 30	3 53 26	3 49 09
Frolic	10 16 00	2 24 32	4 08 32	
Beatrice	10 16 00	2 20 10	4 13 10	4 06 16
Rambler	10 16 00	2 37 07	4 18 07	4 18 07
Hattie B	10 15 10	2 04 00	4 47 50	4 41 28

Enola, Mamie and others did not finish.

CLASS C—SLOOPS.

Viola	10 16 00	2 32 07	4 16 00	4 15 06
Pinta	10 16 00	2 33 27	4 17 27	4 17 05
Allie T	10 13 55	2 53 31	4 39 36	4 29 36

Thirsa, Pilot, America and Ellida did not finish.

CLASS D—SLOOPS.

Dione	10 26 27	2 12 25	3 28 37	3 28 35
Infanta	10 25 05	1 55 04	3 45 20	3 47 20
Venus	10 25 16	2 25 00	3 59 44	3 53 06

CLASS F—OPEN BOATS.

Athlete	10 23 16	1 47 17	3 24 01	3 19 38
Ida K	10 23 25	1 57 10	3 33 45	3 27 41½
Dorothy	10 35 42	1 50 48	3 28 06	3 28 06

Skeate did not finish.

Priscilla wins the Pabst trophy, Hawthorne wins the Canadian cup, Valiant the Camp cup and side lights, Viola the Plankinton cup and Dione the Nunnemacher cup. The second prizes in all classes consisted of field glasses and ensigns.

Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 13.

THE first championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead on July 13, being started in a light easterly air, which was followed by a lively squall from S.W., the smaller yachts dousing canvas. The times were:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Susie, J. F. Cole	28.06	3 16 40	3 16 40
Marena, D. H. Follett, Jr	39.01	Withdrew.	
Ariel, J. Barrett	36.02	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS.

Exit, A. H. Higginson	31.04	3 18 10	3 14 11
Reaper, H. P. Benson	34.07	Withdrew.	

SPECIAL CLASS CRUISERS.

	Handicap.		
Tomahawk, G. H. Perry		2 27 30	. . . .
Gorilla, Odin Roberts		2 35 15	. . . .
Katrina, L. Whitcomb		2 50 00	. . . .

CLASS A.

Brenda, Goodwin		2 21 15	. . . .
Anaqua, A. P. Loring		Withdrew.	

CLASS B.

Mosca, F. E. Peabody		1 48 40	1 48 40
Delphine, C. M. Baker	3 00	1 52 56	1 49 56
Edith, F. M. Wood		Withdrew.	
Hera, P. Fowle		Withdrew.	

CLASS C.

Maia, E. Paine		1 34 00	1 34 00
Tedesco, C. Morse		1 35 45	1 35 45
Aluna, A. L. Stearns	5 00	1 47 45	1 42 45
Sally, D. C. Percival		1 47 30	1 47 30
Comet, A. A. Lawrence		1 51 45	1 51 45
Dorothy, F. Brewster	3 00	1 59 45	1 56 45
Toyo, F. O. North		1 40 30	1 40 30
Carl, C. H. W. Foster		Withdrew.	

The winners were: Second class, Susie; third class, Exit; special class, Tomahawk; second prize, Gorilla; Class A, Brenda; Class B, Mosca; second prize, Delphine; Class C, Maia; second, Tedesco; third, Aluna.

Horseshoe Harbor Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Tuesday, July 9.

THE Horseshoe Harbor Y. C., of Larchmont, sailed its annual regatta on July 9 with a fleet of eighteen yachts. The course was a 5-mile triangle off Larchmont, and the start was made from the gun. Mary and Polly were matched together, each being alone in her class, Mary allowing Polly 5m. handicap, while another match was made between Flounder and Question, the latter receiving 10m. The start was made in a light N.E. wind, which finally fell entirely, a long calm being broken by a light west wind which made a late finish to the first round, with which the race was called. The times were:

SPECIAL 34FT. CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	34.00	1 21 29	1 21 29

SPECIAL 21FT. CLASS.

Celia, C. A. Gould	21.00	1 45 15	1 45 15
Vaquero, W. G. Brokaw	21.00	1 47 24	1 47 24

SPECIAL 15FT. CLASS, HANDICAP.

Flounder, J. C. B. Tappen		2 49 46	2 49 46
Question, L. H. Huntington	14.60	Did not finish.	

CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS, HANDICAP.

Polly, H. Andruss		1 38 42	1 33 42
Mary, W. E. Elsworth	28.76	1 18 44	1 18 44

CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.

Caper, E. G. Unit	23.97	1 59 29	1 59 29
Kittie, Hazen Morse	23.10	1 26 19	1 25 42

JIB AND MAINSAIL YACHTS.

Bingo, J. M. Gretchen, Jr	24.90	2 16 20	2 16 20
Brenda, F. S. Scott	21.60	Did not finish.	

OPEN MAINSAIL, 25FT. CLASS.

Fairy, F. E. Towle	24.00	1 21 57	1 21 57
Typhoon, H. Bullwinkle	22.66	Did not finish.	

SPECIAL 15FT. CLASS.

Caprice, F. F. Proctor		Not timed.	
Irene, J. F. Black, Jr	13.50	Not timed.	
Daisy, L. H. Spence		Not timed.	

OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.

Ione, C. M. Bird		2 19 03	Not timed.
Buffoon, C. L. Weyand		2 50 23	Not timed.

The winners were Dragoon, Celia, Flounder, Mary, Kitty, Bingo, Fairy and Ione.

Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C.

OYSTER BAY, L. I.

Monday, July 8.

THE Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. had arranged a very good programme of special races for July 8, but only four yachts started, the times being as follows:

SPECIAL 34FT. CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	34.00	3 58 33	3 58 33

MIXED CLASS—25 AND 21-FOOTERS.

Folly, Geo. Bullock	24.50	4 04 31	4 04 31
Celia, C. A. Gould	22.50	4 03 20	3 58 16

SPECIAL 15FT. CLASS.

Question, L. Huntington	15.00	3 14 40	3 14 40

New Jersey Athletic Club.

BAYONNE—NEWARK BAY.

Saturday, July 13.

THE second race of the series for the Ellsworth Cup was sailed on July 13 in a moderate S.W. breeze, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Jonquil	2 34 45	3 45 00	1 10 15	1 07 55
Drift	2 34 22	3 45 14	1 10 52	1 08 02
Iroquois	2 39 02	3 47 08	1 08 06	1 08 06
Tiche	2 38 48	3 50 40	1 11 52	1 09 17
Emir	2 36 42	3 46 40	1 09 58	1 09 54
Cute	2 39 20	Not timed.		
Our Own	2 38 04	Not timed.		

September Weather.

THE peculiarities of model of the challenger and defender of 1895 indicate that while the former was designed with special reference to such light weather as nearly all of the past Cup races have been sailed in, the latter was designed in no small degree for such weather as marked the latter half of the last Cup race of 1893. Considering the differences in the two yachts, so far as they are now known, it is probable that the weather may prove the great factor in determining the result. The New York *Evening Sun* has compiled the following interesting table, showing the force and direction of the wind and the state of the weather during the second week in September for the past ten years:

SEPTEMBER	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
1885.	*a* 5 S.S.W.	*b* 0 S.E. Rain.	18 N.W.S.W Rain.	22 N.E.N.W Rain.	*c* 16 E.N.E.	*d* 12 S.S.W.	16 S.S.W.	*e* 10 S.S.W.	22 N.W.S.W Rain.
1886.	*f* 7 E.S.W.	11 S.	*g* 11 E. Rain.	9 S.	*h* 17 N.W.	20 S.W. Rain.	17 N.W.	16 S.W.	11 S.
1887.	20 S.W. Rain.	21 N.W.	20 S.W.	22 N.W.S.W Rain.	17 N.E. Rain.	28 N.E. Rain.	12 N.E. Rain.	8 S.	13 N.
1888.	15 N.E.	23 S.E. Rain.	11 S. Rain.	14 N.W. Rain.	23 N.E. Rain.	18 N.E.S.W. Rain.	25 S.W.N.W Rain.	15 N.W.S.	14 S.W.S.E.
1889.	16 N.N.E.	18 N.N.E.	27 N.	41 N. Rain.	27 N. Rain.	38 N. Rain.	26 N.E. Rain.	16 E. Rain.	15 S.E. Rain.
1890.	14 N.S.E.	12 S.E.	10 S.E.S.	21 N.E. Rain.	23 N.E. Rain.	21 S.E. Rain.	24 S. Rain.	15 N. Rain.	14 S.E. Rain.
1891.	26 W.N.W.	14 N.W. Rain.	17 N.W.	8 N.W.	12 S.	13 S.	17 S.	21 N.W.	18 S. Rain.
1892.	12 S.W.N.W	13 N.E.S.E.	13 N.E.S.	18 W.	20 N.E.	14 S.E.	29 S.E. Rain.	13 S.E.S.W Rain.	13 S.W.
1893.	34 S.E. Rain.	20 N.W.	13 S-N.	12 S.W.	28 N.E.	20 N-S.E.	16 E.	22 S.E. Rain.	22 S.E. Rain.
1894.	13 N.W.S.W	20 S.W. Rain.	16 S.S.W.	45 S.S.W. Rain.	26 N.W.	11 N.	12 S.E.	16 S Rain.	14 S.W.

We add the following details to the *Sun's* table:

a Puritan-Genesta—Not finished in time.
b Puritan-Genesta—Puritan fouled Genesta, no race.
c Puritan-Genesta—Clear and light wind at start.
d Puritan-Genesta—Race called at outer mark.
e Puritan-Genesta—No wind up to 1:30 P. M. No start.
First race, time for 38 knots, 6.06.05. Second race, sailed on Sept. 6, hard blow on latter half of course.
f Mayflower-Galatea—First race, 38 knots in 5.26.41.
g Mayflower-Galatea—Not finished in time.
h Mayflower-Galatea—Second race, 38 knots in 6 49 00.

Hempstead Harbor Y. C.

GLEN COVE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 13.

THE Hempstead Harbor Y. C., of Glen Cove, L. I., sailed its annual regatta on July 13 with a fleet of 26 starters. The courses were: For all over 18ft., from the starting line off the club house around the red spar buoy on the easterly end of Execution Reef, thence around the spar buoy off Matinnicock Point, and thence to the line, distance 12 miles. The smaller yachts rounded Execution Reef and returned, distance 9 miles.

The weather was unfavorable. In the morning a very severe storm passed over the Sound and the upper part of New York city, the hail and rain doing much damage, and in the afternoon another hard thunder squall overtook the fleet. The start was made at 1:55 from the gun. The times were:

SPECIAL 21FT. CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr	2 14 20	2 14 20
Celia, C. A. Gould	2 16 10	2 16 10
Shrimp, G. D. Pratt	2 20 05	2 20 05

SPECIAL CLASS, 15 FOOTERS.

Question, S. Huntingdon	1 24 15	1 23 08
Meadow Hen, J. T. Pivil	2 05 00	2 05 00

CABIN CATBOATS, 25FT. OR OVER.

Mary, W. Ellsworth	2 20 00	2 20 00
Nellie, Samuel Stenson	2 24 58	2 21 42
Kittie, Hazen Morse	2 32 36	2 26 32
Winonah, W. A. Porter	2 34 30	2 32 58

OPEN SLOOPS, 25FT. AND OVER.

Greenpoint, Frank Benham	2 34 00	2 34 00
Polly, Henry Adams	Withdrew.	

OPEN SLOOPS, 20FT. AND UNDER 25FT.

Fanny, Henry Dudgeon	3 34 12	3 34 12
Flounder, J. B. C. Tappan	Disabled; withdrew.	
Psyche, Zeb. Wilson	Withdrew.	

OPEN CATBOATS, 25FT. AND UNDER.

Punch, M. H. Clark	2 25 28	2 25 28
Fairy, F. E. Towle	Withdrew.	
Lurline, A. N. McKnight	Withdrew.	

OPEN CATBOATS, 20FT. AND UNDER.

Terrapin, H. L. Curry	3 09 40	3 09 40
Sid, A. W. Frost	Withdrew.	

MIXED RIGS.

Razzle Dazzle, Caleb Banker	1 38 05	1 38 05
Ona, Charles Francis	1 50 05	1 43 32
Lady Ellen, W. Brouwer	2 05 30	1 59 02
Dart, Edward Martin	Withdrew.	
Tomcod, J. Cozzins	Withdrew.	
Leader, George Miller	Disabled; withdrew.	

Hempstead Bay Y. C.

HEMPSTEAD BAY, L. I.

Tuesday, July 9.

THE second annual regatta of the Hempstead Bay Y. C. was sailed on July 9, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nancy, Dr. G. A. Wilson	1 25 52	1 17 43
New York, Thomas Martin	1 17 54	1 17 54
Eunice, William P. Miller	1 24 18	1 18 30
Grace, Joseph Rolina	1 26 52	1 24 56
Dream, Charles Southard	1 29 48	1 22 48
Henrietta, S. L. Pettit	1 32 19	1 24 45
Addie, R. Carman	1 35 54	1 29 46

Miramichi Y. C.

THE first race for the Thos. D. Adams silver cup, a magnificent piece of sterling silver plate, was sailed on Thursday, July 4, the course being from Chatham to Newcastle and back, with a loop off Chatham; 15 miles. The entries were: Maude, J. C. Miller; Oriana, J. L. Stewart; Learig, Alex. Burr; Kittoch, Dr. Pedolin; Kilbride, Charles Sargeant.

The first leg was a mile before the wind. The wind was light. Oriana started in the best position, behind the others, and ran past the fleet, turning two minutes ahead. She held the lead five miles in windward work, when the wind shifted to the beam, and Learig passed her, getting around the Newcastle mark two minutes ahead. The others were far astern. Oriana caught and passed Learig on the reach down, but the big sloop left her again, and crossed the line first, Oriana winning by 1m. 45s. corrected time.

American Y. C.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Saturday, July 13.

THE first club race of the American Y. C., of Newburyport, was sailed on July 13 in a light to moderate S.W. wind, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Raccoon, P. J. Lowell	21.05	1 59 11	1 26 34
Alma, R. Bigelow	22.00	2 10 33	1 38 28
Spurt, Kenney & Walsh	18.11	2 10 17	1 34 14

THIRD CLASS.

Flirt, Whitchock	16.11	1 47 10	1 21 46
Armadillo, E. P. Durland	14.00	Withdrew.	
Voodoo, Wm. Balch	17.07	2 03 44	1 38 22
Cheetah, George Stone	17.00	2 03 12	1 38 00
Wizard, H. Batcheider	16.06	1 51 58	1 25 25
Rudy, Jr., R. Jacoby	19.04	2 04 23	1 40 44

FOURTH CLASS.

Elsie, T. French	....	.....	1 22 58
No Name, L. Lunt	....	.....	1 11 26

Steam Launches.

MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

9-23. A. C. A., 16th annual meeting, Bluff Point, Lake Champlain.

SEPTEMBER.

Red Dragon fall regatta, Delaware River.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Walter C. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Chas. E. Cragg, Port Henry, New York.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Thomas Hale, Jr., Yonkers, N. Y.
Central Division, W. S. Hackett, Albany, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. N. Cutter, Winchester, Mass.
Northern Division, E. F. Burrit, Ottawa, Canada.

Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1. Applications for membership must be made to the Purser of applicant's division, from whom blanks for the purpose may be obtained.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, N. B. Cook, Chicago.
Vice-Commodore, L. F. Porter, Madison, Wis.
Rear-Commodore, H. D. Spenser, Bloomington, Ill.
Sec'y-Treas., F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.
Executive Committee, W. H. Sardley, St. Paul, Minn.; R. M. Lampe, Madison, Wis.; F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.

With the W. C. A. at Ballast.

BEING THE LOG OF A SUMMER GIRL.

JULY 1.—To-day I was 18. I think I shall keep a diary this summer. Mommer says she kept one when she was 18, and she was married in less than a year after she began it. A diary is a Dear Thing, because you can say anything you please to it, and it won't tell. Your friends always tell. Mommer says. Bought a new silk waist to-day. It was a Bargain. I look very well in it. I have some new tan-colored gloves. Never looked better than I do this summer. Am going to get a skirt for my gown, to match the waist. I look very well in pink.

July 2.—Got the skirt. It is a Love. Must hurry to get it made. I am looking very well to-day. Mommer says I mustn't wrinkle my forehead in thought, for the wrinkles will stay. How can I think without wrinkling? But Mommer says it is not necessary to think. Got two pair of russet shoes and a white yachting cap to-day. Mommer says sailor hats are common. Think I look well in organdies or cool stuffs of the sort. Memo. that I owe Pop $7.30 over my allowance. Dear old Pop. Wonder if 20 is too old to marry.

July 3.—Oh, glory, you dear diary. Mommer says I can go to Ballast Island after all, to the canoe meeting. She says that Put In Bay is not desirable for me, but that if I visit Mrs. B. on the Island I shall be in the way of meeting some very eligible young men, and besides be doing a very correct thing in putting in part of the summer. Bought a new parasol to-day. It is very becoming. My new silk handkerchiefs have a narrow border of blue. I hope there will be a good many of those canoeists.

July 4.—Most of the people that I know have been eating ice cream and firing off fire crackers to-day, but I spent the day packing my things. They say there are a good many of those canoeists who come to Ballast Island. I know it is going to be awfully poky, for of course they will be off sailing, or something, all the time. Mommer says most of the canoes are too small for two and besides, the man has to be busy all the time with ropes or things, and can't talk much. Got a new girdle to-day, with the clasp silver and turquoise, because I am still young. Think I shall wear the Marquise ring uncle Doc. gave me. My new hose have blue clocks. Mommer says not to use cold cream very much. The proper thing is to get brown and tanned.

July 6.—Here I am at Ballast with Mrs. B. Dear me! such a day. Those canoeists have begun to come. About twenty of them came over on the tug. They shouted and sang and carried on so we thought at first it was one of those horrid labor riots. But they say they come of excellent families. Their tents are in a row over on the other side of the island, large tents with board floors. They have their meals all cooked up at the sort of hotel place. Each tent has a box behind it, why? Those men sang pretty near all night. Mrs. B. said it reminded her of old times. She got out her prettiest gown for to-morrow. Wonder if that woman thinks she is going to be in it with me. Why, she must be 35, if she's a day. My nose is sore to-night. The sun was very warm.

July 7.—Some more of those men came. There are a lot of those little boats they call canoes. They keep them up on the grass, I presume so they won't get scratched. It would be too bad to spoil them. The men put up their sails on the trees. They keep fixing at the sails and things. I presume they can get at them better on the grass. Mrs. B. and I happened to stroll over that way this afternoon. Those men look very nice in knickerbockers and Tam O'Shanters. I will wear my Tam O'Shanter to-morrow. A most remarkable thing happened. A very bold young man with lovely dark eyes and a brown moustache was coming around from behind the tent, where I saw him looking down into the box, and he saw Mrs. B. and me, and though he hadn't a thing on his arms he just spoke up to us as if he had been introduced. "Good evening, ladies," he said, as if he was waiting for us. Mrs. B. answered him, and that man invited us to sit down on the grass, and he sat down too, and he went to talking as if he had always known us. Can this be what they call flirting? I am not sure. Mommer says flirting is not much account. Mrs. B. said this was one of the customs of the canoe camp. It certainly saves much time and formality. Believe I am going to like Ballast.

July 8.—Mrs. B. and I happened to stroll over toward the canoe camp again to-day. The same dark young man saw us and was walking toward us, when another young man, light complexioned, with a yellow moustache, ran in ahead of him and said "Good evening, ladies." Am quite sure I never met him. The canoe men's ways are very odd, yet I am not sure I dislike them. Talked two hours with the light young man. His moustache is cute.

July 9.—Have found out why they leave the sails hanging in the trees. It is because they make lovely shady places where one can sit and talk without seeing anyone else. The dark young man said they kept ice in the boxes behind the tents, and that they had to go there so often to see if the ice was not melting pretty fast, it was so warm. I think the canoes look sweet up on the grass, they are so new and shiny. The men call a canoe "Her." Asked why they did this, and a young man with glasses said it was because a canoe was the next nicest thing in the whole wide world. The young man with glasses is nice. His eyes are a very lovely blue. I wonder if he is married. I cannot tell by looking at these men whether they are married or not. Mommer says never to waste time with married men at summer places. I looked very sweet to-day, much better than that horrid girl from the East. The light young man talked with her some. I shall not speak to him any more. To-night those canoe men are singing songs around the fire. They sing pretty glees and choruses. This was a warm day. The ice needed much watching, but I think they saved some of it, for I heard one ask, "How's she holding out, Johnnie?" and he said, "Oh, pretty well; but you wait till the gang from the far North gets here." Wonder what he meant. Mommer says I must always find out about a young man's prospects. I think all these young men must be of easy circumstances, their manners are so perfectly easy. Five more of them spoke to me to-day. I think the young man they call Fred looks lovely in knickerbockers. He is a very good figure of a man.

Nearly all of these young men look well. Mommer says appearances must not count for too much, for rocks are what count. Am sure these young men all have rocks, or they could not buy all this ice. They sang some new songs to-night. To-day they put some new flags and things around among the trees. One man put his boat in the water. It floated. Then they all sat down and sang a song that told about "Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main." I don't think the lake bounds enough for them, not so much as the main. My nose is a little redder to-night. The new girl is not burned much yet, but if it is warm to-morrow she will be a sight.

July 10.—Oh, you dear diary, what shall I say to you? Mr. ——, of Chicago, asked me if I would marry him some day! Told him to ask Mommer. My nose is much better. Wore the pink silk waist to-day. It is a winner.

July 11.—Mr. —— of Milwaukee, and Mr. —— of Detroit, both proposed marriage, I have insisted in each case that they should make known their names to me, and I have referred them to Mommer. Nose quite well, and my hands are brown now. Mrs. B. says I have hit a good gait. She is busy talking most of the time with some of the men, but she doesn't bother me. We find it better to separate early in the afternoon. The new girl only had four young men talking to her, I had six. I find canoeing a delightful sport. It is fine nice on the water to-night, and I should have liked a sail, but the young men said they were "tuning up" their sails, and could not take them down from the trees to put them on the boats. It seems that sails need a lot of tuning, whatever that is. Some alarm felt to-day over the supply of ice. The dark young man said that he wished night or Milwaukee would come. Wonder what he meant. A thin gentleman from Dayton made me something nice in a glass. He said they always took some along into camp, in case of sickness. Yet I was not in the least sick. What odd people canoeists are!

July 12.—Mr. ——, of Chicago, Mr. ——, of Cleveland, and Mr. ——, of Madison, all proposed marriage to-day. This is the best day so far. Have told them all to ask Mommer. Of course I can not marry all these men, but I have a confidence in Mommer's judgment. My complexion is now a lovely brown. Mrs. B. says I am in good workin order. I suspect her of being a trifle vulgar at times, but one cannot always be too particular about chaperones, for those who own cottages on Ballast are not so very numerous. Mrs. B. said a young man with a brown monstache told her he regretted deeply to hear she was a married woman, as he had never loved any one before. I feel bad for that young man. All the young men who have proposed marriage to me have told me I was the first woman they had ever loved. I am so glad of that. Canoeing is great sport. All these men are perfect gentlemen. And they look so well in their canoeing clothes—"togs," they call them. I should be sorry if the ice did not hold out. To-day they fired a little brass cannon several times. They said it was to see if the thing would work. Ballast is a great place. In the evening the tents are deserted. It is lovely under the trees, where it is cool and shady. I have one tree where three young men have proposed marriage to me. I have to refer to my list of descriptions to keep them straight in my mind. Only two proposals to-day. I think the tan-colored gown might be improved. So far have done best in pink, with blue a good second, as Pop says. I believe I should prefer Chicago to Detroit or Milwaukee to live in. There is a slender young man from Chicago who has been looking at me. His eyes are very speaking. The sails must be pretty well tuned by to-day. Another man put his canoe in the water to-day and put his sail on it. It looked so odd. I think this was an old gentleman. They call him commodore. There are several commodores in the camp and several men they call "Grandpa," though some of the grandpas look very young. Canoe men are certainly very strange. They do not do things the way other folks do, and I never saw such actions among grown people before. But I like them very much. My cousin Bella spent last season in Washington, and she only had six proposals in three months. I have had that many in two days at Ballast. Should prefer Ballast to Washington, I believe. Am glad the young men have never been in love before. Saw the first young man that spoke to us talking to Mrs. B. under my favorite tree this evening. Must caution Mrs. B. discreetly, as I suspect that young man of flirting.

July 13.—Some of the young men from the West have brought out guitars and mandolins, and this evening they sat about the fire and played and sang beautifully. Canoe men seem to be inclined to sentiment. There are a great many ladies and sweethearts in their songs. I think they are lovely songs. Mommer says I can fool away some time with sentiment while I am young, till I come to marry and settle down. Am taking her advice in these matters. Only three proposals to-day. The young man with the light moustache proposed to me again! That was very strange, but he apologized, and said he felt like proposing every time he saw me. That was nice of him, and explained it all. My complexion now is lovely. Mrs. B. to-day accused me of flirting. The idea! She also said the young men were only flirting. I ridiculed the idea. To-day some of them went to Middle Bass and Put In Bay. They got some ice. Had two lovely talks down at the canoe wharf this evening. They say it is a great deal of trouble to build a good wharf for these meetings, but I think it is worth the expense, the wharf is a lovely place to sit after sunset, and look out over the water. One of the young men fell off the wharf to-day. He coughed when he came out, and said the water made him sick. He went after some ice.

July 14.—The canoe hop was the sweetest evening of the whole meet! I declare, there never were such men as these W. C. A. men! They look simply elegant in their knickers and negligees, and every one of them dances elegantly. They certainly are gentlemen in every way. This was the nicest ball I ever attended in all my life. The men were so attentive. I had a great many knots and favors and flowers given me. I am sleepy, so shall not write any more. I looked very sweet at the ball.

July 15.—It seems they did put in some of the boats and sail around some things they have anchored out in the water. They sail for silver cups and for flags and things. Sailing is such a bore when it is warm, they don't do very much of it. I wonder why they bother to bring all those boats along. If they left them at home, they would have more time to talk to me.

July 16.—A young man to-night told me he loved me devotedly, but when I told him there was no obstacle to our marriage he sighed and said it grieved him, but that could never be. I wonder why. I am sorry for him.

July 17.—I have learned from Mrs. B. that that young man is married. The mean thing!

July 18.—Most of the young men at the camp have now proposed, and I know all the best spots around the island. I shall come here again next year, even if I am married. Mrs. B. says she has had a delightful time, and I am sure I have also. Never before have I known the full effect of summer costumes and moonlight in conjunction with numbers of handsome young men with canoes. Aren't canoes sweet little darlings? Some say that yachting parties are the best to bring about engagements, but Mommer says this does not always work that way, and that a canoe meet offers more variety. I suppose Mommer knows. For my part, they can have their yachts, where you have to go out in the hot sun on the water; but for my part, I prefer a canoe, for you can lie down beside it on the green grass, and the sails make such lovely shade while they are being tuned up. It takes a long while to tune up a canoe. Some of the young men told me it takes them as long as two weeks sometimes, and then they have to go home. They told me they never had found as good a place as Ballast to tune up canoes. I was going to be nautical to match my blue yachting cap (not the white one; I wear that mostly of evenings), but the dark young man told me he really didn't know which end of his canoe went first, and didn't care, so long as my eyes remained the same color. (Do eyes change color?) He said canoes were all right, but without the tug, where would their lice have been? Then he asked me if I would prefer a high ball or a mint julep. I like this young man, but the slim gentleman from Dayton mixes up the loveliest things in glasses! The young men from Chicago are nice, but they seem more careless about mixing things. One thing in a glass at one time seems to do for them. To-day a young man from Cleveland took off his jacket for me to sit upon. He said something about that eminent canoeist, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Queen Elizabeth, and then he looked at me ever so! Wonder what he meant? But I liked to sit on the jacket, all but one place, which was lumpy, and he said, Holy Moses! I had broke his pipe, and what was Walter Raleigh without his pipe? Another young man from somewhere out West showed me a new apple tree to-day, and we played at being in the play, and I said for him to shake some more apple blooms down on me, and he shook, only little bunchy apples fell off, and one hit my nose, and he asked me if he should make it well. Wonder what he meant? Shall ask Mommer. Mommer says men are such people to be plaguing one. Wore my seersucker to-day. It is a bit old, but it got me one proposal. Of course, I must remember that I have nearly gone through the list, and as the canoe week is nearly over, it is not likely any new young men will come. That girl from the East is out of the running, as Pop says. She asked one young man why he didn't wear braces, and he was offended, and said it wasn't professional. But the others heard of it, and she has not been so popular since. I looked lovely to-day.

July 19.—A very busy day. The rest of them proposed. Changed my gown four times to-day. Went to lunch with Mr. —— and Mr. ——, one on each side. Mr. —— was waiting at Mrs. B.'s cottage to take me to breakfast. Dined with Mr. —— and Mr. —— and Mr. ——. Of course, all the canoe men take their meals at the restaurant. No one cooks at his tent. They say cooking is a great deal of bother, and that no canoeist does such things now. After dinner went to the tent of some C. C. or other, I forget which. The young men have a lovely brussels carpet on the floor, and pictures of canoes on the walls. Mr. —— played beautifully for us on the piano. This lub brought a cow along this year, so as always to have fresh milk, they said. (I believe punch is better if the milk is fresh.) We tried to get into the Cincinnati tent, but they have a padlock. To-night all the C. Cs. had what they called a camp-fire, with lots of music and things. They burned quite a good-sized store box all up, because there isn't any wood you can get on Ballast. Then they said, "Well, we have to go away to-morrow, but will we ever have a meet anywhere else but at Ballast?" Then everybody said, "Not in a thousand years!" Then they all got a little ice, and began to sing songs about a man with a hat with woollen binding, and a man from Borneo, and things of that sort. At the close they sang, "Good night, ladies, we're going to leave you now." I did not like this song. Retire very late. Am sleepy, having been so busy to-day and up so late. If not too warm to-morrow, shall wear the close-fitting tan Bedford cord. I want to find out about a certain young man with glasses, who has not yet proposed, if I remember rightly. Mommer says the tan gown is one of the best killers I have. Mommer says a girl of my looks ought to be able to marry for at least $20,000 a year. Pop said, "Bless her heart, she's worth a million!" Dear old Pop. Wonder if he was ever a canoeist? To-morrow is the last day of the meet. The men were piling up the boards of the wharf and of the tent floors to-day and putting them where they will be safe for next year. They were packing the furniture and pictures nearly all day and putting the canoes all in the long boxes. I feel sorry for the foolish young men—there were only a few of them—who put their canoes in the water, because they got them all wet. I am very blue to-night. To think of all these nice young men going away. It must be awful to be a nun. Mrs. B. was cross to-night. I think she is sorry, too. We both think canoeists are the nicest men in the world, though they are so funny in the way they do things. We are glad Ballast Island was discovered. Mrs. B. and I often wondered what the letters W. C. A. meant. To-day she said she knew, and that it was Woman Conquering Association, or something of that sort. Why do they have the boats? It must be a great bother. Good night, dear Diary, I am so sleepy.

July 20.—I feel dreadful. I cannot write. There was talk that the canoe meet would be somewhere else next year, somewhere up in the woods. Isn't that awful? But the awfulest thing of all is that all those nice young men have gone away. I am so desolate I don't want to speak to anybody, even Mrs. B., and she doesn't want to speak to me. All those men went away in a body on the big tug, and when they left the landing they all stood in line along the side of the boat and waved their caps and sung one of their songs. It said:

"Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
But remember that the best of friends must part, must part!"

I can hear those terrible words, "must part, must part," ringing in my ears. This is awful. It is the awfullest thing I ever knew. I do not think Ballast is a very cheerful place in summer, and I think I shall tell Mrs. B. that I must go home. I hope she will ask me to come again next summer—if the canoe meet is to come here again, and not to some dreadful poky place away up the woods somewhere. I am so unhappy I cannot write. Mommer says a diary is not of much use, only when you are in love or having love made to you. I do not know whether I shall have much to write now for a while or not.

[NOTE.—The above log of a summer girl came into my possession in the course of human events, and I offer it in the hope that it violates no confidence and causes no heart-burnings. In innocence there is sometimes truth, and I hope that the innocent writer of the above has in the confidence of self-communion set down nothing unfair or unkind. As a writer in comment should always be gentle as a girl, perhaps the comment of a girl may do for comment for the writer. And at all events, whether next year's meet be at Ballast Island or elsewhere, let us all hope and trust that our friend the summer girl will be with the happy canoemen at their meeting to add to the joyousness of an occasion always full of joy.—E. HOUGH].

Irondequoit C. C.

THE I. C. C. held their spring regatta at Irondequoit Bay on July 4th. The regatta was a very successful one, some very good time being made. The entry lists were large, considering the fact that the club was only organized last fall.

The unlimited sailing race was a very good one, Gull and Pirate having a very hard fight for first place, but Pirate finally losing on the last leg of the third round on account of her skipper not being able to keep her up well in the very puffy wind. The open canoe sailing created a great deal of amusement. The canoes were towed a half mile to windward and started on two guns, one minute apart. On the first signal the crews began to set sail and come about for the run in, the paddle being used until the second gun, when no more strokes were allowed, the paddle being used only for steering.

In the combined race the wind was very light and it was a drifting match to the first buoy, all turning the buoy in a bunch; the paddle across to the second buoy was a procession, with Toodles in the lead, followed in order by Pirate, Nan, Gull and Kite. After turning the buoy the wind died away entirely and the canoes lay for 15 minutes without a breath, finally Nan caught a breath and made at least a half mile to windward, the other canoes not moving. The race was conceded to Nan, as she held the wind and was steadily working to windward, but finally they all caught a breeze and Gull started off with a bone in her teeth. She, by very clever sailing, overhauled and passed Nan, winning by a very small margin.

In the paddling races all were bunched from start to finish, the old standbys, McVean and Smith, winning the tandem, as usual.

The times were:

Unlimited sailing, A. C. A. handicap, 4½ miles, time limit 2 hours; Pirate and Gull, scratch; Kite 2¼m., Toodles and Nan 4½m.; start at 11 A. M:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	Time.	Points.
Gull, McVean	0 20 20	0 12 50	0 22 35	0 55 43	10
Pirate, F. L. Smith	0 20 40	0 13 30	0 25 00	0 59 10	9
Kite, Moser	0 21 30	0 20 40	0 23 45	1 05 55	8
Toodles, Kirby	0 20 00	0 22 12	0 25 32	1 07 54	7
Nan, Enoch	Capsized.				0

Open canoe sailing, ½ mile to leeward:

Naiad, Allyn	0 05 05	10
Sevilla, F. L. Smith	0 05 07	9
Wanderer, McVean	0 05 15	8
Zale, Moser	0 05 18	7
Tahiuda, W. S. Smith, Jr	0 05 21	6

Combined sailing and paddling, 1½ miles:

Gull, McVean	0 46 10	10
Nan, Allyn	0 46 40	9
Toodles, Kirby	0 48 10	8
Pirate, F. L. Smith	0 48 30	7
Kite, Moser	0 49 10	6

Ladies' tandem paddling:

Kismet, Misses Stewart and McVean	....	..
Flo, Misses Kirby and Moser	....	..
Pathfinder, Mrs. French and Mrs. Smith	....	..
Sevilla, Misses Wright and Robbins	....	..

Single paddling, ½ mile with turn:

Kismet, F. L. Smith	0 05 42	10
Naiad, Allyn	0 05 45	9
Flo, Moser	0 05 51	8
Zaleinda, W. S. Smith	0 05 57	7
Wewanda, McVean	0 06 01	6
Lion, Kirby	0 06 06	5
Sevilla, Wright	0 06 12	4

Tandem paddling, ½ mile with turn:

Kismet, McVean and F. L. Smith	0 03 20	10
Naiad, Newell and Allyn	0 03 25	9
Flo, Moser and Kirby	0 03 27	8
Zaleinda, W. S. Smith and Sully	0 03 30	7

Standing in record:

	Average points won.		Average points won.
Allyn	9.250	Kirby	7.000
F. L. Smith	9.000	Sully	7.000
Newell	9.000	W. S. Smith	6.666
McVean	8.800	Wright	4.000
Moser	7.400		

On July 6 the trial race for the commodore's cup was sailed. This was to fix the time allowances for the first of the series and resulted as follows:

Sailing, commodore's cup, 4½ miles; wind medium and puffy:

	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	Time.	Allowance.
Pirate, F. L. Smith	21 45	20 40	20 55	1 03 20	Scratch.
Az Iz, Stewart	21 20	20 45	21 30	1 03 35	7½
Gull, Allyer	23 25	24 35	22 40	1 10 40	3 40
Kite, Moser	23 40	23 55	23 55	1 11 30	4 05
Toodles, Moser	24 30	23 00	29 10	1 16 40	6 40
Nan, Enoch	Did not start.				

A. C. A. No. 1511.

CANOE NEWS NOTES.

MR. WM. WILLARD HOWARD has returned to London after being in Persia and Russia since last winter, but his canoe Yankee and his new half-rater had not arrived on the Thames up to July 12, the date of the R. C. C. challenge cup race at Greenhithe, for which Yankee was entered. She was shipped back from England to Clayton last fall to be rebuilt by Mr. Fry, her builder, who at the same time was instructed to design and build a half-rater for a match with Spruce IV., Mrs. Howard sailing the former and Miss Constance Bennett the latter boat. Mr. Howard will have both Yankee and the half-rater at the B. C. A. meet on the Solent next month.

The St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co. will at the close of this summer remove from Clayton to Ogdensburg, N. Y., and will shortly commence the construction of a large and most complete factory, which will be furnished with the most modern and approved wood-working machinery and power. The reason of this concern's removal is on account of the far superior building and shipping facilities that Ogdensburg affords. This firm originally commenced business by building the famous St. Lawrence River skiffs (which have attained such a world-wide repution), and have of late years gone into the construction of all kinds of small pleasure and racing craft. In 1887 they built a factory 100ft. by 50ft. ground space, with four floors, which has become altogether inadequate to their requirements on account of the rapid increase of their business. The result is the building of the much larger factory at Ogdensburg, which will be completed and running by next October.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION: George L. Hersey, Brookline, Mass.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa.—I append the scores of the Presque Isle Rifle Club for July 4 and July 6. Some of our members are doing pretty well.

Scores made at the range on July 4:

Germann	6	7	9	8	7	6	9	7	9	6—74
	7	2	8	10	7	9	8	7	6	10—74
	9	8	7	6	6	6	6	6	10	4—70
Stidham	8	5	7	7	8	9	9	8	4	7—72
	5	8	4	8	5	6	7	8	10	4—67
	9	8	6	7	8	6	7	5	4	7—67
Bacon	8	4	6	9	5	8	6	10	6	6—68
	5	9	4	7	8	8	5	9	4	7—66
	4	5	6	7	6	9	7	10	4	7—65
Van Etten	9	5	10	5	8	4	7	5	6	7—65
	7	5	5	6	6	10	9	7	2	7—64
	10	9	4	6	5	6	6	7	7	4—64
Treiber	7	6	10	6	6	5	7	7	9	8—71
	4	8	7	7	6	5	8	5	8	7—66
	6	10	4	6	7	7	5	5	10	7—67
Paul	9	5	4	6	7	6	7	7	4	10—65
	5	6	6	7	7	7	9	3	8	3—61
	6	7	6	5	6	4	4	9	6	7—60
Shafer	8	7	9	6	7	6	4	6	6	4—66
	7	5	5	4	3	8	8	8	7	8—58
	7	6	4	6	5	8	4	6	6	5—57
Strangway	4	4	10	8	10	8	5	9	5	8—71
	5	5	7	10	4	3	7	9	3	6—59
	5	7	6	6	5	7	5	7	8	3—63
Derby	9	10	4	8	7	6	5	4	5	5—68
	3	5	4	8	7	6	5	7	7	6—58
	3	8	4	5	4	5	2	2	9	7—49
Sharp	5	2	7	4	9	2	6	9	6	7—57
	4	5	8	8	1	8	6	7	5	5—55
	5	5	4	7	7	8	4	2	6	5—53
Gregory	7	7	5	6	5	4	10	5	5	6—60
	4	6	5	8	5	2	6	2	8	8—54
	4	3	5	4	5	4	5	9	5	9—53
Patton	2	7	9	4	7	4	9	7	4	4—57
	4	4	6	3	10	9	3	3	1	7—50
	2	1	5	3	8	6	9	5	3	9—50
Roberts	3	10	1	4	8	4	4	7	7	4—52
	6	4	2	4	6	4	2	8	6	1—42
	5	2	4	6	3	3	5	3	3	4—38
W J Leyer	4	4	4	7	7	5	4	5	5	6—51
	4	6	6	4	3	4	3	3	6	4—43
	2	3	4	2	4	7	6	4	4	3—39
J F Leyer	5	9	4	5	2	4	9	4	7	6—55
	6	3	4	6	5	7	2	3	8	5—49
	2	3	4	2	4	7	6	4	4	3—47

Score made at the range on July 6:

Germann	6	5	6	9	6	6	10	10	10	8—76
	5	5	7	8	8	9	9	9	5	6—71
	7	8	9	10	7	6	5	9	3	6—71
Stidham	7	9	6	10	9	8	8	3	10	4—74
	8	10	10	8	5	7	6	6	7	6—73
	7	3	10	9	6	7	7	7	8	6—68
Paul	7	5	4	5	10	6	10	9	9	7—72
	8	6	6	6	7	3	6	5	6	8—61
	8	10	2	6	6	5	7	3	7	7—61
Van Etten	5	10	8	6	3	6	10	9	7	7—71
	6	6	8	6	8	6	4	6	6	7—63
	7	5	4	6	10	5	7	7	7	4—62
Shafer	8	4	10	10	9	5	5	4	6	9—70
	6	6	6	10	4	10	6	10	7	7—72
	6	4	3	8	5	10	7	8	4	5—60
W J Leyer	5	5	8	7	5	8	8	7	5	6—64
	5	5	4	9	4	10	3	4	6	5—55
	2	10	3	8	5	1	8	4	5	4—50
J F Leyer	4	5	8	8	5	8	8	4	4	8—59
	3	5	7	7	9	6	4	8	6	4—59
	1	5	2	2	7	7	8	4	4	9—49
Semmence	10	4	9	3	4	6	4	7	3	7—59
	2	3	4	3	1	3	8	4	6	5—39
	2	4	1	4	2	6	2	7	2	4—34
Shenk	2	6	3	1	0	0	0	1	3	0—16
	0	2	6	7	4	0	2	0	2	1—24
	5	3	0	1	0	1	4	1	1	0—16
Gunnison	3	3	1	3	3	10	9	2	1	3—37
	0	1	0	2	2	1	5	2	5	3—21
	1	3	3	2	0	6	4	3	2	2—24
Bacon	5	9	10	8	2	7	5	6	4	4—60
	9	7	5	9	1	5	4	5	10	3—58
	2	4	7	7	5	5	6	5	7	7—53
Sharp	5	9	7	4	6	5	6	2	2	3—49
	1	3	7	2	4	8	8	5	7	4—49
	4	3	5	3	5	5	9	2	2	4—42
Olivett	5	3	2	10	5	4	7	7	3	7—53
	5	8	6	7	10	6	2	3	4	5—56
	6	8	6	7	7	3	5	10	8	4—64
Treiber	4	6	7	6	8	9	6	6	5	9—66
	9	9	5	6	4	9	6	6	10	5—69
	4	4	6	9	5	7	2	6	5	6—54

July 13.—The following scores were made by members of the Presque Isle Rifle Club at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, Standard target, any rifle and trigger pull:

Germann	9	7	8	8	8	5	5	8	9—73	
	8	8	8	4	6	6	7	8	7	5—67
	5	5	9	9	7	6	5	7	8	5—65
Shafer	10	8	6	5	5	8	10	6	7	8—73
	6	6	4	9	4	6	5	4	10	6—60
	5	5	6	7	4	4	7	8	7	6—59
Van Etten	9	5	6	5	6	7	8	9	6	7—68
	5	6	8	6	6	10	6	5	8	6—66
	6	8	4	5	5	7	8	5	7	7—62
Stidham	7	5	7	9	7	5	6	7	7	9—69
	8	9	5	6	7	7	5	9	5	4—65
	5	5	8	5	4	3	8	5	10	6—64
Paul	6	4	6	5	8	4	10	10	9	5—67
	3	6	9	8	5	5	5	2	9	10—63
	5	4	7	5	6	6	6	10	8	8—61
Treiber	7	9	7	8	8	6	7	5	6	4—67
	5	9	9	8	3	6	6	7	2	9—62
	6	4	5	4	4	7	7	8	7	4—57
Dr Hunter	0	2	9	4	10	8	7	7	8	10—65
	0	6	8	4	4	5	5	8	9	8—57
	0	4	6	9	3	4	4	8	6	5—49
Bacon	6	4	10	8	4	7	6	7	4	6—62
	3	9	6	3	9	4	5	6	7	5—57
	2	4	9	4	5	5	2	2	9	3—46
Olivett	3	6	6	3	8	8	5	8	4	9—40
	6	3	7	3	8	5	4	7	5	8—57
	5	3	4	4	3	5	3	8	6	8—53
W J Leyer	3	8	9	3	5	10	5	7	5	4—59
	5	4	7	4	6	6	7	4	5	4—53
	4	5	4	8	4	3	5	2	4	5—42
Patton	6	5	10	8	5	2	5	8	4	5—58
	8	2	4	7	7	1	5	6	6	6—52
	10	4	4	5	8	5	2	2	7	3—50
Strangway	5	4	6	4	5	9	6	6	5	4—54
	5	7	4	3	4	8	5	4	3	8—50
Sharp	6	6	7	3	1	9	4	3	9	7—55
	3	5	7	2	3	6	6	5	8	5—50
	4	4	4	4	3	8	3	6	4	6—46
Diefenbach	5	8	3	7	4	2	7	6	6	5—53
	9	10	4	5	5	6	0	7	4	2—52
	5	9	4	7	5	4	6	7	2	2—41

Shenk	9	3	5	6	4	8	7	2	4	0	—49
	5	1	4	3	6	5	4	3	3	2	—36
	2	5	0	3	1	3	5	4	3	4	—30
Gunnison	8	9	6	5	4	4	5	3	2	7	—51
	1	4	2	5	5	10	5	5	5	5	—47
	0	7	5	5	7	4	4	5	4	4	—45
Alfred Thomson	4	3	7	0	10	3	4	5	7	6	—49
	5	4	2	3	4	6	3	3	5	2	—36
Wright	2	4	5	6	5	4	4	4	9	5	—48

J. W. PAUL.

Canadian Riflemen.

PARRY SOUND, Ont., July 10.—The Dominion Off Hand Rifle Association shot their July match on July 6. Each club shooting on its own range, with the following results:

Bradford Club.

	100 yards.					200 yards.					
Jno. Doolittle	10	10	8	8	9	—45	8	7	10	8	10	—43—88
D. Neilly	9	9	7	10	10	—45	9	8	7	10	8	—42—87
I. G. Neilly	10	8	10	10	8	—46	8	10	5	6	7	—36—82
H. Parker	8	10	8	8	10	—44	9	10	9	6	6	—40—84
P. Chappele	8	10	10	7	10	—45	6	8	8	4	10	—36—81—422

Parry Sound Club.

R. O. Stokes	10	10	9	10	10	—49	9	10	6	8	10	—43—92
D. F. Macdonald	7	8	8	9	10	—42	7	9	10	10	10	—46—88
J. Mornish	10	10	10	9	8	—47	10	10	5	5	7	—37—84
J. R. Leggatt	8	9	10	6	6	—39	10	9	8	5	6	—38—77
F. Laurie	8	8	5	6	10	—37	10	8	5	8	4	—35—72—413

Copenaning Club.

C. Stewart	10	10	10	10	10	—50	10	9	7	9	11	—45—95
P. Ball	9	9	10	10	10	—48	8	10	9	3	10	—40—88
H. S. Soundes	10	6	7	5	10	—38	9	10	3	10	5	—37—75
C. A. Phillips	7	9	10	2	10	—38	10	7	3	8	10	—38—76
G. Stevenson	8	9	7	5	6	—35	9	10	4	8	4	—35—70—401

Toronto Club.

H Stewart	9	10	8	9	9	—45	8	10	8	10	10	—46—91
Jno L Scholes	7	9	10	8	7	—41	10	6	10	7	9	—42—83
T S Bayles	3	8	7	8	10	—36	10	10	8	8	6	—42—78
H M Cusack	8	9	5	3	7	—34	10	10	7	..	8	—35—69
J Simpson	6	6	6	7	7	—32	10	5	5	7	8	—35—67—388

Wausakausene Club.

Jno McClelland	7	8	8	9	9	—41	2	..	6	6	10	—24—65
G White	3	7	7	9	10	—36	1	4	6	6	6	—23—59
T White	9	6	9	10	10	—44	..	2	2	5	6	—15—59
R I Clarkson	6	6	6	8	10	—36	5	5	2	6	9	—27—63
G Richardson	7	7	5	2	..	—21	3	5	5	8	10	—31—52—293

Carnduff Club.

W Gillelland	5	4	9	6	9	—33	10	6	8	7	6	—37—70
J Gosnell	9	10	4	8	7	—38	9	10	..	2	10	—31—69
J A Hamilton	8	8	3	8	1	—28	6	..	5	6	8	—25—53
J A Thompson	10	8	8	6	8	—40	10	7	5	..	2	—24—64
W J Richardson	1	10	6	6	6	—32	1	..	9	..	8	—18—50—306

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, June 28.—The members of the North London Rifle Club are, with practice, improving in their new competition shooting with alternate hands. Mr. Winans has now also made a 41 in this style of shooting, which, in the English way of counting, beats the other scores of 41 made by Lieut. Chitty and Mr. Knapp earlier in the season, as his score was the worst shot at the beginning, and the others have theirs later on. The below 41 is therefore the best on record to date for shooting alternately with either hand.

June 22.—Twenty yards, alternate hands:

Walter Winans	677777—41	F A Gould	744745—31
Lieut W W Chitty	676777—40	R W Glanville	224276—23

On June 26 the scores did not count toward the revolver championship, so several members did not care to shoot.

Annual prize meeting, June 26 (not for the revolver championship):

Maj H Palmer	39 37—76	May	36 33—69
Lieut Chitty	37 36—73	E Howe	34 32—66
C Knapp	36 35—71	F H Frost	32 34—66
Maj H Munday	36 35—71		

At the South London Rifle Club scores have been made as follows:

June 20.—Twenty yards, stationary target:

Capt T W Heath	667766—38	C Knapp	675767—38

Fifty yards target:

Capt T W Heath	577567—37	C Knapp	445537—28

Scores for the revolver championship of the club to date:

	20yds.	50yds.
Walter Winans	41 41 40 40 39	40 39 39—319
Capt T W Heath	39 39 38 38 36	37 36 36—301
C Knapp	40 40 38 38 30	38 35 31—290
E Howe	38 37 37 36 36	32 31 30—277

The first revolver competition at the revolver gallery in Swallow St., Piccadilly, London, is just over.

The gold badge has been won by Walter Winans with two scores of 41, three of 40, and a lot of 39 and 38. Mr. Knapp being second with a score of 38. Both competitors used Smith & Wesson revolvers.

For a Revolver Tournament.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The great success of the shooting festival at Glendale again brings up the question—Why cannot an up-to-date tournament for revolvers and pistols be held in New York some time next spring, the best time being somewhere near the next Sportsmen's Exposition? If the great range belonging to the 71st Regiment could be obtained, or some similar place, what a great meet could be had! Can't we who love the pistol and revolver get together and put this through? SAM'L J. FORT, M.D.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

July 24.—WORCESTER, Mass.—All day shoot of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, under the management of Chas. E. Forehand, Sec'y.

July 25.—GUTTENBURG, N. J.—Sixth monthly tournament of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Union Hill Gun Club, of Hoboken, N. J.; league contest at 2 P. M.

AUG. 7.—PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Seventh monthly tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Climax Gun Club League contest at 2 P. M.

Aug. 9-10.—NEW ORLEANS, La.—Tournament of the Inter-state Association, under the auspices of the Louisiana Gun Club; $200 added money.

Aug. 20-24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

Aug. 21-22.—FREDERICK, Md.—Two days' tournament at targets.

Aug. 27-29.—CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Charlotte Gun Club.

Aug 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Sept. 2-3.—NEWARK, N. J.—Tournament of the South Side Gun Club; targets New Jersey Trap Shooters' League contest at 2 P. M. on the second day. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—UTICA, N. Y.—Two days tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 4-5.—SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. Va.—Morgan's Grove Fair Association's tournament, under the management of the Interstate Association

Sept (second week).—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—First annual tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. —.—FREDONIA, N. Y.—Tournament of the Clover Trap and Target Company. $1,000 added money.

Sept —.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Fourth annual tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club; three days of the week following the Clover tournament

Sept. 10-13.—DETROIT, Mich.—The Des-Chree Shos-Ka annual tournament, under the management of Jack Parker.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

Oct 23-24 —ELIZABETH, N. J.—Fourth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

1896.

Jan. 9-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the management of Texas Field; $2,500 added.

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2,000 added money.

May (second week).—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

A new shooting Park in the vicinity of New York city will shortly be opened with a "housewarming" tournament, At the Elkwood race track, near Long Branch, N. J., Phil Daly, Jr., purposes to have one of the best equipped grounds in the country. There are 100 acres in the inclosure, with grand stand and excellent hotel accommodation right on the spot. The background, too, is as good as any. The opening shoot will be somewhere about Aug. 14, the special feature being a 100-target handicap race, $10 entrance.

A note from Mr. J. A. Creveling, secretary of the Endeavor Gun Club, Jersey City, N. J., informs us that the club proposes holding its annual tournament at Marion, N. J., on Labor Day, Sept. 2. The Endeavors have unquestionably overlooked the fact that the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., have already claimed Sept. 2 and 3 as the dates for their tournament. As these two dates would clash, we have written to Mr. Creveling calling his attention to the fact, and suggesting that his club choose some other date, as the result will then be far more satisfactory to both clubs.

Programmes of the Pennsylvania State shoot will soon be in the hands of shooters. The shoot takes place on Aug. 21-24 at Holmesburg Junction, a station on the P. R. R. main line, a few minutes' run from Philadelphia. The Keystone Gun Club, under whose auspices the shoot will be held, promises to give its guests a good time and a big shoot. The annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association will be held on the evening of Aug. 21. The report of the legislative committee will be listened to with considerable interest.

Ralph Trimble, of Covington, Ky., won the championship of the State of Kentucky at Louisville the other day. His score of 45 out of 50, unknown angles, is not so low as it appears, the targets being thrown low and far, a good wind blowing at the same time. Trimble's work at the traps while on "the circuit" proved that he was somewhere near the top of the tree. His victory at Louisville was not, therefore, expected.

Mr. Chas. W. N. Keefer, writing from Frederick, Md., July 13, informs us that a tournament will be held at that place on August 21, 22. The main event on the first day will be a team shoot, five men to a team, for a purse of $50; all members of the team to be *bona fide* members of the same club. He adds that the grounds are unsurpassed, with a perfect sky background. Sweepstakes will be shot off each day.

A. L. Ivins, of Red Bank, N. J., is booked to shoot a 100-live bird race next Wednesday, July 24, with L. Finletter, of Philadelphia. In the Hollywood Futurity Handicap, which was shot on July 6, Ivins was the winner, standing on the 28yds. mark. Finletter killed 23 out of his 25, being handicapped at 27yds.

Harry Craft, of this city, has gone to Texas on a business trip, and expects to be away for the next three months. It is not so long ago that Craft was about the best target shot in the State of New Jersey. All the boys here have told him to look up Oscar Guessaz at San Antonio and Messrs. Moore, Holzapfel and Miller, if he happens around their respective cities.

One of the most complete programmes ever issued was that which was gotten out by the Multnomah Rod and Gun Club, of Portland, Oregon, for the eleventh annual tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. The preparation of such a programme must have entailed a vast amount of labor, the results of which are shown plainly on every page of the little book.

The seventh monthly shoot of the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League will be held at the Climax Gun Club's grounds, Benner's Hotel on Aug. 7, the shoot being under the auspices of the Climax Gun Club. Hacks to take shooters, their guns and shells to the grounds, may always be found at the Fanwood station of the Central R. R. of New Jersey.

We have received too late for notice a copy of the programme of the three days' tournament of the Fox River Hunting and Fishing Club, of Oshkosh, Wis. The shoot commenced on Thursday and ended to-day.

Some of the members of the Paterson (N. J.) Gun Club are going to take part in a 100 live-bird race, $50 entrance. The project was suggested at a shoot held at Bunn's Hotel, Singac, N. J., on July 10.

Mr. F. M. Dawson writes us that the Lynchburg (Va.) Gun Club held its annual picnic at its grounds on the Fourth of July. The day was bright and cool, and there was a large attendance of ladies and children.

Don't forget that the next shoot of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League takes place on Thursday, July 25, at the Guttenberg race track. Street cars run direct to the track from the Hoboken station of the D. L. & W. R. R.

Courtney won the Class A medal of the Onondaga County (N. Y.) Sportsmen's Club on the Fourth of July, breaking 45 out of 50 targets, unknown angles. This was Courtney's fifth win, hence the medal became his property. Several other members of the club claimed a record of four wins.

At the Syracuse Gun Club's shoot on July 11 Uncle Dan Lefever won the A Class medal with 47 out of 48; R. Hunter won the B Class medal.

Fred. Hoey is doing good work on live birds at Aix-les-Bains. He has struck a good gait and is beating some capital shots.

The Lott Gun Club, of Lott, Texas, held an all-day shoot on July 18.

EDWARD BANKS.

American Trap-Shooters' League.

At a recent meetingof the executive committee of the American Trap-Shooters' League, the question of the necessity of drawing up a set of rules for live bird and target shooting was discussed. The committee was unanimously of opinion that such rules were a necessity. It accordingly appointed B. C. Everingbim, of the Peekskill (N. Y.) Gun Club, chairman of a committee on rules, as the following letter sets forth: "Peekskill, N. Y., July 3, 1895.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The American Trap-Shooters' League has appointed the following representative sportsmen as a committee to formulate rules for the future use of the League. I wish every gentleman named, who is willing to act with the committee, to send me his exact post-office address at once. B. C. EVERINGHIM."

The committee referred to is as follows: B. C. Everingbim, Peekskill, N. Y., Gun Club; H. C. Higginson, West Newburgh, N. Y., G. and R. Assn.; W. F. Sykes, New Utrecht Gun Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fred. G. Moore, Larchmont, N. Y., Gun Club; John S. Hoey, Hollywood, N. J.; Justus Von Lengerke, New York City; Jacob Pentz, of *Shooting and Fishing;* Major J. M. Taylor, of *American Field;* Ed. Hough, Chicago, of FOREST AND STREAM; Capt. A. W. Money, Carteret Gun Club; Major R. H. Brelmnall, South Side G. C., Newark, N. J.; C. M. Hostetter ("Old Hoss"), Pittsburg, Pa., Gun Club; Edward Banks, of FOREST AND STREAM, New York City; T. A. Divine, Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club; F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga., Gun Club.

Marlin Gun Club.

MARLIN, Falls Co., Tex., July 11.—The Marlin Gun Club held its first shoot of the season to-day, and although the club is of long standing and has several barrels of bluerocks, traps and money in the treasury, the membership was only partly represented. There were two matches shot as follows:

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, known traps and angles:

Judge S R Scott	10100000111—5	A Stumbach	0011101111 — 7
W W Turner	1111111111 —10	E R Emery	1111110100 — 7
C W Rush	0001001011 — 4	Ed Brown	0100100011 — 4
W E Hunnicutt	1110111110 — 8	D S Eddins	1101111001 — 7
E K Herring	1111111011 — 9		

No. 2, same:

Judge S R Scott	1110110000—5	A Stumbach	1001000111—5
W W Turner	1110101111—8	E R Emery	0100111011—6
C W Rush	0101111110—7	Ed Brown	0010001000—2
W E Hunnicutt	1010001110—5	D S Eddins	0011001110—5

Most of the boys will shoot at the press match at Latt on 18th inst.

E. R. EMERY.

Works on Sunday—

Talks business seven days in the week—a "Forest and Stream" Kennel Special advertisement.

Fourth of July at San Antonio.

THE San Antonio Gun Club held a prize shoot on the Fourth as follows:

No. 1, 15 targets, unknown angles: Piety 13, Whitworth 10, Veith 9, Chabot 12, Gregg 9, Schryver 8, Thiele 12, Frank 7.

No. 2, 7 live pigeons: Schryver 7, Chabot 6, Whitworth 5, Frank 6, Veith 6, Gregg 6.

No. 3, 15 targets: Piety 12, Campbell 8, Schryver 11, Veith 5, Chabot 10.

No. 4, 7 live pigeons: Schryver 5, Chabot 6, Veith 7, Sullivan 5, Shields 7.

No. 5, 15 targets: Shields 12, Campbell 11, Schryver 8, Davidson 5, Chabot 10, Stevens 8.

No. 6, 10 targets: Piety 7, Davidson 3, Vollbrecht 8, Samuels 8, Stevens 8, Veith 6, Chabot 9, Epp 8, Schryver 6.

No. 7, prize shoot at 50 single targets: Class A—Piety 44, Thiele 35, Samuels 40, Rothwell 42, Black 34, Kelley 35. Class B—Shields 31, Chabot 32, France 35, Epp 35, Pancoast 40, Smith 35, Veith 31, Phillips 33. Class C—Schryver 22, Vollbrecht 32, Wagenfuhr 30, Bodet 22, Polk 21, Grassman 30, Stevens 27, Davidson 23, Eppstein 36, Campbell 29, Rahmsdorf 15, Learn 35, Carpenter 28, Simpson 38, Modoc 32, Burnett 24.

No. 8, 15 singles: Piety 15, Rothwell 12, Black 9, Campbell 8, Simpson 10, Kelley 11, France 8, Thiele 13, Chabot 11, Vollbrecht 9, Pancoast 11, Samuels 10, Shields 7, Phillips 13, Learn 12, Schryver 9, Hummel 13, Grassman 9.

No. 9, 15 singles: Thiele 13, Schryver 6, Simpson 11, Learn 6, Vollbrecht 6, Grassman 4.

July 7.—To-day the San Antonio and Powder Hill gun clubs held their regular shoots as follows:

SAN ANTONIO GUN CLUB.

No. 1, 15 targets, unknown angles: Shields 12, Samuels 7, France 8, Simpson 11, Chabot 12, Phillips 8, Thiele 9, Epp 8, Volbrecht 13, Piety 13, Rieden 7.

No. 2, medal shoot at 30 targets: Piety 25, Epp 12, Chabot 21, Vollbrecht 22, Grossman 18, Shields 16, Samuels 21, Thiele 26, France 21, Learn 15, Simpson 21, Phillips 16.

No. 3, 15 targets: Shields 9, Grossman 9, Chabot 9, Simpson 13, Vollbrecht 7, France 9, Thiele 13, Epp 6, Campbell 7.

No. 4, 15 targets: Phillips 8, France 13, Simpson 10, Chabot 11, Shields 9, Grossman 11, Thiele 13, Samuels 12.

POWDER HILL GUN CLUB.

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown traps and angles: Critzer 7, Lieut. Foster 9, Lieut. Whitworth 7, Ohnesorge 8, Shaw 7. Wassnig 6.

No. 2, same: Critzer 9, Lieut. Foster 6, Lieut. Whitworth 7, Wassnig 7, Shaw 8, Ohnesorge 8.

No. 3, 30 singles and 5 pairs: Lieut. Whitworth 32, Shaw 33, Lieut. Foster 23, Ohnesorge 35, Wassnig 23. TEXAS FIELD.

Shooting at Singac, N. J.

PATERSON, N. J., July 10.—The Paterson (N. J.) Gun Club was to have had its shoot on July 4, but on account of the heavy rain which fell on that day the shoot was postponed until to-day, when it took place at Bunn's Hotel, Singac, N. J. The birds were an excellent lot, as the scores show, most of them being pigeons of Bunn's own raising. Scores were as below, Nos. 1-9 being miss and outs, $3 entrance:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
N E Money	212—3	222122—6	222111—6
T W Morfey	0 —0	221210—5	221222—6
G Hopper	20 —1	212122—6	0 —0
E Morgan	210—2	20 —1	2120 —3
C Lee	220—2	20*20 —2	0*20 —1

* Re-entries.

	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Money	2120 —3	2120 —3	20 —1
Morfey	20 —1	221112—6	122—3
Hopper	2122122—7	20 · —1	220—2
Morgan	2122122—7	221212—6	0 —0
Lee	0*20 —1	.....	....
Post	2221221 —7	220 —2	212—3

* Re-entry.

	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.
Money	2222—4	210—2	0 —0
Morfey	2212—4	0 —0	2121—4
Hopper	20 —1	220—2	2120—3
Morgan	2120—3	210—2	0 —0
Post	0122—3	221—3	2220—3

No. 10, 15 birds, $10:

Money (30)	002120222210002— 9
Morfey (31)	020202222121220—11
Hopper (28)	220212121220212—13
Morgan (28)	212221020102122—12
Lee (26)	202010002200220— 7

On the Fourth of July, notwithstanding the bad weather, the following scores were made at Singac, N. J.:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	Ties.
T C Wright (31)	11000—2	2220222112—9	111120—5
Crooks (21)	11111—5	.....	.....
Conners (21)	00110—2	.....	.....
W Bunn (31)	00111—3	.....	.....
W Smith (21)	11000—3	.....	.....
A Bunn (21)	11110—4	.....	.....
Lee (21)	01110—3	2221111110—9	20 —1
Post (26)	11010—3	2112110211—9	111212—6
H Smith (26)	.....	2101201111—8	.....

No. 1 was 5 birds, $3, Long Island rules; No. 2 was 10 birds, $5, Hurlingham rules, 50yds. boundary, ties miss and out. A miss and out, $2 entrance, was also shot, resulting as follows: Wright 2, Morgan and Post 1, H. Smith and Lee 0. DUTCHER.

Valley City Gun Club.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., June 29.—The following are the scores of the club's last two weekly shoots:

No. 1: Wharton 8, Widdicomb 6, Gilmore 8, Nickerson 10, Hanson 9, Coleman 8, Young 7.

No. 2, semi-expert: Wharton 9, Widdicomb 6, Gilmore 8, Nixon 7.

No. 3, semi-expert: Gould 8, Porter 5, Hansen 8, Crossman 2, Coleman 7, Plant 7, Fox 7, Nixon 7, Gilmore 5, Widdicomb 7, Young 7, Kelsey 6

No. 4: Hansen 9, Porter 5, Wharton 7, Fox 8, Crossman 3, Coleman 8, Kelsey 7, Gould 9, Widdicomb 6, Gilmore 8, Wharton 8, Young 10.

No. 5: Fox 10, Coleman 9, Nixon 7, Kelsey 9, Gould 10, Widdicomb 7, Porter 6, Wharton 9, Young 10.

No. 6, 5 pairs: Widdicomb 7, Fox 6, Gould 7, Wharton 10, Crossman 4, Young 6, Nixon 7. Coleman 7.

No. 7, same: Widdicomb 5, Fox 5, Coleman 7.

July 14.—No. 1, 10 targets: Widdicomb 6, Kelsey 7, Holcomb 9, Gilmore 8, Nixon 8, Young 5.

No. 2, same: Widdicomb 9, Kelsey 6, Holcomb 10, Gilmore 7, Nixon 5, Young 7.

No. 3, 15 targets: Young 8, Nixon 7, Gilmore 11, Holcomb 12, Kelsey 11, Widdicomb 14.

No. 4, semi-expert: Widdicomb 8, Holcomb 9, Gilmore 6, Kelsey 5, Gould 9, Temple 8, Nixon 8, Freligh 7, Plant 9.

No. 5, same: Widdicomb 8, Holcomb 4, Gilmore 7, Kelsey 6, Gould 8, Temple 4, Nixon 7, Freligh 5, Plant 8.

No. 6, 20 targets: Kelsey 12, Gould 18, Gilmore 16, Widdicomb 17, Holcomb 20, Nixon 15, Freligh 11, Macfie 16.

No. 7, 10 targets: Kelsey 5, Holcomb 8, Gould 9, Widdicomb 8, Gilmore 9, Freligh 6, Macfie 6.

No. 8, 10 targets, reversed traps: Kelsey 9, Holcomb 8, Nixon 7, Gould 8, Widdicomb 10, Plant 8, Freligh 7, Gilmore 8, Temple 5.

No. 9, same: Kelsey 10, Holcomb 8, Nixon 7, Gould 8, Widdicomb 8, Plant 5, Freligh 8, Gilmore 8, Temple 0.

Fifty-target race for the targets: Wharton 39, Walton 46.

No. 10, 15 targets: Kelsey 9, Widdicomb 14, Holcomb 15, Gilmore 12, Temple 11, Young 13.

No. 11, 5 pairs: Widdicomb 9, Holcomb 8, Temple 3, Gilmore 7, Young 4.

No. 12, 20 targets: Gilmore 15, Gould 18, Holcomb 15, Widdicomb 13, C. F. ROOD.

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., July 12.—The table below gives the scores made in the 10-target events shot to-day on the grounds of the Binghamton Gun Club. All events were at unknown angles, $1.50 entrance:

Kendall	7	8	6	7	9	7	8	9	6	10
Boss	7	8	8	9	6	7	6	8	6	9
Adams	8	9	7	10	7	8	8	8	9	9
Brown	7	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Waldron	..	6	8	7	8	7	7	6	5	7
Stone	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	9

Below find score of live bird match made previous to target shooting. Conditions: 20 live birds, $25 a side, 30yds. Birds were extra good, but had no wind to help them.

Kendall	↗↗H↖↑↑↖↗→↙←↑↑→↗→←↙↗↑ 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1—20
Brown	↗↖↗↗↘↘↑↑↙↑↑H→←↑↑←↘↙↗↖ ● 2 0 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2—17

W. H. B.

The Hot Springs Gun Club's Fourth of July Shoot.

The members of the Hot Springs Gun Club had the satisfaction of having their third tournament this season crowned with success. Last winter the club attempted to hold a tournament, but the inclement weather at that time was such that the results were unsatisfactory. The club also announced that the fifth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association would be held under its auspices in April, but the existence of a few cases of smallpox, which were greatly exaggerated by newspaper reports, and the fact that the neighboring cities had quarantined against the place, made it necessary to hold the meeting elsewhere, and Little Rock was selected. Thus it is evident that it was through no lack of energy and enterprise on the part of the members of the club that its previous efforts were not rewarded with success, but due entirely to unforseen complications that arose at the last moment, and could not be overcome.

For several week it has been raining every day, and the outlook on the morning of the Fourth was not over bright; dark threatening clouds were to be seen in the west, and the heat was oppressive, everything to indicate a storm, which broke over the grounds about noon, but fortunately lasted only a short time, having the effect of cooling the atmosphere considerably. The shooting ground was on a ridge, on the edge of which traps were order and but for a large building that stood in line with No. 4 and 5 traps, though several hundred yards away, the background would have been perfect. The ground arrangements were good. A large awning had been erected over the score to protect the shooters from the sun and rain, while just in the rear of the score was a large building, where the shooters could lounge about when not shooting and where all kinds of refreshments were served gratis.

The programme called for ten events, to which $85 in cash was added. The tenth event was to have been a team race, two men to a team, 50 targets per man, entrance $5 per team and $20 added. This was changed, however, as only three teams entered, one from Hot Springs, one from Little Rock, and another from Texas. Had the race taken place, the teams would have finished in the order named. There were enough shooters on hand to make up six or seven teams, but a number of the boys were conceited enough to think that the rest were too slow for them, and for this reason no more teams were entered, and instead two 25-target events were shot, $2 entrance, and $10 added to each. fifteen shooters participating in each of these events. As some of the best talent in the South took part in the tourney, some very fine shooting was done. Old Man Hughes, as he is familiarly called, acted as pace maker, and the pace that he set was just a little too fast for the rest of the boys; 91.06 is a very good average for a man of fifty years. Holzapfel was also very much in for money; he scored only three targets less than Hughes and wound up with an average of 89.78. The visitors in attendance were A. Holzapfel, Cuero, Tex.; Wallace Miller, Austin, Tex., who were *en route* home from the New York State Shoot; Dr. Cabell, Carrolton, Mo.; John Munnerlyn, Maysville, Ga.; Col. J. A. Woodson (Jim), W. R. Duley, Dave Alexander, your correspondent, and Dr. J. H. Lenow, from Little Rock, who came over to shoot John J. Sumpter, Jr., a pigeon match All arrangements had been made for the match, which was to take place on the 5th, but on that morning when John Sumpter went out to look at his birds he discovered a hole in the coop, and instead of sixty birds, as he expected to find, only twenty-two remained, the rest having made their escape, much to the chargin of both of the principals. each of whom, singularly enough, never felt better in their lives; each, of course, would have made a straight, at least they imagine they would. The question of supremacy between these two pigeon shooters will be settled at Little Rock in the near future.

The purses at this shoot were divided on the "equitable plan," which gave general satisfaction, and is the only plan on which to run a shoot for amateurs who shoot for sport and not for revenue only. It equalizes matters and pays a shooter according to his skill. In event No. 2 only four men got a place, two made 20, one 19, one 18; under the old system the 19s would have paid more than the 20s. The purse amounted to $27.00; 50 per cent. would have been $13.50, half of which would have been $6.90; second money, 30 per cent., would have been $9.60, and third money, 20 per cent., would be $6.40. Under the "equitable plan" each target scored by those in for a place was worth 35 cents, thus the 20s paid $7, 10 cents more than they would have paid under the old system, the 19 paid $6.65, or $2.95 less than it would have paid under the old system; the 18 paid $6.30, just 10 cents less than would have been received under the old division. In event No. 6, a 20-bird race, $2 entrance, $10 added, there were twelve entries, four moneys, eleven men got a place, yet everyone received more than his entrance money. Nineteen was high only once, this paid $2.85; the 18s, four of them, received $2.60 each, or just 25 cents less than 19 got; 17, three of them, got $2.45, while 16s paid $2.30, three also. Now let us compare the old system and see what each would have received. The purse was $29.20, 40 per cent. would be $11.65, or $9.80 more than was paid, as there was only one, but there were four 18s, and 30 per cent. of the purse is $8.75. They would have received $2.15, just 45 cents less than was paid; the 17s would have got 20 per c nt., $5.85, and would pay each $1.95, or 50 cents less than they did get; 16 got fourth, 10 per cent., $2.90, and each would have received 95 cents, or $13.35 less than it did pay. This shows the unfairness of the old system. In one instance the man who scores 19 would receive $1 60 more than those who scored 20, simply because he was fortunate enough to be alone, while in the other instance the man who scored 19 would have received $0.80 more than those who broke 18, although he scored only one more target. This system encourages dropping for place. While the "equitable plan" does not absolutely obviate this contemptible practice, it is only possible in isolated cases, and the remuneration would be so small that a man must certainly be devoid of all principle who would practice it.

TABULATED SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13			
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	25	25	15	15	Shot.	Broke.	Av.
Hughes	14	20	13	18	14	19	13	15	14	23	24	13	14	235	214	91.06
Holz	11	17	11	20	15	18	14	19	15	23	21	13	14	235	211	89.78
"Jim"	13	17	13	19	11	18	11	19	11	22	23	14	14	235	205	87.27
Sumpter	12	19	14	18	13	18	13	15	13	15	12	21	23	205	178	86.82
Miller	13	20	13	17	12	17	12	18	13	19	23	11	..	220	188	85.45
Alexander	11	15	12	19	13	17	11	19	13	20	22	13	14	235	198	84.25
Duley	9	18	12	16	11	18	15	18	10	22	22	13	13	235	197	83.82
Cabell	..	..	..	18	13	17	14	16	14	20	21	12	12	185	157	84.86
Little	12	16	12	16	14	16	14	15	8	20	21	..	..	205	164	80.00
Smith	12	18	12	14	13	16	12	16	13	16	17	..	..	205	154	75.12
Rix	13	16	14	15	11	16	12	16	11	14	15	..	..	205	153	74.53
Munnerlyn	9	10	11	9	8	12	10	16	11	21	18	7	..	220	142	64.55
Walter	8	13	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	95	52	61.16
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	22	19	9	13	80	63	78.76
Wadley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	14	..	..	50	32	64.00
Woodcock	..	..	..	..	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	23	57.50
Collings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	..	25	19	76.00
Short	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	25	10	40.00
Lenow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	15	11	73.33

All events were known traps and unknown angles, and two cents each were deducted for targets. To each of the first 15-bird events there was $5 added money, while to each of the 20 and 25-bird events $10 was added. Events Nos. 12 and 13 were extras, and nothing was added to these. Purses was divided as follows: When less than 12 entries, three moneys; and when 12 or more, 4 moneys.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 13.—The scores given below were made by members of the New Utrecht Gun Club this afternoon. The club shoot at 10 live birds, handicap allowance, was the main live-bird event decided. The scores made were as follows:

G Coulston (A).. 2101•21222 —8 C Furgueson (B).2011•22201+0 —7
Furgueson,Jr,AA 12•2222222 —9 W Wynn (A).....1112221021 —9
W Stuart (C).....1022120021+10—8 H Fessenden (B).10111•2112+2 —9

Furgueson and Coulston shot three 10-bird matches for the price of the birds; the results were as follows, Furgueson winning all three shoots:

Furgueson	2222222222	0222122220 2120221212
Coulston	2002220228w	2210120012 2222001112

At the target traps D. Deacon and C. W. Floyd shot a little race at 50 targets, 30 singles and 10 pairs, $15 a side and the price of the targets. The result was as close as it could be, one man to win, as Deacon only beat Floyd out by one target. Floyd led by three targets at the thirtieth round, and it was only by excellent work on the doubles, in which he broke 17 out of 20, that Deacon managed to pull through as he did. The score:

Deacon	1111101111111101011111111100110
	11 11 11 11 10 01 11 10 11 11—41
Floyd	1101101111111111111011111111111
	10 01 00 11 11 10 10 11 10 10 11—40

Other events were shot as follows, Nos. 1 and 2 being at unknown angles:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
C W Floyd	1011111110 —8	1111111111—10
D Deacon	0111111111 —9	0110100101— 5
Dr O'Brien	0110100000— 3	1001100101— 5
G E Pool	1101011101— 7	0111110100— 6
J Lott	1111000110— 6	1011011010— 6
P Hegeman	1011101111— 8	1011001111— 7
G W Cropsy	0011111111— 8	0000011110— 4

In a race at 5 pairs, 50 cents entrance, the following was the result: Deacon 9, Hegeman 6, Floyd, Cropsy and Pool 5, O'Brien 4

Championship of Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 4.—To-day, on the grounds of the Kentucky Gun Club at Louisville, Kentucky, a most enjoyable day was spent in trap shooting, this being the day set apart by that club for the championship at targets. In October the pigeon championship of the State is decided on the same grounds.

The Kentucky Gun Club bears the superlative distinction of being one of the few clubs at which pigeons and targets are shot every week. The club house is a model of neatness and convenience, and the grounds being enclosed seclusion is secured. The trapping of pigeons and targets is just as good as one can find anywhere. Few places are so fortunate as Louisville in regard to the large membership of the club, its *personnel*, the general interest manifested by many of its members, its easy access from the center of the city, and the splendid trapping and management one always finds there. Louisville is to be congratulated on having a set of men who so thoroughly enjoy trap shooting, and whose means allow them the privilege of trap shooting in the very best form.

Anyone examining the scores may consider them low. Well, there is no disputing that for the most part they are so, but, when the speed of the targets is considered, that alters things somewhat, so much so that men who have been making very high scores elsewhere here found themselves completely at sea. A brand new set of improved blue rock traps has just been put down and they have succeeded most admirably in keeping every one guessing as to what they were throwing out of them, whether blue rocks or black poker chips. I freely admit that outside of Knoxville I have seen nothing that could compare with these traps for speed and distance, although here the background is very much better.

The scores:

Targets:	10	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	15	15	10	15	15
Alexander	9	10	11	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gamble	7	6	8	7	10	8	4	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
H. J. Lyons	5	13	11	7	10	14	8	11	8	10	12	9	10	12	
A. B. Hill	9	11	10	8	10	12	7	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
R. Trimble	7	14	11	9	9	13	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W. L. Lyons	7	10	8	6	9	7	6	..	6	..	13	8	11	10	
Church	9	9	9	..	12	11	7	10	7	11	12	..	..	..	..
Phelps	..	11	11	8	10	8	9	12	4	9	..	4	..	..	..
Davies	7	9	6	..	10	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Teris	5	7	6	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Alsop	8	9	12	7	10	12	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Faucette	5	11	7	6	7	..	1	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Trimble	7	8	7	5	6	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
S W Smith	3	6	..	..	..	8	3	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Gay	9	11	14	8	12	13	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tyler	3	4	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Paine	7	13	9	9	..	12	7	3	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
R H Smith	5	8	11	7	9	7	3	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sam Hutchings	7	6	10	5	9	10	8	15	8	10	13	..	..	..	..
A DuBray	7	10	10	2	9	7	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mastin	..	12	12	6	11	11	8	10	..	13	13	..	..	..	..
W Watson	7	11	11	7	12	11	9	10	8	10	11	..	..	..	..
Smyser	8	11	8	10	14	8	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Clegg	..	8	11	9	10	8	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Herr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Hook	..	7	7	5	..	..	..	7	6	0	..	..	..	..	..
Crutcher	..	4	..	3	..	..	..	2	4	6	..	..	..	..	..
Williamson	..	..	..	8	5	..	10	..	8	3	9	..	3	4	..
J Hutchings	..	..	..	..	6	..	12	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sereazer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schwartz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bollins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Chess	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	..	..	..	..	..

Championship of Kentucky, 50 targets, known traps, unknown angles, $5 entrance: Sam Hutchings 31, Smyser 28, H. J Lyons 37, Church 40, Phelps 34, Alsop 31, J. W. Smith 24, Mastin 33, W. W. Watson 42, Williamson 31, R. H. Smith 30, Clegg 29, Lewis 36, Alexander 28, J. D. Gay 44, Davies 31; Ralph Trimble 45. Pragoff 32.

Ralph Trimble won championship and first money, J. D. Gay second money, W. W. Watson third money, Church fourth money.

Team contest, 25 targets per man, known traps, unknown angles:

Frankfort Team.		Kentucky G. C. Team No. 2.	
Mastin	15	Alexander	19
Payne	19	Smyser	15
Church	21—55	W L Lyons	14—48
Kentucky G. C. Team No. 1.		Owensboro G. C. Team.	
W Watson	13	Lewis	10
H J Lyons	21	Alsop	17
Sam Hutchins	15—49	Davies	12—39

During the championship match, by one of those unavoidable accidents, Gay had the misfortune to lose a target that was chipped—a very small break—and landed in second place. One of the judges saw the break, as did also many of the spectators; the other judge and referee were so situated that they did not see the chip, so the bird had to be scored lost. Gay, however, had the honor of scoring highest average for the day, as will be seen from the following figures: J. D. Gay shot at 155 targets, broke 134, 86 4%; R. Trimble shot at 155 targets, broke 132, 85 1%; H. J. Lyons shot at 260 targets, broke 198, 76.1%.

Messrs. Gay, Trimble and Harry Lyons shot Parker guns. While Trimble shot DuPont powder, Gay E. C. and Lyons hard-grain Schultze. All used U. M. C. Smokeless shells.

Sandwiched between the sixteen events was served under the spreading boughs of a fine old tree a dainty luncheon, which was heartily enjoyed by the contestants and their friends.

To a fellow who knocks about from pillar to post, and who is forced to eat (or go hungry) the stuff one generally finds at tournament lunches, a well-served, appetizing meal like this one was a decided innovation, and one that was highly gratifying to all who had the good fortune to partake.

Long live the Kentucky Gun Club, with its membership of good solid manly men and its enviable record for hospitality and fair treatment. This grand old club is formed for the most part of sportsmen whose skill afield is of national reputation, and whose generous courtesy places them on a par with a few other gun clubs which are an ornament to any city or civilization.

In October we will meet again, brother Kentuckians, and strive for the pigeon shooting championship.

GAUCHO.

Michigan City, Mississippi.

MICHIGAN CITY, Miss., July 9.—The Michigan City (Miss.) Gun Club will hold its first semi-annual tournament on Thursday, Sept. 5. Many valuable prizes will be offered and a handsome gold medal for highest average of the day. Programmes can be had by addressing Secretary, Chas. M. Tway.

The regular weekly shoot took place July 2, on account of regular day coming on the 4th and the members going to different shoots on that day. There was only a small attendance, but some good shooting. Medal race, 25 singles, unknown angles:

Brewer	1011001010101011101011101—15
Aldrich	1011000010100000111111110—13
Robinson	1000100011110000101110011—13
McCarley	1000011001000011100100111—11
Tway	1111101111101111111111—23
Hardaway	1101111010111101011110—17
Dr. Phillips	0011001111001000011111001—13
Brinkley	1001000010001001000010000— 6
W. H. Hardaway	0000000000001110000111111— 8

Handicap shoot for wood powder and leaded shells, 25 singles: Brewer 24, Aldrich 21, Robinson 19, Brinkley 25, Hardaway 25, Oakley 25, McCarley 25, Tway 21.

SECRETARY.

Trenton Gun Club.

TRENTON, N. J., July 11.—The regular monthly shoot of the Trenton Gun Club was held to-day. The club contest was for two badges, first and second. Conditions were 30 targets per man, each man shooting first at 15 targets for place, the men breaking 11 and over being placed in the first class, all below 11 in the second class. C. H. Allen won the first class medal; W. Williams the second class medal. The scores were as follows:

No. 1, shoot for place:

D Williams	111101111111111—14
C H Allen	111011111111111—14
W Mickel	111101110111111—13
C Stout	111111110011111—13
H Bumbough	111111010111110—12
E C Hutchinson	010111111110101—11
M Hicks	111011001101111—11
Ed Hill	010101101111111—11
E Willson	011111101110011—11
E Robinson	010111010110111—11
C Zwerlein	101111010111111—12
J M Allen	110111000110111—10
W Williams	011011000111111—10
L Grant	010111100010111— 9
W Taylor	110010101101100— 8
E Carson	110111001000001— 7
W Weidman	010110031010110— 7

No. 2, shoot for first badge:

C H Allen	111111111111111—15
E C Hutchinson	111011101111111—13
W Mickel	111011111111011—13
Ed Hill	111111101111110—13
E Willson	001111111111110—12
E Robinson	111010110111101—11

No. 3, shoot for second badge:

W Williams	111111111111111—15
J M Allen	101001011111111—11
L Grant	100111001011111—10
C Stout	011110111110101—11
D Williams	011111111100110—11
C Zwerlein	111001111111100—11
M Hicks	110110100111111—11
H Bumbough	101010110110111—10
W Taylor	010101011111001— 8
W Weidman	000011101101110— 8
E Carson	000101000010000— 3

Greensburg Gun Club.

GREENSBURG, Ind., July 9.—The Greensburg Gun Club held its first shooting tournament here to-day. It proved to be a grand success. The day was not a perfect one, as the very high wind interfered greatly with good scores. The best average was made by C. Pea, he breaking 101 bluerocks out of 115. The programme for the day consisted of eleven events, eight of which were at 10 targets and three at 15 targets, entrances 70 cents and $1 respectively. Shooting commenced promptly at 10, and during the day 2,950 targets were thrown from five expert traps, using the Empire electric pull. All events were well filled, 34 shooters taking part. The visitors were from Rushville, Columbus, Brookville, Indianapolis, Newpoint and Surmans. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	10	15	10
Thomson	8	9	13	9	8	13	7	8	11	8	5
Wilson	6	6	10	6	6	8	8	8	11	6	9
Schwartz	8	9	11	10	7	10	9	7	12	10	6
Crump	4	8	10	7	7	13	7	8	8	6	5
Palmer	6	7	8	5	6	5	4	5	8	9	4
C Jay	5	4	11	7	7	11	7	8	5	7	7
Bee	7	10	5	..	9	13	9	7	9	5	6
Meek	8	6	9	..	6	9	9	6	11	3	4
Buck	7	6	14	..	6	11	6	7	13	7	10
J. Meyer	6	6	6	..	6	10	5	8	13	4	8
Winnie	7	6	11	..	8	12	6	8	13	5	6
C Pea	7	10	14	..	10	12	8	7	14	7	7
Rox	5	4	8	..	6	..	7	7	7	5	6
Link	2	7	10	..	9	10	3	..	10	..	5
H. Meyer	7	7	10	..	7	..	6	6	..	10	6
Stagmaier	..	..	..	..	4	9	7	4	10	7	7
Stalley	8	6	9	..	4	..	3	5	..	4	..
Stagg	8	9	9	3	9	..	..	..	..	7	7
Fisher	6	4	..	8	7	..	4	..	..	7	6
D A. M	..	..	..	..	5	9	6	..	12	5	7
Prine	..	..	..	..	4	..	6	3	4	3	2
Mack	5	3	..	..	2	..	1	..	..	6	4
Foy	..	..	6	..	3	..	9	..	5	3	3
Rye	4	5	..	..	7	..	7	7	..	..	..
Hull	6	5	..	6	3	..	5	..	..	..	..
Abercrombie	..	9	..	9	9	..	5	..	..	..	..
Winchester	..	..	..	..	8	..	6	6	..	..	..
Cramer	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	7	4	
Robbins	..	..	..	..	3	..	4	2	..	..	..
Rigby	..	..	..	3	4	2	..	..	..	..	..
Luhring	..	1	..	..	3	..	..	5	..	..	..
Huff	6	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mahaffy	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

C. JAY

Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest.

PORTLAND, Oregon, June 29.—Live-bird shoot, 5-bird sweepstake:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

D B Monteith (20)	1 5 5 1 5 1 5 2 4 4 4 2 5 3 3 1 1 2 4 1 ↗↑↗↖↘↗↖↖↗→↑→T↙→→↖TT 1 2 2 1 • 1 1 1 2 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	—18
W J Monteith (20)	4 4 4 4 3 4 5 3 1 2 1 2 5 3 3 1 2 4 1 2 →↘←↖↖↑↑T↖↖↗T→↑↗↖↗↖T↖ 1 0 2 2 2 • 0 0 2 0 • 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2	—14
W F Burrell (20)	5 1 4 1 2 5 1 3 3 1 5 1 5 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 ↖↖↖T↖↘↗↗↗↖↖T↗T↗↙T↗↖↙ 0 0 2 0 2 1 1 1 2 0 0 0 2 2 2 0 1 2 1	—13
H F Burrell (24)	3 2 5 2 2 3 2 2 5 5 5 4 3 2 3 3 5 3 2 3 4 2 1 3 ↑↖↖↖↖↓↗↗↗↗↖↑↓→↗T↗←←↗→↗↖ 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 0 2 1 1 1 2 0 2 1 • 1 1 1	—21
D L Williams (24)	4 4 3 1 5 4 1 1 5 1 3 1 2 4 2 4 1 4 4 2 3 5 ↘↓→↑→T↗↗↖↖↗↘↖→T↗↗→→↖↘↗↑→↗↗ 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 • 1 1 1 1 1 2 • 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1	—21
F B Thorn (10)	1 1 3 2 2 2 1 1 4 1 ↙↙↑↖↖→↑↖↗ 1 1 3 2 2 2 2 1 4 1	— 9
F Miller (5)	2 4 4 1 2 ↑↖↑↖↗ 2 2 1 1 0	— 4

MULT.

Newburgh again Wins from Passaic.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., July 11.—The West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Club defeated the Passaic City Gun Club, of Passaic, N. J., in the second team race between those clubs this season. The victory was an easy one, the home club winning by 51 breaks The score of the day was devoted to sweepstake shooting, some good scores being made. Details of the team race are as follows:

Newburgh.	
Taylor	1111001111111111111111111—23
Likely	0101111111111111101010111—20
Mitchell	1011111111111111111101010—21
Higginson	1110111111101001111111110—20
Taggart	0101101101101111101001010—15
Wood	1111101111010111011111111—21
J Rhodes	0110101101101101101011111—17
T Rhodes	1101111111111010111111111—22
Donoghue	1011011111111011111011110—20
Stansborough	0111000111010101011111111—18
Mason	1011111010111111111111110—21
Southard	1101101101111111111011111—21—239
Passaic.	
Wise	1110111101111010111111111—21
Abbott	0111001111110101110011111—18
Palmer	1001010011010111111110111—17
Kelly	1110111110101001110110111—19
Lenone	0011111111111101001101011—19
Bowes	0000110100110101001100100—10
Hemion	1111111101111111011110011—21
Gaston	1011010101010100001001011—12
Ferguson	0100111011111111111111010—18
Hall	1001111101100101110101110—12
Beatty	0000011110100111001010000—13
Van Tassell	1000100010011000010110000— 8—188

DAVID BROWN.

Lake Erie Rod and Gun Club.

FREDONIA, N. Y., July 6.—The following scores were made by members of the Lake Erie Rod and Gun Club at its regular weekly shoot to-day:

Ware	1111101111111101101110011111111101111101111110—41
Shelley	1110111010111111111111111110001011111111111001111—41
Clark	1111111101101011111101111111111000111111111110011—40
Pond	1001101110111010001101100111111001111101111001111—35
Bristol	1100001111010111111111111111111111111111111111110—38
Green	1111111011111111111111011011111111111111111101111—45
Sackett	0011100111101010011011001111100011111010111010011—30

Medal shoot, 40 targets, for first prize:

Green	1011011101111111111111011101111—25
Bristol	1111111011101011111111111011101110—24
Pond	1111111000101110010w —13
Sackett	1100110101000011011w —11

Second prize:

Ware	1011011111100111111101111001101—22
Shelley	1110111101111101110100110011101—21
Clark	0011000101111101101w —12

D. W. BRISTOL.

Paducah Gun Club.

PADUCAH, Ky., July 8.—This afternoon sixteen of the club members met to contest for the gold medal. The scores, with the exception of Hinkle's 23, were the worst made this season. The wind was very high, while the targets were thrown low and fast. We promise a better score at our next shoot, which will take place next Monday, July 15. The club has decided to shoot for the medal every Monday. Scores:

Nathan	1000110011001101001100100—11
Lang	1101100010011110101111111—17
Hailey	1011110100101010011111001—15
Fowler	1100010111010001100111010—13
H G Thompson	1000010001100011110010011—11
Vonight	1000010010100101000010000— 8
Cochran	1111101010111111111010110—19
Haver	1101111111101101010100011—18
Erhardt	1001111111111111010010110—18
Ingram	1100011010101111010101100—15
Rawleigh	1101111010101011000001111—16
George Robertson	1111011011111111111111111—20
Young	0011110101011111101011110—17
Moore	1100110000101111100000000—10
Piper	0111101111000111110000111—16
Hinkle	1111111101111111111111111—23

T. J. MOORE, Sec'y.

On Wopsy's Heights.

In the programme for its third annual tournament, which was held on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week, July 10, 11 and 12, the Altoona Rod and Gun Club opposed its introductory with the following: "All these * * * will stimulate you to a better fulfillment of your various vocations and stamp in your memory a meeting that a prolonged life will gladly retain." There's no error there. It was true, every word of it. Not a visitor who took part in any of the three days' sport, not a member of the home club who worked for the success of that organization and who laid himself out, as they all did, to make things pleasant for their guests, but will bear witness to the accuracy of the above quoted sentence.

There was only one thing lacking to make the tournament an entire success—more shooters. Among the visitors were: Elmer E. Shaner, Vandergrift and Julius Low, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Ferd. Van Dyke, of Dayton, N. J., representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; Tom Keller, of Plainfield, N. J., a representative of the U. S. Cartridge Company; Gus Greiff, of Von Lengerke & Detmold's, New York city, shooting a Francotte gun and Schultze powder; W. H. Skinner, of Chicago, with a Forehand Arms Company's gun and the new W. A. Smokeless powder; Major R. H. Breintnall, Newark, N. J.; "Dutchy" Smith, of Plainfield, N. J.; Billy Fieles, of Christiana, Pa.; J. E. Ross, of Homestead, Pa.; H. W. Burnham, of York, Pa.; J. O'H. Denny, of Ligonier, Pa.; etc. But where were the Philadelphians we expected to meet? Where were Hepler, "Brewster," "Sullivan" and the Worden Bros., of Harrisburg? Where were Smeck and Shaaber, of Reading; "Nelse" Hughes, of Williamsport; and the representatives from Millintown, Johnstown and Braddock? Are they all waiting for the State tournament at Holmesburg Junction on August 21-24? It looks like it. Whatever was the reason, their absence was regretted, and they missed a most enjoyable shoot.

The preparations made by the club, and the forethought displayed in looking after the comfort of its guests, were unexceptionable. All cases of shells shipped in care of the club were transported to the shooting grounds free of charge, and were to be found there on the morning of the shoot. The club's large tent was erected back of the firing lines and afforded ample accommodation, while two large awnings stretched above the shooters' heads were a capital protection from the rays of the sun that beat down with considerable force on the summit of "Wopsy" during the months of July and August. A hack that conveyed shooters to and from the hotel over the 1,200yds. that intervene between it and the brow of the hill, where the tournament was held, was another proof of the care the club took of its guests. At the hotel also everything was done to add to the success of the shoot. In past years this has not been the case, but this year it was all one could wish. To Mrs. McCoy, of Pittsburg, the present manageress of the hotel, the credit of this change must be given. The inner man lacked for nothing. The Italian orchestra, too, was a good one, but it was not Di Cillo's. One missed the jovial face of Frank di Cillo and the music which he and his compatriots, Briglio and Massino, discoursed at the tournaments of the Altoona Gun Club in past years. We missed the "Darky's Dream."

Of course the shooting took place at the grounds at Lookout Point, the same spot where the target shooting of last year's State tournament was done. If there is anywhere a more perfect spot for a target tournament, send FOREST AND STREAM a photo of it for reproduction. The beauties of Wopsononock have been so often described in these columns that we must ask forbearance while a short story of the location of the shooting grounds is given for the benefit of those who may not have read of them before. On the summit of Wopsononock Mountain, 2,600ft. above sea level, stands a four-storied pavilion, crowning a bluff that has about 800ft. of sheer descent. From the top floor of the pavilion a magnificent panorama is spread before the eyes of the tourist. On a clear day seven counties can be discerned. Below, but slightly to the right, lies the city of Altoona, some four miles distant as the crow flies. To the left are Bellwood (six miles from Altoona) and Tyrone (ten miles still further toward the east). Bald Eagle and Brush mountains, across the valley, blue with haze, form the horizon on nine days out of ten. On the tenth day mountain peaks in far distant counties are seen stretching away to the south. Behind, looking back over the hotel, lie the mountains of Cambria county, rendered glorious as evening passes into night by the rays of the setting sun. At that hour, silhouetted against the sky, stands sharply out the slender spire of Carrolltown church, a score of miles away. A man who can't appreciate such scenery can scarce be called a man. Anyway, he's no shooter.

It is on each side of the pavilion mentioned above that the Altoona Gun Club last year went to work and cleared and leveled at considerable cost two plots of ground, each 25yds. square. Right on the brow of the hill a set of traps is placed on each of these plots. The shooters stand back and have the blue of heaven for a background—a pure sky background. No black smoke, no houses, no clumps of trees, no fence variegated with advertisements, prevents an instant "getting on to" the targets. Of course there are no "pickups." Once a target leaves the traps it is pulverized by the shooter or else dashes itself to pieces on the rocks, hundreds of feet down the forest-clad mountain side. Yet with all this, each target is surely gone, whether shot at or not, the Altoona Gun Club ran its shoot and charged only 2 cents a target. And it will do so again next year.

Not the least interesting part of attending a shoot at Wopsononock is the railroad ride of seven and a half miles from Juniata to the summit, during which a height of 1,100ft. is climbed by the locomotive and cars. The trip from Altoona to Juniata is about 12 minutes by electric cars; at the last-named place connection is made with this mountain railroad, the A. C. & N. R. R., a railroad that does much to help on the tournaments of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club. Looking down from the shooting grounds, the train looks like a mechanical toy as it creeps along and upward, following the windings of a railroad that does not possess a half mile of straight track from end to end. So much for Wopsononock and its surroundings. Now for the shoot itself.

On Wednesday, the first day, sport opened with a few practice sweeps at 10 targets each, unknown angles, $1 entrance. In these sweeps Gus Greiff didn't do a thing but break his 30 targets straight. This work, coupled with his shooting on Tuesday afternoon, when a little practice was indulged in, had a good deal to do with his receipt of but five extra targets in the big race. Fifteen competitors took part in the 100 target handicap event. Van Dyke was placed scratch, Kotty being the limit man. To show the difficulties that beset a handicapper, take the cases of "Dutchy" and Killits, who were given 110 and 112 respectively, and who scored 99 each, tieing for first money. "Dutchy," as all his friends know, has not been shooting well for some time; yet in this race he broke 90 out of his first 100. In the extra events he broke only just over 82 per cent. Killits broke 88 out of his 100, and scored 99 in all, missing his last target, a shot that cost him quite a little money. In the sweeps he broke less than 82 per cent., while the next day, Thursday, it hustled him to break 70 per cent. in the ten 15-target events on the programme! On this same day (Thursday) "Dutchy" scored 83½ per cent. "Clover," with his handicap of 10 targets, won second money with 96 out of 110, a fraction over 87 per cent., yet in the extra events he averaged only 80 per cent., averaging the same percentage on Thursday, when he shot seven 15-target events. Van Dyke's 91 out of 100 was his regular gait at Altoona, and shows what a really good shot he is. The quick way in which he punched the targets out whenever there was any wind that threatened to play tricks with them was a source of delight to the boys, who always like to see Van come out on top. When Gus Greiff started in and knocked out 24 out of his first 25 he was looked on as a sure winner; he next totaled 21, following this with another 24, making 69 out of 75; by dropping 5 out of his next string, and only getting 4 out of his allowance of 5 extra, he landed one point behind Van Dyke with 93, tieing Elmer Shaner, who was allowed 10 extra, for fourth money. There were thus six out of the fifteen contestants who claimed part of the purses; not so bad a handicap after all, considering the length of the race. Two men also made 91, one scored 90 and two totaled 89. Breintnall made a bad skip in his first 25, scoring only 17, yet he finished with 50; while Fieles lost 13 birds out of his first 50, and still came out with 87. Kotty broke 43 out of his first 50, and it looked a moral for him with his 20 extras, but out of his remaining 70 he scored only two above 50 per cent.; a most unaccountable falling off. "Clover" shot a very regular race, scoring 22, 20, 22 and 22, finishing with 10 straight on his allowance. Bill Clark shot as any man does who has the duty of running a shoot upon his shoulders and in his mind. The race in detail was as follows:

Handicap race, 100 targets, unknown angles, handicap allowance of extra targets, $5, targets extra at 2 cents:

"Dutchy" Smith..1110111111110111011111111111111111111111111111100111—45
Plainfield, N. J (110)0111111111111111111001101111111111111111111110111—45
1111110111 — 9
—
99

J F Killits 1111111101011011111101110111111111111111111111111111---45
Altoona (112)...1111101101111110011111101111111111111111110011111101—43
11111111110 —11
—
99

"Clover".....0111111111111111011011111111101111010111011111011—42
Altoona (110)...0111111111111111111001111111111111101101111101111—44
1111111111 —10
—
96

F Van Dyke.....1111101011111101111111111111111111011111111111111111—46
Dayton, N. J. (100)1111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111011111—48
—
94

Gus Greiff .....1111101111111111111111111111111011101101111111111101—45
New York (104).1111111111111111101111111111111010100111011111111—44
11011 4
—
93

Elmer Shaner....1110011101111111101111111110011111111111111111110—43
Pittsburg (110)..1101110111101011011110110101111111110101111111110—40
1111111111 —10
—
93

T. H. Keller.....1101111111101111111111011011011111111111111111110—44
Plainfield, N. J..0011100101111111011111111111111111011111011111111—42
(105).....11111 — 5
—
91

W. G. Clark.....1111110111111111101110111110111111101001111111110111—42
Altoona (110)....1111111111011111111011011101111111111111000111101—42
1110111001 — 7
—
91

R. H. Breintnall..0111001011100111111011110111111101011111111111111—40
Newark, N. J....1111111110111111111011110111111111111111111111011111—45
(107).....1111010 — 5
—
90

J. E. Ross.....1111111010111111111111111011111011101111011111111—42
Homestead, Pa..1111101011111111111001110111101101111111111110111—39
(110) .....1111110011 — 8
—
89

W. H. Burnham ..0011111101111011111111011101011111111101111011101—40
York, Pa (116)..1000011111010011111111011111100111111101111100101—35
0111111011101111 —13
—
89

W. E. Bell, Altoona01111111011111111110110011031103111110011111110010—36
(118).....1111100111111001010111110000111111111101111100110—36
11111111111101011 —16
—
88

W. R. Fieles, Chris-1111110011101011111101111001100111011101111110110—37
tiana, Pa (107)..0111111111111101101111111111111101111101111011111—44
1101111 — 6
—
87

"Kotty" Altoona 1101111111111111111101101111110111011111111111101—43
(120).....1001001011100111111001011110000010001000110101100l—26
1110000010011101011 —11
—
80

Edwards, New....1011011011100110101011111001011110001101110111101—33
York (113) .....1100111110111111100111111101101111100110101001111101—37
011011011111 — 9
—
79

Extra events, all at unknown angles, were also shot during the day, both before and after the 100-target race. The following were the scores made:

Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Fieles	10	9	10	9	12	13	10	85	73	86
Edwards	8	5	9	8	12	13	9	85	64	75¼
Shaner	9	10	8	9	14	15	14	85	79	93
Ross	8	10	8	9	..	..	11	55	46	83⅗
Dutchy	8	9	7	6	13	13	14	85	70	82½
Clover	10	8	7	8	12	11	..	70	56	80
Van Dyke	9	8	9	10	14	15	..	70	65	93
Burnham	9	8	8	6	12	11	11	85	65	76½
Killits	8	6	..	..	14	11	14	65	53	81½
Keller	7	9	8	8	13	12	..	70	57	81½
Breintnall	8	8	9	..	12	..	..	45	37	82¼
Clark	9	8	9	8	12	13	13	85	72	84¾
Kotty	..	6	8	7	..	..	..	30	21	70
Greiff	..	10	10	10	13	13	..	60	56	93½
Bell	..	..	6	9	10	11	12	65	48	74
Sureshot	..	..	5	6	..	..	4	35	15	43

AVERAGES FOR THE DAY.

The best averages made during the day in all events were as follows: Van Dyke 93½, Greiff 90⅘, Shaner 88¾, Dutchy 86½, Killits 86, "Clover" and Keller 84½, Clark 83½, Fieles 83⅓.

Second Day.

All the events on this day, the scores of which are given in the table below, were 15 targets each, unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Skinner	14	11	11	14	11	9	..	12	12	9	..	11	..	..
Van Dyke	14	15	14	13	15	15	14	12	15	14	14	15	..	..
Killits	13	11	11	9	10	8	14	11	10	9	..	..	..	..
Keller	13	15	14	11	12	13	12	12	13	14	13	12	12	..
Dutchy	13	14	12	13	13	9	12	14	15	13	15	10	10	..
Shaner	13	13	14	10	11	13	14	9	13	13	12	12	..	..
Greiff	13	15	13	13	11	14	13	14	12	14	14	12	14	..
Breintnall	13	8	14	11	10	9	10	14	12	12	..	..	..	..
Fieles	12	14	15	14	12	14	13	10	13	14	14	15	..	..
Edwards	12	13	14	10	10	10	11	11	12	14	9	10	..	..
Burnham	12	14	13	12	15	13	13	11	10	13	12	12	13	..
Ross	11	8	11	13	13	12	14	12	14	12	13	..	..	..
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	12	15	9	13	14	13	12
"Clover"	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	14	12	11	12	11
Denny	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	11	12	13	12	13
Fay	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	..	5	..	..	..
Shank	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	9	..	..	..	..
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	10	12	11	11	..	8
McPherson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	8	11	8

In the above list Van Dyke, of course, leads with a percentage of almost 95. He was (and this is no joke) head and shoulders over all the shooters in more senses than one. In order of merit the others are: Fieles 89, Greiff 88¼, Keller 85, Denny 84⅘, Clark 84⅕, Burnham 83⅗, "Dutchy" 83½, Ross and Shaner 81⅔, "Clover" 80, Skinner 76. Edwards 75½, Breintnail 75½, Bell and Shank 71, Killits 70⅚, McPherson 68, Fay 51.

After the above events had been shot off the shooters who had fired close on to 200 shots called a halt, as they had had enough shooting for one day. As it was yet early, probably about 4:45 P. M., Skinner proposed that the boys try their hands at "California freeze-outs." These "Skinner games," as Dutchy promptly named them, took at once as soon as the boys saw how they worked. The way they are run is as follows: The shooters who enter shoot at No. 1 trap in rotation; all who miss retire and pay 5 or 10 cents into the pot, according as it has been agreed upon. The survivors then shoot at No. 2; next at No. 3, and so on, those who miss each round dropping out and paying 5 or 10 cents (whichever it is) for each bird shot at. It's really a miss and out, with compulsory division as soon as it is down to two shooters. At 10 cents a target it is an easy thing to find one's self with a dollar or more to pay. Greiff liked the freeze-outs, breaking something like 48 out of 50 targets in them.

What with the practice work on Tuesday, the number of shots fired on Wednesday in the big race and the extras, added to the work on Thursday in the programme events and in the "Skinner games" Friday, the

Third Day

found the majority of shooters not only lazy, but also out of their own ammunition. As there were also only a little over two squads on the grounds, and not all those anxious to shoot, freeze-outs and a team race between the "Irish" and the "Dutch" took the place of the programme. It is safe to assert that a more pleasant day's sport, and one that was more enjoyed, has very seldom been spent. In the freeze-outs during the morning Greiff and "Dutchy" led by a length, both shooting very well. The team race was shot during the afternoon, and was a purely sporting affair. Van Dyke and "Dutchy" captained the Irish and Dutch respectively, the event ending in a decisive victory for those who wore the green. Van Dyke only shot along after being very pressingly urged, as he was a sick man, suffering from an attack of malaria. Considering that he was thus decidedly under the weather, and that he was shooting "anybody's shells," *i. e.*, whatever he could get, his total is not as bad as it looks. The targets, too, were thrown harder than in the 100-target event, the trappers lining them up and down the screens in great style.

It was after 6 P. M. on this day before the shooting was over, and even then it was only lack of shells that put a stopper to the sport. There wasn't a shell left in anybody's possession; those who had had more than they wanted shared with those who hadn't any. The details of the team race, with its conditions, follow:

Team race: Six men teams, 50 targets per man, unknown angles, losing team to pay for the targets. Race divided into three optional sweeps, two 15-target events and one 20-target event.

First Round:

Irish.		Dutch.	
Van Dyke, Capt	111111101011111—13	"Dutchy," Capt.	111011111111011—13
Greiff	001111111111111—13	Keller	110111111111111—14
Clark	001101011111111—11	Killits	101111000101110— 9
"Clover"	011111011011111—12	Bell	001110010111001— 8
Edwards	011111110110111—12	"McPherson"	111100100101111—10
Kotty	111110001010011— 9	"Any"	101111011100100— 9
	70		63

Second Round:

Irish.		Dutch.	
Van Dyke	111011111111101—13	"Dutchy"	110001111111101—11
Greiff	111111111111111—15	Keller	111111110111011—13
Clark	011011110111111—12	Killits	111111000110110—10
"Clover"	110101111111011—12	Bell	110110110111100—10
Edwards	111111101111101—13	"McPherson"	111101110110110—11
Kotty	111011010111001—10	"Any"	100000010110011— 6
	75		61

Third round:

Irish.		Dutch.	
Van Dyke	111101111011110010—14	"Dutchy"	111111110111101101—17
Greiff	101111111101111111—18	Keller	111111101111011110—17
Clark	101101110110111111—16	Killits	001111100111101000—11
"Clover"	111111011111001111—17	Bell	110110011011011111—15
Edwards	101101101101111011100—13	McPherson	111110101010111111—16
Kotty	111001000111010111—13	"Any"	110011101111110111—15
	—91		—91

The team totals are therefore as follows:

	Irish. 1st round.	2d round.	3d round.	Total.
Greiff	13	15	18	46
"Clover"	12	13	17	41
Van Dyke	13	13	14	40
Clark	11	12	16	39
Edwards	12	13	13	38
Kotty	9	10	13	32
	70	75	91	236
	Dutch. 1st round.	2d round.	3d round.	Total.
Keller	14	13	17	44
"Dutchy"	13	11	17	41
"McPherson"	10	11	16	37
Bell	8	10	15	33
Killits	9	10	11	30
'Any"	9	6	15	30
	63	61	91	215

In the cashier's office, W. C. MacDonald and W. S. Bookwalter handled everything that came their way with ease and promptitude Compared with Altoona's previous tournament's, "Buckshot's" work in this department was a sinecure. The manifolding of the scores was excellent—and how much that means to a press representative! Traps and targets worked capitally. The traps used were Paul North's bluerock experts, empire targets being thrown for them. The pull used was an Empire Target Company's wire trap pull.

EDWARD BANKS.

Council Bluffs Gun Club.

THE Council Bluffs Gun Club held one of the most exciting, best attended and successful matches in its history July 5, at its grounds in the western part of the city. The match was at live birds, 25 to each man, 30yds. rise. The shooting began at 10 o'clock in forenoon and continued during the remainder of the day. The score of the principal match was as follows:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1894 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

E W Hart	↗↑↖↖↑↖→↖↗↖↓↖↑↓↙↙H↗↖↑↖↖↖→↖	2 0 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 • 2 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 2 0 1 2 1 2 0—17
J C Hoffmayer	↓←↖↑↖←↓←↖→↑↑↗↖T↖←↖↗↑↑↑↙↑←↗	2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 0 1 1 1 2 0 1 2 0 • 0—20
C Konigmacher	↓←↖↑↖←↓←↖→↑↑↗↖T↖←↖↗↑↑↑↙↑←↙	2 1 1 0 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 • 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 0 1 1—22
R O Graham	↓↖↖↓↖↖→↑←↑↗↖↘↖←↑←↗↖↓↑↖←↖↑↖←	1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 • 1 1 1—23
D T Stubbs	↓↑↖↖→↙↖←↖↙↓↖↖↖↖↙←↑←↖↙←→↖↘	2 2 0 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 • 1 2 1 2 • 0 1 2 1 1 1—20
W A Highsmith	↓↓→←↓↑←↓↗→↖←↖↑↑↑↙↓←↖↑↙↗↑↙↗	1 2 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 2 0 1 2 2 1 0 0 2 2 0 2—15
A W Riekman	↙↗→←↓↙↓↑←↙←↑←↖↖↖↖↙↑←↖↙↗←↑↓	1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 • 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 2—17
H D Harl	→↖→←↑←↗↙↗T↖↘↘↑↖↙↘←↖↖↑↑↑↑↑←	2 2 2 1 • 1 2 2 • 1 0 0 1 2 • 0 2 • 2 0 2 2 0 1 •—15
B M Sargent	↖←↘↑↖↙↑←↖←↖↗↖↙↗←↙↖→→←↙←↘↑	2 • 2 1 2 2 0 1 0 2 0 1 2 0 2 1 • 0 1 1 0 0 1 1 0—15
E B Halley	↙←←↗↖←←↖↖↖↖↙↗←↖↖↙↗↖←↑↗↖←	2 0 • 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 0 1 1 1 1 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2—21
W Pyper	↙↙←↑←↓↖←↑←↖↖T↙↑↗↑↗↑←↙↙↙↖	2 1 1 2 1 2 0 1 1 2 0 • 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 0 1 0 1 1—20
W D Hardin	↗↘↓↑↖←↗↑←←?↑↑→←←↗←↖←→↓↗↖	0 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 0 2 1 1 2 1 2—23
F H Evans	↑↖↖↖↑↓←↖→↓←↑↑↗↑→←↙↖↙↗↖↗↑	2 2 2 1 • 2 1 2 1 2 0 1 0 2 0 • 2 1 1 0 2 0 0 2 0—16
A Beresheim	↓→→T↑←↓←↑←↑←↑↙↓↗←↑↑T↓↑↗↑	2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 0 0 2 •—22
C E H Campbell	T↘↖↙↙↓↘↑↙↑→↓↙↖↙↙←↗→↘↑←	1 1 1 1 2 1 1 0 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 0 1 2 0 1 0 1 1 0 1—20
G Heinrichs	↖↙↙←↘↑←↑↑→↗↖←↙↗↓↘↓↑→↑←↙↗	1 1 2 1 1 0 2 0 1 1 0 1 2 2 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 0 1 0—19

Graham and Hardin divided first money, and Konigmacher and Beresheim divided second money. The score of Konigmacher was remarkable, in that this was the second time he ever shot at live birds.

A second match at 5 live birds, similar conditions, followed, with the following entries and score:

Pyper	↖←↑↖←	0 1 1 2 0—3	Evans	↙→↗↖↙	1 1 2 2 1—5
Kingsbury	→↗↗↗↓	0 2 0 2 2—3	Sargent	↖←→↓↗	1 2 1 0 •—3
Graham	↗↗↙←←	1 1 1 1 1—5	Beresheim	↗↘←←	1 1 1 2 0—4
Stubbs	↗→↖↑↖	2 2 2 2 2- 5	Riekman	↘↗→←	2 • 1 2 2—4
Hoffmayer	↗→↖↙↖	2 • 0 • 2—2	Halley	↗←↙↗↑	2 2 2 2 2—5
Campbell	↗↗↖↘↖	2 • 0 1 0—2	Miller	↙↖↖↓↘	2 0 2 1 2—4
Oliver	→↗→↑↘	2 0 1 0 0—2	Harl	↗↘↖↑↗	1 1 1 1 1—5
Highsmith	↙→↗↗↗	0 1 2 0 0—2	Hardin	↗↗↙↘→	1 2 • 0 1—3
Hart	↙↖←→↑	1 2 0 2 1—4	Beno	←↓↙↖↖	0 0 0 2 0—1
Heinrichs	↑↗↙↙↗	• 2 1 1 2—4			

First and second moneys were divided between those who killed 5 and those who killed 4 birds respectively.

The day's sport was then wound up by a match miss-and-out, with the following results:

Pyper	↖↗↖↖	1 1 2 •	Sargent	↙	0
Kingsbury	←↩	1 0	Beresheim	↙→←↙	1 2 2 0
Graham	↙↖↙	2 1 0	Riekman	↗↙	1 0
Stubbs	←.	0	Halley	↖↙↙↙↗↗	1 2 1 1 2 0
Hart	↙→↓↙	2 1 1 0	Miller	↘↗→↗	1 1 1 0
Heinrichs	↖	0	Harl	↙↑↘↘↗	1 2 2 1 2 0
Evans	↙↙↘↖	1 1 2 0	Hardin	↘↗↖	1 1 0

Holley and Harl divided the money. CHARLES MATTHAI, Sec'y.

Riverview Rod and Gun Club.

THE following scores were made June 27 by members of the Riverview Rod and Gun Club, just lately organized. It was our fourth shoot, all members being green hands at target shooting.

Fifty targets, known angles: George Shirmer 30, J. Bolland 34, A. Loeffert 27, Kirsch 21, Cullen 31.

GEORGE SHIRMER, Sec'y.

Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

BEDFORD, Ind., July 9.—Handicap, unknown angles, empire targets, $1.50 entrance, A. S. A. rules:

Doyle (42).....1100110110101000001110001010110011111101101—23
Cosner (34).....0110100100111111101101011111101100 —22
Erwin (33).....1111100110101101011111101010111 —24
Glover (30).....0111111111111101111010110111 —24
Reath (29).....1111001001111110011110101101 —20
Kelly (35).....0010011110100111111101100110001101101 —21
Sherwood (25).....0111111111111101111111111 —23
Stipp (25).....1111111111111111101111111 —24

No. 2, known angles, rapid fire, 25 targets:

Doyle.....11101011000106101001000l—11
Cosner.....1101111001101101101111—17
Erwin.....0011110001001000100001001— 9
Glover.....1111111111111111001111011—22
Reath.....0101101101110110111110111—17
Kelly.....1001110010111101111011010—16
Sherwood.....1111000111011111011111111—20
Stipp.....1111111111111111111111011—23

No. 3; 5 pairs, 16yds. rise, known angles:

Sherwood.....00 11 10 11 11— 7 Doyle.....10 10 10 00 w— 3
Kelly.....10 10 10 11 00— 5 Stipp.....10 10 10 10 10— 5
Glover.....00 10 01 00 10— 3

J. B. STIPP, Sec'y.

Tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest.

THE eleventh annual trap-shooting tournament of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest is over, and, as at the Knoxville tournament, the boys are wondering where their 90 per cent. records are, that point not having been reached by any one of the shooters in the general averages.

The Multnomah Rod and Gun Club, of Portland, Ore., under whose auspices the tournament was held, feel highly gratified at the fact that they have succeeded in almost totally eliminating all known trap and known angle events from any future tournaments in the Northwest. They also succeeded in having the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest adopt the Levengston system of purse divisions for all future tournaments, as also the trap-shooting rules of the Interstate Association in preference to the old American Shooting Association rules.

The tournament was held inside the city limits on the athletic field of the Portland Amateur Athletic Club. The traps were properly screened, a good walk with foot screens provided, and good, comfortable trap-puller and scorer stands erected. Scoring was done both on the blackboard and in the official score book belonging to the Association. Proper tents, gun racks, coat racks, chairs, desks, etc., were provided for the contestants and every attention paid to their requirements. The background was excellent, being a board fence, with a clear sky above. The traps did not work as well as they should, and by reason of their bad working caused a breakage in connection with that in the barrels of over 25 per cent. of the targets.

The springs on the traps were a poor lot and required extra wiring to make them throw targets over 40yds. The field was all staked off for the different angles and distance with 6in. circular galvanized iron markers and flags, and the line of flight marked off on the grounds with land plaster by means of a lawn-tennis marker. This prevented any argument as to whether the traps were throwing targets right or not.

It was the intention of the management to introduce eight trap events into the programme, but owing to the peculiar dispositions of the two leading gun store men in the city, it was impossible for them to rent more than five traps. One must reside in this city for a short time to appreciate the difficulties that beset the successful management of a tournament here.

The programme of the tournament is probably the neatest one issued so far this year in the United States. It contains, among other information, descriptions of eleven different varieties of purse divisions, and of thirty-seven different kinds of shooting events in inanimate target shooting.

The programme of events is more varied, novel and interesting than any ever presented before in the United States, and were demonstrated to be all practical in the tournament.

The purse divisions were changed on the second day of the shoot to the Levengston, although strenuous efforts were made to introduce a combination of the Minnesota and Levengston.

The *Globe* trophy will be shot next year similar to the championship team event this year.

Next year's tournament will probably introduce the new features, a new automatic trap pull that can be used in any of the thirty-seven events mentioned in the programme, and indicators for the use of the trap setters in setting traps for unknown angles. It is also possible that the Interstate Association will be asked to recognize the Pacific coast in their distribution of patronage.

The first and second days of the shoot were hot and exceedingly windy and dusty, and the third day of the shoot the thermometer reached 96° in the shade. This, together with the exceedingly hard events, accounts for the 90 per cent. mark not being reached in general average.

The tables which follow will give the reader a more complete idea of the shoot, and for comparison the percentages of each contestant in the different style of events is given.

No. 1, 25 singles:

	Known angles.	Known angles, reversed.	Unknown angles.
Van Zant	1111011111	1111111111	11110—23
McBroom	1111111111	1111111110	10111—23
Ware	1111111111	1110110110	11111—22
Enyart	1111111101	0111101011	11111—21
Evans	1111111111	0111100111	11101—21
Moore	1111001111	0111111110	11111—21
Ganatt	1100111111	1110111010	11111—20
Gilham	1111110111	1111010011	11101—20
Winters	1111101001	1011101011	11111—19
Mason	1111111111	1101001001	10111—19
Cooper	1111111110	1110011000	11111—19
Macartney	0111101110	1111011011	10111—19
Cæsar	1111010111	0110000111	11111—18
Ellis	1110101111	1110111000	10111—18
Sisson	1011011101	1100110111	11101—18
Denham	1011101011	1101110110	10111—18
Burckhardt	1111100111	1010110100	11111—18
Williams	1111110101	1101001001	11111—18
Monteith	1101101110	1110011110	00011—16
Beal	1010100111	1011001101	01111—16
McNaughton	0111001110	1001101100	00011—13
Simpson	0111000010	0011100010	10101—11

Shoot off for tie, 10 singles, known traps, known angles:

Van Zant.....1111111111—10 McBrown.....1110l0w — 4

No. 12, Multnomah Rod and Gun Club individual championship, 20 singles, known traps, known angles, reversed:

Cæsar....10111111111111111110—18 Williams..01111111101001110011—14
Ellis.....10110111111101111111—17 Garratt...01011101100111110010—13
Mason.....01111011001101111111—15 Monteith..11100100101101111111—13
Winter....11101010111100111111—15 McBroom..01000010101111111110—12
Van Zant..10111101111101100111—15 Cooper....00111100110101100111—12
Sisson.....11111001011111101101—15 Enyart....11100010100111111100—12
Moore.....11111101111001100111—15 Denham....10010101011011110011—12
Ware.....11101110001101111101—14 Beal.....01100101101101101110—12

No. 18, *Globe* trophy contest, 50 singles, known traps, known angles:

Winters.....11111110111101111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Enyart.....11111111111111101111111111111111111111111111011111—47
Gilham.....01110111011111111111111111111111111011111111111111—46
Denham.....11111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
Ellis.....11111111111111101111111111011100101111111111111—45
Cooper.....01111111111111111111111111111111111111111111101—45
Van Zant.....11111111111111010101011111111111111111111111111—44
Sisson.....11001110111111111111111111111111111111111111011—44
Ware.....11111111111111111001111111111010110111011111—43
Garratt.....11111111111010110111101111111111111111111110—41
Mason.....01011101101111111111111111111111111111111111111—41
Beal.....11011111101110111111111011100111001110111111111—41
Cæsar.....11111011011101011010101111111111111111111011101—40

No. 21, championship team contest, at 30 singles and 10 pairs:

Multnomah Rod and Gun Club.

Enyart.....11111111111011110001110111111
11 11 11 11 11 11 11 10 10 10—42
Oregon.....11110100011111101111111110111
10 10 10 10 11 10 10 10 11 10—36
Winters.....11111111111110101111111111
10 10 10 11 10 10 10 11 10 11—40—118

Spokane Rod and Gun Club.

McBroom.....11111101111111111111011110110
10 11 10 11 01 01 11 10 10 11—40
Mason.....01111111111011001111101000010
11 10 11 10 11 10 11 10 10 11—36
Ware.....10111101111111100100111111101
10 11 11 11 11 01 00 00 10 10—36—112

Tacoma Rod and Gun Club.

Cæsar.....10111111101101101110100100110
10 11 00 10 11 00 10 10 00 01—30
Denham.....11111110001111111111001010111
11 10 00 00 11 11 10 10 11 10—35
Ellis.....11101110001011111101101111111
11 10 11 10 11 11 10 10 11 10—38—102

As will be seen, a local man, Mr. A. J. Winters, carried off the high average and most of the honors. He bids fair to be a second Rolla Heikes, using as he does a Winchester repeating shotgun, Leader shells and E. C. powder. The team contest was also won by local men on a handsome score.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	21	22	Av.
Targets:	10	15	20	25	15	20	10	10	15	20	20	20	15	20	10	20	20	50	50	20	
Winters	6	12	19	19	10	..	8	8	15	19	17	15	13	18	8	19	18	48	40	18	85.7
Van Zant	9	10	18	23	9	..	5	10	14	17	16	15	12	18	10	19	18	44	..	17	83.9
Cooper	9	11	17	19	10	..	8	10	11	17	16	12	10	20	10	18	19	45	..	18	82.9
Ware	9	12	16	22	10	13	7	10	12	15	12	14	10	..	10	19	17	43	36	19	82.5
Enyart	8	12	17	21	8	16	10	9	12	14	15	12	8	17	9	17	14	47	42	20	81.4
Ellis	9	11	16	18	12	11	7	10	9	15	16	17	11	19	9	19	16	45	38	17	81.1
Cæsar	10	11	14	18	13	13	6	7	11	17	11	18	5	15	9	15	16	40	40	17	77.5
Sisson	8	11	14	18	11	..	8	9	12	14	11	15	11	..	10	17	13	44	..	17	76.7
Garratt	10	10	16	20	8	15	7	7	9	16	18	13	11	14	8	16	17	41	..	17	76.0
McBroom	9	10	12	23	12	16	7	7	10	16	15	12	9	..	10	18	15	38	40	16	75.7
F S McClure	9	7	14	19	5	14	8	6	9	15	15	13	8	..	9	17	16	47	..	14	73.9
Monteith	9	8	14	16	10	15	8	8	12	16	17	13	10	..	8	18	16	38	..	17	71.7
J C McClure	7	9	13	18	7	13	9	5	11	15	14	14	10	..	6	15	14	40	..	13	69.6
Beal	9	9	14	16	13	16	9	9	12	13	14	13	8	..	6	14	..	41	..	..	73.7
Williams	6	9	14	18	10	12	8	8	13	13	11	14	9	14	9	17	14	..	..	20	70.4
Mason	9	10	16	19	9	..	2	7	13	..	16	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	41	36	71.3
Denham	8	7	14	18	12	16	9	9	11	..	15	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	46	35	76.7
Gilham	9	7	19	20	7	12	..	..	12	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	46	..	82.4
Macartney	7	10	18	19	10	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	77.1
Moore	..	..	..	21	13	15	5	10	..	..	17	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	36	..	81.0
McNaughton	9	10	15	13	..	11	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	70.0
Hudson	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	..	..	12	17	..	13	16	..	..	16	61.6		
Burckhardt	..	..	..	18	9	13	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	64.2	
Mead	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	8	18	9	..	..	13	61.4	
Bryan	8	9	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	71.1	
Evans	..	..	..	21	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	75.0	
Simpson	..	7	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45.0	
Hughes	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60.0	
Paquet	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	

NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Association was held Monday evening, June 24, and the most important business transacted was the election of officers, adoption of the Interstate Association rules and the Levengston purse division, and a resolution that known trap-known angle events be eliminated as far as possible from the programmes of all future tournaments of the Association.

The Multnomah Rod and Gun Club entertained the visiting sportsmen with a grand crawfish feast the second evening of the tournament.

The field shoot took the starch out of most of the boys; so easy to miss.

The gun store men were conspicuous by their absence.

The Multnomahs will offer a premium for eight traps that are guaranteed to throw over 60yds. at their next tournament.

We are still waiting to hear from any one having any knowledge of "indicators" for unknown trap events.

Lack of enterprise on the part of the parties most in interest prevented a good live-bird shoot the day following the tournament.

Amberite powder made its initial appearance on the coast at this shoot.

There is a good opening for an inanimate target factory on the coast. Who will start it?

MULT.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 4.—Annual picnic. A. A. rules:

No. 1, 15 targets: Nelson 11, Terry 7, Dornin 12, Moorman 11, Scott 8.

No. 2, same: Nelson 7, Terry 8, Dornin 13, Moorman 7, Scott 5, Taylor 8.

No. 3, same: Nelson 14, Terry 14, Dornin 15, Moorman 11, Scott 12, Taylor 15.

No. 4, unknown: Jenkins 8, Taylor 6, Dornin 12, Averett 7, Scott 13, E P. Miller 11.

No. 5, same: Empie 11, Nelson 11, Terry 7, Scott 9, Moorman 13, Stearnes 11.

No. 6, same: Miller 10, Jenkins 10, Stearnes 7, Empie 11, Nelson 13, Dornin 12.

No. 7, same: Scott 7, Terry 11, Nelson 9, Stearnes 10, Empie 9, Moorman 9.

No. 8, same: Miller 8, Jenkins 6, Dornin 13, Stearnes 6, Durphy 5, Empie 10.

No. 9, same: Empie 13, Thompson 5, Stearnes 14, Nelson 13, Dornin 13, Averett 11.

No. 10, known: Terry 11, Jenkins 9, Rodes 3, Durphy 10, Miller 9, Carrington 5.

No. 11, same: Nelson 11, Scott 13, Stearnes 9, Averett 9, Moorman 3, Gilmer 6.

No. 12, same: Stearnes 8, Miller 11, Durphy 9, Nelson 10, Terry 14, Dornin 13.

No. 13, unknown: Empie 12, Stearnes 10, Miller 10, Canonda 7, Christian 3, Strother 2.

No. 14, same: Nelson 15, Miller 13, Stearnes 13, Richards 6, Christian 6, Scott 10.

No. 15, same: Dornin 12, W. Taylor 10, Empie 9, Jenkins 9, W. D. Taylor 5, Lee 8.

No. 16, known: Terry 13, Miller 12, Stearnes 12, Lee 2, Empie 12, Dornin 12.

No. 17, same: Clayton 9, Durphy 8, Scott 8, Jenkins 12, Taylor 8, Averett 4.

No. 18, same: Nelson 12, Miller 9, Stearnes 10, Dornin 12, W. D. Taylor 5, Scott 10.

No. 19, known angles: Durphy 10, Miller 13, Stearnes 9, Fleming 5, Dornin 12, Empie T. G. 10.

No. 20: Nelson 18, Terry 16, Dornin 22, Moorman 17, Empie 22, Scott 15.

No. 21, doubles:

Nelson.....00 10 10 10 10 11— 6 Dornin.....10 11 11 10 10 11— 9
Terry.....11 00 10 10 11 10— 7 Empie.....01 11 01 11 10 10— 8

No. 1, unknown angles: Nelson 20, Terry 19, Dornin 21, Moorman 17, Empie 19, Scott 16.

No. 2: Nelson 20, Terry 21, Dornin 21, Moorman 10, Scott 15, Empie 20, Miller 17.

No. 3, Silverthorn medal, 9 singles, 3 pairs.

Nelson.....110110110 11 11 10—11 Empie.....111110001 10 00 11— 9
Terry.....100111001 11 01 10— 9 Scott.....111011111 10 11 10—12
Dornin.....111001111 11 11 11—13 Miller.....100111011 00 11 00— 8
Moorman..000010010 10 01 11— 6

No. 4: Nelson 22, Terry 20, Dornin 17, Moorman 17, Empie 22, Scott 13.

No. 5, same: Nelson 24, Terry 18, Dornin 23, Empie 19. F. M. D.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

MISSOULA, Mont., July 7.—After a lay-off of a couple of weeks the Missoula Rod and Gun Club, represented by a half dozen of its members, came to the front on time for the medal shoot. Trout in the surrounding streams are beginning to rise too freely to the fly, and as the club is composed about equally of fishing, field and trap cranks, it is safe to predict that, with the advent of the fishing season followed close by the hunting season, the traps will now be for the most part overlooked until another year.

The following were the scores knocked out to-day in the medal contest, unknown angles:

A Class.

J Menard..1101111011101010111—15 C Lemley...1011111111111101111—18

B Class.

J M Evans.1001110111010011111—14 F P Kern..0101011110110101100—12
W H Mace.1111011101101110000l—13 Will Cave..1010011100011111111—14

Shoot off ties for silver medal:

J M Evans.....11101—4 Will Cave.....01110—3

The following re-classification of the shooters of the little club shows that they are improving somewhat. The last four shoots having placed two-thirds of the members in A Class:

A Class.

	Broken.	Possible.	Percent.
J P Menard	43	60	71⅔
W P Brayton	46	60	76⅔
A M Sterling	42	60	70
W H Mace	36	60	60
A M Stevens	37	60	61⅔
H W Thompson	23	40	70
Will Cave	53	80	66¼
C A Searles	46	60	76⅔
J M Evans	54	80	67½
C J Lemley	43	60	71⅔
Lieut Devol	27	40	67½
Robert Rogers	17	20	85

B Class.

L L Hunt	15	40	37½
Frank Woody	28	60	46⅔
F Allison	8	20	40
F P Kern	38	80	47½
J K Wood	11	20	55
Capt Andrews	20	40	50

WILL CAVE.

Trap at Portsmouth.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our gun club has taken a new lease of life, and on the glorious Fourth held a grand all-day shoot at the grounds on the outskirts of the city. We have had a number of small practice shoots, but this was the first of any importance. We were joined by the Exeter Club, and the result was a most delightful one to all participating.

The day was rather overcast and quite cool, making the conditions very favorable for enjoying a shoot. Our Exeter friends were received at the depot by our delegate, and a coach in waiting conveyed them to the grounds, where we were in readiness to receive them. Our guests certainly could not complain that their reception was a cool one.

A series of shoots were soon under way, among which were the following events:

No. 1, 10 singles, known angles. No. 2, 5 singles, unknown traps. No. 3, 5 pairs doubles. Team shoot, 10 singles, known angles. No. 4, 4 singles, 3 pairs doubles, known angles. No. 5, 10 singles, unknown angles. Other events were also added at the suggestion of those desiring.

We must admit our defeat in the team shoot, the score being 49 to 40. With one exception, our opponents were all crack shots. In the other events we held our own well. One of our best shots made the highest score of the day on singles, 16 straight, and a total of 21 out of 25. We all enjoyed the fun immensely, and took our defeat cheerfully. A finer, more companionable set of sportsmen it would be difficult to find.

A large tent at one side of the grounds gave shelter to those who desired, and here was spread a long table, from which were dispensed liberal refreshments.

But hours ever so pleasantly occupied will slip away, and all too soon came the time for our guests' departure. Regretfully we bade them good-by with ringing cheers, returned by them as the coach left the grounds.

This shoot has wakened us up wonderfully. We intend to accept the invitation to visit Exeter very soon, and also hope to make matches and enjoy such shoots with other teams. General interest has also been aroused and we are constantly receiving applications for membership, and we hope soon to do more and better shooting. WILO.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

JULY 4, in the rain. 25 single: Richmond 19, Apgar 23, Paul 22, Baker 22, Lenone 16, Abbott 13.

No. 2, 25 birds: Apgar 20, Paul 22, Abbott 8, Richmond 21, Lenone 20, Huck 25, Baker 19.

No. 3, 15 birds: Apgar 10, Coe 5, Frank 12, Richmond 10, Lenone 8, Strader 5, McAlpin 9, Blue Rock 4, Baker 8, Paul 14, James 8.

No. 4, 10 birds: Paul 8, Richmond 6, Baker 6, Coe 4, Frank 8, Huck 7, Apgar 6, Abbott 2, Lenone 7.

No. 5, 5 pairs: Paul 6, Apgar 6, Richmond 7, Lenone 5, Abbott 2, Baker 8, Huck 7, Frank 4.

July 6.—Club Shoot, 25 singles:

Greiff.....1111111110111111101111111—23
Paul.....1111101111111101111111111—23
Richmond.....1111111111111111111111111—25
McAlpin.....0111111111111011111111111—23
Huck.....1111111110110111011111101—21
Frank.....1111111111111100111111—23
James.....1101001101100011111110—16
C. Collins.....1111100101111011001111100—17
Ed. Collins.....1111111101111111111111—24
Marvin.....1000101010001010110010l—11

Sweep No 1, 10 birds: McAlpin 10, Huck 10, E. Collins 9, Richmond 7, Greiff 10, Paul 7, C. Collins 5, James 6, Baker 6.

No. 2, 10 birds: E. Collins 7, Richmond 5, Greiff 4, McAlpin 5, Baker 2, Paul 6, Huck 8, Collins 4.

No. 3, 10 birds: Paul 8, Huck 9, McAlpin 10, Richmond 8.

No. 4, 10 birds: Richmond 9, Huck 8, McAlpin 10, Collins 8, Greiff 9, Paul 7.

No. 5, 5 pairs: Paul 8, Huck 7, McAlpin 5, Richmond 8, Frank 6.

No. 6, 5 pairs: Greiff 8, McAlpin 5, Richmond 7, Paul 6.

No. 7, 10 birds: Collins 9, Richmond 9, Paul 8, McAlpin 7, Greiff 7, Huck 7.

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

Following are the scores of the club's seventh shoot, Merchandise series, at Worcester, Mass., on July 9. Targets, bluerocks; traps, Clover.

Davis	39+0—39	Roach	35+5—40
Mascroft	42+0—42	C W Walls	27+6—33
R C Walls	34+0—34	McLellan	40+4—44
Ide	29+6—35	Bucklin	37+4—41
A W Walls	43+0—43		

No. 2, cash prize series, 25 Keystones:

Buck	17+1	—18	Mascroft	18+0	—18
C W Walls	10+3	—13	Ide	18+3	—21
Kinney	13+1	—14	Davis	17+0	—17
Roach	18+2½+20½		R C Walls	19+0	—19
Buckmond	22+0	—24	Forehand	23+0	—23
McLellan	21+2	—23			
Kinney	18+2—20		Forehand	43+0—43	

CHAS. E. FOREHAND, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

G. B. S., Taunton, Mass.—What is the size limit of brook trout allowed in Maine? Ans. Five inches.

H. K., Brooklyn.—The *Brief* gives the law correctly; the close season on meadow hens for Long Island is Aug. 16 to Dec. 31.

MULT., Portland, Ore.—A and B agree to shoot a match at 4 or 5 live birds for $5 a side. A goes to score and loses his first bird dead out of bounds; B kills his first bird; A and B both kill their second and third birds; A kills his fourth bird, and B then goes to score and calls "pull;" bird refuses to fly and he says, "Pshaw, no bird; the bird is caught in the trap." Trapper advances to fill trap and bird flies and is killed by an outside party within 30yds. of the trap and at a point where, if shot by B, would endanger the life of the trapper. B still standing at the score and without breaking his gun calls "pull" and is interrupted at this point by A, who claims that B had failed to call "no bird," simply saying, "Pshaw, the bird is caught in the trap." Referee when appealed to says he "did not hear B say 'no bird,' but would not call it a lost bird." B then claimed a "new bird" for the following reasons: First—That he had held his gun a reasonably long time waiting for the bird to fly and that he had called "Pshaw, no bird; the bird is caught in the trap;" second, that it was very apparent to the referee that the bird had refused to fly and that it was at the time caught in the trap, and that in view of both circumstances it was the referee's duty to call "no bird;" third, that B had shot at the bird after it took wing that he would have endangered the life of the trapper; fourth, that the bird being killed by an outsider within the boundary entitled B to a new bird. Referee still refuses to call the bird lost, and states that he was not sufficiently posted on the rules to render a decision. B then calls "pull;" bird refuses to fly; calls "no bird," and then calls pull again; gets a bird out of a new trap and kills it with the first barrel. Does B win or simply tie A on the four birds? Nothing was said about rules, although all decisions rendered during previous sweepstakes were in accordance with the A. S. A. rules. Ans. B's claim to a new bird was correct, and on 4 birds the score was A 3, B 4. B won.

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Remington Catalogue.

THE Remington Arms Company have recently issued a catalogue and price list of firearms, which is a handsome specimen of the printer's art. This catalogue illustrates and describes the new Remington automatic and non-automatic ejector hammerless guns, as well as the older models of shotguns and rifles which have made the name of this company famous.



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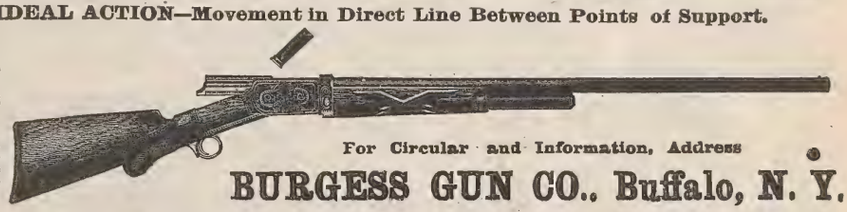
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SUNDAY DRINKS AND SUNDAY FISHING.

NEW YORK CITY is just now undergoing an experience with its Sunday liquor law, which all good citizens are watching with deep satisfaction, the rogues with disgust, and the whole country with interest.

The law forbids the opening of liquor saloons on Sunday. Under the rule of a former police board, the law was not honestly enforced, but was debauched into an agency of official blackmail. Saloon keepers were made to put up or shut up. If they paid money to the police they were permitted to sell on Sunday; if they refused to contribute to the police they were compelled to close or undergo arrest. The Sunday saloon law was not a dead letter; it was an instrument of unjust discrimination, oppression and corruption.

When the present Board of Commissioners took office and set about the tremendous task of reforming a rotten police system, one of the first reforms to engage their attention was that of the Sunday saloon law enforcement. They announced that they interpreted their duty to be to execute the law impartially. That meant that it was to be applied to all; that every saloon keeper was to close his saloon on Sunday and every hotel proprietor his bar. No one was to be exempt on account of a "pull." Politics counted for nothing; Republican or Democrat, Tammany, Anti-Tammany, every man must shut up on Sunday. And they shut them up, even when the officer detailed to arrest a saloon keeper did so at the peril of his life among the thugs.

This determined, straightforward, unswerving and thorough enforcement of the law has created consternation among those men who, having paid their blackmail or worked their pull for years, now find that the methods successful with knaves no longer work when honest officials are in control. And it has excited a silly hullaballoo among journals of the *World* and *Sun* type. President Roosevelt of the Police Commissioners said in an interview: "I would rather see this administration turned out for enforcing laws than see it succeed by violating them. I am an executive, not a legislative officer. I indulge in no theorizing about the performance of duty. We suffer from overlegislation and lax administration of legislation."

Thereupon the *World* advances the extraordinary doctrine that it is only certain ones of the laws on the statute books that are to be enforced, and it thinks that the people are the ones to determine which they want enforced and which are to go unobserved.

The *Sun* is constitutionally and consistently opposed to municipal reform and in sympathy with the vicious elements in city rule, and so the *Sun* has been severe and savage and jocular and puerile in its criticisms of an honest police board's honest enforcement of the law. Nothing is too silly for its adaptation to this end.

Last Saturday its editorial page came out with this: "The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt is interested in the game laws, being a thorough-going sportsman. As President of the New York Board of Police, however, he seems to have overlooked a provision of the game law of the State of New York which it is manifestly his duty to enforce. Section 6 of the game law, as amended in 1887, reads thus:

"The English or European house sparrow (*Passer domesticus*) is not included among the birds protected by this act, and it shall be considered a misdemeanor to intentionally give food or shelter to the same."

"The police should be instructed at once to arrest any little girl who may be detected in the act of throwing a crumb of bread to an English sparrow. Enforce this vital law! Put the police onto the *Passer domesticus!*"

The law which the *Sun* quotes does not exist, though quoted on its editorial page. The statute was repealed in 1892. This fact probably has no importance to the *Sun*, for its notion of a law is that, on the books or repealed, it is equally a dead letter or a living force, according as the subject against whom it is directed has not or has a "pull," or will submit to pay blackmail.

The *World*, following the *Sun's* lead, and in equal ignorance of the facts, devotes considerable space to a cartoon which has for its text the same long repealed law.

If these papers want to make out a case for fighting President Roosevelt on law enforcement with special regard to his sportsmanship, let them look about more carefully; there are statutes which are never enforced.

TROUBLE IN JACKSON'S HOLE.

A TENNESSEE correspondent, writing of a hunting expedition West, gives an enthusiastic description of Jackson's Hole, which he says appeared to his eyes to be "an amphitheater especially created by the great and just God for the habitation of His creatures." The Hole is just now a troubled habitation, for that is the seat of the Indian troubles, so called. They are Indian troubles in the sense that they are troubles for the Indians, and so far for no one else in particular.

The story is a very old one, which has time and time again been thrashed over in the FOREST AND STREAM. For nearly ten years there has been annual complaint in these columns that the Indians came into Jackson's Hole and the adjacent mountains and killed game at any season of the year, and since, Wyoming has been a State, much of this killing has been done in violation of the laws of that State. Against such game slaughter the residents of Jackson's Hole and its neighborhood and many visiting sportsmen have often protested with loud voice. To this it has been replied that the Indians, by their treaty made with the United States, have forever the right to hunt outside of their reservation on the unoccupied lands of that region.

Since the admission of Wyoming as a State different conditions of course prevail, but the admission of this State does not alter the fact that the United States has solemnly pledged itself to permit the Indians to hunt off their reservation indefinitely. On the stupidity of having made or ratified such a treaty no comment need be made. The legislative and executive branches of the Government share equally the responsibility for so gross a blunder.

In the many comments we have made on this annually recurring trouble, we have taken the ground that the matter was one of such importance that the Indian Bureau was justified in ordering its agents to refuse passes to the Indians to leave their reservations. The question goes far beyond the destruction of deer and elk, which sooner or later will all be killed. It is a question of the safety of human life, either of red men or white men.

If Indians, away from their reservations and uncontrolled, meet with settlers, far from civilization, and smarting under what they believe to be a wrong, neither party is likely to be very patient, and it takes but little to make bad blood between them. Last year a hunting party of Sioux were arrested for illegal game killing in Wyoming, and there was every prospect of a fight before they were persuaded to give themselves up.

This year the Indians have gone into Jackson's Hole on their hunting expedition, and, so far as can be learned from the newspaper dispatches, a party of settlers tried to arrest some of them for killing game. The Indians resisted and several of them were killed. The Governor of Wyoming has ordered the State militia to be ready to proceed to the scene of the trouble and Federal troops are also marching in to the Hole. Meanwhile the newspapers are full of absurd rumors of what the Indians are doing and are going to do.

The one fact about all this matter which cannot be got over is that the United States Government has pledged its faith that the Indians shall have the right to do certain things, and that United States citizens are now preventing them from doing those things. It is the plain duty of the Government to buy back from the Indians this right which it will not allow them to exercise, and so to put an end to this annual excitement.

ADIRONDACK PRESERVES AND HOTELS.

IN our issue of Dec. 22, 1894, was printed a map of the Adirondack game and fish preserves. The State Park, as defined by the Forestry Commission, comprises an area of 2,807,760 acres. Of this territory the State owned at the date of our compilation only 551,093 acres, while of the two million more acres within the Park limits, 825,000 acres were shown to be private preserves.

As a matter of fact, in the State Park there is vastly more territory in the control of private hands than there is open to the public; and in the private territory are to be counted most of the good fishing waters. The desirable streams open to the Adirondack visitor are growing less and less every season. The hotel keepers are beginning to feel the effect of such a condition. Their guests are complaining that there is no more fishing and hunting to be had in the Adirondacks; and there is broached the plan of restoring the State Park section of the Adirondacks to its previous condition by exercising the right of eminent domain. Men who appear to be deeply in earnest declare that they shall agitate the subject.

SNAP SHOTS.

Mr. A. M. Quivey died at Billings, Mont., July 10. By his death Montana loses one of its oldest inhabitants and the Yellowstone Park a consistent and earnest friend. Mr. Quivey was an old-time hunter, trapper and scout, having gone to the West more than forty years ago, and having lived there the free life of an old-time trapper until the advent of the railroad and of the settlements made such a life no longer possible. He was closely associated with the Crow Indians, and had held positions under the Government in connection with these people. He also served as scout in some of the earlier Indian wars, and we believe was with Gen. Miles at the time the Nez Percés crossed Montana. Mr. Quivey was a graceful writer and had communicated to the Montana Historical Society a number of sketches of old-time events, some of which have already been published in the transactions of that association. He was a not infrequent contributor to FOREST AND STREAM, and what he said about the West bore the stamp of unquestionable authority. Along the Yellowstone River, where Mr. Quivey was well known, his loss will be deeply felt.

In these days of questioning where one may go with a chance of finding any game at all, he must be counted lucky whose chief concern is to find time to gather the assured harvest in store for him. Mr. Horace Kephart, of the Kephart-Kennedy syndicate, which has been telling such good "Stories of a Western Town," confides to us that he has been scouting in eastern Missouri, and has there discovered a picturesque country, some queer characters, a great crop of mast and wild fruits, and prospects of wild turkeys galore in the fall. "I believe that I shall have to split my vacation," he adds, "putting in two weeks for gobblers in the new Missouri Eden, and two more for deer in Arkansas in January." That is an enticing programme; the one thing to make it perfect would be a partnership in the fun and the spoils with Kennedy.

Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn records in the *Independent* a night experience in a ten-cent lodging house in Boston. Even there, it appears, they tell fish stories. "My nearest neighbor," he writes, "told of catching a halibut weighing 300 pounds, and a turtle weighing '1,300 pounds, 14 pounds and 13 ounces exact.'"

The Nova Scotia Game and Inland Fishery Society adopted last year the system of an uniform opening day for all game. The law has created much opposition, but the Society has held to it because of the comparative ease of enforcing such a law.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NORTHWARD TO THE FAR WEST.—IV.

[*Continued from page 47.*]

OUR three days at Glacier are gone, and once more we resume our way toward the setting sun.

We soon drop down below the Glacier House, and it is out of sight behind the mountain which we circle. We can look back to Rogers Pass and still see Sir Donald above the surrounding peaks as we double on the "Loop."

This is one of the sights of the line, and was one of the engineering triumphs of the construction. To reach the bottom of the valley the railroad has to double on itself and come back to where it started. Four tracks in all can be seen at one time, looking like four different roads, but it is our own iron way. Ross Peak station is 522ft. below Glacier and only seven miles away.

The gorge of the Illicelliwac is a very rough one, but densely timbered with immense trees, which are part of this wonderful country. We drop another 850ft. and the train pauses at Albert Cañon, along the very brink of which the road runs.

A platform has been built up over the side of the precipice and the passengers flock on to it to gaze into the depths below.

The chasm or crack in the solid rock is about 300ft. deep, and the water of the rushing river is pressed together into a mad, boiling current, not much over 20ft. wide. The sight is a beautiful one, and we would willingly linger longer, but the bell rings and "All aboard!" bids us tear ourselves away.

Still downward we glide, passing Twin Butte, named for the Mounts Mackenzie-Tilly, which rear their joint heads into the clouds above us. The valley narrows and again becomes a gorge, and at Illicelliwaet Cañon the river and rocks again strive for supremacy; they each win, for the rocks crowd the river into such a narrow space that it roars and rumbles as it dashes against the rocky walls in its efforts to escape, and escape it does, though through a narrow passage with vertical walls only a few yards apart, and out into the open valley it glides to join the mighty Columbia, that here comes down from the north. Only twenty-two miles from the Albert Gorge and we are down 1,370ft. and in the town of Revelstoke.

Here the Columbia flows to the South. When we left it at Golden and Beaver mouth it was flowing northward. We have come straight "across lots," it had to go round the massive Selkirks and now comes down between them and the Gold range.

Revelstoke, while not a mining town, has been built up by the mining interest and is at present the head of steam navigation on the Columbia, though at certain seasons a boat could run further north, and small boats with mining supplies are still taken toward the Big Bend country. A great trip for those fond of adventure would be to start with canoes from Donald and go around the Big Bend to Revelstoke. The chances for big game would be excellent, a wild and practically uninhabited country would be seen and some rapid canoe riding could be indulged in.

The trip could be continued southward for hundreds of miles. But a word of warning: let no one attempt it without a guide, for there are some very bad rapids—one called "Death's Pool or Rapids" has claimed several victims in the past.

Revelstoke is a good point to outfit in for the lower country, and good caribou hunting can be found up the Columbia and in the Gold range inside of twenty miles from town; but if the Gold range is hunted, it must be on foot. Up the Big Bend trail horses can be taken.

A little local steamer can be taken to Arrow Lake landing, and then back over to Trout Lake, where there are mines, and a caribou can be gotten quite easily—if you are in luck—but it is not a trip to take a lady with one.

Across the Columbia, Mount Bigbee looms up with its sides covered with eternal snow and ice. There is no record of a white man ever having scaled the Great Glazier, which we could see from our bed-room window, but the Siwashes hunt caribou on Mount Bigbee, and claim they found the skeleton of a white man who got lost in the trackless forest below the ice fields.

The hotels at Revelstoke are of the usual order in a mining town, and as it was Madame's first experience it was a little "tough" after the fine accommodations, etc., at Banff, Field and Glacier.

Three dollars a day ought to pay for a good hotel, but it does not always do it in the mining regions, or any price for that matter. However, the three days we had to remain at Revelstoke were not unpleasant ones, and our time was spent in photographing and getting pointers on the region round about as regards game, etc. A very fine boat for this country (The Columbia) had been running down the river, but unfortunately she had burned just before we reached there, so her sister boat had to take her place. When we went down to get aboard in the evening (as the steamer left at daylight the next morning) we found a genuine Western river steamboat, "built to run in a heavy dew," with a stern wheel. Owing to the heavy freshets of the spring the wharf was all washed away and in bad shape, and we had to walk a plank to get aboard. Madame was a little nervous, and when she saw the kind of a craft she was booked for she opened her eyes, and when we reached the upper deck and entered the cabin where a game of poker was in full blast she opened them wider.

She was fast seeing the "West and its ways." However, our stateroom, though small and not lighted by electricity, was neat and clean, and we found the steamer Lytton, her captain, her crew, her steward and his cuisine like the "singed" cat in the tale, much better than they appeared at first sight, and we spent a very pleasant two days aboard, and the writer repeated his experience with no cause for regret, of which more anon.

From Revelstoke to Northport, Wash., is about 200 miles, and the Columbia & Kootenay Navigation Company run steamers twice a week, connecting at different points for the interior. We had not left our berths the next morning before we felt the motion of the steamer as she turned her prow down the swift-flowing current of the Columbia. We hurried on deck, anxious to see the scenery that this section is noted for. We were fast leaving the Gold range behind us, and the snowy peak of Mt. Bigbee was just discernible through the masses of vapor which overhung the Glacier.

The dark green of the firs and cedars came down to the water edge and joined the great piles of drift-wood which had been thrown high up by the unprecedented floods of early spring and summer.

The Siwashes had never seen anything like such floods. The water rose in places over 100ft., and no one, except those who have seen the Columbia, can have even the faintest conception of what that means. The scenery along the banks of the Columbia is of the wildest description, and when backed by a vista of snow-capped and rugged mountain peaks it is beyond compare. A few miles below Revelstoke the river widens into a broad, even flowing stream with shores stretching into the distance, forming what is known as Upper Arrow Lake, and we now are treated to a different kind of scenery from that we have been viewing for some days.

The mountains are still with us, but they are more distant and not so bold and prominent; the effect is softer; a blue haze in the atmosphere lends beauty to the scene, and the rippling of the water, caused by a gentle breeze, catches the sun's rays, turning the lake into a mass of molten gold.

Flock after flock of ducks is startled into flight by the passing steamer, only to circle and re-alight after she has passed.

We keep on down the lake to Nakusp, from which point a railway has been built over to New Denver and Slocan Lake and into the Kootenay mining country.

Here we make quite a stop and unload a lot of mining supplies. The town is new, and like all Western mining towns has lots of saloons and unpainted board structures. There has been considerable excitement all through the Slocan and Kootenay country the last year or two over very rich gold and silver discoveries, and large lots of ore are being shipped to Tacoma and Omaha to the smelters. If British Columbia could be taken into Uncle Sam's territory, there would be a boom at once.

Southward from Nakusp the lake grows narrower and finally becomes a river again. Here the mountains reach greater altitudes.

We had made the acquaintance of two gentlemen from Boston, who had come out into this region on a hunting trip, and we enjoyed our day's sail very much, while chatting of game and the country. This was their second jaunt and they were after caribou this time. Passing through the narrow part of the river we again come into an opening in the hills and Lower Arrow Lake was before us. As the afternoon waned we reached Fire Valley, where our Boston friends left us. They had made their arrangements and were met by their guide, who came out to the steamer in a dugout, an immense canoe, hollowed out of one of the great trees of this country. The steamer's nose was held against the bank, their duffle was piled into the dugout and we left them standing on the little point, looking a bit forlorn, but they probably "braced up" and we heard afterward on our return trip that they had killed caribou, goats and deer and sheep galore, but had let a big grizzly bear get away.

From Fire Valley we kept on down the lake, passing Deer Park and the Natural Bridge, of which more later.

Sixteen miles from Deer Park we again enter the river through a narrow gateway, guarded on either side by huge rocks. The current here becomes very rapid and flows swiftly through the rock bottom sluiceway. The evening is with us, but a full moon rises from out the east and sheds its mellow rays over the high peaks, lighting up the dark and somber trees and rocks and turning the glistening water into a sheet of silver.

Moonlight on an ocean or a great lake is beautiful, but moonlight on a mountain river is more than beautiful.

We are at one moment in the deep shadow of some huge fir hill, and the next in a halo of silvery light, gliding by some massive rock that stands with its rugged sides kissed by the foam-crested waves of the dashing rapids as they are hurled high up on it by the swiftly flowing stream.

We do not see as much or as far as when the orb of day lights our way, but fair Luna lends a more mystic light, and her silvery beams add to the romantic scene a charm and peculiar weirdness that is most enchanting. Just before reaching Robson at 9 in the evening we passed through a very bad place in the river which is considered quite dangerous, but Jerry McBride, a local character, whom we got acquainted with on the return trip, hangs out a lantern so as to guide the pilot of the steamer—a sort of movable lighthouse as it were.

At Robson we were getting into that part of the river where rapids were frequent, and it was really exciting to sit on the deck and see the steamer plunge down the rapidly shooting waves. Sometimes the spray and water would dash back, making the deck quite wet.

Indians in their queer-looking bark and canvas canoes were fishing here and there along the river, while their wigwams with the smoke curling out of the open tops could be seen hidden among the pines or near some grassy bottom land, where the ponies could find good pasture.

There are few ponies in this country, however, as the chief mode of traveling is by canoe. Here we see evidences of the placer miner's work, and wheels to lift the water into the sluice boxes are run by the swift current of the river.

A few lines published in the *Northwest Magazine* last June are brought to mind by the sight of an old bearded miner, who stands in the water in his gum boots, shoveling the gold-bearing sand into the sluice box, working on, hoping on—

"Where the fir trees whisper like mourning ghosts,
On the rugged mountain slopes,
And deep in whose somber and silent shades
The treacherous grizzly gropes.

"Down to the verge of the noisy stream,
All stony and shadowed and worn,
Where the fretted waters babble anon
Of the rocks from the mountain torn.

"Here the miner bends o'er the glittering sands,
Silent and bearded and old,
Hope lending strength to his shaking hands—
Panning the gravel for gold.

"Panning the gravel with heart of trust,
With hope of ultimate gain,
Flecks of gold from the somber dust—
Fruition of toil and pain,

"Patiently washing, day by day,
Unconsciously growing old;
Heart of trust and hope alway
Panning the gravel for gold."

"MAUDE MEREDITH."

The old placer miner is a character fast passing away, and those who have met him regret this, for he is distinctly alone and rare.

At noon we reach Northport and after an interview with "Uncle Sam's" customs officer step on United States soil once more.

We had crossed the boundary line some miles back, but did not land. Old Fort Shepard used to be at the boundary and the line between the two countries can plainly be seen, as the trees are cut down, making an open way, or lane.

At Northport we board the Spokane Falls & Northern R. R. and follow the Columbia on down. Near Marcus, where there is a large summer hotel, we turn away from the Columbia and at Meyer's Falls turn east to the great "boom" town of Colville. We now follow the Colville River and see many Indian outfits all along. They live in log cabins and wigwams, evidently using both as fancy pleases them.

This is a great hunting country for small game, ducks and chickens with grouse, in the high hills, abounding. There are a number of small lakes all through the country, and parties come out from Spokane. We were not sorry to reach Spokane and were more than pleased to find the Professor looking for us, and we all smiled when he ran along the train before it stopped and thumped on the windows to attract our attention. We had been companions on a trip through the Yellowstone country and Idaho ten years before, and what is there that either cements or breaks friendship more than a hunting trip of several months?

The Professor was a New York man, but had become so enamored of the West that he had settled near Spokane. Some days were spent here, visiting, resting, fishing and in the fields after birds, and then we began to think of a hunt we had planned.

The fishing in the Spokane River is excellent, and though we were a little late, we managed to catch trout weighing 2½lbs. The Professor had caught one of 7lbs. just before we arrived, and held the record.

Down in the field below the ranch could generally be found a family of chickens, but as they would fly over the river when raised, we did not get many. Up in the hills the blue grouse had been plenty, but they had gone higher, and we hoped to find them on our hunt.

The Spokane River heads in Cœur d'Alene Lake and is a fine stream for fish, large basketfuls being taken from it by the residents of the city. Some make a practice of going out ten miles or more Saturday evening and camping and fishing all day Sunday. There are also a large number of lakes near by which are much frequented, and it is not far to Cœur d'Alene, to which place there is a daily train, and then beautiful Pend d'Oreille is only a little further. Spokane is a fine little place, with everything modern, and a good place to reach fine hunting grounds from. It is, like all Western towns, feeling the effect of too much boom, but it has a bright future.

Ranch life on such a ranch as we had found was very pleasant, but we wanted to get into the mountains, so we hustled about and got our outfit in shape; and one bright, cold September morning we put two of the Professor's horses into the light farm wagon, loaded it with the pack saddles, riding saddles, etc., for we could not reach our destination with the wagon, and with a fond farewell to the two mesdames, who stood on the porch and watched us as we loaded in the guns and a few last "tricks," we were off for old Baldy.

We made the end of the wagon road about noon and unhitched. After a lunch and feeding the horses the circus began. We were sadly disappointed by a friend not joining us, owing to a bad accident, and he was going to bring two horses; so we were short on horses and long on stuff to pack. Finally we borrowed a little mare from a rancher to pack some blankets, and got the rest of the duffle on the others, reserving only two horses for three men to ride. The packing was not done without some trouble, as any one knows who has tried to put packs on the first day out, and besides there was only one in the party who could throw the diamond hitch. However, we got off at last.

H. led the way with one pack horse, Frank following with the mare, and the Professor forming the rear guard leading Old Baldy, an old pack horse we had picked up on the ranch and named for our destination.

The Professor did not last long as a leader, though in some ways he is a first-class one; but his forte was not leading Baldy, so the old fellow was turned loose and made to follow the mare. We then got along better. The trail led us up a steep mountain right at the start, and it continued up steep mountains all the way. The distance was called only seven miles, but it took us four and one-half hours to make it.

We had to climb up about 4,000ft., over a trail but little used, through down timber and over rocky places. It was all up but one little piece of trail, and that went over a sharp peak and jumped off on the other side, at least it seemed to. The afternoon grew dark and rain was threatened. We dreaded that, as the bushes were so dense that it meant a regular bath.

So much climbing made the packs slip, and they had to be readjusted and the diamond tightened; one pack about came off. But these are the mere trifles always expected in mountain travel, so we did not waste much breath repining.

The seven miles seemed long indeed, even to the riders, and as for the man who walked—well, he did not say. It was just getting dark when H. said, "We are about there, boys; the cabin is only a little further; but where is the Professor?" We had not noticed he was not keeping up and had not heard from him for the last half hour. "Guess we better go back and get him," said Frank. "No, let's go on, get our packs off and he will surely be along," replied H. So on we went and having reached the cabin we unsaddled and got our horses unpacked when out of "the gloaming" came a voice: "Hello, you fellows! if you want to go off alone why in blazes didn't you say so and I would have stayed home. Come and help me get this old rack of bones to camp." Poor Professor, we had traveled too fast for Old Baldy, and he having got pretty tired and missing the rest of the horses, had tried to take the back trail. Then the circus—and no audience. H. went back and caught Baldy and the Pro-

fessor came in all right, but minus his coat, which he had lost in the fracas.

H. took the horses off to find some good feed where he could hobble them and Frank proceeded to cook supper. We found the old cabin pre-empted by a couple of prospectors, but as H. had helped build the place, they did not object to making room for us, and it was not long before the bacon was sizzling, the coffee steaming and supper ready on the slab table. A great wide fireplace made the old shack quite comfortable, only there was no door and the cold wind had a way of blowing down the poor excuse for a chimney and making our fire smoke. This was a mere trifle, however, and we were glad to be in out of the cold storm which was now raging. We managed to find room for the five men, two dogs and all the pack outfit and saddles in a cabin built for two, and we did not have any space to let.

The next day continued stormy until about noon, when the prospectors decided to pull out. We were not sorry, as we felt a "lettle crowded," as one of them remarked.

Hunting trips are of two kinds, successful and unsuccessful, and the records of each are told but seldom—that is, no one ever tells much about the unsuccessful ones—and yet every one that hunts much does not strike it rich, but to read the stories in FOREST AND STREAM one would believe every hunt was a success. Maybe it is with some people. We had been informed that if we went up to Old Baldy (which is a mountain named on the maps Mount Carlton and which is over 7,000ft. high) we would find lots of grouse, plenty of deer, and a chance for a bear and maybe a cougar. This is all true sometimes, but to get the game one must be there in the proper season and must expect to hunt over a mighty rough country. The snow had not been plenty in the higher mountains and the ranges to the north and east, so the deer had not been driven down yet. The mountains we were in seemed to be detached from any regular range and were right on the border of the Idaho.

From the summit of rock mountain, on which the cabin stood, we could count seven lakes, from great Pend d'Oreille on the north to Cœur d'Alene on the south. The view was grand on a clear day. We were up so high we felt the difference in temperature, and the nights were cold, ice forming quite thick. Spokane lay below us to the southwest and we could see its smoke very plainly from the mountain's top.

The game proved rather scarce, but we did not go hungry, and spent several very pleasant days exploring the country. There are several big bear swamps near the cabin, but though we saw some sign we did not see bruin. To the northward of us, toward Priest River, is a fine hunting country; but we did not have time to go further. The country round about Mount Carlton is very rough and wild, and though only a day's hard travel from Spokane, one is in the wilderness surely and yet very near modern civilization. The Professor felt that he must get back to his store, and H. said it would not pay him to stay up while deer were so few and far between, and as Frank was only a tourist he did not want to keep the rest; so we decided to pack in.

One of the party took to the woods, so as to be prepared for all kinds of game, packing both a shotgun and a rifle. Buck jumped up, and before the shotgun could be dropped was in the thicket, where the two shots sent after him did damage only to the trees. Buck jumped a bear, which also got out of harm's way. Moral—When you hunt, don't try to hunt too many kinds of game at once.

September soon glided away and the days passed too quickly, spent amid such pleasant scenes and with such time-killers as trout in the river and birds in the field. The cooler days of October warned us that it was time to turn our faces toward British Columbia, where we hoped to do some hunting and also wanted to finish the sightseeing.

F. F. FRISBIE.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

IN APPALACHIAN FOLDS.

TUCKED away in a little pocket of the Allegheny chain, with mantling forests all around and the mountain streamlets droning lullabies through the cozy upland valleys, we pass the lazy summer hours in aimless æstivation, sampling the ozone and speculating on the cosmic forces which induced such vast upheavals. And in the absorbing contemplation orology becomes imposing as a scientific study, and enlarged respect is engendered for those intrepid railroad builders who were able to swing their precarious lines from crag to crag, boring through aspiring summits and clamping their iron bands against the sheer walls of beetling cliffs. Verily, it is grand! transcendant! and who shall say that the beneficent hand of the Creator himself does not well up in admiration for the creatures of His own image who have been able to demonstrate by such emulous achievements that their faculties are God-given and divine?



IN THE SPOKANE VALLEY.

While much merited panegyric has been expended on the marvelous transits of the Rocky Mountain range, via the Canadian Pacific, Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and the rest, this stupendous passage of the Appalachian chain by way of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad seems to have been but gingerly regarded by correspondents; when as a matter of fact it affords the longest continuous stretch of changeful mountain landscape in America, the distance across the divide from Gordonsville to Kenova being at least fifty miles greater than from Midvale to Spokane on the Great Northern. It is true there are no snow-capped peaks in Virginia, but there are ice mountains, vast caves, natural bridges, mysterious hot springs, iron and sulphur—and the route pierces no less than twenty-two tunnels, of which several exceed or approximate a mile in length. As a whole, the construction is an engineering marvel. The expense has been enormous, and more than a quarter of a century has been employed in perfecting it. The expansive West is great, but our midland craftsmen should not be overlooked because they live East. One blanket for us all! As the Dutchman says, "One countree, von peebles, and zwei glass beer!"

Last summer my sojourn was in the Catskills; this season it is the Alleghenies, just for a change. The situation here at Covington is much like that at Haines Falls, only this upland valley is surrounded by higher peaks and more of them, and is accessible to more novelties and points of interest by rail and wagon, and there is better fishing and hunting in season—bass, trout, pickerel, sunfish, fallfish and silversides in the streams, and deer, bears, turkeys, squirrels and ruffed grouse in the covers. Then there is more cultivation on the hillsides, valleys and slopes, with a better grade of cattle and more genial climate, and the raspberries are larger and juicier. As for bed and board, the Hotel Intermont is incomparable, at the price; and if visitors require a more varied and expensive menu, the Hot Springs and White Sulphur are within an hour's ride, with a tariff to suit the longest purses. There is exhilaration in these upper altitudes, and one seems never to tire of inflating his lungs. Existence proves a comfort. One need not feel blue because he is within reach of the Blue Ridge, unless he angles the mountains the wrong way. The chains all run parallel, and if he disturbs the alignment he is apt to take them at cross purposes. *Voyez?* While their trend is northward toward the frigid pole, the valleys open to the southward and let the cheerful sunlight in, so that dwellers may all be happy, if they only will.

Seated on the apex of the main divide at Allegheny station, which lies just west of Covington, and viewing isometrically the wrinkled, rock-ribbed, corrugated water-shed which faces the Ohio River, we discover no less than fourteen parallel mountain ridges with corresponding depressions, through each of which flows a limpid river, tributaries either of the Potomac or Monongahela. To the eastward is the expansive Shenandoah Valley; to the southward the forested country which incloses the feeders of the Roanoke and Jennes; and the mural breastworks which barricade these streams are the selfsame barriers which so effectually barred the migration westward in the days of flatboats and Conestogas, and during the civil war, for four persistent years, afforded a covered way for the Confederates on the flanks of the Union armies. In fact, the whole mountain system, with its cohorts, phalanxes and ranges, looks for all the world like the map of a battle-field. Threading the devious passages of this maze, the aboriginal trail of the Indians led from the Chesapeake to Lake Erie. Later the stage route followed, and then the railroad; and today it appears on the wheelmen's charts as a most delectable bicycle route that can be selected for a century run. The landscape changes constantly. Some views are Alpine, others pastoral. Vistas constantly open. Forests and orchards alternate. The Delaware Water Gap and Kaaterskill Clove are duplicated over and over again. Coke ovens, cornfields, cattle ranges, ore dumps, narrow tramways leading to the mines, rifts and cañons, wagon roads following up the shrunken watercourses and dry beds of creeks, isolated railway stations, with here and there a negro cabin or a cabbage patch tucked away in a crack of the mountain, and sometimes the wreckage of an illicit distillery; rising fogs, fleecy clouds, a flurry of mist, cascades, rivulets running clear as crystal, with every pebble visible on the bottom and magnified there, are what we see from the windows of passing trains, and a very interesting kaleidoscope it is. Between Clifton Forge and Charleston, a distance of 150 miles, it is one continuous game country. Last November, just east of Millboro, I saw from the car window a small black bear scratching for acorns on a side hill. Early in the same month sixteen deer were started by five persons at Allegheny Station, and at Covington one young buck jumped the hotel fence, crossed the grounds and forded the Jackson's River, and was killed by druggist Ritsch. Dunlap's

Creek, three or four miles up, is a good place to find deer, and as for wild turkeys they are very abundant in the eastern part of West Virginia near Dowell. Brook trout are caught in considerable numbers in Falling Springs Creek, Anthony's Creek, Cherry River, the Quinnamont and various other branches, runs and creeks, as the smaller water courses are designated in these parts, all within easy reach of Covington by railroad or wagon; and black bass are abundant in Jackson's River and Dunlap's Creek on the edge of town, and in Greenbriar River just west of the main divide. These streams have been liberally stocked and are protected.

On the first of July the close time limit expired, and everyone in Covington went fishing, pretty much as they do on Long Island when the trout season opens. On that occasion it so happened that one of the guests at the hotel, who had a little attack of *Krankheit*, was unable to procure a doctor. Every physician in town had gone fishing! so that there is a proposition now to call close time on the craft, to prevent more than one being absent at once. By the way, isn't it phenomenal that there are so many anglers among the doctors? Look over Cassino's Naturalist's Directory and you will find a very large proportion of the names tabbed with an M. D. And what would FOREST AND STREAM do for contributors were it not for medicine men? Coues, Gill, Gordan, Bean, Merriam, Ellzey, Greenough, Henshall, Fottler, McChesney, Metcalf, and the host of army surgeons who have contributed to it from first to last? I suppose their success as fishermen is largely due to medicaments and occult arts; though I could never detect with my own eyes whether they used asafœteda or saliva on the bait. I happened to be out with a friend of one of them on opening day. A servant dropped us three miles up stream on Dunlap's Creek, and we were to wade down to the town. I tried it for a couple of hours, but the experience was more like a plunge bath than angling, as I caught nothing worth basketing. Hygienically, it is considered imprudent to remain immersed in cold water more than ten minutes. For my own part, I did not wade in above my waist; and my partner said that was the reason why I didn't catch any fish. When I left him, he was up to his armpits, making for a big rock from which to obtain a masterful cast. We were fishing with "mad toms" for bait; that is what the local fishermen call diminative bullheads. These and helgramites were the favorite baits, and very killing ones they are, as I have since discovered. My partner's catch that day was fifteen.

When I reached the Intermont I took a dry rub and a cup of coffee, than which there is no better this side of Delmonico's. By the way, several of the waiters there are graduates of Hampton, who served soup or fishes (*superficies?*) or solids, I am pleased to say, with mathematical accuracy. I may be permitted to mention this, *en passant*, by way of encouragement to the Hampton faculty.

Wading waist-deep or up to one's neck in a running stream, where the bottom is covered with slippery stones and obstructed with boulders, is no easy task, but this method seems to be the only successful one. The angler who expects to stand on the bank and fill his creel will save time by buying his fish in market. With several spare hooks stuck in his hat band, minnow pail filled with live bait and trailing from his waist by a string so as to keep the fish submerged and alive, and whatever fish he catches fast to another string, the angler goes into the deep water with the abandon and firm courage of a Baptist minister at an immersion. Hooking a "mad tom" by the lips, so as to allow it full freedom of movement, he picks his way out carefully over the stones and casts toward the middle of the stream. Then he waits. Sometimes he fishes the pools and anon the rapids. Both yield a fulsome reward, but the pools are the most prolific. Presently he feels a slight twitch on the line, which begins to run out slowly at first. The fish is not yet fast, but as soon as the line is taut and begins to run off rapidly it is time to check him. A slight jerk is sufficient to fasten the hook, and from this moment the bass fights and cavorts until he is lifted from the water. Your readers all know the play of a bass by this time, either from hearsay or experience. Put it on the string and drop it into the water, and it will continue to struggle as long as it has any life or strength left, and will often be found alive at the end of the day's outing. If the fish is extra large and pulls hard the best plan is to make for the shore and land it. Standing in the water trying to get a big fish off the hook on to the string may involve a ducking or the loss of the fish. These contingencies an old angler will seldom risk. A minnow usually does not survive the onslaught of a bass, but my friend claims to have taken four with one bait, and to have missed but one strike in capturing fifteen bass. This is a remarkable performance, and shows much judgment in letting him have the bait before maneuvering with him. When once firmly hooked a taut line should be kept on him, for he is apt to unfasten from a slack one.

Next to knowing how to play and land a fish, the thing most necessary is to be able to keep the hook from getting fast, for a lively minnow, especially a "mad tom," will make for under a rock every time it touches the bottom; in which case the hook may be accounted a dead loss, for pulling and jerking the line seldom dislodge it. If the water is sufficiently shallow, the angler may wade out to the trouble and release the bait, unless he should meanwhile slip into a deep hole and get drowned.

As a writer in the Baltimore *Home Journal* declares, the fisherman who can undergo all these hardships for a full day, and brave every risk, is entitled to a long night's rest and a sweet pipe at the farmhouse where he has left his store clothes and valise.

On the Greenbriar much comfortable fishing is done from boats with expert oarsmen, who drop down stream for any given distance, fishing all the way, and then haul back by rail or wagon. Portable boats of canvas would be just the equipment on these waters. I have heard of some strings of forty and fifty being made. Fort Spring or Alderson's, which are only a few miles apart on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, are the best points to stop at. The hotels and boats are good, and the guides understand their business.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

COVINGTON, Va., July 10.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, new edition, now ready, June 27, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Admires Mr. Avis's Grit.

MOBILE, Ala.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You will not find my name on your list of subscribers in your office, but every Saturday evening for the past two years I invariably make sure there is a dime in my pocketbook with which to purchase a copy of your paper while on my way home after business hours. I am not much of a marksman, nor am I a successful fisherman or very much of a yachtsman, but I like to try my hand at such pastimes and endeavor to interest my wife and boys in these pleasures and the contents of your paper.

I fancy I derive more enjoyment in reading the experience of others than from my own realization, especially such trips as Mr. W. H. Avis made up the St. John's River in Florida. I have often wished for the command of language and the ability to vividly describe human character, location, incidents and surrounding natural conditions, in order to give to others the impressions made upon my mind. Some years ago I spent six months living in a tent in Florida, with my youngest brother for my only companion. I have been over much of the ground Mr. Avis writes about, and a great deal besides. He gives everything true to life, without the slightest exaggeration. I can fully appreciate the amount of grit or nerve required to make one's first trip through a cypress swamp in search of a dog belonging to another fellow.

W. C. P.

Natural History.

TINAMOUS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Frank M. Chapman's advice to "W. O. B." in regard to the introduction of tinamous into this country is worthy of indorsement. The tinamou as a game bird would hardly prosper where Bob White fails to keep up his family. Instead of introducing a species for which I have very little respect, why doesn't "W. O. B." go to work and help *Ortyx virginianus*, one of the best of his kind?

While on a specimen collecting trip to the Argentine Republic in 1886, I had excellent opportunities of testing the value of the two tinamous most frequently met with, so far as my experience goes, between Buenos Ayres and Bahia Blanca. And first let me give my opinion as to their table qualities. Contrary to Mr. Spears's opinion, our party found both species, especially the smaller one, decidedly dry and insipid. We tried them every way, but found them always the same. Compared with Bob White, they are as a steamed buffalo chip to a Delmonico beefsteak. We ate them—when we couldn't get anything else. They were certainly preferable to an *asado*—you couldn't chew the latter. The birds I refer to were called by the natives *Perdiz grande* and *Perdiz chico*. (Mr. Spears and Mr. Chapman will kindly correct my Spanish; nine years makes one's memory rusty.)

The large partridge (*Perdiz grande*), as I remember it, is about the size of a Dominick hen, but shaped something like a guinea fowl, which bird it resembles both in flight and running powers. I never shot any save at La Tigra and Curumulan, on the line of the Ferro-Carril del Sud. Having no dog, we hunted them on foot. The *modus operandi* was: As soon as we saw them running ahead of us, we sprinted up to where we had seen them and then looked out. Apparently they ran about 30yds. and then flew, always giving us quite long shots. What they might have done with a dog to pin them I can't say. Once we had found out how poor a table bird they were, we never bothered them.

My introduction to the little tinamou (*Perdiz chico*) also took place at La Tigra. Around the fonda and station they were to be found everywhere, but not in coveys. Except in one instance, I never saw more than two or at the most three together. Generally they were equally distributed, one here, another there, and so on; just like quail scattered after being flushed. Their actions at La Tigra and other spots where we met them south of Buenos Ayres always excited my sympathy. Walking along in the grass, a little dowdy bird would suddenly start from a bunch of grass and *run* off in front of one; it never ran very fast and sometimes chirped as it ran. To get a large bag or even a dozen of these birds required a good deal of lung power if one wanted to kill them on the wing. They had to be chased before rising, and I know we afforded the Guachos who hung around the fonda lots of amusement when they saw the "crazy Englishmen" chasing such small game. They laughed at us most because we did not pot them on the ground. At Curumulan, Casey's estancia, where we were most hospitably entertained by Mr. Shoebridge, the manager, I saw the birds' actions before a dog. They had there an old pointer, liver and white, with a body like a barrel, swarming with fleas, but good-natured withal. This old dog would trot off by himself when he felt like it; find a bird somewhere near the house; point it and stand staunch for quite a length of time; then rout it up and go on after another. There was no question as to whether the bird would lie to a dog.

As to the flight of both kinds, that is a point also on which I differ from Mr. Spears, and I imagine that he draws his conclusions from birds which he found away from civilization, where they had not been hunted much. At La Tigra, Curumulan and such places they certainly made short flights, but at Chascomus and in the vicinity of Buenos Ayres they were far wilder and flew like bullets (I am referring now solely to the smaller tinamou). I remember having a very nice day's sport only a few miles south of Buenos Ayres during the month of June, '86. We found the birds as usual in pairs or singly. They rose often 25 to 30yds. away and flew far and strongly, affording us really good sport. Of course it was all open shooting, nothing for the birds to get behind. I can liken it to nothing more than a "walking match" at targets with the targets thrown low and fast, the flight of the tinamous being very steady.

Mr. Spears talks about tinamous in a "flock." As stated above my experience during four consecutive months right out on the pampas was that they were not gregarious when full grown. Like our ruffed grouse, they no doubt form a covey until well able to look out for No. 1. The only time that I met with what looked like a covey was during my second day at La Tigra. We had spent the day preparing the skins of birds killed the previous afternoon. Toward evening I thought that a mess of tinamous would not be bad, as the beef was uneatable. Crossing the railroad track in front of the fonda, I went to a spot where I had seen quite a number of tinamous as we came in the night before. This particular place was a deserted miniature brickyard where the bricks for the fonda had been made, at least that is what I took it for, although it may have been the ruins of some more ancient fonda. The spot was overgrown with thistles (the big thistle of those parts), all trampled down and by no means easy walking, but it was full of the lesser tinamous. The first one got up under my feet and looked small enough as it went buzzing off over the pampas. At the report of my gun others rose and kept on rising as I fired and fired until my gun got too hot to hold. All this time I had not walked a dozen steps from where the first tinamous rose. The dead birds were hard to find and I fear I didn't recover more than two-thirds of those I dropped. Now, if that was a "flock" of tinamous it was a mighty big one, as at a modest estimate there must have been twenty-five or thirty birds in that patch of old thistles and bricks, a patch not more than 20yds. square. My idea was then, and is still, that the birds were there for feeding purposes, not for conversation and good fellowship. Mr. Chapman's experience with tinamous on this point would be of interest.

As for natives scaring them to death, as reported by Mr. Spears, I cannot speak; neither did I ever see one feign death. It would, however, be no particularly hard feat to pick them off with one of the long whips used down there, as they run off to one side out of the way of a wagon. So far as I saw they didn't scare worth a cent at a wagon nor at a man on horseback, nor for the matter of that not much at a man with a gun away from civilization.

My vote is, therefore, recorded as against any introduction of tinamous with a view to acclimatization and propagation. The success of such a scheme would be extremely doubtful, although there is no reason that I can see why they should not thrive in any portion of the United States south of the South Carolina line. The pine lands of Florida would suit them to a T. But where would be the advantage? Who wants anything better than a bunch of Bob Whites before a dog's nose? Look out for Bob White's interest, and save the game of this country so that there may be some sport for shooters fifty years hence. I don't suppose I'll be here then, but there'll be others who would like to do some shooting, unless the children yet unborn are very different from those that are now figuring upon their first gun.

EDWARD BANKS.

NEW YORK CITY, July 17.

DO ANIMALS PRACTICE HYPNOTISM?

AS REGARDS those acts of the lower animals which appear to imply a high degree of intelligent design—of adoption of exceptional means to special ends—it may still be regarded as an open question whether they proceed from a process of ratiocination similar to that which would influence a human being under the same circumstances, or whether they are prompted by instinctive impulses. My own view is that every creature has a narrow intellectual range, within which his mental processes are as acute and active as those of man's; but although the intellectual grasp of the lower animals covers only a very narrow range, their nervous constitution is so exactly similar to man's in kind, and their emotions of anger, fear, love, hate and their instinct of self-preservation so precisely the same as in man, that in all those cases in which a defenseless animal submits to his fate without an effort at escape, or even rushes into it as described by your correspondent "V." in your issue of July 6, the most common-sense method for interpretation of the phenomena is, I think, to look for parallel cases among men.

I do not believe in the power of any animal to fascinate its prey by its gaze—that is, in the sense of charming it—but the gaze of a ferocious creature upon its defenseless foe at close quarters serves to inspire terror, which is greater the more sudden and unexpected. A deer running through the jungle and coming suddenly within a few feet of a crouching tiger stands paralyzed; the heart's action ceases. A bird seated on its nest, too, and becoming suddenly aware of a snake poised to strike, undergoes a similar experience; the hopelessness of escape paralyzes the whole nervous system; a man, unarmed, in like circumstances would undergo a similar experience. At least there are numerous instances where the heart's action has been arrested by terror in the face of impending danger. There are even cases on record where such arrest of the heart's action has itself proved fatal.

Where the danger is imminent, although not so imminent and sudden as to preclude all possibility of escape, the nervous system, although not absolutely paralyzed, may be so deranged by the paramount influence of terror that the creature is apt to lose its presence of mind, and to forfeit its chance of escape. A deer suddenly confronted by a tiger a few yards off, and afraid to turn, will bark and try to back away while the terrible beast crawls within spring of him. The mainsprings of action are more complicated when maternal instincts counterbalance or rise superior to fear. In such cases any combative creature, however feeble, will be prompted to assail the foe, sometimes so boldly as to put him to flight, at others so hesitatingly as to insure its own fate.

The case of the squirrel described by V. is more or less abnormal; most squirrels after getting up a tree out of danger are level headed enough to keep out; but one instance similar to that described by V., came under my observation just forty years ago, in South Australia. A couple of collie dogs I had with me started a little animal resembling a red squirrel; the little fellow was near a big tree, and ran up its trunk about ten feet, when it turned and faced the barking dogs, came down a foot or two, sprang, and alighted on the back of the neck of one of the dogs, and held on to his ear with tooth and claw. The second dog made a good attempt to seize him, but the movements of the first dog were so vivacious and erratic that he did not succeed at the first or second attempt; V.'s squirrel too probably attempted a similar feat, but the more active cat succeeded in catching him as he sprang.

It would be rash to dogmatize as to the mental processes which prompt an animal thus to rush into danger which might possibly be escaped; but arguing from the known to the unknown, from what individual men have done in more or less parallel cases, I am inclined to conclude that the unreasoning creature, unduly excited and thrown off his mental balance by terror, is unable to endure the

suspense, and feels impelled to do something to put an end to it. Byron forcibly illustrates this frame of mind in the words:

"And some jumped overboard with fearful yell,
As eager to anticipate the grave."

In the case described by me the squirrel was out of danger, for the dogs could not follow him, but that was a fact of which he had no knowledge. CHAS. F. AMERY.

The Plume Bird Traffic.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In one of E. Hough's always interesting communications he mentions that Percy Stone met Billy Griggs, and that Billy told him he "had cleaned up about a thousand dollars on egrets this season; had cleaned out one or two roosts and was then on his way to another that he knew of."

Now all this may be very entertaining to the general reader, but sets the blood to boiling in the veins of those who know about this devilish business. No man who has a right to call himself a sportsman would engage in this plume hunting traffic even if he could "clean up" five thousand. The plume birds of Florida have been thoroughly cleaned up and professional bird butchers are scattered all through South America.

Let us look into this business of "shooting out a roost." A few years ago a well-known literary man was spending the winter in Florida, and as he was anxious to get a few plumes for his lady friends he watched a roost at night, and when the swarm of birds had all got in he would fire both barrels into the tree, and of course cover the ground with birds; but as it was impossible to find the very few plumed ones among the dead and dying, as it was dark and the cover thick, he would go home, indulge in innocent dreams and in the morning go the tree and from the scores of useless ones pick up probably from one to five and leave the rest to rot. This is the sort of work that the political fools who compose the Florida Legislature have allowed to be carried on for years and have not yet waked up to the importance of stopping. DIDYMUS.

[Billy Griggs's plume bird harvest was not credited to him as a sportsman. Griggs is a professional market-hunter, and kills plume birds just as he does ducks, for what there is in it.]

The Deer's Whistle.

OKONAGON, Wash.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I should liked very much to have seen that herd of deer challenging, as described in FOREST AND STREAM of June 15.

When deer are tracking each other in running season and occasionally out of it, they make a kind of low bleating or blubbering noise; and just before coming together for fight they will open their mouths, run their tongues out and blow or whistle, and will sometimes keep it up during a fight. They often whistle when they smell a hunter and cannot locate him. They invariably move as soon as they whistle. Sometimes they will run back and forth a number of times, and will stop and whistle. This is done through the nostrils and is a different sound from the one made when in anger.

There is a notion among a good many that in the fall they rub the velvet off from their horns on brush or small trees. Yet this is not so; and I do not think any hunter has ever seen where a deer horned the brush, until about the time they separate in the fall. The skin covering comes from the horns when they get ripe, and will often be seen in strips six or eight inches long, and nature disposes of it the same as it does of the red hair in the fall. LEW. WILMOT.

A Capybara in Philadelphia.

A FINE specimen of the largest of rodents, the capybara, was on exhibition at the Zoölogical Garden yesterday. It is a very peculiar member of the rat family. It looks something like a prairie dog, only it is about the size of a small pig. One of its peculiar features is its feet. They are webbed like those of a duck, for the capybara is a water animal, at least an animal with great fondness for the water.

It occupies a cage in the elephant house and has a tank to bathe in as often as it pleases. It is not yet used to its quarters and crouches in the rear of the cage in a timid fashion, venturing out now and then to eat the vegetables which form its diet. Then it plunges into the mud-colored Schuylkill water that fills its tank and hides itself from view for some time. There was a capybara in the Zoo some months ago, but it died. It was much larger than this one, and like this was brought from South America.

This country furnished two nice specimens to the Garden last week. One was this capybara and the other an infant jaguar. It is a sleek, pretty looking beast, about a year old, and has a large appetite.—*Philadelphia Press.*

We are Promised a Horn.

LOUISIANA, July 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please accept my thanks for your thorough explosion of the duck egg fake. Your evidence is satisfactory.

I have been reading Mr. Hough's article on the horn snake; I killed one here two years ago; it was black, with red and brown checks about ¼in. square on its belly. The horn was about 2in. long, with a needle or sting in the end of it, which protruded on pressure. There have been several killed in this part of the country. I have requested some of my friends to bring me the horn if they killed one; and if I should have the luck to kill one I will send it whole to Mr. Hough to adorn FOREST AND STREAM'S natural history department. We don't believe here that it can "split a wagon tongue" or "kill a tree with its sting" either; but that the horn or sting is for defense, as are the fangs of other snakes. J. D. USHER, M.D.

Robins North and South.

MERIDIAN, Miss.—It is a pity some of those laws relating to the killing of robins could not be passed and enforced here. When we have a flight of them here they are slaughtered right and left. In my old New England home a boy would throw a stone at most any bird; but the robin, the first welcome visitor, or nearly the first, was held sacred. Yes, the whole family, children and all, would hasten to catch a glimpse of this sweet bird when the first note was heard from the neighboring fence. G. S.

Mink in New York City.

THE morning papers of Monday last announced with a flourish of trumpets the capture of a mink in an eel pot in the Harlem River, near the ferry below Queen's Bridge or about 210th street. The animal is said to have been caught by Thomas Brown, the ferry man. This is not unexampled, nor, we imagine, are minks very rare along the upper river shores. Within a year or two a man named Wagner, who keeps a fishing place on Flat Rock on the Hudson River, below Fort Washington Point, which is the old Jeffrey's Hook, captured one, and another was taken on the Hudson River at the foot of West 152d street. We have no doubt that mink are to be found occasionally in the Central Park.

Game Bag and Gun.

IN A MICHIGAN CAMP.

TO CAMP in the woods with what traps one can carry on his back is frequently attended with difficulties. But to live for weeks in large, roomy, heavy ducking tents is quite a different experience. The full measure of benefit derived from this mode of camping impresses itself on one during inclement weather. While the forest is bending to the blast and waves are lashing the shores of the lake, within the tents all is warmth and comfort.

In my boyhood days coon hunting was much in vogue, and many a night have I lain by the side of a log under a bit of bark for shelter, waiting for daylight, that I might see to shoot the coon.

But for a protracted outing give me three, four or five boon companions and such an outfit as is now stored away in my back room, viz., two 10oz. wall tents, a sheet iron stove, two stew-pots, two frying-pans, coffee-pot, buckets, table ware, axe, hand saw and small cross-cut for sawing tree trunks. Now add to this bread, crackers, butter, lard, potatoes, beans, bacon, salt, pepper, coffee, sugar, eggs, fruit, canned goods and any delicacies you choose, all securely packed, not forgetting gun box, and the trunks containing bedding and wearing apparel.

Follow this outfit as we take the train via Fort Wayne, Chicago, Milwaukee, Green Bay, Iron Mountain and pass Floodwood, Mich., to which place we are ticketed. Our conductor has orders from the superintendent's office, and in obedience thereto the engineer whistles down brakes and we slow up and come to a full stop four miles beyond the station, just where the work of Creator and the creature have united to form one of the most convenient and lovely camping spots imaginable. A beautiful little lake about a mile in length, surrounded by wooded hills, is just touched at its western edge by the railroad grade. Some person apt in speech named it Witch Lake. Truly, it had bewitched us, for we have come 525 miles to camp on its shores and drink of its waters.

Now the train has sped on, and here we are with our trunks and boxes, a dozen or more, containing everything we shall need for a three weeks' outing except what we knew we would find in plenty, viz., pure cool water, game, fowl and fish, and a pine-laden atmosphere; for are they not in abundance in the lake and the forest about us?

We have timed ourselves so as to reach here in the morning, and while we have the entire day before us a feeling possesses us as though thirty years had by one magic stroke been lifted from our shoulders; and a lonely tramp, passing from station to station, saw six coats dangling from bushes and six joyous, light-hearted men lugging baggage, cleaning away briers and erecting tents, as though in a race against time. A circular ridge, covered with a forest of pine, hemlock, live birch and sugar, forms a cove, the natural opening of which is closed at the edge of the lake by the railroad grade, which here is a fill some 10ft. high. This charming spot furnishes us not only shelter from the wind, but wood and water at our very door. Through the kindness of the railroad management only could we reach this spot, for there are no wagon roads nearer than two miles, and our baggage weighs nearly 2,000lbs.

So by noon six men, who thirty hours before were "chained to business" in their stores and offices over 500 miles distant, are partaking of a substantial meal spread on a newly made pine board table, while around the tent wall boxes containing a store of provisions occupy convenient positions. The two 12×16 tents have been erected end to end, and an opening made between, then the uprights lashed together. The front tent contains the stove, placed on a mound of earth inclosed by boulders or logs, and in a rear corner, so some warmth may penetrate the rear tent. There are also some rocks near the rear tent for hanging cooking utensils; likewise cupboard for the tableware, etc., made from boxes. The table and camp stools complete the outfit and leave plenty of room for the cook. In the rear tent may be seen three wide beds, made inside a frame of small logs, which are staked to the ground. These beds consist of hemlock boughs to the depth of a foot or so, upon which are spread from five to eight blankets or comforters, the most desirable place being usually found just under the third cover, for this is the first of October, and in the Lake Superior region the nights are quite cool in a canvas tent. The remainder of the rear tent contains the individual trunks, and is used as a dressing-room.

Dinner over, the volunteer cook for the day arranges the kitchenware, two others fall to with saw and ax, laying in a supply of wood, while the remainder of the party overhaul guns and fishing tackle.

Sign in the immediate vicinity assures us we have not far to go to find deer; and the big brown rabbit I shot with my revolver while lugging the first box off the railroad was very good evidence that we could find small game close at hand. So when the evening train sped by and the train men waved us a friendly salute, we cheered in chorus, while our self-constituted culinary god beat a tattoo on the dish basin. After some social games and arrangements for the morrow, we betook ourselves to our hemlock couches, and what a soft springy bed. Have you ever slept on such a bed in such a climate under like conditions? If not, you can't possibly account for a freak of old Morpheus which carried me, gun in hand, into the dense forest, where gliding between hills I surprised a doe feeding behind a log, and as she looked up blew the top of her head off with a snap shot, the said doe with one mighty bound over the log landing at my feet.

But that old Morpheus knew his business the occurrence of the day following is in evidence. I was brought back from my nocturnal outing and at the same time awakened from a refreshing sleep by the crowing of a chanticleer, and glancing through the tent door saw old Reuben cutting off a shindy and making the welkin ring with such lively cock-a-doodle-doos as would have ruffled the feathers of the tamest barnyard boss had one been in hearing. Ere the last gray streaks of dawn had left the horizon, we had breakfasted, and to Reuben's question, "What shall I cook for dinner?" the answer came, "Beans," which brought from the veteran George the camp song: "Beans for breakfast, beans for dinner, beans for supper—beans—beans—beans," sung to the tune Martin.

But it must not be supposed that George was throwing all of his energy into that vocal effort, for at the same time he was filling his cartridge belt, and as he slung his rifle onto his shoulder and departed up the railroad he gave us the encouraging information that he knew where there was a very comfortable seat in a leaning tree about a mile away, and judging from what he saw there two years before he thought there would be a deer along that way during the day.

As for Sam he wanted very much to kill a deer. Nat and Charley thought they knew where there were some hungry fish, and providing themselves with a lunch, gathered up their fishing tackle (incidentally taking their guns to keep vicious animals at bay) and started for a lake about a mile distant, reached by an old lumber supply road. There were plenty of fish such as trout, lawyer and perch in White Lake, but a ramble through the forest was essential to their complete happiness the first morning in camp.

Leaving Reuben in charge of the camp I climbed the wooded hill in our rear and was soon alone in the forest. Not alone either, for in my hands was a .38 Winchester, in my belt hunting knife, tomahawk and a supply of cartridges, and distributed about my clothing might be found a reliable revolver, a drinking cup, matches, compass and timepiece. No hunter could feel lonely when thus provided for any emergency, and as I glided along the ridge that skirted a beautiful lake three-fourths of a mile in length I thought myself one of the happiest mortals on earth. The poet who penned the line "I wish I were a boy again" expressed a vain wish; but the fulness of the thought comes near a realization to the sportsman when situated just as I was at that hour, wending my way over hill and through hollow. I here note sign where deer have passed along this path, or there nipped the tips of the soft raspberry bushes; grouse, that have been feeding from buds and bits of pine cone dropped to earth by the frisky pine squirrels, strut away and are lost to view in the bushes, or take wing as I approach; and the saucy pineys, how they do chatter and whistle, and race up and down trees and over logs, and sometimes startle me as they rustle the leaves just over the hill; it sounds so much like a deer coming my way. Once while standing on a log motionless, as a deer hunter must, one of those saucy little fellows came skipping along, and, taking me for a stump no doubt, ran up my leg, then nearly to my shoulder, and stopped to gaze in my face a second before becoming convinced of his mistake. How he did skedaddle when he found the thing was alive. Birds also come twittering around me, and as I turned my head to see what had become of one, I found it sitting on my gun barrel near my shoulder.

Presently, as I step foot by foot along a well-beaten trail, I catch a glimpse of some object in a hazel thicket. Rigid as a stone pillar I now stand, gun at my waist and cocked. There! something is moving, but I cannot make out what it is. See! it is coming toward me, gliding through the brush—one, two, yes, three deer in single file and not 75yds. away. Steady now, let them come. No "buck ague" here. Now the doe is out in the open, and following the trail turns her right shoulder toward me. Up comes my rifle, and as it reaches my face the forest reverberates with its report and the doe totters and falls headlong. Pumping the lever, I send a parting shot at the other deer, which have turned tail and dashed off through the thicket. I followed the fleeing deer only far enough to ascertain that I had not wounded one, then hung the doe, satisfied with sufficient camp meat and the knowledge that Morpheus had been vindicated. Crossing over to where Nat and Charley were feeding the fish, I found them partially prepared for the news, as they had heard the report of my gun. The prospect of bean soup instead of cold lunch, with a supper in which venison would figure as the chief course, overcame Nat's and Charley's sympathy for the poor fish, and they readily consented to go with me and assist in carrying the doe to camp. We made a litter with poles and lin bark, and lashing the carcass on to this, two men made very good headway with it while the third man carried the guns. So after much scrambling over logs and through brush, we reached camp in time to join our comrades at the dinner table. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

INDIANA.

Running Down Flappers.

ORION, Ill., July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Sidney (Neb.) *Telegraph* reports that "the boys are enjoying themselves running down young wild geese on the river. They are nearly full grown, but not able to fly." Is it at all probable that this statement is true? or do geese not nest on the Platte River? Also, is there not a law protecting young geese? O. B. JOHNSON.

[There is no reason to doubt the statement. The *Game Laws in Brief* says that there is no close season on wild geese in Nebraska. Might it not be an excellent scheme to direct against the Indians of the Platte some of the surplus of the indignation which has been misdirected in the Alaska Indian duck egg fake?]

Well, the Time is Coming.

MILTON, W. Va.—I hope I will see the time when FOREST AND STREAM'S platform plank, "Forbid the sale of game at all seasons," will be a law in full force in every State. If it is not made a law in a very few years we will not have any game at all. Just as the hide-hunter killed the buffalo, so are the market-hunters killing all of our game. Make FOREST AND STREAM'S platform plank a law, and all will be well.

In issue of July 6, "Von W." on spring shooting voices my sentiments exactly. All honor to the FOREST AND STREAM for exposing that duck egg fake and showing up game law violations. B. W.

ADIRONDACK NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Three deer have wandered about the clearings here for some time. One is an old doe, the others spotted fawns. When Freddie Spoll was driving his father's milk wagon one morning last week he saw them in Miller's oats. They were not greatly alarmed by his wagons jangling over the rocks, but stood with heads erect and worked their ears in a doubtful sort of way as they eyed the cans and wagon. They went over into Johnny Jones's woods and slept comfortably that day. At night they wandered on and away.

Down on the flats behind the house in which I am writing, about a third of a mile away, a deer crossed the creek a while ago. A dog was after him, but he was not too scared to stop and gaze upon the men who were working the roads. He was a pretty sight, they tell me. Horns with big nubs on their ends, being soft yet, wide open eyes and long, graceful limbs that quivered to shake the flies away. The little white tail bobbed up and down as the deer ran down through the lots to plunge into the still water. He crossed the creek and disappeared. The men stopped the dog.

We will kill a few deer here this fall. Up the creek are a lot of runways, and a dog started over near Little Black Creek will send the deer that way. We always get some—enough for six or eight messes during the fall. We would get more if the dogs were kept tied up now, and some of the men too. As a whole the woodsmen would kill a deer if they got a chance, but they do not approve of those who hunt all the time, or fish, nor do they do it themselves, excepting one or two who hunt and fish or trap the year around. It is these men who bring down on honest woodsmen the name "poacher" or "lout." They are hated outcasts who seine the cold beds and kill the mother partridges and deer in June.

I am told that five men were arrested at Mill Creek Lake on July 7. They were floating for deer and a game protector lay in wait three nights and at last caught them in the act. It is well. There is not a man who kills game illegally in this region but shakes in his boots.

"Yew can't tell 'most allus. Them pertectors is liable tew be sneakin' on tew ye 'most any time. I hain't a-goin' tew dew nothin' no more, long ez thar's a chance on gittin' intew sech a fix," is the way they put it.

It don't take more than two or three determined prosecutions to bring down the score of illegal game killed. There are woodsmen who fear neither man nor law, and these would kill anyhow, but it shuts off the sneaking trap stealers and trout seiners. An easy-going detective would learn a good deal about matters of summer and winter killing. I have heard it declared that a detective would get shot if he went around cold beds on certain nights when seines were being drawn. He wouldn't, though. The seiners are too cowardly. A boy here was losing traps off his line once. He watched one day and saw a trap taken up. The boy went down the bank with his gun cocked and talked to the thief. He never lost but one trap after that, though it was four years ago.

There is no fishing here now, but along about the last of August a few may be caught. The best time is in the spring, and then they haul them out on flies by the dozens—milk-pans full.

The natives do not fish much in the late summer, preferring to hunt deer, although some fine messes might be taken.

I was up to Moose River last week, staying at The Plains. I got what fish five men required, using flies on the cold beds and in the deep water, just above the natural dam of rocks, cut up chubs were best. I saw a number of deer and among them the largest doe I ever saw. She was long and lean. I wish her fawn or fawns had been with her.

A man who knows the Moose River region as well as anybody, probably better, said that the deer were as plenty at The Plains as they were ten years ago. Very likely there are as many, for the persistent hounding about the clearings and the hunting in the adjacent region have tended to drive them back to the deeper woods.

When I came by, two loons out on Canachagala Lake were having an interesting confab. Male and female I guess they were. One, the larger, would stand on the water erect and flap his wings, then he would settle back again and "holler." He would fly along a rod or so, splashing the water and flapping his wings, then again he would yell. The other one sat sedately on the water answering now and then and swimming at times toward the displayer. The last I saw of them they were swimming along side by side out near Watcher's Island.

The Holland Patent camp, so called, near the new outlet of Lake Canachagala, has been burned "by order of the Adirondack League," as the men who set it afire informed an inquirer. It used to be a favorite stopping place for hunters on their way to the river, but now the parties will push right through and get there the same day, instead of taking two days, as they formerly did. A day gained, and so much more will the deer suffer.

I never had such an utter feeling of lonesomeness as while rowing down the still water at The Plains. It was nearly dark. From down the valley a violent thunderstorm was coming. The rain drops pattered here and there on the water and sent out widening circles on the smooth surface. On my right dark woods overhung the river; to my left was a stretch of land covered with low ferns and marked with tall, gray pines stripped of their bark and jutting forth long, dead limbs. After a bit a start of wind ruffled the water, and the sough of wind-tossed branches made me shiver. It seemed to take a good while coming down that short stretch from the Pine Tree runway to the upper cold bed. The chuck-chuck of water against the bow of the boat was not a cheerful sound.

I walked up the path and saw the gleam of fire on the trees. A moment later I saw a 6ft. blaze spring out of a pile of green birch logs. It died away, then again leaped up. Back on the evergreen-tree boughs were stretched my companions, smoking, talking. 'Twas a cheerful sight. The rain pattered down on the bark roof, but did not sound so saddening. The sighs of trees no longer sent chills down my back. After a little I felt better, but even now to think of that mile and a half ride makes me shaky. I guess I must have been badly scared, or something.

I do not wonder that men have so much to say about the camp fires. I could write a week about them, I guess—the one up on Little Black Creek, six years ago, that ate down under a peeled hemlock back log and spread through a hemlock chopping (the first camp fire I ever saw). Then the one the night after I killed my first deer. Every stick they put on the fire, every spark and shoot of flame I seem to see yet. I was fourteen then. Then the ones that were wet and would not burn and those that burned too much and drove us to the open air, and the night we had visitors and the stories they told. One likes to think about them, to remember their savor, and feel again their warmth.

Three nights at Moose River it was cold, and when we stirred up the fire the warmth that came back into the lean-to was most welcome. The fog rose in dense clouds from the river, and it was hours before the sun next morning dispersed them.

I hated to leave the woods even though I live on their outskirts—the big woods are less than a mile away, but I would rather have them all around than on just one side.

I expect to hear from the bears any day now. The berries are beginning to ripen and back in the woods bear signs are plenty. The trappers are beginning to oil their traps.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y., July 19.

THE SQUIRREL HUNT.—II.

PRESTON, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The morning dawned clear and cool, a perfect day for the squirrel hunt, and after an impromptu race down the old road to quicken the congealed blood in our chilled anatomies, Morris and I returned to the hotel and found George busily engaged with a bag of Wheeler's apples, discovered while on a tour of inspection through the old barn. This windfall partially appeased the interior cravings of nature, so we girded up our loins and sallied forth. There were no signs of life about the house as yet, so Morris, assuring us there would be a substantial breakfast awaiting us on our return, proposed a short trip through the chestnut grove across the road. We ranged through the grove and returned, the trip netting us three grays, whose capture was not wholly due to the prowess of the bipeds of the party, for Keno, spying a big fellow on the ground, stretched his old legs in the race, and grabbed him just as he gained the trunk of an old oak. One shake, a sickening crunch of bones, and it was all over with poor bunny.

As we came out of the grove I had a beautiful snap shot at a ruffed grouse as he came whizzing from the swamp, and as beautifully missed him.

Reaching the house, we found Wheeler at his chores, and meekly listened to a robust lecture on (as he put it) the cussed foolishness of roosting in the barn like chickens, when good warm beds were free in the house—a lecture which perhaps was not wholly unmerited.

After a refreshing wash at the old wooden sink, we filed in to the well-laden table, and lost no time about it either, as after our twelve hours' fast (barring the apples and nuts) we were nearly famished. We immediately attacked the fried potatoes, ham and hot corn griddles, and as we sipped the hot coffee we listened to a somewhat revised edition of her husband's open-air lectures from the good lady of the house.

At last with a general sigh of satisfaction we laid down the implements of war and cried enough. We were full to repletion, and the table looked as if swept by a cyclone.

Well, breakfast over, the party, including of course Wheeler and his dogship, made ready for the hunt. We carried the climbers and a coil of fuse, used by Wheeler for blasting rocks.

Entering the grove, the scene of the morning's hunt, the deep tones of Keno, mingled with the shriller yelps of Shep, were soon heard in advance. We found the dogs at the foot of a lordly old chestnut, and a likely looking hole some 25ft. from the ground denoted the hiding place of the game. On went the climbers and up went Morris. The scolding and complaining from the interior indicated the presence of a whole family.

Comfortably seating himself astride a projecting stub, Morris dropped in a lighted fuse. A moment of suspense, a lively commotion in the interior of the tree and Morris yelled "Look out below there!" and out scrambled a bewildered looking squirrel, followed by a cloud of yellow smoke. As he paused a moment, as though to get his bearings, he afforded a good shot, and Wheeler blazed away lively, with no other results than to chip off the bark in rather uncomfortable proximity to Morris's head. As he whipped around the tree I gave him my compliments, with no damage but the loss of part of his bushy tail, but at the report of George's gun the squirrel came to the ground with a thump.

"Look out there below again!" called Morris from aloft, and out popped another smoke-grimed squirrel. Down the tree he came along the fence, and down the hill like a rocket, myself, Keno and Shep in pursuit, the dogs yelping like mad. The chase soon became too warm for him, and he took refuge in a convenient hole in the earth.

In my absence, the third squirrel had left the hole and was dodging about in the tree tops, George and Wheeler keeping pace below. I soon caught sight of his gray coat 'midst the leaves, and brought him down with a charge of No. 6s. This proved to be the last one in that burrow, and Morris came down.

The hunt was now directed to the west, where at the extreme outer edge of the grove lay a little ravine, lined on either side by lordly oaks. This ravine was a favorite spot of Wheeler's, where, as he averred, one had only to open the game bag and scoop the squirrels in with the gun barrel.

Well, we arrived at the ideal spot in due time, taking positions according to Wheeler's directions. Morris mounted a huge oak with a splendid looking hole fifty feet up, and we awaited results. A huge limb grew from this tree and ran clear across the gully against an immense oak on the opposite side, with a corresponding hole at the top. Well, Morris began the fuse act, and what fun we did have knocking them off that limb as they scuttled across to the opposite hole. The first one to make the attempt escaped scot-free, which fact was not due to any good intention of mine, but I must be truthful if (as the vulgar saying goes) it takes a leg. As he skipped across, Wheeler shouted "Nail him," and accordingly I threw my gun to my shoulder and pulled the trigger. The squirrel kept on and the gun spoke not. Shifting my finger to the opposite trigger, the same results followed, and the squirrel popped into the hole with a chuckle of satisfaction. Much chagrined I lowered the gun for inspection. I had forgotten to raise the hammers, which discovery was followed of course by an audible smile.

We now followed a rambling course across country to the Shetucket River—the large groves bordering the banks of that beautiful stream affording plenty of nuts and good quarters for the rodents. The walk of two miles was a very enjoyable one, now stopping to chat and rest in some pleasant nook, or, in response to a call of the busy dogs, leaving the trail to bag one of the gray-coated tribe as he threaded the branches above.

We in due season reached the stream and started west. Ranging along in its immediate vicinity in the first grove, Morris by two splendid snap shots knocked a large squirrel from the opposite sides of a walnut as they started for the top. We kept adding squirrel after squirrel to our bags, the capture of each being accompanied by the usual excitement, the yelping of the dogs, the hustling around under the trees, the usual chorus of "There he is, look out for him! he's on your side etc!" then the ringing report, then the tell-tale thud on the leaves.

Possibly squirrel shooting may not compare with the higher branches of the art, such as hunting the lordly moose or bounding deer, or bagging the whirring quail or metor-winged grouse, but with an ideal day, good companions and abundance of game, it is a sport not to be despised.

A laughable incident occurred in a belt of young timber. While passing an old decayed stub of perhaps ten feet in height, I threw my weight against it and over it went. As it struck the ground with a crash, a large owl emerged from the ruins and slowly winged its way up the hillside, passing so close to George's face as to nearly knock that astonished individual off his feet. In fact, we were all so startled that we stood like a lot of dunces and watched him out of sight, and then turned on one another with the natural inquiry, "Why didn't you shoot him?"

We soon passed a small clump of large oaks overhanging the river. Wheeler made the remark, "Those trees look mighty gamy." "Yes," replied Morris, "strange the dogs did not put up a squirrel there." We had passed well by them when Wheeler chanced to turn his head. "Great thunder, look a-there!" he cried, and wheeling about we saw two of the cunning rascals on a dead run for the largest of the group. Away we rushed to head them off from any possible hole that might exist in the old oak. Three of us arrived at the tree a close second to the squirrels. Looking back, we saw George hopelessly entangled in a mat of grapevines which had caught him in his wild rush, and there he hung, kicking and talking.

Helping George out of his difficulty, we camped under the tree. The only opening was at the end of a large limb, broken off 6ft. from the trunk and located 20ft. from the ground. Straddling this stub, Wheeler lay at length upon his stomach, and dropped a fuse into the hole, which ran directly back to the tree. A moment of waiting, then out scrambled an immense buck squirrel. Seeing no alternative but to jump into the river or over Wheeler, he chose the latter course, and with a mighty bound landed square on top of Wheeler's head. "Oh! let go," yelled Wheeler, as the sharp claws entered his scalp; and forgetful of his position made a wild grab at the squirrel, and in consequence nearly fell off the limb. His career was short, for as he bounded up the tree Morris's gun spoke, and he dropped. The second one tried the same game, but Wheeler dodged, and I soon disposed of him.

As Wheeler started to descend he in some way slipped, whirled under the limb, and there he hung, his back to the earth, with his legs and arms locked around the stub.

Never will I forget that picture as he hung squirming and twisting to regain his seat. We offered him plenty of advice as to how to gain the top of the limb, when in exasperation he shouted, "Oh, if I could only turn the limb over I would be on top anyhow."

At length, by some hitherto unthought-of contortion, he regained his seat and reached the ground completely exhausted, and now the lengthening shadows warned us of approaching darkness. We started direct for Wheeler's farm, where we arrived in good time, incidentally picking off a few squirrels along the route. The good wife had a bountiful supper awaiting us, to which we did ample justice, and then drove homeward in the twilight with twenty-eight squirrels in the wagon, and if there is anyone to say that we did not pass an enjoyable day I am calmly waiting for them to prove the assertion.

E. M. BROWN.

Louisiana Quail, Ducks, Wildcats, Coons, Deer.

OPELOUSAS, La., July 14.—I don't know what the prospects for a good crop of birds are, as I have not been around enough to find out. But I am afraid, though, that the rainy summer has destroyed lots of young birds as well as nests. Even as I write I can hear the old cock birds whistling their "Bob White" a short distance from the house. At this season of the year, as you know, it is a common thing to see the old birds in the roads every morning and evening, dusting themselves; and they are so gentle that they will let you drive within a few feet of them without their getting frightened.

I would not be at all surprised if we did not have as good duck shooting this coming season as we had last, for the rice-planting industry has been revived among the farmers, and after the crop is harvested in the fall the fields will be a great resort for mallards, which seem to favor the shattered rice over all other foods. Winter before last the rice fields were alive with mallards, and it was an easy matter to bag them. They would alight in a lot of grass and weeds, and all one had to do was to move a little cautiously in a stooping position, and he could walk them up like snipe. Last year there was very little rice planted, and the consequence was that there were few ducks in the winter.

The favorite sport out here in the country now seems to be wildcat hunting with hounds, and that truly Southern nocturnal sport (?) known as "coon hunting." The thickets hereabouts seem to produce an inexhaustible supply of the species of the feline tribe above referred to, and some of my country friends manage to have a little sport once in a while.

Not long ago a negro from the western portion of the parish captured and brought to town a pair of young cats of the stump-tail species. They are in a large wire cage, and are on exhibition at Dr. J. E. Shute's drugstore,

They are a little larger now than the common house cat, and are very gentle. They can be handled like their more domestic relative.

Reports from the swamp section of the parish say that deer are scarce this summer. This is no doubt a good sign that the deer are being rapidly done away with. They are hunted from one year's end to another, and no attention is paid to the protecting (?) law. They would have all been killed long ago except for the great protection afforded them in the vast forest known as the Atchafalaya swamp. T. A. JACKSON.

VERMONT DEER.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It was by just wanton butchery, as is described by Mr. Spear, that the deer were exterminated in Vermont sixty or seventy years ago; and it was done without even the pretext of supplying lumber camps with poor meat. I can never forget how in my boyhood my blood ran hot and cold with wrath and horror at an old man's relation of his brief participation in such slaughter. The deer were driven out of their yards, and then, almost helpless in the deep snow and sharp crust, were knocked in the head with clubs and left where they fell to rot or feed the wolves and foxes, for they were not even worth skinning. The sight of one such ruthless murder was enough for my informant, and he went home sick with disgust. This cruel work went on till, excepting in the uninhabited northwestern part of the State, where they had no worse enemies than the panther and the wolf, the deer were practically exterminated, though throughout the range of the Green Mountains thousands and thousands of acres of woodlands still afford them a home.

At first thought it is hard to believe that men of our own race, and of a generation so near us, could be capable of such savagery, or their kinder fellows capable of committing it. But we have only to look about us to see it in some degree still going on, and only to examine ourselves to discover the same apathy that existed then. Laws for the protection of fish and game are violated by men of high and low degree; and under cover of these laws men shoot at and fish for count and the shameful record is published in the newspapers without a word of condemnation, but rather as something worthy of admiration.

More disheartening is the fact that a plain statement in a sportsman's journal of the illegal and wanton killing of deer is met by attempts to ridicule and discredit it. If "Dick" was acquainted with the conditions that exist in the northern forests during the latter part of winter, when the deep snows and hard crust make it difficult for the deer to move outside of their yards and easy for men to make rapid headway on snowshoes, he would not have tried to be funny at Mr. Spears's expense, wherein he succeeds in showing only his own ignorance. AWAHSOOSE.

The Rutland *Herald* of July 17 tells this story of a deer's unfortunate invasion of that city: It is not every day that, in a city of 15,000 inhabitants, a crowd of men and boys have the sport, if it may be termed sport, of chasing and capturing alive a full-grown buck deer fresh from the mountains. Yet, strange as it may seem, such an animal was taken in H. W. Wilcox's garden on South Main street shortly after 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

It happened in this wise: About 1 o'clock, when South Main street was filled with men going to the Scale works, a workman at the Chase Toy works happened to see through the window a full-grown deer running through the lots at break-neck speed in the direction of Main street. The animal was evidently insane with fright, as he rushed through the fields, gracefully leaping barb-wire and board fences with ease, and rushing frantically through the Bates farmyard and market gardens and around about the outbuildings of the houses in that vicinity.

Hardly had the man at the toy works observed the deer and raised the cry of "Deer!" deer!" before the animal was seen by a score of people in the neighborhood, who one and all joined in a hot chase. Large and small, fat and lean, engaged in the run. In fact it was a free-for-all as hotly contested as many a track event. A man named John Barrett and a fellow workman were the first to catch up with the prize, who, evidently greatly fatigued by a long run and bewildered by his unusual surroundings, was soon overtaken and thrown down. Hardly was he cornered before he showed fight, and forming himself into a hollow square let his feet fly in all directions. Inside of two seconds Barrett had received a disabling blow in the stomach and was completely covered with black mud, while his companion had come off but little better. Before either man could recover from his surprise the buck was on his feet and away.

In H. W. Wilcox's garden the now thoroughly tired animal got mixed up in a muck hole, a corn patch and a barb-wire fence, and before he could extract himself from his position and gain the main highway he was pounced upon by three young men by the names of Fish, Shortsleeves and Ellis. But they had no easy time holding their captive, who kicked, bucked and bleated, and made every endeavor to gain his freedom. It is doubtful if he would have been taken at all had his antlers not been in the velvet, and broken and shivered at that.

After the buck had been strapped down he was taken to a box stall in Lester Fish's barn and released. Shortly afterward the news of the capture was sent to F. H. Chapman, president of the Rutland Fish and Game Club, and other local sportsmen.

About 3 o'clock Mr. Chapman, City Judge J. A. Merrill, S. E. Burnham and a *Herald* reporter went to the Fish farm to see the animal. After carefully inspecting the buck, President Chapman advised the men to keep the deer until it had fully recovered from its fright and chase and then release it. After supper last evening Mr. Fish informed Mr. Chapman that the deer was acting in a peculiar manner and he was afraid it was going to die. In company with Mr. Fish, Mr. Chapman and S. E. Burnham went to the barn, where the animal was found stretched out dead. A careful examination disclosed the fact that the buck had been torn somewhat by barb wire fences and that the left antler had been torn for about 6in. from the base upward. No bullet holes were found on the body or any evidences that the animal had been shot at. It is not known what caused death, but it is surmised that the buck died from fright.

Where he came from is a mystery. Mr. Chapman thinks that his appearance in the city might have been the result of "hounding," but of this he is not certain. A small boy who lives in the vicinity of the fair grounds says that he saw a deer in Dyer's woods yesterday morning. If this is so it is probable that the two are identical. Mr. Fish will skin the animal this morning, when it will be easily discovered whether or not he has sustained internal injuries, and if so of what character. He will then be disposed of according to law.

Local sportsmen are especially interested in the capture of the buck owing to the fact that at a time some years ago when the animals were almost extinct in the State they imported a dozen from New York and turned them loose on the mountains about here. These animals were procured by S. E. Burnham, A. W. Higgins, the late Martin Evarts and others at a considerable expense, and have now multiplied until they are said to be fully as plentiful as in the Adirondacks, from whence their progenitors came.

THE WOODCOCK SUPPLY.

WHAT has become of our woodcock is a question not very difficult to answer, when we consider the hundreds, yea, perhaps thousands, of miles those game birds travel both during the spring and fall migrations, shot and shelled the whole distance. These birds in their passage to the south to winter are hunted and killed as flight birds, which is perfectly legitimate. But the hunting and killing of the woodcock in his flight to the north to his breeding grounds is a crime not to be forgiven.

Your correspondent in your issue of June 29th writes that unless prompt measures are taken to save the woodcock from extermination, this beautiful and wily game bird is doomed to follow the wild turkey here in Canada on the path of extinction. As far as Canada is concerned it is my opinion that she has very little to do with the scarcity of the woodcock. In this locality (where I have seen more woodcock in one day than I ever saw in a month anywhere else in Ontario) with a few exceptions the same covers stand just as they did ten, fifteen and twenty years ago—covers I am sorry to say devoid of a single brace of these great game birds, except late in the fall, when a few flight birds drop into them for a day or two's rest on their journey south. It is hard to credit it now, but it is nevertheless a fact that not further back than 1885 I have raised in one afternoon in these coverts fifty woodcock, and that with very indifferent spaniels, no such dogs as I hunt with at the present.

In Ontario follow the Nottawasaga River from its outlet into the Nottawasaga Bay, south through North and South Simcoe, and we have 100 miles of the best woodcock ground in Canada, ground that used to teem with woodcock. This ground is black with soft loam to an endless depth, spread over with decaying vegetation and filled with an abundance of worms, and shaded by covers of briars, underbrush and small shrubs, with wild grapes and other clinging vines dispersed through it. This was the great breeding ground of the woodcock in North Ontario, and at the present time I am convinced that not a dozen brace hatch their young out in a season in this great extent of ground. Last fall, in the months of October and November, the woodcock were more numerous with us than they have been for many a year, all flight birds. Other seasons, by the 1st of November, all our woodcock had left for the South; last fall being so fine and warm these birds prolonged their stay.

A woodcock is a very easy bird to hit if you can get him in the open, but this is generally what you cannot do. However, on the 2d of November last I got a snap on a woodcock (a thing that I never got before in my thirty years' experience of hunting these birds). I was out on the afternoon of that day when I came on an old woodcock ground that had been chopped down some three years ago, and let grow up again with swamp willow and poplar to about 3 or 4ft. This low cover was very thick and close, there being about five or six acres of it. The spaniels, on working through this covert, raised ten large fine fat birds, nine of which I killed without a miss; the tenth bird, when I first started in, flew over to and lit in some high grass alongside of a rail fence. I left him for the last, but when I went after him he was nowhere to be found. These birds had nearly a quarter of an inch of fat on them, and were the largest lot of woodcock I have seen. A friend to whom I sent two wrote me that he thought they were as large as the English bird.

How far north the woodcock is found in Canada, or what his range may be, I am unable to say. I have shot a few birds in the northern townships of North Simcoe, that being the next county to Muskoka. I never shot a woodcock in Muskoka, nor have I ever heard of one being killed in that district.

In the spring of the year I have flushed woodcock and snipe together, but never in the fall. The snipe, I fancy for warmth and protection from the storm and cold, take shelter at that season among the swamp willows and poplars.

To the young sportsman who wishes to become a proficient woodcock shot, I would say, fire at every bird that gets up, if you get the slightest glimpse of him; fire when you think or feel he has gone. Do as the Irishman said he played the fiddle, neither by sound nor by note, but by main strength. Just so must you make many a shot at this game, taking all the chances of probable, possible and very doubtful shots.

Years ago, when the woodcock were plentiful with us, the season opened on the 1st of July. Then these birds were to be found in small clusters or families, generally composed of about four—mother and father and two young. How this came I do not know, as all the nests I have discovered in every instance held four eggs, leaving two young, or two eggs not accounted for.

About the first week in August these birds commenced to disappear, leaving behind just an odd on or two, and reappearing again in numbers about the latter end of September. Where the woodcock go to during the moulting season is, I know, a thrashed out question, but it will always be a puzzle to me, as I never succeeded in thrashing it out satisfactorily; in fact, in all my searches I never got the slightest inkling as to where the birds were.

When the woodcock were plentiful, so also were the wild pigeons; I could always when out in the covers kill half a dozen or a dozen young pigeons without the slightest trouble. I cannot bring myself to believe that the complete extermination of the wild pigeon is owing altogether to the netting and killing in the rookeries of these birds. I am of the opinion that disease of some kind must have had a good deal to do with such a total extermination as the wild pigeon has suffered There must be numerous places quite inaccessible to man where these birds could and did hatch their young that would have prevented the bird from becoming extinct.

COOKSTOWN, Ont. HENRY B. NICOL.

DEER HUNTING ON THE CHOWAN.

WE had been bird shooting several days last autumn in the Chowan country with varying success, and on at least one occasion down by the river had seen marks of deer, although they were some days old.

There had been a good deal of talk about deer and various ways suggested to secure one. We had tried one of them; that was to carry our right hand vest-pocket full of buckshot shells to load the gun when passing through a thicket where birds were not to be found. This brought no success and was a nuisance as well, although we were frequently told of a young man in the locality who had shot several deer that way.

Another way suggested was to secure a deer in Washington on the homeward trip, where Virginia venison is sold to returning sportsmen at 30 cents per pound.

We finally decided to spare a day from the quail and organize a hunt. The day came, or rather the darkest hours before daylight, and we looked out to find the cover all soaking wet.

However, the mules hitched, we drove on to the meeting place, but the driver and dogs failed to appear. Our friends fortunately owned several hounds of deer-hunting breed and we journeyed on, bouncing over the rough road in the old Tennessee wagon, making enough noise to drive all the deer out of the county.

After passing the forks of the road, several miles nearer home than the selected hunting grounds, we halted. Mr. Lehry, owner of the hounds, alighted, leaving his unloaded gun in the wagon, approached the fence, looked sorrowfully at the wet underbrush, and threw in a stick to encourage the hounds, when almost from under it up jumped a deer and slipped cat-like into thicker cover, from which it appeared in view for an instant as the voices of the now excited dogs broke forth.

There was excitement for a few minutes. The mules were run into the pines and left to look after the wagon themselves. Tom caught his pointer, which had followed us, now terribly excited and bewildered, and stuffed him in my new dog crate, where he made himself useful by chewing at the door.

Mr. Lehry drove to a well-known crossing in the opposite direction from which the deer ran. My brother-in-law (the fellow who had brought us into the muss), now the most excitable of us all, ran to the forks of the road and then up the one toward home, running two sides of the triangle to the deer's one. The deer came out ahead.

We then spread out along the road some hundred yards apart and quieted the pointer in the box and the mules in the woods. In fact, we made every preparation to kill the deer should it return; and stood there quietly while a cool drizzling rain came tumbling down. The deer, it never came back. But Mr. Lehry, a hunter of experience, said it would two or three days later, as it had not been scared much.

It may be well to state that the deer, after crossing the road to which my brother-in-law was running and where jumping the fence it nearly alighted on a man walking along without a gun, journeyed through the woods some miles to an old strawfield, acres in extent, then no doubt recollecting that it had played there many a time when it was young, circled round and round over the same track until the hounds had become bewildered or were led to apprehend that the deer were combining for dangerous motives. It then retired to the deep recess of a large swamp to rest its weary limbs and smile with others of its kind at those fellows from the North.

The hunt being up, as the long drawn calls of Mr. L.'s horn indicated, we returned homeward, stopping at a cornfield in sight of the house, and soon found a covey, which the pointer stood. The birds arose, but before they reached the pine thicket we killed several of their number, which in part allayed our thirst for the blood of the deer that we didn't get.

Then we walked over the fields to the house and to our dinner. EDGAR J. PARKER.

In Indian Territory.

LOCO, I. T., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I often read in your paper of men who walk all day and at night return almost or quite empty-handed. Then I think that we who live on this frontier have little cause to complain of a scarcity of game. In our immediate vicinity there is very little of the larger varieties of game, although we occasionally hear of some one killing a deer or turkey. Only a few miles north of our little town, in the foothills of the Arbuckle Mountains, are quite a number of deer and turkeys; and occasionally a wildcat or panther is found. But the latter are very rare even in this wild and rough country. Of the smaller varieties, we have an abundance of quail and squirrels, while of rabbits "the woods are full of them." Prairie chickens nest here; and no matter how severe the weather, remain in large flocks all winter.

Any one used to shooting can take his dog and gun and in a few hours' time kill all the game he wants. The only drawback to the visiting sportsman would be a lack of hotel accommodations. There are, however, some towns along the Rock Island Railroad that are very well supplied with hotels. There are no "posted" signs and no opposition to be met with by shooters in these parts, and every one generally shoots where and when he pleases. In winter the quail retreat to the dense thickets of dogwood and green-brier that abound here; this makes hunting them very difficult. I have lost many a fine old Bob White by his falling in vines so thick that I could never reach him.

There is an article in the Indian code making it a misdemeanor for any one not a native to kill and ship game from the Territory. It is, however, very little regarded, as there are shippers located at different points who not only ship, but advertise their business in the local papers. As a result there are men who follow netting quail and shooting deer and turkeys as an occupation during the winter months. This, if persisted in, will soon do the business for us, and if the country ever does become the property of the white man he will find very little in the way of game to "protect," and nothing for the true and law-loving sportsman but the depleted haunts and the sad recollection of what this now excellent game country once was. W.

THE ADIRONDACK DEER SUPPLY.

PORT RICHMOND, N. Y., July 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It gave me pleasure to read the published letter of Mr. J. C. Allen, dated at Blue Mountain Lake, relating to the increase of deer in the Adirondacks.

For the past five years the daily papers and the sportsmen's journals have been publishing reports of the annual diminution of the numbers of deer in the Adirondacks, and predicting their early and untimely extinction unless protection was soon afforded them. The first article was probably written by some person for whose idle hands and brain Satan found nothing worse to do. The others took their cue readily and filled space with like matter for lack of other ways of employing their time.

Let these stay-at-home, closet writers go to the woods. Let them take pack-baskets upon their shoulders and rifles in hand and tramp over hill and dale, through watercourse and ravine, in the Adirondacks from the Boreas River to Chateaugay Lake.

They will see deer, deer, at every point along their route, springing from their leafy beds in the early morn, startled from their noonday rest in the shady forest lanes, and as one paddles silently on the little ponds and lakes which dot the Adirondacks in confusing numbers the stalwart buck and timid does will raise their heads from the lilypads and gaze at the strange intruder with frightened eyes. Yes, there are deer in the Adirondacks, and will be for many, many years.

It has been my good fortune for the past ten years to spend a month or two in this beautiful mountain country during the last days of summer and the early fall. I have met some of the guides whose names have become almost as famous as their native hills, and I have formed an intimate acquaintance with the lakes and streams and ponds, the birds and the beasts and the fishes, so I may also vouch for the increase of deer in the Adirondacks; my voucher not founded alone upon personal observation, but also upon the statements of natives and guides, whose opportunity for observation is of the best.

It was not my purpose when I began this letter to stir up again the much mooted question of hounding. The position of FOREST AND STREAM upon this question is too well known to admit of discussion, but let me say this: If the attention of sportsmen was drawn from this little iniquity (if such it be) of hounding deer to the greater evil, namely, the crusting of deer and consequent destruction of whole yards by this mode of hunting, such investigation might be productive of good and show to your readers and Adirondack sportsmen that hounding deer is not quite as bad as it is painted, and that other and more necessary work can be done than trying to prohibit this form of sport. EDWARD SIDNEY RAWSON.

The South Dakota Game Law.

FARGO, N. D., July 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following note, taken from a St. Paul paper, outlines the condition of the South Dakota game laws at present:

"At the last session of the North Dakota Legislature a law was passed providing for a license fee of $25 for non-residents who desire to shoot at game within the borders of the State. A test case was made up, and a couple of days ago the Supreme Court of North Dakota decided that the law could not go into effect prior to the Governor's proclamation, which cannot be issued until the codes are published. Railroad officials, sportsmen and others interested in this matter state that the contract for printing the codes has not yet been let, and that, as the printers have at least ninety days in which to turn it out, the law will not be effective before Oct. 15. Good legal authority in North Dakota says it will not become effective before Dec. 1. Besides, the constitutionality of the law is questioned, and a test case will probably go through the courts next year to ascertain the merits of the claim that it discriminates against citizens of outside States. Many hunters from Minnesota go there every year. The Northern Pacific and other railroads have received information that the chicken crop this year will be unusually large, and that the season promises to be in every respect satisfactory."

You will see that the new game law will not be effective this season but the old law will remain in force and be observed.

It has been commonly reported that Minnesota would require all sportsmen of North Dakota and other States having a hunters' license law to pay a license of $25 for a permit to hunt in that State. The game and fish laws of Minnesota, approved April 5, 1895, as compiled and issued by the State board of game and fish commissioners, do not contain any such provision or restriction, and I have reliable information that such a measure was introduced in the last Minnesota Legislature, but did not receive the Governor's approval and failed to become a law.

C. E. R.

Illegal Game Seizure.

[*Special Dispatch to Forest and Stream.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., July 22, 1895.—The notorious Merritt Cold Storage House, at Kewanee, Ill., was yesterday raided by game warden Blow. The entrance of the officers was at first resisted, but after they succeeded in getting in, three hundred illegal game birds were seized. The evidence on which the raid was based was secured by means of a decoy letter. This house has long been known as handling illegal game, but there is now every reason to believe that the matter will be brought before the courts. E. HOUGH.

They Sprint on Snowshoes.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If Mr. Dick, of Hartford, will go and borrow his Uncle Harry's three-year-old heifer next winter and drive it into a six-foot-deep Connecticut snowdrift, he will understand how Adirondack lumbermen are able to overtake deer. Adirondack snow in the woods is not a miserly foot or so in depth on the level, like that Dick is acquainted with, but lies 5 and 6ft. deep for two or three months every winter.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Canvas Boats.

LODI, O.—We wish to add our opinion in favor of canvas boats to that of E. R. E., having used an Acme No. 2 (12ft.×45in.) for the past two seasons. We prefer the canvas to any wooden boat we can ever find, on account of its lightness for the amount of space. Would advise sportsmen to get a size larger, as it will enable them to carry a good sized camping outfit and three persons. The No. 2 is roomy enough for two and a light camping outfit. We soon discarded the camp stools as too small and easily upset, and we use in their places Kahnewalle's life preservers with sacks filled with leaves or straw, which make very comfortable seats.

In the stern, which is V shaped, we place the life preserver upright and place cushion on bottom of boat, the life preserver forming a nice arm chair as it were for the back and arms, discounting any hard boat seat. With comfortable tent, Acme boat, Buzzacott's camp cooking outfit, blankets, and grub box well filled, we are quite independent in our wanderings after health and recreation. BUCKEYE.

Sea and River Fishing.

NEW ENGLAND ANGLERS.

C. A. TAFT and H. F. Woodmancy, of Whitinsville, Mass., will leave in a few days for Flagstaff, Me. Mr. Taft has a fine camp near that place, which he generally visits two or three times each season, taking with him a few friends. They will stay this time about two weeks, and will fish for trout. The camp is only a short distance from Spencer Stream and several good ponds, and on this trip Mr. Taft will try some new brooks, which he is quite confident will provide good sport. Parker Pond, one of the greatest places for deer in that section of Maine, is only a short distance away, and frequent trips are made over there to look them over. Mr. Woodmancy killed a moose while at the camp last fall, and the entire party who were with him at the time had good shooting.

C. T. C. Whitcomb, of Wakefield, Mass., left on Saturday last for a visit to Conway Lake, N. H. He will devote the trip to bass fishing, and feels confident of success, as he made a trip last year to the same place with excellent results, getting a number up to 3 and 4lbs. in weight.

Although only just returned from King and Bartlett, where he had three weeks of good fishing, F. H. Talcott, of Boston, is still thirsting for more glory, and in company with Mrs. Talcott and a friend from Worcester made a trip to Braintree Great Pond a few days ago after bass. One lusty fellow of 4½lbs. and several lighter weights repaid their efforts, and the trip was enjoyed well enough to bear repetition in the near future.

A Michigan man stopping in Boston over the Christian Endeavor convention tells me a story of fishing near his home on the shores of Lake Michigan across from Milwaukee, which is quite interesting. Black Lake, a body of water which makes in from the big lake, is the place described, and he says the white bass (a fish new to me) come in there from the deep water of the big lake in schools, immense numbers covering the surface of the small lake at times, jumping and feeding on the surface, so as to make a wonderful sight. They run from 1½ to 2lbs. in weight, and resemble a black bass in every respect but the color. When they are schooling in that way the fishing is fine, and large numbers are taken by the natives, who go out after them in force. The small channel connecting the two larger bodies of water is also a favorite place to fish for them, and he assures me that no better sport can be had than to stand at this point and cast with a short, light rod after them as they are passing through.

President Franklin Carter, of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., and his son have gone on a salmon fishing trip to the St. Marguerite River in Canada. They will fish the stream during August, and although it seems quite late in the season, they had such a satisfactory trip last year at the same time that they naturally expect to do well now. Mr. Carter is a great friend of Prof. Sewall, of Braintree, Mass., who fishes the same river, and who will probably be there during a part of August. Prof. Sewall has been very successful on the river in past seasons, and is, I believe, a member of the Marguerite Club.

The Megantic Club limit of membership (300) has been reached and hereafter applicants will have to register their names on the waiting list just started and take their turn. The club is having a prosperous season, and reports of good fishing are brought to Boston by returning members. W. A. McLeod, a director and one of the club's attorneys, left on Friday to spend some weeks on the preserve, and Dr. George Ainsworth, of Boston, has sent his family on ahead to the club house, intending to follow them early in August.

H. H. Pray, of Boston, is following his custom of the past few seasons by camping out on the shores of Lake Cochituate, within twenty miles of the city. He is very pleasantly situated at the lake and has already had some excellent bass fishing, landing one a few days ago that weighed 4½lbs. Very large perch are often taken at Cochituate, and Mr. Pray speaks highly of their gamy qualities.

Prof. Eben H. Davis, of Chelsea, Mass., principal of all the public schools of that city, and Mr. Ambrose, of New York, will soon leave to spend the month of August at their camp near the head of the Narrows, Richardson Lakes, Maine. The camp was built last season, and is jointly owned by the two gentlemen. Mr. Chas. Stevens, of Boston, who owns camps at the same place, will leave the city July 25 to stay until October. Mr. Stevens was down there last fall in company with his nephew, and together they killed several deer on the trip. He likes the Rangeley region very much; so well, in fact, that he often goes down in the spring before the ice goes out.

A. B. F. Kinney, Worcester, Mass.; W. H. Smith, Springfield, Mass., and V. A. Cooper, D.D., of Boston, have left for Camp Cooper, situated on Upper Wilson Pond, six miles from Moosehead Lake. This makes the twentieth year that Messrs. Cooper and Kinney have visited that vicinity together. There are two ponds connected, one called the Lower and the other the Upper Wilson, and both usually furnish good trout fishing. These gentlemen have taken them up to 3½lbs. in weight, and always feel sure of good fishing. They will be away four weeks, and may go to Roach's River before returning.

Robert E. Strahom and C. A. Strahom, of Boston, and W. B. Waters, Fred, James and Chas. H. James, of Chicago, will leave the latter city on Aug. 1 for an extended trip into the Big Horn and Yellowstone Park country. They expect to be there about six weeks, and the trip will be entirely a camping affair. Sheridan, Wyo., at the base of the Big Horn Mountains, is the place at which they will outfit for the trip. Fishing and shooting will be the features, and they expect to get plenty of both. Mr. R. E. Strahom has been making an annual trip through the Western wilds for nineteen years, and has had volumes of pleasant experiences during that time. Last winter he entertained the members of the Appalachian Club in Boston with the story of one of his trips into the interior of British Columbia. Mr. Waters has accompanied him several times. After the present trip is completed Mr. Strahom will go on to the Pacific coast, where he will fish for trout in the Spokane River and Lake Chelen, and for silver salmon (as they are called there) at Bellingham Bay, on Puget's Sound.

The cottagers along the north shore are beginning to find the tautog rather plentiful. A number of good strings have been taken, but the heaviest fishing is not due until the middle of August. C. H. Dillaway, Jr., of Boston, is summering at Rockport, and has captured seventeen during the last two weeks. The largest weighed 7lbs., the next 5lbs., and balance from 3 to 4lbs. Last season he caught one of 10½lbs., and in one day took twenty-four off Eastern Point, Gloucester, the achievement making him high line for the season.

HACKLE.

SUSQUEHANNA BASS.

RIVER in good condition. Fishing fair. A number of bass being caught.

The Tucquan Club of Lancaster is having its annual outing at York Furnace, on the Port Deposit Railroad. Among those enjoying the week at this delightful camp are: Maj. Muhlenberg and Gen. Stanton, of Washington; Messrs. Fridy and Seitz, of Mountville; Rhodes, of Pottsville; Raub, Hartman, Reinoehl, Apple, Cochran, Demuth, Stahm, Heinitz, Shirk, Hassler, Rev. Hooper, Kendig, Riddle, Herr and Wiley, from Lancaster.

The camp consists of three large tents and a pavilion. Caterer Payne, of Lancaster, noted for the excellence of his cooking, keeps the table well supplied with solids, fluids, luxuries—not gases—the latter being supplied by the more veracious anglers in camp.

A number of fish are being caught, mostly bass. The lady visitors to York Furnace praise highly the attention paid them. The Tucquaners go home on Saturday, the 20th.

Crist Hoover, Bernard Myers, Sam Herst, of Philadelphia; Cliff Hipple, Squire McNeil, Squire Bare and others are making fair catches. B. A. BEAN.

BAINBRIDGE, Pa., July 18.

WELLSVILLE, N. Y., July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you an article taken from the Buffalo *Times* of July 15, which I thought might interest fishermen enough to put in your paper, as it gives points of Susquehanna River fishing. G. E. F.

The *Times* correspondent is Dr. M. M. Brown, of Buffalo, who writes: "For more than twenty-five years I have tested the bass fishing in the Susquehanna River annually. This tortuous stream of some 400 miles in length was stocked some thirty years ago with game fish, and as soon as the fish reached a legal size the fishing in many parts of this stream has been unexcelled. From Athens, Pa., to Tunkhannock the rarest sport can be had.

"One with a taste for beautiful scenery and possessed with Izaak Walton proclivities will stand in his own light if he does not at least once a year take in the rare sport and the most delightful mountain scenery along the Susquehanna valleys.

"The most enjoyable way to indulge there in angling is to float down from Athens or Tioga Point in boats as far as Wyalusing or Laceyville. Black bass of a weight as great as 7lbs. have been caught there. One angler, Jabez Chamberlain, of Wyalusing, caught three that weighed 16½lbs. A fisherman trolling near Hornet's Ferry caught six black bass with minnows for bait, that weighed as follows: 4½, 5, 5½, 6, 6½ and 7lbs. I saw seven bass caught at Wyalusing that weighed about 28lbs.

"I was of a party that floated down the river from Elmira, and we captured fifteen yellow pike, besides a large number of black bass and other fish. The writer and a friend caught forty-two black bass in a few hours, not one of them less in weight than 1½lbs. Dr. C. W. Brown and T. F. Brown, of Elmira, took a bushel basketful of large ones in a single day's fishing near Laceyville.

"The bait used commonly is helgramites and stone bullheads, known by the Pennsylvanians as clippers and tonies. I floated on one occasion with a party from Towanda to Wyalusing, and we caught some seventy-five large ones. The floating is most delightful, as the river is made up of numerous riffs or rapids, one or two in every mile. Between these swift-flowing waters are eddies, some of them very deep, in which yellow and black bass grow very large. One requires very strong tackle to hold them. A 4-pounder will tow a skiff for twenty or thirty minutes before it can be tired out. Frequently the writer has been obliged to go ashore and drag the bass out on the beach.

"The bass in the Susquehanna are the most beautiful of any waters. They are greenish black with beautiful light brown stripes. Their shape is also different from bass caught in still waters. They are much longer and shapely. There are no large mouth or Oswego bass in the river, so far as I know. All along the stream are lofty mountains alternated by narrow valleys. These mountains are beautified with white and pink laurels, interspersed with mountain shrubs in bloom, such as the dogwood, the mountain ash with its pretty red berries, and other flowering bushes not known to the writer.

"How can one fail to enjoy such a trip, with the keen appetite one has and the means of satisfying it on every hand? Sweet milk, buttermilk, fresh eggs, berries and home-made bread, salt-rising, seldom tasted in the city. Also an abundance of fried, boiled and baked fish, hot and cold. The best time is from now on to Aug. 1 for early fishing, and from Sept. 1 to the middle of October for the late season."

Ouananiche Scores at Lake St. John.

JULY 7.—J. G. Hecksher (one day's fishing) 84, weight 127lbs., largest 4lbs.

July 9.—J. Gamble (one day's fishing) 62, weight 103lbs., largest 4lbs. J. S. Codman (two days' fishing) 10, weight 22lbs., largest 3lbs. W. J. Schefflin (two days' fishing) 29, weight 56lbs., largest 3½lbs.

July 12.—J. E. Hecksher (one day's fishing) 45, weight 101lbs., largest 3lbs.

July 14.—G. W. Cottrell (two days' fishing) 18, weight 27lbs., largest 3lbs. M. H. Hulbert (two days' fishing) 16, weight 31lbs., largest 2½lbs.; 6 pike, 20lbs., largest 4lbs.

July 15.—W. B. Neal (two days' fishing) 44, weight 87lbs., largest 2lbs. W. Sargent (two days' fishing) 36, weight 69lbs., largest 2½lbs.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, July 18.—The fishing trips are not yet all over, though the height of the spring season has gone by. Mr. N. G. Manson, with a friend in the iron trade, have gone to Mr. Manson's camp on Upper Richardson Lake, Me. They are to be absent for eight or ten days, and will give the fly fishing a good try. Mr. Manson is well posted on the fishing in that part of the country, and is anxious to try certain pools in late July. He expects mosquitoes and black flies to some extent, though the worst season for these pests is over. He has Camp Leather Stocking fully fixed with window screens, so that the night time will be endurable. It is the daytime that the gentlemen dread.

Mr. Manson had very fair fishing at his early trip to his camp, from which he returned three or four weeks ago. On this trip he was accompanied by Mr. Ezra P. Howlett, of Syracuse, N. Y., and Mr. Luther Little, of Boston. The trip was a new one to both gentlemen and they were delighted with the country and the surroundings, but not especially pleased with the mosquitoes and black flies. Mr. Little has about decided to build a camp on Richardson Lake, a short distance below Camp Leather Stocking. But he is obliged to be in Europe a good deal of the time this year, and that is likely to delay his camp building.

Mr. H. A. Kidder, of the Boston *Herald* staff, with Mrs. Kidder and Master Henry D. Kidder, will leave on Monday for a vacation trip into the fishing sections of Nova Scotia. They will visit Upper Stewdiac, where Master Herbert L. Kidder has been doing his remarkable fishing, as mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM last week. Mr. Kidder and the boys are likely to find better fishing than the city boy who does not get away can dream of.

Mr. H. S. Kempton, also of the Boston *Herald* editorial staff, is back to his desk again after a couple of weeks at Winthrop, Me., where he has had a good deal of sport with the black bass and pickerel. He was hindered from his usual spring trip to Camp Steward, for trout fishing, and he has tried to get even with the black bass. For every trout he did not catch a couple of bass have had to suffer. Not that he regards two bass as equal to one trout, but perhaps the sport of catching the two may compensate for each of the trout he did not catch. He had all the bass fishing he cared for and took a good many fish, some of the larger weighing 2½lbs. The wonder is the amount of sport there is to be had in the fishing of those ponds, where twenty years ago only a few pickerel were to be found. Now sportsmen by the hundreds, from all parts of the country, fish the ponds of Winthrop, Readfield, Belgrade and Monmouth. To the credit of the Main Fish Commission be it said that all of this fishing is due to their exertions in restocking. It is a feature worthy of note also that more trout are being taken in nearly all of these ponds than was the case under the domination of pickerel that existed fifteen or twenty years ago. White perch have also fared better since the ponds were stocked with black bass. Commissioner Stanley has a theory that in time the bass will destroy all the pickerel.

July 22.—Better and better reports of black bass fishing are coming from Lake Maranocook, Winthrop, Me., and the adjacent waters. At Craig's Point, on that lake, there is quite a settlement of summer cottages, besides a summer hotel, which is well patronized. It is a resort considerably favored by theatrical people. Manager Harris, of Boston, has a cottage there, and so has Manager Isaac B. Rich. Mr. Harris has just returned from Craig's Point, where he has been spending a vacation with his family. Everybody he found enjoying the bass fishing. New cottages are being built and steam launches put in. An island in Maranocook, or in Anabesacook, the lake below Winthrop, has become something to be desired. They are rapidly being bought up and arrangements being made for cottages. The sporting and summer cottage interest is growing rapidly in Maine, but the one does not flourish without the other. A pond or lake with the finest of scenery is of no use without a fair chance for fishing.

Trout fishing in Lake Auburn, Me., continues. I have seen a letter to-day that mentions the taking of several fine trout from that lake; only the claim is that they do not rise to the fly freely. Generally the expression is one of surprise, with those interested in that lake, that the fishing has held out till so late in the season. But there is another and a worse matter of great surprise. The newspapers are full of it, and I have seen a gentleman to-day who is a good deal wrought up about the affair. The shores of the lake, in some sections, have been lined with fish for some days, dead and in a struggling condition. The dead fish seen have been principally suckers and perch, with a few hornpouts and occasionally an eel. The theory is that some rascal or rascals is fishing with dynamite; that the explosive is being put down into the water and the fish killed. The trout and salmon are saved while the poorer fish are not wanted and are suffered to drift away, and by force of the wind and the waves they reach the shore. This is the only reasonable explanation offered, and a bad one it is, if true, for a lake that has begun to be of much value to those who are willing to fish fairly. Lake Auburn is within a short distance of two cities, and while a good deal has been done in the way of restocking with trout and salmon a good deal has also been done toward enforcing the fishing laws, and it is possible that the lawless element has been offended and is seeking revenge.

The very latest dispatches say that Supt. Merrill, of the Lake Auburn fish hatcheries, reports that the dead and dying fish are the work of dynamite, and an investigation is to be commenced at once. At first he thought that it was disease, the ordinary fungus, that was killing the fish. But he has made careful investigation and found no fungus. Commissioner Stanley is reported as stating that there is disease in other ponds in Maine, but on the dead fish in and about Lake Auburn no disease is found. There is a poaching element in many sections of Maine that is not satisfied except with utter destruction of that which the law attempts to preserve, that all may share it equally.

Mr. Edwin C. Stevens is spending a vacation of two weeks at Lake Dunmore, Vt., where he reports good sport with pickerel and bass. Several good catches are already set down to his account.

A report from the Oquossoc Anglers' Association camps mentions the taking of a big trout by Dr. Charles Haddock, of Beverley, Mass. The fish is reported to have weighed 10⅝lbs., to have measured 28¾in. and to have been 16½in. in girth. The report says that the fish was weighed by C. W. White, of Boston, and Frank H. Lovell, T. A. Perkins and T. B. Mills, of New York. These names ought to establish the weight of the fish and satisfy those who every season profess to believe that the big brook trout of the Rangeleys "exist only in the imagination of untruthful fishermen."

Mrs. R. W. Bartleman, of Boston, with her son J. G. Bartleman, is at the Middle Dam, "Anglers' Retreat," this year. It will be remembered that they have fished for many seasons at the Mountain View. SPECIAL.

THE BIG UN.

I AM not quite done feeling good over it yet. I am not much proud of it, but feel like shaking hands with myself once in a while and congratulating myself. "There are others," lots of them, who could have done the trick and a whole lot more who could not. But I cannot find out that anyone ever did catch a trout weighing 21lbs. 10ozs. with rod and reel and in northeast waters anyway, not this year. "Laker," says one. "Togue," says another. Well, say I, what is that? and I do not hear anyone answer. He is a trout, a gray trout, nothing more or less. Good to eat broiled as any trout, not so good fried or baked. Not so handsome. Fights just as hard, but not the same way.

Now for the story. I started out fishing on what I call a poor day, too much wind and too cold. Orrin Templeton, my guide, had so little faith in our luck that he left his fish box on the wharf. We dawdled along, got a fish or two of fair size, but not much sport. Orrin wanted to go on shore and get a club for killing fish, which we did, and while there I overran my tackle and put on a new leader and a hook, No. 40 Sproat. We turned around Deer Island, and about two miles down the back side was moored a raft of logs. "We'd better go down there and pick up one or two, and sometimes you get a big laker here in Moosehead under logs like that," said Orrin.

We went there and caught three square-tails. Then I got caught on brush, and we moved out about two lengths. "There," said I "caught again. No; coming up, big root I guess." So I hauled away slowly, bending the trolling rod sharply. Then out came that head, one big eye toward us; like a flash he changed ends, showing a tail like a palm leaf fan (ten inches wide). "Oh," shouted Orrin, "there's the grandfather of all the fish in Moosehead." *Zee-e-e-e* screamed the reel. Orrin tore in frantic haste at the painter made fast to the raft. "Hurry up! Say, will you ever get after him?" I yelled. I have seen some canoe whisk in my time, but that one flew, bow out a foot every jump, rod bent all it could bend, thumb so hard down it was sore for days after; and in spite of it all, that whale was going with the line; the metal of the spool showed bright; my heart was pounding like a drumming partridge; only four turns left of ninety feet of line, when the tip flew up and I got a few turns on again. Then slowly inch by inch until we were nearer him. Down he went togue fashion, and he might have been a log, a rock or any other inanimate thing for fifteen long minutes. Then he started for the boom again, but played out and stopped, and from that on it was a twenty yard rush, a downward boring and a minute rest and another rush, until the end came thirty-three minutes from the first wild drive.

Then came the problem; a small net, and no more, to land him with. Orrin ran the giant's head into the net, leaned far out, ran his arm under the tail and stood the fish on its head inside the canoe, with about a washtub of water with him. I met her on the roll, or we would have gone over like a flash, and for once I was glad of my two hundred pounds. Then I stood up and if I did not wake the sleeping echoes from Mt. Kenio to old Katahdin it was not my fault, for I tried to with all my heart and soul. PINK EDGE.

IN CASE HE JUMPS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As I am one who has always advocated dropping the tip of the rod when a fish jumps, I may perhaps be permitted to explain why, as well as to account for the jump.

Ichthyologists at least are generally aware that the black bass has a parasitic louse ⅛in. long, which fastens itself at certain seasons, varying somewhat with the latitude, just abaft the gill rakers, and sometimes at the angle of the jaw, and also at the base of the pectoral fins. I have been led to surmise that the captive fancies the prick and tentative annoyance of the hook in like situations to be due to one of these persecuting lice, which he attempts always to rid himself of by jumping clear of the water, and he adopts the like tactics, too, in respect to the detestable water beetle so well known to all fishculturists. More than this, the incentive to jump is abetted and accelerated by the lift of the arching rod, which is bearing, all the time that the fish holds on to the water, a much heavier strain than the dead weight of the fish, because the fish is exerting its utmost muscular strength to break loose. The bass holds hard until his strength is exhausted, when he relaxes, of course; whereupon he becomes immediately conscious of a diminished tension of the restraining force, and forthwith takes advantage of the opportune moment to leap into the air and endeavor to shake off his tormentor. He will do this on a long line and straight rod as well as on a short line and bent rod, but the arch is an obvious power and encouragement. The shake may come either before or after the leap.

Of course the fish comes out of the water with his mouth open, and my argument in favor of dropping the tip at such a time is simply to lessen the strain on the line so as to prevent the suspended dead weight of the fish from breaking tackle or tearing the hook out, and not at all with the idea of circumventing any little scheme of the bass to cut loose by throwing himself on the line, which is all bosh and quite on a par with the fallacy of a trout slapping ephemera into its mouth by a flip of its tail. When my tip drops I do not observe that my line slackens sufficiently to make even a curve, though in conjunction with the straining rod it is momentarily relieved of a moiety of the weight as well as of risk to the tackle and of the hook tearing out from a hold perhaps already seriously impaired.

All this little exegesis, I may say, is outside of the recognized fact that bass not captive often leap from the water for other reasons than to rid themselves of lice, for they jump after hovering insects as well as for sport, and they jump when pursued by larger fish, and I have seen them leap the edge of a drag net by the score to escape being caught. CHARLES HALLOCK.

LEAPING BASS.

EAST ST. LOUIS, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* What a lot of cranks "we anglers" are, to be sure, and how we do love to talk and read of our favorite sport when we are "chained to business" and can't get out on the lakes and streams. Indeed, I more than half suspect that the pleasure of thinking and reading and writing our experiences over again is the principal reason why, when some one makes a crack, as Dr. Ellzey has done, we keep at him for weeks. And is it not a little strange that with all that has been said on the subject of "leaping bass" not a single witness has appeared to help the Doctor out, and assist him to establish his "scared" theory? Can it be possible that among the thousands of readers of FOREST AND STREAM there are none that think as the Doctor does? Personally I am very sure that the Doctor is wrong in this matter, as all my experience tends to contradict his theories. To be sure, we can never know to a certainty whether the hooked bass jumps from the water from fright, or whether he does it from a knowledge that in the air he is much more likely to be able to free himself from the hook, because the fish is never able to tell us, and we have got to draw our conclusions from the circumstantial evidence offered. But to me this evidence has been presented in such a manner that it amounts to almost an absolute certainty that the bass does not leap from fright.

Up on Lake John in northeastern Wisconsin, last August, my friend Dr. McMillen, of Alton, and myself were casting frogs for bass. We were in a boat on very deep water, out some 70 or 80ft. from the lilypads and grass that fringed the shore. I made a nice long cast, landing my frog just on the edge of the lilypads, and a slight raising of the tip dropped Mr. Frog with a pleasant plunk into clear water. Instantly there was a strong swirl, and a splash that I am sure I can hear yet when I close my eyes and let old memory work, and my reel did a merry tune and my line went for the bottom of the lake as though a keg of nails was fast to the end of it. A good stiff tug, however, seemed to have the effect of changing the mind of the fish, and up with a rush came a magnificent bass; and bringing with him a silver shower of pearly drops, he vaulted clean and clear over a projecting point of grass and rushes, which I afterward noticed came well up toward my shoulder as I sat in the boat, and I feel safe in saying were all of 2ft. high from the surface of the water. He then made a rush to the right into clear water, and as I slowly reeled him in he made four successive leaps above the surface of the water, and I as plainly saw his mouth to be open as I see this paper before me as I write, and I not only saw but plainly felt the rapid, vibrating shake he gave to his head and body while in the air.

Close to the boat, perhaps 10 or 15ft. to the left, was a detached bunch of lilypads, like a little green island, covering not over 4 or 5ft. square of water. As my fish came up to the right of these lilypads he made a last jump, freeing himself from the hook, and throwing it with the frog 3 or 4ft. away. He threw it sideways toward these lilypads, and not toward the boat, showing that it was thrown by the force of his shake and not by my pull on the line. And now the rather remarkable part of the incident occurred, and that which proved to me that this bass, at least, was not doing this jumping and shaking from fright. Finding himself free from the hook, he slowly turned his head to the weeds and then with a quick dart shot down 5 or 6ft. and under the overhang of this lilypad island. I was so chagrined and "riled" at thus losing a beauty after having him almost to the boat's side, where my companion stood ready with his landing net, that I just sat limp for a moment, expecting and hoping that the Doctor would kick me good from where he sat behind me, and while thus sitting I let my hook with the frog still on it slowly sink in the clear water, never for an instant losing sight of either fish or bait, when to my utter and never-to-cease surprise this bass turned and pounced upon my frog like a flash of light, and with every appearance of one who would say, "I'll eat you this time if you are full of tacks." And this time I landed him, and he weighed 5lbs. and a trifle by the Doctor's scales, and I sent the beauty along with a 12lb. muskallonge and a couple of dozen speckled trout to the friends at home.

Thus in one single incident I find refuted every premise or proposition of Dr. Ellzey. My bass jumped two feet from the water; my bass had his mouth open while out of the water, and shook his head, and shook it so "fiercely," if you please, that he drew the hook and bait several feet from him; my bass was plainly mad and not scared, for he deliberately turned and took my bait again, and that too almost within arms reach—right under the tip of the rod. A fish so frightened that he would leap out of the water five times in a short struggle would, on finding himself free, be very likely to make for parts unknown without lingering.

And if Dr. Ellzey can tell me how, with fifty to seventy feet of line out, and anywhere from thirty to a hundred feet of water under me, I can so play my fish as to keep him on or near the surface of the water, he will certainly confer a great favor. If the Doctor can do this he certainly owes it to the guild to come forward and tell us of the angle, just how it is done, as it will save to us many a big one which would otherwise free himself among the rocks, snags and weeds of the treacherous bottom.

But I trust the Doctor will kindly let us rest in the delusion that our matchless bass jumps, and shakes, and fights, with a clearly defined purpose of out-maneuvering us and freeing himself, and give us rather some of his experiences with rod and reel, for he must have a good store of interesting incident and information, having fished and so carefully observed such a large portion of our country.

POTTAWOTAMIE.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

REPORT YOUR LUCK

With Rod or Gun

To FOREST AND STREAM,

New York City.

NOTES FROM FISHING WATERS.

Correspondents are invited to send us notes of fish, fishermen, fishing conditions and fishing facts, so that they may reach this office on a Monday.

FORKED RIVER, N. J., July 18.—The weakfishing in Barnegat Bay is very fine. Guests from hotels are making catches of from 25 to 100 per boat, weighing from 1 to 3 and 4lbs. each. ASA TILTON (Lafayette House).

BARNEGAT CITY, N. J., July 18.—Bluefish are biting freely at this point. One boat on Monday caught 109 weighing over 400lbs. I. MOFFETT.

CRYSTAL CITY, Beulah P. O., Mich.—Black bass fishing O. K. here in Crystal Lake, with an occasional muskellunge and salmon trout. Speckled trout fishing in the Betsy and Platte rivers bang up. L. T. VAN WINKLE.

WARETOWN, N. J., July 17.—Taking from 50 to 150 weakfish to a boat, and good bluefishing in the inlet, only five miles away. J. H. BIRDSALL.

MANHANSET HOUSE, N. Y., July 21.—A party from Manhanset House with the old fisherman Josh Fournair, fishing off Moore's Point, Long Island Sound, on July 19, made a catch of 65 blackfish and sea bass, weighing 120lbs. The largest was a blackfish weighing 8½lbs., caught by D. B. Lyon, of Sherman, Tex., and it is said by the fishermen to be the largest ever caught in these waters. We also had three bass weighing a trifle over 5lbs.
D. B. L.

DINGMAN'S FERRY, Pike Co., Pa., July 19.—Never has the bass fishing been as good as the present. Mr. Stelwagon, of Philadelphia, returned from a morning's fishing (16th) with a string of 14 fish weighing 19lbs. On the same day Hale Jones and Herbert Whitlock brought in 25 weighing 33lbs. This was followed next afternoon by the Messrs. Coe, of Newark, with a string of 15, and Messrs. Jones and Stelwagon with 18, and the next day with a string of 35. Yesterday Messrs. Jones and Whitlock capped the climax by returning with 25 fish weighing 39½lbs.—one of them weighing 4¼lbs., the largest small-mouth bass caught this season. It is the best fishing we have ever had here.
P. F. F.

ROUSE'S POINT, Lake Champlain, N. Y.—I send you a photo giving some idea of a good day's sport up here on the lake. The sportsmen are Messrs. Holcomb, Cook and a guide. Yesterday Messrs. Denton Umford, of New York city, and G. Julius Rohr, of Montreal, took a fine string of bass in a few hours. Mr. D. W. Coon and sons, of Saratoga, N. Y., bring in some days from 10 to 40lbs. of fish. WINDSOR HOTEL.

BAINBRIDGE, Pa., July 20.—Fishing good. Harry Snyder took twenty-seven bass on July 19. Several reverend gentlemen of the town were out all day the 20th, making good catches. B. A. B.

SEA COAST FISHING.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now that the bluefish season is with us, a subject comes before me I had intended asking our salt-water anglers about at an earlier date. I refer to a small parasite which I have found on the young of that family, the snappers. Three years ago I found them very abundant, about one fish in three being so affected. Directly back of and partially under the gill opening was to be found a parasite or tick, in size nearly the same as the common potato beetle, though much less convex in form; in color a steel gray, with darker gray stripes. The tenacity with which they clung to the fish was remarkable. The past two seasons have produced but few of them. And I have never found them on any mature fish, neither have I ever seen them on any I have taken in the Raritan or Barnegat. They seem to be confined to our rivers here, the Manasquan and Shark rivers. I would be pleased to hear from any of our friends who may have noticed them, as it would be interesting to know whether they are entirely of a local character or not, and to what extent, if any, they affect the fish.

I have taken every variety of fish indigenous to our waters, and have never seen the parasite referred to on any other species.

Bass fishing has taken a set back the past few days, owing to the variable and light winds prevailing, comparatively few having been taken, and those of light and medium weights. The Ocean Grove pier seems to have had the call the entire season for both bass and kingfish, which may be accounted for by the formation of a great flat within easy casting distance from the pier, around the margins of which the fish feed.

The proprietors of both piers have reaped a golden harvest already from the eager throngs which have come from many States to lure the gamy bass.

Mr. J. A. Bradley has in preparation a magnificent gold medal, to be presented at the close of the season to the party taking the largest bass from his pier. At present the record stands in favor of Lloyd E. Marshall, of New York city, with one of 21½lbs. LEONARD HULIT.

Mussels Caught with Hook and Line.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is not unusual, in trolling in Little Otter Creek for pike-perch and pickerel, to catch fresh-water mussels quite as often on the line as on the hook, the shell closing immediately upon whatever chances to be thrust into it. The same thing happens in bottom fishing for bull pouts, to the disappointment of the angler who feels his line coming in heavily only to find a big worthless mussel fast to hook or line. It might prove a profitable catch if it occurred in the upper waters of the Winoski, where these mussels sometimes contain valuable pearls; but I have never heard of one being found in the mussels that inhabit Lake Champlain and contiguous waters. In trolling for pike-perch, bass and pickerel, the bowfin or mudfish, the sheepshead, the bull pout and the gar-pike are sometimes caught, the latter most rarely, though his nibbling, jerking bite is not infrequently felt, but the hook does not pierce his hard, bony bill. The yellow perch also is not an unfrequent biter at this glittering trolling bait.
AWAHSOOSE.

Here is a Black Bass Puzzle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Can you or any of your readers give a satisfactory explanation of the fact that in some waters black bass will readily take the artificial fly, while in others—under practically the same conditions—they seem to be so indifferent to its attractions as to make fly-fishing a very thankless task? Cases in point are Greenwood Lake and Lake Hopatcong, N. J., which are scarcely twenty miles apart, and where the seasons, surroundings and food conditions are about alike, while the natural conditions of the lakes for fly-fishing, viz., rocky and shallow shores, insect life, etc., are, if anything, in favor of Hopatcong. Now, I have fished both lakes very assiduously, and while in the beginning of the season I can always make a fair creel on Greenwood Lake, Hopatcong has invariably proved most disappointing. The bass in Hopatcong is as much of a surface feeder at that time of the year as his confrère in Greenwood, which is clearly demonstrated by the fact that he is fished for very successfully with the artificial bait spun on the surface, by skittering, bait casting, etc., but the fly he will hardly ever touch. As far as my experience with bass goes, he is not nearly so nice a fly discriminator as the trout, and as a rule it makes little difference what kind of fly you offer him, provided it be big enough, yet on Hopatcong I have tried all sorts, from the smallest bass fly to a medium salmon fly, and from the gayest colorings to the most sober and Puritanical hues, with very poor results. I have been trying to think out a theory for this waywardness of the Hopatcong bass, but I cannot arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. Can you or some of your readers throw a light on it?
PUZZLED.

Fun and Fishing.

WE have received with regret (that we may not accept it) an invitation to join in the fourteenth annual encampment of the Allegheny, Pa., Champion Hunting and Fishing Club. The convention went in on July 23 and will extend to Aug. 14. The committee sends us, perhaps not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith, these particulars of the accommodations and amusements:

ACCOMMODATIONS.

Seven hotels on camp ground—all first-class—hotels "Two Johns," "Scandrett," "Girl Wanted," "Nit," "Dago," "Never Sleep" and "G'rad' wie in Deutschland." Large dining hall, etc. Pleasures in season. Mosquitoes, gallinippers and other insects to be had six miles from camp (charges, extra). Skiff ferry across sixteen-mile run, under prominent sea captain's charge. Safe landing guaranteed. Passengers can have life insured before sailing, or have life preservers attached to feet without extra charge.

AMUSEMENTS.

Merry-go-round, toboggan slide, fireworks and numerous other attractions, by the members. Champion Hunting and Fishing Club brass band in attendance during the whole camp. Good fishing at the docks and hunting in the markets. Barn pheasants in abundance (in the cook house).

Game and Fish Protection.

The Work of the U. S. Fish Commission.

BY TARLETON H. BEAN, M.D.

[An address to the American Fisheries Society, June 12, 1895.]

THE work of the United States Fish Commission has been very forcibly brought to my attention by a member of this Society who is now assistant in charge of the Division of Fishculture in that organization. Having been at the head of that division for several years, and being naturally very much interested in the growth of the Commission, I was much struck by his presentation of this year's operations, now nearly finished. It is the climax of twenty-four years' continuous activity of the National Fish Commission, and represents, chiefly in the form of eggs, almost a billion in number. The totals of distribution of fish by the numerous stations not having been fully reported up to the present time, we will present the principal items in the form of eggs of fishes and lobster.s

EGGS OBTAINED BY THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION.

Pike-perch	450,000,000
Whitefish	150,000,000
Cod	120,000,000
Shad	115,000,000
Lobster	70,000,000
Lake trout	13,000,000
Quinnat salmon	4,500,000
Flatfish	4,000,000
Brook trout	1,500,000
Rainbow trout	1,250,000
Steelhead trout	1,000,000
Atlantic salmon	200,000
Landlocked salmon	180,000
Total	930,630,000

Besides the above output of eggs, the Commission has distributed 70,000 young rock bass and 30,000 black bass ranging from 4in. in length to adult size. These eggs and fish were produced at about twenty active stations. The cost of production and distribution, including the maintenance of the stations, was about $200,000.

I do not cite this as the greatest work done by any Fish Commission, but merely as one of the great triumphs of fish-cultural operations. There are present other members of the Fisheries Society who can point with pride to their hundreds of millions of fish deposited during the past year by State commissions.

The United States Commission was not the first in the field. The States of Massachusetts and Connecticut had commissions six or seven years before the national organization was in existence, and the American Fisheries Society, under its old name of the American Fishculturists' Association, was largely instrumental in establishing the National Commission.

The system of public fishculture, which originated in New England, has grown and increased in popularity and usefulness until there is no longer any need of supporting it except in the matter of appropriations.

The United States Fish Commission is a great fish and egg producing organization, but it can do nothing to enforce the protection of fish. From the nature of our laws, the United States cannot protect fish except in national waters. Fishery regulations are in the hands of the States, and the States Fish Commissions combine with their fishcultural operations the equally important duty of fish protection. I believe the time is coming when the States will accomplish their object and regulate their fisheries in such a manner as to give proper protection to the fish.

What do we see in many centers of active fishery? There are laws, it is true, which are sometimes properly enforced, but in other localities there is no provision for enforcing them. This is particularly true of Alaska. The only thing which saves the salmon of Alaska, the most valuable fish in the Territory, is a law of commerce—the law of supply and demand. There are fish enough to last for years to come; there are perhaps as many as there were fifteen years ago, when I first studied the fisheries. Independently of the laws regulating the capture of salmon, for the enforcement of which there is no adequate provision, the law of supply and demand offers temporary protection for the fish. The canners must sell their wares. If they could sell all they can get they would take them without hesitation. Some of them have dammed the rivers, contrary to law, so that the fish cannot get up to their spawning grounds; but inability to market an over supply is now the only efficient safeguard of the salmon.

To return to the United States Fish Commission. The annual cost of the propagation and distribution of fish and maintenance of stations is about $200,000. The work is constantly growing; the demand for fish is increasing, but the appropriations for the past two years have been at a standstill. The Commissioners of the States, when their work is enlarged, urge their claims for increased appropriations and do not ask in vain; but the National Congress pays little heed to the wants of its Fish Commission. We have fallen upon a period of unwise retrenchment which has hurt the cause of public fishculture.

If the results so far obtained in the waters of the States and of the Nation are satisfactory in the light of statistics so well established, let the American Fisheries Society and the friends of fishculture in general unite in urging that the organization which has made such a splendid record be provided with the funds necessary to continue its achievements.

New York Game Protectors.

STATE OF NEW YORK FISHERIES, GAME AND FOREST COMMISSION OFFICE, Albany, N. Y., July 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Commission have not made all the appointments of protectors, and in view of that the districts have not been formed.

There are now on duty of the old protectors Robert Brown, of Port Richmond; Willett Kidd, of Newburgh; Matthew Kennedy, of Hudson; Charles H. Barber, of Greenwich (Washington county), and Joseph Northup, of Alexandria Bay.

The new protectors to date are:
Orla. S. Potter, Sandy Creek, Oswego county.
Bentley S. Morrill, Plattsburgh, Clinton county.
Robert Bibby, Olmsteadville, Essex county.
James W. Littlejohn, Loon Lake, Franklin county.
E. J. Lobdell, Northville, Funton county.
A. B. Klock, Herkimer, Herkimer county.
Eugene Hathaway, Harrisville, Lewis county.
Archibald Muir, Fine, St. Lawrence county.
Alvin Winslow, Stony Creek, Warren county.
Wm. A. Ten Eyck, Ballston Spa, Washington county.
Edward I. Brooks, Brookmere, Monroe county.
Daniel N. Pomeroy, Lockport, Niagara county.
Spencer Hawn, Cicero, Onondaga county.
S. N. Prouty, Whitehall, Washington county.
John E. Leavitt, Johnstown, Fulton county, and Mannistee C. Worts, Oswego, are the two protectors who have been designated as assistants to the Chief Protector.
Wallace T. Reed, Canandaigua, Ontario county.
Egbert R. Benjamin, Bay Shore, Suffolk county.
Lester S. Emmons, Oneonta, Otsego county.
Geo. B. Smith, Horseheads, Chemung county.
James H. Lamphere, Weedsport, Cayuga county.
Riley M. Rush, Camden, Oneida county.
George Carver, Lyons, Wayne county.
John L. Ackley, Penn Yan, Yates county.
Harry Lipman, New Yory city.
Ira B. Elmendorf, Broadhead Bridge, Ulster county.
Moses E. Sawyer, Factoryville, Tioga county.
Edgar Hicks, West New Brighton, Staten Island, is the Oyster Protector, and Sebastin Heabach, Ozone Park, is the Assistant Oyster Protector. J. W. POND.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.
Sept. 17 to 20.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's third annual bench show, Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I.
Sept. 17 to 20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.
Sept. 17 to 20.—Montreal Kennel Association's show, Montreal, Can. Geo. K. Lanigan, Hon Sec'y-Treas.
Sept. 24 to 27.—New England Kennel Club's second annual terrier show, Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.
Oct. 29.—Assonet Neck, Mass.—New England Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. Arthur R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.
—. Morris, Man.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.
Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, New York.
Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H. Thompson, Sec'y.

CROPPING.

ON this subject, which is now exciting so much interest in the kennel world, the writings of a few of the old medical authors may not be without interest, as showing that they were far from concurring in the practice. Of cropping Youatt writes:

"I have some doubt whether I ought not to omit the mention of this cruel practice. Mr. Blaine very properly says that 'it is one that does not honor the inventor, for nature gives nothing in vain. Beauty and utility appear in all when properly examined, but in unequal degrees. In some, beauty is pre-eminent, while in others utility appears to have been the principal consideration. That must, therefore, be a false taste that has taught us to prefer a curtailed organ to a perfect one, without gaining any convenience by the operation.' He adds, and it is my only excuse for saying one word about the matter, that 'custom being now fixed, directions are now proper for its performance.'

"The owner of the dog commences with maiming him while a puppy. He finds fault with the ears that nature has given him, and they are rounded or cut into various shapes, according to his whim or caprice. It is a cruel operation. A great deal of pain is inflicted by it, and it is often a long time before the edge of the wound will heal; a fortnight or three weeks at least will elapse ere the animal is free from pain.

"It has been pleaded, and I would be one of the last to oppose the plea, that the ears of many dogs are rounded on account of the ulcers which attack and rend the conch; because animals with short ears defend themselves most readily from the attacks of others; because, in their combats with each other, they generally endeavor to lay hold of the neck or the ears; and therefore when their ears are shortened they have considerable advantage over their adversary. There is some truth in this plea; but otherwise the operation of cropping is dependent on caprice or fashion.

"If the ears of dogs must be cropped it should not be done too early, otherwise they will grow again, and the second cropping will not produce a good appearance.

"The scissors are the proper instruments for accomplishing the removal of the ear; the tearing of the cartilage out by main force is an act of cruelty that none but a brute in human shape would practise, and if he attempt it, it is ten to one that he does not obtain a good crop. If the conch is torn out there is nothing remaining to retain the skin round the auricular opening; it may be torn with the auditory canal, and as that is otherwise very extensible in the dog it is prolonged above the opening, which may then probably be closed by a cicatrix. The animal will in this case always remain deaf, at least in one ear. In the meantime the mucous membrane which lines the *meatus auditorius* substance, the secretion of the wax continues; it accumulates and acquires an irritating quality; the irritation which it causes produces an augmentation of the secretion, and soon the whole of the subcutaneous passage becomes filled, and seems to assume the form of a cord, and it finishes by the dog continuing to worry himself, shaking his head and becoming subject to fits.

"Mr. Blaine very naturally observes that 'It is not a little surprising that this custom is so frequently or almost invariably practised on pug dogs, whose ears, if left alone to nature, are particularly handsome and hang very gracefully. It is hardly to be conceived how the pug's head—which is not naturally beautiful except in the eye of perverted taste—is improved by suffering his ears to be removed.'

"If the cropping is to be practised, the mother should have been previously removed. It is quite erroneous that her licking the wounded edges will be serviceable. On the contrary, it only increases the pain and deprives the young ones of the best balsam that can be applied—the blood that flows from their wounds."

English Setter Type.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Cinna," in protesting or criticising my letter published in FOREST AND STREAM of the 29th ult. *re* English setter type, says that he has read Stonehenge, also the English Setter Club standards, but attaches very little importance to either, saying that his idea of judging is by comparison. Comparison with what? I presume if he were judging a class of setters resembling bulls, he would compare them with his ideas of the bovine kind, and make his awards accordingly.

Now to "Cinna" and any others of his belief I would say that comparative judging is what is wanted, but there must be a type and standard to compare or judge by; not to have any judge set up his own standard.

"Cinna" speaks of comparative judging of fowls, etc. Did "Cinna" ever see a lot of prize-winning fowls that were not so near alike in formation that only a judge of them could tell when one was superior to the other? and what produced such results?—breeding to a standard.

Can "Cinna" say that he ever saw a class of setters that showed such a resemblance among the winners?

"Cinna" contends that the English setter is the king of field dogs, and that the fancy should keep their hands off him. Did he ever see them judge a dog's field qualities in a soft sawdust ring? No, they are there to be judged as to their form or their shape as it were, and I venture to assert that "Cinna," or any other field sportsman, if he sees one built on the Stonehenge plan, will have to agree that he looks like doing the very business "Cinna" claims he wants them to do—field work.

Further, "Cinna" says the English setter has other work to do than sit up like a pug and look pretty at a bench show. I would rather see him sit up and look pretty like a pug (if a pug be pretty) than I would have him resemble so much the little animals we see so many of at a circus, and "Cinna" will have to admit, if he looks closely, that they are approaching those animals in appearance at both ends, or will, if something is not done to straighten out their caudal appendage.

In conclusion, "Cinna" thinks my advise good for the breeders of the Lavarack type to keep their dogs at home unless judges of that type are appointed, and recommends admirers of the field type to do likewise unless Major Taylor or one of his lieutenants is on the card. He admits then that the Major judges the field type and has lieutenants who follow him. Now, as he has mentioned the Major, I will ask him if he ever saw the Major judge at the New York show? If so, what conclusions could he draw as to the type of dog required when he was through? I have and am free to assert that he awarded prizes to as many types as there were ribbons to distribute. As to its effect on entries at shows (and it's entry fees that keep them going) I would call "Cinna's" attention to the late Boston show; Major Taylor, judge. English setter dogs had about half the usual entries. Three bitches competed against nineteen competing in '94 and twenty-one, I think, in '93. Take Pittsburg, fall of '94; J. Davidson, judge; also spring of '95, C. Mason, and see if the entries do not show which type is desired; therefore, whose admirers support the exhibitions, which are given, if we are to believe the committee, for the improvement of the breed. ALBERT.

Kingston Kennel Club.

KINGSTON, Ont., July 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Kingston Kennel Club not being able to make satisfactory arrangements with the Fair Association for the holding of its bench show, I regret to have to announce that in consequence there will be no show held at Kingston this year. H. C. BATES, Secretary.

Irish Setter Club's Trials.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 16.—*Editor Forest and stream:* The Irish Setter Club of America will hold their annual trials at High Point, N. C., on Dec. 2 to 4, 1895. I will send you further particulars later.

GEO. H. THOMSON, Secretary.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Bolting Food.

REFERRING to the manner in which dogs eat, *Our Dogs* says: "Many dogs are given—especially when hungry—to bolting their food. This is a bad habit, and is sure to have an ill effect sooner or later. To prevent a dog from habitually doing this, it is best to give him before his proper meal a hard, dry biscuit. This will take off, as it were, the edge of appetite, and so, when the usual basin is given, it will be consumed more moderately."

Yes, it is quite true that dogs bolt their food, and it is equally true that it is perfectly natural for them to do so. The dogs' teeth are not adapted to grinding or chewing. Being a carnivorous animal, his manner of taking food into his system varies as widely from that of the ruminants as does the food itself and his manner of securing it. When fed meat, the dog bolts it greedily. His stomach is by nature fitted to digest any meat that he can swallow. Even bones are digested by it. The fact that man suffers ills if he bolts his food is not data from which to draw a similar conclusion concerning the dog. His teeth and stomach are quite distinct, as the latter is also in some of its functional powers. He chews his food only when it is a physical impossibility for him to bolt it. Because his manner of taking food is different from that of man, it does not necessarily follow that such manner is wrong or harmful. Cattle chew the cud, but it does not follow that it is harmful to them because mankind does not do so. It is quite as wise to concede that, when acts are common alike to all the individuals of a species, they are natural to them, and therefore useful and necessary.

The Bulldog's Mallgners.

While incidentally reading a work on dogs entitled "Homo et Canis, or the Autobiography of Old Cato and Some Account of his Race," which was dressed in all the richness of morocco and gilt, I was much impressed with the unfairness of a writer attempting to teach on matters of which his knowledge was little or imperfect. The work is quite voluminous, and as I am told it was written by an eminent clergyman, there can be no question concerning the author's intention to be fair. But while fair in intention he was most unfair in fact. Of the bulldog he says: "This dog, whose name comes from the former custom of bull-baiting, is not so numerous now as he was a quarter of a century or more ago; and it would really be a matter of congratulation if the breed were to become extinct. He has been persistently claimed as a production of the British Isles, and I see no good reason why this claim should not be acquiesced in without argument. He is not a source of honor to any country, and even John Bull's dog fanciers are not loud in his praise. He is not a good watch dog for several reasons, namely, his silence, watching and attacking in silence, his stubbornness and disobedience, his lack of judgment and discretion, his unwillingness to let go and his lack of disposition to distinguish between friend and foe.

"He is really fit for nothing but to fight and give courage to dogs that are deficient in this quality. And as a prize-fighter he can only pander to the lowest elements of communities, those similarly endowed to himself. He is not indeed without his counterpart in the human family, both in his striking physical make-up and also in the elements of his character. He is not so bad that some man may not be found who not only looks like him, but also acts like him.

"By crossing him the timid greyhound and others have gained some courage and perseverance, but from the bloodhound and others these qualities may be acquired with much better general mental traits. There is, in fact, little to be said in favor of his perpetuation.

"To speak of symmetry and elegance in reference to this dog would be quite ridiculous. His head and muzzle are the most striking parts, and the more outlandish these are the more he is prized. Some of the choicest specimens seen in the shows are entirely hideous or grotesque. In the whole demeanor and aspect of the bulldog there is an inseparable air of burlesque. He seems to be ever putting forward the prize ring and the slophouse ward politician. Still some good deeds have been put down to his credit, if not enough to save him."

The reverend author surely was inconsiderate in ascribing to the dog all the evil which pertained to the prize-ring and the lower form of the ward politician. It is manifestly unfair to blame the dog for the faults of his owner. The courage of the bulldog is undisputed, but that he is ill-tempered and malevolent is far from the fact. He is even-tempered and even sweet-tempered when treated kindly, and his loyalty and devotion to one master are something exceptional even among dogs. That he was used in old times for bull baiting is in nowise the fault of the dog, for he only engaged in it at the will of his owner. Any breed of dogs, by training, could be used for acts of cruelty, thus perverting their association with man as guards and intelligent companions to agents of violence and cruelty. B. WATERS.

New England Field Trial Club.

TAUNTON, Mass., July 20.—At a meeting of the field trial committee it was decided to hold the open Sweepstake as proposed by the club at its annual meeting. The details as decided are as follows: Sweepstake, open to all setters and pointers. Entries close Oct. 1, with $5 forfeit to nominate and $10 additional to start. The club will add $100 to the purse; 50% to first, 30% to second and 20% to third.

This is the fourth annual field trial of the club, and will be run on the club grounds, Assonet Neck, Mass., beginning Tuesday, Oct. 29. Mr. N. Wallace, of Farmington, Conn., will judge.

The committee have decided to make arrangements with the City Hotel, Taunton, and members and visitors will drive from there to the grounds. The City Hotel has changed hands since the last trials and is now under first-class management, having been thoroughly overhauled and refurnished. Handlers, who prefer, can no doubt obtain board nearer the grounds, but they will find the hotel the most practical and comfortable way. We have a great plenty of birds on the grounds at present, and if the young ones do well we will have more than ever before. We look for a most successful meeting and a nice entry of dogs. ARTHUR R. SHARP, Sec'y.

The U. S. F. T. Club's Derby Entries.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The nominations for the Derby of the club's fall trials number 47—24 setters and 23 pointers, all whelped in 1894.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

CLAUDE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan dog (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine), February.

FANNIE L.—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan bitch (same litter).

ARAPAHOE—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black, white and tan dog (same litter).

FRED—P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, black and white dog (Eugene T.—Ightfield Rosalie), May.

MARIE'S SPORT—H. B. Ledbetter's black, white and tan dog (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent), May.

GLEAM'S RUTH—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Gleam's Maid), April.

GLEAM'S DART—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black, white and tan bitch (same litter).

ROD'S TOPSY—W. A. Hinesley's black, white and tan bitch (Toysy's Rod—Lulu Hill), January.

ROD'S BOY—King Graphic Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Roderigo—Laney Gladstone), April.

TORY FASHION—F. R. Hitchcock's liver and white dog (Count Gladstone IV.—Fleety Avent), March.

TORY CELIA—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Nora II.), June.

MAZEPPA—T. H. Gibbs's liver and white dog (Rod's Dan—Bondhue's Nellie), February.

VERGE—M. Fly's liver and white bitch (Noble—Vergie), February.

HARWICK—H. R. Edwards's black, white and tan dog (Topsy's Rod—Opel), June.

DOMINO—Blue Ridge Kennels' black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), February.

TOUCHSTONE—Avent & Thayer Kennel's black, white and tan dog (Orlando—Dolly Wilson), July.

PATRICIAN—Avent & Thayer Kennel's black, white and tan dog (Chevalier—Patsy), May.

FEU FOLLET—Avent & Thayer Kennel's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Folly), May.

FLEET'S PET—Avent & Thayer Kennel's liver and white bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Fleety Avent). March.

LOULANIER—Avent & Thayer Kennel's black, white and tan bitch (Topsy's Rod—Lulu Hill), January.

FLIRTY LIT—Avent & Thayer Kennel's black, white and tan bitch (Topsy's Rod—Gody Lit), May.

EUGENE T., JR.—Thos. Bond's black, white and tan dog (Eugene T.—Fanny Rice), August.

PATSY'S BOY—Chas. Snow's black, white and tan dog (Chevalier—Patsy), May.

MAID—J. C. Ennis's black, white and tan bitch (Topsy's Rod—Novelist), June.

POINTERS.

BEDOUIN—Dr. O. Totton's lemon and white dog (Strideaway—Warwick Nellie), May.

SAPPHO—Dr. O. Totton's lemon and white bitch (same litter).

SISTER SUE—N. T. De Pauw's lemon and white bitch (Jingo—Rooney Crexteth), June.

STRIDEAWAY'S LAD—S. W. Aldsdorf's lemon and white dog (Strideaway—Ightfield Teign), April.

LEO—G. A. Castleman's lemon and white dog (Rex—Bess), January.

CRACKER JACK—Adams & Thompson's lemon and white dog (Lad of Rush—Cyclops), July.

BLITHSLY—J. L. Adams's lemon and white bitch (Trinket's Coin—Ightfield Blythe), February.

COINAGE—C. G. Stoddard's lemon and white dog (Trinket's Coin—Ightfield Blythe), February.

PLATO—C. Cooledge's lemon and white dog (Kent H.—Rhody), June.

KENTESS—C. Cooledge's lemon and white bitch (Kent H.—Daisy), March.

VIRGINIA—H. K. Devereux's lemon and white bitch (Little Ned—Pearl's Dot), May.

RIDGEVIEW CUSH—J. M. Avent's lemon and white dog (Trinkett's Cash—Roulette), March.

IONE OF ELGIN—W. A. Porter's lemon and white bitch (Kent Elgin—Fly C.), June.

HESSIE D.—T. T. Ashford's lemon and white bitch (David of Hessan—Fritz's Fay), March.

KENT'S TRIBULATION—G. Chisholm's liver and white dog (Kent Elgin—Suanna), May.

BESSIE ELGIN—E. C. Arnold's liver and white bitch (Kent Elgin—Suanna), May.

BOY—J. Shefley's liver and white dog (Tip—Nell), January.

LADY GAY KENT—E. L. Odom's liver and while bitch (Kent's King—Laura Will), May.

CHIMMIE FADDEN—Thos. Bond's liver and white dog (Kent H.—Nell), July.

LAMPLIGHTER—Thos. Bond's liver and white dog (Jubetor—Countess Adams), April.

MISS ADAMS—Thos. Bond's liver and white bitch (Jubetor—Countess Adams), April.

ABDULLAH ROMP—J. B. Turner's liver and white bitch (Rex—Tiney Kent), June.

——— —H. S. Smith's liver and white bitch, May.

W. B. STAFFORD.

Toronto Bench Show.

TORONTO, Ont., July 22.—For the guidance of intending exhibitors from the United States who intend exhibiting at the Toronto dog show, Sept. 9 to 13 next, and the other shows of the Canadian circuit, I would suggest that they enter Canada via Montreal, as this would enable them to show at Toronto and then back to Montreal the following week. By so doing they will get the advantage of the return free transportation made by me with the different railway and express companies. These arrangements not only apply to the dogs, but also to passengers as well. C. A. STONE, Sec'y.

The Montreal Kennel Association.

MONTREAL, July 16.—The Montreal Kennel Association's show will be held on the Exposition Company's grounds on Sept. 17, 18, 19 and 20. The Hon. Sec'y-Treas.'s address is P. O. Box 692, Montreal.

GEO. K. LANIGAN, Hon. Sec'y-Treas.



SAIL PLAN—CUTTER ZERUAH.

"Sayings and Dislikes of Old Cato."

UNDER this caption, in "Homo et Canis," the reverend author makes Old Cato a medium for the uttering of some aphorisms. It is plain that, concerning the immortality of the dog, he differed radically from that intrepid writer, Rev. Charles Josiah Adams, who writes so sympathetically and so convincingly of the life hereafter. But to return to Old Cato's sayings:

A dog has no immortal part, although he has a spiritual origin.

It is not the flesh or nerve of a dog's body which feels, has pleasure and suffers pain, more than man's. It is the life within.

In the count between men and dogs, the latter are not always the losers.

The greatest difference between a man and a dog is that the one lives forever, no matter how mean he may be, and the other ends his existence in this world, no matter how good he is.

A very short life is better than no life, even to a dog.

A life more or less miserable, or full of hardship, want and misery, is better than no life at all.

To live but a day, an hour, secures man an eternity.

A man is immortal in this world only in his deeds, words or reputation. So may a dog be immortal.

Generally dogs have better noses for things than men.

A dog is a wonderfully short-sighted creature, yet he is as stupid in finding out the fact as the man is in finding a similar defect in his own mind.

At 400 or 500ft., to most dogs a street riot is the same as a battle in the clouds.

The points in which most men are superior to the best dogs are so numerous, and those in which some men are much meaner than the worst dogs are so well understood, that comparisons are of little consequence.

A man should see that his dog is in a presentable condition as well as himself.

If you have a dog by your side, let him be well formed, fine-looking and spirited of his kind.

No wideawake, well-dressed, refined, intelligent man should have for his companion or own a mean-looking, diseased or badly kept dog.

A man may be judged by the character of his dog companions as well as by that of his human associates.

Do not have any but clean, good-looking, perfect, good-tempered dogs for associates of your children.

Every man of spirit will make an effort to have the best of everything.

No right-minded man will be contented to be represented by or have called after him anything which is not the best and most satisfactory of its kind.

Only beautiful animals and things should be selected as the companions of men, women and children.

All companionship, whether it be rags and mean dress, or good and suitable dress, flowers and clean animals, or men of rude and coarse or model character and bearing, or what not, will have its adequate natural influence on your own mind and character as well as upon your success in life.

At best the companionship of dogs is not without some drawbacks to man, even from an æsthetic point of view.

No mere animal will show the good or bad effects of high or low breeding and life so readily as the dog.

There is a matter of choice even in the association of dogs among dogs.

Every respectable dog will carry his tail lightly and gracefully.

Do not be angry at your dog if he cannot see a cow or a hog at the other end of the field. His eyes have a very short range.

You can never make a willing, useful, amiable, spirited dog by beating and abusing him.

Take good care of your dog for his sake and for your own.

If you are poor do not keep many dogs, unless you want to starve them and have the reputation of being a shiftless and worthless fellow.

In the cities, one dog is generally too many to each family.

Some poor people have as many dogs as they have children, and the poorer, meaner and more ignorant they are, the more they have of each.

Have a house for your dog and let him understand that he has no other. If he uses your house he soon becomes unwilling and unfit to use his own.

A dog needs a warm dry bed in cold weather, but no fire. As he cannot put on great overcoats and warm boots, sitting or sleeping by the fire, makes him unfit for outdoor life and renders him liable to colds and other troubles.

Some dogs have constitutionally bad breaths, and otherwise they help to render impure the air of the family or bedroom.

Carefully speaking, only one animal, man or dog, should sleep in an ordinary-sized room.

If a dog gets wet in cold or chilly weather, by rain or otherwise, keep him running until he gets dry.

Do not take your dog with you or allow him to follow you everywhere you go.

Other people may not have the same opinion about your dog that you have, nor the same views about dog management.

But you ought to have your dog and your children alike so well trained that your neighbors and friends would not dread to see them coming with you.

Unfortunately many a child and many a dog will behave much better on a visit or among strangers when his owner is not present.

Do not allow a dog to lick your face. It is not a pretty nor a safe practice.

Do not eat in the presence of your dog unless you are going to feed him at the same time.

Do not play with or allow your pet to monopolize your attention in the presence of visitors. They do not call to see you make a fool of yourself.

Do not take your dog with you to church. He will not add anything to the spiritual peace of the occasion.

Do not go on a visit for a day or two, or a week, and leave your poor dog to shift for himself. It is the way to make a thief out of him, or cause him to lose his interest in your and his own home.

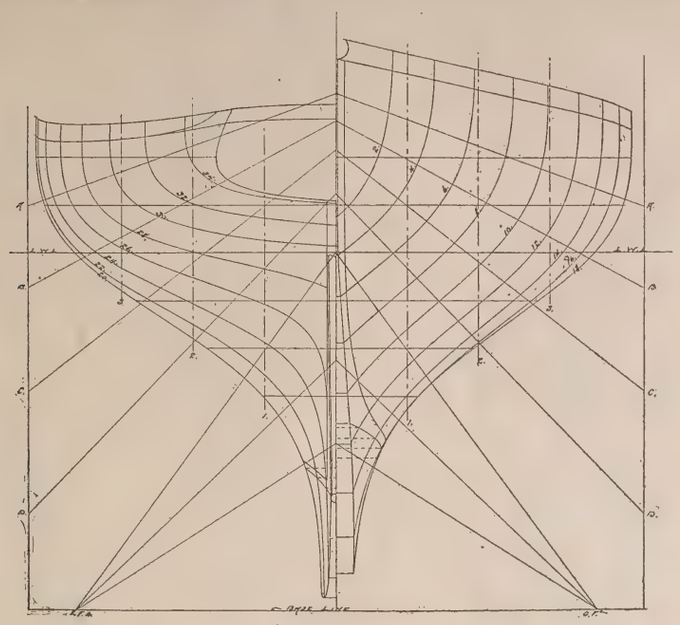
Do not lead your dog into temptation, but deliver him from evil.

Do not lie to your dog or cheat him. The practice will injure him and do you no good.

Do not feed your dog every time you have an opportunity, but give him a good feed or two every twenty-four hours and a bone for the rest of the day.

Do not hack, dock or cut off your dog's tail. The practice is thoughtless or wicked.

Cutting off the tail does not help the dog on in life, and does mutilate his body and deprive him of much comfort,



ZERUAH—BODY PLAN.

The tail and tongue are to the dog what your hand and speech are to you.

Take off the tail of the dog and you deprive yourself and him of half the pleasure there may be in the friendship between you.

By his tail your dog welcomes you home, and at all times it is an index to his disposition.

With his tail the dog does not lie, although it may wag between serious doubts.

A bobtail dog does not present an agreeable picture. Every man is under some kind of obligation to aid in keeping ugliness out of the world.

Socially and as a matter of ornament and bodily perfection the tail is indispensable to the dog.

DOG CHAT.

The *British Fancier* says: "There is a whisper that the success of the Ladies' Kennel Association is to be followed by a ladies' carriage club, which, in the fullness of time, will have its meet in the park, there to display their varied equipages, their draft and riding horses, and their pedigree ponies, besides their multiform vehicles. The sex are going the pace. Mention of the Ladies' Kennel Association reminds us that Mrs. Stennard Robinson is now circularizing the executive of all shows asking for Ladies' Kennel Association specials as to whether a separate entrance and exit and also sitting room for the convenience of lady exhibitors are provided. Would that 'male men' were half as well looked after as the members of the Ladies' Kennel Association are by their courteous honorary secretary. We have in our mind more than one show where the treatment meted even to members of the press has been very little better than if we had been pickpockets. Thank goodness, however, such shows are few and far between, for so enjoyable are the majority we attend that we have long ceased to look on 'doing' a first class show as a hardship." The following anecdote will be interesting to coursers. The same journal says: "'Vindex,' in writing a short obituary notice on Tom Wilkinson, whose sudden death we recorded last week, pays the following tribute to a predecessor of Wilkinson's, whose brilliant feats with the leash are still well remembered by members of the old school: 'Tom Raper, the prince of all slippers, was a splendid man on his legs, but he would not stand the horsemen's pace; they had to take his. Nor would he attempt to slip at a hare that he could not get fairly well behind. But she had to come very awkwardly if he could not reach her, for he was a marvelous man at carrying his dogs round. And what a judge of distance! He gave a most remarkable illustration of that upon one occasion at Altcar, and, at the same time, a wonderful exposition of his own skill. He was approaching a drain with his dogs straining, and he saw that if he slipped inside the jump the slip would be too short. On the other hand, if he flew the drain, by the time he again got his dogs steadied together for the spurt which precedes the delivery, the slip was going to be too long. There was still a way out of the difficulty for Raper, though probably for no other man. He went fast at the drain, and as all three were in mid air the pin was drawn, the dogs landing together with the leash falling from their necks.'"

A meeting of the executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, 8 P. M., Wednesday, Aug. 7, to receive nominations for officers of the club for the ensuing year and to transact other business that may be brought up.

The R. I. State Fair Association requests specialty clubs to notify the Association at as early a date as possible of any specials offered by them, so that notice of the same can be duly published.

Referring to the Peterborough show the *Stock-Keeper* says: "The fair sex patronizes this outing in numbers, but many of them were so horsey in attire and masculine in cut of hair, voice and deportment, that we should be sorry to refer to them as members of the weaker sex—but mighty huntresses before the Lord they no doubt are." Evidently the *Stock-Keeper* is afraid of the new woman.

The *Kennel Gazette* (Eng.) has the following: "A mad dog in Wilmington, Del., bit a man on his wooden leg, leaving its teeth in the artificial limb. The aid to locomotion was unscrewed for dispatch to the Pasteur Institute."

Mr. H. W. Lacy has delayed his westward journey for a few days, owing to a happy incident which occurred last Thursday. His father, brother and sisters arrived from England on that day by one of the fast ocean steamers. They intend to remain here permanently. Mr. Lacy, with his brother, called in FOREST AND STREAM office on Friday, both looking happy over a reunion after so many years of separation. Mr. Lacy earnestly assured us that his brother is not a dog fancier, but he probably has the fancy latent, and it will assert itself in good time.

The celebrated Scottish terrier champion Alister was killed in a row with his two sons, Kildee and Kilarth. The latter was so severely injured that he was humanely destroyed.

Spratts Patent, New York, announce the reorganization of their boarding kennel. S. Berry, Brooklyn, offers broken setter. Kugler & Fox, Kensington, Ohio, offer English setter dog. A. E. Drake, Georgetown, N. Y., offers beagle. R. W. Humphrey, Warsaw, N. Y., asks for bids on fifteen or more breeds of registered dogs, etc.

Mr. C. E. Buckle, manager of the Charlottesville Field Trial Kennel, was in New York last week.

The New York *Sun* says that "It appears that canned horse meat is really to come on the market. It is said to be sweetish and not so good as dog, but it is not nasty." It looks as if man's best friend is menaced by a new danger, if he is once recognized as *delicatessen*.

In a letter under date of July 13, Mr. J. T. Mayfield, Bicknell, Ind., writes us that he intended to start for Manitoba on the 15th inst. He also mentioned that Mr. J. M. Freeman was just recovering from a long spell of dangerous illness. We regret his illness and wish him a speedy recovery. Mr. Mayfield reports quail more abundant about Bicknell this year then ever.

The entries for the Northwestern Field Trials Club's champion stake close on Aug. 1. Entry fee, $10; starters, $15. The club will give the owner of the first prize winner an engrossed diploma, setting forth that such winner has won the title of field trial champion. Dogs which have won a first or second prize in any field trial are eligible. This stake will be run after the trials of the Manitoba Field Trials Club are concluded. The rules of the Continental Field Trials Club will govern, excepting that in respect to heats they must be at least one hour long. First prize, silver trophy (presented by the club's patron, A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, Esq., England) and 40 per cent. of the total amount received for entry and starters' fees; second and third prizes, 30 and 20 per cent. respectively of same. For blanks and information address Mr. Thos. Johnson, Winnipeg, Man.

National Beagle Club of America.

NEW YORK, July 19.—A regular quarterly meeting of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at the rooms of the A. K. C., 59 Liberty street, Tuesday, July 30, at 3:30 P. M. GEORGE W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

Yachting.

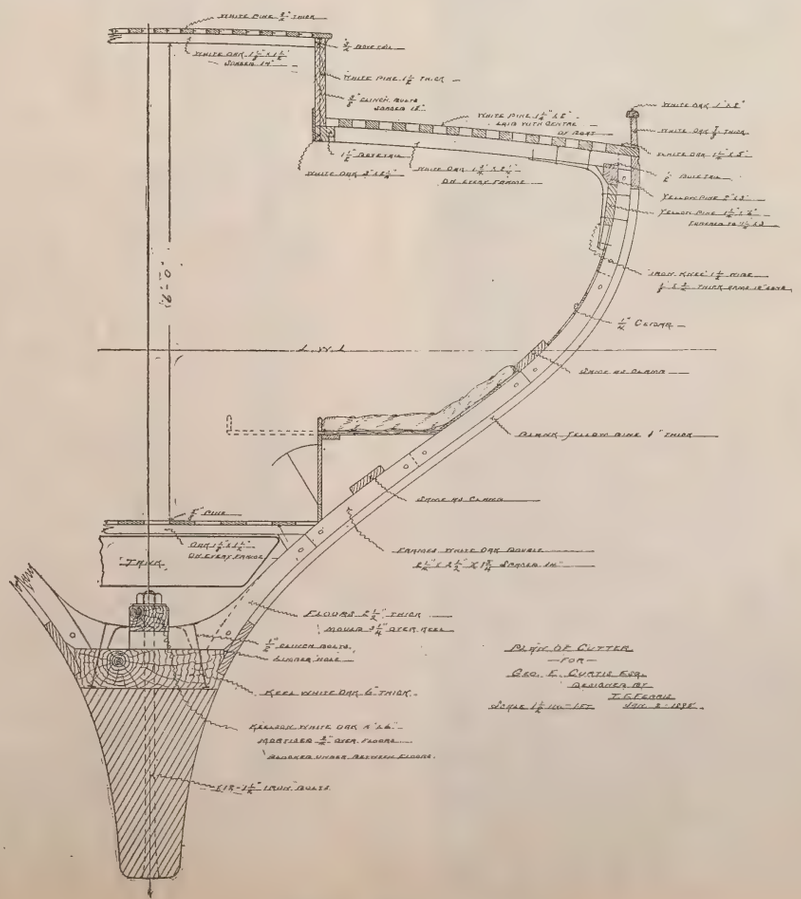
FIXTURES.

JULY.

New York Y. C. Cruise, July, August.
July 29. Rendezvous and race, Glen Cove.
July 30. First run—to New London.
July 22. Second run—to Newport.
Aug. 1. At anchor, Newport.
Aug. 2. Goelet Cups, Newport.
Aug. 3. Third run—to Vineyard Haven.
Aug. 4. At anchor, Vineyard Haven.
Aug. 5. Fourth run—to Newport.
Aug. 6. Special races at Newport.

AUGUST.

—. Lake Michigan Y. R. A.
2. Lincoln Park, Chicago.
3. Columbia, Chicago.
7. Racine, Racine.
3. Cor. Fleet annual, New Rochelle, Sound.
3. Monatiquot open, Boston Harbor.
3. Shelter Island annual, Greenport, Shelter Island, Sound.
3. Larchmont, 34ft. and 21ft. classes, Sound.
3. Shelter Island, open, Shelter Island Sound.
3. Corinthian, cruise to Marine Islands, San Francisco Bay.
3-4. San Francisco, San Francisco, Cal., chowder cruise to Pinnacle Rock, San Francisco.
4. Corinthian, Feast Day, San Francisco Bay.
10. American special, Milton Point, Sound.
10. Winthrop open, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
10-11. San Francisco cruise to California Y. C., San Francisco Bay.
10. Squantum, ladies' day, Squantum, Mass.
10. Duxbury Club, Duxbury, Mass.
10. Fox Lake, North Shore, Fox Lake.
10. Royal Nova Scotia, open handicap, Halifax.
10. Ewcinal, open, San Francisco Bay.
10-11. California, reception of S. F. Y. C., San Francisco Bay.
13. American open, Newburyport.
14-15-16. Cor., Marblehead mid-summer series, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
15. Green Bay, Green Bay.
15. Cor., Atlantic City Special Cup, third race.
15. Sea Cliff special, Sound.
17. Huguenot annual, New Rochelle, Sound.
17. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
17. Roton Point Imp. Co. annual, Roton Point, Sound.
17. Cor. open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
17-18. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
17. Royal St. Lawrence Hamilton trophy, 18ft. and 21ft. classes, Montreal.



ZERUAH—DETAILS OF CONSTRUCTION.

17. Cleveland, ladies' day, Cleveland, Lake Erie.
17. Shelter Island, club special, Shelter Island Sound.
17. Royal Canadian, 18ft. class, Toronto.
17-18. California, cruise to Goat Island and outside.
17-18. Corinthian, cruise to Petaluma, San Francisco Bay.
17-18. Ewcinal, cruise to San Rafael.
17-19. Royal Canadian, cruising race, Lake Ontario.
19. Manchester open, Manchester, Mass.
22. Riverside special, Sound.
24. Norwalk, Norwalk, Sound.
24. Squantum open, Squantum, Mass.
24. Horseshoe Harbor annual, Larchmont Sound.
24. Cor., Marblehead third cham., Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
24. California, sail to Saucalito, San Francisco Bay.
24. Royal Nova Scotia, special, 3-raters, Halifax.
24. Fox Lake, Mineola, Fox Lake.
25. San Francisco open regatta, San Francisco Bay.
26. Rhode Island open.
29. Cor., Atlantic City Special Cup, fourth race, Atlantic City.
29. Squantum open, Squantum, Mass.
30. American special, Milton Point, Sound.
31. San Francisco cruise to Benicia, San Francisco Bay.
31. Larchmont 34ft. and 21ft. cabin cat classes, Sound.
31. Huntington annual, Huntington Sound.
31. Squantum annual cruise, Squantum, Mass.
31. Duxbury Club, Duxbury, Mass.
31. Shelter Island, ladies' race, Shelter Island Sound.
31. California, cruise to Martinez, San Francisco Bay.
—. America's Cup trial races, New York Bay.

VALKYRIE III. was docked early this week, and will sail for New York on July 24.

Zeruah.

THE yacht here illustrated was designed by T. E. Ferris, draftsman for A. Cary Smith, for George E. Curtis, and has just been completed by Rice Bros., at Boothbay, Me. She sailed her first race on July 4, when just off the ways, winning easily.

The yacht is intended for cruising and not for racing, but the designer has availed himself of the latest ideas, though carrying out the overhangs to but a moderate length. The dimensions of the yacht are:

Length over all	43ft. 3in.
l.w.l.	29ft. 9in.
Beam	12ft. 7in.
Freeboard—lowest	2ft. 4in.
Draft	7ft. 3in.

The specifications and drawings call for a very thorough construction, the keel of white oak in one piece, sided as per drawing and moulded 6in.; stem of white oak, natural crook, sided 4½in. down to waterline, and tapered to increase to siding of keel; sternpost, white oak, sided 4½in. at tuck and 2½in. at heel, moulded as per drawing and dovetailed into keel; deadwoods, white oak, sided to correspond with keel, etc.

The keelson is of white oak, in one piece, 4×6in., gained down ¾in. over floors; frames, of white oak, double, sawn, spaced 14in., sided 2¼in., moulded 2½in. at heels and 1¾in. at heads, the timbers to lap not less than 18in., with ¼in. bolt in each butt; extra frames, if necessary, to be fitted and securely bolted for the chainplates. The floors to be of natural crook white oak, sided 2½in. and moulded 3¼in. over heel, the arms extending about 15in. up the frames. The rudderstock to be of white oak, 4½in. diameter at head and 2½in. at heel, backing of yellow pine tapering to 1in. at after edge. Keel of cast iron, about 11,500lbs.; keel bolts, 1⅛in. diameter, iron, twelve in all. Clamps of clear selected yellow pine in one length, 1¼×6in. for middle third of length, tapering to 1¼×4in. at ends. Sheif of clear selected yellow pine, 2×3in. Bilge clamps same size as main clamps and two on each side. Beams of white oak; main beams moulded and sided as per dimensions on drawings; other beams, one on each frame, sided 1¾in., moulded 2¼in. Mast partners, oak, 2¼in. thick and 20in. wide, secured to beams by four hackmatack knees, sided 2¼in. Partner beams to have four wrought iron hanging knees 1⅛×¾in. in throat with twelve arms tapered to 1⅛×⅜in. at ends, similar knees to be located as per drawing. Partners to be fastened to mast by iron hanging knees. Plank-sheer of white oak, 1¼in. thick and 5in. wide. Bulwark of ⅞in. white oak in one length, tapered in depth as per drawings and capped by white oak rail 1×2in. Planking of yellow pine (rift) in single lengths, 1in. thick worked to ⅞in. at ends, lower strakes not more than 9in. wide and upper strakes not more than 4in. wide. Deck planks of clear selected white pine, laid with centerline 1¼×2in. seams payed after caulking with Jeffries marine glue. Side pieces of trunk, white oak, 3×2¼in., with deck beams dovetailed in. Sides of trunk of white pine 1⅛in. thick, carlins white oak, spaced about 14in., sided 1⅛in., moulded 1⅛in., roof of worked white pine ¾in. thick, seams payed with Jeffries marine glue. Water-tight cockpit with scuppers, companion, doors, cockpit rail, etc., mahogany. Fastening, iron nails and bolts, to be galvanized, all other iron work to be galvanized. The yacht to be fitted complete with spars, sails, rigging, gear, anchor, etc.

Defender and Vigilant.

THE new candidate for international honors has at last had two open and official trials over timed courses, and whatever may be thought of the first, the second can only be considered an unqualified success. Both races were suited under summer conditions, light wind and smooth water, clubtopsails being carried from start to finish—such weather as most Cup races are sailed in. In the first race Defender's gain over Vigilant was far less than was anticipated, but in the second she made a very different showing, beating the centerboard boat by over 9min.

How much faster Vigilant is to-day than in 1893 and 1894 no one can say, but considering the nature of the changes made in her rig and ballast, and the time in which these two races were sailed, it is safe to assume that she is decidedly faster. In the first race the times do injustice to Defender, as she lost several minutes by overstanding the mark. In the second race any possible allowances are due to Vigilant; she had much the worse luck in the light wind on the second leg; and in the first race she was well washed by the attendant fleet.

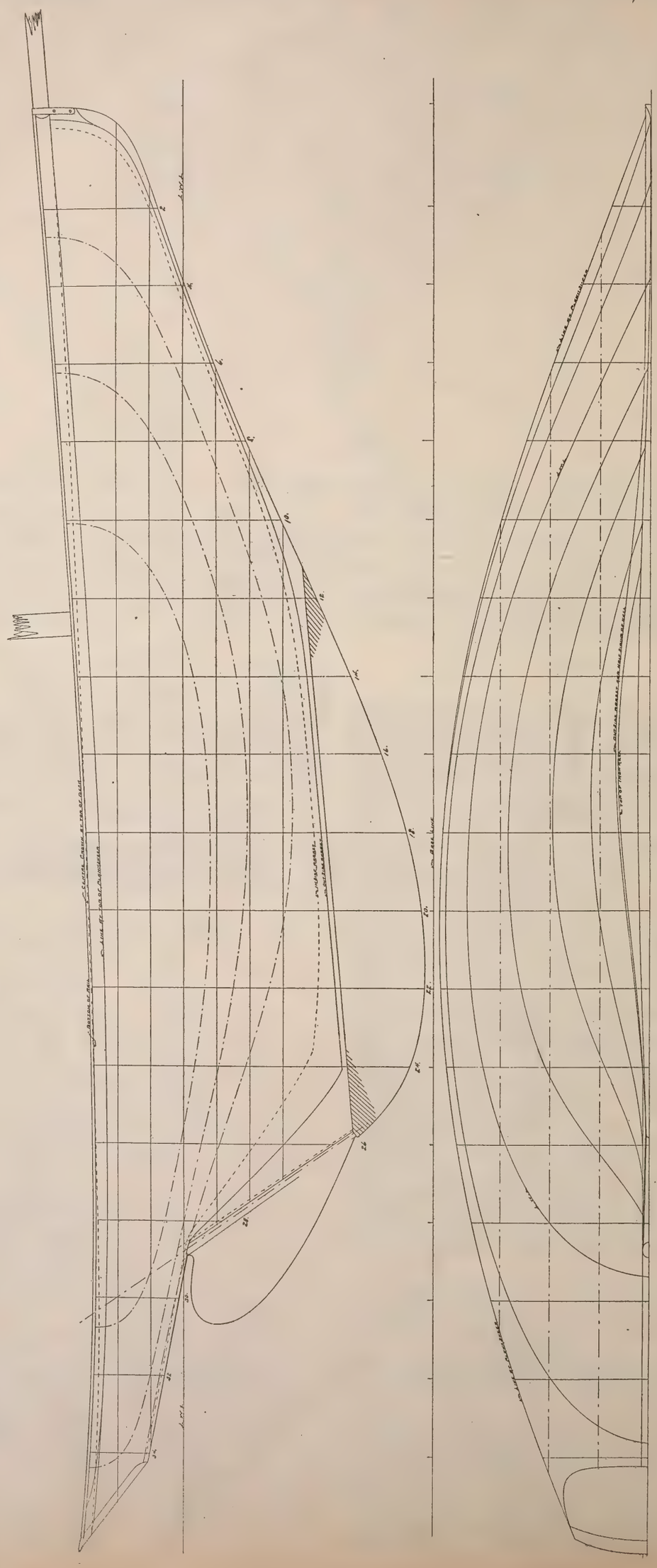
Neither boat is measured, but it is probable that 1½ minutes will fully cover the allowance from Defender to Vigilant under their present canvas. A conservative revision of the elapsed times for the two days would put the allowance at 1m. 30s., and on the first day would be 4m. for Defender's loss in overstanding, so that the official figures of 2m. 45s. elapsed time would read 1m. 15 corrected plus 4m., or a gain of 5m. 15s. for Defender in 30 miles. From this a small allowance should be made for the bad washing which Vigilant received on the way home. The figures of Monday's race, 9m. 16s. elapsed, would be 7m. 47s. corrected. How much Vigilant lost through ill luck on the second leg and the washing of the steamers it is hard to say in cold figures, nor is it of much practical moment, as the following boat in such a race always suffers in the same way. We should say that on their merits Defender outsailed Vigilant about 5m. corrected time on the first day and 6m. on the second.

What is of far more importance than such figures is the performance of the new boat. She is quite as good to windward, quite as able and much easier through the water than the old one, and apparently a great improvement in every way.

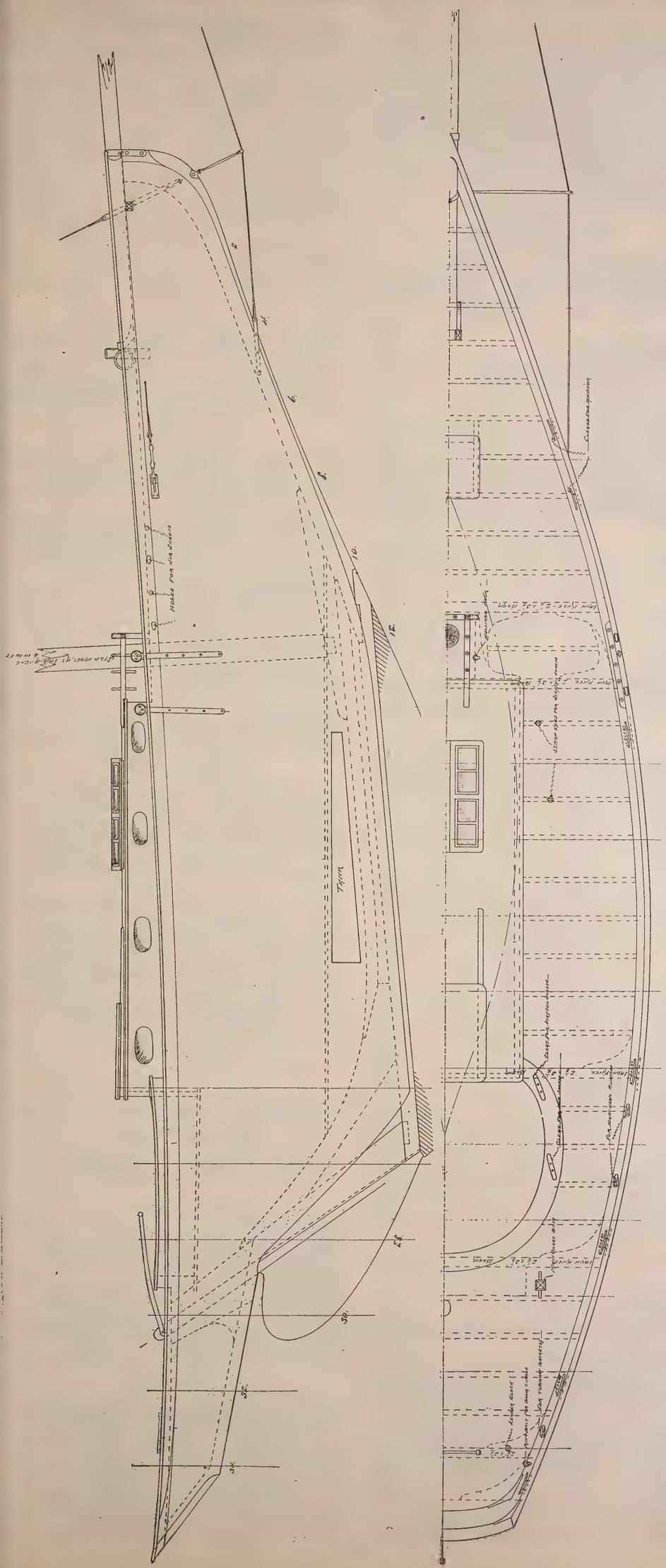
To all practical purposes Defender and Vigilant started in their first race as two new yachts, with little advantage on either side from previous trials and working up. Vigilant is in hull precisely the same as in 1893 and '94, except that her inside ballast, probably 20 tons, has been recast and bolted under her old lead keel. This work was done very thoroughly by Mr. Lewis G. Nixon, at the Crescent shipyard, Elizabethport, N. J., under the superintendence of Mr. H. C. Wintringham. The added lead begins a few feet abaft the end of the old lead keel, the old and new lead being well rounded away on the fore end. It extends to within about 6ft. of the after end of the old lead keel, stopping short at that point. Its greatest depth is 15in., but this comes forward of the yacht's greatest draft, so the extreme draft is increased but 5in., or say 13ft. 6 to 9in., the exact trim and waterline not being known at present.

The original lead keel was only held by bolts through the Tobin bronze plate keel and the frames; in order to carry the new lead safely and to make the old work even stronger, Mr. Nixon ran the bolts, some seventy in all, of 1¼in. Tobin bronze, through both keels and up to specially forged hangers of L shape, each with a long vertical arm riveted fast to the floor plates, and a short horizontal arm through which the bolt passed, being set up with a nut and washer. In some cases, abreast the centerboard trunk, these hangers were made to go over the floor plates, with a bolt through each end of the hanger. The work was difficult and tedious; the interior of the yacht was cleared of everything and the cabin floors taken up; the keel plate was drilled with a twist drill about 12ft. long, worked from the cabin; then a ship auger of the same length was run through the lead keel. The new keel was cast ashore in sections, jacked in place on the dry dock and the bolts driven and set up, after which it was necessary to run in hot lead along the joining of the old and new keels, to fill the space left by the rounding of the lower corners of the old keel. The old and new lead was carefully dressed off and coppered.

While all that was possible was done to shorten the long straight keel and give greater speed in turning by cutting away the fore end and in a less degree the after end, the improvement in this direction was not great. After sailing about for a week Vigilant returned to New York from Newport and on July 17 was docked at the Erie Basin,



ZERUAH—CRUISING CUTTER DESIGNED BY T. E. FERRIS FOR GEO. E. CURTIS.—1895.



ZERUAH—DETAILS OF CONSTRUCTION.

where the after section of the new lead, about 6ft. long, was removed and replaced by an oak chock of the same shape, it being found that the yacht was by the stern.

The lowering of so much lead by 3 to 4ft. should materially improve the yacht's stability. The displacement would be increased by the new bulk below about 1½ tons or possibly more, the yacht thus floating about ½in. higher than with the lead inside. Against this, however, is the weight of the forged steel hangers and the keel bolts, so that the waterline length will be little affected by the change. As the yacht has not been measured, it is impossible to say whether her waterline will be longer or shorter than in previous years, but the new sails and spars are likely to lengthen it a little.

So many changes have been made in sails and spars that only those on board during a race know just which are being used, the same being true of Defender. With four mainsails of different cuts and dimensions, and half a dozen booms each, and with a new spar or sail tried almost every day, there is no possibility of any one outside of each boat knowing the exact sail area in any race.

In hull and rig Vigilant has been put in excellent condition; but, so far as practice is concerned, she is a new boat in the hands of a new skipper and crew. Capt. Barr, Mate Miller and their Scandinavian crew have been busy all the spring in making changes, handling ballast, shipping and unshipping spars, bending and unbending sails, and they have thus far had little or no opportunity for drill, or for the captain to get the hang of the boat in racing trim. In this respect they are hardly as well off as the Yankee crew of Defender; though Capt. Haff has had no opportunity to study the boat under way, the crew has at least had some thorough drilling on board of Colonia.

The two yachts being alike plated with a non-corrosive metal, their surfaces are equal, there is none of that inequality which exists between a new wooden yacht, just off the ways and with a raw bottom and swelled seams, and an older wooden boat, with bottom soaked and well filled with paint and all seams scraped smooth.

Defender is still hardly finished, but in deck fittings and rig she is complete and ready for racing. Both had absolutely new sails, the mainsails made by Herreshoffs; Vigilant's headsails were also new, made by Sawyer.

Thus in condition of bottom, in spars and sails, in preparation on the part of skippers and crews, the two yachts were far more evenly matched than is usually the case between a brand new craft and one two seasons old. How they compare in measurement is yet a question, and may be for some time unless the regatta committee shall enforce the provisions of Rule IV. of the Racing Rules, which forbid the entry of an unmeasured yacht. It is considered very "foxy" just now to conceal the measurements of the new boat from the challenger, although from the hundreds of photos which will be taken the measurements of the sail plan can be very closely determined, quite as closely as is necessary, if in fact such knowledge will be of any use to Mr. Watson or Lord Dunraven. In the meanwhile, the results of many races may be unknown for weeks. To the eye, the sail plan of Defender as seen on Saturday was not larger than Vigilant's, the latter having her larger mainsail and new boom. The headsails were smaller and the hoist larger, but as the two stood side by side the upper ends of the topsail yards seen from the upper deck of a big steamer looked of the same height.

The general estimate is that Defender will allow Vigilant about two minutes in 30 miles, but this is too much. Assuming that Vigilant measures the same as in the Cup races of 1893, and she cannot well measure less (97ft. racing length), and that Defender has a waterline of 90ft. and a sail area of 12,100 sq. ft., both very liberal allowances, then Defender would measure 100ft. racing length. On these extreme figures the allowance for 30 nautical miles would be but 1m. 24s.; so it is probable that Defender will finally allow less than a minute to Vigilant.

The first race, postponed from July 10, was finally set for July 20, the courses being off Sandy Hook, starting from the Sandy Hook or the Scotland Lightship, as the wind served. The Syndicate Defense Fleet made its first appearance in the vicinity of New York on the morning of July 18 in an imposing procession, first the big new ocean tug Luckenback, successor to the committee boat of many hard fought races ten years since. Then came the humble and homely but useful Hattie Palmer, fast to the tug's hawser. Astern of her consort came the new defender of the America's Cup, followed at a respectful distance by the poor Colonia, the tail end being a small naphtha launch belonging to Mr. Iselin. The fleet, all on one towline, swept into New Rochelle Harbor and the yachts and Hattie anchored off Mr. Iselin's home. All day Thursday and Friday the crew were busy with new sails, spars and gear, working hard in spite of the hot weather.

On Friday afternoon Vigilant sailed from Bay Ridge to the Horseshoe and anchored for the night. The Defense Fleet started on the same afternoon for Bay Ridge, Defender in tow of the Luckenback and Colonia in tow of the Hattie Palmer, all anchoring off Bay Ridge.

Saturday morning was clear and warm, but with a haze down the bay and little wind. A large fleet of yachts, tugs and small craft started down for the Hook, the New York Y. C. having the iron steamboat Cepheus for its members. The regatta committee was on board the flagship Sylvia with Com. Brown and the Cup committee. The start was set for 11 A. M., first a preparatory whistle, then after ten minutes a second whistle to start, with two minutes in which to cross. The two races were special club events, open to single-stick yachts of the largest class, which would include Vigilant, Defender, Colonia, Navahoe, Volunteer and Jubilee. Though both of the Boston boats have just been refitted for racing neither was present, nor are they likely to figure in the class this year. Colonia was left at her moorings off Bay Ridge, and Navahoe is not in commission. Only Defender and Vigilant were on hand, with new club topsails aloft and baby jiptopsails in stops on the stays, each swinging a cross-cut Herreshoff mainsail of the kind which has been so generally condemned abroad on Niagara and Isolde For new sails they sat as well as could be expected, the club topsail yard on Defender showing considerable round. The shortening of Vigilant's topmast and bowsprit 4ft. each last year on the Clyde, and the lengthening of her boom this year, have changed her to the eye and lessened the expected difference in appearance between her and Defender. The latter, however, has her mast further forward, and though her bowsprit looks long, the fore overhang is shorter than in Vigilant and the head triangle shorter on the base. In spite of the greater hoist of Defender the topsail yards are nearly of a height, her topmast being apparently shorter.

The wind was light from the south, but came in stronger about 11 A. M., the two yachts then working about through the large fleet which surrounded the Scotland Lightship. The letter B of the code was flying, denoting a windward and leeward course, and at 11:15 the three code signals from the triatic stay of the flagship told that it would be S. by E, the distance being 15 nautical miles. At 11:20 the preparatory signal was given, and at 11:30 the start.

To all intents and purposes the yachts disregarded the 2m. interval and made for a one-gun start, Defender crossing the line on starboard tack at 11:30:25, and Vigilant, also on starboard tack and a little further to windward, at 11:30:50, or but 25s. astern. Baby jibtopsails were broken out and sheeted home at once. Defender was hardly well clear of the line before she swung about on port tack, heading inshore, going about rapidly and steadily, unlike the older Herreshoff boats. The two were standing in opposite directions and under the same conditions. At 11:35 Vigilant went on port tack, Defender instantly staying offshore. While Vigilant moved sluggishly and uncertainly in stays, the keel boat went about quite as quickly as could be desired, gaining seconds with every tack. When they crossed Defender was well ahead of Vigilant, though only some 6m. had gone since the start. After passing under Defender's stern Vigilant found the new boat about again right on top of her, and went on starboard tack, offshore. Defender stood on for a minute until she was in a good position, and then tacked again to windward of Vigilant, on her starboard bow.

They now stood on together a half hour, under the same conditions, giving every opportunity for comparison. There was little to choose between them in sit of sails, the canvas being pretty good on each for a first trial. The wind was but moderate for club topsails, the many small craft outside the Hook, though only under working topsails, were having a very easy time of it. It is very doubtful whether the baby jibtopsails were helping them; at any rate, after they both came on port tack about 12:18, Defender took hers in and began to do better.

She had all along been gaining on Vigilant, pointing and holding on quite as well as the centerboard boat and footing faster until she was probably four minutes ahead before the end of the first hour. Then Vigilant began to pick up, and in a short time had cut down this lead very materially. When Defender went on starboard tack at 12:26, Vigilant was so close under her, that after standing on a few lengths Defender again went about on the other's weather to stop her. At 12:42 Vigilant took in her jibtopsail, which might as well have come in half an hour sooner. The water was perfectly smooth off the lightship, and even out here, well offshore, there was no sea; but the light lop was evidently hurting Vigilant, and she was now falling astern. The wind had freshened a little, but both carried their topsails easily, though now heeling at times to a very picturesque angle. There was a light haze over the sea, but the sky was clear and the sun shining, the heat being intense in spite of the breeze. The club tugboat was lying by the mark, a float with a red ball, and the flagship and other vessels were also near by, so that the turning point could be distinguished at quite a distance. At 1:10 Defender made an unnecessary tack inshore, Vigilant, about one-half mile astern, holding her course, as it proved, with excellent judgment. Defender stood on for over 4m., and then came about again for the mark, now clearly visible and on her lee bow, so that she was obliged to run down on it until, from being well out on the weather beam of Vigilant, she had drawn the latter directly into her wake and not far distant. Defender luffed about the mark at 1:34:30, followed by Vigilant at 1:36:34. The times

show that Defender covered the 15 miles in 2h. 4m. 5s. and Vigilant in 2h. 5m. 44s., a gain for Defender of but 1m. 39s.

The over standing, an error which it is hard to understand under the conditions, cost her possibly 4m., not more, as she came very fast after easing sheets for the mark, so that at best she beat Vigilant about 5m. in the 15 miles to windward.

It was generally expected that the strong rivalry known to exist between the Yankee and Scandinavian crews would bring out some lively exhibitions of sail handling, but such was not the case in this race. The wind was now to the west of south, and Defender started to set her balloon jibtopsail, her spinaker boom lying on deck. She had been clear of the mark for 4m. before the jibtopsail was broken out, and another 4m. passed before the spinaker was bellying up in the air, the boom rearing, though braced well forward. Vigilant had left the mark 6m. astern before her ballooner was drawing, and another 3m. passed before the spinaker was broken out.

They went home, as the times showed, at a 12-knot speed, the gain and loss being so little that it was a question whether Defender or Vigilant was doing the better work. On the part of the latter it must be said that she sailed home in the wash of the whole fleet, steamers big and little, while Defender sailed in clear water. This trouble is very hard to remedy, but it is a great injustice to the following boat, possibly well within her allowance, but robbed of most valuable seconds or even minutes through the selfishness or carelessness of the attendant fleet. The finish was timed from the steam yacht Emblа, the flagship reaching the line just as Defender crossed, but not in time to anchor. The times were:

Defender	2 49 05
Vigilant	2 52 15

The official summary was:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Defender	11 30 25	2 49 05	3 18 40
Vigilant	11 30 50	2 52 15	3 21 25

Defender thus leads Vigilant by 2m. 45s., the corrected time being unknown, but it seems probable that Defender will win by over a minute at least. The race was sailed in remarkably fast time, the average being for the whole course 9 knots, for the windward half 7.5 knots and for the run in 12 knots. Defender's gain of 1m. 6s. on the run in is very small, and a part of it may be attributed to the washing of Vigilant by the fleet.

After the race Vigilant stood in for the Horseshoe, while Defender sailed up the Bay for New York, being finally taken in tow near the Narrows and going to City Island. On board of her were Messrs. Iselin, Morgan, Leeds, Woodbury Kane and Newberry Thorne. Capt. Haff sailed her, sometimes with the forward wheel and sometimes with the after one, and Capt. Terry was forward, looking after the headsails. On board of Vigilant were E. A. Willard, George A. Cormack, Edmund Fish and Wm. Nye, with Capt. Barr.

Sunday was one of the hot days of the season, close and sultry, and with a furious thunderstorm and high wind after sunset. Monday morning was overcast, the sun showing through the clouds and the atmosphere being dull and hazy, while the wind was light from S.W. Defender started down early in tow of a tug from Bay Ridge, while Vigilant came out of the Horseshoe a little after her rival had passed out by the Hook. The Sylvia and a large attendant fleet of steam yachts, tugs and a few steamboats were at the Scotland Lightship by 11 A. M., the sea being perfectly smooth and the sky clear, with the sun now shining down with a 90° fervor. The wind was blowing about 10 miles per hour from W.S.W., but shifting at times more to the westward, back and forth all day. The signals were soon set for a triangular course, and then the courses were sent up, S.E. ½ E.—W.S.W.—N. ½ E., each 10 nautical miles, making a free reach on the first leg, a beat on the second and a close reach on the third. There were many vessels about the line, but they cleared away a little when the preparatory gun was fired at 11:15, the two yachts working about through the fleet with large clubtopsails aloft. Each had a fine mainsail and in fact good canvas throughout; all of Defender's sails were of the new Herreshoff cut, even the clubtopsail; the forestaysail being cut high along the foot, rather a small sail. Vigilant swung a clubtopsail of the ordinary cut. The new boat has practicable no bulwark, possibly 3in., but on the deck about half-way from the middle line on each side is run a batten raised several inches above the deck, offering a foot hold or hand hold for the crew. Defender stood across to the westward on starboard tack, just to the north of the line, Vigilant a short distance in her wake; when less than a minute was left, Defender, breaking out a balloon jibtopsail, swung off for the line and crossed Vigilant's bows, being timed at 11:25:30; Vigilant at once broke out her ballooner and followed, being timed at 11:26:01. Shortly after crossing Vigilant sent up a protest flag.

Defender's balloon jibtopsail was rather a small sail, by no means as large as that of Vigilant, nor was it sheeted in so far. They ran very evenly for nearly 15 minutes and then both set spinakers to starboard, Vigilant spilling hers into the jibtopsail in the usual American fashion. Defender, on the other hand, kept her forestaysail set, the spinaker spilling into it, while the jibtopsail hung almost dead from the stay. Steering further to the east Vigilant ran up on Defender, and at noon was almost even with the other's lee beam.

Defender had hauled down her staysail and spilled the wind into the jibtopsail, but just after noon she took in her spinaker, the wind drawing too far ahead, Vigilant taking in hers while both set staysails. For the first half hour the gain had been on Vigilant's part, but shortly after the spinakers were taken in Defender began to draw ahead perceptibly, and at the end of the first hour, with the breeze still very light and the sea perfectly smooth, she had a decided lead. The first mark was now plainly visible, jibs were sent up in stops, and a little later the two were timed as they luffed around the mark;

	Elapsed.
Defender	1 31 31
Vigilant	1 33 07

In the free reach of 10 miles, in a light air and smooth water, Defender had made 1m. 36s. on Vigilant.

They trimmed down for a close reach, both on starboard tack and carrying larger jibtopsails than on Saturday. From the start Defender began to leave the older boat, pointing and fetching high and footing faster; in the light swell she lifted until a long, narrow streak of daylight could be seen where her forefoot would have been if she had had one, but with all her motion was much steadier and easier than Vigilant's, the bow throwing less water. The wind was unsteady in direction and very light at times on this leg, Vigilant getting rather less of it than Defender, and at one time almost becalmed. The wind heading a little, the pair made their first tack at 1:32, standing in for the shore above Long Branch, Defender still gaining. They came about together again at 1:58, Vigilant tacking immediately after Defender, though too far away to be in the least affected by her. At 2:19 Defender, now half a mile ahead, made a short hitch of but 3m. on port tack, and then came about for a long tack to the southward, which brought her below the second mark. At 2:43 she made her last tack, Vigilant following at 2:45, having made one leg less on the windward work. The times at the second mark were:

	Elapsed.
Defender	2 50 11
Vigilant	2 57 50

Defender had gained in the beat of ten miles, by fair sailing, 5m. 32s.

The last leg was a reach on port tack under the same sail as the windward work, Defender still increasing her gain; there was more wind under the land and the distance, rather more than 10 miles if the courses were accurately logged, was run off in 6m under the hour. The finish was timed:

	Elapsed.
Defender	3 45 00
Vigilant	3 54 48

Defender gained 2m. 9s., making her total gain 9m. 17s.

After the race Defender towed to New Rochelle. On board of Defender all day was Mrs. Iselin and Messrs. N. G. Herreshoff, W. K. Vanderbilt and E. D. Morgan.

A New "One Design" Class.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the spring of 1894 a number of enthusiastic yachtsmen of Neenah, Wis., decided to form a cruising and racing club wherein the races should actually demonstrate the skill of the amateur skipper rather than offer a prize for outbuilding and racing under unequal conditions.

After considerable research a typical single-handed cruiser was planned and the work of designing put in the hands of J. W. Hepburn, of Toledo. The resulting boats (seven in number) are cat yawls, 21ft. over all, 15ft. 9in. l. w. l., 5ft. 6in. beam, 9in. draft without board, mainsail 176 square feet, mizen 74 square feet, spinaker 112 square feet. The design is a combination of "Dilemma" of Herreshoff and the "Scarecrow" of Stephens and proves a thorough single-hander, light draft, and when provided with air cans unsinkable.

Twice around a triangular course of one and one-third miles to a leg was chosen as the club course and a flying start with time taken from the firing of the second gun gives a snap to the start, while the short and sharp races which follow are of decided interest to the spectators and crews. Each yacht being a counterpart of the other, skill alone decides the race, and so closely matched are the yachts that 100yds. at the close is the extreme distance between the winner and the last of the seven boats.

As cruisers the boats are thoroughly satisfactory, easy to handle and with mainsail reefed and mizen down, safe in any storm. For added safety each boat is required to carry an anchor and sufficient life preservers while cruising. A roomy cockpit 4½×9 gives ample sleeping room, which, with the sail cover as a tent, puts the cruiser beyond the reach of discomfort. Large lockers provide a place for all necessary equipment for crew of four.

While boats of the above description constitute the permanent Nodaway Class, the club does not restrict itself to this class alone, but from time to time intends to adopt new and improved designs for similar classes. The second class already chosen by our committee is a sloop rig, Minnetonka model, short stern, extreme overhang bow; dimensions: 30ft. 6in. over all, 22ft. l. w. l., 8ft. 4in. beam, 9in. draft without board.

This last model (which was designed by Joseph Dingle, of St Paul) has proved exceedingly fast, and all the efforts of the club will be bent toward securing several boats of this identical model until such time as something decidedly better appears in the yachting centers, at which time we will again progress. Of course, the second class is in no sense a single-hander, but in all other respects has all the qualifications of the Nodaway Class.

Our sailing ground, Lake Winnebago, 200 square miles in area, gives us the best of opportunity for the display of the sport we most enjoy, viz, amateur yachting. S.

NEENAH, Wis., July 2.

Eastern Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Wednesday, July 17.

THE annual regatta of the Eastern Y. C. was sailed on July 17, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the club. The entries in the larger classes were very poor, but the 30-footers sailed a spirited and exciting race. Mr. Forbes was ready to start Volunteer, but Gen. Paine declined to race Jubilee, so there were no large single-stickers. The starters were:

FIRST CLASS—SCHOONERS.

	Sailing Length.
Mayflower, W. A. Gardner	89.06
Marguerite, H. W. Lamb	83.74
Mon Reve, E. P. Baugh, Jr.	69.97

SIXTH CLASS—CUTTERS.

Tomahawk, G. H. Perry	
Gorilla, O. B. Roberts	

SEVENTH CLASS.

Memory, W. N. Murray	33.46
Handsel, J. R. Hooper	31.74
Salmon, N. E. C. Eustis	33.18
Anoatok, George Owens, Jr.	32.44
Harbinger, O. F. Bache	32.71
Ashumet, C. H. Jones	35.13

The regatta committee laid out a new course, a triangle of 5-mile sides, starting off Marblehead Rock instead of Half-Way Rock, two marks being placed 5 miles S.W. by S.¾S. and S.E. by S.; the 30-footers sailing one round and the other classes two, or 15 and 30 miles. A calm, foggy morning was followed by a light easterly breeze, the start being made at 11:15. The yachts sailed first to the S.W. mark. The two 40-footers were stopped at the end of the first round. The full times were:

FIRST CLASS—SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Marguerite	11 20 04	5 58 15	6 38 15	6 34 46
Mayflower	11 21 15	6 01 10	6 41 10	6 41 10
Mon Reve	11 19 05	6 32 17	7 13 12	6 59 07

SIXTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.

Tomahawk	11 31 48	3 29 32	3 59 32	3 59 08
Gorilla	11 33 11	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .

SEVENTH CLASS—SCHOONERS.

Memory	11 42 00	2 55 36	3 17 36	3 14 19
Handsel	11 39 24	2 59 12	3 21 21	3 15 24
Salmon	11 39 05	2 58 52	3 20 52	3 17 11
Anoatok	11 38 26	3 00 52	3 22 52	3 18 04
Harbinger	11 38 39	3 17 43	3 39 43	3 35 21
Ashumet	11 38 44	3 16 31	3 38 31	3 37 18
Tomboy	11 48 53	Withdrew.		

Memory, Salmon and Ashumet came round the Cape for the race. The winners were: Marguerite, class prize and Puritan cup; Tomahawk; Memory first and Handsel second. The club house was open all day, many visitors being present, and a ball was given in the evening, the fleet in the harbor being illuminated.

The Atlantic Larchmont Cruise.

THE proposed race off New London on July 16 was reluctantly abandoned on account of rain and bad weather, and on July 17 the cruise was resumed, a start being made at 10:30 for Shelter Island, by way of Cornfield Light. The wind was light and fluky, making an uninteresting race. The times were:

SCHOONERS—CLASS A, 80FT. AND OVER.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ramona	11 10 00	6 22 29	7 12 29	7 12 29
Sachem	11 10 00	6 06 46	6 56 46	6 50 17
Emerald	11 09 55	6 04 10	6 54 15	6 47 14

CLASS B, 70 TO 80FT.

Amorita	11 06 35	6 06 02	6 59 27	6 59 17
Elsemarie	11 08 09	6 13 48	7 05 39	7 04 26

CLASS C, 70FT. AND UNDER.

Loyal	11 08 27	6 09 48	7 00 01	6 56 54
Viator	11 10 00	Did not finish.		
Cavalier	11 10 00	Did not finish.		

SLOOPS—CLASS 2, 60 TO 70FT.

Katrina	11 10 00	6 09 11	6 59 11	6 59 11
Huron	11 06 35	6 14 46	7 08 11	7 02 59
Ventura	11 10 00	Did not finish.		

CLASS 3, 46 TO 53FT.

Eclipse	11 09 40	6 19 38	7 09 58	7 09 58

CLASS 4—40 TO 46FT.—FLUSH DECK.

Gossoon	11 45 00	5 51 36	7 06 36	7 06 36
Xara	10 45 00	6 21 28	7 36 28	7 33 45
Minerva	10 45 00	6 00 28	7 15 28	7 12 37
Ventura	10 45 00	6 12 48	7 27 48	7 26 55

CLASS 4—CABIN TRUNK—40 TO 46FT.

Penguin	10 45 00	5 34 13	6 49 13	6 49 13
Nymph	10 45 00	6 15 42	7 30 42	7 25 43
Verena	10 45 00	Did not finish.		
Choctaw	10 43 41	6 15 59	7 33 18	7 28 10
Harriet	10 41 09	6 19 36	7 38 27	7 28 19
Awa	10 44 29	6 08 14	7 24 45	7 21 46
Iola	10 45 00	6 26 00	7 41 00	7 21 46
Wenona	10 45 00	6 28 53	7 43 53	7 21 46

CLASS 5—35 TO 40FT.

Kathleen	10 45 00	6 19 40	7 34 40	7 27 21
Tigress	10 45 00	6 18 09	7 33 09	7 33 09
Norota	10 41 33	5 23 45	6 42 12	6 41 54
Senorita	10 45 00	6 25 53	7 40 53	7 31 54

CLASS 6—35FT. AND UNDER.

Infanta	10 43 33	6 20 38	7 36 58	7 32 18
Gunbilde	10 43 00	6 27 23	7 44 23	7 44 23
Almira	10 42 15	5 57 10	7 14 55	6 58 39

The winners were: Schooners—Class A, Emerald; Class B, Amorita; Class C, Loyal. Cutters—Class 2, Katrina; Class 3, Eclipse; Class 4, flush deck, Gossoon; Class 4, trunk cabin, Penguin; Class 5, Norota; Class 6, Almira.

The fleet lay at anchor in Deering's Harbor on Thursday and Friday, formally disbanding on Friday afternoon, as the yachtsmen were all desirous of being in New York for the race of Saturday.

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARD'S BAY.

Saturday, July 13.

The 222d race, 2d open sweepstake, was sailed at West Falmouth on July 13.

It was blowing a fresh one to two reef southwester at start, but a very severe squall soon struck in and lasted till small classes had finished, when it subsided, and the larger boats finished in a single reef breeze.

Course for special class, triangular 17½ miles; for others to windward and back, 2d class 11 miles; 3d class 6 miles, others 4 miles.

An unfortunate affair happened in special class, the stake boat on starting line was placed too near, and Salmon in starting struck a rock, breaking all her centerboard gear so that the board could not be got up off the wind and hurting her seriously. She protested and the result in the class is in doubt till the regatta committee can meet and decide.

Salmon was sailed by Mr. Burton, owner of Onawa. She went off like a racer and did very well to windward, getting a long lead on Ashumet. When the squall struck in they made the mistake of not shortening the sail, Ashumet gained, but Salmon had a good lead at windward mark; off the wind, her centerboard drawing 2ft. more than in its normal condition when down killed her and Ashumet took the lead.

In the second class Bernice did nobly, and Doris in third class confirmed the reputation she earned July 4.

In the fourth class Ghuzz also struck her centerboard at the starting line, but she did well, and was sailing faster than any other boat on the finish. Grilse, as usual, with her old crew, led the way, finishing the 2 miles dead to windward and back in a very heavy sea in 49m. 11s., crossing the line at a phenomenal speed, though hardly as fast as Ghuzz. Howard made the same course in 50m. 43s., very good time for a catboat under 17ft. w.l.

Dawdle sprung mast and broke tiller. Imp, Gilt Edge, Silence and Laurel were drowned out. P D Q sprung a leak and gave up.

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ashumet, C. H. Jones, B. Y. C.	34.03	3 10 15	3 04 02
Salmon, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	33.07	3 14 44	3 13 15
Little Peter, W. G. Cotton, B. Y. C.	28.10	3 23 10	3 09 07

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

Flirt, W. L. Sheare, Jr., B. Y. C.	23.08	2 46 53	2 32 07
Falcon, J. R. Russell, B. Y. C.		2 53 12	. . . .

SECOND CLASS CATS.

Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr., B. Y. C.	25.08	2 20 50	2 08 32
Kalama, C. Brewer, B. Y. C.	26.10	2 31 19	2 20 09
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	29.09	2 33 14	2 19 50

THIRD CLASS CATS.

Doris, J. Parkinson, B. Y. C.	21.01	1 12 45	1 02 44
Colymbus, Alfred Winsor, B. Y. C.	21.06	1 16 01	1 06 20
Melro, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	20.03	1 17 54	1 07 10
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	21.10	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	19.02	0 49 11	0 41 23
Ghuzz, Lawrence Brooks, B. Y. C.	17.11	0 53 42	0 45 05
Silence, J. Crane, Jr., B. Y. C.		Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS CATS.

Howard, O. A. Miller, B. Y. C.	18.00	0 50 43	0 42 09
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy, B. Y. C.	17.06	0 59 22	0 50 26
Coquette, W. W. Phinney, Mon. Beach		1 03 12	. . . .
Cinch, H. Parker, B. Y. C.		1 07 12	. . . .
Tyrolene		1 07 39	. . . .

FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS

Raccoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr., B. Y. C.	13.05	1 05 35	0 53 15
Laurel, H. & F. Burgess, B. Y. C.	14.00	Withdrew.	
P D Q, R. W. Emmons, B. Y. C.		Withdrew.	

FIFTH CLASS CATS.

Vif, Ralph Winsor, B. Y. C.	14.04	1 01 38	0 55 11
Imp, Geo. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	14.05	Withdrew.	

Winners of prizes: Second class cats, Bernice; second class sloops, Flirt; third class cats, Doris; fourth class sloops, Grilse; fourth class cats, Howard first, Dawdle second; fifth class sloops, Raccoon; fifth class cats, Vif.

Larchmont Y. C.

ON BOARD FLAGSHIP RAMONA, Shelter Island, July 18.—The officers of the Larchmont Y. C. have decided upon holding a racing week at Larchmont during July, 1896, and have selected for the purpose the week beginning July 18 and ending July 25, both inclusive.

The proposed programme includes a schooner race on one of the days, a sloop race on another, open regattas for all classes on both Saturdays and special races on other days.

On each evening special entertainments will be given at the club house, among which provision has already been made for a smoker, a ball, an exhibition by Professor Hermann (a member of the club) and a concert.

The racing week will be a new feature in American yachting, and is not intended to take the place of the established club fixtures, which will be held as usual.

The following is the racing programme of the Larchmont Y. C., so far as at present determined upon.

Saturday, June 20—Spring regatta.
Saturday, July 4—Annual regatta.

LARCHMONT RACING WEEK.

Saturday, July 18—Open regatta.
Monday, July 20—Special racing.
Tuesday, July 21—Schooner race.
Wednesday, July 22—Special events.
Thursday, July 23—Sloop race.
Friday, July 24—Special events.
Saturday, July 25.—Open regatta.

Saturday, Sept. 5—Special race.
Monday, Sept. 7 (Labor Day)—Fall regatta.
Saturday, Sept. 12—Larchmont cup for schooners.

The programme for the racing week is subject to change as to arrangement and details, and other races will be given in addition to those enumerated above, as occasion shall require.

JOHN F. LOVEJOY, Chairman Regatta Committee.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The yachtsmen and canoeists of Syracuse, N. Y., have recently organized a club for the encouragement of sailing on Onondaga Lake, near the city, the name being the Onontaha Boat Club, from an old Indian form of Onondaga. The officers are: Pres., Severe Dorion; Vice-pres., Herbert Peck; Com., W. J. Henley; Sec., B. J. Henley; Treas., S. H. Jacobson; Coxswain, C. H. Wood. Messrs. Severe Dorion, Herbert Peck, John Hand, W. J. Henley and R. Thurmwachter are the building committee, and a handsome and commodious club house is projected.

The Racine Yacht and Boat Works, of Racine Junction, Wis., is now turning out all classes of yachts and boats, from the cheaper livery rowboats up to racing and cruising craft of large size, both sail and steam. Their new catalogue contains illustrations of the yachts, canoes, boats and launches built by them, both in stock and to order. The company is prepared to estimate on any sort of craft, and has special facilities for doing good work at moderate prices.

The 1895 edition of Kiley's "Yachtsman's Guide and Nautical Calendar" is quite as indispensable to the yachtsman, whether afloat or ashore, as the previous editions. The excellent charts and the great amount of reliable and useful information on many different subjects make it an adequate substitute for a whole library of books; the thing to pick up in a hurry on a yacht, large or small. Yachtsmen ashore who wish to follow the published reports of races will find it equally serviceable. It is published by M. J. Kiley, Boston, Mass.

A. C. A. Membership.

CENTRAL DIVISION: Wm. B. Farnham.

Steam Launches.

MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Bisley Rifle Meeting.

BISLEY CAMP, England, July 8.—The Camp opens to-day and shooting commences to-morrow, continuing till July 20th.

The revolver competitions keep open all the time, concluding on the afternoon of July 20th, when the Whitehead Revolver Challenge Cup is to be shot for. This is a cup shot for 12 shots at 20yds. and 12 shots at 50yds. by teams of 8 each, consisting of volunteer team, regular team, civilian team and navy team.

The best shots at the usual Bisley revolver competitions are in the civilian team, but as the competition is at stationary targets (presumably to give the soldiers a chance) their superiority does not show much in this competition. The probable members of the civilian team are: Walter Winans (Capt. of team), W. Joynt, Lord Cairns, Dr. Bretton, Mr. Andrews and Mr. Rand (if he returns from the States in time). The rest of the teams are uncertain.

The revolver competitions are about the same as last year except the Smith & Wesson is not given. The weather seems settled for fair.

Rifle at New Orleans.

THE New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, of July 14, gives the following interesting account of a double team match between members of the American Athletic Club and the Young Men's Gymnastic Club:

"An interesting event was the friendly contest on Friday night, 12th inst., between the American Athletic and Y. M. G. C. Rifle Clubs, each shooting two teams of six men to a team. It came off at the Y. M. G. C. range, and the appended score discloses the winners:

"Americans—J. E. Staub 286, J. W. Smith 247, William Geneste 295, D. Barthelmy 292, H. Boehm 276, J. Uner 263; total 1,664.

"E. J. McGivney 271, T. P. Selby 283, R. H. Lytle 264, W. F. Sadlier 236, J. Scott 215, W. F. Fontaine 273; total 1,542; grand total 3,206.

"Y. M. G. C.—E. Dusse 282, T. C. Hills 312, F. Bierhorst 305, A. D. Hofeline 265, A. P. Barba 274, T. G. S. Thele 234; total 1,672.

"B. G. Hagstette 293, R. Hartmann 292, W. A. Briant 304, E. Hoehn, Jr., 310, A. J. Forest 288, James T. Baltar 279; total 1,766; grand total 3,438."

Cincinnati Riflemen.

CINCINNATI, O., July 14.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds., strictly off-hand, 3lb. trigger pull, rifles under 10lbs. weight, at the standard target, 7-ring black:

Payne	9	10	9	9	8	8	7	7	7	7—81
	10	6	6	7	6	7	6	7	7	9—71
	9	5	6	9	8	9	8	7	8	8—75
	6	10	8	9	5	3	7	6	10	9—73
Weinheimer	5	10	7	7	9	7	7	6	6	9—73
	8	7	7	8	8	6	8	5	8	6—71
	7	8	6	10	6	5	8	7	7	8—72
	9	10	8	6	7	9	9	9	4	5—78
Topf	8	10	9	6	4	10	8	6	3	9—73
	5	8	8	7	7	9	8	5	5	7—69
	3	4	8	6	6	5	7	8	5	8—60
	7	8	6	6	10	6	5	8	9	8—73
Nestler	7	9	9	10	8	7	7	8	5	8—78
	8	7	6	9	8	8	9	6	7	10—78
	9	6	6	10	10	9	5	9	6	9—79
	9	7	8	10	7	6	9	9	10	7—82
Strickmsier	6	6	3	3	9	7	10	3	6	10—63
	8	9	4	8	7	7	8	6	8	8—73
	10	7	7	4	6	10	5	8	8	10—75
	7	5	9	4	6	4	6	7	5	9—62
Drube	9	10	6	8	7	8	8	7	9	9—81
	5	10	8	6	10	10	10	7	8	10—84
	5	5	8	9	6	8	10	8	9	5—74
	7	5	6	7	9	7	10	7	7	8—73

Walter Winans at Bisley.

BISLEY, England, July 20.—(*Special cable to Forest and Stream*). In the rifle and revolver tournament which was brought to a successful close here this afternoon, Mr. Walter Winans has about cleared the deck of first prizes in the revolver competitions. Eleven first prizes and one second out of 12 competitions speaks for itself. His record is as follows:

Twenty yards targets:
Military revolvers:
Series I.—Sliding target, won first prize.
Series II.—Disappearing target, won first prize.
Series III.—Quick-firing, won first prize.
Series IV.—Limited entries, did not compete.
Target Revolvers:
Series I.—Sliding target, won first prize.
Series II.—Disappearing target, won first prize.
Series III.—Quick-firing, won first prize.
Series IV.—Limited entries, did not compete.
Fifty yards targets:
Military revolvers:
Series V.—Won first prize.
Target revolvers:
Series VI.—Won second prize.

Mr. Winans's other first prizes were for the highest aggregate with military revolvers and with target revolvers, and also the grand revolver aggregate. The eleventh first prize was won in an extra event.

Pacific Slope Rifle Notes.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 14.—Scores at Sheel Mound Range to-day were:

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club: Monthly club medal shoot, rifle, 200yds., no re-entry, champion class—Dr. L. O. Rodgers 84, D. W. McLaughlin 81, L. Barrere 64.

First class—P. Bohr 79, A. Gehret 76, Capt. Klein 62.
Second class—H. R. Crane 72, J. E. Gorman 72, A. Kennedy 65.
Pistol, 50yds., no re-entry:
Champion class—C. M. Daiss 92.
First class—J. E. Gorman 85, Dr. Rodgers 85.
Second class—L. Barrere 81, A. B. Dorrell 83, Crane 69, Unfred 66, Roos 55, Zimmerman 56.
All comers' pistol, 50yds., re-entry: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 94, C. M. Daiss 94, J. E. Gorman 93, A. B. Dorrell 86.
All comers' rifle, re-entry, 200yds: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 84, D. W. McLaughlin 83, A. Gehret 69.

ROEEL.

Who found the Sights?

MR. W. DUTCHER, of Paterson, N. J., writes us a follows, under date of July 19: "I was rather unfortunate at the National Schuetzenfest, as during the shoot I lost a box of sights belonging to my rifle. After the day's work, and after cleaning my rifle on July 7, I must have mislaid them, as they are not in my case. They were in a U. M. C. primier box with a yellow label on it, and consisted of a Vernier windguage set with a pinhead, spirit level and aperture sight, along with some screws for set triggers which were wrapped in paper and placed in the box. I did not miss them until this afternoon, when I was looking over my case. Will you please mention in your next issue that the finder will be rewarded on their return to me."

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 3.—RUTHERFORD, N. J.—Boiling Springs Gun Club, shoot for benefit cyclone sufferers. All invited. W. H. Huick, Sec'y.

Aug. 7.—PLAINFIELD, N. J.—Seventh monthly tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Climax Gun Club. League contest at 2 P. M.

Aug. 7-8.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; targets.

Aug. 8-10.—ROME, N. Y.—Tournament of the Rome Gun Club; targets. W. P. Rayland, Sec'y.

Aug. 9-10.—NEW ORLEANS, La.—Tournament of the Inter-state Association, under the auspices of the Louisiana Gun Club; $200 added money.

Aug. 15.—WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the White Plains Gun Club; live birds and targets. Chas. H. Banks, Sec'y.

Aug. 20-24.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

Aug. 27-29.—CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Charlotte Gun Club.

Aug. 28-29.—FREDERICK, Md.—Two days' tournament of the Frederick Gun Club, at targets.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Sept. 2.—MARION, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club; targets.

Sept. 2-3.—NEWARK, N. J.—Tournament of the South Side Gun Club; targets New Jersey Trap Shooters' League contest at 2 P. M. on the second day. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—UTICA, N. Y.—Two days tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 4-5.—SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. Va.—Morgan's Grove Fair Association's tournament, under the management of the Interstate Association

Sept. (second week).—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—First annual tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. —.—FREDONIA, N. Y.—Tournament of the Clover Trap and Target Company. $1,000 added money.

Sept —.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Fourth annual tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club; three days of the week following the Clover tournament

Sept. 10-13.—DETROIT, Mich.—The Des-Chree Shos-Ka annual tournament, under the management of Jack Parker.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

Oct. 23-24.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Fourth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Oct. 23-25.—ATLANTA, Ga.—Annual tournament of the Clarke Hardware Company; targets; $500 added money.

1896.

Jan. 9-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the management of Texas Field; $2,500 added.

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2 000 added money.

May (second week).—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Just as we were going to press last week we received a postal card from Jack Parker, asking us to claim, on behalf of his Des-Chree-Shos-Ka shoot, the dates of Sept. 10-13. We found time to get the notice a place in fixtures, but were unable to call attention to the dates in a proper manner. For the same reason we were also unable to call attention to the change of dates for the Utica, N. Y., two days' shoot. Sept. 4 and 5 are the dates now claimed, in place of Sept. 2 and 3 originally fixed upon. Another change of dates to be recorded this week are those for the Frederick, Md., Gun Club's tournament. The dates now decided upon are Aug. 28, 29. The reason for the latter change is the clashing of the previous dates with those of the Pennsylvania State shoot.

Mr. H. Brown, one of the best shots in the Binghamton, N. Y., Gun Club, writes under date of July 17 as follows: "In reply to personal letters, the Binghamton Gun Club has the assurance of the attendance of enough trap-shooters (including the 8 or 10 home shooters who will go right through the programme) to enable it to hold a good big shoot. The club has therefore decided to hold a two days' shoot on August 7, 8. A new set of Clover traps will be used during the tournament. Programmes follow later."

"U. M. C." Thomas looked in at this office on Monday afternoon last Thomas invariably chooses our busiest days for a call, but one can't get mad with "U. M. C." On Monday he was full of the Macon Interstate, from which he had just returned, and which he classed as one of the most successful ever held by the Association. Speaking of the New Orleans shoot, Thomas said it was sure to be a good one, adding that the Louisiana boys say that the breeze from the water keeps things cool and pleasant at their grounds.

The U. M. C. Company and the Winchester Repeating Arms Company have placed on the market rifle and revolver cartridges loaded with an American smokeless rifle powder, manufactured at Oakland, N. J., by the American E. C. Powder Company. From the satisfaction which these cartridges have given during the past few months, it looks as if there was going to be as big a revolution in rifle and revolver powders as there was a few years back in powders for shotguns.

Sportsmen of Perth Amboy, N. J., are moving in the right direction. They have organized a gun club under the title of the Central Gun Club. Its officers are: Pres., Spencer Dayton; Vice-Pres., James M. Glenn; Sec., H. J. Mason; Treas., Herbert Dayton. Directors, Samuel Van Horn, Wm. Dayton, Wm. Hartmann. Finance Committee, George Eggert, Jas. L. Tooker, Jr., Samuel Hornsby. The initial shoot took place on Saturday afternoon last, July 20.

Is the English bluerock pigeon really as hard to hit as they say it is? Every American who has shot pigeons at Hurlingham or at the Gun Club is asked that time and again. For answer he can point to some statistics taken from the London *Field* of July 6, which appear elsewhere. It will be noticed that the percentage of birds killed at the Gun Club during the International week was only 74¾—the same percentage as last year.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., will hold an all-day shoot on Saturday, Aug. 3. The entire proceeds of the shoot will be donated to the fund now being raised to aid the sufferers at Cherry Hill, N. J., who lost relatives and property in the disastrous cyclone that completely annihilated that little town on the afternoon of July 13.

The Clarke Hardware Company, of Atlanta, Ga., announces that it will hold its annual three-days' tournament on Oct. 23-25. The company will add $600 to the purses. The attractions at Atlanta at that time should be additional incentive to trap-shooters to attend this tournament.

According to late dispatches from Aix-les-Bains, Fred Hoey is still giving a good account of himself. As Hoey is about as good an amateur pigeon shot as any in the United States, Americans can get a good line through his work as to the quality of the birds furnished in Europe.

This is an actual fact: Miss W. talking to the wife of a well-known frequenter of trap tournaments, "What does your husband shoot at this time of the year, Mrs. B.?" Mrs. B., "Only clay pigeons." Miss W. (hesitatingly), "I don't believe I've ever eaten any of them; have you?"

The Home City Gun Club, of Springfield, O., has arranged a series of monthly "amateur shoots." All professionals are barred. The first of these monthly shoots takes place July 30, when a good turnout is expected.

Louis Schortemeier had a picnic at the 21 yards mark in the New York German Gun Club's shoot on July 17. Dr. Hudson under the club's rules conceded "Schorty" nine yards and gave him a good race too.

Messrs. Wiebusch & Hilger, 94-96 Chambers street, New York city, and the Hazard Powder Co., 44-48 Cedar street, New York city, are the two most recent additions to the ranks of the Interstate Association.

A notice is given elsewhere of the programme of the Interstate Association's tournament at New Orleans, August 9, 10, the tournament being held under the auspices of the Louisiana Gun Club.

The White Plains (N. Y.) Gun Club, will hold its monthly shoot on Aug. 15 at its grounds, Oakley avenue. Shooting commences at 9 A. M. The shoot will be at bluerocks and live birds.

W. P. Rayland ("Rags"), secretary of the Rome, N. Y., Gun Club, announces that that club will hold a three-days' tournament on Aug. 8-10.

EDWARD BANKS.

Endeavor Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., July 20.—The Endeavor Gun Club held its monthly prize shoot this afternoon at the club's grounds, Marion, N. J. The attendance was good, considering the extremely hot weather. The scores made in the first shoot, which is shot at 25 targets, unknown angles, were as follows:

Collins	1111111111111101111100111—22
Corson	1111111111101010111111100—20
Dustin	0111001111111110111101011—19
Frey	0111110111101101010010111—16
Strader	1111100010111011100111110—17
Piercy, Sr.	1111101111110101111101111—21
Fletcher	1001001011110100111101110—15
Ingram	1001101111001010100111111—16
Hassinger	1111010101011111111111110—19
C von Lengerke	1111110111101101111011111—21
Sloane	0011100000111101010110101—13

Among the other sweeps shot this afternoon was the following at 20 targets, unknown angles:

Collins	01110111100010111111—14	Dustin	11111011101111111110—17
Strader	01111111010111111111—17	Shaefer	11001010011110111100—12
Piercy, Sr.	10111010111100001001—11	Ingram	11111111111001101001—15
Corson	11111110110110110101—16	Polhemus	11101001111101111111—16
Folson	00001101111100011001—10	Wanda	01110110100011111111—14
Hassinger	11100111010111111110—15	Piercy, Jr.	11100010011001101101—11
Stone	11111111100101111101—16	Fletcher	11110110101100111111—15
C v Leng'ke	10111110101101111011—15		J. A. CREVELING.

Michigan City Gun Club.

MICHIGAN CITY, Miss., July 16.—An interesting team race was shot on our club grounds on Thursday last for a side wager—Brewer and Tray vs. McCarley and Hardaway. The match was at 25 singles per man. The targets were thrown at unknown angles and low, and the day was also dark, which made the shooting very hard. Scores:

Tway	0111111111111111100111111—22
Brewer	0000010011001111110101110—13—35
Hardaway	1110111011001010111111101—18
McCarley	1111011101101111111101—20—38

The winners were immediately challenged to another match. The scores:

Tway	1011110101111111011111111—22
Brewer	1101110111101000011011110—17—39
Hardaway	0111101101011110111011011—18
McCarley	1110011101101110111010111—18—36

This makes the matches a tie; a third and deciding match will be shot soon.

SECRETARY.

Central Gun Club of Perth Amboy.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., July 20.—The recently organized Central Gun Club of this place held its initial shoot this afternoon. The club shoot was at 10 live birds, $3 entrance. The scores this afternoon were:

H Jones	2122112121—10	George Eggert	1111111010— 8
H Dayton	2111111011— 9	H M Brace	0110111112— 8
J van Brackle	1111102211— 9	S Dayton	0121020201— 6
Wm Dayton	1122020222— 8	James Glenn	0112200011— 6
Wm Hartmann	1212110110— 8		

These shoots are for four prizes, which will be distributed at the end of each year. To become entitled to any one of these prizes, a member must take part in eight of the shoots. The four highest totals will receive the prizes. The first and third prizes will be of the same value; the second and fourth also being equal.

H. J. M., Sec'y.

The Schmelzer Midsummer Tournament.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 19.—The second annual midsummer tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Co. was brought to a close to-day at 4:45. A. Pugh fired the last gun. The tournament was held at Fairmount Park, which is located on the Air Line Railroad about eight miles from this city. It can be reached by rail, trains running out there about every forty-five minutes. The park is a summer resort, beautifully laid out, having settees, swings, dancing pavilion, an elegant bathing beach, a lake with boats and boat house, a bear pit and a crystal maze, while at night an opera company gives performances in a large pavilion reserved for that purpose. Meals could be had on the grounds at all hours, and through the courtesy of J. A. R. Elliott arrangements were made whereby those who desired could also obtain sleeping accommodations at the grounds. The shooting grounds were located at the east end of the park, inside the bicycle track. Three sets of five bluerock traps, with North's electric pulls, were used. The traps were set in a straight line, about 30ft. separating each set from the other. At the score awnings had been erected the entire length to protect the shooters from the sun and rain. The traps faced north and the targets were thrown moderately fast. The screens that protected the trappers were the highest we have ever seen, and for that reason the targets had to be thrown well up. The background was not good; in fact, it was rather a difficult one. To the left of the score was a high grand stand, that interfered with the view of the targets going that way; while just beyond the park fence, directly ahead, stood several large trees that made it rather difficult to judge targets thrown that way. To the right of the traps the ground rose abruptly; this being covered with trees and a large confield, it was rather against the shooter obtaining a good view of targets thrown in that direction. At this shoot there was no blackboard, and only one copy of the scores was taken. This made it a little difficult for the newspaper men to get the scores, but they should not mind so trifling a matter. In the rear of the score a number of tents were set up where the shooters could while away the time when not shooting, but they were not the coolest place on the grounds by any means, especially on Tuesday and Wednesday, when the thermometer registered 100 in the shade. On Thursday morning it rained for several hours; this cooled the atmosphere somewhat, although in the afternoon it got very hot again, while a thunderstorm was brewing and several heavy showers fell. That night a terrible wind and rain storm struck this vicinity; several of the tents were blown down, one of which was the ammunition tent and a great many shells got wet, a number of which were worthless. By morning it had ceased raining, and the air was delightfully cool and pleasant; but when the shooters arrived on the grounds they presented a rather dilapidated appearance, and the mud was several inches deep. The attendance, while not so large as was expected, was good and held up wonderfully well until the last day, when there was a marked falling off in the number of entries; 79 was the largest number taking part in any event. This is quite a creditable showing when one considers that a man had to shoot over 90 per cent. to win anything. This was an amateur shoot, but if all the experts in the country had participated the company could not have been any hotter. All events were shot under the walk-around system of known traps and angles, and these Western shooters seem to have them gauged about right; no matter whether it was a 15 or a 50-bird race one had to break straight to get in for first. Several shooters broke 100 straight during the tournament, and unless one could shoot a 95 per cent. gait there was little chance to win anything, as all ties had to be shot off, and when an ordinary shooter happened to scratch into first place he was invariably shot out. This caused a great deal of dissatisfaction among these shooters. No one was permitted to win more than one first prize on any day, nor more than two during the tournament. When a shooter won a first prize the remainder of that day he never made any effort to go straight, as to do so would shoot him out. Several shooters openly boasted of having missed their last bird intentionally.

Jack Parker managed the shoot. Like all shoots under his supervision, everything was kept running smoothly; not only did he look after the traps, but he also made up sweeps and handled the cash in these events. There are a number of tournament managers in the country, but they must all doff their hats to Jack, for he is the prince of them all. Jack only increased his friends by the number of acquaintances that he made. Ed. Hickman also contributed in no small way to keep the shoot running. He acted as squad hustler on one set of traps, and he generally had his squads up when they were wanted. The local shooters are not target shots and really care little for the sport. Their game is live pigeon shooting, and for this reason only a few local men took part in the shoot; but the non-resident shooters were there in force, Kansas especially being well represented. Among those whom your correspondent met during the shoot were the following: J. J. Cornett, Linneus, Mo.; Ted Ackerman, Stanton, Neb.; T. R. Kinmouth, Joplin, Mo.; W. H. Skinner, Chicago, Ill.; J. W. Barre, Louisiana, Mo.; Lou. Erhardt, Atchison, Kan; W. E. Morgan, A. Dixon, W. G. Sergeant, C. W. Greene, Joplin, Mo.; J. T. Buker, Rockford, Ill.; Fred. Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.; Charley Budd, Des Moines, Ia.; H. T. Leeman, Galena, Kan.; John Georgeson, Kelly, Ia.; Billy Allen, Hutchinson, Kan.; Andy Thomas, Chicago, Ill.; J. M. Hershey, Osage, Kan.; C. H. Blackburn, Olathe, Kan.; M. B. Horton, Kansas City, O. Osgood, Cleveland, O.; J. R. Wilmot, Lexington, Mo.; Ben. O. Bush, Kalamazoo, Mich.; A. Fulton, Kendena, Kan.; H. M. Davis ("Menefee"), Richmond, Mo.; J. W. Sexton, Leavenworth, Kan.; M. F. McDonald ("Greene"). Richmond, Mo.; F. L. Stanley, Kansas City, Mo.; C. Calhoun, W. W. McIlhany, Weir City, Kan.; W. M. Grover, Roodhouse, Ill.; Nathan Williams, Kelly, Ia.; G. Essig, Plattsburg, Mo.; J. Batchelor, St. Joseph, Mo.; T. Clyde, Lincoln, Neb.; C. F. Reust, Frankfort, Kan.; C. E. McGee, Easton, Kan.; L. G. Clarke, Carrolton, Mo.; —— Keller, Leavenworth, Kan.; C. D. Linderman, Adams, Neb.; J. P. Simmons, Louisburg, Neb.; J. J. Van Wyck, Kansas City, Kan.; J. L. Horn, Galena, Kan.; Geo. P. Christianson, Randall, Ia.; C. W. Mason, Richmond, Mo.; S. Deweese, Wamego, Kan.; A. E. Pugh, Kansas City, Kan.; M. Rabkin, Kansas City, Kan.; G. W. Goff, Leavenworth, Kan.; G. W. Herron, Kansas City, Kan.; F. H. McElroy, Leavenworth, Kan.; George Stevenson, Thornt Thomas, A. H. Barlow, Waterville, Kan.; L. Scott, Scheffield, Mo.; George McQueene, C. M. Spencer, F. E. Lovel, Carrolton, Mo.; J. S. Rooney, Kansas City, Kan.; Geo. W. Jenkins, Wamego, Kan.; W. G. Snodgrass, Frankford, Kan.; Chester Dixon, E. D. Porter, Dr. R. B. Tyler, Tim Molloy, John Craigan, Joplin, Mo.; J. W. Carney, Galena, Kan.; Elwood Thornton, Carterville, Mo.; C. J. Liler, Aurora, Mo; Armour Robinson, Leavenworth, Kan; F. M. Soward, Kansas City, Kan.; W. S. Ferguson, Atchison, Kan; Joe Lecompte, Willow Springs, Mo.; Arch Hollenbeck, West Plains, Mo.; Jay Shuert, Willow Springs, Mo.; W. H. Allen, Pleasant Hill, Mo.; W. S. Allen, Raymore, Mo.; A. E. Hood, Rockford, Ills.; T. H. Cohran, Pleasant Hill, Mo.; W. D. Bush, Fort Madison, Ia.; Christ. Gottlieb, Kansas City, Mo.

The scores and the winners of the different events are as given below:

First Day.

No. 1, 15 targets, entrance 40 cents, 60 entries: Herron 12, Miles 7, Ackerman 12, Georgeson 14, Christianson 12, Gilbert 15, N. Williams 13, Goff 9, Wisig 11, Cosby 14, Bruce 11, McGee 11, Laidlow 8, Stevenson 13, Barlow 9, T. Thomas 12, McKinney 12, W. D. Bush 18, Erhardt 13, Calhoun 10, McIlhany 13, Sexton 15, Green 14, Menefee 7, McElroy 9. Ruest 15, Sergeant 10, Liles 14, C. W. Green 2, Dixon 11, Clark 11, Spencer 11, McQueen 12, Essig 11, Keller 13, Mason 11. Barre 11, Norton 9, Gottlieb 14, Rooney 12. Frenkas 10, McWhorter 9, Osgood 15, Radikin 12, Snodgrass 14, Horton 14, Leeman 12, Howe 15, Kinmouth 13, W. E. Morgan 8, W. A. Williams 8, Hollenback 10. Shuert 9, Lecompt 5, R. P. Barre 9, Hershey 14, Clyde 12, Fulton 10, W. Allen 11, Batchelor 13.

Osgood, Horn, Ruest, Sexton and Gilbert tied for first prize—a Quackenbush rifle. Gilbert won on the shoot-off, breaking 15 straight. Georgeson shot out the 14 men and won second prize—a pair of rubber boots. Kinmouth did the same to the 13 men and got third prize—a fishing rod.

No. 2, 25 targets, 66 entries: Herron 21, Miles 13, Ackerman 21, Georgeson 25, Christianson 18, Gilbert 21, N. Williams 21, Bruns 15, Goff 21, Wing 16, Cosby 23, Bruce 15, McGee 20, Laidlow 13, Stevenson 17, Barlow 23, T. Thomas 17, McKinney 20. Erhardt 19, Calhoun 22, McIlhany 25, Sexton 24, Green 21, Menefee 19, McElroy 18. Reust 21, Sergeant 23, Liles 32, C. W. Green 11, Dixon 18, Clark 25. Spencer 15, McQueen 21, Essig 15, Keller 22, Mason 14, Barre 23, Gottlieb 23, Rooney 16, Frenkas 22, McWhorter 13, Linderman 22, Radikin 20, Snodgrass 20, Horton 17, Leeman 25, Horn 20, Kinmouth 23, Morgan 19, Stanley 16, Clyde 20, Hollenback 15, Shuert 15, W. D. Bush 23, Lecompt 14, Barse 14, Osgood 24, Fulton 20, W. Allen 10, Baker 24, Henry 21, Batchelor 23, Hershey 22, Allen 17, L. C. Smith 23, Norton 23.

Georgeson, McIlhany, Leeman and Clark all went straight; on the shoot-off Clark beat them out, winning the Spencer gun. Sexton, Osgood and Buker scored 24, and Buker had to break 15 more straight to win second—a sole leather gun case. Nine men scored 23, and W. D. Bush managed to beat out the other men in the tie, capturing the sweater, which was third prize.

No. 3, 25 targets, 79 entries: Herron 20, Miles 18, Ackerman 22, Georgeson 22, Christianson 20, Gilbert 24, W. Williams 18, Bruns 20, Goff 20, Wing 19, Cosby 21, McGee 19, Lardlow 9, Stevenson 12, Barlow 18, T. Thomas 18, W. D. Bush 21, Clark 22, Erhardt 21, Calhoun 23, McIlhany 22, Sexton 25, Green 23, Menefee 18, McElroy 19, Reust 25, Sargeant 23, Liles 19, C. W. Green 21, Dixon 19, Mason 11, Spencer 22, McQueen 17, Essig 19, Keller 18, Rooney 14, Barse 18, Norton 21, Gottlieb 18, McWhorter 14, Frenkas 21, Horton 20, Adams 19, Horn 21, Kinmouth 20, Morgan 24, Stanley 15, Hollenback 12, Shuert 10, Lecompe 12, Linderman 21, B. O. Bush w., Sparrow 12, Scott 19, Hershey w., Radikin 22, Clyde 19, Osgood 24, Rickmer 22, L. C. Smith 22, Barre 23

Snodgrass 22, Fulton 19, Lincoln 14, Livingston 21, Blackburn 15, Stevenson 15, Elay 15, Dillon w., Batchelor w., Simmons 12, Brown 14, D. Elliott 23, W. B. Thomas 23, Liley 10, Deweese 17, Buker 21, Henry 19, Strand 9.

Sexton and Reust were the only ones to break straight, and in the shoot-off Sexton won first prize—a Parker hammerless gun. Gilbert, Morgan and Osgood scored 24; Gilbert was the last man in, and took second prize—a quarter can of Wood powder. Seven men scored 23, but only three, Green, Barre and Partle, contested for the possession of the sweater, which was third prize; Barre got this.

No. 4, 25 targets, 72 entries: Herron 23, Miller 13, Ackerman 23, Georgenson 25, Christianson 25, Gilbert 25, W. Williams 19, Bruns 18, Goff 19, Wing 17, Cosby 23, McGee 18, Laidlow 12, Stevenson 21, Barlow 20, T. Thomas 13, W. D. Bush 25, Clark 20, Erhardt 22, Calhoun 23, McIlhany 23, Sexton 24, Green 21, Menefee 21, McElroy 22, Reust 23, Sergeant 23, Liles 22, C. W. Green 15, Dixon 20, Mason 16, Spencer 19, McQueen 16, Essig 15, Smith 23, Rooney 24, Barre 23, Norton 23, Gottlieb 22, McWhorter 16, Frenkas 18, Horton 23, Stevenson 18, Horn 22, Kinmouth w., Morgan 19, Hollenbeck 12, W. B. Thomas 21, Lecompte 14, Stanley 16, Linderman 22, Buker 25, Henry 24, Shuert 13, Osgood 23, Rickmer 24, Clyde 23, Radikin 22, Batchelor 19, Scott 22, Lincoln 18, Fulton 18, B. O. Bush 23, Adams 19, Blackburn 18, Hershey 21, Liley 18, Sparrow 17, Snodgrass 19, Livingston 20, Reber 15, Strand 21.

Georgenson, Christianson, Gilbert, W. D. Bush and Bucker each broke 25, and Georgenson had to break 19 out of 20 to shoot the others out. He became the possessor of first prize—a Baker hammerless gun. Sexton, Rooney, Rickmer and Henry broke 24. Henry broke ten more straight and took second prize—a split bamboo rod. Clyde took third prize—a pair of canvas leggings, as the rest of those who scored 23 would not shoot off the tie.

No. 5, 20 targets, 54 entries: Herron 11, B. O. Bush w, Ackerman 17, Georgenson 17, Christian 14, Gilbert 17, N. Williams 16, Bruns 15, Radikin 15, Osgood 18, Cosby 18, McGee 14, Laidlow 12, Stevenson 17, Barlow 17, T. Thomas 11, Ely 15, Clyde 19, Erhardt 19, Calhoun 18, McIlhany 19, Sexton 19, Green 19, Menefee 18, McElroy 14, Reust 19, Sergeant 16, Liler 18, C. W. Green 10, Dixon 17, Mason 16, Spencer 15, Pugh 15. Essig 15. Snodgrass 17, Barre 19, Gottlieb 19, Frenkas 15, Horton 20, Rickmer 19, Morgan 15, Hollenbeck 13, Stuart 12, L. C. Smith 19, Linderman 18, Lecompte 14, McQueen 14, Clark 17, Norton 19, Rooney 15, Leeman w, Horn 18, Hershey 16, Wing 12.

Horton was the only one to go straight and took the $15, which was first prize. Eleven scored 19. McIlhany shot them all out and walked off with the $5, second prize; Menefee won third—a rack of shot.

In addition to the above there were seven sweepstake events shot on the third set of traps, five 10-target races and two at 15 targets. In these events nearly all different systems were tried, some were known angles, some unknown angles, some reversed angles, and some were unknown traps, one man up. The entries in these events ranged from 26 to 33, four moneys in each event, all of which was pretty well cut up.

Second Day.

No. 6, 15 targets, 48 entries: Osgood 14, Gilbert 14, Christianson 13, Georgenson 15, Bruns 6, Sworard 12, Erhardt 13, Calhoun 12, McIlhany 14, Sexton 13, Green 13, Menefee 10, Essig 12, Rees 6, W. D. Bush 12, Mason 13, Foster 9, Miles 8, George Stevenson 9, Cosby 12, Lecompt 9, W. P. Smith 9, Barlow 13, Jones 12, Clark 14, Norton w, Gottlieb w, McWhorter 8, Barre w, McQueen 10, Spencer 12, Ruest 13, N. Williams 10, Harkins 14, Stewart 11, Jenkins 11, Malloy 9, Sergeant 13, Morgan 9, C. W. Green 2, A. Dixon 11, Thornton 10, C. Dixon 14, Buker 14, Henry 15, Hollebeck 9, Shuert 2, Freeman 12.

Georgenson and Henry were the only ones to score straight. On the shoot-off Georgenson won the 25lbs. of Hazard Smokeless powder. The second prize, 12½lbs. of the same powder, was won by Buker, who shot out the other fourteen. Sexton had to break 19 straight before he disposed of Mason, Sergeant, Christianson, Ruest, Erhardt and Barlow, and won third. 6¼lbs. of powder.

No. 7, 25 targets, 71 entries: Osgood 24, Gilbert 23, Christianson 23, Georgenson 22, Bruns 13, Sward 20, Molloy 20, Sergeant 19, Morgan 17, C. W. Green 16, A. Dixon 20, Thornton 24, Horton 24, Rees 8, W. D. Bush 23, Mason 18, Foster 19, Miller 12, Essig 19, Spencer 23, Harkins 22, Reust 25, Jenkins 19, Stewart 15, Barre 24, Norton 15, Gottlieb 17, McWhorter 17, Snodgrass 18, Liler 25, Barlow 19, Clark 22, N. Williams 23, Stanley 17, Ted 22, Linderman 24, Erhardt 24, Calhoun 24, McIlhany 23, Sexton 25, Green 21, Menefee 22, Clyde 20, Ely 16, W. P. Smith 20, Jones 18, Kinmouth 24, Rickmer 24, Laidlow 16, Stevenson 24, Cosby 21, Lecompte 15, B. O. Bush 12, McQueen 19, C. Dixon 16, Buker 22, Henry 21, Hollenbeck 13, Shuert 17, L. C. Smith w, Horn 23, Robinson 17, Coppinger 7, Wick 14, J. H. Williams 7, Ferguson 16, Cohron 13, Allen 22, Thomas 14, Blackburn 17, D. Elliott 21.

Reust, Sexton and Liler got 25 each, and then Liler broke 5 more, enough to win first prize—an L. C. Smith hammerless gun. Rickmer, Stevenson, Calhoun, Osgood, Thornton, Barre, Linderman, Erhardt and Horton were in for second on 24; Horton scored 9 out of 10, which was too many for the others in his class, and thereby won the gun case. W. D. Bush did the same thing for those who had tied him on 23, and he now sports a new shooting blouse.

No. 8, 20 targets, 60 entries: Osgood 20, Gilbert 19, Christianson 16, Georgenson 20, Bruns 10, Sergeant 18, Molloy 15, Soward 12, Laidlow 14, C. W. Green 14, A. Dixon 13, Thornton 19, Erhardt 19, Calhoun 20, McIlhany 20, Sexton 19, Green 17, Menefee 19, Essig 12, Barlow 12, Hawkins 17, Reust 13, Jenkins 13, Barre 18, Norton 17, Gottlieb 16, McWhorter 10, Clark 17, McQueen 15, Spencer 12, Snodgrass 15, Ted 17, J. H. Williams 7, Kinmouth 10, Ferguson 13, Stewart 10, Wick 14, Coppenger 6, Robinson 15, Horn 16, Rickmer 15, Cosby 15, Leeman 5, Horton 19, Mason 15, W. D. Bush 8, Rees 7, Miles 6, C. Dixon 14, Buker 20, Henry 13, Shuert 9, Hollebeck 12, Lecompte 14, Morgan 11, Stevenson 18, Allen 16, Cohoff 12, Cosby 11.

Osgood, Georgenson, McIlhany, Buker and Calhoun all broke 20 straight. The first prize was a duck boat, and to win it Calhoun had to break 25 more straight, as Buker evidently wanted it as badly as he did, Buker scoring only one less than Calhoun, or 44 out of 45. Six men tied for second prize, a pair of oars; 5 straight was enough to win them and Gilbert got them. Barre won third prize—a folding boat seat—by scoring 10 straight, which neither Clyde, Henry nor Stevenson could equal.

No. 9, 45 targets, 3 targets released at once, 26 entries: Stone 16, Buker 22, Osgood 21, Soward 26, Pease 28, Linderman 25, Smith 22, Gilbert 28, McIlhany 29, Reust 25, Jenkins w, Robinson w., Gottlieb 24, McWhorter 7w., Laidlow 10, Rickmer 21, D. Elliott 7w., B. O. Bush 27, Hickman 24, Clyde 7w., L. C. Smith 23, Calhoun w, Jones 15, Thornton 4w.

McIlhany, with 20, won first prize, a Winchester gun, best quality; Pease with 28 took second, a gun case; and B O. Bush with 27 got third, a sweater.

No. 10, 25 targets, 66 entries: Erhardt 21, Calhoun 24, McIlhany 23, Sexton 24, Green 22, Menefee 24, Horn 24, Robinson 23, B. O. Bush 24, Snodgrass 22, Sergeant 20, Morgan 19, Ely 21, A. Dixon 22, Thornton 22, Lecompte 17, Hollenbeck 21, Shuert 14, Henry 24, Buker 24, C. Dixon 21, Clark 24, Spencer 17, McQueen 20, Bruns 12, Mason 21, Soward 25, Horton 25, Harkins 20, Essig w., B. O. Bush 22, Stewart 20, Osgood 23, Loomis 20, Clyde 24, W. D. Bush 20, Ted 21, Leeman 20, Cosby 22, Linderman 24, Herman 13, Miles 11, Jenkins 17, McWhorter 15, Ferguson 16, Stevenson 17, Rickmer 19, Barlow T. Thomas 17, J. W. Williams 19, Reust 24, Blackburn 19, Peebles 8, Stevenson 24, Christianson 23, Gilbert 23, Norton 20, Gottlieb 22, Georgenson 22, Barre 25, Meeker 14, Hershey 24, Lamb 17, Laidlow 14, Pease 18, Mike 7.

Barre, Soward and Horton tied on 25, and then Horton broke 5 more straight and added to his possessions the Lefever hammerless gun, which was first prize. Eleven scored 24, and Linderman had to break 39 out of 40 to win second prize—one-quarter can of wood powder. Gilbert broke 34 out of 25 before he disposed of Robinson, Christianson and Osgood, who were in the tie with him for third prize—a hunting coat.

Fairmount Park event, 25 targets, open to all, 55 entries: Georgenson 23, Gilbert 23, Jenkins 20, Lecompte 17, Clarke 10w, McQueen 21, Norton 24, Blackburn 19, Lamb 18, N. Williams 10, Bruns 7, Essig 16, Spencer 17, Marshall 17, C. Dixon 23, Shuert 11, Horton 22, Osgood 23, Erhardt 6w, Calhoun 22, McIlhany 22, Sexton 24, Green 22, Menefee 19, Sergeant 24, Hollenbeck 19, Kinmouth 20, Reust 23, McWhorter 17, Ted 21, Cosby 23, Laidlow 11, Gottlieb 21, J. Stevenson 4w, Ferguson 14, Miles 16, Thornton 18, Liles 22, Soward 25, Stewart 21, Barre 23, Haskins 20, Robinson 16, G. Stevenson 23, Barlow 22, T. Thomas 16, Rickmer 21, Mike 12, Budd 22, Leeman 5w, Horn 25, J. A. R. Elliott 23, Parker 25, Snodgrass 9, Hickmer 21.

The prizes in this event consisted of three clocks. Soward, Horn and Parker went straight, and in the shoot-off Parker had to break 28 out of 30 before he disposed of Horn; Soward went out on the first string of 10. Sergeant had to break 15 straight to beat out Norton and Sexton, who were tied with him.

Four sweeps were shot to-day, one 10-target and three 15-target events. The entries in these were from 26 to 37. In the fourth event, a 15-bird event, with 37 entries, Bud won first alone, he being the only one to go straight; Gilbert was the only one to score 14, and took second.

Third Day.

No. 11, 15 targets, 43 entries: Bruns 11, C. Dixon 13, Cosby 12, Soward 10, A. Dixon 15, Dr. Brown 11, Norton 12, Miles 12, Horton 14, Frenkas 12, Clark 14, Georgenson 12, Liles 12, Henry 11, McQueen 11, Spencer 13, Leeman 8, Sergeant 13, Snodgrass 13, Gilbert 13, Gregg 11, Hershey 14, Gottlieb 12, L. C. Smith 14, Barre 14, Rickmers 10, Reust 13, W. H. Allen 5, W. S. Allen 8, Rice 10, G. Stevenson 15, Shuert 8, Calhoun 15, McIlhany 15, Ell 13, Sexton 14, T. Thomas 6, W. D. Bush 12, Buker 14, Osgood 13, B. O. Bush 15, Hollenbeck 11, Lecompte 9.

Stevenson shot out all the others who went straight, and took first—25lbs. of DuPont Smokeless. Horton outshot all those who scored 14, and got second—12½lbs. of the same powder. Osgood did the same thing for the 13s, thereby winning 6¼lbs. of the above-named powder.

No. 12, 25 targets, 38 entries: Bruns 17, Cosby 23, Snodgrass 22, C. Dixon 23, A. Dixon 21, Dr. Brown 17, Miles 16, Horton 21, Frenkas 20, Barre 23, Osgood 25, Clark 25, Norton 20, Henry 23, Sergeant 22, Leeman 21, Liler 20, Georgenson 25, Gottlieb 18, Gilbert 22, L. C. Smith 21, Spencer 21, McQueen 16, Gregg 16, Calhoun 24, McIlhany 24, Sexton 25, Rickmers 22, Reust 25, W. H. Allen 16, W. S. Allen 18, Rice 21, Stevenson 21, T. Thomas 19, W. D. Bush 22, Buker 23, Hollenbeck 23, Lecompte 19.

Osgood, Clark, Georgenson, Sexton and Reust all tied for first. Reust shot them all out and won the Burgess gun. McIlhany took the shell case—second prize. Buker won third.

No. 13, 25 targets, 60 entries: Bruns 18, Dr. Brown 16, Reust 7w, Norton 14w, Frenkas 24, Soward 21, McIlhany 24, Shuert 15, Rickmers 21, W. S. Allen 17, Hollenbeck 19, Rice 18, Rooney 20, Erhardt 18, Williams 14, Horn 6w, G. Stevenson 23, Cosby 22, Gregg 19, W. B. Thomas 20, Georgenson 20, B. O. Bush 22, Clark 21, Sexton 10w, Lecompte 19, Smith 16, W. H. Allen 21, Ratikin 23, Gilbert 21, Wing 16, Joe Smith 15, Smart 10, Miller 19, Hart 14, Calhoun 17w, Spencer 18, Parsons 18, Snodgrass 23, Deweese 14, Hoger 17, Dickinson 11, Buker 22, McCurdy 19, Crisp 20, Horton 23, Henry 22, Gottlieb 23, L. C. Smith 25, Bruland 8, Barre 24, McQueen 20, Thomas 14, Peck 18, Eager 18, Mike 11, Arende 19. Essig 19, Osgood 25, Sergeant 17, Hinckey 20.

L. C. Smith and Osgood were the only ones to go straight, and Osgood beat Smith on the shoot-off and took the Hollenbeck hammerless gun. Barre shot Frenkas out and won the shell case; Horton won third—a shooting vest.

No. 14, 50 targets, 31 entries: Buker 50, Cosley 42, Miles 30, Mallen 40, Dr. Brown 39, Rice 40, Gregg 45, B. O. Bush 41, Parsons 28, Peck 42, Hallenbeck 40, Sergeant 43, Horton 44, Calhoun 47, McIlhany 45. Gilbert 47, Georgeson 42, Eager 37, Reust 48, Arends 40, Le Compt 38, W. H. Allen 41, Rooney 37, Eberhart 46, Horn 14w., Henshaw 30, Mike 17, Hart 38, Pugh 10w., Sexton 13w., Lillie 36.

Buker won first prize—a buggy—on a straight score of 50; Reust won second prize—a Quackenbush Junior Rifle; Gilbert won third—a fishing rod.

Only three sweeps were shot to-day, one 10 and two 15-target events, averaging about 25 entries each. So much time was consumed in shooting the world's championship contest that No. 15 event had to go over to the next day.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY.

This was the most important event of the tournament and 31 shooters entered the contest. The conditions were 150 targets per man, entrance price of targets, reversed angles; that is, the shooter when at No. 1 trap will get a bird from No. 5; at No. 2, a bird from No. 4; at No. 3, a bird from that trap; at No. 4, one from No. 2, and at No. 5, one from No. 1.

The trophy is subject to a challenge and must be defended every 60 days if challenged. Anyone desiring to challenge the holder of the trophy must deposit $50 with Mr. James A. Whitfield, sporting editor of the Kansas City *Star*, who will notify the holder of the trophy to prepare himself to defend the same within the limit of the above specified time. The $50 goes to the winner of the contest. The holder of the trophy has the right to name the ground where said contest shall take place, and anyone to become the permanent possessor of the trophy must successfully defend it three times consecutively.

The contest was a great one from start to finish. When each shooter had shot his first string of 25, Buker led, having scored 24, while at the end of the 50th round Henry had taken the lead, having scored 46, 23 in each string of 25. When 75 birds had been shot by each contestant, Calhoun had the lead, having 67 breaks to his credit.

The end of the race found Sexton ahead, he having finished strongly, scoring 47 out of his last 50, and winning the trophy with the fine score of 90. Henry was second with 87, Jack Parker third. Only twenty-one men shot through, the others withdrawing when they saw they had no chance to win. Osgood had a chance for a possible 89, he having scored 64 out of 75, but as this could not win, he did not shoot his last string of 25, having a very sore cheek where his gun was punishing him. The others who did not finish were Leeman 50 out of 75, Brown 42 out of 75, Horn 55 out of 75, Erhardt 54 out of 75, N. Williams 46 out of 75, Liler 65 out of 85, Stevenson 55 out of 75, Sergeant 55 out of 75, Clark 25 out of 40, Andy Thomas 31 out of 50. The contest began at 1 o'clock and lasted until after 7. Several heavy showers passed over the ground during this time, while the wind also blew very strongly at times. Scores in this match were as follows:

J W Sexton, 11101011101111111111111111111010111111101111101111—43
Leav'rth, Kan.11101111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111—47—90
A E Henry, 11111101111111111101111111111110111011111111111111—46
Rockford, Ill.10111011110011101111101111011111111111111111001111—41—87
Jack Parker, 11111011100101101110101111111111111111111111111111—43
Detroit, Mich.01001101111011111101111111111111111111111111001111—43—86
J Georgenson, 11111111101100111111111111111111111111111101111111—45
Kelly, Ia. 11011110011111110011110111111111111111111111001111—40—85
Fred Gilbert, 11111111101001111111001011111111001111111101111001—40
Spirit Lake, Ia.11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—46—85
H C Callbreath, 10110011111101111011101111111111111111111111111111—42
Weir City, Kan.11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
W McIlhany, 01111110101111111111111111111111111111111111111111—44—88
Weir City, Kan.01111001101110101101111111111101101101111111111111—40—84
A Pugh, Kan- 11111111111101111101101010100011011011111111111111—42
sas City, Kan.11111111100011111111111101111111111111111111111111—45—82
J T Buker, 11111111111111111111111011011111001111001111000—39
Rockford, Ill.11111111101111111011100110111001111111011111—42—81
J W Barre, 10111100111011101110010111111011111111111111111001—38
Louisiana, Mo.11111111111011111110010101111011111011111111111—42—80
W Allen, Hut- 01101010011111111111011001011111111111111111111110—40—77
chinson, Kan.11111101011111001111111011111111111111111111010111110—40—77
J A R Elliott, 01111001111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
11111111101111001111011111111111111111111111111111111111—41—87
Chris Gottlieb,01111100111011010110100011111111111000111111111111—34
Kan. City, Mo11110111111010111111111111111111111111111111111111—43—77
C W Budd, 11100111011111010101111011110011011111011111011101—37
Des Moines, Ia.11101011101111111000111111111011100111111111111111—39—76
Ben O Bush, 11001111101111011111111011100011111101111011—38
Kalamazoo. 11110011111011010100111111111111111111111111111111—37—75
Chester Dixon,11110011100111011011111100111001111111101011001111—36
Joplin, Mo...01111010111111111111111111011003111111111111111111—39—75
Norton, 10110011101011111111111111111111111111111101011101011—38
Kan. City, Mo0010011101111111111111111000011001111111111111000011—34—72
Horton.....01000011111011111111111111111111111111111111111111111—36
01110111011001101111100110101111001101111111111111—36
Geo Essig, 11010110111011111001111010011000111001101111111111—30—66
Plattsburg, Mo 11100110101010101101101011111110001100111111111010—33—64
Livingston, 00100100111011110111111111111000100111010111101111010—31
Louisville, Ky.11101111011100001100111011010111001110111011111001—33—64
Lincoln.....00110101010011100011000100111001001000111011100010—24
11000111100111111111011101111111000311001110000011100—31—55
Horn.....00111111011111111100111111100101000110001110111111111—35
01101111101110111111111101—20—55
Lou Erhardt, 11101110011101111011110011101111001111111110101011—37
Atchison, Kan.11001111111001110111100101—17—54
Leeman.....10010011111111101011011—18—50
10011100111111111010111011—22
N Williams, .10001110011101111111010110011101110001110011110011—32
10011100100001111011100011—14—46
Brown .....01000101011101011011010011001011001111001110011111—28

Fourth Day.

No. 15, team race, 4-men teams, 25 targets per man:

No. 1:		No. 4:	
Erhart	23	O Hook	14
Reust	22	W H Allen	22
Clark	24	W J Allen	19
Sexton	20—89	Cohron	7—62
No. 2:		No. 5:	
Rickmers	24	Kenmuth	22
Norton	20	Sergeant	21
Horton	24	Hamilton	18
Gottlieb	21—89	A Dixon	22—83
No. 3:		No. 6:	
Georgenson	24	Cosby	22
Gilbert	24	L C Smith	25
Osgood	24	Bradford	24
Buker	23—95	Barre	24—95

No. 16, 15 targets, 42 entries: Bruce 9, Cosby 11, Erhardt 14, A. Dixon 12, Sergeant 14, Reust 15, Corhan 8, Snodgrass 14, Clark 14, Norton 13, Gottlieb 12, C. J. Schmelzer 12, Gregg 12, Rice 12, G. Stevenson 12, Horton 15, Rickmers 13, Osgood 13, Georgenson 15, Gilbert 13, W. D. Bush 12, Stanley 7, Barre 14, Fessender 4, Essig 11, McWhorter 9, McClure 12, Buker 14, Hamilton 11. Henry 11, Sexton 15, Grove'r, L. C. Smith 15, Thornton 15, Miles 9, Laidlow 9, B. O. Bush 15, W. H. Allen 14, W. S. Allen 9, Hook 9, C. W. Green 12, Gray 8.

Thornton, Sexton, Georgenson, Horton, Reust, Bush and L. C. Smith all scored straight. In the shoot-off, L. C. Smith broke 10 more straight and took first prize—B. I. C. loader complete. Buker shot out the 14s and won second, breaking 15 straight—a quarter keg of wood powder. Gilbert shot out the 13s and got a quarter keg of Hazard powder.

No. 17, 20 targets, 42 entries: Bruce 12, Cosby 15, Erhardt 13, A. Dixon 17, Sergeant 17, Reust 18, Gottlieb 16, Norton 12, Miles 13, McClure 11, McWhorter 14, Essig 15, Rickmers 20, Osgood 20, White 17, L. C. Smith 18, Thornton 15, Sexton 20, Gregg 18, Stevenson 8, Horton 19, Rice 18, Grover 12, Snodgrass 18, Georgenson 19, Fessander 6, Gilbert 20, W. B. Bush 14, Stanley 16, Barre 19, Hamilton 16, Clark 20, Henry 20, Schmelzer 16, Buker 20, B. O. Bush 18, Laidlow 11, W. H. Allen 19, W. S. Allen 15, Calhoun 11, Hook 15, C. W. Green 11.

Buker, Sexton, Osgood, Henry, Rickmers, Clark and Gilbert scored straight. Buker broke 21 more straight and took first—a Marlin rifle. Horton got second—a leather rifle cover. B. O. Bush shot out the 18s and took the sweater, which was third prize.

No. 18, team contest, 4 men to a team, 25 targets per man:

No. 1.		No. 4.	
Erhart	24	Kenmuth	24
Reust	25	Sergeant	18
Clark	23	Hamilton	22
Sexton	25—97	A. Dixon	21—85
No. 2.		No. 5.	
Rickmers	23	Barre	24
Norton	22	Cosby	22
Horton	22	S. C. Smith	24
Gottlieb	20—87	Bridgeport	18—88
No. 3.		No. 6.	
Hickman	18	Miles	20
B. O. Bush	20	McWhorter	13
Henry	24	W. H. Allen	24
Pugh	25—87	C. Hook	20—77
No. 7.			
Georgenson	20	Osgood	25
Gilbert	24	Buker	23—92

No. 1 team won first prize—5 of North's bluerock expert traps; team No. 7 won second prize—1,000 bluerock targets; team No. 5 won 200 load nitro shells—third prize.

No. 19, 20 targets, 40 entries: Cosby 20, A. Dixon 16, Sergeant w., Erhardt w., Reust 20, Horton 19, Gottlieb 19, Norton 18, Grove 14, Georgenson 17, Gilbert 19. Essig 12, Stanley 12, McWhorton 14, Miles 15, Barre w., Fessenden 3, Buker 19. Sexton 19, Henry 19, Smelzer 16, Gregg 15, Rise w., Laidlow 10, B. O. Buse 19, Rickmers 19, W. H. Allen 16 W. S. Allen 16, Hook 12, W. C. Green 12, Stevenson 18, Gray 12, McClure 16, Kinmuth 17, Harron 15, White 17, Hamilton 19, Thornton 16, Clark 18, Osgood 20.

Cosby won first—a corduroy hunting suit. Gilbert won second—a corduroy hunting coat. W. H. Allen won third—a canvas hunting coat.

No. 20, Schmelzer medal contest, 25 targets: G. Stevenson 22, White 19, Pugh 24, Mike w, Sexton w, W. S. Allen 20, Gregg 21, Kinmouth 24, Clark 22, Hamilton 21, Grover 16, W. H. Allen 20, Laidlow 17, Erhardt 23, B. O. Bush 22, Hook 20, Miles 21, Barre 23, Buker 25, Henry 25, Schmelzer 16, Gottlieb 19, Norton 24, Osgood 25, Georgenson 24, Gilbert 25, McWhorter 20, Cosby 21, Rickmers 20, A. Dixon 20, Sergeant 22, Reust 24, Horton 21.

Osgood, Buker, Henry and Gilbert tied for the medal on 25, and after Buker and Osgood were shot out, Gilbert fixed it with Henry that he should win; each broke 20 straight and then they shot at five more. Henry was to miss his last one, but Gilbert let his last one get away and so they again tied; they shot five more, but Henry never tried to hit any more. Gilbert shot out the 24 and won second. Erhardt bought Barre's interest in the shoot, which was third prize.

NOTES OF THE SHOOT.

Buker broke 99 out of 100 on the first day.

On Tuesday Sexton only missed three birds in the programme event and only eight birds in all sweepstakes and ties, shooting at 246. The sweepstake events were unknown angles, reversed traps, and unknown traps, one man up.

The Joplin delegation was the largest from any one place. The next annual shoot of the Owl Association will be held at Joplin next May, and the Joplin boys say this will be the banner shoot of the association. They will add at least $1,000 in cash to the purses.

The Kansas shooters are agitating the subject of holding a live-bird tournament in October, at which the live-pigeon championship of the State is to be settled. The Weir City Gun Club will donate a trophy to cost not less than $100. The contest will take place in October at Weir City. W. W. McIlhany is the moving spirit in the matter.

Batchelor was the only black powder fiend at this shoot.

T. H. Cohran, a colored shooter from Pleasant Hill, Mo , participated in the shoot.

Mr. Morgan, from Joplin, was taken quite sick on Wednesday and had to return home.

"Jim" Elliott had two Winchester guns on the grounds. These guns were in great demand when the Winchester event was shot; nearly half the contestants used them in this event.

Charlie Budd won the biggest pot during the shoot in one of the sweeps which had thirty-three entries; he broke 15 straight; this paid $16 50.

"Jack" Parker won first prize in the Fairmont Park event—a very fine clock.

The E. C. Powder squad, consisting of Erhardt, Calhoun, McIlhany, Sexton, Green and Menefee, broke 114 out of 120.

"Airy-Lou-Hardt" was a sight to behold; he wore a maroon-colored shooting blouse on the front of which was painted E. C., while on the back was the representation of a shattered target. The inscription read "Empire broken with E. C." He wore a high campaign hat of gray color, over which were painted empire targets and E. C. labels. The hat had been tossed up and a whole squad had taken a shot at it. The result was that it was perforated with shot. In the holes he had stuck a lot of feathers and across the bridge of his nose he had stuck an E. C. label. Altogether he looked "very much Indian." Lou was strictly out for sport.

Chester Dixon was the youngest shooter present.

In the shoot for the buggy, a 50-bird race, Buker, the first man up, didn't do a thing but smash 'em all. After that at least a dozen men withdrew from the shoot. Some suddenly discovered that they had the headache; others had sore shoulders, while some were out of shells. A gun crank can always find an excuse to suit the occasion.

Although Osgood's gun had kicked all the skin off his face, over which he wore a bunion plaster, he ran a hundred straight on the last day.

The following number of targets were thrown each day: Tuesday, 12,370; Wednesday, 11,500; Thursday, 12,750; Friday, 6,630, making a grand total of 43,250 targets thrown during the tournament.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

The San Antonio Mid-Winter Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 20.—Word is at hand from Messrs. Guessaz and George, who were among the able Texas contingent who struck the Northern trap circuit this summer, that Texas is going to do something herself this winter in the way of big attractions to the shooting craft. Mr. Guessaz, in a letter to Mr. Noel Money, of New York, furnishes the last word on the subject in one sentence:

"Look out for San Antonio Mid-winter tournament, Jan. 10, 11 and 12, $2,500 added."

Mr. Money says that he surely will go South to this shoot, and so I think will a great many other Northern shooters. Through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM the latter have become acquainted with this strange old city of the Southwest and know the manner of men inhabiting it, and of late increasing numbers of sportsmen from the North have been availing themselves of the delights of the finest winter climate of the United States, so that each winter there is quite a Northern colony at San Antonio. When to the full tale of the pleasures of a trip to this queen city of the Southwest there shall be added the inducements of a full-fledged modern trap tournament, conducted on the broad-gauged and open-handed Texas lines, it is only a certainty that the winter visitors to old Santone will be increased by scores. With the known ability for hustling and the absolute genius for entertaining which the men behind this enterprise possess, the first Santone mid-winter can only be one thing—an unmitigated, blooming, red-hot success. Bear this in mind when the blizzards begin.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

CHICAGO TRAPS.

Match for Boys.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 20.—A match at live birds, for boys under 15 years of age, is in contemplation, the conditions of which are thus given by Mr. C. H. Bisson, of this city, whose son, Master Alfred Bisson, is well known as a boy shooter with rifle or shotgun:

"A match for the junior live bird championship of America (boys under 15 years of age) will take place at Watson's Park Aug. 3, 1895. The entrance will be $5, or more if not enough contestants are on the grounds to make it an object for the winner. The match will be at 15 live birds, American rules (except 10-gauges barred). When the holder of the badge is over 15 years of age he will have to turn it over to the secretary of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, and will also have to execute a bond in the sum of $50 to guarantee the production of the badge at the next contest. The emblem is a beautiful bronze, gold and oxidized silver badge presented by C. H. Bisson, of Chicago, for his boy's entrance in the match. The emblem has two American flags crossed, surmounted by a spread eagle; the body of the badge has a pigeon on the wing surrounded by the motto. Any boy challenging for the emblem after any general match will have to deposit the sum of $50 with the secretary of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, and the holder will have to cover said amount within ten days or forfeit the medal."

The match is to be shot Aug. 3 if all goes well. Among boys under 15 who are eligible and who it is hoped will be present are Master Chas. Burr, of Coldwater, Mich.; Masters Guy McDonald, Weinhardt and Burnham all of Chicago, and Master Clarence Long, of Lafayette, Ind.

E. HOUGH.

The Interstate at Macon.

MACON, Ga., July 18.—The Macon Gun Club can congratulate itself on having given a very pleasant and successful shoot, if the expressions from their visitors can be accepted as genuine, and it was very gratifying to the members of the club to have such assurances. The attendance both yesterday and to-day was not up to expectations of the Macon Gun Club, as the weather was intensely hot, and a number from nearby points would not brave the heat. What was lacking in attendance, however, was made up for by the enthusiasm of the shooters on hand, both local and visiting. Despite the heat, they kept up a steady bang, bang, from 9:30 A. M. until too dark to see a target.

The grounds are located in Central City Park, and can be reached in five minutes by electric cars which left the hotel at short intervals all day long. The traps were set up across the baseball diamond, and Manager Shaner's big tent being spread just in front of the grand stand. The grounds are inclosed by an 8ft. whitewashed board fence, which, being fully 200yds. in front of traps, makes an excellent background for low flying targets, while above the fence, except on right-quarterers, there was almost clear sky. The right-quartering targets especially from traps Nos. 4 and 5, were holy terrors, as the background in this direction was a grove of tall pine trees, and many bright anticipations of a straight were blasted when a target took that flight above the fence line. As one enthusiastic shooter said when he smashed this target, "I lost sight of it entirely, but pulled with the 'eye of faith.'"

Manager Shaner kept everything moving like a well-oiled piece of machinery, and his cheery "Get ready, gentlemen, for the next event. Hurry up, boys! You old 'noisy' (Baker) are always delaying the game," was largely in evidence.

Among the visitors were "U. M. C." Thomas, of New York; Irby Bennett, of Memphis; Thos. Callender and G. W. Gooch, of Nashville; D. M. Porterfield, of Chattanooga; W. E. Post, Geo. W. Swan and G. H. Peterman, of Charleston, S. C.; Dr. E. J. Keiffer, John Rocker, J. F. Ulmer, H. Woeltgen, J. Reideman and C. A. La Motte, of Savannah; J. W. Hightower, of Americus, and others whose names at present cannot be recalled. The members of the Macon Gun Club did all they could to make it pleasant for their visitors, and the unanimous verdict of all was, "We've had a jolly good time, boys." Hon. B. W. Sperry, president; F. C. Etheridge, secretary, and Jas. L. Baker, captain, were indefatigable in their efforts to make everything go smoothly, and with the excellent management of Mr. Shaner there was not a hitch or delay. The Georgia Peach Carnival, an exhibit of fruits and melons grown in the State of Georgia, was quite interesting to the visitors, and was a great show of luscious ripeness and sweetness. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
U M C	10	13	12	12	9	17	13	16	2	10	12	12	10	14	13	13	11	14	12	9
Troutman	14	10	11	10	12	18	11	14	12	14	13	..	10	13	14	12	14	16	8	13
Peterman	10	14	12	13	8	19	7	19	11	9	13	11	13	13	15	15	18	12	9	
Post	9	13	9	13	6	11	11	12	6	11	10	8	13	w	..	..	14	18	10	13
Swan	12	8	13	11	7	17	10	17	12	14	14	14	10	11	11	18	11	..	13	10
Reiderman	12	12	12	11	12	13	..	..	11	11	..	..	10	13	9	..	13	..	13	9
Etheridge	13	13	13	10	14	13	11	18	13	13	14	12	w	10	18	13	17	15	w	
La Motte	14	10	12	13	7	16	13	w	11	12	12	9	11	11	w	..	..	..	..	..
C Williams	8	10	13	11	10	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Boykin	13	12	13	9	13	13	13	14	10	11	11	13	14	13	w	14	12	16	11	7
Porterfield	12	14	10	12	9	15	12	15	14	14	8	14	13	9	10	15	11	19	11	12
Baker	13	10	12	11	15	13	12	13	10	11	11	12	13	9	10	16	14	16	8	11
Rocker	14	12	10	11	11	13	13	w	13	12	..	13	14	8	14	9	12	16	12	14
Alston	6	10	11	7	9	w	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Woeltgen	12	10	13	10	8	15	11	w	12	9	12	13	13	12	11	10	11	16	12	9
Morrison	10	14	..	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C C Holt	13	11	13	13	10	19	8	15	11	10	15	14	12	11	13	16	12	10	12	12
Ulmer	13	14	11	12	11	15	12	14	14	9	w	13	11	13	13	14	w	15	13	12
J T Holt	10	5	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Bizzell	9	11	11	11	11	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Greene	11	10	11	13	12	13	13	w	13	10	12	8	11	12	15	11	16	12	11	
C Moore	12	12	13	9	11	13	11	..	9	12	15	9	8	10	w	..	..	12	10	8
Wasson	9	10	6	12	9	..	..	16	..	..	..	7	..	..	13	19	8	15	10	9
Timberlake	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Moore	11	8	12	11	9	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Drew	13	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	10	18	13	16	11	11
Hightower	6	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Williams	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gooch	..	..	3	5	..	10	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
I Bennett	..	..	..	12	13	12	12	16	13	13	15	11	10	12	10	17	11	17	15	w
T Callender	..	..	..	8	9	9	13	w	12	10	7	11	10	11	11	12	10	13	11	8
Desmond	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	13	11	14	10	17	9	13	13
Beeland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	7	8	5	
Scheussler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sperry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gibson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Winship	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..

Nos. 1–10 were shot on the first day, Nos. 11–20 on the second day.

The Macon Gun Club added $10 to every purse. All events were at unknown angles, the Interstate graduating handicap being adhered to as in previous tournaments of the Interstate Association held this year. BIX.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 16.—The scores given below were made at our regular club shoot this afternoon:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Nelson.....1111111111111111101111101—23
Terry.....1011110110101010110111111—19
Dornin.....1111101111101111101111110—21
Moorman.....1111111001111001101010—17
Empie.....1111110100011111011111101—19
Scott.....0101111001100100000011—12

No. 2, 9 singles and 3 pairs:

Nelson	011011101		11	11	10	—11	Moorman		011011101		10	11	11	—11						
Dornin	111111101		11	11	01	—10	Empie		110111010		10	10	10	— 9						
Terry	110111111		10	10	10	—11	Scott		000111101		10	11	11	—10						

No. 3, same as No 1:

Nelson.....1101111111011010111101111—21
Terry.....1111011010011111111011111—21
Dornin.....1100111111111111001011110—19
Moorman.....1111101110011001110111111—19
Empie.....1101101101111111111101101—20
Scott.....0011000110001001101010111—12
Miller.....1110111110100100111111111—19

No. 4, same:

Nelson.....1101111111101111111111011—22
Terry.....1101011111111101110111111—21
Moorman.....0011110100011101111100111—16
Empie.....0011111010111011110101111—18
Miller.....0111001110011911111101001—16
Dornin.....0111011111101101010111000—16
Scott.....0111011111111111111011101—21

No. 5, same:

Nelson.....1111101111111101111111111—23
Terry.....1111111111111011110101111—22
Dornin.....1111111111101111111111111—24
Empie.....1111110010111111101111000—18
Scott.....1001111010000111010111111—17
Miller.....0101011101111001100010110—14

F. M. D.

Magazine Traps.

WITH the growth of the gun clubs, the majority of which are organized for the purpose of target or "clay pigeon" shooting, we have increased efforts on the part of inventors to supersede the present style of trapping targets. The object is to do away with the trapper boy and his vagaries by putting on the market a magazine trap that can be set, loaded, directed and pulled by one man, who is located at or behind the firing lines. Within the past two months we have had our attention called to two such devices.

In FOREST AND STREAM of June 8 our correspondent at the Grand Rapids, Mich., tournament tells of a magazine trap which was satisfactorily exhibited and operated on the grounds during that tournament. This trap was the invention of Mr. A. H. Davis, a local printer. In regard to this trap our correspondent remarks: "The features of the trap are that it uses any make of targets, and is set and loaded at one motion by hydraulic pressure, pipes leading from one pump to as many traps as desired, enabling one man to operate five traps as rapidly as the pump-handle can be worked. Also, the angle changing device is such that even the operator cannot tell what the flight will be without seeing the traps."

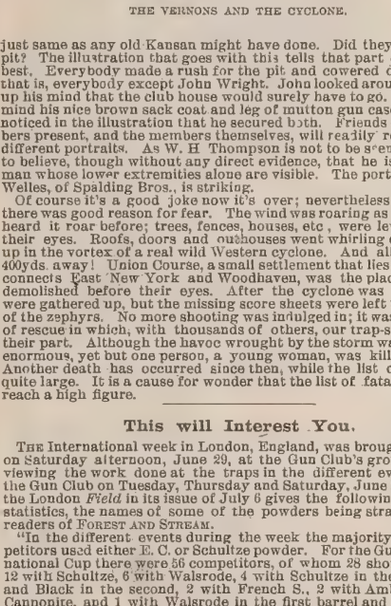
Another magazine trap has been patented (June 4, 1895) by Arthur M. Jenkins, of Norristown, Pa. Of Mr. Jenkins's trap we have heard nothing as to its working powers, only having received a notice of the granting of the patent.

Whether magazine traps can be made strong enough to withstand the constant jar of throwing 800 targets per day, an ordinary day's work for a single trap at a tournament, is a question upon which authorities are divided. For our part, unless we had decided proof after an exhaustive trial that such was the case, we would prefer the trapper boy with all his "ornariness." He is sure, even if he is cussed. But with a good, solid and sure magazine trap, the possibilities for increased practice by small knots of sportsmen, together with a correspondingly increased consumption of targets, shells, powders, wads and shot, are unlimited.

The Vernons and the Cyclone.

THE members of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club of Brooklyn, N. Y., have their grounds at Enfield Street, near Liberty Avenue, that city. The general instructions to intending visitors are: "Take the Kings County Elevated Railroad and keep your seat until you're put off. Then you're there." On Saturday afternoon, June 15, the members who were indulging in practice about 4:30 thought for a few minutes that they might be in the Grasshopper State, not knowing quite where they were at.

At the hour mentioned a squad was doing its best to make pieces out of whole bluerocks. How well they shot, and what their averages were, it is impossible to relate here, for reasons given hereafter. Dick Phister was at No. 2 and broke his target—at least, he says so—and as Dick generally manages to break targets, and as he nearly always tells the truth, there seems no reason to doubt him. Anyway after he had fired, he looked to see what he'd done and saw a "whole lot of things in the air." Others saw them too. They also saw a mass of dark clouds rolling along close to the ground, and the "lots of things in the air" were going along with it. For a minute they looked at the revolving mass of clouds that apparently threatened to engulf them. "Cyclone!" shouted one. "Cyclone it is, b'gosh," shouted another. They could hear the wind roaring and, without joking, they all admit that they were scared. To Dr. Littlefield, we believe, belongs the honor of showing the greatest presence of mind. "To the pit," cried he,



THE VERNONS AND THE CYCLONE.

just same as any old Kansan might have done. Did they take to the pit? The illustration that goes with this tells that part of the story best. Everybody made a rush for the pit and cowered down in it,—that is, everybody except John Wright. John looked around and made up his mind that the club house would surely have to go. He called to mind his nice brown sack coat and leg of mutton gun case. It will be noticed in the illustration that he secured both. Friends of the members present, and the members themselves, will readily recognize the different portraits. As W. H Thompson is not to be seen, we are led to believe, though without any direct evidence, that he is the gentleman whose lower extremities alone are visible. The portrait of H. S. Welles, of Spalding Bros., is striking.

Of course it's a good joke now it's over; nevertheless at the time there was good reason for fear. The wind was roaring as they'd never heard it roar before; trees, fences, houses, etc., were leveled before their eyes. Roofs, doors and outhouses went whirling off, gathered up in the vortex of a real wild Western cyclone. And all this scarce 400yds. away! Union Course, a small settlement that lies between and connects East New York and Woodhaven, was the place which was demolished before their eyes. After the cyclone was passed, hats were gathered up, but the missing score sheets were left to the mercy of the zephyrs. No more shooting was indulged in; it was now a work of rescue in which, with thousands of others, our trap-shooters took their part. Although the havoc wrought by the storm was something enormous, yet but one person, a young woman, was killed outright. Another death has occurred since then, while the list of injured is quite large. It is a cause for wonder that the list of fatalities did not reach a high figure.

This will Interest You.

THE International week in London, England, was brought to a close on Saturday afternoon, June 29, at the Gun Club's grounds. In reviewing the work done at the traps in the different events shot at the Gun Club on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, June 25, 27 and 29, the London *Field* in its issue of July 6 gives the following interesting statistics, the names of some of the powders being strange to many readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

"In the different events during the week the majority of the competitors used either E. C. or Schultze powder. For the Gun Club International Cup there were 56 competitors, of whom 28 shot with E. C., 12 with Schultze, 6 with Walsrode, 4 with Schultze in the first barrel and Black in the second, 2 with French S., 2 with Amberite, 1 with Cannonite, and 1 with Walsrode in the first barrel and Cannonite in the second. As was the case last year, the E. C. powder is credited with the largest amount won in prizes during the week, viz, £1450; Schultze coming next with £1261. Amount won by Cannonite, £365; Schultze and Black, £200; E. C. and French J., £136; Walsrode, £90; French S., £35, and Amberite, £30. Appended in tabular form is a summary of the results obtained by the various kinds of powders or their combinations in the 13 advertised events last week:

Powders, 1895.	Birds shot at.	Killed.	Per cent.
E.C	1183	887	75
Schultze	626	472	75½
Walsrode	209	154	73¾
Schultze and black	133	93	75⅛
French S	81	61	75¼
Cannonite	70	62	71⅛
Amberite	41	29	70¾
Walsrode and black	37	25	67½
French J	27	17	63
E. C. and French J	17	14	82⅛
E. C. and black	7	3	43
Total	2430	1817	

"The percentage of birds killed throughout the week was the same as last year, viz.: 74¾. The principal prize-winners are as follows (inclusive of the value of cups and gun): Lord Ashburton, C., £290; Mr. Moncorge, E.C., £261; Mr. Verdavainne, E.C., £260; Mr. R. B. Heygate, S., £230; Mr. Harold Barker, E.C., £225; Count de Montesquiou, S., £210; M. Jean de Montes, E.C., £200; Sir G. H. Leith Buchanan, S., Bk., £200."

Flying Bullets Photographed.

THE June number of *Sports Afield* contains an article on photography that is well worth reading. Believing that it will prove of interest to riflemen and shotgun devotees, scissors and paste pot have been called into requisition, the result being as follows:

"The marvelous rapidity of the dry plates of the present time is best shown by the results obtained in experimenting with the photography of flying projectiles It is quite obvious that no ordinary mechanical means will suffice to make an exposure short enough to fix clearly the image of a rifle ball just fired from a gun and traveling at the rate of nearly 2,000ft. a second. In the ten-thousandth part of a second such a projectile will move about 32in., so that an exposure of even that brief length would result in only a long, indistinct line. Even an exposure of the inconceivably short duration of only a millionth part of a second would still give an image blurred at both ends. As no such exposure can possibly be obtained by mechanical means, the electric spark has been employed. The camera is set up in a dark room with the shutter open and the plate exposed. In its passage through this room, the projectile closes an electric circuit and produces an electric spark of sufficient intensity to illuminate the ball and project its image upon the plate. Yet, although this spark lasts for less than the millionth of a second, it is only the first one-tenth of even this time that does the work, the rest of the illumination being almost without result.

"But in this manner many interesting and valuable results have been obtained. A charge of shot, in its swift passage through the air, shows the manner in which the pellets scatter and lag behind, how the wad follows after, and the currents of air that are set in motion—for the time during which the image is impressed on the plate is so short that even the waves of air, like the waves in water, are photographed. The passage of a rifle ball through a pane of glass shows distinctly the waves and currents set in motion as well as the mass of shattered glass that the bullet carries along with it for 15in. after leaving the pane. These experiments are intensely interesting to both photographers and riflemen, and the results are more valuable, doubtless, to the latter than the former, as affording basis for study of the action of bullets in their passage through the air."

Belfast Gun Club.

BELFAST, Me., July 17.—The Belfast Gun Club held its second annual tournament yesterday and to-day at Belfast, Me. Although the attendance was much smaller than was expected, the club came out in good shape financially, and everybody expressed themselves as being more than satisfied with the management. About 11,000 birds were thrown during the two days. Among those present were Dr. C. G. Weld, Capt. E. B. Wadsworth, O. R. Dickey, W. Rogers and Chas. Bradbury, Boston, Mass.; Wm. G. Percy, Marblehead; Geo E. Thompson, A. S. Merrill and Thomas Jones, Bath, Me.; G. R. Hunnewell, Auburn, Me.; H. S. Milliken, Portland, Me.; Dr. C. O. Rowe, Richmond, Me.; G. D. Libby, W. S. Whitmore, F. W. Harrington, Gardiner, Me., and Mr. Prebble, Waterville.

The first day was very fine and many spectators were present. The second day was foggy and rather unpleasant in the morning, but before noon it cleared away just enough to make the best kind of a day for shooting. As fine a dinner as could be asked for was served each day by caterers Lewis & York. On the evening of the first day Buckboard called at the Crosby Inn, where the visitors were stopping, and took all for a free ride to the common, where the Belfast band gave them one of their excellent concerts. After listening to the music the visitors were carried to the Elm City Club rooms, where a collation was served.

The scores made each day were as follows:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	10	10	7	10	10	7	25	10	6	10	10	25	15	10	10	10	7	10
Dickey	10	8	7	9	8	7	22	6	6	6	4	23	13	10	8	8	7	..
Weld	5	7	6	9	8	3	17	9	6	8	7	23	9	9	8	7	6	..
Puck	8	8	7	10	6	5	21	8	4	6	7	23	11	7	6	9	6	9
Yarp	10	8	5	9	7	4	..	10	4	9	3	21	13	10	..	7	7	..
Rodgers	9	5	4	10	7	4	..	8	5	8	5	22	14	6	6	8	..	..
Perry	4	..	..	6	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	6	..
Merrill	10	8	..	10	5	..	22	8	5	7	8	23	10	9	6	9	..	6
Thompson	8	6	6	9	9	5	21	10	..	8	..	18	10	8	8	8	..	7
Whitmore	5	5	5	..	..	8	14	8	5	5	..	..	10	6	6	..	..	..
Prebble	7	3	..	..	..	13	6	..	..	..	..	13	6	..	..	..	..	..
Wyman	6	7	5	8	..	..	5	5	7	..	18	10	7	7	3	..	..	..
Jones	8	8	..	9	3	..	22	..	..	..	6	19	..	..	..	..	..	7
Rowe	9	8	..	10	..	..	18	9	..	6	6	22	9	7	..	..	..	9
Hunnewell	9	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	..	..	..	20	..	8	..	..	..	..
Harrington	4	2	6	5	2	7	14	7	4	3	..	16	10	5	5	8	..	4
Libby	7	7	6	4	..	3	15	4	3	6	..	13	10	8	5	6	..	7
Milliken	6	7	..	9	5	2	..	7	5	5	1	..	8	6	3	5	5	5
Howes	6	..	..	..	..	5	23	..	..	..	..	19	..	..	10	..	..	6
Healey	..	6	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	19	12	..	..	..	..	8
Coombs	..	..	..	..	9	..	15	..	..	..	..	16	9	..	6	8	..	3
Decrow	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	2	..
Carter	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..
Waterman	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	14	6	4	..	..	16	8	..	8	7	5
Chenery	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	2	..	..	..	7	..	..	6	..	3
Conant	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hearts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Colcord	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..
Washee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8

The events given above were the programmed event, which ran as follows: No. 1, 10 targets, known angles, 50 cents. No. 2, 10 targets, unknown angles, 50 cents. No. 3, 7 targets, straightaway, 40 cents. No. 4, 10 targets, traps in reversed order, 60 cents. No. 5, 5 pairs, regular angles, 45 cents. No. 6, 7 targets, unknown angles, 30 cents. No. 7, 25 targets, known angles, $2.00. No. 8, 10 targets, known angles, 45 cents. No. 9, 6 targets, unknown angles, 25 cents. No. 10, 10 targets, walking match, 60 cents. No. 11, 5 pairs, regular angles, 75 cents. No. 12, 25 targets, known angles, $3 50 No. 13, 15 targets, (5 walk up, 5 straightaway and 5 unknown angles), $1 00. No. 14, 10 targets, known angles, 40 cents. No. 15, 10 targets, unknown angles, 50 cents. No. 16, 10 targets, unknown angles (use of both barrels), 50 cents. No. 17, 7 targets, right quarterers, 30 cents. No. 18, 10 targets, left quarterers, 45 cents.

The details of the State of Maine team race, No. 7 on the programme, are as follows:

Bath.

Merrill.....1111111111101111111010l—22
Jones.....1110111111111111111011110 —22
Thompson.....1101111011110111101111111—21
Hunnewell.....1001110111111111011111111—20
Well.....0100111110111111110010110—17—102

Belfast.

Howes.....1111101011111111111111111—23
Chenery.....1001110110111111100101111—18
Healey.....1110111000110100111111001—16
Coombs.....0111110100101111110001011—15
Waterman.....1010110110101100101001011—14— 86

Gardiner

Rowe.....0101110011111110111111010—18
Libby.....0010111011010010100111111 —15
Harrington.....1110110000111001100100111—14
Whitmore.....1011010011111010001011010—14
Prebble.....0111000100100100100111111—13— 74

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Thompson	7	8	7	19	4	5	4	13	2	8	9	21	5	9	7	12	7	8
Merrill	9	..	..	19	..	..	8	15	7	10	6	21	..	..	9	13	7	..
Chenery	7	..	3	..	3	4	..	9	..	..	2	8	..	..	..	..	..	2
Dickey	9	9	2	20	5	4	9	19	5	10	8	24	7	8	8	15	10	6
Weld	8	8	6	12	3	4	7	14	5	4	6	20	4	7	7	11	6	5
Puck	10	7	6	18	5	3	9	18	6	10	4	19	7	7	8	10	6	6
Rodgers	10	9	6	17	4	6	9	19	4	9	6	23	6	8	..	11	6	8
Perry	8	7	..	17	2	..	..	18	..	9	..	18	4	..	..	..	5	..
Goldthwait	7	10	7	14	5	..	4	..	4	7	7	23	..	6	..	..	..	..
Milliken	5	..	6	10	..	3	1	..	..	..	..	17	..	3	6	..	..	8
Hunnewell	9	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Waterman	7	6	..	14	4	1	5	12	..	4	5	17	3	..	8	..	..	..
Yarp	9	9	..	17	..	4	8	16	4	7	9	22	5	8	..	..	..	..
Decrow	4	..	..	..	4	..	5	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Healey	10	7	4	14	3	..	5	17	..	10	..	20	5	..	..	..	4	..
Howe	9	8	..	16	4	..	..	17	4	8	..	20	5	..	..	..	7	..
Rowe	6	6	..	20	..	..	..	17	7	9	..	23	6	..	8	..	..	..
Libby	8	7	..	15	5	1	5	16	3	7	..	18	7	4	9	..	..	4
Whitmore	8	5	..	13	2	5	4	17	..	6	5	15	3	6	3	..	6	5
Harrington	5	7	3	13	4	5	7	15	3	7	6	22	5	7	6	14	6	4
Coombs	..	7	..	..	3	..	..	18	..	7	..	19	..	..	6	..	..	5
Hearts	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rankin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Washee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
S M Milliken	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	2

The programme for this day was as follows: No. 1, 10 birds, regular keystone, 50 cents. No. 2, 10 targets, unknown angles, 60 cents. No. 3, 5 pairs, regular order, 70 cents. No. 4, 20 birds, 10 regular and 10 reversed keystone, $1. No. 5, 5 birds straightaway, 20 cents. No. 6, 6 birds, walk up, 25 cents. No. 7, 10 birds, use of both barrels, 50 cents. No. 8, 20 birds, regular, keystone, $3 ($50 guaranteed, four equal moneys). No. 9, 5 pairs, regular order, 40 cents. No. 10, 10 birds, known angles, 45 cents. No. 11, 10 birds, unknown angles, 60 cents. No. 12, 25 birds, regular keystone, merchandise match for State of Maine shooters only, $1.50. No. 13, 7 birds straightaway, 30 cents. No. 14, 9 birds, right quartering, 40 cents. No. 15, 10 birds, gun below elbow, use of both barrels, 60 cents. No. 16, 15 birds, 5 walk up, 5 straightaway and 5 unknown, $1. No. 17, 10 birds, regular keystone, 50 cents. No. 18, 10 birds, known angles, 45 cents.

The scores made in event No. 12, the merchandise event, were as follows:

Rowe.....1111111101111111111111011—23
Goldthwait.....0101110111111101111101111—23
Merrill.....1101111111111111011111010—21
Thompson.....1110101111101101111111111—21
Weld.....0001101101111111101111100—17
Perry.....0011111011111101101111110—18
Whitmore.....0110100001110011101010—15
Puck.....1101101111111101101101101—19
Harrington.....1111101111011111111111—22
Rodgers.....1001111111111111111111111—23
Dickey.....1111111111111111111111111—24
Hunnewell.....0111111100100111011011101—17
Howes.....1111101111111101011111010—20
Yarp.....0111111101111111101111111—22
Waterman.....0001001101111111111111111—17
Healey.....1111101101010111111111010—20
Coombs.....1011111101110011101111101—19
Milliken.....1011110011110101011010111—17
Chenery.....1010001000100001100010100— 8
Deckrow.....0110101001101101010101101—15
Libby.....1011111100010010111011111—18
Weld.....0101111011111111111111011—20
Perry.....1100011101111111101110011—18
Washee.....1111010000011010111111001—15

In this event all ties were shot off. Prizes went to the following shooters: First, Dickey; second, Rodgers; third, Yarp; fourth, Thompson; fifth, Healey; sixth, Coombs; seventh, Perry; eighth, Waterman; ninth, Whitmore; tenth, Chenery

CHAS. R. COOMBS, Sec'y.

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

THE sixth contest of the 1895 series of team races promoted by the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League took place on Thursday of this week (July 25). The scores made on that date will appear in the next issue of FOREST AND STREAM, being too late for the present number.

This series of team races excites a lot of interest every year in local circles, and the fight for first place always grows very warm. Statistics of the first five shoots are as follows:

	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	Broke.	Shot at.	Per cent.
Maplewood	106	103	114	104	98	525	625	84
South Side	100	106	101	109	103	519	625	83
Union	101	105	102	100	...	406	500	81.6
Boiling Springs	106	...	98	96	95	395	500	79
Climax	86	95	104	98	106	489	625	78.2
Elizabeth	89	90	109	103	74	465	625	74.4
Endeavor	71	96	88	100	94	449	625	71.8
Riverside	..	101	85	68	...	254	375	67.7
Union Hill	43	67	72	...	86	268	500	53.6

The principal individual averages made to date are given below:

	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
W Sigler	22	24	24	..	..	75	70	93.3
F Van Dyke	23	24	25	19	22	125	113	90.4
A L Ivins	..	22	23	..	..	50	45	90
W N Drake	22	21	25	24	20	125	112	89.6
N Apgar	21	22	23	23	23	125	111	88.8
R H Breintnall	..	23	21	20	24	100	88	88
G A McAlpin	..	..	..	23	21	50	44	88
E Throckmorton	..	21	23	..	..	50	44	88
E Collins	20	19	24	23	22	125	108	86.4
J Hoffman	21	23	21	21	22	125	108	86.4
N E Money	23	..	23	18	22	100	86	86
E D Miller	19	21	21	24	22	125	107	85.6
Asa Whitehead	21	21	22	25	18	125	107	85.6
O L Yeomans	20	..	..	22	22	75	64	85.3
A Sickley	22	23	23	22	16	125	106	84.8
N Astfalk	..	..	21	22	19	75	62	82.6
R Williams	19	23	24	20	16	125	102	81.6
E Sickley	..	19	21	21	..	75	61	81.3
W Parker	21	..	21	21	18	100	81	81
"Dutchy" Smith	..	15	24	21	..	75	60	80
J M "Fayette"	20	..	..	20	..	50	40	80
L Thomas	20	21	19	22	17	125	99	79.2
E A Geoffroy	..	18	18	21	22	100	79	79
G E Greiff	..	20	20	19	..	75	59	78.6
Warren Smith	19	..	24	17	18	100	78	78
Charles Hebbard	20	20	24	20	12	125	96	76.8
W H Huck	22	20	18	19	17	125	96	76.8
T H Keller	16	..	23	19	18	100	76	76
D H Terry	19	21	17	17	..	100	74	74

In all instances the best five scores count at the end of the series. Maplewood now leads by 6 targets, but there are yet four more contests, so that the South Sides and Unions may be depended upon to give them "heap trouble." Boiling Springs, if it could get its men together, would make a big bid for premier honors even at this late date. The team totals as a whole are not high, but it must be remembered that these scores are shot at unknown angles and that it is often very hard to make up a team. Union Hill is a club that is new to target shooting; hence its improved totals from month to month should be considered encouraging.

The individual averages are specially interesting to all members of the nine clubs that form the league.

"Uncle Billy" Sigler, the veteran member of the Union G. C., of Springfield, leads with a percentage of 93.3 for 75 shot at. Ferd Van Dyke is second with 90.4 for five completed innings. A. L. Ivins, of the Riversides, is third with a total of 45 out of 50, although Drake's 112 out of 125, and Apgar's 111 out 125, should really take precedence. A glance at the list will tell the status of each man prior to the contest on Thursday.

A noticeable feature is the rarity with which straights have been made. At Boiling Springs in February, 23 was high with 40 men shooting. At the shoot at Springfield in March, with the same number of entries, Van Dyke and Sigler were high with 24; at Maplewood in April, 45 shooters took part, Van Dyke and Drake making 25; six scored 24 and six 23. The Elizabeth shoot in May again saw eight teams of five men enter for the League contest. Of this number Asa Whitehead was the only one to make a straight; Drake and Miller second, 24 each; Creveling, Collins and McAlpin totaling 23 each. At the Endeavor's shoot at Marion, in June, the targets were thrown extra hard and low, the light also being very poor. The highest score was made by Major Breintnall, who broke 24; of the remaining 39 shooters Apgar alone broke 23; eight others broke 22. These scores show what the conditions were.

New York German Gun Club.

NEW YORK, July 17.—The New York German Gun Club held its monthly shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., this afternoon. Seventeen members competed for the three medals. The result of the club contest is given below:

L H Schortemeier (21)	11211222—8	121 —3	12—2
Dr Hudson (30)	11111122—8	212 —3	10—1
Schlicht (25)	12210121—7	2112—4	
Frazer (30)	12011221—7	2110—3	
A Busch (25)	01112221—7	0 —0	
Bandau (21)	12121201—7	0 —0	
Boesemecker (25)	01112111—7	0 —0	
P Garms, Sr (21)	21211020—6		
B Konig (21)	10121120—6		
Wellbrock (30)	20201111—6		
Le Moult (21)	11110•11—6		
Aug Schmitt (30)	••322101—5		
F Sauter (30)	20122100—5		
Thamforde (30)	•12•2102—5		
P Garms, Jr	0•121201—5		
Edwards (30)	00010202—3		
Kronsberg (21)	00102020—3		

Schortemeier beat Dr. Hudson out after a prolonged struggle, the former taking the first medal, Dr. Hudson winning the second medal. Schlicht took third medal after tieing with four others. The shoot off for third medal was miss and out.

Four three-bird sweeps were also decided. Schorty killing 11 out of his 12 birds, making his record for the day 24 out of 25. Scores of the sweeps were as follows:

Busch	112—3	211—3	110—3	010—1
LeMoult	011—2	110—2	101—2	111—3
Sauter	110—2	111—3	100—1	
Schmitt	233—3	211—3	110—2	211—3
Kronsberg	220—2	231—3	200—1	002—1
Hudson	211—3	211—3		
Wellbrock	223—3	210—2	111—3	
Schortemeier	011—2	121—3	112—3	212—3
Frazer	111—3	111—3	200—1	111—3
Edwards	010—1	211—3	000—0	112—3
Boesemecker	110—2	120—2		
P. Garms, Jr.	110—2	211—3	111—3	
Hayes	121—3			
Schlicht	231—3	210—2	002—1	212—3

New Orleans's Interstate.

THE journey of Elmer Shaner and the Interstate Association's *impedimenta* do not stop short of the Gulf Coast this season. New Orleans and the Louisiana Gun Club will have a chance on Aug. 9-10 of seeing and entertaining both the above articles, including Shaner's crimson felt hat.

On those dates, unseasonable as it may seem—a tournament in the extreme South during the height of the summer—there will be a two days' tournament given at New Orleans by the Interstate Association under the auspices of the Louisiana Gun Club, one of the leading organizations of sportsmen in the South. Regarding the probability of hot weather, the Louisiana shooters asked for the above dates, and they ought to know whether the weather is likely to be suitable or not. As an attraction for shooters the club adds $200 in cash. The Interstate's handicap governs all the programme events, of which there are ten each day—nine 15-target events and one 20-target event, a total of 155 targets per day. The Louisiana Gun Club promises a good time and a genuine Southern welcome to all its guests.

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., July 18.—Fourteen 10-target events, unknown angles, $1.50 entrance, were shot this afternoon by members of the Binghamton Gun Club. The scores were low on account of the high wind; the table following tells the tale:

Waldron	8	7	6	7	8	7	10	9	8	8	..	..	..	..
Adams	8	8	4	8	7	8	6	8	8	8	8	8	8	7
Brown	9	9	9	7	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	7
Boss	7	5	6	7	7	6	7	6	6	8	7	8	9	9
Kendall	5	10	7	6	8	9	..	6	8	7	8	6	8	9
Hobble	8	7	8	7	7	6	8	8	6	9	9	8	8	8
Snell	..	9	8	9	8	6	6	8	10	8	8	8	7	10
Vance	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	7	9	6

H. W. B.

The Garfields Visit Elgin.

ELGIN, Ill., July 15.—The Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, made us a visit on Saturday, and together we enjoyed a very delightful afternoon. Our boys being a little out of practice, and the Garfields bringing a very strong team, made the full team shoot (13 men on a side) rather one-sided—553 to 500; but when six of the Elgins met six of the Garfields a closer contest developed, the Garfields winning by one target—135 to 134—with their first team, while the Elgin second team won by 117 to 113. O. von Lengerke, who is a member of both clubs, shot with the Chicago boys in the first race and with Elgin in the second. It will be noticed he shot stronger for the Elgins.

After the matches were finished the Garfield boys wished to show us how to shoot with the traps pulled in reverse order—a game we had never tried before. The result proved the Elgins to be apt pupils, as the combined score of their first eleven men was 71, while the Garfield eleven (two having taken an early train for home) could only account for 70.

We are now looking forward with pleasure to the time when we will be able to accept their invitation to visit them in Chicago, and hope to keep them moving to beat us. They are a jolly lot of gentlemen, and, win or lose, we are sure of a good time.

The following are the scores made:

No. 1, 10 singles, unknown angles: Kelley 6, Mott 7, Doe 7, A. Kleinman 10, Nish 9, J. J. Smith 9, Mead 9, Tefft 9, West 5, Young 10, Adams 10, Von Lengerke 8, Middleton 5, Bowers 8, Tilden 5, Richards 6, Webster 6, S. Palmer 10, Weatherill 7, Hicks 9, Lasher 8, Patterson 9, Freeman 8, W. Palmer 5, Brown 7.

No. 2, same: Kelley 9, Mott 9, Doe 10, Kleinman 10, Nish 7, Smith 10, Mead 9, Tefft 10, West 6, Young 7, Adams 9, Von Lengerke 10, Middleton 7, Bowers 7, Tilden 8, Richards 7, Webster 7, S. Palmer 7, Weatherill 6, Hicks 6, Lasher 10, Patterson 9, Freeman 9, W. Palmer 8, Cheesman 4, Brown 9.

No. 3, team race, 13 men to a team, 50 bluerocks per man, unknown angles:

Garfield Team.

Mott	0011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
A Kleinman	1110110111111111111001111101111111111111101110111—42
J J Smith	1111111010111111010111111101111111111111111010101—41
Tefft	1111111011111111111111111101011111111111111111111—47
Young	1100110101111111101011111011011011010110110110—37
Von Lengerke	0111111111101101101011001001111111111111111111111—40
Bowers	1111111111101110111111111001111101001111010111—41
Richards	1110111011111111111010111111111111111111111111—42
S Palmer	1010111111010101111101111111111111111111010111—39
Hicks	1111111111101110101111111111111111111111111010—45
Patterson	1111111111111111011111111111111111111111111111—48
W Palmer	1110111111011111011111111111001111111111100101010—40
Brown	1011110111111011111111111111111111111111111111—43—553

Elgin Team.

Lasher	0111111110001011110111011101111111111001111111—39
Doe	1111011111101011110111111001111111010111111110111—41
Nish	0110110011101101111011111101111111111111111010111101—39
Mead	1111111111111100011111111111111010101010111110101—40
West	1000001010100011100111000101111001101111010111110—27
Adams	1111111011111111111111011111101111111111111111111—47
Middleton	0011010111111011111111111010101111101111001011101—36
Tilden	0110101001011111111111111111111111111111111010111—41
Webster	1111011111101011111111111001111111111111111111011—40
Weatherill	0101110111100100001111110110101110111111111111101—35
Kelley	1111111101101101000001111111111111001111111101011—37
Freeman	1110011011111111111111111111111111111111111111111—44
Cheesman	1011010111111100011110000101111111111111111111111—34—500

No. 4, six men teams, 25 bluerocks per man, unknown angles:

Elgin, Team No. 1.

Freeman	1111111111111111111111111111111111111—24
Adams	1101111111111111111111111—23
Tilden	1111111101111111111111111111111111111—19
Doe	1101101111111101011111111—21
Webster	1110011111111111111111111—23
Von Lengerke	1111111101111111111111111—24—134

Garfield, team No. 1.

Mott	1011111111111111111111110—23
Patterson	1111111001111111111111110—22
Tefft	1111110111111111111101111—23
Hicks	1111011111111111111111111—23
Brown	1111111111011011111111001—21
Kleinman	1111101111101111111111111—23—135

Elgin, team No. 2.

Nish	1011111110100111101111111—20
West	0111111011111101111111011—21
Middleton	1111100011110111010111111—19
Weatherill	1101101111111111111110111—22
Cheesman	1111011111100000101111110—17
Kelley	1111101110110111101010110—18—117

Garfield, team No. 2.

Richards	0111111111111111111111111—24
Smith	1100011001011111010001110—14
Young	1101111101111101101111111—21
Bowers	0101010111111010111101111—17
S. Palmer	0110111110101101111111101—19
G Hawthorne	1111011100111011001111—18—113

No. 5, 10 targets, traps in reversed order: Freeman 9, Mott 6, Adams 5, Patterson 7, Tefft 7, Doe 8, Hicks 6, Webster 6, Brown 8, Von Lengerke 8, Kleinman 5, Nish 7, Richards 8, West 6, Smith 6, Middleton 4, Young 5, Weatherill 6, Cheeseman 6, S. Palmer 4, Kelley 6, G. Hawthorne 8, Carbary 6, R. Hawthorne 6.

W. H. DOE.

Star Sweeps in England.

"STAR" sweepstakes are not uncommon in this country, still there are plenty of shooters who will understand them better when they read the extract given below, which is taken from the London *Field* of June 15. As will be seen, the sport "came high" to the majority, while Lord H. Vane Tempest won in the neighborhood of $1,300 on an investment of about $90. The event was shot on June 8, at the Gun Club, Notting Hill, London.

"The Manchester £1 handicap sweepstakes, with a £25 cup or specie added, secured the largest field of shooters of the season, the number being twenty-five. Three 'lives' in all were allowed, the amount paid for each 'life' being regulated according to the round in which the miss occurred; £1 was charged for each round, so that if a competitor missed in the sixth round he would have to subscribe £6 to the pool for the privilege of re-entering. These events can hardly be termed popular, and they are decidedly of a too expensive character to be often repeated. To-day many of the members subscribed over £30 to the pool, and then failed to obtain a prize. In the opening round no fewer than ten misses were recorded; but, with one exception, the competitors embraced the opportunity of 'starring.' By degrees the field was reduced, and at the end of the seventeenth round the contest had resolved itself into a match between Lord Vane Tempest and Lord Rosslyn; but the former had the advantage with one miss to his opponent's two. Continuing, a protracted struggle ensued, but Lord Tempest, shooting in capital form, never gave his adversary a chance, and at the end of the twenty-sixth round he was declared the winner, his total score registering 24 kills out of 26. In addition to the cup, Lord Tempest was awarded the stakes, amounting to £27 5. As will be seen from the returns, Lord Tempest made a run of 13 kills ere missing, and then his 14th pigeon, from No. 1 trap, hit fatally, with difficulty cleared the boundary. The following are the amounts subscribed to the pool by the leading shooters: Lord Vane Tempest £38, Lord Rosslyn £38, Mr. Oakeley £26, Mr. Wood £42. Mr. Leslie £35. The full score showed 163 kills and 60 misses, the contest occupying about three hours and a half."

Manchester £1 handicap sweepstakes, with a £25 cup or specie added, 25 subs.:

Lord H Vane Tempest (Boss), S (prize, £275 and cup) (26yds)	11111111111101111111110111—24
Lord Rosslyn (Boss), S (24½)	01111111111011111111101110—22
Mr E de C Oakeley (Churchill), E C (20)	01111110111111100 —13
Mr A J Faulkner Wood (Churchill), E C (26)	11111111110110100 —13
Mr Leslie (Woodward), E C (28)	11111110110100 —11
Mr Gordon Smith (Lang and Hussey), E C (29)	00111111110110 —10
Mr Walter (Reilly), E C (25)	1010111111010 — 9
Mr E F Quilter (Purdey), A (25½)	11110111110 — 9
Capt Cotterell (Purdey), E C (25½)	11110110 — 6
Mr Braye (Churchill), E C (24½)	1111110 — 6
Prince San Donato (Purdey), S (26)	01111100 — 5
Mr Savile Lumley (Woodward), E C (27)	01111110 — 5
Lord Westbury (Purdey), S (25½)	0111100 — 4
Hon F Erskine (Boss), S (26½)	110110 — 4
Mr Raybon (Purdey), W, E C (22½)	11110 — 4
Mr F M Cobb (Adsett), S (26)	11100 — 3
Mr Halford (Purdey), S, Bk (23½)	11100 — 3
Mr A McMicking (Purdey), E C (25)	1110 — 3
Mr Firwood (Reilly), E C (27½)	10010 — 2
Mr Edwardes (Churchill), W (29½)	0110 — 2
Sir G H Leith Buchanan (Reilly), S, Bk (26)	111 — 2
Mr W F Gambier (Grant), E C (24½)	110 — 2
Mr S Clayton (Grant), (26)	010 — 1
Lord Lovat (Purdey), E C (26)	000
Baron de Pallandt (Holland), W (28)	0

Greenville, Miss.

THE third annual tournament of the Greenville Gun Club was held July 4. The following members participated in the shoot: J. D. Van Meter, W. M. Keller, George B. Alexander, J. H. Leavenworth, Hon. Leroy Percy, Greenville, Miss.; C. W. Hope, Wayside, Miss.; E. L. Sharkey, Refuge, Miss.

Green Clay, Jr., of Kentucky, now of Gladstone, Miss., won the handsome gold medal given by the club for the highest average. No other State produces such men, the personification of generosity and kindness, the tried and true friend, ever ready to lend a helping hand. J. D. Van Meter (Kentucky) was not up to his usual good form, but he and his "pump" will always be near the top; a true sportsman, not in for the money, but for the fun. Charles W. Tway, proprietor and manager of the Union Breeding and Training Kennels, of Michigan City, Miss., won the gold medal given by Jake Scott in the fifth and sixth events. Tway is a great shot, but oh, how quiet! Come again, Tway. George B. Alexander, two years ago one of the best shots in the South, cannot explain why he cannot hit "them;" he expects to practice up for the next shoot, and we look for a great score. W. M. Keller, the genial sport of the club, a good average shot, but with a big side bet you will see him up to the top notch. Wallace Arnold, jeweler, finds more money in his business than in shooting, but lent his full share to the pleasure of the shoot. J. B. Connely came to see the fun, and of course couldn't resist trying his hand, but his "pu" wouldn't work, and he quit before he made a "st

MESSRS. Hope and Evins, the Wayside crackerjacks, were shooting in good steady form; Hope winning second average at 87 per cent. They are capable of even 98 per cent. on special occasions. True friends, and the best kind of wheel horses for a tournament. Mr. Hope promises another big shoot at his home (Wayside, Mississippi), and the feeders as usual will be on hand. Hon. Leroy Percy was too busy electioneering, and did not appear on the grounds until the 6th event, but was strictly in it, and also in several of the following events. E. L Sharkey, of Refuge, Mississippi, scored up near the top; but the boys made it so warm for him that he went away leaving his shooting paraphernalia on the grounds. J. B. Hebron, candidate for sheriff (now elected), showed up with good scores in the 7th and 8th events. Messrs. Bradfield and Pinkston, representatives of the Vicksburg Gun Club, shot in good form, but not up to their usual standard. They are true sportsmen and we hope to see them with us often. Alex. Smith, of Greenville, Mississippi, doesn't think there is much fun in breaking clay birds; but put him in the field and he is sure to down his bird. J. H. Leavenworth was in it, but not for the money; out of form and promises to do better, which we believe. "Coovert," leading photographer of Greenville, was on hand as usual and made a picture of all the shooters, and of course each shooter must and will have at least one. O. A. Lawson, of Greenville, Mississippi, won the Washington County medal given by Theo. Phol for the best score made in event 4. Lynne Hyner was so busy talking up his special shells that he really didn't have time to break "them" all. R. H. McHie, secretary and treasurer, was kept busy all day, and a more capable and genial manager could not be found in the State.

The scores made were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot at.	Broke.	Aver-age.
J D Van Meter	12	14	8	17	14	15	15	14	17	14	200	140	70
C W Tway	12	19	14	18	16	20	17	18	17	19	200	165	82½
C W Hope	19	16	16	15	17	17	15	19	20	20	200	174	87
Evins	11	13	14	14	19	16	17	19	15	19	200	157	78½
Wallace Arnold	13	15	14	17	13	13	17	17	11	15	200	145	72½
O A Lawson	13	14	18	19	15	18	17	17	16	15	200	162	81
Green Clay, Jr	17	17	18	19	15	19	15	20	19	16	200	175	87½
W M Keller	14	12	15	11	13	14	13	11	..	..	160	103	64.4
Lyne Hyner	9	13	13	12	11	11	10	6	..	..	160	85	53.1
John J Bradford	14	14	11	16	17	16	14	15	..	..	160	117	73.1
Geo B Alexander	14	13	11	14	13	19	15	15	..	15	180	129	71.7
J H Leavenworth	12	14	13	14	13	14	14	12	15	13	200	134	67
Pinkston	18	13	14	14	16	18	18	12	15	19	200	157	78.5
E L Sharkey	15	13	16	18	13	17	19	16	15	17	200	159	79.5
Alex Smith	..	11	14	11	13	13	18	16	15	18	200	144	72
Leroy Percy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	10	14	..	60	40	66.6
J B Connelley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	12	..	..	40	20	50
J B Hebron	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	..	40	25	62.5

R. H. M.

Worcester Sportsmen's Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., July 16.—The following scores were made by members of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, the event being the second shoot in the Nitro Powder series:

W H Buck	1111011111101111111110101—21—1	—22
Bucklin	1111111111111101111111101—23—2	—25
McLellan	1111111111101111111111111—23—2	—25
Ide	0100110001100111111001101—14—3	—17
Davis	1101110110101111011111111—20—0	—20
Larkin	1100111011011110111111100—18—2	—20
M Buck	1110111010101010100110010—15—2½	—17½
Mascroft	1111011110101111111111111—22—0	—22
Forehand	1111111111111111111111101—24—0	—24

CHAS. E. FOREHAND, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

GRAY LING, Michigan.—The admirable grayling picture which was printed with Mr. Mitchell's paper is one of the illustrations in the *Brief*. We cannot supply it in any other form.

B. W., Milton, Mo.—1. Have some brass shells which I cleaned with vinegar. Will that injure the shooting or the powder? 2. What time do the ducks generally start south for the winter? Ans. 1. No. 2. The early comers will reach you in September.

C. B. W., Huntington, N. Y.—Kindly inform me through your columns if it is legal to shoot a dog chasing rabbits or deer out of season on one's property? Ans. The law expressly provides that dogs chasing deer out of season may be killed by any person. As to dogs chasing rabbits out of season and trespassing, we know of no law which would justify any one in killing them. Dogs are now considered property in most States, and to kill them without legal warrant might subject the offender to a suit for damages.

E. C. H., New York City.—To decide a bet, will you kindly inform me the maximum distance a Marlin rifle (.38cal.) will carry? Ans. The Marlin Company manufacture two .38cal. rifles, viz., the .38-40 and the .38-55. The latter of course would have the greatest range. The question of distance that various rifle bullets carry has never been determined, and in fact there would be very little practical use for tests in that direction. Riflemen, as a rule, are only interested in the performance of their guns at distances up to 200 or 300yds. As a rough guess, we should say that either of the cartridges mentioned would carry a mile.

E. G. S., Manchester, N. Y.—1. Is the .44-40 used in the new repeating rifles a safe cartridge to use when hunting where there are moose and bear? 2. Why is it not a proper way to test a rifle by putting it into a vise? The manufacturers say that this is not a fair test. 3. Can hunters cut timber on State lands in this State with which to make log camps, and can the same hunters come back to these camps year after year and claim them? 4. Are there State lands around Cranberry Lake; if not, what route should be taken to reach these lands and where are they? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. Because no rifle will shoot accurately from a fixed rest. If you wish to test for accuracy use a sliding rest. 3. No, no one is permitted to erect any kind of a fixed structure on State land unless they have purchased a lease of the land through the Forestry Commission. Canvas tents only are allowed. 4. We presume there are State lands in the neighborhood of Cranberry Lake. Write the Forestry Commission, Albany.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

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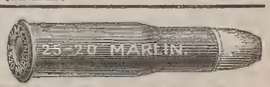


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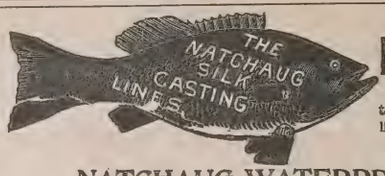
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1895.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page vii.

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THE SILLY SEASON WAR.

THE dispatches which have come from Jackson's Hole and vicinity within the past week have consisted of accounts of the massacre by the Bannocks of great numbers of white people, followed on the succeeding day by denials of these reports. As yet no one pretends to know anything about what has happened in Jackson's Hole, except that some Indians have been killed for attempting to escape after their arrest for violation of the game laws. This is the silly season and the dull season as well, and the newspapers appear to be willing to print whatever matter the imaginative reporter chooses to put on the wires. One thing, however, seems clear, and that is that the Indians are not disposed to be aggressive, and it is altogether probable that before long they will return to their reservations and the world will forget that there has been an "Indian war."

Among the extraordinary things printed about this trouble perhaps the most remarkable is an interview with Senator DuBois given in the papers of Tuesday last. Mr. DuBois is quoted as saying that the white men are entirely right in killing the Indians, for the Bannocks are the laziest and most shiftless Indians that there are. Senator DuBois may be quite right about this, but his proposition should have a more general application. No doubt the world would get on better if all the lazy and shiftless people in Washington, New York, Boise City and other places in this country were killed; but to kill people for being lazy and shiftless would certainly be an infraction of the present laws, and such a course can hardly be pursued until some general amendment of statutes shall have been made in all the States. Senator DuBois is perhaps the youngest member of the United States Senate, and we know him to be an able man. It is a good thing for the country when a young man such as he takes the lead in a matter of this kind. By all means let us have the necessary amendments of the law, and provide some method for determining who the lazy and shiftless people are and for then promptly removing them from the face of the earth.

The deep-seated indignation which burns in the breast of the settlers at Jackson's Hole is gratifying evidence of the progress which the game protective idea is making in the West. To read these despatches one would scarcely think that it is only a year or two since this was the great ground for hunting elk for their hides, and for running down spring-poor elk on grain-fed horses for the purpose of capturing them and selling them to owners of game preserves in the East. It is satisfactory to learn that the dwellers in this part of Wyoming have experienced a change of heart, but they should not be satisfied simply with observing the game laws themselves and killing the Indians who do not. They should also do missionary work on parties of Eastern hunters who may visit their country. The despatches in the newspapers say that the party of Princeton students, over whose supposed capture or massacre such a wail went up a few days since, had intended, except for the news of the Bannock "uprising," to stop in the mountains near Jackson's Hole and spend three or four weeks hunting.

This hunting would have been in clear violation of the statutes of Wyoming in the case made and provided, and if it had not been for the difficulty with the Bannocks, the Princeton party might have hunted and broken the game laws, and then the outraged citizens of Jackson's Hole would no doubt have killed a few of them. On the whole the loss of the Bannocks is less to be deplored than would have been the death of a number of members of one of our principal institutions of learning. What is the Bannocks' loss is science's gain.

NORTH DAKOTA NON-RESIDENTS.

WE are advised by the Secretary of State of North Dakota that the Supreme Court has held that the new game code did not go into effect on July 1, and will not be in force until December of this year. This is the law which includes the requirement of a shooting license for non-resident sportsmen; and by the ruling of the court such a license will not be demanded during the season of 1895.

This changes the situation for scores and hundreds of shooters who will go to the North Dakota prairie chicken and wildfowl grounds. The local sportsmen had declared that they intended to enforce the license law rigorously. If they will maintain their good resolutions and expend their energies in compelling compliance with the restrictions of the old law they may yet secure practically the advantages of the new measure. The law of 1887 now in force limits to twenty-five the number of prairie chickens lawfully killed in one day or had in possession at one time, and entirely forbids the export of game from the State. These restrictions have not prevented the shipment of tons of game to the markets of Chicago, St. Louis, New York and Boston, nor the taking home of other tons of game by sportsmen.

What North Dakota requires is not so much a law taxing non-residents $25, as enforcement of this very wise and sufficient law limiting killing and forbidding shipment.

MAN AND BRUTE.

IN the mass of information which has come to us concerning the Japanese since that wonderful nation engaged in its recent war with China, and so drew upon itself the critical scrutiny of the whole civilized world, there was a special and voluminous description of their kindness and consideration toward all the lower animals. While the war evoked general surprise at the prowess and scientific knowledge of this wonderful people, inquiry into their domestic life brought forth the fact that they are enlightened to a degree well up to a modern standpoint; and—measured by the standard of the most enlightened nations—in civil life are kind and courteous, instead of being in the depths of barbarism, as by many people was commonly supposed. That a nation until recently so isolated from the higher civilization has inculcated such just and kind usage in its treatment of the lower animals should not be without its lesson to us.

Statutory laws prohibiting cruelty are at best but a mitigation of the evil. They are a preventive only of the grosser and more public forms of cruelty; they put a stop to cruelty only when the cause for action has legal proof, but they do not lead to that kind and considerate treatment which should be bestowed on all the lower animals for the humane reasons that they are inferior, dependent and defenseless, aside from the main reason that man owes it to his own nobility to treat humanely the creatures which were created by the same Supreme Being who created him.

There are many societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in this country, and it goes without saying that they do a needful and beneficent work. But a better work yet would be to thoroughly instil humane sentiments as a matter of regular education during all the years of youth. Many boys are cruel from thoughtlessness, and not infrequently from ignorance. Without having had any prior teaching, boys can have no knowledge that to rob a bird's nest, or tie a tin can to a dog's tail, is cruelty, for the minds of boys are immature. If there is but a spirit of adventure or novel excitement in their acts, they discern not their cruelty.

A humane man is rarely an unpleasant one, and rarely indeed is he a criminal. Out of 7,000 boys, says the *Oregonian*, carefully taught kindness to animals in a public school in London, not one has ever been charged with a criminal offense in any court; and after I introduced the teaching of kindness to animals into my schools, said an eminent French master (De Sailly), "I found the children not only kinder to animals, but kinder to each other, and I am convinced that kindness to animals is the beginning of moral perfection."

There is no doubt that acts of cruelty to the lower animals may become habitual, and so harden the hearts of people that they will be cruel to each other. There is, moreover, no doubt but what kindly acts to the lower animals develop amiability and benevolence of disposition in man. The commencement should be in early youth. The ill treatment of dogs or other animals should never be countenanced as an amusement. Our treatment of our dumb animals should be an example of the highest humanity. No country should be ahead of us in these matters, for it is within the compass of all to be kind.

DEFENDER AND CHALLENGER.

THE two important events of last week were the actual trial of Defender in a race and the sailing of Valkyrie III. for New York. The trial of Defender, which up to the time of writing includes three light weather races with Vigilant, is in a large measure satisfactory, in that it has shown her to possess many good qualities, and apparently no serious defects; but it has by no means shown that great gain in speed over Vigilant which has been confidently predicted by some. That she is faster than her allowance is quite plain, but how much faster she may finally prove, five, ten or fifteen minutes, no one can say positively. The time records of her performance here and Valkyrie's on the Clyde show nothing of the least value.

The cruise of the New York Y. C. now under way, with the additional races at Newport, should result in some eight or ten races between Defender and Vigilant, with possibly Volunteer and Jubilee at times, both boats presumably improving with the continued racing, while their relative merits should be very truthfully disclosed. Defender has yet to be tried under a larger sail plan, which may or may not improve her. Her only tests thus far have been in light winds and smooth water, but there is every reason to believe that she will be particularly fast and easy in rough water.

The new challenger, now well on her way toward New York, is largely an untried boat, her four races serving, if reports be true, to show certain defects as well as to prove her speed under light weather conditions. With a fair passage, she should have at least three weeks for preparation, in which time, aided by past experience, much may be done to refit her properly after the ocean voyage and put her into proper trim.

The unfavorable reports concerning her amount to very little thus far; they may or may not be true, and if true the defects may be capable of remedy; at least, it would be very unsafe to rely on these alleged faults of the challenger for the retention of the Cup. The two dangerous points about her are that she has an excess of both beam and sail area over the American boats, with as low lead and almost as easy a form, and that she is evidently very fast in light weather. The conditions this year are quite different from those of previous Cup races, and much more favorable than ever before for the challenger.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS PARK.

THERE is a project to make the St. Lawrence River, from Cape Vincent to Ogdensburg on the American side, and from Kingston to Prescott on the Canadian side, an international park, to be known as the Thousand Islands International Park. The plan contemplates uniform fishing laws to govern the territory under both flags, and other provisions intended to add to the amenities of summer life in that charming country.

The scheme will be discussed at the annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of St. Lawrence, which will be held in Clayton next Wednesday, Aug. 7. A delegation of Canadians will probably be there. Later, the New York Senate committee, which will leave New York Aug. 15, will confer with Hon. W. M. Wakeham, who has been chosen to represent the Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

A great run of striped bass is reported from the New Jersey coast. It is not so long ago that the fishermen there were complaining that the pound nets had forever ruined the bass fishing. The pounds are still in operation, and the bass fishing of 1895 is declared to be the best for ten years. These are facts worthy of record. No one knows it all yet about the sea coast fisheries

The Sportsman Tourist.

LOST IN THE SWAMPS.—I.

It may have been to initiate me by easy stages into the mysteries of swamp lore that Barnes decided to drop down into Arkansas by John-boat. We took the river at Poplar Bluff, and in a few hours entered a wilderness which has changed but little since the first creole trappers ascended the Black, two centuries ago. This was my first trip into the cypress country, and I soon realized that such bits of woodcraft as had been acquired in the northern hills would be of slight service in the swamps.

Barnes himself was a stranger to this part of the country, though quite at home in the White River brakes for which we were heading; so, beyond knowing that we were in a current which would finally bring us up somewhere, we were lost almost from the start and enjoyed it thoroughly. Deliver us from a country that has all been measured and plotted, and sprinkled with names. There is nothing quite so delightful as swinging round the bend of an unknown river. Is it to be a rapid or a flock of teal? Every sense that you brought with you is on the alert and you soon find need for several new ones.

From this point of view the Black is a generous stream, for it is nothing but crooks and curves. Sometimes we would paddle a mile, steer round a bend, paddle back another mile, and then reach an isthmus over which we could toss a stone to our starting place.

For two or three days we enjoyed following the eagles and herons around these crooked courses, shooting squirrels and waterfowl with the .22, camping under a lean-to when it rained or under the stars when all was fair. But bye and bye this sort of thing grew monotonous. Instead of rapids to exhilarate us we found the current provokingly slow. Nothing more exciting happened than an occasional fracas with the razor backs, or a ram-bang-teeter on a sawyer. The John-boat was clumsy as a raft—its name, by the way, is swamp vernacular for a sort of punt, built for paddling, out of 1¾in. plank, and costing about four hours' deliberate use of saw and hammer. It was the only craft we could buy at Poplar Bluff. Under such conditions 600lbs. paddling is too much like work. We began to wonder where we were, how long it would take to get to some place else, why deer sign was so scarce, what we would do for breadstuffs if those appetites held out, and—well, you have been there—we began to grumble. This way of getting lost was altogether too tame.

In the last eighty or ninety miles we passed but two cabins and a sawmill. We met a few natives at these places, some of whom could not *Englisch sprechen*, while others could, but were too tired. Nobody knew how far it was to any place, nor cared, nor comprehended why we should. Finally we discovered a man who sang out promptly in answer to our hail: "One hundred and one miles from Poplar Bluff by Government survey."

"What is the nearest railroad station?"

"Moark."

"How far is it from Poplar Bluff by rail?"

"Twenty miles."

"Is the river any crookeder below?"

"Can't be wuss, and I reckon it's no better."

"Then if we keep on at this rate we ought to reach Des Arc in time for Christmas."

He eyed the John-boat critically, and thought the matter over with solemn deliberation.

"Well, I'll bet on Santy Claus."

"How far is it to Moark?"

"Three miles."

"Have you got a team?"

"Got a span of muels."

That settled it. One of us had an appointment with a bear down on Whirl Creek, and was afraid it might get tired waiting for him; so we took the train at Moark.

Late that night we put up at the hotel in Bald Knob. A band of local minstrels was serenading the neighborhood, and we got abed to the tune of "Jesse James":

"His wife, she was a lady;
His children, they were brave,"

and I have forgotten the rest of it, save that a stolid Governor failed to appreciate the romantic interest of the situation, and—

"He hired Robert Fo-ard,
The dirty little coward,
To la-ay Jesse Ja-ames in his gra-a-a-ave."

At daybreak we were bolting a hastily-served meal. We had planned to spend a few days reconnoitering the swamps at the junction of the White and Little Red, or thereabouts, and then make a knapsack tramp to the Bayou des Arc, sending our outfit ahead by wagon.

Barnes thought that some friends of his in the lower part of town might care to go with us for a little hunt in the overflows, so visited them. Early as it was the families were astir. We learned that Green and George and Uncle Dan were camped at the Twin Sisters, a pair of small lakes about fifteen miles distant. Another fellow, who shall be nameless, informed us that he was just hitching up to carry the boys some supplies, and that there was plenty of room in his wagon for our outfit; so we could walk on ahead, hunting as we went, and he would soon be on our trail with the grub. Surely here was a streak of luck. We could easily make fifteen miles of good and level footing by noon. Our coats were tossed into the wagon, and with no encumbrances but our rifles and ammunition we strode into the forest and soon were alone with that best of all good company, our blessed selves.

Never had I enjoyed a long, swinging, business-like stride as I did that forenoon, after the leg-cramping paddle of the past week. I would give money for a chance to try it over again right now. There was new life in the autumn air. It seemed that one could never tire in such a magnificent wilderness of oaks, with the level ground so free of brush and carpeted with freshly fallen leaves. Barnes felt the charming invigoration too, and suggested that instead of taking a short cut we might better follow an old trail, which was more roundabout, but which would be easy for me to find and keep if ever I had occasion to go back to town alone. We did so.

The trail gradually led off to the east more than we had expected. It was noon when we reached the overflow. Of course I had to fool around a good deal in such novel surroundings, and equally of course the surroundings became more tangled, twisted and contorted the further we penetrated into the overflow. But there was so much to see, to investigate, to ask questions about; and anyhow what was the use in hurrying? If we didn't reach the Sisters till evening our appetites would be all the better for it. Yes, there could be no doubt about those appetites. Now and then we would find some persimmons away back there in the Ozark bottoms.

But countless wild porkers had been out after the swamp fruit earlier in the day and had not left much of it. By the way, I don't like wild hogs a little bit. An old razor-back sow is the only animal, excepting a razor-back boar, that ever approached me with belligerent intentions, unprovoked, and the only one before which I ever lost my dignity. I have sundry personal grievances against several individuals of this species, which rankle every time they are recalled, and—I just don't like wild hogs. But here was a revelation. These cane-fed hogs had something on them besides bristles and warts. They were plump and sleek, and made a fellow think of sugar-cured hams, which, come to think of it, are not bad eating.



IN THE SWAMP.
Amateur photo by Horace Kephart.

We found Whirl Creek, and it reminded me that my last drink was taken from a puddle in the uplands some hours before. There wasn't the ghost of a current in Whirl Creek (miasma, chills, microbes), but the water was clear, and a fellow has to drink sometimes. Here the footing was decidedly bad. After a man stumbles over a root two or three times and has a .45cal. 10lb. repeater hit him a few whacks on the back of his head, thoughts will arise in spite of early training. Did I say a 10lb. gun? It should have been 11lbs., or possibly twelve, for the magazine was full, and every one of those cartridges weighed more at this time in the afternoon than the Winchester catalogue said it did. I must call my friend Hooper's attention to this matter. Also, the next time I start out for nowhere in a flannel shirt, with a 13lb. gun, I will have a pair of epaulettes sewed on and stuffed with 3in. of cotton.

Soon we came among the cypress knees—not the little knobs that stick up on the banks of the Black River in old Missouri, but great big fellows, tall as a man sometimes. They are interesting, indeed puzzling, but are not good to eat.

At last the Twin Sisters! How surprised those fellows would be to see us stalking in upon them, laughing, unconcerned, just as if we hadn't tramped twenty-five miles since daybreak on an empty stomach! We quickened our pace. I wiped the sweat off a very red face, cocked back my hat and tried to look jaunty. We skirted the shore of Upper Twin, followed down the outlet, took a short cut through a nasty bit of switch cane, strode straight forward to the place where our party must have made camp, and—

They weren't there!

"Homeless, ragged and tan'd,
Under the changeful sky,
Who so free in the land,
Who so contented as I?"

That is the best song that ever was sung—after supper.

We went from place to place hallooing and finding nothing.

Were you ever in the heart of a primitive wilderness, and did you ever yell at the top of your voice just to try the effect? Did you listen to the echoes rolling away, did you feel the shiver that ran through the forest as though something holy had been disturbed, and were you abashed by that solemn, rebuking silence—that vast silence, I can express it in no other way—which returned to shame your puny insolence with its calm majesty?

After making the circuit of those lakes and finding no trace of a camp, nor so much as a human footprint, Barnes looked a little grave. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and we had been walking steadily since sunrise. My shoulders and neck were raw from carrying the heavy gun, and I wondered if Barnes was getting hungry. He turned to me presently and asked: "Well, are you game to walk back to the Knob to-night?"

"Ye-e-s, if I've got to. But we ought to meet that fellow with the wagon somewhere on the back track."

"That fellow has gone back on us."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that he let us get a good start, and then changed his mind."

"Oh, no: he wouldn't play us such a dirty trick. Besides, the hunters were depending on him to bring them their own supplies."

"Then they'll soon get tired of depending. These people are like Indians, so far as depending on them to do anything is concerned; it's all a matter of how they happen to feel five minutes later. They mean it all right enough; it's just their way. But you needn't look for our friend with the wagon to-night. If he hadn't heard of a dogfight, or something else, he would have made a bee line for the Sisters while we were swinging off toward the Hurricane, and would have been here an hour before us."

"Humph, well, here's a pretty fix. Aren't there any houses within a few miles of us?"

"None; unless they've been built since I was last here."

"How far is it to the Knob by a short cut?"

"About fifteen miles."

"Twenty-five and fifteen make forty, for the day's ramble. Can you find the way by night?"

"Yes: after the moon rises."

"It doesn't rise till midnight."

"Just so. We must mog along and get out of the overflow before dark. Better take a drink, for you may not see water again till morning."

We moved on. In half an hour Barnes remarked that he was not sure of his bearings.

"I've spent three years in this neighborhood," he said, "and you may think it strange that I don't know quite where we are; but now I want to teach you something about this kind of country. Do you notice anything peculiar about these trees?"



THE JOHN-BOAT.
Amateur photo by Horace Kephart.

"Yes, that's the biggest persimmon tree I ever saw. It must be nearly a hundred feet high and straight as a mast."

"Is that all you see?"

"Well, I'd like to see a 'simmon, but I don't."

"Anything uncommon about the trunk?"

"Yes, there isn't a limb for 60ft. I always thought that persimmons were smallish trees that branched out freely."

"All the trees grow tall here and branch out only at the top. The woods are so dense that the sunlight can scarcely get in, except around the water fronts, so the lower

branches soon drop off. Now take a look around you and use your eyes again."

"The trunks all have moss on them and it seems to stop at the same height on every tree."

"Exactly the same height; you couldn't measure it closer with a surveyor's outfit. That's the water level of the last spring overflow, 12ft. from the ground. And now you can see how a man might have tramped over every foot of this ground for years and yet get lost on it after the next overflow. Every spring the backwater comes in here 10 or 15ft. deep and washes out all of the down-logs and other landmarks, replacing them with something else and changing the whole appearance of things. There is little individuality to the standing trees, as you have noticed."

"Then the only way to keep from losing yourself in this part of the world is to stay in a boat?"

"That depends upon the time of year. During the overflow this low land is covered with water for miles in every direction, and there are innumerable creeks and bayous. The trees are so thick that you cannot see a hundred yards anywhere. There is a log jam to be rounded every here and there; and the water is all dead or backing water; and if there's any current, it's as likely to be running up hill as down. Just come here in a dug-out during the overflow and see where you get to."

"Is there any worse place to get lost in than a cypress swamp?"

"Well, wait till you strike blue cane, and then judge for yourself."

"Say, partner, how would a tenderloin steak strike you—the whole beef, I mean, with 'taters and gravy?"

"See here, you don't seem to think of anything but that tummy of yours. You needn't fret. If we need supper by-and-bye we can shoot a pig—there goes a whole family of them."

My gun was up, but he restrained me.

"Don't do that yet. It's considered bad manners down here, and has been known to get nice people into trouble. But if we don't strike a trail pretty soon, and a fat little shoat should run up and bite you, why I'll look the other way."

We plunged into a brake of switch cane, which tangled up our feet, cut us in the face, and seemed never-ending. Then it was over a bog, winding in and about, slipping, stubbing our toes, avoiding water holes only to sink in mire. Enormous tupelos grew here, with hollow butts big enough to shelter us and room to spare. But what a dismal place to camp in, with the miasma, wolves and creeping things! How ghastly, too, those cypress knees would look by firelight—like headless ghosts rising from their dank graves. Darkness always hovers over the swamps, but it was falling now, and the long, exposed roots looked like twisted pythons, while the ugly knots and excrescences on the huge trunks above them, the gnarled and tortured limbs, grew in the shadows to be things of evil.

"We must cross this creek if we want to reach the upland; here's a coon-bridge," exclaimed Barnes.

It was ticklish business crossing that slippery log, but we got over. Then there was more cane, and finally the firm upland with its honest oaks and gums.

One member of the expedition was nearly tuckered out and he was about to demand a halt, when lo! we stumbled into a clearing.

Could we believe our eyes? Yes, there stood a cabin in the unobstructed rays of a 5 o'clock sun; and in front of the cabin was a man; and he was alive and looked as if he could cook; and surely there was meat in the cabin, with bread and fixin's.

I rushed up to that swamp angel and nearly fell upon his neck. He was my long-lost brother, who would cook us a meal, and every cent I had was his. Even the imperturbable Barnes smiled a neighborly smile and greeted the nonplussed pioneer with frank cordiality.

HORACE KEPHART.

ST. LOUIS.

NORTHWARD TO THE FAR WEST.—V.

[*Continued from page 69.*]

WE were loath to say adieu to the old friends and the new ones we had made, but the day came, and once more to the northward we were speeding. At Northport we boarded the Lytton, and received so hearty a welcome from the crew that it seemed like being at home. The month we had been in the States had made quite a change in the Columbia River, and the water was now getting so low that the rapids were much harder to run and to ascend. One of the worst places we had to make before we reached Robson was only gotten over by the process known as "lining up." A huge post, called a "dead man," had been sunk in the bank, and a long steel hawser was made fast to it. Spliced to the steel rope was a strong manilla hawser, and on the end of this was a log float or buoy. As the steamer got into the lower part of the rapids this floating log was picked up and the line hauled on board. This line was then taken to the capstan, which was worked by a donkey engine, and a strain was put on it. We then worked our way up into the rapid, and every inch gained was held by the strain on the hawser. We were in the pilot house and watching the struggle between the forces of nature, chained and free. The mighty current came sweeping down against our craft, thrusting her back with a force that her engines could not equal, and she stood and quivered with the efforts of the machery to drive her forward. The trees on the bank stood still, the dashing, flashing waves seem to come more quickly as the exhaust from the steam pipes takes on deeper tones as the engineer "gives it to her." The capstan dogs clink merrily as more slack comes in and the hawser whips out of the water with a snap. Slower and still deeper in tone comes the roar of the steam, and she moves up a little. A tree, which we had in line with another, moves just a little, and hurrah! we gain a trifle. Faster the donkey engine works, and the great wheel at our stern churns the water into whiter foam as we forge slowly ahead. Now we move perceptibly and the trees seem to drop slowly astern. But, no; wilder yet seem the rushing waters, and again we stand, straining, quivering and groaning in the fierceness of the struggle. The captain, who is at the wheel, puts his foot against a spoke, lets go and spits on his hands.

"How much steam have they got on below?" he asks.

"Ninety and raising, sir," replied the mate; "but I think she's gaining."

Over goes the wheel, as the captain tries to take advantage of a cross current that sets it around the point and makes a back swirl. With the help of this the Lytton slowly gains and quicker come the puffs from the exhaust, and soon we leave the standing trees, and the capstan whirls rapidly as the slack comes in and up we go. Another experience has been ours, and we enjoyed it too.

Just before evening we arrived at Robson, and here we again left the Lytton, as we intended to hunt near by.

Robson is not much of a place. It has a station, a hotel and a section house. It is the Columbia end of the Canadian Pacific's short branch that runs to Nelson up the Kootenay River, and is the point that those coming to fish the river start from.

It had been our understanding that there was fine deer shooting near by and we intended to stay a few days.

The hotel is run by a Frenchman, Louis by name, and is not such a bad place as one would imagine for a situation that is shut in from the outside world part of the year. Terms $2 per day. Some of the finest October weather that we ever saw set in now, and of course, as usual, we mortals are never satisfied—we wanted a storm. The morning after reaching Robson we made the acquaintance of Jerry McBride, a merry son of the Emerald Isle, a local rancher, hunter and guide; and he agreed to take the writer up to Deer Park in his boat and hunt for a week for $3 per day and found; but Jerry could not go until Wednesday, and that gave us two days to kill time in.

It was pretty cold and rather late for fishing (Oct. 8), but as the sun shone so brightly we—the hotel man, the station agent and a miner, with the writer—decided we could catch some fish. So we got out two speeders (railway velocipedes) and started up the Kootenay River, which flows into the Columbia just below Robson.



KOOTENAY INDIAN CAMP.

Amateur photo by F. F. Frisbie.

There are really two Kootenay rivers, though it is one water. To explain: The upper Kootenay River rises way up in the Rockies, east of the Columbia, and flows southerly down into the United States, through sections of Montana and Idaho. It then turns north, back into sections of British Columbia, and some way north of the boundary forms Kootenay Lake, which in turn empties its waters through a river also called the Kootenay, which flows into the Columbia.

The short stretch of river between the lake and the Columbia is noted the world over for its fishing. This is said advisedly, as parties go there from Europe as well as from the far eastern United States to fish. The Canadian Pacific has made great efforts to advertise this fishing, and also to take care of the people who are attracted by it; but one who goes there now should take his supplies from Revelstoke or go to Nelson to outfit, and take tents and full outfits with him. There are some log houses at points along the river, but they are not kept in condition.

The fishing is the best from the middle of July until the middle of September, provided the high water has subsided by the middle of July. This year (1894) it had not.

Trout, and plenty of them of large size, are taken. It is a stream that will be practically inexhaustible, owing to its location, size, and the volume of water that it carries.

Our outfit on the speeders, two on each, we went bowling along at a great gait. Louis and I led the way, and the boys behind said our wind must be good. It was a fine ride, as the scenery is grand. The railroad track runs above the river 200 or 300ft. and through mountains that run back to peaks 7,000 and 8,000ft. high.

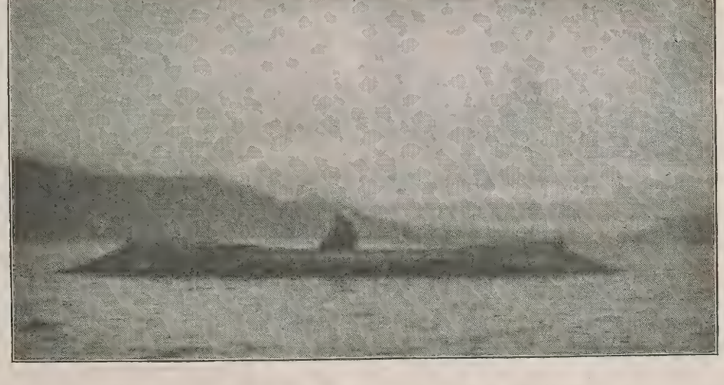
We only went up to the first falls and took our speeders off the track. It was a nearly perpendicular descent to the roaring, rushing river 300ft. below us, and one of the wildest scenes imaginable. The lower Kootenay plunges down to the Columbia, through a chasm in these mountains, in a series of rapids and falls. There are no bushes or trees near the margin of the river, nothing but huge boulders and immense rocks, like great houses, whose sides rise vertically from the foaming water below.

Deep, dark pools are formed by immense boulders in the rapid current, and foam-crested falls plunge downward into boiling cauldrons of glistening water. No stream could be more charming from an angler's standpoint, or more beautiful in its wild grandeur to an artist or the true lover of nature.

Scrambling down to the water, we were soon whipping the stream with the fly or dropping the more seductive "g"-hopper into the foaming waters.

It was too late and the trout would not rise well. The squawfish (local), or what is known as whitefish in some parts of the West, would bite, but not freely. Louis had an experience at the falls. He managed to hook a small trout, and was drawing it in when a monster trout made a rush for the little fellow and seized it. Louis kept on pulling, and landed the big fellow, which weighed at the hotel a little over 12lbs. We gave in. Louis was too much for us, and as the whole outfit did not have his luck we mounted the speeders for home.

By hard wrestling we managed to get together grub enough, from the hotel and the section boss, to take us into camp for a week. There is no store nearer Robson than Nelson, and only two trains a week, so we were in luck to get anything, as the season was over and Louis had got down to hard pan in the hotel.



KLOOTCHMAN (SQUAW) WATCHING FOR DEER.

Amateur photo by F. F. Frisbie.

Mr. Thomas, the C. P. agent, very kindly loaned us a tent, so we were fixed. On time Tuesday afternoon Jerry appeared with his little boat, and loading in our supplies and a few personal effects, we started for his ranch, five miles up the river, from which place we intended getting a good early start the next day.

We found Jerry's shack, as he called it, a very good log house of three rooms and we were much pleased to find it very neat and tidy, as it promised well for Jerry in camp. I was alone and had some misgivings in regard to what kind of a companion Jerry would prove, but a sight of the tidy ranch reassured me. Jerry got his camp outfit ready and we turned in early and were up betimes the next morning.

Our little craft was a flat-bottomed skiff, or, as we called them in boyhood days in New Jersey, a bateau. She was sharp of bow, square of stern, flat bottom and straight sides, and was just large enough to carry ourselves and duffle comfortably. Jerry had a square sail for her, which was too large, and deliver me from a square sail anyway, especially one rigged as Jerry had his. However Jerry placed his main reliance on an ash breeze and expected to pull the sixteen miles or more, up and down. But we found a nice breeze up the river and hoisted the old rag, and much to Jerry's joy we managed to sail the

whole distance in three hours and a half. We reached Deer Park before twelve o'clock, but Jerry decided to go above a mile or more and camp near some Indian graves, thinking, no doubt, the ghosts of the braves would bring us luck. A nice sandy beach, in a little cove behind a point, that ran out a little way into the lake, was chosen for our landing-place, but we had to pack the outfit about three hundred yards up the shore, to get into the timber and where the grass grew.

The whole shore was strewn with driftwood, left by the great spring floods, and there was plenty of fine boards and slabs that had come down all the way from Revelstoke.

We pitched our tents 'neath the shade of some huge pines, and before night had as cosy a camp as one would wish. Lots of "mountain feathers" made a fine bed and a table was constructed out of driftwood plank, and we had all the comforts of home.

Supper time came and when I went to fry the bacon the frying-pan was called for. "Be jabbers!" said Jerry, "would ye mind, I can't find it." "Did you put it in the box with the other camp outfit?" "I thought I did, but if I did it went overboard when the squall struck us beyant, just before we reefed down." "Well, Jerry, here's a pretty 'how de do.' We can't keep house in camp without a fry-pan."

"Right you are," said Jerry, "unless we bile everything."

"Can't do it, my boy; you must have forgotten it, and I'll tell you what we will do. We will stop the Lytton to-night and get one."

This Jerry did not like, as the crew would give him the "big laugh," he said, "as he might as well have left his head." However, Yankee ingenuity and Irish wit got up a fair supper, and as the time came for the boat to pass up, Jerry went out in his skiff and I built a fire on the point, and we stopped the steamer and borrowed a frying-pan. When we next saw Capt. Gore, he laughed long and loud and said, "You chaps take the cake. First you forget a fry-pan, and then stop a steamboat to borrow one." But "everything goes in the West," and every one is ready to lend a helping hand. We spent a delightful week in our camp.

The days were warm enough to be pleasant, the nights just cool with a little frost. The moon was in its glory and shone from a cloudless sky—but alas! there is always something missing—the deer were not plenty. The continued fine weather had melted the snow off of the high mountains back of us, and the deer had run back where it was impossible for us to hunt them. A few straggling bucks and does stayed near the lake, but the herd that ought to be there was not there. The country we were in is of the roughest description, and there is only a short distance up and down the lake, known as Deer Park, where there is any pleasure in hunting. If deer are killed very far back from the lake it is impossible to get them, as they have to be packed out on your back.

But when the snow drives the deer down for the winter, which is generally in October, there are large numbers right at the water's edge. In the summer also the deer frequent the numerous licks and Jerry gets his meat at Deer Park. The game law don't count when a rancher wants fresh meat. Ruffed grouse or partridge are quite plenty—they are sometimes called pheasants in the West—and across the lake on the high mountains are flocks of blue or mountain grouse. We had some sport shooting the heads off of the ruffed grouse, as they were not wild and we could pot them with our rifles. We hunted and explored the country and visited the Indian graves just above camp, making a snap shot at them. Right across from our camp on the other side of the lake was a great curiosity, a natural bridge. It must be 500 or 600ft. across and over 300ft. high, great pines grow up under it and do not touch its rocky arch. It spans a great gulch or chasm in the mountain's side and shows plainly from the passing steamer's deck or from the opposite shore.

Jerry had never hunted on the bridge side, so we took one day over there and he swore he never would go again, for the mountains were like house sides and the brush and timber paralyzed him. He got up in one place where he could climb no further, and it was so steep he was afraid to go back, and as he expressed it, "The sweat rolled down me back before I got out o' that."

We found goat signs on these mountains, but no goats were visible. Jerry said he found the "father of all deer licks" and the deer were still using it. "But, bedad," said Jerry, "I would not pack a deer out of that place if I never tasted mowicth again." We got into a genuine bear swamp also that day, but did not see any bear. From the highest point reached a beautiful view was spread out before us; the lake with its blue foam-crested waves lay at our feet; to the north it stretched away into the distance until it seemed to end at the base of the high mountains back of Fire Valley, while to the south the mountains closed in and cut off our view only a few miles away.

We could look across to our little camp and the low mountains back of it, still on, to the great Slocan range and the high peaks of the Purcell Range. The country looked open and as if we could easily travel over it, but distance lent enchantment in this case.

Deer Park lay before us and its open park-like glades and clumps of trees seemed as if designed by the hand of man.

"Well," remarked Jerry, "it looks mighty fine and smooth, but be the powers it breaks me heart to climb over it."

We sat upon the rough rocks and basked in the bright October sun, gazing our fill upon the wonderful landscape before us.

> "He who has climbed in the rare atmosphere,
> By giddy roads, up to this lofty height,
> And paused upon the pass, awed by the sight,
> Looks forth in wonder, shadowed by fear."

"Right you are," said Jerry, "I was afraid when I got up there in the cañon and could not climb further, and was afraid I would fall down if I tried to get down."

The next day, feeling a little lazy and not wanting to climb too far, we took the boat and Jerry pulled up the lake toward a point where we had seen signs of a camp-fire. The morning was cool and bright, and our little boat danced merrily over the water. We found the camp-fire was at an A tent, and we got out to investigate. One of the queer-shaped canoes of this region lay turned upside down on the sand and several huge bundles of dried "dog salmon" lay near by. At the tent lay a dead porcupine and, wonder of wonders, a wash-boiler!

"What in the world do they do with a boiler, Jerry?"

"Oh, they wash their clothes in it," said he.

"But I thought Indians here were the same as elsewhere—dirty and not inclined to keep clean?"

"Well," said Jerry, "the Kootenay Indians hereabout want to be all same as white men; a great many of them are good Catholics and say grace before they eat, and are for Indians comparatively clean."

They are a "little off" on their diet, however, as white men would not relish dog salmon taken and cured as Indians cure them. A fancy photograph from a cigarette package also lay near the tent; that settled it, Lo was getting civilized very fast.

We photographed the camp and then started up the lake. When we got around the point we saw another canoe out in the lake with a single occupant lying silently on the glassy surface of the unruffled water. "But that's the klootchman waiting for the buck to hound a deer into the water," said Jerry. "That's what they are up to; they have come down from the narrows with a load of dog salmon and now they are after mowitch. "Mowwitch" is Chinook for deer, and is used almost universally in British Columbia.

Jerry pulled up near enough to hail the silent canoeist and we found it was a squaw. She was bundled up in her blanket, with a rope tied about her waist and a knife stuck in it. The klootchman was not very talkative, and eyed us rather suspiciously; but we managed to find out that her buck was up in the timber with the dogs trying to run a deer into the lake, and she sat there in the cold, patiently awaiting what might turn up. Her paddle lay across her lap, ready for instant use should a deer take water near by. We managed to get a snap shot of her, and as we rowed away we could see her still sitting motionless until we got too far to distinguish her form.

A week in camp when everything is pleasant soon passes, and as the Lytton would be due to go up the day following, we decided to go down to Robson. We were loath to leave our pleasant camp, but the deer were too few and far between to tempt us to remain longer, and excepting birds there was no other game. As a pleasant place to camp, a rough country away from civilization, and a fair hunting ground for deer late in the fall, Deer Park is a good place to go to; but there are so many more places accessible and where there is more game, that for the hunting alone it cannot be recommended. But it is worth a visit if one wishes to see all the country.

The following morning saw us up betimes. The wind had veered and was blowing down stream. By the time we were ready to start and had the boat all loaded the white caps were rolling out in the lake and the wind was howling, sending sand from the beach over us in showers.

"Shall we try it?" said Jerry.

"Let's reef her down and see what we can do," was the reply; "if we can get round rocky point below, without getting too much in the trough, we can make it." So we took a big reef in our square sail and managed to get out from the lee of the sand point, and then did we fly? Well, we seemed to be going with wings, but alas! we had to keep out into the lake if we could hope to make the point, and this brought us into the trough of the sea, which was now quite a respectable one, as the wind had a clear sweep for about fifteen miles. Jerry sat forward and held on to the halyards, ready to let the old sail come down on the run, and I held the steering oar. Our little craft plunged along like a race horse, but being so short, she would ride but one wave and when she would go over the crest of one she would take a sheer and it required careful watching to prevent her broaching to and shipping a wave. It was not long before a big roller caught under her out rigger and splash came a pail full of water aboard. Jerry shook his head and said, "I guess we can't make it." "All right," I replied, "we will turn into the next little bay." So we did, and beaching our boat, laid by for a lull in the wind. We tried to kill time by shooting at a mark, eating a lunch, and fixing our sail, but as the wind still continued to blow Jerry said he would prefer to stay until evening and then pull down. This did not suit me, as I did not want to sit cramped up in a boat for five or six hours and there was no certainty of the wind going down with the sun.

Jerry got nervous and concluded to take a run back into the hills. Cautioning him not to be gone over two hours I sat down in the sun in the lee of the boat and got out a book. About one o'clock the wind seemed to lull and blow more steadily and I began to look anxiously for Jerry.

It was only a short time before he came down the hillside, and I told him to hurry up and eat his lunch, if he wanted it, as I proposed to get out of there.

"But, man," said Jerry, "will ye mind those white caps out there, and beyant down by the rocky point there is big sea."

"Can't help it, Jerry, I don't propose to stay here to-night; so pull her off," and off she went. We made better weather than we had in the morning, as the wind came steadily and not in fierce gusts, and the only nasty place we found was at the rocky promontory, where we had to keep out or be dashed against the perpendicular precipice which rose from the water's edge. It was not child's play steering the boat, but it served to keep one's blood circulating, and the cold wind was chilling. We "boomed" along in great shape, and when I ran her nose on the beach in front of Jerry's shack, and looking at my watch announced the time as two hours and a half, Jerry said, "That beats the record from Deer Park, and I won't forget ye and this sail for many a day." The Lytton came in on time, and getting our traps aboard we once more turn our faces northward. The evening was fine, though cool, and the moon, though waning, was not much past the full, and her light was sufficient to make the objects of any magnitude on the shore plainly discernible. I stood on the deck as we passed our late camp and mentally said adieu and took a last look at the great natural bridge opposite, the top of which was bathed in a halo of silvery light, while the gulch beneath showed dark and somber, looking more terrible and dangerous than in the full light of day.

It was about daylight when we reached Nakusp, and we were in the river before I got on deck. I then repaired to the pilot house and amused myself by watching the flocks of ducks, which were much more plenty than when we went down, having come from the north. A great trip would be to charter a small steamer and with a pleasant party sail about the Columbia at this season, shooting ducks, geese and deer. There is a little steamer owned by a man at the hot springs below Revelstoke with whom such arrangements can be made.

The sail up the river was really finer than the sail down, as now we were approaching the high mountains, and they seemed to grow in magnitude as we steamed on. The snow also became heavier as we sailed north, and the rugged peaks of the Selkirks and the Gold range were white with their fleecy mantles and stood out plainly in strong contrast to the dark firs below.

As we neared "the Wigwam" the glacier-covered sides of Mount Bigbee, with its sharp peak, came into view, and we could see how changed was its face since the snow came.

We were also treated to some novel experiences in river navigation, as the water was getting very low, and where there had been deep water the month before were now sand and rocks. We got into one place that showed the ability of our pilot to handle a river boat. It was a very rapid whirlpool kind of a place and the foaming, roaring river dashed against a precipitous rock which rose right out of the water; a deep notch or hollow in the rocky wall let the water swirl in, forming an eddy. It was all the Lytton could do to hold her own against the fierce current, and when the captain rang to stop her just as we were opposite the hollow, it looked to one not posted as if some one had made a mistake. The steamer began to go sternward and the wheel was sent spinning until hard over. We could then see the stern swing into the hollow, and just as it seemed as though we would crash into the rock the bell was rung "go ahead" full speed, and we could feel the boat tremble as her engines started full power. For a moment we stood still and then she began to gain, and shooting out from the rock across the current, we were soon out of the "nastiest place on the river," as another pilot who was in the wheel house said, with the remark that he would not try that for $100.

We were not up the river yet, and soon after this struck a bar, where we tried three times to get over, but could not do it. We had to back out, turn about and try another channel. Here, after an hour's hard work and getting out a line, "to hold her nose ag'in' the current," we got up. Such is river navigation on the Columbia in low water. Revelstoke was reached on time. Once more to the westward we are bound and once more are we taken by storm by the magnificent scenery. F. F. Frisbie.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN CAMP ON LAKE MICHIGAN'S SHORE.

Here we are, four of us, camping on the beach. As I am writing I listen to the boom, boom of the surf as it rolls upon the shore. We have been here just one month; some of the party preceded us and have been in camp six weeks. We have a very pleasant place, upon an elevation of some twenty-five feet from the water, and at a distance from the shore line of some fifty yards. Our tents are placed between two hills, the one nearest the lake clothed with a dense growth of small timber, which effectually breaks the wind from south to west. On the northwest we are a little more exposed, but upon the whole we are pretty well protected from storms. On Thursday we had a violent thunderstorm, accompanied by a downpour of rain. Our small boat, which was drawn up on the shore, was half full of water. We came out dry owing to having good tents over our heads. The larger one has a fly, the smaller is waterproof; our tents are 9×9ft. and 12×14ft. We do most of our cooking outdoors during the fine weather. We have a three-burner gasoline stove, which we use in case of disagreeable weather, but we have been compelled to use it only twice since we came out.

A cooler, finer retreat is hard to find. There have been but two sultry days since we came; the nights are cool; no mosquitoes, gnats or black flies to pester one. Although somewhat isolated from society (the nearest habitation being two miles and the nearest post office three and a half miles), we feel perfectly at home. We receive our mail twice a week, which keeps us posted as to the doings of the outer world. The most welcome visitor is the Forest and Stream, which reaches us on Monday morning. The article written by "Jacobstaff" was very interesting to our men folks, and the question was asked why more from the pens of men of experience in woodcraft was not to be found in the columns of Forest and Stream, and they hoped to hear further from "Jacobstaff's" pen.

This is an ideal day after the storm. The air is so clear we can see for miles out in the lake; hitherto we have had a great deal of smoke in the atmosphere, which has made it somewhat unpleasant. To-day is by far the finest day we have had.

I have just been watching a fleet of fishing boats going to their nets. The sea was running very high at the time they went out. It is amusing to see them bob up and down. With the aid of a marine glass I can see them out in the lake almost opposite our camp, some six miles from shore. In lifting their nets they take in sail, so that we can distinguish as to when they lift their nets. Some days we see a good many vessels sail and steam. One day we saw seven schooners in close proximity to one another beating up to windward. It put us in mind of a regatta. Two lines of steamers pass and repass this place during the day, also steam pleasure yachts. Men, women and children are to be seen walking the beach at times, but the greatest novelty while we were here was three parties on bicycles; the men hurrying along as if they were in the service of the War Department and on some important errand; we all thought that by the time they made the trip some of the hurry would be taken out of them. It is rather a rough course to run a bicycle on, this the shore of Lake Michigan, with logs and driftwood to encounter every few yards, and besides the sand is soft and yielding, which must make it hard wheeling.

Our camp at present is in what would be termed the sandhills of this lake shore region. They are composed of sand washed up by storms from the bed of the lake, said by our State geologists to be from sandstone rock underlying the lake waters. Some of these hills attain the altitude of 200ft. above the lake; some are less in height; some are bare, with the exception of a bunch of grass or vines in the form of a crater hollowed out by the violent winds that blow at times over this coast. Others are clothed from bottom to top with timber of various kinds, from white and red cedar to hard maple. Within sight of where I am now writing there is red oak of from 3 to 3½ft. in diameter, also hard maple 2½ft. and beech 18 to 20in. The hills run back as far as half a mile

from the shore, which shows that the same action which formed the front hills nearest the lake must have thrown up those half a mile inland at some distant period. What countless ages of time must have elapsed since the formation of the rock and the growth of the timber as it appears to-day. It is a wonder how vegetation and trees can grow to such perfection upon such light drifting sand. During the long drought of six weeks the natural supposition would be that everything in the shape of vegetation would dry up; but, upon investigation, after digging down six inches from the surface, the sand is found as moist as if a recent rain had fallen. Owing to the absence of heavy dews this seems hard to account for.

Yesterday it was blowing a gale from the northwest and a big sea was running, washing away the shore and driftwood at a great rate. Vessels were under reefed canvas making for their harbors. This was the heaviest blow since we came here. To-day the sea has been down and the beach is as smooth as a pavement. A few gulls are hovering about, once in a while dashing down upon some luckless fish. A part of our company have gone home and it seems lonesome without them. In a short time we will fold our tents and go homeward also.

Owing to the stormy weather the boys have caught no fish. They had a shot at some snipe, but owing to the shot being coarse they failed to bag any (so they say). Saw a nice flock of ducks pass this evening; the boys said they were mallards. Squirrels are reported coming north, which our boys regard as a pleasing outlook for game. The woods near us are full of oak and beechnut, so they think the squirrel hunt very favorable in the near future. We heard an old partridge drumming yesterday, also this morning. CLARABEL.

SHE GOES ALONG.

I.—Our Day Out.

FREY'S POND, Michigan, situated among the hills of Newaygo county and distant from our home some ten miles, is perhaps the most natural trout water of this section. It is fed by springs innumerable. Cold, clear, sparkling, they hurry down the hillsides and bubble from beneath the giant pines and hemlocks. Getting an early start one June morning we were there, my wife and I, while the gray mists of early dawn were still upon the waters.

It had been a drive long to be remembered—a morning beautiful in promise of a glorious day; every roadside thicket was joyous in songs of praise; robin, thrush, bluebird and all the songsters of nature's choir rejoicing in the return of the season of house-building, designed to be the happiest of all seasons.

It was our "day out." We were intent upon the capture of any and all fish that should come our way. But "alas for human hopes," on our arrival at the pond we made the discovery that our fly-book containing lures from cow-dung to professor and our whole stock of hooks were left at home. Of course, my wife remembered laying it on the side-board, so we wouldn't forget it; it was still there; and we were as she observed in a "beautiful mess" with a nice lunch. Rods, lines, reels and bait, and trout breaking the water into glistening circles right before us—we had not a solitary hook!

"Well," I ask as I see her untying Mollie, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Do? You get in here and I'm going to find a fish hook if there is one in this country."

I obey. We drive homeward nearly three miles; and meeting a "barefoot kid" we inquire if he is possessed of the article we need. He answers "Yep, got two of em, good big uns." We borrow them, and as we are now in sight of French Lake my wife suggests that we try the bass, as the hooks were truly "good big uns," too large for trout. We find a boat, and tying Mollie in the shade of some dwarf-pines, we arrange the hooks in a gang, and in response to her command I am in pursuit of a meadow frog for bait. A desperate chase finally secures two fine specimens of the *Rana Pillustris* and we are ready.

After a few trial casts I find she needs but little coaching, and we are soon skirting the lilypads that fringe the shore. We are sure they are here, and I caution her to cast close against each grassy bog. She is using more line now, and improving in making the back cast, and drops the bait gently beside a half-sunken log, and is bringing it in with the jerky motion of the live article. As she lifts the tip for another cast there is a big ker-splash, the water flies in both our faces, and while we wonder just what has happened the line goes out with a whizz—and she is excitedly telling me to "Pull out! I've got a regular whale." I shove the craft over into deep water and cautioning her to keep the little finger on the spring, watch the circus. The old fellow fights for all he is worth. Twice he rises full length above the water, vainly trying, like the Irishman, to "let go;" but the big hooks have him, and she soon brings him into the net. On the pocket scales he registers 5½lbs. We agree that he is big enough to eat.

Our day resulted in fourteen strikes, seven of which were landed. Total weight, 15¾lbs., rough dressed.

This day afforded us an opportunity to study the oft-repeated question of how bass take bait. The sky was clear and water simply transparent. Watching the bait while paddling I saw several strike, and each after the same pattern. As the bait would touch the water and was drawn toward the boat one would rush from hiding and darting ahead of the bait would turn and take it "head on" always. This fact has aided me in arranging gangs for heavy bait-casting, and may be taken for what it is worth.

We return home in time for my wife proudly to exhibit "her catch" to admiring friends, generously giving me credit for forgetting the fly-book. Bless her! The advent of two youngsters has made her outing days few and far between, still we do go occasionally; and she knows the holding grounds in all our adjacent lakes. It helps to keep the roses on her cheeks; and to others and others' wives we add—"Go thou and do likewise."

J. H. BRAYMAN.

II.—In Camp with a Friday Hoodoo.

When the "Kickers" started on their camping trip in 1894 there was concealed in some part of the outfit a large, able-bodied and very active Hoodoo.

To begin with, my wife has a strongly rooted objection to beginning any undertaking on Friday; and that proverbially unlucky day had been decided on to start for camp. As first kicker-in-chief of the party, she came near breaking up the whole scheme on that account, and at one stage of the game flatly refused to go on that day. If the others of the party wanted to tempt Providence well and good, they could go if they wanted to; but she most emphatically would not. It took the combined eloquence of the rest of the crowd to overcome her scruples. She finally gave in, however, and went with us under protest, predicting all sorts of dire calamity in consequence. Somebody would get drowned, maybe all of us, the fish would not bite or it would rain all the time, etc. As the sequel proved none of these things happened. No one was drowned, though I did fall in two or three times, but that is an annual occurrence and is taken as a matter of course. It scarcely rained at all, and the fish did bite once in a while, though candor compels me to add the fishing that year was way below the average.

A series of accidents did befall, however, that made converts of the scoffers and we are now all firm believers in the Friday superstition. We had scarcely gotten in camp when our ill luck, largely aided by the aforesaid Hoodoo, got in its deadly work. First came the hurricane that nearly wrecked the camp, an account of which was given in a former article. Then came the theft of our ham, our large beautiful ham, the pride and glory of the Kickers; it was no common razor-back ham, by any means; but a great big aristocratic "Beechnut" ham, sent by our commissary department from St. Louis. This we had had boiled in the highest style of the art by our "chef;" and as evening drew near, all bristling with cloves, it was borne in honor to the dining tent, followed by the entire strength of the party in procession, and there left to cool off during the night. We had planned to make an early start in the morning to a distant part of the lake and remain all day, and the ham was to be the *piece de resistance* of our midday lunch and breakfast and supper as well. Along about 3.30 A. M., George, who fills the post of alarm clock in ordinary to the party, got up to arouse the camp to action, likewise to slake an ever-present thirst. In pursuit of this intention he repaired to the dining tent, raised the flap and there a sight met his gaze that produced a blood-curdling yell. This quickly brought us all in fear and trembling to our tent flaps to learn the cause of his wild alarm. There stood George swinging his hands in despair; and all he could say in response to our anxious inquiries was: "The ham is gone! the ham is gone!" Alas! it was too true, our ham was indeed gone; nothing remained but the empty dish with its imprint in grease of that symphony in pork. I think I felt sorrier on George's account than my own; for, poor fellow, he has such a grand hunger at all times, and cold boiled ham is his pet weakness. All through the remainder of the trip George would every once in a while heave a prodigious sigh and bemoan the fact that he had not sat up with that ham all night.

The next misfortune befell George himself. In ordering our season's supply of tackle, he had included for himself one of Abbey & Imbrie's finest productions in the way of reels, and felt justly proud of it. One day he rowed to the little store near the hotel on the lake for some trifle, and left his tackle in the boat. He was not gone two minutes, but in that time some thief abstracted that reel, together with a fine new silk line that was on it.

The next loss was of the fly-book, filled from cover to cover with "dreams in feathers," as our poet put it, and a dozen or two of new leaders, etc., as well. Whether it fell overboard, or its cunning contents induced some fish to take it all at once, we will never know; but it disappeared very mysteriously one bright Sunday morning while George and I were busily engaged in marketing for our Sunday dinner of frogs' legs. Some people were mean enough to suggest that we dropped it while breaking the Sabbath in pursuit of the elusive batrachian, and that it served us right. But we indignantly deny that, for on discovering our loss we searched every inch of that frog pasture most thoroughly.

Then came the loss of our supply of smoking tobacco, which was the most serious of them all; for it was every ounce of our favorite brand within fifty miles of camp. We very foolishly had it all in one large tin box, and unwisely took it in the boat with us one day, knowing all the time, too, that a dark cloud of disaster lowered above us. We were partly selfish, too, for we were keeping it for our individual use and making Phil smoke out of a package of inferior goods; but then he couldn't tell the difference anyhow. It happened this way. George was having a dispute with a very whale of a fish, and I in my solicitude was rendering such assistance as I could, standing by with the landing net and offering from time to time really valuable suggestions. In the excitement somebody kicked the tobacco box and of course it went overboard, and then there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. George blames me for that; but I don't believe it. They always blame me for such things anyhow on principle. George in his despair forgot all about his fish, and let it get away from him—the biggest bass in the lake, and the one we intended taking the Natchaug prize with.

After losing our ham we lived on fish for a while, but finally drew lots to see who would row to town, ten or twelve miles, and buy another one. I was always lucky and got the prize, and started out on the hottest day of the trip. George generously offered to go with me and did, but put in the whole of that twenty-five mile trip holding on to a trolling line. Said his back was not feeling very strong that day. He weighed about 200 when he started, but increased to a ton before we got back.

This ham, though not to be compared to the first one, was pretty good and we determined to guard it carefully. In consequence of his known affection for pig meat, George was deemed the most fitted for this duty, and we appointed him guardian without a dissenting voice. He took it to bed with him every night and I think used it for a pillow. It generally shrunk some before morning. Toward the close of its career, when George's appetite had in a measure become satiated he, became careless and grossly betraying his trust he left it in the dining tent one night. Need I add that that ham bone was missing in the morning?

These are but a few of our misfortunes. Those of minor consideration were too numerous to mention. Toward the last few days of our outing George always said his prayers before getting into a boat; and as for Phil he wouldn't get into a boat at all, but did his fishing from the shore. Who the Jonah was we have not yet found out; but when we do we intend to kill him. My wife has never ceased to say, "I told you so," and I think she is secretly glad that her predictions that Friday would prove an unlucky day came true. W. R. HALL.

OMAHA, Nebraska.

ANOTHER PARK IN IDAHO.

MR. D. D. BANTA'S "Outing in Island Park," published in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 26, prompts me to pen these lines. After reading his story I felt as though I had got to "speak right out loud in meeting" or burst. Like him, I have been charmed by Idaho's wild grandeur. I, too, have seen Teton Peak, away in the distance, gleaming in the clear sky.

In the spring of 1892 I rented my farm, and it was my intention to take my family in a covered wagon and spend the summer camping in northern Iowa and southern Minnesota. I sent to St. Louis for a camping outfit, and, not wishing to start on the road until the grass was good, in the meantime went to Idaho with the view of taking some desert land in the Squaw Creek Valley in Oneida county.

I got to Soda Springs in the night, and not knowing that I could get accommodations at the Squaw Creek Station—a place that is now called Bancroft, and at which place I intended to take up land—I stayed over night at Soda Springs, sixteen miles below Bancroft.

The next morning, June 3, I looked out of the window at the foot of the bed, and the snow was falling thick and fast. I went to the office and every one was hugging the stove, and if ever I was blue in my life it was just then. There I was, a stranger in a strange land, looking for a farm up in the Rocky Mountains; and when, as I thought, people ought to have been hoeing potatoes I was being most beautifully snowed in, and I was seized with that uncomfortable feeling that "catches a man under the fifth rib, as it were," when he begins to dream that he has been "sucked in." However, a good warm breakfast and a pair of rubbers that I bought at a store bolstered up my spirits somewhat; and about 10 o'clock A. M., when a freight train came along, I jumped aboard and was soon in Bancroft. When the train moved on I found the station, and I was glad; for if I had had the same success in finding the station that I had in finding the "town," I would only have found myself, alas! alone in the sage brush.

I stepped into the station and met Mr. Brainard, the irrigation company's agent, who soon invited me over to his house. I supposed we were taking the shortest cut across lots, but Mr. Brainard said we were walking down Main street, and as we went along dodging the sage brush he said that "right over there was to be a hotel, and right along here business blocks, probably on both sides, and over there is to be a park. This corner lot here is to be reserved for a bank, while all around over there are to be residences." *Eheu! eheu!* (I borrow the word *Eheu* from "O. O. S." I don't know what it means and I don't care. It is a sort of a wild yell that I like.) *Eheu! eheu!*

We entered the house and his amiable wife made me feel at home, and after a while I let a slight word drop as to our prevailing snowstorm. "Oh," said he, "this will not amount to anything; it is breaking away now; by noon there will not be a flake of snow on the ground." And sure enough there was not. The sun was shining bright and warm, and illumined the mountains green and grand in the clear June sky, and my feelings went up, up, up. And both being sportsmen we soon felt like old friends.

This valley runs nearly north and south, and if I remember rightly is forty miles long; it is about eight miles wide, and terminates about eight miles north of Bancroft. Several streams coming in from the mountains at the head of the valley form the Portneuf River, and right here is a little Mormon settlement called Chesterfield. The Portneuf follows the northwestern side of the valley for six miles and then turns west into the mountains, and finally empties into the Snake River. All along the river before it leaves the valley there are numerous little ponds and marshes, and I was pleased to learn that some geese and thousands of ducks and curlew used these waters for a breeding place, and that the Portneuf was an excellent trout stream.

The next day Mr. Brainard took me in his buggy and started for Chesterfield to let me see what irrigation would do. We had gone but a short way from the station when I saw a gray streak of something going through the sage brush.

"Hold on," said I, "look! look!"

"That's a jack-rabbit," said B—. "Let drive at it."

I was carrying a shotgun across my lap, and bringing it to shoulder I sent a charge after the flying rabbit. The shot struck ahead of it, and it circled back toward the buggy. The other barrel sent its heels into the air. Mr. B— asked me if I had ever seen one before, and I told him that fourteen years before I had lived in the Republican River Valley in southwestern Nebraska, and had shot lots of them; but it had been so long since I had seen one that it looked as large as a dog. "Whoa," said B—, "there is another one." And I pulled out of the buggy and was sneaking along in the sage brush, when something happened that I was not looking for at all, for just ahead of me and all around me there arose with a booming of wings a flock of sage hens, and as I saw their heads and their long necks and large gray bodies above the sage brush, it took my breath, and while Mr. B— was yelling to me to "shoot! shoot!" I never raised the gun. I went back to the buggy expecting that Mr. B— would think me the most blisterable sort of a tenderfoot, and so I explained to him that not thinking about sage grouse, and expecting to jump the rabbit at every step and then to have those grouse make such a blamed racket and shake the bushes all around, I did not know whether I was going to be torn to pieces or just swallowed whole.

The grouse lighted on the side of a ridge, and going there I carefully worked in among the sage brush, and as the birds took wing a few at a time, I stood still and admired them as they sailed. They had been running and were now getting up at long range, so I let drive with both barrels and got one.

Soon we came to Chesterfield, which comprises perhaps six houses scattered along the north end of the valley. Here we saw large fields of alfalfa and wheat and oats, and all looking well in spite of the late snowstorm. When we came to the west side of the valley we followed the stream to where it turned into the mountains, and that was a ride to make a sportsman happy.

All along to the north were low hills, back of which were higher ones, and so on until we saw mountain ranges and peaks standing out against the sky. On the east is a range that terminates at Soda Springs. A mile or two to the west of this terminus begins a range of the Wasatch, which stretches away to the southwest. The Bear River, coming up from Utah, runs through this pass, and closely hugging the Wasatch turns around its head to the west and rushes back to Utah and the Great Salt Lake. On the west were high mountains that form the eastern boundary of the Bannock and Shoshone Indian Reservation.

As soon as we left the settlement we were at once in the midst of wild life. Ducks were constantly quacking. Some would take wing to get a better view of those that were intruding on their homes, while many would sit in the shallow water, their sides turned to the warm sun, and preen their wings and look unconcerned and lazy enough as we passed by at close range. Sickle-billed curlew were unceasingly poising or circling above us, calling out their name in clear and unmistakable notes, while others hurried back and forth along the waterways, giving cries of alarm and warning to their sitting mates. I knew it was not in season to shoot, but wishing to take home a curlew, I walked a few rods from the team and shot one. As the report rolled away it fetched wild, dreamy life into noisy activity, for from stream and pond and marsh there arose flock after flock of ducks and curlew and other water birds, all hurrying here and there in noisy confusion to see what the matter was and that everything was all right at the nesting place. Far up and directly overhead a curlew poised, repeating its name in shrill notes. "All right, you will do." And up went the gun and down came the curlew, down, down, as straight as a rock let out of the sky, and barely missing my head struck the ground at my feet.

Now and then a blue heron would rise and fly heavily away. A startled rabbit would run a few feet, sit up and watch us out of sight. Frequently a covey of sage grouse was disturbed, and either flew away or squatted in fancied security; or rising to the top of the bushes with great flapping of wings would drop back to the ground again, and that too at times within the length of a fish pole. A swirl or splash in the narrow stream would take my attention for a moment, and I felt that I could live every summer in that dreamy valley, in the midst of this wild life. All those sounds was music to me. Something congenial with my nature had rubbed up against me and I had no wish to throw off the charm. So after spending the "Glorious Fourth" in Harvard, Neb., the next Wednesday night found me with my family in Bancroft, and the next day I camped with my wife, my two boys of 11 and 12 years, and my little girl of 2 years.

We did not "go in light," but had a good quantity of bedding and clothing of all kinds. Two folding cots, a folding table, a small two-jet gasoline stove with adjustable oven, three folding camp chairs, a couple of hammocks, and a provision box. Our tent was 12×16ft., of 10oz. ducking. And if I were to say that we also took a carpet some sportsmen no doubt would derisively grin, but we had one just the same, and let me say that the carpet never once gave me the least trouble during our trip, but was as pleasing to live with in the tent as 3in. of ash-like dust or 6in. of brush would have been. It was easily put down with long steels nails. The bedding in use was kept on the cots during the day. And with the boxes at the back end of the tent, a cot on each side next to the boxes, the table in one corner at the front end, there was room for a band, a dance and a fair-sized audience.

By this time the young sage grouse were large enough to shoot, and I never have eaten tame fowls that were sweeter or nicer in any way. Sage grouse should be drawn immediately after being shot. If treated in this way they will not have any of the sage flavor, unless killed during the winter, when they live to a great extent on the sage leaves. They are handsome birds, a head and shoulders larger than the prairie chicken. They are not as gaudy as some birds, but the time will come when they will be considered next to the wild turkey as a noble game bird. They nest and rear their young in the valleys, where the grass gives them better protection from the wolves and birds of prey, and where they will be near to water. When the young birds can fly nicely the old bird often takes them up into the mountain cañons where it is cooler. Here they will stay in the thickets until the latter part of the day, when they will come down to the valley again to feed and drink along the streams. When the young are being reared the male birds gather in flocks and stay up in the foothill or a short way up in the mountains the most of the time. The males weigh from 4 to 8lbs., a very few of the latter, and few that do not weigh more than the former figure. I shot but a few grown birds, as the young are better eating, and I did not shoot birds to throw away.

I weighed but one; that one I got out of a flock of about twenty-five males. I was hunting up a cañon and started the birds out of a quaking asp thicket. They flew over the ridge, and I knew they would drop into some thicket on the other side.

Wishing to weigh one I went over into the next draw and sent the dog around a thicket. He said they were not there, so I went down to another thicket, and there he found the trail. The bushes were 15ft. high, and I worked into them very carefully, for I knew that if I got one at all it would be by just a jerk and a shot.

I had gone in about a rod, when two rods ahead up went the grouse, and I let fly, not taking any particular aim, for all I could see was heads, wings, brush and tails in wild commotion as though a whirlwind had struck the grove; and I think that no Aroostook Mountain moose ever made more of a rumpus in getting away from something it did not like. After the splinters had stopped flying and things had settled back to natural quietness I heard a rustling down ahead of me and picked up a common sized bird that weighed just 5lbs.

The service berries begin to ripen during the fore part of August in the valleys, and come on later further up the cañons, where it is cooler and the bushes more shaded. The berries are sweet, juicy and pulpy and have a blue bloom. They are very much in size and appearance to what I remember the New England bill berries to be. The grouse as well as bears are very fond of these berries, and the hunter can be sure of finding his birds around these bushes at feeding time, especially if there is water near.

Sage grouse may not be quite as quick to get up and get under headway as game birds of smaller size, but they are quick enough to suit me, and lie fully as well to the dog as pinnated grouse. And that reminds me of an incident that happened over on the east side of the valley.

Mr. Brainard and I were hunting in the foothills without a dog. We flushed a covey of sage grouse that scattered in all directions. One lighted in a small patch of grass at the mouth of the draw. We went to the place, keeping close watch to see that the bird did not fly, and walked back and forth until we had covered the whole patch of grass, which was from ankle to knee high. Then Mr. Brainard told me to stand where I was and he would put the bird up for me to shoot. The patch was not over four rods across, and my friend worked every foot of it, and felt sure that he must have seen the bird if it was there. Then saying it must be there, and he would go all over the ground again. I was standing with my mouth open, and gun in position ready to belch forth fire and thunder the instant the bird sprang to wing. Mr. Brainard would give it up, then get sort of half-mad and go at it again. Finally mopping the sweat from his face, he said it was too much of a puzzle for him, and he would look no more for that bird, if it was the last one in Idaho. "But," said he, "I will fire my gun and see what effect that will have." Bang! not a feather stirred. Bang! nothing moved but the echo along the cañon side. Just then Mr. Brainard's eyes fell at my feet and his mouth commenced to spread out. "Why, man," said he, "no wonder the bird don't fly with a big calf like you standing on its back; look!" I was surely enough standing with my left foot partly on its back and partly on its right wing, its head was up half-way to my knee, and if that bird made a movement during all that time I did not notice it, and if it had not been badly injured it would have gone back to the hills with its life.

One of the scenes of this trip most distinctly impressed on my mind is Teton Peak, and it happened in this way: My son Gillman and myself went up into the mountains for a day's ramble. I carried a rifle and field glass, he a shotgun and bottle of water. We rode with a wood team for a few miles below Bancroft, and then up a cañon into the mountains for two miles, where the woodchoppers were getting out telegraph poles to send to Pocatello. Here we left the shotgun and lunch and struck out for the top of the mountain. For some time we followed a park where the grass in places was hip high and with pine woods on each side. We could have spent the whole day in that park, but "away up yonder" was the bare summit ridge, and I wanted to sit on those rocks and see what things looked like over on the other side. So coming to a ridge that seemed to run to the summit, we began to climb upward. But we found that we could not reach the summit by this ridge, and about 11 o'clock we stopped to take our bearings, a drink of water and some of the wobble out of our legs. We saw that by going down the side of the ridge and on to another ridge we could reach the top. We were hot and thirsty, but that little sip of water in the bottle was precious, and we agreed not to touch it until we had reached the other ridge. The side of the ridge that we were on was quite steep, with a little greasewood and now and then a tangle of some kind of vine. I started first and we would just let go and catch on to the first thing that we could cling to, then look to each other to see if any harm had been done. I kept just one shoot ahead of the boy, for I began to think he might break his neck. Of course we made motions along with our feet, but it had but little effect as to regulating the speed. Before we had gotten half-way down, and as I was catching on to some greasewood, and my son making a sort of somersault into the tangle that I had just let go from, I heard a grunt and a sound that was very much like what I used to hear when I would pepper the doves in father's barn window when a boy. And right there, with the sweat trickling into my boots, on the side of that sun-parched ridge, and gasping in the noonday heat, I turned cold—or I think I did.

"For heaven's sake, boy, is it broke?"

"Smashed to pieces."

"Look quick; can't you save a litte?"

"Not a drop."

For a moment I stood enjoying the fix we were in.

"Is your neck broken?"

"No, sir."

"Any of your ribs?"

"No, sir. Don't you wish we had taken a drink before we started down?"

"Yes; but come on, we must get to the bottom of this ridge, and we can get a drink when we get back to the team."

When we reached the valley we decided to try to get to the summit, and after a hard climb we reached the top of the ridge and sat down on a rock to rest. Eighty rods above us was the boulder-capped summit, but we thought it best to go no further. We were hot, weak and suffering with thirst. What good did it do us to look across the pine tops to the snow-filled cañon a mile away; and so we turned our attention to the grand view below us.

There were narrow parks, green with rank grass, and flanked on either side with pine forests. Long slopes, with more or less grass and clumps of pines. Bare ridges, with now and then a solitary pine standing like a signal sentinel over the desolation of rocks, and solemn forests beneath; or like a green monument to the naked forms on yonder slope, the stark trunks of which stand gaunt in the pitiless sun, or weakening lean on each other's necks to bewail their fate for a time before falling to earth and decay. But over across the valley, ten miles away, I see a white speck and objects moving, and adjusting the glass I see it is a tent and men at work on the irrigating ditch. To the southeast I see the Bear River, where it sinks into its cañon and goes dashing around the head of the Wasatch. Through the gap is Soda Springs, and now I sweep the mountain tops. Back of the first range on the east of the valley I see another, and beyond these I catch glimpses of a still more distant range, and yet further on I see the crown of some monarch rising from a range that is hid from view. But what is this?

"Gillman, do you see a white cloud over in the northeast?"

"No sir, I don't see anything white at all."

No, it is not a cloud. That white object away in the dim distance, away across that rugged stretch of one hundred miles of mountain range and mountain peaks, without one dark spot on its snow-white face, without one nick in its regular lines, rising like a huge tent, like a phantom pyramid away and far above everything outlined against the horizon, is Grand Teton.

Lowering the glass and looking hard I could barely see a misty form, and all of old Teton that was not covered with snow was below the horizon. It is near the Snake River, over in the Jackson Hole country.

On our way back to the team, my son picked a piece of gum from a pine tree and said it chewed pretty fair, and thinking that to chew some might allay my thirst I stepped into the cool shade of a pine tree that was three feet through and cutting a piece of gum commenced to work it up in my mouth; but the stuff just slid right on to the sides of my mouth and stuck there, and the more I rubbed my tongue around the tighter it stuck. I began to get desperate and pulled a handful of fine dry grass. I put it in my mouth, thinking the gum would stick to it and make a rough surface so that I would have some "foothold" to work on. Well, the gum did an excellent job of sticking to the grass, but did not let up at all on its first hold, and the inside of my mouth was surely very unpleasant to line with, while around the outside was a sad mixture of gum, grass and mustache. And what is more, as I stood there bent over in the shade of those far-reaching boughs with my hat off, and my hands on my knees, wagging my jaws and wolloping my tongue around the ragged edge of my mouth, my son just leaned up against the tree and laughed. I finally began to claw the gum with my finger nails in about the same way that a cat does when it has a bone in its throat, and got the most of it out, but it was a number of days before I got rid of the last of it and the nasty taste. I do not relate this to show any great sagacity on my part, but to warn fellow ramblers, no matter how desperate they may be, to keep shy of pine gum.

When we came in sight of the team I heard a snicker behind me, and knowing what it meant, without turning my head I said, "See here, boy, if you say anything about gum I'll send you home on the first train."

The men had the wagon nearly loaded, and as I leaned my rifle against a tree, I said, "Men, for the love of humanity, give us a drink of water."

"I am sorry, friend, but we can't do it, there is not a drop left in the keg."

We took our lunch, and crawling under some bushes we choked it down dry, glum and gloomy.

It was about sundown when we reached our tent and water.

Ever since when I think of that summer's trip, one of the first things to come up before my vision is old Teton, and I have thought that under the conditions that prevailed it might be that an image of Teton was sort of dried on to the retina of my eye.

When I began these lines I thought only of writing about those few miles of sun-kissed stream in the northwestern part of the Squaw Creek Valley, but I have wandered far, and hope that no reader will be bored.

I killed no great amount of game. I shot two blacktail deer and kept the table supplied with grouse, ducks and fish.

I camped for a few weeks on the west shore of Bear Lake, under the shadow of the frowning heights of the Wasatch. Mr. Brainard and family and Mr. J. N. Hayden camped with us at this place for a time.

Mr. Hayden and Mr. Hiram Schovile, who lives on the shore of the lake, and myself went over into the Hams Fork Valley in Wyoming, on a hunt. We shot only what game we could use, but my bosom swells now when I think of the days that I spent with these genial companions among the wild life in that wild country.

On Sept. 15 I was camped at Soda Springs, Idaho, and as the date of our railroad tickets was about to expire, and as we could not get an extension of time with sorrow we packed our camping outfit and went to Bancroft before starting on our homeward journey.

On arriving at Bancroft we put some bedding on the floor of the unfinished hotel and slept some, rolled more, and listened a good deal to the wolves that went howling and galloping along "Main street." While Mr. Brainard was at Bear Lake the wolves took every last chicken that he had. The next day we left for home, and here I am, July 4, 1895, hedged in on my 160 acres, with but little to gratify my love for wild life, excepting one lone prairie chicken and her little brood, and one covey of quails. I don't feel good—and if I seek relief by giving a war whoop or the laugh and hollow of the loon, or send off a fair-sized wolf howl on the night air, then I catch it from my wife, who is afraid the neighbors will think me crazy—but I know I am not. When I have finished the evening chores I usually sit on the kitchen steps, where I can look toward the lakes and forests that I know to be in Minnesota, and I can see the stars grow bright as they come out over the New England hills, and I draw a long breath as my mind wanders where my feet used to during my boyhood days. And I watch the last gleam of twilight as it follows the sunken sun, and wonder if the deer on the mountain tops in Washington are coming out to feed, and my heart goes out to the rolling plains and wooded hills and rugged mountains of the whole Northwest.

MOUNT TOM.

Central New York Waters.

ITHACA, N. Y.—A party of Ithacans were at Union Springs on Cayuga Lake July 25, and caught 300 perch. Some exceedingly fine bass and pickerel are being taken from the lake at that point, along with some very nice specimens of lake trout.

The recent removal of Protector Henry C. Carr, after a long term of satisfactory service, has aroused a storm of indignation among sportsmen and G. A. R. members. At the reunion of the Third Artillery of Auburn in this city on the 25th, resolutions were passed denouncing in vigorous terms Mr. Carr's removal, and the attention of those high in State administrative councils was called to the injustice lavished upon an old soldier, a courageous officer and a justly esteemed citizen. The resolutions asked for his reinstatement.

The fine Italian hand of the politician, with the quid of patronage rolled daintily under his tongue, is easily discernible in Henry Carr's removal. He has proved a capable officer—one who never hesitated to run up against the despoiler of the game and fish interests, regardless of his size or the caliber of his gun.

Since Mr. Carr's removal illegal fishing is daily becoming more open and notorious. Seines are said to have been hauled in the neighborhood of Union Springs and at other favorable points in open and loud-voiced defiance of law. Let the merry dance of politics proceed!

M. CHILL.

Natural History.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Chase of the Fantail Deer.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 18.—The fantail or flagtail deer question reached a very interesting point in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM when the matter was taken up editorially (in the issue of July 6) in connection with Capt. Kendall's statement of his actual experience with the animal in question. Naturally, however, any new testimony on either side, if we may say there are "sides," will be welcome to both sides, and I think I have something to add. The following letter is from the man who first started me to writing about this elusive beast, and who now is tarrying in Chicago. He says:

"I have just read Capt. Kendall's article in FOREST AND STREAM of June 29 in regard to fantail or, as he calls them, 'flagtail' deer in the Southwest. I wish to say that the captain's description of the 'flagtail' tallies exactly with the 'fantail' deer of the Black Hills of Dakota and Wyoming. I have seen quite a number of deer of this kind in the hills, and in every instance found them very small. Roughly speaking, they would average about one-half the size of antelope. That is, a fantail buck is about one-half as large as an antelope buck, does of the two species corresponding the same way. In the hills they range high up, mostly around the heads of cañons where the general nature of the country is what is called 'park,' that is, open woods and open glades like a park; but the deer are always 'jumped' from the thickets of quaking asp and underbrush that fill the cañon heads starting in this 'park country.' I have seen both the bucks and does, and could have killed them in several instances, but never did, because there were plenty of blacktail and whitetail in the same part of the country, and a fantail always looks too dainty and pretty to kill, anyhow.

"The blacktail of this section range in the open or sage plains to the west of the fantail ranges, and while the whitetail deer range in the same section with the 'fans,' they are lower down, being nearly invariably jumped from the thickets of willow, quaking asp and wild rose of the lower river bottoms. The 'fans' are never found in company with the common whitetail, and I never saw or heard of a 'fan' being seen down in the valleys. They seem to prefer the roughest, highest country below the snow line, and to stay there.

"They will sneak and dodge among the boulders and brush, just as the Captain says they do in the Southwest. They are a hard deer to start into a run, permitting a close inspection of the living animal, and they seem to be almost devoid of fear of human beings. I have walked up to within a few feet of them before they ran, and then they didn't seem to be in much of a hurry about going. One thing I noticed which the Captain seems to have overlooked; that is, the fantail is very daintily formed, the legs being very much thinner and more fragile looking in proportion to the size of the deer than is the case with the whitetail. This feature is noticeable in the whole form of the animal. You are impressed with the idea of fragile daintiness in build at once. Another point is the shape of the horns, which follow the general appearance of the whitetail, except that they are flattened or more of a knife-blade shape up and down, instead of round, like the whitetail's. The spikes, too, are not so pronounced as in the whitetail, and the 'flat' characteristic is very noticeable along toward the point of the horn.

"While in Indiana last week I visited Mrs. Ansley, whose son was with me in the Black Hills in '90, and I borrowed a pair of fantail horns which the boy Robert found on Inyan Kara Mountain, Wyoming. These horns are the pair Mr. Hough mentioned as being 'in sight,' and I brought them up for him to photograph if he cared to. They are rather larger than the ordinary fantail antlers, but they are a very fair representative pair. They have been exposed to the weather and the points are somewhat broken, but they will show what a 'fantail' carries on his head. The distance across this skull between the eyes is 2½in. From the base of the horn to the cavity of the eye is 1¼in. The horns stand 2in. apart where the 'burr' is, at the base, or where they loosen when shed. From the 'burr' to the tip they measure just 8in., and the tips are 8½in. apart. The left horn has four points or spikes and the other is one point 'shy' of this number. The left horn is 1in. wide up and down at a point 3in. from the tip, but it is only ⅝in. thick crossways and measures 2½in. around at the same point. The right antler is about the same. Both horns are round at the base, but only measure 2in. there.

"This set of horns I know to be a pair of "fantail" horns, meaning horns that were worn by the so-called fantail deer of the Black Hills. Now, as to the species and whether the fantail and the common whitetail are modifications of the same deer, I am not enough of a naturalist to say. As far as I know they are not; they have a smaller size, a larger tail in proportion to the body, are far lighter and daintier in build, range higher on the mountains and have less fear of men. They 'sneak' instead of running, and love the dense thickets of the cañon heads. The main feature of difference, however, is in the horns, a photo of which Mr. Hough will probably present to FOREST AND STREAM ere the waning of the moon. This constitutes about all I can remember in regard to them just now. "EL COMANCHO."

"El Comancho" kindly brought the set of antlers he mentions, and to-day I had a photograph made for a cut in FOREST AND STREAM. It was necessary to show the relative size as well as the mere outline of these horns, so I got a specimen of whitetail head (only partially finished in mounting, but of fair type) and also a mounted antelope head, to act as measuring units for the eye. The above two heads and the "fantail" horns I hung on nails, all on the same perpendicular board, and the cut so shows them, a foot rule being included to further aid the eye.

It will be noticed how very small the "fantail" horns are, yet how daintily and exquisitely shaped. They look babylike, yet evidently they are from an adult specimen. As "El Comancho" says, the horns look like the horns of larger deer in a general way, but if one glances a second time at them I think he will discover in the outstanding look and breadth across the top very much more like the blacktail type of antler than like the whitetail, in which latter there is so often more of a curving in and dropping down in front, distinct from the tree-like formation frequent in the blacktail. But let the picture speak for itself, and let FOREST AND STREAM have the credit of being the first and only newspaper to publish even so much in actual illustration of the so-called "fantail" deer. "El Comancho" and I have sent out quest for something still better and more tangible in shape of evidence, and though this may be long in coming, I am of the belief that if FOREST AND STREAM should ever really want a fantail badly enough to send for it, Messrs. "El Comancho," Hofer and Hough could just about go out and get it (though maybe not a "pine nut bear.")

Going on the presumption that there are two beliefs or "sides" to this pretty little study in natural history, let us hark back a little. If my memory serves me, time was when scientists pooh-poohed the idea of the existence of the fantail or flagtail deer, but set the stories of them down to romance or falsehood or loose observation (yet what better observers did one ever know than the old hunters?) Yet in face of continued stories of the sort and of growing facilities in the journalism of natural history—which must have value even with the literature of



WHITETAIL.
ANTLELOPE.
FANTAIL.

natural history—let us say that scientists became willing to say that some one was only mistaken, not insincere. Even science could not overlook the value of evidence such as the reports from Texas, New Mexico, Wyoming and Montana made in regard to the existence of some such animal—or rather, some such animals. The positive testimony of men like old Bill Hamilton, who had actually seen the animals after which (before his time) the Fantail Hills of Montana were named (and the name exists there to-day), could not fail to be worth much against the negative testimony of even a great many intelligent and scientific men, who had never seen any such animals because they had never been where the animals were (and because the old hunters were eating deer, not preserving them as specimens). Add to these old tales the positive testimony of Capt. Kendall and "El Comancho" as to existence, habitat and habits, and add still to this our picture of the fantail horns shown herewith, and our friends, the scientists, surely must abandon the former position of general denial. Now comes science and says, "The fantail is not a distinct species. You must prove that it is a species."

At this stage of the argument, we are, as FOREST AND STREAM suggests, all arrived at a place where each side may withdraw with victory. We differ as to the "dum" and "dee," but we unite on the "tweedle." For my part, and let me say for the part of "El Comancho" and those who hold with us, we do not care whether it is species or not; we only say it is fantail and I think we prove it. To my mind and to that of the average Western hunter, there will always be fixed the permanent differences between the grizzly, silver tip, cinnamon and black bears. Yet I know this is scientific folly, and believe science to be also right in saying that there are only two species of bear in this country, the grizzly and the black. This latter is my Sunday belief. During weekdays I let in the silver tip and cinnamon, with a leaning to some more.

But let us take up the question where our friends the scientists and our friend FOREST AND STREAM sets it down, and meet the other side on its own chosen ground, that is, on the assertion that separate species is not proven for the fantail. Even on this statement I believe we shall make it logically interesting for the other side, and perhaps put it on the defensive in turn. I don't know what constitutes species. Neither does Science, nor anybody else. There are no sharp division fences in nature, and continually individuals occur which do not classify. Science cannot tell just where a new species began, nor when a new species is going to begin. There is no scientific determination of the instant of such value in individual type, of food conditions and of genera environment, as will insure the begetting of continuous or specific type from that time on. Scienc does not know when the blacktail's tail turned black c when the whitetail's tail turned white. It can't sa which turned first or why. It can't say why the blacktail holds to its range and the whitetail to its own. It can't say whether or not the tail of the mule deer would grow white if it were transferred for 1,000 years to the pine forests of the East. In short, when science stands under the bugbear flag of "species," it is under a banner extremely hard to defend, and no one knows this better than science herself. Let us have no awe of the word Species. It is as loose and as inexact as the word Fantail! Let us not try to define species absolutely, for no one can do that.

But our friends choose the definition that species is something which will reproduce itself continuously in its typical form. They say that the fantail is not shown to do this. In reply we say that it is by no means shown not to do this, but that, to the contrary, there are very good reasons for believing that it does do this. Now the question is, which side must take the burden of proof? Surely it should not be the one which has the stronger natural position. Let us see whose position seems logically the stronger.

We have shown (I think) that the fantail does exist in certain numbers in some localities, yet that it could leave these localities if it liked. It is true, we have not shown that whitetail deer do not also frequent the same section of country, and hence we leave open the argument that there may be dwarf specimens of whitetail deer. But upon the other hand, if scientists assert that they are dwarfs (and they are either dwarfs or a distinct species) we have the right to ask why the fantail deer is not heard of in all parts of the entire range of the whitetail deer? As a matter of fact, the fantail is heard of (so far as I know) only over country which is much more nearly to be called the blacktail range. I never heard of a fantail deer in the flat pine country of Wisconsin or Michigan, much less of numbers of them in a restricted section there. It is not claimed for the smaller deer of the south of Florida, nor for the little deer of Mexico. The hunters do not tangle up over this. They say the fantail is "different."

Now then, Science will admit that there may be a smaller species of deer than the whitetail, because such species are known in other countries. Science cannot say that such a species cannot exist in the environment furnished by this continent. Very well. Science, FOREST AND STREAM, "El Comancho" and I are all ignorant about it. We don't know. We don't find fantails in Wisconsin and we do find them in Wyoming. What are we to believe? Are they dwarfs or a species? Were they dwarfed there or bred there? Generations ago the hunters found them there—named mountains after them. Why do they still remain? Were they dwarfed there all these generations or did they select individuals of their size and breed there? All around them are big whitetail (and also blacktail) deer. Why did not the conditions apply to them and dwarf them or make their tails longer also? Were these "fantail" deer dwarfed there or bred there? Of course science cannot say the latter. Which side, then, has the stronger presumptive case in the face of the evidence actually produced? Which side must take the corner of defense? Upon which side devolves the duty of going out and securing a pair of live fantail deer and making the (always questionable) experiment of reproduction of specific type in captivity, the peanuts of the park for the browse of the mountains? Until science asks us to bring in a pair of dodos and a pair of Labrador ducks before declaring on their species, I do not think she should call it our duty to get this pair of fantails. I submit we have done much, if not enough, to show them alive, distinct, wild, generation after generation, on the same country, and not on other country, where, under the hypothesis of science, they should have appeared in phenomenon. To the plain people like myself, who believe in William Tell and cinnamon bears, the chase of the fantail has brought us so near in sight of a species good enough for plain folk that I am already studying what to call it. As I look at the dainty set of antlers before me—so small I can cover all the skull bone in my hand—I am inclined to call it *Cervus comanchiensis fantailii, Ltd.* There is no monopoly in the country when it comes to discovering and naming new species, and about all we are shy on this one is a new watermark on the frontal bone, or something of that sort. By all means let us register the fantail deer along with the hornsnake—both of which, I do not hesitate to say, will eventually find their way into the office of FOREST AND STREAM, whether in the humility of non-species, just as nature made 'em, or in the pride of recognition by science, which has long tried to saw off the products of nature into artificial sections, beyond whose lines no self-respecting creature should step. Only they do.

About the "pine-nut" bear I am not so sanguine, for science will ask me to prove species, which I can't do, any more than I can on the dodo, because there are so few dodos. If science would allow me to say there is such a thing as a cinnamon bear, I would cheer up and hold out for the "pine-nut" bear. As it is, all I can do is to submit that the evidence of one man who sees the rare occurrence of a murder is worth more than that of the two hundred millions who did not see it. I submit that so old and trustworthy a hunter as Bill Hamilton, for instance, would know a wolverine if he saw it. In his "pine-nut" bear he would recognize merely a different sort of bear, not a specific sort of bear, just as he would call the cinna-

mon bear by a different name from the grizzly. Now, nobody but nature knows just why the "pine-nut" bear, whatever it was, grew different from other bears. The fur trade knows such things as "silk bear," meaning a very soft, silky individual sort of fur. "Silk robes" of the buffalo were also known, though very rare and valuable. What made them grow so? Nobody knows. (I have heard it denied that there ever was such a thing as a "silk" buffalo robe, because the denier had never seen one.) Until we have pried closer into the secrets of nature's workshop we have no right to claim exactness for the conventions, the artificialities, which (for sake only of our own convenience) we adopt and put in use. The continual wonder and glory of nature is that she always has depths and ultimates beyond which man cannot see, and always has phenomena which man cannot weigh nor measure with any standards of his own contriving. In life everything is relative, not absolute. For my part, I wish all the titles were off the mountain peaks, that all the rivers were unlettered, all the lakes unnamed, all the railroads off the earth, and all the guns back in the elements again. If that were so, what a pretty, pretty place this would be then, wouldn't it, with all the *Cervidæ* unclassified and all the *Ursidæ* unnamed? Then a fellow could make himself an uncalendared year, and do nothing but sit around and play, on an unregistered guitar, an unprinted love song to his uncultured sweetheart. That would be nice. I remember such a song, one which a maiden aunt of mine used to sing when I was a child. It said, very fervidly:

> "I'll chase the antelope over the plain,
> And the tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,
> And the wild gazelle with the silvery feet
> I'll give to thee for a playmate sweet!"

But I desist, lest I be asked to produce a species of gazelle with silver feet, which methinks were more difficult to do than to find a fantail deer or a pine-nut bear.

Later, July 19.—When I wrote the above, I had not seen this week's FOREST AND STREAM, but oddly enough, about the first thing I saw on opening the paper was the published offer of $100 for a pair of live fantails. I thought Science would be doing something of that kind before long, and here we are! It is not likely that the $100 will change hands, for the same would not cover very much of an undertaking in catching wild animals, unless one happened to be on their range at the season of the birth of the young. Moreover, the offer excludes what is probably the most certain part of the country for such a quest, namely, the mountains of New Mexico.

But I have something odd still to add. This morning Dr. L. W. Cock, late of Texas, but now of Chicago, was in my office, and fell to examining "El Comancho's" fantail antlers. At that time he had not seen the FOREST AND STREAM editorial, and I had not seen this week's paper—with the comment of Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown on the Chisos Mountains. Dr. Cock said, "There are lots of these fantails down in the Chisos Mountains. I have heard some of my friends speak of them. They do not wave the tail as the whitetail does, but whip it or 'fan' it more. There is no doubt they are a distinct species." Then I showed him Capt. Kendall's article.

Now, it happens that Dr. Cock is the very man who has been trying to persuade me that I should go with him this coming winter down into New Mexico after my long lost big bear. It further happens that Dr. Cock is the inventor of a scientific application of certain gases by which decomposition can be arrested in organic tissues. He can treat fresh meat, or even fruit, so that it won't spoil in even a hot climate. He has laughingly assured me that if we get our bear, his skin and even his whole carcass, if wished, shall be brought out safe, for we should take one of those scientific smoke houses along with us. Now, I don't suppose the $100 fantail offer is of much use to us if we go to New Mexico, but I don't mind saying that if Dr. Cock and I were forced to do it (though we should have to change our trip from one side of New Mexico to the other), we could not only get a (dead) fantail, but lay it down, hide, horns and tallow, everything but the viscera, whole and unchanged, in the FOREST AND STREAM office. I am willing to bet my job against the FOREST AND STREAM plant—which is certainly offering odds enough to show I am in earnest—that we can do this. All of which, to a great many minds of unbelievers in fantail deer, will no doubt seem further and incontrovertible proof that I have gone stark, staring mad, not only on one but more than one subject! But I believe in William Tell and cinnamon bears; and I reflect that Science got her start in business by learning things she didn't know at first.

Gives it up on Snake Legs.

But while I am desperately committed on the fantail question, and while I wish the $100 offer applied to a specimen of the horn snake, I am going to give it all up about the snakes that have legs—just as I am afraid I shall have to concede the pine-nut bear. Below I offer a letter received from Mr. Geo. A. Boardman, of Calais, Me., which will explain the "legs" on Dr. Taylor's blue racer snake which was sent to FOREST AND STREAM. It says:

"I have been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM from its commencement, and Mr. Hallock promised to put me down as its first subscriber (I think he afterwards told me I was the second.) I have read every number, and find none of the writers that please me as well as some of those from the West. I will tell you what little I know and that is not much) about snakes. What is called sometimes feet of snakes are claspers, that only the males have, and they are used to hold the female. The horntail snake is common in Florida, and is often called 'bull snake.' It makes a queer noise, something like a bull, and grows quite large in Florida. I have seen them 5ft. long; they are said to be harmless, and make no use, as far as I could see, of the horn in the tail. I once set my dog at one; the dog would only go near and bark. The snake made a blowing noise, it sounded not much like a bull. I shot the snake, and brought it in to Mr. Brown Goode, who was collecting such things in Florida. It made no use of its horn tail to fight the dog.

"Several male fish have claspers. The basking shark has them so large and long they look like legs. One taken near here some years ago was mounted, and the claspers were fixed to look like legs, and it was advertised as a 'shark with legs.'"

While we are speaking of irregular and unaccepted and impossible things—which keep on happening—I cannot forbear to quote a sentence from a letter lately received from Mr. A. B. Frost, the well-known artist, whose pictures in and out of illustrated literature of the day have delighted so many. Mr. Frost writes from Convent, N. J., and says:

"We are short of horn snakes here, but I had a possum this summer that growled and snarled like a dog, and fought like one too, for that matter. All the other possums I have ever seen have been as silent as clams and hadn't a trace of fight in them." E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Curry of Snake.

"PUFF adder is out of sight" (Horace Kephart's old veteran said in last week's FOREST AND STREAM), which brings back to me one evening in '89 in the northwest provinces of India. B. and I were out pig-sticking, which is the colloquial term for hunting wild boar with spears from horseback. We moved camp in the early morning, sending all the servants and tents to a village about fifteen miles away, expecting to find camp pitched, hot baths, and one of the best of good dinners waiting for us in the evening, after our day's pig-sticking.

I remember we had capital sport, killing five good boars, and finishing the day about seven miles from the village where we had sent our camp. The heat was something awful. We had finished all the soda water that had been brought on one of the shikar elephants by the middle of the afternoon, and after killing our last boar, which led us a long gallop through a thorn jungle, we were both fearfully thirsty, but were afraid to drink any water from the native wells, as cholera was raging all through the district. Getting on some fresh horses, we galloped away to the village, with visions of iced bass, only to find that none of our servants had arrived and that the two bullock carts had broken down about six miles away.

We got some boiled milk from the head man of the village and lay down in the police bungalow which is always kept for English officers. Some of our native huntsmen had now come in, Brinjaris or Indian gypsies, fine big men who are very plucky at beating boar out of thick cover, and soon a most savory smell of cooking reached me in the bungalow. I asked them what they had and they said it was chicken curry.

It was 8 in the evening and B. and I had eaten hardly anything since 4 in the morning, and were too hungry to think much of the Brinjaris' dirtiness in cooking, so we had two helpings brought us from their pot on big leaves. It was the best chicken I ever ate, and we enjoyed it until suddenly B. stopped eating, his face became white, and he became most violently sick. Then yelling in most unparliamentary Hindustani, he said to the Brinjaris, "You sons of defiled mothers, do your chickens always have scales?"

I too had by that time found a large piece of scaly diamond-marked skin. But I must say the curry was good, though it was made up of a huge lizard and a very large snake!

The Brinjaris are rather ashamed of eating lizards, as the other natives will not do so, and these had therefore called their lizard chicken. Without any twinkle in my eye I can truthfully say that lizard curry is "out of sight." SOWAR.

The Scarcity of Small Birds.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your correspondents from all over the Northern part of the country have been very well agreed in noting the scarcity of "bird life" this spring and summer, and I now wish to ask if any of them agree with me in noticing an apparent superabundance of insect life, as a natural consequence?

It seems to me that I do not remember a summer when small insects of various kinds have been more in evidence or more annoying. If I sit out on the doorstep in the evening I am continually disturbed by something crawling or creeping on my neck or in my hair, and if I go up to my room and light my lamp to read there are soon a host of moths and millers buzzing about the shade and dropping on to my papers. The ground under the big elms on the main street has been strewn with twigs from 4 to 8in. long, apparently cut off by some "borer," and the Boston papers have been full of the accounts of damages to the elms in the city and surrounding towns by various insects, such as the "trissock" and "gypsy" moths.

Now, I believe this to be the natural consequence of the destruction of the birds by the great snowstorms at the South last winter, but at all events it is a strong bit of evidence, if found to be of general occurrence, in favor of the crusade against "bird destruction" which FOREST AND STREAM has fought so gallantly for many years. I hope, if others of your contributors have noticed it and agree with me, that they will bear their testimony in favor of the proper protection to all our smaller "insect destroying" birds. As the summer wears on, I still note the scarcity which I spoke of two months ago, and even the familiar robin is like angels' visits, very "few and far between," and I cannot positively vouch for either an oriole or a bluebird in our street this summer, though the little "chipping" sparrows and their English cousins seem to be about as plenty as usual. VON W.

From Vermont.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Robins and bluebirds first made their appearance in this locality March 8, but the following week of snow and cold weather caused them to disappear suddenly and they have not returned in their usual numbers. There is a scarcity of song birds here this summer, excepting the northern mockingbird (the so-called catbird) and the brown thresher, both of these birds are seen and heard often.

The upland plover back on our hill farms are very plentiful. They raise two broods here in the season. The young of the first brood can now be seen like young turkeys running about our newly-mown meadows, while the old birds are sitting on their second clutch of eggs. Their nests are bowl shaped depressions in the top of a small knoll and lined with soft dry grasses.

The hot dry weather has made bass fishing poor. The fishermen, however, report that they see plenty of good-sized fish. STANSTEAD.

HIGHGATE, Vt., July 20.

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Game Laws in Illinois.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 27.—Warden Blow deserves credit for his successful raid on the notorious Kewanee freezer, long operated by H. Clay Merritt. A second warrant was sworn out the present week and a more thorough exploration of the Illinois cold storage fortress was made, resulting in the finding of great quantities of Illinois game. Yesterday a meeting of the directors of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association was held, Messrs. R. B. Organ, Abner Price, C. S. Wilcox, L. M. Hamline and A. C. Patterson, Messrs. Baird and Booth for the law committee also appearing. Counsel will be chosen to prosecute the cases against Merritt, which are apt to be long and hotly contested, the defense being the old one that game legally obtained can be legally held and sold as wished. Warden Blow says he found the game concealed in twenty-five zinc vacuum tanks, each capable of holding over 200 mallard ducks. The tanks were found in a cellar under a shed. It is claimed 80,000 dozen quail were located, 500 dozen prairie chickens and a great many ducks. Blow claims he has proof that Merritt has received game out of season. In or out, look at the destruction of game in Illinois and west of Illinois! The members of the committee figure that on quail alone Merritt could legally be fined $15,000,000. That he will ever be fined at all is a question only to be determined after a long legal fight. This same fight has been on in the Illinois courts before, but has never been brought to actual decision. There are many good Supreme Court decisions in other States which are against the game dealers' defense of property right in game. The Illinois Association has never been in so good shape before to make this fight, never had so good fighting men or so good fighting position before as it has now. The question is further along now, and the lapse of years seems to leave the sportsmen's side stronger than it was in the past. Of course, the question will have to be fought out, else the cold storage houses will continue to despoil the entire Western country of game.

Backset to Sportsmen.

Mr. M. R. Bortree, president of the National Protective Association, received a disappointment yesterday, one which may be called a backset to the proper interests of sportsmen. Ever since February last he has been trying to force trial of his suit against the Union League Club of this city for serving illegal grouse at a banquet. After many continuances by defense the case came to trial yesterday. Justice Glennon dismissed it, saying he could find no law forbidding a man to eat illegal game at his own table, and that the club table was the same as a family table, not being a restaurant where the article was sold. From this remarkable decision Mr. Bortree, being for the people, of course had no appeal. It leaves things in a bad shape on this particular point. It is not doubted that these clubs are large purchasers of game, much of which is of the "early" sort. Mr. Bortree pointed out the Supreme Court decision holding that having the game in possession in close season was a violation of the law. But probably Justice of the Peace Glennon will hold the Supreme Court version of the law unconstitutional!

Bad State of Affairs in Iowa.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Inter-State Fish and Game Protective Association was held last week at Brown's Lake, Iowa, for the purpose of bettering the condition of protective affairs in that State. Judge Shaw, President, being absent, Vice-President J. W. Miles took the chair. Among those from abroad were U. S. Fish Commissioner, Hon. S. P. Bartlett, of Quincy, Ill.; Hon. G. W. Langford, State Fish and Game Warden of Illinois, of Havana; his deputy, Hon. Chas. Crouse, of Savanna, and Hon. Geo. E. Delavan, Fish Commissioner of Iowa, of Estherville. It was shown that Wisconsin has a good law and a warden with eighteen or twenty deputies with good salaries to enforce it—a car especially built and fitted up for transporting and distributing fish and an appropriation of $15,000 per year for this enterprise. Minnesota has a board of fish and game commissioners with executive agents all over the State to enforce their excellent laws upon this subject. They also have a car similar to that of Wisconsin and an annual appropriation of $10,000. Poor old poverty-stricken Iowa has one commissioner for its ninety-nine counties and no deputies or agents, no car, and nothing but a few old rusty milk cans in which to transport fish, and the sum of $3,000 appropriated with which to carry on this work.

It was finally resolved to refer the matter of preparing a bill and memorial to the general assembly, back to the executive committe, with power to act and to report at the next annual meeting of the association, the second Wednesday in October. It is the purpose of the executive committee to take up the work at once and to call to their aid the best talent of this and adjoining States. It is probable that a bill for a law similar to the Minnesota law, with some modifications, will be prepared and adopted.

Over the Range.

Mr. E. S. Morse, late of the firm of Edwards, Morse & Klein, some time a member of the Calumet Heights Club and a sportsman beloved by many friends, died within the present week and was buried Tuesday.

His Friend.

Lately the body of a suicide or of a murdered man was found in the woods near Niles Center, Mich. Beside his bones was found the skeleton of a dog, thought to be a spaniel. Probably his friend, and faithful.

Low Water North.

The rivers of Wisconsin are very low this year, and it is feared the marshes will not have all the water sportsmen could ask for their duck shooting. The Wolf and the Northern Fox are phenomenally low, the latter near Poygan Marsh being too low for rafting logs through the cut-offs, as is usually possible.

In Montana.

A letter from a friend in Montana says: "Bears are said to be very abundant east of the National Park this summer. The rivers are all very low. The trout fishing is extremely good."

Later.—And now comes word from Indian Agent Teter denying in toto the reports of any massacre at Jackson's Hole. It seems that weird and slightly woolly community is not to enjoy the final distinction of being wiped off the earth, as reported this morning. Reports to FOREST AND STREAM from men on the ground out there may be a trifle slower coming in, but they are apt to be more accurate. The lively Western correspondents should resight their repeating pencils.

Oregon Is Jealous.

The State of Oregon is evidently jealous of Idaho and Jackson's Hole. This time it is a question of the Indians breaking the fish laws of Oregon, and to-day's dispatches reek with gore—which is going to be shed if the Indians from the Warm Springs reservation come down and fish by the hatchery on the Clackamos River in spawning time. Protector McGuire has asked the Interior Department at Washington to issue orders restraining the Indians from fishing in close season.

It is exceedingly well to have natural close seasons enforced for fish and game. But it makes curious comment on all this Indian muss to reflect that in the old days, when the Indians were the only hunters and fishers, this country swarmed with game and fish. What with cold storage and game butchers, it is hard to see just where the Indian is going to learn much improvement, by example at least, on either the best or the worst of his old methods.

Out on the Yellowstone.

An interesting letter comes from "Billy" Hofer, from his home out on the Yellowstone. The story of steady decrease of the Park buffalo herd is sad, and very mournful is the last news of the soldier, private Alexander, who was lost in the snow-covered mountains at the time of the FOREST AND STREAM winter trip. Mr. Hofer says:

"I got home to Gardiner all right, and am very glad to be in God's country once more, away from the heat and smoke of the city.

"I learned that the soldier whom they were looking for when you and I were in the Lower Geyser Basin a year ago last winter was found this spring. His bones were found on the south side of the Gibbon, quite a way above where it flows into the Madison. His snowshoes were close by. He had gotten across the Madison some way, either above or below the mouth of the Gibbon; if below, he had to cross the latter stream too to get to where he was found. No one can tell what the poor fellow went through before he gave up. I think he mistook the Gibbon for the Nez Percé River, where the camp was he was making for. His bones were buried in the soldiers' graveyard at the Mammoth Hot Springs.

"There is very little snow in the mountains, and all the streams are quite low. We have had cool weather ever since I have been back. It snowed two days on the mountains, with a little here in Gardiner—quite a change from Chicago. Park travel is very light, but reports say very heavy travel coming later.

"I learn that quite a number of buffalo were killed on the west side of the Park this winter. There was so little snow that they could go and stay anywhere. I hear Dick Rock captured three calves this spring. Very few buffalo wintered in Hayden Valley this winter. Sorry the snow was not deep enough to keep them all in the Park."

At the Muscallonge Waters.

The season seems to have been fairly good at the muscallonge waters of Wisconsin, though of course we hear no longer of the great catches of earlier days. I learn of two fish, both over 40lbs., and one of 44lbs., sent down for mounting, and the latter is top weight so far as I can learn. C. J. Coon writes from Trout Lake to Mr. A. Hirth, of this city:

"The fishing has been good so far. F. S. Casey, No. 445 The Rookery, Chicago, in three and one-half days' fishing caught four muscallonge weighing 25lbs., 18lbs., 13lbs. and 10lbs. respectively, and thirty-four bass. E. A. Bacheldor, of the Lexington Hotel, in one week's fishing caught forty-three bass weighing from 2lbs. to 4½lbs. each, and four wall-eyed pike weighing 11½lbs. He also caught several muscallonge, all of which were under 10lbs. weight each."

Removed.

Mr. A. S. Comstock, maker of the now celebrated Protean tent, has removed from his old distributing quarters at Evanston suburb, and has engaged office and floor space at the Lind Block, northwest corner of Market and Randolph streets, Chicago. Here he will be nearer the business center of the city. He has a spacious loft for canvas work of his own, supplied with power, and will henceforth not only manufacture the Protean tent for himself in all its varieties and specialities, but will also make all other sorts of tents up to 40×60 in size, and also will manufacture boat sails, etc. Mr. Comstock has with him as superintendent Mr. Longley, one of the oldest and most skillful canvas workers of the trade. Some of the machines will be in place the coming week, and before long we shall see a nice little tent industry established, all of which began not so very long ago in a modest way with the idea of the ingenious Protean. Sportsmen will wish Mr. Comstock the success it is safe to predict.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Camping in Texas.

MARLIN, Tex., July 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We beg to enclose you with this, a clipping from our local paper. The three, Messrs. H. G. Rush, D. S. Maffett and H. Louis, are samples of our young business men. They started on this overland outing about two weeks ago, well supplied with guns, ammunition, fishing tackle, and canvas folding boat. The negro cook and all-round man mentioned is a character and whole story in himself.

E. R. E.

Their record runs: Everything ran smooth and jolly with the exception of experiencing a heavy wind and rain storm which came upon us just as we were preparing to camp in the mountains near Sulphur River, 7 miles east of Lampasas; after about thirty minutes of high wind, thunder and lightning the rain ceased and we decided best to push on to Lampasas, which point was reached at 12 at night. Tired, hungry and sleepy we retired to peaceful slumber after a hasty supper. Our camp was spread in the park near the old site of the famous Park Hotel, which was recently destroyed by fire. From this point we pushed on to the Colorado River, which we found on a 14ft. rise. We were ferried across at the Little Breeches post office, where we recruited our commissary department and drove on to Cherokee Creek, about one mile distant from the river. At this point we have been camping three days. The sport is fine; our catch the first morning was 48 fish, consisting of speckled trout, brim, perch and bluecat. Our camp is delightfully located on the creek just between two fine fishing holes and about three quarters of a mile from the mouth. We have fish to feed to the dogs. How they do bite! They are the very gamest of their kind and make a reel fairly sing as they dart for the sheltering rocks. Our "coon," Genie, still holds honors for the largest catch, having landed a 2½-pound trout. We celebrated the glorious 4th of July in due form. At daybreak we fired a rattling salute from our pistols, guns and rifles; after breakfast a programme of singing, dancing and oratory was carried out before an audience of about half a dozen tow-headed mountain boys, to whom our outfit and especially our "coon" was a great curiosity, as there are no negroes here. We leave this afternoon for Sulphur Springs, about five miles west, where we anticipate more fine fishing, as the river is falling rapidly. By the way the boys are talking I think we will be out until September 1.

English Pheasants in the Catskills.

EVERYTHING points to good shooting here this fall. Ruffed grouse have hatched in large numbers and broods are seen daily.

I have reared and liberated quite a stock of English Mongolian pheasants, and they have survived the past winter well. Quite a number of broods of young have been seen in the mountains. One hen was killed on her nest by a miserable wretch, but he paid about $50 for his fun, and I think the rest will not be molested.

J. W. R.

HAINES FALLS, N. Y., July 23.

A Change in New Jersey.

THE change in the system of game warden appointment in New Jersey seems to be working well if the record of prosecutions and convictions under it means anything. Under the old system—according to the report of the Fish and Game Protector—there were in one year twenty-nine prosecutions; under the new system during its first two months of operation there were forty prosecutions.

Here is the list:

Obadiah Smith and John Stephenfield, prosecuted by Warden Hendershott for netting fish; each sentenced to ten days in jail.

Joseph Hable and Charles Kennela, prosecuted by Warden Hunt for netting fish; nets destroyed and accused permitted to go under suspension of sentence on payment of costs.

Robert Browning, prosecuted by Warden Wise for taking bass out of season; ninety days in jail.

William Gregory, prosecuted by Warden Wise for taking bass out of season; sixty days in jail.

Jonathan Black, prosecuted by Warden Wise for taking bass out of season; sixty dollars and costs.

Charles Appleton and William Cobb, prosecuted by Warden Dare for taking sturgeon under size; fined ten dollars each and costs.

Adam Smith, Jr., prosecuted by Warden Hill for hounding rabbits; sentence suspended on payment of costs, accused having disposed of his dogs and surrendered his gun.

Henry Boice, prosecuted by Warden Schneider for robbing birds' nests, fined $120 and costs.

James Dunnigan and Alexander Moir, prosecuted by Fish and Game Protector Shriner for taking trout under size; fined each sixty dollars and the costs.

William Brown, Watson Penn, William Morse and Samuel Soper, prosecuted by Warden Clayton Robbins. Morse was fined $100 and costs; Soper was acquitted; the cases of the rest are still pending.

Charles Roth, prosecuted by Warden Tooker for shooting on Sunday; fined twenty dollars and costs.

Charles Wright, prosecuted by Warden Hilton for killing game out of season; fined twenty dollars and costs.

William Wilson and Thomas Vandergrift, prosecuted by Warden Wise for taking fish out of season; fined each fifteen dollars.

George Wean and William Tomer, prosecuted by Warden Dunham for netting fish; fined fifty dollars and costs each, in default of which they were sent to jail.

Clayton Wean, convicted also of netting fish, was allowed to go under a suspension of sentence, he having furnished evidence for the State.

Jacob Mead, prosecuted by Fish and Game Protector Shriner for shutting off water for the purpose of taking fish; fined fifty dollars and costs.

Malcolm Bell, William Hance, William Fennell, Joseph Parent and W. D. Hartshorn, prosecuted by Warden Wise for netting fish; fined twenty-five dollars and costs.

William M. Wells, prosecuted by Warden Wise for killing game out of season; fined forty dollars and costs.

Angelo Solandino, prosecuted by Fish and Game Protector Shriner for birdnesting; find forty dollars and costs.

D. W. Hoover and William Hoover, prosecuted by Warden Dunham for shutting off water for the purpose of taking fish; fined twenty-five dollars each and the costs.

Edward T. Boote, permitting the maintenance of an eel weir on the property leased by him for fishing purposes; prosecuted by Fish and Game Protector Shriner. Case still pending.

The Newton Gas Light Company, prosecuted by Warden Hendershott for polluting streams. Case still pending.

Richard Lore, prosecuted by Warden Dare for netting fish; fined $100 and costs.

Peter Daniel, prosecuted by Warden Dunham for shutting off water for the purpose of taking fish; fined twenty-five dollars and costs.

A Treasure for Tourists.

"HEALTH and Pleasure on America's Greatest Railroad," No 5 of the Four-Track Series for 1895, issued by the Passenger Department of the New York Central, from the press of the American Bank Note Co., surpasses in size and beauty any volume of like character ever published. No brief description can give an adequate idea of its excellence and utility. To summarize it in a few words, the book is a handsome volume of 504 royal octavo pages, with numerous maps and illustrations, beautifully bound in illuminated covers. The primary object of the book is to give useful information regarding the popular health and pleasure resorts of New York, New England and Canada, but it goes beyond this scope, and in a series of interesting chapters treats of the beauties of landscape and climate to be met with in California, Colorado, Utah, Yellowstone Park, Mexico, Japan and the Hawaiian Islands. The descriptive matter relating to the various features of interest in these localities is accompanied by over 300 illustrations, depicting the most beautiful scenery of the country. In addition to these features, epitomized tables of routes, fares, hotel rates, etc, etc., render the book invaluable to travelers and tourists. The maps are all new and up to date and cover the Adirondack Mountains, Thousand Islands, Lake Region of Central New York and all the prominent resorts.

Every one who intends to get out of the city for the summer should secure a copy of this book and study the 1,000 tours it describes before coming to a decision. George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent of the New York Central, will send a copy to any address in the world upon receipt of ten 2-cent stamps.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

CANADIAN ANGLING NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Messrs. R. R. McCormick and W. R. McCormick, of Florida, accompanied by their wives and a number of friends, have arrived here on their third annual visit to the Lake St. John country, and left for Roberval about a week ago. They intend to spend fully eight to ten weeks fishing and hunting here. The Messrs. McCormick are fond of extensive camping trips and expect to make one this summer to Lac Tschotagama, some distance up the Peribonca River. They have joined the Triton Fish and Game Club, and expect in September to have some first-class trout fishing and also some bear and caribou hunting there. There has been quite an accession of late to the membership of this club, and considerable improvements have been made upon the tract.

I have received of late quite a few inquiries from the United States in regard to July and early August fishing for trout. I know some ponds and several streams and rapids where fair fly-fishing can be had at this season, and numbers of lakes where large trout may be taken with bait. But while ouananiche fishing may be had all the summer through, it is seldom that the trout fly-fishing, even in northern Canada, can be really called first class in the month of July or during the first week or ten days of August. About the end of the second week of August the large red trout begin again to rise freely to the fly, and ten days later they may be captured pretty near to their spawning beds. In the third week of August the large trout of Lake Edward are often rising upon their spawning beds in the Jeannotte—the big lake's outlet—and I know that the same rule applies to the waters of the Triton tract.

For those who belong to none of the fishing clubs up this way and are anxious for trout fishing in August and September, I would strongly recommend "La Belle Riviere" and the lake of the same name, which are only about a day's journey from Roberval or the upper waters of the Ouiatchouaniche, from a day and a half to two days' journey back from the Roberval Hotel. If time permitted of it, there is of course much more variety, and equally good, if not better sport, in a camping and canoeing trip through a portion of the wild country north of Lake St. John, where the guides will point out, between the larger lakes or main streams, the ponds and rivers that hold the big trout, and the pools or rapids in which they may be most profitably sought. Of course, on all trips of this kind ouananiche fishing is also to be had, and the time is now approaching when this sport will be at its best up the Ashuapmouchouan, the Peribonca, in Lac á Jún, and at the Fifth Falls of the Mistassini.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, July 26.

THE LEAP OF THE BASS.

LINDSAY, Ont., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have for long been a reader of your paper, but not until now have I felt impelled to put a word in; and it is this bass discussion that has stirred me up.

Some of your correspondents have been so unmercifully criticising an article written by Dr. Ellzey that I feel I must stand to the back of my professional brother.

It is a fact that the eye is easily deceived. Magicians take advantage of it, and probably we can well lay to that score the alleged weight of some big fish that are lost, and other stories, too. From what I have read of "Kingfisher's," he must be too old a hand to be carried away by excitement, but surely he will admit that a 5ft. leap is something very phenomenal for a bass. To me it is highly improbable. I can only understand it at all by thinking that the spring of the rod assisted to a large degree. I have talked the matter over with Mr. J. B. Knowlson, of this town, a veteran fisherman and a cool hand, with whom I have spent many days after bass and trout, and we agree that in our experience a 2ft. leap is about the outside limit. In the majority of cases they little more than clear the water, often not doing so, but come straight up, and as they find themselves out of water, throw themselves to one side or the other, making a half-moon shape. Still, I have frequently seen them jump straight upward, clearing the water, and apparently shake themselves, as "Old Sam" describes, but not their jaws; the anatomy of a bass's head and neck will not allow that.

I cannot attribute the jumping and shaking of a fish to wisdom on his part, but agree with the Doctor—the fish is thoroughly crazed; he thinks no more of what he is doing than does the runaway horse who kicks to pieces everything behind him. Does any one believe that the latter act is premeditated?

If the bass has such an amount of intelligence as "Old Sam" credits him with, why does he not go to the bottom, take a turn of the line around a stone or snag, and free himself at his leisure, laughing the while at the simple fisherman?

The "savigerous" shakings while in the air are simply frantic efforts made to regain his native element, which he left by mistake. They always remind me of the motions a man makes, when he slips on a piece of ice, in trying to regain his equilibrium.

I have done a great deal of fishing in our Canadian lakes and rivers, and in some of our rapids have had long fights with the small-mouth, where they had every chance to make big jumps. It may be our waters are too clear and cold, and the fish consequently half paralyzed, or perhaps they have not the vim of the Yankee bass; but I certainly never saw a three-foot leap.

Does not every fisherman lower his tip the moment he sees a fish leaving the water? Certainly not to a point where the rod is in line with the fish, but nearer a right angle with the line, keeping the strain up all the time. It turns his nose down to the water, and when he falls he can get no sudden jerk on the hook. I cannot back the Doctor up as to time. Some fish may not show for more than a tenth of a second; but any leap that clears the water by half a foot must take longer, in my opinion.

I like to see a man enthusiastic about any kind of fishing, but when I read what so many have to say about bass I wonder if they were ever on a good trout stream. I mean a good-sized creek that meanders through woods and fields, with open reaches and gravelly riffles and

overhanging grass-grown banks; that is where the truest art of fishing comes in. On a lake or river it is a matter of chance whose bait is taken; but on a stream the good fisherman gets the trout; the small boy is not in it.

The first time I was on the Nepigon River, over twenty-five years ago now, with my father, I was but a boy who had seldom thrown a fly. I struck quite as many fish as he did, though he was an expert fisherman; but he could save more than I then. That could not be. In stream fishing the man who best knows the ways, where they are most likely to be, how to get near them and what best to give them is the man who gets them.

I wonder how many fishermen take the trouble to examine the stomachs of fish in order to find out what they are feeding on at the time.

It is simply glorious to strike a good trout stream in the early morning or late in the day. It is a match between human intelligence and excessive wariness. You must be unseen and unheard. There can be no lying back in an easy chair to be rowed around a lake; no standing up and casting a fly all about you. No; you must as far as possible extinguish yourself and be an unseen instrument for placing your fly or bait at an exact spot in the proper manner. Slovenly work is of no avail; walk up to the most beautiful riffle and not a strike will you get; the good fisherman comes along later, and by going around and simply crawling up to near the edge, with nothing but his eyes showing, he will often pick out a dozen. Surely the quiet of the woods and fields has affected our stream fisherman, I so seldom read of him.

As Mr. Pusey's railroad, the Irondale, Bancroft and Ottawa, reached the height of land dividing these waters from those draining into the Ottawa River, a small party of us undertook to find out the truth about the trout we had heard so much of in the waters over the ridge. The region has hitherto been almost inaccessible and few have fished there. It is very wild, deer and bear are plentiful, pinnated grouse more numerous than probably in any other part of Ontario. We had but three days and it took us most of that time to find out where to fish. A small stream not far from where we camped fairly teemed with small trout. But the big ones in Clear Lake were harder to get at. After trying everything else with no success we fell back on the live minnow and then there was no trouble about it. We had no ice and could get none, so it was only on the last morning that we could cut loose as to numbers, and then it proved such hard work to get minnows that we made no great showing. But without exaggeration the number of trout was limited precisely by the minnows caught. I got eight that morning that averaged about 2lbs., and I had but seven minnows.

One of 3¾lbs. was caught, and without exception they were the most beautiful specimens I ever saw, not excepting the Nepigon trout. They were very bright in color and their flesh very red. Clear Lake is about a mile each way in extent, very deep and fed entirely by springs. There are several lakes in this region, all with trout in them, and in one or two the lake trout as well. They were not rising to anything and did not notice our flies, except on one occasion, a fly, Parmachene Belle, had been left on the leader as a side fly. A trout took the minnow, and while playing him another took the fly, but it was well under water.

I should not like your other correspondents to think I am too dogmatic in my remarks about the leaping of bass. I have simply written of things as they appear to me.

J. Simpson.

BLUEFISH, SALMON AND TROUT.

Boston, Mass., July 27.—The salt-water fishing along the New England coast is now at its height. At Buzzard's Bay the bluefish have been particularly savage this week, and as one Boston man expresses it, have bitten off everything they could put their teeth into. Complaint is made that they are running smaller than usual this season, but are very active and giving good sport. Dr. Maurice H. Richardson, of Boston, is fishing very steadily for them, and has had good luck. A. G. Weeks, Jr., is also doing well. L. D. Chapman, Dr. DeFries and Mr. Caliga, the artist, all of Boston, have gone to Nantucket on a bluefishing trip, and as reports say the fishing there is excellent just now, they will probably do well. A number of large tautog have been taken recently; the largest, weighing 10lbs., was captured by John Mason Little on the north shore, not far from Swampscott. Nahant is also yielding a good crop of tautog, and bluefish and striped bass are said to be coming in near Newburyport. Down near Hingham some good catches of smelt have been made. This is good news to the many Boston men who delight in taking these delicate little fellows. Dr. F. M. Johnson is very fond of this fishing, and is now getting ready for it. The Doctor made a phenomenal catch one or two seasons ago at Hingham, and hopes to parallel the feat this year.

The salmon fishermen who have been on their rivers during June and July are nearly all home again, and as a rule bring back very good reports of their luck for the season of '95. Mr. Louis Cabot, who has been fishing the Grand River, had fair fishing, but not quite up to last year. The Fitch party, consisting of E. C. Fitch, Mr. Edmands and Dr. Brown, are back again from Romaine with reports of very good fishing. Their largest capture was about 37lbs. The weather was exceptionally cold during part of their stay on the river, with heavy rain during some of the time that the best run of salmon was on. Dr. Brown of this party is the gentleman whom I mentioned in Forest and Stream at the time of their departure who has traveled so extensively, and saw such an odd exhibition of salmon fishing by the natives of Japan, while going around the world last winter. The Doctor will go into Maine this fall after moose, and will probably spend the coming winter in Mexico and South America.

Philip W. Moen and Geo. F. Blake, Jr., of Worcester, returned a short time ago from the Cascapedia. The party captured five salmon, the largest weighing 28lbs., and had good sea trout fishing. Mrs. Moen, who accompanied them, landed some good-sized trout.

The Matisquam Fishing Club, who have several nice salmon pools and a club house on the river of that name, the last river on the coast before reaching Labrador, have been having some fine fishing. A letter just received from Sinclair Kennedy, who is on the river in company with F. C. Hodges, states that they have done very well since their arrival. Between June 29 and July 6 the two gentlemen took twenty salmon and three grilse. This is certainly a score to be proud of, especially when one considers that one of the gentlemen (Mr. Kennedy) is now on his first trip. His experiences described in his letter in regard to the first two salmon he hooked and (of course) lost are both amusing and interesting. The disconsolate feeling caused by their loss was something awful, but by sticking to it he finally landed a good fish and thereby gained confidence enough to do his full share in making the good score I have mentioned. Three of his salmon were taken on the Fottler fly, a greenish fly made of parrots' feathers and tied by "Forrest" for John Fottler, of Boston. Mr. Hodges made a great catch last year on the Matisquam, one of the largest recorded anywhere for the season. The club house and fishing grounds are reached from Quebec by the steamer Otter to Matisquam.

The Bonny River country in New Brunswick is being well patronized this year, and "Mine Host Sullivan," the camp proprietor of that region, has had his hands full in looking after his many guests. W. W. Sias, a member of a Boston club who have a preserve near Willimantic, Conn., leaves next Tuesday for a ten days' stay at this New Brunswick resort; and Mr. and Mrs. Page, Miss Gertrude and Miss Grace Loud, and Mr. McLaughlin leave on Aug. 3. Later in August James M. Pearson and wife, of New York city, will go there for a thirty days' stay. Those who have returned are enthusiastic over the fishing, which has been very good in all the ponds and streams up to date.

M. G. Cochrane and W. S. Ames, of Boston, and H. A. Johnson, of Littleton, N. H., leave on Aug. 3 for a two weeks' stay at King and Bartlett. These gentlemen visited Tim Pond last year, but are anxious to try Spencer Stream and Big Spencer Lake, which accounts for the change.

Dr. George McAleer, of Worcester, Mass., with quite a party start on Tuesday next for the Megantic preserve. They will make their headquarters at the McAleer camp, and expect to be away about two weeks. Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston, is expected to join them a few days later.

Fishing at Newfound Lake, N. H., for landlocked salmon and lake trout is said to have been good all this season. This is quite exceptional, as after the early fishing in the spring the big fellows have generally been hard to get. Deep-water trolling is the method employed and the most successful man I have heard of in regard to this year's sport is Geo. Fowler, of Bristol, N. H. Living near by, he knows every foot of the lake, which may account in a large measure for his good luck.

Dr. E. A. Carpenter, of Cambridge, Mass., writes me from Wolf Pond Camp, Spring Cove, N. Y., where he is spending the summer on the Vilas preserve, that deer are as plentiful there now as at any time during the past five years. He says his people go out on the lake only 600ft. from the house almost every evening to see the deer. On two occasions his young daughters have been frightened off the water by the close presence of the animals. Fishing parties constantly report meeting deer on the rivers, and bears are quite often seen. One of them, a large animal, was visible but a short distance from the house a few days ago. Many New England readers of Forest and Stream will be surprised that the Adirondacks can still furnish a record like this, as it is generally considered over here that game in that region is reduced to a minimum.

Hackle.

BOSTON ANGLERS.

Boston, July 26.—Mr. Charles E. Holt is back from his vacation in Maine, bringing a sunbrown that ought to last for several months. He speaks in the highest terms of the fishing, but it was generally salt-water fishing. He spent considerable time at Fort Popham, at the mouth of the Kennebec River, and nearly every day rock cod and cunners were taken in great abundance. Then there were the occasional real cod-fishing trips, one resulting in over 200lbs. of fish in one day.

Mr. Irving McLaughlin seems to have found an ideal place for fishing in New Brunswick. There are some trout lakes in that direction that he hopes to visit early in August, with a friend. They will take their wives along and make it a vacation trip, as well as one for fishing. More should be said about the location later.

George L. Wentworth and E. P. Parker, of Boston, have had a fine trip to the Rangeleys. They have enjoyed about all there is of trout fishing in that section. They tried Kennebago with good success. Mr. Wentworth is credited with over thirty trout of fair size, while Mr. Parker took thirty-five trout, including one weighing 4lbs.; an unusually large fish for Kennebago. They also mention seeing a number of deer.

The Follett party is back from the waters of the Inglewood Club. Mr. W. J. Follett says that seldom has a party enjoyed a fishing and outing trip more. The fishing was not all that could be wished, for the weather was foggy for a great many days out of the number in camp. Besides the water was high the most of the time. But a great many trout were taken; even more than enough for camp use; and with such luck the party is entirely satisfied. About the best catch of any was made by Mr. Follett and his brother, including 43 trout in one day, and not fishing many hours at that. The string weighed 30lbs. Mrs. Follett seemed to be the champion salmon fisher. She landed several in one day, but lost as many more. Mr. Follett was in the boat with her when she struck one elegant fish. Soon it came out of water nearly three feet, and Mr. Follett is sure that he saw it shake the hook out of its mouth. The party is as greatly charmed with the Inglewood preserve as ever. A good deal of restocking is being done, and Mr. Follett is sure that excellent salmon fishing is soon to be one of the attractions of the region.

About the happiest returning fisherman of the season is Mr. Rollin Jones, of Boston. His salmon trip was a most successful one, and well it may have been; for, as already mentioned, he has been the guest of Mr. D. H. Blanchard at his salmon river, the Northeast Branch of the St. Marguerite. He reached Mr. Blanchard's camps the day before his birthday, never having taken salmon, though having been a trout fisherman for years. The day of his arrival he was not particularly anxious to fish, but quietly watched the others fish—Mr. Blanchard and Mr. Richard O. Harding. They took one salmon, and Mr. Jones saw how it was done. In the evening, for some unaccountable reason, Mr. Blanchard asked Mr. Jones how old he was. At this point Mr. Jones felt that his secret must come out, and replied that if he lived till the next day he should be—well, no matter just how old; it would be his birthday. Mr. Blanchard at once allowed that Mr. Jones must take his first salmon on that day.

All hands were interested. Mr. Jones fished all day, and sure enough he did take his first salmon before night had fairly set in, though the powerful fish began to think that he would hold out till his captor was a day older at least. The salmon, leaping over the fly, was hooked foul, —outside the jaws. He made a most terrible fight. At last he was brought to the gaff, and when weighed touched the beam at 23½lbs., a pretty good birthday fish. Then and there Mr. Jones became a devoted salmon fisherman, and regards it as the king of rod and reel sport. After this they fished six days more, taking turns, one rod at a time. Eleven salmon were taken, in addition to the eight that had been taken, before Mr. Richard O. Harding left the river. Up to the time Mr. Jones left, the record of Mr. Blanchard's river this season had been 19 salmon, the entire string weighing 385½lbs. This is a most remarkable record and almost pays Mr. Blanchard for the labor he did toward restraining salmon netting several seasons ago, as the readers of the Forest and Stream will remember well. Another most remarkable feature was the size of the fish. The largest weighed 24lbs., with the smallest up to 14lbs., making the average—the most of the other fish being large—up to 20½lbs.

Mr. Jones regards Mr. Blanchard's river as the ideal salmon river of the Province. In the distance of four miles that Mr. Blanchard owns, there are seven excellent pools, where salmon must stop. Above Mr. Blanchard's preserve there are falls so steep and high that no salmon can go up over them, and hence the ascending fish all must stop there.

Mr. Jones owns a handsome camp on Lake Winnipisogee, New Hampshire, and immediately on his return from Mr. Blanchard's salmon river he went to his camp, where he has taken some very large lake trout. His season's fishing has been a most satisfactory one.

Mr. Edwin C. Stevens writes me under date of July 25 a glowing account of the fishing in the beautiful Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vt. At 6 A. M. the party, consisting of Mr. W. G. Cloyes, of Cambridge; Mr. John T. Cloyes, of Salisbury; Mr. Ed. A. Wilson, of Watertown, and Mr. Stevens himself, started. They fished till they had caught a beautiful string of 200 perch. In the afternoon Mr. Stevens with Mr. Wilson killed two large pickerel, one weighing 5lbs. and the other 2½lbs. The same day they also took a handsome large-mouth bass weighing between 2 and 3lbs. The 5-pound pickerel Mr. Stevens captured in front of the camp of the party, after an exciting "tussle" of fully twenty minutes. He at last came to the net just in front of the boat landing. Mr. Stevens further adds: "Our women folks are disgusted with me for keeping the ice chest so full of fish, but they scarcely realize how much I enjoy the taking of them. I shall show you pictures of the 200 perch, the lake and our camp, when I get back to Boston next week."

Special.

FOOD-FISH IMPOVERISHMENTS.

[A paper read before the American Fisheries Society, New York, June 12, 1895, by Dr. Bashrod W. James, member of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.]

The time has come when the inhabitants of the United States must cease to look upon the lavishly generous gifts bestowed upon them by nature as limitless and therefore needless of special care or protection. Wastefulness has been overlooked without fear of inevitable retribution until the punishment is already upon us in more than one very perceptible quarter. To that which relates to the impoverishment of the food-fish supply I will devote the subject of this paper.

If we take the literal meaning of "food-fish," we must include every known animal product of the ocean, river or streamlet; for, if possible, some species which to our refined tastes are actually loathsome are more important in their multo-usefulness than are many of those which we favor particularly with the above-mentioned name, and which our fish commissions are endeavoring to protect.

A universal impoverishment in the fisheries is making itself felt from Point Barron all the way down the Pacific Coast, so that business in shipping is beginning to suffer. That once very important traffic in whalebone, whale oil, seal skins and walrus ivory has so far deteriorated as to ruin some of the coast trade; while, more sadly still, the natives of the Northern coasts and islands have been reduced to actual want through the wholesale destruction of the once plentiful supply of animal life so peculiarly fitted to meet their various needs. Without a natural supply of wool or cotton, those which they possess being obtained by trading, the fur seal furnished to them their most comfortable garments, and next to the pelt of the sea otter their most valuable trading staple. The seal also bestowed upon them the oil which actually was the only substitute for the milk, coffee, tea or chocolate without which we feel it would be almost impossible to enjoy our meals. The flesh rated second only to fresh fish, and so precious was it that not a particle was wasted. Now, with those vast herds very nearly depleted or frightened from their breeding grounds, what must become of those people who depended upon them for the necessities of existence?

So with the whale and walrus—greed of gain has so over-grasped until hundreds of the nation's wards must go hungry, houseless and scantily clothed simply because individuals or corporations have endeavored to sweep into their hands the whole supply in the short time while prices were good! Now, whaling vessels go and return unsuccessful; seals are already alarmingly scarce, and walruses are rarely seen at all, partly because they are extremely cautious and shy, but in greater part because their tusks excited the cupidity of traders to the procuring of all animals, whether mature and perfect in ivory or not. We are rather too far away to hear the cry of distress among the inhabitants of the Northwestern Islands, but commerce now discovers the grand mistake, perhaps too late. A slight expression of anxiety in San Francisco gives rise to a demand for the greater protection of the finer salmon fisheries which but a few years ago appeared to be inexhaustible. This fish being delicate and a very desirable table food, doubtless the laws will be soon more carefully and effectually enforced. But the fishes or other animal life and plants upon which the salmon feed must also be guarded from destructive depredation. Leaving the western shore of the continent, still another note of dismay is sounding from Maine to Florida! Salmon is rare in all our rivers. The great fishing banks of Maine and Massachusetts are failing; the lobsters are growing scarce and small, mackerel is almost gone from some quarters in which the "lookout" ha heretofore watched for the coming schools and sent th

joyous tidings in ringing tones to many an eagerly waiting fisherman! Herring catches in some localities are growing less and less; in some places the fishing smacks are laid high and dry because there is no longer special use for them. Some fishermen say that shad is getting scarce in some of our rivers; others assert that they, once so rarely flavored, are now at times tainted with coal oil and sewage or foul mud, and are consequently at times almost unsalable. And so the cry continues from shore to shore, while one of the most important industries of the country lies in jeopardy. Both the United States Fish Commission and the commissions of the several individual States have done nobly, so far as they have prerogatives, but there is still a vast amount of improvement to be made in fish protective legislation before we can feel assured of preventive measures concerning fishing in the public waterways all over the land. A very apparent defect is instituted by conflicting laws made for the control of streams which run through two or more States; whereas, if each State would consult with its neighboring ones before maturing its laws regarding rivers and streams and fishing therein, conjoint measures might be taken which would improve the local fisheries without injury to any one locality.

In my opinion alert watchfulness is requisite, not only during certain seasons, but at all times, if the product is ever to be elevated to its pristine quality and abundance. Common sense teaches that fish, as well as other animals, require a certain length of time to mature and become perfect for the food of man. It affirms also that when customers discover that they are obtaining an inferior article, particularly if at a high price, they will soon cease to purchase the commodity, giving its place to something else, thereby creating a market which by-and-by may repudiate fish as a fashionable staple for food.

One of the first and most important safeguards to the fisheries is the cleanliness of the rivers in which they are found. Chemical impurities as well as sewage should be kept out of fishing streams entirely, or at least as far as can be made practicable, and facilities would soon appear if so required by legislation. Some chemicals may not be poisonous, others are, and they are therefore unfit to be eaten or drunk by fishes intended for food, either for man or for other fishes. I think there might be a feasible arrangement made by which the water from dyeing establishments, mills, factories, etc., could be spread over an extent of ground through which it could percolate before reaching the stream, thus depositing the maximum of poisonous matter in the earth. Possibly the food worms of the fishes might be destroyed, but the localities devoted to these industries are sufficiently limited to allow a much greater extent of land uninjured.

The dangers of eating fishes which feed in streams polluted by sewage have not as yet been considered fully, but it is ably demonstrated that they are subject to very numerous parasites, some of which are not evil to mankind, while others are poisonous. More extensive and universal biological research, carried on upon strictly scientific principles, will soon make known the number and kind of dangerous parasites and the waters which they infest, when the fish afflicted by them should be pronounced unsalable, and if no other plan can succeed in preventing their distribution, fishing in streams in which they are found should be prohibited entirely.

That parasite growth is possible in fish suggests the question whether they may not be attacked by the bacteria of diphtheria, the microbes of typhoid or malarial diseases, and even the bacilli of Asiatic cholera from drinking the river water near large cities which deposit all or a greater part of the sewage therein; if that be the case, may they not impart such diseases to unsuspecting mankind using them for food? Many people, especially the poor, eat fish and eels that are caught in lower streams whose waters are so far influenced by tides that they back up a considerable distance, yet the ebb is not strong enough to carry away the débris which they take up and deposit along the shores. This rubbish holds pools of water in check until they become stagnant, and sometimes dead fish are found imprisoned among branches, weeds, old barrels, baskets, etc.

It stands to reason that any fish drinking the water or feeding in such places must become more or less subject to poisonous parasites, and thus become unwholesome for food; and if the flavors of coal oil, gas, tar and other impurities make themselves disagreeably apparent in the flesh, which is a well-known fact, the probability of far more dangerous matter seems to become an incontrovertible certainty. By partaking of this infected fish, cholera and other epidemic diseases may be started in the systems of a few persons, and the contamination would spread in every direction, afflicting even people who never touch food-fishes.

I think, under these conditions, each State should have laws compelling the clearing and lowering of the mouths of all rivers or creeks in which the waters lie stagnant and restricted by rubbish; that each State Commission should have a biologist who could make known the presence of dangerous parasites, and all who are interested in fishculture and protection should join in trying to discover whether there could not be some plan adopted to destroy them without endangering the life of the fish; that the food animalculæ should be as carefully protected as the fish themselves, and that all deleterious matter should be kept from them as far as possible. I believe all States, and especially those that have coast lines and bays, should so regulate the fishing seasons that the strong, mature and fertile fish may be allowed to reach the spawning places unmolested, or else that certain streams in every State shall be closed against fishermen every second year, thus giving them a whole season in which to spawn and multiply. While some are closed, others can be opened and so alternated that there will be no danger of exterminating the fine food supply. The reward in full-grown fishes of good quality would soon compensate for the sacrifice.

If these plans are not practicable then others must be adopted. Perhaps good results would follow if fishculture were made so universal that at the time of the running of the schools to the spawning grounds men were stationed at the mouth of or along every important river to catch the fish, obtain the eggs and hatch them artificially; then they could be deposited in fitting places after the season was over, and thus the danger of extinction would be over.

The present style of ocean pound-nets could be improved by making the meshes large enough to allow of many more fishes than can possibly get away now. Of course, the larger the fish the less danger there is of its being pounded to death by the others; therefore the mesh of the leader and pound-net should be so increased as to permit those of unmerchantable size to get free without injury to fins or scales. Fish weirs, or so-called eel weirs largely used in inland streams, especially the smaller ones, should be entirely abolished by law in every State as they are now in Pennsylvania; but if any State is unwilling or unable to procure such legislation, then all such arrangements should be legally constructed of such pliable material as to insure that the fish will not be so injured or bruised as by the present slat system. Would it not be practicable in such instances to produce screen of other material than wood, such as woven grass, canvas, or something which would not bruise the fish nor break the scales from them as they go through? If so, thousands of them would be saved from damage which often results in deformity or deterioration, if not in death.

I am possessed of a keen interest in food-fish culture and protection:

First—Because of their vast importance as the chief support of many thousands of inhabitants of this and other countries.

Second—That because through them may be promulgated disease, and the public health be jeopardized, because of the waters in which they abide becoming liable to contamination.

Third—Because of their great value as a staple commercial production of the country.

For these reasons I would earnestly urge fishermen and all those engaged in the trade to join with our American Fisheries Society in the endeavor to perpetuate the growth and quality of food-fishes, and to this end a little self-denial will be found very advantageous, not only to their personal business, but toward the ultimate protection and continuance of our great interests at stake in fish as a commercial element.

Therefore, let the mackerel banks alone for a year or two, and perhaps they will again be abundantly populated.

Do not try to take all the best fish from the sea and streams at one time because prices are temptingly high.

Let the lobsters have a few years in which to attain their normal growth and quality.

Do not so far overstock the market with herring and other food-fish that they will become a drug to the trade.

And let us hope that there may be some way by which we may obtain the right to protect the young herring which are now caught in the waters on our northeastern boundary and canned under the name of "sardines."

If it is possible to regulate the salable size of each variety of fish so that those below that size will not be caught, let each one conscientiously regard the law.

Undersized or imperfect commodities always tend to disqualify even the better grades of the same; therefore, from a selfish point of view alone every interested party should give earnest endeavor to favor any plan which points to improvement. Impoverishment has been the finale of nearly every production, and now the necessity calls upon the people and the entire government to provide ample legislation for the protection of all kinds of water animals, from the great walrus, whale, sea lion and seal of the Arctic and Pacific to the delicate brook and mountain fishes, all of which are valuable food for either human beings, other fish, water birds or lower animals.

Perhaps it is too much to expect the States which have not been subjected to a threatened insufficiency to join with us in our protective work at present. But this State and others which have taken up the important matter must make the propriety of their measures so prominent, and the attention to every detail in legislation so consistent, that the result will redound to their credit and provoke a spirit of emulation in those who to-day are inclined to disparage the great commercial and financial importance which we are convinced is attached to the numerous fishing interests of the United States.

The objects and successes of the several commissions should be understood by the general public as well as by those closely connected with the fishing business, and with their knowledge will probably be very valuable aids to the Commission, aroused in districts through which excellent streams pass. When they are convinced that unclean and unhealthy matter thrown into waters will probably produce disease-breeding fish, they will not place it there, and every individual effort will have a good influence upon others. My firm conviction is that even among the most careless people ignorance is far more to blame than intentional destructiveness.

Let the consumer and the man who obtains and supplies come together harmoniously on the common ground of mutual advantage to remedy the wasteful impoverishments to which I have referred, as well as other impoverishments.

ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

In a short talk with Mr. Ravenel, representative of the U. S. Fish Commission for the Atlanta Exposition, to open in September, we learn that the aquarium to form part of the exhibit is partly constructed, and the apparatus for circulation of water will be ready about the middle of August. Arrangements have been made with the Standard Oil Company for the transportation of sea water from Morehead City, North Carolina. The railroads have been very generous in offering free transportation, thus insuring a very good and at the same time economical exhibit.

The Fish Commission will show a hatchery, in which the eggs of the salmon, lake trout and whitefish will be hatched. The fry thus obtained, if thrifty, will be planted in suitable waters. There will be a full series of fishery apparatus, including implements of the most primitive to the modern forms at present in use. Thus will the methods employed by the Indians in the early history of this country be shown. Dredges, sounding machines, beamtrawls, townets, etc., will exhibit the modern engines of fishery and scientific research. One of the interesting exhibits will be that showing a systematic series of economic mollusks or shell-fish. The rate of growth on different kinds of bottom will be illustrated. Of this group the oyster is the most prominent. Crustaceans, sponges, and other subjects of fishery will also be exhibited.

The aquarium will be used in exhibiting the products of the fisheries of the South Atlantic and Gulf States, besides such fishes as are propagated and distributed by the U. S. Fish Commission.

Another very important feature will be a series of charts illustrating the fishes, distribution, apparatus used in capture, including boats, and other scenes connected with commercial fishing. Models of vessels from the first in use to the most modern craft will be shown. Many of the fine casts of fishes shown at Chicago will be on exhibition, and for this exhibit a large sixty-foot case is being constructed. Installation will commence about August 1, so that the exhibit will be ready by the time the exposition opens. B. A. Bean.

FISHING FOR A TIGER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose a translation from the French of a remarkable catfish story, all the way from India, which, I am free to remark, any one who chooses may believe it.

Truthful James.

New York, July 25.

Tiger fishing! Here is an astonishing tale reprinted in the Calcutta newspapers. It is well calculated to encourage anglers and to set hunters a-thinking. A fisherman started for the river accompanied by an old and faithful Shikari carrying a rifle for use in case of an encounter with unexpectedly big game, the country consisting principally of jungles. The fisherman, knowing that the Shikari was well able to defend himself if attacked, went on in advance toward the river, where after some time he captured a large fish, weighing at least 20lbs. Returning with this handsome prize and passing near a ravine, he saw an enormous tiger approaching, and before the brute perceived him concealed himself behind a pile of rocks In the excitement of the moment the fish, which he had not had time to detach from the hook, slipped from his hands and fell in full view of the tiger, who was about to pass it by unnoticed, when his attention was caught by the movements of the fish, upon which he sprang with a bound, seized it by the head and carried it off. The hook still held, and as soon as the tiger felt the resistance of the line and the slight pricking of the hook, he gave a shake of the head, which resulted in his harpooning himself by the lip.

At this critical moment the enraged animal perceived the crouching fisherman, who in despair began to "play" the cruel beast as though he had hooked a simple gudgeon, shaking the line gently; but though the tiger, not comprehending what had happened, stopped in amazement, the respite was not for long, and the ferocious beast would soon have devoured the unhappy fisherman had not the Shikari just then made an opportune appearance and laid low the king of the jungle by a well-aimed shot from his rifle.

NOTES FROM FISHING WATERS.

Correspondents are invited to send us notes of fish, fishermen, fishing conditions and fishing facts, so that they may reach this office on a Monday.

Newport, Vt., July 24.—Dr. A. S. Johnson, of Salem, Mass., who is spending the summer at Owl's Head Hotel, Lake Memphremagog, is making some fair catches of black bass. His catch yesterday amounted to 15 bass, weighing 27lbs. in all. J. L.

Crystal City, Beulah P. O., Mich.—D. Wallace, E. R. Young, J. S. Acklin, Drs. Evens and Acheble, and C. B. Kroh, all of Toledo, O., have been enjoying some excellent trout fishing during the last ten days. The fish are caught in Betsey and Platte rivers. Mr. Wallace brought in one string of 10, weighing 8½lbs. L. T. V. W.

Jackson, Mich., July 25.—The bass fishing hereabouts is very fine now. I took twenty one day last week in less than three hours' fishing, the aggregate weight being 42lbs. I caught them casting with frogs, running my boat alongside the pond lilies and casting into the shallow water in among the rushes. The sport was most exciting, the fish rising with a rush at the bait like trout at a fly.

F. N. Wood.

Lake Memphremagog, Vt.—Dr. A. H. Johnson, Salem, Mass., who is a guest at the Owl's Head Hotel, caught on the afternoon of July 25 six bass weighing 15lbs. S. E. Young, of Methun, Mass., caught this evening (July 26) a fine 'lunge weighing 12½lbs. John Ladjing, Manager.

Carteret, N. J., July 26.—Weakfishing at Sylvan Beach grounds on Staten Island Sound continues good. Boats with two fishermen bring in from 20 to 30 weakfish. Sylvan Beach is reached by stage from Carteret (C. R. R. of N. J.). C. A. Wehrly.

Greenwood Lake.—Some good catches were made at Greenwood Lake, Greenwood, N. Y., last week. Mr. Wilson K. Farrington, New York, on last Saturday caught one of the finest catches of the season—thirty black bass out of forty-five strikes. They weighed from one to about three pounds. He however had the advantage of the guidance of Mr. James Ryerson, who is the oldest guide on the lake. Frogs and helgramites are used for bait. The hotels are patronized to their full capacity. Mr. and Mrs. Oldham and Mr. James Watson and family are stopping at Mr. Ryerson's for a few weeks. Mrs. Oldham made an excellent catch of bass, in number about a dozen, one day last week. Nearly all the success is from still-fishing, the bass not rising to trolling or casting.

Forked River, N. J., July 29.—Capt. Geo. Hairing with a party of two New Yorkers (J. W. Beers and brother) caught on Saturday, July 27, 54 striped bass, and on Sunday, July 28, 19 striped bass and 50 weakfish, the bass weighing from 1 to 4lbs. B. E. Eno.

We Prefer Mosquitoes.

Ed Surprenant spent last Sunday on Dempsey Creek and brought home about 120 fine brook trout, says the Anaconda *Recorder*. Mr. Surprenant is an ardent apostle of Izaak Walton. When asked if he was not annoyed by mosquitoes he volunteered a bit of information that will be appreciated by anglers. He says that the mosquitoes never bother him, as he has a remedy to fix them. After catching his first fish he rubs his hands, neck and face thoroughly with it, and a coating of slime is left on the skin. This quickly dries, and if all the mosquitoes in creation were to light on you they could not bite through it. He says it is a very easy matter to wash the slime off when you are through fishing.

Fish Preserving in Montana.

Many of the Montana streams having been restocked with fish by the State authorities, the question as to the rights of riparian owners is being agitated there as it is elsewhere. The Helena *Independent* of July 15 says:

"One of the prominent attorneys of Missoula volunteers his opinion to the Silverite that fishermen have the right to fish in any of our public streams, notwithstanding notices against trespassing and fishing. The streams of this State are stocked with fish for the benefit of the people of the State and not private individuals, who own a few acres of land and labor under the delusion that they also own the river running through their land. In many parts of the State signs are displayed warning fishermen not to trespass on the land or fish in the stream, and these warnings have been obeyed by many simply because they were ignorant of the law and did not want to cause trouble. A fisherman has the right to fish in any public stream or river, and the owner of the land cannot stop him."

Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence.

Alexandria Bay, N. Y.—The twelfth annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River will be held at Clayton, N. Y., ten o'clock A. M., Wednesday, Aug. 7, 1895. There is business of importance to be transacted. W. H. Thompson, Secretary.

All About Block Signals.

"Block Signals on the New York Central," the latest addition to and No. 17 of the popular "Four-Track Series" of "America's Greatest Railroad," is from the press of the American Bank Note Company; contains 64 pages, narrow octavo, beautifully printed on coated paper and illustrated with graphic pictures of signal apparatus and its application to the traffic of a great railroad. The text is from the pen of a celebrated English expert on block signals, and the subject is treated in a way that cannot fail to interest the average traveler, as well as the technical engineer. It is believed that this, the latest of railway safety devices, has never before been so thoroughly and comprehensively described and illustrated as in this book.

A copy will be mailed to any address, free, post-paid, on receipt of three 2-cent stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's third annual bench show, Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Montreal Kennel Association's show, Montreal, Can. Geo. K. Lanigan, Hon Sec'y-Treas.

Sept. 24 to 27.—New England Kennel Club's second annual terrier show, Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Oct. 29.—Assonet Neck, Mass.—New England Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. Arthur R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

—. Morris, Man.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wel's, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H. Thompson, Sec'y.

English Setter Type.

New York.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The letters on English setter type which have recently appeared in Forest and Stream over the signatures of "Cinna" and "Albert" are valuable and worthy of the attention of fanciers. To me it seems, however, that both are wide of the real standing of the matter. "Cinna" disposes of the whole matter of standard and type by judging by comparison, though before a comparison can be made there must have been some type agreed upon as a standard; otherwise, in determining what is type, it would rest on the personal preference of each individual, and there consequently would be as many as there are individuals who are interested in the matter. Comparison itself presupposes that there is some ideal standard of measurement; and two individuals when compared with each other are both subjected to a test, not only one against the other, but also by the approved standard, and the winner in a competition is the one which, compared with his competitors and with the standard, is nearest to filling its requirements. Comparing one dog with another would have no meaning if the judge did not have in mind some ideal figure of a dog of perfect form and quality as a measure of one dog's merits against another. "Cinna" can hardly blame the bench shows for any inferiority in the English setter, for, from any point of view, no breeder is obliged to breed to a bench show winner solely because he is a bench show winner. It is always for the breeder to determine what dogs he will breed from and what ones he will not. To assert that breeders have been governed by bench shows is at the same time to assert the ignorance or weakness of the breeders. However much we may attempt to disguise, conceal or ignore it, there are two distinct classes of English setter breeders, one of which breeds for the show bench with no thought of using the dogs for work, and the other class which has in mind the useful qualities of the dog first, with perhaps a remote consideration of his beauty.

"Albert" cites the judging at the New York show this year as an example of the disregard of type, for in writing of it he mentions that the ribbons were each given to dogs of different types. This I believe is true, but common fairness then prompts the question, Could the judge do otherwise? I think he could not. There were not two setters alike in the show. The judge, whatever type he had in mind, could not follow it, the dogs being a conglomeration of all types, long and short, high and low, thick and slender, with heads that varied in shape more than their bodies. To blame a judge for distributing prizes to dogs of different type, when there were no dogs of similiar type, is to blame him for that of which he is entirely innocent. No judge can follow consistently where there is no consistence as a starting point.

It is said that the breeders of America have shown great skill. In what way? When? Where? Nearly all the breeders have started with imported stock, or the descendants of imported parents, and in my opinion there has been a positive falling off in quality, a degeneration as it were, the breed of setters not being so good to-day as it was ten years ago. Breeders have drifted away more and more from type as they overlooked or disregarded it in their efforts to catch a flashy and fetching pedigree. The doings of a dog as made public by his record were paramount to the merit of the dog himself. As a fielder a dog might have an excellent record, while physically he might be a wreck, with no power of breeding good workers or lookers. On the other hand, a bench winner might have excellent physical qualities, and still be indolent, slothful, indifferent to game, and with no power of reproducing either dogs of good physique or workers. All these important considerations were left out of view in the efforts of breeders to build up their flashy pedigrees with a view to quick and profitable sales rather than the improvement of the setter. The result is that as type was never considered there is fully as much diversity of type as there possibly can be consistently with retaining character sufficient to distinguish the English setter, and this character is now more one of color than of type, for the color has remained and little else. It would not be difficult at any show to pick out an English setter which would serve admirably for a Gordon were his color black, or another which would serve equally well for an Irish setter were his color red, or for a pointer or greyhound were his coat clipped.

Many of our breeders began breeding as they might begin any other new venture. They merely bought a couple of dogs and began. If the venture proved a success, their judgment was rare and they were great breeders; if it proved a failure, the pedigree was a success and they sold the pedigree with the dogs attached.

Breeder.

Bloodhounds and Crime.

My attention having been drawn to several letters from your correspondents suggesting the formation of a club to keep and train bloodhounds to assist the police in tracking criminals, I should esteem it a favor if you would allow me to relate my experiences upon the subject.

Some years ago I was fired with an ambition to train a canine Sherlock Holmes, and for this purpose I worked with two young dogs (champion bred), each possessing the points and qualifications which have rendered this breed so famous.

I found that the dogs would readily follow the track of any one who had previously allowed them to scent their clothing, etc., but in cases where this was not done their tracking was faulty, and could not be relied upon.

Moreover, good results depended considerably upon the shortness of time which had elapsed since the trail was laid. Atmospheric conditions also played a most prominent part; a strong wind blowing up the track—*i. e.*, in the direction of the object chased—much dust, or the trail passing through running water, being detrimental to success.

It is a popular fallacy to suppose that the bloodhounds of the present day possess scenting powers superior to any other breed of dog. We must bear in mind that for generations the bloodhound has had little or no practical training, and any special gifts they might have originally possessed have not been allowed to develop.

Of one thing I am quite certain, and that is that if the trial does not lay in unfrequented districts, tracking with dogs would be entirely useless. Allow me to put an imaginary case. A murder, say, has been committed, and soon afterwards discovered. The dogs are sent for and brought from their kennels some miles away; in the meantime the ground for some considerable distance around the scene of the crime has been disturbed by spectators. Now I am of opinion that, unless the murderer had actually stepped into the blood of his victim, the dogs might nose around for miles without striking the actual trail; and in any case a brace of well-trained sporting dogs, worked by an experienced man, would do just as well.

I am not writing this in order to discourage any enthusiast in attempting a most praiseworthy experiment; in fact, it would be an act of presumption on my part to do so. Any movement tending to bring this noble breed before the public should, in my opinion, be encouraged.

In conclusion, I would suggest that, if a club be formed for this purpose, each member should—after proving to the district police that the dog is a trained worker—be exempt from payment of the usual license. A special badge and collar should also be provided free of charge to the owner of the dog.—*F. J. Hutton in Stock-Keeper.*

Guy of Warwick.

The English beagle, Guy of Warwick, owned by me, died July 21 at Paucet Lodge, Truco, Mass.

He was whelped on March 13, 1883, at the once famous kennel of Norman Elmore, Graabe, Conn. His sire was the celebrated thoroughbred Ringwood, and his dam was Roxy, one of a notable litter, and in markings and disposition very strongly resembled Ringwood. As a puppy he won first prize in a Massachusetts bench show (the only time he was ever entered), and has always been a pet and house dog, never having had any experience in the field.

He was a good traveler on land and sea, and the inseparable companion of his master, and his beauty and kindly nature won the admiration and friendship of all whom he met. He died of "old age," failing gradually within a week, and passed away as peacefully as a fading summer day, without a moan or a death struggle, in the presence of those who had tenderly cared for and now sincerely mourn him. His age (12 years and 4 months) seems quite remarkable for a beagle, and since he came into my hands, at the callow age of six weeks, I can remember nought but good of him, in fact, he was a canine Bayard, and his memory will be cherished as one of the gracious things, too few of which are to the fore in life's devious journey. In his grave rests a faithful friend—in the hearts of those who loved him a sweet memory, and in the home a void that cannot soon be filled!

Peace to thee, Guy, sincerely says thy loving master and friend, O. W. Rogers.

A Run with the Beagles.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With regard to our local beagle meets they proved a decided success. During the October moon we had many fair to excellent runs, some lasting long into the night. Of the moon which took its first quarter the first week of the following month the runs were even more successful, with the dogs in better running shape; the pack hunts were very gratifying evidently to both men and hounds. Our last meet was at the West Saugus School House, and although my former neighbor was absent with his hounds we managed to get together a seven-dog pack. The Wakefield contingent brought old Belle of Wakefield, in charge of A. S. Aborn, and Blue Belle (litter sister to Jean Val Jean), owned by Mr. Cooper. Saugus was represented by Bugle, F. Westwood, and Blackie by Mr. Burritt, the writer taking Bowman, Vick R. and Viola, of the Forrest Kennels.

The meet was called for 7 o'clock, but owing to one or two hitches it was 7:30 before I reached the school house, where I found the party. In a few minutes we were in the woods off Forest street, and with as wide a ranger as old Belle it didn't take long to find a trail, which, after some work, was duly followed to a start. All the dogs were in it, and such a merry burst that we had through the flat, up the hill, over the ledge down the other side away off to the right, fainter and fainter till they were lost to hearing, made us suspect something more than a cotton tail; but subsequent developments didn't warrant the suspicion, for after the dogs had been out of hearing some fifteen or twenty minutes we started to investigate and presently found they had got a check, but were all casting around. Presently old Belle tongued, and by a little maneuvering I managed to get them all up, when they soon had Mr. Bunny going again for dear life, right across where he started from, with a chorus at his back such as it is seldom one's good fortune to hear.

After such a sharp burst he either took refuge in the rocks or crossed the road, as the dogs lost him here. Some called them up and proceeded on to the poor farm, where after hitching the horse we let the dogs go again, and no sooner had they disappeared in the woods than there was music started, and in short order the rabbit was going up the hill as hard as his legs would carry him, with the merry pack in full cry, and going at a speed that was out of all question to follow.

As the pack goes along the hill we are treated to a splendid echo from across the road, where the rocks give back their cry and fill the whole meadow where we stand with entrancing music. To better hear both the pack and the echo I excuse myself on the ground that the horse may grow fidgetty and walk across the meadow in that direction where I get the full benefit of both pack and echo. Finding the horse all safe I return in time to assist in catching the dogs at their first check, it being now time to seek home, seeing we were all due at our respective occupations in good time on the following morning. After deciding on the place for the next meet, we parted company after one of the pleasantest evenings and some of the best running we had last season.

Comedy.

American Fox-Terrier Club.

Worcester, Mass., July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I beg to inclose you a copy of the "Rules, Standard and Stakes" of the American Fox-Terrier Club, and have inclosed also some matter in regard to same which I wish you would print.

On account of the rapid advance made in fox-terriers in America in the past two or three years, and the greater interest shown by breeders, it seemed necessary that the Fox-Terrier Club get out a comprehensive pamphlet describing the club, its standard, constitution and stakes.

The club stands, I think, first among the specialty clubs of America, not only on account of the number of members, but because of the interest taken and the money offered, not alone for its stakes, but for special prizes at the different shows.

That the club has been successful in improving the breed in America is easily shown from the fact that three or four years ago it was almost impossible for an American-bred terrier to win, while now it is almost impossible to import a terrier good enough to beat the American-bred, as for example August Belmont's "Victor II.," who for the past three years has won the grand challenge cup eight times; his colors being lowered only when "Cribbage" was imported, and even now is it only a matter of condition between the two. Imported "Dona" and "Dominica" have had to give way to Messrs. Rutherford's home-bred "Warren Captious;" and the latter owners' "Warren Safeguard," while not quite equal to "Victor II.," has sired the sensational puppy of the year, namely: "Warren Capture," who has carried all before her in the different stakes, puppy and open classes, through the spring show. In fact, at Boston, Mr. Mortimer thought her good enough to show against "Victor II." ere he selected the champion smooth to compete against the wire "Cribbage" for the challenge cup, which "Cribbage" was just able to win.

The past year some ten new members have joined the club, and from the value of the stakes given below for the year 1894, it will be seen that when one breeds a good terrier he can more than earn his salt. In fact, with Beverwyck King Pin and Beverwyck Royalist, Mr. Rathbone won over $450 in 1894.

The values of the several stakes of the American Fox-Terrier Club for 1894 were as follows: Grand Produce Stakes, $92; Apollo Stakes, $35; Yankee Stakes, $53.50; Stud Dog Stakes, $160; Tomboy Stakes, $35; Home-bred Puppy Stakes, $75; a total of $450.50.

In addition to these stakes Mr. Thayer offers $100 for the best puppy sired by his Starden's King, and Mr. Hunnewell has opened a Hill Hurst Produce Stake for the get of his stud dogs.

The club in the past year has offered in special cash prizes alone at the different shows as follows: Westminster Kennel Club show, $200; Hempstead Farm show, $300; Rhode Island State Fair show, $50; Boston Terrier show, $300; a total of $850.

All these special prizes are now offered for American-bred terriers alone, and it is easily seen that the good work done by the club in the past must continue, and with a membership headed by such breeders as Belmont, Rutherford, Thayer, Hunnewell and Rathbone the advance will be such that at no late date it is confidently hoped that a team may be sent to England of American-bred terriers that may hold their own against all comers.

The above cannot be brought to the close without noticing the advance made in wire-haired fox-terriers. Three years ago there was hardly one shown on the benches. At the Westminster Kennel Club Show in 1894, the Grand Challenge Cup, kennel prize, and the brace prize were all won by wire-haired terriers, which are now the property of Hill Hurst Kennels: Cribbage, Janet, Brittle and Pattern. Nor was it simply a flash in the pan, as since then the wire-hairs have increased until now a very good showing indeed is made, and it seems only a question of time before there are as many as their smooth brethren.

Great interest is taken in the coming terrier show to be held in Boston, and it is confidently hoped that an English judge can be obtained, who will decide the long-fought battle for supremacy between Cribbage and Victor II.

H. W. Smith.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

If true, the following shows that man does not always improve the animals which he has in his care; if not true, it shows something else: "Specialists and doctors who take an interest in the progress of alcoholism, its injurious action on generation and the part it plays in degeneracy, will be glad to add another branch to their study in the shape of the falsification of dogs, says the New York *World*. For falsification of dogs exists in Paris and thrives, just as well as the imitators of Japan ware, old furniture and pictures of Corot, Teniers and Rubens. It was generally supposed that the animal reign had not yet been tampered with, so that most persons will be surprised that the French have recently discovered a method of producing tiny dogs, which, when offered for sale on the boulevards or in the Bois de Boulogne, fetch good prices on account of their rarity. Like all other callings, competition is about to cut down the profits of the originators of the idea and next summer visitors are promised any number of lilliputian dogs at an insignificant price. This is how the diminutive animal is produced: Snatched from its mother's breast when it is but a few hours old, it is put on an alcoholic diet instead of a lacteal diet. When it reaches a certain age alcohol under different form constitutes almost the sole diet of the animal. The young dogs do not die, but, what is far more important, they do not develop and appear to be wasting away continually. By coupling these products the lilliputian animal is obtained after two or three generations. What a terrible lesson for drunkards and absinthe consumers!"

The following may pass as a bit of interesting fiction or distorted fact: "A rat, a terrier and a small boy," says the Chicago *News*, "caused thousands of people to congregate on West Madison street, and it was not a real rat either. The rat, which was a most natural looking rubber affair, was connected with a long thin pipe and a bulb. Every time the boy squeezed the bulb the rat would leap forward in a most life-like manner and the ladies on the street would shriek with terror and gather up their skirts. Suddenly a sleek-looking rat-terrier sprang through the crowd and made for his mortal enemy. Down he pounced. The boy gave the bulb a jab and the rat leaped about 6ft. Again the dog made a spring. This time he caught the rat in his teeth and the pressure caused it to give out a most life-like squeak, which delighted the dog and audience alike. By this time the street was packed. Time after time the dog would shake the rat and put it down, only to see it leap again, to the wild delight of the crowd. For the first half hour it was mere play to the plucky little terrier, but after a while things began to grow monotonous. The dog lay down for a rest and the rat jumped over him. This was too much for canine flesh and blood to stand. He leaped up again, and now the contest kept up until the dog fell to the pavement from sheer exhaustion. Panting, and with eyes protruding, he made a few more ineffectual snaps at the rubber rat, then turned over on his side and laid his head on the pavement. His owner worked his way through the crowd, picked up his pet in his arms, uttered a few remarks and offered to lick the man who had killed his dog."

A very peculiar scene transpired recently in the rear of 231 First street S. The event was a funeral, but there was only one mourner among all the attendants. The undertaker was present, with his solemn black suit and white gloves; there was the dainty coffin, attended by the regulation quota of pall bearers, but what wailing was done was all by one, the chief mourner. The occupant of the little coffin was—a dog. It was a small poodle, which was for its natural life, nine years, a member of the family, and was classed under the family patronymic by the name of Nellie Burkham. It developed alarming symptoms shortly after supper, and a prominent physician was sent for post haste. He very promptly danced attendance, but he was evidently not cut out for a dog doctor, for shortly after he left the animal breathed its last. As soon as its mistress realized the truth, she burst into loud lamentations, which led the neighborhood to think another murder was on. Officer Tom Garvin rushed to the spot, but did not stay long when he found what the trouble was. But the inconsolable mistress had to have everything done in orthodox fashion, and would never consent to parting with her pet without some manifestation. She sent for an undertaker, and the body was soon lying in state. A grave was dug in the back yard, pall bearers were selected from some of the women in neighboring houses, and the funeral rites were celebrated in all due form.—*Sunday Times (Minneapolis)*.

An item in the daily press gives the sad information of the drowning of two valuable St. Bernards in the Passaic River at Newark, N. J., on July 23. They were owned by Mr. Thos. Preston. It was stated that the man who had charge of them permitted them to go into the water chained together. They swam well for a while, then became entangled in the chain, rolled over on their backs and drowned before they could be rescued. An unavailing effort was made to resuscitate them. The loss is most deplorable.

The following, clipped from an exchange, shows how inefficient is the method of disposing of vagrant dogs in Jersey City: "Thirteen half crazy dogs, without owners, were running around Jersey City, thirteen others were drowned yesterday morning in the Hackensack River by Dog Warden George Hill, and four murdered by boys who had come to see that official do execution upon a number of unfortunate brutes which had been captured by his assistants. Seventy dogs had been taken altogether, and Hill thought he would drown them in batches. He filled the cage with thirty of them for a first batch, and so terrified were they, and so strong, withal, when they found themselves going under water, that by a united effort they burst the cage and escaped. Thirty dogs were soon seen striking out for dear life toward the shore. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will probably take action in the premises."

The summer has crept on apace, and still there has been no announcement of the wonderful puppy, the "dead sure winner," which erstwhile was so plentiful. Have sportsmen grown more cautious with experience? or have sure winners become fewer? It is always more gleesome, at all events, to wait till the judges have announced their decisions before offering pæans.

Squatter—"Your dog has just killed one of my sheep." Wanderer—"He ain't my dawg." S.—"Why, confound you, I saw him last night with you at the station!" W.—"Yus, we was mates then, but the larst time he worried a sheep I says to him, 'Bob' sez I, 'if ever yer let yer hunger git the better of yer morals again, you an' me part company'—so yer see he's on his own hook now."—*Sydney Bulletin*.

A bewhiskered man who didn't look as prosperous as some of those behind him pushed himself to the front of the line in the City Comptroller's office yesterday and stood at the license window.

"Is this where they get wagon licenses?" he asked the clerk.

"Yes, this is the place; pay your money up stairs and bring the receipt down here," was the reply.

"Lem'me see. How much is a wagon license?" inquired the unprosperous man, as he fingered his pocket.

"It will cost you $3."

"No les'en that?"

"No, that's the price regulated by law."

"How much for an express license?"

"That will cost you $1.25."

"Well, I can't afford it. I'll run my old wagon in the shed and turn my hosses out to pasture. I ain't got enough money and can't borrow it."

"Well, I'm sorry—"

"Say, how much is a dog license?"

"One dollar."

"Well, gim'me one. That's all I can afford."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Mr. James Mortimer, under date of July 29, writes us as follows: "The Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show will be held at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 19, 20, 21 and 22, 1896, the last day being the anniversary of Washington's Birthday."

To those who intend to be present at the Manitoba field trials at Morris, it may be of value to mention that Morris is a short distance north of the boundary line, and can be reached from St. Paul by either the Northern Pacific or Great Northern Railroads. Those who are guests of a resident of the Province can get a permit for three days' shooting if they desire it. Non-residents are charged $25 for a shooting license.

The Muckross Kennels, Springfield, Vt., announce Irish setters at stud, broken dogs and puppies for sale.

Mr. Geo. H. Thomson writes us as follows: "I would be greatly obliged if you will state in the Forest and Stream that my address is now Room 22, 400 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, and that I will be glad to furnish any information relating to the Irish setter trials."

In a letter dated July 27, Mr. W. H. Dixon, Gloversville, N. Y., writes us of the death of Diavolo II. He says: "Diavolo II. about two weeks since attempted to kill a porcupine, getting his face, mouth and throat full of quills. A local veterinarian administered chloroform to remove them, and the dog never came out. Mr. Wooster, the owner, was away from home at the time. Diavolo II. was a very fine specimen of the rough-coated St. Bernard family, and Mr. Wooster had refused some very good offers for him."

Mr. G. G. Cleather, of the well-known and popular firm, Spratts Patent, arranged to leave for England on Wednesday of this week. His intention is to remain abroad several weeks. We hope that his trip will be pleasant and healthful.

The premium list of the Industrial Exhibition Association's bench show, Toronto, is now ready for distribution, and can be obtained of Mr. C. A. Stone, 82 King street. There are kennel prizes of $20 each for mastiffs and St. Bernards, and $15 for each of the other more important classes. The special prize list is quite liberal. Challenge classes have $15 and diploma, and $10 and diploma, and open classes have $15, $10 and $5, first, second and third, respectively, to $10, $5 and diploma; $10, $5, $2 and diploma; and $7, $3 and diploma, the latter for puppy and Canadian classes. American bred dogs are ones whelped in either Canada or the United States. There are four prizes offered which will be of special interest to exhibitors: $40 to the party or agent making the largest number of entries at the show from the States, and having same—not less than 20—in charge; $20 to Canadian exhibitors, same conditions; silver medal to the owner showing largest number; bronze medal to kennel on exhibition making the highest average win. The judges are Messrs. James Mortimer, Chas. H. Mason, John Davidson and J. F. Kirk. Entries close Aug. 28.

Mr. W. E. Warner, Manager of Mr. Gould's Kennel interests, in a very pleasant letter dated July 24 writes us that he has located at Union Point, Manitoba, and that chickens are plentiful. He predicts that the handlers will have their dogs in good form if the weather continues good. Mr. Warner has two pointers of which in particular he expects good things. The handlers whom he has met, who are preparing for the trials, he says, have "some winners," which is a good sign. He predicts that the forthcoming chicken trials will be of the best that the ancy has ever seen. While he touches but briefly and modestly on the doings of his dogs, it is plain that he has every confidence in them. Mr. Warner adds: "Armstrong is working hard, and what with training dogs and fighting mosquitoes he is kept very busy. I wish to speak of the kindness and courtesy extended to me by the Canadian customs officers and also of the kindness extended to me by the club members. I do not think any of the American boys will have any trouble with their dogs this year, if they comply with the law."

N. E. B. C. Meeting.

An executive committee meeting of the New England Beagle Club was held at Worcester, Mass., July 26, and called to order at 2:30 P. M., the following members present: H. A. Joslin, A. D. Fisk, Thomas Shallcross and W. S. Clark. President Joslin in the chair. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Voted that the secretary be authorized to procure what stationery necessary, and also to have entry blanks for field trials printed at once. After a lengthy discussion in regard to judges for the field trials, it was unanimously voted that the terms of Mr. Arthur Parry, of Franklin Park, Mass., and Mr. Harry Tallman, of Green, R. I., be accepted, and they were elected.

W. S. Clark, Sec.-Treas.

"In the Adirondack Mountains."

Persons contemplating a visit to the Adirondack Mountains should by all means possess themselves of a copy of the delightful little book just issued by the New York Central, bearing the above title. It will not take long to read, for it contains only 64 pages, but every page bristles with information of just the practical kind one wants at such a time. You can take this book and in half an hour secure a good general idea of the Adirondack region—its grand divisions, characteristics of each, the location of the principal resorts and how to reach them.

Not the least valuable feature is a fine new relief map, printed in four colors, showing the correct location of all the principal mountains, lakes and streams; also all stage lines, wagon roads and carries, and on the back a complete list of hotels, cottages and camps—location, dates of opening and closing, rates, etc.

There is probably no other book published on the Adirondacks containing in such compact and readable shape so much useful information.

A copy will be sent free, postpaid, to any address in the world, on receipt of two 2-cent stamps, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

9-23. A. C. A., 16th annual meeting, Bluff Point, Lake Champlain.

SEPTEMBER.

- Red Dragon fall regatta, Delaware River.

American Canoe Association Meet.

The sixteenth annual meet of the American Canoe Association, the fourth camp on Lake Champlain, will begin on Aug. 9, Friday of next week; the site being at Bluff Point, on the west shore of the Lake, four miles below Plattsburgh and about ten miles above the old camp at Willsborough Point. Arrangements have been made for the convenience of canoeists, the mess being under the supervision of Mr. O. D. Seavey, of the Hotel Champlain, which is about a mile north of the camp. A mess pavilion has been built on the camp ground. The usual arrangements have been made for the ladies' camp. The races will begin the 17th, the principal events taking place at the beginning of the last week. The programme is as follows:

Event No. 1. Paddling and sailing combined. Half mile alternately, total three miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Start to be made paddling.

Event No. 2. Paddling. Half mile straightaway.

Event No. 3. Sailing. Four and a half miles; time limit, 2 hours.

Events 1, 2 and 3 are record races.

Event No. 4. Trophy paddling. One mile straightaway.

Event No. 5. Trophy sailing. Nine miles; time limit, 3½ hours. See Rule 5.

Event No. 6. Dolphin sailing trophy. Seven and a half miles; time limit, 3 hours. The canoe winning first place in event No. 7 will not be allowed to compete in this event.

Event No. 7. Unlimited sailing, three classes. Six miles; time limit, 2½ hours. Starters in trophy sailing race to be selected from this race according to elapsed time.

Event No. 8. Club sailing, three classes. Four and a half miles; time limit, two hours. First three members of any club to count. A club to be represented must enter at least three men. All men entered must have become members of the club they represent before the first day of the 1895 meet.

The starters in Events 7 and 8 will be divided into three classes, as follows, viz.: Class A, all who have won an A. C. A. sailing prize; Class B, all others except novices. For definition of novice, see Event 11. Class C shall have an allowance of one minute a mile from Class A, and Class B an allowance of one-half minute a mile from Class A. The starting signals for Event 7 will be as follows: First signal—Five minutes before the race, preparatory for fleet to assemble. Second signal—Four minutes later, Class C prepare. Third signal—One minute later, Class C start and Class B prepare; A. C. A. flag will be hoisted. Fourth signal—Three minutes later, Class B start, and Class A prepare; A. C. A. flag will be hauled down. Fifth signal—Three minutes later, Class A starts; A. C. A. flag will be hoisted and left up. The above will apply to Event 8, except that the difference between third and fourth and fourth and fifth signals will be two and one-quarter minutes each.

Event No. 9. Limited sailing; 3 miles; time limit 1½ hours. Sail area limited to 100 square feet, and sliding seat prohibited.

Event No. 10.—Cruising-go-as-you-please. Contestants to start at any time during the day (date to be posted) for a point not over 10 miles from headquarters, carrying a necessary camp outfit—which shall include at least one tent, one camp bed (or cot), one pair heavy blankets, change of clothing, cooking utensils, supplies, etc. They shall make camp, prepare substantial supper and breakfast with at least one hot dish, besides liquids in each. The start for return shall be by signal, to be given at 5:30 the following morning. Everything used must be properly stowed and carried both ways. Sail or paddle or both may be used. The committee shall disqualify any contestant who shall violate the spirit of the regulations. Prizes will be given to the one who shall finish first, and to the one who shall exhibit the most practical cruising outfit, everything to be considered, provided he shall have finished the race.

Event No. 11.—Novice sailing. Three miles; time limit 1½ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1894.

Event No. 12.—Unclassified sailing. Four and a half miles; time limit two hours.

Event No. 13—Novice combined paddling and sailing. Quarter of a mile alternately, total 1½ miles; time limit 50m. Start to be made paddling.

Event No. 14—Paddling. Open canoes not under 50lbs. weight. Half-mile straightaway, single blades.

Event No. 15—Tandem paddling. Half-mile straightaway; decked canoes, double blades.

Event No. 16—Tandem paddling. Half-mile straightaway; open canoes, single blades.

Event No. 17—Club four paddling; one-half mile straightaway.

Event No. 18—Paddling upset; one-eighth mile, usual conditions.

Event No. 19—Sailing upset and maneuvering. At signal throw paddle over astern and recover; second signal, canoe to be heeled over until top of mast touches the water; canoe to be righted and cross the finish line under sail.

Event No. 20—Hurry scurry; run, swim, paddle.

Event No. 21—Swimming; 200yds.

Event No. 22—War canoe; one mile.

The regatta committee reserve the right to amend the programme at any time, and also to cancel any event in which the entries are not in the opinion of the committee sufficiently numerous to warrant a race.

Com. Walter C. Witherbee will be in charge of the camp, with Messrs. M. V. Brokaw, H. R. Tilley and F. A. Nickerson.

Toronto C. C. Paddling Trophy.

The international paddling trophy of the Toronto C. C. will be raced for on Aug. 3, the conditions being as follows:

The trophy shall be raced for on Toronto Bay or on waters in the immediate vicinity, and is open for competition to any member in good standing of any recognized aquatic club or association or of the A. C. A., W. C. A. or B. C. A.

The trophy, known as the Toronto C. C. paddling trophy, shall be paddled for on a mile course straight away, in canoes of the following measurements: Length not more than 16ft., beam not under 28in. and not over 30in., by a minimum depth of 9in. Entries shall be made to the chairman of the regatta committee, Mr. T. P. Stewart, not later than one week before the day of the race.

W. C. A. Winnings.

At the W. C. A. meet at Ballast Island Commodore Cook won the Gardner cup; Nat Cook won the Longworth cup and O. A. Woodruff the W. C. A. trophy. The latter has rebuilt canoe Wood, and made her a new suit of sails. He was "laying for" the Western fin keels, but none of them were on hand to compete. There were 31 men at Ballast this year, no one from the West, except four from Chicago. The mess table was good this year, and the Ballast enthusiasts remain no less enthusiastic over the sailing and swimming attractions of the locality.

American Canoe Association.

Central Division: Harold D. Hardy and Rockwell P. Holden.

Yachting.

Considering the reticence of designers and owners in the matter of draft, the statement so frankly made by Mr. Iselin several months since that the new defender would draw nearly 19ft. was a rather remarkable admission. It now seems, however, that Mr. Iselin himself was mistaken, and that the true draft is nearer to 20ft. than 19; or more by three feet than any yacht ever floated. No wonder that the owners of Defender are not looking for races in Long Island Sound.

The exact nature of the protest made by Vigilant against Defender is as yet known only to the regatta committee and the parties directly interested, a copy of the protest having been sent by the committee to Mr. Iselin. It is claimed by the Vigilant people that she, being on the wind, had the right of way at the line, and that Defender, coming free, left Vigilant no option but to luff quickly, sacrificing her own position, or to cut down the new boat. There will doubtless be a deal of testimony before the matter is settled; and with the Loyal protest still on its hands the committee will have an enjoyable cruise.

Up to a few years since the possibility of a "90-ton Doris" was frequently discussed by the adherents of the narrow cutter, and many believed that such a boat could be built to win the America's Cup. With the abandonment of the old tonnage rule the matter was dropped, but we are reminded of it by looking at the Herreshoff defender. While wider by 6 or 7ft. than the imaginary "90 ton Doris," she is at the same time a narrow boat and even deeper than the extreme cutter would have been. Such a craft would have been impossible even three years ago for the same reason that prevented the construction of the imaginary cutter, that yachtsmen had not, until a recent day, given up all pretense of building a useful boat, even for racing. The most extreme of the old narrow cutters were within the maximum practicable limit of draft, 13ft., and far short of a draft which makes it compulsory to tow in and out of harbors and in all ordinary work, merely sailing over a few specially deep courses. Had such a boat as Defender come here even as late as 1890 she would have been condemned as a useless machine and unfit to race against the honest home boats. In the present advanced era of syndicate racing, when draft, cost and convenience are not considered for a moment, all of this goes for nothing and the fastest boat is necessarily the best.

While we have no love whatever for these great machines, and look upon them as a positive detriment to yachting, it is at the same time not a little gratifying to us that they have proved a point that we have long insisted on, and in which we have been opposed by many expert yachtsmen. While conceding the merits of the smaller cutters, Madge, Clara, and later Minerva, the majority of Americans who believe in the centerboard, among them skilled designers, have contended that the good points of a keel boat were limited to the smaller classes, not over 60ft. waterline, and that there was something about the centerboard which made it materially superior to the keel in the larger classes. The plain fact—that all of the larger keel boats, Genesta, Galatea, Thistle, Miranda and the American schooners, were limited, by the practical consideration already mentioned, to a draft of about 13ft.—was entirely ignored; and it has been repeatedly maintained that the keel could never be made to beat the centerboard in the larger classes.

Those who witnessed the second race between Defender and Vigilant, on July 22, know how the big keel boat, for the first time of adequate draft both for stability and lateral resistance, winded the centerboard, showing herself superior on every point of sailing. Defender has shown just what we have always believed, that with adequate draft the keel boat of 90ft. waterline can be made as fast compared with the centerboard as the keel boat of 30ft. In view of this proof, witnessed by hundreds, and of the records of Clara, Minerva, Kathleen, Gossoon, Wasp, Gloriana and Queen Mab against the best centerboard yachts that have yet been built, we have no further doubt that the keel can be made to beat the centerboard, deep or shoal, in any size or type of craft, provided the correct proportions are maintained.

By the time that the trial races are over, Defender will, in all probability, have so clearly demonstrated her superiority to Vigilant, and, if they face her, to Jubilee and Volunteer, as to leave no room for doubt that she is the best boat to defend the Cup, centerboard or keel; and to prove that she is really a fast vessel. Doubtless, in the event of her defeat by Valkyrie III., there would be some complaint that she was not a centerboard, but if she clearly shows that she is faster than any other American boat, this can amount to little.

Just now the centerboard advocate is on another tack; looking at Defender in the dock, he discovers with surprise that she is really a centerboard model, with about 6ft. depth of hull, or no more than the old death-traps of the Mohawk breed, but with a "fixed centerboard."

This far-fetched dodge is too transparent and will not work until some kind of inside ballast is discovered which will enable a yacht of 90ft. waterline and but 23ft. beam to carry 12,000ft. of sail on a draft of 6ft. in place of 20. The keel or fin of Defender, which is now alleged to be but a fixed centerboard, is about 50ft. long on its upper edge, over 20 on the lower, and 13ft. deep, being 3ft. through, with a weight of nearly 100 tons. The largest of the old centerboards, of oak instead of lead, was a triangle of possibly 30ft. base and 15ft. altitude; only 4in. thick and weighing less than a ton. It is ingenious, but it will not work; unless something better is discovered soon there will be no alternative but a reluctant and tardy admission that when speed is considered the centerboard is out of date entirely.

While it is a great satisfaction to see the superiority of the keel boat so fully demonstrated in all classes, we are strongly opposed to an absolute draft of over 13ft. in any pleasure vessel other than the largest steam yachts. This draft is all that is practicable for a sailing yacht of the largest size about the coast of Europe or the United States, all that can find safe and convenient anchorage in even the principal harbors and that can be docked at the yacht yards. It is more than is at all desirable in any yacht smaller than Yampa or Ramona, and more than is necessary with a wise and judicious use of the centerboard in a type of craft fitted for that useful appliance.

While we believe in the fullest liberty for experiment and investigation, we also believe that no good can come to yachting from the perpetuation of the monstrosities of the present day. To this end we should like to see the length for international racing reduced from 90 to 70ft., or to such a size as would admit of the fullest experiments in depth, provided the absolute draft did not exceed about 12ft. In the sizes above this a well designed deep centerboard, such as Lasca, Ariel, Emerald or Iroquois, is in every respect more practicable and desirable than a keel boat of 18 to 20ft. draft.

Frequent changes of sails and spars are no novelty in Cup races, and the American boats have always profited by a much larger outfit of duplicate sails and booms than their opponents; this year, however, is likely to see a still further extreme. It is quite possible that while the defender is limited to but one hull, he may make choice on the occasion of each race, of a different rig, according to the prospect of the weather. Some day, if the march of improvement continues, yachtsmen may hope to see the tenders Hattie Palmer and Aeronaut superseded by properly designed craft of great size and speed, such as we outlined some months since, fitted with all tools and appliances, including a powerful derrick. Without such a craft it would be a difficult matter to shift masts on the morning of a race, but it is quite probable that, in the event of any marked change in the weather, boom, mainsail, topmast and gaff will be changed even up to the last moment. Such a change of rig, even to the mast, was a common thing in the old sandbag days when Mr. Iselin was racing Mary Emma, but it has never yet been done, to our knowledge, in a decked yacht of large size.

In discussing the possibility of Vigilant defeating Defender in the trial races, the *Field* of July 13 speaks as follows: "Presumably Vigilant could not now be chosen, as the clause permitting one vessel to be substituted for another enjoins that the substitute must be of the same dimensions as the yacht originally named. Whether this applies to the Cup defender as well as to the challenger is not certain. Probably it would be claimed not to so apply, as the New York Y. C. has always had a free hand as far as choosing a defender goes up to within a few hours of the commencement of the races."

We have noticed in American papers frequent allusions such as this in the *Field* to some agreement permitting the substitution of another yacht than the original challenger, but we are unable to find any "clause" or any statement, written or verbal, that this will be permitted. The question cannot now arise this year, but the matter should be set straight before it becomes the general belief among yachtsmen that the New York Y. C. has in any way recognized such a change as possible.

Even Lord Dunraven's partiality for Newport as a racing ground cannot disguise the fact that the winds in summer and until late in the fall are most uncertain between Brenton's Reef, Block Island and Sow and Pigs, and the courses over which the Goelet cups have been sailed (or drifted) for during the past dozen years are bad in the extreme. The regatta committee of the New York Y. C. would confer a favor on yachtsmen and spectators alike if they would act within their discretion and lay out a sensible modern course, a triangle of 5 mile sides sailed twice, the race to be called if necessary at the end of the first round. A resail in the event of a calm is impossible, and such a fiasco as that of 1893 is most undesirable; the surest way of securing a decisive race for the important prizes of the year is to adopt what is now recognized as the best possible course.

The strongest if not the only argument against the "one gun" start is that it involves a serious danger of collision on the line. The fact is that this danger exists with the present large and very fast boats wherever the racing is at all keen, and it is but little greater with the "one gun" start than with a time start. When yachts are playing not for time, but for position, as is usually the case and was in that of Genesta and Puritan in 1885, and Vigilant and Defender last week, the start is practically from the gun, and there will certainly be some close work to get the best berth.

New York Y. C.

A meeting of the New York Y. C. was called for July 18, but was not held until the next day, owing to the absence of a quorum. The following resolutions were presented by Mr. S. Nicholson Kane on behalf of a special committee, being unanimously adopted:

New York Yacht Club, July 18, 1895.

The sudden death of Mr. Robert Center, which occured on April 17 of this year, caused much sorrow to the club.

Cheery and light-hearted, he was always one of the most charming of companions. Manly and straightforward, he was absolutely intolerant of all subterfuge and sham. In his friendship he was most loyal and sincere.

Mr. Center was, in the most conservative sense, a thorough all-round sportsman, but yachting was his favorite pastime, and in this he was, both theoretically and practically, easily in the first flight in his generation.

His name is woven into the history of the New York Yacht Club, and there will always be remembered as one of its most popular members, a valued leader in its councils, and as one who was as sound and true a yachtsman as ever touched a tiller.

Resolved, That these expressions be entered on the minutes and that a copy be sent to Mr. Center's mother.

S. Nicholson Kane,
E. D. Morgan,
J. V. S. Oddie,
Lloyd Phenix,
William E. Iselin.

The following members were elected to active membership: D. Morgan Hildreth, Jr., John F. Baudouine, Adam Mortimer Singer, Nicoll Ludlow, U. S. N., Oliver E. Cromwell, Robert Livington Gerry, J. A. Dougherty, U. S. N., Frederick M. Davies, Ashton Lemoine, S. W. Milbank, Houston Eldridge, U. S. N., Rand P. Crandall, U. S. N., N. R. Usher, U. S. N., Frank T. Moorhead, E. A. Morrison, Arthur Burtis, U. S. N., Arthur E White, George E. Baker, Henry Van Bergen, Moses L. Wood, U. S. N., Henry R. McLane, J. B. Ecclesine, Jr., Robert Sedgwick, John B. Duer, A. H. Alden, George de Forest Grant, Wynnn R. Sewell, Reginald Norman, R. F. Mulligan, U. S. N., and John A. Taylor.

To honorary membership—Rear Admiral B. Gherardi, U. S. N., Rear Admiral Henry Erben, U. S. N.

The Amenities of Journalism.

One of the many interesting side shows of the great three-day launching bee at Bristol was the affecting meeting, after a parting of some two years, of Mr. McV., the yachting editor of the Boston *Herald*, and Mr. S., the yachting editor of the Forest and Stream. The accompanying picture is the work of another newspaper man who was wandering by with hungry camera, and who, in default of a more shining mark, wasted a plate on this interesting scene. The background is the outer wall of the south shop, within which Defender was then preparing for her plunge; all of clear, A grade siding, "free from knots, shakes or sapwood" and closely laid, without a crack or a knothole through which the secrets of up-to-date designing might be extracted. The central figure is Capt. Haff, skipper in turn of Titania, Volunteer, Colonia, Vigilant and Defender—his modesty impelled him to duck his head as soon as he caught sight of the raised camera. The gentleman on the right, with his hands raised, is "The Boston *Herald* Man," and he is expressing, in that calm, urbane and courteous manner for which he is noted, his private opinion of the Forest and Stream in general and its yachting editor in particular. Modesty forbids us giving the full details of the interview; those who desire further particulars are respectfully referred to Capt. Haff.



AMENITIES OF JOURNALISM.

Sea Cliff Y. C.

HEMPSTEAD HARBOR—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 20.

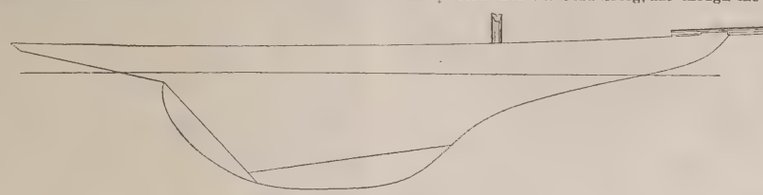
The annual regatta of the Sea Cliff Y. C., of Hempstead Harbor, was sailed on July 20 in a strong S.W. breeze, with 41 starters, of whom 39 finished, the courses being on the Sound. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A.			
Madcap, T. W. Sheridan	49.08	2 35 04	2 35 04
Penguin, G. E. Brightson	49.00	2 36 01	2 35 19
CLASS B.			
Eurybia, C. E. Pryor	40.02	2 49 58	2 49 58
Aglaia, L. G. L. Clark	38.00	3 03 48	3 00 58
Bonito, J. G. Wilson	Not meas.	3 06 04	. .. ..
Mary C., S. C. Baldwin	36.02	3 03 46	2 58 39
Iosco, H. D. Pausch	36.05	2 50 44	2 45 39
CLASS C.			
Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	33.75	2 37 45	2 37 45
CLASS D.			
Bingo, J. M. Gortchius	24.09	2 40 50	2 40 50
CLASS E.			
Skimmaug, T. Clapham	21.00	2 24 00	2 24 00
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr	21.00	2 25 28	2 25 28
Vaquero, W. G. Brokaw	21.00	2 23 12	2 23 12
Shrimp, G. D. Pratt	21.00	Did not finish.	
CLASSES F AND G.			
Flounder, J. B. C. Tappan	19.66	2 50 49	2 50 49
Meadow Hen, J. T. Pirie	15.10	3 17 43	3 02 44
Question, M. H. Clark	14.60	2 45 16	2 29 42
CLASS H.			
Mary, W. Ellsworth	28.76	2 26 20	. .. ..
Wenona, W. A. Porter	25.09	2 40 00	2 35 15
Gossip, C. J. Earl	....	2 40 10	. .. ..
Nellie, S. Stenson	26.65	2 32 15	2 28 34
Onaway, S. C. Pirie	26.48	2 33 10	2 34 28
Oconee, C. T. Pierce	26.00	2 30 53	. .. ..
Exonia, W. H. Fleming	27.06	2 35 16	2 32 35
Flyaway, A. H. Van Cott	....	2 51 10	. .. ..
CLASS J—OPEN.			
Caper, J. G. Unitt	23.97	2 37 21	2 37 21
Kittie, H. Morse	23.10	2 29 34	2 28 14
Melita, O. H. Chellborg	22.00	3 06 55	3 03 29
Ethel, F. H. Randall	20.66	2 33 20	2 31 58
Dry Speed, Speed & Dryer	20.52	3 13 00	3 05 59
Alice, G. G. Fry	20.00	3 10 14	. .. ..
CLASS K.			
Alice Maud, H. L. Lewis	....	3 13 08	. .. ..
Whiz, W. F. Hankinson	16.03	3 12 22	2 03 49
Lady Ellen, G. H. Brower	15.00	3 40 20	3 26 44
Sans Gêne, E. R. Leaycraft	15.00	Withdrew.	
Ona, C. Francis	15.00	3 13 40	3 00 04
Coot, A. D. Prince	14.05	3 14 08	2 58 43
Leader, W. Dixon	15.00	3 15 00	3 01 24
CLASSES L AND M.			
Lurline, A. M. McKnight	25.06	2 31 35	2 31 35
Fairy, F. E. Towle	24.00	2 31 14	2 28 12
CLASS N.			
Terrapin, H. L. Curry	19.98	2 46 11	2 46 11
Chipple, H. R. Hatfield	17.59	3 01 15	2 54 21

Penguin won in her class, in spite of a broken topmast; Iosco won in her class; Dragoon had a sail-over, but easily outsailed the Class B yachts, they having, previous to the start, refused to allow her to go up into the class. Vaquero won in the 21ft. class and the Little Question, nicknamed the "Cellar Door," went up a class and won. In Class H the result is still in doubt, as both Mary and Oconee will have to be remeasured, it being a matter of a few seconds between them. Kittie won in Class J, Coot in Class K, Fairy beat Lurline and Terrapin beat Chipple.

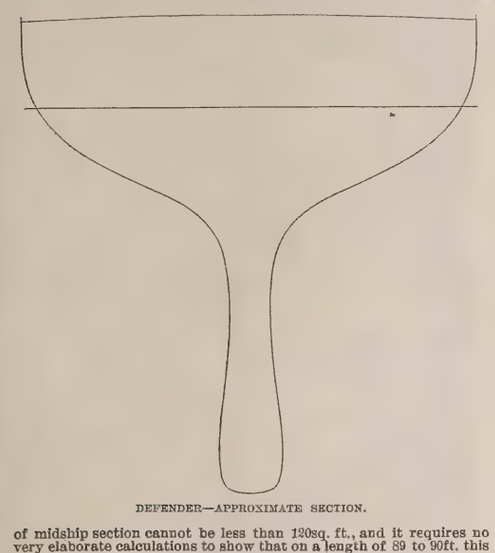
Defender.

Early on the morning of July 25 Defender left her moorings off New Rochelle in tow of the tug Atwood and accompanied by the Hattie Palmer and started for South Brooklyn, arriving at the Erie Basin at 8 o'clock, going into the east dock, where Valkyrie II. was docked in 1893. By 11:30 the dock had been pumped dry and the yacht was freely exposed to view. No attempts were made to bar visitors from the yard even though armed with cameras, and for the rest of the day the walls of the dock were lined with artists and photographers, both amateur and professional. Among the latter, C. E. Bolles, of Brooklyn, obtained a number of excellent views. A far better opportunity was offered for a careful inspection of the yacht than at the launching, as she stood up on the keelblocks, with only the spur shores from the sides of the dock and a shore under the stem and counter, and it was possible to view her from all directions, though at rather short range on the broadside. While exact measurement was impossible, it is plainly apparent that in all of the "exclusive" stories published this spring the yacht has been underestimated, and that she is a much larger and more powerful craft that the published details indicate.



DEFENDER—Approximate Sheer Plan.

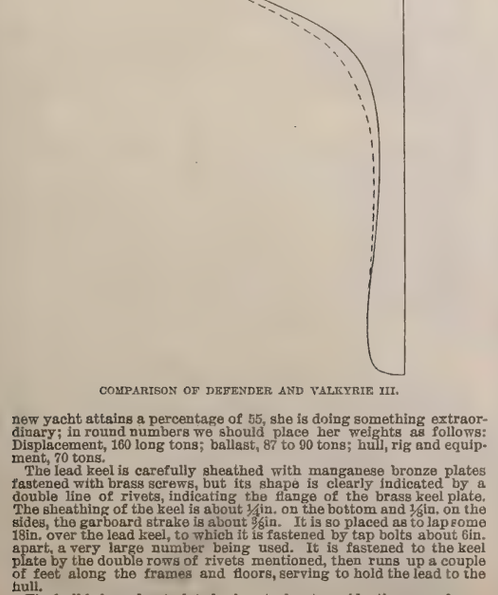
Her beam is to all appearances not over 23ft., at least not more than an inch or so. Her draft, however, is very much more than 18 or even 19ft., certainly 19ft. 6in. as she is now trimmed. The report is current that her load line is now not over 89ft., but if trimmed to the exact limit of 90ft. she would draw just about 20ft., possibly a couple of inches under. The accompanying sketches were made by eye, the result of a number from various points of view, and while by no means adequate as the basis for exact calculations of the centers, they show very closely the sheer plan and midship section. The area



DEFENDER—APPROXIMATE SECTION.

of midship section cannot be less than 120sq. ft., and it requires no very elaborate calculations to show that on a length of 89 to 90ft. this area would give a displacement of at least 160 long tons, a figure greatly in excess of previous estimates. As Valkyrie II. proved, in a form of this kind it is possible to stow away a very large amount of displacement without giving to the eye the impression of a very full model; and in this case Mr. Herreshoff has probably taken all of 160 tons.

In the way of ratio of ballast to displacement something positively startling has been anticipated, in view of the use of aluminum. A modern steel schooner of 80 to 90ft. l.w.l., of compact form and well built, will carry from 40% to 45% of her displacement in lead; if the



COMPARISON OF DEFENDER AND VALKYRIE III.

new yacht attains a percentage of 55, she is doing something extraordinary; in round numbers we should place her weights as follows: Displacement, 160 long tons; ballast, 87 to 90 tons; hull, rig and equipment, 70 tons.

The lead keel is carefully sheathed with manganese bronze plates fastened with brass screws, but its shape is clearly indicated by a double line of rivets, indicating the flange of the brass keel plate. The sheathing of the keel is about ¼in. on the bottom and ⅛in. on the sides, the garboard strake is about ⅜in. It is so placed as to lap some 18in. over the lead keel, to which it is fastened by tap bolts about 6in. apart, a very large number being used. It is fastened to the keel plate by the double rows of rivets mentioned, then runs up a couple of feet along the frames and floors, serving to hold the lead to the hull.

The hull is in-and-out plated, nine strakes to a side, the seven lower ones being of manganese bronze and the two upper ones of aluminum. When docked, the seams in places showed signs of rust, and a caulker was set to work on them. The plating is smooth and the hull fair, both in the model as a whole and in the construction. Most of the sketches and designs previously published are wrong in showing the rudder as stopping at the top of the keel, it runs down until it forms a fair sweep with the keel line.

There is not the slightest suggestion of Colonia, Vigilant or Wasp in the sheer plan, but rather of Valkyrie II.; at least up to the fore end of the waterline. The stem above water is not particularly handsome, the upper part ending in an almost straight line just under the bowsprit that is unfair and ugly, almost a counterpart of the stemhead of the Hattie Palmer. It may be that a fitting sense of gratitude for the services of Vigilant's faithful "Mascot" has impelled Mr. Herreshoff to pay her such a compliment, but a fair sweep of the batten from waterline to stemhead would have greatly improved the appearance of Defender's bow, without in any way detracting from its good qualities. Now that it is completed, the stern shows up very much better than at the launching, and though the transom is rather flat, the whole effect of the counter is good. The sheer is very moderate and cleanly swept, in fact the yacht, both above and below water, will compare most favorably with the older Herreshoff craft. The waterline is of course full and convex, but by no means to the extreme of Vigilant, and the bow is much longer and finer. The impression as seen from the coping, up above the deck, is the same given by Valkyrie II. in the same position, there seems to be a long thin horn that will hardly support its own weight; but seen from below the whole bow is full and powerful, though without the barrel shape of Vigilant.

So far as we now know, the third Valkyrie is about 26ft. beam, and, as her photos show, has a fuller bilge than Defender and a strong flare to the side; that of Defender, as nearly as it can be estimated by the eye, being about 8in., or say 16in. less beam at the waterline than at the deck. It is hardly probable that Valkyrie III. is as much hollowed in the floors as Defender, but she probably draws nearer 20ft. than 19 and has about the same breadth of keel. Her lead is given in recent reports as 87 long tons, which is probably very near the true figure. The ratio of ballast to displacement should be something under 50 per cent., and her total displacement may be as high as 180 tons. The accompanying outline shows her probable section in comparison with that of Defender. With two such sections as these, he would be a bold man who would predict certain success for the American (the narrower) and failure for the British (the wider).

The best grounds for hope in success of the American yacht is not in any great and known superiority in dimensions, model, construction or actual performance up to date over her rival; but in the fact that one boat is in her home waters and the other 3,000 miles away; and that Defender is in the hands of men who cannot afford to be beaten.

While in the dock the bottom of the yacht was thoroughly polished with "steel wool," a new material, composed of very fine threads of steel. She was floated early on Friday morning, returning to New Rochelle, while Vigilant took her place in the dock on a new set of keel blocks arranged at the head of the dock, she also being polished off, floating on Saturday morning.

Defender is out every day on the Sound trying new spars and sails, Piepgrass having made a number of spars, while the Herreshoffs are making others. The new Wilson & Silsby mainsail was bent and tried on Saturday, but was immediately taken off, it was not satisfactory and will be recut.

Capt. Haff has been in very good health in spite of some sensational reports, but on Thursday, after seeing the yacht safely docked, he left her in charge of Capt. Terry and went to his home at Islip, going next day with Mrs. Haff to Rome, where his throat was examined by the doctor who had operated on it, and pronounced it in a very satisfactory condition; the captain returning home and re-joining the yacht on Sunday.

The New York Y. C. Cruise, 1895.

The annual cruise of the New York Y. C. began on Monday of this week and is now well under way, to continue, with the incidental races off Newport, for about two weeks. The official programmes are as follows:

The cruise will begin with a rendezvous off Glen Cove, Hempstead Harbor, on Monday, July 29. A meeting of captains will be held aboard the flagship Sylvia, after which a race will be started for prizes offered by Com. Brown; a cup for schooners and a cup for single-masted vessels and yawls.

This event will be open to yachts belonging to the club, in cruising trim. It will not be restricted to yachts intending to make the cruise. Preparatory signal, 1 o'clock P. M.

Starting signals. No. 1, preparatory.—A gun will be fired and the blue peter hoisted.

No. 2. Start for single-masted vessels and yawls.—Ten minutes later a second gun will be fired, the blue peter lowered and a red ball hoisted.

No. 3. Start for schooners (handicap time for single-masted vessels and yawls).—Five minutes later a third gun will be fired and a second red ball hoisted.

No. 4. Handicap time for schooners.—Five minutes later a fourth gun will be fired and both balls will drop.

Courses: Course 1.—Letter C. Start over a line between the committee boat and Matinicock Point buoy, around a mark ten miles east-northeast from the point of starting (leaving it to port); thence five miles west, around mark (leaving it to port), and finish over a line between the committee boat and a stakeboat one mile west from Eaton's Point Light; twenty-one miles.

Course 2.—Letter D. Start over a line between the committee boat and Matinicock Point buoy, around a mark one mile north of Lloyd's Point buoy (leaving it to port); around a mark one and three-quarter miles east by south from Great Captain's Island Light (leaving it to port), and finish over a line between the committee boat and a stakeboat one mile west from Eaton's Point Light; twenty-one miles.

Course 3.—Letter F. Start over a line between the committee boat and Matinicock Point buoy, around a mark one mile south by west from bell buoy on Green's Ledge, Norwalk Islands (leaving it to port); return five miles over the same course, around a mark (leaving it to port), and finish over a line between the committee boat and a stakeboat one mile west from Eaton's Point Light; twenty-one miles.

The marks will be floats displaying a red flag with white stripes.

A tug, which will be at the service of those wishing to join the squadron on the morning of July 29, will leave station No. 2, foot of East Twenty-sixth street, at half-past nine o'clock on that day. Courses in greater detail, with compass bearings, can be obtained on board the Sylvia.

After the finish the squadron will anchor over night in Huntington Bay, starting early Tuesday morning for New London, 63 miles. In the event of bad weather the squadron will lie over Tuesday night at Morris Cove, sailing to New London on Wednesday. If New London is reached on Tuesday the run of Wednesday will be to Newport, where the fleet will lie at anchor on Thursday, sailing for the Goelet Cups on Friday, Aug. 2. On Saturday the cruise will continue to Vineyard Haven, where the fleet will lie over Sunday, returning to Newport on Monday.

The distances for the races are: Glen Cove to Morris Cove.—From Matinicock Point Buoy to a stakeboat displaying large club signal, one-half mile south from Luddington Rock; 37 miles.

Glen Cove to New London.—From Matinicock Point Buoy to New London Light, leaving Bartlett's Reef L. S. on Port hand; 74 miles.

Morris Cove to New London.—From stakeboat off breakwater to New London Light, leaving Bartlett's Reef L. S. on port hand; 40 miles.

New London to Newport.—From Sarah's Ledge Buoy to the Dumplings, leaving Race Rock on port hand; 40 miles.

Newport to Vineyard Haven.—From Brenton's Reef L. S. to West Chop Buoy (red No. 2), leaving Vineyard Sound L. S. on port hand; 37 miles.

Vineyard Haven to Newport.—From West Chop Buoy to Brenton's Reef L. S., leaving Vineyard Sound Lightship on starboard hand; 37 miles.

By invitation of the commodore, the regatta committee will make the cruise on the Sylvia. Yachts entered for any racing event will display their numbers and private signals as directed in Rule 9, Section 3. They will show no other colors. Club rules will govern all races unless otherwise directed.

Crossing the line will be considered as an entry unless otherwise directed. The course will be signaled before the preparatory signal is made. Should a signal gun miss fire a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given. Numbers and extra copies of this circular can be obtained at the club house and on the Sylvia.

The runs will be made in cruising trim.—Anchors on the bow and at least one cable bent; cruising complement of boats carried (launches optional); cruising deck, cabin and galley fittings and fixtures in place; topsails extending above the truck and beyond the end of the gaff barred. Water can be taken into the tanks up to 8 A. M.

In each class there will be a prize for first if two or more start, and a prize for second if four or more start. Yachts alone in their classes will be grouped as directed in Rule IV., Section 4.

After the commodore has ordered the squadron under way the committee will establish the start lines, which, like the finish lines, will be between the Sylvia and the points indicated in courses.

STARTING SIGNALS.

No. 1. Preparatory.—A gun will be fired and the blue peter hoisted.

No. 2. Start for single-masted vessels and yawls.—Ten minutes later a second gun will be fired, the blue peter lowered and a red ball hoisted.

No. 3. Start for schooners (handicap time for single-masted vessels, etc.).—Five minutes later a third gun will be fired and a second red ball hoisted.

No. 4. Start for first class sloops (handicap time for schooners).—Five minutes later a fourth gun will be fired and a red ball will drop.

No. 5. Handicap time for first class sloops.—Two minutes later a fifth gun will be fired and the other red ball will drop.

The fleet captain will present a prize to the schooner winning the largest number of runs. The secretary will present a similar prize to the single-masted vessel winning the largest number of runs. The rear-commodore will present a prize to the vessel which crosses the finish line first the greatest number of times, irrespective of rig, size or time allowance.

For the fourteenth year, Mr. Ogden Goelet has offered two cups which will be sailed for at Newport on Aug. 2.

For schooners, a $1,000 cup; for single-masted vessels and yawls, a $500 cup. Open to yachts belonging to the club that have not hauled out to clean since the commencement of the cruise. Mr. Goelet reserves the privilege of inviting foreign yachts that may be in American waters to enter the race.

Start—10:30 A. M., off Brenton's Reef Lightship. Entries will be received at the club house, New York, up to 10 P. M. July 28, and on board the Sylvia to 8 A. M., Aug. 2. Sailing directions can be obtained on board the Sylvia and at station No. 6, Newport, R. I.

For the Goelet cups the steamer Gay Head of the New Bedford, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket Steamboat Company, will leave the foot of Long Wharf at ten o'clock A. M. Members can obtain tickets from the superintendent, No. 67 Madison avenue, or Captain F. D. Sands, N. Y. Y. C., station No. 6, Newport.

On the day following the return of the squadron to Newport, cups offered by Captain J. R. Drexel, N. Y. Y. C., will be sailed for.

$200 cup for class 1 of schooners.
$200 cup for class 2 of schooners.
$200 cup for classes 3 and 4 of schooners.
$200 cup for class 5 of schooners.
$200 cup for class 1 of single-masted vessels and yawls.
$200 cup for class 2 of single-masted vessels and yawls.
$200 cup for classes 3, 4 and 5 of single-masted vessels and yawls.
$200 cup for class 6 of single-masted vessels and yawls.

Open to yachts belonging to the club, in cruising trim, and which have not hauled out to clean since the commencement of the cruise. Sailing directions will be issued at Newport.

A committee of Newport citizens is now at work on arrangements for a fete and illumination on one of the nights on which the fleet is at Newport.

The programme for the supplementary races is as follows:

Open to yachts of any regular organized club.

The racing to be in charge of the Regatta Committee of the New York Yacht Club.

First day—Schooners in racing trim.
Second day—Sloops, cutters and yawls in racing trim.
Third day—Schooners in racing trim.
Fourth day—Sloops, cutters and yawls in racing trim.
Any class may sail in cruising trim by unanimous consent.

SCHOONERS.

First Class, over 80ft. racing length—First prize; $300; second, $120.
Second Class, over 70ft. and under 80ft.—First prize, $250; second, $100.
Third Class, under 70ft.—First prize, $200; second, $80.

SLOOPS.

First Class, over 80ft. racing length—First prize, $400; second, $160.
Second Class, over 60ft. and under 80ft.—First prize, $200; second, $80.
Third Class, over 50ft. and under 60ft.—First prize, $150; second, $60.
Fourth Class, over 43ft. and under 50ft.—First prize, $100; second, $40.
Fifth Class, under 43ft.—First prize, $50; second, $20.

No second prize will be given in any class unless four or more start.

Yachts in Class 5 must be up to the requirements for representation in the New York Y. C.

The course will be an equilateral triangle formed by Brenton's Reef Lightship, Point Judith whistling buoy and an offshore mark (red and white flag or buoy) placed by the committee.

Compass bearings of marks, starting signals, etc., can be obtained from the committee the day previous to the races.

All classes of schooners and Classes 1 and 2 of sloops, etc., sail twice over the course, except by order of the committee.

Classes 3, 4 and 5 of sloops, etc., once over.

The same course will be used for each day's racing, except that the committee will start the yachts so as to make one leg as much as possible to windward.

The committee have power, if they consider it advisable, to stop any race at the end of the first round and award prizes.

The start will be from Brenton's Reef Lightship.

The racing rules and time allowance of the New York Y. C. will govern.

Entries can be addressed to the Regatta Committee, New York Y. C., Newport, R. I., and must be made by 6 o'clock on the day prior to the races.

On Monday morning a very large fleet of yachts was present off Glen Cove, most of them under way in a light westerly breeze. A meeting of captains was held aboard the Sylvia, at which the general programme of the cruise, as already published, was agreed to.

The race for the commodore's cups, including a third cup for Defender and Vigilant, to be sailed for without time allowance, was started at 1:45. The course was 21 miles, ending off Eaton's Point. The wind was S.W., light to moderate, and an exciting race resulted, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CUTTERS—90ft. CLASS.				
Defender	1 47 24	4 42 56	2 55 32	. .. ..
Vigilant	1 47 22	4 44 43	2 57 21	. .. ..
CUTTERS—UNDER 90ft.				
Wasp	1 47 56	5 16 06	3 28 10	3 21 07
Queen Mab	1 46 34	5 11 26	3 24 52	3 23 35
Nilneola	1 49 36	5 25 59	3 36 23	3 28 43
Hildegarde	1 50 00	5 25 24	3 35 54	3 35 54
Ventura	1 48 13	5 32 43	3 44 30	. .. ..
Awa	1 47 55	Disabled.		
Harriet	1 47 57	Not timed.		
SCHOONERS.				
Amorita	1 52 04	5 00 43	3 08 39	3 01 04
Emerald	1 53 03	4 57 25	3 04 22	3 03 02
Elsemarie	1 53 29	5 12 12	3 18 43	3 11 31
Lasca	1 50 48	5 02 36	3 11 48	3 11 48
Marguerite	1 55 00	5 13 06	3 18 06	3 14 25
Loyal	1 55 00	5 25 04	3 30 04	3 16 53
Neaera	1 55 00	5 28 33	3 33 33	3 16 59
Iroquois	1 53 24	5 14 42	3 21 18	3 17 04

Defender wins, but would barely have saved her time over Vigilant. On Tuesday the fleet sailed for New London. Volunteer and Jubilee will both joint at Newport.

Spruce IV.

Mr. J. A. Brand's new half-rater, Spruce IV., has sailed four or five races in England with very good success; we note that her l.w.l., as officially measured, is 15.78ft, which gives a sail area under the Y. R. A. rule of 189sq. ft. Under the Seawanhaka rule this will give her about 200sq. ft. of sail for the American races. There are likely to be at least seven or eight boats in the trial races which will be held by the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. at Oyster Bay at the end of August, and the contest promises to be very interesting. Mr. T. C. Zerega has made a most acceptable gift to the club in connection with these races in a very appropriate and graceful manner, as in the following letter:

Oliver E. Cromwell, Chairman Race Committee, Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

"Had Commodore Center been with us this season, we may be sur that he would have offered a prize to the competing helmsmen in our coming races of 15-footers, preparatory to the international contest. In memory of him, therefore, I beg to offer, through the committee, 'the Center Helmsman's Prize,' to be awarded to the amateur helmsman who in their judgment handles his boat in the most seamanlike manner from the preparatory signal of the first to the finish of the last trial race."

"Theodore C. Zerega."

The question of the size of spinaker has been settled by an agreement with Mr. Brand that the limit be forty per cent. of the measured sail area.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 27.

THE annual regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C. on July 27 promised to be one of the largest of the Sound races, but the weather interfered so that only a few yachts finished. A big fleet was on hand in the morning, but there was no wind. At noon, however, a fresh breeze came in from S.W. and steadily increased until reefs were turned in when the race started at 12:45. It kept on blowing harder and harder, with a rising sea. The first mark was washed away and the committee boat had to take its place, and most of the yachts ran home. Feydeh lost her mast, and others came to grief. The cabin cat Mary was the smallest boat that made the course, all of her class giving up; she won first prize, but was not timed. The official times were:

SLOOPS AND CUTTERS—50FT. CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Daphne, C. T. Willis	55.2	2 33 50	2 33 50
Penguin, G. E. Brightson	49.2	Did not finish.	

50FT. CLASS.

Minerva, H. M. Bucknall	45.63	2 16 48	2 13 12

43FT. CLASS.

Norota, F. M. Hoyt	41.64	2 26 21	2 19 00
Iosco, H. D. Pausch	36.4	2 47 18	2 37 39
Kathleen, E. M. Lockwood		2 53 14	2 41 18

26FT. CLASS.

Dragoon, F. W. Freeman	34.00	Did not finish.	
Vorant II., G. G. Tyson	34.00	2 37 46	2 21 31
Adele, J. B. Smith	34.00	Did not finish.	
Viking, F. R. Adams		Did not finish.	

30FT. CLASS.

Madrine, Schuyler Merritt	26.97	Did not finish.
Narona, C. P. & W. C. Brigham	26.9	Did not finish.
Veto, L. Dominick		Did not finish.
Feydeh, E. D. Cowman		Dismasted.

25FT. CLASS.

Bingo, H. J. & J. M. Goetchius	24.9	Did not finish.
Wahneta, H. E. Doremus	24.37	Did not finish.

CABIN CATBOATS—30FT. CLASS.

Mary, Wm. Ellsworth	28.76	Not timed.
Tigress, W. S. Ferguson	26.36	Did not finish.
Oconee, C. T. Pierce	26.00	Did not finish.
Molly Bawn, F. M. Brown		Did not finish.
Gossip, C. J. Earl		Did not finish.

25FT. CLASS.

Nixie, W. G. Buxton	23.6	Did not finish.
Kittie, Hazen Morse	23.1	Did not finish.
Ethel, F. M. Randall	20.66	Did not finish.
Minnehaha, F. N. Monjo		Did not finish.
Hornet, C. Mallory		Did not finish.
Angora, C. M. Connolly		Did not finish.

OPEN SLOOPS, FIXED BALLAST—25FT. CLASS.

Shrimp, G. D. Pratt	21.34	Did not finish.
Skimmaug, T. Clapham	20.9	Did not finish.
Houri, E. B. Hart, Jr.		Did not finish.
Vaquero, W. G. Brokaw		Did not finish.

20FT. CLASS.

Iola, Frank Dingee	20.00	Did not finish.
Teddy, P. C. Pfeiffer	19.00	Did not finish.
Bessie, J. W. Van Buskirk		Did not finish.
Question, M. H. Clark	14.4	Did not finish.

OPEN CATBOATS, FIXED BALLAST—25FT. CLASS.

Sirene, F. S. Doremus and R. Clowater	25.00	Did not finish.

20FT. CLASS.

Zelda, Chas. E. McManus	19.33	Did not finish.
Ruth, Clair Wills		Did not finish.

15FT. CLASS.

Zam, E. A. Briggs		Did not finish.

OPEN SLOOPS, SHIFTABLE BALLAST—36FT CLASS

Maud, R. B. Macmanus	30.73	Did not finish.

30FT. CLASS.

Polly, H. Andruss, Jr.	27.00	Did not finish.
Fannie, B. F. Andrews		Did not finish.

OPEN CATBOATS—25FT. CLASS.

Rubble, A. H. Scofield	20.6	Did not finish.

20FT. CLASS.

Willie, Smith Brothers	19.6	Did not finish.
Chippie, H. R. Hatfield	17.50	Did not finish.

Minerva won a special prize for best elapsed time.

Beverly Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 20.

The 223d race, first open race of the season, was fixed for Marblehead, July 20, and 38 of the best boats on the bay were entered, but the race was spoiled by a calm, there being a sea like glass and the merest breath from the S. E.

The Regatta Committee wished to postpone the race, but all the owners wished to try, so short courses were given and the first gun was fired at 2:2430.

Salmon was then just outside the harbor, so Handsel waited for her, and they were sent off at 2:57. The special, first and second classes beat to Half-way Rock, then ran down to S. E. Breaker Buoy and home, 10 miles.

The others went to Martins Rock, beat out to Half-way Rock and ran home, 6½ miles. Bessie, Irene, Black Cloud, Nabob and Goat could not get down in time, and Mr. Burgess refused to start Clara, saying that a race could not be made.

Starbinger, Ida T. Beatrice and Tomboy started in first class; Rex, Marina, Ariel and Susie in second; Dorthy, Maia, Cirruna, Comet, Sally and Toyo in the knockabouts; Exit, Apukwa, Reaper, Gleaner and Raccoon in third class sloops; Koorali, Egeria, Arab and Magpie in third class cats, and seven boats in fourth class.

The time limit for knockabouts ran out at 5:10:30, third class at 5:15:30, and fourth at 5:19:30. About 5 o'clock several boats that had given up drifted in, and the fleet came slowly around the point with the little Bonita in the lead; she drifted wonderfully fast and crossed line at 5:18:25, saving the class by 1m. 5s.

Gleaner and Egeria led in third class, too late by 6m., while Maia had a long lead of the knockabouts, crossing at 5:46:52, but of course too late.

The first, second and special class time limits ran out at 6:08:30, 6:13:30 and 6:30, but at 6:40 Beatrice and Ida J. were in sight close to line, but not over it. The race will be resaited later.

FOURTH CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Bonita, C. O. Hood	15.01	2 34 55	2 17 39
Evadne, R. M. Benner	15.04	2 43 15	2 26 04
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	14.07	2 48 50	2 30 45
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	15.10	3 06 33	2 50 02
Carina, R. Boardman	18.00	3 06 52	2 52 57
Hera, P. Fowle	16.06	Withdrew.	
Pointer, C. P. Curtis	16.10	Withdrew.	

Bonita wins first and Evadne second prize.

Judge, W. Lloyd Jeffries.

In special class Salmon led at windward mark, but Handsel passed her off the wind.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Colonia has been laid up at Tebo's, her crew being now all on board of Defender.

The Great South Bay Y. C. will hold its annual regatta on Aug. 10, off Sayville.

Neaera, steam yacht, Chas. Gould, was in collision on July 23 in Hell Gate with the sand schooner Only Son, the two being jammed by the tide. The yacht struck the schooner amidships, losing her own bowsprit and sinking the other vessel, which was towed into shoal water by tugboats. The captain and crew of the schooner, three in all, were picked up by the yacht's boat.

Nepenthe, cutter, arrived at New York on July 22 from New Orleans with her owners, George Agar and W. S. Dudley, aboard. The report that this yacht had recently been overhauled by a Spanish vessel and her owners imprisoned in Havana proves to be without foundation.

Eleanor, steam yacht, arrived at San Francisco from Honolulu on July 22, and has since sailed for Alaska. She will return to New York by way of Cape Horn.

A series of races has been arranged by the yachtsmen of Barnstable, Mass., for Aug. 12, 13 and 14, under the rules of the Cape Cod Y. C. There will be four classes—24 to 29ft., 20 to 24ft., 17 to 20ft., under 17ft., and a class for Mosquito boats, canoes, sharpies, etc., under 16ft. l.w.l. owned in Barnstable harbor. The races are open to all; entries may be made to V. D. Bacon, Barnstable, Mass.

The Lake Champlain Y. C. will sail its annual regatta on Aug. 6 over the club courses, off Burlington, Vt.

The steam yacht designed by Gardner & Cox and built at Roach's shipyard, Chester, Pa., for F. C. Dimmy, was launched on July 18, being christened Oneonta. She is 130ft. over all, 180ft. l.w.l., 18ft. beam and 6ft. draft. She will carry but one mast.

Valkyrie III.

On Saturday last, July 27, the third Valkyrie sailed from Gourock Bay for New York, being towed as far as Tory Island. Capt. Wm. Cranfield is in command, the skipper of Valkyrie II. in 1893, assisted by Capt. Sycamore; while Capt. Jas. Harrison, formerly of the Allan Line, will *go out* as navigator. The yacht is now rigged as a ketch, with a short mainmast and topmast and a mizenmast stepped forward of the rudder head. The racing tiller has been replaced by a wheel, as in Valkyrie II. on her return voyage. She will carry two large collapsible Berthon boats. With ordinary good luck she should be in New York by Aug. 15. All of her racing outfit will be shipped by steamer, the latest announcement being that a complete set of steel spars has been made, to be shipped for the American races, all of nickel-steel galvanized. The length of the boom is given as 125ft., a most absurd figure, but it is probable that she will swing a far bigger rig than ever before seen on a single mast, in excess of both Defender and Vigilant.

Now that Valkyrie III. and Defender have both been tried in actual races with Britannia and Vigilant, two old boats, yachtsmen and yachting writers are busy "drawing lines" and making absurd and misleading calculations as to how much Defender will beat Valkyrie III. in the Cup races. We have long since abandoned this useless pursuit, as we are convinced that the time records of a yacht in one country against a certain lot of boats are absolutely worthless as showing her probable performances against other boats in other waters. The whole record of international racing shows this, and we place no value whatever on the elaborate computations by which it is proved, through both Vigilant and Britannia, that Defender is 29m. 25s. faster than Valkyrie over the Sandy Hook courses, or, on the other hand, that Valkyrie is 14m. 19s. faster than Defender. It has already been proved to the satisfaction of all who witnessed the two races of Defender and Vigilant that the former is a success and a very fast boat in light weather and presumably heavy as well. That she is 10m., 12m. or 15m. faster than Vigilant in her 93, 94 or 95 form, is not yet proven, but is of little consequence. The main points are that the new boat, so far as can be seen and learned, handles well, is able, weatherly and very fast, capable of still further improvement, and has no marked defects.

Valkyrie III. has been tried at home in four races, of which we clip the following accounts from the London *Times*, from which the reader can draw his own conclusions as to her superiority to Britannia and Ailsa:

ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA—JUNE 29.

The Clyde yacht racing season opened on Saturday with the regatta of the premier Scotch Club, and from a racing point of view the weather could not have been more unfavorable. It was calm and hazy in the early morning, but a southwest air sprang up later on. This was soon knocked down, however, by a heavy rainstorm, and from forenoon until late in the evening the yachts had nothing but partial puffs, baffling airs from every point of the compass and very frequent calms. The new Valkyrie opened her racing in a very remarkable way, and in all probability the last aspirant for America Cup honors is a wonderful vessel. There were too many Clyde flukes about to admit of its being said that the lead of six miles she held on the Britannia after having covered 33 miles of the course was all gained by sheer speed and merit; yet likely enough Valkyrie would be equal to repeating the performance under similar conditions of weather. The concluding part of the race was the most extraordinary portion of it, however, as over a stretch of five miles of water Valkyrie was so much a victim of Clyde flukes, calms and baffling airs that she finished the match only about a cable's length ahead of the Britannia, which won by time. The result naturally dimmed the luster of the Valkyrie's display earlier in the race, and, naturally, critics will be anxious to see Lord Dunraven's cutter have a really fair and reliable all-round trial before presuming to estimate how much better a boat she is than the Britannia. She had one little burst in a very eighty breeze, and considering the wonderful pile of canvas she carries she showed more stability than was generally expected, and the bow wave gave ample evidence of the high rate of speed she could attain when hard driven. It may be said that Valkyrie is an exceptionally weatherly boat, as in what little reliable trial there was she always pointed higher than Britannia and Ailsa, and she also is remarkably quick in stays. It was certainly a very unfavorable time to try a new boat in, but apart from the result her debut was distinctly satisfactory, and great things, indeed, may be looked for in the future. Valkyrie sailed with her steel boom, which, it may be said, is 1 ton 7cwt. lighter than the Oregon spar. Her mainsail is a perfect specimen of the sailmaker's art, and the jackyard topsail stood like a card. Britannia sailed consistently as usual, but was decidedly fortune's favorite on the day, while Ailsa was singularly unlucky in picking up the calm patches. In the best of the wind she stepped out well, and was the stiffest boat of the trio when the breeze laid on in the morning rain squall.

Match, open to all yachts of any rig exceeding 40-rating. First prize £75, second prize £25. Course, from Rothesay Bay round flagboats off Mount Stuart, Largs and Skelmorlie, and back to the starting line, twice round, and a distance from Rothesay to Largs and back. Yacht Racing Association rules and time allowances for a 50-mile course:

	Rating.
Valkyrie, cutter, Lord Dunraven	185
Britannia, cutter, the Prince of Wales	153
Ailsa, cutter, Mr. A. B. Walker	160

Valkyrie allowed Ailsa 2m. 59s. and Britannia 4m. 2s.

A gentle southerly breeze was drawing from the Clyde into Rothesay Bay when the start was made at 10:30, and all had jackyard topsails and jibtopsails set to work to the first mark. Ailsa was first to straighten across the line, and Britannia, also on starboard tack, came about 30s. later, the pair heading out of the bay, when Valkyrie, on port, crossed the wake of each and stood right in toward Craigmore. Ailsa drew away a little, having Britannia fine on the weather quarter, but the latter, finding Valkyrie coming out carrying a luffing offshore breeze, stood in, and Ailsa followed; but the new cutter well headed both on the first tack, and in turn Britannia, on tacking to starboard off Bogany Point, headed Ailsa, and probably would have crossed Valkyrie had the latter not winded under her lee bow. The last-named pair then went heading out in the Clyde on starboard tack, and Britannia for a time was forereaching fine. The latter tacked first, and Valkyrie came round with a high berth on her weather quarter, and both crossed well ahead of Ailsa, which had been unlucky enough to get into a baffling breeze. Valkyrie was outwinding Britannia palpably, and was an eighth of a mile ahead when she tacked off Ascog. Both found a nice breeze coming off the Bute shore, and Valkyrie's jibtopsail sheet was eased. A sharp squall of wind and rain was then struck into, and this Valkyrie took just before Britannia, while Ailsa was further out in the Clyde than either. Valkyrie's jibtopsail was pulled down, and the vessel had quite enough without it, but she reached away grandly, bursting out a cataract of bow wave and having lee rail buried. Britannia's decks were awash, but Ailsa was not bending so much as either, and, presumably, she had not a like weight of wind. The squall quickly passed over, and the vessels came out of it with drenched sails, which a blaze of sunshine soon dried, and the breeze fell off soft and patchy. Valkyrie went slipping away in quite inimitable style. She fetched Mount Stuart flagboat after a long starboard tack along the Bute shore, but both Britannia and Ailsa had a baffling spell before rounding. The difference of time at the end of four miles sail was:

Valkyrie	11 17 00	Ailsa	11 30 20
Britannia	11 24 55		

The westerly breeze was succeeded by an easterly chill, with which Valkyrie stole further away, Britannia and Aisla meanwhile having a spell of calm, and the last-named then got a flaw which drew her up the Clyde, while Valkyrie and Britannia were making a crawl towards the Cumbrae. It was a dreadfully tedious work getting across to Largs in the prevailing calms, but Valkyrie kept sailing away, and at last got a southerly chill from out of Fairile Sound, with which she reached to her mark. Britannia and Ailsa had kept close together, and the pair at last had a run to the Largs flagboat with spinakers, which was gybed round this:

Valkyrie	1 25 15	Ailsa	2 03 55
Britannia	2 00 00		

Valkyrie carried her spinaker nearly as far as Knock-hill, but the others had a westerly air more on the side, and eventually the pair had enough fairly to bend them, and both in consequence covered the ground faster than Valkyrie had done. The wind soon softened again, and after sailing free for six miles from Largs the Skelmorlie mark was luffed round thus:

Valkyrie	2 32 00	Ailsa	3 06 10
Britannia	3 03 10		

Valkyrie was off Toward Point when her opponents were rounding the Wemyss Bay flagboat, and the leader had fetched into Rothesay Bay with only one starboard tack down Clyde, while Britannia made two and Ailsa three before getting over to Toward. Valkyrie carried a steadier air up Rothesay Bay than Britannia and Ailsa, which had it baffling and patchy, and the leader had extended her lead at the end of the first round, which was timed thus:

Valkyrie	3 20 58	Ailsa	4 06 45
Britannia	3 57 08		

Valkyrie commenced the second round in soft southwest breeze, and gave a brilliant display of light weather speed in a close reach as far as Ascog Church, where she was headed off by a southerly draw and had to beat on to Mount Stuart. Both Britannia and Ailsa fetched further down than the leader, and had a trifle the better of the wind, which was, however, baffling. The flagboat was weathered thus:

Valkyrie	4 05 30	Ailsa	4 52 00
Britannia	4 42 25		

Valkyrie carried a light leading air across the frith to Largs and rounded that flagboat before Britannia had weathered the Mount Stuart mark, which meant a lead of five and a half miles. The timing at Largs was:

Valkyrie	4 39 00	Ailsa	5 27 00
Britannia	5 10 30		

Britannia carried a little better than the leader, the stern boats getting the first of a heavy rain burst, which did not, however, bring wind. Valkyrie kept steering away with a westerly air just abaft the beam, but Britannia got a southwest breeze after the rain and closed on the leader in regard to distance owing to Valkyrie losing the wind after rounding Skelmorlie mark. Ailsa was not lucky enough to get the same wind as Britannia, and after lying becalmed for upwards of an hour gave up. In the softest of westerly airs Valkyrie reached across the Clyde from the Skelmorlie shore toward the Cowal side, while Britannia had the breeze both freer and not so baffling, and Valkyrie was coming back to the Prince of Wales's cutter. By the time Valkyrie had struggled across to Toward Point she was not more than a mile and a half ahead, and Britannia, with big working jib pulled down and her largest flying jib filling finely, was continuing to close up. Valkyrie's lofty canvas was not picking up the flying chills with any effect, and she at last quite lost her way in the baffling flaws, while Britannia was being singularly favored on getting inside Toward Point. Valkyrie got a whiff of the draft Britannia was bringing up and set her spinaker, as did Brittannia, but both spinakers were soon in, Britannia's big jibtopsail continuing, however, to fill, yet no sign was made of shifting Valkyrie's small flying jib for a larger one. Both vessels gybed and gybed back again to the flaws, but at last a south west air fluttered out fighting flags, and Britannia had then reduced Valkyrie's erstwhile six miles lead to less than a cable's length. This chill lasted them to the mark, which was only about 300 yds. away, Valkyrie eventually crossing the line with a lead of 1min. 47sec., and Britannia scored a second victory by one of the greatest flukes on record. The times of arrival were:

Valkyrie	7 38 12	Britannia (winner)	7 39 59

Ailsa gave up.

MUDHOOK Y. C. REGATTA, JULY 3

It was hinted in the *Times* of Monday last in connection with the Valkyrie that it would be desirable to arrive at the result of a really fair all-round trial before presuming to estimate how much better boat she is than the Britannia. She was tried yesterday in a fine true-sailing breeze. She was found to be sadly wanting in regard to the prospective chance of capturing the America Cup. She could not carry her sail, but even when on a comparatively even keel going down the Clyde she was unable to attain as high a head of speed as her opponents. She pointed high by the wind, but in going between Skelmorlie and Ascog on the first round she had to be so lightly sailed that the jackyard topsail was never really full, so of course the vessel did not fore-reach. Coming up the Clyde, with the wind broad off, Valkyrie lay down in helpless style. When the drift of the breeze out of the Kyles of Bute was met in crossing the mouth of Rothesay Bay, off Innellan, some hard rushes of wind struck down the mountain sides, and Valkyrie lay over until she looked really dangerous. Something will have to be done to Valkyrie after yesterday's experience, or it would be sheer madness to send her to America, as she was fairly beaten by better boats. But little improvement is required in Ailsa to make her the best of the trio, and there are high hopes that the desired end will be attained. Britannia's sailing could hardly fail to raise the highest enthusiasm. She long ago gained a lifelong reputation, and the general Scotch public regard her simply as national property. There would have been no big cutter racing yesterday had not the club consented that the conditions as to amateur helmsmen would not be enforced. Ailsa and Britannia would both have started, but for intelligible reasons Valkyrie would not start unless professionally steered, and the fact led up to annulling the amateur helmsman rule in the big cutter match.

Match for yachts exceeding 40 rating; prize, the Muir challenge cup, value 100 guineas (presented by the late Mr. M. A. Muir), with a prize of £25 added by the club. Course—from Hunters' Quay, round flagboats off Skelmorlie, Ascog, and Kilcreggan and back to the starting line. Y. R. A. time allowance for a 50-mile course:

	Rating.
Valkyrie, cutter, Lord Dunraven	185
Ailsa, cutter, Mr. A. B. Walker	160
Britannia, cutter, the Prince of Wales	153

Valkyrie allowed Ailsa 2m. 59s. and Britannia 4m. 2s.

A fine off-shore breeze from the northwest gave smooth water in the firth and a plain sail over the long sides of the course. The three vessels set jackyard topsails, and at 10:30 Ailsa led through the line with a tearing head of speed on. Britannia was well placed by Carter on the weather side of the leader, and Valkyrie was some four lengths astern. Britannia, nearest the Kirn shore, was getting the best of the wind, and she reached past the weather beam of Ailsa off the pier, Valkyrie having come up under the lee of the pair, but she quickly dropped back. It was a plain, uneventful sail down in a smart, steady breeze, and Britannia kept the lead. Skelmorlie mark was luffed round at 11h. 6m. 30s. by the Britannia, and Ailsa was about 15s. astern, and Valkyrie 30s. Sheets came flat in as the Ascog mark could not be laid, but the starboard tack was held by Britannia and Ailsa in hope of the wind freeing, while Valkyrie made a short tack up the Clyde, and on coming round had both her opponents under the lee bow. The America Cup challenger was shaping badly, for although the wind was of not more than full jackyard topsail strength, she could not be sailed, the topsail never once being full. The pinching Valkyrie had to be given brought her head up for the mark, but Britannia and Ailsa had to make a short tack. Britannia rounded with half a dozen lengths' lead, and directly Ailsa had crossed Valkyrie the latter stayed and was just full again when she passed the mark. It was a reach across the mouth of Rothesay Bay, and Valkyrie lay down in startling fashion to rush off wind Clydeward. As they went up the Cowall shore the wind struck spitefully off, and all were giving a free display of weather bilge, Valkyrie lying so flat that the wind was shooting over her sails and she was churning up a sea from the lee quarter. Britannia and Ailsa were going on in quite stately style, comparatively, and Valkyrie's sorry show was painfully impressing the onlookers. The wind was carried right up to Kilcreggan with a pull being wanted at sheets, and the mark was stayed round thus:

Britannia	12 26 50	Valkyrie	12 28 35
Ailsa	12 27 45		

All stood down for the home mark on starboard tack, but it was a bare fetch, yet Britannia and Ailsa, which were sailed along, had only a short board to make for weathering distance. Valkyrie was lightly sailed for obvious reasons, and with a nip or two upon the wind, designedly succeeded in weathering the mark without staying, and the times of the first-round finish were:

Britannia	12 45 54	Valkyrie	12 48 54
Ailsa	12 47 07		

There was about the same strength of wind as when they went down the Clyde on the first round, and booms were again about half-way off the quarter off the Gantocks Beacon. Valkyrie's topsail was started lowering, while when the Ailsa was off Inverkip she made sail by hoisting jibtopsail and Britannia followed suit. Both closed on the leader and the timing when they luffed to the wind at Skelmorlie was as follows:

Britannia	1 18 33	Valkyrie	1 21 10
Ailsa	1 19 24		

Each made an unbroken close reach across to Ascog mark this time, and both Ailsa and Valkyrie fetched a trifle nearer the flagboat than Britannia, the times of passing being:

Britannia	1 41 40	Valkyrie	1 44 00
Ailsa	1 42 45		

It was not so puffy as on the first round, but the breeze kept true, and off Innellan Perch Valkyrie got up jib headed topsail. Britannia and Ailsa sailed a fine even race, but both were fairly reaching the aspirant for the America Cup, and she had lost ground when the Kilcreggan mark was stayed round. Hence they were able to make a clean lay for the home mark, and each fetched cleverly through, and Britannia crossed the line victorious in another memorable race. The times of finish were:

Britannia (winner)	2 56 42	Valkyrie	2 59 43
Ailsa	2 57 27		

MATCH BETWEEN VALKYRIE AND AILSA, JULY 5.

An arrangement for a trial race on friendly terms between Valkyrie and Britannia lapsed because Britannia had something faulty with her standing rigging to make good. Mr. Barclay Walker, with patriotic spirit, had the Ailsa sent on from Liverpool to the Clyde expressly to give the Valkyrie the informal trials which the Earl of Dunraven desired, and as Britannia was not available Ailsa at once took her place and a very instructive match resulted. The wind was light, southerly, when the start was made from the Iverna at 2:30, and the course agreed upon was from off the mouth of Holy Loch around the Skelmorlie bell buoy and back, a distance each way of about seven miles. It was about as dead a beat as could have been planned, and the match began with a board across the Clyde, the first tack being of 27m. duration. Ailsa had four lengths lead at the outset and she head-reached fast enough to double that distance in regard to the water sailed, yet Valkyrie's superior weatherly qualities more than outdid Ailsa's forereaching. The America Cup aspirant did not make a striking show until they beat down in a light wind to Wemyss Castle, where Valkyrie copied Ailsa by setting a jibtopsail.

The breeze was now lighter than at the start, and Valkyrie sailed so grandly that when she came round on starboard to stand toward Wemyss Bay, Ailsa had to tack under the lee bow. After one more board they were able to lay the Skelmorlie Buoy on the starboard tack and the times they weathered it were as follows: Valkyrie 3h. 36m. 59s., Ailsa 3h. 40m. 19s. Sheets were flared off for a run up the Clyde, and Valkyrie's crew very smartly got all headsail down and had the biggest bowsprit spinaker ever seen filling up the space. Valkyrie then raced away from Ailsa, and off Bulwood she had her running spinaker set and then went down wind in quite a magical way considering the softness of the wind. The race ended:

Valkyrie.....4 45 55 Ailsa.....5 00 50

Ailsa was raced by Jay for all she was worth, and for a second time Valkyrie thoroughly satisfied all identified with her in regard to her light weather speed. It may be said that it took a long time for her to warm up, but not a word can be said against what she did afterward, and no doubt she is the best light-weather racing yacht which has ever sailed in British waters. Her performance in the informal trial of yesterday will certainly have the effect of investing to-day's engagement with more interest than ever, and there was every prospect last night of her having a light-weather trial.

ROYAL CLYDE YACHT CLUB REGATTA—JULY 6.

Valkyrie sailed her last race on Saturday before she meets Defender next September in international rivalry. The wind was favorable for a good light-weather trial, and in sailing both to windward and leeward she thoroughly well satisfied all immediately concerned with her. There was never wind enough to lay Britannia over sufficiently to get her decks wet, but Valkyrie's scuppers were streaming many times. Still she was stiff enough and she went to windward in peerless style, but her best point was distinctly when she was sailing on an even keel dead down wind, and it is not likely any yacht has ever before run so fast in light weather. Valkyrie does not reach well compared to her weatherly and running abilities, but this shortcoming is when there is sufficient wind to set her wave-making, and no doubt she will skim along fast enough on a reach with the soft breezes which prevail in America during the Indian summer. The lead of 18m. 27s. which Valkyrie held at the finish of the 50 miles course was in a measure discounted owing to Britannia and Ailsa having a jockeying match throughout. Yet it may be said that Valkyrie once had a little spell of light wind near Kilcreggan, which the others did not experience. In her three light-weather trials Valkyrie has proved herself a phenomenally fast vessel, and she will leave this country with a hopeful prospect of winning the America Cup. Valkyrie has to a certainty not yet been seen at her best, and as she will leave for America in about ten days, there will be ample time to get the boat fit and ready for trial before the great contest. Since she sailed on Wednesday last Valkyrie has had more dead weight put in her, and she was sailing on Saturday on her designed waterline.

Match for yachts over 40-rating. First prize £75, second £35. Course, from Hunter's Quay to markboat off Skelmorlie, thence to markboat off Ascog, thence to markboat off Kilcreggan, and back to Hunter's Quay; twice round; distance, 50 miles:

	Rating.
Valkyrie, cutter, Lord Dunraven	185
Ailsa, cutter, Mr. A. Barclay Walker	160
Britannia, cutter, the Prince of Wales	153

Valkyrie allowed Ailsa 2m. 59s. and Britannia 4m. 2s.

The start was spoiled by a steam yacht, for which Ailsa had to stay quickly, and this caused Ailsa to swing round alongside Britannia, and on her striking the latter the Prince of Wales's cutter had a little of her bulwarks carried away. Both were then over the line and had to be recalled, and Valkyrie might have got away with a good lead. She eventually crossed with a lead of three lengths on the weather bow of Ailsa, while the latter had Britannia under the lee quarter. All had a short tack in toward the Kirn shore, and then on starboard headed across the Clyde in a nice breeze for jackyard topsails and flying jibs carried to windward. Valkyrie at once began to weather out on her opponents, and had a good lead at the end of the first board. They next stood in between Kirn Pier and Dunoon, and, on staying, Valkyrie was a quarter of a mile dead to windward of Ailsa, which had Britannia fairly in the toils. In the next inshore tack, Britannia was purposely kept under Ailsa's lee, and was kept going on so long that when she cast round Ailsa was unable to follow her opponent owing to her having the Gantock rocks in her road. Britannia being further to leeward was, however, able to clear them, and she thus slipped her opponent and made a long reach across the Clyde toward Ardgowan, while Ailsa went into Dunoon Bay. Valkyrie was pointing a much higher wind than either of her opponents and forereaching as fast; in fact, going to windward in quite inimitable style. Ailsa stood across after Britannia into Inverkip Bay, and only just headed the Prince of Wales's cutter; but in the next tack Britannia found Ailsa on the weather bow again, and the pair made a long board across toward Innellan, while Valkyrie was working her own way on and off from Wemyss Castle down to Skelmorlie. The southerly breeze kept true and steady, and for a time jibtopsails were down, but Valkyrie was standing up well and kept going to windward in faultless style. The times at which the Skelmorlie mark was weathered were:

Valkyrie.....11 43 00 Britannia.....11 49 30
Ailsa.....11 48 15

It was a broad reach across to the Ascog mark, and jibtopsails were carried. The times they gybed at the Ascog mark and came on a run for home were as follows:

Valkyrie.....12 02 10 Britannia.....12 09 10
Ailsa.....12 07 15

The wind was brought quarterly until they had cleared Toward Point, and jibtopsails and balloon staysails were carried. Before getting to Innellan beacon they were square before the wind and spinakers were set. Valkyrie was running wonderfully fast, and she was timed to be holding 3m. lead of Ailsa off Innellan. Ailsa here found Britannia bringing the wind down on her, and the latter had run up and was overlapping Ailsa off Dunoon. Valkyrie continued to go down wind very fast and she quite doubled her lead on Ailsa. Spinakers were carried close up to the Kilcreggan mark, which had to be made before the home mark, and Britannia, which had run up to leeward, got inside turn and had Ailsa under the lee when booms went over at the flagboat. A close reach then had to be made up to the home mark, and Valkyrie lay straight for it. Ailsa tacked out from under Britannia's lee, and both made a short board off and eventually overreached and came home with sheets just started. The times the line was weathered and the first round finished were as follows:

Valkyrie.....1 32 48 Ailsa.....1 46 06
Britannia.....1 44 52

With the southerly wind keeping steady they had another dead beat to the Skelmorlie mark, and Valkyrie again gave another grand display of her weatherly powers, and, on the other hand, Britannia and Ailsa were sailing a splendid match. Britannia was bent on keeping Ailsa under the lee, and the latter tried every move to escape the blanketing, and between Lunderston and Inverkip the pair made about ten rapid short tacks, but Britannia was equal to keeping weather-gauge. From Wemyss Castle down past Skelmorlie Britannia got a good lift along shore, and she made a clean jump away from Ailsa, and seemed to come up a little on Valkyrie. The last-named had, however, a very long lead, and the timing when the Skelmorlie flagboat was weathered follows:

Valkyrie.....2 40 00 Ailsa.....2 56 20
Britannia.....2 54 27

In the reach across to Ascog, Valkyrie lay over much more than Britannia, and she was only just holding her opponents, there being but 14m. 53s. between her and Britannia when they gybed at the flagboat. The wind was on the starboard quarter until they squared away off Toward to go up the Clyde to Kilcreggan, and Valkyrie again ran astoundingly fast gauged by Britannia, which, however, had Ailsa running in her wind. The Kilcreggan mark was gybed round, and they then had a close reach home. After going about a mile Valkyrie's jibtopsail was set, and she was then laying her mark. Ailsa tacked off shore and Britannia followed, and while Valkyrie again made a clean fetch the Britannia and Ailsa had far overstood and raced home with checked sheets. Valkyrie, which came in for a demonstration on arrival, finished 18m. 27s. ahead of Britannia, the latter beating Ailsa by 1m. 22s. After a splendid race from start to finish, the official times of arrival were:

Valkyrie (winner).....4 31 16 Ailsa.....4 51 05
Britannia (second prize)...4 49 43

According to corrected time, Valkyrie was winner by 14m. 25s. from Britannia.

That Valkyrie III. is a fast yacht, and in all respects a worthy competitor for the America's Cup, cannot be doubted in the face of the above record; but it is clearly impossible to say just how many minutes faster than Britannia she may be. While the lack of a competitor will make it difficult to work her up properly in America, she should show considerable improvement after such trials as will be made here under the larger rig. She will be docked as usual in the Erie Basin Drydock, where the bottom will be coated with an enamel paint in place of coppering. The *Field* comments as follows on the challenger and defender: "The sailing on the Clyde has in many ways given us surprises, and the greatest of them all was the display made by Valkyrie in the fine whole-sail breeze. It is said that such an exhibition is only what might reasonably have been expected from a vessel sparred and canvased for sailing mainly in light winds, and that Defender will behave exactly the same, that is, when she meets with more wind than s good for her. This, however, does not agree with the story w mentioned above, that Defender is so stiff that her sail spread is to be increased. However, whatever Valkyrie did in a fine match sailing breeze, there is no doubt that she is the fastest vessel we have in light breezes, and if such prevail on Sept. 14 she may do something to make us rejoice; still, it is not pleasant to think that her success in a smart blow is dependent on Defender being no better able to carry her canvas than Valkyrie can. The wonderful Britannia takes all breezes alike, and is always busy in a match—always doing something like that equally busy little craft Zinita. Britannia's latest victory over Ailsa was not so much a test of superior speed as it was of handiness, quickness in moving off in the puffs, and all-round good management.

"According to the latest reports from America Defender is so stiff that she is to have a longer main boom and a general increase to her sail spread. This scarcely agrees with one report of her trial, which said that on a slight increase of wind her lee decks were awash. Vigilant arrived at Bristol, R. I., on Tuesday, and is said to have been greatly improved in speed by the doctoring she underwent at New York during the spring. She was to have had a trial with Defender on Wednesday, but her sailing master would not start because he had no positive directions from Mr. Gould to do so. It was, however, expected that the trial would take place yesterday (Friday). If Vigilant has really improved, the result of the trial will not give as much of an insight into Defender's real character if the latter comes out the better boat; but at any rate we shall know that Valkyrie III. has a more difficult task before her than was expected. On the other hand, should Vigilant defeat Defender, it will be all the better for Valkyrie's chances, although there will be the question about the alleged improvement to Vigilant to consider. Presumably Vigilant could not now be chosen, as the clause permitting one vessel to be substituted for another enjoins that the substitute must be of the same dimensions as the yacht originally named. Whether this applies to the Cup defender as well as to the challenger is not certain. Probably it would be claimed not to so apply, as the New York Y. C. has always had a free hand as far as choosing a defender goes, up to within a few hours of the commencement of the race."

The *Yachting World* discusses the two yachts as follows:

"So far Valkyrie III. has started in three open races only, and a private spin with Ailsa, and those who are responsible for her are so well satisfied with what she has done that she will race no more until she meets Defender in American waters. This is as it should be, and the sooner she reaches New York and the oftener she is sailed there before the first match takes place the greater chance of success will she have.

"How great or how small this chance may be it is impossible to say. It is never wise to prophesy before an event, but it is at least permissible to calculate what the chances are. In Britannia we have a thoroughly reliable trial yacht, for not only did she meet Valkyrie II. many times, but she also met and unmistakably beat Vigilant last season. On the three occasions when Valkyrie III. competed with Britannia there were fortunately, for the sake of experiments, three different conditions of wind. The first day the wind was very light indeed, and the new vessel glided away from her rivals in a marvelous manner, but getting becalmed failed to secure the prize. The second time they met there was a strong breeze, which apparently was not to the challenger's liking, as she could not carry her enormous sails and heavy spars, and in addition to this her new canvas stretched so much as to be little better than bags. When they met again there was a nice whole-sail breeze, and over a 50-mile course Valkyrie beat Britannia about 19 minutes. When the friendly trial with Ailsa took place, there was a moderate breeze, and Valkyrie left her easily. Now the qualities displayed by Valkyrie on each occasion are, we believe, exactly what her designer, Mr. G. L. Watson, expected, and would appear just what are desirable for the task set her. Moderate breezes and smooth water are the usual conditions under which the contests for America's Cup take place, and to have any chance of winning it, there is no doubt a fine weather boat is a necessity. This the Americans have always known. We have found out by bitter experience.

"That Valkyrie is not as good a vessel as Britannia or Ailsa in a breeze may or may not be the case, but granting, for the sake of argument, that it is so, there is no reason that her chance of success in New York Bay is thereby jeopardized. Her rival, Defender, is not likely to be a hard-weather boat either, judging from the reports we hear, and should strong winds predominate the worst of the two will be beaten; but so far, and judging by Vigilant and Navahoe in comparison with Britannia, we have no reason for assuming that Valkyrie will be the worst. Apart from and in addition to Valkyrie III. being a faster vessel than her ill-fated sister was, she will have a great advantage in the fact that many of her crew have had previous experience of racing in American waters, and this we consider a matter of no small importance.

"As to Defender, we really know little or nothing, as the newspaper reports are so conflicting that no dependence can be placed on them, and in many cases they are evidently the outcome of imagination only. She has had some trials with Colonia, and is said to have beaten her ten minutes in ten miles in a steady whole-sail breeze. That means that over a 50-mile course she would beat Colonia fifty minutes, or say about eight miles, which, as she is not a steamer, and unless Colonia has strangely altered, must be sheer nonsense. Colonia and Vigilant were pretty well matched in 1893, so that Defender, according to this report, must be about three-quarters of an hour faster over a 50-mile course than Valkyrie II. was, and if this was the case Valkyrie III. need not cross the Atlantic, as nothing much short of a torpedo catcher would have a chance of keeping ahead of her.

"With such exaggerated reports it is impossible to form an opinion on the merits of Defender, but, knowing what fast vessels Mr. Herreshoff has produced, there is every reason to anticipate that she will be a considerable improvement on Vigilant, and that Valkyrie will have a tremendous task set her to win the Cup. As, however, Lord Dunraven's flyer has already proved, in weather to suit her, to be at least a quarter of a minute a mile faster than Britannia, she must have a better prospect of success than any of her predecessors ever had, and this is increased when it is remembered that she cannot be at her best until her canvas and gear are properly stretched. Believers in luck will note that this will be the seventh attempt we have made to win, and also that Valkyrie is the third vessel designed by Mr. Watson for the purpose.

"Luck of another sort is doubtless often an important factor in yacht racing, but we prefer to pin our hopes of bringing back the America's Cup to the fact that both designer and crew have gained much by experience, and while the first has learned what suits American waters, the latter have improved their knowledge of American winds. That the contests will be keen and exciting requires no prophet to foresee, and although (the wish, perhaps, being father to the thought) we think Valkyrie will prove to be the winner, we hope the best boat will win; and should Defender be successful in retaining the trophy, we shall not grudge her what must needs be a hard fought for and well-earned victory.

"Lord Dunraven, after consultation with Designer Watson, has decided to make some alterations in the boat. The principal of these was the addition of several tons of ballast, and the result, as shown by the fine victory at the Royal Clyde opening race on Saturday, was extremely satisfactory. Lord Dunraven's decision not to race the boat again was a great disappointment to the public, but if he is quite satisfied that his new challenger is the best boat, he is quite right not to hurry the preparations for the Cup races."

The *Yachtsman* says: "It was expected that the Cup challenger would, despite her big spars, be easily fit to beat either of her rivals, even in a strong wind, but she cannot carry her sail, and although given light weather during the Cup races she is undoubtedly the best boat to carry Lord Dunraven's colors that could be selected; still it is by no means certain that the cup races will be favored with such pet weather. Britannia, on the other hand, is certainly the most reliable boat of the lot, but we should be sorry to see her chosen as the British champion, for the simple reason that Defender is certain to be a faster light-weather boat, and the chances are decidedly in favor of light winds during the international races. It was, indeed, a sorry sight to see the big Valkyrie's first trial in what was, after all, only a moderate breeze, and there seems to be little doubt that some spar cutting will have to be done in her case before she can reasonably be expected to make even a fair bid for the America's Cup. Ailsa sailed remarkably well throughout, and it may be expected that the fame she has lost will soon come back to her."

Steam Launches.

MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

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NO. 8 OF THE "4-TRACK SERIES."

THIS is a beautiful little book of sixty-four pages, narrow octavo, printed in two colors, issued by the Passenger Department of the New York Central, from the press of the Matthews-Northrup Co. Complete Art Printing Works, Buffalo, New York.

It describes a series of tours occupying from two to fifteen days, arranged for the purpose of meeting the wishes of all classes of travelers, including trips to the Thousand Islands, Montreal, Saratoga, Lake George, the Catskill Mountains, Niagara Falls, Chautauqua, Adirondack Mountains, Berkshire Hills, Richfield Springs and many other famous resorts. Information concerning these trips is given—distances, time, fares; connections and all other details—with much precision. It contains ten maps engraved expressly for this work, and is profusely illustrated with a large number of new and beautiful half tone engravings. A glance over the pages of this little book will convince you that the attractions of the New York Central are equalled only by their merit, and afford a choice which will suit every taste and every purse.

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Rifle Range and Gallery.

Presque Island Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., July 20.—The scores given below were made by members of the Presque Isl and Rifle Club to-day. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, American standard target, any rifle and trigger pull:

Patton	8	5	2	4	5	5	5	6	7	7	7—54
	1	4	4	9	8	4	2	5	5	9	4—43
	6	9	4	2	4	2	4	0	9	9	6—49
Paul	4	4	5	4	5	5	10	8	9	5	5—59
	7	4	8	8	4	8	7	9	8	5	6—68
	5	2	10	5	5	9	9	6	9	6	6—66
Shafer	4	10	5	4	3	8	6	8	4	4	4—56
	4	10	4	7	5	6	5	9	6	6	6—62
	10	7	7	7	4	8	8	7	10	5	4—70
	4	6	8	5	9	5	7	10	8	7	6—69
Stidham	8	6	5	2	5	8	7	8	7	8	8—64
	7	6	10	10	5	5	6	7	5	7	6—68
	7	3	7	5	7	6	8	8	8	7	5—63
Curry	4	3	5	4	5	4	1	7	8	6	6—46
	5	7	4	4	8	5	9	7	5	5	5—61
	10	9	3	2	5	6	9	6	7	7	2—49
Van Etten	5	4	4	9	8	10	5	5	8	7	7—63
	6	8	6	9	2	9	6	7	6	6	6—65
	5	6	5	8	5	8	5	4	6	9	6—65
Derby	8	8	4	3	5	6	5	4	5	5	5—53
	9	5	7	6	8	3	7	8	6	4	4—63
	3	8	5	8	9	4	9	9	7	0	7—61
Brown	7	5	5	5	5	9	5	7	8	8	6—64
	5	5	6	6	10	5	6	8	6	5	5—52
	6	3	8	6	8	4	6	5	8	9	6—63
Froess	2	9	3	3	3	3	5	3	2	9	9—63
	6	4	0	3	5	7	6	7	3	0	0—33
	0	4	9	4	5	1	5	4	3	6	4—41
W J Leyer	5	7	3	5	7	4	6	7	5	3	3—38
	5	4	3	4	5	4	4	7	5	5	3—54
	3	4	9	4	10	7	3	7	3	7	5—49
J F Leyer	4	5	2	3	5	6	6	5	9	10	6—60
	7	7	4	2	3	3	8	3	8	8	4—51
	3	6	3	4	9	4	2	2	7	5	5—50
Germann	8	1	4	7	7	7	6	9	5	3	4—60
	4	6	4	8	6	6	6	9	3	4	5—58
Bacon	7	7	8	3	3	4	7	7	5	4	5—56
	4	5	6	5	4	6	4	3	5	4	5—55
	4	5	2	7	4	4	8	5	5	3	3—49
Treiber	4	8	7	6	3	8	4	8	10	6	6—50
	8	4	6	6	7	5	5	8	5	4	6—62
	6	9	6	3	2	5	6	4	3	5	5—59
Strangway	6	5	4	3	4	6	5	9	2	5	4—49
	4	3	7	7	3	6	3	6	3	6	6—50
Olivett	3	5	5	8	3	5	10	5	8	5	5—46
	4	5	7	7	8	4	8	2	5	3	3—54
	6	10	6	3	5	5	5	6	5	3	3—53

July 27.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Presque Isle Rifle Club. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, any rifle and trigger pull:

Germann	8	6	10	8	5	5	5	7	8	8	8—69
	7	7	4	7	6	9	3	9	5	9	6—66
	3	9	8	6	7	6	5	7	5	7	7—63
Brown	7	9	8	5	4	10	9	4	4	6	6—66
	9	4	8	7	6	5	7	5	9	6	6—66
	6	7	6	4	7	7	4	6	4	5	5—58
Paul	7	7	7	6	7	6	4	5	7	8	6—64
	5	4	4	7	5	8	7	5	6	4	5—58
	5	7	6	4	2	6	7	5	6	6	6—54
Stidham	7	3	4	5	10	10	3	3	8	6	6—59
	7	6	9	10	6	5	7	6	4	3	6—61
	5	6	6	5	4	4	4	6	4	7	5—56
Shafer	4	6	5	5	8	6	7	8	5	7	7—61
	8	5	2	5	8	5	7	5	3	9	7—57
	4	4	8	7	3	8	7	4	8	5	5—58
Treiber	9	6	6	5	7	8	3	6	5	6	6—61
	3	6	5	10	6	7	5	3	6	6	6—57
	6	4	3	4	5	7	9	5	6	7	5—58
Strangway	8	4	5	9	6	5	9	6	7	4	6—63
	7	5	7	6	8	6	4	8	3	5	5—57
	4	3	9	5	5	4	3	9	7	5	5—54
Hunter	7	6	5	4	8	6	5	3	7	7	5—58
	4	9	3	6	4	4	5	3	6	7	5—51
Bacon	6	8	4	4	4	6	10	5	8	5	6—60
	7	9	8	3	6	6	8	0	4	3	3—59
	7	5	5	6	5	5	6	7	4	3	3—50
Derby	7	4	8	6	7	5	3	7	2	6	5—55
	4	9	6	6	3	2	5	4	5	5	5—49
	6	3	6	4	7	6	4	6	6	3	5—51
Patton	3	4	1	3	8	6	7	4	6	3	4—45
	4	5	7	6	1	4	6	4	9	8	5—53
	2	7	4	3	4	4	8	3	3	7	4—45
W J Leyer	5	6	3	4	6	6	6	4	6	4	5—50
	3	2	8	4	5	6	3	4	6	4	4—45
	2	6	3	3	3	8	3	3	6	4	1—41
J F Leyer	5	3	5	7	7	5	5	4	9	7	5—57
	5	4	3	3	6	5	2	6	3	5	2—42
	4	4	4	5	3	5	3	3	3	3	4—38
C Shank	6	4	3	8	4	5	5	4	10	0	4—36
	6	1	2	4	2	7	2	4	8	3	3—34
	1	2	3	9	1	2	4	1	5	4	4—32

J. W. P.

The Bisley Rifle Meeting.

LONDON, England, July 13.—The first week's shooting ends to-day, the meeting finally closing on July 20. This first week is devoted chiefly to the sporting rifle competitions, the second to the military, but the revolver competitions keep on the whole fortnight.

The wind has been high and gusty, with much dust and no rain all the week. The want of rain is a record, as it has never been known to keep off so long at Bisley; most likely it will make up for it the coming week. Under these weather conditions the various smokeless powders have proved very unsatisfactory in the .303cal. rifles at long range. The shooting has been nothing near what the black powder in the larger calibers gives, and there are constant complaints of a wild shot and of bullets seeming to break up and not getting half way to the target One revolver shot at 20yds., had one shot with smokeless powder, which actually did not seem to have power enough to penetrate the card, but only half went through and then fell to the ground. Also there seems danger with it in the heat at present prevailing. A hunting double-barreled rifle was blown out, the striker of one barrel going through the shooter's hat brim and nearly striking a spectator who happened to be behind him. Another similar rifle has the action so strained that it is unsafe to use it any more in its present state.

At the revolver competitions only a few good scores have been made owing to the wind. Mr. Winans has two 41 scores, one in the military and one in the "any" revolver series for a disappearing target. The military score is the best on record and the "any" equals the best on record, made by himself and several others in former years. At the rapid firing he has a 39 for the "any" and a 38 for the military series both equaling his last year's best on record.

These are the only scores of any account in revolver shooting up to now.

Schellhas Makes Some Big Scores.

A DISPATCH to the St. Paul *Union-Journal*, from Winona, Minn., dated July 23, gives the following record of some big shooting done by Wm. Schellhas: "A phenomenally large score was made at Sharpshooters' Park on Saturday afternoon by William Schellhas in 40 successive shots, his record being 236 out of a possible 250 the first 10 shots, 237 the second 10, 233 the third 10, and 231 the fourth 10. The average was 234½ for 10 shots, while the best average made by A. J. Vandeusen in a similar successive four 10s has been 229½. Forty shots is, however, a number that is not frequently shot, 50 and 100 being the regular number, but this does not change the fact that the record made by Mr. Schellhas is phenomenal. Out of 40 shots 23 were 3in. centers. Mr. Schellhas had only one witness to the shooting, but in order that there should be no doubt as to what he has done, he has sworn out the detailed score before a notary public. Mr. Schellhas has heretofore borne a good reputation as a marksman, which the present achievement will enhance. On steady shooting, however, he is not yet the equal of Mr. Vandeusen."

Lancaster County Won the Second.

The second match of the championship series between marksmen of Lancaster and Chester counties, Pa., took place on July 18, at Engleside, Lancaster county. The Lancaster county team consisted of six men of the Lancaster Schuetzen Verein and six from the North End Rifle Club. The Chester county team was composed of only men, nearly all of whom were members of the Coatesville Rifle and Gun Club. Mr. D. B. Lefever, of Ephrata, Pa., a member of the Lancaster county team, sends us the following account of the match:

"Each marksman was allowed five sighting or trial shots, and ten shots in the match. The Chester county team was allowed an extra shot each for the first ten men, so that they could score 120 shots, the same as the Lancaster county team. The distance was 200yds., muzzle-rest shooting, standard American target, best out of a possible 100 points, any kind of rifle being allowed. The sport for the day began with the opening of the sighting or trial shots, each team getting down to hard work. During this period, which occupied the time till 12 o'clock noon, the weather was favorable for fair shooting. The twelve men of the Lancaster county team had aggregated 476 points out of a possible 600 points, or an average of 79⅓ per cent. The eleven men of the Chester county team aggregated 383 points out of a possible 550 points, or an average of nearly 69¾ per cent.

"After partaking of lunch on the grounds the regular match was begun at once and continued for three and one-half hours before it was finished, the Lancaster county team carrying off the honors. The members of the visiting team shot well from the beginning. The home team having lost the first match at Ephrata were not going to be defeated in this match, and shot cautiously and managed to keep ahead of the Chester county team from the beginning to the end, having to their credit 989 points out of a possible 1,200 points, an average of nearly 82¾ per cent. The Chester county team scored 945 points out of a possible 1,200 points, or an average of 78¾ per cent. The weather during this match was very unfavorable or still better scores would undoubtedly have been made. The scores in full were as follows:

Lancaster county.

C. H. Obrieter	9	9	7	8	9	10	10	7	8	10—87
O. E. Weber	5	10	9	9	8	8	9	10	9	10—87
D. W. Wentzel	7	9	10	10	8	7	9	8	8	8—84
B. F. Biehl	10	9	10	9	7	10	8	7	8	7—85
T. A. Anderson	9	7	9	10	6	9	5	9	6	9—79
C. C. Franciscus	9	7	8	7	7	9	7	6	7	8—75
W. D. Winters	10	8	10	9	8	7	10	8	6	10—86
L. M. Weist	7	9	8	7	5	9	10	7	9	10—81
W. K. Romig	9	9	8	9	10	9	8	10	7	7—86
D. B. Lefever	9	5	10	5	9	5	5	5	8	8—69
C. S. Wenger	10	9	10	8	10	10	7	10	8	5—87
W. M. Carpenter	7	9	10	9	8	9	7	8	10	6—83—989

Chester County.

S Fairlamb	8	7	10	9	6	9	9	7	9	9—83
C J Gilbert	10	7	8	8	8	8	10	8	10	9—86
W T Gordon	10	7	7	10	10	9	9	9	10	9—90
J Rodney	5	8	6	6	7	8	4	7	0	5—56
S Moore	9	10	9	7	8	8	9	10	8	10—88
J G Pugh	6	9	7	9	10	9	9	8	8	7—82
J Kendig	9	9	7	9	9	10	10	9	9	10—91
J M Entrekin	9	9	7	6	6	5	8	8	7	10—76
D Erwin	7	8	7	10	9	8	9	6	0	10—74
Geo W Brooks	10	6	7	8	10	7	6	8	0	9—71
E Patterson	5	8	6	5	6	5	7	8	7	5—62
R Strode	10	8	10	7	10	9	7	10	6	10—87—945

"The best shooting in the match was done by the Chester county boys. Mr. J. Kendig rolled up a score of 91 points. Prof. W. T. Gordon was a close second and had 90 points. Mr. S. Moore succeeded in making 88 points. The Lancaster county boys failed to score higher than 87 points, Messrs. Obreiter, Weber and Wenger having that number.

"After the intercounty match a three-shot sweepstake match a Massachusetts targets was arranged, 21 shooters participating. Th first money was won by Mr. Weber; second money, C. Wenger; third money, W. M. Carpenter. The scores were as follows:

Wenger	11	11	9—31	Wentzel	6	4 7—17
Brocks	10	8	8—26	Carpenter	11	8 11—30
Gordon	0	11	8—28	Lefever	8	12 10—30
Erwin	4	10	9—23	Weber	12	10 11—33
Gleim	11	8	8—27	Weist	11	12 8—31
Entrekin	10	10	11—31	Winters	12	11 8—31
Patterson	8	9	9—26	Franciscus	8	3 6—17
Obrieter	12	12	10—33	Jacob Baltz	0	2 5— 7
P Dommel	3	0	10—13	W P Cummings	12	6 8—26
Anderson	11	10	8—29	Biehl	12	3 10—25
Chas Reiling	7	8	6—21			

"The members of the Schuetzen Verein conducted the Chester county visitors and the members of the North End Club to the Golden Eagle Hotel after the shooting, where all enjoyed a very pleasant supper. The proprietor, Mr. J. F. Wolfer, is an active member of the Schuetzen Verein and also of the North End Rifle Club, and knew just what would satisfy the inner man of the hungry shooters, and had prepared such a meal as a king might have enjoyed. The North End boys left for home by way of the Lititz trolley line at 8 o'clock; the Chester county boys started for home by way of the Pennsylvania Railroad some time later. The day's sport was greatly enjoyed by the many visitors present as well as by the members of the team.

"The third and last match of the summer's contest will be held at Coatesville on Thursday, Aug. 15 next, where some excellent shooting may be expected, as both teams are determined to win the championship."

Denver Rifle Club.

Denver, Col., July 14.—The scores shot to-day on the range of the Denver Rifle Club were as follows:

Two hundred yards, off-hand, American standard target:

J N Lower	10	10	8	6	6	6	10	7	6	5—74
G C Schoyen	7	9	6	7	8	5	7	5	6	10—70
A W Peterson	7	6	4	6	8	7	10	8	7	10—70
F Speth	7	8	4	10	8	9	6	5	6	4—67
C C Ford	4	7	7	4	7	6	5	8	10	4—62
D W King	7	5	9	1	7	7	1	8	6	6—57
W M Maguire	5	4	5	5	7	4	6	1	6	5—48
G V Carmona	7	3	3	3	3	7	6	2	5	3—42
J H Dean	3	5	2	1	10	5	4	2	3	6—41

Five hundred yards, Creedmoor target:

J N Lower	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	4—47
A W Peterson	3	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	5	3—45
G C Schoyen	4	4	5	3	5	4	4	5	3	5—42
J H Dean	5	5	4	4	2	4	5	4	4	5—42
F Speth	4	4	5	0	5	5	4	4	4	5—40

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 3.—Rutherford, N. J.—Boiling Springs Gun Club, shoot for benefit of the cyclone sufferers. All invited. W. H. Huck, Sec'y.

Aug. 3-4.—Lake Geneva, Wis.—Tournament of the Lake Geneva Gun Club; targets.

Aug. 7.—Baltimore, Md.—Tournament of the Maryland and District of Columbia Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Standard Gun Club of Baltimore.

Aug. 7.—Plainfield, N. J.—Seventh monthly tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Climax Gun Club. League contest at 2 P. M.

Aug. 7-8.—Binghamton, N. Y.—Tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; targets.

Aug. 7-9.—Kankakee, Ill.—Tournament of the Kankakee County Gun Club; $300 in cash and merchandise added to the purses.

Aug. 8-10.—Rome, N. Y.—Tournament of the Ro e Gun Club; targets. W. P. Rayland, Sec'y.

Aug. 9-10.—New Orleans, La.—Tournament of the Inter-state Association, under the auspices of the Louisiana Gun C ub; $800 added money.

Aug. 14.—Marlin, Falls County, Texas.—All-day sh.ot of the Marlin Gun Club.

Aug. 15.—White Plains, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the White Plains Gun Club; live birds and targets. Chas. H. Banks, Sec'y.

Aug. 19.—Paducah, Ky.—First annual tournament of the Paducah Gun Club. T. J Moore, Sec'y.

Aug. 20-24.—Holmesburg, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

Aug. 27-29.—Charlotte, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Charlotte Gun Club.

Aug. 28-29.—Frederick, Md.—Two days' tournament of the Frederick Gun Club, at targets.

Aug. 29-31.—Hot Springs, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Sept. 2.—Marion, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club; targets.

Sept. 2-3.—Newark, N. J.—Tournament of he South Side Gun Club; targets. New Jersey Trap Shooters' League contest at 2 P. M. on the second day. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—Utica, N. Y.—Two days tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 4-5.—Shepherdstown, W. Va.—Morgan's Grove Fair Association's tournament, under the management of the Interstate Association

Sept. 5.—Michigan City, Miss.—First semi-annual tournament of the Michigan City Gun Club.

Sept. 10-12.—Indianapolis, Ind.—First annual tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. 10-13.—Detroit, Mich.—The Des-Chree-Shos-Ka annual tournament, under the management of Jack Parker.

Sept. 11-12.—Frankfort, Kansas.—Tournament of the Frankfort Gun Club.

Sept. 11-13.—Lancaster, Pa.—Tournament of the Lancaster Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Sept. —.—Fredonia, N. Y.—Tournament of the Clover Trap and Target Company. $1,000 added money.

Sept. —.—Rochester, N. Y.—Fourth annual tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club; three days of the week following the Clover tournament.

Oct. 9-11.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

Oct. 23-24.—Elizabeth, N. J.—Fourth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Oct. 23-25.—Atlanta, Ga.—Annual tournament of the Clarke Hardware Company; targets; $600 added money.

Nov. 5-7.—Kewanee, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Kewanee Gun Club.

1896.

Jan. 4-5—Phœnix, Ariz.—Annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Jan. 9-11.—San Antonio, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the management of Texas Field; $2,500 added.

April 1-3.—New York.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

May 5-8.—New York.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2 000 added money.

May (second week).—Memphis, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club. $2.000 added money.

May 26-28.—Frankfort, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 30-June 1.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 17-19.—Cleveland, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Speaking of the series of matches now being shot for the club championship of Georgia-South Carolina, the Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier* says: "The Forest City Gun Club has scored its first point in the Georgia-South Carolina championship series for 1895. It won the first of the two matches shot in Savannah by a score of 137 to 135, while the Palmettoes captured the second with a total of 138 to 133. The race now stands three to one in favor of the Palmetto Gun Club, with one tie and two matches yet to shoot. The Palmetto team was greatly handicapped by the absence of its captain, Mr. B. H. Worthen, who has been quite sick for several days past. The Forest City boys were unfortunate in expecting too much of Mr. Harry Lemcke, who had just returned from the New York State tournament with a record of 89 per cent., but with a voice so changed that the trap-puller could not understand him when he said 'pull'."

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., through its president, O. F. Britton, and its secretary, Royal Robinson, sends us the following: "Mr. Jack Parker, of Detroit, having claimed four days in the second week of September, and thus come in conflict with dates which we claimed long ago, this club has decided that its first tournament shall be for amateurs only. This leaves the professionals and agents free to go to Detroit—as they would probably do anyhow—and we can devote our energies to the entertainment of the amateurs without being troubled to protect them from the other class. The improvement and equipment of the model shooting grounds will be completed by that date, Sept. 10-12, and we promise a model tournament in the way of conveniences, management, attractions, etc."

Annie Oakley will no longer be known by her title of "Little Sure Shot." Mr. Frank E. Butler, her manager, has issued the following: "Annie Oakley respectfully requests managers and friends not to use the title 'Little Sure Shot' in connection with her name hereafter. Although it was originally conferred on her by the late Sitting Bull in 1881, at St. Paul, Minn., she will now present it to the five self-titled "Sure Shots," who when not engaged cleaning guns in shooting galleries or washing dishes in cheap boarding houses, endeavor to make a living by posing in museums, using some one else's reputation, but not being a good freak or a good shot, they soon die the death of all fakes and would-be imitators." There's only one Annie Oakley.

The programme of the Binghamton (N. Y.) Gun Club's tournament, Aug. 7-8, is to hand. Its main feature is the solid entrance money in each event. On the first day there are six 10-target races, $1 entrance; four 15-target races, $2 entrance, and two 20-target events, $3 entrance. On the second day the programme is exactly the same, except in Event No. 6, which is a team race at 25 targets per man, instead of a 20-target race. All events are shot at unknown angles. No entries will be taken in any event after the first squad has shot. Shooting commences at 9 A. M. sharp. We hear from Binghamton that there is every prospect of this tournament being a success. With such a programme it can hardly be a failure.

The handicapping in the Forehand Arms Co.'s trophy contests of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club must be pretty good. Read the following from the Worcester (Mass.) *Spy* of July 21: "The Forehand trophy was won by Emory W. Burbank, of Whitinsville, with a score of 29, he being the third man to win it with that score, and one of the nine different men to win it in ten shoots. The other scores were as follows: Parker, Randall and Ide 27, Eastbrook 26, Bucklin, Snell, Mascroft and Harvey 25, Goodell 24, Allen 21, Holmes 19, Hoyle 18."

The King Powder Co., of Cincinnati, O., have issued a circular, in which they announce that: "We have purchased all Mr. Lindsley's patents and his latest improvements; and, what is more, we have contracted for his entire services. He is to remove at once to the vicinity of our mills, superintend the putting up of suitable works, and personally supervise the making of his powder. * * * We expect to have it on the market before the end of the present summer, and within easy reach of every dealer and sportsman." The Mr. Lindsley referred to is, of course, Milt F. Lindsley, late of the American Wood Powder Co.

We understand that it was intended to formally open the new shooting grounds at the Elkwood race track, near Branchport, N. J., on Aug. 7, Wednesday of next week. As, however, that date finds New Jersey shooters at the Climax Gun Club grounds, and New York sportsmen at Binghamton, N. Y., the date will in all probability be changed. Frequent tournaments will be a specialty at Elkwood.

In regard to the clashing of the Endeavor Gun Club's annual tournament at Marion, N. J., on Labor Day, Sept. 2, with the date already chosen by the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., we learn that the annual tournament of the Endeavors has always been held on Labor Day, and that that date has been looked upon in local circles as appropriated by that club. The Endeavors will therefore be found at Marion on Sept. 2.

The Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., will in all probability give a two-days' shoot toward the latter part of September or beginning of October. The first day will be devoted to targets; the second to live birds. The club is assured of a good attendance of shooters from New England, while Jersey herself always furnishes a round dozen or so who will shoot through a tournament.

The Paducah Gun Club, of Paducah, Ky., advertises its first annual tournament for Aug. 19. The programme of events is one that will draw a good attendance, while there will be any amount of fun in shooting off the ties in the merchandise events. Write to T. J. Moore, secretary, for a programme if you have a day to spare.

A. L. Ivins, of Red Bank, N. J., the winner of the Hollywood Futurity Handicap, is matched to shoot a race with Leonard Finletter, of the Riverton Gun Club. The conditions are: 100 live birds, 30yds. rise, 21yds. boundary, $250 a side, the match to be shot on the Hollywood grounds.

The Lancaster, Pa., Gun Club, will hold a two days' tournament, Sept. 12, 13. The first day will be devoted to targets; the second to live birds. Lancaster is centrally located in good trap-shooting territory, and her tournaments are always pleasant, sociable gatherings. The shoot in September should therefore be well attended.

In regard to the junior live-bird championship of America (boys under fifteen years of age) "our own" Conny Furgueson of the New Utrecht (L. I.) Gun Club, would give the contestants for that honor a close race. It's a pity that Watson's Park is so far from Long Island.

W. F. de Wolf, secretary of the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, Ill., writes: "The Garfield Gun Club has quickly taken up the Eureka Gun Club on its proposal to shoot a large team race. We have offered them a race, 18 men on a side, 25 targets per man, unknown angles. How is that for the Eurekas?"

The interstate shoot at New Orleans on Friday and Saturday of next week (Aug. 9 and 10) is attracting a lot of attention in the South. Among the Northerners who will be present are U. M. C. Thomas and N. E. Money.

The Kankakee County (Ill.) Gun Club will hold a three days' tournament on Aug. 7-9, at which it will add $300 in cash and merchandise prizes. This is an open shoot; everybody is invited, nobody barred.

The Lake Geneva (Wis.) Gun Club will hold a two days' shoot at targets on Aug. 3 and 4. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents each. Ed. Bingham, of Montgomery Ward & Co., Chicago, will act as manager.

In our account of "The Vernons and the Cyclone," which appeared in last week's issue, a palpable error slipped in. "Saturday, June 13," should manifestly have read "Saturday, July 13."

Everybody wants to know what Jack Parker's Des-Chree-Shos-Ka programme will contain. There is a suspicion abroad that Jack contemplates something new and attractive.

The seventh shoot of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League will take place next Wednesday (Aug. 7) at the Climax Gun Club's grounds near Fanwood, N. J.

The Shooters will be busy next week at Baltimore, Md.; Plainfield, N. J.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Kankakee, Ill.; Rome, N. Y., and New Orleans, La.

The return match between the Maplewood Gun Club, of Maplewood, N. J., and the Peekskill, N. Y., Gun Club will take place Aug. 17 at Maplewood.

Don't forget the Boiling Springs Club's shoot for the benefit of the Cherry Hill, N. J., cyclone sufferers. The date is Saturday, Aug. 3.

Edward Banks.

Trap at Little Rock.

Little Rock, Ark., July 25.—Perhaps two more interesting and closely contested matches have never taken place than those that were shot on the club grounds here to-day.

The first was a live-bird match between Jno. J. Sumpter, Jr., of Hot Springs, and Dr. J. H. Lenow, of this city; conditions: 25 live birds per man. Contrary to expectations, this race was highly interesting, and closely contested from start to finish. It was generally conceded by those who were acquainted with the abilities of both of the contestants, that the Doctor had once more ventured out of his class, and would be beaten rather easily. But the Doctor had evidently not over-estimated his ability very much, as he shot a great race, in fact the best he has ever shot, and kept his opponent guessing from start to finish as to the outcome of the match. Possibly, but for an oversight on his part, he might have defeated his man. He lost his second bird by neglecting to shove his safety up, and this evidently cost him the match, as he afterwards managed to tie his opponent; each scoring 21 birds. In the shoot off he went all to pieces, only scoring one out of five, while Sumpter scored four, and won the match. The pigeons were an excellent lot of summer birds; the weather was also in their favor, it being a delightful day for this season of the year, cool and bracing, with a good stiff breeze to help the birds along. The Doctor shot a 12 ga. Purdey hammerless ejector gun, 47 grains E. C., 1⅛ oz. No. 7 chilled shot, in U. M. C. Trap shells; Sumpter shot a 12 ga. L. C. Smith hammerless ejector Pigeon gun, 53 grains E. C., 1¼ oz. No. 7 chilled shot, in Rapid shells.

Immediately after the above match, a team race at targets was shot between Sumpter and Hughes, of Hot Springs, on one side, and Dickinson and Duley, of the local club, on the other. The conditions of this race were 100 targets per man, unknown angles. This race, like the previous one, was a spirited contest, and the saying that a match is never won until the last gun is fired was never more forcibly illustrated.

When each contestant had only one more target to shoot at, the Hot Springs team led by one bird, and all looked for this to be the final result. Dickinson and Duley each broke their last target, while, to the surprise of all, Sumpter and Hughes both broke theirs, and with them also the match. Little Rock winning by the narrow margin of one bird. The shooters were evidently in great form, as the scores of the teams and also those who shot along with them will show. W. A. Leach came up from Pine Bluff and shot along with the boys, but was hardly up to his form. Scores:

	5	3	1	3	1	2	1	4	4	1	2	5	2	5	4	5	1	2	4	2	4	5	2	4	1	
	↑	↗	↖	↑	↗	↑	↗	→	↗	↗	↗	↑	↗	↗	↑	↑	↑	↑	↗	↖	↑	↗	↖	↖	↖	
J Sumpter, Jr.	2	0	1	2	2	0	1	2	1	2	1	•	2	2	2	1	2	1	2	0	1	2	2	2	2	—21
	1	3	3	5	4	2	4	3	3	2	5	4	1	3	5	1	5	3	2	3	1	3	5	4		
	↖	↑	↗	↑	↗	↗	←	↖	↓	↖	↗	↑	↖	↗	↗	↗	↑	↖	↑	↗	↖	↖	→	↑		
Dr J H Lenow	1	0	2	0	2	1	1	2	1	2	2	1	2	2	2	•	0	1	2	1	2	1	2	1	—21	

In shooting off the tie at 5 birds, Sumpter won easily, killing four to his opponents one.

Team race, 100 targets, unknown angles:

Dickinson	1111111111111111111111101011111111111111111111111111	—47
	1100111111111111111111111011111111101111111110111111	—45—92
Duley	1111111111101100011101111111111111111111111111111111	—45
	1111111010110111001111111111111111111111101100111111	—43—88
		180
Sumpter	1111111111111101111111111111111101101111011011111111	—45
	1011111111011111111111111111111111111111111111111110	—45—90
Hughes	1111111101111011111111111011111111111100111111111	—45
	1110111111111111111011110111011111111111111011111110	—44—89
		179
Pemberton	1011111111111101111110111011111011101111111111111	—44
	1111111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111	—48—92
Woodson	1100111111111111111111011111011110111111111011111111	—44
	1110111111111100011111111111111111111111111111111101	—43—87
Leach	1111111111011101100111111101111100110010100100035	
	0111010101111101101011111111111111100111111111111	—41—76
Thibault	1001110111110101010111110111010111000111011011036	
	1110101011101100111101101010101111111101010101110	—35—71

Paul R. Litzke.

A New Monte Carlo.

Lieutenant Peter Gibson writes from Cincinnati, O., as follows: "Through the kindness of Mon. A. Blondin, Secretary of the Tir aux Pigeons of the Monte Carlo Shooting Park, who has just forwarded me a copy of the programme and rules, I am able to give you the following details of the new (this is the first season) Grand Tir aux Pigeons International Tournament, to be held at Sarajevo-Bosnie in Austria-Hungary this coming autumn.

"Sarajevo is an oriental city; it is the capital of Bosnie and Herzegovina; population about 30,000. It has excellent hotel accommodations. This city is about one day by rail from Vienna. Further information and railroad tickets can be had at 3 Place de l'Opera, Paris, or 14 Cockspur Street, London. For all particulars in regard to the shoot, write to M. A. Blondin, Secretary, Tir aux Pigeons, 16 Rue Dufreney, Paris, France.

"The tournament is given under the management of the Tir aux Pigeons de Bosnie & d'Herzegovine. The committee is composed of well-known gentlemen, such as M. le duc De Ralibor, Lord Dudley of London, and le comte Ferdinand Trautmansdorff of Austria. It will also be under the patronage of the Government.

"There will be a great many American sportsmen in Europe this autumn, many of whom would no doubt like to know of this opportunity to measure their skill with European sportsmen a this new Monte Carlo. The list of large prizes will be I think worthy of their consideration.

"The tournament begins Sept. 8 with the Prix d'Ouverture. The first prize is 2,000 francs, with an *objet d'art;* second prize, 500 francs and 25% of the entrance money; third prize, 300 francs and 20% of the entrance money; fourth prize, 200 francs and 15% of the entrance money; 6 pigeons, miss and out. The entrance fee is 50 francs ($10).

"On Sept. 10 the Prix des Bains will be shot. In this competition the first prize is 3,000 francs and an *objet d'art;* second prize, 700 francs and 25% of the entrance money; third prize, 500 francs and 20% of the entrance money; fourth prize, 300 francs and 15% of the entrance money; entrance 50 francs ($10); 6 pigeons, miss and out. Matches will continue each day, ending with an event on Sept. 23, with purses ranging as in the first two events.

"The Grand Prix will be shot on Sept. 16-17. The first prize is 25,000 francs ($5,000); the entrance fee is 150 francs ($30); 12 pigeons, miss and out; the second prize is $1,000 and 25% of the entrance money; third prize is 3,000 francs and 20% of the entrance money; fourth prize is 2,000 francs and 15% of the entrance money.

"I am informed by another source that shooters will, if they desire it, have an opportunity to do some shooting in the forests. The game consists of deer, bear, small birds and small fur.

"Mon. Guyot, of Paris, will be armorer and will supply cartridges. From what I know of European shooting tournaments, I feel confident that all American sportsmen will be treated right and have an enjoyable time."

Trap at Washington, D. C.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 20.—The Maryland and District of Columbia Trap-Shooters' League held its second tournament to-day in the city of Washington on the grounds (or rather over the waters) of the Capital City Gun Club. In the language of the immortal Cæsar, the out-of-town visitors can say, "We came, we shot, we sweltered." Why it is necessary for a shooting match to be held in such close proximity to the sulphur regions (inferring that they were not far distant, judging from the superabundance of high temperature) is a problem I have not yet been able to solve. Surely, however, not because it is "Smokeless."

Washington, at its best in summer, is conducive to cooling drinks; at its worst, and that is over in southern Georgetown on the flats (where mosquitoes grow so big that a visitor shot one, mistaking it for a snipe)—at its worst, the effects are such that nothing short of a Keely Cure will enable one to again properly take one's nourishment. It is a strange though kindly providence, however, which, notwithstanding the conditions, enables the human frame to accommodate itself to its environments; and while the Washington shooters are, as a rule, a cadaverous-looking lot, they are an awfully unsafe crowd to place your money against when shooting on their own, or, in fact, on any grounds. There were about thirty shooters in attendance, most of whom participated in the majority of the events.

There is not much sky around Washington, except above it and that's a long way off, and when you come to throw targets from the middle of a marsh, with trees in every direction, targets have to be thrown at an angle of about 90° if it is intended that they shall have the sky as a background. The trappers, in order to even things up, applied the same mathematical calculations to the quartering birds, and the way in which they whizzed by the end of the screen at direct right angles and started toward Baltimore generally guaranteed them an unimpeded flight had they but the staying power to make the distance. Shooting began about 10:30 A. M. and continued until 6:30 P. M., with but a slight interruption of fifteen minutes at noon, when the cravings of one's inner consciousness were appeased.

The club team race was the center of interest; there were four teams present, representing the Capital City Gun Club, of Washington; the Standard Gun Club, the Baltimore Shooting Association, and the Green Spring Valley Gun Club, of Baltimore. The Capital City boys got a little the best of the contest and seem now to have a pretty strong cinch on first place, having made the highest averages at each of the league tournaments which have taken place. The day, barring the uncanny heat, was a most enjoyable one and everyone went home pleased, with the exception perhaps of the ones who failed to land. They were rather quiet and reflective. How hard it comes, but oh, how easy it goes, at a $1.50 and $2 entrance.

The next league shoot will be held on the grounds of the Standard Gun Club, Baltimore, on Wednesday, Aug. 7. All shooters, whether members of clubs or not, are invited to be present at these tournaments. The following are the scores:

No. 1, 10 targets, $1: Wagner 9, Bond 8, Gulick 6, Eldridge 8, Arnold 7, McKnew 9, Hood 7, Rothwell 9, Thomas 7, Heiskell 5, White 8 Malone 9, Mattingly 2, Smith 7, Buckbee 8, Hamilton 7, Hartner 10, Dixon 8, Randall 7, Hawkins 7, Gant 8, Bird 9, Lupus 7, Penrose 8

No. 2, 15 targets, $1.50: Wagner 14, Arnold 14. Heiskell 9, White 11, McKnew 10, Thomas 8, Band 15, Hawkins 13, Claridge 14, Penrose 13, Malone 13, Hood 9, Rothwell 13, Mattingly 12, Dixon 8, Randall 11, Bird 11, Gent 12, Hamilton 10, Lupus 13, Smith 13, Lee 12, Hartner 13.

No. 3, 20 targets, $2:

Wagner....11101101111101111111—17	Malone....11111110110111111101—17
Arnold....11110111101110011101—15	Penrose....01111110001100111100—12
Heiskell....11101110101001000000—10	Bird.....01111101101110000100—12
White.....01111011111111111111—18	Randall....11001100111101111111—15
McKnew....01011111001000011111—13	Hartner....01013011110011111111—15
Thomas....01010111101100011111—13	Hood .....10111011101011111111—16
Lee.....00110110111110110111—14	Gent.....11110111001110001101—14
Bond.....11110011100111111100—14	Dixon.....10111010101101100110—12
Hawkins..11100111111111111110—17	Hamilton..10111101111011111001—15
Claridge..11101111111101111010—16	Pruitt.....11111111111101111111—19
Mattingly .11111101111111111110—19	Wise.....10110110111111191110—15
Rothwell..01111010111011101101—14	

No. 4, same:

Wagner....01001111111111011101—15	Malone....11110111001011111110—15
Arnold....11111110111111111111—19	Penrose...11111111110101111101—17
Heiskell...00100010011101101—10	Dixon.....10111111000111111011—15
White.....10011110111011111110—15	Gent.....01110111111111111110—17
McKnew..11111111111111101111—19	Lee.....11110110011001101111—14
Thomas...10110011100100011100—10	Randall....01111001111011111010—14
Claridge..11100101111111111117	Hood.....11110111011011111110—16
Mattingly..11111110110111111101—17	Wise.....11100111111101111111—17
Bond.....01011111010111111111—16	Pruitt.....10101011011111111111—16
Hawkins..11001110111111111111—17	Smith.....11101011011001101111—14

No. 5, 15 birds, $1.50: Wagner 15, Arnold 13, Heiskell 12, White 14, McKnew 13, Thomas 7, Hawkins 14, Bond 13, Bird 12, Rothwell 14, Mattingly 14, Hall 14, Claridge 13, Hartner 14, Penrose 14, Malone 12, McLeod 14, Gent 11, Lupus 12, Dixon 13, Ashford 9, Buckler 14, Smith 13, Hamilton 10, Pruitt 14, Wise 13, Hood 8, Fristor 10, McKeldon 14.

No. 6, team race, 25 birds per man:

Capital City Gun Club

Wagner	1111101111111111111110111—23
Arnold	1111111111111011111111100—22
McKelden	1011111111111101111011111—22
McLeod	1111110101111111111111111—23
Pruitt	1111010111111111101111111—22
Mattingly	1110111111111111111111011—23—135

Baltimore Shooting Ass'n.

Claridge	0011111010110111111111111—20
Hall	1111111111111111111010111—23
Malone	1111111111111111111111101—24
Hartner	1111111111111111101011111—22
Penrose	1110111011101111101111111—20
Hood	0111110111010100110111101—17—126

Green Spring Valley.

White	1110111101111111011111111—22
Heiskell	1100101001110001101111110—15
Thomas	0010111110101111100101111—17
Hamilton	1111110101111010101101001—17
Cockey	1111011111011101011011111—20
Baker	0111010010100011000001010—10—101

Standard Gun Club.

Bond	1111111111111111111111111—25
Hawkins	1111011111010111111111110—21
Lupus	0111111011111111111111110—22
Derbal	0110111111101011111111111—20
Buckbee	1011111101111111101111011—21
Bonday	1111101111011111101111111—22—132

No. 7, 15 targets, $1.50: Wagner 15, Arnold 11, Heiskell 9, White 13, McKnew 10, Thomas 12, Barker 10, Cockey 11, McLeod 12, Pruitt 15, Fristoe 9, Gent 12, Hamilton 13, Claridge 12, Hawkins 14, Hall 14, Bird 14, Penrose 13, Dixon 8, Bond 12, Wise 11, Broshean 12, Malone 13, Mattingly 12, McKeldon 14, Ashford 4.

No. 8, 20 targets, $2:

Wagner....11111111101111111111—19	Barker....10111111001110011111—15
Arnold....11111111111100111111—18	Cockey....01101111101101111111—18
Heiskell...10110110101101111110—13	Claridge...11011111001101111111—15
White.....11101111100010001110—13	Hawkins...10011101111111111110—16
McKnew....10001111111111101111—16	Pruitt.....11011110111011111110—16
Thomas....11101101110101010011—13	Heiskell...01111010011111110000—13
McLeod....11011011111111111101—17	Hamilton..10111111101010111011—15
Fristoe....10010011011111111111—14	Baker.....11111000111010100000—11
Hood.....01111101011111101110—15	Penrose...10011101110111111111—15

No. 9, 20 targets, $2:

Mattingly..11110111111111011111—18	White.....01011110101011110111—14
Gent.....11011100111101101111—15	McKnew...01101101010111100000—11
Malone....11111011111111111101—17	Thomas....11010111111111010—15
Bird .....10100101111110001011—12	Cockey....11111011011101011100—14
Wise .....01011001001101101011—11	Brashean..01110101111100110001—13
Dixon.....11101010011101111110—13	Barker....10101011011010101111—14
Wagner....11111011110111111111—18	Claridge..11111111111111111110—19
Arnold....01111111010111110111—16	Pruitt.....10111111111111111101—18
Hamilton..10110010111111111111—16	Penrose....10111110111111111111—18

No. 10, 15 targets, $1.50: Wagner 15, Arnold 13, Hamilton 10, White 12, Thomas 13, Pruitt 14, Penrose 11, Mattingly 11, Cockey 11, Brashear 10, Wise 13, Hawkins 14, Malone 14, McKelden 12, Claridge 10, Thomas 13.

STANLEY.

Vernon Rod and Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 27.—The regular Saturday shoot of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club was held this afternoon, under very inauspicious conditions as regards the weather. The wind blew a gale all the time, while driving rain and heavy, dark clouds made it difficult to get on to the erratic flights of the blue rocks. Woods's average of 83 per cent. was exceptionally good. The scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Woods	8	7	10	8	..	7	..	8	22	9
Edwards	7	8	4	7	..	6	..	6	15	7
Welles	4	9	8	7	..	8	..	9	17	..
Gray	1	1	..	..	3	..	..	5	3	..
Thompson	8	7	..	..	6	..	7	7	13	..
Allen	4	5	..	..	5	..	4	..	..	..
Dr. Little	..	..	6	8	6	7	9	7	18	9
Burham	..	..	6	8	5	8	4	..	..	..
Bishop	..	..	9	8	..	7	..	7	16	8
Osterhart	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	5	7	..
Lahey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	2

All events were at 10 targets, except No. 9, which was 25 targets.

The Question of "Proper Angles."

THE team races at the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League tournaments are shot at known traps, unknown angles. Prior to 1895 the races have been shot at known traps and known angles. This year, however, at the annual meeting, the delegates by a very narrow margin, the casting vote of the chairman, we believe, decided to change the conditions to unknown angles. This decision, imposing as it did more severe conditions upon young and more inexperienced clubs, resulted in the secession of one club and caused considerable dissatisfaction in one or two other instances.

FOREST AND STREAM has twice called attention to what it believed to be the inevitable results of such a change—dissatisfaction with the manner in which the targets were thrown. A third case occurred at the last tournament, the one held on Thursday, July 25, on the grounds of the Union Hill Gun Club. In this case it was the flight of a target, refused by a shooter, that caused the trouble, not the general way in which the targets were thrown—everybody was served alike. Two or three of the trappers, however, took advantage of the traps having no "stops" on them, and flung the targets up and down the screen, the angles being very acute at times.

The incident occurred when the first team was shooting—the Union, of Springfield "Uncle Billy" Sigler, one of the best shots in the league, and probably without a peer of his own age at targets, drew an extreme left-quarterer from No. 3; it went right down the screen and low at that. He refused it. Another target was allowed and again he refused to shoot, the target taking the same flight exactly. His third target, almost a straightaway, was pulverized. There was a good deal of kicking at the scoring of a dead bird to Sigler, but we believe that the decision was absolutely correct, as the two previous targets were certainly outside the limits prescribed by the American Shooting Association rules—the rules by which the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League contests are governed. Sec. 12 of the League's by-laws says: "The shooting rules of the League shall be those of the American Shooting Association, revised edition, with the exception that amount of shot shall not exceed 1½oz." (The last reservation appears to be unnecessary, as neither of the revised editions permits more than 1¼oz. of shot.)

Rule 13 of the A. S. A. trap-shooting rules, revised 1890, and rule 7 of the A. S. A. trap-shooting rules, revised by C. W. Dimick, 1893, govern the point above stated, each using precisely the same wording. After prescribing the adjusting of the traps and the proper flight of each target, Section 3 states: "After the traps are set for their angles, if the target for any reason shall take a different course, it shall be considered a fair target, *provided the trap has not been changed.*" In the instance above cited, the contest was at unknown angles, therefore the trap *had been changed.* No set of A. S. A. rules, revised or unrevised, tackles contests either at unknown angles or under expert rules; therefore, by implication, we must presume that all angles in unknown angle events should be within the limits prescribed in the rule above mentioned. Hence we think that the referee's decision on Sigler's target was correct. A protest was lodged against it being scored "dead," not from any vindictive feeling, but simply for the sake of having this question of what is, and what is not, a proper angle defined so far as the team contests of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League are concerned.

Section 3 above quoted will, we think, be a surprise to many shooters who have been under the impression that, when shooting at known angles, they could properly refuse a target that takes a wrong flight through some fault of the trap, or error of the trapper—such as putting the target in the carrier without pushing it up solidly, etc. This section says positively that, provided the trap has not been charged, such a target is a fair target.

Both books of A. S. A. rules quoted from above also contain a section that is surely clerically incorrect: Section 1 of Rule 20 of the 1890 revision, and Section 1, Rule 19 of Dimick's revision, define the reasons for which a shooter shall be allowed another target. Section 2 of these rules states how such other targets shall be thrown as follows: "When the shooting is at *known angles* he shall have another target from the same trap; but if the shooting is at *unknown angles* he shall have another target from an unknown trap, to be decided by the indicator, except it be the last trap, when the shooter has the right to know which trap is to be sprung. In this case he shall have another target from the same trap." The evident intention must have been to make the words in italics read "known *traps*" and "unknown *traps.*" (The italics in all cases are ours.) It is unnecessary to state that, as far as we know, such has always been the interpretation of this rule. An effort is being made by the recently organized American Trap Shooters' League to provide clubs with an up-to-date and perfected set of rules that shall clear up as far as possible all ambiguities in the sets of rules now in general use, and which shall also decide many other moot points not touched by these same rules. Such a book of rules, it must be conceded, the trap-shooting fraternity stands much in need of. These last remarks apply not only to target-shooting, but also to live-bird shooting.

Council Bluffs Gun Club.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia., July 20.—A few members of the Council Bluffs Gun Club held a live-bird shoot at the club's grounds to-day. The conditions were: 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary. The birds were a capital lot, only two requiring the use of scare ropes. Following is the score:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Beresheim	↖↓↘↙↗↗↗↖← 1 0 1 ● 0 1 1 1 1 1— 7	↘↙↙↖←↘↘←↙ 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1—10
Kingsberry	↗↙↑↘↑←↘←↖↘ 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1—10	→↙↙↑→↘↑↑←↙ 2 2 2 2 1 ● 2 0 1 1— 8
Highsmith	↗↓↖↗←↘↖H→ 0 ● 1 0 2 0 0 1 1 1— 5	↗↙↙↗→↙↙↙↖ 0 0 1 0 1 1 1 2 1 1— 7
Duncan	↘→↖↗↙↙T↘↘↓ 0 1 1 1 2 1 1 0 1— 8	
Harding	↙↘↘↘↗↑↗↓↘↗ 1 0 1 2 1 2 ● 0 1 0— 6	
Pyper	↗←↑↓↗↘→↖↗↗ 0 0 2 2 2 1 2 0 0 0— 5	↗↙↙↗↘↑↙↙↘→ ¯ 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 0— 9
Stubbs	↗↙↑↘→↗↙↙← 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 0 1 1— 9	
West	↗↙→↗↖↙↙→↙ 2 1 2 1 2 1 ● 1 1 1— 9	
Graham	↖↘↙→↖←↘↑↑← 2 0 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2— 9	↗↓←↖↘↙↙→←← 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
Palmer		←↘←↘↙↖↘↗←↑ 1 0 1 2 2 2 ● ● 2— 7

CHARLES MATTHAI, Scorer.

Brunswick Gun Club.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., July 27.—Fourteen members of the Brunswick Gun Club took part in the club's monthly shoot this afternoon. R. M. Pettit headed the list with 24 out of 25, missing his seventh target; Stevens scored 23, tieing Van Dyke for second place; Hoagland with 22, and Blish and Nicholson with 21 each. All shot well. The conditions of the club shoot are: 25 targets per man, unknown angles. Score:

R M Pettit	1111111011111111111111111—24
H H Stevens	1111111101111101111111111—23
F Van Dyke	1111111111111011111111110—23
I Hoagland	1101111111101111111111101—22
J A Blish	1111111111000110111111111—21
R C Nicholas	1111111111011110101011111—21
E Reynolds	0101111111110100011111111—19
M Allen	1010101101101011101111111—18
C Oakley	1110100011011010111111110—17
Dr H Iredell	1111100101110101001111111—17
H B Smith	0110111001101111001101101—16
J S Voorhees	1010111100000011100111000—12
G W Strong	0101010111101101110010010—15
J Parsons	0000010001000101000000000— 4

Worcester Gun Club.

THE Worcester (Mass.) Gun Club is bent on keeping up the interest of its members in trap-shooting. The Forehand Arms Company's trophy contests do a great deal to promote friendly rivalry among the members, and in addition to these contests the club is now starting in on a second series of prize shoots similar to those which have just been concluded. The manner in which these prize shoots are conducted, their conditions, and the awarding of the prizes, will be interesting as instructive to other gun clubs who may wish to adopt similar methods of drawing out their members and increasing a healthy interest in trap-shooting. The following clipping from the Worcester (Mass.) *Spy* tells the whole of the story:

"The series was 10 weeks at 30 targets each week, making 300 targets shot at, and the 8 best scores out of 10 were counted, that it might not be absolutely necessary for a member to attend every shoot in order to get a prize, and in the eight weeks 240 birds were shot at. The poorer shooters were given a number of "dead" birds to bring them up to 80 per cent., the average standing of the best shooters, who, to keep up their average, were obliged to break 24 targets out of the 30 shot at, and were handicapped by the number of birds given those who could not shoot so well. That this handicap was a good one is shown by the totals, where a dozen or more men are bunched together with only 20 targets difference between the highest and the lowest, and that the system was satisfactory is shown by the harmony and friendly rivalry which prevailed among the shooters. The handicap proved, unintentionally to the committee, to be more difficult for the older than for the younger shooters, and the more experienced marksmen had to shoot the best they could all the time, while some of those who have been ranked as poor shooters went above their average.

"Of the 240 targets in eight weeks, Jay Snell got eight full scores, and won the first prize, a $100 Lovell Diamond bicycle, given by the Lovell Arms and Cycle Company. John B. Tougas came next with 235, and has the second prize, a $35 gold watch, given by A. B. F. Kinney. Charles H. Goodell got 234, winning the third prize, a $35 silver tea service, given by Nelson H. Davis. Charles A. Parker had 233, with which he took the fourth prize, a banquet lamp, given by O. S. Kendall & Co. Thomas H. Davis is fifth with 232, and wins a silver ice pitcher, given by the Clark-Sawyer Company. The sixth prize is a silver watch, valued at $20, given by A. B. F. Kinney, and was won by Frank A. Caswell, with a score of 226. The seventh prize is a $10 gun case, given by A. B. F. Kinney, and was won by Frederick Bucklin with a score of 223. C. Henry Colvin made a score of 220, and wins a pair of custom trousers, given by Davis & Co. This prize has seemed for the last few weeks likely to go to John Mascroft, of Sutton, who would not have required less than 10yds. for the pattern, and Messrs. Davis & Co. should do a good job for 'Harvey,' and feel under lasting obligations to him for helping them out.

"The gun club intended to send the largest man they had and get the most they could for the present, but the severe storm interfered, and lightning struck where it did. Samuel Randall scored 219, and has his choice in a year's subscription to the daily papers. Estabrook takes tenth prize with a score of 213, and wins his choice of sporting papers, one year's subscription. John T. Mascroft and Earl W. Ide are tied with 210 for the eleventh prize, a $6 silk umbrella given by the George H. Corbett Company. Caspar Mifflin Brown scored 208, and gets twelfth prize, an alligator hand-bag, given by S. E. Hanson. Erford A. Holmes comes thirteenth with 204, and wins a pair of $4 shoes, given by George C. Hunt & Co. Charles E. Forehand's score was 203, and he wins a hat, given by Edward B Clapp. William H. Farnsworth is fifteenth with a score of 163, and wins the barred owl given by Charles K. Reed."

West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., July 25.—Our regular Thursday shoot to-day was well attended. Lunch consisted of roast pigeon, pickled sweetbreads, etc., Steward Gidney getting there in fine shape, as usual. The feature of the day was the shooting of Taggart, Wood and Higginson. Taggart at live birds killed his 10 straight with one barrel only; his total for the afternoon was 24 out of 25, 16 of them one-barrel kills.

In the prize shoot, Wood won a heat for the first prize—ten-dollar gold piece; Higginson won a heat for the second prize—five-dollar gold piece. Scores:

Prize shoot, 25 targets—10 known angles, 3 pairs and 9 unknown angles—handicap of misses as breaks:

Wood (5)	1111111111	11 11 10	111111010—23
Higginson (0)	1111111111	10 11 10	11101111—22
Taylor (0)	1100101111	11 11 11	01101111—20
Likely (3)	1001111010	01 11 11	01100111—20
Gibbs (4)	1011010111	00 00 00	11111111—20
Taggart (4)	0100011011	11 10 10	11101001—19
Chadwick (10)	0100000110	10 11 10	10000100—19
Kissam (3)	1001011101	10 10 00	01011111—18
Stansborough (3)	0000111110	10 10 10	10010011—15

No. 2, 15 targets, unknown angles: Higginson, Likely and Taylor 13, Wood 11, Kissam 9, Gibbs 8, Chadwick 6.

No. 3, 10 live birds:

Taggart	1111111111—10	Wood 1210102211— 8
Taylor	1121121211—10	Stansborough 23122●2w — 6
Higginson	2●22222221— 9	

Other live-bird scores shot during the day were: Taggart 14 out of 15, Higginson 9 out 10, Taylor 4 out of 5, Likely 8 out of 10, Gibbs 2 out of 5.

DAVID BROWN.

A Press Team Race.

ABOUT 10:30 A. M. on Saturday morning last, July 27, the trap editor of FOREST AND STREAM called into the store of Von Lengerke & Detmold. He found Major J. M. Taylor, of the *American Field*, and Mr. Jacob Pentz, of *Shooting and Fishing*, already in possession. The result of the meeting of "three of a kind," as Carl Von Lengerke put it, was the following:

While we were talking together Carl said: "Why don't you three each choose a team and shoot a race for the honor of your papers, calling the teams by your paper's name?" After discussing the question, we came to the conclusion that we might all happen to want the same shooter, which would complicate matters. It was then agreed that if possible we would promote a tournament at which the FOREST AND STREAM'S, *American Field's* and *Shooting and Fishing's* teams should be a special feature. Although the idea is yet in embryo, the scheme for chosing the teams may be as follows: The three above-named representatives of the sportsmen's press shall meet and together select (say) 36 names of prominent shooters who live within easy reach of New York. Dates for the tournament (probably early in October) will be chosen and the 36 shooters will be written to, asking them to attend and take part in the team race. (The number of shooters is not limited to 36, but that number at least will be included.)

To do away with the difficulty of choosing the teams, the names of all the shooters will be placed in a hat and the representatives of the papers named will draw their teams. All conditions are as yet only in the rough, but we believe that such a race will not only attract shooters, but will make a good nucleus for a rattling tournament. It will certainly add to the interest already excited in trap-shooting.

Canadian Trap Scores.

HAMILTON, Can., July 23.—To-day was the occasion of the shoot at Brantford for the Big Four prizes. The attendance was good, the weather delightful and the tournament an entire success. In the team race there were six entries: 3 from Toronto, 2 from the Galt Gun Club and 1 from the Mallard Gun Club, of Hamilton. The Mallard Gun Club's team won the race with 90 out of 100, No. 1 team of the Stanley Gun Club, of Toronto, being a good second with a total of 88. The following were the scores in this match, each man shooting at 20 targets:

Mallard Gun Club Hamilton: Cliff 19, Smyth 18, Clyne 18, Marshall 18, Patterson 17—90.

Stanley Gun Club, Toronto, No. 1: Wilton 19, Lucas 19, Gordon 18, George 16, Casey 16—88.

Galt Gun Club, No. 1: Wayper 20, Smith 19, Thompson 18, Wheeler 15, Campbell 12—84.

Stanley No. 2: McDowall 19, McCleary 19, Rice 16, Tippett 16, Musson 13—83.

Galt No. 2: Patrick 18, Draisey 18, R. C. Patrick 17, Gress 14, Tremain 14—81.

Victoria Gun Club, Toronto: Crew 19, Burgess 16, Myler 16, Enoch 14, Beatty 14—79.

WESTERN TRAPS.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 27.—My attention is asked to the fact that in the report of Cleveland shoot a "world's record" was claimed for the squad which broke 116 out of 120 targets. This is well meant, but not quite correct, as reference to the types will show that the report said, "This broke the squad record," meaning of course the squad record for that shoot only. With Mr. Waddell's DuPont Smokeless pictures all about as they were, one could not well have forgotten, even had he wished to do so, the fact that the squad record of all shoots, so far as we know at date, was broken by the six men who ran 119 out of 120 at the Cincinnati DuPont tournament, which was duly shown in the report for that shoot and elsewhere. This would not affect the Cleveland squad record, nor its mention as news. It is also pointed out that in the (exclusive) FOREST AND STREAM report of the Nebraska State shoot a "world's record" was claimed for 89 out of 90. I find no mention in that report (or the Cleveland report) of this being claimed for any powder. The term "world's record" is one that is often heard in a newspaper office, but I don't think FOREST AND STREAM is likely to use it to the detriment of any of its friends. It couldn't afford to, and doesn't want to, I think one may make bold to say. FOREST AND STREAM is about as big and square as they make 'em.

KANKAKEE COUNTY GUN CLUB.

They used to shoot ducks along the Kankakee, but now they shoot targets. On Aug. 7, 8 and 9 the Kankakee Gun Club will give a nice little tournament, with $300 added to induce the attendance of those who used to shoot ducks and now shoot targets, or those who still shoot both, or those who don't shoot either very much. All will be welcome. Kankakee is only sixty miles from Chicago and is a pretty place at this season.

Aug. 3 is the day set for the juvenile live-bird race at Watson's Park, Burnside; also for the Garfield-Eureka club race at the Eureka grounds; should the latter race go through as planned, there should be interest in each event.

E. HOUGH.

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

THE sixth shoot of the 1895 series of team contests promoted by the New Jersey Trap-shooters' League was held on Thursday, July 25, on the grounds and under the auspices of the Union Hill Gun Club, of Hoboken, N. J. These grounds are located near the Guttenburg race track and are reached by trolley cars from either one of these places: Hoboken depot of the D. L. & W. R. R.; the Jersey end of the new Fourteenth street, New York, ferry; or the Courthouse, Newark. From Barclay street, New York city, to the gun club's grounds, is a trip of about sixty minutes, but a pleasant one at that, as the trolley cars in Jersey keep going and make fast time. The system of transfers over those lines is something immense, the public being well looked after in that respect, but apparently neglected as to the number of cars run on the different lines. Partly owing to the long interval between cars and also to the length of the trip from Hoboken, several members of the various teams did not arrive until well after 2 P. M., the hour set for the commencement of the team race. The manager, W. N Drake, with the league score book, was slightly behind time owing to the same causes. It might be just as well to mention right here that the league team race is always advertised for 2 P. M.; if started promptly it should be over by 4, thus allowing those who live at a distance to get home at a decent hour. But the 2 P. M. rule is never adhered to, the consequence being that the team race drags along until somewhere between 5 and 6. Why not advertise it for 3 P. M. and begin promptly? Or, better still, why not adhere to the present hour and start promptly on the stroke of 2? If it was understood that 2 o'clock meant 2 o'clock, shooters composing the various teams would be on deck at that hour and would not come dribbling in between 3 and 4.

The day was exceedingly warm, too warm for comfort, and the shooting of several of the contestants suffered in consequence. Considering the heat, the inferior background and the numerous balks caused by the poor work of the pulling apparatus, the scoring as a whole was very good. The Boiling Springs total of 115 was a performance to be proud of, Greiff and McAlpin leading with clean scores of 25 each. Elizabeth took second place with 109, also a capital score under the circumstances. The Climax were third by a narrow margin, scoring 100 to Maplewood's 99. Four of the latter club's team scored 87. Van Iderstine most unaccountably falling down on his string. The South Side team was much weakened by the absence of Maj. R. H. Breintnall, who was attending to his military duties at Sea Girt, N. J., and of Asa Whitehead, who has a percentage of 85 6 for five completed strings. "Wanda" (Mrs. M. F. Lindsley) made the excellent score of 22, aiding very materially in the making of 72 by the Union Hill team.

Before the team race was shot the following eight sweeps were decided, North's bluerock traps and empire targets being used throughout the day:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1.00: Van Dyke 9, Hyde 8, Greiff 8, Sigler 8, Miller 8, Jackson 8.

No. 2, same as No 1: Collins 9, McAlpin 9, Sigler 8, Greiff 8, Van Dyke 8, Miller 8, Hyde 7, Jackson 7.

No. 3, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.50: McAlpin 15, Van Dyke 14, Hyde 13, Sigler 13, Greiff 13, Jackson 6

No. 4, same as No. 1: McAlpin 10, Sigler 10, Miller 10, Van Dyke 9, Keller 9, Thomas 8, Collins 8, Hyde 8, Dutchy 8, Apgar 7, Hebbard 7, Edwards 6, Fayette 6, Greiff 6, Jackson 6.

No. 5, same as No. 3: McAlpin 15, Greiff 15, Apgar 15, Van Dyke 14, Collins 14, Sigler 13, Miller 13, Smith 13, Keller 13, Hebbard 12, Thomas 11, Hyde 11.

No. 6, same as No. 1: Greiff 10, Apgar 10, Dustin 10, Geoffroy 10, Thomas 9, Collins 9, Sigler 9, McAlpin 8, Hebbard 8, Jackson 8, Van Dyke 7, Hyde 7, Smith 7, Miller 7, Keller 7, Piercy 6, Edwards 5, Herrington 4.

No. 7, same as No. 1: Geoffroy 10, Smith 10, McAlpin 10, Apgar 9, Thomas 9, Greiff 9, Sigler 9, Miller 9, Keller 8, Dustin 8, Van Dyke 8, Hyde 8, Hebbard 8, Piercy 7, Heddon 6, Herrington 6, D. Terry 5.

No. 8, 25 targets, unknown angles, $2.50: Geoffroy 24, Warren Smith 24, McAlpin 23, Greiff 23, Keller 23, Van Dyke 22, Hyde 21, Collins 21, Dustin 21, Apgar 18, Piercy 17, Herrington 17.

As soon as No. 8 had been brought to a conclusion, manager Drake called up the Union Gun Club to the score to shoot its string in the team race: five men to a team, 25 empires per man, unknown angles. The scores made were as follows:

Boiling Springs.	
G S McAloin	1111111111111111111111111—25
G E Greiff	1111111111111111111111111—25
W H Huck	0111111111111011111011111—22
Krebs	1111111101111011011111111—22
F Hyde	0111111101111010111111111—21—115
Elizabeth.	
A Woodruff	1111111111111111110111111—24
Wm Parker	1111101111111111101111111—23
Chas H Hebbard	1111110111101111111111111—22
J Williams	1011111101111111111111001—21
N Astfalk	0011101011101111111011111—19—109
Climax.	
C Smith	1111111111111111111110101—23
N Apgar	0111111111110010111111011—20
T H Keller	1111111000111111111101101—20
D Terry	1110010011111111111111010—19
E Edwards	1101111010101111001110111—18—100
Maplewood.	
F Van Dyke	1111111011111111111111111—24
W N Drake	1111011111101111111111111—23
A Sickley	1111111111101001111010111—20
W Smith	1111101111111101111001101—20
Van Iderstine	0000110100111010001011101—12— 99
Union.	
E D Miller	1110011111111101111110111—21
N E Money	1101111110011111111011111—21
W Sigler	1111111011011101111111011—21
Dr Jackson	1011011111111111111010011—19
J M "Fayette"	0100111111110101100011000—14— 96
Endeavor.	
E Collins	1111011011111111101111110—21
Proctor	1110111111101101010011111—20
Ingram	0011111111110111100110101—18
W Piercy	0101111011111101011101110—18
Strader	1001101101110110111100111—17— 94
South Side.	
C M Heddon	0110111111111111111110100—20
L Thomas	1110101110101111111111110—20
E A Geoffroy	1110011101110111100111111—19
M Herrington	1111110011011101111011010—16
Terrill	0110001000100101010110111—12— 87
Union Hill	
"Wanda"	1111101111111111101111011—22
Untermeier	1011111001001111010101111—17
T Hughes	0101101101110100010010110—18
F Buttenbaum	0101000111000101011101000—11
J Sullivan	0000110000011001101100010— 9— 72

Prior to this shoot the club averages were: Maplewood 84, South Side 83, Union 81 6, Boiling Springs 79, Climax 78 2, Elizabeth 74.4, Endeavor 71.8, Riverside 67.7, Union Hill 53.6. Of the above teams, Union, Boiling Springs and Union Hill had only taken part in four shoots; Riverside had shot in three races only; all the rest had shot in the five monthly shoots held previously. The result of the sixth shoot left the teams in the following order, the five best scores being counted: Maplewood 84 1, South Side 83, Boiling Springs 81 4, Climax 80.4, Elizabeth 80, Union 78.7, Endeavor 75 5, Riverside (three shoots) 67.7, Union Hill 54.4. It will be noticed that the Union Gun Club has dropped from third to sixth place. All the other teams improved their averages with the exception of the South Side, which remains the same, the score of 87 made at this shoot being the lowest yet made by that club; it is therefore not counted in the average, the prizes being awarded for the five best scores. There are three more shoots to come: Aug. 7, at the Climax Club's grounds near Fanwood, N. J.; Sept. 3, at the South Side's grounds, Newark, N. J.; at Red Bank, N. J., some time in October, on the grounds of the Riverside Gun Club.

The individual averages of the 24 highest scorers show the standing of the contestants for the individual prizes, computed in the same manner as the team averages. The figure in parentheses after a shooter's name tells the number of shoots he has taken part in; where no figure in parentheses appears, the shooter has taken part in at least five contests, the five best scores being chosen:

F. Van Dyke 93.6, W. N. Drake 92, G. S. McAlpin (3) 92, W. Sigler (4) 91, N. Apgar 88 8, Collins 88, Sickley 88, Breintnall (4) 88, Miller 87.2, Hoffman 86.4, N. E. Money 85.6, Whitehead 85 6, Williams 85 6, Hebbard 84 8, Greiff (4) 84, Parker 83.2, C. Smith (4) 83, Thomas 81 6, Astfalk (4) 81, Huck 80.8, Geoffroy 78.4, W. Smith 78.4, Keller 76.8, Terry 74 4.

From the above it will be seen that Van Dyke, Drake and McAlpin helped their averages considerably. McAlpin indeed shot a great gait at this last shoot, as a reference to the score will show. During the day and up to the close of the team race he shot at 120 targets, scoring 115, an average of 95.8. Grieff broke 117 out of 130—exactly 90 per cent.; Van Dyke's average for his scores to the close of the team race was 88 4.

The Hunter Arms Company, of Fulton, N. Y., manufacturers of the L. C. Smith gun, have gotten out a very neat catalogue, showing by numerous cuts, its specialties, and also describing the same in a manner that can be understood by anybody who knows anything about a gun.

Trap in Texas.

MARLIN, Falls County, Tex., July 16.—A few members of the Marlin Gun Club shot a couple of 10-target races this evening, the conditions being known traps and angles:

	No 1.	No. 2.
W E Hunnicutt	1111110111—9	0001110111—6
A Stumbach	0100100000—2	0001001100—3
"The Newsman"	1101100000—4	0011011010—5
Theo Peoples	1100011100—5	.....
Judge S R Scott	1011011110—7	0010111111—7
A Threadgill	1111101101—8	1110100111—7
D S Moffatt	0111110010—6	1010111001—6
D S Eddins	1100101000—4	1110111010—7

The low average was owing to the targets being very hot, some being evidently perforated without being broken, although most of the boys had an individual excuse for their personal satisfaction. Judge Scott did not have his gun with him, but tested all the guns on the ground. When the Judge can't keep all the boys in good spirits with his humor it is a very cold day for this time of year. Moffatt, usually 90 per cent. man, had his left suspender break on his seventh rock and did some fine snap shooting with his cylinder bore afterward. "The Newsman" was experimenting with a new load of black powder and got his left shoulder pounded into a pulp in first match. He changed hands on second match and got his nose bruised and lip swelled in first round. In fact he would have been completely knocked out had not Mr. Peoples kindly tendered the use of his Manton gun with ears like a jack rabbit and a stock like a 24in. gauge. It had the barrels all right enough, but "The Newsman" couldn't point it right.

MARLIN, Falls County, Tex., July 19.—On the 12th inst. we mailed you score of our gun club, and mentioned a prize shoot that was about to take place at Lott, Tex., on the 18th inst. under the auspices of the Lott Gun Club. Owing to the bridge over the Brazos washing away between here and there, the Marlin Club was not represented. However, I was determined to be there, so took a roundabout route by rail. After getting to Lott I could not resist the temptation of participating in all the good things, shooting included, but not as a representative of the Marlin Club, understand, although a member.

The occasion was a barbecue picnic in celebration of the fifth anniversary of the city of Lott, a very live little place, twenty-eight miles south of Waco, on the S. A. & A. P. R. R. The picnic grounds were about one mile from town, on the banks of a beautiful little lake and in a magnificent grove of towering trees. Preparations had been made to accommodate 5,000 people, but owing to the bridge washing away and no excursion train being run from the south, only about 2,500 were there. The shooters' tent was about fifty steps from the main ground. The management was controlled by Messrs. M. A. Reese, captain, and T. H. Ligen, secretary of the Lott Club, and the result certainly was a compliment to their energy and good judgment. At the commencement the idea occurred to me that "these boys had been reading Mr. Hough's account of the Memphis tournament." Messrs. E. W. Merrill and R. E. Harris filled the cashier's and score keeper's office in a prompt and able manner, while Dr. Joe Willis, of Temple, acted as referee, and did not need the assistance of a book of Association rules. Three Cleveland trap and empire targets were used very satisfactorily, except that the trappers broke a good many at first. After Mr. Reese cautioned them not to put the targets in quite so hard there was less trouble.

The shooting began about 9 o'clock, and at 12 Mr. G. H. Threadgill, chief marshal of the day, invited all the "gun boys" to a certain table set by the yard in length, and which was about to break under the load of barbecued meats of all kinds, salads, pickles, breads, pies and cakes—too much to name, much less write about.

All of the inanimate events were rapid-fire system, in squads.

No. 1, 7 targets, known angles, $1 entrance, three moneys, with fourth prize, a silk umbrella: A. H. Reese 6, "The News"-man 2, H. Stricker 2, H. L. Sherrill 4, J. R. Jackson 4, Wm. Caldwell 4, T. E. Hubby 6, Dr. W. O. Alvis 4, T. H. Ligon 5, W. F. Leeds 1.

Reese and Hubby divided first, T. H. Ligon took second, Sherrill, Jackson, Caldwell and Alvis divided third, Stricker and "News"-man shot off at 5 targets for umbrella, the latter winning.

No. 2, 10 targets, known angles, $1.50 entrance, three moneys, with fourth prize—box of cigars: J. R. Jackson 9, M. A. Reese 7, H. L. Sherrill 7, Wm. Caldwell 6, T. E. Hubby 7, Dr. W. O. Alvis 6, T. H. Ligon 9, M. F. Leeds 9, "News"-man 4, H. R. Seward 7, F. W. Stallworth 2.

Jackson, Ligon and Leeds divided first; Reese, Sherrill, Hubby and Seward second, Caldwell and Alvis third, "News"-man box of cigars.

No. 3, 6 singles and 2 pairs, $2, three moneys, with fourth prize—pair of gold cuff buttons: M. H. Reese 9, M. F. Leeds 7, Dr. M. A. Hayes 6, T. H. Ligon 7, Dr. W. O. Alvis 3, J. R. Jackson 7, W. M. Caldwell 5, T. E. Hubby 7, E. J. Mickey 7, H. L. Sherrill 8, R. B. Louis 4.

Reese won first, Sherrill second; Leeds, Ligon, Jackson, Hubby and Mickey divided third; Dr. Hayes got the buttons.

No. 4, 5 singles and 5 pairs, $2, three moneys, with fourth prize—oil painting: M. F. Leeds 9, M. H. Reese 10, T. E. Hubby 14, J. R. Jackson 10, H. R. Sherrill 9, T. H. Ligon 12, R. B. Louis 8, H. R. Seward 11, Dr. M. A. Hayes 10.

Hubby first, Ligon second, Seward third; Reese, Jackson and Hayes shot off tie for the painting, which was won by Jackson.

No. 5, 5 live pigeons, 28yds. rise, $2.50, three moneys and 100 loaded shells for poorest score: M. H. Reese 5, T. E. Hubby 4, J. R. Jackson 5, T. H. Ligon 4, H. R. Seward 4, "News"-man 3, M. F. Leeds 3, Dr. M. A. Hayes 3.

Reese and Jackson divided first, Hubby and Seward second, Leeds, Hayes and "News"-man third; Ligon feathered all of his five, but he got the 100 loaded shells.

No. 6, 4 live birds, 28yds. rise, $1 entrance, 10 cents each deducted for pigeons, three moneys: R. B. Louis 2, M. F. Leeds 3, H. L. Sherrill 4, "News"-man 2, M. A. Reese 5, J. R. Jackson 4, G. H. Threadgill 3, C. S. Jackson 0, Dr. W. O. Alvis 2, E. Threadgill 2, T. H. Ligon 3, H. R. Seward 4.

M. A. Reese secured first; Sherrill, J. R. Jackson and Seward second; Leeds, G. H. Threadgill and Ligon third; all divided.

No. 7, 9 targets, known angles, $1.00 entrance, three moneys, with fourth prize—1 set shirt studs: M. H. Reese 8, W. M. Caldwell 4, J. R. Jackson 6, H. L. Sherrill 4, T. E. Hubby 8, T. H. Ligon 6, Dr. W. O. Alvis 4.

Reese and Hubby divided first, Jackson and Ligon second, Caldwell, Sherrill and Alvis third.

No. 8, 6 singles and 1 pair, known angles, $1.50 entrance, three moneys, with fourth prize—whalebone whip: M. H. Reese 6, T. H. Ligon 7, T. E. Hubby 6, "News" man 5, J. R. Jackson 6, H.L. Sherril 2. T. H. Ligon first, Reese, Hubby and Jackson divided second, "News" man third, while sherrill got the whip.

NOTES.

The marshall found it impossible to keep the crowd back of the dead line, but should be commended for working faithfully. About a six string fence of barbed fence wire ought to be used for a dead line at picnics.

The gun boys of Lott are not as young in experience as their city is in years, when it comes to making visitors feel at home or in managing a shoot.

M. A. Reese has a record of 96 out of 100 several years ago, but has not shot much since until lately.

T. E. Hubby of Waco has a record of 74 targets straight with his little 20 gauge Lefever, but for this shoot he had not time to load his shells, and had to shoot bought cartridges.

M. F. Leeds was using a new and handsome gun, to which he was not thoroughly accustomed.

A few of the averages of which seemed to be the leading guns are as follows, errors and omissions excepted: Inanimates: Hubby 82, Reese 78, Ligon 78, Jackson 71, Leeds 50. Live birds: Hubby 89, Reese 100, Ligon 78, Jackson 90, and Leeds 60.

The following table may prove of interest:

Shooter.	*Gun.*	*Shell.*	*Powder.*
M A Reese	Colt, 12	Club	Black.
"The News"-man	Parker, 12	Smokeless	S.S.
H Stricker	J N Scott, 12	Smokeless	S.S.
H L Sherrill	Holtman, 12	Club	Black.
J R Jackson	Parker, 10	Smokeless	
Wm Caldwell	Lefever, 16	Smokeless	Dupont.
T E Hubby	Lefever, 20	Smokeless	Dupont.
T H Ligon	Remington, 12	Club	Black.
W F Leeds	New Era, 12	Club	Black.
H R Seward	L. C. Smith, 12	Club	Black.
F W Stallworth	Colt, 12	Club	Black.
R B Louis	Colt, 12	Club	Black.

July 22.—Some members of the Marlin Gun Club who were disappointed in their intention of attending the match shoot at Lott, owing to the ferry across the Brazos breaking down, got together here and had a consolation shoot. The scores below will compare favorably with that made at Lott.

No. 1 match, 10 bluerocks, known angles: W. W. Turner 10, C. W. Rush 3, A. Stumbach 4, Theo. Peoples 3, E. K. Herring 4, D. S. Eddins 7, Judge S. R. Scott 10.

No. 2, same: W. W. Turner 9, C. W. Rush 8, A. Stumbach 8, Theo. Peoples 6, E. K. Herring 9, D. S. Eddins 9, Judge S. R. Scott 6.

No. 3, 5 bluerocks, known angles: W. W. Turner 5, C. W. Rush 3, A. Stumbach 4, Theo. Peoples 3, E. K. Herring 3, D. S. Eddins 4, Judge S. R. Scott 5.

Four of the leading averages are as follows: Turner 96, Judge Scot 84, Eddins 80, Stumbach 64. The four averaging 81, while the four first at Lott averaged 77.

July 26.—The Marlin Gun Club had another shoot this evening, the scores being as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets: H. G. Rush 7, Judge Scott 8, A. Stumbach 6, "News"-man 3, W. W. Turner 9, W. E. Hunnicutt 9, D. S. Maffatt 8, Judge Wm. Shelton 8, C. W. Rush 7, D. S. Eddins 8.

No. 2, same: H. G. Rush 5, Judge S. R. Scott 6, H. Stumbach 8, "News"-man 4, W. W. Turner 8, W. E. Hunnicutt 7, D. S. Moffatt 7, Judge Wm. Shelton 7, C. W. Rush 5, D. S. Eddins 8,

After the shoot an impromptu meeting was held with Judge Scott and the "News"-man acting as president and secretary respectively. A motion was made and carried to have an all-day shoot on Aug. 14, and a committee of arrangements was appointed.

The club has aroused from its hibernation and is strictly alive. When one member says, "Let's shoot," everybody starts. It reminds one of the old saying, "What will you have, gentlemen?" THE NEWSMAN.

Climax Gun Club Shoot.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., July 23.—The regular monthly shoot of the Climax Gun Club took place this afternoon. The weather was decidedly sultry and all against much activity on the part of either trappers or shooters. With a background of heavily foliaged trees, a dull, thundery-looking sky and low-flying targets, the scores made were remarkable. The club race is at known traps, unknown angles; 18 members took part in this event, Singer and "Fayette" scoring the maximum number of points—6. Five others (three of them scratch men) scored 24 birds—5 points. Singer, who is shooting a new gun, has improved in his work to a remarkable extent. The shooting of the scratch men as a whole was very good.

The seventh shoot of the New Jersey State League takes place at the Climax Club's grounds on Aug. 7. For this occasion the club will do its best to entertain its visitors. A new set of empire traps, the new expert trap, will be placed in position for this occasion.

Scores in the club shoot to-day were as follows:

J Singer (10)	1111101111101111111101010111011111—28
J M "Fayette" (3)	1111111010111111111111011111 —25
Neaf Apgar (0)	1111111111101111111111 —24
T H Keller (0)	1111111111111111111111101 — 24
F Van Dyke (0)	1111111111111111011111111 —24
Aaron Woodruff (2)	1110111111111111111111011111 —24
J Swody (6)	1101101111111111111101111010111 —24
E "Edwards" (3)	0010111111111011111110011011111 —23
L H Schorty (1)	1011111111101111111100111111 —22
D Terry (1)	0111100111111101111111111 —22
G E Greiff (0)	1111110111111011111011110 —21
C Smith (0)	1111101010011111011111111 —20
C E Hebbard (0)	1100011101111101111111011 —19
N Astfalk (0)	1111000111101111101111101 —1
J "Williams" (4)	1000111111010011100101101101 —18
J Darby (7)	0011010110110110000010101111010 —17
J Zeglio (4)	0000011001110011111001011101 —16
T McCarty (10)	0011010010010011100010000100011101—14

During the afternoon the following four sweeps were also decided. Nos. 1 to 6 were at unknown angles, No. 4 at unknown traps and unknown angles:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Edwards	0101111011— 7	1011111111— 9
Apgar	1111111011— 9	1111111111—10
Smith	1111111111—10	1110110111— 8
Keller	1011111111— 9	1101101111— 8
Van Dyke	1011111111— 9	1111111101— 9
Hebbard	1110111111— 9	0111110111— 8
Greiff	1111111111—10	1111111101— 9
Woodruff	1111111111—10	1011011111— 8
Astfalk	0111101111— 8	1111110101— 8
Parker	1111111111—10	1110111011— 8
Schorty	1111111111—10	1111111101— 9

No. 3: Keller, Van Dyke, Hebbard, Greiff, Astfalk, Parker and Schorty 10, Apgar, Smith and Singer 9, Woodruff 8, Edwards 5.

No. 4: Smith 10, Apgar, Hebbard, Keller, Van Dyke and Parker 9, Terry and Schorty 8, Edwards 7, Astfalk 6, Woodruff 5, Squires 2.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va.—The following scores were made by members of the Lynchburg Gun Club at their regular monthly shoot held this afternoon:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Nelson	1011001111001111111101101—18
Terry	1111111001111100110101111—19
Dornin	1111111111111111111011111—24
Moorman	1100010111100010110101010—14
Empie	0111110101111111001111111—20
Scott	0101010111111111010010111—16

No. 2, 9 singles, 3 pairs, known angles, unknown traps:

Dornin	110011111	10 10 00— 9	Nelson 000010111 10 11 00— 7

Known traps and angles:

Terry	101111111	00 11 10—11	Empie 111010111 01 11 11—12
Moorman	110000101	10 10 10— 7	Scott 101010110 00 11 10— 8

No. 3, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Nelson	1111111111111111101100111—22
Terry	1111100111011111111011111—21
Dornin	1111011111101111111111111—23
Moorman	0111011111111111001111000—18
Empie	1011101111111100111111101—20
Scott	1101011001110100011011011—15

No. 4, same:

Nelson	1101011001110100011011011—22
Terry	1111111011100111111111001—20
Dornin	0111101110111011111110111—20
Empie	1100101101111101111111011—19
Scott	0100001011110101101110011—14

F. M. D.

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., July 25.—The following fifteen 10-target races, unknown angles, $1.50 entrance, were shot to-day by members of the Binghamton Gun Club:

W Adams	9	9	7	8	9	7	6	7	7	5	8	9	7	10	6
Brown	10	9	10	10	9	9	7	10	10	9	6	6	.	.	.
P Adams	9	6	8	7	7	8	6	7	9	8	9	8	10	7	8
Boss	8	6	6	7	6	6	8	7	8	8	8	8	7	9	5
Kendall	9	6	7	8	8	9	8	7	9	6	8	9	9	8	9
Snell	.	5	10	9	10	7	9	8	6	.	.	.	.	.	.
McHenry	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	8	8	8	7	.	.
Hobbie	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	7	7	8	6	10

H. W. BROWN.

Clifton Springs Rod and Gun Club.

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y.—Below are scores made by some of the members of the Clifton Springs Rod and Gun Club at a practice shoot held to-day. As we are all novices, save one, the scores are not as bad as they might be. The shoot was at unknown angles:

W P Ashton	1110101101110111101101001—17
Wm Weston	0111111011011110001110010—16
M V Hunt	0000000001100 — 2
W A Judd	0010010110100000011010101—11
E Mattison	0101000001 — 3
Geo W Lisk	0100100000000011100 — 5

GEORGE W. LISK, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

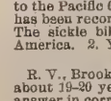
JASON, Sprague, Wash.—1. Kindly give habitat and range of cinnamon teal and sickle bill curlew. 2. Is the American bittern an edible bird? Ans.—1. The range of the cinnamon teal is west of the Mississippi River to the Pacific Coast, where, and in the Rocky Mts., it is common. It has been recorded, but only as a straggler, from Illinois and Florida. The sickle bill curlew is found through entire temperate North America. 2. Yes.

INFORMATION WANTED.

R. V., Brooklyn.—Can you tell me of a club of American lads, say about 19-20 years of age, that go camping in the fall? If so please answer in correspondence so I can communicate with them.

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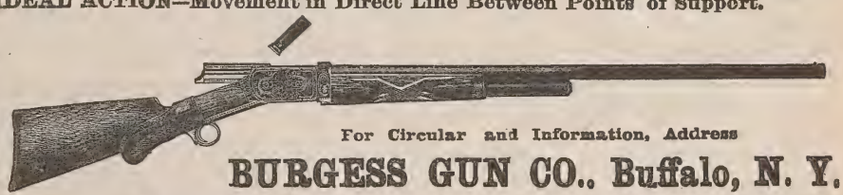
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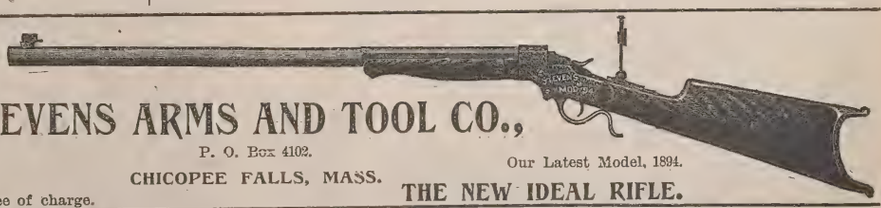


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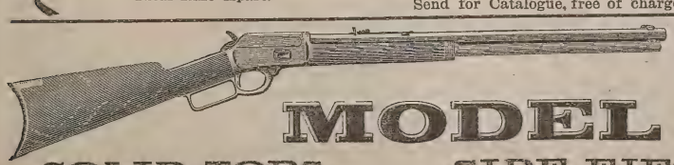
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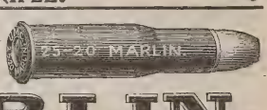
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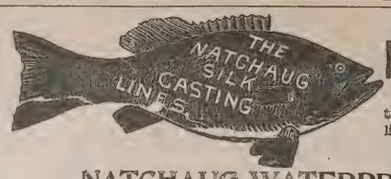
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A HIGHER STANDARD.

HAVE the sportsmen of to-day reached a higher and better sportsmanship than that of their predecessors of a few generations ago? At best, the question can have but a speculative answer. So far as one can judge, the ethical standards and practices of the present are more commonly advocated and observed than they were. But we must fairly consider the conditions of the times, past and present, in their relation to the evolution of sportsmanship. At a period which is so recent that it is within the knowledge of a majority of men still living, game large and small was in such abundance everywhere that it was comparatively easy for any one to gratify his desire either for sport or slaughter. The number of sportsmen and pot-hunters was relatively a very small number compared to the number at present. The quantity of game now is very small as compared to the quantity then. Conditions thus have greatly changed. There is not the opportunity now for such slaughter as obtained in the past, even if there were the inclination for it, since there is a scantiness of material.

In justice to the sportsman of the past it is a pleasure to believe that there were then men whose ideas of sportsmanship were as good and true as are the best ideas of the present day; men who fearlessly denounced slaughter for slaughter's sake, and who diligently sought to establish the ethics of a higher sportsmanship. However much good there was in the theory of sport at that time in practice it largely resulted in destruction. So merciless was the pursuit that some species were practically exterminated, others were exterminated in such sections of country as were not obstructive to their pursuit, while others were greatly reduced in numbers. The quantity killed was at that time commonly accepted as the test of success.

That there has been a general evolution and transformation in sportsmanship there is much in evidence to show. The adoption of game laws by all the States and the strong public opinion against large bags are proof of a conservative interest. The boastful and bloody era has become greatly modified. Killing and quantity are not of themselves considered as being all of sport.

While the present time is not free from the depredations of the game butcher, the better and more refined pleasures of the sport are more generally understood and practiced. Men go into the wilds equipped with a camera to photograph wild animals in their native haunts. Others take canoe trips on the waters of the wilderness. Camp-life, which in olden times was a necessary incident of killing game, too rude and rough to be considered as a means to a healthful outing, is now adopted as one of the most popular forms of outing, whether for fishing or shooting. In old times the killing was the sport. Now, the manner of pursuit and killing are considered. The modern sportsman pursues under certain restrictions whereby the skill of the hunter is pitted against the native wariness and fleetness of the game. It is intelligence and skill against wildness and cunning. The killing is but an incident of the real enjoyment. The beautiful and the wholesome have succeeded that which was mostly savage. There is far less of the wanton slaughter of a few years ago, when deer were left to rot in the woods and fish on the bank.

Probably many causes have contributed to a better order of things. Opportunities to kill are less, and the youth of the present day are being better taught in the higher ethics of sport with gun and rod, than were the youth of the past. A better and greater variety of sportsmen's literature is available to teach good lessons of sportsmanship. A more thorough teaching of the youth of this country in the ethics is certain to result in a more cultured class of sportsmen. When men learn sportsmanship by experimenting or by bad teaching, it is sure to be learned imperfectly. A certain training and instinct are quite as necessary to make the genuine sportsmen as to make the gentleman; therefore, do not neglect the education of youth in these essential accomplishments.

A WORD ABOUT THE TRAP.

TRAP-SHOOTING as a sport was never more firmly seated in popularity among American sportsmen than at the present time. Its growth has been constant and rapid, and its ranks receive fresh accessions every week. It is not too much to say that there are to-day two trap-shooters where five years ago there was only one; and it is possible that even in these figures we under-estimate the growth of the sport.

That there is a more healthy tone about everything that pertains to trap-shooting is the chief cause for congratulation. FOREST AND STREAM has always worked for the purity of the sport, and has spared no one whom it has held to be guilty of doing a dishonest or an unsportsmanlike act. The publicity of the press—a turning on of the light, as it were—is the bugaboo only of those who, we are told, love the darkness because their deeds are evil. An honest man's actions will always bear inspection.

There is, however, a cause for anxiety on the part of those who have the best interests of the sport at heart. There seems to be a danger that the promotion of tournaments may be overdone, and that a reaction hurtful to the sport may ensue. It costs 90 per cent. of those who attend an ordinary tournament a considerable amount of money to take part in the sport. Traveling expenses, shells, hotel bills, etc., all cost money, not to mention possible, or rather probable, losses of a large proportion of the entrance moneys. Nowadays there are so many men of equal caliber in attendance at each tournament that the moneys are split up into so many portions that straight scores often do not return anything over the money paid in, especially if 3 cents be deducted for targets. Tournaments where, by means of a large amount of added money, the management offers inducements for trap-shooters will always be a success, but the day has gone by when the average gun club could hold a tournament and expect to fill its coffers at the expense of its guests. All it can hope for is a fair remuneration for the good time it has afforded its guests. And we believe that the sooner gun clubs and kindred organizations realize that fact the better it will be for the sport of trap-shooting. "Generous emulation," words incorporated in Article II. of almost any club's constitution, is better served by club medals, inter-club team races and league shoots than by a dozen two- or three-day tournaments.

SNAP SHOTS.

After the first day of 1896 a game law will go into force in the unorganized territories of the Northwest. Buffalo will be protected until 1900, and close seasons will be in force for musk ox, elk and other game, big and small. But Indians and inhabitants will be exempt from the provisions of the law; and travelers, explorers and surveyors in need of food may kill for their necessities. The head-hunters and skin-butchers are not provided for.

At the annual meeting of the British Medical Association in London last week, the effects of the new weapons of war being under discussion, Sir William McCormack expressed the opinion that the next great war would be more destructive of human life than any of those past. Our notion is that in this the eminent surgeon is mistaken. The next great war will not involve the destruction of any human lives whatever. It will all be fought out in the columns of the progressive "news"papers. The editors have just very successfully conducted a bloody and ferocious Bannock war without any actual harm to anybody save a number of the Indians themselves, and having discovered how simple it is, they may be trusted with confidence to follow up the achievement with further and more ambitious campaigns. They know little of the enterprise of a modern journalist who dream that his military achievements are to be confined to Holes or a remnant of beggarly Bannocks.

The Fort Myers, Fla., *Press* gives the recorded tarpon score for 1895 as 221 fish, taken between Dec. 22, 1894, and June 26, 1895. Mr. G. R. W. Armes, of New York, is credited with the largest tarpon of the season, one measuring 7ft. in length and weighing 180lbs. A jewfish, taken in April by Mr. J. R. Stonebraker, of Baltimore, weighed 310lbs. Tarpon fishermen resorted to Florida from all parts of this country, and many Englishmen this year sought the new fields of fishing conquest and renown so charmingly described by Mr. Harmsworth.

Our St. Louis correspondent, who wrote of the waters where ducks darken the sky, tells us that the non-resident Chinese wall doesn't amount to anything in Missouri. Sportsmen from other States are welcome and will be given the best that the country affords, whether that best be clad in fur, feather or scale. We are glad to know this, for it is an American way of doing things, and that is better than the Chinese way.

It's the big fish that finds his way into print, but for every big one heralded a thousand smaller ones go to the frying pan unchronicled. If there were no fun in fishing except when a big fish was captured, the aggregate of disappointment and disgust would far outweigh the sum total of satisfaction found in the average fishing of the average fisherman. As it is, one may find a day full to overflowing with interest and bright memory storing experiences, and yet not catch a fish worth the weighing.

A golden precept is to make the most of the fishing open to you. If you are chained to business, don't sulk because you cannot journey to the far away and famous resorts, where the giants are waiting for fly or spoon or bait; but take a half-day and go to the home waters. There you may hear the birds, find the flowers, catch a fish or two, get yourself soaking wet and tired and too hungry to look pleasant; and then, being at home, you may have a more comfortable bed to sleep on than you could possibly have in the woods. There is so much of a silver lining to the cloud.

It is reported that the island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is to be purchased by M. Menier, the millionaire chocolate manufacturer of Paris, and converted into a game preserve. The country will be stocked with game and fish, and the preserve will be conducted after the fashion of the Continent. It is worthy of note that a description of Anticosti and the sport to be had there was the first paper published in the first number of the FOREST AND STREAM twenty-two years ago. The writer was Lieut. R. Hutchinson Poe, of the Royal Navy.

The death of ex-Judge Slocum, of Nyack, N. Y., from poisoning by eating mushrooms last week, and that of his companion Frank Briggs from the same cause on Monday, give a melancholy emphasis to Mr. Kephart's warning as to the camper's use of mushrooms for food. There are so many poisonous mushrooms, and their distinction from the edible ones is often so extremely difficult to determine, that he actually takes his life into his hands who ignorantly experiments with them.

The most interesting work we have ever seen relating to mushrooms is the book by Capt. Julius A. Palmer, of Boston, who for more than a quarter century has given his leisure time ashore to a study of the subject. As he wrote in this journal as far back as 1877, "I am a professed fungus eater, using various species of toadstools for food daily. I gather them fresh in summer, and dry my superfluous stock for winter use." A tribute paid to Capt. Palmer by the late Paul Casamajor, the well-known sugar refinery chemist, is unique and worth reprinting. "In taking a ship around the world," he wrote, "there are thousands that can equal you; in speaking foreign languages you will own that there are many who excel you; but where is the man who can step into a grove, pick up a score of different toadstools, make a meal on them and live to write about it?"

The Sportsman Tourist.

LOST IN THE SWAMPS.—II.

THE cabin belonged to John Acree, a stave splitter, who was absent, but the young man whom he had engaged as helper took us in and made us at home. The appurtenances were of course primitive, and the stock of provisions was limited; but Albert did his best, and before long we were seated before a meal of hot biscuits and coffee, without sugar. For butter we had the bubbling grease of tried-out pork, with "long sweetenin'" for garnishment. It was the best meal I ever ate.

Supper was scarcely over when a horn sounded on the edge of the clearing, and in came Green, George and Uncle Dan. They had been in camp at the Beaver Pond, miles from the Twin Sisters, but had strayed away too far in the day's hunt to return that night; so our meeting was a coincidence. They congratulated us on our escape from a comfortless night, but had little to say about the fellow who had deliberately abandoned them as well as us. That night they camped near the cabin. In the morning George and Dan started for town in their light wagon to get provisions and fetch us our outfit.

The rest of us spent the day in lazy fashion. The wagon did not appear by supper time. Night fell, and we grew a little anxious. Finally from afar off we heard the faint note of a hunter's horn.

"They're lost," exclaimed Green.

Albert blew a sturdy answer from the doorway. They heard us, and blasts were interchanged at frequent intervals; but the sound of a horn several miles off is very deceptive, and it was soon plain that they were making no headway toward the clearing.

"We must go to them."

Barnes, being six inches taller than any of us, strapped the lantern to his head, and we struck out into the forest in single file, guided by the signals of the horn. We were an hour or more reaching the wagon. Then there was laughter and chaffing on the return, until some one turned to Albert and asked for directions.

"Now you've got me. I've only been here a week, and I don't know any more than you do about where the clearing lies from here."

We sought hither and thither in the darkness for a trail or a line of blaze; but finally had to halt and confess that we were lost. I had a compass, but it might as well have been a rag baby, for we did not knew whether the cabin was north, east or south of us.

Uncle Dan laughed. "Well, boys, it looks like a dry camp for to-night. We may as well unhitch and make the best of it."

George had been sounding the horn vigorously, and just as we were about to give up for the night an answer came. Acree's only neighbor—a hunter, some miles away—had heard us and was coming with lantern, horn and hounds.

He found us and led us back to the clearing. It was long past midnight when the last story was told, and we fell asleep around the camp-fire.

The next morning we were to have a deer drive. It was arranged that each of us should go off for a little still-hunt on his own hook and turn up at his proper stand by 8 o'clock; then the hounds would be turned loose and Green would follow them.

What the other men did I do not know; but my own plans were quickly formed. I would set my compass, hunt on down toward Whirl Creek, make a detour to the east and return diagonally to the clearing. It was unnecessary to bother with a hatchet and blaze away, for I could not wander very far in the time allotted me, nor could I hunt while making so much noise. So I watched the compass faithfully for a while and kept a reasonably straight course.

But deer sign was plentiful in the overflow, and fresh. The tracks of one big buck in particular led me over a devious course. He was moving deliberately and I might jump him any moment. The compass became a nuisance. Here his trail meets that of two does—or are they hogs? No, the sharply pointed toes tell the story. I spend fifteen minutes getting around a piece of cover formed by drift logs, another fifteen minutes getting to leeward of a patch of switch cane into which the buck's tracks led. Other tracks are numerous and all made this morning, but I want the maker of those big ones.

And so the time slipped away, quickly but stealthily, like the white flags that occasionally appeared, only to baffle a shot. Unwillingly I turned at last toward the upland. It was further off than I had calculated, and when reached, the question was: East or west? Well, I would go east a mile or two, and then if the clearing did not turn up, I would retrace my steps and could not miss it. The clearing was not to the east. I returned westward, and in three-quarters of an hour was on the banks of a lake which I had never seen before.

Lost again.

I sat down and lit my pipe, but the more I thought the thing over the worse my reasoning became entangled, and all on account of that confounded lake. It seemed to me that, for a stranger, the dense upland forest was more hopeless than the overflow, because in the overflow there were watercourses, whereas the upland was level and dry as a prairie, and showed nothing but one eternal sameness in every direction.

Well, the drive would have to get along without me. I could knock off a squirrel's head with the .45, catch a fish in the lake (there was hook and line in my wallet), smoke and wait for somebody to find me. At intervals I fired off the hunter's grand hailing sign of distress and waited. Finally there was a spiteful little crack near by.

"That is Barnes, for there isn't another .22 in this part of Arkansas."

I arose and soon met him.

"What were you shooting at?" he added.

"Oh, squirrels; but I can't hit anything this morning."

"We are too late for the drive."

"Yes; but I was following the biggest buck you ever saw tracks of."

"Have you heard the hounds?"

"No."

"Neither have I. Those fellows have got off after squirrels and changed their minds."

Later in the day, when we were lounging in front of the cabin, I remarked to him: "Say, Barnes, my conscience pricks me. I was lost this morning when you ran across me."

"I knew it, and was looking for you."

"Then you knew that I was lying about those squirrels."

"Of course, we can all lie a little now and then."

Perhaps he was disgusted by the outcome of the drive that didn't come off, or perhaps, as a veteran still-hunter, he chuckled over it; but at any rate he went off by himself shortly after lunch.

At supper time there was no Barnes. It grew very dark in the clearing, for the moon rose late at that season, and we could only imagine the intensity of that darkness through which the long hunter must be groping down in



UNCLE DAN.

the overflow. Finally Dan stopped our conversation with a sharp command: "Hark!"

We listened. Presently we heard from far down in the overflow a long-drawn, infernal howl—then another—and another.

"They're circling in a pack. Barnes may have trouble on his hands."

Then we heard, faintly, the high-pitched whoop that the hunter knows will carry further than any other note in a man's register.

"Blow the horn, George; it's too dark for him down there, and he's lost."

"Hadn't we better go after him?" I suggested. "He may have sprained an ankle, or met with some other accident."

"Wait a bit, and see."

His answers to the horn shifted gradually to the east,



ACREE'S CABIN.

then north, and in half an hour he stalked unconcernedly into camp, puffing under the weight of a pair of coons.

That night, after the panther stories were told, I turned to the old man and asked: "Uncle Dan, what would you do if you got lost in the overflow, and night came on, and you had nothing to eat?"

He smiled and said: "I reckon I'd crawl into a hollow tree and think of the days at Murfreesboro, when we were hungry *and* shot at."

Unconsciously he raised a shattered hand to support his rusty gun.

Poor old Uncle Dan! Long years of war; defeat; maimed by a minie bullet; hunting squirrels for a living; yet with only a smile for the past, and for anything to come.

The next morning at daybreak Barnes and I were off for a long tramp.

"I want you to get the lay of the land around here before you undertake any still-hunting by your lonesome," he remarked, "and I want you to get over that habit of expecting meals in the middle of the day; so you can just leave that little bag in camp. To-day we must see what the blue cane is like. You won't know much about the swamps until you have studied a canebrake."

By noon we reached the blue cane. Before us was a wall of fishpoles living in such exceeding close communion that they resent intrusion from all outsiders larger than a chigre (*him* I will back to go anywhere, and if he does not frequent the cane it is only because he likes grass better). This fraternity was bound together by such a tangle of interwoven vines and briars, creepers and tendrils, and everything else that is twisty and thorny, that even the obstinacy of that perverse creature the razor-back hog softens before it, and piggy seeks a slash. Now the funny thing about these fishpoles is that they have leaves. I was totally unprepared for this revelation, and coming thus buck up against a brand new fact it dumbfounded me. Yes, fishpoles on their native soil have leaves.

We entered the brake boldly, proceeded bravely, fought desperately, and died game (no we didn't—that was another time—I'm getting two stories mixed up). In the fullness of Arkansas time we emerged; and you can qualify that with any adjective that suits you—I did.

Subsequent experience in the brakes has confirmed my first impression, that they offer advantages for getting lost and staying so which no other North American real estate can afford. Once let a man enter blue cane, and he is alone with his Maker. The parted reeds close behind him like water over a sinking ship. Before, behind and all about him there is nothing but cane. He cannot lift a finger without pressing cane. Below him is a bed of cane; above him cane; for the leafy tops fairly shut out the light of heaven. In any direction that he may turn his eyes cannot pierce six feet. He moves on; it is cane, cane. His strength is quickly spent against the ever-yielding but ever-rebounding cane. He seeks an altitude, an opening, anything to give him bearings; there is none. There is nothing to climb for an outlook, nothing to escape by detours—nothing but cane. He is lost; and can defy the very powers of a bonding agency ever to find him.

Once I read somewhere what purported to be an old Arkansas bear hunter's recipe for navigating a canebrake. He said: "Cut the longest and stiffest cane that you can find, straddle it as a boy does a broomstick, and git ep; the cane will keep you from walking in a circle."

Well, I thought I could see the point, and you know that theory and practice occasionally agree. So the first time that I struck blue cane by myself I cut a big fellow, straddled him and advanced, gun in one hand and steed in the other. By dint of hard work and acrobatics I must have ridden that pole as much as sixty feet. Then I gave it up and retreated. The recipe is a good one. A cane straddled according to specifications will keep a man from walking in a circle, or anywhere else, in a brake.

Barnes would have died if he had heard of that performance; so I never told him.

We walked and walked. Somehow that notion about lunch hour would not leave my head. In all previous adventures by flood and field I had contrived to carry at least a few hard tack about my person, and the habit rebelled against correction. I was following my leader, and, as usual, looking for persimmons, when Barnes whispered:

"Shoot, shoot!"

Up rose a fine old buck, so gracefully that the movement seemed deliberate, almost lazy. I could not fire without stepping aside, for my companion was in the way, and when this was done the buck had vanished in the cane.

The moist ground of the overflow is a capital place for studying tracks, and we had abundant opportunities, as overcup mast was abundant; but only the saucy flutter of distant flags rewarded us that afternoon.

"Well, don't be disappointed," counseled the long-legged man. "You can see how plentiful the deer are and how easy it will be to get all you have any business to shoot, but we must walk too fast for hunting to-day, as we are out for a different purpose."

We reached the mouth of Whirl Creek. Suddenly Barnes paused, looking at the ground. He paused so long and earnestly that I reached for the old "Missouri meerschaum" and sought a dry spot to sit down on. Finally he remarked: "See here, sonny, didn't you say something the other day about losing a bear?"

"Yep."

"And didn't I promise to show you bear sign?"

"Yep."

"Well, how does this suit you?"

Sure enough, there in the moist earth, clear as a plaster mould, was a great sprawling track. Never before was mud so fascinating.

"Well, sonny, are you still yearning for bear?"

Was I still yearning for bear? Well, why had I been toting a 10-pound gun all this time? That gun, my very latest pride and darling, had worn my shoulders to the quick, and now it was rubbing skin off the back of my neck. It was a big and brutal .45-70, loaded with expanding bullets, and had yet to be fired at anything that it didn't make a mess of. Did I want bear? Well, didn't I? Conventional story-telling would have me suddenly grow pale and qualmish, but this is a true story, every word of it.

"Now pardy, don't ask me such a fool question. What am I here for, with twenty rounds of ammunition? Run right along and bring that bear in here and give us an introduction."

But my hardihood did not make the slightest impression. It is not pleasant to record your friend's shortcomings, but Barnes didn't do anything of the sort. To put it mildly, I was disappointed in him, and we moved on for some time in silence.

But no man of a sociable disposition can stand that sort of thing very long, and at last curiosity got the better of me.

"Say, Barnes, how old was that bear track?"

He grinned.

"About a year."

"Why, you weather-beater old humbug! Didn't you tell me that the water comes in here 12ft. deep and washes out——"

"Certainly, but it doesn't wash tracks off an island."

"Was that an island?"

"Hadn't you just climbed up the bank?"

"Oh, yes; but aren't there any bears around here now?"

"There were plenty of them the last time I was here, and I'm disappointed in not finding sign to-day. They must be in the cane."

"Here's cane. Let's look around a little."

"No use without bear dogs. The only way to hunt bears in the cane without dogs is to find a dry watercourse that runs far into the brake and follow it up till you strike a wet hole where they come to wallow. Then if you're on hand at the right time you can get a good standing shot. But sometimes its chilly business sitting there watching."

"Aren't there any bear dogs around here?"

"None that I know of nearer than Newport. They are good for nothing else and few hunters find it profitable to train a pack for bear only."

"Well, how do they get them then? Bears are no novelty in the St. Louis market. At the restaurants a bear steak is as cheap as beef, and the dealers say that most of the animals come from Arkansas."

"Yes: but I'll tell you how it's done. For one bear killed in a fair fight there are ten killed in traps or with spring guns. Of course it's against the law to set a spring gun, and it's only done on the sly."

"Oh, that's the way they do it. I've been told that the typical Arkansas hunter leaves his gun at home, and goes into the cane after bear with nothing but a few curs and a long bowie."

"Yes; the typical Arkansas hunter in dime novels does that; but I've never seen it done, and never met a reliable man in Arkansas who claimed to have seen it. I won't say that nobody hunts bear with a knife, for sometimes one of these planters finds time hanging on his hands and might be capable of anything, from riding a cyclone to signing the pledge; but one such exploit with the bowie will soon have a dozen heroes, and I haven't even met a hero to date."

"Still-hunting bear in the cane is not so easy, then?"

"No: there are two impediments—the cane and the bear. You have seen how it goes to navigate blue cane, and you can bet a primer or two that the big knife you've read about is intended for the cane itself. The only way to go through some of these brakes is to get into them with something like a corn-knife or the machete that they use in the tropical jungles. As for Mr. Bear, he isn't half the fool that he looks. If there is any animal that can smell corduroy or dead-leaf canvas further, I don't know him, and as for ears—there went a white flag! Didn't you see it, past that old pecan?"

"No: I was thinking of bear, and looking for 'simmons."

"Too bad; the deer down here don't make allowance for absent-minded people."

"Well, we're not hunting to-day, you know; we're exercising our legs and tongues to get up an appetite, and you had the floor. Do you suppose there are any bears left in this part of the world?"

"There are more bears within five miles of this spot, right now, than in any similar area in the Rockies. But they are like some other people in caring a great deal about their tummies, so they don't stay long in one place after the groceries play out. We must ask the hunters where to look for bear; they will know."

"But if they know, why don't they go after them themselves?"

"You haven't hunted bear very much. After you get a pelt or two you can answer that question yourself."

"Why, do they think it's dangerous?"

"Bosh! I'd rather meet a bear any day than a razorback boar like the one that stampeded you back there at Camp Copperhead. No; the trouble is that still-hunting bear is a good deal like work, and dressing him and getting him out of the cane *is* work. You won't catch many Arkansas market-hunters going after bear, so long as squirrels bring sixty cents a dozen in the Memphis market. Now, where's the clearing?"

"Right over there."

"You're learning. That isn't five degrees off. If you stay around here a few weeks you'll get like Acree's old mule—can't get lost if you try. You've been there often enough not to get rattled?"

"Yes; but I've always had a snack with me, and I'll tell you one thing right now. I'll never go out alone in swamp or upland without a ration or two in that old shell bag. If you sling the thing right, it is never in the way; it holds my quart pail, with the little bags of tea, sugar and salt, together with bread, a bit of bacon, tobacco, map and field cleaner. With such things to back me, I don't much care whether I get lost or not."

Thereafter the romance was gone from Whirl Creek, for I was lost no more. HORACE KEPHART.



VIEW IN FRAZER CAÑON NEAR YALE.
Amateur photo by F. F. Frisbie.

IN SHINTANGLE CAMP.

SHINTANGLE CAMP, July 17.—Good morning, gentlemen. I hope you are all very well and enjoying yourselves as much as us two graybeards, who have been cruising for a few days among the islands, reefs and shoals which lie off the northwest coast of Lake Michigan, in a 14ft. sail boat, and having experienced no serious misadventures have made our camp on Gascon (pronounced Gasco) Bay.

This camp bears about northeast from Skilligalee (Ile aux Galets) Sight, from which it is distant some fifteen miles. To an inland dweller it has a decidedly barren appearance, but it possesses wondrous possibilities which gradually unfold as we investigate, and we cannot hope to reach the end thereof during our stay.

Just here I seem to hear from the man in the club window the words:

"How's the fishing?"

Really, my son, I cannot say, as we have not fished.

Then in a low voice speaks the New Hampshire lad: "Well, I swow, I'd a took a hook 'n line along."

That is but reasonable, and we have in fact made provision to satisfy those cravings or desires of humanity which can only be allayed by a stick and a string with a fish at one end thereof.

But along this shore trout brooks are few and far between and in this dry season yield little sport. But we did not come a-fishing.

"Ain't there no game?"

Well, yes. There are crows along the beach, an eagle now and then, a few—a very few—sandpipers. That is all the game in season, except that we have seen some hares. Also deer, grouse and ducks, but our gun has not been uncased. "Then I'd like ter know what yer took it along fer?"

Well, to tell the truth, it was mainly, I think, as a defensive measure. Enormous sea serpents have of late been rife along this coast from Traverse City northward to Harbor Springs. If one of these monsters should wish to swallow our boat and his time had come, it would never do not to have a gun.

"If you did not go to fish or shoot, why went ye?"

Just for a cruise. It is not all of life to hunt and fish, though both of us are good at either sport upon occasion. In fact, I have been hunting lions a good deal since we made this camp. Ant-lions, understand. There is here a large colony of them. I do not hunt to injure them, but to observe their habits, and, like the Indians—of whom there are many in this region—they understand their business better than any one else can teach it them. This reminds me that I this morning found on a pile of drift lumber on the beach a braided rope of basswood bark some twenty or more feet long. The Indians make frequent use of it, and not far from us are two camps where they have landed, and with their squaws are scouring the woods for birch bark to be bleached this summer and made up later into baskets, mococks and other notions, to sell at the summer resorts.

The stores at Cross Village buy a good deal of bark work—mats of scented grass and rushes, etc.—and send it to Mackinaw or Potoskey.

"Indians, ant-lions and bark ropes;
Are these the attractions of your camp?"

My dear sir, if you had not interrupted me and, so to speak, sort o' jumbled me up, I was going on to relate how many points of interest have already claimed my attention at this place, all barren as it seemed when we came in in some haste before a nor'wester and beached our boat stern foremost in order to avoid wetting our dunnage.

The habitations of the ant-lion indicate the presence of ants, and the ant is a very interesting creature. N. B. You are of course aware that if you pitch your tent over his nest, he becomes quite too entertaining at times, so that you will do well to hold him at a safe distance.

Then I had intended to speak of the vegetation, but the subject is too extensive for me to tackle on this occasion, and needs a better botanist then I to do it even small justice. There are near the camp Norway pines, arbor vitæ and white spruce, all dwarfed by the fierce lake winds. Then there is plenty of shintangle, which makes a bang-up bed if you have leather gloves to handle it, and a rubber or canvas sheet atop.

I have counted nearly twenty plants in blossom, the more conspicuous being the wild rose, the campanula, various of the compositæ, beach peas, etc. There are huckleberries, raspberries, beach cherries, juniper berries, cornel, and other fruits. By the by, I wonder if the juniper berry is utilized in any way. There are quantities along the shore.

It just occurred to me that some ignorant person may wish to know what "shintangle" is, and be disposed to confound it with rye whisky. To such I would say that there is no whisky in this camp, and that I will further enlighten his understanding if he will tell me what are the constituent elements of "El Comancho's" "singgamble fire."

"But if you don't fish or shoot, how do you live?"

If you hadn't interrupted me, I was going to say something on that head; but I detest interruptions. I may say, however, that the tea and coffee are above praise; that the cow is not quite dry as yet—or, in common parlance, the condensed milk holds out; the butter is only just a little rancid; the bacon—corn-cob smoked—is prime; the salt pork is bully, the potted ham is good, the tongue ditto, the hardtack excellent, the soft tommy not very dry, the beans choice, the butter crackers fresh, the—yes, oh! yes, we are doing very well, I thank you. Did you think we came up here among the Chippewas to starve? What d'ye take us for, anyhow? KELPIE.

P. S.—CROSS VILLAGE, July 22.—Just heard from Old Hickory. The Kingfishers are booked for a good time this summer, as I think, and I am sorry that I shall not be able to be with them.

NORTHWARD TO THE FAR WEST.—VI.

[*Concluded from page 92.*]

THE reader who has followed our erratic wanderings will remember we left the main line of the Canadian Pacific road at Revelstoke, to take our trip down the Columbia, and now we take the main line westward again, with Vancouver as our destination.

We cross the Columbia on a long wooden bridge, as soon as we leave Revelstoke, and enter the Gold range, whose snow-capped hills seem to bar the way, by Eagle pass. We now commence to climb again, but do not reach any great altitude above the Columbia, as the pass seems to avoid any of the higher peaks and is a natural road pass. Four beautiful mountain lakes are passed and the road winds around the mountain side above their shores.

Twenty-eight miles from Revelstoke is a small station named Craigellachine, which had the honor of being the meeting point of the eastern and western construction parties of the Canadian Pacific, and here was driven the last spike in this stupendous work.

The road lies along the shores of the great Shuswap Lakes, named for the tribe of Indians who live about it. The lakes extend in different directions into the mountains which rise about, and are a great resort for wild fowls.

A canoe trip over the numerous arms of these lakes would give one a great summer outing, and plenty of sport of all kinds.

Four miles below North Bend, we get into the great cañon of the Fraser River, and here we feel like dropping the pen and saying it is no use, we have exhausted all our poor descriptive powers, thinking we were through with the best scenery, and now we find some more that requires new vocabulary. The great river rolls below us through bare and rocky walls, and we exclaim with the poet:

"Against what great obstructions hast thou won
Thine august way. The rock-formed mountain plain
Has opened at thy bidding, and the steep
Bars not thy passage, for the ledge in vain
Stretches across the channel. Thou dost leap
Sublimely down the height, and urge again
Thy rock-embattled course on to the distant main."

In the famous coast country it rains "too easy," and during the rainy season it is liable to rain at any time. So we were not surprised to see rain at Mission Junction, where rail connection can be made for the South into Washington. It grows mistier and damper as we get nearer the coast, and evidences of the great timber industry of the country are on every hand, also signs of the great '94 spring flood are seen in two old and stranded rivers left high and dry upon the sandy bars, as if taking a new "route over land." Westminster Junction, where connection is made with the new Great Northern line of railway for Seattle, Tacoma, etc., is only eighteen miles from Vancouver, and five miles further we strike the straits, or an inlet from it—Burrow Inlet. The saw mills and timber docks are the principal objects near by, while through the mist and clouds the distant hills and mountains across the inlet peek forth, and on their tops we see that what is rain with us is snow with them. It rained when we arrived at Vancouver, but no one minds such a trifle as that in the Sound region. You don your rubber boots and a mackintosh and off you go. Of course it don't rain all the time, and any one who is fortunate enough to get there during the dry season of summer will find it a delightful and pretty place to visit. The Hudson's Bay Company have one of their ever present establishments here, and in it we saw one of the finest wood buffalo or bison heads that is in existence. It is not for sale.

One of the oddest sights to one from the East is the crow as he appears on the streets of Vancouver. Mr. Crow, just as black as his Eastern brother, is cock of the walk out here, and he knows it. Flocks of them are all over town sitting on the housetops, squatting in the gutters, hopping on the lawns, cawing to his mate or scolding at some mean crow who tries to rob him of some dainty he has stolen from some other crow. The crow is a very smart bird, and if you don't believe it go to Vancouver and see for yourself.

I knew they were too smart for me when a youngster ever to let me get very close to them, and here they are so smart they don't care how close you are, because the rascals know that it costs $25 to kill one of them, and they know they are not worth it. Two of them flew down into the street near by, and I stopped to watch them. One evidently had something to eat and was enjoying his lunch; the other sat by as sober as a judge. Then came along crow No. 3, and spying the tidbit made a dive for it. Off went No. 1 with No. 3 after him, and evidently he was the "better crow," as the first one tried to get away; but what does No. 2 do (who had sat patiently by and seen its mate eating) but up and after crow No. 3, pitching into him and driving him away so his mate could alight on a roof tree and finish his lunch. Then they cawed a nice song and went their way. Oh, there is lots of fun in Vancouver, among the crows, and for the inhabitants on whose house some quiet Sunday morning a crow congress assembles.

It does not take long to get into the woods from Vancouver, and such woods! they are so dense and thick and the trees are of such immense size that the stories we have heard of the tremendous size of the sound timber seem tame. An electric railway runs through the woods to Westminster, which is a great salmon canning center and has more saw mills.

A visit to Vancouver would not be complete without seeing one of the great Canadian Pacific steamships; and we are in luck, for the Empress of Japan was just in and we got a permit and boarded her. Of course, anyone who has been aboard of the great Atlantic liners would not see much to interest him (unless it was the hordes of Chinese servants), but the steamers are about the finest plying to the Orient from the Pacific Coast, and compare very favorably with the great ones on the Atlantic that we have seen—though not as large as some of the latest "flyers." The arrival of one of the Empresses means lots of business for a few days on the C. P., as they bring great cargoes of tea, rice and other Oriental products, and trains are loaded and sent East. These steamers are built under the supervision of the English Admiralty, and in case of war can be quickly turned into fast cruisers, having an arrangement of rapid-fire guns, the carriages for which are in place. England does not propose to be caught napping even on the Pacific.

We concluded that it might not rain so hard in Victoria, so made up our minds to run over there.

To encourage us, it really did clear up a little about noon, and at 2 P. M., when we boarded the Charmer, the sun showed his face and smiled at us. It was a miserable, sickly smile, however, and the fog and mist soon made him look glum again, but that little glimpse of sunlight gave us an opportunity to see what a really pretty place Vancouver is, and what fine scenery there is about it. It cannot help being picturesque when the Cascade Mountains, the mountains on Vancouver Island, the Olympic Mountains and great Mt. Baker are all in sight. Then near by are the dense green forest and sparkling waters of the inlet, to add to the charming landscape.

Passing out of a narrow entrance to the inlet we came into a broad stretch of water and then into the Strait of Georgia. Here, if the wind is right, a nasty choppy sea will sometimes get up. Where the waters of the Fraser and the Strait unite is a very strange sight—they seem not to mingle and the line of demarkation can be traced for miles. After a long stretch across the Strait we get among numerous islands, and the channel twists and turns so that at times we seem to be in a cul de sac, but suddenly rounding some precipitous rocky island, we find an outlet and steam on to repeat the same experience. Flocks of ducks fly up on both sides and Indians in great dugout canoes with high, curiously carved prows paddle out from behind the islands. It is dark before we get to Victoria and raining again, so we are glad to get into the cabin, but feel satisfied that the trip is worth taking.

The location of the Navy Yard at Esquimalt by the British Government makes it the chief naval station of the North Pacific. The seal fishing fleet makes that place its headquarters; the factories and its commercial trade have been long established.

The climate is likened to that of southern England, and an Englishman from Liverpool, who was doing Victoria with us, said it was the only place he had seen that seemed like home, and he would like "to stay there a bit, ye know."

The dry dock at Esquimalt is a massive stone structure and worth a visit. There is also a large Chinese quarter in Victoria, but to anyone who has been in San Francisco it seems "tame." The street car service is good and takes one all over the city and into the suburbs. One can get on an electric car and get to Oak Bay in fifteen minutes, where he will find flocks of wild ducks in the fall, but a large number of them are not worth shooting. The sportsman can get plenty of game on the Island of Vancouver by going inland, small deer being abundant, and the hunting grounds are quite accessible.

In July and August the trout fishing in Cowichan Lake and river is superb, and one can easily fill a large creel in a couple of hours. The route is by rail to Duncan, where a canoe can be taken up the river. Of course the further one goes up the island the wilder the country becomes and the better sport can be found, but the extent of the island and the denseness of the forests make it a fine preserve.

A very fine and commodious steamer, the City of Kingston, plies between Victoria, Seattle and Tacoma down the great far-famed Puget Sound, that lovely body of water of which so much has been and still will be written.

After seeing Tacoma, the Flyer, a swift little steamer, was taken for Seattle, where we made a pleasant stop, and one rather windy morning again boarded the City of Kingston for our return trip to Victoria. The City of Kingston was built East and ran on the Hudson, I believe, and was taken round the Horn. She is a fine comfortable boat and makes the trip on the Sound a pleasure.

The sail up was fine, though a little sea was rolling. It was the day of the great launch at Everette of a new "whale-back," and as we left Seattle we saw several large excursions on steamers going up. Flags were flying and it was a gala day.

After looking over Victoria again, we took the Charmer one evening and the next morning arrived in Vancouver. October was fast slipping away, and turning our faces eastward we started for Sicamous. We got out of the rainy belt before the afternoon was gone, and the next morning at Sicamous found a cool, frosty morning, and a clear sky. There is a very pleasant little hotel at this point, where they set a good table and the angler can stop very comfortably. It is only a short distance from the station, and is kept by an old bachelor, whom every one calls "the Colonel." Leaving Sicamous, we follow the shores of Mara Lake and then along the Spallumcheen River. The country is quite level and is settling up fast; there are plenty of wildfowl along the waterways and good shooting in season.

Sicamous is called the gateway of the Osooyos division of Yale, in which is included the famous Okanagan district, probably the finest farming or ranching district in British Columbia.

Forty-six miles from Sicamous is Vernon, a pretty good place to outfit for a hunting trip into the country lying east, and a good trail and wagon road leads up to Cherry Creek mining camp and then over into Fire Valley, which opens up into Lower Arrow Lake, the country described before.

It is not wise if one goes into this country to hunt to make too much noise over the game killed, as it may cost the shooter $50 for a license. There are a great many English parties that go in hunting from here, and there are several kinds of game still very abundant, of which more later. At Vernon, there is one store in the place that will attract the sportsman, and that is the establishment of a taxidermist who has a very fine lot of heads. This party got up the specimens which were shown at Chicago, at the Columbian Exposition, in the British Columbia exhibit; and has heads of caribou, goat, sheep, elk, moose, and about everything else in the way of animal or bird life that can be found in the West.

It is only five miles from Vernon to Okanagan landing. Here we found the steamer Aberdeen with all colors flying. We were much gratified as well as surprised to find "Old Glory" spreading the beautiful Stars and Stripes to the wind at the bow, much more prominent than the Union Jack at the stern. But those British Columbia chaps are about half Yankee anyway. Okanagan Lake is about eighty miles long and averages about three miles in width. There are several small steamers plying on it, but the Aberdeen, built, owned and run by the Canadian Pacific, is the only real passenger steamer, and she is a very commodious and comfortable craft. She is a stern-wheeler, like all Western lake or river boats. The round trip can be made from Vernon to Penticton in two days, going one day, returning the next.

A person need not go off the boat, as it has very fair staterooms. The sail down to Kelowna, about thirty-five miles, is a charming one, as the high hills and mountains rise on both sides of the lake and stretch away into the blue distance.

Kelowna is a good point for a start into the caribou country back of it, and we were convinced of this, as we were out walking in the afternoon, by meeting two half-breeds coming in with a fine caribou head on their pack pony. A little later, when heavy snows come, one can go right across the lake up into bear valley and shoot deer. Ducks are in the marshes within sight of the hotel, and the ruffed grouse are in the bush right back of it.

The chief trouble at Kelowna is, to find the proper guides and get the right kind of an outfit. Everything in the way of supplies however can be purchased there, excepting tents, and any one going into a country hunting ought to take his tents with him, as at very few points can they be secured of the right style and size.

Several days were spent about Kelowna in looking over the country and arranging for a trip into the caribou country; but this had to be abandoned, on account of a snowstorm in the mountains, which we could see from Kelowna, but which did not get to our level, and also on account of the actions of the half-breeds, their extortionate demands and their getting drunk. Getting disgusted with the whole outfit, I packed up and took the boat down the lake to Trout Creek, only five miles from the end of the lake and about nine from Penticton by land.

The sail down is even more charming than from Okanagan landing to Kelowna, as the mountains grow in size and height as you proceed south. There are some very charming bits of scenery just before one reaches Trout Creek, where the rocks rise precipitously from the lake into great cliffs, and then the country rolls back into high hills, covered with the dark-green firs, and still further rise the snow-covered mountains.

At Penticton, the end of the steamboat travel, there is a hotel where the sportsman can stop, and if he will stay until in December he can hunt right from the hotel and stand a good chance of getting a goat or a sheep, and be sure of deer. Prairie chickens and blue grouse are abundant in the mountains. South of Penticton a stage line takes one into the United States, and connection can be made for Spokane via Marcus. In the country south of Penticton are a number of mines and about Dog Lake and further on to Osooyos Lake is probably as good a place to get a big horn as anywhere in the country.

Right about Penticton no very large heads are secured, but one can get a specimen. I was fortunate to be able to get off at Trout Creek, as there is no hotel, but a rancher whom I had become acquainted with proved a friend indeed, and met me at the landing. It was a pretty stiff climb up from the lake, as the land all about this section is high, rolling table land, rising abruptly from the lake several hundred feet, and it was dark before we climbed the mile and a half to the ranch. Here we found a hearty welcome and a good supper of roast deer and good things from the ranch. Never was a stranger treated more royally, and it was a novelty to one who had knocked about hunting as I had to find a place where game was where we could live as well as at home, and go out and shoot right in the dooryard, as it were. It took a couple of days to get the lay of the land, hunting togs unpacked, and in shape for a hunt, and then the first day's hunt took place and three fine mule deer, or as they are commonly called black-tail, were the result and I was home by five o'clock and did not go out in the morning until nine.

The country was one of the finest to hunt over I ever saw—rolling, free from brush, not very hard climbing in the mountains and the deer anything but wild. Deer can be slaughtered there if one desires, but not being on a first hunt and more anxious to see the country and learn it than to make big bags I took it easy. Our ranch and the others near by had all the meat we wanted while I stayed; and though some of the Englishmen roundabout "kicked" because the Yankee came in and killed "their" deer, they did not refuse to take some of the venison, and one of those who "talked" came along one day just after a fine deer was killed and very gladly got off his cow pony and walked home with the deer that was offered him, as I did not care to go after the horse to pack it in. He was out with his "scatter gun" after a duck and walked home with a deer, which the Yankee shot and gave him.

There was much pretty, if not grand, scenery about the Lloyd-Jones Ranch at Trout Creek, and when not in a mood for hunting we took some views. Mr. Lloyd-Jones informed me of a mountain down the lake that he said he had always been anxious to get a photo of, as it was a natural curiosity, there being on the side of it an exact representation of an old man's profile. So we walked the five miles one morning and packed the camera and made an exposure, which proved to be a very good picture when we reached home. It does not require any very vivid imagination to see the cap, forehead, nose, mouth and beard of the "old man of the mountain," as we christened the huge rock, and we were the first ones to take his huge "phiz," so ought to have the honor of naming him. There are so many pretty views to be taken that if we had wished we could have spent several days in this way, but, as every brother in the craft knows, one cannot pack glass plates enough to take everything he sees and wants to. It is hard sometimes, though, to choose when there are so many fine things. The days passed rapidly on the ranch twixt hunting and photography.

Unfortunately a storm came up just when with an Indian guide I was about to go back into the main range for a few days, and as the Siwash said "High as rain; no hunt um much; no see um in mountain; heap fog, scukum in sail house," meaning that if we went there would be lots of rain and we would have to stay in the tent, as the fog would prevent our hunting; therefore, as the quarters I had were so nice that it was more tempting to stay there than to roam about in the rain and snow, I concluded to stay and hunt nearer home. We went, the rancher and myself, one day after blue grouse and deer up into the highest peaks of the mountains I usually hunted on, and though we got into a fog and could not see far enough to see any deer we had good sport with the grouse, knocking them out of the tree with a little .22cal. rifle.

Nov. 1 I was to have been in Detroit, but here it was long past the first and I was not even started homeward; but the time came for us to go, and though not satisfied (who ever is?) I felt I had accomplished about all I could, and it would be only repetition to hunt more.

The last evening of my more than pleasant stay at the Lloyd-Jones ranch came, and we hitched up the buckboard to haul some of the luggage to the wharf, and started for the lake. We hesitated about taking the rifles, and decided not to, and off we went. A mile below the house the dogs stirred up a flock of at least one hundred chickens, and then just below us stood two deer.

We whispered "It might have been," and drove on. We unloaded the boxes and started back, and there, much nearer, in fact within easy range, stood the deer. They knew we did not have a gun. "It was ever thus."

A dreary cold morning came in honor of my departure and we were at the lake ready to signal the Aberdeen when she came round the point. I took leave of my friend and soon was speeding northward again. The November sun shone out of a stormy-looking sky, and the attempts to photograph some of the scenery below Kelowna, though made, did not promise great success.

At Kelowna we did not stop long on the up trip, and continued our journey. Only a few miles from Okanagan landing we saw a boat putting out into the track of the steamer, and when we slowed down and she came alongside we had more proof that this was a great game country. An old chap and a boy were in the boat, and they had two fine big horns (mountain sheep) and a big mule deer buck, which they had shot just back from the lake.

We took the game on board and went our way, while the boat pulled back to their camp. A short stop was made at Vernon and we then went on to Sycamous. The Okanagan country is one of the finest game countries of the West, and anyone who goes there who is at all a sportsman cannot help being repaid, and the tourist who simply wants to see a new and charming country, easily accessible and where there are no hardships to be encountered, should take the Okanagan trip. The late summer is the most pleasant for the tourist, and the sportsman should go into the country not later than September, and stay two months; he will then get shooting of all kinds. There are a good many bear, grizzly and black, east of Kelowna on Kettle River and a large number of fine hides were secured through the country this season. To secure moose and elk one would have to go into the States and hunt into Idaho, but about everything else can be found in the way of big game.

We arrived at Sycamous in the evening, and the next morning took the east-bound train, feeling that we were at last homeward bound. Much to our disgust the day proved stormy and clouds hung low. We got into the Selkirks and found that though there was lots of snow it was raining, which at this season was surprising. When we reached Field, where we took supper, we found the air cool and crisp, and the white frost shone and sparkled like diamonds in the bright moonlight, which came down in a silvery flood from over the top of Mount Steven; and now we began what is called by one writer "the stiffest railway climb in the world." We mentioned the drop off going west. The same writer told his experience in climbing up these mountains so well, and as it is about the same experience that we had and in the winter, or at least with the snow all about us, it is worth repeating here:

"The train was divided into two parts. In front of the first was an 85-ton engine. At the rear of this division a 100-tonner was run up; then the rear portion of the train was coupled on to this, and then last of all came an iron monster weighing 110 tons. Not very far short of 1,000 tons would be the total dead weight that had to be raised through 1,200ft. before the top of the Kicking Horse was reached. The first part of the climb was easy and the only perceptible difference was to be found in the deep, sonorous chest notes given out by the two giants who had come to our assistance; but about five miles further on the real struggle began. The speed slowed down so that I could get off the car platform and walk along the line over the snow that lay almost close up to the rails. The three iron Titans sobbed and roared and strained at their work till the earth trembled with the stress of their struggle to drive the great train up the break-neck grade that lay in front of it. Every now and then the driving wheels of the lighter engine would slip and the weight would fall on the colossus at the rear, and gallantly did he respond to the call. The beats of his 24in. cylinders throbbed like pulses along the whole train, and from his iron throat he belched forth showers of sparks and clouds



CARIBOU HEAD WITH THIRD HORN IN CENTER OF FOREHEAD.
A very old animal. Killed back of Kelowna, British Columbia. Amateur photo by F. F. Frisbie.

of smoke, with roars of strenuous defiance. Then the other engines would get their grip again, and once more the train would begin to creep upward.

"Once or twice colossus himself lost his hold. Then the train would stop, and we held our breath waiting for the slight backward gliding motion that would tell that the grade had conquered the engines; then would come a chorus of roars, mingled with deep-voiced sobs, bursting from the laboring breasts of the toiling giants, the pistons would beat passionately in the palpitating cylinders, and the driving wheels would rip and tear round and round until the sparks flew from the rails. At last something would catch; a creaking groan ran along the train and then, with a steady pound, pound! the giants got down to their work again, the cars moved on and steam and steel had gained another victory over the force that sought to drag us back into the valley.

"I need hardly say that the sight from the bands of the track was absolutely unique; there, in the midst of wildness of black gorges, somber forests, snow and ice and towering peaks, the long, brilliantly lighted train crept slowly upward, like a great gleaming snake, and the three mighty engines, roaring and groaning and throbbing with their work, sent showers of sparks flying up into the darkness. The furnace doors would open and the gloom would be shattered by a long, blinding ray of red light shooting from the fiery heart of the monster far back over the forest and snow field, glacier and rock peak, until it lost itself in the black sky beyond."

The summit gained and we descend the Atlantic slope. The moon shines forth from a sky that is only flecked here and there with flying, fleecy clouds that hardly dim her royal luster when they pass across her round and beaming face. The light strikes full upon this side of the range, while on the other things were partly in the shadow.

The snow and ice-covered peaks stood out with almost startling distinctness in the silvery light, while the cañons and ravines below look more dark and forbidding in the shimmering moonbeams. The scene in daylight is a beautiful one, and one that we would be apt to imagine could not be improved on, but in the mellow light of a full moon from a cloudless sky it becomes enchanting and more like a spirit world where everything seems softened, and while each rock and peak and cañon are there they seem less tangible and more othereal.

As we got down into the valley of the Bow and joined the river as it flows down toward the plains, the still unfrozen, rushing stream glistens and shines, throwing off sparkling rays of light from each little wavelet that is formed on the riffles.

Looking back, the high rugged peaks of the Bourgeau Range stand out like giant specters, white with their unsullied mantles of the driven snow. The moonbeams strike full upon their snow-crowned heads and add luster to the spotless covering.

It was 11 o'clock when we pulled into the little rustic station at Banff, but so interesting had been our ride that we did not feel the fatigue of the long day we had put in since we left Sycamous. Only a short visit was made at Banff, and no time lost in taking a few more photographs of views we had missed on our westward way, and then we again start eastward.

A perfect night, with the full moon but twenty-four hours old and the train on time, was enough good fortune for once and again were we treated to a scene of enchantment as we sped down the valley of the Bow. Moonlight on the water is lovely, but in the mountains is grand, and if one has never seen the glories of moonlight amid snow-capped mountain peaks there is a revelation awaiting him.

The "Three Sisters," looking more lovely in their white mantles under the soft but still bright light of fair Luna, gazed down on us as we sped by, and as we turned back for one more lingering look at the grandeur of the magnificent Rockies a deep sigh was breathed to think that for many months, perhaps years, we would not gaze upon their glories again.

Across the white plains we fly and at midnight stop at Calgary. As we had not visited this very noted town on our way out we determined to put in a day or two there.

As we stepped from the cars we found the midnight air cool and full of frost, and such a moonlight. Ye gods! can it be true? Yes, there they are, over seventy miles away, but standing out strong, full and clear, the rugged peaks of the Rockies.

Calgary boasts of a good hotel in the Alberta, and, moreover, much to my joy, when I came to register, who should pick up the pen after me but an old and esteemed friend from Detroit, who had been on the train with me, but unseen before. Verily, the world is small.

Calgary is built up on English money, and there are lots of Englishmen round about and in the city. Large numbers have been tempted from home by the great profits supposed to be made in the cattle business, and many young scions of wealthy families, who were too wild at home, have been sent out into these supposed "wilds" to get rid of them, and they are what are called "remittance men"—that is, they "toil not, neither do they spin," but they live on what they get from home, and generally are either very flush or dead broke. They are a roystering, hard-drinking set, but great sports, and not bad fellows on the whole. We were fortunate to reach the town when a large number of the Blood and Cree Indians were receiving their payments from the Government, and the streets were full of the genuine children of the plains.

Outside of the city, at their camp, they were holding races and "doing up the pale face" with some of their scrub ponies. "Lo" is no fool in some ways, even if he is childlike in others. A large body of mounted police are quartered at Calgary, and they keep their eyes on Mr. Redskin and see that he does not get any "fire water," if they can help it. The average Indian will sell body, soul and everything else for whisky, and there are the most stringent laws all through this country against selling it to them; but they get it.

Winnipeg, which we had left under an almost tropical sun in August, was now covered with a mantle of snow and held fast in the embrace of old Jack Frost.

This is where the cold waves we read of are born. At least "Old Prob" generally says "a blizzard is on its way from Manitoba;" but we did not stop long to investigate. It was cold, to be sure, but a fine, dry, bracing cold, that did not penetrate one like our damp lake climate. At Fort William we did not take the steamer, but continued on along the north shore by train. Lake Superior looked cold and uninviting as the foam-crested waves beat upon the rock-bound coast, and we feel that it is better to be looking down upon this wide waste of water from our snug and warm sleeper than it would be to be tossing on the steamer.

The scenery is of the wildest and most rugged description. As the train ran along the lake through the wilderness, one could not help wondering how the road was ever built through such a desolate country, and yet there is a fascination about the scenery of the north shore of Lake Superior.

Its wildness and its desolate character seem to lend a charm that is unexplainable. The great lake is followed in all its curves and indentations, and miles at times are traversed around some cove or bay to accomplish a short distance in a straight line. At Jack Fish Bay the line takes a sweep of six miles to make one. Great rock cuts are passed through and the expense of building the road was immense. We catch views of Black and Thunder bays and run along the Nepigon Bay, into which the far-famed Nepigon River empties. All day and night we travel through the wilderness and the next morning breakfast at North Bay on Lake Nippising, which is a body of water forty miles long and ten miles wide. This is a great summer resort and also a great point for sportsmen in the fall.

We were just in time to see the end of the deer hunting season, and parties were taking the train at every station with a fine show of deer. At one place I counted over twenty, all of the white-tail variety or Virginia deer. From North Bay we strike south, leaving the main line, and pass through the great Muskoka country, the greatest summer outing region in Ontario, and a grand place it is if one cannot spare time to go far. As we near lake Simcoe, the country changes and becomes more settled—fine farms are seen and now we approach civilization and Toronto. A night and part of a day here and then home.

In conclusion let me say that it has been my personal intention to give to our brother sportsmen and tourists information in regard to a section of the West that is comparatively new rather than to write a detailed account of how each deer was secured; and as our trip was more of a tour for pleasure of all kinds than a hunting trip alone, it is hoped that the ordinary tourist will gain some pleasure and profit from its perusal, as well as the sportsman who only cares for the information in regard to game.

I would also state that the editor has my address, and

if I have not given details enough to please any reader, it will give me pleasure to be more explicit if I receive inquiries through him.

There is so much one can say that sometimes one is afraid he will say too much, in giving pointers in regard to "outfits," etc.; and again so much has been said before of these things that it is hardly necessary to repeat.

Farewell to the mountains with gray peaks so high,
Whose snow-covered summits seem to pierce the blue sky;
Farewell to the plains where the antelope glide,
Farewell to the streams where the speckled trout hide,
Farewell to the crags where the big-horn doth play,
Farewell to the cañons where the white goat doth stay,
Farewell to the forests where the caribou feeds,
Farewell to the hillside where the mule deer speeds,
Farewell to the dark swamps where bruin has his home,
Farewell to the uplands where the elk loves to roam,
Farewell to the lakes that are fed by the snow,
Farewell to the rivers that oceanward flow,
Farewell to the land of more charms than the rest,
Farewell to the wild but beautiful West.

F. F. Frisbie.

MOOSEHEAD LEGENDS.

I.—Suboomiak.

On the West Branch of the Penobscot River, north of Moosehead Lake, between Elm Stream and Chesuncook Lake, are a series of falls or rips, necessitating a carry by any one journeying the stream in a canoe. There is a legend that Suboomiak, a Tarratine Indian, once ran the rapids in his frail birchen craft, hence its name at the present time, "Suboomiak Falls." The range or township as surveyed out is known as Suboomiak, and includes the territory that was once the hunting ground of the Indian whose name it bears.

The beautiful West Branch of the picturesque Penobscot never looked fairer than on that June afternoon so many years ago. The soft haze of spring twinkled in the vista, the stream opened among the gigantic firs that diffused their balsamic odors on the sweet-scented air. The gay carol of a robin was heard in the little clearing where stood the rude cabin of Eldridge, the trapper, the only reminder to his motherless children of their home in the distant settlement, from which their nomadic father had brought them to this forest wilderness. For three days the robin had been their only companion, save for the midnight prowling bear or lynx. The father was absent on a trip, to dispose of his season's stock of furs at the trader's by the lake, leaving the sturdy boy of 9 to care for his toddling sister of 3.

On the opposite bank, where a graveled bar had formed against the prostrate trunk of some forest giant, was drawn up a birch-bark canoe. It was fashioned by a master hand, and at either end was a rude drawing on the birchen surface of a Beaver—the totem of the Tarratine, Suboomiak, the last of his tribe, who had seen his comrades exterminated from their home among the lakes and streams of these forest wilds. Alone, he had clung to his old hunting ground, trusting to remain in peaceful possession until he should be called to a better by the Great Spirit, whose presence was visible to him in every mood of nature, whether mountain storm, or solitude of the dense evergreen woods, that surrounded his lonely tepee. With eye as bright and form erect as ever, the aged Indian stood by the side of his canoe gazing in bitter resentment at the cabin in the little clearing, which bespoke the encroachment of the white hunter on the territory so long his sole privilege and in which his totem had ever been respected. The rifle of the pale face had driven away the deer once so easily stalked and slain by his swift arrow, and the traps of the invader placed on otter slide and beaver dam destroyed the furry occupants that had provided his wigwam with protection from the fierce blasts of the winter. Dark thoughts surged through the brain of the swarthy Tarratine: Why should not he assert his right to the grand old forest with its network of streams and lakes? Did not the unconquered spirit of his fathers, who had fought and died in defense of their homes, move him to perpetual hatred of the white race, and their blood call to him for vengeance?

The voice of conscience pleaded for kinder and nobler impulse. He was known as Suboomiak "the Faithful." The prospectors for the lumber camps and the hunters from the great cities—in which he had heard the white men were thicker than the leaves on the upland maple—had entrusted life and property to his care in the untracked wilderness he knew so well. Never had he betrayed a trust or shirked a task; should he now stain the record of an honest life with a savage act of personal evenge? Yet his rights had always been respected, until the hunter from the lake settlement, covetous of the game and fur, had trespassed on the range and surlily ordered him to move further north to the cheerless bogs of the boundary marshes. Now that the opportunity to destroy the deserted cabin and clear the virgin woods of every taint of foe lay before him, why should he hesitate to grasp it?

As he stood racked with the mental tumult of emotions a faint dull sound fell on his ear, causing him to start in alarm and scan in the direction of the wind. Was it the roar of the great falls below? and what meant the thickening of the haze on the river surface? To his ear and eye trained in forest lore it was a more evil sound than the troubled waters of the river at the long rips; more than a spring atmosphere that dimmed the landscape, and it needed not the glimpse of rushing deer and swift flying birds to tell the dusky hunter the terrible death they were seeking to escape. It was that horror of the dense resinous woods, a forest fire travelling before the wind with race-horse speed.

A grim smile settled on the stoical features of the Indian; by no act of his the desolation he had contemplated would be most thoroughly complete and vengeance be wrought, while from his canoe in midstream he could watch the scene of destruction and then escape in safety, for none were so swift with the paddle as he.

The roar of the advancing fire now became more distinct, and the smoke so dimmed the sun as to scarce show the Indian's shadow behind him. At the window of the cabin a white baby face was pressed against the single pane and a pair of innocent eyes appealed to the silent dusky form, standing motionless on the opposite bank, watching intently the approaching fire. Now the flames shot up over the tops of the tallest firs, leaping forward and catching ablaze its neighbors of less stature, and thick black smoke rolled over the clearing, obscuring it from the Indian's view. As it was lifted by a puff of wind the children were disclosed crouched at the river's bank awaiting the fearful end that was so swiftly and surely approaching. At sight of the doomed children the Indian leaped hastily into his canoe, and with a deep sweep of the paddle directed it toward them. Gone from that savage bosom was all desire for vengeance, gone all thirsting for blood, all memories of hatred.

The totem of the Beaver so long the symbol of integrity and friendship must not desert the faith so implicitly given in face of an awful death. A few quick strokes and he reached the bank in front of the cabin which was now in flames, the little ones were grasped by a single movement of the strong dusky arm, another plunge of the paddle and the frail craft with its precious burden had begun its race with the fiery element now raging on either bank. The muscles on the sinewy back of the Indian rolled into great cords as he bent to his task. Like an arrow the canoe shot ahead in mid-stream, keeping pace with the death on either hand. The thick smoke, black from the consuming pitch, was so dense and stifling as almost to suffocate the occupants. Directing the children to lie on the bottom the Indian dipped his blanket in the stream and covered them with its safe protection.

Ever nearer and nearer, the roar of the "great rips" ahead rose above the crackling of the flames. No canoe had ever passed in safety over its dangerous vortex of cross currents and whirlpools, but it was the only path from the fire-fiend that so fiercely pursued them.

The sun had long since set behind the western woods, and the fitful glare of the flames gave an uncertain light in which to combat with the treacherous stream and half-sunken rocks. Throwing aside his paddle and grasping the tough setting pole, he threw all his strength and alerntness into the task before him. The canoe, caught by the swift descent of the current, poised on the smooth surface of a rock and then, caught at the stern by the on-rushing waters, swept broadside on toward the brink of the first fall. With a firm brace in the bow, the Indian hurled his weight on the pole against a projecting boulder; the light craft swayed an instant, trembling like a dry leaf in the autumn breeze, then swung around and shot over the edge, and dropped to the pool below down into the semi-blackness of the rips beyond. The stream grew narrower, and blazing branches dropped around and on them from the fiery towers above, thus adding another danger to the horrors of the elements. On dashed the canoe, skillfully deflected from death-dealing rock or whirlpool by those keen eyes and tense muscles of steel. The fire now leaped from bank to bank of the narrow stream; it singed the hair of the Indian's head and scorched the hands that held, as in a vise, the faithful pole. More than once it caught in the blanket that screened the children from the fiery blast, and which was now dried from its immersion by the intense heat, necessitating the holding of the craft in the on-rushing stream by the strength of a single arm, while the blanket could again be plunged in the seething waters; then onward the mad rush would continue toward the lower falls.

The fire almost blinded the Tarratine as it played before his face, and his brain whirled as the deadly flame swept into his set, determined face, while again and again the scorching air was drawn into his laboring lungs; but not once did he flinch from his erect position, gazing steadily forward to see and shun the dangers of the stream. Now the canoe was poised for the last leap at the lower falls, and held again to steady for the fearful plunge. As the fragile craft struck at the base of the falls it was swept by a strong current toward the bank, the sturdy pole failed for the first time to hold on the slippery rocks, and the canoe with a quick lurch hurled the dusky pilot into the boiling whirlpool. With a superhuman effort the Indian gained the rock, retaining his grasp on his pole.

The canoe with its precious freight had disappeared in the gloom of the forest-shadowed stream, now tranquil for the remainder of its course to the broad, safe expanse of the lake below. The fire had been outdistanced in the fearful run of the rapids, and the impetus of the falls had carried the birch bark and its occupants to safety. The limit of ordinary human strength had been passed long ago; only one trained to undergo the tortures of pain could have held to such endurance; but at last the tremendous exertion tells, and the pole on which the Indian leans heavily slips from the grasp of those nerveless fingers and the river sweeps without obstacle over the smooth surface of the rock.

At dawn next morning a canoe was found by the log drivers on Chesuncook against the shore. It was of Indian design, of handsome build, and on its fire-blackened sides could be traced the rude outline of a Beaver. Lying under a seamed and scorched blanket were the two children of Eldridge, the trapper, asleep, locked in each other's embrace, safe through the baptism of fire.

Near the foot of the lower falls on the river was found later, where the whirlpool had cast it, the body of an Indian—Suboomiak, the Faithful. Frederic Howard.

Round Mountain Lake.

Eustis, Me., July 28.—The camps at Round Mountain Lake are well filled with guests, many of whom have come for the months of July and August. The cabins have been improved and about the camps everything bespeaks a spirit of enterprise and push.

Fish are rising finely to flies in greater numbers, and are larger than ever before, while at the new wharf are anchored nice boats for all to enjoy the fishing and scenery, which cannot be excelled in the State.

During the past few weeks five moose have been seen here, and deer are plentiful and very tame, coming out into the water each day at sunrise and sunset. Groups of three and five have been seen frequently.

In the woods about the camps small game is abundant, rabbits and partridges roaming fearlessly near the cabins.

This week, on a trip to Snow Mountain, Ned Bly, with Davis Moody, guide, saw twenty-five or thirty partridges along the trail. The prospect for fall hunting is of the best, and bids fair to be well patronized.

We had a call from the new game warden, Mr. S. S. Tufts, and feel sure that he will make many friends with his cordial greeting and genial manner, and prove a fine man for the place. Taking everything as a whole, we have an ideal summer home, one that cannot be surpassed, and all join in regrets that the time will come to leave it. J. H. B.

Natural History.

TWO FEATHERS.

Chicago, Ill., July 30.—After scouting around with Hough on the fantail deer question to-day, I find myself with "that tired feeling" in evidence to a considerable extent. When a fellow feels that way and his hunting grounds are below the horizon that purples into perspective away to the West, he is apt to dig up an old pipe, stick his feet higher than his head, close his eyes and dream of things that have passed into that ghost land of recollection. At such times the roar and bustle of the city and its thousand odors are pushed into the background and forgotten. Memory conjures up past scenes which bring their own surroundings, pictured so vividly that you see the yellow sunlight, the floating clouds and blue sky of one day now long gone. Momentarily you detect the scent of sage or pine in a breeze straight from God's own meadows, and mayhap your pulse thumps a little harder as you live over again, in a few brief moments, that day of long ago.

Such is the condition I find myself in to-night, so I'll just hypnotize you enough to enjoy it with me. A few passes—so; now you are in Wyoming. We ride along the Belle Fourche River, up along the dusty trail that shimmers and dances in the heat of the blazing afternoon sun. It is as hot as any alkali plain well can be, but we are several thousand feet above the sea, and a gentle southerly breeze keeps the air from being oppressive.

The grass is dry enough to crackle and break underfoot when the horses step off the trail. The sage brush lends its somber hues to the landscape, and the prickly pear neighbors its fleshy pads with the dagger-pointed leaves of the soap root or "bear grass" as the cow puncher dubs it; prairie dogs scurry from mound to mound, gossip and scurry back home again, edge half-way down the doorway and "sass" us as we pass. Away up toward the floating mass of cottony clouds a pair of brown eagles float, swing and circle; circle, swing and float; now they dip; now up again; now one drops, with folded wings, straight for the earth like a black plumb-bob and sweeps up again in a graceful curve. The other, shortly afterward, pitches headlong from a dizzy height and goes through the same performance as the first, but his objective point is further ahead. Now they circle about excitedly and pitch headlong again only to rise with a wild scream and strain their pinions in their efforts to rise for the next dash.

Something is under them, moving, and moving swiftly in our direction. Let us stop. Ah, that's it! An antelope dashes into view breasting the rise of the knoll; and a fawn, not much bigger than a jack rabbit, runs alongside, half sheltered under the mother. Again those pirates of the air sweep downward, silent and straight, aiming for the baby 'lope. The mother stops short, rises and strikes upward with her sharp forefeet in time to baffle the big birds, which rise with hoarse screams and hover over the pair again, waiting for the next favorable chance.

The mother antelope seems to be decided on making a stand. Back and forth the big birds circle and swing, dash and rise again. At last the mother realizes that a patch of prickly pears won't keep eagles off as it will coyotes, whose feet are too soft to venture among the thorns, and she takes refuge in flight. Fatal mistake! That is what the birds want. A quick dash, a feint, a thrashing of wings, against which the mother is unable to cope single-handed, then a piteous, weak little bleat mingles with the shrieks of the birds, and the baby 'lope lies quiet on the ground.

The pirates have won. Not so fast! There is another act yet! One bird sweeps down, but the other, with a fierce scream, disputes his right to the spoils, and they dash at each other. Feathers float downward as the two strike at each other with beak and claw, circle, scream and dash back again. A battle is on, a battle royal that rages 1,000ft. above the ground! At last they strike, thrash their wings and fall, a whirling mass of winged demons, down, down, faster always until they strike the brown grass at the foot of the knoll.

We ride forward. The old antelope runs off a short distance, stops, runs again, and circles the spot where her baby stiffens on the burning ground. One eagle lies prone with outstretched pinions; the other, still full of fight and with feathers roached the wrong way, flaps along the ground dragging a useless wing, until a pistol ball stretches him down on the curled buffalo grass.

A few minutes later the old antelope runs across the valley and disappears.

That night a tiny antelope skin is tacked on the cabin wall to dry, and two eagle feathers, the center one from each tail, are hung over a pair of deer antlers to wait until we want them for a new war bonnet. They are just the right thing and belonged to warriors before they came to us.

That antelope skin has eight holes in the back of the neck, each made by a talon that sunk through it deep in the owner's flesh and thus ended its short life. Yet what good did it do, other than maybe to give some vagabond coyote a dinner on two tough old eagles that were left to dry into mummies in the blaze of the mountain sun?

A few passes—Awake, you have seen it all.

El Comancho.

Do Animals Practice Hypnotism?

Richmond, Va., July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An article under this heading in your issue of July 27 mentions a squirrel which had gained a safe place springing right off into danger for no apparent reason. I recall an occasion on which a gray fox in Florida did precisely the same.

It was a moonlight night, and with four hounds I had given reynard a lively chase, during which all the cur dogs within hearing had joined in—making a motley crew of about thirteen or fourteen in all. Our fox at last climbed a sapling tree and was comfortably ensconced on a limb about 25 or 30ft. up by the time the pack arrived and pandemonium began. I am sure that the racket completely rattled the fox, as, after surveying his surroundings—men, horses and dogs—for a minute or two he deliberately jumped into the very jaws of the dogs and stayed right there. R. F. B.

THE DEER'S CHALLENGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time ago I was reading an article in FOREST AND STREAM asking, does the white-tailed deer challenge? As an old time deer hunter I can safely say they do. For instance, I was hunting on the first snow. It was in open growth. I was following a large buck. Coming up on the side of the ridge I heard this low, muttering sound, as though it was made in the throat. It was coming toward me at the time. I did not know what it was. I crept down toward the sound and a large buck deer, with neck curved and nose most to the ground, was making the sound mentioned. I shot him on the spot. At the sound of the gun the one that I was following jumped from some bushes, not 20ft. from where this one stood that I shot.

Then another time I was hunting in burnt land; was coming up over a horseback; on the other side I heard the same noise, only made by two. I crept up so I could see over the other side. There were the two large bucks some 20 or 30ft. apart. They were both hooking the bushes and making that same rattling sound. I shot both on the spot; and when I went to them I expected to see the snow all torn up; but they had not come together. So I assume to say that they never come to a fight without giving that same or some other challenge.

Now I would ask Mr. A. Y. Walton to answer one question for me—that is this, did he ever see any two animals come together for a fight without some kind of a challenge? I will ask him to just name one instance either of domestic or wild animals; I won't except human, for no two men will start into a fight without words in way of challenge. Let two dogs come to a fight; will they come together without growling at each other? That is their way of challenge. Also let two bulls come together for a fight; don't they bellow and paw up the earth? That is their way of challenge. Now deer have their way just the same as all others; at least, I shall always think so until some one convinces me different, for the reason that I heard them at different times.

A. McLAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I had thought some one else would respond to this interesting question before now. I have had some ten years' experience in still-hunting deer, about evenly divided between the black-tail of the Coast Range in California and the white-tail of the eastern cordillera of the Sierra Madre in Mexico. Only once during that time have I heard any vocal sound from deer except the cry of the wounded.

The exception was during my Christmas hunt of 1894. I was slowly climbing a long steep point toward camp about 11 o'clock one morning. I had hunted all the morning, most of the time for a crippled deer that finally escaped, and was tired and disgusted. My attention was suddenly arrested by a rather coarse and short bawl or bleat, very like that of a goat. I looked across the cañon to my right and saw a fine buck deer. When my eyes first lighted on him he was trotting with his nose to the ground, but at that instant he stopped and threw up his head. I was too anxious to retrieve my lost morning to wait and see whether he would call again or not, but took a hasty aim and fired. The shot was a long one and my nerves were unsteady, so that I scored a miss. The distance was probably over 200 yards, but I had heard him distinctly. He pitched over the hill without ever seeing me, as I judged, being frightened chiefly by the impact of the ball.

I went around the head of the cañon, and when I crept up found three deer instead of one—two bucks and a doe. Whether the one which challenged had been driven off by the other, or whether he had been in search of a mate and had just then come up on the pair, I had no means of knowing. Nor did I see him when he made the call above described. But he certainly made it. My own belief is that he was alone and seeking a mate, that is a doe, for December is the height of the running season here. What little I saw of his movements gave me that impression.

Speaking of the bawling of wounded deer, I should like to ask if others have concluded, as I have, that the cry is chiefly the effect of fright rather than of pain. A deer may be wounded in such a way that the pain must be acute, without making any moan. But if he is not rendered helpless, especially if the wound does not greatly impair his vitality, he will invariably bawl. Of course the outcry is not the less trying to the sensitive hunter, but possibly it may be of slight relief to some to think that it is a symptom of fright and not of excruciating pain.

We are all indebted to the gentleman who gave us so clear and full an account of the deer of Western Texas. He has thrown not a little light on the habits of those found in this section, which are, as I said above, Virginia deer. Their chief peculiarities are that they have no red coat at any time, and that the breeding season is quite two months later than in the Middle and Southern States of our own country. They are, I should say, about of average size, though not often very fat. Why they should have a late running season I cannot conjecture. The summers are not hot, as my readers might suppose, but quite cool. While the inhabitants of the United States are sweltering, we have cool breezes and pleasant nights. That is, of course, on the highlands of Mexico. The summer is our rainy season. I have reason to believe that the breeding habits of most of the fauna here are affected by the delay of the rains, when that happens. I believe Mr. Walton noted a similar circumstance in regard to the deer of Texas. That may prove to be a clew. AZTEC.

San Luis Potosi, Mexico, July 24.

Minnesota Non-Resident Law.

In our issue of July 27 a correspondent wrote that the Minnesota non-resident law was not given in the Fish Commissioner's compilation of the law, and had not been approved by the Governor. This, it should have been said at the time, was an error. The Commissioner's compilation does not give it, but it was approved by the Governor April 25, and is contained in the *Game Laws in Brief*, which compilation, by the way, has proved in many instances even more reliable than official publications. The Minnesota law exacts a hunting license fee of $25, but only from residents of such other States as make non-resident discriminations.

Game Bag and Gun.

A MOOSE PARADISE.

It has long been conceded that to bring to bag a moose is the goal of ambition for the great majority of big game hunters in our region, but few have attained thereto, owing to the scarcity of the quarry and the difficulties to be met with in hunting it.

We have, however, a "soft spot" here in Nova Scotia for which we will claim the title of a "moose paradise," so as to be upsides with our friend "Prowler" and his "caribou paradise." Of course we cannot guarantee a moose to any one, but there is a fair chance, and even should a man fail, could he fail to be pleased with our beautiful autumn weather and the rest, recreation and pleasure of a few weeks in camp, such as was enjoyed by the principals in the following narrative.

We left Shelburne bright and early on the morning of Sept. 15 and tramped to the foot of Lake John. Our canoe, provisions, baggage of various kinds all having gone on ahead per the Shelburne county ox team express; we caught up on them about ten miles on the road, in time for dinner. Then leaving the main coach road we struck a wood road for the remaining twelve miles into the lake. I think the less said about that tote road the better. Certainly it was not macadamized. Imagine for yourself a buckboard wagon with a birch bark canoe and lots of dunnage strapped on, the patient ox team ahead, the patient (?) driver at one side, the front wheels stuck in a mud hole, the rear ones elevated on a fallen tree or stone, the prospect of a repetition of the scene for some ten miles or so in uninterrupted succession, and I am sure you will join with me in saying there is lots of pure, unsullied enjoyment in a moose hunt.

After such a pleasant day we arrived about 6 P. M. at the foot of the lake, and at once started into camp. The ox team express and driver set out again after supper and an hour's rest, with the understanding that they were to be back for us in two weeks. Now, as we have got rid of strangers, we can describe the party.

First and foremost must come our guide "Frank," a full-blooded Micmac Indian, who has been in at the death of many a lordly moose, a perfect hunter, and one who is acquainted with nature in all her varied moods. She yielded to him at his bidding every necessity. Where an ordinary man would have starved or frozen to death he found an abundance of all things needful. An adept at calling, which he learned in youth by endeavoring to imitate the cow moose herself, his was no second-hand learning, gained from a brother woodsman. But he shone particularly at a still-hunt. He says himself, I know some can call better than me, but I am the best at a still-hunt. What an amount of study it must have taken to be able to tell almost at a glance the age of a track, or the sex of the animal which imprinted it, whether it was "traveling" or only cruising around a little. And then when we got near the fawn how easily he knew from the formation of the country where the moose lay. So much for our guide.

Next comes Ned, a rather light chap, but an old and enthusiastic man in the woods; and lastly the writer, strong enough and enthusiastic enough, but fearfully liable to strong and sudden attacks of buck fever when game is in sight.

After taking leave of our driver, the last vestige of civilization, we had another "snack" of supper and turned in, needless to say we slept as only tired men could sleep.

Next morning bright and early we were up, and after a splendid breakfast of partridge, shot the previous evening, and some trout, fresh from the lake that morning, we embarked in our birch bark and paddled away rapidly up the lake, the sun shining brightly, the lake as calm as a millpond, the deep green of the spruces, the varied tints of autumnal color in the hardwood trees, the rising ground surrounding the lake, the image of which beautifully imprinted on the glassy surface, made a picture which did indeed prove restful and refreshing to eyes, for a whole year, used to city scenes.

Traveling in a canoe has often been called the poetry of motion, and truly we thought so that morning. However such ease and luxury could not last, for here we are at the first portage, over which we have slowly and laboriously to lug both canoe and dunnage. We arrived at the end of our journey in time for dinner; and our hopes were raised by numerous signs of moose, although none very fresh. We were also much tempted to use our guns on both partridge and rabbits on our way over, but as we were now in good game country it was deemed expedient to make as little noise as possible. Again on coming in view of Lake Randy, at the end of the portage, we found the blue wing duck very numerous feeding in the sedge around the lake. After dinner we embarked again and oh! what a commotion our appearance did cause among the feathered tribe; crossing the lake we entered a stillwater about two miles long, and as the country on either side was admirably adapted for moose, we paddled up very cautiously, watching closely for the quarry. However, although sign was very numerous and recent, we saw no game. Leaving the stillwater and crossing another small lake, we arranged our camp for the night.

About 5 P. M., the wind having fallen completely, we took the canoe and paddled some distance up the lake to a small open bog, and tried to call, but were unsuccessful, although we were answered by a bull a long way off. As he would only come a little and then go back, we concluded he was already with a cow.

The following morning being cold, rainy and blowing, we were late of breaking camp, and while crossing our second portage heard a cow call and the bull answer some little way ahead. The wind was right, blowing down from them to us. Ned being still back at the camp, Frank and I started off on a still-hunt; but misfortune seemed to follow us, because on reaching the vicinity where we heard the call we found ourselves surrounded by a dense thicket of spruce, and no signs or sounds of the moose. Frank then sounded the bull call or challenge to fight. The sound had hardly escaped from his lips, when *wough! wough!* came our answer, accompanied by a crashing and breaking of boughs that, I can assure you, was calculated to frighten any one but a trained hunter. I at once threw up my rifle and awaited his appearance through the dense bushes, my inexperience of the vitality and power of the moose giving me courage to stand directly in his path and wait. Frank, however, ran aside to a stout tree, intending to get a side shot. However, a slight air at that moment carried the scent to the moose and all noise instantly ceased (to my astonishment, you may well suppose), and although the Indian immediately broke through in the direction where the moose was, he never saw it nor heard it, so quickly and quietly can they get away when they feel so inclined. It afterward transpired that Ned, coming on our trail (unfortunately without his rifle), saw both cow and bull cross some 50yds. in front of him. So ended our first chance of a shot.

I should say, however, to show how thick was the cover, that on measuring we found the place where the moose turned was only eleven paces from where I stood.

Our unsuccessful still-hunt took up a goodly part of the forenoon, so that on reaching the end of our portage we concluded to go into camp for the night, as it was blowing and raining, altogether a most disagreeable day. Toward evening we went down to the lake and spent about an hour trolling for big trout, and had some splendid sport; we reserved two only for our supper and let all the others go.

In the morning Frank awakened us before daylight. As there was not a breath of wind, quietly and I may say coldly we picked our way out to the adjacent bog, and after stowing ourselves away as comfortably as possible in a small clump of hackmatack trees waited for the breaking of day. As soon as it became light enough, Frank made a call—oh! such a call! would that I could describe it, once heard, never to be forgotten; so utterly unlike anything we had ever heard, the early morn, the stillness of the air and woods, and our expectancy all conducing to enhance the mystery of it again. After a twenty minutes' pause he called again. Still no answer. Again he called just as the sun was showing through the tree-tops when "wough! wough!" came the answer from the woods about a mile away. How eagerly we scanned the fringe of bushes for a glimpse of him; how we examined our rifles again to see that they were ready, though we knew they were; how we strained every nerve to hear or see anything. As he drew near, every now and then striking his antlers on the trees, we were seized with an extra bad attack of fever, which usually attacks men in like circumstances. However, all suspense comes to an end and so did ours, for now he comes out and skirts round the fringe of bushes on the edge of the woods, alternately appearing and disappearing. Finally he edges toward us, and getting nearly over to the track we came along. "Heaven grant he may not cross it," or good-bye moose. Soon he came about 200yds. from where we were and stopped, evidently trying to get a scent of his fair enchanter—or of danger. He seemed very suspicious, and as at that moment he presented his shoulder to us, I took advantage of it and sent a hollow-pointed .50-110-300 Winchester ball. Almost at the same moment Ned fired with his .45-90, and like a flash that animal made off into the bushes. I got another shot at him as he disappeared, and we immediately gave chase, as I was satisfied my first shot had taken effect. On reaching the point where he disappeared, I waited for Frank to come up. He said that he was afraid we had missed, as he could find no blood signs, and the tracks were quite plain and strong. However, I was so sure of my shot that we followed on and came upon him about 300 yards away. I would not like to say how many steps I took to cover the intervening space, nor would I like to say how loud I shouted. Suffice to say I reached him, and found him lying in his tracks, no sign of a struggle; each hoof in its last print. Ned came up, and after a lot of handshaking and good-natured rivalry as to whose shot had killed him, we proceeded to skin him at once. We could only find one bullet hole and from that there was scarcely a drop of blood. After getting off the skin and head we cut off some steak and returned to camp for breakfast. How juicy that steak did taste, and how we enjoyed it!

After breakfast Ned and Frank returned to the field of action, while I was doing some needed work about camp. On getting through I shouldered my rifle "Injun style," *i. e.*, butt over my shoulder and holding by muzzle, picked a piece of spruce gum and was slowly, contentedly and happily making my way over the bog, when on looking up, to my intense astonishment, I saw on the edge of the woods 200yds. away a second moose eyeing me with as much astonishment as I saw it. We both concluded to act at the same moment, the moose bounding away into the woods with a fearful crashing and I shooting after him. As before, I followed up and was gratified to find blood on both sides of his track. I now found Frank running after me, attracted by the shooting, and we followed that moose over bogs and barrens and sticks and stones and windfalls and every barrier conceivable, till I was utterly exhausted, but never got a sight of him, although we found he had lain down several times. Finally we concluded to leave him, as we would have to hurry anyway in order to get the one shot in the morning out of the woods without spoiling; in fact, we did almost lose the head. On reaching the spot where the moose was standing when I first saw him we found two distinct clumps of hair, showing that the ball went through some portion of him.

We now cut up and quartered our moose and prepared the meat for carrying out. When we opened the chest box of the animal we found it full of blood, we cleaned it out and saw that the bullet (a hollow point with brass cap) had gone clean through the rib next to us when we shot, had then spread, and torn its way through the lung, cutting off the large bloodvessel at its junction with the heart (so accounting for internal bleeding), and splintered the rib on the other side completely, in fact just ground it up, and the ball itself was lying under the skin. We found the little brass cap from the bullet in the blood, thus establishing my right to the honor of killing my moose.

After cutting it up and arranging it in bundles to carry, we started back over our track to the foot of Lake John. Ned then started out to the settlement for a team to take out the meat. In the meantime Frank and I returned to camp, which we reached at dusk, completely fagged out. Next morning before daylight we were away again with the rest of the meat. The morning was so windy we were unable to call. On arriving at our destination we found a man and team waiting for us, having traveled all night, so we loaded up the team with the moose and saw it start out. Ned had not come back, owing to other engagements.

As it was now 1 o'clock we paddled to the outlet of the

lake, where there was a good camping ground, and put up a temporary shelter for the night. What a beautiful spot! The lake on one side, the river rushing down at our back, and a beautiful green sward stretching out at our feet, an abundance of grand old trees, good wood and good weather, made indeed an ideal camp.

Next morning being Sunday, we did not do any hunting. After breakfast we paddled away up to the head of the lake, some six miles or so, to visit McKay's lumber camp. We found the men, as usual on Sundays, all half asleep and taking things easy all round. Sabbath is there truly a day of rest. They of course pressed us to stay and have dinner with them, which we did. Life and grub in a lumber camp are not just what they are cracked up to be. Take, for instance, our dinner on Sunday. It consisted of salt codfish, boiled potatoes and tea sweetened with molasses. What grand fare for the woods! Their bread certainly is very good, and several loaves which we got from them proved a most welcome addition to our stores. After dinner they got up a shooting match for my benefit, and the excitement for a time waxed very warm. I endeavored to keep out of it, but finally had to shoot. I had grave doubts as to my ability to plug a nail at 40yds., especially with such a critical audience. Fortune favors the brave, though, and my first shot fortunately struck home, and I modestly declined to shoot again. As I well knew, I could not expect another such fluke. The following morning we returned to where we had originally camped, started into some new country and spent ten days partly exploring, partly hunting, and principally enjoying ourselves. Perhaps at some future time I may put on paper how we spent those days, the ducks, partridges and rabbits we shot, the small animal life we saw and the tantalizing glimpses we occasionally got of moose and bear.

Our time was up and the 1894 hunt was ended. We can but look forward to another equally successful one in 1895, which, if all goes well, we will narrate for the benefit of FOREST AND STREAM readers. TIAM.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Week's News.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 1.—The four prominent events in the current week for the West are the death at Chicago of the great jurist, author, naturalist and sportsman, Hon. John Dean Caton; the preliminary victory of the sportsmen in their suit against the Merritt cold storage house at Kewanee; the progress of the "war" fake at Jackson's Hole; the renewed attempt of a railway to get a right of way into the National Park.

The Death of Judge Caton.

The death of Judge John Dean Caton was an event of sad interest to a country wider than Chicago and its environs. Illinois had no greater son, the nation no better. FOREST AND STREAM readers will welcome some mention of the life and accomplishments of this distinguished, venerable, honorable and honored man, who was great in all things that he did.

John Dean Caton was born in 1812. He came to Chicago from Oneida Co., N. Y., in 1833, far in advance of the furthest Western railway. At the time of the great Chicago fire he was nearly 60. At the time of his death he was 83. He knew Chicago from the days when the wildfowl swarmed where now great granite buildings rise. A struggling young lawyer in the first years of his citizenship in Chicago, 1833 to 1835 (he tried the first jury case ever tried in Chicago), in 1842 he went to the Supreme bench. For 22 years he was a member of the Supreme Court, most of the time Chief Justice. Always a man of affairs, he steadily engaged in great business enterprises, accumulating large amounts of land and great holdings in telegraph and other stocks. During these years he was more or less a sportsman, and one enjoying to the utmost the great possibilities of this region for sport. He was well acquainted with the pine woods north of Chicago. His was one of the early canoes on the once famous and now nearly fotgotten Brulé. Not more sportsman than naturalist, he loved as much as his own luxurious home the well-stocked deer park at Ottawa, Ill. Here he studied and wrote about the *Cervidæ* as no other man has done. In the late years of his life he was interested in the subject of the elephant, and at the time of his death had nearly finished a treatise on the ivory-bearing elephants.

Judge Caton used often to relate with much amusement stories of his life in the primitive days of Illinois. In one of his very first cases it was understood that a client was hunting for a lawyer. Mr. Caton and his rival attorney both wanted the client, but did not want to be unprofessional. They were both poor, and had to eke out their practice by carrying chain for a surveyor. They departed for their day's work, one lawyer on each end of the chain, agreeing that neither should urge his services on the client. They were in the depths of an alder swamp when they heard the client approaching through the grass and heavy cover. He could not see either of them, and neither spoke, but Judge Caton dropped the chain pins together once or twice, making a noise toward which the client steered, so that Mr. Caton got him. He often laughed at this in later years, as illustrating the methods of the early days.

In those times the lawyers had to "ride circuit," and Springfield, the home of Lincoln and other great men, was much their Mecca. The long journey from Chicago to Springfield was done by stage road, and in winter it was a hard experience. In the springtime, however, it was most pleasant, and one can only read with interest the description of such a journey in the days when Illinois, Chicago and her sons were all young together.

"A four-in-hand, with splendid horses, the best Troy coaches, good company, the exhilaration of great speed over an elastic road, much of it a turf of grass, often crushing under our wheels the most beautiful wild flowers; every grove fragrant with blossoms, framed in the richest green; our road not fenced in by narrow lanes, but with freedom to choose our route; here and there a picturesque log cabin covered with vines; boys and girls on their way to the log schools, and the lusty farmer digging his fortune out of the rich earth. Everything fresh and new, full of young life and enthusiasm, these June trips to Springfield would, I think, compare favorably even with those we make to-day in a luxurious Pullman car."

The last time I saw Judge Caton in a business way was at his Chicago residence, in 1890. Even then he was showing his weight of years, but the tremendous vitality natural to him still animated his tremendously large and rugged frame. He was then suffering from a weak foot, and his eyes, which later failed him almost completely, troubled him at that time so much that he complained he had to have FOREST AND STREAM read to him. He was working then on an article which he said he would send to FOREST AND STREAM, and which I believe was sent. He could no longer write much and worked by dictation. In manners Judge Caton seemed dignified, but courteous and easy. His was no pseudo-aristocracy. His conversation was frank, pleasant and cheerful, and he was a delightful man to interview. He told laughingly of his last trip into the pine woods with his friend Mr. John Stockton, and remarked that he always got wet, but was never hurt by it. "If you ever get wet through," said he, "be sure to dry your clothes upon you, and don't change them at once for dry clothes. You are not so apt to take cold if you dry out the wet clothes without taking them off."

Judge Caton was in his day a tireless sportsman, a fine shot and a most observing student of things afield. His "Antelope and Deer of America" would alone have assured him recognition, and we believe that it was in matters of sportsmanship and of natural history that he took his chief pride and main enjoyment.

In 1893 Judge Caton had an operation performed which helped his eyesight a little, but he could not read any longer. In 1891 a daughter died. In 1892 his much beloved wife, companion of his days since 1835, left this earth. The year after that Judge Caton had a stroke of paralysis. Since then he has gradually and gently sunk



JUDGE JOHN D. CATON.

away, until at 9:30 of Tuesday morning, July 30, the end came, and he passed away, full of years and full of honors, after a life replete with all that makes life most desirable and admirable.

Cold Storage Defeated.

There is some more news from the contradictory and complicated situation of game protection in Illinois, out of which there may yet come some rather startling news of one sort or another. The case brought against H. Clay Merritt, proprietor of the notorious Kewanee freezer, has been decided against the cold storage man and in favor of the sportsmen of Illinois and of the country. Of course, however, this is only the first round of the fight. Defense appealed to the Circuit Court. If they lose there the case will go to the Supreme Court, and it may be some time before it reaches decision. The Supreme Court of Illinois being on record in the Magner case, the sportsmen should win at the last, errors and omissions excepted. It is altogether sure that this case will not lag as did all the earlier cases of the sportsmen against cold storage. The case is very simple on its stipulations. Merritt admits under oath and in court having such and such quantities of game in possession. The contention is only whether he can own for all the year as property the game he has acquired. This is the great fight in which all the country of sportsmen is interested. No more important case has come up in recent times.

It was supposed that the justice suit would be the hard place of the fight, as heretofore not even a warrant could be obtained against Merritt, let alone a decision. Justice Pyle, an old man, 60 years of age, is an old friend of Merritt, but after sleeping on his decision opened court next day and rendered for the State, telling Merritt it was a hard decision for him to give, but that he thought the law demanded it.

The prosecution of this case was in the hands of F. S. Baird, appointed from the law committee by the Illinois Association, and Mr. Chas. K. Ladd, of Kewanee. State's Attorney Emery C. Graves did not take charge in the case, as erroneously reported elsewhere. Defense was represented by attorneys Keep, of Chicago, and James K. Blish. Mr. M. R. Bortree, president of the National Protective Association, assisted in the prosecution, he and Mr. Baird being associated in the case from the first.

In open court and under oath Mr. Merritt admitted he had in possession 1,740 dozen quail, 120 pair redhead ducks, 90 pair mallard ducks, 240 pair teal ducks, and 5,280 partridges, making a total number of 27,060 birds.

There has been a great deal of misunderstanding and misrepresentation in regard to this case. The *Sporting journal* of this city, recognized as the official organ of the trade, this week states that Merritt was fined $23,600. It has been stated that he could be fined as much as $676,500, etc., etc. I sincerely trust he will be fined the limit, but duty to truth compels the statement that he was not fined at all. In this I think prosecution made a mistake—which, however, can be and should be at once rectified by another action, based on Merritt's own sworn admissions; but Attorney Baird tells me the only case brought was one to determine the ownership of the game. The justice ruled the birds should be sold at lawful auction in twenty-four hours. Defense took appeal and replevined the property. The bond exacted by the justice was for $10,000. Nothing was done toward putting the fine clause of the game statute in operation. Prior to this suit Blow, the warden making the seizure, had made two small seizures from this same freezer. These he sold under the statute to J. Herr, of Chicago. The great bulk of the game, therefore, now remains in the freezer at Kewanee, and Merritt is responsible for it or its money value.

Thus do all things come around to FOREST AND STREAM. Last winter Mr. Blow and his organ were howling against the wrong of persecuting cold storage men who had legal property in game. They both thought the proper caper was to go out in the field and protect it before it was killed—anywhere, everywhere, all over the country. Mr. Blow thought he could do this. But now Mr. Blow goes back entirely on this doctrine, fancies there is more notoriety and more fees in going after the cold storage people. He has had a change of heart. It troubles his organ, the *Sporting journal* to stay with him, but it also forgets its recorded position and hustles into the new line laid out by its pilot in protective matters.

FOREST AND STREAM has been right on these protective matters all along, so it does not have to change its doctrine. It is very likely that to-day FOREST AND STREAM is the only paper having the facts of all the news in these protective entanglements clear down to the bottom, and if necessary it will in time print all this news clear down to the bottom, hurt whom it may; only it will not make any movement which it conceives to be injurious to the cause of protection.

From Warden Blow FOREST AND STREAM would withhold no credit to which he is properly entitled. To him belongs the honor of being the first warden ever to get into a Kewanee freezer, and to start a case which, if successful, can clean out later some or all of the Chicago freezers, ten to one more infamous than that at Kewanee. But let it be suggested to Mr. Blow that he weary not in well doing. The best thing he can do now is to bring actions against Merritt and get him fined as much and as fast as he can.

The Illinois Association has perhaps forgotten the treatment it has received at the hands of Chas. Blow, Game Warden. For my part, I do not forget it, and am slow to think a man soon to be taken into council who has derided and defied that council. The suggestion may have little weight, yet I suggest that the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association advise its attorneys to bring action under the full statute against Merritt and have him fined, besides taking away from him his game. This is the second string and the proper string to the bow. This action can be brought independently of Blow, and without using him as a witness at all. Merritt has furnished the evidence under oath himself. The case is agreed. Now, if Merritt has been doing an unlawful act, let there be no dangerous compromises, but let him be punished for it under the law, in all lawful ways, and that as speedily and severely as possible, and in such way that the sportsmen of Illinois can claim the credit for it, and so find themselves in position to do still more practical and decisive fighting in the future. Let the Illinois Association be sure that the eyes of the country are more than ever upon it at this juncture. I feel sure that the result will please the sportsmen of America.

Merritt testified that he got little game from Illinois, but that most of it came from Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Dakota. His business is over for this season. Attorney Baird says that if he attempts to start up it must be under the care of a warden on the platform, who shall open every express package coming in or going out.

Sunday School and the "War."

A level-headed dispatch from Pocatello, Idaho, sums up the situation on the Indian "war" fake about right when it points out the fact that a Baptist Sunday-school picnic of little Idaho children was in progress at the time, the said picnic being held in the heart of the "hostile" country. Still the "war" will stretch the legs of the troops, and mayhap leave a little money in the hands of the settlers, who have before now not been averse to having Uncle Sam send troops into a country far from a market. If eventually the truth about illegal game killing by whites and Indians in the Jackson's Hole country be brought to light, the cause of game protection will at least not be injured, and that is about the only benefit reasonably to be hoped out of all the hullabaloo—unless we should remember the space-money the fake correspondents have secured.

Park Railroads Again.

The old, old attempt to get a railroad into the Yellowstone Park is to be resumed, it seems. The information in this comes by way of the daily dispatches from Omaha, Neb., and reads: "Omaha, Neb., July 30.—It is the purpose of the Burlington to ask Congress for a right of way through the Yellowstone Park, agreeing in consideration of such right to keep up the track in a perfect manner and to give all lines desiring to enter the park the use of the Burlington tracks at a certain yearly rental to cover the cost of the maintenance of the road, as will be required by the Government, and to pay the interest on the investment, with charges for wear and tear of the property.

"It is confidently expected that one of the first bills introduced in the next Congress will be a measure granting the Burlington a route through the nation's big preserve, to be surrounded with all the restrictions the unusual prayer warrants. Once into the park it is believed the Burlington will build into Montana and open up to civilization a comparatively new country."

New Game Country.

News is current that a railroad is to be built across Siberia, 5,000 miles in length. This should open up new

game country, though I am not sure it comes properly under the head of "Chicago and the West."

Strange Death of Hunting Dogs.

Advice from Warsaw, Ind., to Mr. Moran, of Montgomery Ward & Co.'s gun department, states that his two hunting dogs, Domino and Brownie, both died shortly after a recent day's hunting on woodcock. A veterinarian said the trouble was from the dust of weeds lodging in the throat. The throat of each dog was entirely raw throughout its length. Strangely enough, Mr. Wm. Werner, of this city, has also lost two dogs from exactly the same cause. He had a purchaser for the dogs, who said he would take them if they did well in the field. Mr. Werner and he took the dogs and hunted them one day on woodcock in upper Indiana. The next day they were both dead, their throats raw and sore as noted in the Warsaw dogs. Is it possible the pollen of some poisonous plant does this? E. Hough.

909 Security Building, Chicago.

CORRALING ANTELOPE IN CALIFORNIA.

We had camped late in the evening on the shore of Lake Elsinore. Our tent was the regulation tent of California—the starry sky. Near the center it was patched with the silvery disk of the moon, supported on one side by the bristling heights of the Santa Ana range and on the east by the towering crown of San Jacinto, on which through the clear air the snow lay gleaming. The coyote sang our lullaby, to which the burrowing owl played his somniferous interlude; while the red fox barked his approval, in which the 'poorwill, pitching about in the night above, heartily concurred.

By the time the rugged hills were pictured in the placid face of the lake the next morning we were in them looking for deer, for at this place the plain was too flat to hunt antelope. Nearly a thousand feet we climbed upward, but saw no fur except that on the little chaparral hare, whose woolly tail flickered here and there across our path. Everything was as well adapted for feeding or spending the day as a reasonable deer could wish, but where the soft purple of the vetch still trailed over the golden green of the sumac we saw no hair glisten in the rising sun. Nor where the white spires of the sage towered above the yellow bloom of the lucerne, or the orange floss of the dodder wove its shining whirls around the snowy top of the wild buckwheat, could we see the sun glitter on anything like horns.

As we sat down to muse upon our luck, my companion said: "What are those little dots away off there on the plain? They seem to change from white to brown and then to white again. They can't be sheep."

Some two thousand feet below us, and nearly three miles away, were some dots of changing color on the great brown plain that on the farther side curled upward into low rough mesas, and on the south swept away in a long valley toward Mt. Palomar. Here and there a grove of sycamores nodded from some wash or ravine, and there a bunch of live oaks stood darkly green at the mouth of a cañon or solidly massed in little basins in the tumbling hills. But the greater part of the land was robed in sun-dried grass, and rolled in swells so gentle that game could see a long way over the highest of them.

"Antelope," I replied. "I know that band of old. There are about fifty of them, and unless you catch them in the hills you need not waste time with them."

"They are going to the lake for water," said my friend after we had watched them for a while. There was little comfort in that remark, for miles of the edge of the lake were all open and about as flat as the plain. But still we watched them.

Where the long green arms of the wild gourd spread over the brown carpet of alfileria and clover they paused for a moment to nibble the dry feed and then went on at a steady pace. The green pods of the astragalus sprawled over the plain among its green leaves, but they stopped not there, nor where the chilla hung out its woolly leaves and on its tall stalk shone in tier on tier its heads of soft lavender flowers. On they went, becoming more distinct in outline as they approached the lake. Soon horns could be made out, but it was probably fancy's eye, for the distance was still great. But no horns look so nice as those seen by imagination when you know they are there; like the horns in pictures of deer half a mile away.

On moved the band of antelope toward the water, and we could plainly see the kids play and the larger ones stop and nibble something, scan the landscape for danger and then move on. Could we believe our eyes, or were they really headed for the tongue of land that ran out nearly half a mile into the lake? Surely they would not go out on that when there was water so much nearer. Yet at this time they were little disturbed here, for the range of the game was so great and so little of the country was rolling enough that besides myself but one other person ever troubled them. On the point was some green grass and along the edge of the water little mud, and mud is something antelope admire no more than the domestic cat if dry land is just as convenient.

By the time we had concluded our reasoning the antelope were actually on the base of the point and headed for its end. If they should go to the tip and we could get well up the point before they could see us, would they take to the water or try to run past us? If the latter, how many would our repeaters upset in the operation? Such were the questions we discussed as fast as the breath left in us from our speed down the gulch would allow.

There was little time to waste, for antelope, like deer, linger little at water in this country. Hot and breathless, we were soon on the plain and the antelope were on the end of the tongue of land. Across the water we saw them loom in the mirage formed by the smooth surface like ghosts on stilts, some 40ft. high, a floating haze of white and cinnamon mounted on long strips of white. Some were turned upside down, some pulled out lengthwise, some expanded in all directions, some had swelled bellies and others dropsical legs. Stooping low, we soon reached the place where the point joined the main body of the plain. The further down the point we could get before the game started the better, for it was gradually narrowing. So keeping on one side and stooping low, we started for the end as fast as we could go without getting too much out of breath or too nervous to shoot when the time should come.

Not far had we gone when some of the keen eyes of the keenest-sighted of all animals saw us, though we were several hundred yards away and had the advantage of considerable mustard and arrow grass between to make the air quite hazy. Instantly there was commotion in the band of antelope. All stopped drinking and huddled together for a moment, then scattered out a bit, and then all stopped with heads turned toward us. Though there was not one chance in a thousand of their taking to the water (for it was over a mile to swim to land at the nearest point), we felt some fears and dropped as much out of sight as possible. Brightly pictured against a background of smooth water they stood for a moment with white and cinnamon sides aglow with the morning sun in an air so clear that we could plainly distinguish the black curved horns of the larger antelope.

But not long did they stand at gaze. Like a meteor the white of a big buck shot over the background of water where it was darkened by the reflection of the chaparral-clad hills, and in a twinkling he was skirting the shore line of the point with the whole band strung out in line behind him. The kids made as good time as the rest, their little legs now flickering lines of white, now blending with speed into a soft gray haze, while the old ones rolled along with that low easy canter whose speed is so deceptive. It was plain they intended to run past us, and equally plain that if we expected to hit any of them we should have to do some rapid running. For where we were the tongue of land was some 200yds. wide, while the game was not 500yds. away and skimming like the wind the purple of the sage along the shore, while the gold of the sunflowers along their path blended into orange by the swift passage across it of the white and cinnamon of the game.

Over the big white trumpets of the stramonium we sprang, and under our flying feet the dark blue of the larkspur fell never again to rise. Yet the distance across the point seemed painfully long, while the distance of the antelope from the part of the shore where they would pass us seemed alarmingly short. But a moment ago we would have given little for a guarantee of half a dozen, and now it began to look as if we should be glad to get one. We strained every nerve until the bright purple of the pentstemon and the soft lavender of the phacelia almost blended as we skipped over them. Yet our pace seemed miserably slow beside that of the intended victims that were scattering the light blue flowers of the iris and the golden cups of the summer tulips at a rate more alarming than ever.

Vainly the pink racemes of the snapdragon bent beneath our speed, and the rich glow of the scarlet larkspur streamed by us like fireworks. Vainly the burrowing owl bobbed his head and cleared our path, and the meadowlark vacated the top of the milkweed on which he was singing. The chaparral cock, losing confidence in his nimble legs, stretched out his wings and long tail and sailed gleefully out of our way, followed by the large hare whose gray ears bobbed above the red and purple of the horsemints, and by the cottontail whose snowy appendix flickered out of sight among the mustard stalks. Everything seemed afraid of us but the antelope, and they came on with pace smooth and soft as that of time itself.

As we reached the middle of the tongue of land they came down the shore line as if shod with the whirlwind. Sixty or seventy yards long a line of white and yellowish-red undulations, gentle as those of the summer sea, gliding along the shore about 100yds. ahead of us. Above it glittered black horns, some curved inward, some a little outward, some a little backward, while below it a haze of nebulous white obscured the lake beyond. While we were trying to shorten the shooting distance a few yards more there was a sharp *skr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r*, and with head some 2ft. high over the center of the coil a yellow rattlesnake some 5ft. long and as thick as one's arm rose right in our path about 6ft. ahead of us. There are few more startling sights than this, and though the danger is not as great as that of being struck by lightning in any Eastern State, such a surprise jars the nerves more than a thunderbolt that shivers a tree within 20ft. of you. As we stopped and sheered aside at the same movement, I landed with one foot in a badger hole and my companion ran against the sharp needles of a prickly pear. By the time we had collected our scattered energies, the antelope were sailing over another 100yds. and were already well past us. All our hopes of "corraling" the band by heading off and confusing them having vanished, speed of fire was our only remaining chance of getting even one. My companion, who was not as well educated on rattlesnakes as I was, turned his fire first upon the snake so as to make sure of that, and left me to open the ball.

Turning the sights of the rifle some 10ft. ahead of the leading antelope I pulled the trigger. A distinct whop followed the report of the rifle and the water flew from the surface of the lake beyond and went skipping away over its glassy face. But there was no break in the line. It only seemed to hug the earth the more closely and glide more softly. But the kids were falling to the rear, though the filmy haze made by their little legs seemed thinner than before.

Bang! went the rifle of my companion, who had finished the snake at the first shot. The smooth surface of the lake was again broken in half a dozen places as the ball skipped over it, but the line of antelope seemed only to flatten and straighten, with the kids falling more to the rear, though the haze of their legs grew still thinner.

Bang! bang! went two more shots, one from each rifle and almost together; but the water flew from the lake again and the line seemed to move, but more gently, with the kids falling still further behind.

That soft and deceptive speed, that no man can conceive who has not seen it through the sights of a rifle, left us no time to calculate distance. We were so demoralized by our run and by the snake that speed of fire was our only hope. Bang, wang, slam, bang, went our repeaters as fast as we could work the levers. A black curved horn flew from a head, a whirl of white and brown went over, a distinct whack came back on the air, and the rest of the line, hugging the ground more closely than before, sailed along more smoothly, with the kids falling still further behind.

But we had not come so far to be satisfied with one, and again the rifles woke the echoes of the hills beyond and the balls went gliding over the lake. And still the line went on the more swiftly and smoothly, and was soon blending into brownish gray, through which white rumps were softly undulating. Before we knew it we stood with empty rifles, wondering whether the whole were not a beautiful dream, when suddenly there was a little disorder in the orderly array now fast fading into mirage. Something seemed to turn over in a hazy vision of gray, something like a leg rose for a second above it, and as the scudding line dissolved into haze there was a whitish spot upon the shore behind it that was not there before.

T. S. Van Dyke.

"GAME BIRDS AT HOME."

"Game Birds at Home" is the title of Mr. Theodore S. Van Dyke's latest work. In it he treats of quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, pinnated grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, wild geese, American cranes, plover, California quails, Wilson snipe, salt-water birds, wild turkeys, and a chapter is devoted to "Days in Illinois," which vividly portrays the abundance of animal life in that State in years gone by. Mr. Van Dyke attempts more than the title of the work implies. He deftly interweaves the emotions of the hunter, the manner and thrill of pursuit, and the dog's aid in seeking, all embellished by the circumstances of season, foliage, color, habitat, lights and shades, thus adding an interest which is absent in such works as are dryly and plainly descriptive. The killing and desire to kill form but an incidental part of the whole and are treated with all the refinement of the higher sportsmanship. At times one feels that the coloring is too uniformly high and alike and the imagery too severely studied. The following excerpts, the first describing wild goose shooting, will give an idea of the author's spirited style and realistic descriptive powers:

"If not very careful you may be too late to shoot. Vain is any thought of stopping the wagon to allow you to take aim. The driver could not stop it in time if he would, and he will have his hands full to stop it in time to save your bones anyway, for the horses are in runaway speed. You must hold yourself in place and shoot as best you can before too near the center of the flock. You must be a good shot from a running horse or wagon, and quite able to keep your balance, mental as well as physical. Amid a general slam-bang-rattle-ty-bang you toss the gun to your shoulder, catch a glimpse of the end in line with something like revolving gray, and pull the trigger. For a second it seems as if the universe were whirling around you as one of the great birds falls with heavy thump on the back of one of the horses, with another gyrating almost into the wagon, while hundreds more are climbing with clamorous throats toward the dome of heaven as you rush on beneath at a pace that is quite alarming."

And of the ruffed grouse:

"Who can forget the feelings with which he first heard the mysterious drum of the ruffed grouse throb through the bursting woods of spring, or later from the dark mountain side, where the soft pink and white of the rhododendron light up the dark jungle of its leaves, or where the leaves are falling through the haze of Indian summer, or as sometimes heard even in the noon of night, in the depths of the great forest? And who ever failed to love him from the moment he first caught a glimpse of his fanlike tail as the graceful bird flashed amid a maze of crimson and gold, or pierced like a shaft of light the green tangle of the cat-brier swamp? And who does not feel that he has lived when, after many vain shots, he sees the brown wings come whirling out of the leaves through which they were roaring at a speed that has no equal among birds of the woods?"

The work contains 219 pages, and is beyond question a valuable addition to the literature of the higher sportsmanship.

This Man had no Trouble.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I noticed in your issue of July 20 Mr. C. M. Starke's tale of woe about his trials and tribulations and impositions in getting a moose transported in Maine.

Permit me to say that my own experience does not bear out Mr. Starke's representations, for in that same year I made a trip to Maine for moose and on my return found no annoyance whatever in transporting my game. None of the train hands refused to handle it. Nobody told me I must ship my moose by express. I did not have to fee any one to lug the carcass from platform to car. In a word, I had not the slightest intimation of a shadow of suggestion of trouble of any kind, and I might add for Mr. Starke's satisfaction that I had no moose nor caribou nor deer nor any other game. Dick of Connecticut.

Another Game Commission Chairman Next Year.

Ithaca, N. Y.—Senator Donaldson, that mighty hunter beloved of game dealers and market-shooters, was so successfully hunted for among the swaying sycamores of Saratoga, Schenectady and Washington counties last week that he won't return to grace the halls of legislation the coming Senatorial term. Senator Donaldson didn't even win in the primaries of his own county, Saratoga. All of which is so satisfactory that the sportsmen of the Empire State can well afford to "wait till the clouds roll by." That "possession of game out of season" clause in the Donaldson law is bound to defeat the eloquent gentlemen who fathered it. M. Chill.

Vermont Quail.

Swanton, Vt.—It may interest you to know that quail have appeared in this vicinity. Mr. Noyes Burton, who has a farm just north of here, says he has been hearing "Bob White" night and morning for some time, reminding him of Kansas, where he has a ranch; and one day recently he saw ten. These birds were put out in the town of Highgate, Vt., last year, by Mr. N. P. Leach, a resident of the town. They endured a severe winter without any artificial protection. Wheelock.

Quail in Doddridge County, West Virginia.

Jake, do you notice any quail about your place this year?

Quail?

Yes, quail—partridges.

O, pat-ridges. No; th'aint a one. Th'wuz a great big flock uv 'em used 'round there last yer, but a big hawk got to usin' on 'em, an' I guess he got every durned one uv 'em. Chas. W. Walker.

Game Laws in Brief.

The *Game Laws in Brief*, new edition, now ready, August 27, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A GOOD story relating an experience of a Boston party in the Maine woods came to me the other day. The two gentlemen in the case had gone into the woods intending to enjoy two or three weeks' fishing at one of the Maine sporting camp resorts. Procuring a guide they started in on the trail, intending to reach the camp by night. When darkness came they found themselves hopelessly lost. By good luck they finally discovered an old logging camp, and making themselves as comfortable as possible on the log floor, they retired to rest, tired and hungry beyond expression. One of the gentlemen (a tenderfoot in the woods) suddenly awakened his friend and the guide, declaring that he could not stand the smell pervading the old camp. His companions could smell nothing and advised him to go to sleep and give them a chance also. Again and again he awoke complaining bitterly of the smell which no one could detect but himself. As it was raining hard outside he was compelled to remain inside, and all hands passed a miserable night owing to his complaints. The strange odor from which he suffered alone was incomprehensible to the others, but in the morning they resumed their search for the right path, finally found it, and arrived at their destination about noon. After a dinner and a short rest, they prepared to go fishing, and then the secret of the mysterious odor came to light. It seems that our tenderfoot sportsman, never having used a fly and having some doubts as to his ability to compete with his friend in the number of trout taken by this method, had fortified himself before leaving home with a good sized box of angle worms to use as bait. The box he had tied up in his pack, and on undoing the latter to get at his tackle the cherished box of bait came to view in a terrible state of decomposition. The smell was awful, and as the aforesaid pack had made his pillow in the old logging camp the night before, the secret of his discomfort was exposed. His disgust was comical beyond measure, and to this day any mention of the much abused angle worm is passed over by him in silent contempt. HACKLE.

Sea and River Fishing.

BOSTON AND OTHER PARTS.

EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM PITT KELLOGG, of Louisiana, looking every bit as young as when I used to meet him in Chicago ten years ago, has been spending a few days in Boston, visiting Commodore Miller, of the Charlestown Navy Yard, who is a relative. The Governor used to be a great fisherman, and I find him as enthusiastic in that direction as of yore. He has just returned from a trip to northern Canada, and speaks in the highest terms of the sport he has had. The region he visited is away back to virgin soil, and he mentions the muscallonge and bass fishing there as superb. The muscallonge in particular run to very large size, and are of that bulldog variety which fight to the bitter end. He captured one big fellow weighing 17½lbs. on a 6oz. rod, and says there was sport enough in that little experience to satisfy the most ardent. In a few days he will leave Boston for another trip to the same waters, and expects to eclipse all his previous records this time.

G. F. Curtis and brother, of Boston, have just returned from the Adirondacks, where they have been fishing the Fulton Chain of lakes. They liked the country so well that they will return at once and resume their interrupted recreation. Mr. G. F. Curtis took one trout weighing 3lbs. 5oz., besides several others of less weight, and hopes to do even better on this trip.

Professors G. S. Lamson and J. C. Rolfe, of Ann Arbor University, Michigan, have been fishing in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, near Waterville. A letter from Prof. Lamson received about two weeks ago stated that the fishing was amazingly bad, but I have since learned through Prof. Rolfe that the last days of their stay gave them great sport. In that country it is nearly all stream fishing in rapid water, and the taking of a trout weighing one pound provides quite as much sport as the capture of a three-pounder in the quiet waters of a pond; 1½lbs. was their largest fish, and he gave Prof. Lamson a royal good fight before he was finally landed. The two gentlemen are now outfitting for a camping trip into the Moosehead region. They expect to be gone five or six weeks. Guides will be secured at Kineo, and from there they will start into the woods, finally coming out near Jackman. All the best ponds will be visited, and I hope to hear when they return to the city in September that success has attended them from the very start.

W. K. Churchill and Mr. Bird, of Walpole, leave in a few days for the Moosehead region. They expect to be away nearly three weeks and being well acquainted in that section (having been there several times before), will do well without doubt. The very best kind of sportsmen, they delight in the woods, and enjoy every moment of the time. Even when at home they often find time to visit a comfortable camp which they own near some good bass and pickerel ponds down on the Cape.

Rarely have I witnessed such a complete exodus of people from the city as is taking place in Boston just now. The vacation season is at its height, and it is truly wonderful to note the increased interest in fishing among all classes. Hardly a man or boy goes away without some sort of an equipment for some kind of fishing. During the past week it has seemed that everybody who could get a rod or line has been on the move. Nearly everywhere along the coast they have had good luck. At Swampscott the tautog have been coming in nicely. J. T. Soutter, of Boston, has been down there visiting his friend, John Mason Little, for a few days, and together they have had some excellent fishing. Mr. Soutter leaves the first of the coming week with Capt. Philip Little for Lake Memphremagog. Black bass fishing and brook trout in the streams adjacent to the lake is the object of the trip. The old bridge at Wareham, on the south shore, from which so many fishermen have cast a line in years gone by, is again proving its worth as a stand for the capture of small striped bass. Dr. Richardson, of Boston, captured an 8-pounder there a few days ago, and others are doing well. Very light tackle is used, and the place is one of the finest spots along the coast when the small bass begin to school.

C. H. Edson, of Boston, whose family is summering at Buzzard's Bay, goes down quite frequently and always has a try at the fishing, generally with good success. Judge R. O. Harris manages to spend a day or two at the bay pretty often, but is not able to go nearly as often as he would like to owing to his inability to get away from business. G. H. Eddy, of Boston, known among his friends as a lucky bluefisherman, has gone down to Harwich, Mass., to visit his friend, C. A. Hall. Bass fishing in the ponds near Harwich is a part of their plan, and no effort will be spared to capture some of the big ones lately reported as inhabitants of the waters of that section.

Bass fishing at Lake Winnepesaukee, N. H., is now at its best. The vacation people lately returned from there have had very good luck and report an unusual number of anglers at the numerous fishing points around the lake. J. E. S. Pray and wife, and G. B. Hoyt and wife, of Exeter, L. G. Hoyt and wife, of Kingston, and Chas. Burr Towle and wife, of Council Bluffs, leave for the lake in a few days for a two weeks' trip. Most of the party have been there together for several seasons, and have quite a record as successful bass fishermen among those who have been going there year after year. Brown's Hotel, on Long Island, will be their headquarters. The best fishing grounds are close to the island, and as they will be at it early and late good scores may be looked for. F. W. Wellman, of Lowell, is quartered at the lake. He has his horses up there, in fact drives up from Lowell. Mr. Wellman's father was an angler of the very best sort, and the son is a worthy descendant of his sire. He has been in Boston during the last week replenishing his tackle, and has a color from sun and wind that will never be worn off until the January thaw. Squam Lake, but a short distance from Winnepesaukee, is his favorite fishing place, and he finds great pleasure in fishing in deep water there for big pickerel and perch.

The Chapman party, consisting of L. D. Chapman, Dr. A. R. Brown, Frank Tibbetts, Dr. W. P. Defries and I. H. Caliga, all of Boston, have returned from Nantucket in high feather over the good luck which attended their trip. A good score of bluefish was made, the honors as to numbers being fairly well divided. Capt. Swain was their skipper, and most of the fishing was done near the "rips" off Great Point. Recognizing that no well-conducted fishing party should be started without a Jonah, Mr. Chapman was selected as the unlucky individual and had to stand a lot of good-natured chaffing during the early part of the day. As the hours wore on this gradually ceased, for a very good reason. The Jonah was getting the fish, and when he finally landed one of 11¼lbs. (scale weight after return to shore that night) ample apologies poured in on all sides, and a new victim was looked for who could better fill the bill.

C. S. Anthony, auditor of the Fitchburg R. R., and Myron W. Whitney, the great singer, have each made a lucky strike in bass fishing during the past week. Mr. Anthony's good fortune occurred at a pond near Keene, N. H., where he captured one big fellow and several others of less weight. Mr. Whitney has a summer home on Long Pond near Plymouth, Mass., and among the bass which fell victims to his skill was one which weighed a plump 4lbs.

E. A. Hitchcock, of St. Louis, whose trip to the Nepissiguit after salmon was mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM a short time ago, has arrived in Boston very much pleased with his outing. The fishing was highly satisfactory, in fact much better than expected. H. C. Litchfield, of Dame, Stoddard & Kendall's, who has helped equip Mr. Hitchcock and his brother, Hon. Henry Hitchcock, with fishing tackle for several years, was the recipient of three fine grilse (through the courtesy of Mr. H.), which were much appreciated. The three fish weighed about 9lbs., and were real beauties.

Squeteague fishing near Warren, R. I., in the Warren River, an arm of Narragansett Bay, has been wonderfully good during the past week. Moses Childs, of Warren, took twenty in one morning a few days ago; and Dr. Hall having occasion to cross the river to see a patient, dropped a line overboard, and while rowing had a strike, and landed one of 3lbs. Some Boston parties will probably go down in a few days, without they get word that the fish have left the river.

The fame of the Megantic Club seems to be spreading to many distant places, and FOREST AND STREAM in its mention of Megantic Club notes has aided greatly in making the club known to sportsmen everywhere. W. H. Barrett acquired knowledge of the club through FOREST AND STREAM at Paris, France, and within a few days has left Boston for a tour of the preserve. This gentleman has fished extensively abroad, and now that he has come so far to make the Megantic trip, deserves success.

Dr. A. R. Brown, of Boston, leaves for the preserve next week. He is a friend of Dr. Geo. Ainsworth, and the two men will, I believe, visit the different club camps together.

The witch hazel divining rod, which was procured to locate water at the Megantic Club house, has performed its mission with glory and honor in spite of the amusement and ridicule excited by its use among many members. During the first trial the wand doubled up at a particular spot into which a well was driven. The result was an abundance of elegant spring water at a temperature of about 48°. Who says a witch hazel wand is no good now? HACKLE.

Death of an Angler in the Woods.

PASSAIC, N. J., Aug. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a letter received last week from my wife, who is on the St. Regis River, near Spring Cove, in the Adirondacks, I learn that the skeleton of a man was found in the woods near there, on an old trail which has not been used for four or five years. It had evidently been there a long time, as the flesh was entirely gone and the clothing decayed. A rod, basket, bait box, and rusty purse containing $59 were found near the remains, which would indicate that the man was some sportsman there on a vacation. The proper authorities were notified, and they went in and brought the bones in a box. What disposition was made of them I do not know, as I learned no further details.

It occurred to me to write these facts to FOREST AND STREAM, not knowing but thus the friends of the missing man might possibly learn them. Undoubtedly there are people somewhere who are still grieving over his disappearance. ARTHUR F. RICE.

AN INCIDENT OF PEEWAUKEE.

ONE day, along in the latter part of June, I wrote a piscatorial friend and crank of Decatur, Illinois, that I contemplated a trip on my wheel to some of the excellent fishing resorts of Wisconsin. By return mail I received letters from three members of a club of which I had formerly been a member, who clamorously insisted that I do nothing of the kind, but that I meet them at the Illinois Central depot on the following Sunday morning and accompany them to Peewaukee Lake, Wis. The Decatur contingent consisted of the brothers R. (Dick and Will), Lew G., Rass H., and Dr. R., every man a thoroughbred and all expert anglers except "Rass," who needed instruction and got it. We were determined to be on hand for the early morning fishing on Monday. Our train left Milwaukee at 9:30 P. M. and arrived at Hartland after ten. We routed out the liveryman, reached the lake shortly after eleven, pitched our tent and were in bed by midnight.

Our camp was in a little grove at the lower end of the lake, controlled by a character known to the fishermen of Milwaukee as "Bill Hendricks." "Bill" makes a specialty of catering to camping parties, feeding all comers at the nominal price of twenty-five cents a head and generally on the fish they catch themselves. Nevertheless "Bill" is a good fellow and no man can beat him frying fish—not even the man who catches them.

Will R. and the Doctor had an experience that I believe is worth recording. They were casting live frogs in the hope that the wily (I believe wily is the proper word to use in this connection) bass would so far forget himself as to "bite" at them. After repeated casts the Doctor had a strike, but was pained a moment later to find it was no longer attached at the other end of his line. Mr. R. was just ready to cast, and at the Doctor's request cast at the spot where the walking delegate had recently ordered the strike. His experience was exactly like the Doctor's; he got a strike, but no fish. In the meantime the Doctor had reeled in and found his frog gone. A moment later Mr. R. raised the end of his line from the water and found that his own frog was not only intact, but that a second frog was hooked on below the one originally placed there.

The bass had evidently taken the Doctor's frog, and seeing Mr. R.'s a moment later had undertaken the task of gorging "two at a time," with the result that the first one was hooked out of his mouth and he lost both of them. The Doctor, commenting on the incident later, remarked that it was very strange and worth recording in the FOREST AND STREAM, but that he would a "durned sight rather have caught the fish."

Altogether we had a most enjoyable time, although we did not catch as many fish as we could have wished. The beauty of the lake and its surroundings, combined with the almost perfect atmospheric conditions, however, more than compensated us for our lack of luck. As you well know "it is not all of fishing to fish."

Next year we are going further north, where we can get some trout fishing; we are all fly-fishermen; and bait-casting, while well enough in its way, does not exactly fill the bill with the man who delights to cast the fly.

REX PISCATOR.

CHICAGO, Ill.

THE LEAP OF THE BASS.

AND now the veteran Mr. Hallock enters the lists with an unique theory that the bass leaps from the water to shake off a louse or beetle. This may well be. All or many old soldiers can remember how at times they would have outjumped the record, if they had thought of it, to rid themselves of the marauding and exasperating grayback. They couldn't run away from it, and when on the march they couldn't stop to go hunting. But whether or not Mr. H. is correct there are some sentences in his article which seem to be contradictory. He says, "The arching rod, which is bearing, all the time that the fish holds on to the water, a much heavier strain than the dead weight of the fish"—and just below, "to lessen the strain on the line so as to prevent the suspended dead weight of the fish from breaking tackle or tearing the hook out." If the rod bore a heavier weight than the dead weight of the fish, then why should the dead weight of the fish break the rod?

And again he says, "The bass holds hard until his strength is exhausted, when he relaxes, of course; whereupon he becomes immediately conscious of a diminished tension of the restraining force"—and leaps to shake off the tormentor. Of course Mr. H. meant "eenamost" exhausted; but bass don't wait, as a rule, until that time to jump. They jump a long way before they exhaust, and I don't believe the lift of the rod tempts them to leap. If it did, they wouldn't have time to do anything else. And he says, "Of course the fish comes out of the water with his mouth open." Maybe it's "of course" in the case of a "small mouth," but in the case of the other fellow he'd have so much water in that cavern of his that his momentum would be cut off in its prime.

The truth of the matter, I suspect, is that we all follow the movement of the fish with the rod, when the fish leaps, just the same as we do when it is in the water, instinctively. We keep a judiciously taut line. A fish has sense same as a horse. If the latter gets a bumblebee in his mouth he doesn't shake his tail. And I don't believe a fish reserves all his shake for his aerial demonstration either. I suspect if we could see a fish in his struggles in the water we should see shakings there too. The hook is in his head and he shakes it to get it out. He'd be extremely foolish if he didn't. Much more so than "Pottawottomie's" bass, which, after he had shaken the horrible thing loose, turned round and tackled it again. He was a bigger fool than "Thompson's colt." After all, where would these fishermen have a bass go, if not into the air? Ever think of it? He can't get away from the abominable thing in the water. That's where he got it. Is there any other place for him to go?

Let's get back to hoopsnakes. O. O. S.

Potomac Notes.

THE Potomac water is again clear of mud and the bass have been biting fairly well. Members of the Woodmont Club have had good fishing during the past week. Mr. W. H. Gulick is high rodsman with a 5lb. bass and several 2-pounders. Drs. Harbin and Thompson and son, of the same club, have been fishing with fair success.

The Anglers' Club, at the Great Falls, have not been able to do much as yet owing to unfavorable conditions

of the water, but are looking forward daily to making good catches. Messrs. Otterback and Schneider were up Wednesday, July 31, and caught eleven. Messrs. Coburn and Einstein anticipate a good outing this week.

Some very good reports come from forty miles up stream about Point of Rocks and Tuscarora. At the latter place Messrs. George Barr and P. T. Hall caught eighty-five bass this present week. B. A. BEAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 2.

A SUMMER OUTING.

OPELOUSAS, Louisiana.—The city man who delights in outdoor sports pines, when summer comes, for a vacation—a needed rest from business ties. So it is with the man in the country.

Last summer, being in ill health, I determined to spend a week or more on the banks of a clear, placid stream, fifty miles west of here. A party, consisting of four besides the writer, made all arrangements for the trip, and one damp Sunday evening—the 13th of August—we left the familiar scenes of home and town, and journeyed toward the setting sun.

That evening we drove seventeen miles, and spent the night at the home of Mr. T. C. Chacheré. Before day the next morning we had coffee and prepared to leave. Our route then turned northwest until we struck the Chataignier road, which led us soon to Bayou de Canne, which bayou is skirted by a forest. After emerging from this woods we entered Mammou prairie. A description of this prairie would not be amiss.

Mammou is a prairie about thirty-five or forty miles in length, and from twelve to fifteen in width. It runs north and south, sloping on the east toward Bayou de Canne and on the west to Bayou Nez Piqué. This prairie is an immense track of land, dotted here and there by the homes of the native creole population, who of late years make a living by the production of rice and raising cattle and ponies. In the last few years, however, many people from the North and West have settled here and plant rice. The homes of these Northerners and Westerners can easily be distinguished from those of the natives, for the homes of the two first always consist of two stories and the stable or barn is usually larger than the dwelling, whereas the creoles' houses are most always one-story buildings and only small stables are to be seen. This prairie was once the home of thousands of prairie chickens (pinnated grouse), but when people began to settle there the birds were all killed off.

But to proceed with the narrative of our trip. We arrived at Bayou Nez Piqué at about 12 o'clock. After crossing the bayou we were in Calcasieu Parish, and near a small store. Here we stopped to rest our horses and refresh the inner man. We were at this place about two hours and then left, as we wished to reach Oberlin (a new town on a new railroad). Here we were in a town without hotel accommodations and not a place where we could rest our tired bones, except on the cold, wet ground. I strenuously objected to this, for I had been sick all the summer and was still feeling bad. But the Messrs. Clements, rice buyers, came to our relief and offered us the use of their bachelor quarters, they being at their summer camp on the Calcasieu River. We of course accepted their kind offer and proceeded to the house.

In the morning we left in the rain and proceeded to the Calcasieu River, which was three miles away. The rain continued to fall, and when we arrived at the old camp things, or prospects, looked gloomy enough. It had been raining for over a week, and the other party camped there were disgusted, as the river was too high for fishing. Our arrival caused a change in the weather, for that night the wind set in the right quarter, and when morning dawned the sky was clear and the river fell rapidly.

I have omitted the names of those in our party, and it would be best to mention them now before I get so tangled up that it would be too late. Joe G. was the champion fisherman and cook of the party; his brother, Lee G., the champion lazyman; Pel F., the boss grumbler; Jack C., the undaunted braggart, and the writer—well, it will not do for a man to give himself a bad name.

As I have previously said, the river began to fall rapidly, and Joe G. began to get nervous with equal rapidity. We did not know what was the matter with him, for he acted like an escaped lunatic. Finally our suspense was ended. Joe announced that he was going fishing. We laughed at him, for we thought that the river was too high; but Joe knew better, for according to his own words he had not been fishing all these years for nothing—he had learned that catfish bite in high water.

So Joe, attired in a pair of jeans pants, a check shirt and a wide-brimmed hat, sallied forth, armed with several hand lines and tempting bait to haul out a fish. Joe is always lucky, and he did not fish in vain. We had fish for supper that night. Joe caught it, cleaned it and cooked it, and we acted as spectators to the cooking, and when it was completed we helped to eat it. I am afraid we did such things the most of the time.

Occasionally we would go hunting, but excepting a few squirrels and doves there was little to hunt.

One day a man who worked near our camp went to Oberlin. On his way back he saw three deer in the woods, a short distance from us. The law protecting deer was in force, but Joe and myself determined to go out and see if we could not get a shot, even if the consequences might be bad for us. We struck out for the woods, armed with Winchester repeating rifles. Arriving at a thickety slough, we agreed to separate, Joe taking the east side and myself the west, and to hunt north. We proceeded in this way for a half mile when Joe called me, and on crossing over to his side he informed me that he had seen a small doe get up out of the thicket about 300yds. away and run toward the north. We hunted for her trail, but failed to find it, and were compelled to return to camp with the conviction that we had not broken the law.

A short time after this Pel and Jack went out in these same woods to kill squirrels. They were almost in gunshot of several dwellings and did not expect to find large game. I was at camp, lying down in a hammock, and I heard them shoot three times. I paid no attention to it. In a few minutes they came running into camp puffing like two porpoises. I inquired of them the reason of their haste, but they were too nervous and excited to reply immediately. Finally they managed to tell me that they had jumped a deer in the woods and shot at it about 70yds. with No. 7 shot, and said they had hit it "very badly."

Day after day passed and our food as well as money was getting low, and we concluded to return home. We concluded, however, to have one more fishing, and that one must be taken on Ten Mile Creek, a tributary of the Calcasieu.

So the day before we left for home saw us up and stirring at 4 A. M. We intended going in a large hack, and to get across the river we had to strip off, lead the horses and then haul the hack across. The river was still pretty deep, and the ford where we crossed was up to my shoulders, and I am 5ft. 10½in. The current was strong and it almost swept us off our feet, but we managed to get across without any mishaps. Then we traveled ten miles and found ourselves on the banks of the most beautiful stream we had ever seen. Ten Mile Creek is not over 40ft. wide in its widest places, and its depth varies from 1 to 14ft. The banks and bed of the creek are composed of pure white sand, and the water is so clear that you can easily see the bottom in 14ft. of water. I am told that the purity of the water is wonderful—a goblet full having been left standing for twenty-four hours, and at the end of that time there was no sediment at the bottom of the vessel.

We fished with minnows as bait, and the black bass bit well. At 1 o'clock we had caught about sixty, besides several perch, cats, and one caspergou. A rough road, ten miles long, lay between us and camp, and we wisely concluded to leave, for we did not care to ford the Calcasieu in the night.

I left Ten Mile with regret, for, having always been a lover of nature, I found new beauties on which to feast my eyes. There silence reigned supreme; there nature's handiwork lay in all its grandeur. I sighed, as I often have done, those lines of Cowper's:

> "Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade."

But all pleasures have an end, so we left this peaceful spot where rippling waters make music for the silent hills, and returned to the bustle and noise of camp.

That night was the last of our trip. The next morning we prepared so as to leave about 4 P. M. Everyone had clothes to wash, lines to take in, horses to feed, etc., and when 4 P. M. came we had just completed our work, and were ready to bid farewell to Calcasieu and return to home and to work.

We traveled seventeen miles and camped. By 2 P. M. the next day we were at home once more. Each and every one of us felt healthier in body and mind, especially myself. I left home sick, and began to improve at once. I have not had a sick day since then.

I am a poor writer, and have described but few of the pleasures we had on our trip. Every man who loves nature, and delights in hunting and fishing, can easily picture to himself the delights we experienced on our summer outing. T. ANDERSON JACKSON.

NEW ENGLAND WATERS.

BOSTON, Aug. 2.—Mr. L. A. Aspinwell is just in from his vacation on the coast of Rhode Island. Scup fishing he has found to be excellent, having landed 135 in three hours' fishing on one trip and over sixty at another trip. Mrs. Aspinwell took fifty scup at one trip. They describe the fishing as rare sport, but their faces are as brown as one can well imagine. At the mouth of Warren River they had fair sport with tautog, getting some fine fish. Bluefish they found to be scarce in that vicinity, but in the neighborhood of Block Island and Vineyard Sound they learned of several good catches.

Friends of Mr. Henry W. Dodd, who is very popular in the stock market, have been congratulating him on the capture of a 62½lb. codfish, which fell to his hook somewhere between Saturday and Monday last and was safely landed. Mr. Dodd's office is at No. 40 Water street, and on Monday an acquaintance wrote: "My Dear Mr. Dodd, that cod knew there was no water on the Montana line, but he read somewhere '40 water' and so the Old Harry caught him."

After all the trouble in getting started the party for Loud Camp, Bonny River, New Brunswick, will leave Boston this week for that point. The party is made up of Mr. and Mrs. E. Waldo Page, Mrs. S. C. Loud, Miss G. C. Loud and Mr. A. I. McLauthlin. This is Mr. McLauthlin's first trip to the New Brunswick trout waters and he is anticipating a great deal of pleasure. Others who have been there before have put matters in such a light that a much-earned vacation is likely to be a happy one. The trout fishing is reported to be excellent.

More reports of good salmon fishing are in order. Mr. Ed. R. Wharton, of Newport, with a friend, has fished the Upper Restigouche preserve of Mr. Archibald Rogers, of New York, with the splendid catch of seventy-four salmon and nine grilse in twelve days. This is declared by salmon fishermen to be something like the catches of former days in that celebrated river. My informant understands Mr. Wharton's preserve to be above that of the Restigouche Club.

Mr. Charles B. Barnes has fished the Grand Cascapedia this season and made a catch of twenty-two salmon.

Mr. Charles A. Clarke is at home from his spring fishing trip. This trip means more to Mr. Clarke than to most men. In the first place, he takes about five weeks every season, adding more of success to the catches of many years. Starting for the Rangeleys soon after the ice went out, he tried the fishing there with good success. Then he went to the upper waters of the Rangeley system, finally bringing up at King and Bartlett, where he went down the Spencer. He regards this as the ideal spot for big game. Personally, he saw deer till he thought it a task to take pains to look at them. He saw a big moose in the neighborhood of Flagstaff, where he stopped on his way home. He mentions another gentleman, who was at the Big Spencer region at the time he was there, who, with his guide, saw thirty deer in one day. Mr. Clarke asked them if they would not make it twenty-nine, and they allowed that they would, but would not "take off another deer—not even a half one, and make it twenty-eight and one-half."

There are few men that have fished for more years than Mr. Clarke, and few that are always working for the new and novel more. This time he satisfied himself that pickerel can be taken on the fly, and with a good deal of sport. At Flagstaff Pond he landed twelve pickerel in one day, and every one on the fly. He mentions working hard to complete his dozen; but he was bound to accomplish that feat, and he did it. He used the scarlet-ibis, and describes the catching of the pickerel as good sport.

Mr. N. G. Manson, with his friend, Ezra P. Howlett, is out from Camp Leatherstocking, Lake Molechunkamunk. He describes the trip as a delightful one, though they did but little fishing. On the way out from the South Arm they were just behind a cow moose and two calves, which they had the pleasure of seeing, though only a glimpse was caught. The deer are more plenty than ever, in the opinion of everybody Mr. Manson talked with.

Mr. J. Parker Whitney made a flying trip to New York last week, stopping in Boston. He is spending the summer at his Mosquito Brook camps, Lake Molechunkamunk. He mentions the surroundings of that region as more beautiful than ever. For one season at least the lake is being kept full of water by the Union Water Power Co., and the shores are rapidly improving.

Aug. 3.—Mr. John Fottler, Jr., is back from the St. John's at Gaspe, P. Q., where he and Mr. I. W. Adams own what would seem to be a most excellent salmon right. Mr. Fottler was accompanied by his wife and children, as usual. For his guests he had Mr. Arthur Barney and wife. Mr. Adams's guests were Mr. Henry Sampson, of New York, and Mr. Barbour, also of New York, and well known in the manufacture of thread. When Mr. Adams left the river, which he was obliged to do earlier than he wished, Judge Gray, of the Supreme Court, with his most estimable wife, came in. Mrs. Gray did that which few ladies have ever done. She hooked and killed a big salmon without aid. The Judge also took a number of fine fish. Mrs. Barney killed a salmon that had been hooked for her, and Mrs. Fottler has several times accomplished this feat. The party had taken, when Mr. Fottler left the river, upward of 100 salmon and a great many fine trout. But it is a rigid rule of that preserve that no fish shall be taken that are not wanted in camp or to send or take to friends. No fish are allowed to be taken to be wasted. Often more fish might have been taken, but they were not needed and so fishing ceased.

But at times the fishing was dull, owing to the extremely bright weather. For many a day no salmon would rise. At such times the salmon could be seen in the pools—great, noble fish. Mr. Fottler counted a great number that were not taken. He feels sure that over 200 salmon are left as breeding fish—a very good stick indeed. Twenty years ago, according to guides and fishermen, if fifty or seventy-five fish could be counted at the close of a season left in the pools, it was thought to be a great many. This shows how the fishing has increased under protection and care. One great advantage this river has. The owners have bought off all the netters below them, and one of the principal netters formerly they have hired as a protector. Mr. Fottler believes that this plan is working most admirably. Since he first went on to the river in 1891 the fishing has more than doubled. He is greatly delighted with their river. He comes back to business having gained in flesh and learned to pole a canoe through the rapids, even where the river falls at the rate of 25ft. in a mile. But one catastrophe, that came near being a serious one, is set down to the credit of the gentlemen of the party. Fortunately the ladies went around the bend and the terrible eddy below, or were able to pass it in safety. But the canoe in which was Mr. Fottler was upset and drawn under the logs and driftwood that partly cover the eddy in the bend—drawn under so hard that it took two men a couple of hours to get it out. The men in the canoe were unceremoniously dipped, and they had to cling to the driftwood for life or be drawn under, where went part of their rigging, their fish and some of their clothing. They worked to the shore more dead than alive through the seething water and logs and driftwood.

Mr. Edwin C. Stevens is back from Lake Dunmore, Salisbury, Vt., and has broken the record for big pickerel. He brought home a pickerel on Wednesday that weighed 8½lbs. This monster he caught the day before. He was fishing with a small trout for bait. He has never heard of a bigger pickerel, though the lake is noted for big ones. The fish was on exhibition at 18 Central street all day the day after Mr. Stevens's return and attracted a good deal of attention. SPECIAL.

The World Do Move.

TOLEDO, O., July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Toledo is a city of something less than 150,000 souls. It is noted as being the second largest railroad center in the United States, and from the fact that the principal occupation of the majority of the adult male inhabitants is fishing. Many of them, it is true, follow other callings enough of the time to provide groceries, shelter and wearing apparel; but if you scratch a banker, a jeweler, a newspaper man, a railroad employe or a grain dealer, ten to one you find a fisherman. Going fishing is a necessary and serious affair, and not to be interfered with by minor matters. Witness the following card, which is taken from the advertising columns of one of the leading newspapers, where it appears in some two inches of bold display type:

C. L. LEWIS,

The Photographer,

Will be out of the city this week and return Saturday, the 27th.

GONE FISHING.

If this is not conclusive evidence that Toledo is an enterprising, progressive town, freed from the narrow and antiquated traditions of the musty past, where the people know what they want to do and then go and do it—why then, we don't know where enlightened public sentiment is to be found. "The world do move."

JAY BEEBE.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

HINTS ON ANGLING IN CANADA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Striped bass, or, as they call them in this country, "bar," are rather plentiful at present in the St. Lawrence, where they run up as far as the Isle of Orleans. The French Canadians fish for them in rough weather and heavy water with heavy hand lines, and consider it good sport. At Isle Madame, some thirty miles below Quebec, a party of four took 187 fish in this manner in a single tide one day last week.

From Lake St. John I learn that the ouananiche fishing in the Grande Décharge continues good, the fish being naturally somewhat smaller than those taken in June, but still affording admirable sport. It is evident that there is much yet to learn about the movements of these fish. In the end of August last they surprised the guides and old habitues of Lake St. John by rising at the fly in the lake itself, especially in the vicinity of the Island House, and at a time when the rising fish were supposed to be well up the river. This year the end of July has seen a large number of them taken both with fly and spoon near the Island House, and several days ago a catch of five was made with the fly in front of the village of Roberval. For the next three weeks, however, I counsel anglers who desire the best form of the sport to take canoes and guides from Roberval and ascend to such localities of the northern tributaries as they may advise. During the last ten days of August and the first half of September no better place can be found for ouananiche than the vicinity of the lower falls of the Metabetchouan. It is during that season that the woods and waters of northern Canada are probably seen to their best advantage. The midsummer plague of flies has then become a thing of the past, and while the weather is usually soft and balmy right up to the end of September and exceedingly pleasant for camping out, nothing can surpass the loveliness of the forests in their autumnal tints. This is, too, the season of all others for trout fishing in Canada, when the largest and reddest of the trout of the fountain rise freely to the angler's lures.

The last of the salmon fishermen will soon have returned from the northern rivers, but some went down even upon the last trip of the steamship Otter. Excellent reports have been received from all the north shore streams, especially from the Natashquan, the Moisie and the Trinity. The run of sea trout has been very large this season and so was the size of the fish. Some of the largest I have ever seen, 8 and 9lbs. in weight, were sent me early last month from the Trinity by Messrs. Edson Fitch and J. D. Gilmour, of this city.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 2.

NOTES FROM FISHING WATERS.

Correspondents are invited to send us notes of fish, fishermen, fishing conditions and fishing facts, so that they may reach this office on a Monday.

MOUNT KINEO HOUSE, Moosehead Lake, Kineo, Me., July 30.—We enclose you under separate covers photograph of eleven trout taken about fifteen miles west of Moosehead Lake by S. H. Watts and G. A. Worth, weighing 36½lbs. They are all brook trout and ranged in weight from 2½ to 4½lbs., all being caught in about six hours' fishing. Does not this catch average higher than any taken in the Rangeley Lake district? MOOSEHEAD.

TROUT LAKE, Wis., July 31.—Having seen your notice at Camp Franklin Hotel, that fishers were requested to report their luck to your paper, I take the liberty to write to you this letter: I came here July 20. Have been fishing, more or less, every day, and with pretty good success. I have been catching daily from eight to fifteen fish, consisting of salmon trout, pike and bass, weighing from 2 to 18lbs. July 30 I caught a monster salmon trout, weighing 18lbs.; it is 3ft. long and very well formed and proportioned; it is the largest trout caught this year. July 29 I caught a 7-pound muscalunge. All these fish were caught on hook or spoon and line. D. G.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 2.—Ocean fishing at this point is not up to June in interest to the angler. Other than an occasional bass and a few kingfish the sport is rather tame. Dr. H. P. DeVoursney, of New York city, 15¼lbs.; George W. Savage 19 and 20lbs. respectively, James O'Brien 10½lbs., are all the records given us in two weeks past that are worthy of note. In consideration of this fact attention is turned to the rivers and bays, where good catches are being made daily.

In company with Dr. DeVoursney and two friends I visited Barnegat last Thursday evening; fishing the tides we took in 80 weakfish. Night fishing for these trout of the salt water is most enjoyable sport when properly conducted. Fish with neither float nor sinker; allow the bait to pass out with the tide until a distance of 50ft. or a little more is obtained there; block the reel with the thumb; the force of current will raise the leader and bait to the surface. When the rise is made it is done in the same manner as his compeer of the brook and lake practices, "all in a rush," and with comparatively light tackle the sport is A 1. It is only in the night, when quiet is the order of things, that this system can be successfully practiced, as during the day they feed more at the bottom. Then a float and lightly-leaded line is the proper combination.

LEONARD HULIT.

NEWPORT, Vt., July 29.—Mr. Geo. Schaefer, who is staying at Owl's Head Hotel, Lake Memphremagog, succeeded in landing on July 27 the largest lake trout of the season, weighing 22lbs. This same gentleman also landed two smaller fish, weighing 12lbs. each. The former fish Mr. Schaefer will ship to Holyoke, Mass., for his brother fishermen to admire. 12, noon—He has just returned from a three-hours' fish with six lake trout weighing 60lbs.

A Big Muscalonge on a Light Rod.

DURING the latter part of last month Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold received the following letter from Mr. Benjamin R. Gould, of this city, dated Gananoque, Ontario, Canada, July 19: "I inclose in this letter a bass hook and single gut leader, bought at your store, with which I yesterday landed a muscalonge on the St. Lawrence River, about eight miles from here. The fish was caught on an 8oz. lancewood rod bought from you by Mr. F. P. Delafield last Saturday. It weighed 41lbs. 9oz. four hours after being taken from the water. I played it for an hour and a quarter, during which time it nearly bit through the ganging on the hook, as you can see. There has never been any such fish caught here on a light rod before, and it speaks well for your tackle. We have had him photographed and will send you one of his portraits when we get them." To land a 41lbs. 9oz. muscalonge on an 8oz. rod and single gut leader is of course a record for the tackle used, but there must also have been the right man in the right place—at the butt of the rod.

The White Bass.

CHICAGO, Ill.—In FOREST AND STREAM of July 27 "Hackle" speaks of the white bass and quoting his informant says "they resemble the black bass in every respect but color." The white bass is very common in the streams of the Mississippi valley, but resembles the black bass but very little. The body is much more oval and the mouth much smaller. The color in clear water is a silvery white, marked on the sides with a number (seven I think) of dark horizontal lines, the lower two or three of which are interrupted or incomplete. On the Illinois River at certain seasons of the year they are taken in large numbers, generally with a small spoon. The best places to fish for them is at the Government dams at Campsville, Meredosia or just below Pekin. They are not gamy, but if you want to catch fish, and go at the right time, you can get a surfeit of white bass at the places mentioned.

REX PISCATOR.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's third annual bench show, Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Montreal Kennel Association's show, Montreal, Can. Geo. K. Lanigan, Hon. Sec'y-Treas.

Sept. 24 to 27.—New England Kennel Club's second annual terrier show, Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Oct. 29.—Assonet Neck, Mass.—New England Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. Arthur R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

—, Morris, Man.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 West Twenty-second street, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H. Thompson, Sec'y.

THE DOG'S IMMORTALITY.

ALBANY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Among the many good things so pleasingly presented each week in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, the review of the Rev. Charles Josiah Adams's book on the immortality of the dog excited in particular my interest. The title of his book, "Is Man Alone Immortal?" gives the key to the matter treated of in the text. The Rev. Mr. Adams's plea for the dog and the dog's immortality present a depth of human feeling and liberality of ideas of which there are none too much in the world of to-day.

In your issue of last week there were quoted some sayings which were intended to be thoughts of wisdom briefly stated, and which were attributed to a clergyman. Your comment on them was that his sentiments, so expressed, were different from those expressed in the work first mentioned, that is, "Is Man Alone Immortal?"

When two good men differ so positively on the same subject, one on which they are thoroughly conversant and therefore qualified to teach others, how is the ordinary reader to form an opinion? He is either mystified or at a halt, or gives up the matter as being beyond his comprehension even if he have the time to struggle with the intricacies and contradictions presented by opposing arguments. When on the same matter there is yes and no, one must be wrong.

Nevertheless the whole matter is most interesting, even if vague and unconvincing. The Rev. Mr. Adams, as I understand his evidence—for by introducing certain matters to substantiate his views they are evidence—attempts to prove that because the dog has certain traits and powers in common with man, such as joy, sorrow, anger, fear, sympathy, affection, memory, reflection, etc., that therefore the dog is immortal. This conclusion seems to me to be arbitrary in a manner, as the premises he lays down do not warrant his conclusion, since all his premises are of mortality alone, while his conclusion is immortality.

To the just, the observing and the intelligent man it is easily apparent that men and dogs and many other animals have many things in common. In the life of all animals there is much which is homologous. Their manner of living or dying is much the same, while they manifest many psychical similarities. The evidence introduced is to establish a truth, and as it is introduced as evidence, it is proper to analyze it, so that its soundness can be established or its weakness demonstrated.

As I understand the Rev. Mr. Adams's contention, he attempts to prove that the dog has the same organic life as man, and that his mentality, as proved by intelligent action, is much the same as is that of man. Granting the similarity of physical life and manifestation, I think there is such a wide difference in the mentality of man and dogs and man and all the lower animals as to destroy all analogy from which to draw so broad a conclusion. The circumstances which match each other are too few and too unimportant for the conclusion, and there are many circumstances in man's mentality which have no counterpart in that of the dog. For instance, the power of speech is absent in the dog; the imagination, whose grasp is but little short of infinity in man, is absent in the dog. The latter so far as we know has neither conception nor longing for a future state. All the beliefs of savage or civilized man, running so far back in the past that they are beyond history or tradition, show that there was an innate feeling or concept of immortality prior to teaching or evidence; and that there has always been a wide gulf between the mentality of man and the mentality of the lower animals. The dog being deficient in the powers of imagination and being of an inferior intelligence, which precludes his understanding the glories of a future life, and being qualified by his instincts to lead solely an animal existence—for the qualities he possesses have all a direct use in his animal existence with no reference to a future life—he, from the absence of the qualities of imagination, of abstract reasoning and innate inspiration, may be cut off from the immortality which man claims as his exclusive and distinguishing superiority over all animals.

The imagination of man, which soars through the boundless realms of the universe, is of no material benefit to him in this world; therefore, as nothing is made in vain, it must be taken as an ethereal bond which unites him with immortality. As the dog is devoid of imagination, and as his qualities are all useful in his efforts to exist and therefore have a direct use to him in this world, no sound conclusion can be drawn from them as to a life hereafter. They are all material qualities, and from such it is not sound deduction to argue infinity.

It is possible that my remarks concerning the innate and spiritual belief of man, existing in all lands and all ages, may have been too exclusive, since the dog entered into the religious belief of the Indian's hereafter, in that he was a companion in the ghostly land where phantom deer ran in the shadows and light of phantom woods and fields, the spirit land which he called the "happy hunting grounds." The hieroglyphics on the old Egyptian monuments prove that the dog was considered as being an animal of more than passing importance, and his place was not inconsiderable in the heathen mytholog.

Taken from any point of view, the subject is one of much more than common interest, and is well worthy of more earnest investigation and discussion.

My own aim in writing this is not to show that the Rev. Mr. Adams's argument is wrong, but rather to show that there is a great hiatus between his premises and his conclusion. I trust that he may write more fully on this subject, for I think he is recognized as the ablest and most fearless of its champions. EGO.

Irish Setter Trials.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The secretary of the Irish Setter Club, Mr. Geo. H. Thomson, has already claimed dates for the club's fourth annual trials. In order for those interested to know what it is proposed to do, I would submit the following programme, and if any charges are desired I trust the views of those interested will be made known at once:

The plan under consideration is as follows: To hold field trials for Irish setters only, at High Point, N. C., on Dec. 2, 3 and 4, immediately following the Continental trials at Newton. Two stakes to be run—an All-Age and a Derby. The prizes to be sweepstakes, in addition to such others as we may be able to secure. The entrance fees to be $10 to enter and $5 to fill in each stake (not $5 to enter and $10 to fill). Derby entries to close say Oct. 1, All-Age Stake to close say Nov. 15. There to be one judge, and the trials to be run under practically the same rules as those of the Continental field trials. It will take perhaps a couple of weeks to decide these questions; but thereabouts, or soon after, the trials will be properly advertised and entry blanks issued. In the meantime, Irish setter owners will know what to prepare for. They have ample time to prepare both their Derby and All-Age entries, and they can send their dogs at once to the trainers.

The time of holding the trials was purposely fixed soon after the Continental trials so as to allow the handlers who are coming to Newton to go a few miles further and run a dog in our trials. There are many trainers who, if they only would, could readily add one or two Irish setters to their strings and run them at the Irish setter trials at High Point. I have a sort of an idea that there are a good many handlers that know of say one good Irish setter, not, of course, good enough to run against the English setters, but sufficiently good to put all other Irish setters into the shade, and I do hope they will bring him along. We will do our best to give him a fair show, and will not begrudge his winning. Our prizes of course will not be as good as we would like, but they will be as good as we can possibly make them. We want the aid of every one to make these trials a success and ask all to help.

G. G. DAVIS.

Important To Collie Breeders.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq., offers the following special prizes for competition at the Bench Show of the Westminster Kennel Club in 1896: A Silver Cup to cost $50, for the best American-bred collie, born in 1895, exhibited by a member of the Collie Club. A free service, by either Sefton Hero or Rufford Ormonde, to the best bitch in the open class owned by a member of the Collie Club, and the same in the novice and puppy classes. A bitch winning in one of these classes cannot compete in either of the others, the service going to the next best bitch.

A. D. LEWIS, Secretary of the Collie Club.

Continental Field Trials Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Aug. 3.—All of the entries in the Continental Field Trials Club Chicken Derby have been carried through second forfeit except C. G. Stoddard's English setter Chloe S. and H. R. Edward's English setter, Harwick. I made a mistake in entering Dr. O. Totten's pointer Sappho in this Derby, as the dog was not intended to be entered. This leaves 48 still in the stake. P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Hydrophobia and Rabies.

If any evidence of the popular fallacy concerning hydrophobia and rabies were needed, abundance of it can be found in the daily papers, from the beginning to the end of summer time. The popular belief seems to be unalterably fixed on hot weather and rabies being related to each other as cause and effect. It seems to be useless to reiterate, in season and out of season, that hot weather is not productive of rabies in the dog; that there are more cases of that disease in cold weather than in hot weather, though at any time the disease is extremely rare; that most of the so-called cases of rabies are not rabies at all, but are nervous diseases from which dogs suffer in hot weather—however often all this may be repeated, the public at large holds to its old and cherished beliefs that the reign of the dog star has some baneful effect on dogs, though the dog star has no effect whatever. If a dog has a fit, or is suffering from any violent nervous disease in hot weather, the average citizen is pleased to class all such different diseases under one head—madness.

All the authorities are unanimous in that the disease can be transmitted only by inoculation from a bite, or by having the virus placed directly in the blood by mechanical means. There is a popular error concerning the effects of the disease in dogs. One is that the dog cannot drink water; that indeed the sight of it will make him furious and bring on a convulsion of madness. The authorities maintain that such is not the fact. Dogs suffering from the disease have been known to drink water, and have shown no fear of it. In man it is conceded that the effects are different, as when suffering from the disease he shows a fear of water. It then is called hydrophobia. The disease when in the dog is called rabies.

It is said that the disease is very rare in hot countries, and in Constantinople and other Mahommedan cities, where the dogs act as scavengers, ill and foully fed and worse housed—conditions under which one would think that rabies would flourish—the disease is almost unknown.

As the dog is quite as likely to have the disease in cold as in hot weather, the numerous laws and precautions put in action in the summer time are due to ignorance of the true cause and status of the disease. The extra precautions do much to excite alarm, which is the parent of exaggeration. Though in fact no more dogs go mad in summer than in winter, one rarely reads of such an occurrence in winter time, while the newspapers mention cases innumerable in summer, which goes to show how fright and fancy, founded on ignorance, will cause silly exaggeration.

Nor does the disease come on suddenly and spontaneously, as is commonly supposed. It can only come from the virus directly inoculated in the blood, and then a number of days are required for its development. Dogs have been subjected to the most thorough tests, many of them cruel, such as a prolonged hot temperature, extremes of temperature, restraint, starvation, suppressed sexual appetite, etc., but none of them have ever been known to cause the disease; so that it may safely be said that it is never spontaneous.

The poison is dormant a longer or shorter time after it enters the blood of the dog, generally a few days, though on this point authorities disagree, some stating that this stage of development is six to ten days, others a longer time. Ashmont says: "The two extremes in a dog, which have been reported, are, the shortest, one week; the longest, eight months." At what period the dog can at first communicate the virus by bite is not determined. Every bite is not necessarily followed by a development of the disease in the person or animal bitten. It is said that about sixty-seven per cent. of dogs bitten develop the disease, though Youatt gives it as being much less. He says: "The following observations and experiments respecting rabies, by Dr. Hertvich, professor at the Veterinary School at Berlin, are worthy of attention. (1) Out of fifty dogs that had been inoculated with virus taken from a rabid animal of the same species, fourteen only were infected. (2) In the cases where inoculation had been practised without effect, no reason could be assigned why the disease should not have taken place. This consequently proves that the malady is similar to others of a contagious nature, and that there must exist a predisposition in the individual to receive the disease before it can occur. In one experiment, a mastiff dog, aged 4 years, was inoculated without exhibiting any symptoms of the malady; while seven others, who had been inoculated at the same time and place, soon became rabid. Several of these animals had been inoculated several times before any symptoms showed themselves, while in others, on the contrary, once was sufficient. (3) It appears that in a state of doubtful rabies one or two accidental or artificial inoculations are not sufficient to create a negative proof of its existence. (4) The disease has never been communicated to an individual from one infected by means of the perspirable matter; this, therefore, is a proof that the contagious part of the disease is not of a volatile nature. (5) It does not only exist in the saliva and the mucus of the mouth, but likewise in the blood and the parenchyma of the salivary glands; but not in the pulpy substance of the nerves. (6) The power of communicating infection is found to exist in all stages of the confirmed disease, even twenty-four hours after the decease of the rabid animal. (7) The morbid virus, when administered internally, appears to be incapable of communicating this disease; inasmuch as of twenty dogs to whom was given a certain quantity not one exhibited the least symptom of rabies. (8) The application of the saliva upon recent wounds appears to have been as often succeeded by confirmed rabies as when the dog had been bitten by a rabid animal. (9) It can not now be doubted that the disease is produced by the wound itself, as was supposed by M. Girard, of Lyons, not by the fright of the individual, according to the opinion of others, but only from the absorption of the morbid virus from its surface. (10) Several experiments have proved to me the little reliance to be placed on the opinion that in those dogs who become rabid after the bite of an animal previously attacked with this disease the contagious effect of the saliva is not continued, but only exists in those primarily bitten. (11) During the period of incubation of the virus there are no morbid, local or general alterations of structure or function to be seen in the infected animal; neither are there any vesicles to be perceived on the inferior surface of the tongue, nor any previous symptoms which are found in other contagious diseases. (12) This disease is at its height at the end of fifty days after either artificial or accidental inoculation; and the author has never known it to manifest itself at a later period. (13) It is quite an erroneous idea to suppose that dogs in a state of health are enabled to distinguish, at first sight, a rabid animal, inasmuch as they never refuse their food when mixed with the secretions of those affected."

The symptoms after inoculation, as described by Youatt, are as follows: "The early symptoms of rabies in the dog are occasionally very obscure. In the greater number of cases there are sullenness, fidgetiness and continual shifting of posture. When I have had opportunity, I have generally found these circumstances in regular succession. For several consecutive hours perhaps he retreats to his basket or his bed. He shows no disposition to bite, and he answers the call upon him laggardly. He is curled up and his face is buried between his paws and his breast. At length he begins to be fidgety. He searches out new resting places; but he very soon changes them for others. He takes again to his own bed, but he is continually shifting his posture. He begins to gaze about him as he lies on his bed. His countenance is cloudy and suspicious. He comes to one or another of the family and he fixes on them a steadfast gaze as if he would read their very thoughts. 'I feel strangely ill,' he seems to say; 'have you anything to do with it? or you? or you?' Has not a dog mind enough for this? If we have observed a rabid dog at the commencement of the disease, we have seen this to the very life." The author then goes on to mention the stages of delirium—springing at phantom enemies furiously, watching suspiciously inanimate bodies, though a word from his master dispels his illusions and restores his mind momentarily. But wildness and terror of imaginary foes return, and he ferociously springs forward to meet them. His countenance changes; he is anxious, or inquiring, or threatening, according to his temperament. The eyes are bright and dazzling—fiery. Great restlessness sets in; a shifting from corner to corner; rising up and lying down; fixing his bed with his paws; shaking it with his mouth; raking it in a heap, then trundling it out of the kennel. He reaches eagerly for some imaginary lost thing.

He shows more than usual affection for his owner. Vomiting sometimes sets in; the appetite is depraved; the sublingual glands become inflamed. The froth so often described as covering the mad dog's mouth is entirely fabulous. The saliva becomes scarcer, adhesive and thicker. He tries to remove it with his paws. Suffocation threatens. His thirst is great. In dumb rabies the jaw and tongue are paralyzed. The spinal cord is affected. The howl and bark are seldom heard. The voice is hoarser. He has a longing to wander. Living things in his path he snaps at. If he is naturally ferocious he seeks combat. If he is seen in time he dies generally from violence at the hands of some one; or if he is not seen he dies soon from the violence of the disease. In any event the disease has well developed stages, comes on with symptoms which are unmistakable and never comes in the violent, spontaneous manner as commonly supposed.

A pathetic story of a dog's intelligence and devotion to his master is told in the columns of the daily press. Charles Gillen was in Montana in the Big Horn country purchasing sheep and cattle. About two miles from a ranch his revolver, which he carried in his "chaps," was accidentally discharged, the bullet penetrating through his body. He fell from the saddle in a faint. When he revived he ordered his trained shepherd dog to drive his horse to McVey's ranch, the nearest ranch to him and the most convenient from which to derive assistance. The dog seemed reluctant to leave his master, but on being scolded he started the horse toward the ranch. On the way the horse got mixed with a band of horses, the dog cut him out and ran him in a gallop to the ranch, where he attracted attention to himself and the riderless horse. The dog by his manner showed that he desired to lead the way back. The dog's haste was so great that the horseman, who had mounted to follow him, had difficulty in keeping him in sight. The wounded man was still alive when the party reached him.

No business was transacted at the meeting of the National Beagle Club of America, held on July 30. Six members were present. Mr. George W. Rogers, the secretary, writes us as follows: "It is hoped that as many members as possible will attend the adjourned meeting on Aug. 13, as the committees for the coming field trials at Hempstead, L. I., will be selected."

There is a big black and white Newfoundland dog strutting around Columbia street, which is being fed with cookies by all the children in the neighborhood. He became a hero Monday by jumping into the Atlantic basin, at the foot of Sackett street, and hauling little 8-year-old John McGuinnis from the water. The dog's name is Grover. Grover was taken to the basin by his master for his daily bath. After the dog had his swim and was trotting up the street behind his master there was a cry from the boys on the dock. The McGuinnis lad had been pushed overboard by one of his playmates. Hammerstadt, followed by the dog, rushed back to the dock. The boy was struggling in the water, far from the pier. Grover plunged into the basin and swam to the boy. Not being able to grab the lad at first the dog pushed him under the water. When the boy came up again Grover caught hold of his jacket and started to tow him ashore. Young McGuinnis reached over and put his arms about the animal's neck. Although a swift current was running at the time the dog continued steadily to the dock and landed his burden safely. Grover has never before acted as a life saver. He is an intelligent looking dog and has a noble head.—*Union and Advertiser.*

Reports of cases of dog poisoning are numerous in the neighborhood of Mount Hope in the Twenty-fourth Ward. Fifteen were poisoned last week. August Loucks, of Anthony avenue, lost a St. Bernard valued at $500; Chas. Peterson lost a valuable Newfoundland and J. Mark a collie.

An adjourned meeting of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at the rooms of the A. K. C., 55 Liberty street, Tuesday, Aug. 13, at 3:30 P. M.

From reports in the daily press we learn that Dr. F. W. Kitchel, Perth Amboy, famous as a dog fancier, is doing good work as president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He was recently officially quite active in bringing to prosecution a man who had inhumanly treated some horses. The conviction resulted in a fine of $25.

Dr. J. S. Niven, well known as a bench show judge and fancier, made a brief call in Forest and Stream office on Thursday, Aug. 1, a few hours before his departure for England. He will be absent about a month. He informed us that the Montreal show promises well.

"The Rules, Standard and Stakes of the American Fox Terrier Club" is the title of a most artistically arranged work, full of information. It contains a list of officers and members, rules, points of the fox terrier, a list of winners of the Grand Challenge Cup, and the conditions of the numerous stakes. Harry W. Smith, Sec'y, Worcester.

White Wonder, the bull terrier sold to English purchasers some time since, is dead. A *post mortem* showed that a cork lodging in the dog's stomach was the cause.

There are men who confound malicious cruelty with fun and humor. The following is a case in point: "I've a great scheme," said an ingenious Orange county man to a New York *Sun* reporter. "There's no patent on it, either. It is just a cat and dog teaser, and it beats anything I ever saw for the purpese. I got an old stove zinc and laid it on the ground near the back door. Then I put a wooden bucket of milk on the zinc. In the kitchen I've got a battery of two gallon cells and a four-inch coil with a vibrating circuit breaker. One wire is connected to the zinc plate and the other terminates in a piece of metal in the milk. You just ought to see the effect. A cat comes along, smells the milk and goes for it. She just touches the milk with her whiskers and looks puzzled when the slight, tingling shock is felt. Then she returns to the attack, and touches her tongue to the surface of the milk. Her hair rises then and she emits a yell of rage or pain as she springs away from the pail, and then turns to look back at it. I have seen the same cat take two shocks within as many minutes, and then act as if she wanted to try it again, but didn't dare to. With dogs it is different. The dog steps upon the zinc, lops his long tongue in the milk, and then turns a back somersault. He wants no more than that, but tucking his tail between his legs streaks out of the yard as quickly as possible. If you want to try it you needn't use a whole pail of milk. Just take a crockery dish and it will answer just as well. Milk is cheap up our way, you know, and I took the first thing that came handy."

The Canadian brethren are not without legal troubles in respect to their dogs, similar to those of the States. From the Toronto *Globe* of July 27 we clip the following: "A case which worked some hardship for one owner, but which may result in ultimate benefit, occurred last night. Mr. James Douglas, the well-known Irish setter fancier, was walking along Adelaide street with Toronto Blaney at his heels when the city dog-catcher gathered the dog in. No attention was paid to Mr. Douglas's statement that he had a kennel license, though the constable on the beat and Dr. Campbell supported him. Blaney was carted off to the pound and shut up with a lot of worthless curs, where he may contract mange or some other disease, and just now the dog is being got into condition for the bench shows. Mr. Douglas pays $10 for a kennel license for his few registered dogs, and he intends to find out if this gives him any protection for them. He will put the matter into the hands of his solicitor this morning and the result will be that holders of kennel licenses will find out where they stand."

The following is an extract from the letter of an Anglicized Japanese, whose innate love for field sports struggled with inadequate language to express it. We are indebted for it to the kindness of our correspondent, "Dick of Connecticut:" "The English setter are of spiritedly much workers which are largest in broadness of the fields which they in eminenced search for the 'Bob White,' which is the name called the really quail. The sportsman who is much knowledge of the setter makes of rejection to the pointer which has many friends. Setters and pointers which in difference of hair only, and then of much alike all the same. The fun of much catching the quail are grand excitement. He is a very fly fast, and the man which shoot quick without catching the brown study, and the quail he in a heap of featchers is died in the atmosphere. The dog he is then said, 'Fetch,' and he arriving with the bird tenderly. The sportsman which in his retrievement of the dog makes sometimes of fifty and one hundred larger of quails in a best day. The man though of shoot for nice sport, of sell his game sometimes which his friends call bad inconsiderate, yet when he gives it away it is then appellation the refinement. The gun and dog give much walk, and nobility of health beyond eyes brightness and glowingly color. It is what of also the American exclaim nature's beautiful."

"Papa!"

"What is it, Johnnie?"

"I read a poem in my school reader which spoke of 'dogs of high degree.'"

"Well?"

"Papa, does that mean Skye terriers?"—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Mr. J. B. Stoddard, under date of Aug. 1, writes from Oak Bluff, Man., that he has a large string of Derby entries and is working early and late to get them in shape to start. He says that he finds birds none too plentiful. Through the kindness of the Government officers the Continental Field Trials Club will have the same courtesies shown those who enter from the States as are shown to the home clubs under similar circumstances. Much interest is manifested and the trials promise to be a great success.

Mr. Wm. Ellery Bright, of Waltham, Mass., will judge Boston terriers at the R. I. S. F. Association's bench show. Gordon setters will be given the same classification in the prize list as are given to English and Irish setters.

The enterprise and energy of the Swiss Mountain Ken-

nels in importing the St. Bernard Leed's Barry is a noteworthy event in the canine world, at a time, too, when dog interests are quiet. That he withstood the hardships of ocean travel so well is a matter for congratulation. His weight indicates that he is of the big fellows.

The premium list of the Rhode Island State Fair Association is now ready for distribution.

Chas. W. Tway, Michigan City, Miss., announces in our business columns that he can board and train four more dogs. 19 Manning Arcade, Toronto, offers cockers. E. H. Bragg, N. Sidney, Me., offers beagles. Warwick Kennels, Bridgeport, Conn., offer English setters. M. M. Cheney, Bennington, N. H., offers coon dog. Box 2181, Boston, Mass., wants well broken setter or pointer. Dr. J. L. Cornell, Centreville, Md., offers Chesapeake Bay dogs.

English Setter Type.

BRIDGEPORT, Ct.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Breeder, in your issue of Aug. 3, tells some plain truths when he says: "Many of our breeders began breeding as they might begin any new venture, merely buying a couple of dogs and commence breeding;" but he hits them rather hard when he says if their breeding proved a failure, the pedigrees were a success, and they just sold pedigree with dog attached. How true this is of most any breed taken up by Americans, except perhaps the cocker spaniel, which breed perhaps of all others is a credit to the American Spaniel Club and its supporters; for these show a type and family likeness not approached by any other breeds exhibited at our shows.

If this can be attained by the united efforts of breeders interested in cockers, why cannot it also be accomplished by breeders of setters? And what has been the means of producing this effect? To no small degree, I believe (and I am open to correction if wrong), it has been brought about by their persistent and united efforts in naming a number of judges who were united on the type desired, and encouraging bench shows to appoint one of their number by the awarding of special prizes if the bench show committees appointed a club judge.

Why cannot this be done with the English setter? It can, if those interested in the welfare of the breed would get together, meet each other half way, drop the dog politician and formulate a standard, if one does not already exist, and then judge by it irrespective of who owns the dog, or whether he be the owner of one or a hundred.

"Breeder" says that I cite the judging at New York this year as an example of the disregard of type. I think not. If I mentioned any year it was in 1890. This past year I think "Breeder" or any one else who saw the first four dogs will say they showed type, and English setter type at that. They might have been placed different, but nevertheless they were all dogs fit to hold either one of the four positions one or the other of them held; but I did say there were many different types shown, and it is this lack of unity on what is the proper type that is responsible for it; for each man apparently adheres to his own and must think when he enters his dog that he is somewhere near a typical setter and stands a chance of winning, or why expend his good money for entry fees?

Now my reason in writing my first letter was, as stated, that I had read letters from breeders of setters in which they said that there seemed to be no uniformity of type; and when knowing of a dog winning at one show and well aware of the type of said dog, they were all at sea by the decision on the same dog competing at other shows, under a different judge; and if my letter will be the means of causing a discussion that will cause the lovers of English setters to take one small step in the direction of improving the present state of things *re* English setter judging, I shall feel that it was not written in vain. If such gentlemanly correspondents as Cinna, Muss-Arnolt and Breeder, with others of the same mind, will discuss it in the same spirit, it will be a starter to obtain what I think is a looked-for and desired improvement of the beautiful English setter. ALBERT.

Leed's Barry.

THE rough-coated St. Bernard Leed's Barry arrived in Philadelphia per steamship Southwark on Saturday, Aug. 3d, in fine condition, and feeling none the worse for his voyage. He is a large dog with immense bone, and when weighed on reaching the kennels tipped the scale at 185lbs. He is grandly bred, being by County Member (Lord Bute—Myra II.), out of Court Beauty (Scottish Prince—Forget-me-not). He has been shown but four times, having won six firsts and one special. The English *Stock-Keeper* of June 14 says of him:

"Leed's Barry is one of the biggest dogs on the bench; immense bone; grand legs and feet; proper length of body, and one of the best movers possible. He has an immense skull, deep face and flews; a little indent below the eyes would improve him."

SWISS MOUNTAIN KENNELS.

Manitoba Field Trials Club.

MANITOU, Man., July 29.—Kindly make the inclosed correction in the club's list of Derby entries. The correct number should be fifty-five. The following dogs are not eligible: Selkirk Dan, Selkirk White, Selkirk Belinda—not having paid first forfeit. JOHN WOOTTON, Sec'y.

Yachting.

NO DATE is yet set for the trial races, but Mr. John Jacob Astor has presented a very elegant cup, costing $2,000, for the winner.

THE admission of a few newspaper men with the large crowd of visitors to the Herreshoff Works on the occasion of the attempted launching of Defender a few weeks ago would have been a cheap piece of courtesy that would have cost the builders nothing and have done no harm to the yacht. Now that she has been in the drydock, a far better place for inspection than the Herreshoff shop, where one could not get far enough away to see her as a whole, but could only examine one part at a time, she has been sketched and photographed by any number of persons. There is, fortunately, a natural limit to the extent to which secrecy can be maintained, or probably yachtsmen would not even be allowed to witness the races.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD—MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Saturday, July 27.

The second championship race of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, was sailed on July 27 in mixed weather, rain, calm and hard squalls, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Gladys, W. P. Fowle	00 00	2 34 38	0 00 00
Tomboy, W. S. H. Lothrop	00 00	2 40 00	0 00 00
Crystal, S. Gleason	00 00	2 29 35	0 00 00
SECOND CLASS.			
Susie, J. F. Cole	28 06	2 46 23	2 45 47
Ariel, J. Barrett	26 02	2 49 00	2 46 44
Marena, D. H. Follett, Jr.	29 01	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.			
Apukwa, E. T. Tefft	22 04	2 43 40	2 41 22
Exit, A. H. Higginson	21 04	2 51 10	2 47 23
Reaper, H. P. Benson	24 01	Withdrew.	
Bonita, C. O. Hood	20 06	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Koorali, R. C. Robbins	23 01	2 28 53	2 28 37
Egeria, R. F. Tucker	23 05	2 30 47	2 30 47
Magpie, A. W. Stevens	22 04	Withdrew.	
CLASS A.		Handicap.	
Hiawatha, G. F. Chapin	0	1 19 26	1 19 26
Brenda, H. Goodwin	3	1 26 40	1 23 40
CLASS B.			
Edith, F. M. Wood	2	2 24 35	2 22 35
Delphine, C. M. Barker	2	2 25 37	2 23 37
Mosca, F. E. Peabody	0	Withdrew.	
Gwaska, H. M. Appleton	8	Withdrew.	
CLASS C.			
Toyo, F. O. North	0	1 16 32	1 16 23
Maia, E. Paine	0	1 19 10	1 19 10
Comet, A. A. Lawrence	0	1 19 26	1 19 26
Sally, D. C. Percival, Jr.	0	1 20 13	1 20 13
Dorothy, F. Brewster	0	1 20 58	1 20 58
Tedesco, C. Morse, Jr	0	1 21 58	1 21 58
Pinta, E. Y. C.	4	1 26 18	1 22 18
Aluna, A. L. Stearns	4	1 27 35	1 23 25
CLASS D.			
Eugenia, I. S. Palmer	0	1 11 55	1 11 55
Rita, W. H. Rothwell	3	1 19 45	1 16 45
Vagrant, W. Harvey	2	1 22 06	1 20 06
Juanita, W. Whitman, Jr.	2	Withdrew.	

Exit was sailed by Mr. Ward Burton.

Mandeville Y. C.

MANDEVILLE, LA.

Saturday, July 20.

THE annual regatta of the Mandeville Y. C. was sailed on July 20 in bad weather, a clear morning being followed by several hard squalls with rain, the win l being very strong at times with a heavy sea. There was a large fleet of entries, but many of the yachts gave up, the finish being timed:

Louise W.	5 10 00	Nymphae	5 12 49
Alice	5 02 40	Minnie S	5 14 45
Adrienne	5 06 48	Rosie G	5 17 00
Twanta	5 07 12	Honorine	5 17 05
Florence	5 09 35	Nyanza	6 02 00

The winners were:

Schooner—Adrienne, elapsed time, 3:11:18.

Cabin Sloops—First class, Maggie, carried away the end of boom and split jib and did not finish; second class, Florence, elapsed time 3:24:05; third class, Twanta, elapsed time 3:32:10.

Open Sloops—First class, Nyanza, elapsed time 4:24:50; second class, Alice, elapsed time 3:24:29, corrected time 3:24:29; Nymphae, elapsed time 3:35:30, corrected time 3:33:33.

Catboats—First class, Minnie S., elapsed time 3:35:40; Barton B. did not finish; second class, Louise W., elapsed time 3:21:20, corrected time 3:21:20; Honorine, elapsed time 3:36:10, corrected time 3:33:11; Ellen D. and Daisie B. did not finish; third class, Rosie G. won, Lady Sarah did not finish; fourth class, Helen M. won.

During the night a heavy gale set in from S.E., a number of yachts dragging anchors. The little auxiliary Lillian F. was badly damaged and Twanta went into the yacht club wharf, damaging herself and the wharf as well.

Wellfleet Y. C.

WELLFLEET, MASS.

Saturday, July 27.

THE Wellfleet Y. C. sailed a good race on July 27 in a fresh southerly breeze, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Florence, Williams & Kemp	1 51 18	1 19 58
Cornell, L. D. Baker	1 55 14	1 21 46
Hornel, James Delory	1 56 14	1 24 37
Princess, I. W. Linderkin	1 55 32	1 26 10
Eddie, James Wiley	2 00 48	1 31 06
SECOND CLASS.		
Mattie A. Simond Atwood	2 00 39	1 21 55
Budgie, Chas. E. Turner	2 05 05	1 29 23
Eda, Chas. E. Paine	2 13 58	1 38 01
Frankee C., Rich Pernere	2 15 11	1 41 41
Gracie, Rich Newcomb	Withdrew.	
THIRD CLASS.		
Trilby, Louis Higgins	2 11 58	1 32 24
Lillie, F. A. Snow	2 24 06	1 43 58
Flip, F. O. Newcomb	2 31 49	1 47 33
Mannie, N. P. Paine	Withdrew.	

Manchester Y. C.

MANCHESTER, MASS.

Monday, July 22.

THE second championship race of the Manchester Y. C. was sailed on July 22 in a strong breeze, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

	Elapsed.
Clara, W. Burgess	1 28 58
Ariel, F. Barrett	1 34 40
Oweric, A. W. Craige	1 40 21
THIRD CLASS.	
Magpie, A. Stevens	1 34 01
Koorali, R. C. Roberts	1 34 20
Egeria, R. Tucker	1 34 26
FOURTH CLASS.	
Carina, R. Boardman	1 46 12
Snipe, E. A. Boardman	1 48 53
Squanto	Did not finish.
SPECIAL CLASS.	
Nancy, J. L. Bremer, Jr.	1 28 16
Cornet, John A. Lawrence	1 38 39

Cape Cod Y. C.

ORLEANS—CAPE COD BAY.

Saturday, July 27.

THE second race of the Cape Cod Y. C. series was sailed on July 27 in a strong S.W. breeze, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Wave Crest, D. L. Young	1 22 12	0 57 23
Dolphin, O. H. Davenport	1 24 31	0 55 48
Henrietta, R. R. Rich	1 32 09	1 01 10
Little Daisy, Fulcher Bros.	1 38 36	1 07 30
Sea Fox, Charlie Smith	1 37 42	1 11 22

Valkyrie III.

THE official register of Valkyrie III. gives the following particulars of the yacht: Her owner is Windham Thomas Wyndham Quin, Earl of Dunraven and Mount Earl, of Dunraven Castle, Brigend, Glamorgan. The length from fore part of stem under bowsprit to the after side of the head of the sternpost is 100.70ft.; main breadth to outside of plank 25.50ft., depth in hold from tonnage deck to ceiling amidships 11.70ft., tonnage 120.21. Official number 104,630, signal letters N. V. P. G.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE, 1895.

THOUGH nominally shorter than usual, covering but a week, the annual cruise of the New York Y. C. is actually planned to cover two weeks, the actual cruising occupying the first week, while the second is given up to special races off Newport for prizes given by members of the club, and under the management of the regatta committee, Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell.

Throughout the first week the fleet was favored with pleasant weather, and in each case with enough wind to make a good race with an early finish, in fact, the club met with remarkable luck on the long run to New London, with a free wind, in marked contrast to the hard hammer to windward over the same course in 1891, which delayed or disabled so many of the fleet.

The opening race for the commodore's cups was sail'ed under very favorable weather conditions. The first run was made in quick time, allowing a full afternoon and evening in New London. The run to Newport was lively and interesting; the long day at that place gave the crews time for rest and preparation for the Goelet cup race. This race was sailed under very satisfactory conditions, in clear, bright weather and a true breeze, and the run to the Vineyard was made with a fresh and favorable wind. The last run on Monday was delayed by a fog, but was finally made in a good sailing breeze and clear weather. The cruise throughout has been free from rain, storm or fog, the weather has been neither too hot nor too cold, and the winds have been ready whenever they were wanted.

The racing contingent of the fleet has not been notably large, the schooners have shown up best, with such good boats as Lasca, Emerald, Amorita, Elsemarie, Mayflower, Merlin, Constellation, Marguerite, and the smaller Loyal and Neaera.

The single stick fleet, apart from the larger class, has been but small, and of all sizes: Katrina, Queen Mab, Hildegarde, Wasp, Uvira, Gossoon and Norota; hardly two in a class.

The long-looked-for reappearance of Jubilee and Volunteer has at last taken place, and with the result that many looked for. Volunteer's owner has satisfied the curiosity of yachtsmen by racing her in a new rig against Defender and Vigilant, and she has shown that she is in no way equal to them. A good deal of allowance must be made for both boats in that they have steel bottoms in place of the smoother metals, they are in honest cruising trim, with no steam tenders, only one outfit of sails and spars, and these none of the best, and with their crews berthed and fed aboard. Volunteer is carrying the largest rig of the fin-keel Pilgrim, her mast having been moved forward three feet this year.

As for Jubilee, the attempted improvement has been done in a half-way manner that could only prove a failure. The hull has been lengthened on the waterline forward, the deck being unchanged; the mast has been left where it was originally, near the middle of the boat, and the old sails and spars have been retained, with some new blocks and gear. What the yacht needs is a new sail plan, with a larger mainsail, the mast further forward, and considerably less foresail; such changes, with some new sails and spars and gear to carry them, would have made her much faster than the added 3ft. of bow, and would still have earned her a good allowance of time. With her present sail plan, sails and gear, she is much inferior to the Herreshoff boats to admit of any test of her model; on the whole, her performance in the Goelet cup races was not bad, when these obvious deficiencies are taken into account, and the long-disputed question of the merits of her model compared to Vigilant's is as far as ever from a solution, as much so as the other question, why her owner has done anything with her without doing a good deal more.

Perhaps the most interesting of the schooner fleet is Lasca, a comparative newcomer after a year's absence abroad, in which she has covered some 10,000 miles under canvas with her owner aboard. Her fine appearance has been generally commented on throughout the fleet, and in her coat of black she is one of the handsomest schooners now afloat. The contrast in looks between her and some of Mr. Smith's newer boats is most marked, the latter, not over handsome at best, showing up very poorly beside this fine ship. We have been very loth to accept the conclusion pointed out by some recent prize winners, that it is necessary to make a boat indubitably and unmistakably ugly in order that she should be fast, and it is a pleasure to see a ship like Lasca a stylish vessel in hull and rig that can hold her own with the later productions. Further than this, in these days, when all else is sacrificed for speed in light weather, it is encouraging to see a yacht just off a long ocean voyage, with racing sails freshly bent, winning in such a race as that to the Vineyard and coming within some seconds of the Goelet Cup.

With her new bow, Emerald too must be classed among the handsomest as well as the fastest of the schooners, and no one grudged her a second successive Goelet Cup.

The steam fleet is large this year and greatly improved by the presence of some handsome imported yachts, notably the Watson boats Sapphire, Hermione and Zara; these, with Sultana and White Ladye, show up the home built craft to very poor advantage.

Commodore's Cups.

GLENCOVE TO HUNTINGTON BAY.

Monday, July 29.

ALL day Sunday and on Monday morning yachts made their way to the rendezvous in Hempstead Bay until a very large fleet was assembled, most of them bound for the entire cruise, or at least to Newport. After a meeting of captains early on Monday morning, the signals were set for a start at 1 P. M. for the opening race of the cruise, for three handsome cups given by Com. Brown—one for all schooners, one for the 90-footers, and the third for the smaller single-stickers. The course was from off Matinnicock Point around a mark one mile S. by W. from the bell buoy on Green Ledge, Norwalk Islands, then back five miles over the same course to a mark, and from there to the finish off Eaton's Point; 21 nautical miles. The wind was fresh from S.W., a steady clubtopsail breeze. The starters were:

SCHOONERS.

	Racing length.	Time allowances.
Lasca, John E. Brooks	93.17	Allows.
Emerald, J. Rogers Maxwell	89.51	1 20
Marguerite, H. W. Lamb	83.48	3 41
Iroquois, H. C. Rouse	82.24	4 14
Elsemarie, J. B. King	75.60	7 12
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	74.82	7 35
Loyal, B. F. Sutton	64.50	13 11
Neaera, H. K. McHarg	59.33	16 34
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.		
Vigilant, George Gould	Not meas.	....
Defender, W. K. Vanderbilt, E. D. Morgan and C. O. Iselin	Not meas.	....
SLOOPS, CUTTERS AND YAWLS.		
Hildegarde, James C. Bergen	Not meas.	....
Queen Mab, Percy Chubb	63.28	1 17
Wasp, Lippett Bros.	54.97	7 03
Mineola, August Belmont	54.20	7 40
Ventura, Dr. Geo. E. Brewer and Wm. Williams	Not meas.	....
Harriet, Greacen Bros.	Not meas.	....
Awa, A. De Witt Cochrane	46.89	14 05

Defender and Vigilant being still unmeasured, they were matched to race without allowance.

The start for the single-stickers was given at 1:45, the first boat over, as usual, being Queen Mab, followed by Vigilant, the latter running up to the weather end of the line, while Defender crossed to leeward, but with more way on. The schooners started at 1.50, Lasca going over promptly after the 'gun. All set balloon jibtopsails and spinakers, the schooners also setting balloon maintopmast staysails. The times at the Green Ledge mark were:

Defender	3 31 11	Wasp	3 42 50
Vigilant	3 31 40	Elsemarie	3 43 30
Lasca	3 40 10	Mineola	3 46 20
Emerald	3 40 35	Iroquois	3 49 20
Amorita	3 40 40	Marguerite	3 49 35
Queen Mab	3 42 45		

The next leg was but 5 miles, dead to windward, the times at the turn being:

Defender	4 17 45	Queen Mab	4 39 27
Vigilant	4 19 25	Wasp	4 41 00
Emerald	4 29 20	Elsemarie	4 41 25
Amorita	4 31 10	Marguerite	4 43 05
Lasca	4 34 30	Iroquois	4 44 10

The final reach to the finish off Eaton's Point was quickly made, the finish being timed as follows:

SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lasca	1 50 48	5 02 36	3 11 48	3 11 48
Emerald	1 50 03	4 57 25	3 04 22	3 03 02
Marguerite	1 55 00	5 13 06	3 18 06	3 14 25
Iroquois	1 53 24	5 14 42	3 21 18	3 17 04
Elsemarie	1 53 29	5 12 12	3 18 43	3 11 31
Amorita	1 52 04	5 00 43	3 08 39	3 01 04
Loyal	1 55 00	5 25 04	3 30 04	3 16 53
Neaera	1 55 00	5 28 33	3 33 33	3 16 59
CUTTERS—90FT. CLASS.				
Defender	1 47 24	4 42 56	2 55 32	.. .. ..
Vigilant	1 47 22	4 44 43	2 57 21	.. .. ..
SMALLER CLASSES.				
Wasp	1 47 56	5 16 06	3 28 10	3 21 07
Queen Mab	1 46 34	5 11 26	3 24 52	3 23 35
Mineola	1 49 36	5 25 59	3 36 23	3 28 43
Hildegarde	1 50 00	5 25 54	3 35 54	3 35 54

Ventura	1 48 13	5 32 43	3 44 30
Awa	1 47 55	. . ..	. . ..
Harriet	1 47 57	. . ..	. . ..

Amorita beat Emerald 1.58, Elsemarie 1.27, Lasca 10.44, Marguerite 13.21. Loyal 15.49, Neaera 15.35, and Iroquois 16.00. Defender beat Vigilant 1.49 elapsed time. Wasp beat Queen Mab 2.18, Mineola 7.36 and Hildegarde 15.47. The winners of the cups were Amorita, Defender and Wasp.

First Squadron Run.

HUNTINGTON BAY TO NEW LONDON, 73 MILES.

Tuesday, July 30.

Tuesday morning broke with a fine breeze from S.W., the course to Bartlett's Reef, just outside New London Harbor, being E. by N.; the start was off Eaton's Point and the finish off New London Light.

All hands were up early, the start being signaled at 6:40, Queen Mab going over at 6:40:52, followed by the little Norota 3s. later. Club topsails were set with balloonjib topsails. Only 26 yachts started in the race, but a very large fleet got away early without regard to racing. Before the start Ramona's main throat halliards parted, dropping the boom and smashing a skylight, but they were soon repaired, and she sailed a good race with Constellation. Vigilant started on the weather end of the line, with her long jibtopsail set, while Defender, to leeward, had a balloonер up. Vigilant was the better canvased in the freshening wind and rising sea, and held the newer boat all day. The conditions were exceptionally favorable and a magnificent race was made, the average speed of the leading boat, Constellation, being 13.9 knots; Vigilant's being almost the same. Off Bartlett's Reef Defender was something over 2m. ahead of Vigilant, but she gave up here and was towed in by the steam yacht Hermione with her steering gear disabled. She claimed to have finished the race, but the official circular called for a finish off New London Light, a few miles further in, where all the yachts were timed.

The accident to the steering gear was caused by the heating of the sleeve on the main shaft which carried the quadrant pinion and the intermediate gears; the strain caused the main shaft and the sleeve to beat until they bound, so that the whole gear refused to work. The yacht went up the harbor and men from the Morgan Iron Works were busy all night in making repairs, Mr. N. G. Herreshoff being summoned from Bristol by telegraph to help. The fleet was timed:

SCHOONERS—CLASS 1, OVER 95FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Constellation	6 48 41	11 25 15	4 36 34	4 36 34
Ramona	6 47 36	11 39 45	4 43 09	4 41 56
Brunhilde	6 50 00	11 57 11	5 07 11	. . ..

SCHOONERS—CLASS 2, 85 TO 95FT.

Montauk	6 47 25	11 59 10	5 11 45	. . ..
Lasca	6 46 47	11 35 15	4 48 28	4 48 28
Emerald	6 48 10	11 33 05	4 47 55	4 43 52

SCHOONERS—CLASS 3, 75 TO 85FT.

Ariel	6 49 42	11 45 08	4 59 30	4 59 26
Marguerite	6 47 58	11 55 21	5 07 23	5 07 23
Iroquois	6 50 00	11 53 09	5 03 09	5 01 37
Elsemarie	6 47 05	12 01 43	5 14 38	5 03 55

SCHOONERS—CLASS 4, 65 TO 75FT.

Amorita	6 49 06	11 59 47	5 10 47	5 10 47
Shamrock	6 50 00	12 12 00	5 22 00	5 19 26

SCHOONERS—CLASS 5, UNDER 65FT.

Loyal	6 47 05	12 20 18	5 33 13	5 33 13
Neaera	6 47 05	12 33 54	5 46 49	5 36 33

CUTTERS—CLASS 1, 80 TO 90FT.

Vigilant	6 51 08	11 31 45	4 40 37	. . ..
Defender	6 51 41	Did not finish.		

CUTTERS—CLASS 2, 70 TO 80FT.

Katrina	6 42 39	12 02 05	5 19 26	5 19 26

CUTTERS—CLASS 3, 60 TO 70FT.

Hildegarde	6 42 14	12 16 05	5 33 51	5 33 51
Queen Mab	6 40 52	12 16 18	5 35 26	5 31 32
Clara	6 44 43	Disabled.		

CUTTERS—CLASS 5, 50 TO 55FT.

Eclipse	6 41 50	12 29 24	6 15 34	6 15 34
Wasp	6 41 29	12 47 03	6 05 34	6 05 34
Mineola	6 41 56	1 10 51	6 28 55	6 27 01

CUTTERS—CLASS 6, 40 TO 50FT.

Ventura	6 43 45	1 48 10	7 04 25	7 04 25
Gossoon	6 41 06	1 18 34	6 37 28	6 37 28
Norota	6 40 55	1 53 19	7 12 24	6 53 36

The winners are:

Schooners—Class 1, Constellation beat Ramona, 7:22; class 2, Emerald beat Lasca, 4:36; class 3, Ariel beat Iroquois, 2:11; Elsemarie, 4:29, and Marguerite, 7:57; class 4, Amorita beat Shamrock, 8:39; class 5, Loyal beat Neaera, 3:20.

Cutters—Class 1, Vigilant won; class 2, Katrina, walkover; class 3, Queen Mab beat Hildegarde, 2:19; class 5, Wasp beat Eclipse, 10 00, and Mineola, 21:27; class 6, Goosoon beat Norota, 16:08, and Ventura, 26:57.

On the run Clara lost her topmast and bowsprit and was towed into Greenport, Norota and Ventura lost some light sails and Montauk took a bad knockdown. A fatal accident happened on the steam yacht Embla; John Griffin, a fireman, stepped from the fire room to the engine room for fresh air, being unwell, and staggered and fell into the crankpit, where he was very badly cut about the head. The yacht hurried to New London, where he was transferred to the Memorial Hospital, but he died in the evening.

Volunteer, with Capt. Aubrey Crocker in command, was at anchor when the fleet arrived.

Jubilee came into New London in the afternoon with three of her port shrouds gone, after nearly losing her mast. A squall caught her off Race Rock, and the aluminum bronze turnbuckles on three of her four main shrouds on the port side snapped off, the fourth stretching badly, but still holding. The mast was held only by this shroud and the runner; the main halliards were cut and the sail lowered as quickly as possible.

The afternoon was enlivened by a very severe rainstorm.

Second Squadron Run.

NEW LONDON TO NEWPORT—40 MILES.

Wednesday, July 31.

Wednesday morning was anything but promising; however, the sun came out early with a light S.W. wind, and as the distance was but 40 miles, the start was not made until 11:10:00, Queen Mab crossing at 11:10:59. A very large fleet started, but most of the yachts went inside of Fisher's Island; the course for the racing division was from New London Harbor by Race Rock, 4 miles, then E. ½ N. to Point Judith, 26 miles, and then N.E. 10 miles to the Dumplings, off Newport. The presence of Volunteer lent additional interest to the largest class, this being her first appearance under a racing flag as a 90ft. cutter, all of her racing since she was lengthened to 90ft. in 1891 having been done under a schooner rig. Vigilant was unfortunate in splitting from the boom to the second batten about three cloths in from the leach just before she crossed the line. The tear was repaired while under way, though with some difficulty, and she sailed the course. The run was made mainly under spinakers, which were shifted from starboard to port off Point Judith. The wind was light and fluky, favoring the boats inshore. Defender sailed very fast in the light weather. The fleet was timed:

SCHOONERS—CLASS 1, OVER 95FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Constellation	11 18 07	4 05 51	4 47 44	4 47 44
Ramona	11 15 57	4 10 31	4 54 34	4 53 48
Brunhilde	11 19 35	4 56 56	5 37 21	. . ..

SCHOONERS—CLASS 2, 85 TO 95FT.

Alcæa	11 16 25	4 21 59	5 02 34	5 02 34
Merlin	11 16 23	3 57 14	4 40 51	4 40 16
Lasca	11 15 57	3 56 10	4 40 03	4 39 24
Mayflower	11 17 43	3 53 30	4 35 47	4 33 40
Emerald	11 18 39	3 58 22	4 39 43	4 36 32

SCHOONERS—CLASS 3, 75 TO 85FT.

Ariel	11 15 57	4 11 21	4 55 24	4 55 24
Marguerite	11 18 05	4 14 10	4 56 05	4 56 05
Iroquois	11 17 20	4 11 47	4 54 27	4 48 29

SCHOONERS—CLASS 4, 65 TO 75FT.

Amorita	11 19 50	4 11 54	4 52 04	4 52 04
Elsemarie	11 16 29	4 11 07	4 54 38	4 54 32
Shamrock	11 16 29	4 17 48	5 01 19	4 59 43

SCHOONERS—CLASS 5, 65FT. AND UNDER.

Loyal	11 16 13	4 22 23	5 06 10	5 06 10
Neaera	11 18 05	4 24 36	5 06 31	5 00 06

CUTTERS—CLASS 1, 80 TO 90FT.

Defender	11 20 32	3 26 42	4 06 10	. . ..
Vigilant	11 21 55	3 26 07	4 18 12	. . ..
Volunteer	11 22 50	3 52 15	4 30 15	. . ..

CUTTERS—CLASS 2, 60 TO 70FT.

Hildegarde	11 11 18	4 07 49	4 56 31	4 56 31
Queen Mab	11 10 59	3 59 30	4 48 31	4 46 05

CUTTERS—CLASS 5, 50 TO 60FT.

Wasp	11 11 00	3 55 40	4 44 40	4 44 40
Mineola	11 11 16	4 11 38	5 00 22	4 59 11

CUTTERS—CLASS 6, 40 TO 50FT.

Uvira	11 12 15	4 19 06	4 06 51	4 06 51
Norota	11 11 08	4 29 19	5 18 11	5 07 00

The winners were: Schooners—Class 1, Constellation beat Ramona, 6.04. Class 2, Mayflower beat Emerald 3.52; Lasca, 6.44; Merlin, 7.36; Alcæa, 29.52. Class 3, Iroquois beat Ariel 11.55; Marguerite, 12.36. Class 4, Amorita beat Elsemarie, 12.28; Shamrock, 17.30. Class 5, Neaera beat Loyal 6.04. Cutters—Class 1, Defender beat Vigilant 12.02, and Volunteer 24.05. Class 2, Queen Mab beat Hildegarde 12.26. Class 5, Wasp beat Mineola 14.31. Class 6, Uvira beat Norota 9s.

Newport—Goelet Cup Race.

Friday, Aug. 2.

It has usually been the case that the Goelet cup race was sailed on the arrival of the fleet at Newport, but this year the arrangements were such that the fleet laid over Thursday at anchor, giving more time for preparation for the great race of the year. Nothing was done on Thursday, the races for the Owl and Gamecock colors were set for the afternoon, but were postponed on account of the choppy sea. A meeting of the regatta committee was held, but as Mr. Willard had gone to New York for a day no action was taken on the Vigilant–Defender protest. The Loyal protest against the classification of the committee in the June regatta was taken up, and it was decided to offer a special prize of $200 for a race between Loyal and Neaera to be sailed over the course for the Goelet cup next day.

Friday was clear and warm, the sky slightly overcast in the early morning and with a light S.W. wind. The start was set for 10:30 off the Brenton's Reef Lightship. The committee had discussed the question of a new course, an equilateral triangle, but finally decided to hold to the old courses, the "Block Island" and the "Sow and Pigs." The entries were as follows:

SCHOONERS.

Marguerite	H. W. Lamb.
Merlin	W. H. Forbes.
Amorita	W. G. Brokaw.
Neaera	H. K. McHarg.
Mayflower	W. A. Gardner.
Emerald	J. R. Maxwell.
Lasca	J. E. Brooks.
Constellation	Bayard Thayer.
Loyal	B. F. Sutton.
Elsemarie	J. B. King.

CUTTERS.

Wasp	H. F. and R. L. Lippitt.
Vigilant	G. J. Gould.
Defender	W. K. Vanderbilt, C. Oliver Iselin and E. D. Morgan.
Queen Mab	Percy Chubb.
Jubilee	C. J. Paine.
Volunteer	J. Malcolm Forbes.

Of these, Wasp and Queen Mab did not start.

The flagship Sylvia anchored off the lightship at 10:50 and set the signals for the Block Island course. The first leg southwest, one-eighth west, 13½ miles to a mark one mile from Block Island; the second leg northeast by east, three-quarters east, 18 miles to a mark two miles from West Island Light, and the third leg west by north, one-eighth north, 6½ miles—38 miles.

A wait was made for the tug in charge of Supt. Neils Olsen to get a good start with the markboats, and at 11:20 the first gun was fired. The start for the cutters was at 11:30, Defender crossing but 33s. after the gun, close by the lightship on the north end of the line. Just under her lee was Volunteer, while Jubilee followed a little astern. Vigilant had come for the line with the others, but at the last moment hung back, wearing around and starting nearly 4m. after Defender.

Five minutes later the start for the schooners was given, Neaera crossing first, followed by Amorita, Lasca and Elsemarie. The four cutters crossed on starboard tack, Defender at once going about and standing inshore. Most of the schooners also stood inshore, Constellation and Merlin alone holding to the eastward.

The wind was moderate from S.W., the water smooth, and the first leg was a beat with clubtopsails and small jibtopsails set, out to Block Island mark. The cutters very soon dropped all the schooners, and Defender opened out on her class. The order soon became Defender, Vigilant, Jubilee, Volunteer; while the two-stick division was led by Lasca and Emerald.

At 1:30 the markboat was surrounded by a large fleet of steam yachts, steamers and tugs. Defender came up on starboard tack, if anything overstanding a little. Her spinaker boom was lowered to starboard before she rounded, and the sail was soon run out in stops, being broken out very promptly. Vigilant made her last tack near the mark, but was slow in gathering way. Her crew were very smart with the spinaker, breaking it out as she passed the mark. Jubilee's crew did poor work with the spinaker; the lift was evidently cast off carelessly and the boom fell into the water, only good luck preventing it from breaking.

The times at the mark were:

	Start.	Elapsed.
Defender	1 40 25	2 04 52
Vigilant	1 46 29	2 11 57
Jubilee	1 59 08	2 18 50
Volunteer	1 57 45	2 27 11
Lasca	2 15 00	. . ..
Emerald	2 17 00	. . ..
Amorita	2 25 00	. . ..

Elsemarie, Marguerite and Merlin not timed.

It was now a run of 18 miles to the West Island mark with a moderate S.W. wind and smooth water. Defender gained on Vigilant and Jubilee did also. The times at the West Island mark were:

Defender	3 44 10	2 30 45
Vigilant	3 55 45	2 09 16
Jubilee	3 57 08	2 07 00
Volunteer	4 14 50	2 17 00

Defender jibed at the mark and trimmed sheets for the reach home, but before she had been for two minutes on her new course, her hollow gaff broke in two places, a big piece falling out of the middle. She was kept on her course under headsails for a time, but finally took a line from a tug. Her main sail and clubtopsail were both torn. This mishap left Vigilant an easy winner, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vigilant	11 34 32	4 38 09	5 03 37	. . ..
Jubilee	11 31 09	4 41 00	5 12 51	. . ..
Volunteer	11 30 39	5 00 04	5 29 29	. . ..
Defender	11 30 33	Disabled.		
SCHOONERS.				
Emerald	11 37 54	5 21 18	5 43 24	5 33 01
Lasca	11 36 48	5 19 24	5 42 36	5 34 38
Amorita	11 36 30	5 35 13	5 58 43	5 37 01
Mayflower	11 40 00	5 40 24	6 00 24	5 50 05
Marguerite	11 40 00	5 52 12	6 12 12	5 57 33
Elsemarie	11 37 34	5 58 33	6 20 54	5 59 11
Merlin	11 38 21	5 46 51	6 08 30	6 00 35
Loyal	11 38 25	6 25 17	6 46 52	6 15 01
Neaera	11 36 22	6 31 38	6 55 16	6 17 20

Constellation did not finish.

Vigilant and Emerald win the Goelet cups, this being the second won by Emerald; and Loyal beats Neaera in the special race.

Defender was taken in tow by the tug Gaspe and went at once to Bristol, where her new 105ft. boom and a new Herreshoff mainsail to fit it were awaiting her, with a new gaff 61ft. long. These were shipped during the night, and the yacht was towed back to Newport early in the morning, in time for the run to the Vineyard.

Third Squadron Run.

NEWPORT TO VINEYARD HAVEN.

Saturday, Aug. 3.

Saturday proved to be another pleasant day, bright and sunny, with a good breeze, S.S.W., freshening in Vineyard Sound. The course was from off Brenton's Reef to a finish off West Chop Light, Vineyard Haven, 38 miles. Many of the yachts were under way early, the racing division waiting until 10:40, when the start for the smaller cutters was signaled from the Sylvia, Queen Mab crossing at 10:40:31, followed by Hildegarde, Wasp, Uvira, Katrina and Norota. The schooners were started at 10:45, Lasca leading the way. The big cutters were started at 10:50, with a two-minute limit. Defender went over very promptly; but Vigilant, though at the line in time, wore and stood back, as though waiting for Volunteer, some distance away. The result was that Vigilant was handicapped 52s and Volunteer 53s.

While Vigilant carried her No. 1 jibtopsail, Defender and Volunteer carried No. 2. Jubilee was at the line, but ran out to windward before the start, with working topsail set. She did not cross, but started alone about the same time as the others, but some distance to windward. Most of the yachts carried No. 1 or No. 2 jibtopsails, but Ramona was content with nothing less than balloon jibtopsail and balloon maintopmast staysail. She carried them for just a quarter of an hour when the clew of the balloon jibtopsail tore away and the sail parted company with the foot and leach ropes. She was run off her course and the sail taken in. Queen Mab held the lead for a good part of the first hour, and then she gave place to Defender. Vigilant took in her big jibtopsail and set a smaller one, which in turn gave place to the baby. The other yachts also shifted to smaller jibtopsails as the wind increased, only Lasca carrying a No. 1 over the course. The only times taken at the Vineyard Sound Lightship (Sow and Pigs) were:

Defender	12 19 00	Vigilant	12 23 00
Lasca	12 23 00		

The order was: Defender, Vigilant, Lasca, Emerald, Constellation, Alcæa, Queen Mab, Katrina, Volunteer, Ariel and Hildegarde.

With a stronger breeze the fleet ran through Vineyard Sound to the finish off West Chop, where the steam yacht Sheerwater was waiting to time them. The official times were:

SCHOONERS—FIRST CLASS, 95FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Constellation	10 47 25	2 02 47	3 15 22	
Ramona	10 46 27	2 10 33	3 33 06	3 32 24

SECOND CLASS—85 TO 95FT.

Lasca	10 46 06	2 06 52	3 20 46	3 20 10
Emerald	10 46 59	2 15 56	3 28 57	3 26 00
Merlin	10 50 00	2 25 19	3 35 19	3 34 46
Alcæa	10 48 08	2 26 06	3 37 28	3 37 28
Mayflower	10 50 00	2 25 40	3 45 40	3 42 47

THIRD CLASS, 75 TO 85FT.

Ariel	10 50 00	2 21 29	3 31 29	3 31 29
Marguerite	10 49 40	2 25 14	3 35 34	3 35 34
Iroquois	10 50 00	2 29 37	3 39 37	3 38 44

FOURTH CLASS, 65 TO 75FT.

Amorita	10 49 02	2 28 52	3 39 50	3 39 50
Elsemarie	10 50 00	2 30 27	3 40 27	3 40 22

FIFTH CLASS, 65FT. AND UNDER.

Loyal	10 48 33	2 47 27	3 58 54	3 58 54
Neaera	10 47 20	2 59 33	4 12 13	4 06 17

CUTTERS—FIRST CLASS.

Defender	10 50 37	2 02 11	3 11 34	. . ..
Vigilant	10 52 00	2 09 58	3 17 58	. . ..
Volunteer	10 52 00	2 25 02	3 33 02	. . ..

THIRD CLASS, 60 TO 70FT.

Queen Mab	10 40 31	2 43 20	4 02 49	4 00 34
Hildegarde	10 41 17	2 48 05	4 06 48	4 06 48

SIXTH CLASS, 40 TO 50FT.

Norota	10 44 06	3 31 13	4 47 07	4 36 46
Uvira	10 43 42	3 24 28	4 40 46	4 40 46

MIXED CLASS.

Katrina	10 44 05	2 29 15	3 45 10	3 45 10
Wasp	10 41 42	3 01 32	4 19 50	3 57 24

Constellation beat Ramona 17m. 2s. Lasca sailed a fine race, beating Emerald 5m. 50s.; Ariel beat Marguerite 4m. 5s.; Amorita beat Elsemarie 9m. 32s., and Loyal beat Neaera 7m. 23s.; Defender beat Vigilant 6m. 24s. elapsed time, the two being still unmeasured; Queen Mab beat Hildegarde 6m. 14s.; Norota beat Uvira an even 4m., and in the mixed class Katrina beat Wasp 12m. 14s. The race was a perfectly fair trial, the course and wind being equally favorable to all.

Sunday was spent idly in harbor, the fleet dressing ship at noon. The flying of winning flags is becoming quite a fashion, and long strings were displayed by Amorita, Wasp, Loyal and Queen Mab.

Monday morning was fair and sunny, with a moderate S.W. wind in the harbor. Many yachts left the fleet on Sunday and more made an early start on Monday morning. The orders from the flagship were for a start at 8 o'clock, and the racers were under way by 7:30, but a dense fog rolled in from Vineyard Sound and the yachts returned and anchored. Queen Mab was under way about the harbor, picking her way between the yachts, under cat rig, her mainsail and clubtopsail, the headsails being in stops.

About 11 o'clock the fog lifted and a start was make at 11. The wind was ahead through Vineyard Sound, a moderate breeze with smooth water. The times of the run were:

SCHOONERS—CLASS 1, OVER 95FT.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Constellation	11 52 25	4 54 50	5 03 25	5 03 25
Ramona	11 52 14	5 25 05	5 32 51	5 32 09

CLASS 2, 85 TO 95FT.

Merlin	11 52 12	5 10 29	5 18 17	5 18 17
Emerald	11 53 11	4 48 17	4 55 06	4 52 42

CLASS 3, 75 TO 85FT.

Ariel	11 50 41	4 53 25	5 07 44	5 07 44
Marguerite	11 50 51	5 19 15	5 28 24	5 23 24

CLASS 4, 65 TO 75FT.

Amorita	11 54 14	5 10 06	5 15 52	5 15 52
Elsemarie	11 54 09	5 21 05	5 26 56	5 26 51

CLASS 5, UNDER 65FT.

Loyal	11 51 50	5 38 11	5 46 21	5 46 21
Neaera	11 53 13	5 54 54	5 58 36	5 54 40

CUTTERS—CLASS 1, OVER 80FT.

Defender	11 55 40	4 04 40	4 09 00	. . ..
Vigilant	11 55 34	4 13 43	4 18 09	. . ..
Jubilee	11 55 32	4 24 30	4 28 58	. . ..

CLASS 3, 60 TO 70FT.

Hildegarde	11 46 57	5 32 23	5 45 26	5 45 26
Queen Mab	11 48 56	4 55 07	5 06 11	5 03 56

CLASS 6, 45 TO 50 FT.

Gossoon	11 47 38	5 54 14	6 06 36	6 06 36
Uvira	11 46 26	5 35 21	5 43 55	5 47 44
Norota	11 46 56	5 23 10	6 06 14	5 54 42

MIXED CLASS.

Katrina	11 45 45	5 04 15	5 15 30	5 18 30
Wasp	11 45 34	5 03 35	5 24 04	5 01 38

The winners were: Schooners—Class 1: Constellation beat Ramona 28.44; class 2, Emerald beat Merlin 25.35; class 3, Ariel beat Marguerite 20.40; class 4, Amorita beat Elsemarie 10.59; class 5, Loyal beat Neaera 6.19.

Cutters—Class 1, Defender beat Vigilant 9.09 and Jubilee 10.58; class 3, Queen Mab beat Hildegarde 18.30; class 6, Uvira beat Norota 6.58 and Gossoon 18.52.

Mixed class—Wasp beat Katrina 16.52.

Cape Ann Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Saturday, July 27.

A good open race was sailed by the Cape Ann Y. C. off Gloucester on July 27, in a strong S.W. breeze and a sea. The times were:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lillian, Wm. Dennett	24.05	2 11 47	1 25 59
Gracie, J. B. Foster	29.00	2 11 45	1 31 48
Eulalia, Sayward & Wheeler	29.00	2 14 08	1 37 58
Neva, W. J. Maddocks	30.00	2 17 18	1 39 11
Undine, J. G. Mehlman	24.06	Did not finish.	

FIRST CLASS.

Live Yankee, H. C. Moody	18.11	1 29 28	0 48 48
Thelga, E. B. Lambert	21.00	1 31 54	0 54 54
Tempest, J. Ferguson	32.05	1 30 30	0 55 30
Ariel, A. L. Gosbee	21.00	1 34 10	0 57 10
Judith, W. B. Pigeon	22.00	1 33 30	0 57 50
Lotus, Archie Fenton	19.07	1 38 00	0 59 00
Cimbria, A. Peterson	22.06	1 40 15	0 59 40
Anita, C. O. Brien	19.00	1 47 41	1 02 41
July, J. Marchant	19.08	1 43 02	1 04 02
Westley P., S. M. Pomeroy	20.06	1 45 26	1 08 19

SECOND CLASS.

Circe, Fred L. Pigeon	16.05	1 13 14	0 46 35
Luna, S. D. Hildreth	17.05	1 12 17	0 46 44
Lopes, F. T. Lopes	17.05	Did not finish.	

THIRD CLASS—SLOOPS.

Voma, C. A. Elwell	14.02	1 07 18	0 42 43
Ruth, B. Griffin	14.10	1 06 41	0 42 51
Brownie, H. Wheeler	14.08	1 09 00	0 44 59
June, W. Vivian	14.00	1 14 32	0 49 45
Dot, A. F. Douglass	14.02	1 14 10	0 49 58

CATBOATS.

Flit, John B. Mehlman	14.03	1 10 02	0 45 32
Little Comrade, L. B. Haskell	13.06	1 16 02	0 50 51
Coot, F. Dugo	13.02	Did not finish.	

Cleveland Y. C.

July 14.

THE postponed race of July 4 was sailed over on July 14 with only four starters, the course was 7 nautical miles to windward and return. The times were as below:

35FT. CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Com. Gardner	3 14 43	3 13 52
Mona	3 17 09	3 17 09

Com. Gardner wins champion Flag.

25FT. CLASS.

Ida K.	3 59 38	3 54 39
Petrel	4 23 17	4 23 17

The new club house is now nearing completion and it is expected to have the opening in about a month from date.

Lynn Y. C.

LYNN, MASS.

Saturday, July 27.

THE race of the Lynn Y. C. on July 27 for the Expert Cup had but four starters, only two finishing:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Irene	1 33 55	1 11 25
Odd Fellow	2 03 50	1 39 38
Black Cloud	Did not finish.	
Vexer	Did not finish.	

SPECIAL RACE.

Trilby	1 11 11	0 49 40
Laura	1 39 55	1 19 20
Swan	Did not finish.	

The Lake Y. R. A. Meet, 1895.

The annual meeting of the Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario, founded in 1884, was held in connection with the Lake Sailing Skiff Association, and at one place, instead of the usual circuit, including a full week of racing at Burlington Bay, Hamilton, on the Canadian side of the lake. The two associations are made up of the following clubs:

Lake Yacht Racing Association: Bay of Quinte Y. C., Belleville; Oswego Y. C., Oswego; Queen City Y. C., Toronto; Rochester Y. C., Charlotte; Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto; Royal Hamilton Y. C., Hamilton; Victoria Y. C., Hamilton.

Lake Sailing Skiff Association: Picton Boating Club, Picton; Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto; Royal Hamilton Y. C., Hamilton; Royal Toronto Sailing Skiff Club, Toronto; Victoria Y. C., Hamilton.

The programmes of the two were as follows: Yacht races:

Monday, July 15.—Course windward or leeward and return, first class, 42ft. class, 37ft. class, 27ft. class.

Tuesday, July 16.—Triangular course, 32ft. class, 27ft. class, 22ft. class.

Wednesday, July 17.—Triangular course, first class, 42ft. class, 37ft. class, 27ft. class.

Thursday, July 18.—Course windward or leeward and return, first class, 42ft. class, 32ft. class, 22ft. class.

Friday, July 19.—Course windward or leeward and return, 37ft. class, 32ft. class, 22ft. class.

Saturday, July 20.—Triangular course, Walker cup, race for all classes.

The prizes will be as follows: Each first class and 42ft. class race, $60 to first, $30 to second, $15 to third, $10 to fourth; each 37ft. class and 32ft. class race, $40 to first, $25 to second, $10 to third, $5 to fourth; each 27ft. class and 22ft. class, $25 to first, $15 to second, $10 third, $5 to fourth.

For the Walker cup race the cup is valued at $250, and the association will add $250 in cash, divided as follows: $80, $50, $40, $30, $20, $15, $10 and $5. Open to all classes this year, but hereafter will be an annual race for the class to which the yacht winning it this year belongs.

Entries for all races must be made with the secretary of the club to which the yacht belongs, not later than Thursday, July 11, and be by him sent to the honorary secretary of the L. Y. R. A. (E. H. Ambrose, Hamilton, Ont.), by whom all entries must be received not later than Saturday, July 13. A measurer's certificate must accompany each entry.

If the leading yacht in any class race has not finished at 7 o'clock, the race will be decided on the last completed round.

If the leading yacht in the race for the Walker cup shall not sail the course in five hours the race will be decided on the first round, but, in that event, if the leading yacht on the first round shall not have sailed that round in 2½ hours the race shall be resailed subject to the same conditions.

Sailing committee for the meet: Aemilius Jarvis, chairman; E. H. Ambrose, J. E. Burroughs, George E. Evans, J. F. Monck.

Skiff races: Thursday, July 18—20ft. class, 18ft. class, 16ft. class. Friday, July 19—20ft. class, 18ft. class, 16ft. class. Saturday, July 20—20ft. class, 18ft. class, 16ft. class. All skiff races will be sailed over a triangular course. The prizes will be $15 to first, $8 to second and $5 to third in each race.

The first day's racing was to windward and back, with a moderate N.E. breeze, the course being 5 miles out, sailed twice by the larger boats and once by the 27ft. class; 20 and 10 miles respectively. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vreda	3 29 25	4 29 25	4 29 25
Winnetta	3 55 13	4 55 13	4 53 47

42FT. CLASS

Zelma	3 19 59	4 19 59	4 19 40
Aggie	3 35 08	4 35 08	4 35 08

37FT. CLASS.

Dinah	3 42 30	4 42 30	4 42 30
Vivia	3 58 30	4 48 30	4 47 56

27FT. CLASS.

Sylvia	4 52 30	2 52 30	2 52 07
Mirage	4 55 15	2 55 15	2 54 20
Salola	4 56 37	2 56 37	2 54 57

Wona, Nadjy, Maud B., Quickstep, Watta, Nox, Mona, Wang, Beatrice and Sibyl not timed.

On Monday night and Tuesday morning plenty of rain fell, clearing during the forenoon and leaving almost a calm. The 32ft., 27ft. and 22ft. classes were started and sailed a slow race with a late finish, the wind being light and variable. The times were:

32FT. CLASS.

Start, 11:30.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Erma	6 29 34	6 59 34	6 53 38
Echo	6 35 30	7 05 30	7 01 41
Nancy	6 37 55	7 07 55	7 03 16
Cyprus	6 54 48	7 24 48	7 24 47
Alert	6 55 11	7 25 11	7 25 11
Eva	7 12 40	. . .	. . .
Lotus	7 26 10	. . .	. . .

27FT. CLASS.

Start, 2:00.			
Sibyl	6 45 33	4 45 33	4 43 27
Sylvia	6 49 53	4 49 53	4 49 25
Mirage	6 51 35	4 51 35	4 50 29
Salola	6 53 20	4 53 20	4 51 20
Maud B	6 57 32	. . .	. . .
Wang	7 00 35	. . .	. . .
Wa Wa	7 05 18	. . .	. . .
Wona	7 07 25	. . .	. . .
Quickstep	7 19 43	. . .	. . .

22FT. CLASS.

Start, 2:10.			
Ko-Ko	6 56 15	4 46 15	4 44 17
Eclipse	7 01 52	4 51 52	4 51 17
Frou-Frou	7 10 01	5 00 01	4 51 20
Scallawag	7 11 01	5 01 01	5 00 47
Enid	7 11 48	5 01 48	5 01 16
Isis	7 18 16	. . .	. . .
Carita	7 22 57	. . .	. . .
Caruli	7 23 57	. . .	. . .
Upstart	7 28 46	. . .	. . .
Daisy	7 26 52	. . .	. . .
I'll Away	7 45 14	. . .	. . .
Zanita	7 46 40	. . .	. . .

Wednesday was clear and bright, with a good westerly breeze, the



course was a 12-mile triangle, sailed twice by the 42 and 37ft. classes and once by the 27ft. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

Start 11 a. m.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vreda	3 32 52	4 32 52	4 32 52
Winnetta	3 40 18	4 40 18	4 38 34

42FT. CLASS.

Start 11 a. m			
Zelma	3 18 01	4 18 01	4 17 38
Aggie	3 25 07	4 25 07	4 25 07

37FT. CLASS.

Start 11:10 a. m.			
Dinah	3 53 01	4 43 01	4 43 01
Vivia	4 03 51	4 53 51	4 53 10

Start 2 p. m.	27FT. CLASS.		
Sylvia	4 57 44	2 57 44	2 57 16
Nox	4 59 22	2 59 22	2 59 13
Maud B	5 08 40	3 08 40	3 06 00
Mirage	5 09 52	3 09 52	3 08 46
Salloa	5 11 02	3 11 02	3 09 03
Quickstep	5 13 53	3 13 53	3 12 11
Wang	5 17 07	3 17 07	3 16 17
Wona	5 17 48	3 17 48	3 17 48
Wa Wa	5 18 20	3 18 20	3 14 50

Thursday was another light day, the wind being N. W. when the 10-mile course was laid out to leeward but soon shifting to S. E. The wind was fluky and variable. The times were:

Start at 11 A. M.	FIRST CLASS.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Vreda	4 23 10	5 23 10	5 23 10
Winnetta	4 35 10	5 35 40	5 34 14
Condor	4 56 45	5 56 45	5 51 45

42FT. CLASS.

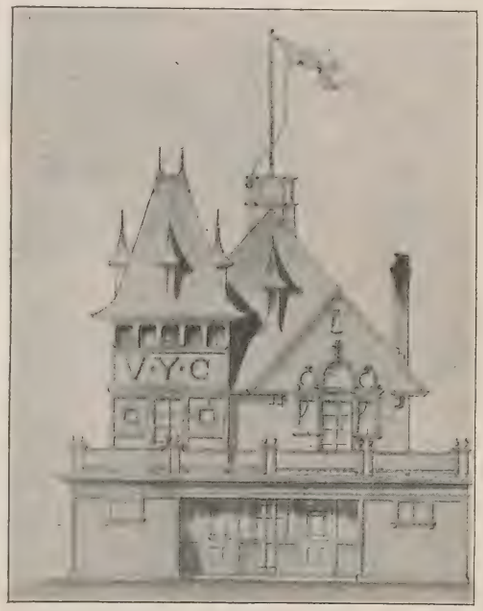
Start at 11 A. M.			
Zelma	4 41 30	5 41 30	5 41 11
Aggie	4 42 14	5 42 14	5 42 14

32FT. CLASS.

Start at 11:10 A. M.			
Alert	5 26 40	6 16 40	6 16 30
Erma	5 33 07	6 23 07	6 20 01
Nancy	5 36 30	6 26 30	6 21 42
Echo	5 36 09	6 26 09	6 22 10
Eva	5 36 20	6 26 20	6 24 04
Lotus	5 45 53	6 35 53	6 31 50
Cyprus	5 48 40	6 48 40	. . .
Vedette	6 13 32	7 13 32	. . .
Norma	Did not finish.		
Nadia	Did not finish.		

Start at 2 P. M.	22FT. CLASS		
Ko Ko	4 59 30	2 59 30	2 57 57
Upstart	5 17 44	3 17 44	3 06 49
Enid	5 09 15	3 09 15	3 08 48
Caruli	5 11 02	3 11 02	3 11 02
Scallawag	5 13 51	3 13 51	3 13 39
Frou-Frou	5 13 48	3 21 48	3 14 34
Carita	5 21 48	3 21 48	3 21 24
Volunteer	5 24 22	3 24 22	3 23 49
Daisy	5 27 37	3 27 37	3 27 28
Isis	5 37 50	3 37 50	. . .
Zanita	5 55 34	3 55 34	. . .

Illaway and Eclipse did not finish.



VICTORIA YACHT CLUB.

Three classes of skiffs also raced over a course inside Burlington Bay, the times being:

Started at 10 o'clock, 17 starters:

16FT. CLASS.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Gracie, Toronto	1 04 00	3 04 00
Restless, Hamilton	1 05 30	3 05 30
Zephyr, Hamilton	1 05 55	3 05 55

Started at 3 o'clock, 3 starters:

20FT. CLASS.

Bessie, Toronto	4 47 45	1 47 45
Myra, Toronto	5 01 30	2 01 30
Alliance, Toronto	Did not finish.	

Started at 3:10, 7 starters:

18FT. CLASS.

Alonquin, Toronto	5 47 20	2 37 20
Zononi, Hamilton	5 57 55	2 47 55
Elva, Hamilton	6 29 20	3 19 20

On Friday the wind was variable in strength and direction, with a squall in the afternoon. The races were for the 37ft., 32ft. and 22ft. classes, with 3 classes of skiffs. The yachts sailed 4 miles to windward and return, twice around for the 37 and 32ft. classes and once for the 22ft. class. Ko Ko led her class, but was disabled in the squall, as was Eva in the 32ft. class. The skiff Upstart was entered with the 22-footers and won. The times were:

37ft. class started at 2 o'clock. Corrected time—Vivia, Toronto, 3.35.19; Dinah, Hamilton, 3.45.00.

32ft class started at 2:10—Alert, Hamilton, 4.24.11; Vedette, Toronto, 4.32.17; Erma, Toronto, 5.10.02; Nancy, Hamilton, 5.12.30; Nadia, Lotus, Echo and Eva, of Hamilton, and Norma, of Kingston, also started.

22ft. class started at 2:20—Upstart, Toronto, 2.16.20; Scallawag, Hamilton, 2.26 04; Caruli, Hamilton, 2.28.01; Isis, Oswego, 2.31.01; Carita, Charlotte, 2.31.46; Illaway, Hamilton, 2.34.41; Enid, Toronto, 2.36.42; Ko ko, Toronto, 2.43.40; Midget, Hamilton, 2.45 21.

The Lake Sailing Skiff Association races came off over a triangular course on the bay side and resulted as follows:

16ft. class started at 10—Viva, Picton, 2.13.10; Gracie, Toronto, 2.19.54; Bernice, Toronto, 2.25.00; Isa R., Toronto, 2.27.10; Zephyr, Dottie, Sandfly and Wanita, all of Hamilton, also started.

20ft. class started at 3 o'clock—Bessie, Toronto, 2.19.20; Myra, Toronto, 2.23.21; Alliance, Toronto, did not finish.

18ft. class started at 3:10—Frou-Frou, Toronto, 2.34.20; Ethel, Toronto, 2.31.30; Algonquin, Toronto, 2.32.15; Elva, Hypathia, Ellia and Lenoni, all of Hamilton, also started.

On Saturday the yachts started for the Walker Cup, but failed to finish within the time limit, the race being postponed until August. The meet was a success throughout, the only drawback being the absence of the American division of the fleet, very few American yachts being present. The visitors were most hospitably treated by the Hamilton yacht, both of the Royal Hamilton and the Victoria Y. C., something being devised for every evening. The complete record of winners is as follows:

First class—Vreda, three firsts; Winnetta, three seconds; Condor, one third.

42ft. class—Zelma, three firsts; Aggie, three seconds.

37ft. class—Dinah, two firsts and one second; Vivia, one first and two seconds.

27ft. class—Sylvia, two firsts and one second; Sybil, one first; Mirage, one second and one third; Salola, one third; Nox, one second; Maud B., one third.

32ft. class—Alert, two firsts; Erma, one first, one second and one third; Echo, one second; Vedette, one second; Nancy, two thirds.

22ft. class—Ko Ko, two firsts; Upstart, one first and one second; Eclipse and Scallawag, one third; Frou-Frou, Enid and Caruli, one third.

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 27.

Following the Hull Y. C. series, the Quincy Y. C. finished out the week very appropriately with an open race on Saturday, sailed in a good southerly breeze, with a hard squall from S.W. thrown in. The times were:

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Harbinger, W. F. & C. F. Bache	28.03	2 05 00	1 36 12
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	2 10 50	1 39 18
Ida J., F. C. Beekman	28.00	2 08 56	1 40 36
Emma C., P. A. Coupal	28.10	2 16 07	1 45 52
Mudjekeewis, Davis & Abbott	25.10	2 18 14	1 47 04
White Fawn, A. E. Jones	25.01	2 22 47	1 50 49
Whisper, W. H. Stimpson	27.11	Not timed.	
Heroine, C. J. Smith	28.00	Not timed.	

SECOND CLASS.

Rex, John B. Farrell	24.00	2 11 53	1 38 41
Savitar, Otis, Cook et al	24.09	2 11 15	1 38 54
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw	24.10	2 24 26	1 52 11
Adolph, Henry Moebs	22.04	2 39 27	2 04 13
Swirl, Henry M. Faxon	. . .	Disabled.	
Posy, R. G. Hunt	. . .	Not timed.	

THIRD CLASS.

Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.10	2 18 19	1 44 56
Satanic, Wm. Daly, Jr	23.04	2 19 08	1 45 09
Romance, Loring & Sears	21.05	2 19 13	1 46 36

FOURTH CLASS.

Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	1 20 12	0 51 12
Rooster, Adams Bros	19.10	1 19 41	0 52 38
Kayoshk, F. B. Rice	20.11	1 20 11	0 54 14
Opechee, H. P. Barker	19.09	1 23 06	0 55 57
Joker, E. W. Putnam, Jr	20.02	Did not finish.	

FIFTH CLASS.

Alpine, C. J. Souther	17.07	1 34 37	1 05 01
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton	16.08	1 48 39	1 17 53
Vision, Geo. Crane	. . .	1 37 46	. . .
Evadene, R. M. Bonner	18.03	Did not finish.	
Nachita, G. E. Hills	16.09	Did not finish.	

SIXTH CLASS.

Wildfire, H. A. Keith	17.06	1 33 22	1 03 39
Sphinx, Arthur Keith	17.06	1 36 10	1 06 27
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	1 42 38	1 11 33
Imp, L. A. Horton	16.01	1 43 29	1 11 55

SEVENTH CLASS.

Nabob, H. W. Friend	. . .	1 24 02	1 24 02
La Chica, C. V. Souther	. . .	1 24 37	1 24 37
Nike, C. F. Jacobs	. . .	1 27 56	1 27 56
Spinster, L. W. Clark	. . .	1 28 03	1 28 03
Bessie Lee, A. E. Schoaf	. . .	1 28 44	1 28 44

EIGHTH CLASS.

Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	14.11	1 40 53	1 07 43
Primrose, Grey & Ware	14.06	1 43 18	1 09 25
Cutty Sark, M. M. Torrance	14.05	1 47 25	1 32 24

The winner in Class 6, Wildfire, is just 21 years old, this being her first race in a long time, though she was once a flyer.

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Saturday, July 27.

The third regatta of the new Duxbury Y. C. was sailed on July 27 in a S.W. breeze that freshened from a light air until a number of boats were reefed. The times were:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Fedora, E. P. Wadsworth	17.00	2 27 59	1 36 16
Myles Standish, Boyer Bros	21.06	2 20 04	1 36 29
Hecla, Graham and Pratt	16.06	2 47 53	1 54 46
Hector, C. P. Blinn	14.02	2 58 41	1 59 40

FIRST CLASS.

Future, W. O. Whitman	21.11	2 15 32	1 32 38
Wild Duck, G. H. Brown	29.06	2 29 29	1 50 19

SECOND CLASS.

Fanny D., Melbourne MacDowell	19.09	2 07 03	1 20 31
Nancy Hanks, P. Maglathlin	19.11	2 09 27	1 23 13
Priscilla, W. W. Goodwin	18.09	2 30 02	1 41 38
Random, F. B. Norwood	17.06	Did not finish.	

THIRD CLASS.

Honest John, J. C. Dawes	16.00	1 15 20	0 48 11
Amie, M. S. Weston	16.09	1 19 28	0 48 11
Flosshilda, T. P. Currier	15.00	1 19 45	0 51 21

FOURTH CLASS.

Vigilant, A. M. Watson, Jr	16.11	1 12 10	0 46 15
Ellen B., C. F. Bradford	16.02	1 13 17	0 46 20
Maj. D., C. H. Drew	16.02	1 14 09	0 47 07
Eunice B., I. Symes	17.01	1 14 02	0 48 07
Tom Jeff, S. Richards	16.07	1 18 23	0 51 55
Gypsy Girl, W. Steele	16.02	1 19 34	0 52 57
Lady May, M. MacDowell	17.07	1 18 25	0 53 02
Kathrine, R. Winsor	16.08	Not timed.	
Nattalie, H. M. Jones	16.10	Disabled.	

FIFTH CLASS.

Solitaire, B. B. Baker	17.09	1 13 17	0 48 05
Dolphin, N. Norton	16.04	1 18 38	0 51 53
Perhaps, T. S. Diman	16.00	1 18 31	0 51 42
Water Witch, Graham	17.01	1 25 23	0 59 29

SIXTH CLASS.

Clear the Track, O. Hunt	15.06	1 18 37	0 50 51
Hornet, A. W. Watson	Not timed.		

Fanny D. was again successful, winning a second leg for the challenge cup.

American Y. C.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Saturday, July 27.

The second regatta of the American Y. C. was sailed off Newburyport on July 27 in a strong S.W breeze, the times being:

SECOND CLASS.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Raccoon, P. J. Lowell	1 28 45	0 55 58
Alma, R. Bigelow	1 30 45	0 58 39
Idono, W. T. Wilson	1 33 57	1 00 33



CYPRUS.

Spurt, Kenny & Walsh	1 40 00	1 03 56
Rogue, L. H. Balch	Did not finish.	

THIRD CLASS.

Flirt, William Hitchcock	1 17 02	0 59 56
Cheetash, George Stone	1 21 43	0 56 31
Voodo, William Balch	1 38 21	1 12 39
Romadillo, E. P. Durland	Did not finish.	
Fly, Herbert Noyes	Did not finish.	

FOURTH CLASS.

——, L. Lunt	0 57 05	. .
Elsie, T. French	Did not finish.	
Isla, D. H. Page	Did not finish.	

Raccoon parted her throat halliards, but still won.

Hull Y. C. Regattas.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

July 24, 25, 26.

THE Hull Y. C. sailed a series of three open regattas on July 24, 25 and 26, with a large number of entries and well-filled classes, including many of the best boats of the large and growing fleet about Boston harbor. The races were open to all yachts of under 37ft. sailing length, enrolled in an organized yacht club and regularly entered with the secretary of the local Congress of Regatta Committees, which was recently organized to secure harmony in the racing arrangements among the clubs. The Hull Y. C. made every effort to entertain visiting yachtsmen, and the three days' racing passed off most successfully save for the lack of wind on the final day. The presence of the 30-footers Salmon and Ashumet from Buzzard's Bay, the former sailed by Messrs. H. J. and Ward Burton, owners of Onawa, with such boats as Harbinger, Beatrice, Satanic, Gleaner and Rooster, made keen racing in every class. The first race, on July 24, was sailed in a rather light S.W. wind, the times being:

CLASS A.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ashumet, C. H. Jones	35.02	3 36 05	3 01 14
Salmon, W. E. C. Eustis	33.02	3 39 33	3 02 32
Handsel, J. R. Hooper	31.09	3 43 19	3 04 39
FIRST CLASS.			
Harbinger, C. F. Bache	28.03	3 02 59	2 31 18
Heroine, C. J. Smith	28.00	3 23 07	2 57 11
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	25.06	Did not finish.	
CLASS B.			
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.01	1 36 38	1 05 47
Satanic, Wm. Daly, Jr.	22.07	1 39 51	1 08 26
Romance, L. Sears	24.06	1 39 23	1 10 01
Exit, A. H. Higginson	21.10	1 54 27	1 22 10
SECOND CLASS.			
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	1 39 48	1 09 55
Susie, J. F. Cole	23.02	1 43 01	1 12 18
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	1 48 18	1 15 43
Hazard	24.06	1 47 43	1 18 21
Clara, Walter Burgess	24.10	1 49 03	1 20 01
Savitar, Otis et al	24.09	1 49 22	1 20 15
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.04	1 53 16	1 21 34
Adolph, H. Moebs	22.04	2 01 47	1 30 05
THIRD CLASS.			
Rooster, C. F. Adams 2d	19.10	1 52 37	1 17 50
Evadne, R. M. Benner	18.03	1 55 02	1 17 59
Cocheco, H. E. Yerxa	18.11	1 55 55	1 19 51
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	1 57 35	1 20 18
Joker, B. W. Putnam, Jr.	20.02	1 57 19	1 22 58
Opechee, W. P. Barker	19.09	1 59 27	1 24 33
Kayoshk, F. B. Rice	20.11	2 02 14	1 28 51
In It, R. B. Williams	18.08	2 11 43	1 35 18
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Hobo, T. W. King	21.00	2 02 35	. . ..
Nabob, H. W. Friend	21.00	2 09 52	. . ..
Sally, D. C. Percival, Jr.	21.00	2 11 05	. . ..
Nike, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	2 11 22	. . ..
Spinster, L. M. Clark	21.00	2 19 42	. . ..
La Chica, C. N. Souther	21.00	2 20 41	. . ..
FOURTH CLASS.			
Sphinx, Arthur Keith	17.06	2 01 49	1 23 38
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.07	2 03 37	1 25 34
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton	16.08	2 21 38	1 42 05
Fedora, O. Higgins	17.02	2 23 41	1 44 57
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	2 29 40	1 49 41
Nachita, Geo. E. Hills	16.09	Did not finish.	
Mirage, C. Schindler	17.09	Did not finish.	
FIFTH CLASS.			
Katydid, C. B. Pear	14.00	1 43 31	1 18 44
Cutty Sark, M. M. Torrance	14.05	1 47 02	1 22 44
Icurez, Geo. Walsh	14.08	Did not finish.	
Princess, Gay & Ware	14.06	Did not finish.	
Wee Wee, J. L. Sturtevant	14.03	Did not finish.	

In the evening the regular promenade concert was given at the club house.

The second day, July 25, had more wind, but from the same quarter, the breeze being light at the start, but freshening until reefs were turned in on some of the boats. Salmon broke her gaff and withdrew. Harbinger fouled the mark at the finish. The times were:

CLASS A.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Handsel, James R. Hooper	31.09	3 40 22	3 01 42
Ashumet, C. H. Jones	33.02	3 39 23	3 04 32
Salmon, W. E. C. Eustis	....	Did not finish.	
FIRST CLASS.			
Beatrice, John Cavanagh	25.06	2 22 37	1 47 55
Heroine, C. A. J. Smith	28.00	2 36 33	2 04 37
Harbinger		Disqualified.	
CLASS B—JIB AND MAINSAILS.			
Satanic, Wm. Daly, Jr.	22.07	1 30 01	0 58 36
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.01	1 30 45	0 59 54
Exit, A. H. Higginson	21.10	1 34 17	1 02 00
Romance, Loring Sears	24.06	1 32 31	1 03 09
SECOND CLASS.			
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	1 35 57	1 03 22
Susie, J. F. Cole	23.02	1 35 13	1 04 27
Posy, R. G. Hunt	22.04	1 33 34	1 06 52
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	1 36 56	1 07 03
Adolph, Henry Moebs	24.04	1 39 33	1 07 51
Ariel, Fred Barrett	21.03	1 41 41	1 08 42
Savitar, Otis et al	24.09	1 38 21	1 09 14
Clara	....	Withdrew.	
Hazard	....	Withdrew.	
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Nabob, H. W. Friend	21.00	1 32 49	. . ..
La Chica, C. V. Souther	21.00	1 33 00	. . ..
Spinster, L. M. Clark	21.00	1 33 14	. . ..
Sally, D. C. Percival	21.00	1 33 23	. . ..
Nike, T. E. Jacobs	21.00	1 33 33	. . ..
Hullo, M. Taylor	21.00	1 35 00	. . ..
Hobo, T. W. King	21.00	1 39 52	. . ..
THIRD CLASS.			
Rooster, Adams Bros.	19.10	1 27 19	0 52 32
Evadne, R. M. Benner	18.03	1 33 07	0 56 04
Kayoshk, F. B. Rice	20.11	1 32 13	0 58 50
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	1 42 37	1 05 20
Joker, B. W. Putnam, Jr.	20.02	1 42 12	1 07 51
Zoe, J. McCarthy	19.06	1 43 11	1 07 56
Cocheco	....	Withdrew.	
Opechee	....	Withdrew.	
Trilby	....	Withdrew.	
FOURTH CLASS.			
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	17.07	1 31 43	0 53 40
Sphinx, Arthur Keith	17.06	1 39 06	1 00 55
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton	16.08	1 40 56	1 01 23
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	1 43 10	1 03 11
Fedora, O. Higgins	17.02	1 45 16	1 06 32
Mirage, Carl Schindler	17.09	1 47 00	1 09 12
Nachita, Geo. Hills	16.09	1 50 54	1 11 20
FIFTH CLASS.			
Katy Did, C. B. Pear	14.00	1 06 08	0 41 21
Princess, Gay & Ware	14.06	1 06 07	0 41 57
Cutty Sark, M. M. Torrance	14.05	1 07 32	0 43 14
Penquin, Ned Robinson	14.06	1 08 06	0 43 54
Tantrum, F. D. Perkins	14.11	1 09 31	0 45 46
Icurez, Geo. Walsh	14.08	1 17 31	0 53 30
Wee Wee	....	Withdrew.	

The third day found almost a flat calm and though the yachts started but one finished within the time limit, the little Rooster coming home with but 4s. to spare. The race will be re-sailed.

Hull Corinthian Y. C.

HULL—BOSTON HARBOR.

Tuesday, July 23.

THE Hull Corinthian Y. C. sailed a race on July 23 for knockabouts in the regular class and for boats not over 24ft. l.w.l. with no bowsprit, the jib being tacked to the stemhead. The 21-footer Romance unshipped her bowsprit and entered under a staysail forward in the second class. The wind was fresh from the north and a good race was sailed, the times being:

FIRST CLASS.

	Elapsed.
La Chica, J. J. Souther	1 21 40
Nabob, H. W. Friend	1 23 12
Hobo, T. W. King	1 24 27
Nike, T. E. Jacobs	1 24 31
Sally, D. C. Percival	1 25 03
Hullo, Hull Y. C	1 25 28
Spinster II., T. M. Clark	Withdrew.
SECOND CLASS.	
Romance, Loring Sears	1 25 23
Cocheco, H. W. Yerxa	1 26 59
Polly	1 28 51
Redwing, C. T. Lovering	1 38 15
Nachita	1 47 51
Toyo, F. O. North	Withdrew.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. L. W. Ferdinand & Co., of Boston, the manufacturers of yacht and boat hardware and fittings, have lately published a very appropriate and effective advertisement in the shape of a chart and "Sailing Directions for Reaching Prosperity Island," which will interest yachtsmen.

Steam Launches.

MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

9-23. A. C. A., 16th annual meeting, Bluff Point, Lake Champlain.

SEPTEMBER.

Red Dragon fall regatta, Delaware River.

A. C. A. Meet.

MEMBERS of the A. C. A. who intend going to camp this year are urgently requested to purchase their tickets at No. 413 Broadway (N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Co. ticket office) as early as practicable, so that the transportation committee may be informed of the exact number from this vicinity. It is proposed—should the response warrant it—to have a special sleeping car attached to the train leaving Grand Central Depot at 6:25 P. M. Friday night, the 9th inst., solely for the accommodation of the members of the A. C. A. and their friends. To do this it is necessary to have eighteen tickets purchased on or before Wednesday, the 8th inst., so that the car may be ordered in time. Members of the A. C. A. are cordially requested to co-operate in this plan.

A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: Howard Jerome Hildt. Eastern Division: Chas. B. Damon, Cochituate, Mass.; Frederic B. Knapp, Boston, Mass. Central Division: Geo. H. Harris, W. H. Williamson and Geo. J. Keyes, Rochester, N. Y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Shooting at the Bisley Meeting.

LONDON, England, July 22.—The Bisley meeting finished on July 20. There was no rain all the meeting till the last day, and then it made up for it by raining hard most of the day.

The meeting was one of the most successful that has been held there. There was a great deal of wind almost the whole fortnight, which prevented the 50yd. revolver scores equaling those made by Mr. Winans last year, when he had two consecutive scores of 41 in the military and target revolver series. Still several records were broken. Below are details:

Military revolver, series 1, target moving at the rate of a slow walk at 20yds. distance, 2in. bullseye: The former best on record was 41 out of a possible 42. Mr. Winans was leading for this with a score of 40 until the last day, and then finding that he needed 2 more points to put him ahead for the military revolver aggregate prize (having made a bad score in military series 4), began shooting again and made the first highest possible ever recorded in any of the moving or disappearing targets at Bisley.

We inclose the full-sized diagram of the score with 7 shots on the bullseye, the seventh shot being fired after he had won the competition in order to make a record of as many bullseyes as he could consecutively; his eighth shot was a 6, so he stopped shooting. The bullseye he made after winning is the highest one on the diagram.

Military series 2, target appearing and disappearing at intervals of 3 seconds at 20yds., 2in. bull, was won by Mr. Winans with the best on record score of 41.

For series 3, 6 shots in 12 seconds at 20yds. on a 2in. bull, Mr. Winans

SCORE



was leading with a score of 38 out of a possible 42, equaling his last year's best on record, but as said above, in order to improve his military aggregate scores he shot again, first making 39 and then a still better 39, all the shots being in the bull or almost touching it on the right edge. This won the prize and is the best on record for this series.

The next military series 4, 6 shots at a stationary target, only two entries allowed, was won with a score of 42 by Capt. Heath, Mr. Winans having a blow-off on account of wind, which spoiled his scores.

Military series 5, 50yds. target, was won by Mr. Winans with a score of 40.

Target, or "any," revolver series 1, at a moving target, was divided between Mr. Joynt and Mr. Winans with equal scores of 40.

In series 2, disappearing targets for any revolvers, no less than three competitors made a score of 41, Messrs. Winans, Joynt and Pritchard, they dividing first prize.

For any revolver, series 3, 6 shots in 12 seconds, Mr. Winans put all except his fourth shot in the bullseye, scoring with that a 5, total 40 out of a possible 42—the best on record.

Series 4, stationary target, 20yds., only two entries allowed, Lord Cairns won with a highest possible score.

Fifty yards, target revolver, was won by Lieut. Pritchard with a score of 39, two points less than Mr. Winans's record score, the latter scoring one point less. As said before, the wind was too high for good scoring at 50yds.

The military revolver aggregate was won by Mr. Winans with a score of 193, Mr. Joynt coming next with one point less. The any revolver aggregate was won by Mr. Winans with a score of 196, Mr. Joynt being second with six points less. The revolver grand aggregate, constituting the revolver championship of England, was again won by Mr. Walter Winans with a score of 389, Mr. Joynt (the revolver champion of Ireland) being second with seven points less.

The only score of 42 made in revolver pools this year was made by Mr. Winans, who also made top score at his first entry in the Winans competition for revolvers at an advancing target. This ran from 50 p to 15yds., the six shots to be fired during the run. Mr. Winans thought this would be a practical shoot, so gave the prize. He shot the first entry at it ever fired, scoring a 6 at the first shot and all bullseyes the remaining shots, scoring 41, which remains the best on record. This trophy was won by Lieut. Chitty (champion revolver shot of India) with a score of 39, Mr. Winans waiving his claim to taking a prize in a competition given by himself.

The great feature of this year's revolver shooting has been the number of Smith & Wesson revolvers used at Bisley.

Till the present year there were not more that some three competitors using that make of revolver, but this year, although the actual number will not be know till the report is published—about Christmas—it is known that many, if not almost all, of the top scores were made with them, all the best shots using them almost without exception. Mr. Winans used a Smith & Wesson and U. M. C. ammunition: Mr. Joynt a Colt with Eley's ammunition, both black powder. Lord Cairns used both a Colt and a Smith & Wesson: we believe his highest possible score was made with the latter. Lieut. Chitty used a Colt.

There seems to have been some danger in using smokeless powder in rifles at this meeting. One competitor using Cannonite in a Lee-Metford rifle burst the breech and injured an eye. It is thought he had a bullet strip and leave its envelope in the barrel the previous shot. A competitor with a double-barreled hunting rifle, who won the cup for that style of shooting, had a striker blow out with Cordite powder, the striker passing through the brim of his hat, and another badly strained the breech of a similar rifle in the same competition.

Hay Hurst, of Canada, won the Queen's Prize for rifle shooting. As the party of Canadians carrying him shoulder high in a chair passed Mr. Winans's cottage, they cheered the Stars and Stripes fluttering on the gable. The cheers were returned with interest by Mr. Winans's party, who were sitting on the piazza watching the finish of the competition.

Cincinnati Riflemen.

CINCINNATI, O., July 28.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, 3lb. trigger pull, rifles under 10lbs. weight, standard target, 7-ring black. Scores:

Gindele	8	9	8	10	10	8	8	10	8	8	8—87
	8	6	10	10	7	7	6	10	10	10	10—84
	7	9	7	8	8	8	8	10	9	9	9—83
	10	9	10	8	10	7	8	10	10	9	9—91
Weinheimer	10	7	7	9	5	6	8	9	6	6	6—73
	7	8	6	7	6	9	5	8	9	8	8—73
	6	7	8	8	7	8	6	7	6	6	6—69
	3	8	8	5	6	8	6	10	7	9	7—70
Payne	9	8	7	8	7	10	7	7	10	8	8—81
	8	8	6	10	8	8	9	9	9	8	8—83
	7	10	6	7	8	6	8	10	7	8	7—77
	8	9	7	7	10	10	5	8	8	8	8—80
Nestler	7	10	8	10	8	8	9	10	8	9	8—87
	10	8	8	8	8	7	6	10	8	7	7—79
	7	10	8	8	10	9	8	5	8	10	8—83
	8	9	6	8	8	10	8	9	8	8	6—80
Drube	8	10	5	6	10	10	9	8	9	9	5—80
	9	7	7	8	7	8	10	10	7	7	6—79
	9	7	9	6	8	9	9	5	5	5	9—76
	7	9	8	6	6	7	9	8	6	8	8—73
Roberts	6	6	10	7	8	7	10	8	9	7	7—78
	8	7	10	6	7	9	6	8	8	10	7—79
	5	9	6	9	8	8	8	7	10	10	10—80
	8	8	7	7	8	6	8	10	8	6	7—76
Topf	6	3	8	9	5	5	4	2	9	7	5—58
	7	9	4	4	9	7	7	10	6	6	6—69
	6	4	9	4	6	5	6	9	9	6	6—64
	6	9	6	8	6	7	5	6	1	2	5—57
Strickmeier	5	4	10	8	7	7	7	5	6	6	6—65
	10	7	8	7	4	3	6	6	6	8	6—65
	9	7	9	9	8	9	9	7	6	9	8—82
	7	6	7	6	5	7	4	4	8	1	1—56

Pacific Slope Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 28.—The attendance at Shell Mound Range to-day was light. It was "bullseye day" with the Schuetzen clubs. Most of the German marksmen who went to the great shoot at Glendale Park, L. I., were present and receiving the congratulations of their shooting friends. Following are the scores of the Columbia Club all comers' contests:

Rodgers medal, 50yds., standard target, for ladies only, 22-cal. rifles: Mrs. L. J. Crane 97, Mrs. Nichols 89.

Kuhule medal, 200yds., any rifle: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 85, G. Schultz 80.

Blanding medal, pistol, 50yds., S. Carr 96, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 94, C. M. Daiss 91.

Several of the enthusiastic Columbians are away summering, hence the few entries. ROEEL.

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, July 26.—Owing to the Bisley rifle meeting, no scores of any account have been made at either the North or South London rifle clubs' revolver competitions lately, so they are not worth detailing. The totals for the revolver championship of the North London Rifle Club are not made up yet. For the South London the following are in the lead:

Walter Winans 319, Knapp 290, T. W. Heath 305, E. H. Howe 280, J. Howard 271.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 8-10.—ROME, N. Y.—Tournament of the Rome Gun Club; targets. W. P. Rayland, Sec'y.

Aug. 9-10.—NEW ORLEANS, La.—Tournament of the Inter-state Association, under the auspices of the Louisiana Gun Club; $200 added money.

Aug. 14.—MARLIN, Falls County, Texas.—All-day shoot of the Marlin Gun Club.

Aug. 15.—WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—All-day shoot of the White Plains Gun Club; live birds and targets. Chas. H. Banks, Sec'y.

Aug. 15.—ELKWOOD PARK, Long Branch, N. J.—Opening tournament at targets; 100-target handicap race, $10 entrance.

Aug. 16.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—All-day shoot of the Boston Shooting Association.

Aug. 19.—PADUCAH, Ky.—First annual tournament of the Paducah Gun Club. T. J Moore, Sec'y.

Aug. 20.—WEST END, N. J.—Hollywood championship, 100 live birds, $100 entrance, 30yds. rise. Entries close Aug. 13, to J. S. Hoey, manager.

Aug. 20-23.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

Aug. 27.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Second monthly tournament of the Home City Gun Club; targets; professionals barred.

Aug. 27-29.—CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Charlotte Gun Club.

Aug. 28-29.—FREDERICK, Md.—Two days' tournament of the Frederick Gun Club, at targets.

Aug. 29-30.—SHERBURNE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Aug. 30-31.—CHICAGO, Ill.—First monthly shoot of the Cook county Trap-Shooters' League. Chas. Grubbs, manager.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Saturday afternoon practice shoots are common enough in the vicinity of this city, but such shoots rarely bring out the members of the different clubs in any sort of shape. Why don't more clubs follow the example of the Peekskill and Newburgh Gun Clubs, of New York State, and of the Passaic and Maplewood Gun Clubs, of New Jersey? With such clubs as the Climax of Plainfield, South Side of Newark, Brunswick of New Brunswick, Boiling Springs of Rutherford, Elizabeth of Elizabeth, Endeavor of Jersey City, Union of Springfield, etc., all in New Jersey, series of inter-club team contests should be more numerous than they are. A team contest, 10 or 12 men a side, forms the nucleus for a good day's sport, besides creating more enthusiasm among club members than a dozen practice shoots.

The "Hollywood Championship" at live birds, under the management of J. S. Hoey, manager, of Hollywood, West End, N. J., is announced for Aug. 20, at 11 A. M., on the Hollywood Shooting grounds. The conditions governing are: 100 live birds, $100 entrance, 30yds. rise; entries to close on Tuesday, Aug. 13; five entries to fill; 50% to the first, 30% to the second, 10% to the third, with 10% to the club; post entries, $150, will be received up to noon on the day of the contest. Up to Aug. 5 Mr. Hoey had received three entries.

Fred Hoey arrived in this city on Sunday, August 4, after an extended tour through Europe. He has tested the quality of the birds at the Gun Club, London; at Monaco, Paris, Rome and Aix-les-Bains, and has brought back with him a high opinion of those birds as flyers. On the whole, his trip may be described as a most successful one, Hoey having shown the Europeans that there are Americans who can shoot live birds. It is said that he contemplates a return to the Monaco grounds in 1896.

A curious coincidence occurred in a sweep shoot at Dexter Park, L. I., on the afternoon of July 30: The sweep had six entries and six different brands of nitro powder were used. The contestants and their powders were: L. H. Schortemeier, E. C.; M. Herrington, W. A.; J. H. Richmond, Walsrode; Dr. G. V. Hudson, American Wood; W. E. Hogan, Schultze, and J. H. Voss, DuPont's Smokeless.

A recent issue of the Pittsburg, Pa., *Dispatch* contains some particulars of a team match that was to be decided, according to the above authority, on Aug. 8. The race was stated to be for five-men teams from clubs in Ohio, West Virginia and Pennsylvania, 50 targets per man. A trophy was to be donated by the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, under whose auspices the shoot was to be held.

H. M. Federhen, Jr., Secretary of the Boston, Mass., Shooting Association, has issued a programme of an all-day shoot of the Association at Wellington, Mass., on Friday next, Aug. 16. On this date one of the programme events will be the five-men team championship contest for the *Shooting and Fishing* trophy. Besides a team for the home club, teams for Worcester, Mass., and other clubs will compete.

A notice is given elsewhere of the Interstate Association's programme for the Charlotte, N. C., shoot on Aug. 27-29. There will be quite a delegation of shooters from this part of the country, who will journey to Charlotte for the sake of showing their appreciation of the sportsmanlike qualities of the promoter of that tournament—Col. J. T. Anthony.

Capt. Money has been showing the English trap-shooters that we know how to break targets over here. The Captain held up his end with the boys, winning quite his share of the purses. The club he shot with was the West Kent Gun Club, of Eltham.

The organization of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League will be a good thing for trap-shooting in Chicago. The example of the Chicago trap-shooters might be followed in several localities with much resultant benefit to the sport.

That was quite a team race last Saturday afternoon at Chicago. Teams of 18 men from the Eureka and Garfield Gun Clubs, of Chicago, Ills., met, each team shooting at 450 targets. The Eurekas won by 6 targets—370 to 364.

Next week will be a very quiet one in the trap-shooting world, judging from our list of fixtures. The Pennsylvania State shoot at Holmesburg Junction is the main attraction for the week following.

Long races are becoming much more popular as the degree of expertness of shooters increases; 25 and 50-target races will be much more common next year than they were this season.

We understand that the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., will in all probability give a two day's tournament toward the latter part of September; first day—targets, second day—live birds.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., realized quite a little sum at their shoot on August 3, held for the benefit of the cyclone sufferers at Cherry Hill, N. J.

The opening day at Elkwood Park, N. J., is to be Aug. 15, when a special programme is offered, as per a note that appears elsewhere in these columns.

The Home City Gun Club, of Springfield, O., announces that it will hold its second monthly tournament (professionals barred) on Tuesday, Aug. 27.

On July 27 the Menominee (Mich.) Gun Club defeated the Green Bay team in a match at 30 bluerocks per man by the score of 186-164.

It looks as if one was going to meet the regular old Interstate crowd at Charlotte: Heikes, Van Dyke, DuBray, U. M. C. Thomas, etc.

A gun club will be organized shortly at Faribault, Minn. The club is expected to start with a good membership.

The Sherburne, N. Y., Gun Club will hold a two-days' tournament on Aug. 29-30.

Ralph Trimble, of Covington, Ky., showed his quality at the Lafayette, Ind., shoot, reported elsewhere. EDWARD BANKS.

Albert Lea Gun Club.

ALBERT LEA, Minn., July 25.—Scores given below were made at the annual tournament of the Albert Lea Gun Club, which was held yesterday and to-day under the management of W. H. Fay. Some of the best shots in the State were in attendance, and the tournament was a complete success in every respect. As will be seen by the scores, some excellent shooting was done, Duke in the last three events on the first day breaking 48 out of 50. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7.	8.	9	10	11	12	13	14.
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	10	15	15	15	20	10	15	15	
Mitchell	7	7	12	..	..	4	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Howard	8	13	13	11	18	9	12	13	11	15	9	14	13	9
Emery	9	13	14	9	18	8	13	14	14	18	9	14	14	12
Orewood	6	..	9	..	..	6	12	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Laughlin	8	11	5	5	7	4	..	8	..	7	7	..	..	..
Burke	7	14	14	13	16	9	7	13	12	16	10	14	15	12
J C	9	11	11	13	14	8	11	12	11	19	10	13	11	13
Holt	8	12	15	13	19	10	13	13	14	19	10	15	13	12
Duke	7	13	11	13	14	8	14	13	15	20	10	13	9	12
Pettit	7	14	12	14	16	10	11	14	14	18	7	12	13	8
Morgan	9	12	11	..	..	8	13	11	..	..	9	10	..	8
Selbig	8	11	12	..	15	5	11	7	..	..	8	10	13	11
Swenson	7	6	..	12	..	6	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	8
True	9	15	13	13	17	9	15	13	10	17	9	15	13	13
Schuyler	7	7	9	..	12	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Skinner	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..
Chamberlain	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Willard	..	..	10	5	..	7	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bierbauer	..	..	13	11	16	7	10	11	11	..	9	14	14	..
Ward	..	..	14	12	16	9	10	14	13	..	8	9	10	12
Powell	..	..	8	11	16	9	12	6	13	..	8	11	12	13
Campbell	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Seulpaugh	..	..	12	13	14	7	8	12	12	17	9	12	11	10
Bird	..	..	..	11	18	7	13	11	14	16	9	12	14	12
Wade	..	..	..	14	18	8	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Chute	..	..	..	10	15	9	10	13	13	18	..	..	..	..
Jensen	..	..	..	7	11	5	..	..	..	8	8	7	..	..
Fay	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	13	14	..	..	..	..	9
Kast	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	10
Hicks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15
True, Jr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12

Nos. 1 to 10 were shot on Wednesday, July 24; Nos. 11 to 14 on Thursday, July 25. W. G. CHAMBERLAIN.

Syracuse Gun Club.

SYRACUSE, N. Y. July 25.—At the medal shoot of the Syracuse Gun Club held to-day, George Mann and D. Lefever tied for the class A medal. On the shoot off at 15 targets Mann won easily, scoring 14 to Uncle Dan's 11. Hunter won the medal in class B. Scores:

Class A.

Mann (46).....111101111111111111011011111100111111111111111
Lefever (45).....111111111111101111101011111111111011111111
Willard (50).....11101111011101011011110111000111111111011011111111
Ginty (50).....11111110011111010100101111100111011111110111111—

Class B.

Hunter (48).....11011111111011101111101111101111101111111111 —42
Morris (43).....11111011110111111111111111111011011101 —37
F Lefever (43).....11010111011101011111101101111100101111100 —31
Blizzard (45).....11101101111001110101101101010110011011111110011 —30

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 5.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The trap-shooters of Cook county, Ill., formed a permanent organization tonight under the title of Cook County Trap-Shooters' League. The officers elected were: President, R. S. Mott; Vice-President, E. E. Fox; Secretary, W. F. DeWolf; Treasurer, Dr. C. W. Carson; Governing Committee, E. B. Knott and C. B. Richards.

The League will hold monthly shoots for trophies. The first shoot will be held Aug. 30-31, under the management of Chas. Grubbs, of Montgomery Ward & Co. The first annual tournament of the League will be held during Thanksgiving week.

The League is composed of 25 clubs, with a total membership of 600. Its organization should be a great help to target-shooting in this city. E. HOUGH

WESTERN TRAPS.

THE DROPPER DROPPED ON AGAIN.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 31.—It has always been my belief that the practice of crooked shooting was something to be laid partly at the door of weak-minded managements as well as crooked-minded shooters, and I have thought that a few examples made of crooked shooters would be worth pages of resolutions in programmes. Following hard upon the Chamberlin shoot, in which two shooters were disqualified for dishonest shooting, comes word of the second case on record where dropping has been punished. I am indebted to the *Tribune*, of Chicago, for the following report of the Princeton, Ill., tournament, which briefly states the incident referred to as below:

"The eighth annual tournament of the Princeton Gun Club July 30 was attended by seventy marksmen from various towns of the State, in addition to local teams. Many of the contestants materially lowered their records. Winship, of Putnam, after breaking 23 birds in the single 30 shoot, was ruled out, the referee claiming he had been induced to miss the next bird for the sake of capturing a full second money."

The above is all the news at hand of the occurrence, and I do not know of Winship personally. It seems to show, however, that there is one more management which is not disposed to hearken any longer to the old-time query: "How are you going to prove it?" Any management or any shooter who knows much about the tournament game can see it and know it in at least some of its most flagrant forms. Very often it is only a question really of "How can you help seeing it?" After a while we shall hear more of managements who believe their own eyes and who are not scared about acting on such testimony.

It appears that Princeton shoot must have been a good one. In many events there were over forty entries. The scores:

Team shoot: Sheffield 100, Neponset 99, Princeton 95, Kewanee 91, out of a possible 120.

Championship gold medal: Studley, of Neponset, won, score 30 out of a possible 30; Bacon, of Henry, second, score 29.

Fifteen singles: J. F. Wagner, of Princeton, won, score 15; Studley, of Neponset, and Alexander, of Sheffield, tied for second.

Twelve singles: The following broke 12 each, dividing the first prize: Brown, of Princeton; Kopp, of Kewanee; Wagner and Stewart, of Princeton, and Winship, of Putnam.

Twenty singles: The following broke 19 and divided: Parchen, of Ohio; Bacon, of Henry; D. Word, of Henry; Huckins, of Neponset, and Brown, of Princeton.

Fourteen singles: Studley, of Neponset, won, scoring 14.

Ten singles: Winship and Alexander tied, scoring 10 each.

Twelve singles: Snow, of Neponset, won, scoring 12.

Twenty-five singles: Huckins won, scoring 25; Baker and Studley second, scoring 24 each.

Five doubles: Huckins won, scoring 9.

EDDIE MANAGES.

Eddie Bingham, of the hand-loaded shell department of Montgomery Ward & Co., will in a couple of days put a few hundred weight of "Yellow Label" shells in his carpet bag and start for Lake Geneva, Wis., where the Lake Geneva Gun Club have a two days' shoot, Aug. 2 and 3, which Eddie is to manage. Montgomery Ward & Co. give a fine gun case for best daily average the second day. An attractive little programme is offered and the event will of course be smooth and pleasant. Targets thrown at 2 cents.

CARRIES A CHIP.

The Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, carries a large, fat chip on its shoulder. Aside from the team contest with the Eureka Gun Club, noted elsewhere, it is after Eureka about the State championship at targets, and wants to shoot a race, 5 men teams, at 50 singles and 25 pairs, for the silver cup now held by the Eureka men.

GOOD TIMBER.

The other day Charlie Grubbs (also of Montgomery Ward & Co.'s loading department, by the way) was trundling merrily down Madison street on his little bicycle, when a big horse, driven by some gay gentleman, reared up and plunged, throwing one forefoot across the frame of Mr. Grubbs's machine. The weight of the horse's front legs came on Mr. Grubbs and the machine jointly. The latter bucked and sprung, throwing its rider, but escaping with only slight injury. Mr. Grubbs carries a big black spot where the hoof hit him, but is not complaining any. It would seem that both he and the wheel are made of good timber.

BLESS ITS HEART.

I am credibly informed that a while ago a Chicago paper known as the *Game Dealer's Friend* accused some English and American sporting papers of beating it in getting out tabulated trap reports. The *Friend* is understood to holler, "I saw it first." Bless its heart, FOREST AND STREAM was the first paper to boil scores, the first to run news fresh (as it always does), the first to tabulate scores, the first to give daily tournament averages, the first to see the value of getting in all the events and getting them quickly though briefly, the first (and only paper) to get out graphic trap type for live-bird reporting—in short, the first to do the sort of thinking which has made it universally recognized as the first trap paper of this or any other country. If FOREST AND STREAM were beaten, I don't know whether it would whine or not; probably not, but we can't tell for sure until it is beaten, and that looks a long way off.

EUREKA—GARFIELD.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 3.—The team race this afternoon between the Eureka and Garfield gun clubs, both of Chicago, turned out to be one of the pleasantest affairs of the season. The weather was delightful, the Eureka Club grounds were never in better order, and the members of both clubs turned out in force, each man resolved to do his best. It was thought at first that it would be difficult to fill club teams of 18 men each, but there were enough good men on hand for each club, with plenty to spare. The utmost jollity and good feeling prevailed, and the only thing to mar the pleasure is the thought that it is a good while till Aug. 24, when the return match will be shot at Garfield grounds.

These two clubs, Eureka and Garfield, are the two most important target clubs in Chicago, if not in Illinois, the gun club of Pekin, Ill., being next in annual number of targets thrown. Both clubs are made up of high class amateurs, numbers of professional and business men being found in each. Garfield Club includes six physicians on the roster, and talks of changing its name to the "Garfield Medical Association." Between the two organizations there has long been friendly rivalry. Last year there were two team races, both of which were won by Garfield Club. Affairs were partially evened up to-day by the winning of the Eurekas. Now comes the return race of 1895, and some time before snow flies the two clubs will shoot a race for the State championship and the *Shooting and Fishing* silver trophy. The conditions of this will be 5-men teams, 50 targets, 30 singles and 10 pairs.

The conditions to-day were 25 singles per man, every man expected to do his duty. Some of them did and some of them didn't. The squads were shot in sandwich fashion, first a Eureka man, then a Garfield at the score. This allowed a checking up on results at the end of each squad, and much of the time the excitement was high. At the end of the first squad Eureka felt glum, but gathered heart later, in spite of the fact that some of its best men, like Charlie Willard, Eddie Bingham and Big Grubbs, were in the firing line. Garfield kept hammering at the targets pretty steadily, and at the end of the fourth squad, or 24 men out of the 36, the score was 360-all, or 240 scored for each club. Then each club told what it was going to do in the last squad, for which each had saved its gait. But it was in squad No. 5 that the race was won and lost, Eureka going ahead there 5 birds. In the last squad Garfield put up the veteran Abe Kleinman, the expert Capt. Skinner and the reliable Henry Tefft. Eureka produced Old Hoss Stannard, the merry Oswald von Lengerke and the ready old-timer Atwater (who had not shot a gun for two years, but nevertheless took to it kindly). The Eureka men managed to gain every bird in this squad round and went out winner by 6 birds.

There was only one straight made, that by M. C. Patterson, of the fields, admitted before the shoot to be the best looking man on the grounds, and after the shoot to be both the best looking and the best shot. Mr. Patterson had backed his score against that to be made by Mr. Stannard and much interest followed the shooting of the latter, but though he shot coolly and pluckily as usual, he could only make 24.

The shooters met at 12:30 at Von Lengerke and Antoine's store and proceeded to the grounds at seventy-ninth and Vincennes avenue almost *en masse*. Eureka grounds were packed with a lively crowd—increased on the outskirts by a large number of admirers of the national game, who watched with noisy approbations the efforts of two rival scratch nines who share the Eureka grounds, sub-leasing from that club. Mr. Peter Warnimont refereed the races very ably and satisfactorily, and Messrs. Carson and DeWolf scored. Mr. DeWolf is secretary of the Eureka Club. A number of ladies were present and also some interested spectators, among these Mr. Garth, of Galesburg, a shooter of enthusiasm.

Before the race a practice sweep at 10 birds took place with general entry, and after the main event was concluded sweeps at 15 birds were shot until dark. On the whole it was one of the most enjoyable little afternoons in every way that one has seen for a long time, and the only wonder is that such events are not held oftener, they are so pleasant. There was plenty of fun, Messrs. Patterson and Von Lengerke contributing well in their Dago and monkey specialty, which never failed to convulse the spectators. Following are the scores of the event:

Eureka.

Morgan	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—24
Stannard	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—24
Ferguson	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	—23
Frothingham	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—23
Buck	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—22
Dr Carson	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—22
Goodrich	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—22
Smethels	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—22
H Carson	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—22
Von Lengerke	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—21
Atwater	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	—20
Cleaver	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	—20
DeWolf	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—20
Glover	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	—19
Steck	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	—19
Airey	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—17
Dr Morton	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—16
Phillips	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	—15—370

Garfield.

Patterson	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—25
Skinner	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—23
Brown	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—23
Hicks	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—22
Kleinman	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	—22
Dr Liddy	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	—22
Mott	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—22
W Palmer	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	—22
Coppernol	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	—20
Richards	1	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—20
Bowers	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—19
Hodson	0	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—19
Teft	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	—19
Fehrman	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—19
Si Palmer	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—18
Robbins	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—18
Dr Shaw	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—18
Young	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—15—364

JUVENILE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The juvenile championship shoot at live birds, set for this afternoon at Watson's Park, did not materialize, only master Alfred Bisson appearing. Master Charlie Burr, of Michigan, wished time to practice a little. Master Clarence Long, of Lafayette, Ind., did not respond. Master Guy McDonald, of Chicago, did not appear. Master Bisson says he is willing to shoot any or all these at a later date if they will set it.

RECOVERED HIS GUN.

Mr. De Wolf, hon. sec. of the Eureka Club, had the experience last month of having a bright and obliging female domestic, who tried to make home pleasant so far as good cooking and sweet manners would suffice. Unfortunately, the said domestic had a sweetheart, and the sweetheart was what the wicked policemen call a crook. The domestic one day handed her sweetheart a lot of Mr. and Mrs. De Wolf's personal effects, including Mr. De Wolf's new shotgun. The sweetheart "soaked" the gun, as the policeman say, at a pawnbroker's shop. Mr. De Wolf made what they call a "squeal," and a gentleman known, as I understand, as a "fly cop," took the case in hand, arrested the nice domestic and her sweetheart, and last week recovered for Mr. De Wolf his gun, as good as new. Over this he was to-day rejoicing very much. This is the only instance on record where a Chicago detective ever detected anything. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The Question of "Proper Angles."

CAZENOVIA, N. Y., Aug. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noticing your article in the last number of FOREST AND STREAM, on "proper angles," reminds me of many such instances where the shooter *ought* to call for another target, but does not do so for the reason that some other participant has accepted and broken one thrown in a like manner There is no more unfair way of shooting than at known traps, unknown angles. I have attended a great many "meets" since this system was adopted, and at *every one* this throwing of targets at angles against all rules has always been done. It is often laid to the home club or the management, yet in almost every instance it is the trapper's fault. He gets tired of hearing, "Dead," "Dead," and makes up his mind that it is about time that some one of the shooters dropped a target. Lock your traps, do everything you can, coax, scold and d—, etc.; it is all the same to him. He soon learns to put the "thrower" a little ahead of the arm, the target upon one edge of the roll, etc., etc. Why, when we had our company's shoot here, we had to take the boys out of the factory before we could break it up. Then all went smoothly.

It would be all right if every one should get the same rasper that his neighbor did—but he doesn't. You must make shooting difficult by difference of angles, elevation and speed, but serve all alike. At the Saratoga tournament the distance from No. 5 trap of set 2 was 55yds. from No. 1 of set 1, and yet I saw target after target from that No. 5 go over the above-mentioned No. 1, 30ft. in the air. When it is remembered that both these sets were parallel, do you wonder that many did not shoot. Traps in reversed order is far fairer for all, and I wonder it is not used in preference to known traps, unknown angles. WILL H. CRUTTENDEN.

In substance we indorse all that Mr. Cruttenden has said in his above communication. But the doing away with unknown angles would, in our estimation, do away with a very important portion of inanimate target shooting. In known traps, unknown angles, and in unknown traps, known angles, we approach more nearly to field shooting than in any system hitherto devised and generally practised at tournaments. In both there is a great element of luck. Trap-shooters who are also fond of shooting quail or ruffed grouse will bear us out in this. Who does not remember a time when he has had quail after quail rise to him, even in brush, in an accommodating manner? A few minutes afterward he gets one of those "raspers" that Mr. Cruttenden refers to. That's the empty shell not accounted for; and that's very often the cipher on the blackboard. As a matter of sport, we approve more highly of unknown angles and the expert system than of any other system, even traps in reversed order, where all the conditions are known. There would be very little sport in going up to one's dog's point in a patch of ragweed if one knew exactly what line of flight the quail would take when flushed.

And it's so in target shooting. This very element of luck, the uncertainty as to what one is going to get in the way of an angle, is just what has made unknown angles a popular sport in sweepstake shooting. In a long race, say 100 targets, we think luck is generally pretty fairly distributed. But where angles are changed every time, and in a 10 or 15-target event, it not infrequently happens that one shooter draws a succession of easy ones, while the man behind him consequently draws a succession of quarterers. The present way of doing things—*i. e.*, making the trappers change the angle every time—is altogether wrong. Suppose No. 1 draws a right-quarterer, it is 99 chances to 1 that the pivot man will get a straightaway or a left-quarterer. Instruct your trappers to change the angles *frequently*, not *every* time, seems to us the better plan.

Our only objection to unknown angles is in a team race, such as those of the New Jersey State League: five men team races, 25 targets per man, unknown angles. On these contests, nine in number, each of the nine clubs that compose that organization giving one of the tournaments, depends what is known as the State club championship; at least, such it is conceded to be. Under such conditions, FOREST AND STREAM predicted last February, and later developments have proved the correctness of that prediction, that there would be danger of dissatisfaction with the manner in which the targets were thrown. We think Mr. Cruttenden's theory for "raspers" is more than plausible, but we can't expect everybody, on the spur of the moment, to agree with us.

Opening of Elkwood Park.

PHIL DALY, JR., of Long Branch, N. J., writing under date of Aug. 1, says: "I wish to claim Thursday, Aug. 15, as the date on which we will hold, at Elkwood Park, Long Branch, N. J., a 100-target handicap race, $10 entrance. Other sweeps will also be shot. Shooting commences on the arrival of the 12:10 train on the P. R. R. The handicappers will be: Major J. M. Taylor, Jacob Pentz and Edward Banks. Entries, accompanied by $2 forfeit, should be sent to T. H. Keller, P. O. Box 92, New York city."

Elkwood Park is a new place so far as trap-shooting is concerned, but it possesses every requisite to make it one of the best equipped shooting grounds in the country. Phil Daly, Jr., is the moving spirit in the new undertaking, and it is Daly's desire to see the Grand American Handicap of 1896 brought off at Elkwood, where the shooters will be well looked after and everything done to make the greatest live bird event of the year an unqualified success.

IN our figures on the standing of the leaders in the present series of New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League contests we inadvertently overlooked the average of the Elizabeth representative, Aaron Woodruff, who has shot in five contests, scoring 16, 19, 19, 20 and 24, a total of 98 out of 125, making his percentage 78.4, equal to that of Geoffroy and Warren Smith. That the Elizabeth team is one likely to give trouble to the other teams may be gathered from the following averages of the five regular representatives of that club:—Williams 85.6, Hebbard 84.8, Parker 83.2, Astfalk 81, and Woodruff 78.4. These totals give a team average of 82.6.

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Aug. 1.—The following sixteen 10-target events, unknown angles, entrance $1.50, were shot to-day by members of the Binghamton Gun Club:

Hobbie	5	10	9	9	7	7	8	8	9	8	8	9	8	7	8	9
Boss	7	7	9	6	5	6	7	7	6	9	9	8	10	10	8	7
W Adams	10	10	8	9	10	9	8	8	9	7	8	7	10	8	8	10
P Adams	5	8	7	8	8	8	9	8	8	9	9	9	7	10	10	
Kendall	10	8	7	8	9	7	9	9	10	8	6	10	7	7	8	10
Brown	9	7	7	7	9	9	9	10	9	7	10	7	8	8	10	10
Gaige	6	9	6	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bell	5	5	4	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Johnson	4	3	5	7	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L Gaige	7	6	7	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Snell	..	..	..	10	10	6	8	9	7	8	10	9	..	..	..	..
Waldron	..	8	9	9	7	9	8	9	6	9	7	9	..	..	..	..
McHenry	..	..	..	7	7	5	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

H. W. B.

Lafayette Gun Club.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., July 25.—The ninth annual tournament of the Lafayette Gun Club closed to-day with the going down of the sun after three successful days' shooting held at the club's park. Lafayette is one of the wealthiest cities in the United States, considering its population, and its enterprising and wide-awake gun club has been a source of pride for many years. The club members may well claim to have the best equipped and best located grounds in the State, while the sky background makes target shooting pleasant to old and young alike. At this shoot we saw good scores made by men of sixty-five and again by young men of only sixteen summers.

A visit to the trap house revealed a curiosity. Almost everything that has been invented in the trap-shooting line may be found there. A set each of Ligowski clay pigeon traps, Peoria blackbird and bluerock traps, together with targets for each. The oli clay pigeons were a curiosity, so long have they been out of date. Add to this several devices for trapping live birds and all manners of pulls, wire, rope, electric, etc., and you have a combination that shows a progressive club of long standing.

The present officers are hard working good fellows. Alca Livingood, president, and Louis Krauss, secretary, handled the cash, kept things moving and shot in every event, making good scores. John E. Long did the greater part of the refereeing in excellent style, while "Uncle Nate" Long with his 11lb. 10-gauge Smith, using brass shells, proved a combination hard to beat. Mr. Whit Thompson, ex-president and a member of the executive committee, was on hand all the time.

W. Tramp Irwin, of Peoria, was employed as manager. He was kept busy during the three days keeping traps in order, watching the trappers, hustling squads, etc. Ten traps were used—five bluerock and five Peorias. Peoria blackbirds were used in both sets.

The weather was very good for the most part. It was cool and cloudy the first two days, with threatenings of rain. Yet the rain did not fall and the targets were easily seen, as they were thrown just above the fence and at a distance of about 50yds. To-day was brighter and slightly warmer, but yet fine, a good rain having fallen last night. Winners of first money in two events were handicapped to unknown angles during the remainder of the day. Thus a number of the shooters were shooting at unknown angles most all the time.

Ralph Trimble missed but 18, "Partington" 20, Gamble 27 and King 30 during the three days, winning in their order the prizes for highest averages. Trimble did not have his own shells during the first day, and lost more on that day than on the other two.

The scores made each day were as follows:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	Shot at.	Broke.
"Partington"	10	10	14	13	10	14	14	20	8	14	135	127
"Rex"	10	10	15	13	8	15	14	19	8	13	135	125
McDonald	10	9	12	13	9	13	14	20	9	12	135	121
Thomas	10	7	12	12	8	14	14	19	10	15	135	121
Elliott	10	7	12	15	10	13	14	17	9	13	135	120
Martin	5	8	12	14	8	13	13	14	10	12	135	109
King	9	7	14	15	8	14	14	15	10	15	135	121
Krauss	9	10	14	15	6	13	13	15	9	12	135	116
Livingood	9	9	12	14	8	14	15	18	10	12	135	121
Park	9	10	13	15	7	14	14	16	9	11	135	118
Jones	9	10	13	13	8	13	13	16	..	..	110	95
Hill	9	9	15	8	15	14	20	14	..	..	135	118
Gamble	8	9	15	13	10	13	14	15	9	15	135	121
Grube	9	9	14	15	8	13	15	18	9	14	135	124
Mosher	9	10	15	15	9	15	13	16	10	13	135	124
Robinson	8	8	15	13	9	13	13	17	9	10	135	115
Thompson	7	7	13	13	9	14	11	18	9	11	135	112
Lockwood	5	7	13	11	7	11	9	18	7	13	145	106
N Long	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	14
McGruder	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	19	8	60	51
Trimble	8	9	14	15	9	13	14	18	9	14	135	123
Hayes	8	9	14	12	8	..	9	..	..	..	75	59
Weaver	7	7	15	11	7	12	14	17	..	..	110	90
Leach	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	32
Head	6	9	10	12	8	11	..	..	..	..	85	65
Gaige	4	9	11	13	7	14	11	18	..	..	110	85
Snyder	6	6	12	13	9	13	11	13	9	..	120	92
Stiff	6	8	11	11	7	12	13	12	7	11	135	98
Dehurt	7	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	23
Cornelius	8	4	13	11	..	9	..	10	..	..	85	58
Van Vlick	6	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	8
Slow	8	10	11	13	9	14	12	17	..	..	110	94
Shaffer	..	7	..	..	10	13	11	15	..	10	85	71
Crook	..	5	..	..	6	12	14	14	..	12	85	68
Chalmers	..	4	10	9	7	..	..	15	..	..	70	45
Fleming	6	9	14	11	6	14	14	15	6	14	135	109
Garland	..	9	12	10	8	12	11	16	..	..	110	89
DeBang	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	20	17
W H Price	..	8	11	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	40	31
Reed	..	..	..	9	6	..	11	15	6	11	85	58
Parson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	15	11
Dietrick	..	..	..	10	9	10	11	16	8	10	100	76
Chadwick	..	..	..	..	..	8	15	11	11	..	55	40

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*50*	*15*		
Trimble	9	10	15	15	9	15	..	14	90	87
"Partington"	9	9	15	14	10	13	48	14	140	132
Hill	10	10	15	15	10	12	47	11	140	130
Grube	10	9	15	14	8	14	49	14	140	133
Gambell	8	9	13	14	10	14	49	14	140	131
King	9	10	15	14	8	13	48	15	140	132
"Rex"	8	9	15	14	8	11	..	..	75	65
McDonald	8	10	14	15	10	15	..	13	90	85
Elliott	9	8	14	14	9	13	44	..	125	171
Livingood	9	10	13	13	10	11	44	12	140	122
Leach	..	8	..	..	9	..	..	..	20	17
Park	8	9	12	14	6	15	43	14	140	124
Magruder	..	..	..	..	..	13	6	13	45	14	105	90
Robinson	..	8	13	14	6	13	41	..	125	103
Thompson	10	8	13	15	9	12	47	10	140	124
Martin	7	9	13	14	10	12	44	13	140	122
Lockwood	3	8	14	11	7	11	..	10	90	64
Jones	8	9	13	..	10	11	..	13	75	64
Garland	5	8	12	..	7	10	..	13	75	55
Thomas	8	9	14	13	10	14	48	15	140	131
Whistler	6	8	12	15	6	11	42	..	125	100
Rigdon	4	5	11	..	8	..	..	..	45	28
Mosher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15	13
Crook	..	7	..	6	..	9	12	..	75	43
Shaffer	10	9	14	..	7	..	..	10	60	50
Magruder	7	7	10	..	7	11	..	14	75	56
Stiff	8	6	13	..	7	11	39	12	125	96
Parsons	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	10	8
Pea	9	9	14	..	..	13	..	14	65	59
Kramer	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	10	7
Fleming	7	7	12	..	8	15	42	11	125	102
Comstock	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	41	65	53
Hiatt	7	6	11	10	9	13	..	..	75	56
Albert	6	5	10	..	7	9	..	..	60	37
Vorhies	9	9	12	..	9	10	43	14	125	106
Small	8	9	..	13	..	13	..	..	50	41
Wilson	8	9	14	14	10	14	..	13	90	82
Detrick	9	6	13	..	9	13	..	..	60	50
Price	6	..	13	..	..	12	..	..	40	31
Weaver	7	9	11	..	..	15	..	..	50	45
Chodurick	6	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	20
Blessing	..	10	10	..	8	..	..	..	35	28
McCaffrey	..	..	11	..	6	14	46	14	105	91
Cheney	..	..	10	..	7	..	..	..	25	17
Slow	..	..	..	..	12	8	12	..	55	44
Tack	..	..	..	..	..	15	43	..	65	58
Cornelius	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	25	19
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	40	26
Webber	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	10	6
Luke	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	11	25	17
Reed	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	8

Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9		
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*	Shot at.	Broke.
Trimble	10	15	10	15	19	10	14	15	14	125	122
Partington	10	14	10	14	17	8	15	14	14	125	116
Gamble	9	14	10	13	18	10	14	15	15	125	118
King	10	15	9	13	18	9	14	13	13	125	114
Grube	10	14	9	13	17	10	13	10	12	125	108
Hill	9	14	10	13	18	6	13	13	13	125	109
McDonald	10	14	10	14	14	9	13	..	..	95	84
Park	8	14	..	13	15	..	15	13	12	105	90
Martin	9	13	7	12	19	8	15	18	13	125	109
Livingood	9	13	8	13	19	7	12	14	15	125	110
Thompson	9	13	8	13	16	9	14	10	14	125	107
Fleming	8	15	8	9	16	..	..	..	..	70	56
Krauss	8	13	10	8	18	10	12	14	13	125	106
Magruder	10	10	9	11	18	..	14	..	..	85	72
Wilson	10	15	9	13	18	10	11	14	14	125	..
Jones	9	15	9	13	18	8	..	..	..	80	72
Price	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	20
Small	8	..	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	35	26
Lockwood	7	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	35	26
Webber	9	..	4	..	17	6	11	..	..	65	47
Shaffer	8	11	7	13	..	..	..	..	11	65	49
Garland	7	12	8	14	12	7	10	..	..	95	70
Sutton	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11
Thomas	..	10	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	14
Slow	..	13	10	10	17	9	13	13	14	115	99
Smith	..	11	8	8	13	8	..	9	10	95	62
Simons	..	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	16
Shobe	..	14	6	..	..	..	12	..	..	40	32
Weaver	..	13	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	30	24
Blessing	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8
N Long	..	..	..	..	15	9	..	..	..	40	33
Mosier	..	..	..	13	18	7	..	..	..	45	38
Debang	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	..	10	45	33
Reed	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	12	8	50	26

Great interest was taken throughout the shoot in the winning of the averages. Partington was ahead up to noon to-day, when the young man from Kentucky tied him. During the afternoon Trimble lost but two, while Partington lost four. No. 7 of the second day do not count in the averages, hence the totals do not agree with the averages as given in another place. The young man who was barred at Cleveland was present, and from his shooting here it seems altogether probable that young Thomas can go up against any sixteen-year-old boy in the United States. It was regretted that he had to go home through indisposition and could not be present the last day.

PARTIAL LIST OF GUNS, ETC.

Name.	*Gun.*	*Powder.*	*Shell.*
Alva Livingood	Francotte	Dupont	Nitro.
H. B. Hill	Parker	Dupont	Smokeless.
Louis Krauss	Winchester	Dupont	Nitro
J. Park	Smith	S. S.	Victor.
R. L. Trimble	Parker	Dupont	Smokeless.
A. Gambell	Parker	Dupont	Smokeless.
J. C. Small	Lefever	Dupont	Smokeless.
J. W. King	Ithaca	E. C.	Nitro.
W. S. McDonald	Lefever	Schultze	Nitro.
W. N. Thompson	Smith	E. C.	Smokeless.
H. G. Harding	Greener	Schultze	Smokeless.
A. Grube	Parker	Dupont	Smokeless
C. Lockwood	Smith	Dupont	Smokeless.
"Partington"	Smith	Wood	Rapid.
"Rex"	Winchester	Wood	Rapid.
R. Robinson	Colt	E. C.	Rapid.
Magruder	Parker	E. C.	Smokeless.
Thomas	Lefever	Dupont	Smokeless.
Fleming	Smith	E. C	Smokeless.
Martin	Smith	S. S.	Victor.
J. L. Webber	Smith	E. C.	Nitro.
Reid	Smith	Dupont	Smokeless.
W. Long	Smith	Wood	Brass.
J. Long	Burgess	Dupont	Rival.
Garland	Spencer	Dupont	Rival.

Look the scores over and see what a soft snap the amateurs have when they meet and shoot against each other with the professionals left out.

The most exciting contest was the State badge shoot, 50 targets. Scores: two 49s, three 48s, two 47s, one 46, two 45s, three 44s, etc. Grube and Gambell had a shoot off that was a shoot off. Gambell insisted on shooting at 50 targets, and it was a fortunate thing for the club that they had two sets of traps.

When the clouds had rolled by Grube and Gambell were tied again with 47; thus they had each broken 96 out of 100. After quite a bit of delay and chattering it was agreed to shoot another 100 targets. Out of the first 25 each scored 24; in the second 25 Gambell lost 3 and Grube 1, leaving two ahead; third 25 Gambell lost 4 and Grube went straight, and the race was virtually settled. But Gamble rallied and smashed out 24 to Grube's 22. The total of last 100 was Grube 95 and Gamble 91. Grube won the medal last year on 46 and can now be styled champion of Indiana. The shooting of Gamble is remarkable; he is a man of small stature and quite crippled with rheumatism. He has taken to shooting for recreation, and he must dearly love it when he will stand up for 200 shots in succession and score 187 out of the 200

INJUN.

Trap at Little Rock.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., July 27.—On July 12 Dr. J. H. Lenow and W. R. Duley shot a match at live birds; conditions, 25 birds per man, American Shooting Association rules to govern. This match resulted in a tie, each scoring 16. There not being enough birds on hand to shoot off the tie, it was agreed to shoot a similar match as soon as the pigeons could be procured.

The second match took place to-day, and this time Duley was the victor. The Doctor jeopardized all his chances of winning by losing his first five birds, the fifth one dead out of bounds. Duley in the meantime had scored 3 out of his 5, a lead the Doctor was never able to overcome, Duley eventually winning the match by 2 birds.

The Doctor is not at all satisfied with the results and desires to shoot Duley another race, while Duley is quite as anxious as the Doctor, and another match will likely take place in the near future. The match was purely a friendly one, the consideration being the price of the birds only. The scores below tell how it was done:

First Match.

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1895 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	1	2	5	2	4	2	4	3	1	2	1	3	1	4	3	2	1	3	3	4	3	5	2	3							
	↖	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↑	↗	↑	↑	↗	↗	↗	↗	↑	↖	↑	↖	↗	↗	↗	↗	↗	↗							
Duley	1	0	1	0	•	2	2	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	2	1	1	0	1	1	0	2	2	0	2	2	—16				
	4	2	1	1	3	3	5	2	4	3	5	2	3	2	3	5	2	4	4	1	2	4	3	1	5						
	↖	↑	↖	↑	↑	↗	↖	↖	↑	↖	↖	↑	↖	↗	↗	↗	↗	↖	↗	↗	↗	↗	↖	↗	↗						
Lenow	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	2	0	1	1	2	2	2	2	1	2	2	•	2	0	•	0	2	0	—16						

Second Match.

	2	4	5	3	3	5	4	3	3	2	5	2	5	4	5	1	5	1	5	1	4	5	4	5	4						
	↙	↖	↖	↗	T	→	↑	↖	↖	↖	↓	↑	↑	↑	↗	↗	↗	↗	↗	↗	↗	↗	↗	↗	↗						
Duley	2	0	2	1	•	1	0	2	2	1	0	1	1	0	1	•	1	1	1	1	2	1	0	—18								
	3	4	1	5	1	2	3	2	3	1	2	4	2	3	4	3	2	1	2	3	1	2	3								
	↗	↑	↗	↖	↖	↗	↖	↑	↖	T	↑	↑	↑	↗	↖	↙	↖	↖	↗	↗	↗	↘									
Lenow	0	0	0	0	•	2	1	1	2	2	0	1	1	0	2	0	3	1	1	2	0	2	1	1	—16						

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Greenville Gun Club.

GREENVILLE, Miss., July 26.—The regular weekly shoot of the Greenville Gun Club was held to-day. D. M. Porterfield, representing Fred J. Waddell, of Chattanooga, Tenn., Southern agent for DuPont's Smokeless and Hazard's "Blue Ribbon" powders, was our guest. Mr. Porterfield made the best average of the day—95 5 per cent.; of course he used the powders which he represented, none other being good enough for him. Scores:

No. 1, 20 singles, unknown angles, $2:

Porterfield	01111111111111111111—19	L Y Kerr	00111101110110101100—14
L Percy	11111111111101101100—16	Van Meter	11111011111111111110—18
Alexander	11110110011100111101—14	Leav'nw'th	11111111111111111101—18
W M Keller	11110001111010101111—14	O Lawson	11110111111100010101—14
B Wynne	01101101010000111100— 9	J Connelly	11110000011101111100—12
R H McHie	11111111111111110100—17		

No. 2, same:

Porterfield	11111111111111101111—19	O Lawson	11000101010101111110—12
L Percy	10101110111111111110—16	J Leaven-	
Alexander	11100111111111011111—17	worth	10110111010111010011—14
B Wynne	01110111001100011100—11	Van Meter	11111011110010101011—14
R McHie	11111101010111010110—15	J Connelly	11101110001110001110—12
W Keller	11011100101001111001—12		

No. 3, same:

Porterfield	11110111111111111111—19	W Keller	01000111010111101000—10
L Percy	11111110111101011111—17	Van Meter	11111110011001001111—14
Alexander	11110111011010101000—12	J Connelly	00111111111101111001—15

R. H. MCHIE, Sec'y.

Michigan City Gun Club.

MICHIGAN CITY, Miss., July 25.—The Michigan City, Miss., Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot to-day. Some good scores were made considering that this is the club's first season. Tway is shooting a new Greener and is not up to his regular form, although at 20 singles and 5 pairs he smashed 27 out of the 30; Hardaway turned out 25 straight and Aldrich was not far behind. Our first annual tournament will be held on Sept. 5, and all sportsmen are cordially invited to attend. A good time is guaranteed. The events programmed for that date are ten, they range from 15 to 25 targets, entrance $2 per race. The Michigan City Gun Club also desires to meet any team of four men in a team race at 25 targets per man on that day. The club's team will be Chas. W. Tway, W. P. Hardaway, M. L. Brewer and J. M. Aldrich, with W. F. McCarley and W. Wheeler alternates. Programmes will be ready for mailing about the 15th, write for one to the secretary. Below are the scores made to-day.

Tway	11110011111111111111111110—22
Aldrich	11111111111111101110111110—22
Hardaway	11111111101111111111101111—22
P. ewitt	01111100110101010111011111—17
Robinson	01000001011101101000000011—11
Dr Phillips	00101101100010111111111011—16
Brewer	11011000000000100010001001— 8
Love	11000001000001000010000000— 5
Small	00110101111011111111111011—19
J C Robinson	01010011110100000111011001—12
Maples	11000001000001100000000110— 7
Moody	00000000100100000000110000— 4
Farrell	11110111011101101111111101—20
Leary	01010111011001111111111010—17
Lewis	00000000100000w— 1

Remember the Michigan City, Miss., tournament, Sept. 5.

When you want to have a good time attend the Greenville, Miss., shoots. Of course you know Mr. McKie, Van Meter, Arnold, Keller, Alexander and Percy. If not, you don't know the make-up of gentlemen and true sportsmen.

Brewer, of Lamar, Miss., and McCarley, of Jackson, Tenn., go to Dakota after chickens next month.

The Michigan City Gun Club will be represented at the interstate at New Orleans by Charles W. Tway.

A letter from C. C. Emery, of Solomon, Ill., says: "I will be on hand at the Michigan City tournament Sept. 5.

J. N. Aldrich and W. P. Hardaway, of Michigan City Gun Club, are shooting their Winchesters at a winning pace. Look out for them.

Look out for the undersigned at your tournaments with his new Greener and bright red sweater bearing the inscription "E. C.—Empire."

C. W. TWAY, Sec'y.

Peekskill vs. Pansy.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Aug. 2.—Fourteen members of the Pansy Gun Club, of Kingston, N. Y., were the guests of the members of the gun club of this place to-day, a team race between the two clubs being the object of the meeting. Among the visitors were Smith, H. Meyer, Cable, Weston, Cramer, Shaffer, Kenyon, Van Gaasbeck, Hume, Broadhead, Cohen, Merrinew, Marantette and Pfieger. During the morning, the Pansyites having arrived at 10, practice was indulged in until noon, at which hour the members of the two clubs adjourned for lunch at the Eagle Hotel.

After lunch, at 2 P. M., an 8-men team race, 25 targets per man, known angles, was shot, Peekskill winning by the score of 169-144, a victory of 25 breaks. The home club was short three of their best shots, but still made an average of 84.5 per cent. The weather was beautiful; in fact, one could not wish better conditions for target-shooting.

Score of the team race was as follows:

Peekskill.

Halsted	11111111111111111111101111—24
Mason	11111111101111111111111111—24
Everinghim	11111111110111101111111111—23
Loder	11111101111111111111111111—23
Dain	11111101111111101001110111—20
Southard	01011011111101101111111111—20
Armstrong	01011011110110111111011111—19
Lent	00110001010111111111110111—16—169

Pansy.

Van Gaasbeck	01111111111110111111110110—21
Smith	11111101110110111111111101—21
Cable	11101111110101111111111011—20
Cramer	11111C01111011111110110111—20
Meyer	11101011110101111100111011—18
Humer	11011011111100111001111001—17
Weston	00010010101011011111111111—16
Kenyon	01011010000101001010111100—11—144

From the above it will be seen that Halsted and Mason led with 24 each, Everinghim and Loder being close second with scores of 23. Van Gaasbeck and Smith were top scores for the Pansy Club with 21 each, the average of the Pansy team being 72 per cent.

The day's sport was brought to a close with a miss-and-out at live birds, Captain Dain, of Peekskill, winning the pot of $12. Score: Dain 4, Cramer 3, Halsted 2, Cable 2, Smith 1, Marantette 1, Van Gaasbeck 1, Mason 1, Meyer 0, Hume 0, Broadhead 0, Shaffer 0.

Live Birds for Memphis.

IN a personal letter to Mr. Hough, the Chicago representative of FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. T. A. Divine, president of the Memphis Gun Club, gives the following information in regard to the live bird prospect at his city. It will be a personal pleasure to many of his friends to hear that his health, poor in the early summer, has improved very much. It is hardly news to say that Mr. Divine was re-elected president of the Memphis Gun Club. He writes:

"There were laws in Tennessee that prevented the shooting of live birds. During the last Legislature we had a bill passed repealing all laws prohibiting the shooting of live birds at the trap, and making it possible for chartered organizations to have live bird matches, where they would use the birds for food. Therefore the following named gentlemen applied for a charter for the gun club to be known as the Memphis Gun Club, with the following chartered members: J. C. Neely, Jr., W. P. Halliday, Jr., F. P. Poston, W. F. Allen, A. B. Duncan, J. S. Walker, Fred. Schmidt, Irby Bennett and T. A. Divine.

"The regular annual meeting of the Memphis Gun Club should have been held in May, but owing to the wish of the club to disorganize the old association and reorganize under a charter, the organization was not perfected and the election of officers not held until the 24th of July, at which time the club held a very enthusiastic meeting, nominating and electing by acclamation T. A. Divine, President; J. C. Neely, Jr., Vice-President; A. B. Duncan, Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. Halliday, the old secretary, found it impossible, on account of his growing business, to act as secretary and treasurer, and asked to be relieved.

"I doubt whether we will ever have as big a tournament again as we had this year, but our club, which consists of fifty-one prominent citizens of Memphis, are determined to give the delegates who come to the American Trap-Shooters' Association convention in Memphis, May 12, 1896, a reception which they will certainly appreciate. During that week we contemplate having our tournament, a part of which will be devoted to live-bird shooting. We have already in view several matches between prominent shots over our grounds in the winter. We have made arrangements with an excellent purveyor to furnish and handle all the birds at our shoots, and I am glad to say that we will have no trouble in making plenty of bird matches, and good ones. Memphis at one time was the great central point for live-bird shooting, and there is no reason why it should not be the neutral ground upon which the Eastern and Western crack shoots should meet and try their prowess."

Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

BEDFORD, Ind.—The following scores were made this afternoon by members of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Thompson	10000100000010010011101100— 9
Tilford	00011110011011100100000000—11
Reath	11110111010111111111001001—18
Stipp	11111101101101111111101110—20
Hatfield	01011101001100000000011000— 9
Erwin	11010100011010101101010011—14
Francis	00110001100011011111101111—15
Tippit	11111101011111111111101101—21
Voris	10100000111011001111001111—14
Sherwood	11111111111101111111111111—24
Ebersor	11111111111101011111111110—19
Doyle	01000001010110110100001001—10

No. 2, same:

Thompson	00100000100000000011111000— 7
Tilford	11100100010101000010100100—10
Reath	11111100111111010011001—18
Ebesisor	01111010100111101111011011—18
Hatfield	01000100111111010110111—16
Erwin	01110100101111111101101101—18
Francis	11111011111010101010110010—11

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Aug. 2.—The scores below were made to-day at the regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Nelson	0111111001101111111011110—19
Terry	1111110111111010010001010—16
Dornin	1011101011111101110111011—19
Moorman	1011110111001101001010111—17
Empie	1101110100111011111110010—18
Halsted	1100000001011011111111111—16

No. 2, same:

Nelson	1111111111000110110101111—19
Terry	1101011111111011110010010—18
Dornin	1111111101111111111111111—23
Empie	1101111011100101111010111—18
Halsted	1111111111111011101110011—21

No. 3, same:

Nelson	1110111110101111111001110—19
Terry	1111110010111111110111111—21
Dornin	1101111111100011110111110—19
Empie	1111010111111011101101101—19
Halsted	1001101111111111111111111—22

No. 4, same:

Nelson	1111111011111111101110011—21
Terry	0111111111111101011111011—21
Dornin	0111010011101111111110011—18
Moorman	1110111001111111111111010—20
Empie	1011010110111011010111111—18
Halsted	1100111110100111100111100—16

No. 5, same:

Nelson	0111111111010110111110101—19
Terry	0111100111111111111111111—22
Dornin	0111111111111011111111101—22
Moorman	1111111111111011110111011—22
Empie	1011111000100100110111001—15
Halsted	0111101111001010011111111—18

No. 6, same:

Nelson	0111111100111101111001111—19
Terry	1011011111000111111111010—18
Dornin	0110111111111111111111111—23
Moorman	1111011110011111111100111—20
Empie	1111111010110111011101111—19
Halsted	0011101011111110010100111—15

No. 7, same:

Nelson	1010101111111100111111111—20
Terry	1111011000010101111010111—16
Dornin	1100011011010111101011111—17
Moorman	1011111011111111110111011—21
Empie	0110101111001101011111111—18
Scott	0111000011011100001100101—12

No. 8, same:

Nelson	0101111101111111011111101—20
Terry	1111000111011101111110011—18
Dornin	1111111101011101111111111—22
Empie	1011011100101111111111111—22
Scott	1011011101011101011011011—18

No. 9, 10 targets, known angles: Nelson 7, Dornin 10, Fleming 4, Empie 10, Scott 6.

No. 10, same as No. 1:

Nelson	1011101101011011110100111—17
Terry	1111001111001111110110111—19
Dornin	1110111111111101010101011—19
Moorman	0011011111011001101011011—16
Empie	1101111111101101001110011—18
Scott	0111101100111100001111111—18

No. 11, 9 singles and 3 pairs:

Empie	111011101 11 11 10—13	Terry	110111011 10 10 11—11
Nelson	101001110 10 10 11— 9	Moorman	110111110 10 00 00— 9
Dornin	111110001 11 11 10—10	Scott	101000011 10 01 10— 7

No. 12, same as No. 1:

Nelson	1011101101011010010100101—14
Terry	0011010111101011011111111—18
Dornin	1101101001111011111111111—20
Moorman	1111011110111001111111100—19
Empie	1110000001011100111011111—16
Scott	0001110110110111110101010—15

F. M. D.

Home City Gun Club.

SPRINGFIELD, O., July 30.—The first monthly shoot of the Home City Gun Club, of this city, was held to-day, and proved a grand success, 42 shooters taking part in the various events on the programme. The traps were screwed up to the top notch, and the targets thrown as far and as fast as possible; the angles were acute and all unknown; all of these conditions, together with the strong wind that was blowing, made it hard to make big scores.

The next monthly shoot will be held on Tuesday, Aug. 27. All the events will be 15-target events, $1 entrance, all professionals barred, four moneys.

Scores in to-day's events were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8*	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	15	10	25	20	25	10	15	20	10	10
Hughes	5	4	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hause	6	8	11	5	w	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Downs	8	6	14	9	18	17	20	6	8	..	8	6
Little	2	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cunningham	1	2	1	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carey	5	9	7	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G O Marshall	7	8	11	7	16	10	..	7	13	..	7	..
Hopping	4	1	12	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Holloway	4	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	6
Hutch	6	7	13	7	20	16	19	9	15	17	5	..
Raymond	8	8	11	7	22	16	22	7	14	18	..	7
Waddell	7	8	15	10	22	15	19	8	12	..	8	..
Myers	4	7	..	5	..	15	..	..	10	12	..	..
A. Kline	8	8	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lessner	7	8	11	8	13	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Kitchen	5	4	6	6	..	..	..	..	10	..	4	..
Ford	6	6	12	4	w	14	19	8	13	10	..	..
Lane	4	5	5	4	w	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jack	7	7	15	8	18	13	..	6	10	..	8	..
Lamb	..	4	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J. S. Little	..	7	..	4	..	..	..	..	3	..	4	..
Mahoney	..	4	9	8	18	16	..	..	5	..	5	..
C. Marshall	..	4	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stiles	..	..	11	9	19	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Laycock	..	..	9	5	..	8	..	4	..	..	5	..
Onck	..	..	8	6	17	12	..	9	..	..	10	..
Strong	..	..	14	9	21	14	..	10	11	16	9	6
Rodgers	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	6	7	..	2	..
Patrick	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	3	..	..	3	..
Slack	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	3	..	..	..	..
King	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	5	8	..	..	2
Vance	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	3	4	..	..	..
Jim	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	10	..	..	4
Elsworth	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	..	..	..	7
Meader	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	..	..	..	..
Dick	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	7
Willis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..
Jib	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	..	..	..
Russell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Scott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	10
Ray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..

* No. 8 was shot under the Novelty rule. HUGH L. FORD, Lieut.

Trap in Texas.

MARLIN, Falls County, Texas, Aug. 2.—The Marlin Boating and Fishing Club held a meeting yesterday evening at the Camp Rouse to elect officers, etc., for the ensuing year. The secretary and treasurer's report showed a balance of cash in the treasury of $93 50.

Dr. D. P. Robertson was unanimously elected president; E. K. Herring was also unanimously elected secretary and treasurer; W. H. Jones and E. R. Emery were elected first and second vice-presidents, respectively, by ballot. The executive committee for 1894-95 was re-elected.

A number of changes were then made in the rules and by-laws. The most important of these changes was the restriction as to the number of fish caught, the same to be fifteen of any kind, not to exceed ten bass, trout or white perch by any one member and his family on any one day; and the number of days in the week—any three except Sunday. The rule was also set aside which reserved Thursdays for ladies exclusively.

A part of the Marlin Gun Club had a practice shoot yesterday evening as follows:

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, known angles: H. G. Rush 7, T. H. Ligon 10, T. E. Hubby 7, C. W. Rush 7, F. W. Stallworth 6, W. W. Turner 6.

No. 2, same: Rune Lanis 5, H. G. Rush 7, T. H. Ligon 9, T. E. Hubby 9, C. W. Rush 7, F. W. Stallworth 6, Will Lenoir 8, W. W. Turner 3.

Mr. T. E. Hubby says the organization of a new gun club in Waco is rapidly being perfected. THE NEWSMAN.

The Championship of Kansas.

AN effort is being made to establish a *bona fide* champion at live birds in Kansas. Mr. W. W. McIlhany, secretary of the Business Men's Gun Club, of Weir City, Kan., acting under instructions from his club, has issued the following circular letter with a view to bringing out the ideas of the shooters in Kansas upon this point:

"WEIR CITY, Kan., Aug. 1, 1895.—Dear Sir: Several times in the past year or two different representative shooters throughout the State have considered the project of establishing a trophy which shall represent the individual championship of Kansas at live birds, and of bringing about a contest of this nature.

"To prove such a shoot not only feasible, but desirable, one has only to talk a few minutes with the different shooters assembled at any tournament.

"There is at present no prize or trophy the possession of which authoritatively entitles the holder to the championship of the State at live birds, and while the by-laws of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association provide for such a prize, the conditions under which it is to be contested for are such that no real test of skill is involved, owing to the small number of birds to be shot at; besides, no provision is made for subsequent contests, so that if any prize had ever been given there would be but small satisfaction in winning it under the lax conditions prescribed.

"Such a contest should be at 50 birds, but if the number of entries in the initial contest should be too great, the race might be reduced to not less than 30 birds. It is hardly possible from one set of good live-bird traps to shoot more than about 1,300 birds in two days. As some preliminary practice should be indulged in, at least during the morning of the first day, twenty-five to thirty shooters would use 1,300 to 1,500 birds even after reducing the championship race to 30 birds. This question, however, as well as others of like nature, can be settled later and in their proper turn.

"It is the purpose of the Business Men's Gun Club of Weir City to perfect arrangements heretofore contemplated and to bring about the contest on the 16th and 17th of October, 1895. The plan upon which the Club desires to proceed is briefly this:

"Assemble the shooters at Weir City on the dates and for the purpose mentioned. As an inducement for the shooters to enter such a contest and as a fitting emblem to represent its live-bird champion, the Club at Weir City will present the State with a Diamond Badge, with a guaranteed intrinsic value of $100.00. Trap all birds in the Championship race, at the lowest possible actual cost, and add to this price for birds a sweep of about $5.00. Shoot under American Association Rules, and conditions agreed upon, without handicap, giving first money and the trophy to the best score and dividing the purse into not less than five moneys.

"The design selected for the trophy is a solid gold watch charm, heavily studded with diamonds, and is something which can be worn if desired without giving its owner the appearance of a country equine on dress parade.

"In connection with the championship contest the club at Weir will provide a set of target traps and will also endeavor to furnish live birds sufficient to give all contestants some preliminary practice.

"All arrangements of details, both in the preliminary contest and in all subsequent challenge events, will be let to those whom the assembled shooters may select to perform this duty. And in order to make this contest authoritative with the least possible expense, it is the desire of the Business Men's Gun Club, subject to the approval of shooters throughout the State, that a meeting be held at Weir City on the evening of Oct. 15 for the purpose of completing all arrangements for State trophy contests.

"Before issuing programmes or going further with the work we would be pleased to hear from you and have you express your approval of the proposed contest, and to offer any suggestions which will help to make the shoot both successful and satisfactory. Let us hear from you at once."

Draw to this Pair.

COL. ANTHONY AND THE INTERSTATE.

THE eighth of the '95 series of the Interstate Association's tournaments will be held at Charlotte, N. C., on Aug. 27-29. We have received advance copies of the programme, with a request attached that FOREST AND STREAM will make a note of the same.

Without going into details, such as giving an account of Charlotte and its gun club, we will just mention, for the benefit of the few trap-shooters who don't already know it, that Charlotte is the home of Col. J. T. Anthony. That fact of itself is enough to satisfy all shooters that they are going up against a square game, and a good one, when they put in their appearance at Charlotte. The programme doesn't say anything about Col. Anthony; it isn't necessary that it should - pretty nearly everybody knows the colonel. It just tells us what Charlotte is and what her possibilities are. It also tells us all about the grounds of the Charlotte Gun Club in Latta Park, concluding that portion of the programme with the following: "The Charlotte Gun Club in extending this invitation to all shooters feels that it has some claim to make on them at the same time, having had representation at all of the great as well as most of the smaller shoots that have taken place for the last two years. We think we should meet with a large and full response at this tournament, assuring each and every one a good time and hearty welcome."

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the programme is that which concerns itself with the handicap system that will be in force at this shoot. This handicap is a modification of the one now used by the Interstate Association. The programme says:

"The Interstate Association, ever mindful of the promotion of the best interests of trap-shooting, has decided at this tournament to waive the existing rule regarding 'that class of shooters known as experts,' thereby placing all contestants on the same equal footing. The handicap will be applied to those who win or divide first money, in any event, and continue in a place for money in the next event which they enter; failing to win they return to the amateur class again, thus handicapping the shooter only as he wins. It must be conceded that nothing could be fairer than this."

The events scheduled for each of the three days are five 15-target events, $2 entrance, and five 20-target events, $3 entrance. Ten dollars is added to the purse in each 15-target event, $15 to the purses in the 20-target events. On the third day an extra event is inserted in the programme—a team race, three men to a team, all men on a team to be for the same State, 25 targets per man, unknown angles (of course), $10 per team, $25 added to purse. This last sum makes the total of added money for each day just $400. Two sets of traps will be used, the traps being in position for practice on Monday morning, Aug. 26. A special rate of a fare and a third has been secured over all lines in the Southern States Passenger Association. Headquarters for shooters will be the Central Hotel and the Bedford Hotel. Ammunition shipped in advance to the Justice Hardware Company will be delivered on the grounds. Any further information that may be desired can be obtained by addressing Archie R. Stokes, Secretary, Charlotte, N. C.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., August 3.—The shoot held under the auspices of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, for the benefit of the Cherry Hill, N. J., sufferers in the cyclone disaster of July 13, took place to-day. Nineteen shooters took part in the 10 events, among them being "Wanda" (Mrs. M. F. Lindley), who has recently taken to target shooting. The scores made were as follows; all events being at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	10	15	15	10	15	15	15	15	*25
Greiff	11	0	..	13	8	14	13	11	..	20
Paul	14	9	11	13	6	12	13	w	..	17
Huck	..	10	13	14	6	13	13	13	12	21
Lenone	..	..	12	12	10	14	13	..	..	..
McAlpin	..	..	15	14	10	12	11	13	14	18
Breintnall	..	..	10	15	7	14	13	10	12	18
Apgar	..	..	..	..	7	12	13	14	13	21
Richmond	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	14	..	22
James	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	18
Hassinger	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	11	11
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	15	10
Baker	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	..	..
Welles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	15
"Wanda"	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12
Marvin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..
Lawrence	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7
Proctor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Krebs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20

*No. 10 was at 15 targets, unknown angles, and 5 pairs:

Bronx River Gun Club.

WEST FARMS, N. Y., July 27.—The Bronx River Gun Club held its monthly shoot for the club medals this afternoon. F. Pringle won the Class A medal; Duane and Herrington tied for the medal in Class B, while H. Cathcart won the Class C medal. Score:

Dr J P Adams	1110011000100111100001101—12
Fred Pringle	1111011111011111111111101—21
M Herrington	1111011101111111111001011—20
C White	1100101110111111111111110—20
H Cathcart	0011111010010010110111000—13
James Duane	1110110111101101111101111—20

JOHN T. MURPHY, Sec'y.

Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.

THE programme for the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament is to hand. This tournament will be held on the grounds and under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, Pa., on Aug. 20-23. These grounds are located at Holmesburg Junction (Pennsylvania R. R., New York division), thirty minutes' ride from Broad street station, Philadelphia.

The Keystone Shooting League has this year made a decided change in the programme of events usually scheduled for this annual affair. It has provided one set of traps devoted entirely to the decision of the State events and of sweepstakes open only to members of the State Association. It has also provided for a set of traps on which sweepstake events, open to all, shall be shot. The change is a good one.

The programme for Aug. 20-21 on the open traps contains seven 20-target events, $2 entrance, and one 50-target event, these two 50-target events making the E. C. Powder Company's trophy event of 100 targets. All these events, as well as the eight 20-target events scheduled for Aug. 22, the third day, are at unknown angles. The E. C. powder cup is a handicap race, the handicaps ranging to 110; handicaps will be announced on the grounds on Aug. 20. The open events on the live bird traps on Aug. 23 are: No. 1, 7 birds, $5; No. 2, 10 birds, $10; No. 3, 7 birds, $5; No. 4, 10 birds, $10.

The traps set aside for State events will be kept busy each day. The programme for August 20 contains six 20-target events, $2 entrance; a 25-target merchandise event, $1.25 entrance, with 30 prizes advertised; and the 50-target individual championship of the State for the Wm. Wolstencroft & Sons' trophy. August 21 will see the decision of the contests for the American Wood Powder Company's trophy—three men teams, and the Harrisburg Shooting Association's trophy—six men teams. On this day six 20-target races open to members of the State Association only will be shot. On August 22 there will be six 20-target races shot under similar conditions; the Reading trophy—five men teams—will also be shot for on this day, as well as a 25-target merchandise event with 28 prizes for competition. Live bird day, August 23, will see the contests for the Williamsport trophy—individual championship of the State, and for the L. C. Smith trophy—three men teams. There will also be a 7 bird $5 event, open only to members of the State Association.

The above comprises a lengthy programme, the successful carrying out of which will redound greatly to the credit of the management of the tournament. The Keystone Shooting League is a popular organization, comprising as it does among its members such men as: "Jimmie" and "Billy" Wolstencroft, Harry ("Father Time") Thurman, J. W. Treadway, Joseph Thurman, R. A. Welch, H. "Landis" David, Frank Kleintz, John Rothacker, Enoch Miller, Al. Rust, etc. The fifth annual tournament of the State Association, held under its auspices, should, therefore, be a success in point of attendance of shooters, not only from Pennsylvania, but from Jersey, New York, New England, Maryland and points South.

All sweepstake events, given 15 entries, will be divided into five moneys—30, 25, 20, 15 and 10; under 15, four moneys. This system will permit, if there are 15 entries, of those making 16 to get in for money. A note on page 8 of the programme states: "All sweepstake shooting will be governed by the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association rules." We note, however, that in the sweepstakes open only to members of the Association some of the 20-target events are at known angles, while others are at unknown angles. Hence we conclude that the sliding handicap, heretofore in force at all similar gatherings of this Association, has been abolished.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., July 24.—This shoot was not well attended, but the scores are unusually good. We have at least ten other members whose averages are fully up to the average of the six shooters making the scores appended. We hope to be able to turn out an expert or two in time. It will be noted that H. A. Johnson made his first 25 straight and the first 20 on his second string, being practically 45 straight. Out of 75 he scored 71. The entire shoot of the day, including the event at doubles, averages for each man but a trifle under 80 per cent. Scores:

No. 1, club shoot, 25 targets, 15 at known angles and 10 at unknown angles:

H A Johnson	1111111111111111111111111—25
Hayes	1110111110111011011011110—19
Lashells	1111110011111011010010110—17
Krider	1100101011111101111110101—18
Prenatt	1111011111111101111111100—21
Decker	1010111100110111101111101—18

No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles:

H A Johnson	1111111111111111111101111—24
Hayes	0111110111101101111011011—20
Lashells	1110101100111111111111111—21
Krider	1111011011000111111111001—18

No. 3, same:

H A Johnson	1111111011111011011111111—22
Hayes	1111101011111011111111111—21
Prenatt	1110111001111011111111111—21

No. 4, 5 pairs: Hayes 8, Lashells 7, Prenatt 6, H. A. Johnson 5.

MEADVILLE, Pa., July 31.—The following scores were made at our club shoot to-day:

No. 1, club medal shoot, 25 targets, 15 at known angles and 10 at unknown angles:

Baker	1011011011001011101010101—15
Lashells	1011111011100111110011000—16
Decker	0111110111111001111011101—19
Belton	0011111111011111111111111—22
Krider	0001101111110011001111001—15
Reisinger	1111011111111111101111101—22
Hayes	1101111111111011111111111—23
Leberman	1111111111101111111000101—20
Carskadden	1111101111111111111110111—23
Dunn	1110110100110100011010011—14
H A Johnson	1111111111011110111010011—20

No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles: H. A. Johnson 23, Hayes 24, Lashells 17, Belton 19, Krider 21, Reisinger 23.

No. 3, same: Lashells 18, Hotchkiss 12, Dunn 14, H. A. Johnson 23, Krider 25, Belton 20, Reisinger 19. CHOKE-BORE.

Altoona Gun Club.

ALTOONA, Pa.—A more disagreeable day has not been seen on Wopsononock Mountain in months than to-day, when the Altoona Gun Club held its semi-monthly shoot. Only a few braved the elements which were almost black as night. Flashes of lightning at different periods made the sight a most remarkable one. The feature of the shooting was the work of Fay, who is a novice at trap-shooting. The scores:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles: Killitts 5, Fay 5, Westley 1, House 5, Sands 8.

No. 2, same: Killitts 8, Fay 7, Westley 1, House 6, Sands 8.

No. 3, medal race, 25 targets, known angles:

Killitts	1111111101111010110011101—19
Fay	1111111111110001111111101—22
Westley	0000000000000000010011111— 6
House	1110110101001100111110111—17
Sands	0110111101101111111111100—18

Fay won the gold medal, Killitts the silver, and Westley the leather.

No. 4, walking match, 10 targets: House 4, Fay 7, Killitts 6.

GRANT.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Southern Railway Company.

THE Southern Railway, Piedmont Air Line, announce to-day the following rates from Washington to Atlanta, Ga., account of the Cotton States and International Exposition. Washington to Atlanta and return, on Tuesday and Thursday each week during exposition, rate of $14 for the round trip, good to return within ten days. Every day during exposition, rate of $19.25, good to return twenty days from date of sale, also return trip rate of $26.25, good to return until Jan. 7, 1896. This is the lowest rate ever accorded any similar exposition, and as the Southern Railway has started out with the lowest possible rates the exposition is a sure success.

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No. H.—A special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, multiplying reel, with balance handle and side spring click, 40yds., 68c.; 60yds., 78c; 80yds., 88c.; 100yds., 98c. Any of the above reels sent by mail on receipt of price and 10c. extra for postage.

No. E—Special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, click reels, 40yds., 48c.; 60yds., 58c. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 5c. extra for postage.

No. C—Special lot of extra fine nickel plated, raised pillar, multiplying reels with click and drag, and screw off oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 68c.; 80yds., 78c; 100yds., 88c.; 150yds., 98c.

Single gut leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c. per doz; 3yds, 60c. per doz. Double gut leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. per doz. Hand twisted treble gut leaders, 3ft long, 10c. each, 90c. per doz.

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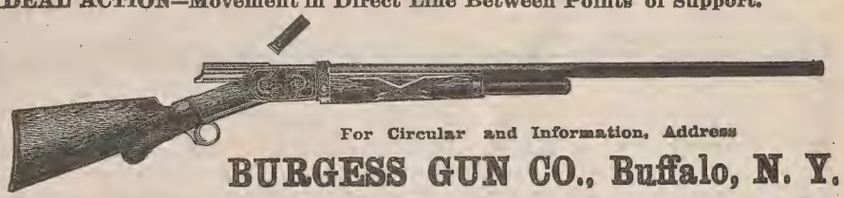
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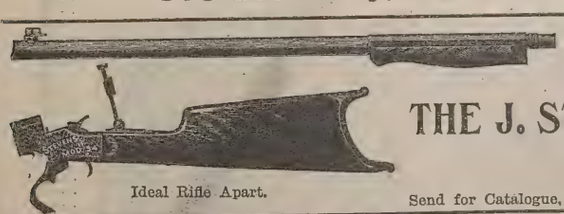
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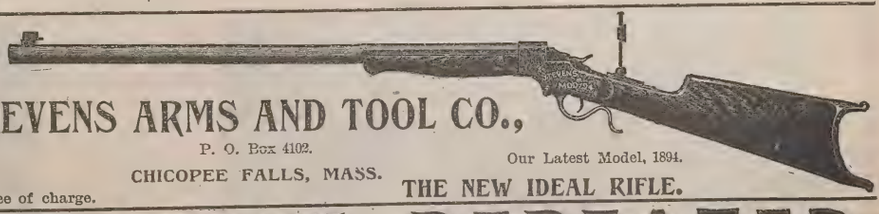
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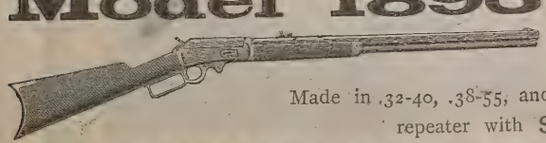
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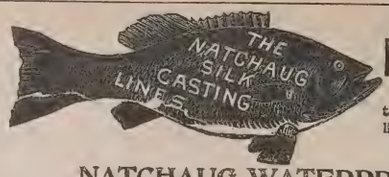
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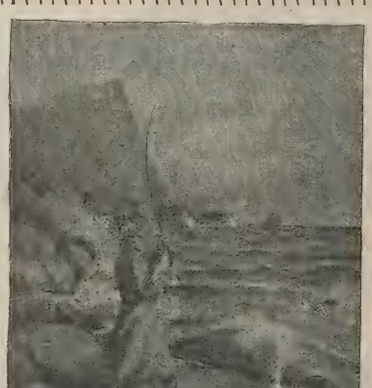
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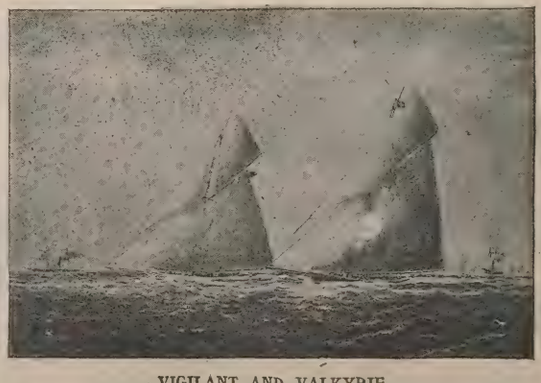
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SLINKS, SUCKERS AND TRILBIES.

IN her naïve story of taking the big muscalonge Mrs. Farrington notes that the St. Lawrence River boatmen call the pickerel "slinkies." This appears to be a form of "slink," meaning a sneak. It is admirably descriptive of the way a pickerel and others of his kin take the bait. They sneak cautiously and hesitatingly up to it and then make a dash. Slink, slinker and slinky are good words applied to fish or to men. There are lots of them.

The term sucker, meaning a beat or fraud or swindler, who shirks his part of the expenses, has sometimes given as its origin the sucker fish, perhaps because the species is so looked down upon. But this figure of speech comes to us from the worthless growth of vegetation known as a sucker. In his "Holy and Profane State," published in 1640, the English divine, Thomas Fuller, uses this word more than once, and always in such a way as to show the deriviation of the expression. Thus commenting upon the maxim, "He that eats cherries with noblemen shall have his eyes spirted out with the stones," he says, "If thou payest nothing, they will count thee a sucker, no branch, a wen, no member of their company." Thus it appears that the human sucker is an ancient if dishonorable member of society; and the term sucker is a good word, whether applied to fruit trees or to men.

They used expressions in every-day speech and in the pulpit in Fuller's time that would shock polite ears in these more fastidious days. Fuller said what he meant and said it bluntly so that everybody might hear it and understand it. Some of the robust forms of speech of that age might well enough be revived in our own. They certainly would be more acceptable than the frivolous and puerile slang affected by some of the public speakers of the day. Bishop Fowler, in a lecture in New Jersey last week on Abraham Lincoln, told his audience how tall Lincoln stood "in his Trilbies." He won a cheap laugh with this, but in the winning showed his own want of appreciation of the diginity of his theme and gave the key-note of it unworthy treatment.

THE CARP AS VERMIN.

A CORRESPONDENT presents this problem and asks for its solution: A pond containing six acres, which is used as a reservoir for drinking water, is infested with carp. The bottom is so uneven that a drag net cannot be employed. The fish were introduced under the hallucination that they would be a desirable addition to the water. They are now recognized as an abominable nuisance. How shall they be exterminated?

In smaller bodies of water, which are not connected with others inhabited by useful species, carp may be destroyed by liming. In a Long Island case which came under our observation, a private pond had been stocked with carp, which thrived and multiplied and effectually despoiled the pond of its usefulness and beauty. They rooted like hogs among the water lillies and other vegetable growth, destroying it and keeping the water continually stirred up and disgustingly dirty. They waxed fat on the ruin they wrought but were themselves good neither for sport nor for the table. Other expedients failing to clear them out, the pond was partially drained and then barrels of lime were thrown into it. Afterward, the water being drawn off, heaps of autumn leaves were spread over the bottom, and subsequently the mold, mud and carp skeletons were dug up and carted away for fertilizing. Then the pond was reflooded; and the owner now rejoices in a piece of water stocked with black bass. He has had his little carp experience and has paid for it.

The fact is that the carp is in many instances proving itself to be a costly and dangerous fish. If the facts were known it would probably be shown that there are scores of cases similar to this Long Island instance, where the introduction of the carp has been a gigantic mistake; and unfortunately it often happens that the waters so infested are of such extent or are so connected with other waters that a remedy may not be applied so simply and effectually as it was here. The best cure for carp is prevention. To keep the first fish out is to forestall the necessity of waging war upon them when they are in.

Fish and Game Protector Chas. A. Shriner has recently directed the attention of the New Jersey Fish Commission to the proposed introduction of tench, a fish of the carp family, into the waters of that State by the National Fish Commission. "We have in this country," he says, "a good variety of indigenous fish, whose distribution and propagation would supply not only sport for the angler but food for all, and it seems to me very injudicious to introduce into our waters to the exclusion of our native fish European fish which nobody here seems to appreciate. I would suggest that something ought to be done toward informing the people of New Jersey of the probable evil effects of the introduction of the tench."

On the other hand Commissioner MacDonald, of the United States Fish Commission we believe recommends the carp and tench as desirable species, and under his direction the Government is distributing these fish throughout the country.

THE PERE MARQUETTE POACHERS.

THE Pere Marquette Fishing Club, of Michigan, has been described in our columns. It owns some seventeen hundred acres of land, on which are several lakes and the stream of Kinne Creek from source to mouth. The club is extensively engaged in trout breeding; and the product of its hatcheries is distributed not only to the club's own waters, but to the public waters of the district. Notwithstanding this, the members have been annnoyed all summer by poachers, who at length became so bold as to defy the club and to declare that they would fish in the club waters as much as they pleased, and when and where they pleased. Proceeding against them, the club caused three arrests and sought a conviction under the criminal law, on the ground that the club was engaged in hatching and propagating fish, and that it was a misdemeanor for any one to take trout from waters used for such purposes, this being provision of the Michigan statutes. The defendants had sconce enough to employ a smart local lawyer, who by his eloquent tribute to the virtues and hardships of the poor down-trodden Mossbacks and by a violent and high-faluting assault on the kid-gloved city sportsmen (for the learned gentlemen always picture the man from town as wearing kids) succeeded in carrying things all his own way; and the jury acquitted without leaving their seats. Three trials resulted in defeat for the club; then a fourth arrest was made and proceedings were instituted for trespass. A conviction was secured, with six cents and costs of $40 imposed as the penalty. All this has stirred up an intense feeling against the Pere Marquette Club, and the members are naturally apprehensive of lawlessness and damage to their property.

Reprisals have been made. The trout breeding pen of the club hatchery was broken into the other day and some 200 of the large breeders taken out. This was at a time when the fish were beginning to get heavy with spawn, and every one of them would have furnished from 500 to 1,000 eggs to stock the stream in Lake county, for, as we have said, the Marquette's trout growing is conducted not for its own benefit alone, but for the advantage of the public waters in the neighborhood. Hundreds of thousands of eggs have been put into streams over which the club has no control and from which the members can reach no direct personal benefit.

As a result of the club's stocking of waters outside of the preserve there is actually open to the public more good fishing than there would have been if the club had never been formed. The people of the neighborhood cannot plead that they are deprived of fishing privileges. Local fishermen and those who profit by the coming of anglers from outside to Baldwin and other fishing centers, all alike owe something to the club, and an enlightened policy would be to co-operate with the Pere Marquette managers for the common good of all. We should think that there must be in the better element of Lake county a recognition of these conditions, and we shall watch with interest the outcome of the present difficulties.

IN PRINT AND IN THE FIELD.

OUR correspondent, "Dick of Connecticut," who criticises the act of a writer who tells of having shot game out of normal range, takes us to task for having printed the original story, or for having given it without what he is pleased to term an editorial reprimand. To which it may be replied that it is not the place of one who happens to be in a position of advantage, such as an editor enjoys, forever to be harping and scolding and criticising and moralizing and laying down the law to his contributors. Nor can he be so finicky as to put into print only such conduct and opinion as might belong to the ideal and sublimated individual who exists in fancy or in fact as "the true sportsman."

If the truth were known it would probably be recognized that the man of the gun and his brother of the rod, whose doings are told in the columns of a sportsmen's journal, live and move in a higher plane of sportsmanship than the great army of gunners and fishermen of real life. We see in print only the better side. Much of that which is contended for most strenuously and with never-failing earnestness in type is thrown to the wind in actual practice. Some folks who talk the loudest about game protection when they are in town, where there are only brick walls and English sparrows about them, forget their high principles and blaze away like fiends bent on promiscuous slaughter when they are out among game birds and chippies. This, after all, is only a natural manifestation of human nature. It is more easy to preach than to practice; to tell how brave one would be than to face the enemy without shaking knees; to talk than to do.

There is, however, no question that principles of sportsmanship are making progress. For instance, this very question of shooting at game so long as it may by any possibility be struck by a chance bullet, although far out of accurate range, is one on which there has been a growing sentiment. Turn back to the hunting stories of only fifteen years ago and read of the men who on the Western prairie would blaze away at bunches of antelope, "pumping lead," as they were pleased to describe it, after the fleeing bands so long as the victims were in sight, and necessarily wounding and maiming creatures which they could not hope to gain possession of, nor about whose purposeless suffering did they appear to have the slightest twinge of conscience.

It is one of the most difficult things in the world for any two men who use the gun to agree upon a definition of the word "sport" or to unite on the exact point of what is legitimate or illegitimate, sportsmanlike or unsportsmanlike, manly or brutal; but the standard is higher to-day than ever before; and will be higher to-morrow than to-day.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE comments of "O. O. S." on those Florida tourists who slaughtered quail that they might outdo the scores made by previous butchers were anticipated some time ago by our own comments on the very occurrences of which he so reasonably complains. The last Legislature provided that no person may lawfully kill more than fifty quail in one day. Such a restriction is not very much of a hardship on the average man nor on the average woman, unless one happens to be as bloodthirsty as were those Philadelphia folks.

We print to-day another complaint from a Boston man who thinks that he has been imposed upon by having been compelled to pay expressage on his dog. Most railroads going to a game country concede to the passengers the privilege of free carriage of his dogs in the baggage car if the animals are properly crated. For more than two dogs a sum is charged, and this is regulated by a fixed tariff. On some roads every dog is charged for at the rate of 25 cents or 50 cents for each division over which it goes, so that a fee is required to be paid every time baggage-men are changed. Even where a tariff on dogs prevails, correspondence with the general passenger agent will sometimes insure special arrangements by which a sportsman going to the shooting grounds may obtain a pass for his dogs to and from destination.

The Sportsman Tourist.

TO LAKE TEMAGAMINGUE.

The near approach of my next outing brings reminiscences of my last and reminders of my debt to Forest and Stream and its readers.

If you will turn back a year and a half, you will find in the canoe columns of the Forest and Stream a very interesting article by "The Chief," entitled "Away up North." It proved to me particularly interesting and led to a lengthy and kindly correspondence with "The Chief" (Mr. H. K. Wicksteed), and later with Mr. C. Rankin, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Co. at Mattawa, and with Mr. Wragge of the Grand Trunk Railway at Toronto, all with a view to planning a trip to the region lying north of Lake Nippissing and the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Everything being arranged, my wife, who is known to readers of a former article of mine, in your paper, under the pseudonym of "Jim;" our black cocker "Jerry," who also had a conspicuous part in that article, and the writer, left New York one evening by the New York Central for Niagara Falls and thence proceeded to Toronto.

Mr. Wragge was exceedingly kind, as were all officials of the Grand Trunk Railway. Mr. Francis of the engineers' department kindly corrected our map of the region to be visited, to agree with their latest survey.

That evening found us in a sleeper en route for North Bay, where we made connection the next morning with the westward bound Canadian Pacific train. The same train taking us to Sturgeon Falls had brought our two guides, canoes, outfit and provisions from Mattawa, and the hour's run to Sturgeon Falls was pleasantly spent in making acquaintance with the guides and outlining the trip. We stopped at the McGrath House, whose proprietor facilitated matters a great deal, and a busy three hours spent in unpacking and repacking made us ready, and with our canoes and goods in a wagon we started for the Sturgeon River, a short mile away, and left civilization behind us.

We were met at Sturgeon Falls by a third guide, who had been telegraphed for as an afterthought; so we eventually started as a party of five, and the dog. Going about two miles up the river we camped for the night, spending the remainder of the afternoon in sorting and rearranging the luggage. The next morning our real start was made.

The Sturgeon River for the first nine milles, up to Sandy Falls, is a broad, deep, sluggish stream of brownish-colored water and uninteresting scenery. Above the falls, and for five miles further to Smoky Falls, the river is more rapid and quick water was struck several times, sometimes requiring short portages.

We met several large flat-bottomed boats, loaded with hay and grain, with crews of lumbermen on their way to camps in the interior, and were much interested in their methods of hauling the big boats up the rapids.

We camped at the head of Smoky Falls. During the evening four Indians with a canoe came over the carry and continued their journey to the village. They had come since morning from the H. B. C. post on Lake Temagamingue, a distance of sixty miles.

An early start in the morning and four miles brought us to the mouth of the Tomiko River. Here, over a carry, we had our first shooting, getting, with Jerry's help, four partridges, three of them falling by Jim's skill, and soon after a couple of ducks were shot.

Never shall I forget the Tomiko. From Sturgeon River to Tomiko Lake (nine miles) it was fairly good going and rather interesting; above that point and as far as Tilden Lake it was hard work and monotonous. It is a narrow stream of black, still, mist-covered water with low alder-fringed banks back of which could be seen a low marshy country. It is broken by ledges of rocks which crop out just sufficiently to render portages frequent. Not a fish jumped, nor was there other sign of life except great hornets' nests hanging from the alders on either side of the river, and frequently large owls sitting on dead trees that would allow us to approach within a short distance and then with heavy flight betake themselves further up the stream. The weather was damp and warm, and the atmosphere and surroundings recalled descriptions of African and South American rivers, and one would not have been surprised to have seen great snakes hanging from the trees, and crocodiles and hippopotami floating about in the water. Three days were consumed in going the twenty-seven miles of the Tomiko, including its twenty-seven portages, and it was Saturday afternoon when we came out on beautiful Tilden Lake, where we spent Sunday.

Monday morning found us again en route, and from this point on our journey was not hard. Our days were spent about as follows: breakfast was over and camp struck usually about seven o'clock, and we would work along making what progress we could, here and there picking up a partridge or duck; dinner wherever twelve o'clock found us, and continuing along we would make camp about five o'clock. Except on the Tomiko we camped on the shores of a lake every night. By seven o'clock it was dark, but all work would be done and we would sit about the fire, listening to hunting, logging and voyaging stories by McGregor in Scotch-American or by Pillon in his more musical and interesting French-Canadian; or, with our reflector, hunting and camping lantern lighted (an exceedingly good and powerful lantern made by the R. E. Dietz Co. of New York), we would read the few books we had brought, and half-past eight or nine o'clock would find us ready for our tent and the rubber air bed, which we found very convenient where camp was broken so often, and which assured us always a sound night's rest.

Thus we journeyed through a succession of beautiful lakes—Tilden, Pine, Poplar, Marten, Wicksteed, Boyce, Redwater, Rabbit, White Bear and Temagamingue—nearly all connected by fairly navigable streams.

The exceeding low water doubled the number of portages, which, however, were always short, and sometimes made hard bits of travel, especially during the first half of our journey, where there were no trails or only those cut last year by the survey party, and which had become overgrown. This often necessitated our taking the bed of the stream, either over rocks and boulders or across marshy, grassy stretches barely covered with water and mud feet deep.

The region traversed between the mouth of the Tomiko and Rabbit Lake has never been lumbered, and except as mentioned along the Tomiko the forest is primeval, the shores of the lakes and streams being well wooded.

It is a country not visited except in winter by Indian hunters from the H. B. C. posts, and we did not meet a soul till Lake Temagamingue was reached. The country looked full of game, and although we saw but one deer, tracks of moose and deer were very frequent along the shores. Partridges and ducks were very plentiful, and our larder was nearly always stocked.

We caught black bass in every lake visited—they were abundant, took any bait and in most of the lakes were gamy and would run evenly from 2½ to 3lbs. Pickerel and wall-eyed pike (doré) were often caught weighing 4 to 5lbs., and Jim landed one most beautiful golden wall-eyed pike weighing nearly 7lbs. He is still in Boyce Lake, for having plenty of fish on hand we let him go after admiring him to our hearts' content.

Saturday night caught us at the head of the northeast arm of Lake Temagamingue, and we camped over Sunday on a beautiful point from which the view was enchanting—islands of all sizes on every side and stretching down the lake until they limited the view at perhaps a distance of two miles. This lake has been well described by "The Chief," and I will simply indorse him and add that the bass are exceedingly gamy owing no doubt to the water being so clear and cold.

Monday afternoon we made the H. B. C. post on Bear Island, and passed a few hours very agreeably with the factor, Mr. Turner, and his interesting family, afterwards going into camp on an island just below the post.

The next morning we started on our return journey and by easy stages through Cross and Red Cedar lakes, down the Temagami and Sturgeon rivers, reached Sturgeon Falls—the only incident worth recording being an exciting run down six miles of rapids and quick water.



CAMP AT TILDEN LAKE.

Thus was our journey completed and a summing up showed we had visited fifteen lakes, ten rivers, made sixty-seven portages and covered a distance of 197 miles in fourteen days.

With one or two exceptions the lakes and rivers were very enjoyable, some of the lakes being as beautiful as any I have ever seen, notably Boyce, Tilden, Rabbit and Temagamingue.

The rivers are narrow and winding with closely wooded banks, and the falls and rapids which necessitated portages are picturesque and serve to vary the monotony of the voyage.

While portages were numerous they were all short, only one of two miles and the larger number perhaps 100yds. each.

The country is undulating and covered with forests.

We saw no large game, but there is every evidence that it exists there and could be obtained by more energetic and persistent hunters than our party consisted of.

Partridges and ducks were plentiful, and black bass, pickerel and doré could be had at any time in any quantity and were very gamy.

It is a country but little known to sportsmen as yet, but cannot remain so much longer and is well worth a trip.

The Hudson's Bay Company at Mattawa will furnish everything needful for any length of time, charging a moderate rental for canoes and camping outfit, and but little, if any, advance on New York prices for provisions. It has more or less control of a number of woodsmen and hunters, and the selection of guides can be very safely left to the chief factor, Mr. Rankin.

Of our guides, one, Gus Pillon, an Indian, has been described by "The Chief." We cannot agree with him fully in his estimation of Pillon's character, as he showed to us nothing but good temper, courtesy and a desire to please.

We can also speak very highly of John McGregor, a Scotchman. Both of these men were recommended by "The Chief" and Mr. Rankin.

The third man, David St. Eloi, who claimed to be pure French, but looked like a half-breed, I cannot recommend at all. He was disobliging, discourteous, had a bad influence on the other men, and was altogether a most undesirable man.

I shall be very glad to give what information I can to any one proposing to visit that region. F. W. G.

New York.

ON THE UPPER MOLALLA.

When Ira Moody died, several years ago, I felt that nobody else could ever take his place in the Molalla country. He was so thoroughly familiar with that country and its sporting resources, so companionable, so whole-souled and generous-hearted that I had come to regard Moody and the Molalla as inseparable if not quite synonymous. But the spirit of my old friend went away to that unknown and silent shore from whence no traveler returns, while the old Molalla goes right on night and day just as of yore, fretting and murmuring, only that now it seems to whisper: "Men may come and men may go, but I go on forever"—a sort of lullaby to the ashes of dear old Ira, mingling in the dark union of insensate dust in that country he loved so well. Peace to those ashes!

But Fay is a big boy now, and I am glad to say that he is proving himself a worthy son of a worthy sire. He is a great big chip off the old block. He is over 6ft. tall, well proportioned, with eyes and hair that would make a Sioux brave turn green with envy; brave, prudent and honest. Fay is all right, and then, too, he is full of the fire and ambition of youth. You know that age knocks a good deal of that out of a fellow. By the way, I wonder if sportsmen grow old like other people. Expect they do, although possibly not quite so fast. I find myself interrogating myself about that matter considerably here of late, particularly since our return from the Upper Molalla country.

Can it be that I am getting old? I feel stiff and sore, and my bones rasp and grind in their sockets as if they needed new packing and a fresh supply of oil. But then it was a long, hard trip over rough mountains and stony trails. There was a time when no four days' trip, no matter how rough, could break me up in any such way. Mead says it all comes from getting fat and lazy. But I am neither to any great extent; and besides, a fellow that is nothing but skin and bones has no right to sit in judgment on fat people. Probably the fact of the matter is that I have arrived at that stage of my existence when I can endure more rest than I could twenty years ago. I know that the trails seem more rugged and the mountains look more formidable than then, and I find less malicious envy in my heart when some other fellow, like Mead for instance, succeeds better than I with the rod or gun, as was the case on this trip to the upper waters of the Molalla.

A letter just at hand from my good friend "O. O. S." puts it plainer than I can. I know the other boys will pardon me, and I hope he will excuse the liberty I take in quoting from that letter, for he describes some symptoms with which many of us are getting quite too familiar. He says: "I find this summer that I am less able by far to endure fatigue than ever before. Whether it is owing to some temporary indisposition or weakness, or whether it is something come to stay, I know not. That will appear later; I opine that it is the latter, however, and that the ability to endure which has always been mine in a remarkable degree is gone forever. It don't hurt, though, as I once should have supposed it would. Age dulls the sensibilities, which is a kind provision of an all-wise providence. I begin to think latterly what a happy experience it would be if I could be set down by the side of some fine trout stream, with adjacent lakes handy for bass or other fish, where I could pitch my tent and without great exertion enjoy timely sport like the old fellows have done (and do) whom I have looked upon with feelings of amusement and with perhaps a tinge of pity, that they could not, with us young and brawnier sportsmen, climb and row and tramp and rejoice in the bounding enjoyment of undiminished manhood. I begin to appreciate their position now, and am content with less and less; if not content, the edge of disappointment and unsatisfied ambition is not so keen. Have you begun to feel any such symptoms?"

I guess I have, Brother Smith; but I'm not going to plead guilty. The boys will have to prove it on me. Here's an alibi right here in this trip to the Upper Molalla, and I'm going to tell you all about it.

You see, Fay had written that if we (that meant me and my running mate, Mr. J. Roberts Mead) would come out, he would take us to a part of the Molalla country that his father had never shown me and perhaps never knew much about himself. Youthful vigor had made a point

that was too seductive to be successfully resisted by us, and so we went.

In fact, we were both very glad to go, and now one of us at least is very glad that we are back in reasonably good condition, ordinary wear and tear excepted. Mead injured one of his legs pretty seriously, which affords me considerable quiet satisfaction. He has less to say about fat people in general and "the old man" in particular.

We each took a pack; Mead said his weighed 50lbs. and mine 30, but I did not see them weighed and am disposed to raise a question of pivilege. However, I will acknowledge that I afterward found that some things had surreptitiously found their way into my pack that were more bulky than weighty. I like a nice little harmless joke as well as anybody, but carrying a great big stuffed duck over a long mountain trail to a trout creek is not such a joke as I can fully comprehend or appreciate. If it had been a nice, fat, edible duck, properly stuffed, or even a sleek mounted specimen for the Molalla children to admire, I might have borne my burden with fortitude if not with pride.

But the idea of carrying a great big, measly, moth-eaten taxidermic miscarriage, stuffed with cotton and old rags that had been booted and batted about Mead's office for years—and carrying it too over the Cascade Mountains one of the hottest of hot July days, with the honest perspiration cutting gullies along down my backbone, with the perpetrator of the outrage at my elbow condoling and sympathizing while maliciously enjoying and knowingly adding to my distress—this was a little too much for human nature to bear complacently. When I reached for my six-shooter Mead declared that Billy Newman did it, but I shall always think that Mead was an accessory before the fact. Billy had gone back to Scantogrease when we returned, which looks bad for him and adds weight to Mead's argument.

By starting early and driving hard we reached the Molalla early in the afternoon, and found Fay awaiting us with a fresh team. In half an hour we were off down across the Molalla River and up over the divide in a direction never before taken by me. Fay thought that we ought to take some "crawlers" or husk-worms from the river, as we could find no kind of bait in the North Fork and there was no use fishing there without bait. That was an old story with us, and so we decided to go without the "crawlers." Naturally we thought that a trout that wouldn't take a fly in a stream where there were no "crawlers" or other "bait" was too poor for use. We drove about eight or nine miles over a fair mountain road, until at last we had to leave the team and take to the brush. In packing in we frequently lost the dim old deer trail, but finally, after a four-mile tramp, arrived at our destination on the banks of the North Fork of the Molalla. We struck the stream further up than I had ever been before, and the surroundings were delightfully entrancing. The Molalla is the prettiest trout stream I ever saw, and this was the prettiest part of the Molalla I had yet seen. It seemed hardly possible that we could have left Portland in the morning to find ourselves at early evening in such a country. Heat and dust had disappeared as if by magic, and the sweet, balsam-laden ozone seemed so deliciously invigorating. With packs and trappings off we laid ourselves down on the mossy rocks and drank deep of the icy waters of the lovely North Fork.

Then we sat there in the cool evening air and surveyed our surroundings. Great precipitous mountains covered with gigantic pines, spruces and firs almost shut out the sky, while the North Fork danced among the boulders at our feet merrily and buried itself in a sleepy pool below; and then, as if awakening from a midday dream, started fretfully off around the bend, soon lost to us except in our imaginations and misty anticipations. We could only guess whether there were trout hidden there; but we were both ready to gamble on it, for such water must of necessity bear fruit. While pretending to enjoy the grand mountains and magnificent scenery my eyes constantly reverted to that sleepy pool, and Mead's quick eye soon detected me. There are some good points about Mead. He is self-sacrificing and generous to a remarkable degree and besides he evidently regarded this as a good chance to square himself on the duck question, the which he can't. "Well, old man," said he, "it is getting late, and while Fay and I unpack and start a fire may be you had better yank a few trout out of that pool down there for supper."

Mead is the best man on earth, I know he is; bless him.

In less time than it takes to tell it I was at the head of that sleepy pool with a string of three flies and my 6oz. rod. There is a sensation peculiar to anglers. It is the thrill of anticipation that comes with the first cast into unknown waters. One's rod seems to stand out like a great big interrogation point and a strange medley of equivocal answers seems to lie buried in the pool, held in abeyance by the mute waters, until the interest and anxiety of the angler is drawn so taut that he fairly quivers all over. On this occasion my suspense was of short duration. I needn't tell you how I cast, or where I cast, or anything about the gold-sprinkled living arrows of the white water. You've all been there. A double rewarded my first cast and my second, and then singles until fifteen lovely mountain trout lay in my basket, plenty for supper and breakfast, and all out of that one pool. I like pool fishing. It's just about as my friend Mead says: anybody can catch trout in riffles, but it isn't everybody that can catch them out of still pools, with the fly. However, in waters like the North Fork anybody can catch trout any place, for they haven't yet learned that "all is not gold that glitters." The boys were just ready to cook the trout when I returned to camp. That made it nice, for trout never taste better than when fresh from the stream. And then, too, bless the man that invented bacon! Is there anything else that can give fried trout such a delicious flavor?

Mead had arranged our packs in pieces of sail cloth, each about two yards square, with eyelets at each end; and these joined together made a very decent tent, open at both ends of course, but a good protection from the heavy mountain dews. With plenty of nice cedar browse for a mattress and two pairs of double blankets for a bed, we were well fixed for the night; and after the usual smoke and chin music we turned in, happy and contented as only anglers on a pretty mountain stream can be, and full to the muzzle of sweet anticipations of the morrow. The old, old story. But neither Mead nor myself went off to sleep, as we pretended to, for there is always a charm and enchantment about a strange forest at night that keeps a fellow awake unless he is very tired. We talked but little, but doubtless we were both thinking about the same thoughts.

A dying camp fire always gives the forest a sort of ghostly, ghastly appearance that sets a fellow to thinking sober thoughts. Never yet have I lain down at night on the banks of the Molalla without pondering on the past, the present and the future of that lovely country. And when the flickering camp fire paints its images back in the forest among the shadows, how easy it is for the imaginative mind to draw mental pictures of the drowsy past. One can almost hear the stealthy tread of the moccasined feet and the smothered voices of the dusky races that once roamed there, but are now gone forever. The night wind that steals softly down the dark cañons and through the great treetops seems to moan a sort of gentle requiem over the ashes of the half-forgotten tribe of the Molallas. And sometimes I find myself wishing that the great mute boulders had tongues, that they might tell us of the joys and the sorrows, the hopes, the loves, the fears that have passed in life's solemn review at their feet. But they are silent. The book is sealed. "Out of eternal silence did they come! into eternal silence have they gone!" We doze off into dreamland, when a sudden surge or eddy in the atmosphere brings all the voices of the night to our yet listening ears from far down the mysterious, dreamy cañon, and again we are wide awake. The roar of the waters sounds like the coming of a mighty wind, awe-inspiring, and the confused and commingling sounds of the night impress one with the notion that all nature has awakened in dread of some dire, impending calamity. But softly and almost imperceptibly the tumult and commotion die away, and again nature and you are asleep.

"Get up, you lazy rascal, if you are going to fish with me," is the next thing I hear, and I roll over and glance out to see broad daylight and Mead with the steaming coffee-pot in his hand. Mead never over-sleeps. I often wish he would. Particularly did I wish so this morning, for I didn't feel very skookum. But after a good bath in the Molalla and a good breakfast placed where it would do the most good, I was ready to give him the best I had in my shop. That was a great day we had with the trout among the pools and rapids of the North Fork. It was one of those days that a fellow embalms and puts away in memory's abode for future reference. Everything was at its best—air, water, trout, fishermen. The boulders were larger and more frequent than on the lower Molalla, and the stream was, of course, wilder, more rapid and more difficult. But all these difficulties and disadvantages were more than offset by livelier rapids, prettier pools and more numerous trout. And the trout were all fine and fat. They didn't need "crawlers" in their business, for there was never greater variety nor more prolific insect life. All the winged insects of the country and some that were not winged seemed to have gathered at the North Fork for a picnic, and the trout seemed to be having the best of the picnic. Twenty dozen, in round numbers, of lovely mountain trout running from 7in. to nearly 1ft. in length rewarded us for that day's work. We fished back to camp in time to properly clean and care for our catch before dark. We had no difficulty in keeping these trout and bringing them home in excellent condition. Carefully cleaning them, we packed them in fresh, damp moss, and placed them at the shaded mouth of a shallow cavern where the air seemed to draw in and out like the breathing of the ice king.

There were many pretty scenes and happy incidents of this day's fishing that I cannot ask space to tell about or attempt to describe. Wherever there was sand enough to show the imprint of feet there were deer and "varmint" tracks. Judging from appearances there was plenty of big game as well as fish in that neck of the woods. Mead can get along faster than I can and often does so. On one occasion he had forged ahead to a considerable distance, clear around a big bend. While intent upon my flies, forgetful of my surroundings and unconscious of the fact that I was alone, there came a succession of resounding shots that nearly startled me over into the pool. Bang, bang, bang!! bang, bang, bang!!!

Hurrying forward as fast as possible, expecting to find something dead—even if nothing more than Mead—I soon heard his voice, which in the noise of the stream and the rattle of my boots on the gravel sounded like a call for help. I strained every muscle and soon rounded the bend out of breath and my heart thumping against my side as if it would burst through. There sat Mead on a log. "Ha, ha, ha; he, he, he," the villain yelled as I came up, "you ought to have seen his nibs run."

"Nibs what? nibs who?" I asked as fast as I could get breath enough.

"Ha, ha, ha; he, he, he! I'll back him against anything in the Cascade Range in a ten mile up-hill heat. Ha, ha, ha," was the answer I got.

"Now look here, Mead," said I, getting serious and a little mad, "out with it or I will throw you in the drink and no more foolishness about it."

"Well," said he, "I found that I had got ahead of you and sat down here on the bank to wait for you, when I heard a crackling in the brush over on the other side of that deep pool. I watched and listened when pretty soon a bear, a little fellow, stuck his snout through the brush and looked around. Then I quietly got out my six-shooter and cut loose. At the first shot he started back up the mountain as if the devil himself was close after him. At the second shot he let out another notch, at the third another, and so on clear up the mountain, and as he went over the crest he had quit running and had commenced to fly. I tell you that fellow is a dandy in a hurdle race. You just ought to have seen him go; ha, ha, ha; he, he, he!"

The prettiest scene of the day was right where we turned back toward camp. At the foot of a long, tumultuous rapid was a lovely cascade. Right out in the center of the cascade, right where the water started in its descent, sat an immense boulder that would weigh many tons. It divided the stream and quite a body of water went each side of it. On the perpendicular face of that boulder, overlooking the falls, a couple of water ousels had built their peculiarly formed nest of moss, clear out of reach of prowling varmints. It was nearly as large as a bushel basket and the old birds seemed to appreciate the fact that their fortress was impregnable, for they were very bold and seemingly fearless. It was a delightful place to raise a family of young ousels, for they had such a good opportunity to study the beauties of nature before they left the home roof. I wish somebody would tell me how the little fellows get out of such places when it comes time to shirk for themselves. I have seen them after they have got out and before they could fly, but have never yet learned how they do it. Perhaps they slide down into the swift water and wade out on the bottom as the old birds can and do. A wonderful bird is the water ousel. I should think he would get lonesome away in these solitudes, but they seem to enjoy their hermit-like life. Wherever you go on these mountain streams you will find him and he always seems glad to see you. His harsh twitter is music and his impudent manners entertainment to the lone fisherman on the romantic stream.

Fay had gone back home and was to come up and help us out next day. We passed a pleasant night and Mead fished next day until about noon with good results, but I lay around camp and took it very easy. Yes, I can endure more rest than Mead can, but he'll get there by and by. As it was, we had all the fish we cared to carry out and were both well satisfied with our trip to the upper waters of the Molalla.

On the way home next day, road agents held up the incoming stage less than ten minutes after it had passed ours going out. Everybody seems to think that Mead' big white cowboy hat is all that prevented a double hold up, and it looks reasonable. But appearances are against him. He isn't half so terrible as he looks, and we would have been dead easy game for the agents if they had only known it.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 23.

WITH A BURRO TRAIN.

It is not often that a Californian will risk an extended trip into the mountains with an untried "tenderfoot," for much of the pleasure of a sojourn depends not only upon the staying qualities of a companion during the rougher experiences on the route, but also upon whether he adapts himself to the experiences in a companionable way. I was fortunate enough to enjoy my first mountain trip in the company of one comparatively young in years, but old in mountain experience, and it came about by an accidental acquaintance.

Judge H. H. Rose, an ardent hunter and mountain climber, whose skillful use of rifle and 12-gauge has placed his name more than once at the head of the list of southern California experts, always on the lookout for anything new in bird life, one day brought in a beautifu specimen of blue grossbeak which found its way into my collection, and at the same time I made the acquaintance of one of the closest observers in California.

A month later, on June 27, four burros heavily laden with supplies, followed by two hob-nailed individuals, might have been seen winding their way along the old trail which commences at Sierra Madre and ends seven and a half miles distant at the top of Mount Wilson, 6,500ft. high. From this point to the West Fork of the San Gabriel River, four and a half miles below, the mountain lies at an angle sufficiently steep to prevent the loose earth and stones from rattling down, and the trail, a mere path in the shape of a continued letter S, allows you and the train to slide down between rows of stunted manzanita, greasewood and mountain lilac, whose jagged points soon wear great holes in the gunny sacking in which blankets and provisions are packed for protection. From the foot of the trail to the mouth of Cottonwood Cañon (or Cut-off Cañon, as some call it, because this route avoids the older and more indirect trail over the ridge to the west) is a mile, and darkness overtook us before we made camp, fortunately, for there is no knowing what the Judge would have attempted in his ambition to show a tenderfoot what a Californian considers a fair day's work.

The burros were turned loose up cañon to graze, for if allowed to work back they might continue on the back trail and leave us in the lurch. Our camp-fire soon illuminated the arches of the water beeches which canopied the stream.

After supper of bacon, hot coffee and bread and butter, we spread our blankets on as smooth a spot in the trail as we could find, and turned in, with the beeches for a tent. We were too tired to sleep; the Judge's hip troubled him and the stones and sticks troubled me, but just as I managed to go off into a doze was suddenly aroused by a loud "Get out of that!" from the Judge and addressed to a civet cat, an animal which appeared, in the light of the milky way, to be shaped somewhere between a coon and a fox, that was prowling among the packs for meat, and nearly wandered over my feet. This incident drove away all thoughts of sleep, and we spent until daylight relating incidents of previous trips.

The finest fishing in the Sierra Madre Mountains is found along the San Gabriel River and its branches, and none furnishes the sport equal to that of the West Fork. Before dinner I wandered along the stream in search of specimens and came across a pool in which ten handsome trout could be counted. A hook and line tucked away in a vest-pocket for just such an emergency was quickly adjusted to a willow wand cut near by. No grasshopper could be found, but a burro near by furnished a tuft of hair which was loosely tied with a white string to the shank of the hook. This was let down with the current from above, but no bite from the pool after several attempts. Casting it into the riffles below, a trout was instantly landed, and with the anal fin I soon had five of the beauties out of the pool.

Following the little feeder up Cottonwood Cañon two miles, crossing at intervals on the boulders while the burros splashed through, the trail suddenly diverges and strikes right up a huge spur or hogback leading directly to a high range running east and west parallel to the main range. Hour after hour we plod, stopping every dozen steps to regain breath. Finally the ridge is reached and we have a view of the valley of the Little Tehunja and an entirely different watershed from that of the San Gabriel. This stream flows westerly, finally losing itself in the great San Fernando Valley to the west. The trai continues eastward along the range to the beginning of a spur, down the ridge of which we drop in rapid stages, the last half mile diverging into a dry cañon. We had been over four hours exerting violently in an extremely

hot sun, and the water at the mouth of the cañon was hailed with delight by the burros as well as by ourselves. A mile up the Tehunja we went into camp on the sands after fastening the animals along stream with cinch ropes, where they fed quietly all night. Tracks of deer cut up the sands in every direction, and there would be no difficulty in securing a blacktail any morning or evening by watching the side cañons down which they came from their sleeping places in the dense brush on the ridges.

Up the Tehunja two miles further the valley forks, and we turn up the Left Branch but immediately leave the bed of the stream and rise gradually over a series of outlying flanks of real mountain, the trail constantly getting steeper until the last mile it invites a constant scramble in which animals seem lost in the dust and brush. Our packs suffered on this trip more than any other part, because the cinch ropes had trailed in the stream during the night and loosened as they dried during the day—result, we lost one sack of 25lbs. flour en route, which dropped into the thick brush or rolled out of sight down the mountain. The top of the ridge separating the Little and Big Tehunja is heavily timbered with pine of two species, one a huge towering, well proportioned in trunk and limbs, with small cones; the other a smaller tree with long needles and a great cone 10 to 14in. in length and of several pounds weight, four of them filling a large grain sack. The ground is free from underbrush and covered with a green growth of bunch grass and numerous flowers, including the Mariposa lily, which here reaches its perfection of beauty. The northern slope of this ridge drains into the Big Tehunja; in fact, the headwaters begin among the pines at our camp. Deer are very plentiful, and in the valley along the streams a great variety of birds not seen in the lower valleys, that usually nest in Oregon and Washington, were taking advantage of the altitude and raising their broods. Every half mile or less great broods of the mountain partridge scattered before us, and we could hear the old birds, with their beautiful flowing plumes, calling them together after we passed. One brood of eighteen half-grown chicks were loth to leave the trail, and many of them fluttered on to the bushes just beyond and eyed us curiously as we rattled by. We camped again in the sand, which we find more comfortable than anything the mountain growth can supply. Near by a huge pine tree acknowledged a girth of 20ft. by cinch rope measurement, being one-third larger than that old landmark "the big pine" of the San Gabriel.

A mile below camp the cañon suddenly narrows and blocks the way. In consequence the sand has accumulated, making a flat, moist floor, in which grow clumps of willows and bunches of coarse grass. The open spots here were cut up by deer tracks as though a flock of sheep had passed that way. Where the cañon narrows the trail ascends the side of the mountain, circling down again to where a branch enters, which we cross, and continue up to the ridge beyond—nowhere as steep as our previous ones—for two miles, and then descend into the beautiful Chillejo (pronounced Chilláho) Valley, with its open, park-like reaches and grand old trees—a natural succession of deer parks, and much frequented by deer, as the sign in every direction indicated. A huge track of a mountain lion further evidenced the fact that deer meat was plentiful. We continued up the valley two miles to a little log cabin under the spreading branches of a great live oak, where the birds enlivened the air with their song by day and the owls and 'poorwill visited us by night; here we made our permanent camp for ten days. The patient little burros have won the respect of their fellow voyageurs and at once kick up their heels at the prospect of a period of idleness among rich feed and pure water. They wandered all over the valley during our stay, and we met them in our tramps fully five mile from camp, but a few days before we came out they returned to camp and were easily kept there by an occasional potato or onion from our ample stores.

Although in a decided rattlesnake country the clatter of the burro train ahead had warned away all snakes en route, but we were destined to have our first experience in that line shortly after the first meal in camp. Our table was of hewed logs, with a pile of loose rocks on one side and a box on the other for chairs. While resting after dinner a beautiful male of the violet green swallow circled about, and as I wished a skin of this bird I rushed to the table for my collecting gun, and right in front of the stone seat under the table, not 18in. from my feet, lay a lively rattler with seven rattles and a button who had evidently enjoyed the protection of the rocky seat while we had enjoyed the restful upper portion while seated at dinner. Thereafter the Judge, a good story-teller, was often interrupted about the time he reached the climax with the startling question, "Did you look under the table?"

The head of Chillejo Valley with its numerous branches penetrates to the very top of the ridge, forming the watershed toward the desert, and we spent many days exploring the different cañons, often resting at the pass where the hoofs of cattle driven in from the desert side in past years, but now driven out by the Government, have cut deep trails toward the desert.

A great level gray plane stretches off to the north until interrupted by blue mountains in the distance, colored by a scrubby growth of sage and cactus. In the middle, like a dried lake bottom, lies a yellow shining shimmering sea of sand with two great finger-like arms pointing to the west. Here there is absolutely no vegetation and the air fairly boils with the heat. On days when the regular breathing of the desert is interrupted and the rush of sea air over the mountain passes is diverted, the hot air rushes in like a blast from the furnace, and even at our elevation of over 7,000ft. the birds sit with open mouths and drooping wings until the usual breathing of the desert is resumed.

A couple of days were spent with lunch and water bottle exploring to the north of Mount Waterman and about the base of Mount Winston, where the unfortunate L. C. Winston was lost last fall. A small monument beside the trail of loose stones calls attention to the point of divergence, while on the mountain slope above a pine stripped of its branches, with a bright tin can on top, marks almost the spot where his body was found nine months to a day afterward.

On this side trip we saw fresh tracks of mountain lions.

The journey out was without particular interest. Having reduced our supplies it gave us an extra burro to carry us across the deeper fords lower down and an occasional lift after a weary walk.

Instead of returning over Mount Wilson from the mouth of Cottonwood Cañon, we continued east down the west fork of the San Gabriel River and enjoyed magnificent fishing all the way, although it was much curtailed by our catching only enough for camp use.

We stopped at the beautifully located cabin of the Pasadena Bait Club two days, eighteen miles above Azusa, where I had to call upon the superior marksmanship of the Judge to secure me a specimen of the white-throated cloud swift which nested in the 500ft. cliff opposite the cabin.

Here the burros, dissatisfied with the scant picking of the cañon, raided the camp in a body. They upset a can containing a dozen eggs carefully packed in oatmeal and held for some special banquet, and ate the mixture. They licked the board table under the tree until it looked cleaner than we had found it. Knocked the cover off a kettle of boiled potatoes and ate them all, leaving the kettle in the same condition as the table—licked clean. Upset a pint bottle of vinegar, kindly leaving us a teaspoonful. Rolled a bottle of chow chow on to the rocks, ate up two dish rags and chewed up over half a dish towel. Chewed on a box of 100 parlor matches until the matches went off and then left them partly burned on the ground. This last act was probably one of Muggin's, our fool burro, judging from the way he twitches his mouth this morning. I call him our fool burro because the Lord takes care of fools and infants, and he seems to be doing fool tricks all the while and safely escapes. If he happened to pass a hornets' nest over the trail just as likely as not he would take a nip at it, and trusting in the Lord would slide into the brush ahead, leaving the other three burros and two men to run the gauntlet. But to return to the raid. They picked up a paper in which a lot of snelled hooks had been wrapped and chewed it until the points protruded from the sodden mass, then wandered over to my table, consisting of a box nailed to a tree where ornithological specimens were prepared, poked the arsenic and other eatables about, but refrained from gorging themselves; but they did eat up a pile of fish intestines and bird bodies which we had saved intending to put strychnine therein for the benefit of a wildcat that had visited the camp the previous night in a noisy manner.

At the new club house, seven miles from the mouth of the cañon, we found nine members performing the ceremony of opening the house, and besides giving us ragged, unshaved tramps a hearty welcome, they gave us a parting song, which rang in our ears long after the camp-fire had grown dim.

Our last camp was six miles from the mouth of the cañon, and the walk out and the tramp along the highways of eight miles more to the burro corral at the foot of the trail in the hot sun of July 17 was not spiced with anything but a dogged determination to everlastingly stick to it until we reached there.

If a tenderfoot of the right sort happens this way I would like to try that first day's tramp over again with him.

FRANK S. DAGGETT.

PASADENA, Cal.

YELLOW-JACKETS, BLUE-BERRIES AND A BUCK.

OKANOGAN, July 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Capt. Kendall's admirable article on the characteristics of the flag-tailed deer, he speaks of the inclination of the different members of the deer family to hide. I will mention a few cases that have come under my observation.

In September a few years ago, some Indians came by my place on their way to the huckleberry patch, and wanted me to go along. Not being busy enough to refuse to take a trip up into the mountains, I went. Of course I understood they wanted me more for what grub I would take than for my company. I had been to the patch the year before; the bushes were plenty, but berries were few, but the Indians claimed that now there was a good crop.

We started about 2 P. M., and intended to go up my creek some eight miles, then next morning take a demijohn of water and make a dry camp on the huckleberry ridge. I asked the Indians if there was any water down on the north side of the mountain where that big deer trail went. They said no; they had been all over the mountain; had killed deer and gathered huckleberries ever since they had been children, and always come and camped one night, then went back to the creek. I laughed at them.

Now, an Indian is a good deal like some of us, they don't like to be doubted or made sport of, so to end the argument they said if I was so smart I had better go and find water, at which they all laughed at my expense.

As we had picketed our horses that night we got an early start. The men started ahead in order to hunt, and told me to come with the women and children. When all were ready I struck out ahead, while the others kept close up. As I went up the ridge I began to put up grouse, which I kept shooting until I thought we had enough. But not so with the Indians. They never get enough grouse. Everything was going nicely; the women were talking and laughing as well as the children. The sun had got up to where it was making it warm for us as well as for our horses. I crossed a little flat and my horse began to kick and stamp. I did not have to be told that he had stepped into a yellow-jacket's nest. He went out on the run. A woman came next. I hollered to her; but it was too late. Her horse came tearing through the brush after mine. She was laughing and hollering. It was fun for her. A little girl was riding a big brown horse. He had all their camp and cooking outfit on. When he struck the nest there was a snort, a cloud of dust; and he went out of there bucking. Of course the little girl, being the last thing on, was the first thing off. Then came things in a hurry—pots, kettles, pans, lard buckets and everything but the saddle. He threw the little girl near the nest. She was screaming. The women and the rest of the children were screaming with laughter. I jumped from my horse, ran in and picked up the girl, carried her out and put her down. She had been stung a number of times, but was not hurt any by her fall. The horse was caught as soon as they had got through with their fun. A few of the kettles had fallen near the nest. The women wanted me to get them. I told them, no. I had got the girl and they would have to get the things. One woman ran in and grabbed the kettles, but the jackets were on the war path and charged. She got stung once, which caused all hands to laugh as well as the little girl.

Everything in readiness we again started on and reached the ridge without further mishap. We found the bushes loaded down with fine large berries and it would surprise most any white person to see how quick the Indian children got away from their horses and went to gathering and eating berries. I tied my horse and being huckleberry hungry was soon as busily engaged as the rest; with this difference, that I soon filled my bread basket. Then I told the women that I would go down on the side of the mountain and find the water. I followed down the big trail about a half-mile to where it forked. I took up to the right and soon came to a swale about 50yds. wide and 200yds. long. On the farther edge was a nice running spring. I scooped out a place for my horse to drink. Then I went back and told the Indians, who were much surprised. The men had come in without any game save a few grouse they had killed with rocks; and as all hands had got pretty well filled with berries for a starter, we went down to where we would camp near the spring.

I rode up, tied my horse, threw off my saddle and went to the edge of the brush in the swale to peel a piece of bark to make a spout to catch water in a bucket. On looking in the grass and weeds I saw a very large pair of buck horns with the velvet still on. On close examination I could see the head and the outlines of the body. I moved right back to where I had unsaddled, picked up my rifle and walked back to where I could see the deer's head; and it was like finding the different animals on a puzzle card. But by standing still I soon saw the deer's eye. I raised my rifle and shot it about 2in. above the eye. One of the Indians wanted to know what I had shot at. I told him I did not know, but to go into the brush and see. He went in, and when he saw the deer he called one of the men to help him drag it out. Well, that deer thought it was hid.

LEW WILMOT.

JOHN PHOENIX'S OWL STORY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The man who has not read Lieut. Derby's "Phœnixiana" has an enviable pleasure in store. Those of my fellow readers of FOREST AND STREAM who are familiar with his sketches may have observed an instance, shown in Dr. Van Dyke's article, "Old-Fashioned Fishing," in the August *Century*, of the re-incarnation of an old, old camp story in a new dress.

Derby was one of the earliest American humorists. How many engineers have laughed over his "Official Report of a Military Survey and Reconnoissance of the Route from San Francisco to the Mission of Dolores," published with other sketches by Appleton & Company in 1856. The volume is before me. Let me recall the preface, so characteristic of the author.

"This book is merely a collection of sundry sketches recently published in the newspapers and magazines of California. They were received with approval separately, and it is hoped they may meet with it on their appearance in a collected form. When first published the author supposed he had seen and heard the last of them, but circumstances entirely beyond his control have led to their republication.

"The author does not flatter himself that he has made any very great addition to the literature of the age by this performance, but if his book turns out to be a very bad one he will be consoled by the reflection that it is by no means the first, and probably will not be the last, of that kind that has been given to the public. Meanwhile, this is, by the blessing of Divine Providence and through the exertions of the Immortal Washington, a free country, and no man can be compelled to read anything against his inclinations. With unbounded respect for everybody, the author remains, JOHN PHŒNIX."

"SAN FRANCISCO, July 15, 1855."

The FOREST AND STREAM has shown that for many ages and in many lands the story has been current in varied forms of the man in the hollow tree who emerged therefrom by holding on to the tail of a bear. Among Derby's sketches is one giving either the genesis of Dr. Van Dyke's owl story or possibly the version current in 1855 of an older legend.

Here is the story in its two tellings:

From the Century Magazine, August, 1895.

"The rain patters persistently on the canvas; the front flaps are closed and tied together; the lingering fire shines through them, and sends vague shadows wavering up and down; the Governor is rolled up in his gray blankets, sound asleep. It is a very long night for the boy.

"What is that rustling noise outside the tent? Probably some small creature, a squirrel or a rabbit. Rabbit stew would be good for breakfast. But it sounds louder now, almost loud enough to be a fox—there are no wolves left in the Adirondacks, or at least only a very few. That is certainly quite a heavy footstep prowling around the provision box. Could it be a panther—they step very softly for their size—or a bear perhaps? Sam Dunning told about catching one in a trap just below here. (Ah, my boy, you will soon learn that there is no spot in all the forests created by a bountiful providence so poor as to be without its bear story.) Where was the rifle put? There it is at the foot of the tent pole. Wonder if it is loaded.

"'*Waugh-ho! Waugh-ho o-o-o!*'

"The boy springs from his blankets like a cat, and peeps out between the tent flaps. There sits Enos in the shelter of a leaning tree by the fire, with his head thrown back and a bottle poised at his mouth. His lonely eye is cocked up at a great horned owl on the branch above him. Again the sudden voice breaks out:

"'*Whoo! whoo! whoo cooks for you all?*'

"Enos puts the bottle down with a grunt, and creeps off to his tent.

"'De debbil in dat owl,' he mutters. 'How he know I cook for dis camp? How he know 'bout dat bottle? Ugh!'"

From Phœnixiana, 1856.

"Many years since, during the height of the Florida war, a company of the 2d Infantry made their camp for the night, after a rainy day's march, by the bank of a muddy stream that sluggishly meandered through a dense and unwholesome everglade. Dennis Mulligan, the red-haired Irish servant of the commanding officer, having seen his master's tent comfortably pitched, lit a small fire beneath a huge palmetto, and having cut several slices of fat pork from the daily ration, proceeded to fry that edible for the nightly repast.

"In the deep gloom of the evening silence reigned unbroken but by the crackling of Dennis's small fire and the frizzling of the pork as it crisped and curled in the mighty mess-pan, when suddenly, with a tremendous 'whoosh!' the leaves of the palmetto were disturbed, and

a great barred owl, 5ft. from tip to tip, settled in the foliage. Dennis was superstitious—most Irishmen are—and, startled by the disturbance, he suspended for an instant his culinary operations, and, frying-pan in hand, gazed slowly and fearfully about him. Persuading himself that the noise was but the effect of imagination, he again addressed himself to his task, when the owl set up his fearful hoot, which sounded to the horrified ears of Dennis like *'Mo-cooks-for-you all!'* Again he suspended operations, again gazed fearfully forth into the night, again persuaded himself that his imagination was at fault, and was about to return to his task, when accidentally glancing upward he beheld the awful countenance and glaring eyes of the owl turned downward upon him, and from that cavernous throat in hollow tones again issued the question, *'Who! who cooks for you all!'* 'God bless your honor,' said poor Dennis, while the mess-pan shook in his quivering grasp and the unheeded pork poured forth a molten stream, which, falling upon the flames, caused a burst of illumination that added to the terrors of the scene, 'God bless your honor, I cooks for Captain Eaton, but I don't know, sir, who cooks for the rest of the gintlemen.' A burst of fiendish laughter followed from those who had witnessed the incident unseen, and 'Dennis's Devil' became a favorite yarn in the 2d Infantry from that time forth."

H. S. D.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

HERE we are slowing up at Clayton, a pretty little village on the American side of the St. Lawrence River, about twenty miles from Lake Ontario. We alight from the train and take a "bus" to the Hubbard House, a most comfortable and homelike hostelry, the headquarters of many gentlemen who, like ourselves, have resolved "to go a-fishing."

It is early evening, and even before supper we must secure a guide for the morning. We were fortunate in happening upon one of the best, who assured us that he would have all things ready in the morning at 7 o'clock sharp.

So, resting our faith in our new found companion of a week to be, we turned our attention to a most satisfactory supper at one of the many tables, surrounded by bevies of ladies and gentlemen chatting over the day's catches of bass and perch and pickerel.

The evening is passed listening to fish stories, wonderful, yet possible, told by guests and guides on the great piazza. At 10 we turn in, full of finny expectations, and all night long visions of fisherman's luck dance through our heads.

Up at 6, we break our fast and take our tackle and step to the front of the hotel, where waits our punctual guide, Ed Paige, with a great basket of what turned out later in the day to be a fine lunch. Him we follow to his boat house, a two minutes' walk, and there he launches an elegant clipper skiff 20ft. long, and furnished with all the conveniences which twenty years of experience have shown to be desirable. We step carefully in and take our seats in the high-backed chairs. The tackle, our lunch, the "lunch" for the fish, and all things else are quickly and snugly arranged aboard. The guide steps in and deftly sets the mast, the sail unfurls its white wings, and in a moment more we are speeding up the river before a spanking breeze, under a bright sky, over sparkling waters, in a glorious air, amidst enchanting scenery, toward our gamy victims waiting for us in Morgan's Bay, nine miles away.

After a glorious spin of over an hour the guide luffs up just under a rocky promontory, trips the mast, furls the sail and lays them carefully in the boat.

We string our rods. I have a 9oz. split-bamboo, 11ft. long, my son a slightly heavier rod of same length, made of greenheart and lancewood.

We drop overboard our lively minnows, and the guide slowly rows. In a minute what seemed to me a runaway locomotive struck my bait and made off down the river for Clayton. I let the thing go, simply keeping a taut line. The fish took 150ft. and then felt the strain of the rod enough to stop and investigate. For an instant he was still; then he made a mighty rush for the Canada shore, as if to butt his head with terrific force against the rocky promontory; but he saw his danger and stopped before dashing out his brains, and made up the river, somewhat slower, and a little uncertain what to do. All the time I was giving the fish the butt of the rod, keeping a taut line. Many a rush he made, everyone shorter and weaker, until I got him near the boat, and was startled to see such a monster pickerel. I coaxed him closer, but suddenly he darted under the boat deep in the water, and for an instant took most of my rod under the surface. The guide turned the boat and relieved the rod, while I coaxed the pickerel slowly to the top; he made two or three more rushes and sulks, but at last, when he was tired and dazed, the gaff of the guide lifted the beauty into the boat. Oh!

He was a channel pickerel 3ft. long and weighed 9lbs.

And so on Aug. 9, at 9 o'clock in the morning, nine miles from Clayton, on a 9oz. rod, in a nine minutes' fight, I brought to boat a 9lbs. pickerel which measured four times 9in. from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. Great was our rejoicing.

The morning progresses; my son is catching bass and perch rapidly, and highly elated chaffs me for falling behind, until in self-defense I shoot at him the Latin fable of the prolific wolf who upbraided a lioness for bringing forth only one whelp at a time. "My son," said I, "the lioness replied: 'one, but a lion,'" and with a proud air I pointed to my pickerel; my proud heir saw the point and immediately subsided.

Until high noon the flap of our fish box occasionally shut over a handsome captive. Then, while the fish of the river are supposed to be taking their post-prandial nap, we seek the shore. The nose of the boat grates lightly on the pebbles. The guide steps out, pulls the prow well up on a stick laid transverse the keel and we carefully get out. Reclining on a moss-grown bank in the solid shade of heavily foliaged trees we watch the guide unpack the boat and prepare for dinner. Out came the great basket containing lunch and dishes, the bag with all the cooking utensils, the folding table and camp stools. We had landed at one of the many kitchens of the guides, and here is a fireplace made of two long rectangular stones placed parallel to and within 10in. of each other, ever ready to be heated up for the cheer of the first comer. In a moment dry, dead wood is gathered; the hatchet reduces it to proper lengths and sizes, and soon a fire is blazing, which burns to a mass of coals by the time the guide is ready. With great interest we watch the process of cooking, new and novel to one of us.

In half an hour from landing, the guide announces: "Gentlemen, dinner is ready," and gratefully we sit down to a meal fit for a king.

What is it? Clam chowder, baked bass, broiled chicken, a bit of fried pork, stewed and fried potatoes, boiled corn, omelette, rolls, chow-chow and coffee, with berry pie, a glass of iced milk, bananas and oranges for dessert. Good? I think so. Superb, splendid; never can mortal enjoy his dinner more than we did those Elysian lunches of a week on the St. Lawrence.

After dinner we withdrew to our mossy bank, and the guide, adding a piece of carefully broiled beefsteak, proceeded in a systematic and professional way to wholly wipe out the "surplus," together with the accumulated reserve fund of the beefsteak. This done, which was accomplished with zest and capacity, attributed to Senator Evart's hired man, the guide gathered up the impedimenta, repacked them snugly in the boat and called us from our dreamy laziness and restful stretching on the bank. We re-embark and are rowed to the water which the guide says, at this time of day for big bass, is the very best.

This is Morgan's Bay. Over what the guide calls a "scoop," making the sounding deeper, and giving to this well-known depression in the bottom, abounding in rocks, a high-sounding name, suggestive of "scooping in the bass," we stop and bait and watch the wriggling, shining minnows on our hooks, curious combination of faith and works—our faith and their works—as they go zigzag toward the bottom. In a minute I have a strike and the rheumatism is taken out of my rod by a fine bass of 1½lbs.

"I told you we would find them here," said the guide as he lifted this gamy one with his landing net.

"Heigho," said my son, who had been watching me capture the bass, "I guess I've caught on to a rock." The guide sits down to back up the boat when "No, steady," the boy says, in a voice unsteady with the tremulo of excitement, "I've got the boss bass, I think," and as his rod takes on a mighty bend he straightens himself in his chair, his lips compress, his color heightens, his eyes flash, and the contest begins. "Keep cool, my boy," I say, in a low, quiet tone, and instantly saw the break of his will power act upon him, and at the same time I saw the break of the willful bass, as he came rushing 2ft. out of the water and shook his jaws in a mighty effort to throw out the hook; but the boy with the greenheart rod is no green hand, and the line staying taut as a fiddle string, the bass fell back, still a prisoner, baffled in his first rush for freedom.

He immediately sets out down the river, apparently for Montreal, but the rod gets its back up at this proposed trip, and puts in a demurrer, and after a long and lively argument the demurrer is sustained. The bass being at liberty to amend tries again, this time for the shore, but he soon finds that his baggage is not checked for Canada, and with the fierceness and rage of a wounded and baffled Apache makes another break into the air; but the glorious spring of the rod is always on him, and he falls back, having to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." Now he darts up the river for Lake Ontario, ten miles away. The guide all the time has kept turning the boat so that the boy faces the bass; the reel sings again; then the tip shakes hands with the butt, and the rush is slowly stayed; some line is taken in before the next and last mighty effort; he makes another fruitless break and darts for the channel with the energy of despair, but it is short-lived; he is tired, and the rod does not register its best bend to stop him. He is slowly coaxed toward the boat; tries hard to go to the bottom, but is restrained; the net is already deep in the water, and slowly the tired fighter is guided to it; with a dexterous motion the guide passes it under him, and quickly lifts his majesty into the boat. The boy, relaxing his tension, gives first a great sigh of relief, and then, in delight, exclaims, "Beat that if you can, pa," and the guide, reading the scales, announces, "Three pounds and a half."

After three days of the wearing and tearing excitement of fishing, we were glad to take a rest, and were advised that no recreation from the work of fishing could be pleasanter than making the tour of the islands. Accordingly, we went down to the wharf at 9 o'clock in the morning and boarded the new Island Wanderer as she touched at Clayton in a bi-daily trip of "swinging round the circle." Securing comfortable camp chairs well forward on her upper deck, we settled ourselves for the leisurely and full enjoyment of a trip which we had been told was most delightful.

Swinging out from Clayton, we pass Governor Alvord's island close on our right and Prospect Park on our left, and make westerly for the channel between Grindstone at starboard and Wolfe, the largest of the 1,800 islands, being fifteen miles long and five miles broad, at port. In the channel we cross into Canadian waters, heading straight for Howe Island, lying between Wolfe and the Canadian shore.

The line between the United States and Canada does not follow the center of the river nor the ship channel, but winds and turns in a queer and tortuous manner.

Here the river is nine miles wide, but we soon turn due north and point for Gananoque, which is directly across from Clayton, and which is now hidden from us by a group of charming islands, which we pass through in a labyrinthine course, and touch at the ancient town. While at this dock and leaving it, we were fortunate enough to see an exciting race by a fleet of small sailboats.

We pursue our way down the river on the Canadian side, and are soon in an archipelago which it seems impossible to traverse without certain and immediate wreck. We turn quickly to the right, now to the left, and continuously wind our way through the changing channel, avoiding a rocky shore to starboard so narrowly that we start from our chairs to steel ourselves from the shock; then we seem sure to run on a jutting point to port, or to grind out the life of the boat on a half-sunken great rock, or to run her prow squarely on to an island and split her in two; but the hand at the helm guides our craft with unerring skill and keeps a few feet of air between her sides and the rocks, and, it is said, 100ft. of water between her keel and the bottom of the river.

So we go on, passing island after island of many forms and sizes; some are simply rocks, covered with cedars and lichens; others have been fashioned by the hand of man into earthly paradises. Beautiful cottages with broad verandas, lovely castles with tempting turrets and cosy corners, velvety lawns with plots of plants and profusion of flowers, are as numerous here as leaves that strew the Vale of Valombrosa. At every curve in our course and every minute of our trip new scenes of loveliness enchant us. It is a kaleidoscope of wondrous variety and beauty.

Now we approach the far-famed Alexandria Bay, at the head of which lies a large triangular island, indented with a bay on the north. It is called Wells or Wellesly Island, and resembles a huge arrow head pointing down the river. On it are three great hotels; on the left barb, Grand View Park, and on the point, Westminster Park Hotel.

These great caravansaries with adjacent cottages make this island very attractive and exceedingly popular with tourists. We touch at Grand View and then steamed for six miles along the arrow head to Westminster Park. We are greeted on the way by scores of skiffs fishing in the little bays which serrate the island; a warm wave of the handkerchief, a hearty salute of the hand, showed us that the enjoyment of successful fishing mellows the heart and raises the social temperature. As we saw, here and there, a gentleman or lady all absorbed in "playing" a fighting fish, we distracted ourselves with the still unanswered question: "which would you rather, take in from this deck the beauties of the river with your eyes, or from one of you boats with your rod?"

At Westminster Park we reach the most southerly point of our tour across the islands, and leaving it press easterly between islands across Alexandria Bay to the hotel of the same name, on the mainland. This is one of the largest and handsomest of the hotels, and is crowded with guests from all parts of the country year after year.

The environment of the great hotels is most delightful; green lawns sloping to the water's edge, threaded by winding paths and curving drives and shaded by oak, maple, hickory, hemlock or pine, cover a large part of the grounds; groups of groves, bevies of bowers invite restful reclinings; and all the surroundings are full of suggestions of dreamland peacefulness and universal enjoyment.

We continue our course up the river now, between and around charming islands as before, touch at the docks of three other great hotels, and then the whistle sounds for Clayton, the place of beginning.

Most reluctantly do we close our circuit of fifty miles, and as I descend from the deck and walk to the shore, this parody runs through my head:

> "The Thousand Islands are a place
> Of such enchanting mien,
> That to be truly worshipped,
> Need but to be seen."

After a week of delights in the vicinity of Clayton, we "reel in" and prepare for a trip down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. Of a morning, at 7 o'clock, we board the "Corsican," a large, high-decked steamer from Toronto, as she touches at Clayton; and bidding a reluctant adieu to scenes of many days' pleasure, we steam down through Alexandria Bay and soon have left behind "The Lake of the Thousand Islands." Thirty miles below we make a stop at Brockville, so named in honor of General Brock, who fell on Queenstown Heights in the War of 1812. It is a very pretty and thriving town. Our next stop is at Prescott, one of the finest towns on the St. Lawrence. Fort Wellington crowns one of its hills and by its quaintness and un-American appearance attracts our attention.

The city of Ogdensburgh is opposite Prescott, not far below; the Gallop Rapids prepare the traveler for the swifter and more turbulent Rapids of the Long Sault. These are a continuous rapid of nine miles, divided by islands in the middle. Steam is shut nearly off and we gallop along at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The surging waters present the appearance of breaking surf, and rolling and plunging and riding down hill by water produces a very novel sensation; in some of the passengers pleasure, and in others *mal de mer*.

Pleasantly situated at the foot of the Long Sault is Cornwall. The boundary line between the United States and Canada passes near this village and is marked by a flagstaff on one of the Islands. Below this the St. Lawrence is wholly within Her Majesty's Dominions. Near Cornwall begins the expansion of the river which is called St. Francis, and extends for forty miles to Coteau du Lac, where begins a very swift rapid two miles in length. The steamboat next enters Cedar Rapids, in which the peculiar motion of the boat settling down as she glides from one ledge to another makes the passage very exciting. Enormous boulders seem to guard the entrance of Split Rock Rapids; a timid person will hold his breath until this ledge is passed.

The steamer appears to be running straight upon it, but just in time, as by magic, she glides aside into open water. Quickly we pass through Cascade Rapids, full of white caps, cresting and foaming on its dark waters; here again the steamer pitches as if in a chopping sea. After passing the cascades, the river widens into Lake St. Louis, where the dark waters of the Ottawa by one of its mouths joins the St. Lawrence. Now from the deck we have a magnificent view of Montreal Mountain, thirty miles away. Nine miles from Montreal is Lachine on the north side, and Caughnamaga, the village of the praying Indians, on the south. Just below these towns we pass the manificent bridge of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Soon the steamer glides down the river with increasing swiftness, denoting that a rapid is ahead; in a few minutes we rush into the first pitch of the Lachine Rapids, the most formidable of them all; and in silence imposed by awe of the situation, and the grandeur of the scene around, we run the rapids double flanked by frightful rocks, and draw a long breath of relief as we shoot into smooth and level water just above Victoria Bridge, the longest, largest and most costly bridge in the world, and passing under which we slowly steam to the landing at Montreal.

Montreal, a city of about 150,000 inhabitants, is built on low and level land about two miles wide, between the river and a considerable and very beautiful elevation called "Mount Royal."

The city is on an island of the same name, about thirty miles long and ten broad, and is at the head of ocean navigation and 620 miles from the sea.

Steamers and other boats which ascend the St. Lawrence River from Montreal pass around the various rapids through canals which have been constructed at great expense and which are now being deepened and widened. The harbor of the city is large and secure, and the quays,

built of limestone, are massive and unsurpassed in the extent and beauty of their unkroken line and stretch of continuous masonry for several miles. No unsightly warehouses disfigure the river front, but a broad terrace, faced with gray limestone, the parapet of which is surmounted with an iron railing, divides the river from the city throughout its whole extent.

Using the splendid carriage service of the city we make the regular tour of the town, seeing all of the public buildings and churches and convents and squares, and driving through the Mountain Park by an easy, winding, magnificent road, we suddenly reached the brow of Mount Royal, where before us this beautiful city lay; we spent much time in admiring the splendid view and in looking with a glass particularly at the bridge and river and Lachine Canal, and at the domes and spires of the grand and stately churches.

We came down from the mountain by carriage; we might have made both ascent and descent by cable car, which must be an interesting and exciting experience, but we did not do it because one of our party had a taste of such aerial riding at Niagara Falls, and cared for no more of it in this world. Had it been winter, some of us might have ventured upon the great toboggan slide on the mountain, and have flashed down while we held our breaths.

We visited many of the churches, which are noted for their beautiful architecture and for their interior ornamentation by frescoes, painting and statuary. St. Peter's Cathedral, whose dome is said to be an exact copy of the mighty dome of St. Peter's at Rome, is the largest of the churches, but by no means the most ornate or beautiful. All of the Jesuit and Roman Catholic churches are open at all times and strangers are welcome to visit them.

The hotels are large and elegant. The railroad depots are massive. The public buildings of the city are all exceedingly fine. Many of the dwellings with their beautiful surroundings are suggestive of the luxuriousness of millionaires; and altogether our experience in Montreal has given us the memory of a city beautiful for situation, handsome to look upon, healthful to live in, and full of joyous prosperity.

G. L. DANFORTH.

MIDDLEBURGH, N. Y.

Natural History.

THE OSTRICH IN AMERICA.

MR. E. S. JOHNSON, manager of the American Ostrich Co., of Fall Brook Farm, San Diego County, California, supplies the following data in regard to the ostrich and ostrich culture in his State. The illustrations appended are probably the best ever made of the young and the adult specimens of the bird, and may be of interest to readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Mr. Johnson's little circular shows that the ostrich is singular in some of its habits, as well as in its appearance. It is curious to note that its period of incubation is two days shorter in California than in Africa—42 days in Africa and 40 in California. Verily, California beats the world! Mr. Johnson's statement goes on to say, among other things:

"In their wild state the hen at the approach of her maturity wanders away from her own troop in search of a male from some other troop, thus instinctively avoiding inter-breeding. She invariably makes the selection, and when made it is 'until death do us part.' The hen matures at about four, the cock at five years of age. After mating they prepare for housekeeping by scooping a nest in sand or loose soil, pushing with their breast bone and kicking out behind with their toes. The nest when completed is four feet in diameter and slanting to a depth of ten inches in the center, saucer shaped. Madam deposits one egg every alternate day until from eight to fifteen are collected. These are faithfully turned every day in order that the germ, which is held in place by a delicate spiral cord and always near the upside of the egg, may not become inactive and thus cause an imperfect embryo. The birds take regular turns at setting on the nest—the hen occupying it from 8 A. M. until 4 P. M., while the gallant male takes the sixteen-hour watch from 4 P. M. until 8 A. M. They are punctual about changing.

Mr. Johnson tells an amusing incident of how one wayward spouse, who tried to shirk going on the nest promptly, was brought to her senses by her lord and master: "In the same year and place above mentioned, and about two weeks prior to the hatching of the 'Doctor's' brood, Mrs. 'Doctor' became lax in her duties and failed to relieve her lord and master at the usual hour—8 A. M. For several mornings she did not take her place in the nest on time, delaying a little longer each successive morning, while the 'Doctor' fretted and shifted uneasily about, longing to straighten his cramped legs and to get his breakfast after the weary sixteen hours of warning and watching. When at last the sixteen hours had lengthened into seventeen he became enraged, and springing from the nest pursued his sweetheart several times around the paddock, interspersing good hard kicks, well laid on, with the running. Madam soon decided that a nest of beautiful eggs was her heart's desire, and to sit on them a glorious duty—a duty that she faithfully performed thereafter until the eggs were hatched."

"At six months of age the chick is first plucked. The



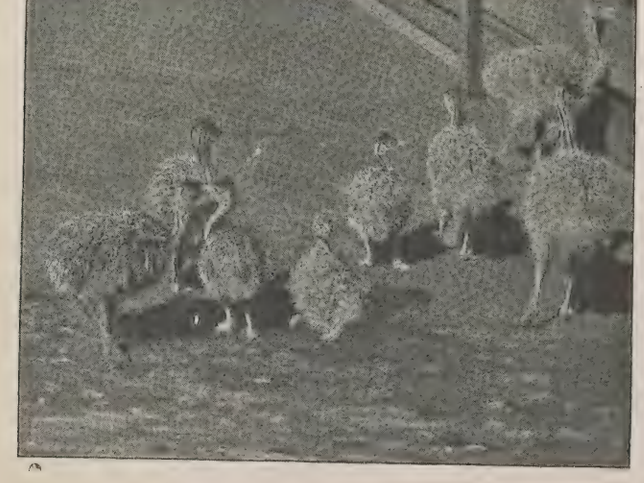
"CORBETT"—MALE OSTRICH.

plumes at this age are not of much commercial value, and are called *spadonas*. From this age on the bird is plucked every ten months, the feathers attaining perfection at the maturity of the bird. Twenty-six plumes in each wing are protected by floss feathers underneath and by three rows of feathers above, overlapping each other. Those in the row first above the plumes are called long black or long drab, according to the sex of the bird; next above, mediums, and top row, shorts. Besides the wing feathers the tails are also taken. Body feathers are not taken, but are picked up during the moulting season and used for cloak trimmings, collarettes, etc. An average feather bird yields 1¼lbs. of feathers at a plucking, those of the male being of a heavier quality and of more value than those of the hen. The difference is quickly seen in the barbs of the plumes of the male and hen, each separate barb being a complete feather in itself.

"In order to take the plumes when they are at their best—this time is just before they are ripe, and before they begin to look worn or frayed at their tips—the quills should be cut with a pair of sharp clippers (small pruning shears), about two inches from the socket. The stubs are left two or three months to ripen and can then be easily pulled without injury to the socket in the wing. In pulling stubs, care must be taken to pull them out straight, for if pulled with a twist the new growing feather will come with a twist and its value much impaired.

"In the operation of plucking, a long stocking-shaped hood is drawn over the head and down the neck, thus blinding the bird, while a small opening is left in the toe of the hood through which the beak projects to admit of breathing. When blinded the bird becomes passive and can be moved into a stall to prevent his moving forward, while the operators prevent him from backing.

"The kicking qualities of an ostrich are great, but he exercises the prerogative only when in the breeding season. They do not back up to one for that purpose, as has been often stated, but are thoroughly progressive in whatever direction they start. The kick is delivered either standing or running and has a distinct up and down stroke. The former is a pusher, the latter is a ripper, and woe to the party that waits for it. When in the immediate vicinity of an infuriated ostrich, a high board fence is comforting; lacking this one should be provided for protection with a 'scaffle'—a pole ten feet long with a forked end. One has an electrical moment in which to determine that nerve is more to be desired than an option on real estate, and the desire to keep that bird's neck in the fork and his feet ten feet away occupies one's mind to the exclusion of other interesting problems. If successful in resisting repeated charges in this manner, the adversary will lose confidence in his powers and edge away. One may then congratulate one's self with modifications, never forgetting to watch the bird diligently while in his presence. In plucking a breeding bird, it sometimes becomes necessary to pick a fight with him before he can be caught. He comes to the fence, delivers a kick or two, to the detriment of the fence and his toes, and his persecutor deftly catches a firm hold of his neck, just below the orifice of the ear, springs over the fence, bearing the bird's head to the ground, thus barring him from the upright position necessary in delivering a kick. A hood is then quickly drawn over the head with the other hand and pulled tight by a puckering string—the beak sticking far enough through to admit of breathing. When blinded in this manner, the most quarrelsome ostrich becomes docile, and can be pushed and plucked with entire safety."



OSTRICH CHICKS—ONE TO TEN DAYS OLD.



BREEDING BIRDS.

ABOUT BEARS.

THE last Maine winter was a favorable season for bears. They were able to travel about at their pleasure all the first part of the winter. The snow was not deep until after hibernating time and the weather was not extremely cold except one or two short freezes. Contrary to the common idea, bears are not governed so much by the cold weather or deep snows about denning up as by the abundance or scarcity of berries and other food. When berries are plentiful bears do not go to den even when we have early deep snows.

I once followed a bear track in a foot or more of snow, I think in the year 1847, from near my camp in township No. 4, Range 1, in Oxford county, Me., near Mooseluc-meguntic Lake, and being young and full of hunting gimp, I loaded myself down with a week's provisions and gun, ax, bear trap, bait, etc., etc., and started on the trail. I was a tenderfoot hunter then. I learned better later on. The bear was a very large one and he led me over mountains and through swamps and among the thickest, roughest tangle, over rocks, logs and tree tops, and to annoy me more when utterly exhausted and I sat down to rest the bear did the same, and when I started he would start. For the next three days I did not get sight of him, although I was often within gunshot of him. In the thick swamp the traveling was very tiresome and discouraging, and the nights cold and disagreeable camping, yet the bear made him a bed of balsams every night within the hearing of the sound of my ax while chopping night wood.

The fourth day I got enough of it, and made my way straight toward home, where I safely arrived—a wiser hunter than when I started out, my ardor for following bears to their dens being very much cooled off. I believe it to be a fact that a bear will never den up while pursued, but will at once go in when the pursuit is stopped.

Mr. Sargent, who lived near Umbagog lake, captured a bear alive and denned him in a hollow log in his wood pile. The next spring, in the last of March, he happened to think of his bear when he was chopping up his wood pile; and cut open the bear log, and found the bear frozen solid. The reason was that the log was not covered with snow. The den of the bear is almost always under the ground, under the roots of a turned-up tree, or in the openings of a hedge or some other dismal hole or cavern. For one-half the year the bear is isolated from the outside world, wrapped in hibernating slumber akin to death—it may be in the base of a mountain, in the depths of the wilderness, within the confines of a dreary cavern alone. What can we imagine more desolate and forbidding? But when the balmy air of spring blows its breath, the bear awakes to new life. He loses but little flesh during the long cold winter; and if he goes into den fat, he comes

out fat; he has scarcely breathed during the long exile. He does not leave his den all at once, but takes a walk for observation for a day and returns at night; and so on, perhaps for several days, until he gets somewhat accustomed to the outside world.

Mr. Artemus Ward, an old hunter in Millsfield, N. H., was out on a hunt a few years ago, late in the fall, and struck a large bear track in the snow. He at once gave chase and followed him for several days, and not seeing any prospect of the bear's stopping or of getting sight of him, and getting out of provisions and footsore withal, he left the trail and made his way to the settlements. Meeting Llewellen Peree, of the town of Mexico, Me., a day or two after, he told him of his adventure, and Peree thereupon offered to go and follow up the trail, and if successful to give Ward one-fourth of the proceeds. Ward agreed to it, and went with him to where he left the trail, and Peree started at once.

Peree followed on for two days, camping at night in the open air. At noon the second day the trail led over some big fallen tree-tops and piles of brush, and while climbing over these his footing gave way and Peree dropped down several feet into a deep, dark hole, and found himself facing a ferocious bear of the largest size, which at once arose on his hindfeet, and with a loud growl champed his teeth and made toward Peree, whose hair straightened up, throwing off his hat. The bear was nearly upon him when he drew a bead on it with his repeating rifle and pulled. The bullet struck the bear between the eyes, which looked like two balls of fire in that cavern, and the bear fell dead at his feet. One more jump of that bear would have fixed poor Peree. J. G. RICH.

BETHEL, Me.

Some Animals do not Challenge.

IN treating of the "deer's challenge" in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 10, Mr. A. McLain contends that deer do challenge, and, furthermore, that all animals challenge when preparing directly for battle. He maintains that, this trait being common to all animals, it is inferentially a trait of deer. He asks Mr. Walton if he ever saw any two animals come together for a fight without some kind of a challenge. I presume that he does not intend to limit a reply to any one person, therefore I venture some truthful remarks. There are domestic animals which fight without challenging. The greyhound runs and fights mute. They will fight each other or antelope or bears without a note of defiance or warning. Many breeds of dogs will fight a strange dog at sight without uttering the slightest sound. I have in mind a dog which was called a bull dog by his owner, though he was not one, but a strong active dog of the "business" type so commonly owned at one time by the rougher element of humanity. This dog would silently charge on any large dog at sight, and by a trick of colliding his shoulder amidship of his victim and knocking him down and over and over he gained such an advantage at the outset that victory was insured. With little dogs he was peaceful and even kind. Nearly all dogs of sharp temper and tried courage begin battle silently. The ill-tempered and cowardly sound a warning more to test the courage of their opponents than to challenge to battle. Rams and goats engage strangers of their kind in battle without any challenging notes. A species of animals may be very pugnacious and yet there may be cowardly individuals of that species. Such would rather trust to a challenge stampeding the enemy and thus avoiding a battle than to engaging in the battle itself. DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

Small Birds and Insects.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reading in your last issue Mr. "Von W.'s" article on "Small Birds," I would like to answer in the affirmative. I have found this year some species of *Lepidoptera* and *Coleoptera* in greater abundance than in former years, and have found also larvæ of some flies I never could find before.

Those who will gather cocoons as Mr. Cheeny describes in No. 4 (Jan. 26) of your very interesting paper will have no trouble in finding some on alder, apple, plum, cherry or elderberry bushes. But, safe to say, many will be disappointed when the time for metamorphosis arrives and ichneumon flies will make their appearance instead of the moth. These flies are plentiful, and will be more so next year unless the winter is favorable for our birds.

I have quite frequently noticed robins here, but the best place I know for all kinds of birds is certainly Five-Mile Beach, on the New Jersey coast. I haven't seen a canebrake yet, and never went through switch cane; but the way mosquitoes and catbriars are taking hold of a fellow there reminds him that his life belongs to the country and New Jersey is taking it piecemeal. The swampy conditions in some parts and the wonderfully twisted growth of branching trees are no doubt a great protection to the birds, which furnish the most interesting part of life on the island. H. HORNIG.

An Incident of the Spring.

OKANOGAN, Wash.—Did you ever take a drink with a snake or even see a snake drink?

I had been out grouse hunting one warm day and had got seven. As I was expecting quite a crowd next day I wanted a few more. Frank, the dog, had got quite hot. I kept around the mountain to where a spring came up from the rock and ran but a short distance. I had the year before scraped out a place large enough to water a horse or let the dog wallow in. So when I neared the place I made the dog come back, as I wanted the first chance at the water. I rode up, got off from the horse, lay down and drank until I wanted to get my breath. When I raised myself up I saw a snake drinking on the opposite side of the pool, which was not more than 18in. across. I rose up a little more and watched the snake until it got through. It did not seem to notice me until it finished; then it ran out its forked tongue and crawled back into the grass. It was striped and about an inch in diameter. I had had all the water I wanted, and after I had given the horse a drink Frank took possession of the pool. As soon as he was through we went on. I flushed a very large flock of grouse and soon had fourteen and stopped shooting. The folks came and were much pleased to find I had plenty of game, and that of the finest.

LEW WILMOT.

Game Bag and Gun.

MINNESOTA GAME AND FISH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Being permanently located in a section of country which promises to rival Maine for moose and other large game, I take this opportunity to acquaint brother sportsmen with my surroundings. A glance at the map of Minnesota will show the reader the remoteness of Aitkin county and the country contributary to it. Being on the headwaters of the Mississippi, a boat built on the scow plan, to draw no more than two feet of water, will take one from Aitkin through a country as wild and picturesque as could be desired. Minnesota is credited with 10,000 lakes, and the greater portion of these lie in Crow Wing, Aitkin, Cass and Itasca counties, and vary from one-half a mile of shore to over 200. But these big lakes, Mille Lacs, Leech and Winnebagoshish, are poor fishing grounds. The smaller lakes, having better bays and inlets, are visited yearly by hordes of anglers.

The country to the northwest of Aitkin is practically virgin ground for big game; but, alas! the game law of Minnesota is so rigid no moose can be shot legally until Jan. 1, 1898. But every winter sees numbers of this noble game fall to the report of the rifle, and it is no uncommon thing to see its meat on sale at markets of bordering towns. All you have to do is to ask for "mountain sheep," pay the price and take it away.

Several Indian reservations to our north are vast domains of forest and water. Leech Lake Reservation, some seventy miles northwest, comprises 94,440 acres, or 147.50 square miles of territory alive with game, berries and fish. Plenty of bear. One half-blood Chippewa living at Kimberly told me, a few days ago, that he could take some bear hunter to a den only two days' time from Aitkin and guarantee him bear. He showed me three magnificent skins, trophies of a little hunt last Christmas. Moose are



A MINNESOTA CURIO.

frequent visitors almost to our village limits, four being seen four miles from town only last week. A half-hour's drive in the country will reward you with the sight of innumerable deer, while quail, grouse and duck are continually scampering away from the roadside.

A few days ago I met old Me-sog-na-day, head chief of the Sandy Lake Chippewas. He came into town with a sack of herbs, and in his hand carried a staff upon the tip of which was wound a piece of buckskin, and attached thereto were two feathers. One of these feathers told his rank, the other his band. When asked the prospect for the berry crop he waved his hand in a manner signifying fire, and we knew there was no hope to the housewife for jams from that neighborhood. When wild rice (*Zizania aquatica*) was mentioned his face brightened and his hand motion interpreted that there was a plenty. In fact this is an unusual year for rice, and while it now sells in the market for 10 cents per pound it will be so plentiful this fall that large quantities will be marketed and thus will bring the Indians quite a revenue.

The lakes about here have their peculiarities: a mile west is a lake a mile long by one-half wide from which only pickerel can be taken, a little further on is one from which only dogfish are taken, while on the opposite side of the railroad track is Bass Lake, where black bass are only to be had. Four miles west nestles one of the prettiest bodies of water in the State. Red Cedar Lake has seventy-five miles of shore, is 65 to 70ft. deep, is dotted with several beautiful islands. The resort is becoming quite lively now with campers. The lake abounds with black, rock and silver bass, croppy, perch, whitefish and pickerel. Occasionally wall-eyed pike, but they are scarce. The further end of the lake, in what is known as McGee's Cove, is alive with duck, and I have heard an occasional gun in that direction. Its report signifies that some camper or settler is enjoying young duck.

The early part of July I visited Clitheral, Otter Tail county. This section is within easy reach of the Twin Cities, and abundance of fine duck shooting is to be had in neighboring lakes and sloughs.

Now for a few curios. There are four rare specimens here in Aitkin. One is the white fawn of which I have spoken; another is in the possession of Mr. Marr, and is a triple deer antler (drawing accompanying this), *i. e.*, there are two main beams, and branching from one of these is a third beam as large as the others. The antlers are flat and resemble in some features the antlers of moose. Another curiosity is a pair of antlers, likewise of flat design, which contain twenty-eight points. I think this is a great curiosity, and if desired I will have them photographed for reproduction in FOREST AND STREAM. My fourth curiosity is my friend, George Lott, the Izaak Walton of the upper Mississippi country, and his aggregation, Dash, a very intelligent spaniel, and Span, equally as knowing a setter, and his split-bamboo cane and expert reel. I fished with Lott last week in Pickerel Lake, but his $25 rod and reel was a "hoodoo," while with my common 15-cent cane pole outfit I landed every fish caught that day, several large pickerel being among the catch. Now, Lott is celebrated as a wonderful angler, a beautiful fly-fisherman, but he can't hold a candle with an ordinary cane pole fisherman. But I give him credit of hooking the largest fish, which made a meal of 10ft. of his silk braided line and hook. I didn't stop to examine whether his fish had roots or bark on it, but give him the benefit of the doubt. Some day we are going to troll the Mississippi and endeavor to land the 5ft. muskallonge which has frequently been seen in this vicinity, and if we succeed in landing the prize the photographic camera will be used to perpetuate the feat.

If any FOREST AND STREAM readers are in doubt where to go to get all-round duck, geese, grouse, deer or bear shooting this fall, I will try and put them in a way where they cannot help but be satisfied. Lott and I will go with them.

Our Bass Lake Gun Club is getting bluerock shooting down fine now. F. J. S.

WHERE WILD PIGEONS FLOCKED.

"D. A.'s" SHOOTING at two pigeons and gathering eight, as told some time ago in our paper, reminds me of a puzzling shot at pigeons.

When a mere lad, just learning to shoot, one day my elder brother and I were out in the woods and discovered a large flock of pigeons in a low beech tree on the edge of the woods, just at the foot of a short, abrupt hill. Slowly and cautiously we crept to within a short gunshot, probably not more than 40yds.; carefully resting our guns across a convenient stump we took deliberate aim at the thickest of them and poured the deadly (?) contents of three barrels into them, my brother having a double gun and firing both barrels. Can you imagine the glow of triumph with which we contemplated the harvest we would make, and how the old father who still loves the gun would smile and say we had done well?

How many did we kill? Some time you have had a similar experience—or if not, you will have. Picture our sorrow and disgust when we found not one dead bird and only one cripple, which I secured with another shot. Perhaps some of the experts in the science of gunnery can explain how not less than 1,000 pellets of lead could go through that tree-top loaded with birds without accidentally killing some of them. I should judge there must have been more than 100 birds in the tree.

Though more than twenty-five years have come and gone, that hunting episode "haunts me still."

The earliest recollections of my hunting days are connected with wild pigeons, and for long years they were my favorite game. Many days I have sat on the big rock back of the old home and watched immense flocks passing over to their roosting place, and have tried to kill them with the boy's universal weapon—the bow and arrow.

My love for them came to me honestly, for my first shot at live game was at a single pigeon, and it was successful. With my father, brother and uncle I went to a nesting on Tug Hill, and well do I remember how the sky would be darkened by the myriads of birds that would rise from the trees at every discharge of a gun, only to settle back again as the noise died away. The rapid shooting soon exhausted the ammunition, but we had enough.

In later years I learned the difference between butchery and sport; and many happy days I have stood near an old dead tree on the edge of a buckwheat stubble and picked off single birds from the top of the tree. As I progressed in knowledge, I learned to take them as they flew in, but the years were few in which they stayed with us; and when in 1876 I left the old home in Northern New York to make a new one in Minnesota, pigeons in New York had nearly become simply a remembered delight.

In April, 1877, I went to Minnesota to live. At my first dinner at my boarding place I became an intent listener to a conversation between two gentlemen who had just returned from a shooting trip. They were describing the exact counterpart of scenes I had witnessed ten years before at the nesting on Tug Hill, in old York State. To say that I was delighted would not cover a fair idea of the joy with which I listened to their story. Again I had found God's country and the dear pigeons were not all dead; they had simply done what many wise men had done—"gone West." Here again I could enjoy the old sport and be happy. Alas! I did not know that what I had found was simply the last of them, and that this year was the end of the pigeons in Minnesota, so far as the old time abundance went; but my ignorance was bliss. At this time I knew nothing of the acres of ducks, the myriads of snipe, or the ten-fold pleasures of shooting chickens over a dog.

My first spring and fall outing days were devoted to pigeons, and with fair success. My last pigeon shooting was in September of 1878.

My friend R. and I started from home early one morning properly equipped for two or three days' outing. We headed for the Rice Lake marshes, a wild strip of country some fifteen miles north of Minneapolis. The country is in the main low and level, dotted all over with marshes, lakes and oak openings. We drove leisurely, hunting on the way, and stopping at noon to prepare a hunter's dinner from the game killed during the morning; at night we made our camp by the side of a beautiful pond surrounded by scrub oaks. After an early breakfast we packed our outfit in the wagon, and taking an old hay road were on our way across a marsh headed toward a promising piece of woods. A slow drizzly rain had set in and the prospects were for an off day.

The country in which we were is all alike for miles and miles, and a stranger in it is more liable than not to very soon want to know "where he is at." Such was my fate. Leaving our horse tied to a tree by the roadside, R. took the right hand side and I the left, agreeing to meet at the wagon in an hour's time. Very soon I found pigeons and killed two; I followed the flock and came upon more, again killing. I kept this up with varying luck until I had bagged eleven and began to think of returning to the wagon. "That's easy, I'll simply turn around and bearing a little to the right I'll soon be there." I did so, and ten minutes' walk brought me to the edge of a marsh, the boundaries of which I was unable to see in any direction. I canvassed the situation and decided that I was lost. I hadn't the remotest idea of where the wagon was or how to find it. Seating myself on an old log, I lit a cigar and tried to study a way out of it; useless. I couldn't do it, so I started walking a while in one way and then in another, zigzagging back and forth, but it was all useless. Get away from that marsh I could not. "Well," I exclaimed at last, "these confounded pigeons

lost me and now they can find me," and with that I began hunting pigeons as if I had no thought or care. I was successful, and after nearly two hours of hunting had added seven more birds to my load; just then spying a flock in a distant tree I carefully made my way toward them, and as I was preparing for the shot there almost underneath them I beheld the lost outfit. My exclamation of joy at the sight lost me the shot, but I had "just enough."

Some time after my arrival R. came up, having been gone nearly four hours. "Nice fellow you are," said I; "thought you were coming back in an hour." No reply. Can it be possible that the jolly, good-natured R. is angry with me for my non-arrival? Has he been here before and been waiting all this time for me? I questioned him as to his luck, but found him decidedly non-committal. Finally I said to him, "See here, R., no use in your being huffy; the facts are, I have been lost and could not get back here any sooner than I did." Ah! then once more did the smiles appear upon his genial countenance, and loud and long did the woods give back the echo of his mirth. When he could control himself, he explained that he, too, had been lost, and was overjoyed to find that I had been in the same predicament. Thirty minutes after leaving the road he had turned back toward it, but could not find it. After walking for nearly two hours he discovered that he was walking alongside of the road. It seemed that just above where he had left it the road took an abrupt turn to the left, and when he came back he had struck above this turn. He had not the consolation that I had, for he had seen only one small flock of pigeons, and they got away. It was my turn to laugh then, and I did justice to the occasion.

Our trip ended that night, and was my last experience with pigeons with one exception. The following year R. and I were driving one Sunday around Lake Harriet, now a part of the park system of Minneapolis, when I discovered a small bunch of pigeons in a tree near the road. I had a .32 Colt's revolver, and with it I killed a bird from the last flock of wild pigeons I have seen. EVERETT.

TRANSPORTATION COMPANY WAYS.

BOSTON, Aug. 8.—The indignation of sportsmen, visiting Maine and the East, is growing more pronounced every day concerning the treatment they receive from the Maine Central Railroad. This indignation is fast coming to light, in fact, and sportsmen, who are almost invariably business men, and men who influence travel and traffic, are avoiding that road and urging their friends to do so. Their influence may be small, and the officers of the Maine Central may feel like ignoring it, and trusting that, owing to the desirability of that road as a way for sportsmen to reach their hunting and fishing resorts, they will gradually begin to overlook the attempt to force their fish and game and dogs, as well as other paraphernalia, into the hands of the American Express Co., for that company to charge exorbitant prices for forwarding. But such is a mistaken idea. Sportsmen are submitting only as they are obliged to submit, in some cases quietly, and in others finding considerable fault, and are doing all they can to hurt the express company. Sportsmen do not forget that there is scarcely another railway or steamboat company in the country but what forwards the baggage, the fish and game, the dogs, the tents and camping goods of sportsmen in their baggage cars, free of expense, or at a moderate excess baggage, when above 200lbs. in weight—forwards these articles free, the same as did the Maine Central Railway till the celebrated order of last November was issued to its baggage masters.

A most striking case has just come to my notice. A Boston merchant who has been in business here for nearly thirty years, a sportsman by nature and instinct, a gentleman in every way, who always pays dollar for dollar and expects others to do the same, is just back from his spring fishing trip. His name is not given here, because it is not necessary to the illustration of the principle involved, but it can be furnished if either the Maine Central Railway or the American Express desires it. He has a cocker spaniel of which he is very fond. Besides intending to take him on his fall hunting trip he thought that he would take him on his spring fishing trip. He wanted the dog for company and to give him some knowledge of the woods. Fearing the new arrangements of the Maine Central he had a little cage made for the dog, and resolved to ask the railroads to check it along with his other baggage, which consisted of a bag and a very small trunk, the whole not weighing more than one-quarter of the weight of a single Saratoga, such as the Maine Central's Bar Harbor travel takes three or four of to a single passenger—and the road is glad to get the travel at that.

On starting, the Boston & Maine very politely checked the gentleman's baggage, little dog's cage and all—not only checked the cage, but asked for the dog, which was then at his master's heels, saying that good care should be taken of him. In this way the dog and cage went through to the gentleman's rail destination; since the cage bore the check of the Boston & Maine, the Maine Central did not see fit to trouble it, though passing over the line of the latter road from Portland up. But it was on the way out that the snag was struck. The gentleman first embarked on the Canadian Pacific. The baggage-master cheerfully and politely checked the little dog's cage down as far as Greenville, the junction of its line, with a road controlled by the Maine Central, I believe. The baggage-master here, also agent of the American Express Co., declined to check the dog's cage. He declared that his road was not going to check sportsmen's dogs any more. When remonstrated with by the gentleman he insultingly replied that he did not care for sportsmen any way; they were a class of travel that did not pay. Often they had to pawn their guns or fish-rods in order to get money enough to get home with. This was news to the gentleman. He reluctantly put his dog and cage into the hands of the express company. At Pittsfield, where the next change was made, on to the Maine Central proper, the baggage-master refused to check the dog and cage. He said that it was against the rules. When asked to show his rules, he turned his back and walked away. The dog and cage were again given over to the American Express Co. The express company got $2.50 out of the gentleman for transportation of his dog on the way out, when it was started free by the Boston & Maine on the way in, and went in free. He is aware that not another road in the country scarcely, except the Maine Central, would have insisted on his turning his dog over to the American Express Co. He very naturally feels that he has been unjustly treated, and for that reason he will hereafter go to his fishing and hunting resort via the Concord & Montreal and Canadian Pacific railways, avoiding the Maine Central altogether. He is also sending merchandise, in which he deals, by some other way than by the American Express. Now he recommends his customers to buy in larger quantities and have him ship by freight, and he keeps his freight off the Maine Central whenever it is possible to do so. SPECIAL.

NITRO POWDER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Nitro seems to be the powder of the day, whether at the traps or in the field, and should any one stick to the old-fashioned black powder at a tournament, he is spoken of as a black powder fiend. About all the guns now advertised are spoken of as bored especially for nitros, and guaranteed when using the same. Are such guns tested with nitro in the same manner as formerly with black powder? Is there anything in the proof marks (of guns which bear such marks) to show they stood anything more than the ordinary black powder test?

I think I was the first to use a nitro powder to any extent at a large tournament. At the first Ligowsky clay-pigeon tournament, held in Chicago in the spring of 1884, I won the Ligowsky diamond badge against a field of seventy shooters. At the same place Ben Teipel and I killed fifteen live pigeons straight, shooting off a tie. Abe Kleinman spoke to me at the time, saying, "I never saw that powder do anything before." Since then I have used in trap-shooting a good many thousands of cartridges loaded with nitro powder.

The sportsman or trap-shooter of to-day can have his choice of a number of different brands of nitros, each of which is claimed to be the best, but is it as safe and reliable as black powder? I mean, of course, when properly loaded. Do any of the manufacturers claim it is? I know I cannot find a gun dealer who has practical knowledge of shooting who will tell me that it is. I have seen it act queerly at times; saw a gun blown to splinters not 50yds. from my house here. The gun in question was well made and apparently sound and safe. Some twenty-five shots of the same powder had just been fired in it and its owner wanted to try a shot at a target to see what the penetration was. The charge was 2drs. (I measured it myself) and 1⅛oz. shot. Fortunately the shooter shot from a rest and held both hands back of trigger guard. We picked up twenty-eight pieces of gun and did not find all of it then. Afterward I tried to make the same powder burst something and could not. Loaded an old flintlock musket with nearly half a pound with about a foot of wadding and touched it off with a match, and it did not do any damage.

Last fall I hunted ruffed grouse and woodcock a good deal with a man who used a popular brand of nitro; and occasionally his gun would sound like a cannon and kick like a mule. A young man in this neighborhood is getting ready for the fall shooting. He bought a new gun of one of our best makers. The first cartridge he shot in trying the gun was loaded with nitro (he did not load it himself) and it kicked almost out of his hands.

There is no question about there being many things in favor of nitro against black powder—light report, quickness, absence of smoke and dirt—but is it as safe as ordinary black powder? C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

SHOOTING AT LONG RANGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"A Moose Paradise," published in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 10, has merit far above the ordinary descriptive article of camp life and the pursuit of large game.

There is one part of it, however, which sadly mars the whole, since it records an act which was flagrantly unsportsmanlike, one which was wantonly and unfeelingly cruel. The writer of it, "Tiam," says: "I saw on the edge of the woods 200yds. away a second moose eyeing me with as much astonishment as I saw it. We both concluded to act at the same moment, the moose bounding away into the woods with a fearful crashing and I shooting after him. As before, I followed up and was gratified to find blood on both sides of his track. I now found Frank running after me, attracted by the shooting, and we followed the moose over bogs and barrens and sticks and stones and windfalls and every barrier conceivable, till I was utterly exhausted, but never got a sight of him, although we found he had lain down several times. Finally we concluded to leave him, as we would have to hurry anyway in order to get the one shot in the morning out of the woods without spoiling; in fact, we did almost lose the head. On reaching the spot where the moose was standing when I first saw him we found two distinct clumps of hair, showing that the ball went through some portion of him."

To make my point clearer, it is necessary to mention that "Tiam" relates that this odious act occurred after breakfast, and that before breakfast he had killed a moose, off which he and his companions cut some steak, the quality of which he testifies to as follows: "How juicy that steak did taste, and how we enjoyed it!"

Now "Tiam" was not hungry when he mutilated his second moose, for he had eaten his fill of palatable steak, and there was abundance left. He confesses that they had great difficulty in saving the meat of the first moose, as some of it almost spoiled before they could convey it to the settlement.

He confesses that he shot the second moose 200yds. away when it was fleeing in cover—a distance at which he could have no certainty of killing it even if it stood immovably quiet.

Considering the last act of this somewhat irregular case, is it humane or sportsmanlike to shoot at a moose 200yds. away when the animal is fleeing through cover? In European countries such an act would be considered such a flagrant violation of the commonest laws of sportsmanship that the offense would be denounced as odious to the sight of all true sportsmen. There could be no possibility of a reasonably certain shot at 200yds. which would kill, but there were many possibilities of a cruel wound, which would result in a painful and lingering death to the noble animal, and also a waste of a large quantity of valuable meat. The latter apparently was the result in this instance. A magnificent animal was fatally wounded and left to die a slow and painful death from an act which came from a spirit of mere wantonness. "Tiam" utters no word of regret. The party had plenty to eat. They already had so much moose meat that it was saved with difficulty. The party had just had a good meal, so that none of the fiercer instincts of hunger were in action. The moose shot at was out of the range established by humane reasoning or the conventions of sportsmanship. Why was it done?

I would like to read the opinions of large game hunters on this matter, for information as to whether such careless and wanton destruction is after the manner of true and approved sport, or whether it was simply butchery.

DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 9.—On last Monday a box marked "poultry" was opened by Warden Blow at the store of George T. Randall, commission merchant, 219 South Water street, and within were found a prairie chicken hen, eleven chicks and five turtle doves. All these were condemned and sold under the statute, and Randall was additionally fined $5 for each bird, $75 in all.

This is as it should be. When Warden Blow abandons his open-field theories and gets down to practical work with the game buyers, he will be doing some good and will be finding a wide field of activity. But what is not so good is the news that Warden Blow comes to members of the Illinois Association with the story that he has spent considerable money on the Merritt cold-storage case at Kewanee; that he can now get nothing out of it until it goes to the Supreme Court, and that unless the Association can raise him a little money to reimburse him on the Kewanee case, he will feel very much like settling the case with Merritt. I do not think the Illinois association should allow itself to be bluffed into raising money, but I do think and say that if that Kewanee case is settled now it will leave a taint on the sportsmanship of Illinois. Why did not and does not Warden Blow proceed against game-dealer Merritt precisely as he did against game-dealer Randall? Is not the one as liable to fine as the other? Are there favorites in this arresting business? And why talk of settlements and compromises in one case and not in another? The law is plain for Warden Blow. The closer he keeps to it the better it will be for him. The public will look with very small toleration on any settlement of the Merritt case. The Illinois Association can do nothing so good as to take hold of this case and fight it through, and it can win it if it does. If for reasons personal or otherwise it is not ready and anxious to fight this case, let it say so frankly, and frankly get out of the road. But it has now the chance of a lifetime to win a big fight, and one which will be of incalculable value to the sportsmen of America. It is almost certain funds enough can be raised to push this case; but money, if raised, should be expended by the Association's lawyers to cover actual expenses incurred or to be incurred.

From Indiana.

Mr. O. H. Hampton, of Indiana, one of the valued FOREST AND STREAM contributors, calls in with his son to say good morning once in a while, and to-day was one of the times.

From Abroad.

Mr. M. Harry Marlin, secretary of the Marlin Fire Arms Co., is in Chicago this week. Mr. Marlin says he has been in Europe for the past six months selling Marlin rifles to crowned heads. He dined with the Prince of Wales at Wiesbaden, and says the Prince drank only water, because that is the best kind of water there is anywhere, and nothing is too good for him.

Around Again.

Mr. Silvester, Western representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., who has been dangerously ill, is now around again. He had a wrestle with what I believe they call his vermifuge appendix, a portion of the human form divine which seems to have been just thrown in for *lagniappe*, as we say in New Orleans, as a sort of bargain counter remnant. In fashionable circles this is always removed, I am told, because bargains are not believed in there; but Mr. Silvester let it live to fight another day and says he is all right now.

Another Gun Man.

Charlie Willard, of the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., writes that he will leave Hartford soon for his Western circuit, and will be as far West as Chicago by the end of August. Mr. Willard's health also has been very poor for some time until within the past few weeks, but he says he is mended up and in good health again.

Spring Lake Bass.

From Mr. Chauncey M. Powers, of Decatur, Ill., I learn that the fishing at Spring Lake this year is better than was ever known. Two men went there from Pekin; one landed seven bass that weighed 27lbs., and the other sixteen that tipped the scales at 57lbs. These were all caught in one day.

A Portable Boat.

Every once in a while Chicago brings out some new idea in sporting goods. One of the late ones is the Kankakee portable boat, the invention of Charlie Heimbaugh, known for years as sportsman, club-keeper and warden along the Kankakee near Momence. Mr. Heimbaugh is a practical river man and has devised a practical boat under the conditions entailed in the demands of boat-condensing. The Chicago Metal Boat Co. make the boat and advertise it in the FOREST AND STREAM business columns. The boat is very compact and readily transported. A 14ft. boat when packed in its case makes a package 57×36×16in., which is readily carried in a buggy or light wagon and can be checked as baggage when traveling by rail. It retains its model, strength and durability, and is very simple in construction; can be put together in two minutes or less; all that is required is to place sections together and turn up eight thumb screws. The joints are made each with one tongued and one grooved brass casting, reaching from rail to rail clear across mid-section of the boat. The grooved casting is milled out to receive a soft rubber gasket 3-16 by ¼in. The milled slot holds gasket in place, and the pressure of the tongued casting on the rubber makes a perfect and absolutely watertight joint. The joints are held together each by four brass clamps, two at bottom of boat and one on each rail at top of joint. The boat is stiff and tight as

any clinker. If liked, tin air vessels can be stowed as seats in bow and stern, and then the boat is safer than the ordinary wooden boat, which it equals in every way. The sections rest nicely, not having bulkheads to interfere. All in all, it is a very useful thing for a sportsman's collection of supplies. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

An Indiana Dog's Point.

JACKSON COUNTY, Ind., Aug. 8.—We have excellent prospects for good quail shooting this fall. The section men on the railroad through here have just mown off the right of way. Their section is about six miles and they told me that they found nineteen quail nests, most of them setting and one or two hatched out, and one nest spoiled. We heard of a hen quail being caught by a neighbor's cat.

We have had rains lately which have saved the nests that are to hatch yet, for it has caused the grass to come up again, so that the track will not be burnt off until later in the fall. The engines fire it sometimes, but that will not be so liable to happen now. The men left small patches of weeds around the nests, and they report seeing the birds there all O. K. the next day. Every season the birds nest along the track. It is river bottom land all through here, and on most all corn is raised. This leads them to take to the track. Quite a good many are left from last season. I saw three coveys as late as March.

A little incident which occurred at the close of the quail season last fall may be a common occurrence, but it was new to me. Brother and I were out after quail, and it was what we call a good day, for it had rained the night before, and was misting a little that morning, but cleared before noon. We have a young common bred (part Irish, part Gordon) setter dog. Last season (his second year) we had found one covey in a hedge row right near the White River, and had stopped a few of them. If I am to say it myself, it's not every one who can stop the Indiana quail; they are goers from the very start. As we were hunting up very much scattered birds which had followed the fence both up and down, the dog came to a point. I walked up and flushed the bird and dropped it out on a piece of stubble about 30yds. off. Not being any more there, we sent the dog to retrieve, which he did, and had started back to us, when suddenly he came to a point again, right with the bird in his mouth. He finally moved up a few steps and we knew then the covey (as it turned out to be) were running. It was a great picture to us, but it lasted only about two minutes, for the dog at last half turned his head and glanced at us, as much as to say, "This is more than I can manage." So he dropped the dead bird from his mouth and again moved up, and finally became rigid, and when we walked up the finest covey rose. We stopped three of them before they returned across the river, which they did at the first flight. They must have just come across, as they were not there previously. We think that was a great sight. JOSEPH TAYLOR.

Washington State Sportsmen's Association.

SEATTLE, Wash., July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On the evening of Saturday, July 27, about fifty sportsmen, representing gun clubs located at Whatcom, Tacoma, Port Townsend, Auburn, Aberdeen and Seattle, gathered at the Hotel Northern, this city, and organized the Washington State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

The meeting was marked for its enthusiasm and evident anxiousness on the part of those present to get to work immediately and do something toward the protection of fish and game, which are rapidly being exterminated here owing to the non-observance of the game laws.

The following officers were elected: President, Josiah Collins, Jr., Seattle; First Vice-President, E. E. Ellis, Tacoma; Second Vice-President, T. B. Ware, Spokane; Secretary and Treasurer, C. F. Graff, Seattle. The following Board of Directors was chosen: H. A. Griffin, North Yakima; E. A. Kimball, Tacoma; W. J. Pratt, Whatcom; L. B. Faulkner, Olympia; C. F. Treat, Seattle; F. H. Mason, Spokane; Wellington Clark, Walla Walla; W. A. Hardy, Seattle; W. E. McKee, Seattle; B. Jensen, Sprague; Charles Draper, Port Townsend; A. Williams, Ellensburgh.

The initial tournament of the Association will be held here some time in October under the auspices of the Seattle Rod and Gun Club.

A few days ago we succeeded in convicting a market-shooter, Eugene Dupont by name, and two French restaurants, the Maison Tortoni and French Arlington, of violating the game laws, the former for killing and the latter for having in their possession and selling. Dupont was fined $20 and costs, while the restaurants were let off with $10 and costs each.

These prosecutions and convictions have had the effect of stopping to a great extent the unlawful killing of deer, ducks and grouse, which has been going on here more or less all summer.

Much credit is due President Collins for his earnest work in the interest of game protection, not only on this occasion, but in the past, he having spent both valuable time and money in his efforts to uphold the rights of sports men. C. F. GRAFF, Sec'y W. S. S. A.

Don't Pull it Muzzle Foremost.

ITHACA, N. Y., Aug. 9.—At Trumansburg, this county, Thomas Kinsella was drawing in hay, and, having seen a woodchuck in the field, asked the hired man to bring him the gun when they were again in the vicinity of the house. The gun was brought and passed up, muzzle first, to Kinsella, who was on the wagon. Kinsella drew it toward him in this position, when the gun was discharged, the load striking him in the region of the armpit. The unfortunate man lived only a short time.

Last year, a short distance from the scene of the above accident, a young man seized the barrels of his gun near the muzzle, jammed the stock thereof into a burrow in an attempt to dislodge a rabbit; the gun was discharged, killing the indiscreet hunter instantly.

In connection with the above, Mr. Frank Feely of this city, tells me of a series of surprisingly lucky accidents in which he figured prominently. He was hunting snipe, caught his foot in a gnarled root, fell down with the gun under him, and while in that position both barrels were discharged. By a miracle, as it seemed, he came out without a scratch. Later on, in the sitting-room at home, he was proudly exhibiting the gun, unloaded as he supposed, to a visitor. The muzzle was, fortunately, pointed toward the floor when the unknown remaining load belched forth, tearing a hole in the floor big enough to let a Kansas jack-rabbit through, and breaking open in the cellar directly beneath a supply of canned fruit that would easily have fed ex-Congressman Tim Campbell's annual picnic.

Still later, in his office one day he was examining a revolver supposed to be unloaded, when an acquaintance entered and, in a spirit of play, grasped the pistol. During the friendly struggle that ensued, the didn't-know-it-was-loaded chamber let go its contents, the bullet sailing harmlessly up through the ceiling and into the space of an unoccupied garret.

Seemingly, as a fitting *finale* to all this, Mr. Feely took a loaded revolver, that had become so rusted that it would no longer revolve, to a neighboring tin-shop, fastened the weapon in a vise so that the muzzle pointed directly at a 6in. expanse of steel which the vise afforded, and began operations. A tinsmith presently came to his assistance, and by the use of a punch and hammer sought to loosen the solidly rusted parts. Suddenly there was a series of explosions, every chamber of the revolver discharging, the bullets striking the steel expanse of the vise and hurling fine particles of lead into the face of Mr. Feely and his assistant. No serious injury was inflicted, however. Mr. Feely dropped the revolver in an abandoned well, traded his gun for fishing tackle, renounced his faith in firearms, and for years has been known to the world and to the sons of men as an enthusiastic and devoted member of the tribe of Walton. M. CHILL.

Game Slaughter in Florida.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend has sent me an advertisement of the Tampa Bay hotels, on the back of which is a list (printed) of the amount of game shot near Tampa by guests, probably of the hotels. The following is the list: quail 1,352, snipe 1,252, doves 97, besides numerous hares, ducks and squirrels. All this in fifty-two days. But the point to which I desire to call attention is this: In thirty-three of these days a Mr. and Mrs. Bergner, of Philadelphia, slew of the above number 849 quail and 845 snipe. Shades of game butchers! All to see if they could not break the record, for it is noted one day that they broke the record, killing 283 snipe and 32 plover, another day slaying 184 snipe. Another 110 and as high as 127 quail a day. For shame! For shame! The sooner the solons of Florida limit the amount of game to be killed in one day the sooner they will begin to conserve the attractions of their State and prevent tourists from making shameful exhibitions of themselves. O. O. S.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Judge's Story.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The discussion about buck fever has brought to mind the stories told by old deer hunters when I was a boy. I had a way of asking old soldiers and hunters questions until I got them either to telling stories or arguing; then I stood around and listened to the fun.

Judge W. H. Randall says, "I never had buck fever. The first deer I ever saw I killed."

"And you never had buck fever?"

"Well, I will tell you and you can judge for yourself. I was on a visit to a relative in York State, and he said to me, 'Go up on top of the hill back of the house and you will find a clearing in which I have some turnips planted; you might find a deer there.' I took the old muzzleloader and started, found the clearing all right, and stood for several moments looking over it from behind an old hemlock log. Well, sir, I had given up seeing any deer, when there, right in the middle of that patch, stood a doe and a fawn. I don't know how they got there, for there was not even a weed to obstruct my view of the patch. I rested the rifle across the log, took careful aim just behind the foreshoulder and fired. At the crack of my rifle the doe dropped.

"Now, I might have been a little rattled at that, for I don't know how I got over the log and to that doe—flew, I guess. Anyway I got there and bled her, and after I had admired her a while I began to hunt for the bullet hole. I hunted and hunted for that bullet and could only find a crease across its back just in front of its tail, that had scraped the backbone. Now, I did not aim for there and it was the only mark on the deer, so it must have paralyzed her for a moment; and if I had not got there in the short order I did she would have got away. I suppose the gun must have been a little rusty, for it was an excellent shooting gun."

"Where did you find your gun?" Pat, an old deer hunter, asked.

"Oh, about half-way between the log and the deer, and my hat between it and the log."

And old Pat grinned.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Grown in Texas.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been much interested in the snakeology of Mr. Hough and have read every word you have published about the snake with the horn on his tail, the ones with legs, the one that was able to climb up the side of a tree and all others.

I send you a clipping from the *People's Advocate*, of Austin, Texas, setting forth a new species of snake. From its peculiar characteristics, I think it a direct descendant of the first snake mentioned in history.

Now that you have taken steps to complete the study of the pine nut bear, the fantail deer and other little-known animals and reptiles, I would suggest that this new snake be included. Quite a large reward could be offered for a specimen with the knowledge that if found the money would not be spent in vain.

The new snake tops all of Mr. Hough's old back-number chaps.

Here follows the yarn: "Coming from Bastrop by dirt road and reaching a point some two miles above Hornsby, my attention was attracted by a snake on the side of the road. I stopped the buggy to admire its dazzling beauty. It was about 2¼ft. long, with cylindrical body (unlike the rattler), and its belly a bright yellow. Running full length of its body were stripes of brown, green and red alternating. Its eyes were very dark green, with that staring expression usual with all snakes, as none of them are provided with movable lids.

"It made no attempt to escape, but remained motionless. I pinched off a crumb of bread from my lunch and threw to it, which it readily devoured; I repeated this several times with same results. I got out, and with my arm outstretched offered it a crumb from my fingers; it soon moved within reach and took the bread as humbly and politely as a scared stray dog would have done. I got in the buggy and moved off in a slow trot, when, after driving about 30yds., I was again astonished to see the snake on the side of the road endeavoring to keep up, and was a little in advance, with head raised and frequently looking back as it ran. I stopped, and to my utter astonishment it crawled to the front wheel, wound itself about the spokes, got in and coiled on the seat.

"I did not feel uneasy, as I am told that, as a rule, non-poisonous snakes run rapidly with their bodies straight as this one did; while poisonous reptiles move slowly and in a wiggling or serpentine shape.

"I drove on feeling proud of my new made friend, and attempted to place my hand on its neck; but the cold flesh caused the chills to run all over me. I had no gloves, but wrapped a handkerchief around my fingers and rubbed it down from its head, when it would brace its back against the pressure like a kitten.

"Soon after starting, and while the rubbing was going on, I noticed it stretching its neck over my lap in the direction of the lunch. I put my hand inside the paper bag to pinch off a crum, when suddenly it drew back and cavorted about on the seat, switching its tail against the cushion in great glee, not unlike a fice upon the return of his long absent master. Of course these capers were in anticipation of the lunch it expected to get.

"I was feeling extra proud of my prize, fully intending to place it in a zoological garden, but alas! as I was driving along by Radam's garden, a dog ran out barking, when the object of my admiration quickly sprang from the seat to the ground and disappeared through the pickets into the overgrown shrubbery inside.

"It was my intention to call it back, but then I didn't know what kind of a call to use."

Sea and River Fishing.

VERMONT LEAGUE.

THE midsummer meeting of the Vermont Fish and Game League took the form of an excursion to the Isle La Motte yesterday, reports the Burlington *Free Press*, and was in every respect a most enjoyable success. Many of the most distinguished men of the State are members of the League, and the invitations which were sent out included a number of others who, while they are not enthusiasts with the rod or gun, are nevertheless heartily in sympathy with the objects of the organization, which aims to make Vermont a paradise for the sportsman and therefore attractive to those from other parts of the country who live to commune with nature.

Hon. N. W. Fisk, the president of the club, and a prince among entertainers, was kept busy for some time receiving the greetings of his many friends. Dinner was served in two large connecting tents, which had been erected on the lawn near Mr. Fisk's residence. Three long tables extended through the tents at right angles to another table, at which were seated C. M. Wilds, of Middlebury, the toastmaster, with the following gentlemen at his right: Gov. Woodbury, ex-Senator Edmunds, Congressman Powers, Lieut.-Gov. Mansur and ex-Gov. Barstow. At his left were Senator Proctor, Congressman Grout, ex-Gov. Stewart, Frank Webb and Gen. J. G. McCullough. Others at the heads of the side tables were: President Buckham, Mayor Van Patten, ex-Gov. Page, Col. F. D. Proctor, Gen. J. J. Estey, Hon. G. G. Benedict, D. W. Robinson, Capt. H. E. Tutherly, Col. H. W. Allen, Col. H. W. Hall, Col. R. J. Coffey, Gen. T. S. Peck, Judge R. S. Taft, Hon. Olin Merrill and Hon. D. H. Lewis.

With such a galaxy of men accustomed to after-dinner speaking, something good was expected in the post-prandial exercises. The speeches were all of a very informal character, largely humorous, and the several speakers told stories at one another's expense and then got back at each other with some keen thrusts. Being in a lighter vein, they were speeches which lose much of their pointedness when put into cold, hard type.

Rapping for order, Toastmaster Wilds said: This banquet has been conducted entirely on fishing lines. The search for a presiding officer has been of this character. From an unsuccessful search for a large fish the officials have come down to one of the small fry. This place is historic you will find from those who follow me. It is accessible from all points of the globe. I commend to the Governor this lesson. Feed any who are disposed to make trouble. This island is capable of supporting all members of this League. The officers are to be congratulated on the success of this gathering. No other place could have been selected where so many eminent men would congregate as has been the case here to-day. In this distinguished galaxy of stars it is a difficult matter to find one that shines brighter than another, but it is fitting to call up the Governor first.

Gov. Woodbury said in part: I shall not attempt to tell fish stories, although I ought to be able to do so. My ancestor, John Woodbury, of Salem, was the first man to be elected to office in this country and no one by that name was ever since known to refuse an office. There are no candidates for office at this table because it is sometimes said aristocrats only sit at the head table and no aristocrats can ever hold office in Vermont. The office seekers are at all other tables. We have reason to congratulate ourselves on this gathering. We are happy and are furthering the interests of this League, which is doing much in the way of attracting summer visitors to Vermont. I hope the interest of the League will continue until we have a State that will attract people from all parts of the world.

Ex-Senator Edmunds was called up as a distinguished lawyer, an eminent statesman and an immortal fisherman. The Senator said in part: I wish we could stay here a week and catch fish. I am afraid that my friend's, the chairman's, failure to catch fish is because he has

devoted himself more to that other branch of the business to which he has referred. Fishing brings us into intimate relationship with our mother nature and therefore it is good to spend some time in that pursuit. I am glad that this League was formed and it has been a pleasure to me to be a member.

Senator Proctor was called up to tell the greatest fish story on record. The Senator got even with Chairman Wilds and said that the seemingly large fish which were suspended around the tent were but minnows as compared with those he had been in the habit of catching in Vermont brooks all his life. He thought that the work of this League was of an educational nature. It would make the law understood in all parts of the State, thus adding greatly to our prosperity.

Congressman Grout was called up as a man who had no embarrassment in telling the truth. Gen. Grout said he wanted to come because it had been promised that there would be no speaking, because he wanted to see how the members of the League would act when surrounded by plenty of water, and finally because he wanted to sit at the feet of these distinguished statesmen and fishermen and learn how to fish.

Congressman Powers said that the 6in. law drove him out of the fishing business. He did not come over here to tell any fish stories, but to see the good people of Grand Isle county, whom he praised very highly, saying that they remained at home and spent their time in acquiring useful information. These tables show the hospitality of this town and are an indication of what the ladies can do. Judge Powers said that he would like to stay in the country four weeks and get acquainted with the people.

Ex-Gov. Stewart was the next speaker. He told a humorous story and referred to his experiences in fishing among these islands. He found it an inspiration to come into these waters, drink in the pure air and get acquainted with the good people of these islands.

Gen. J. G. McCullough was the next speaker. He said he was a law-abiding member of the League, and since it had been announced that there was to be no speaking he could not break the rule. He told a salmon story which he obtained from Gov. Stewart, concluding with a humorous account of how the latter was rescued from drowning by being caught by his hair. Gov. Stewart thereupon stood up and showed his bald head, at the same time admitting the truth of Gen. McCullough's remarkable story. The latter then called attention to the fact that he alone of all the speakers had had his veracity vouched for.

Mr. Wilds then called up President Buckham to speak for the other side, the non-liars. President Buckham said he did not remember ever having been in such a distinguished gathering of congressmen, governors, ex-governors and future governors. He felt like a small fish among the great whales, and according to the laws of the State he thought he should be put back. One thing has been passed by on this occasion, that is the preservation of the song birds of our State. They form one of the charms of our State. President Buckham believed that one reason why birds do not sing as many days in this country as they do in England is that their songs are not appreciated. When we respond to a bird's song by whistling the bird seems to know that his song is appreciated. One of the things which we can do to increase the attractiveness of our State is to preserve and encourage our song birds.

MRS. FARRINGTON'S MUSCALONGE.

We are indebted to Mr. Wm. R. Farrington, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for the admirable photograph, which is here reproduced, of the notable muscalonge captured by Mrs. Farrington in the St. Lawrence River last September. In response to our request for particulars of the exploit, Mrs. Farrington sends us the following notes, from which it will appear that the fish should be credited to her as a trophy of skillful handling and presence of mind under conditions which would have flustered many a man playing his first big fish. She writes:

On Sept. 7, as beautiful a day as one could wish to spend on the St. Lawrence River, my husband and I were trolling in two boats, his guide being Leander Denny, and mine Ed Denny.

At 4 P. M. Mr. Farrington had killed nine pickerel, five of which weighed 40lbs., while I grew weary taking in my lines to remove grass and the smallest pickerel, often called "slinkies" by the guides.

At half past 4 we were about three miles from Clayton, working slowly over the ground which had just been covered by Mr. F. in his boat. Suddenly the bell attached to the trolling rod gave a very gentle alarm, and I said: "There is another of those little pickerel." But as I lifted the rod free it sprung back, so that I could hardly hold it. Ed with difficulty got the rod in the boat and handed me the line, saying: "Now look sharp, you've got a big fish."

I had out 200ft. of line and cautiously took in about 90ft., thinking the fish did not feel so very large. Just then he leaped out of the water, shook the spoon, took a header into the water, and was out of sight. Then came a shout of "Muscalonge!" from Mr. F.'s boat, and I realized that the monster would be mine if I handled him according to previous instructions.

He seemed quite willing to follow up my coaxing for a moment, then quite as determined to take everything his way. And so we played a most exciting game of give and take for twenty minutes. Then he came to the surface and was quite near the boat. I said, "Ed, did you ever see such a beautiful big fish?" Ed's voice sounded far off and tremulous as he said, "Now, don't get excited, Mrs. Farrington." But I did not intend to lose my head nor my fish either.

I finally succeeded in getting him close to the boat, and as Ed raised his club to strike, the muscalonge gave a plunge right under the boat, and we both thought he was off. But no! I felt of my line and he was there, but too tired to resist the strain of the line. As he came to the surface Ed killed him with a blow and lifted him into the boat.

About fifteen minutes later Mr. Farrington killed a muscalonge which weighed 15lbs. We sailed into Clayton with two white flags floating, causing great excitement, owing to the fact that my fish was the largest muscalonge ever killed by a woman.

Mrs. William R. Farrington.

Clayton, Thousand Islands, N. Y., Aug. 6.—Mr. W. R. Farrington, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., a guest of the Hubbard House, while fishing here yesterday landed a 33½lb. muskallonge, the handsomest as well as the largest brought in this season and measuring 4ft. 1in. in length. Leander Denny was the guide. Mr. and Mrs. Farrington are among the most enthusiastic anglers visiting Clayton, and have had great success this last week with the black bass. Mr. Farrington also landed, on the 3d inst., a very fine specimen of a pickerel, viz., a 16-pounder.

That black bass fishing was never better on this part of the St. Lawrence River than this season is the verdict of a large number of anglers here, the sport afforded so far this year being excellent, and is doubtless due to a great extent to the splendid work accomplished by the Angler's Association in the suppression of netting and the enforcement of a strictly close season. J. G. F.

SEA, LAKE AND RIVER FISHING.

Boston, Aug. 10.—Baker's Island, off Salem Harbor, is an interesting place for those who like salt air and the sea in all its natural beauty. There is pretty good cunner fishing from its rocky shores, and Mr. E. S. Thayer, of Salem, who has fished nearly everywhere along the mainland coast, is very certain that good tautog fishing can be had, having demonstrated that fact on a visit to the island a few days ago, when he captured five tautog, the largest weighing 5lbs. He is going again, and the next time hopes to find some striped bass fishing also, as he feels sure they are in these waters.

There is no one who is summering along the south shore this season having a better time at the fishing than Dr. Maurice H. Richardson and A. G. Weeks, Jr., of Boston. Dr. Richardson is at it early and late, and has taken many bluefish and a number of small striped bass and squeteague. His son, a lad of 16 years, captured a 70lbs. shark the other day, an achievement over which he was naturally very proud. Good bass ponds are found a few miles inland, and Mr. Weeks visits them quite often. When ready to go the boat is placed on a wagon, and a drive of ten miles brings him to Sniptuit Pond. Four bass weighing 12lbs. and several of less weight was the result of a day's visit to that place recently, and nearly every trip is equally as fruitful. Nearly everybody who has fished at Buzzard's Bay has had good luck, and the season of '95 will be recorded as one of the best for years.

A party of five Western men made a day's record to be proud of a week ago while fishing off Great Point across Caydis Light, Nantucket. Seven sharks, the largest measuring 17ft., and ninety-one bluefish was the sum total of their prowess. The fun was fast and furious while shark fishing, with just enough danger to make it exciting. A strong breeze obliging them to sail under three reefs most of the time added largely to their pleasure, and they all want to know how much more fun could be crowded into one day than they had on that trip.

F. H. Talcott, of Boston, has fished in many waters, but he made the strangest capture of his life while trying for bass in Lake Pearl, Wrentham, Mass., a few days ago. It was a 25lb. turtle that accepted his tempting bait, and Mr. Talcott wants to know if any one has ever measured or weighed the amount of vitality in one of these fellows. He was as full of fight as a Corbett, and even after his head had been cut off so that it hung by a shred he still wanted to bite off a whole hand from his captors. Mock turtle soup has been voted a pleasant dish by Mr. T. in the past, but after cleaning the meat out of this fellow he concluded the shell was trophy enough this time.

The noted guide and trapper, Spof. Flint, of Colebrook, N. H., and his brother Fred Flint, proprietor of the Hell Gate Camps on the Dead Diamond, made so famous by the late Amasa Ward, have been spending a few days in Boston, visiting the sportsmen of the Hub, with whom they have a large acquaintance.

W. J. Reynolds, of Boston, has gone to the Upper Dam, Rangeley Lakes. He is an old pioneer in that region, this being his twenty-second consecutive year of fishing in the old and famous pool. Oct. 1 is the date of his return, and I hope his usual good luck will favor him with duplicates of some of the big trout he has caught in past years.

Herbert Dumaresq and Dr. Cecil P. Wilson, of Boston, have gone to the club house of the Sebago Club, at the lake of that name in Maine. Mr. Dumaresq is a member of the club, and during their stay of a few days will try by deep-water trolling to catch a salmon that will exceed in weight the 11-pounder captured by him last spring. Dr. Wilson will go on from there to the Megantic Preserve, where he will make quite a trip before returning to Boston.

Samuel Wax and Hugo Pinksohn, of Boston, have left for the Rangeleys, hoping to get some big trout during their three weeks' stay. On the way back they will stop for a few days at Belgrade Mills to enjoy the bass fishing. Mr. Wax was very successful there last year, and thinks it one of the pleasantest spots in Maine to visit.

Connecticut lakes is the destination and September the time planned for the trip of Dr. N. R. Hall, of Warren, R. I. The Doctor visited this region last year, and was so well pleased that he made up his mind to repeat the experience. This year he will spend most of his time at Second Lake, and contemplates making a camping trip from there to Camel's Rump Bog, where he hopes to get some good shooting. At all events, he declares he will not return until he gets a deer, and starting out with that determination goes a long way toward fulfilling the promise.



ST. LAWRENCE RIVER MUSCALONGE.

Weight, 41lbs. Length, 4ft. 3in. Caught Sept. 17, 1894, by Mrs. Wm. R. Farrington, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Edward Denny, Guide.

Many Western sportsmen *en route* to Eastern fishing waters stop over in Boston for a few days to put the finishing touches on their outfits of flies, leaders, etc. While engaged in this pleasant occupation it was my good fortune to run across three of about as genial types of the Western angler as one could possibly meet. They were William O. and J. C. Davie, of Cincinnati, and Chalmers Brown, of Indianapolis. Prince Edward Island was their destination, going first to Charlottetown, and from there into the country for stream fishing. Mr. Brown has been there before and guarantees to thoroughly initiate his two friends into the mysteries of the fishing of that region during the three weeks of their stay.

Chas. H. Tyler and R. M. Saltonstall, well-known Boston lawyers, left on Aug. 9 for a two weeks' camping and canoe trip. They will go to Moosehead, and from there to Chesuncook Lake, devoting the entire time to trout fishing.

G. E. Blackmur, of Auburndale, Mass., has gone on a three weeks' trip to Randall's Camps, located on the West Branch Ponds, head waters of the Penobscot. They say the trout actually tumble over each other there, so anxious are they to take the fly, and Mr. Blackmur intends to find out the truth of this assertion.

W. S. Baines, of Boston, one of the old fishing veterans in the region about Jackson in the White Mountains, has been quite steadily fishing the streams near there this season, but does not find his luck up to the usual standard of other years. He has heard of good fishing on the east branch of the Pemigewasset, and has gone back to the mountains intending to go there after it. Six or seven miles of the hardest kind of tramping through the woods each way might deter some men from such an undertaking, but Mr. Baines thinks little of that when visions of good trout fishing loom up before him.

While fishing in the Concord River, near Boston, a few days ago, M. Abbott Frazer and C. S. Burke captured eleven bass, the two largest weighing respectively 5¾ and 3 11/16lbs. In one instance, while the bait was lying still on

the water, a big bass came up clean out of the water and took the bait, going down in such a peculiar fashion as to excite both mirth and wonder. It is needless to say that this particular monster was finally lost, a fact which they are not over grieving about yet. HACKLE.

ST. LAWRENCE ANGLERS.

THE annual meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River was held at Clayton on Aug. 7, President W. C. Browning in the chair. Secretary W. H. Thompson's report showed that the Association has a membership of 350, of which 250 are paying members. The Association has lost valuable members in Gen. R. U. Sherman, New Hartford; W. P. Carpenter, Utica; J. L. Hasbrook, New York; H. G. Wiser, Prescott. Several new members were admitted. Treasurer R. P. Grant reported as follows: On hand last year, $648.51; receipts, $546.88; disbursements, $349.08; balance on hand, $716.62.

The following officers were elected for the year: President, William C. Browning; First Vice-President, H. R. Heath; Second Vice-President, Charles R. Skinner; Secretary, William H. Thompson, Alexandria Bay, N. Y.; Treasurer, R. P. Grant; Executive Committee: A. C. Cornwall, G. H. Strough, R. H. Pullman, W. T. Bascom, G. T. Raferty, F. J. Amsden, R. E. Waterman, G. M. Skinner, C. G. Emery, O. T. Mackey, John Foley, Walter Fox.

Mr. Taylor said that there was a strong feeling on both sides in favor of establishing the park, and if it was done that the waters would be free and open the year around. He said the Canadian Government had already selected several islands which it owned to reserve for the purpose.

President W. C. Browning said that the matter was a national and not a local one, and that one condition demanded by the Canadians was the repeal or some special action in regard to the alien labor law as regards Canadian oarsmen hiring out to Americans. This was out of the question and could not be done. He maintained, however, that the law was not transgressed, inasmuch as the oarsmen made the bargain after coming to this country and not on Canadian soil. Mr. Taylor said that the oarsmen did not understand it so, and that until some official assurance was given them the Canadian Parliament could not consent to the establishment of an international park.

This subject of the alien labor law was the subject of discussion for the remainder of the morning session. The Canadian side was represented by Messrs. Smith, George Taylor and Mr. Cook. Among those who represented the American side were: Messrs. Browning, Thompson, Heath, Charles R. Skinner, Frank Taylor, Elon R. Brown and V. K. Kellogg, the district attorney in Jefferson county.

Messrs. Skinner, Brown and Kellogg have all made a study of the statutes on the subject of the alien labor law, and were unanimous in the opinion that this case did not come under the law, inasmuch as the oarsmen were hired on this side. These gentlemen finally convinced Mr. Taylor and his Canadian friends of the fact, and that the only satisfaction to be given would be the authoritative statement of the Attorney-General of the State and that of the Attorney-General of the United States upon the subject.

Reference was made to the Protective Oarsmen's Association of Alexandria Bay, which had been instrumental in creating a false impression of the law among the people on the other side. Mr. Thompson stated that a statement from all the hotels among the American resorts that Canadian oarsmen would receive equal favors with Americans had been instrumental in causing the $5 license fee to be removed.

Mr. Thompson said that he thought that the Canadians were ready to meet us half way in the matter, he also said that he thought that there was no necessity for action on the part of the Association, but that it should be left to the commissions to decide.

Mr. Taylor, of Gananoque, said that they would not demand a change in the law if the official statement was made setting forth their rights.

Mr. Thompson said that no action of the Association could change the United States law, but that the law should be understood, and that the Commissioners would settle this point, and that no action of the Association was necessary.

Upon the suggestion of Mr. Taylor, it was moved to appoint a committee of five to confer with the Commissioners representing the two Governments, and that the committee in the meantime secure the legal opinions of the Attorney-General of the State and of the United States upon the subject, and that they present it to the Commissioners.

Frank H. Taylor moved to amend by empowering the secretary of the Association with the right of having 500 circulars printed containing these opinions, and that they be circulated in Canada and posted about, and that they give the Canadian oarsmen assurance of protection.

The committee named were: W. C. Browning, Hon. Charles R. Skinner, G. H. Strough, Hon. Elon R. Brown and R. P. Grant.

The Association reconvened at 2:15, when Mr. Smith, the Deputy Minister, read the report of the status of the matter as it lay before the Canadian Commissioners.

Upon the motion of Mr. Heath, a committee of three was appointed to draft suitable resolutions in commemoration of the death of four members of the Association, who have died in the past year.

The subject of the stocking of the St. Lawrence River waters with muskalonge fry was brought up and discussed. A motion was proposed requesting the Legislature to instruct the State Fish and Game Commission to stock these waters with fry of St. Lawrence River muskalonge, instead of those of Chautauqua Lake, which are not as beautiful nor as gamy a fish as the native fish of the St. Lawrence, which is the most gamy and beautiful species of the fish, and is the original and true muskalonge, and the only one which has the spots.

The original motion was amended to include a vote of thanks to the Commissioners for the fry, and that they be requested to continue to supply fry from Chautauqua Lake until a hatchery could be established on the St. Lawrence River. A motion was unanimously passed that the Legislature be requested to establish a muskalonge hatchery on the St. Lawrence River.

President Browning appointed Messrs. Grant and Thompson as a committee to meet the Senate Commissioners at Watertown and entertain them.

A resolution was passed empowering the executive committee to appoint any and all committees necessary for all purposes, including the procuring of suitable legislation.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE CLUB.

IF the Professor prides himself on one of his accomplishments more than another it is his ability to cast his flies on a 9ft. leader. So proficient has the Professor become that he can easily drop his end fly on a bubble at a distance of 50ft. Not only is the Professor a model fly-caster, but he is well up in all the nomenclature and literature pertaining to the gentle art, and his paraphernalia is always of the most approved and artistic style. For instance, he will never use a line or reel that does not correspond exactly to the length and weight of his rod. Everything about his fly-fishing is truly artistic and poetic; and the Professor is devoted to the gamy brook trout only; bass, pickerel and other fish are vermin in his eyes, and furthermore, the trout the Professor catches must be caught by casting only; such a thing as allowing a line to run down stream and then to be reeled back is abhorrent to the Professor's idea of fly-fishing.

It was my good fortune to go with the Professor on a trip down stream where the water was very deep, just below some rapids. We cast our flies out into the rapids and then drew them over to the eddy below. We had caught several nice trout when the Professor called out that he had a monster; his rod was bent up like a hair pin and the line was cutting the water like a miniature steamboat. Suddenly the fish stopped, something was wrong; undoubtedly one of the other flies had caught on a root or stone at the bottom. What was to be done? We were standing on a rock that tapered to a point extending under the water; somewhere near the end of this point the fish was fastened. We pulled, we tugged, we went from one side of the rock to the other, but we could not budge the fish. All of a sudden the fish came near the surface. We caught a glimpse of a broad tail, and our excitement increased to fever heat. "I'm going in after him," said the Professor, and proceeded at once to disrobe. With the aid of a landing net the Professor slowly made his way down the rock. The net was too short, so a long stick was obtained, and again the Professor walked in. By dint of long and careful manipulation we succeeded in partly loosing the fastened fly-hook, and then by united effort we succeeded in drawing the fastened fish toward the surface. Suddenly the hook was freed and with a rush the monster came to the top. "Shoot me if it isn't a miserable plebeian chub!" howled the Professor, and then realizing the ridiculous side of the situation, we laughed and we roared. It was too funny; the joke on the Professor was too good; it must be told.

I shall never cease to regret that I did not have a camera to take a series of pictures of him standing up to his waist in the water. The first his happy expression of intense excitement, then his momentary look of rage and disgust, and finally his hearty laugh over the joke that will stand against him for many a day.

SILVER DOCTOR.

FISHING AT SANTA CATALENA ISLAND.

SANTA CATALENA ISLAND, Southern California, July 14. —The fishing season of Santa Catalena Island began this year in April and has been remarkably fine. A number of New Yorkers are on the ground piling up big records and saying nothing. Santa Catalena is an island thirty miles off Los Angeles county, reached by a line of steamers, which start at San Pedro. The little town of Avalon on the south end of the island is the objective, and being but 3½ hours from Los Angeles, the Los Angeles business men who are patrons of the rod can reach it with ease and comfort. Some of the fishing I have described in former letters and herewith give some figures which I think will interest eastern anglers and sportsmen.

The best record so far has been made by Mr. Stuart M. Beard, of the Canandaigua (N. Y.) Fishing Club. He has been fishing since May 12, and has taken in all 2,656lbs. of fish, all on the rod, with a 15-strand cuttyhunk line and a large reel holding about 900ft. The catch is 41 yellow-tail (*Seriola dorsalis*), weighing 738lbs., averaging 18lbs.; 5 sea bass, 153½lbs.; 13 albicore, 211lbs.; 2 black sea bass, 98 and 200lbs. The largest yellow-tail taken weighed 43lbs., and many rock bass, etc., etc. The 98lbs. bass Mr. Beard caught in front of the Metropole Hotel, several hundred guests watching the catch from the piazza and the beach, and it was finally landed by the aid of some friends on the yacht Linda. The 200-pounder was taken twenty miles from here on the shores of San Clemente Island. The fish was hooked late in the afternoon and towed the boat, which contained Mr. Beard and Mr. Rodgers and oarsman Harry Elms, for three miles, making a sturdy fight all the time. Two hours slipped away, and night came on and the sea rose, making an ugly swell; but they kept at it, Mr. Rodgers succeeding in lighting a lantern, which he held while Mr. Beard manipulated the rod; another hour went by before the wet and utterly exhausted men brought the fish to the gaff, cut its throat and towed it to their yacht, anchored in the harbor. The fish was hoisted aboard and carried to Avalon, where it was found to weigh 200lbs. a day after it was caught. This gives Mr. Beard the record for the largest fish on a rod on the Pacific coast; and as we have no records of tarpon, we should be glad to hear from some of the tarpon men who have taken larger fish on such tackle. The line was 15-strand, as above described.

The record was held by Major Chas. Veile, of the cavalry, last year, who took a 138-pounder on a rod.

Mr. J. Neale Plumb, of New York, one of the finest fishermen in the country, is now trying to break Mr. Beard's record, and as the black sea bass are biting well, there is every reason to believe he will do it.

The following are some of the season's catches so far:

J. Neale Plumb, about 600lbs. of yellow-tail, sea bass and barracuda. Mr. Plumb has been fishing but a few days.

C. F. Holder, 10 yellow-tails averaging 15lbs.; 20 barracuda averaging 10lbs. The latter or part taken on an 8oz. split-bamboo, and the yellow-tails taken on a light rod, the tip being a trout split-bamboo tip, 15-strand line; 1 black sea bass, 247lbs., taken on a hand line; 2 sea bass, 20 and 12lbs., on rod.

June 17.—W. A. Carnes, San Francisco, 3 yellow-tail, 16, 18, 28lbs.; 39lb. halibut (rod).

June 19.—Messrs. Curtis and Lindley, San Francisco, 17lb. yellow tail (rod).

June 21.—W. A. Carnes, San Francisco, 124lbs. of yellow-tail; barracuda and rock bass. Mrs. C. H. Lindley, San Francisco, 16lb. yellow-tail. Mr. Keyser, Pasadena, and John Vandevoort (partner of Andrew Carnegie, Pittsburg), 60 rock bass averaging 4lbs.; 29 sheepshead averaging 8lbs., all on rod.

June 24.—Dr. Johnson, Alhambra, Cal., 165lbs. of yellow-tail averaging 15lbs. Dr. H. H. Frothingham, Chicago, 142lbs. yellow-tail, barracuda and rock bass, all on rod.

June 25.—F. W. Reid, 190 lbs. of yellow-tail. C. F. Bissell, Norwich, N. Y., 11 yellow-tail, weighing 178½lbs.

June 27.—Col. W. L. Washington, N. Y., a 42½lb. yellow-tail, on rod. A. C. Roscoe, 39lb. yellow-tail; 45lb. sea bass.

June 28.—Alexander Badlum, the San Francisco historian, 4 yellow-tail, 100lbs. J. C. Cline, black sea bass (hand line, 265lbs.).

June 29.—Dr. Johnson, 1,080lbs. fish on rod; largest yellow-tail, 35lbs.

June 30.—W. A. Carnes, San Francisco, 315lbs. black sea bass (hand line). Miss McMillan, 2 yellow-tail, 40lbs. S. N. Fowler, 6 albicore, average 40lbs.

July 5.—Dr. Kirkpatrick, 75lbs. of yellow-tail. Mr. Callum, 30lb. yellow-tail.

July 6.—C. H. Moll, Hollywood, 36 albicore. Miss Alice Hall, 1 32lb. yellow-tail.

July 7.—H. O'Fallon, of New York, 3 yellow-tail, 43lbs.

These are a small percentage of the catches taken by gentlemen staying at the two hotels—Metropole and Island Villa. The little town has about 2,000 summer visitors, most of whom go fishing, which is suggestive of the sport. Nearly all the above fish were taken on rod and reel, ranging from a tarpon rod to light split-bamboo.

PISCATOR.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

AUG. 9.—More pleasing reports from the salmon fishermen are at hand. The season has been a good one, with an increase of salmon generally reported in most of the Provincial rivers. Mr. Edward Brooks, a member of the Tobique Club, with Mr. R. H. Sims, has fished the Tobique River, in New Brunswick, with a result of thirty-five salmon in three days. Such fishing is remarkable, and is doubtless the result of the care being bestowed upon the preserve.

Mr. C. H. Olmstead and Mr. George Talbott fished the Grand Cascapedia in July. Ten salmon at least are reported to their score. Both are Boston gentlemen, and both are much pleased with their trip. Mr. Olmstead's largest fish weighed 28lbs., and he is justly proud of such luck, if luck it may be termed.

Mr. Richard O. Harding, with Appleton & Bassett, brings back several trophies from his salmon trip that please him very much. He took a camera along, and has one or two pictures showing a fight with salmon. Mr. D. H. Blanchard is shown with a salmon hooked, and very intent upon conquering him. The buckling of the rod is well illustrated. A great many sportsmen have dropped into the store to see the pictures.

The latest fishing yarn in the newspapers is concerning a gull that was seen swimming on Moosehead Lake, and was caught by some men in a canoe. Hooked to a leg was found a leader, and attached to another fly on the leader was a trout weighing 3 or 4lbs. The hook was so thoroughly embedded in the gull's leg that it had to be cut out. Since, it comes out that B. F. Beal, of Boston, one report says, was fishing in Lily Bay with a leader to which several hooks were attached. He struck a trout which took away his leader, flies and all. At the Lily Bay House, when the gull and trout were brought in, the leader was pronounced the one that Mr. Beal had lost.

Rev. Julian K. Smythe is an ardent lover of the rod and line, as well as a good deal of a canoeist. He has been on his vacation trip, and has paddled from Saco, Me., up the Saco River, to Fryeburg. Mr. and Mrs. Smythe made the journey in four days. They took their two daughters aboard at Hiram. A store of provisions was laid in at the starting point, and with the exception of lodging at farmhouses on the way they lived in their canoe and tents. Mr. Smythe is one of the leading clergymen of Roxbury, Mass.

Recently Graves, who several years ago murdered the two Maine game wardens, has been granted an audience with the Governor and Council at the State prison in that State. He made a strong plea for extenuation of his life sentence. In touching language he related how the dog which the warden wanted to kill was one which his wife had harnessed into a cart with another dog, and the pair had hauled around their son, who was a cripple. Furthermore, it was a bird dog, and not a deer dog at all. Graves said that one of the wardens had his gun cocked, and the other had a pistol, when he shot them. But at last he admitted that, under the same circumstances, he should do the same thing again. The pardon has not been granted. In the recent warden shooting case in that State the guide who did the shooting has not yet been apprehended.

Shore bird shooting along the Massachusetts coast does not seem to have taken much of a start yet, though the open season is already several weeks old. A few bags of summer yellow-legs are mentioned from along the north shore. Claude H. Tarbox, with the Baileys, has been out along the Byfield shore, with a result of seven birds last week. They will try again in a day or two. Mr. M. Parker has just returned from a look for birds at Scituate, and reports only a very few summer yellow-legs. A couple of gunners went down to Marshfield the other day, but came back without any birds.

Aug. 11.—Flights of summer yellow-legs are reported off Hampton and down as far as Salem and Beverly. A gentleman came up from Old Orchard on Saturday and he reports flights of summer yellow-legs off Saco Beach and in the vicinity of Biddeford Pool. He says that he saw no gunners nor did he hear of any, but heard numerous reports of a plenty of birds. He suggests that the weather is so hot that no one desires to go a-gunning. But doubtless it will not take long to draw the gunners out if the birds are plenty. SPECIAL.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

THE WEIGHTS OF STRIPED BASS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The enclosed clipping was taken from the Newport *Journal* of Aug. 3. I know Mr. LeRoy as a gentleman and a thorough fisherman, and that he is incapable of having any misstatement made with his knowledge: "Monday, at the Beavertail fishing club, Mr. Stuyvesant LeRoy broke the bass record of the season and of the club, by landing a handsome fellow that tipped the scales at 68lbs. It was seen to-day at Ash's fish market, where it was found to measure 4ft. 4in. from tail to nose, and 1ft. 9in. in girth. The Beavertail fishers lost several large bass Monday, but none were probably so large as this. A number of big bass have been caught this season at the various fishing piers, the fish appearing to run larger than usual."

My object, however, in sending you the clipping is to assert that my experience has proved that no striped bass measuring 4ft. 4in. from tail to nose ever weighed 68lbs. I have measured carefully eight or ten bass running from 40 to 51lbs. in weight at the time they were killed and before they had an opportunity to bleed much, and I have found it to be an invariable rule that they would weigh exactly 1lb. to the inch. An allowance of one or two pounds might be made for an extra girth, but no more. The fish I speak of were weighed and measured at the Squibnocket Club in days gone by. Other fish that I have heard of, taken at Narragansett Pier, have weighed in exactly the same ratio.

I would be glad if some of your numerous subscribers who are fishermen would take up this question and experiment, if they are fortunate enough to kill a large fish.

S. M. B.

NOTES FROM FISHING WATERS.

Correspondents are invited to send us notes of fish, fishermen, fishing conditions and fishing facts, so that they may reach this office on a Monday.

LAKOTA, Conover P. O., Vilas County, Wis., Aug. 9.—The fishing at these celebrated fishing grounds, while not quite as good as last season, is good, and some wonderful catches are on record, especially of muskalonge. Perry Hull, of Chicago, landed a fine 30-pounder, and the undersigned had the satisfactory experience of landing a splendid 33-pounder upon July 25. Black bass and pike are caught in abundance; in fact, the fishing up here is all one could desire. H. A. W.

EAGLE RIVER, Wis.—The following catches were made in this vicinity by Mr. Walter Stager, of Sterling, Ill.: July 20, in Loon Lake, 69 black bass; July 22, in Franklin Lake, 50 black bass; July 23, in Franklin Lake, 50 black bass; July 24, in Loon Lake, 132 black bass.

Down the Jordan in a Canvas Boat.

MANCELONA, Mich., July 13.—For the benefit of any readers of FOREST AND STREAM who are foregoing, as I did for years, the exquisite pleasure to be found in a canvas boat, for fear of its liability to snag, I presume to write you my experience with such a boat on the 5th inst. The boat used was a 15ft. Osgood. My companion, Dr. Burnett, of this place, and myself started at the highest so called "open waters" of the Jordan River, some seven miles north from Mancelona. We knew the stream to be very rapid and full of trout, but there our acquaintance with the purling waters ended. My experience during the three weeks' ownership of the boat had assured me that it was absolutely safe so far as tipping or ordinary accidents were concerned, and my conceit was sufficient as to my ability to handle a boat or construct and conduct a camp, so that a guide was not considered desirable; and we "inland noodles" started out, going down alone.

With our boat loaded with tent, blankets and camp equipage to the amount of several hundred pounds we floated down. The morning was perfect and the trout hungry. Our creels lay open before us and were fast filling with the speckled beauties, when we realized that we were shooting down a stretch of rapids that was of the nature of a toboggan slide. Keeping well in the center of the stream we had no thought of danger until, rounding a sharp bend, we were confronted by a dead cedar tree, which had fallen completely across the stream and was not four rods ahead of us. In our attempt to check our speed we were successful in throwing the boat squarely across the stream and so struck the obstruction broadside. There was a crash, a splintering of wood and our load was in the water; but our boat had gone through under the log, breaking through the dead limbs, some of them being as large as one's arm. We succeeded in capturing the runaway boat, and emptying out the water found it intact, except that the rock elm gunwales had been stripped off and torn into flinders.

Reloading, with I judge at least a ton of water-soaked "plunder," we started on, only to prove the truth of the old adage that "Troubles never come singly;" another turn, another crash, and our unfortunate experience had been repeated. Again we loaded and started on; we were in the midst of a great cedar swamp and there was nothing to do but to keep to the stream and boat; and keep to them we did until we reached a main traveled road where we could get a team to convey us below the rapids. With gunwales stripped off, bottom boards wrenched and split, the metal on the bow and stern torn off, yet the canvas showed not a scratch, and after going through two such shocks, either of which would have rendered a wooden boat useless, the portable canvas, with her double load of camp equipage and water, was still staunch and steady.

My skepticism as to canvas boats has entirely disappeared! For rough, hard usage, I can from cold experience and in warmest terms say, always take a canvas boat.

C. L. BAILEY.

Thinks that a Bass Thinks.

SAGINAW, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In regard to leaping bass. I fish once a week from early morn till dark, mostly for small-mouth bass, aud I catch a good many during each year. They most always leap after a short fight, and usually make two and sometimes three leaps. They reason thus: "I have fought on a stiff line and there is no show; I will leap out of the water, gain slack line, open my mouth and shake my head and free myself;" which is just what they do in a great many cases. I have often seen them throw hook and bait 6 or 8ft. in the opposite direction. I don't see how any one can fail to note every move of the fish in the air. I plainly see that in the air they always have open mouth with gills extended, and shake the head vigorously. Every act goes to show that the bass figures on freeing himself. Mr. Simpson says, if the bass has such an amount of intelligence as "Old Sam" credits him with, why does he not go to the bottom, take a turn of the line around a stone or snag and free himself at his leisure? Now I have seen them do that very thing. Last week I lost five nice fellows in just that way. After a hard fight with two leaps they saw that there was no possible chance that way; made a dive directly on some snag; wound up and tore loose. I have seen them give up all hope of freeing themselves by fair means and then turn their attention to some old stump or root several feet away, and try all manner of strategy to get to the snag for no other purpose but to wind up. There is no question in my mind that a bass leaps to free himself and figures on gaining slack line. When that fails he resorts to other and more desperate means, such as snagging. I never saw one leap over 2ft. DENTIST.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.—In regard to black bass and the matter of their jumping and shaking the hook out, from a boy I have been taught that such was their habit, and that under no circumstances must I allow them to break water if I could help myself. Certainly nine out of every ten bass that I have ever lost have rid themselves of the hook while in the air, and as nearly as I could make out they did it by a process of shaking. I have seen them go all of 3ft. out of water, and that close to the boat, so that I had ample opportunity for observation.

What mine eyes have seen that must I believe, notwithstanding Dr. Ellzey to the contrary. WALDO.

Fifty-two Years a Fly-fisherman.

L'ANSE, Mich., July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. A. F. Young, the oldest fisherman on Lake Superior, if not the oldest in America, is again with us, having arrived on Tuesday of this week. For many years Mr. Young, who is a resident of Escanaba, makes an annual trip to the shores of Keewenaw Bay in pursuit of speckled trout. His first fishing dates back to 1831, at Fall Creek, in the town of Grotten, N. Y. Coming West in the year 1850 he penetrated the forests of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, surveying the numerous streams, few of them escaping his notice that abounded in trout. He has familiarized himself with all the streams entering the Chippewa in Wisconsin, several entering White River and several more that flow into Root River, also a number flowing into the Mississippi. In Michigan he has fished all the prominent streams, including Rapid, Day, Escanaba, Bark, Huron, and the headwaters of Iron River. From the year 1868 he has confined his fishing from Chocolate in Marquette county to L'Anse at the head of Keewenaw Bay. He claims that for comfort the latter place excels any point he has visited during his experience.

The fishing here is from a boat in a bayou at the head of the bay; and by the way Mr. Young hints to his brother fishermen if they wish to avoid the effects of the sun's rays the inside of the boat should be painted green. Here he has captured in a couple of hours as many as twenty-two trout weighing not less than 40lbs. He has caught them weighing as much as 5¼lbs., while 3 and 4-pounders are common. He has constantly fished with a fly for the past fifty-two years, and now at the age of seventy-two with little effort casts a distance of 75ft. Mr. Young is an encyclopedia on fishing, and the writer will endeavor to land some of his experiences in a later issue. B.

Mussels Taken with Hook.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.—In a recent issue I noticed an article as to whether mussels voluntarily or involuntarily attach themselves to a baited hook. My experience was with the fresh-water mussel and occurred while I was trout fishing in a lake. I was fishing in about 20ft. of water, using worms for bait, and having grown somewhat weary had allowed the hook to sink to the bottom and to remain a few moments. Upon drawing it to the surface I found a mussel firmly attached. During the afternoon this was repeated perhaps half a dozen times and caused considerable joking and laughter among those with me.

My own solution was that the mussels were lying with shells wide open, as is their habit in deep water, and the baited hook chancing to fall against the soft fleshy portion of the bivalve irritated it, whereupon it promptly closed its shell, holding the hook fast. The possibility of the bait having any attraction for it never occurred to me.

WALDO.

They Eat Baby Trout in the White Mountains.

BOSTON, Mass., July 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a clipping from the Boston *Herald* of Saturday morning and wish you to notice the catch of 22lbs. of trout in one day at Fabyans, N. H., therein noted. If the Fish Commissioners respect the laws and enforce them as they should, there is a case which deserves investigation.

I am very much interested in trouting in the White Mountains, and I have never been in a place which affords more work for the Commissioners than there. In almost every hotel and on almost every day there are trout brought in which are under the legal size.

It seems to me to be against the interest of the State to stock these waters, only to have the baby trout fished out the following summer. MONTINUS.

Death of Ellis W. Brown.

THE current issue of the Elizabethtown, N. Y., *Post* brings news of the sudden death of Ellis W. Brown, of Keene Valley. To one who has known him as a friend and companion in the chase the sad news comes with added shock. It is only a few days since he wrote of the approaching hunting season, and chronicled his catch of a 3lbs. trout in the Au Sable. Rarely was there a more generous companion, or a man in whom was born a greater love of forest and stream. He was a member of the Keene Valley Guides' Association and of the Adirondack Guides' Association. He was an enthusiastic hunter and fisherman, being well known to the sporting fraternity throughout the Adirondacks.

Kingfishers in Camp.

THE Kingfishers will leave next Thursday on the "Mackinaw Flyer," over the C. H. & D. and Michigan Central Railroads, for their annual camp-out in Northern Michigan. At St. Ignace they take the D., S. S. & A. road for the Manistique Lakes, where the cook has been sent ahead with the camp outfit to pick out a soft spot on which to light. The club is well known through "Kingfisher's" camp yarns in FOREST AND STREAM, and wherever they pitch their tents they find friends among the brotherhood of anglers and sportsmen. With the party will be Col. H. C. Culbertson, President of the Cuvier Club of this city; G. J. Murray, Assistant Postmaster Muller and his brother "Jim;" J. M. Hickman and L. C. Cordes, of the post office; "Old Sam" Smith, C. C. Furr, Dick Morris, G. L. Payne, of Frankfort, Ky., and T. W. Cochran, of Louisville. At Deshler they will be joined by an old friend of the club, Dr. A. E. Elliott, of Lodi, O., who will make his initial "cast" as a "Kingfisher." Mr. D. G. Edwards, of the C., H. & D., has made things pleasant for the party, and his office and the *Commercial Gazette* staff will be looking for a bar'l o' fish—more or less—soon after they get the good fishing places located in the Manistique Lakes.—*Cincinnati Commercial of late date.*

Game and Fish Protection.

Maine Protection.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your paper June 8 I see Manley Hardy, of Brewer, has taken exceptions to my criticisms made to you on his article entitled "Ninety Deer," and on the face makes out a very good case against the Maine Commissioners, in support of that dilemma he manufactured in his former article, with two horns, which he dubbed dishonesty and stupidity. The way he has told the story and the way he has got his certificates is a surprise to me, leaving out that part which is a key to the whole, which if added would change the meaning. He seems to be very cute in this, but leaves his tracks uncovered and easy to trace. I am not going to accuse him of dishonesty and stupidity as he has us, but I think after reading his own certificates, with the addition of some I shall add from the same parties, if he is honest, "which I am disposed to say he is not," he will conclude to withdraw the horns and store them away among his curiosities, as an invention that didn't invent.

When he mixed up the pudding he omitted the flavoring, and only half baked. As the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and as I have tried it his way and found it as above stated, I now ask him to try it mine. I shall try and have it well done and flavored with full certificates.

Mr. Hardy says: "In regard to my statement that a prominent Bangor merchant offered to testify that he paid money to a warden not to see a deer he was shipping to a friend, and that he gave the name of the warden to whom he paid it, Mr. Stanley says: 'All I can say is that I think he is making an assertion that he cannot back up and I believe is untrue. * * * Can you believe a merchant can be found who is fool enough, even if he had done what Mr. Hardy says, to testify to anything of the kind? I challenge Mr. Hardy to produce the proof.' Well, I accept the challenge, and if it is damaging to the Commissioners or any warden, it is the fault of Mr. Stanley, as I give it at his request. Here are his certificates:"

BANGOR, Me., May 14, 1895.—This certifies that the undersigned, C M. Conant, of Bangor, Me., and A. C. Tyler, of Boston, Mass., with Jefferson Neally, of Munroe, Me., killed several deer in the fall of 1891 and wished to send one to Boston for Mr. Tyler. We went to the office of Geo. W. Harriman, of Bangor, and asked if he could arrange it so that the deer could be shipped. He replied that he could. One of the party paid him $2 and he agreed to meet us at the depot when the noon train left. Mr Harriman came according to agreement and the deer, which was marked for Mr. A. C. Tyler, of Boston, was shipped and was duly received in Boston.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, } ss. C. M. CONANT,
Suffolk, Boston, May 16, 1895. } ALFRED C. TYLER.

These certificates are all right as far as they go, but in the mixing he omitted the following, probably by mistake, which ruins their flavor. The additions I herewith add to Mr. Hardy's affidavits, which I think Mr. Hardy will admit that the deer were legally shipped and that his pudding is ruined.

BANGOR, June 28, 1895.—*To Whom It May Concern:* This is to certify that our affidavit of May 14, 1895, published in the FOREST AND STREAM, in Vol. 44, No. 23, of the date of June 8, 1895, was procured from us through the personal solicitation of Manley Hardy, of Brewer, Me.; that it was given by us under a wrong impression and misunderstanding of the fish and game laws relating to transportation of game; that the deer referred to in the affidavit of May 14, above written, was lawfully shipped and was accompanied by the owner, Mr. Tyler, as the law required; that the $2 paid Mr. George W. Harriman, of Bangor, the game warden, also named in said affidavit, was for services performed by him in assisting us to ship said deer upon the express train, upon which it was not usual for the express company to transport such articles; that in so doing, as we now understand the whole matter, he did nothing that was improper or unlawful, or in any way compromised him as an officer of the law, but simply to accommodate us. CHAS M. CONANT,
A. C. TYLER.

BANGOR, July 20, 1895.—I, as the attorney of Tyler and Conant, of Bangor, Me., having been consulted in regard to the above affidavit and explanation attached, investigated the law thereto, find that said deer was killed in fall of 1890 instead of 1891, and that said deer could be legally shipped to Boston as Mr. Tyler desired, and that any pay that said Geo. W. Harriman received was for his service in aiding them in having it transported, as it all depended whether the express train would take them or not. I find that said Geo. W. Harriman done nothing that was illegal as a game warden in the above transaction. A. H. HARDING.

If you will refer back to FOREST AND STREAM of April 30, 1891, which contains the series of articles written by Miss Fanny Hardy and her father, entitled "Six Years under Maine Game Laws," Chap. 5, you will find these words, of which I have no comment to make, except that I heartily endorse them:

In speaking of sportsmen and wardens, she says: "If it should be asked after this part, Where is the good sportsman? it will certainly be asked after the second, Where is the good warden? He is not very abundant here, but in this immediate vicinity we have one man who deserves special mention. Mr. Eben G. Morse, of Eddington, is a warden whose justice, faithfulness and honesty are believed in by the people here. I have never but once heard him accused of anything which was not honorable, and that he did not do, although there was reason for the suspicion."

I refer you to this, as I wish to use his evidence, and the endorsement of Mr. Hardy and his daughter ought to have some weight in what Mr. Morse may say.

Here it is:

EDDINGTON, June 28.—*H. O. Stanley, Esq.* Dear Sir: In regard to the statement of Manley Hardy, as recently published in FOREST AND STREAM, that he offered to go with me to Tyler and Conant and get proof of the illegal shipping of game is not correct. I did meet Mr. Hardy on the street, and he commenced his prattle about violations and non enforcement of the game laws, as he always does when I meet him, and he used Mr. Harriman's name in connection with Tyler and Conant's and stated that Harriman assisted them to unlawfully ship deer, and that they paid him for so doing; but I had too much confidence in Harriman, and too little faith in Hardy or what he said, to take any notice of it. Mr. Hardy did not offer to go to Tyler and Conant with me as stated, nor did he ever offer to go anywhere with

me to get proof or in any way to help or assist in getting any proof of any violation, or give to me the least help in any way to enforce the laws or to protect the fish and game of the State; but I have good reasons to believe that he has rather been working against us.

A few years since Mr. Stilwell (as commissioner) sent me upon a trip into the northerly part of Penobscot and easterly part of Hancock counties. This was in the winter. The next summer I met a well-known hunter, trapper and guide (whose name I will give if wanted), who told me that he knew that I was about there at the time, as Manley Hardy wrote him that I was in that vicinity and to be on his guard. He also stated that if I had caught him, he would only had to call on Hardy to get money to help him out!

At the time of Hardy's daughter's writing the series of "Six Years under the Game Laws" (which I believe to have been dictated by him) she made many statements that were, to say the least, misleading. I corrected her, and gave her the proof that they were so; but no corrections were made in FOREST AND STREAM that I could detect.

As to the prosecution (or, as he would have it, persecution) of the man for selling salted trout, he was and had been for some time before selling them on the market square in Bangor. He might have been a peddler, but I have seen him for days at a time at his stand, both before and after his arrest, but never saw him elsewhere to my knowledge. The trout might have been, as he claimed, imported, but they were exactly in appearance like trout taken in the lakes of Maine, and he had no barrel or anything to show that they were not such.

What I wanted to have decided was if salted trout could be sold in close time, whether native, legally caught, or imported, and so told the man and he so understood it; and I requested Mr. Wentworth, if the man had to pay a fine, that so much of the fine as was coming to me (one-half) be remitted; but the man has paid no fine or costs.

You are at liberty to make such use of this as you deem proper.

Yours truly,
E. G. MORSE, Fish and Game Warden.

PENOBSCOT, *ss.*—June 29, 1895.—Personally appeared the above-named E. G. Morse and made oath that the statements by him herein made are correct. Before me,

CHARLES E. DREW, Justice of the Peace.

To support his assertions that trout, or "togue," as he calls them, were sold in close time in Augusta, he has brought forward the following letter from Mr. R. G. Leonard, written from memory and of which I need make no comments, and an affidavit from his daughter, Mrs. Fanny Hardy Eckstorm;

PASSADUMKEAG, Me., May 16, 1895.—*Mr Manley Hardy.* Dear Sir: In reply to your letter of the 15th inst., will say that I did write Mr. Stanley about the togue on sale in Augusta that winter. He wrote me that he knew of no arrests being made there for the illegal sale of fish, and said that they were not caught in this State, but came from Lake Ontario. Yours Truly, R. G. LEONARD.

To this may be added the following affidavit: This certifies that I, the undersigned, saw Commissioner Stanley's official reply to Mr. Leonard's complaint above mentioned, and the same was seen and examined by others interested in game matters, also that the commissioner's letter admitted the justice of the complaint, stating that lake trout had been sold in Augusta in close time as affirmed, but examination showed that the fish were taken in Lake Ontario; therefore the matter had been dropped.

This further certifies that at date the law absolutely forbade the sale of lake trout in close time; that Mr. Stanley's colleague had prosecuted the proprietors of the Bangor House, in Bangor, for serving on his table trout taken in a pond exempted by special law from the usual close time, and that the supreme bench, to whom the case was carried, decided that the law forbade selling in close time fish taken legally—as may be seen by reference to the Maine law court decisions, case of the State *vs.* Flarius O. Beal—Maine Reports, Vol. 75, page 289. FANCY HARDY ECKSTORM.

The fish mentioned above in State *vs.* F. O. Beal were togue, taken from Tunk Pond, in which there was no close time, and of another kind of fish from those mentioned by Mrs. Eckstorm.

Mr. Hardy further says: "These statements prove that Mr. Stanley either was ignorant of the laws relating to the sale of togue (the italics are mine) at that season, or that he knowingly allowed them to be violated with impunity. Let us see if this is so."

Mrs. Fanny Hardy Eckstorm says in her certificate: "This further certifies that at that date the law absolutely forbade the sale of *lake trout* in close time."

The only thing necessary for me to say is, that neither at that time, nor at any other, has there ever been any close time on lake trout in Maine.

I presume Mrs. Eckstorm not being familiar with the fish and game laws of Maine caused her to make the mistake in certifying to the close time on lake trout, for which I cheerfully excuse her. It can do me no harm, and I hope none was intended.

Notwithstanding Mr. Hardy's assertion to the contrary, I here state the fish I saw were not togue, and were unlike anything we have in Maine. I went with Mr. Thayer, of the Augusta House, "who had had these fish on his table," to the market where he bought them. The dealer took us to his refrigerator and showed them to us, and said they came from Lake Ontario, and were lake trout, which I have no doubt they were, for which there is no close time in Maine, or need of any.

Mr. Hardy further says: "I do not deny that for years trout have been in close time on the bill of fare at the Augusta House, and that I, a commissioner, appointed and sworn to see the game laws were not violated, had allowed this to pass unrebuked." This sounds cranky; yet I cannot believe he is tinctured with any blood of that kind. Neither do I wish to be understood as insinuating such. But can he point out any law making it my duty to interfere with Mr. Thayer by saying what he shall and what he shall not have on his bill of fare? There are no close times on bills of fare or on lake trout in Maine. But I have said enough about these Augusta trout. It is of no great importance what they were. They came from out the State. The case recently decided by the full bench in the case of the poor peddler, whom Mr. Hardy says we abused, decides they were not contraband, even if they are what Mr. Hardy says they are.

Now as to the last question, "Mr. Stanley says, 'If Mr. Hardy knows so much about the illegal shipping of deer from Bangor why don't he inform the Commissioners, which he has not done?' My answer to this is: that after trying in vain to call the attention of wardens to it, finally at the meeting of the Fish and Game Association in Bangor a year ago last winter, when both Commissioners and many wardens were present, I not only made the statements of which he here speaks, but stated on the authority of a member of the Association that at least 200 deer had been sold to marketmen that season, and I gave proof that only about twenty were skinned here, showing that only these were cut up to sell in Bangor."

My answer to this is: that he did make the assertion he states, but that he did not offer to produce one iota of proof of illegal shipment, and never did to the Commissioners of Fish and Game to my knowledge, nor ever gave them any help to enforce the laws. Mr. Hardy further says: "I also stated how the wardens pocketed fines belonging to the State, and gave an instance of one who sold me over $100 worth of seized hides and who, Mr. Stilwell said, kept the whole part of the proceeds belonging to the State; and I said that the warden I referred to was then sitting in front of me and I called on him to rise and deny it if he could. I ask Mr. Stanley if that is not being interested in game protection and informing the Commissioners?"

I will say in reply: Mr. Hardy did tell the truth. The man he speaks of did sit before him, but he was not a warden and had not been for some time, and for the very reason Mr. Hardy speaks of we had refused to recommend his reappointment or to employ him. I have no doubt the man had pocketed fines, but Mr. Hardy produced no proof, or offered to, that the man had done so, although I presume he may have thought so by the telling of the seized hides, which the man had a perfect right to if they were legally seized. They were his.

If Mr. Hardy knew they were illegally gained, it is an open question whether he was not liable himself for buying them. Mr. Hardy further says: "Or has he forgotten stating in the store of S. L. Crosby before he left Bangor that nine-tenths of what I said was true?" No, I don't recollect anything of the kind, but will say that as far as the charge against the warden (who was not a warden at the time) was true, and for that very reason was struck from the list and had not been employed for some time.

As for his assertions about deer being shipped from Bangor, I believe in part to be true, but not to the extent he asserts. Assertions are no proofs.

I still say that Mr. Hardy has never produced a single case or offered to—to my knowledge. If he has done so, he can easily cite the case, and I will cheerfully retract my words and ask Mr. Hardy's pardon. Assertions through the newspapers should never be made unless you can back them up with the evidence.

There are several other assertions in his article of the same ilk, but of little importance, which I shall not notice, as I have not the time or inclination.

In closing I will say I don't intend to have any more controversy with Mr. Hardy through the newspapers, and will say the worst I will accuse him of is his apparent ignorance of the real interests of fish and game matters in Maine, and some points in the fish and game laws with which he don't appear to be familiar. HENRY O. STANLEY.

DIXFIELD, July 15.

Circular to Maine Wardens.

Item 1. Wardens will serve under orders from or by virtue of contract for service with the commissioner, and in either case will be allowed $2 per day, including expenses, unless different rates are agreed upon. Provided, however, that when ordered long distances from their usual field of labor, extra allowance will be made for necessary transportation.

Item 2. Wardens, while on duty, will make weekly reports in writing to the commissioners, stating location and nature of work for each day covered by report, and also how to communicate with them if desired. If not on postal route, report must be sent as soon as such route is reached, giving reason for delay.

Item 3. All claims of wardens or others against inland fisheries and game department must be in duplicate and rendered to commissioners at end of each month. Blanks for same will be furnished by commissioners upon application.

Item 4. Wardens will not employ aid, except in arrests and service of criminal processes, without authority from the commissioners, and when so employed must file voucher with charge for same.

Item 5. Wardens will make themselves familiar with their duties as fire wardens; ascertain the names and addresses of owners and agents of wild lands, and promptly notify them of any forest fire, beyond their control, on land of such owners and agents; and for that purpose may use telegraph and telephone at expense of the State.

They will also ascertain origin of fire, and names of persons and parties kindling the same.

Item 6. Wardens will make no settlement, nor receive any money in settlement for the violation of any fish and game law, or any offense against the same. Offenders must settle at court. Offenses are punished by fine, of greater or less sum, or by imprisonment, or both, as court may determine. All fines for violation of fish and game laws, except in local or special cases where the law otherwise provides, belong to the county and not to the State as formerly.

Item 7. In the services of all processes, civil or criminal, wardens are entitled to regular officer's fees, to be paid by the county or court to whom fines are paid, such as arrest, travel, conveying and keeping prisoner, summoning witnesses and travel for same, attending court, amount paid for necessary aid in arresting, keeping and conveying prisoner. Fees for service of mittimus should be taxed thereon.

Item 8. The law prohibits taking trout less than 5in. in length, and sea salmon and landlocked salmon less than 9in. in length. This law has been commonly violated. It is important that it should be understood and enforced. We cannot have large fish if we destroy the small ones. Wardens will give due attention to the enforcemant of this law.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's third annual bench show, Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Montreal Kennel Association's show, Montreal, Can. Geo. K. Lanigan, Hon Sec'y-Treas.

Sept. 24 to 27.—New England Kennel Club's second annual terrier show, Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Oct. 29.—Assonet Neck, Mass.—New England Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. Arthur R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

—, Morris, Man.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 West Twenty-second street, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H. Thompson, Sec'y.

Toronto Show.

TORONTO.—Owing to a mistake on the entry forms of the Industrial Exhibition Dog Show, Sept. 9 to 13, it appears that the fee for registration or listing is 50 cents each, when it should read that the registration fee is $1, while that of listing is only 25 cents. I would call attention to Canadian exhibitors that the Canadian classes are for dogs owned in Canada, and who have never won a money prize in Canada, United States or Europe at any recognized show. These classes are made for the purpose of allowing a large number of those who are desirous of exhibiting, but know that they have no show against the crack dogs of America. Classes for dogs and bitches will be divided if there be five or more of either sex entered. A puppy class for St. Bernards; rough or smooth coated, will be added to the prize list of the Toronto Dog Show Class 16½ for dogs and bitches, first prize, $10; second prize, $5; third, diploma. C. A. STONE, Sec'y of Dog Show.

English Setter Type.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The remarks of "Albert" in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 10 contain much that is wise and true. His reference to the sortiness of cocker spaniels well illustrates how type can be established by breeding to a standard which all agree to and which all understand.

The spaniel club judges, I think, are unanimous on the matter of type, and there is a consistency in their judging which engenders confidence on the part of the public, besides furnishing fixed lines for the guidance of breeders. There are not the bewildering upheavals of all the records which occur alternately when English setters are judged at succeeding shows. To be of any value, there must be an approach to consistency in the records. If Towser gets first to-day and Rival gets vhc., the public infers that Towser is a good deal better dog than Rival; but if to-morrow Rival gets first and Towser vhc., the public does not know anything worth knowing about Towser and Rival. Judgments which are directly opposed to each other are worth nothing. If one is right, the other must be wrong. Which one is wrong the public cannot determine, but the public can get tired and disgusted and can turn its back on the whole matter. This constant reversal of decisions, one judge against another, may be very good for a few breeders who have breeds corresponding to the types of the two opposing camps; for, knowing the type preferred by the judge, they know when to show and when not to, and of course throw their influence in favor of their favorite. This serves more and more to make the opposing types distinct. The result is not, as one might suppose, two permanently distinct types, but a loss of all type. Breeders get careless and trust more and more to luck. If they breed carelessly, they may consider that if they miss one type they may strike the other. There is nothing fixed definitely as a standard. Guesswork or carelessness supersedes intelligence, enthusiasm and industrious effort. Men who have a just pride in breeds which are true to a recognized standard lose interest in those which are bred carelessly and loosely to a shifting or double standard.

As "Albert" says, English setters can be bred to a type as cockers are. The same care and unanimity of action applied to the setter would have results of the same successful and pleasing nature as those applied to the cocker. There must be but one standard, and the judges must judge by it. As long as there are two opposing camps, even though they profess to use the same standard, the English setter will lose type. Making standards to fit dogs, instead of breeding dogs to fit standards, may be remunerative to a few for a short time, but in time it is certain to end injuriously to the breed of setters and its interests.

I regret that I misunderstood "Albert's" remarks as to judging at New York. He claims that the first four dogs showed English setter type, and that leaves the inference that the rest of the class did not. Surely a setter class at New York should be of such high quality that all the dogs in it would be of the same type. There would of course be the little individual differences, perhaps so minute that careful inspection would be necessary to detect them, even if the type was uniform; but there is a possibility of breeding to type so closely that all the individuals of a breed may appear alike to the eye at first, and only by the more careful comparison of details can the differences be noted. The general effect is the impression of likeness. The unlikeness must be searched for. When there is a uniformity of type, there is that quality so pleasing to the eye and so gratifying to the breeder, that is, sortiness. Such results can never come from haphazard breeding and mixed or many standards.

The matter is worthy of the serious consideration and action of the setter breeders of America, if that beautiful dog is to be kept up in the future to the high place he held in the past.

The differences are not confined to type entirely. The sizes vary greatly, from the slender, weakly dog, of feeble constitution and weak mind, and the little, runty, toy setter, up to large, coarse dogs, or tall, thin, flat, lank dogs, whose ancestry might be accredited to a dozen foreign sources were there not written evidence that the dog is well bred, and in the face of such written evidence good breeding must be conceded whether the dog is a freak or a fine one. BREEDER.

Gordon Setters.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please state that exactly the same prizes will be paid at the Rhode Island dog show, next month, in the Gordon setter classes as to English and Irish setters.

Last September the entries at the Providence show were 48 English, 28 Irish and 38 Gordon setters, and immediately upon reading their premium list, a few weeks ago, in your paper, I wrote the secretary protesting against any distinction in prizes against Gordons, and stating that I would not exhibit myself, and hoped other Gordon setter owners would refuse to exhibit, where our dogs were not put upon an exact par with all other setters.

This remonstrance caused the increase noted above. If dog shows are really held for the improvement of all dogs and profit is only incidental, I see no consistency in inviting and entering a poorer exhibit by offering poorer premiums, and as a Gordon man I resent any action that places our setters below other kinds. I object to Gordon setters (the handsomest of all dogs, bar none) being put upon the same grade in the premium list with pugs, terriers and bulldogs. And I own as many Irish setters, winners in field trials and bench shows, as Gordons.

JAMES B. BLOSSOM,
President Gordon Setter Club of America.

Cocker Spaniels.

OMAHA, Neb.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM I would be pleased to hear if there ever has been bred a pure white cocker spaniel. My solid black cocker bitch Reham Raven Beauty (37,347, King Raven by Lady Fulton), whelped seven puppies to King Raven (Champ. Black Duke by Topsy S.), one red, five black and one pure white. I have bred quite a number of thoroughbred cockers, and I wish to say this white puppy has all the appearance of the right sort, except the color. R. F. MAHER.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

In our business columns, J. Wrinkle, Lee, Mass., offers English setter. Rockland Beagle Kennels, Nanuet, N. Y., offer beagles. H. Hayes, Dexter, Me., offers foxhounds. W. A. Rice, Springfield, O., offers pointers. Sunflower State Kennels, Woodston, Kan., offer St. Bernard puppies. A. L. Bailey, Plymouth, Mass., offers pointers. F. Sandys, Eau Claire, Wis., will train dogs. H. Smith, N. C., gives particulars of training.

Prince, a St. Bernard dog owned by Mr. Franz Mayer, of this city, died of poison on Aug. 12. He had won some prizes and was a popular pet in the neighborhood of his home. Of him the *Sun* says:

"According to Mr. Mayer the dog knew as much as a human being. Whenever anything was needed from the baker, butcher or grocer, Mrs. Mayer would hang a basket containing the written order in Prince's mouth, and he would go straight to the store she sent him to, never confusing the orders. He would wait at the dealer's for the order and always bring the goods back safely. Another of Prince's accomplishments was known to every member of the East Side Bowling Club, which has met for several seasons at Prince's, at Eighty-fourth street and Avenue A. Mr. Mayer is a member, and on bowling nights he used to send Prince on ahead carrying a bag containing his favorite ball, which weighed 18lbs. Prince guarded the bag until Mr. Mayer arrived, and was then sent home with orders to return at 10 o'clock. The bowling sessions always ended at that hour, and prompt to the minute Prince would come barking into the place. Prince had records as a life-saver, having on several occasions jumped to the rescue of children who had fallen into the East River at the foot of East Eighty-ninth street —a favorite playground. The last occasion was on April 22, when he saved a little girl named Elizabeth Katter. Mr. and Mrs. Mayer feel Prince's death as though they had lost a child, and the children as though they had lost a brother."

The grouse trials, run near Bala, beginning July 30, had 10 pointer puppies, 6 setter puppies, and 19 in the All-Age Stakes, and there were 5 braces. In Pointer Puppy Stakes (puppies of 1894, £5 5s. each; first, 30 guineas; second, 20 guineas; third, 10 guineas), Mr. P. D. Williams's Lanarth Bolton (Beacon—Bess) won first; Mr. J. Earle Lloyd Lloyd's Totnes Rattler (Totnes Vril—Totnes Zoe) won second, and third was won by Sir W. Wynn's Dawn of Gymru (Woolton Druid—Bertha of Drayton). In the Setter Puppy Stakes (puppies of 1894; first, 20 guineas; second, 12 guineas; third, 7 guineas), Col. H. Platt's Madryn Earl (Aldon Tam—Madryn Fan) won first; Col. H. Platt's Madryn Flash (Spot—May of Arvon) won second; J. F. H. Owen's Luna (Arvon—Deutzia) won third. A champion prize of £10 went to the best of the two puppy winners. The Brace Stakes resulted as follows:

First, Sir W. W. Wynn's w. b. pointers Rob o' Gymru (Banjo—Duchess) and Bess o' Gymru (Banjo—Juno), 20 guineas. Second, Col. C. H. Legh's liv. w. pointers Druid II. (Howdah—Duchess) and Hector III. (Herald—Lache), 10 guineas. Third, Sir W. W. Wynn's liv. w. pointers Poll o' Gymru (Plum—Sybyl) and Plum o' Gymru (Ightfield Dick—Doxey). The All-Age winners (60, 30, 20, 10 guineas, first, second, third and fourth) were F. C. Lowe's Ben of Kippen (Robket R.—Laura of Kippen), first; second, B. J. Warwick's Dolly of Budhill (Meirelbeke—Devon); third, W. Arkwright's pointer Tap (Rapp VI.—Sella Price); equal fourth, Sir Watkin Wynn's Poll o' Gymru (Plum—Sybyl) and E. Bishop's Polly Pedro (Senor Don Pedro—Jeanette).

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. Gentle reader, brace up your nerves for the perusal of the most affecting meeting in the whole of kennel history. The battle of Yorktown is forgotten; George Washington, Charlie Mason and Jim Watson are forgiven. International caresses have been exchanged by Mr. Webb, of America, and Mr. Jackson, of England. The *American Field* records the touching incident of Mr. Webb's visit to Bath in these sympathetic lines. We cannot provide slow music for all our readers, but let them send their kennel lad out to whip the puppies the while they peruse the following:

At Bath he was met by Mr. Cyrill W. Jackson, who escorted him to his beautiful home, the trip leading him along the River Avon, Mr. Jackson thoughtfully planning this to give Mr. Webb an opportunity to enjoy a bit of English scenery; but this was not all, for a most graceful and the greatest compliment which could be given an American awaited him. As the two emerged from the dense foliage and turned towards the house there, flying freely from a staff on the lawn, was the American flag, and as the stars and stripes fluttered in the breeze Mr. Webb's eyes moistened from patriotic emotion, and as soon as he recovered from his surprise at this unlooked-for consideration he thanked his host heartily, assuring him the joy of that moment would be a joy forever.

Readers, let us slobber!

In the next column of the *American Field* we lighted upon a notelet, a long way off the above, not near it, no connection with it, but nevertheless "the long arm of coincidence" seems to cuddle together paragraph and advertisement. This is the notelet:

Mr. Cyrill W. Jackson, of Bath, England, intends visiting America in August or September.

When you have done smiling, and can take your finger from the side of your nose, please note that Cyril is spelled the same odd way in both paragraphs.—*Stock-Keeper (England).*

It is gratifying to learn that the fatalities from rabies are not near so numerous or serious as one might be led to suppose from the alarmist nature of many of the newspaper reports. From the Registrar-General's returns we find the death rate in the United Kingdom to have been as follows:—1890, 8; 1891, 7; 1892, 6; 1893, 4; 1894 return does not transpire, but is, we believe, still less, which means one death to about 7,000,000 of population.—*Our Dogs.*

Those who intend visiting the trials to be held at Morris, Man., would act wisely in engaging accommodations beforehand. From reports which come in, the trials will be well attended. It is almost certain that the accommodations of the Commercial Hotel will be strained to the utmost. It would be advisable for the proprietors to engage more accommodations in adjacent houses, which would serve as an annex to to the hotel, to meet the overflow of guests which are sure to be there.

The whippet racing, to be held as an adjunct of the New England Kennel Club's annual terrier show, promises to be a complete success, judging from the interest in it and preparation for it. We hear that Mr. Loveland's trip to New York and vicinity, to promote the whippet interests, was quite successful.

The cherished beliefs of boyhood are knocked over one by one by the vandal hand of Time. George Washington's hatchet has been shelved with the bow and arrow of cock robin. In the daily press is a story which relates that Billy Tell did not shoot the apple off his son's head; in short, it states that it is an old Norse tale, many centuries older than Tell's time, the only change being in the names of the chief actors and localities. In an unfeeling-like manner the story proceeds as follows:

"Another equally well-known story is that of the slaughtering of the dog Gellert by Llewellen. This has been so far localized that even the grave of the dog is shown at a place to which it has given name, in England. Yet in the old collection of stories called 'The Seven Wise Masters,' which was translated into English from the Latin, and into the Latin from the Hebrew, and into the Hebrew from the Sanskrit, relation is made of a lord who has an only son, an infant, and a hound which he loves greatly. The nurse goes into the room in which is the child's cradle, and seeing it overturned and the dog covered with blood, rushes out to tell her master that the dog has killed and devoured his son. The father draws his sword and stabs the hound; but when the cradle is removed the child is found to be beneath it, safe and sound, and near to it a dead serpent is discovered which the dog had killed in defense of the child. This, with the substitution of the wolf for the serpent, is precisely the story of Gellert, and we may see from it that the circumstances, if they ever happened at all, must have happened not in Wales five or six centuries ago, but in India at least a thousand years earlier."

Alas! that so noble a hound should be a myth.

"In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of roal John,
But now no Gellert could be found,
And all the chase rode on."

"'Hell hound! by thee my child's devoured!'
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gellert's side."

"Looking over the club's standard of the corded poodle," says the *Stock-Keeper*, "we see that they require the head to be *long, straight*, and *fine*, and the skull not broad. This might describe a borzoi's head. If by 'straight' no stop is intended, we do not agree, and we protest against poodles being required to have fine and narrow skulls. We give another description and at present without the author's name: 'Head, wedge-shaped, showing stop and cheek very broad, almost flat, giving the dog great brain capacity; occiput strongly developed.'"

Collie Scotforth, by Metchley Wonder out of White Heather, in our English exchanges is mentioned as having been sold to Capt. R. Woodget, and will be sent to Australia. He is the sire of nearly fifty winners and is credited with about two hundred prizes.

The wire-haired fox terrier Roper's Nutcrack, which sold at Manchester recently for 121 guineas, is reported as having been sold to Mr. R. Phillips, South Shields, Eng., for £210.

Bob Armstrong informs us that while fishing at Highland Lake recently with a party he had a narrow escape from death. A lightning bolt struck a tree close by him, while five or six other bolts killed cows and split trees in rapid succession.

Care of Dogs on the Chicken Grounds.

THE matter of feeding is important for the consideration of the shooter, when some miles away from town in the chicken country, or when in small country towns which have no meat market. It is particularly important if the shooter has neglected the wise precaution of taking a supply of dog biscuits for food for his dogs. But there is an easy way to keep his dog's needs supplied if he only keeps them in mind while shooting chickens. The old birds, whose years and struggles have toughened them to a degree which places them beyond a dish for the table, make excellent dog food. Their preparation for dog food is simple. The skin, with its coat of feathers, is stripped off, the dead birds are thrown into a pot and boiled without further preparation. The chickens are thrown to the dogs, about two to each dog. On such food the dogs will keep in excellent condition and do their work satisfactorily.

A good bed at night is quite necessary for the working dog. On the prairie, when chicken shooting, this matter is too often neglected by the hunter. He is tired himself, and after giving the dog his supper he too frequently leaves him to shift for himself. There is always an abundance of coarse hay in a prairie country. It is so cheap and abundant that there is no excuse whatever for neglecting to provide the dogs with bed and shelter. A few sticks set up beside a stack, so arranged as to form the necessary frame work, covered up with hay 3 or 4ft. deep, make a most comfortable kennel. Put in plenty of hay for the dog to sleep on. This kind of temporary kennel can be easily built by itself, independently of any stack or building. All that is required is plenty of hay and a few sticks.

Manitoba Field Trial Entries.

CHATHAM, Ont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly say for me in your next issue that my Derby entries to the Manitoba field trials—Selkirk Dan, Selkirk White and Selkirk Belinda—were sent to Manitoba on July 6, for the purpose of being trained for the Derby of that club, and are now at Dominion City, Manitoba, in charge of J. J. Spracklin. They will be on hand at Morris on Sept. 10, if alive. W. B. WELLS.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, new edition, now ready, August 27, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Yachting.

OUR first views of the Vigilant-Defender protest of July 22 were so very different from those expressed by yachtsmen and in print that we have hesitated to present them; but a careful consideration of the whole matter of the meetings of these two yachts at the starting line on each occasion when a dispute has arisen, on July 22 and Aug. 6, leads us to the conclusion that the former, if not the latter as well, is covered by a section of the rule not yet referred to by anyone who has discussed the question.

If we are not greatly in error the alleged fouling in the first case, if not the second, comes under Section 14 of the New York Y. C. rules, being but the old story of the "Tuxedo foul" in 1890 and the Volunteer-Gracie foul of 1891. In the race of July 22 the two yachts were approaching a mark to pass it on the required side without tacking. The facts are that both elected to start on the west end of the line, close under the Scotland Lightship, Vigilant standing along right above the line, close hauled on starboard tack, with Defender on a parallel course on Vigilant's weather bow, and always nearer the lightship. Both intended to pass the mark as soon as the gun fired in a very few moments, and, when it did fire, Defender, now very near the lightship, bore away and crossed the line, first crossing Vigilant's bows at a distance which is claimed by Vigilant to have been very dangerously small, and by Defender to have been too great to have involved risk of fouling.

Throughout the whole maneuver, as we saw it, Defender was so far ahead that no question of overlap can be raised, and the nearer to the mark, thus being the inside boat. Under such conditions, the provisions governing port and starboard tacks, and the right of way of a yacht close hauled over one going free, become inoperative, and under the imperative language of Sec. 14, "The outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark."

At best the risk of the position devolved on Vigilant; though close hauled on starboard tack, she, running just aweather of the starting line, was in a position which might at any moment bring her within the operation of Sec. 14, compelling her to give way to a yacht nearer the mark and inside of her. The claim made in the protest, that she being closehauled and Defender free, she could hold the line until ready to cross, and force Defender on the far side of the mark, is not warranted by the rules of any club.

In the second case, the general conditions were similar, with the exception that instead of being right on the line, the two were just north of the Brenton's Reef Lightship, the course being S. W. ½ W. and the starting line between the Lightship and the Sylvia, almost at right angles with the course. The maneuvering was thus done just above the line and a little outside of one of the marks, both boats working to pass this mark on the required side without tacking at gun-fire. When the alleged bearing away occurred, both, shortly after tacking, were heading for the lightship on starboard tack, Vigilant, the leeward boat, proposing to force Defender outside of the mark while crossing herself. Both boats were pointing at, if not above, the markboat, finally bearing away hard to round under its stern, and there may be a question whether their positions placed them outside the provisions of Section 14; but to us it seems otherwise. Both were about to pass a mark on the required side without tacking, the inside boat having an overlap, and it would seem that she was entitled to room at the mark.

Had the Volunteer-Gracie affair been made, as it should have been, the basis for a plain and forcible statement from the regatta committee of the year as to the rights of an inside yacht which can pass a mark without going on the other tack, such occurrences as these would be less frequent; but there is still a wide difference of opinion among practical yachtsmen as to the right of way at a mark.

To us it seems that in each of the present cases Vigilant was in the poorer position, being the outside boat, and liable at any moment to be placed at a serious disadvantage.

THE most interesting news of the week, and we hope that it may prove true, is that two new boats will be built next fall to beat Queen Mab; one to be designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith for Mr. J. B. King, owner of the schooner El Semarie, and the other to be designed and built by the Herreshoffs for Rear Com. J. C. Bergen, yacht Hildegarde, New York Y. C.

The task of beating Queen Mab, designed in 1891, with boats designed in 1895, should be such an easy one that we sincerely hope that the designers will not stop there, but will at the same time attempt to produce something that is not only faster, but as wholesome and handsome as the famous Watson cutter. Queen Mab was designed solely for British racing in the 40-rating class of 1892, with no thought of crossing the Atlantic. She is now, with an enlarged sail plan, but 63.28ft. racing length by the Seawanhaka rule, or nearly 2ft. under the limit of the class, 65ft.

A cutter of 58 to 59ft. l.w.l., about a foot shorter than Queen Mab would be allowed 5,000sq. ft. of sail to bring her within the limit of the class; and on such dimensions it should be possible to build a boat that would be faster, her added power suiting her better to American conditions; and that at the same time need not be a useless machine. The construction of Queen Mab should keep her afloat for nearly a generation, and long after her life as a racer is over she will have a value as a serviceable and shapely cruising craft. The best thing that could happen in yachting to-day is the building up of a few strong classes with good serviceable boats of this general type, on which an owner can live and race without a steam tender to feed his big crew and to carry the "cruising trim."

Now that Defender has sailed ten races, meeting Vigilant in nine, to say nothing of Volunteer and Jubilee, the experts are at work on elaborate computations intended to forestall the uncertain result of the coming meeting with Valkyrie III. It would take a wise man, however, to reconcile the inconsistencies in the performance of the new boat, and, after duly comparing the long run to New London, the run to the Vineyard and back, the windward work and the leeward or reaching work off Newport, to say the Defender was five, ten or twenty minutes faster over a 30-mile course than Vigilant in her '93 or '95 form; or that the latter is faster by a definite amount this year than last. The races of Vigilant with Valkyrie II., Jubilee, Defender and Britannia, and the races between Valkyrie III. and Britannia have furnished a mass of figures from which a man may prove conclusively, according to his individual prejudices and sympathies, that any one boat is faster by a certain exact number of minutes than some other particular boat; thus demonstrating the inevitable success of Defender or Valkyrie III. as he may desire.

Rejecting as useless and misleading the times taken over different courses, some in different years, and under varying conditions, and drawing but a general conclusion from the races without resort to actual seconds in the timing, we believe that Vigilant is decidedly faster than in 1893-4, possibly 5m. over a 30-mile course; while Defender, though showing unevenly beside Vigilant in a close reach and giving some evidence of hard steering and loss of speed in a strong quartering wind, like the second Valkyrie, is at least 10m. faster than Vigilant to-day over the same length of course. That Defender is decidedly an all-around better boat than Vigilant seems proved beyond question, whatever the gain may be in minutes and seconds;

she goes through the water much more easily, especially in a sea, she carried a larger sail plan in a very satisfactory manner, and she has proved that from a bad berth under the other's lee she can walk out clear across her bows.

Thus far the new boat must be set down as a success; she is evidently a fast and able vessel, with no very bad faults and some remarkably strong points, notably with sheets hard in, and she is capable of further improvement. We were by no means the only ones who were deceived by her light bilge and have been surprised at her stability; but it is evident, now that she has been seen under her largest sail plan and with her keel exposed in dry dock, that her draft, sail area and displacement were all understated in the figures published prior to the launching. That advance of sail plan which has been visible on every new defender from Mayflower to Vigilant is not seen this year; in fact, we doubt whether she has 500sq. ft. in excess of Vigilant.

How much faster or slower she may be than Valkyrie III. we have no means of knowing; in which case we are no worse off than many who have already settled the whole matter. Never was less known about a Cup challenger by her own people than in the case of Valkyrie III., and, little as is known by those who watched her races with Britannia and Ailsa, yachtsmen on this side know still less. There is every reason to doubt the stories of excessive beam; the true figures are probably about 25ft. 6in., or 3½ beams to length as compared with Vigilant's 3⅓; this extreme beam being in Valkyrie, as the photos show, considerably diminished at the waterline amidships and rapidly disappearing forward and aft, and not, as in Vigilant, the indication of an abnormally full and round side. What stops Vigilant in a sea is not a few inches too much of extreme beam, but a full bow from the waterline upward, such as has seldom been seen on a fast yacht.

The stories about Valkyrie's lack of stability and bad performance may be quite true, though even this is not certain; and yet there is every reason to believe that these defects have already been partly remedied and will still further disappear, especially if the new steel spars prove lighter than wood; while it must be remembered that this display was made in such weather as has troubled few of the Cup races.

In praising Defender and condemning Valkyrie one very important fact has been overlooked. If any American yachtsman familiar with the Cup races of the last decade were asked off-hand which of the two yachts would be most likely to win over the Cup courses in September, both having the same length, about the same draft, displacement and ballast, and one having 26ft. beam to the other's 23, and 12,000sq. ft. of sail to the other's 11,500, he would give a prompt reply in favor of the wider and more heavily rigged boat.

We can fully indorse the newly made discovery that too much beam is a bad thing, that form counts for something, and that over-canvasing does not always pay. We knew all this long ago if it is against the laws of nature; but at the same time we submit that, on a waterline of 90ft., a beam of even 26ft. is by no means excessive, if skillfully handled, and is far more appropriate for the special work in hand than 28ft. The fact is that while much is known about Defender that must be highly gratifying to her owners and designer, the third Valkyrie is an unknown quantity, in a measure to her designer and owners, to a greater degree to British yachtsmen and entirely so to those on this side. Not until the pumps suck in the east dock of the Erie Basin some time about the end of the month will anything definite be known about her.

In lamenting the passing away of the June regattas, it has been the custom of New York yachtsmen for some years to point to the growing importance of the August cruise and the Newport races as more than offsetting what is generally recognized as a loss. After the very mild and uneventful "Jubilee" cruise of 1894, and the expedition of this year, we are forced unwillingly to the conclusion that the owners of all save the smaller yachts, these being outside the requirements for representation in the New York Y. C., do not want to race in any way, either in June or August. The cruise of this year has been well planned and well managed; business is better than in the last two years, and yet the past two weeks have been sufficiently quiet in the great business centers to allow yachtsmen to absent themselves; there are very many yachts in commission this year; the racing of Defender and Vigilant has awakened a keen interest among yachtsmen; the generous and spirited efforts of the club's officers and some individual members have provided many prizes in addition to the very liberal offerings of the club. Apart from the Vigilant-Defender controversy, which is entirely an outside matter, the annual cruise of 1895 is justly entitled to be set down as a success. The fleet has been large, the weather perfect, free from storm and rain and with at least a working breeze on every race day, with special good luck on the hard run of the cruise to New London; with abundant sociability and good fellowship and no delays or mishaps; but looked at, as it really is, as the major port of a whole racing season, what does it amount to?

The cruise lasted just nine days, going to pieces most suddenly and unexpectedly on the evening of the ninth. It included four squadron runs with races for all who chose to enter; three special races, one practically limited to the largest yachts and two open to all classes; and two lay days, one a Sunday. The four days of special races off Newport for all classes, which were actually a part of the cruise and intended to increase the importance of this annual yachting carnival, were scorned by the yacht owners in a way that must be intensely disappointing to those who have given time and money in the interest of yacht racing. The largest number of starters in any race of the cruise was twenty-six, while thirty-two yachts in all took part in the racing.

The schooners were stronger than usual this year, with the new Amorita, with Lasca returned from abroad, and with Loyal and Neaera racing all the time. The single-stickers were notably weak outside the largest class, which at best only numbered four and oftener two boats; but with such famous craft as Vigilant, Defender, Jubilee and Volunteer one does not look for a very large fleet to make keen racing. The smaller classes, which should be well filled, included a handful of boats covering a wide range of sizes, so that there was hardly any class racing. It is a sorry consolation to think that yacht racing is but little more active abroad than here, and that even Cowes week has failed to galvanize it into more than an appearance of vitality.

One contributary cause of this state of stagnation on both sides is the building of the great syndicate racing craft and the consequent discouragement given to the individual ownership of usable and raceable yachts; such a craft as at least, if in no sense cruisers, may be raced without an attendant steam freighter. The whole question of extreme size, cost and draft, racing construction, big crews and finkeels, presents many and serious difficulties; but it is at least safe to say that one of the most effectual steps toward a healthier condition in yacht racing would be the removal of the America's Cup competition to a class of single-stickers of not over 70ft. l.w.l., with crews berthed and fed aboard, and under certain wholesome restrictions as to construction, cruising trim in ordinary races, etc. The steam freighter and boarding house, the fish hook anchor and string cable on the bows, the flimsy racing hatches, and the absence of staunch ground tackle and fittings in an emergency such as that in which Vigilant was nearly lost in 1893, have come naturally enough and there is no use now in mourning over them; but it can hardly be denied that the progress from Genesta in 1885, with owner, captain and entire racing crew living comfortably aboard day after day through the whole series of postponed races, down to Vigilant, Defender and Valkyrie III., empty shells like an old-time sandbagger and utterly dependent each on her steam tender, denotes that the *fin de siecle* decadence is not confined exclusively to music, art and the drama.

Whatever the destiny of America's Cup next month, we should like to see a new challenge tendered and accepted not later than the last of October, and an order placed with every prominent designer, American and British, for a possible challenger or defender as the case may be of not over 60 to 70ft. waterline; the national representatives to be selected by trial races next season off Sandy Hook and about the Isle of Wight. Such a condition of affairs might confidently be counted on to produce a fleet of half a dozen boats on each side, leaving a strong fleet to continue the home racing after the challenger was withdrawn for the ocean voyage. All this may be visionary in the extreme, and may even shock some who believe in the special consecration of the syndicate 90-footer as the only thing good enough for international racing, but we have no fear that it will fail to commend itself to the majority of earnest yachtsmen as something too good to be true.

Removal of Markboats.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the recent regatta of the Indian Harbor Y. C., sailed on July 27 last, quite an interesting point was raised, a question that I do not recollect ever having come before a committee.

The course sailed over by some of the classes was from the starting line almost southeast to a buoy placed by the committee near Center Island, turning the same and returning to final line, then over other portions of the course. Shortly after starting the wind, which had come in from southwest, had increased until something like a gale was blowing. When the yachts that had to turn the mark in question reached the place where it should be, they discovered that it had been carried away. The regatta committee, however, anchored the tug used as a committee boat, and raised the signals on her, denoting her to be a mark to turn.

Several of the boats turned the tug, among them the cabin cat Mary, belonging to Mr. W. E. Elsworth. Mr. Elsworth, with much pluck, sailed the entire course, finishing in good shape. A protest was lodged against Mary on the ground that she did not turn the mark as laid down in the sailing instructions.

Rule 15 of the Indian Harbor Y. C. reads as follows: "Instructions.—Each yacht entered for a race shall, at the time of entry or as soon after as possible, be supplied with written instructions as to the conditions of the race, the course to be sailed, marks, etc. Nothing shall be considered as a mark in the course unless specially named in such instructions. * * * The regatta committee shall have power to change the course or amend the instructions on or before the day of the race; provided notice of such change is given to each yacht before the preparatory signal is given."

Rule 20 reads as follows: "Removal of stake boat.—Should any stake boat, buoy or other mark be absent or missed from its proper position during the race, the question of the necessity of resailing the race shall be decided by the regatta committee."

In this case, however, the regatta committee made a mark of the committee boat, and several of the contesting yachts, including Mary and the one that lodged the protest, rounded in good faith.

The question remains, was the committee justified in doing as they did and should the protest be sustained or disallowed?

I have examined most of the club books and gone over their racing rules, and all of them from the New York Y. C. down are similar to those of the Indian Harbor Y. C. A short preamble heads the New York Y. C. rules, however, as to the decision of the committee being based on the rules so far as they will apply, and as no rules can be framed capable of meeting every incident and accident of sailing, that all attempts to win races by other means than fair sailing shall be discouraged. I do not find such a preamble in any of the books I consulted, save the racing rules of the New York Yacht Racing Association, which has a long article concerning the "management of races" at the head of their rules.

It strikes me that, in view of the coming races for the Cup, this is rather an important question. In such races it is usual for the committee to give the course to a tug that logs it off, anchors a mark, and then hoists club signal and anchors near the mark. In the event of the mark carrying away before a new one could be placed, and of both Cup contestants, or one of them, rounding the tug, if a protest were lodged against the winner because of the removal of the mark, as in the case referred to, has the regatta committee of the New York Y. C. power to declare the tug a mark?

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.

[The question raised by our correspondent is an important one, and so far as we know there is no record of a decision covering it. We should say, in the case of the Indian Harbor race, that the regatta committee acted within its powers in making a mark of the committee boat; and that if, as stated by our correspondent, the protesting yacht suffered no material loss from the change, there could be no ground for protest. Had it appeared that the chances of any yacht were injured by the change of marks, however unavoidable and necessary such change might have been, there might be a ground on the part of such a yacht for a protest. As we understand the case, the regatta committee acted in good faith in availing itself of the only possible remedy for an accident that could not have been foreseen; this action of the committee being understood by the contesting yachts which rounded the mark. Under the circumstances as stated, it would be unreasonable and unfair to decide the race off on a purely technical objection. It is quite possible for a case to arise in which one boat may be placed at material advantage or disadvantage by such a change of mark; but it is obviously impossible to guard against all contingencies, and such a provision as that quoted above from the Indian Harbor Y. C. rules seems a wise one, the regatta committee being presumbly qualified to decide as to the best course. No such provision exists in the New York Y. C. rules.]

The Definite Article.

THE propriety of using the name of a yacht without the definite article prefixed has frequently been questioned in this country, there being no recognized standard of authority. The use of the name alone, without the article, was severely ridiculed here only a few years ago as an English affectation; but, so far from this being the case, the usage of British yachting writers differs, many using the article invariably and others not at all. Only a short time since we read a report of a race by a regular yachting writer in which the article was used in one sentence and omitted in the next, at random.

Under the heading "The Defender' is Correct," the New York *Herald* attempts to settle the matter forever in a rather dogmatic manner of its own, as follows:

"A plea for the definite article is in order. This little word is one of the most potent and significant in the English language, and should be used and honored accordingly. Common sense, euphony and the laws of grammar demand this.

"It is incorrect to speak of the Cup defender as Defender. She is the Defender. There is more in this small monosyllable than appears on the surface. William the Conqueror, William the Silent, Richard the Lion-Hearted—all such names gain in dignity by this apparently trifling prefix. In like manner, though there are many O'Donoghues, there is only one man who has the right to style himself The O'Donoghue.

"For valid reasons, then, it is desirable that this forcible little word be used with the names of all vessels and with all other names except such as are distinctly outside its domain. While there may or may not be hidden virtue in words, it is certain that our admirable mother tongue is too often rendered cacophonous by an incorrect use of the definite article."

So far as the strict laws of grammar are concerned, the *Herald* is correct, but as to both common sense and euphony we must differ from it. To the landsman who looks upon a yacht as a mere inanimate assemblage of wood, metal, canvas and "ropes," it may seem but right and proper that the strict rules of grammar should be observed, as much in this case as in speaking of a trolley car or a typewriter. To the yachtsman, however, a yacht is a thing of life—swift, sensitive, lovable and almost possessed of intelligence. Such craft as Volunteer, Vigilant or Britannia have an individuality of their own which the true sailorman has quietly and unostentatiously recognized by the long established custom of naming them without the prefix. No one would question the propriety of this nomenclature as applied to a horse or a dog; we claim that it is quite as appropriate and euphonious in the case of a sailing yacht. In speaking of merchant ships and steam vessels the custom of the sea and the rules of grammar are as one; the exception in the case of sailing yachts may certainly be excused as a tribute to their special characteristics.

So far as the *Herald* has made any argument in order to apply it to yachts it would be necessary to speak of "Puritan the Defender," "America the Winner," "Genesta the Challenger," etc. With such a construction as this no one would dispute the introduction of the article, but it would lead to an absurdity this year.

To us a yacht possesses a vitality and individuality that is most fittingly recognized by giving her a distinctive name of her own; and we have no sympathy with those who would destroy or deny this individuality by coupling it to the definite article by using "it" in place of "she" in speaking of her, or by making it necessary to affix a long string of Roman numerals to distinguish her from others of the same name.

American Y. C.

MILTON POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 10.

THE American Y. C. sailed a special regatta on Aug. 10, the weather being hot and sultry, with barely enough wind to carry the yachts once over the following course:

From off Milton Point around white spar buoy off Parsonage Point, 1⅝ miles, leaving same on starboard hand; thence around white spar buoy off Red Springs Point, Hempstead Harbor, 3⅞ miles, leaving same on starboard hand; thence around southwesterly stakeboat off Larchmont flying American Y. C. flag, 3⅞ miles, leaving same on starboard hand; thence across finish line off Milton Point, 1⅜ miles; total distance, 10¾ nautical miles.

The start was made at 12:10, Minerva being handicapped 4m. and Gossoon 1m. The 15ft. classes included two new boats—Trilby, built for Com. Tyson by Wood & Son, from a design by Chas. Olmstead, a fin-keel boat of wide beam and Ethelwynn, built by the St. Lawrence River S., C. & S. L. Co., for Mr. C. J. Field from a design by W. P. Stephens. The latter boat was under sail for the second time. She is 23ft. over all, 15ft. l.w.l., 6ft. beam and 7in. draft, with a manganese bronze centerboard of 55lbs. The rig is the same as Scarecrow, a leg o' mutton mainsail and one jib. The times were:

	Length.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
50FT. CLASS—CUTTERS.				
Minerva	45.63	3 59 25	3 34 25	3 34 25
Gossoon	....	3 52 34	3 25 34	3 26 40
43FT. CLASS.				
Eurybia	40.02	4 11 38	3 36 38	. . . .
36FT. CLASS.				
Vorant II.	34.00	4 13 20	3 38 48	3 39 24
Dragoon	34.00	4 02 46	3 27 46	3 28 37
Adele	34.00	4 26 36	3 51 13	3 50 54
Coya	....	4 47 15	4 12 15	4 12 15
30FT. CLASS.				
Gavilan	29.97	4 45 32	4 11 09	4 11 38
Barbara	....	Did not finish.		
25FT. CLASS.				
Needle	25.00	4 31 22	3 57 22	. . . .
36FT. CLASS—OPEN SLOOPS.				
Maud	30.95	4 25 43	3 51 03	. . . .
25FT. CLASS—OPEN SLOOPS.				
Iola	21.00	5 22 33	4 51 16	. . . .
CABIN CATS—30FT. CLASS.				
Fannie	30.00	Did not finish.		
Mary	28.76	4 18 18	3 43 18	3 43 18
Molly Bawn	28.00	4 24 01	3 49 01	3 48 07
Weasel	26.3	4 23 22	3 48 22	3 45 26
Oconee	26.00	4 58 37	4 23 37	4 19 04
CABIN CATS—25FT. CLASS.				
Caper	23.97	4 58 20	4 24 51	4 24 47
Kittie	23.01	4 36 18	4 01 18	3 59 46
Alice	20.00	5 37 15	5 02 15	4 54 53
OPEN CATS—25FT. CLASS.				
Angora	21.16	5 44 04	5 12 01	. . . .
OPEN CATS—20FT. CLASS.				
Terrapin	19.98	5 00 11	4 25 11	4 24 32
Ione	19.97	4 36 32	4 01 32	4 01 32
Willie	19.95	4 58 15	4 23 15	4 23 12
Zelica	19.90	4 25 03	3 50 03	3 48 05
Chas. T. Wills	19.6	4 43 01	4 08 01	4 02 19
Presto	....	4 42 08	4 01 03	3 53 43
15FT. CLASS.				
Question	15.00	Did not finish.		
Ethelwynn	15.00	5 01 46	4 26 46	. . . .
Trilby	....	5 15 11	4 40 15	. . . .
21FT. SPECIAL CLASS.				
Houri	21.00	4 54 58	4 14 56	. . . .
Vaquero	21.00	4 44 15	4 04 15	. . . .
Shrimp	21.00	Did not finish.		

The winners were: Gossoon, Dragoon, Mary, Kittie, Presto, Ethelwynn and Vaquero.

Great South Bay Y. C.

PATCHOGUE—GREAT SOUTH BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 10.

THE seventh annual regatta of the South Bay Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 10, resulting in a very good race. The most interesting of the entries was a new boat very similar to the noted English 1-rater Sorceress, built for Mr. John L. Suydam by the St. Lawrence River S., C. & S. L. Co., at Clayton, N. Y., from the designs of Mr. Linton Hope. She is about 20ft. l.w.l., 8ft. beam and 1ft. draft, cat-rigged, with a battened leg o' mutton sail. She has a centerboard trunk in which either of two boards may be used at will, one of ¼in. steel weighing about 125lbs., and one of a similar steel plate with lead plates bolted to the sides to make a weight of 800lbs. In this race she carried a cruising mainsail. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SLOOPS—CLASS A.				
Bonnie Doon	12 06 20	2 39 07	. . . .	. . . .
Class B not filled.				
CLASS C.				
Howaboutit	12 06 21	2 07 46	2 01 25	1 52 57
Marion	12 07 25	2 05 17	1 57 52	1 54 51
Jean	12 06 05	1 42 20	1 36 15	1 36 15
CATBOATS—CLASS 1.				
Squaw	12 06 38	2 10 57	2 04 19	2 04 19
CLASS 2.				
Parker	12 12 27	2 30 46	2 18 19	2 15 11
Unit	12 12 23	2 30 54	2 18 31	2 12 39
H. W. Beecher	12 13 15	2 31 32	2 17 07	2 13 36
Dolphin	12 11 43	2 21 54	2 10 11	2 10 11
A Good Thing	12 13 58	Did not finish.		
Sybil	12 15 35	2 31 14	2 15 40	. . . .
Jupiter	12 15 43	2 30 30	2 15 47	. . . .
Beulah	12 13 40	2 24 46	2 11 06	2 06 05
CLASS 3.				
Shore Acres	12 13 20	1 43 11	1 29 51	1 16 31
Beatrix	12 15 30	1 56 40	1 41 10	1 40 10
Zephyr	12 15 00	1 53 37	1 38 37	1 35 13
Little John	12 13 13	1 50 15	1 36 52	1 36 52
Lisa	12 13 40	1 47 35	1 34 55	1 33 46
CLASS 4.				
Eunice	12 13 52	2 02 03	1 49 01	1 43 21
Cecilia	12 16 00	1 53 35	1 36 35	1 34 54
Grace	12 16 00	2 03 53	1 47 53	1 44 44
Outing	12 16 00	1 56 16	1 40 16	1 39 08
Sharks	12 12 28	1 45 40	1 33 12	1 35 12
Nimrod	12 13 55	1 53 20	1 39 25	. . . .

West Hampton Country Club.

WEST HAMPTON, L. I.

Saturday, Aug. 10.

THE annual regatta of the West Hampton Country Club was sailed on Aug. 10 in a fresh S.W. breeze, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.				
Madcap	3 05 00	5 42 04	2 23 04	2 37 04
Sybil	3 05 00	5 40 31	2 35 31	2 35 31
Blue Wing	3 05 00	5 37 00	2 32 00	2 31 38
Girl	3 08 00	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .
Thetis	3 08 00	5 07 40	1 59 40	1 59 40
SECOND CLASS				
Jessie	3 08 00	5 07 40	1 59 40	1 59 40
Surprise	3 08 00	5 02 41	1 54 41	1 59 21
Meg	3 08 00	5 07 50	1 59 50	1 59 17
Julia	3 08 00	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .
THIRD CLASS.				
Hironda	3 11 00	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .
Olive	3 11 00	5 14 59	2 03 59	2 03 38
Enigma	3 11 00	5 04 52	1 53 52	1 53 17
Sunbeam	3 11 00	5 08 56	1 57 46	1 57 46
Flint	3 11 00	5 35 07	2 24 07	2 19 09
Gem	3 11 00	5 37 35	2 26 35	2 21 37

Julia broke her mast at the start and Hironda lost her mast. At the finish of the race the dock, which was crowded with spectators, gave way and threw a number of people into the shallow water, all being rescued with but trifling injuries.

The American Model Y. C. Trophy.

OWING to the non-compliance of the Marine Park M. Y. C. to forward a proper voucher, as required by the challenged club, and a reasonable time having been allowed for the receipt of the same, the race has been declared off. Great regret is felt by local model yachtsmen at this state of things, but they hope for better results next season.

NEW YORK Y. C. CRUISE, 1895.

Fourth Squadron Run.

VINEYARD HAVEN TO NEWPORT.

Monday, Aug. 5.

THE first break in the continued spell of good weather which had favored the New York Y. C. fleet was on Monday morning, and even then it was nothing more serious than fog, which delayed the start for the fourth and last squadron run, from Vineyard Haven to Newport. The racing division has been of but moderate size this year, and by Monday morning it was still smaller; Lasca, Iroquois, Mayflower, Alcaa and others having sailed to the eastward, while more had gone to New Bedford or Newport. The non-racers, encouraged by a bright sun and a moderate S.W. breeze, made an early start for Newport, and it was proposed to start the racing boats at 8 A.M., but before that hour the fog which had been over the Sound during the night shut in thick, and the signals for a postponement were on the Sylvia.

About 10:30, however, the sun shone again and the fog gradually rolled back from over Vineyard Sound before a 10-knot breeze from S.W. The preparatory signal was given at 11:35, the flagship being anchored off West Chop Light. Volunteer had left the fleet, but the other three were ready with clubtopsails aloft, but Jubilee lowered hers and set a jibheader, her topmast having proved very weak in the doublings before the Goelet cup race, and having been stiffened by battens. With a prospect of a freshening breeze and a beat to windward she did not care to press the spar too hard.

For once Queen Mab was late at the line, Wasp, Katrina, Uvira, Norota, Hildegarde, Gossoon and Queen Mab being the order; the first just 3s. after the gun. The schooners started at 11:50 in this order: Ariel, Marguerite, Constellation, Loyal, Merlin, Ramona, Emerald, Neaera, Elsemarie and Amorita; a good start and none handicapped.

The three big cutters were started at 11:55, going over quickly; the lack of deep water at the buoy leaving Vigilant the weather berth, Defender having to start in deeper water to leeward of her and Jubilee All were on the port tack, and trimmed hard down for a beat to the Vineyard Sound Lightship.

Defender was soon clear of Jubilee, and then began a sharp skirmish for first place with Vigilant. The two made a number of short tacks, Vigilant still weather bowing the other, but finally they, after working the Vineyard side of the Sound, stood out for the north side on port tack, heading for Naushon. Defender settled down to reach through Vigilant's lee. The sight was a fine one as the keel boat steadily footed ahead of the centerboard craft until well clear, and then luffed out and crossed her bow. Such a sight is no rarity in the smaller classes, but it is a refreshing novelty in the largest class; something that, so far as we can recollect, has never before been seen.

While Defender was thus beating Vigilant, the latter was serving Jubilee after the same fashion, the three being now well strung out in line.

The smaller yachts, led by Wasp, held the south side of the Sound, Queen Mab taking the lead before Quick's Hole was reached. Emerald easily led the schooners, sailing well all day. Defender and Vigilant kept it up, tack for tack, the former drawing steadily away; she cleared the Vineyard Sound Lightship by a few yards and then stood to fetch Brenton's Reef Lightship, 17 miles away, on the same leg. There was a steady breeze of about 10 knots and now a long roll to the sea, the sky being clear and the day perfect, even for midsummer. With each mile she increased her lead until she had made up a full 9m. at the end of the 37 miles; the full times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—FIRST CLASS.				
Constellation	11 51 25	4 54 50	5 03 25	5 03 25
Ramona	11 52 14	5 25 05	5 32 51	5 32 09
95FT. CLASS.				
Emerald	11 53 11	4 48 17	4 55 06	4 52 42
Merlin	11 52 12	5 10 29	5 18 17	5 18 17
85FT. CLASS.				
Ariel	11 50 41	4 58 25	5 07 44	5 07 44
Marguerite	11 50 51	5 19 15	5 28 24	5 28 24
75FT. CLASS.				
Amorita	11 54 14	5 10 06	5 15 52	5 15 52
Elsemarie	11 54 09	5 21 05	5 26 56	5 26 56
65FT. CLASS.				
Loyal	11 51 50	5 53 11	5 46 21	5 46 21
Neaera	11 53 19	5 51 54	5 58 36	5 52 40
CUTTERS—FIRST CLASS.				
Defender	11 55 40	4 04 40	4 09 00	. . ..
Vigilant	11 55 34	4 13 43	4 18 09	. . ..
Jubilee	11 55 32	4 24 30	4 28 58	. . ..
70FT. CLASS				
Queen Mab	11 48 56	4 55 07	5 06 11	5 03 56
Hildegarde	11 46 57	5 32 23	5 45 26	5 45 26
50FT. CLASS SLOOPS.				
Uvira	11 49 26	5 35 21	5 43 55	5 47 44
Norota	11 46 56	5 53 10	6 06 14	5 54 42
Gossoon	11 47 38	5 54 14	6 06 36	6 06 36
MIXED CLASS.				
Wasp	11 45 34	5 09 38	5 24 04	5 01 38
Katrina	11 45 45	5 04 15	5 18 30	5 18 30

On arriving at Newport Mr. H. F. Lippitt, one of the owners of Wasp, learned of the death of his youngest child, so the yacht was at once withdrawn from the other races.

Drexel Cup Races.

NEWPORT.

Tuesday, Aug. 6.

THE regular cruise races were this year materially supplemented by the prizes generously given by Mr. J. R. Drexel, of Philadelphia, owner of the steam yacht Sultana, under the following conditions:

Prizes: $200 cup for Class 1 schooners, $200 cup for Class 2 schooners, $400 cup for Classes 3 and 4 schooners, $400 cup for Class 5 schooners, $200 cup for Class 1 of single-masted vessels and yawls, $200 cup for Class 2 of single-masted vessels and yawls, $200 cup for Classes 3, 4 and 5 of single-masted vessels and yawls, $200 cup for Class 6 of single-masted vessels and yawls.

The race is open to yachts belonging to the club in cruising trim, and which have not been hauled out to clean since the commencement of the cruise.

The start will be off Brenton's Reef Lightship. Preparatory signal at 10:50 A. M.

The course will be twice around a triangle, 7 miles to a leg, formed by Brenton's Reef Lightship, Point Judith whistling buoy and an offshore mark.

Sailing Directions.—In cruising trim, with the exception of first class sloops, which will be in racing trim.

The start will be off Brenton's Reef Lightship. Preparatory signal, 10:59 A. M.

Written entries will be received on board the Sylvia up to 8 o'clock on the morning of the race.

Starting signals will be:

No. 1.—Preparatory.—A gun will be fired and the blue peter hoisted.

No. 2.—Start for single-masted vessels and yawls.—Ten minutes later a second gun will be fired, the blue peter lowered and a red ball hoisted.

No. 3.—Start for schooners (handicap time for single-masted vessels, etc.)—Five minutes later a third gun will be fired and a second red ball hoisted.

No. 4.—Handicap time for schooners.—Five minutes later a fourth gun will be fired and both balls dropped.

No. 5.—Start for first class sloops.—Five minutes later a fifth gun will be fired and a red ball hoisted.

No. 6.—Handicap time for first class sloops.—Two minutes later a sixth gun will be fired and the ball dropped.

COURSES.

No. 1, letter C.—Start over a line between the Sylvia and Brenton's Reef L. S., 7 miles S. W., ½ W. around whistling buoy off Point Judith (leaving it to port); 7 miles E. by S., ¾ S., around a white spar, with red stripe (leaving it to port); 7 miles N., ¾ W., to Brenton's Reef L. S. (leaving it to port), and sail over the same course a second time, finishing over a line between the Sylvia and Brenton's Reef L. S., at right angles to the home course; 42 miles.

No. 2, Letter D.—Same course as No. 1, but sailed in the opposite direction, all turning points to be left to starboard; 42 miles.

Schooners.—Classes I. to IV., inclusive, twice around; Class V., once around.

Cutters.—Class I. and II., twice around; all other classes, once around.

Stopping signals.—Should the committee decide to stop a race on the first round, the signal will be as follows:

For schooners.—One red ball will be displayed.

For first class cutters.—One red ball will be displayed.

For the other classes of cutters.—Two red balls will be displayed.

The course and prizes merited a far larger list of starters than appeared at the line—six schooners and seven cutters. The morning was clear, with a light haze that disappeared about 8 o'clock, the sun shining brightly, while a light S.W. wind ruffled the smooth waters off the mouth of Narragansett Bay. The wind blew almost from the Point Judith Buoy to the Brenton's Reef Lightship, and the letter C signaled the first course, the triangle to be sailed against the sun. The fleet, such as it was, came out about 10:30, the smaller yachts showing jibheaders. Baby jibtopsails were aloft in stops, and the racing craft threaded their ways through a large fleet of attendant vessels, from catboats to the big steam yachts, which crowded about the line between the Sylvia, anchored to the southeast, and the Lightship. The preparatory gun was fired at 11 o'clock, the wind blowing about 10 knots, and the starting gun for the smaller single-stickers 10m. later, Queen Mab not starting until 11:11:57, when she led the procession—Gossoon, Hildegarde, Uvira and Norota, all in Indian file on port tack by the flagship.

The schooners got the gun at 11:15, Amorita, crossing on starboard tack, being but 47s. after it; then came Marguerite, Elsemarie and Emerald, the first two following Amorita, while the third went over by the flagship in the wake of the cutters, the fleet being thus mixed at the very start. Loyal and Neaera were handicapped.

The two big boats began their work some time before the start, and when the handicap gun for the schooners was fired at 11:20 they were together, just N.W. of the lightship, on port tack, and thus heading to the westward. Defender swung about rather slowly to starboard tack when there were still three minutes to go, Vigilant at once tacking also, thus putting her to leeward, but ahead of Defender as they came for the line. There were a number of small craft in the way, notably the small steam yacht Columbia, with a crowd of excursionists aboard, and the Canadian steam yacht Gladys. Vigilant held her luff as she headed for the line, and was pointing very high as Defender ran along to windward of her. Each was eager for the coveted weather berth, and on Vigilant at least the occurrence in their first meeting at the line on July 22 was still remembered. Just what followed in the second minute before gun-fire is now a matter of keen controversy, and will probably remain so. Vigilant held her course until near the lightship, with Defender close on her weather, and then bore away, Defender running ahead and cutting the line at 11:25:55 with a lead of 5¼s The sequel to this incident is given in the letters of Mr. Willard and the regatta committee elsewhere, but the claims of both parties should be stated here. Vigilant claims that she had the right of way, Defender being an overtaking yacht, and that the latter bore away, compelling her to do the same in order to avoid a collision. Defender admits Vigilant's position and the bearing away on her, but claims that Vigilant was the first to alter her wheel and give way, and that in doing so she forfeited all her right of position and was compelled to give way to Defender. Those on the latter boat stoutly assert that the course was not altered until after Vigilant had altered hers. In endeavoring to get out of Defender's course the small steam yacht Gladys collided with the lightship, losing her mainmast and sustaining other damages.

The result was that Vigilant lost the first place and some time as well, going over the line to leeward and nearly a minute astern of Defender. As they crossed Vigilant took a luff out and both stood along on starboard tack, Vigilant carrying a baby jibtopsail, but pointing well, while Defender's stay was bare of canvas for the first ten minutes when the baby was broken out. Both went on port tack at 11:29 and stood along, the newer boat steadily gaining. Defender tacked inshore at 11:51, Vigilant following 2m. 30s. later.

The smaller boats were already in the Narragansett shore and Emerald was headed in, the leader of the schooners. As Vigilant came up with Loyal to windward she steamed by at a great speed, but it must have seemed a week to the smaller vessel while she was blanketed by the big single-sticker.

At noon, Queen Mab was leading the fleet a third of the way down the Point Judith shore, having worked short tacks well in under the land. Defender, after having also made several short tacks, was approaching Queen Mab, Emerald was third boat, to leeward of Defender. Uvira was close inshore, in fourth place, Gossoon being astern of her, Marguerite to leeward of Gossoon, and Norota just astern. Hildegarde and Amorita were a little offshore, under the lee quarter of Defender, and while the latter had passed all but Queen Mab, Vigilant was just to leeward of the pack, from two to three minutes astern of Defender.

A few minutes after noon Defender crossed Queen Mab's bows and took the first place, the whole fleet making many short tacks under the shore. Point Judith was passed at about 12:25 and ten minutes later the last tack was made, the mark being under the port bow. Defender stood by the buoy, if anything throwing away a little to windward, but coming down fast and breaking out her balloon jibtopsail very smartly as she passed. With the wind still light S. W. and a smooth sea, she headed for the second mark. The times at the first mark were:

Defender	12 27 11	Amorita	1 04 58
Vigilant	12 43 20	Norota	1 05 15
Queen Mab	12 52 00	Gossoon	1 06 03
Emerald	12 57 45	Elsemarie	Not timed.
Uvira	12 59 26	Loyal	Not timed.
Marguerite	1 04 00	Neaera	Not timed.
Hildegarde	1 04 40		

Vigilant set her No. 1 jibtopsail and lowered staysail, the others setting the same jibtopsail.

On the beat of full seven miles Defender had gained 5m. 44s. on Vigilant, the elapsed times being 1h. 17m. and 1h. 11m. 16s. The conditions were very even and neither boat suffered from the other racers or from the attendant fleet. The wind was nearly abeam on the second leg, and after trying her largest jibtopsail for some dozen minutes Defender changed it for a No. 2; Vigilant, however, carried her No. 1 to the turn. The only times taken at the second mark were:

	Elapsed.	Gain.
Defender	1 16 14	0 39 03
Vigilant	1 23 45	0 40 29

The seven miles, with a 10 knot breeze abeam and the sea smooth, were covered at a speed of about 10 knots. Emerald still led the schooners, and Neaera and Gossoon gave up, the latter being disabled. The third leg brought the wind well aft, but Defender set her smaller balloon jibtopsail when 6m. clear of the mark. Vigilant set balloon jibtopsail and at 1:46 broke out her spinaker to port, carrying it all the way in. While the leaders were on the last leg, though the sky was clear and the sun shining a dense fog approached from the sea, coming in so swiftly that everything was soon hidden at a short distance from the Lightship. Defender jibed over and started on the second round, but within 3m. the recall signal summoned her in and the race was finished with the first round, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS—95FT. CLASS.				
Emerald	11 17 56	2 38 39	3 20 43	3 20 43
Marguerite	11 17 16	2 52 20	3 35 04	3 32 43
75FT. CLASS.				
Amorita	11 15 47	2 49 55	3 34 08	3 34 08
Elsemarie	11 17 55	2 55 08	3 37 13	3 37 10
65FT. CLASS				
Loyal	11 20 00	3 13 14	3 53 14	. . ..
Neaera	11 20 00	Withdrew.		
CUTTERS—FIRST CLASS.				
Defender	11 25 55	2 10 13	2 44 18	. . ..
Vigilant	11 26 46	2 17 14	2 50 28	. . ..
THIRD CLASS.				
Hildegarde	11 12 39	2 59 58	3 47 19	3 47 19
Queen Mab	11 11 57	2 43 55	3 31 58	3 30 41
SIXTH CLASS.				
Gossoon	11 12 05	. . ..	. . ..	. . ..
Uvira	11 13 27	3 03 21	3 49 54	3 49 11
Norota	11 13 46	3 17 54	4 04 08	3 57 35

Defender beats Vigilant 6m. 01s., the latter having held her off the wind. The fleet scurried into the harbor, and barely in time, as the fog shut in thick and fast. After sunset, however, the sky cleared and left a fine night for the illumination. The formal disbanding of the squadron took place at a meeting on the flagship at 6:30, resolutions of thanks to Com. Brown and the regatta committee being passed. The record for Fleet Captain Robinson's prize for the schooner winning the most runs stands: Constellation, four firsts; Amorita, four firsts; Emerald, two firsts and two seconds; Ariel, three firsts; Loyal, three firsts; Iroquois, two firsts, one second; Mayflower, Lasca and Neaera, one first each.

Sec'y Oddie's prize for the single-stickers resulted: Queen Mab, four; Wasp, three; Uvira, two; Gossoon and Katrina, one each.

The misbaps of the cruise were very few. Clara lost her topmast and bowsprit on the first run and did not rejoin the fleet; Gossoon was run into while at anchor in Newport Harbor on the day of the Goelet cup race by a Government tug, the latter's stem striking the yacht squarely abeam of the starboard runner-plate and badly damaging the side and deck. Repairs were made the next day, and the yacht continued to race Norota had her topmast pulled out by the fin-keel Palmyra on Wednesday while she was at anchor. Bentley Barber, one of Defender's quartermasters, was taken ashore at Newport suffering from appendicitis and was operated on at the hospital, the operation being successful.

Tuesday evening was devoted to the illumination and water parade, the first of the kind since 1886, and by far the most elaborate affair ever attempted, the general use of electric lights making it easily possible to outdo similar attempts in previous years. Not only were the yachts of the big fleet completely illuminated, but the whole town was decorated with flags, streamers and electric lights, long lines of particolored lights being strung along the water front, while the buildings, steeples and the cottages on the hills about Brenton's Cove were brilliantly lighted. The water parade was composed of gaily decorated boats and launches, the more notable being a navy cutter covered with painted leaves hung far astern, the whole making a sea serpent similar to the one lately sighted by the schooner-yacht Agnes in Long Island Sound, Father Neptune with his trident straddling the back of the monster. Another navy cutter, both being rigged up by the Newport Naval Reserves, carried two legs of mutton sails and a jib made of a wire framework over the spars, on which many small lights were hung, making a very striking sight. The gig of the steam-yacht Forget Me Not was also very beautifully decorated with fairy lamps of different colors. A band afloat, and others at Fort Adams and the torpedo station, played all the evening, while fireworks and numerous searchlights added to the general enjoyment. One of the most beautiful sights of the evening was the American flag on Goat Island, floating in a wreath of low lying fog and brought into view by the concentration of several searchlights on it.

The Newport Cups.

Through the public spirit of several leading yachtsmen, citizens of Newport and members of the New York Y. C., the leaders being Messrs. Goelet and Sands, arrangements were made last spring for a series of four days' racing immediately after the New York Y. C. cruise, the club regatta committee consenting to assume the immediate charge of the racing. The following programme was prepared by Messrs. Sands, Kortright and others of the citizens' committee. The yachts will be divided as follows:

First class, schooners in cruising trim; second class, sloops, cutters and yawls in racing trim; third class, schooners in racing trim; fourth class, sloops, cutters and yawls in racing trim.

Any class may sail in cruising trim by unanimous consent.

The classification and prizes will be as follows:

First class, over 80ft. racing length, first prize $300, second $125; second class, over 70 and under 80ft., first prize $250, second $100; third class, over 60 and under 70ft., first prize $200, second $80.

Sloops, etc.—First class, over 80ft. racing length, first prize $400, second $160; second class, over 60 and under 80ft., first prize $200, second $80; third class, over 50 and under 60ft., first prize $150, second $60; fourth class, over 43 and under 50ft., first prize $100, second $40; fifth class, under 43ft., first prize $50, second $20.

No second prize will be given in any class unless four or more start. Sloops, etc., in class 5 must be up to the requirements for representation in the New York Y. C.

The course will be an equilateral triangle by Brenton's Reef Lightship, Point Judith whistling buoy and an offshore mark. All classes of schooners and classes 1 and 2 of sloops, cutters and yawls sail twice over the course, except by order of the committee; classes 3, 4 and 5 of sloops, etc., once over.

The same course will be used for each day's racing, except that the committee will start yachts so as to make one leg as much as possible to windward. The start will be from Brenton's Reef Lightship. The races are open to yachts of any regularly organized club.

The first day, Wednesday, Aug. 7, was set for the schooners, while the single-sticklers were to race on Thursday and again on Saturday. Wednesday morning, however, brought a double wet blanket to the festivities. The day broke clear and bright with the sun shining at 6 o'clock, the wind being east; soon, however, a dense fog came driving in over the harbor, blighting all hopes of a race as the wind then was. Shortly after colors there came a violent thunderstorm and a hard blow, lasting until 11 o'clock, by which time the sun came out, the wind shifting to S.W.

The morning papers carried through the fleet the letter of Mr. Willard to the regatta committee withdrawing Vigilant from the remaining races, throwing a general damper over the whole affair, and as it proved that very few schooners were entered for the first day no attempt was made to start after the weather improved. The Vigilant protest and letter kept yachtsmen busy all day, the whole fleet being divided into two parties, each with the most positive opinions, *pro* or *con*. Vigilant was surrounded by a fleet of catboats and launches, the regatta and Cup committees endeavoring to adjust the disagreement so that the racing might be continued. The result, however, was that late in the afternoon Vigilant set her mainsail with the racing numbers cut off, hoisted the ensign at her peak and broke out her headsails, starting for Mr. Willard's summer home at Bristol.

Queen Mab started out about 5 o'clock with topmast housed and a single reef in, but came back after an hour, the wind now blowing strong and the sea being bad outside. The new Herreshoff fin-keel 15-footer Osprey, owned by W. K. Vanderbilt, was out under a reefed mainsail and small jib with a crew of three, sailing beautifully, while the new Sibbick one-rater May, owned by Ogden Goelet, was also under way. Among the boats in the harbor were the fin-keel Mercury, the Dyer boat Salmon, a queer flat craft with a most unusual rig, the Chapoquoit and the new Hanan 34-footer Acushla, with her owners and her builder, Hanley, on board, bound from Buzzard's Bay to Larchmont.

During the evening the yachtsmen were on the *qui vive*, as it was known that the regatta committee was busy considering the letter and protest from Vigilant, and at a late hour the decision was announced in two letters which are given elsewhere.

Newport Cups.

Thursday, Aug. 8.

Good weather came again on Thursday, a bright sun and a moderate S.W. wind, though there was still a heavy roll to the sea outside; it was too late, however, to save the projected sailing week. A muster of the rapidly diminishing fleet showed only Jubilee, Defender, Emerald, Marguerite, Norota and Acushla as possible starters. The race was called and the regatta committee went out on the tug Winslow to Brenton's Reef. The start was given at 11:30, Emerald going over within 30s., while Marguerite followed at her leisure. The two single-stickers were started at 11:40, Jubilee leading over the line at 11:40:31, with Defender 18s. astern. The course was the same 21-mile triangle as on Tuesday, and sailed in the same direction, the first leg to windward with a light S.W. wind and rolling sea. Acushla had started alone, but soon gave up. The four stood out as in Tuesday's race, Emerald in the lead for the first half hour, when Defender, having passed Jubilee very early in the race, passed Emerald and took first place. The times at the first mark were:

	Elapsed.	Gain.
Defender	12 39 40	0 08 51
Jubilee	12 47 16	1 06 45
Emerald	12 51 47	1 21 17
Marguerite	12 57 49	1 25 27

0 04 10

Starting off with the wind on the starboard beam Defender ran for a time with baby jibtopsail set, and then shifted to a No. 2. The second mark as timed:

	Elapsed.	Gain.
Defender	1 17 30	0 37 50
Jubilee	1 26 30	0 39 14
Emerald	1 31 25	0 39 38
Marguerite	1 39 00	0 41 20

0 01 24

0 01 42

After a jibe the last leg was quickly run, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Defender	1 57 04	0 39 24	0 00 11
Jubilee	2 06 05	0 39 35	
Emerald	2 13 11	0 41 46	0 04 59
Marguerite	2 25 45	0 46 45	

The official times for the whole race are:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONERS.				
Emerald	11 30 30	2 13 11	2 42 41	2 42 41
Marguerite	11 32 13	2 25 45	2 53 32	2 51 11
CUTTERS				
Defender	11 40 49	1 57 04	2 16 15	. . ..
Jubilee	11 40 31	2 06 05	2 25 34	. . ..

Emerald wins the schooner prize of $300 by 8m. 30s., and Defender the cutter prize of $400 by 9m. 19s.

An effort was made to arrange a match on Saturday between Defender and Jubilee, but in entering Newport Harbor on Friday Defender struck bottom off the Goat Island buoy, and hung until high water, when she came off uninjured, but the race was given up. Both Defender and Vigilant returned to New York on Aug. 12, and will dock this week.

Valkyrie III.

HAVING sailed from Glasgow on July 27, Valkyrie III. may be expected at any time now, though the incoming steamers report strong westerly winds Her racing spars and sails arrived on the Furnesia on Aug. 11. Lord Dunraven sails on the Teutonic on Aug. 21, and Messrs. Watson and Ratsey will shortly sail for New York.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Zeruah, cutter, whose lines recently appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM, sailed a special match off Boothbay on Aug. 6 with Swirl, a local boat, winning the race.

Yampa, schooner, Mr. R. S. Palmer, has been repaired and fitted out and sailed on Aug. 7 in the Royal Yacht Squadron regatta at Cowes, coming in 14m. ahead of Amphitrite and 22m. ahead of Cetonia; she was, however, disqualified for carrying extra hands in a race for yachts in cruising trim as prescribed in Rule 33.

On Aug. 17 the Huguenot Y. C. will hold its first annual regatta. The feature of the race will be a contest for mosquito craft, and the committee would like to hear from the owners of the half-raters, St. Lawrence skiffs, ducking boats and sailing dinghies. The larger classes will also be provided for. A special class will be formed for he 31s and 21s cabin cats and sloops, and open cats. Schooners in cruising trim which do not measure over 50ft. in the water line will form an odd, but none the less interesting class. The race starts at 11 A. M., and will be over a four-sided course, with a one-gun start. The Huguenots have solved the one-gun start problem by dividing the fleet at 25ft. r. l. All over 25ft. r. l. go over on the first gun, and all under that measurement on the second gun. There will also be a race for the Douglaston dinghy class. Each group of starters covers a separate course, so there is no confusion whatever. Entries may be sent to Mr. A. Embury, Pelham Road, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Vigilant—Defender.

THE preliminary contests of the international races of 1895 have resulted in a most unforeseen and unfortunate occurrence, one that is likely not only to be long remembered by yachtsmen, but to lead to bitter feeling and possibly further trouble between men of national prominence in yachting. It is safe to say that, with the single exception of the illegal and arbitrary tampering with the terms of the deed of gift of the America's Cup in 1887, the present dispute is the most deplorable and serious occurrence in the history of American yachting. The domestic side of it is serious enough; but added to this is the effect on foreign yachtsmen at a time when all eyes are centered on the great American yachts. All through the last season while Vigilant was abroad the American press devoted itself to attacks upon the methods of yacht racing in vogue in Great Britain; charges of foul sailing on the part of Britannia and other yachts, of treachery on the part of Vigilant's pilot, and of unsportsmanlike conduct by the Prince of Wales and other yachtsmen were generally made, being supplemented by pointed comparisons with the methods and usages of American yachtsmen. Right in the face of this there comes the point blank accusation, from one of the leading American yachtsmen against another of even greater prominence, of deliberate foul sailing. Whether the charge be true or false, a great harm has been done—a harm that cannot soon be repaired.

The incident of the first race between Vigilant and Defender, on July 20, is still fresh in mind; how the two yachts met at the line, Vigilant standing along the line on the starboard tack and ready to start while Defender came down free across Vigilant's bows. The result was a red flag and a subsequent protest in writing to the regatta committee on the part of Mr. E. A Willard, who has entire charge of Vigilant during the absence of Com. Gould in Europe; the ground of the protest being that Defender violated Rule 16, Sec. 2, "A yacht free shall keep clear of one close hauled."

In all such cases it is most important that a hearing shall take place at once and a speedy decision be made, but in this case, as is usual, there was a delay in getting at both sides and it was postponed until the cruise began. On one occasion, the first day at Newport, Mr. Willard was unavoidably absent, and the proposed hearing was deferred until the fleet reached the Vineyard, and there Mr. Willard requested that the matter be left until the return to Newport. Meanwhile the race for the Drexel cups came off on Aug. 6, and the two yachts came together at the western end of the starting line, this time both on the wind, but under generally similar conditions. Again Vigilant claimed that she was unjustly compelled to give way; but this time she set no protest flag, continuing the race as though nothing had happened. The same evening, after returning to harbor, the following letter was written and sent by Mr. Willard:

"YACHT VIGILANT, Newport Harbor, Aug. 6.—*Messrs. S Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold, Irving Grinnell, Regatta Committee New York Y. C.*: Dear Sirs—I hereby withdraw Vigilant's entries for the races on Thursday and Saturday. In doing so I desire to add a few words of explanation. As you are aware, Mr. Gould, and I as his representative, fitted out and prepared Vigilant for racing for no purpose in the world except to assist in developing the fastest American yacht, and thus aiding in the defense of the America's Cup. To this end Mr Gould has cheerfully gone to great expense and I have taken much pains and spent much time.

"I cannot, however, consent to continue racing Vigilant unless the contests are to be conducted according to the rules of yachting. I have now twice given way to Defender at the start of the race, when Vigilant clearly had the right of way, because I was unwilling to risk a collision which might leave America without a Cup defender. However willing I may have been to waive my rights in the past, I am not willing to go on waiving them indefinitely, and, even if I were, it is quite possible that a situation might be created in which a collision would be inevitable.

"Mr Gould's sole desire, as well as mine, is that the Cup may be defended by the fastest American sloop, which might not be the case if Vigilant and Defender collided. As you know, I have already protested Defender's action at the start on July 22. In to-day's race Defender again violated the rules and froze Vigilant out of a position to which she was entitled. In both cases there would have been a collision if Vigilant had not given way.

"In each the responsibility of avoiding an accident was cast upon me. It would not be fair either to the yacht or her owner to continue racing under those conditions. Very respectfully yours,

"E. A. WILLARD."

After Mr. Willard had been seen on the following day, a lengthy meeting of the regatta committee was held in the evening, the result being the following letters:

FLAGSHIP SYLVIA, Newport Harbor, Aug. 7.—*E. A. Willard, Esq.*: Dear Sir—Referring to your protest of July 22, asking that Defender be disqualified for alleged violation of Section 2, Rule 16, of the racing rules, and referring to your subsequent request at the Vineyard for a postponement of a decision until the squadron returned to Newport, we beg to say that, after mature consideration, the committee has reached the conclusion that they cannot sustain the protest. Yours respectfully,

S. NICHOLSON KANE,
CHESTER GRISWOLD,
IRVING GRINNELL.

FLAGSHIP SYLVIA, Newport Harbor, Aug. 7.—*E. A. Willard, Esq.*: Dear Sir—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, wherein you notify us of Vigilant's withdrawal from Thursday and Saturday races of this week and that you cannot continue racing unless the contests are to be conducted according to the rules of yachting. Our committee regrets your decision to retire from the racing. We also regret your published statement that racing rules are not being properly enforced. For this statement we consider there is no warrant. Yours respectfully,

S. NICHOLSON KANE,
CHESTER GRISWOLD,
IRVING GRINNELL.

As we are ignorant of the evidence offered by Mr. Willard in support of his protest and that of the other side in opposition, the committee giving no reasons for its decision, it is impossible to discuss the merits of the first letter.

In our opinion Mr. Willard's letter is in no way intended as a reflection upon the regatta committee, but at the same time it is capable of the interpretation that the violations of the rules of yachting which he complains of were so flagrant that the committee must have noticed them, and should have taken action under Rule 17, Section 3. Without discussing this point, we may say in passing that the committee was in a poor position to see either alleged foul, being on the flagship at the other end of the line (the yachts in each case being close to the lightship), and not in a position to judge of the exact distance. It is plain from the second letter of the committee that it has interpreted Mr. Willard's letter in this way, and promptly resented what it considers an implication of unfairness on its part.

On Wednesday afternoon Mr. Willard made a public statement of his side of the case to the representatives of the New York and Boston papers as follows:

"Mr. Willard was asked why he had not protested against Defender yesterday. In reply, Mr. Willard turned to Rule 19 of the New York Y. C., which reads as follows: A yacht which shall be disqualified twice in one season shall be debarred from sailing in club races for the remainder of the season. Mr. Willard explained that he felt confident that if he had protested, his protest must be allowed, and that he felt equally confident as to the result of the protest of July 22. He said: 'If Defender should be disqualified in both these races, the owner of Valkyrie might claim that the Cup races were club events, being sailed for a trophy held by the club under the direction of the New York Y C. officers, and subject to its rules, and hence that Defender, even if selected to defend the Cup, was disqualified.

"'I wrote to the regatta committee on July 28, calling attention to Rule 19, and expressing willingness that if the regatta committee deemed best the decision in the protest of July 22 should be postponed until the end of the yachting season. Vigilant has been put in commission and raced solely to harp Defender. We want to make Defender as fast as possible, so that she may successfully defend the America's Cup. If the protest was allowed then, the question of eligibility to sail against Valkyrie might be raised. Mind you, I don't say that rule applies for the America's Cup races. The Cup committee might select one of those fishing sloops to sail against Valkyrie if it thought fit, but it would give an opportunity for the point to be raised, and we are not trying to put any obstacles in the way of Defender.

"'We want to make Defender go as fast as possible. If, when we have attained a good position at the starting line, we are compelled to give it up or damage the new boat, then we can't help her much. Take yesterday's start, for instance. Vigilant was going fast, but we were compelled to bear away, then luff under Defender's stern and lose all headway. It meant two or three minutes before we were sailing properly again, and it would have made some minutes difference in the time if we had crossed the line first and had the weather position, to which we were entitled. If we are to just sail behind Defender over the course we cannot give her a fair trial, and it is impossible to get a line on her capabilities.

"'I am tired of having the responsibility of avoiding a collision put on my shoulders. I am willing to look after Vigilant, but they must look after Defender. There might come a time when I could not give way, and then Defender might be sunk. I have seen the America's Cup committee and have promised to have Vigilant on hand for the trial races on Aug. 20 and 22, and if a third race is necessary on Aug. 24. Vigilant will be thoroughly overhauled, her sails retrimmed and she will be faster than she is now.'"

From the circumstances of the case Mr. Iselin is in a position where he can afford to say nothing, and he has thus far wisely availed himself of this advantage, though both Capt. Haff and Capt. Barr have been interviewed.

The parties in the dispute are all well known. Mr. Willard owned and raced the sloop Eclipse years ago, before sloops had gone out of use, and of late years has been noted as one of the most skillful Corinthians about New York. He sailed with Gen. Paine in 1886-7 in Mayflower and Volunteer, in 1888-9 he steered the 40-footer Nymph and won many prizes in her, and in 1893 he was intimately associated with Mr. Iselin in the management of Vigilant. Mr. C. Oliver Iselin was winning races twenty years ago in the open boats Mary Emma and Dare Devil, when sandbag sailing was in its most prosperous era; later he gave up racing, but reappeared in 1887 with the steel centerboard cutter Titania, which headed the 70ft. class in 1888-9. In 1893 he was the head of the second syndicate which built and raced Vigilant against the second Valkyrie; last year he was in British waters in a chartered steam yacht, sailing on Vigilant in some of her most important races. This year he is one of the three owners of Defender and the master of the yacht.

Capt. Haff is one of the oldest of American skippers, sharing with Capt. Terry the honor of being the best. He long ago sailed the then sloop Fanny and made a reputation for her. In 1887 he sailed Volunteer in the Cup races for Gen. Paine; in 1888-9, while still in Gen. Paine's employ, he sailed Titania for Mr. Iselin, making a success of a boat that had promised to be a failure, and in 1893 he sailed Colonia for Mr. Rogers and the first syndicate.

Capt. Charles Barr, the younger brother of Capt. John Barr, skipper of Clara, Thistle and Jubilee, is one of the youngest, but at the same time ranks among the first of American skippers. Both the Barrs are Scotch by birth, but are now naturalized Americans, residents of Marblehead. Capt Charles Barr came to this country as one of the crew of Clara in 1885, making the ocean passage in her. For the next two years he commanded the little cutter Shona for Mr. C. H. Tweed, going abroad in 1888 to watch the building of Minerva at Fife's yard, and sailing that yacht, of 40ft. l.w.l., across to Marblehead, acting as captain and navigator. In the two following years he raced Minerva with extraordinary success, no small part of her fame being due to his skillful handling. Since then he has commanded Oweene, Wasp, Gloriana and Navahoe. This spring he was released by Com. Gillig, owner of Gloriana, and took command of Vigilant, fitting her out and navigating her on the Atlantic voyage, and sailing her ever since.

How quickly and fully this incident has been appreciated by British yachtsmen is shown by the comments of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Aug. 7, in which Mr. Willard's charges of foul sailing are contrasted with Lord Dunraven's action in a recent race in waiting at the line to start her with Ailsa and Britannia. The *Field*, of Aug. 10, also comments in the same strain, as follows: "When the owner of Vigilant complains of foul sailing and failure to observe racing rules, we rub our eyes and think that things must be very bad indeed on the other side."

Beverly Y. C. 224th Regatta.

MARBLEHEAD, Aug. 3.—This race was in all but fourth class a resail of the race of July 20, which was not made in time and was only open to entries of that date.

Race was started in a light S E. air, but about three-quarters of an hour after start it came in strong S.W., giving all but first and second classes a free wind all round, the little fellows having all they wanted.

As in all resailed races half the entries were unable to be present.

First and second classes sailed a triangle of 10½ miles with a good beat on second leg. Other classes sailed 6½ miles, and owing to change of wind had no beat.

With a breeze the Minnetoka boats did well.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Ida J, F. E. Beckman	26.06	1 55 58	1 45 07
Harbinger, W. F. Bache	27.10	1 57 58	1 48 30
Tomboy, W. S. Lathrop	28.10	2 04 33	1 56 04
SECOND CLASS.			
Susie, J. F. Cole	22.02	2 33 25	2 19 02
Marina, D. H. Follett	23.03	2 38 07	2 33 30
Ariel, J. Barrett	21.03	2 49 17	2 31 38
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.			
Exit, A. H. Higginson	19.03	1 20 43	1 08 13
Reaper, H. P. Benson	20.10	1 26 40	1 15 35
Apukwa, E. T. Teffts	19.06	1 27 35	1 15 14
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Koorali, Com. Robbins	20.06	1 26 24	1 14 51
Magpie, W. Stevens	19.10	1 28 24	1 16 23
Egeria, R. F. Tucker	19.11	1 29 00	1 17 04
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Sally, D. C. Percival	21.00	1 39 23	. . . .
Comet, A. A. Lawrence	21.00	1 43 32	. . . .
Mala, E. Paine	21.00	1 43 02	. . . .
Alruna, C. O. Stearns	21.00	1 45 02	. . . .
FOURTH CLASS.			
Evadne, R. M. Benner	15.04	1 24 00	1 06 51
Benita, C. O. Hood	15.01	1 24 55	1 07 33
Alpine, C. J. Blethen	15.01	1 25 24	1 08 02
Circe, F. L. Pigeon	15.10	1 24 02	1 15 31
Carina, R. Boardman	18.00	1 34 02	1 20 07
Goat, R. M. Horton	18.00	1 34 04	1 20 09
Pointer, C. P Curtis	16.10	Withdrew.	

Winners of prizes—First class, Ida J.; second class, Susie; third class sloops, Evadne; third class cats, Koorali; fourth class, Evadne first; Bonita second.

Judge: F. Elliot Cabot.

The 225th regatta, 2d Buzzard's Bay Championship, was sailed off the club house Aug. 3, in a good southerly breeze, most of the boats starting with single reefs and putting in another during the race. The number of starters was comparatively small, as it always is at this time, owing to the N. Y. Y. C. cruise.

There were no starters in special class and only one each in first and second class sloops, which consequently sailed together.

In second class cats the old Surprise appeared after an absence from the races of three years. She did well, though handicapped by a cracked tiller.

The fourth class race was the most interesting. Sylph, though not in the club, sailed course and was timed by request. She carried whole sail easily. Grilse started with single reef and ordinary jib as did Ghuzz. The first leg to Abiel's was made without a tack, the wind being well to the south. Ghuzz fell behind, Sylph rounded a trifle ahead of Grilse and set her spinaker, the first time one has been seen in this class in a race. Grilse, however, passed her, and at leeward mark, buoy 5, put in a second reef and shifted to storm jib, and on beat back to starting line held her own and rounded 9s. ahead of Sylph and 1m 54s. ahead of Ghuzz, who had broken spinaker pole before the race.

After running some minutes Grilse set a very large spinaker and for the rest of the run to buoy 5 ran away from Sylph; at the buoy the latter got her spinaker in the water and Ghuzz caught her. Grilse gained on both in the beat home. Howard won easily in cat class.

In fifth class cats Imp won easily, Vif having too light a crew, while Hilda and Laurel sailed a very pretty race, former winning by two seconds.

Courses: first and second classes, triangle 11¼ miles; third and fourth classes, triangle and extra windward leg, 8½ miles; fifth class, to windward and back, 5½ miles.

An error was made on July 4 race: the time given to Weona belongs to Tern; Weona withdrew owing to the blinding rain, the judges mistook the boats.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST AND SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.			
Little Peter, W. G. Cotton	28.10	1 59 00	1 49 54
Flirt, W. L Shearer, Jr.	29.08	2 14 22	1 59 16
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney	24.09	2 08 18	1 54 36
Surprise, J. M. Codman	24.01	2 10 10	1 55 22
Kalama, Chas. Brewer	26.10	2 13 55	2 02 40
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr.	25.08	Broke stay.	
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Meiro, D. L. Whittemore	20.03	1 45 00	1 29 38
Doris, John Parkinson	21.00	1 49 32	1 35 14
Puzzle, Geo. G. Amory	. . . .	1 52 12	. . . .
Colymbus, Alfred Winsor	21.08	1 58 30	1 44 46
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore	21.10	Broke down.	
THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.			
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis	19.01	1 53 40	1 36 59
Ghuzz, Lawrence Brooks	17.11	1 57 36	1 39 17
FOURTH CLASS CATS.			
Howard, H. O. Miller	18.00	1 59 55	1 41 33
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy	17.06	2 01 28	1 42 42
Cinch, H. Parker	17.08	2 04 50	1 46 10
FIFTH CLASS CATS.			
Imp, Geo. B. Dabney	14.04	1 25 26	1 09 42
Tern, W. Ti eston	14.05	1 30 00	1 14 22
Vif, Ralph Winsor	14.03	1 38 30	1 22 39
FIFTH CLASS CATS.			
Hilda, Robert Winsor	13.02	1 32 09	1 15 18
Laurel, H. & F. Burgess	13.11	1 32 11	1 15 54

Winners of prizes: Classes 1 and 2, sloops, Little Peter first; Class 2, cats, Anonyma first, Surprise second; Class 3, Meiro first, Doris second; Class 4, sloops, Grilse first; Class 4, cats, Howard first; Class 5, sloops, Hilda first; Class 5, cats, Imp first.

Anonyma, Grilse and Imp win and hold pennants; Meiro and Howard win legs for pennants, tieing Doris and Dawdle. Hilda wins a leg.

Judges: W. Lloyd Jeffries, A. H. Hardy.

The Accident to Yampa.

From The Yachtsman.

A SHOCKING accident, which, unhappily, was attended with immediate fatal results to one poor man and serious injuries to three others, occurred at the well-known yacht yard of Messrs. Fay & Co., Southampton, about noon on Friday, the 12th inst. It seems that preparations were being made for the launch of the large American schooner-yacht Yampa, belonging to Mr. Palmer, which arrived there about two months ago from the Mediterranean, and has since been hauled up at Fay's for repairs and refit. High water was timed at 2 o'clock, and all through the morning the ways and cradle were being fixed. Unfortunately, however, one of the chains which held the yacht on an even keel carried away, and the vessel traveled down the uncompleted ways for 2 or 3ft., and then fell over on her port side, her mast falling foul of the schooner-yacht Ursula—hauled up by her side—one of the masts of the latter being carried away. When the vessel moved thus unexpectedly the alarm was given, and most of the men were able to get away from beneath her, but one, a shipwright, named Alfred Tilling, living in York street, Northam, was caught by the falling hull, and knocked down and crushed beneath her, being, without doubt, immediately killed. Two American sailors, named Augusta Caston and William Shurbert, who were working aloft, were thrown from the rigging and badly hurt. So, too, was another man who was on board at the time, named Bootyman. The injured men were removed to the Royal South Hants Infirmary as speedily as possible, and happily the report, widely circulated in the town, that two of them died soon after admission proved to be untrue, and at the time of writing all are progressing favorably. Bootyman has returned to his home. In the first excitement attending the disaster, Tilling was not missed, but a cap which was found floating in the Itchen close by was identified as his, and the inquiries made proved, beyond doubt, that he was buried under the Yampa. Very little could be done before low water except to take precautions to prevent further damage to the vessel, but when the tide fell the search for Tilling began, and before nightfall the operations disclosed his head and hand. Digging was continued without cessation, the efforts to recover the body being assisted by the rising of the stern of the yacht on the next tide, and late in the night the body was got out. The right leg was smashed to pulp, the left arm was clenched over the chest, and the right arm was bent forward, showing that the poor man was knocked down and buried in trying to escape from beneath the vessel.

He leaves a young widow and two little children, the youngest of which is only twelve weeks old. The inquest on the remains was opened on Saturday, when evidence of identification was given by Alfred James Whettingtall, brother-in-law of deceased. Mr. Randall, solicitor, expressed, on behalf of Messrs. Fay & Co., their utmost sorrow at the occurrence, and their sympathy with the bereaved family, adding that the firm at once undertook to bear the expenses of the funeral. The inquiry was then adjourned till Wednesday (yesterday). On Saturday the Isle of Wight Company's powerful tug Ajax made an ineffectual attempt to tow off the vessel, which, of course, will have to be hauled up again. The owner of the Yampa was in the South of France at the time, but one of his friends boarded the yacht on Saturday evening, and in creeping along the almost perpendicular deck slipped and cut his leg, and he was treated for the injury at the Royal South Hants Infirmary. The vessel was got upright on Sunday evening. Poor Tilling was buried quietly on Monday. Mr. Palmer, owner of the yacht, generously contributed £200 to the fund being raised for the widow; Fay & Co. gave another £100, and lists have been opened at the local banks.

[As noted elsewhere, the yacht has since been hauled off and repaired.]

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

9-23. A. C. A., 16th annual meeting, Bluff Point, Lake Champlain.

SEPTEMBER.

Red Dragon fall regatta, Delaware River.

Mr. Howard and the R. C. C. Cup.

WE have already mentioned that Mr. William Willard Howard, of New York, did not start in the race of the Royal C. C. on July 13 for the reason that his canoe Yankee, shipped last winter from England to Clayton, N. Y., for alterations, had not been returned to England. This fact evoked the following comment from the *Field:*

'Up to Wednesday it is evident that the international race will not take place; no doubt the absence of the American canoe may be plausibly explained away, but we fear we are again about to have to face a dry fact—that an international challenge is made a considerable time before the date of the challenge cup race; that members of the Royal C. C. patriotically thereupon come forward, at considerable expense and inconvenience, to defend the cup; that members of other clubs also come up from various parts of the country to assist in such defense, and then, at the last moment, no 'Stars and Stripes' appear upon the course. This state of things the club experienced last year at Bourne End on the upper Thames, and the same state of things appears highly probable now on the lower Thames.

"To be careless of or unprepared for defense would be clearly wrong in the senior club, and yet, after two years' fiasco as to international competition, is it reasonable to expect the best men to come forward and build and race canoes, up to date in all points, with the high probability that the international element will be wanting in the race, though possible up to the last moment? Experience will now perhaps dictate to the club that an individual is not a nation, and that it would be well in future to accept no foreign challenge, unless it be that of a duly recognized club, where the competitor will be representative of his club, and not of his own personal fame, and a competitor representative of his club and flag will certainly appear at the starting line."

These comments have brought out from Mr. Howard a reply, published at his request in the *Field*, the *Yachtsman* and the *Yachting World*. We reprint the *Field* letters with comments in full:

"We publish the following correspondence merely because Mr. Howard is an American, who had challenged for the Royal Canoe Club Sailing Cup. We regret the uncalled-for language contained in the letters of Mr. Howard and his agents, and we reprint the 'Note' of last week which is supposed to hold the 'scandalous imputation:'

"MESSRS. CHARLES ATKINS AND NISBET, 1 Water-lane, Great Tower street, London, E. C.—Dear Sirs—My attention has been called to an article in last Saturday's *Field*, containing an insinuation that my canoe Yankee was purposely kept in America in order that I might not sail in the Royal Canoe Club's Challenge Cup race.

"As this canoe has been in your hands since last February, I should be glad if you would make public the facts in the case; not that I care what the canoeing editor of the *Field* may take it upon himself to say, but that the sport of canoe sailing may not rest under such a scandalous imputation. Yours truly, WM. WILLARD HOWARD."

"LONDON, July 15."

"W. WILLARD HOWARD, ESQ., 9 Weymouth street, Portland place.—Dear Sir—We are in receipt of your favor of even date, and regret to hear that any such insinuation as you mention should have appeared in the *Field*. The facts of the case as regards your canoe Yankee are as follows: We received your written instructions, dated Tiflis, Jan. 15, to ship this canoe to Mr. Fry, of Clayton, New York, for certain alterations to be carried out, and we forwarded her by first available steamer, and, in accordance with your desire, we requested Mr. Fry to return the canoe no later than the end of May. We did not hear from Mr. Fry in return to our letter advising dispatch of canoe, but concluded he would return her in good time.

"On June 21 we received a telegram from you dated Erivan, June 18: 'If Yankee not returned, telegraph Fry send instantly; telegraph me Batum.' To which we replied: 'Yankee not arrived; have cabled Fry to send immediately,' and we cabled Mr. Fry the following: 'Ship immediately canoe Yankee,' which cablegram we duly confirmed, and stated that it was most important the canoe should arrive in time to enable you to compete in her for the Royal Canoe Club Challenge Cup race on July 12. Had Mr. Fry even shipped her on receipt of our wire she could have arrived in time for the race in question; therefore, the only person who is responsible for the delay is Mr. Fry. It is, therefore, in our opinion, as untrue as it is absurd for anyone to insinuate that you arranged for the canoe to be kept back in order not to race her.

"As you request us to make these facts public, we send copies of your letter and this reply to the *Field*, *Yachtsman* and *Yachting World*. We are, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"CHARLES ATKINS AND NISBET."

"JULY 15."

"[The above letters (dated July 15) show that the builder in America was communicated with twenty-one days before the race day to send the canoe to England. We are not concerned as to whose fault it may be, but the fact remains that, after a duly lodged challenge of over two months' standing, no appearance was made of the challenger at

the starting line on the day of the race. The following is a *verbatim* copy of the remarks we published last week: * * *

"We leave it to the dispassionate reader to discover where is the insinuation that the canoe was purposely kept in America, in order that it might not sail for the challenge cup, and who is responsible for the 'scandalous imputation' except the writers of the above letters. —ED.]"

We fail to see in the *Field*'s original criticism the alleged insinuation, or anything more than is justified by Mr. Howard's peculiar conduct in refusing at the last moment to start in the challenge cup race of 1894. So far as the Royal C. C. is concerned, the trouble is that the so-called "challenge cup" is neither a challenge cup nor an international cup, in that it is raced for by all comers, without challenge, as would appear from the published conditions, and it may be raced for by British canoeists alone, in the absence of foreign competition. It is precisely the same as the A. C. A. sailing and paddling trophies, raced for once a year by all comers, without regard to nationality and without formal challenge. There can be little satisfaction either to the club or to an American in competing in this loose way; if there is to be any international competition worthy of the name, it should be for a new cup under certain definite conditions, such as those governing the New York C. C. international challenge cup, the contest being limited to a properly accredited representative of a foreign club and one representative selected by the defending club.

Apropos of the delay with Yankee, we learn that the ½-rater built by Fry for Mr. Howard, in which Mrs. Howard was to sail against Spruce IV. in England, is still at Clayton.

Miss Johnson's Poems.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A. C. A. men who attended the '93 meet on the St. Lawrence must remember Miss E. Pauline Johnson's recitals from some of her poems What canoeist could forget "The Song My Paddle Sings" and "In the Shadows," so delightfully rendered by their author? "In the Shadows," they will remember, was set to music by Dr. Gage and sung at the camp-fire one evening. The music is in perfect sympathy with the poem, and I shall always remember it as one of the finest camp songs ever brought to a meet.

Canoeists who enjoyed the stirring recitals as I did will be interested to learn that a volume of poems—"The White Wampum," by Miss Johnson—has just appeared. It is published in London by Mr. John Lane, of "Bodley Head" fame; in Boston by Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe & Co., and in Toronto by the Copp Clark Co. It is a beautifully printed little volume, and has an appropriate special title-page and cover design.

When I received the volume I opened it at raudom and read "Erie Waters," the first stanza of which I give below, and the book has gone at once on to the little shelf of my choicest favorites. The two poems mentioned above are included in the book, and with "Erie Waters" constitute three poems which no canoeist and no lover of poems of nature can fail to appreciate and enjoy. No "decadence" here:

"A dash of yellow sand,
Wind-scattered and sun-tanned;
Some waves that curl and cream along the margin of the strand;
And, creeping close to these
Long shores that lounge at ease,
Old Erie rocks and ripples to a fresh sou'western breeze."

Among a number which particularly impressed me I remember "The Camper," "The Flight of the Crows" and "Penseroso," all of quite a different trend than the ones mentioned before. "Penseroso" is a fierce, passionate cry to nature, and is grand. I should like to quote it here entire, but must remember that this is not a book review and will desist.

By the way, "In the Shadows," mentioned above, was published with music in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 30, 1893. I do not remember hearing it at Croton Point last summer, but hope some one will bring it to camp this year. OCEAN.

GOUVERNEUR, N. Y.

The A. C. A. Meet.

FROM all reports, the A. C. A. meet, which began on Aug. 9, promises to be very successful; there are already many canoeists in camp, and the arrangements are very satisfactory. The races begin next Monday. The post office address is "A. C. A. Camp, Hotel Champlain, Clinton county, N. Y."

A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: David Losee, James A. Smith, Francis Way. Northern Division: R. O. King, Toronto. Eastern Division: R. M. Molineux, Boston; William W. Beal, Boston, Mass. Central Division: Joseph P. Coughlin, Troy.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Presque Island Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 3.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Presque Island Rifle Club:

Germann	5	8	4	10	6	7	6	9	9	7—71
	5	5	9	4	6	8	9	4	9	10—69
	7	9	5	7	7	7	6	6	4	7—66
Stidham	7	9	7	9	6	9	6	6	10	4—73
	7	5	4	5	8	5	7	8	7	7—61
	5	6	9	7	4	7	4	8	5	8—63
Van Etten	5	7	8	10	7	7	8	3	5	7—67
	6	10	5	6	8	8	5	6	8	6—68
	4	5	4	4	6	10	6	7	7	5—58
Shafer	6	7	9	6	5	7	6	7	7	9—69
	7	6	9	7	4	6	6	7	6	10—68
	7	7	6	5	10	5	7	6	6	6—65
Paul	8	4	4	5	7	10	9	3	9	8—67
	6	8	4	8	4	7	6	6	5	8—62
	7	6	5	7	5	5	7	8	4	7—61
Olvitt	7	8	5	9	9	3	6	8	7	4—66
	8	4	8	4	5	6	2	7	6	5—55
	4	4	3	4	9	10	5	6	6	4—55
Treiber	6	5	6	7	7	9	8	6	6	7—70
	9	6	5	6	7	6	6	8	5	8—61
	5	4	6	6	7	7	7	9	7	6—64
W J Leyer	4	8	9	7	4	6	3	7	5	10—69
	6	5	4	10	4	5	4	6	7	5—56
	9	9	5	3	5	6	6	9	6	7—65
Strangway	4	5	10	4	9	7	7	5	3	3—57
	10	4	8	5	4	6	3	4	3	9—56
	8	6	7	5	10	5	3	3	6	6—59
Patton	8	4	4	7	7	6	8	5	1	8—58
	10	4	5	5	7	3	3	7	6	5—55
	6	7	6	6	6	7	6	7	4	7—62
Sharp	6	8	5	9	6	5	7	3	7	0—56
	6	0	6	5	7	5	10	4	7	5—55
	8	5	5	4	7	5	7	4	5	6—56
J F Leyer	5	4	3	5	3	6	5	8	7	7—53
	6	5	7	6	5	5	7	6	6	7—60
	4	5	5	4	5	8	6	2	8	10—57
Diefenbach	8	4	8	5	5	4	4	6	6	5—55
	7	10	3	4	5	5	4	4	4	3—49
	5	6	3	4	5	3	4	4	6	2—42
Sheperd	7	3	2	4	1	7	4	4	6	2—40
	7	6	7	7	6	1	4	1	5	3—47
	0	6	4	4	6	3	5	3	7	2—40

At the regular meeting held on Thursday evening, Aug. 1, the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months: President J. W. Paul; Vice-President, W. F. Trieber; Secretary, W. J. Leyer; Treasurer, Wm. Patton; Captain, J. Bacon; Lieutenant, Geo. Shaffer;

Sing Sing Sharpshooters.

MR. G. W. VAN BUREN, Secretary of the Sing Sing, N. Y., Rifle Club, writes us under date of Aug 2 as follows: "The amateur riflemen of this place will hold a tournament on Labor Day, Sept. 2. Mr. Wm. Lyman, of Middlefield, Conn., has sent us 100 copies of his little book to be given away as souvenirs to our shooters." Further particulars in regard to this event can doubtless be obtained by writing to Mr. Van Buren.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., July 31.—All to-day there was a procession of dead fish floating past this city in the Missouri River. They are carp, buffalo and drum. The largest observed will weigh probably 4lbs., and they have apparently been dead from thirty-six to forty-eight hours. Various theories are advanced, but the most plausible of them is that the fish were washed out of the numerous small streams above here by the late freshets, and were unable to live in the muddy water of the Missouri River. It is estimated that fifty miles of dead fish have floated by the city to-day, and at 7 o'clock this evening the river was still full of them.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 19.—PADUCAH, Ky.—First annual tournament of the Paducah Gun Club. T. J. Moore, Sec'y.

Aug. 19-20.—MONROE, La.—First annual tournament of the Monroe Gun Club; live birds and targets. H. W. Stevenson, Sec'y.

Aug. 20.—WEST END, N. J.—Hollywood championship, 100 live birds, $100 entrance, 30yds. rise. Entries close Aug. 13, to J. S. Hoey, manager.

Aug. 20-23.—HOLMESBURG, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's fifth annual tournament, under the auspices of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia. John C. Shallcross, Sec'y, Frankford, Pa.

Aug 21.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Tournament of the Maryland and District of Columbia Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association. the tournament being held under the auspices of the Green Spring Valley Gun Club.

Aug. 27.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Second monthly tournament of the Home City Gun Club; targets; professionals barred.

Aug. 27-29.—CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Charlotte Gun Club.

Aug. 28-29.—FREDERICK, Md.—Two days' tournament of the Frederick Gun Club, at targets.

Aug. 28-29.—IONIA, Ill.—State Meeting of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Ionia Gun Club.

Aug. 29-30.—SHERBURNE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Aug. 30-31.—CHICAGO, Ill.—First monthly shoot of the Cook county Trap-Shooters' League. Chas. Grubbs, manager.

Aug. 31.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Team shoot between the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, and the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City.

Sept. 2.—MARION, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club; targets.

Sept. 2-3.—NEWARK, N. J.—Tournament of he South Side Gun Club; targets. New Jersey Trap Shooters' League contest at 2 P. M. on the second day. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—UTICA, N. Y.—Two days tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 4-5.—SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. Va.—Morgan's Grove Fair Association's tournament, under the management of the Interstate Association

Sept. 5.—MICHIGAN CITY, Miss.—First semi-annual tournament of the Michigan City Gun Club.

Sept. 6-7.—WARREN, O.—Tournament of the Warren Gun Club. H. B. Perkins, Jr., Sec'y.

Sept 10-12.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—First annual tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. 10-13.—DETROIT, Mich.—The Des-Chree-Shos-Ka annual tournament, under the management of Jack Parker.

Sept. 10-13.—ST. PAUL, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club; John P. Burkhard, Manager.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Mr. W. F. DeWolf, secretary of the newly organized Cook County, Ill., Trap-Shooters' League, and also secretary of the Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, writes as follows: "Mr. Wm. Mussey, of Chicago, a well-known shot and billiardist, wishes, I understand, to furnish the first trophy for the teams. With team races already shot between the Cicero Club vs. the Garden City Club, the great 18-man team race between Eureka vs. Garfield Club, the League contests, the proposed two days' tournament given by Mr. Charles Grubbs at time of holding first contest (his dates are Aug. 30 and 31), and the shoot of 5-men teams for the trophy emblematic of the championship of the State of Illinois, now held by Eureka Gun Club (which race will be shot on Aug. 14 on Eureka's grounds, the Garfields being the challengers), trap-shooting bids fair to be lively in Chicago for the next month or two. What do you think of Eureka Club's 18-man team shooting between 82 and 83 per cent., using mostly Class B men, and being at that without the assistance of such men as Bingham, Heikes and others of its members, who were unable to be present? These members were all old ones, all *bona fide*, no taking them in just for that shoot. The Garfields shot over 80 per cent., and had nothing to be ashamed of; 'hot stuff,' wasn't it? Have we many clubs who can make such a showing? The Garfield boys felt sure of beating us, one of them having said publicly in a certain place where shooters congregate, only the evening before, that 'Garfield was a sure winner,' and it was only a question of how many;' and so 'the best laid plans of men' often 'gang a-gley.'"

The Schmelzer Arms Company, of Kansas City, Mo., have written us that the conditions under which the trophy won by Mr. Sexton at its recent tournament have been changed. Briefly the conditions are as follows: Contest will be at targets thrown from traps pulled in reverse order; the winner to give a bond in $250 for the safe-keeping of the trophy; the trophy to be contested for annually at an open shoot; entrance fee for this contest $10; price of targets to come out of the entrance moneys, the balance going to the holder at the time of the shoot; first open shoot to take place at Detroit, Mich., Sept. 11 next; anybody can challenge on depositing $50 with C. J. Schmelzer, the $50 going to winner of contest; if won twice in succession in open contests the trophy to become the property of such winner. Other conditions, such as relate to challenges, deal with time limit, etc., and are of the usual nature. The date of the first open contest, Sept. 11, is worthy of special note.

The recent tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, and the near approach of the annual gathering of Pennsylvania sportsmen in Philadelphia, makes us naturally solicitous for the health of the kindred organization in New Jersey. What has happened to that Association? It is the possessor of two handsome trophies, one we believe now held by W. Fred Quimby. Why doesn't New Jersey have her annual meetings? She has as many expert trap-shooters as any State in the Union, and such annual gatherings would be successful. The organization need not conflict in any way with the New Jersey Trap Shooters' League, and would not do so. Wake up, somebody.

Western trap-shooters will have a chance of showing what they can do on Sept. 10-13. Mr. John P. Burkhard, 57-59 East Seventh street, St. Paul, Minn., writes that the St. Paul Gun Club will hold its annual tournament on the above dates at the Minnesota State Fair Grounds, the shoot being under his management. An attractive programme, liberal purses, reduced railroad rates, and the fact that the State fair will be in progress should draw a good crowd of shooters. A programme can be obtained by writing to Mr. Burkhard.

Harry Thurman, Secretary of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, was in New York a few days ago. While speaking of the prospects of the State shoot at Holmesburg Junction, Aug. 20-23, he said: "Quimby thinks we'll have sixty shooters at our tournament. If we have three dozen I shall be satisfied, considering the way tournaments are going." Yet we believe that Quimby's estimate is more nearly correct there that of "Father Time." The programme for that tournament is an attractive one.

The score made by the Baltimore Shooting Association's team in the Maryland and District of Columbia Trap-Shooters' League on Aug. 7 is pretty nearly, if not quite, a record: Six-men teams, 25 targets per man, known angles—result, four 24s and two 23s, a total of 142 out of 150—a team average of 94.6. On the same day "Uncle Billy" Wagner broke 88 out of 90 at unknown angles and 24 out of 25 at known angles.

The Michigan Trap-Shooters' League will hold its "State meeting" on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 28, 29, at Ionia, Mich. The tournament will be under the auspices of the Ionia Game and Fish Protective Association. Programmes can be obtained by writing to George J. Cutler, secretary of the latter organization. The three-men team race on the first day and the State championship contest on the second are special features of merit.

H. S. Welles, of A. G. Spalding & Bros., has devised a ball cartridge for shotguns that is giving great satisfaction. As loaded, the charge consists of 3 or 3¼ drams of smokeless powder, and a ball weighing one ounce that is seated in a combination of wads original with Mr. Welles. The ball may be shot accurately from any 12-gauge gun without danger to the choke, and is a deadly charge for large game at short range.

Leander Campbell, of Little Silver, N. J., and Phil. Daly, Jr., of Long Branch, N. J., shot a match at 50 live birds, $100 a side, on Friday, Aug. 9, Campbell outshooting his opponent by a good majority. The match was brought to a close at the end of the 47th round. Owing to Campbell's dilatory movements at the score, the match was a very tedious and long drawn out affair.

The Monroe (La.) Gun Club has issued a programme for an open-to-all tournament on Monday and Tuesday next, Aug. 19 and 20. The first day is given up to the smashing of bluerocks; there are nine 15-target events, $2 entrance, $5 added, and one 20-target event, $3 entrance, $7 50 added, on the programme for that day. The second day is appropriated for live-bird shooting, no programme being arranged.

Rolla O. Heikes was East for a few days last week, and put in an appearance at the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League shoot on the Climax Gun Club's grounds on Aug. 7, receiving a warm welcome from everybody—he always gets that. The reason of his trip to New York is probably accounted for by the announcement that Rolla will in future use E. C. powder.

The second match between Eddie Hill, of Trenton, N. J., and Leander Campbell resulted in a victory for Hill by the score of 44-41. Each man has now won a heat and considerable interest is evinced in the outcome of the third race.

The first annual tournament of the San Antonio, Tex., Gun Club will be held Oct. 27-30. Mr. Willard L. Simpson, secretary of the club, P. O. Box 765, will answer all inquiries in regard to this shoot.

Carl Von Lengerke is tarred with the same stick as his brother Justus. His 25 straight at unknown angles in the league team race on the Climax Club's ground on Aug. 7 was a capital piece of work.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., will pay a visit to the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., on Aug. 31, for the purpose of shooting the first of a series of team races with that club.

The Warren (O.) Gun Club claims dates for a two days' tournament at targets. The days chosen are Sept. 6-7. All necessary information may be obtained of H. B. Perkins, Jr., secretary of the club.

The chances for a big shoot at Charlotte, N. C., Aug. 27-29, are booming. From present appearances there will be at least sixty adherents of Colonel Anthony on deck the first day.

Are you going to Des-Chree-Shos-Ka?
If not, why not?

EDWARD BANKS.

Trap-Shooting around Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 10 —Southern Ohio has not been satisfied with the great DuPont tournament at Cincinnati in May, but is making the gun club's grounds lively with less pretentious affairs, though none the less enjoyable.

The Lockland Gun Club, of Lockland, a suburb of Cincinnati, gave an all-day tournament in July at which the entries averaged 23; in several events over 30 sportsmen participated.

The Home City Gun Club, of Springfield, O., with a membership of 60 enthusiastic young sportsmen, gave a tournament on July 30, a full report of which appeared in your issue of to-day.

The Pickaway Rod and Gun Club, of Circleville, O., also gave a good tournament on July 30, which was well attended by the gun talent of that great shooting center and by several visitors from Chillicothe, Ironton, and nearby points. Ralph Trimble, of Cincinnati, represented Messrs. DuPont at the tournament and made many warm friends by his courtesy and clever work.

Professor Goodman, of the Bandle Arms Co., keeps the enthusiasm of the Cincinnati sportsmen from flagging by giving his regular "rain or shine" shoot at Mackie's. These grounds are regarded as a very difficult place to make high scores on, but Trimble, Waddell, Richard, Condell, Goodman and occasionally a visitor, manage to locate the bluerocks at the place where they will connect with the shot to the best advantage of the shooter. At this week's meeting the scores in sweepstake shooting were:

Targets	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	Per cent.
Goodman	9	..	12	14	14	14	13	.. 89
Richard	9	13	14	13	14	11	13	13 87
R Trimble	10	15	15	15	15	13	15	15 98.2
Waddell	9	14	13	15	15	13	15	14 94
Pedro	9	13	13	12	..	..	..	.. 85
Hosea	..	10	12	9	13	11	10	7 68
Stone	..	12	13	12	10	11	12	.. 78
Robinson	..	11	11	11	..	..	..	.. 73

The East End Gun Club, of this city, announces an amateur tournament chiefly for merchandise prizes, to be given at its grounds on Aug.15. Several novel features have been introduced in the programme issued by the club. This will be a local affair that will afford sportsmen within a radius of twenty-five miles considerable enjoyment. It is surprising how carefully a sportsman will shoot for a pair of beaded-covered slippers or a plug hat of the style 1890.

Hon. Thos. A. Logan, R. S. Waddell, agent of DuPont and Hazard powder companies; Lieut. DuBray, the Parker Gun Co.'s representative, and a score of other prominent sportsmen of Cincinnati and vicinity, contemplate the organization of a large and strong gun club, which will be incorporated and include in its membership all lovers of live-bird and inanimate target shooting in the Queen City who care for club affiliation. There is great need of an organization of this kind with sufficient capital to afford our sportsmen facilities for the enjoyment of a few hours before the traps each week. When the plan is fully matured we will let FOREST AND STREAM know all about it.

BUCKEYE.

Taggart Scored 88.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Aug. 8.—Ex-Captain George H. Taggart, of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, shot a match to-day against the birds, matching himself to kill 80 out of 100 for $100. Shooting in good form he won easily, scoring 88, with three dead out of bounds; 59 of his birds were scored with the first barrel. H. C. Higginson was referee; David Brown, trap-puller, and W. J. Sutton, scorer. Taggart's 88 were scored as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

G H Taggart...
↩↗↩↩↗↩↙↩↗↑↩↖↖↖↗↓↩↘↩↗↩↗↖
1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 1 1 1 2 2 ● 0 2 ● 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 2 1 1 1—20

↖↩↗↑↩↩↩↗↗↗↙↩↙↩↙↖↖↙↩↗↗↓↗↖
2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 0—24

↖↗↘↩↓↩↖↓↩↩↩↩↩↗↗↑↗↑↘↩↗↩
1 1 2 0 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 2 0 0 1 2 0—20

↩↗↓↩↖↗↖↓↖↩↩↖↖↗↩↩↗↓↗↩↑↗↩↩
1 1 1 1 1 2 ● 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1—24—88

While the above shoot was in progress a team race was made up, Taggart and Kerr shooting against Likely and Mitchell, Taggart's second string of 25 in above match to count. The result was as follows:

Likely .....
↩↖↩↩↗↙↖↓↖↩↩↩↖↗↑↩↗↘↗↑↗↘↩
1 1 2 1 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0—23

Mitchell.....
↩↩↖↗↘↙↙↩↙↩↩↗↙↓↘↩↗↗↘↩↖↖↗↘
2 1 1 2 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 2 0 1 1 1 2 1 0 1 1 1 0 2 1—20—43

Kerr .....
↗↖↗↗↓↑↗↘↗↖↩↙↘↩↘↑↩↘↙↩↓↘↗↖
2 0 0 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 1 ● 1 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 ●—17
Add Taggart's score..... 24—41

Other scores during the day were: H. C. Higginson 24 out of 26 Taylor 7 out of 8, Mitchell 5 out of 7, Barday 4 out of 8 and Kerr 3 out of 7.

DAVID BROWN.

The Hollanders are Plucky.

HOLLAND, Mich., Aug. 1.—Interest in trap-shooting is increasing here. The Resort Steamboat Company offered a solid silver medal to be contested for by teams of six men from the Holland and Zeeland gun clubs, the match to be held at Macatawa Park. Although we had not had sufficient practice to become good shots, yet we concluded to try for it and the contest was held this morning. The shooting was at 25 bluerocks per man, known traps, unknown angles, entrance $2 per team, to pay for targets. Score:

Zeeland.	
A Kamps	1111101110100111111000111—18
H Karsten	0110111111010110110111111—19
F Hieftje	1111111010111101111111100—21
A Smits	1110111111111111011011111—22
P Smits	0111111101111111111111111—23
H Van Eyck	1111101011110110111111001—19—122
Holland.	
C J De Roo	1011111111111101101000110—18
D Blom	0100100100000011001001001— 7
G Bender	1111111100110100101111111—19
W Thomas	1011001001000111010111000—12
P Dulyea	0110000110111011011011101—15
C Harmon	0101000001000101111110110—12— 83

The Boat Company also put up a purse of $10, to be divided into four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., open to all members of both clubs, 20 singles, entrance 20 cents, to pay for targets. Score:

No. 2, purse of $10: W. Thomas 10, H. Karsten 15, D. Blom 9, C. Harmon 10, A. Eding 12, P. Dulyea 8, A. Kamps 14, H. Van Eyck 13, P. Smits 16, J. Kamps 17, J. Skinner 13, F. Johnson 4, S. Arleth 6, C. J. De Roo 13, G. Bender 10, Dr. Baert 9, A. G. Baumgartel 15, F. Hieftje 16, E. Vandenberg 10, J. Krans 12, A. Smits 15, John Smith 13, A. Tanner 11.

ARTHUR G. BAUMGARTEL, Sec'y.

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 7, was the date set for the seventh tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League. The shoot took place on the grounds of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J. The weather, after the heavy thunderstorms of the morning, was perfect when one could sit in the shade and enjoy the cool breeze that blew from the southwest. The heat, however, was very trying to the shooters at the score, as the club house shut off every atom of breeze from them, while the rays of the sun beat down with tropical force. The arrangements made by the home club for the comfort of its guests were capital in every respect, while Tom Keller and Charlie Smith kept things moving in a manner that gave everybody lots of shooting. Altogether just about 3,000 empires were thrown during the day, empire traps and targets being used in all the events.

The guest of honor was Rolla O. Heikes, who had come East on a business trip. Rolla was looking well and shot well, perhaps not quite up to his usual standard, but still well enough to be there or thereabouts all the time. The targets were thrown far and fast, which, added to a background that is about as poor as it can be, kept scores down. The team total of the Maplewood Club is especially worthy of notice, and only goes to show what a really strong team that club can get together. It was a great disappointment to the Riverside Club, of Red Bank, that its team showed up a man short. An optional sweep having been gotten up in connection with the team race, the four men of that team, with Heikes as its fifth man, shot along with the rest, scoring 101, Heikes and Ballard making 24 each, while Ivins was answerable for 22. Carl Von Lengerke, a brother of Justus, the senior member of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, was the only shooter to make a straight score, his 25 landing the Endeavors in fourth place. Van Dyke's 24 and A. Sickley's and Geoffroy's 23 were the other high scores. McAlpin, one of the leaders in the race for individual honors, was unfortunate enough to have to shoot a strange gun, his own having missed connections at the Liberty street ferry. He knocked out 22 for Boiling Springs, however, and is fourth on the list with a percentage of 91 made in four contests. Drake had a bad spell in the middle of his string, missing his 14th, 15th, 17th and 18th targets; this prevented him from improving his average of 92, at which figure he is tied with A. Sickley, three members of the Maplewood team leading the league. Van Dyke's average of 96 is referred to elsewhere.

During the day eight events, all at unknown angles, with an average entrance fee of 10 cents per target, were decided. The scores in those events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*10*
Keller	8	8	12	8	17	7	8	Geoffroy	..	..	..	13	16	10	8
Piercy	5	4	9	11	15	8	6	Collins	..	..	..	12	15	7	9
Breintnall	9	7	13	13	16	8	..	Ivins	..	..	..	14	17	10	..
Paul	7	6	9	11	15	7	..	Ballard	..	..	..	13	16	7	..
Sigler	10	6	15	12	..	7	..	Edwards	..	..	..	14	..	2	5
Hoffman	10	10	11	13	19	9	..	A Sickley	..	..	..	10	16	10	8
Van Dyke	10	9	14	12	18	8	..	Sprague	..	..	..	..	8	6	6
Hebbard	8	9	8	13	12	5	..	Wanda	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
Heikes	9	7	14	14	19	9	10	Cooper	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Thomas	7	8	13	13	12	8	..	Heritage	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
E Sickley	9	9	13	12	17	9	10	Strader	..	..	..	..	5	8	..
Huck	9	8	13	9	..	4	..	Proctor	..	..	..	..	9	4	..
Crosby	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	Woodruff	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
C Smith	5	9	13	10	17	7	9	Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Drake	..	7	13	14	..	9	8	Williams	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Miller	..	8	12	14	18	8	..	Fayette	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Jackson	..	5	9	..	9	..	..	Terry	..	..	..	..	7	..	..
Yeomans	..	9	11	12	17	9	..	Eager	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
W Smith	..	7	10	13	18	9	8	Rockefeller	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
McAlpin	..	..	10	18	4	9	..	Lindzey	..	..	..	..	..	..	7

The scores made in the team race are not included in the above table. They are as follows:

Seventh League contest, teams of five men, 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

Maplewood.

F Van Dyke.....1111111111111011111111111—24
A Sickley.....1111101111111111111111111—23
O L Yeomans.....1111110111011111111111110—22
Warren Smith.....1010111111111111111111011—22
W N Drake.....1111111111100100111111111—21—112

Climax.

D Terry.....1111111110111111011111011—22
T H Keller.....1111110101101111111111111—21
C Smith.....1111111100011111101111101—20
J Swody.....1111110111010111011111111—20
E Edwards.....0110110110011100011111011—16— 99

Union.

E D Miller.....1101111111111111101011111—22
E Sickley.....1101111111011111111110110—21
Dr Jackson.....1100111100101011111111111—19
W Sigler.....1010101111000111111111101—18
J M Fayette.....1111000111111110100111100—18— 98

Endeavor.

C Von Lengerke.....1111111111111111111111111—25
E Collins.....1110110011111011011011111—20
"Proctor".....1011111101111011111110110—19
G Piercy.....1110111010010010111111000—16
A R Strader.....1110101101001010110011010—14— 94

Elizabeth

J Williams.....1110101011111111111011110—20
W Parker.....0111110101111111101110101—19
A Woodruff.....1100011101111001111111111—19
C Hebbard.....1101110111100110110110001—17
N Astfalk.....1011010111101011110011000—16— 91

Boiling Springs.

G S McAlpin.....1111111101111101111101111—22
W H Huck.....1111101010111111110011111—20
P A Jeanneret.....1111110110111111101011110—19
Krebs.....1110111000011101011011101—17
"Wanda".....1100101100000100110111011—12— 90

South Side.

E A Geoffroy.....1111111111101111111111110—23
R H Breintnall.....0111110110111111111001001—18
J Hoffman.....0101111010101011111011110—18
L Thomas.....0011011101111111010111000—16
Al Heritage.....1011000111111111000110001—15— 90

The Riverside Club side referred to above was as follows: Heikes 24, Ballard 24, Ivins 22, J. Bergen 16, J Cooper 15—101.

The scores made by each club in the contests already decided run as follows:

	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.
Maplewood	106	103	114	104	98	99	112
South Side	100	106	101	109	103	87	90
Boiling Springs	106	..	98	96	95	115	90
Climax	..	86	95	104	98	106	100	99
Union	101	105	102	100	..	96	98
Elizabeth	89	90	109	103	74	109	91
Endeavor	71	96	88	100	94	94	94
Riverside	..	101	85	68	..	..	..
Union Hill	43	67	72	..	86	72	..

As the final results of these team contests are calculated on the basis of "the five best scores to count," we have the standing of the clubs to date as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Maplewood	625	539	86.2	Elizabeth	625	502	80.3
South Side	625	519	83	Endeavor	625	478	76.4
Boiling Springs	625	510	81.6	Riverside	375	254	67.7
Climax	625	507	81.1	Union Hill	625	340	54.4
Union	625	506	80.9				

All the clubs that shot on this occasion improved their percentages with the exception of the South Side. The gains made were: Maplewood 2.1, Endeavor .9, Climax .7, Elizabeth and Union .3, Boiling Springs .2. The Maplewoods' gain places them securely in the lead, unless something unforeseen should occur.

The records for the individual prizes show Ferd Van Dyke far ahead of his competitors, his five best scores are hard to beat: 25, 24, 24, 24 and 23, a total of 120 out of 125. Twenty-six shooters have averages better than 80 per cent. for three or more shoots. In order of merit they stand as follows, the number in parentheses after a shooter's name giving the number of times he has competed:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Van Dyke (5)	125	120	96	Whitehead (5)	125	107	85.6
Drake	125	115	92	Breintnall	125	106	84.8
A Sickley	125	115	92	Hebbard	125	106	84.8
McAlpin (4)	100	91	91	Greiff (4)	100	84	84
Ivins (3)	75	67	89.3	Parker	125	105	84
Apgar	125	111	88.8	Geoffroy	125	103	82.4
Collins	125	110	88	Huck	125	103	82.4
Miller	125	110	88	C Smith	125	103	82.4
Sigler	125	109	87.2	W Smith	125	103	82.4
Hoffman	125	108	86.4	E Sickley (4)	100	82	82
"Williams"	125	106	86.4	Thomas	125	102	81.6
Yeomans (4)	100	86	86	Woodruff	125	101	80.8
Money	125	107	85.6	Woodruff	125	101	80.8

The above figures show that the race is a pretty one, with two more shoots to be decided. Although first place, both for club and individual championship, is practically decided the fight for the positions is very close and interesting. No less than 87 shooters have taken part in the seven shoots held to date.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 3.—The Baltimore Shooting Association held it regular weekly club shoot this afternoon. The events of most interest were: The regular weekly club shoot for averages, which runs through the season; the Carlin and Fulton handicap, and an improvised team race, embracing all the members on the grounds who cared to participate. Messrs. Carlin and Fulton of this city have very kindly donated three prizes to be shot for as follows: 100 targets per man, to be shot on five successive club days, 20 targets per man per day. Last Saturday being very stormy the handicap was postponed and two scores were shot up this afternoon. This is the fourth score in the race and on next Thursday will be shot the final. The team race proved quite interesting, as the score was pretty close in the first event. Feeling that they had not done themselves justice, and with the throb of anticipated victory pulsating through their veins, the defeated team challenged for a second race. The result proved that they had misjudged the throb. Their humiliation was but the deeper, as the scores will show:

No. 1, 25 targets, known angles: Brown 18, White 21, Claridge 20, Stanley 20.

No. 2, 15 targets, unknown angles: Brown 10, White 12, Claridge 15, Chairs 11, Stanley 9, Antique 12.

No. 3, 10 targets, unknown angles: White 7, Brown 10, Claridge 5, Stanley 5, Coe 7, Chairs 6.

No. 4, same: Penrose 8, Brown 8, Antique 5, Malone 7, White 8, Stanley 5.

No. 5, club shoot, handicap, 25 targets, known angles:

16 yards:

Brown	0111111110111111111011111—22
Claridge	1111111101111111111011111—23
Penrose	0111111101100111111011011—19
Malone	0111101101111101111001111—19
Hartner	1111111111111101111111100—22
Hall	1111011110101011111111110—20

14 yards:

White	1110111101111111101111111—22
Antique	1111111101011111101110101—20
Hamilton	1110000110110101010101010—13

12 yards:

Back score:	
Thomas	1111011101101101110101111—19
Heiskell	1111011001011101110000111—16
Field	1010101101110001110110111—16
L D Thomas	1111011110011101101101111—19
Stanley	1111011001111100011011111—18
Henry	1111001101001000001101110—12
Parker	1011110000101100110100101—13
Brehan	0001110110011101111011000—14
Register	1011011101100110001010111—15

No. 6, Carlin and Fulton Handicap, unknown angles

16yds:

Back score:	
Penrose	0011100111111111010110—14
Brown	0111011101011011111—15
Malone	1011011111111101011—16
Hall	1010111111111101110—15
Hartner	1111000111111101110—15
Claridge	1011111111111111011—18

14 yds:

White	1111110111111111101101—17
Antique	1110101111111011001—15

12yds:

Field	1110111000110010011—11
Cox	0001101101211011001—12
Thomas	0110011001111111111—14
L. D. Thomas	1011010110111111011—15
Stanley	0011111011111111111011—16
Henry	1111000000000101111110—10
Parker	1110101111111111111—18
Heiskell	1111110111010110101001—14

Team race, 25 targets, known angles:

First match, team No. 1:	Second match:
Penrose	1101111101111101111111101—21
Hall	1011011111111101111111110—21
White	1110011011101111111111111—20
L D Thomas	0111101100011001111101110—16
Thomas	1111010100000111011111101—16
Brehan	0111001010111101010111—17
Stanley	1110111011111011110111011—20
	—
	131

Team No. 2:	
Malone	1010110111010111111110001—17
Claridge	1111111111111111111111111—25
Hamilton	0011111010001011101111111—18
Heiskell	1011010010101011111111111—13
Parker	1111001101011111001111—17
Register	1100110001101010001111101—13
Henry	1011011011010101010011100—14
	—
	122

	1010100101110001101011101—15
	0111111111111111111111111—23
	1110010111101111001110101—17
	0111111001011011111001101—16
	0111111010110110111010001—16
	1010110000101011111111101—12
	1111011011101000001011110—13
	1110111011111111111011101—20
	—
	127

STANLEY.

Paducah Gun Club.

PADUCAH, Ky., Aug. 5.—The trophy handicap shoot was held to-day, fifteen members taking part in the contest. The handicap is based on an allowance of extra targets to shoot at, Class A men being scratch with 25 targets. Class B shot at 26, Class C at 27, and Class D at 28. Capt. Thompson, Erhardt, Rawleigh and Fowler tied for the trophy with 22 each. On the shoot-off at 5 targets, Rawleigh won by breaking straight; Thompson and Erhardt broke 4, Fowler 3. Capt. Thompson was additionally handicapped by a slight accident to his gun. Score:

Trophy handicap:

Class A.

C L Robertson	1011101111111111011011101—20
W D Thompson	1111111111011111111101101—22
Ed Erhardt	1011111111111111011111111—22
Rawleigh	1111101011111111111111011—22
Geo H Robertson	1111111101011011011111111—21
Hinkle	1111111110110011111110110—20
Lang	1111111010011111111111011—21
Boswell	1111101111001111111101011—20

Class B.

Ingram	1100111111000111101110011—18
Piper	1101111111110011110011110—20
Hoyer	1111111110011111111011110—21

Class C.

Fowler	1110111111011001101111111—22
Beadles	1011011110010101111011110—18
Young	1011111001111101110101011—20

Class D.

Whitemore	1001101100111100011101110111—18

No. 2, 25 targets:

Thompson	1111111011111111111111111—24
Lang	1111101101111111111111011—21
Ingram	1111111101111101111111110—22
Hinkle	1111111010011111011111101—20
Geo Robertson	0111101111111111111111110—22
Piper	1110111110011111011111000—18
Baswell	1101101111111101111111110—21
Erhardt	1111111111111111111111111—25

No. 3, 5 pairs:

Thompson	11 11 10 11 11—9	G Robertson	11 10 11 10 11—6
Hinkle	11 10 01 11 01—7	Ingram	10 10 10 11 11—7
Lang	10 11 00 01 11—6	Rawleigh	11 10 11 11 10—8
Erhardt	10 11 11 01 10—7		

T. J. MOORE, Sec'y.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Aug. 7.—The Meadville Gun Club held its regular shoot to-day, the scores below being made by the members present during the afternoon. Although these same scores are some that the club is ashamed of, it takes courage from the fact that even the cracks have their off days. This afternoon in event No. 2, Krider, who last week ran 25 straight, scored only 8 targets. No. 1 was the club shoot, 15 known angles and 10 unknown; No. 2 was at unknown angles. Scores:

No 1:	No. 2:
H Johnson	1111111111111111011111111—24	1010111011111111111101010—19
Hayes	1011001111111111111001111—19	1101111111111111111101110—22
Krider	1011101101110110101011101—18	1001100011010001000000001— 8
Belton	1001101111111111011011001—19	0011111111111011011001111—19
Affantrang	1100100111111010100001111—15	0101011110010100101011101—14
Decker	0111101101111001011011110—17	1011111111101101010101000—16
Clark	1111100110110111001010100—16	1111111100100110011001101—16
See	1111101100111000110100010—15	.....
Prenatt	0011010100011011010101110—13	1001111111111111111101111—21
Carscadden	1000011101101110001010000—11	.....
Neal	0111001000010000101111010— 9	.....
Reisinger	1110111111011100001111100—17	0101111110001011111011111—19
Kelso	1010101111100110111110000—15	1011111010011010101001110—15
Leberman	1110111011111011110011110—19	.....
Gundaker	1101110010001101101111011—16	.....
Ehrgott	1111011100100001001101111—15	0011111111101101000101110—16

CHOKE-BORE.

Maryland and Washington Trap-Shooters.

BALTIMORE, Md., Aug. 7.—It is said by the knowing ones that if a fellow follows the races long enough he is sure to go "broke." The targets thrown on the grounds of the Standard Gun Club to-day must have been following the races pretty closely of late, as the majority of them went "broke."

This was on the occasion of the third tournament of the Maryland and District of Columbia Trap Shooters' League, held under the auspices and on the grounds of the Standard Gun Club of Baltimore City. These grounds are sometimes referred to as the Standard grounds. This is slightly misleading. The grounds are not standard by any means. Unfortunately for the shooter the proper preparation had not been made; platform facilities were very poor; clerical force inadequate; trapping unsatisfactory; shooting slow and of necessity kicking very much in evidence. It is a very huge mistake for one man to attempt to run a tournament of this kind by himself, no matter how large his proportions or how great his qualifications. No one person can take entries, keep score, divide moneys, and perform various other offices and at the same time keep a tournament of this kind going, and do it satisfactorily.

It is also an axiom that the pacemaker is not of necessity first under the wire at the finish. The event of absorbing interest was the team race, between teams composed of six men each, representing respectively the Capital City Gun Club, of Washington, D. C; Baltimore Shooting Association, Green Spring Valley Gun Club and the Standard Gun Club, of Baltimore City. Three races have now been shot off. The Capital City team took the lead in the first race, held it well in the second and looked sure winners with the Standard team second. But how have the mighty fallen? The Baltimore Shooting Association team went to the grounds to-day arrayed in their most vivid war paint, clad in their fastest shooting toggery and primed for victory.

The Capital City team shot first and made a score of 134 broken. The Standard team then took their places at the score and went them one better, stepping down with a score of 135 broken to their credit. With a look of grim determination the Baltimore Shooting Association team stepped slowly and majestically to their places. Ready! Pull! and they were off. Pencils were out to note down the goose eggs, but they were few and far between. Realizing that they were turning the last quarter and about rounding into the stretch, the boys steadied themselves for a supreme effort, and with a grand sprint ran out a score of 142 broken out of a possible 150. This score places them in the lead with two points to spare. After this event the interest in the shoot lagged, and but two more of the programme events were shot off.

The next and final tournament of the League will be held on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, on Wednesday, Aug. 21, under the management of Green Spring Valley Gun Club, Mr. Horace W. White, Pres. Every facility will be at hand to make this tournament a pronounced success and to administer to the comfort and convenience of the shooters. In addition to the regular events and team race, there will be a special prize event, 50 targets per man, entrance $5. Three prizes: First, bicycle; second, case Mt. Vernon Whiskey; third, not yet selected, value $15. All shooters are cordially invited to attend this tournament and participate in the various events.

Below will be found summary of the scores; all the programme events being at unknown angles, with a uniform entrance fee of 10 cents per target:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*15*	Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*15*
Wagner	15	20	13	20	20	..	Lupus	..	17	15	16	17	..
White	14	18	14	18	..	..	Hood	..	15	11	18	18	..
Bond	12	19	14	20	..	..	West	..	13	..	..	17	..
Devalt	12	18	11	..	..	..	Sanley	..	..	..	12	17	19
McKelden	13	19	12	18	..	..	Hamilton	..	..	..	12	12	15
Gulick	12	19	13	19	..	..	Evans	..	..	..	13	19	20
Osborn	11	..	16	..	..	..	Clements	..	..	..	12	18	..
Brown	13	19	14	18	..	..	Thomas	..	..	..	..	17	18
McLeod	11	19	..	..	..	..	Hartner	..	..	..	..	20	..
Barker	7	14	12	12	15	..	Franklin	..	..	..	..	15	14
Claridge	13	20	14	17	17	..	Ward	..	..	..	..	15	..
Malone	13	20	11	15	16	..	Penrose	..	..	..	..	16	..
Hawkins	13	18	14	20	20	14	Dixon	..	..	..	..	17	17
Pruitt	12	20	14	18	19	..	Storr	..	..	..	..	16	19
Buckbee	14	..	..	14	..	..	Jonah	..	..	..	..	9	8
Gent	..	15	14	18	18	11	Carson	..	..	..	..	17	..
Heiskell	..	14	9	7	15	11	Marshall	..	..	..	..	16	6

The scores in the team race were as follows:

Team race, 25 targets per man, known angles, $2 50 optional sweep:

Baltimore Shooting Association.

Penrose	1111111111011101111111111—23
Hartner	1111111101111111111111111—24
Claridge	1111111111011111111111111—24
Malone	0111111111111111111111111—24
Ward	1111111111111111111111101—23
Brown	1111111111111111111110111—24—142

Standard Gun Club.

Bond	1101111010111111011111111—21
Evans	0111111111101011011111111—21
Hawkins	1111111111111111111111111—25
Dixon	1111011111011111111111101—22
Clements	1111111111111111100111111—23
Lupus	1111111111111111011011111—23—135

Capital City Gun Club.

Wagner	1101111111111111111111111—24
Osborn	0111010010111111111011111—19
Gulick	1111111101111111111111111—24
McLeod	1111111111101101011111111—22
Pruitt	1101110111111111111111111—21
McKelden	1111011111111111111111111—24—134

Green Spring Valley Gun Club.

White	1111111111111111111111111—24
Hamilton	0010111010101111111110010—16
Heiskell	1111101100111100111111111—20
Thomas	1111111111111111111111111—25
Stanley	0011111111111111111011111—21
Field	0010000100011110010011111—12—118

STANLEY.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Aug. 6.—The following seven events were shot to-day by the members of the Lynchburg Gun Club, all events being at unknown angles except No. 2, which was at 9 targets, unknown angles, and 3 pairs, known angles:

No. 1:	No. 2:	
Nelson	1111101111101100111110—15	1010110011 11 10 01— 9
Terry	0111111111101111010—16	0111111111 10 11 11—13
Dornin	1010011100111111111100—13	1111111001 10 11 10—11
Moorman	1010110101101010101111—13	0111111111 11 01 11—12
Empie	1111110111111111100111—17	1001101111 11 11 11—12
Scott	0101111111111101111—17	1111011111 00 10 11—11
Stearns	1101101011111101111110—15	1011011111 11 01 01—11

No. 3:	No. 4:
Nelson	1101101111111100—11	0011111001111111—11
Terry	1110011111101000—10	1011111111111111—14
Dornin	1111111111111111—15	1111110001010100—10
Moorman	0111111011111111—13	1101111101110011—11
Empie	1010000110011111—9	1011111101010010—11
Scott	1111001111000010—9	0110010011001—9
Stearns	1111111100111101—12	.....

No. 5:	No. 6:
Nelson	1111101111011111100—16	0111011011111111—12
Terry	1110010011101101011—13	1110111010100100—9
Dornin	1110101111010010111—14	1101111111111011—13
Moorman	1000010110011111110—12	1010111111101111—12
Empie	1101110111001111111—16	1110000011111100—9
Scott	0111111101101111111—16	1000100100100110—6
Stearns	0001101101011000101—10	1111110011111101—12

No. 7:	
Nelson	0111111101111100111—16	Empie	1111001101001010101—12
Terry	0110101011111110011—15	Scott	1111010011110011110—14
Dornin	1111100111010011111—14	Stearns	1101111011110100111—15

F. M. D.

Pier Defeats Smith.

PATERSON, N. J., Aug. 7.—James Pier, of Boston, N. J., and H. Smith, of this place, shot a match to-day at live birds on Rogers' grounds. The conditions were: 15 live birds, $25 a side, old Long Island rules to govern. About 75 spectators from Paterson, Singac and Boston were on hand to witness what was expected to be a close race. Pier, however, won easily, shooting in his best form and killing his birds in good shape. Smith was unable to stop Rogers's birds, being beaten by 4 birds with only 14 shot at. A return match was at once arranged, the conditions being the same with the exception of the rise, which will be 25yds. instead of 21yds. Mr. Van Houten acted as referee. Scores:

J Pier	↙↖↖↖↖↗↗↖↗↖↗→↗	1 1 1 • 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—13
H Smith	↗↙→↑↖↖↗↑↑↗↑↗↑	1 1 • 1 • 1 • 1 0 1 1 1 0—9

DUTCHER.

WESTERN TRAPS.

HAVE YOU GOT A BOY?

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 9.—All shooters of this vicinity should bear in mind the dates of Aug. 30 and 31, and be ready to turn out then for a two days' shoot on the pleasant grounds of the Cicero Gun Club, a nice quarter of an hour's ride on the fast electric road which connects with the Madison street cable. By making a good turnout at this shoot, they will be doing a good thing for themselves and incidentally doing good to others. The occasion is the first meeting of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, that is to say, the second day of the shoot will represent that meeting, but the tournament for both days, under the auspices of the League, is a benefit shoot for Mr. Chas. Grubbs, who will manage the affair in its entirety on both days and take all receipts. Shooters will heartily patronize this event when they learn that Mr. Grubbs takes this means of getting at a little ready money for the purpose of sending his son to New Mexico for his health. The boy is suffering from a lung trouble and needs to get into a better climate. He is the son of a big-hearted shooter, who has many big-hearted friends among our shooters. This I am sure is enough to say, except to repeat that the dates are Aug. 30 and 31. Come to Charlie Grubbs's shoot. Montgomery Ward & Co. furnish traps and targets. Don't forget Charlie Grubbs.

THE NEW LEAGUE.

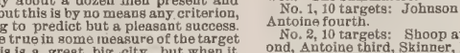
As announced briefly by telegraph on the evening of organization, the new Cook County League is now ready for business. At the meeting of organization there were only about a dozen men present and only three clubs were represented, but this is by no means any criterion, and for the League there is nothing to predict but a pleasant success. It is to be hoped that this may prove true in some measure of the target shooting question in Chicago. This is a great big city, but when it comes to a target tournament it is about the poorest city on earth. Perhaps after a time this organization will better knit together the split-up members of the shooting body of Chicago, and make it possible to give a modern target tournament here which will bring out the proper number of shooters, and oversee the strangely conservative methods of this city in such matters.

The plan of the League is to hold monthly shoots. The first one will be held at Cicero Gun Club grounds, Aug. 31; the second at Eureka Gun Club grounds, Sept. 21; the third at Garfield grounds, Oct. 19. There will be suitable season prizes, also a League team trophy, the latter to go to the highest club per cent Mr. W. P. Mussey, of the well-known Chicago shooters' rendezvous at 106 Madison street, generously offers to furnish the trophy for 1895, and this guarantees something handsome. There is a $5 initiation fee and the yearly dues are $5. The competition is at 25 targets per man, targets at 2 cents. Live-bird shoots may be arranged by the committee, but targets will be the chief concern Stress will be placed on the wind-up of the season, the Thanksgiving Day shoot, which we may hope to see develop into an interesting Chicago fixture. As was stated earlier, there are 25 gun clubs in Chicago, with at least 600 shooters on their rosters If half of these can be galvanized into suitable energy, we should see some shooting here in the future.

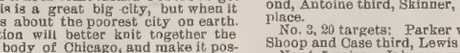
FRANKLIN—GORTSCH.

A match between Geo. Franklin, President of Evanston Gun Club, and C. Gortsch, of South Chicago, was shot at Roby, suburb, on Aug. 4. The race was close, as both men killed straight to the eleventh bird, when Gortsch allowed a slow right quarterer to get away, only to fall dead out of bounds. The birds were "soft" shooting and from three traps, 50yds. boundary, 25 birds, for $25 a side, Illinois rules. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



Franklin.....1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25



Gortsch.....1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 • 1 2 2 1 1—23

Franklin used a Scott 10-ga., 3¾dr. Schultze, 1¼oz. No. 8 chilled in first, No. 7s in second. Gortsch shot a 12-ga. Parker hammerless, 3dr. E. C., 1⅛oz. No. 7c both barrels.

KANKAKEE SHOOT.

The three days' shoot at Kankakee, Aug. 7-9, was a nice little affair, entries 15 or 20 pretty regularly. Tom Marshall allowed Keithburg to go without a mayor while he attended the shoot. Abe Kleinman, Eddie Bingham, W. H. Skinner, Oswald von Lengerke and others from this neck of woods were on hand. R. L. Trimble, the Kentucky champion, came up from Covington and added a few more lines of laurel to his collection, taking high average each day and breaking 146 out of 160 targets shot at. Following are winners for each day.

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets: Grube 10, Magruder 9, Trimble 9, Hill 8.

No. 2, 15 targets: Partington 13, Skinner 13, Carrow 13, Trimble 13, Magruder 12, Hill 12, Chester 12, Tate 11. Livinguth 11, King 11.

No. 3, 25 targets: Von Lengerke 25, Bingham 25, Trimble 24, Grube 22, Ruble 22, Partington 21, King 21, Marshall 21.

No. 4, 10 targets: Livinguth 10, Trimble 10, Thomas 9, Ruble 9, McColly 9, Magruder 8, Kleinman 8.

No. 5, 15 targets: Grube 14, Bingham 14, Thomas 13, Marshall 13, Von Lengerke 13, Partington 12, Hill 12, King 12, Trimble 12, Ruble 12, Kleinman 12. McColly 12.

No. 6, 25 targets: Kleinman 25, Trimble 24, Marshall 24, Partington 23, Ruble 23.

No. 7, 10 targets: Grube 10, Ruble 10, Bingham 10, Erhardt 10, Heiss 10, Partington 9, Hill 9, Tate 9, Livinguth 9, King 9, Von Lengerke 9, Chester 8, Trimble 8, Marshall 8.

No. 8, 5 pairs and 5 singles: Tate 14, Skinner 13, Trimble 13, Marshall 13, Ruble 12, Von Lengerke 12.

No. 9, 25 targets: Grube 24, Livinguth 24, Ruble 24, Magruder 23, Marshall 23, Kleiman 23, Trimble 22, Von Leugerke 22, Bingham 22, Heiss 22.

No. 10, 10 targets: Skinner 10, King 10, Trimble 10, Kleinman 10, Barto 10, McColly 10, Partington 9, Hill 9, Grube 9, Carrow 9, Magruder 8, Tate 8, Thomas 8, Marshall 8. Ruble 8, Bingham 8.

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 targets: Thomas 10, Ruble 10, Trimble 10. A. Kleinman 10, Marshall 9, Hill 9, Magruder 9, Barto 9, Skinner 9, Partington 8, Bingham 8, King 8.

No. 2, 15 targets: Hill 15, Partington 14, Chester 14, Grube 13, King 13, Schumacher 13.

No. 3, 25 targets: King 25, Bingham 24, Park 24, Ruble 23, Partington 23, Marshall 23, Trimble 23, Grube 23.

No. 4, 10 targets: Ruble 10, Armstrong 10, Thomas 9, Bingham 9, Hill 9, A. Kleiman 9, King 9, Tate 9, Schumacher 9, Partington 8, Marshall 8, Trimble 8. McCally 8, Barto 8, Park 8, Chester 8.

No. 5, 15 targets: Bingham 14, King 14, Chester 14, Thomas 13, Partington 13, Marshall 13, Trimble 13, McCally 13, Hill 13, Barto 13, Magruder 12, A. Kleinman 12, Schumacher 12, Armstrong 12, Tate 12.

No. 6, 25 targets: Park 25, Ruble 24, Trimble 24, Hill 24, Grube 24, Magruder 23, A. Kleinman 23.

No. 7, 5 pairs and 5 singles: McCally 14, A. Kleinman 14, Bingham 13, Marshall 13, Ruble 12, Trimble 12, Hill 12, King 12, Chester 12.

No. 8, 10 targets: Trimble 10, Hill 10, Kleinman 9, King 9, Chester 9, Thomas 8, Ruble 8, Marshall 8.

No. 9, 25 targets: Trimble 25, Tate 25, Kleinman 24, Thomas 23, McCally 23.

No. 10, 10 targets: Livinguth 10. Ruble 9, Partington 9, Trimble 9, Park 9, Chester 9, Kleinman 8, King 8, Herman 8, Tate 8.

Third Day.

The third and last day of the Gun Club tournament here was fully as successful as either of the other two, and the visitors were well pleased with the meeting. The events of to-day were as follows:

No. 1, 10 targets: Marshall 10, Trimble 10, Fortier 10, King 10, Bingham 9, Hill 9, Thomas 9, Magruder 8, Grube 8, Ruble 8, Sleezer 8, Park 8.

No. 2, 15 targets: Ruble 15, Bingham 14, Grube 14, Hill 14, Park 14, Livinguth 13, Tate 13, Thomas 13.

No. 3, 10 doubles, 5 singles, $10 added money: Hill 21, Marshall 19, Bingham 17, Trimble 17.

No. 4, 10 targets: Marshall 10, Bingham 10, Hill 10, Thomas 10, Trimble 9, Grube 9, Livinguth 9, King 9, Tate 9.

No. 5, 15 targets, $10 added money: Ruble 15, King 14, Fortier 13, Grube 13, Park 13.

No. 6, 25 targets, $25 added money: Hill 23, Trimble 23, King 22, Park 22, Bingham 21, Magruder 21, Grube 21, McColly 21.

No. 7, 10 targets: Trimble 10, Marshall 9, King 9, Sleezer 9, Hill 8, Park 8, Glass 8.

No. 8, 15 targets: Trimble 13, Bingham 12, Hill 12, Magruder 11.

No. 9, 25 targets, $30 added money: Livinguth 24, King 24, Ruble 24, Park 24, McColly 23, Grube 23, Tate 25, Hill 22, Marshall 22.

B. L. Hill, of Cincinnati, won the day's average.

SHEBOYGAN SHOOT.

At Sheboygan, Wis., Aug. 4 and 5, a pleasant two days' shoot was held, with attendance from Milwaukee, Chicago, Oconomowoc Menominee, Two Rivers, etc., etc. Honors on the first day were about even. The second day's shoot brought out a large attendance, and the honors of the day went to the South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee. Manitowoc, Two Rivers, Hingham, Racine and Oshkosh were represented.

The winners of the first day were as follows:

Event No. 1, 10 birds: Schiffeneder and Baudman, of Sheboygan; Henry, of Two Rivers; Rastad, of Milwaukee, and Kauffman, of Oconomowoc, all went straight.

Event No. 2, unknown angles and known traps, 10 birds: Schiffeneder, of Sheboygan, and Rye went straight.

Event No. 3, 20 birds, "Jack-Rabbit" system: "W. M. M.," of Chicago, went straight. Julius Kroos, of Sheboygan, broke 19.

No. 4, 10 targets: "W. M. M." 10, Bondmann 10, Kaufmann 10, Rock 10.

No. 5, 15 targets: "W. M. M." 15, Rout 14, Staley 14, Bondmann 14.

No. 6, 10 targets: Kaufmann 10, Kroos 10, Gillman 10, Stable 9.

No. 7, 20 targets: Sonshagen 20, Kaufmann 20, Bondmann 19, Schiffeneder 19.

No. 8, 15 targets: Kavel 15, Kaufmann 14, Sonshagen 14, Gillman 14.

No. 9, 10 targets: "W. M. M." 10, Bock 10. Brcught 10, Sonshagen 10.

No. 10, 15 targets: "W. M. M." 15, Kroos 14, Kaufmann 14, Sonshagen 14.

RACINE SHOOT.

The daily press dispatches from the Racine shoot read as below: Many sportsmen are here, among them J. L. Johnson, of the Milwaukee Gun Club; Eugene Cahoon, of Freeport; Thos. Parker, of Oconomowoc; Charles Antoine and W. H. Skinner, of Chicago, and James E. Bush and J. L. Case, of this city. Fifteen matches were shot to-day at artificial bluerocks. Johnson, of Milwaukee, was the winner in most of the contests. Thomas Parker killed 20 straight birds in one match, which was the record of the day. The Chicago marksmen are doing well. The summaries:

No. 1, 10 targets: Johnson won, Shoop and Case second, Bush third, Antoine fourth.

No. 2, 10 targets: Shoop and Johnson tied for first place, Case second, Antoine third, Skinner, Parker, Meley and Wiley tied for fourth place.

No. 3, 20 targets: Parker won; Bush, Skinner and Johnson second, Shoop and Case third, Lewis fourth.

No. 4, 5 pairs: Johnson won; Case second, Parker and Shoop third, Skinner fourth.

No. 5, 15 targets: Johnson won; Case second, Parker and Shoop third, Skinner fourth.

No. 6, 10 targets: Cahoon won; Wiley, Johnson and Antoine second, Blake third, Meile and Skinner fourth.

No. 7, 20 targets: Johnson won; Shoop second, Case, Antoine and Bush third, Allis, Lewis, Skinner and Wiley fourth

No. 8, 15 targets: Johnson and Allis first, Case, Lewis, Pugh, Blake and Bull second, Shoop third.

No. 9, 10 targets: Skinner won; Bull and Bush second, Case, Allis, Pugh and Johnson third, Shoop and Evans fourth.

No. 10, 15 targets: Johnson and Bush first, Pugh second, Shoop and Case third, Bull, Lewis, Skinner and Allis fourth.

No. 11, 10 targets:—Allis and Skinner first, Antoine and Johnson second, Abe Pugh, Art. Pugh, Bush, and Case third, and Evans fourth.

No. 12, Same:—Johnson won, Skinner, Blake, and Antoine second, Case and Art. Pugh third, and Abe Pugh fourth.

No. 13, Same:—Case and Johnson first, Allis, Antoine, Art. Pugh and Sharp second, Parker third, Skinner and Blake fourth.

No. 14, Same:—Parker won, Case, Pugh, Shoop and Smiding second, Evans third, and Allis fourth.

No. 15, 5 pairs:—Johnson won, Case second, Antoine third.

No. 16, 10 targets:—Case won, Johnson second, Art. Pugh third.

No. 17.—Same:—Art. Pugh won, Case second.

ELSEWHERE.

The Lake Geneva shoot of last week is reported very successful. There are numbers of small tournaments going on all around in the country. These small shoots are worth far more to the sport of trap-shooting than the great tournaments.

DECATUR SHOOT.

Chan. Powers, of Decatur, Ill., writes in regard to the coming tournament of the Independent Gun Club, of that city, Aug. 21 and 22, that inquiries for programmes are coming in so fast that the shoot seems to be sure of success. The programme is unique and snappy. It says that targets will be shot at 1⅛ cents, that balloons are going to be scarce. No black powder loads will be allowed; nobody will lose a shot; nobody will be barred or handicapped. The events are varied, but practical. E. HOUGH.

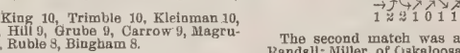
909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Trap in Iowa.

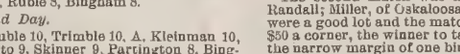
DES MOINES, Ia., Aug. 9.—Inclosed please find scores of two matches shot to-day on Des Moines Gun Club grounds of this city.

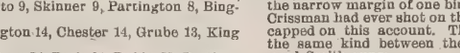
The first match was between Mr. Christianson, of Randall, and Mr. Peterson, of Coon Rapids, Ia., 50 live birds each, for $50 a side. The first 15 birds were wet and did not fly well, but the rest were a fair lot, and but few had to be flushed. There was quite a strong wind to help the birds along, and some fine shooting was done by both contestants. Mr. Christianson used an L. C. Smith and Mr. Peterson a Parker gun. Mr. Christianson scored 45 to Mr. Peterson's 42, and won. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

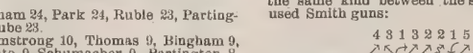


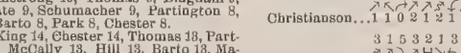
Christianson....2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 1 2 1 2 2—22



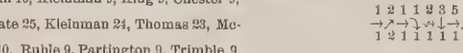


Peterson.....2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 0 0 1 2 1 0 1—21

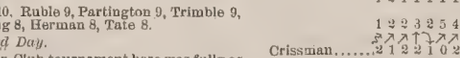


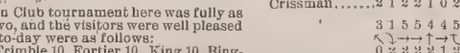


The second match was at 50 birds each between Christianson, of Randall; Miller, of Oskaloosa, and Crissman, of Ottumwa. The birds were a good lot and the match was close and exciting. The purse was $50 a corner, the winner to take the pot of $150. Christianson won by the narrow margin of one bird over Miller. This was the first match Crissman had ever shot on the grounds, and he was somewhat handicapped on this account. There is some talk of another match of the same kind between the same gentlemen. All three contestants used Smith guns:

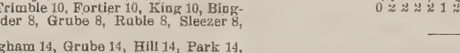


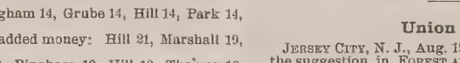
Christianson...1 1 0 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 1 0 1 1—21



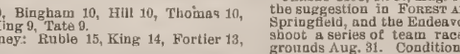


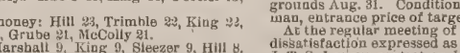
Miller.....2 1 1 1 0 0 1 0 2 1 2 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 0—19





Crissman.....2 1 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 0 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 1—20





C. W. BUDD.

Union and Endeavor.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Following the suggestion in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 10, the Union G. C., of Springfield, and the Endeavor G. C., of Jersey City, have arranged to shoot a series of team races. The first to be decided on Union's grounds Aug. 31. Conditions: Seven to ten man teams, 25 targets per man, entrance price of targets at 2 cents each.

At the regular meeting of Endeavor G. C. on Aug. 9, in view of the dissatisfaction expressed as to the way targets were thrown at the N. J. T. S. League contest on June 29, it was decided to have a new set of traps in position for our fifth annual Labor Day tournament, Sept. 2, and to have the targets thrown to comply with American Association rules. Everything possible will be done to give entire satisfaction to visiting sportsmen, and no unfair dealing will be practiced or tolerated. J. A. CREVELING, Sec'y Endeavor G. C.

Sheridan Rod and Gun Club.

SHERIDAN, Wyo.—We have just organized a rod and gun club here. It will be known as the Sheridan Rod and Gun Club. Officers as follows: President, Mr. Newell; Vice-President, Geo. Estelle; Secretary and Treasurer, Mark R. Perkins. MARK R. PERKINS.

The Binghamton Tournament.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Aug. 8.—The two-days' tournament, which was brought to a close this evening, was a very pleasant affair, all those who took part in it being pleased with the sport afforded for their amusement by the management. The weather on the first day was threatening in the morning, but cleared up later, and a brisk wind kept the atmosphere cool. To-day it was clear and pleasant, with quite a high wind blowing.

Among those present, outside the members of the home club, were: Neaf Apgar, of Evona, N. J.; Gus E. Greiff, of New York, representing Von Lengerke & Detmold and Schultze Powder; P. Adams, New York; A. G. Courtney, D. Lefever and George Mann, of Syracuse, N. Y., the two former, of course, looking after the interests of the Lefever Arms Co.; Sim Glover, Rochester, N. Y.; E. D. Fulford and his brother John, from Utica; A. W. Adams, Chicago, Ills.; Knight, Cortland, N. Y., and Paddleford and Brainard, Sherburne, N. Y.

The scores show that Neaf Apgar had his shooting clothes on and was pointing his gun about right. During the two days of the shoot he fired at 405 targets, known traps, unknown angles, and broke 383, scoring a percentage of 94.3. In the programme events on the first day he broke 95.6 per cent.; in all the events on that day he scored 95 per cent., breaking 228 out of 240—a gait rapid enough for anybody. It may be of interest to note that on that day he went straight 9 times in 18 events, and missed but one target in six other events. Glover and Kendall were second in the averages on the first day in the programme events, each breaking 93.7 per cent. That Glover was in hard luck is evidenced by the fact that in eight of the twelve programme events he missed going straight by a single target. On that day he shot a Winchester repeating shotgun, shooting his old gun on the second day. Mr. Kendall's average is one that any expert might be proud of. E. D. Fulford was close up with 93.1 per cent., breaking 79 out of his last 80 in the programme events on the first day. His two days' total of 342 out of 380 gives him just a 90 per cent. average, beating Glover by 1.3 per cent. for second average. H. W. Brown, a Binghamton man, had fourth best general average, 87.3, shooting consistently well all through the tournament. Greiff also shot a good race, breaking in all 269 out of 310, a percentage of 86.7.

The tables given below will tell the story of the shoot, all the events being at known traps, unknown angles:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12			Per
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	20	10	15	10	20	10	15	Shot at.	Broke.	cent.
Apgar	9	15	10	14	10	18	10	14	9	19	10	15	160	153	95.6
Glover	9	14	10	15	9	20	9	13	9	19	9	14	160	150	93.7
Kendall	9	13	10	14	10	19	9	14	10	18	9	15	160	150	93.7
E D Fulford	8	13	9	14	9	17	10	15	10	19	10	15	160	149	93.1
Courtney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	8	19	10	14	80	73	91.2
Brown	9	12	10	14	10	20	10	13	8	18	8	9	160	141	88.1
Greiff	..	..	9	13	9	18	9	12	8	18	10	12	125	118	87.4
Hobbie	9	15	9	13	10	19	8	12	8	16	7	12	160	138	86.2
Stone	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	7	..	20	17	85
Lefever	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	9	15	7	14	80	66	82.5
A W Adams	7	14	9	11	7	17	9	12	8	16	8	13	160	131	81.8
Waldron	8	13	7	12	9	..	9	10	7	..	9	14	120	98	81.6
Snell	10	10	9	9	8	16	9	14	7	..	7	12	140	111	79.2
P Adams	8	14	8	13	7	13	8	15	5	14	8	13	160	126	78.7
Boss	8	11	8	..	9	..	7	11	8	..	8	12	105	82	78.1
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	12	9	70	53	75.5
Mann	6	11	..	12	..	..	7	12	8	..	..	..	75	56	74.6
Knight	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	10	7	70
Wheeler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	12	25	17	68
McHenry	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	15	10	66.7
Paddleford	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	5	..	7	9	60	37	61.6
Gaige	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	5	..	..	..	20	12	60
J Gaige	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	10	5	50
Brainard	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	5	..	..	8	35	14	40

First Day's Extras.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Apgar	80	75	93.7	Greiff	10	8	80
Brown	80	71	88.7	Courtney	80	63	78.7
Carr	70	60	85.7	P Adams	60	47	78.3
Fulford	80	68	85	Hobbie	80	61	76.2
Boss	45	38	84.4	Glover	80	59	73.7
A W Adams	80	67	83.7	Waldron	45	33	73.3
Kendall	80	67	83.7	Stone	30	22	73.3
Lefever	80	67	83.7	Brainard	20	14	70
Miller	45	37	82.2	Wheeler	30	20	66.6
Snell	50	40	80	Gaige	25	10	40

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12			Per
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	25	10	15	10	20	10	15	Shot at.	Broke.	cent.
Apgar	9	15	9	15	9	23	10	14	9	18	9	14	165	154	93.3
Glover	8	14	9	13	9	24	8	15	10	19	8	..	150	137	91.3
E D Fulford	10	15	8	13	9	24	10	11	9	16	..	..	140	125	89.2
Greiff	10	14	8	14	9	22	8	14	6	18	9	11	165	143	86.6
A W Adams	10	13	9	13	8	21	8	14	10	15	8	..	150	129	86
J Fulford	..	..	..	..	14	10	21	9	10	9	17	9	..	115	99	86
Brown	10	13	9	14	8	20	..	..	6	17	9	14	140	120	85.7
Snell	9	10	9	13	..	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	75	61	81.3
Courtney	10	12	9	15	9	16	10	13	9	12	..	..	120	96	80
Lefever	7	12	9	13	6	..	10	13	6	..	..	..	95	76	80
Miller	10	..	8	12	8	..	8	11	7	..	..	..	80	64	80
McHenry	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	..	..	..	..	25	20	80
Hobbie	7	13	10	12	9	15	9	12	8	18	7	10	165	130	78.7
Kendall	9	11	6	15	6	20	5	6	9	20	9	14	165	130	78.7
P Adams	9	14	6	12	7	..	8	12	6	..	6	..	105	80	76.1
Stone	..	..	9	..	8	..	6	9	9	..	8	..	65	49	75.3
Waldron	7	12	7	12	8	..	5	11	8	17	7	10	140	104	74.2
Carr	..	..	10	8	6	8	19	7	14	5	19	7	10	155	113	72.9
Boss	..	..	8	10	7	13	7	..	6	7	6	..	..	95	64	67.3
Wheeler	..	..	6	11	8	8	7	..	7	9	3	..	..	95	59	62.1

The following are the ten best averages made by shooters who took part in both days' programme events, and also in the extras on the first days, the scores as given in the tables being all that reached us:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Apgar	405	383	94.3	Kendall	405	347	85.6
E D Fulford	380	342	90	A W Adams	390	327	83.8
Glover	390	346	88.7	Courtney	280	232	82.8
Brown	380	332	87.3	Hobbie	405	329	80.1
Greiff	310	269	86.7	Lefever	255	209	80.1

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Hunting Moccasins.

PHILADELPHIA, July 25.—*Mr. M. A. Smith:* Dear Sir—I have received the New Ideal Hunting Shoe ordered of you last week, and to say that I am more than pleased with them is expressing it mildly. *They are simply perfect.* You will remember that these are the second pair I have had. The first pair I subjected to the hardest kind of tests, and must say that I derived more comfort and wear from them than any shoes I ever had. They never tired or hurt the feet in any way, but felt like an old slipper, so comfortable were they. I am confident the new ones will prove even more serviceable than the first pair. The sportsmen throughout the country should be very grateful to you indeed, as I am sure they are who are lucky enough to have had a pair. I found them not only easy, as I have stated, but—*absolutely waterproof,* and I have given them severe tests. Very truly yours,

J. R. PAINTER.

"Our Native Birds of Song and Beauty."

WE have received from the publisher, Geo. Brumder, of Milwaukee, Wis., Part XII. of "Our Native Birds of Song and Beauty." We have already expressed our appreciation of the high character of Mr. Nehrling's work as a popular account of North American birds; and this number, devoted to the sparrows, amply sustains the promise of those which have preceded it.

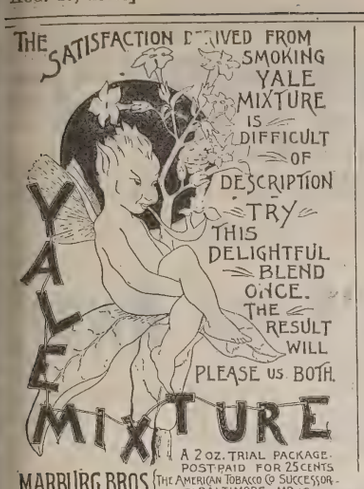
"Hunting and Fishing along the Northwestern Line"

is the title of a booklet recently issued by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. It is profusely illustrated, and gives information in detail concerning the best hunting and fishing grounds in the West and Northwest. Copies will be mailed free to any address upon application to W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & Northwestern Railway, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

A Boston Estimate.

BOSTON, July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through my loaning several copies of FOREST AND STREAM to my friends they became so interested in its contents that now they are regular readers of your valuable paper, and when out fishing we generally discuss the different subjects contained in its columns.

I can see a whole "stack" of FOREST AND STREAMS before me which I would not part with for treble their cost, and I look forward to each succeeding issue. I consider it the most interesting and instructive paper published of its kind. BOSTONIAN.



It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where we get back a good deal more than cost of catalogue and postage.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,

18 Vesey Street, New York City

MARSTERS HAS WORMS.

Sand Worms, 12c. per dozen. White or Blood Worms, 25c. per dozen.

I am with you again with lower prices for Fishing Tackle. I find by experience that putting down the prices and increasing the quality, increases my business every year.

One lot of Split Bamboo Fly and Bass Rods will be sold at 98c. until all are sold. These Rods are all nickel mounted, solid reel seats, beaded butts, silk wound. Extra tip. Complete in wood form and cloth bag, and will give satisfaction. Lengths and weights of Fly Rods are: 9ft., 6oz.; 9½ft., 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz.; 10½ft., 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. **Reel seats below hand.** Lengths and weights of Bass Rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz.; 10½ft., 14oz.; **reel seats above hand.** Any of the above rods sent by mail on receipt of price and 30c. extra for postage.

No. H.—A special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, multiplying reel, with balance handle and side spring click, 40yds., 68c.; 60yds., 78c; 80yds., 88c.; 100yds., 98c. Any of the above reels sent by mail on receipt of price and 10c. extra for postage.

No. E—Special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, click reels, 40yds., 48c.; 60yds., 58c. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 5c. extra for postage.

No. C—Special lot of extra fine nickel plated, raised pillar, multiplying reels with click and drag, and screw off oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 68c; 80yds., 78c; 100yds., 88c.; 150yds., 98c.

Single gut leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c. per doz.; 3yds, 60c. per doz. Double gut leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. per doz. Hand twisted treble gut leaders, 3ft. long, 10c. each, 90c. per doz.

A special lot of Trout Flies at 16c. per doz. Sent by mail, 1c. per doz. extra for postage.

A special lot of Bass and Pickerel Spoons at 5c. each. Sent by mail, 1c. extra for postage.

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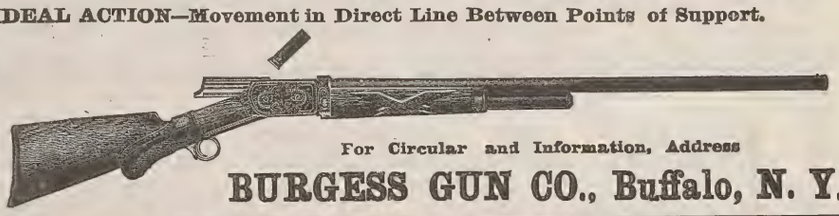
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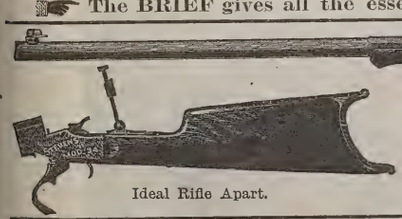
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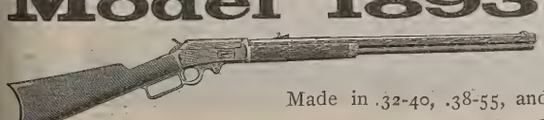
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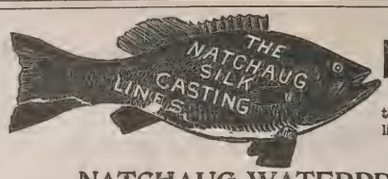
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SNAP SHOTS.

IN a recent issue we exploded the story that millions of wild duck eggs are collected by Indians in Alaska and other northern regions for importation into this country for the manufacture of albumen. The Seattle *Argus*, commenting on our exposure of the canard (which is French for "duck" and English for "duck-egg fake") remarks that it is very much to the discredit of the FOREST AND STREAM that "it should take this action without proper investigation." The fact is quite the opposite. We were the first and up to date the only ones to investigate the truth of the story, and we found out and declared that there was nothing in it.

The *Argus*, whose remarks we give elsewhere, says that it "can produce affidavits to the effect that this traffic does exist to an enormous extent." We have written to the *Argus* to send us the affidavits and we too will print them. We will print any and every stitch of evidence that anybody at any time anywhere may have to offer to controvert our statement that the duck-egg story is an empty and silly yarn.

We may add that it appears to us to be incumbent upon the officials of the National Association for the Protection of Game, Birds and Fish, who have made a calamity cry of the Alaska duck-egg destruction, to explain their part in the view-with-alarm outcry. If they fool the people once, how shall the people know that they are not fooling them when they start another game protection "issue"? The youth who cried "wolf" when there was no wolf, was not believed when there actually was one. There is so much to be done for the cause of game and fish preservation in America that it is a tremendous pity to waste breath and fool the public on imaginary issues. As for the *Argus*, it perhaps is promoting a $5,000 good thing for some patriot who wants a trip to Alaska at Uncle Sam's expense.

The report on "Birds as Protectors of Orchards," contributed by Mr. E. H. Forbush to the Bulletin of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, is of so great importance that we direct special attention to it. The value of the services insectivorous birds render to agriculture is generally accepted as an abstract principle; here are concrete facts, which present and illustrate and emphasize the principle in an extraordinarily convincing manner. This report of ornithologist Forbush ought to be circulated by the million copies all over this blessed land. It would go far toward correcting the ignorance, stupidity, stubbornness and heathenism that now wage war on the birds.

The angle-worm has prompted a vast amount of writing, chiefly of the things that happened before and after the bait was put on the hook. Weightier, if less important, contributions to literature have been devoted to this humble creature. Darwin devoted years to the study of earth-worms as soil makers; and now comes a monograph by a British naturalist on the Oligochæta, the order of worms to which the common angle-worm belongs. There are in the order fourteen families, more than 100 genera and over 600 species, so that the earth-worm tribe may well furnish material for scientific research and for bulky volumes. The more than 650 titles quoted in this new work hint of the attention given to earth-worms by students; and if the author had only consulted angling literature he might have quoted as many more not so scientific.

Speaking of angle-worms, the occasion is timely for passing along the suggestion which Mr. George T. Angell, president of the American Humane Education Association, sends out this month "to the editors of about twenty thousand newspapers and magazines," to this effect: He says that "humane persons may kill fish worms instantly by plunging them in a dish of boiling water, and so giving the fish cooked worms instead of raw." That strikes us as a happy thought and a helpful hint for the twenty thousand editors if they are all worm-fishermen. If the trout positively won't take the worm raw, give it to him cooked—anything to get fish when the camp is hungry.

A writer in a humane journal carps at "a good Philadelphia mother," who had sent her son into the Adirondacks with one of the best guides of the woods "that he might shoot a deer, because she trusted 'that Divine Providence would protect him.'" The humane writer is horrified at the thought that a mother should trust in Providence for the care of a deer-hunting son; he manifestly does not recognize as belonging to the scheme of creation the adaptability of the young man to hunt deer and of the deer to be hunted by the young man; he does not consider that deer hunting can have Divine approval, nor that a mother may rightly invoke the care of Providence in behalf of a hunter. Our own notion is that the young man was blessed in having such a mother, and the mother in having such a son. Deer hunting is a perfectly legitimate pursuit for young men whose loving mothers are wont to commit them to the care of Providence. If the exercise of maternal solicitude and faith were never required in behalf of sons engaged in less innocent employments than hunting deer, the world would be nearer the millenium than it is to-day or will be for ages to come. All this is said of course without authority, and subject to correction by any one who knows all about Providence and is cock-sure that despite a mother's trust Divine Providence will let a young deer hunter go to smash because he is engaged in something awfully wicked.

Majestic Liberty held aloft her torch in the harbor of New York last Sunday night to light to snug anchorage within its rays Valkyrie III., come across the seas to try conclusions with her cousin of American birth. The voyage was uneventful, and the boat reached port in good condition. No one can foretell the result of the races to be sailed next month; but one thing is certain, the winner, whichever one it shall be, will have defeated a good boat.

Just as we go to press comes a dispatch from our Chicago staff correspondent announcing that the Kewanee cold storage game case has been ended with a conviction of H. Clay Merritt, who was fined $805. This is not a large sum when compared with the rumored fines running from $23,000 to $630,000, but it really is a good round figure to pay for having frozen game stored away, and a penalty amply sufficient to vindicate the law and to teach a lesson.

The most suggestive feature of this Kewanee cold storage case is the amount of frozen game shown to be in stock. The birds piled in the vaults were the over-supply from the last open season. A cold storage establishment full of game means that more game was slaughtered in the season for killing than could be used in that time for food. In other words, the market-shooters are not restricted to supplying the demands of the hour; they kill multitudes of birds in excess. What is true of this one storage establishment is true of scores of others. There are to-day tons and tons of dead game packed away awaiting consumption. This is where our game is going to; and such facts as these furnish the abundant occasion for the FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank—the sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons.

The summer meeting of the American Forestry Association will convene Sept. 3, at Springfield, Mass., at the time of the forty-fourth meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Recent forestry legislation, water supply, protection of road-side trees, co-operative forestry, sea-coast and river-bank planting, municipal parks, etc., will probably form the chief topics, as well as the national forestry interests. The Association has now over 700 members, distributed through the United States and Canada.

It has been pointed out by us more than once that whatever of game protective provisions and agencies we have in this country, all are due to the activity of sportsmen. They are the prompters and promoters of the laws; they originate and put into operation systems of executing and enforcing the statutes; they provide the ways and the means. For a new instance illustrating these facts note the action of the St. Louis Kennel Club, reported in our game columns, which has come forward to the financial support of the State game warden. The last Legislature having neglected to make an appropriation for the purpose, these St. Louis citizens stand ready to supply the sinews of war. They do this not for their own particular, personal, selfish benefit, but to promote a cause which is of direct and immediate advantage to the commonwealth. That in brief is the story of game and fish protection during one stage of its development in every State in the Union.

If a genuine bull-fight, Spanish, Portuguese or Mexican, were to be given within convenient reach of any of our large cities, the only problem the promoters would find a perplexing one would be to provide standing room for the 10,000 spectators who would rush to see it, and who would pay such prices for the privilege as to insure the fortunes of everybody connected with the enterprise. There is not a shadow of question that bull-fighting would be a popular "sport" with large classes of the community, and there is not a whit more doubt that public sentiment would never tolerate it. We note that the Colorado Humane Society, through Secretary Thomson, has appealed to Gov. McIntyre to issue a proclamation forbidding the proposed Mexican bull-fight at Gillet, in the Cripple Creek district, on Saturday, Sept. 24.

If bull-fighting cannot go on unmolested in the wilds of Colorado, it certainly cannot be promoted in the East. The announcement of the managers of the Atlanta Exposition that they proposed to have among their attractions an outfit of bulls and bull-fighters from Mexico and genuine combats, has provoked such a storm of protest and opposition, that now the Exposition authorities have given out that their show will be only a sham. Whether the people who would pay to see a real fight will pay to see a sham remains to be determined. The interesting fact is that public sentiment on bull fights is to-day where it was fifteen years ago when it squelched a similar project in this city. The opposition was then led by Henry Bergh; to-day no Bergh is needed to lead it.

It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to tell what a legislature is driving at sometimes when it sets about revising the game laws. In this State, for example, the law now protects meadow hens on Long Island between Aug. 16 and Jan. 1; and permits them to be killed from Jan. 1 to Aug. 16. Most people who know anything about meadow hens assume that the intent of the law-makers was to provide seasons just the opposite of those named. That perhaps is a charitable view to take of it.

There is another muddle in Minnesota, where, by an error of designating the sections of the game law, it appears that the hunting of birds with dogs is forbidden. The Attorney-General has just given an opinion that the prohibition of using dogs must be deemed to apply to deer. As given in the *Game Laws in Brief*, the enumeration of the sections is such that the provision as to dogs does apply to big game. We assume that if taken into court the Attorney-General's view would be sustained, and that the perspicacity of the *Brief's* revisory methods would be vindicated.

In Wisconsin too the Attorney General has been called on to give his opinion on a mooted point. The law forbids killing mallard, teal or wood-duck between Dec. 1 and Aug. 20 following; but in another section forbids killing "any wild duck of any variety" between May 1 and Sept. 1. The Attorney General and the State Game Warden have united in interpreting the conflicting provisions as opening the season for mallard, wood-duck and teal on Aug. 20.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MY FRIEND, THE DOCTOR.

I THINK that my dear old friend Dr. K. was one of the most thoroughly companionable men I ever met, but paradoxical as it may seem, he possessed a very irritable disposition, and at times was given to fierce outbursts of anger. There was nothing, however, in the slightest degree malicious about them, for they were merely fiery offshoots of an impetuous and as I knew keenly sympathetic and very kind heart. Indeed, there was something quite engaging to me in these temperamental squalls, and I confess to having frequently slyly plotted to lure the Doctor to a rise.

On the other hand, even under conditions calculated to try men's dispositions to the utmost, he was one of the most patient men I ever saw, meeting irritating disappointments and annoyances with a placid, unruffled good nature that was at times my astonishment and admiration. These occasions were for the greater part incidental to days afield with dog and gun or rod, for the Doctor was quite as ardent an angler as hunter. Indeed, I think that he was quite the most enthusiastic sportsman that I ever saw, but, strange as it may seem at first thought, the size of his bag seemed to have but little weight in determining the amount of pleasure he extracted from those "days of living," as he called them, as distinguished from those other days in the town, when people merely "existed," he said.

I do not mean, however, to have it understood that he was indifferent in any way to the element of sport on these occasions, for I have many times seen his eye kindle and face flush as he described some particularly difficult kill or some unusually fine fish brought to creel after a long and stubborn fight; but he was a great lover of nature, and the enjoyment he derived at times from the pictures she spread before him transcended any of the other pleasures of the day.

Thus, I have seen him on many occasions, when fishing a stream whose every pool and riffle held prizes that would tempt most anglers to ceaseless efforts, drop down and in the enjoyment of some most inviting prospect forget all about the idle rod lying by his side.

Again, too, in those rare autumn days whose hazy, golden hours seem to the eager sportsman, alas, so very, very short, I have known him to sit for hours, seemingly, on some old log or grassy bank, gazing with deep, placid joy on some particularly striking bit of scenery, utterly unmindful of the cheery piping of Bob White and a numerous family near by, and the eager whines and pleading actions of his restive dog.

I have often reproached him at these times, asking why he would thus sit idly by and throw away precious time, but he would reply with a deep-seated smile of contentment upon his face, that he thanked heaven he was not such an utterly unappreciative dullard as I, that I should have remained in the hum-drum town and not desecrated with my presence surroundings the rare beauties of which I utterly failed to understand; that hunting was a mere incident of such a day, a pleasing way to beguile the intervals between such golden moments as he had been enjoying.

He was, too, continually doing and saying the most whimsical and amusing things when actively engaged in sport. Thus, one day when snipe-shooting together, we became slightly separated, I following up a boggy bit of ground leading slightly to the right of the main marsh we were on. I failed to start a bird, but as I heard the Doctor's gun at regular intervals I concluded that he was having very fair sport. In a short time I swung back on to the main marsh, and after proceeding some little distance jumped a snipe, which I killed. The Doctor was approaching me at the time, and when he came up to me he said in a very lugubrious and somewhat injured tone of voice: "Well, I hope you feel better now; you've gone and spoiled my day's sport for me."

"What do you mean?" I asked, naturally somewhat surprised at his words.

"Simply that I had a day's sport marked out with that snipe," he replied, "and you come up with your brutal, murderous gun and ruin all my plans."

"Have you been shooting at the same bird all the time?" I asked, a glimmer of the Doctor's meaning beginning to come to my mind.

"Certainly," he replied, with a rather resentful and injured air, "and I should probably have been pleasantly engaged in the same occupation four hours hence if it had not been for your murderous stupidity. Indeed, I may say that the snipe and I had arrived at a perfect understanding regarding the matter. Naturally the bird seemed a little nervous at first, doubtless mistrusting my intentions, but he soon came to understand that he had practically nothing to fear, and thereafter conducted himself in a manner which seemed clearly to indicate that he really enjoyed the situation. As for me, I had all the excitement of a good shot at easy range, with the pleasant assurance that the event would be repeated indefinitely at frequent intervals."

It was all said in the most sober manner possible, and with a certain injured air, as though he really felt that he had a grievance against me.

How well, too, do I remember another occasion in northern Michigan when, resting a moment alongside a trout stream, I was the witness to a very amusing incident which befell the Doctor, and which drew from him a monologue which tested my powers of self-control to the utmost, for I was fearful that a betrayal of my presence would check the flow of words, which, under the circumstances, seemed more exquisitely funny than anything I ever listened to.

He had reached a particularly inviting pool, whose dark, shady depths instantly suggested the abiding place of royalty. Owing to trees and bushes, however, it was only possible to reach it from one place, and that was on the steep, sloping sides of a large rock just on the edge of the stream. Its surface was so smooth, however, that it offered very little foothold, and to slip meant a certain plunge into the cold pool just below it. The Doctor evidently appreciated this, for he surveyed the situation for some little time, evidently loath to trust himself where disaster seemed so imminent. The pool, however, looked so tempting—doubly so because it was so difficult to get at—that the Doctor at last cast aside his fears and slowly clambered on to the rock for a cast.

Scarcely had his lure touched the water before there was a sudden flash of colors from the dark depths and then a beautiful trout cleaved the waters in his fierce upward rush. The Doctor fastened him, but in the excitement of the moment forgot all about his precarious footing, and just as he struck the trout his feet shot out from under him and he plunged into the pool underneath. As he shot down he involuntarily threw up his hands, with the result that his line was fastened in a tree above, while from its branches there dangled and flopped about a trout which I should think would weigh nearly, if not quite, a pound. The water did not reach much above the Doctor's waist, and I shall never forget the look of mingled surprise, anxiety and disgust upon his face as he contemplated his own position and that of the trout. The fish, however, didn't propose to be hung up in any such style as that, and after a moment's fierce struggle dropped back into the stream.

Then it was that the Doctor's disgust became uncontrollable, and after a moment's contemplation of his snarled line and the treacherous stone which had so cruelly undone him, he broke forth as follows: "Doc K., you're an old ass. You never did know much, but you're getting so that you don't know anything at all. Didn't I tell you not to go out on that stone? that you'd surely fall in? and yet, like an old mutton-head, you went right out there and promptly fell in, of course. But that wasn't enough for you, you old idiot, you must go and lose the biggest trout you ever hooked, and that, too, when you had him so well fastened that he could never have got away if you had only kept him in the water. What in the devil did you want to try to throw him over the tree for? What could you ever have been thinking of? O, well, there's no use talking to you. You don't know enough to go ashore. You're just simply hopeless."

The tone of his voice, the expression of his face, his position there in the water—all lent an effect to this speech such as no words of mine can give adequate conception of. I had been choking with suppressed merriment, and as he concluded I burst forth into roars of laughter.

"O, you're there, are you?" said the Doctor, with a fine scorn in his voice. "I was just thinking that the picture wasn't quite complete without your presence. You sort of round it out and fill out the gaps, which I, with all my ability in this direction, never could hope to. O, laugh, you big calf," he continued, thoroughly exasperated at my continued laughter. "You can't help it, I know; but I thank God that, as much of a fool as I am, I haven't yet arrived at the idiotic laughing stage." Then he made his way to the shore, and proceeded to disentangle his line from the limb upon which it had caught. It was but a minute or so, however, before he had regained his usual good nature, and was laughing and joking over his discomfort in the jolliest manner possible.

How well, too, do I remember an incident which befell us while on a hunting trip in Kansas, wherein a thoroughly characteristic fit of rage on the Doctor's part—justifiable, he always asserted—broke up a day's hunt, and placed me in an exceedingly uncomfortable situation. If there was any one object in creation toward which the Doctor entertained a violent, unconquerable loathing, it was a pot-hunter. Indeed, it was very amusing to hear him fume and inveigh against this individual, who, he hotly declared, was deserving of a long term in the penitentiary. On several occasions he has had violent quarrels with them, denouncing them in very unparliamentary language, and once the dispute waxed so fierce that it looked as though it would end in a shooting affray, the p. h. threatening to fill the Doctor with lead if he made any demonstration against him. In fact, it was only with the greatest difficulty that I succeeded in dragging the Doctor away and, I really believe, in preventing an outbreak of hostilities. I make these observations for the purpose of showing the Doctor's violent prejudice in this matter, inasmuch as it is intimately connected with the incident which I am about to relate.

He had met me in Kansas City in the latter part of November, and we had gone out to a small town on the McPherson branch of the Santa Fé where quail were said to be very plentiful. This we found to be the case, and we had delightful sport, our bag running from thirty to fifty birds to the gun a day. One day we were accompanied by a resident of the place named Benson, whom I had known for two or three years. He claimed to be something of a sportsman and was very anxious, he said, to see our dogs work, concerning which he had heard some great stories from our driver.

We had gone a mile or more from the town, I should think, when suddenly we noticed a fine large covey of birds sitting in the grass by the side of the road. We stopped and were proceeding to put our guns together, when suddenly, to our great surprise, Benson, without saying a word, fired deliberately at the birds as they were huddled together upon the ground.

The Doctor's face was a study. For a moment a look of complete, overwhelming surprise was reflected upon it, and then, as he saw some of the wounded birds flopping about on the ground, and realized what Benson had really done, an exceedingly dark and ominous storm gathered upon his face, and the lightning of fierce indignation flashed from his eyes.

"Did you shoot at those birds on the ground?" he asked, his voice fairly quivering with suppressed rage.

"Yes," replied Benson, but the grin upon his face had faded very perceptibly, for he had begun to realize that his act was very distasteful to us both, and especially to the Doctor.

What a withering look my companion did bend upon him, and then turning to me he said, in a voice almost choking with anger: "You and this man can hunt together, if you want to, but I'm through so long as he is in the party. You can go on and I will go back to town."

"What's the matter?" asked Benson, as though ignorant of what had so aroused the Doctor's anger.

"Matter?" roared the Doctor, Benson's manner and question seeming to sweep away every particle of the restraint which he had evidently tried to place upon himself. "Why, the matter is that I don't consider myself safe with a man who would pot a covey of quail out in the open ground, without any cover within a mile of them. I think a man who would do that would shoot a man in the back for fifteen cents, if he got the chance. I will bid you, gentlemen, good day." And with that he turned about and marched back toward town.

"Come, Doc," I said, making an effort to mollify him, "don't let this spoil our day's sport. I don't think Benson realized what he was doing, and I am sure the thing will not happen again. Come back here and let's go on."

Turning about rather slowly as if to emphasize his words he replied: "You can go on, but I shall never disgrace myself hunting with a man who would deliberately pot a covey of quail in the open." And with that he resumed his way and nothing I could say had the slightest effect upon him.

As I said in the beginning the day's sport was spoiled, and I was placed in a very uncomfortable position with reference to Benson. The latter hardly seemed to know what to make of the Doctor's angry outburst and departure, but consoled himself after a little with the observation that my friend was apparently rather excitable at times, as well as somewhat cranky.

I could continue almost indefinitely relating these anecdotes of the Doctor, but the ones I have told will serve to illustrate the odd characteristics of my friend. As may be readily imagined, he had a number of enemies; for, as is already apparent to the reader, he was at times inclined to speak his mind very freely, but to his friends he was ever the most loyal, loving and ingenuous being that ever lived. God rest his noble soul. SANCHO.

MY FIRST CARIBOU.

IT was the last week of September in the fall of '93 when all arrangements had been completed for our annual hunting trip to Maine woods.

My friends Mel and Somes, with whom I was an invited guest, had decided to try the east branch waters of the Penobscot this year, having hunted on the west branch waters for the past twelve years.

We left Gloucester, Mass., on the 5 P. M. train for Salem, thence to Newburyport, where we made connections with Pullman for Bangor, arriving there at 5 A. M. After a hearty breakfast we took an accommodation train for Mattawamkeag. Arriving there we found Royal Reed waiting for us with one of those famous Bar Harbor buckboards and span. We first went down to the hotel, where we changed our city togs for knockabouts, and if you'll believe it the transformation was so complete that Reed, after looking around, failed to recognize me and asked Somes where the Doctor was, my appearance being not unlike one of the goodly number of loafers who stood near, eager to see any fresh arrivals, or hear any bit of news that might be going on.

It wasn't long before we were well under way on the old stage road between Mattawamkeag and Patten and a jolly crowd we were. It was a delightful day and there was much to delight the eyes of the lover of natural beauty. It was near sundown when we arrived at Patten and put up at the hotel; although somewhat tired and feeling the cravings of the inner man we had enjoyed our twenty-six mile ride immensely.

At 6:30 the next morning our team was at the door and we took the Shin Pond road. The first ten miles the road was in very good condition, but it grew worse and worse. We passed Shin Pond at 10 o'clock, and as the board was not a very strong one and the road was so rough, Mel and I thought we would try walking, and found it so much more comfortable that we didn't get into the vehicle again, but walked the rest of the way, eleven miles, to Sebois Lake farm. We enjoyed it, being constantly on the alert for partridges, and had the extreme good luck of bagging thirteen plump ones without getting out of sight of the road. It being a nice warm day they had come out into the road to wallow and pick up oats that had dropped from the toters' teams. The birds were very tame, and I didn't have much trouble in cutting their heads off with my .38-40 rifle, Mel having the only shotgun in the party. Once we were called back to help get the team out of a difficulty, the brake under the wagon had refused to pass over a high boulder that was in the middle of the road. It took our united efforts to free the vehicle.

At Sebois farm we had a late dinner, and after a consultation decided to put on to First Grand Lake that night. We secured a fresh spirited span and a heavier buckboard, with Joe, a half-breed, as driver. It was a wood wagon. Securely packing everything away in the box under the seat, we held on for dear life, and what jouncing and bumping. In one instance there were two logs missing in one bridge; when the horses came to these holes they would sort of balance a second, then give a leap and clear them, when the forward wheel would drop into the space with the horses on the jump you can well imagine what a bounce we would get. Not stretching it one bit we would clear the seat 6in. and come down, oh, so hard. What's everbody's business is no one's, and if a teamster could possibly get along he would never stop to make repairs. In many instances trees had blown across the road, and rather than cut out the obstruction they would bush out a new path around the blow-down, making a new road for themselves and any that might come after. Thus it was a very tortuous course through the woods.

At this stage of the journey it was so late that the darkness had become intense, and some of the party had grave fears as to our reaching Harvey's camp in safety; but Joe was very reassuring, and succeeded in calming our fears. You can well imagine how welcome was the light from that cabin window when we finally came out into the clearing. We all joined in a rousing war-whoop which brought out the whole family to see who were the disturbers of their universal quiet.

Our guides, Fred. Fowler, Elmer and Dan Hale from Medway, had started four days in advance of the party to pole the canoes forty miles up the river. The water was low and rapids many, necessitating three carries, one a distance of three-fourths of a mile. On reaching the lake they had selected a charming little cove in back on Louse Island, and set about at once to fix up camp. The tents, provisions, etc., had been taken in over the road by a toter from Mattawamkeag. By prearrangement upon reaching Harvey's three shots were fired to inform our guides, who were three miles away across the lake, that we had arrived. Supper was hardly over when they put in an appearance to carry us across. At camp we found everything in apple-pie order. There were two tents for sleeping and one large fly tent in which we dined. The table was made of spruce splits and the seats were very unique in the same rustic style. The beds were of spruce boughs with a canvas covering, and plenty of blankets.

The first day in camp it rained, so Somes and I tried fishing, but our efforts were not crowned with very much success. However, we caught enough for supper. During

the day I sighted a deer and two fawns, but they were too far away for a shot.

Mel and guide started out to learn the location of Fowler's Ponds, of which we had heard glowing accounts. They failed to secure any fish, but did not come home empty-handed, having the honor of being the first ones of the party to bring in a deer. Next morning Mel left in his canoe and went up the Thoroughfare and Hay Brook.

On reaching the first marsh he sighted a caribou. Landing, they crept through the tall grass until they were near enough to get a shot. It proved to be a two-year-old barren cow, and made great eating. That night when the game was brought into camp I began to think that I wasn't in it. I made up my mind to give the fish a rest and try my luck at hunting for a change, and to my great surprise and satisfaction before night I had the extreme pleasure of killing one of the nicest specimens of bull caribou that was ever taken out of the State. As you will see by the accompanying photograph, the antlers were very large and symmetrical. We estimated his age at eleven years, and his weight about 750lbs.

We left camp early that morning for Hay Brook, prepared to stay all day. Fred stowed a bucket of grub, teapot and skillet up in the bow; I had him put in the jack lantern, thinking that if we didn't get any game during the day we would do some jacking at night coming home through the Thoroughfare. We found this an excellent place for such sport. Ducks were very plentiful, and during the day I made a number of fine shots; also noticed lots of deer tracks, some caribou, and three moose tracks, appearing to have been made quite recently. One of the freshest moose tracks measured 7in. from the toe to the dew claw. We hunted all over first and second caribou bogs, and finally came to the first carry, which was about five miles from the mouth of the Thoroughfare. I finally came across fresh signs of a big caribou and immediately started out on his trail. After following it about two hours through swamps and over ridges I sighted the monster perhaps an eighth of a mile distant on the opposite side of an open marsh. He appeared to be making down the stream in the direction we had come; there was a stiff breeze from the northwest, and as we were to the windward of him we thought best to separate and try to head him off, knowing full well that if he once got scent of us it would be useless for us to pursue him further. Now you may not think this was exciting, but those who have been in a similar position with such game in full view will understand my anxiety just at this time. Unfortunately I started in the direction of the river, never once thinking how I was going to get across until I reached it. I gave one hurried glance up and down the stream in hopes to see a log or something on which I could cross; seeing nothing of the kind I waded right in, holding my rifle above my head. It is a wonder I ever got out of that mud alive. If I had not been of more than average height I would have been obliged to swim, as the water in some places was quite up to my neck. I finally reached hard ground and set out on a run, keeping some distance from the river for about a quarter of a mile, then bore in again until I came to the first bog expecting to see him, but he was not there. After waiting a minute I made up my mind that he was ahead of me. Glancing up the river there I saw him. Being of a very accommodating turn of mind he had crossed and was coming down on the same side at a good fast walk, stopping now and then to sniff the air and listen. I crouched down behind some bushes and waited for him; being to leeward of him I really think he would have walked by me within two rods had I not stopped his progress.

Fred, coming up at sound of my shots, started to skin him, while I went back to get the canoe. It began to get quite dark before Fred got him dressed, and had the head, skin and one saddle put in the canoe. Meanwhile, finding some dry driftwood, I built a fire on a little knoll, and made preparations for supper, not having had anything warm to eat since morning. Hanging the teakettle on a crotched stick and warming up some partridge stew and venison in the skillet, we were soon eating a supper that we enjoyed probably as much as any we ever had.

Once more in the canoe, with the moon and stars shining brightly, we glided silently down the stream, and hadn't gone far when rounding a bend I sighted a doe and two large fawns playing on a little sandbar, that made out into the stream. Fred steadied the canoe with his paddle, while I reached for my rifle, but they were having such a playful time that all desire to kill them had left me. They soon spied us and skipped off in the bushes. We then rigged up and lighted the jack, and before reaching the lake again I shot a nice four-year-old buck with good antlers; fired at two more deer, and probably heard twenty or thirty whistling and stamping the ground. Sometimes there would be three or four making noises at the same time, and ofttimes we could see their eyes shining through the bushes.

It was nearly 10 o'clock when we passed Louse Island, and as we were nearing camp I fired three shots to let the cook know we were coming, so he could make some hot tea, as we were quite stiff and chilly from sitting in the canoe so long. When our bow slid on to the gravelly shore Elmer and Dan stood there to greet us, and we were received with a warm welcome, as they had begun to worry a little about our welfare. Somes and Mel having had a hard day's tramp had retired early in the evening and were now sound asleep. The skin was still attached to the head, and Fred, taking hold of one horn and I the other, we carried the whole thing up to the tent; unfastening the flap, we walked right up to the foot of the sleepers; holding a lantern in one hand, so it would shine on to the head, I yelled "caribou!" at the top of my voice, and if you could have seen the wild and surprised look on those fellows as they awoke from their peaceful slumbers to gaze on such a sight. Being too much excited to go to sleep again, they soon dressed and came out to the camp-fire to talk it over. It was near midnight before we had ceased telling about this and previous big hunts. Mel also had a prize to show us in the shape of a 10lb. lake trout which he had caught that morning while trolling. While sitting around the camp-fire we heard the *too hoo* of a big owl far away. Dan immediately demonstrated his ability to draw him nearer by imitating his vocal renderings. Knowing the owl's fondness for the odor of burnt leather, Elmer cut a large piece from the top of his boot and put it into the fire. In about ten minutes the owl was in a tree directly over our heads.



MT. KATAHDIN.



WHAT I BROUGHT HOME.

The next morning I borrowed Mel's shotgun and taking a can started out through the woods to Trout Brook Farm to get some milk, and on the way shot a large porcupine and several partridges. I found a bear's skull in good condition which I prize very highly. On reaching the farm I succeeded in getting some good milk, paying the exorbitant price of twenty-five cents a quart. I had a very interesting conversation with the proprietor concerning game in that region. He told me that in the early summer he had seen (and he pointed out the locality) where a large cow moose and two calves had crossed his hayfield within twenty-five rods of the cabin, and numerous other incidents where large game had been seen quite near.

That night Fred and I had an early supper and started out to call a moose, and naturally selected a spot on Hay Brook near where we had seen the big tracks, realizing at the same time that the chap that made those tracks might be twenty miles away. Upon hearing those distressing sounds from my guide's birchbark horn, it struck me comical and I had a great desire to laugh, but immediately received a sharp criticism. Fred called at regular intervals and after waiting one long hour we received a rousing answer, and cold shivers ran up and down my spinal column. Fred gave me some more instruction, and said he didn't believe we would ever get him, as we were to the windward of him and the stream was so narrow. However, he worked hard and succeeded in bringing him within twenty rods of us. He came up very cautiously, hardly making any noise, but when he smelt us he made as much noise as a span of horses, and how the sticks snapped and cracked as he rushed out of that swamp full of windfalls. He must have been a monster. Knowing it was all up with us for that night we set out for camp.

The other days were without special interest, although we enjoyed every hour and lived on the fat of the land and water.

On the sixth day we broke camp and Mel and Somes started out on their trip down the Allegash waters. My guide and I escorted them to the head of Second Grand Lake to assist in carrying the dunnage; there it was transferred to a jumper or wood-shod sled and hauled in over the tote road to Indian carry, while the two canoes were poled up Webster Brook to the dam. In going through the Thoroughfare that morning Mel's canoe was leading, Somes about ten or fifteen rods behind, while I brought up the rear about fifteen rods astern, having been quite a distance behind. I had been helping paddle, and had just come around a bend in sight of the other canoes, when I sighted a fine doe standing in plain view at the water's edge directly opposite Somes and not 10yds. distant. She appeared to be greatly interested. When I fired you can imagine how surprised those fellows were to look around and see that deer go bounding into the brush, and as she did so I fired again. Somes said he knew by the way she jumped that I didn't hit her and Fred said he didn't think I did and thought it wasn't worth while to land and see, but I was quite confident, although having shot under difficulties, being in rapid water at the time. On putting ashore I jumped out and ran to where the deer had stood and found lots of blood; following the trail through the bushes up over the embankment I found her stretched out with two bullet holes just back of the fore shoulder and not 3in. apart, either one of which would have caused death. While dressing her we found that one bullet had pierced the right ventricle of the heart. I felt highly elated and received many compliments.

The only sorrowful part of the whole outing came when I bade my friends good-by at the head of the lake; but as my time was limited I had to return, putting back to Harvey's camp that night. Fortunately I met some men from Patten that had been exploring for an operation up in that locality, and made a deal with them to take me out. So bright and early next morning we started. Having a good, frisky span and strong running gear, we made Patten before dark, and shot six partridges on the way. I never shall forget that ride over those corduroy roads, rocks and log bridges. Next morning I took the four-horse stage and put up at Sherman for dinner. With fresh spans we put on to Mattawamkeag, arriving there in time to catch the through express for Boston. It was an outing long to be remembered, and best of all, I secured what I had long been wishing for—a fine head to adorn my office.

IRVING H. POMEROY.
GLOUCESTER, Mass.

CAMP FOREST AND STREAM.

Fifth Annual.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 23.—The other day I was in a hurry when I reached home, and threw myself upon a stool in an attitude of careless grace. In my home I have revolving stools instead of chairs, and these stools are arranged in a long row, each swinging easily upon a pivot, for the convenience of a guest who wishes to turn about and throw anything away. This is a great deal better than chairs, which are awkward. Also, an oak counter, bare, is far better than a table covered with a tablecloth. You never can tell what there is under a tablecloth, but if there is anything wrong about the oak board you can see it, and kick. Well, I was in a hurry, and wasn't very hungry, so I told the cook, who was leaning on the oak counter, to cook me some ham and eggs, and be quick about it, and not make the ham too light. "That's about the quickest thing you can cook, I suppose?" said I.

"Yes," said the cook. "Have it ready in two minutes."

"I don't think," said I, in the cook's English.

The cook was a large man with a gray eye, and he looked at me calmly for a moment, without taking his elbows off the counter, or I should say table.

"I'll bet you the price of your supper I can build the fire and cook ham and eggs and have 'em here on the table before you in two minutes," said he.

Of course, I know that it isn't usual for a gentleman to argue or speculate that way with his cook, but there was something irritating in the cook's tone of superiority, and besides I thought I had a moral cinch on some free ham and eggs. So I said, "I'll have to go you. Turn her loose."

So the cook turned her loose then. And he won his bet with plenty of time to spare. "You seem to forget, young man," said he, "that this here is Chicago."

Well, I wouldn't have believed that if I hadn't seen it done, and done fair and square. We cooked ham and eggs, or rather bacon and eggs, pretty fast up in camp, but at best I should think it took J. B. H., who is an expert, at least ten minutes, perhaps twelve minutes, or fifteen minutes. We never timed it, the other fellow being usually busy getting water, or setting out the plates and cups, or measuring coffee, or doing something of the kind. Therefore, so far as I know, the relative superiority in speed at cooking ham, or bacon, and eggs must be said to remain with Chicago as against Camp FOREST AND STREAM, much as I dislike to admit the latter beaten in any way. Indeed, I do not admit it beaten. For do not the bacon and eggs of Camp FOREST AND STREAM in excellence and sweetness surpass all comparison with similar product of other spots, even the pleasant village of Chicago? Speed is well, my brethren, and gasoline is well, but never shall man expect of speed and gasoline alone such results as come from a skillet whose handle you have to wrap in a bit of bacon sacking, to prevent burning at the crackling wood fire on the ground. There lies Araby. There is Cyprian luxury. Epicurus sits in shadow by yon tree and rubs his hands while cookery such as this progresses.

But the skillet must be of aluminum. Hitherto, and for the four years preceding, Camp FOREST AND STREAM had been furnished only with sheet iron skillets—two of them, one nesting in the other. This year, when I took in the new aluminum frying pan, the conservatism of three-quarters of a century looked down upon it from J. B. H.'s mild blue eye. It might do, but it was new, and we had tried the iron ones. (We have two sets of granite-ware plates, one blue and the other gray, and J. B. H. won't eat off the gray ones, because we got the blue ones first.) But I begged him to let me try this thing, until with much demur he consented. So upon its shiny, silvery interior I placed some thin slices of the best bacon to be bought, and the bacon slid and skated all around, but kept on sizzling and getting brown. And then, when I cracked the eggs one by one on the edge of the frying pan, and dropped them hissing into the red hot *extraite de bacon*, and when the eggs—but, dear me! how I am running ahead of this story.

To begin with, J. B. H. and I went again to Mukwonago. It was five years ago that we first went there and discovered Phantom Lake. After that came cottagers, hotels and all that sort of thing. This year, fearing that our late camping spot on Phantom might be a trifle sheenesque, owing to aforesaid prevalence of summer facilities, we decided upon a change. Early in the spring I made a voyage of exploration in Wisconsin along the Wisconsin Central Railroad, over Waukesha and Walworth counties, and concluded that there was no country lying out of doors better for a camping trip, and that it would not do to change and leave that region. Moreover, I discovered a new lake, about six miles or so from Phantom, and though I am willing to admit the lake was there before this year, I protest that a better lake could not have been made to special order. Deep, blue, clear, surrounded by high oak-covered hills, and not a soul nor a sign of a cottage on it—except one little house where once some campers used to stay. No more beautiful lake ever lay out of doors. It was as pretty as Phantom and indeed strikingly like it in configuration, but it had this advantage, that it was absolutely quiet and untroubled. Lastly, was there not a grand spring of pure water, running from under the foot of the very bluff where I knew we would want to camp? And did ever there lie out of doors a more seemly spot than this tiny ridge at the top of the bluff, under the big oaks, where there was just room enough on the level for a tent or two? I was sure that J. B. H. would mark that very spot for the building of the city. So I wrote and told him what I had found—a whole lake all for ourselves, a lake front without a sod broken on it, enough bulrushes for a few bass at least, I was sure, and plenty of wood and water such as one might dream about, but rarely see. I told J. B. H. that I had traveled the whole North country over, and had found nothing like this region of the spring lakes. And would he please change from Phantom, it being understood that if we didn't like our newly discovered lake we should at once change to our old grounds. To this J. B. H. gave hesitating consent, loath to leave the scene of our former camps, but still willing to find privacy and bass in combination. Therefore, in fear and trembling for the result, I this year led the way to a new site for our camp. Not being able to leave Mukwonago for a better place, because there isn't any better, we once more went to Mukwonago, and thence drove eight miles through paradise, J. B. H., uncertain as to the wisdom of our departure, and at that time skeptical as to the merits of an aluminum frying-pan, maintaining a discreet silence on certain topics, but hoping it would all come out well.

At Mukwonago we got a team from neighbor Dillenbeck, and said good evening to neighbor Andrews, and got a jug of kerosene and a basket of eggs—I hope now some folk who have been critical will begin to see the connection between this story and its beginning—and set out across the countryside, taking that road which runs straight to the great fashionable place, Beulah Lake, which latter we, being much disposed to be unfashionable, sought to avoid. So we crossed the foot of Beulah, where the pretty old waterwheel is that somebody ought to sketch and nobody ever does, and made on out toward the wild and unknown region lying around the town of Troy Center. So far into *terra incognita* we had never gone along this route. Neither of us, nor our driver, knew where neighbor Schwartz—the owner of most of our lake front, to which he had kindly given us access—resided. Our driver had never heard of this new lake, it being so far away in the heart of a strange and wild country. But we fared on, though now the shades of evening were approaching, hoping ever to learn of the farm of neighbor Schwartz. We passed the farm of neighbor Simons, and neighbor Simons was out mending his hay rick. He was doing this when I last saw him last year, so that one is left of the impression that neighbor Simons mended his hay rick all winter and spring. But of him we queried not, going yet several miles, at last asking a stranger where was the farm and the lake of neighbor Schwartz, said lake to be distinguished as Schwartz's Lake, Lulu Lake, Deep Lake, Round Lake, or by several other names bestowed in the generous albeit slightly confusing manner of that land. Then the stranger pointed out the land to which we should further journey; so at length we came to our new neighbor, Mr. J. A. Schwartz, who owned part of this paradise, and he kindly acted as our guide over three-quarters of a mile of rough hills and forest land; so at length we came out upon a glorious high hill, above the lake, and in full view of a sunset prepared for us alone, and one such as one would order if particular in his sunsets. Then the driver went away, and we were alone by our new lake, in the depths of our new woods.

J. B. H. looked long and silently out over the lovely view which lay spread below and before us, and he drew a long calm breath of content which I was glad to hear. "It's prettier than Phantom," said he slowly. Being thus far along, I thought we might pitch camp. And to my pleasure, as receiving the confirmation of an expert, J. B. H. proceeded to mark out with his heel the diagram of our tenting place upon the exact spot I had mentally selected when I was there discovering the lake. Right on the crown of a little open spot beneath the big trees, where we would have shade and shelter and good drainage in case of rain, he established the lines of our habitation. Be sure, this was not by the lake side, but far above it, for we were wise and knew the habits of mosquitoes. We were nearly at the top of the great bluff and 200yds. from our spring by the lake level. The hill was long and steep, but that was no objection and much a benefit, as both he and I had reasoned, each by himself. So there went up the two Protean tents side by side, and so we began the framing of the prettiest of the five FOREST AND STREAM camps, and indeed the prettiest camp I ever saw in the woods.

Time was when we took small luggage on our trip. The first year one small canoe would carry it. Then we became more luxurious. To-night we had two tents—though neither was more than 7ft. square—and several canvas bags, and two stout boxes from a grocer's house. Our tents we put up side by side, one for a home and one for a storehouse. The artful fly of each tent we spread out high in front in the way of a bat-shaped awning. Thus we had many square feet of living and roaming ground beneath canvas after all. From the peak of our house tent we floated a brave flag of silk, the prettiest on earth. And between the two tents, connecting them, we stretched tight and trig a long stream of canvas bearing in *facsimile*, though much enlarged, the moose head and the rest of the sign manual which you see every week at the top of the paper. "FOREST AND STREAM," said the banner; and all I wish is that the parents and all the rest of the FOREST AND STREAM family could have seen how seemly the head of the paper looked, stretched there in full across the space between two oaks. I think the trees winked at it.

But, be it remembered, J. B. H. had as yet given only a partial and imperfect indorsement to this moving of Camp FOREST AND STREAM—the first move it ever had. He had admitted the natural beauty of the spot, but as to the quality of the spring water or excellence of the bass for eating purposes, he was of course still silent. Moreover, he was still unpersuaded as to the merit of an aluminum frying-pan in actual camp life. It was therefore with some misgivings that I proceeded to unpack the boxes from the grocer's house, while J. B. H. put other articles in order in the tents, and then mapped out the exact place where our little hearth was to be raised for a few pleasant days.

In Camp FOREST AND STREAM things are done decently and in order. There is no slovenliness and all things go by system. This system prevails in the packing of our luggage, it being easy to reason that things put in the bags last will come out first, and if properly arranged, in the exact chronological order of their usefulness in getting the camp in order. Thus our tarpaulin, which goes at the bottom of our tent and is the first thing spread upon the ground, is the last thing put into the great carry bag which never really gets full—a non-human characteristic of great excellence. After this comes the floor cover that goes over the hay and makes the smooth, clean carpet. Then come the tents, and last of all the blankets. I regret to say, however, that the grocer man has never learned our system. When I came to open our boxes I found a can-opener first, then some impracticable coach candles the man thought I ought to have, then sardines, which being a makeshift should have small tolerance in any camp; then tinned goods of all sorts, and everything else but what we wanted. Of course what we wanted and what the system should have assured us of finding was, first, matches; second, lantern; third, lantern wicks; fourth, corkscrew to pull the cork out of the kerosene jug (because it always gets stuck); fifth, bacon; sixth, eggs; seventh, butcher knife; eighth, coffee; ninth, sugar. And so on. Because now the sun had sunk behind a long streamer of glory, and the fresh wind of evening had sprung up, and night was coming on—the first night in camp, when one has to finish cooking the first supper after dark, and eat it by lantern, and go to bed with still some things to be fixed up around the home. Such should have been the system pursued by the grocer man, but I am prone to believe he was not a man of good habits, such was the confusion I found in the supply box. The shadows were heavy by the time I had arranged all the proper articles in order by the side of the fire. For by that time J. B. H. had found a little log that suited him, and some flat stones which just fitted under the legs of the little grate we call our stove, and a dry stick of just the proper sort to whittle into kindling shavings. Then there was a hurried trip to the spring with the canvas pail, a rare thing, but a great blessing in camp, and in a moment more there was a ray, a flicker, a tiny blaze, a merry fire. Not till the fire is lighted can camp be called begun. This fire now brought out very beautifully the outlines of our tents, our spreading wings of canvas, our fluttering flag and the sign of the FOREST AND STREAM. It was a cheerful, comfortable sight. I felt very happy, except when I thought of the new frying-pan of untried utility.

J. B. H. drew a very long breath of happiness, and sat him down by the fire to cook the first meal in camp. With unhesitating hand he chose the well-proved iron frying-pans which heretofore had done service in our trips to the woods. "Your new pan may do to fry eggs in," said he, obligingly, "but I would not risk it if we had fish or anything serious." Thus encouraged, I made bold to beg a bit of bacon juice from his pan, augmenting this by some thin slices of bacon in my own new silver-looking utensil. And then the bacon began to skate and slide around in there, as I said, and to grow brown, yet not to stick fast to the pan. And when I cracked the eggs on the side of the silver skillet, as I stated, and dropped them lightly into the red-hot bath awaiting them therein, the eggs never adhered to anything, not even the thin edges of them, near the side of the pan, where eggs in camp so often yearn to linger. These eggs slipped and slid into the aluminum pan, and finding there nothing tangible upon which they could lay a hand, began so swift a race about the interior of the pan that in a few moments they were cooked of their own friction. Then we just divided them into egg-sized sections, flipped each one over to warm it on the other side and then at once took them out—the very nicest fried eggs we ever saw in camp, which is saying a great deal. J. B. H. looked at the interior of the pan. Not a spot marred it. Nothing had stuck to it. It was not blackened in the least. It was still shiny and silvery as at first.

J. B. H. took the handle of the new frying-pan from me. I had no individual option on it from that forth. The iron pans were discarded, and the new one did all the work, even to the frying of the fish. When we broke camp we left the iron frying-pans behind us. Next year we shall have three frying-pans, nesting one within the other, and they will all be new and silvery.

Such bacon and eggs! It was, I doubt not, more than two minutes before we had them done, but we were not in Chicago, and besides, no place in Chicago, let me once more aver, not even my home where the row of stools is, can produce such bacon and eggs as ours in Camp FOREST AND STREAM. Can one wonder that, having proved the beauty of our new lake and the virtue of our new frying-pan, and the excellence of our new spring of water, we should lie down that night under the rustle of the leaves and the soft flutterings of the little silken flag with the conviction that all was to be well; that the promise of the banks of bulrushes which we saw before sunset from our hill was to be fulfilled in bass—in short, that the fifth annual of Camp FOREST AND STREAM was to be none the worse for the change of location, and not below the excellence of former years.

E. HOUGH.

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MORE ABOUT CRACKERS.

ST. FRANCIS, Lake County, Fla., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am not like "A Georgia Cracker," or Mr. Avis. I have only taken your paper eight days, but got the back numbers to June 22, 1895. I became interested in Mr. Avis's article in the "sample copy" sent me. I have been a reader more or less for a year of your paper. Now, why is it every writer about Florida hits or tries to hit the "Cracker?" They think it funny like their snake stories, which I see you touch up in a recent issue. Go for them. They are both threadbare, worn out subjects. How many snakes did Mr. Avis see? One, and that a blacksnake, and his is about the usual experience; there, however, were more around, especially on the floating islands he mentions.

"What is a 'Cracker?'" "Why called 'Crackers?'" was asked by one of our prominent Florida dailies a few years ago. I will give you a synopsis of the five replies. Three say it was a term applied to stock raisers and cattle herders, who reigned supreme, and the "crack" of their long whips could be heard nearly all the time. These applied to Georgia and Florida. Another applies to Georgia, when at the battle of Savannah during the Revolutionary War Gen. Lincoln was heard to remark, "Listen to the 'crackers.' Whenever you hear that 'crack' a British soldier falls." Another, who says he learned it in the original home of the "Cracker," the Georgia side of the valley of the Savannah River, between Augusta and Savannah, reports: "At the time of the Revolutionary War this region was sparsely settled; the people had few conveniences; their corn was pounded in wooden mortars into meal. The British soldiers when they invaded this section in 1777–8 called them corn-crackers, and the name extended to all native born white men." I doubt if Mr. Avis saw a "Cracker." He likely saw so-called ones imported from the North, too lazy to enjoy good health. They are the larger class of so-called "Crackers," and are a disgrace to humanity.

Now, sportsmen, when you return home from our fair State and write your experiences, let up on the "Cracker" and snakes. Tell all the yarns you want about fish. You cannot exaggerate on that subject when referring to Florida.

I am not a "Cracker," but am told I will be in about fifteen months. They say it takes seven years' residence. I have lived on the St. John's River since in Florida, and have met a good many tourists out like Mr. Avis and party, and numbers of them who claimed they were regular newspaper correspondents. They all go provided with a railroad and U. S. Government chart issued in about the year one. They know it all, distances, etc.; go back North

and write up the State. They don't know a good time when they see it. Their outfit is new. They think because fish bite in such a place North they will bite in the same kind of a place here; ducks and quail in same looking places, and so on. Then we have the sportsman who takes advice and has a good time, and comes down next season he is so well pleased. But such is life. It takes all to make a world, and we could not get along without Mr. Avis, "A Georgia Cracker," "The Florida Cracker" or "the snakes." JOHN E. HARRIS.

THIS IS "SINGGAMBLE."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in "In Shintangle Camp, by "Kelpie," a reference to the "Singgamble fire" mentioned in some of my Puget Sound articles, and he wants information as to "what constitutes a singgamble fire."

For his benefit I will tell about the singgamble as I saw it on the Skokomish River in all its primitive simplicity, with the dense forest of cedar and fir for light. It happened in this wise:

I was sent out by a Seattle newspaper, in company with one of the staff, with orders to write up and illustrate all the Indian legends, customs and folklore stories we could pump from them. On this trip I made all the illustrations for the articles and translated enough Chinook to fill a big book, for I could talk this jargon and my partner said it was too dense for him to even to attempt to learn.

We had tramped and camped a good many miles with the stoical Siawash, who, by the way, is as good as the average Injun; and at last found ourselves pretty well up the Skokomish River, and on this particular night had camped beside the trail, intending to move down the river in the morning.

Darkness, thick enough to whittle, had settled down over the densest forest in the world, and, tired out with our tramp, we were sleeping as only outdoor folks can sleep, rolled in our blankets on top of a thick bed of "mountain feathers," when a guttural voice woke me. I lay still and listened. All the conversation was carried on in a mixture of Chinook and genuine Siawash "wawa," and half a dozen voices seemed to be all mixed up over something which I soon made out was a proposed game of chance; in short, the "gamble of the song," or "singgamble," as it is called.

This was an interesting subject, a custom which we might travel many miles before finding again. I woke my partner and bade him listen, then as fast as the Indians talked I translated the conversation and my partner jotted it down in his notebook by guesswork in the darkness.

The Indians decided on a spot on the opposite side of the big log we lay alongside of as a proper place to do their gambling, not knowing we were anywhere in the country. A fire was built of dry wood, and enough more piled near to last through the performance, then the bets were arranged, consisting of two canoes, a watch, two ponies, some articles of clothing, and a couple of dollars in cash. About half of this booty was wagered on either side, and then the game began.

The implements for playing it were two sticks about an inch in diameter and three inches long, cut from a vine maple growing near. One of these sticks was peeled of the bark entirely, the other had only a ring of bark left around the center, and this one was the "lucky number."

One of these sticks is concealed in each hand and then the hands are swung back and forth in front of the body, keeping time to the gambling song, which is chanted by all the players and which gives the game its name of singgamble.

When they had the bets arranged, all the Indians, eight in number, sat or kneeled in two rows, facing together, one took the sticks and the song began. Each man had a short club and pounded on a small log that lay in front of him, a kind of tom-tom accompaniment to the chant.

Beginning in a low tone not without melody, something like negro ditties, the chant developed by easy stages until it was a genuine Indian song, without harmony, time or other element of music, yet wildly weird and noisy as only an Indian chant can be. This was continued until one on the opposing side made a motion indicating the hand he thought held the bark-ringed stick; then the man who swung the sticks must show his hands palms up, with both sticks in view. If the guess was right the one guessing received a small cedar stick, which counted one point in the game. If he guessed wrong he forfeited a point. The game is thirty points, and whichever side gets this number first is winner and takes the whole stake, which they divide among them.

That is what singgamble means, and no one who has missed seeing one can appreciate the wild, weird scene as we saw it that night among the giant firs, lighted by an outdoor fire, which threw its red glare on the swarthy faces and reflected the emotions and excitement of the red men as the play waxed warm and one side or the other made several points in succession.

After the play had been going on for some time I got up and moved into the circle of the light and greeted them with the Chinook salutation, "Kla-how-ya Till-acums," which was returned by a few grunts and looks of mild curiosity. Knowing that "you can't hurry an Indian," I sat down, loaded my pipe, and smoking watched the play in silence for some time. Then I talked with the players, got the hang of the game and concluded the whole scene would make a good sketch for illustrating a future newspaper article. Accordingly I got my paper and pens, and at 2 A. M. I made six or eight sketches of the wild group and their wild surroundings in the heart of the deep fir woods.

Since then I have witnessed the same game several times, have seen an Indian stake all his possessions, his wife included, and—lose. Such is the passion for gambling in the savage breast.

In the gray dawn, when the river mist began to rise and the living things awoke, the savage actors of the gambling scene left their fire to burn out, divided the stakes, and saying "Klook-wah" to us stole away in silence.

We turned in again, and when we got up a couple of hours later the whole thing seemed more like a disordered dream than a weird reality. The sketches still form part of my collection, and a pair of singgamble sticks fill a niche in my cabinet of relics and curios.

You know their history. EL COMANCHO.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Natural History.

BIRDS AS PROTECTORS OF ORCHARDS.

From the Bulletin of Massachusetts Board of Agriculture. By E. H. Forbush, Ornithologist to the Board.

THE present paper is merely a partial record of the results of an attempt to foster and protect birds in an old and neglected orchard with a view to observing the effect of such a policy upon the trees. The orchard is so situated as to be a favorite haunt for birds. It forms part of an estate in Medford, Mass., lying near the southern border of the stretch of wooded rocky hills known as the "Middlesex Fells," a large part of which is now under the control of the Metropolitan Park Commission of Massachusetts, and is being administered as a forest reservation. The nearest estates on the east and west of the orchard are cultivated to some extent. There are other orchards in the immediate vicinity and many large and fine shade trees. There are also on the estate in question many varieties of trees and shrubs. There is a small piece of woodland, covering perhaps an acre and a half, in which yellow pine predominates, the other trees being principally ash, oak and maple, some hickory and a few white pines. A lane running along the southern border of the estate is bordered on both sides with elms and poplars. A line of mulberry trees along the lane south of the orchard affords tempting food for such birds as are fond of fruit in its season. There are also many wild cherries and berries of several varieties, together with half a dozen trees of cultivated cherries.

Among the trees, shrubs and vines found on the estate and which furnish food for birds in the shape of berries or seeds at certain seasons of the year are the common barberry, Northern fox grape, poison ivy, wild yellow plum, wild red cherry, choke cherry, English cherry, black raspberry, high blackberry, garden raspberry, wild rose, common apple, common red currant, white ash, red mulberry, white oak, scarlet oak, white pine, pitch pine, hemlock, red cedar.

The orchard itself is a typical old orchard, such as is often found on small farms. It has suffered greatly from neglect. Two-thirds of the original trees have died or are in the last stages of dissolution. This is largely the result of neglect and improper pruning. Dead limbs and hollows in the trees have offered nesting places for such birds as the wren, woodpecker and bluebird.

For three years, from 1891 to 1893, inclusive, the trees were trimmed and cared for. They were sprayed or banded to protect them from canker-worms, and the "nests" of the tent caterpillar were removed. The result was a scanty yield of apples from most of the trees. One or two bore quite plentifully.

In order to observe the effect of the feeding of birds in the orchard, no care was taken in 1894 to protect the trees. During that year the tent caterpillars were very numerous in the vicinity, and it became evident also that a great increase in the number of canker-worms was taking place in the neighborhood. Although these insects made considerable inroads upon the trees, they did not seriously injure the foliage anywhere except in one or two instances. No attempt had been made previous to 1895 to foster or encourage the birds in the neighborhood, except that a few nesting boxes were put up in 1894, which were occupied in one case by a family of wrens and in another by the English or house sparrow. We were careful, however, to destroy the nests of the house sparrow.

In the fall of 1894 it was noticed that immense numbers of the wingless females of the fall canker-worm were ascending nearly all the trees and depositing their eggs; also, that the wings of the tent caterpillar moths were numerous upon the twigs, promising a plentiful supply for 1895.

Having allowed the insects one year to increase unmolested by man, we began in the winter of 1894–95 to encourage the presence of birds in the orchard.

In 1894 a small tree in the center of the orchard had been inclosed by a high board fence. The tree thus inclosed was used as an outdoor experiment station for observation on the breeding and habits of the gypsy moth. During the winter of 1894–95 Mr. C. E. Bailey made frequent visits to this tree to ascertain whether or not the birds were destroying the eggs of the gypsy moth. Incidentally Mr. Bailey observed many interesting things in connection with the feeding of birds on the eggs, larvæ and pupæ of insects which winter on the trees, and I am greatly indebted to him for many interesting notes on the feeding of birds in this orchard. He is a careful, conscientious observer, and is intimately acquainted with most of our native land birds.

Hunters and trappers are aware that many species of winter birds, such as titmice, woodpeckers, crows, jays and nuthatches are attracted by a skinned carcass suspended from a limb, and will remain in the vicinity until all the bones are picked clean or until, with the approach of spring, insect food becomes more accessible. Believing from my own observations that the chickadees were feeding on the eggs of the fall canker-worm, I asked Mr. Bailey to attract the birds, if possible, to the orchard by suspending pieces of meat, bone, suet, etc., from the trees. These food materials are suitable for birds at times when the trees are covered with snow or ice and, when lacking such nourishment, they might starve. Although birds will frequently visit bait provided for them and in time will eat a considerable portion of the meat, they do not depend entirely on this aliment, but spend the greater portion of their time in searching for insects and eggs in the immediate vicinity.

Finding a plentiful supply of food, the chickadees remained about the orchard most of the winter, except for a week or two, when the meat gave out; but they were lured back again later by a fresh supply which was placed in the trees. Not only were the chickadees attracted to the orchard in numbers, but other birds came also. A pair of downy woodpeckers and two pairs of nuthatches were frequent visitors, and a few brown creepers came occasionally. All these paid frequent visits to the meat and suet, and also thoroughly inspected the trees in search of insect food. They made excursions also to the trees in the neighborhood, but the greater portion of their attention was confined to the orchard in which the bait was suspended. As they became more accustomed to Mr. Bailey's presence, they grew quite tame and could be viewed at a distance of a few feet. Indeed, chickadees frequently alighted on his person and occasionally took food from his hand. He was then enabled to determine accurately (without killing them) what they were feeding upon, and was soon convinced that they were destroying the eggs of the canker-worm moth in large numbers, as well as the hibernating larvæ and pupæ of other insects injurious to trees.

To determine how many eggs a single chickadee would eat, a few birds were killed and their stomach contents examined, with surprising results. There was no difficulty in identifying the eggs of the canker-worm moth which were found in the birds' stomachs, as a great portion of the shells remained intact. The other insect contents of the stomachs were identified for me through the kindness of Mr. A. H. Kirkland, B.Sc., assistant entomologist to the State Board of Agriculture, who made the examinations. Although it was impossible in all cases to learn with certainty the species to which certain insects belonged, it was evident that they belonged to genera known to be of injurious habits. In all 1,028 canker-worm eggs were found in the stomachs of four birds. Four birds killed later in the season had eaten the female imagos of 105 spring canker-worms.

The average number of eggs found in each moth of twenty examined is 185. Mr. Bailey is very positive, from his continuous field observations, that each chickadee will devour on the average 30 female canker-worm moths per day from March 20 until April 15, provided these insects are plentiful. If the average number of eggs laid by each female is 185, one chickadee would thus destroy in one day 5,550 eggs; and in the twenty-five days in which the canker-worm moths "run" or crawl up the trees, 138,750. It may be thought that this computation is excessive, and it is probable that some of the moths were not captured until they had laid some of their eggs, but the chickadees are also busy eating these eggs. When we consider further that 41 of these insects, distended as they were with eggs, were found at one time in the stomach of one chickadee, and that the digestion of the bird is so rapid that its stomach was probably filled several times daily, the estimate made by Mr. Bailey seems a very conservative one. He now regards the chickadee as the best friend the farmer has, for the reason that it is with him all the year, and there is no bird that can compare with it in destroying the female moths and their eggs. It was noticed that the birds made no attempt to catch the male moths. This, however, cannot be considered as a fault, for the birds accomplish far more by destroying the females than they would by killing males.

The case-bearers and the tineids or leaf miners are injurious to the foliage of the apple trees. It was noticed by Mr. Bailey, who watched the birds closely for several days, that they were eating quantities of both of these insects.

A great quantity of animal food is required to sustain life and provide animal heat sufficient to enable these little birds to resist the inclemency of our severe winters. In proof of this it may be stated that during favorable weather the birds visited the meat and ate largely of it three times each hour with fair regularity. During each interval they were occupied in destroying eggs and other hibernating insect forms which were always present and numerous in the stomachs examined. This feeding appeared to be almost continuous except in severe storms, when the birds sought shelter, or when they were laboring under excitement caused by fear, as in the case of a visit from a hawk, cat or shrike. Whenever a cat appeared they immediately hid behind the branches and remained quiet until the intruder had passed. The appearance of other enemies or the firing of a gun would produce much the same effect.

The woodpeckers and nuthatches which frequented the orchards were not seen to eat the eggs of the canker-worm moth. As they were not numerous, none were killed. Mr. Bailey observed, however, that the nuthaches were eating many scales which they found on the limbs of the apple trees in a neighboring orchard. In relation to these scales the following note from Mr. Kirkland is of interest:

"March 20, 1895. Mr. Bailey brought in specimens of apple twigs infested with the bark scale louse. He reported that the nuthatch was feeding on them. These twigs were infested in a worse manner than I have ever seen before. They were literally covered with the scales. On one small twig, one-half inch in diameter, I counted 367 scales on one inch of the twig. The eggs contained in a number of scales varied from 62 to 83, with an average of 70."

These scales, when numerous, are very injurious to the apple tree. Each scale covered a dead female of the preceding year and the hibernating eggs, many of which must have been disposed of by the nuthatches. It was shown, both by observation and dissection, that birds feeding in the same neighborhood and upon the same trees showed considerable variance in the character of their food. Kinglets taken had no canker-worm eggs, but had eaten largely of bark borers. Woodpeckers seemed to confine themselves to the larvæ of borers and to wood-ants and other insects which bore into the wood of the tree. Chickadees and nuthatches ate the pupæ and eggs of insects found upon the bark or in the crevices of the trunks. No birds were seen to eat the eggs of the tent caterpillar, nor were any found in the stomachs of any of the birds examined. It seems probable that these eggs are so protected by a hard covering that they are not eaten by most birds.

It is impossible in the limited space at our command to give results of all observations and dissections in detail. We can merely give the apparent results of the presence of the birds in the orchard.

It was found that these birds were not only destroying the eggs of the canker-worm in this orchard, but were feeding on the eggs of the same insect in the woods where bait had been suspended.

As the frost left the ground on the first warm days of spring the wingless females of the spring canker-worm moth appeared in the orchard and began ascending the trees in great numbers. The chickadees commenced catching and eating the females and their eggs. Mr. Bailey placed twenty-two of the females on one tree, and in a few minutes twenty of them were captured and eaten by chickadees.

It was noticed as spring approached and insects became more numerous that the chickadees came very seldom to the meat. They were not as assiduous in their attention to the orchard, and a small portion of their food con-

sisted of the early gnats which were flying on bright sunny days. In early April they had nearly deserted the meat, although they still frequented the orchard in search of the female canker-worm moths. They seemed to prefer animal food to all other, and even in cold weather would hardly notice grain or seeds of any kind, though one individual ate a few oat kernels which were placed near his accustomed feed of meat.

Toward the last of April the English or house sparrow began to make its appearance in the vicinity and apparently drove the chickadees to the woods, as they disappeared and did not nest in the orchard, but remained in the woods, where they paired and nested.

I believe that the English sparrow is largely responsible for the fact that chickadees are not now found nesting in our orchards. Though they still nest in the orchards on the remoter farms and in the villages where the English sparrow is not numerous, they seem to have disappeared in summer from orchards near cities. At the time of the advent of the sparrow in this locality, twenty-five years ago, chickadees were often found nesting in old apple trees in the orchards in this region where now scarcely any are to be seen in orchards during the summer.

In the latter part of April and in early May the tent caterpillars made their appearance on the apple and cherry trees in the neighborhood. Canker-worms were also numerous on the apples and elms and appeared in some of the other trees. It was noticed, however, that while trees in neighboring orchards were seriously infested with canker-worms and to a less degree with tent caterpillars, those in the orchard which had been frequented by the chickadees during the winter and spring were not seriously infested and that comparatively few of the worms and caterpillars were to be found there.

With the warm south winds of May many summer birds came and settled in the neighborhood, and prepared to build their nests, among which the following were seen: chickadee, tree sparrow, crow, purple grackle, flicker, red-winged blackbird, robin, chipping sparrow, ovenbird, wood thrush, catbird, brown thrasher, black-billed cuckoo, yellow-billed cuckoo, black and white warbler, yellow warbler, chestnut-sided warbler, black-throated green warbler, pine warbler, house wren, American redstart, Nashville warbler, golden-winged warbler, scarlet tanager, rose-breasted grossbeak, Baltimore oriole, bluejay, least fly-catcher, wood pewee, phœbe, kingbird and downy woodpecker.

It was noticeable that early in the season, when the webs of the tent caterpillar first appeared on the apple and cherry trees, the orioles attacked them and devoured a considerable number of the hairy young larvæ. A little later, when the canker-worms became more numerous, it seemed as if all the birds in the neighborhood were intent on eating canker-worms, neglecting to a certain extent the hairy caterpillars. The cuckoos, however, seemed to feed impartially on both the canker-worm and the tent caterpillar.

Birds from all quarters in the wood and swamp, orchard and field, flocked into the trees infested by canker-worms and there spent a considerable portion of their time. In a short time the few canker-worms remaining in the old orchard were apparently eaten by birds, and the birds then directed their attention to the neighboring orchards, which were swarming with the worms. It soon became evident that these orchards would be entirely stripped of their leaves, while the old orchard retained its full foliage. Thus it was seen that the trees to which the chickadees had been lured during the winter had been so well protected that the summer birds were able to destroy the few remaining larvæ, while the trees at a distance from these contained so many larvæ that the birds were not numerous enough to dispose of them or to make any effective reduction in their numbers. This apparently demonstrated the usefulness of the egg-destroying winter birds, and showed the wisdom of attracting them to the orchard during the winter months. Not only did nearly all species of birds in the neighborhood flock to the trees infested by the canker-worms, but the chickadees living in their retirement in the woods came out to the orchards, flying some distance to procure canker-worms with which to feed their young, and making regular trips to the infested trees day after day.

On May 18 Mr. Bailey saw a female chickadee carry twenty larvæ to its nest. They were apparently all canker-worms but two, which were tent caterpillars. Of this he is certain, for he was within 3yds. of the nest to which the larvæ were taken. Later, on May 31, he noticed the chickadees feeding their young. It was evident that a large portion of the food consisted of canker-worms. The birds each made a trip to the nest about once in twelve minutes. The male and female came at nearly the same time and went away together. They went in the direction of an orchard infested by canker-worms. A few of the larvæ were dropped on the ground at the nest and proved, on examination, to be canker-worms.

The crow was also observed feeding on the canker-worms.

On May 22 the birds had nearly all stopped feeding in the neighboring woods and were in the orchards feeding on canker-worms.

Early in June, when the remaining canker-worms had finished their transformations and retired to the ground, several species of birds were again noticed feeding their young on the tent and other hairy caterpillars. Of these, three species (both cuckoos and the Baltimore oriole) seemed to be the most useful. On May 17 a cuckoo was seen to take eleven caterpillars out of one nest. Mr. Bailey writes: "On May 10 a black-billed cuckoo came into a tree near me at 3 P. M. and sat there until 4:40 P. M., then he went straight to a tent caterpillars' nest. He looked it over for a short time and then commenced eating the caterpillars. He picked twenty-seven caterpillars out of the nest before he stopped. The bird ate them all and did not drop one. Then he went to the tree in which I believe he remained during the night, for on Saturday, the 11th, I found the bird in the same tree and in almost the same place at 5 A. M."

The orioles, chickadees and vireos often pecked the caterpillars to pieces and ate portions of them, seemingly feeding to a considerable extent on the internal organs. This being the case, it is quite evident that the stomach contents cannot be depended upon entirely to determine the character of the food of these birds, as no one is expert enough to identify the internal organs of caterpillars with such certainty as to determine the species to which they belong.

The following is a list of the birds seen feeding on the tent caterpillar: crow, chickadee, oriole, red-eyed vireo, yellow-billed cuckoo, black-billed cuckoo, chipping sparrow, yellow warbler.

During the month of May an attempt was made to render the place as attractive to birds as possible. The undergrowth, which previous to 1894 had been trimmed out, was afterward allowed to grow, and in 1895 several low thickets had been thus formed; the mulberrry trees were stimulated by judicious trimming, and bore a considerable crop of early fruit which ripened in advance of the cherries, thus drawing the attention of the fruit eating birds away fram the cherries, and serving to attract them to the vicinity of the orchard. Ten nesting boxes were put up for the wrens and bluebirds, but as the bluebirds were very rare this season, none came to the orchard. Two families of wrens, however, were reared in the boxes in place of one family last year. Nesting materials—strings, hair and straw—were hung in the trees and scattered about. Several marauding cats were killed, and an attempt was made to keep nest hunting boys away from the neighborhood as much as possible. Thirty-six nests of birds were discovered in the neighborhood, as follows: 3 red-eyed vireos, 10 robins, 4 Baltimore orioles, 3 cuckoos, 5 chipping sparrows, 3 least fly-catchers, 2 redstarts, 2 yellow warblers, 2 chickadees, 2 house wrens.

Of these all but three were destroyed, probably by boys, the nests being torn down and the eggs missing. The three which escaped destruction were wrens' nests which had been built in boxes upon buildings, and a robin's nest in a maple tree within 10ft. of a chamber window. This wholesale destruction of nests discouraged several pairs of birds, and they disappeared from the neighborhood. Those remaining built new nests, and after a second or third attempt a few succeeded in rearing young. One nest of orioles escaped the general destruction, and the birds were busy for a long time carrying canker-worms to their young. One of them was noticed to take eleven canker-worms in its beak at one time, and fly with them to the nest. The vireos, warblers, chickadees, cuckoos, orioles and chipping sparrows were particularly active in catching canker-worms, and the English sparrow killed them in considerable numbers.

If the thirty-six pairs of birds whose nests were found had succeeded in raising their young, it is probable that they would have disposed of most of the canker-worms in the neighborhood. Five thousand of these larvæ are sufficient to strip a large apple tree. One hundred and eight young would have been reared, had each pair of birds raised three. According to Professor Aughey's experience, sixty insects per day as food for each bird, both young and old, would be a very low estimate. Suppose each of these 108 birds had received its sixty insects per day, there would have been 6,480 caterpillars destroyed daily. The destruction of this number of caterpillars would be enough to save the foliage and fruitage of one apple tree. In thirty days the foliage of thirty apple trees could have been saved, or 194,400 canker-worms destroyed. This does not include what the old birds themselves would have eaten.

In these observations the influence of insect parasites and predaceous insects has not been entirely ignored. Hymenopterous parasites were not seen to be numerous, and as it was a year when canker-worms were on the increase, it is not probable that these parasites would have been a prime force in reducing the number of the canker-worms had the birds not been present. Even had they been numerous they would have had little effect in checking the ravages of the canker-worm during the present year, as their interest is identical with that of the canker-worm, and they remain in its body until it has finished feeding, allowing it to defoliate the trees before completing their deadly work upon it.

We do not know to what extent such parasites are devoured by birds. This we could not ascertain without shooting the birds, which would have defeated our main object. No parasites of the tent caterpillar or canker-worm were found in the stomachs of the few birds which were examined. It is hardly safe to draw conclusions from observations so limited in their scope, but we may infer from what was observed that the egg-eating birds are of the greatest value to the farmer, as they feed almost entirely on injurious insects and their eggs, and are present all winter when other birds are absent. The summer birds which attack the larvæ are valuable also if they can be so protected and fostered as to become sufficiently numerous to do the work required. It is evident also that a diversity of plants which encourages diversified insect life, and assures an abundance of fruits and seeds as an attraction to birds, will insure their presence. In this connection I wish particularly to note the fact that the mulberry trees, which ripen their berries in June, proved to be a protection to the cultivated cherries, as the fruit-eating birds seemed to prefer them to the cherries, perhaps because they ripen somewhat earlier.

I believe it would be wise for the farmer to plant rows of these trees near his orchard, and it is possible that the early June berry or shad berry (*Amelanchier canadensis*) might also be useful in this respect. It is a handsome shrub or tree, flowering early in the season, and would be attractive at a time when other trees and shrubs are not in bloom.

At the present time, July 23, 1895, the trees in the orchard appear to be in good condition. They have not suffered from the slight pruning of their foliage which was effected by the few caterpillars and canker-worms which survived. The fruit is well set, and it now remains to be seen whether the birds will have any considerable effect in preventing the ravages of the codling moth. No other orchard in the neighborhood will produce any fruit this season, with one exception. The nearest orchard, situated directly opposite on the estate across the way, has not been ravaged by the canker-worms. This exemption is due principally to the efforts of the owner, who has banded his trees with tarred paper and has used tree ink faithfully and well upon the paper. He has also taken pains to clear the nests of the tent caterpillar from the trees. The orchard, being nearest to the one visited by the chickadees, was also an object of their attention, and this may account somewhat for the reduction of the pests in this place.

The record of these observations, incomplete as it is, is given for what it is worth as a contribution to the literature on this most interesting and important subject.

ABOUT DEER.

Mr. Hough's very interesting article concerning the search for the fantail deer prompts me to contribute my mite—a very small one—to the consideration of this fascinating subject, for I give the gifted special correspondent of Forest and Stream credit for an earnest desire for the truth, regardless of the destruction of all pet theories. I have no fantail deer to offer in evidence, and am very much inclined to skepticism concerning the little sulker, yet I have a few things to offer to the sportsmen of America which may possibly throw a small ray of side-light upon the subject of the wonderful variation of the different specimens of the whitetail deer.

Hanging on the wall of the room where I write is the dried skin of a deer's tail (whitetail), which has hung there some five years or thereabouts; and although dried up now until it measures only 17in. in length, was, when carefully measured before removal from the dead buck, a little over half a yard long. Who has found a bigger one, fantail, mule deer or whitetail?

Next: as I reported in Forest and Stream some years since, there was found in our county of Stevens, State of Washington, by Messrs. R. B. Lane and Robt. Legerwood, on Nov. 10, a freshly killed doe which was carrying when killed as large and perfectly developed a doe fawn as I ever saw. I examined it two days later. And this, too, in a locality further north than Quebec.

Again: about two years since I found an antler of a whitetail buck some twenty miles east of the town of Colville, Stevens county, Wash., which, I fancy, is quite as small as the one shown in the illustration given by Mr. Hough. It was an entirely new horn, unbroken at any of the points and unmarred by tooth of rodent, and altogether as pretty a specimen as I ever saw.

I intended when first I brought it home to mount it for the head of a fine rosewood cane given to my father in Nicaragua nearly forty years since, but upon the first sight of it my little daughter Echo clamored for it to mount a pin-cushion on (and of course she got it); and now when turned with the points downward like a small three-legged stool, and with the curve of the horn raising the center some 2in. above the table, and with a neat little cushion resting upon its tiny arch, we think it quite pretty.

Extreme length around the outside of the curve, 10¼in.; straight across from butt to tip, 6in. scant; diameter at butt, ⅞in.; number of spurs, 2, showing the animal to have been 3½ years old when it was dropped; short spur next the head, 1⅛in. long; long spur, 2½in. long. These of course do not include the tip.

Although slightly longer than the one shown by Mr. Hough, it is, as I remarked, absolutely unbroken. How long the one shown in the illustration was before the tips were broken is of course impossible to determine. By the way, it is to be regretted that a quartering view was not given of the head shown in the illustration, for it seems difficult to determine from the representation given whether the point on the left antler next the tip is really a genuine prong denoting a year's growth, or a mere bunch-like projection not uncommonly found on the antlers of the whitetail deer. No signs of any widening or palmation of this antler appear, the beam, spurs and tip being round, smooth and neat. This horn was found on a hillside in the midst of forest-covered mountains which stretch for many leagues in each direction from the point named, and the forest entirely unbroken, save by the narrow open valleys of the mountain streams.

Again: some years since I killed a fine whitetail buck, the tail of which for half its length was white as a ball of cotton.

This, now, is all I have to offer. Not much, to be sure, and it is not offered with the wish to discourage any one in the laudable search for the elusive fantail—only with the desire to call attention to the question of the wonderful possibilities of variation of type.

How far some little creature, "born out of due time," —possibly the offspring of a wounded mother—and confronted with unusually hard conditions of summer drought and excessive snow of winter, and possibly having been raced to the point of exhaustion by relentless wolves, it has taken a last refuge in the icy water of a mountain lake, there to be chilled to the marrow of its every little bone—how far the development of such a little unfortunate could denote variation from the true type I have not yet learned.

However, bring on the fantail! If he is in existence, I hope that Forest and Stream will lose a hundred dollars on him before snow flies!

I don't think any man should be afraid or ashamed to express an honest conviction, whether he is in line with the scientists or not. And don't I too believe in Wm. Tell? Didn't he stalk forth, bow in hand, in the pages of the dear old McGuffey's Reader we were all brought up on, and deliver his wonderful oration, which brought tears to many a little pair of eyes:

> "Thou dost not know me, boy; and well for thee
> Thou dost not! I am the father of a son
> About thine age; thou, I see, wast born like him
> Upon the hills," etc., etc.

And I come pretty near believing in Pocahontas.

I saw her portrait years ago (when there was money in the country) on the back of a national bank note, and she was pretty enough to believe in any day in the week!

But I don't agree with Lew Wilmot in his theory of the buck deer shedding the velvet from his antlers without rubbing them on the bushes.

I hate to disagree with him too. For any correspondent of Forest and Stream showing up within 200 miles of my mountain home seems like a neighbor.

Although I am not able to give dates when first in the season I have found the bark of young bushes fresh stripped by the horns of deer, I am quite certain that I have so observed (within a very few days of the first shedding of velvet), together with the strings of bloody velvet scattered among the fresh tracks which so quickly catch the eye of the hunter.

Orin Belknap.

The Velvet of the Antler.

Berlin, Germany.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Lew Wilmot has evidently not had the opportunity to study the life and habits of deer very deeply, or else he would not deny the well-known fact that deer get rid of their velvet on their horns by rubbing the latter against young trees. It can fairly be presumed that the velvet

creates a kind of itching sensation at a certain stage and when it is quite ripe. From this the animal seeks relief by rubbing the horns against young trees. I have frequently witnessed this spectacle, and many young trees are injured in this way in this country by stags and roebucks. The American deer, of course, make no exception to this rule; they are governed by the same law of nature or natural instinct.

It is wrong to suppose that nature disposes of the velvet the same as it does of the red hair in the fall, as Mr. Wilmot asserts in his communication in FOREST AND STREAM of July 27.

ARMIN TENNER.

Game Bag and Gun.

TWO TYROS AFTER DEER.

ONE afternoon in the early part of July found the writer and his old shooting crony and bosom friend, Jim M., holding a lengthy confab in the rear of the store of T. Arms Co., which has come to be regarded as the headquarters of all the local nimrods. The engrossing subject of our conversation was, as it usually is, guns and gunning in general, and a contemplated shooting trip in the near future in particular. Deer season was to open on the 15th, and Jim and I had decided that we would try our luck. Neither of us had ever killed a deer—nor have we yet for the matter of that—although we had often tramped the marshes and uplands together in quest of feathered game with good success, and together we had bagged our full quota of fat ducks each season on the lakes and sloughs.

But now our ambition impelled us to seek nobler game, and so our trip was planned. We were to pass the night of the 14th on my father's ranch, which lies at the head of the San Fernando Valley, surrounded on all sides by rugged, brush-clad mountains; on the north and east by the Sierra Madre, on the south and west by the Los Feliz and Santa Monica ranges.

It was reported that deer were plentiful in the range immediately north of the ranch, so we concluded that this would be the scene of action.

During the few days remaining before the opening we sought the advice of all the old deer hunters we knew, who gave it freely; but just as we thought that we knew all about it, we would meet some one who would knock all our newly acquired theories sky-high and give us his experience and ideas, until we finally concluded to follow the easiest advice given, which was to select a ridge and climb straight on to the summit, scanning every cañon and "draw" thoroughly, and stopping now and then to look carefully about.

Although devotees of the shotgun, neither of us possessed a rifle, but a loan from two of our friends was easily negotiated. Jim got a .38-40-200 Marlin and I a .44-40-200 Winchester, neither of them good deer guns, so far as the proportions of powder and lead are concerned.

I met Jim at the ranch station on the evening of the 14th with his rifle slung over his shoulder and a look of confidence in his face. He never doubted his ability to down the first buck that jumped, he said.

I expressed myself in less confident terms and suggested "buck ague," but he scoffed at the idea.

After dinner had been discussed, we went down to the men's bunk house to have a little talk with Joe, who had to our certain knowledge killed several deer in this very range, and whom we questioned closely as to the most likely places for jumping deer. This done, we went back to the house and turned in, with instructions to the cook to have breakfast for us at 3:30 A. M.

I was awakened next morning at 3:15 by the loud-voiced alarm clock, and, after calling Jim, hurried into my clothes. Breakfast over, Jim and I shouldered our rifles and started.

The fog was very dense on the level, but luckily for us it had drifted away from the mountains. A walk of a few minutes brought us to the mesa or table land at the head of which the ridge which we were to climb commenced.

Up to this point we had carried on an animated conversation, but now we proceeded in silence, Jim keeping a sharp lookout in the cañon on the right, while I did the same on the left.

When we reached the first peak in the ridge which we were on, the scene spread out before us was beautiful beyond description; the fog, up to a certain level, shut out everything from view, and only the peaks of the opposite mountains were visible as they rose from this misty, sea-like island. It was well worth the climb to see this, if nothing else, and Jim and I stopped often to drink in the beauty of it.

At the summit of every little peak on the ridge which we were following we would stop and search every likely spot for deer. It was while thus employed, and about midway to the summit, that I heard a low whistle from Jim, and turning I saw him beckoning frantically to me. I judged by his actions that he saw a deer, so I hurried over to him. His first words were, "See that deer?" delivered in a whisper which was hoarse from excitement.

I looked in the direction of his pointing finger, which was trembling visibly, but could not see it, and so I told him.

Then followed a whispered conversation, Jim endeavoring to show me the deer, and I striving just as hard to see it; but in vain. Finally I said, "Jim, I can't see it, so you shoot it alone, and then if you don't kill it with the first shot I will help you bring him down on the jump." Just at this critical point, however, I saw the deer. Yes, there he was (and a fine buck, too, I thought), lying just under a mesquite bush. His whole outline could be seen with remarkable clearness, with his side toward us, head elevated and to the left, thus offering the easiest kind of a shot.

We reckoned the distance at about 200yds., and set the sights accordingly.

Then for the first time I noticed that I was somewhat excited; my rifle was visibly agitated and I seemed to have lost partial control of my hands. We were both kneeling, and our rifles were at our shoulders. I said to Jim in a strained whisper: "Count three and at the third count we'll both fire." He answered with difficulty, it's true, for his cheek was tightly pressed against the stock of his rifle: "I c-c-c-can't c-c-c-count." "Then I will," and I muttered "one, two, three!" and both the rifles cracked.

At the same instant we each worked a new cartridge into the chamber. But there was no need to hurry, for our "buck" was still there in the same position, and was apparently the coolest of the three.

I looked at Jim, and he at me, with an expression of the utmost amazement written all over his countenance. "What's the matter?" said he. "Matter enough," said I, "that's no deer, and we have spoiled our chances for this morning by those two shots."

Of course we were much chagrined by our miserable blunder, but there was some comfort in the fact that we had both been deceived, and had both been equally foolish.

We walked on over to our supposed "buck" and saw that a chance combination of a rock, some dead bunch grass and the excited imagination of two thoroughly green hunters had caused the deception.

We continued our hunt up the mountain, although all our ardor was gone. We were joined at the summit by another deer hunter, who had two fox-hounds with him.

He cast the hounds loose, and we all sat down on the ledge of rock which forms the summit, to enjoy the view, which was truly magnificent, and to discuss the events of the morning.

Our newly found friend had seen a fine buck two hours before in another part of the range, but in moving down the mountain to secure a better shot at it he had dropped his rifle and broken the hammer, rendering it useless.

After a long rest on the summit, during which time the two hounds frequently gave tongue far below us, we started on the descent, which was accomplished without further mishap and without sighting another "buck."

CULPEPPER.

BAY BIRDS AT CURRITUCK.

IF you have noticed the late quiet feeling in both the tea and dry goods trade and have wondered at the why and wherefore, this short letter, telling you of our trip to Currituck, will explain the reason. We cannot shoot bay birds and sell teas and dry goods at the same time.

We left New York on the afternoon of July 31 and reached Currituck Friday evening. From the start F. R. and the writer were looking for "good things" and "soft." I believe F. R. discovered something like this, or at least he said it was, and I really did not know enough about the matter to contradict him. But they were really four nice young fellows from Washington returning from a vacation and we did have enough left to get us through our trip. It seems to me that if we could only load our shells on the same principle that the Washingtonians employed when they would draw "two and sometimes three" and come out with a "flush or straight" (I believe these are correct names F. R. gave to them. I could not see any difference between the two), we would never miss a bird.

Our friend Leon White met us at the landing with his sloop and took us across the sound to his cottage. This sloop of his by the way is quite a curiosity; it was built over 100 years ago at Roanoke Island. It is about 35ft. long, 8ft. beam, dug out from one solid log. Leon uses it to transport his calves to the steamer and brought it over to meet us because, according to his instructions, we had brought down from Norfolk a ton of ice to freeze our birds so that if we had a little luck we could bring a few back with us to the friends at home. Saturday A. M. we were all early on the ground each in a separate blind with decoys out and ready for the birds. We did not have to wait long, as they were very plenty. Our bag the first day was nearly all of grass plover with a few kreekers sprinkled in. We were a little to the westward of the flight line of the other birds and saw only a few go down.

Sunday we took Leon's sea skiff through the surf for a try at the bluefish, which are generally very numerous along this coast. We had a circus both coming and going. A sea coming aboard on the way out picked F. R. up and sat him down again in no gentle manner. I thought his spinal column was gone, but he "pulled" through. He is really too thin to sit in the bow and act as a breakwater, for the fellow who sits next gets wet. We only fished a few minutes, as it was getting very rough, and came in flying. On our way back to the house we saw immense flocks of yellow-legs coming down and dropping in to feed, so we felt highly elated over our prospects for the next day.

Monday we were out before daylight and located more to the westward, and before it was really light enough to see, the guns were speaking. I have seldom seen the birds so thick, not flock shooting, but constantly coming along in small bunches of two, three or four. It made the prettiest kind of shooting, as the birds flew well and strong. There was a good breeze and you had to hit hard to count. The birds were in splendid condition. I should really be ashamed to tell you how many F. R. ate or how many shells we used, but we came out better than 75 per cent. We shot Tuesday and Wednesday, and on each day there seemed to be more birds than the day before.

Leon was, as I have always found him, ready to do anything in his power to make our trip a pleasant one. He would drive us out in his wagon, send the boy out on horseback about 7 o'clock with a hot breakfast and some ice for our water pail, drive out about 1 or 2 with our dinner, and then again at 4 or 5 to take us home. There is only one fault with Leon; he and his good wife give one more to eat than four men should have. Shortly before we went down he had caught in his net a sawfish 10 or 11ft. long, including the saw, and had stuffed it and mounted it on the fence which incloses his barnyard. It was certainly an ugly-looking customer. Leon said it tore his net all to pieces and let loose a fine lot of bluefish. A tarpon was taken in a pound not far from us, and they were taking a fine lot of Spanish mackerel. Leon was training a live swan for decoy purposes, and tells me that he will have three or four more by fall, also a fine outfit of live geese and other decoys. I shall make up a party and go down for the ducks late in November or December. We shot willet, winter and summer yellow-leg, robin, snipe, black-breasted plover, turnstone grass plover and kreekers. We only saw two curlew and one golden plover.

IDAHO.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Wars of the Wardens.

The deputy fish wardens on Lake Winnebago, Wis., on Aug. 9 seized a lot of illegal nets, worth in all $400, and captured also a fishing boat. There was a severe fight with a dozen fishermen, one of the latter being roughly handled. The warden has destroyed $1,000 worth of nets. The fishermen retaliate by suing for damages, and on Aug. 12 Deputy Fish Wardens C. W. Johnson, Max Mucks and Max Johnson were arrested charged with assault and battery during the fight. The case was set ahead and both parties are getting ready to make it a test case. Illegal netting has long been open and shameless in Lake Winnebago.

On Aug. 15 the vigorous State warden for Ohio, L. K. Buntain, seized eighty illegal nets on Lake Erie, out of Cleveland. A fight followed, and the fishermen got back part of the nets, but Buntain put most of them where the woodbine will weave its tendrils through them. He arrested several fishermen, and a hot battle in the courts is on hand there now. The cause of reason in fish and game protection advances in prominence every year.

Ohio Pheasants.

Mr. E. H. Shorb, State Fish and Game Commissioner, of Van Wert, O., passed through Chicago this week on his way to Utah and Montana, where he will travel about for some weeks. Mr. Shorb says the experiment of raising the Mongolian pheasant is no longer an experiment but a certainty in Ohio, and the State feels that it has added a prolific and hardy bird to its fauna. The pheasants stand any sort of cold weather and seem perfectly adapted to all the conditions of these parallels of latitude. In the State pheasantry at Celina, O., there are now 500 young pheasants confined in a wired inclosure 100×160ft. in size. These are the product of forty-one hens. The young birds are in perfect health.

Merrit Game Cases.

I am indebted to a special dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune* for the following unique information in regard to the now famous Kewanee cold storage case. The *Tribune*, let us suggest, is quite misinformed in regard to the matter of fines. Merritt has never been fined at all, nor was any attempt made to fine him in the first suit brought by Warden Blow. Could it be possible that Col. Blow was the sender of the *Tribune* specials? If so, Gen. Blow was hardly candid. Why? At any rate, it seems that the State's attorney has now taken a hand—which at first he thought he would not do—and it may be that at length we shall see proper, legal, statutory action brought against Merritt, namely, a prosecution for an offense against the law, which offense is punishable by fine. The dispatch reads:

"KEWANEE, Ill., Aug. 16.—[Special.]—The H. Clay Merritt illegal game case was up before the County Court to-day. After Justice Pyle decided against the State, the defense took an appeal to the Circuit Court, which convenes in October. The prosecution then will be conducted by Game Warden Blow and President Bortree, of the State Game Protective Association, and the fines, which would amount in the minimum to $136,155 and in the maximum to $680,775, would have gone part to the Game Warden and part to the school fund of the county. If the case now brought before the County Court by State's Attorney Graves goes against Merritt, the fines will all go to the county. The defense is maintained by William Lawson, of Kewanee. The information filed by the State's Attorney is said to be one of the most peculiar documents ever filed in an American court. It consists of 3,026 pages, and is more bulky than a dictionary. It is bound at the top with iron clamps and rods, and its cubic bulk is 1,071 inches. It contains 2,133 words to the page, a total of 6,454,458 words. At a speed of 100 words a minute, it would require 107 days of ten hours each to read it. The case will probably be decided to-morrow by Judge Mock."

These be big figures, but out of Kewanee, whence come reports of fines of $23,600, of $135,155, and of $680,775 (when there had been no fines at all), what shall we expect if it be not large figures? It would seem that States Attorney Graves had gone after Merritt one bird at a time. Let it be so. After a time the actual enormity of Merritt's sin against the people of this country will be apparent. The time will come when the life of the game dealer will not be a happy one. Thinking sportsmen unite on the doctrine of "Stop the sale of game."

An International Affair.

This week two gentlemen came into the FOREST AND STREAM office in need of information. One was Capt. Brand, of the German Army (his card reads, "Brand, Rittmeister und Escadron-Chef im 1. Bad. Leib-Dragoner-Regiment No. 20, Karlsruhe"), and the other was Mr. Weber, of Leipzig, Germany, owner of the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, one of the best known of German newspapers. Capt. Brand was heralded by letter from Von Bayer, of the U. S. Fish Commission, as a gentleman in need of a guide for a big game hunt in the Rockies. Billy Hofer was to have taken him, but had another party out, so had arranged for another guide and outfit for him, which latter was to meet him at Cinnabar. What Capt. Brand and his friend wanted to know was where Cinnabar was, where Livingston was, what sort of stores there were at Cinnabar, how many horses would be needed, what sort of a man the guide would be, how far the party would have to travel, how much game they might expect, what sort of blankets should be taken, how much of a cooking outfit would be needed, and so forth and so forth. In English all this is easy, but Capt. Brand and his friend knew only about as much English as I did German, so we had plenty of fun together. They wanted to go right out and buy a lot of things, but I held them down to one sleeping bag, one sweater and one carryall bag, the latter new and delightful to them both. Herr Weber was not going on the hunt, contenting himself with the tour of the Park, and he referred with contempt to the sleeping bag, and said a bed was good enough for him; at which the lean, brown, handsomely set up cavalry officer smiled with amusement. Unless I err very much, Capt. Brand is a thoroughbred, and a sportsman of the sort that will do. The type of gentleman and of sportsman is much the same for any nationality, and the nationality makes no difference so long as you have the type. I have rarely seen a man so boyishly eager to get out on his hunt as Capt. Brand was. His eyes shone, and he could hardly wait till the train started. He told me that three months ago his colonel asked him if he did not

want three months' leave to go to America, and that he jumped at the opportunity. He at once set to work studying the English language, and had kept at it almost every night from then till now. Of course, he could not speak much English, but I think he has done remarkably well, and if his guide will be patient and courteous as Capt. Brand himself, they can trade a lot of language in the two months or more they will be alone in the mountains together.

Capt. Brand had along two rifles, one the sporting model of the German small-bore military arm. This was carbine pattern, short-barreled, handsomely made and sighted very well, with a set of sights I would not mind having on a rifle of my own. He says that the bullet from this rifle has a soft head and expands, making a terrible wound. On roebuck it tore the flesh of the animal, on the opposite side from the entry of the bullet, so that one could put his hand into the wound. Capt. Brand wanted to try his little gun on bear, and I hope he may have the chance. Billy Hofer's partner will at least surely take him up to elk and deer, and perhaps antelope. He was so eager in his anticipations that I want him to have a good time—the more so from one little remark he made: "A female animal I shall never shoot, and of males not many." This is good doctrine for American sportsmen. Capt. Brand leaves his companion at the Fountain Basin in the Park, and goes on through on his hunt. Herr Weber I hope also to see again, for he began the teaching to me of some fine rolling swear words, in which I have always been deficient, and which he says are in general use in the newspaper profession in Germany. He assures me that there can be no genuine satisfaction in swearing in English. We had a very pleasant international symposium together.

Protection in Missoula.

A letter just at hand from Missoula, Mont., shows how far and wide the idea of protecting game is going these days. The writer says:

"The sportsmen of Missoula County, Montana, have a game warden, Jas. Booth, who is 'just the man for the place.' Yesterday afternoon he stationed himself on a bridge south of this city to inspect the different teams as they returned from the day's outing. Knowing there had been illegal shooting going on, and not being able to locate it, he searched all the rigs containing either 'sportsmen' or 'would-be sportsmen.' He was successful in seizing a bag brought in by two of the latter class—'would-be sportsmen'—namely, Lau Lyons and a Mr. Williams. They were returning from the latter's ranch, about 14 miles up the Bitter Root Valley. They had four mallards, three of them young ones. A complaint will be lodged against them at once, as it should be—for what is the use of having a paid game warden at an annual salary of $1,200 if he does not protect the game of the country he has sworn to protect, and who draws a good salary for the same. These parties claimed they were tame ducks owned by this man Williams, and that they were shot on his ranch, but such gammon as that will not do.

"What encouragement have the sportsmen of this county if such work be allowed to go on? The man who keeps the game laws—who unpacks his gun, gets his dog and goes out shooting when the season opens, Aug. 15—finds all the coveys of birds scattered and most of the young ones killed off by those who have been breaking the game laws.

"The FOREST AND STREAM is the acknowledged sportsmen's paper around here, currying no favor, treating all alike and doing its best to uphold the game laws as they should be.

"One or two examples of this kind will put a quietus on such work, and by having it known through your paper will let others know a few things about the men who set the law at defiance."

A.

Furs in the Far North.

The Edmonton *Bulletin* has some news about furs in the far Northwest British Provinces. In a late number it says:

"Colin Fraser, trader, of Chipewyan, sold to R. Secord on Friday the largest lot of furs ever brought into Edmonton. The price paid was $20,000. The lot was not only large, the fur was of extra fine quality. It included 36 silver foxes, 78 cross foxes, 124 red foxes, 41 fisher, 72 otter, 813 beaver, 33 wolverine, 106 bear, 3,016 marten, 582 mink, 115 lynx, 7 wolf, 3,100 rat and 481bs. of castorum. The unusual abundance of marten this year, with the comparatively high price at which they sell, adds greatly to the figures of the fur trade this season. Of silver foxes, which are always a rarity, there seems to be more than usual. Mr. Fraser's lot includes two that were almost perfectly black, and of course would be particularly valuable on that account. The silver, frequently called the black, fox, is about the same size and build as a red fox. The general color is black, except a white tip on the end of the tail. But on the hind-quarters there is a greater or less proportion of white hairs scattered among the black, giving a silvery appearance to the fur there. The greater the number of these white hairs the less valuable the fur, and the less the number the more valuable. A pelt of perfectly black fur, if in good condition, is worth a fabulous sum in Russia, where the silver fox is the distinguishing fur worn by nobility and royalty."

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Birds in the South.

TANGIPAHOA, La., Aug. 11.—There are a great many bevies of young partridges to be seen, so that I quite think there is a promise of the best season for dog and gun that has been here for a very long time. Many of them now are three parts grown and fly a long gun shot when they are flushed; and as there is little or no shooting until after Oct. 1 (this Parish Nov. 1), there will be plenty of full-grown birds; but there are numbers of old birds either hatching or with very young ones even now, as the merry "Bob White" is yet to be heard. This Parish is what it should be for all—no birds should be shot before Nov. 1. I do not approve shooting butterfly size of birds, as many men will when the birds rise before them.

R. S. NICHOLSON.

WAVERLY, Miss., Aug. 15.—Contrary to my expectations, I am seeing lots of young birds, and also evidence that many are sitting yet. I expect an abundant crop of birds throughout this section, and particularly on the field trial grounds and my own grounds were sufficiently well stocked if not a single young bird was raised this year.

W. W. TITUS.

MISSOURI FISH AND GAME INTERESTS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The proper enforcement of good and effective game and fish laws is a question which interests every hunter and fisherman in the State, and it is much to be regretted that while Missouri has as simple and strong a law as could be desired, and which, if properly executed, would result in absolute protection to both game and fish, the last Legislature cut down all appropriation and made no provision for the funds necessary to carry out the work. The warden, Jesse W. Henry, of Jefferson City, is a painstaking and conscientious official, who can be relied upon to carry out the game and fish laws fearlessly and impartially; but the lack of funds to prosecute violators of the law and prevent unlawful acts seriously hampers him in his work, and if some provision to ameliorate their condition is not devised, the laws will be violated with impunity and incalculable harm result.

The following correspondence, which has just passed between the St. Louis Kennel Club and Game Warden Henry, will be found of great interest to all sportsmen in the State, and it is to be hoped that the efforts of the club will do much to assist Mr. Henry and to create a sentiment in favor of the work of his office which the next Legislature will recognize by a generous appropriation. The date for the mass meeting has not yet been set, but due notice will be given, and officers of hunting and fishing clubs and all sportsmen generally are requested to communicate with Secretary Hutchison, 1800 Hickory street, or Treasurer J. B. C. Lucas, of the Citizens Bank, so that the meeting when held will be largely attended and productive of good results. The amount which each sportsman will be asked to subscribe individually will be small and insignificant compared with the good it will accomplish, but in the aggregate it is hoped it will be sufficient to greatly assist the game warden and tide him over that period until the Legislature makes the proper appropriation for the continuance of the good work.

ST. LOUIS KENNEL CLUB, St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 7.—*Mr. Jesse W. Henry, Game Warden, Jefferson County, Mo.:* The St. Louis Kennel Club numbers among its members many of the prominent sportsmen of St. Louis and vicinity and is naturally interested both as a club and individually in the objects and work of the office to which you have recently been appointed.

We note with regret that you will be greatly hampered by the neglect of the proper authorities to provide the funds necessary to carry on the good work of your office, and the object of this letter is to place ourselves at your disposal to assist in every way we can to overcome this difficulty, to subscribe our mite toward the establishment of a fund to enable you to increase the scope and usefulness of your office, and to induce others to join with us in this very desirable object. With this end in view the St. Louis Kennel Club has decided to take the initiative in the matter and in the near future will call a mass meeting of hunters, fishermen and sportsmen generally to discuss the subject and arrange in some way for concentrated action on their part.

I need not assure you that it will be a great satisfaction to us if our efforts should meet with even a modicum of the success which they certainly deserve, and I beg that you will consider me at your disposal to carry out any suggestions you may favor me with. I shall be much pleased to hear from you on the subject, and with best wishes, I am yours very truly, WM. HUTCHISON, Sec'y.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Aug. 8.—*Wm. Hutchison, Esq.:* Dear Sir—I was very glad indeed to receive your letter this A. M. I have been satisfied all along that St. Louis would take this matter in hand and place me in a position to accomplish some good.

I have intended calling on some of the leading gentlemen of your city and discuss matters with them, but have delayed until I thought they were ready and appreciated the situation. Have written several of the clubs and have been waiting to hear from them. I will certainly call on your treasurer, Mr. Lucas, when I go down, as well as yourself and others. I returned several days ago from Brunswick, Charlton county, where a deputy had arrested a party of fishermen for seining in Grand River. I went to see that no mistake was made and that this, the first case under the new law, was successful. We succeeded in having them fined and the result will put a stop to all seining in that locality. My deputy there has instructions to enforce the law and to permit no violation of any kind whatever, and I am assured by gentlemen there that he will do his duty.

As yet I have not received money enough to pay for office expenses, but am going ahead feeling satisfied that thousands of dollars will be raised to push the work just as soon as those interested see that I mean to enforce the law. I enclose you a circular letter, also laws.

If you will write me when in your opinion I had better come down I will try and make it convenient to be there. Very truly yours, JESSE W. HENRY.

New York Grouse.

ITHACA, N. Y., Aug. 16.—The vigilants of the shooting fraternity were early afield to-day in quest of the elusive woodcock and his shapely rival, the ruffed grouse. Some good bags of woodcock are reported on the streets to-night.

Grouse are reported as unusually plentiful in nearly every part of Tompkins Co., the northern part being the only exception worth noting. This is said to be due to the supervisors' law in force last year, by the operation of which the grouse season closed Dec. 1. This cut off the market shooter and set him to trapping skunks and minks, killing foxes and other carnivorous animals that prey upon our game birds. Dec. 1 ought to be the grouse closing season for this section if not the entire State.

M. CHILL.

Second Sportsmen's Exposition.

NEW YORK CITY, Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There will be a general meeting of the Sportsmen's Association held on Tuesday, Aug. 27, at 312 Broadway, at 2:30 P. M. Arrangements for the Exposition of 1896 will be made and such other important business transacted as may be deemed necessary. FREDERIC S. WEBSTER, Sec'y.

THOSE ALASKA DUCK EGGS.

THE Seattle *Argus* of Aug. 3 prints this:

"On the third page of this paper will be found an article setting forth the danger that menaces our game birds by the wholesale destruction of eggs in Alaska. That such destruction exists there is no doubt. This paper has investigated this matter as thoroughly as it can be investigated without sending an agent to the hatcheries.

"There is but one way to get at the bottom of this matter, and that is by sending a special agent of the Government to Alaska to investigate and report in order that Congress at its next session should take intelligent action. The *Argus* believes that if the rod and gun clubs of the country generally pass resolutions to this effect, it will accomplish the desired result. It would therefore ask that the press of the country generally, and especially the sporting papers, take hold of this matter and urge upon the Secretary of the Treasury the importance of immediate action.

"The business of gathering eggs for their albumen, as described by Senator Mitchell, is controlled by powerful syndicates, who have spent much money, and stand ready to spend more, to prevent the investigation of this matter, by casting discredit on the story. But sportsmen should remember the fate of our buffalo, deer and seal, and remembering, should take immediate action to prevent the re-occurrence in the matter of game of the feathered tribes.

"Those papers commenting on the matter, and gun clubs passing resolutions in regard thereto, are requested to forward copies to this paper.

"FOREST AND STREAM of July 22 published a long and elaborate article designed to throw discredit on this story. It is very much to the discredit of that publication that it should take this action without proper investigation. The principal thing on which they base their article is the denial of the railroad companies, whose business in this line would be ruined by competition, and of the importers, whose business would be ruined by publicity. They also publish letters from custom officers saying that this traffic does not exist, to the best of their knowledge and belief.

"In refutation of this, the *Argus* can produce affidavits to the effect that this traffic does exist to an enormous extent, although to just what extent can only be ascertained by intelligent and honest investigation.

"The *Argus* will publish soon statements from ex-customs officials showing that this business does exist to an enormous extent."

The "article setting forth the danger," on the third page, runs as follows:

"On Jan. 28, 1895, Hon. John H. Mitchell, senator from Oregon, introduced in the United States Senate a bill for the protection of game wildfowl in Alaska, but by some misfortune it did not reach a vote. Herewith the *Argus* prints Senator Mitchell's statement upon introducing the bill, and, take it for granted that he has been misinformed as to the number of game eggs shipped out of the Territory of Alaska, there yet remains a useless destruction that is appalling.

"There is but little doubt that from twenty to twenty-five thousand dozen eggs are taken from nests in the Alaska hatcheries annually. In gathering these nearly as many more are thrown away, having been partly hatched. Thus it will be seen that the destruction of eggs is something enormous. With the sportsmen shooting the game in civilization and the robbing of the nests in Alaska, it will only be a short time before our ducks, geese and swan will be game of the past.

"The manufactors of firearms, as well as sportsmen, must see that this robbery will affect them, and it is to their interest that they do what they can to have this matter brought before the Secretary of the Treasury at once, so that steps may be immediately taken to send some one to these breeding grounds to make a thorough investigation, and stop this wanton destruction.

"It will doubtless be of interest to know something about these breeding grounds. Along the Yukon and the river emptying into Golivin Bay are large areas of low lands, where the duck, goose and swan do their nesting. In early spring hundreds of thousands of these birds may be seen coming from the south to this far-away land, where they think they are free to build their nests and hatch their young, only to meet their worst enemy, the nest robber.

"Some may wonder why they have never heard of this before, but how many are there who even know where these places are? If you will take a map of Alaska, you will find the Yukon River emptying into the Bering Sea, and north of the Yukon you will find Golivin Bay. South of the Yukon is another large river, called Kuskoquim, and still further south one equally as large called Nushegak. Along these rivers are large hatcheries where eggs are also gathered.

"These eggs are not gathered because they are necessary for food. Birds are abundant. But the eggs are more easily obtained. It costs nothing to gather them, while in killing the birds it would be necessary to use ammunition, and go to the trouble of salting them.

"These bird nests are so thick that on the breeding grounds it is almost impossible to step without crashing into a nest. But the grounds are not of so great an area as a few years ago.

"As an illustration of the enormous number of birds in this region, the manner in which the natives kill them might be cited. They have six sinew strings about three feet in length, fastened together at one end by a large quill, while at other end are ivory balls, pear shaped and about the size of a walnut. They approach a flock of ducks or geese at dusk, and commence swinging this sinew tongs until the six strings whirling above their heads resemble the spokes in a hub. When the birds rise to fly, the sinew tongs are thrown into the flock, the ivory balls causing the sinew to wind around the neck, leg, or wing of the bird, whichever it may strike first. Sometimes as many as a dozen are captured at one throw.

"It is to the interest of these nest robbers that no one should know these facts, and therefore the sportsmen are always confronted with the cry of 'nonsense,' started by these game destroyers.

"The sportsmen should take measures at once to have this investigated."

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Sea and River Fishing.

ANGLING NOTES.

Caddis Flies.

Some time ago, so long ago in fact that I do not wish to be specific about the date, Mr. Edwin Hallam wrote me from Manitowoc, Wis., as follows: "Inclosed in another envelope are a few flies that came into the car window while I was at Appleton, Wis., which is on the Fox River. The conductor of the train called them 'Green Bay flies.' What are they?" I must apologize for the delay in replying to the query, but it has been impossible for me to write any "Angling Notes" for several weeks past.

The fly inclosed was one of the Caddis or Caddice flies, and I sent specimens to Prof. Lintner, New York State Entomologist, asking if there was a common name for this particular species, and he replied: "There is no common name for the particular species of insect which you send me. They are a 'Caddice fly,' of which there are numerous species. The 'Green Bay Caddice fly' might serve as a local name for it, but it is not a local species, for I have a specimen of it in my collection—unnamed scientifically—which I took years ago at Schoharie, in this State.

"The Caddice flies, and their larvæ, which live in the water within cases of bits of vegetable matter, small stones or coarse sand, etc., which they drag about with them, protruding their front portions when they feed, are very serviceable for food for fishes, as I have shown in my paper on the 'Insect and other Forms of Caledonia Creek, New York,' in the Tenth Report of the New York State Commission of Fisheries."

The Caddis fly has sometimes been confused with the May fly, particularly in its larval state, but the flies are easily distinguished one from the other. The Caddis fly has two pairs of wings nearly of the same size, each pair having a fuzzy edge. When at rest the wings are folded lengthwise of the body. This fly has no antennæ and the May fly has. The May fly has two pairs of wings, one pair very much smaller than the other, and when the fly is at rest the wings are upright.

The Tenth Annual Report mentioned by Prof. Lintner is a very rare one—so rare, indeed, that I have understood that the New York Fish Commission does not possess a copy; and it is to be hoped that the Commission as now constituted may reprint Prof. Lintner's paper, with the illustrations, in some future publication, as it will prove of great value to all who are interested in fish food. In this paper Prof. Lintner says: "Insects, in either their larval or perfect stages, form a portion of the food of nearly all our fresh-water fishes, and a very large proportion of the food of most of the species."

Scotch Trout Fishing.

Mr. Archibald Mitchell, the salmon fisherman, of Norwich, Conn., is now in Scotland, and writing me from Largo, in Fifeshire, he says: "An angling club held a competition on a small lake in this vicinity on Saturday, and I and my son were invited to fish with the members and we accepted the invitation. The conditions were not favorable and the trout were not on the feed and it required very fine fishing to take them. Here are the scores: Ashton 13 trout, 5½lbs.; Honeyman 9, 3¾lbs.; Duncan 8, 3½lbs.; Anderson 5, 2½lbs.; Raside 4, 2lbs.; Stewart 4, 2½lbs.; Young 4, 1¾lbs.; Hood 4, 1½lbs.; Edmonds 3, 1½lbs.; my son and I weighed together 12, 4¾lbs. The fishing commenced at 10:30 A. M. and finished at 8 P. M. This will give you an idea of how much angling it takes here to kill a few small trout. I inclose one of the casts of flies I used. The largest trout I killed weighed 9oz. and the largest taken during the day weighed 15oz. I intend to spend a few days on Loch Leven just as soon as I can spare the time. I spent an afternoon with Forrest, of Kelso, last week. He makes very fine salmon flies and has been in the business for many years. I consider the banks of the Tweed to be the home of fly-tying."

The cast sent by Mr. Mitchell consists of drawn gut leader and three flies, also on drawn gut, tied on No. 14 hooks. I find that I used still smaller flies than these on Caledonia Creek this season, but there are few waters in this country where such fine tackle is required.

Strike of the Rattlesnake.

In one of the late magazines I saw a reproduction of a photograph of a rattlesnake "coiled to strike," and it caused me to look over my notebook for an interview with a rattlesnake hunter. It may be urged that rattlesnakes do not properly come under the head of "Angling Notes," but every one who has fished a trout stream in a rattlesnake country will admit that it is an appropriate heading. Mr. Reuben Ripley, of East Lake George, has been a rattlesnake hunter for many years. If asked why he hunted rattlesnakes, I presume he would say for fun; but be that as it may, Mr. Ripley and a merchant retired from business have made it a point to go each spring where rattlesnakes abound and shoot them as they come out of their "dens" for a sunning on the rocks. He says that it is exciting work when the snakes are thick—and he has killed over seventy in one day; but now that he is getting rather clumsy with age he considers rattlesnake hunting too dangerous for him to pursue it. The point to which I wish to refer chiefly, however, is that Mr. Ripley declares that the rattlesnake does not coil to strike, and cannot strike, as we understand a strike, when it is coiled. When he said this, and said it so positively as to be convincing, I concluded that the coiling of the rattlesnake to strike, which I had been brought up to believe in implicitly, was simply another doll stuffed with sawdust. Mr. Ripley tells me that when coiled a snake, if teased, will strike only with that portion of the body that is above the ground, or as he described it the motion was somewhat after the manner of a mother hen pecking at something that annoyed her. He says that the real strike of the snake, when it reaches furtherest with its poisoned fangs, is when the snake draws its body back toward its tail in curves on the ground, "just as you frequently see garden hose on a lawn," and then shoots the head forward until the body is straight. Further, a free snake cannot strike above a man's knee if he stands erect, and a snake cannot strike beyond about one-third of its length. Mr. Ripley has learned this from repeated experiments to test just what a rattlesnake can do under varying circumstances. If a snake is fastened to the ground at its tail it can strike its entire length. This reminded me of an incident which occurred near Shelving Rock, Lake George, which confirms Mr. Ripley's observations in this particular. Bony McCabe was haying and saw a snake trying to escape from the shelter of a haycock, and he attempted to spear it with a hay fork; one of the tines of the fork went through the snake's tail close to the rattler, pinning it to the ground, and at once the snake struck and extended its entire length upward at an angle of about 45°. While on this subject I am reminded that old George Kenyon, a professional rattlesnake hunter, once told me that there was nothing to fear from rattlesnakes at night, for they always crawled under cover where there was no danger of stepping on them, and there they remained until morning. This was a hard and fast rule, that snakes do not travel at night, and yet within a week after old George had given me this information a rattlesnake was seen to crawl along a path in front of a summer cottage at 10 o'clock at night, and old George was summoned to kill it, which he did five minutes before I came strolling along the same path with a friend to whom I had confided the fact that it was perfectly safe for us to walk along that path in the dark because old George had said so. He may have been right in the main, but there are, it is said, exceptions to all rules.

Fluid Silkworm Gut.

It is rarely that I hear from an old correspondent of Forest and Stream who, when he does write for this journal, signs himself "Splasher," but I have just received a letter from him describing the fishing in the State of Washington and incidentally he refers to another matter as follows: "I have been thinking what a fine thing it would be if some chemist would solve the problem of dissolving silkworm gut, that is, reducing it to its original fluid form in considerable quantities so as to admit of drawing leaders of any desired length from it. If this could be done, what an immense amount of waste gut could be saved, to say nothing of the other advantages. I have spoken of this a number of times. I believe it possible, and I offer the suggestion hoping some one may yet accomplish it. Some time ago there was a notice in the *Scientific American* of an artificial process of making silk fabric. My recollection is that this material is first produced in fluid form. Perhaps there is a possibility in it."

It may be possible to reduce the dried gut to a fluid state by a chemical combination, but I imagine any such process would injure its strength, in which event the gut would be useless for leaders. On the other hand we do know that gut 9ft. long and of corresponding strength has been drawn from the American silk worms, and what has been done can be done again. The difficulty in the way at present is to find out how and upon what to feed the worms. Dr. Garlick, the father of fishculture in America, who drew the gut referred to, is dead. He wrote me that he fed the worms on the leaves of the apple and the plum, but when in the East the worms were fed on apple leaves the gut lacked strength. Whoever may discover the proper food for feeding *Attacus cicropia* and *A. prometheus* will not need to resort to chemicals to reduce the Chinese silkworm gut to a fluid state to produce the best salmon leaders, in one piece, that it is possible for one to have.

Growth of Angling Works.

The earliest printed list of angling books was compiled by Mr., after Sir, Henry Ellis in 1811, and appeared in Sir Edgerton Brydges's "Bibliographer." It consisted of eighty works. I am somewhat specific in this matter because I have just read a newspaper item giving credit to Brydges for compiling the list. This list was extended to 180 entries, and appended by Pickering to Boosey's "Piscatorial Reminiscences" in 1836. This was followed in 1847 by Dr. Bethune's Waltonian Library, consisting of about 300 titles. In 1856 the Bibliographical Catalogue of Mr. J. Russell Smith contained 264 titles. The New Bibliotheca Piscatoria (1861–9) contained 650 distinct works. Westwood and Satchell's Bibliotheca Piscatoria of 1883, really a second edition of the volume of 1861–9, contains the titles of 2,148 distinct works and 3,158 editions and reprints. Of this last-named work I possess what I believe to be a unique copy. The work as it came from the printer contained a number of errors, and these Mr. Satchell corrected with a pen in the copy which he presented to me, and on the fly leaf he wrote an account of how the errors came about in a book of this sort.

A. N. Cheney.

Troublesome Vegetation.

Texas, August.—I was appointed "a committee of one" by our boating and fishing club to request the Forest and Stream to suggest some means to get rid of a moss that is growing rapidly in our lake. It is a green stuff that grows up from the bottom and slightly resembles a miniature tree under the water. When it reaches the top it seems to decay on top and forms a slimy substance of a lighter green color. When caught on a hook or oar it becomes stringy and is very troublesome. It is very spongy and heavy when full of water.

Any information you might offer through the paper or otherwise would be thankfully received.

The club at Corsicana, Tex., are experiencing the same trouble. They employed a man with a boat and chain and span of mules to drag theirs out. He cleared a space, if I remember rightly, about 200yds. square in a week or such a matter and gave it up.

A liberal quantity of salt sprinkled over the moss might kill it out, as salt will kill all vegetation when used in a field to kill Johnson grass.

The Newsman.

Cayuga Lake Fishing.

Ithaca, N. Y., Aug. 16.—John H. Selkreg and Warren Lyons, local anglers, returned from Redwood on the 14th, having spent a week at that point trout fishing. "Splendid luck" is their verdict. They succeeded in doing what past masters in the art of angling rarely do—taking a 9lb. wall-eyed pike on a light fly-rod with a trout fly as lure.

Good bass fishing is now reported at all the favorite bass grounds on Cayuga Lake. Some big pickerel and mascallonge are being taken at Union Springs. Near the village of Cayuga the bass fishing has been exceptionally fine during the past ten days.

M. Chill.

BOSTON ANGLING NEWS.

Boston, Aug. 16.—Sport with rod and reel was never more popular than it is to-day. Every man, and especially every boy, wants a share in it on his summer vacation. Even the man or boy who is chained to business takes his rod and line along when he gets off for a day, and pickerel or bass are tried for in the fresh water; or mackerel, cod or bluefish in the salt water. The Boston man or boy who has a lucky "pull" can get an occasional permit to fish the Brookline Reservoir for bass, though I have heard of few catches there yet. Even the canoeist on the Charles River puts out a trolling spoon or bait, and sometimes a pickerel and sometimes a black bass comes out to grace his creel. Harry L. Chatman, the junior Chatman in the house of Chatman, Kendal & Daniel, was canoeing on the Charles the other day with a friend. He had a line out. All at once there was a mighty splash, and the reel began to hum. The paddle was dropped and the rod taken in hand. It was evident that "a big one" was hooked. He would take about all the line Harry dared to give, and then when the attempt was made to reel him in, the light canoe was actually towed about the way the fish desired to go. Twice he came out of the water in grand style, and the angler is sure that he heard the jaws snap as he tried to shake out the hook. But such fighting was of no use, and after a hard struggle against rod and reel for fifteen or twenty minutes a magnificent black bass weighing nearly 3lbs. came to the net.

Everybody who goes to the seashore takes a line along or hires a boatman who furnishes the rigging. Mr. William J. Leckie, than whom no man in the United States is better known in the hide and leather trades, is just back from a couple of weeks at Martha's Vineyard. Every day he was out fishing or sailing. Often Mrs. Leckie was with him, but the sea off Katama Rips was generally too much for her to enjoy bluefishing, and as for mackerel fishing that was about out of the question for any lady. Indeed, Mr. Leckie and one or two other landsmen were not exactly sick when the mackerel boat lay to, anchored so that she was broadside on the waves and part of the time in the trough of the sea. They were not exactly sick, but the smell of the bait—well, enough has been said. But Mr. Leckie actually took over 200 mackerel that were very fine. He is greatly pleased with the mackerel fishing, and says that there is lots of sport there yet. Bluefishing has been a good deal of a failure in the neighborhood of Martha's Vineyard thus far this season. Mr. Leckie's party tried them faithfully, with a result of only two bluefish. The same report of a scarcity comes from Buzzard's Bay.

Mr. D. H. Blanchard is home again from his salmon river, the Northeast Branch of the St. Marguerite. The record for his river this season, caught by himself and guests, is thirty-five salmon. Mr. Walter M. Brackett, the salmon artist, whose preserve is just below that of Mr. Blanchard, is still at his river. He has had good luck this season, and had taken some seventeen salmon up to last accounts.

Mr. E. H. Wakefield, of Boston, is an angler who takes great delight in fishing. One of the best features of his angling is that he takes his wife with him; she is also an expert, and they never fish for count. They make a great many trips to ponds not far distant in quest of pickerel and bass fishing. They are just back from Wallace Pond in New Hampshire, where they have had the good luck to take twenty bass. Mrs. Wakefield has carried off high line by securing a bass weighing 5lbs. The couple are now about starting for the Rangeleys, where they will make only a short stop, however, their objective point being Tim Pond and the trout fishing they are sure to find there. They have visited those waters before.

Aug. 17.—There is an exhibition in Appleton & Basset's window to-day that is exciting a good deal of attention. The exhibit is the skin and mounted head of a mountain lion. When alive the beast measured 8ft. in length and weighed 194lbs. His height at the shoulder was 24in., and the girth of his forearm was 15in. The lucky man to kill such a beast was Mr. C. A. Hardy, a senior at Harvard, and a son of Mr. Edward E. Hardy, who has done so much for the propagation and restocking of game birds in Massachusetts, in connection with the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. The animal was shot near White River, Col., early last winter. But the skin and head are not the principal source of attraction in the window. There is a series of three photographs, the work of Mr. A. G. Wallihan, of Lay, Col.

Mr. Hardy, who is greatly interested in pictures of live game, heard of Mr. Wallihan and his expedition, and obtained consent to join them. With his father he had some time ago obtained a picture of a flying grouse, from some birds they were liberating, a picture that caused a good deal of interest and comment at the time. On the trip Mr. Hardy had the satisfaction of seeing at least eight mountain lions or cougars, and some of them under peculiar circumstances. Each of the series of photographs mentioned Mr. Hardy saw taken, and can vouch for their validity. They are not fancy sketches, but were taken by Mr. Wallihan from the live game itself. The first one shows the mountain lion, the skin of which is mentioned above, treed by the dogs. The beast is looking out of the tree at the hunter and the dogs. The second picture, and the most wonderful of all, shows the lion in mid-air and in the act of springing at the photographer. The guides were trying to dislodge the lion from the tree by stoning it, and Mr. Wallihan was standing not far from the base of the tree, camera in hand, watching for the beast to make a move. As the mountain lion is apt to do, the guides expected him to leap down the hill and run away, and Mr. Wallihan was watching for this motion. But his surprise may be imagined when he saw the beast actually crouching and preparing to spring at himself. This was the moment of his life. He had the nerve to poise his camera and to press the bulb when the beast was actually in the air springing for his own head, and, like the lightning flash picture, catch him as he sprang. His next motion was to dodge, and the beast was soon surrounded by the dogs, where he was shot by Mr. Hardy. The third photograph shows him being harried by the dogs as Mr. Hardy shot him.

Both Mr. Edward E. Hardy and his son are greatly pleased with the pictures obtained. They have a number of others. One shows the skeleton of a deer as completely cleaned by the mountain lions as though boiled and stripped. Mr. Hardy says that he saw a good deal of mountain lions during the trip. His opinion is that they

follow the deer, and then destroy a great many of them, doubtless preying upon them at night by springing from the trees. They move with death-like stillness, even when jumping from tree to tree. Mr. Hardy found himself uncomfortably near one one day as he was crawling up under some underbrush toward the "rimrock," as the guides term the borders of the cañons. There was snow on the "rimrock," and the beast actually slid along it and jumped into the cañon without the slightest noise.

Mr. Edward E. Hardy put the skin and pictures on exhibition in order that the public might get a glance at what he is greatly delighted with himself. It is altogether probable that he would be willing that the photographs should be reproduced in FOREST AND STREAM.

SPECIAL.

FOUR-OUNCE ROD AND SALMON.

WE, Louis Durand and Louis Gravelle, the two canoemen, had fished all the morning for salmon, and not a rise, although we saw a great many fish.

Returning to the little house, the highest station on the river, I took a 4oz. rod and commenced to cast, or rather try to cast, from the shore for trout, while the men went to prepare luncheon.

The river here is some 6ft. or more deep at the foot of the bank, which goes straight down to the water without a slope.

After a time I saw a salmon, and, as my fly touched the water, in an instant he rose and took it.

The little patch of clear water where I was fishing was bordered on either side by a perfect maze of fallen trees and roots, and all about me was a dense thicket of bushes some feet higher than my head—about the very worst place to play a salmon as well could be imagined.

I had on a very small brown-hackle fly, tied with slender single gut, fine leader and only 50ft. of line, with the smallest of reels.

The rod at once bent double, with tip in the water, though the fish only swirled slowly around in a circle of a few feet.

There being so little resistance in the rod it seemed to me the fish did not realize the situation.

After a minute or two, however, he made a swift short run out into the stream, taking nearly all my line (carrying my rod well into the water, the tiny reel shrieking and sputtering as certainly it never had before), jumped high in air, and then gently came back to his first position, while I proceeded to get my line in on the tinkling little reel as best I could.

The fish rested a couple of minutes or so, and then made another short rush, jumped, and came back as before.

If it had gone either to the right or left even a few feet, the leader would have been instantly parted by the fallen trees.

All this time I was shouting to the men to come to my aid.

They heard at last and running to the canoe came swiftly down in it to me.

I got in somehow, and we succeeded in gently swaying the fish gradually out into the stream.

It is needless to say how often the entire rod was in the water, and in addition my arm up to the shoulder, and how many times, as the men were straining every nerve following the flying fish, I saw the line almost gone.

The rod being too short to swing around the ends of the canoe, when the fish would start to run under it for the other side the men often lifted the line quickly in their hands and passed it around, but several times this was impossible, and the rod went under the canoe.

After three-quarters of an hour Louis Durand, in a fortunate moment, as the fish was passing his end, dropped his paddle and drove the gaff in 2in. from the tail, and the salmon was in the canoe.

It weighed 11½lbs.

The head guide, who has been on the river after salmon for thirty years, said, had he not seen the fish killed, he would have thought it under the circumstances impossible.

There being no chance when the fish took the fly to follow or even move from where I stood, and the usual run being several times the length of my line, this, with the exceeding dainty rod and reel, made an experience rather remarkable for good luck, as the handling had to be done so delicately that the ordinary salmon rod seemed by comparison a perfect tower of strength. R. G. M.

Fishing is an Art.

ARKVILLE, Delaware county, N. Y., Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dry Brook is in better condition. This year the spring floods were so much more severe than formerly that whole sections of farms were wiped out, enormous trees dragged out by the roots, rushed down the torrent against bridges, taking them along, sweeping barns and outhouses from the banks and making landscape entirely new for the prowling painter and fisher.

A week or so later, when the water had subsided sufficiently, I went up for a day and came back at sunset convinced that the "keepable" trout had also been washed down, for although I caught fully thirty, all were under size and were thrown back. I believe the small ones escape the rush of water by swimming up the numerous binnacles that border the stream. But now I have a softer tale to unfold. The larger ones are working up again and two miles above this point I have taken half-pounders galore, rarely coming in with fewer than fifteen in about four hours' wading, astonishing the new tackle fishermen who had condemned Dry Brook with disgust. Naturally, when their eyes returned to their normal size and position they would appear in gorgeous outfit, disappear for a day and appear again, damp, tired and hungry, with few or no fish. They now accuse me of having a private preserve or of buying them from the Aborigines, and although none of them have seen me go out the lesson is lost on them. They fish in herds.

Yesterday, in a blazing sun, I landed seven in little over an hour, the aggregate weight being about 3lbs. They would not rise to the fly, so I tried the grasshopper. But I am not giving it away up here. Selfish? Perhaps. I distribute my catch at the table invariably, rarely eating more than one of the smaller ones myself. My enjoyment is in getting them and being alone in nature's original atmosphere. Hunger does not trouble me, and here is a good hint for those of your readers who get up too early for breakfast and cannot find anything cold. I always have a piece of chocolate with me. It is amazing what a small bit is required to deaden the sense of hunger. And a pipe tastes just as good after it as after a meal.

Not long ago I made rather a curious catch. I had come to a bend where, below some willows, I knew was a nice pool. I made two or three preliminary casts in the air to get the length of line, when, on the last one, I was surprised by a vigorous strike and tremendous squeaking. Drawing back, I saw I had caught by the wing a wagtail, who had darted for the tail fly or had been hooked in passing. I let him go, more frightened than hurt, but he spoiled the pool. I have had some very good night fishing with coachmen and gray drake. The white miller seems not to attract.

I have also had some magnificent bass fishing about eighteen miles from here. I fought one for twenty minutes that I will swear weighed 5lbs., but alas! I didn't get him to scales. The fool boy who rowed became excited and upset the boat in about 30ft. of water, and he couldn't swim. I had my hands full for a while, and I haven't done cussing him yet. Mr. J. Cheever Goodwin will be up to-morrow and we will try them again.

Should the results pan out interestingly, you shall hear of them. H. M. ROSENBERG.

Nepigon Trout.

PORT ARTHUR, Ont., Aug. 10.—Fishing on the Nepigon River has been very good since July 1. The first to go up the Nepigon were two gentlemen from eastern Ontario; they started fishing about June 15; after three days' fishing they returned; the water was too high in the river. They brought down some thirty speckled trout, the largest about 6lbs., the smallest about 1½lbs.; average 2½lbs. each.

July 14 another party, consisting of Mr. M. Clarke, of St. Paul, and Mr. J. R. Dougherty, of St. Louis, went up the Nepigon and returned July 31, after seventeen days' fine fishing. The largest fish was caught by Mr. M. Clarke, and weighed 6½lbs.; this fish was caught with a minnow. In two hours one evening these gentlemen caught with two rods fourteen fish that weighed 72lbs. The trout they did not require were returned to the water. They preserved the largest specimens to take home with them, and were delighted with their trip. Mr. M. Clarke bought three Esquimalt dogs from the Indians at Lake Nepigon, which he sent to his home in St. Paul.

About July 19 another party, consisting of John A. Lea and E. P. Gates, of Independence; Judge T. A. Gill and C. O. Teichner, of Kansas City, went up for twelve days' fishing. They returned on July 31. They had a fine time. Mr. C. O. Teichner caught the largest trout, 6½lbs., with fly. Mr. E. P. Gates caught a double, the leading fish weighed 2½lbs. and the trailer 5½lbs.; the two weighing 7¾lbs. His largest fish weighed 4, 4½, 4½, 4¾, 5, 5½, 5½, 5¾, 6 and 6½lbs. each. He only got two fish that weighed less than 4lbs. Mr. John A. Lea caught twenty-seven doubles, largest doubles were 4¾ and 5¾lbs. each. He caught several doubles of 5, 6 and 7lbs. Judge T. A. Gill caught about twenty doubles. He did not stay through the trip. These gentlemen used split bamboo rods of 6, 7 and 8oz. each.

On Aug. 5 a party consisting of Prof. Delas Fall and Prof. R. Clyde Ford, with ten students from Albion College, Albion, Mich., went up the Nepigon River fishing. They intend to go as far north as the Albany River on a scientific expedition. They will be gone about one month. They will furnish me with notes of interest on their return. J. E. N.

Those Leaping Bass Again.

BOSTON, Aug. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having read with much interest the articles on "Leaping Bass" may I venture a word or two?

I have usually found in my own experience that lowering the tip, or giving slack line for a leaping bass, was to lose my fish.

Do they shake their heads? most certainly, and often with open mouth, if one may believe the evidence of his eyes. Also a bass lightly hooked, or if hooked in lips or mouth, leaps freely; while if the bait is gorged and hook bedded in the soft gullet the fish rarely does more than roll up to the surface, preferring to bore down into deep water. If a leaping fish is hooked my experience is that it is safest to give plenty of time and keep a taut line, with rod near the surface of the water and bearing well away from the fish when he comes up for a leap; while if it is a fish that heads for the bottom the best way is to force the fight and get him netted as quickly as possible before the hook stretches and tears out of the tough but yielding gullet. I have never seen a bass leap more than about 2ft. in height above the water. Also I only speak of the small-mouth bass, having never taken a "large-mouth." HENRY J. THAYER.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sir:—I have been reading the dispute going on in your paper for some time on bass jumping and cannot resist making a few comments. I am not acquainted with the gentlemen who are disputing with one another, and, although they may be experts on the life and habits of the bass, I do not agree with them on some points.

Some say that the bass does not jump out of the water when hooked, others say that he only gets to the surface, and others that he jumps only about a foot.

Now, although I am not an expert, I have caught quite a number of bass and have never known one to fail to come entirely out of the water. I have caught them with a rod and drop line, and they always come out.

Let me tell you what I have seen a bass do. About two weeks ago I was fishing from the shore of a lake about thirty miles from New York City, and, as nothing was biting, I got out about 25ft. of line and laid my rod on the ground. I was walking around, when I noticed a bass jump fully 2½ft. out of the water, about 60ft. or so from shore. When I got hold of my rod I found he was fast. Now how do those gentlemen who claim a bass does not jump out of the water account for this? The bass had run out about 40ft. of line, and had hooked himself and had then taken his jump.

He was not helped by the spring of the rod, as it was a very light fly rod and was lying on the ground at the time; also the line was very light and No. 7 hooks, single gut. The bass weighed slightly over 3½lbs. W. H. D.

NOTES FROM FISHING WATERS.

Correspondents are invited to send us notes of fish, fishermen, fishing conditions and fishing facts, so that they may reach this office on a Monday.

MR. W. B. YOUNG, of this city, has shown us a photograph of a string of bass taken by him on Spirit Lake, Iowa, June 10 last. Mr. Young fished eight hours, and in that time took 33 black bass, weighing 75lbs., the largest two of 6lbs. each. He caught them with frogs, casting with a 7½oz. Kosmic rod, and landed them without a landing-net. The oarsman was Royal Weed.

Mr. Leonard Hulit, of Asbury Park, N. J., sends us a photograph of a morning catch of 62 handsome weakfish, at Barnegat, by A. J. Taylor, Dr. De Voursney and himself. These three men are of the get-up-at-3-o'clock-in-the-morning-to-go-fishing tribe of anglers.

Mr. G. C. Howe, of the Windsor Hotel, Rouse's Point, Lake Champlain, sends us a photograph of a string of black bass taken there recently, thirty-seven fish to three rods. Mr. Howe estimates that there are 37,000 more fish in the same spot waiting to be hooked.

CLAYTON, N. Y., Aug. 15.—Following up their great success angling, Mr. W. R. Farrington yesterday captured an 11lb. wall-eyed pike; and Mrs. W. R. Farrington a 12lb. pickerel. Most assuredly the name of Farrington here is getting to be synonymous with large fish. Every day sees this couple with a fine catch of finny beauties. J. G. F.

THREE LAKES, Wis., Aug. 16.—Mr. C. B. Slade and Miss F. Slade, of Chicago, caught 320 black bass at Butternut Lake last week, largest 5½lbs.; also lunge fishing is good. CHAS. FRENCH.

A Copper Eye for Gimp Snells.

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y., Aug. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Walking down Broadway a few days ago and stopping at Benedict Bros.', keepers of the city time, to get the correct number of seconds from the window near Cortlandt street without stopping more than a minute, my old angling friend, Mr. F. P. Benedict, beckoned to come inside. When not designing new things in jewelry, collar buttons and kindred things, he amuses himself by devising bait kettles and angling appliances, so something new was expected. His latest was a copper eye for gimp snells, primarily designed for heavier work, such as dead-eyes on wire cables, but the application to gimp raised the question as to the strength of the eye, and to show this Mr. Benedict took a piece of gimp some 7in. long and slipped a tube of fine soft copper ¾in. long over one end. It was very loose, and bending it into an eye with a pair of small pliers asked me to pull on it, and a very hard pull broke the gimp, while the copper never stirred.

I thought this worth writing about and have advised Mr. Benedict to let some tackle dealer put it on the market. Inclosed you will find the broken gimp as described, and will note that the eye last put on was imperfectly closed. FRED. MATHER.

St. Lawrence River Fishing.

CLAYTON, Thousand Islands, N. Y., Aug. 14.—Mrs. W. R. Farrington, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., now a guest at Hubbard House of Clayton, yesterday hooked and landed the largest fish brought into town this season, viz., a 37lb. muskallonge, measuring 4ft. 4in. from tip to tip. The fish was an extremely game one and gave Mrs. Farrington splendid sport and plenty to do for just one hour and five minutes from the time of hooking till landed into the skiff. A week ago, as reported in your columns, Mr. W. R. Farrington landed a 33½lb. muskallonge, and last September Mrs. W. R. F. took one which weighed 40lbs. (which was also recorded in FOREST AND STREAM), so that this lady's and gentleman's reputation as expert and fortunate anglers is most fully established. Since their arrival at the river two weeks ago, their daily average catches of black bass and pickerel have been excellent.

Another party quartered at the Hubbard House, consisting of five, yesterday brought in 210 black bass, taken in seven hours' fishing. J. G. F.

The Saginaw Crowd.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich.—The car W. B. Mershon left here July 1 with Mr. C. M. Crawford and family, of Hagerstown, Md., for a trip to Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast. They are expected to arrive in Chicago on the 10th. They report having had a delightful time, no accidents and everything moving along splendidly. The Saginaw crowd are now planning for another pilgrimage to somewhere in the far West early in October.

MERSHON.

Fishculture.

Mussels for Fish Ponds—as Scavengers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In my letter published in your number of July 13 attention was invited to the fact that I had been a witness to the capture of a considerable number of fresh-water mussels on fish hooks. Late in the month named, the same trot line, supporting about 175 hooks, was placed on the bottom of the Potomac River. The line remained in 20ft. of water over night. When it was lifted I stood on shore watching, and counted until nearly forty mussels were boated. To some of the hooks again two specimens were firmly clasped, the usual catch being one. Additional specimens were taken into the boat after my attention was withdrawn.

From my letters you are to understand that the fresh-water mussel, unlike the oyster, does not bide his time with open mouth and "bated breath" for the chance harvest of food borne on the ebbing or flowing current, but is given to business-like locomotion. That this habit is marked and of practical utility to the mussel is suggested by the fact that there was scarcely a hook that was blank.

Almost everyone knows that mussels have power to move about, but it may not be generally realized that the travel is a veritable browsing expedition, aimed at the picking up of the day's ration. I confess that the habit was unsuspected by me, and its announcement to others has been in the nature of a novelty.

Since the observations were made it has occurred to me that the nomadic habit of the mussel may pertain to a number of species, and that it may be profitably taken advantage

of, perhaps, in pond culture. It has been long claimed for the mussel that its young, amounting to countless myriads, afford valuable nutrition to small, growing fishes. The young mussels have been regarded as being especially valuable as a nutrient article on account of supplying calcareous matter, required in considerable quantity, for building up the bone structure of fish fry. But now it seems that another equally or more important use can be made of the mussel, in this case the adult, in the rôle of a sanitary functionary, *i. e.*, as a scavenger. There is a conspicuous want in this direction, and practical pond culturists will appreciate the prospective bearing of the suggestion.

The mussels first known by me to have been dragged from their watery homes on the hook found the common angle worm the source of attraction; the next catch, about 200 on one line, were tempted by a cooked paste composed of stale cheese and wheat flour; the third catch, mentioned in the early part of this letter, were victims to bits of raw side bacon and slices of salted river herring. The varied menu suggests a wide range of diet, and may include plants. The fresh-water mussels have a wide distribution. Apparently mussels require running water, or, what is an equivalent, a considerable water area. S. G. WORTH.

Game and Fish Protection.

Maine Protection.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the article in your issue of Aug. 17, entitled "Maine Protection," Mr. Stanley gives a second affidavit from Messrs. Conant and Tyler. The first was given and printed in good faith, as the date was believed to be 1891. Further investigation showed that it was in 1890, and that being the case, there was no law forbidding Mr. Harriman from taking money if offered. But this fact, while it relieves the warden, only shifts the responsibility to the Commissioner. Mr. Stanley well knows that prior to 1891 there were numerous cases where deer were seized and held for alleged illegal shipment, when, as I am to-day informed by as good counsel as there is in the State on such matters, there was no law which forbid any man from shipping deer; and it was not till the Commissioners were beaten in the Bennett and McPhetres cases that the law in 1891 was changed; such being the case, there was no need of services of a warden or any one else in shipping deer in 1890.

If Mr. Stanley wishes to know certainly about this thing and will notify me of any time he will be in Bangor I will show him that the money paid was paid on the belief that the deer could be seized as others had been and that the owners had good grounds for believing so. The fact is the Commissioners allowed deer to be taken under form of law when the test cases proved what they knew before that there was no law and this was the cause of money being paid.

In regard to the affidavit of E. L. Morse that I never offered to go to Mr. Conant's with him, I have simply to say that I did so offer, and he told me, "If you have any proof you had better have him indicted." My only object in speaking to him on the subject was to get him to investigate it, and when I offered to go and show proof he squarely refused.

In regard to the guide's telling him that I had written and warned him of Mr. Morse's coming, I cannot say that a guide may not have told him so, but I will say there was no truth in it, and if Mr. Morse has an average memory he will remember that he once told me this same story on the street, and I told him there was no truth in it. I only know of one reason for Mr. Morse's seeming hostility to me, and that is that once, when I had good reason for believing that he would be shot on account of the belief that he put poison in various places, I warned him of his danger. He believed my word then, and at his request I wrote letters to two parties giving them his version of the matters and whom he thought it was done by. If I did him any wrong in so doing and helping save his life I apologize and will not commit a similar error in future.

The principal point to which I wish to call Mr. Stanley's attention, and except for which I should have let his article pass without a reply, is regarding what he states about togue, or as he still persists in calling them lake trout. To quote him exactly, he says: "Notwithstanding Mr. Hardy's assertion to the contrary, I here state that the fish I saw were not togue, and were unlike anything we have in Maine. I went with Mr. Thayer, of the Augusta House, who had these fish on his table, to the market where he bought them. The dealer took us to his refrigerator and showed them to us, and said they came from Lake Ontario and were lake trout, which I have no doubt they were, for which there is no close time in Maine or need of any."

Does Mr. Stanley wish it to go on record that he, a Fish Commissioner and a life-long fisherman, does not know that a lake trout, a laker and a togue are one and the same fish? He says that there is no close time on lake trout in Maine. On page 27 of Revision of Fish and Game Laws for 1895 he will find: "There shall be an annual close time on land-locked salmon, commonly so called, trout and togue." Now the only question in dispute is, are togue and lake trout one and the same? In 1884 a book was written on the "Fishery Industries of the United States," by George Brown Goode, with (as the title tells us) the co-operation of Spencer F. Baird, Commissioner. On page 486, under the head of "Lake Trout," we are told: "Naturalists have been sadly misled by these protean modifications. The 'namaycush' of the north, the 'togue' or 'tuladi' of the Maine and New Brunswick Indians and lumbermen, the siscowit or siskawitz of Lake Superior, the trout of Winnipeseogee and that of the Adirondack lakes, have each been honored with a distinct binomial. * * * A careful study of the dead fish is sufficient, however, to convince a trained observer that there are no structural differences by which these different forms may be separated into species." Leaving out a great deal which space forbids quoting, it is said on page 487: "This fish," writes Lanman, "is found in all the great lakes of New Brunswick and in very many of those in Maine, but is believed not to exist in the lakes of Nova Scotia. It is called by the lumbermen 'togue.'"

From what has been quoted above from the most eminent authorities in the United States, it seems clear that lake trout and togue are one and the same fish, and that a close time on one is a close time on the other, and also on all the other twelve different names which in the article quoted from are applied to it. It also seems clear that, while there may be minor points of difference, the fish taken in Ontario and Maine are one and the same. If Mr. Stanley will carefully read the whole of the article from which I have only quoted detached portions, I think he will be fair-minded enough to admit that he is in error, and that there really is a close time in Maine on lake trout, and also that I was correct in claiming the Ontario fish, as he calls them, as being the same as our Maine fish.

To quote Mr. Stanley again and lastly: "I will say in reply Mr. Hardy did tell the truth. The man he speaks of did sit before him, but he was not a warden, and had not been for some time from the very reason Mr. Hardy speaks of, as we refused to recommend his reappointment or to employ him. I have no doubt the man had pocketed fines, but Mr. Hardy produced no proof, nor offered to, that the man had done so, although I presume he may have thought so by telling of the seized hides, which he had a perfect right to if they were legally seized. They were his."

I wish to thank Mr. Stanley for in this case quoting me so fairly with the evident intention of doing me justice in this case. Had he taken the pains when we met after the meeting closed to have asked me for proof in this or any of the cases I referred to, I would certainly have met him half way, and I believe he would not have written some of the things he has or inserted such a scurrilous affidavit as that of Mr. Morse. The facts in the above case are these: I paid the warden at one time $101 for hides legally seized, Mr. Stillwell himself sending over for me to come over and see the warden. The warden did not pretend that they were his, for when after I had paid for and taken a bill of them I asked him to pay something on a large debt he owed me, he said that half belonged to the State. I afterward sent him a check for $27 for another lot of three hides. Wishing to know whether the State ever received its share, I carried the receipt and the stub of the check to Mr. Stillwell, who told me that he had never paid in a cent of that or any other fines. I cannot see where I failed to do all I was called upon to do, or what more proof I could show. Mr. S. kept the papers and I have never seen them since. A long time after I asked Mr. S. if the warden was still in office, and he replied that he was, and on my expressing surprise he said: "I have one consolation, the poachers do not get off easily." Till I read Mr. Stanley's article I was not aware of his discharge.

I stand ready to second any effort the Commissioners will make to get rid of poor wardens, if it takes the last one, and am happy to give them full credit for all they have done or will do in this line. Whatever opinion the Commissioners may have, I believe I have done my full share to try and have the laws administered so that people will respect them and those appointed to enforce them. For years I have been calling attention to the fact that wardens should give bonds, as numerous letters to Representatives and Senators will testify, and also that Commissioners should give statements of all funds received, whether from fines or otherwise, and an itemized account of how all such funds were expended, the same to be audited as other accounts are. The first part has been accomplished, and wardens now give bonds, as they should have done years ago.

Should I ever meet the Commissioners or any of their wardens in the woods, and they are hungry, they shall have half the provisions I have. If I ever know of their doing an unfair thing I shall tell them of it when I meet them.

MANLY HARDY.

BREWER, Me., Aug. 17.

DIXFIELD, Me., Aug. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In my article in FOREST AND STREAM this week in answer to Manly Hardy, entitled "Maine Protection," an omission of the word "not" makes me accuse Mr. Hardy of dishonesty, which I did not, nor intend to do. It reads, "I am not going to accuse him of dishonesty and stupidity as he has us. * * * If he is honest, which I am disposed to say he is not." It should read, "which I am not disposed to say he is not," etc. HENRY O. STANLEY.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

He has a Horn Snake.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 16.—In an earlier issue of FOREST AND STREAM I have ventured the assertion that some day I should see a specimen of the horn snake sent in to the FOREST AND STREAM office. To-day I can announce that the horn snake has arrived. I have got him. He is in a bottle, and can be seen without any price of admission. The only regret I have about the matter is that, unfortunately, the snake being dead, I cannot try it on a wagon tongue or hoe handle. I also regret that the horn is not so long as it might be, the snake having been killed before the horn had a chance to show what it could do. Still, the horn is there, and I can say I have a horn snake. I suppose Science will say this snake could not split a wagon tongue, but how does Science know? In short, did Science or anybody else ever see a horn snake, or any other kind of a snake, trying its tail on a wagon tongue? What does Science know about it then?

The smallness of the horn in my specimen leaves something to be desired, but I know Dr. Taylor and Mr. Miles, of Brownsville, Tenn., have seen snakes with longer horns than this. Moreover, the color of this snake does not all tally with the description of the Florida and other horn snakes. Therefore I must say I am not yet satisfied. Will some gentleman please send me a snake with a bigger horn?

None the less I thank Mr. E. A. McIlhenny, of Avery's Island, New Iberia Parish, La., very much for this snake, and for the very interesting letter which he writes in regard to it. Mr. McIlhenny is the first to materialize a horn snake, and his words have weight. He writes me thus:

"I have followed with much interest, through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, your search for information about the horn snake. Being fond of natural history, whenever a report of a horned snake has reached me I have followed it up, offered rewards and searched myself, and have always (if I met with any) met with the same snake. I sent you one of these snakes in alcohol by express yesterday.

"This snake is known throughout Louisiana as the 'bastard horn snake.' It is generally conceded that it has a horn at the end of its tail, and that the horn has a sting in it, and whatever it touches dies from the effect.

"It is obvious there is no horn, and by examination you will find there is no sting. You will notice, however, the peculiar formation of the last scale on the end of the tail and the abruptness with which the tail terminates, and in this scale formation is where the idea of the horn comes from.

"The snake I sent you is a small one (they often attain a length of 6½ to 7ft.), and the horn is not well developed. As the snake grows larger the terminating scale enlarges, so that on a 6ft. snake I have seen the last scale from ¼ to 1in. long. These snakes are found around damp places, among old logs and fallen timber, which they are supposed to have killed. Their principal food is insects of various sorts and their larvæ. In procuring their food the unusual formation of the tail comes into use. By working it point first under small objects on the ground which would shelter insects, they are enabled to turn them over and find the food more readily. They in this manner strip the bark from old logs in search of food. They may be handled with perfect impunity, for they never attempt to strike with head or tail.

"The colors of the specimen I sent are much faded by the alcohol. In life they are a shiny blue-black, with the belly markings a brilliant red.

"To be sure I was sending the right snake I showed it yesterday to several of the negroes about the place, asking them what it was; they all gave about the same answer: 'Bastard horned snake, sure destruction to everything it stings,' etc., etc.

"I trust these facts will be of interest to you."

The facts are of interest. I have never read of any snake using its tail as above described, nor do I believe such habit is generally known. A snake with a soft tail would be no good in that business. In time, nature would harden the tail with a scale-like, horny protection. That is evolution, and on that I ask Science to agree with me. If she does that, Science admits about all I claim—that there is a snake with a horn on its tail, and that the horn has some purpose, or it would not be there. Science has never established that the actual purpose of it was to split wagon tongues, so it may be called a success after all. And I've got the snake to prove it.

More Snake Legs.

Mr. Frank M. Buckland, of West Hartford, Conn., sends the following cutting from the Hartford *Times:*

"Snakes with rudimentary legs and feet have been told of, but few, we guess, ever saw one. Such a snake has been killed (as we understand it) in or near the southwest part of Hartford, and left, in alcohol, at the *Times* office by Mr. George V. Brickley, of 120 Wethersfield avenue. It seems to be an undoubted snake, though a queer one. The head has been cut off and left with the body in the bottle; a large part of the other end also has been cut off, for the purpose, as Mr. Brickley is reported to have said, of getting it all into the bottle—a 6oz. vial. The snake was said to be 2ft. long; it has a half fuzzy look, and is of a very dark, almost black hue, relieved by many encircling yellow ochre stripes or bands. It looks, head and all, much like a viper or an adder; but the queer thing is a pair of little feet, with toes and claws, growing out of the body near the vent. It is not easy to study the creature through the media of glass and alcohol, and we do not guarantee the genuineness of the apparent phenomenon, but it certainly does look to be a real snake, sure enough. The person who brought the creature in seems not to have indicated very clearly the locality where it was killed."

The *Times* is puzzling over snake "legs" just as a lot of us were until the arrival of Mr. Boardman's letter, published in last week's FOREST AND STREAM. These legs are not legs, as reference to that number will show.

The "Smoking Revolver."

My friend the daily reporter has a great fondness for the "smoking revolver." The murderer shoots his "victim" seven times mortally, and then flings away his smoking revolver, or rushes upstairs with his smoking revolver, or turns his smoking revolver on the pursuing crowd, or upon himself, or upon the policeman—anyhow, it smokes always. And if my friend the daily newspaper artist did not draw the picture with a chunk of smoke coming solidly out of the revolver he would lose his job. In the daily press the weapon is always a "smoking revolver," and will be, even after nitros alone are used. But really, did the gentlemen ever fire a revolver, or see one fired, which had contracted this pernicious habit.

Another bad habit (after the "crashing through his brain" item) is the extremely free use made of buckshot by the daily reporter. In the mining riots now before the public, as in all earlier riots, the leader of the riot falls because "forty buckshot pierced his heart." He ought to fall then, to be sure; but why always the mystic number of forty buckshot? At Spring Valley coal riots this week one gentleman was shot in the back with the same forty buckshot, and they "pierced his heart," or "lodged in his heart," though a subsequent statement shows that he was still alive two days later.

Frog Industry.

"Growers and dealers in live frogs for bait" is what the card of Messrs. Utter & Johnson reads. There is quite a call among the Chicago bait casters for the useful frog, and it seems another firm is in the industry. For years Grossman, out Seventy-first street way, was the acknowledged frog man of Chicago, and I believe still continues in the business. It is an odd calling, but it bought a house and lot and raised a big family of nice boys and girls. I hope the new firm will do as well. E. HOUGH.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Buzzacott Outfit.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 14.—That part of the sporting fraternity that finds its chief delight in camping out in the woods, on the banks of a trout stream or near the feeding ground of the deer, may be interested in the experience of the 65th Regiment, of this city, Col. Samuel L. Welch, commander, with the Buzzacott cooking outfit on its recent field tour. The regiment was gone a week, making marches through Erie county, it having been the only regiment of the State National Guard with pluck enough to undertake this field service this year.

FOREST AND STREAM not being a military paper, I will skip over the marching and get down to the part the Buzzacott ovens played in the tour. When the regiment was laying plans for the tour the old ovens, part of the equipment of the command, were looked over, and it was voted that they would not do, it being impossible to cook a meal upon them. The officers of the company and the privates then went in and contributed money to equip the regiment with the Buzzacott outfit. They bought the style made for military purposes. The regiment is the only one in the State that has these ovens. The ovens worked to perfection during the week that the regiment was out, and since his return Col. Welch and the other officers of the regiment have spoken of the Buzzacott outfit in the highest terms. This experiment of the regiment ought to interest hunters who have not yet formed the acquaintance of the Buzzacott cooking outfit.

JOHN NOLAN, Assistant City Editor, Buffalo *Express.*

The "Badminton Magazine."

THE first number of the new English *Badminton Magazine of Sports and Pastimes* makes an extremely favorable impression. It covers a wide field, ranging from Alpine climbing to tarpon fishing and golf; and is handsomely printed and illustrated. The American agents are Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. The subscription price is $3.50 a year.

THE Marlin Fire Arms Company announce that they are now prepared to furnish their .30cal. rifle in the model 1893. The cartridge is loaded with 30grs. of smokeless powder and a 160grs. full metal patched bullet. The velocity of this bullet is a little over 1,800ft. per second; the penetration is nearly four times as great as that of the ordinary lead bullets shot out of the regular hunting rifles. The steel used for barrel, as well as that used in the receiver and breech-bolt, is manufactured and guaranteed to the regulation specifications of the United States Government.

"Hunting and Fishing along the Northwestern Line" is the title of a booklet recently issued by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. It is profusely illustrated, and gives information in detail concerning the best hunting and fishing grounds in the West and Northwest. Copies will be mailed free to any address upon application to W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & Northwestern Railway, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.
Sept. 10 to 13.—Binghampton Industrial Exposition's fifth annual bench show, Binghampton, N. Y. A. P. Fish, Sec'y.
Sept. 17 to 20.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's third annual bench show, Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I.
Sept. 17 to 20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.
Sept. 17 to 20.—Montreal Kennel Association's show, Montreal, Can. Geo. K. Lanigan, Hon. Sec'y-Treas.
Sept. 17 to 20.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's first annual bench show, Milwaukee, Wis. F. S. Morrison, Sec'y.
Sept. 18 to 20.—Omaha Kennel Club's second annual show, Omaha, Neb. E. L. Marston, Sec'y.
Sept. 24 to 27.—New England Kennel Club's second annual terrier show, Boston, Mass. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.
Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

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Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris, Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.
Oct. 22.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's third annual trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.
Oct. 29.—Assonet Neck, Mass.—New England Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. Arthur R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.
—. Morris, Man.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.
Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.
Nov. 5.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.
Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 West Twenty-second street, New York.
Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H. Thompson, Sec'y.

1896.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Jan. 20.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. seventh annual trials. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

COURSING.

Sept. 24.—Lisbon, N. D.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting. H. C. Waterhouse, Sec'y.
Oct. 1.—Aberdeen, S. D.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's meeting. J. H. Davis, Sec'y.
Oct. 8.—Huron, S. D.—American Waterloo Cup. F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.
Oct. 23.—Goodland, Kan.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.
Oct. 28.—Goodland, Kan.—Kenmore Coursing Club's meeting. C. F. Weber, Sec'y.

A DOG'S LIFE.

"A DOG'S LIFE" has long been the synonym for all that is harsh, menial, vexing or uncertain in human existence. The term seems to us a misnomer. At least the majority of dogs do not now lead hard lives. Beppo there for instance. In his old age—he is eleven years old—reviewing his career from the day he came to us a puppy of six weeks, I can see only affection, devotion, animal comfort, the fullest measure of success in all that a dog may attempt—love, obedience, fidelity, the chase, war.

He sits on the broad ledge of my study window as I write. A Newfoundland, black with white under-body and a white tip to his tail, which he carries curled over his flanks with the grace of a Henry of Navarre. The window is his favorite seat; it looks out on broad meadows and pastures falling down to the opposite slope of the Taghkanic range—a wilderness of overgrown pasture, wood, crag and peak—the scene of his early training. When six months old he began to accompany me on my long rambles afield, and his education began. I shall never forget the look of amazement, distraction and disgust his face assumed when we put up his first covey of partridges, which rose in every direction, here, there and everywhere; nor his frantic efforts to put his paw on this strange species of game, which sprang into air and was wafted away so mysteriously before his eyes—but after one or two experiences of this sort he learned that birds could fly and failed to display any unusual excitement.

An experiment that I tried upon him about this time elicited another display of his reasoning powers. In this same hillside pasture were a number of colonies of the large red ant (*Formica rufa*), the fiercest and most pugnacious of their kind.

Thrusting my cane into one of their hills, I directed the dog to dig them out, and he at once fell to, his paws working like trip hammers, with the result that he soon had the hill half disembowled, at the same time covering himself with hundreds of the insects enraged by this invasion of their domicile. These soon made themselves felt and the poor fellow, though measurably protected by his shaggy coat, was glad to betake himself to a neighboring brook to rid himself of them.

The reproachful look he gave me when I next gazed into his eyes haunted me for many a day, but he never showed resentment, nor attempted revenge. But after that no persuasion nor command could induce him to put his paws into an ant hill.

I adopted another method for bringing out his sense of smell. In our walks abroad it was some time before he could accommodate himself to my gait, but would get several hundred yards in advance. When this occurred I would suddenly hide by the roadside; presently the dog, missing me, would come tearing back, rush past and not seeing me anywhere would fly back, look about, and then bethinking himself of his gift of scent would put his nose to the ground, catch my trail and come straight for me, receiving with infinite content my patting and praises.

After a few lessons of this kind, he made no attempt to find me by sight, but brought his other sense into requisition.

As Beppo grew into dogship he settled into a routine of duties and occupations; to drive the cows to and from pasture, to surprise the wary woodchuck at a distance from his burrow and throttle him despite his sturdy defense and formidable display of incisors, to guard the premises at night, and attend his master with the devotion of a bodyguard by day, were his principal occupations. I am sure he has led a happy as well as useful life. His only sorrows, so far as I know, have been the frequent absences of his master and the bicycle.

I have noticed several times evidences of an aristocratic, or rather knightly, element in his character. For instance, no provocation will induce him to attack small dogs, nor the helpless young of his natural prey. For instance, one day he uncovered in Sire Swamp a nest of young rabbits barely a day old. A sharp, quick bark brought us to the scene, where we found him standing over them and regarding them with a comical air of interest and perplexity. We reproved him, and replaced their covering over the shivering, helpless things; and although the dog had the run of the pasture, and must often have passed near their burrow, they were unmolested until able to leave the nest.

But I began to speak of his aversion to the bicycle. When he was seven years old his master bought a wheel for health and recreation, and thereafter his morning exercise was usually a spin of several miles upon that.

Beppo at first tried to follow the tireless steed, but it proved too much for him. He would be left far behind, and come in panting, with tongue out. After one or two trials he wholly refused to go out with it, and no coaxing could change his determination. But I could see that he felt keenly the loss of his morning constitutional and his deposition as his master's bodyguard.

One supreme example of obedience, and one of pity and benevolence the dog gave, so marked as to be worthy of narration. While he was still a puppy a cat was brought into the family. She was of imported stock and during her early years had lived in luxury. Her mistress moved away while she had a flock of kittens hidden under the garret floor in such a manner that they could not be reached, and the cat stayed behind, refusing to desert her babies.

Six months of semi-starvation and abuse, of being chased by dogs and stoned by village boys, followed. Then a friend of ours decoyed the poor waif into her house and sent her to us. Sardis caught a mouse before she had been with us five minutes, and from that moment adopted the house as her home. Her temper, however, had been irretrievably spoiled, as poor Beppo, on making friendly advances, found, for she clawed and cuffed him without mercy, and never failed thereafter to show her enmity by snarling and spitting whenever he came into her presence.

One would suppose that the natural result would have been to make the dog an enemy to all cats; not so, however.

In due time, when Beppo had become a full-grown dog, Sardis had kittens, and one of them—Joe—evinced from the first a singular fondness for the dog. His mother, after scolding and expostulating in vain, cast him off utterly, whereupon the dog became its foster father. Night after night the kitten lay cuddled up against Beppo's shaggy breast with his forepaws folded over it. It thrived, too, and soon grew into one of the largest and finest male cats I ever saw. Beppo and Joe have lived together now nearly nine years, and have shown the most perfect cat and dog friendship ever recorded, I think. They sleep together in the dog's kennel. They are always together on the back porch of a morning, waiting for their breakfast, the cat rubbing against the dog's paws and under him, purring with the greatest content, and the dog taking as great delight in him.

Sometimes, to try them, we feed Beppo first; Joe will then draw near the dish so that his nose is but an inch or two away and await developments.

If the dog is hungry he will give a short, sharp bark or warning growl, and Joe will retire. But if the cat does not hear this, he will draw nearer and nearer, and when the dog is busy with a bone will seize a morsel and swallow it. Sardis meantime will sit at a distance with ruffled fur, growling at the dog and gazing with horror and disgust upon her offspring.

As an instance of his obedience take the following: I was standing at sunset on the banks of a lovely mountain lake, the dog seated on his haunches at my side, when I espied a diver out on the lake which exhibited the greatest curiosity concerning us. It began swimming toward the spot where we stood, its head stretched forward, turning first one eye, then the other, and diving in sudden panic every other yard. I quieted the dog with a warning s-s-h-h and the bird came nearer and nearer, until within 2yds. of us, where it remained some time cocking its eye to left and right, and to appearance very curious about this strange combination. I could feel the dog tremble with suppressed excitement. His natural inclination of course was to leap into the water, his favorite element, and seize the quarry; but he never stirred so much as an eyelash, and after a few moments' scrutiny the bird dived suddenly, reappeared several yards from where it had descended and paddled away toward its young hidden in the alders.

At 11 years Beppo has reached old age. He lags behind in our walks. He refuses to take to the water. He has a higher appreciation of the warm chimney corner. His life is practically closed.

Looking at it from beginning to end, I can see nothing in it but faithful service, devoted affection and pure enjoyment.

CHARLES BURR TODD.

Omaha Kennel Club.

THE premium list of the Omaha Kennel Club can now be obtained of the Secretary, E. L. Marston, Omaha. The entry fee for mastiffs, great Danes and Newfoundlands is $3; for toy terriers under 7lbs., King Charles, Blenheim, other toy spaniels and Italian greyhounds, $2; all other breeds, $2.50. There is a special prize of $25 for the handler making the largest exhibit; $25 for the largest exhibit owned by one handler, and other valuable, general and particular specials. Mastiffs, St. Bernards and great Danes have $15 in challenge classes, $15 and $10 in open classes, and $5 and $3 in puppies. King Charles, toy terriers, Yorkshire terriers, skye terriers, Dandie Dinmonts, Bedlingtons, Blenheims and Italian greyhounds have $5 and $3 open classes. The prize in the challenge class of such of these breeds as have one is $5. Other classes have $10 in challenge, $10 and $5 in open, and $5 and $3 for the puppy classes. Entries close Sept. 4. All express companies in Omaha will return all dogs free to point of origin that will be sent to Omaha over their lines on which charges have been paid at time of shipment, providing ownership remains unchanged. Spratts Patent meat fibrine vegetable dog cakes (with beet-root) will be fed.

THE DOG'S IMMORTALITY.

RONDOUT-ON-HUDSON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with much interest in your issue of Aug. 10 a letter from "Ego," of Albany, N. Y. I am sorry that I did not see the remarks to which he refers, by a clergyman who does not agree with me. There are many clergymen who do not agree with me as to the immortality of the lower animals, as well as upon a variety of other subjects.

"Ego" wants to know how a layman is to know what the truth is when from clergymen there are emphatic yes and no in reply to the question of the immortality of the creatures below man in the scale of existence.

I would ask him upon what question outside the exact sciences—if there are exact sciences—there are not emphatic yes and no? I am not one of those clergymen who would do his thinking for anyone—especially for anyone who is evidently so capable of thinking for himself as is "Ego." There is only one way for anyone to arrive at the truth, and that is by thinking—by holding his mind steadily toward it till its light breaks upon him. For twenty years I did this in animal psychology—I presume that in such a letter as this I have the right to speak so personally—and the fact of the immortality of the sentient universe burst upon me finally as a great illumination. Through those years, as now, I considered no being too mean for my careful and patient study. My dog was, as my last dog would be to-day, if some miserable fellow, whom I would compliment by calling him a whelp, because he did not agree with me in animal psychology, had not poisoned the poor little beggar a few days ago—my dog was, I say, through those years, from my very early manhood, my constant companion, and I thought days not mis-spent in regarding the still humbler fellow beings, to fully see whom I had to supplement my poor dull sight with the microscope.

Maybe I have gone too far in saying that the fact of the immortality of the sentient universe burst upon me. At least, enough light came to give me a great hope for that immortality.

This I hold myself ready to prove—as I think that in what I have already published I have gone at the present a great way in the direction of proving—that man has no single element of nature, intellectual, moral or spiritual, that is not found in the showing in the lower animal.

"Ego" says that man has and the dog has not the power of speech. What does he mean by speech? Articulate speech? In Scotland a dog has been taught to say several words, among them "good morning" and "food." If "Ego" means by speech the power of the communication of ideas, dogs have that; ants have it; all animals that live in communities have it. Without it their communal life would be an impossibility. I might fill this whole issue of the FOREST AND STREAM in giving instances of how my dogs have communicated to me not only simple ideas, but thoughts.

As to imagination—which "Ego" thinks that the lower animals have not—they have it as certainly as man has. A horse scares at a shadow, thinking it a man. The dog gives forth the rich tone of the chase in his sleep. He has dreamed, and dreaming without an imagination is an impossibility.

Thanking the FOREST AND STREAM for its kindly review of my book and "Ego" for the delightfully courteous way in which he writes, and hoping that the day may come when every one shall have given more attention to those who cannot plead their own cause,

CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

Canadian Kennel Club.

THE nomination meeting of the C. K. C. was held at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on Aug. 7. Mr. R. W. Boyle acted as chairman, other members present being Messrs. G. B. Sweetnam, C. A. Stone and H. B. Donovan, secretary-treasurer.

The following officers were nominated and elected by acclamation: President, Mr. H. Bedlington, Hamilton; First Vice-President, Mr. J. S. Williams, Toronto; Vice-Presidents, Mr. F. W. Green, Halifax, N. S.; Mr. G. B. Bruce, Calgary, N. W. T.; Mr. R. McEwan, Byron; Mr. P. G. Keyes, Ottawa; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. H. B. Donovan, Toronto. For the executive committee the following gentlemen were nominated, twelve to be elected by a mail ballot vote of the members, ballots to be counted at the annual meeting: Dr. H. S. Griffin and Mr. W. P. Palmer, Hamilton; Mr. T. G. Davey and Dr. J. S. Niven, London; Dr. W. H. Drummond and Messrs. Jas. Lindsay, J. A. Pitt and Leslie H. Gault, Montreal; Messrs. G. B. Sweetnam, C. A. Stone, R. W. Boyle and A. A. Macdonald, Toronto; Messrs. T. McK. Robertson and C. H. Corbett, Kingston; Mr. Andrew Laidlaw, Galt; Mr. C. M. Nelles, Brantford; Mr. H. Gorman, Sarnia; Mr. L. A. Klein, Black Lake, Que.; Major J. C. Guillot, Windsor; F. S. Wetherall, Compton.

Field Trial Rules.—It was decided to adopt the rules of Continental Field Trial Club.

H. B. DONOVAN, Sec.-Treas.

Montreal Kennel Association.

THE premium list of the Montreal Kennel Association's bench show is now ready for distribution. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes, deerhounds, greyhounds, Russian wolfhounds, English foxhounds, pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters and collies have the same classification, namely, best kennel of four, $10; challenge classes, $10 and diploma; open classes, $10, $5 and diploma, excepting that Irish setters, challenge class dogs, have $20. All other open classes have uniformily $7, $3 and diploma, and those breeds which have challenge classes have $7 and diploma. The judges will be instructed to strictly withhold prizes when not merited, and in no case shall a special be awarded to a dog that does not win a first prize. Entries close Sept. 9. The judges are: C. A. Stone, Toronto, pointers, English setters, Irish setters, Gordon setters; P. G. Keyes, Ottawa, Ont., Irish water spaniels, clumber spaniels, field spaniels, cocker spaniels, King Charles spaniels, Prince Charles spaniels, ruby spaniels, Blenheim spaniels, Japanese spaniels, fox-terriers (smooth and wire); L. A. Klein, Esq., Black Lake, Que., dachshunde; J. F. Kirk, Toronto, all other classes. For premium list, apply to Geo. K. Lanigan, Hon. Sec'y, Box 692, Montreal.

The premium list of the bench show of the Binghamton Industrial Exposition can be obtained of the secretary, A. P. Fish, 22 Ross Building, Binghamton, N. Y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

THE chicken season opens in the near future, and there will then be sportsmen from different points of the compass hurrying with their dogs toward the sections where the sport prevails. Many men take long journeys to enjoy the pleasure of the change of scene, climate and shooting. The success of the trip, so far as shooting is concerned, depends largely upon the capabilities of the dogs. Good health and condition are more essential than good training, since a dog, however well trained, is powerless if he is physically incompetent. A long journey by rail is very trying to the healthiest and strongest of dogs. At best they have a confined place to rest in, the ventilation is bad, and the temperature in a close baggage car is very high. It is specially uncomfortable to the dogs if they are surrounded by trunks. The sportsman who is humane to his dogs will see personally that they are placed in the best part of the baggage car, free from draughts and where a supply of fresh air is constant. A gratuity paid to the baggage man does much toward dissipating any objections he may have to the owner's wishes. The dogs should be fed very sparingly on the journey. A few mouthfuls of meat is sufficient for a day's food. Overfeeding en route will surely result in worse condition than all else combined if the journey is at all long. Water should be given the dog in abundance. Keep a dish full within his reach constantly. At the stations where stops of twenty minutes or more are made the hunter can utilize the time by giving his dogs a run, so that they can attend to the necessary calls of nature. Many dogs, if not given an opportunity of that kind, will suppress the excreta en route, with the result that their health and usefulness are impaired for many days. As the outing of each shooter is generally limited to a certain time, it is well to know how to bring the dogs to the scratch at their best, and for such this information is given. By taking care of his dogs, the sportsman has a return in better service, aside from the promptings from humane reasons.

Among the amusing discussions during the legislative session at Tallahassee was that on a bill of Sullivan's, of Escambia, providing for the prompt slaughter of rabid dogs. The reading clerk had just read the title when an old gentleman, a representative from one of the interior counties, arose and with great gravity and dignity said: "Mr. Speaker, I am opposed to that bill. I am opposed to it because I don't see why rabbit dogs should be killed any quicker than any other kind of dogs. I've got a rabbit dog. He ain't much on looks, but I tell you when that dog gets on a hot trail in the broom sedge, and a little later you hear his voice a-yelping in a high key and the yelps gettin' fainter and fainter, till by and by you can just hear 'em down in the holler, and you go there and you see a little bench-legged yeller rascal barkin', his eyes bright and his forehead wrinkled with excitement, under a sartin tree, jes' you get you a long pole and meat is your'n for dinner." There was breathless silence during this eloquent appeal on behalf of the rabbit dog. When it had been concluded others rose up and paid glowing tributes to the qualities of rabbit dogs they owned, until one would have believed that a thing necessary to a man's candidacy for the legislature in the State of Florida is a first-class rabbit dog. The bill, by the way, was killed by a large majority.—*Florida Times-Union.*

It is commonly accepted as being true that the eyesight of the dog is very imperfect—so much so that he cannot see distinctly beyond a few yards. Many writers have confirmed and given the mistake a wider and wider dissemination by constant repetition. It is strange how the opinions of a past age, careless and superficial in many matters relating to the dog, are accepted as fact beyond question; and the more simple and common is the matter and therefore the easier it is to obtain proof, the more readily and trustfully is the falsity accepted.

In using his eyes the dog, it may be explained at the outset, is at a disadvantage. When he stands erect his eyes are but a short distance above the plane of the earth's surface. Let a man get down on all fours, then try to look about, and he will find that both his horizon is greatly reduced and there is an infinity of obstructions to sight which he did not notice when standing erect, because he is tall enough to look over them. Even when standing erect tall men have a decided advantage over short ones in the matter of unobstructed vision. The shorter the man is the more obstructions there are to clear vision.

This but briefly describes the natural disadvantages which the dog has to overcome in the matter of vision. In pursuit of prey, or when he desires to get a better view, he will rise on his hindlegs or bound into the air. It is not an uncommon occurrence to see greyhounds rise on their hindlegs when going at full speed, to get a better sight of the swiftly fleeing jack rabbit ahead. As they pursue by sight mostly, this trait can be more commonly noticed with them than with dogs which pursue by the sense of smell.

But the radical error is in assuming that the eyesight of dogs is a fixed quantity; that the eyesight of dogs is all alike. Their powers of vision vary probably quite as much as do those of the human raee. The eye of the dog is subject to the same infirmities and diseases as the eye of man. Because one dog is near-sighted, it does not follow therefore that all are so; nor does it follow that all dogs can see well because one can do so. The senses of the dog are all analogous to those of man. Old age seems to affect them alike. The eye grows dimmer; the hearing is less acute; the functional powers of the nose lose their sharpness, and we can infer that the taste of the dog is blunted. From youth to old age he exhibits much the same process of development and change as does his nobler examplar.

Mr. A. P. Fish, Binghamton, N. Y., writes us that Mr. J. Otis Fellows will judge the Binghamton Industrial Exposition's fifth annual bench show, to be held at Binghamton Sept. 10 to 13.

To the inquiries which we have had concerning Rev. Chas. Josiah Adams's book, we are not able to give full particulars as to price, etc. It is entitled "Where Is My Dog? or, Is Man Alone Immortal?" A review of it appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of May 25.

The new champion stake, which is now under consideration in connection with the winter trials on quail, is being earnestly perfected, and the particulars will be published in due time. If sportsmen were to publish their ideas on the matter they might thereby render some material assistance. The suggestions might cover the manner of arranging for and conducting the competition, rules for it, etc. The idea is to arrange a good up-and-up competition, with as little parade as possible and no buncombe.

Mr. R. S. Nicholson, Tangipahoa, La., a favorite trainer in his section and a skillful one in any section, writes us that there are a great many bevies of quail about Tangipahoa, and that there is promise of the best season for dog and gun than has been for a very long time. Of the weather he remarks as follows: "The thermometer has been up to 90° only on one day; twelve days, 89°; five to 88°; ten to 87°, and on other days less, some not over 80°; but then during hot times it never goes lower at daylight than 72° or 74° and some mornings is as high as 77°."

The St. Bernard, Grand Master, was sold recently by the Alta Kennels to the Rice St. Bernard Kennels.

The American *Stock-Keeper* kindly calls our attention to an error we made in referring to the whippet racing in connection with the terrier show. The latter is in September, the former in October.

Messrs. Frank Richards and N. B. Nesbitt, the famous field trial handlers, are at Glenlea, Neb., fitting their dogs for the coming debate in Manitoba next month. We learn that they have some good ones, and expect to make it interesting for those who think the prizes hang within easy reach.

"Exhibitors at the coming dog show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association, Sept. 9 to 13," writes Mr. C. A. Stone, "will be pleased to hear that a piece of land 20×200 ft. has been set apart as an exercising ground for the dogs. The secretary is to have a new office, and wash and feed rooms will be provided. The building is to be thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed and several other needed improvements made."

Mr. Henry Jarrett, of the Chestnut Hill Kennels, was thrown from his bicycle on Saturday (17th) morning. His right leg sustained a compound fracture below the knee. He was taken to the Germantown Hospital and is doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club will be held in Richmond Hall, Richmond street, West Toronto, at 3 P. M., Sept. 10, and a meeting of the executive committee will be held at 7 P. M., same day and place. The following is the business to come before the meeting: Reading of minutes, reports and communications, consideration of field trial regulations, revision of constitution, by-laws, etc., and printing same, incorporation, consideration of the cropping of dogs, consideration of case of Industrial Exhibition Association vs. Fred. Kirby, counting of ballots, other business.

Box 88, Mt. Morris, N. Y., offers broken pointer. N. P. Boyer & Co., Coatesville, Pa., offer sporting dogs. Box 36, Camp Denison, O., offers broken pointer. Kugler & Fox, Kensington, O., offer setters.

The letter of Rev. Chas. Josiah Adams, on the immortality of the dog, published in our columns this week, will be of much more than passing interest and value to our readers. The forceful facts so skillfully presented make one think seriously over a matter which, a few years ago, was treated by the public as being too absurd for serious consideration. The tone of the discussion on the dog's immortality is worthy of the emulation of those who consider that personality is argument. Contributions on this and related subjects are specially welcome to our columns when written so courteously.

Hydrophobia and Rabies.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed in the Birmingham *Daily News* a mention of a horse with a fully developed case of rabies. The symptoms began on Aug. 10. On Monday the horse had paroxysms and Dr. French did not believe he would live forty-eight hours.

On Jan. 20 (the same night and at about the same hour that Kent Elgin passed away) a mule died at this hospital with a full developed case of furious rabies. Since then not less than ten dogs have been taken there sick, which proved in the end to be dumb or furious rabies. Last week a large Newfoundland dog, the property of Dr. French and a pet of the stable, died with the former. This dog was bitten two years ago by another dog supposed to be mad. For several years, and especially during the past ten months, this fatal and dreaded disease has played havoc with dogs, horses, hogs, cattle and men through this section. Hardly a week passes but we hear of several unmistakable cases, and the dogs killed, supposed to be mad, will pass the hundred mark each year. Of the many persons bitten several have died, among them a prominent physician, who, financially unable to go to the Pasteur Institute, and take with him two little children bitten at the same time, remained at home and took his chances with them. The children are yet safe. Two gentlemen and a lady bitten attended the Pasteur Institute and are thus far all right. T. T. ASHFORD.

Northwestern Beagle Club of America.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 15.—A meeting of the executive committee of the Northwestern Beagle Club was held at Milwaukee, July 23, at 2 P. M. The members present: F. F. Merrill, Charles Niss, Jr., Edward Bender, Rudolf Engelmann, Louis Steffen. Mr. Joe Lewis, of Moodus, Conn., was chosen as judge. The meeting adjourned until Aug. 14, when the following members were present: G. A. Buckstaff, Jr., Charles Niss, Jr., Rudolf Engelmann and Louis Steffen. Mr. Chas. C. Sidler, of Milwaukee, was chosen as second judge. It was voted that the club give three special prizes, as follows: (1) Most musical voice; (2) Most accurate trailing; (3) Most effective ranging. The headquarters will be at the Tremont Hotel, Columbus, Wis. The rates for those that attend the trials will be $1 per day and 50 cents for transportation to and from grounds. Entry blanks and premium list will soon be ready for mailing. LOUIS STEFFEN, Sec'y.

C. F. T. C. All-Age Entries.

THE All-Age Stake entries for the chicken trials are as follows:

POINTERS.

SELAH—Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' liver and white bitch (Rip Rap—Dolly D.).

LADY RUSH—H. T. Schmidt's liver and white bitch (Rush of Lad—Pet S.).

JINGO—N. T. DePauw's liver and white dog (Mainspring—Queen II.).

DEWOLF HOPPER—Seabury & Helfenstein's liver and white dog (Rush of Lad—Vie).

KENT OF SIDNEY—Seabury & Helfenstein's liver and white dog (King of Kent—Gip Beaufort).

LADY PEG II.—Richard Merrill's liver and white bitch (Rip Rip—Lady Peg).

DAISY RIP RAP—Richard Merrill's black and white bitch (Rip Rap—Lady Peg).

STRIDEMORE—Richard Merrill's liver and white dog (Strideaway—Hops II.).

LITTLE NED—W. N. Kerr's liver and white dog (Ridgeview Dazzle—Kate Claxton).

DON UPTON—C. G. Stoddard's liver and white dog (Ightfield Upton—Ridgeview Dutchess).

BLITHE'S LAD—C. G. Stoddard's liver and white dog (Ightfield Upton—Ightfield Blithe).

WAMDUSKA—Jas. F. Crane's liver and white bitch (Shotmaster—Divernon).

RIDGEVIEW RATLER—Furlough Lodge Kennels' liver and white dog (Beppo III.—Milley).

RIDGEVIEW BRACKETTE—Furlough Lodge Kennels' liver and white bitch (Ridgeview Tenny—Milley).

JOUR—Furlough Lodge Kennels' liver and white dog (Lord Graphic—Devonshire Fan).

MARGUERITE KENT—Furlough Lodge Kennels' liver and white bitch (King of Kent—Marguerite II.).

FAUSTINA—T. G. Davey's liver and white bitch.

IGHTFIELD MUSA—A. P. Haywood-Lonsdale's liver and and white bitch (Ightfield Dick—Clio).

DEEMSTER—A. P. Haywood-Lonsdale's liver and white dog (Ightfield Dick—Perdita).

LONSDALE—J. C. Phillips's liver, white and ticked dog (Coton—Psyche).

TICK BOY—Stoddard & Kidwell's black and white dog (King of Kent—Bloom).

TAMARACK, JR.—H. K. Devereux's liver and white dog (Tamarack—Maud Graphic).

FRANK—D. E. Rose's (agent) liver and white dog (—— — ——).

TORY JOE—F. R. Hitchcock's dog (Kent Elgin—Fanny Heath).

PLAIN SAM—Dr. John Daniels's dog (Hal Pointer—Kent's Star).

ELGIN'S DASH—F. W. Dunham's lemon and white dog (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno).

ENGLISH SETTERS.

AULD CLOOTIE—C. W. DePauw's black, white and tan dog (Dick Bondhue—Shena Van).

LANYBY LAVARACK—J. A. Helfenstein's black and white bitch (Spokane—Dott Gladstone).

ANNE OF ABBOTTSFORD—Edw. A. Burdett's black and white bitch (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl).

TONY'S BOY—Norvin T. Harris's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Laundress).

CYNASURE—Norvin T. Harris's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.).

DIXIE'S FLAG—Norvin T. Harris's black and white dog (Wun Lung— ——).

COUNT BONDHU—L. Rausch's black, white and tan dog (Gun Bondhu—Cad Noble).

TORY DOTLET—F. R. Hitchcock's black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Della).

DASH ANTONIO—Richard Baugham's black, white and tan dog (Antonio—Lady Lucifer).

GLEAM'S RUTH—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Gleam's Maid).

GLEAM'S DART—Manchester Kennel Co.'s black, white and tan bitch (Count Gladstone—Gleam's Maid).

GLADIATOR II.—C. W. Graham's black, white and tan dog (Gladstone's Boy—Queen Novice).

MINNIE T.—Frank Richards's (agent) black, white and tan bitch (—— — ——).

ORTOLAN—Chimo Kennels' black, white and tan bitch (Orlando—Atlanta).

ROMA—A. P. Haywood-Lonsdale's lemon and white bitch (Fred. W.—Ightfield Rosa).

TRILBY—Thomas Johnson's white bitch (Ranger—Canising).

PSYCHE—Thomas Johnson's black bitch (Manitoba Toss—Patti Sing).

PATTI—Thomas Johnson's blue belton bitch (Duke of Gloster—Flora).

LADY MILDRED—D. E. Rose's (agent) black, white and tan bitch (Antonio—Ruby's Girl).

PETREE—W. T. Hunter's black, white and tan bitch (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl).

IRISH SETTERS.

CHIEF RED CLOUD—Claremont Kennels' red dog (Claremont Patsy—Sally Gold).

P. T. MADISON, Secretary.

Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Aug. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association will hold its first annual bench show, in connection with the Wisconsin State Fair Association, Sept. 17 to 20, in this city. The lateness at which our Association is giving publicity to our intentions was caused by a severe accident happening to the secretary of the State Fair Association pending negotiations, and it was only recently that all arrangements were completed, including the premium list, which will include liberal cash prizes and many valuable specials. Inasmuch as the total cash premiums reach the limit required by the American Kennel Club, it was decided to hold the show under rules of this Association instead of a local show, as was first contemplated, which will undoubtedly give the show a better prestige among the fancy and insure a better class of entries. The veteran "Uncle" John Olcott will superintend the show, which is a guarantee that the dogs will be well taken care of. Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Mich., the well-known bench show judge, has been selected to judge the entire show. All communications should be directed to the secretary.

F. S. MORRISON, Sec'y.

National Beagle Club Meeting.

An adjourned quarterly meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held Aug. 15 at the rooms of the A. K. C., 55 Liberty street, New York.

Meeting was called to order by President Kreuder at 4 P. M. The members present were H. F. Schellhass, George Laick, John Bateman, John B. Lozier, N. A. Baldwin, William Tallman and George W. Rogers. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

A number of communications were received from different shows to be held, and it was decided not to offer any specials as requested until after the field trials were over, as the club intends to devote its entire time to the coming trials.

The following is a copy of a communication received and accepted:

To the National Beagle Club of America:

Gentlemen—For the past four years I have endeavored to fill the position as President of your club, and for the high honor bestowed I beg of you to accept my hearty and sincere thanks herewith tendered. While my ambition and endeavors to elevate and place upon a sound dignified basis the name of the National Beagle Club of America have not been fully and entirely realized, yet such results as we have been able to obtain have been procured in the face of many adverse circumstances and peculiar complications, and due very substantially to the earnest support given by brother members. Having always the interest and welfare of the club before me, I deem it a duty to ask you to retire my name as President at the expiration of present term.

Trusting you may grant my request, I assure you that my interest and energies toward the advancement of the club will be honest and sincere. I remain respectfully yours, H. L. Kreuder, President.

The nomination of officers for the ensuing year was then made. Two tickets were placed in the field, headed respectively by J. W. Appleton for President; First Vice-President, H. L. Kreuder; Second Vice-President, H. F. Schellhass; Third Vice-President, John B. Lozier; Treasurer, George Laick; Secretary, George W. Rogers; Executive Committee: George B. Post, Jr., A. Wright Post and N. A. Baldwin. President, H. F. Schellhass; First Vice-President, J. W. Appleton; Second Vice-President, Geo. B. Post, Jr.; Third Vice-President, John B. Lozier; Treasurer, George Laick; Secretary, George W. Rogers; Executive Committee: H. L. Kreuder, N. A. Baldwin and John Bateman.

The following committees were appointed by the chair: On Classes, H. L. Kreuder, George W. Rogers; on Grounds, H. L. Kreuder, A. D. Lewis and H. F. Schellhass; on Judges, J. W. Appleton, H. F. Schellhass; Standing Field Trial Committee: H. F. Schellhass, chairman; W. S. Clark, Bradford S. Turpin, H. L. Kreuder, J. W. Appleton, N. A. Baldwin, George F. Reed, F. D. Lewis and George Laick.

The reports of committees will be received at the club's next meeting, to be held Sept. 3 at the rooms of the A. K. C., 55 Liberty street.

The meeting was then declared adjourned.

George W. Rogers, Secretary.

250 West Twenty-second Street.

Bloodhounds and Crime.

I have very little spare time now, and the older I get the more averse I am to taking part in a newspaper correspondence.

Some correspondents seem to have very positive (and I trust erroneous) opinions as to the ability of the bloodhound.

Mr. F. J. Hutton's letter only speaks of two hounds and one trainer. If this is the extent of his experience, I do not think that he is justified in generalizing on the capabilities of the breed. The hounds might have been good or otherwise for working purposes, but of course a very great deal would depend upon the trainer, and we have no means of estimating his ability other than where Mr. Hutton says that the tracking of the hounds was faulty and could not be relied upon when they had not been previously allowed to scent the clothing of the runner. This can only be the experience of a very inefficient trainer.

Any pure bred bloodhound can very soon be taught to hunt a man without having either seen him or scented his clothing. Mr. Hutton says that "atmospheric conditions also played a most prominent part." This, of course, is well known to any one who has hunted hounds, or has broken dogs to the gun, and the conditions generally supposed to be most favorable to scent do not always prove to be so. Mr. Hutton also says that "good results depended considerably upon the shortness of time which had elapsed since a trail was laid." I think he would be more correct if he said that the quality and extent of the training was chiefly proved by the coldness of the trail which could be hunted successfully. Any one can in a few lessons train bloodhounds to hunt a man's scent half an hour or so old.

No doubt it would have been better if the bloodhound had been continuously trained to hunt man, but fortunately the points chiefly denoting great scenting powers have been vastly accentuated of late years, and we have now an animal as much improved in these respects from the pictures of bloodhounds of the early part of this century as it is possible to conceive.

In the murder case which Mr. Hutton supposes, no doubt the chief difficulty would be in preventing the ground from being foiled, but this would become less as the police and the public got to understand the advantage of keeping the surrounding ground clear.

If, as Mr. Hutton supposes, the bloodhound "might nose around for miles without striking the actual trail," no doubt "a brace of well-trained sporting dogs, worked by an experienced man, would do just as well," but this is not saying much for the "sporting dog."

I don't think that anyone has a greater opinion of the importance of some intelligent, persevering men bringing the training of the bloodhound to a much higher pitch yet attained than I have, especially in the matter of hunting a much colder scent than any attempted of late years, but I doubt whether the kind of persons likely to achieve this end are people who would expect to do so by means of a club, and I don't understand what the club is to do. Are the members to meet together at certain times for training purposes? This would indeed be an edifying spectacle.

Mr. H. C. Walker says that in the case of the Whitechapel murders the attempt to trace "Jack the Ripper" was made absurdly futile by the mismanagement of the police in not getting the hounds quickly enough on to the trail, and the owner, fearing some harm might overtake his hounds, withdrew them.

Will you allow me to say that the police had no opportunity of getting the bloodhounds on the scent of "Jack the Ripper," as no murder of this class was attempted during the many weeks the hounds were in London. This is, I think, a fair instance of the probable deterrent influence of the bloodhound if he were brought into general use as a detective.

I may also say that the hounds were not withdrawn from London in consequence of fears for their safety.

There are many people who read fragments of a correspondence of this kind, and jump to the conclusion that the part they happen to see is the correct one.

To any one who reads this, and feels impelled to rush into print, I would say don't do so, unless you have something to say, and are quite sure of your facts—don't strike an average from one or two instances.

It seems such an easy matter not to write to the papers and yet it is evidently so difficult. I do not seem to have been very successful in that respect myself.—*Edwin Brough in Stock-Keeper.*

Irish Setter Trials.

Claremont, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now is the time for the Irish setter men of America to come forward and support with their entries the coming Irish setter trials.

There is many a good field dog of the Irish race hidden away in different parts of this broad land, and it is both fit and proper that the owners of such should let the public see them run. There is many a youngster of promise growing up that only awaits the opportunity to prove its field worth, and every owner of such an one should come forth and show the sporting public that their pups can work.

And the owners of the large and famous show kennels of America, Kildare, Oak Grove and Seminole, ought now, if ever, to prove to the unbelieving that their sleek-coated dogs can find and point birds with dash and style as well as sweep all before them on the show bench.

Many a good dog may run and not win. All cannot get the prizes, but next in honor to the victor is the vanquished.

Some people have gotten the idea into their heads that the red dog is only good in looks; that he is not of much use in the field on game. But the fact is such people are wrong.

Rawdon B. Lee in "Modern Dogs," 1893, says: "I should consistently say that from what I have observed of late years—and I have seen all the best dogs run—that the Irish setter is as dashing, as energetic, as stylish, as the best English dog I ever saw. When properly and perfectly trained the red setter has shown us that no other variety can beat him."

And further on, in naming some red dogs famous for their field work, says they "are quite as good dogs as any man might be proud of owning."

Why, even this very year, in an all-aged stake of sixteen entries of all breeds, the best England could produce, there was just one Irish setter, and he won the stake; as the London *Field* said, "showing all the old dash and style for which we had previously praised him. He perhaps made fewer errors than any other dog in the competition."

Now, if such a deed as that doesn't prove the red dog's worth as a field trial winner, then will some one who is moderately unprejudiced kindly tell me what does? I should think the winning of that stake by an Irish setter would make every owner of a red in America want to run his dog, at least in the Irish trials.

I presume each one thinks he owns the best field dog in America, and he ought to be generous enough to let the public see a dog that is a dog.

But there is the rule that should be changed, and that is the one that bars all previous first prize winners in America.

It is too early to shut out any Irish setter, and no doubt the owners of Sedan, Redford, Currer Belle and Finglas would like a chance to show that their dogs can win again, that it was not luck before. Let the all-aged stake be open to all Irish setters in America.

There are good Irish setters in this country, and I predict that the coming trials will show work of a far higher class than any seen in the former Irish trials.

Mont Clare.

American Spaniel Club.

New York, Aug. 16.—I have received several letters regarding the conditions of the Spaniel Club sweepstakes, to be judged at the New York show in February, 1896, which indicate that they are not clearly understood and an explanation is needful.

The entries for sweepstakes close on Sept. 1, at which time it is necessary to make payment of $2 for each entry, at the same time giving the date of birth and pedigree. On Jan. 1 an additional payment of $3 is due upon each entry, and if this is not paid the entry drops, and the original payment forfeited.

All entries, no matter of what breed of spaniels, are judged together, there being no division of the stakes on account of breed.

These seem to be the points of doubtful clearness, but if there are any others, I shall be pleased to answer any questions addressed to me at 874 Broadway, New York.

The indications are, that the entry which is confined to puppies born in 1895 will be a large one, and it is well for all interested to note that entry closes on Sept. 1.

Rowland P. Keasbey, Sec'y.

Toronto Show.

I would call attention of intending exhibitors at the Toronto Dog Show, Sept. 9 to 13, that the Pennsylvania R. R. will run a special excursion from Washington, Philadelphia and other points on the Northern Central R. R. on Saturday, Sept. 7. Besides the above there are cheap rates on the majority of American lines and on all the Canadian.

The American Mastiff Club will offer their diploma for the best dog and also for the best bitch. Class 11½ novice, both sexes, rough or smooth St. Bernards ($10, $5 and dip), has been added to the prize list. C. A. Stone, Sec'y

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Dr. I. M. Schwab claims the name Lady Min for Irish setter bitch, whelped Feb. 17, 1895, by Onota Don—Floss A.

Mr. S. Penfield claims the names

Alice for bull-terrier bitch, whelped April 1, 1895, by Ben Caunt—Chatham Kit.

Ben Bolt for bull-terrier dog, whelped April 1, 1895, by Ben Caunt—Chatham Kit.

BRED.

Mr. H. J. Griswold's Bonnie Betty, smooth fox-terrier bitch, April 26, to Bonnie Brush.

Muckross Kennels' (Springfield, Vt.)

Rosamond, Irish setter bitch, July 7, to their Henmore Shamrock.

Gay, beagle bitch, July 2, to H. L. Kreuder's (Nanuet, N. Y.) Buckshot.

Mr. W. H. Collin's Lady Bute II., rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, July 22, to Mr. J. G. Barker's (San Francisco, Cal.) California Bernardo.

WHELPS.

Mr. A. D. Fiske's Lady Novice, beagle bitch, whelped, June 29, eight (seven dogs), by Clyde.

Mr. A. J. Griswold's

Bonnie Betty, smooth fox-terrier bitch, whelped, June 22, six (two dogs), by Bonnie Brush.

Wawaset Luna, smooth fox-terrier bitch, whelped, June 17, six (four dogs), by champion Warren Safeguard.

Mr. John Moorhead, Jr.'s, Streatham Monarch's Daughter, bull-terrier bitch, whelped, July 7, nine (five dogs), by Streatham Monarch.

Mr. W. H. Dixon's Kenora, St. Bernard bitch, whelped, June 21, nine (five dogs), by Diavolo II.

Mr. John E. Jewett's

Jane, bull bitch, whelped, May 29, three dogs, by Webb's Monarch.

Glorianna, Boston terrier bitch, whelped, June 9, five (four dogs), by Pilot.

Nellie, bull bitch, whelped, July 20, six (five dogs), by Webb's Monarch.

Mr. S. Penfield's Bashful Maid, bull-terrier bitch, whelped, July 31, six (three dogs), by Ben Caunt.

SALES.

Muckross Kennels (Springfield, Vt.) have sold

——, Irish setter dog puppy, whelped April 3, by Henmore Shamrock—Onota Peg, to Mr. Fred. Higgins.

——, Irish setter dog puppy, whelped June 12, by Mont—Floss II. to Mr. James E. Whitney, Jr.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

7. First international race. This date is provisional and may be changed upon Lord Dunraven's arrival next week.

The Trial Races.

The first trial race of Defender and Vigilant was sailed on Tuesday, starting from the Scotland Lightship, and going 10 miles to windward and return. The course was to have been gone over twice, but after beating Vigilant by 4m. on the first round, Capt. Haff declined to sail the second round in the wind then blowing. The times were (stakeboat and Lightship not official): Preparatory signal, 11:35:00; starting signal, 11:45:00. Start: Vigilant, 11:45:56; Defender, 11:46:53. Rounding stakeboat: Defender, 1:09:40; Vigilant, 1:14:18. Turning Lightship: Defender, 2:04:00; Vigilant, 2:08:10.

At the time of our going to press it had not been announced whether the second race, set for Thursday, would be sailed or not.

Yampa.

All of those who know Mr. Richard S. Palmer, the spirited and generous owner of the schooner Yampa, will sympathize with him in the bad luck he has had in English waters, first in the serious damage to his handsome yacht through the fatal accident in Fay's yard, as told last week; then in the loss of a well-earned race through an unintentional neglect of the rules, and thirdly in a defeat in a special match with the protesting yacht. The first was sailed on Aug. 7, for yachts in cruising trim under the Y. R. A. rules, according to which no extra hands except a pilot are allowed when racing in cruising trim. Mr. Palmer, without thinking of the rule, carried some ladies as guests and also some extra hands; though sailing in real cruising rig and with the spars and sails with which the yacht sailed from New York for Gibraltar last winter. The starters in the first race were Yampa and the once famous old schooners Cetonia and Waterwitch and the schooner Amphitrite, Mr. Frederick Willis, designed and built by Camper & Nicholson in 1887. Yampa beat Amphitrite 13m. 9s. elapsed time and Cetonia 22m. 25s., but was protested by Mr. Willis on the ground quoted, the protest being of course sustained, as there was no question of the violation of the rule.

Arrangements were made for a private match between Yampa and Amphitrite in answer to a challenge from Mr. Palmer, for 100 guineas per side, the race to be over the Queen's Course, from off Cowes westward around the Lymington Spit Buoy, then eastward around the Bullock Patch Buoy near the Nab, and back, two rounds making 50 miles, Yampa allowing Amphitrite 7m. 41s. Each yacht was allowed to carry by special agreement as many persons as the owner desired. The start was made at 10 A. M., on Aug. 14, with a good westerly breeze, making a beat to the Lymington Buoy, Yampa crossing first and to windward. Yampa took the ground for a short time and Amphitrite passed her, increasing her lead until she had 11m. 33s. at the first mark. Off the wind, in the long run to the Bullock Patch, Yampa about held the other, the times at turning being:

Amphitrite	1 42 00	Yampa	1 52 15

The finished was timed:

Amphitrite	3 47 30	Yampa	3 58 42

Amphitrite won by 11m. 12s. corrected time. While Yampa lost some time in the grounding, she was fairly outsailed by Amphitrite.

Valkyrie is Here.

Valkyrie III. reached this port last Sunday night, after an uneventful passage. She left Gourock on July 27, and her daily runs are shown on the log as follows: Saturday, July 27, 2:40 P. M., Gourock; Sunday, July 28, Tory Island abeam, 10 miles, 148; Monday, July 29, 127; Tuesday, July 30, 83; Wednesday, July 31, 155; Thursday, Aug. 1, 204; Friday, Aug. 2, 81; Saturday, Aug. 3, 160; Sunday, Aug. 4, 93; Monday, Aug. 5, 91; Tuesday, Aug. 6, 123; Wednesday, Aug. 7, 81; Thursday, Aug. 8, 219; Friday, Aug. 9, 129; Saturday, Aug. 10, 189; Sunday, Aug. 11, 83; Monday, Aug. 12, 140; Tuesday, Aug. 13, 173; Wednesday, Aug. 14, 154; Thursday, Aug. 15, 145; Friday, Aug. 16, 140; Saturday, Aug. 17, 80; Sunday, Aug. 18, 159; to Sandy Hook, 59; total, 3,026.

From Malin Head, where she left the tug, to Sandy Hook, 2,770 nautical miles, her time was 21d. 9h. 30m., an average of 129 miles a day. She came to anchor Sunday night in the Upper Bay, and went on the dry dock at the Erie Basin on Wednesday, where her bottom was to be coppered and the yacht made ready for her preparatory work.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

On Saturday, Aug. 10, the Æolus, a 15ft. 4½in. l.w.l., 20ft. 1in. length over all, by 4ft. 6in. beam, "La Gloria" ¼-rater, took first place against everything entered at the Lake Beulah Y. C.'s regatta, at Lake Beulah, Wis., defeating among other competitors an 18ft. l.w.l. ¼-rater, carrying 400sq. ft. canvas; also a 17ft. l.w.l. sloop, with 500sq. ft., besides a number of other cats and sloops, all of larger classes than Æolus. The wind was due west and blowing a gale at times, and the latter boat stood up and made far better weather than any others in the race. The Æolus's sail plan was 220sq. ft., and was built in 1894 by the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Company, from the designs of W. P. Stephens.

The Steam Yacht Eleanor.

THE accompanying photo shows the new steel steam yacht Eleanor, owned by Wm. A. Slater, of Norwich, Conn., now in Alaska waters on her way around the world. The yacht was designed by Chas. R. Hanscom and built by the Bath Iron works in 1894; her dimensions being: Over all 231ft., l.w.l. 208ft., beam 32ft., draft 13ft. 4in. A full description of the yacht appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 14, 1894.

The Seawanhaka International Cup.

THIS week will be devoted to the trial races for the selection of a defender of the America's Cup, the contestants being upward of 90ft. waterline; next week the principal event in yachting will be the trial races of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. for the selection of a defender to represent the club in its coming matches with Mr. J. Arthur Brand in his new Spruce IV. for the possession of the handsome perpetual challenge trophy lately given by the club. While the larger trial races are discounted by the previous demonstrations of the superior speed of the new Defender to the older Vigilant, and serve really but to further perfect the former boat, the little fellows are so numerous, so different and so little known that the contests can hardly fail to be exciting to all lovers of small boat sailing.

Those not fully posted have no doubt been puzzled to know whether the boats should be called 15-footers or ½ raters, the latter term being generally used even by American writers. The class originated in England, and under the Y. R. A. rule its limit was ½-rating or say 200sq. ft. of sail to a waterline of 15ft.; the boats as a rule, however, running upward of 16ft. waterline, with a proportionately smaller sail plan. In arranging conditions with Mr. Brand last spring, the committee of the S. C. Y. C. suggested that the limit of the class should be 15ft. racing length by the Seawanhaka rule, with a special provision for the correct measurement of all styles of rig; which condition was agreed to. The class then should be properly designated as the 15ft. class, though the challenging boat, Spruce IV., is by birth a genuine ½-rater. The Y. R. A. measurement of Spruce IV., under which she has raced for some weeks, is l.w.l. 15.78, sail area 189.8. It is possible that these figures may be slightly changed in rigging and trimming her for the races on this side, but within the limit of 15ft. racing length. Mr. Brand will sail for New York about Sept. 1, and the races will take place as soon after his arrival as possible, allowing him the necessary time for preparation.

The trial races for the selection of a defending boat promise to be very interesting, as there is a probability of about a dozen contestants. The dates set are Aug. 26, 27, 28, the place being Oyster Bay. If possible, arrangements will be made to measure all the boats at that place on Saturday, Aug. 24.

Mr. Herreshoff will be represented in the races by three boats, the oldest being Trust Me, built last year for the late Walter Langdon and now owned by Charles M. Clark. She is a duplicate of the very successful Wee Winn, sent to England in 1892, a fin-keel with sloop rig. Another fin-keel is the new W. K. Vanderbilt boat Osprey, a very handsome little mahogany craft of about 4ft. 6in. beam, also sloop rigged, with cross-cut sails. She is built without bulkheads. The third Herreshoff boat is the centerboard built for Vice-Com. Rouse, S. C. Y. C., and named Olinda, also of mahogany, with two bulkheads and sloop rigged with the new sails. She will be raced by two old canoe sailors, C. B. Vaux and E. B. Burchard, and will presumably have the benefit of skillful handling, though she was delivered so late that but little time is left for working up.

The 15-footer Question is already well known about the Sound, where she has raced all the season, having earned the appellation of "Barndoor" from her peculiar model. She is almost flat below and on deck, with no hold, the crew lying flat on the deck. She has been quite successful and is very fast under certain conditions. She has a large mainsail and very small jib and a plate-iron centerboard.

Another of the new boats in the class is a fin-keel named Trilby, a distinction she shares with some thousand other yachts throughout the world, designed by Charles Olmstead and built by Wood & Son for Com. G. H. Tyson, Riverside Y. C. She is wide for a fin-keel, about 6ft., with a strong bilge. Mr. Olmstead is sailing her. Indienne is the name of a boat designed and built by Newell & McAlleece, of Passaic, N. J., two young builders, for a syndicate of the Indian Harbor Y. C., a centerboard boat and of lapstrake build.

Another centerboard boat is Ethelwynn, built for C. J. Field by the St. Lawrence River Co., from the design of W. P. Stevens. She is 23-ft. 4in. over all, about 14ft. 6in. l.w.l., 6ft. beam and 7in. draft, the beam at waterline being but 4ft. 9in., with a light bilge and easy midship section. The hull is quite light, the keel being of spruce, in one piece from stemhead to transom, the timbers of rock elm, steamed and bent, and the planking double with Union silk between, the inner skin of white cedar and the outer of mahogany, all copper riveted over burrs. There is a watertight bulkhead of the same double construction at each end of the cockpit, with hatches in the deck inside of the coaming. The floor is laid on the timbers, making as deep a cockpit as possible. The centerboard is of $^{3}/_{16}$in. manganese bronze, weighing 55lbs. and dropping to a depth of 5ft. below the waterline when vertical. The sail plan was made by Mr. C. J. Stevens and is the same as in his Scarecrow, a leg of mutton mainsail and one jib, the mainsail hoisting on a pole mast. The spars are hollow, made by L. K. Young, of Bridgeport, the details and fittings being the same as in Scarecrow. She will be sailed by Mr. Albert Ball and her owner. The class is likely to muster four or five other boats, among them one by Arthur Dyer, owned by Messrs. Burton, who will sail her.

The full conditions of the races are as follows:

A prize is offered by a member of the club in memory of the late Robert Center, to be known as the Center helmsman's prize. Under the terms of gift it will be awarded to the "amateur helmsman who, in the judgment of the race committee, handles his boat in the most seamanlike manner from the preparatory signal of the first to the finish of the last trial race."

COURSES.—(1.) The course for the first and third trial races shall be triangular and shall be as follows: From a line between Center Island Buoy and the committee steamer anchored S. E. of the same, E. by N. ½ N.—2 miles around a mark bearing a red flag or ball, leaving it on port hand; N. W.—2 miles around a mark bearing a red flag or ball, leaving it on port hand; S. by W. ½ W.—2 miles to the finish line between Center Island Buoy and the committee steamer anchored N.W. of the same. Course to be sailed over twice; total distance, 12 nautical miles. On the second round yachts will leave Center Island Buoy on the port hand.

Note.—The race committee may, in their discretion, direct the course to be sailed in the reverse direction, leaving buoy and marks on the starboard hand, and the signal for such reversal of course will be the anchoring of the committee steamer at the start to the N.W. of Center Island Buoy. In this case the committee steamer will be anchored S.E. of Center Island Buoy at the finish.

(2.) The course for the second trial race shall be a course to windward or leeward and return.

From a line between Center Island Buoy and the committee steamer around a mark bearing a red flag or ball, leaving it on starboard hand; distance 3 miles and return; course to be sailed over twice; total distance twelve nautical miles. The direction will be signaled by the general yacht signal code from the committee steamer at least fifteen minutes before the preparatory signal.

The start will be a one-gun flying start with a preparatory signal, and will be made at 12 o'clock noon across a line between Center Island Buoy and the committee steamer.

First signal, preparatory, whistle (fifteen seconds long). The club burgee on the committee steamer will be lowered and a blue peter hoisted.

There will be an interval of five minutes between the first and second signals.

Second signal, start, whistle (fifteen seconds long). The blue peter will be lowered and a red ball hoisted.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS.—(1.) The yacht selected to defend the cup shall be the one which, in the judgment of the race committee, shall be the best adapted therefor, and not necessarily the winner of a majority of the trial races.

(2.) On Saturday morning, Aug. 24, all yachts entering for the trial races will be measured in racing trim at the club anchorage, Oyster Bay.

(3.) Each yacht must carry a racing number (which may be obtained at the club house on the morning of the first race) fastened securely on both sides of the mainsail.

(4.) In the event of a race being postponed or ordered resailed, it will be sailed at as early a date as may be practicable.

ENTRIES.—Entries must be in writing and filed with the secretary of the race committee, Charles A. Sherman, 64 Leonard street, New York, by 12 o'clock noon, on Aug. 23, or at the club house at Oyster Bay by 10 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 26.

GENERAL CONDITIONS AND REGULATIONS.—As previously announced in a circular issued by the race committee on May 1 last, the Seawanhaka international challenge cup is this year offered for competition between yachts of not exceeding 15ft. racing length (S. C. Y. C. measurement). Entries in the trial races will therefore be confined to yachts of this class.

The defense of the cup is open to yachts owned by members of the yacht clubs of the United States in good standing.

The general conditions governing the cup and the general regulations for the control both of the international and trial races as amended are as follows:

I. The cup shall be a perpetual international challenge cup. The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. shall have the custody of the cup in the first instance, and every challenge shall be through some recognized yacht club of a foreign country, and the cup when won shall be delivered to and held by the club through which the challenge was made.

II. A challenging yacht shall be met by only one competitor.

III. The races shall not be less than three nor more than five in number, the cup to be taken by the winner of the majority.

IV. The American courses, while the cup remains in the custody of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., shall be on the waters of Long Island Sound in the vicinity of Oyster Bay, or in the bay itself. They shall consist of a triangular course and a course to windward or leeward and return. For the 15ft. class each leg of the triangular course shall be two nautical miles in length and shall be sailed over twice, making a total of twelve miles. The course to windward or leeward and return shall be three nautical miles in each leg and shall be sailed over twice, making a total of twelve miles.

V. The start shall be a one-gun flying start.

VI. The races shall be sailed without time allowance.

VII. The challenge cup is offered this year for yachts of not exceeding 15ft. racing length (S. C. Y. C. measurement).

The formula for determining racing length under the S. C. Y. C. rules is as follows:

$$\frac{\text{L.W.L.} + \sqrt{\text{Sail Area}}}{2} = \text{Racing Length.}$$

VIII. In the 15ft. class yachts shall be measured without crew on board, but instead thereof a weight of 300lbs. shall be carried amidships during measurement to represent the crew.

IX. All ballast shall be fixed. (Weighted centerboards shall be considered fixed ballast.)

X. No outrigger or other mechanical device, for carrying live ballast to windward, shall be allowed.

XI. In determining sail area a system of measurement shall be employed which will give, as nearly as possible, the actual number of square feet thereof. Sails shall be limited to mainsail, jibs and spinaker. The combined area of mainsail and of the jib used in windward work shall constitute the factor of sail area in determining racing length. The area of spinaker and balloon jib shall each be limited to four-tenths of the total area of the mainsail and jib used in windward work.

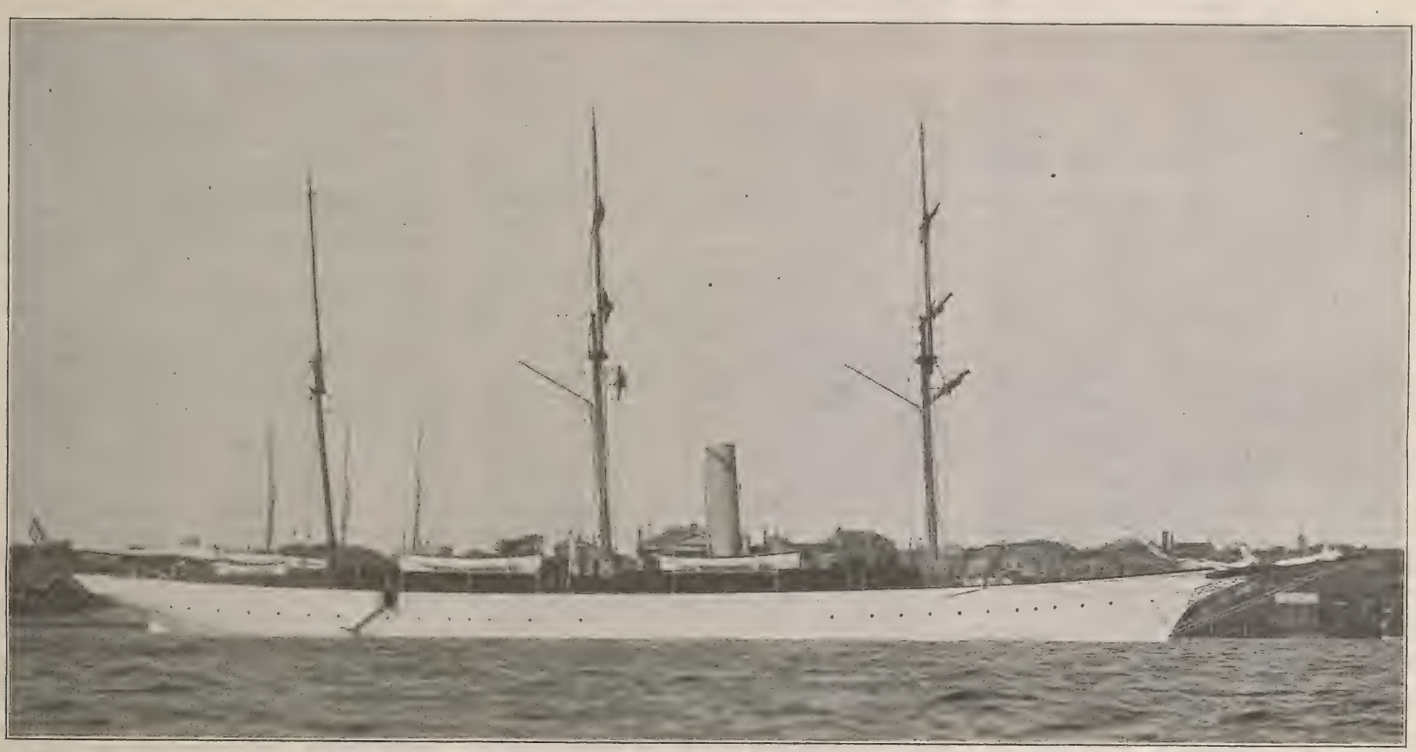
XII. The helmsman shall be an amateur, and the total number of persons on board shall be limited to two.

XIII. Future competitions for the cup shall be limited to yachts of classes from 15ft. to 25ft. racing length, both inclusive.

Excepting in case of conflict with the foregoing conditions and regulations, the racing rules of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. shall govern the trial races.

Note.—Attention is called to the fact that it is expected to arrange a series of open races with Spruce IV. after the challenge cup races.

Race Committee.
OLIVER E. CROMWELL, Chairman, Port Chester, N. Y.
CHARLES W. WETMORE, 35 Wall street.
WALTER C. KERR. 26 Cortlandt street.
VALENTINE MOTT, 62 Madison avenue.
CHARLES A. SHERMAN, Secretary, 64 Leonard street.



STEAM YACHT ELEANOR——OWNED BY WM. A. SLATER, ESQ.

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 10.

THE Winthrop Y. C. sailed its open regatta on Aug. 10 with remarkable success, there being 83 starters out of 120 entries; with a fresh westerly breeze that made a good race in all classes. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
FIRST CLASS.			
Harbinger, C. F. Bates	28.03	1 47 00	1 21 05
Beatrice, J. Cavanagh	25.06	1 56 21	1 27 58
Emma C., Peter A. Coupal	28.06	1 54 32	1 30 49
Ida J., F. A. Beckman	28.00	1 57 03	1 31 33
Heroine, C. A. J. Smith	28.00	1 58 59	1 33 51
Eclipse, Eulalie, Whyser, White Fawn, Oweene and Quinset withdrew.			
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Gleaner, F. O. Wellington	23.10	1 41 13	1 14 31
Rex, J. B. Farrell	24.00	1 42 09	1 15 35
Romance, Loring Sears	24.06	1 41 50	1 15 44
Raccoon, T. J. Lowell	22.06	1 46 19	1 17 16
Satanic, W. Daly, Jr.	23.06	1 47 46	1 20 35
SECOND CLASS			
Swirl, H. M. Faxon	21.07	1 41 39	1 12 41
Sea Bird, C. L. Joy	22.06	1 41 51	1 13 50
Savitar, H. G. Otis, et al	24.09	1 43 55	1 18 02
Susie, J. F. Cole	24.00	1 45 00	1 18 26
Clara, W. Burgess	24.10	1 52 38	1 26 50
Gismonde, C. F. Colby	22.03	1 58 40	1 30 24
Alma, C. A. Henry	23.09	1 57 52	1 31 05
Eliose, Cartright	22.00	2 15 00	1 46 29
Moondyne, Little Rogue, Odd Fellow, Block Island and Harolde withdrew.			
THIRD CLASS.			
Rooster, Adams Bros.	19.10	1 35 47	1 08 44
Cocheco, H. E. Yerxa	18.11	1 41 10	1 13 07
Kayosk, F. B. Reed	20.11	1 41 40	1 15 42
Arab, W. F. Scott	18.01	1 46 25	1 17 25
Onaway, W. E. Geyer	20.08	1 44 21	1 18 08
Live Yankee, H. T. Moody	18.11	1 46 58	1 18 55
Evadne, R. L. Benner	18.03	1 48 43	1 19 54
Harriet, L. T. Harrington	20.07	1 48 03	1 21 45
Magpie, A. Stevens	19.16	1 52 12	1 25 09
Opeeche, W. P. Barker	19.09	1 54 16	1 27 07
Tautog, W. P. Whitmark	18.05	2 02 02	1 33 25
Eclipse, W. H. Myrick	20.01	2 00 16	1 33 28
Buster, Barr & Blaney	18.06	2 02 12	1 33 40
Mist, W. H. Merritt	20.08	2 00 32	1 34 19
Zoe, Joker and Goat withdrew.			
KNOCKABOUTS.			
La Chica, C. B. Souther	....	.. .. ..	1 44 31
Spinster, L. M. Clark	....	.. .. ..	1 47 38
Sally, D. C. Percival, Jr.	....	.. .. ..	1 48 03
Nabob, H. W. Friend	....	.. .. ..	1 48 05
Nike, T. E. Jacobs	....	.. .. ..	1 48 52
Hobo, T. W. King	....	.. .. ..	1 49 48
FOURTH CLASS.			
Alpine, A. J. Blethen	17.07	1 43 44	1 14 08
Sphinx, A. Keith	17.06	1 46 35	1 16 52
Etta, A. E. Jones	16.05	1 48 55	1 17 49
Fantasie, W. Allerton	16.04	1 49 48	1 18 35
Sunbeam, H. B. Faxon	16.05	1 34 53	1 23 47
Mirage, C. Schindler	17.09	2 00 54	1 31 30
Imp, L. A. Horton	16.01	2 05 03	1 33 29
Pointer, C. P. Curtis	17.01	2 07 54	1 37 40
Edelweiss, Grace and Wren withdrew.			
FIFTH CLASS.			
Tantrum, F. H. Perkins	14.11	1 19 42	0 55 57
Scurry, Geo. Walsh	14.08	1 25 38	1 01 37
Katy Did, S. Baer	14.00	1 27 12	1 02 25
Unknown, A. G. Martin	14.11	1 27 32	1 03 47
Midget, E. G. Tuckerman	12.09	1 31 27	1 05 05
Penguin, J. E. Robinson	14.06	1 29 46	1 05 34
Cutty Sark, W. M. Torrence	14.05	1 31 25	1 07 07
Marion, E. H. Hinkley	14.07	1 34 28	1 10 21
Vivian, Geo. Carson	14.11	1 41 07	1 17 22
Lois and Dot withdrew.			

Steam Launches.

MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 10.

The fourth regatta of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 10, starting in almost a calm, the wind coming in later and making a race. The principal event was the third contest for the Davenport challenge cup, already won twice by Fanny D. This time the older boat, Nancy Hanks, was the victor. The times were:

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Myles Standish, Boyer Bros.	21.06	2 52 46	2 07 11
Vida, W. S. Maglathlin	22.09	2 55 08	2 10 29
Ida, C. S. Clark	18.06	Did not finish.	
Elaine, Graham	22.09	Did not finish.	

FIRST CLASS—21 TO 27FT.

Future, W. S. Whitman	21.01	3 09 51	2 26 57
Natana, N. W. Emerson	24.06	3 06 24	2 27 14

SECOND CLASS—17 TO 21FT.

Nancy Hanks, P. W. Maglathlin	19.11	2 36 32	1 50 17
Fanny D., M. W. MacDowell	19.10	2 38 57	1 52 34
In It, R. D. Williams	18.04	2 42 34	1 54 31
Emerald, W. H. Lowe	18.01	2 45 19	1 55 35
Cleopatra, M. MacDowell	20.07	2 42 34	1 57 29
Nemo, M. F. Carell	18.04	Did not finish.	

THIRD CLASS—UNDER 17FT.

Amie, M. S. Weston, Jr.	16.09	1 55 41	1 29 24
Bucket	17.00	2 14 48	1 48 48

FOURTH CLASS—SPRIT, FORESAIL AND MAINSAIL.

Vigilant, A. M. Watson, Jr.	16.11	1 41 03	1 14 57
Maj. D., C. H. Drew	16.02	1 47 52	1 20 55
Gipsy Girl, W. Steele	16.02	1 50 01	1 23 04
Henrietta, E. W. Watson	16.08	1 52 42	1 26 19
Eunice, B. I. Symmes	17.01	1 59 10	1 33 15
Natalie, H. M. Jones	16.10	Did not finish.	

FIFTH CLASS—GAFF, FORESAIL AND SPRIT MAINSAIL.

Solitaire, B. B. Baker	17.09	1 41 45	1 16 33
Dolphin, N. Morton	16.04	1 55 42	1 24 57
Ellen B., C. F. Bradford	16.06	1 53 10	1 26 13
Nereid, A. E. Walker	16.10	1 56 01	1 29 50
Waterwitch, Graham	17.01	1 54 28	1 33 33
Perhaps, T. S. Diman	16.00	Did not finish.	

Lake Geneva Y. C.

CLUB RACE.

Saturday, Aug. 10.

The 21ft. class course from the Village around the buoy off Camp Collie and return is twelve miles; weather, fair; wind, strong.

FIRST CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Lorna, Julian M. Rumsey	24.4	1 34 50	2 34 50
Precept, J. Hodgkins	24.5½	1 42 15	2 42 15
Expert, Julian M. Rumsey	24.7	. . ..	. . ..

SECOND CLASS.

Maybe, H. H. Porter, Jr.	20.11½	1 33 10	2 33 10
Mahnahbezee, Geo. Hateley	21.00	1 35 42	2 35 42
Mystery, Benton Sturges	21.00	. . ..	. . ..
Satan, Byron Boyden	18.2	. . ..	. . ..

Winners: First prize, first class, Lorna; second class, Maybe. Second prize, first class, Precept; second class, Mahnahbezee.

The first class boats sailed with working rig and stationary weight and sailed the same course as the second class boats.

Judges: H. W. Marsh, H. G. Rich and L. C. Fuller.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Walter C. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Chas. E. Cragg, Port Henry, New York.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Thomas Hale, Jr., Yonkers, N. Y.
Central Division, W. S. Hackett, Albany, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. N. Cutter, Winchester, Mass.
Northern Division, E. F. Burritt, Ottawa, Canada.

Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1. Applications for membership must be made to the Purser of applicant's division, from whom blanks for the purpose may be obtained.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, N. B. Cook, Chicago.
Vice-Commodore, L. F. Porter, Madison, Wis.
Rear-Commodore, H. D. Spenser, Bloomington, Ill.
Sec'y-Treas., F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.
Executive Committee, W. H. Sardley, St. Paul, Minn.; R. M. Lampe, Madison, Wis.; F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.

FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

9-28. A. C. A., 16th annual meeting, Bluff Point, Lake Champlain.

SEPTEMBER.

Red Dragon fall regatta, Delaware River.

The W. C. A. at Ballast.

Mr. Nat. H Cook kindly supplies the record of the W. C. A. '95 meet at Ballast Island with the accompanying information: There were 31 members present and 65 persons on the island, including ladies and non-members. There were 15 canoes, 1 war canoe, 1 catboat, 1 double cat, 1 naphtha launch.

The annual W. C. A. hop was held on Wednesday, July 17, at Werbie's Pavilion, Middle Bass Island. The Iowa State band with forty musicians was engaged for the occasion and the entertainment was a splendid success.

In the regatta the winners were as follows:

Race No. 1, passenger race, 7 starters: First, Lotus, Nat H. Cook, Captain; J. F. Turrill, crew; second, Wood, O. A. Woodruff, Captain; Ralph S. Huntington, crew.

Race No. 2, Gardner Cup race, 10 starters: First, Carrier Pigeon, N. B. Cook; second, Princess Alice, G. H. Gardner.

Race No. 3, Trophy Cup race, 6 starters: First, Wood, O. A. Woodruff; second, Carrier Pigeon, N. B. Cook.

Race No. 4, Longworth Cup race, 5 starters: First, Lotus, Nat H. Cook; second, Princess Alice, G. H. Gardner.

Race No. 5, sailing and paddling, 5 starters: First, Isabel, T. S. Gates; second, Phœnix, Ralph S. Huntington.

Race No. 6, paddling, class 1, 4 starters: First, Mud, A. D. Stearns; second, Whisper, G. E. McWilliams.

Race No. 7, paddling tandem, 3 starters: Mud, A. D. Stearns and G. E. McWilliams; second, Minnehaha, L. K. Liggett and S. C. Stearns.

Race No. 8, hurry-scurry: Not raced.

Race No. 9, consolation race: First, Anita, T. B. Stevens; second, Isabel, T. S. Gates.

RECORD.

	Points.
First, N. B. Cook, Carrier Pigeon	9
Second, O. A. Woodruff, Wood	5
Second, T. S. Gates, Isabel	5
Third, Ralph S. Huntington, Phœnix	4
Fourth, T. B. Stevens, Anita	3

The business meeting was held Saturday, July 13, and the following officers were elected: Com., C. F. Pennewell, Detroit; Vice-Com., N. H. Cook, Chicago; Rear-Com., E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee; Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit. Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee.

D. H. Crane, Chicago C. C., head of the regatta committee, says: "We had only a small crowd, but it was all one crowd—with no cliques. The races were very pleasant, and I never had so easy a time in getting the starts off, and that with a good sized entry. The racing was spirited all down the line, and the contest often was not with the crack or two at the head, but with some other fellow in a rival boat, as when Grandpa Gates and Mr. T. B. Stevens, of Cleveland, 'had it in' for each other."

Mr. O. A. Woodruff, Rockawa C. C., one of the old-time fathers of the W. C. A., says: "Any time we can find a place offering so many advantages as Ballast I am ready to go there. I am not prejudiced in favor of Ballast. I would not, however, be willing to go again to any inland lake."

Nat. Cook, Chicago C. C., says: "We never had any better sailing than we had this year at Ballast, and the summer girl was never better. I am willing to go anywhere for the '96 meet, but I want to go where I can get sailing. I would like to join a party to go up and have a look at Grand Traverse Bay, Michigan South Peninsula. They say that is a good place."

We received some time since, and have held for permission to use, a letter from Mr. Woodruff, which is printed below. It states fairly enough the many advantages of Ballast Island, though it hardly overcomes the logic of results, which would show that a Ballast meet is a small meet, and one made up only of the older and stronger W. C. A. element, without much accession of new material. We admit the force of the Ballast argument, but it really seems hard for us to believe that the only sailing and swimming waters of the West are to be found at Ballast. To go elsewhere might mean trouble and expense, it is true; but it might also mean a growth of membership, which would make the expense seem light. Moreover it might assure a reunion of the canoemen of the West, which should be more like canoeing and more like camping than can be possible at the "home of the W. C. A." Whatever most promotes canoeing must most please us, but a "home" for any body of sportsmen bound primarily to the outdoor air should be well watched that it does not become that long home to which we none of us want to see canoeing organizations come. Mr. Woodruff states the contrary of this very well, though perhaps had he not written so soon after the publication of the "Summer Girl's Diary" he would not have taken exceptions to that as deliberate criticism, but would have seen it as it was meant and really was, a good piece of fun and something of a novelty. His letter follows:

"Dayton, O., July 25.—We had a very pleasant time, with plenty of fine sailing and swimming and good grub, this year. The attendance was small, only thirty-one members; no one at all from the West except four from Chicago.

"I had rebuilt the canoe Wood and made a new suit of sails, hoping to get a crack at the fin-keels, but they didn't show up. However, I beat Nat Cook and his father, and they are good sailors, and they have fast canoes. Nat of course took the Longworth cup, his father the Gardner, and I got the trophy.

"I am very sorry that you felt it your duty to criticise the W. C. A. and Ballast the way you did in the summer girl story. If you had been present you would have seen the 'pretty little canoes' in the water most of the time and very little carrying on with the summer girls. I had my family established in a cottage, and they enjoyed it very much without at all interfering with my duties or pleasure in camp or on the water.

"As I was the first to advocate holding Western meets on alternate years, I feel that it is my privilege to express an opinion now on the same. We went to Oshkosh in '92 and the meet was attended by quite a number from that place, a very few of whom had canoes or row-boats, but the majority had not. Most of the men came out on bicycles or in buggies in the afternoon, and either returned to town that night or very early the next morning. Not one of them has attended a meet since, although the '94 meet was held at Madison, about two or three hours' ride from Oshkosh.

"In '94 we met at Madison, where we found a good, active club, and some of the best men who ever sat around a camp-fire, but they only had two or three canoes, and not one of them has attended the '95 meet. Here also a great many of the Madison men had to spend the day in the city, and only slept in camp.

"At both of the Western meets the building of docks, cook houses, renting of mess tent, etc., ran the expense up very high. The grub was very poor and in both cases we had to stand a raise in price of meals, made after we had gone into camp. At both places the winds were very poor for sailing (nearly every day a flat calm most of the day). The water was dirty or full of green scum, making it unfit for swimming, and worst of all, after all this, we failed in our object of getting new blood into the meets. Not one of these men from Oshkosh or Madison has attended a meet that was not held in front of his own boat house.

"At Ballast Island we own the lumber and cribs for our docks, and the expense of putting up and taking down is very little, and no trouble at all to the members or officers, as the only trouble is to write a letter ordering the docks put up for a certain date and it is done. As for the mess, we have no expense putting up the mess tent or cook house, no trouble getting a caterer and no wrangling with the caterer through the entire meet, and no raising of price after we get to camp. We just pay $1 per day for good grub well cooked, and sit at long tables and have just as good a time as if we were in a mess tent.

"At Ballast we never have a mosquito (which were a great pest at both Oshkosh and Madison). We have excellent water for swimming, clear and just cool enough to be refreshing. Being located in the middle of Lake Erie it is cool and the winds are steady and very seldom a calm. The surrounding islands break the force of the seas so that there is not a very bad sea even in a high wind.

"We have there quite a number of pleasant places to cruise to within a distance of from five to ten miles.

"There are plenty of yachts and yachtsmen in the neighborhood and they are congenial spirits.

"You think I am prejudiced in favor of Ballast. I am, but the prejudice is justified by the many advantages it has for the canoeist, and as a place for holding a canoe meet. There may be better places, but we have not found them, where the advantages for a canoe meet equal those of Ballast.

"When you accuse us of being Lah De Dahs and spending our time mixing drinks, and dancing attendance upon the women 'while the pretty little canoes lie upon the grass,' and 'the sails hang upon the trees, you do a great injustice, as the men who follow any one of these pursuits are a mighty small minority. O. A. Woodruff."

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Sixteenth Annual Meet.

BLUFF POINT—LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

The sixteenth year of the American Canoe Association begins in one of the most charming camps that has yet been found in the course of many wanderings on Lake George, Lake Champlain, the St. Lawrence, the Canadian Lakes, the Hudson or Long Island Sound. In its adaptability to the purposes of an A.C.A. camp the present location is to be compared with Grindstone Island and Jessup's Neck rather than with the bogs of Willsborough and the arid dust hills of Croton Point, possessing natural features which leave nothing to be desired.

The central portion of the camp ground is a large plateau of rock, rising from the water's edge at an inclination of 1ft. in 12 to 15ft. until a height of 30 to 40ft. is reached back of the large meadow which forms the main camp. The first 30ft. of this rock adjoining the water is bare; immense flat slabs on which a canoe may be hauled up safely without a staging, though in some places the beach is formed of pebbles and small boulders, there being no sand anywhere. The rest of the rock is covered with a thin coat of dry sandy loam, just thick enough to give a hold for tent pegs, though the rock crops out in many places. The rock is broken by cracks and fissures in every direction, making a curious effect; where the soil is thin the grass is dry and brown, but in the deep fissures the grass is a bright green, the result being a brown surface covered with straight lines of bright green running in all directions.

Along the rocky beach is a scattered row of trees, mostly spruce, arbor vitæ and cedar, not close enough together to obstruct the outlook, but offering shade for tents. Other large trees are scattered at intervals over the field with many small evergreens. To the right and left (or south and north) are groves of evergreens, comparatively free from undergrowth and with the limbs high enough to admit of light, air and easy passage, with open spaces for the tents. That to the south is but little above the level of the beach, as it runs on into a pretty little bay. That to the north is in a rocky bluff, from 10 to 20ft. high, ending in a pretty little point.

On alighting from the Delaware & Hudson train at Bluff Point Station, carryalls are in waiting for a drive of ten minutes over a fine macadam road, turning off suddenly into a farm-yard, and there on over the rough meadows for a few minutes, finally drawing up at the highest point of the open field already described. Here, at an elevation of some 20ft. above the lake, the headquarters is arranged after the plan adopted by Com. Hume in 1892, the various tents being in a semi-circle, with the flagpoles in front. The central tent, or rather three tents in a row, belong to Com. Witherbee; on the north are tents for Secretary-Treasurer Cragg, the regatta committee and Signal Officer Holden. On the south are the tents of the campsite and transportation committees and Fleet Surgeon Nellis, the latter surmounted by the red cross flag. Each tent is on a platform about a foot above the ground, and Mr. Robertson, of the campsite committee, has amused himself by decorating the edge of each platform with a suitable inscription and appropriate emblems. In front of each tent is an open platform covered with an extra flag, making of headquarters a shady and comfortable rendezvous. A small dock has been built directly in front, but the water is too shoal for anything but a canoe or a naphtha launch.

The main camp begins just south of headquarters, and extends down through the south grove. Many tents are pitched in the open, or under the fringe of trees in the meadow, but others are among the trees in the grove, the Vespers as usual at the far end of the camp.

The north grove, the most beautiful portion of the grounds, is given up to the ladies' camp, a large one this year, and the most picturesque and pleasant location ever devoted to Squaw Point.

Just north of headquarters, between it and Squaw Point, a large mess shed and kitchen have been erected, with all the modern conveniences, a steam boiler and pump bringing water from the lake, while electric light wires have been run down the path from the Hotel Champlain, lights being strung along the path and also in the mess shed.

The mess service is conducted by an Albany caterer for the Hotel Champlain, and is the best for many years. The food is good, well cooked and well served by experienced colored waiters, the charge being $1 per day. The camp is readily accessible from New York, Boston, Albany and Montreal, though much less favorably situated for Toronto, Buffalo and Rochester. The round trip from New York costs $10 50 and from Boston $8.50, the time by rail being ten to twelve hours, or one night's journey. The nearness of the railroad station does away with the necessity for a launch, and makes the service prompt and cheap.

The water is excellent for sailing, Valcour Island offering a partial shelter. The outlook from the camp is very fine, the distant mountains of Vermont, the green shores of the lakes, the beautiful islands and the clear blue water making a perfect picture. There is no need of a trolley line to get from camp to a point where the races are visible, but a man may sit in the door of his tent and watch the whole course. Though but a few miles from Willsborough Point, the weather for this year at least is totally different. The frequent and violent thunderstorms and squalls that did so much to spoil the '91 and '92 meets have not troubled Bluff Point; they seem to pass over without harm. There have been several short storms during the camp, but mostly during the night, and the ground is so porous and so well drained by the broken rock beneath that one can walk dryshod within a few minutes after a heavy shower. The weather this year has been very pleasant, clear and bright by day throughout the meet, with summer skies of blue; not too warm for comfort at midday, and quite cool enough for extra blankets at night.

No previous camp has offered the same conveniences as this, nor been as much under the influences of civilization; but it cannot be said that the meet has suffered on this account. Plattsburgh, a large town, is but three miles distant; the Hotel Champlain is but half a mile from the camp, one of the largest, finest and most fashionable of American summer hotels; but very few townspeople have visited the camp, and on the other hand the canoeists have not left camp *en masse*, as on the daily expeditions to "Jag Harbor" in 1890. The canoeists have received every courtesy and attention from the management of the hotel, and have visited it by invitation on several occasions for dances and other entertainments; but the guests have made few visits to the camp, nor have the canoeists abandoned the camp for the hotel. Huyler's candy can be bought from a wagon in front of one's tent, clothes are taken for a laundry in Plattsburgh and returned in a couple of days, the mess shed and the walk to the hotel are lighted by electric lights, there is a telephone in the mess shed; but it must be admitted that with all of these elements of modern degeneration close at hand, with not one cwp outfit in use in the whole camp, the meet is made up of persons who have come here for a couple of weeks of healthy, happy tent life, and who are enjoying it thoroughly and sensibly. The camp has been troubled little by outsiders, and is troubling itself still less about matters outside its own limits.

The one pity is that with such a perfect location and such excellent arrangements, so few are present to enjoy them, the attendance up to race week being only about 130, and with few new arrivals promised. Comparatively few of the men who were present at the early meets are here this year, Will Wackerhazen, Brokaw, Butler, Huntington, Stephens, J. C. Edwards, of Ottawa; Moore, Winne, Wilkin, Goddard and the Leatts of Ottowa. Such old-time members as Oliver, Gibson, Leavy, Mix, Boux, Whitlock, Warder, Rathbun, Nickerson, E. B. Edwards, the Moekendricks, Foster, Ford, Jones, Bailey and Nate Smith, have not been seen or heard of. Among the later known A. C. A. men present known are Com. Witherbee and Secretary Cragg, members Lawrence, Lawson, Dorland, Hale, Sparrow, Gray, Schuyler, Dudley, Hand, Savage, McBean, Upham and Towne.

The New York C. C. has two representatives, the Ianthe one, the Red Dragon none, the Rochester one, the Toronto two, the Knickerbocker two, the Vesper four, the Puritan none, and so through the list; many clubs are not represented and none have more than a few members.

Why men do not come to a place like this it is hard to say; certainly those who have ventured this year have been well repaid, though the marked absence of familiar faces is rather saddening to the older men.

Of canoes there are a fair number, most of them open paddlers, a few old-time sailing canoes and very few racing craft—with no war canoes, no canoe yawls, cruisers, nor "Class C" craft. There are very few launches or yachts. Mr. Carpenter, of Sing Sing, has a naphtha launch, and Dr. Savage, of Newburgh, has cruised to the meet in a small kerosene launch. What may be expected from the racing is shown in the following list of entries up to Monday morning:

Canoe.	Name.	Club.	City.
Bug	Paul Butler	Vesper	Lowell.
Bee	D. S. Goddard	Vesper	Lowell.
Wasp	Howard Gray	Vesper	Lowell.
Fly	Butler Ames	Vesper	Lowell.
Torment	F. C. Moore	New York	New York.
Laidee	H. V. Backus	Irondequoit	Rochester.
Onajag	H. D. McVean	Irondequoit	Rochester.
Az Iz	J. R. Stewart	Irondequoit	Rochester.
Sevilla			
Kionilla	C. E. Cragg	Bulwagga	Port Henry.
Eel	J. W. Sparrow	Toronto	Toronto.
——	R. O. King	Toronto	Toronto.
Crescent	C. Cartwright	Cataragué	Kingston, Ont.
Black Diamond	Wendell Andreas	Bogota B. C.	Bogata, N. J.

The only specially notable canoe in the list is Bug, a new boat built by Stevens, of Lowell, from Butler's designs, a very fair and handsome model, the lines round and full. She has several peculiar features in her fittings, the centerboard is about 4ft. 6in. long, of aluminum, ¼in. thick, with a thick plate of lead on the lower corner. The trunk is placed just to port of the fore and aft centerline, while the mizenmast is placed abreast of the trunk and to starboard of the middle line, thus allowing the board to be raised or lifted clear out. The deck seat is very far forward, over the fore end of the board. The old Fly is fitted with a similar lead and aluminum board, placed on one side of the center. All of the Vesper canoes have solid plate rudders of aluminum, ¼in. thick, the usual rudder yoke and double lines to the deck tiller being replaced by a half yoke—one arm only—on the rudder, with a rod of wood connecting it with the deck tiller, an adaptation of arrangement known as the "Norwegian tiller," and once used by canoeists before the invention of the thwartship tiller. The four canoes carry the Butler hoisting rig, materially improved in cutting and making of sails and in small details of fittings, but with nothing new in shape The outfit of hollow spars, all of sail wood veneer after Mr. Butler's method, is the finest ever seen at a meet. As now rigged only two masts are needed for each canoe, the complete outfit of hoisting sails, from the two largest of a total of 180ft. downward, being interchangeable on these masts. The Vesper party still have their work tent, completely equipped with tools, and Mr. Butler did some very neat repair work in camp on Fly, mending four different breaks in the garboards caused by a badly fitting crate. The excellent work put into these light canoes by Stevens is shown by their condition after six or seven seasons of hard service.

A. C. A. Membership.

Eastern Division: Albert H Crook, Cambridge. Northern Division: Douglas H. McDougall, Toronto.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Dorman to Ross.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 16.—Some time since there was published in Forest and Stream a challenge from Mr. Gus. Zimmerman, of New York, offering to back Mr. F. C. Ross against Mr. A. J. Vandusen, of Winona, Minn., in a 100-shot race with a rifle at 200yds. for $1,000 or more a side. This was promptly accepted by the challenged party, and the time set for February, 1896, the challenged party giving as his reason for naming February that his business prevented him from taking a vacation at any other time during the year.

In the light of subsequent events and of Mr. Zimmerman's later article in regard to "climatic conditions," offering to shoot the match in "hot weather," after the Minnesota gentleman had expressly stated in his acceptance of the challenge that it would be impossible for him to shoot before February, the question arises, Was the New York gentleman in earnest when he made the challenges, or as a prominent rifleman suggested, "making a great big bluff?" I sincerely hope that time will prove that the last suggestion is not the true solution of the challenge, as the event would be of the greatest interest to all lovers of rifle shooting, and their name is legion.

Now, if the Eastern gentlemen are in earnest and really want to shoot the match, in the interest of "clean records" I will make this suggestion as a lover of fair play: Why not accept Mr. Vandusen's offer to shoot in February? Put up a forfeit and find out if the Western gentleman is bluffing.

I do not understand what objections Mr. Ross could have to shooting in February, when one of his best 100-shot scores was made at Wissel's Park on the 19th of March. And I know from experience that March weather in the vicinity of New York is not any better adapted to fine rifle shooting than February weather half way between Minnesota and the old Atlantic.

It is said a Kentucky gentleman will "shoot first" and apologize afterward. What will the New York gentleman do?

Sam G. Dorman.

Presque Island Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 10.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Presque Island Rifle Club:

Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, any rifle and trigger pull:

Van Etten	6	8	8	7	6	6	8	9	9	6—77
	6	10	8	7	8	6	7	5	5	7—69
	6	10	5	6	9	5	5	7	7	9—69
	10	6	5	7	7	6	6	5	7	7—66
Paul	6	6	5	9	8	7	9	6	9	7—72
	7	7	4	7	9	6	6	7	8	5—66
	5	9	4	8	10	6	7	5	6	6—66
	6	4	7	5	8	10	7	3	3	8—61
W J Leyer	6	10	6	9	6	6	7	8	5	6—69
	6	4	4	10	8	5	6	6	8	6—63
	8	7	4	5	7	4	6	8	7	5—61
Germann	6	7	7	10	6	7	5	9	9	9—66
	6	10	5	5	5	9	9	6	5	5—65
	7	7	7	6	7	7	5	5	5	6—62
	6	5	6	7	10	4	6	5	7	6—61
Derby	3	4	5	9	8	7	8	8	9	8—69
	3	6	5	6	7	9	6	5	6	4—57
	1	4	4	9	5	7	6	4	7	5—52
Shafer	6	8	4	6	8	6	10	6	10	4—68
	10	5	4	8	4	4	4	9	7	7—62
	8	5	7	5	5	10	3	5	5	8—61
	4	5	6	5	9	4	10	5	8	6—61
Strangways	7	6	5	2	7	10	8	2	8	10—65
	2	5	9	8	6	4	5	9	10	7—62
	3	4	7	7	6	5	7	4	8	4—55
Treiber	8	5	3	5	9	5	5	10	7	8—63
	9	6	7	6	4	5	8	5	7	3—60
	7	2	3	5	5	4	7	4	4	10—55
Froess	5	5	6	6	5	9	5	7	10	7—64
	5	10	4	6	6	7	6	5	5	5—59
	1	7	5	7	7	3	9	5	8	4—56
Olvitt	9	10	8	7	10	2	3	9	3	4—65
	4	3	5	4	6	5	9	6	3	3—48
	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	4	5	5—48
Sharp	6	3	6	9	10	3	3	3	10	5—58
	2	5	5	8	7	6	10	6	6	4—57
	9	3	6	7	6	5	5	5	7	2—55
Patton	9	7	4	9	5	3	8	8	3	3—59
	6	5	5	5	8	6	3	8	4	4—54
	2	6	4	9	6	7	8	6	2	4—54
Diefenbach	7	4	4	6	6	5	5	5	8	7—57
	8	9	4	5	9	4	4	9	5	9—48
	4	10	4	1	6	5	5	2	3	3—43
Roberts	9	1	4	6	8	7	4	0	0	2—41
	8	6	0	4	1	4	2	4	2	6—37
	0	3	4	4	6	2	5	2	4	3—33
Dr Wheeler	0	6	6	6	6	5	3	4	8	0—44
	2	0	1	3	1	5	9	5	2	7—35
McCully	4	6	1	4	1	5	9	4	10	5—49

Cincinnati Riflemen.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 11.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds., strictly off-hand, 3lb. trigger pull, rifles under 10lbs. weight, at the standard target, 7-ring black. Scores:

Gindele	8	10	9	8	9	9	9	9	8	10—89
	9	7	9	10	10	8	10	10	8	8—89
	8	8	8	8	10	10	8	7	8	9—84
	7	10	10	7	10	8	8	8	7	9—84
Payne	6	4	8	9	8	7	9	7	7	7—72
	7	4	7	9	10	8	8	9	6	5—73
	7	8	7	9	9	8	8	8	5	8—77
	5	6	10	9	8	8	6	8	9	5—74
Trounstein	6	6	8	7	8	3	3	5	9	6—61
	8	6	5	7	6	3	7	5	3	8—58
	6	3	8	5	4	7	4	7	6	6—56
	6	5	6	8	7	8	4	6	4	8—61
Topf	8	9	5	7	6	7	6	4	2	7—59
	7	4	5	6	9	6	8	8	5	5—60
	9	8	5	8	8	7	6	5	6	7—69
	9	7	7	8	3	7	3	4	3	4—57
Drube	10	8	10	6	9	6	9	9	10	8—85
	6	7	9	7	6	5	10	8	7	9—74
	5	9	5	8	9	10	7	5	8	6—72
	7	9	6	8	5	8	7	9	9	10—78
Weinheimer	5	7	8	4	5	10	8	9	7	7—68
	10	7	5	7	10	8	5	7	7	7—73
	6	5	7	8	8	6	9	6	8	9—72
	8	8	6	7	6	8	7	4	10	3—67
Nestler	5	6	9	8	5	6	9	9	10	9—76
	8	5	10	9	7	10	7	9	6	7—78
	8	8	7	9	9	8	7	8	10	8—82
	7	6	6	6	8	10	10	8	6	8—75
Strickmeier	4	5	5	6	8	2	8	3	10	8—59
	5	5	7	9	2	6	6	4	5	10—59
	5	5	4	6	9	8	6	6	5	7—61
	5	3	6	5	6	8	5	4	6	5—53

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, Aug. 1.—Below are details of scores made at the North London Rifle Club, Mr. Winans having the best score yet made at 50yds. at the club:

July 31, 50yds., stationary targets: Walter Winans 38, Knapp 34, Comber 33, Capt. Earle 33, Major Munday 33, Lieut. Baxter 28, Lieut. Richardson 28, Howell 28, Carter 28, Gareud 26, Luff 24, Franzmann 23, W. Treadwell 21.

At the South London Rifle Club very few members shot last week as below:

July 25, 20yds., stationary target:	50yds.:		
Capt. T. W. Heath	666777—39	Capt. T. W. Heath	456757—34
Lieut. J. Howard	774677—38	Lieut. J. Howard	737737—34
E. Howe	577655—35	E. Howe	537774—33

Mr. Winans has scored now within two points of his winning score of last year for the revolver championship of the club; he intends to try and make up these two points before stopping for the season. It can be easiest done by improving on his score of 39 in the 20yds. range, made on a windy day.

Scores toward the revolver championship of the club to date:

	20yds.					50yds.				
Walter Winans	41	41	40	40	39	40	39	39		—319
T W Heath	39	39	39	39	38	37	37	36		—306
Knapp	40	40	38	38	30	38	35	31		—250
E Howe	39	38	37	37	36	33	32	31		—283
J Howard	38	37	36	36	36	34	32	31		—283
C F Lowe	37	36	32	..	..	37	34	..	..	—...
Clementi-Smith	36	35	34	31	..	31	27	..	..	—...
F Rand	42	36	..	..	..	35	..	..	..	—...

Lyman Rapid-Fire Target.

THE Lyman rapid fire rifle targets are finding much favor. They are in two sizes, for 25yds. and 50yds. The smaller one sent post-paid for 15 cents a dozen, the larger one for 25 cents a dozen, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

*FIXTURES.

Aug. 27.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Second monthly tournament of the Home City Gun Club; targets; professionals barred.

Aug. 27-29.—CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Charlotte Gun Club.

Aug. 28-29.—FREDERICK, Md.—Two days' tournament of the Frederick Gun Club, at targets.

Aug. 28-29.—IONIA, Ill.—State Meeting of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Ionia Gun Club.

Aug. 29-30.—SHERBURNE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Sherburne Gun Club.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Aug. 30-31.—CHICAGO, Ill.—First monthly shoot of the Cook county Trap-Shooters' League, Chas. Grubbs, manager

Aug. 31.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Team shoot between the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, and the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City.

Sept. 2.—MARION, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club; targets.

Sept. 3.—NEWARK, N. J.—Tournament of he South Side Gun Club; targets. New Jersey Trap Shooters' League contest at 2 P. M. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—UTICA, N. Y.—Two days tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 4-5.—SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. Va.—Morgan's Grove Fair Association's tournament, under the management of the Interstate Association

Sept. 5.—MICHIGAN CITY, Miss.—First semi-annual tournament of the Michigan City Gun Club.

Sept. 6-7.—WARREN, O.—Tournament of the Warren Gun Club. H. B. Perkins, Jr., Sec'y.

Sept. 10-12.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—First annual tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. 10-13.—DETROIT, Mich.—The Des-Chree-Shos-Ka annual tournament, under the management of Jack Parker.

Sept. 10-13.—ST. PAUL, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club; John P. Burkhard, Manager.

Sept. 11-12.—FRANKFORT, Kansas.—Tournament of the Frankfort Gun Club.

Sept. 11-13.—LANCASTER, Pa.—Tournament of the Lancaster Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Sept. —.—FREDONIA, N. Y.—Tournament of the Clover Trap and Target Company. $1,000 added money.

Sept. —.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Fourth annual tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club; three days of the week following the Clover tournament.

Oct. 8-10.—SHERIDAN, Wyo.—Tournament of the Sheridan Gun Club, under the management of Frank Crabill and Mark R. Perkins.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-17.—ALEDO, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Aledo Gun Club; live birds and targets. J. W. McRoberts, Chairman of programme committee.

Oct. 16-17.—WEIR CITY, Kan.—Live-bird championship of the State under the auspices of the Business Men's Gun Club.

Oct. 23-24.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Fourth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Oct. 23-25.—ATLANTA, Ga.—Annual tournament of the Clarke Hardware Company; targets; $600 added money.

Oct. 25-26.—SEATTLE, Wash.—First annual tournament of the Washington State Sportsman's Association, under the auspices of the Seattle Gun Club; live birds and targets. C. F. Graff, Sec'y.

Oct. 27-30.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—First annual tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club; Willard L. Simpson, Sec'y.

Nov. 5-7.—KEWANEE, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Kewanee Gun Club.

1896.

Jan. 4-5—PHŒNIX, Ariz.—Annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Jan. 9-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the management of Texas Field; $2,500 added.

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

May 5-8.—New York.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2 000 added money.

May (second week).—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

While writing of Swody's ten-mile tramp, a good story on Frank Mason comes to mind. It occurred some time in '91, about two years prior to the organization of the Altoona (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club. The present grounds of the club at Wopsononock, where it holds its monthly shoots, had been laid out, and the club house built by Bill Clark, who gave a tournament up there. Frank Mason, as representative of FOREST AND STREAM, went to attend the shoot. To get to "Wopsy" one had then, as now, to take the A. C. & N. narrow-gauge railroad at Juniata, a suburb of Altoona. At that time it was a one-train-in-the-morning-and-one-in-the-afternoon schedule, and Mason, through some mishtake in the hour, missed the morning train, arriving at Juniata a few minutes after it had left. As the crow flies it is about three miles from Juniata to "Wopsy," and the mountain top looks invitingly near. By the high road it is but little more than three and one-half miles, and decent walking at that. Mason decided not to wait for the afternoon train—he'd walk up. Also he'd follow the railroad track; he knew where that would lead him, and he was uncertain about the highway. Anybody who has attended one of the Altoona Club's enjoyable shoots knows how that railroad twists and turns in its endeavors to climb the 1,100ft. to the summit. Well, Mason followed that track. There's about eight miles of it before you get to the top of the mountain, and tough walking, too. He didn't beat the afternoon train by many minutes either.

The opening shoot at Elkwood Park was a success. With a little better accommodation for shooters, cashier, scorer and spectators, the place will be a popular resort for trap-shooters. Handicaps, such as that which was brought off at Elkwood Park on August 15, are bound to become favorites with the masses, and if they do seem a little severe on experts, the latter have no cause for grumbling, as they get the best end of the stick on every other occasion. We think, however, that in all similar races, where the background is at all dark, a couple of judges, one at each end of the score, should be selected in order that they may assist the referee. Had that been done at Elkwood, one or more apparently "dusted" targets might have been scored as breaks to the advantage of the shooter. To us, Apgar's last cypher in his fourth string looked like a "dusted" target, and although challenged promptly, no one spoke to us in favor of a break until after the event was over. We have maintained over and over again that no one man can referee absolutely correctly, although he decides as the target appears to him. He has seen *no perceptible piece*, whereas men in other position have seen two or three perceptible pieces. That one target meant a half of fourth money to Apgar.

Mr. C. F. Rood, secretary of the Valley City Gun Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes under date of Aug. 15 as follows: "The Valley City Gun Club has been notified that the Zeeland (Mich.) Gun Club is after its scalp, and after the trophy emblematic of the State championship, presented by *Shooting and Fishing*, which is now held by this club. The challenge has been accepted, and the shoot arranged to take place at 1 P. M., Aug. 24, on our grounds. It is going to be no walkover for either club, for though the Grand Rapids men have held the title of champion undisputed since they won the trophy from the Battle Creek team, yet the Zeeland team is composed of thorough sportsmen and crack field shots. The names of the members of the different teams are: Valley City G. C.—M. K. Walton (captain), R. C. Wharton, H. J. Gilmore, R. C. Widdicomb and W. S. Coleman; substitutes, G. A. Gould and A. L. Holcomb. Zeeland G. C.—H. H. Karsters (captain), H. R. Van Eyck, F. Heifte, P. Smits and A. Smits; substitutes, A. Kamps and D. Borst.

Talk about being fond of a gun! Of course, there are plenty of men who will tramp over mountains or marshes all day long and come back at night with precious little to show for their self-imposed labor. But J. Swody, a member of the Climax Gun Club (and who, by the way, scored 20 out of 25 for his club on Aug. 7), has pretty nearly a record. His club had its monthly shoot during haying time, but Swody was bound to be there and shoot his score. First thing in the morning he got up and cut a swath all round his hayfield, so that his men could go right on with the machine. Then, as his horses were all busy in the hayfield, Swody shouldered his gun, pocketed his shells, and walked the five miles that lay between his home and the club's grounds. When all was over he covered the same five miles on foot once more. That's a record that is seldom beaten—at least, we think so.

Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, was in New York last week *en route* from New Orleans. He said that the shoot in that city, a report of which appears elsewhere, was one of the most successful ever held by his Association, and prophesies that the Charlotte, N. C., tournament next week will add another big success to the record of 1895. "Charlotte will be a corker," said he.

The Aledo (Ill.) Gun Club announces that it will hold its annual tournament on Oct. 15-17. There will be events at live birds and targets, the distribution of these events being arranged in the programme that will be issued shortly by the programme committee, of which J. W. McRoberts is chairman. Cash and merchandise prizes will be offered by the club.

The Maplewood (N. J.)—Peekskill (N. Y.) team race, which was set for last Saturday, Aug. 17, at Maplewood, had to be postponed owing to the sickness of some of the members of the Peekskill Club. It will take place to-day, Aug. 24, and at Maplewood, of course. It will be a great race and well worth seeing.

We have received the following letter from Major R. H. Breintnall, President of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J.: "I understand that the Endeavor Gun Club have claimed Labor Day for their annual shoots. The South Side will therefore cheerfully give way, so kindly cancel our shoot for that day. The league shoot will be as advertised, Tuesday, Sept. 3. Our shooting stand will be inclosed by next Saturday, so our shoots will take place rain or shine." As there will be nothing now to conflict with the Endeavor's shoot on Sept. 2, there should be a good crowd at Marion.

The Des-Chree-Shos-Ka programme is noted elsewhere. Jack Parker probably knows as well as anybody what will draw the boys to his shoot, and has embodied in his schedule for Sept. 10-13 several attractive events.

W. C. Preston, of Charlotte, N. Y., won the Skinner badge of the Manitou Rod and Gun Club, of Rochester, N. Y., on Aug. 10. The members are handicapped by extra allowance of targets, Preston shooting at 40. He broke 29 of them and took the badge. There were two 28s and seven 27s.

W. W. Bennett, the "Bill Jones" of Massachusetts (?), did some great work on Aug. 8 at the Richmond (Me.) Gun Club's tournament. His score was 143 out of a possible 150.

In a live bird sweep at 20 pigeons, shot recently on the grounds of the Independent Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., the following scores were made: O. I. Melott 20, J. E. Smeck and J. Shaaber 19, John Becker and George Zellers 17, George Gruber 13, and John Dunkel 9.

C. Riley, of the Armstrong's Point Club, of Winnipeg, Man., has won his club's championship and the gold medal presented by E. J. MacKay, the honorary president of the club.

The Hollywood, N. J., championship, set for Aug. 20, fell through, owing to lack of entries. The event may be brought off at some future date.

There was some little regret expressed at Elkwood Park, N. J., on Aug. 15 that Dickey's 97 out of 100 didn't bring him first money. But Dickey himself did not appear to regret it, while "Puck's" victory was a very popular one, and Boston got it after all.

Isn't it time that some one was challenging somebody else for a championship of some kind? This sounds vague, but it's on a par with most of the championship challenges during the past twelve months.

Owing to the date, Aug. 31, being unsatisfactory to the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., the team race between that club and the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., has been postponed until Sept. 7.

The Nyack (N. Y.), Gun Club will hold a shoot to-day at West Nyack, near the West Shore depot. There will be both live-bird and target events, shooting commencing at 10 A. M. The live-bird events will be started at 1 P. M.

Noel Money returned from his Southern trip on Monday, Aug. 19 He was brown as a berry, more in love with the South than he ever was, and full of the excellent sport he had while in Memphis on his way home from the New Orleans tournament. He says those doves down there can fly pretty fast too.

Mr. Mark R. Perkins, of Sheridan, Wyo., writes that the Sheridan Gun Club will hold a three days' tournament, Oct. 8-10, at live birds and targets, $250 being added to the purses.

EDWARD BANKS.

Boston Kept the Trophy.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Aug. 16.—To-day saw an old-time attendance at the grounds of the Boston Shooting Association. The chief attraction was the contest for the *Shooting and Fishing* State team championship trophy, which was held by the members of the home club. The Worcester (Mass.) Sportsmen's Club had challenged for this trophy and were on hand to fight for State championship honors. The contest is at 50 targets per man, 250 to the team of five men, 30 targets shot one man up, five unknown traps, and 10 pairs, regular order. The result was a win for the Boston men by the score of 187 to 147. The winners in the other events were:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles: Davis, first; Eager, Barrett and Mascroft, second; Jones, Snow, Puck, Kenerson and Herbert, third; A. W. Walls, fourth.

No. 2, 10 targets, known angles: Eager, first; Jones, second; Barrett, Davis, Wesley, Kenerson and Puck, third; Herbert, fourth.

No. 3, 10 targets, unknown angles: Herbert and Mascroft, first; Eager, Davis and Walls, second; Wesley and Kenerson, third; Puck, fourth.

No. 4, 5 pairs: Jones, Herbert and Puck, first; Eager and Walls, second; Barrett, Wesley, Kenerson and Snow, third; Buck and Davis, fourth.

No. 5, 15 targets, known angles: Eager and Herbert, first; Jones and Kenerson, second; Barrett, third.

No. 6, 10 targets, unknown angles: Jones and Herbert, first: Davis and Puck, second; Eager, Barrett and Wesley, third; Buck, fourth.

No. 7, 10 targets, reversed traps: White and Barrett, first; Herbert and Wesley, second; LeRoy and Kenerson, third; Eager, fourth.

No. 8, 5 pairs: LeRoy, first; Dickey, second; Jones, Herbert, White and Davis, third; Eager, Barrett, Puck and Walls, fourth.

No. 9, 10 targets, unknown angles: Barrett, Puck and Bartlett, first; Herbert, Davis, Wesley and Kenerson, second; Gore, White and LeRoy, third; Eager and Jones, fourth.

No. 10, 10 targets, known angles: Eager, Barrett, LeRoy and Jones, first; Herbert, Wesley, Buck and White, second; Davis, Puck, Walls, Parker and Mascroft, third; Snow and Kenerson, fourth.

No. 11, 10 targets, unknown angles: Barrett, first; Eager, Herbert, LeRoy and Kenerson, second; Wesley, third; Davis, Puck, White, Parker and Mascroft, fourth.

No. 12, 10 targets, known angles: Climax, LeRoy, Bartlett, Jones and Herbert, first; Gore, Rule, Yarp and Eager, second; Parker, Wood and Barrett, third; Puck, fourth.

No. 13, 10 targets, unknown angles: Bartlett, Rule and Herbert, first; Climax and Barrett, second; Yarp, LeRoy and Parker, third; Puck, Davis, Eager and Kenerson, fourth.

No. 14, 5 pairs: LeRoy and Herbert, first; Wesley, second; Davis and Gore, third; Eager, Bartlett and Barrett, fourth.

No. 15, 10 targets, unknown angles: LeRoy and Kenerson, first; Jones, Puck, Herbert and Bartlett, second; Eager, Climax and Barrett, third; Parker and Rule, fourth.

No. 16, 10 targets, known angles: Yarp and Climax, first; Parker, Rule, Wood, Jones and Kenerson, second; LeRoy, Davis, Bartlett and Herbert, third; Eager and Wesley, fourth.

No. 17, 10 targets, reversed traps: LeRoy, Eager and Bartlett, first; Parker, Barrett and Rule, second; Climax and Herbert, third.

No. 18, 10 targets, known angles: LeRoy and Herbert, first; Puck, Jones, Rule and Barrett, second; Climax and Bartlett, third.

No. 19, 25 targets, known angles: Climax, first; Barrett, second; Herbert, third.

No. 20, 10 targets, unknown angles: Bartlett, first; Parker, Barrett, Rule, Eager and Wood, second; LeRoy, Puck and Herbert, third.

No. 21, 10 targets, known angles: Climax, Eager and Barrett, first; Parker, second; Puck and Herbert, third.

No. 22, 30 singles and 5 pairs, sweep on trophy contest: Herbert, first; LeRoy, second; Davis, Dickey and Barrett, third; Eager, Climax and Jones, fourth. MEDFORD.

Valley City Gun Club.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Aug. 10.—The table given below shows the scores made at the two recent weekly shoots of the Valley City Gun Club. Nos. 1-5 were shot on Aug. 2, Nos. 6-10 to-day. The hot weather and the attractions offered at the many summer resorts in this vicinity tend to keep all but the most enthusiastic shooters from attending these weekly shoots. Table is as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10*
Targets:	10	25	20	15	10	20	20	20	15	10
Karsters	9	21	14	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Coleman	9	11	14	13	8	16	19	17	10	5
Smith	6	16	14	10	..	11	14	9	9	6
Calkins	10	..	11	..	8	..	..	..	..	..
Bennett	..	8	4	12	6	..	..	..	..	..
Kelsey	..	..	w	9	8	13	14	14	9	..
Nixon	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Plant	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Norris	..	..	..	..	..	..	w	17	..	3
Wharton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7

* No. 10 was at 5 pairs. C. F. ROOD, Sec'y.

Drake Defeats Class.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Aug. 16.—The following are the scores made on these grounds to-day; as will be noticed W. N. Drake was in capital form, shooting well in both his matches:

Match, 50 targets per man, unknown angles:

W N Drake.....0111111111111111101101101111101011111111111111111111—43

Frank Class.....0101111101111011100111101101111111101101011w —34

After the above the following match was shot off, Drake shooting at 50 targets and Shelley at 60. Score:

W N Drake.....1111111111111111111111101011111111111111111111—48

Bert Shelley.....1101110100011110110111111111100101101111110110111 0010111111 —45

WESTERN TRAPS.

TOM MAGRUDER'S TOWN.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 14.—It would hardly do to pass with so brief a notice as that of last week the successful tournament at Kankakee, Ill., which experts like Eddie Bingham, Abe Kleinman and Mayor Tom Marshall call the best shoot held in this section since June. All the foregoing and many others say that the happiness and smoothness of the Kankakee shoot was due to the management, and the management, it was Tom Magruder. All the money advertised was actually hung up, and it was good money too. Visiting shooters were royally entertained, and next year will see a still larger attendance of shooters at Tom Magruder's town. FOREST AND STREAM presents exclusively tabulated scores in full of the Kankakee shoot:

First and Second Days.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Targets:	10	15	25	10	15	25	10	15	25	10	10	15	25	10	15	25	10	15	25	10
Marshall	..	..	21	7	13	24	8	13	23	8	9	10	23	8	13	21	13	8	22	10
Magruder	9	12	14	8	11	20	7	11	23	8	9	9	19	8	12	23	11	7	22	10
Bingham	..	..	25	6	14	15	10	10	22	8	8	12	24	9	14	20	13	6	21	9
Trimble	9	13	24	10	12	24	8	13	22	10	10	12	23	8	13	24	12	10	25	9
Grube	10	9	23	7	14	..	10	10	24	9	7	13	23	7	11	24	..	6	21	..
Hill	8	12	17	7	12	21	9	9	17	9	9	15	21	9	13	24	12	10	18	7
Partington	7	13	21	7	12	23	9	8	20	9	8	14	23	8	13	15	10	..	23	9
Willitt	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Skinner	7	13	..	..	..	..	7	13	21	10	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tate	4	11	18	..	..	..	9	14	..	8	..	12	21	9	12	22	..	6	25	8
Livinguth	..	11	20	10	9	21	9	11	24	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	11	8	21	10
Carrow	..	13	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stehre	..	9	15	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Chester	..	12	18	..	..	..	8	10	..	7	..	14	19	8	14	..	12	9	..	9
King	..	11	21	6	12	20	9	9	21	10	8	13	25	9	14	22	12	9	20	8
Thomas	..	8	20	9	13	21	7	..	19	8	10	11	19	9	13	21	..	8	23	9
Ruble	..	..	22	9	12	23	10	13	24	8	10	12	23	10	11	24	12	8	22	9
You L'ng'rke	..	..	25	6	13	18	9	12	22	..	..	12	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Kleinman	..	..	20	8	12	25	7	11	23	10	10	11	22	9	12	23	14	9	24	8
Barto	..	..	13	5	8	..	6	9	18	10	9	9	22	8	13	19	8	..	..	..
Erbardt	..	4	7	11	..	10	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McColly	..	..	..	9	12	20	6	9	20	10	6	11	21	8	13	19	14	6	23	8
Peck	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heiss	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	10	11	22	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schumacher	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	7	..	13	21	9	12	..	10	17	..	..
Parks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	24	8	..	25	..	7	24	9	..
Patterson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Armstrong	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	20	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Butterworth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	6	..	6		
Hermans	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	8	..	8			
Reitz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24	6			
Duryea	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..			

Special prizes and added money as follows: $5 added to Nos. 3 and 15; $10 to Nos. 6, 9 and 13; $15 to No. 16; $20 to No. 19; merchandise prizes were added to Nos. 5, 8, 12 and 17. Nos. 8 and 17 were at 5 pairs and 5 singles. Nos. 1 to 10 were shot on the first day, Nos. 11 to 20 on the second. The scores made on the

Third Day

are given in the following table:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	25	10	15	25	10	15	25	10
Fortier	10	8	16	7	13	..	..	..	21	7
Marshall	10	12	10	10	7	20	9	11	22	10
Bingham	9	14	17	10	11	21	8	12	18	..
Grube	8	14	14	9	13	21	..	..	23	7
Livinguth	7	13	15	9	11	19	..	..	24	6
Trimble	10	12	17	9	11	22	10	13	19	10
Hill	9	14	21	10	11	23	8	12	22	7
King	10	9	16	9	14	22	9	11	24	6
Ruble	8	15	15	8	15	17	..	..	24	..
Sleezer	8	11	..	8	12	..	9	7	..	..
Magruder	8	10	13	7	12	21	7	11	20	6
Tate	7	13	..	9	11	22	8	..	23	..
Parks	8	14	..	..	13	22	8	..	24	..
Thomas	9	13	..	10	12	18	..	..	..	..
McColley	..	12	16	..	11	21	..	..	23	8
Glass	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	..	..
M Magruder	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..
Duryea	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Giltner	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..

Ten dollars was added to Nos. 3 and 5, $25 to No. 6 and $30 to No. 9; merchandise prizes were added in No. 2. No. 3 was at 10 pairs and 5 singles.

EUREKA AND GARFIELD AGAIN.

As was stated earlier, the two leading target clubs of Chicago met again last Wednesday, Aug. 14, in friendly rivalry, this time with 5-men teams, and under the conditions of the *Shooting and Fishing* Cup competition for the State championship, at 30 singles and 10 pairs. This race was shot on Eureka Club grounds and was a close and pretty thing throughout. Victory was again with the Eurekas, who ran out 11 birds to the good. In the practice sweep before the race it became evident that about all the men could smash doubles a good many, and this ability continued about even for both teams till toward the close of the race. At the end of the first 25 birds the teams were tied. At 30 birds they were only 1 bird apart, Eureka leading. At the end of the first 5 pairs they were again tied, and from there out it was ding-dong. Half through the last 5 pairs Eureka was seen to be 6 birds ahead, and in the home stretch she added another 5 birds and won.

The top score, and a very good one at this sort of shooting, was made by Eddie Bingham, who pushed a large diamond horseshoe against the scoring line to the extent of 46 out of the 50. Abe Kleinman, the old and reliable, who is shooting targets very strong these days, was second man with 42, so it was nearly horse and horse. The shooting was one man up, 5 traps down. Silas Palmer and Gen. Airey judged, Mr. Lanphere refereed. Score:

Eureka.

E Bingham	1111111111101111111111101111111	
	11 10 10 11 11 11 11 11 11 11—46	
F P Stannard	1001101110111111111111011111111	
	11 11 11 10 10 11 10 11 10 11—41	
H H Frothingham	1111111111011111101101001011	
	11 01 10 00 10 11 11 11 11 11—38	
W R Morgan	1011110011111100010011111010	
	11 11 10 11 11 11 11 10 11 11—37	
O Von Langerke	0111111101110100111010010111	
	10 11 11 11 10 11 11 10 11 10—37—199	

Garfield.

A Kleinman	1110111111111111111111100111	
	11 01 11 11 10 01 11 11 10 11—42	
A C Patterson	1111111111111101111111101110	
	10 11 10 10 10 10 11 10 10 11—39	
T P Hicks	0110110110110111011100110111	
	11 11 11 10 11 11 11 10 11 10—38	
H B Tefft	1011111100111010111100111011	
	11 11 11 11 11 10 11 00 10 10—37	
C P Richards	0000011011111110011010111011	
	10 11 10 00 11 10 11 10 01 10—32—188	

Garfield will challenge as early as possible under time limit. On Aug. 24 the two clubs will again shoot 18-men teams at Garfield grounds.

SOUTHERN WISCONSIN SERIES.

In the series of club shoots for the Burnham medal, among Milwaukee and lower Wisconsin clubs, the South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, leads, with five wins out of eight shoots. It next shoots Hartland Gun Club. On Aug. 13 Columbus Gun Club defeated the South Siders, 113 to 107. Score:

Columbus Gun Club—R. S. Rockwell 24, H. O. Anderson 16, T. S. Maxwell 25, R. Peck 22, G. N. Deering 25.

South Side Gun Club—G. C. H. Sehfeld 23, J. P. Carmichael 21, L. J. Pettit 20, Rock 20, J. H. Johnson 24.

NIP AND TUCK AT NEPONSET.

A rattling little tournament was held Wednesday, Aug. 14, at Neponset, Ill., entries running into the two dozen or more, with some good shooting company. The event of most interest was the 6-men team shoot, 20 birds, between Neponset, Princeton, Kewanee and Sheffield clubs, Neponset winning. Scores:

Neponset: Studley 18, Snow 18, Lyle 19, Kopp 20, Stuart 18, Robinson 17—110.

Kewanee: Baker 17, Huckins 19, Crain 15, Norton 17, Sharp 18, Miller 12—98

Sheffield: Humphrey 16, Stapleton 15, Klock 16, Alexander 17, Kildow 6, Battey 17—97.

Princeton: Bailey 16, Priestly 13, Wagner 19, Brown 18, Stewart 17, Powell 11—94.

EVANSTON MONTHLY.

Evanston Gun Club, of Cook county, held its regular monthly shoot Aug. 14, with practice at live birds and targets. Leading live bird scores follow:

Twenty-bird sweep: Geo. Franklin 20, J. J. Smith 18, Fred. Delick 18, Charles Steinbuck 16, L. Gilbert 15, Geo. Beck 12.

CANTON CRACKAJACK.

Canton, Ill., is holding a crackajack shoot this week, Aug. 14 and 15. The entry was unexpectedly large. Rolla Heikes and Tom Marshall blew in, and they found good pacemakers on hand for them. Following are some of the leading scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	15	10	20	25	10	15	10	20	25	15	10	15	20	25
Lane	10	14	7	18	..	10	15	..	w	..	..	..	15	..	21
Baker	9	14	7	19	..	9	14	..	17	23	12	9	14	..	23
Miller	9	15	6	18	23	10	13	8	18	21	13	..	..	20	21
Thompson	9	10	10	20	..	10	13	9	18	24	..	10	15	18	25
Gilbert	7	12	5	13	..	8	13	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	10	14	8	17	20	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lamb	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kelly	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pierce	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McQuaid	8	11	8	16	19	7	11	5	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Bauman	10	14	5	17	22	8	14	8	18	22	..	..	13	..	21
Studley	10	14	10	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harris	10	15	10	18	20	10	14	9	16	..	8	10	13	18	20
Howat	8	11	..	..	..	..	15	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..
Moran	7	12	9	16	..	8	12	8	19	22	..	10	11	..	20
Fitzgerald	..	8	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Seeley	15	10	17	..	9	14	8	20	23	..	8	14	18	23	
Lucas	15	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Walpert	4	8	14	17	..	..	..	16	..	13	..	14	..		
Lemm	13	6	17	..	9	11	7	19	24	13	10	14	18	25	
Hurd	14	7	18	..	9	14	6	17	24	13	..	10	..	..	
C Emery	14	6	15	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	6	..	15	..	
Heilman	13	8	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Strickfadden	11	8	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Irwin	13	8	17	..	10	15	7	14	..	..	9	..	..	..	
Heikes	15	9	18	25	9	13	8	19	23	14	4	15	20	25	
O'Neill	14	8	15	..	..	..	20	23	15	9	13	19	24		
Bram	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Scott	..	..	7	17	21	7	13	8	17	..	10	7	11	..	22
V Emery	..	..	8	15	..	9	13	6	16	..	..	9	..	..	..
Reeder	..	..	8	16	23	7	14	8	19	24	15	10	15	18	22
Connolly	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	..	..	..	18	..	9	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	18
Morse	..	..	16	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Marshall	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	10	20	24	14	10	13	17	25
Barnes	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	..	16	..	..	..	..	..
Fahnestock	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pepper	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	..	15	..	..	9	14	..	22
Weller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	..	..
Kerstetter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	12	15	..
Cain	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..

Nos. 1 to 5 were shot on the first day, Nos. 6 to 15 on the second day.

COLUMBUS ANNUAL.

The gun club of Columbus, Wis., held its first annual shoot this week, Aug. 15 and 16. I observe that W. H. (or perhaps one might say "W. A.") Skinner was with them. Some of the winning scores follow:

No. 2, 15 birds: Reed and Dering, 15 each; Wallace and Johnson, 14 each; Dr. Ford, third.

No. 4, 10 live birds: Wallace and Johnson, 10 each; Dering and Reed, 9 each.

No. 5, 10 singles and 5 pairs: Dering 19, Johnson 17.

No. 6, 15 birds: Dering, Wallace, Reed, Johnson and T. S. Maxwell, 14 each.

No. 7, 15 birds: Jack Rabbit, Johnson, Reed, Wallace and H. Anderson, 15 each.

No. 8, 15 birds: Dering and Johnson, 15 each.

No. 9, 15 birds, reversed traps: Johnson, 14; Skinner and Wallace, 13 each.

No. 11, California sweep, miss and out: Dering and Johnson, 23 each.

No. 12, 15 birds: Johnson, 15; Skinner, Rockwell and Dering, 14 each.

Second Day.

No. 2, 15 birds: Jack Rabbit, Johnson and Deering, 15; Skinner, Bellack and Jones, 14.

No. 3, 20 birds: Deering and Johnson, 20; Drought, Skinner and Rockwell, 18.

No. 4, 15 birds, unknown angles: Bryant, Skinner, Deering and Jones, 14; E P. Jones and Rockwell, 13.

No. 5, 10 singles and 5 pairs: Johnson, 18; Deering and Skinner, second.

No. 6, 7 live birds: Cosbrant and E. P. Jones, 7; Deering and Marvin, 6.

No. 7, 15 birds: Deering and Anderson, 15; Skinner, Vogle, Rockwell, Johnson, Dr. Jones and Drought, 14.

No. 8, 15 singles, unknown angles: Deering, Skinner and Johnson, 14; Bryant, Keeley, Dr. Jones and Drought, second.

No. 9, 6 live birds: Drought, Rockwell and Deering, 6; Johnson, Henry and Peck, 5.

LAKE CITY SHOOT.

The second annual shoot of the Lake City Gun Club, of Warsaw, Ind., will occur Aug. 21 and 22. Mr. Joe S. Campfield, secretary, puts out a good practical programme, about half of it on English sparrows. "Ten English sparrows, $2.50," ought to mean something to somebody. The shooting at the sparrows to be rapid-fire, "no birds retrieved." This clause one can only deprecate emphatically. A sparrow is a small bird, it is true, and its life seems of small moment, but in shooting at sparrows with No. 9 shot a great many birds will be crippled, not killed; and if the non-retrieving rule be adhered to, as I hope it will not, the ground will in a short time be covered with hopping, moving, suffering, crippled birds. Sportsmen owe it to themselves and to the sport of the gun to shoot a sparrow race just as they would a pigeon race, retrieving each bird as shot. If this cannot be done, let them dismiss this form of sport as impractical. The bird may be small, but the cruelty and inhumanity to it are monstrous. I have seen enough of sparrow shooting where retrieving is not done, and I hope the gentlemen at Warsaw will change this rule and hold a shoot over which they need feel no mental reservations. Railroads leading to Warsaw have an excursion rate to Eagle Lake, two miles from Warsaw, and shooters can get over for half fare. There should be a pleasant tournament.

ST. PAUL GRAND ANNUAL.

The St. Paul, Minn., Gun Club will give its grand annual shoot the week of the State Fair, four days, Sept. 10-13. There will be good money up and plenty of good shooting and good shooters. The tournament is open to the world, and everybody ought to be there.

REMEMBER.

Remember Charlie Grubbs's shoot (and the Cook County League), Aug. 30-31, at Cicero grounds, Chicago.

GARFIELD-ELGIN.

Aug. 17.—Elgin Gun Club, of Elgin, Ill., sent over a baker's dozen of good shooters to-day to try conclusions with Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago. The race was shot this afternoon on the Garfield grounds, and was a very pretty little affair, of a sort to interest both clubs and keep alive the spirit of friendly competition which is the soul of the sport. It was intended to shoot two races, one of 12-men teams, then one of 5-men teams, but the former race took up the afternoon, 3 men entering on each side who did not shoot on the teams, but shot out the 50 birds with the others. The contest was even for such large teams, but Garfield proved too strong, winning by a score of 508 to 470. The race was at 50 singles, unknown angles, known traps. Eddie Bingham refereed. The feature of the game was the shooting of Old Hoss Stanuard (the head of Montgomery Ward & Co.'s gun repair department), who only lost one bird out of the 50. Stannard is shooting a very stiff gait these days, even better than he used to before he moved down from Milwaukee. The Chicago boys can scare up a pretty good target team when they try.

In the evening after the shooting the Garfield boys entertained the Elginites at a little dinner at the Tremont Hotel.

Vice-President Dole, of the Illinois Association, was one of the Elgin team and shot a good gait.

Mr. D. F. Pride, long identified with sporting journalism and recently located in business at Santa Aña, Cal., was at the grounds this afternoon and was greeted by many old friends. Mr. Pride is in Chicago on a long visit, and many friends wish he were back to stay.

Following are the scores of the team race. It should be explained that Mr. Coppernoll ("Cop") shot the first 10 birds on Mr. Hawthorn's score, the latter finishing. Mr. Patterson, one of the Garfield standbys, was obliged to leave after shooting 20 birds. Mr. Coppernoll finished his score for him on the last 30.

Garfield Gun Club.

Patterson	1111111111101101111001000110101111111101001001110	—35
Shaw	1111111111101111111101101011111111111101010111	—43
Hodson	1011011101111111010111111011111111111111111101111	—43
S Palmer	1111101111111001111101011100111111111111011111111	—39
Fehrman	1111110111101110110111111111101110101111101111111	—41
Bowers	1111011011111010111111111111111111111111111111111	—45
Richards	1111011111101111011111111111111111111111111111111	—45
Smith	1011101110110111011011111111101111111111111111111	—45
Mott	1110111111011110110111111111111111111111111111111	—46
Tefft	1100111111101110110101111011011011111111101111111	—41
Hicks	0101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	—46
Stannard	1111111111111101111111111111111111111111111111111	—49—508
*McElligott	0001010000111010111111101011101101111101111111111	
*Meek	1101100111121010100101001011111100111101110001	
*Liddy	1110111101111111111111111001111111111111101101011	

* Not on the team.

Elgin Gun Club.

Freeman	0111110111111111101111111111111101011111111101111—43	
Wetherell	1011011110111111111111111111111111111111111101111—39	
Kelley	1011111111111111011000111111111111111111101111101101—42	
Nish	1110111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111000—31	
West	0111111001110111111111111111111111111111111111101011111—42	
Webster	0010111111101110110111111010010010101010111111000—31	
Mead	1111001110110111111111111101010101110111111111101100—36	
Middleton	0101010100011110111010001101101000111010111111111—33	
Lasher	1111101100101110111111011010010001111010110101011—33	
Adams	1111101111111111111111111111111011001111111111110—46	
Dole	1111110111111111111111111111111001111101010100111111—40	
VonLengerke	1101111111110111101111111111111001011111111111110—43—470	
*Hawthorn	0111001110000011110011111111010100111000010011101	
*Pelz	1111111010100110111000100111111110111000w	
*Kuss	1111101101110011100011100111111111111111111011101	

*Not on team.

DOUGLAS GUN CLUB.

Douglas Gun Club, of Chicago, had nine members out at its club shoot to-day, Aug. 17, on the grounds at Fifty-fourth street. The regular club event was shot at 25 singles. Mr. M. J. Eich was in the lead with 24. This was his score also at the last club shoot.

REMEMBER AGAIN.

Remember Charlie Grubbs's shoot, Cicero grounds, Aug. 30-31. Charlie has his programme out to-day, a very good and promising one. Be with him.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Des-Chree-Shos-Ka's Programme.

In arranging a programme for the four days of his tournament at Des-Chree-Shos-Ka, Sept. 10-13, Jack Parker has offered to intending visitors something similar to that which tickled the shooters at his "joke-shoot" last year. But he also offers them a schedule of ordinary events with specially attractive features interspersed and with good, solid money guarantees. As a rule guarantees don't carry much weight, but in this instance they "go," as the phrase has it. Special features are numerous. They run as follows:

First day: Event No. 5, two-men team championship of the United States and Canada, any two men to constitute a team, 25 targets per man, 50 per team, unknown angles, entrance $1.50. The prizes offered are: First, two diamond buttons (to become property of winners); second, $30; third, Marlin safety take-down rifle; fourth, split bamboo fly rod; fifth, 500 Peters Cartridge Co.'s loaded shells. On this day there are also three 10-target events, $1.50 entrance; two 15-target events, $2.75 entrance, $75 guaranteed in each event; one 20-target event, $3.75 entrance, $100 guaranteed, and one 25-target event, $4.75 entrance, $150 guaranteed.

Second day: No. 6, 100 targets, J. F. Schmelzer & Sons' trophy contest, representing the championship of the world at inanimate targets thrown from traps in reversed order. There are also two 10-target, three 15-target events and one 20-target event similar to those on the first day.

Third day: No. 6, 25 targets, 75 cents entrance, for the Gillman & Barnes gold medal, value $150, representing the expert championship of the United States and Canada. The other events on this day are two 10-target, two 15-target, one 20 target and one 25-target event, under conditions as to guarantees similar to those on the first day.

Fourth day: No. 6, American E. C. Powder Company's championship cup for the handicap championship of the United States and Canada, the cup to become the property of the winner; scratch men to receive 50 targets, allowance of extra targets to others, $1.50 entrance, unknown angles. There are six prizes for this contest: First, cup; second, Colt's .22cal. repeating rifle; third, 500 Cruttenden & Card's hand-loaded shells; fourth, 500 Peters Cartridge Co.'s new metal-lined loaded shells; fifth, split bamboo trout rod (one of Fred. Divine's best); sixth, Genicke's. On this day the programme is exactly similar to the one for the third day, except event No. 6, which is as above.

The most interesting portion of the programme, and one which will be read by others besides intending shooters, is that which refers to the conditions of the shoot.

Note carefully that all 10-target events will be shot at 21yds. rise, use of both barrels, unknown traps and unknown angles, everybody shooting on equal terms. The conditions are severe enough, but just think of the following rewards: $8 for 10 straight, $5 for 9, $4 for 8, $3 for 7, $2 for 6, $1 for 5! This also should be read:

"All the guaranteed purses will be shot at 16yds. rise, use of one barrel, known traps and unknown angles, American Association revised rules to govern, and will be divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. All amateurs, that is, those whose regular average is below 88 per cent. at unknown angles, will be allowed one extra bird to shoot at in the 15 and 20-bird races and two extra in the 25-bird races. This comes the nearest to putting the amateur on an equal footing with the expert, and was tried at the Grand Rapids, Mich., shoot this year, and met with general approval. All surplus (if any) arising from 10-bird races or guaranteed purses, will be shot for in an extra 15-bird race at the close of each day's programme events, entrance price of birds. Those eligible to surplus shoot must shoot in at least two-thirds of the guaranteed purses and 10-bird races. Amateurs will have the benefit of one additional bird in this race, which will be divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent."

In regard to the conditions governing the Gillman & Barnes medal, the programme has the following:

"The Gillman & Barnes medal, which was formerly the Des-Chree-Shos-Ka live bird medal, will be shot for (live birds style of shooting) unknown traps and unknown angles, 21yds. rise, use of both barrels, former winnings of medal on live birds to count just the same, to become the property of person winning it first three times."

Does the above synopsis of Jack Parker's programme hold out any promise of good things in store for a man who can shoot? We think it does. The outcome of all his previous efforts in this line also warrants us in guaranteeing every visitor a good time at Des-Chree-Shos-Ka.

Rhode Island Trap-Shooting Association.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 13.—The table below gives the winners in the different events shot to-day. Nos. 1, 3, 5, 6, 8 and 10 were at known angles; Nos. 2, 4, 7 and 9 at traps in reversed order, known angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	20	15	20	10	20	10	10	10	10	10
"Bill Jones"	20	12	17	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
H W Eager	20	14	19	8	19	..	..	..	..	..
"Puck"	19	13	18	8	19	..	..	..	..	..
"Herbert"	19	15	19	8	19	..	..	..	..	..
O R Dickey	18	..	19	10	19	..	..	..	..	..
Yarp	18	..	16	8	17	..	..	..	..	..
"Leroy"	17	13	16	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Moore	..	..	17	..	16	..	..	..	..	..
S Wilson	..	..	17	..	18	..	7	9	6	9
"Snow"	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
P H Randell	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	7	8
H C Randell	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	9	..
J Lamb	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	9	..
W W Mosher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
C Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8
A Charles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7

J. F. RUSSELL, Sec'y.

Trap at Little Rock.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Aug. 13.—At a practice shoot which took place here to-day, some of the uncertainties of trap-shooting were brought to light. Dr. Lenow, who is considered only an ordinary target shot, made the fine score of 45 out of 50, while your correspondent, who is conceded to be the poorest target shot in the club, scored 43. On the other hand Woodson and Duley, two of our local crackerjacks, who are always considered good for an 85 per cent. gait, were entirely out of form, each scoring 38. Dr. Miller only scored 22, but when it is known that this is the Doctor's first effort at the trap, his score will not be rated so bad, as he scored 16 out of his final string of 25. The conditions were 50 targets, unknown angles:

Lenow	1101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111110011—45	
Litzke	1101111101001111111111011101111101111111111111111—43	
Duley	1111111111111101111111001100111111111010010011—38	
Woodson	1101100101111111111011111011110011000111101011111—38	
Miller	0100000001010010100010000011010010101111011111011—22	

PAUL R. LITZKE.

Peekskill Gun Club.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., Aug. 13.—The following scores were shot to-day by members of the Peekskill Gun Club, this being the first competition day for August:

Dain	1111111111111111001111111—23	
Perry	1011000101111011111111111—18	
Halsted	1111111101111111111111111—24	
Mason	1111111101111111111111010—21	
Loder	1111111001110111111111100—20	
Snowden	1101111011111010111111—19	
Armstrong	1001101011110111101101000—15	
Hill	1001011101101011001110010—14	
Richmond	1101010011111111100111101—19	

ORRIN J. LODER, Sec'y.

Pekin Defeats Petersburg.

PETERSBURG, Ill., Aug. 10.—Arriving here to-day for the first time it did not take long to be very favorably impressed with the town and its enterprising gun club. It was the occasion of the visit of the Pekin, Ills., Gun Club to engage in a team contest with the town club. The members and visitors were met at the depot and conveyed by free bus to the shooting grounds, where we found everything ready for the boys to try their guns. The grounds are located in a wooded pasture belonging to Mr. Hurd, captain of the Club. Five expert Peoria traps and Peoria targets were used. For the very short time that this club has been organized it has some very good trappers. Everything being in working order, after a 10 target sweep to warm up the guns, the team shoot was started.

The weather had been threatening and during most of the shoot rain fell, but it did not dampen the ardor of the target smashers, some good scores being made. By request of both clubs Mr. W. T. Irwin had come down especially to referee the match. His first duty was to set the traps in order, and with a can of oil, a screwdriver and a monkey wrench, he soon had everything adjusted to suit all, and the race was on.

The members of each team shot in squads alternating so as to put them on equal footing, but they are for convenience placed together. The scores:

Pekin Team.

Lemm	0101111111111101101011011011111011101011111111 —41
Ruhaak	1111101111111111111111111111111111111111111110011 —47
Strickfadden	1111101101111111111000011101110011111111111011111 —39
Baker	0111001111000011111111111111111101011111110101111 —40
Plattner	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111101 —48
Lucas	1111111101110111111111111111111111111101011111111 —46
Garmers	1011110111111011111111111111101011111111111111111 —45
Heilman	1111111101111111111111111111101011111111111111111 —45—351

Petersburg Team.

Himeker	0001011110101101111111100100111011011011010111 —34
Abbott	0111011111111010111011111101111011111111111111 —43
Brahn	1011111011111011111111111111111111111111011111101 —42
Calloway	1111111001111101111111111111011111111111101111111 —45
Tripley	1011101110111011111111111101101111111111111111111 —42
J. Abbott	1110111110111111111111111111111111111111111111111 —46
Hurd	1101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111 —47
Godley	0011110000111111111101110011111111100110011111101 —37—336

Thus Pekin wins by 15 targets, scoring their second victory. The first contest was held at Pekin three weeks ago, Pekin scoring 320 to Petersburg 274, so that to-day's scores show a decided improvement in both teams, more especially in the Petersburg team. It must be borne in mind that Petersburg has a new club and has only been shooting about three months, and has but one man who has had any experience at trap-shooting, but in Mr. Hurd they have a good wheel horse. The first contest at Pekin was the first shooting for the Petersburg boys over 5 traps and at bluerocks, added to which Pekin has a bad background of thick trees.

The club here is coming up so very well that it proposes soon to give a big tournament and hold it on the fair grounds, shooting toward the north. I can vouch for good treatment and good hotel accommodations for all who attend.

The club set up a good dinner free to the visitors. As they did not have to leave the ground for it, there was a popping of guns all the while, and several sweeps were shot. It was in the sweeps that the Petersburg boys got the best of the Pekin by winning the lion's share of the cash.

No. 1, 15 targets, entrance $1.25: J. Abbott and Lucas first with 15; Plattner second on 14, Lemm, Strickfodden, Shipley, Brahn, Baker, Garmer, Heilman third with 13, R. Abbott and Ruhaak fourth.

No. 2, 10 targets, entrance $1, 24 entries: Strickfodden, Lucas, Hurd and Shipley first; Baker, Calloway, Ruhaak, Helme, Lemm, Gorman and Irwin second; Bennett, Hurd and R. Abbott third.

No. 3, 10 targets, entrance 50 cents: J. Abbott and Hurd first; Goldby, Strickfodden, Calloway and Abbott second; Heilman, Kumpf, Shipley, Lemm, Garmer and Lucas third.

No. 4, 20 targets, entrance $1.25: Hurd first; Kennedy and Heilman second; R. Abbott, Lemm, Baker, J. Abbott and Brahn third; Kumpf, Ruhaak and Lucas fourth.

No. 5, same: Hurd 20; J. Abbott, Lemm and Kennedy 19, R. Abbott, Heilman and Baker 18; Patton, Kumpf, Garmer, Plattner and Ruhaak 17.

No. 6, 20 targets, entrance $2: R. Abbott 20; Lemm 19; Heilman, Brahn, Baker, Abbott and Patton 18; Hurd 17.

No. 7, 10 targets, entrance 50 cents: J. Abbott, Irwin and Baker first on 10; Lucas, Garmers and Goldby second on 9; Kennedy, Kumpf, Bennett, Plattner, Patton, Lemm and Smith third on 8; Shipley, Strickfodden, Heilman, Calloway, R. Abbott and Ruhaak fourth on 7. (Out of 21 entries only one man left out of the money.)

No. 8, 15 targets, entrance $1.50: Heilman first with 14; R. Abbott, Ruhaak, Hurd and Lemm second; Shipley, Brahn and Calloway third.

No. 9, 10 targets, entrance 50 cents: R. Abbott and Hurd first; Collaway, J. Abbott, Shipley and Goldby second; Bennett third.

Thus ended a great day's sport for the Petersburg initial shoot. Judging by this one, their coming shoots will be of the highest order. Petersburg is situated on two lines of railroad and easily reached from all parts of the State. PETER.

The New Orleans Interstate.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Aug. 10.—The seventh tournament of the Interstate Association's series for 1895 was held here yesterday and to-day under the auspices of the Louisiana Gun Club. One more success is credited to the already long list of that organization. Why shouldn't we have had a good tournament? New Orleans is one of the liveliest, sportiest towns in the South, and we would have rather lost a big "jack pot" than allowed any of the Southern towns to get the best of us. "Macon had a very clever tournament last month," said Manager Elmer E. Shaner when he registered at the Cosmopolitan Hotel on the morning of his arrival and chatted with some of the boys who had greeted him. "You just wait and we will show you another good shoot," was the reply of Chas. Urquhart, of the local club, and he kept his word.

This was the first tournament we have had for some time and the onlookers comprised a good-sized crowd; some, I believe, had never seen anything like it before. So much interest was taken by non-shooters that I believe if an admission fee had been charged quite a sum would have been realized. The reduced railroad rate idea was a good one, as it brought in a number of shooters from a distance.

The Louisiana Gun Club boys had their grounds well prepared. The club added $300 to the purses and were not a bit backward in any move which would add to the comfort and accommodation of the contestants. Captain H. C. Ludlow was here, there and everywhere, and Manager Shaner had able assistants in Messrs. White, Faure and Saucier. Geo. White and Geo. P. Faure looked after the cash, while Adolphe Faure and Paul Choudet were official scorers. What a good thing it is to have first-class men in the cashiers' office. There are no "jiggles or jaggles." The boys walk up, plank down their money and go away with a "jolly" which makes them feel as if they had already won first money.

The tournament was down to start at 9:30 A. M., and in this respect it was like a well-regulated railroad, as no time was lost and the events were rattled off. In the evenings some of the boys frequented the Cosmopolitan Hotel, while a good many took in the sights. We have them here—French, Italian, Portuguese, Russian, Sicilian, German, Irish and all sorts of quarters. Besides being the Metropolis of the South, New Orleans is the third cotton market of the world. The sugar, rice and grain industries are rather extensive. There are very few mule street cars and our light system is about the best in the States. Doubtless many Northerners think it is extremely hot here. Why, it is cooler in summer than any Northern city. Our hotels, clubs, theaters, etc., are rated high and the town is full of sport-loving people.

The opening day of the tournament found quite a delegation of visitors present. It was the first time the majority of the sportsmen had ever visited New Orleans, so the climate and the quaint old city made a lasting impression. They were unanimous in their praise of the shooting grounds, but they were handicapped to a certain extent by the clouds. Facing the traps, 150yds. away, is a large bulkhead, which was erected by the gun club to prevent the shot from the gun striking a pavilion situated in a private park just beyond; this made the background poor and the targets hard to see. During the morning the air was clear and the light good, and the scores ran fairly high and even. But during the afternoon it began to cloud over, and then, with the shadows, the scores dropped off to only an average. The Louisiana Gun Club was represented by Messrs. L. A. Jung, S. P. "Nap," H. "Jefferson," E. Keplinger, W. Nust, S. C. Thornhill, R. E. Saucier, W. N. Moore and Maurice Kaufman. A glance at the scores will show that the entire day they held their own. Memphis sent quite a delegation of men to represent both the business and society of that city. The party was composed of Irby Bennett, T. A. Divine, F. P. Poston, Fred. Schmidt, Abe Frank and A. B. Allen. H. B. Foote, of Rolling Fork, Miss., also accompanied the party. A feature of the Memphis boys' shooting was that they all used the Winchester repeating shotgun on the first day and were known as the pump squad; this was quite a compliment to their captain, Irby Bennett, who is the Southern representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. The North was represented by U. M. C. Thomas, of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co.; Noel E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co., and Lieut. A. W. DuBray, of Parker Bros. From Monroe, La., the delegation of shooters was composed of Dr. T. L. Aby, Dr. A. A. Forsythe and Dr. C. W. Hilton. Donaldson, La., sent as her representatives K. A. Aucoin, J. Solozano and N. Colomb. From Burnside, La., W. B. Stewart, S. A. Bringler and S. J. Boote were the representatives. C. W. Tway, of Michigan City, Miss., and David Porterfield, of Vicksburg, Miss., were also present.

During the first day a very interesting team race was shot between Noel Money and Irby Bennett against T. A. Divine and F. P. Poston. It was at 50 targets per man, the losing side to pay for supper for fourteen. Money and Bennett were the winners by a score of 88 to 80. Two more special team races were shot the second day after the regular programme was finished. They proved very interesting. The tournament as a whole was a success, and all left for home fully satisfied that they had a royal good time.

The scores follow:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	15
Nap	6	15	12	7	13	11	9	12	15	11	12
Jefferson	12	13	8	11	11	11	11	12	17	11	12
Thornhill	13	13	8	..	11	12	10	12	17	12	11
Porterfield	12	6	14	9	13	12	11	7	19	4	13
DuBray	11	8	10	8	10	7	8	6	..	10	..
Aucoin	11	9	10	13	10	9	7	7	9	9	..
Poston	12	13	11	14	9	10	14	10	17	10	13
Foote	13	8	11	13	13	10	10	7	16	13	12
Divine	13	10	9	12	10	12	11	13	16	14	..
Allen	11	14	9	12	13	5	11	12	15	11	13
Bennett	13	8	13	13	13	9	10	9	13	14	..
Schmidt	5	8	12	8	10	13	11	12	11	11	..
Duncan	12	12	12	12	10	13	11	14	11	12	13
Frank	10	12	12	12	13	12	9	14	11	14	14
McIlhany	5	9	10	14	7	7	12	11	13	8	8
Aby	7	11	10	10	9	12	9	8	6	7	6
U. M. C.	10	8	11	7	9	11	9	8	11	9	..
Money	11	15	13	8	12	13	10	14	14	13	13
Forsythe	11	10	10	9	8	8	8	9	9	10	8
Austin	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Tway	11	10	13	9	10	14	14	9	14	14	
Hilton	..	10	3	8	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Solozano	..	..	10	7	..	7	9	7	14	12	10
Colomb	..	..	5	11	..	10	4	..	..	..	..
Moore	..	..	4	3	6	6	7	8	..	..	..
Bringier	..	..	..	7	13	5	12	9	11	9	..
Stewart	..	..	..	9	8	12	8	5	..	..	..
Boote	..	..	..	7	10	10	11	11	..	..	..
Keplinger	..	..	..	..	9	10	6	..	..	..	..
Saucier	..	..	..	..	7	8	11	12	9	5	..
Snaffer	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	0	..	..	6
Gust	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Jung	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	9	..
Kaufman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	..
Foster	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Moorman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8

All 15-target events, except No. 11, wer $2 entrance; No. 11 was $1.50 entrance; No. 9 was $3 entrance. Money was added to the purses as follows: Nos. 1–5, $5 in each event; Nos. 6 and 7, $7.50 in each event; Nos. 8 and 10, $10, and No. 9, $15.

The team race—Money and Bennett against Divine and Poston—was as follows:

Money	1111101111111111011111111011111011101111111111 —44
Bennett	1111110111111111011111111011111101111111111011111111 —44—88
Poston	1111111111101111011111001101011111111001111000111 —39
Divine	1011111111111111001101110011111111111111111101110 —41—80

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	15	15
U M C	9	10	8	9	12	11	11	10	12	12	6
Porterfield	13	8	13	11	10	10	14	10	14	11	10
Thornhill	12	12	11	13	9	12	11	10	16	12	12
McIlhany	6	7	11	10	9	9	7	..	..	..	..
Tway	11	12	10	12	11	8	10	10	12	13	11
Money	10	13	13	13	10	w	10	11	16	10	14
Allen	12	10	11	10	10	11	12	11	16	11	8
Bennett	13	9	11	12	11	9	10	14	w	12	11
Divine	10	13	14	10	10	w	13	10	14	11	11
Duncan	13	10	12	11	14	8	11	13	14	10	11
Frank	7	14	9	11	11	6	15	8	16	12	11
Schmidt	10	11	11	9	9	13	4	10	10	12	..
Aby	6	8	6	12	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
Forsythe	6	9	9	6	8	13	4	8	10	10	10
Saucier	4	..	..	..	8	8	..	..	9	..	..
Nap	11	13	11	12	8	10	8	13	15	12	10
Solozano	8	7	4	10	3	6	9	10	9	..	..
Kaufman	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Foote	12	12	10	11	8	12	11	13	18	9	12
Poston	13	6	10	12	12	9	13	12	14	13	11
Aucoin	8	10	7	10	6	10	..	..	7	..	..
DuBray	10	11	8	7	10	9	10	12	13	11	11
Bringier	7	..	9	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Boote	10	8	11	8	7	13	8	8	10	..	..
Jefferson	..	..	..	14	9	12	11	14	13	13	8
George	..	..	..	8	8	10	13	7	9	8	10
Gust	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	8	..	..	..
Shaffer	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	8	10	10	..
Keplinger	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	5	7	..
E Nott	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	10	15	9
DeBlanc	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	11	..	7
P Nott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	9

The entrance money in all the 15-target events was $2; in No. 9, 20 targets, the entrance money was $3. Added money was as follows: Nos. 1 and 2, $5; Nos. 3 and 4, $7.50; No. 5, $10; Nos. 6, 7 and 8, $15; No. 9, $25, and No. 10, $20, making a total of $125. Event No. 11 was an extra, $1 50 entrance.

The tournament was brought to a close with two team races under the following conditions: Two men teams, $5 entrance, 25 targets per men, unknown angles. The scores in both were as follows:

No. 1.	No. 2.
Foote 1111101111011100011110011—18	1000011011110111101001011—16
Poston 1111110111011101011111111—21	1111011111011101101011110—19
—39	— 35
Money 1101111011011111111111111—22	1111111111110011111111110—22
Frank 1101100111011000011101101—16	1111110111111010110111111—21
—38	— 43
Jefferson 1111111111101111001100111—20	1111111111101111111110111—23
Nap 1111111111010111111111101—22	1001001001101011001001110—12
—42	— 35
Porterfield 1001110101111110111010?—18	1101110031100011110w —11
Thornhill 1011010101101100101001011—14	1100010111101111011w —12
—32	— 23
Divine 1110011011101111111111111—21	
Bennett 1101110000011000011101100—12	
—33	
E Nott 1001100101000001100111011—13	
P Nott 0101111111111101101001101—18	
—31	
Duncan 1111110111101111101111111—22	1101000100101101101w — 9
Allen 1111110000101101011110101—16	1001111100110101001w —11
—38	— 20

J. B. STIPP, Secretary.

Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

BEDFORD, Ind., Aug. 13.—The following scores were shot to-day by members of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club, each event being at unknown angles:

No. 1:	No. 2:
Sherwood 1111111111111111011011111—23	0101111011011011101110111—18
Tilford 0000011100000100011100100— 8	0000110000110000100100000— 7
Reath 1110111110011010101100111—17	1111001010110100101111111—17
Campbell 0000010000101000111101010—10	1101001101111011011001001—16
Erwin 0101001000100000000111111—10	1101110111011111001101111—19
J Edelsior 1111001011110001111001011—16	0111111101101101111010111—19
O Edelsior 0001001011111111101010111—16	1010010111100011011101?—16

J. B. STIPP, Secretary.

Greenville Gun Club.

GREENVILLE, Miss., Aug. 15.—The following scores were made this afternoon at the weekly shoot of the Greenville Gun Club:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles, $2.50:	No. 2, same:
Alexander 1001111011110111111011111—20	1101100100000011011030111—12
C H Miller 1010101110000100000000101—11	0101101101101010030100000—11
W M Keller 0011110011111001011111111—18	1111011111011111101011111—21
G C Thomas 0111111001111111111111101—21	1111111111111111111111111—25
R H McHie 0110111111111011111111111—22	1101011111111101111111110—21
L Heyner 0010011011101111100011011—15	1100011111101001101010110—14
W H Reed 0101001110001110101111111—16	0101110111111111011111111—21
W Arnold 1110111011111111111000110—19	1000011110100110101101110—15

R. H. MCHIE, Sec.

Paducah Gun Club.

PADUCAH, Ky., Aug. 9.—A round dozen of the members of the Paducah Gun Club put in an appearance at La Belle Park this afternoon. Four events were shot as follows: No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles; No. 2, same conditions, the six men shooting in this event being the team chosen to represent the gun club in the team shoot on Aug. 19; No. 3, same conditions as No. 1; No. 4, 10 targets, unknown angles. Bill Jones was in great form, breaking 82 out of his 85 targets at unknown angles. Bill is having a Winchester repeating shotgun built to order; when he receives that weapon he doesn't expect to miss a target. Scores:

No. 1.	No. 2.
G Roberston 1011101111111111011111111—22	1111111111101111111111110—23
C F Hinkle 1111111101111011111011111—22	1011111101111111111111111—23
J M Lang 0100110111111011111110111—19	
CL Robertson 1011101110111111111111011—20	
H E Croft 1011101101111101111111111—21	1110111111111111111111111—24
HThompson 1101010101111101111011101—18	
E Erhardt 1101111101110011011111111—20	1111111111111101111111111—24
Bill Jones 1111111111101011111111111—23	1111111111111111111111111—25
M Ingram 1101111001111101110011111—19	
Dr Carver 1111111110001111111011111—21	
J H Womack 1111100111101111011111110—20	1111111111101111111110011—22
MChittwood 1111011011111111011121111—22	
B Broadford 0111111111000110001111111—18	

No. 3:	No. 4:
G Robertson 1111111111100111111111111—23	1111111111—10
Hinkle 1100111111111111111111110—22	1111111011— 9
Lang 1000111111111101111111011—20	1100111111— 8
Croft 1011111111111001111111111—22	1111111111—10
Thompson 1111011111110001111001110—18	0111011101— 7
B Jones 1111111111111111111111111—24	1111111111—10
Erhardt 1111111101011111101111101—21	1111011111— 9
Ingram 0101111101101111011001111—18	
Womack 0000011111111111111111011—20	1111001111— 8
Broadford 0011111111101111w —12	1101110011— 7
C L Robertson 1111111110011111w —13	1111011111— 9
Chittwood	1111111100— 8
Dr Carver	1110011111— 8

Aug. 12.—Below are the scores made to-day at our club trophy shoot. This event is a handicap, Class A men shooting at 25 empires, Class B at 26, Class C at 27. Score:

Class A, 25 targets:

Geo H Robertson	0101111011101111111111011—20
Erhardt	0111011111101111001111110—19
Rawleigh	1111111101111101111100111—21
Lang	0001111111111111111111111—21
Fowler	1111100111111111101011011—20
Hinkle	1011111111111111111111101—22
Craft	1000111111111111111011111—21

Class B, 26 targets:

Hoyer	0111111101111111101111111—22
Ingram	1111001111111001111000111—19
Womack	0001111110011111111011111—20

Class C, 27 targets:

Taylor	1000011100111101001100111—15
Young	1010111111111101101001011—19
Beadles	1111111100111010101100111—21

Hinkle and Hayer tied on 22 for the medal and shot off the tie at 5 birds each, which resulted as follows: Hinkle 5, Hayer 4. Hinkle wears the medal another week. This makes the second time that Hinkle has won the trophy since June. This shoot puts Hayer in Class A, as it is a rule of the club that whenever a member breaks 22 or over he belongs in Class A.

The above was followed by a 5-men team race, 25 targets per man, the teams being captained by Messrs. Lang and Craft respectively. The result shows that the teams were as evenly matched as possible.

Team No. 1.

Lang	0100011111111111111011111—20
Geo Robertson	1011011111111001111011101—20
Erhardt	0100101111011111101111111—19
Rawleigh	1111001111111111111111111—22
Ingram	1111101111111111011011001—20—101

Team No. 2.

Craft	1111111111101101101111111—22
Hinkle	1111011101111111111111101—22
Beadles	1101010111101101000111111—20
Womack	1110110110111111111100101—19
Gist	1110001111111101101111100—18—101

Owing to the lateness of the hour it was decided the two captains shoot off the tie at 10 birds. Craft had no trouble in winning the honors from Mr. Lang, breaking straight to Lang's 8.

No. 3, 5 pairs: Lang 6, Erhardt 7, Hayer 9, Geo. Robertson 10, Hinkle 10, Fowler 8, Pitt 6, Ingram 8, Taylor 7. T. G. MOORE, Sec.

Endeavor Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Aug. 17.—The scores given below were made at the monthly prize shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club on the Marion grounds.

Club shoot, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Von Lengerke	1011111111111111011111110—22
Edwards	1111101011001111011101111—19
Corson	1111111011111111001111111—22
R Strader	1100111101011110100100010—15
Frey	1111111001010100100011116
A R Strader	1110111011101111111111111—22
Polhamus	1111101111101010001111100—17
Piercy	1011101101111100111100111—18
Dr Fletcher	1010011010111010101101100—14
Collins	1111111111111111111011111—24
Meyers	1010111001001001101011—12
Strumple	1110101011100000001010101—12

The following events, all at unknown angles, were also decided during the afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	15	10	10	10	10	10
G Piercy	6	7	12	8	8	8	6	8
C v Leng'ke	10	9	13	..	..	..	..	..
E Edwards	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
R Strader	4	8	7	..	6	..	8	..
C Meyers	7	11	10	..	..	..	..	..
Struble	6	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
ARStrader	7	11	13	7	..	8	..	9

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	15	10	10	10	10	10
DrFletcher	5	7	11	7	9	6	6	9
JPolhemus	8	12	14	6	9	7	5	7
L Piercy	7	11	10	..	..	..	..	6
A E Foy	7	7	13	..	..	..	..	..
Corson	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Collins	..	..	15	8	10	9	7	..
Ames	..	..	..	7	9	7	6	6

J. A. CREVELING, Sec'y.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Aug. 13.—The scores below were made at our regular weekly shoot, all events being at unknown angles:

No. 1:	No. 2:
Nelson 1101111110111111001—16	110101111111111—13
Terry 0111100001001111010—12	0101001110001000— 6
Dornin 0111101111111111111—18	0111101111101111—12
Moorman 1101011101111001010—13	1110011110010010— 9
Empie 0110111010111101111—15	0111111011111001—11
No. 3:	No. 4:
Nelson 1101001011111011—10	0101110101111110000111—13
Terry 0011100111111111—11	1110001010001001101—11
Dornin 1111011100111101—11	1011101111111011110—16
Moorman 1111010101001000— 8	
Empie 0111101111101101—11	1011111111111111110—18
No. 5:	No. 6:
Nelson 1011111111111—14	0111111011111101111—17
Terry 1001101011001— 8	1001101011111010011—13
Dornin 0111110111110—11	1010101101111111111—16
Moorman 1101101111010—11	1110100101011010111—13
Empie 1100111111111—12	1110111000111111111—16

No. 7: Nelson 13, Terry 7, Dornin 12, Moorman 14, Empie 10.

F. M. D.

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Aug. 15.—The scores below were made to-day at our weekly shoot, all being 10-target events, unknown angles, entrance $1.50. A special feature of to-day's shoot was a match at 100 targets between A. W. Adams, of Chicago, Ill., and H. W. Brown, of this city, the match being shot off in the first ten of the events given below. The result was a victory for Adams by one target, as he scored 95 to Brown's 94, both great scores indeed. As this is a good game section, and as most of our shooters are devoted to field shooting, this will probably be the last weekly club shoot for some time. Scores are as follows:

Kendall	6	9	9	5	9	9	10	10	7	9	10
A W Adams	10	10	9	10	10	9	9	9	10	10	8
Brown	9	10	9	10	10	9	10	9	8	10	..
P Adams	9	7	8	8	6	9	9	7	9	7	8
J Adams	8	6	8	7	9	7	8	8	8	6	10
Boss	9	9	6	6	7	8	6	6	10	9	9
Hobbie	8	9	8	7	6	6	8	9	8	8	5
Waldron	9	10	8	9	7	10	8	8	9	9	..
Gage	7	9	6	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bell	6	4	9	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stone	6	8	7	9	8	8	7	9	9	8	6

H. W. B.

Climax Club Shoot.

The regular monthly shoot of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., was held on Wednesday, Aug. 14. The weather was all that could be desired for target-shooting, with the exception perhaps of the extreme heat of the sun, which was untempered by even a breath of air. Fifteen members put in an appearance and shot their strings in the club handicap for prizes. The race for first place, as shown below, is close and exciting. On this occasion Neaf Apgar went straight, scoring in all 44 out of 45 at unknown angles. Charlie Smith and Tom Keller, two other scratch men, broke 23. Grier, with an allowance of 8 extra targets, broke 29 out of his 33, while J. Singer scored 26 out of his 35. Edwards, with 30 targets to shoot at, broke 25, while Schortemeier missed but 2 out of his 26. J. Swody, with an allowance of 6, broke 23; in fact all but two of the shooters added points to their records. Points are scored as follows: one point for 20 breaks, and one point for each additional break up to 25, the maximum being six points, no shooter being entitled to more breaks than the highest possible scratch score.

To-day's scores were as follows:

J Grier (8)	11011101111111111111111111101111101 —29
J Singer (10)	10110010111110000110110111111111111—26
N Apgar (0)	11111111111111111111111 —25
E Edwards (5)	11111101011101111111111111110 —25
L H Schortemeier (1)	11111111011111111111111011 —24
T H Keller (0)	11111111101111111111111011 —23
C Smith (0)	11111111111111111111100 —23
J Swody (6)	11110101111111001101111101101110 —23
D Terry (1)	11111110111110111111010111 —22
R Manning (2)	10111111011111111111111011110 —22
A Woodruff (2)	10111111101111100111111111 —22
P Williams (4)	01010111100111101111111101011 —21
D Darby (5)	11110111000110111111101011010 —21
J Goodman (6)	10111000010001110010101000111 —16
T Brantingham (0)	01111100001001011101011 —15

The following sweeps were also shot:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles: C. Smith and Manning 10, Apgar and Schortemeier 9, Keller, Swody, Terry and D. Darby 8, Woodruff and Grier 7, Edwards and Brantingham 6, Singer and Goodman 5,

No. 2, same: Apgar 10, Terry 9, Schorty 8, Smith, Manning, Grier and Singer 7, Edwards and Woodruff 6, Goodman 4.

No. 3, 5 pairs: Smith and Grier 9, Terry 9, Apgar 7, Woodruff 6, Edwards and Schorty 5, Manning 2.

Four miss-and-outs were shot. No. 1 was won by Apgar with 6, No. 2 was divided between Apgar and Edwards, No. 3 was won by Schorty, No. 4 was divided between Manning and Woodruff. These events were shot one man up, unknown traps and angles.

The club shoots for prizes are conducted on principles that are in vogue with many clubs. Handicaps of extra targets to shoot at are apportioned prior to the first monthly shoot of the year, and prizes are awarded to a certain number of the highest scores who have qualified for such prizes. In order to qualify a shooter must attend a majority of the shoots—seven. Points are scored as above. This system is very popular wherever it is used and has been found to bring out the club members in larger numbers than any other system. The following table shows the position of each man who has scored any points and also tells the number of shoots he has attended. Ciphers are inserted when a shooter has taken part in a contest, but has scored no points in that shoot:

	Jan.	Feb.	M'ch.	Ap'l.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Points
N Apgar (0)	..	3	1	6	4	..	5	6	25
E Edwards (5)	..	5	3	6	..	..	4	6	24
R Manning (2)	..	6	1	4	6	..	2	3	23
D Darby (5)	..	5	0	4	3	5	0	..	22
T H Keller (0)	..	1	..	3	3	0	..	5	4	16
C Smith (0)	..	5	0	0	2	4	..	1	4	16
J Darby (7)	..	1	1	0	6	2	6	0	..	16
J Singer (10)	..	..	..	0	4	0	..	6	6	16
D Terry (1)	..	3	2	0	3	1	..	3	3	15
J Swody (6)	..	0	..	1	..	..	5	5	4	15
A Woodruff (2)	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	5	3	13
L H "Schorty"(1)	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	3	5	12
J "Grier" (8)	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	6	12
P "Williams" (4)	..	3	0	..	4	0	3	0	2	12
J "Fayette" (3)	..	..	0	..	..	4	..	6	..	10
T Brantingham (0)	..	1	0	0	5	3	0	..	0	9
F Van Dyke (0)	..	..	2	0	..	..	..	5	..	7
P "Jay" (5)	..	1	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	7
C Hebbard (0)	..	..	3	0	..	..	..	0	..	3
"Charles" (10)	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	2
G E Greiff (0)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	2
J Goodman (4)	..	0	2	..	0	0	..	..	0	2
R H Breintnall (0)	..	..	0	..	1	..	..	..	..	1
Capt "Jones" (5)	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1
McCarthy (10)	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	0	..	1

The following have also shot in one or more contests, but have scored no points: "Scott" (3), J. Zeglio (4), W. Squires (2), W. Terry (4), Trust (5), N. Astfalk (0).

The Elkwood Park Handicap.

Thursday, August 15, was the formal opening of the new shooting grounds at Elkwood Park, near Long Branch, N. J. Elkwood Park is reached from New York either by rail over the Pennsylvania or Central of New Jersey railroads, or by steamer to Atlantic Highlands pier and thence by rail to Branchport.

On the above date we chose the latter route, leaving New York at 9 A. M., reaching Atlantic Highlands pier shortly after 10, and Branchport at 10:55. A stage met us and conveyed us to the park, the distance to be covered being about a mile and a half, perhaps a little less. At the park itself, Phil Daly, Jr., who has charge of Elkwood, has placed in position a set of live bird traps and also a set of the new empire traps for target shooting. The accommodations for shooters at the score at present are only temporary, but were sufficient for the occasion. The Elkwood Inn, inside the driving park, afforded the means for a comfortable dinner, etc. So much for the surroundings.

As an opener for his new grounds, Phil Daly elected to run a 100-target handicap race, $10 entrance. The idea proved a popular one, as, despite the short notice given, seventeen shooters paid up their $10 and took part in the event of the day. The morning was passed in shooting 15 and 20-target events, the scores of which are given below. The handicap race was not started until well on toward 2 P. M.; maybe it was later than that before the first shot was fired.

A new departure was made in the system of handicapping, not a man knowing his handicap until he had fired his last shot, an exception being made in the case of the scratch men, Van Dyke, Apgar and Dickey, these three being publicly announced as the scratch men. The contestants shot in three squads, two of six and one of five men. Each squad fired at 25 targets and then retired, and so on until each man had fired at 100 targets. Then the first six men on the list with a handicap stepped to the score with their pockets filled with shells. As soon as the man in that squad with the lowest handicap had shot up his allowance, he was told to retire; the balance kept on shooting, dropping out one by one as their allowance was exhausted. This kept up the interest in the race to the end, and entirely prevented dropping for place. It was with that idea in view that the scheme was originated, as there was more than a suspicion expressed by several shooters that one of the contestants had willfully dropped his last target in a previous event. As we were at dinner while the occurrence in question took place, it is impossible to speak with any authority on the matter. Anyway, the secrecy scheme worked well in the handicap race, and the boys approved of it. The handicapping was in the hands of Jacob Pentz, T. H. Keller (proxy for Major J. M. Taylor), and the trap editor of Forest and Stream, the latter also acting as referee.

No less than six States were represented in the handicap: New Jersey—F. V. Van Dyke, Dayton; C. Smith, T. H. Keller and Neaf Apgar, Plainfield; T. W. Morfey, Paterson; Eddie Collins, Jersey City; Gus. E. Greiff, Carlstadt; J. "Shaw," Hollywood; Phil. Daly, Jr., Long Branch; A. L. Ivins, Seabright, and J. "Grier," Dunellen. Massachusetts—Capt. E. B. Wadsworth ("Puck") and O. R. Dickey, Boston. Kentucky—B. Ballard. Pennsylvania—H. L. David ("Landis"), Philadelphia. South Carolina—L. W. Bicaise, Charleston. Georgia—G. S. McAlpin. New York did not send a single representative.

The winner turned up in "Puck," who broke 89 out of his 100, and then broke 11 out of his 12 extra targets. Dickey shot a splendid race, making a 25 and three scores of 24, totaling 97—one more than he set himself to break at the start of the race. Owing to pressure on our columns the story of the details of the race must be left to the score.

An unlucky feature was the mistake made in adding up Morfey's total for his last 25. The carbon copies show plainly that he missed three targets, his 11th, 17th and 21st, whereas he was credited with breaking 23, making his total for the 100 just 92. With a clean score on his five extra targets, he really totaled only 96, whereas he was scored 97, tieing Dickey and Charley Smith for second money. His right place was tied for third with Keller and McAlpin. The difference was appreciable, but the error was just one of those things which is always likely to occur when there is no adequate protection for the scorer or cashier.

Empire traps and targets were used, the total of the latter thrown during the day being close on to 3,000. The trappers were green hands and took some breaking in. During that process a lot of twine was wasted and much annoyance caused to the shooters and the management. Toward the end of the day everything worked very nicely, squad after squad shooting its score in quick time. All the details appear below;

Handicap race, 100 to 117 targets per man, unknown angles, $10 entrance, targets at 2 cents included, four moneys:

E B "Puck" (112)	10111111110111111111101111111111101111111101111011—45 11111010110111011110111111111111011111110111111111—44 111101111111 —11 — 100
O R Dickey (100)	11111111111011111111111111111111111111111111111111—49 11111111101111111111111101111111111111111111—48 — 97
C Smith (106)	11111111101111111101111111111111111111111111111111—48 11111111011011101111111111101011110111111111111—44 011111 — 5 — 97
T W Morfey (105)	10111111111101111111110111111111111111101011111111—45 11111110111111111111111111111111101111011011111—46 11111 — 5 — 96
G S McAlpin (105)	11111111111111111110111101111011111111111111111111—47 11111111101110111111111111001111101111011111—44 11111 — 5 — 96
T H Keller (108)	10111111111111111111101111111111111111101111111111—47 11111111010001111111111111111111111101111011111110—42 11110111 — 7 — 96
G E Greiff (104)	11011111101111111111101111111111111101111111111101—45 11111101111110111111011111111111011111111111111—45 1111 — 4 — 94
Neaf Apgar (100)	11111111111111111111111101111111111111111111111101—48 11111110110111111011111111111111111111111111111—45 — 93
B Ballard (106)	11110011111101111111111111101101101111011111111111—43 11111111111111101111111110911111111111111111—45 110111 — 5 — 93
H "Landis" (104)	11011111111111100111111111111111101010111111111—44 11111110101111111110010111111111111111111111111—45 0111 — 3 — 92
F Van Dyke (100)	11110111110111111111111111101101111111111111101111—45 11111110111111111110101111111111111111111111011—46 — 91
J "Shaw" (117)	10011111011101110101110111101110101111011111111111011—39 11111111111101111111111111101101111100101101111—42 11010101010101101 —11 — 91
E Collins (108)	11111111111110111011111110101111111111101101110111—43 01111111111101111111011111011101111111001111011—42 10111111 — 7 — 90
A L Ivins (106)	11111111111111101111111011110000111011111111111111—43 10111111111111101100111111111101101111101101010—40 111111 — 6 — 89
J "Grier" (114)	11100111101011101111011111101110111011111011011—38 11011011110011111111101101111011111011001101011—38 11110111111111 —13 — 89
L W Bicaise (111)	11101111111001110111101111000011111110101111111—40 01111101011110010111111000101111111111010111110011—37 01111111111 —10 — 87
Phil Daly, Jr (115)	11111111101010101101111111101101111010101101111101111—39 10011101101111101010110101011100101101001111011111—34 111101110100101 —10 — 83

In the other events shot during the day, the targets, of course, were thrown at unknown angles; the entrance fees in each event were at the rate of 10 cents per target. The quality of the shooting may be gathered from the following figures, which show that out of the 18 shooters who took part in three or more events, no less than 13 averaged better than 85 per cent:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent.
Dickey	195	189	95.6	Ballard	186	165	88.7
Apgar	165	157	95.1	Keller	303	179	88.1
Van Dyke	195	181	93	Landis	169	149	87.6
Morfey	185	169	91.3	Hebbard	80	70	87.5
Greiff	174	157	90.4	"Puck"	192	168	87.4
Smith	191	170	89	Collins	158	135	85.4
McAlpin	190	169	88.9				

This table shows that out of 2,283 targets shot at by 13 men, 2,055 were breaking, giving a general average of 90 per cent. Dickey's percentage shows that the Boston man is in great form, and is unquestionably one of the best target shots in the country. Apgar's totals in the four events he shot in, outside of the handicap race, are 64 out of 65. Out of his last 615 targets, all thrown at unknown angles, he has to date broken 584, making an average of only a slight fraction under 95 per cent. Van Dyke shot a great gait too, while Morfey and Greiff were also well up in the list. All things considered the averages at Elkwood Park are remarkable. The following table gives the scores made in the events decided before and after the main event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	20	15	20	15	15
Dickey	10	19	15	18	15	12
Van Dyke	10	20	13	20	14	13
Morfey	9	19	13	19	13	..
Hebbard	8	18	12	18	..	14
Ballard	8	18	15	17	14	..
"Puck"	8	18	12	18	..	12
Cooper	7	16	13	12	11	..
Ivins	6	11	11	15	..	..
Keller	6	19	14	20	10	14
"Shaw"	..	13	14	..	12	..
Daly	..	15	11	7	..	8

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	20	15	20	15	15
McAlpin	..	19	13	18	13	10
Smith	..	17	13	17	13	13
Greiff	..	18	15	17	..	13
"Landis"	..	..	11	17	15	14
Apgar	..	..	15	20	14	15
Collins	..	..	14	20	..	11
Bicaise	..	..	11	16	14	..
Sigler	..	..	15	..	..	..
Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	13
Greer	..	..	..	..	..	13

A Big Shoot for Baltimore.

From present appearances there will be held in Baltimore, Md., during the last week of October, a live-bird tournament that will in all probability be an exact reproduction of the Interstate Association's successful tournament at Paterson, N. J., the first week of April this year. The programme as arranged now is as follows:

Tuesday, First Day—First event, 5 birds, $5 entrance; second, 7 birds, $7; third, 10 birds, $10; fourth, Baltimore Handicap, 15 birds, $15; fifth, $5 entrance, miss and out.

Wednesday, Second Day—Same as first day, except that the fourth event will be the Monumental Handicap of 20 birds, $20 entrance.

Thursday, Third Day—Grand Dupont Handicap, 25 birds, $25 entrance, $1,000 guaranteed, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., high guns to take the money, and champion to hold the trophy in trust from year to year, subject to redemption for $100 cash.

The trophy in this last event will be valued at $500 and will be held in trust, subject to challenge, and will be redeemed annually from the holder for $100. Full particulars in regard to this shoot will doubtless reach us in the near future.

Maplewood Gun Club.

Maplewood, N. J., Aug. 17.—The following scores were made by members of the Maplewood Gun Club this afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25
Drake	10	10	8	10	10	9	7	20
A Sickley	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	23
Geoffroy	10	10	9	10	8	10	4	21
E Sickley	9	7	8	9	9	9	5	24
W Smith	8	9	9	8	8	6	5	25
Jackson	7	9	6	7	..	..	..	13
Eager	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	2 17

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	25
Van Ider-stine	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	.. 21
G H Smith	..	..	..	..	8	7	6	4 20
Fisher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7 17
Sofer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6 20
Howard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17

No. 1 was at known angles; Nos. 2, 4, 5, 6 and 8 at unknown angles; No. 3 under expert rules, and No. 7 was at 5 pairs, known angles; No. 8 was shot as a team race, Drake's team beating Geoffroy's team by the score of 125 to 113. The following were the teams: Drake, E. Sickley, A. Sickley, Van Iderstine, G. H. Smith and Fisher, against Geoffroy, W. Smith, Sofer, Eager, Howard and Jackson. W. N. D.

Trap around Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 9.—The 5-men team race between seven of the leading clubs in this vicinity was brought off to-day on Brunot's Island, the Spring Hill Club winning by the narrowest possible majority—1 target. A similar distance separated the Braddock, Iroquois and Wilkinsburg teams, which finished second, third and fourth respectively. The collapse of the Herron Hill was a remarkable feature of the contest. The North Side Gun Club was shy two men, while the Pittsburg Gun Club, one of the strongest organizations in this vicinity, was unrepresented. The scores in the team race were as follows:

Spring Hill.

D S Boyd	11111101111111111111111111—24
C A Anderson	11111111111010111111111—23
W M C Jones	11111100101011111111111—21
J G Anderson	00101111111111101111111—21
J Skilman	11001101111111111111111—20—109

Braddock.

W J Vance	11101111111111111111111—24
D Creelman	11111101111110101111111—22
J Gelm	11111111111111111111000—22
J A Penn	11110111101111111101010—20
Nimon	10101111111111101011111—20—108

Iroquois.

Born	11111111111111111111111—25
Wood	11111011111111111111011—22
Coltreyhahn	11011110111101111011111—21
Udick	10111110101111111111011—21
Motz	11000111110100101111111—18—107

Wilkinsburg.

J G Messner	11111011111111111110111—23
H Brown	11101111111111101111101—22
O D McElroy	11110111111111111111101—22
Benton	01110111011111111111111—22
R Lovett	11010100111111111011101010—18—106

Verona.

J King	10111111011111111110111—21
Wall	11111110111010111011111—21
H B Mohen	01111010111111001111111—20
W Dade	11100010111101111101011—18
Sport	01011100001001011000111001—11— 91

Herron Hill.

E H McWhorter	11111110101111111101111—22
W S King	01111011101111111110111—21
A H King	11111011101001010111010—17
Bessemer	11101111111100000011000—15
H Vandergrift	01010011110010110111010001—14— 89

North Side.

J H Shafer	11111010111111111111111—23
Sam Shaner	11111111111110011111110—22
M J Williams	10111111101010111111110—20— 65

Aug. 13.—The members of the Wilkinsburg, Pa., Gun Club have been competing for a silver trophy, the conditions being that it should be won three times before becoming the personal property of any individual. J. G. Messner has accomplished the task by winning the trophy three times out of four races. The scores were as follows:

First race:

J G Messner	11111111111111111111111111111111101001111—47
O D McElroy	11111111111111111010110111111111111101110111110—44
J B Sawyer	10111111011011111111111111111111111111111101101—42
R Lovett	01111110111111111100100101100100111101001111101001—34
W S Smith	10110000111111011100011101100111111111111000001000—29

Second race:

J G Messner	01111111111111111111111111101011111101010111101010—42
O D McElroy	11011111111111111111001111111000111011111111100111—41
W S Smith	11111100011011111111111011010001011111011010110100—34
J B Sawyer	11110111110011101101101111100011000111000000100101—31
R Lovett	10111100001001101101010110010011111111111001001111—30
R Anderson	11011101110000101110100111000101010101110001011101—28

Third race:

O D McElroy	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
J G Messner	11111101101111111111111111111111111111111111111010—44
H Brown	10011011111111100101011111111111111111111111111011—43
R Lovett	00101011111111111111111111100101110011010111100101—36
J B Sawyer	10111111010110111111111111111111111111111111010100—36
W S Smith	11001110111111110011001110101101101011110011010100—33

Fourth race:

J G Messner	11101111111101111111111101110111111111111111111111—46
O D McElroy	11101110111111111111111111111111111111001111111111—43
R Lovett	11011111011111101111111111111111111111111111101101111—43
W S Smith	11111110011011110101011000101100011010001111100111—31

Meadville Gun Club.

Meadville, Pa., Aug. 14.—The following scores were made to-day at our regular shoot, Prenatt, H. A. Johnson and Ehrgott shooting in excellent form:

H A Johnson	11111011111111111101111101111011111111011101111—44
Hayes	00111101100101111111111111101111100111111011111101—39
Prenatt	10111010111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—45
Krider	01111110011010111011111111111111111111111111101101—37
Clark	11011110111111111111011111101011111101100100100101—37
Lashells	00110110011101101010101111111111001111111111111111—34
Ehrgott	11111111111101111011011111111011111100011111111111—44
F W Smith	11111010000110111111111111101101111111111111111011—39
Adams	11110111111110011011111111101010111111101101110—40
Reisinger	11111011111111011000111010001111111111111111111100—38
Dr Johnson	10011110101101011111101011000110111011110111111011—35
Belton	10101111011111011111111111011101111011111111101100—36

No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles:

Baker	11111001101111010110111101—18
Leberman	10011111010111110111011010—17
Gaston	00000001110101110000101100—12
Decker	11001111110111110010100100—16
H A Johnson	01111101111111111111111111—23
Dr Johnson	11000110111011111011111011—18
Hayes	01111110101111111110111011—20
N Affanstranger	00000111111111111111111001—18
E L Affantranger	11110101100111101116011110—17
Dunn	00100110101101101111010001—12
Hotchkiss	01101101011101101011011101—17
Wagner	11101111010111111111110001—19
F W Smith	11111111101111110011100111—20
Clark	11101111101101101101111111—20
Ehrgott	11101111101111111111011111—22
Belton	10111111011001101100011010—16
Lashells	00001100011111111111001011—15
Prenatt	11001111111111111111101111—22

Choke-Bore.

Essex Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Aug. 15.—The monthly shoot of the Essex Gun Club of this place was held to-day at John Erb's grounds. The club shoot, which is a handicap on the usual point system, had but five entries. Of that number, L. H. Schortemeier was the only one to kill straight. During the afternoon he shot at 18 birds, scoring 17. Asa Whitehead acted as scorer and referee. The birds were a better lot than might have been expected when the hot, sultry nature of the day is taken into account. The scores are as follows:

L H Schortemeier	2122121221—10	1210—3	1212—4
W G Hollis	2111111021— 9	22●2—3	1110—3
C M Heddon	1012121210— 8	....	....
L Thomas	0121213011— 8	1221—4	●020—1
Griffin	201●211231— 8	....	1120—3
J Erb	....	111●—3	1112—4

The Utica Shoot.

Utica, N. Y., Aug. 19.—In order to aid in making the shoot here in September a success, I give $25 to winning team of four men, 50 targets each man, and optional sweep $5, which will be the main event the first day. The second will be the Central New York Handicap, 26 to 32yds., 20 birds, $15 entrance, birds included. They will be a good, lively lot, fresh from the country. A good number west of this place have arranged to be present. Rochester, Binghamton and Syracuse have arranged to come; these parties I saw in person, and think it is safe to say the shoot will be a success. J. W. Fulford.

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Two early autumn tours, Sept. 24 and Oct. 8, under the personally conducted tourist system of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Gettysburgh Battle-field, Blue Mountain, Luray Caverns, Basic City, the Natural Bridge of Virginia, Grottoes of the Shenandoah, Richmond, Washington and Mount Vernon visited during the tour. Parlor car and hotel accommodations, guides, carriages and all necessary expenses covered by the rate. A tourist agent, chaperon and baggage master will accompany party. For detailed itinerary address Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad, 1196 Broadway, New York.—*Adv,*



It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where we get back a good deal more than cost of catalogue and postage.

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No. H.—A special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, multiplying reel, with balance handle and side spring click, 40yds., 68c.; 60yds, 78c; 80yds., 88c.; 100yds., 98c. Any of the above reels sent by mail on receipt of price and 10c. extra for postage.

No. E—Special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, click reels, 40yds., 48c.; 60yds., 58c. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 5c. extra for postage.

No. C—Special lot of extra fine nickel plated, raised pillar, multiplying reels with click and drag, and screw off oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 68c.; 80yds., 78c; 100yds, 88c.; 150yds., 98c.

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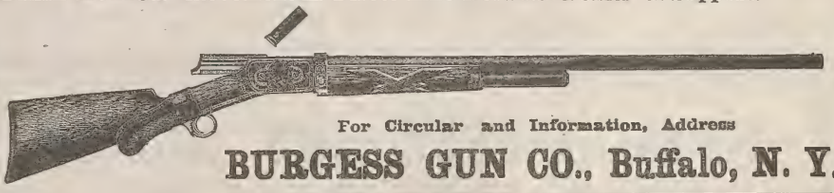


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REWARDS FOR ERRORS.

The *Game Laws in Brief* is believed to be correct and complete within the conditions printed on Page 2. I will reward any person first advising me of an error that may be discovered, as follows:

For the first notice of an instance where the law quoted in the *Brief*, prescribing game and fish seasons of any State or Territory, is not the general law in force at the time of this revision, I will give $5.

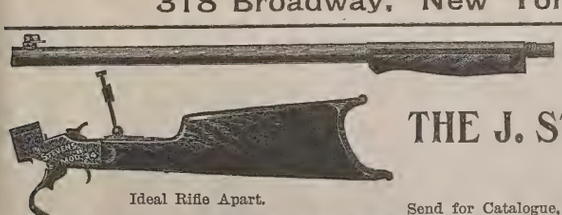
For first notice of an erroneous statement of a game or fish season in any State or Territory, or of an omission of a prescribed season, I will give $1.

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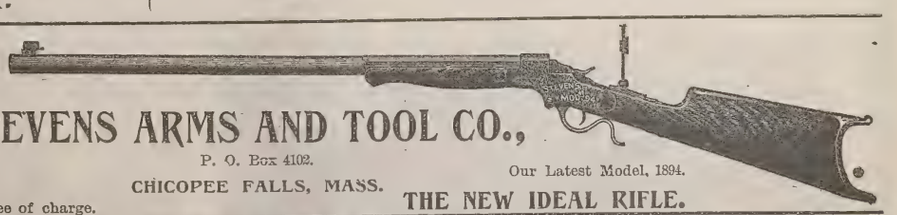
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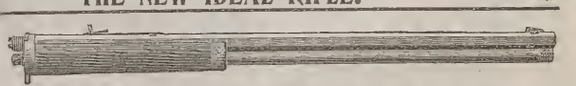
P. O. Box 4102.

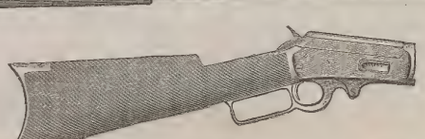
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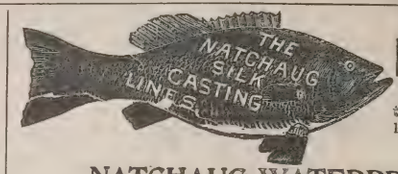
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All successful competitors before receiving their prizes will be required to send an affidavit as to their statement of fish caught.
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Mr. Wilmot Townsend's new drawing, "Outside the Danger Line," depicts a flock of broadbills alighting; and the study of action will readily be recognized by observing gunners as true to the life. The scene is on a calm day, when, with nothing to alarm them the ducks have concluded to rest a while far from shore. Reproduced by the artotype process, the plate being 16×21in. Edition limited to 100. Price is $3.

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SNAP SHOTS.

OF the New York *World's* five column attack upon the United States Fish Commission, one day last week, not much more need be said than that it was an instance of malignant journalism. The charges were, in brief, that the Commission's work had been wrongfully directed into scientific channels, and that the public funds had been squandered in useless investigation. None of the charges were new; they had all been made before, and had been investigated by a special committee of the Senate, whose long and thorough report concluded thus:

In view of the great importance to the country of the work of the Commission, and the urgent necessity for its continuance, we ask a careful examination of the testimony presented, believing that it is sufficient to convince all fair-minded persons that there is no just cause to criticise the policy of the Commission or the course of the Commissioner in the matter of administering the affairs of the office, but on the contrary he deserves commendation for the conscientious manner in which he performed his work.

The exhaustive character of the investigation and the unreserved testimony it elicited in support of the honesty and wisdom of the Commissioner left nothing whatever of the attacks which had given occasion for the committee's work. A public officer might not ask for a more complete exoneration from the slanders of his enemies, nor for a more substantial indorsement of his course and conduct. Commissioner McDonald is now ill and absent from Washington. The *World* prefaced its attack upon him by asserting that he was too ill ever to return to Washington. If this be true the *World's* revamping of these lying accusations at such a juncture is brutal and inhuman. The only excuse for such an attack is the truly journalistic one that it helps sell papers. Whatever increases sales is in modern journalism justified and defended. We cannot expect daily newspaper editors to be more squeamish on these points than the showmen; and honors are easy between the *World* man and the Asbury Park genius who has made a cycloramic show of the Crucifixion of Christ and charges only modest gate money to see it.

It is eleven thousand miles from New York to the Cape of Good Hope; but the New York Legislature appears to have traveled that course when it made a law for Long Island meadow hens. The open season prescribed is Jan. 1 to Aug. 15, which includes the nesting season; and the law of course is all foolishness for Long Island, but would be quite sensible for Zululand, where the seasons of nesting and maturity are reversed. Most persons probably think of Africa as a wild country full of game, large and small, which everyone is at liberty to kill as freely as Henry M. Stanley used to butcher the human beings he encountered in his explorations. But large territories in Africa are covered by game laws, and shooting regulations are year by year being drawn more narrowly. In Zululand, for instance, game birds, partridge, pheasant, guinea fowl, etc., may not be killed from Aug. 1 to March 31. Rabbits, buffalo, quagga, zebra, and various antelope and deer are protected from Sept. 1 to March. A long list of animals, including elephants, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, various antelope and deer, with the ostrich and secretary bird, are designated as royal game, and may never be killed except with the rarely granted permission of the Governor.

"The Destructive Egg Hunters," cries the New York *Times*, in a headline. "Is there no way of putting a stop to heir ravages?" Why, bless your simplicity, yes. The FOREST AND STREAM put a stop to the ravages all at once, suddenly and forever, when it exposed the whole business as a silly fake. The *Times* gets its scare from the Chicago *Tribune*, and the *Tribune* gets its scare from the Seattle *Argus*, and the *Argus* makes its out of its own noddle. And there you have it. So the duck-egg story is going the rounds again, with Indians, albumen cake, Senator Mitchell's speech, vanished buffalo, and all the other conventional appurtenances.

A letter just received from an Oregon correspondent furnishes additional reason for the belief we have expressed that the promoters of the duck-egg story have been working in the interest of some one who wants a $5,000 Government commission to go to Alaska. We believe that after the FOREST AND STREAM'S exposure of the nature of the duck-egg campaign Senator Mitchell will not suffer himself to be used for the promotion of such a steal from the treasury.

Governor Richards, of Wyoming, last Saturday wired instructions to the prosecuting attorney of Natrona county to cause the arrest of a party of Princeton students who had reported the killing of antelope by them while on a geological exploration in the northern part of the State. According to the press dispatches, the Princeton boys had already crossed the line and were safe from pursuit by the Wyoming authorities. If they did kill antelope, as they boasted, these young men may cross all the State lines between Wyoming and New Jersey and yet not escape the odium of their lawlessness. We hear magnified stories of the killing of game by Indians, but not so much about the butchery by certain Eastern sportsmen and resident hunters. Governor Richards declares that the game laws shall not be violated with impunity neither by Indians nor by whites. We trust that the Governor may have the courage and the power to make good that declaration with respect to the whites; for if they can be compelled to respect the law there will be no difficulty about maintaining a game supply.

Over the Indians as hunters the Governor of Wyoming has no jurisdiction. One result of the recent cold-blooded murder of Bannocks by white men is the definition anew of the Indian's hunting privileges. The Attorney-General has advised the Commissioner of Indian Affairs that under their treaty stipulations the Bannocks and Shoshones have an unquestionable right to hunt upon unoccupied lands; and that the State of Wyoming has no power by its game laws to abridge these privileges. Under this advice the Indian Bureau will proceed to secure by writs of habeas corpus the release of Indians now held or in future arrested for violation of the game laws. At the same time the announcement is given that the Indian Bureau will discourage hunting by the Indians.

The report of the legislative committee appointed one year ago by the members of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association was presented at the fifth annual convention last week. The text of the report appears in our trap columns. It is instructive reading, for it shows what can be accomplished by an energetic body of sports men. Perhaps we should have said, what might have been accomplished; for, as a matter of fact, game legislation in Pennsylvania is now exactly where it was. But the labor of the committee has not been absolutely fruitless, and there are great grounds for hope that the next Legislature of the Keystone State may realize that the sportsmen who love the gun have at least equal claim upon the State's exchequer as have their brethren of the rod, for purposes of protection.

The passage of a bill preventing the sale of game, which gave every promise of speedily becoming a law, was most encouraging. But Governor Hastings put an effectual damper upon all such hopes for a period of at least two years by placing a veto upon the bill. Nevertheless if the Association shall follow out the plans it has laid out for a campaign of education, in the end it must triumph.

The value put upon the FOREST AND STREAM as current literature deserving of permanent preservation is indicated by the increasingly large demand for the index, twice a year, for bound volumes kept up by public libraries and y individuals. There is a constant call for special numbers which are wanted to complete files, while a suggestive indication of the lasting value of FOREST AND STREAM advertising is afforded by instances, so frequent as long since to have lost their novelty, of orders received for goods advertised years ago. In a case brought to our notice last week the call with the cash was for an article which had been advertised seven years ago. What a study there will be in those bound volumes in years to come, not in the reading pages only, but in the advertising columns, where the whole art and appurtenances of the craft will be set out.

Give the "chained" a chance. The one man who has twelve months in which to go fishing or shooting may reasonably be left to look out for his own interests; but we ought jealously to guard the rights and privileges of the hundreds and thousands who have but brief opportunity to get away from work and business. State Fish Commissioner Wampler, of Kansas, shrewdly observes: "If the pleasing occupation of angling is truly the delight of the contemplative man, it is a lamentable fact that the ignorant, lazy lout among mankind energizes himself to prowl around every inviting locality where fish are reputed to abound." When that "lazy lout" cleans out the fish, he is robbing some better man who will come after him only to meet disappointment. By reason of the fishing assiduity of the "lazy lout" the contemplative features of angling often consist only in a rosy contemplation of what one thinks he is going to find when he goes fishing, and a somber contemplation of what he does not find when he gets there. This ought not so to be. Give the "chained" a chance.

The principle applies in Kansas and in New York. The resident gunners of Moriches on Long Island have awakened to the wisdom of protecting the interests of their "chained" friends in the city. These gunners derive a substantial revenue from the town sportsmeh who go to Moriches for black duck shooting. But piratos from near by districts have been accustomed to kill the fowl by fire-hunting at night, until because of the lessened game supply the city shooters no longer think it worth while to visit the Moriches. The guides have taken up arms. They propose to put the night-shooters through a course of sprouts. Their first step was to have one of their number, a fearless and determined individual, made Special Deputy Sheriff. The law gives such an officer all the powers of a game protector. He is committed to a rigorous course. The offenders will find no leniency in the local courts. We undertake to assure the Moriches reformers that they will have the backing of the State authorities. Night shooting of ducks is not to be tolerated. It must be broken up. In effecting this the Long Island gunners will give not only the "chained" but themselves too a chance.

There is a little incident, which is every bit true and carries its own teaching. Early in July, a hostess in the country, near New York city, had upon her table at dinner ruffed grouse. One of her guests asked her how it was that she allowed these out of season birds to appear, and she explained that as she ordered such birds when in town in autumn and winter, she saw no reason why she should not have them in summer. A brief explanation of the natural seasons for game enlightened her ignorance, and she is now a consumer who will not hereafter allow out of season game to appear on her table.

There are thousands of women who are just as ignorant and thoughtless as this one was, and who have no one tactfully to explain to them the rights and the wrongs of this game out of season traffic.

To offset in a measure the outrage of the Donaldson game law, teach the women.

The recent destruction of fish in the ponds of the New York State hatchery, at Caledonia, was caused by a flow of poisonous water from a mill pond on the stream above the hatchery. The pond had long been low and stagnant. When the water rose it flooded the hatchery ponds, from which it could not be kept out; and killed the fish in them. For this no blame whatever may justly be attached to any of the hatchery employees.

The world would not be nearly so interesting as a place of abode if we all thought precisely alike, on the leaping of the bass, for instance. He that converteth a dissenting brother to his own way of thinking is a greater Kingfisher than he that taketh a record breaker from the waters.

The Sportsman Tourist.

GAME NOTES WITH PENCIL AND CAMERA.

When Jock Darling was in New York at the time of the Sportsmen's Exposition, as was natural for a good sportsman he visited the office of Forest and Stream, and while there he suggested an expedition to Maine for the purpose of photographing deer and other wild game. His proposition touched a responsive chord in the editor's heart, for it has always been the policy of the paper not only to look after the reading needs of the man who is "Chained to Business," but also to place before him the pictured life of the woods and waters, and it did not take long to come to a decision.

As a result Darling and the writer met at Patten, Me., the latter part of July, provided with canoe, tent, photographic apparatus and provisions for a campaign of a week or ten days in the woods.

Patten is seven miles from its port of entry, Sherman, a station on the Bangor & Aroostook R. R. It is delightfully situated and has a good hotel of its class. In the immediate neighborhood are some of the finest mountain views in the State. The great mass of Katahdin is distant less than twenty miles, while Sugar Loaf, the Traveler and Chase Mountain are all nearer. Lesser mountains and ridges stretch away in every direction to the horizon line and give charm and variety to the outlook.

At Patten we secured a canoe "rigging" and traveled by wagon seventeen miles north and west to a point on Hay Brook just above its juncture with Sebois Stream. Here we pitched our first camp, intending to remain in the neighborhood a few days, as we had good reason to expect a sight of moose.

Two years ago one of Darling's "sports" killed a large bull near by that had come to Jock's seductive call; and only a few weeks before he had seen another bull feeding in the stream near the same spot. It was of this bull that Darling wrote Forest and Stream, telling how he had tried to scare him away, as he feared the place was not safe. If this bull had gone for good there were abundant chances for others, and we proposed to go over the ground carefully.

Incidentally it may be well to remark that this is the real Hay Brook upon which we were encamped, and not the stream shown upon some of the maps under that name as emptying into Sebois Grand Lake. The correct name for the latter is Warderley Brook. It runs its entire course through bogs that grow nothing nearer hay than pucker bushes and cranberries, while on the other hand the real Hay Brook is bordered by fields of the genuine article.

We camped here from July 24 to 26, but the hardest kind of hunting failed to reveal any description of living game. The water was high, and at first we attributed the absence of game to this cause, but gradually the real reason forced itself upon us. As Jock expressed it, we "smelled the reason." At several points our nostrils were greeted in passing by unbefitting odors, while at other places on the bottom of the stream we saw pieces of deer skin and freshly cut leg bones, companion pieces to the two unborn fawns that Darling had previously found floating upon these same waters.

The many signs bore unmistakable witness to a shocking slaughter of unseasonable game, but through it all, as little by little the evidence unfolded, we clung to the hope of finding our moose. Jock knew how difficult it was to make a moose leave a section of stream to which it has taken a liking at this time of year, and it seemed reasonable to believe that the animal was still in the same neighborhood. It was. But we did not find it as we had expected.

The day we broke camp, paddling close along a beautiful birch fringed shore, we noticed trodden grass and a small tree from which the bark had recently been peeled. The place was pervaded with an unpleasantly suggestive odor, and influenced by these and other inferences we made a landing. A short search confirmed our worst fears. There, only a few rods from the river bank, lay parts of a bull moose—head, legs, hide and entrails—tainting the air, and furnishing an eloquent example of the non-enforcement of the Maine game laws.

We took a few photographs of the remains and then sadly left the place. A magnificent game animal had met an unworthy end at a time when it should have been safe from attack. The evidence showed that its assassins were a mean and ignorant lot, and its capture could have brought them little profit and less pleasure. The horns were only about half grown and were slowly rotting away. Later I shall have more to say about this moose and a photograph of the head will be shown.

The Photographing Outfit

consisted of one large camera taking a 6½×8½ plate, and a 5×7 Kodak. The Kodak was taken along to pick up stray notes and to supplement the other, but all our hopes were pinned on the big camera. This camera was fitted with a lens capable of covering a plate nearly twice as large as that used, and was of long focus, conditions calculated to secure better pictures and at longer range than could be obtained with an ordinary camera of the same size. These were its advantages.

Its disadvantages were that it was bulky and hard to manipulate, and that its shutter was very noisy. It measured nearly 3ft. in length, which of necessity confined its usefulness almost wholly to the canoe, and the shutter could only be set from the front of the camera and only when the sensitive plate was covered.

The slowest "instantaneous" exposure within the range of this shutter was also too quick for many of the conditions of game photography. These defects, however, were only discovered in their entirety after the camera was in practical operation.

Our outfit included plates and film for the cameras and also material for flash light photography. Unfortunately we had no opportunity to test the latter, as we had no good jacking weather while in the woods. A night photograph of game is by no means an impossibility, though we believe it has never yet been secured.

In Action.

When in the neighborhood of game the large camera was placed on a rough stand in the bow of the canoe, with shutter set and ready for instant use. The bulb by which the exposure was secured hung in position at the right side of the camera, where it could easily be reached, and the camera itself, with the exception of the neighborhood of the lens, was screened by a blind of green boughs. The canoe which we used for stalking was painted a shade of gray matching very closely the color of dead trees, and seen from the bow there was nothing obtrusive or calculated unduly to startle our game. Owing to the difficulty of reloading and resetting the shutter, we had for all practical purposes but one shot at our command, and it was a matter of nice judgment to reserve this for the best possible opportunity.

It is the last fifty feet of the approach in game photography that counts for most. At anything over 100ft. with our equipment the game in the photograph did not come out distinctly enough for practical use. The only pictures considered worthy of reproduction with this article were all taken short of this distance. In fact, from 50ft. to



SUSPICIOUS.

100ft. may be considered the range for successful game photography in the East with a good camera such as ours, and every foot inside the limit counts surprisingly in the results.

In the West, where the game is out in the open and where they have the advantage of a perfect atmosphere and solid ground to stand upon, pictures capable of reproduction can no doubt be secured at a considerably greater distance. The size alone is of course not of so great importance, if the game comes out in the photograph perfectly sharp and standing out free from the undergrowth, for the photo can be enlarged.

Difficulties.

Game photography under any conditions is one of the most difficult things in the world. Setting aside for the moment the difficulties in the way of approaching your game to the requisite short range, the difficulties of a technical character are generally almost insurmountable. When photographing from a boat, which is almost the only practical way in the forest regions of the East, a quick exposure is absolutely necessary. A boat will not sit still enough for exposures of the "slow instantaneous" kind, even though the game stands with statue-like rigidity. This condition makes a good strong light a prime requisite, but unfortunately it is a requisite that is most often absent. At the time best suited for photography the game is off enjoying its siesta, and when it does appear the chances are that it is sneaking close to shore in the shadow of the trees or up to its ear in brush.

White-tail deer especially seem to shun publicity, and hate to see their pictures in the sporting press.

Our experience with other game was very limited, but personally I got the impression that caribou when found would not be difficult to photograph, and Darling assured me that moose also were easy of approach and had better taste than deer in the selection of their surroundings from a photographic standpoint.

Having learned by experience all the difficulties of game photography I shall henceforth have the most profound admiration for any man who takes successful pictures of the untamed denizens of the forest. The skillful hunter who kills game alone is as a child compared to the game photographer. It is only necessary for him to break through the outermost circle of wild nature's protective environment to accomplish his object, while the photographer must penetrate to the very center of things, relying upon an infinitely greater patience and skill. Most of the game included in the enumeration which follows was within rifle shot of us, much within pistol shot, yet very insignificant was the number within photographic range.

It was between White Horse and Snowshoe lakes that we came upon our first deer. Jock was working hard with the setting pole lifting the canoe over the lower rapids on the stream, when suddenly something caught my eye in the swift water above. It was a glimpse of color and of motion, and though seen in an unexpected place the explanation was apparent. I signaled to Jock, and the canoe dropped back out of sight. But before we were wholly concealed we had seen, one after another, six deer enter the water. It was a beautiful bit of nature. The red deer, the white water, and the dark green woods that framed it, made a picture that will long linger in memory. Unfortunately the deer were out of camera range, being more than a hundred yards distant. We did not notice any bucks among them, the deer seeming to be all does or fawns.

As soon as we were down behind the bend I jumped out of the canoe, and, armed with the small camera attempted to stalk the game. From the concealment of the cedars that fringed the bank I saw them leisurely wade through the shallowest water, and then just as leisurely disappear in the woods on the other side. They were scarcely 70yds. away, but too far for the 5×7 Kodak. These were the first deer that we had seen, and made a corresponding impression. It was an unusual opportunity to get a number of individuals on the same plate, and an opportunity that was not duplicated. Out of the six dozen and odd deer we saw during the next six days, the largest group that came to our knowledge consisted of but three individuals—a doe and two fawns. It was common to see three or four or even six feeding within a few hundred yards of the same spot; but these deer were not in any sense banded, and it was only chance that threw them together. Aside from the does and fawns, the deer we saw all seemed to be unattached.

We reached Sebois Grand Lake without seeing any more game, and at once directed our course for the "Thoroughfare," where we intended to camp that night. On the way we sighted our seventh deer.

As we shot across the mouth of a deep cove we saw a doe feeding among the lilypads near shore. I looked directly at this deer for some time without seeing her, and had turned my attention to a different part of the shore when Jack pointed her out. The wind was blowing full in the cove, and it was useless to attempt a photograph, so we contented ourselves with a good look at the deer and continued our way to camp.

Sebois Grand Lake is eight miles long and of very irregular shape. In its widest places it is possibly two miles across, but at the "Thoroughfare," near the center of the lake, it narrows to as many hundred yards. Here two hardwood ridges terminate, one on the east side of the lake and the other on the west. Near the west side there is also a small wooded island, and the ridges approach each other so closely that they appear to cut the lake in two, and one not familiar with the country might come very close to the connecting channel without suspecting the presence of the complementary body of water.

This is a great place for game to cross. Last fall a party camping near by killed a bear in the water, and deer frequently make the passage. During the close season last year Darling saw a caribou swim the channel, and later members of his party fired a number of unsuccessful shots at one on the point across from where they were camped. Deer were so plenty along the shore in this neighborhood a year ago that the camp was given the name of "Deer Town." This year, however, they have changed their range, and we saw only one near the "Thoroughfare."

Later in the day we paddled over to a beach at the north end of the lake and examined on the sand a curious chirography of deer tracks. The deer seemed to appreciate the smooth footing afforded by the beach, and as the evidence showed had come there to play. We could see where they had jumped and cavorted, striking the ground with toes spread and legs so crooked that the dew-claws left their mark. The accompanying photograph will tell it all much more graphically than words.

As we left the shore we saw a buck that had just come out of the woods above us, but he almost immediately disappeared, having no doubt winded us.

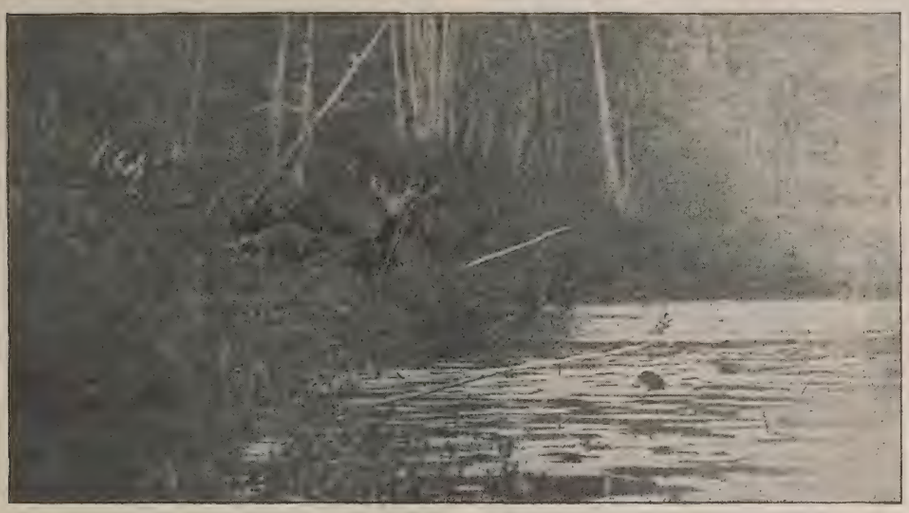
We landed a second time to visit an old lumber camp which is situated a little distance back from the lake. The clearing around the camp has all grown up to wild raspberries, and Jock and I regaled ourselves with the fruit. As we approached the fast mouldering buildings we heard a raucus guawing within, and Jock sententiously remarked, "Hedgehog." The door of the main camp was closed, but a broken window explained the presence of the porcupine on the inside. Jock opened the door and went in, and presently I saw the monkey face of the bad-smelling rodent appear at the window. It was a comically expressive face, and betokened lack of decision and uncertainty. The porcupine had run up



FOOT-PRINTS OF JUMPING DEER.

against a dilemma. With Jock Darling on the inside and the FOREST AND STREAM camera on the outside it was a case of between the devil and the deep sea, and Master Porkey couldn't solve it. Like some human beings in similar situations, he preferred not to come to a decision, but to remain "on the fence." Eventually Jock persuaded him with the aid of a club to come out and have his photograph taken. Afterward we watched the old thief waddle off. He was so nervous in his haste that he fell over backward several times in attempting to climb logs, and he probably hasn't yet gotten over the shock of our unexpected visit.

While rounding a point a few minutes later we came upon deer No. 9. This deer, which was a buck, was feeding some distance from shore. Every now and then he would put his head down in the water and bring it up with his mouth full of grass. Jock informed me that he was eating a kind of flat grass that grows entirely under water and which is very plentiful about the lake. The deer had not seen us, but there was little chance of approaching him closely in the canoe, as there was no concealment whatever on the water. Acting on Jock's advice I determined to attempt a stalk from the shore.



AN INTERRUPTED MEAL.

Making a mental note that the nearest point opposite the buck was distant about 200yds., and taking the large camera in my arms, I began the approach. The formation of the land at this point was a good deal the same as that of some North Carolina cypress swamps along tidal rivers. The waters of the lake had heaped up a natural levee that served to keep the land behind in a swampy condition, and here flourished a network of cedars. Two hundred yards under such circumstances was hardly similar to 200yds. on Broadway and it required more than two minutes to walk it. In fact, I think Jock came to the conclusion that I was lost long before I got to the point opposite the deer. At first I made fairly good progress, but as I advanced the number of fallen trees increased, and the footing became wetter and more slippery. As the deer was only a couple of hundred feet from shore it became necessary to avoid any possible noise, and this was no easy matter for a man encumbered with a camera 3ft. in length that rivaled a drum for the volume of its tone when hit by a stray branch.

There were mosquitoes and midges in that swamp, too, and they soon found that my hands were useless for purposes of defense. They explored the openings at my wrists and throat, and some crawled up my legs till met by others journeying downward, and every exploring party blazed its trail.

Coming to the conclusion at length that I had gone the required distance, I began working my way toward the shore, and soon saw the buck. He was perhaps 150ft. from shore, and presented the easiest kind of a shot for a rifle, but was a little beyond the range of the camera.

It took a long while to find an opening in the trees that fringed the shore from which I could see the deer and work the camera to advantage without being seen, but at last such a place was secured and a picture taken. The buck heard the click of the shutter and raised his head with a quick jerk. He scanned the shore carefully, but evidently could see nothing suspicious, for he did not attempt to leave the spot.

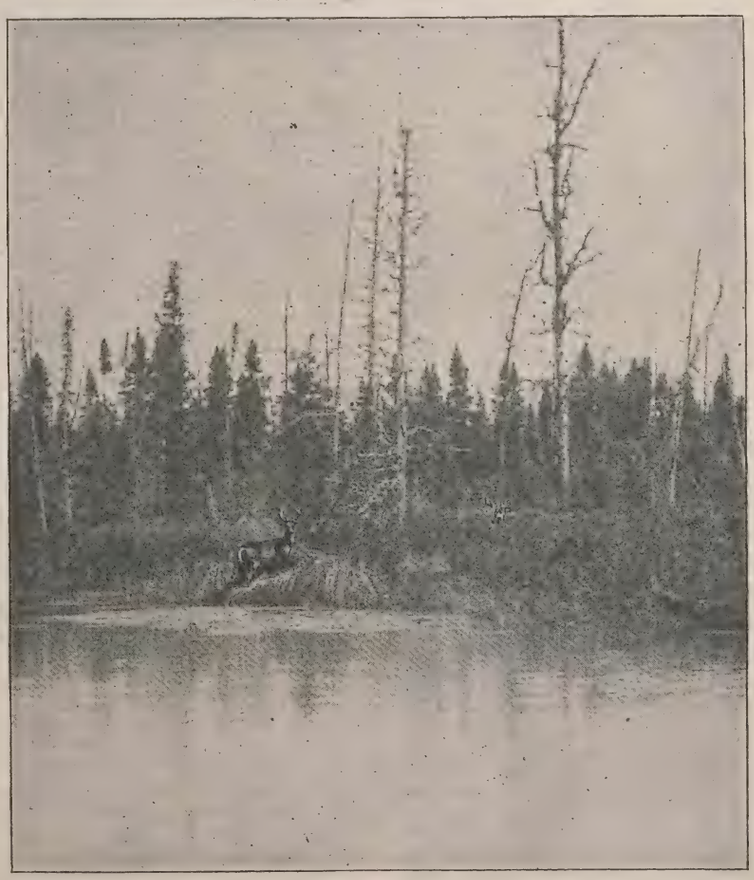
Slowly I began reloading the camera for another shot, and, I suppose it is just as well to confess it, I never had a worse case of buck fever in my life. My hands began to tremble and I was obliged to resort to my old hunting prescription, viz., to stand still and take a number of long breaths. This soon quieted my nerves, and being able presently to hold my hand steady, I essayed another photograph.

The deer recognized the click of the shutter, which seemed to confirm his former suspicions that all was not right, and this time he began moving in toward shore. Seeing that his course would take him much nearer than he had yet been, I hurriedly attempted to reload. In doing so, however, I made so much unavoidable noise with plate holder and shutter that the buck veered off and was out of range before I had the camera ready. One of the pictures taken at this time came out fairly well. After this, as it was growing dusk, we paddled leisurely back to camp. We had seen nine deer that day, but had secured photographs of only one of the number.

That night it rained. In fact at one time or another it rained each day we were in the woods. Add to this the fact that, with one exception, every day was windy and it will be seen that the conditions for our success were not the most favorable.

Our first deer the following day were seen near the mouth of Warderley Brook. They were two bucks and were feeding in the afore-mentioned flat grass that grows under water. We made a half circle of the bay in plain sight of the deer, but they took no notice of us and did not seem to see us. At one time, however, I thought they were off, for with a common impulse both started for shore at a great rate, jumping and making the water fly in sheets of spray. It was almost immediately evident, however, that they were only playing, and the fact showed how totally the presence of the human onlookers was ignored. The play was but a momentary ebullition, and soon they were back again at their leisurely breakfast.

After making the circle of the bay we approached very cautiously under the protection of irregularities in the shore until we came in sight of the bucks again. They were only 100yds. away, and by very adroit work with the paddle Jock decreased this distance nearly one-half, the water grass in a measure shielding us from the deer. Then we found our way blocked by a long submerged log, and as the deer were beginning to grow nervous and as we knew it would be impossible to turn the canoe to go around without stampeding them, we took the chance such as it was and got an unsatisfactory photograph.



THERE ARE TWO HERE.

After which the deer walked ashore and disappeared in the woods.

Our twelfth deer was also a buck. In fact, the great majority of deer seen on this trip were bucks. It is hard to account for this except under the supposition that the does, having mostly fawns to look after, came less frequently into the open. The does, however, proved to be the easiest to photograph, for when they fed they were always in a hurry to get back to their fawns, and did not look about much. The bucks on the contrary fed along leisurely as if they did not have a care in the world, and were sure to see our canoe if near by the moment it came out from the protection of the shore. Such a sight, however, did not always alarm them, and frequently they exhibited great curiosity until they got a scent of us. That was enough, and it wasn't very complimentary to the superior beings to see how a single whiff affected them.

The twelfth deer was feeding in the thick bog undergrowth on the north shore of the stream, and we got within 75ft. of him, but then—up popped his head and he was off with a crash without showing us enough of his shapely form to photograph.

The wind was wrong for going up the brook, so we soon turned around. Reaching the lake again, we saw a deer on the south side of the bay, but on account of the direction of the wind did not attempt to stalk it.

Later in the day we paddled down the lake toward the outlet, before a gale of wind that raised our light canoe and swept it along over the white caps at an exhilarating rate.

On a projecting point to leeward we saw what we took to be three deer. When we got closer, however, they had gone.

We ascended the stream that empties into a bay at the southeastern extremity of the lake, but as the wind carried tidings of our presence a long way ahead we saw no deer. On our way back to camp we saw a solitary deer on an exposed shore, where it would have been useless to attempt a close approach. This was the last deer seen that day and made a total of eight—or seventeen in all—since reaching Sebois. Only one opportunity for a photograph, and that at an unsatisfactory range, had been obtained.

The following day, however, we had better luck despite baffling weather conditions. We paddled up the lake against a strong head wind to the East Bay. Rounding the last point, we come in sight of the beach where we had previously photographed deer tracks. We looked the shore over carefully, but no deer were to be seen. The place was too promising to leave at once, and Jock remarked, "We'll go a little further and wait to see if a deer won't come out on the sand beach." The words were prophetic, for hardly were they out of his mouth when one appeared. Jock had time to say, "There's one now," when a second deer appeared, closely following the first.

These deer, we estimated, were less than one-quarter mile distant. In fact, they were so close that with the unaided eye we could see they both carried horns, one especially having a very fine pair. But they did not seem at all concerned with the presence of an 18ft. canoe creeping along the opposite shore.

Though paddling down wind, for a wonder, we ran right on a small spike buck wading in the shallow water. No doubt the point that concealed him from view also prevented him winding us. He got our wind and a view of us the same instant such as must have filled his youthful soul with terror, for he jumped so quick that a hundredth second exposure shows him on the photograph twice his actual length.

Before we made the circle of the bog we caught a glimpse of another deer about 200yds. off, but this deer moved back into the woods almost at once. About the same time a third deer joined the others at the sand beach. The day had begun well, with five deer in sight in less than as many minutes.

We worked very cautiously up the shore toward the sand beach till according to our calculations the deer were only concealed by one little projection, when we noticed a movement in the bushes. The next instant a graceful doe stepped out and hurried with little mincing steps toward the water. We held our breath and looked on as though watching some wood nymph at her bath. The doe continued her way till the water reached her

body, and then stopped. She lowered her head and plucked a lilypad, and then—looked straight into our eyes only 50ft. away.

Poor little girl, I regret from the bottom of my soul our intrusion and the shock we gave you. For an instant she stood rooted to the spot, a perfect picture of startled innocence, and then she had disappeared in the friendly bushes, but long afterward we could hear her whistling and upbraiding us. I had secured a picture, which should have been the prettiest of our trip, but one of the exasperating things which are sure to fall to the lot of the game photographer happened and lost us the negative. When I replaced the plate-holder slide I found that the plate had become dislodged and fallen outside and consequently was worthless. Mournfully I consigned it to the bottom of the lake, and having reloaded, we proceeded to see what lay beyond the point.

We soon came in sight of a buck with fine horns standing knee-deep in the water and grass watching us. We could not go ahead further on account of the noise the grass made rubbing against the sides of the canoe, and for an hour sat there watching and hoping for a favorable opportunity to get closer, or for the deer to come closer to us.

The first buck was soon joined by another with even finer horns, some of the points of which turned downward like a crumpled cow's. The bucks were about 100yds. distant, and seemed to recognize in our boat something unusual. They had evidently heard the doe's outcry and suspected that all was not right.

Occasionally an eddy in the wind would give them a faint taint of our presence, and though they waited a long while and occasionally took a mouthful to eat, they were always on their guard. Eventually they moved off without giving us the desired picture, one of them whistling for fully five minutes. J. B. BURNHAM.

OFFICE OF FOREST AND STREAM.

THE OUTING OF SIX.—I.

From Provo to Panguitch.

FOR weeks I had eagerly awaited the 1st of June. It had been three years since I enjoyed my last real outing, and the homesickness for fragrant pines and fondly-remembered trout streams made the chains gall more than they had ever done before. Especially did I feel the friction with each fresh arrival of FOREST AND STREAM, and when vacation came I was ready to go, almost aimlessly, and yet in hopes of exploring either the Henry Mountains of Utah or the Buckskins and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado before my return home. In either event the study of flora and fauna was to go hand in hand with rod and gun.

Casting about for companions, I naturally chose some of my own students who had shown marked ability in the field of natural science, so the *personnel* of the party was as follows: Andrew C., specialist in botany and the best rustler of the outfit; Ted, specialist in ornithology; Doc (with a sheepskin from some Ohio medical college and a fair knowledge of taxidermy)—Doc is Ted's older brother; Perry and Collie (prospective pedagogues), adepts in the art of enjoying pure and simple loafing; lastly, Shoshone, to whom you need no introduction. As I was supposed to play mentor for the party, it might not be amiss to mention the books that I took from my library, as they will prove of use to any student who traverses southern Utah or northern Colorado: "Geology of the Henry Mountains," "Physical Geography of the Grand Cañon District," "Tertiary History of the Grand Cañon District," Ridgway's "Manual of North American Birds," Hornaday's "Taxidermy and Zoölogical Collecting," while the botanies made quite a load of themselves. Where books can be transported without too great discomfort, they should never be considered useless *impedimenta*. For my part, I know only that which I gather in its chosen habitat. With dried, wrapped and labeled museum and laboratory specimens I can strike but a casual acquaintance.

Our outfit included six rods with tackle, three rifles, two guns (10-gauge and 12-gauge), one tank for alcoholic specimens, taxidermy implements, botany presses, provisions for two weeks, cooking utensils, two wagon covers, bedding and plenty of extra clothing. We took no tent for reasons that will appear later on. Doc also took his setter Elsie and pointer Rex, and I had intended taking my thoroughbred mastiff Rex, but changed my mind before it was too late, as such a trip would have killed so heavy a dog.

At 3 o'clock Monday morning, June 3, my alarm clock routed me out. It was a short matter to have a fire going and coffee on. Then my horse was fed and saddled, and, faithfully promising that I would return within five weeks, I sat down to the last breakfast at home for many a long day. Before the meal was finished Doc and Ted drove up in a buckboard that carried half the duffle of the expedition, and at 5 o'clock the start was made.

The morning was perfect. Far to the south Mt. Nebo glistened in the early sunlight, crowned with snow and forming a landmark for fifty miles. On either side were purple fields of fragrant lucern, and already the music of the mowing machine was humming through the valley. Two miles to the west stretched Utah Lake, and in and out amid the tule islands swam thousands of teal and mallards and redheads in conscious security. By 10 o'clock we had left the valley, crossed Mapleton Bench and were well in Spanish Fork Cañon. Here we experienced our first delay. The blast of a gang of road makers completely blockaded our way and we were obliged to wait three hours for the debris to be removed and the trail made passable. This within two miles of Castilla Hot Springs, where we had expected to take dinner. But we made the best of our luck, rested our horses and ate lunch by the side of Spanish Fork River, at this time so high and muddy that it seemed impossible for trout to exist in it.

The afternoon drive was noteworthy on account of the windstorm that prevailed. Clouds of dust shut out the landscape, making traveling anything but enjoyable. The effects of this storm, which was much more severe in Southern Utah, were visible as far south as the Grand Cañon. Leaving Spanish Fork Cañon, we went up Thistle Creek, where the mountains withdrew on either side, leaving a valley twelve miles long by two miles wide. Here the crops are at least four weeks behind those of Utah Valley. Thistle Creek is an excellent trout stream, and a few deer are to be found in the east and west hills, though the tie-choppers have made big game almost as scarce as hen's teeth. The heavy roads and clouds of sand made speed or comfort an impossibility. It was dusk when we reached Indianola, thirty-seven miles from Provo and 1,500ft. above Utah Valley. As Indianola is made up principally of semi-civilized Indians, we concluded that it was better to camp out than to accept cabin hospitality. After graining and pasturing our horses, we managed to make a fire in spite of the gale, and Doc and Ted had their first experience in outdoor cookery. I was awakened about midnight by cool, refreshing snow drifting softly across my face. Tucking my head under the wagon sheet I slept peacefully until morn.

Tuesday, June 4, was cloudy in the morning and stormy in the afternoon. The weather was propitious neither for hunting nor collecting. During the day we crossed the divide between Utah and Sanpete valleys (elevation 6,500ft.) and at nightfall found ourselves at Ephraim, wet, hungry and seventy-five miles from home. Needless to say we did not attempt to camp out, but enjoyed a good supper and feather beds at a commodious farmhouse. We left Ephraim on Wednesday morning in a tremendous storm, which lasted until we reached Manti. Then the sky cleared and I rode ahead to Gunnison, ninety-seven miles from Provo, and the end of the first stage of our journey. The scenery after leaving Manti was entirely different from the scenery about Provo. The Wasatch Mountains have given place to the Wasatch Plateau and the rolling mountains on either side are either barren or covered with cedars. The prevailing color of the bottom lands is the alkaline gray; of the hills, red. We are in a region of salt and gypsum, of black, isolated trachyte domes and towers, a region of bad water—the sinkhole, perhaps, of some pleistocene or neocene lake.

Gunnison perpetuates the name of Capt. Gunnison, U. S. A., an indefatigable and scientific explorer, who, in the early fifties, was here massacred by the Utes. Five years ago Gunnison had no future. To-day it is the most prosperous town in south central Utah. It cuts more hay and winters more cattle than any other settlement in the Territory. Reason, water! water!! water!!! When the Gunnisonians found that they could not get water enough in their ditches, they deliberately dammed the Sanpitch River, backed water and successfully completed the first great irrigation reservoir in Utah. The artificial lake is five or six miles long by about three-quarters of a mile in width. Already it is a great resort of ducks. Unfortunately it has been stocked with carp. It would make an excellent bass pond, and I am in hopes that it will yet be filled with game fish. In this vicinity are several large Indian mounds that are well worthy of investigation, but we had no time to devote to them.

At Gunnison Andrew had a sheep wagon ready for us, and Perry and Collie were to meet us at this point. This was our first experience with a sheep wagon as part of a camping outfit, and while it was commodious and saved a tent, it was too heavy and uncomfortable for traveling purposes. Our two neophytes put in an appearance Thursday afternoon, and at 4 o'clock, having transferred all our duffle to the sheep wagon, we set out for Salina. This place was reached about 7:30. The trip had been made slowly in order to let the boys target their rifles on jack rabbits.

Friday, June 7.—This morning dawned threatening. All about the surrounding hills hung low storm clouds, and we changed our route on this account. We had purposed going through Grass Valley and up the East Fork of the Sevier; but that being the rainiest valley in the south, we determined to follow the main stream to Panguitch, and so saved many a ducking. Here we left the railroad, having followed the line of the Rio Grande Western & Sevier Valley branch all the way from Provo. And now our collecting began. Flora and fauna commenced to change, but our first specimens were geological, consisting of obsidians, volcanic glass, chalcedony and curious water formations that are of not infrequent occurrence in recent volcanic districts. We made a long noon camp at the Vermilion Bridge over the Sevier. Collie made the bread, and our appetites did full justice to the viands, though as yet we had neither fish, flesh nor fowl of our own providing. The afternoon drive lay over a long, hot sagebrush bench, between the river and Richfield. I took Andrew's place as driver of the sheep wagon, while he used my pony for botanical purposes. We found about fifteen species not found in Provo—mostly compositæ, chenopodiveæ, krinitzkias, gilias and phacelias. Of avifauna the most common was the desert horned lark (*O. alpestris arenicola*), which seemed to me to be almost identical with its prairie congener.

At 5:30 we passed through Richfield, and at half-past 7 we pitched camp in Elsinore, 139 miles from Provo. The drive during the latter part of the afternoon was in a most delightful farming country. Elsinore provides almost all of Utah south of this point with flour and bacon. All day long we had traveled through a country that commonly abounds in jack rabbits and chickens, but on this particular day chickens are nesting and rabbits *non sunt*. The only game we saw were a few cotton-tails in the willows where we camped at noon.

Saturday, June 8.—We left Elsinore about 9 o'clock, but before we were fairly out of the settlement the ornithologists had their inning, and they kept it up for more than an hour. The orchards in the south part of town were fairly alive with birds that I had not noticed in northern Utah, some being new to all of us. It did seem wanton cruelty to take any of them, and I am heartily opposed to shooting in the vicinity of dwellings, but this case seemed to warrant a breaking of our rule; so I told the boys to get what they needed, not to exceed one pair of any one species. I determined the species, but as Doc was going to mount the specimens he retained the field notes, so I can recall only the following: *Sphyrapicus thyroidens*, Cass; *Icterus bullocki*, Sevains, and *Denaroica aestiva morcomi*.

Three or four miles from town we passed above the ditch line, and for some miles had a rocky, sagebush, uphill road. The only specimens added to the collection were two small brown ground squirrels, gravid females in each instance. As a rule nine-tenths of the ground squirrels, gophers and prairie dogs that we shot were of this kind. I can recall but two males taken during the entire trip. About 1 o'clock, when we had given up all hope of water for dinner, we came upon a swale where was a spring and water enough for a couple of acres of grain. Here, too, was a lumber house, with log stable and corral, and here we saw our first game. About the place limped a broken-legged doe that had evidently been raised on the bottle, while on the stable was nailed a fresh coyote skin, its heretofore annexed carcass lying on the ground beside it. A small boy told us that it (carcass and skin) had got into the chicken coop on the preceding night and that the five dogs belonging to the ranch had used it up. This was our place for dinner, and that meal, with the skinning of the birds and the pressing of plants, took us until 3 o'clock. Then in a drenching shower we started to find Marysvale Hill, making four miles in three hours. From the pines at the summit of this divide I should judge its elevation to be about 7,000ft. Botanically the climb resulted in a new *pentstemon* and a new *gilia*—new to us, not *sp. nov.*

The descent was speedy and easy. Unfortunately Doc took one of the saddle horses and lost himself in the cedars. When we came down into the valley we found ducks (mostly mallards) on every slough. It was dark when we reached Thompson's ranch. Here our horses enjoyed the luxury of a stable. Four of the boys occupied the camp house. Andrew and I made our bed in the sheep wagon, and then, while the storm raged outside, we cooked supper in the large camp house chimney place. We had made but twenty miles during the day, but these were more trying than any thirty that we had made before.

Sunday morning broke clear. The storm that, ever since we left Provo, had hung around us had entirely disappeared and in gratitude we slept until 8:30. Our start was made shortly after 10 o'clock, and remembering the day we jogged along at a Sabbath gait, making camp at 3 o'clock on a slough between Junction and Circleville—distance from Provo 171 miles. This was our first camp that was located out of range of a farm house, and the horses hardly knew how to act when they were hobbled and turned out to pick for themselves. With the 6yds. of mosquito netting that we brought for insect nets we seined the slough and secured enough chubs for supper and breakfast as well as two or three quarts of minnows that were salted down for bait at Panguitch Lake.

Monday, June 10.—Our early morning ride led through Circle Valley, a rich farming country about six miles in diameter. Here we had an hour's fine sport with jack rabbits which were to be counted by dozens. A few young and tender ones were reserved for dinner while the rest were to be parboiled for dog meat. By the way, the young dogs were standing the trip in the best manner possible. Elsie would follow a gun all over. She was a natural retriever, and many a little warbler did she find that we would otherwise have lost. Her brother, Rex, was somewhat lazy and gun shy. He made an excellent camp dog, as he hated to wander. My saddle horse had become so lame and tender-footed that we were obliged to lead him, so I had to be content with sheep wagon or buckboards.

At 11 o'clock we entered the gateway of Circle Cañon, and for eight or ten miles we were hemmed in by low and picturesque walls riding beside the river under the shade of willows and birches. We had expected to find numerous new plants and birds here, but we were disappointed. Our noon was noted for the agility with which dinner was cooked and at 1:30 we were under way. At 3 o'clock we emerged from the cañon into the beautiful valley of the upper Sevier, a valley too cold for shade trees, but a splendid grazing country. At 5 o'clock my horse, which had been tied behind the sheep wagon, was discovered to be missing and Collie went back on horseback to recover the truant. He was so lame that he could scarcely walk and I determined to leave him in the first good pasture. During the delay of an hour our time was spent in shooting rabbits and prairie dogs. Of the latter we secured two fine large specimens. At 7:30 we made camp just south of Cleveland settlement by the banks of the Sevier and in sight of Panguitch, which town we hailed with a shout of delight, as here our genuine sport was to begin.

We were up with the sun on the following morning, and after a hasty breakfast all indulged in the luxury of a shave. Overalls and shooting coats gave place to the suits that had been brought for "best," and we were evidently determined to make an impression. At 7 o'clock, Doc, Andrew and I set out in the buckboard for Panguitch, leaving the rest to follow at leisure. Two miles from town we met an old pupil of mine, and it goes without saying that our accommodations were at once insured. By 11 o'clock all mail had been received and answered, my horse had been turned out to pasture and the entire outfit were enjoying themselves at Houston's home. I was too near my ideal camp to rest contented, so I told the boys to follow me up South Cañon after they had had dinner, and I would go in advance and prepare a place for them. I then took Collie's horse and Panguitch was soon in the background.

This "screed" is long for an introduction. The nine days and 210 miles of travel were somewhat monotonous to us, and may prove so to the reader; but now that is past and we are in the land of deer and only a few hours from a trout supper. Henceforth we travel less and accomplish more. SHOSHONE.

A Long Island Deer Proclamation.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Riverhead, L. I., July 30, 1895.—Public notice is hereby given that by Chapter 974 of the laws of 1895, which refers to the counties of Kings, Queens and Suffolk and to Long Island Sound, which became a law on the 7th of June, 1895, it is enacted as follows:

"SECTION 170. Shooting at, hunting with dogs or otherwise, or killing deer is prohibited for the period of two years from the passage of this act, and during a like period of every alternate two years thereafter. During the open seasons or intermediate periods of two years, deer shall not be shot at, hunted with dogs or otherwise, or killed, except from the tenth to the sixteenth day of November, both inclusive. Whoever shall violate or attempt to violate the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of one hundred dollars for each violation thereof."

It is also provided by the Penal Code, Section 15, that upon the conviction for a misdemeanor for the unlawful killing of deer, the guilty party is punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary or county jail, for not more than one year, or by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars, or by both.

Any person violating or attempting to violate the provisions of the above act will be dealt with according to law. JNO. Z. O'BRIEN, Sheriff of Suffolk County.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

AFTER TURKEYS IN THE CHOCTAW NATION.

In the very early morning of a day in last December our car was coupled on to a southbound train at Parsons, Kan., and we began the run to our point of departure from the railroad in the Choctaw Nation. We were a jolly party, drawn together by a feeling of good fellowship as well as by the love of hunting, and we knew that all kinds of good times were before us. Most of our number had hunted in the Indian Territory in former years, and some of us had come from far beyond the Mississippi for this last hunt in that land of lawlessness.

We had boarded the car late the night before, but it was not yet light when we tumbled out of our blankets and gathered in a group to look at the country through which we were passing. Then, after the manner all hunters know so well, the talk flitted gayly about—banter that recalled hunts of the past, plans that promised well for the future, discussions of the merits of various calibers, and the hundred other things that concern the sportsman. We were so occupied when the Blackstone siding was reached, and one of the party who was on the train that was robbed there the month before told the story of the "hold up." Muscogee, a few miles below, is a breakfast station, and our hunting-coated party invaded the dining-room to get the last meal we were to have from a real kitchen for many a day. One may find more peaceful places than the little town of Muscogee, but the eleven deputy U. S. marshals who were patrolling its streets with their Winchesters had a decidedly quieting effect upon the disorderly element. At that time the Bill Cook gang of outlaws was engaged in its wildest depredations, and some of the residents were nervously apprehensive that they might raid the town.



OUR CAMP.



CHOCTAW INDIAN AND "POOR WHITE" FROM ARKANSAS.

Then southward again to South McAlister, a town that presents many of the features of the Western mining camp. It is a little city of wooden buildings with unpaved streets and sidewalks of every grade. Two laws are rigidly enforced there—one against selling liquor and one prohibiting the carrying of firearms. At night especially it has a mushroom, temporary, unsettled appearance, with its ill-lighted, irregular streets and its crowds of restless men wandering aimlessly about. It is essentially a town of men; one might almost say of men only. Here our car was switched on to the old Choctaw Coal road and pulled east through the coal region to the 'Frisco road. We began to feel that at last our campaign was about to commence, and rifles were taken from their cases, cartridge belts were filled, hunting knives were whetted, and we talked more earnestly of what should be done when we struck the trail at Talihina. A two hours' wait at Wister Junction for a train on the 'Frisco gave us time to pick up a few quail on the rolling prairie near the railway. Then a south-bound local picked us up and we headed for Talihina, where we were to leave the railway and start across country for the mountains. The character of the region changed as the miles slipped away under us. It was new country to us all, even to the two Indians whom we had brought down with the hounds. Until almost evening we climbed up a grade winding between low mountains that suggested portions of the Alleghany range, and the sun had set before our car was left on the siding at Talihina. In the failing light we scurried out to get a glimpse of the town. It is not a pretty place, and it has not even the merit of cleanliness to recommend it, but in spite of all it has an atmosphere that is attractive in a way to a man from the "States." Not a bit of gay color lightens the scene. The prevailing tone is a dark slate color, even the earth has this tinge, and many of the inhabitants have the alert, death-suggesting air of the well-trained funeral director. They did not receive us cordially, or at least those only did who expected to participate in reducing our financial resources. We left no friends in Talihina, but it was through no fault of ours. That night we stayed on the car and several of the citizens spent the evening in parading up and down the track and commenting upon us. They may be good shots—we did not know—but they are not well grounded in the rules of etiquette. The town is neither large, quiet nor religious, and there is as much lawless entertainment per capita there as in any locality in the country. If the accident insurance rate is not high in Talihina it should be. Perhaps the most sincere spirit of good will to one's fellow men does not prevail, but the universal custom of carrying firearms has engendered some respect for the rights and feelings of others. This, however, is not allowed to prevent the free use of these weapons.

Shortly after sunrise we transferred our camp kit and provisions to wagons and loaded another with baled hay for the horses. In an hour we were on the march across the somewhat broken prairie under the guidance of two resident Indians. To the left lay the Winding Stair Mountains, far down to the right were the mountains of the Seven Devils, and behind us in the distance were the San Bois Mountains. Dead ahead, but not yet in sight, was our destination in the Kiamichi Mountains. At noon we stopped on the bank of a small stream, and just as the coffee began to boil a sharp-featured, brisk little man galloped up on a black horse, and the following conversation ensued with the leader of our party:

"Is your name Don?"

"Yes."

"You're leadin' this outfit?"

"Yes."

"I'm a United States Marshal and I'm after one of your party."

There are many annoying contingencies in life and arrest is not the least of them. We were disturbed, though innocent of wrongdoing. Further questioning, however, showed that it was one of our teamsters whom the law desired. We promptly admitted the marshal's greater right to the man and parted company, we keeping his team. Later developments caused us to think that the heavily armed gentleman might have arrested two of our teamsters without taking an innocent man. Before we were under way again a second deputy marshal rode in from another direction with an illicit distiller in custody. Perhaps these evidences of the power of the law should have been reassuring to us; nevertheless we felt that there was yet something to be desired in the way of peace and quiet.

All day we followed the Polk county road toward Arkansas and at night camped in a bit of heavy timber near a small creek. It was a hurriedly made camp, but a picturesque one. The big cedar logs of our fire made a brilliant circle of light in the surrounding gloom and shone brightly on the faces that clustered round and on the white tent and wagon tops. A camp on a prairie usually seems lonely and often cheerless; a camp in the mountains is sometimes almost oppressive with its sense of awe, and the gayest camp one can make is that in a heavily timbered country where great trees confine the firelight in a narrow space and throw it back upon the campers. Such was our bivouac that night.

At ten o'clock the next morning we forded the Kiamichi River and headed southeast to our camp ground. We had intended to go up into the Kiamichi Mountains, but found only one place where even a packhorse could ascend. To take the wagons up was out of the question, and so we pitched our tents in a grove of white oaks at the mountains' base, near a little stream that came tumbling down a ravine. The first half day we spent in learning the country. It presented a great diversity of kind; along the river were the prairies of the bottom land; then low hills covered here and there with cedar and oak trees; behind them rose the first long unbroken ridge of the mountains. There was joy in the camp when the first turkey was brought in; there was greater joy the day following when three more were hung up in a tree beside the cook-tent. We kicked a bit each time one of them disappeared to reappear on the table, but the cook always laughed and did it again the next day. We wanted to make a big show of game when we marched out of the wilderness; he was determined to feed us well if it took all we could shoot, and possibly our remonstrances were not altogether sincere. In spite of our appetites the game bag grew until when we broke camp thirty-two turkeys were hanging on ropes stretched from tree to tree and three deer were slung from the branches, while several fox skins that were to make rugs for far-away homes decorated neighboring saplings. We hunted bear with considerable persistence; we had the hounds out after deer; but our only good luck was with the turkeys. Not even a glimpse of a bear did we get, only two bleached skulls, from which we took the teeth to keep as souvenirs of the hunt. Now and then we stumbled on things that surprised and interested us and set our imaginations to building stories on the suggestions they offered. One such was a little "shack" in a valley near the foot of the mountains at a spot where the trampled ground and the quantity of manure showed that horse thieves had been wont to corral their stolen stock there. Perhaps, too, it had been a stopping place for the itinerant and hard hunted whisky peddler, the curse of the Indian nation. At another place nearer the river we found an old slab of stone telling that in that corner of the wilderness lay the body of a member of the Indian Council. It may be he had desired to be buried in a country as wild and primitive as that of his forefathers. If so, his wish had been fulfilled.

Breaking camp is often a mixed pleasure, and so it was as we moved out of the "Kimish." A part of our camp kit had been sent on the day before, and thus lightened we made the railroad in one day. Talihina did not welcome us, and we did not stay long there, but loaded our traps and coupled on to the first north-bound train. The last act of one of our party before leaving Talihina was to tear down and take away from a wall of the railroad station a handbill reading as follows:

$3,500 REWARD.

By authority of the Attorney General of the United States I hereby offer a reward of $250 each for the bodies of the following named outlaws, delivered to me, the reward payable on special approval of court. Deputy U. S. Marshal cannot receive the reward.

Names of outlaws: Bill Cook, Crawford Crosby, alias Cherokee Bill; Buck Wightman, alias Bitter Creek; Columbus Means, Skeeter, James French, Sam Brown, Perry Brown, Thomas Quarles, Joe Jennings, Charles Clifton, George Newton, Slaughter Kid, Bill Doolin.

Reward to be accepted in full of all expenses so far as the Government is concerned. G. J. CRUMP, U. S. Marshal.

Oct. 27, 1894.

This offer of reward by the Federal authorities gives a hint of the condition of lawlessness prevalent in the territory. In addition to the sum offered by the Government the express companies doing business in the Nation had offered rewards for the men who had taken part in the robberies in which they suffered. In some instances the totals had run up to very large sums. The various Indian governments of the "Nation" are wholly unable or unwilling to put a stop to the reign of disorder there, and the territory is to-day the resort and asylum of desperate criminals from the Alleghany Mountains to the Rockies. The act of Congress, approved March 1, 1895, providing for the establishment in the "Nation" of two additional Federal courts and the appointment of their officers, may aid in restoring quiet, but if it is not successful something else must be tried.



JACK ELLIS, DEPUTY U. S. MARSHAL.

A few miles northeast of Talihina we passed through the now notorious town of La Flore, where Silas Lewis was executed by the Choctaw authorities in November, 1894, for complicity in the killing of several men during a political row, the result of attempts of rival candidates to secure the position of Governor of the Choctaw Nation. The party to which Lewis belonged was defeated and his trial was conducted by the other faction. A death sentence was passed and he was ordered shot. The execution was deferred upon the request of President Cleveland, but at last feeling that there was no danger of Federal interference, the sentence was carried out in the most brutal manner possible. It was decided that the prisoner should be shot by one of his political enemies in accordance with Choctaw custom, and a member of the victorious political party was chosen to do it. As had been prearranged, the shot was not fatal and the condemned man did not fall. No second shot was fired, but he was thrown to the ground and strangled to death by the fingers of his political opponents. He lived thirty-two minutes. There was no pretense of a fair trial and the death was made as horrible and painful as possible.

At Wister Junction we made the acquaintance of Jack Ellis, a Deputy U. S. Marshal, who has a "record" of twelve men and a wide reputation in that country for bravery. He told us that the train we were to take north from South McAlister would probably be held up by the Cook gang near Eufala, and he was corroborated at McAlister by the conductor of the train. We did not need to be told, however, that trouble was expected, for the number of guards on the train showed that it was true. One or two at a time these well-armed U. S. marshals strolled into our car to smoke and learn of our luck in the field. They were good fellows, and one of them was carrying a bullet from "Cherokee Bill's" Winchester. The express car was only opened when absolutely necessary and then but one door at a time, while two marshals, one at each side of it, kept a careful lookout for danger.

Thus we rode on through the night and in the early morning were again at Parsons. To bed for four hours' sleep; then for those of us who were to go on east the labor of packing our personal effects, and the party disbanded—no, not yet, for before we said good-by we were all to have dinner with "Joe"—"Joe," the jolliest man in the party; "Joe," whose eggnogs were dreams in alcohol, poems in whisky; "Joe," who was never tired and whose luck in the field came late, but it came large. Once more we gathered round a table and once more we hunted the "Kimish" together in retrospect, separating in the hope that we may again come together for another hunt in the "Nation."

ALLAN HENDRICKS.

AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE.

Those who have ever spent an evening around an Adirondack camp-fire will each and every one without question put it among their pleasantest experiences and recollections. There is no place where people come into closer relationship and more congenial comradeship than when seated before the blazing pile of logs in some secluded camp.

There is something about camp-life that sweeps away the conventional bars and barriers of modern social life, and brings out the inner man and his personality. Living in the close companionship of every-day life, being seen under all circumstances, little traits of character come to light and one is "sized up" very correctly. The utter simplicity of the mode of living, the share and share alike methods, the bearing and forbearing that are so necessary for peace, the absolute freedom from the outside world, all tend to give insight into character such as cannot be obtained elsewhere, and to bring people closer than they can ever come in the rush and whirl of city life. Away from the feverish excitement, far from the noise and roar of the city, close to the heart of nature, in the sweetness and purity of the mountain air, the veneer of conventional restriction is worn off and a man becomes in a degree like his environments, perfectly natural. So the social intercourse of camp-life, where the party is made up of congenial souls, is pure and sweet, and the friendships formed are as lasting as the eternal hills amid which they are made.

But the truly delicious hours of a sojourn in the woods are those spent around the fire. When the day's work is over, the guns cleaned and the various simple details of living attended to, the banjos tuned and the "briar-woods" lit, then comes the climax to all the joys of a day in camp.

The back log is rolled up, some fragrant cedar split for kindling, the hardwood sticks put on and the fire is ready. As it blazes and snaps the flames leap up, the outside world grows dark until nothing is seen beyond the little circle of light but the moon sailing over the pine treetops. On every face lit up by the glow of the fire there is a look of contentment, on every lip a smile.

For a while each one sits in silence, for there is something almost awe-inspiring in the great veil of darkness that envelops the camp. The great busy workaday world with its joys and sorrows, its riches and its poverty, its successes and disappointments, seems so far away, and the peace and quiet of the forest seem so near to heaven.

The only sounds to mar the stillness are the hoarse croaking of a frog on the shore, the wild weird cry of a loon on the lake or the solemn hoot of an owl in a neighboring pine.

As the fire grows warmer and the pipes roll out clouds of fragrant smoke, each one seems to wake from his reverie, and soon the conversation becomes general and spirited. Each one has his share of hunting or fishing experiences to relate, and one realizes the old saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction." From one to another it goes, from grave to gay, from sober truth to unvarnished fiction. Snatches of song and bursts of joyous laughter from time to time make the forest ring, and the fire crackles merrily, as if it desired to express its enjoyment of this jovial good-fellowship around it. There is a genuineness about these fireside festivities that seems sweet and refreshing to the city bred man after his winter's round of "society events."

Soon the pipes are out, the last story told, and one by one, tired from the day's exertions, the campers "turn in." The last one to go gives the fire a gentle shaking up and then joins the row of blanketed forms stretched out on the fragrant balsam boughs. Left to itself, the fire gently snaps and sings, until nothing is left but a bed of glowing embers, while lulled by the music of the wind in the pines and the gentle lapping of the waves on the shore the wearied sleepers are resting for the morrow's sport. The frog sits silent in his marshy home, the loon is sleeping on the gentle wave, and over all is silent peace, so calm and sweet. Away beyond yonder dark mountains is the world of strife and discord, but here in nature's solitude one seems to feel a foretaste of heaven's peace, that peace which passeth understanding.

There is no experience that is as sweet to the man whose nerves are jarred and jaded from the wear and tear of our modern city life as such a night in camp. One is surprised to see how much pleasure can be found in simple amusement, and realizes how foolish the endless rushing for excitement in society life is. Given a good camp, plenty of duffle, and two or three congenial spirits to share them, a man can work out more solid enjoyment than in a whole season of balls and parties.

After a summer's jaunt in the woods a man looks back longingly on those quiet evenings around the fire, and all his life long the memory will come back to him, and in his dreams he will see again that firelit circle with its merry voices and happy faces. In fancy he will live over again those careless, happy hours when with rod and gun he roamed the wilderness in search of sport and health.

M. J. DURYEA.

BUCK MOUNTAIN POINT, Long Lake, N. Y.

Natural History.

MRS. AND MR. OUSEL.

FOR as many years as I can remember, fly-fishing has been one of my hobbies; and keeping my eyes and ears open for bird life on the creeks and rivers part of the pleasures of the sport.

Necessarily in such situations the water ousel has come in for a good share of my habit of observation. I have watched closely their feeding habits and have endeavored to learn something of their domestic life, with what success you will see, as I have found two nests in rather singular situations, so I think.

Seven years ago, while industriously wading Cedar River, in King county, I noticed an ousel fly to the limb of an alder, which extended out over the river. That struck me as being rather a singular proceeding, and I decided to investigate. The limb was about eight inches in diameter, had been broken off, and was dead for about four feet from the end and partially decayed. As I came close to it I noticed a hole about on the level with my face and about ten inches from the end of the limb. The hole apparently had been made by a woodpecker. As I approached, Mrs. Ousel flew out. Looking inside what was my surprise and delight to find three baby ousels, as snug as you please. After feasting my eyes on the first nest and young of that queer bird it had ever been my pleasure to find, I came away fully resolved to see more of them, which I did several times afterward.

The other nest was discovered on Bear River, in this county, on June 8 last. Having walked up stream for about five miles, without seeing anything of much interest but elk, bear and deer sign, I started to fish down, and had fished perhaps a mile when I saw an ousel flying toward me. Standing still in hopes that it would come close to me, I was rewarded by having it light not over 20ft. away. I noticed then for the first time that it was carrying something white in its mouth. Ha ha, my beauty, a nest somewhere; you shall be watched until you go home. To my left at a distance of about 6ft. were the upturned roots of a giant fir, with the body of the tree lying up the river. Mrs. Ousel would run up the bank for a few feet, then stop and eye me; a few feet further and another look; until she was about 8ft. from me, and there she stood for at least two minutes. To my intense surprise the white thing in her mouth was a tiny trout—surprise, because I was not aware that they caught fish. Suddenly she made up her mind that I was all right, and sprang up into the roots of the fir, returning in perhaps ten seconds, but without the fish. Stepping to the root it took but a minute to discover the nest snugly ensconced in a hole formed by the interlacing of some of the smaller rootlets. It was lined with grass and had all the appearance of being warm and comfortable, and contained three little ousels just about ready to fly. They looked at me with as much curiosity as I did at them and did not appear to be the least bit afraid.

Now here is another curious thing about their feeding habits. Situated on Cedar River, about twenty miles from Seattle, there was a dam, at the foot of the dam an apron. When the river was low in the fall of the year, while endeavoring to get over the dam, salmon would run on to this apron, where they became an easy prey to the neighboring population. When an overripe female was struck, some eggs would squirt out, and of course would sink, resting on this apron, and whirling around in the little eddies, where the water was say 8 or 10in. deep and with little current. When a salmon egg is dead it turns a whitish pink. Noticing the ousels diving there several times, investigation prompted by curiosity led me to get in the brush on the bank and watch them, and to all appearances they were having a lovely time diving for those eggs, and I presume feeding them to their young, for after every successful dive the possessor of the choice morsel would immediately fly off with it.

Mr. and Mrs. Ousel are queer little folk with queer little ways, and well worth watching as a side issue to the pleasures of enticing the wary trout from his pool and riffle.

JIM MAC.

SHOAL WATER BAY, Wash.

A Free Country.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This is surely a free country, where every man can do as he pleases so long as he complies with the law; and our laws are so liberal that no man should want to violate them, and if he is much of a man he won't.

Here we can have any kind of a gun we want. Those of us who want to carry a 10 or even 16lbs. gun can do so, while others want to carry as light a gun as the manufactories turn out. And as to the different calibers, there will always be a difference of opinion among sportsmen.

For quite a number of years I carried a heavy rifle, and wanted the largest cartridge I could get after I got to using breechloaders. But for the last twenty years I have used a 7½lbs. rifle and a small cartridge, and I do better than I used to with a heavy one. In a hard day's tramp on the mountains a pound or two makes a big difference. Take it when a man is five or six miles from camp and the sun has gone down. He gets very tired of his gun, especialy if it is a 10 or 12-pounder. He has to carry it on his shoulder; he cannot take it in first one hand, then the other, or run it through his arms across his back. No matter how much his shoulder may ache there he must keep it.

I have often been asked what kind of a rifle I like best. I invariably tell them. I practice what I preach. They can see my two rifles. I would not have any other kind. For big game I keep a .38-55, and for small game a .22, long cartride.

And so it is in regard to the different kinds of game. If any man wants to believe there is a family of fantail deer, or mule deer; cinnamon, brown, black, pine-nut, grizzly, silver-tip, baldface, white, polar or any other kind of bear; or two kinds of panther or cougar, mountain lion or catamount, he can do so.

All we want is for him to believe it.

I have killed a good many fantailed deer, from the Cimmaron to the Bitter Root. Among those I have never killed a buck or an old doe. The tails on the yearlings and even two-year-olds seem to have attained their full growth and reach nearly to the hock. The hair, when it is prime, is 6 or 7in. long. When they run with their tails up, which they usually do, it makes quite a fan, one a foot and a half long and over one foot wide.

Now the blacktail deer from the Cimmaron to the British line, I think, are the same deer. The yearling's ears are as large as they ever get; and take a yearling or a fawn in the winter and from its color and the size of its ears most every one thinks they are a different deer.

So it is with the bear. I have killed quite a number, but not much of a variety—the black and the grizzly. Yet I have never been so fortunate as to find one that was not a rank coward and would get away if it could. Bears will run further when they get the scent of a hunter than any animal that has been hunted by

LEW WILMOT.

A Man-Eating Shark Fake.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The question whether there are man-eating sharks in the bays and waters off the New Jersey coast is a matter of interest to fishermen in this locality. It therefore behooves us to investigate all sensational stories of attacks by sharks on men, and sift them down to a basis of truth.

In the daily papers of Aug. 3 there were varying accounts of an attack in Raritan Bay by a shark on a man. The following are two of the statements published concerning the occurrence:

Philadelphia Times.

Rescued from a shark. A man jumps to the aid of a companion whom the monster had dragged overboard. Special telegram to the *Times*. New Brunswick, Aug. 2. While out rowing in Raritan Bay to-day Elias Turner, of Woodbridge, was pulled overboard by a shark. His hand was trailing in the water when the man-eater grabbed him. Jacob Van Hess, a companion, plunged overboard with a sheath knife, and after a desperate struggle drove the shark away and rescued Turner from his perilous position.

Philadelphia Press.

Seized by a shark. Elias Turner pulled out of a boat by a man-eater. Seized his arm, which was trailing in the water, and broke it in two places. Special dispatch to the *Press*. New Brunswick, Aug. 2. Jacob Van Hess and Elias Turner, of Woodbridge, had a thrilling experience to-day with a shark. They were rowing in Raritan Bay, and Turner fell asleep with his left arm trailing in the water. He was suddenly awakened by a fierce tug at his arm, and before Van Hess could hasten to his assistance he was pulled overboard by a big man-eater. Van Hess quickly dived to the assistance of his companion. With a sharp knife he attacked the shark, and after stabbing it repeatedly caused the man-eater to release his hold on Turner. Then he got Turner in the boat and rowed ashore. Turner was suffering severely from the rough treatment he received. The shark caught his left arm, which had been broken, and fractured it a second time.

The New York *World* amplifies the shark story and tells it with great detail.

Feeling interested in getting at the truth, I made inquiry through friends located at New Brunswick and Woodbridge, who I knew would investigate the matter thoroughly. They have done so with the usual result of finding no foundation in fact for the story.

One of my friends writes: "I have thoroughly investigated the shark story, and I am fully satisfied that there is absolutely nothing in it. It originated in the mind of a newspaper reporter."

Another says: "I have investigated the subject matter contained in the inclosed clippings, and find to my satisfaction that it is all a fake, or a joke on some one, presumably a reporter. While at this season there are many large sharks off Sewaren and Boynton's Beach (one having been caught measuring abour 8ft. long), and hundreds of men, women and children are bathing there, no one has heard of anything of the kind."

H. S. D.

The Gray Wolf in Tennessee.

BROWNSVILLE, Tenn.—I have been much interested in the snake controversy, and am glad the horn brood has been represented in other sections. I am satisfied that we are not to furnish the one to split the wagon tongue. A moccasin nipped my finger while I was fishing in June, but beyond a terrible scare little damage was done.

There are several of us who would like an answer through your columns as to whence comes a species of large gray wolf which in the last four years has taken possession of our river bottoms and seems to have gone to permanent housekeeping. Twenty-five years since the small black wolf was exterminated, and now, as though dropping from the sky, comes this gray monster that none of our dogs can successfully tackle; in fact, for a dog to leave the pack a few yards in a chase is always fatal. This creature has little fear of man, and renders his range useless as a place to raise stock or hogs. Perhaps some correspondent can tell us what he is, whence he comes, and what of him, and why he has waited for this late day to make his appearance, for until very recent years we knew him not. Good luck to the paper and its correspondents—may the tribe increase.

BENJ. C. MILES.

Bluebird's Nest in an Electric Lamp.

BREWER, Me.—The prospect for game this fall is good. A plenty of deer, some moose and a few caribou are reported. Small birds have been extremely scarce. I have seen but one bluebird this whole season and this one built in a singular place, in the shade of an electric lamp. English sparrows often do this, but I never knew of any other bird doing so.

MANLY HARDY.

Birds and Insects.

BROWNSVILLE, Tenn.—I have noted with much interest the reports in several issues of the scarcity of summer birds in the North. "Von W." recently calls attention to the great number of insects in his section, and imputes their presence to the absence of the birds. I have been, in an amateur way, a student of our birds for thirty years, and I never saw as many in our forests and fields; half of them are total strangers to me; never saw such before and don't know whence they come. Of catbirds, robins and several others which are familiar I have never seen such numbers as have mated with us. I have heretofore been attributing their stay to our immense crop of fruit. I had noted before the absence of insects, and was seeking for the cause, when "Von W.'s" article appeared, which is a satisfactory explanation, and I am certain the birds' presence is accountable for the insects' absence. Could any argument for bird protection be stronger?

B. C. M.

The Deer's Cry.

IT is a good while that I have been sending random scrawls to FOREST AND STREAM, and very rarely in that time have I needed to "wrassle" with the printer. But as I am interested in the question propounded in a recent letter (issue of Aug. 10), I write to knock out a negative which got in "unbeknownst." A shot which renders a deer helpless, in the matter of escape, is the one which, according to my observation, usually makes him bawl. The master Tennyson suggests something of the same kind in "Enid":

> "Sent forth a sudden sharp and bitter cry,
> As of a wild thing taken in the trap,
> Which sees the trapper coming through the wood."

A calf, too, will bleat when frightened by dogs or otherwise, even though not hurt. AZTEC.

MEXICO.

Game Birds at Home.

WABASHA, Minn., Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through the courtesy of the author I have lately received a copy of "Game Birds at Home," so favorably mentioned in your issue of Aug. 10. The work has a peculiar interest to me, more particularly for the reason that I was the author's companion in many hunting trips in this vicinity about twenty-five years ago, when the pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse were in abundance, and Bob White's merry whistle was heard in even our door yards. And never shall I forget some of the wonderful shooting done by the author, for as an all-round wing shot I have never met his superior. And many were the points I learned from him that were of great benefit to me in later years. I also "am satisfied that my lot was cast in the nineteenth century." H. B. JEWELL.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME SHOOTING RANGE.

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your issue of Aug. 17 contains an article by "Dick of Connecticut" in which he accuses me of acting in a manner neither "humane nor sportsmanlike," also of committing an "odious" act. Now, with all due deference to Master "Dick" I think he might have let me down a little easier, seeing that I have such a mistaken idea of sport from his standpoint. Might I ask our friend if he ever shot a moose; if in fact he ever went moose hunting. I would almost wager not.

Again, is the aim of the sportsman in his part of the country to shoot game for food? In this part of the country it is the lumbermen and market-hunters who shoot their game for food purposes. Whenever Nova Scotian sportsmen go hunting they take sufficient food from home to render the precarious supply of moose meat unnecessary. I would honestly be sorry for "Dick" if he was landed in the woods with only a moose, which he had not yet shot, to feed upon.

He says I could have no certainty of hitting the moose 200yds. off when it was running away through cover. Now, our boys here have a fringe of bushes and low spruces, above and through which the animal was plainly visible for a length of time, which enabled me to fire two shots at him, and I have practiced long and faithfully with my rifle so as to take just such shots as the one in question, and I am so far confident of myself that I am reasonably sure of hitting very close to my mark; and in this particular instance I did hit him; and according to my guide's opinion the shot had entered one side of the animal and come out of his breast in front. He says he could tell by the color of the two patches of hair, mentioned in my article of Aug. 10. It thus went through the lung and would kill, although not instantly; the moose could well travel ten miles.

During the calling season it is more often the case than not that you need to shoot your moose by moonlight, anywhere between 8 P. M. and 6 A. M., at say 50yds. away. Now I defy anyone to make a sure shot in such precarious light at even a shorter distance than 50yds. And yet "Dick" can hardly call his own countrymen, numbers of whom have shot their moose under exactly similar conditions, unsportsmanlike.

Can the New England sportsmen, who go "floating" for deer, be more sure of their shot, if even so sure?

Another exuse still, I know men who have spent season after season in the woods trying for their moose, and have never had a chance for years (one man, I know, spent seven consecutive years); and yet when a chance presents itself, must they, for the sake of being humane and sportsmanlike, refrain from shooting, unless they are absolutely sure of their shot? Oh! I would like to see "Dick" under just such conditions. I know men who would be so rattled at the sight of the game that they could scarcely hit the side of a house at 50yds.

He compares sport here with sport in Europe. Now, deer hunting in Scotland is all the experience I have of European sport, and it cannot be compared to moose hunting. Why, I remember, when as a boy I was living near the estate of the Duke of Argyle, seeing deer almost on the roadside, and all they cared for us would be to move on a little, and again commence to feed. I would much like to see a moose act so.

And to justify shooting at a second moose, when we already had one, I would only say there were two in the party and we naturally each wanted our head to take home.

I was hunting on one occasion with a man who shot a moose which was so well concealed by the surrounding foliage that the only visible portion was one ear, moving back and forward. He shot and killed that moose.

Mr. C. M. Stark, of Dunbarton, N. H., whose numerous articles in *our* journal are so much appreciated, and who is, I believe, an acknowledged sportsman, shot a moose under circumstances precisely similar to the case in point: and I think I can rely on him to uphold my action.

I must deny most emphatically the assertion that I fired at my moose, as "Dick" says, from a spirit of mere wantonness, also that "the moose shot at was out of the range established by humane reasoning or the conventions of sportsmanship." If "Dick" has ever hunted either moose or caribou, he must know how often your only chance of getting your animal lies in your ability to shoot and kill at distances up to 500yds., and occasionally further even than that.

In "Dick's" article he quotes me as "confessing" to this, that and the next thing. I confessed nothing in my article. I stated facts, and facts of which I am not yet ashamed. He expresses surprise that I uttered no "word of regret." Pray, what had I to regret? I was happy, very happy, in having killed one moose, any way, for that season.

I can close my reply on the same terms as did "Dick," with a wish to hear the views of other sportsmen on the subject; and if any (who have some experience, mind you) speak, we will see what we shall see. TIAM.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading your number of Aug. 17 I notice a comment or criticism of "Tiam" in his "A Moose Paradise" by one signed "Dick of Connecticut." This sporting gentleman expounds or promulgates, or rather advocates, very fine principles. But where on this God-favored globe will you find a human being, sportsman or no sportsman, who will not shoot at a wild moose in the woods when he jumps one, providing he has not got the buck ague so badly that cannot shoot? Mr. "Dick of Connecticut" asks for the opinions of the sportsmen upon the propriety of "Tiam's" action. Has Mr. "Dick of Connecticut" ever run up against a moose in the woods? If so, did he shoot at it? If he did not, why did he not shoot at it? If you ask me to solve this problem I would say if he did not shoot it was because he had the buck ague so badly that he could not pull the trigger.

I am neither philosopher nor critic, but human nature is the same the whole world over. I have hunted almost all kinds of game included in the furred, feathered and amphibious tribes that inhabit this grand old country of ours. I never jumped an animal of any game variety when I was hunting in proper season that I did not shoot at it, and do my darned level best to kill it. Now, the idea of spurting about a man jumping a moose and shooting at it just because he had one down is preposterous. "Dick of Connecticut" or any other mortal would have done just as "Tiam" did.

I journeyed through the Yellowstone Park in '93 with a party of fellow hunters and you can bet your last shilling that I gave my rifle into the safe custody of Uncle Sam's representatives, the bonny boys of the 6th Cavalry. I could have allowed them to seal it with a little string or piece of tape and sealing wax with the holy and awe-inspiring insignia of the United States of America on it, but I was fearful lest that might not answer the purpose. I was well convinced that my lack of confidence in myself was well taken during my trip through the park, as on one occasion when I walked up within 50yds. of a beautiful silver-tipped wolf. This was the most beautiful creature I ever saw in the woods. I knew his fur was very valuable. I was twenty-five miles from the nearest soldiers' encampment; so do you think that piece of linen tape with sealing wax and the United States seal would have remained long on my trusty rifle? Not much! all would have disappeared in half the time it took to put it there, bang would have gone my gun and I would have been the possessor of a rare specimen. The fur of a silver-tip wolf, almost as valuable now as the hide of a silver-tip bear. As the old saying goes, "Man proposes and God disposes." You cannot tell just what you would do until the drama is over.

Is not that true, reader? A. B. WINGFIELD.

A Tale of Woe and Praise.

LEXINGTON, Greene County, N. Y., Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To be laid up and have your head bandaged while all around the reports of guns are heard is a lesson in patience. Such is my luck just now. The partridge season has opened, and thanks to you, Mr. Editor, for your kind and prompt answer. For the benefit of those who might find themselves in similar difficulties some day I will just tell my tale of woe and praise.

Some time in July I went up into the Catskills to spend my summer vacation and to do a little shooting if possible. For, having read in the *Game Laws in Brief* that the law was off partridges Aug. 16, I figured out that I would have about two weeks of shooting, having to be back in the city Sept. 1.

As soon as I arrived I started out without gun to locate the birds, so that I would afterward know where to look for them. This I kept up for three weeks, and had found quite a number of coveys. On the morning of Aug. 15—the day before the open season—I was informed by the supervisor of the town of Lexington that the board of supervisors had passed a law last year to change the law on partridges so that the open season would commence Sept. 14 instead of Aug. 15. The printed records of the board were brought as proof, and there it was—black on white. When I asked the supervisor what the reason could be for this change he answered innocently, "We don't want the summer boarders to shoot our partridges," I ventured to ask the gentleman to publish that in his advertisement, so that they might know before what they had to expect.

Now, here I was and what should I do? Should I go out shooting the next day and run the risk of being arrested. Thinking it over and over, I finally concluded to wire to the headquarters of the sportsmen, and that I did. Four hours had hardly elapsed when I received the following dispatch: "Aug. 15.—Partridge season opens 12 o'clock midnight to-night.—FOREST AND STREAM."

That settled it. The supervisor said he had no objection. The other townspeople, who had heard of the dispute and had come to hear the answer of FOREST AND STREAM, allowed when they heard it that it must be so after all; and I—well, I went hunting the next morning; and when I held my first partridge of the season in my hand I thought if a partridge could be sent to New York as fast as a telegram this nice fat bird would go to FOREST AND STREAM, "the headquarters of the sportsmen."

REV. E. C. J. KEARLING.

[As set forth in the *Brief* the New York game law now in force repeals all county supervisors' special laws, those of Greene county included.]

NEW ENGLAND SHORE NOTES.

BOSTON, Aug. 22.—Shore bird shooting is better. One or two very good flights of summer yellowlegs have been seen in the vicinity of Plum and Castle Islands, at the mouth of the Ipswich River, and some of the gunners have made one or two good hauls. Mr. Harry Powers, of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, with his friend Mr. Dodd, was out the other day in their stand on Castle Island. They had out their decoys and were looking for yellowlegs. Soon a big flock came in sight, but very high up in the air. The hunters did their best at calling, but soon saw that the birds had stopped in a bewildered sort of a manner. Another caller's shrill whistle was evidently bothering the birds. They soon settled down, however, in the direction of another stand, where the other calls came from. Two shots were given as soon as the birds had touched the water, and two more barrels as they rose and turned. It was plain to Mr. Powers and his friend that the other gunners had made a splendid shot and taken a good many birds. But the flock was broken up and bewildered. Two stray birds came down and were secured by the defeated gunners, who then went along to learn of the success of the gunners at the other stand. They found whom they expected: Mr. Charles Canterbury with his friend Mr. Henry, both of Boston. Mr. Canterbury is regarded as an expert gunner, and he does a good deal of it. It is said of him that he has made shore birds more of a study than almost any other man in Boston, and that he can call almost any game bird that is ever to be found in the sections where he guns.

In the above instance Mr. Powers says that it was a beautiful sight to see the flock of yellowlegs called out of the air, and then, with their two barrels each, for the two gunners to take seventeen birds out of the flock. It seemed to be a case of pure skill. It was evident that the birds were old ones, from the fact that the flight is not the first one, which was due in that vicinity as early as July 15. The flight has been further seen. Mr. Claude H. Tarbox, with his friend Charlie Bailey, have had shots at the same birds on Plum Island, where they have stands. They secured ten birds the first time out. But the crack bag out of the flock has just been made. Mr. Tarbox saw a gunner get on to the train a few mornings later, with a bundle of birds that he estimated to contain from seventy-five to one hundred. The gunner he did not know, but as he came evidently from the shooting grounds near the mouth of the Ipswich River, there was no doubt about the identity of the flock. On Wednesday Harry Powers's wife wrote him that the gunners had got ten more of the birds at Castle Island. He calculates that the flock will stay around for some days, and he will get another pull at them if possible.

Massachusetts Quail and Maine Grouse.

There are reports of a good many quail in Massachusetts. The gunners believe that the close time during the whole of the year 1894 has been productive of good results, and they are anxiously looking forward to the the 15th of October, the beginning of the legal open season. A number of broods are mentioned in Reading and in Stoneham. In the western part of the State also a number of broods are located. The woods of Plymouth county are mentioned as having more quail this year than usual. Partridge, or ruffed grouse, are scarce, if all reports are true; at least the birds have not been seen. Not so in Maine, however. Reports for partridge shooting in that State are very favorable thus far. I have letters from one or two guides in the Rangeley region, and both mention that partridges have not been as plenty for several years. A gentleman who has been up the Penobscot for a long distance, on business that took him into the woods a good deal, tells me that he saw more partridges than he has ever seen before on trips of the same nature. SPECIAL.

The Duck-egg Fake.

NOT long ago FOREST AND STREAM published what appeared to be a reasonably complete refutation of the reports of great destruction of wildfowl eggs in the Northwest for commercial purposes. These reports have been industriously circulated, apparently backed by good authority, to the effect that millions of duck and other wildfowl eggs were gathered in Alaska and the British possessions and from there shipped to eastern points for manufacture into egg albumen cake. Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, in a speech favoring an appropriation for investigating the subject, reiterated the charge in strong terms, and the National Game, Fish and Bird Protective Association earnestly backed up the demand for Congressional action. The inquiry of FOREST AND STREAM extended to agents of all the transportation companies, the various revenue collectors and others, who deny that any shipments of eggs have been made, or that there is any foundation whatever for the story. But now comes the Seattle *Argus* with an emphatic reiteration of the charges and a promise to gather proofs. Upon the face of the returns so far reported FOREST AND STREAM has the best of the argument. Evidence and not talk will be required to change that aspect of the case. If it exists it should be forthcoming.—*Road and Inn.*

Loose Hounds and Rabbits.

WHITE HOUSE, N. J., Aug. 19.—Jno. Burdette living in this place keeps two hound dogs. They have been and are allowed to run at will and have been killing rabbits in this section all summer. Will you please refer this to the game protector of this State or advise me what to do to get rid of them. C. W. DAGGETT.

[Communicate with the Fish and Game Commission, whose president is H. P. Frothingham, Mount Arlington, N. J.]

SOME HUNTING NOTES.

[Continued from page 71.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some weeks ago I stated in these columns that local white hunters and Indians kill deer the year round in Michigan.

I neither meant that the hunters kill all the deer, nor that all the hunters kill deer; but I have it pretty straight that deer are killed in the closed season in Michigan. And in support of the statement I have some evidence of my own. I chanced one day to see at some distance through the brush a small object that reflected the sun's rays like a mirror. On investigation I found it to be a large lard can buried to within 2in. of the top in the earth and water and covered with hay and weeds held down by some chunks of wood. Removing the covering and lid, I found about one-half of a deer. The cache was at the edge of the timber near the railroad and about a mile from a station house which was occupied by the section crew. The section foreman is not there now, and I will take the liberty of repeating his statement to the effect that he kept venison in that can the summer through. He shot mostly after night, by shining. He said he liked his venison fresh. Yes, we all do; and we had fresh venison for supper on the day mentioned in my last, and venison for breakfast on the following morning. Then for a day or two I loitered about camp, taking my inning at camp work, and fishing for a change.

One of the essential qualifications of a true sportsman, I hold, is to be able to cook a good meal. I cannot therefore be accused of boasting when I say that my hunting party has never found it necessary to employ a cook nor a guide.

It was about this time of the hunt that Sam had some experiences that were not as amusing to him as they were to us. He shot a doe out in what, for a better name, we call a dry lake, knocking her down. Her two fawns, which were near, ran up to her, but scampered into the brush when a ball from Sam's gun whizzed near one of them. Sam leisurely walked around to where the doe had fallen, but when he got there he saw only the print of her body in the moss and weeds. He had creased her, and she had recovered and run off into the forest while he was looking in another direction. On another occasion he shot at a doe, and judging from her actions that she was wounded, he thought he would profit by past experience and keep her in sight. So he ran after her until winded before being convinced that he could not outrun a deer.

Nat and Charley enjoyed fishing, and in lieu of a boat they drifted around on the lake on a raft. While anchored in about 4ft. of water, and discussing some amusing subject, Charley's risibles got the better of him and he staggered against Nat and knocked him off the raft. Though a dealer in clothing and dry goods, Charley kept on laughing, while Nat climbed back on the raft like a half-drowned rat.

There were some very fine brook trout in Witch Lake, the outlet of which ran into the Michigamme River; but as it was the close season for trout we did not fish for them. One old fellow, that I judge would weigh 3lbs., drew a ball from my Winchester one day while we were crossing the lake. He was jumping after flies; and it might interest the anglers who are discussing leaping bass to know that I had time to bring my gun to my shoulder and catch a pretty fair bead on him while he was above water.

Pine squirrels were very plentiful around camp, and when any one felt inclined he picked up the Flobert rifle and tried his hand on them, partly for sport and partly because these little squirrels make a very appetizing dish when properly cooked. Sometimes we stewed a potful of them, then thickened the broth with flour and milk (condensed milk dissolved in broth or warm water). At other times we filled our largest frying-pan and kept water on them until stewed tender; then they were allowed to stew dry, at which period butter was added, and they came to the table fried brown. This is our favorite way of cooking grouse and rabbit also.

Bread and butter will keep fresh for weeks in this region in September and October. Simply pack the bread in a close box, the butter in tin pails, and set away from the fire. Though the middle of the day was so warm as to bring blow flies in numbers, we had sweet, solid butter and fresh, spongy bread which we had brought from home.

One morning, while crossing the railroad for a bucket of water, Reube discovered the tracks of four deer that had passed along in the night, and had stopped opposite our tents and over 40ft. distant to take a look at our outfit. A passing freight interrupted their nocturnal visit, and gave them quite a chase up the road.

As our first week was drawing to a close Nat, Charley, Sam and I concluded to make a drive hunt in the hope that some of the less experienced might get a shot at deer. I was at the right of the line, moving slowly along, when a shot from Charley's gun was followed by his voice shouting, "George, a bear, a bear!"

I thought he said deer, and seeing a high ridge in front, quickened my pace in order to reach its summit, naturally supposing the deer would wind me and pass beyond the ridge. I had taken but a few steps, when hearing a twig break I looked to the left and saw a black bear coming straight toward me. He was about 60yds. distant as he emerged from some brush, and as I quartered around and brought my gun to shoulder he saw me, and turning to the left gave me a running shot at his right shoulder. I was surprised to see how fast he could run, and also at my inability to stop him, for, though I got five shots in all, and felt sure from the way he winced that I hit him more than once, he passed across my front and got into a gully and then into a large cedar swamp, leaving only a quantity of his blood on some weeds he passed through. I never wanted to fight so badly as I did then, and right there I denounced the American black bear as a cowardly cur.

The next morning I started out alone for a still-hunt. I followed an old wagon supply road that wound around Witch Lake until I came to the edge of an extensive burned area and found myself on the top of a hill. To my right the hill sloped off into a kind of ravine, and there met a wooded hill that lay beyond. While looking in that direction I saw a portion of a deer move behind some bushes. After watching for some moments I concluded it had probably lain down, and as the distance was too great for my .38 Winchester and the wind was in my favor, I decided I would try to slip up on it—or down, rather, for I was above it and could get a running shot any moment it broke cover. Keeping my eye on its hiding-place I carefully approached to within about 150yds. and stopped on a large flat rock that lay on a level on the hillside. Here I took my stand, determined to wait for something to stir that deer up. I had waited twenty or thirty minutes when the report of a gun in the forest beyond was answered by some persons hallooing in the same direction. Presently I heard them again, and much nearer. The deer, however, clung to his cover until longer delay was dangerous, when he came loping up the hill toward me. When about 150yds. distant he bore off to my right, keeping in the edge of the woods. I let him come until he was nearly opposite and about 60yds. distant, then whistled at him, intending if he did not stop to commence shooting. When he heard my whistle he stopped and threw up his head to locate the noise, but I had a bead on his shoulder, and when my gun cracked he fell. The hunters who drove him to me were from a camp some miles away, and were of that noisy kind that scare up plenty of game, but kill very little of it. This deer went to camp on a stretcher the same as the former one, and again venison steak had its place along with fish, fowl, squirrel, rabbit, beans, potatoes, onions, cabbage, etc.

George and I found a number of grouse in a thicket between two lakes one afternoon and I picked the first head at just thirty-nine steps. I felt a little proud over that shot and when another bird became confused and lit on a small log about 25yds. from me I did not take much interest in it until I saw George, who was off to my right, draw up his .38 Colt's to shoot at it. The effect of that shot was a perfect panorama on a small scale as it impressed itself on my vision. There stood the perfect bird, and as I looked intently at its head I saw a small puff of atoms resembling smoke, then for an instant the headless bird stood as erect and rigid as before.

A few days before breaking camp I got a shot at a fawn across a bit of prairie or dried up lake and killed it. I stepped the distance 169 steps. As it happened none of the other hunters killed a deer on this hunt, though they had some adventures and bushels of fun.

The day before breaking camp I went out for grouse, saw six and shot the heads off five of them. And toward evening of the following day, when a couple of our boys returned from the station with our tickets countersigned and stamped and checks for our baggage, we piled the trunks by the railroad track, signaled the through train for Chicago, boarded her and bid farewell for a twelvemonth to our camp on Witch Lake.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Kewanee Freezer Case.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 24.—The information in regard to the last stages of the Kewanee freezer case is covered by a dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune*, which states: "In the Criminal Court a jury found H. Clay Merritt, the game dealer, guilty of but 161 counts of the 27,000 contained in the information filed by State's Attorney Graves, of Geneseo. The defense immediately entered a motion for a new trial, but the motion was overruled by Judge A. R. Mock, when Merritt's fine was fixed at $5 per bird, making a total of $805. This was the least fine that could be fixed, the maximum being $25 per bird. By this verdict Merritt is freed from all danger of having to pay the enormous fines, amounting to $675,000, which Game Warden Blow hoped to have imposed upon him."

Warden Blow didn't hope anything of the kind. If Warden Blow hoped or wanted to have Merritt fined, why didn't he prosecute him on that basis in the first place? The truth is, Warden Blow has mishandled this whole business, and now sees it brought to an inglorious and unsuccessful end.

The appeal in the original case still pends in the Circuit Court and should come up this fall. The game in storage was replevined and is now under bond, Merritt being in this conditional possession of it. It is therefore not the case now that Merritt will be prosecuted further, as has been erroneously stated (as usual) in a local sporting paper. All that can be done on that appeal case is to determine the ownership of that game, and a shrewd guesser might think that Merritt is now out of the worst of his trials. The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association has had its great chance on the cold storage question, and it has let it go. Opportunity does not usually knock twice at any man's door. The record of this Association, composed of internal dissension and lack of harmony, of misunderstandings and of apathetic indifference, furnishes opportunity for comment which one would be loath to make.

Minnesota Protectors.

Wilkin county, Minnesota, has a game protective association which has done good work. I think the members of it are the right sort, for they are this week trying to find and punish some tough "sports" who have been shooting the tame chickens of the local farmers. The grade of sportsmanship is higher than it once was. To-day everyone knows that no man is a sportsman who is not also a gentleman.

Fate of The Prairie Chicken.

Mr. C. E. Grun, of Pipestone, Minn., has some timely comment on the prairie chicken supply, which I give as he has written it. It is not apt to be true that the birds are everywhere so scarce as in the locality mentioned, but it undoubtedly is that if the past methods of market butchers and so called "sportsmen" be continued, the pinnated grouse is doomed to practical extinction, just as much as the wild pigeon. Mr. Grun says:

"I would like to say a few words through FOREST AND STREAM about our native bird the prairie chicken. The State law of South Dakota expired Aug. 15 and was looked to as a great day for our local sportsmen, as it is only seven miles to the State line, and guns, dogs, etc., were in great demand. Those who went were greatly disappointed, and I happened to be one of the unfortunate ones to go.

"The morning of the 15th found us in the beautiful stubble fields of South Dakota at 6 o'clock, and our dog came to a stand after running only about half an hour. We supposed by his actions he had a nice large covey, but upon walking up only three birds rose, one old one and two little fellows about as big as quail. We then drove on and went over thirty miles—in fact, we hunted all day through the most favorite places for chickens, where last year I found from three to five coveys, but not another bird did we find that day.

"Where are our prairie chickens? They are getting to be a thing of the past. From reports I received from other parties that were out that day the best bag any party made was eight by a party of three, and they were mostly old birds.

"On Aug. 20 I again drove out, and after driving and walking over section after section found three old birds and one young one. Sportsmen here are very much discouraged on account of the scarcity of birds, and from reports I fear they are very scarce throughout this part of the State.

"Either the cold weather we had in hatching killed the little fellows or the old chickens have gone to a more uncivilized country to breed, Some say they were trapped last winter and shipped East, but I don't think that would in any way interfere with them, as they migrate in the spring. I will give you more on this subject after Sept. 1."

From Michigan.

A perfect skeleton of an elk, in an excellent state of preservation, was found about two feet under ground at Fitchburg, Mich., a few days ago, according to reports from local sources. This lends interest to the assertion, which I believe to be true, that there are a few elk still alive in Michigan south peninsula.

From Pere Marquette Club, of Kinne Creek, come reports of fishing in which Saginaw folk figure among others. George M. Brown, W. B. Mershon, with their guests, H. A. Conant, of Monroe; Dr. C. F. Sterling, of Detroit, and W. F. Potter, caught 88 fine trout; and G. W. Morley, with his brother John Morley, of Ashtabula, O., caught a nice lot of bass.

W. C. Rowley and wife, with their guests, Walter Clark and wife, of Battle Creek, spent a few days at the club, besides fishing on the Danaher and down the Pere Marquette River in a boat as far as Danaher's rollway.

W. B. Mershon, W. F. Potter, Harry Conant, Dr. Sterling, George M. Brown, A. H. Morley and the Rowley party were at Wingleton the 10th, 11th and 12th.

Lawyer Grant, of the firm of Grant & Humphrey, with his son, came to try his hand at the club headquarters.

Junior Baker caught one rainbow trout weighing 3lbs. 3oz. when dressed.

'Squire Decker and A. S. Randall returned from Sable Lake with a fine catch of black bass.

From Arkansas.

Mr. Irwin advises me from Little Rock that wood ducks are now in season, but are very scarce this year, owing to the past hard winter, he thinks. Mr. Irwin adds:

"I am expecting and looking forward to the early flight of mallards with great hopes. Mr. Duly and I have bought a Chesapeake to retrieve for us. The pin-oak mast is very heavy, which means the ducks will remain a long time with us. Harvey McMurchy will be on hand to try your duck "Inferno," where we had such fine sport last November. Mr. Pemberton and I start in early September to locate our camp for duck shooting later on, and hope to get a lease on the ground and marshes and have a place to take our friends to enjoy it with us."

Has Another Snake Horn.

A gentleman who wishes to be known as "Deacon," because he is afraid of being laughed at for speaking of a horn snake, writes me as follows from Greensburg, Pa.:

"I send you herewith what purports to be the true horn of a snake, detached from the tail of a species resembling a common black snake—*Ophidia, serpens nigger*—killed near here by a well-known citizen. When I heard of the capture of the snake I hitched up my horse and visited the locality, saw the reptile, which was three feet seven inches in length, and secured the end of him. The inclosed 'horn' was hard and dry just as it now appears, too dry for a joke.

"I have instructed the captor not to kill the next specimen he finds, but to give him an opportunity to establish his ability to 'dig bait' with his *fin de tail*. I won't sign my name to this because I don't like to be laughed at, having never forgotten being ridiculed once when I was a small baby."

The horn arrived in due course. It is a hard, rigid concern, tipped with a bony scale, but it has not the appearance of pure ivory, which I desire in my snake. We shall see if we can't teach science a few things before we get done with the business. Bring on your horns, attached or detached. I ask this for the benefit of science, which methinks sometimes needs a benefit.

Another In Alcohol.

But now comes Mr. R. S. Withers, of Edwards, Miss., with a horn snake which bids fair to be a dandy. He describes it thus:

"I have been reading the fantailed deer and hoop snake controversy and can now settle the snake end of the affair. A man on my winter home, Belle Isle, La. (away down in the marshes), has a perfect specimen, five feet long, in alcohol, which he has sent me to dispose of. Do you want him, and what will you give him for it?

"This is undoubtedly the fellow which you are looking for, and if he is not the kind, of course nothing is to pay. The folks down there say that when he is red-hot mad he takes his tail in his mouth and rolls along over the the ground *dla bike*, and that whatever his sting comes in contact with meets with a speedy death. Trees have been killed by them, they say.

"I have seen them alive in their native haunts, but fear of his wonderfully acute caudal appendage has always outranked my desire to study his habits and peculiarities. Let me know whether or not you want this specimen. This fellow has no fangs, but certainly has a sting right in the end of his tail."

I dislike to buy a pig in a poke bonnet, and am cautious about buying a horn snake in soak without getting a look at it first. Still, I shall forward a proposition to Mr. Withers for his snake. This I do for the benefit of science, which I am willing to help along all I can, because I think she needs it sometimes. I assert again that I shall get my horn snake. I wish I could also get his red-hot anger and his tree-blighting proclivities in the same bottle, but on these I do not insist. If I get the snake, I shall, albeit with regret, forego the ruined wagon tongue.

Jumps on Science's Neck.

A mountain man, Mr. M. P. Dunham, of Cameron

Wyo., thus scornfully jumps upon the neck of science *in re* fantail deer and other things. He remarks in a letter just at hand:

"If the FOREST AND STREAM will send those men that have offered $100 for a pair of fantails alive out here, I will take them to where the fantails are and get them in sight of the game, and then I will double their offer for a pair, and I will furnish all the outfit on condition that they are to get the fantails. How long after the old hunter knew that antelope shed their horns was it before science would acknowledge it? Then some dude got the credit of the discovery instead of the hunter.

"I saw the two bear heads or skulls that were sent to FOREST AND STREAM, and the scientist that pronounced one of them a wolverine will have to convert me with muscle instead of talk. I can't say it is a 'pine-nut bear,' but I can say it was not a wolverine. I am certain that it is a bear's skull, and an old bear; but as to the species, I give it up."

I have myself much confidence in the powers of observation of the old hunters who have spent their lives among the game, although with them I "give it up" about the species, sometimes. A hunter friend covers the situation well enough for me when he says, "I don't know about the fantail species, but I know they are fantails."

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Time to be Thinking.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 21.—The early departure of the North Atlantic Squadron from Bar Harbor and the close of the series of coaching parades at the mountain resorts will undoubtedly force the hotel and railroad proprietors to the unwelcome conclusion that the present summer season is drawing to a close.

And this conclusion on their part is pretty apt to be soon followed by "specials" from different parts of the country citing the great discomfort and pecuniary loss which the farmers are subjected to through the ravages of deer and bear in their fields and gardens.

On the approach of autumn a reader of the daily papers, if he be at all credulous, is moved to wonder how the farmers in some of the rural districts are able to harvest enough of their crops to supply their needs through the long winter.

That deer are plenty in the Maine woods this year there is little doubt, and that they are up to their old tricks again seems equally true; as of course no native would so far forget his respect for the laws of the State as to use a gun on deer in August, unless said deer were destroying property, as is their pernicious habit just previous to each hunting season.

The case which I have in mind terminated sadly, as notice the inclosed special, which I clipped from this morning's Boston *Herald*. It comes from Bangor and reports under date of Aug. 20: "An accident occurred at South Twin Lake this morning which will result in the death of Fred Willard. Willard saw two deer and borrowed a rifle. He chased the deer some distance and fired one shot without effect. While running he fell, and the .44-caliber rifle was disharged, the ball passing through his body about an inch from the heart. He was taken to Oldtown, and is at the point of death. He is 26 years of age and lives at LaGrange.

And this reminds me that, to quote from a letter received recently from a friend who frequently shares the delights of following a setter through the birches and alders with me, "It is getting along toward the time of year when we begin to think about things," and from now till the woodcock flight is due in October I expect to do a good deal of hard thinking—thinking, principally, as to how under the sun I can afford to take a month's vacation this fall, having already taken the last two weeks in June for a trouting trip down into Maine.

But that trip didn't really count, as it rained nearly every day we were there, and, oh! of course that didn't hurt the fishing any; but still, a man ought to have good weather when he takes his vacation. He's entitled to it. It wasn't my fault; I took the only two weeks I could get, and the weather man didn't use me right, so I feel entitled to another trip this fall. And if I can "get things together" and convince my family that I am all run down (I've gained about 15lbs. since I came back from the other trip), I shall head for the woods again. We saw deer sign this summer thick enough and large enough to drive a man most crazy, and after I show a few "woodies" and "Old Pats" what my disposition is toward them I'm going over there to see about things. C. H. MORSE.

The Winchester .236 Rifle.

THE .236 Winchester single shot rifle taking the new heavy cartridge represents some radical changes in the art of rifle building, necessitated by the new conditions of smokeless powders, small bores and tremendous velocities. The barrel is constructed very much on the principle of a whip stock or the butt piece of a fishing rod. It is very heavy near the breech, and from there tapers gradually to the muzzle, where it measures probably less than ¼in. in diameter. The front sight necessitated by this construction resembles a miniature church steeple.

The interior of the barrel is a maze of spirals, there being one complete revolution in the rifling every 6¼in.

Though light and delicate in appearance, the gun has plenty of metal, and it is surprising how heavy it really is. Its center of gravity is much further back than one is accustomed to expect in a rifle.

The Sportsmen's Exposition Association.

A MEETING of the Sportsmen's Exposition Association was held on Tuesday at the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.'s store, 312 Broadway, New York. The object of this meeting was to determine the advisability of another Sportsmen's Exposition for 1896, similar to that which was carried on so successfully May 13 to 18, 1895. There were present: Mr. Sanford, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; Mr. Daly, of Schoverling, Daly & Gales; Mr. Hart, of Wm. W. Hart & Co.; Mr. Dressel, of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company; Mr. Chas. Tatham, of Tatham & Brothers; Mr. Studor, of the Natural Science Association; Mr. Von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Detmold; Mr. Chassaud, of the Overman Wheel Company; Mr. Wiebusch, of Wiebusch & Hilger, and Mr. Webster, of the Webster Studio. President Tatham in the chair. Treasurer Dressel made his report of the finances, covering the receipts and expenditures of the first Sportsmen's Exposition. This report while favorable upon the whole showed a slight deficiency, which of course falls upon the Madison Square Garden Company. Secretary Webster made a brief report touching upon the success of the first exposition and the general satisfaction of the exhibitors.

Treasurer Dressel made a motion which, as finally passed, was to the effect that the Association should hold another exhibition, and that a committee should be appointed to confer with exhibitors to decide the date of the exposition and find out the best arrangements to be made for the place for the exposition. The president appointed Messrs. Dressel, Daly and Chassaud, and they were instructed to report to the trustees Sept. 17. The opinion seemed to be that a successful and largely attended exposition could be held in 1896. It was acknowledged that the direct returns from sales of the first exposition were not so great as had been hoped, but all conceded the indirect benefits from an advertising standpoint and in the nature of increasing the interest of the public in sport.

Judging from the results achieved, it seems likely that a second exhibition can be held which would not only clear expenses, but also return a margin of profits to the exhibitors.

The fact that the Exposition this year received so little support from the daily press was commented upon, and arrangements for overcoming this serious omission were suggested. Reduced railroad rates, etc., were discussed, and it seemed to be the general opinion that the date of the exposition could advantageously be changed.

Tennessee Small Game.

BROWNSVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 10.—The fishing season is numbered with things of the past and while not first-rate, nearly all the brethren can look back to a few days of good sport and fair strings. Squirrels were not plentiful, though thanks to the heavy mast we will have them in the fall. Dove shooting is very poor, the past hard winter proving fatal to many of them, and owing to this fact we seem to have tacitly agreed to leave what there are for seed. Quail are fairly plentiful, though the wet weather has killed many of the young, I fear, and I fail to account for seeing so many pairs together—a thing I never noticed at this season of the year before; however, there will be enough for good sport in November, and we hope Mr. Hough is slated for a portion of that month with us.

B. C. M.

Connecticut Rail Birds.

EAST HADDAM, Conn., Aug. 24.—The rail bird shooting promises to be better this season than for many years. Already the birds have begun to show themselves in large quantities and lovers of this grand sport will find no better place than the Connecticut River from Essex to East Haddam.

The best place to my knowledge is at East Haddam, as there are no less than three coves or inlets that you can get at in one tide. The law is off Sept. 1 and from appearances the birds will be in good condition by that time.

Boats and man can be procured for $2.50 a tide, which is very low, as a very poor shot can bag from 25 to 50 birds at a tide. B. A. RAY.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE LEAPING QUESTION AND ANOTHER

CAMP OF THE KINGFISHERS, Manistique Lakes, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Surrounded once again by the jolly Kingfishers, whose tents make a miniature "white city" on the bank of the green Manistique, I have read the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 3, and of course the defense made by your Canadian correspondent, "Simpson," to the criticisms of sundry bass fishermen on Dr. Ellzey's notes of the "leaping bass."

It has been topic of discussion by the camp-fire, around which sat old "Kingfisher" and the white-hatted philosopher of the Cuvier Club and half a dozen others of the "boys" who love to pull their boats over the crested waves and in the shadowy nooks in search of that gallant warrior to whom Henshall has devoted an entire book. Not one agrees with Dr. Ellzey, and still less with "Simpson," whose spear seems to wound friend and foe alike.

In truth, after all that has been said or written, the question is wholly one of observation—as to how high or how far a bass can leap, what the direction of ascent or descent, whether he shakes his head or opens his jaws in air, and why the bass undertakes these unusual evolutions. The last query is one of motive—resting in the intelligence or instinct of whatever brain power the bass has, and to be interpreted solely by its actions at the time.

The allusion made to the deceptiveness of the eye is a simple begging of the question. It does not explain. It does not demonstrate anything. It is merely a cover, a blind to cover either weakness or an unwillingness to recognize and accept what others see and know.

If "Simpson" will permit us, we will say that in dealing with the "leaping bass" we are not dealing with magicians nor Indian jugglers, nor giving the bass the benefit of sleight-of-hand performances learned only after long schooling and intended to fool the eye of man. When we have probable reason to believe that the bass has undergone an education devoted to sleight of hand, we shall be ready to enter that field in search of solutions to the problem of why or whether a bass does certain things when he leaps above the water.

So far, we shall take eye testimony just as "Simpson" takes it when he undertakes a piece of surgery. He does not say, "the eye is easily deceived," and begin to doubt what is muscle and tendon and flesh and bone, and dismiss his patient because he cannot be sure which is which, and damage may result. He relies on the eye and proceeds—even in a case of life and death.

So we rely on the eye to see what the bass does. That much is observation. Experience strengthens observation. The strength of the testimony, the number of the reliable witnesses, establishes the truth or falsity of the facts alleged. One solitary witness in part corroborates Dr. Ellzey's observations. All the rest differ—both in observations and conclusions.

"Simpson" would strengthen Ellzey by suggesting the contradiction of anatomy—that a bass cannot shake his jaws—"the anatomy of a bass's head and neck will not allow that," but "they apparently shake themselves." What he means by "apparently" I don't know; I think I have seen bass sometimes actually shake themselves.

The jaw of the bass is not a detached part of the fish, nor connected by a clearly defined neck, and yet when the fore-front of the bass was violently shaken, the jaw being in the extremity most agitated, it does seem to me it stood a good chance to be shaken. Our friend "Simpson" is hypercritical.

He further insists the bass is crazed with fright and all efforts to escape are without motive or purpose. And adds, "why does he not go to the bottom, take a turn of the line around stone or snag, and free himself at leisure, laughing the while at the simple fisherman?" Why, bless your soul, "Simpson," that is exactly what the wily rascal has done with me, over and over again. The only bass of any size struck by any of the Kingfishers at Green Lake, Mich., in a three days' search, got fastened to my hook and line and straightway made for a stake, wrapped the line around it and broke away, all in plain sight of "Kelpie," whose testimony will corroborate. Several days ago, in the larger Manistique, I hooked a bass that broke water, and then repeatedly attempted to get to a stake near by.

It took my best maneuvering and strongest strain on rod and line to keep him away. Bring a hooked bass near your boat and he will try to get under it, bring him near the anchor line and five chances to one he fouls you. I have lost many bass by their going around stakes and into brush or around and under rocks and breaking away. My comrades in camp vouch for similar experiences.

Go slow, Brother "Simpson," I don't claim the bass has the intelligence of a man, but its natural instinct gives it the art or capacity for self-preservation which it often indulges to a remarkable degree—just as the fox on the ground or the crow in the air.

How does Brother "Simpson" know that when the bass leaves the water it leaves it "by mistake," and consequently its "savigerous shakings" are simply efforts to get back? When, with C. C. Furr, of the Kingfishers, I saw a bass at Hubbard Lake, Mich., stand on its lower body (I would say tail, but "Simpson" is captious) and shake its upper body (I would say head, but——) with open mouth, in which the hook was fastened, would Brother Simpson say the bass was doing that "by mistake?" Note also the case I have heretofore reported of a small bass leaping from the water of Elkhorn Creek, Ky., and striking and killing a butterfly as it winged its way over and near the surface. No mistake that time.

Once more. "Simpson" asks, "Does not every fisherman lower his tip the moment he sees a fish leaving the water?" No. Some do and some do not. It is largely a matter of judgment. If I have an elastic rod I aim always to keep my line taut. I know many others who do the same. The lowering of the tip loosens the line and takes the tension off the hook and it is more easily thrown out of the fish's mouth. The elasticity of the rod will bend to the fish's weight in the leap and no harm occur. Try it.

If my rod is stiff I usually relax the strain on the leap—that is, if I know when the fish is going out of water. Those who always know when a fish is going out of water, or can always adapt the rod to his motions during his short stay above water, are better skilled than I. As the result of long experience in bass fishing my advice would be always keep a tight line on your fish and always give him the benefit of the spring of the rod. In this way you will save many fish where they are lightly or loosely hooked, and guard against broken hooks or lines in unexpected movements. It is much easier to know when a fish is going out of water on a short line than a long one. When a bass is hooked 100 or 125ft. from the boat it is next to impossible to tell whether he will go out of water on the strike.

Now, if Dr. Ellzey or Brother "Simpson" will tell me when bass will bite—that is, when it is a good time to go bass fishing, predicated on the fact that they are on their feed—I shall consider myself more than compensated for the little discussion to which I have in small part contributed on the question of "leaping bass." OLD SAM.

NEW JERSEY COAST FISHING.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 23.—The proverbial patience of fishermen has been put to a severe test the past three weeks so far as surf fishing is concerned. Bass have apparently entirely deserted the waters. Other than an occasional kingfish and plaice, nothing presents itself to enliven the interest at our piers. Hundreds of ardent anglers may now be seen making the best of the unpleasant situation by perch and black bass fishing in the lakes, or journeying to Barnegat or the Raritan. Bluefish are fairly abundant in the last-named waters, and may be taken by chumming with menhaden. Boats and bait can be procured either at Perth Amboy or at Atlantic Highlands. The sea yielded some of her best treasures this season in the shape of rare specimens; first a leather-back turtle of 650lbs., followed a few days later by one of 875lbs., drew immense crowds to the pier where they were placed on exhibition by Senator Bradley. Although tanks were built and every effort was made to keep them alive, the effort was useless and they both died after a few days of captivity. The largest one was donated to the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, where it has been mounted and will be kept on permanent exhibition. But the most interesting event took place on Monday afternoon of this week in the capture of a fine seal within a few feet of the Ocean Grove fishing pier. Evidently the northern stranger had by some error wandered from its native haunts, and becoming exhausted crawled up on the beach for rest. It was captured by laying a fish net around and over it. Messrs. Stokes and Pridham promptly bought it and have had it on exhibition since. It appears to be in perfect health, and is a rare curiosity in these parts. Mr. Pridham said last evening that he would not feel quite content until he secures a veritable sea serpent to round out the season with. LEONARD HULIT.

Wisconsin Muskallonge.

THREE LAKES, Wis., Aug. 23.—Chas. French caught 248 black bass at Butternut Lake last week, and F. R. French caught five muskallonge, largest 32lbs. Butternut is a new place, just opened, prospects good.

CHAS. FRENCH.

NEW ENGLAND FISHING WATERS.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 24.—On Sept. 1 Mr. E. H. Wood, of Boston, leaves for a four weeks' trip to Portage Lake, Maine. This pretty sheet of water is situated very near the Canada line, and Henderson & Hughey's camps, where Mr. Wood will make his headquarters, are said to be a banner place for both shooting and fishing. The latter is done mostly in Maine, but the shooting at that time must be done in Canada, where, fortunately enough, the open season on moose and caribou begins Sept. 1. The whole region is a fine game country. On a previous visit to these camps Mr. Wood took four trout on his first day's fishing, all of which measured about 19in. in length. He says he could easily have captured twenty-five more of the same kind, but as he had no use for them he refrained from doing so. One each caribou and deer killed the same afternoon was another occurrence on which he likes to dwell. He expects to be at the camps four weeks this time, and probably his wife will accompany him. It is a pretty hard place to get to, but they will make it in easy stages, thereby lessening the fatigue. One of the pleasant features of his last trip to this place was the journey out. It was made in canoes from the camps to Penobscot Lake, then a hard carry to Long Pond, from there to Long Pond Brook, then to Dole Pond, to Dole Brook, to Northwest Branch of the Penobscot and then to the Northwest Carry at Moosehead Lake. It was altogether a delightful journey, and may be repeated this year when they are ready to come back to civilization.

L. B. Jewell, of Hartford, Conn., passed through Boston this week *en route* to Moosehead Lake. He fishes principally at the outlet, stopping with Wilson, and is one of the old-timers at that place, having been there for many successive years. It takes some knowledge of the place to get the big fish, but Mr. Jewell knows the trick, and does it.

A very jolly party, consisting of James M. Kline, Dr. E. B. Campbell, Chas. R. Stearns, H. C. Bubb and John G. Reading, Jr., all of Williamsport, Pa., passed through Boston on Thursday last, bound for Moosehead Lake. They will stop at Kineo long enough to find good guides and equip themselves with camping utensils, etc., and will then make a canoe trip to Eagle Lake. One of the party has been over the proposed route before, and has promised the others good fishing and an interesting time during the two weeks they will be away.

Chas. A. Clark and J. M. Bassett, of Boston, left on Saturday for a fishing trip to Kinne's Camps, at Holeb Lake, Maine. The camps are placed on an island which rises nearly 50ft. from the level of the water, and the surrounding country is said to be one of the most beautiful parts of the Pine Tree State. Mr. Bassett was up there a year or two ago, and is still enthusiastic over the good time he had. Lots of trout ranging from 5½lbs. down were the fruits of his last visit, and the two gentlemen have every hope of doing as well on this trip.

H. H. Bemis, of Boston, leaves about Sept. 1 for a two or three weeks' trip to Lake St. John. He went up there last year also, but did not do much fishing there, devoting the time principally to a long tramp of about 160 miles back in the woods, camping here and there and taking just fish enough to use. He is very fond of this style of outing and enjoyed every moment of it. This year he expects to fish pretty hard and hopes to do well with the ouananiche.

Mr. F. B. Greene, a well-known lawyer of New Bedford, whose home is in Boston, has left in company with his nephew for Parmachenee Lake. Mr. Clark is a member of the Parmachenee Club, and has been an extensive traveler. Salmon fishing is one of his chief pleasures. The two gentlemen will make a stay of some weeks at Parmachenee.

Camp life in the Dead River region seems to be much in favor with large parties this season. It has become something of a fad to make the grand circuit to Tim Pond or Round Mountain Lake, the Megantic camps and King and Bartlett. A party that left Boston a day or two ago consisted of Dr. L. F. Wood, of Westerly, R. I.; Reon Barnes, senior and junior, of New York city; a reverend gentleman from Long Island, I believe, and four ladies. They will go first to Tim Pond, then to Round Mountain and King and Bartlett. Here the ladies of the party will probably stay, while the men journey on to Aroostook county in search of more sport. It is their third consecutive season, and as they know every inch of the territory they are surely booked for good sport.

Reports continue to reach Boston of great quantities of large game seen in Maine. Two men who have just returned from the region north of Moosehead declare that 200 deer would not cover the number seen by them while on a ten days' trip. They are said to have photographs of about forty of them, and describe them as playing and feeding when seen. One big buck moose with large horns was seen in a small stream, and the sight of game was so abundant that the trip was declared a great success outside of the fishing they had, which was also good.

Mr. M. N. Smith and his friend Mr. Cady, of Boston, accompanied by their families, have gone to Capt. Fred Barker's camps at Bemis, in the Rangeley region. They will be away a month and expect to devote the time especially to fishing.

Megantic members are turning out in force this year. Dr. Ball, of Boston, has just left for the preserve, and W. K. McClure, one of the directors, passed through Boston *en route* to the same place a few days ago. Mr. McClure will go in at the club house and out by the way of Eustis, stopping for a time at all the camps. He will be on the preserve about three weeks.

Dr. Stevens and party, of Cambridge, have just returned from Parlin Pond, Maine. They had the best kind of a time and were well satisfied with the fishing. The trout averaged small, but were plentiful and very game.

Dr. Brown, of Boston, who only a short time ago returned from the Romaine River, where he went salmon fishing with the Fitch party, has been fishing on Lake George, N. Y. One 16½-pound pickerel and several lake trout and big bass were the results of this last trip, but the Doctor thinks it was pretty tame fun at that. His next trip will probably be after moose in the Aroostook region, in Maine, late in the fall.

Few men who visit the Rangeley Lakes are so comfortably placed in the way of camps as Mr. Harry Dutton, of Boston, on Pleasant Island, Cupsuptic Lake. Temple R. Fay, William Scott and Edward Houghton, of Boston, have just returned from a short visit there, and all are delighted over the good time they have had. The fishing was good enough to satisfy them all. Mr. Fay has left Boston again, with Frank G. Webster, for a trip into Canada. Both are members of the Winchester Club, whose preserve is found principally in the parish of St. Elie, where they have 10,000 acres containing seven good ponds, and covered with virgin forest. It is a good country for deer and moose, and fishing is very fine. The square-tail trout runs up to five pounds in weight, and good lake trout fishing can be had. They will be up there two weeks.

Congressman John Simpkins, of Yarmouthport, left on Friday last to spend the next ten days at Birch Lodge, Mr. Thayer's handsome place at the Rangeleys, near the Upper Dam. The Misses Mabel and Ruth Simpkins accompanied their brother, I believe, and a strong effort will be made to find and capture some of the big trout which are occasionally taken from the Upper Dam pool and the waters near by. The ladies are good casters, and will do their share of the fishing.

Jerome Hilbourn and A. C. Sturtevant, of Boston, have just returned from the Moose River country. With Edward Graft and George Henderson as guides, they entered the woods from Jackman, going from there to Holeb Falls and then to Tobey Pond, where they had good fishing. Returning to Jackman, they left again for Heald Pond, a picturesque sheet of water lying under Ball Mountain. Mr. Hilbourn was high line there, taking the largest fish (2lbs.) ever caught on a fly in this water so far as known. On the last Sunday of their stay they saw five deer on the shore of the pond. A Mr. Hoffman and friend, of Philadelphia, whom they met in the woods, had been in the region forty days, and reported seeing both moose and caribou and a large number of deer. Traces of large game were visible everywhere, and the prospect for the fall shooting seems first class.

Charles Randall's camps on the West Branch Ponds of the Penobscot seem to be a pretty hard place to get to, but this fact does not deter Boston sportsmen from making the effort. Leaving here on Friday afternoon, it takes until Sunday night to get there, and both buckboarding and canoeing must be overcome before the goal is reached. Ample payment in good sport is the reward, for it is a splendid shooting country, and the trout are too numerous to mention. H. Ware Lincoln, of Boston, has been in there several times, and started again on Friday for a two weeks' trip. He says the fishing cannot be excelled, and has taken 200 trout in a morning on one occasion, returning all but twenty-five to the water. The method of reaching the camps is to go to Moosehead, then to Lily Bay, buckboard to Roach's Pond or river, and canoeing and a good tramp to the ponds.

M. G. Cochrane and his friend Mr. Ames, who have just returned from the King and Bartlett preserve, emphatically assert that they have never had an enjoyable vacation before, so taken were they with the sport and beauty of that country. They visited all of the many interesting places on the preserve, and were particularly well impressed with the trout fishing which fell to their lot on Spencer and Kibbe streams. They bring back the story of a lost pond-re-discovered lately by Chas. Haley and a Mr. Robbins, of Boston. The pond is about one and one-half miles west of Big Spencer Lake, and the two men had a tremendous tramp before they finally found it. It is a small sheet of water, to which they have very properly given the name of Lost Pond. Evidences of its being a well frequented resort for large game were visible everywhere, and the place is at present so inaccessible that it is not liable to be disturbed.

To see man and wife both devoted to the pleasure of fishing, and taking equal delight in all that pertains to the sport, is to see ideal companionship indeed. Such a couple are Dr. Geo. F. Emerson and wife, of Boston. The Doctor is a Knights Templar, and is detained in the city during a part of next week to take part in the great conclave, but on Thursday evening they will leave for Maine, going first to Kineo and then to Parlin Pond. They will be away until October; Mrs. Emerson has the reputation of being a fine and very graceful caster.

Another party who will go to Parlin Pond in a few days consists of Warren White, well known to the shoe trade; John D. Merrill, of the Boston *Globe;* Geo. E. Howe and Bancroft G. Davis, all of Boston. They go first to Murphy's camps, staying there about two weeks, and then will go to Indian Pond, from which so many reports of good fishing have come this season.

The Allimoosic chain of lakes in Maine was the destination of C. D. Haskin and wife, of Boston, who left the city on Aug. 23, expecting to stay two weeks in that interesting country. Trout, salmon and black bass is their object in the way of fishing, but the one great ambition of Mr. Haskin is to bring back the pelt of a black bear, and he is going to make a determined effort to kill one of those fellows before his return.

Westport Harbor, R. I., seems to be doing the lion's share toward furnishing good striped bass fishing this season. Reports come to me of fine sport being had in that locality. One gentleman captured a bass of 56lbs. a short time ago, and a number of others not much smaller have lately been taken.

At Lake Memphremagog Capt. Philip Little and wife, of Salem, and Jas. T. Soutter, of Boston, are having some very good bass fishing. John Mason Little, of Boston, who has just returned from the lake, tells me that his brother and he on one occasion took twenty-seven bass weighing nearly 60lbs. Mr. J. M. Little is principally interested in salt-water fishing, or, more properly speaking, has been. His recent experience in bass fishing seemed to be very much to his taste. He likes to use fine tackle and realizes that to do well and get the best sport in fresh-water fishing the tackle must be kept in the best of condition.

J. R. Burnett, Dr. F. S. Howard and F. McGourkey formed a jolly party of New York gentlemen who stopped long enough in Boston to add a few necessary things to their outfit before leaving for the Dead River region. They go to the Blakesley camps and will stay three or four weeks. Dr. Howard was up there last year and thinks the place pretty near right for good trout fishing.

A. D. Boss, of Willimantic, and J. O. de Wolf, of Boston, will leave early in September to stay a few weeks at Camps Kibbe and Jack in the Dead River country in Maine. The writer made the stage trip of nineteen miles from Dead River station to Eustis one night a year ago with Mr. Boss and another Willimantic friend and found them pleasant companions indeed. Mr. Boss is a son of General Boss, the well-known angler of Willimantic.

HACKLE.

PARASITES OF BLACK BASS.

WOODSTOCK, Ohio, Aug. 7th.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—Having been entertained at fishing for black bass around here for the past few weeks, I write, asking you to publish an answer to this note, which will be of considerable consequence to your readers in this neighborhood, and may be worthy of notice to many others.

I will speak only of my last morning's fish—last Thursday—upon one of our noted bass streams, the Big Darby.

Arriving upon its banks at daybreak, accompanied by my wife, we soon had four fine chubs in the water underneath the foliage of some beautiful sycamores.

Our floaters did not go out of sight in the deep water soon enough to satisfy me, so I moved with two of the rods and part of our minnows down the stream a couple hundred yards, leaving my wife at the first location. After an hour spent below at throwing the minnows here and there, I only succeeded in getting one bite, which was of a small black bass, 12in. in length.

Then upon returning around the bend of the creek to see how she was getting along, I was startled to see her tugging at her eighth black bass, which she landed in good style, it being the largest of the eight, weighing 3¼ lbs. Her hat was off and she was very much excited over her fine success, stating that she had lost several fine bites, trying to attend to two rods at once.

I will never forget her expressive laugh as she saw me and my equipment coming up the bank, with only that one little bass on a willow stringer. This was extra fine luck and a credit to a young lady, as the stream bass are very gamy here now, and exceedingly hard to manage and land safely where they run from 1½ to 3½lbs. This was all we caught that morning and I was feeling somewhat badly defeated.

Well, what I was going to ask you about is this:

After arriving home and having shown *her* fine string to all the fishermen, we skinned the lovely fellows instead of scaling them, as I have for the past five years been afraid to eat fish caught around here until they were skinned and carefully examined for *worms*, which seem to be located under the skin near the base of the tail, and up along the back, having the appearance of a yellow radish seed, easily seen down in the flesh. When cut out and opened, they are nearly ¼in. in length and shaped like a leech and are alive. Whenever I have found a fish affected with these, I have never had any anxiety to eat him. Now, five of these last morning's catch I threw away on this account. This was a great disappointment to my wife as well as myself, as we are both very fond of eating black bass, and it seemed a terrible waste to catch the beautiful fish and then throw them away.

I would like very much for you to give some account of this worm and if you think it safe to eat the fish this warm weather or at any time when so affected. They are found to be the same in our spring water inland lakes here and more especially at our most prominent fishing resort, the Lewistown Reservoir. SCOTT CUSHMAN.

[Professor Edwin Linton, to whom a description of the above parasites was referred, writes: "I am inclined to think that they must be a larval *Dibothrium* (*Bothriocephalus*). Dr. Leidy published brief notices of parasites in the black bass in the Proceedings of the Phila. Academy, 1882, page 69; 1887, page 20; 1890, page 413. and possibly in other places; but none that I have apply to the case in hand."]

THE ANGLER IN CAPE BRETON.

In Cape Breton the fly-fisherman will find almost a virgin field. To begin with, there are the Great and Little Bras d'Or lakes, as they are called, but really estuaries of the sea, entering the island on the north and extending through its heart to within half a mile of the Strait of Canso on the south, a distance of 110 miles, and covering an area of 450 square miles. To say nothing of the sea trout and salmon to be taken in this great landlocked basin, the hundreds of streams that flow into it abound in splecked trout always eager to rise to the sportsman's fly.

There is also excellent salmon fishing, I am told, in the harbor of Sydney, the metropolis of Cape Breton, on the north coast.

I have no personal knowledge of any of these waters, but simply repeat what was told me. The Mira, the great tidal river of the east coast, which has been called the Hudson of Cape Breton, I visited personally. I also tried the deep-sea fishing and whipped the streams in the vicinity of Louisbourg, the once famous French fortress of Cape Breton, and can insure the angler plenty of sport in this district, provided he can secure a capable man and honest guide, and is not afraid of swarms of black flies and mosquitoes.

There are numerous coves and harbors indenting the rock-bound coast in the vicinity of Louisbourg, and at the head of each a trout stream enters, that has come babbling down from its birthplace in some forest-hung lake a few miles in the interior. In nearly all one may find abundance of brook trout, and in spring salmon and sea trout. My first essay was at a small stream about two miles from Louisbourg, in a deep pool just below where the brook issued from Grand Lake. A Maine fisherman in the village told me of the place and advised me to try it, remarking that he had often whipped it and usually with success. I landed but one trout. In the first place some one had preceded me and decimated the pool. Then the day was bright and warm. Lastly, the black flies and mosquitoes assailed me in such wise that after a few moments I was forced to beat a retreat.

My next attempt was with a clergyman of the village, a keen sportsman, but so modest that I will not incur his displeasure by printing his name. We drove three miles over a road so rough and rocky that anything but a Cape Breton horse would have rebelled, outspanned and tied the beast in the wood, then made our way half a mile through the forest to a stream flowing lazily with only one rapid in sight. Below it expanded into a large lake, and above there was a reach of perfectly still water extending for miles—in fact my friend said he did not know how far above the pool continued. In this still water we took thirty-five trout in two hours, although the day was most unpropitious, being hot and cloudless.

"I can take my rod immediately after a storm," said my friend, "go to a place I know of, and fill my basket in a few hours with trout ranging from 2 to 4lbs. each in weight." He referred to the Mira River and its tributaries.

The Mira is a tidal river intersecting the eastern shore

of Cape Breton, curving around from its mouth at the head of Mira Bay west and then south for thirty miles, until it nearly meets the Atlantic again at Gabarus Bay on the south shore. The Salmon and Gaspereau rivers, both considerable streams, enter it at its head; and there are numerous smaller affluents abounding in salmon and trout during the season. The scenery of the Mira is wild and picturesque. The shores are rolling and covered with the somber fir and spruce forests of Cape Breton, and alternately fall away and contract, so that at times the river is a lake one, two or three miles wide, and again so narrow that a good slinger could throw a pebble across. In the wide portions are wooded points and many gemlike islands. Although its banks are generally wild and forest hung, as one reaches the upper portion the meadows and farms of Salmon River open before him a paradise of plenty and fertility.

The season for salmon and trout opens about May 1, with the breaking up of the ice, and continues until September, although at its best in May and June. In the latter months both salmon and trout are taken in the main stream, but as the season advances the salmon return to the sea, and the trout seek the cooler water and spring holes of the affluents. Up to a recent period the Mira was famous for both salmon and trout, and tales of fabulous catches are told. This summer the catch has not been so good perhaps because of the multiplication of set nets in the river, but even this summer sport was to be had there.

The Mira is but twelve miles from Sidney, over one of the worst roads—truth compels me to say—I ever traveled on, and the same distance from Louisbourg by a road equally bad. The Sidney road crosses the Mira at Burke's Ferry, where one may find comfortable accommodations. The railway about being opened by the Dominion Coal Company from Sidney to Louisbourg crosses the Mira at its mouth, about eight miles below Burke's, and will, I believe, have a station there.

The Mira offers special attractions to the canoeist, as it has neither falls nor rapids, and if one is indolently inclined he may float up with the tide at flood and return on the ebb; or he can mount his canoe on a farm wagon at Salmon River, and after a ride of twelve miles embark on the head waters of the Great Bras d'Or Lake.

CHARLES B. TODD.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

THE Maine woods and waters are getting to be particularly popular with Harvard students. Quite a number are spending the vacation season in the woods and on the waters in that State. J. W. Edson, F. Y. Hall and L. A. Brown, of Roxbury, and J. L. Valintine, of Dorchester, are spending the month of August camping, canoeing and fishing in the vicinity of Lakeville, Penobscot county. Glowing reports are received thus far from the young men, to a part of whom such sport is entirely new.

Late reports from the Rangeleys say that Birch Lodge, at the head of Lake Molechunkamunk, is to be opened about the 1st of September, and that Bayard Thayer, the owner, Col. John E. Thayer, his brother, and ex-Gov. Russell will be there to try for trout, and to remain till after the partridge season opens, Sept. 20.

Bar Harbor visitors are enjoying deep-sea fishing trips. Gen. J. M. Schofield arrived there last week and immediately Frank Jones, of Portsmouth fame, took him on a fishing trip off Baker's Island in company with Secretary Lamont, Chief Justice Fuller, L. A. Christy and W. H. Lawrence. Report says that Gen. Schofield was high line, and also secured the head of a very large cod, which was squarely bitten off by a shark as the General was drawing him in.

SPECIAL.

On Lake Winnipesaukee.

BOSTON, Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from a four weeks' sojourn at the cottage of my friend, Wm. F. Seaver, of East Boston, at Spring Haven, Lake Winnipesaukee. The two Mrs. S.'s were with us, and to say that the time passed all too quickly is to put it in the mildest possible way. The weather was of the most delightful sort, the occasional rains keeping the abundant foliage fresh and green. My new cedar lapstreak, copper-fastened, built by Davis, of East Boston, proved to be all that was expected of her, and I passed many pleasant hours rowing and fishing. I did considerable of the latter, but with indifferent success, for the bass seemed to be following my example, *i. e.*, taking a vacation, and I was forced to coincide with the remark of one of the natives living near by that "The darned pesky critters won't bite unless they've a mind to." I tried them with all sorts of lures, but the biggest I brought to net was 2lbs. The partridge shooting will be good up in that section, as one couldn't go into the woods and bushes in any direction without getting into one or more flocks. As I don't use a gun I give this pointer to any readers of your valuable paper who may be looking for a place to try their skill any time after Sept. 15. Spring Haven is reached by rail either by way of Alton Bay or Lakeport. The bass fishing will no doubt be better in September than it was in August. It certainly can't be much worse. I am going down to the Cape this week and shall probably give the tautog a try.

WILLIAM B. SMART.

Another Veteran Heard From.

COLUMBUS, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The *Leader* of this city recently reported the fishing luck of Mr. Charles Hathaway, Sr., of this city, on Georgia Bay. His score was one giant muscallonge, weight 41lbs., length 4ft. 6in. His second best muscallonge weighed 28½lbs. On top of that he added on pike weighing 15lbs., another weighing 12lbs. and a third weight 9lbs. Ex-Mayor Blee caught the other big fish that were left in the lake. His best attempt in the muscallonge line was a beauty weighing 28¾lbs., and 4ft. 2in. in length. He caught a pike weighing 12lbs., another weighing 9lbs. and a third weighing 6lbs.

Mr. Hathaway got four fish, weighing respectively 18, 30, 41 and 21½lbs., which makes the weight of the four fish come to 123½lbs. He had but six bites and saved four out of the six fish. Mr. Hathaway is a man close on to 80 and spends most of his time fishing in Canada and hunting geese and duck in North Dakota. If you can beat this record for a man of his age please let me know.

ALFRED G. HATHAWAY.

Round Mountain Lake.

EUSTIS, Me., Aug. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The camps at Round Mountain Lake are just far enough from so-called civilization to make them an Eden for fishing and hunting. Here a man may bring his family during the summer and early autumn, for fishing in the lake and its tributaries close at hand, as well as for perfect rest. The purest air that can be found to breathe is here. All the restraint of hotel life is wanting, and one can be comfortable and at ease in every respect. There are good beds and tables, with neat cosy cabins.

The fishing is fine; some phenomenal catches have been made; large trout are being caught every day, rising to flies in great numbers.

The prospect for game this fall is very flattering and we prophesy a busy season. Guides are already being engaged and sportsmen are sending for accommodations for October and November. Not long since a big moose came in to the lake, swimming about in broad daylight, while a boat was out not far from him with three persons in it, giving the occupants a fine view of his royal highness. Deer were never so abundant as now, quite a number being seen daily near to camp, and partridge—well, "The woods are full of them."

J.

Seining Small Mackerel.

BOSTON, Aug. 23.—Let the dear public talk as much as they will about the scarcity and high prices for mackerel. What can be expected when they are caught and put in quantities upon the market at retail for 10 cents per dozen and of a length of less than 4in.: in fact, about the size of Eastern smelt? To-day our market is full of them as above, and they were caught in seines "on the Cape," thus giving ocular proof that seining does not decrease the quantity of fish food. By and by we shall see when cool weather sets in striped bass of like immaturity and quantities in the market. Long live netting! Down with the lines! Score, results.

FRED.

Kibby and Camp Jack.

EUSTIS, Me., Aug. 23.—I have just finished a ten days' outing at Camp Kibby, which is situated nine miles from Eustis, Me., and is owned by Otis R. Witham. This camp consists of nine well furnished cabins and overlooks Spectacle Lake on one hand and the Kibby stream on the other.

While here I have caught over 300 trout, both large and small, all of which were returned to the water except those which were used in camp.

Large and small game must be very plenty in this section, as I have seen nine deer, one beaver and several grouse.

M. R. SCOTT.

Texas Tarpon Fishing.

ROPESVILLE, Texas, Aug. 17.—I this day caught within half an hour's time two tarpon measuring 6ft. and 5ft. 3in. Had ten strikes within an hour.

W. C. STOCKLEY.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.

Sept. 10 to 13.—Binghampton Industrial Exposition's fifth annual bench show, Binghampton, N. Y. A. P. Fish, Sec'y.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's third annual bench show, Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Montreal Kennel Association's show, Montreal, Can. Geo. K. Lanigan, Hon Sec'y-Treas.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's first annual bench show, Milwaukee, Wis. F. S. Morrison, Sec'y.

Sept. 18 to 20.—Omaha Kennel Club's second annual show, Omaha, Neb. E. L. Marston, Sec'y.

Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

1896.

Feb 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Continental Field Trials Club's chicken trials at Morris, Man. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Oct. 22.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's third annual trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Oct. 29.—Assonet Neck, Mass.—New England Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. Arthur R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

—. Morris, Man.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—Oxford, Miss.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers. Sec'y, 250 West Twenty-second street, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H. Thompson, Sec'y.

1896.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Jan. 20.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. seventh annual trials. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

COURSING.

Sept. 24.—Lisbon, N. D.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting. B. C. Waterhouse, Sec'y.

Oct 1.—Aberdeen, S. D.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's meeting. J. H. Davis, Sec'y.

Oct. 8.—Huron, S. D.—American Waterloo Cup F. R. Coyne, Sec'y.

Oct. 23.—Goodland, Kan.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Goodland, Kan.—Kenmore Coursing Club's meeting. C. F. Weber, Sec'y.

Providence Show.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 26.—Please remind intending exhibitors that entries for the Providence Bench Show close on Sept. 2. Everything points to a large entry, and a pleasant reunion of exhibitors. The R. I. State Fair this year is on a larger and better scale than last year, and nothing will be left undone by the management to make the Bench Show a success.

E. M. OLDHAM, Superintendent.

NATURAL METHOD OF RETRIEVING.

(From "Fetch and Carry," by B. Waters.)

ALTHOUGH radically imperfect in itself and uncertain in its application and results, the natural method, so called, is an important factor in teaching retrieving by either suasion or force.

It is the method which is commonly first employed by the amateur. It rarely, as a method, finds favor with the professional trainers.

This method is an important part of the method miscalled the force system, since it is employed at nearly all stages of it and is complementary to it. Being considered a distinct method it will be so treated here. Yet the term "natural method" is a misnomer. It more properly should be termed the amusement method. It is misleading in its implication, since, as an art, there is very little method in it. Nor is it correct to say that it is natural. The term probably was adopted at a time when observation of what was natural and what was artificial was imperfect, and it probably has since been used as a matter of convenience. Indeed, the nomenclature of the dog and gun is neither voluminous nor exact.

Retrieving comes from education, be the same little or much. It is no more natural for the dog to learn retrieving than it is for him to learn anything else, nor is it more natural for him to work for his master for nothing than it is for the latter to work for some other man for nothing. We may consider that the term, fixed as it is in the nomenclature of dog training, has simply a technical meaning, though accepted in its common meaning it is misleading and confusing to the amateur, as it erroneously implies a system which the dog follows by his intuitions or hereditary proclivities.

The beginner should divest himself of such preconceived ideas of a natural system as conflict with sensible teaching, and instead consider that the education of the dog is the result of prolonged and diligent effort skillfully applied.

The natural method is not the best one. It is simple. It requires but little skill in the manner commonly taught, and it also requires comparatively but little thought or knowledge in its application. It is not a system, though it may be considered a part of a system.

It readily suggests itself to the beginner from the natural inclination and practice of puppies to carry objects in play, and from their fondness for a playmate; nevertheless, the puppy is intent on amusing himself. It is beneficial to him, however, since nearly all his play is a close imitation of pursuit, capture, battle and escape—incidents common in wild life and necessary to his existence.

The faults of the system will be briefly enumerated. In its practical application, when the dog is being taught, the system is entirely dependent upon the dog's fondness for play or amusement, combined in a lesser degree with his desire to gain his master's approbation, all of which are uncertain and variable factors. The desire for play is variable in one dog as compared with another, and from time to time it is variable in the same dog.

Such dogs as refuse to play, or ones which take no pleasure in gaining their master's praises, are outside of the application of this system.

As frolic and praise are the groundwork of each lesson, the dog seldom treats retrieving in a sober, business-like way before he reaches maturity. When he becomes sober and serious from age he often retains as part of his education many frivolous ways and faults which became habitual in conjunction with the lessons.

The manner in which the dog is pleased to perform the act of retrieving is almost entirely out of the trainer's control. In respect to details, if the dog does them well or ill, he does them as best pleases himself. Having the idea that the lesson is a frolic, it is natural that he should conduct himself accordingly—thus the natural or amusement method of retrieving shows in its results all the faults engendered by play. The finished manner and obedience of the correctly trained retriever are rarely established. Hard mouths are a very common result of the system.

The natural retriever sooner or later finds the work irksome or disagreeable, whereupon he performs in a slovenly manner, is more or less disobedient, or perhaps refuses to retrieve under any circumstances. This at first commonly occurs at a juncture when the dog is overworked and weary, or when there is obnoxious cover or heavy footing, as in briers or in mud, or he may be feeling rebellious after punishment for some fault, when he has, in whole or in part, lost his interest in field work.

As the dog's own willingness to participate was the peculiarity of his nature through which the trainer gradually decoyed him into retrieving, it is quite as natural that he should refuse to work when it ceased to be either pleasurable or profitable to him. As to work or not to work rested with himself, according to his own inclination, he could refuse to work quite as readily as he could accept.

So much for the faults of the system. The peculiarities of dog nature will now be touched, as they relate to the subject.

Nearly all puppies have a passionate fondness for frolicking. They will, by hours together, play with their master, with children or with each other. In the absence of a playmate, the puppy's irrepressible fondness for play, a trait implanted by nature for his best mental and physical development, stimulates him to find ways and means for its gratification. He takes an old shoe or other object to his liking, and carries or throws it about till he is wearied. At play, his joy and enthusiasm are without bounds. He goes through the forms of fierce, mimic battle, of chasing and being chased, of hostile surprise and bold defiance. All the fun may end by a brave onslaught and complete destruction of the old shoe. The frolic rarely ends before weariness supervenes. In due order, sleep and rest follow, whereafter the fun is boisterously and vigorously resumed. Thus he goes through the necessary development in the manner ordained by nature's laws. Therefrom he acquires activity, strength, a sharp judgment and a healthful development of body and mind.

In short, the play develops the puppy for the serious part of dog life, regardless of education or fine pedigree. On this trait, this fondness for play, the trainer must base all his educational efforts, supplemented by praise and rewards for such acts as are well done, and disapproval of such acts as are faulty. The dog's desire for approbation can be greatly developed by judicious praise and approval.

Now, as to the method itself, there is nothing fixed or arbitrary about it.

The intermediate stages of education, from carrying an object in play at the beginning to retrieving it usefully to command, are complex and numerous, and vary greatly in every respect, as much so as one dog's character and mental capacity differ from those of another. Even the same dog will vary from time to time in his progress and interest. The different dispositions, likes and dislikes, intelligence and stupidity, whims and peculiarities, are traits which the trainer must study and play upon. All the peculiarities may appear in a multitude of ways while the dog is in training. Even the trainer's own skill will vary. The capabilities of the dog should be carefully noted. Useful peculiarities should be cultivated and undesirable ones should be suppressed or discouraged, though always modifying and adapting the training to the puppy's capacity and temperament.

As before intimated, a course of training which may be a perfect success when applied to one dog may be a failure when applied to another. Each dog must be treated according to his peculiarities.

In the application of the natural method very little punishment can be given even when the dog is willfully wrong. To the dog the lesson means merely an enjoyable time, though to the trainer the pretense of fun has a serious purpose. Thus both are actuated by widely different motives. Punishment would therefore spoil the dog's fun and end the lesson. On the other hand, to make it unrestricted fun would defeat the trainer's purpose. Under the pretext of frolic a compromise must be established. By imperceptible stages the fun is gradually merged into business; that is to say, into retrieving.

There are times, however, when the puppy will not play; times when he does nor care to be amused; times when he wishes to be let alone. Then there is no lesson —or at least no lesson which is a gain.

Mature dogs care little for frolic. For that reason, with few exceptions, this system, in its application, is limited to puppies. A dog which will not play is beyond the scope of the system. Even in the rare instances in which an aged dog can be induced to play, he, having wisdom with age, soon discerns the purpose of the trainer and thereupon loses interest and quits.

The progress of the puppy, in the play system, is often extremely irregular, slow and faulty. He may express too much of his animal spirits by violently shaking the object to be retrieved, in imitation of combat with an enemy; he may stop to tear it, or race away with it, or do any one of a dozen other things he ought not to do—from the trainer's standpoint. When at a certain stage, which particularly pleases him, it is difficult to advance him to the next higher one. Or he may have some whim or whims which are all wrong as the trainer sees them, and which may require weeks of careful effort to correct.

In his training, both trainer and method are subservient to the pleasure of the puppy. At best, the trainer can only bide patiently the puppy's whims and inclinations, and the amusement features often last many weeks after the trainer heartily wishes them ended.

Playfulness gradually disappears as maturity is reached. In most instances, the lessons, when successful, are given from puppyhood to maturity. During this period, the discipline may become so firmly fixed by constant repetition that at maturity the dog may obey from force of habit, supplemented by the ascendency which the trainer, by his superior will power and intelligence, gains over him.

To entirely restrain one's own purposes and individuality within such limitations as are required by the puppy's whims or pleasure requires a great deal of tact, patience and good temper; or, in respect to the latter, a suppression of ill temper.

Punishment can only be administered cautiously, and then only as a corrective; that is, to prevent him from doing something which is wrong, not to force him to do that which is right. It is much easier to prevent him from doing something which he wishes to do than it is to make him do something that the trainer wishes done. Yet withal it is an easy matter to chill the dog's ardor by punishment under this system. By attempting to check him in one detail of the sport, he may be checked in all.

Generally speaking, the fewer alarming demonstrations that are made while training, the greater will be the success. A single miscalculation in punishment may temporarily or permanently end the whole affair under this system, the ever-recurring fact that the puppy can quit asserting itself whenever he is so pleased.

The lessons are greatly helped if the trainer can join heartily and sympathetically in the fun; if not so in reality, then so in appearance. A spirited participation on his part adds greatly to the dog's enjoyment and serves to engage his interest permanently. The system is based on deception, and the better the puppy is deceived the better he will learn, if skillfully managed. However, it is extremely difficult for many staid, serious men to simulate a gaiety and playfulness which they do not feel, or at least not in accordance with the puppy's standard. Sham cheerfulness and heavy capers are not likely to last long, and such grim attempts at fun, with a too rapid attempt at mixing work therewith, are sure to excite the puppy's distrust or to chill his interest. Once his interest is destroyed it is no easy matter to again engage it, and afterward it is easy to offend his sense of fun. The play must be genuine if the puppy's interest is to be engaged permanently.

It should not be inferred that all dogs taught after this manner retrieve well. Only a relatively small number do so. The work of retrievers thus taught is commonly inferior, showing the loose and unfinished effects of the playful lessons. Therewith may be added such peculiar faults and idiosyncrasies as are natural to the dog, or which are incidentally acquired by him.

However, a dog taught after this system may retrieve in a perfect manner, yet the perfection is not from any inherent virtue of the system. It is simply the manner which the dog has been pleased to adopt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

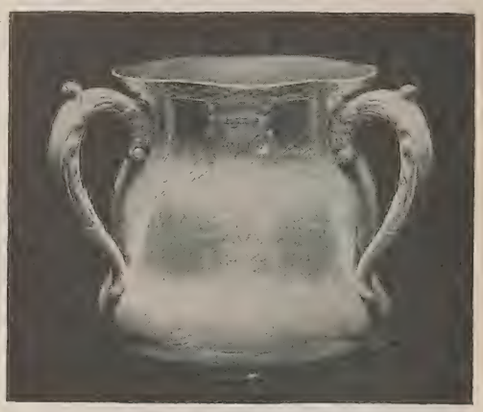
Boston Terrier Show Abandoned.

NEW ENGLAND KENNEL CLUB.—Boston, Mass., Aug. 24. We have been compelled to abandon our Terrier Show for this year owing to our having been unable to secure a suitable place for holding same.

D. E. LOVELAND, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

It is complimentary to the human race that the most venerable of the physical sciences is astronomy, whose fragmentary ephemerides may be faintly traced to the dimmest antiquity of Babylon and Egypt. In those early ages Sirius figured prominently, both in the scientific study of the skies and the economics of the times. The Thebans determined the length of the year by the number of its risings, and the entire population of the valley of the Nile leaned upon its prognostications of the swelling of that fateful stream. That Sirius might look upon fields and flocks with favor, the Romans rendered him yearly a sacrifice of a dog, and so to this season, when Sirius rose with the sun, was given the name of the "dog days." Besides, mythology records that Canis Major, the constellation in which Sirius is leader, was one of Orion's hounds, and was purposely placed near the Nimrod of the skies But time has its revenges, and the precession of the equi-



EWING DERBY CUP FOR NEWTON.

noxes has maladjusted the relation of the Dog-star to the sun, and dissipated in their proper connection the baleful beams of which Virgil wrote, yet the "dog days" serenely hold their own and are likely to exert their potent influence until the turning point in the sun's energy is reached and it begins to grow cold.—*Standard Union.*

We publish cuts of the two cups presented to the Continental Field Trials Club by Mr. Geo. W. Ewing, New Islip, L. I. They are of simple yet elegant design, and are trophies worthy of friendly competition. Each bears an inscription commemorating the event where won. Mr. Ewing is deserving of much praise for his generosity and sportsmanship.

In a letter of recent date, from a friend in Manitoba, it was mentioned that on Aug. 11 the thermometer registered 34°. Quite a contrast to the 90s prevailing in the States.

Trainer Jack Bradford Befriended.

MARLIN, Falls Co., Tex., Aug. 19.—A couple of members of the gun club drove down to the Brazos River yesterday to look after Jack Bradford, who has been prospering until recently, fishing and training dogs, at Willow Point, about seven miles from town, below the falls. They found him sick and destitute. One of his horses had drowned and his dogs were nearly starved. The boys immediately secured medical aid and provisions for him and his dogs, but he would not leave his camp, which



EWING DERBY CUP FOR MORRIS.

he has made into quite a park. We have arranged a home for him in town, where he will have proper attention, and have sent after him imperatively. He is about 45 years old and is said to be an expert florist as well as dog fancier, and is a quiet sort of a fellow that everyone likes when acquainted with him.

He had charge of the Waco Fishing Club property for some time before coming here. THE NEWSMAN.

Orange County Show.

ENTRIES for the Orange County Dog Show at Newburgh will close Sept. 10. The premium list may be had of Sec'y David A. Morrison, Newburgh. Prizes run $5, $3, $2 for firsts, and $3, $2 and $1 for seconds, with $5 special for fox-terrier bitch, collies, English setter, bull terrier, pointer, and miscellaneous. The judges will be: Mr. Edwin H. Morris, Hackensack, N. J.; Mr. John Brett, Cloister, N. J.; Mr. Chas. D. Purroy, New York City; Mr. R. K. Armstrong, Cragston Kennels; Dr. C. P. Stansbrough, Vet. Surgeon.

Toronto Show.

TORONTO, Aug. 24.—Dog owners and breeders when exhibiting in Toronto will see one of the largest and finest exhibitions in the Toronto Industrial Fair. It would be worth while for anyone to come hundreds of miles to see it, bringing their dogs with them. The following classes and prizes have been added: Class 35½, greyhound puppies, both sexes; class 11½, novice St. Bernards, dogs and bitches; and class 16½, puppy dogs and bitches, same breed; the prizes are for the three classes, 1st $10, 2d $5, 3d diploma.

Thomas Denney kindly donates a very handsome silver cup for the best cocker spaniel stud dog and two of his get, any color. A valuable trophy is given for the best St. Bernard.

C. A. STONE.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Mr. R. F. Maher claims the names
Red Duke, for cocker spaniel dog, whelped April, 1895, by Cherry—Brantford Bonita.
Reham Bene Silk, for cocker spaniel dog, whelped April, 1895, by Cherry—Brantford Bonita.
Mr. G. E Call claims the names
Chief, for pointer dog, whelped March 8, 1895, by Halt—Blodwin.
General, for pointer dog, whelped March 8, 1895, by Halt—Blodwin.
Peperell, for pointer dog, whelped March 8, 1895, by Halt—Blodwin.
Mass, for pointer dog, whelped March 8, 1895, by Halt—Blodwin.
Mr. D. C. Coleman claims the name Gath's Belle, for English setter bitch, whelped May 30, 1895, by champion Gath's Mark—Belle of Blue Ridge.

WHELPS.

Standard Kennels' Velma, beagle bitch, whelped, Aug. 2, four (two dogs), by champion Tricotrin.
Rochester-Pittsburg Bull-Terrier Kennels' Lady Dinah, bull-terrier bitch, whelped, July 20, nine (three dogs), by champion Streatham Monarch.
Mr. R. F. Maher's Reham Raven Beauty, cocker spaniel bitch, whelped, Aug. 1, seven (three dogs), by King Raven.
Rice St. Bernard Kennels' Arline, St. Bernard bitch, whelped, Aug. 14, eleven (five dogs), by Grand Master.
Mr. H. F. de B. Cameron's Dowsabel, cocker spaniel bitch, whelped, Aug. 10, six (two dogs), by Willie Silk.

SALES.

Mr. J. F. Stoddard has sold Tulip, beagle bitch, to Mr. J. P. Haller.
Mr. G. E. Call has sold
Mass and Peperal, pointer dogs, to Mr. C. F. Lawrence.
General and Chief, pointer dogs, to Mr. E. Thompson.
Mr. Chas. A. Paetzel has sold
——, pointer dog, to Mr. T. T. Ashford.
——, pointer bitch, to Mr. T. T. Ashford.
Mr. G. G. Williamson has sold
——, English setter bitch, to Mr. D. C. Coleman.
——, English setter bitch, to Mr. H. B. Ledbetter.
——, English setter dog, to Mr. J. H. Cornell.

DEATHS.

Mr. G. G. Williamson's Red Bandanna, English setter dog, on July 24. Poisoned.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

7. **First international race. This date is provisional and may be changed upon Lord Dunraven's arrival next week.**

THE action of the America's Cup Committee in concealing the official measurements of Defender and Vigilant is by no means what might be expected from men of long practical experience in yachting. Assuming that any real harm could come from the knowledge of the waterline and sail area of the two yachts, it is still an open question whether the Cup and regatta committees are justified in defying a fixed rule of the club; and it is further questionable whether the precedent thus established may not be a most mischievous and harmful one in yachting.

It is a recognized principle in yacht racing, founded on obvious reasons, that no yacht be allowed to start in a race without being officially measured, and also officially recorded as entering in one particular class with a given allowance to or from other boats in the class. This much is due to the other competitors, and the regatta committee should compel a proper measurement and entry in justice to all. Only lately complaints have reached us of neglect in this particular by smaller clubs; and the action of the New York Y. C. committees establishes a precedent for similar laxity in enforcing the rule.

What we are most surprised at, considering the make up of the Cup committee, is the technical ignorance which it has displayed in ascribing such an exaggerated importance to the other side of a knowledge of Defender's length and sail area. Such ideas might pass with the average piazza yachtsman and the bold skippers of the rocking-chair fleet, but one does not look for them to-day among men who are thoroughly familiar with the details of design and measurement. The working out of a design is a matter of weeks at least, and the construction a matter of months; all the dimensions and details of Valkyrie III. were decided on months ago, and even the spar plan, the one thing that is most susceptible of alteration, must have been finally completed in June. In a great craft like this, the first thing for the designer to do is to try her as nearly as possible at the designed waterline and with her original spar plan, making such changes of ballast, trim and rig as seem necessary to correct certain faults or to generally improve her speed. With the experience of Thistle and Valkyrie II. to guide him, it is unlikely that Mr. Watson will attempt anything more than to get the highest possible speed out of Valkyrie III., whether he has to slightly shorten or lengthen her waterline; this alone is a difficult task in two weeks with no trial boat. It is in the highest degree improbable that he will, after knowing the measurements of Defender and Vigilant, attempt to improve Valkyrie's allowance by alterations of trim or rig which may affect her speed. The approximate sail area of Defender has been disclosed long ago by photographs, and though her waterline is still unknown, it cannot vary very far from 89ft. 6in. That Valkyrie must allow a minute or two to Defender and Vigilant is quite certain. She is prepared to do so, and her designer would hardly be so foolish as to risk the loss of a minute in speed from an alteration which would save a few seconds in allowance.

The effect of this extreme "foxiness" on the part of the New York Y. C. has been to awaken a feeling of suspicion abroad, and, we believe, to disgust a great many American yachtsmen who believe in making the best possible rules for the regulation of yachting and living up to them rigidly.

All lovers of consistency will appreciate the remark of one member of the Cup committee, that it would be obviously unfair to Defender to disclose her length and sail area three weeks before the race, when it is remembered that this same gentleman was largely responsible

for the demand for all the hull dimensions of a challenger ten months before a race.

THE present "scare" policy of some American papers toward Defender is both harmful and silly; a mere sensation that can do no possible good and must appear ridiculous in the extreme to outsiders. The lists of fateful mishaps and horrible occurrences to Defender since she was begun are detailed at doleful length up to the number of a baker's dozen. It has been known from the first that lightness of construction has been deliberately carried to an extreme point, a dangerously small factor of safety being used in dealing with great dimensions and unknown materials. Under these circumstances the failure of a mast or the breaking of a gaff are to be looked on not as extraordinary accidents or special omens of evil, but as natural consequences of a deliberate act. There was nothing mysterious in the loss of Vigilant's bowsprit in her first race in 1893 when one measured the diameter of the bowsprit shroud; and there is nothing especially strange in the failure of Defender's mast last week. The designer of both yachts has placed his faith not alone in the more legitimate features of design such as the selection of type and dimensions and the adjustment of centers, but in extreme light construction. Thus far the failure has been confined to the rig, but it would be no surprise if the same extreme experiments in the hull were attended with the same unpleasant results.

Much has been made of the fact that Defender has twice taken the ground, but the only surprising fact in this connection is that with a draft of 19 to 20ft. she has sailed or towed so much without more frequent and serious grounding. If any one thinks that it is an easy task to take 20ft. of water around the Sound or Narragansett Bay by the Government charts, let him borrow a 46-footer with 10 to 11ft. of draft and try a little navigation in her. The grounding of Defender off Newport, and again last week off Hog Island, were mere matters of course that have no special moral save the uselessness of such deep craft.

ANOTHER story now going the rounds is to the effect that there is trouble in Defender's crew. This is probably quite true. If it is not, the Deer Island crew is a notable exception to human nature among sailor men. The captains of all these great racing boats will tell the same story, that while it is possible to keep a crew of twenty or twenty-five men in a proper state of discipline, it is a very different matter with double the number. There will certainly be some sea lawyers and black sheep, and at the best the captain is called on constantly to settle small disputes, to punish breaches of discipline and to exert no small amount of tact and diplomacy in maintaining a proper spirit of contentment and obedience among his crew. After all the reports, there is no reason to believe that Defender's Yankee crew is any more discontented and unruly than might be supposed, or that it will not do all that is expected of it. The inevitable trouble with these big crews, such as in the case of Ailsa this summer, is another reason for the return of the Cup racing to a smaller class of yacht, with a crew of half the number.

SHORTLY after the arrival of Valkyrie III. Mr. H. Maitland Kersey, Lord Dunraven's representative, notified the America's Cup Committee that the challenging yacht would require no extension of time for preparation, but would be ready by the date originally fixed, Saturday, Sept. 7. On Aug. 24 a special meeting of the Cup and regatta committees was held, at which it was decided to sail the first race on the original date, Sept. 7, and an official notice to this effect was posted on Saturday. Lord Dunraven and Mr. Watson sailed on the Teutonic last Wednesday and are due in New York on Aug. 28, when the final arrangements will be completed. It is hardly likely that Lord Dunraven will object to the date as thus fixed, but there is a possibility that more time may be needed by the defender after a final selection has been made.

The Trial Races.

THE final trial races for the selection of the defender of the America's Cup against the British challenger, Valkyrie III., were set for Aug. 20-22, the conditions, as announced on Aug. 19 by the America's Cup committee, being as follows:

The start will be made off Sandy Hook or Scotland Lightship, the preparatory signal being given at 11 A. M.

Courses—No. 1 (letter C): From the starting line to and around a mark 10 miles to windward or to leeward and return, leaving the mark on the starboard hand.

No. 2 (letter D): From the starting line, 8 miles to and around a mark, thence 8 miles to and around a second mark, and thence 8 miles to finish line, turning the marks on the outside of the triangle, to port or starboard, according as the yachts are sent around.

Starting and Finish Lines—Will be between a point on the committee boat, indicated by a white flag, and the mainmast of the lightship. These lines will be at right angles with the outward and home courses respectively.

To Sail Twice Over—Two red balls will be displayed, vertically; and in turning the lightship it must be left on the same hand as the outer mark or marks.

Compass Courses—Will be signaled before the preparatory signal is made. The signals for course No. 2 must be read beginning forward.

Marks—Will be floats displaying a red flag with white stripe.

Starting Signals—Each signal will be accompanied by a 15-second blast of whistle.

Preparatory—The blue peter will be hoisted.

Signal for the Start—Ten minutes later the blue peter will be lowered and a red ball hoisted.

Handicap Time—Two minutes later the ball will drop.

Recall Signals—A yacht crossing the line before the starting signal is made will be recalled by a blast of the whistle and the display of her private signal on the fore.

Letter F—All yachts come within hail.

All signals will be made by the club code.

The only two entries for the trials were Vigilant, the defender of 1893, and Defender, built this year. These two yachts were docked together in the Erie Basin dry dock on Aug. 16, being then measured, Defender for the first time, and Vigilant for the first time this season, by Mr. John Hyslop, the official measurer of the New York Y. C. Vigilant was the first to enter the big dock, early on Friday morning, warping up to the extreme end. She was first thoroughly and systematically stripped, nothing being left aboard but an anchor and cable, and then her load line and spars were very carefully measured by Mr. Hyslop and his assistant, in the presence of Mr. Willard and Capt. Barr. This operation was finished shortly after noon, by which time Defender was outside the dock, having towed down from New Rochelle. She was warped in and stripped to the last chip, and then Mr. Hyslop boarded her.

For the first time in American yachting, the crews were on board and amidship at the time of measurement, each being counted and the number recorded so that it may not be exceeded in any race so long as the measurement stands. Heretofore it has been optional with owners to have the crew aboard, and while they have not been counted, the custom has been to measure the waterline with most of the crew on board. In the Cup races of 1893 the then defender, Vigilant, chose to be measured with no one on board, her regular crew being greatly in excess of that carried by Valkyrie II. The latter yacht availed herself of the same privilege, only Lord Dunraven being on board at the time of measurement. By the agreement this year, both yachts must be measured with crew aboard, the number not to be exceeded in the races, and the same conditions have been made to cover the trial races as well.

By the positive orders of the America's Cup committee, the measurer was prohibited from revealing the racing lengths or any of the measurements to any one outside the committee, so that the allowances in the various races sailed are yet unknown, and some of them cannot now be ascertained. We understand that while Defender drew 19ft. 8in. when she was first docked on July 25, she had been so lightened at the time of measurement that she drew barely 19ft. We cannot vouch for these figures, which would indicate a reduction of weight of some twenty tons, but there is no doubt that the trim of the yacht had been changed, and that in her early races she measured more and should have allowed more time to Vigilant than in the trial race of last week. How much more, and whether the results of these races would be affected, no one can now know. The course of the two committees of the club, in deliberately violating Rule IV., is responsible for this very unsatisfactory state of affairs.

The docking served to show that Defender received no external injury in the grounding off Goat Island, the surface of the hull being bright and clean. Both yachts were thoroughly polished below and painted above, a special composition invented by a New Rochelle painter being used on Defender, the ordinary paint showing very badly on the aluminum plates. Much small work was done on sails, gear and hull while in the dock and in the interval between the floating, on Sunday morning, and the race on Tuesday. Mr. N. G. Herreshoff was with Defender from Aug. 14, superintending alterations to the sails at New Rochelle previous to the docking, and he stayed by her through the first race.

Tuesday was an exceptionally fine day, even for August, clear and bright, with a strong and cool S. W. wind in the morning which freshened until it was blowing from 20 to 25 miles an hour in the afternoon. The tug L. Luckenback, with the Cup and regatta committees aboard, steamed out to the Scotland Lightship about 10 o'clock, in company with a small fleet of yachts and steamers, but the direction of the wind made a windward course impossible from that point. The tug set a message in the code signals and steamed further offshore to the Sandy Hook Lightship, where a course of 10 nautical miles S. S. W., or in near the Jersey beach abreast of Long Branch, was laid off. The preparatory gun was fired at 10:35, but there was a marked absence of any attempt at maneuvering for position, Defender kept away and left Vigilant to cross alone, the times at the line being: Vigilant 11:45:56, Defender 11:46:53.

Both carried all lower sail and club topsail, though there was a good breeze and a promise of more, Vigilant also carrying a baby jibtopsail. Vigilant, after crossing on the starboard tack, luffed up for a moment and paid away on the same tack, offshore. Defender also crossed on the starboard tack, but went about as soon as she was well clear of the line, and headed inshore. There was little sea at the start, but as they worked out the water grew rougher until after some five miles there was a very lively jump to worry them.

Both heeled more than in any previous races, but Defender showed a very decided superiority in this respect.

Defender held her inshore tack for about three minutes, and then came about with a good weather berth. For the next half hour the spectators were treated to a fine bit of racing; each boat had plenty of wind—more than enough for the clubtopsails which they carried—and both wind and sea were increasing. Vigilant had clear wind and water, and every change on her best, but this time the centerboard boat was clearly overmatched by the keel. Defender held on better and pointed quite as high, showing a steady and marked gain. At the end of half an hour from the start Vigilant found herself under Defender's lee and made her first tack at 12:17, Defender crossing her bows as she headed inshore. Defender also tacked at 12:18:30 on Vigilant's weather bow; thus having made up the minute lost at the start and added another minute or more to it.

The remainder of the course was made on one long leg of 50 minutes, Defender doing the better work in the head seas and stronger wind. Both would have gone faster and easier without club topsails, but they were lugged to the outer mark for the sake of the running.

When Defender, with a long lead, came up to the turning mark, she executed a maneuver which caused much surprise to all who saw it; instead of making a close turn and a jibe at the mark, she stood on some distance beyond the mark, to all appearances imitating the wild runaway of Pilgrim, in the second Astor cup race off Newport, in 1893. The yacht failed to answer her helm, as it appeared, and some time was lost before she was headed off the wind on her course home. Even then she was not jibed over, but still carried her boom to starboard; the spinaker was set very slowly and the whole work of turning was badly done. When Vigilant came up she made a short turn and a quick jibe, at once breaking out her spinaker and afterward setting a jibtopsail. The times at the mark were:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Defender	1 09 18	1 22 25	6 33
Vigilant	1 14 54	1 28 58	——

Vigilant was the better fitted for a quick run home, having her boom on the right side, while Defender was obliged to run off her course a little. When she came up to the lightship she took in her spinaker and jibtopsail and prepared to jibe, but the same refusal to answer her helm followed, and some little time was lost before the boom came over and she was on her proper course around the mark. It was still early in the day, the yachts had sailed but 20 miles, and the conditions were just those most desired—a good whole sail breeze and sea—so before Defender reached the mark boat the signals were set on the Luckenback for a second round.

The two were timed at the turn:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Defender	2 04 29	0 55 11	
Vigilant	2 08 32	0 53 38	0 1 33

Defender started on the second round with her clubtopsail still aloft, going off on port tack. Vigilant, however, lowered her clubtopsail at the turn and carried a bare topmast, still having sail enough. Defender started the second round on the starboard tack, but Vigilant rounded the lightship and headed inshore on port tack, Defender at once tacking. They went along for a time with too much wind for Defender's clubtopsail, though she was lugging it well and hammering into a head sea, Defender showing the best at this work. At 2:23, however, she suddenly bore away, started sheet and headed back for Sandy Hook, being soon picked up by a tug. Vigilant continued the course, though at 2:27 her jib split and she sailed without it until a new one was set. Shortly after 3 o'clock the Luckenback ran up to her and ordered her to discontinue the race, which was awarded to her.

The cause of the withdrawal of Defender was not known until some time later, when the press tugs visited her and were told that the steel masthead band which carries the main rigging had drawn down over an inch, crushing into the mast and leaving the rigging slack, the damage being so serious that the mast would in all probability have gone before the windward mark could have been reached. The yacht was at once towed to New Rochelle, and on Monday morning she started in tow for Bristol with Mr. and Mrs. Iselin on board. She laid in New London all Wednesday night and started on Thursday morning for Bristol, arriving late on Thursday, after a little delay caused by taking the ground on the point of Hog Island, just off Bristol. The spring tide was unusually low, and on the last of the ebb she grounded, going easily into the soft mud and lying for a time until the tide lifted her clear. The incident was of no moment, though greatly exaggerated by some papers.

The work on the new steel gaff and boom was already being hurried, and immediately after the break down a telegram was sent to Boston ordering a new mast, to be 2ft. longer and 1in. greater in diameter than the old one, which was but 22in. The increased size of the mast called for entire new fittings, and the smiths were at once set to work on new steel bands, heavier in all dimensions than the old; all of the gear and rigging being materially strengthened. The new mast and a new topmast arrived at Bristol from Boston by rail on Friday night, on a special train of four flat cars; the crew was ready at the station, and as soon as the train was run on to a siding near the water the spars were slid overboard and towed by the Hattie Palmer to the railway in Walker's Cove, where they were hauled up for further work. The mast was only in the rough at the ends, and much work remained to be done in fitting the metal work before it could be stepped.

The condition of the hull and the full extent of the injury are still matters of mystery; those connected with the yacht admit that the masthead band drew down and the shrouds slackened, but deny positively that the hull was in any way injured or has showed any signs of straining since launched, and also that the yacht was at any time unmanageable. The statement concerning the hull is borne out by the fact that there is apparently no work being done on it now at Bristol except the addition of some longer chain plates for the runners and backstays, 5ft. long, thus going well down to the manganese bronze plating. The statement denying the bad behavior of the boat at three different times—at the first turn, the jibe, and when she finally gave up—is contradicted by the occurrence itself, as seen by many yachtsmen.

The new mast cannot fail to be a serious disadvantage, being a green stick, in addition to the extra size, and tending to depress the bows, being stepped so far forward. The change, though absolutely necessary, is in this way not for the better. It is generally reported that the old mast was sprung, but, as the Herreshoffs are guarding it as they know how to on their dock at Bristol, it is impossible to say whether this is the case. That the mast was too light for the increased sail plan, if not for the original one, is very certain, and this error cannot fail to be attended with serious effects, in addition to the loss of time.

Immediately after the breakdown the Cup committee announced that the second race would be postponed until Tuesday, Aug. 27, with a third trial on Wednesday; but the progress of the work was so slow up to Saturday that in the evening a notice was posted by the committee that the first race would be sailed on Thursday of this week. The new mast was stepped on Sunday.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Adelaide, sloop, owned by R. W. Inman, was run down near the Narrows on Monday night by the iron steamer Perseus, and at the time we go to press Mr. Inman is reported missing, the others on the yacht being saved. The yacht was badly damaged, but was able to return to Bay Ridge.

Valkyrie III.

THE NINTH CUP CONTESTANT.

YACHTSMEN were prepared in advance for the arrival of the latest Cup challenger, she having been reported several times between Cape Race and Montauk Point, and when she was sighted off Fire Island station at 3 P. M. on Sunday, Aug. 18, a number of tugs were already off Sandy Hook awaiting her. The news was sent by telegraph from Fire Island to Sandy Hook, and there made known by signals, the fleet starting off toward Fire Island. The tug F. B. Dalzell was the first to meet the yacht and pass her a line, the wind being light from the westward and sunset approaching. The steam tender City of Bridgeport, chartered some time since by Mr. Kersey to wait upon Valkyrie throughout the series of races, was off the Hook with Rear-Com. Arthur H. Glennie, Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Y. C., on board. Mr. Glennie, who is an intimate friend of Lord Dunraven, has been in New York for some days, having come to witness the races. On the deck of Valkyrie was Capt. Cranfield, as ruddy and jolly as ever, with Capt. Sycamore, who will assist him in the sailing of the big boat, and Capt. James Harrison, of the Anchor Line, the navigator. The first mate of the yacht is W. Tyler, the second mate Luther Gould and the boatswain Wm. Cook. The party numbered forty-two all told, not including the ship's dog. Capt. Cranfield's son, who was in the second Valkyrie in 1893 and last year with Lord Dunraven in Audrey I., is again in the crew.

The yacht looked well under her ketch rig, which proved very serviceable on the long voyage, far better than the cutter rig under which Queen Mab and Valkyrie II. crossed. She was well washed by the sea, the paint and varnish being the worse for wear, but the hull seemed perfectly sound. Just forward of the rudderhead was the steering wheel made at the Erie Basin for Valkyrie II. when she sailed for home last year, a stout oak frame bolted to the deck and carrying a plain wheel and barrel. A jury tiller of steel, about 4ft. long, was shipped in place of the racing tiller, and steering lines and tackles were led from this tiller to the barrel of the wheel, a strong and simple arrangement. The yacht towed up the Bay and anchored just by Liberty Island. The Boston *Globe* gives the following summary of the voyage:

Sailed from Gourock on Saturday, July 27, towing down the Clyde; fresh northwesterly wind to start with and heavy swell, the yacht pitching heavily. On Sunday, July 28, the wind continued fresh from the northwest, and when Troy Island was abeam had covered 148 miles.

There was a light northwesterly wind on Monday, July 29, and a high swell, Valkyrie covering 127 miles.

On Tuesday, July 30, the wind still continued light from the northwest and the weather was clear, Valkyrie only making 83 miles. With a moderate breeze fanning her along, 155 miles were covered in the 24 hours.

A gale commenced on the forenoon of Aug. 1, which lasted four days, varying from north to southwest, and the new Cup challenger fairly flew through the water, covering 204 miles.

On Aug. 2 they were to hove to at intervals, because of the wind and sea, and only covered 81 miles.

On the evening of Aug. 2 they showed signal lights to a sailing vessel bound east. They were carrying their three lower sails and topsail, with reefed foresail.

The gale continued, and there was a confused sea until Aug. 3, when the weather and sea commenced to moderate.

On Sunday, Aug. 4, Valkyrie still continued to pitch heavily, and shipped considerable water.

At 9 on Sunday morning, however, Capt. Cranfield shook out reefs and again started westward under full lower canvas.

On Monday, Aug. 5, they spoke the German steamer Rotterdam and made fair progress in the light northwesterly wind. The sky was clear and the warm sun dried out their sails.

On Tuesday, Aug. 6, they carried away their topsail sheet and boom guy in a strong northeasterly wind, which was accompanied by a heavy sea.

The wind was lighter on Aug. 8, and despite a high swell Valkyrie covered 219 knots, her best day's run of the trip.

On Friday, Aug. 9, there was a strong breeze from the southeast and a high following sea.

On Aug. 10 they had a fresh breeze from the southwest, and at 5:30 o'clock on Sunday morning, Aug. 11, they signaled Cape Race. They ran into a thick fog in the afternoon, which lifted enough at 8:25 o'clock to show them Cape Race abeam.

On Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 12 and 13, Valkyrie had a light easterly breeze to contend with, which shifted to the northwest and came in lighter on the following day.

On Thursday, Aug. 15, the breeze continued moderate from the northwest, while the air was clear and cool.

Friday, Aug. 16, saw the same general winds, except that Valkyrie was becalmed for four hours.

On Saturday, Aug. 17, Valkyrie encountered moderate northerly or northwesterly winds, which continued all Sunday until she signaled Fire Island light at 3 in the afternoon.

At 5:30 she gave a line to a tug and towed up to the city.

The latitude and longitude of Valkyrie III. on each day of her voyage, as well as the distance run, is shown in the following table:

	Latitude.	Longitude.	Miles.
Saturday, July 27	2.40 P. M. left Gourock.		
Sunday, July 28	Tory Island abeam.		
Monday, July 29	54.35	12.12	127
Tuesday, July 30	53.35	14.15	83
Wednesday, July 31	54.32	18.31	155
Thursday, Aug. 1	55.40	24.06	204
Friday, Aug. 2	54.52	25.45	81
Saturday, Aug. 3	52.53	29.04	160
Sunday, Aug. 4	62.08	31.20	93
Monday, Aug. 5	51.31	33.33	91
Tuesday, Aug. 6	50.32	35.12	123
Wednesday, Aug. 7	49.46	38.04	81
Thursday, Aug. 8	48.23	43.14	219
Friday, Aug. 9	47.41	46.16	129
Saturday, Aug. 10	47.16	50.51	189
Sunday, Aug. 11	46.52	52.47	83
Monday, Aug. 12	45.58	55.57	140
Tuesday, Aug. 13	44.41	59.30	173
Wednesday, Aug. 14	43.31	62.35	154
Thursday, Aug. 15	41.38	64.38	135
Friday, Aug. 16	40.42	67.38	140
Saturday, Aug. 17	40.43	69.14	80
Sunday, Aug. 18, to Sandy Hook	40.32	72.44	59

The total distance covered was 3,016 miles.

Bright and early on Monday morning the crew was astir, scrubbing down decks and cleaning up, and unreeving and stowing the sea gear. In the afternoon the tug Lewis J. Pulver, which attended the second Valkyrie, came down with Mr. Kersey on board and towed the yacht to the Erie Basin drydock, where the sea gear was carried ashore and stored. On Tuesday morning the two jury masts were unshipped and laid on the bulkhead in company with a lot of Vigilant's spare spars, including the much-traveled $1,600 hollow Herreshoff boom made in 1893, carried over to Europe last year and never taken from its original wrappings. The spars of Valkyrie were awaiting her and the mast was quickly cleared of its wrappings, disclosing a fine stick of great size; it was slung and stepped in place and the rigging sent up; the bowsprit was shipped and gaff and topmast taken aboard.

The boom proved a surprise, a "stick" of sheet steel in six segments, the longitudinal edges of each segment turned outward, making a flange through which the connecting rivets were driven. The spar is very long, probably 110ft., extending when shipped far beyond the long counter of the yacht. The adjoining flanges of the segments make six exterior ribs which stiffen it, the construction being identical with that of the steel pillar made by the Phœnix Bridge Company and seen in some of the elevated railway structures and in large buildings. The steel is $^3/_{16}$in. thick and galvanized; tie plates are used inside for additional stiffness. The form of construction makes the riveting a very easy matter, all the work being done from the outside, the construction of a cylindrical metal spar being difficult unless it is large enough in diameter to admit of a man lying inside to pass the rivets and hold on. This difficulty is avoided, at the expense perhaps of a little symmetry and shipshape appearance, but these matter little in a Cup contest. At four points on the spar the spaces between the flanges are filled with hardwood chocks, making circular bearings for the straps of the mainsheet blocks. The spars are large and heavy, but the crew worked with a will, and the rigging was well advanced by Tuesday night.

Early on Wednesday morning Valkyrie was floated in to the upper end of the north basin, where the keel blocks were ready to receive her. She was lined up over the blocks, the spur shores set up and the pumps started, while a crowd of curious spectators hurried in the open gates of the yard. Neither portfolios nor cameras were barred, and soon artists and photographers were busily at work. As the water fell the hull was scrubbed down, showing a fairly clean wooden bottom, with a triangle of copper indicating the lead keel, the wood covered with a black paint up to a point well above the waterline, the topsides being white.

As soon as the bottom was dry enough, the stages were rigged and men set to work everywhere to burn off the old paint, scrape, sandpaper, and where necessary plane the hull; this work being continued until by Friday night the whole surface of the yacht was clean, fair and smooth. On Saturday she was painted, the black paint being carried up until only a belt of white 2in. wide was left below the plank-sheer, this being relieved by the conventional scroll and gilt stripe. The effect was not unlike that seen in Mayflower when she defended the Cup in 1886. The bottom will be painted again when the yacht goes into the dock for the last time, probably on Sept. 4. It is also

reported that arrangements have been made to dock her after each race, so as to insure that the bottom is in perfect condition.

With such special precautions as these, there is no reason why a painted wooden bottom cannot be had which will be equal to or even better than copper; the advantage of the metal coming in when a yacht has to race for a couple of weeks or more without docking. In this respect the American boat will have a certain decided advantage over the challenger, the thick plates of Tobin bronze or manganese bronze being much more even than thin copper sheathing in small plates.

While the dockyard men were at work on the outside of the hull, carpenters were busy on deck removing the rail and bulwarks from a point forward of the mast back to the archboard and then replacing the rail on low chocks, leaving only a footrail without bulwarks. The interior fittings, light as they are, were also taken out, as the crew is berthed in hammocks on the City of Bridgeport. During the races the yacht will be entirely bare inside, the same as the American boats. The crew found plenty to occupy them about the decks, and in reeving off gear, scraping and varnishing spars, and similar work; but they stuck bravely to their task, and by Saturday night all was completed save the bending of the second mainsail which Mr. Ratsey brought over in the Paris, arriving on Saturday afternoon.

The usual stock reports of serious straining, seams started and rivets sheared, were set in circulation as soon as the yacht arrived, but the docking failed to show anything in corroboration of these canards; the hull showed even less straining than in the case of Valkyrie II., in which the oakum was loosened in the seams near the extreme end of the counter. The seams of the new boat showed little strain, the putty being in good condition, a few of the bolts through the planking had lost their nuts, and were replaced. There was no evidence, in either seams or bolts, that the yacht had strained or worked.

The form of the hull has been clearly shown by the various photographs published some time since, and there is comparatively little left to be said by way of description.

In view of the dangerous dimensions of the challenger, that patriotic



VALKYRIE III. IN DRY DOCK, ERIE BASIN.

policy which claims Queen Mab and Minerva as sloops is being followed by some writers in the attempt to show that Valkyrie III. is but a copy of Vigilant, but such a statement is very wide of the truth. The charge of copying naturally carries with it the inference that the copyist has appropriated blindly and ignorantly the good and bad features of the pattern, with no appreciation of their value. That the new boat is more like Vigilant than like Marjorie, Thistle or even Valkyrie II. is very true, so far as it goes; but no one who is familiar with Valkyrie III. and Vigilant can honestly claim that the two are alike save in a very general way. What is true is that this time Mr. Watson has considered solely the conditions of the Cup races and has designed his boat to meet them; and in doing this he has studied the successful boat of 1893 very thoroughly, accepting some features and rejecting others that are quite as characteristic and prominent.

The resemblance of Valkyrie III. to Vigilant rests on three points—the possession of the same extreme beam, the form of the midship section, and the keel contour. As far as the beam is concerned, 26ft. in each boat, in the one case it is employed on a waterline of 90ft and in the other of but 86ft, making quite a difference in the proportion. The midship sections of the two boats, apart from a very great difference due to the extra draft of Valkyrie, resemble each other when compared with older and very different boats, but when compared directly together each shows the individual characteristics of its designer. After watching the performance of Vigilant when heeled, rolling her weather side high out of water, it is hardly to be expected that Mr. Watson would adopt the same midship section, nor has he done so; there is less of the barrel bottom, and more of the straight deadrise and strongly marked bilge of Valkyrie II. The section, so far as it can be cut by eye from the solid form of the hull when surrounded by staging and half bare of paint, is a more carefully drawn and better one than that of Vigilant.

The beam and midship section of Vigilant are emphasized by their union with the extreme fullness of waterline, both forward and aft, which characterized Mr. Herreshoff's work in 1892-3, as in Wasp, Vigilant and the small fin keels—a fullness that has been abandoned this season. The extreme round of the midship section was carried forward to the hawsepipe and aft to the transom through this full waterline, making a long, full bilge extending from end to end.

In Valkyrie the beam and midship section are associated with a much finer waterline, the round of the middle frame disappearing quickly both forward and aft, the bow frames being of a marked V shape, while the counter and quarters may be termed fine, even with no comparison to the very full ones of Vigilant. While the yacht is not what some predicted, all middle and no ends, she is nevertheless fine and easy at both extremities, and with nothing to cause the tremendous waves which are said to have terrified the spectators on the shores of the Clyde. To our eye, however, she is not the fair and sweet boat that Valkyrie II. was, nor is she equal to Britannia; the extreme dimensions, not alone the beam, but the shallowness of the hull, prohibit the handsome lines of the more moderate craft.

Taking now the sheer plan, above water there is no resemblance to Vigilant, the counter radically different both in the deck outline and in the transverse sections, being more like that of Queen Mab and other well-known Watson boats. The sheer is very different from that of Vigilant, and the boat makes a better appearance afloat. Below water there is a certain resemblance in the keel contour, but under conditions which contradict all charges of mere copying.

The peculiar outline of keel which was one of the marked characteristics of Valkyrie II., and which has been adopted as closely as possible in Defender, is entirely absent in the new Valkyrie. The extreme angle of the sternpost has given place to much less rake, about the same as that of Vigilant; the rounded bottom of the keel in the second Valkyrie is replaced by a straight piece slightly raked upward as in Vigilant, in the third Valkyrie; for the rest, this straight keel is carried by a quick curve into the stempiece sharply raked at the waterline.

These points of resemblance, however, are accompanied by such strongly marked differences as to make the result anything but a copy. In Vigilant the extreme draft was but 18ft., the straight keel was about 50ft. long on the bottom, and the sternpost was directly at the after end of the waterline, while beneath the fore end of the straight keel was the deep triangle of the centerboard. The result was a long but shallow lateral plane, with the rudder at the surface and at the extreme after end; a plane that gave steadiness in running and in a quartering wind, but that was a fatal handicap to that quickness of maneuvering which is a prime requisite in modern match sailing.

In the new Valkyrie everything is different. With but 4ft. more length of waterline, the draft, as disclosed for the first time by the docking, and in the face of many "exclusive" stories, is at least 20ft., possibly an inch or two more; the sternpost is placed forward, well under the boat, and the straight bottom of the keel is less than 25ft. long in place of 50. The rudder is quite wide and carries its width down toward the heel; it is deeply immersed in solid water, far below the surface; the lateral plane is, roughly speaking, 90ft. long on the upper edge, 25ft. long on the lower edge and 20ft. deep—a very different thing from that of Vigilant, 86ft. on upper edge, 50ft. on lower and 13ft. deep. There can be little doubt that Valkyrie III. will be a quick-working boat, probably quite as lively in stays as her predecessor.

It is not impossible that Defender may be capable of swinging around in a few seconds less, but in practice, as long as a boat will tack surely and quickly and is not notably slow, like Vigilant, it makes no difference whether she takes 15 seconds or 20; nothing is gained by turning so quickly that the sheets cannot be handled fast enough. The probabilities are that both boats in the Cup races will be capable of quick turning and will be tested at it to the utmost in the starting.

The difference between Vigilant and Valkyrie II. off the wind, especially as shown in the last race of 1893, was too great to be passed unnoticed, and it looks as though Mr. Watson had "copied" Vigilant by a rigid comparison of the lateral planes, including the rudders and the centerboard of the two boats, discarding some of the prominent features of his old form and adopting with careful discrimination the best features of his rival. If he has really done this, he is just so much ahead of the designer of Defender, who has passed by Gloriana and Wasp and adopted a different and apparently faulty form, that of Valkyrie II.

The lead of Valkyrie is a very large mass, of triangular form and some 8ft. high at the fore end, the top raking down to a couple of feet at the heel. It is not bulbed, but is very thick through, and as it is probably nearly equal in weight to that of Defender, it must be still more effective through its lower center of gravity due to the greater draft and straight line of the bottom.

After seeing the yacht we have little doubt of her power under all normal conditions of Cup racing, or even in a blow under proper canvas; if Defender can stand up, as she undeniably does, with much less beam and bilge, and also less draft, Valkyrie should be able to carry easily her extra canvas and big spars.

The work above deck, which, by the way, is another "steal," purely American (?), is worth longer and more careful study than is possible on a first view. The first impression (after watching Defender in a number of races) is that the rig of Valkyrie is very heavy; the second impression, after a more careful view, is that it is about right, as fine a piece of rigging as has yet been seen on this side, with all regard to the many improvements of rig introduced by Mr. Herreshoff in the past four years.

The mast is long and large, a fine stick of Oregon pine, said to be 26in. in diameter at the largest part. The tendency for several years, on the part of Mr. Watson, as well as many others, has been to cross the cutter rig with the mongrel "Cape cat" with a jib, or to cut down the headsails, as in Queen Mab and Valkyrie II., for the sake of a large mainsail. In the new boat Mr. Watson has gone backward—several feet—the mast is noticeably further aft than in Defender and other modern boats. According to the latest ideas, this is the wrong thing to do for windward work; but again there comes in the superior speed of Vigilant over Valkyrie II. off the wind. The spars of a real 90-footer are immense sticks, the boats are boldly cut away forward, and whatever advantage may be gained by a large mainsail and small headsails on the wind, some consideration is due to the fact that when free an immense weight of mast, boom and gaff is thrown very far forward. Added to this is the question of size of spinaker; it looks as though the races of Vigilant with Valkyrie II. in 1893 and with Britannia in 1894 had left Mr. Watson well satisfied with the windward work of his boats, and that his efforts this year had been largely directed to improving them off the wind.

The boom we have already described; though a wooden one is in readiness, the steel one will probably be used. A steel mast is also on its way over, but the pine one will probably be kept in the boat. The gaff is very long, a fine hollow stick, and the topmast is a big spar. The rig is very carefully planned, with some entirely new details, though the leading of the shrouds to the masthead has been copied from the Herreshoff boats, and the forward strut and stay first put on Colonia by Capt. Haff is also used.

One striking feature is the use of single parts of flexible wire wherever possible, the throat halliards have a single block on the gaff and two single blocks aloft, one on each side of the masthead. The halliard is of flexible wire, rove through the three blocks, with one end to haul down and hook on deck, while the other is set up with a jig. The other halliards are rigged in a similar manner, and wherever possible single blocks are used in place of double or triple. The blocks have shells of thin sheet steel perforated with many small holes to reduce the weight. There are three travelers, the after one on the extreme taffrail.

The construction of the stern is peculiar; there is a strong inner framework of steel plate, ending in a steel plate transom, as in a metal vessel. The hood ends of the planking are carried out to the transom plate and cut off square to the outer surface of the planking, and not on a line with the face of the plate. The plate thus appears to be recessed or set in, being some 2in. inside of the extreme ends of the planking. The after traveler is carried on this steel frame of the transom.

One novelty is the double quarter-lift, two parts on each side, leading to two points on the boom, but running to the same block at the masthead. The mast carries the ordinary wooden masthoops, and the upper rib of the steel boom carries a light steel angle on which slide the toggles for the sail lacing. The wooden spreaders are very thoroughly braced in a different manner from the American boats, and many small details of the gear are new. The rig has a substantial and wholesome look that has met the approval of yachtsmen generally, and, though many comments are passed on its apparent weight as compared with that of Defender, its manifest advantages are fully appreciated.

On Sunday, while Capt. Cranfield stayed by the yacht, the men were rewarded for their hard week's work by a trip on the City of Bridgeport up the Hudson River. Mr. T. W. Ratsey, the sailmaker, with his assistants, arrived in New York by the Paris on Saturday, and at once joined the yacht, being domiciled with Mr. Glennie on the Bridgeport. On Monday morning the yacht was floated from the basin and went down the bay.

Beverly Y. C.

The 226th race, third open, was sailed off Quissett, Aug. 17, for prizes presented by gentlemen of Falmouth, and drew a good entry. Wind was S.E. by S., moderate at start, good wholesail breeze at finish. Special class sailed a triangle of — miles, one leg dead to windward; second and knockabouts tried little beating, a long and short leg. It was impossible to get good windward course. Other classes went round a mark that should have been 2½, but was 1¾ miles dead to windward and return; third and fourth classes sailing course twice. Allowances are based on the real length of course.

In special class Salmon and Ashumet sailed a good race; Zenobia, just home from a cruise, was hardly in it, while in first class Mistral beat Little Peter, the favorite, by 34s.

Kalama got her day in second class, while the old Surprise did well. Meiro won in third, with Crosby's new boat a good second. Sippican made third best time, but awaits measurement and the ascertainment of the number of men carried.

In fourth cats Howard won as usual, but Dawdle was close up, and in the fifth class sloops the two prizes lie between Raccoon and Laurel, depending on former's length.

Grilse led in fourth sloops, but Sylph won on allowance. Silence started in a race at last, but is too lightly built to hold together, and came back twisted out of shape and full of water.

Vif took first in fifth cats, with Frolic and Scup second and third. The spritsails sailed on actual time.

Knockabout prize is withheld till Hurricane is measured.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Ashumet, C. H. Jones, B. Y. C.	34.03	2 36 58	. . . .
Salmon, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	38.06	2 38 18	. . . .
Zenobia, J. E. Rothwell, B. Y. C.	....	2 41 59	. . . .
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.			
Little Peter, W. G. Cotton, B. Y. C.	28.10	2 10 25	1 59 06
Mistral, R. J. Edwards, B. Y. C.	27.07	2 11 39	1 58 32
Falcon, J. S. Russell, B. Y. C.	27.06	2 18 41	2 05 37
Sistae, J. R. Rhodes, N. B. Y. C.	28.06	2 21 58	2 10 12
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Kalama, C. Brewer, B. Y. C.	26.09	2 19 03	2 03 53
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr., B. Y. C.	25.08	2 21 31	2 05 52
Surprise, J. M. Codman, B. Y. C.	24.01	2 22 42	2 04 35
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	24.10	2 24 31	2 08 11
Addie, C. E. Eldridge, Falmouth	....	2 28 35	. . . .
Orchid, G. A. Osborg, Falmouth	22.08	2 33 30	2 13 01
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Meiro, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	20.03	1 19 51	1 07 20
No Name, D. Crosby, Osterville	20.05	1 20 48	1 08 27
Sippican, Eben Holmes, Marion	....	1 21 42	. . . .
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	21.10	1 24 53	1 13 54
Colymbus, A. Winsor, B. Y. C.	21.06	1 26 57	1 14 39
Doris, J. Parkinson, B. Y. C.	21.01	1 28 25	1 16 44
No Name, R. Vreeder, Quissett	17.10	1 42 30	1 27 19
Algonquin, — Knoblauch, Quissett	19.07	1 42 35	1 29 22
Francesca, J. G. Sherrett, Falmouth	....	Withdrew.	
KNOCKABOUTS.			
Bob, Edgar Harding, B. Y. C.	23.01	2 43 23	2 23 27
Hurricane, R. P. Owens, Mon. Beach	....	2 46 34	. . . .
Kitten, J. Malcolm Forbes, B. Y. C.	18.02	2 48 00	2 19 25
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.			
Grilse, W E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	19.01	1 22 44	1 08 59
Sylph, N. Huckins, Jr., B. Y. C.	17.04	1 23 37	1 07 49
Silence, J. Crane, Jr., B. Y. C.	....	1 34 18	. . . .
FOURTH CLASS CATS.			
Howard, H. O. Miller, B. Y. C.	18.01	1 28 24	1 13 31
Cinch, H. Parker, B. Y. C.	18.01	1 29 28	1 14 35
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy, B. Y. C.	17.06	1 29 52	1 14 17
FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.			
Laurel, F. and H. Burgess, B. Y. C.	14.00	0 48 41	0 38 23
Raccoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr., B. Y. C.	....	0 49 01	. . . .
P D Q, R. W. Emmons, B. Y. C.	....	0 52 13	. . . .
Transit, Shearer, Quissett	....	0 53 06	. . . .
FIFTH CLASS CATS.			
Frolic, Butler, Falmouth	16.10	0 52 38	0 44 25
Vif, R. Winsor, B. Y. C.	14.04	0 54 49	0 42 48
Scup, Dalgrin	....	0 57 57	. . . .
No Name, Sargent	....	1 01 59	. . . .
Mary E, Coombs	12.10	1 03 41	. . . .
Iola, Stackpole	....	Withdrew.	
SPRITSAILS.			
No. 64, Edgar Harding	....	0 56 08	. . . .
No. 66, —— Hibbard	....	0 57 45	. . . .
Trilby, —— Purden	....	0 58 16	. . . .
No. 65, Edgar Harding	....	0 58 39	. . . .
Florence, W. R. Evans	....	0 59 06	. . . .
No. 89, Foster	....	1 00 06	. . . .
No. 56, A. Bragg	....	1 01 02	. . . .

Winners of prizes: Special class, Ashumet first; first class sloops, Mistral first, Little Peter second; second class cats, Kalama first, Surprise second, Bernice third; third class cats, Meiro first, No Name second; fourth class sloops, Sylph first; fourth class cats, Howard first; fifth class cats, Vif first, Frolic second, Scup third; spritsails, E. Harding first, Hibbard second, Trilby third.

Judges: W. Lloyd Jeffries, A. H. Hardy, N. H. Emmons.

Seawanhaka C. Y. C. Cup.

The first trial race for the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. international challenge cup was sailed on Monday, Aug. 23, in a moderate breeze and smooth water, being won by Ethelwynn, with Olita second, out of a fleet of seven starters. The morning was very calm, the fleet turning out and making fast in a long string to the big spar buoy off Center Island. About 2 P. M., a light southerly breeze came in, and the starting gun was fired at 2:20. The course was a triangle of two mile sides, sailed twice or twelve miles, the third leg being to windward, so that the other two were sailed with booms well off the quarter, there being no spinaker work. The starters were the centerboard boats Olita, designed by N. G. Herreshoff; Ethelwynn, designed by W. P. Stephens; Indienne, Question, designed by L. K. Huntington; F. and R., designed and built by F. & R. Wyckoff, and the fin-keels, Trust Me, designed by Herreshoff, and Trilby, designed by Chas. Almstead.

Trilby made a good start, though fouled by Ethelwynn under the stern of the flagship. Ethelwynn took the lead in the first quarter of a mile, but was in turn passed by Olita, the latter showing great speed in reaching. These two soon led the fleet and had the race to themselves. Olita made a minute in the first two-mile reach and over two minutes on Ethelwynn in the second. On the beat to the line, Ethelwynn made up two minutes, doing better work on the wind than Olita, though the latter overstood a little. Question left the leaders and steered to the westward, coming to the turn a good third.

On the second round, with a fairly good breeze, Olita made over 3m. on Ethelwynn in the four miles of reaching. When she turned the second mark she took the same course as in the first round, a long port tack to the eastward, apparently the best course. Ethelwynn tacked at the mark and stood in a long starboard tack to the Lloyd's Neck shore, apparently getting the strong ebb from Oyster Bay in the weather bow. Though not evident to the spectators, the wind was stronger inshore, and when the two boats came together, Ethelwynn crossed Olita's bows very easily and came in first. This result was in part due to luck, but Ethelwynn showed up the better of the two on the wind. The official times were:

	Start.	First round.	Second round.	Elapsed.
Ethelwynn	2 20 15	1 46 40	1 29 55	3 16 15
Olita	2 20 30	1 44 57	1 33 12	3 18 09
Question	2 20 40	1 48 20	1 37 07	3 25 07
Trilby	2 20 13	1 50 27	1 35 57	3 26 37
Trust Me	2 20 37	1 56 48	1 43 45	3 40 33
F. and R.	2 20 33	1 57 52	1 54 12	3 52 14
Indienne	2 21 24	2 04 56	Withdrew.	

The races will be continued on Tuesday and Wednesday.

A correspondent of the *Field* criticises as follows the action of Mr. Brand in visiting America when he had already accepted a challenge to race at home:

"*Editor of the Field:*

"A few weeks ago some remarks were made in your columns which rather unjustly inferred that Mr. W. Willard Howard deliberately kept his canoe Yankee in America; and, by making his challenge months before, caused English canoemen to build to meet him, although he had no intention of racing whatever. Now, it has been fully explained, both in your and other yachting papers, why Yankee did not appear at Greenhithe for the B. C. C. challenge cup, so what say ye to the action of one of your own countrymen, and he no other than one who is thought to be your American representative? This gentleman accepted a challenge for a lady (Miss Bennett, winner of last year's B. C. A. ladies' race) to meet Mrs. Howard this summer on the Solent. No small amount of notice was taken of this race in embryo, both by the American and English press, and, being regarded as settled, the contest evoked great interest. Mr. Howard had a ½-rater specially built to meet Spruce IV., which was Miss Bennett's craft. Now, the acceptor of the challenge, finding that some pleasure trip

was more to his taste, calmly refused to race, and, in consequence Mr. Howard has found that his boat has been built in vain, and the yachting world have been befooled. I am of the opinion that some notice should be taken of such unsportsmanlike conduct, particularly by one who is about to receive the hospitality of the nation to which Mr. Howard belongs. I certainly think that the Minima Y. C. would be quite justified in withdrawing the backing of the challenge. Trusting for your valuable comments on the matter, I am, dear sir,

"Aug. 12. A Genuine Sportsman."

This genuine sportsman is evidently unaware that Mr. Brand's visit to America is entirely due to Mr. Howard, whose letter of last March resulted in the offering of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. trophy. Under these circumstances it is hardly probable that Mr. Brand has treated Mr. Howard as badly as "Genuine Sportsman" asserts, as the two have worked together in arranging the American trip.

Yampa and Amphitrite.

Undoubtedly the match between the schooners Yampa and Amphitrite on Aug 14 was one of the most interesting features of the year. Yampa, by her fine performance in a moderate wind in the R. Y. S. match on Aug. 7, had made a great impression, but it was generally concluded that Amphitrite held her on the beat between Spithead and Cowes. Two days later Amphitrite upset all calculations of the R. Y. S. handicappers by beating Viking (late Wendur) in a long set-to by the wind. No doubt Amphitrite was laid on the wind as she never was before, and her achievement was regarded quite as one of the best things ever witnessed in the way of schooner racing. After all the praise had been bestowed on Amphitrite, it was only natural that Mr. Palmer should express a desire to try and straighten Amphitrite out again. He stated that the disqualification of Yampa by the R. Y. S. was justified—in fact, that there was no help for it in the face of the rule, of which, however, he was ignorant, and nothing stood in the way of another match with Amphitrite. The sailing committee of the R. Y. S. undertook the management of the race, and it was sailed in a humming breeze on the 14th. It has generally been supposed that Yampa is what is termed an up to-date schooner, but in point of fact she was built in the same year that Amphitrite was (1887), from designs by Mr Cary Smith, and she compares with the Gosport schooner as follows:

	L.W.L	Beam.	Draft.	Sail area.	Rating.
Yampa	111.4	27.0	13.7	10,033	157
Amphitrite	95.5	19.4	14.0	8,230	131

It will thus be seen that Yampa had an enormous advantage in length, beam and sail area, in fact the two yachts can be taken as fair representatives of the prevailing type of yacht of the two countries eight years ago, but in all probability some of the later American schooners would be able to sail round Yampa. However this may be, yachtsmen were delighted to see her in the match at Cowes for Lord Iveagh's cup. Her performance was much admired, and no one begrudged her what was at first thought a well-merited victory. Her defeat on the 14th was probably due to the greater strength in the wind and to the fine handling of Amphitrite.—*The Field.*

Canoeing.

The American Canoe Association has for several years been particularly fortunate in the selection of its chief officer, in each case the office seeking the man. The selection just made at the annual meet, of a commodore for 1896 is one that will meet the approval of every old A. C. A. man, and, we earnestly hope, will bring back many missing faces to the camp-fires of next summer. For a dozen years past, since the first Grindstone meets, Mr. W. R. Huntington has been a regular attendant, and of late years he has taken a very active part in the selection and arrangement of the camp site, being at the head of the camp site committee in 1893 and 1895. The office of commodore has been several times offered to him, but he has declined to accept it, and only consented this year on the solicitation of many old members. In his hands we have no fear of the success of the Association next year.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Sixteenth Annual Meet.

BLUFF POINT—LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Again, for the sixteenth time in the history of the A. C. A., the tents have been struck, the duffle packed, and a pleasant camp abandoned reluctantly by a gay party of canoeists, and the meet of 1895 has become but a memory. It is safe to say that while to the older members the camps of to-day have lost some of the charms of ten years back, and even the new men, though they may not know it, miss the close *camaradie* and good fellowship which prevailed when the attendance was made up mainly of the same men year after year, that the present camp will be remembered with pleasure, and will be referred to in future years without the uncomplimentary comments called forth by recollections of trials and discomforts at some other meets. With the reservation, on our part at least, and many old canoeists will agree with us, that Lake Champlain is not the ideal water for canoe cruising or canoe racing, the present site, described last week, is one of the best yet selected for the Association, having some of the good features of two famous old camping grounds, Grindstone Island and Jessup's Neck. With all the drawbacks of the 1890 camp, the trouble and expense of transportation, the starvation and the tyranny of the ever-to-be-execrated caterer, there is but one opinion among A. C. A. men as to the advantages of the camp-site itself, the high open plateau between the two bays, the clean pebbly beaches and the deep blue waters; the camp was one of the most showy ones, with its long lines of white tents and bright flags; and with the long wharf, the promenade on the bluff in front of the main and ladies' camps, and the compact arrangement of the tents, there was a sociability and intimacy that was never found in the more scattered camps of Willsborough, Long Island, in Lake George, Croton Point or Bow-Arrow. This same compact arrangement of the main camp about the wharf as a center was one of the charms of Grindstone, though many tents were pitched apart in the grove, and after the experience of many years there is no excuse in the choice of future camps for selecting a site that is not adaptable to such an arrangement.

In the present case there was no wharf as a central point of the camp, and the tents, comparatively fewer than in many past years, were strung out over a long stretch of beach, but the ground offers every opportunity and inducement for just such a compact and showy camp as at Jessup's Neck and Grindstone; and, best of all, like these two places, the camp faces the morning sun. This in itself is no small matter, being one of the defects of Stave Island, Willsborough and Croton Point, which are cool in the early morning, when warmth is most needed, and hot in the August afternoons. While the center of the camp was an open meadow, there were a number of detached trees for those who preferred to camp in the shade, to say nothing of the grove beyond, where the Lowell and Knickerbocker men were camped.

The ladies' camp was much better than either Grindstone or Jessup's Neck, in both of which it was very small; here there was a fine grove of trees on a bluff above the lake, and on one side of the main camp, the headquarters and mess shed being between.

The sailing course was so laid out that it was visible from the entire waterfront, there was no walking half a mile for every race, as at Willsborough, or crawling through the briars as at Stave Island, or wading out to a little rocky point as at Long Island; all hands went about their ordinary vocations in camp, the racing men busy with their boats, an idle crowd of men and ladies sitting in the shade at headquarters, and when a race was on they could see all, or nearly all, of the course.

The general arrangements were most excellent, though far less picturesque and exciting than the arrival by steamer; the railroad and wagon service was very convenient and the camp could be reached quite readily by foot from the station. The mess was very well managed, the meals being plentiful and well cooked, and served in a comfortable pavilion specially built and fitted with electric lights. The charge was $1 per day, and the usual plan of selling meal tickets was not followed, each person registering on the occasion of his first meal and being left to his honor to pay on leaving for the number he had attended. The arrangements for tent floors, lumber, etc., were very satisfactory. The post-office facilities were poor, or the readers of the Forest and Stream would have been treated to a longer story last week, a portion of it arriving too late and being consigned to oblivion.

The weather was good, that is, it was at no time oppressively warm and there was comparatively little troublesome rain. On the night of the second Sunday there was a very heavy thunderstorm, but it did no damage. On the night of Aug. 22 there set in a heavy southeast gale, with rain and high winds, lasting all of next morning. There were one or two more minor rains and several heavy showers during the nights. Perhaps the worst part of the weather was that it was always just going to rain, even when the sun was shining and the sky brightest. On some of the finest days sharp short showers would drive all hands to shelter and wet the blankets and duffle laid out to air, passing away in a few minutes. The violent squalls of Willsborough, just a few miles south, were not experienced, but the neighborhood of the mountains, on both sides of the lake, makes a heavy rain a possible contingency at a few moments' notice.

The winds were very bad, not north and south, as they are supposed to be on Lake Champlain, but mainly N.W., and very strong and puffy. The camp was situated just north of a break in the hills, and north and south of the course were small bays, the wind coming out of each in different directions, in sudden and violent puffs. Never have the sailing men worked as hard and never have hulls and gear been tested as at this meet; many races have been sailed in stronger winds than most of those during this meet, but not in such hard, variable and vicious puffs, from several quarters in succession. If the opinion of the real racing men is of any value after the experience of 1887, 1891, 1892 and 1895, Lake Champlain is no place for canoe racing.

ATTENDANCE.

In point of numbers the meet this year was a disappointment, the register showing some 175 names. A comparison with other years would show nothing, as the attendance is often swelled by members and visitors from the immediate locality of the camp, as at Croton Point, thirty miles from New York, last year; and Brophy's Point, five miles from Kingston, in 1893. The fact is that the A. C. A. should show a much larger attendance at a meet, at least 300 instead of something like half that number. Why the attendance at the meets does not grow, in fact hardly holds its own, is a question frequently asked, and for which each man has his own pet answer and specific remedy; but in our opinion the chief cause is the disgust and disappointment due to bad arrangements, sometimes avoidable and sometimes not. The great expense



HEADQUARTERS.



MAIN CAMP FROM LADIES' CAMP.



SHORE OF MAIN CAMP.



LADIES' CAMP AND MAIN LANDING.

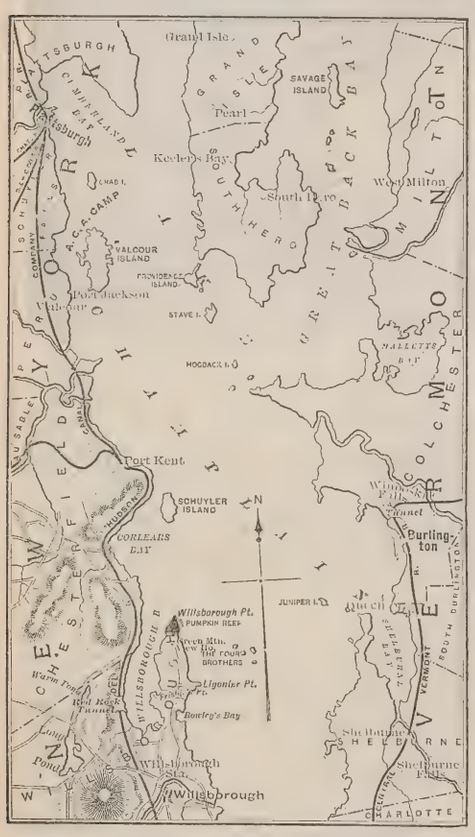
and the very bad board in 1890 undoubtedly cost the Association some good men, missing from later camps; the all-night rowdyism that marked the meet of 1891 in particular, though not unknown at other meets, has done much to drive from the camps some of the older men of whom the Association was once so justly proud; and the heat, dust and malaria of the '94 meet have had their effect on others. The strongest incentive to a regular attendance at the A. C. A. camp every year would be the knowledge that the camp site will be selected with good judgment, both as to its accessibility at a moderate cost, its sanitary features, and its conveniences for camping, canoeing and racing; and that it will be a camp of gentlemen. The mess question we consider of but secondary importance, as, if everything else is satisfactory, the men who absent themselves because they do not care to cook alone or to go into a club mess of some kind are hardly the ones who will be missed. The same applies to many other things which some men and women consider should be furnished by the executive. With a well-located and easily-reached camp site, a clean, decent camp, and some arrangement for procuring supplies, there will be plenty of the right kind of campers and canoeists, even though some of the luxuries of city life are missing.

The attendance this year was made up of a very few of the older men permanently in camp, a few who dropped in for a day, a number of the men who have attended the last three or four meets and are tolerably well known to each other, and some entirely new men. Two of the latter who were particularly welcome were Mr. O. A. Woodruff, the retiring commodore of the Western C. A., and Mr. J. G. Turrill, of the Kenwood C. C., of Chicago, also of the W. C. A. The ladies, and there were quite a number of them, included few of the older members.

AMUSEMENTS.

The camp was a very sociable one, the new men quickly falling in with the older ones. No elaborate attempts at entertainments were made, but there were a number of very pleasant camp-fires, the ladies generally being present; in fact, some of the best camp-fires were held in an open glade in the middle of the Ladies' Camp, this place being less exposed than the hill at headquarters to the strong winds.

Among the amusements was a base ball game with the guests of the Hotel Champlain on Aug. 14, a burlesque affair that caused much fun; a number of camp-fires with very good congregational singing, in addition to the singing of Mr. Ashenden and the Francis brothers, and some trips to Au Sable Chasm. On the afternoon of Aug. 20 a special train of three cars was sent down from Plattsburgh by the officials of



the Delaware & Hudson road, who have been very accommodating at this meet as well as at Willsborough Point in previous years, and the canoeists to the number of about 150 were carried free to the army post, just south of Plattsburgh. Here they were entertained by the officers with a band concert and parade, returning at dark. The 21st Infantry Club, of the post, tendered its hospitalities to the members of the Association, as did the Lake Champlain Y. C., of Burlington. The Hotel Champlain, located just above the camp, did everything possible to make the meet pleasant, securing the grounds free, providing the mess, erecting the mess pavilion, and putting in the electric lights. The members were invited to the hotel for the dances during the meet.

RACING MEN AND CANOES.

The list of entries for the races, given last week, shows a meager array of racing men and racing boats. It may be extended by the addition of Mr. Archbald, of Montreal, in Mab, and several entries in the minor events. The canoes are all well known to canoeists, having raced at more than one meet, the only new boat being Bug, designed by Paul Butler and built by Stevens, of Lowell, under his supervision. She is a 16×30 canoe of the modern round and full form, but with less of the barrel shape than Wasp and the older Butler boats. In the races she was sailed by Mr. Butler and did not make as good a showing as Wasp, but the latter had the great advantage, in the puffy winds, of a long-legged man to hold her up; where Mr. Butler had to climb out to the end of his slide, Mr. Gray was able to hike out with his feet still against the side of the boat, and ready to get in at the very short notice given. The tests of the new model can hardly be called satisfactory under these conditions. So far as model goes in a canoe, this new boat is the handsomest which Mr. Butler has yet turned out.

The racing was very hard work, and not a few minor mishaps occurred. On the Saturday before the races Mr. Gray went out in a hard wind and finally capsized past righting through the breaking of his tiller, a very stout stick. He drifted for a time, his aluminum rudder dropping off in deep water. By hard work all next day he was able to repair another broken rudder so as to use it through the races.

Some very plucky sailing was seen, and the races were highly interesting to the spectators on shore, more so than to the men, who were slammed down almost under water one moment as a puff passed by, and lifted high into the air on the end of their long seats the next.

The paddling races amounted to very little this year, especially the trophy. Last year it was bad enough, the paddling trophy was won by a man who was hardly in camp save for the race and who left for home as soon as he got the cup in his hands, not taking the trouble to come to camp this year to defend it. This year the sole competitor was Mr. King, of Toronto, a new man with a light paddling racer—an old boat. As he had no competitor, Mr. R. Darcy Scott, of Ottawa, consented to go in against him, each using an ordinary open Canadian canoe. Mr. Scott was not in training and the race amounted to nothing, Mr. King of course winning. It is a pity that a handsome and valuable trophy awakens so little enthusiasm among paddling men.

THE RACES.

We can give now but a brief summary of the races, as the official records are not yet accessible. Out of the twenty-two races on the programme, to which must be added a race for the Jabberwock trophy, open to members of the Central Division, and the cup given by the Hotel Champlain, but fifteen programme races were run off, those omitted being the club sailing, cruising, go-as-you-please, unclassified, novice combined, hurry-scurry and war canoe. No war canoes were present and there were no entries for the unclassified; in fact, this class of cruisers, sneak boxes, canoe-yawls, etc., for which special races were held so long ago as 1887 at Bow-Arrow Point, has shown no vitality whatever at this meet, though better adapted than the 30in. canoe for Lake Champlain.

The chairman of the regatta committee, Mr. M. V. Brokaw, arrived in camp during the first week and had the courses laid out and everything in readiness by Friday, but of his two colleagues nothing has been heard since some time last spring; neither was present to assist him. Mr. E. M. Fulton, Jr., who spends his summers on Lake Champlain and has a camp near at hand, with a good naphtha launch, was appointed by Com. Witherbee to assist him, and Mr. J. A. Smith acted as clerk of the course.

The first race, called on Monday morning, was the unlimited, No. 7 of the programme, with 10 starters, including Wasp, Bug, Bee and Torment. The wind was strong and puffy, and the six-mile course called for some lively gymnastics. Wasp won, with Bug, Bee and Torment in order, beating Bug 7m. The next race was No. 2, the record paddling, at 5 P. M. of the same day, with 5 starters, finishing as follows: Eel, Kit, Az Iz, Wasp, Kiowilla. Some comment was occasioned by the action of Mr. King, who, in a very light paddling canoe, the others using their sailing craft, paced Mr. Sparrow, in Eel, keeping close beside him. Though this was a violation of Rule VII., no protest was made, nor did the committee take any action in the matter, Mr. Sparrow declaring that he had received no assistance.

The first race called for Tuesday was the combined, at 10 A. M., this time the wind being very light. The order at the finish was: Wasp, Az Iz, Eel, Kit, Kiowilla and Crescent.

The limited sailing race was next called, at 11:50, with 12 starters, in a heavy rain squall and lively breeze. The conditions, as printed, stated that the sail area would be limited to 100sq. ft. and the "sliding seat prohibited." This was interpreted in a broad and liberal manner by the Vesper men, who simply screwed fast their 5ft. slides so that they were not movable, though extending 15in. on each side of the canoe. Those who understood the rule to mean that no seat projecting beyond the sides of the canoe would be allowed stood very small chance under the circumstances. The start was a fine one, the boats going over with a rush together, but by the time that the round was ended the rain had stopped and the wind died out, the canoes drifting about in confusion. Over half an hour separated the first and last boat, but when the race ended with the second round the entire fleet came down in a bunch, wing and wing, from the second mark to the finish, with barely three minutes between the first and last boats. Bug won, with Bee second and Torment third, Wasp losing her centerboard and withdrawing.

The novice sailing was called at 3 P. M., with but 4 starters, the race for the Jabberwock trophy, also with 4 starters, being sailed in connection with it. The novice race ended: Az Iz, Fly, Crescent, Seila. The Jabberwock race ended: Az Iz, Zaidee, Kit, Kiowilla.

Wednesday was set for the sailing trophy, and Mr. Archbald ran down from Montreal on Tuesday evening, his business engagements calling him back on Wednesday night. In the morning, after a very cold night, there was a rattling N.W. breeze, squally and puffy as ever. Mr. Archbald was desirous of starting, but the other men, who had already sailed several races in still less severe weather, and who proposed to sail others before the meet was over, objected to going out in a blow that was certain to disable some of the boats. Undoubtedly had the race been called some one would have gone the course and won, but the weather was not suitable for canoe sailing, some of the boats would have been disabled and there were no steam craft to follow the canoes and give assistance, and the committee did well in declining to start the race. All day long the wind blew and there was nothing to do but to run off some paddling races under the lee of the shore.

The first called was the trophy paddling, with but two starters, as already mentioned, Mr. King winning easily by a length. The next race was No. 14, open paddling canoes of over 50lbs. weight, Mr. King beating Mr. Archbald. The next race, No. 15, was for decked canoes, tandem, Messrs. Sparrow and King beating Messrs. Ashenden and Hale. The victorious crew started in the next race, No. 16, open tandem with single blades, but was beaten by Mr. Ashenden with a new partner, Mr. Hall.

Mr. Archbald arranged to stay over another day, and on Thursday morning there was a fresh and fairly steady S. E. wind, the start being made at 10:19, with nine starters. Mab led at the line, followed by Wasp, Bee and Bug, and the order of the leaders through the first two rounds was Mab, Bug, Torment. On the third round Mab capsized and Mr. Archbald got under the mainsail, having a great deal of difficulty in freeing himself, and losing much time. Wasp sailed faster in the latter half of the race and finally won, the order at the finish being: Wasp, Bee, Zaidee, Mab, Bug.

After the trophy race the club fours was called, with three crews starting; Wawbewawa War Canoe Association of Boston, F. J. Burrage, A. H. Coolidge, Louis A. Hall and W. V. Forsaith; Northern Division, R. Darcy Scott, R. O. King, J. W. Sparrow and Fred S. Howard; Atlantic Division, William M. Carpenter, Thomas Hale, Jr., J. Hamilton Braine and Raymond Appollonio. The Northern Division crew made a good start and led for a time, but the overloaded canoe filled and left her crew to swim. The Wawbewawa crew succeeded in getting over the line first and then their canoe filled.

The absurdity of crowding four men into a canoe built for one and driving it at racing speed, even in smooth water, has been demonstrated long ago, though the attempt of the regatta committee last year to admit a larger and more suitable boat aroused some very hostile criticism. This sort of club four racing is of little use, and there is almost a certainty of some canoes swamping in a little ripple of sea. If the club four race is worth keeping up, and we believe it is, the limit of size should be definitely fixed at something larger than a 16×30 canoe.

The race for the Dolphin trophy was called at 2:50, the starters being: Mab, Bee, Zaidee, Torment and Bug, and the course 7½ miles. At the same time the race for the Hotel Champlain cup, to be won twice in succession before becoming the permanent property of the winner, was started, the course of 4½ miles being three rounds of the triangle, or two less than for the Dolphin trophy. The entries for the Hotel Champlain cup were: Bug, Az Iz, Bee, Wasp, Zaidee and Mab, Az Iz being sailed by H. L. Quick. At the end of the third round the leaders were Mab and Az Iz, the former taking the Hotel Champlain cup. The race finished with Mab first and Bug second.

The final races took place on Thursday, No. 19, the sailing upset and maneuvering, being called at 3:20 P. M., the morning having been very stormy. There were but two starters, Messrs. Stewart and Lansing, the latter winning. In the next race, the paddling upset, these gentlemen were joined by Mr. Hale, Mr. Stewart winning. The swimming race was won by R. Darcy Scott, beating W. F. Brown and Wendell Andreas.

The meeting of the executive committee for the election of a commodore and secretary-treasurer was held on Thursday evening, and Mr. William R. Huntington, of the Deowainsta C. C., of Rome, N. Y., was elected commodore and Mr. T. H. Stryker, of the same club, secretary-treasurer.

Friday proved very stormy and unpleasant, with a prospect of continued bad weather, and the camp broke up. We are obliged to defer fuller accounts of the racing and of the division elections until next week.

The British Canoe Association Meet.

From the Field.

Now that the B. C. A. sails and tents are being rapidly stowed after use at perhaps the most beautiful site ever chosen for a camp of the Association, it may interest boating readers to give a brief *resumé* of our doings up to this day in the third and final week of our sojourn.

With Englishmen the weather must form the opening phrase, and on this subject we cannot, any more than of yore, be congratulated. It has been bad, indifferent, and worse than that. Two consecutive fine days have once been our maximum, but throughout the gales and rains the true spirit animating us has kept all lively and hopeful under adverse climatic conditions.

The race *par excellence* was that for the Lord Erne challenge cup on the regatta day programme, and Rogue (last year's winner) was again a competitor, together with Cherub, Vestal, May, Spruce I., Marjorie (formerly Serpent), Tavie, La Babet, and last, but not least, Yankee.

The wind was fresh and steady from S.W., the force about five; sea moderately smooth, and the course, of about eight miles, was from the Boom Beacon, off the Wootton Creek, to the first Red Buoy about E.N.E., then to the Peel Buoy, and to the starting mark, leaving all to port, twice round. This made the sail practically all free, or it would have been so to close-winded boats, but with our little craft the turn from the Red Buoy to the conical Peel Buoy, with a leegoing tide, made it a close pinch. The nine boats got over the line in somewhat open order, and Yankee, well sailed by Mr. Howard, showed her immense superiority off the wind in the dead run down to the Red Buoy, as, with her sails goose-winged, she simply floated away, and, when sheets were hardened in for the close reach to the Peel Buoy, she was still going marvelously for her size and construction: in fact, her superb handling won universal encomiums. Just before the Peel Buoy was reached something went wrong, and Yankee was seen to be in the wind, and so she remained for about twenty minutes. The rest of the fleet were in a cluster at the Peel Buoy, and May, forgetting the lee-going tide, nearly, if not quite, carried away the mark with her broadside, getting sternway on. She compelled La Babet, the next boat, to keep away a long piece to avoid a foul, as there was not room for a sheet of paper between May and the mark. However, all got round in turn, and May was again set going, also Yankee, whose damage to fore-hatch cover Mr. Howard had repaired by going overboard and doing his shipwrighting swimming alongside his craft, thereby demonstrating the *quasi*-advantage of a low freeboard, and want of that initial stability which allows the crew to remain on deck in emergency. His long slide has a thwartship action only; if it could be improved to act as a fore and aft stage, Mr. Howard might have stayed in board and battened down his fore-hatch, and saved the wetting of his perfect camping and cruising outfit which had been improvised for him by sundry contributors for this occasion only.

However, his mastheads did not stick in the Solent mud, and he succeeded in quickly overhauling that Triton the Cherub, and the other leaders in the latter portion of the course. There can be no question that but for his accident he would easily have won the coveted trophy.

Between the Peel Buoy and the Wootton Beacon La Babet's rudder gear snapped off short, and, although her owner quickly fished his yoke with a spare roller spar, the others were too far ahead to render pursuit hopeful, so La Babet gave up. During the second round Marjorie capsized, but her crew righted her and sailed on for a short time, but subsequently gave up and she was towed in. Rogue waltzed along, making complete circles twice when running. It was supposed that she was down by the head with her cruising kit aboard. Spruce I. was well sailed by Mr. E. Kipling alone, but she would have done far better with a double crew and a whole sail.

Vestal and Cherub continued to be well sailed throughout the second round and were fairly matched, in the breeze prevailing. Cherub no doubt would have done better with more wind and sea to contend against, as she is an undoubtedly powerful boat. The handicap was a sealed one, not disclosed until after the race, and the times were as follows:

	First Round.	Finish.		First Round.	Finish.
Tavie	11 52 45	12 59 00	Spruce I.	11 52 15	12 49 45
Cherub	11 51 45	12 47 37	Vestal	11 51 50	12 49 15
Yankee	11 58 35	12 48 32	Majorie	11 53 30	Gave up.
La Babet	12 18 25	Gave up.	May	11 36 55	12 51 00
Rogue	11 55 45	Gave up.			

The sailing and paddling race resulted in a win for the commodore (Mr. T. H. R. Bartley) in the Lily, with Mr. Percy Nisbet in the double canoe Irene as a single hand, and Mr. T. M. Porter in Argo, and Mr. E. Mason in the Pinafore. Pinafore would have won but for mistaking the course. The ladies' race was sailed in a hard breeze in the entrance



to the creek, and the beat back against a falling tide was exciting to onlookers and contestants, when May, steered by Mrs. Trinder, just did Spruce, steered by Mrs. Lane, on the post by a few seconds, and Miss Lane brought La Babet home close behind, while Vestal, steered by Mrs. E. S. Hodson, brought up the rear. There have been twenty-two tents pitched during the meet, and about thirty-four members have been present.

The annual meeting and subsequent dinner at the Royal Esplanade Hotel, Ryde, on Aug 9, were both well attended, and the official reports disclosed a satisfactory state of affairs, and the general onward progress of the Association, which, in its aims and objects, if properly pursued, cannot fail to be an increasing success in the future, and of great service to the cause of canoeing, canoe yawling, and campings, as in all these branches of pleasant outdoor sport men meeting under the neutral flag of the B. C. A. have many opportunities of comparison of gear and fitment that cannot be otherwise obtained.

Several visits from members unable to camp, and the advent of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wylie in the Sea Maiden, and Capt. Edwards in the Heron, have made the anchorage and camp lively. The boats present, in addition to those mentioned, are Deva, Mr. Garnet Martlet and Mr. E. S. Hodson.

F. Cecil Lane, Vice-Commodore, B. C. A.

The W. C. A. and Ballast Island.

Milwaukee, Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Forest and Stream of the 24th inst. is just to hand, and the account of the W. C. A. meet and Mr. Woodruff's letter are both read with interest. I have been a member of the association for the past five years and during that time have regularly attended the meetings, with the exception of the last camp at Ballast Island, which it was not my privilege to attend. I take issue with Mr. Woodruff on the advisability of holding the meets at Ballast Island. No one can or will deny that Ballast is a good place for sailing; in fact, a good place generally—"But there are others," and conspicuous among them are Oshkosh and Madison. At the former place, during the meet of '92, we had both sailing and swimming, a large number of canoes, and a whole lot of enthusiasm. At the meet of '94 at Madison we were unfortunate in striking four or five oppressively hot days and a calm during the second week. Our races were gotten off during the first in good shape and we had plenty of wind. The weather of the second week should not be charged against this particular location, as we have since learned that the same conditions prevailed very generally at that time.

The meets of the Association will always be more or less neighborhood affairs. A good local attendance is generally assured and a much larger attendance from a distance expected than realized.

The records will bear me out in the assertion that the active and numerical strength of the Association is in the West. Ballast is located at the extreme eastern end of the territory, and many Western men argue that if they must go to Ballast to attend the meet, they may as well go on to the A. C. A. meet and have done with it. At the mid-winter meeting in Chicago last winter the executive committee was made up as follows: Commodore Cook, Chicago, Ill.; Vice-Commodore Porter, Madison, Wis.; Rear-Commodore Spencer, Bloomington

Ill.; Secretary-Treasurer Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.; R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; W. H. Yardley, St. Paul, Minn.; F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis. Mr. Yardley was not represented, Messrs. Cook and Spencer favored Ballast, while Messrs. Porter, Dickens, Lamp and Huntington favored a central location. In deference to the wishes of such old and faithful W. C. A. men as Com Cook, Dave Crane, Woodruff and a few others, we four, contrary to our better judgment, fixed Ballast as the location of the '95 meet. I cite this to show that the Western men, even though elected to office and controlling the vote, have no disposition to monopolize things.

Mr. Hough's "Summer Girl's Diary" was certainly all that you claim for it, viz.: "A good piece of fun and something of a novelty," and if it did the '95 meet an injustice it will perhaps have the effect of stimulating a discussion and locating the '96 meet more nearly in the geographical center of the Association. F. B. HUNTINGTON.

A. C. A. Membership.

EASTERN DIVISION: Henry C. Wiggin, Newtonville, Mass. Atlantic Division: Nathaniel S. Hyatt, James S. Hall, Jr. Central Division: E. H. Stapp, Des Moines, Ia.

Steam Launches.

MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 29-31.—HOT SPRINGS, S. D.—Hot Springs Gun Club's second annual tournament.

Aug. 30-31.—CHICAGO, Ill.—First monthly shoot of the Cook county Trap-Shooters' League. Chas. Grubbs, manager

Sept. 2.—MARION, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club; targets.

Sept. 3.—NEWARK, N. J.—Tournament of he South Side Gun Club; targets. New Jersey Trap Shooters' League contest at 2 P. M. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Sept. 4-5.—UTICA, N. Y.—Two days tournament; live birds and targets.

Sept. 4-5.—SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. Va.—Morgan's Grove Fair Association's tournament, under the management of the Interstate Association

Sept. 5.—MICHIGAN CITY, Miss.—First semi-annual tournament of the Michigan City Gun Club.

Sept. 6-7.—WARREN, O.—Tournament of the Warren Gun Club. H. B. Perkins, Jr., Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Team shoot between the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, and the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City.

Sept. 10-12.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—First annual tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. 10-13.—DETROIT, Mich.—The Des-Chree-Shos-Ka annual tournament, under the management of Jack Parker.

Sept. 10-13.—ST. PAUL, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club; John P. Burkhard, Manager.

Sept. 11-12.—FRANKFORT, Kansas.—Tournament of the Frankfort Gun Club.

Sept. 11-13.—LANCASTER, Pa.—Tournament of the Lancaster Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Sept. —.—FREDONIA, N. Y.—Tournament of the Clover Trap and Target Company. $1,000 added money.

Sept. 24-26.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Fourth annual tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club; three days of the week following the Clover tournament

Oct. 3.—RED BANK, N. J.—Ninth tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Riverside Gun Club. Shooting commences at 10 A. M.; league contest at 2 P. M.

Oct. 8-10.—SHERIDAN, Wyo.—Tournament of the Sheridan Gun Club, under the management of Frank Crabill and Mark R Perkins.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

The Rochester Gun Club is going to hold a good tournament next month. It has chosen the dates of Sept. 24, 25, 26, and announces that it will add $500 to the purses—not to all the purses, but to some of them. Mr. H. H. Stewart, of Rochester, writing under date of Aug. 24, says: "Our plan for the added money is somewhat different from the usual custom. Instead of adding the money to every event, thus cutting it into small amounts, we will add to every other event. The first day there will be six 20-target events with $30 added to three of them, and two 25-target events with $50 added to one of them. The second day will be the same. On the third day we add $35 to each of two 20-target races and $50 to each 25-target race. Then we also give $50 for general average prizes. Bluerock targets will be used and North's expert traps. A. S. A rules to govern all events."

Another programme that we have received, unfortunately too late for any extended notice, is that which has been issued by the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., for its tournament, Sept. 10-12. On its cover are the following words: "Manufacturers' agents, professionals, 10-gauge guns, black powder—barred." It is evident that this is an amateur's shoot, and that the amateurs are going to be looked after. That accommodation will be of the best is guaranteed by the fact that the club has expended this summer "over $5,000 in the purchase, improvement and equipment" of its grounds. The following note is important: "Shooters will be classified as they enter, and will be shifted only when it is clear that they are out of their class. Class A will shoot known angles from traps pulled in reverse order. Class B will shoot known angles from traps pulled in regular order."

The programme for the fall tournament of the Lancaster, Pa., Gun Club, on Sept. 12 and 13, is one that is apt to draw shooters. A six-men team race on the first afternoon between Harrisburg and Lancaster teams insures at least one dozen shooters. Others will always draw up to such a nucleus. The first day is given up to targets, event No. 6 being worthy of special mention: 50 targets, unknown traps and angles, 4 high guns, $3 entrance; 2 cents will be charged for targets throughout the day. The second is live-bird day. No. 3 is shot at 10 birds, 21yds. rise, gun below the elbow, use of one barrel, $7 entrance. No. 3 is described as follows: "Event No. 3 will be a handicap of 30 to 26yds.—given by a competent committee. The first prize will be a Chas. Lancaster Special Pigeon gun, two sets of barrels, valued at $110. All moneys over that amount to be divided 40 and 60 per cent. as second and third."

The Altoona team and the Keystone team No. 1 tied for second place in the L. C. Smith trophy on Saturday, August 24, the extra day of the Pennsylvania State shoot. The wording of the conditions governing that event as set forth in the programme are as follows, so far as the division of the purse is concerned: "To the team making the highest score, 40 per cent. of the money and the trophy; to the next highest, 35 per cent. of the money; the next highest, 25 per cent. of the money." That certainly reads like "three high guns." On this understanding the teams shot off for place at 5 birds per man, the result being again a tie, with 12 each. At that point the management decided that it was "class shooting," not "high guns," so further shooting was stopped.

In our notice last week of Jack Parker's tournament at Detroit, Mich., on Sept. 10-13, we gave the location of the grounds as Des-Chree-Shos-Ka, thinking, in the absence of all information to the contrary, that that would be the place which would be chosen by Jack in which to amuse the boys. It appears, however, that the tournament will be held on the Rusch House grounds, which can be reached easily by electric cars which pass every 15 minutes within half a block of the Normandie Hotel—the headquarters for shooters. There is a clear sky background, and the events will be shot, rain or shine.

A Bureau of Press Clippings is a great institution. Among a number of clippings sent in to the Trap Department of FOREST AND STREAM by the New York office of the Bureau of Press Clippings was the following, taken from the Grand Rapids, Mich., *Reporter* of Aug. 8: "Miss Lena Carley will teach the young idea how to shoot for the next ten months in the Robinson district." Our hat is off to Miss Carley, and we wish her luck. She is evidently a capital specimen of the new woman. If Miss Carley will forward the scores made by "the young idea" of "the Robinson district" who may be fortunate enough to be under her tuition for the next ten months, we shall be glad to run them.

Statistical fiends may be glad to know that a census taken of the powders in use at the Pennsylvania State shoot on Aug. 20-23 shows as follows: E. C. 28, Dupont 16, Schultze 11, Wood 9, Walsrode 4, W. A. 1 and King's Smokeless 1. The latter powder is not yet on the market, but "Wanda" was using it, being naturally a privileged party. Guns were distributed as follows: L. C. Smith 23, Greener 8, Parker 5, Lefever and Scott, 4 each; Francotte, Winchester and Remington, 2 each; Ithaca, Daly, Wilkesbarre and Cashmore, 1 each.

Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, writes as follows: "The membership of the Interstate Association for the Encouragement of Trap-Shooting is now as follows: Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Winchester Repeating Arms Co., American E. C. Powder Co., Von Lengerke & Detmold, Hazard Powder Co., Cleveland Target Co., Tatham & Bros., Le Roy Shot & Lead Works, Parker Bros., Wiebusch & Hilger, Ltd.; the Excelsior Target Co., H. A. Penrose, president, having forfeited its membership."

The Equitable (Pumphrey) system of division of prizes will be used at the Warren, O., Gun Club's tournament on September 6, 7, in all events except the last one on the first day, and the 4th and 7th on the second day. No. 4 on the second day is 15 targets, $2 entrance, four high guns. No. 7 on that day is a handicap, $2 entrance, the contestants shooting at from 15 to 20 targets.

F. F. Waddell, of Chattanooga, Tenn., the popular Southern representative of Dupont's Smokeless, was in this city on Monday of this week. Although Fred complains of being ill, and in need of a rest to recoup, his general appearance aroused no sympathy in our editorial breast. He looked the picture of health and a dangerous man to invite to lunch. (He received no such invitation.)

Allen Willey, of Hartford, Conn., and W. H. Green, of the Newark (N. J.) Gun Club, shot a match at 50 live birds per man, $50 a side, on Tuesday, Aug. 20. Green won, scoring 47 to Willey's 46. As will be noticed elsewhere, Willey defeated Post, of Paterson, N. J., on Thursday, Aug. 22, by the score of 44-43. Willey and Post will shoot a return match the latter part of September.

The first annual tournament of the Washington State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held at Seattle, Wash., on Oct. 25 and 26, under the auspices of the Seattle Rod and Gun Club. Both live birds and targets will be used. Further particulars may be obtained by addressing C. F. Graff, secretary-treasurer of the Association, Seattle.

On Labor Day, Sept. 2, District Assembly No. 147, I. O. K. of L., will hold a tournament on the Fair Grounds, Troy Road, near Albany, N. Y. The principal event is a merchandise shoot, 50 bluerocks, $1.50 entrance. The shooting is an incident of a big picnic to be held by the order on that day.

On Friday of this week, Aug. 30, Bland Ballard, of Louisville, Ky., and A. L. Ivins, of Seabright, N. J., shot a race against E. G. Murphy, of New York, and Fred. Hoey, of Hollywood, N. J. The match was at 100 birds per man, 200 to the team, 30yds. rise, $250 a side.

"Billy" Hobart, whom every trap-shooter knows, has returned from summering on the bosom of the St. Lawrence at a place called Gananoque. His fish stories are worth listening to and believing—some of them.

New Jersey shooters must not forgot that the last but one of the 1895 series of shoots promoted by the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League takes place on Tuesday next, September 3, on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J.

The Labor Day tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., at the Marion grounds, is bound to be a success. The programme is one that will attract a lot of shooters from this neck of the woods.

"Chained to business." Col. Anthony will appreciate that such was our case this week. Had it been otherwise, Charlotte, N. C., would have seen us this week.

The Parker Gun Club, of Meriden, Conn., holds an all-day shoot on Labor Day, September 2. Targets will be thrown at 2 cents each, four moneys.

EDWARD BANKS.

Trap Around Altoona.

ALTOONA, Pa., Aug. 19.—A very interesting three-cornered two-men team live-bird race was shot off at Mifflin, Pa., on Monday, Aug. 12. The contesting teams were Shoop and Whiteman, of Harrisburg; Adams and Kane, of Mifflin, and Clark and Sands, of Altoona. The race, which was for a private consideration, was viewed with much interest by friends of each team. They were considered evenly matched and the scores show that estimate to have been a correct one. All shot from the 28yds. mark except Shoop, whose 10-gauge gun put him back 2yds. Five traps were used and a 40yds. boundary separated the dead from the lost. Shoop, Kane and Clark, whose scores were respectively 25, 24 and 23, were in great form, especially the former, who missed his first bird in the first event and then killed straight throughout the day. The birds were a well selected lot, which with the short boundary line and the high grass in which the traps were located made the shooting very difficult.

A preliminary miss and out was indulged in previous to the main event, which was also followed by the same kind of events.

It being agreed upon that the team making the lowest score pay for the birds, the tie between Altoona and Mifflin was shot off at 10 birds each team with a result in favor of Altoona as shown below:

Team race, 25 live birds per man:

	Altoona.	
Clark	2210222202212221222211221—23	
Sands	1222211011210100121201122—20	—43
	Harrisburg.	
Whiteman	1100121210011122211021021—19	
Shoop	1121121211111112111111112—25	—44
	Mifflin.	
Adams	1020211220002211012312222—19	
Kane	1211112211112221212201211—24	—43

On the shoot-off Clark and Sands killed all their birds; Kane killed his 5, but Adams dropped 2, Altoona winning by 10-8, and Mifflin paying for the birds.

The miss-and-out events were decided as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Clark	1221211120—8	2—1	2220—3
Adams	2222222322—9	0—0	20 —1
Sands	2120 —3	0—0	210 —2
Shoop	0 —0	1—1	1111—4
Whiteman	2221112l2—9	....	....
Kane	2120 —3	0—0	1121—4

As a result of this day's sport a pleasant rivalry between teams and individuals has sprung up, and the outcome will surely be a number of races. The Mifflin boys are members of the Altoona Gun Club, and Harrisburg has been watching for an opening ever since Bill Clark walked off with the Harrisburg Shooting Association Top Wad Co.'s gold medal. The Altoona contingent seems only to be waiting for a flash of the green to start the fun.

MESSNER TO MEET M'WHORTER.

There's trouble brewing in Pittsburg, Pa. On Wednesday, Aug. 14, E. H. McWhorter, one of the best live bird shots in western Pennsylvania, called on "Pop" Shaner and left a deposit for a series of races with John G. Messner, of Wilkinsburg, the winner of the Grand American Handicap. Messner heard of it and before the sun had set it was covered. There are to be two races, and should it be necessary a third one for $100 a side each and expenses. The dates and places have not as yet been decided on, but it is understood that they will be shot on neutral grounds.

On the same day John H. Shaffer, of Pittsburg, called at the *Times* office, and authorized that paper to issue a challenge to James O'Hara Denny, of Ligonier, who made such a good showing at Monte Carlo and other foreign tournaments during the present year. In case it does not suit Mr. Denny at this time to shoot a race, Dr. E. M. Cundall or Norwood Johnson, of Washington, Pa., is invited to take his place. The proposed race or races are to be for $100 a side and details to be mutually agreed upon. The merits of these men are pretty well known among the shooters of the country, and some lively arguments can be looked for.

HUNTINGDON HAS A LIVE CLUB.

The Huntingdon Gun Club, a practically new organization, with a membership of about thirty enthusiasts, is beginning to reach out for social contests with some of their older neighbors. They have issued a challenge to members of the Altoona club to shoot a six-men team race on their new grounds. They bar some of the older and more experienced shots of this club, which is only to be expected. The Altoona boys appreciate this friendly intrusion, and have decided to pay them a visit within a week or so.

KOTTY WON THE GOLD MEDAL.

Our club held its semi-monthly shoot at the Wopsononock grounds on Saturday, August 17. The Irish societies of central and western Pennsylvania were picnicking at this resort on this date, and as a result a very large audience witnessed the spirited contests. The weather was fine and a most pleasant afternoon's outing resulted. The scores in tabulated form are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Clark	9	8	9	9	10	10	9	7
Sands	9	10	7	7	8	..	..	..
Murray	8	5	5	3	..	4	..	9
Killits	6	8	5	..	7	7	7	4
House	8	6	8	9	8	9	7	2

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Kotty	..	..	..	..	8	9	10	10	4
Bookwalter	..	..	..	..	8	5	7	..	..
Turner	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	4	..
Rickard	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
Forney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	

No. 2 was a walking match, and No. 3 was at 5 pairs. The scores in the medal race were as follow:

Medal contest, 25 targets, and 5 angles:	
Killitts	1111010000101111000111011—15
Clark	1111111001111111111110111—22
Bookwalter	0011111110111011111111110—20
Murray	1111111011111011111111100—21
House	1111111013101111101111011—20
Turner	0011100100101000001010011—10
Sands	1010111111110011010111100—18
Kotty	1111111111111111111011110—23
Forney	1101111010110100111100010—16

GUN.

Kentuckians at the Traps.

PADUCAH, Ky., Aug. 19.—Our all-day shoot to-day was a thorough success, 48 shooters taking part in the events on the programme. The day's sport passed off very pleasantly and all present expressed themselves as having had an enjoyable time. Among them from out of town were: R. M. Beadles, Cargill and McKeel, Mayfield, Ky.; Fred. Schmidt, Jim White and Cockrill, Memphis, Tenn.; Lyons, Watson, Means and Phelps, Louisville, Ky.; J. D. Gay, Pine Grove, Ky.; Dowell and Danforth, St. Louis, Mo.; Bud Page, S. M. Page and W. D. Day, Elkton, Ky.; Griffith, Bowling Green, Ky.; W. M. Page, Hopkinsville, Ky.; R. H. Browning, Charleston, Mo., etc., etc.

An event, which was numbered event No. 8 on the programme, did not fill. The conditions were $10 entrance, handicap, 20 entries to fill, the prize being a fine Kentucky mare. J. D. Gay made the best average and carried off to Pine Grove the silver cup which was offered for the best average in the programme events. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	20	10	25	15	10	20	10	15	10	10
H G Thompson	8	18	9	17	12	9	13	10	12	4	8
Hayer	5	..	5	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Geo Robertson	8	13	10	12	12	10	11	5	12	8	6
W D Thompson	8	16	9	20	13	9	17	8	10	..	..
R M Beadles	6	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lang	6	..	10	..	9	9	12	9	9	7	5
Schmidt	7	16	6	19	12	7	..	9	10	7	6
White	8	18	9	22	11	9	17	8	8	7	9
Cargill	6	..	7	..	8	4	9	..	..	..	..
Danforth	8	12	10	20	9	5	12	7	6	7	9
McKeel	5	10	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Harris	6	13	9	17	10	..	9	7	13	7	5
Gay	10	19	10	24	13	9	17	..	14	..	..
Lyons	9	16	10	25	13	8	14	..	13	..	..
Watson	6	18	8	19	14	9	14	..	13	..	..
Means	6	14	8	16	11	6	..	..	10	..	..
Phelps	7	13	7	..	10	8	14	..	11	..	..
Cockrill	10	20	7	21	12	7	17	9	8	10	9
Craft	8	10	6	18	7	9	13	7	7	8	3
Erhardt	8	14	7	15	13	5	14	9	9	7	8
S L Beadles	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Lowery	6	13	6	..	5	6	11	..	..	..	..
Bud Page	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brudas	6	..	8	..	11	4	15	..	9	..	..
S H Page	6	13	7	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
W M Page	7	18	6	9	12	7	14	..	9	..	..
W D Day	3	10	7	12	11	5	9	..	..	..	..
W M Beadles	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dowell	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rawleigh	5	..	8	..	11	5	12	7	9	..	..
Ingram	5	..	4	..	8	6	6	4	9	..	..
Griffith	5	12	8	17	9	7	..	..	12	..	..
Piper	8	..	7	..	10	..	14	..	..	..	..
Hinkle	7	14	9	19	10	7	11	6	12	7	5
Mills	6	..	7	..	9	5	8	7	..	6	7
West	4	..	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J F Page	..	8	5	..	6	3	8	..	..	..	..
Shorty	..	11	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Carver	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Whitemore	..	..	1	..	10	..	..	5	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	2	..	..	3	5	..	..	..	..
Coucir	..	..	6	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..
C L Robertson	..	..	7	..	11	..	16	9	12	8	8
Johnston	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fowler	..	..	7	..	10	5	12	8	..	..	..
Browning	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Baswell	..	..	..	..	7	..	14	6	12	8	5
J Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	13	..	..	..

No. 7 was a two-men team race, 20 targets per man, entrance $3 per team. The following is a detailed score of this event:

Lang	0010101011111111001—12
Boswell	1110111110010111100—14—26
Craft	1110101110100101001—13
Hinkle	0010010110010111111—11—24
C L Robertson	1111101110111011110—16
Geo Robertson	1000011101001011011—11—27
White	1100111111111011111—17
Cockrill	1010111101111111111—17—34
Watson	0111111011110010011—14
Erhardt	1111100111001011110—14—28
W D Thompson	1011110111111111111—17
H G Thompson	0111101100110111101—13—30
Brudas	0101011110111111100—15
Rawleigh	0011011110111000110—12—27
Danforth	0110000110101101111—12
Cargill	0001110001011010100 1— 9—21
Harris	1110010100001101010— 9
Fowler	1110111010100110100—12—21
Day	0010001001001110101— 9
Lowery	1011111000010101011 —11—20
Phelps	1010011111111011010—14
W M Page	0011011100101111111—14—28
Gay	1110111111111111100—17
Lyons	0011110100100111111—14—31
Piper	1111101111110011010000—14
Miller	0110101100100000101— 8—22
J F Page	0000101011001001000— 8
S H Page	1101010100100101111—12—20
Young	1001111110101011010—13
Ingram	1001000010101000110— 6—19

T. J. MOORE, Secretary.

Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

BEDFORD, Ind., Aug. 19.—The scores below were made this afternoon by some of the members of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club.

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles: No. 2, same:

Glover	0011111111101101010110111—19	1011111011111111011111111—22
Stipp	1101111111011101111011101—20	1110111110111000101010110—17
Thompson	1101111111111011110111111—22	1011101111111111110011011—20
Tippit	1000010100111001111010110—14	1111101111111111111001010—17
Sherwood	1110101111101111011111111—21	1101111111111111010111111—22

Aug. 20.—The following scores were shot this afternoon:

No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles: No. 2, same:

Glover	1111101111111111010111101—22	0111010111111111000100110—16
Thompson	0110010011000111101011101—14	1000001000000001001111110—10
J Eblessior	1111111111111101101101111—22	1110111111001101111111111—20
Sherwood	1111111111111101111111111—24	0101111010111111111001111—17
Palmer	0110110110111111110011011—18	1111111111111111001111111—23

No. 3, same: Everybody used black powder:

Thompson	1000001011110111000110110—12
Eblessior	0011010010010011011101101—13
Palmer	1100111010011011011001111—17
Glover	0101011000011110010110011—14
Duncan	1100110011010100100000111—12
Sherwood	1111111111101010111111111—22

J. B. STIPP, Sec'y.

Trap at Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 22.—Watson's new shooting park, which is right on the car line, is all ready for business, and will be open every afternoon from Sept. 1 next. On Monday, Sept. 9, C. S. Wilcox and C. B. Dicks will shoot a match at 100 live birds per man, $100 a side, loser to pay for the birds.

The latest scores on these grounds are as follows:

Aug. 13.—Chicago Shooting Club, 15 live birds:

W J Eich	1001102111012011—10	H Ehlers	1111220111221112—14

Aug. 14.—South Chicago Gun Club, 20 live birds:

L Willard	1121111212211110111—19	G Sibley	1012111120012200211—15

Same day, 30 empire targets:

G Sibley	1011110011101111011111001111—22
L C Willard	1111111111111111111101111101111—28

Aug. 21.—Audubon Gun Club, 15 live birds:

J E Price	2121101121212122—14	J H Amberg	2201120202202122—11
C B Dicks	1212021020111102—11	C S Wilcox	2022021220002212—10

RAVELRIGG.

Pennsylvania's State Shoot.

THE Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, Pa., has no cause for a quarrel with the clerk of the weather. It could hardly have picked better weather for its three days of target shooting on Aug. 20, 21 and 22, even if it had been allowed that privilege. Friday, Aug. 23, the live bird day, was perhaps a trifle too warm and sultry, but one can't have everything in this world. The fact remains that the weather which graced the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's fifth annual tournament, which was held at Holmesburg Junction on the above dates, under the auspices and on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, was just about perfect for the business in hand. So much for the climatic conditions. Now for

THOSE WHO WHERE THERE.

There are many problems that are easier to solve than that which every management has to face when making preparations for a tournament—How many entries shall we have? If the estimate made is below the actual number that puts in an appearance, the accommodations are voted as inferior, the management incompetent, and shooters don't get as much shooting as they expected and wanted to have, hence many go away disgruntled. On the other hand, if the number in attendance falls short of the estimate, there is a feeling of disappointment manifest everywhere and there is an appearance of a fizzle about the tournament, which is often more fancied than actual. In making preparations for its guests, the Keystone League had carefully thought out everything and had left nothing to be desired on the part of the shooters. Still the number that arrived was not up to expectations.

HERE'S A LIST

of those who were present: J. O'H. Denny, Ligonier; S. L. Sharp, Ephrata; James H. Worden, H. B. Shoop ("Brewster"), H. A. Dill ("Henry"), W. H. Brensinger ("Sullivan"), and W. Hepler ("Wellington"), all of Harrisburg; James Schmeck, John Shaaber, C. Ritter, L. Wertz, B. Harrison and O. I. Melott, Reading; J. M. Runk, Chambersburg; H. Buckwalter and Johnson, Royersford; W. G. Clark, E. J. "Adams" and J. H. "Kane," Altoona; J. Benning, Allentown; W. H. Stroh, West Pittston; W. H. Burnham, York; M. M. McMillan, Mahanoy City; M. E. Miller, Stroudsburg; J. R. Yost, Norristown; H. E. Anderson, G. S. Franklin and Wiley, Lancaster; H. L. Moore, E. F. Roth and J. G. Martin, Wilkesbarre; L. Swartz, Lansdale; H. H. Meyers, Columbia; D. Longenecker, an ex-Harrisburger, now of Philadelphia, etc., etc. The local clubs were represented by W. H., J. H. and I. H. Wolstencroft, three brothers that know how to shoot; Joseph Thurman and his son Harry ("Father Time") Thurman; Joe Leaming, the Keystone's hustling captain; H. "Landis" David, H. "Henry," W. Paddock, Howard Rid e, W. Wilson, Frank Kleinz, T. S. "Thomas," J. Bergner, N. Swope, Howard French, J. W. Evans and others. From

OUTSIDE THE KEYSTONE STATE

came: L. W. Bicaise, Charleston, S. C.; Lou Erhardt, Atchison, Kan.; Harvey McMurchy, of the Syracuse Arms Company, with his fellow-citizen, "Uncle Dan" Lefever, of the Lefever Arms Company; A. W. duBray, Dayton, Ky., shooting and talking the Parker gun; F. Van Dyke, Dayton, N. J., representing the Winchester Arms Company; Gus E. Greiff, from Von Lengerke & Detmold, with his box of Francotte guns and his samples of Schultze powder; T. H. Keller, of Plainfield, N. J., representing the U. S. Cartridge Company; Neaf Apgar, also of Plainfield, shooting Walsrode to the front; another Plainfield man was the ever welcome Charlie (otherwise "Dutchy") Smith; M. Herrington, the New York representative of the W. A. smokeless powder; Fred. Quimby, New York, of the Empire Target Company, and general agent for the American E. C. Powder Company; Chas. S. Hebbard, Elizabeth, N. J., manager of the Empire Target Company; Mrs. M. F. Lindsley ("Wanda"), the wife of Milt. F. Lindsley, who is now busy down in the Buckeye State preparing King's Smokeless for the fall market; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; C. H. Burbridge, Hartford, Conn.; Chamberlain, Wilmington, Del.; "Uncle Billy" Sigler, Montclair, N. J.; I. W. Budd, Pemberton, N. J.; Mablon H. Rupell, Milford, N. J., and others whose names have slipped our memory. A goodly list, after all, isn't it?

The main event on the open set of traps was the

E. C. POWDER COMPANY'S CUP

contest. This was a 100-target handicap race, unknown angles, handicaps ranging from 1 to 10 extra targets. The 100-targets were divided up into two events of 50 targets each, one 50 shot on the first day, the other 50 on the second day. The winner turned up in E. D. Fulford, who broke 96 out of his 100; this, with one extra target, making a total of 97. Billy Wolstencroft broke 94 out of his 100 and also his two extra targets, scoring 96 in all. Through an oversight, Fulford's extra target was not counted, the scores being thought to be a tie on 96 each. A shoot-off at 25 targets was the result; this Wolstencroft won and took the cup, but only *pro tem.*, promptly returning it to Fulford when the mistake above referred to was discovered. It was the irony of fate, perhaps, that Schultze powder should provide the winner and runner-up for an E. C. cup! Fulford always shoots the U. M. C. Company's factory-loaded ammunition, with Schultze loaded in the company's Trap shell. Both he and Billy Wolstencroft shot Greener guns. It is worth noting that Neaf Apgar was the only scratch man on the list.

On the set of traps reserved for State competitions the chief feature of the first day's programme was the

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP

of the State of Pennsylvania at targets. This trophy was won in excellent style by W. H. Burnham, a member of the York City Gun Club, after a tie with "Brewster" on 47 out of 50. The tie was shot off at 25 targets, Burnham defeating his opponent by the score of 23 to 20. W. Wolstencroft missed his 50th target, thus spoiling the chance of three ties for the trophy presented by the firm of which he is a member, Wm. Wolstencroft & Sons. Mr. Burnham, whose victory was a very popular one, shot a Scott gun, using Wood powder in a U. M. C. Smokeless shell; Brewster shot a Smith gun, using DuPont's Smokeless in a similar shell.

During the second day's shooting two trophies were disposed of—the American Wood Powder Company's three-men team trophy and the Harrisburg Shooting Association's trophy for the six-men team championship of the State. The first-named trophy was won by the Independent Gun Club of Reading, whose trio, Schneck, Shaaber and Ritter, is a strong combination, although Ritter fell down to 23 out of 35—25 singles and 5 pairs. Keystone No. 1—W. W., Landis and Tredway—was second, with the No. 2 team of the same club close up with four breaks less to its credit. The shooting of the Harrisburg team in this event was a mystery to its rooters—69 out of a possible 105! The

HARRISBURG SHOOTING ASSOCIATION TROPHY

was won by a team representing the donor of the cup, thus avenging to a great extent the ignominious defeat in the three-men team race. As the next tournament of the association, and consequently the next contest for the trophy, takes place at Harrisburg in '96, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association, it will be no easy matter for any team to take this trophy away from the Capital City.

Thursday, Aug. 22, saw the contest for the

READING SHOOTING ASSOCIATION TROPHY

emblematic of the five-men team championship of the State. Such poor scores as were made in this trophy contest have very seldom been recorded at the Pennsylvania State shoots. The scores on this day were in marked contrast to those registered last year at Altoona, when the fourth annual tournament was held on the brow of Wopsononock Mountain. On that occasion the Philadelphia quintette made the great score of 121 out of a possible 125. This year the Keystone Shooting League took it with the score of 103, the Harrisburg men being four points behind them with 99. Reading brought up the rear with 95.

Before passing on to the detailed and tabulated scores a few words are necessary to explain just what accommodations had been provided by the members of the Keystone Shooting League for its guests. First and foremost the club possesses

AN EXCELLENT CLUB HOUSE,

fitted from end to end, and from ground floor to rooftree, with everything necessary for one's comfort. As will be seen by the accompanying cut, it is a two story building of a very neat type. Its dimensions are sufficient to accommodate fifty shooters with ease. The photograph from which the cut was made was taken by Billy Wolstencroft, who is somewhat of an amateur photographer, it would seem.

As stated below, three sets of traps had been placed in position, and the shooters at the score were protected by an ample awning. Lunch was provided in a large tent near the entrance gate; thus a stoppage of the shooting for the purpose of adjourning for lunch was done away with. In the cashier's office Billy Garbin was in command. His good nature made it a little difficult to get a full set of the scores, as the newspaper men were allowed full sway inside his little office, an accommodation that was somewhat abused.

It isn't often that one has a chance to make more than passing mention of the

SQUAD HUSTLERS,

but on this occasion we must pay a special compliment to Captain Joe Leaming, Secretary John C. Shallcross and Harry Thurman for their labors on behalf of the success of the shoot. Mr. Leaming's energy and undaunted enthusiasm on Friday, when the weather was ultra warm, deserves special recognition at the hands of his club. Squad hustling may seem an easy thing to ordinary attendants at a shoot, but only those who have conscientiously tried to do their duty in that station of life can fully appreciate what such duties demand.

The balance of the story of the fifth annual Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's tournament must be left to the scores, a perusal of which will readily tell the results in the various events. Bear in mind that the initials "W. W.," "J. W." and "I. H. W." are used in place of the long surnames of the Wolstencroft brothers.

First Day.

As there were two sets of traps and two different programmes, one open to all, the other open only to members of the association, it has been thought best to place the scores made at each set of traps in different tables for the purpose of readier reference.

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	20	20	20	50	20	20	20
Smith	16	15	17	16	39	16	16	14
Henry	10	..	..	..	41	..	..	..
Greiff	15	16	15	16	40	17	16	16
Leaming	12	12	..	..	33	..	..	..
Schmeck	18	15	15	..	38	..	..	..
Erhardt	15	12	14	17	..	16	18	18
Landis	14	15	18	13	42	..	..	..
W W	16	19	17	17	45	..	..	..
I H W	18	..	..	18	40	15	18	17
Buckwalt'r	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
VanDyke	..	18	17	17	47	19	20	20
Denny	..	13	..	13	..	..	..	..
Keller	..	..	15	18	15	43	19	16
J W	..	..	15	..	40	..	..	..
Tredway	..	..	16	..	..	15	..	..
Shaaber	..	..	14	15	..	..	..	..
Sivad	..	..	12	..	..	..	15	..
Lane	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
Chamb'rl'n	..	..	..	..	11	10	..	..
Lefever	..	..	..	..	17	15	..	16
Jones	..	..	..	..	13	..	15	..
H Henry	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
H Thurm'n	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Apgar	..	..	..	..	18	45	16	15
Fulford	..	..	..	..	48	18	18	19
McMurchy	..	..	..	..	48	16	19	..
Burbridge	..	..	..	..	43	17	19	17
Evans	..	..	..	..	38	14	..	..
Runk	..	..	..	..	34	..	..	..
Quimby	..	..	..	..	30	..	..	..
Sullivan	..	..	..	..	43	..	..	..
Wertz	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..
W Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..

STATE EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	20	20	25	20	50	20	20
Denny	15	12	10	22	9	33	12	8
Sharp	16	14	17	18	10	..	..	..
Schmeck	19	19	16	23	14	45	19	16
Sullivan	16	16	17	23	15	41	15	19
Brewster	14	16	14	23	10	47	17	18
Runk	13	..	14	20	..	..	19	17
Henry	16	11	19	22	17	35	19	18
Whitcomb	12	..	..	17	14	..	18	14
Landis	..	17	15	18	24	17	44	19
Buckwalt'r	13	..	17	22	15	..	..	..
H Henry	17	19	15	17	14	42	15	18
Martin	11	14	15	..	11	..	..	..
Stroh	15	12	15	17	12	..	..	..
Burnham	18	14	14	19	12	47	18	16
Worden	16	19	17	24	17	41	19	17
I H W	13	15	18	21	17	36	18	..
W W	16	19	18	22	19	46	17	15
H Thurm'n	17	14	19	17	10	30	..	..
McMillan	..	..	15	..	12	13	..	..
J W	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lefever	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Chamb'rl'n	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lane	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sivad	..	..	..	..	19	14	..	..
David	..	..	..	..	22	..	18	16
L'ngen'ck'r	..	..	..	..	12	34	..	..
Fry	..	..	..	..	15	..	18	..
English	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12
Wertz	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Paddock	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Ridge	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..

Nos. 1, 2, 4, 6 and 7 were at known angles, Nos. 3, 5 and 8 at unknown angles. The entrance fee in Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 7 and 8 was $2. No. 4 was the merchandise event, the entrance fee being $1.25. No. 6 was the W. Wolstencroft & Sons' trophy event, the details and conditions of the event being as follows:

Individual championship of the State of Pennsylvania at targets, 50 singles, known traps and angles, $3 entrance, four moneys, 25% and medal, 40%, 20% and 15%.

W H Burnham..11111111111111111111111111101111111111101111101111—47
W H "Brewster"..11111111111111111011111111101011111111111111111—47
W Wolstencroft..11111111101111011111111111111111111111101111111110—46
J Schmeck..11111101111111111111111111101101111111101111111111—45
H "Landis"..11110011111101111111111101111011111111101111111—44
Lane..11111111110011111111111111111111111111001101111111—43
H "Henry"..01110111111111111111101110101111111111101011111—42
J Shaaber..11111110101101111111110001101101111111111111111—41
W Sullivan..11100101111111111111101101111111111111111111101—41
J H Worden..11111111111101010111101110111011111101111111011111—41
Tredway..11111010111111111101101110111011111111111111111011—40
E W David..10111101111111111101101110010101111001111111101—38
J Wolstencroft..11111101111100111010111011111111111011111111111—38
I H Wolstencroft 11011110111010011101111111100111101010110010111111—36
A D "Henry"..10000111101111011111111111111010110000111011111111—35
Longenecker..11111101001111010110011110110010000111011111111101—34
J O'H Denny..10000110111111111000011001101111010010111111111110—33
H Thurman..10110111110011111101010101010100001010110000111011—30

Shoot-off for medal, 25 targets:

Burnham..1111111111111111110111011—23
Brewster..0011111111101111010111111011—20

Second Day.

The programme for the open events was the same as that of the previous day. On the traps reserved for State events No. 3 was the American Wood Powder Company's trophy contest, and No. 6 the six-men team race for the Harrisburg Shooting Association's trophy. The details of both of these events are run in full below, together with the complete scores of those who figured most prominently in the E. C. Powder Cup contest. Of the other State events, Nos. 1, 4 and 7 were at known angles, Nos. 2, 5 and 8 at unknown angles. Below is a synopsis of the day's shooting:

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	20	20	20	50	20	20	20
Van Dyke	18	19	18	15	44	16	18	20
Keller	16	11	18	13	38	17	16	..
Apgar	18	20	19	20	44	17	19	18
Fulford	19	19	19	18	48	20	20	17
Burbridge	16	15	16	13	39	18	16	18
Budd	14	14	16	16	42	14	17	w
Greiff	18	18	20	17	45	17	18	19
Smith	19	17	18	16	43	17	17	19
Erhart	14	15	17	11	..	16	16	16
Leaming	16	15	..	..	34	..	..	..
Schmeck	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Shaaber	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Landis	17	..	..	..	42	..	..	..
W W	18	..	..	..	49	..	..	..
Bicaise	..	..	13	17	..	15	..	..
Tredway	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..
Lefever	..	..	..	..	17	14	..	18
Burnham	..	..	..	..	17	12	..	..
Wanda	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	10
DuBray	..	..	..	..	14	13	..	10
Sigler	..	..	..	..	17	16	..	16
McMurchy	..	..	..	..	17	17	16	18
I H W	..	..	..	..	17	43	19	16
J W	..	..	..	..	..	45	16	12
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..
Longen'k'r	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..
Stroh	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..
Prey	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..
H Henry	..	..	..	..	..	30	..	15
W Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19
Lane	..	..	..	..	..	34	..	..
Sullivan	..	..	..	..	..	42	..	..

STATE EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	20	35	20	20	25	20	20
Henry	19	17	22	14	16	18	18	..
Schmeck	16	13	31	19	17	20	14	13
Shaaber	18	17	31	17	9	20	15	17
Brewster	19	18	24	16	17	..	13	19
Tredway	18	12	26	17	..	21	18	..
Denny	10	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
Landis	15	18	..	..	17	24	18	15
W W	18	19	31	19	20	22	19	19
Johnson	17	..	..	15	..	21	..	..
French	..	18	18	..	15	14	..	17
Sullivan	..	16	17	..	18	17	21	17
Burnham	..	17	14	..	14	12	..	15
Benning	..	17	..	..	13	..	..	..
Prey	..	..	17	13	..	17	19	..
Runk	..	..	16	..	17	14	..	17
H Thurm'n	16	10	23	10	17	23	19	16
Martin	..	..	15	14	..	..	..	..
Stroh	..	..	13	14	..	..	..	..
Leaming	..	..	15	14	26	..	..	17
Buckwalt'r	16	..	..	..	17	..	..	..
Ridge	..	..	..	15	..	17	..	16
McMillan	..	..	17	..	..	17	..	..
Worden	..	..	..	..	15	23	16	20
H Henry	..	..	..	..	11	29	..	18
Harri-on	..	..	..	..	15	..	19	..
M E M	..	..	..	..	10	..	16	..
Ritter	..	..	..	..	14	23	14	..
Landis	..	..	..	..	25	17	..	..
Schwartz	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	15
I H W	..	..	..	..	15	16	21	20
Lane	..	..	..	..	16	17	24	18
McDaniel	..	..	..	..	13	13	..	13
Acker	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Bolton	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	11
J W	..	..	..	..	17	11	21	14
Wilson	..	..	..	..	11	17	20	15
Swope	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Longen'k'r	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Whitcomb	..	..	..	..	18	14	..	16
Yeakel	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..
David	..	..	..	..	16	21	17	19
Budd	..	..	..	..	16	17	..	4
Reynolds	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stetson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13

E. C. POWDER CUP.

The following are the scores of those who made the highest scores in this contest:

E D Fulford..11111111111111101111111111111101111111111111111111—48
(101) 11111111111111111111111101101111111111111111111—48
1 — 1—97
W W Wolsten-croft (102) 11111111111111111011111111111111111111111111111—49
11 — 2—96
H McMurchy..11111111111111111111101111111011111111111111111—48
(101) 11111111111111111011111101010111111111111111111—46
1 — 1—95
Sullivan (110)..11111101000111111111111111101011011111111111111111—43
11011010111111111111111111111101111101111011011110—42
1111111111 — 10—95
J Wolstencroft 11001111111111101011111111111101011010011101111—40
(110) 11111111111101001111111111011101111111111111111—45
1100111111 — 8—93
F VanDyke....11111101111111111111111101110111111111111111111111—47
(101) 10111111010111111111111111111111111111111111111—44
1 — 1—92
I H Wolsten-croft (110) 11101000110111101111011101111111111011111111111011—40
11011111111101101111101110111111111111101101010111—42
1110101111 — 8—90
Neaf Apgar...11111101111111101111111111111111111101111111111001—45
(100) 11111101110111011111111101111111111011111111111011—44—89
G E Greiff(105)11111101111011011111011011011101111100011111111111—40
11111111111101111111111111101111111111111111101010111—45
11110 — 4—89
C Smith (106)..11001101111111111111101001011011111111100111110l—39
11111110111101111111011111111111111111101011101111101l—43
111110 — 5—87
Landis (104)..01111101011111111111111011010101011111111111111—43
01111111111111111011111011100111111101011111111—42
1110 — 3—87
T H Keller....01011101111111111111111111111111111111111111111110—43
(106)..10111110101111111111111000011111101111111111100110—38
111110 — 5—86
C H Burbridge11111111000111111111111111111111111111001100111111111—43
(103)..11101110101111111101100111111111111111101010110111—39
111 — 3—85

Details of the trophy events are as follows:

American Wood Powder Co.'s trophy, 25 singles and 5 pairs, known angles, $6 per team:

Independent Gun Club.

Shaaber	1101110111111111111111111	11 11 10 11 10—31
Schmeck	1111111111111111111111111	10 10 11 10 10—31
Ritter	1111011101110001100111101	01 10 10 11 10—23—85

Keystone No. 1.

W W	1111111111111111111101	11 11 10 10 11—31
Landis	1001010101101111111111101	10 11 10 10 11—25
Tredway	1011111111101110111100111	10 10 11 10 10—26—82

Keystone No. 2.

Leaming	0110011111111101111111110	11 01 00 10 11—26
H Henry	0111101111101101111111111	11 10 11 11 11—29
Thurman	1011101101001111111100111	10 10 10 10 10—23—78

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Worden	0101011111110101011111011	10 11 10 00 10—23
Henry	1110111100101001111111101	10 10 01 10 00—22
Brewster	0011010011111111111111010	10 10 11 10 01—24—69

Harrisburg Shooting Association's trophy for the team championship of the State, 25 targets, known angles, entrance $10 per team:

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Worden	1111110111111101111111011—21
Sullivan	1111101111111111111111111—24
Henry	1111111101101111111111011—21
Burnham	1111111111011111011111111—23
Brewster	1111101111111111111111111—24
Longenecker	1010111110111111111011111—21—124

Keystone No 1.

W W	1111101111110111111011111—22
Tredway	1100111101111101111111111—21
Landis	1111111111111111101111111—24
I H W	0110111111010111111111111—21
H Henry	1111011110111001011101100—17
J W	1110111101101111111111111—21—125

Independent Gun Club.

Smeck	1101111010111111111011110—20
Schaaber	1111111101011111111101101—20
Ritter	1111010111101111111111111—22
Harrison	1111111001 0111111011111—20
David	1111011110110111111011111—21
Johnson	1010111011111111111111111—21—124

Keystone No 2

Lahe	1111111111111111111101111—24
Budd	1011101111101000111101001—17
Thurman	0111101111111111111111111—23
Leaming	0111011111000011111001—17
Whitcomb	1100001110111001011100110—14
Wilson	1010111110111111111111010—20—115

Third Day.

The programme for the open set of traps was a schedule of eight 20-target events, $2 entrance. On the traps for State events, No. 3 was the Reading Shooting Association's trophy for five-men teams. The other events were: Nos. 1, 4, 6 and 7, known angles, No. 6 being a merchandise event, $1.25 entrance; Nos. 2, 5 and 8 unknown angles. Details are below:

OPEN EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Apgar	19	19	19	17	19	19	19	17
Greiff	17	17	15	18	14	16	..	..
Van Dyke	19	17	18	18	18	16	18	19
Fulford	20	18	19	18	14	20	17	19
Martin	14	15	10	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	13	18	18	14	18	16	16	18
W W	19	18	19	19	18	14	19	19
J W	13	14	13	13	..	..	..	..
M H R	14	13	11	..	..	7	14	11
I H W	14	17	15	16	18	19	..	18
Leaming	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brewster	..	13	..	..	..	..	20	..
Landis	..	17	18	..	15	..	20	..
Keller	..	..	16	17	17	..	..	..
McMurchy	..	18	20	18	18	19	20	..
Denny	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Stroh	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..
H Henry	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	15
"Wanda"	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	13
Wilson	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Burnham	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..
Melott	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Johns	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	18
Lefever	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	15
J Thurman	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..
Price	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	11
Yankee	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..
Solstman	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..
Wiley	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	16
Yost	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	14
Jones	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	10
David	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..
Prey	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..
Franklin	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..

STATE EVENTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	20	20	25	20	20	25	20	20
H Thurman	16	16	20	19	14	21	18	19
Harrison	15	17	23	15	16	18	..	..
Sullivan	19	14	24	20	19	20	18	18
Brewster	18	17	22	18	16	22	18	15
Shaaber	16	16	21	16	16	19	18	12
Landis	20	17	19	17	18	24	18	18
Burnham	12	14	14	14	10	9	13	..
Leaming	18	16	..	..	14	22	..	..
H Wilson	17	15	..	15	..	..	..	..
Lane	13	14	..	18	..	19	14	..
Ridge	18	14	..	18	..	23	16	..
Clark	16	15	..	16	11	18	..	..
Worden	16	17	17	18	16	18	15	19
J W	20	15	21	18	13	17	15	15
Schmeck	19	17	19	19	17	22	15	13
W W	18	18	23	16	18	20	19	17
I H W	17	16	20	18	19	..	..	..
Melott	14	15	13	..	9	15	15	13
Prey	9	14	..	18	18	22	..	..
Longen'k'r	13	..	22	..	..	18	..	..
Whitcomb	..	14	..	..	..	20	..	..
Denny	..	..	8	..	11	12	15	12
H Henry	..	..	16	..	14	15	..	..
Ritter	..	..	..	19	..	16	..	..
Stroh	..	..	..	19	17	24	16	..
Schwartz	..	..	..	15	..	22	..	..
Eley	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..
Wiley	..	..	..	..	..	16	21	18
Yost	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
Adams	..	..	..	..	..	13	21	15
Franklin	..	..	..	..	..	12	17	15
Hack	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
O Irvin	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..
Park	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Lefever	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
J Thurman	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	..
Yankee	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	14
David	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	15
D Z	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Swope	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..
Bolton	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	..

The scores made in Event No. 3, together with the conditions governing the contest, were as follows:

Reading Shooting Association trophy, five men to a team, 25 targets per man, known angles, entrance fee, $10 per team:

Keystone Shooting League.

W W	1011111111111011111111111—23
Landis	1011101101111111111011011—19
J W	1111111101111111111011001—21
I H W	1111010111111111111111100—20
Thurman	1111101111101101101111011—20—103

Independent Gun Club.

Smeck	1111010111101101111101101—19
Schaaber	1111111111011101011111011—21
Ritter	0011101100111111111111019
Harrison	1111111101111111101111011—23
Melot	0010100111100101111010001—13—95

Harrisburg Shooting Association.

Worden	0011110101011111011111110—17
Burnham	0110101001111010010111100—14
Brewster	1111111111111111111111010—22
Sullivan	1011111111111111111111111—24
Longenecker	1111111111101101011111111—22—99

THE AVERAGES.

First Day.

That the shooting was not easy is shown by the tables of averages which are given below. Fulford, Van Dyke and McMurchy on the open set of traps made good averages, considering that all events on this set were shot at unknown angles. Although 33 shooters took part in these events only the 16 best averages are given:

OPEN EVENTS.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Fulford	110	103	93.6	I H W	150	126	84
Van Dyke	170	158	92.9	Lefever	80	65	81.2
McMurchy	90	83	92.2	Greiff	190	151	79.4
Apgar	130	114

averages being as follows, no shooter's score being considered unless he shot in three or more events:

STATE EVENTS.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
W W	195	172	88.2	Burnham	195	158	81
Schmeck	195	171	87.6	Henry	195	157	80.5
Landis	195	170	87.1	David	115	92	80
Worden	195	170	87.1	Lane	155	123	79.3
Sullivan	195	162	83	Runk	105	83	79
Brewster	195	159	82	Buckwalter	85	67	78.8
J W	175	143	81.7	I H W	175	138	78.8
Park	65	53	81.5	Tredway	155	122	78.7
Shaaber	155	126	81.2	H Henry	195	152	77.9

Second Day.

The averages for this day are made out without any reference to the extra targets shot at in the handicap allowance for the E. C. Powder cup contest, the second half of which was Event No. 5. Thirty-two shooters took part in the open events, six of them shooting through the programme of 190 shots. The twelve highest of those who shot in three or more events are as follows:

OPEN EVENTS.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Fulford	190	180	94.7	I H W	130	112	86.1
Apgar	190	175	92.1	Sigler	80	65	81.2
Greiff	190	172	90.5	J W	90	73	81.1
McMurchy	150	135	90	Burbridge	190	151	79.4
Van Dyke	190	168	88.4	Budd	170	133	78.2
Smith	190	166	87.3	Lefever	100	76	76

The programme of State events contained six sweepstake events, the other two events being team trophy contests, details of which appear elsewhere. Forty-four shooters tried their hands in the above list of events. The fourteen best averages of those who shot in three or more of the sweepstake events are given below, the scores made in the trophy events being ignored, it being necessary to shoot in six 20-target races to qualify for average money:

STATE EVENTS.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
W W	120	114	95	Landis	100	83	83
David	60	52	86.6	I H W	80	66	82.5
Brewster	120	102	85	Worden	100	82	82
Prey	120	102	85	Tredway	80	65	81.2
Sullivan	120	102	85	French	120	97	80.8
Lane	60	51	85	Runk	100	80	80
Henry	100	85	84	Ridge	60	48	80

Third Day.

The programme of open events for the third day, containing as it did eight 20-target events, unknown angles, necessitated the firing at the whole of the 160 targets to qualify for average money, hence McMurchy's 94.1 did not cut out Apgar's percentage of 92.5. Thirty-six shooters took part in one or more of these open events, but the average number of entries in each event was only about 14, No. 7 with 22 entries being by far the largest number of entries in the open events on this day. The ten best averages were:

OPEN EVENTS.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
McMurchy	120	113	94.1	Landis	80	70	87.5
Apgar	160	148	92.5	I H W	140	117	83.5
Fulford	160	145	90.8	Keller	60	50	83.3
W W	160	145	90.8	Smith	160	131	81.9
Van Dyke	160	143	89.5	Greiff	120	97	80.8

The programme for the State events was composed of a trophy event, a merchandise event and six 20-target events. Landis and Sullivan tied on 108 out of 120, W. Wolstencroft being second with 106 out of the same number. Forty-four shooters put down their names and put up their money to take part in these events, the sixteen best averages among those who took part in three or more sweepstake events being as follows:

STATE EVENTS.

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Landis	120	108	90	Worden	120	101	84.1
Sullivan	120	108	90	Schmeck	120	100	83.3
W W	120	106	88.3	Ridge	80	66	82.5
I H W	80	70	87.5	J W	120	96	80
Staub	60	52	86.7	Leaming	60	48	80
Wiley	60	52	86.7	Shaaber	120	94	78.3
Brewster	120	102	85	Franklin	60	47	78.3
H Thurman	120	102	85	H Wilson	60	47	78.3

Looking back over the figures in the open events all of which were at unknown angles, we find that the four best averages among those who took part in any portion of the three days' target shooting were: Fulford 428 out of 460—average 93 per cent.; McMurchy 331 out of 360—average 91.9; Apgar 437 out of 480—average 91; Van Dyke 469 out of 520—average 90.2

HOW THE TARGETS WERE THROWN.

Two sets of the Empire Target Co.'s new expert traps were used, empire targets of course being thrown. Charlie Hebbard had every reason to congratulate himself on the way in which both traps and targets worked, balks being exceptionally rare. During the entire three days' shooting 19,890 targets were thrown as nearly as we can figure it. Adding another probable 1,000 as the number thrown in one or two extra events, of which we have no record, the total foots up to almost 21,000. Our tables show each day's record of targets thrown as follows: First day, open events, 2,760; State events, 4,260; total, 7,070. Second day, open events, 3,090; State events, 3,780; total, 6,870. Third day, open events, 2,200; State events, 3,750; total, 5,950.

A third set of traps had been placed in position, but was not needed, the number of entries falling short of what might reasonably have been expected. It should be added that the Empire Target Co.'s wire pull was used throughout this tournament.

FRIDAY, AUG. 23,

was live bird day. As stated above, this was the hottest day of the shoot, the sun beating down very strongly, causing spectators and shooters to hunt the shade.

It was an unfortunate thing that the management decided to place a seven-bird event on the State traps on the programme for this day, making it event No. 1. This event had 31 entries at $5, delaying the commencement of the Williamsport Trophy event until well after midday. The result was that time ran short, as well as pigeons, the two trophy contests being carried over until Saturday, and only three of the four events scheduled for the open set of traps being disposed of, this set of traps being requisitioned for the L. C. Smith trophy contest. As regards the failure in the supply of birds, the management stated that it had had 400 ready crated and delivered at the P. R. R. depot at 4 P. M., but that the road had refused to transport them. The birds shot at on Friday were provided by Worden Bros., of Harrisburg, and were a good lot of summer birds. On the

OPEN SET OF TRAPS

the three events decided were as follows: No. 1, 7 birds, $5; No. 2, 10 birds, $10; No. 3, 7 birds, $5. In the scores which are given below it will be seen that W. G. Clark, of Altoona, carried off the honors, killing straight in every event; J. Berguer missed only two out of his 24. No. 1 had nine entries, No. 2 the same number, but No. 3 had twenty, six of whom went straight. Below are the scores in detail:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Denny	1010020—3	.....	.....
Fulford	1111111—7	2111201101— 8	1222110—6
Kane	2121122—7	.....	.....
Greene	1001220—4	2202212220— 8	2222222—7
Du Bray	2012211—6	1112201222— 9	2212210—6
McMurchy	2122220—6	1211121101— 9	1121111—7
Adams	2222221—6	.....	.....
Clark	2222211—7	2222122222—10	2121111—7
Bergner	1111021—6	2222122121—10	1101121—6
Sivad	.....	1221212120— 9	0121112—6
J W	.....	1111211111—10	2021012—5
Rothacker	.....	1222222122—10	1021022—5
Kleintz	.....	.....	2001101—4
M H R	.....	.....	1101102—5
Thomas	.....	.....	2111111—7
Harrison	.....	.....	1111112—7
Zwirlein	.....	.....	0211211—6
Melott	.....	.....	2222012—6
I H W	.....	.....	2220102—5
H Henry	.....	.....	2210212—6
Lefever	.....	.....	0111112—6
Herrington	.....	.....	2211121—7
Greiff	.....	.....	1102210—5

THE STATE EVENTS

attracted naturally the most attention. As an eye-opener No. 1 found favor with the masses, resulting in 31 shooters putting up their five-dollar bills and toeing the mark—23yds. all. The scores made were as follows:

Harrison, Worden, Franklin, Kane, Burnham, Goodman, H. Henry, Schmeck, Wellington, Rothacker and McMillan, 7; Shaaber, English, Melott, Thurman, Brewster, Wiley, Adams, Denny, Stroh, Clark, J. Thurman, I. H. W. and J. W., 6; Myers, Bergner, Sullivan and Paddock, 5; Anderson, W. W. and Quirk, 4.

This was followed by the special event of the whole tournament—the contest for the Williamsport trophy, emblematic of the

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE STATE

at live birds. Thirty-three shooters entered for this event, the winner proving to be M. M. McMillan, a member of the Farmers' Gun Club, Mahanoy City, who killed 25 straight before he could call the trophy his own.

Of the thirty-four shooters seven killed 15 straight. "Thomas" not being present when the ties were shot off, was declared "withdrawn." All ties in this event are shot at 5 birds. Of the six men left, H. Thurman was the first to drop out, missing his fifth bird in the ties. John Rothacker missed his first bird in the next series, being joined in the succeeding round by B. Harrison, of Reading, and "Wellington," of Harrisburg. This left McMillan and Kleintz to fight it out.

The result was not long left in doubt, as Kleintz missed his next bird, and McMillan killing his last two, won handsomely with 25 straight. In 1894 "Sullivan," the runner-up, forced R. A. Welch, of Philadelphia, to kill 35 straight before he won the championship. The detailed score below, giving the number of the trap, flight of the bird, and the kills and losses, will tell the remainder of the story:

Williamsport Gun Club's trophy for the individual championship of the State at live birds, 15 birds per man, 28yds. rise, ties shot off at 5 birds, $10, birds extra:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

		Tie.
M M McMillan	3 4 3 5 2 1 4 1 3 5 2 2 3 1 1 ↑↘↓↑→↘→↑↑↑↙↘↖↗↓↖ 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2—15	5 4 2 5 3 2 4 2 2 4 ↗←↘↙↖↑↗←↩↗ 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2—10
Frank Kleintz	2 1 3 2 5 4 5 5 3 5 2 3 4 3 4 ↖↗↘↗←↑↙↗→↘↙→←↖ 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 1—15	1 2 4 3 4 4 5 2 ←↖↖↓↓↖↙↖ 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 0 — 7
B Harrison	4 2 4 4 2 2 3 4 4 1 2 5 2 2 ↖→↗↗←↑↓$↘→←↙↓→↙ 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2—15	2 3 4 3 1 4 3 ←↙↗↓→↑↑ 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 — 6
"Wellington"	3 3 2 3 3 4 4 2 5 4 3 4 1 1 4 ↓↑→←↓→↘↑↗↓↘↓↙↘↓ 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2—15	3 2 2 4 3 2 4 H↓↑↘↑↖↑ 2 2 1 1 1 1 0 — 6
J Rothacker	4 3 2 2 5 2 1 2 3 5 4 4 1 4 5 ↑↑↗↘↘↓↖→→↗→↓↙↑↘ 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—15	2 1 1 4 1 4 ←→←↓↖↑ 1 2 1 2 2 0 — 5
H Thurman	4 2 3 3 5 4 4 4 5 2 3 3 2 5 3 ↘↗↗↖↖→←↙↘↑↙↑↙→↘ 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2—15	1 4 2 4 4 ←↙↑↑↖ 2 1 2 2 0 — 4
T S "Thomas"	3 2 2 4 4 3 2 3 4 3 4 4 4 3 2 ↘↖↗→↗↘↖↑↘↙↑↙↗↙↑ 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2—15	Withdrew.



KEYSTONE CLUB HOUSE.

J Berguer	4 4 3 5 2 4 5 1 3 4 2 4 3 3 4 ↗↙↗↘↗↖↗↑↓↘←↗↙↑↑ 1 1 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—14
H "Landis"	3 2 3 4 1 4 2 3 3 5 2 1 3 3 4 ↗→↓↖↘↘↑↑↑H↗↘↖↓ 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 0 1 1 2 1 1 1—14
W H Pack	1 3 4 2 1 4 2 1 2 3 4 3 3 1 2 ↗↘→H↓→↖←↘↙↘↖↑→↓ 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 0—14
Wade Wilson	2 4 1 5 2 5 4 3 4 5 5 1 1 5 4 ↓↓→→↖↘↘↓↘↙↙↓↓↙↓ 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 2 2—14
H "Brewster"	2 3 3 2 4 4 1 3 4 3 5 5 5 3 2 ↑↗↖↙↑↘↓↑↖↖↓→↗↗↑ 2 2 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 0—13
O I Melot	3 1 3 3 4 3 1 3 2 4 3 3 5 2 2 ↗↑←→↗↑→↖↑↙↘→↑→↖ 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 1 2 2—13
H "Sullivan"	4 5 3 4 2 2 1 2 4 2 4 3 5 2 2 ↗↓↖↗↖↑↙↓↗↑↖↗↖↙↖ 1 2 1 0 2 2 0 2 1 1 1 1 1 2—13
J Thurman	2 5 5 3 3 2 4 3 3 3 3 2 4 4 1 ↑↘↖↑↗→↓↗↘←↖↖↓→ 2 1 1 2 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 2 1 0—13
H Wiley	4 5 5 1 2 1 4 5 5 3 5 1 4 4 5 ↑↘↖↑↗→↓↗↖←↓↗→↑ 1 2 1 0 1 5 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2—13
I Wolstencroft	1 3 4 1 2 5 5 3 3 4 2 5 3 4 1 ↙↓→↗↗↗↖↓↑↓↑←→↙ 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2—13
J H Worden	5 4 5 2 4 2 5 2 1 1 5 5 1 5 3 ↗↑↗→↗↖↑↖↗↓↑→↖↖ 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 1 0 1 2 1—13
W G Clark	4 3 4 3 4 4 3 2 5 1 2 4 3 2 2 →↑↖↑↖→↘↑←↖↗↗↑↑ 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 0 1 0 0—12
G S Franklin	2 3 1 3 4 1 1 4 2 3 1 5 1 3 4 ↑↘↘↖↗→↑↙↖↓↗→←→↙ 1 0 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 2—12
J H "Kane"	5 1 1 1 4 4 3 3 3 3 2 4 1 3 2 ←↑↗↗←↗↗↓↓↓→↗↑↗↑ 2 2 0 2 1 2 0 1 2 1 1 1 2 0 1—12
Jas Schmeck	2 2 5 1 2 4 4 4 5 3 1 5 2 4 2 ↑↑↗↑↖←↗→↖↗→↗↑ 0 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—12
"Sivad"	2 2 5 4 5 1 5 3 3 4 2 3 3 1 2 ↖←↖↗↖↓↓↑↗↗→↗↓↗↓ 2 2 1 0 1 2 1 2 0 2 1 1 1 0 1—12
J Wolstencroft	2 2 5 5 4 4 3 2 5 3 5 5 2 4 3 ↗↘↘↓↗↘→↑→↓↗↙↙↖↓ 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 2—12
E J "Adams"	1 4 5 3 5 5 5 3 1 5 1 5 2 4 5 ↗↗↘↙↑→↓↘↗↓↙↓↑→↖ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 0 0—11
W H Burnham	4 4 2 4 3 3 4 5 5 5 1 4 1 5 5 ←↗↘←↗↗↖↑↗↓↖↑↖↘→ 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 0 1 0 2 1 0 2 1—11
H "Henry"	5 4 2 3 2 3 4 5 3 1 2 3 3 5 3 →←↑↓↘↑↖↑↓←↓↘↖↓↖ 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 0 1 2 0 1 0 0 2—11
H H Myers	1 4 4 3 3 4 3 4 1 4 2 2 3 1 4 ↑←↖↑↗↖→↓↙↗↖↙↓→↗ 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 0—11

John Shaaber	4 4 5 4 1 5 3 1 1 5 3 1 2 4 4 →→↖↑←↓↖↖↗→←↑←↘← 1 1 1 0 0 1 2 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1—11
J O'H Denny	3 3 2 4 1 2 3 4 4 4 3 5 3 4 3 ↗↗↖↖→↑↓↗↗→↓↖↓↓↘ 0 2 0 0 1 1 2 1 0 0 0 2 1 2 0— 8
Goodman	1 1 2 2 3 1 4 4 5 3 ↖↑↓↗←↙↖↗→→ 0 0 0 0 1 1 2 2 2 1 w — 6
J J Quirk	2 4 5 5 5 1 4 4 3 1 ↑↖↖↓↑↑↙↗→↙ 0 2 2 0 2 1 0 2 0 1 w — 6
W Wolstencroft	3 2 1 2 2 5 3 5 3 4 ↖↗↖↖↘↖↙↙↑↘ 2 2 0 2 0 0 0 1 2 1 w — 6

The L. C. Smith trophy, which represents the

THREE-MEN TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

of Pennsylvania, was won by the Keystone Shooting League's team No. 2, with the low score of 37 out of 45. Altoona and Keystone No. 1 tied for second money with 36, Kane and Adams, two of the Altoona team, each dropping their last bird. The scores in detail, together with the conditions, are as follows:

L. C. Smith trophy, three-men teams, 15 live birds per man, $25 per team:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1895 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Keystone No. 2.

H "Henry"	3 3 1 2 4 2 4 5 4 1 1 3 3 2 3 ↗↑↖↓↑↓↙↘↑↖↙↑↙↖ 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 1 0 2 2 0 2 2 2—12
I H Wolstencroft	1 4 2 4 4 2 3 4 5 1 3 1 1 1 3 ↓↑↑↗↗↑↑↑↖↖↑↗↖↘↑ 1 2 2 0 0 2 0 2 2 0 1 2 1 2 2—11
H L "Landis"	2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 2 1 1—14—37

Altoona.

W G Clark	5 3 1 2 2 5 4 2 2 1 1 3 3 3 3 1 ↗↑↖↗↓↗↗↗↗↗↑↗↑↙ 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 2 1 2 1 0 0 1—12
E J "Adams"	1 4 4 4 1 2 3 4 5 4 5 3 4 5 5 ↑↑↖↘↙↑↑↖↗↑↓↙↖↙↙ 2 1 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0—12
J H "Kane"	5 2 4 1 2 5 1 2 4 5 5 3 3 1 3 5 ↑↗↗↑↑↖↖↗↗←↖→↙←↖ 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 1 0 2 2 0—12—36

Keystone No. 1.

Frank Kleintz	2 3 4 5 5 2 3 5 1 4 4 1 4 3 5 ↖↖T↖↗TT←↘T↗↖↗↖↘ 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 1—14
W Wolstencroft	2 5 5 1 2 3 3 2 5 1 3 2 3 3 2 ↖↖←↗↙TT←↓↖↓↘←↑↖ 1 2 2 2 0 2 0 0 0 1 1 2 2 2 2—11
Jas Wolstencroft	1 4 1 3 2 4 4 4 3 5 3 5 3 1 2 ↖↗↗↖↘↖↗→↙↙↗→T←↗ 0 2 1 0 2 2 0 1 1 1 2 1 0 1 1—11—36

Keystone No. 3.

H Thurman	4 1 5 3 2 4 2 1 5 1 3 1 4 3 3 →→↖↑↖↑↗↖↗↗↖↙↗↑↙ 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0— 8
Wade Wilson	3 5 3 1 5 3 5 4 4 2 3 2 3 3 3 ↖↖↖↑←↑↙↗↗↗↘↗↗ 1 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 0 0 1 2 2 2—12
W H Pack	2 2 3 5 1 1 4 5 5 4 4 5 5 2 5 ↘↖↘↗↗↗↖↖↙↙↙↖↑ 2 1 1 2 2 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 0 1—13—33

Independent of Reading.

O I Melot	2 2 1 3 2 2 1 3 5 1 3 4 1 4 3 ↑↖↖↗↑↘↗↑T↑↖↙↖↘ 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 1 0—11
Jas Schmeck	5 3 2 5 4 1 4 4 1 4 2 3 2 5 4 ↙↑↘↗→↗↑↙↙↖↑↙↑↘ 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 0 0 0 0 2 1 1 2—10
B Harrison	1 2 5 1 4 5 5 3 5 1 1 5 4 1 4 ↘↖←↗↘↘↓→↖↗↖↖↗← 1 2 2 0 0 0 0 1 2 1 2 0 1 2 0— 9—30

NOTES OF THE SHOOT.

Jim Denny says he is now the proud possessor of the most expensive pair of hunting trousers he has ever worn, the pair he won in the merchandise event, standing him in at $100. Those are his figures.

"Sullivan" was so badly crippled with a strained back that it was a wonder he could keep on shooting. His scores in many instances may be directly attributed to his misfortune.

McMillan killed every bird he shot at on Friday and Saturday, scoring seven straights in State event No. 1.

A complete set of Clark's patent live bird traps were used for the State events. The traps worked well and seemed to send the birds off as fast as any other trap on the market. Their great feature is the ease and rapidity with which a trapper-boy can fill them.

More l di g ce i this tourn ment with their presence than we have had the pleasure of seeing at any similar gathering for many months past. The Kingston League is a popular organization around the Quaker City.

"Joe" Leaming's voice and collar somewhat wilted on Friday. This was due to the energy he displayed in squad hustling.

Goodman, of the Farmers' Gun Club, Mahanoy City, was probably the "daddy" of all the shooters present on Friday. He fully atoned by his work on his last six birds for his failures on his first four.

McMillan won the championship with a Smith gun, E. C. powder and Smokeless shell. Kleintz, the runner-up, shoots a Greener gun, E. C. powder and uses a Trap shell.

The following letter from "Wanda" (Mrs. M. F. Lindsley), dated Aug. 26, has been received with a request that the same be placed in our report of the above shoot:

"CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 26.—Would you do me the favor of expressing through the columns of your good paper, FOREST AND STREAM, my warm thanks for the courtesy and kindness shown to me by the members of the Keystone Shooting League, and by the other sportsmen who were their guests at the Pennsylvania State Shoot. It is with many regrets that Mr. Lindsley and myself are called away to other fields and from our many friends in the East. No matter how far we may wander, we shall never forget all the kindness shown to 'Milt' and 'Wanda' by 'the boys.' Hoping that we shall be able to return now and again to shoot on the old grounds, and trusting that we may find in our new home good friends among the shooters of the West, I remain, etc."

Mrs. Lindsley and her husband carry with them to Cincinnati the best wishes of those among the shooters in the East with whom they have come in contact.

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The fifth annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association was held in the Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, Aug. 20. In the absence of the president, N. A. Hughes, Esq., of Williamsport, the vice-president, Jas. H. Worden, Esq., presided and called the meeting to order. The roll-call showed the following clubs represented by delegates: Ephrata G. C., S. L. Sharp; North Side G. C., of Pittsburg, J. O'H. Denny; Farmers' G. C., of Mahanoy City, M. M. McMillan; Harrisburg Shooting Association, H. B. Shoop; Herron Hill, Pittsburg (proxy), J. O'H. Denny; Hartsville G. C., E. M. Bolleau; Ashbourne G. C. (proxy), E. M. Bolleau; Independent G. C., Reading, Philadelphia, H. Thurman; Keystone Shooting League, Philadelphia, George Cohen; Lansdale G. C., L. Schwartz; Pittsburg G. C. (proxy), J. O'H. Denny; York City G. C., W. H. Burnham.

The minutes of the fourth annual meeting held at Altoona in 1894, and the minutes of the mid-winter convention held on Feb. 7, 1895, were read and approved. The Ashbourne G. C., Hartsville G. C., and the Farmers G. C., of Mahanoy City, were elected members of the Association. Junius H. Davis, of Philadelphia, was elected an individual member. Letters from the president, N. A. Hughes, and from director Jno. A. Wilson, of Franklin, expressing regrets at their inability to be present at the convention, were read by the secretary. The report of the legislative committee, which runs as follows, was received and filed:

HARRISBURG, Pa., Aug. 19.—*To the Officers and Members of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.* Gentlemen: Owing to the demands of business, I find myself unable to report personally the work undertaken by the legislative committee appointed at the Altoona convention, a fact which I sincerely regret, and wish to assure the officers and members that nothing would afford me more pleasure than to have been able to make such report in person, had it been possible to do so.

The committee of which I had the honor of being named as chairman in conjunction with the various other committees, were called

together at Harrisburg in November by the president, N. A. Hughes; the Game Commission bill, circular letter and form of petition herewith attached were approved and the chairman ordered to have such number printed as in his judgment were deemed necessary to fulfil the objects desired. I had 2,000 of each printed (at an expense which will be shown by the treasurer) and distributed them to all gun clubs, game protective associations and individuals within the State that were thought to be interested in game protection. I mailed with each package sent to an individual a letter explaining fully the objects and intentions of the circular, as well as the bill and the use to which the petitions would ultimately be put.

The great interest manifested by sections of the State having at that time no representation in the State Sportsmen's Association, and the final support of the bills by their members on the floor of the House, were as gratifying and surprising as the indifference and inactivity of sections of the State supposed to be handily taken care of by the various old influential clubs and associations were disappointing. The failure of the passage of the Game Commission bill as originally drawn, on third reading in the House can be attributed to nothing else but neglect to see and secure your members' influence at the proper time.

The bill was in charge of the Hon. S. J. M. McCarrell, of Dauphin, in the Senate, and was promptly passed by that body. It was introduced the first night of the session in the House by the member from Dauphin, the Hon. George Kunkel, who upon the third reading in that body explained the objects at length, who the people were who had asked him to introduce the bill, their numerical strength in the State and the necessity of such a measure to prevent the utter extermination of what the bill proposed to protect. He was assisted on the floor of the House by the member from Mifflin—Walter H. Parcels—and opposed by the following: Frank N. Moore, of Bradford county; Richard J. Baldwin, of Delaware, and P. M. Lytle, of Huntingdon.

In justice to those members of the House who were charged by the press at the time with defeating the measure, and who were known as "the Granger Members," I wish to state that that statement is not true. Among the staunchest supporters of the bill were found officers of high rank in that organization, and the poll of the House will show as many of them for as against the measure. The bill as passed carries with it no appropriation to in any manner make it effective.

Another of the measures which were adopted by the winter convention, known as the Focht Non-market bill, introduced by the Hon. B. K. Focht, of Union, passed both branches of the legislature, and, as is known by every true sportsman in the State, was vetoed by the Governor, who gave as one of the reasons that it was class legislation and therefore unconstitutional.

The bill known as the "Ruffed Grouse Bill," introduced in the Senate by Hon. Clarence W. Kline, of Luzerne, also passed both branches almost unanimously, but met the same fate as the Focht bill at the hands of the Governor, who professed not to have any knowledge of the law upon this subject. I make no comments, merely expressing to you my disappointment at his action.

On the question of game protection, we as an association have started a campaign of education, and awakened an interest heretofore unknown. Being in the right, there is no doubt but that we shall ultimately win. To do this, however, there must be a better and more thorough organization, a better understanding throughout the whole State, and concerted action with one object before us. And until that object is attained, keep all other game legislation out of the House calendars.

I would suggest that the legislative committee be enlarged so that it may include one from each county in the State, and our wishes, which are just and right and in the interest of no particular class, but for the benefit of all the people, should be made an issue at the proper time. No sectional bickerings as to the commencement of seasons, etc., should stand in the way of game protection, and the entire State organization should stand as one man in demanding that our game birds, mammals, insectivorous and song birds shall have equal recognition in the matter of appropriations for protection as our food fish.

I personally regret that more has not been accomplished during the past year and feel that some one else might have done better in attending to the work. I have done the best, however, as I have seen it, and upon this line have no excuses to offer. I will make final report to the winter convention, which meets for the consideration of game laws, protection, etc. H. M. F. Worden.

Chairman Leg. Com. Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Ass'n.

After the reading of the report a hearty vote of thanks was accorded the committee for their labors in behalf of better game protection.

The treasurer's report showed a balance in favor of the Association of about $165.

Under the head of new business the chairman offered the following resolution: "Be it resolved by the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association in convention met, that this convention tenders State Senator S. J. M. McCarrell and Hon. George Kunkel, of Dauphin county; Senator H. D. Green, of Berks county; Warren H. Parsons, of Mifflin county, and all those who assisted in the passage of protective game legislation through the Senate and House a press vote of thanks. And be it resolved also, that we sincerely regret the position taken by His Excellency, Governor Daniel H. Hastings, in vetoing all legislation passed by the Senate and the House, thus totally ignoring this Association and its thousands of friends who had petitioned, praying for the passage of the measures of protection presented or supported by this Association." A clipping from a newspaper was read at this point, relating to the case of H. Clay Merritt, the cold storage dealer of Kewanee, Ill., the particulars of which case are well known to the readers of Forest and Stream. The above resolution was passed without a single dissenting voice.

After the resignation of the Wingohocking Gun Club had been received, Mr. Denny moved that the Sixth Annual Convention and Tournament of the Association be held at Harrisburg in 1896, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. The motion was seconded by Mr. McMillan, and carried.

The following list of officers for the ensuing year was then elected: President, James H. Worden; Vice-President, J. O'H. Denny; Secretary, H. M. F. Worden; Treasurer, J. H. Wolstencroft; Directors, W. H. Wolstencroft, John A. Wilson, N. A. Hughes, Hy. Thurman, M. M. McMillan and W. H. Burnham. The post of corresponding secretary was not filled, it being left to the discretion of the Harrisburg Shooting Association to choose the person to act in that capacity. This concluded the business of the convention, which then adjourned, to meet at the call of the chair. Edward Banks.

New York German Gun Club.

New York, Aug. 21.—The scores below were made at the regular club shoot of the New York German Gun Club at Dexter Park, L. I., this afternoon. Schortemeier again won the first medal, Kronsberg taking the second medal, and Schlicht the third medal. J. Frazer acted as referee. Scores:

L H Schortemeier (25)	22112212—8	122—3	222—3	
Kronsberg (21)	12222112—8	221—3	220—2	
Schlicht (25)	21122112—8	210—2	...	
Eppig (31)	11111101—7	...	...	
Dr Hudson (30)	01011211—6	...	...	
Frazer (30)	20010111—5	...	...	
Wellbrook (30)	12001110—5	...	...	
F Garms, Jr (21)	00112110—5	...	...	
Dannefelser (25)	10120102—5	...	...	
A Schmitt (30)	01121000—3	...	...	
Bandau (21)	11011000—4	...	...	
Sedlaczek (21)	00001110—3	...	...	
Boesemecher (25)	20002000—2	...	...	

Sweeps were shot as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5
Schmitt	010—1	122—3	02202—3	111—3	11—2
Sedlaczek	000—0	022—2	02110—3	...	..
Frazer	201—2	101—2	02110—3	211—3	21—1
Hudson	122—3	210—2	11222—5	122—3	0 —0
Boesemecher	210—2	...	.....	...	..
Bandau	000—0	...	.....	...	..
Schlicht	120—2	121—3	02012—3	...	..
Schortemeier		211—3	11222—5	222—3	12—2
Kronsberg		001—1	12102—4	223—3	22—2
Eppig		022—2	.....	...	..
Dannefelser		201—2	.....	...	..
Wellbrook		111—3	12220—4	...	..

A Good Day's Sport at Marlin.

Marlin, Falls County, Tex., Aug. 14.—The all-day shoot which was held to-day under the auspices of the Marlin Gun Club was a success far beyond the expectations of every one interested. This was owing largely to the assistance extended by the business people of the city. The Falls County Fair Association furnished exclusive privileges of the fair grounds property, free of charge, and the gun club extended the same to F. M. Stallworth & Co. for a refreshment stand and to sell loaded shells.

The merchants closed their places of business in the afternoon, one and all, and part of them entered into the matches, and when it came to delivering special prizes donated, the very best in stock was none too good.

Messrs. G. C. Oltorf and J. M. Kennedy furnished the printed matter for the club at cost of paper and ink. S. N. Donohoe furnished beef, pork and mutton at cost and barbecued it gratis. The Nicholson Hotel presented the club with an elegant monogram cake and ice cream for the occasion, and cut the regular rates for visitors who had to remain over night. J. W. Christian made the bread and cakes at cost of the raw material. Fannin, Son & Whittaker transported the shooters to and from the grounds at 6 for $1, paid by the club. Dinner was served free and spread in the pavilion at 1 o'clock. Ladies turned out *en masse* in the afternoon and made the event a gala day indeed. They seemed to catch on to and appreciate the good points made and applauded the shooters frequently. The ball at the boat club house, given by the young men of the city, was a great drawing card. The first dance on the printed programme was for "The Gun Club." There were about 100 couples in all.

The shoot was under the management of the original committee of arrangements, H. G. Rush, W. W. Turner, A. Stumbach and E. R. Emery. The judges' stand answered well for the referee's, judge's, cashier's and score-keepers' offices, all of which positions were ably filled by Capt. Lenair, E. W. Murrill and Bill Poe, F. W. Emery and H. Wagner and C. J. Bartlett respectively. The gun rack was in charge of a competent boy, who cleaned the guns as fast as they were used. Five bluerock traps and bluerock targets and three live-bird traps were used, and shooting was under the rapid fire in squads system. Waco, Temple, Latt, Mart, Mexia and Bremond Gun Clubs were represented. Everything passed off pleasantly and all seemed well satisfied.

The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Ed Fosgard	9	9	8	9	5	G H Thredgill	..	9	..	9	4
H G Rush	7	3	..	4	1	W E Hunnicutt	..	8	7	7	4
W M Caldwell	8	10	7	..	..	W B Hogan	..	..	4	7	..
W W Turner	10	10	9	9	5	Dan Moffitt	..	..	3	10	3
W T Lenoir	5	4	..	4	3	S R Scott	..	..	3	5	5
H C Graham	9	5	4	9	3	R B Louis	..	..	6	6	4
F R Emery	6	3	4	5	2	C J Bartlett	..	..	..	8	..
Ed North	5	7	..	7	..	A Thredgill	..	..	4	4	..
J J Booker	7	7	6	7	3	J L Barlow	..	..	..	5	..
J Marley	6	6	5	.	1	C S Jackson	..	..	..	..	2
T E Hubby	9	9	7	9	4	F W Stallworth	..	..	..	5	3
J D Marley	4	7	..	3	3	Judge Shelton	..	..	..	..	3
Ed Sparks	7	9	5	7	1	L P Robertson	..	..	..	..	3
H L Sherrill	9	7	8	6	..	H L Henderson	..	..	..	..	4
D Jackson	8	9	8	6	4	C A Oltorf	..	..	..	..	3
J Jackson	7	8	9	9	3	W E Gambell	..	..	..	..	2
J H Ligon	5	2	6	9	4	H B Keezee	..	..	..	..	4
M A Reese	10	8	7	8	4	Ed Lenoir	..	..	..	..	2
H R Seward	7	6	5	7	4	Kimbrough	..	..	..	..	3
S K McCall	..	9	7	10	5	O W Rush	..	..	..	..	3
J L Reese	..	5	8	9	5	F S Clark	..	..	..	..	4
A Stumbach	..	2	..	1	..						

Nos. 1, 3 and 4 were at 10 bluerocks, known angles; No. 2 was at 5 pairs; No. 5 was at 5 bluerocks, known angles. A long list of merchandise prizes was prepared, many of the articles offered for competition being of considerable value.

Three sweeps at 5 live birds per man were also shot, the entrance money in each event being $2.50, three moneys, with a merchandise prize in each event for the fourth money.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Ed Sparks	01011—3	10110—3	.....
S H McCall	01010—2	.....	.....
J J Booker	11101—4	11001—3	00101—2
J H Marley	11011—4	.....	01100—2
M A Reese	11111—5	11101—4	10111—4
J L Reese	11111—5	00101—2	.....
Buck Hagen	11010—3	00100—1	.....
W T Lenoir	00111—3	11011—4	11111—5
J H Siggin	11111—5	10100—2	00111—3
W W Turner	01001—2	10000—1	.....
T E Hubby	11111—5	.....	.....
H L Sherrill	11101—4	.....	.....
J R Jackson	01111—4	10110—3	10011—3
W E Hunnicutt	00111—3	01101—3	10110—3
E R Emery	00000—0	11011—4	10011—3
Ed Fosgard	11011—4	10111—4	11111—5
Dick Jackson	01110—3	11111—5	.....
G H Threadgill	11010—3	.....	.....
H R Seward	11011—4	.....	.....
T B Ellsbury	....	11010—3	.....
H G Rush	....	11001—3	.....
C W Rush	....	00011—2	.....
A Stumbach	....	11111—5	01001—2
D S Moffatt	....	01010—2	11100—3
A Threadgill	....	10001—2	.....
L P Robertson	....	11111—5	.....
H L Henderson	....	11110—4	.....
J S Clark	....	.....	01101—3
A D Sanford	....	.....	10100—2

Averages of those shooting in at least half of the target events were as follows: Ed. Fosgard, 87½%, winning special prizes for same; M. A. Reese, 84%; T. E. Hubby, 83%; S. K. McCall, 82%; W. W. Turner, J. R. Jackson and G. H. Threadgill, each 80%; Dick Jackson, 78%; W. M. Caldwell, H. L. Sherrill and I. L. Reese, 75%; W. E. Hunnicutt, 70%; W. T. Lenoir and J. J. Booker, 68%; H. C. Graham, 67%; Ed. Sparks, 64%; Ed. North, 63%; D. S. Moffitt, 60%; T. H. Ligon, 58%; J. D. Marley, 57%; H. S. Seward, 56%; Jno. Marley, 52%; E. R. Emery, 50%, and H. G. Rush, 45%. H. G. Rush winning special prizes for the lowest average shooting in at least half the events.

NOTES.

Ed North has the only 16-gauge L. C. Smith in Texas, and while he is one of the best shots, this seemed to be his off day.

T. E. Hubby was just out of bed from a spell of sickness and had to lie down between matches.

W. W. Turner ran out of his regular 36-grain load and "fell down" immediately.

The balance sheet of the receipts and expenditures of the occasion shows a deficit of 5 cents.

The club proposes to have a shoot next year, probably in July, that will attract shooters of all classes from far and near.

P. S.—We are perfecting an arrangement here whereby the Gun Club, the Boating and Fishing Club and the Commercial Club will occupy the same elegantly furnished club rooms over the First National Bank building. We are nearly all of us members of the three clubs. The regular meetings of each not to conflict with the other and each to furnish its own class of literature.

The Newsman.

Trap in Maryland.

Baltimore, Md., Aug. 21.—The fourth and final tournament of the Maryland and District of Columbia Trap-Shooters' League was held to-day on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, under the auspices of the Green Spring Valley Gun Club. A large number of interested spectators were present, together with about thirty-five shooters, who participated in the various events. The day was propitious in every respect. Shooting began about 10:30 A. M. and continued until 6 P. M., with an hour's intermission at noon, when the respective contestants adjourned to Halstead's hotel and partook of a most enjoyable dinner as the guests of the Green Spring Valley Gun Club. The Green Spring Valley boys do not always win all the prizes, but when it comes to a question of open-handed and open-hearted hospitality, they can give the other clubs cards and spades, and then beat them out.

After dinner and a preliminary bout at 15 targets, known angles, to get in practice, the event of the day was called, viz.: the team race. At the last tournament held on the grounds of the Standard Gun Club, Aug. 7, the team of the Baltimore Shooting Association came to the front with such a rush that it was thought its chances of winning out were good, but it came out to-day in different toggery, unfortunately leaving its spectacles at home; could not see the targets, whereas to the contrary the Standard team had its eyes on them from the jump and never lost sight of them. This team shot a good race and won on its merits. A summary of the team score shows the following results:

	Baltimore, July 6.	Washington, July 20.	Baltimore. Aug. 7.	Baltimore, Aug. 21.	Total.
Standard Gun Club	127	131	136	140	534
Capital City Gun Club	124	135	134	137	530
Baltimore Shooting Association	127	126	142	130	525
Green Spring Valley Gun Club	95	101	118	128	442

Entrance $15 per team, 25 targets per man, moneys divided 60 and 40 per cent.

After the team race a 50-target race for prizes was shot off, entrance $5. The prizes were: First, bicycle; second, case Mount Vernon whisky; third, handsome leather gun case.

Following were the scores made during the day:

Team race, 25 targets per man, known angles:

Standard Gun Club.

Bond	1111111111111111111111111—25
Lupus	0111111111111101111010111—22
Storr	1111111111101111111111111—24
Clements	1111110110011111111111111—22
Hawkins	1111111111111111111111101—24
Evans	1110111011111111111111111—23—140

Capital City Gun Club.

Wagner	1111111111111111111111111—25
Rothwell	1111111011111111010111111—22
Gulick	1111111111111011101111111—23
Barker	1111011110110101011111111—21
Mattingly	1111111111011111111111110—23
Pruitt	1111111010111111111111111—23—137

Baltimore Shooting Association.

Penrose	1010111011111111101111110—20
Hartner	1101110011110110111111011—19
Claridge	1111111111111111111101101—23
Malone	1111111111111111111111101—24
Ward	1111111110111101111111111—23
Brown	1111111101111111111111001—22—130

Green Spring Valley Gun Club.

Cockey	0111110111111111111111011—22
Thomas	1111111100101111111111111—22
White	1101011111100111011110110—19
Hamilton	1101111111101011111100011—19
Stanley	1111111111111111111111010—24
Heiskell	0111111110111011111111111—22—128

Prize shoot, 50 targets, unknown angles:

Hood	1111111110111111111111011111011111111111111—47
Wagner	1011111111111011111111111111111111111111111—47
Mattingly	1111011101111101111111111111111111111111111—46
Claridge	1101111111010011111111111111111111111111111—45
Evans	1111110111101111010111111111111111111111110—45
Hawkins	1101111101111111111111111111111111111111011—45
Ward	1111010111111111111111111111111111111111111—45
Heiskell	1111011111111111111010010111111111111111111—44
Pruitt	1111111110111011111101111110011111111111111—44
Cockey	1110111111111111111111011111111111111101111—43
Hartner	0111111111111111011011111111111111111111111—43
Bond	1110111111110101111111111111111111111111111—42
White	1110101101111101111111111111111111111111110—42
Gent	1110101111111111111111011100111011011111111001—41
Gulick	1111001111101111001110001111111111111111011—40
Hamilton	1101100011110111111101010111111111011001100011—36
Thomas	1111100100110101000111010111011001111111111—36
Stanley	1001111111011111101111111010011111111101110000100—36

Other events were shot as follows, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 7 being at unknown angles; No. 6 was at known angles, the same as the team race:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	Targets:	15	20	15	15	20	15	20
Gulick	14	20	14	12	17	12	..	Stanley	..	..	14	15	18	15	13
Cockey	12	15	12	10	13	12	..	Ward	..	..	..	15	..	..	17
McNew	9	14	10	10	12	8	..	Lupus	..	..	12	17	11	..	..
Brown	12	18	15	13	16	14	..	Gent	..	..	..	17	10	..	..
Wagner	15	17	15	13	20	13	..	Bond	..	..	..	17	12	..	..
White	14	15	13	13	19	14	18	Evans	..	..	..	18	13	10	..
Rothwell	11	16	14	12	13	..	..	Buckbee	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
Barker	9	10	..	7	11	10	..	Franklin	..	..	..	10	14	..	..
Claridge	14	20	13	13	16	14	19	Thomas	..	..	..	17	13	..	..
Malone	12	15	9	11	..	11	17	Penrose	..	..	..	18	13	..	..
Dixon	10	13	14	12	15	9	16	Todd	..	..	..	17	12	..	..
Hamilton	9	16	..	14	13	15	..	Storr	..	..	..	17	13	..	..
Pruitt	13	15	15	12	16	13	..	Hartner	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Mattingly	13	17	12	13	18	14	..	Antique	..	..	..	..	14	18	..
Heiskell	13	15	..	16	11	14	..	Bird	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Hood	11	18	13	14	20	13	18	Coe	..	..	..	..	..	17	..
Hawkins	..	17	12	14	19	15	..	Vance	..	..	..	..	..	11	..

Stanley.

Willey Defeats Post.

Paterson, N. J., Aug. 22.—A good crowd got together at Willard Park to-day to witness the match between Allen Willey, of Hartford, Conn., and A. H. Post, of this city. The match was shot under the following conditions: Fifty live birds per man, 30yds. rise, Hurlingham rules, $50 a side. T. W. Morfey acted as referee. The contest was one of the best and most exciting that has been shot here for some time, Willey eventually winning by one kill—44 to 43. During his first 25 birds Willey seemed to have hard luck, losing three dead out of bounds, and scoring only 20 to Post's 22. His 18th bird was lost in a peculiar manner. When the trap was pulled the bird flipped up a foot or two, Willey shooting when it had lit on the ground again and apparently missing it clean. The referee said, "Another bird if gathered," and Willey broke his gun. As soon as he had done so the bird got up and flew away, the referee calling it "lost bird." Willey claimed a balk and wanted another bird, but this was not allowed him. During the last 25 Willey shot in great form, while Post was unfortunate enough to have three of his birds, and one of them his last, drop dead out of bounds, the race ending as below:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	4 5 5 5 3 1 5 2 5 5 4 4 3 4 1 2 3 5 2 3 3 3 5 5 4	
	→↗←↘↘↗↖↖↘↑→↖→↑↗↗↗↘→↑↖←↑→↓↗	
Willey (30)	2 1 2 2 ● 2 1 2 2 ● 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 1 2 2 ● 2	2—30
	3 1 1 5 5 2 5 2 2 4 3 1 4 4 4 3 4 3 5 4 4 5 1 4	
	↖←←↖↖↗→↘↙↗↑↗→T↙↖↓↘↘↙↗↓	
	2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2	2—44
	3 2 1 5 5 2 1 4 5 3 4 2 2 4 5 2 4 1 1 4 1 4 2 5 5	
	↗↗↑↖←↗↑→↗→↗↗↙↙↙↘↖↗↗↗↖↙↙↘	
A H Post (30)	1 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 0	2—42
	1 5 2 3 4 2 5 5 2 4 4 5 5 3 3 2 4 3 2 3 4 3 2 4 2	
	↖↖↘↘↗↗←↙→↖↙↗↗↖↖←↙→↗↓↗↙↖	
	1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● ● 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 ●	2—43

The following scores were made in a 100-pigeon handicap race on the same grounds on the previous day, Wednesday, Aug. 21:

T W Morfey (31)	2121121012011●1112101●222—21
	1212121211222221121211121—25
	2●1212111102212022●1●221—20
	2111122211111111110212212—24—90
Hopper (29)	2221212221102211113●122—23
	2222021222122121213212111—24
	1121212222●112022●22102202—20
	212●1221222122222220222222—23—90
Jas Post (27)	1212122222110201●1012220221—20
	1110221221212211●1122121●—22
	2122221202221222222201222●—22
	1211122222112●2221222222—24—88
Allen Willey (29)	2221020222202221222●12211—21
	1202222211212222212221111●—23
	2222222●2222211220111221222—23
	2222222022022022●2222220202—21—88
E George (28)	2101211011121101201●00110—17
	2011120212●●111121011111●1—19
	0210112●1020011111011102211—17
	1002211121●1211102●2210122—19—72

Dutcher.

Great is the Cotton States and International Exposition, Atlanta, Ga.

Enormous preparations are being made for the coming Exposition, which opens Sept. 18 and closes Dec. 31. Probably no other city of similar size and environments in the world, certainly no other such city in the United States, would have undertaken this great enterprise so wonderfully accomplished by Atlanta, and even Atlanta could not have done this without the Southern Railway—the greatest Southern System entering Atlanta from all the four points of the compass, north, south, east, west—absolutely the only railway entering the Exposition grounds, and consequently the only line bringing passengers from all parts of the world into the gates of Atlanta, and into the grounds of the Exposition, performing the best service and affording liberal rates.

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No. E—Special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, click reels, 40yds., 48c.; 60yds., 58c. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 5c. extra for postage.

No. C—Special lot of extra fine nickel plated, raised pillar, multiplying reels with click and drag, and screw off oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 68c; 80yds., 78c; 100yds, 83c.; 150yds., 98c.

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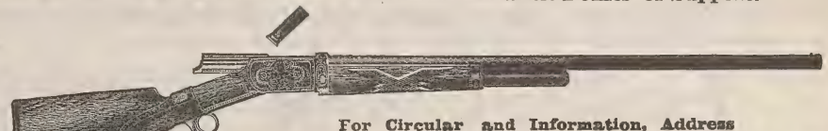


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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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MARSHALL M'DONALD.

UNITED STATES Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries Marshall McDonald died at his residence in Washington on Sunday morning, Sept. 1, aged sixty years. The event was not unexpected by his friends, who had long noted with solicitude his gradual failing with consumption.

Commissioner McDonald was born in Romney, Va., in 1835. In 1854 and 1855 he was a student of natural history under Professor Baird at the Smithsonian Institution. He was graduated at the Virginia Military Institution in 1861; and served from 1861 to 1865 in the Confederate Army. From 1865 to 1879 he was a professor in the Virginia Military Institute.

In 1875 he became interested in fishculture, and was shortly afterward appointed to be the sole Fish Commissioner of Virginia. The following year he invented the fishway which bears his name.

In 1879 he became attached to the United States Fish Commission. For some years he was in charge of the entire work of the distribution of young fishes and afterward served as Chief of the Division of Fishculture. He received gold medals for improvements in fishculture from the International fishery exhibitions at Berlin and London, a silver medal from the Société d'Acclimation of France, and a special medal from the same society for a fishway devised for the River Vienne, in France. In 1871 he devised the automatic hatching jars now in general use by the United States Fish Commission, the several State Commissions and in Europe and Japan. This apparatus first made possible the vast extension of the work of shad propagation accomplished of late years and rendered the work of the United States Commissioners practicable from the commercial standpoint. In the winter of 1882 he developed at Woods Holl the tidal apparatus now in use for hatching the floating eggs of cod, halibut and other marine species. The vast work of distribution carried on by the United States Fish Commission was developed by using this, its methods perfected, and the cost of the work cheapened, so that vastly greater results were obtained without any increase of cost.

In January, 1888, Col. McDonald was appointed by President Cleveland to the office of United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. The interests thus intrusted to him were vast and complex; and the requirements of the place were all the more exacting because it was one that had been filled by a Baird. The appointment of Commissioner McDonald was universally recognized as an excellent one. He brought to the place practical knowledge acquired by long experience, large breadth of view, a faculty of organization, executive ability, integrity and a high sense of duty and of responsibility to the people. He was accounted the most accomplished fishculturist in the country, if not in the world. The record of his administration is an honorable one. By the death of Commissioner McDonald the country loses a public officer who has served faithfully, honestly and well. The closing of his life is a loss to fishculture and to the public interests.

The papers from the pen of Commissioner McDonald, published from time to time, are found in his State reports, in the annual Reports of the Commission, in the Transactions of the American Fisheries Society and in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. They cover a wide range of fishcultural work in its scientific and economical aspects.

BEFORE THE STARTING GUN.

WHATEVER fears and doubts have been awakened by the earlier reports of Valkyrie III. have apparently disappeared, and at this time, four days before the first races, there is a general feeling of confidence that the Cup will be again defended successfully. Just what grounds exist for this feeling it is hard to say; though much is known about Defender, the best informed are still in the dark as to the speed of Valkyrie III. There is no longer any room for doubt as to the many good qualities of the American ship; not only is she a very fast vessel, but her shapely form and the manner in which she does her work, her power at small angles, and her ease through the water when pressed, show out in marked contrast to the idol of 1893, Vigilant.

That she is very fast cannot be questioned, but there are still two points in doubt—is she faster than Valkyrie III., and is she strong enough to stand through the series of races? On both of these points we can give no opinion, nor do we trust the opinions of others. Nothing conclusive is known of Valkyrie III., and the little seen of her during the trial races was by no means an assurance of an easy win for Defender in such weather as the Cup races have been sailed in for ten years, and as prevails this week.

That Defender is amply strong in her hull is stoutly asserted by all connected with her, and may be quite true; but it would indeed be strange if, no matter what might ail her, they would admit that she was in the least strained or in danger of straining. No doubt everything possible has been done to put her in perfect condition, and it may be that the hull has been thoroughly sound from the first.

There is something amusing about the solemn statement promulgated in writing by two of her amateur crew to the effect that she is in every way sound and in good condition. One is reminded by it of the physician's certificates which are posted in the lobby of the Opera House when a "star cast" is spoiled at the last moment by the substitution of Maugiere or Russitano for Jean de Reszke. The many minor mishaps to Defender's gear and fittings can only be taken as an indication that extreme light construction has been pushed to a dangerous limit.

The very thorough trials between Defender and Vigilant, ten in all, have left absolutely no grounds for doubt as to the superior speed of the new keel boat. Whether this speed is a matter of five, ten or twelve minutes over a thirty-mile course, is of no consequence in this case; Defender has proved herself the faster boat, and the proper one to defend the Cup. As compared with Vigilant, her weakest point is before the wind, but she can more than make up any loss here on other points of sailing.

Whatever the result may be, the sailing of Defender against Vigilant has left no ground whatever for lamentations and regret over the passing of the centerboard and the adoption of the keel in Cup defense. Defender has not only repeatedly defeated Vigilant to windward, but has beaten the other two centerboards, Volunteer and Jubilee, even worse. Vigilant's position as the fastest centerboard yacht of her size ever floated can hardly be disputed; and yet she has been fairly and decisively beaten to windward by a keel boat.

If it be urged that Vigilant is but a mongrel centerboard in type, then it rests with those who would make such an argument to show that a faster centerboard boat of some other type is possible. Considering the great power of the modern 90-footer, we cannot conceive of any enlargement or modification of the more successful centerboard boats of the past, the typical American yacht that would carry 12,000sq. ft. of sail on 90ft. waterline, and be as able and fast as Defender. Certainly no such famous sloops as Arrow, Gracie, Mischief or any of the smaller ones would be capable of enlargement to such proportions as would match them with Defender. Whether victorious or defeated, Defender has already shown herself superior to all American yachts of her class, both centerboard and keel.

One good result, for which we have long contended, is likely to follow the present races—the return of Cup racing to a smaller class and the extinction of the present 90ft. syndicate racing machine. Both sides are now fully convinced of the excessive cost and general uselessness of these craft, and will welcome the building of something within the reach of individual ownership.

SNAP SHOTS.

At first blush the connection between the swindling of life insurance companies and the protection of game would appear to be remote; but an incident has just occurred in northern Minnesota which indicates that there may be a close relationship between them. In 1893 a St. Louis doctor insured his life for $48,000; then one dark night he dug a can of worms and went fishing. When he failed to turn up again, the heirs attempted to collect the insurance. The companies resisted the claim on the ground that death had not been proven. The case went to the courts and the companies finally were compelled to pay the full amount. Meanwhile they had offered a reward of $20,000 for the discovery of the man alive; and stimulated by this detectives have ever since been working on the search. Last Monday, having traced the doctor to northern Minnesota, they found him in the wilderness close to the Canadian line, fifty miles from a post office, where he was living in a hut. When the detectives came upon him he was out in the woods hunting game out of season; and when they arrested him, they told him that it was for illicit hunting. It is to be hoped that this little true story may come to the ears of all the game wardens in the country, that they may by it be stimulated to arrest shooters out of season, handcuffing and holding them for a possible $20,000 reward. They will be perfectly safe in treating every man who kills game out of season as a swindler. If he is not a fugitive from justice who has robbed a life insurance company, he is at least by the pursuit of game out of season a swindler of the public.

In our game columns Dr. Morris writes of the gathering of wildfowl eggs by Indians in the North, who collect them for food. We have before now printed other reports of this character from other quarters and sent to us by equally responsible correspondents. Unlike the albumen egg industry, this is a practice which actually exists. It has been carried on from time immemorial and of the effects upon the wildfowl supply there can be no question. The problem of providing a remedy is extremely perplexing.

Read that report of the obliteration of prairie chickens from Nebraska and then give your adhesion to FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank—The sale of game should be forbidden at all times. Read that report and then decide whether the Plank is sentimental, or too rigorous. We should think that even the people of the prairies themselves might at last come to indorse our Platform.

A queer story from Oregon relates that United States District Attorney Murphy has been advised by a delegation of sportsmen that the timber lands of Lincoln county have been set on fire in order that the smoke might prevent hunters from elk hunting in the mountains. As the fires are on Government land, the attorney is asked to interfere. Tens of thousands of acres of forest lands have before now been destroyed as the results of hunters' carelessness with camp-fires, by the burning over of districts to make new feed for the game, and by conflagrations spreading from burned coon trees; but this Oregon firing for elk protection is something new.

It is not considered good form to kill immature game. Little fish are immature fish. It ought not to be considered good form to kill them. If the counsel of Commodore J. U. Gregory were generally followed, and if small fish were thrown back to grow, the supply would be maintained without further restrictions. There is here a "plank" for fishermen: Throw back the little ones.

We inquire again: What is the difference between potting a bunch of birds on the water and potting a bunch of birds on the land? The question is open for debate.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAMP FOREST AND STREAM.—II.

Proper Preliminaries.

IN Camp FOREST AND STREAM all things are done decently and in order. The immediate duty on the first morning, therefore, was not to set forth at once on a mad quest for bass, but to finish all the arrangements about the camp. In due course we built a most excellent table out of pieces of board we found cast up by the waves of our little lake, which seemed to appreciate our wants exactly and to be anxious to supply them. Then we executed some masterpieces in camp stools. Then we drove certain nails in the trunk of a great oak, against which our table was built, each nail thenceforth to have a certain mission of its own, one to bear the striped dish-towel, one the plain dish-towel, one the approved aluminum frying-pan, one the camp torch, two the bar of soap, etc., etc. We lashed the tent lantern to the pole of the house tent, arranged the bed nicely, stowed away the mess box in the exact position it was thereafter to occupy, got a clean board to slice bacon on, and then went into the woods to secure the main fetich of Camp FOREST AND STREAM, the coffee stick. As I have mentioned from year to year, these coffee sticks, being namely the stick used for lifting on and off the coffee-pot at the fireside, are always jealously preserved, only one being used at each camp, and a stick once dignified by this choice being thereafter never by any chance used for another purpose. We attribute much of the success of the annual FOREST AND STREAM camp to the care exercised in this matter.

Having at length arranged these things to our exact satisfaction, having laid the bacon knife and big wooden-handled fork which is J. B. H.'s particular camp comfort duly upon the bacon board, and having finally crowned all our efforts by tacking a nice brown canvas tablecloth across our new table, and giving a final touch to the FOREST AND STREAM banner, we at length pronounced the camp complete. By that time it was past noon, although we had not noted the passing of the hours. So then we got our luncheon, and after that put in two hours in thoroughly cleaning out our spring at the foot of the bluff. This we lined nicely with clean stones, giving it for floor a handsome mosaic of many colored pebbles, which shone and glittered as the bright water rippled over them. Below the drinking well of our spring we dug a cold storage chamber for our butter jar, and below the cold storage pool we drove down a sharp-edged board for dam, and thus made a beautiful waterfall, putting in some rocks below the fall so that the music might be better. And this tiny music we could hear at night, wafted waveringly up the hill with the other voices of the lake and of the shadows.

These things, I say, being all accomplished, we found the sun sinking toward the big trees across the lake, and knowing that it was now coming on the hour when bass go visiting, we concluded to put our little lake to the final test, it having in everything else been found not wanting. Searching in the grass along the edge of the water we picked up four or five lovely frogs, which had apparently been waiting for us, and pushed out into the lake, J. B. H., meantime, with a sigh of supreme satisfaction, putting together the favorite bamboo casting rod with which he had fought so many successful battles with the big bass of this region.

The First Bass.

We had never been upon this lake before to try the fishing, but we knew exactly where to go, for already from the top of the bluff we had spied out the water. We knew that a sharp drop-off marked the bar for almost the entire circumference of the lake. On the east side the shallow water ran out some distance. In the center the lake was very blue and very deep, one did not know how deep. But beyond, where a little creek came in, we could see wide beds of rushes and occasional beds of lily-pads. It being now well on toward evening, and we having a great notion for fish for supper this night, we set forth at once across the lake to the rush beds. Here we found a delightful place for bass, with big white weeds growing up in dense cover clear to the edge of the bar, from which it sank suddenly off into the unknown caverns of the earth.

Just at the edge of this bar J. B. H. began to drop his frog, the boat being some 25yds. out in the deep water skirting along the bar. He had made but a few casts when there came the big whirling splash for which we were anxiously looking, and the line cut swiftly down into the deep blue water outside of the bar.

"Gracious! I have got a whopper," said J. B. H. And the bend of the rod looked it. But, alas! after a run or so the "whopper" went clear of the water and shook out the hook from his mouth. I saw then it was a bass weighing not more than 2lbs., though J. B. H. scoffed at such a statement, bemoaning meantime the loss of one of his prettiest frogs. Yet a few moments later, when we had another strike, the fish using much the same tactics, going far down into the deep water, and jumping three times into the air in the effort to get free, J. B. H. was again certain that he had a "whopper," though the landing net disclosed a bass weighing only about a pound and a half. We had never seen a big-mouth bass fight so hard for its size, and indeed I have never seen any kind of bass fight much harder than the big-mouths in this lake when they got into the deep clear water. We went on and caught three or four more fish, the largest not more than 2½lbs., but J. B. H. was delighted and declared that the sport was the best he had ever had in Wisconsin. I was a little disappointed in the size of the fish, but J. B. H. pointed out that they were just the right size to eat. Moreover, he explained, he was going to catch a big one just at a certain point of rushes just a little on ahead.

The Big One.

We approached within 20yds, or so of the aforesaid rush point, and J. B. H. sought to plant his frog close alongside of it. He missed his point by several yards, but he did not by any means miss the big bass which he had mentioned, and which was apparently lying there, a very bass *ex machina*, to finish out the drama of the day. The frog fell in shallow water, and when the bass struck there was a vast commotion and a wide deep circle of bubbling water settling down and outward into spreading rings of ripples. "Let him run!" I called out to J. B. H. But that veteran calmly remarked, "Never you mind me, young man!" as he tranquilly watched the loose line run out on the first run of the bass. The fish evidently was bound for a deep hole under the grass bank back of the rushes. Just outside of it he stopped and swallowed the frog, and the instant he put on the extra touch of speed which that act always seems to impart to a bass J. B. H. struck him hard and firm, and so began the fight which, of all the big fights we have had with the Waukesha bass, we considered to have been the most exciting. Fearing to tangle the bass in the rushes, we tried to work him out into the deep water, to which he obligingly consented, making a run for the boat which left a bend in the line in spite of all both reel and oars could do. Then he went down and kept on going down, about ten miles it seemed to us, and the rod could not stop him, though it went up into a rainbow arch exceedingly good to behold. For a time the arch held rigid, but at length the fish began to move, and then it was ding-dong and see-saw for half an hour, it seemed to me, though it may not have been more than five minutes. We killed this fish out in the open lake over water perhaps 200ft. deep, and I never expect to see a prettier fight with a fish of any sort. This fellow fought deep and did not jump excepting with one short splash, when he hardly went clear of the water. At length we saw him stick his back fin out, and finally his mouth came up, seeing which we shortened line and passed the net under him. We found he weighed 4½lbs., and he was bright, clean-cut and shapely; an athlete every inch of him.

"Now we will go in," said J. B. H., his face beaming satisfaction. "This lake's all right." This declaration I was glad to hear, and I knew now that the experiment of moving Camp FOREST AND STREAM to the new lake was an experiment no longer. The aluminum frying-pan had been pronounced a success, the water of the spring had been found of just the right taste and temperature, and lastly, the fishing of the lake had been commended. Thenceforth all doubt left my mind, and I slept that night in comfort.

We gave our big bass to neighbor Schwartz that night, he having come out upon the lake about sunset to see how we were getting along. Before this we had turned loose two or three of the other bass, all of which we kept alive and kicking in the live-box which was built through the bottom of our boat. This left us two bright, pretty little bass of about a pound and a half each, which J. B. H. had selected with great care, and declared to be the exact articles to furnish the supper which should conclude our first day in the camp. How good these bass were, with the accompaniment of crisp bacon and nicely fried eggs, the whole crowned with a cup of perfect coffee, I shall not attempt to describe.

Indeed, it is useless attempting to describe the charm of a season of life in camp, and I should not write of these things at all were it not possible that others may wish to know where they may go and do likewise. For camping of the quiet, contentful sort I know of no country better than this of Waukesha and Walworth counties in Wisconsin, and I imagine that others who go there will find as we did each day going by too quickly, although each day could produce nothing startling or heroic in event.

Fish, Game and Diamonds.

I venture to say that here is the only one on earth which can produce bass, pickerel, trout, squirrels, woodcock, grouse, ducks, rabbits and diamonds all within a space of six miles, and all in a pretty country watered with the purest of unfailing springs. Yet all of this is true, at least in a mild and limited extent, about our new-found camping land. As to the diamonds, the incredulous may scoff, yet it is absolutely true that not only one diamond, but three or more have been found within two miles of the village of Eagle. It was not many years ago that a boy playing in the gravel back of the old farmhouse which surmounts a certain little hill, near Eagle town, picked up an odd-looking stone. The boy's mother took the bright pebble to a jeweler in Milwaukee, who saw that it was a diamond, and bought it of her for the princely sum of $1. Then the Milwaukee jeweler, to certify himself, took the stone to a Chicago expert, who pronounced it a rough diamond worth at least $500. Then the Milwaukee man went out and bought the farm on which the diamond was found, and at once began to prospect for more stones of the same sort. Meantime the former owner of the farm sued the Milwaukee man for obtaining diamonds under false pretenses, and the result was a very pretty legal mix-up. Two or three more small diamonds were found, none of great value, and the sinkers of the prospecting shaft at length, as might naturally be expected, came upon a sheet of pure and bubbling Waukesha water, which put an end to their diamond well and closed out the history of the quest for precious stones. This is no fish story, but a fact. Any one who goes across that singular glacial country, full of odd steep hills and deep sink pots, will agree that it is the strangest piece of topography he has seen for a long time, and will admit that one might find almost anything in such a looking region.

An Old Gentleman's First Trout.

We did not find any diamonds, but we did find trout, within eighty miles of Chicago. We discovered half a dozen different little streams known to but few where a few trout still can be had by the expert, this information coming largely from obliging Billy Tuoby, of the Eagle Lake Hotel, of whom and of which I cannot say too much in cheerful and thankful praise. Moreover we found a trout preserve fairly swarming with trout running in weight up to 4lbs. This was on the farm of State Senator J. A. Lins, a few miles from Eagle. Mr. Lins has a beautiful little place with about half a mile of fishing water. The head of this little stream is the strongest spring in all that great country of springs. A little river gushes out at the foot of the rocks of a tall bluff and runs down over a bed of gravel, where the trout spawn in season. Lower down a great dam forms a pool some 100yds. in length, and this pool is a very treasure house of trout. Mr. Lins seems never to have taken a great deal of pains with these trout, and has kept them solely for his own pleasure, once in a while eating a mess of them or giving them to his friends. Although we were strangers to him, when he heard that J. B. H. had never caught a trout, he insisted that we should go out to the pool and catch a few for breakfast. And there one day, down beneath the big oaks which surround the great "Minnehaha Springs," J. B. H., 75 years of age, hooked, played and landed his first trout. Previous to this we had had some hard and unsuccessful efforts along marshy streams, and J. B. H. was disgruntled with the trout question, declaring them a by-word and a snare. But when he saw the darting play of the fish in the water, and witnessed its brilliance as it lay upon the grass, he forgot the past, and, like every other man who sees his first trout, went into open and undisguised raptures. He caught half a dozen more trout after that, and I caught one or two to see if I had forgotten how, but we put them all back except five, which we thought would be just about right for our supper and breakfast. When it came to the eating of these we thanked Senator Lins yet the more fervently, for this was novelty of the extremest sort to J. B. H., and the eating as well as the catching of one's first trout is a high episode in one's life, even though one be then 75 years of age. Senator Lins wishes to sell his trout preserve, and I am satisfied that if J. B. H. had had the money in his pocket he would have bought it then and there.

Little Fishes.

And so the days wore on, with now and then a lusty trout, and now and then a bass, or a croppy, or a dozen little perch as long as one's forefinger, the latter being the sweetest of all the fishes of the lake. We early learned that our new lake was fairly alive with small fish such as perch, croppies, rock bass, etc., and finally coming to tire of catching bass, we actually laid aside our sportsmanship sometimes, and rejoined the ranks of the derided still-fishers. A sweep of the minnow seine, in the shallow water near our spring, would give us all the minnows we wanted, and then we would amuse ourselves by hunting out the bars where the croppies and rock bass lay, J. B. H. recognizing in the latter fish the "goggle-eye" of his earlier days, with which he had passed many pleasant hours. These small fish we caught on pieces of minnow, on tiny casting spoons, on flies and all sorts of things for bait. One evening after sundown, when out casting the fly in the shallow water close inshore, we struck two great black bass, neither of which we could hold among the rushes. Had we been of the mind to work hard at fishing, with either the casting rod or fly rod, I don't know how many fish of all sorts we could have caught. As it was, our main concern was not to catch more fish than we could use. One time we found a bathing party of children visiting our beach, and to these gave away a good string of fish, much to our mutual satisfaction. Another time a minnow pail full of fish found its way down to a family of cottagers on Eagle Lake, and several times we found it necessary to carry over a pail full of fish to neighbor Schwartz, who, blessed by a large family of his own, was entertaining a dozen or two of visitors. Our hearts rejoiced in these visitors, for while they remained we caught fish for them all. I do not know whether this could be called market fishing or not, but anyhow we used to receive at our camp baskets of eggs, bottles of milk, etc., for which we could not pay, neighbor Schwartz insisting that a fair exchange was no robbery. From all of which it may be seen how ideal was our situation.

Cooking in the Camp.

One evening J. B. H. coaxed the two youngest of Mr. Schwartz's family, Susie and Nellie, down to camp to eat supper with us, and they were joined by a young lady boarder from the city, who was escorted by the five-year-olds across a certain dangerous territory infested by woolly sheep. To Susie and Nellie we fed abundant strawberry jam, and the messbox being further called upon, we brought off this social occasion with great eclat and to the abundant satisfaction of our guests. On still another occasion we invited our family of cottagers to dine with us at sundown, the event to be ambitious in the way of a camp dinner. The tiny creek connecting our lake with Eagle Lake being too crooked and too full of weeds for night navigation, our guests took team and came around to the west side of our lake, whence we ferried them across in our boat, six of them, four adults and two children. We were to have fish that night for supper and when the signal for the ferry came we had not caught any fish; but in half an hour we had a dozen or two of just the right size. These we forthwith fried before the wriggle was all out of them, and our guests called them excellent. Also we had bacon and eggs and soup and preserved fruit and Maryland beaten biscuit and a great many other things. I mention the soup incidentally, for though we intended to have the courses of our dinner come in due sequence, the soup unfortunately did not get done until toward the close of the meal, although it was just as good as it would have been any other time, so far as we could see. But the crowning work of art for that dinner was the pan of biscuit baked in our Buzzacott oven, and served red hot, with butter fairly frozen from our cold storage spring. These biscuits, I regret to state, were brought by our eldest lady guest already measured out in a meal bag. But we mixed the flour in a clean towel on our table, rolled out the dough, cut out the biscuits and cooked and ate them then and there in camp, so that light should not be made of this achievement. Our dinner lasted well into the night, so that between our guests and their waiting team there extended half a mile of black and pathless woods, much to their terror; nor could they ever see how J. B. H. and I led them through so easily.

In fact J. B. H. and I were following our usual course of spying out the country, and when we were not fixing things around camp or taking Mr. Schwartz's lady boarder out fishing on the lake—which we loved to do, it was such a pleasure to hear her squeal when a fish bit, and to see her run her hand out under the tip of the rod "to keep the fish from breaking it"—we were wandering around over the countryside hunting for springs and lakes and streams. One day we found two beautiful springs which emptied into the creek across the lake from us. Indeed this stream we found spring-fed throughout and quite capable of carrying trout. Later we learned that trout had been planted in it higher up, and some day we are going to see about these trout for ourselves.

Many Waters.

On another day neighbor Schwartz took us out riding over about ten or fifteen miles of country, and showed us a few more lakes. We went entirely around Beulah Lake, and saw Potter's Lake, Brady's Lake, Mud Lake, Booth's Lake, Pickerel Lake, etc., crossing the very head springs of the waterway which makes down through Beulah Lake into the Mukwonago River and so into the Fox. Yet, although neighbor Schwartz had lived in that

country all his life, we were able to show him a lake which he had never seen or heard of within six miles of his house. This was the little lake once called Giller's Lake, now known as Craig's Lake, about a mile and a half from our old camping ground on Phantom Lake. This is the place where we have caught several huge bass, and we intended to accept Mr. Craig's kind invitation to fish it again this season, but he happened to be away when we called for him at Mukwonago. Mr. Craig informed us that the small-mouth bass which he caught two years ago in the creek below Mukwonago dam and planted in his lake have now reached half a pound or more in weight, and are so abundant that one party, without his knowledge, caught and took away fifteen of them in one day. He is putting in still more of these bass every year, and he says that next year we must come and have a try for the new small-mouths in his lake. He assures us also that there is another big bass in that lake which he thinks will weigh 7 or 8lbs., and which declines to be caught by anybody not hailing from Camp FOREST AND STREAM. If that bass knows when he is well off he would better emigrate before J. B. H. comes after him next summer with his little casting rod and his pleasing spotted frog. For I need not say that next summer, if all goes well and as we hope, we shall again see Camp FOREST AND STREAM pitched on the bank of our new lake; and I hope there may be more pleasant and desultory days whose devious but all too rapid flight may be again recorded in a desultory way. This year our camp seemed to us pleasanter than it had ever been, and as pleasant as it could ever be, and I know I felt a sort of sadness on the morning when we folded our canvas and rode away, looking back at the smoke of the fading camp-fire, whose fingers beckoned us to stay.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

GAME NOTES WITH PENCIL AND CAMERA.—II.

[*Continued from page 180.*]

FROM this place we retraced our way to a little stream that puts back into the bog from the north side of the bay. On the point between the first bend in this stream and the lake is a large beaver house built last year. Ascending the stream we soon came to a point where it forked. We chose the West Branch and made our way up that till stopped by a beaver dam. Fresh cuttings floating on the water showed that there were beaver close by.

Descending to the place where the stream branched our eyes were gladdened by the sight of a large buck on the opposite bank. Jock adroitly ran the bow of the canoe in behind some protecting bushes growing at the water's edge, and for half an hour or so we lay there, unseen spectators of a very pretty little bit of deer life.

We soon perceived that the buck was not alone, but was accompanied by a doe. The two, however, paid little attention to each other, though feeding nearly side by side. Possibly they were an old married couple, though it is more likely that they were thrown together simply by chance. The buck seemed to have some strange aversion to getting his feet wet, and preferred to kneel to reach the lilies growing close to shore, rather than wade out among them. He also hesitated a long time before crossing a tiny inlet from the stream, moving back several times to his old feeding place before he could make up his mind that it was really worth the effort to go further down the stream.

Meanwhile the doe had unhesitatingly entered the water and swam across to our side of the stream, at a point, however, where she was more or less concealed by the bushes. Once across, she was joined by a fawn who scampered about with joy at her return.



"STOOD LOOKING AT THE LILY-PADS."

The timidity of wild fawns, as a rule, gives them a character of sadness, and this little incident was pleasing as showing that such is not the keynote of their lives.

Gradually, and evincing all the symptoms of a vacillating mind, the buck worked down the stream till he reached a point nearly opposite. Here we secured his Loto as he stood looking at the lilypads, the incarnation of laziness and a cloyed appetite. To our surprise, instead of looking at us when the shutter clicked, the buck raised his head and looked in the other direction. The bushes moved and the next instant another buck appeared on the scene. They looked each other over and then, having been attracted by some motion in the canoe, for I was attempting to reload the large camera, they looked across at us. I saw it was useless to attempt this, and instead took the kodak and tried several pictures with that. One was given last week, showing the small buck in plain view.

The other had jumped back in the bushes, but his curiosity was not yet satisfied, for his head appears in the photo.

Incidentally I had caught a glimpse of the doe on our side of the stream, standing with her neck outstretched looking intently at the bucks, as if to inquire what was wrong. She did not suspect that in reality the cause of their alarm and subsequent departure was on the side of the stream where she stood and where her precious fawn was hidden.

By the time we had reloaded she had disappeared; but when we got opposite the spot where she had last appeared I stood up in the canoe and looked over the low rim of bushes that fringed the stream edge of the bog. There she stood, only 50ft. away, scared half out of her senses by my appearance, and rooted to the spot. I took advantage of her fright to take a photograph with the small camera, upon which, however, only her head appears.

A trifle further up stream we heard a stick crack on the east shore, and looking in that direction I saw a fine buck partly concealed behind some trees less than a hundred feet away. At the same instant Jock saw a large deer on the opposite bank that at first he took to be a caribou or moose, from its dark color and owing to the fact that it stood in dense shadow.

Meanwhile I had not succeeded in attracting his attention to the first deer, and the canoe shot ahead to a position where it winded us, and was off. The other deer had also seen us, and disappeared before we could get close enough for a picture.

We ascended the stream to the point where the Aroostook Carry, via Lapomkeag, begins, without seeing any more game, and then retraced our course to its mouth. Once on the lake, we worked our way leisurely along the edge of the bay toward the sand beach where we had seen the deer earlier in the day.

When we reached the feeding ground sure enough there was a small deer. This deer acted in a most peculiar way, which can most easily be explained upon the supposition that it mistook the large camera in the bow of the canoe for another deer. This camera was stained red, and resembled somewhat the color of a deer in its early fall coat. The wind had played havoc with our blind of bushes, and large patches of the color must have been plainly visible.

Whatever the reason, the little deer on sighting us ran inshore and then directly down toward us. We could hear it splashing along and knew it was coming our way and endeavored to change our position. Unfortunately a clump of bushes 4ft. high lay between the spot where it would appear and the camera.

But the deer did not give us time. In less time than it takes to write it it popped into view and stopped, its neck outstretched and only just beginning to understand that it had done a foolish thing. The next second it realized that home and mother lay in the other direction, and its endeavors to get away quickly would have been ludicrous were it not for the fact that we felt the loss of the photograph keenly.

After lunch we ascended another little stream putting into this same East Bay around which our morning had been spent. As we had the wind with us we saw no game; but numerous tracks, including those of moose and caribou, gave witness that it was there, though not visible.

Coming down again to the bay we found the wind blowing a gale in our teeth, and taking out my paddle I assisted Jock to drive the canoe against it. We were going along at a fairly good pace when I saw something in the water ahead that I took to be the grandfather of all living muskrats. It had just left the marshy shore and was making its way out toward deep water, swimming rapidly with its nose just above the surface. Its head was tilted back and it looked at us from the corner of its eye. I have a faint impression of seeing its tail



CURIOSITY.

about a yard behind, but of this I am not sure. For an instant I lost its eye, as I turned to call Jock's attention to it, and when I looked again it was gone. Jock had just that moment been looking at some beaver workings along the shore, and he said the animal was undoubtedly a beaver.

That beaver should have known we wouldn't have harmed a hair of his hide and given us an opportunity to take his picture. Unfortunately, however, his knowledge did not reach beyond the fact that his pelt had a considerable commercial value under certain conditions.

Soon after we sighted a deer near the sand beach where we had seen the others. It did not wait for us, however, but disappeared in the woods while we were still a long way off. A little later we came unexpectedly upon a doe standing partly behind a fallen tree. She stood her ground bravely till the canoe came within about 100ft., but was so hidden by the tree that the photograph was unsatisfactory.

This was the last deer seen before reaching camp, and made a total of fifteen for the day, or thirty-two in all since entering the woods.

Tuesday, July 30, was another windy day characterized by frequent rain squalls. The wind was more southerly than it had been, and Jock decided to try the upper waters of Warderley Brook. We looked for moose and caribou on this stream and had not dared to ascend it before with the wind from the west for fear of stampeding the game. The limit of our time in the woods was rapidly approaching, however, and though the day was by no means what we desired, we could not afford to wait longer.

Soon after entering the bay at the mouth of the stream, we saw a deer on the bog. We were at the time close to the south shore of the bay, and to get to leeward required crossing to the other side. We decided on this course, but almost immediately had reason to regret it, for behind a little point on the shore we had just left and barely out of camera range we saw a doe. We changed our course at once, blaming ourselves for not thoroughly exhausting its possibilities before leaving the protecting shore, but the doe had seen us and was off, whistling.

Then we turned our attention again to the other deer, but before we got within reasonable distance he was off, bounding over the bog as if on springs.

At the mouth of the brook we tried fishing a little, for as Jock expressed it we were "starving in a land of plenty." In fact we had had no meat to eat for more than a week, and our diet of bread and coffee—or bread and tea—had only once or twice been varied by fish. We were working hard to get pictures, and did not have time to fish.

I have no doubt that sportsmen accustomed to the Maine woods will listen to the statement of our larder with some incredulity, as it is not the usual thing for parties back in the woods to be without meat at any

of the year, but it is a fact that we had none. We did not consider our needs superior to the law, and though we knew that the hotels out of the woods were serving venison to their guests and that parties similarly situated to ourselves were eating it, we buckled our belts a little tighter and resisted temptation. Bread was our staff of life and our sole excuse for existence, and if I ever fell out with an old friend it was with this one, when my appetite went back on me while hunger kept increasing.

It was an off day for the pickerel, and finding they would not bite we proceeded up the stream.

A deer concealed in the trees winded us and bounded away whistling. While fishing we had seen another across the bay, but in a position where it would have been a loss of time to attempt an approach. Rounding a bend in the stream we came upon our fourth deer for the day, a doe feeding breast deep at the edge of the water. She had not seen us, and Jock ran the canoe inshore behind some pucker bushes. After watching her some minutes and seeing that she would not be likely to give us a better opportunity than already offered, I signaled to Jock to push off into the stream, trusting to luck to get a photograph. Just then a blast of wind caught the canoe and threw it into the bushes that scratched and grated along the side and at once attracted the doe's attention to us. There was but one chance to take her, and I raised the large camera above the breastwork of bushes and pressed the bulb. But my action was not so quick as the deer's, and the negative shows a pair of heels high in the air and a rump of fleecy whiteness, very like the view of a rabbit diving into its burrow.

A little further along Jock ran the canoe inshore to look at some moose tracks in the mud, and as the boat grounded a large buck walked out on the opposite shore 200ft. away. I turned the large camera and took a picture, for I knew we would get no closer. The deer can be found on the negative, but that is all that can be said of it. It is too small for any practical use.

For a moment the buck stood as though petrified, and then slowly turned and with a few great bounds was out of sight, but we heard him whistle for some minutes.

Two miles or so up stream from the lake is a carry a quarter of a mile or more in length. Near the lower end of



CARIBOU TRACK.

this carry is an old dam, the gates of which, however, have not been closed of recent years. Just below the dam, in the nearly dry bed of the stream, Jock showed me the skeleton of a moose killed by a sportsman he guided last fall. We found that some large animal had gnawed pieces off the bones and Jock said the skeleton had been dragged some distance from its original resting-place. Near by, at one side of the carry, was a "bear tree," and on it were fresh tooth marks of a large bear. There seemed little doubt that this was the animal that had been at the moose skeleton, and for a memento of the wilderness I photographed the tree. It was a small spruce and the green bark had been bitten off about the height of a man's head from the ground.

Near the upper end of the carry were some fresh caribou tracks and one of these I photographed, strapping the small camera tightly to my head, lens downward and holding my breath during the delicate operation. Caribou tracks in general appearance are somewhat similar to moose tracks, but are broader and more rounded.

Evidences of moose were also seen, and the great weight of these animals might be inferred from the way they had barked tough spruce roots by stepping on them. Nothing of less weight than a horse would have stripped these roots in the same way by simply walking over them.

A short distance above the carry Warderley Brook branches, one stream coming from the north and the other from the south. We chose the latter, being governed by the direction of the wind. All along the banks we saw moose and caribou tracks in abundance, and clean swaths had been cropped in many places among the lilypads. But we saw no game. The wind swirled and eddied, and sometimes seemed to blow from all directions of the compass at once. At other times the prevailing head wind would change and give us an undesired boost along, all which caused us to pray more fervently than ever for a quiet day.

On our way back to camp we saw one deer—a doe—below the carry, and got very close to her, but her body was concealed by the bushes and we failed to get a picture. This made a total of six deer for the day or thirty-eight in all.

The next day we decided to move our camp to the carry at Warderley Brook, as everything seemed to indicate that that would be the best hunting neighborhood for the remaining days of our stay.

Scarcely had we pushed off from shore when Jock spied a deer on the opposite shore just above the "Thoroughfare." We paddled across, but he had gone back into the woods, and did not appear again, though we waited for some time. This deer was a buck and had no doubt come down to the lake simply to drink.

On entering Warderley Bay we sighted our second deer for the day, feeding along the north shore, but on account of the direction of the wind we did not attempt an approach.

Number three for the day was a doe. We got within 100ft. of her, but some bushes intervened between deer and camera, and she was off just a moment too soon.

The next was a buck that stood behind a fallen tree at the water's edge, just above a place where the stream is obstructed by submerged rocks. While maneuvering for a position the deer winded us and was off.

It was at this place last fall that Jock lost the chance of killing a large bull moose. He was coming up the stream one day just after the season opened, and rounding the last bend of the Narrows when he blew his nose. He had taken a look ahead and no game was to be seen, but the instant he blew his nose up popped the moose's head from behind a miniature island near shore. The moose had been standing half submerged and it did not require much of an island to conceal him.

He ran back a short distance from the stream without having presented an opportunity for a shot, and then stopped. Jock could tell this from the cessation of noise that marked the moose's flight. The bull had not had time to make out clearly the cause of its fright, and it did not know whether to leave the spot for good or not.

More from curiosity to see what the effect would be than anything else, Jock went ashore on the opposite side of the stream, and selecting a good place gave one of his most seductive moose calls. The sound was hardly out of his lips when there was a crash that shook the trees across the stream, and the moose was off like a runaway locomotive. The sound verified its worst suspicions, and yet that same moose will eventually, no doubt, meet its death in answer to such a call. So much do circumstances alter cases.

Our fifth deer for the day was on the south branch of the stream above the carry. This was a buck with enormous horns, and seeing these first I felt sure we had at last found caribou, but a moment later the color of his body undeceived me. He was standing on a narrow point in a perfectly impregnable position, and was off long before we were within range.

Number six was a doe that had finished her call at the stream and who gave us just a glimpse of her lithe form before retiring to the shelter of the woods. It was lunch time, and so far we had not succeeded in getting any pictures.

In the afternoon our first deer, number seven, for the day was a buck. We got a glimpse of him going back on the bog and worked the canoe cautiously up to the spot where we had seen him. Standing up I found he was still there, head up and every muscle tense. I secured a minute photograph with the small camera. Number eight was a doe, who went back into the woods without giving us the opportunity we desired. Number nine was only half a block further on. While looking for the doe we heard a crackling in a piece of swampy undergrowth, and going nearer we saw the alders shaking and a buck's horns above them. Though only 60ft. distant according to our estimate, he would not come into plain view. When finally he raised his head and looked at us there was a tree between.

J. B. BURNHAM.

OFFICE OF FOREST AND STREAM.

THE OUTING OF SIX.—II.

Columbine and Clematis, Trout and More Trout.

THAT horse of Collie's will never be forgotten. According to his statement it had been driven, rode and packed constantly for seventeen years, and all my efforts with whip and spur aroused in it only temporary enthusiasm. But even its slow gait had with it advantages, for I was amid the scenery that I loved. Out of the cedars and into the realm of long-leaved pine I strolled, and the spicy aroma of balsam filled the air. Flowers were few, for the altitude is great and the season like the 1st of May at Provo.

Emerging from the cañon at a point where the valley of Panguitch Creek opens into dairy ranches, I visited first the famous trout holes at White Rocks, concerning which I wrote FOREST AND STREAM four years ago. But now the spot was profaned by a shearing corral, and, as shearing was in full blast, and 3,000 sheep were watering at the spot, I did not delay for further investigation. Two miles above was Dodds's ranch, and as my friend Dodds has three miles of the finest trout streams inclosed by his fences, and does not permit trespassing, I knew that, should he be at home, this was the place for us to make our first permanent camp. Indeed I wrote to George before leaving Provo, but as he had not been to town for his mail he was taken completely by surprise, making his whole-souled hospitality the more appreciated.

As I neared the ranch I looked in vain for the house where I had spent many memorable evenings in the past. Nothing was left but the chimney. Half a mile up Butler Creek I saw a man repairing fences. Thinking it might be Dodds, I rode over to him, and ten minutes later the old friends were walking toward the new cabin, each new observation calling up the memory of "Auld Lang Syne" (Dodds is Scotch, hence the quotation). The new house was in course of construction. It was located close to a splendid spring, concealed from the highway and partly shaded by willows, and within 300yds. of either Butler or Panguitch creeks. My host was "batching" it, and he soon had ready a dinner of coffee, fresh bread and the most delicious mutton that I ever tasted. He said that sheep and stockmen kept him constantly busy repairing the miles of fence that surrounded his place. He had no time for fishing, but his son caught a mess every day and we were welcome to all the fishing we wanted. He picked out a splendid camping place for us, and then telling me that I had better get a mess of trout for supper he went back to his fence mending.

All my tackle was in the wagon between Dodds's and Panguitch, but trout I must have even if I had to resort to the bent pin outfit. This, however, was unnecessary. In my wallet I had a coachman on a No. 8 hook. This was left over from my outing in Colorado five years previous. I suppose that I had kept it just for this especial time and purpose. A line was sought for and I found a spool of 50 cotton in the cabin. This was soon twisted, and a willow pole completed my paraphernalia. Fishing with such a rig required more skill than though I had used a cheap split-bamboo rod. I had no reel, and had I attempted the "ker swish-splash-slam" method and thrown the trout over my head by main strength and awkwardness neither hook nor line would have lasted a minute. As I wandered down to the brook with my improvised tackle I felt almost like a boy again. In the virgin meadow the grass was knee deep, and by the water side the ground fairly blazed with buttercups. But in other respects the flora was very different from that of the East. In the meadow the showy *Thermopsis rhombifolia* held sway, and under the willows blossomed that stately brunette of the lily family, *Fritillaria atropurpurea*. Perhaps I was doing too much mental botanizing. Thoughtlessly I went to the water's edge. Scud! scurry! Here they go—not the big beauties of which professional sportsmen boast, but those little brook trout, from 6 to 10in. in length, the kind that used to be common in northern New Jersey, southern New York and western Massachusetts before the restocking of the depleted streams became a necessity. With such a tackle trout must be hooked by the sense of touch and not by that of sight. Back to mind came every pool and riffle along the creek, and I stole cautiously to a hole upon which the now long-drawn shadows would not be cast. Silently I dropped my fly upon the water. I could not see it touch the surface, but in a second there was a sharp tug, a strike, and Mr. Trout was hooked for keeps. I could not play him, so I led him up stream and gently raised him out. Six times did I repeat the operation before my fly ceased to attract. These trout would average 9in. in length and one went over a foot. They were average size with the rest of our catch while at Dodds's ranch. When I had ten trout on my string I saw Doc and Andrew coming on the buckboard. I had to leave my work and go to the road to direct them to camp. Then I returned to the willows, and by the time the sheep wagon hove in sight I had enough trout for supper. In the meantime Doc had caught four fish and Andrew two. This was Andrew's sole experience with trout. He had come to botanize and botanize he did; but (*sub rosa*) though he did not do much with the rod, subsequent events proved him a dandy with the rifle.

At supper that night Mr. Dodds joined us, and thereafter we enjoyed his entertaining society at every meal. Out of the goodness of his heart he brought some of that delicious mutton with him, notwithstanding the fact that we were infinitely in his debt. Then we made down the beds and Andrew slept alone, for I was bound to chum with my old comrade, and all of us, horses included, rested and grew fat.

The next morning Andrew and I determined to botanize while the rest of the party fished. I told my partner that he could get fifty new species at Dodds's. This number he was inclined to ridicule, but before evening he was fully converted to my opinion. When we regained camp we found the four fishermen had captured 110 trout, Ted having the largest string (forty-four) to his credit. These lasted us for four meals, there being generally eight at the table. We fished no more until they were gone. After cleaning them, attending to our plants and getting dinner, we prepared to loaf, when Mr. Dodds expressed his willingness to guide us to what he considered one of the daintiest bits of scenery. I knew the poetic nature beneath that rugged exterior. If Dodds said it was beautiful it was sure to be enchanting. Our route lay over a sandy knoll southeast of the cabin, and here we found many new plants, among them a delicate white echinocactus. Here were also horned toads; striped, spotted and parti-colored lizards. Doc began to look for his diamond-backed rattlesnake, but it was not to be found. I forgot to mention in my last that Doc had four wishes, and but four: 1st, diamond-backed rattlesnake; 2d, 15lbs. trout; 3d, the skeleton of a cliff-dweller; 4th, either a buffalo or a mountain sheep—I forget which.

Half a mile from camp we struck Panguitch Creek in one of the prettiest glades that artist or angler could imagine. Overhead birches and white-coated cottonwoods, with shimmering leaves, arched the stream that wandered along now as placidly as a meadow brook, now whirled in deep, black, trout-haunted eddies about the roots of some dead forest monarch, and now glinted its white riffles in a fleck of sunshine as it hurried downward to the valley. Out of the deepest shadow came the occasional note of thrush and warbler—not the continuous matin or vesper song of the heavenly chorus, but a single liquid call, soft and sweet as an echo from paradise, afraid to intrude upon the noontide silence of a sleeping world. Soft and rich was the mossy carpet over which we walked, and about us were myriads of buds that another week would see expand in all their floral loveliness.

The scene changed. The sunlight that fell here and there down the fretted aisles seemed more distant and more cold. The walls of the glen drew closer together and became precipitous. There was a sound as of the rushing of many waters. A deep black pool, angry and blanched with the mighty force of the constrained torrent! Then the grim walls rose to a height of 150ft. perpendicularly from the stream and less than 2ft. apart. So narrow is this box cañon that in seasons when the creek has gone dry men have walked through the gateway and their shoulders have grazed each pillar. No wonder that the water is from 15 to 20ft. deep in the pool below, and that here the largest and gamiest trout hide. The picture was more beautiful than grand, for nature had veiled rock, crag and even precipice itself with the delicate drapery of June. From brackets scarce large enough for the cliff martin's nest hung graceful sprays of *cheilanthes*. Where frost seams had scarred the rugged furrows the beautiful *clematis verticillaris* found a foothold, and every rocky shelf was a bed of that most modest and fragrant columbine *Aquilegia cærulea*. This variety was a pure albino, smaller flowered and with a more delicious perfume than any I had seen before. An artist would have found it almost an impossibility to leave such a spot, and I do not remember to have seen any gem of similar beauty in the length and breadth of the land. As one of our number remarked, "That picture alone paid for the whole journey."

When we returned to camp the botanists had sufficient work to employ their time for many an hour, and the taxidermists proceeded to investigate the beautiful little swallow that from this point to the Buckskin Mountains was found at every watering-place. It was the violet-green swallow (*Tachycineta thalassina*, Swains.). As further fishing was prohibited until all the trout in camp were eaten, we retired early, and long before sunrise on Thursday morning Andrew and I were getting breakfast. As a rule we had that most important meal on the table (wagon-sheet) before the other boys had their eyes open.

On this particular morning Andrew, Doc and I were to take the buckboard and drive about the lake, selecting a suitable camping spot for the next week. Dazzled by glowing reports of young chickens in hayland and forest, the balance of the crowd wished to spend the morning in hunting.

By 10 o'clock we were at Panguitch Lake. In the three years since I last saw the lake every available foot of land had been taken up and fenced. But the lake was as beautiful as ever. Beneath the cloudless sky its clear, ultramarine waters reflected pine-clad hills and aspen groves. Not a ripple disturbed its surface save when some rainbow-sided monarch in pursuit of smaller game leaped from his native element or where the wildfowl rested far from shore like glittering jewels on the sapphire sea. A pair of snowy swans, the only ones I have seen in southern Utah, were there, and there were numbers of the American eared grebe (*Colymbus nigricollis*, California, Heerm), here called the fish duck, but the game members of the Antidæ were on the further side. We drove around the eastern side of the lake, and on the gravelly bottom, running up to where their backs were out of water, we saw 3 and 4lbs. trout chasing young fry and minnows. Already we were listening to the music of the reel that in two more days would sing its legitimate song. Finding no good camping spot we went around the southern end, where the water backed up over the meadowland, making a splendid feeding and breeding ground for teal and mallards. Here our road lay among the pines, the elevation being about 7,300ft., and beside us grew that delicate and fragrant lily *Lencocrinum montanum*, Nutt. At this point we secured in the bird line *Passerina amœna*, Say.; *Piranga ludoviciana*, Wills.; *Dendroica auduboni*, Towns. Unfortunately this used up all of our fine shot and we were unable to get anything smaller than No. 4 in southern Utah, so that henceforth many of our most rare specimens were too badly torn to be preserved by amateurs.

Passing around to the west side in a sheltered cove we saw a man mending his fence. His farm had a small water frontage, and with him we made arrangements for camping. By pasturing our horses with him at 10 cents per diem each head, we secured the use of a cabin and of a boat. The man was one of the professional fishermen that make their ready cash in winter by trouting through the ice, and we found him infinitely more accommodating than the thoroughbred tourist robbers on the other side of the lake, with whom I have had experience in the past. After delaying to inspect a shingle mill, we returned to Dodds's ranch about 2 o'clock. The other boys had returned from their shoot empty handed, but we were well satisfied with our morning's work.

After dinner a bear and deer hunt was planned for Friday, and Saturday or Sunday was fixed as the time for moving the outfit to the lake. In these arrangements I was not considered, as my plan was to immediately start southward for Long Valley—distant some 50 miles—there to inquire concerning grass and water on the Buckskins, and, if reports should be favorable, secure a guide to pilot us to Grand Cañon. I left Dodds's at 5 o'clock, having twelve miles to make without a trail, and in the dark I got off my bearings, reached the Sevier River six miles below the settlement that was my destination for the night, rode my horse into a hole instead of across the ford, and finally at midnight, wet and hungry, wrapped myself in the saddle blanket and went to sleep in an old haystack. The next morning about 10 o'clock I crossed the rim of the basin and descended rapidly down the Virgin River into the valley of the Colorado. The picture was so entirely different from what was seen on the northern side of the divide that I seemed to be in another world. The season was a month or six weeks more advanced than at Panguitch. Now the cañon widened into a fertile valley, now it was hemmed by black volcanic rocks. There were snug farms and busy sawmills; but over in the background were the fantastically carved pink cliffs of the eocene, making in the sunlight one of the most wonderfully beautiful pages in nature's geological story. At hand were the wild roses, thalictum, clematis, frasera, all growing beneath the shade of stately pines, and in the air was the perfume of a semi-tropic June, each leaf brushing some fresh scent into the face, while

> "The winds, with musky wing,
> About the cedarn alleys fling
> Nard and cassia's balmy smells."

I spent two days in Long Valley in one of the neatest, thriftiest and most prosperous settlements of Utah—Glendale and Orderville. Then, on Sunday afternoon (June 16) I set my face lakeward, recrossed the rim and at sundown rode up to Jerome Asay's ranch at the head of Asay Creek. Here I enjoyed a trout supper, Jerome's boys getting 2 and 3-pounders out of the brook that cuts the farm, and using the clumsiest tackle imaginable. According to the statements of the natives there are but three seasons about the basin's rim—June, July and winter. The dairy ranches are inhabited only during the summer months, but for good living these dairy ranches are seldom equaled and never surpassed. There is mutton or venison or trout or all three for every day during the season, and late in July and August young grouse are abundant. There are berries and berries, and the milk, butter and cheese made from this wild Alpine feed is the richest and sweetest in the world.

At 7 o'clock on Monday morning I started for the lake camp, where I supposed the boys to be. On the way I spent a couple of hours in searching for a practicable short cut for the sheep wagon, but the wind storm of the 3d inst. had created such havoc along the divides that cut-offs were impossible. In many places the well-traveled roads were blockaded by fallen timber. It was 1 o'clock when I reached the lake. The white top of the wagon showed me that the camp was duly located, but the buckboard, one team and all the boys were missing. As I found a dishpan full of trout already cleaned and a mountain hare dressed for the broiler, I did not worry over their absence, but proceeded to get dinner. At 4 o'clock I took one of Reynolds's rowboats and started for trout. And here a word as to tackle. I could not get a fish with bait or with brilliant flies, but brown hackles and cowdungs were fetchers every time. The best flies, however, were those made by Reynolds himself, using the feathers of the redhead. All the fishermen about the lake make their own flies and do better work with them than with the imported article.

Rowing across a small bay, I landed on a rocky point and fished from the shore. My first cast was fruitless, but my second was greeted with the ripple and splash that anglers love to hear, and in a few moments I had a 2-pounder in the creel. Without walking a 100yds. I landed seven good trout, all gamy. Then for half an hour I failed to hook a fish. There was the rise and the strike, but no holdfast. Disgusted at such monotony I examined the leader and found both brown flies hookless, save for the shank, and the coachman was untouched. I had fish enough for supper, and when I got back to camp the boys were just preparing the evening meal. They had spent the day exploring Blue Spring and the volcanic formation in its vicinity. When I gave my report all hands were in favor of a southward start on the morrow. Their expedition in search of big game had been a failure; they were tired of fishing, so I promised them plenty of deer, and Andrew and I knew that the flora would hold out as long as we would. After supper and before and after breakfast on Tuesday morning we fished, and about 11 o'clock we said good-by to Panguitch Lake and started for Mammoth. The trip was uneventful and the scenery comparatively tame. During the day the ornithologists secured two birds that I had supposed to be of entirely different habitat. They were *Spizella socialis arizonæ*, Coues, and *Sialis arctica*, Swains.

At Mammoth, where we made an early camp, we were disappointed in the fishing, but we were a little too early in the season. The next day we traveled to Asay's. Almost the entire drive was through pine timber. I was surprised at the great number of woodpeckers that we saw. Of these we secured specimens of *Melanerpes toquatus*, Wilson; *Dryobates villosus harrisii*, Aud.; *Sphyrapicus varius nuchalis*, Baird. We also determined *Contopus richardsonii*, Swains., though we could not save the skin.

Making an early camp near Jerome Asay's house, we caught enough trout for supper and one of the boys shot a gadwall on the creek. About dusk a horseman galloped down from a distant sheep herd and we recognized a fellow student of the Provo boys, Tim Hoyt by name. He was running his brother's ranch near the summit of the divide, about five miles from our camp. We accepted with thanks his invitation to dinner to-morrow, as well as the proffer of an extra team to pull the sheep wagon over the river. He reported deer as plentiful, and Perry and Ted fixed their rifles for a daybreak walk to Hoyt's ranch, where we would meet them with the outfit about 10 o'clock. When we lay down that night it was with the knowledge that our trout fishing was at end and that to-morrow night, amid other scenes and other sounds, we would be fanned by warm breezes from the Arizona desert; we would be in sight of the Buckskin Mountains, and we dreamed of deer and of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

SHOSHONE.

EHEU! EHEU!

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was delighted to see in your issue of Aug. 3 that "O. O. S." has founded a cult whose mystic motto is the mysterious "Eheu!" I am, as is your correspondent "Mount Tom," an admirer of the genial "O. O. S.," and I always read his writings with avidity. As a rule I understand him, or at least make out to conjecture his meaning is in the blindest parts; but as did "Mount Tom" I too stumbled over that "Eheu," although I knew that being used by "O. O. S.," it must be something good.

I felt with respect to this something as did the man who went to Boston. He had his wife with him, and when she would say to him, "John, what is this?" and "what is that?" he explained that this was the post office and that was Fanueil Hall, and so on, until they came to something he did not know, when he said, "I don't know, Mary, but it is Boston, and it's all good." So one might say of "Eheu!" We don't know what it means, but it is "O. O. S's." and it must be good.

Far be it from me to insinuate that "Eheu" is a foreign form of swear words. It would be cruel if the pleasure of "Mount Tom" and myself and others and our satisfaction with the term of unknown significance were misplaced, but surely even in that case we would be quite as innocent as little Tommy, who, when his mother wanted to pack him off to bed pleaded, "Please, ma, may I not sit up and hear grandpa swear?" Or it may be that in using "Eheu" with such unction as did Mount Tom in his story he is making use of a word whose real meaning is something very different from what he thinks it to be. It is related that when the first missionaries went to the Sandwich Islands and set about making prayers in the native tongue, they used for "amen" a word which never failed to excite the risibilities of the congregation, and at last they found that the real meaning of it was "dry up."

I cannot believe for a moment that "O. O. S." has sprung upon us anything of this base nature. I prefer to regard his "Eheu" as what your star correspondent E. Hough might describe as a bright carmine word, not one of those deep blue expletives which we are so often told color the air about the man making remarks upon the breaking of his leader by a big fish. I am not sure but that in this new sporting term we have something which has long been demanded, a polite swear word for the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. I notice that you are not very much given to "damns," not so much as I think might be for the advantage of some of your stories. There is a certain strength and virility about some of these expressions, which we all know to be used in actual life despite their being tabooed by a finicky editor. To my mind your the ever-charming relations of the Danvis personages have at times been distinctly weakened by the very apparent mutilation made by some one in your shop who was too fastidious to permit those rugged old Vermonters to talk in print as they do in life. Would it not here be better for the sake of truth if old man Granther Hill, for example, had been given free range to Eheu to the line, let the chips fall where they might?

DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

N. B.—Speaking of leaping bass, I once saw a very small one, hooked by a greenhorn, leap not 2ft., but 25ft. at the very least, right up over the fisherman and behind him into a tree. If ever a man needed a nice little word like "Eheu," it was then.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement

Natural History.

SOME NEW MEXICAN HOUSES.

MY title raises visions of squat adobes and cliff-hung pueblos, or perhaps the still more remarkable cave dwellings of the mountains. But the houses which claim our present attention are made by still older inhabitants than those disturbed in their peaceful land tenure by Coronado, and the architecture loses nothing in comparison with the most curious products of human workmanship. I watched the process of adobe building (just the same to-day as when the brethren of Moses cried under their heavy burdens), and wondered at the remarkable similarity of houses in the same zone, whether in the wildest of the new territories of America or the oldest of the circum-Mediterranean provinces. The same square, windowless walls and flat roofs, the same narrow streets—donkey-trodden and filth-breeding—even the same familiar odors here as there.

The great Rio Grande valley was carved out by prehistoric torrents which not only strewed it liberally with volcanic fragments and tell-tale strays from Colorado formations, but deposited in the shallows of the diminishing stream beds of clay which to-day afford to the adobe builder brick and mortar, floor and ceiling for his house. This clay is of the superlative Illinois variety, *i. e.*, "the kind to which one sticks" rather than that "which sticks to one." Very little is required to fit it for use. A pit is dug and connected with an irrigation canal, then only a little puddling and kneading, during which a little chaff is sometimes worked in, is required before the well-tempered clay is ready to be pressed into bottomless frames and turned out upon the ground. The sun does the rest and does it so effectually that the floods may come and the rains beat upon such a house, for rain does pelt and arroyos beat furiously at times in New Mexico, but the house will endure anything short of a long, soaking rain or an earthquake. The bricks are built solidly into the walls with no other cement than adobe mud, and the abode is finally plastered without and within with the same universal fictile.

But while our Mexican has been leisurely preparing to build another architect has actually constructed her house of adobe borrowed from his own pit. It is an elegantly colored and slenderly framed wasp, who daintily carves out a fragment of suitable size and kneads it with her jaws, then away to her chosen site beneath a sheltering rock. Here the nearly cylindrical brick is pressed into place and carefully tamped until firmly set. Brick after brick is added in tier after tier until a dome-shaped cell, perhaps an inch in height, with a door at the bottom, is completed and the house is ready for furnishing. Naturally Madam Wasp is chiefly concerned about the larder, and, as some time must elapse before the hungry child will seek its food, a curious expedient is resorted to to provide fresh food at the proper time. Spiders and the like are caught and a delicate surgical operation is performed with the sting which, while paralyzing the creatures, does not destroy life. Thus they are left sealed up with the egg to await the growth of their devourer. It would be curious to speculate upon the reflections of the spider awaiting in helpless agony its inexorable fate. But probably such sympathy is uncalled for.

Our second builder might be called "Truth," for we found her in a well—a well of her own construction in the bare sand of the mesa. We had noticed a number of deep cylindrical holes which looked as though a cane had been thrust into the sand, but our attention was attracted by the fact that many of these cavities were curbed up to a height of nearly an inch. Great neatness and ingenuity were displayed in the adaptation of materials to this work. One curb was built up of small pebbles and grains of sand bound together with silk threads, a second was formed wholly of the helms and leaves of the buffalo grass, and others of miscellaneous fragments. Evidently somebody was at the bottom of this thing and objected to the pelting of sand grains during high winds. We determined to go to the bottom of it also and in a few minutes a very much surprised and hairy black spider stood staring at us with three pairs of eyes. She resented our interference in a very characteristic way, which left us rejoicing that our prize did not prove a tarantula.

Of course we also found the trap-door spider who improves upon the architecture above described by adding a door and dispensing with the curb.

The most remarkable of spider homes we have seen belongs to a "new species" and is at present unique. It is a veritable stone castle in the air. Swung three or four inches from the ground by innumerable threads it hangs in mid-air. Its supports are fastened on one side to a sagebush and on the other to stones and other anchorages on the inclined surface. The house itself is about three inches high and from half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter and is composed of small pebbles set in silk and invested by a loose network of fibers. The interior is delicately lined with silk and forms a soft and luxurious den open below. From her cushioned lounging place Mistress Spider views the intricacies of a perpendicular maze of sticky threads and is always ready literally to fall upon her prey. The rare skill and great strength displayed in erecting a stone house, which although subject to the sweep of the wind is yet durable and impervious, challenges admiration if not wonder. We hope at some time to be able to describe the process by which such relatively large blocks of stone are raised and set in place, but at present it remains a mystery.

Upon the same sandy mesa we find the works of those curious but wrongly-named "white ants" whose evil deeds are carefully covered by galleries of sand wrought with cement of domestic manufacture. Fortunately these are not of the voracious and ineradicable Central American types, whose depredations leave nothing wooden untouched, and in a few hours make of a costly piece of furniture only an external seeming which crumbles at the touch. These humble allies feed upon the woody herbage of the mesa, and erect over the devoted plant a dome of clay connected by long galleries with their subterranean home. Never, by any means, can they be forced to cross an uncovered space. (Perhaps they suffer from agraphobia?) It is curious indeed to follow these cylindrical tubes, less than a pipe stem in diameter, long distances over inequalities and across crevices to their destination. When broken, the gallery is at once repaired. A curious investigator pinned a struggling ant in the

breech made in such a gallery. The builders were at first nonplussed, but soon evaded the difficulty by carrying the gallery around the victim and thus uniting it. They also compromised with their sympathies by building a mausoleum of clay over their still struggling colleague. It is not among men alone that it is often easier to ignore distress than to relieve it.

One more subterranean home and we have done. Along the Rio Grande one sees innumerable hillocks and the incautious Easterner says at once, "Ah, moles I see." But he is wrong and our Western education taught us how to open the burrow, leaving it exposed to the light, while a steel trap was buried a few inches inside the opening. The next morning we were greeted with a very angry yellowish beast resembling a rat, but with an enormous head and claws like a grave digger's spade. We recognized in his Southern dress our pouched gopher, pest of the potato fields and general ravager of root crops. A few days rendered him quite tame and a most encouraging pet in spite of blindness in the light and a certain irritability of disposition. When fresh earth was given him he fairly ramped about in excitement, caused, no doubt, by the smell of the soil. He sprang fiercely at work, literally tooth and nail, and was soon nearly out of sight. Very amusing it was to see him emerge from his burrow shoving before him a great load of earth like an animated scraper.

The older writers fabled how he filled the great pockets, which open outside the jaws and extend to the shoulders, with earth and carried it thus to the opening. But *Thomomys* has a better use for these pouches than that. They serve, in fact, the same purpose which is supplied to a German university student by the pocket in his coat-tail (rarely lacking its *brödchen*), and is often distended with food. The long, almost interminable burrows form a complex system, along which at intervals are storehouses capable of holding several quarts. The northern variety has a most remarkable device for securing green and succulent vegetation during the long winter. Being very fond of the stolons of the red clover, great quantities are gathered in autumn and packed in separate storechambers of such a size that the material slowly decays and "heats." The warmth so produced stimulates the growth of the external stolons, and so green vegetables are always at the disposal of the subterranean gardener. In one of the deepest of these chambers a dry, soft nest is constructed, where the long winter months are chiefly passed in sleep.

But as we walk to and fro on the high plateaus or along the greener arroyos we are continually catching glimpses of strange homes and skillful workmen, all, we cannot doubt, working together to achieve the common destiny in which we hope to have our humble share.

New Mexico. C. L. Herrick.

ABOUT ADIRONDACK BEARS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If there was a sportsman in the State Legislature when it gave a $10 bounty on bears, why didn't he rise up and paw the air? The idea of putting a bounty on bears and not on deer or partridges. It is enough to make a farmer quit voting and to make him shoot birds in the spring, to think that his buckwheat and oats become food for partridges and deer, yet no bounty is offered for them—in fact that there is a restrictive law on them. Bears are not a circumstance to what partridges and deer are. Adirondack bears are such fearful creatures that if a man is so incautious to get within eighty rods of one it begins to claw the ground in a way to make things swish so that in five minutes it is a mile away still clawing things.

Then, too, every little while we read about how a man was out after bears. How he set a trap after baiting it carefully, then gets caught in the blamed thing himself and loses an arm or so. All because bears are so terrible that they must be trapped and hung up on a heavy log before they can be approached.

They are such ravenous creatures, too, when hungry. Why, only the other day I saw where one had been digging wild turnips in a swamp, and he was so afraid he couldn't stand the temptation to eat me that he made tracks 12ft. apart before I'd gotten within half a mile of him. He was a big one, too.

Two or three years ago a little shaggy dog that would weigh about 8lbs. barked at a 250lbs. bear and so irritated it that it climbed a tree and stayed there almost an hour; then, as the dog had gone home, came out of the tree and fled.

One night about dusk a big black object was seen chasing a man's sheep up the road. "B'ar," said the man, "Whoop! an' I'm after him." Then he got his rifle and went. The big "b'ar" turned out to be a dog, and that is what 99-100ths of the bear raids turn out to be, and the raids on pig pens are made by scratch cats or Canada lynx instead of by bruin.

It is a matter of common knowledge (not in Legislatures, for they haven't any, but to woodsmen and sportsmen as well) that bears are as vicious as deer, but no more so, and that where a dollar's damage could be laid against a bear ten dollars could be charged up to deer or to partridges.

They haven't put a bounty on mosquitoes, punkies and black flies, but one of any of these can and does hurt a man more than a bear has hurt one within the past ten years, I do not know but twenty years. There isn't even a bounty on hornets' stings (extracted). That only goes to show that some people are chumps. Then think how much better it would be if the bounties were on mosquitoes instead of bears. You hold up your cheek and there is a hum. You raise your hand, squash! and with a knife you scrape it off and pinning the proboscis to a sheet of paper have your evidence.

How much difference it is with bears! You shoulder your rifle and begin to still-hunt for them. A week passes and you've seen tracks, but no bears in sight. A bear trap owner comes along and you bewail your ill-luck. You talk to him awhile. Then, thinking evil of yourself, go with the trapper and set the machine. You go to it two or three times and at last there is your bear. His forward paw, a dirty mangled stub, but held fast by a whitened bone; tears run down its cheeks and the brown eyes show suffering. Up goes your rifle and bang! A gash along one jaw. The bear shrieks with pain. Bang! and the bear dies. Yours!! Yes, but he isn't anything to be proud of, and if you further a bounty law you are no better than the man that traps bears for sport, and if you'd kill such a bounty law you would increase your own chances of killing a bear man-fashion by still-hunting.

Bears are around to some extent, but the berries were dried up, and instead of on them the bears are feeding on what they can get, roots, etc. So far I know of only one being killed and that was in a trap.

Raymond S. Spears.

Northwood, N. Y.

ANIMAL HYPNOTISM.

I am pleased to find that my question, Do animals practice hypnotism? has called for an interesting communication from Mr. Chas. F. Amery more or less to the point.

As the editor of this paper wrote in his brief note to my article, "actual facts are not abundant," Mr. Amery does not produce any new "facts," but confines himself to argument. He says that he does "not believe in the power of any animal to fascinate its prey by its graze." He holds that "the gaze of a ferocious creature upon its defenceless foe serves to inspire terror."

Whatever Mr. Amery may or may not believe, other people do believe that some animals have the power of fascinating others by their gaze. There is—there can be—no doubt about it. I need only draw upon my own observations. I have seen several cases in which birds were actually charmed by cats.

Many a time we have watched cats try to charm birds and fail. But that does not prove that the power of fascinating prey does not exist. There are people who can not be hypnotized. They resist the effort to conquer them and make them pliant "subjects."

So it is with animals. Attempts to charm do not always prove successful. Some animals are not "good subjects" for the mesmeric power; they simply refuse to be charmed. Some people who have resisted the efforts of one mesmerizer have been known to become "good subjects" for another. That this holds in the animal world is shown by the fact that a cat which fails to charm one bird will succeed in charming another bird.

Mr. Amery argues that animals are paralyzed with fear and simply allow themselves to fall easy victims. There is no doubt that terror does and often will put an animal in a position similar to that of being charmed. But the cases cited by me in my former article do not admit of such an explanation. In case of the squirrels coming voluntarily down the tree and talling helpless into the claws of the cat, terror had nothing to do with it. Fear does not lead either animals or human beings into danger.

Perhaps I should have stated in my account of this case that the cat was lying stretched out on a board seat at the foot of a big elm tree. High up among the branches the squirrel was hopping and playing. It was not until the squirrel came down the trunk of the tree and some 5 or 6ft. from the cat that the latter fixed its gaze on the squirrel. Then the cat raised its head, opened wide its eyes and presented a certain intensity of life and suppressed action that denoted a putting forth of some power of some kind.

In conclusion, I am inclined to think that the power which we know as "charming" is a form of hypnotism. The subject is an obscure one, because even the most patent hypnotic phenomena among human beings are but vaguely recognized and understood. L. J. Vance.

MOUNTAIN MOCKINGBIRD.

One of the most charming song birds of the mountain section of North Carolina is the wren (*Galeoscoptes carolinensis*) of the Troglodyte family. Its notes are varied like the Southern mockingbird and catbird, both of which it closely resembles in everything but size, and it is locally known as the mountain mockingbird, though it is really a wren and only allied to the others. Though quite diminutive, being no larger than the common songless wren, its notes are loud, full and positive, very often imitating the redbird and robin, from whose warbling it is not easy to distinguish it when unseen, especially as it possesses the art of ventriloquism to a remarkable degree, the observer very often looking for it in the frondage of a distant tree when it may be warbling among the dry twigs of a brush pile only 10ft. distant. Its haunts, like those of the catbird, are in the underbrush of the upland valleys in the vicinity of mountain streams, and to any one who is fond of sylvan minstrelsy and woodsy environment a ramble in the shade of these quiet purlieus is most captivating. Here its nests are usually built, three chicks to a nest, the eggs when first laid being ovoid in shape and white with brown speckles. In such seclusion they are not easily studied, but this summer a pair of wrens were so considerate to science as to build their nest of grass and fine straw in the top of a lattice on the side of a farmhouse kitchen furthest from the cats, and there they reared their little brood quite unmolested, until finally the younglings essayed their first flight on Aug. 18, the parent birds encouraging them with chirrups and chu-r-r-wees until they became strong of wing, which was very soon; and in a few hours they disappeared and were off and away. The male bird is now teaching them to sing, and I hear his *witch-ta-witchita* even now amid the frondage on Turkey Creek, uttered with a joyous sort of expression as if the sylvan world were heaven enough for him, and the season of cares and duties had forever passed away.

Sometimes I feel almost sorry that I did not capture a pair of the younglings when I had the chance, for I feel confident that, born and bred as they were within 2ft. of the heads of people who were continuously passing daily, they would have been easily domesticated and made good cage birds. Usually birds of this family are shy.

I am not informed of the distribution of this mountain songster. Personally I have not observed him elsewhere than on the Blue Ridge and Alleghanies.

The mockingbird of the sea coast and lowlands is a warm weather bird, seldom seen in this high altitude.

Charles Hallock.

Blackwell's Springs, Buncombe County, N. C.

Remedy for Snake Bite.

Dr. W. H. Howell, of Center Hill, Fla., communicates the following to the *Medical World*, Philadelphia: "Since I have been practicing in Florida I have been constantly expecting an opportunity to test permanganate of potash in serpent poisoning. We have some very large rattlesnakes here and any quantity of moccasins. Occasionally a dog is struck by a rattler and death invariably results in a very short time. There have been a few persons bitten by them in this community and all have died in great agony. A few weeks ago I was called out five or six miles in the country to see a lad about 8 years old who had been bitten the day before by a moccasin. It was twenty-four hours after the wound was inflicted before I saw him and the condition of the lad was anything but encouraging. He had been bitten on the calf of the right leg, and the fang punctures being at least one and a half inches apart, it must have been a large snake. Nothing had been done for him except the administration of alcohol freely. The entire limb—even his body—was enormously swollen. The leg from his knee down was almost black. He was cold and his pulse very small and weak, while he lay in a stupor except at short intervals, when he would shout and scream as if he thought another snake had fastened its fangs in his person. I injected at the seat of the bite one-tenth grain permanganate of potassium and they continued to administer it by the mouth; one-sixth grain doses every two hours; gave digitalis to sustain the heart, and continued the alcohol in moderate quantities. Visiting the boy next day I was rather surprised to fined such marked improvement. The swelling was reduced, the discoloration had disappeared, while a strong pulse and calm surface denoted a much better general condition. The antidote was continued for another day and he made a prompt recovery without even suppuration at the seat of the wound."

Frog and Water Snake.

Burleigh, Ont., Aug. 23.—A curious incident came to my knowledge last week while stopping at this place bass fishing.

A reverend gentleman seeing a very large bullfrog in the edge of a marsh near this place, with something sticking out of his mouth like a cigar, concluded to investigate, and to his amazement found it to be the head of a water snake about 18in. long which the frog had all but swallowed, commencing with the tail. The frog lost his dinner and the snake his life. This certainly was a case of "the biter bit." C. B. T.

Game Bag and Gun.

NEBRASKA GROUSE CLEANED OUT.

North Platte, Neb., Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think that perhaps a few game notes from Nebraska may be timely, so I give you the results of my explorations.

Business recently called me to western Nebraska, and in the last six or seven weeks I have been all over northern and western Nebraska, the Black Hills of South Dakota and portions of Wyoming. My trip took me over the entire Sand Hills country, embracing about one-third of the State of Nebraska, and naturally I made careful inquiries in regard to prairie chickens and sharp-tailed grouse, as this section has always contained both in the greatest abundance. In my travels I did a large amount of driving that frequently took me away from the railroads and into the heart of the chicken country, a section in which in the last few years a moderately fair shot could bag in a day's shoot anywhere from fifty birds up. Taking into consideration the great abundance of birds up to a very recent date it sounds incredible to state that they are all gone, yet it is an absolute fact. In several hundred miles of travel I did not see a bird. Two years ago in traveling fifty or sixty miles by train it was no uncommon thing to have a dozen or more coveys flush from beside the track, and yet on this trip, over 200 miles of which was made in a buggy, away from the track as well as beside it, and frequently with one or more dogs along, I never even saw a feather. Constant inquiry elicited the information that scarcely any have been seen this season. Occasionally some one would mention seeing a covey or a few stray birds, but mostly the answer was, "Haven't seen a chicken this year."

The answer to this is not hard to find, for the constant fusillade that has been kept up both in and out of season by everyone owning a gun could have but one result. Last year the crop failure throughout this section caused many to take to market-shooting who had never done so before, and every man and boy big enough to shoulder a gun was out early and late shooting for market as long as there was a bird in sight. As late as the 1st of last April I heard of parties still camped in the hills and shooting for market.

Nearly every town on the B. & M. R. R. in this section has its recognized game buyer who devotes his entire time to this business, and large cold storage houses are located all through the sand hills, often at stations containing less than a dozen buildings. In addition to these, nearly every merchant in small towns makes a business of buying game and shipping it to Chicago and New York. It is marked "dressed poultry," but the station agent knows what the barrels contain. This is a cattle country and there are scarcely any domestic fowl in the region. They take grouse in trade and handle them in the same way butter and eggs are handled in older-settled communities. Several merchants I know have told me that in the fall they usually have to stay up until 12 and 1 o'clock at night to pack and ship the grouse received during the day. This is all done in direct violation of the game laws, but then game laws cut no figure in Nebraska.

Well, it's all over now, and we won't have to worry for fear we will not get good chicken shooting any more. If any one wants a good gun they can have mine. I will have very little use for it in the future.

I have talked and written on the subject of game protection until I have made a bore of myself, and the only thanks I got was to be called a crank and an alarmist. You couldn't make a sportsman of Nebraska believe that the fearful slaughter that has been going on for years would decrease the supply; but I rather think that they will change their minds when they get out this fall. I have seen the once countless buffalo wiped off the face of the earth, the deer and antelope about exterminated, and now I have seen the last of the sharp-tail and pinnated grouse as far as Nebraska is concerned.

I talked with Lowe, the Chicago man who has been located for the last two years at Hyannis, Neb., and who operates the big freezer at that point as well as several others at other places. He tells me that last season he shipped over two thousand dozen grouse from Hyannis alone; and yet he has the nerve to say that market-

shooting 'didn't clean them out; says it must have been some disease. He tells me that last summer he was in northern Minnesota, near Tower, and that he shipped thirteen barrels of dressed fish out of that State. Other parties tell me that he brought three barrels of Minnesota fish home with him. He boasts that he is going back again to repeat the performance and will try and get a moose (protected until 1898).

I saw quite a few ducks on the Nebraska lakes and a few geese that had hatched there and the shooting should be fair this year. Curlew, avocets and dough birds were quite plentiful, but are about done now.

I don't know as it does much good to kick now that the grouse are gone, but the information may be of service to some brother sportsman who contemplates a trip to this section in anticipation of good grouse shooting, and will save him an expensive and disappointing trip. This wanton and ruinous slaughter illustrates how useless it is to have game laws as long as the large Eastern cities are only fences for the disposal of stolen game. Were such markets as Chicago and New York kept closed against foreign game only during the close season there would still be plenty of grouse in the sand hills of Nebraska. The "stop the sale of game" plank will have to become a reality pretty quick or it will be everlastingly too late.

W. R. HALL.

DESTRUCTION OF WILDFOWLS' EGGS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Because FOREST AND STREAM has brought up the question from time to time I have taken pains to make inquiries about the destruction of wildfowls' eggs by the Indians and others. A calamity cry is harmful in its effects as a rule because it is apt to come in an exaggerated form from interested sources, but such testimony as I have obtained came from men who had no interest further than to give a civil reply to an ordinary question.

Last summer while on the Nepigon Lake in Ontario I noticed a good many adult ducks and not many young ones. I asked my guide, J. B. Marcellaes, of Fort William, for the reason, and his reply was that Indians were fond of duck eggs. I said that the Indians were not likely to give so much time to egg hunting as to make a great decrease in the ducks, and his reply was that Indians had not much else to do during the breeding season of the ducks.

This summer while on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence I noticed that practically all of the inhabitants were eating the eggs of wildfowl, and I learned that several even made a business of putting the eggs in barrels of brine for winter use. I asked Capt. A. Joncas, of Natashquan, if it made much impression upon the numbers of birds, and his reply was that many breeding grounds were now entirely deserted, although it would be difficult to say if there were fewer birds. He said that the eggs were taken so persistently along the coast that young birds which are finally hatched late in the season are unable to migrate, and he has walked for miles along the coast where he could walk on windrows of young sea fowl that had starved and frozen to death. Capt. Joncas is an old Indian trader who follows the coast from Natashquan to the Esquimaux River, and who knows what he is talking about. In giving me that description he did not have the air of a man who was exaggerating. He was sitting on the cabin of the boat smoking as we rolled lazily along under a light breeze, and we were engaged in ordinary conversation.

Sunday is a great egg-stealing day along the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The men belonging to the cod fishing companies and the lobster canneries join the Indians and the natives in a search for wildfowls' eggs on that day. I have seen half a dozen boats land on one island during one Sunday, and the occupants immediately went to work at collecting eggs. The eggs which were not newly laid were generally thrown away instead of being placed back in the nests. The Indians make use of the eggs after incubation has begun, but I have watched a native throwing eggs all about in disgust because they did not lie flat in his pail of water. That is the test that is employed on the coast. If an egg lies flat upon its side incubation has not begun, but if the big end tips up a little incubation has begun.

Speaking again of the Esquimaux River I asked one of my Indians, "Joe Mullins," of Olomonasheebon camp, if the Indians ever destroyed more game than they wanted to use. He said: "Oh yes. Last winter we had caribou matches on the Esquimaux River to see who could kill the most, and we killed hundreds of caribou that were left where they fell without being touched further."

Indians do not hesitate to kill a mother bird or animal for food, leaving the young to starve. An Indiam shot a female goose near my camp this summer and left the four helpless young ones. I asked him why he did not take the young ones, and he simply answered: "Too little." This sounds like a calamity letter, but I have given authority for my statements. ROBERT T. MORRIS.

TACOMA, Wash., Aug. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not believe that there is any use in further investigating this fake, as I have all along termed it. I had the matter up some time ago for investigation as General Agent of the U. P. R. R., which I was at that time and am still. I also made some little investigation for my own good as State secretary of the N. G. B. and Y. P. Association, also as a member of the Sportsmen's Association of the Northwest. Recently at Seattle I looked into the matter a little on behalf of the Washington State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, of which I am first vice-president. But I could find nothing accurate nor positively definite. In other words it was always "some one told me" or "they say," etc., which of course goes for nothing.

So far as the regulations on public carriers are concerned, I can assure you that no shipments are being made nor have any shipments been made. I am the representative of a transcontinental line in this Territory and am here for business; and am satisfied that no such shipments could be made as are spoken of without the matter coming to my knowledge. I have communicated with the customs department in British Columbia, and find that they also know nothing of such a business being carried on. I think your issue of June 22 deals very fully on the subject, and on reading it through I find the investigation very complete. Our Association, the N. G. B. and Y. P. Association, undoubtedly took the matter up on information given by Mr. W. A. Story (with whom I am personally acquainted and who is State secretary for Oregon of the above Association), presuming that the reports as presented to him were based on facts, and desired to stop the slaughter through Congress if possible. The intention was undoubtedly good and you should not deal hard with Mr. Bortree in his endeavors to do good. I might say to you that at the last meeting of the State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, held at Seattle in July, a Mr. Emmons got up and made a speech asking the Association to have the slaughter in Alaska stopped, and stated that he saw the shipments being made, and presented the Association with an egg of large size (I think he called it a swan's), which he said was of the kind being shipped and used for albumen. He left right after he made his speech and before the meeting was over. He said that he had recently arrived from Alaska. E. E. ELLIS.

THE WHEELS OF TIME RUN BACK.

MT. MORRIS, N. Y., Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Everett's wild pigeon experience as told in FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 17 vividly brings to mind similar experiences, and in fact I can find something in each issue that reminds me of a like experience and sets the wheels of time running backward; and for a short time we can live over again some few days of pleasure spent in field or forest with dog and gun, or on stream or lake with rod and reel.

I think the hunting instinct came to me at the beginning, for among my earliest recollections was a cross-bow made by my father, with which I could occasionally kill a sparrow or a chipmunk, proudly to be exhibited as proof of my excellent marksmanship and zeal as a hunter. But as the years rolled by this gun lost its charms, and I began to long for something more destructive. By much persuasion and many promises not to let my hunting interfere with my work, I induced my father to buy an old smooth-bore from a neighbor. The stock was trimmed with pieces of tin and silver, and was so long I could not put it against my shoulder, but let it stick back under my arm.

Then came the more difficult matter of getting ammunition, but by doing chores or an occasional day's work for the neighbors I always managed to keep a supply of G. D. caps, powder and shot on hand, and as I remember some of the wonderful shots made with the old gun I can safely say I never have been able to better them with the high-priced and fancy guns I have owned since then, and they never afforded me one-half the pleasure. For then I was satisfied, knowing that I had a better gun than any boy of my acquaintance. I have never since been able to get a gun that just suited me. In those days southern New York afforded an occasional bear and deer were quite plenty; but they were too much for me. I never attempted to hunt them, but confined my exploits to directing the old gun loaded with B. B. shot against the squirrels and rabbits (hares), which were very plenty. Pigeons, during the spring and fall flights, were more than thick and many a time have I been detailed to keep them off from a wheat or buckwheat field where they seemed bent on destroying the crops. But along in the early '70s they began to disappear and for the past fifteen years I have not seen a single one. Love for dog and gun have never lost their charm and although "chained to business" I "do the next best thing" and have always found time for an occasional outing. At another time I may relate some personal experience for the benefit of my brother hunters, as I like to read of theirs.

The prospects for good grouse and squirrel shooting are excellent in this vicinity this fall. Three of our hunters were out last week on opening day and returned with four woodcock and eleven grouse about half grown. It is the universal decision of our sportsmen that the season is at least fifteen days too early, as the birds are too young and small and too easily killed. It makes an excuse for hunting and the young squirrels have to suffer along with everything that runs or flies. It leaves pretty poor picking for those who try to do as the law requires.

E. M. S.

ANOTHER NITRO EXPERIENCE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was very much interested in the article on nitro powders in your issue of Aug. 17, and wishing to add my testimony I will give you an experience with nitro powders during the past year. Last fall I bought a well-advertised, well-recommended 16-gauge, 7lb. gun that listed at $60, and 500 nitro shells, 2¾drs., 1oz. shot. Opening day came and found us after ducks and snipe on the great Horricon Marsh with every prospect of good sport. I had shot the gun a few times at snipe, and though the recoil seemed great and about every third shell came apart after shooting I thought I would risk it. But after twenty-five or thirty shots I had to desist. At nearly every shot the gun would spread so that it took all the strength I had to open it. The butts of the shells were bulged out and broken, and the jar (from escaping gases, I presume) hurt my head as much as if some one had struck me with a club. My day was spoiled, as I was not in reach of other shells or guns. I sent the gun back to the makers with a few of the cartridges and an account of how it acted. They did the square thing by sending me another and better gun. I changed the cartridges for some loaded with 2¼drs., and had no further trouble that season, though my confidence in nitros was not thoroughly restored.

Some of your readers will doubtless remember the experience of my friend while hunting in Dakota last fall, as I sent his letter on to you for publication. He was shooting a new gun bored for nitros, but through the gun's bursting narrowly escaped being crippled for life, and is not entirely over the injury yet. The makers of his gun fitted him out with new barrels, and a finer set I never saw.

Opening day this year found him and me together again, he with the gun just described and I with an $80 hammerless from one of our most responsible makers. We had supplied ourselves with the load decided on last fall—2¼drs. nitro and 1oz. No. 9 shot. Snipe and yellow-legs were plenty, and we looked forward to a great day. But after about twenty shots my friend had to stop. His gun would hardly open; the butts of the shells were occasionally loosened so they would come right off when trying to extract the shell, and his head ached till it was torture to shoot. My gun and shells were acting the same; when the shells did not come apart the base was bulged out to nearly double its original thickness, and the lever would hardly work. Now I believe a powder that will act this way is not safe. These guns were good ones, from two of our oldest and best manufacturers; guns that would stand a lifetime of use with black powder. We both concluded, as the loads were no larger than we had been accustomed to use, that the powder had unusual strength. But is it safe to use a powder that is liable to act this way? Are the makers always sure the nitro or explosive parts are equally mixed with the other? W. E. W.

THE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A special general meeting of the above Association was held at the office of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., 312 Broadway, New York city, on Tuesday, Aug. 27, 1895, at 2:30 P. M. There were present: Mr. Chas. Tatham (president), Messrs. J. H. Studer, C. F. Wiebusch, F. S. Webster (secretary), Alfred Chasseaud (Overman Wheel Co.), J. A. H. Dressel (treasurer), W. W. Hart, Chas. Daly, J. von Lengerke, H. C. Palmer, P. G. Sanford, F. W. Sanger, J. Burnham (FOREST AND STREAM), Jacob Pentz (*Shooting and Fishing*).

The report of the treasurer was read by Mr. J. H. Dressel.

Mr. F. S. Webster moved that the financial report be accepted and placed on file. This was carried.

Mr. F. S. Webster, as secretary, stated that he had no report to make, as the treasurer's financial report covered the secretarial report. The only remark he desired to make was with reference to the work entailed by the exposition. Every one seemed entirely satisfied with the exposition; there were something like sixty-nine exhibitors, all of whom had expressed themselves as pleased with the exhibition, and hoped that they would be represented at another exposition.

The chairman said that the object of the meeting was to receive the financial report of the exposition, and to take what steps might be necessary toward holding another exposition if it was so desired. He would be pleased to hear the opinion of those present.

Mr. J. A. H. Dressel moved that another exposition be held in the early part of 1896, as may be decided upon, and that a committee be appointed to fix the date. This was seconded by Mr. Hart.

Mr. Studer thought that it would be advisable to appoint a committee to see what arrangements could be made with exhibitors before deciding upon an exposition.

Mr. Dressel differed from Mr. Studer, and thought that they should first decide whether or not they should have an exposition.

The chairman ruled that they first decide whether or not they should have an exposition.

Mr. Chas. Daly said that the exposition was not sufficiently remunerative to his firm to justify him in voting for another.

The chairman stated that his firm had not received back the amount they had expended in the exposition, but if there was to be another exposition they would go into it.

Commodore Sanford, on behalf of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., said that if there was to be an exhibition his firm would exhibit with a larger space than last year.

The chairman asked Mr. Sanford if he was in favor of an exposition or not, to which Mr. Sanford replied in the affirmative, and that he would go with the rest.

The chairman said that it was a question of increasing business. So far as the advertisement of a firm is concerned he believed that it might be a good thing, and if one wanted to increase the interest income of one's business it would be of service.

Mr. Webster thought that the chairman had touched upon a very vital point. They all agreed that no one exhibitor could trace any immediate benefit from the exposition itself. It had been held for the purpose of increasing the love of sports; that the manufacturers might get together to show what is being done for the benefit of the sportsman, and it was more in that direction than any other that the exposition had been held. No one could say but that the World' Fair had enlarged the field of the manufacturer, had spread trade to a certain extent, yet at the present time no manufacturer, who was an exhibitor there, could trace any direct benefit from that outlay. The Sportsmen's Exposition was started for the purpose of getting exhibitors together and of keeping up the interest of sportsmen, and when it was looked at from that point of view you could not fail to see its importance. Many of the old exhibitors had expressed their willingness to exhibit again, and he had also received eight or ten letters from other companies who were also in favor of another exposition. He did not think the present meeting at all indicative of the feeling of the whole body of exhibitors, as he had not found one of them but was in favor of another exposition. Besides these there were at least a dozen others who had expressed a regret that they were not present at the last show.

Mr. J. von Lengerke said that there was a general undercurrent of feeling that there should be another exposition. In looking for data for comparison of the success of the last exposition, he believed the only comparison that could be made was with the bicycle show. But the Sportsmen's Exposition was different even from that. He then minutely gave his reasons why the public should more heartily support a sportsmen's exposition than a bicycle show. The popularity of the latter was largely attributed to the fact that the manufacturers at the show made contracts for machines for the whole season with dealers. While they could not do that with the Sportsmen's Exposition, yet there was so much more interest manifested in the latter that the attendance of the general public was, he believed, five to one over the bicycle show, and he was of the opinion that at the next exposition the attendance would be even exceeded.

Mr. Sanger thought that the month of May was not altogether a suitable time to hold the exposition. This year he thought it might be held in March with far greater advantage so far as attendance was concerned.

Mr. Palmer agreed with Mr. Sanger, and thought that the next show would go far toward increasing the public interest in the exposition. Exhibitors now had a fair idea of what they would require at such a show, and he understood from many that they would have much better exhibits next year.

Mr. Sanger said that he had been informed that from twenty to thirty hunting parties had been made up during the show. His informant had told him that he had just returned from Maine, and the people there had told him that these parties were some of the direct results of the exposition.

Mr. Palmer stated that he canvassed for the first show, and he had found that many of the most prominent manufacturers had come to him and said how sorry they were that they could not get ready in time for the show. The former show gave them an illustration of what could be accomplished with plenty of time to prepare their exhibits, and there is no doubt that the last exhibition can be improved upon; and even if the same number of people attended as then did, when they knew nothing at all of the nature of the exposition, their success would be assured. Last year there was no organized press committee, and certainly the exposition did not receive that support from the daily press that it deserved.

Mr. Alfred Chasseaud did not think they could judge of the success of an exposition by the first. He did not think it had been properly advertised, and he never remembered having seen an exhibition that had ever had such a cold shoulder from the press. He thought that for the next exposition the spaces and bill of expenses would be less, and would show much better results. They would be able to rectify many mistakes which were made in the last show.

The chairman thought the motion should now be put to the meeting as to having another exposition and asking a committee to fix the date. He thought also it would be necessary to appoint another committee to see the exhibitors. Of course if the committee who had charge of the matter should find that there were not enough people sufficiently interested to make it a success, they would have to report again to another meeting.

Mr. Studer offered as an amendment that an exposition be held in March, 1896. Mr. Sanger thought that that would be the best time of the year to hold the meeting, and he could leave the week of March 16 open. The chairman asked if it was a question of just that week and Mr. Sanger replied in the affirmative. Mr. Webster desired to mention that a great number of exhibitors were desirous that the exposition should remain open longer than a week, and it would be well to get the ideas of exhibitors on that point.

Mr. Dressel thought the motion had better be put in the form he had first suggested, that an exposition be held in the early part of 1896, that a committee be appointed to consider the best thing to do and report the facts to another meeting.

The chairman thought it would be best first to make a motion to hold the exposition, and have a committee to settle the time and place, and find out what exhibitors would be willing to come in. The committee could report to the trustees, who are the officers of the association, and then they could go ahead and take the necessary steps.

The chairman then put to the meeting Mr. Dressel's motion that there be an exposition in 1896 and it was carried.

The chairman then put the motion that the chairman appoint a committee of three to decide the time to hold the exposition, and to find out the best arrangements that can be made and report to the trustees. This was put to the meeting and carried.

The chairman appointed Mr. Dressel, Mr. Daly and Mr. Chasseaud as the committee.

Mr. Webster pointed out that no time was stated when the committee should report. He thought that a time should be fixed, as many exhibitors were anxious to know if there was to be an exhibition or not. He thought it highly advisable that they should report as expeditiously as possible.

The chairman decided to ask the committee to report by Sept. 17, and he adjourned the meeting until that date. FREDERIC S. WEBSTER, Sec'y.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Opening Days.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 31.—The opening days of the main shooting season for most of the game-producing States in this region are now falling due. The exodus of sportsmen for Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin has begun and is large. The late heavy rains should help sport, not only at ducks, but at chickens. There are a few chickens left in Illinois, and there are some in Wisconsin. In Iowa the supply is slowly increasing in some sections once shot out. Protection is practical as to increase of game, if only it be put in practice and not left to theorizing and speech-making.

Iowa Chickens.

Mr. John G. Smith, of Algona, Ia., writes in regard to the situation in his locality:

"We look for fair shooting. I do not think there have been many violations of the game laws in this part of the country. I have been over the country a great deal and have not seen a case. Have heard of some, but think most of it is talk. Farmers say there is no shooting done."

Law on Winnebago.

From all appearances a good effort is making for the enforcement of the law in the case of illegal fishing on the waters of Lake Winnebago. Andrew Budseis, William Wendler and Emil Windler, charged with violating the fish law, were fined $25 and costs yesterday.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

The Old Gent wouldn't Like it.

THE change in the law on partridge in that State, setting the beginning of the open season back to Sept. 20 instead of Sept. 1, as formerly, is not being very kindly received by the farmer's boy in that State, if all reports are true, and the chances are that many flocks of partridges will be destroyed before the city sportsman gets there, if he waits till the legal open season. But the new law adding imprisonment to fine for breach of the game laws in that State will tend to restrain both. Said a rich man's son the other day, in conversation with a friend about a vacation trip into Maine: "No, I shall not try for a deer this year till the legal open season. I have shot several in August, and taken the chances of getting found out, in which case the old gent would have had $40 to pay. But now that there is a chance of getting into jail as well, why, the old gent wouldn't like it." SPECIAL.

"Deer are Queer Creatures."

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While one is "chained to business" and can't get away these hot days in the city, a letter like the inclosed helps to make the day seem shorter, work lighter, and brings such a flood of memories of forest and stream, lake and mountain, that one cannot help thinking life is still worth living, with the hope that another year will loosen that "chain," and that again we are away in the woods. This letter is from an old fishing companion, but one who has never before been away in the woods. NIAGARA.

THE ADIRONDACKS, Aug. 22.—*My Dear Old Chum:* Since giving a short account of my first night's jacking I have been fishing more or less (no bait), fairly good luck.

Yesterday our guide and myself went out still-hunting, took the canoe for about a mile from camp and then struck into the woods. After tramping about some, the guide saw a deer looking over a small knoll. For the life of me I could see nothing. Told him to fire. He did. Missed it. We then tramped about a bit and sat down to eat our lunch. Both had our pipes going, and I was just in the act of biting into a sandwich when the guide remarked "that deer were queer creatures. You might look up and none would be in sight, and at the next glance one would be there." Just then he whispered, "There's a deer." I leaned over toward him and there stood one looking at us about 600ft. away. The guide said it was a buck, so I drew a bead and blazed away. It was a dead deer. Say, what's "buck fever?" I haven't felt it. "You can't lose me, Charley." Shot both my deer through the fore-shoulder just where I held. Am going to sell out and go as a sportsman, BILLY.

Canvas Boats.

MARLIN, Falls County, Tex.—If you will kindly allow me space, I feel called to express myself still further on the canvas folding boat subject.

All of the nice little articles which have appeared in your valuable columns, complimentary to said boat, strike chords in my heart.

Another season of very hard usage has added no wrinkles to my little boat's horns. She is just the same little duck as the first time I proudly saw her.

She is 12×40. I have added a deck seat and a 10sq. ft. jib to her this season, and the last time I was out she sailed around an 18ft. St. Lawrence River skiff, which carried about 85sq. ft. on a single stick, several times. The last time I went by I heard the skipper say, "I can't follow him any way I can fix it."

As for shooting out of it, I am like "Aztec." All I want is another chance. I learned last spring that I could get nearer to ducks by sailing than most any other way, having lots of fun, getting quite a number of ducks and not working very much. I remember one instance. I ran down on a single wood duck, put the helm down, cast off sheets, picked up the gun and fired over the bow all at the same time. I got the duck at about 40yds., and came within an ace of getting the mainmast as well.

A member of the club purchased a 10ft. boat of same kind, only a little flatter bottomed and fuller lines. It carries three men as staunchly as one man, and stands up with a 40sq. ft. sail, like the proverbial church.

When I think of my little boat, my fishing tackle, my hammerless L. C. Smith and my pointer, I feel that I would hardly trade places with a millionaire.

Let the good work go on. THE NEWSMAN.

Wisconsin Deer Regions.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 3.—For your information I give below a synopsis of the reports received from agents of the C. & N. W. Railway, on the Ashland Division, relative to prospects for deer hunting this fall:

ANTIGO, Wis.—Within a radius of ten miles of this station good deer hunting is anticipated, especially on Wolf River and west of Kempster.

EAGLE RIVER, Wis.—Old hunters say that the prospects for deer hunting within five or ten miles of this station are better than ever before.

MANITOWISH, Wis.—Hunters in this vicinity report to our agent that within a few miles of the railroad, east or west, deer were never so plenty. Fishermen also report that they see a number of deer nearly every day.

RHINELANDER, Wis.—Our agent at this point is informed by hunters that there will be good deer hunting within a radius of eight or ten miles in any direction, also north and south of McNaughton. The most desirable localities are where pine has been cut and near streams and lakes.

TOMAHAWK LAKE, Wis.—This point is considered a good locality for deer hunting, and agents report that the prospects for this fall are very favorable.

W. B. KNISKERN.

Adirondack Deer Clubbers.

GLOVERSVILLE, Aug. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While Samuel W. Paddock and Howard Goodfellow, of Gloversville, N. Y., accompanied by E. D. Knappen and son, of New York, were fishing at Peck's Pond on Tuesday, the 20th inst., they discovered a deer swimming across the pond near what is known as Green Island. After giving chase in their boats they succeeded in heading it off from the shore, and having no firearms of any kind in the party they managed to kill the deer with repeated knocks on the head. The deer was undoubtedly run to the lake by dogs which are known to have been running loose in that section nearly all summer. It was a large buck which was in the velvet. CAYADUTTA.

Indian Territory.

LOCO, I. T.—Upland plover are not so plenty as they were last season. However, any one wishing to shoot them can find plenty by stopping off at Duncan and driving out east a couple of miles to where the Ardmore road intersects the old Chisholm trail. L. R. Whittemore and W. R. Morton while hunting horses on Caddo Creek came upon about twenty or thirty young wild turkeys. They were about two-thirds grown. There are also two hen turkeys and about twenty young using with Willie Carson's tame turkeys a couple of miles from here.

L. D. W.

Prairie Chickens in North Dakota.

NORTHWOOD, N. D.—It is a disappointment to us out here how scarce the chickens are this year. What is the reason? TH. GJERDRUM.

At Early Morning.

DAYLIGHT. The morning air is cool and crisp as you walk through the woods over the dew-covered leaves. Out for sport now; leave all cares and worries behind. Suddenly your dog stops stark still. "Oh! what is this?" you murmur. Then giving him the word, you walk along. With a loud *whir-r-r-r* up jumps a partridge. To shoulder your gun is but the work of a moment. Bang, but you miss. There he goes over to the right! Another shot, he flutters against the wind and drops to the ground—dead. Your dog retrieves, and as you hold the plump bird in your hand what a feeling of joy and happiness vibrates through your whole being. B. A. A.

Game Shooting Range.

Editor Forest and Stream:—In rejoinder to my friends who write in your issue of this week: 1. I have hunted and killed moose. 2. If "Train" is a sure shot on moose at 200yds. and running away, no criticism is to be offered on his shooting at that distance. I would not shoot under those conditions, nor trust anybody I know to.

DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

P. S.—About those fellows who tell us of clipping off partridge heads with bullets, did you ever see it done, or are they just talking? It's one thing to talk and another to clip a head. D. OF C.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE LEAPING BASS.

GREENWICH, N. Y., Aug. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have caught quite a few bass in my time, both of the large and small mouth varieties, and I know that I have never seen one leap 5ft. high, nor even 3ft., unless the spring of the rod assisted a small one; but I have no reason to doubt the statements of "Kingfisher" and others that they can and do perform this feat under certain conditions, namely: a sufficient depth of water to enable them to acquire the necessary velocity. But just how high a bass can leap seems to be "one of those things that no fellow can find out," unless some mathematical angler can tell just what rate of speed a bass is capable of attaining and will compute the height to which that speed would carry him.

But why does he leap? "That's the question." I do not believe that he mistakes the hook for a "louse," nor do I believe that he leaps for the sole purpose of getting room to shake out the pesky thing. A fish when hooked rushes about in every direction in his frantic efforts to escape—to the right and left, forward and back and up and down; and leaves the water for exactly the same reason that the wild steer when first roped dashes his head against fences, trees and even buildings, simply because he does not "look before he leaps." The "savagerous" shake is I think easily explained. Everyone knows that a fish progresses through the water by alternate lateral movements of his tail or rather of his whole body, the reaction of which movements upon the water carries him forward. Now when he leaves the water he is making exactly the same motions; but in the less resisting air there can be no forward motion and the vigorous movements of the fish become to all appearances a shake. He may on rare occasions shake out the hook, as "Hoodoo" and others say, but I think if he is in the water at that particular instant with the line at the same tension he will have the same success.

As for taking the bait the second time, may it not be a feeling of revenge, as the dog will snap at the whip that strikes him or that prompts the child to retaliate upon the stone against which he stubs his toe?

Of course you should lower the tip of the rod when the fish breaks, for just as sure as he goes up just so sure is he to come down, and if you do not lower the tip slightly the weight of the fish and his renewed exertions when he regains the water will lower it for you with perhaps disastrous results. TEFFT.

PHILADELPHIA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Chained to business" after an extended trip, "fishing," of course, feel as if I'd like to make a cast or two in FOREST AND STREAM after that bass which Dr. M. G. Ellzey raised and which is still leaping. I kind of like to be around when they jump; come to think of it, have seen them do it before to-day and no hook stuck in them neither; reckon they were sort of frightened like at some theory about habits.

A fly fisherman exclusively for twenty-two years and a persistent one, it has been my happy lot to creel many a black bass. A fly-tyer for almost the same period, I "feel ruffled like" that any one should degrade the intelligence of trout and bass to the extent that they are not specially attracted by particular colors in lures.

I trust I do not mistake the Doctor on the color question, but being a fisherman of the color type and judging from the standpoint of success, I do dare to go contrariwise and say particular colors are essential to a taking fly on different waters.

It rather pains me to have a fly fashioned in strict conformity with nature's own styled a "lure," since it is an imitation of a natural insect, "fly" sounds better. Again he says that the essential qualities of a killing fly seem to be that it is easily seen through the water and not too gaudy and unnatural looking to frighten the fish. As far as any fish being frightened at a fly containing all the colors of the rainbow, I suspect the Doctor must be mistaken. If such a combination causes any fright among surface feeding fish, it is the manner in which it is dropped upon the water, nothing more, for such patterns have been known to kill well.

If any particular pattern does not take, it seems presumptuous to suppose that by reason of its composition it is not seen well. The essential quality of a killing fly is not so much its being seen through the water as it is the proper color to attract; for in clear water deceptive sight in fishes is a rarity, and it is the angler's duty, as well as his skill and knowledge, to place it where it can be seen. If a knowledge of the water is possessed, and it is placed where fish are known to be, it may turn out the "good thing" in the book. If it does, "push it along."

When one contrasts the somber colors of the most successful patterns used to deceive trout in the waters of Pennsylvania and vicinity, it is quite true that certain bass flies are indeed a straining point upon insect nature,

Like all followers of the art, I venture not only to suspect, but affirm, that the Doctor's selection of a whip or cast for the work ahead on strange water is confined to that particular fly which in his experience has served him to most advantage. If it does not take, what becomes of the theory of sight (or easily seen)? Might it not be charged to other and more practical reasons, such as nature instructs us in, for instance, to find the higher-colored insects more plentiful in the open meadows than in the woods, where somber colors prevail? To imagine a whip selected haphazard, without any concern regarding color, or on the principle that "everything goes," is indeed a cruel slap at the acknowledged thinking powers of a bass, not to mention trout.

Since the Doctor is absolutely certain that a bass does leap he should not doubt that there is a motive other than fright which prompts it. It does not require close observation to distinguish an extended maw and a vigorous shake. However, a point in the Doctor's favor which seems to have been overlooked is the fact that his original article had particular reference to fly-fishing at twilight. While it is generally known that bass can be taken at night, whether they shake themselves would be difficult to discern at that particular time. That they do, and do it savagely, is proven to me by observations conducted strictly in broad daylight.

Having taken your "killer" for a natural insect or as a lure (as you choose), if the former they soon discover that it is one of those species with a stinger attached (insects do have them, you know) and it certainly seems that the leap has a different meaning than fright, inasmuch as this does not always occur at the strike, and it is therefore reasonable to suppose it is premeditated. If he is fully satisfied of being fast to a line directly after the strike it's funny, for if he happens to be hooked in a pool where there "are others" the other fly attached to your leader will invariably catch on, not to a snag so much as another fish. In moderately deep water this is a common occurrence. The handling of a brace does not permit either fish much, if any, freedom to leap, so I suspect they cannot be much frightened, but engaged in a tug of war.

Combating sunken snags, rocks and currents requires skill, but the real test occurs during that very same leap under discussion, and it is a study to cope with it successfully. Since its consummation requires only a second or a fraction thereof, spare me, brother anglers, if I dare to be so critical as to say that I endeavor as near as possible to be alert for its three distinctive parts—the upward plunge, the shake and the drop. Granted that you have a full appreciation of the enemy's quickness and prowess, and are attending strictly to business with a taut line, the percentage of loss during that vital instant when the vigorous shake occurs will be greatly lessened if a good sharp tug is given, then eased up for the drop. To time this is an art, since the upward plunge and the vigorous shake happen at the same time, except when an extraordinarily high leap is made. If quick enough four in five times you will prevent that shaking process from taking place and be entirely free from that "tired feeling" occasioned at sight of the fly going one direction and the expected prize in another. My experience has proven that this can be acquired just as the strike is also acquired; but will require much practice as regards pond fishing.

It is probably no secret that a bass can often be prevented from leaping by swinging the rod in the opposite direction from that in which he is running, being careful that no slack is left in the effort to turn him. In stream fishing the rise of the leader is a sufficient warning of what is coming, not always so in still water or pond fishing. With fish of such weight as are not easily kept near the surface, I have seen leaps start from a depth of 8ft. or more, with the fish perfectly still and no sign whatever to indicate the movement, and have been caught "napping" with the extreme suddenness of the act notwithstanding my diligent study of the action. All large sensible bass leave you in the air; cause, well, they seemingly despise those fearful stories going around about the big fellow that got away and would rather trust your deceptive sight about it.

Still water offers the best field for observation, since the leap is just as liable as not to occur near the boat after a sharp run and even in the last stages of the fight, with barely strength enough to make the effort and succeeding only in raising his head of the water, the shake is perceptible in a modified form, but the motive is none the less apparent, the prize is too close to the net for one to be mistaken by reason of that most defective of our senses—sight. While a bass a pound in weight will give a good account of himself, I have had special reference throughout to those weighing two, three and four times that size, which may justly be termed a prize with a fly, inasmuch as the chances for a good hold are meager compared with other styles of fishing.

The leap of the common pike (*Esox lucius*) when hooked with the fly is similar to that of the bass, except that it is not so high out of the water; the vigorous shake is readily perceptible. Brown trout and California rainbow trout of good size will also leap, but the shake is less vigorous. Is this fright? That is the question.

While pond fly-fishing for bass may not bring into play the full complement of tact and skill required in running water, yet a 2lb., 3lb. or 4lb. bass hooked in such water gives the angler the best opportunity to study that grand spectacle, the leap—probably his greatest chance of freedom. Let him leap, Doctor. Lower your tip also if you like, but we hardly think the method is synonymous with success. We can, however, accord you a vote of thanks for provoking such an interesting batch of experiences, as there is always something to learn. M. G. SELLERS.

Stoney Lake, Ontario.

BURLEIGH, Ont., Aug. 23.—Small-mouth black bass fishing has been good in Stoney Lake for this season of the year; better in September. In a catch of thirteen bass made by my wife and myself last Tuesday, six caught in succession weighed exactly 3lbs. a piece, weighed as soon as caught. T. B. C.

Learned from "Forest and Stream."

RUSSELL, N. Y.—Did my first fly-fishing yesterday morning. Caught seven fine trout averaging ¾lb. each. All the instructions I ever had in the art I received from our paper, FOREST AND STREAM. C. E. W.

PORT HURON FISHING TOURNAMENT.

PORT HURON, Mich., Aug. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you an account of the fish tournament held under the auspices of the Port Huron Anglers' Protective Club. Our club has been in existence for two years and over; it has been alive and that is all. A short time ago I saw an article on the matter of fishing contests in your paper; so after talking it over among the members it was decided to have one, and see if it would not awaken some interest in fishing matters. It proved to be such a success that they had to have another, and that one proved to be a hummer, and has been the making of our club, bringing nearly all sporting fishermen into our ranks. CHAS. WEICHSLER.

Among the provisions of the club rules are these:

"Its objects are the enforcement of all laws for the protection of fish in the counties of St. Clair and Sanilac, and the cultivation of a due love for fishing with rod and line.

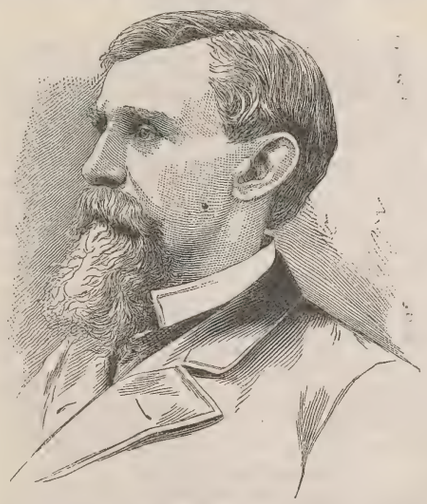
"The executive committee of the club shall examine into all cases of violation of the laws for the protection of fish in St. Clair and Sanilac counties and prosecute the same when deemed expedient, for which purpose the funds of the club shall be subject to their control.

"It shall be the duty of each member of the club to give information to the executive committee of all violations of the law for protection of fish in the counties aforesaid coming to their knowledge, together with such evidence as may have come to their knowledge.

"Each member pledges himself to faithfully and honorably obey the laws for the protection of fish and to use his best efforts to prevent others from disobeying them."

And this is the story of the fishing and the supper: The second fishing tournament of the Anglers' Protective Association was held at Stag Island on Thursday. Something like forty lovers of the gentle sport left the city on the Hiawatha at 1:30 o'clock and were met at the island by the fishermen who occupy the cottages there. Ed. Percival brought a party down on the steam launch Lark, and A. Schofield brought along his steam yacht Delilah.

Frank Haynes and Theo. Kaesemeyer were elected captains of the two sides and they chose their men, there being twenty-two on each side. Fishing began at 3 o'clock and continued until 7 o'clock. The party was



MARSHALL M'DONALD.

divided in a dozen or more boats. Each boat was required to contain members of both sides, and they were allowed to fish anywhere they might see fit, but the buying of fish was forbidden.

The boats returned to the island about 7:30, and after turning over their score cards the weary fishermen, gloating over the afternoon's sport, sat down to a banquet in the pavilion in the park. The entertainment was tendered by the cottagers at the island, the club being their guests for the day. The pavilion had been handsomely decorated during the day with bunting and the various implements used by fishermen. The supper was splendid and elaborately served by the ladies of the island. The tables were decorated with flowers and colored candles at intervals. Music was furnished by the Port Huron harpers, through the courtesy of Capt. Neal, of the ferry company. After the supper had been thoroughly discussed by the hungry crowd, Frank E. Beard called the assembly to order and said that he had been asked to act as chairman, but he regretted that Mr. A. R. Avery was not able to act in the capacity of toastmaster. The latter had been confined to the house during the day. He called upon Mr. Jos. W. Avery to relate his experiences of the day.

Mr. Avery said he had no experiences of his own, but had seen A. S. Phillips going head foremost over the side of the boat, and he supposed the latter must have caught a sucker.

James O'Sullivan was accused of buying fish, but he stoutly maintained his innocence, and claimed that some one had stolen his fish and that some had flopped out after he had caught them. Nevertheless he had returned with twelve.

Dan Runnels was too full for utterance.

Alex. Avery expressed his feelings at not being able to go fishing with the boys, and called attention to the catching of a sucker by A. S. Phillips, the rules being that he who should catch a sucker should forfeit his entire catch. He also complimented the members on their veracity, and said that the rules provided a fine for any one who should understate his catch.

Theo. Kaesemeyer was like Uncle Daniel—too full for utterance.

Nelson Mills welcomed the fishermen to the island and said he was trying to make it a place for people to enjoy themselves.

Capt. Beach congratulated the ladies on the supper and said that he had fished in nearly all the various waters in the United States, and had nowhere had so much sport as in the St. Clair River.

Rev. D. H. Cooper accused Will Boyce of being able to make more noise over a smaller fish than anybody else. He said that Capt. Neal and Dave McTaggart claimed that on Sunday Boyce had caught a fish with a Waterbury watch and a piece of money in its mouth which he had lost four years ago. The fish also had a recipe for purifying Black River, which was signed J. O'Sullivan.

Chas. W. Andrews, of St. Louis, told about fishing in the Mississippi.

Henry Middleton, of Louisville, Ky., said the people of his State didn't do much talking. They could drink better than they could talk.

Fred Haynes told how he caught the turkeys which had just been eaten, and A. S. Phillips denied the accusation that he had gone over the side of the boot after a sucker; said he thought the other fellow must have had something in the boat stronger than water.

Sam Boyce, Jr., F. A. Bailey, Fred W. Sherman and Capt. Neal were also called upon. Capt. Ed Thomas, of the Hiawatha, told how he had landed excursions on the head of the island twenty years ago, when the lower portion was all wilderness.

Mr. Cooper explained for Dan Runnels that his fish were not dead. He knew they were alive—when caught.

Three cheers were given for Capt. Neal in recognition of favors extended to the fishermen and a vote of thanks was given the ladies. At a business meeting Capt. Neal and Ted Haynes were elected honorary members of the club.

The report of the judges came last. Capt. Kaesemeyer's team won with a total of 1,420 points, Capt. Haynes's side getting only 1,040 points. The first prize was awarded to Charles Weichsler, he having 420 points to his credit. He caught eighteen pickerel at 10 points each, one black bass 12½in. long, 200 points, two rock bass at 15 points each, and a catfish. The prize was a glass water set.

Robert Dunsmore took the second prize, a silver match box, with 140 points. Bert Gibson won the third prize, a pair of Indian clubs, with 125 points. George Ernst and Henry Middleton were a tie for fourth prize with 120 points each. Ernst won the toss and received a hand mirror, Middleton taking the fifth prize of a bottle of perfumery. Capt. Beard and Fred W. Sherman were a tie for the sixth prize, a match box, with 110 points each. Sherman won the toss.

Then there was the booby prize. Ed. Percival and Sam Boyce each caught only suckers and had to toss up. Percival won. The chairman knew that Mr. Percival would take much pleasure with the prize and presented him with an order to have six teeth extracted by Dr. McGregor, free of charge.

The contest was decided on points, the different varieties of fish counting as follows: Black bass, 100 points. Rock bass, 15 points. Pickerel, 10 points. Perch, 10 points. Sheepshead, 10 points. Black bass over 12in. long to count double.

All present were united in their praises of the entertainment, voting it the finest of the kind ever given on the river, and so expressed themselves to their hosts.

Four sheepsheads were caught during the day.

Mr. Middleton is enthusiastic over the sport to be on St. Clair River and announces his intention to rent a cottage on Stag Island next summer and occupy it the entire season with his family. Capt. Beach thinks this most popular river will become a summer resort for its entire length during the next few years. It is likely that several tournaments will be held at the island next year. They are proving very popular with the members of the club.

BOSTON, MAINE AND CANADA.

BOSTON, Aug. 30.—The season is rapidly wearing away, and the time for the fall fly-fishing is almost at hand. In passing it may be remarked that the sportsmen who care for trout in the fall, in New England, are rapidly growing less. The trout begin to be full of milt or spawn, and it is not considered good sportsmanship to catch them. But there is a strong desire for August fishing, so many vacations occurring in that month. Mr. Harry Brown, a son of Walter Brown, one of the greatest lovers of angling the Boston wool trade ever knew, with his son, a grandson of Walter, are just back from Nova Scotia, where they have had good trout fishing. They went to Anapolis, and then some thirty miles across the country southward, toward Liverpool. They found good August fishing for trout that would weigh from ¼ to 1lb. The grandson of Walter is developing a love for angling that may lead him in the footsteps of his grandfather, though it is possible that he may never be able to paint a trout with the skill of his grandfather. One of the most attractive trout paintings I have ever had the good fortune to see was done by that gentleman. It might have been called the last struggle, so well did it represent a noble trout on the surface, with the cruel fly in his jaw, the taut line and the pliant rod.

Mr. J. Irving McLaughlin is back from the Bonny River region, in New Brunswick, and to say that he is pleased with his trip hardly expresses his enthusiasm. It was about his first trout fishing and camping trip, and to him it has been an ideal vacation. He speaks in the kindest terms of the accommodation and attention of their guide, Mr. Sullivan. Some good impressions of brook trout on paper are his trophies.

It has been Knights Templar week in Boston, and but little gunning has been done after shore birds. Tuesday was very much of a holiday, all the places of business being closed, and several gunners avoided the Knights Templar parade, and fled to the shore after shore birds. At Castle Island and Plum Island, at the mouth of Ipswich River, where they expected to find good flocks of summer yellow-legs, they found that the flocks had been broken and scattered by local gunners. Besides the day was a sultry one, and after considerable calling, and no birds, they gave up in disgust.

From Marshfield there are some good reports of flocks of summer yellow-legs. The local gunners have brought a number of bunches of birds to Boston. Mr. L. W. DePass, Assistant Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, will take a day off at Marshfield on Monday. Or rather that day is a legal holiday, Labor Day, in Massachusetts. He will look after the birds, and is likely to get a good number. Several gunning parties along shore are planned for that day, and the FOREST AND STREAM shall have the results. SPECIAL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the atest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

SALMON ON THE RESTIGOUCHE.

AS I HAVE already informed you, the June angling was not nearly up to its usual standard, owing to the lack of water. This prevented the fish from lying in the reaches, usually the favorite spots, most of June. It is true the angler may say, "Fish must pass, why not catch them?" There are two reasons why. Fish won't rise when traveling, as a rule. Again, when river lowers and water clears, fish travel by night, only resting when reaching the deeper pools. As many salmon as usual were in the river. Mr. Rogers and friends got their usual score of 150 salmon. The Indian House, Patapedia and Devil's Acre pools gave fine fishing the whole season, the stage of water suiting them; another pool on the Sweeny property, now changed masters, also fished well.

The Upsilquitch River fished well in July, giving some eighty fish. The Metapedia River was also better than usual, particularly in the last three weeks of the season. On the Mowat pools I had fifteen fish in seven days. Something over fifty were taken by friends on them. The Causapcaul pools, fished by the Restigouche Salmon Club, also gave good sport. On the whole the year has been good where the angler could secure the proper pool.

I heard the Restigouche Salmon Club passed a law limiting the number of fish to a rod to eight per day. This may have a tendency to prevent the sport degenerating into slaughter as well as leaving a residue for the succeeding angler. It cannot bind riparian owners who fish their own waters, and it will require legislation to cure. I doubt if the average weight was over 20lbs. Large numbers of 12lb. and 14lb. fish were in the river, I should say their first year in as adults, and being young and foolish they took the fly more readily than their elders. Many 30-pounders felt the gaff; two of 38lbs. were got. My heaviest was 28lbs.

While on scores let me mention a ten-year-old son of Mr. A. O. Barbarie, who on a trout rod on Aug. 5 hooked, landed and killed a 14lb. fish near the Upsilquitch River. Another son of Mr. Ayers, of Bangor, took eight salmon, a young fisherman about 13 years old. Young Q. P. Mowat, same age, killed a 14lb. fish on a trout rod and fly, at Mill Stream, Metapedia, on the 10th.

The last three weeks of the season turned out cool and showery, and the latter end was much better, particularly so with any fish newly in from sea. The change put new life in the June fish, as, if they did not take the fly, they would come up and look at it, and the angler knows well what new life he gets when a salmon makes a pass at the fly, and how [many times he will change his fly and position to get him to come again.

I see our friend Mr. Mitchell, of Norwich, on his outing is doing the Scottish Locks for trout, and he did not get a first prize in a competition. One sure thing, where Mr. Mitchell fishes, you will never find his line dry.

So far I have no accounts of scores on the lower rivers, I understand nothing extra has been done. I see the St. John River (Gaspe) is reported as turning out large fish. I purchased salmon there three years and never got a fish over 12lbs. from it. Perhaps the restocking it with the Dartmouth fish has increased the size. The lessee reports 100 fish seen in the river in one pool. Out of the many on the 100 miles of Restigouche water 500 salmon can be seen to-day, and the young smolt in their new silver dress are now dropping down toward the ocean in shoals in order to perpetuate the name and fame of the old Restigouche.

JOHN MOWAT.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B., Canada.

SOME NAMES OF FISHES.

QUEBEC, Aug. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am frequently asked the origin of the names of some of our fishes. After considerable inquiry, finding many different opinions, I have come to conclusions partly my own, to the best of my belief, and will state my reasons.

Maskinongé.—This fish is called by many the masquellongé, muskellunge, mascalonge, muskellunjeh, etc. My opinion is that the pioneers (French explorers) of this country when traveling in canoes no doubt fished for food on their way, catching among many other fishes the pike, which they knew and called by the same name that it was known by in France then as well as now, *le brochet.* It is probable that when they reached Lake St. Peter, near the River Maskinongé, where then as now the fish is found, the travelers caught their first specimen of this monster pike; and comparing it with the smaller members of the same family, they remarked the difference in size and markings, and to distinguish it from the others called it maskinongé, after the name of the river where it was caught. This river empties into Lake St. Peter, and is situated in the county of Maskinongé, Province of Quebec.

Doré.—This fish is called wall-eyed pike, pike-perch, Ohio salmon, etc., and was not known to the French at all. It no doubt takes its name from its yellow or golden hue. This is pretty freely admitted. Doré means golden or gilded.

Poisson Castor, Dogfish, Mudfish, Bow-Fin, Grindle, Lawyer, etc.—This good-for-nothing, voracious fish has a rounded tail somewhat resembling that of the castor or beaver in shape. Hence it is called *poisson castor* (beaver-fish) by the French. Among its many other names is that of the lawyer, which is said to be owing to its biting at anything, and when caught no one wants it, for he is a slippery fellow.

Ouananiche, Wannanish, Winninish, Landlocked Salmon.—This gamy and combatant little salmon was doubtless met with at Lake St. John by the first Jesuit missionaries. The Indians called it then as now "ouananiche"—little salmon—"ouanan" meaning salmon, "iche" little; and it really is a dwarf salmon. J. U. GREGORY.

How about Turtles and Gars?

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sitting on the Okaw Bridge in the burden and heat of the day, I was amusing myself in trying the effect of the new-fangled mantled bullets on turtles and gars, when the thought struck me, Is this a cruel waste of innocent life? We are taught that all things animate have their uses, and that it is more or less a sin to disturb the equilibrium of nature by killing things unfit for food. But the more I thought the fact over, the less use I could find for turtles and gars. They destroy things that are good for us to eat; and nothing seems to prey upon them in turn. How, then, about the "balance of nature?" They are responsible for much ill-temper and naughty speech on the part of our brethren, the anglers. I remember one occasion in particular when an exemplary man of my acquaintance passed nearly a whole day watching the most exasperating nibbles pulling at unbaited hooks, and crying aloud in the agony of his great grief, "*God* forbid that I should swear!"

Are gars and turtles good for anything? Does anything but the Missouri rifle crank prey upon them? Are they not an all-around unmitigated nuisance?

I put these questions to a gentleman in overalls who stood on the pier watching my target practice, and he replied in his quaint drawl, "I reckon God A'mighty made them to encourage rifle shootin'."

I reckon so, too. What does Mr. Hough reckon? (Here is my hand, brother; go in and hit Science another lick—I believe in fairies, me). And they of the gentler school, woodsmen poets, "Coahoma," "Kelpie" and the rest—now, honor bright, how about turtles and gars?

HORACE KEPHART.

Ouananiche Almost Inexhaustible.

QUEBEC, Can., Aug. 27.—I had the pleasure of taking quite a number of ouananiche in Lake St. John in July of this year, and found them in as great numbers and about the same size as I did twenty years ago. They are, I believe, almost inexhaustible. If all anglers will act as well as those I met at the Grande Décharge this season, every one of whom I came across while fishing putting back alive into the water all small fish, showing that they were true sportsmen and gentlemen, they will greatly assist in keeping up the supply. It affords me much pleasure to make this statement.

There are miles of lurking good feeding places where these fish cannot be interfered with by the angler. The waters fished over occupy only spaces here and there, with long stretches between, in which great numbers of the fish safely enjoy the summer months.

I hardly believe that they will perceptibly diminish in numbers for many years to come. The supply from the great Lake St. John and several large rivers emptying into it appears sufficient to keep up the number in the waters known as the Grande Décharge, the favorite fishing ground; and the true sportsmen, by putting back small fish and contenting themselves with a reasonable daily catch, can materially aid in maintaining the present excellent state of the fishing as I found it.

J. U. GREGORY.

Tim Pond Trout.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from a two weeks' trip to the Dead River country in Maine, most of the time being spent at Jules K. Viles's camps on Tim Pond, which is truly an ideal spot for those who love to fish for speckled trout. I was accompanied by my wife and our son, who is 7 years old. We all stood the trip in from Eustis to the pond very well. The boy especially took delight in the buckboard ride. Mine is a fishing family, and each of us had a fly-rod. Mrs. Simpson and the boy each succeeded in taking two trout at a cast within a few seconds of each other. This was too much of an event for me to let pass unnoticed, so I have had the fish skins mounted for decorative purposes. Tim Pond is the best place I ever saw for August fishing with a fly. We took an average of thirty trout a day, running from 6oz. to 12oz. each. We caught many smaller ones, but returned them all. The largest number we took to the camp was forty-three in one day, although if we had been so disposed we could have got more, as we threw back at least as many as we killed. While we were in camp we saw several fish caught weighing from 1½ to 2lbs., but nothing larger than ½lb. fell to our lot. We saw abundant deer and partridge signs.

WILLIAM SIMPSON.

Lake Winnepesaukee.

MIRROR LAKE, N. H., Aug. 30.—Noticing W. B. Smart's disparaging remarks in your last issue on fishing in Lake Winnepesaukee, I take the liberty to write of my luck. Two weeks ago a friend and myself went trolling in my folding canvas boat and in three hours had the "scientific" fortune to secure three bass weighing respectively 4lbs. 6oz., 4lbs. 2oz. and 3lbs. 9oz.; total 12lbs. 1oz., besides several smaller ones.

A week ago I spent the day fishing and secured nine bass, which weighed 13lbs. As I have visited this part of the country for five seasons and have seen very little mention of it in your columns, I desire to mention my success here during July of last year, when I secured six bass weighing respectively 2lbs. 15oz., 3lbs. 3oz., 3lbs. 12oz., 3lbs. 2oz., 4lbs. 4oz., 3lbs. 3oz. I caught all while still-fishing with pickerel frogs. This year, however, I have had best success while trolling with a Skinner casting spoon. The first year that I was here ('89) I caught a small-mouthed bass weighing 5½lbs., while my mother beat the record for this vicinity with one weighing just 7lbs. and measuring 21½×16¾in. around. G. L. G. W.

The Nepigon.

NEPIGON RIVER, Aug. 20.—The tourist season is now at its height; there are about twenty-five ladies and gentlemen enjoying the privileges of the stream. The Nepigon is equaled by no other river on the continent for both scenery and fishing, and the quality and size of its trout have been tested this season. This is one of the best seasons for fishing that has been for years. Among those who are now up the Nepigon are: Dabney Carr, Dr. N. B. Carson and family, R. S. Carr and son, E. Stevenson, Dr. E. J. Marsh, L. M. Yale, T. M. Stetson and F. W. Salsbury.

Judge J. Fitzsimmons and Mr. J. W. Hague have just returned from their trip up the Nepigon. They have had excellent sport, catching several 5lb. and 6lb. trout; this is their first experience on the Nepigon. They say seeing is believing, so they preserved a few 6lb. trout to take home with them to convince their friends who doubt their fish stories.

JOHN E. NEWSOME.

A Small Boy's Big Catch.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Victor Grob, a lad of 13 and a great fisher, caught on Wednesday, the 28th inst., at the foot of West 152d street, at one haul the following: On the bottom hook an eel, on the next a large soft shell crab, on the third hook a Lafayette, and on the fourth hook a hard shell crab, and landed them all safely on the dock. Can any one beat that?

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Lake Champlain Bass.

LAKE VIEW HOUSE, Vt., Aug. 26.—As a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM, I look with a great deal of interest at your reports of the catches made in various parts of the country from time to time, and as we have your invitation to "report your luck" before us all the time, I send the following: Myself and son Harold (15 years of age), without any guide, took twenty-five black bass at Wood Bar, Samson's Lake View House, Lake Champlain, Vt., 5 A. M. and 12:30 noon. Nineteen were taken by 8 A. M. and we stopped fishing when we had taken twenty-five. Largest weighed 3½lbs., the three largest 8lbs., fifteen weighed 30½lbs., and twenty weighed 38lbs.; total weight of catch 42lbs.

Mr. A. L. Wager, of Rhinebeck, also took nine fish in two hours and a half, weighing 19½lbs., at same place and time. J. K.

Caught a Shark with a 12oz. Rod.

AL CUMMING had an encounter with a huge shark at Santa Cruz on Sunday. Cumming had engaged a boat and was out for salmon. Suddenly there was a jerk at his line that almost capsized the boat. The fish came to the surface, and his fins showed that he was a big shark. Cumming toyed with him for a while, and as the shark felt the sharp prong of the hooks forced into his mouth he made a plunge, going down fully 100ft. and reeling out about 500ft. of line. Cumming had only 100ft. more on his reel, and if the shark had accomplished that distance he would have escaped. But he was exhausted and came to the surface again. Then, with the skill of an experienced angler, Cumming played the line carefully, and after great effort got the shark alongside of his boat. Both the shark and his captor were winded. The boatman killed the shark with one blow of his boat-hook.

Mr. Cumming caught the shark with a 12oz. salmon rod and a linen salmon line. The fish was more than 5ft. in length and weighed fully 150lbs. It is the largest shark ever landed with a hook and line, and its capture was due to the perfect knowledge of fishing that Mr. Cumming possesses. The contest lasted just an hour, and exciting as it was for Mr. Cumming it was also as much so for the onlookers. Fully twenty boats were in the vicinity.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Fishculture.

Loss of Fish at Caledonia.

THE principal hatching station of the State of New York is, as is pretty well known, situated on Caledonia or Spring Creek, near Mumford, in Monroe county. This was the first hatching station to be established by the State, and it is the largest one now operated by the Commission. Spring Creek, as it is locally known, is made up of springs which rise from the ground near Caledonia, in Livingston county, and at this point there is a mill pond. Below the mill pond the stream is controlled for some distance by the Caledonia Fishing Club, and then comes the State property, on which is the hatchery, the ponds for stock fish, rearing ponds, etc. Below the State property the stream is controlled by another fishing club. The hatchery, the stock ponds, the rearing ponds or boxes, are all dependent upon the creek for a supply of water; or, in other words, the main creek, with the mill pond at its head, flows through all the receptacles for fish, from the hatching trough to the ponds containing the largest breeders. On the property of the Caledonia Fishing Club is a club house, and the gentlemen of this club are as much interested in maintaining the supply of fish in this part of the stream as any citizen of the State is in maintaining the stock of fish at the State hatchery below. All along the creek there have been erected "hides," as they are called, which are simply hiding places for the fish, which nature did not supply as liberally as the club and the State thought necessary for the comfort and security of the fish. With this preface as to the location of things at Caledonia I may come to the main subject. Last June there was a great loss of fish in Caledonia Creek and in the State hatchery and rearing and breeding ponds.

I have seen several brief accounts in the newspapers of thisdisaster, but not one that I read gave a correct account of th e loss or of the reason for it.

Early in June I was at the Caledonia hatchery and this whole country was suffering from drought such as was never known before, I was told. Springs were drying up or flowing half or less their usual quantity of water, and the heat was intense, for I recall that the thermometer stood at 96° in the shade at the hatchery building. Mr. James Annin, Jr., the general superintendent of the State hatcheries, lives on this creek a little way above the State property, and on the morning of June 6 I went from his house down the creek in a boat to the hatchery. The water was very low and clear, and the fishing club, as we passed over their water, had a man employed raking from the bottom some of the moss and vegetable growth which interfered with fly casting. In the afternoon when I returned up stream to take the cars at Caledonia the water had raised materially and was very muddy. In the morning I had noticed three dead trout on the bottom, but in the afternoon I could not see them. It was evident that the mill was in operation at the head of the creek, and the volume of pond water coming down in consequence was greater than that previously in the stream. On my way to the station I noticed the mill pond very low and fairly reeking with decomposed and decomposing vegetable matter. This, I was told, was most unusual.

The next morning many dead fish were found, chiefly yearlings, near the pond, and from that time on the deadly pond water, poisoned with decaying water weeds, worked its destruction upon the fish of the Caledonia Fishing Club, then upon the State fish, and then upon the fish in the creek below the State property. The fry in the troughs went first and then the yearlings, and finally the stock fish.

So far as the State is concerned the loss is a blessing in disguise, as the stock fish in the ponds had been so hybridized and monkeyed with that it was difficult to tell whether some of them were most bull pup or most yaller dog. As soon as it was discovered that the fish were dying because of the flow of water from the mill pond every possible effort was made to check the disaster. The State and the Caledonia Fishing Club had the same interest at stake and both worked together. Scientific men from Rochester hastened to the spot to determine the cause of death, and the science of fishculture put forth every effort to check the disease, for disease it was, though brought about by the warm pond water, which was killing the fish by thousands. In another column of this journal may be found the report of Prof. Dodge, one of the first on the ground, made to the Commissioners; the report of Prof. Lathinon made to Commissioner Babcock, and the report of Prof. Smith made to Mr. Annin, which show the cause of the disaster. If State fish alone had suffered it might be said that it was the visitation of an all-wise Providence for the purpose of putting the seal of disapproval upon the hybridization of fish.

Now, as to the actual loss of fish sustained at the hatchery and the number of fish that are left on hand of all kinds and ages, I have seen but one printed account of the loss, and this was furnished by a former superintendent of the station to a Western paper. After enumerating the various species of breeding fish and the number of each species at the station, he says: "They are all dead. Furthermore, all the fish in the creek from the railroad bridge [this bridge crosses the creek at the lower end of the State property] to the head of the stream are dead. The natural fish food in the creek, including shrimp, crayfish, sticklebacks, miller's thumbs and water insects of all kinds, are gone."

This is a bad showing, if true; but, as his estimate of dead breeding fish is 45,000 greater than he reported he had on hand last year (and it is not probable that he then underestimated his stock fish), and no breeders have since been added to the ponds, it may be in order for him to explain, while in the explaining business, why it is that the loss was 45,000 greater than the number of fish he had on hand when he was in charge of the hatchery. The truth is, there was no such loss of breeding fish, and the condition of things in the creek is not as bad as stated in that newspaper article. These are the facts, as near as they can be honestly computed. The loss of breeding brook trout was less than 1,000, about 3,000 hybrids classed as brook trout, about 2,000 to 2,500 California trout, 3,000 brown trout, and 50 large lake trout past breeding and kept in the ponds merely as show fish. So much for the fish in the breeding ponds. In addition, there was a loss of 4,000 to 5,000 two-year-old brook trout and California trout, and about 100,000 fry of various kinds.

There are left at the station and now in good condition about 1,000 of the largest brown trout, 100 or 200 California trout and from fifty to seventy-five of the large lake trout, perfectly useless except for show. There are also 3,500 one and a half year old brook and California trout and 20,000 fry of various kinds on hand. The young fish have, however, been placed in the ponds since the visitation of the wrath of Providence.

Fish are being sent to Caledonia from other stations and will be from outside sources, and the station will soon be in better condition than before the flood. As to the loss of fish food, insects are rising in all parts of the creek and some good catches of trout have been made in the waters of the Caledonia Fishing Club. The hatchery foreman has made catches of brook trout in the creek below the State ponds with a fly, and has placed the fish in the breeding ponds, where they may be spawned artificially in the fall. The stock fish now on hand will probably yield 1,000,000 eggs and they will be added to materially before the spawning season commences, and all will be pure bred fish with no males in the whole outfit. A. N. CHENEY.

Prof. Dodge's Report.

TO THE COMMISSIONERS OF FISHERIES, GAME AND FORESTS, Albany, N. Y.—Gentlemen: In pursuance of your request I made yesterday another visit to the hatcheries, creek and mill pond at Caledonia.

At the State hatchery all of the young trout in the trough are dead, except a few in one trough, in which the treatment with salt was begun earlier than in the others. In this trough there still remain a few young fish, though even these will probably be dead in a day or two. It is significant that the salt treatment has evidently enabled the fish in this trough to survive for even so short a time as three or four days longer than the others. The mature fish in the ponds are still dying and present the same appearance as noted for the past three weeks, viz.: some of the fish being covered with larger or smaller patches of water mould, while others show bleached spots on various portions of the body, but no mould.

In company with Mr. Annin, I went to the mill pond and we walked around the entire pond at the water's edge, examining the various refuse heaps and tracing every inflowing stream to its source. The pond is almost entirely filled with a growth of stonewort (*Chara*) or "moss," as it is sometimes called, and of water-silk (*Spirogyra*). The water is very low and in some places has receded for several feet from the natural margin of the pond. Many of the plants are dead, and the greater part of the pond contains decomposing vegetable matter. We found no place where a house drain empties directly into the pond. Two barns stand so close to the water (one being partly over it) that their drainage must necessarily get into the pond. Two or three manure heaps probably contribute their leechings after every rain. In various places ashes, cinders, dead grass and branches of trees, old iron, paint pails, broken crockery and refuse of all sorts had been dumped into the water or stream along the shore. In fact, the mill pond seems to be the general garbage receptacle and dump for all of the houses in the neighborhood.

Between the pond and the grist mill lies a filthy spring hole from which the sprinkling carts of the town draw their supply. The overflow from this place runs into Spring Creek. The spring hole at present is filled with the decaying branches and leaves which have fallen from the surrounding trees, and which have been accumulating for many years past. An immense growth of bacteria is now to be seen in the water in this place.

A tributary to Spring Creek, but not to the mill pond, is the East Branch, which arises from a spring (Brady's Spring) under a drug store in the village of Caledonia. At the head of this stream stands a privy which evidently is constantly used, and the refuse from which is carried away down stream and into Spring Creek. House drainage from the apartments over the drug store is carried in a trough over the roof of the privy and dropped into the stream. Further down this water runs under a livery stable and carries away the drainage from this establishment as well as the washings from the barnyard. Still further down is built a pig pen and yard inclosing part of the stream. The land inclosed in this pig yard slopes toward the stream, and into the latter necessarily runs all of the drainage from both yard and pen. Several pigs are at present confined here and probably spend part of their time wallowing in the water. Back of the drug store are piled barrels and various other receptacles from which drippings may find their way into the creek.

Samples of water were taken from eleven different places at the State hatchery, the mill pond and its tributaries, Spring Creek and Mr. Annin's hatchery. Culture experiments were started upon the spot to endeavor to find which waters are infected with the water mould, for this organism, even though further developments may show that it is not the only cause of death among the trout recently, is undoubtedly an exceedingly important factor in the epidemic. It will be several days before these culture experiments can be completed, and without awaiting their conclusion it has seemed best to report at once upon the condition of the mill pond.

In view of what was found there only one recommendation is possible, viz.: to abolish the pond as such at the earliest possible moment. To do this will of course necessitate the purchase of the pond and water rights from their owners, but I am firmly convinced that this measure must be carried out if Spring Creek is to be maintained as a trout stream and the State hatchery is to be operated with any assurance of safety and success. If left in its present condition the mill pond will always be a menace to the work instituted at the State hatchery and to the preserve of the Caledonia Fishing Club. The destruction of fish witnessed the past few weeks may be repeated during any or every succeeding season. The pond should be purchased, the dam removed and the water from the springs allowed to seek their natural channels. If this plan be adopted there will no longer be any opportunity for the drainage from privies, houses, barns and pig pens to get into the creek, there will be only the natural amount of decaying vegetable substances present and there will be no further trouble with hot water from the pond raising the temperature of the creek many degrees above normal. There will be no chance for water moulds and bacteria to increase in such enormous numbers, for there will be neither the abundant food supply now to be found in the pond nor the high temperature needed for their development. The water flowing from the spring in the bottom of the pond will pass directly into the creek instead of being held in check until the sun warms it up to 85° or more.

For the present it seems to me that the pond, having first been treated to a very liberal allowance of salt, should be drawn down as low as possible and allowed to become as dry as the sun can make it. This will destroy many of the organisms (such as mould and bacteria) now in the pond water and produce a very thorough disinfection of the bottom. The water should be drawn off rapidly so as to get it through the creek and out of the way in the shortest time. Gradual withdrawal of pond water into the creek means a longer exposure of the fish to the attacks of the moulds. After the bottom of the pond has become somewhat dry much of the refuse can be raked out and removed.

The position of the privy drain and pig pen on the East Branch should be changed so that this stream will no longer be polluted.

All of the "hides" along Spring Creek should be thoroughly examined and the bodies of the dead fish removed and buried. Mr. Annin told me that under a single "hide" he found over 400 dead fish (if I remember correctly) in all stages of decay and completely overgrown with water mould. I think that this discovery goes far toward explaining the severity and duration of the epidemic among the fish, for those affected would naturally remain under the "hides" with the well fish and infect the latter, while the bodies of the dead held by the roots and plants growing down into the water have accumulated in these places, and the water moulds have thus had a wholly unsuspected location and food supply. It is little to be wondered at then that in spite of the stringent and heroic precautions taken at the State hatchery to save the fish the latter were simply overwhelmed by enormous numbers of the spores of the moulds and water polluted by the putrefactive bacteria and other organisms developed on the bodies of the dead fish.

In this connection it is interesting to notice that in every sample of water, except the one from Mr. Annin's hatchery and the one from the spring west of the mill pond, there is seen this morning (about fifteen hours after collection) a large development of bacteria. Further, two small trout taken while still alive from a trough in the State hatchery are now nearly dissolved by putrefactive bacteria, while two similar specimens taken from Mr. Annin's hatchery have scarcely commenced to decay.

The spring hole near the grist mill should be treated with salt and then raked clean.

I believe that the measures mentioned above must be carried out if the trout in Spring Lake and at the State hatchery are to be saved. CHARLES WRIGHT DODGE.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 9 to 13.—Industrial Exhibition Association's annual bench show, Toronto, Ont. C. A. Stone, Sec'y and Sup't.

Sept. 10 to 13.—Binghampton Industrial Exposition's fifth annual bench show, Binghampton, N. Y. A. P. Fish, Sec'y.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's third annual bench show, Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Montreal Kennel Association's show, Montreal, Can. Geo. K. Lanigan, Hon Sec'y-Treas.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's first annual bench show, Milwaukee, Wis. F. S. Morrison, Sec'y.

Sept. 18 to 20.—Omaha Kennel Club's second annual show, Omaha, Neb. E. L. Marston, Sec'y.

Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 10.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba F. T. C. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou.

Oct. 22.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's third annual trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Oct. 29.—Assonet Neck, Mass.—New England Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. Arthur R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

—. Morris, Man.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.

Oct. 30-31.—Monongahela Valley Association Trials, Greene county, Pa. W. H. Beazell, Sec'y, Homestead.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 West Twenty-second street, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H. Thompson, Sec'y.

1896.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Jan. 20.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. seventh annual trials. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

COURSING.

Sept. 24.—Lisbon, N. D.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting. H. C. Waterhouse, Sec'y.

Oct. 1.—Aberdeen, S. D.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's meeting. J. H. Davis, Sec'y.

Oct. 8.—Huron, S. D.—American Waterloo Cup. F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

Oct. 23.—Goodland, Kan.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Goodland, Kan.—Kenmore Coursing Club's meeting. C. F. Weber, Sec'y.

Monongahela Valley Trials.

HOMESTEAD, Pa., Aug. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association will hold its first field trials on the preserve grounds, Green county, Pa., Oct. 30 and 31. Derby and all-age stake to be run; pointers and setters to run together. Entries close Oct. 1. Entrance fee $10; $5 to nominate and $5 to start. Ten per cent. of entrance money to be deducted by the Association. The balance to be divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent. for winning dogs. Eastern Field Trial rules to govern.

This Association was formed last winter by a number of the leading sportsmen of Pittsburgh and vicinity, who, having hunted and fished in many sections of the country, recognized the fact that the game and fish were fast being depleted and little was being done to preserve them, saw the necessity of taking steps to protect and stock the fields and streams within easy access of the members. About 8,000 acres of land, particularly well adapted to the protection and propagation of game and fish, have been leased. One hundred dozen quail were liberated last spring and one hundred dozen ordered for delivery this fall. Deputy Game Warden J. W. Phillips, overseer of the preserve, reports birds more plentiful than for years, this having been a favorable season for hatching.

We are now raising a number of Mongolian pheasants with the object of stocking the preserve with them.

Arrangements have been made for bass and salmon fry to stock the streams that flow through the grounds.

A great feature of the Association will be the annual field trials, in which all are invited to participate. Visitors can be assured of a royal welcome and a good time. We hope the local and nearby sportsmen will take an interest in the trials and give us their support by entering and running their dogs. Mr. W. S. Bell, the well-known field trial judge and treasurer of the Association, will judge the trials.

The Association, which is limited to sixty members, is composed of some of the leading professional and business men of this city. Dr. George Gladden is President; W. S. Bell, Treasurer, and W. H. Beazell, Secretary. The Directors for the ensuing year are Drs. Gladden and Doyle, Messrs. W. H. Beazell, W. S. Bell, A. C. Peterson, W. T. Lindsey and S. B. Cummings. Solicitor, C. G. McIlvaine, Esq. Any information concerning the trials will be cheerfully given by applying to

W. H. BEAZELL, Secretary, Homestead.

Manitoba Trials All-Age Stakes.

MANITOU, Man., Aug. 22.—I inclose you herewith list of entries for the club's All-Age stakes. The number exceeds our expectations and there will no doubt be a grand gathering at Morris next month.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

L. Rausch, St. Louis, Count Bondhu II.
F. R. Hitchcock, New York, Tory Dotlet.
C. W. De Pauw, Indiana, Auld Clootie.
E. McKenny, Manitou, Val Lit.
Ed. A. Burdett, Pennsylvania, Anne of Abbotsford.
Arthur C. Ely, Chicago, Mattie Ringold.
Frank Richards, Minnesota, Molly R.
John Wootton, Manitou, Bonnie Lit.
W. F. Ellis, Manitou, Colombus.
N. T. Harris, Kentucky, Cynosure, Dixie's Flag and Tony Boy.
Philip M. Essig, Mississippi, Rod's Top.
Herbert Ames, Massachusetts, Lady Mildred.
A. P. H. Lonsdale, England, Roma.
Thomas Johnson, Winnipeg, Trilby, Patti, Psyche and Sancho.
C. G. Stoddard, Dayton, Gladstone's Speck, Anto Gladstone and Hal Pointer.
Chimo Kennels, Winnipeg, Larry Noble and Ortolan.
Manchester Kennel Co., Tennessee, Gleam's Dart and Gleam's Ruth.
T. G. Davey, London, Brighton Dick.
Chas. W. Graham, Winnipeg, Gladiator II.
R. Bangham, Windsor, Dash Antonio.

POINTERS.

Charlottesville Kennels, Virginia, Selah.
W. N. Kerr, Pittsburg, Little Ned.
N. T. De Pauw, New Albany, Jingo.
F. R. Hitchcock, New York, Tory Joe.
R. Merrill, Milwaukee, Lady Peg II., Daisy Rip Rap and Stridemore.
Dr. J. R. Daniels, Cleveland, Plain Sam and Belle of Lancaster.
Theo. Goodman, New York, Ridgeview Regent.
Dr. G. Chisholm, Alabama, Komus.
A. P. H. Lonsdale, England, Deemster.
J. Lemon, Winnipeg, Mack.
C. G. Stoddard, Dayton, Don Upton, Blythe's Lad, Lady Rush and Charlie H.
James Phillips, Winnipeg, Lonsdale.
Stoddard & Kidwell, Tick Boy.
Albert Gale, Winnipeg, Frankie Paul.
Ashford & Odom, Alabama, Von Gull.
F. W. Dunham, Alabama, Elgin Dash.

JOHN WOOTTON, Sec'y.

Toronto Show.

TORONTO, Aug. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* C. H. Mason, after two weeks' consideration and without even notifying the committee until asked last Saturday, has declined to judge the classes allotted him at the bench show of the Industrial Exhibition Association. Mr. Mortimer will take Boston, bull, fox and black and tan terriers; Mr. Davidson, wolfhounds, greyhounds and deerhounds.

The following specials have been added for beagles: $10 for best kennel; $5 for best pair, dog and bitch; $5 for best stud dog with three or more get; $5 for best pair dogs; $5 for largest number of beagles entered by one party or kennel.

The Rochester-Pittsburg Kennels, now holders of the Grogan cup, offer the same for competition under the original terms—for the best bull-terrier owned and exhibited by a resident of Allegheny county. Puppies for sale may be placed in a large tent adjoining the building, in which benches will be built at the charge of $5 for care and feeding. The entries for this must be sent in at once; only a limited number to be entered.

C. A. STONE, Sec'y.

A. K. C. Meeting.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—A Special Meeting of the American Kennel Club will be held at the office of the Club, No. 55 Liberty street, this city, on Thursday, Sept. 12, 1895, at two o'clock, to consider and vote upon certain amendments to the Constitution and Bench Show Rules, as recommended by the Committee on Rules. These amendments are of vital importance.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Executive Committee of the Club will be held at the same place, immediately following the meeting of the Club.

By order of the president.

A. P. VREDENBURGH, Sec'y.

Sulphur for Fleas.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Aug. 20.—I think I have found a simple way to rid our dogs of fleas. Cleanse the bed thoroughly, sprinkle a good supply of dry sulphur on the floor, and place clean hay or straw over it.

Previous to treating the kennel as above I could comb from thirty to fifty fleas per day from my beagle. Now I am surprised if I find a half dozen at a combing.

J. B. E.

NATURAL METHOD OF RETRIEVING.

(From "Fetch and Carry," by B. Waters.)

The natural method cannot be successfully applied to all dogs. As to old dogs it is generally uncertain and, in most instances, unsuccessful in its application. Only a relatively few old dogs have much playfulness and those are generally discreetly observant. They are discriminating even in their play, and it is not an easy matter to deceive them, or at least it is not easy to deceive them a number of times in succession on the same matter. They soon fathom the purpose of the trainer and thereafter refuse to be taught. They are too intelligent to believe that work is amusement.

Sometimes, by associating the act of fetching with a palatable reward, given after the act is completed, the mature dog will learn to fetch for the profit of the effort, the material gain of something to eat which he derives from it. But he soon learns to play his teacher for the rewards, and it is extremely difficult to train him past the stage wherein he looks for immediate profit. His estimates are faultless. His cunning is equal to the occasion. If his hunger is appeased, he loses interest in the lesson at once. Therefore it is better to be sparing in the rewards, so that his appetite may not be satisfied too quickly.

It is, furthermore, a noteworthy fact that, when a dog works for something to eat, he is sooner and more easily satisfied than when his food is disassociated from work, in which matter he shows a degree of perception akin to that of the wiser animals. He does not like to work too much, which may be construed to his advantage as a reasoning animal.

A few families of dogs, which are naturally intelligent, good-tempered and industrious, may take readily to retrieving and learn it quickly with little teaching; but the act is due to intelligence, not to instinct.

Even special retrievers, which are carefully schooled, frequently retrieve in a faulty manner. No system of training, however, will make all dogs good performers. Dogs vary in their capabilities quite as much as men. The intelligent dog, from experience and observation when in actual field work, soon adds a comprehensive finish to the elementary lessons taught him by his trainer. He learns the practical purposes of the art and exercises an intelligent application regardless of fixed rules. The work of the intelligent dog in retrieving, as in all other branches, will be incomparably higher in quality than that of the dog which works on the formal lines of an education. The intelligent dog, however, is not exceedingly numerous.

As to the length of time required to educate the retriever, it can be determined only by actual trial. By the natural system, it is safe to say that the time from puppyhood to maturity is none too long. However, the conditions vary greatly comparing one dog with another.

Instances have been mentioned, by writers, of puppies being taught retrieving in one lesson, and of some puppies which retrieved without any lesson. It is well to ignore such statements when considered in connection with practical retrieving. If they have occurred, they are too rare to be considered a factor in practice.

In the practical application of the natural method, it is first necessary to secure the puppy's affection and recognition as his master. By making a companion of him as much as possible, he will soon become devoted. If he is petted betimes, and his interest is engaged by giving him palatable morsels occasionally and by personally attending to giving him his regular meals, he will soon become inseparably attached to his master.

It requires no effort to develop the puppy's fondness for play. That trait he has naturally. The trainer has but to present the opportunity for its exercise.

It is better to give the lessons in a room. Then the puppy's play will be confined within proper limits; he is then under better control, and there are no outside incidents interposing to obstruct the lesson. Spectators should be excluded from the room, as they distract the dog's attention.

A ball or glove is the object commonly employed for the puppy's edification in the first lessons. The glove is not a good article for the purpose. It absorbs saliva, and the puppy is predisposed to bite and tear it, which may later develop into that most objectionable fault, namely, a hard mouth. A ball is better. It forces the puppy to open his mouth wider, it is more difficult to hold or to bite, and it cannot be caught and shaken.

In the early lessons the puppy has his way in everything, to a great extent. Everything being ready, the trainer engages the puppy's attention to the ball and throws it temptingly out. The puppy springs after it instantly, proudly takes possession of it and when the trainer attempts to take it he tries, by wily maneuvers, to baffle him. If left to his own devices he will sometimes permit the trainer to get close enough to reach for the ball, but he watches him closely, eyes bright, muscles tense, and he dodges quickly and is away at the moment that the trainer reaches forth to grasp the ball. His bearing is then proud, and he challenges further play. He is then delighted and is the embodiment of vivacity. His pleasure is unbounded. The trainer repeats the throwing, and the puppy resumes as before. So the play proceeds, the puppy proud of his agility and superiority in getting possession of the ball, and showing great craftiness in avoiding capture. If the trainer, by an affectation of stealthy advance, attempts to circumvent the puppy, the latter stands and watches him intently, conscious of his ability to avoid his trainer by his superior speed and suppleness, and he attempts no evasion till the last moment of safety is gone.

By the exercise of mild authority the trainer regains the ball, and the puppy watches eagerly for it to be thrown out again. If, when it is thrown, the trainer runs after it, the spirit of rivalry is intensely aroused, and the puppy then exerts all his energies to be first to get possession. In this manner the frolicking is continued.

There are certain peculiarities of the dog's manner which the trainer should try to correct from the beginning. The puppy, when caught, may hold the ball tightly in his mouth, he disliking to lose possession of it. This tendency should be discouraged. It is greatly aggravated by any attempts to forcibly pull the ball from his mouth, since he exerts greater force to retain it. A hard mouth is often developed and confirmed unintentionally in this manner. To guard against the fault, catch the dog by the collar with the right hand, at the same time taking hold of the ball with the left. If the puppy then tries to pull on the ball, the trainer can balk the effort by catching all the puppy's force in the collar and at the same time yielding but still retaining the grasp of the ball. Then press, with the right foot, the toes of one of his forefoot, only pinching sufficiently to make him let go of the ball, at the same time saying "Give" in an ordinary tone of voice. The method is very effective and does not alarm the dog in the least. By repeating this a few times, he will promptly open his mouth to the order "Give," without the least effort to retain the ball. This part of the lesson, if conducted as above described, is quickly and easily taught.

From this beginning the trainer proceeds, lesson after lesson, developing the retrieving feature as much as possible, and at the same time suppressing such undesirable traits as opportunity or the dog's disposition will admit.

At the time the ball is thrown out, the trainer utters the command "Fetch." He repeats it every time that it can be associated with the act, to the end that the puppy will learn and remember its meaning. He can be taught both to go after the ball and bring it to hand to the same order, "Fetch." By the constant repetition of this order (or such other word as the trainer adopts for the word of command), the puppy soon learns to associate it with retrieving the ball and then comprehends the meaning of it.

Whatever word the trainer adopts as the word of command he should use it without change, and also use it only in its proper relation. To command the dog to "Fetch," "Go get it," "Bring it here," etc., is, to say the least, confusing and unskillful, and an obstruction to the training.

After the start there are no specific rules for the trainer's guidance. Thereafter much depends on his own tact, industry and intelligence.

The gradations in a course of lessons through many weeks and months, from the crude starting point of carrying in play to retrieving to command, depend for their success on constant repetition, which, as the puppy matures, becomes habitual. As he ages he outgrows his frivolity and becomes sober in demeanor. To the knowledge which he has acquired by constant drilling there is added an habitual obedience; and, if the trainer has been skillful, he has gained his pupil's respect and affection.

A few general hints, however, can be given. When the puppy shows a lack of interest, or when he has been erroneously drilled too long, and is consequently fatigued, the lesson should end at once. The peculiarities of disposition should in particular be noted and worked to advantage when opportunity offers, and anything that is obstructive to the lessons should be carefully avoided. It should be kept constantly in mind in this relation that what the puppy does is voluntary, and that in this system there is no way of making obedience compulsory.

By associating a reward with the act of fetching, the puppy sometimes manifests a greater interest in the work. When he fetches well, a palatable morsel, one of a number kept conveniently at hand for the purpose, is given to him as a reward. The rewards, however, must be given in moderation, and the fact impressed that they only come after well doing, otherwise he may lose interest in the play and devote his attention to the more profitable prospect of a meal. The morsels, which tickle his palate, must be kept as auxiliary to the lessons and not as a matter of equal importance to them.

It will be noted that there is very little true training in this system. The trainer is always subject to the dog's caprice or inclination. The pupil is always the real master of the situation, and the successful trainer must adapt himself to the dog's moods and capabilities, and must take any course in the lessons that will further his purpose.

After the puppy has got an idea of fetching the ball the trainer next endeavors to teach him to carry it steadily and tenderly. This is a very important feature to enforce from the beginning. Once a hard mouth is acquired it is almost impossible to cure, while a habitually hard-mouthed retriever is worse than none. Any objectionable acts which lead up to hard mouth, such as tossing the ball in the air, dropping it and pouncing upon it, shaking or attempting to tear it, etc., should be promptly discouraged.

If these faults cannot be suppressed in the regular lessons it is better to give him special lessons apart from the regular ones. It is also better to give them in a different room, otherwise, if there be any unpleasant associations with the lessons, the puppy may connect them with the room and refuse to play at all.

To make the puppy carry steadily mild compulsion is sometimes necessary. A short, light rope, 2 or 3ft. long, should be tied to his collar, thus affording a means of controlling him easily. No frolicking should be permitted at this stage. Also to avoid complications with the regular lessons it is better to use a different object for the dog to carry, as a corn-cob, a roll of cloth, etc. Place it in the puppy's mouth and force him to hold it steadily without biting it. If he attempts to reject it hold the left hand under his lower jaw while the right hand holds the rope grasped close to his collar, and force him to hold the object whether he is willing to do so or not. If he attempts to bite it tie some long, slim nails on it about a ½in. apart. Then make him hold in his mouth the pad thus prepared. The dog intensely dislikes the touch of the iron on his teeth and he will hold the pad so prepared very tenderly. Treat him gently, but firmly, and alarm him as little as possible; but, in any event, he must be made to hold the object steadily and tenderly.

If he succeeds in ejecting the pad from his mouth place it promptly back again, giving him at the same time a light stroke with a whip and the order "Hold" or "Steady," or any order which the trainer prefers to use. This treatment is so different from what he has been used to receiving that, if plucky and self-willed, he under it may be obstinate or sulky. But if the trainer proceeds quietly and firmly, and with proper deliberation, unpleasant complications may be avoided.

Each branch of the lesson must be repeated till the puppy will perform reliably.

After he has learned to hold it steadily, walk him about the room and enforce the same steadiness in making him carry the pad as in holding it when he is at rest. If he drops it, observe the same course as before. At such times as he carries it well, praise and pet him. At all times the trainer should observe the same unperturbed demeanor and quiet tone of voice. Even if there are any unpleasant incidents, the puppy will forget them and take part in the lessons in good faith if treated kindly afterward.

As he becomes proficient in fetching the objects—the ball, cob, etc.—other and heavier objects may be introduced for retrieving practice. At first the puppy may show a violent dislike against grasping feathers. To accustom him to them, some may be tied around the cob, so that by their constant presence he may outgrow his dislike, if such he have.

At last, after he is proficient in the preliminary lessons, he is practiced on dead birds, and the discipline in this respect is simply a continuation of the lessons.

The practical application in field work is so similar to that described in the force system that the reader is referred to it for the information. After passing certain elementary stages—the more mechanical stages of fetching and carrying—both systems merge into the same methods. As to the more practical features of field work, they also are fully described in other chapters. The qualities which should be most cultivated are enumerated in the chapter on "The Qualities of a Retriever."

As before intimated, the permanency of the accomplishment, when taught by this system, is uncertain. The natural retriever generally, at some period of his working life, refuses to retrieve. As the act depended on the dog's pleasure for its success, so it may terminate at any time he so elects. However obedient he may be when he is about the house or yard, there will come a time, at work in the field or elsewhere, when he will learn that he can disobey. What is to his own advantage he learns quickly and remembers well. Some day, when in his work he has lost the enthusiasm and industry of youth, he may refuse to go into punishing cover or disagreeable marsh to retrieve. In such cases the amateur generally resorts to punishment. The punishment formed no part of his lessons. He was not taught to retrieve by compulsory methods, and he therefore does not comprehend the trainer's motive when punishment is administered; but he does know that retrieving has suddenly lost its pleasing features and indeed has become painful. Repeated urgings only serve to demonstrate that he can disobey when he chooses to do so. He is moreover quite as likely to consider that he is whipped for gathering the birds as for not doing so.

Nearly all natural retrievers are more or less hard-mouthed, the degree of the fault varying from a sly pinch to gross mutilation. Some dogs, though not necessarily ones taught by this system, do not hesitate to bolt a bird if not in sight of their handler at the time.

To sum up, the method is not at all certain in its results. It requires a long time to teach by it. It is applicable only to young dogs. It develops many hard mouths. Obedience is by it seldom permanently established. But few men have the time or patience to go through such a protracted course, one entailing so much effort and loss of time to accomplish so little.

THE DOG'S IMMORTALITY.

Albany, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* With a pleasure far from common I read in Forest and Stream of Aug. 24 Rev. Chas. Josiah Adams's remarks on the immortality of the dog.

So far as differences of opinion are concerned, his plea that there are opposite opinions on almost every subject is well taken. Apart from such simple matters as are within the cognition of even the narrowest intellects and which are so self-evident that there is not a point on which to make an objection against them, there are few matters on which all are agreed. I consider that there are some exact sciences, others which are not exact. For instance, the science of mathematics may be called theoretically exact, though in practice, owing to the imperfections of the senses and the limited field allotted to man's powers, they may have the imperfect results of improper application. There are other sciences, as for instance medicine, which is so intricately connected with the phenomena of life itself that there is a constant uncertainty as to the relation of the material and the immaterial, or at least what we are taught to call the material. Our senses are so exceedingly limited, however, that conclusions are arrived at which are often false. The microscope has opened up the world of little things as the macroscope has opened up the world of great things, and, though both go an infinite distance beyond the scope of man's vision, instead of bringing him nearer the end, they but immensely enlarge the beginning. There is nothing so small but what something may be smaller and nothing so great but what something may be greater, taking the sum total of human knowledge as the cognition of smallness and greatness. I mention this to show that man's knowledge at best is relative and incomplete, and therefore it is unbecoming for him to dogmatically say, "This cannot be," or "That cannot be." Were this dogmatic style of argument accepted, there would be instantly an end to progress. All improvement means change, and change means more or less destruction of what has gone before. Were the first teachings of the world accepted without question, we would still believe that the earth was flat, that the sun moved, that gravity was an unequal force, etc. This is but to show that the theory of the dog's immortality may be directly in the line of progressive march, and may be true even if it is novel and opposed to the vanity of man, who tolerates no rival in the realm of intellect.

The reference to his dog, poisoned by some man who would be honored and dignified by calling him a brute, is not without an intense pathos. The dog poisoner has all the vile traits of man, inherited and acquired. He is a coward morally and physically, for he does by stealth and sneaking ways what he dares not do openly. He is maliciously vindictive, for he destroys the animal because his master loves him, and he destroys life wantonly and unfeelingly because he has a vile enmity or a malicious nature to gratify. The man who will poison a dog to gratify his malice would undoubtedly poison a man were he not so timorous and cowardly that he dare not do so. The law is so stringent in protecting man and so lax in protecting dogs that the coyote in man's form is daunted by the moral force of the law. But this is wandering from the subject.

The Rev. Mr. Adams refers to dogs having been taught to say words. He, however, failed to mention whether the dogs understood the meaning of the words. Parrots soon learn to repeat words and even sentences, but I think it is generally conceded that the words to the parrot have no ideas connected with them. They are merely sounds severed from all ideas.

I present this as showing the possibility of animals

merely imitating sounds as sounds, and not sounds as representing ideas. That animals have a certain limited power of communication it is idle to attempt to deny. We see it every day. The sentinel crow has a note of alarm easily understood by the rest of the flock, and the fact that a sentinel is posted is conclusive proof that the crow has foresight, forethought and reason as well as memory. It also shows a power of communication when one or two are assigned to the duties of sentinel, and accept and perform them.

Dogs have a much greater power of communicating their ideas, and they learn the peculiarities of their masters and adapt themselves to them. One will even learn to interpret the expression of countenance of his master, and can tell whether he is pleased or displeased.

That they have fears which are supersensory or supernatural is shown by the fear and anger displayed at some object or shadow at night so indistinct that they cannot determine what it is. All this shows that they have imagination, but whether it is a rudimentary imagination, or whether it is of the same kind as that of man, but lesser in degree, is what I cannot determine.

The Rev. Mr. Adams, having given this matter deep investigation, could give us valuable information if he will be pleased to do so. All the life of man, it is true, has its counterpart in the life of the dog and other animals. His brain, nerves, muscles, senses, organic life, etc., are on the same plan as that of man. But, as I understand it, the immortality of man is determined by things outside of material phenomena. So for myself, I hope the dog is conceded a place in the hereafter commensurate with his honesty and devotion, and the unselfish life he lives on earth. That an animal of the dog's high development should be doomed to total destruction is not reconcilable to any theory of justice which man teaches or is taught.

EGO.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Aug. 10 FOREST AND STREAM contained a criticism of Rev. Charles J. Adams's book on the immortality of the dog. Your correspondent "Ego" undertakes to prove that the dog cannot inherit life hereafter, but implies that man can. So far as man is concerned he does not take issue with the Rev. Mr. Adams. Both believe in man's immortality.

I can heartily endorse all that the Rev. Mr. Adams claims for the intelligence of the dog, but when he asks me to grant immortality because of this intelligence I sharply draw the line. The dog's intelligence does not prove immortality, neither does man's.

The Rev. Mr. Adams proves beyond a doubt that the dog possesses all the attributes of man. "Ego" takes exception to this and advances ideas to disprove it. I wish to take the side of the dog and briefly answer "Ego's" main points of argument. Remember that Rev. Mr. Adams proves to his own satisfaction that the dog has the same organic life as man, and that his intelligence proves that his mental attributes are much the same. In answer to this "Ego" writes:

"Granting the similarity of physical life and manifestation, I think there is such a wide difference in the mentality of man and dogs and man and all the lower animals as to destroy all analogy from which to draw so broad a conclusion. The circumstances which match each other are too few and too unimportant for the conclusion, and there are many circumstances in man's mentality which have no counterpart in that of the dog. For instance the power of speech is absent in the dog; the imagination, whose grasp is but little short of infinity in man, is absent in the dog."

What are the circumstances that match each other and are "too few" and "too unimportant?" Let me enumerate some of the traits held by both dog and man: Fear, courage, hate, anger, joy, sorrow, sympathy, reflection, memory, affection, jealousy, ambition, grief, foresight, anticipation and the power to dream. Are these common traits "too few?" Are they "too unimportant?" Why, they contain about all there is to make life worth living. "Ego" asserts in answer that these traits possessed by the dog "have all a direct use in his animal existence." So they have, and also have a direct use in man's existence. It would be impossible for man to exist without them. "Ego's" statement that speech and imagination are absent in the dog is made to show that the latter cannot possess immortality. Do speech and imagination prove man's immortality, and if so, where is the proof outside of assertion?

According to science speech is a matter of evolution. The hands were used at first in communicating ideas by signs; speech was unknown. As a reminder of this sign language speech is either left or right-handed—that is, if one is left-handed the knowledge of speech is located in the right brain, and if right-handed in the left brain. Just as some of the early sign-makers used the left or right hand in sign speech. Speech is the child of evolution. The infant does not inherit it as a proof of immortality, but must acquire it through the teachings of those who, when infants, were likewise taught. If a child is born deaf and remains so through life it can never enjoy the boon of speech. This is verified in that unfortunate class the deaf mutes. They live in a world of speech and yet cannot acquire the power to utter the simplest words. Their vocal organs may be perfect, but they cannot acquire speech because their organs of hearing are defective. A dog can convey more ideas in his bark than a deaf mute can in his guttural explanation.

The dog cannot acquire human speech not because his hearing is defective, for it is not, but for the simple reason that he does not possess the human vocal organs.

In a degree the dog does possess speech, not "Ego's" speech, but speech nevertheless.

Speech is the power to convey ideas by articulate sounds. Will "Ego" assert that the dog does not possess this power?

The master can tell by his dog's bark whether a friend or a stranger approaches.

From my hammock, during the night, I hear the dogs pass word from house to house along a distant highway, warning the approach of a team or foot passer. If a tramp passes there is a note of warning in the bark of each dog which I readily understand. But it is not worth while to argue on this line, for everyone lucky enough to own an intelligent dog knows that the animal can convey ideas by articulate sounds and that constitutes speech. The wild dog does not bark, so it would seem that the domesticated dog has advanced through evolution far on the road toward speech.

When "Ego" claims that the dog lacks imagination, I shall have to ask him for proof. I think I can prove to the contrary. When he asserts that the dog "so far as we know has neither conception nor longing for a future state," he forgets that a large number of human beings are in the same category—that countless numbers do not "understand the glories of a future life" any more than does the dog. It is a fact, beyond a doubt, that the dog possesses all the attributes of man, and that intelligence is a matter of degree.

The gulf between a dog and the native Tasmanian (tribe now extinct) is not as wide as the gulf between the Tasmanian and a Daniel Webster.

In the economy of nature it is inevitable that some animal shall be above all others. Man is that animal, but it does not prove his immortality any more than the fact that the dog is higher than many other animals proves his immortality.

Both man and dog belong to the animal kingdom. Their organic life is the same. Their mental attributes differ in degree only. Beyond this there can be but mere conjecture; give the dog the benefit of the doubt.

HERMIT.

GLOUCESTER, Aug. 26.

The Proposed Rule Against Cropping.

TUCKAHOE, N. Y., Aug. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the American Kennel Club will act on the above proposed rule at its next meeting, Sept. 12, I beg to say a few words against it. Of course, nobody will construe my remarks as hostile to the A. K. C., as I am, and always have been, one of its stauncest admirers and supporters; but in this case I am compelled to say that this rule should never be adjudicated in its present state by the A. K. C. As far as I can comprehend the scope of the A. K. C., it is formed for the benefit of the dog in regard to upholding honesty and fairness in dealing, and showing and fostering knowledge and understanding of man's best friend, through the consolidation of the different specialty and kennel clubs getting the necessary power to enforce such rules.

But these are only in regard to the general conduct of doggy affairs, and correctly so, whereas this proposed cropping rule is a direct interference with the rights of breeders not under direct jurisdiction or adjudication of the A. K. C., and only an imitative sentimentalism, which should better be left to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, where its proper sphere is. If the specialty clubs, whose special hobby is a cropped breed, should take this question up among themselves, and then ask the A. K. C. to enforce their arrived-at decision, it would be on a different and correct basis; but in its present state the majority of delegates have no special knowledge of these breeds, and will of course decide in the popular way, so as not to have the name to foster cruelty. I personally would not think of cropping a dog myself, and keep no great Danes for this reason. But because I like to take a glass of beer when I am thirsty, I do not see my right to deride my neighbor who likes whisky and seltzer better, and leave this to his own liking and judgment; and so should this question be left to those interested in cropped breeds, and not be compelled to do what a number of men have decreed for them, of what they very likely know no more than they do of how their tailor fits their clothes till they wear them, when they mighty quick discover any ill fit.

The strongest point I can think of is the reason why this rule has been evidently proposed—I mean the enactment by the English Kennel Club of such a rule, as the case will be plainly solved over there. Most or all cropped breeds are imported year after year in the best specimens from England, who are the breeders and have some semblance of right thereof, but we can hardly pose as yet prominent in any of the aforesaid breeds, and therefore undertake to make rules for foreign countries, as in the case of the great Dane, for instance. If any unbiased dogman could see a cropped great Dane next to an uncropped one, he certainly would exclaim: "No, give me the cropped one every time," and in this breed the proposed rule means plain and simple prohibition of importation, as we have to import our material from Germany, and they certainly will crop, rule or no rule. Such would evidently be the result; and if the A. K. C. was created for such ultimate reason, I doubt it very much. Especially where England is solving the question for us I again say earnestly, let the natural way of non-interference have its course. If specialty clubs take this matter up, all right, but until then do not be more Catholic than the Pope, and leave this matter over here to the society with the long name whose aims and tenor I indorse in general very heartily.

G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

Continental Trials.

MORRIS, Manitoba, Sept. 3.—[*Special to Forest and Stream.*] The weather is warm, and the birds not plentiful. There is a good attendance. The Derby work has been poor. There were nineteen starters, and the stake was finished this afternoon. Winners: First, Sam T. Second, Ightfield, Mentor and Tory Fashion. Third divided by Brighton Dick, Fen Follett, Sister Sue and Rex. Fourth divided by Lady Rush, Domino, Gleam's Dart, Gleam's Rush and Stridemore. The All-Age begins this afternoon.

B. WATERS.

Put a Peg Here.

THE Manitoba All-Age Stake entries show a list of twenty-two pointers to twenty-nine setters. That is a big difference from the entries not so many years back when the setters had big majorities. And a total of fifty-one for the stake deserves a peg, too.

National Beagle Club of America.

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—A field trial committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America will be held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, this city, Monday, Sept. 9, at 3:30 P. M.

GEORGE W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

Irish Setter Club Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Irish Setter Club will hold their trials as advertised on Dec. 2, 3 and 4, providing the Continental trials are finished by that time, and if not then as soon as they are over.

The club has decided to open the All-Aged Stake to all Irish setters, thus allowing previous winners to compete. This should greatly increase our entries and help make the trials a success.

With such dogs as Bedford Finglas, Currer Belle IV. and other winners entered in the All-Aged Stake it would be well worth seeing. Mr. W. S. Bell will judge.

GEORGE H. THOMSON,
Sec'y I. S. C., Room 22, 400 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.

Montreal Show.

MONTREAL, Aug. 29.—An error in the entry forms of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Dog Show reads that the fee for registering and listing is 50 cents per dog. The fee for registration is $1, and that for listing 25 cents for each dog. In class 45, Irish setters, the prize should read $10 instead of $20 for first. The entries will close positively on Sept. 9, and must be in my hands on or before that date.

GEO. K. LANIGAN,
Secretary and Superintendent.
Box 692, Montreal, Canada.

New England Field Trials.

TAUNTON, Mass., Aug. 29.—It looks now as though we were going to have a very successful stake and a nice entry of dogs. We have lots of birds on our grounds for this part of the country, and if they are not driven to the swamps and thickets before our trials, it will be more satisfactory than ever before.

ARTHUR R. SHARP, Sec'y.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

7. First international race.
7. San Francisco cruise to Mare Island, San Francisco Bay.
7. Revere open, Marblehead (Mass.) Bay.
7. Larchmont, 34 and 21ft. classes, Sound.
7. Royal Nova Scotia, open handicap, Halifax.
7. Royal Canadian, Prince of Wales cup, Toronto.
7-8-9. Ewcinal, cruise to San Mateo, San Francisco Bay.
7-8-9. California, cruise to Napa River, San Francisco Bay.
7-8-9. Corinthian, cruise to Martinez, San Francisco Bay.
8. San Francisco squadron sail, San Francisco Bay.
9. San Francisco sail to Sausalito, San Francisco Bay.
12. Sea Cliff special, Sound.
13. Cor., Atlantic City Record, Atlantic City.
14. Larchmont, schooners and 34ft. and 21ft. classes, Sound.
14. Royal Canadian, 27ft. class, Toronto.
14. Royal Nova Scocia, open handicap, Halifax.
14-15. California, sail to Goat Island, San Francisco Bay.
15. Cor., regatta, San Francisco Bay.
19. Larchmont, 34 and 21ft. classes, Sound.
21. Huguenot cruiser's race, New Rochelle Sound.
21. Larchmont, schooners, 34 and 21ft. classes, Sound.
21. Royal Canadian, 32 and 18ft. classes, Toronto.

The Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup.

OUTSIDE of the sailing of the large singlestickers, the trial races of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. for the selection of a defending boat to meet the English challenger Mr. J. Arthur Brand in the races for the club's new international challenge cup have proved quite as exciting and interesting as anything yet seen this season. Though fewer boats started than first expected, there were enough to make a good race, and as at the start most of them were entirely unknown, the result was quite beyond conjecture. It is a matter of regret now that more types were not represented; the presence of a Clapham boat and a Dyer boat would have added still more to the interest, and such experiments cost but little in so small a class; but in spite of the long notice given, yachtsmen have only since the trial races begun to realize the possibilities of keen sport at a moderate outlay which the class affords. If one starts in the right way it is easily possible to spend a thousand dollars in a silk and mahogany creation, but on the other hand the winner cost considerably less than this, and the boat which won third place in the three races is said to have cost just $85 for material, the work being done by her owners, and it is safe to say that she could be duplicated of a lighter and much improved construction, with good sails and a bronze instead of a steel centerboard, for $100.

The racing as it was included many different types, Mr. Herreshoff in particular being represented by one of his best fin models and by an extreme up-to-date centerboard boat specially designed and constructed for the class, while it would be hard to find anything more extreme in the direction of the flat scow or "flying pontoon" type than Question. The list of yachts, owners and crews is as follows:

	Owner.	*Designer.*	*Builder.*	*Helmsman.*	*Crew.*
Olita	c. b.	H. C. Rouse	N. G. Herreshoff	C. B. Vaux	R. B. Burchard.
Trust Me	fin	C. M. Clark	N. G. Herreshoff	C. M. Clark	K. Whiting.
Trilby	fin	G. Tyson	C. Olmstead	C. Olmstead	C. J. Pierce.
Question	c. b.	L. B. Huntington, Jr	L. P. Huntington, Jr	L. B. Huntington	Philip Howard.
Ethelwynn	c. b.	C. J. Field	W. P. Stephens	St. Lawrence Co	C. J. Field.
L'Indienne	c. b.	R. Outwater	T. F. Newell	R. Outwater	F. B. Jones.
F & R	c. b.	F. & R. Wyckoff	F. & R. Wyckoff	F. Wyckoff	R. Wyckoff.

The conditions of the races were as follows: Trial races to select the defender for the year 1895 of the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup for small yachts, Aug. 26, 27, 28.

Prize.—A prize is offered by a member of the club in memory of the late Robert Center, to be known as the Center helmsman's prize.

Under the terms of gift it will be awarded to the "amateur helmsman who, in the judgment of the race committee, handles his boat in the most seamanlike manner from the preparatory signal of the first to the finish of the last trial race."

Courses.—(1.) The course for the first and third trial races shall be triangular and shall be as follows:

Triangular Course.—From a line between Center Island buoy and the committee steamer anchored S.E. of the same, E. by N.½N.—2 miles to and around a mark bearing a red flag or ball, leaving it on the port hand; N.W.—2 miles to and around a mark bearing a red flag or ball, leaving it on the port hand; S. by W.½W.—2 miles to the finish line between Center Island buoy and the committee steamer anchored N.W. of the same. Course to be sailed over twice; total distance 12 nautical miles. On the second round yachts will leave Center Island buoy on the port hand.

Note.—The race committee may, in their discretion, direct the course to be sailed in the reverse direction, leaving buoy and marks on the starboard hand, and the signal for such reversal of course will be the anchoring of the committee steamer at the start to the N.W. of Center Island buoy. In this case the committee steamer will be anchored S.E. of Center Island buoy at the finish.

(2.) The course for the second trial race shall be a course to windward or leeward and return.

Course to Windward or Leeward and Return.—From a line between Center Island buoy and the committee steamer to and around a mark bearing a red flag or ball, leaving it on the starboard hand; distance 3 miles and return; course to be sailed over twice; total distance, 12 nautical miles. The direction will be signaled by the general yacht signal code from the committee steamer at least fifteen minutes before the preparatory signal.

The start will be a one-gun flying start with a preparatory signal, and will be made at 12 o'clock noon across a line between Center Island buoy and the committee steamer.

First Signal.—Preparatory. Whistle (15 seconds long). The club burgee on the committee steamer will be lowered and a blue peter hoisted. There will be an interval of five minutes between the first and second signals.

Second Signal.—Start. Whistle (15 seconds long). The blue peter will be lowered and a red ball hoisted.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS.

(1.) The yacht selected to defend the cup shall be the one which, in

the judgment of the race committee, shall be the best adapted therefor, and not necessarily the winner of a majority of the trial races.

(2.) On Saturday morning, Aug. 24, all yachts entering for the trial races will be measured in racing trim at the club anchorage, Oyster Bay.

(3.) Each yacht must carry a racing number (which may be obtained at the club house on the morning of the first race) fastened securely on both sides of the mainsail.

(4.) In the event of a race being postponed or ordered resailed, it will be sailed at as early a date as may be practicable.

Entries.—Entries must be in writing and filed with the secretary of the race committee, Charles A. Sherman, 64 Leonard street, New York, by 12 o'clock noon, on Aug. 23, or at the club house at Oyster Bay by 10 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 26.

GENERAL CONDITIONS AND REGULATIONS.

As previously announced in a circular issued by the race committee on May 1 last, the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup is this year offered for competition between yachts of not exceeding 15ft. racing length (S. C. Y. C. measurement). Entries in the trial races will therefore be confined to yachts of this class.

The defense of the cup is open to yachts owned by members of the yacht clubs of the United States in good standing.

The general conditions governing the cup and the general regulations for the control both of the international and trial races as amended are as follows:

I. The cup shall be a perpetual international challenge cup. The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. shall have the custody of the cup in the first instance, and every challenge shall be through some recognized yacht club of a foreign country, and the cup when won shall be delivered to and held by the club through which the challenge was made.

II. A challenging yacht shall be met by only one competitor.

III. The races shall not be less than three nor more than five in number, the cup to be taken by the winner of the majority.

IV. The American courses, while the cup remains in the custody of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., shall be on the waters of Long Island Sound in the vicinity of Oyster Bay, or in the bay itself. They shall consist of a triangular course and a course to windward or leeward and return. For the 15ft. class each leg of the triangular course shall be two nautical miles in length, and shall be sailed over twice, making a total of twelve miles. The course to windward or leeward and return shall be three nautical miles to each leg and shall be sailed over twice, making a total of twelve miles.

V. The start shall be a one-gun flying start.

VI. The races shall be sailed without time allowance.

VII. The challenge cup is offered this year for yachts of not exceeding 15ft. racing length (S. C. Y. C. measurement).

The formula for determining racing length under the S. C. Y. C. rules is as follows:

$$\frac{\text{L.W.L.} + \sqrt{\text{Sail area}}}{2} = \text{Racing length.}$$

VIII. In the 15ft. class, yachts shall be measured without crew on board, but instead thereof a weight of three hundred pounds shall be carried amidships during measurement to represent the crew.

IX. All ballast shall be fixed. (Weighted centerboards shall be considered fixed ballast.)

X. No outrigger or other outboard mechanical device, for carrying live ballast to windward, shall be allowed.

XI. In determining sail area a system of measurement shall be employed which will give, as nearly as possible, the actual number of square feet thereof. Sails shall be limited to mainsail, jib and spinaker. The combined area of mainsail and of the jib used in windward work shall constitute the factor of sail area in determining racing length. The area of spinaker and balloon jib shall each be limited to four-tenths of the total area of the mainsail and jib used in windward work.

XII. The helmsman shall be an amateur, and the total number of persons on board shall be limited to two.

XIII. Future competitions for the cup shall be limited to yachts of classes from 15ft. to 25ft. racing length, both inclusive.

Excepting in case of conflict with the foregoing conditions and regulations, the racing rules of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club shall govern the trial races.

Note.—Attention is called to the fact that it is expected to arrange a series of open races with Spruce IV. after the challenge cup races.

OLIVER E. CROMWELL, Chairman, Port Chester, New York.
CHARLES W. WETMORE, 35 Wall Street.
WALTER C. KERR, 26 Cortlandt Street.
VALENTINE MOTT, 62 Madison Avenue.
CHARLES A. SHERMAN, Secretary, 64 Leonard Street.
Race Committee.

The new Herreshoff boat Olita was ordered by Vice-Com. Rouse immediately on the completion of the preliminary arrangements with Mr. Brand last April, everything being left to the designer, the only limitations being that she should be strong enough to carry at the davits of the schooner Iroquois and should have two watertight bulkheads. The yacht was completed at the end of July, and her crew, Messrs. Vaux and Burchard, have had little time for necessary alterations and working up. In type she is very different from previous light draft Herreshoff craft such as the very successful Alpha, and she has nothing whatever in common with the very fast and handsome Herreshoff fin-keels like Alerion, Memory and Niagara. There is about her a very strong suggestion of the "one design" model by Mr. Linton Hope which we published on Feb. 9. She is 29ft. over all, 6ft. 4in. beam, and 3in. draft, with a high freeboard amidship and a rather straight sheer. The stern is cut off short, ending in a wide and deep square transom much like the old Newport catboats; when in sailing trim the tuck was barely immersed, and when at rest about a foot of the after end of keel is exposed. The bow is like that of Dragoon, with over 3ft. overhang, to judge by the eye, and just above and parallel to the water. When under way the bow was quite clear of the water, dipping in now and then just enough to break the water; it was not pretty, and to all appearances served no other purpose than to make a back sail when on the wind.

The construction is very simple and light, 5/8in. white cedar planking laid with a ship lap on bent frames hardly larger than in a canoe. The keel is made stiff for hanging at the davits, by carrying the sides of the centerboard trunk as far as possible fore and aft, instead of just clear of the head ledges; under the deck is a very light clamp, but there is absolutely nothing in the way of bilge clamps to stiffen the bottom. The deck is equally light, of 3/8in. white pine laid with a ship lap on very small deck beams. The bulkheads are placed in the extreme ends of the boat, leaving an open space of some 14ft. between them. The cockpit is 4ft. 3in. wide and quite long. The hull is so lightly built that the bottom and deck work very perceptibly when under way, this being, according to the theory of old deep-water men, a distinct element of speed. The centerboard is of bronze, rectangular in shape and dropping some 3ft. below the keel when fully down, the fore edge nearly vertical. It is about 2ft. wide and probably weighs under 500lbs., may lifted by an arm, as in all of the Hope boats. The rudder is of bronze and is to house in the trunk, as in the Hope design already mentioned, for convenience in carrying at the davits. The boat is painted white all over, with varnished decks. The bilge is round and full, the bottom very flat and the floor long.

The rig is very poor in construction, the spars are solid, the mast being but 27/8in. diameter, and the fittings are rough; the main boom gooseneck is fastened to the mast with four large screws, something that would cause a canoeist to raise his hands in horror. The blocks and rigging are of the ordinary stock variety, by no means good enough for canoe work; and the sails, a boom and gaff mainsail and a jib with tack at the stemhead, were of the new criss-cross cut and very poor. The Herreshoff mainsail was condemned after a few trials and hastily replaced with another of the same cut by a New York maker, which proved no better, in fact the boat was very badly handicapped, especially to windward, by poor sails, spars and rigging.

When Olita was ordered, Mr. Herreshoff was desirous of having both types represented in the class and Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt ordered a bulb fin, Osprey, already described. In beauty of lines and in construction she is greatly superior to the centerboard boat, having two long and symmetrical ends, a beam of but 4ft. 6in., and being planked with mahogany. The rig, however, is like that of Olita. It was expected that she would be present, and Mr. Paul Butler was invited to sail her in the races, but as he had never seen or sailed her before, and would have had no opportunity to learn her or to put her in shape, it is perhaps as well for his reputation that she was not present. From her spins in Newport Harbor she looks to be a fast and certainly is a handsome and stylish boat, and her presence in the races in proper form would have added greatly to the interest, but like all the others, she would have needed some careful preparation at the hands of her crew.

There was, however, a Herreshoff fin-keel in the class, Trust Me, a duplicate, as we understand, of Miss Sutton's Wee Winn, but built late last year. She is a handsome boat, of mahogany, with pine deck, and rigged with boom and gaff mainsail and jib to stemhead. The sails were by no means new and only fair in quality. She was sailed very persistently and pluckily by her owner and a young friend. Her dimensions were not suited to the class, her waterline being over 16ft. and her sail area under 200sq. ft.

The other fin-keel, Trilby, is by no means the chestnut that her name would indicate, but a new boat specially designed for the class by Mr. Charles Olmstead, designer of Vorant II., Gavilan, Eidolon, Wild Cat, Consternation and many other yachts. She was built by Wood & Son, of City Island, under Mr. Olmstead's personal supervision, and is a very handsome piece of work, the hull of double skin construction, mahogany outside. She is 5ft 1in. beam and with a full bilge, especially for a fin-keel; the two ends being carried out easily to an extreme length of some 24ft. The fin is deep and rather narrow, both edges vertical, and slid in a trunk, so as to be moved if desired. She has been under way for a month in preparation for the races. Her deck was originally of mahogany, but in the week preceding the races this was removed and a white pine deck, 3/8in. thick, was substituted. She had a rather small cockpit, with mahogany coaming and with her long ends, mahogany topsides brightly polished, white varnished deck and mahogany partner plank and coaming, she was the prettiest piece of boat-building in the fleet. The boom and gaff mainsail, a very good sail, was made by Wilson & Griffin, of New York, as was the jib, cross-cut after Mr. Wilson's method. The jib was large compared with the mainsail.

The Indienne, a boat, L'Indienne, is a wide centerboard craft of 7ft. beam, and with long ends, of lapstrake construction with white cedar planking, she had a very good suit of sails, with a large jib and a boom and gaff mainsail.

F. & R. is a sharpie or more properly a skiff, so far as that doubtful term applies, with a short square stern instead of the long fantail of the New Haven sharpie. She is of the usual rather heavy construction and was built last season, having raced so successfully with many local boats of her own type that her owners concluded to enter her. She carried a jib and mainsail rig with bowsprit and very large jib, having very fair sails.

The most unique and interesting boat in the class was Question, 24ft. over all, 5ft. beam, 1ft. depth, and about 3ft. in draft, with a waterline of 14ft. 8in. According to Mr. Hyslop she is the most difficult boat to measure that has ever come under his tape in many years' experience as measurer. The sides are almost parallel for three-quarters of the length, the stern being square and the bow rather abruptly pointed. They are vertical from end to end, about 1ft. wide amidships, and rounded downward on deck and upward on the bottom so as to make a reversed sheer above and quite a rocker below. There is no semblance of a cockpit, merely a 10×12 hatch in the deck to carry a spinaker or a copy of the sailing directions, and the crew in sailing lie perfectly flat at all times except when off the wind in a drift, when they get a little rest by squatting on deck in various odd positions. In any sort of a lop they are likely to be washed fore and aft. The centerboard is sheet steel 6ft. long and about 155lbs. in weight, dropping far down and allowing high above the deck when raised. The hull is roughly built of pine, painted a dull lead color, and the deck is canvased. The rigging is simple but crude, and the sails, mostly a boom and gaff mainsail with but a few square inches of jib, are old and not over good.

The whole outfit, while lacking in style beside Trilby, Olita and Ethelwynn, was picturesque in the extreme. The two young fellows who sailed her were tanned a rich brown, their costumes consisted of red jerseys cut extremely *decollette*, with blue trunks to match, and the effect of hull, sails and crew was most striking and unconventional. The boat was launched early in the season, being intended for this class, and has been raced persistently and successfully; in fact, though in these races not sailed by her owner, but by his brother, she had probably an advantage over all the others in the experience and local knowledge of her crew.

The last boat in the class, Ethelwynn, was specially designed for these races, and as the order was not placed until July 1, she was the last completed, and has had the least time for final preparation. She is a centerboard boat, carrying a 55lb. plate of Parson's manganese bronze, 3/16in. thick and 4ft. 6in. long on the lower or forward edge; on the wind this plate being dropped until nearly vertical. It is hung on a pin and is of the shape introduced by Mr. Linton Hope, being raised by an arm and tackle. The boat is 23ft. 4in. over all, with 3ft. 9in. fore overhang and 4ft. 6in. after overhang, on a 15ft. waterline, these extreme lengths being taken merely for structural purposes and to avoid carrying a bowsprit. Her extreme beam is 6ft., and at the waterline it is about 4ft. 8in., the draft of hull being 6 to 7in., and the least freeboard 15in. The stem is a sharp point and the counter ends in a neatly shaped transom. While the model is derived from the Scarecrow and other similar boats, some very wide departures have been made both in lines and construction in the directions indicated by the experience with these cruising boats; the angle of the floor has been very much sharpened, the displacement cut down to carry only a crew of 300lbs. with hull and rig of racing weight, and the beam on deck has been widened as much as possible to give a seat for the crew. The centerboard was made as light as possible, the weight of the crew being depended on for ballast, with a margin in the length and displacement to admit of about 100lbs. of lead if found desirable on trial.

In the construction every effort was made to save in weight without sacrificing necessary strength, and as very little has been done here in racing craft of such small size and yet different from canoes, the scantling was a matter of experiment. The result seems satisfactory, the boat, with a total weight for the hull alone of 355lbs., being strong and stiff. The keel is of spruce, with no stem knee, but in one piece from stem head to transom, the latter being of mahogany. The frames are of steamed rock elm, the main frames at mast, bulkheads, and end of waterline and middle of trunk, being hackmatack of natural crook. The planking is of 1/8in. white cedar laid diagonally and 1/4in. mahogany laid fore and aft, with Union silk between, the outer skin finishing to under 1/4in. The outside hull is very handsome, but in the deck all appearances were sacrificed to utility, and in place of tapered strips of white pine a light deck of 5/16in. white cedar was laid, covered with canvas laid in paint. With a properly laid pine deck the boat would have compared favorably with any in the class for looks, but the painted deck, though neither handsome nor shipshape, is lighter, tighter and stronger.

The hull was built by the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., of Clayton, N. Y., and in a hurry, the lines laid down full size, were received on July 13 and the boat was shipped by rail and received at Greenwich, Conn., on Aug. 7; this does not sound like much compared with the latest English record, made by Sibbick, of Cowes, of a 1-rater furnished complete in five days from the date of the order; but in this latter case the boat was little different from a large number of others already built, and many of the parts were got out in advance, while in the case of Ethelwynn everything was new, the workmen knew nothing of the nature of the boat until the lines were received, and had never built anything of the kind before. The work was hurried under the personal supervision of the manager of the company, Mr. J. G. Fraser, and the result is highly creditable to him and his men.

The rig is a distinctive feature of the boat, to which her success thus far is largely due, being almost a duplicate of that leg of mutton rig devised by Mr. C. J. Stevens for his Scarecrow, and which has answered perfectly on that boat. After an experience of a dozen years in canoes and later in Scarecrow, Mr. Stevens has produced a rig that is not only original, but is alike perfect in the general disposition of sail and in its mechanical details. In this work he has been materially aided by Messrs. Gilbert L. and R. H. Wilson, the sail makers, the former in particular taking a very great interest in canoe sails and making many suggestions which have led to the present improvement on the old English balance lug, the starting point. The excellent mechanical work and practical skill in boat sailing of Mr. L. K. Young, of Bridgeport, has contributed in no small degree to the success of Scarecrow, he having made several sets of spars for her and worked out a number of minor details in the way of fittings. The spars of Ethelwynn were made by him, a handsome hollow mast and boom; the sail hoisting on a railway by means of small toggles on the luff. These, with the spring gooseneck, the blocks and other special fittings, were also made by him.

The standing rigging is of phosphor bronze wire rope, set up with light lanyards instead of turnbuckles, and the running rigging is of the English cord imported by canoeists. The mainsail, of about 190 sq. ft., is of a stout cotton cloth; the first sail was not entirely satisfactory, though used in several races, and a new sail was made by Wilson & Griffin, which was bent for the first time on the morning of Monday's race, proving very satisfactory. The first jib, of 50ft., proved too large and was not as good as was directed, and a second one was made of but 35ft., which answered admirably both in size and cut, the cloths running in various directions, after Mr. Wilson's new method.

The boat was built and rigged after the best canoeing practice, of securing strength and lightness by the use of the finest materials in specially made articles, and not trusting to stock fittings, etc., and the results have well repaid the extra care and trouble. The rig was undoubtedly superior in quality to those of all the other boats, though several were carefully rigged and with good sails.

The value of the water-tight compartments was fully tested by an unfortunate capsize in the Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. race of Aug. 24, in a very strong breeze, three other boats capsizing and one being dismasted, the boat being steered by a stranger. She capsized entirely, but floated so high that her crew did not get wet, and one hand by going overboard stowed both sails, the boat being easily righted with her cockpit less than a quarter full.

Two other boats intended for the class did not appear, as they proved to be unsuited for the measurement a Dyer boat, built at Lake Minnetonka, and 2EZ (Too Easy), designed and built by Mr. E. Towle.

On Monday morning the seven boats were off the club station at Oyster Bay, and the flagship Oneida, Commodore Benedict, took aboard the regatta committee. The club had provided a good steamer to leave New York each morning and follow the races, returning to the city at night, the charge being $1.50 including dinner, but only half a dozen people appeared on her on this and the two following days. The morning was hot, with a little wind in the Bay and even less outside when the Oneida anchored off the Center Island Buoy at noon. The yachts had already towed out, and with a flood tide and no wind Question made fast to the buoy, and Trilby, Ethelwynn L'Indienne and Trust Me tied up astern of her while the crews went swimming.

It was hot and tiresome until about 2 o'clock, when a light S.W. wind came in and the boats cast loose and began to work about the line. The preparatory signal was given at 2:15 and the start at 2:20, The boats came for the line bunched under Oneida's quarter, Trilby first and Ethelwynn inside her, the two touching as Trilby luffed for a moment for the gun. When over the line Olita and Ethelwynn quickly took the lead, the former with a working jib and the latter set a balooner. This was Olita's first race, and she made a very promising beginning, starting up quickly in the light air, and with sheets well off she traveled very fast and easily, soon turning the first mark with a lead of over a minute on Ethelwynn and of about three minutes on the others; L'Indienne, which had essayed a spinaker, being last.

The second leg was also with started sheet, the wind still very light and the water smooth, Olita showing even better and adding another two minutes to her gain over Ethelwynn. F. & R. showed a good third in this work, while Question was but fifth.

Sheets were now hardened for the beat of two miles, Olita and Ethelwynn both standing to the westward toward Lloyd's Neck. As they came for the line Olita was almost headed by a sand schooner, but fortunately managed to get by her bows. Ethelwynn made a gain of over a minute on the windward work, and was 1m. 58s. astern at the beginning of the second round. F. & R. made a very bad showing on the wind, while Question, sailing an easterly course, came up almost unnoticed until she was third boat. The times at each mark are given below.

The second round opened with more wind from the same quarter, and again Olita sailed very fast, adding a minute on the first leg and two more on the second, until she led Ethelwynn at the lee mark by 4m. 48s. She started again to the westward, the ebb now giving her a push on the lee bow while she kept well above the strong ebb out of Oyster Bay and Cold Spring Harbor. The wind was light but steady and she had more than at any time earlier in the race. Ethelwynn, with five minutes to make up in three miles, was no sooner by the buoy than she went about and headed in on one long leg for Lloyds' Neck, apparently a poor course with the ebb from the harbor on her weather bow, but there was nothing left for her. She stood on until well in under the shore and a long distance from Olita, now out to the westward, and finally the two came about. It was slow work, as they had passed the lee mark at 4:44 and it was not until 5:25 that they came together, Ethelwynn going easily across Olita's bows. She tacked and stood for the line, where she was timed with a lead of 1m. 19s., showing a gain of 36m. 7s. in two miles. A part of this was undoubtedly due to a stronger breeze out of the harbor, but the wind was freshening for both all the way home The rest of the fleet was far astern, L'Indienne having withdrawn entirely after the first round. The official times were:

First race.—Start 2:20 P. M.:

	First Round.			Second Round.			
	1st mark.	2d mark.	Line.	1st mark.	2d mark.	Line.	Elapsed
Ethelwynn	2 50 56	3 18 21	4 06 55	4 25 45	4 48 58	5 36 50	3 16 15
Olita	2 49 53	3 15 10	4 04 57	4 22 57	4 44 10	5 38 09	3 18 09
Question	2 52 40	3 23 11	4 09 00	4 27 40	4 53 10	5 46 07	3 26 07
Trilby	2 52 50	3 23 20	4 10 40	4 29 51	4 54 12	5 46 37	3 26 37
Trust Me	2 52 30	3 22 27	4 17 25	4 37 55	5 01 30	6 00 10	3 40 10
F & R	2 52 12	3 21 57	4 18 25	4 40 20	5 05 55	6 12 37	3 52 37
L'Indienne	2 53 37	3 23 57	4 26 20	Withdrew.			

Tuesday, the day of the windward and leeward race, was cloudy, with a very light off-shore wind and a sprinkle of rain. The start was made at 12:45, the Oneida's launch running out with the mark. Olita crossed on the gun close to the spar buoy, with Ethelwynn close inside her. Neither F. & R. nor L'Indienne started, leaving but five boats, the other three going over the line with spinakers set and with booms to port (the right jibe as it proved) on Trilby and Trust Me. Olita and Ethelwynn were in such close company on the line that they could not set spinakers until over and clear, both having booms to starboard. Still, in a light wind Ethelwynn ran away faster than Olita had done on the first day. She had shipped four pigs of lead, 25lbs., early in the morning, and the extra weight did not seem to stop her in the light winds of this and the following race. Her crew had turned out at 4 A. M. to get her on the beach for a rub down with a special black composition kindly given them by the crew of F. & R. The bottom was painted with copper bronze on the first day, with varnished topsides, and though the appearance suffered by the black stain over the mahogany, the boat was smoother and faster. At the first turn she had made 3½m. on Olita and about 4 on the others. Both she and Olita ran a little by the lee and had to take in spinakers and jibe before coming up with the mark.

The windward work was slow and tedious, taking an hour and a half for the leader to cover 3 miles. Olita's mainsail, but indifferent on the first day, was now stretched into a worse bag, after the manner of the criss-cross kind. Ethelwynn's new mainsail was sitting even better than most leg o' mutton sails, which are apt to show wrinkles about the head even when doing good work.

Olita made a long tack inshore to the eastward while Ethelwynn made several shorter tacks. The wind held light, but shifted a little to the eastward, then came rather stronger from the south.

The end of the first round showed Ethelwynn 10m ahead of the second boat, Trilby, and 19m. ahead of the last, Question.

The second round started in a very light wind and with the flood tide still running to the westward at the outer mark. Ethelwynn steered to the eastward to avoid being carried beyond the buoy in a possible calm, and when a little way out she was obliged to head still further off her course to avoid a long tow of barges which threatened to cut her off entirely from the mark, at the same time there was a promise of an easterly wind offshore. Olita sailed a middle course, also having to look out for the tow. When Ethelwynn was a mile out the wind dropped until she was almost drifting, Olita faring little better. After a time the light easterly air came up the Sound and both set spinakers for the mark, but in the meanwhile the southwest wind came in quite fresh and brought up the rear boats, Question being the most favored of all; being near the Center Island buoy when the wind came, she was able to head for the lee mark in a straight line, and at the turn, instead of 19m. she was just 28s. astern of Ethelwynn. The other three were almost up to the leaders, so that after having won the race at the end of the first round Ethelwynn was forced to start almost even to win it again in the last 3 miles.

The wind was stronger and truer than at any other time during the three days, and Ethelwynn began to gain from the moment her sheets were trimmed. On the way over, though the sky was clear, a little rain fell, but the water was comparatively smooth. She made up 3m. on Question and more on Olita in the three miles, winning very easily.

Second race.—Start 12:45 P. M.:

	First Round.		Second Round.		
	1st mark.	Line.	1st mark.	Line.	Elapsed.
Ethelwynn	1 30 17	3 00 51	4 03 15	4 33 03	4 08 03
Olita	1 33 45	3 17 21	4 04 35	4 57 48	4 12 48
Question	1 34 12	3 19 53	4 03 43	4 56 25	4 11 25
Trilby	1 34 03	3 10 27	4 04 11	5 00 07	4 15 03
Trust Me	1 34 19	3 15 17	4 04 50	Not timed.	

Wednesday was the most trying of the three days, the wind being very light and the weather intensely hot even under the wide awnings of the Oneida, while on the little boats the heat was almost unbearable. When the start was made at 12:15, the wind was very light W. S. W., the tide flood and the water smooth. Question and Ethelwynn crossed the line together, Olita being on the weather quarter of Ethelwynn. Spinakers were quickly set, Olita dropping her spinaker boom in the water as she crossed the line and losing a little time. They dragged slowly over the first leg, Ethelwynn in the lead and gaining, having a minute and a half on Olita at the turn, with the others far astern.

On the reach to the second mark the wind fell entirely, Olita picked up Ethelwynn and the two drifted side by side. Ethelwynn's crew went over the side, one at a time, for a swim, and one of Olita's crew followed. While one of her men was in the water and the boat a little shaken up by the climbing in, Ethelwynn dropped somewhat astern of Olita, and though there was apparently no increase of wind the latter began to forge ahead and open out the distance, probably aided by a trifling slant of wind. Olita went ahead faster as a light breeze caught the whole fleet, and spun out a long lead of 6m. over Ethelwynn in the remaining mile to the lee mark, Question and Trilby making up from 5 to 11m. on Ethelwynn.

The windward work was very slow, the wind still holding light, the two leaders stood over toward Lloyd's Neck together, Ethelwynn finally crossing Olita's bows, the latter running along to leeward for a time and then creeping out ahead. The steam yacht Venture ran by the pair and washed them in the most unconcerned manner, in fact, out of the large fleet of yachts about the course on the three days, several showed an utter disregard of the courtesies commonly accorded to racing yachts by outside craft.

Olita was in the lead by a short distance as they neared the buoy, but made a wide turn; the helmsman of Ethelwynn shoved her straight at the buoy and swung round as if on a pivot right between Olita and the big black spar, but there was not wind enough to give her any headway, and she failed by 27s. of being first at the end of the round, though having made up 6m. on the windward work.

The other three were far astern when the leaders started again on perfectly even terms for the last round, with spinakers set to starboard. In the middle of the leg a light S.W. breeze sprung up; the two held very evenly together, the times showing a gain of 9s. for Olita at the turn.

A slight freshening of the breeze astern brought the laggards up, and the second leg started with more wind, but still hardly a sailing breeze. On her best point of sailing Olita again gained, and had a lead of 1m. 29s. at the lee mark. Question set her spinaker with the pole over her bows, using it as a balloon jib, an expedient that is undoubtedly contrary to the rules, but which she availed herself of at times in a light air, and she made up over a minute on Ethelwynn on this reach.

The wind was now light but steady, and held its force to the end, making a very even race. As soon as they were trimmed down, Ethelwynn began to outpoint Olita, while the latter fell away bodily to leeward, as she did in all of the windward work. Question pointed very high and held on well. After standing east for a short time they broke tacks, and when they came together Olita on starboard crossed Ethelwynn's bows and tacked on her weather, but was unable to hold her advantage. The next time they came about Ethelwynn was on the other's weather bow and had the race won, finally crossing the line with a lead of 5m. 31s., a gain of 7m. 10s. in the 2 miles. Question came very close to third place. The full times were:

Third race.—Start 12:15:

	First Round.			Second Round.			
	1st mark.	2d mark.	Line.	1st mark.	2d mark.	Line.	Elapsed
Ethelwynn	1 05 25	2 55 37	4 14 57	5 14 13	5 36 06	6 13 12	5 58 12
Olita	1 06 53	2 49 40	4 14 30	5 13 37	5 34 27	6 18 43	6 03 43
Question	1 10 11	2 58 40	4 26 27	5 18 37	5 39 17	6 19 33	6 04 33
Trilby	1 16 53	2 58 45	4 21 30	5 19 57	5 42 43	6 26 27	6 11 27
Trust Me	1 16 45	3 05 23	4 24 05	5 19 30	5 42 43	6 34 20	6 19 20

After a short consultation, the committee announced the choice of Ethelwynn to defend the cup against Spruce IV. The question of the Center prizes was a more difficult one; the committee had watched each boat as closely as possible for the three days, making notes of the good and bad points of sailing; but it was some time before a decision was reached, the successful crew being that of Question.

The very light weather of the three days was a disappointment to all and gave the committee no opportunity to see the yachts in a strong breeze or reefed; but the performance of Ethelwynn in the drifting and the light airs showed her to be the fastest under extreme light weather conditions, the only exception being the reaching of Olita; and in the stronger wind of Tuesday afternoon she did as well relatively as at any other time.

The sailing of the races was greatly facilitated by the use of the flagship Oneida as a committee boat, Com. Benedict doing everything in his power to aid the committee, and displaying the greatest interest in the small craft and their plucky crews. In the hot drift of the last day, on the beginning of the second round, he forsook the shade of the awnings and had the Oneida's smaller launch lowered and went out himself with a big pitcher of ice water and a supply of cold ginger ale, picking up every one of the boats and refreshing the thirsty crews. On board of the Oneida, in the latter two races, was Mr. H. K. Sturdee, of Albany, a friend of Mr. Brand's, who represents him in this country. Mr. Brand and Spruce IV. sailed on the Fulda, on Aug. 31, for New York, and are expected next Sunday. On his arrival the dates and conditions of the races will be finally arranged, the time being after the termination of the America's Cup races. It is probable that some open races will be arranged for the 15ft. class after the conclusion of the Spruce-Ethelwynn races.

Aluminum.

From the New York Times.

THE use of aluminum plates in the construction of the yacht Defender has attracted unusual attention to that metal, while the report of the naval experts at Norfolk, Va., against its use on naval vessels, because of its corrosive tendencies, has raised a fear that it may lessen the chances of the American yacht in the international race with the Valkyrie III. But James C. McGuire, consulting engineer of the company which supplied the Defender's aluminum plates, says that there need be no such misgivings, because the Defender's aluminum plates are alloyed with nickel, while the plates tested by the naval officials at Norfolk were alloyed with zinc. The former, he says, are proof against corrosion, while the latter are not.

"The Navy Department," said Mr. McGuire, "tested aluminum which we furnished for ship construction. The object I had in view was to get the strength and stiffness needed in ship construction, and I bent all my energies in that direction. In order to get the requisite strength and rigidity, we used an alloy of zinc. When those plates were tested by the authorities of the Navy Department at Norfolk, it was found that they collected barnacles and corroded, and it is from the result of those reports that the opinion has gone abroad that aluminum is corroded by salt water.

"We then did not know that salt water is such an enemy to zinc, but these and other experiments taught us that when aluminum is to be used in and around salt water, we have got to use other alloys than zinc. This we can do. The difficulty has been overcome by using alloys of copper and nickel. We had to find this out by experimenting, and now we are not recommending the use of any alloys which contain zinc for use around salt water, and the alloys which we have used for marine work which have had no zinc in them, while they do not collect barnacles, do not corrode to an appreciable extent.

"I personally supplied the aluminum plates for the Defender. They are made with nickel alloy. There is no danger in her plates at all, so far as direct corrosion goes; the only thing to be feared is galvanic action between the aluminum plates and other metals.

"Aluminum plates are $2^{1}/_{10}$ times lighter than Tobin bronze, of which the Vigilant is constructed. The Defender's bottom is of manganese bronze, which is of about the same weight as Tobin bronze."

Mr. McGuire exhibited two plates—one of aluminum and the other of copper—taken from the hull of a vessel plying between New York and West Indian ports. The copper plate was badly corroded, while the aluminum plate was free from rust, but covered with barnacles. The copper plate was much the heavier of the two.

"Both plates," said Mr. McGuire, "were on the same hull during the same period, so that a comparison is instructive. During those six months the copper plate, though free from barnacles, lost $^{7}/_{1000}$ of an inch in thickness, while the thinner and lighter aluminum plate lost $^{5}/_{1000}$ of an inch.

"Nearly all the European navies use aluminum plates in the construction of war vessels, and reports received from naval authorities of the Old World are favorable to them. If aluminum was unsatisfactory they would quickly abandon its use.

"Aluminum is like any other metal and must be treated like any other. If aluminum used in ship construction is kept clean and painted there will never be any trouble with it.

"It is mined in Alabama and Georgia, where it is usually found on high ground in light, earthy soil. It is hydrated oxide of aluminum in its crude state and is known as bauxite. When the impurities are removed only oxide of aluminum is left. That is put through an electric furnace, and the affinity which oxygen has for aluminum is broken by the electric current—the oxygen is set free and the aluminum is deposited. It is poured in its melted state into moulds and becomes cool as soon as ladled out.

"Aluminum is also found in clay. Clay is silicate of aluminum, while bauxite is oxide of aluminum. We cannot use the clay because it is too expensive, and, besides, the silicate is left behind.

"We expect soon to have aluminum in competition with copper, and it will eventually be used for railroad car construction, because it is so light and durable, but as yet it is too expensive a metal for general use. Its present value is 50 cents a pound in ton lots. That is $1,000 a ton."

Aluminum is very ductile and may be rolled into sheets of .0007 of an inch in thickness, and beaten into leaf, the same as the best gold leaf made in Paris. It may be drawn into tubes or wires and spun or stamped into different shapes. It may be highly polished. It is the lightest of commercial metals, being only one-third as heavy as iron. It has a delicate purple tint, but it is believed that the colors of the metal may be varied.

Pure aluminum seldom corrodes or tarnishes, except when exposed to damp weather. Even salt water has little effect on the pure metal.

Aluminum melts at 630° centigrade or 1,160° Fahrenheit, and does not volatilize at any temperature ordinarily produced by the combustion of carbon.

Pure aluminum is soft, but the commercial aluminum is as hard as copper. It hardens when being worked either by pressing, forging, rolling or stamping. Castings require a large amount of alloy metal, but when they are drop-forged or hammered the metal becomes as hard and rigid as brass. A sheet of aluminum 12in. square and 1in. thick weighs 14.12lbs. A bar 1in. square and 12in. long weighs 1.176lbs. A bar 1in. in diameter and 12in. long weighs .918lbs.

Cast aluminum, in tension, has an equal strength to cast iron, but under compression it is weaker.

Aluminum readily unites with all metals except lead, antimony and mercury. Aluminum bronze, which is made with an alloy of 10 or 11 per cent. of aluminum with copper, is one of the densest, finest grained and strongest of known alloys. Aluminum bronze may be worked in a lathe; the chips cut smooth and long, and do not clog the tool. It is much more rigid under transverse strain than gun bronze, and it is an unusually safe metal under compression.

The Right of Way at a Mark.

WE were in hopes that the very important question touched upon in our recent comments on the Vigilant-Defender dispute might have aroused a discussion that would help to settle the matter, especially as we are well aware that many expert racing men are opposed to our view of the case. The following letters, from the *Field* of July 31 and Aug. 10, bear on the same point, the former taking a very strong view of the opposite side. The conditions in the case of Carina and Caress were very closely identical with those in the first Vigilant-Defender case.

Editor Field:

I beg leave to call attention to your report of the 20-rater race in the Royal Southampton Y. C. on July 13. You state that the "Stephanie and Inyoni fouled each other at the start, and forced the Luna on to the committee vessel, she being utterly unable to avoid doing so, etc." As I was helmsman of the Stephanie, I disclaim being in any way responsible for this fouling.

To explain the position to your readers, there was a soldier's wind up and down Southampton Water, and a broad reach on the starboard tack for the first leg of the course. Immediately before the start Luna and Inyoni were up to windward of the committee vessel, obviously so placed to bear down on the weather side of the starting line at gunfire. The Audrey was to leeward of these vessels, and Stephanie was sailing up from the lee side of the starting line close hauled on the starboard tack, and the right of way for vessels so sailing is indisputable, but other reports that probably emanate from the same stable as your own describe this point of sailing as "forcing an overlap from the leeward."

When Stephanie was about 20yds. from the committee vessel Audrey crossed her bows and Stephanie had to luff to clear her boom, immediately afterward bearing away, overlapping on her weather quarter abreast of the committee boat. Inyoni sailed down wind and then overlapped Stephanie and Luna was overlapping Inyoni. I don't think this statement of the case will be disputed, and you, Mr. Editor, will no doubt be able to appreciate it, and perhaps give an opinion about it in a footnote to this letter. As I understand the Y. R. A. rules, the Stephanie could have stood on her course right up to or to windward of the committee vessel, and the other vessels must get out of her way, and if they claim to be also on the starboard tack, Rule 18 states that vessels running free must keep out of the way of vessels close hauled, and if sailing with the wind on the same side the yacht which is to windward must keep out of the way of the yacht to leeward. The committee boat being an obstruction under Rule 20, no vessel has a right to claim room without having an overlap before the obstruction is actually reached, and the sense of this rule in reference to overlaps can only be applied to vessels that have been previously sailing in the same direction, and it cannot possibly be applied to vessels that sail toward each other at right angles, and I maintain that if a vessel sails down wind toward an obstruction and meets a vessel that has sailed up wind toward it, or is passing it as in this case, that the vessel sailing down wind is bound to keep clear of the other, and to do this she ought to pass under her stern and not try and force a weather passage. I have written on this exact point of sailing over and over again, using the same arguments and quoting the same rules, so nobody can now accuse me of doing so to elucidate this case.

If this ruling is correct or incorrect, it is very advisable that some competent authority should give an opinion about it, because nine times out of ten the fouling and crushing that frequently occurs on the weather side of starting lines is entirely due to vessels sailing down wind and forcing a weather passage as here described.

A vessel on the port tack when passing a committee boat is not relieved from the responsibility of getting out of the way of a vessel on the starboard tack; but many people seem to think that this committee boat offers some form of protection, and that the primary rules touching these points of sailing are to be thrown over in favor of others that really cannot be applied.

* * * * * * * * *

C. P. CLAYTON.

HYTHE, July 24.

The editor of the *Field* adds the following: As far as the rights of way are concerned we agree with the conclusions founded on the statements in this letter.

Mr. Clayton has presented in his own forcible style the exact opposite of our contention, which, as stated as long ago as the Volunteer-Gracie protest in 1891, is that the rules of the road at sea differ from the special rules adopted by yachtsmen for the regulation of yacht racing. The rules of the road at sea take no cognizance whatever of those lines and marks which are absolutely essential to yacht racing; and in construing the latter a new principle must be recognized: that while sailing in the open and clear of all marks, the ordinary rules of the road, such as port tack giving way and a yacht with the wind aft giving way, are in full force; but when in the proximity of a mark, even these imperative rules may become inoperative in the face of others intended to secure the rights of a yacht which has a leading position or an overlap. We have never met with a definite formulation of this proposition, but we believe it to be the very foundation of the racing rules.

On the facts as stated by Mr. Clayton we would take direct issue with him as to Rule 19 of the Y. R. A. superseding, for the time being, the second and third sections of Rule 18, or by the New York Y. C. rules, that Section 1d of Rule 16 supersedes sections 2 to 6; in other words, that a yacht which is clearly the inside vessel and the nearer to the mark, providing she has her overlap properly established, has the right of way over a yacht on the wind and even on starboard tack. We note that the Y. R. A. rule is worded, "When rounding any buoy or vessel used to mark out the course," and this might give grounds for a claim that a mark at the line is passed and not rounded; but even this hardly gives ground for a claim that the marks at the starting line are not covered by the same rules as the other marks of the course. By the wording of the American rules no such contention would be possible.

While we believe that this construction is justified by the letter of the present rules on both sides of the ocean, we are still more strongly of the opinion that such a construction is the proper one, and should be made plain, if necessary by an alteration of the wording, so as to cover a very common case at the line, exactly that of Vigilant and Defender.

The legitimate course of a yacht starting in a race down wind is across the line at right angles to it, the most direct and only proper course. If one boat and much more if a fleet of half a dozen are coming for the line with booms squared out and spinakers set, it is not only most dangerous, but most unjust, to give any one yacht the right to stand along the whole line on starboard tack, with all four feet in the trough, if we may be pardoned such a vulgar *simile*, throwing the fleet into confusion, risking numerous fouls, and gaining for herself a most unfair advantage.

We recognize very fully that the whole question is a difficult one, but that makes it only the more imperative that it should be firmly and finally settled, so far as the construction of the rules is concerned.

We are not a little surprised that so expert a racing man as Mr. Clayton should fall into the error of assuming for a moment that a committee boat or any other mark is an obstruction to the course under Y. R. A. Rule 20.

The other letter is as follows, covering very closely the points of the first Vigilant-Defender case:

Editor of the Field:

I have a case (somewhat similar to Mr. Clayton's in your last issue) that I might ask you to elucidate, and it occurred at the Campbelltown regatta. The Rule of the Road says one thing, and the Y. R. A. arrangement, I think in No. 36 (though I have not the little blue book beside me) is to my mind disjointed and contradictory in its two paragraphs bearing on one and the same subject.

Well, my story is this: The Carina was reaching with the wind a point or so free on the starboard tack from the committee vessel to the outer extremity of the starting line, where a flagboat was stationed, which flagboat had to be passed on the starboard hand, and the course of the race from then was approximately straight. Carina had arrived pretty close to outer mark just before the second gun.

The Caress, which had been considerably to windward while Carina was reaching and was employed in checking, found Isolde dead astern of her (they both being also on starboard tack); Caress suddenly bears up for the outer markboat, bringing the wind quarterly, and nicks in between Carina and markboat, the two vessels meeting almost at right angles, and in passing the flagboat a decided squeeze took place, which might have been worse had not Carina's helm been put a-weather a trifle, but luckily the squash only ended in one of Carina's weather shrouds bursting from colliding with Caress's main boom. Now, sir, ought Carina to have given Caress room, and by so doing allow herself to be driven to leeward over the line; or, on the other hand, had Caress the right to nick in, she being virtually before the wind, while Carina was by the wind? Caress certainly could have hit the markboat before Carina, as she was before Carina's center in bearing down, and immediately before she rounded to pass the markboat. My first impressions were to protest, but I withdrew, as I thought it a hardish nut for our Campbelltown friends to crack, and I did not care to anticipate a reference to the Y. R. A. and its decision for the month of February, 1896. I was sailing along just to windward of line; in fact, running the line down. It is not a position I should select as a rule, for it is attended with risk, but in this case there was no alternative, as the starting line was curiously placed relative to direction of wind on that morning.

V. MONTAGU.

WHERWELL PRIORY.

Larchmont Y. C. Fall Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, Sept. 2.

THE Sound about Larchmont was smooth and calm throughout the whole of Monday, with barely enough air in the afternoon to drive the fleet over one round. Defender and Vigilant were under way in view of the racers. The race was devoid of interest in spite of the fine lot of yachts starting, as there was nothing more than a drift. The times were:

	Length.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS C—SCHOONERS.					
Amorita	75.07	12 36 04	5 10 29	4 34 25	4 34 25
Elsemarie	74.67	12 38 00	Did not finish.		
CLASS B—CUTTERS.					
Queen Mab	63.28	12 38 00	4 48 40	4 10 40	4 10 40
Wasp	55.97	12 38 00	4 51 11	4 13 11	4 10 55
CLASS C—FLUSH DECKS.					
Gossoon	47.44	12 49 00	5 31 24	4 45 24	4 45 24
Minerva	45.63	12 45 05	5 47 42	5 02 37	5 01 30
CABIN TRUNKS.					
Choctaw	46.28	12 46 00	5 58 27	5 12 27	5 12 27
Varena	41.50	12 46 00	Did not finish.		
CLASS 7.					
Norota	41.64	12 46 00	5 22 34	4 36 34	4 36 34
Kathleen	37.44	12 45 00	6 25 30	5 40 30	5 37 09
CLASS 8.					
Infanta	33.50	12 45 50	5 48 28	5 02 32	5 02 32
CLASS 8—YAWLS.					
Audax	30.90	12 45 05	5 45 51	5 00 46	5 00 46
CLASS 9.					
Gavilan	29.92	12 56 00	5 56 00	5 00 00	5 00 00
CLASS 10.					
Needle	25.00	12 55 11	Did not finish.		
CLASS 11.					
Molly Bawn	28.73	12 53 03	5 47 34	4 54 31	4 54 31
Weasel	26.03	12 52 38	5 42 32	4 49 29	4 46 45
Nymph		12 53 50	Did not finish.		
CLASS 12.					
Keora	23.47	12 54 51	5 25 26	4 30 45	4 30 17
Kittie	24.05	12 53 02	4 49 00	3 55 58	3 55 58
Duck	22.25	12 54 25	5 27 43	4 33 18	4 31 37
CLASS 13.					
Bunch	21.70	12 56 00	5 16 00	4 20 00	4 20 00
Elsket	23.02	12 53 40	Did not finish.		
Violet	21.52	12 54 58	6 50 05	5 45 07	5 44 47
Dandy	24.03	12 55 55	Did not finish.		
CLASS 14.					
Terrapin	19.86	12 54 59	6 16 58	5 21 59	5 21 59
Ione	19.67	12 52 25	Did not finish.		
CLASS 15.					
Minnetonka	21.00	12 55 49	5 54 48	4 58 59	4 58 59
Gwen	17.25	12 53 14	6 25 15	5 32 01	5 22 57
SPECIAL 34FT CLASS.					
Dragoon		12 46 00	5 38 13	4 52 13	4 52 13
Acushla		12 46 00	5 38 26	4 52 26	4 52 26
Vorant II		12 46 00	5 48 10	5 02 10	5 02 10
Adele		Did not start.			
SPECIAL 21FT. CLASS.					
Vaquero		1 01 00	5 31 31	4 30 31	4 30 31
Maysie		Did not start.			
Houri		1 01 00	5 40 12	4 39 11	4 39 12
Celia		1 01 00	Did not finish.		
SPECIAL ½-RATER CLASS.					
Question		12 55 40	4 46 10	3 53 00	3 53 00
Ethelwynn		12 55 58	Did not finish.		
Trilby		12 55 46	Did not finish.		
Trust Me		12 56 00	4 49 39	3 44 39	3 44 39

The winners were: Amorita, Queen Mab, Gossoon, Choctaw, Norota, Infanta, Audax, Gavilan, Needle, Weasel, Kittie, Punch, Terrapin, Minnetonka, Dragoon, Vaquero and Trust Me.

The flags on some of the marks were blue in color, and so small as to be not easily discernible on the water, some yachts thus being unable to locate the course.

New York Yacht Racing Association.

AFTER a howling gale in 1894, the New York Y. R. A. was treated to almost a flat calm for its seventh annual regatta on Sept. 2 of this year. There were but thirty-nine starters, and many of these failed to cover the course. The times were:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS B—COURSE 1—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 53 TO 62FT.		
Anaconda, Com. A. J. Prime	D'd not finish.	
CLASS E—COURSE 1—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 32 TO 38FT.		
Forsyth II., A. F. Roe	7 42 20	6 47 29
Lottie, J. E Drew	Did not finish.	
CLASS G—COURSE 2—CABIN SLOOPS AND CUTTERS, 27FT. AND UNDER.		
White Wings, A. H. Schoff	6 25 33	5 12 55
Lurline, B. Barnett	6 31 21	5 24 13
Zulu, Sherman & Frazer	6 08 42	5 05 21
CLASS 1—COURSE 2—OPEN SLOOPS—27 TO 32FT.		
Eagle Wing, W. Sherman	6 19 50	5 19 20
CLASS 2—COURSE 2—OPEN SLOOPS, 23 TO 27FT.		
Clara S., J. W. Stilzer, Jr	5 12 52	4 03 57
Wm. H. Gill, J. J McCarthy	5 12 13	4 01 16
Lizzie L., W. E. Lissenden	Did not finish.	
CLASS 3—COURSE 3—OPEN SLOOPS, 23FT. AND UNDER.		
Sybilla, Kursteiner & Wehalen	4 10 00	3 14 42
Mosquito, F. H. Hegler	4 12 33	3 14 45
Agnes N., H. Kennel & M. Senger	4 31 59	3 32 39
Zetes, J. A. Kipp	4 12 57	3 19 19
CLASS 4—COURSE 2—CABIN CATBOATS OVER 23FT.		
Mary, William Ellsworth	5 30 29	4 29 22
Falcon, W. H. Whitman	Did not finish.	
Ethel, D. Robinson	Did not finish.	
Ensign, C. D. McGlehan	Did not finish.	
CLASS 5—COURSE 3—CABIN CATBOATS, 23FT AND UNDER.		
Ethel, B. M. Randall	4 15 52	3 18 14
Dove, F. S. Seabring	4 17 29	3 05 57
Willie K., S. Kimberton	4 18 52	3 25 23
Hattie, W. Ellsworth	5 57 19	4 47 48
CLASS 8—COURSE 3—OPEN CATBOATS, 20 TO 23FT.		
Tempest, V. M. Houghout	3 54 00	3 02 07
Frank Oliver, W. H. Arndt	Did not finish.	
Pauline B., Maleady & Ward	Did not finish.	
CLASS 9—COURSE 3—OPEN CATBOATS, 17 TO 20FT.		
Mercedes, C. Rae	3 53 45	2 55 56
Tillie R., W. Ellsworth	4 01 54	3 03 55
Frank, W. Bazo	4 06 44	3 08 45
Ella R. Horbelt & Von Drather	Did not finish.	
Flirt, G. B. Drach and J. Pryor	Did not finish.	
C. T. Wills, M. Micklaus	Did not finish.	
CLASS 10—COURSE 4—OPEN CATBOATS UNDER 17FT.		
Adele Rae, C. Rae	3 13 02	2 20 18
Cinch, Dickens & Simpson	3 11 07	2 18 12
Little Dean, J. Kursteiner	3 01 00	2 07 42
Maggie P., C. H. Lissenden	3 00 28	2 06 46
Tough, B. Carr	3 18 08	2 22 50
Jean, J. W. Thorp	3 21 24	2 28 40
Byra Jane, F. S. Ray	3 42 04	2 49 53
Beckie V., G. Gascoigne	Did not finish.	
Chic, F. W. Fabian	Did not finish.	

The winners were: Class E, Forsyth II.; class G, Zulu; class I, Eagle Wing; class 2, W. E. Gill; class 3, Sybilla; class 4, Mary; class 5, Dove; class 8, Tempest; class 9, Mercedes; class 10, Maggie P.

Gravesend Bay Y. C.

BATH BEACH—GRAVESEND BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 31.

THE Gravesend Bay Y. C. sailed its annual fall regatta on Aug. 31, in a strong S.E. wind, followed by a very severe thunderstorm, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
CLASS A.			
Isabel, R. H. Sherwood	1 11 17	3 20 54	2 09 37
Edda D., R. Moore	1 03 10	3 02 00	1 53 50
Jean, John W. Thorp	1 07 45	Did not finish.	
CLASS B.			
Lester, H. F. Ferguson	1 07 48	Did not finish.	
CLASS D.			
Rob Roy, W. Pine Coffin	1 01 06	3 17 27	2 16 19
Tabitha, Dr. J. C. McEvitt	12 59 23	3 00 55	2 01 32
CLASS E			
Acorn, G. McKellar	12 57 45	3 15 02	2 17 17
25FT. CLASS.			
Poco, P. J. Scofield	1 02 00	3 29 02	2 27 02
30FT. CLASS.			
Nomad, W. Grotage	12 46 32	4 18 25	3 25 53
Mabel, J. H. Hanson	12 49 00	4 46 55	3 57 55
Iris, J. Bals	12 51 00	4 46 55	3 55 55
35FT. CLASS.			
Forsyth II., A. F. Roe	12 47 52	3 42 50	2 54 58
Heedless, L. Wunder	12 47 36	4 12 50	3 25 14
Gael, Bennett & S	12 48 41	4 24 20	3 35 41

The Trial Races.

WITHIN the past week the repairs on Defender have been completed, two more trial races have been sailed, in each of which she has beaten Vigilant decisively, and she has been selected by the America's Cup committee to meet Valkyrie III.; a new steel boom and gaff have been completed and shipped on her; Lord Dunraven and Mr. Watson have arrived in New York, his lordship has conferred with the Cup committee and the final arrangements for the races have been perfected, though not yet announced. Valkyrie has been tried several times under sail, a second steel mast and boom have arrived for her and the latter has been shipped, and Defender has gone into the Erie Basin Drydock, probably for the last time before the race of Saturday next.

The new mast of Defender was stepped late on Aug. 25, a fine stick of Oregon pine, 2in. larger in diameter than the old one and 2ft. longer in the head. The work of rigging was pushed all Monday morning, and at noon she left in tow of the tug Wallace B. Flint, the Hattie Palmer carrying the spare spars. The old mast was hauled out at the Herreshoff spar yard at Walker's Cove, and the spar purchased two years ago for Colonia was also hauled out and worked into shape to serve as a spare mast if necessary later on. The steel gaff and boom were not ready, so they were left behind. The new boom is cylindrical, and not ribbed like that of Valkyrie. It is 106ft. long and 16in. in diameter at the center and 8in. at the ends, of $\frac{7}{16}$in. steel. Several riggers went on the yacht from Bristol to complete the rigging. Defender reached New Rochelle early on Tuesday morning. While setting up her bobstay, when at anchor, the U-shaped foot of the dolphin striker gave way, a steel forging, and it was found necessary to make a new one. The second trial race, set for Tuesday, had been postponed until Thursday, and on Wednesday afternoon Defender towed down to the Horseshoe, where both Valkyrie and Vigilant were anchored.

Thursday was clear and sultry; even on the water there was no escape from the intense heat. The wind was light and a little west of south, with some roll to the sea. The triangular course lay first southeast, then north by east one-half east, and then west by south, each leg eight miles. The start was given at 11:20:00, Vigilant going over on the weather of Defender after very little maneuvering, the two being timed: Defender 11:20:28, Vigilant 11:20:40. Though under Vigilant's lee, Defender, with clubtopsail and balloon jibtopsail drawing, soon worked free and took the lead, gaining steadily as they worked slowly along, the wind gradually dropping, until, a couple of miles from the start, both were nearly becalmed. Meanwhile Valkyrie had come out by the Hook as the race started off the Scotland, and with a very favorable slant came up very fast on the other two, her hull looking very low and wide through the absence of bulwarks and the broad belt of white at the wales. The size of her rig and the sit of her sails were remarkable; the balloon jibtopsail had that hard luster noticed in the sails of Valkyrie II. and all of her sails were faultless to the eye; the clubtopsail was very large and the mainsail was sitting well, though just bent for the first time. Holding a little better breeze, she ran up near the two American boats, surveyed them and then stood away. After this rather exciting incident followed a long and dreary drift, both yachts becalmed, but Defender drifting faster, being less disturbed by the roll of the sea. About 1 o'clock, when still three miles or so from the mark, Defender took in her balloon headsail and set a small jibtopsail to meet a light breeze from the southward, which headed both. They stood on the wind for the mark, Defender fetching below it and having to tack to make up ground lost in the drift, while Vigilant squeezed by with nothing to spare. They were timed: Defender 2:01:00, Vigilant 2:06:17. The times prove nothing in such weather. Defender was slow with her spinaker pole and sail, having just tacked; Vigilant came for the mark in fine style, with pole out to starboard and sail already aloft in stops, breaking it as she turned to take the new course.

The second leg was run very slowly, the only incident being a squall in the distance and a little rain which fell on the following boat, but seemed to miss the leader. Defender made a couple of minutes more on Vigilant. The times at the second mark were: Defender 3:16:30, Vigilant 3:24:00.

The short shower had been followed by lightning and thunder in the distance, and by the time that Defender was well started for the line with sheets hardened in the sky was black with a coming squall that promised to be of the regular August variety. When the wind struck her the new boat stuck to her clubtopsail and carried it boldly and ably, though her jib split from clew to stay. Her crew worked very quickly and had the torn sail off her and a new one trimmed home in hardly more than seven minutes. The squall proved to be comparatively a light one, nothing to compare with a similar disturbance ashore two days later; but the wind blew very hard for a short time. Vigilant first lowered her baby jibtopsail and then her club topsail, even then having all she wanted under lower canvas, but Defender carried her clubtopsail. After Defender crossed the line the sky cleared and the wind fell, Vigilant sent up a jibheader, but with no wind she was left far astern, the official times being:

	Start.	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Defender	11 20 28	2 01 00	3 16 30	4 10 08	4 49 40
Vigilant	11 20 40	2 06 17	3 24 00	4 28 23	5 07 43

Elapsed times between start and first mark: Defender 2:40:32, Vigilant 2:45:37. Defender beat Vigilant 5m. 5s.

Elapsed times, first and second marks: Defender 1:15:30, Vigilant 1:17:43. Defender beat Vigilant 2m. 13s.

Elapsed times between second mark and finish: Defender 0:53:38, Vigilant 1:04:23. Defender beat Vigilant 10m. 45s.

Defender beat Vigilant, total elapsed time, 18m. 3s.

After the race the Cup committee decided on calling a final trial on the next day, and the two yachts were out at the line by 10:30 with cluptopsails aloft, though there was a good breeze from S.E. and quite a roll to the sea, the tugboats being thrown about in a very telling manner. The start was made at 11:10:00, both on the starboard tack and Vigilant to windward, but Defender crossed with a lead of 10s., just 8s. after gun-fire, and at once began to work ahead. The sea favored her as compared with Vigilant, and she did again what she has so often done before, going away to windward and ahead with no regard whatever for the fact that she was only a keel boat, while Vigilant was a centerboarder. The work of the two was interesting, with a good breeze and some life to the water in place of the dead drifting of the day before, but it showed nothing new; Defender rounded the weather mark at 12:47:25 and Vigilant at 12:53:02, a gain of 5m. 27s., which might have been more had there been any necessity for it. The most important point of the race was the run in under spinakers and balloon jibtopsails, with a moderate breeze and following sea, similar to but less severe conditions than those of the last race between Vigilant and Valkyrie II. in 1893. At this work Vigilant made a gain of 15s. in 10 miles, a very good performance considering her shorter waterline and smaller sail area, together with her fuller form. If it means anything at all it strengthens our supposition that the keel contour of Vigilant, reproduced in a modified and improved form in Valkyrie III., is superior off the wind to a breeze to that of Valkyrie II., copied in Defender. At any rate, the down wind work of the two boats in the races for the Cup is likely to be very interesting. The times were:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Defender	11 10 08	12 47 25	2 02 18	2 52 10
Vigilant	11 10 18	12 53 02	2 07 40	2 57 22

Elapsed time of Defender to outer mark, 1:37:17; Vigilant, 1:42:44. Defender beat Vigilant 5m. 27s. in windward work.

Elapsed time of Defender from outer mark to finish, 1:14:53; Vigilant beat Defender 15s. on the run.

Defender beat Vigilant 5m. 12s.

After this final race the selection of Defender to defend the Cup was a matter of course, and after a meeting of the Cup committee the following notice was posted in the evening at the club house:

The America's Cup Committee have selected the yacht Defender as the representative of the New York Y. C., as against Valkyrie III. in the contest for the America's Cup. A. CASS CANFIELD, Sec'y.

Both of the Astor cups were awarded to Defender as the winner of two out of the series of three races. Later on the same evening Lord Dunraven met the committee at the club house and the details of the races were arranged, though not yet made public.

Lord Dunraven, accompanied by his two daughters and Mr. G. L. Watson, arrived on the Teutonic late Wednesday evening, and after resting aboard all night the gentlemen were met by the City of Bridgeport and taken down to the Horseshoe, where Valkyrie was awaiting them. The yacht had left the Erie Basin on Monday morning, bending a new mainsail and stopping in the Bay to adjust her compasses; then lying in the Horseshoe all night. On Tuesday and Wednesday she was under sail, on the latter day being outside the Hook looking for the Teutonic. On Thursday and Friday she went out, being under way while the trial races were being sailed, but mainly at a distance from the American boats. On Saturday she towed up to the Erie Basin, where a new lightest steel boom of similar construction was shipped. The first steel boom was galvanized, but the second is painted a yellow color.

Defender's new steel boom was shipped aboard the yacht late on Friday night at the Erie Basin, being brought by steamer from Bristol, and on Saturday she was under way testing it. It proved weak at the gooseneck and was reinforced by a $\frac{1}{2}$in. steel plate; on Sunday she also received a new and larger clubtopsail and two new jibtopsails from Boston. On Sunday she was docked in the Erie Basin and thoroughly prepared for the races, being floated on Monday morning. Valkyrie III. will be docked on Wednesday and floated on Friday. Vigilant started on Wednesday for Port Jefferson to lay up.

The Yellow Dog and the White Boat.

From the New York Sun.

THERE appears to be a disposition among some patriotic but injudicious well-wishers of the white wonder from Bristol to look with doubt upon the addition to her ration drawers of a certain or uncertain yellow dog enlisted in Rhode Island and rated on her books as Mascot.

Everybody admits that the Defender needs some guardian genius to protect her keel from mud and her upper parts from sprains and fractures. But a yellow dog? Would not a dog of another color—Nonsense! We hail the omen. Does anybody expect a boat like that to carry a great Dane or a St. Bernard? Does anybody look for a red, green or purple dog? The color that was good enough for the long-haired Achaians and the old Northmen, the plowmen of the sea, is good enough for a dog, even for a dog good enough to be the luck bringer of the Cup keeper.

Besides, the yellow dog is thoroughly American. He is an emblem worthy of a Yankee ship and a Yankee crew. He is often spoken of contemptuously. No matter. This is the country where even the yellow dog has the right to exist and make a living, subject to the dog laws. The yellow dog, even in his most despised and tailless condition, is the dog of democracy. He shifts for himself; he is on the watch for opportunities; and he is not stuck up. As a symbol and as an invocation to Fortune on an American boat he can give tail and forequarters to the proudest descendant of Llewellyn's hound or the dog of Montargis. To hear some of these people talk, anybody would think the Defender ought to have for her mascot a Siberian bloodhound, that pampered pup of Asia, or a greyhound rampant on its own pedigree, or a dachshund with no sea legs and mighty little land ones. This is mere snobbery.

To be sure a dog is not the best theoretical nautical luck bringer. If to Æolus, god of the winds, could be sacrificed a Populist full of wind and whiskers, the old blower would cheerfully lend his bag to the Regatta Committee and let them pick what winds or breezes, strong, moderate or light, they pleased. He brooks no rival. He thirsts for Peffer and if the Neptune, shaker of the earth, could be thrown overboard his only peer in earth shaking, the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska, the celebrated performer upon the three-pronged fork would resign the supervision of the seas during race days to the skipper of the Defender. But Peffer and Bryan have no sporting blood. They will cling to life and the grasshopper preserves and caterpillar reservations of the Kaw and Platte. They will do nothing for yachting, and so the yellow dog must serve.

Observe that mystery envelops this dog. He may be the intelligent animal that used to have "Dr. Faustus" on his collar. In that case he will be able to run the whole ship, although he might be troublesome in a gale of wind. He may be Pythagoras, metempsychosed into a sport, in which case he should be mighty useful in looking after the legs of the triangle. He may be Palinurus or some other old pilot water dog, come from the Happy Isles to see how yachting is getting on. He may be some dog-headed god of the Egyptians, full of wisdom. Whoever he is, the black raven of Dunraven had better beware that dog. There is more in him than meets the eye.

If the white wonder beats, shall a patriotic country not honor this yellow dog, this steersman and sailorman of Fortune? Shall not a public kyneion, a doggery of State, be erected to him, where he shall be kept in luxury and honor for the rest of his days? And when old age shall bring him to his end, shall not each Yankee yachtsman beg a hair of him for memory, and the fell of him be hung up on some sacred wall, vestments devoted to the strong god of the sea?

The Drowning of R. W. Inman.

THE accident to the auxiliary yacht Adelaide, of which very little was known when we went to press last week, proved to be quite as serious as at first feared, resulting in the drowning of her owner, Robert W. Inman, of New York. The yacht, the sloop Adelaide, built by Wood Bros. in Boston in 1886, of 46ft. waterline, was fitted last fall with one of L. J. Wing & Co.'s naphtha engines; she was in command of Capt. Amherst Jacobs, with Herbert L. Dorne as mate, a boy, LaFayette Jaques, and a steward named Ruhlmann. In the evening of Aug. 26 she left the Columbia Y. C. house at 86th st., Hudson River, for Bath Beach, in Gravesend Bay. With Mr. Inman were two women and a man, the identity of the party being very much mixed by the various accounts which they have given. All went well until off Bay Ridge, about 7:30, the yacht then beating down on port tack with a light S. W. wind. The Iron Steamboat Co.'s steamer Perseus, a large passenger steamer, was coming up from Coney Island in charge of Capt. W. H. Hulse. The yacht's port light was burning and the night was clear, but the steamer ran across her bows before stopping, the yacht striking her forward of the starboard wheel, heeling badly and throwing Mr. Inman and one of the women into the water, the man jumping after the woman. The other woman was hauled aboard of the Perseus by the mate of the yacht, Dorne. The yacht finally went clear and got away without serious injury. The man and woman were picked up, after being for some time in the water, by the schooner John W. Houston, Capt. James Ducey, and Mr. Inman's yachting cap with the New York Y. C. device was also found. The steamer claims to have lowered a boat, but she finally went on to New York carrying the mate and the woman. Capt. Hulse made the following report of the accident:

Time of collision, near 7:30 P. M.
Location of wind, south.
Mr. S. S. Fairchild, Inspector:

While coming up the Bay on Aug. 26, near Bay Ridge Buoy, I saw a vessel on my starboard side coming from the eastward, showing her port light. She being on the wind, I made calculation for her to go under our stern, but on nearing us she kept hard off before approaching too nigh.

I blew her three sharp danger whistles and immediately saw there was danger of collision, when I rang four bells to stop and reversed the engine, which was promptly executed. We were backing when the sloop yacht Adelaide struck us on the starboard side forward of the forward gangway. I had a boat put overboard. She returned from the yacht, reporting that they were all right, and we proceeded on our way to New York. Yours respectfully, CAPT. W. H. HULSE.

All efforts to find Mr. Inman's body proved useless, but on Friday it was found by two boys floating off South Beach, and on being taken ashore was identified. The funeral took place on Saturday. Mr. Inman, who was but 34 years old, was not a racing man, though he bought the centerboard cutter Titania and rebuilt her into the schooner Dagmar; he and the two yachts were, however, well known about all the Sound ports.

From all appearances, and in spite of the story of the captain and the other steamboat people that the small boat in a light breeze ran into the big and swiftly moving steamer, the disaster was the result of that reckless running on the part of these boats with which all yachtsmen and boat sailors on the Bay are only too familiar. The rules of the road are all very well on paper, but in actual practice they offer little protection from these steamers to the small yacht that is becalmed or under easy way in the channel between Staten Island and Bay Ridge.

American Y. C.

MILTON POINT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Friday, Aug. 30.

THE fall regatta of the American Y. C., was sailed on Aug. 30 over the club courses off Milton Point, in a moderate easterly wind. The times were:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONER CLASS.			
Amorita		1 35 21	1 35 21
50FT. CUTTERS.			
Minerva	45.63	1 49 05	1 49 05
36FT. CUTTERS.			
Vorant II.	34.00	4 15 06	4 15 06
Dragoon	34.00	3 54 32	3 54 32
Infanta	33.30	4 13 22	4 12 01
Acushla		5 58 42	3 58 42
30FT. CUTTERS.			
Gavilan	29.60	2 19 40	2 19 40
30FT. CABIN CATS.			
Mary	28.02	2 27 20	2 27 20
25FT. CABIN CATS.			
Kittie	23.00	2 27 59	2 27 18
Keora	23.47	2 42 21	2 42 21
20FT. OPEN CATS.			
Terrapin	19.58	2 44 34	2 44 34
Ione	19.62	2 43 45	2 43 45
Ruth	16.00	3 27 18	3 16 54
Ethel	16.04	3 32 46	3 19 28
15FT. CLASS.			
Question	15.00	2 30 48	2 30 48
21FT. SPECIAL.			
Houri	21.00	2 19 29	2 19 20
Vaquero	21.00	2 20 47	2 20 47
Celia	21.00	2 20 12	2 20 12
25FT. OPEN CATS.			
Elsket	23.02	2 35 53	2 35 53
Punch	21.07	2 32 34	2 29 57
Kismet		2 47 35	2 41 39

The winners were Amorita (sail over), Minerva (sail over), Dragoon, Gavilan (sail over), Mary (sail over), Kittie, Ione, Question (sail over), Houri and Punch.

The regatta committee included Stuyvesant Wainwright, chairman; M. C. Parsons, Isaiah Paxson, Horace See and Simeon Ford.

Kill von Kull Y. C.

PORT RICHMOND—KILL VON KULL.

Saturday, Aug. 24.

THE annual regatta of the Kill von Kull Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 24 in a strong and squally S. W. wind that disabled several boats, the times being:

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A—CABIN CATBOATS.			
Drift	22.02	1 26 50	1 26 45
Restless	21.10	Disabled.	
Willie K.	22.10	Disabled.	
CLASS E—OPEN CATBOATS, 20 TO 23FT.			
Tempest	22.10	1 10 55	1 10 55
Pauline B.	22.07	1 11 15	1 11 01
CLASS F—OPEN CATBOATS, 18 TO 20FT.			
Bon Ton	18.00	1 11 45	1 06 55
Maria	18.04	1 14 13	1 09 42
Minnie H.	19.10	1 12 55	1 10 05
C. T. Wills	19.05	1 22 00	1 18 43
CLASS G—OPEN CATBOATS, 16 TO 18FT.			
Maggie P.	16.03	1 13 44	1 06 37
Millie	17.03	1 13 25	1 07 35
Jean	16.08	Did not finish.	
Chick	16.11	Did not finish.	
Merry Maid	17.03	Did not finish.	
CLASS H—OPEN CATBOATS UNDER 16FT.			
May Lee	15.08	1 39 55	1 31 59
Irving H.	15.00	Did not finish.	
Imp	14.10	Did not finish.	

The judges were: Com. John Croak, George Ross, T. F. Donovan and Edward Buel. The regatta committee consisted of O. G. Hastings, J. I. Housman, T. F. Donovan, H. E. Buel and George Ross.

On Aug. 31 the club sailed its annual race for the Housman cups in a reefing S.E. wind, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
CLASS A—SLOOPS.		
Maggie P., C. Lissenden	1 50 20	1 38 08
Dilemma, L. Morris	1 59 30	1 54 54
CLASS B—CATBOATS.		
Minnie H., J. I. Housman	1 45 10	1 40 17
Tempest, W. Houghwout	1 38 58	1 38 58
Maria, George Ross	1 50 35	1 42 52
Millie, C. A. Passmore	1 52 23	1 42 25

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH, LONG ISLAND SOUND, Thursday, Aug. 29.—The Indian Harbor Y. C. sailed a special race on Aug 29 for classes under 34ft. The wind was light and the race slow, the times being:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SPECIAL 34FT. CLASS.		
Vorant II., G. F. Tyson	Not timed.	
Dragoon, F. M. Freedman	Not timed.	
Acushla, W. Hanan	Not timed.	
OPEN SLOOPS—SHIFTABLE BALLAST, 30FT. CLASS.		
Rawona, W. H. Jennings	4 06 51	2 16 57	1 37 57
Polly, Henry Andrus	Did not finish.	
FIXED BALLAST, 25FT. CLASS.		
Maysie, Wm. Osborne, Jr	Did not finish.	
Celia, W. S. Gould	4 17 08	2 17 08	1 33 38
Iola, Frank Dingee	4 35 08	2 45 08	1 58 09
OPEN CATBOATS—SHIFTABLE BALLAST, 25FT CLASS.		
Kismet, T. D. Downing	4 22 01	2 32 01	. . . .
Elsie	4 27 03	2 37 03	1 53 33
FIXED BALLAST—25FT CLASS.		
Sirene, F. S. Doremus	4 21 44	2 31 44	1 51 18
OPEN SLOOPS—FIXED BALLAST, 20FT. CLASS.		
F. & R.	5 33 19	3 33 19	2 36 55
OPEN CATBOATS—SHIFTABLE BALLAST, 20FT. CLASS.		
Willie, Smith Bros.	4 41 44	2 46 44	1 56 59
FIXED BALLAST—20FT. CLASS.		
Chippie, W. R. Hatfield	4 57 47	3 02 47	2 08 33
Zelda, C. E. McManus	5 19 35	3 24 55	2 34 45
Ethel, J.	Did not finish.	
OPEN SLOOPS—FIXED BALLAST, 15FT. CLASS.		
Ethelwynn, C. J. Field	5 10 28	3 10 28	. . . .
Trilby, F. G. Tyson	5 29 32	3 29 32	. . . .
Question, L. B. Huntington	5 28 30	3 28 30	2 25 12
L'Indienne, R. Outwater	Did not finish.	

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

Thursday, Aug. 29.

THE Jamaica Bay Y. C. sailed a regatta on Aug. 29, the course being from a line between the club house flagstaff and a flag buoy anchored opposite, around the black buoy off Block House Point; thence around Broad Channel flag buoy. The larger classes sailed over three times and the smaller ones twice.

The start was from the gun, a separate start for each class. The wind was light from the south. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
CLASS A—CABIN SLOOPS, 22 TO 30FT			
Marble Heart, G. S. Johnson	1 45 35	6 50 00	5 13 45
Phalarope, R. L. Brasher	1 36 15	6 43 00	5 06 45
CLASS C—CABIN CATBOATS, 24FT. AND OVER.			
Molly Bawn, F. M. Brown	1 45 38	7 06 00	5 20 22
Adelaide, Thos. Willis	1 45 38	Did not finish.	
Pathfinder, B. F. Daly	1 45 38	Did not finish.	
CLASS E—OPEN CATBOATS, 20 AND UNDER 24FT.			
Bennie B., C. E. Pearsall	1 50 45	Disabled.	
Lillie S., O. L. Schwencke	1 50 45	6 26 21	4 35 36
Leisure, Wm. Scheer	1 50 45	6 30 20	4 37 40
CLASS F—OPEN CATBOATS, 17 AND UNDER 20FT.			
Anita, J. E. O'Donohue	1 55 44	Did not finish.	
Lochinvar, J. F. Sabio	1 55 44	5 24 32	3 28 48
CLASS G—OPEN CATBOATS, UNDER 17FT.			
Vitesse, L. M. Pearsall	2 06 34	6 01 30	3 55 06

The winners were: Class A, Phalarope; class C, Molly Bawn; class E, Lillie S.; class F, Lochinvar; class G, Vitesse. A pennant was also awarded to Lochinvar for the best time over the course.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 31.

THE special races of the Larchmont Y. C. for the 34ft., 21ft. and cabin cat classes were sailed on Aug. 31 in a fresh south wind, the times being:

	Start.	1st Round.	Finish.	Elapsed.
SPECIAL 34FT. CLASS.				
Dragoon	12 22 58	2 23 42	4 23 08	4 00 10
Acushla	12 20 22	2 20 10	4 17 43	3 54 43
Vorant II.	12 20 22	2 25 37	4 31 15	4 10 43
Adele	12 20 32	2 40 33	Did not finish.	
SPECIAL 21FT. CLASS.				
Vaquero	12 38 00	1 35 50	2 33 40	1 55 40
Maysie	12 38 00	1 39 45	2 41 52	2 03 52
Houri	12 38 00	1 36 15	2 36 15	1 58 15
Celia	12 38 00	1 36 41	2 34 47	1 56 47
SPECIAL CABIN CATBOAT CLASS.				
Mary	12 33 00	1 32 15	2 29 47	1 56 47
Mollie Bawn	12 33 00	1 34 10	2 34 19	2 01 19
Kittie	12 32 55	1 34 42	2 35 57	2 03 02
Eleanor	12 33 00	1 55 40	3 04 57	2 31 37
Weasel	12 33 00	1 40 54	Did not finish.	

The winners in the cabin class are not known, as some of the boats must be measured.

New Rochelle Y. C.

NEW ROCHELLE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 24.

THE New Rochelle Y. C. sailed its first ladies' day regatta on Aug. 24 in a reefing S.W. wind, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
CABIN SLOOPS.			
Banshee	3 37 50	4 22 05	0 44 15
Sasqua	3 25 45	4 25 18	0 49 32
Polly	3 27 50	4 49 37	1 12 07
CABIN CATS.			
Twilight	3 38 02	4 35 04	0 57 07
Kingeland	3 37 30	4 45 30	1 08 00
Melita	3 36 10	4 48 00	1 11 50
OPEN CATS.			
Madcap	3 37 30	4 42 30	1 05 00
Irene	3 37 27	Did not finish.	

Steam Launches.

MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, Eng., Aug. 7.—At the North London Rifle Club to-day Mr. Winans made a highest possible score almost at once. This is his seventh made in competition this year—two at Bisley, one at the South London Rifle Club and four at this club. Scores to-day:

Twenty yards, stationary target:

Walter Winans	777777—42	A W Carter	655655—32
C Knapp	676676—38	Capt Earle	657345—30
Comber	477676—37	Capt Evans	554455—28
Luff	537766—34	Joyce	753346—28

At the South London Rifle Club on Aug. 1 Mr. Winans also made a highest possible score at 20yds. Several of the other competitors also improved their totals for the revolver championship of the club. Scores:

Twenty yards:

Walter Winans	777777—42	Clementi-Smith	767567—38
E Howe	766777—40	C Knapp	575657—35
Lieut Howard	777757—40		

Fifty yards:

Walter Winans	775766—38	C Knapp	446776—34
Clementi-Smith	565577—35	Lieut J Howard	435527—26
E Howe	665747—35		

Below are details of how the scores stand for the revolver championship of the club, Mr. Winans equaling now his winning score of last year:

Walter Winans	42 41 41 40 40	40 39 39—322
C Knapp	40 40 38 38 30	38 35 34—293
E Howe	40 39 38 37 37	35 33 32—291
T W Heath	39 39 39 39 38	37 37 36—306
J Howard	40 38 37 36 36	34 32 31—283
Clementi-Smith	38 36 35 34 31	35 31 27—267

Aug. 1l.—To-day was a perfect shooting day except for a little wind occasionally. At the New London Rifle club the following scores were made. Mr. Winans did not compete, as he had promised to do some exhibition shooting on that day at a fête in his grounds, of which we give some details below. The gusts of wind made fancy shooting rather uncertain.

Twenty yards, alternate hands, stationary target:

Knapp	777775—40	Lieut Howard	773366—31
B Comber	475775—35	Diggins	5546 —29
Luff	737765—33	E Howe	554427—27
W A Hare	627565—31	A J Comber	567333—27

At the South London Rifle Club there was no shooting this week, so the scores for the revolver championship of that club have not changed.

A cup, value £20, will be given for revolver shooting at the rifle gallery, 19 Swallow street, Picadilly, London, shortly. Visitors to London should drop in; S. & W. revolvers with gallery ammunition can be used. The shoot will be open to all comers for some months, but further details have not been published yet.

The fête above referred to by our correspondent is thus described in a London daily:

"Under more favorable auspices than was the case last year, the third annual fête of the Bagshot Habitation of the Primrose League was held on Wednesday in the lovely grounds of Lightwater Grange, the Bagshot residence of Mr. Walter Winans. Thanks to the fine weather, a very large gathering assembled, and everything passed off most successfully. As usual, Mr. Winans placed his grounds unreservedly at the disposal of the habitation, and, in addition, provided a programme of amusements which enabled every one to thoroughly enjoy themselves. Swings, roundabouts and shooting galleries occupied prominent places in the afternoon's amusement, and, in addition, the marvelous revolver shooting of Mr. Winans and the scarcely less meritable performances of Baron Heeiy de Worms fairly electrified every one. Some of Mr. Winans's shots looked almost impossible until one saw them done. Among them may be mentioned the extinguishing of a candle, splitting a card placed edgeways, simultaneously smashing two balls, one of which was swinging, and breaking two balls with a revolver held in each hand."

Cincinnati Riflemen.

CINCINNATI, O , Aug. 25.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds., strictly off-hand, 3lb. trigger pull, rifles under 10lbs. weight, at the standard target, 7-ring black. Scores:

Gindele	8 7 9 9 10 7 8 9 10 9	—86
	7 7 10 10 8 7 7 8 9 10	—83
	9 8 9 10 6 7 7 8 9 10	—83
	10 7 8 8 9 8 7 10 9 10	—86
Louis	9 5 9 7 9 10 9 5 9 8	—80
	5 9 10 6 4 8 7 10 4 8	—71
	6 9 6 5 10 9 9 8 6 3	—71
	10 7 5 7 7 6 9 6 9 5	—71
Weinheimer	8 8 5 8 7 10 8 5 6 5	—70
	4 8 7 7 7 5 7 5 9 9	—69
	6 8 10 5 6 5 9 5 8 8	—68
	8 7 9 6 6 10 8 5 5 5	—66
Trounstein	8 5 9 7 6 10 4 9 4 8	—70
	4 10 5 9 10 6 10 3 6 6	—69
	3 8 6 8 9 6 10 4 3 5	—62
	9 7 4 3 6 4 8 5 3 7	—52
Nestler	8 7 10 9 7 8 9 10 8 8	—84
	10 6 7 7 6 9 10 8 5 8	—76
	6 9 8 9 9 7 7 8 6 6	—75
	8 5 7 7 9 15 10 8 5 6	—75
Strickmeier	7 6 5 5 8 6 6 7 5 7	—62
	6 9 5 9 4 5 6 3 3 8	—63
	4 4 8 5 6 6 10 3 5 6	—57
	8 3 5 9 7 7 10 5 3 4	—60
Topf	4 6 8 5 3 9 4 10 5 6	—60
	4 9 6 8 6 6 4 10 4 3	—62
	10 5 6 8 5 5 5 3 10 5	—62
	6 4 7 3 6 5 9 7 7 6	—60
Payne	10 6 10 5 10 10 7 8 7 9	—82
	10 9 9 9 7 5 9 9 10 6	—86
	7 7 7 9 9 8 10 8 8 5	—78
	6 8 8 9 8 5 10 7 10 6	—77
Drube	10 7 7 8 7 8 7 7 10 7	—78
	9 7 7 6 7 10 5 10 9 6	—76
	7 6 7 10 5 8 9 8 6 9	—75
	7 7 7 10 5 8 7 8 9 6	—74

Pacific Slope Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 25.—Scores of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club for the month were:

Aug. 11.—All-Comers' Rifle.—D. W. McLaughlin 87, Dr. L. O. Rodgers 85.

All-Comers' Pistol, 50yds.—C. M. Daiss 95, S. Carr 93, J. E. Gorman 92, Dr. Rodgers 89, H. B. Dorrell 88.

Regular club medals, no re-entry:

Rifle, champion class: Dr. Rodgers 80, A. H. Pape 80, D. W. McLaughlin 79.

First class: Capt. Klein 71, P. Bohr 87, C. Perry 60.

Second class: F. Dennis 77, Dorrell 74, Gorman 73, Kennedy 73.

Pistol, champion class: S. Carr 91, Daiss 90, Pape 85.

First class: Dr. Rodgers 91, Gorman 88, Klein 86, McLaughlin 72.

Second class: Dennis 83, Dorrell 82, Crane 72, Kennedy 62.

The second monthly contest was held to-day. Scores:

All-comers' rifle: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 87.

All-comers' Springfield: F. Poulter 44.

All-comers' pistol: Daiss 93, Dr. Rodgers 91.

All-comers' ladies' .22cal, rifle: Mrs. Crane 94.

The two days' fall festival of the California Schuetzen Club was terminated to-day. Both artistically and financially it was a success. There were upward of 100 contestants. Scores:

King target, 10 shots only: H. Strecker 221, D. W. McLaughlin 218, Glinderman 216, Brunotti 214.

Man target, 4 shots to a target: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 18, 19, 20, 20—77, John Utschig 76, Glinderman 76, Utschig, Jr. 76, Thierbach 75.

Honorary target: D. W. McLaughlin 24, 25, 25—74, H. Strecker 72, O. Bremer 71, Finking 71, Dr. Rodgers 70, Attinger 70.

Target for members only, 3 shots allowed: Finking 66, Brunotti 65, Meyer 65, Berteisen 65, Enge 65, Dr. Muffe 64, McLaughlin 64, Gebret 62.

ROEEL.

Lyman Rapid-Fire Target.

THE Lyman rapid-fire rifle targets are finding much favor. They are in two sizes, for 25yds. and 50yds. The smaller one sent post-paid for r15 cents a dozen, the larger one for 25 cents a dozen, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Trap-Shooting.

All ties divided unless otherwise reported.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. 6-7.—WARREN, O.—Tournament of the Warren Gun Club. H. B. Perkins, Jr., Sec'y.

Sept. 7.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Team shoot between the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, and the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City.

Sept. 10-12.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—First annual tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Sept. 10-13.—DETROIT, Mich.—The Des-Chree-Shos-Ka annual tournament, under the management of Jack Parker.

Sept. 10-13.—ST. PAUL, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club; John P. Burkhard, Manager.

Sept. 11-12.—FRANKFORT, Kansas.—Tournament of the Frankfort Gun Club.

Sept. 11-13.—LANCASTER, Pa.—Tournament of the Lancaster Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Sept. 12.—ELKWOOD FARE, N. J.—Live bird handicap for Riverton Cup of 1883; 20 birds per man, $20 entrance, 30 yards all.

Sept. —.—FREDONIA, N. Y.—Tournament of the Clover Trap and Target Company. $1,000 added money.

Sept. 24-26.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Fourth annual tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club; $500 added money; H. M. Stewart, Sec'y.

Sept. 27, 28.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Fall tournament of the Harrisburg Shooting Association; first day, targets; second day, live birds. H. B. Shoop, Sec'y.

Oct. 3.—RED BANK, N. J.—Ninth tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Riverside Gun Club Shooting commences at 10 A. M.; league contest at 2 P. M.

Oct. 8-10.—SHERIDAN, Wyo.—Tournament of the Sheridan Gun Club, under the management of Frank Crabill and Mark R. Perkins.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-17.—ALEDO, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Aledo Gun Club; live birds and targets. J. W. McRoberts, Chairman of programme committee.

Oct. 16-17.—WEIR CITY, Kan.—Live-bird championship of the State under the auspices of the Business Men's Gun Club.

Oct. 23-24.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Fourth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Oct. 23-25.—ATLANTA, Ga.—Annual tournament of the Clarke Hardware Company; targets; $700 added money.

Oct. 25-26.—SEATTLE, Wash.—First annual tournament of the Washington State Sportsman's Association, under the auspices of the Seattle Gun Club; live birds and targets. C. F. Graff, Sec'y.

Oct. 27-30.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—First annual tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Willard L. Simpson, Sec'y.

Nov. 5-7.—KEWANEE, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Kewanee Gun Club.

1896.

Jan. 4-5—PHOENIX, Ariz.—Annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Jan. 9-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the management of Texas Field; $2,500 added.

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2,000 added money.

June 8-13 —BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

May (second week) —MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed.

Another big shoot is advertised for Elkwood Park, the date set being Sept. 12. The particulars are contained in the following note: "The Riverton cup of 1883 will be shot for on Sept. 12 at 12 o'clock; 20 live birds per man, $20 entrance, birds extra at 25 cents each, class shooting, 30yds. all; $100 will be taken from the purse to pay for the cup, that amount to be handed to the widow of the late winner, W. D. Campbell, Esq. If ten entries or more, 25 per cent. of the purse and the cup to the winner, 50 per cent. second money, 25 per cent. third money." In explanation of the above it may be said that the Riverton cup referred to was donated by the Riverton Club in 1883, competition being open to the following clubs: Central Gun Club, of Long Branch; Orange, Westminster Kennel Club, Philadelphia Gun Club, Maryland Gun Club, Foresters, of Reading, Pa.; Rockaway, Staten Island, Queens County Hunt Club, Meadow Brook Kennel Club, South Side Sporting Club. The contest took place on April 14, 1883, the cup being won by the team of four men representing the Central Gun Club, the following being the score: Dr. Zolnowski 12, W. G. Murphy 10, E. S. Chapin 9, E. G. Murphy 13, total 44, each man shooting at 15 birds. The cup was then put up by the club for competition among its members, the late W. D. Campbell winning it as above stated. The cup itself is a very handsome trophy, and has some interesting connections with the past.

So far we have heard of three competitors for the privilege of holding the Grand American Handicap on their grounds—Elkwood Park, Willard Park and the racetrack at Guttenburg, N. J. The latter place, we understand, could be secured and is certainly fairly handy were it not for a tedious ride of full forty minutes in trolley cars. The accommodations at Willard Park, should that place be chosen again, will be considerably superior to what they were last April. Boyce Bros., the proprietors of Willard Park, intend to build a club house of ample size right behind the score, if they are given the privilege of holding the shoot on their grounds. Elkwood Park has many advantages, and Phil Daly, Jr., is willing to do anything in reason to get the big shoot on his grounds. The ample grand stand, with its excellent interior fittings, would make a splendid club house, and can be thoroughly warmed in case of cold weather, such as may be expected early in April. Trains from New York, one hour's run, can be stopped right at the gates of the park, while less than half a mile away there is a capital hotel at Branchport which can readily accommodate all who may prefer to stop there rather than run back and forth between Elkwood Park and New York city. Long Branch, too, is only a short distance away.

Target shooters at Babylon, L. I., have organized a gun club, the title of the organization being the Oak Island Gun Club. The officers elected were: George Ewing, Pres.; George Magown, Vice-Pres.; George S. Mott, Sec.-Treas. Mr. Mott is the superintendent of the Westminster Kennel Club's shooting grounds and is quite an expert target shot, as the following facts attest: In three straight heats he has won the silver cup recently presented to the club, emblematic of the championship of Babylon. The club will hold semi-monthly shoots at the Oak Island grounds. Mr. Magown has presented a silver cup for competition under the following conditions: 25 targets per man, unknown angles, ties, miss and out, the cup to be won three times before becoming the property of any one person.

The Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., have claimed dates for the annual tournament and convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. In a letter, dated Aug. 29, Mr. E. W. Smith, secretary of that club, writes: "The New York State Sportsmen's convention and tournament for 1896 will be held at Buffalo the week commencing June 8, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club of that city. This club is one of the oldest and largest clubs in the United States, and its aim will be to make this shoot the largest and best ever held. Many of the events on the programme will be open to all. For particulars address E. W. Smith, Sec'y, 21 West Eagle street, Buffalo, N. Y."

Phil Daly, Jr., has been very fortunate in the matter of events that have been shot at his new grounds at Elkwood, N. J. The 100-target handicap race shot a few weeks ago was an entire success. It was promptly followed by a four-handed match at live birds on Aug. 30 which, so far as we can ascertain without going over our files, which cover the past twenty-one years, establishes a new record in live bird matches. We cannot recall any instance where four men engaged in a two-men team race at 100 birds per man, 200 to the team, each score 90 per cent. or better. It will probably be a long time before, given similar conditions and the same class of birds, that record will be beaten.

Manager John P. Burkhard, of the St. Paul (Minn.) Gun Club, has sent us a copy of the programme for the tournament of that club, which takes place next week, Sept. 10-13. It was received too late for any extended notice, but there is one point that should be touched upon: "Winner of first money will be handicapped 2yds. In no case will it be extended beyond 2yds. or the 18yds. mark, nor will any other form of handicap be resorted to. * * * Any one caught dropping for place or figuring for averages will forfeit his right to participate in the division of the purse." Reduced State Fair railroad rates have been secured from all points tributary to St. Paul.

The Clarke Hardware Company, of Atlanta, Ga., writes us under date of Aug. 27: "Owing to the encouragement received from leading shooters throughout the country, we have decided to add another $100 to the amount originally named—$600—as added to our shoot, held Oct. 23, 24 and 25. This will make $700 added money altogether." As the above shoot takes place at Atlanta while the great exposition is in full blast, there is certain to be a large number of shooters who will take advantage of the low railroad rates and put in an appearance at the tournament.

There is some talk of a team race at live birds being brought off at Dexter Park, L. I., in the near future. The idea of Mr. Lippack, the proprietor of Dexter Park, is to throw the event open to teams from clubs with grounds in the vicinity of New York. The number of men to a team is undecided, but we should imagine that there would be many more entries if the teams are of five men instead of double that number, as has been suggested. Very few clubs could make up a 10-men team; several could put 5-men teams into the field.

Next week is a big one in the trap-shooting world: Sept. 10-12, the Limited Gun Club's shoot at Indianapolis, Ind.; 10-13 are the dates of Jack Parker's shoot at Detroit, Mich.; same dates, the annual tournament of the St. Paul, Minn., Gun Club; 10-12, the tournament of the Frankfort, Kans., Gun Club; 11-13, the tournament of the Lancaster, Pa., Gun Club; and Sept. 12, the shoot for the Riverton Cup of 1883, at Elkwood Park, N. J.

Jack Parker will have quite a delegation of Eastern shooters at his shoot next week. The programme is attractive enough, and the boys know that they will have all the shooting they want if they attend a tournament at Detroit. They may not all make money, as a rule very few do that nowadays, but they are bound to have a good shoot and a smoothly run tournament.

A synopsis of the programme for the Rochester Rod and Gun Club's tournament on Sept. 24-26 is noted elsewhere. Mr. H. M. Stewart, the secretary, is hustling to make the shoot a success. With $500 added to the purses there is little reason for fear on the part of the management that they will have any trouble in hunting entries.

Mr. David Brown, president of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., writes us as follows: "We hold our annual fall tournament of Oct. 9, 10 and 11; first two days, targets; third day, live birds. We give $20, $15, $10 and $5 to the shooters making the four best averages in all events on both days."

The Muskegon (Mich.) Gun Club has notified the Valley City Gun Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., of its intention of challenging for the State team championship trophy now held by the latter club. The match will probably come off during the State Fair at Grand Rapids.

Messner, the winner of this year's Grand American Handicap, and E. H. McWhorter, both of Pittsburgh, Pa., have been shooting some pretty close races lately. On Aug. 23 Messner won by 93 to 91; on Aug. 31 he won by 94 to 93.

The programme of the Rochester, N. Y., Gun Club's tournament is worth reading. The club adds good money, and adds it wisely.

The San Antonio (Texas) Gun Club has decided to add $1,000 to the purses at its tournament, which is to be held on Oct. 27-30.

EDWARD BANKS.

Shooting Accident at Nyack.

THE unfortunate shooting accident at the Nyack, N. Y., tournament on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 24, was the result of criminal carelessness on the part of a "scout" or "pot-hunter." The story of the affair is as follows:

The Nyack Club had erected a tent for the accommodation of its guests, and in front of this tent three live-bird traps had been placed in position. The shooting had attracted a fair crowd of spectators, among the number being some ladies and children, some of whom were standing to the right of the score, alongside the tent. Behind them, some 40yds. away, was a young "pot-hunter" who was on the lookout for escaping pigeons. The last bird in a 4-bird sweep was released; it was a right-quartering incomer, was hit, but flew low over the boundary, crossing directly between the "pot-hunter" and the spectators above mentioned. In his excitement at seeing a pigeon coming his way, the young man apparently saw nothing but the bird, as he fired both barrels at it right into the crowd. Some eight or nine persons were injured, a man inside the tent being among the number shot. A woman received eight or ten pellets in her forehead, and it is a wonderful thing that not an eye was touched. In fact, so far as we can learn, no one was really seriously injured.

Although we believe in permitting "scouting" on humanitarian grounds alone, yet this instance strengthens us in our belief that all such "scouts" should be appointed by, and be under the control of, the gun club holding the shoot.

As Others See Us.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Aug. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I feel that I would be doing you an injustice if I did not compliment you on the very able and thorough manner in which your Mr. Banks has written up the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association's annual gathering. It is a veritable pleasure for every one connected with the Association to read the proceedings as they appear in your valuable journal, and to know that they are correct and true is of untold value to those interested in the State organization. It proves two things at least, ability and fidelity, and when one takes into consideration the circumstances under which the greater part of this work must be accomplished and the information obtained, it speaks doubly for the reporter, and cannot fail of appreciation to all the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

J. H. WORDEN,
President Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.

West Newburgh G. and R. Association.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Aug 29.—The weekly prize shoot of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association was held this afternoon. As the scores given below show, Dickson won a heat for the first prize, Wood and Stansborough each scoring one-half a heat for second prize. Conditions: 10 singles, known angles, 3 pairs and 9 singles, unknown angles: Scores:

Dickson	1111111000	11 10 10	111110111—3—22
Wood	1111110111	10 00 10	110111011—2—20
Stansborough	0100101111	10 10 01	111111110—3—20
Harrison	0000100101	10 11 00	001010110—8—18
Gibb	0100111001	10 10 10	010000011—7—18
Taylor	0011011011	00 10 11	111111101—0—17
Donohue	1110010100	10 00 00	111011000—3—14

DAVID BROWN, Pres.

The Rochester Programme.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 31.—Inclosed find copy of programme as arranged for our shoot, which takes place Sept. 24, 25, 26.

First Day.—No. 1, 20 bluerocks, entrance $3; No. 2, 20 bluerocks, entrance $3, $30 added; No. 3, 20 bluerocks, entrance $3; No. 4, 20 bluerock, entrance $3, $30 added; No. 5, 20 bluerocks, entrance $3; No. 6, 25 bluerocks, entrance $4, $50 added; No. 7, 20 bluerocks, entrance $3; No. 8, 20 bluerocks, entrance $3, $30 added.

Second day, same as first.

Third Day.—No. 1, 20 bluerocks, entrance $3; No. 2, 20 bluerocks, entrance $3, $35 added; No. 3, 20 bluerocks, entrance $3; No. 4*, 50 bluerocks, entrance $5, $50 added; No. 5, 20 bluerocks, entrance $3; No. 6, 25 bluerocks, entrance $4, $50 added; No. 7, 20 bluerocks, entrance $3; No. 8, 20 bluerocks, entrance $3, $35 added.

*Event No. 4 is the Walsrode Powder Co.'s contest.

For general average there will be five cash prizes aggregating $50.

H. M. STEWART.

Worcester Gun Club.

WORCESTER, Mass., Aug. 24.—The following scores were made by members of the Worcester Gun Club this afternoon:

Randall	9	7	8	7	Tougas	5	9	9	5
Parker	9	10	9	5	Norcross	8	7	4	8
F Forehand	6	7	7	11	Hoyle	10	9	8	0
Estabrook	10	7	9	7	Ide	8	8	7	4
Kinnicutt	6	8	5	12	Goodeel	7	5	8	4
Claflin	6	5	3	15	C Forehand	7	9	7	1
Bucklin	3	10	8	2	Allen	4	6	5	8
Davis	9	8	7	4	Snell	9	7	4	0

The Manitou Farmers Won.

NORTH GREECE, N. Y., Aug. 22.—To-day the champions of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club shot a team race with the Manitou Beach Rod and Gun Club on the latter's grounds. The members of the Manitou Club being nearly all farmers and a bountiful harvest having been secured, they felt like doing the "champs" of Rochester—and they did it. Following is the score:

Manitou Beach.

J M Lowden	1011111101111011111—17
C Skinners	1111111111001111110—17
E Elliott	1111111111011111001—17
B Rickman	1111101101101111111—16
A Rickman	1110111111001111111—17
Byer	1111110011111101011—17
C Lane	1111111011111111011—18—121

Rochester.

H Myer	1111111111110111011—18
W C Hadley	1111111110010011100—14
J Borst	1110000111111100111—13
Norton	1111001110101111111—16
Hicks	0111111101111111111—17
H Stewart	0011111010011111011—15
S Glover	1111111111111110111—19—112

The Interstate at Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Aug. 29.—This shoot was brought to a successful close to-day after three days of clear but excessively warm weather. The unanimous verdict of the participants is that it was the most enjoyable affair of this kind held during the season. Charlotte, a beautiful and typical Southern city, never looked more lovely than at this season in her suit of summer green. All who may happen to come in contact with the people of this city will always remember them pleasantly. Many a shooter felt deep regret as the time drew near when he had to leave the beautiful scene and the genial companionship of our grand old Col. Anthony and Messrs. Stokes, Todd, Carson, Justice and others of the Charlotte Club.

The office was presided over by that popular and typical Virginia gentleman, Col. W. N. Wellford, of Lynchburg, Va., assisted by Mr. Todd, the "lightning calculator" of the Charlotte Club, and Mr. Archie Stokes, the warm friend of all men. Mr. John Carson rendered great service as referee.

It is needless to speak of that "lovable" character, Elmer Shaner, whose management of a tournament has always been pronounced perfect. The Interstate Association should erect to him a monument for faithful service.

The grounds are beautifully located in the rear of Latta Park, at the terminus of the electric car line in the suburbs of the city. These grounds were in every respect as described in the programme.

This shoot was noticeable for the feeling of good fellowship that seemed to pervade the very atmosphere itself, and no incident occurred to mar the pleasure of the participants. The dinner served by the popular proprietors of the Buford Hotel is seldom equaled at shoots or surpassed by many first-class hotels.

Col. Anthony was somewhat disappointed in the number of attendants, but was more than compensated in the *personnel* of those who did attend. As can be seen by the scores a shooter who could not make 90 per cent. found it warm in the company of such shooters. It is due Messrs. Connor, Van Dyke, Col. Anthony and Mr. Lindsay, who were contestants in the two-men 50-bird team race on the 28th, to mention that they were forced to shoot the last half of the race in the dark, otherwise the result might have been different, and it is reasonable to suppose that Connor and Van Dyke would have been the victors, as they had four birds more to their credit than any other pair at the end of the first half, Connor breaking 25 straight and Van Dyke 24 out of 25.

Among those present from a distance were: Rolla Heikes, Dayton, O.; John Connor and Judge Lindsay, Knoxville; B. W. Claridge, Baltimore; B. H. Worthen, Capt. Swann and G. Peterman, Charleston, N. C.; G. Empie, W. W. Dornin, W. L. Moorman, T. F. Nelson and Col. W. N. Wellford, Lynchburg, Va.; U. M. C. Thomas ("Old Happy") representing the U. M. C. Co.; Noel Money, of E. C. Powder Co.; Carl von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Detmold, N. Y., representing Schultze powder; F. Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; D. M. Porterfield, Vicksburg, Miss., representing DuPont's powder; J. L. Fonda, Greensboro, N. C.; L. D. Thomas, Baltimore, representing Froisdorf powder; H. P. Collins, Baltimore, also representing DuPont't powder; our ever congenial friend Lieut. A. W. du Bray, representative of Parker gun, and F. C. Etheridge, Macon, Ga.

All were disappointed upon learning that the "Father of Shooters," Wm. Wagner, of Washington, D. C., could not be present owing to sickness in his family.

Among the non-participants present was W. B. Leffingwell, the well-known writer on wildfowl shooting, etc.

The shooters all expressed their appreciation of the kind treatment and entertainment received by them at the hands of the citizens of Charlotte and of the managers of Central and Buford hotels.

First and Second Days.

In the tables given below, the experts' and amateurs' scores are given separately. Events Nos. 1 to 10 were shot on the first day, Nos. 11 to 20 on the second day. The Charlotte Gun Club added $10 to every 15-target event and $15 to every 20-target event during the tournament:

EXPERTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Anthony	..	12	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Swan	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Worthen	..	18	8	..	14	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	9	..	10	..	..
Dornin	..	18	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heikes	..	..	13	17	12	16	..	17	9	..	..	15	..	..	..	19	9	..	..	..
Lindsay	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Claridge	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Porterfield	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Von L'ng'rke	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Money	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	13	..	..	w	..	..	..	..	..
Empie	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Connor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	14	..	15	..	15	..	..	..	14	14	..
Etheridge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Van Dyke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	14	w	19
Nelson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	..	..	10	..	..
Todd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
Peterman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	w	..

AMATEURS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Anthony	15	..	15	..	10	17	12	18	11	15	11	18	11	18	13	17	11	17	10	18
Heikes	14	20	..	..	15	..	..	18	15	..	14	19	15	..	..	19	14	20	..	..
Connor	13	17	14	19	13	18	15	..	..	15	..	15	..	14	17	14	20	..	..	..
U M C	10	10	8	12	12	14	14	15	12	18	13	14	11	15	11	10	13	16	14	15
Swan	15	..	13	16	14	16	13	w	12	16	14	19	14	19	14	15	14	14	12	17
Worthen	15	..	..	19	15	..	15	..	13	17	11	19	12	18	15	..	..	20	..	19
Fonda	14	15	11	16	11	16	11	12	8	12	12	13	12	15	12	16	12	..	9	..
Dornin	15	..	..	18	13	17	13	19	14	18	13	14	11	19	14	17	12	18	14	17
Lindsay	14	20	..	14	13	14	12	20	..	15	12	19	11	16	13	16	12	19	13	17
Nelson	13	16	12	15	13	16	11	18	12	19	12	20	..	..	14	19	..	18	11	17
Thomas	9	..	12	16	11	13	10	16	12	11	12	14	9	14	11	14	..	18	..	..
Moorman	6	..	10	..	..	..	11	..	..	14	10	..	10	..	..	..	8	..	8	..
Carson	13	..	14	12	11	..	12	..	9	..	13	..	11	..	12	..	9	..	..	..
Van Dyke	14	18	12	17	14	15	14	19	12	17	15	..	13	19	14	19	..	..	15	..
Money	14	15	10	17	14	20	..	16	14	18	15	..	13	20	..	17	13	16	12	18
Porterfield	13	16	13	20	..	19	13	18	11	17	13	15	12	11	13	15	14	18	14	12
Du Bray	12	..	11	..	10	..	8	..	..	..	13	18	12	14	11	13	12	..	13	..
Empie	11	17	12	16	12	20	..	19	13	13	10	16	15	..	12	17	11	18	13	19
Von Leng'ke	12	17	11	13	15	..	12	17	13	16	13	18	13	18	14	14	12	18	14	15
Claridge	..	19	15	..	11	18	10	18	14	19	11	19	13	17	13	18	14	19	14	19
Etheridge	..	..	12	17	14	19	12	17	15	..	14	17	11	17	13	16	14	19	12	17
Epperson	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Justice	..	..	..	..	10	16	..	..	9	..	..	..	11	..	10	..	13	..	11	..
J. W. Todd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	17	13	18	10	16	15	..	12
Schuyler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Stokes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	12	18	12	16
Peterman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	16	..	..	..	..
Orr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	11	..

The special team races, two men to a team, 50 targets per man, unknown angles, $5 per man, were shot on the first and second days. The first one resulted in Empie and Claridge, and Money and Heikes, tieing for first place, Heikes running 50 straight; both teams scored 96 out of the 100. The scores in that race are as follows:

Money	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111101101—46
Heikes	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—50—96
Empie	1111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Claridge	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49—96
Van Dyke	1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Connor	1011111011111111111011011111111111111111111111111110—45—93
Porterfield	1111111101111111110111111111111111111111111111111110—45—93
Etheridge	1110101101101111111111111111111111111111111111111111—45
Anthony	1111111111111111010111111111111111111111111111111111—45—90
Worthen	1111010011111101011111111101011111111111111111111111—43—89
Todd	0111100100111100111111011101111011111111111101111111—39
Carson	1111011100100110111011101111011001100111011111100—34—73

The team race on the second day resulted in a win for Heikes and Money with 93. Heikes broke 49 out of his 50. Some of the teams finished their scores in the dark, as referred to above. Scores:

Heikes	1111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
Money	1111111111010011111111111111111111111111111111111—44—93
Claridge	0111111111011111011111111111111111111111111111111—46
Empie	1011001011111111111111111111111111111111111111111—45—91
Todd	0111111111111011111101011111111111101010110111—41
Stokes	1111111111111111111011000101111111111111100101111—40—81
Connor	1111111111111111111111111111101011010111111101001110—42
Van Dyke	1111011111111011101111111111111111111111101011—45—87
Anthony	1111011111111011101111111111111111111101010011110—40
Lindsay	1111111111111111111101101111011010100101101011—38—78

Third Day's Scores.

The scores made on the third day were as follows, it being thought only right to separate the scores of those who shot as experts from the scores of those who shot as amateurs:

EXPERTS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Claridge	..	17	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Heikes	..	..	..	15	18	10	..	13	16	..
Dornin	..	..	..	7	..	..	14	..	14	..
Worthen	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	18	8	..
Lindsay	..	..	..	..	..	w	..	..	..	..
Nelson	..	..	..	..	..	w	..	..	..	..
Van Dyke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	..
Von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	..
Porterfield	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Connor	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17

AMATEURS.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20
Anthony	12	17	12	17	12	14	12	18	12	16
Todd	14	18	14	16	12	..	9	16	10	17
U M C	13	15	12	17	13	14	10	12	11	14
Etheridge	13	16	11	15	14	17	8	17	13	16
Du Bray	10	13	13	16	10	..	12	..	..	..
Money	10	16	13	18	13	19	12	16	12	17
Dornin	14	20	..	15	15	..	15	..	12	16
Stokes	13	16	12	15	11	14	7	..	..	..
Porterfield	9	19	13	18	14	17	12	20	..	16
Nelson	14	19	13	19	..	15	w	17	11	18
Swan	14	18	14	18	13	17	14	19	13	19
Claridge	15	..	..	18	13	19	14	19	12	18
Worthen	13	18	14	19	..	..	..	20	..	18
Peterman	13	19	12	18	12	w	9	17	12	16
Heikes	14	20	..	..	..	20	..	..	13	16
Thomas	11	..	7	..	12	..	..	15	..	..
Carson	11	..	12	..	13	..	11	..	..	..
Connor	14	19	11	18	14	w	14	14	15	..
Lindsay	10	13	12	19	..	17	10	13	8	16
Van Dyke	..	19	14	18	14	20	..	..	14	17
Von Lengerke	..	16	14	17	13	20	..	..	12	15
Empie	..	..	..	18	13	13	13	17	13	19
Orr	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..

The team race, three men from any State, with $25 added to the purse by the Charlotte Gun Club, brought forth four teams: New Jersey, South Carolina, Virginia and North Carolina, the teams finishing in the above order. Scores:

New Jersey.

F Van Dyke	1111111111111111111110111—24
C von Lengerke	1101111111111111111110111—23
N E Money	0110111111111111111611111—22—69

South Carolina.

B H Worthen	1111111111111001111111111—23
G Peterman	1111111101111011111111111—23
G Swan	1110111011101111111110111—23—68

Virginia.

Nelson	1111111111111111111111111—25
W Dornin	1111111110111101111011—22
B G Empie	1101111010111101001111111—19—66

North Carolina.

J T Anthony	1111111100101011111011110—19
J W Todd	1011011111101110010111111—19
A Stokes	1111011110100111010110111—18—56

J. L. FONDA.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Aug. 28.—No. 1, unknown angles. A. S. A. rules:

Lashells	0110101101100101111011111—18
N Affantranger	0101001100011010111101111—15
H A Johnson	1111111111111111111111111—24
Kreuger	1010110101010111111110100—16
Leberman	1111000111111000111011111—18
Hayes	1111111111111010101111111—22
Krider	1111101111100101110110101—18
Belton	1111111111110100100101110—19
Baker	1011011010111010111111010—17
Campbell	0111010010000000100101111—12
Decker	1010110101011010111011000—15
Reisinger	1011110111101010001111111—18

No. 2, same:

Hayes	1011101101111111101111111—21
Lashells	1010111111111111001110011—19
H A Johnson	1010111111111111111111111—23
Leberman	1111110111111111101011100—20
Yates	1100011001110000111010001—13
R C Adams	0110101100110111111111001—17
Belton	0011111011101111100111101—18
N Affantranger	1011111111101111011111111—22
Krider	0111111111011100111011101—19
Rufus Adams	1100101011106011111101000—14
Reisinger	0110110101101101111111111—19
Krueger	1110111000110101011011110—17

No. 3, same:

Lashells	0001101111101011011110001—15
Hayes	1111110011110111110101011—19
R C Adams	1000110001010110111111115
Yates	1000011100111001101101115
Belton	1111111011101110011111121
Leberman	1100011010100011111101011—15

CHOKE BORE.

Hindmarsh—Biscoe.

TOPEKA, Kan., Aug. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A friendly match at live pigeons occurred on the grounds of the West Side Gun Club, Friday, Aug. 23, between Messrs. P. J. Hindmarsh and L. Biscoe, members of the above-named organization. The participants being excellent trap-shots, the match created considerable interest. The day was very warm, but heavy clouds obscured the sun during the shoot, and culminated in a drenching downpour just at the close. A heavy south wind blew from the shooters to the traps, and aided the birds to a great extent. Mr. Hindmarsh had one dead out of bounds, as did Mr. Biscoe, though a good many were hit hard that got away.

The birds were an indifferent lot, with some very hard drives to the right and several swift straightaways, which required the best of judgment to stop. The luck of the birds proved greatly in favor of Mr. Hindmarsh, who killed his last 15 very nicely. Inclosed is the score, Mr. J. C. Clark acting as referee; Mr. C. H. Morton, scorer; Mr. Arnold, trap-puller. Conditions: 25 live pigeons per man, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, A. S. A. rules to govern.

Mr. Hindmarsh shot a Remington hammerless 12-bore, his load being 3drms. E. C., 1⅛ No. 7 soft shot and 3¼ E. C., 1⅛ No. 6 soft shot in first and second as named, loaded in Smokeless shells by J. C. Elliott. Mr. Biscoe used a Smith hammerless 12-bore, Smokeless shells and E. C. powder; 2¾drms. in the first and 3 in the second, with No. 7½ and 7 shot as above:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

↖↖→↗→↙↑↘↗↗↓↗↗←↓↗↗↗→↗↙↙↗↖→↙

P J Hindmarsh.....1 1 2 1 2 2 1 • 1 0 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1—23

←↓→↗↙H→↘↗↖↗→↗↘←↗↗↗↖↗↗←↑↑

L Biscoe.....1 2 2 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 1 0 0 2 1 1 1 1 1 • 0 1 0 1—19

CHAS. H. MORTON.

Club Shoot at Wollaston.

WOLLASTON, Mass., Aug. 24.—The following scores were made by the members of the Wollaston Gun Club at its regular club shoot this afternoon:

Whitman	1000010101111111111111110—17
Starrett	1100101011101111000001000—13
Marsden	0100110010000010010010011— 9
Atwood	0010100100000010111110001—10
Thompson	0101010100111101010000101—13
Tucker	0001111001001111111010110—15
D B Lincoln	1011011111010101111001101—17
A A Lincoln	0101000110110011000101101—12
Keating	1101001110100001010010010—12

The Endeavor's Tournament.

THE Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., held its annual tournament on Monday (Labor Day), Sept 2, at its grounds, Marion, N. J. Although the day was all that it should have been the attendance was not up to the mark, several well-known shooters from Jersey being absent. Among the number missing were: Tom Keller, Charlie Smith, Neaf Apgar, Charlie Hebbard, Major Breintnall, Tom Brantingham, the boys from the Boiling Springs, W. N. Drake, etc. Still thirty-two shooters put in an appearance, some 2,000 targets being thrown during the day's sport. Noel Money easily carried off the honors (and the money) by breaking 102 out of a nominal 105, an average of 97.1; his actual score was 102 out of 104, as he didn't fire at his first target in event No. 10, traps in reversed order, being under the impression that the wrong trap had been pulled. His actual average for the afternoon was therefore just over 98. The scores made were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	10	20	25
Strader	4	..	..	..	5	10	..	..	6	5	..	..
"Proctor"	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	5	11	7	7	..
G Piercy	6	8	6	15	6	12	6	12	8	8	17	19
Dustin	10	9	7	14	5	13	8	14	9	7	17	20
Von Lengerke	7	7	6	13	6	15	6	9	..	..	..	..
Sigler	8	9	8	12	5	13	8	14	6	10	18	..
Burbridge	9	7	7	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Smith	9	10	8	14	10	14	7	13	10	9	17	21
Creveling	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L Piercy	4	5	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas	8	9	6	13	6	12	4	11	10	8	17	23
Eames	8	4	7	12	..	12	6	13	8	8	..	..
Boykin	9	6	6	13	5	12	6	13	..	..	..	..
Herrington	..	..	..	7	14	4	13	6	11	8	8	14	22
Miller	..	..	..	7	13	7	15	10	12	8	9	19	23
Geoffrey	..	..	..	8	12	5	14	5	15	8	9	19	22
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	8	14	9	13	8	7	19	23
Van Dyke	..	..	..	..	..	9	15	9	15	10	10	19	20
Frey	..	..	..	..	..	3	9	..	13	..	..	..	..
Capt Money	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	4	10	7	8	.. 22
N E Money	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	10	15	9	9	20 25
Welles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	8	9	19 ..
Baker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	..	4	17 ..
Stewart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	8	13 ..
"Wanda"	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	8	.. ..
Woodruff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	5	18 ..
F A Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	7	19 18
W H Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	9	.. ..
Astfalk	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	18 ..
Parker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	13 ..
Fletcher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	2	.. ..

Messner Wins Two Straight.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Aug. 31.—As we have already stated in our columns, a series of three 100 live-bird matches was arranged some time ago between J. G. Messner, winner of this year's Grand American Handicap, and E. H. McWhorter, both of this city. Each match was for $100 a side.

The first match took place on Aug. 23, the birds being a very good lot and the scene of the shoot being the Country Club's grounds. Elmer E. Shaner acted as referee. The score given below shows that Messner won by two birds, scoring 93 to McWhorter's 91:

J G Messner	2112211222222222222221222—25
	1222222222312022112122222—24
	1112110202112121121221210—22
	0222222222112111021220202—23—93
E H McWhorter	2321212200221312212212210—22
	2222222222112210102022111—22
	1011212201121112221121121—23
	2212212222222222211102221—21—91

The second match was shot to-day on the same grounds, the birds generally being only a moderate lot. The match was exceedingly close. At the end of the 75th round the score was a tie with 70 all. In the 84th round Messner lost his bird, putting McWhorter one ahead. This state of things continued until the 94th round, when the score was again a tie, McWhorter losing his bird. In the next round Messner went one ahead, his opponent losing his 95th bird also. That lost the match for McWhorter by one bird, as both killed out straight. W. S. Bell acted as referee in the absence of Mr. Shaner. Score:

McWhorter	2221022221220212222212122—23
	2222212221210222122212222—24
	2202222222212021222212212—23
	2221212221221212202222222—23—93
Messner	2122122221212221220222222—24
	1222211222021222210210222—23
	2202202222222212122222222—23
	2222222202022222222222222—24—94

Valley City Gun Club.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Aug. 16.—The following scores were made to day by members of the Valley City Gun Club:

No. 1, 30 targets:

Coleman	1010111110101111110110111111—24
Gilmore	1001101011110111111111111111—24
Calkins	1101011101010001111011111111—22
Walton	0000011011100111111111111011—21

No. 2, 10 targets: Walton 9, Kelsey 10, Widdicomb 9, Hughart 6, White 7, Wharton 8.

No. 3, same: Gilmore 10, Coleman 10, White 5, Kelsey 10, Hughart 5, Calkins 6.

No. 4, same: Crossman 2, Widdicomb 6, Walton 9, Wharton 9, Coleman 9, White 5, Gilmore 9, Kelsey 8, Hughart 5, Norris 5, Crow 2, Fuller 0.

No. 5, same: White 5, Hughart 8, Ball 4, Kelsey 7, Norris 6, Crossman 8.

No. 6, 30 targets, unknown traps, one man up:

Widdicomb	1111111001011110100111010010—20
Crossman	0110111101111101010001011w
Kelsey	1101110000111100001010011O010—16
Wharton	1110100111001111111111101101111—22
Coleman	1111101101101111111111111111—27
Norris	0111101101010000w
Walton	1111101111001111101111011001—23

No. 7, 10 pairs:

Wharton	10 11 10 01 11 10 11 11 11 11—16
Kelsey	11 11 01 10 11 10 10 10 11 11—15
Walton	10 11 01 11 10 11 10 11 10 10—14
Coleman	10 10 10 01 00 10 10 10 10 10— 9

No. 8, same as No. 7: Coleman 15, Walton 15, Gilmore 15.

C. F. ROOD, Sec'y.

Maplewood Again Defeats Peekskill.

MAPLEWOOD, N. J., Aug. 24.—The Peekskill, N. Y., Gun Club met with its second successive defeat to-day at the hands of the home team. The scores are not as high as in the first match which was shot off on the Peekskill grounds, but the wind blew so strongly that the targets were extremely erratic in flight and in consequence hard to hit, although the match was at known traps and angles. At the end of the first half a single break in favor of Maplewood was all that separated the teams. On their arrival at about 1 P. M. the Peekskill team was the guest of the Maplewood team, a capital dinner being served:

Team race, six-men teams, 50 targets per man, known angles:

Maplewood.

E O Geoffroy	1111111111011111111111011111111101111111111—45
W N Drake	1111111101111111111111111111111001111111111101111—45
W Smith	1111111101111101111011111111111111111111111111011—44
E Sickley	1101101111011101111111111111111111111111111111111—44
A Sickley	0111101101111111110101111111111111111111111111111—43
O L Yeomans	1111111111011000101101111111111001110101111111—38—259

Peekskill.

Dr P H Mason	0110111111011111111111111111111111111111111111111—46
H P Dain	1111101111111111111111111111111111111001111101111—45
P R "Loder"	1101111101101011111111101100111011111111111111111—42
B Everinghim	0101111011101111111111111111111111111111111111011—41
Thomas	1111111111011110011111111111111111111111111111011—39
H N Perry	0101011100110111111101011101111111011101111010—37—210

Brunswick Gun Club.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Aug. 31.—The following scores were made this afternoon by the members of the Brunswick Gun Club, it being our regular monthly shoot:

Club shoot, 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

J A Blish	1111111111111111111111101—23
H H Stevens	1111011111011111111111111—23
J Fisher	1100100111111111101111100—19
D Hoagland	1111111101101111010110011—19
E Reynolds	0111111111100111111111101—21
C Oakley	1101011101111011011111111—20
H B Smith	1011000111101110111111111—19
M Allen	1011110010001111010101001—14
R McDowell	1001101111011110101111111—19
T Pratt	1011110101011011111111000—18
G W Strong	0000100100001000000001111— 7

H. H. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Ivins-Ballard vs. Hoey-Murphy.

ELKWOOD PARK, N. J.—The property of Phil Daly, of Long Branch, N. J., has been the scene of some excellent live-bird shooting during the past two weeks. The park itself contains an excellent mile track, as fast as any in the States, and one which is much frequented by owners of trotters, pacers and bicycles. Bicyclists know well the records recently credited to this track. Its career as a pigeon-shooting arena is of very recent date. Target, or clay-pigeon shooting, was auspiciously inaugurated on Aug. 15, on which date seventeen shooters took part in a 100-target handicap race, $10 entrance, the winner turning up in Capt. E. B. Wadsworth, of Boston, Mass., who scored 100 out of his 110. His club, the Boston Shooting Association, was also represented by Orrin R. Dickey, who made the great score of 97 out of his 100 targets, tieing for second money with Charlie Smith, of Plainfield, N. J., who was allowed six extra targets to shoot at.

BALLARD DEFEATS IVINS.

One or two live-bird matches of more or less importance have also been recorded since the opening of the park to shooters, and prior to Friday, Aug. 30. One of these matches was a 50 live-bird race, shot on Aug. 23, the contestants being A. L. Ivins, of Seabright, N. J., and Bland Ballard, of Louisville, Ky. The conditions were: 50 live birds per man, Ivins allowing Ballard 1yd. The score, which is given below, shows that Ballard won by two birds, killing 47 to 45. Out of the eight birds recorded as lost, but one or two at the most got away ungathered, the others being dead out of bounds. The miss-and-out which followed, and which was won by Ivins with the capital score of 16 straight, was composed of Ivins, Ballard and two men whose names are well known to pigeon shooters of this country, one of them also being the possessor of a capital record before Euroneau traps—Fred Hoey and Edgar G. Murphy. Following are the scores made on that day:

B Ballard (29)	221●2121112●1122122112212—23	
	2222222221232●2122222221—24	—47
A L Ivins (30)	2122211213021222201221121—23	
	1222110220221112222111201—22	—45

Miss and out:

Ivins	2211112122121112—16	Ballard	221222222220 —10
Hoey	2222112212122110—15	Murphy	221210 — 5

The result of the above meeting was the making of a four-handed match between the shooters named, the teams being Hoey and Murphy vs. Ballard and Ivins, and the conditions: to shoot on Aug. 30, at 2 P. M., $500 a side, play or pay, 30yds. all, 50yds. boundary, 100 live birds per man, 200 to the team, Hurlingham rules governed, with the exception that a shooter was privileged to choose whether his bird should be gathered by dog or man.

A BIG CONTRACT.

When the match was first made public, there was a perceptible murmur of astonishment at the apparent temerity of the backer of Ballard and Ivins in "stacking up," to use an accepted phrase, against two such shots as Hoey and Murphy are known to be. The records of those two men are well known and their capabilities have been respected by shooters when making matches. It is true that Ivins has shown that he can kill good fast birds. On April 4, 5, of this year, he showed up well in the Grand American Handicap, killing 18 straight before he missed, a fast circling outgoer from No. 2 trap beating him in the nineteenth round. His next six birds were killed in good style, the score showing his total to be 24 out of 25. Later, on July 6, he won the Hollywood Futurity Handicap, at West End, N. J., scoring again 24 out of 25, and tieing George Work, of the Carteret Gun Club, and Junius H. Davis, of the Riverton Gun Club, for first, second and third moneys and the cup. They agreed to divide the pot, shooting off at 10 birds each for the cup. Ivins scored 10 to Davis's 9 and Work's 8, thus winning the trophy. But Ballard was an unknown quantity. His score of 47 out of 50, given above, was not generally known, and his record in the Hollwood Futurity was not encouraging. In that race, standing on the 26yds. mark, he lost 4 out of his first 6 birds, 3 of them dead out of bounds, and retiring. It should be mentioned that in that race Ivins stood at 28yds., Davis at 27 and Work at 30yds. On paper, therefore, it looked something like a cinch for Hoey and Murphy when the match now under discussion was first announced. The result shows that the backer of Ivins and Ballard, who was none other we believe that Mr. Percy Dobbins, of New York City and Long Branch, knew pretty well what he was doing.

THEY WERE GOOD BIRDS.

In preparing for the match, Phil Daly, Jr., and Harry Chanfrau, "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler," who is at present summering at the Elkwood Inn, worked hard to secure the comfort of the contestants and spectators, the latter arriving in considerable numbers. Gilbert, of Philadelphia, had been requisitioned for 1,000 of his best birds, out of which 400 were to be selected for the match. To insure proper handling, Gilbert sent his son along to look after the birds. As for the birds themselves, they were a splendid lot of flyers, all blue and not a "peep" among them. With a wind to aid them, it is safe to say that the lowest score made that afternoon would have been hard to equal. As it was, with a wind that blew from the southeast, the traps facing slightly to the north of east, they furnished as fine a lot of fast, twisting birds as we have seen for many a long day. Flying low against the wind, they imitated the flight of an English snipe to perfection, but such ruses seldom availed them much. As a natural result of the direction of the wind, left-quartering incomers were, in the majority of instances, extremely fast birds, making the boundary seem very close to No. 1 trap.

MILO IS A GREAT RETRIEVER.

Among the other preliminaries, it may be mentioned that Mr. John S. Hoey was appointed referee, Mr. Hoey's selection being a natural one and entirely warranted by his work in like positions during the past. The retrieving, except when a man was called for, was done by an Irish setter, Milo, two and a half years old, the property of J. Vone Emmons, secretary of the Central Gun Club, of Long Branch, and by Spot, an English setter, the property of Ivins. Without wishing to detract from the merits of the work done by Ivins's dog, that performed by Milo deserves special mention, being of a kind too seldom witnessed at such gatherings. Mr. Emmons has his dog under the most perfect control. There is no need to hold him at the score, whether it is his turn to retrieve the bird or not. He won't go unless he gets the word. Two or three times he was sent after a bird through an error, "man" having been called for. A shrill whistle from his master's lips arrested him instantly, and he returned to his post with tail wagging and a smile in his eyes. It was extremely pretty work and called forth the applause of the crowd on more than one occasion.

Two by-birds per man were allowed by the referee, and then Fred Hoey was called to the score. He killed a fast bird from No. 2 trap and Ivins took his place. He drew an incomer from No. 1, which was also scored. Then Edgar Murphy stepped to the score and snapped a bird over No. 1 trap, not giving the bird a chance to declare itself. Ballard's bird, a right-quarterer from No. 4, was then grassed, Ballard shooting while he masticated a mouthful of lunch, having arrived too late on the grounds to eat his lunch in a more leisurely manner.

THE FIRST MISS.

The first miss came quickly, Hoey slipping up on an easy one from No. 2. The next miss came from the other side, Ivins losing his sixth bird, a fast left-quarterer from No. 3, dead over the boundary. That tied the score, but the tie was soon broken, Hoey losing another, a driver from No. 4, but by no means a fast bird. Whether he hit it or not, the bird didn't lose a feather. Then Murphy lost his twelfth bird, a towerer from No. 5 that was hit hard with the first, but slobbered with the second, the bird coming back over his head and falling dead out of bounds. This put Ivins and Ballard two ahead, but the betting, which at the start was 60 to 50 on Hoey and Murphy, did not change at all. Ivins reduced the lead to one by losing his fourteenth bird, a circler to the left from No. 1, on which he used poor judgment. The bird fell dead on the track just over the boundary. Ballard, who had been shooting a great gait all this time, and using his second barrel with telling effect, tied the score when his eighteenth bird, a fast one from No. 3, carried his load over the boundary. Fred Hoey, who was having decidedly the worst of the birds, promptly gave the other side a lead of two at the end of the 25th round by dropping his nineteenth and twenty-fourth birds; the latter, a circling outgoer to the left, was apparently untouched. The score at the quarter-pole was therefore: Hoey 21, Murphy 24; total 45; Ivins 23, Ballard 24; total 47.

SECOND SERIES.

In the 26th round Ivins lost another bird dead out of bounds. The bird was a very fast left-quartering driver from No. 2, and was hit hard with both barrels. Murphy's 31st bird caused the next cypher to be registered, the bird, a quick one from No. 1, just carrying the shot over the low wire boundary. As Ballard missed his 32d, a fast left-quarterer from No. 1, which he shot behind with both barrels, and as Ivins missed his bird in the succeeding round, the score was again a tie, a fresh impulse being given to the betting. Fred Hoey, however, made a bad break, losing his 34th and 35th birds, putting his opponents two to the good once more. His 34th bird was a slow circling incomer to the left, a bird that ninety out of a hundred ought to have killed, and one that he won't miss again in a month of Sundays. His 35th, on the other hand, was a corker of a type that we see too few of nowadays. During the remainder of the second round no further change was made, as, although Ivins lost his 36th bird dead out of bounds, Hoey evened up that miss by losing his 45th, a bird that surely ought to have been easily scored. Thus the half-mile post found both parties in the same position that they were at the end of the first 25—two ahead for Ballard and Ivins.

THIRD SERIES.

In the third series Fred Hoey began what proved to be a remarkable exhibition of his skill with the gun. It is true that both he and Murphy lost their 53d birds, thus giving Ballard and Ivins a substantial lead of four, but after that miss Hoey settled down and made the longest run of the day—42 straight. Hoey's miss was an excusable one, the bird twisting like a quail in a thick brush; Murphy's bird was one that caused an exclamation of surprise to escape from the crowd when they saw that it had been missed, as it was an easy one. Again the lead was reduced to two by Ballard's miss of his 97th and Ivins's miss of his 10th bird in this series, the birds being respectively in the 59th and 60th rounds of the match. Ballard's bird should have been killed, but he handicapped himself too much by waiting a long time with his second barrel. Ivins's bird was one of the sort that "we all miss when we get them." Murphy dropped his 63d and 68th birds, neutralizing the last two misses and placing the other side once more two in the lead. Ballard drew a very fast low-flying driver from No. 5 trap in the 71st round and let it get away from him, being too careful with that great second barrel of his. The close of the third series thus saw a series of one for the Ballard-Ivins combination, the scores standing: Hoey 67, Murphy 70, total 137; Ivins 69, Ballard 71; total 140.

FOURTH SERIES.

The spectators had long since become aware that they were in for a shooting match, and at this point every shot was watched with intense interest, the applause being both frequent and well merited, some excellent work being done by all the men, but particularly by Hoey, who was taking them all alike and downing his birds in capital time. The first nine birds of this series were all scored to each man. Then came a break. Ivins got a little slow and appeared as if the strain was telling upon him. His 85th, an easy bird, got away from him, and his 87th also added a cypher to his score. As Murphy had lost his 86th dead out of bounds, the lead was still two for the other side. Ivins's 88th bird gave him heart disease, flying in the extreme outer boundary, where it was retrieved by Dr. Knowlton, who was acting as handler for Ivins. It was a piece of good luck that seemed to put his eyes all right again, as he killed out straight. The end of the 91st round saw Ballard and Ivins still two in the lead, but Ballard reduced the lead to only a single bird by losing his 92d, a swift skimmer from No. 4 that zigzagged as he flew toward Branchport. Each man was applauded loudly as he killed his birds in the next three rounds, the tension on the feelings of the spectators being too great for many of them. This was evidenced when in the 95th round Fred Hoey's bird, an extraordinary fast, twisting left-quartering driver from No. 2 trap, carried both charges of shot out of bounds. It was then that several of the spectators forgot all their claims to sportsmanship and cheered, because that miss made their dollars all the safer. After Ivins had killed his bird, Ballard said something to the referee, whereupon Mr. Hoey turned to the crowd and said, "Gentlemen, we don't object to your applauding a good shot; but we do object to your applauding when a man misses." Then the other part of the crowd cheered, and none more loudly than Messrs. Ballard and Ivins. The 96th round saw three cyphers added to the score. Hoey, who may have been upset by the behavior of the crowd in the previous round, let an easy one get over the boundary; Murphy drew a corker from No. 1 that was calculated to beat anybody, while Ballard scored his worst miss of the day by letting a simple-minded bird get away untouched. With the lead of four against them again, and only three more birds each to shoot at, the cause of Hoey and Murphy was a lost one. All killed those birds with the exception of Ballard, who lost his last one, another easy bird, dead out of bounds. A good amount of money had been wagered that Ballard's score would beat Murphy's. Murphy finished with 93, while Ballard had 93 to his credit, and only had to kill to win the bets that had been made. As it was, he tied Murphy's score, losing his bird, as stated above.

PROBABLY A RECORD.

Thus ended a great match, and one that has probably established a record. We can call to mind no other four-handed match in which all the contestants have scored 90 or better. When the quality of the birds is taken into consideration, the records of the men are very little short of phenomenal. Fred. Hoey's position as lowest scorer is undoubtedly due to his having been accustomed while in Europe to birds that are nard and fast flyers all the time; the somewhat uneven character of the ground seemed to have tripped him. He killed his difficult birds as well as ever; it was the easy ones that he let get away from him. Murphy shot very well indeed. Considering how long he has been away from the traps, he showed excellent judgment and did some very quick work, killing his birds cleanly. We understand that neither Ivins nor Ballard have ever shot a 100-bird race before. If that is the case they flew at high game, and what is more came out on top. Ivins shot well throughout, with the exception of that small period covered by the eighty-fifth to the eighty-eighth rounds, when there seemed some danger of his going to pieces. His score of 92 was the result of sterling work, and stamps him as a man to be respected by handicappers in the future. Ballard, who is a stranger in these parts, won a great many friends by his free and easy bearing at all times, never for one instant losing his self-control, but steadily pumping in his deadly second barrel with telling effect. Edgar Murphy is unquestionably a fine second-barrel shot, but in our opinion Ballard is his superior in that respect. He may be slow with it, but he is very sure; it is true he lost a bird or two when quicker work with his second might have scored them. Still, 93 out of 100 first-class birds shows that he did not hold the gun very far out of line.

THE FALL OF THE TRAPS.

It is always a point of interest to know just how the traps fell to each man. Although in the detailed score given below the trap number is given in the upper line of each series, yet for the sake of sparing readers of FOREST AND STREAM the trouble of figuring it for themselves the following table is given:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Hoey	18	30	19	14	19
Murphy	27	19	16	16	22
Ivins	18	18	23	26	15
Ballard	30	19	13	20	18
	93	86	71	76	74

In examining these figures it should be borne in mind that a fairly stroag wind blew almost directly from No. 5 trap toward the shooter.

THE GUNS AND LOADS.

In the matter of guns and powders used the following will be of interest: Fred Hoey—Purdey, with (we believe) 48grs of Schultze in an Eley (London) shell; Murphy—Francotte, E. C., U. M. C. Trap shell; Ivins—Francotte, Schultze, V. L. & D. Special; Ballard—Greener, same powder and shell as Ivins.

THE SCORE IN DETAIL.

Below is given the score in detail, a perusal of which will readily show the flight of the bird, number of the trap and whether the bird was killed with the first or second barrel, or whether it got away, dead out of bounds being marked as usual by a small black dot. If it can be beaten for completeness we would like to know it in order that we may be in a position to give our readers the best of everything. The high runs were: Hoey, 42 and 10; Murphy, 21, 18, 17, 11 and 10; Ivins, 24, 22, 13 and 11; Ballard, 26, 20, 17, 13 and 11. The score is as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                4 1 1 4 1 1 4 4 1 5 5 5 1 5 2 1 1 3 5 1 1 2 1 2 1
B Ballard,      →↑↖↑↙←↑↑↙↖↑↙←↑↖←→↑←←↗↗↙↖
Louisville, Ky..1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 ● 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 —24

                1 3 4 1 1 3 1 1 3 2 1 2 4 4 5 1 2 4 1 5 2 4 1 5 2 4 1 5 2
                ↰↰↑→↖↖←↗→↖↖↙←↖↗↖↖→↙↙↖↰↖→
                2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 —24

                2 1 1 5 4 3 1 3 4 1 5 3 1 5 3 4 2 4 5 1 5 2 2 2 3
                H←←↘↖↙↖↓↗→↘←↑→→←↰↖↗↓↑→↰H
                2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 —23

                4 5 4 5 2 2 4 3 4 2 4 1 4 1 3 5 4 5 3 1 2 5 2 2 3
                ↘↓↑H↱↑↗↗↘↓↑↗H↑↘↘↖↘↑←↖↑↖↙
                2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 ● —32—93

                1 5 2 3 4 3 1 4 4 3 3 2 2 1 5 3 2 2 4 4 1 5 1 4 3
A L Ivins,      ↓←↱↑↗←↰↖↓↰↖↖←↖←↙←↘↰H→↙↖↖
Seabright, N J..3 2 2 2 2 ● 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 —23

                2 3 3 5 4 1 1 5 3 2 1 3 3 5 1 3 5 4 1 3 3 1 3 4
                ↗↑←↖→←↘↰↑↰↑←↙↖↙↑H↙←→↙↑↑
                ●2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 ● 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1—22

                5 3 4 4 3 4 2 5 5 2 4 4 1 4 4 2 1 2 3 5 3 3 2 3 2 4
                ↘→←↱↘→↘↑↑↱↘↓↑↰↖↘←←↘↓↘↙↖↘
                1 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2—24

                5 4 3 4 4 2 5 1 4 2 1 3 5 4 2 5 1 5 1 4 1 2 4 3 2 4
                ↰↓←→←↰→↓←↗↘↑↑↑↰↑↙→↓↑↙→↘←↰
                2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 1   2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2—23—92

                1 5 2 5 1 3 1 3 5 1 5 1 4 1 4 3 3 4 1 3 1 1 5 3 2 2
E G Murphy,     ↓↙↖↑↑↙←↖↖↓↰↖↖↖←↖←↙←↘↰H→↙↖↖
Long Branch, N J..1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 ● 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1—24

                5 5 2 2 1 1 3 4 1 5 1 2 2 4 2 4 3 2 2 5 5 5 4 3 2 2
                ↗↑↗↗H↰↖←↘↖↖↘↰H↘↖←↰↗↙←↑←
                2 2 2 2 1 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2—24
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                2 1 1 2 4 5 5 3 2 4 1 4 3 2 3 5 5 1 4 2 1 5 5 5 5
                ←↙↙H↘→↘↑↗↗↙↑↖↘↖H↰↑←←↖H↰↘
                1 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 1—22

                4 1 1 2 4 3 5 3 2 4 4 3 1 1 1 5 1 5 2 4 3 1 2 4 1
                ↑↗↙↑←↑↘←↙↗←H↓↙↓↙↙↖↖→↑↖←→↓
                2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 ● 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—23—93

                2 2 2 3 4 1 5 5 4 2 2 3 1 4 5 3 3 5 2 2 1 2 3 2 2
Fred Hoey,      ↖↗↑←↑↖↑→↑↑↖→←↘↓←↑↑↖↙→↘↓↙
West End, N. J.2 0 2 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 1 2 0 2—21

                4 5 3 1 5 5 1 2 2 2 2 4 2 5 3 3 5 1 3 3 2 4 3 2 1
                ↓↘←↖↘↖←↙↗↖→←↓↓↖↓←↗↑
                1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2—22

                2 4 2 5 4 2 5 1 2 1 5 4 3 1 2 5 3 1 3 2 4 3 2 1 5
                ↘↱↱↖↖↱↙↗→←→↓↖↙↱↖↗↑↖↙←↘←↙↗
                1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—24

                1 5 2 1 5 2 4 4 3 2 2 5 2 3 1 5 4 3 1 3 2 1 5 4 1
                ↓↖↗←↘↑↘↙↙↖↖↖↑→←↖↖↖↙↑H←
                2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● ● 2 2 2—23—90
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EDWARD BANKS.

Trap around Altoona.

ALTOONA, Pa., Aug. 24.—The first of the series of races between six-men teams of the Altoona Gun Club and the Huntingdon (Pa.) Gun Club took place on the latter's grounds to-day. As previously stated in a former issue of FOREST AND STREAM, these contests were gotten up at the instance of the Huntingdon Club, which is a new organization and desires by coming in contact with its more experienced Mountain City neighbors to gain such information as will enable it to become prominent in shooting circles. It has some very good young material, and I shall be very much disappointed if in next year's tournaments they are not figuring among first place men.

The club gave us indeed a right royal reception on this occasion; in fact, the town was at the disposal of the score or more of Altoona representatives, and a lasting friendship will no doubt be the result. The officers of the home club are: Al Flemming, President; R. K. Foster, Secretary; L. R. Leister, Treasurer, and A. A. Williams, Captain.

The grounds are conveniently located just outside the borough limits along the old Pennsylvania canal. They have a full set of blue-rock traps and one of Charlie Hebbard's empire wire pulls. The arrangement of buildings and fixtures can be improved upon and no doubt will be in the near future. The threatening weather and final rainstorm kept a number of the more tender shooters at the hotel during the sweepstake events and marred somewhat the pleasure of the occasion. As it was the entries reached the twenty mark. The purses in sweeps were divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent. All the sweeps were 10-target events, known angles. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Bookwalter	4	8	7	8	..	De Forest	..	6	6	6	..
Killits	6	6	8	3	4	Corbin	..	1	..	5	..
Bell	6	8	9	7	8	Forney	..	..	7	8	..
Clover	8	4	8	7	7	Houck	..	..	8	8	..
King	7	6	7	6	6	McCahan	..	..	3	7	..
Fleming	8	8	6	7	..	Decker	..	..	8	..	..
Murray	5	7	4	6	..	Kelly	..	..	7	8	..
Leister	5	3	4	3	..	Greenberg	..	..	..	4	..
Stewart	..	6	5	8	..	Hastings	..	..	..	6	..
Green	..	9	8	7	..	Williams	..	..	..	7	..

The team race was as follows: six men to a team, 15 targets per man, known angles:

Altoona.	Huntington.
Bookwalter.111101010111111—12	De Forrest..111010111011101—11
Bell.....101111111111001—12	Flemming..110111011110111—12
Murray....101110010001100— 7	Williams...111001000001111— 8
Clover.....011010110111111—11	Green.....100110111100101— 9
Killitts.....111111111111111—15	Houck.....010011011111101—10
Sands.....101101110110011—10	Decker.....000010001001100— 4—54

The next contest of the series will be a shoot at the Wopsononock grounds on Sept. 14.

Aug. 31.—Below are some live-bird scores shot to-day by members of the Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club. Both events are at 10 live birds per man, handicap rise. Score:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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                3 4 2 2 5 1 5 1 4 3.                1 5 3 1 3 2 2 3 1 2
                ↑↗↖←↘↖↘↖↓↙                  →←↙↙↘↓↑↘↗↗
E "Kotty" (28).....2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 ● ●— 8   2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 0— 9

                1 3 5 4 3 4 2 5 4 2         3 4 5 1 5 1 5 1 2 4
                ↑↘↓↖↖↗→↘↘↘                  ↙↖↙↓↖↗↗↘↗↘
J F Killits (28).....2 2 1 2 2 1 ● ● 2— 8   2 2 2 2 ● 1 2 0 1— 8

                3 4 3 2 2 1 3 3 4 4         5 3 3 5 1 4 2 2 5 5
                ↑↓↑↙↘→↖↙↑↙                  ↑↘↑→→↗↘↘↗↘
W Sands (30).....● 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 ●— 8   1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1—10

                1 5 2 3 2 4 5 1 5 5         3 4 1 5 4 3 1 1 1 3
                ↖↙↘↖↗↙↘→                    ↓→↖↖↖↖↖↗↖
W E Bell (28).....2 2 1 1 2 1 ● 1 1 1— 9   ● ● 1 1 ● 0 1 1 0 2— 5

                5 1 3 5 1 3 2 5 1 1         2 2 3 2 5 2 2 5 3 2
                ↗↙↙↗↙↗↘↘↘                  ↙↙←↘↘↓↘↗↘↘
W G Clark (30).....● 1 1 2 ● 1 1 1 2 1— 8   ● 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2— 9

                5 4 4 4 2 5 3 5 3 3.        2 3 5 4 3 3 4 5 2 2
                ↗↙↗↘↘↗↖↖↖                  ←←→↘↑↙↙↗↙
H F "Beesy" (26)...1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1—10   1 1 1 2 1 1 1 0 2 1— 9
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GRANT.

Home City Gun Club.

SPRINGFIELD, O., Aug. 29.—At the regular monthly tournament given by the Home City Gun Club, Aug. 27, the scores inclosed were made. The traps worked well. Raymond, Dando, Jack, Shorty Bacon and Young carried off the honors. It was an ideal day for the sport and the boys all took advantage of it. Empire traps and targets were used.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	15	15	20	10	10	15	15	15	20	15	10	10	10	10	15
Raymond	8	15	11	17	9	9	12	15	14	14	19	14	9	10	9	14
Dando	8	14	12	19	8	7	14	15	14	11	14	13	8	7	8	12
Jack	10	13	15	17	8	9	10	13	10	12	15	11	7	8	9	9
Shorty	7	14	12	20	10	7	14	14	13	13	17	11	8	9	7	13
Mumma	6	8	7	..	7	7	11	11	11	9	..	..	7	10	8	10
Strong	..	11	13	16	9	6	9	..	..	13	..	13	9	10	8	..
Stark	8	14	11	16	8	7	10	9	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Downs	..	..	..	12	..	9	7	13	..	9	8	..	9	9	8	..
"Trap"	7	10	7	..	7	8	9	..	..	..	..	12	4	8	..	..
Bimmel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	9	13	13	10	9
Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	13	14	20	11	10
Porterfield	6	..	13	..	..	9	13	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hanse	7	14	11	..	8	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	14	12	..	12	..	..	..	..	..
Hutch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	12	..	12	10	7	..
Mack	..	..	..	11	..	8	8	9	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Carey	6	8	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
"Roy"	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	..	..
Guy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	9	6	..	..
Myers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	..	..	8	..	..	..
Holloway	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	4	..	..
"Powder"	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	3	..	..
Kinderman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	10
Patric	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rodgers	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
J. I. B	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..

HUGH L. FORD, Lieut.

Paducah Gun Club.

PADUCAH, Ky., Aug. 27.—The members of the gun club here held a shoot to-day, the scores given below being made. Mr. J. C. Crane, of Memphis, Tenn., was a guest of the club and shot away up. Memphis shooters had better take care of Mr. Crane. The birds were thrown by hand from the trap house, 10 and 12-gauge guns standing at 16yds., 14 and 16-gauge guns at 14yds. Scores:

No. 1, 25 birds:

C L Robertson	2110221022001112110122012—19
W D Thompson	0121121221012111100122111—21
Dr P H Stewart	0101000001222222012202112—16
Chas Hall	1211211212122012010101001—20
Geo H Robertson	2011220021011122110222121—20
H G Thompson	1212110210121011111011012—20
F C Burnett	0120101011120110111100201—16
Dr J C Robertson	1211210110221222101210111—21
Dr J Q Taylor	0112101111000122210121021—18
J M Lang	1100121211111111210111111—22

No. 2, 20 birds:

EEGraham	10000200122200222221—12	J M Lang	1121001212111021111—17
Thompson	01111212111021011111—17	Joe Burns	1122202101212220120—16
J Q Taylor	01000001112122202221—13	J C Crane	1221122202102211211—18

T. J. MOORE, Sec'y.

WESTERN TRAPS.

CHAN. POWERS'S TOWN.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 24.—Returning talent from the Independent Gun Club tournament, at Decatur, Ill. (Chan. Powers's town), report a very lively and interesting shoot. The experts like Rolla Heikes, Tom Marshall and Eddie Bingham made something of a killing, and were perhaps not loved heartily on that account by the less experienced, though they were entertained cordially by all the local men and went away pleased with their reception. Chan. Powers did his best, and that is a great deal, to make the shoot the successful affair it was. Targets were thrown very hard and far, and the shooting was that for the high-class ones. The programme was interesting and varied. Following are the scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	15	25	25	20	20	10	10	10	10
W Smith	8	11	18	10	9	11	9	16	11	14	6	5	7	6
Surface	5	9	15	9	12	11	6	19	11	17	9	8	6	9
Tramp	3	10	16	7	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	8
Heikes	10	13	17	9	13	14	12	23	10	18	9	6	8	7
Bingham	9	12	17	9	11	13	9	21	9	18	9	9	6	7
Powers	9	14	14	12	11	13	11	23	12	18	8	6	4	7
Bowman	6	11	12	8	10	7	7	14	7	14	8	7	5	3
Post	5	8	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Montgomery	6	11	15	7	..	..	7	20	7	15	9	6	..	..
Metz	4	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Crosby	7	8	..	8	10	..	..	..	..	17	8	8	5	7
Taggart	3	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Rupert	2	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Peak	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Conklin	8	12	12	6	..	..	6	..	..	4	..	..	..	..
C Neiman	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J E Smith	7	12	11	7	..	10	..	16	8	18	6	6	..	..
Herman	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mack	..	9	18	10	12	11	8	18	8	..	..	..	..	..
Hildebrandt	..	9	17	w	..	13	w	20	..	12	..	4	..	..
Kuster	..	..	8	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rage	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kinney	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Austin	..	..	..	..	6	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Marshall	..	..	..	..	10	13	12	10	23	11	18	..	8	9	8
W S Smith	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Beedle	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	5	11	6	..	..	..	..
W Surface	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Balmer	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6	..	..	2	..	..	..
Keller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	3	..	..

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	15	20	12	15	10	15	20	15	10	10	10	10
C E Surface	8	7	12	12	7	8	6	9	15	12	7	6	8	10
Bowman	6	7	9	15	7	9	5	8	10	10	4	5	2	..
Balmer	3	..	..	9	..	..	6	7	9	..	0	..	..	..
W Smith	9	9	12	15	5	13	8	11	16	11	3	8	5	9
Metz	6	5	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hawkyard	4	4	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Montgomery	7	8	13	12	6	6	..	9	11	..	..	..	..	..
Conklin	6	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
J E Smith	6	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
Strawn	9	7	11	19	8	9	5	..	15	..	..	..	..	..
Crosby	9	8	11	11	8	13	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Powers	10	9	14	19	8	14	7	18	19	13	10	10	5	10
Post	7	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Taggart	3	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
Heikes	..	9	11	16	7	13	7	14	13	13	8	9	6	..
Hildebrandt	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Wood	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	8	..	..	3	..	..
E Brelsford	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Brelsford	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	6	7	..	..	3	4	..
Peake	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	9	4
W Surface	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	8	14	..	..	..	..
J Michel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	10	..	..	..
Lyons	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
Eyman	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	11	..	1	2	..
J Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	6	3	7
Keller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	7	..
Rupert	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
Brueck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	1	..
Mueller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4	..
Lewis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	..

EUREKA BEATS GARFIELD AGAIN.

On Saturday afternoon, Aug. 24, at the Garfield grounds, the return race in the Eureka-Garfield Club competition was shot, Eureka having won the two preceding contests of 18-men and 5-men teams respectively. To-day Eureka won again, leaving the impression that she carries a trifle too heavy a battery for Garfield in the target game. To-day's race was at 25 targets, known traps, unknown angles, 18-men teams, Eureka going out ahead by 15 birds. The competition between these two clubs has been extremely pleasant and enjoyable, and the two clubs are so evenly balanced in shooting ability that these little events create a great deal of interest. After the race to-day the teams and other club men engaged in sweep shooting until evening. The unusual sight of a lady shooting in the squad line was afforded, Mrs. Dr. Carson handling the gun with a grace and accuracy which leaves one to believe that here may be a new line of outdoor sport for ladies. Old Hoss Stannard continued to-day his red-hot gait at targets, going the 25 straight in the club race. To balance him, Mr. T. P. Hicks for the Garfields put up a score of 24 out of the 25. There were no others. Following are the scores made in the team race:

Eureka.		Garfield.	
Stannard	25	Hicks	24
Bingham	22	Patterson	21
Von Lengerke	22	Dr Hodson	21
Steck	21	Mott	21
Goodrich	21	Skinner	21
Buck	21	Bowers	21
Dr Carson	20	Smith	19
Glover	20	Coppernoll	19
H J Carson	20	Dr Shaw	18
Morgan	20	Fehrman	18
Cleaver	18	Richards	18
Airey	17	Palmer	18
J L Jones	17	Tefft	15
Smethells	16	Kuss	15
Ferguson	16—296	Brown	12—281

NO LIMIT.

Mr. Royal Robinson, the secretary of the Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., in sending on the programme of the club tournament, Sept. 10, 11 and 12, writes pleasantly as follows:

"We modestly claim the finest grounds, etc., on earth, and have some ideas as to management which we think will insure the success of the meeting and the comfort of visitors. You know a good thing when you see it and we would like to have FOREST AND STREAM with us. We recognize that FOREST AND STREAM has been a great factor in the elevation of the standard of trap-shooting, and hope to have commendation of our efforts in that direction."

There is no limit in the commendation deserved by the Limited Gun Club in its efforts to make and keep the sport of trap-shooting a pure and pleasant one. The programme issued is a very tasteful one and bespeaks a good time on good ground, in a good city and with good company. Indiana is more advanced than Chicago. They do not shoot 10-gauges at the same score with 12-gauges. Indeed, they do not shoot them at all. The announcement is made on the front cover page that "Manufacturers' agents, professionals, 10-gauge guns and black powder will be barred." Indianapolis is progressive. She may not can as much horse meat as Chicago, but she reads more and thinks more on trap matters and is nearer to a nineteenth century standard. One observes further that the Pumphrey equitable system is thought "deserving of a trial," and will be used in three shoots each day. Shooters will be classified as they enter and will be shifted only when it is clear they are out of their class. It is evident that the management has spent much thought over the questions involved in the effort to give a shoot for shooters who wish sport and who wish it fair and square. I can not conceive any higher aim or destiny for trap-shooting than that.

It is interesting to note that the Limited Gun Club has this season had faith enough in itself and its purposes to spend over $5,000 in the purchase, improvement and equipment of its handsome shooting grounds. The Limited Gun Club is not limited. It lives in no pent-up Utica. It has before it an unlimited future and I hope it will have no end of a good successful time at its tournament. Tournaments like these, be they big or little, are worth more than all the big wide open shoots, where the old rounder system and the ways of the past prevail. They indicate a sort of trap-shooting that has come to stay, and that is what we all want.

THE LOSS OF NOEL MONEY.

I infer from the following letter from Tom Divine, in Memphis, that Mr. Noel Money is lost somewhere down in Tennessee, near Memphis. If so, I can commend his judgment, for there is no better place on earth to be lost in, and if the dove-shooting is as good down there now as it was a year ago I should not blame Mr. Money for striking work and staying down there for the rest of his natural life. Mr. Divine writes thus of the circumstance:

"At New Orleans meeting was one Noel Money, known as the E. C. Powder King No. 2, who forced himself upon our delegation, and of course you know us well enough to understand that we had to take care of him. He was not satisfied with eating and drinking up everything that we were able to pay for in New Orleans, but became so thoroughly infatuated with the company of the Memphis boys that he concluded he would make a little run up to Memphis. Nobody invited him, I don't think anybody wanted him, but we would have been perfectly willing to have brought him this far and let him go on. But when he got here he expressed himself as being still better pleased with the company, and said he was going out to Willie Bennett's house and live for a week or ten days, and 'wouldn't I come along and stay with him.' I told him I was much obliged to him; but I didn't like to impose on Mr. Bennett, that he was a poor man and had a large family —thinking perhaps this would get him to move on. He laughed at it as a good joke. Bennett saw that there was no way of getting clear of entertaining him, so he asked me to please keep him up town long enough for him to go home and lock up his spoons. This precaution was taken on account of the fact that Messrs. Money, Guessaz and George carried off some of the Tennessee Club's spoons on the night of the little banquet during our recent shoot in June.

"Mr. Money looked rather down-hearted at the first meal over at Bennett's house, from the fact that there was no silver in sight. Rations were short and we hired the cook to be discourteous, but he is still here and I believe he is going to stay all summer.

"Last Wednesday Messrs. Money, Allen, Bennett and Divine went out in the country thirteen or fourteen miles and had an elegant dove shoot. I don't think I ever saw any one enjoy himself more than Money. He chased the birds from field to field and shot like wildfire. We are preparing to go out again to-day at 12.

"Below I give you the score of a match shoot yesterday evening, $25 a side, 100 birds to a man, between Noel Money and Abe Frank on one side, and Irby Bennett and Tom Divine on the other. Money made the best score, making 70 out of the last 75 shot at. Divine came next, Frank next, and Bennett next, as you will see. Money made 91 out of 100, Divine 88, Frank 86, and Bennett 85.

"Everything points to the pleasant meeting of our sportsmen friends at Bobo's between the 5th and 10th of November next. We have the grounds selected for our camp, and our party, consisting of seven, will be composed of as fine thoroughbred sportsmen as ever went to the camp. I look forward to this meeting with a great deal of pleasure. Should you see our friend Dick Merrill, tell him to keep in good form and be ready for the fray. Tell Organ that he is not expected, though I suppose he will come. Messrs. Bennett and Divine will represent Memphis at Charlotte, N. C. Mr. Money says that he will be present if he can leave the doves long enough. Everything points to an enjoyable reunion of shooting cranks.

"We think down here that FOREST AND STREAM is the greatest sporting paper in America."

COOK COUNTY TOURNAMENT.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 31.—After a week of rain and mud, the elements concluded to let up and give Charlie Grubbs a chance for his tournament, yesterday and to-day, this including the first monthly club team shoot of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League. The weather proved all right, but the attendance was quite small, perhaps due to the distance of the grounds from the business part of the city.

The tournament was held on the Cicero Gun Club grounds, some ten or twelve miles west, by cable or trolley, on Madison street. These grounds are quite good of themselves, pleasantly located in a bend of the timber which lines the Des Plaines River. The club house lies near and below the grade of the railway tracks, and there is a fair sweep of level ground in front of the score. The background of green timber proved a hard one and straight scores were few. Shooting was steady and everything was very smooth and pleasant, thanks to the care taken by Mr. Grubbs. A number of ladies were present and all that lacked was shooters. As this shoot was a benefit for Charlie Grubbs, for the purpose of sending his sick son to a better climate, one hopes that he netted a good sum clear after all.

FRIDAY.

In the first event Fox, Ruble, Grubbs and Jefferson were among the upper moneys. In No. 2, 15 birds, Ruble led with 14, Steck and Bowers 13. In No. 3, 20 birds, Ruble was straight, Steck 19, A. W. Adams 19. In No. 4, 25 birds, Steck was 24, Eich 23, Ruble 22. In No. 5, 10 birds, Hicks and Eich tied on 10, Ruble, Liddy and Bingham 9. In No. 6, 15 birds, Bingham was 14, Hicks and Bowers 11. In No. 7, 20 birds, Ruble was 17, Bingham and Liddy 15, Hicks and Lowry 13. In a shoot at five pairs, Ruble was first alone, 10 straight. In the sweeps following, Ruble, Steck, Bingham, Eich and Hicks kept near the first two moneys. The entries ran about ten or twelve to the sweep and a great many sweeps were therefore shot off. At match No. 14, 15 birds, there were only five entries: Bingham 15, Steck and Eich 14, Hicks 13, Tucker 12, Palmer 11. In No. 15, 10 birds, Ruble was 9, Bingham and Hicks 8.

SATURDAY.

On Saturday the weather continued fine and the attendance picked up a little, but the entries ran only into the third or fourth squads. Ruble, Bingham and Stannard forged ahead and Adams picked up a bit in his gait. The sweeps were small. In No. 6, 20 birds, there were eleven entries; Stannard, Adams and Ruble tied on 19, Bingham was 18, Bowers and Frothingham 17. Match No. 7 fell in the afternoon, and had eighteen entries, more shooters being able to come out on Saturday afternoon. This event was at 25 birds, and Hicks got $8, out of it with 23 for high score. Stannard and Goodrich tied on 22; Ruble, Steck, Bingham, Frothingham, Adams and Von Lengerke all tied on 21. Nobody got rich after the close of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League monthly club contest. Small sweeps of nature similar to above continued till evening.

THE COOK COUNTY LEAGUE CONTEST.

Three teams only qualified for the first monthly club team contest of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League—Eureka, Garfield and Cicero teams. Eureka once again demonstrated her ability to outshoot her rivals, and one bystander from Halstead street remarked enigmatically that "She trun de boots inter dem odders." Following are the scores:

Cook County League club contest, six-men teams, 25 targets, for the Mussey club championship medal:

Eureka Gun Club.

Bingham	1011111101011111111111111—22
Goodrich	1111111101011111010111011—20
Frothingham	1111111111111101011111111—23
Adams	1111111111111001111111011—22
Stannard	1111101101111111111101111—21
Steck	1111111101110110111111011—21—129

Garfield Gun Club.

Richards	0111111010011011111111—20
Shaw	1100111110011101010111111—18
Von Lengerke	1011111111111111111101111—22
Hicks	0111010101101001111111011—17
Bowers	0110010101101001001111100—13
Kuss	0100011011111011011010111—17—107

Cicero Gun Club.

Knott	1101111101101111001111111—20
Matthews	0000011101100100101011000— 9
Fox	0101010001011011001010111—12
Lowrey	0000011110000111001001111—12
Kettlestrings	1111111101110110111111000—20
Goethe	1110011101000110110000101O—13— 86

PRAIRIE GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT.

Prairie Gun Club holds its second annual two days' tournament and clambake, Sept. 7 and 8. Two live-bird events are to be shot each day, and a good target programme is offered. The shoot will be held at Lyons (Riverside), which is readily accessible via C. B. & Q. Railroad.

WATSON'S NEW PARK.

The encroaching city once more forces John Watson to move his shooting park. This old reliable meeting place of the Chicago shooters and the shooters of many other States will still be at Burnside Station, but will now be found on the electric line, right near the old grounds. The same conditions will obtain, and the birds will be as tough as ever and the service as good.

MICHIGAN LEAGUE WINNERS.

The winners of the individual championship medals in the Michigan State League tournament this week were expert John Parker, of Detroit; semi-expert G. Fleischer, of Detroit, and amateur George J. Cutler, of Ionia.

MILWAUKEE MAN WINS.

George Dieter, of the South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, and J. J. Smith, of the Evanston Gun Club, of Evanston, Ill., shot at 100 birds Aug. 29 for $100 a side. Dieter won by a score of 88 to 86 out of a possible 100.

ILLINOIS CLUB TEAMS.

In the club team contest of different towns shot at the midsummer tournament of the Kewanee Gun Club Neponset won first, Canton second and Kewanee third. Scores at 15 targets:

Neponset—Norton 10, Lyle 15, Studley 15, Robinson 14, Snow 13, E. Miller 11; total, 78.

Canton—Howat 14, Miller 13, O'Neill 11, Reader 11, Thompson 15, McQuaid 13; total 77.

Kewanee—Huckins 14, Day 14, Baker 13, Kellogg 11, Faull 10, Sharp 11; total, 71.

WISCONSIN CLUB TEAMS

The progress of the Wisconsin club team contests which have been progressing among clubs located mainly in the southern portion of the State is thus reported by dispatches from Milwaukee, Aug. 27:

"The Hartland Gun Club this afternoon forfeited the match for the Burnham medals to the South Side Gun Club. The medals were therefore awarded to the Oconomowoc Gun Club. The contest this afternoon between the Hartland Gun Club and the South Side Gun Club terminated the series of shoots arranged by the home club for the Burnham medals. The matches were begun May 14 by the Jolly Gun Club, the score being: Jolly Club 111, South Side Club 106. The next shoot was May 21 with the Waukesha Club No. 1, with the following score: Waukesha 107, South Side 109. The Waukesha Club No. 2, June 11, ran up a score of 112 to the South Side's 107. June 25 the score with the Hustisford Club was: Hustisford 108, South Side 105. July 9 the biggest scores of the season were made both by the home and the visiting club, the figures being: Oconomowoc 116, South Side 118. The contest July 23 resulted as follows: Sheboygan 103, South Side 112. Aug. 6 the Racine Club scored 110 and the South Side 111. The Columbus team defeated the home team Aug. 15, 112 to 107. There are five separate medals awarded to each member of the team making the highest score. This is only for the visiting teams, however, as the Milwaukee club is not competing for the medals, which are presented by Mr. John F. Burnham, one of their members."

DIANA LIVE-BIRD DAY.

Down at Diana Club grounds, on the Kankakee River, in Indiana, some very spirited little live-bird affairs sometimes take place. At the Diana Club medal contest this week, and in the sweeps shot following, about 200 birds were trapped. Six members shot. The club medal was won by Henry Ehlers, the strong man with the gun. This makes the second time Mr. Ehlers has won the medal, which must be won four times to be owned individually. Following are the scores, at 15 live birds:

Ehlers	111•111111111—14	S Klein	111111110011100—11
P Willems	110110011111111—12	L Kuraka	110110110010011— 9
C Burmeister	111011111101001—11	W H Weber	101100101111000— 8

JACK PARKER'S SHOOT.

Remember Jack Parker's tournament, Detroit, Sept. 10, 11, 12 and 13. It will be a corker. The picture on Jack's programmes is not his own. It was taken from an actor. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Michigan City Visits Grand Junction.

GRAND JUNCTION, Tenn., Aug. 24.—A very pleasant afternoon was spent at the traps here to-day. Charles W. Tway, of Michigan City, Miss., and M. L. Brewer, of Lamar, Miss., came over and set the boys a merry pace, in fact, too fast for our boys to carry. The home team consisted of F. Prewitt, J. Prewitt, B. Prewitt, G. Mitchell, W. Mitchell, Graham and Lee. Tway set the pace, breaking 90 out of the 100 shot at, and the shooting was hard; too, shooting down hill and the trappers throwing the birds up and down the line. Below see scores:

No. 1, 10 singles: F. Prewitt 8, G. Mitchell 5, J. Prewitt 5, Tway 9, Brewer 8.

No. 2, same: T. Prewitt 6, G. Mitchell 5, J. Prewitt 6, Tway 8, Brewer 6.

No. 3, same: W. Mitchell 5, Brewer 6, Tway 9, F. Prewitt 9, G. Mitchell 6, J. Prewitt 5.

No. 4: This event created great interest. The Michigan City Club vs. Grand Junction Club, two men to team, 25 targets per man:

Michigan City.	
Brewer	0111111111111101111111010—21
Tway	1111111111111111111111110—21—45
Grand Junction.	
F Prewitt	1101100101110110101110111—17
G Mitchell	1111010011010011100110101O—15—32

No. 5, 10 singles: B. Prewitt 5, W. Mitchell 8, Tway 8, J. Prewitt 4.

No. 6, two-men teams, 10 singles per man: Tway 8, Brewer 8—16; T. Prewitt 5, G. Mitchell 8—13; B. Prewitt 2, J. Prewitt 5—7; Lee 3, Graham 4—7; W. Mitchell 6, Prewitt 6—12.

No. 6, 25 singles:

Graham	0100101010000100010000000— 6
B Prewitt	1101110101100100010011100—13
Brewer	1111100010101100010111000—13
Tway	1111111111101111111111111—24

ITINERANT.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Sleeping Bag.

Messrs. Hulbert Bros. & Co. have perfected a Sleeping Bag that is designed to fill a long-felt want among all kinds of sportsmen and people whose occupation necessitates their sleeping out of doors.

The bag as shown by the illustration is fastened by patent snap fasteners, such as are used on gloves, but much larger in size. The top of the bag is made so that it comes well up around the neck and fastens down the front for a cape, making an absolute protection for the entire body. The back being 64in. wide and 6ft. long, gives perfect freedom to the movements of the legs and arms, instead of being bound up immovably, as is the case when bound up in an ordinary blanket, and it is but the work of a moment to get out, which can be done much more quickly than with the square-shaped covers.

With this Sleeping Bag, closed as it is at the bottom and sides, it is not necessary that another person wrap you up, and it is impossible to kick your feet out and catch cold.

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Duck Decoys.

Mr. G. W. Stevens, Jr., of Weedsport, N. Y., who has succeeded to the business of H. A. Stevens, the well-known manufacturer of wooden decoys, has issued a circular in which he says:

"How often it is you meet a friend just in from a ducking trip without getting any ducks, saying: 'There are lots of ducks, but they would not decoy.' Look over his outfit, and nine times out of ten you will find he has a very fine gun of the latest pattern, made by one of the best makers, and clothing to match. Look at his decoys; they are a cheap, ill-shaped decoy, not much better than a block of wood, painted with a cheap paint that is coming off every time they are used, and perhaps painted by a man that never saw a duck sitting on the water in its natural state, and if he did could not get the colors and put them where they belong. Painting a decoy in natural colors is a trade in itself that requires years of practice. You can kill ducks with a cheap gun and good stools, but you can't decoy the old birds with your fine gun and poor decoys; they will detect them at once."

A New Epoch.

To keep abreast of the times every sportsman should study the recent catalogues of the rifle and cartridge companies. New rifles and new ammunition for these and the older guns as well are appearing with great frequency, and a new epoch has begun. For example the Union Metallic Cartridge Company in their last catalogue call attention to the following "new goods recently put upon the market:" Primers for smokeless powders; .32 short cartridges with mushroom bullet; .32 long rifle cartridges, rim and center fire with inside lubricant; .32, .38 and .44 Smith & Wesson cartridges with self-lubricating bullets; .25-25 Stevens and .25-36 Marlin cartridges; .236 Navy, .30 Gov't and other cartridges with metal-cased and mushroom bullets, and a list of smokeless powder cartridges from the .22 short to the .45-90.

Marlin Repeating Rifle.

The Marlin Fire Arms Company of New Haven, Conn., is out with a new catalogue that includes their most recent improvements in repeating rifles and which contains information of interest to every rifle shooter.

The new .25-20, .25-36 and .30-30 smokeless rifles are fully described and improvements in standard ammunition for Marlin Repeaters are noted.

"Hunting and Fishing along the Northwestern Line"

is the title of a booklet recently issued by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. It is profusely illustrated, and gives information in detail concerning the best hunting and fishing grounds in the West and Northwest. Copies will be mailed free to any address upon application to W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & Northwestern Railway, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*



It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where WE get back a good deal more than cost of catalogue and postage.

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I am with you again with lower prices for Fishing Tackle. I find by experience that putting down the prices and increasing the quality, increases my business every year.

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No. H.—A special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, multiplying reel, with balance handle and side spring click, 40yds., 68c.; 60yds, 78c.; 80yds., 88c.; 100yds., 98c. Any of the above reels sent by mail on receipt of price and 10c. extra for postage.

No. E—Special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, click reels, 40yds., 48c.; 60yds., 58c. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 5c. extra for postage.

No. C—Special lot of extra fine nickel plated, raised pillar, multiplying reels with click and drag, and screw off oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 68c.; 80yds., 78c; 100yds., 88c.; 150yds., 98c.

Single gut leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c. per doz.; 3yds, 60c. per doz. Double gut leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. per doz. Hand twisted treble gut leaders, 3ft long, 10c. each, 90c. per doz.

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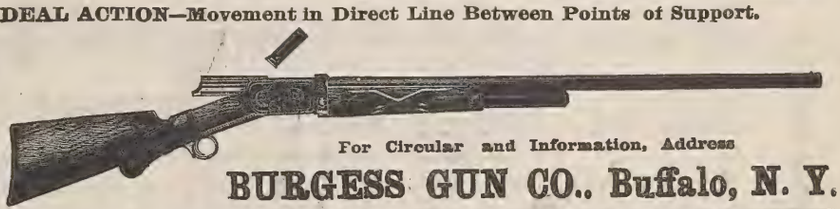
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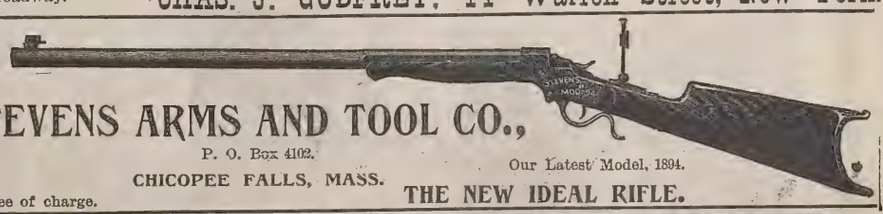
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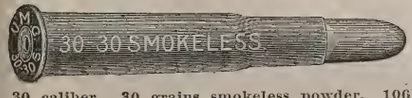
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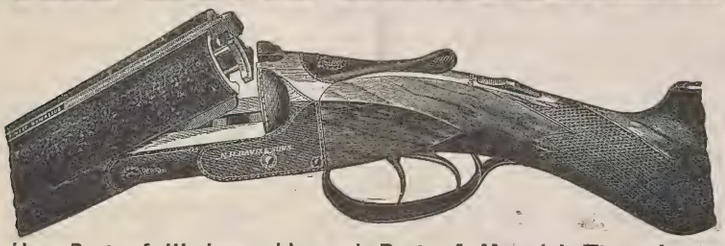
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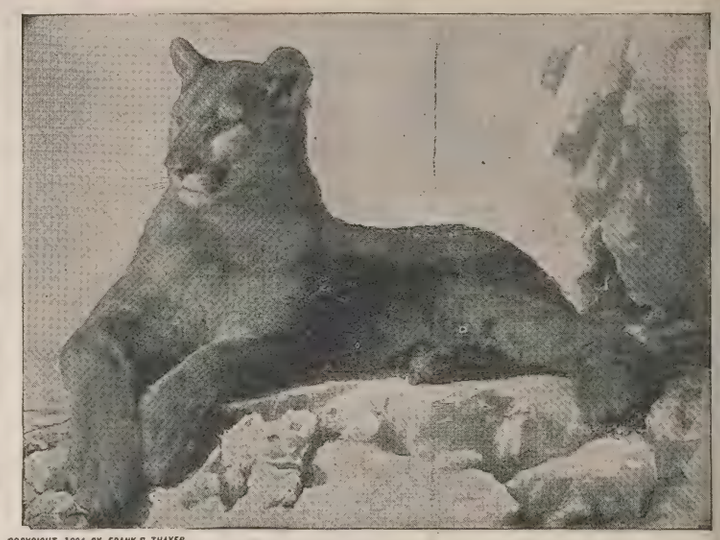
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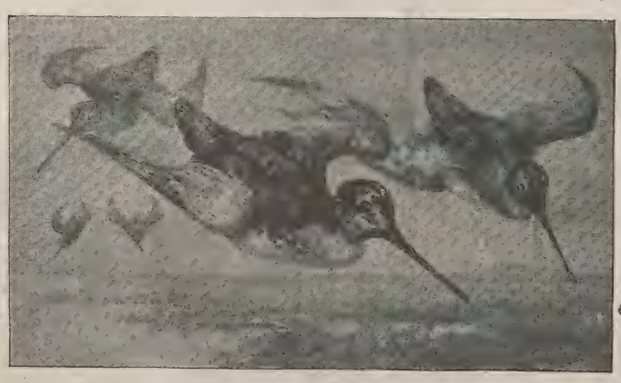
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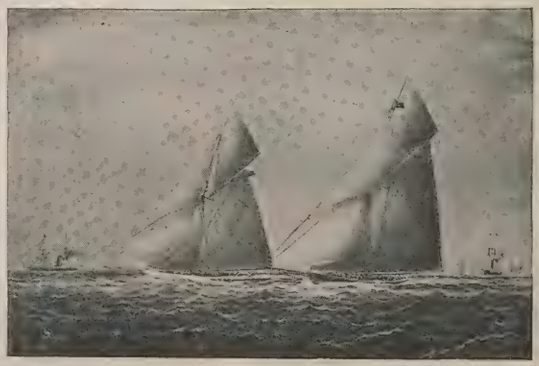
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1895. | VOL. XLV.—No. 11. No. 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

SEEING THE RACE.

IT was a poor heart that didn't quicken its beats somewhat at the magnificent naval pageant presented on Saturday morning last by the procession of gaily decked craft, steam and sailing, that passed in an endless stream down the Narrows and out toward the Hook between the hours of 8 A. M. and noon.

Large iron steamboats, packed from stem to stern on every deck with eager passengers; trim little steam yachts, making no fuss, but getting there in the majority of cases as fast as the best of their bigger brethren; the floating palaces Valiant and Nourmahal; ocean-going tugs that puffed and snorted asthmatically in their endeavors to keep up with the procession; schooners and cutters bound out under tow—they were all there; not one was missing. It was a glorious spectacle, and one calculated to make an American swell with pride as he looked upon a sight that could not be duplicated anywhere on the face of the sea.

Little wonder was it then that the English crew, which mans Mr. Laycock's Valhalla, grouped themselves on the forecastle of that great yacht, and gazed open-eyed at the scene which greeted them as the early morning mists floated away from the vicinity of the Sandy Hook Lightship, where the Valhalla had anchored this morning after a race across the Atlantic to see the meeting between the Defender and the Valkyrie. For that was the cause of all New York and a large portion of the United States going down to the sea in ships on this morning.

If the interest taken in these now almost annual attempts to wrest from our grasp the silver mug, known as the America's Cup, is to be gauged by the crowds that were present at the first race of the series of 1895, then it is plain that the ownership of that Cup is felt to be of almost national importance. Surely never was such a fleet of pleasure craft before assembled in the neighborhood of Sandy Hook's dull red boat, known as the Sandy Hook Light.

The start itself was inspiriting enough. For a few minutes it began to look as if the Cup was in danger. The Valkyrie was apparently vindicating what is supposed to be her claim as a light-weather boat. The gap between her and the hope of all America was widening perceptibly, and in Valkyrie's favor. It was an anxious time just then. Field glasses were closed viciously by many an old "sea dog," as the daily press delights to term a yachtsman who has seen some service, and who knows the main sheet from a tow rope.

It was just then that the yellow dog would have been lynched had the public had their way. On all sides rose a wail: "Throw the yellow dog overboard!" Many—that is, all who could—retired to the fleshpots, and were enjoying life as best they could under the then existing conditions as they supposed them to be. If the Defender was to lose, let them at least be thankful that they could eat, and let them pour out some libations to Bacchus in order that we might have better luck next time.

Some half hour later a mighty and spontaneous shout went up from the fleet. The Valkyrie, which had appeared to unnautical eyes to be far ahead, had tried to cross Defender's bows and had had to give it up, failing in the attempt. The Defender was ahead and the people recognized that fact. "What's the matter with the yellow dog?" "He's all right!" So quickly was the Defender's mascot once more enrolled as an honorable member of an honorable ship's crew. The cheers which greeted the crossing of the Valkyrie's bows by the Defender a few minutes later were hardly less enthusiastic than those given previously. They were the natural effervescence that resulted when it was seen that the American craft and crew were once more in the lead.

The Valkyrie was still in the mists that were falling when the Defender crossed the line and placed the first heat for the America's Cup to her credit. Long and loud did the whistles blow and the cannons roar. Everybody knew everybody else and nobody felt lonely save here and there a sympathizer with the Valkyrie, now looming up as she, too—some 8m. behind—neared the line. The applause that greeted her was, if less prolonged, no less hearty than that which had been given to her conqueror. It was a tribute to English pluck, grit and skill, and as such was well deserved.

Then it was all over, and the enormous fleet began its usual race for home. The event of the day was sailed over and over again on every boat in that fleet. Men who prior to this race did not know the difference between a catboat and a schooner now talked glibly of port tacks and luffing. It had been a great day's outing, and the result had been satisfactory.

The only thing that marred the day had been the behavior of some of the steamboat captains, who in their endeavors to give their passengers a near view of the racers had overstepped the bounds of reason and had bothered both boats at different periods of the race. Strong words were said about these captains, and they are answerable for more than one bad mark on the pages of the books kept by the recording angel. Fair play is a jewel, but those fellows can't tell the difference between a brilliant and a crystal.

SIDE-HUNTING.

THE question of side-hunts is up again. Deputy Game Warden Chas. Weichsler, who sent us the report of the Port Huron Fish Protective Club's fishing tournament, in which two sides fished to see which could catch the most fish tells us that these semi-annual competitions are the life to the club. They stimulate interest in the organization, give it the support of the increased membership and bring to it influential and law-observing men. Here is one case at least in which a side-fishing has for defense more than a simple consideration of the fun there is in it.

The Columbia Rifle and Pistol Club, of Rochester, N. Y., held a side-hunt on Monday of last week, fifty-four men on a side. The various animals and birds were scored with credits from 60 points for a skunk or fox and 40 for a woodchuck to 5 for an English sparrow; 30 for gray squirrel, 25 for partridge, woodcock, wild duck, rabbit or red squirrel; 20 for chipmunk, snipe or plover. In its editorial comment on the tournament the *Post-Express* suggested that the 108 contestants, who included in their ranks "physicians, city officers, prominent business men and professional men," could plan such a campaign only through their thoughtlessness. "We suggest," it said, "that they immediately strike from their list every bird and animal that may be classed as game and offer points only for fox, weasel, skunk, crane, woodchuck, hawk, crow, kingfisher, blackbird and sparrow. Let the shooting be restricted to the birds and animals that are outlawed. At a time when strenuous efforts are making to protect game of all kinds a club of sportsmen ought not to see how much game they can destroy in order to win a supper."

In reply to this Mr. C. M. McChesney, president of the club, contends that every animal or bird named on the list is properly placed there; that the scores for vermin are larger than those for game; that as to the game varieties, "we know of no just reason why the members of this club are not as entitled to shoot them in season, as provided by law, as any other sportsmen." He adds that the record of the first side-hunt held last year proves that the amount of vermin destroyed on such an occasion is vastly in excess of the game. The only weapon allowed contestants is a .22cal. rifle. In the hunt of 1894 not a single black or gray squirrel was secured, nor a partridge, woodcock, duck nor snipe; while scores of woodchucks and hundreds of English sparrows were destroyed. And he contends "that if this and many more clubs would have such hunts more often under the rules and regulations that govern the hunt of this club next Monday, the strenuous efforts now being made to protect legitimate game and song birds would meet with a greater degree of success."

The contest of last week was marked by a big score of English sparrows, which in number so far exceeded the other classes of game, that the side-hunt was practically a vermin-destroying campaign. The club is made up very largely, we believe, of men who never shoot in the field, and who upon an occasion like this can not be expected to pot much true game with their small rifles. From this it might be argued that the printed criticisms on the club's hunt are more just in their application to the abstract question of side-hunts than they are to this case. In general, side-hunting is an unworthy form of sport, because unquestionably it does encourage the spirit of indiscriminate killing. A certain proportion of game shooters—it is, of course, impracticable to determine just what the proportion may be—do kill whatever they come upon, whether it flies or runs or crawls; if it moves they bang away at it. Nothing is too large or too small—from a barnyard rooster to a peewee—they pot it. Such shooting may be sportsmanlike in Europe—it is not in America. We do not mean to imply that side-hunters go to such extremes in their contests, but that the influence of side-hunting is to beget extremely hazy notions as to what constitutes legitimate game.

BULLETS AND BRONZE.

ON the summit of Mount Mitchell, in North Carolina, a bronze monument marks the grave of Prof. Elisha Mitchell, who lost his life while engaged in an exploration of the peak. The monument was intended to commemorate the life and services of a good man; it has been perverted into an enduring memorial of the littleness and vulgarity of human nature, for it has been defiled by the scratched-in names of visitors to the spot, and its sides are defaced with indentations made by bullets, which it is charged have been fired at the monument by sportsmen. It is not to be believed for a moment that any sportsman is guilty of the offense. Definitions of just what constitutes an individual's claim to the title of true sportsman differ very widely, but never yet have we heard the term defined in a way that would include among the ranks of sportsmen the empty-noddled, coarse minded and irreverent desecrators of memorials to the illustrious dead. The bullet marks on the Mitchell bronze predicate rifles or revolvers, and men to shoot them, but not sportsmen. The individuals who have worked this abomoinable desecration belong with those who in the National Yellowstone Park thought it a smart thing to steal from the summit of Mount Sheridan the autographs of Sheridan and others deposited there by them to commemorate their visit.

OUT OF THEIR PLACE IN HISTORY.

JERRY GREENING, the famous bear hunter of Pike county, Pennsylvania, is dead. From time out of memory he had been a picturesque figure of the community, or more strictly speaking of it not. For Greening came closely to classification among men out of their place in history; individuals who have come upon the stage at a time when their peculiar genius is a bit belated. Greening belonged rightly to the bear-fight era of the progress of civilization; he should have lived in the days of Boone and Crockett, and might have made a name and fame with them. As it was he got here just after the country had ceased to require frontier bear fighting and deer killing.

There are scores of Jerry Greenings left. You may include in the category every man who brags of his prowess with the gun and preaches the doctrine that the game laws were not made for him to keep. Bannock Indian, Jackson's Hole hide hunter, Princeton student poaching in Wyoming, these and scores of other folks much nearer home than Wyoming, all are out of their place in history. The proper time for them and for their activity with powder and bullet has long since passed away.

The best thing such people can do is to try to adapt themselves to the world as they find it to-day.

THE THREE STAGES.

THESE are the three stages of man's life on the waters.

First, the fishing of boyhood, a care-free pastime of the days of youth that know neither responsibility nor worry.

Second, the fishing of older years, when one must wrest a holiday or vacation—when he can, not always when he would—from a calendar full of hamperings, of work and responsibility.

Third, the fishing of those who have earned the opportunity along with the other good things of the world by having accumulated the means to enjoy themselves, or by having passed beyond the years of drive and application, and have come to the days of rest and enjoyment of the good things of life.

Happy is he who has had or is to have his share of fishing in any one of these three stages.

Thrice blessed is he into whose life fortune has decreed a generous measure of all three.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE EVENING OF AUG. 1, 1895.

An Indian, a salmon, a syenite rock. The salmon lies upon the grizzly slope of syenite, and the Indian, fitting his wet moccasins to the rough foothold, rests one end of my gaff against the silvery scales of the big salmon to prevent him from sliding back into his roaring home.

The sun is setting, and for a brief moment the rays seem to warm the bleak hills of white caribou moss and the dark gullies of stunted black spruce, but the warmth is in the color. The steel-gray clouds come westward from the ice-blocked straits of Belle Isle with a fine bracing air, but there is no suggestion of real midsummer. A white-throated sparrow among the wild peas pipes loudly to a neighbor up among the chicoutai berries and then sweetly and clearly the spiritual notes of a hermit thrush ring out farewells to the day that is passing.

The salmon has never known any other river but this one. His mother hid the egg securely under a heap of clean sparkling sand in a shallow tributary of the river away up on the great Labrador plateau one day in October, and then hurried back to the sea before the ice caught her. The sheldrakes and wild geese had returned in the springtime before the little salmon had worked his way out of the egg and up through the sand into the clear water of the brook. Two years he spent in the river as a gay parr, splashing out after the ephemeridæ on the surface, scooting after the dodging sticklebacks and slyly waiting for the small eels to venture away from their protecting stones. Then he lost his scarlet spots, and coming down the river in smolt colors went out among the rocky islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence where sea plants make red and yellow thickets at the bottom. At first he caught snappy crustaceans and tender sandlaunces, and found such an abundance of food that he soon grew to proportions which enabled him to grapple with a capelin or smelt. By the end of his third year he dared to rush into a scattering school of herrings and select the fattest one for himself, and in his fourth year, as a trim grilse, he appeared again in the river, coming up with his older anadromous relatives on their migration. He did not have to keep an eye on the voracious sea trout now, and he escaped the seals easily because they chased the larger salmon and did not give him much attention. He felt the pride of a mature fish, however, and a superiority over his sisters who needed to wait in the sea a longer time before they were ready to accompany him up to the old homestead in summer.

In six or seven years he became a wonderfully strong salmon, making annual trips up the river and fearing nothing but the otters and the bears when he lay in shallow currents at rest. The osprey and the golden eagle occasionally dropped down at him from out of the sky, but they stopped when they were near enough to see how swift the water was in which he rested with such apparent ease. The onset of the hissing chute and the smothering white water of the exploding falls were to him nothing more than a challenge to try his strength. He would first leap into the air below the falls and take a good look at them, for they could kill him stone dead in an instant if he were to allow it. After looking at the falls he would run up more closely and hold his head out of the confusing, boiling foam for an inspection of the easiest-looking place. Then he would spring 6ft. or 8ft. into the thunder, and hurled back violently with injury to his dignity he would gather his powers for a mighty effort, and in one clear parabola of 12ft. or 14ft. would sail through the air over the flying water at the foot of the falls and force himself up through the awful current to a resting-place in the eddy above.

This he would do when the day was bright and clear, but through the night and on dark days he would remain quietly in favorite places where the water ran 3ft. or 4ft. deep at the rate of about two miles per hour, over pebbles and cobblestones. It looked as though he remained in the open current without a motion, but on close observation one could see that his nose was behind a cobblestone large enough to make a little sunken eddy, and that his tail curved a bit from side to side. After mounting the first rapid near the sea he usually spent two weeks in the pool above, and then on ascending the second fall he remained for a week in the next pool, and in that way he proceeded like any experienced traveler who has learned how to enjoy himself and find comfort on the road. When he first went into the fresh water every year his colors were startlingly silvery, gleaming in the light that winnowed down through the crinkles of swift water. Ten days later his back and gill covers and fins began to become blackish, and his sides were a trifle less silvery. Two months later, at the headwaters of the river, his colors were distinctly black and reddish. From the first day of his entrance into the river the kipper hook on his under jaw began to grow, and his rounded sides became flatter, because he did not eat while in the river. He would often jump at a fluttering miller or a little shiner at the surface just to keep his mouth in working order, but that would not be called eating.

Last year while passing through the estuary from the sea he was gilled in Monsieur Jules's net, but he soon thrashed himself out of that predicament, leaving a ring mark around his neck where the net had torn away the scales. Two years ago he chose the wrong spot for a leap—at the falls—and was thrown back over the rocks so quickly that his side was badly torn and one pectoral fin was split lengthwise. So back he went down river and into the sea until the wounds were healed, knowing that if he remained in fresh water saprolegnia would grow in the injured tissues and make him an invalid. He returned to the upper waters of the river in time to find a mate who did not object to his scars any more than the German maiden objects to the duel marks on the cheeks of her lover; but it was necessary for him to drive away a ridiculous little parr and two or three rivals, one of which locked jaws with him and did not let go until he had damaged his kipper hook.

This year the scarred old veteran came up from the Gulf three weeks ago, but he waited in brackish water below the first rapid for a week until the temperature of the river had risen to 50°, and then in the first pool he did not feel much like jumping for exercise or at passing flies until the water was 5° or 6° warmer yet. It is hard for a salmon to keep quiet for a very long time though, and one need not stand by a pool many minutes to learn if salmon are there or not.

I did not care particularly to catch this fine old fish just now because we had had sport enough for one day. First I had hooked an enormous salmon that sulked at the bottom for two hours, in spite of all my efforts to move him; and then when he was beginning to tire the hook came away all at once, and so easily that one wondered at it having held so long. Another salmon had given me a violent chase down the rapids and I had torn my clothes, lost my hat and scratched my hands in leaping over rocks while trying to follow him; but he finally ran out all of 120yds. of line, whacked my rod straight under water and broke away. After that I landed two large salmon and a sea trout. No one would crave any more physical exertion after that sort of work and so Jo-mul and I had gone back to camp.

We were sitting at the edge of the rocks in front of of camp making the smelt jump at a cast of small flies, while Caribou Charley cooked the young murres that he had condescended to collect for supper, along with a pailful of cloudberries and hairy currants. Several smelt would dart at the flies at once, and I told Jo-mul of the common saying among white men that salmon fishing spoiled a man for any other sort of sport with the rod, and asked him if we had not many and many a time rigged up a light rod and gone to fishing for smelt, forktail charrs, whitefish, sea trout or brook trout while a dozen leaping salmon were in sight. Then again, after a fine salmon had been brought to gaff, we have gone down the bay and had no end of fun digging clams and pulling lobsters out from under the rocks, or we have gone up to deep water and fished on the bottom for lake trout with a plain vulgar hook and sinker, when salmon would have risen to almost any cast of the fly in the pools. No! I am suspicious of the color of the blood of a sportsman who is ruined by salmon fishing. Nevertheless, a salmon is the greatest prize that is obtained by the fisherman.

While we sat waiting for supper an hour ago and were catching the smelts in order to fill in all chinks of time, two or three fish that looked like ouananiche began to leap and play a few yards out in the stream, so I got the salmon rod out again in order to catch one of them for identification. The Jock Scott fly was cast gently into the smooth gliding rapid water at the head of a short but noisy chute, and when the fly rounded up and rippled the water at the end of a straightened line this great salmon unexpectedly appeared. He advanced close up to the fly, almost touched it with his blunt nose, stood poised for a moment in the current and then turned away, making a swirl that boiled the water up in a smooth, round dome at the place where he had been an instant before. He was given time to settle back to his resting-place, and then the fly went out to search for him again. This time he came with a rush, and opening a great mouth that shut the fly in completely, he turned to disappear again; but feeling the hook and the tightening line he leaped 8ft. into the air, shook his head savagely, and bending his body into a bow struck at the line with his tail while high in air. The water splashed to the shore and splattered the rocks as he splurged under again, and then with the speed of an express train he rushed 50yds. out into the river and made a graceful broad jump of 15ft. over the surface. Turning sharply down stream, he shot instantly through the chute, stopping to whirl once in the broken water, and then took out 100yds. of line so swiftly that it fairly took my breath away before I could jump over the rocks and follow him along the shore. Up he went into the air again and then back into the current, yanking his head furiously back and forth with measured strokes. His next move was to march up behind a rock in deep water, where he sulked, remaining in the same place for ten minutes, and giving little nervous twitches on the line, which was drawn so tightly in the water that it hummed a tune in G minor, and cut the water so that a little transparent sheet an inch high stood straight up.

In twenty or thirty minutes the salmon had become sufficiently tired to allow me to guide him into shallow water near Jo-mul, who struck him fairly with the gaff and lifted him out upon the rock at his feet. A beautiful fish it is, and one that required a pretty good knowledge of his habits in order to take him out of the element in which he was well equipped for methods of escape.

As for Jo-mul, who stands there so erect and solemn upon the rock holding the salmon with the gaff, he too has habits and a life history. His long black hair is cut evenly around at the level of his shoulders, and his straight thin nose, high cheekbones and dark skin mark the man whose ancestors were perhaps here with the indigenous animals. He is not at all like a white man, although he says that he can speak English. I asked him if he had ever seen a moose so far north and he replied, "Seen um be markin on de paper." That was an unusually good and long answer for him. As a rule it is necessary to ask him a question several times before he makes any kind of an answer in Cree, lumberman French or English. He is not morose, but like others of his race he has failed to develop the bump of language. I do not remember to have seen him laugh but once, and that was when I asked him to cut enough fire-wood to last for several days. It was a good joke. Nothing appeals to an Indian's sense of the ludicrous like the idea of laying up anything in advance. He tries to imitate Caribou Charley and me in some things and I do not dare to leave my toothbrush out or he surely would try it. He still prefers to lean over the river Narcissus like when parting his hair in the morning instead of using our more civilized mirror, which is made by sinking a rubber coat tail in a pan of water.

Every year in July Jo-mul comes down to the coast and disposes of his canoe load of furs to some trader. A fine black mink skin is worth two dollars, so for that the trader gives him a five cent pipe on which he has placed the value of two dollars. His skins of beaver, otter, fox, marten, lynx, fisher, wolverine and bear are traded off for pickles, Florida water, gunpowder, tobacco and the simplest necessaries in the way of clothing and provisions, but usually to pay the last year's debt; and the things that he wants are advanced to him, for he is known as an honest Indian. That means that he has learned that advances will not be made unless debts are paid. An Indian is apt to be relatively honest. Jo-mul would probably not steal a gold watch because he does not know what it is good for, but it would not be safe to leave a pound of pork near him. He would cross himself with one hand while purloining the pork with the other, for the missions have not been without their influence in this region.

Jo-mul has a wife and two children, but his ideas of family are not troublesome, and he would not feel so very badly if some young brave were to run off with his comely daughter before marriage, especially if the young brave could furnish food enough and would give the daughter a bright red ribbon or two. After Jo-mul has traded off his furs and has lain about camp for four or five weeks the family start off on their annual trip into the interior, to come down the river in the following year just as the salmon are going up. Jo-mul has few motives or ambitions beyond those of any of the large animals of this latitude. He would never think of making a pet of any wild animal. He would not live a moral life for its own reward because there would be great difficulty in explaining to him the nature of that reward. He would not be content with four meals a day if he could get eight, and he does not feel like working when he is full of food and wants to sleep.

He seems to live for the purpose of completing a round of life. One round begins with the water bacteria which are eaten by infusoria, which are eaten by mollusks, which are eaten by fish, which are eaten by Jo-mul, who will be eaten by bacteria in turn if he is not careful in shooting the rapids. Another round begins with the land plants, which are eaten by the caribou, which are eaten by Jo-mul, who will be eaten by the bacteria and turned over to the land plants again if he is careful about shooting the rapids. Thus will Jo-mul fill his place in the economy of nature, and apparently there is no other mission for him on earth.

The syenite rock is about the only thing near camp which has no habits. It lies there partly submerged beneath the sullen current. It is waiting.

Robert T. Morris.

AN OUTING IN THE SIERRAS.—I.

Man Island, Cal., Aug. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have but lately returned from an outing in the Sierras, and I have a fancy that a few lines from Piseco, giving some events of the same, will not be unwelcome to some of the old-time Forest and Stream readers.

Of course, my object was trout fishing, and my objective point Webber Lake, where I was assured that the fishing was all that could be desired.

Leaving Sacramento at 10 P. M., the sunrise next morning found me taking an ante-breakfast constitutional on the railway platform at Summit; and not wondering—for there was a good sharp frost in my vicinity—that the surrounding peaks were not capped but trimmed with snow. By the way, isn't that well-worn expression, "snow-capped peaks," very generally out of place, however poetic? My experience in summer time is that the peaks are bare, the winds having swept the snow into the cañons and gulches, except in case of very high ones—Shasta, Ranier, St. Elias, etc.

An hour after I landed at Truckee, and after a lot more exercise with a tough steak and unpalatable breakfast at the station hotel, watched first with interest the loading up and starting for Lake Tahoe of two large six-horse stages; then took the front seat of the smaller four-horser alongside of Al. Richardson, the driver, bound for Webber Lake, some twenty-six miles away.

On the accompanying chart you wouldn't find Webber Lake if I had not put it in myself; for it is a railway map, and the lake is too small for notice. But little as it is, it's a good place for a lone fisherman at the proper time.

The morning grew rapidly warm, and the first part of the drive, through an alkali plains looking country, was anything but pleasant. Sage brush and dock are not interesting, but the dust was abundant and attracted a great deal of my attention. At Sage Hen, ten miles—a city composed of one house, the station and a couple of barns—we changed horses; and at Curry, six miles further on, I was transferred to a spring wagon with double team for the further drive of ten miles, the stage going on to Sierra City. This part of the route was delightful, being mostly through brush land; and at noon I reached Webber Lake Hotel, where I was assigned to a most comfortable room and supplied with a most excellent dinner, most pleasantly served; and here I tried for the first time the virtues of the rainbow trout, and found them good.

Through the courtesy of Judge John Hunt, of San Francisco, I was soon after dinner outfitted with good boat and boatman, Mr. O'Rear, and joined the procession, which, soon distributing itself around the lake, was vigorously and persistently whipping the surface.

About four hours of that work without a strike, while it sunburned and tired my unaccustomed wrists, satisfied me; and I laid off until evening, when, after another good try, I accomplished the same results.

I had arrived too late. Up to within a day or two the fishing had been excellent, with many good trout taken; but then had come a hot wave and all of the trout had sought refuge in the deep water, from which no fly could seduce them. I was not alone in my ill luck. Several gentlemen, better casters than I, and with much experience of the lake, tied my score, and but very few much exceeded it. The lake is a small one, not over a mile, I should think, in diameter. It is nearly circular and suggests a crater. Around the edges there is a circular bank, deepening from two or three to ten or twelve feet; then comes the blue water and a depth of over 80ft. In June and July, and again in September, the trout disport themselves on this shelf and take a well-cast fly with avidity, and many good scores of good fish are made, in proportion almost though with the skill and power of the fisherman. It's the longest cast (from a boat) that hooks the trout, for the water is so wonderfully clear that no bungling pays. The trout are mostly rainbow, although a few eastern trout are beginning to respond; about 200 of these were put as fry into this lake about three years ago.

That evening I had about made up my mind to wander along, but found the company of guests so pleasant that I thought better of it, and the next morning tried it again, my score tieing that of everybody else and my own of the day before.

Mr. O'Rear was disconsolate, and suggested that if I didn't mind a hard climb, and would take the chances of getting no trout at all, he would insure me, if I got any, a big one, if I would try the Lake of the Woods. I was in just the frame of mind to take chances, for at Webber I was satisfied that I had nothing to lose. So after lunch

we started straight away up a high hill; and in seventy minutes, of which at least thirty were spent in resting and puffing under pine trees, we had gone one and a half miles and ascended about 1,000ft—total above sea level (Webber 6,925, ascent 1,000), 7,925ft. I found not only the very pretty little lake set into the mountain top, but as well that climbing at this latitude is hard work. There was also a boat, whose lines indicated that in case of need it could without alteration be used as a wagon box.

Well, we tried that lake with flies, and we trolled with a Wilson spinner on one side, an Emerich on the other, from one end to the other—not a very long pull fortunately, for the surface is not over forty acres in extent; but we didn't find a trout. Then Mr. O'Rear suggested a trial at still-fishing with minnows, at a certain spot where there was a break in the encircling shelf, and the water was 10 or 12ft. deep. We did, and in less than a minute I was fast to the largest trout that up to that moment I had ever struck. For a little space he—or she rather—fought, then surrendered; and in less than ten minutes there was alongside, quiet enough to be picked up (for we had forgotten to take a landing net), a female *Salmo salvalinus fontinalis*, charr, eastern trout, which weighed after bleeding 4½lbs., and this trout was less than four years old, undoubtedly one of the fry put in in September, 1891. Ten minutes after readjusting I had another strike that promised business. At the first dash fully 30yds. rushed from my reel, so fast that once my tip went into the water; then there was a dead stop. I reeled in a little to start business, but there was no response beyond the dead weight, and I brought that trout alongside, as I might have done a dead one; nor did she show life until Mr. O'Rear missed his clutch, when for a minute or so she was lively. This too, as are all in the lake, was an eastern trout weighing 3¾lbs. I have had a fish of not 1lb. weight give me in the Adirondacks twice as much work as did the two of combined weight 7½lbs., and neither was badly hurt in hooking. My hook was a fly hook, about No. 14, stripped of its feathers, and my rod was a light split-bamboo. There is but one thing to account for the loss of the game qualities: they were overgrown and fat.

As the shades of night were falling fast, we returned to the hotel, where, through the influence of my two fish, I was accorded great honors and glory as high hook. Said I to the pretty young lady, daughter of my host, who took care of me at the table, "Am I too late for supper?" Said she, "Indeed you are not; after what you have done to-day, you are welcome to be late as you please, you will be looked out for."

The next day Judge Hunt and I started early for the same lake, carrying our luncheon with us and a hundred or more good minnows. We spent the forenoon in tantalization. Right under us and all around us, coming in out of the gloom and going out again, were many great trout, one at least we were sure considerably larger than my big one of the day before; but they treated our minnows with silent disdain. It was like looking into an aquarium, and a very pretty sight it was. But they had breakfasted; and at noon we left them, and after our lunch waited until 3 P. M., then started to try them again, first with fly and spinner, as on the day before, then with the minnow; and we were soon having sport again. But—there is so often a but—he, accustomed to fly-fishing only, and I to having my boatman look out for my minnows, we had neglected them, and we had but five alive. With them we got five strikes, of which we caught three, weighing from 2 to 3lbs., the smaller a male, which just before taking the Judge's hook had taken mine, with so vigorous a dash out from and back under a submerged tree trunk that he took my leader or part of it as well, which the Judge returned to me a few minutes after. It is a disputed point whether the fish in this lake are reproducing. Our females all contained spawn, but there is little if any positive testimony that young trout have been seen in the lake. It is thought that in the only suitable place for spawning—viz., the outlet—the combined effect of the severe cold in winter, together with the great mass of snow that accumulates, freezes the stream to the bottom, and the superimposed snow assists in crushing and killing the spawn. Mr. O'Rear's son, a bright boy, old enough and experienced enough to know a trout when he sees one, is positive that in the spring he saw young trout in the outlet. There were in the weights of the five fish we caught extremes from 2 to 4½lbs., and we saw one we were sure was larger; is not that too great a difference as between fish of the same age, raised in the same small lake, and subject to the same influences? I am inclined to believe that, while probably many are killed by the winter, yet some escape, and that the stock is increasing. Be this as it may, the fish commissioners have put in a lot of black bass and the chances are now against the trout.

The flies, which on Webber Lake were the favorites, were the caddis, black ant and coachman. Beside the rainbow and eastern trout there is taken occasionally a McCloud River, differing from the rainbow in that even in the smaller fish the red stripe that marks the large rainbow is also its peculiarity, and the many hued spots which the young rainbow has along its sides are missing. I compared a pair, each about 8in. long.

Rainbows weighing from 5 to 10lbs. (I was told) have been taken in this lake; the largest I saw was a 2-pounder. If the fishing had not come to an end until September I could have enjoyed a much longer stay at the Webber Lake Hotel. There was a small but select coterie of guests, and our evening reunions were as those of a family. But I did want to catch a few trout without having to climb a thousand feet to do it, and then still-fish. So on Monday, July 29, after dinner, Judge Hunt and I—for both enjoy stream fishing better than from a boat—took our departure for Boca, a most convenient resort on the Truckee River. The guests, the landlord and his family, and I fancy every one from some miles around assembled to bid us good-by and wish us good luck, as at 2 P. M. we started in a comfortable spring wagon, driven by Charlie—I guess that's the only name he's known by—and at 6 P. M. he landed us at the Boca Hotel, where we spent a few days most pleasantly and profitably, as I will tell you next week. PISECO.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

GAME NOTES WITH PENCIL AND CAMERA.—III.

[*Concluded from page 202.*]

WHEN we reached the head of the north branch of Warderley Brook we got out on the bog for a short tour of inspection. Caribou sign was very abundant and there was plenty of evidence of moose also, but we saw no game in the flesh. Returning to the canoe we headed once more for camp. While the stream was still very narrow in turning a sharp bend we came upon deer number ten. This was a magnificent buck whose spreading antlers almost rivaled those of an elk. He was standing facing away from us and did not change his position when he lifted his head and looked at us, warned of our approach by a slight noise as the canoe slipped through the lilypads. At that moment a fringe of low bushes still intervened in front of the lens of the large camera, and fearing he would not wait I raised the small camera and took a snap shot. Contrary to all precedent the buck never budged, but stood there gazing at us with calm dignity. Jock was not slow to take advantage of the opportunity and as if by



NUMBER TEN.

magic I felt the canoe move into a better position. There was not a sound and surely no apparent motion in the man who handled the paddle so adroitly.

The instant the bow was clear of the bushes I pressed the bulb of the large camera, not a moment too soon, however, for the buck had seen enough and was off. For fully five minutes we heard him whistling.

A short distance below we paddled right up to a doe in plain sight and secured a photograph. She ran back and whistled and protested if anything more vociferously than the buck. No copyrighted actress ever made more fuss over a similar occurrence. This was our eleventh and last deer for the day. Dusk was fast approaching and with it the air, for the first time since we had been in the woods, had died away. This I think accounted for our luck with the two last deer.

Further down the stream we saw a muskrat swimming close in the shadow of the darkest shore. Recollecting that Jock had told me that muskrats have more than one rutting season (though the last was probably over), I suggested to him to try this rat and see if he could call him.

Jock pursued his lips together and forcing the air out a little to one side made a whimpering sound, on hearing which the muskrat changed his course and swam directly toward the canoe. We both sat motionless till he came within perhaps 15ft., when suddenly Jock raised his paddle, and with a splash and ludicrous haste the rat had changed ends and disappeared. "The beaver," commented Jock, "makes two distinct splashes when he dives."

We resolved to take advantage of the calm and try a little flashlight photography that night, but it soon began raining and the wind came up again, and we were obliged to give up our plan. The following morning, however, was an ideal day of the kind we had long been awaiting. The sky was cloudy and low, and the air was perfectly still. We got an early start and at 5 A. M. were already some distance from camp. It was about this time that we spied, far up the bank of the stream, three very dark-colored creatures coming toward us at a jog trot, looking not unlike mules on a towpath. At first we thought them moose, but Jock soon saw they were not, and in a low tone conveyed the information that they were caribou. Meanwhile he had been paddling swiftly toward them, reversing the tactics adopted with deer, which called for a stealthy approach.

The caribou were now plainly visible. Neither of the three had horns, and from their size we judged them to be a cow and yearling calves. They were quite black in color as seen from in front, and they trotted along with the peculiar mincing step of circus ponies. Whether they saw us or not at first I cannot say, but if so, they did not pay the slightest attention to us.

When about 100ft. distant two swerved as if to go back on the bog, while the third stopped. Fearing to wait any longer I made an exposure with the large camera, which, it may be as well to state at once, did not materialize, owing to the insufficient light. At this the large caribou trotted over to the other two and together they moved back on the bog.

We could now see that their rumps and under parts were white.

Hoping to get another picture where I could use a slower exposure, I got Jock to put me ashore on the bog. I intended to reload the large camera, but before I could take any action the largest caribou came running back to have another look at us. She came up to within 50 or 60ft. and looked us over critically as if to inquire our business on the bog, and I recollect an impulse to throw a stone at her. I refrained, however, and instead tried a picture with the small camera.

Hoping she would still stand, I then began preparations for reloading the large camera, but she had other business to attend to and left almost immediately, without however exhibiting any symptoms of alarm.

I followed the three caribou for some distance, sighting them occasionally, but they were going too fast, and I soon had to give up the pursuit. When last sighted they were traveling at about the same speed as when we had first seen them.

Our first deer for the day was the fiftieth seen since entering the woods. We saw its back above a tussock at the side of the stream, and approached till it was within the dead line of 100ft., but bushes intervened, and the deer, a doe, was off without presenting a good shot.

Jock was standing up in the canoe looking over the bog when I saw our fifty-first deer. This was a spike buck that popped up his head from among the thick growth of a swamp 60ft. to our left. I swung the large camera around to cover him, but he had withdrawn his head.

Number fifty-two was a small buck that we came upon while rounding a bend in the stream. He was standing erect fronting us, and his clean-cut limbs could be seen down to the water's edge, which just covered his feet. He was a little beyond camera range when I snapped. He ran back out of sight and began whistling.

In reloading, as luck would have it, I made more noise than usual. Incidentally I caught my sleeve in the stem of a bough which was a part of our blind, and the result was a loud bang that I felt sure would alarm any other game in our neighborhood. Meanwhile the small buck was still whistling.

Despite all this, however, when we came in sight of the bank 100ft. below, there stood a magnificent buck awaiting our approach.

Numbers fifty-four, fifty-five and fifty-six were together, a doe and two fawns. I took one picture with the large camera, which shows the doe and one fawn, and a second with the kodak immediately after in which both fawns appear standing close together at their mother's side, with ears cocked in imitation of her; but unfortunately the motion of the canoe shows in both these plates.

Fifty-seven was a doe, who saw us a long way off. She stood at the water's edge and watched us, and when we were distant about 125yds. began to paw the mud with one foot, and soon after to whistle. She let us come within 200ft., however, before running.

Fifty-eight was a spike buck that we came upon around a corner in the stream. He fed unconcernedly while we paddled up through the lilypads inshore, though he looked us over now and then. When distant about 150ft., however, he began to grow nervous, and I made the exposure, having more plates than pictures.

Fifty-nine and sixty were bucks. We came within 50ft. of the first, which was standing gazing intently at the other a couple of hundred feet further on. As fifty-nine turned his head and caught our eyes I released the shutter.

It was now 8 o'clock and we had reason to expect an unusually successful day, for we had already seen eleven deer and three caribou. We had ascended the North Branch as far as navigable, and were back at its juncture with the South Branch. This latter was destined to be still more prolific of deer.

Hardly had we turned our canoe into this stream when we saw bounding away over the bog four large deer, which we took to be bucks, while a short distance above a fifth—an enormous old fellow—stood on a point watching us. He evidently did not like our appearance, for he soon followed the others. Presumably we had broken up a "stag party." This was 8:35 A. M., and we had seen sixteen deer that day. Two bends further in the stream we came upon a doe and yearling fawn, which latter was of a deep red color—almost brown. We took a photograph, though the deer were hardly within range. The two stood back on the bog within easy gun shot for some time before their curiosity was fully satisfied. It was then 8:40 A. M. and our record for the day was eighteen deer, or sixty-six in all.

Number sixty-seven was sighted at 8:50 A. M. This was a doe, standing on a point. She heard our approach, the canoe making considerable noise going through the lilypads, and was off when we were still 100yds. away. This branch of the stream was in places nearly choked with pads, which hindered our progress and made it difficult to get close to a deer without being heard.

Number sixty-eight was a doe that stood behind some bushes on the bog. She was running when we saw her. At 8:58 we saw two more deer, a buck and yearling, some distance back on the bog. This made a total of twenty-two deer before 9 A. M., or seventy deer in all seen in the last six days.

Number seventy-one was a spike buck seen at 9:05. He turned and looked over his shoulder when a hundred feet back from the stream. I reached for the kodak, but he was gone.

Number seventy-two. 9:10. Jock standing up saw another deer disappear among the trees.

At this juncture a heavy rain squall came up, and that ended our deer exhibit for the time being with a record of an even two dozen, of which the last thirteen had been seen within less than three-quarters of an hour.

We got to camp and ate some lunch about 10 o'clock, and then, the rain having ceased, we broke camp and proceeded down the main stream to the lake.

Just below the carry we saw deer number seventy-three, a doe. She was moving down the shore, and coming to a log in her way 3 or 4ft. high leaped over it gracefully. At first we thought she had seen us and was off, but the next instant she turned down to the water's edge and was just reaching for a lilypad when something made her look up. The canoe was slipping noiselessly toward her head on, with never a motion to reveal its human freight. We were within range and ready to photograph her at any moment.

The doe seemed riveted to the spot by an uncontrollable fascination. She raised her head higher and higher with little jerks, as if letting out reefs in her neck, till I took pity on her and released the shutter, thus breaking the spell.

Numbers seventy-four and seventy-five were in company, a lordly buck and a comely doe. They came out from the shelter of the trees directly ahead, and walked side by side down to the water. The wind was beginning to blow again in a gusty way from behind, and though 150yds. away we knew the deer must soon scent us. The doe, with more delicate discernment, was the first to do this. She made several nervous little leaps, but was ashamed to run away, while as yet the buck had noticed nothing, and in deference to his less acute senses she seemed almost to doubt her own. The buck looked up lazily to see what startled her, and the same instant an unmistakable whiff of our presence was borne to his nostrils. He did not stand on the order of his going, but ungallantly led the way for his fair companion.

This was at 11:45 A. M. Five minutes after noon we sighted our last deer for the day, numbers seventy-six and seventy-seven. These were two does which allowed us to come fairly close, but not quite as near as we desired.

Despite wind and unfavorable weather which ruled the major part of the six days we were on Sebois Grand Lake, we had seen an average, lacking a small fraction of thirteen deer per day.

We camped that night at the "Thoroughfare," and the following morning got an early start for the flesh pots of civilization. Just below camp we came rather unexpectedly upon a doe walking on the shore. The large camera was in readiness, however, and we secured her picture, though she was too much in shade for a satisfactory result. On White Horse Lake we saw our seventy-ninth and last deer, but did not get close enough to determine its sex.

We reached Hay Brook without further incident. While ascending this stream we heard voices, and rounding a bend came face to face with a party of Canucks out for an outing. There were two men and two women in a tiny flat-bottomed boat, which was in fact so small that its human cargo lapped over the sides and threatened to spill.

"Your boat is pretty well loaded," we remarked.

"Yes," replied one of the women in a high nasal tone, "but we can't do nothing more'n get drownded."

One of the men possibly recognized Jock as a warden. At any rate he endeavored to conceal an old Henry repeating rifle that had been placed in the boat convenient to his hand. It would have been hard for them to explain what this rifle had to do with their ostensible fishing trip.

That night we reached civilization, putting up at Hackett's comfortable hostlery in Patten about 11 o'clock. We were still seven miles from the railroad, but we were happy, for we were in a country where even a game warden could get three square meals a day with meat enough and to spare.

In summing up the results of our expedition it must be remembered that we labored under unusually unfavorable conditions for game photography. Perfectly calm weather is an essential for the highest degree of success in this department. The walls of forest trees that follow the winding shores of the streams and lakes make eddies and back currents in the steadiest winds, and the best laid plans of approach are likely to be spoiled if the wind is stirring at all.

Then, too, the time for seeing game in greatest abundance along the water had passed, as the fly season was practically over. We saw no deer standing submerged in the water, as would have been the case if the flies were bothersome, and none that had not come for food or to drink.

We had missed the best season purposely, however, for we wanted to find the bucks with well-grown antlers, and not the undeveloped ones of the early summer.

Our desire to find moose and caribou kept us constantly on the move, whereas if we had looked for deer only we could no doubt have adopted more successful tactics. The deer had certain recognized feeding grounds, such as the neighborhood of the sand beeches already mentioned, and on still days one could undoubtedly get very close shots by laying in ambush at some well-selected spot and letting the deer come up to him, instead of attempting the much more difficult task of approaching them.

This plan, however, would require plenty of leisure on the part of the photographer, for only a few pictures could be taken at any one time, and he might have to wait several weeks for a suitable day.

The subject of game photography is one of fascinating interest, and one that is bound to commend itself more and more to the sportsman. It possesses in a high degree the charm and uncertainty of hunting, in which the unexpected always happens, and it is not hampered by any close season.

Many business men who find it impossible to be in the woods during the shooting season will find a source of consolation in game photography which will compensate for the actual killing. In fact, the number of sportsmen who have taken up this department is already great.

A good apparatus is essential for the best results, and the sportsman should have plenty of time at his disposal; but under favorable circumstances it is possible for a man familiar with his game to take wonderful pictures with a very ordinary camera.

As in hunting, so with this sport: success, after all, is largely a matter of luck. J. B. BURNHAM.

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BACK NUMBERS OVERHAULED.

THE day was finished, dishes were washed, and the usual after supper pipe was weaving fantastic curls of hazy blue against the light of the camp-fire.

Ed and I sat silently enjoying ourselves as was usual with us after a good day with rod and gun, speaking but little, and that little mostly in Chinook, which we both speak, and which Ed in particular is partial to. He is a "queer duck" anyhow, this old partner of mine, queer in his speech, queer in his thoughts, and—well, just queer any way you take him. He is tall, lank in build, knotty and shrivelled as an oak stump, and just as tough, too. He doesn't know what fear means, and is as tireless as a machine man would be. Unless he happens to get into a retrospective mood he is seldom talkative, is ordinarily silent and rather Indianlike in his ways and movements, prefers to make a motion in place of a word whenever he can (and those lean arms and hands of his can speak volumes, too), has a way of taking in all there is in sight with a quick, restless glance, and above all is a thorough sportsman and a homespun naturalist. A better man and a better partner for camp or tramp is not yet born; that's Ed, and Ed's my partner.

Fifteen years have come and gone and our friendship has only been made stronger by many, many outings together, where we have tested each other by that test which will prove a man either a "good man to tie to" or quickly drop him from your calculations when a "trip" is under consideration. We all know one such man, but few of us are lucky enough to know two.

Ed and I have climbed peaks, tramped alkali deserts, canoed down boiling, roaring mountain streams and voyaged calmer waters; pulled a Winchester down on big game, and "surrounded" the festive cotton-tail and squirrel in company, and incidentally watched the wildest of "Klookwallie" dances, where hideously painted, masked and "decorated" savages, clad in little more than their complexions and decorations, danced themselves into a frenzy around a fire whose fitful light only lent a creepiness to the whole business.

It occasionally happens, when the surroundings are right and the Tah-mah-na-wis stirs him, that Ed gets a talkative streak and we hold a retrospective kind of a pow-wow over our pipes.

This evening I saw he was in the mood, so I waited patiently to see what was coming, for Ed is a good story teller when he warms up and is always interesting. He started with "Say, Comanch, I wonder if a feller's head ain't kinder like one o' these new snap-shot cameras where you put in a roll o' stuff and shoot at everything you see tull it's all used up? Seems like it. Now fer instance, I set here 'n' smoke 'n' look at the fire 'n' don't see it, just see lots of other things, places where you 'n' me have been all over twenty States, times we've had and things we've been mixed up with, one way 'n' 'nother for a long while back. Don't it look like turnin' a crank 'n' rollin' a lot o' pictures along sost you can see 'em all over again when you get to thinkin'?"

"Well, since you put it in that way, Ed, it does look about right, but I suppose we've got the drop on the camera because we don't have to stop and develop and print our negatives."

"Nope, I reckon not. Just kind of takes a picture, develops it, and prints it right out in the natural colors 'n' everything, sort o' automatic like, I reckon. Anyway it gits 'em and that's all that's necessary. I was just a thinkin' o' that little fishin' trip we had up in Washington, time we got that big feller under the log jam, mind? Don't believe I'll ever forget that little crick 'n' the way the sun shone on them big pins 'n' cedars, one on top the other, far as you could see. Say, d'you know, Comanch, I like to kind of study out where one color lets up 'n' 'nother one begins, when I'm out this way; fact is, that's more'n half of bein' out doors anyhow, that 'n' the sounds you hear. R'member that old wildcat that came up 'n' yowled 'n' pestered us so long that night we camped out on Kara Crick, up in the Black Hills? 'N' you ain't forgot the grunt that old bear give that night we was all so skeard down in the Wasatch Range in Utah, I'll bet.

"But say, Comanch, haw! haw! haw! [puff, puff, puff, as he raked a live coal out of the fire and patted it down on a new "fill" with a long, bony forefinger and leaned back smiling]; by gum, I've laughed more times 'n' harder about the time you rolled down that crick bank back in Nebraska, when you found it was skunk instead o' mink. Course we was kids 'n' tenderfeet then, 'n' didn't know they's a heap o' difference 'tween skunk tracks 'n' mink tracks, but it didn't take you a day's travel to roll down that bank after you found old Mr. Skunk 'n' his family all at home, now you bet. Gosh, I can see you yet! Haw! haw! haw!

"That was the day we see the coyotes ketch Mr. Jack Rabbit, too, r'member? They done that pretty slick, didn't they? How do you reckon they sensed it that a rabbit run in a circle 'n' come back to where he started from? That fattest one knew enough to lay still tull his pardner run the jack around to him anyhow, 'n' didn't they do the finish up brown? We couldn't ha' beat 'em ourselves.

"That was a cultas trip we made to the Platte in '81, too. Huntin' a whole week stiddy for one measly old honker is pretty tough, but—I d'know, I guess we didn't lose much anyhow. Had a week out doors and c'nsider'ble trampin' and cold, frosty mornin's mixed, even if we didn't get some geese.

"What I like to remember best, though, is when we was boys 'n' goin' to school, not that the school cut much figger, but the long summer days we used to have when we went fishin' 'n' swimmin' 'n' puddled around the river, spyin' out birds' nests 'n' watchin' 'em tull the little ones could fly. R'member how the sunshine would dance on the water 'n' the trees throwed shadders a mile long, 'n' got shorter 'n' shorter as we paddled toward 'em? 'N' mus'rats paddled along in the dusk 'n' made a lot o' wrinkles in the water?

"I used to like to hear the flickers 'n' blackbirds 'n' orioles, 'n' things that was always whisperin' 'n' talking' things over 'mongst themselves up in the trees when we slid by in the canoe, too.

"There's a heap o' company in wild critters after you learn their language, 'n' we learnt it pretty early. The snakes 'n' bugs come in for their share of study 'n' pokin' up, too, them days. Mud turtles seem about the only thing that looks the same to me now as they did them days when we was boys along the river. The days seem shorter 'n' hotter, 'n' the sun don't seem to shine half so bright either as it did then to me; do they to you?"

"No, I don't think it does either, partner, and we never have that careless, free feeling that we enjoyed then, for responsibilities have come up, and our care-free life has gone with the sunshine of those days when life was one continual holiday, with no restraint but school to bother us."

"Ah-e-e; klosh tumtum," said Ed, dropping into the Chinook dialect again; a sign I knew to mean the pow-wow was over, for Ed, true to the Indian part of his nature, had noticed that the blaze had given place to a bed of coals, and that stops the Indian story teller's tongue and sends the papooses into the tepee until another time. Ed knocked the ashes from his pipe bowl, remarked that he "smelled a south wind for to-morrow" and rolled up in his blankets, overlooking the "mountain feathers" in favor of just plain, hard ground. In two minutes he was fast asleep, a sound, quiet sleep without any snore attachment too, yet the rustle of a leaf or the soft footfall of a prowling coyote will wake him as quickly and effectively as a cannon shot would. But as I remarked, "Ed is a queer duck, anyhow." EL COMANCHO.

THE OUTING OF SIX.—III.

Vermilion Ranch. An Alcove in the Pink Cliffs.

WHEN we crossed Asay Creek on the morning of June 20 and commenced the ascent of the Great Divide, there arose in front of us the first of a series of rock forms with which we were soon to become familiar. Its name describes it perfectly—"The Castle"—and as it rose from the pine forest, crowning a low ridge, it seemed like a time-battered ruin of the middle ages. Near this castle was Hoyt's ranch and we easily followed the tracks in the dust made in the gray of the morning by Perry and Ted. Nor were these the only tracks we saw, for we were approaching a land of big bucks, and once we saw the plain footprint of a "kitty." We traveled slowly, wasting a great deal of ammunition with little to show for it, but it was necessary for the team to rest frequently. Botanically, the morning was memorable for its onotheras and phloxes.

At 11 o'clock we reached Hoyt's and found that our comrades, failing to get a deer, had indulged in the luxury of a shave. Thereupon the rest of the outfit followed suit. There was a reason for this. We expected to camp for the night at Seegmiller's ranch and there were two young ladies there who, during the past year, had been fellow-students with Andrew, Perry and Ted. Leaving Hoyt's at 2 o'clock Tim put on an extra team, which took us to the summit in quick time.

Of course we had to stop on the ridge to take in the grand view. The heavy timber obstructed the outlook in many directions, but toward the north and east, far as the eye could reach, was the white wall of the East Fork, and to the south and west ran the pink wall and the tawny cliffs of the cretaceous, and the white of the juassic and, like a narrow ribbon, against the gray of the desert, the rich maroon of the Trias, and beyond that, where earth mingled with the southern sky, the hazy purple of the Buckskins, 100 miles away. Then downhill we went, along our zig-zag journey into the great basin of the Colorado; out of the land of high plateaus and into the district of tables and terraces, of buttes and mesas, of cliffs and cañons. The aspens gave place to the oaks and we found a realm of geological and botanical antitheses.

To quote from Capt. Dutton's report:

"The region is for the most part a desert of the barrenest kind. At levels below 7,000ft. the heat is intense and the air is dry in the extreme. The vegetation is very scanty, and even the ubiquitous sage is sparse and stunted. Here and there the cedar is seen, the hardiest of arborescent plants, but it is dwarfed and sickly and seeks the shadiest nooks. At higher levels the vegetation becomes more abundant and varied. Above 8,000ft. the plateaus are forest-clad and the ground is carpeted with rank grass and an exuberant growth of beautiful summer flowers. The summers there are cool and moist, the winters severe and attended with heavy snowfall."

Crossing the headwaters of the Rio Virgin, we skirted for many miles the base of the highest of the great terraces, between the forest and the desert. Then without any appreciable fall in elevation we came to a cultivated plain, perhaps half a mile across. On the further side were the pink cliffs, and this was the valley of Upper Kanab Creek. Before us was a ranch with a very large barn and a diminutive house. Thinking that this might be our stopping place we sent Collie (the most susceptible member of the party) forward to reconnoiter and get directions. As he failed to materialize as soon as we expected, we went in search of him and found him perched upon the gate and singing "Sweet Marie" in true Texas style. He informed us that he had fallen in love. He went to the door and knocked. A damsel "with bay hair, an open countenance and one eye gray and one brown" presently appeared. Of her he asked, "Does Mr. Seegmiller live here?" She, vouchsafing no reply, shut the door, but upon his rendering the first stanza of "Sweet Marie" in his pathetic manner the door was again opened and he was informed that Mr. Seegmiller lived two miles up the creek. Thereupon the vision disappeared, and Collie had gone on with the song in hopes that the curtain would once more rise upon the bay-haired beauty.

The ranches of Upper Kanab were much more attractive than those that we had seen on the Upper Sevier. There was a wealth of hay and grain on the bottomlands and rich feed on the hillsides. The houses were large and comfortable. Barns were barns and not sheds, and the cattle and horses were all well-bred and not the ordinary Utah range stock. The valley narrowed into a gateway. One road was steep to the top of the portal, then—where the pink cliffs made a mighty re-entrant angle into the heart of the Markagunt plateau, lay in all its beauty Vermilion Ranch. There was the emerald of the grain, the deeper verdure of orchard and of native grass, the purple of the half-blossomed lucerne; then a background of deciduous timber, the leaves a silvery white in the slanting light of the afternoon, and after all, around the whole valley, the delicate tinting and fantastic forms of the eocene cliffs varying, in the rays of the setting sun, from salmon pink to rosy red and crowned with a black row of giant pines that marked the rim of the Great Basin.

It had been my good fortune on my trip to Long Valley the previous week to meet Mr. Seegmiller (familiarly known as "Uncle Dan") and our camping on his ranch showed our hearty appreciation of his most courteous

invitation. I can hardly say camped, for during our stay we were Mr. Seegmiller's guests, and our camp life consisted simply in sleeping in our own blankets. It was a pleasure once more to sit down to a meal that we did not cook ourselves and to get bread that was baked in an oven. Mr. Seegmiller was an enthusiastic horseman—a breeder of both running and draft stock. For years he has had an unbeaten stable in southern Utah. We also noticed thoroughbred Jersey bulls, Holsteins, Berkshires and other famous breeds of cattle, swine and sheep. In the ranch there are 1,800 acres under fence, and as all the springs in the vicinity of Upper Kanab Creek are covered by this patent, sheepmen have kept at a distance. Hence our host has a little game preserve of his own, the deer being reserved for the especial use of himself and friends. He told us where the best shooting was to be obtained, and before daylight the next morning Andrew and Doc were out with their rifles. Business prevented my accompanying them. Botanically speaking, we were in a new world and the region was immensely rich from a paleontological standpoint.

After breakfast Collie, having in a measure slept off his bay-haired infatuation, shod two of the horses; Perry rode seven miles to the post office to mail some letters, and I geologized. The pink cliffs are of lower eocene age, and consist of uniformly bedded lake marls. The fossils are well defined and belong to a brackish-water period. The fresh-water deposits of the higher eocene I did not have time to study.

A little before noon our hunters returned, tired and hungry, but without a deer, though they claimed to have killed one and lost it in the timber. This was their story: After going up half a mile from the house they turned into a side cañon that seemed to be a natural feeding ground. This soon forked. Doc took one hollow, Andrew the other. In a short time Andrew heard Doc's Winchester give nine barks just as rapidly as the lever could be worked. He thought a whole herd was being exterminated. Presently he saw a yearling buck, evidently greatly scared, cross the ridge 150yds. ahead of him. He gave it one shot and it fell, but was instantly on its feet and down the ridge again on Doc's side, but he did not fire. It was the first time he had ever seen a wild deer, though he was born and raised in Utah, and the buck ague was too much for him. Doc's story was the same as Andrew's, and he admitted that the deer was very close to him when he first shot. The two followed the bloody trail for about 300yds. and then lost it. The buck was going through the heavy timber in the direction of the creek, and Andrew thought that he could not last long, as he was shot through the body just back of the heart. While searching for deer No. 1, Doc started a second even closer to him than the other, and put two ineffectual shots after it before it said "good-by."

At 4 o'clock we all started to search for the lost deer. If we could not find it we could at least botanize. Doc paced off the distance at which he made his nine shots and found it to be 75yds. The shots at the other deer were from 35 to 50yds. But Doc was not ashamed. He was more deer hungry than ever. In vain we beat the forest for two hours; no deer could be found. The botanists and ornithologists did well, and the names of a few species will show the nature of the flora: *Thalictrum fendleri*, Engelm.; *Delphinium elatum*, var. *occidentale*, Watson; *Astragalus lonchocarpus*, Torr.; *Frasera speciosa*, Dougl.; *Pentstemon kingii*, Watson.

When within a mile of the house on our return trip, at a crossing of the creek I saw Collie stop suddenly and throw up his hands. I rode hurriedly up. There, with his nose in the water, dead in the act of drinking, lay our lost buck—a two-year-old with antlers in the velvet. He was strapped across the saddle and we walked back well contented with the day's efforts in all directions.

Early on Saturday morning we set out on our thirty-seven-mile drive through Kanab Cañon to Kanab. The road was for the last twenty-five miles either rocky or heavy with sand. Water was scarce, so we expected a hard trip. Perry, Ted and Collie took the wagon, the rest of us the buckboard. Seven miles below Vermilion Ranch the waters of the creek were exhausted and from this point to the head of the cañon the natives eked out a precarious livelihood by dry farming. Here the buckboard stopped at the ranch of Andrew Siler and the wagon was sent on. We told the boys that we would overtake them in an hour or two. Siler, who is an invalid at present, has been a noted botanical collector throughout this region and he gave us many valuable "pointers" concerning our trip in Arizona. His specialty has been the *cacti*, and while he knows nothing of systematic botany his field notes are invaluable. He showed us many letters from Dr. Gray, Dr. Parry, Dr. Englemann and many of the old worthies that have passed into the "silent land" and wished that he could accompany us. At 1 o'clock we started on the trail of our companions and an hour later were at the head of the cañon, into which we passed, and for fifteen miles our view was hemmed in by narrow and lofty walls. At the head of the cañon was a small spring where we watered our team, and supposed of course that in accordance with instructions the other boys had done the same. We were in the picturesque realm of the cretaceous—a region of yellow sandstones and clay-sholes, bent, twisted, flexed, broken, unconformable, and withal the most interesting of geological studies. In many places it was capped with a thin stratum of lava and occasionally we saw lava ridges that had once filled the stream beds, the cretaceous and jurassic having now worn away and left volcanic hills in marked contrast to their surroundings. Interesting, too, was the study of birds and flowers. During the afternoon we found three species of pentstemon, including the rare *P. palmeri*, but of *Compositæ* and *Leguminosæ* we found more than of all other orders combined. About 4 o'clock we found Collie's saddle horse that had been tied behind the sheep wagon munching the lupines by the wayside, and an hour later we caught the wagon itself. It was stuck in the sand and the horses that had not been watered since the morning, and no one could remember watering them then, were completely played out. We changed teams, but to no purpose, so I mounted Baldy and started on a twelve-mile ride to Kanab for assistance. We did not know how far it was to water, but two miles after leaving the boys I struck a large stream as it came out of the Vermilion cliffs at what is known as the Headwaters, and I felt no more uneasiness, for I knew that if they made this spot they could easily camp until morning. From this point Kanab Creek flows on without sinking and it is becoming the redeemer of the desert, but as I saw the carcasses in the mud about Headwaters, I actually pitied the people who have to use that water for culinary purposes. About 7 o'clock I reached Kanab Dam, that reservoirs the water for the lower country. I was conscious of a change of temperature and altitude. About me grew tree cacti and tall yuccas, then the vermilion walls receded on either side and before me stretched the great Arizona desert, but on its hither side, nestling in the very jaws of the Triassic Palisades, embowered in trees and in all the beauty of early summer, lay the little village of Kanab.

I was so covered with dust and perspiration that hair, face, canvas coat and blue overalls were of one hue—a kind of hybrid between a Chinese joss and a Washoe mud-eater—but I made the best of necessity and going boldly to a house inquired: "Is Mr. Robinson at home?" The young lady who answered my knock looked at me a moment and then, raising her hands in holy horror, exclaimed: "Good heavens! It's Mr. W.!"

Mr. Robinson was at home and in fifteen minutes I was enjoying the luxury of a much-needed bath. Then came supper, after which Mr. Robinson took me over to the store and we talked over matters. The general impression was that the boys would camp at Headwaters and it would not be necessary to send for them. While we were yet talking (at 10:30 P. M.) the buckboard drove up, having on it the five other members of the party and leading the two used-up nags. I noticed that Doc looked "blue," the first time that I had ever seen him in that condition, and Elsie was missing. Perry was getting out a revolver to shoot a coyote that trotted ahead of the team. In some way the weapon was discharged and the bullet passed entirely through Elsie's body. Nothing could save her, so a grace shot put an end to her suffering. This cast a gloom over the entire party, though we were devoutly thankful that the accident had no more disastrous results. In spite of the hour Mr. Robinson took the whole party to his house and his good wife got supper for the crowd. It was almost midnight when we were ready to retire. Andrew and I stayed at Mr. Robinson's, Mr. John Brown took Perry and Collie home with him. Bishop Johnson entertained Doc and Ted, and the next morning Mr. William Lewis took his team and made a twenty-four mile trip to get our wagon. To these four gentlemen, especially to Mr. Joseph E. Robinson, "The Six" are under lasting obligations, not only for that particular night, but for all our stay in the southern country.

Most of these men were perfectly familiar with the Grand Cañon. They had been with the Powell and other expeditions and the way in which they discussed the relative merits of Capt. Dutton and Mr. Walcott showed an intimate acquaintance with these geological lights. It takes camp life to learn a man through and through.

As our Sunday clothes were in the sheep wagon, we could not go to Sunday-school, so under the guidance of Messrs Robinson and Brown we climbed the vermilion parapet immediately east of town and surveyed the country from Mount Trumbull to the Paria and as far south as the distant San Francisco Mountains of Arizona. Kanab seemed a very oasis in the desert. It was beautiful and prosperous. Its fields extend for five miles south of the town, and the houses are embowered in orchards of peach, plum and apricot, and in vineyards as beautiful if not as large as those of California. Though remote from a railroad, I believe that the wealth of the community will ultimately lie in its dried fruits and raisins. To-day it is in flocks and herds. The great range is the desert and the Buckskins. Its elevation is about 5,000ft.; population about 600; distance from Provo by one route about 312 miles; climate, hot in summer, with cool nights, and delightful winters. So much for a description of the settlement where I suppose no other reader of FOREST AND STREAM will ever penetrate—a village that has never experienced a "boom," and where every one is prosperous, there being neither doctor, lawyer nor real estate agent within seventy miles. The sociability of the people is one of the most charming features of the community.

From the signal point we noticed two large reservoirs south of the town, and these in spring and fall are excellent ducking resorts. Monday and Tuesday the boys devoted to birds, botany and general collecting. I had no time for excursions. I felt worn out. From dawn till midnight I was busy determining species of all kinds, classifying our mineralogical and geological rarities and writing up notes. The boys in addition to their regular work explored some mounds in the southwest field and secured arrow heads, axes, pottery and bones for their trouble. On Monday Doc shot a bird on the lower reservoir that he thought to be a small canvasback. It proved a "lesser scaup duck" (*Aythya affinis, cit*).

The list of birds shot from Seegmiller's ranch until we left Kanab is as follows:

Molothrus ater obscurus, Gmel.—Dwarf cowbird.
Chondestes grammacus strigatus, Swains.—Western lark sparrow (supplanting the desert horned lark south of the Basin).
Junco cinereus dorsalis, Henry.—Red-backed junco.
Pipilo aberti, Baird.—Abert's towhee.
Piranga rubra cooperi, Ridgw.—Cooper's tanager.
Geothlypis macgillivrayi, Aud.—Macgillivray's warbler.
Icteria virens longicauda, Lawr.—Long-tailed chat.
Harporlynchus crissalis, Henry.—Crissal thrasher.
Catherpes mexicanus conspersus, Ridgw.—Cañon wren.
Thryothorus bewickii bairdi, S. and G.—Baird's wren.
Salpinctes obsoletus, Say.—Rock wren.

On Tuesday afternoon we decided that it would be impossible for us to take the sheep wagon across the desert and through the mountains, and a Mr. Rider kindly let us have his buckboard without charge. We were fortunate in securing the services of "Uncle John" Stewart to guide us to the Grand Basin Cañon. Mr. Stewart has accompanied the U. S. Survey on several expeditions. He was the first white man to set foot in DeMotte Park, and during the present season he has a sheep herd within a few miles of Point Sublime. Mr. Stewart offered to accompany us, and all arrangements being completed at 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning, June 26, we set out on the last stage of our journey.

SHOSHONE.

Tours to the South via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Two very attractive early autumn tours are announced by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. They include the battlefield of Gettysburg, picturesque Blue Mountain, Luray Caverns, the Natural Bridge, Grottoes of the Shenandoah, the cities of Richmond and Washington, and Mt. Vernon. The tours cover a period of ten days, and will start from New York in special trains of parlor cars on Sept. 24 and Oct. 8. Round-trip rate, including all necessary expenses, $55 from New York, $53 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For detailed itinerary apply to Ticket Agents or to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Room 411, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

Natural History.

THREE MEALS IN ONE DAY.

ON one of the few glowing July days which nature pettishly casts among the dainty delights of the Northwestern summer, a party of nephews and nieces gathered about the invalid's hammock to say good-by before a day's jaunt among the lakes and dells of the most beautiful region of all (nameless here forevermore).

On other summers the invalid had been eyes and tongue for the party, interpreter of the rede inscribed by Dame Nature herself, and more than one noticed the wistful look which passed over his face as he playfully predicted the spoil with which each should return.

"But, Uncle," said saucy May, with an unusual touch of sympathy in her voice, "I dare say that you will gather more of what you used to call the spoil of the eyes from your own hammock in our dooryard than all the rest of us in twenty miles of outing." "We shall see," was the quiet reply; and they hurried away, sending back pleasant wishes for a comfortable day to the patient sufferer under the trees. At twilight that evening the party reassembled on the wide veranda, and after disposing themselves each in his most reposeful attitude, the comparison of the treasure trove began. 'Twas a mort of miscellany, including torn skirts and stone bruises. But the universal conclusion was that the day was too hot for anything to happen worth seeing in the world of nature.

"Why, the very catbirds came out of hiding with their beaks open and feathers a-droop, completely wilted," chimed in Charlie.

"But what did you bag, Uncle?" said May; "display your catch."

"Well, children, I was more fortunate than any one who has yet reported, for I captured three meals—a breakfast, dinner and supper—and the *menu* was in each case a genuine surprise."

Knowing that the invalid had for weeks subsisted on almost nothing but clam broth and oatmeal, a look of offended knowledge began to appear until the invalid continued: "Scarcely had your steps died away when sedate Mme. Robin made her appearance, and yonder in the shade of the syringia began preparations for her own breakfast in a most matter-of-fact manner. The ground is kept damp by the sprinkler, as you know, but look as I might, I could see nothing on the scanty and short turf to supply so hearty a guest. Darting from point to point with decisive alertness, each time the bird seized upon something string-like and evidently luscious. Then with head on one side in a listening attitude, she stood until the next spring. At first I thought madam was pulling up succulent roots or runners, but as she approached it was apparent that the breakfast consisted of plump, wriggling earth-worms. Yes, fish-worms, if you prefer. 'Well, Mrs. R.,' said I, 'if you can catch worms, so can I.' But the vaunt proved beyond my power. Lie quiet as I might, no worm could I see. Perhaps robin has more delicate hearing than we, and holds her wise head atilt to catch, if not the footfall, let us say the 'wigglefall' of the prey. But it soon became plain that it was to accommodate vision and not hearing that the head was cocked on one side, so that the lateral eyes might be in line of the proposed spring. Little heaps of sand pellets showed the activity of the worms, and as the tip of the body of his wormship was thrust up above the burrow to rear these little monuments of the eternal annuloid industry it became the promptly accepted signal for breakfast."

"Well, Uncle, how about dinner?"

"Ah, that was a tragic and as my French friend over the way says, 'a heart rendering' matter. About 10 o'clock a little gathering of bluejays occurred on the telegraph pole and telephone brackets yonder. There was a vast deal of vociferous chattering and tail gesticulation, interspersed frequently with the indescribable, goblin-like jodel which is the most characteristic note of the bird. You all know what I mean—the bird seems to have an unusually uncouth vocable stuck in his throat which he can neither pronounce nor swallow, and in dismay he shakes himself violently up and down, during which process the sound rattles with metallic resonance back and forth. Well, after a great deal of parley, during which one seemed to hear 'Now, you do it,' 'Oh, you are afraid,' etc., finally one jay more resolute than the rest set off directly for the porch, where my hammock had been hung, with an air of business about every movement. After a series of skulking flights a sudden dash brought the robber into the midst of the Virginia creeper over the side entrance where, you know, Dame Chipping Sparrow has her home and brood of half-grown children. There was a shrill *chir-r-r-r-r-r* and many-voiced scream, till at last the evicted mother came flouncing down at my feet, keeping up a plaintive *chip-chip*, which seemed to me imploring help; but before help could be offered the gay blue robber was off with a screaming babe in his beak—thus dinner was announced in the house of Cyanurus and another Rama went into mourning in my very ears.

"The third meal was after another manner. You all know the flicker, that degenerate woodpecker who has allied himself with the terrestrial tribes which, independently of any other bond than the common habit, seem to have adopted the crescent on the breast as their heraldic symbol (witness the meadow lark, horned lark, killdee and others). But although familiar enough with the wild proddings and burrowings of the flicker, I was unable to explain the action of two of them who were busying themselves just at sunset in the path across the lawn. They seemed to be thrusting their clumsy beaks full length into the soil and then pumping vigorously out and in for a moment. Occasionally one of the birds would turn his beak straight toward the zenith and perform a strange sort of ceremonial dance with neck outstretched and contorted body. Closer examination showed that Messrs. Flicker had discovered a group of ant nests and thrusting their beaks into the crowded avenues were assisting outpouring multitudes into the capacious throat. The pumping motion was accompanied by vigorous action of the barbed, sticky and singularly flexible tongue, but occasionally an active ant, deviating from the intended pathway, found opportunity to register his disapproval of the whole performance by sundry stinging bites, and this may explain the gyrations which I was at first inclined to explain as a ceremonial adoration of the setting sun. It was, in fact, not unlike the dance performed by Harry here when he tried to dig up a granary of black ants last summer to see how their home had been formed.

Thus, you see, I captured three unexpected meals to-day."

"All of which shows," began Simeon sententiously, "that"—but May cut him short with "Don't put any impertinent moral at the end of Uncle's *menu* card."

CLARENCE L. HERRICK.

NEW MEXICO.

THE FLORIDA MANATEE.

THE last two generations have witnessed such a destruction of animal life in this country that it is appalling to look ahead and see what the future has in store for us. Our larger animals and birds are going with such rapidity, and the wilder parts of the country to which they have been driven are being cleared and settled so fast, that the end of many species, still common in places, is already plainly in sight.

Man is, of course, the real cause, in almost every case, of the extermination of a species, although often the end comes by some natural calamity, as, for example, the tragic end of the great auk.

When a species has become, through the persecution of man, reduced to a mere remnant that persists either from the inaccessible nature of the country to which it has taken refuge, or from the wariness the few surviving individuals have developed, it takes but a small change in its surroundings to wipe it forever from the face of the earth.

The winter of 1894–95 has been a most disastrous one and has shown us on how slight a change in temperature the life or death of a whole species depends. Two such winters in succession would in all probability exterminate the bluebird, the snowbird and many others that winter in the Carolinian zone. These birds went into the winter in their full numbers and strength, and yet this summer they are so rare that I have not seen a single bluebird in the Plymouth county (Mass.) country, where usually they are one of the common breeding birds. Think what a proportionate reduction in numbers must mean then to a species already on the verge of extinction.

The cold in Florida of the last winter was unprecedented, and the mortality among fish in the shallow water was such as I never thought to witness. The birds suffered very much, but as far as I could tell few died as far south as where I was, Oak Lodge, on the East Peninsula, opposite Micco. Here, at 5 o'clock on the morning of Feb. 12, the thermometer registered 20°Fahr., and on the next morning at the same hour only 23°. It was a strange experience to walk over from the frozen sand add see every little puddle covered with ice on a trail overhung by the sub-tropical vegetation of a Florida hammock with a north wind blowing in my face that chilled me to the bones. The cold of these two days and nights was intense.

On Feb. 19, Mr. Walter L. Gibson came across the river to tell me he had found two manatee that had been killed by the "freeze," and the next day I went over to take possession of them. They were both found where they had floated ashore on the bank of the Sebastian River, one about four and the other two miles from its confluence with the Indian River. I found to my great regret that both were too far gone to hope to save the skins and the only thing to be done was to save the skeletons, which we began to macerate out at once. One was an old female of very large size, measuring from the end of the nose to the end of the tail 11ft. 4in. The other, a young male, measuring from the end of the nose to the end of the tail 6ft. 4in.* Both skeletons are now in the collection of E. A. and O. Bangs, Boston, Mass.

These manatee were two of the survivors of the herd of eight which had, for the past year, been living in the St. Lucie and Sebastian rivers and that part of the Indian River which is between these two. For two years the manatee has been protected by a State law and this herd had come together in consequence and probably consisted of most of the manatee of this region that, freed from persecution, had collected into a herd, as was their wont in old times when the rivers were theirs.

Mr. Gibson told me that often he has stood on the railroad bridge that spans the Sebastian, and seen this herd pass under him and counted them over and over again and knew every individual in it. After the first "freeze" of last winter, in December, three of the manatee were found ashore, dead, in different places and no live ones were seen. Whether any of this herd pulled through both "freezes" is impossible to say, but five out of the eight are accounted for, and it seems likely that more died than were found, as a great part of their range was not covered, and their carcasses might easily have escaped detection even in places that were visited. It does not take long for a dead body to disappear in Florida, and the manatee as they lay half under water would soon have been disposed of, the crabs doing the business below the surface and the turkey buzzards above.

The manatee is extremely sensitive to a change in the temperature of the water. This was noticed by Mr. Conklin to be the case with the one that was kept alive in the Zoölogical Garden of Central Park in New York, and Mr. C. J. Maynard told me that he knew of three large manatee that were killed in the "freeze" of 1886 and washed up near Palm Beach. The 1886 "freeze" was very mild compared with those of last winter. In 1886 the mangroves hardly suffered at all, while last winter, 1894 and 1895, nearly every tree along the whole stretch of the Indian River was killed to the ground.

In both "freezes" last winter the cold came without any warning and the change of temperature was so sudden that the only chance for the manatee to escape certain death lay in their being able to reach deep water before they were overcome by the cold.

The region from the Sebastian to the St. Lucie has, for a number of years, been the only part of the Indian River where the manatee were seen. Here, besides the herd of eight, now reduced to three at the very outside, there were some solitary scattering individuals, how many it is impossible to say, as the manatee has become very shy, but it is safe to assume that the scattering ones fared no better than did the herd, and that the reduction in numbers from the cold of last winter was very great.

There are still, however, a few manatee alive in the Sebastian River. In a letter I lately received from Mr. Gibson he told me that in the end of March he surprised several manatee lying together on a mud flat, high up the Sebastian River. As soon as they heard him they made a rush for deep water, throwing the mud and water 15ft. high in the violence of their flight.

I made many careful inquiries among the people who live along the river and would be in the way of knowing of the manatee and its diminution of numbers of late years, but got surprisingly little information of any value except from Mr. Gibson, to whom I have so often referred, and Mr. Fritz Ulrich, a German of more than ordinary intelligence, who has spent the last fifteen years dreaming his life away among the birds and animals of the Indian River. They were all his friends. The panthers knew his voice and answered him from the wilderness, and the owls came from their hiding-places and flew about him to his call, and the little lizards fed from his hand. But it is all gone now, and there only remains of the great life of the river a small terrified remnant, and in its stead the railroad train hurries along the west bank, and hideous towns and more hideous hotels and cottages have sprung up everywhere among the pines. It is now eight years since Mr. Ulrich saw a living manatee, but when he first came to the river fifteen years ago they were still common, and he often saw them from the door of his little house at The Narrows passing up and down the river, and occasionally he saw them at play, when they would roll up, one behind the other, like the coils of a great sea serpent.

The spring and summer of 1894 were so dry that the salt water went nearly to the head of the fresh-water streams and killed out the "manatee grass,"† of which the manatee are especially fond, and the poor brutes had to fall back on the leaves of the mangroves, a food not much to their liking, which they reach by laboriously dragging their huge bodies half out of water. Mr. Gibson spent a great part of that summer up the Sebastian, where he was catching paraquets, and on several occasions he saw the herd of eight feeding in this manner.

The manatee is an animal of the highest economic value and one that the Indian River, with its fresh-water tributaries, seems able to support in large numbers, and it would be more than mere sentiment to regret its disappearance, should it become a thing of the past. But there is still a chance for it. There are some manatee alive now in the Sebastian River and these have passed through the cold of a winter such as no living man in Florida has known before; they are protected by law, and the netting‡ has been stopped; and in spite of the small annual increase—the female bringing forth but one calf a year—it should slowly come up again to something like its old numbers.—*Outram Bangs in American Naturalist.*

* The Florida manatee grows but little larger than this female. The two largest I ever heard of were two caught in the St. Lucie River by Mr. August Park, of Sebastian, Florida. One in August, 1889, that measured 13ft. 7in. long, and one in June of the same year that measured 12ft. long and estimated at 2,000lbs. weight.

† I regret that I am unable to give a more definite name to this plant, never having seen it myself, but it was described to me as a tender, ribbon-like grass, the blades of which are about ½in. wide and 4ft. or 5ft. long. It grows with the ends of the blades and the blossoms resting in the water, and is found in only a few of the fresh-water streams of southeast Florida.

‡ For a full account of this most successful method of destroying the manatee, see an article in FOREST AND STREAM, XIII., 1889, pp. 1005, 1006, by Mr. J. Francis Le Baron.

Do Panthers Play with their Prey?

Editor Forest and Stream:

The panthers' leap and the panthers' scream have been discussed if not settled to everyone's satisfaction. Now let us hear what those who know have to tell concerning the question whether the panther plays with its prey before killing, as the domestic cat does with mice. Who can say whether any of the large cats have this habit? I once heard an old Indian tell how his brother-in-law saw a panther in the Adirondacks playing with a hare, but it was a second-hand story of doubtful origin.

ANDSOOSE.

Albino Deer.

ONE of the greatest curiosities ever seen in this part of the country was brought in yesterday. It is a genuine white deer. It is snow white all over even to its horns, not a particle of color appears on it anywhere. It was shot by Hugh McDonald near Butternut Lake. It was taken to Henry Gantzman, the taxidermist, and will be mounted.—*Eagle River (Wis) Review.*

Game Bag and Gun.

DAKOTA CHICKEN GROUNDS.

NORTHWOOD, N. D., Aug. 26.—The grouse coveys of this region are being invaded by the guns of the Twin Cities. St. Paul sportsmen particularly have had their blasts after the local prairie hen. Never in the recollection of the local chick has there been made such well-organized attempts at large bags and seldom, if ever, has there been such utter disappointment come to the hearts of the men who are accustomed to wearing hot gun barrels through the golden stubble-edge.

For years the beautiful valley of the Cheyenne has been noted as a rendezvous for pinnated grouse. No gamier bird whirrs over the Western plain. A wilder mark than the Eastern prairie chicken, in habit much like the Canada grouse, the ruffed, gray-white denizen of the buffalo grass is by far the most interesting to sportsmen. In the fertile valley of the Cheyenne there is close cover, shade and water. The cover affords the security which is exacted by the wild nature of the bird. The shade is its habitat during the hot hours of the day, and the water its natural necessity. For miles to the east and west of the picturesque river, Norway's sons are this year smiling upon a lavish yield. It matters not that their huts are black, their children uncouth and their sense of a finer civilization stinted, all they care to know is their gift of nature, so abundantly in evidence in every field. And the valley of the Cheyenne is quaintly featured. Its tillers are Norsemen, its hills are northern, and its natural phenomena is pitched in that minor key, so tuneful of the Scandinavian races.

Upon the ripe richness of yellow grain seas the wild grouse preys, and to find him and bag him is the prayer and the pleasure of the sportsman and the dog. But alas! for this general gratification. The season in the Dakotas, and especially in its southern and western sections, has expressed itself most unfavorably as to game of any kind. A measure of more serious prosperity will soon be realized at the mouth of the grain sack, a prospect at which all Dakota delights. But as for game—upland and aquatic—"well," the farmers say, "the crop o' chickens isn't what they used to was."

At this juncture the mystery of the situation begins. Those learned in the haunts and habits of upland game dare to only theorize at the astonishing scarcity of birds in this, one of their most favored regions.

For several years a St. Paul party has tenanted a shack near Michigan City, just west of Cooperstown. The lodge lies in the midst of one of the greatest bird haunts in the West. Learning that the party had quartered there this week, I made my way from the Cheyenne and invaded their retreat. I found M. D. Munn, brown as a buck; the genial C. B. Yale, of the legal department of the Great Northern; Drs. J. A. Quinn and C. A. Wheaton, each as happy as if he owned the earth and all the flies therein; Dr. H. M. Wheeler, of Grand Forks, a great shot and a fine fellow who discloses his good-fellowship in being Dr. Quinn's life-long friend; and finally Dr. Walter Courtney, of Brainerd, whom it would be a boon for all Western sportsmen to know. There was also a howling wilderness of dogs, three plainsmen drivers and an ebony cook. The department of the interior of this brawn and hearty company was skillfully administered to by one George Ethiopia Davis, of St. Peter street tonsorial celebrity, and one of the best amateur performers at the gridiron and waffle foundry in the West. It is the delight of Minnesotans to observe the sporting proclivities of this aggregation. Drs. Quinn and Wheaton shoot everything but craps; Mr. Munn and Mr. Yale are great fishermen and have caught many things besides a cold. The medical fraternity present, constituting a hospital corps, were seen to administer a hypodermic injection of shot as deftly as they do fermented poisons. *Materia medica* is essential in some camps.

This company has hunted about a week. In every feature but bag, the outing seems to have been a glorious respite from the herculean efforts to earn a living in town. So far, nobody has been able to find the birds. The stubble-edges near the wire and sour grass, the sloughs and water pockets, the coolies and swails, and the sage hillocks all are flushed clean of everything which resembles a grouse.

The dry condition of the weather, the absence, often, of dew, conduces to anything but sport. The dryness dissipates what scent there may be, and the dogs give up the chase in disgust. Where, in pond and lake beds, there should be water, only the baked white alkili gleams in the sun.

Local observers of game breeding declare the failure of the chicken season is due to several causes. There are those who say it is simply because the late spring frost ruined the hatching. Then there are those who say that the late June rains killed the broods. Added to these is that class which points to dry lake beds and declares that although a very temperate bird, the chicken has got to drink. The truth is, there is no water in that country except that issued from farm wells. There is little corn growing to afford birds a chance to drink dew from a leaf-crotch, and the State being prohibition anyway, everything has gone dry and quit. But if the Cheyenne country and the plains along the southern tributaries of the Red River are barren of sport, it is refreshing to learn that in the lake regions of our own State there will be an abundance when the season opens, on Sept. 1. I have held confab with the natives all along the Great Northern R. R. from St. Paul to Minot, and it is my opinion that there is a plenitude of game wherever there is water. All migratory birds will find this element of their subsistence, as the instance of their absence near breeding haunts during the present drought would indicate.

A verification of this belief comes in a report from Willow City, just south of the Turtle Mountain region, a dense thicket studded with live spring lakes and muck swails. A St. Paul party entered this field last Sunday. The company is composed of Hon. Albert Scheffer, Hon. William Hamm, Paul Hauser and Otto Miller. They report a large bag of ruffed grouse, mallard, teal and redhead ducks. Willow City is about fourteen miles south of Bottineau, the northern terminus of the Great Northern road, in the midst of the Turtle Mountains, a few miles south of the Canadian border. I camped three weeks in these mountains last October, with St. Paul parties and Capt. Anson, of the Chicago ball club. The country is a fastness for moose, antelope and bear, and the lakes swarm with canvasback ducks, geese and swan.

The *Dispatch* party was made up at Northwood under the espionage of Herr Thomas Gjerdrum and his aide, Robert L McKellar, both of the North Dakota Milling Association, and Col. C. F. Singular, of Minneapolis. Herr Gjerdrum is one of the most aggressive and popular leaders of the Norwegian people in the Dakotas. He is the scion of a noble family, the estates of which are still the pride of those who bear its name. In his native land Herr Gjerdrum was a great yachtsman, and his narrative of cruises in the seas of the midnight sun are inspiring. He is the only representative of his family in this country, and he has come to his people in the Dakotas with a home always open with its hospitality to his race. Mme. Gjerdrum is an accomplished musician and the mother of a young family of marked refinement.

Herr Gjerdrum's *Dispatch* equipment consisted of three teams, six dogs and five guns. The stores and provisions were almost sumptuous, and the relish of everything was of the fullest. We drove overland from Larimore, 170 miles, in five days, went past Cooperstown, through the Cheyenne hunter's paradise—Lakes Jessie, Red Willow and Pickerel. There, in a country noted for its feathered game, our bag was very paltry. We shared the fate of the medicine men, Drs. Quinn, Wheaton, Wheeler and Courtney, and our local Talleyrand, Mr. Munn. Under Herr Gjerdrum's guidance and princely hospitality the *Dispatch* party learned where the game "was not," an achievement in itself of value to sportsmen. There is good shooting south of Rugby, at Pleasant Lakes, north of Devil's Lake, and all through that section; at Alexandria, Hallock, St. Vincent and in the Red Lake country; and at Ashley they say chickens have never been so plentiful. Generally all along the Great Northern the shooting is good where the situation is near water, bottom lands and short cover. I met Ben Schurmeier on the line the other day and learned that he was bound for Pembina, where, he says, "you simply can't miss 'em."

Deputy Clerk of the Supreme Court Helm is on the

rampage somewhere up here, and D. C. Shepard, Hod Thompson, H. P. Upham and son are scheduled to leave St. Paul in a few days equipped with Mr. Shepard's special car. Judge Kerr and E. S. Warner are out at Klondarf, and when our season opens next Sunday there will be trouble for birds and dogs all along the Great Northern.

The game warden at the State line in Grand Forks is alert. It is unlawful to carry or ship game from the Dakotas. As the law, passed by the Dakota Legislature last winter, imposing a tax of $25 a man on non-resident sportsmen, cannot go into effect until Dec. 1, 1895, hunters from other States are shooting in Dakota fields. So the game warden at Grand Forks runs a dozen dogs into the east-bound baggage car, observes their sniffling, and when a suspicious trunk or box is pointed by one of the dogs the package is attacked from behind with a dark lantern and jimmy. Where there appears to be a warrant for doing so the thing is opened, and if birds are found there is trouble in somebody's clothes. The other day one of the dogs pointed a bottle. That was opened also, but no trouble ensued.

THE VANISHING WILD TURKEY.

I REMARKED on in a paper that had the honor to appear in FOREST AND STREAM that the "woodcock was destined to follow the wild turkey in Canada on the path of extinction." The wild turkey will of course go first. In the New England States and in most of the Middle States he is practically extinct, except some preserved birds, and his final extermination all over North America is only a matter of time. In Ontario, Canada, he is confined to a few townships in the counties of Lambton and Kent, with a few birds in the counties along Lake Erie. In all these places he is now nominally preserved, which, however, does not prevent any one who knows how to set about it being able to buy a wild turkey during the fall in Toronto, London or any of the larger cities.

It is a pity, for shooting the wild turkey is a grand sport for the man who does not mind roughing it. Some twelve years ago I shot my first wild turkey in the district first mentioned. I had been shooting in the little town of Bothwell with a friend, a Mr. C. A flock of turkeys had while we were there come through some woods within two miles of the town. We saw their tracks in the light snow (it was in November), but saw no birds. They were on the travel, as the turkey often is, a fact which his pursuer discovers very soon indeed. We got some quail and rabbits, and a few ruffed grouse, but the turkeys had emigrated. My comrade was called away home, and shortly after his departure I made the acquaintance of a fine old Highlander, a Mr. R., who had a bush farm in the woods, twenty-eight miles back. He said, "if I didn't mind going back with him to his place next day, and living a little rough, I could get lots of shots at turkey and deer too." I jumped at the offer, and next day after a rough drive in a farm wagon got to my friend's farm early in the afternoon. Though the roads were real backwoods roads, the distance was made in remarkable time, for my friend was feeling pretty good for various reasons, and most of the way was traversed at a gallop. However, I got there alive, and as the afternoon was young, started to prospect. I saw tracks both of deer and turkey in the bush, quite near the house, but saw no big game; so toward evening I turned my attention to the partridge, which were plentiful, and soon shot eleven. I also missed some, though they were tame, and rose close to the gun.

Next day I was out early. There was a great forest near the house thirty miles or more through without hut or clearing, all hard wood; not a pine tree did I see all the time I was there; free from brush, except in the black ash swamps, which intersected the rolling beech ridges. A beautifully easy bush to get lost in, as I found out some days afterward. I betook myself to its skirts and was soon prowling along enjoying to the full that feeling that Sir Samuel Baker so well expresses in one of his graphic sporting books, "the delight the sportsman feels when wandering along through a new country, full of game, on the lookout for anything that may turn up."

Tracks, both deer and turkey, were plenty, and I was on the lookout all over me. Before very long I saw through the great open woods about 200yds. away perched on the bough of a large beech tree a great bird, whose glittering bronze plumage told me at once that here was a turkey at last. I stealthily approached, but he saw me before I got within 100yds. of him, and was off. I stamped my foot on the ground with vexation, when a noise like a dozen grouse getting up close by, made me wheel round. Another turkey, who had been watching ME while I was stalking the first, had taken that opportunity to depart. I promptly gave him both barrels at about 40yds. distance, and he went smash into the crotch of a big buttonwood and then slid to the ground, bringing a shower of bark and twigs with him. He weighed 18lbs. I slung that bird over my shoulder and went straight home, for I didn't want to be lost in those woods before I'd shown him to somebody.

The afternoon of the same day I got my first shot at a deer, while out with the son of Mr. R. as a guide. We pumped the deer out of an oak top cut down and left by lumberers. He was not 35yds. from us when he started, and I missed that deer with both barrels, loaded with buckshot, though I could have hit a rabbit nearly every time at that distance. Of course buck fever was what was the matter with me, but what was the matter with the guide? He missed the deer too, though he had killed scores before. Did my buck fever infect him, or was that deer bewitched? We followed him three miles without finding blood or hair before we'd acknowledge that we'd both missed him.

Next day I shot a fine buck on a runway as he was driven past me by hounds, an honest and fair way of killing deer, not like the murderers driving them into water and shooting them out of a canoe 5yds. off. I used a 12-bore gun, one barrel loaded with ball and the other with buckshot—better weapon than the rifle for this kind of shooting, where there is liable to be so much brush and small trees. The deer got the ball straight through him, perforating his liver and breaking a rib on the other side, and seven of the light buckshot in his ribs, and yet that buck ran half a mile before he fell. I afterward got three more deer and six turkeys, besides a lot of partridge, quail and other small game.

Most of the turkey I got by a way of hunting then prevalent in that district, and very deadly, though there is nothing unsportsmanlike about it. You wait for a deep light fall of snow, when the turkeys can't travel easily, and then set out. You find the track of a flock and push them for all they're worth. They will soon find out some enemy is after them, and begin to run. Before long one bird will leave the flock, and go off either to the right or left. Follow that bird. Before you have gone a hundred yards you will find him hidden in some dense bit of brush or some other cover. He will let you get well within shot before he rises, so it's your fault if you don't get him. It is always the heaviest and best birds that leave the rest to hide thus early, so you acquire the "flower of the flock" at once. I fear I shall never have shooting like this I have briefly related in Canada again. The turkey is very good eating; it pays to shoot him for the market, where he finds a ready sale at a high price. These things mark him out for early destruction. The only chance for keeping any number of them in North America will be their preservation in the national parks. But even in these their wandering and migratory habits will be against them.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A little while ago, if I remember correctly, a man wrote a letter to the FOREST AND STREAM in which a sentence to this effect appeared:

"Stop the crusting of deer and let the little evil, if it is an evil, of hounding go." That man ought to have known better. Judging from his letter he knew more or less about the Adirondacks, had visited them and had hunted there to some extent. After what he wrote as quoted above, one would believe that that is the way he killed his deer, and that being the case, he should know that it is a tolerably easy method by which to procure them. The idea of calling hounding deer "a little evil" or none at all is saddening to one who has seen the deer steadily decreasing—withering before dogs, as it were, like leaves over a camp-fire.

When the law prohibiting hounding is passed, and is enforced, it will do away with hounds to a large extent. They may be retained to hunt foxes perhaps, but the best fox-hounds are not as a rule good deer dogs, and some lawless men will use dogs still to kill deer. Yet the law will make the practice odious to the visiting sportsmen and dangerous to the visiting head hunters, and a growing sentiment, even now perceptible among woodsmen, and a prominent standard among sportsmen who think, will in time eradicate all desire to hunt deer with dogs, and when a few men—two or three—of a locality begin to carry out the necessary provision that dogs seen after deer may or must be shot, pot-hunters will think the expense too great and cease their persuit of deer in so barbarous a manner.

I rode from Morehouseville to Northwood a while ago with Mr. Wilson, of Colvin's Adirondack survey, and we were discussing hounding and still-hunting. He was rather astonished that people allowed dogs to be used in hunting deer. Up where he lived, in the southern part of St. Lawrence county (I think), a dog running deer, if seen by a woodsman, was shot. There the deer were increasing.

But here, from Northwood to the West Canada Creek lakes, from the Fulton Chain to Piseco, where hounding is the favorite way, the deer are decreasing rapidly, notwithstanding apparent increase due to the deer being driven out of the woods by lumbermen and their operations.

All summer long at various times I have heard of deer being around, of their occasionally coming in sight of the clearings, and those who told me of the deer usually—and I do not remember of a man who didn't—end up their story with: "If they'd only keep their blamed dogs tied up, deer would be thick hereabouts." But dogs must be exercised, and the best deer dogs when released make at once for the woods and do not return sometimes for days at a stretch. These dogs would gradually die away and the deer would get thicker and more easily accessible to both visitors and natives.

The influence of clubs like the Adirondack League is very great in a region like this, and their members by not killing does have had a very great influence for the increase of deer, or rather, perhaps, this has made the decrease less rapid than if they had killed everything their numerous and handsome hounds put into the water. But think what a difference there would be if the League would stop hounding on its preserves and shoot the dogs that run there. It would have the support of 75 per cent. of the woodsmen, and in time the remaining 25 per cent. would grow used to the order of things and become supporters of the practice of dog shooting. It is to be feared, however, that no such thing as this will be done.

From time to time we read in the FOREST AND STREAM of trips to the Maine woods, of which the story of "My First Caribou," in the issue of Aug. 24, by Mr. Irving H. Pomeroy, is an example. The deer, judging from the news reports, are so commonly killed as to be scarcely worth mentioning, and yet the above-mentioned letter shows that in some localities at least they are very numerous. As for instance: "* * * shot a nice four-year-old buck with good antlers; fired at two other deer, and probably heard twenty or thirty whistling and stamping the ground." I do not mean to say that so many as that ought to be seen or heard in any given place in the Adirondacks, because from the nature of things it is hardly possible except in yards; but what I would like to call attention to is that a region famous the world over for years and years as a land of sports, visited by thousands of hunters yearly, should yet furnish such sport as Mr. Pomeroy and hosts of others have described in the FOREST AND STREAM. I remember having read in one of Capt. Farrar's books about how a party of young fellows caught a live deer, and how one day dogs ran three deer down through the camp, and seeing the camp deer attacked it. Then the boys killed them. Later two men came that way, and as Capt. Farrar pictured them—vicious, hang-dog sneaks—one saw how the upright class of woodsmen in Maine regarded hounders. They have their reward in deer, caribou, moose and easier consciences.

I heard the story of the last moose killed hereabouts, and it was fitting that it should be a monster of its kind, with antlers of tremendous size—a creature to be remembered, even though others of the same kind abounded. He had lived around these woods for years; he was often seen and his great tracks led through many a swamp and across trails often with men still-hunting after. But they did not get him.

One fall day the hounds struck his trail over in the town of Ohio, and with that yelping, running cry they followed where the old moose led. He knew it was a race for life; perhaps he knew his time had come. That day, that night, he ran them with head down and with weary, hopeful persistence he ran along a road through Russia. Behind came the hounds, "noble creatures" and bloodthirsty brutes. They were tired too.

Right at the little settlement ran the moose. There was a shot, another and another, then more, and soon the street was full of men, boys and dogs.

The old moose staggered, plunged forward, then stood erect, as if the blood was not pouring out of his sides, and turned his big head around to gaze on his pursuers. He sank down then and died. Even in those days the dogs destroyed, and if it hadn't been for them the moose would have held their own for years and years in the Adirondacks.

Blow out the jack lights, burn the lumber camps and kill the dogs. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NORTHWOOD, N. Y.

CONNECTICUT PARTRIDGE SNARES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From where I sit while writing this article the eye can roam over as favorable a section of country for the propagation of small game as can be found anywhere in New England, and yet it is but seven miles from here to the center of the third largest city in New England. A mile to the west a range of forest-covered hills raise their verdured sides to a height of some 500ft. above the level of Lond Island Sound.

In numerous places the sides of these semi-mountains rise in nearly abrupt rocky cliffs, whose crevices and miniature caves form for crafty foxes and corn-filching coons secure abiding places into which to retreat when hard pressed by pursuing hounds. It almost seems that Mother Nature has provided these safe retreats for their especial benefit.

The view from the summit of these hills is at any time of the year grand, but at this season it is exceedingly so. Extending from their eastern and western slopes, the eye of the beholder roams over alternating stretches of timbered and meadow land. From the western side one looks down upon miles of this wooded and meadow land, through which, like a narrow ribbon of silver, flows a fair-sized trout stream. In the springtime, should a person be so fortunate as to spend the right kind of a day on this stream, if a careful, cautious angler, he would be well repaid by securing a fairly filled creel of medium-sized speckled trout. Although these fish, as a rule, do not attain to any great size, still the extreme brightness of their spots, firmness of flesh and other excellent qualities cannot be surpassed anywhere.

To the east and north rise other lofty hills, whose verdancy, as they roll away in the dim distance, changes from green to one unbroken line of indigo. To the south, hidden by the shielding foliage of giant elms, lies the city; while stretching away from its feet and basking in the rays of Old Sol the bosom of the commerce-dotted Sound glitters in scintillating radiance.

When the day is nearly spent and the sun, as it seems, sinks to sleep in a bed of verdancy behind these hills, when the afterglow of crimson, indigo and gold has given place to twilight, then here in the springtime will be heard the whip-poor-will call and other evening sounds of spring as they issue forth from meadow and wild wood.

Now it is but natural to suppose that in a tract of country so abundantly supplied by Mother Nature with everything so essential to their propagation it would be an easy matter to find in plentiful numbers that most noble of American game birds—the partridge. That this section, however, is almost entirely devoid of partridges is only too true. Where six or seven years ago a fair hand with the gun, on a day's tramp after these birds, would meet with fair success, he now considers himself fortunate if he gets a shot at one. It must not for an instant be supposed that the nearly extinction of this noble bird in this section is due to the shooter; nothing of the kind. I invite anybody who wishes to know what really is the cause of this thinning out to take a walk with me any day within a month of the opening of the shooting season, or long after the law is on, and I will show to him such an (almost) unending string of strangling snares as to turn his heart sick while his feet demolish them. Through the woods that line the streams, stretching their unlawful lengths at the base of the hills, and covering their sides and summits, extending to the north, east, south and west over miles of country, nothing but snares, snares, snares.

Now it is not natural to suppose that the persons who indulge in this business of snaring do so for the sport or pastime there is in it. I have no way of proving it, still I have heard it whispered that persons whose apparent respectability would naturally lead a person to believe otherwise have made it a business—in and out of season—of purchasing for a good price the ill-gotten spoils of these law-breaking snares, and shipping the same to a New York market. Whether there is anything other than rumor in these reports I do not know, but this much I do know, snaring is carried on so extensively that, unless something is done to put a stop to it, it will soon be impossible to find a single bird hereabout. Should this article aid in any way in bringing the attention of the proper authorities to this prevailing evil, then will I rest content in the knowledge of the fact that I have performed a duty. WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HAMDEN, CONN., Sept. 3.

In a New York County.

SMITHVILLE FLATS, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The partridge shooting in Chenango county has been unusually fair this fall. Woodcock, owing to the dryness of the season, are not so abundant as they will be later. George P. Finnigan made the following scores the opening days of the season: Aug. 16, two woodcock and twenty partridge; 17, five woodcock and six partridge; 19, four woodcock and six partridge; 20, eighteen partridge; 21, twelve partridge; 22, two woodcock and eighteen partridge; 23, eleven partridge; 27 (one-half day), five partridge; 28, one woodcock and eight partridge; 29, four woodcock and eleven partridge; 30, one woodcock and thirty-one partridge. Total for eleven shooting days of nineteen woodcock and one hundred and forty-six partridge. B.

GAME SHOOTING RANGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The question of what is the limit of distance at which large game should be shot at depends almost wholly, I think, on the rifle and the man using it. Too many sportsmen go after big game in a sort of haphazard manner, often taking a rifle they have never tested in any way.

Rifles as a rule shoot accurately, but often the sights get slightly displaced and no one but an expert would notice it unless testing at a target. I once tried a rifle for a companion who had just missed a very easy shot at a deer. The sights of this rifle looked to be in place, but a careful test at 50yds. showed it shot about a foot high and some 15in. to the right. A few moments' work with a hammer and file and it shot where it was held.

I will give two instances showing how shots which should have been sure were missed. A couple of years ago I spent two days at a camp in Maine. There were three men there and we were in a good caribou region, and in spite of deep soft snow and hard traveling I put in all my time looking for game. On the second morning one of the party said he had had enough of such walking and should stay in camp. On the afternoon he went out on the lake near camp to try his snowshoes, taking his rifle. Looking up he saw five caribou quite a distance away coming down the lake; he slipped into the woods behind a fallen spruce and waited. The caribou came straight toward him and stopped within 40yds. Four shots were fired at the bull who was leading, and the man who did the shooting said that caribou never winked. At the fourth shot they all turned and ran up the lake. Now this man wanted badly to kill a caribou and said he would have given $50 to have killed the two largest, and that he never expected to get another such chance.

Again, when hunting near Dunraven bog in Nova Scotia I was shown where a moose was called up for a sportsman, the bull came readily to the call and was seen quite a distance away coming along the edge of a bog. He came up and stopped broadside to the sportsman in plain sight on the open bog 35yds. away, and was shot at and missed three times. Now, for men who will shoot in this way I should say the proper distance for an absolutely sure shot would be for the animal to stand within 3ft. of the muzzle of the rifle.

I have always been rather particular about the rifle and cartridges I use for large game. I spent over a week's time and a great many cartridges regulating my sights for distances from 50 to 400yds., and have them so marked that I can tell at a glance whether they have become displaced, and I have also shot hundreds of cartridges at various objects at different estimated distances. Of course there is a good deal of work in it, but I feel I have been repaid, as I have killed some large game, and so far have not lost a fair shot through lack of knowledge of my rifle. It is a poor time to find there is something wrong with your sights just after you have missed an easy shot at a moose or caribou or deer.

Your correspondent Tiam, of Nova Scotia, has evidently taken pains to become acquainted with his rifle, and I certainly think he was justified in expecting to kill the moose he speaks of. I would take such a chance; and have faith in my rifle and confidence in my ability to hold it, to think I can kill such shots. Of course I prefer easier shots, and it is better to have a big bull standing still inside of 100yds. I saw six moose which were killed at the following distances: One at 175, one at 220, one at 235, one at 295, and two at between 450 and 500yds. The first four were killed with five shots, the last two had a number of shots fired at each. The men who made the above shots I know personally, and they are all good cool shots and also pretty good judges of distances, and under such conditions, I think a man stands a pretty good chance at such shots as the one described by Tiam. There have been times when I felt like taking any sort of a chance. Tramping day after day when still-hunting and failing to even find signs of the game I was after, or lying out night after night when calling moose, has a great tendency to break resolutions made before starting on the hunting trip.

If a man really means to bind himself to shoot only when he is absolutely sure, my advice to him is not to go moose hunting. Stay at home and talk about what you would do—it is much easier. C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GUN AND GAME.

NASHUA, N. H., Sept. 6.—The safety of nitro powders is an important subject to any sportsman using it. I have used nitro powders for a number of years with excellent results, the only advantage, though (to my mind), being the absence of smoke—an enormous advantage when shooting in the brush or in the open on a damp day. My charge is 2½drs. With 3drs. there is a perceptible recoil or jump to the gun, and I cannot see that either penetration or pattern is improved by the extra ½dr. While I occasionally hear rumors of accidents with nitro powders I have no personal knowledge of any, and if a number have happened with properly loaded cartridges and well-made guns, I should feel inclined to return to "soft coal" and avoid all danger. It would not surprise me much, though, to hear of one or two 'most any day—one of them being a gentleman whom I met on the train recently, and who blandly informed me that he thought "3½drs. of nitro about right for woodcock" in a low-priced gun.

I have never heard of partridge (ruffed grouse) being as plenty as this year; reports of large coveys came from all parts of the State and our sportsmen are eagerly looking forward to the 15th, when the season opens.

Our last Legislature changed the date from the 1st to the 15th on partridges and woodcock (a most excellent change I think), but in doing so they left the law on squirrels and rabbits as at present, Sept. 1. The result is a "hash," and I have no doubt many birds have been killed by so-called rabbit hunters already. I believe in a uniform game law for this State, so that a man in the woods may legally kill anything that runs or flies after the season opens. Personally I prefer the 15th, but should rather see it the 1st than the way it is now.

On deer it seems to me our legislators made a bad break. They not only abolished hounding (a good move), but they cut the season off Nov. 15, thus putting a stop to the best of the still-hunting, as the snow does not arrive till Nov. 1 or thereabouts. And I believe the result will be a great many deer killed out of season.

On a recent visit to Coos county I met and talked with a number of guides and residents who are largely dependent on visiting sportsmen for their ready money, and the feeling toward the new law (from what I heard) is decidedly hostile. With the open season extending to Jan. 1, which seems to be eminently proper, then some residents would feel more like aiding an enforcement of the law than they do at present. There are plenty of deer in New Hampshire and I cannot understand why the best part of the season for still-hunting is cut off. However, deer don't interest me much. A good steady pointer, a good friend to enjoy the sport, and a dozen partridges and woodcock at the end of the day, that is enough for me.

By the way, why can't Dr. Robt. T. Morris tell us a little more of his experiences shooting ruffed grouse? I remember an article by him which appeared (in FOREST AND STREAM) about three years ago. It was one of the best descriptions I ever read. Though, as I am a little bit "daft" on the grouse question, perhaps I am not a qualified judge. B.

MAINE GAME AND FISH.

BOSTON, Sept. 4.—The reports concerning partridge, or ruffed grouse, in the Maine and New Hampshire woods have not been better for years. A prominent lumberman in Boston, Mr. O. H. Smith, with mills at Bartlett, New Hampshire, says that he has had a man or two in the woods exploring for lumber nearly all summer. These men say that they do not remember having seen as many partridges. Mr. Smith is himself a lover of the rifle, and will try the birds, if time permits. An Upton, Maine, guide writes a Boston merchant, who is very found of partridge shooting in that State, that the birds are unusually plenty in his vicinity. This is probably no "guide's story," for he is a guide that can and will tell the truth. J. A. French, of Andover, Me., writes me that partridges are more plenty than usual, and as for deer they are frequently seen feeding in the fields, and are far more abundant than last year even.

Fish Commissioner Henry O. Stanley was in Boston the other day. He believes that the shooting season in his State cannot be otherwise than a prosperous one. The Commissioners, with their men, have been in the woods and the wooded section a good deal, attending to the protection and propagation of fish and game, and it is Mr. Stanley's opinion that partridges are unusually plenty in nearly all parts of the State. But the gunners must remember that the legal shooting season for these birds does not begin till Sept. 20 instead of the 1st, as under the old law. But the open season on woodcock and ducks begins on the 1st of the month. Deer Mr. Stanley finds to be most remarkably plentiful. The Commissioners have lately made a trip up the river from Parmachenee Lake to Little Parmachenee. They went up with the view of giving a hearing under a petition for closing this river to trout fishing and making it a better breeding place for trout. On the way, six miles on the river, fifteen deer, by actual count, were seen. In other sections, where the Commissioners have been, they are also remarkably plentiful. Mr. Stanley freely expresses the opinion that there are twice as many deer in Maine as last year, when, it will be remembered, they were most remarkably plenty. It is something of a surprise to him, this increase in deer, and yet a matter of a good deal of satisfaction. He well remembers fifty years ago, when, with his father, he made a trip to the Rangeleys, fishing and hunting, they saw several moose—in fact shot a big moose. But not a deer did they see; not even the tracks of deer to any extent. Mr. Stanley laughingly remarks that there are more deer in Maine than sheep, and further adds that a deer is worth as much to the people of the State as a sheep for food, and a great deal more to draw the patronage of sportsmen. There are deer in almost every town in Maine.

At the State Fair in Lewiston, Me., this week, the State Commissioners of Fisheries and Game will make an exhibit of the native fish of the State, from the State's own hatcheries. The exhibit will be in glass cases, the same as the World's Fair exhibit at Chicago, in which the FOREST AND STREAM took so much interest. Some very remarkable features will be shown, illustrating the growth and propagation of fish. A very large salmon will be shown, raised in the hatcheries at Lake Auburn. Trout of several sizes will also be shown, both native and foreign. Their growth will be made a particular feature.

Sept. 6.—Monday, Sept. 2, was another legal holiday in Massachusetts—Labor Day. The gunners generally took to the seashore with gun in hand. The day was fine, but the universal report was: "Very few birds, all along the coast." At Biddeford pool the gunners got few birds. At Plum Island and Castle Island there were a number of gunners, but they got no summer yellow-legs. Harry Powers says that there was considerable shooting going on over on the other side of the island from where his stand is located, but he has since learned that they were getting peep only. L. W. DePass was down to Marshfield and Cictuate for the day, and he seems to have had better success than most. He got about twenty birds in all—a number of yellow-legs and several grass birds. But even he reports the shooting bad. He says that he should have taken 75 to 100 birds. The Plummers, of the leather trade, were down on the Cape at a favorite shooting ground, but they got very few birds. The theory advanced by almost all is that a big storm is needed to drive the birds inshore.

I saw a gentleman yesterday just in from a trip among the farmers in New Hampshire buying produce. He says that he left the train at Gorham, and looking back a few rods down the track, he with others saw a deer quietly feeding not far from the iron, though the train had just passed. He talked with the farmers in that section and from there on to Colebrook. They all claimed that the deer have been so numerous as to destroy their oats and their beans. One farmer declares that he had a half acre of peas entirely destroyed. They came in at night. He says that the law protects the deer and he is not allowed to protect his crops. He thinks that the State should be responsible for his peas—another argument for downing the game laws. A gentleman well posted in farming in the back New England towns remarked that with ten bushels of oats, five bushels of peas and a barrel of beans he would guarantee to pay for every honest and actual loss the farmers of Maine and New Hampshire have sustained this year from deer.

Mr. Gardner Chapin, with his son of fourteen, will start for Aroostook county, Me., this week. They will try ...e fishing at several points along the Aroostook Railroad, and after the 20th the boy will use his shotgun on whatever partridges he can find. A year or more ago his father made him a Christmas present of a breechloading shotgun, and the boy has been "wild" to use it on actual game ever since. They will make an extended trip from Maine into New Brunswick, and it is likely that the boy will get such a taste of actual gunning as will make him a thorough convert.

A private letter from Lewiston, Me., informs me that the fisheries exhibit at the State Fair, now in session in that town, is attracting more attention than was expected even. The exhibit is under the direction of the Commissioners, and directly managed by Superintendent Merrill, of the Lake Auburn hatcheries. There are ten large tanks, showing trout and salmon of all sizes, from the little fish of a few months old up to a salmon that is over 2ft. in length. SPECIAL.

IN SOUTH FLORIDA.

FORT MEADE, Fla., Aug. 31.—One of our farmers within the town limits has just reported a fine bunch of young turkeys feeding daily in his field, and it arouses my enthusiasm so that, as I cannot shoot them yet, I want to let off steam through the safety valve of my pencil.

Last year fourteen wild turkeys were killed within our town limits (which on the east side are bounded by the Peace River) by Nov. 14, whereas the season opens only Nov. 1; but I happen to know that eight of them were killed before the season opened, and if the same thing occurs this year I think it likely that the town and county treasuries will be the richer, as we have a few genuine sportsmen, who are waking up to the necessity of observing the seasons, even in south Florida, and the formation of a sportsmen's protective association is being seriously talked of.

Our fishing has been remarkably good this spring and summer, both in the streams and lakes, and very fine catches have been the rule. One party caught seventy-eight black bass (locally called trout) in Crooked Lake in fifty minutes, none under 1½lbs., mostly from 2 to 4lbs., and a few as high as 10lbs. in weight.

Our outlook for quail this year is fine—large coveys and plenty of them reported from every quarter.

I have lived in England, hunted in Scotland and Ireland, and once only in France, as well as resided three years in the Northwest, and this eclipses any place I ever saw for hunting and fishing. It strikes me that if some of your readers only knew the actual position here hundreds of them would come to the sunny South this winter and help us out.

Snipe, quail, doves, turkeys, deer, bear are numerous, and all within a day's drive, while those who want 'gator shooting can find plenty of sport. J. NORTHCOTT.

Caliber for Big Game Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read the article of Lieut. Charles F. Kieffers, Fort Buford, North Dakota, in your issue of July 6, and in justice to the manufacturers of the small caliber rifles would like you to correct the mistaken idea which some people may get through reading the article above referred to.

Lieut. Kieffers states that in shooting the nickel steel-jacketed, 30cal. bullet he did not get the killing or stopping power that he did with his large caliber rifle, and I am not at all surprised, for these nickel steel-jacketed bullets are not made for sporting but for military purposes, where the first consideration is great penetration, and it has been proven that with these bullets more men would be disabled than killed, which result is, for obvious reasons, desirable in warfare.

If, however, the part-mantled bullet be used, Lieut. Kieffers would find that it would stop as much if not more than the large caliber, as the protruding soft lead point, on impact with the target, and owing to the immense velocity, spreads out (mushrooms), making a wound as large if not larger than a .45caliber ball, and furthermore, he would have a much lighter gun and ammunition to carry on his trip, giving a much greater muzzle velocity and consequently flatter trajectory. A. H. F.

Pennsylvania Game.

DILLINGERSVILLE, Pa., Sept. 2.—Grass plover have been very plenty the past month, large bags have been made daily by the local gunners. From the early part of August until within a few days large flocks have been passing over on their way south. The birds are in fine condition. I killed sixteen last week in about two hours, five or six of them were so fat that they burst open on striking the ground.

To-day the squirrel season opens and as I am writing I can hear the crack of the guns on the neighboring hills. I expect some very good bags will be made, as from all reports they are plenty.

Quail and rabbits will also be quite plenty for this section of the State. I took a walk with my dogs yesterday although it was the Sabbath, and located two nice coveys within half a mile of the village. There are also a few pheasants to be had on the Lehigh and Coal Mountains, but I suppose as in other years they soon get to know how far No. 6 shot will shoot and most always give you the benefit of the doubt. Smart bird is Mr. Grouse.

L. W. M.

Picking Off Grouse Heads.

PORTLAND, Ind., Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I suppose I am one of the fellows to whom Dick of Connecticut refers in this week's FOREST AND STREAM. I have no doubt Dick can clip a grouse's head with a rifle, and I don't see why he should question others' ability to do so. True, it takes quick work if the grouse is slipping away through a thicket of underbrush, for their heads are still scarcely more than a second; but I have picked many a one. In fact, I don't shoot at any other part of the bird, nor with anything but a rifle.

In northern Michigan, in a thicket near camp one evening in October, 1890, I stood on a log and with a .32-20 Winchester shot the head off a ruffed grouse that was walking in the brush. At the crack of the gun another one jumped upon a small log and started away from me, and I swung my gun around and picked its head. I then stepped the distance—just twenty-nine long steps to the first and thirty-three to the second. Do you believe it Brother Dick? G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Case of Rebellious Goldstein.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 7.—One day this week Mr. A. Goldstein, an Irishman who shoots around Thayer, Ind., stepped off the train at Polk street station. Mr. Goldstein had a bright, glad smile on his face and a big game bag on his back. He was thinking what a fine Sunday dinner, yet, the little Goldsteins were going to have, already, of the prairie chickens he was carrying in his game bag. Deputy Warden S. L. Hough (who isn't any relation of mine, though he is a better looking man than I am) was standing in the depot and he noticed Mr. Goldstein's smile and also his game bag. He asked Mr. Goldstein to let him look in the bag, and finding therein three illegal chickens he took the entire outfit in charge and brought Mr. Goldstein before Justice Foster, who is now pondering over how much he ought to soak him for. Mr. Goldstein's lawyer was going to lick Deputy Hough and then scatter his fragments, but he didn't do that, being perhaps absent-minded. Mr. Goldstein rebels very much at the loss of that Sunday dinner.

Deputy Hough lives at Hinsdale, a Chicago suburb, and has been doing good work among the early chicken shooters and Sunday bird killers who infest the fields and prairies west of the city. He has a raid or two formulated for next Sunday and thinks he will make a good haul. He tells me that he saw a covey of over a dozen chickens this week near Wheaton, and says that really quite a number of these birds have bred this year within twenty-five miles of the heart of the city. It is astonishing how the old prairie chicken clings to its old favorite breeding grounds of upper Illinois. If I had time I think I could make a goodish bag of these birds in Illinois, even after the opening date, Sept. 15.

There is a sigular bit of unwritten history which comes up in connection with the visit of Mr. S. L. Hough to this office yesterday (I had never met him before). It seems that Mr. Hough was once in the U. S. Secret Service, and while there learned a thing or two. It was he, and not Warden Chas. H. Blow, who originated and wrote the decoy letter which opened the big game freezer at Kewanee, Ill. Warden Blow, of course, took all the credit for that, though he mishandled the case after it was begun. His deputy cheerfully accords the warden the credit which the latter is in the habit of cheerfully ascribing to himself, but in this I cannot quite concur. It is, for reasons stated above, not a matter of family pride (though you can hypothecate your cherished existence any one wearing that name is all right anyhow on the game-freezer question); but it is due the public that something of the real nature be made known of our illustrious warden, Chas. H. Wind.

It has been the custom of the wardens here under the Illinois law to seize illegal game when found and to seize also the gun and equipment of the law-breaker. This was the cause of the ire of Mr. Goldstein's lawyer, "You can't take that stuff!" he cried. "But I have," was the reply. All of which reminds me of a story told me by my friend Dave Crane. It seems that Mr. Crane was once on a railway car in Cincinnati, which car happened to be transferring toward home the remains of a German picnic. Evidently there had been some music and perhaps a little beer, for the band was coming home and it was sleepy. The man who played the bass drum fell off into a doze, and as he slept the conductor touched his shoulder and asked him for his ticket. The musician awoke, rubbed his eyes, fumbled in his pocket, and at length declared he had lost his ticket.

"Oh, come, look again," said the conductor; "you can't have lost your ticket, you know!"

The bass drum man felt again, and then cast a sudden pained glance around him as another idea crossed his mind. He missed his big drum, which should have been resting by his side, but which some one had no doubt appropriated somewhere while he was asleep. He thought solemnly for a time while the conductor stood waiting, and then said, with an air of firm conviction, "Vat makes you t'ink I gouldn't lose dot ticket? I haf lost a bass drum!"

The Prairie Chicken Crop.

It is too early yet to get a great deal of news from the legal chicken shooters, and the news in possession of the "sooners" who had been shooting a month ahead of time is something hard to get hold of. It is likely that the chicken crop is not so good as common in Dakota and northwestern Nebraska, but better than common in Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa—States once shot out, but now slowly regaining their head of game under the growing sentiment in favor of protection. One party just back from North Dakota, Mr. F. S. Baird and Mr. M. R. Bortree, ascribe a scarcity of chickens to a peculiar source. The farmers had been spreading a great deal of poison for gophers, and it was thought that the birds had been destroyed by this. These gentlemen killed only eighty birds in three weeks. There is another agency to which I think we could trace scarcity of birds in many regions, and that is early, illegal, destructive and inconsiderate use of the shotgun, by men who are butchers by trade or practice, by so-called sportsmen, or by men who think they are sportsmen. Our friends may have been following in the wake of such an agency, which is apt to be about as bad as poison. There is no game bird living so helpless against the shotgun as the pinnated grouse. It may be futile hope to wish to see so grand a bird preserved for another generation, but it seems too bad when one thinks of the old stubble fields and grass lands of Illinois and Iowa, which once carried so many of them, and which now are entirely robbed of them.

The Duck Crop.

It is still too early to get word of the duck crop this fall, except in so far as the local birds are concerned. From Horicon marsh comes word of comparatively small shooting so far. At Maksawba Club grounds, on the Kankakee, there was practically no shooting whatever. Sometimes there are a few woodducks there, but this year they seem to have traveled the long, cold road to freezerdom a trifle ahead of time. The glory of the Kankakee has departed.

Personal.

Mr. George E. Cole, of this city, who has been president of a number of our active protective associations in the past, but who resigned from such work a few years ago, is in harness now on a different line, his rare executive ability having made him a necessity in the council committee of the Civic Federation, the local representative of the "better government" movement which now seems needful in large cities like Chicago.

Mr. Wilbur Dubois, of Cincinnati, is a sportsman of a very pleasant and desirable sort, as all of us know who were with him on the hunting trip in Texas last winter. It is with regret, therefore, that I note indications that Mr. Dubois has created wrong impressions in the minds of many as to his real character. Under his quiet demeanor he has had things up his sleeve. The last number of the *Midland Magazine* contains a poem, "Types," by Mr. Wilbur Dubois, and inquiry certifies me that he is him. We did not think Mr. Dubois was going to do this when he was along on the hunt. The worst of it is, it is pretty good poetry too.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield S. Bell, of Pittsburg, Pa., stopped to call at the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM to-day on their way West. Mr. Bell judges in the Manitoba Club field trials next week at Morris, Man. The club is to be congratulated on securing so good and desirable a judge. Mrs. Bell has never seen the dogs out in a chicken country, and justly anticipates a pleasure. Mr. Bell declares himself as one of those who do not think ability to run fast is the one desirable quality in a bird dog, and in that far I am sure I agree with him. To a plain citizen like myself, who is just folks, the wonder may sometimes arise what field trials are all about. Being just folks, I could never see why a "bench type" should be different from a "field type," or why a field type should be different from just a plain dog that a fellow can go out and have a lot of fun shooting some birds over. Suppose we say that bench shows and field trials have a business side to them. To whom do these business winners wish to sell their stock? Why, certainly to the amateur sportsman, the bone and sinew of the whole sportsman fabric, the man who subscribes to the sporting papers, who reads the advertisements, and buys the sporting dogs and the sporting goods. The amateur sportsman is the man to be considered. And yet my business winners have been trying to sell him a sort of dog that is in no way suited to his needs—that races, but does not retrieve, etc., etc., in short, a mighty poor kind of meat dog. This is the business side of it, and yet, being just plain folks, I could never for the life of me see just where the business sense of it came in. Alas! for my old chicken dog. I wish I had him now. But what business winner is advertising—not winners, but just dogs; not rangers, but plain dogs; not wonders, but just chicken dogs as is chicken dogs? I want to learn just what shows and trials are doing for the plain folks of this country, who don't know points in the bench, but do know points in the field when they see them, and like to see them whenever they go hunting. No one has ever written the Mort de Chicken Dog, but there is a chance here for an epic of regret.

Where "Forest and Stream" is at.

To-day I saw something which surprised me, not because of its sort, but on account of its size. I was in the store of Jas. H. Fisk, of this city, one of the advertisers in the FOREST AND STREAM. "Next year I think I shall use no paper but FOREST AND STREAM," said Mr. Fisk to me, "because it brings me more returns than any or all of the others." Mr. Fisk then proceeded to show me the reason for his conviction. He has kept a check list of all inquirers coming in from his different advertisements. Some of these he could not trace, as the writer did not name the paper in which he had seen the advt. This collection was marked "Miscellaneous," and it was the largest of any under any head. The method of record was to make a mark for each response to the advt., these marks being placed opposite each paper's name. Six upright marks were made and then a cross or "tally" mark made across the row. FOREST AND STREAM had three rows of these tallies opposite its name, or forty-eight tallies in all. A Chicago weekly publication, in which the advt. had been running for only one month less time, had only eighteen tallies to show. The other papers, mostly printed in New York, were not in the competition. Of course I knew that FOREST AND STREAM was far in the lead of all the sporting papers, but I did not know the lead was in so strong a per cent. as this. Mr. Fisk was originally averse to advertising in FOREST AND STREAM, because he thought it "more of an Eastern paper." He doesn't think that now. The relative value of FOREST AND STREAM to Chicago and Western advertisers was never more clearly and unmistakably shown.

Mr. Fisk told me that he sold goods all over the country through FOREST AND STREAM, and that lately he sold a bill of $30 worth of goods to a man in Boston. Not long ago the John Wilkinson Co., of Chicago, told me they had just outfitted complete a party of New York men who were going up into Maine. There are some things about the sporting goods trade which cannot be decided out of hand and without a little investigation.

A New Tent.

The growth of the bicycle has caused Mr. A. S. Comstock, the Protean man, to come out with a new Protean bicycle tent. This is a Protean split in two, making it 4×6ft. in size, big enough for a man, a dog and a bike, and weighing only 4lbs.

Is this the Pine-Nut Bear.

I am in recent receipt of the following letter from Mr. C. H. Blanchard, of Silver City, Juab county, Utah, which may prove of interest to others beside myself. He says: "Like you, I believe in William Tell, me! Your pursuit of the scientific fellows on the question of the species of deer and bear, as well as the horned snakes, is interesting, and we hope you will continue the controversy until these questions are settled as we are leaning something withal. Inclosed please find a slip cut from a newspaper which gives an account of what would seem to be a new species of bear."

The clipping reads as follows:

"A NEW SPECIES OF BEAR.—A bear that seems to be certainly a new variety, and is regarded by some as of a distinct species, is reported from our arctic domain of Alaska, where it frequents the vicinity of the Mount St. Elias glaciers. It is of moderate size and is thus described by W. H. Dall, the naturalist, writing to Science from Sitka, under date of June 25: 'The general color of the animal resembles that of a silver fox. The fur is not very long, but remarkably soft and with a rich under-fur of a bluish-black shade, numbers of the longer hairs being white, or having the distal half white and the bastal part slaty. The dorsal line from the tip of the nose to the rump, the back of the very short ears and the outer faces of the limbs are jet black. Numerous long white hairs issue from the ears; black and silver is the prevalent pelage of the sides, neck and rump; the under surface of the belly and the sinuses behind the limbs are grayish-white or even nearly pure white, I am told, in some cases. The sides of the muzzle and the lower anterior part of the cheeks are of a bright tan color, a character I have not seen in any other American bear; and this character is said to be invariable. There is no tint of brown elsewhere in the pelage. There is no tail visible on the pelts. The claws are small, very much curved, sharp, black above and lighter below; the animal evidently can climb trees, which the brown bear cannot do.

'This bear is known to range about the St. Elias glaciers, especially near Yakutat, and a single specimen has been killed on the mountains as far east as Juneau. About thirty-five skins have been brought to Sitka, mostly from Yakutat. A mounted skin, the only one known as yet (said to contain the skull), is in the possession of Mr. Frank A. Bartlett, of Port Townsend, Wash.'"

The main trouble with the old hunters as against Science seems to have been that they did not know a sinus when they saw it. A bear without any sinus is, as I understand it, no good from a scientific standpoint, whereas a bear with copious sinuses is a howling scientific success. As this bear is fixed up all right on the sinus line, and as it was viewed by a scientist and not by a hunter, it may stand a good chance of getting into the kingdom of Science, where all well-regulated animals should go.

As to this being the pine-nut bear, one can only say *Quien sabe?* Old Bill Hamilton says that no naturalist ever saw a pine-nut bear, and that the old hunters only saw a few of them. The Alaska bear does not tally exactly with the pine-nut bear, or rather, one cannot tell exactly whether it does or not, except in one respect. The sharp, curved claws were mentioned to me both by Bill Hamilton and A. Gottschalk, of Bozeman, a fur dealer of experience, as peculiarities of the pine-nut bear. Of course I have written to Mr. Bartlett and asked him to tell us more about his specimen.

Can They Climb?

Science advises us that we have only two kinds of bear, the black and the grizzly. We are told that the black bear climbs trees, the grizzly never. Yet we are also told that the cinnamon bear is only a grizzly bear with a red coat. But Kit Carson, though no scientist, tells of two cinnamon bears that he saw climb a tree. I have had five different hunters tell me of cases of the cinnamon bear climbing trees, and I have had old hunters express surprise at the statement that they do not so climb. Hitherto Science has never observed the phenomenon of a climbing cinnamon, perhaps because Science has always reserved the right to climb the tree itself. I never saw a cinnamon bear climb a tree myself, but if I had it would make no difference, for I am not a scientist. All we can hope is that this new bear may prove itself capable of passing the civil service examination in sinuses and ability to climb; and then maybe we can call it *Ursus canadensis*, or *virginiensis*, or something of that sort, since it is found in Alaska. That will be all right.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

For Park Buffalo Protection.

UNION LEAGUE CLUB, New York,—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM I have always taken great interest in its efforts to save from extermination the big game of this country and especially in the efforts which it has put forth to save the buffalo.

Reading recently of the continued slaughter of the Yellowstone Park herd, the thought has occurred to me why could not a part of the favorite feeding grounds of the buffalo in the Yellowstone Park be fenced off with a wire fence, into which the animals could be driven and allowed to breed in peace and safety.

Hay also could be provided for them in unusually cold winters.

I do not suppose there is any Government appropriation which could be used for fencing the necessary land, which should be of large area, but I suggest that the money be raised by private subscription.

I should be willing to contribute my mite, and if all others who are interested in the preservation of the buffalo would do likewise a sufficient sum would soon be raised.

Trusting that FOREST AND STREAM will be willing to undertake the task of receiving subscriptions and seeing to the application of the fund.

A CONSTANT READER.

Some Sound Doctrine.

EVERY physician must know that if civilized man would only follow his instincts in respect to fresh air, sunlight, exercise, food, water, bathing, etc., he would be far healthier, happier, and even more moral than he now is. Our dyspeptic race would be better in every way for a greater indulgence in "the pleasures of the table" (including at least twenty-two minutes for dinner), for more catlike basking in the sun, for a good deal more "barbaric indolence," for more rebellion against the fiendish old saw that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," for a more frequent giving way to the impulse to fling the yardstick out of the window and the ledger under the desk, and away to the woods, the fields, and the mountains! If the grown man would but run away and "go swimmin'," as the boy does!—*Medical News, Aug. 24.*

"Singgamble."

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Sept. 2.—The very full and interesting reply of El Comancho to my query about the "singgamble fire" has been read and re-read with great interest, and I tender him my sincere thanks for his courteous attention to my request.

I had hoped to meet him this season in his own country, also to cast a fly with Judge Greene and do two or three other things which cannot properly be managed this side of the Rockies, but I find that I must wait awhile.

KELPIE.

Minnesota Game.

WARREN, Minn., Sept. 2.—The chicken crop is unusually short this season throughout this section of the Northwest. It is due chiefly to heavy rains during the hatching season.

There will undoubtedly be an abundance of ducks and geese as well as deer.

Parties contemplating a season with Minnesota's big game will do well to read the new game law. REMAC.

The Editor's Ultimatum.

KELPIE sends us this from an East Jordan, Mich., paper: "Notice.—No more fish lies will be printed in this paper unless the editor stands in. For every pound of trout brought into the office and left there, we will lie 10lbs., for every pike left we will lie one muscallonge, for every shiner we will lie one large black bass, and for every large black bass we will lie one whale. This is final."

"Hunting and Fishing along the Northwestern Line"

is the title of a booklet recently issued by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. It is profusely illustrated, and gives information in detail concerning the best hunting and fishing grounds in the West and Northwest. Copies will be mailed free to any address upon application to W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & Northwestern Railway, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

LONG PINE TROUT.

GRAND ISLAND, Neb., Aug. 18.—Up in the northwestern part of Nebraska, in the dreary Sand Hill region, is the little town of Long Pine, situated on the banks of Long Pine Creek. It is justly celebrated for its beauty of scenery as well as for the trout that hide in the cool depths of the creek which comes rushing down a pine-clad cañon. Clear, cold and sparkling, a welcome relief to the throat parched with the hot sand and alkali dust of the surrounding country, for twenty miles or more it dashes along with many a wind and twist through deep gorges and under overhanging branches, fittingly bearing the title of the Yosemite of Nebraska. On the banks is annually held the Chautauqua meeting, and in the waters those in attendance find many a tempting string of brook and rainbow trout, for the stream has been plentifully stocked with both varieties.

There, a short time ago, in company with an Omaha friend I passed a couple of very pleasant days, with thirty-four trout (mostly rainbow) as my share of the spoils. Thirty-four fish are not many for two days' work, to be sure; but every one of them furnished some pleasant sport, and I had some of the prettiest scenery in the States on which to feast my eyes.

Long Pine Creek is not an ideal spot for a lazy man, for each fish taken is the result of much hard climbing and scrambling over rocks and through underbrush. Never in my experience have I met with a more difficult stream to fish. The sides of the cañon are very steep and end only at the water's edge; and where the bank is not standing on edge it is covered with a dense and almost impenetrable mass of scrub oaks and briars, through which one must force his way with imminent peril to tackle and clothes alike. I hope the Recording Angel didn't listen too closely to our remarks at times when our rods and lines got tangled up in those thickets more than usual, and more particularly on one occasion when my line became looped on an oak branch and the barb of my hook fastened itself into the ball of my thumb at the same time; for just then my foot slipped and I slid into the creek 10ft. below. I think I understand now why fish make such a fuss over being hooked. Well, I dug the barb out with my knife and climbed up the bank again and untangled my line and went on, and my companion held my language accountable for a thunder shower that came up about that time.

Unlike most streams, it is impossible to wade, for the creek has deep holes every few rods that plunge one in over his head, and these generally occur at places where the banks are from 10 to 30ft. above the creek bed, and so straight up in the air that it is impossible to climb them. These same banks render it almost impossible to land many fish, for they have to be hauled up the banks by main force, and many of them drop off; but there seems to be no other way for it.

This is, I suppose, as good a place as any to launch forth in a thrilling description of how the "scintillating beauties" flashed and sparkled as they cavorted around and madly rushed with lightning-like speed for our dancing flies which floated so lifelike on the surface, where they (the aforesaid flies) had been skillfully and delicately cast by ourselves. I know it would sound very pretty if I could tell how, reaching carefully over the brush, I delivered my cast with unerring aim some fifty or more feet away, just at the exact spot in which a giant *Fontanalis* lurked, and how by artistic manipulation I hooked the "beauty of the crimson sides" and landed the "prince with the rainbow hues" in my creel; but unfortunately I cannot do it, and right here is where my angler readers quit my poor little story "dead cold." For candor compels me to state that we caught them with minnows, just plain every-day minnows, and some of them only chubs at that. But the trout seemed to like them. Now I delight to read about the airy grace with which the fly is dropped upon the waters, how owing to the skill at the rear end of the outfit some hoary-headed old sinner of a fish was deceived into trying to make a lunch of the dainty concoction of steel and feathers, and somewhere not long ago I read a definition of an angler, which described him as a sort of superior being, who would use nothing but an artificial fly. Anyone who would or could use live bait was unworthy of that proud title, and just a common plug fisherman and a club generally whose sordid soul could not soar higher than the level of a bullhead—a no account pot-hunter, anyhow. Now, all that made me feel very bad, and I determined to reform. So when I started on this trip I hunted up my fly book, looked its contents over and invested a few shekels in a new supply, swore a mighty oath on the butt joint of my old fly-rod that I'd be an angler or "bust." And so, filled with an ambition to imitate the deeds of the bright and shining lights of the craft, "I hied me to the stream" (if the editor will permit it). Once there I worked hard and diligently until I nearly wore my rod and tackle out whipping that old stream for the fish that never came. Perhaps I had been a backslider too long and my arm had lost its cunning (if it had ever possessed any), for not a fish would deign to notice my artful lines. I tried every fly in my book and when I wore them out sent for more, but it was no use—they just wouldn't have them at any price.

About the time I wore out my last fly I spied a grasshopper on the bank and stuck him on a hook. Alas! for he gentle angler. He was once more transformed into a plain, everyday fisher-man, and hooked a 1½lb. trout at the first cast.

On questioning the local fishermen I learned that the trout in that stream positively refuse to be seduced by any known or artificial fly. They tell me that time and again it has been tried with the same unvarying lack of success by every trout fisherman who ever came there. Perhaps the right fly has not yet been tried on that stream. I used, however, over a dozen different varieties and had never a strike.

The fish in the stream are all of good size. The smallest I caught was 7in. long, and I landed a couple that weighed 2lbs. each several hours after being taken out of the water. Most of those I caught ran from 9 to 12in. long. I am told that further down the stream fish of 3 or 4lbs. are sometimes caught. I learned that, however, too late to be of service to me. Some day I mean to go back there and take a look for them, but I have not yet determined whether I will increase my stock of flies or invest in a bright tin minnow bucket. W. R. HALL.

FROM THE KINGFISHER WHO STAYED HOME.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Aug. 31.—When the Grand Lama asked of George Kennan his reason for believing that the earth is round, he replied about as follows: "There are many reasons, but perhaps the strongest and most convincing is that I have been around it."

Naturally somewhat bashful, I have taken no part in the bass controversy, besides it is only some sixteen or seventeen years since I began to fish in bass-haunted waters, so that I cannot be supposed to have learned everything that is learnable about this fish. Nevertheless I cannot refuse to respond to the appeal of Samuel, the ancient, and I hereby certify that the Green Lake bass did precisely as Sam has stated in your issue of Aug. 31. And wherefore not? He wound the line around the snag, just as Sam knew he would do if he could; and had it been possible to prevent him Sam would have done it.

That bass which we didn't get was the only good thing we found at Green Lake. It was placed there for an all-wise purpose, it was intended doubtless strictly as a corroborative bass, and as such the spearmen of Interlochen had passed it by that it might eventually snag Old Sam's tackle and receive honorable mention in FOREST AND STREAM. I hope it is still in Green Lake.

All the books in all the lama series of Tibet could not convince Kennan that in believing that he had traveled around the globe he was the victim of a delusion, and no authority, anatomical or otherwise, is sufficient to persuade me that the black bass does not leap and shake its head on occasion. Not exactly for the reasons assigned by the Critic in the play, but nevertheless "as if there was something in it" which he didn't like. That the rest of the creature may be simultaneously agitated does not affect the truth of the statement. Some thirty odd years ago Genio Scott spoke of the maskinongé as "shaking the squid until it jingles," and to quote from the "Life of Captain Simon Suggs": "If Bob Smith kin do it, I kin do it."

When fast to a black bass it is not usual for me to think of keeping the fish at the top of the water. If I did I should need heavier tackle. I use a pliant rod, and if I think the fish is about to break, move the tip sidewise. I never intentionally give a bass slack line.

I doubt not that experience of certain waters in which I have never fished might affect my views concerning that which a bass may do under given circumstances, but just at present I may say that I have seen no statement made by Old Sam or Kingfisher which I could call in question. Any tyro in angling who follows their instructions can hardly go wrong, and I would as soon have them to back me in an angling contest as any two men between the pole and the equator.

I can see in my mind's eye just about how my Kingfisher brethren looked when seated in the old camp chairs around the fire on the banks of the Manistique, with the white tents gleaming against the dark foliage in the background, and the Colonel's old "sunflower" hat looming through the smoke; and can easily believe that there was little difference of opinion among them on that bass question. Had it been practicable I too should have been there, sitting in the chair marked "K.," but—. Well, we shall see what the summer of '96 may have in store for us. KELPIE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have noticed with much interest the controversy on the leaping bass question and am sure Old Sam has it about right in your issue of Aug. 31. Now, if bass do not shake themselves when in the air can Simpson or some one else explain how last week, when fishing with small frog for bait, I had a strike from a small bass (about 2lbs. should think), he came out of water on the strike, and not being securely hooked threw bait and hook at least 4ft. sideways from him? If that was not a true shake, I never saw one. It has been my experience to have a bass when hooked keep up a most decided shaking both in and out of water. How do you account for that zigzagging of a hooked bass when in the water? his course is about the shape of chain lightning; the same as in the air, a continual shake and struggle to free himself. As to the leaping question the highest leap that I am sure of was on the Assibet River below Rockbottom, Mass., where a 3lb. bass leaped into a boat containing a man and two ladies gathering water lilies. It made things quite lively for a few moments, but the bass lost his life by that leap.

For the benefit of Boston fishermen and others, let me say that very good bass fishing can be had now at Boon's Pond, Whitman's crossing, on Marlboro branch of Fitchburg R. R. I have got a number this season of 4lbs. and over.

As Old Sam asks, can not somebody explain satisfactorily why bass bite in such an erratic manner? As the old French guide says, "Some days they will, some days they won't, by gosh I don't know." F. H. M.

MARLBORO, Mass.

Wisconsin Maskalonge.

THREE LAKES, Wis.—Messrs. W. W. and E. M. Mossman, of Omaha, Neb., caught in three days on the Eagle chain of lakes five maskalonge, two largest 30lbs. each. Fishing is good. F. R. FRENCH.

Boston Anglers.

SEPT. 7.—Mr. C. A. Rogers speaks in the best of terms of Castleton River, Vermont, for trout fishing. He had good sport there recently, taking twenty or thirty trout, the largest running up to a pound and even a little above. He says that the river is easily reached from Boston, and that it is a swift-running stream in the early season, but that now it is mostly pools. Mr. E. B. Haskell, of the Boston *Herald*, is just back from an extended trip into Maine with his family. They visited the camp, Allerton Lodge, on the east shore of Mooselucmaguntic, and found some good fly-fishing. His son Hal is still there, where he will remain till the legal shooting season. There are reports of good fly-fishing at the Upper Dam. Mr. Patrick Kelley, of Cambridge, who has fished the pools there for so many years with good success, is about starting for the old fishing grounds. There are few men more in love with fly-casting than he. His outfit is also of the best, and his neighbor shares it, if needed. Mr. Kelley fished in the South two years ago, and it is worth hearing his account of the Southern fisherman and his rig.

SPECIAL.

Steel River Trout.

PORT ARTHUR, Ont., Sept. 2.—Messrs. L. H. & M. Smith, of Strathroy, Ont., have been spending a week trout fishing in Steel River, near Jackfish Bay, Lake Superior. They had splendid sport, the largest fish taken by them weighing over 5lbs. They have now left for a month's shooting around Quappelle, Manitoba. They had their famous English setter bitches Nimo and Rheabe with them and expect to have good shooting on prairie chickens, which are reported to be plentiful.

J. E. NEWSOME.

Game and Fish Protection.

New York Protectors.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed is a list of the protectors and the districts assigned them by the Commission at their meeting held last Wednesday. JOHN LIBERTY.

J. WARREN POND (Albany), Chief Protector.

MANNISTER C. WORTS (Oswego), JOHN E. LEAVITT (Johnstown), assistants.

Districts.

1. EGBERT R. BENJAMIN (Bay Shore), Suffolk, Queens, Kings and Richmond.
2. HARRY LIPPMAN (Washington Market), New York and Westchester.
3. WILLET KID (Newburgh), Orange, Rockland and Putnam.
4. MATTHEW KENNEDY (Hudson), Columbia, Rensselaer and Dutchess.
5. IRA B. ELMENDORF (Brodhead), Ulster, Greene and Albany.
6. J. D. LAWRENCE (Bloomville), Delaware and Sullivan.
7. LESTER S. EMMONS (Oneonta), Otsego, Schoharie and Chenango.
8. WM. A. TEN EYCK (Ballston Spa), Saratoga and Schenectady.
9. SENECA N. PROUTY (Whitehall), Washington and all the lake shore towns in Essex except Chesterfield.
10. ALVIN WINSLOW (Stony Creek), Warren and the southern tier of towns in Essex.
11. ———, Hamilton and all of Essex except that covered by the 9th, 10th and 12th Districts.
12. BENTLEY S. MORRILL (Plattsburgh), Clinton and the northern tier of towns in Essex.
13. JAS. W. LITTLEJOHN (Loon Lake), Franklin county.
14. EMMET J. LOBDELL (Northville), Fulton and Montgomery and southern tier of Hamilton to and including Lake Pleasant.
15. AUSTIN B. KLOCK (Herkimer), Herkimer county.
16. EUGENE HATHAWAY (Harrisville), Lewis county.
17. ARCHIBALD MURI (Fine), St. Lawrence except the town of Hammond.
18. JOS. NORTHUP (Alexandria Bay), Jefferson and town of Hammond in St. Lawrence.
19. RILEY M. RUSH (Camden), Oneida and Madison.
20. ORLA S. POTTER (Sandy Creek), Oswego county.
21. SPENCER HAWN (Cicero), Onondaga county.
22. JAMES H. LAMPHERE (Weedsport), Cayuga and all of Seneca north of Auburn branch of N. Y. C. R. R.
23. MOSES E. SAWYER (Waverly), Tioga, Broome and Cortland.
24. GEO. B. SMITH (Horseheads), Chemung, Tompkins, Schuyler and all of Seneca south of Auburn branch of N. Y. C. R. R.
25. JOHN L. ACKLEY (Penn Yan), Yates and Steuben.
26. GEO. CARVER (Lyons), Wayne.
27. WALLACE L. REED (Canandaigua), Ontario and Livingston.
28. EDGAR I. BROOKS (Rochester), Monroe and Orleans.
29. DANIEL N. POMEROY (Lockport), Niagara and Erie.
30. BARNARD SALISBURY (Ellicottville), Cattaraugus and Chatauqua.
31. T. H. DONNELLY (Perry), Wyoming, Genesee and Alleghany.

SEBASTIAN HERBACH (Woodhaven) to have entire charge of oyster region.

EDGAR HICKS and JOHN FERGUSON, assistants.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's third annual bench show, Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Orange county Fair Bench Show, Newburgh, N. Y. Robert Johnson, Sec'y.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Montreal Kennel Association's show, Montreal, Can. Geo. K. Lanigan, Hon Sec'y-Treas.

Sept. 17 to 20.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's first annual bench show, Milwaukee, Wis. F. S. Morrison, Sec'y.

Sept. 18 to 20.—Omaha Kennel Club's second annual show, Omaha, Neb. E. L. Marston, Sec'y.

Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 22.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's third annual trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Oct. 29.—Assonet Neck, Mass.—New England Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. Arthur R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

—. Morris, Man.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.

Oct. 30-31.—Monongahela Valley Association Trials, Greene county, Pa. W. H. Beazell, Sec'y, Homestead.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y.
Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.
Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 West Twenty-second street, New York.
Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H. Thompson, Sec'y.

1896.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Jan. 20.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. seventh annual trials. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

COURSING.

Sept. 24.—Lisbon, N. D.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting. H. C. Waterhouse, Sec'y.
Oct 1.—Aberdeen, S. D.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's meeting. J. H. Davis, Sec'y.
Oct. 8.—Huron, S. D.—American Waterloo Cup. F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.
Oct. 23.—Goodland, Kan.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.
Oct. 28 —Goodland, Kan.—Kenmore Coursing Club's meeting. C. F. Weber, Sec'y.

THE DOG'S IMMORTALITY.

Previous articles on this topic have been: May 25, a review of Dr. Adams's book, 'Where is my Dog? or, Is Man Alone Immortal?" June 29, "The Language of Dogs," by Gazehound; Aug. 10, "The Dog's Immortality," by Ego; Aug. 24, "The Dog's Immortality," by Charles Josiah Adams; Sept. 7, "The Dog's Immortality," by Ego and by Hermit. Mr. Adams's book is published by Fowler & Wells, of this city.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Aug. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am very glad the Rev. Mr. Adams continues the discussion in your issue of Aug. 24 in regard to the dog's immortality. There is no better field in which to continue the debate than the FOREST AND STREAM, for its multitude of readers are—or at least a great majority of them—acute and sympathetic observers of animals, and better and more accurate observers in this line than the greater number of professed scientific observers, and especially than the most of the members of the clerical profession, for they have all their old theological notions standing in the way of a calm observation of the facts.

If there is any faculty of man which the dog does not show in some degree, I have failed to observe it.

I will not weary the readers by a repetition of the facts which have come under my own observation and which I have already told in the FOREST AND STREAM as to the intelligence of the dog, and which all go toward a clear establishment of the ego as the exhibition of the same faculties in man.

The fashion has been and still is to call all or almost all the evidences of intelligence in animals instinct, which has always appeared to me to be only another way of dodging the force of facts. It in no way helps to an intelligent discussion, but rather hinders, because it don't account for the exhibition of intelligent action at all; but assuming an incomprehensible faculty shifts upon it, in an effort to avoid an immortal life for the animal, all the phenomena of a complex existence.

The immortal life follows an individual intelligence if there is any immortal life at all.

Man is but a higher animal, and it is rather presumptuous for him to lay claim to a never-ending existence which he would deny to those only a little lower in the scale of intelligence. W.

BOSTON, Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The very interesting letter of Charles Josiah Adams in your issue of Aug. 24 makes me regret that I have not yet had opportunity to read what evidently has been contributed on this subject to previous numbers of FOREST AND STREAM.

I want especially to see the letter of Ego, whom Mr. Adams quotes as saying that "man has and the dog has not the power of speech." I suspect that I am in accord with Ego on this point, though equally ready to concede every claim made by Mr. Adams as to the power of animals to communicate with each other in a certain way.

I think there can be no dispute as to the fact of such communication. The only difference will be as to our interpretation of it and as to exactly what we mean by the words "ideas," "imagination," "speech," etc.

It is obvious that in a question of this kind we cannot help ourselves at all by a loose and uncritical use of these words.

My own belief, briefly stated, is that such communications as we all know animals are constantly making with one another—for example, the frightened call of the hen to her chickens when the hawk is near, which call the chickens so readily understand and respond to—do not constitute real "speech," *i. e.*, in the highest sense, the one which would indicate the conscious use of symbols to express abstract ideas.

I consider that true speech, in the higher, human sense, and the power to use which would indicate a being that is immortal, consists in just this, the conscious use of symbols to express abstract ideas.

It seems that up to date on this planet man alone, so far as we know, has given evidence of possessing this power, and that it is this which gives him his enormous advantage over the other animals and also his power of indefinite improvement over himself.

He accomplishes this self-improvement by taking advantage of the record of all previous discoveries and improvements, and adding to them his own, transmitting the whole to his successors. If any other animal should show this same power, even in a small degree, we should, I think, at once accord it a human character, no matter whether it walked on two legs or four, or whether it was covered by a naked skin or by fur or feathers.

Moreover, I think it would inevitably follow the possession of this power that it would manifest itself, as it does in the human race, in genuine institutions of a human character and with human purposes beyond those of the merely animal nature. The fact that, so far as I know, these do not appear to have been produced by any animal but man, not even in the marvelous communal life of many of the ants, bees and other insects, not to mention the higher animals, such as the beaver, seems to me to show that man, even in his lowest estate as we know him now, has an endowment different in kind from any possessed by the highest animal.

The animal is conscious. Man—even the lowest man—is self-conscious, and incontestably proves it by the creation of language in the higher sense which I have named. I believe that this power of self-consciousness, if properly and sufficiently interrogated, can be shown to constitute a being which is immortal.

This theory, it will be perceived, would accord immortality to any creature whatever which manifested what I have called genuine self-consciousness. I am well aware that any argument at all adequate to prove that self-consciousness is so important and so transcendently different from mere consciousness would be too long and too different from the purposes of FOREST AND STREAM to find any place in its columns. Perhaps I may, however, be permitted a word on my definition of true speech as different in kind from mere communication. I conceive that the conscious creation and use of a symbol is a transcendency of nature, the introduction into nature of something higher than it—a truly human production made by a spiritual being for the purposes of spirit—and that this is true in the most rudimentary and insignificant case of real symbol making.

It matters not whether the symbol is spoken or written or consists merely in a motion like the affirmative nod or the negative shake of the head. As something not the product of instinct but of thought, as something not natural but conventional, and argued upon between two or more minds (conventional), it becomes speech and is rational communication, and is capable of being preserved as record. The highest symbol is the word, written or spoken. Its labor-saving power is infinite. In a single word we wrap up for use that which takes the place of and fully represents to us an infinite number of individual things or actions. Does any animal but man ever invent such a symbol? Does any animal but man ever even use such a symbol when it has been invented for him by man? It seems to me we must answer that none ever does. The parrot and some other animals—even the dog—as cited by Mr. Adams, may repeat more or less correctly the vocal sounds of a human word, may even learn to repeat them according to acquired habit in expectation of certain rewards; but, however in accordance with intelligence this may seem to be done, I submit that in all cases the intelligence is originally that of the human trainer and not of the animal, and that the animal seems to have no power to "take the cue," so to speak, and apply our method in the making of symbols, much less in transmitting to its offspring any of its painfully acquired habit and advantage.

Whenever we discover in any animal the power of intelligent use of a symbol as the representation of an abstract thought we shall be able to enter into rational communication with him, and shall gladly accord to him human character; and I for one shall as gladly recognize in him the attribute of immortality, which the facts of the case—as I read them—do not at present permit me to do.

I could not in this space relieve my statement of the appearance of dogmatism, but I have stated my belief in the hope that it might suggest rejoinder or comment from some of "the brethren," which would be sure to interest me as Mr. Adams's letter has done.

I too had a dog, the constant companion of my boyhood, separated from me by unavoidable necessity when the pain of parting seemed more than the boy's heart could bear, and which is keen and pathetic in memory after the lapse of more than thirty-five years. Mr. Adams will therefore understand how heartily I accord with him in thinking "days not misspent in regarding our still humbler fellow beings." C. H. AMES.

HAMILTON, Ont.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The papers on the dog's immortality, which have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM from time to time, are very novel, though they are short of the broad thoroughness which science, in its impartiality, must observe in seeking for truth. Most of them are notably deficient in considering the immortality of the dog in connection with the immortality of man, to the exclusion of all other animals; or at least the lower animals are ignored.

The most eminent physiologists have for a long time agreed that there is nothing whatever as to quality by which the physical and psychical nature of the lower animals can be distinguished from those of man. The difference is in degree, not in kind or quality. Amongst men the psychic nature is not a fixed quantity. It is dependent on the health or changes of the body, and is in sympathetic touch with it at all times. The advantages of man over the lower animals are not so distinct as to establish absolute, distinct superiority. They are comparative only. In their kind, attributes of men and lower animals, they are alike. The claim of absolute superiority is arbitrary and unwarranted. To attribute to instinct such varied action, action so managed and adapted to fit the rapid changes of material circumstance, is to trust to the promptings of vanity instead of reason. On this point an eminent writer remarks, "Instinct is a mere empty word, a mere cloak for our ignorance or intellectual indolence."

Nor are the superior intellectual advantages of mankind entirely due to superiority of intellect in itself. There are matters of physical structure which greatly supplement his intellectual force. His brain is larger, which shows that intellect is not an independent quality, but the product of a strong large brain organ, as force is the product of large strong arm. Or if this simile be objected to then it may be said that there must be a certain size and texture for the proper production of thought, as there must be the same in the material world for the production of strength or force. Man, too, profits greatly by his organs of speech, entirely a physical matter, and also by walking erect and using his arms usefully, and also from their varied prehensile powers.

As more fully presenting the matter of degree, it is conceded that there is an unbroken succession of intelligences from the simplest forms in the lower animals up to the higher and more complex forms shown by man, yet there is a very wide reach from the intelligence of man in his primitive savage state up to the most intelligent civilized people. Neither the chemist nor the microscopist can discover any essential difference between human brains and those of the lower animals. Such differences as there are refer more to shape, etc., than to quality. The question constantly reverts to the degree of difference, not the quality. The attempts to establish an essential difference have all proved failures.

The untaught elements of immortality, as distinct from those which are acquired by experience, are present in the lower animals in a remarkable degree. The attributes of sympathy, love, loyalty, gratitude, friendship, sense of duty, watchfulness, unselfishness and selfishness, perception of right and wrong, pride, shame, jealousy, hatred, fear, deception, treachery, revenge, cunning, foresight, premeditation, grief, pleasure, preparation and provision for future needs, etc., are as apparent in the mental life of the lower animals as the physical sensations of cold, heat, repletion, pain, comfort, etc., are in their material life. The wonderful houses, bridges, tunnels, traps, caves, nests, etc., and the manner of life of the lower animals present a phase again which differs not in quality, but in degree.

Man, in his ambition for supremacy in the world, has ignored the material evidence of intelligent reason and dismissed all the doings of the lower animals with a term which was supposed to cover the most varied and active doings of intelligent effort—that is to say, *instinct*—although he ignored the fact that he himself possessed the recognized instincts in common with all animals. The word instinct explains nothing. It is a convenient term for use in matters which man does not understand. Neither in man nor the lower animals is there an unconscious, dominant force which impels him to meet all the varying and rapid circumstances of life. Each circumstance hardly ever appears in the same combination and new ones are constantly arising, so that, without a comprehension of cause and effect, the animal would be as helpless as a pumpkin on its vine. There is no reason whatever for the assumption of instinct only in the lower animals, aside from the race vanity which prompts mankind to claim exclusive superiority. Were they governed by instinct alone, a brain would be unnecessary. As their brains vary, so do we find a variation in the intelligence of the lower animals, and an adaptation to the ever-changing conditions and circumstances of their daily lives, which, as compared one individual with another, are never alike, and often are distinctly unlike.

That many of the lower animals have a radically distinct manner in applying means to ends from that used by man all have observed. But this difference again resolves into a matter of degree and not of quality. For instance, man as a hunter trusts to the senses of sight and hearing when he is in pursuit of game, while the dog trusts largely to his superior powers of scent. So delicate is his organ of smell that he can follow a trail many hours old if the atmospheric conditions are right. This is said to be his instinctive manner—it would be quite as logical to say that pursuit by eyesight is instinctive with man.

No doubt but what the sense of smell was once quite as keenly developed in man as it is in any of the carnivora. When he traveled on all fours or led a largely arboreal life, his powers of scent were useful to him in his pursuit of prey. When he learned to travel erect, he trusted more to his eyesight in tracking his prey, a manner far superior to scent when after big game, as all who have read of the wonderful powers of the American Indians and trappers in tracking horses, cattle, deer, men, etc., will promptly concede. By disuse the organ of sense grew dull until at the present time it may be considered to be left in a rudimentary form, like the dew-claw of the dog or the vermiform appendix of the man.

It would be indeed too bad if we were forced to believe that the dog was created without a purpose other than for a mere animal existence. It would not be a sufficient explanation that he was made for a companion of man, for such an insufficient reason would not explain such a noble creation. In view of the facts, such explanation is not true, for the dog flourishes in a wild state entirely apart from man's society. If we could imagine the human race entirely removed from the earth, there is no doubt but what the dog would continue to exist independently of man's society. Thus we cannot assume that the purpose of the dog's existence is to furnish companionship to man, who is so fickle in his preferences and so selfish in his companionships. Rather let us give the dog the credit which is his due for his natural loyalty, affection and peculiar disposition, which make him so companionable.

We cannot call the dog specially created for man's benefit, nor can we call the tiger especially created as his enemy.

But, from whichever point of view we investigate the subject, the same phenomena which indicate the immortality of man indicate that of the lower animals also.

TRANSIT.

Montreal Show.

MONTREAL, Sept. 1.—It is the intention of the committee to make this show a model one in every particular, not so much in the matter of numbers as in the general management and accommodation of exhibits. The building, which is capable of holding comfortably some 500 dogs, has been erected under the supervision of the committee, and special attention was paid to comfort, ventilation and sanitary arrangements. We will have a large space fenced off for an exercising ground, and if the weather permits the judging rings will be in the open air.

Dogs from the United States exhibited at Toronto and entered for this show will be received (if so desired) any time after Saturday, 14th inst. This is for the accommodation of exhibitors from abroad.

GEORGE K. LANIGAN.

The Toronto Show Entries.

THE following are the 633 entries for the seventh annual bench show of the Industrial Exhibition Association, to be held at Toronto, Sept. 9 to 13: 23 mastiffs, 52 St. Bernards, 12 bloodhounds, 2 Newfoundlands, 24 great Danes, 5 Russian wolfhounds, 3 deerhounds, 16 foxhounds, 19 greyhounds, 16 pointers, 33 English setters, 22 Irish setters, 19 Gordon setters, 40 collies, 5 bulldogs, 21 bull-terriers, 5 whippets, 24 Irish terriers, 3 Dandy Dinmont terriers, 10 Bedlington terriers, 5 Scotch terriers, 5 skye terriers, 14 black and tan terriers, 2 poodles, 15 field spaniels, 7 Irish water spaniels, 79 cocker spaniels, 2 Clumber spaniels, 9 dachshunds, 22 beagles, 58 smooth fox-terriers, 30 wire fox-terriers, 2 Yorkshire terriers, 4 toy terriers, 10 pugs, 10 toy spaniels, 1 Italian greyhound, 4 miscellaneous class.

Manitoba Trials.

MORRIS, Man., Sept. 10.—Special to FOREST AND STREAM. Manitoba Club amateur stake finished to-day. Dodo first, Bonnie Lib II. second, Columbus third, Harry Noble fourth. Derby had nineteen starters. Weather pleasant.

J. M. Freeman, of Bicknell, Ind., died Sept. 2.

B. WATERS.

THE C. F. T. CLUB'S TRIALS.

THE first annual trials of the Continental Field Trials Club on chickens began at Morris, Man., on Sept. 2. They were a success in every respect save that birds were too scarce and the puppies were not so well broken as could be desired. Financially it was a success.

All prizes were paid with cheerful and agreeable promptness.

Mr. W. B. Wells, of Chatham, Ont., judged alone—an arduous task, truly. He showed his habitual and conscientious care in managing the competition and making decisions. His judgments were well received. Birds were scarce in some sections of the grounds, which added to the difficulties of judging. As the haunts of the birds became better known, the competition was thereby improved.

There was a goodly number of visitors present. Mr. Thomas Johnson, F. W. Scott, C. W. Graham, G. B. Borradaile, Winnipeg; R. Merrill, Milwaukee; Dr. L. C. Bacon, St. Paul; Dr. N. Rowe, Chicago; Maj. J. M. Taylor, Mr. W. E. Warner, New York; W. T. Hunter and W. Qrysh, Wheatland, N. D.; and many of the noted field trial handlers whose namesare mentioned in the report.

On the whole the weather was favorable. The competition passed of pleasantly. One feature, that of the quiet manner in which many of the handlers worked their dogs, is worthy of note and praise. There was less of whistling and shouting than commonly prevails at a field trial.

Mr. Wm. Brailsford was a welcome visitor from England. As measured by years, he was the oldest man present; as measured by vigor and hale and hearty physique, there was none who surpassed him. Few men would have the pluck to cross a wide ocean, the incentive being a true love of sport. Yet that is what Mr. Brailsford has twice done. If he does not care to cross again to compete, the esteem in which he is held by his friends here should be an inducement to venture across a third time.

The Derby.

There were nineteen starters, run in the following order:

W. W. Titus's b., w. and t. setter dog Sam T. (Luke Roy —Bettie B.), Frank Richards, handler, against C. P. Mingst's b. and w. setter dog Rex (Antonio—Columbia), J. Mayfield, handler.

T. G. Davey's b. and w. setter dog Brighton Tom (Brighton Tobe—Lady Brighton), R. Storey, handler, against C. G. Stoddard's liv. and w. pointer dog Coinage (Trinket's Coin—Ightfield Blythe), T. Hallam, handler.

H. T. Schmidt's liv. and w. pointer bitch Lady Rush (Rush of Lad—Pet S.), T. Hallam, handler, against Avent & Thayer Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Feu Follet (Count Gladstone IV.—Folly), J. M. Avent, handler.

J. W. Gollan's b., w. and t. setter dog Count Vasser (Dash Antonio—Queen Bess II.), J. Spracklin, handler, against P. H. O'Bannon's b., w. and t. setter dog Domino (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), D. E. Rose, handler.

Richard Merrill's liv. and w. pointer dog Stridemore (Strideaway—Hops II.), Tom Richards, handler, against Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch Gleam's Dart (Count Gladstone IV.—Gleam's Maid), F. Richards, handler.

A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's liv. and w. pointer dog Ightfield Mentor (Ightfield Loveridge—Ightfield Mara), Wm. Brailsford, handler, against Geo. A. Presley's chest., w. and t. setter dog Trade Mark (Toledo Blade—Luzelle), M. Keliher, handler.

Claremont Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Paul Bo, Jr. (Paul Bo—Susie), J. Mayfield, handler, against Frank Althouse's liv. and w. pointer dog Paul Bang (Jap—Frankie Paul), Tom Sheldon, handler.

T. G. Davey's b. and w. setter dog Brighton Dick (Brighton Tobe—Lady Brighton), R. Storey, handler, against Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch Gleam's Ruth (Count Gladstone IV.—Gleam's Maid), F. Richards, handler.

N. T. De Pauw's liv. and w. pointer bitch Sister Sue (Jingo—Rooney), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, against A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's liv. and w. pointer dog Bonnie Dan of Colehill (Don of Bolcord—Duchess of Bolcord), A. Cameron, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. dog Tory Fashion (Count Gladstone IV.—Fleety Avent), J. M. Avent, handler. A bye.

Second Round.

Ightfield Mentor against Sam. T. Domino against Lady Rush. Feu Follet against Rex, Gleam's Dart—Brighton Dick.

Third Round.

Rex against Tory Fashion. Sister Sue against Brighton Dick.

Final.

Ightfield Mentor against Tory Fashion.

First, Sam T. Second, Ightfield Mentor, Tory Fashion. Third, Brighton Dick, Feu Follet, Sister Sue, Rex. Fourth, Lady Rush, Domino, Gleam's Dart, Gleam's Rush, Stridemore.

First Round.

The work in this stake was meager in quantity, which may be reasonably explained by the scarcity of birds found, and was also inferior in quality, which may in part be attributed to the earliness of the season and the consequent inexperience of the puppies, due to the limited time in which to give them training and experience. Imperfect training in many instances was shown by unsteadiness and awkward work on birds. With the exception of a few of the dogs in this stake, none performed even up to an ordinary standard of what is required in chicken shooting.

Sam T., the winner, is very fast, covers a deal of ground in his range, works with good judgment, and is sharp and true in his point work and in locating. He stays out at his work constantly, has courage and confidence, and works independently. He was far ahead of anything in the stake.

Ightfield Mentor quartered his ground and was unceasingly using his nose for scent of game. He was very accurate in roading and pointing and his precision was surpassed by none. He was the best broken dog in the stake so far as obedience and careful work to the gun are considered. I thought him easily next to the winner for a place, with Brighton Dick third and Tory Fashion fourth. The rest were more or less distinguished by more or less good qualities, but all were more or less green or imperfectly trained.

Ightfield Mentor and Tory Fashion divided second.

Brighton Dick, Feu Follet, Sister Sue and Rex divided third.

Lady Rush, Domino, Gleam's Dart, Gleam's Ruth and Stridemore divided fourth.

As the stake was decided it determined that Sam T. was better than all the others; for the rest it determined little. Twelve out of nineteen were placed. It would have determined more, it so seems to me, to have withheld the prizes if the dogs were on a common plane of inefficiency; or it would have been better to have run them until something more definite could be determined. As it is, save in regard to Sam T., the standing of the others is much alike.

The Derby was for both setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1894. There were four prizes, as follows: To first $125; second $100; third $75; fourth $50; $10 forfeit; $5 additional forfeit and $5 to start.

MONDAY.

The weather was oppressively close and sultry, although a warm, dry wind was blowing steadily from the south. To those who rode, the refreshing effect of the breezes was apparent. Those afoot got less of it, while the dogs —closer to the ground and in the long grass—were practically out of it. Frequent watering of them was necessary. A heavy thunderstorm had been swinging noisily about the horizon all afternoon. Zigzag streams of fiery lightning shot downward from the heavy clouds. A clap of thunder and flash of lightning frightened Mrs. Thomas Sheldon's horse so badly that he bolted, upset the wagon, overturned the driver and dog crate which it contained, kicked himself clear and started to run away, but soon stopped. Fortunately no one was injured.

About 5 o'clock the storm caught the field trial party, stopping work for nearly an hour.

SAM T.—REX.—They started at 8:10, both running fast and beating out their ground well. Sam's work on birds was good. Rex was not independent, he following Sam betimes, and was not careful enough in his work on birds. Sam made two good points, and later was roading some birds when Rex passing by flushed them. Next Sam dropped to a point; Rex backed; nothing found, but it was probably on footscent of birds previously flushed. Rex toward the latter part of the heat worked the more independently. Sam pointed; Rex coming in flushed one of the birds and made a short chase. Some more birds were flushed to the point; Sam slightly unsteady. They ran 34 minutes. Sam was much the better. Rex showed good qualities, but his work on birds was poor.

BRIGHTON TOM—COINAGE.—They began at 8:47. Their speed and range were average. Once in a while each would take a good cast. Both dropped on point; Tom moved and two birds flushed. Sent on, two more birds flushed before Tom. Tom dropped to a flush. Six minutes were consumed in going to new ground. Both soon dropped to point. Tom moved and his bird flushed, and soon he made a second flush. Up at 9:31.

LADY RUSH—FEU FOLLET.—They began at 9:34. Feu had the better speed and range. She pointed a small bevy and was steady. She next flushed twice. Lady once. Lady pointed. Feu refused to back and stole the point. Lady again pointed and Feu again refused to back, and again stole the point; nothing found. Feu next pointed; as Lady drew near the bird flushed; both chased. Up at 10:07. Both pottered at times.

COUNT VASSER—DOMINO.—Domino soon found and pointed well; Count refused to back and stole the point. Domino again pointed a single bird; next he flushed two birds. Both were close rangers and slow. Up at 10:47.

STRIDEMORE—GLEAM'S DART.—They started at 10:48. Dart worked merrily. Both ranged fairly well at a fair pace. Dart made two points, the first of which she marred by moving, and the birds flushed. Stridemore making game stopped to a flush. Next both pointed and nothing was found. Next both pointed; a bird to Stridemore's point, nothing to Dart's. Dart was the better worker. Stridemore showed indecision in his manner. Up at 11:35 and the morning's work ended. The party returned to town to dinner.

IGHTFIELD MENTOR—TRADE MARK.—They were cast off at 2:36. The weather was sultry. Mentor pointed a bevy accurately; Mark at the same time in the rear was working on the trail. Sent on, Mentor pointed; nothing found. Mentor felt the air with his nose as he beat across wind, and was the wider ranger. He was slow to start at times and did not remain out at work so well as could be desired. Mark had a merry action, but his range was close. Up at 3:07.

PAUL BO, JR.—PAUL BANG.—They started at 3:11 and ran 33 minutes, when Mr. Sheldon's horse bolted from fright, and the heat was suspended. Neither showed work above mediocre.

BRIGHTON DICK—GLEAM'S RUTH.—They began at 3:52. Both showed good range, beating out their ground wide and with judgment. Ruth was the more independent and wider ranger of the two, and in a measure cut out the pace. Dick pointed a bevy; Ruth went by, flushed two or three, then dropped on a point on some tail birds. Moved on, Dick flushed a bird and chased it. Up at 4:14. They made a showing of good natural abilities.

SISTER SUE—BONNIE DAN OF COLEHILL.—They began at 4:18. Both made game. Going down wind Sue flushed and chased. Drawing accurately and carefully up wind in short grass, Sue did some creditable work on old wild birds which were running and would not lie to a point. Dan flushed a single. Sue roaded nicely to a point on a single. Dan flushed. Up at 4:49. Sue showed good judgment in point work. She ranged fairly well.

TORY FASHION ran his bye with Trade Mark. Tory crept on the trail of a single bird and pointed it well. Mark was steady to caution when the bird was flushed. Tory made two other points. He flushed once. At 5 o'clock a heavy rain storm delayed further running 45 minutes. They were run 7 minutes longer; nothing found. Tory was much the better of the two.

IGHTFIELD MENTOR—SAM T.—Sam soon roaded sharply and quickly to a point on a bird and was steady to shot and wing. Sent on, he took a long cast and pointed steadily on two old birds. Mentor, coming up, pointed or backed. Mentor roaded a single running bird nicely about 50yds. Sam was much the wider and sharper worker, though Mentor showed good judgment, training and work. They began at 5:59 and ran 15 minutes.

DOMINO—LADY RUSH.—They started at 6:18. Domino pointed a bird and was backed. Lady was lacking in dash and somewhat in industry. Both ranged but moderately, Domino the better. Up at 6:35.

FEU FOLLET—REX.—They started at 6:37 and ran 46 minutes. Feu pointed at the edge of a strip of flax, drew on and a single flushed from the opposite side. On wheat stubble, Rex in the lead, they flushed four or five birds. Up at 7:23.

This ended the day's competition.

TUESDAY.

The heavy clouds of the cool morning were dispelled as the sun rose higher. About the middle of the forenoon the sun shone hot and clear. Birds were found in moderately fair numbers. The work as a whole was indifferently common.

Second Round.

PAUL BO, JR.—PAUL BANG.—They were cast off at 7:58, to have an opportunity on birds. Bang roaded among birds and getting up wind of them lost the trail. The birds were afterward flushed by the wagons. Up at 8:25. Bang's range was narrow and he pottered at times. Paul showed good speed and range.

GLEAM'S DART—BRIGHTON DICK.—They began at 8:27. Dick pointed well a single bird. At the same time Dart pointed and moving on to locate, the bird flushed. Up at 8:42. Dart was the merrier worker and had the greater speed. Both had fairly good range. Dick had but little style.

SISTER SUE—GLEAM'S RUTH.—Off at 8:44. Ruth soon pointed a bevy and Sue backed; Ruth moved carefully and the bird flushed. Ruth was slightly unsteady and flushed the rest of bevy. Sue next began to road and the bird flushed. Ruth flushed a single. Sue pointed; nothing found. Ruth had the better range of speed. The work on birds was very ordinary. Up at 8:54.

REX—TORY FASHION.—Off at 8:58 and ran 17 minutes. Tory pointed and should have held point, but left the birds and followed the trail of a single runner and pointed it across wind. The wagons flushed the birds he left. Tory stopped to a flush on a single bird of a bevy; he remained steady and his handler flushed the remainder. Tory pointed on the trail of two old birds, but was slow, hesitating and indecisive in attempting to locate them. In ranging both ran wide, but ran together and showed no independence. Rex shortened his range toward the last of the heat. Up at 9:15.

SISTER SUE—BRIGHTON DICK were started at 9:21 and ran 14 minutes. Both worked industriously. Their range was fairly good. The work on birds was sloppy. Dick pointed, but failed to locate; Sue roaded twice to a flush.

IGHTFIELD MENTOR—TORY FASHION.—At 9:41 they were cast off. Tory carried a low nose in roading, and was given to pottering. Mentor roaded accurately to a bird up wind—a good piece of work. Tory backed. Mentor quartered his ground well. Tory flushed a bird, pointed one and Mentor made a good point on a single. Tory next made two points and Mentor one. Mentor was greatly superior in locating and beating out the ground with judgment. He used his nose intelligently. His style was inferior. He worked nicely to the gun.

The All-Age Stake.

The All-Age Stake was begun in the afternoon of Tuesday. There were twenty-four starters, which were run in the following order:

F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. setter bitch Tory Dotlet (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Della), J. M. Avent, handler, against T. G. Davey's l. and w. pointer bitch Faustina (Ridgeview Faust—Peggie), Robt. Storey, handler.

A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's l. and w. pointer bitch Ightfield Musa (Ightfield Dick—Clio), W. Brailsford, handler, against D. E. Rose's (agt.) b., w. and t. setter bitch Lady Mildred (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), D. E. Rose, handler.

J. C. Phillips's l., w. and t. pointer dog Lonsdale (Coton —Psyche), Thomas Johnson, handler, against Norvin T. Harris's b. and w. setter dog Dixie's Flag (William Lung — ——), J. M. Avent, handler.

Thomas Johnson's b. setter bitch Psyche (Manitoba Toss —Pitti Sing), owner, handler, against A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's l. and w. bitch Roma (Fred W.—Ightfield Rosa), W. Brailsford, handler.

W. W. Titus's b., w. and t. setter bitch Minnie T. (Dick Bondhu—Bettie B.), F. Richards, handler, against Richard Merrill's l. and w. pointer bitch Lady Peg II. (Rip Rap—Lady Peg), T. Richards, handler.

D. E. Rose's (agt.) l. and w. pointer dog Comns (Clip Graphic—Mack's Juno), D. E. Rose, handler, against Dr. John Daniels's pointer dog Plain Sam (Hal Pointer—Kent's Star), S. Hullam, handler.

C. W. De Pauw's b., w. and t. setter dog Auld Clootie (Dick Bondhu—Shena Van), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, against Norvin T. Harris's b., w. and t. setter dog Tony Boy (Antonio—Laundress), D. E. Rose, handler.

Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. pointer bitch Selah (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), C. E. Buckle, handler, against Richard Baughm's b., w. and t. setter dog Dash Antonio (Antonio—Lady Lucifer), J. J. Spracklin, handler.

W. N. Kerr's b. and w. pointer dog Little Ned (Ridgeview Dazzle—Kate Claxton), F. Richards, handler, against N. T. De Pauw's b. and w. dog Jingo (Mainspring—Queen II.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

Stoddard & Kidwell's b. and w. pointer dog Tick Boy (King of Kent—Bloom), J. B. Stoddard, handler, against Norvin T. Harris's b., w. and t. setter bitch Cynosure (Roderigo—Norah II.), J. M. Avent, handler.

C. W. Graham's b., w. and t. setter dog Gladiator II. (Gladstone's Boy—Queen Novice), J. B. Stoddard, handler, against Edw. A. Burdett's b. and w. setter bitch Anne of Abbottsford (Gladstone's Boy—Bohemian Girl), F. Richards, handler.

Thos. Johnson's b. b. setter bitch Patti (Duke of Gloster —Flora), owner, handler, against W. T. Hunter's b., w. and t. setter bitch Petrel (Roderigo—Gladstone's Girl), T. Richards, handler.

Second Round.

Minnie T. against Comus.
Tony Boy against Selah.
Dash Antonio against Auld Clootie.
Ightfield Musa against Faustina.
Tory Dotlet against Psyche.
Lonsdale against Roma.
Lady Mildred against Dixie's Flag.
Little Ned against Gladiator II.
Jingo against Tick Boy.
Cynosure, a bye.

Third Round.

Minnie T. against Jingo.

Tony Boy against Tory Dotlet.
Tick Boy against Dixie's Flag.

Final.

Minnie T. against Tony Boy.
First, Minnie J.
Second, Jingo.
Third, Tony Boy.
Fourth, Tick Boy.

This stake was for pointers and setters which had never won first in an all-age stake in any recognized field trial in America. Forfeit $10, $10 additional to fill. First $125, second $100, third $75, fourth $50.

Birds were vary scarce, so much so as to be discouraging to the dogs. Such birds as were found were extremely wild. The cover, too, was thin, which added to the difficulty of point work, as the birds could see the dogs as they approached.

Minnie T. made a most finished competition and displayed great powers as a chicken dog. She ranged wide, chose her ground with judgment, and handled her birds with great skill, both in drawing after running birds and pointing. Her work was finished in detail and skillfully managed. She ranged very wide, but worked nicely to the gun and was sweetly obedient. She was honest in all her work, whether on point or back.

Jingo and Tony Boy ran a very close race, the former having a shade the better. Both were wide rangers, good finders and quite skillful performers in every way. They were lacking in the thorough knowledge and finish of the winner.

Tick Boy ran a good race, ranged wide and to the gun, but his point work was marred by some errors.

This stake was very accurately judged, Mr. Wells selecting the winners to a nicety. It will be noted that the pointers and setters were equally represented in the places, there being two of each.

First Round.

FAUSTINA—TORY DOTLET.—They were cast off at 3:35. Faustina pointed; a lark was flushed close by. Moved on and Faustina again pointed; nothing found. Next she pointed up wind of a bevy, roaded and lost the trail. Dotlet, down wind, got a point on the bevy. She pointed a running bird. She dropped to a point, but failed to locate the bird. Faustina next pointed a bird and Dotlet took a long cast and flushed one. Next she pointed; nothing found. Up at 4:08. Both ranged wide and fast, Faustina the wider at first, Dotlet at the last. Neither made much favorable showing on birds considering the opportunities.

LADY MILDRED—IGHTFIELD MUSA.—They began at 4:12. Musa, going down wind, flushed a single. Lady false pointed. Musa flushed a single again. Both ranged well, Lady the wider toward the latter part of the heat. Down 28 minutes. The work was ordinary.

LONSDALE—DIXIE'S FLAG—They were started at 4:41. Dixie pointed; nothing found. Lonsdale dropped to a flush made excusably across wind. He next made a flush in thin grass. The wind was blowing stiffly and the birds seemed wild. The cover was so light and thin that a bird could see the dogs several yards away as they drew near. Lonsdale roaded a single accurately and carefully, but it flushed before he steadied to a final point. Lonsdale was very skillful and careful in finding and locating his birds, and though he exercised the greatest care and showed full knowledge of how to work on birds, he met with poor success. He was much the more skillful of the two. Birds were very difficult to find. Dixie ranged well and showed good speed, but he met with poor success in finding.

PSYCHE—ROMA.—They started at 5:25. Both made game. Roma took a cast to hit off the trail and coming back flushed two birds. Next Roma was roading a single which flushed wild, and next she made a plump flush, going up wind. Both were industrious and wide rangers. Psyche did not succeed well in finding. Up at 6:07.

MINNIE T.—LADY PEG II.—Cast off at 6:11, Minnie immediately took long, sweeping casts and covered a great deal of ground at great speed. By hard and persevering work she got two good points on single birds. Peg backed. Birds were very scarce on the ground worked during the heat. Up at 6:41. Minnie was by far the better. Her work was clean and she ran without an error in the point work.

COMUS—PLAIN SAM.—Off at 6:44. Soon Sam pointed a single and was steady to shot. Comus pointed, moved on and flushed a single. Sam ranged close and at moderate speed. Comus was much the wider ranger. Sam pointed a single and flushed. Next he found a bevy, flushed a bird, moved on and flushed two or three at a time till the birds were all gone.

WEDNESDAY.

There was a decided change in the temperature, calling for heavier clothing. A rain wind blew from the northwest. Birds were found twice in plentiful numbers in a small area, but the rest of the time but a bird or two were found here and there after diligent search. All the dogs showed good range. Toward noon the temperature was much warmer. The work, owing to the scarcity of birds, was very unsatisfactory as a matter of competition, since there was little data on which to make decisions.

AULD CLOOTIE—TONY BOY.—They were cast off near town at 7:30. Clootie pointed and roaded, but failed to locate. A single bird flushed wild about 60yds. away. Tony pointed a bevy. The birds were followed and he pointed them again. Tony next pointed a single outlying bird. Clootie roaded to a point on a bird. Tony backed. Tony pointed and roaded and the bird flushed wild. The birds ran so much that it was difficult for the dogs to secure a good point. Up at 8:06. Both dogs ranged fairly well and the work on birds was above the average.

SELAH—DASH ANTONIO.—They started at 8:11. Selah pointed and roaded to a flush on a single bird across wind. Next she flushed a single. Up at 8:41. Neither ranged with judgment, though they covered a fair scope of ground. Their work on birds was poor.

LITTLE NED—JINGO.—They were cast off at 8:45. Ned flushed two birds. Jingo pointed and roaded on a running bird. Ned roaded to a point on a single. Up at 9:36. Jingo took very wide casts and covered a deal of ground, which he beat out with judgment. His pace was fast and well maintained throughout. Ned also ranged well and with good judgment, though he did not take such great casts as did Jingo. Both showed skill in their bird work.

TICK BOY—CYNOSURE.—Off at 9:42. Cynosure soon flushed and chased, but stopped to repeated orders and received a severe ear pulling by way of admonition. Next, Cynosure stopped to a flush. Tick pointed—probably on foot-scent, as it was near where birds were flushed. He next took a long cast about a half mile away and birds were seen to flush close by him. The dogs were now widely separated. It was said that Tick Boy made one good bevy point and five clean points on single birds. In the meantime Cynosure pointed on a breaking and the birds, 100yds. away, flushed wild. Cynosure pointed a single. Tick flushed a single on stubble. Up at 10:17. Tick had decidedly the better of the heat in every respect. His range was wide and conducted with judgment.

GLADIATOR II.—ANNE OF ABBOTTSFORD.—They started at 10:23. Gladiator roaded down wind on a single, then across wind to a flush. Anne roaded up wind about 150yds. to a point on a bevy, moved and the bevy flushed, and she was a bit unsteady. Up at 11. Both showed speed and fair range, but dwelt on scent at times.

PATTI—PETREL.—The heat began at 11:02. Patti pointed a bevy and moved, and the bevy flushed. Petrel going up wind, pointed at the same time—foot-scent probably. The birds were followed. Patti flushed a bird, then dropped; she went on, another bird flushed; Patti roaded and came to a point at the same moment the bird flushed. Both dogs took a long cast, and it was said Patti made a point on two birds. Up at 11:20. Both ranged well and showed good speed.

The party then went to town to lunch.

Second Round.

Nineteen were kept in the second round. Longer running in the first round would probably have developed more decisive data in spotting, and thus would have enabled the judge to have greatly reduced the competitors. Birds were found in greater numbers. This undoubtedly was due to changing from the open prairie to a course which skirted the wheat fields or was in their vicinity.

MINNIE T.—MODUS.—They were started at 2:29. Minnie started with dash and soon pointed a bevy. The birds were followed. She pointed another bevy. Modus, on scattered birds, pointed one, and Minnie, coming up, independently pointed the same bird. Both were steady to shot. Sent on, Modus stopped to a point at the same time the bird flushed. Sent on, he flushed scattered birds. Minnie next pointed scattered birds and Modus flushed them. Next he flushed a single. Up at 2:46. Minnie showed excellent capabilities and was the better in every respect. Her judgment and execution on birds were excellent, as also was her range.

TONY BOY—SELAH.—They started at 2:52. Selah made three points in succession, to which nothing was found. Tony took wide casts and was going better than in his previous heats. He pointed a bevy in stubble. The birds were followed, they flying but a short distance. He again pointed them. They were about half-grown and very tame. Up at 3:11. Tony had much the better of the heat.

DASH ANTONIO—AULD CLOOTIE.—They started at 3:15. Soon Auld Clootie took a long cast out of sight, and it was said was found on a point on birds later. Before she was brought back the heat was ended. Dash pointed twice; nothing found. He pointed two birds and flushed a single. To shot he was steady. He pottered some at times. Up at 3:40.

IGHTFIELD MUSA—FAUSTINA.—The heat began at 3:43 and lasted 23 minutes. Musa made one point to which there was nothing, and one doubtful one. Faustina made one good point, one point which she did not hold steadily, but moved on to get a better position and flushed, and two more of the same kind which in a way were partially excusable as the birds were running. Up at 4:06. Both ranged fairly well. Musa was slow on scent. Neither showed high skill in beating out the ground.

TORY DOTLET—PSYCHE.—Down 17 minutes, beginning at 4:09. Tory pointed a single bird in stubble, Psyche refusing to back, stole the point and the bird flushed when she moved on. Psyche roaded a single bird well and Tory crossing ahead flushed it. Tory pointed a single on stubble. Psyche flushed one, Up at 4:26. Range fairly good; Work on birds was inferior.

LONSDALE—ROMA.—They were cast off at 4:31. Both soon pointed. Lonsdale had a single; he roaded, got up wind of it and it flushed wild. He next pointed a bird well and Roma backed. Roma pointed a single bird. Lonsdale flushed a bird. Up at 4:52. Roma stopped often on false scents. Lonsdale was industrious and used his nose carefully, but made errors in his point work.

LADY MILDRED—DIXIE'S FLAG.—They commenced at 4:55. Lady pointed a bird stylishly. Dixie pointed a bird. Both were steady to shot. Lady pointed an outlying single, then pointed the bevy; the find, however, was Dixie's. He was the wider and better ranger. Lady's range was close to medium. The heat ended at 5:30.

LITTLE NED—GLADIATOR.—Ned flushed a bird and chased a while. Gladiator made game on a bird which he flushed. He next flushed again. Next he pointed. Ned refused to back. Both roaded down wind to an excusable flush. Each next made an excusable flush.

JINGO—TICK BOY.—They started at 6:15. Tick made three points to which nothing was found. Jingo took a long cast. Returning he pointed some birds in stubble and was steady to shot. Tick pointed and roaded; nothing found. Moved on. About 80yds. apart on stubble both pointed the same bevy independently. Sent on, Tick pointed some remaining birds. Jingo pointed a jack rabbit; Tick refused to back and stole point. Jingo pointed a bevy at the edge of an oatfield, and held his point steadily. Up at 6:51.

Cynosure had a bye. She was started at 6:56 and made one point on a single bird. Next she pointed and nothing was found.

THURSDAY.

The morning was warm and cloudy. Six dogs were kept in for the third round. The work was quite superior as a whole.

MINNIE T.—JINGO started at 7:47. It was at once apparent that a great brace of chicken dogs were at work. Both ranged wide and fast, Minnie showing the most jugdment in choosing her beat. Both worked well to the gun, notwithstanding their great range. Minnie pointed a lone bird nicely. Next both, about 200yds. apart, pointed birds. Sent on, Minnie roaded carefully quite a distance, and although careful, she misjudged and flushed. Jingo roaded and pointed alternately quite a distance, but failed to locate the bird. Up at 8:30. Speed, range and work excellent.

TONY BOY—TORY DOTLET.—It was evident from the start at 8:32 that Tony had a great advantage in speed and range. Tony took a long cast and pointed a small bevy. Sent on, he took another cast, pointed, drew on and a bird flushed close ahead; he then held his point and Rose flushed the rest of the bevy. Tory made two points on singles. Tony Boy then took long casts, beating out much ground. He was lost for a while; when found he was pointing birds. Up at 9:14.

TICK BOY—DIXIE'S FLAG.—Dixie pointed a bird and was steady to shot. Tick took a long cast and pointed some old birds on flax stubble. About 200yds. further at the end of plowed ground he pointed a single bird. Both ranged well, Tick the better on birds. Down at 9:17. Up at 10:02.

MINNIE T.—TONY BOY.—They began at 10:30. Minnie found and pointed a bevy. Next she pointed a bird which she had marked down accurately, showing great wisdom. In roading and drawing she feathered prettily. Tony took a long cast and pointed some birds; Minnie coming up pointed the same birds. Tony made a flush on a single, and among some scattered birds, where he had a good opportunity, he was awkward and lost chances. Tony pointed a single and Minnie backed honestly. Sent on. In bushes Minnie pointed a single. Tony, a few yards away from bushes, pointed or flushed a single, I could not see which. Up at 10:54, and the club's trials were ended.

The judge announced the winners as follows: First, Minnie T.; second, Jingo; third, Tony Boy; fourth, Tick Boy.

B. WATERS.

United States Field Trials.

THE U. S. F. T. Club's Winter Derby has 59 entries, 30 setters and 29 pointers, all whelped in 1894, no Irish nor Gordon setters in the stake.

SETTERS.

Avent & Thayer Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Touchstone, b., w. and t. dog Patrician, b., w. and t. bitch Feu Follett and l. and w. bitch Fleet's Pet.
W. W. Titus's b., w. and t. dog Sam T.
Thomas Bond's b. and w. bitch Mercedes.
R. V. Fox's b., w. and t. bitch Accelerando and b., w. and t. dog Forzando.
Syd. Moore's b., w. and t. bitch Gleam's Fanny.
T. W. Scott's b., w. and t. dog Bob S.
Blue Ridge Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Domino.
H. R. Edwards's b., w. and t. dog Harwick.
Whyte Bedford's b., w. and t. bitch Little Wench.
Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. bitch Gleam's Dart, b., w. and t. bitch Gleam's Ruth, b., w. and t. bitch Gleam's Clip, b., w. and t. dog Gleam's Count and b., w. and t. bitch Gleam's Flight.
C. L. Reierson's o. and w. bitch Bessie Gladstone.
F. R. Hitchcock's l. and w. dog Tory Fashion and b., w. and t. bitch Tory Celia.
R. B. Morgan's b., w. and t. dog Bob Taylor.
H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. dog Marie's Sport.
P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog Claude, b., w. and t. dog Arapahoe, b., w. and t. bitch Fanny L., b., w. and t. dog Fred and b., w. and t. bitch Colonna.
B. V. Sudbury's b., w. and t. dog Conor.
King Graphic Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Rod's Boy.

POINTERS.

Avent & Thayer Kennels' l. and w. dog Ridgeview Cash, l. and w. bitch Duke's Lill and l. and w. bitch Duke's Jess.
N. T. De Pauw's l. and w. bitch Sister Sue.
Geo. A. Castleman's l. and w. dog Leo.
J. B. Turner's l. and w. bitch Abdallah Romp.
Chas. Cooledge's l. and w. bitch Kentess and l. and w. dog Plato.
J. B. Stoddard's b. and w. dog Tick's Kid.
J. H. Johnson's (agent) b. and w. dog Rip Saw.
H. R. Edwards's l. and w. bitch Trilby.
Adams & Thompson's l. and w. dog Cracker Jack.
J. L. Adams's l. and w. bitch Blithely.
W. A. Porter's l. and w. bitch Ione of Elgin.
Louis McGrew's l. and w. dog Pluck.
H. T. Smith's l. and w. bitch Lady Rush.
G. Chisholm's l. and w. dog Kent's Tribulation.
H. K. Devereux's l. and w. bitch Virginia.
Geo. E. Gray's l. and w. bitch Castaway.
W. N. Kerr's l. and w. dog Legal Tender.
Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' l. and w. dog Dowlah, b. and w. dog Nabob, o. and w. bitch India, l. and w. dog Amen, l. and w. dog Wrestler and l. and w. bitch Toxie.
T. T. Ashford's l. and w. bitch Hessie D.
O. Totten's l. and w. bitch Sappho.
Thomas Bond's l. and w. dog Morella.

National Beagle Club of America.

THE field trial committee of the National Beagle Club of America held a meeting on Monday afternoon, Sept. 9, in the rooms of the A. K. C., 55 Liberty street, New York City. The business before the committee was of some length, being the arrangement of the programme for the fifth annual trials of the club, to be held at Hempstead, L. I., on Nov. 11. Among other matters it was decided that entries should close on Oct. 19, the committee meeting again for the purpose of considering such entries on Oct. 22. The programme as agreed upon by the committee will be given to the public in the course of a few days.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

THE comments of FOREST AND STREAM concerning the holding of a field trial by the Continental Field Trials Club in Canada and the possible embarrassment with the customs in taking dogs across the line from the United States proved to be quite well founded. Many of the handlers were subjected to a great deal of trouble in fulfilling the exactions of the laws. Indeed, at first it was a question whether the club could hold a trial in Canada. That being decided in the affirmative, it was a question whether a dog taken into the Dominion to run in a United States trial was within the requirements of the law which required that to be duty free a dog must be brought in for competitive purposes, or for breeding purposes. It is probable that owing to these obstacles the club will not hold another trial in Canada. It must not be inferred from this that the customs officers were

superofficious. On the contrary, they were disposed to be obliging, but the requirements of the law are such that it is not easy for the United States dog in Canada. An officer of the customs was present at the trials. His instructions were to collect duty on every dog which did not compete. It is probable that the boys will get back without being assessed, but there was a feeling that holding a field trial in Canada made a dog uneasy.

One evening, while the Continental Field Trials Club was holding forth at Morris, Man., a bear, one of three or four killed, was brought into town by some residents. As he lay in the wagon in the solemn majesty of death, he brought to mind the terrible deed of slaughter which his kind had wrought on man. I was glad he was dead, for sometimes men sally forth to kill a bear and come back shorn. The bear is fierce and terrible in his wrath. This bear would weigh about 40lbs. Two or three farmers killed the old bear and three cubs with pitchforks and said ha, ha. Yes, the bear is bad medicine.

At a committee meeting of the Continental Field Trials Club, held at Morris, Man., on Thursday, Sept. 5, it was ruled that the winners of first prizes in the trials on chickens this year were eligible to the club's trials on quails this year, this exception being applicable to this year only. There were many good reasons for this action. By limiting the winners to those of this year, the concession applied to but a few dogs. A win on chickens has very little reference to competition on quails, since a good chicken dog is not necessarily a good quail dog.

Yachting.

THE AMERICA'S CUP RACES.

First Race—Windward and Leeward.

Saturday, Sept. 7.

It depends on the chances of the weather on the day set for the second race, Tuesday, Sept. 10, whether we shall be able to give to our readers the news of more than the first of the series of three to five races. With a punctual start and a good breeze the result should be known in New York by a late hour in the afternoon; in case of a postponed start or a slow race, however, the result will be known too late for this issue.

The first race was sailed on the date originally set last winter, Saturday, Sept. 7, and resulted in a striking victory for Defender. Like nearly all contests for the Cup, it was a light weather race, but under conditions very different from those which have so often maintained. The average conditions, in which most of the Cup races of the past ten years have been sailed and most of the postponements made necessary, are clear, warm weather, a very light southerly or westerly breeze, at times falling to almost and often quite a flat calm, and perfectly smooth water, whether inside on the Bay or outside of the Hook. The conditions on Saturday were quite different; the weather was warm, but the sky was clouded much of the time, and though the sun shone hot and bright at intervals, there were several light showers of rain. The wind was light, far too light for every one, but at no time did it fail entirely. It blew about six miles per hour at the start, an hour later it had increased perhaps a couple of knots in speed, and held to the finish. There was no drifting in smooth water, but at all times both yachts had a light breeze.

The most important difference of conditions, however, was the sea, an ugly roll, caused by the easterly wind offshore, that sent the people below on the steamers, many of those who had paid for $3 worth of fun getting at least $100 worth of misery. Its effect on the two yachts reminded one of the old days before the sloop had disappeared, and when Gracie, Fanny and Vixen were racing against the new cutters Bedouin and Oriva. On such a day the cutters always won, the wide boats being rolled about until they lost what little wind there was, while the narrow and deep craft went along steadily and surely with sails always drawing. This time the wide boat suffered in the same way, while the narrow one kept her sails full and went through the water far easier.

The course as laid out was dead to windward, east by south, but a shift in the wind in the middle of the course made a long and short leg to the outer mark and an easy reach in, there being no spinaker work. In this shift Valkyrie was placed at a slight disadvantage. With a slight lead at the start Valkyrie soon gained a clear position, and though Defender shortly after made up what she lost, the two were very even on the true windward work; when they could nearly lay a course in a slightly stronger wind, Defender went away very easily and made some 3m. in the 7 or 8 miles to the mark; once around and off the wind, with sheet well eased and balloon jiptopsail set, the wind still very light, she made another 5m., finally winning by 8m. 49s. corrected time. No small part of this is due to the easy performance of the hull in the rough water.

The preparations were completed on both sides by Friday night, the last formality being the measurement. On Sunday Defender went into the Erie Basin drydock again and was thoroughly polished, while her topsides, the white paint on which was in a very poor condition, were painted a very decided light blue, a new color in Cup racing. Everything was stripped from below, even to the closets. On Monday she left the Basin for New Rochelle. Valkyrie was docked on Tuesday and the hull thoroughly cleaned of all paint, a gang of men from the yard working all night. She was coated with a black composition below, but the topsides were painted white and the cove and carvings at each end were regilded. The copper on the lead was polished and the hull smoothed off very carefully before painting. On Wednesday some carpenters were set to work under her counter, and the ridge of the horn timber was planed down, to reduce the length of waterline. Though not shown in the various exclusive designs published, the line of the horn timber is not straight, but quite concave, and this planing made it still more hollow. The report at once went out that the yacht was over or dangerously near the 90ft. limit, and that the planing was necessary, but such proved to be very far from the fact. She remained in the dock until early Friday morning, when she was floated and hauled out to make room for a British steamer, being then made fast just outside the dock gate. Here she was boarded by Lord Dunraven with his two daughters, who were joined by Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, and about noon by Mr. John Hyslop, the official measurer.

Before the work of measurement was begun, Defender had come in, accompanied by the steam yacht Neckan, with Mr. and Mrs. Iselin aboard. After a consultation between the principals, the work of measurement was begun with Valkyrie's waterline; her crew, to the number of sixty, including Lord Dunraven, his daughters and Mr. Watson, Mr. Kersey and Mr. Glennie being stationed on deck amidships. After this work was completed by Mr. Hyslop under the eyes of Messrs. Watson and Herreshoff, the same operation was performed on Defender, she having fifty men on board, then the spar measurements of the two yachts were taken, the work being concluded about 4:30 P. M. Prior to the measurement each yacht had shipped about a ton of lead in pigs.

During the whole day the yard was thronged with yachtsmen from New York, Boston, Montreal, Oswego, Toronto and the West, every detail of the measuring being watched with the closest attention. The official figures were reported by Mr. Hyslop to Secretary Oddie and posted in the club house on Friday evening, as follows:

	Valkyrie. Feet.	Defender. Feet.
Length on load waterline	88.85	88.45
Length from after end of main boom to forward point of measurement	186.02	181.79
Length from fore side of mast to forward point of measurement	78.94	73.55
Length of spinaker boom	78.94	73.36



ETHELWYNN.—Defender of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. International Challenge Cup in the 15 t. Half-Rater Class.

From a Photo by B. C. Ball.

Length of gaff	59.00	64.00
Length of topmast	55.98—1·5=44.78	57.42—1·5=45.94
Height from upper side of main boom to topmast head block	129.80	125.48
Square root of sail area as per rule	114.14	112.26
Sail area, square feet	13 027.93	12,602.30
Sailing length, per rule	101.49	100.36

Valkyrie allows Defender 29 1-10 seconds.

The waterline lengths were a surprise, both yachts coming under 89ft. The sail area of Valkyrie is over 400sq. ft. in excess of Defender, the two far outclassing all previous yachts. The time allowance is very little under the half-minute. This time Valkyrie wastes nothing in length of spinaker boom. She has the shorter gaff by 5ft.

The following notice was posted in the New York Y. C. house on Sept. 5:

The America's Cup Committee has arranged that the first race shall be sailed on Saturday, Sept. 7, and that one day (not counting Sunday) shall intervene between each race, unless changed by consent of both the competing yachts. JAMES D. SMITH, Chairman.

This makes the dates Sept. 7, 10, 12 and possibly 14 and 17, making no allowance for postponements.

The general conditions of the races, as agreed upon by Lord Dunraven and the Cup committee, are as follows:

The match shall be decided by the winning of three out of five races.

Courses.—Starting from Sandy Hook Lightship, first race to windward or leeward and return. Second race, equilateral triangle. Third race, to windward or leeward and return. Fourth race, equilateral triangle. Fifth race, to windward or leeward and return, the starting line and compass bearings to be announced as early as practicable. In every case the course from the starting line to be laid to windward if possible from the Sandy Hook Lightship. In case the course as required by these conditions cannot be made out from Sandy Hook Lightship, the regatta committee may provide some other suitable starting point, and, in this case, the preparatory signal will be given about half an hour later than the time named before starting from the lightship.

Length of Courses.—The courses shall be, as nearly as possible, 30 nautical miles in length.

Start.—The starting signal shall be given at 11 A. M., and this time shall not be changed except as follows: First, by the Regatta Committee, as described in the preceding paragraph for changing the starting point; second, by the Regatta Committee, in case of fog; third, in case both yachts consent to a postponement, in which case the Regatta Committee shall determine the time of the start; fourth, in case of accident, as hereinafter provided. The preparatory signal shall be given ten minutes before the starting signal, and, in case of change of time to start, a preliminary signal shall be given fifteen minutes before the preparatory. At the starting signal a yacht may cross the line. The exact time at which a yacht crosses the line during the succeeding two minutes to be taken as her start, and the end of that period as the start of one crossing after its expiration. If a race is not started by 1:30 P. M., the Regatta Committee shall have the right to declare the race postponed for that day, but no race shall be started after 3 P. M.

Time of Making Races.—Any race in which the elapsed time of the yacht finishing first exceeds six hours shall not count, and must be resailed.

Load Water Line Length.—The challenger having named 89ft. load-waterline length, the condition of 1893, limiting any excess to two per cent. (2 per cent.) thereof, is covered by the condition limiting single-masted vessels to 90ft. load water line, as expressed in the deed of gift.

Time Allowance, Measurement, etc.—The system of measurement and time allowance, embraced in the rules at present in force in the New York Y. C., shall govern the races, except as hereinafter modified, and with the proviso that any excess of loadwaterline length over 89ft. shall be counted double in calculating the racing length for time allowance.

Date of Races.—The first race shall be sailed Sept. 7. One day shall intervene between each racing day, unless changed by agreement. A race of one kind shall be repeated until finished.

Accidents.—In case a serious accident to either vessel occurs prior to the preparatory signal she shall have sufficient time to effect repairs before being required to start, or if such accident occurs during a race, before being required to start in the next race.

Representatives of the New York Y. C.:

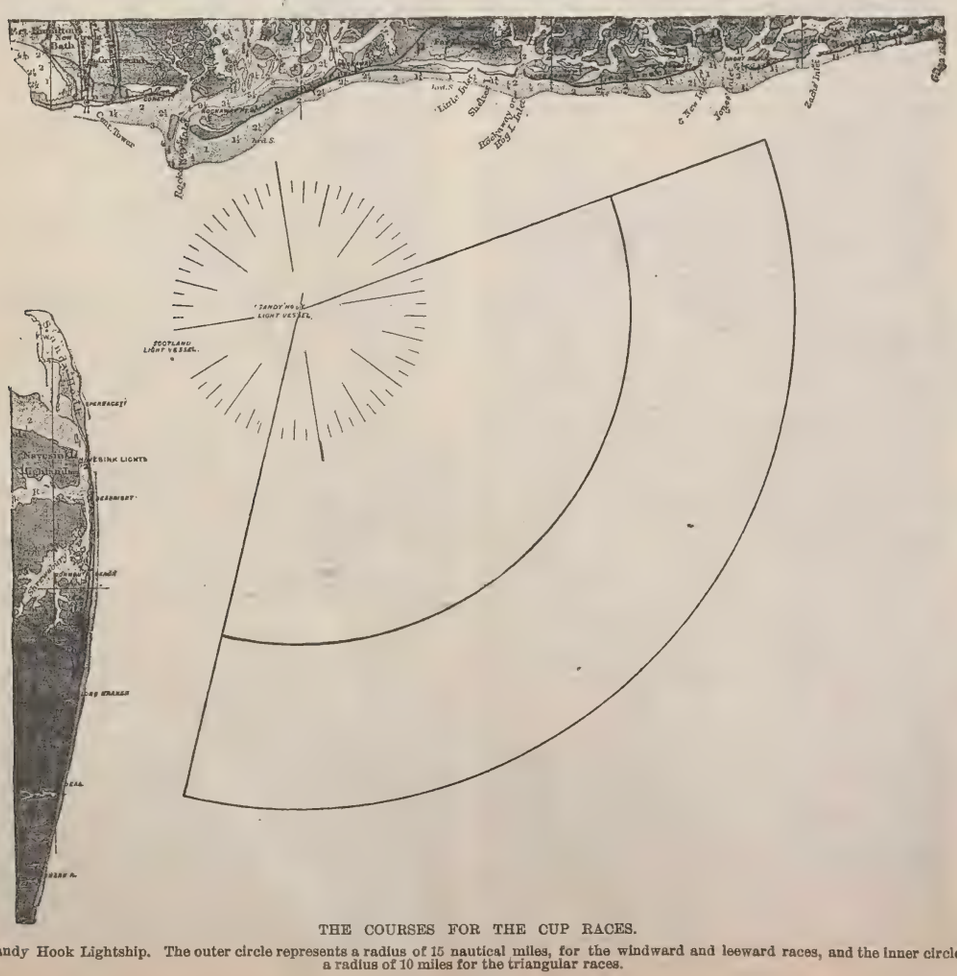
The America's Cup Committee name as the representative of the New York Y. C. the yacht Defender.

A referee shall be selected only in case some question demands his services.

Manual Power.—Manual Power only shall be used for working the competing vessels.

Measurements.—The competing yachts shall be measured with all the weights on board, dead or alive, which they intend to carry during a race, but shall not have on board more persons all told during any race than are permitted by New York Y. C. rules. Waste tanks or water tanks, if carried, must be filled with water at the time of measurement, the boat carried to be not less than 12ft. in length. The restriction of the New York Y. C. rules as to floors, bulkheads, doors, water tanks, bar anchor and cable is waived.

Alteration in Measurement.—If either yacht, by alteration of trim or immersion by dead weight, increases her loadwaterline length, or in any way increases her spar measurements as officially taken, she must obtain a remeasurement by special appointment before the next race, or failing in this, must report the alteration to the measurer at the club house at 10 P. M. of the day before the race following such alteration, and must arrange with him for remeasurement, and, if required, be in the Erie Basin by 7 A. M. of the day of said race, and there remain till 8 o'clock P. M., if necessary, for the purpose of remeasurement.



THE COURSES FOR THE CUP RACES.

Sandy Hook Lightship. The outer circle represents a radius of 15 nautical miles, for the windward and leeward races, and the inner circle a radius of 10 miles for the triangular races.

If either yacht decreases her measurements or racing length in any way, in order to profit thereby in time allowance in any race, she must obtain a remeasurement by special appointment before such race, or notify the measurer and be at his disposition as above prescribed. A measurement taken as provided above shall be final, and not subject to protest by either party. In the event of the measurer being unable to obtain a measurement which he considers accurate before a race, a re-measurement shall be taken as soon as possible after the race.

JAMES D. SMITH,
Chairman America's Cup Committee.

The representatives named are Latham A. Fish, to represent Defender on Valkyrie III., and David A. Henderson, to represent Valkyrie III. on Defender.

The immediate conditions of the races, as arranged by the regatta committee, are as follows:

START AND COURSES.

Start.—The start will be made off Sandy Hook Lightship, the preparatory signal being given at 10:50 A. M., and the starting signal at 11.

Courses.—No. 1 (Letter C).—From the starting line, to and around a mark 15 miles to windward or to leeward and return, leaving the mark on the starboard hand.

No. 2 (Letter D).—From the starting line, 10 miles to and around a mark; thence 10 miles to and around a second mark, and thence 10 miles to finish line, turning the marks on the outside of the triangle to port or starboard, according as the yachts are sent around.

Starting and Finish Lines—Will be between a point on the committee boat, indicated by a white flag, and the mainmast of the lightship, or other stakeboat, if the start is made further out to sea. These lines will be at right angles with the outward and home courses, respectively.

Compass Courses—Will be set before the preliminary signal is made. The signals for Course No. 2 must be read beginning forward.

Marks—Will be floats displaying a red flag with white stripes. The position of each float will be indicated by a tug showing a red ball and stationed about 100yds. beyond. Should a float be wrecked, its place will be taken by its marking tug, which will show the club signal in addition to the ball, and in turning the tug the directions for turning the float will govern.

The patrol division will, before the start, form a line back of the starting line. During the race half the division will take position each side of the racers. At the turning marks they will form a circle around the mark. At the finish they will be in two lines parallel with the course on which the yachts will be approaching.

All vessels on patrol duty will fly a large blue flag on which the word "Patrol," in white letters, will appear.

Vessels present can make a perfect success of these arrangements by not passing between the patrol vessels and the racing yachts at any time, and by heeding warnings which may be given from any of the patrol vessels by voice or whistle (four blasts), and by kindly yielding to suggestions which may be made from any patrol vessel as to change of position.

Each captain present at the races, by giving his aid and co-operation, can materially contribute to the maintenance of that absolutely fair field which the contestants are entitled to. Any one captain can, by disregard of the suggestions, spoil the race.

These facts need only to be brought to the attention of captains to be appreciated and acted upon.

JAMES C. BERGEN,
Rear Commodore New York Y. C.,
Commanding Division Patrol Vessels.

The regatta committee has also sent out the following:

To Those in Charge of Vessels Attending the America's Cup Races:

The regatta committee of the New York Y. C. earnestly request those in charge of vessels attending the races for the America's Cup to keep at least half a mile away from the competing yachts, even when to leeward of them, as the wind in this case is seriously banked up.

It is absolutely essential that a clear space of a half mile be maintained all around the starting line, to permit the maneuvering for the start, and that a space of at least a quarter of a mile be maintained at the turning marks.

The courses will be guarded by patrol boats flying white flags with the word "Patrol" in blue letters. Four short blasts of the whistle from any of these boats, or from the committee boat, will mean "You are too near."

The committee ask the hearty co-operation of every one in keeping a clear course, free from interference or crowding, thus insuring a perfectly fair race.

REGATTA COMMITTEE.

Saturday morning was unpleasant and threatening, a light easterly breeze prevailing, with a drizzling rain. The patrol vessels were ordered to their stations at 9:30, and the preparatory signal was given at 10:50. The starting signal was given at 11:00, and the yachts were sent away on a beat to windward. Defender was first over the line, with Valkyrie 1m. 12s. astern. Defender was steering a course about E. by S., and Valkyrie was heading about S.E. by E. Defender was pitching and scending in the sea to about the same extent, but the roll was evidently hurting the wide boat, shaking the wind out of her sails, while the narrower boat went along very steadily and easily, this being especially the case after they came on port tack. Defender gained very perceptibly on this tack, footing faster than Valkyrie.

At 1:12 Defender went on starboard tack again, and to all appearances Valkyrie began to gain. The wind increased a little in force, but was not quite true, beginning to work to the south. They stood on this tack for over half an hour, Defender slowly gaining all that she had lost in the first twenty minutes.

At 1:47 Valkyrie came on port tack with the expectation of crossing Defender's bows, the latter of course having the right of way. As she came up Valkyrie found that she could not cross, and at 1:49 went on starboard tack again. She was then very close under Defender, and the latter came on very fast and went on port tack, giving Valkyrie a buffet from her big mainsail as she did so. They stood off on opposite tacks, both going about at 1:53 and coming together again. This time Defender crossed Valkyrie's bows and tacked on her weather at 1:57. Valkyrie went on starboard tack again, but Defender held on for three minutes before going about. While these maneuvers were going on the steamer Richard Peck ran across the bows of both yachts.

Defender was now well to windward, and the wind had shifted so that they could almost lay their course for the mark, some eight miles away, the wind being a little stronger. They held the starboard tack for nearly an hour and a half, Defender gaining all the while. A light rain fell for a time, and then the sun shone out again. The last tack was made at 3:25, Defender going about first and Valkyrie immediately after. It was plain that Defender had overstood, although the tug and mark were visible from a long distance; with a good full she came down very fast, lowering her jibtopsail at 3:30 and running up her smaller balloon jibtopsail, ready to break as she turned the mark and eased off her boom to starboard at 3:36:29. Valkyrie fetched the mark easily and turned at 3:39:52, making Defender's gain 3m. 27s. in the beat of 15 miles in a wind of 6 to 8 miles per hour. Her elapsed time was 3.15.39.

The wind had been working to the south for over an hour, and there was now no chance of a dead run; on the contrary, there was a free reach all the way home. Defender lowered her jib and staysail, and at once reset the latter. Valkyrie set a large balloon jibtopsail and lowered her working headsails, running for a long time with only the ballooner set, then she set a balloon foresail. Valkyrie's balloon jibtopsail was kept flowing, and apparently was not drawing like that of Defender. The run in was without incident, the two wide apart, and Defender gaining at the rate of a minute every three miles. The finish was timed: Defender, 5:21:14; Valkyrie, 5:29:30. Defender wins by 8m. 49s. corrected time.

The best that can be said about the conduct of the attendant fleet is that it was impartial, the captains of the steamers showed a freedom from all national bias in abusing both yachts equally. At the start Defender was very badly served, later on both yachts were washed and blanketed, and at the end Valkyrie suffered the worse, though not to an extent which seriously affected the race. Among the worst offenders were the Richard Peck, the City of Lowell, the City of Lawrence and the Frances. The patrol yachts did what they could, but they were utterly powerless when the captain of a big boat chose to disregard them.

The weather at the finish of the race was very unpleasant, a light rain falling and a mist coming in from the sea. The two yachts towed up to Bay Ridge and anchored there. Valkyrie was in hard luck; after a day of such work and all the discouragement of losing, her steam tender missed her, going in to the Horseshoe and then out by the Hook to look for her while she was up at Bay Ridge, the crew tired and hungry and with their supper far away on the tender.

Early on Sunday morning both yachts were towed to the Erie Basin and remeasured by Mr. Hyslop, the ends of the waterlines being marked by red paint, these marks to be visible at all times when the yachts are in racing trim in smooth water. Mr. Watson went overboard and painted the marks on Valkyrie's stem and stern. Mr. Herreshoff did the same service for Defender from a rowboat. In the evening the following notice was posted at the New York Y. C. house:

"At the request of the Earl of Dunraven, and with the acquiescence of Mr Iselin, the measurer of the New York Y. C. marked the yachts Valkyrie and Defender at each end of the load waterline. When this was done at the Erie Basin to-day, the measurer, at the request of the America's Cup Committee, verified the measurements taken on Friday last, which were confirmed by the measurements taken to-day.

"A. CASS CANFIELD."

The following has been issued by Rear Com. Bergen:

"NEW YORK, Sept. 8, 1895.—The thanks of the officers commanding the Patrol Division of the New York Y. C. are tendered to the captains of the excursion steamers following the America's Cup race on Saturday for their kind and prompt attention to signals and requests.

"The few exceptions are the commanders of vessels concerning whose movements complaints have been made to the press. These individuals are without excuse for their conduct; they had warnings from the patrol vessels and knowledge of the effect of their actions. It would be unfair to blame the great body of steamer captains present on that occasion for the deliberate selfish misbehavior of the few.

"As there is no power in the New York Y. C. to control such men, the fair-minded public have the obvious corrective in their own hands—it is to permit them to follow the races alone.

"The importance of keeping the turning marks of Tuesday's triangular race clear is so great that attention is again called to the fact that at no point of the race, either at the start nor during the runs from mark to mark, nor at turning marks, nor at the finish, should steamers approach within half a mile of the racing yachts, and to the further fact that on Tuesday there will be patrol vessels stationed both to windward and leeward of each mark, and commanders of all vessels are particularly requested not to pass between such patrol vessels and the marks.

"Rear-Com. N. Y. Y. C., Commanding Patrol Division."

While lying off Bay Ridge on Sunday morning and afternoon the yachts were visited by thousands. On Sunday afternoon both towed down to the Horseshoe.





ETHELWYNN.—Defender of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. International Challenge Cup in the 15ft. Half-Rater Class. From a Photo by B. C. Ball.

Starting Signals.—Preparatory: A gun will be fired, the blue peter set, and a red ball hoisted.

Start.—Ten minutes later a gun will be fired and the ball will drop.

Handicap Time.—Two minutes later a gun will be fired and the blue peter hauled down.

Should a signal gun miss fire, a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given.

Recall Signal.—A yacht crossing the line before the starting signal is made will be recalled by a blast of the whistle and the display of her private signal.

Postponement Signal.—Letter H: Do you assent to postponing start until latter in the day?

Letter G: Do you assent to calling the race off for the day?

If a yacht assent, she will display letter C.

If a yacht dissent, she will display letter D.

Letter L.—Race postponed on account of fog.

Race postponed until later in the day, letter S.

Race postponed until another day, letter Q.

Letter V.—The starting point will be shifted out from the lightship.

In case of serious accident to either yacht, prior to the preparatory signal, she will display the letter M, and shall have sufficient time to repair before being required to start; should such accident occur during a race, she shall have sufficient time to repair before being required to start in the next race.

In case the start is postponed or the starting point is shifted from the lightship, a preliminary signal will be made by firing a gun and displaying the yacht ensign at the fore.

The committee boat will display the club signal at the fore and the committee flag aft.

Should the committee boat fail to reach the finish, her place will be taken by a vessel displaying a red ball.

Note.—A special chart for the America's Cup races, on a working scale, has been published by the New York Y. C. and can be obtained at the clubhouse, 67 Madison avenue.

S. NICHOLSON KANE,
CHESTER GRISWOLD,
IRVING GRINNELL,
Regatta Committee.

The following notice has been issued as part of a scheme to patrol the course and keep off all outside craft:

A clear course and no interference with the racing yachts is absolutely necessary.

Just complaint has heretofore been made that the excursion steamers attending the races interfered with them.

The committee, officers and members of the New York Y. C. are determined that no cause for such complaint shall exist during the coming races, but recognize that, after all, the responsibility rests upon each individual commander of each individual vessel present to avoid the interference. Unless each is willing to do his part, all efforts of others will be unavailing. Any one steamer can spoil the race.

It is with full assurance that the captains of all vessels following the races will appreciate these facts and use their best efforts to avoid interfering with the racers that it has been determined to publish the substance of the suggestions adopted, asking each captain to familiarize himself with them and lend his hearty co-operation.

The following captains of the New York Y. C. have tendered their yachts to act as patrol vessels: Capt. H. M. Flagler, yacht Alicia; Capt. John H. Hyman, yacht Emola; Capt. John Nicholas Brown, yacht Ballymena; Capt. J. H. Hall, yacht Unquowa; Capt. Harrison B. Moore, yacht Marietta; Capt. Frederick G. Bourne, yacht Reverie; Capt. E. R. Ladew, yacht Orienta; Capt. F. G. Hauteville, yacht Zara; Capt. F. H. Benedict, yacht Vision; Capt. John H. Gourlie, yacht Ava; Capt. John P. Duncan, yacht Washita; Capt. E. H. Harriman, yacht Spindrift; and Capt. Henry F. Noyes, yacht Katrina.

The rear-commodore of the club will have command of this patrol division, and will meet the captains named at the club house Friday afternoon to give detailed orders, assign positions and supply the distinguishing "patrol flag," which the patrol ships will fly during the races.

The substance of the orders is that a clear space of half a mile must be maintained around the starting line. A clear space of half a mile must be maintained from the outside of each racing yacht, and no vessel must cross ahead to pass to windward of the racers, and a clear space of a quarter of a mile must be maintained around each turning mark.

air and a cloudy sky, with a prospect of stormy easterly weather. The summer has been remarkably free from the usual West India storms, there having been thus far uniformly fair weather, with occasional light rains, but without the heavy blows so common in August, and that in some recent years have done such damage. There was a chance of a break in the weather for this first race, but the easterly wind and light showers amounted to nothing, the next day being fair and warm, with a west wind. In spite of the prospects, people poured into the city by thousands, in addition to those from a distance who had already arrived, all wending their way to West street, where a fleet of steamers large and small were waiting. How many steamers and people were out it is impossible to say, but the fleet was the largest ever seen save at some of the inside races which were more accessible to very small craft. The smallest that went out on this occasion were some of the smaller tugs and steam yachts and a few sailing yachts, including a catboat or two and a knockabout.

The racing yachts were ready over night in the Horseshoe and towed out to the Sandy Hook Lightship in good time, meeting the tug Walter Luckenback with the Cup and regatta committees aboard. Anchored by the ship was the big steamer of the Postal Telegraph Co., ready to send messages to the city by a special cable. An immense fleet of steam craft was gathered about the line, among them being the British yacht Valhalla, a noble craft with her ship rig, just arrived the night before from England, and the steam yacht Earl King, also a new arrival from the other side. The great steamers City of Lowell, Richard Peck, Yorktown and others, were all crowded.

At 10:30 the wind was just north of east, so that it was not practicable to lay a windward course of 15m. clear of the Long Island shore, and a signal was set on the committee boat notifying the fleet that the start would be changed from the Lightship. The owners of the yachts assented to this and the pair started off southwest after the Luckenback, the latter finally anchoring a couple of miles offshore near Seabright. The course signals were set at 11:50, east by south and another Luckenback tug was sent away to log and mark the course, in charge of Supt. Neils Olsen. The starting line was formed by the committee steamer and a second tug displaying a red ball, anchored some 200yds. north of it. In this way the use of the Lightship was avoided—a very good thing, as one of these great hulls heaving in a sea is about as dangerous as anything that could possibly be devised for marking a starting line. It would be a great improvement if in all races a starting line could be marked by two floats or buoys in the vicinity of the Lightship, but far enough away to avoid danger of collision.

The wind was very light, about six miles per hour, from E. by S., and the sea was heaving in a discomforting roll that turned a man's thoughts inward. The two yachts had topsails, Defender showing a large and very white clubtopsail over a yellow sail of crisscross cut, while Valkyrie had a very large clubtopsail, with three battens in the head, over a very handsome mainsail of the common cut. Her headsails were also very good. While she carried a baby jibtopsail in stops, Defender had up a No. 2, a much larger sail. On board of Defender was Mrs. Iselin, while Lord Dunraven's daughters sailed on Valkyrie

According to the notice, in the event of a postponement of the start a warning signal was fired at 11:55, indicating that the real preparatory signal would be fired in fifteen minutes. The two yachts circled about the line, keeping closer as the time lessened, and with the preparatory gun at 12:10 the racing began. The two were then east of the line and a little distance away, both approaching and Valkyrie keeping to windward. Within the last two minutes they worked about very close to the committee boat, circling completely around it. Valkyrie was very close to the line when the gun fired and went over on the windward end, but Defender was on her weather quarter and timed but 4s. astern; Valkyrie at 12:20:46 and Defender at 12:20:50. Jibtopsails broke out as they went over, both on starboard tack and with sheets hard in. While Valkyrie had the best of the start, she did not succeed in putting Defender in a bad position under her lee. Valkyrie had the advantage of crossing with more way on, and at once began to open out, giving her back wind to Defender until she had run too far ahead. Valkyrie's gain was apparent from the start, and in a little while she was well clear of the blue boat.

They held on the first tack until 12:40, Valkyrie tacking first and Defender immediately after, now being on port tack, heading about S.E. Both were now pitching and scending in the sea to about the same extent, but the roll was evidently hurting the wide boat, shaking the wind out of her sails, while the narrower boat went along very

Valkyrie Wins Second Race under Protest by Defender.

JUST as we go to press Tuesday afternoon comes news of the finish of the second race, Valkyrie winning by 32s. net, Defender having sailed the course under protest. The yachts started, Valkyrie 11:00:13, Defender 11:01:15, on the 10-mile leg to windward, wind 6 to 8 miles an hour. As the yachts were approaching the line (the bulletins report) Valkyrie being between Defender and the judges' boat was forced close to the boat, and in weathering it her gaff or spreaders struck Defender's starboard topmast shrouds and carried them away. Defender at once showed her protest flag, and continued in the race under protest. They finished: Valkyrie, 2:55:40; Defender, 2:57:46.

Beverly Y. C.

226TH RACE, AUG. 17.

THE doubtful prizes have been decided. Kitten wins in knockabout class, Sippican takes third prize in third class cats, and in fifth class sloops Raccoon takes first prize by 16s. on allowance, Laurel second prize.

The 227th race, third sweepstakes, was sailed at Quissett Aug. 24, and was the poorest race ever sailed by the club on the bay.

Wind blew a severe gale from S W. and all the morning there was a dense fog. As most of the racing boats would have a long beat to windward in the fog in order to get to Quissett, almost none were on hand, only seven boats appearing.

Grilse was the only small boat on hand, going down from Cataumet and having no competitor did not start. First and second classes sailed together and short courses were given.

In the heavy wind Salmon was reduced to a four-reefed mainsail only, Ashumet carried storm jib in addition and beat her badly, Falcon found weather to her liking. Courses 8½ and 7 miles.

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ashumet, C. H. Jones, B. Y. C.	34.03	1 23 44	1 20 40
Salmon, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	38.06	1 34 19	1 33 33

FIRST AND SECOND CLASSES.

Falcon, slp., J. S. Russell, B. Y. C.	27.06	1 26 08	1 19 06
Flirt, slp., W. L. Shearer, Jr., B. Y. C.	23.04	1 35 00	1 24 30
Kalama, cat, C. H. Brewer, B. Y. C.	26.10	1 44 49	1 37 49
Dorothy, cat, — Crosby, Osterville	....	.. .. ..	.. .. ..

Kalama sailed long course by mistake. Ashumet and Falcon won first prizes, Flirt second prize. Judges—F. E. Cabot, N. H. Emmons.

The 228th regatta, fourth open sweeps, was sailed off the club house Aug. 31 in a strong S.W. breeze. Salmon split her mast and withdrew.

In second class the old boats came to the front, Mist being first on actual time and the old Surprise on corrected time.

In third class Melro had a long lead, but lost mast and boom, throwing race to the new Agnostic, Columbus next on actual time, with Puzzle and Elna very close up, both smaller boats and not yet measured; second and third prizes are withheld till they are measured.

In fourth class cats the new Coquette beat Howard, and in the sloops Grilse, though leading by 2m. 7s., lost to Sylph on allowance, while in the fifth class sloops the Burgess boys seem to have got Laurel going to their satisfaction; having twice cut down her rig, she won easily.

Courses—Largely to windward, 19½ miles for special, 11¼ for first and second, 8 for third, 8½ for fourth, and 5½ for fifth class.

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ashumet, C. H. Jones, B. Y. C.	34.03	3 11 17	.. .. ..
Salmon, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	38.06	Disabled.	

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

Little Peter, W. G. Cotton, B. Y. C.	28.10	1 56 33	1 47 27
Falcon, J. S. Russell, B. Y. C.	27.06	2 18 16	1 57 26
Mistral, R. J. Edwards, B. Y. C.	27.07	Withdrew.	

SECOND CLASS CATS.

Mist, G. H. Lyman, B. Y. C.	25.01	2 06 29	1 53 13
Surprise, J. M. Codman, B. Y. C.	24.01	2 07 43	1 53 10
Kalama, C. H. Brewer, B. Y. C.	26.10	2 08 04	1 56 49
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	24.09	2 09 46	1 56 04
Starling, T. D. Jennings, N. Falmouth	23.11	2 24 26	2 29 41
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr., B. Y. C.	25.08	Disabled.	

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

Flirt, W. L. Shearer, Jr., B. Y. C.	23.04	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS CATS.

Agnostic, D. Crosby, Osterville	20.02	1 43 51	1 29 27
Colymbus, A. Winsor, B. Y. C.	21.06	1 47 13	1 34 18
Puzzle, W. Amory, 2d, B. Y. C.	....	1 47 35	.. .. ..
Elna, J. Parkinson, B. Y. C.	....	1 48 11	.. .. ..
Doris, J. Parkinson, B. Y. C.	21.01	1 48 26	1 35 23
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	21.10	1 49 54	1 37 40
Star, P. E. Judd, Onset	18.04	2 00 35	1 43 54
Melro, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	20.03	Dismasted.	

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	19.01	1 53 46	1 37 11
Sylph, N. Huckins, Jr., Onset	17.04	1 55 53	1 36 42
Silence, J. Crane, Jr., B. Y. C.	....	.. .. ..	.. .. ..

FOURTH CLASS CATS.

Coquette, W. W. Phinney, Mon. Beach	18.01	2 01 03	1 42 58
Howard, H. O Miller, B. Y. C.	18.00	2 01 12	1 43 00
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy, B. Y. C.	17.06	2 02 32	1 43 35
Cinch, H. Parker, B. Y. C.	18.01	Withdrew.	

FIFTH CLASS CATS.

Vif, Ralph Winson, B. Y. C.	14.04	1 24 54	1 09 10
Imp, G. B. Dabney, B. Y. C.	14.05	Disabled.	

FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Laurel, H. & F. Burgess, B. Y. C.	14.00	1 25 26	1 09 15
P D Q, R W. Emmons, B. Y. C.	14.02	1 28 24	1 12 26
Hilda, Robt. Winson, B. Y. C.	13.02	1 32 08	1 14 40

Prize winners: Special class, Ashumet; second class sloops, Little Peter; second class cats, Surprise first, Mist second, Anonyma third; third class cats, Agnostic; fourth class cats, Coquette first, Howard second; fourth class sloops, Sylph; fifth class sloops, Laurel; fifth class cats, Vif.

Judges: F. E. Cabot, A. H. Hardy.

The 229th regatta, second open, was sailed Sept. 2 in the worst weather ever met in the bay. It was a flat calm all morning, and many boats wishing to race failed to arrive or arrived too late.

At 1 o'clock there was no wind and start was delayed till 1:30, when they went off in a very light N.E. air, Isem led off, followed by Ashumet and Salmon, all with spinakers set. Just over line Ashumet overtook and fouled Isem, who protested. Later in race she collided with Salmon.

At the next gun two first class, three second class sloops and seven second class cats started, sailing same course as special, 11¼ miles. Little Peter went wrong side of buoy on starting line and was out of race. Mistral did the same, but came back and crossed properly. Both skippers can learn something.

Off Wing's Neck they ran into a S.W. breeze and held it till they got back to the Neck, when they again met the N.E. breeze.

Kalama was best boat actual time, but came out fourth on allowance. Mr. Codman is doing very well with the old Surprise and again took first.

Seven third class cats and seven cats and six sloops started in fourth class, 8½ miles Coquette again led in the cats, Howard withdrawing.

In the sloops, Turkey and the new Herreshoff Edith had no light sails. The latter, a very pretty boat, was unofficially measured out of the class and protested for sculling with rudder after preparatory gun, Silence is yet to be measured, and many think is too long for the class. This leaves prizes in doubt. Melro is also protested for sculling.

Silence got off on the gun, held the breeze, got a lead of over a mile, got all the changes of wind first and led home by 5m.

Course for fifth class was 5½ miles, a beat to buoy 5 and return, twice over. All fourth and fifth classes were handicapped but Silence, drifting stern first back from the line.

At end of first round in fifth class they were heading S W. for starting line carrying spinakers, while third and fourth classes, abreast of them ¼ mile east, were heading N.E. and carrying spinakers. When they struck the northeast wind they all bunched except the old Elna, who spun out a long lead. Laurel, too, did nobly.

SPECIAL CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ashumet, C. H. Jones, B. Y. C.	34.03	2 50 15	2 46 04
Salmon, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	38.06	2 54 43	2 53 42
Isem, H. R. Reed, B. Y. C.	33.03	3 00 29	2 55 29

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

Little Peter, W. G. Cotton, B. Y. C.	28.10	3 01 27	2 52 21
Mistral, R. J. Edwards, B. Y. C.	27.07	3 13 23	3 02 59

SECOND CLASS SLOOPS.

Flirt, W. L. Spearer, Jr., B. Y. C.	23.04	3 18 25	3 02 52
Alma, R. Bigelow, A. Y. C.	22.08	3 20 05	3 03 37
Hurricayne, R. P. Owens, Mon. Beach	21.09	3 40 02	3 23 14

SECOND CLASS CATS.

Kalama, C. H. Brewer, B. Y. C.	26.10	3 06 06	2 54 51
Surprise, J. M. Codman, B. Y. C.	24.01	3 07 40	2 53 07
Mist, G. H. Lyman, B. Y. C.	25.01	3 08 10	2 54 44
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney, B. Y. C.	24.09	3 08 30	2 54 38
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr., B. Y. C.	25.08	3 09 31	2 56 56
Linotte, W. P. Wilson, B. Y. C.	25.10	3 12 20	2 59 48
No Name, E. L. Dorr, Jr., Wareham	24.00	Withdrew.	

THIRD CLASS CATS.

Elna, John Parkinson, B. Y. C.	....	2 41 05	.. .. ..
Melro, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	20.03	2 48 38	2 33 26
Doris, John Parkinson, B. Y. C.	21.01	2 52 33	2 38 21
Puzzle, Wm. Amory, 2d, B. Y. C.	....	2 55 28	.. .. ..
Tycoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr., B. Y. C.	....	2 55 28	.. .. ..
Colymbus, Alfred Winsor, B. Y. C.	21.06	2 55 29	2 41 45
Gilt Edge, D. L. Whittemore, B. Y. C.	21.10	2 55 34	2 42 13
Agnostic, D. Crosby, Osterville	20.02	2 55 50	2 40 32

FOURTH CLASS CATS.

Coquette, W. W. Phinney, Mon. Beach	18.00	2 52 45	2 34 35
Dawdle, R. S. Hardy, B. Y. C.	17.06	2 59 59	2 41 03
Squall, J. G. Palfrey, B. Y. C.	....	3 02 58	.. .. ..
Cinch, H. Parker, B. Y. C.	18.01	3 14 50	2 56 45
Howard, H. O. Miller, B. Y. C.	18.00	Withdrew.	
Ginger, J. Dexter, Mattapoisett	....	Withdrew.	
Whim, E. O. Bird, B. Y. C.	....	Withdrew.	

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Silence, J. Crane, Jr., B. Y. C.	....	2 48 04	.. .. ..
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis, B. Y. C.	19.01	2 52 56	2 36 21
Edith, C. M. Baker, B. Y. C.	....	2 54 38	.. .. ..
Fin, H. Stockton, B. Y. C.	17.09	3 01 25	2 43 51
Turkey, C. S. Dennison, B. Y. C.	....	3 02 02	.. .. ..
Sylph, N. Huckins, Jr., Onset	17.04	3 02 12	2 43 11

FIFTH CLASS CATS.

Vif, Ralph Winsor, B. Y. C.	14.04	2 08 48	1 53 04
Imp, G. B. Dabney, B. Y. C.	14.05	2 09 18	1 53 40
Clam Shell, R. Brewer, Matta	12.06	2 09 40	1 51 02
Iola, W. Bowman, Matta	....	2 11 00	.. .. ..
Tern, W. Tileston, B. Y. C.	14.05	2 13 14	1 57 36
Frolic, R. Butler, Content	14.10	2 13 50	1 58 42
Try, E. Harding, B. Y. C.	13.01	2 17 40	2 00 14
Spectre, L. P. Phillips, Cataumet	....	Withdrew.	

FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS

Laurel, H. & F. Burgess, B. Y. C.	14.00	2 04 34	1 48 23
Hilda, Robert Winsor, B. Y. C.	13.03	2 12 58	1 54 30
Raccoon, J. L. Stackpole, Jr., B. Y. C.	13.04	2 13 30	1 56 25
Waskite, H. N. Richards, B. Y. C.	....	2 13 45	.. .. ..
P D Q, R W. Emmons, B. Y. C.	14.02	2 14 35	1 58 37

Judges: W. Lloyd Jeffries, A. H. Hardy, H. S. Cassuth.

PRIZES.

Special, first class sloops, first prize; third class cats, second and third prizes; fourth class sloops, three prizes, and fifth class sloops, third prize in doubt owing to protests and non-measurements.

Second class sloops, first prize, Flirt; second class cats, Surprise first, Anonyma second, Mist third; third class cats, Elna; fourth class cats, Coquette first, Dawdle second, Squall third; fifth class cats, Clam Shell first, Vif second, Imp third; fifth class sloops, Laurel first, Hilda second.

Valhalla.

A CURIOSITY in the line of private yachts is the ship-rigged Valhalla, owned by Joseph Frederick Laycock, of the Royal Yacht Squadron of England, which is now lying off Staten Island. The Valhalla is the largest vessel of her kind in the world, and even in England, where ship-rigged pleasure craft are more numerous than they are in this country, she attracted a great deal of attention from yachtsmen on account of her large size and handsome appointments. The Valhalla depends almost entirely on her sails as a means of propulsion and her steam equipment is for use only in case she becomes becalmed. In this she differs materially from a majority of American pleasure yachts, for on this side almost absolute dependence is placed on the propellers, and the sails are used rarely except in case of a breakdown in the machinery.

Mr. Laycock, the owner of Valhalla, is an enthusiastic yachtsman and most of his time is spent on board his ship. Before he built the Valhalla he owned the schooner yacht Sibyl. His present vessel was constructed in 1892 and has been in commission almost continuously. She has visited almost every part of the globe, but this is the first time either she, her owner and his guests, or her captain, William Barnard, R. N., have been in New York. They came over to see the yacht races, and, incidentally, to have a look at New York and America.

The Valhalla sailed from Cowes on Aug 20. Mr. Laycock understood that the first Defender-Valkyrie race was to be sailed on Sept. 14. The Valhalla took her time, and touched at San Miguel, Azores. Several days were spent there, and a longer stay would have been made had not a telegram been received on Aug. 28 saying that the first Cup race would be sailed on Saturday. Instead of having nearly three weeks in which to make the 2,500 miles to New York, the Valhalla would be obliged to cross in ten days if her owner was to witness the first race. Capt. Barnard made up his mind that the Valhalla could do the distance in the available time. Early on the morning of the 28th the big pleasure boat started. Favorable winds were encountered, and it was not necessary to use the engines except for short intervals. At 7 o'clock on Saturday morning the anchor was lowered off Sandy Hook. Two circular storms were encountered during the passage, but the Valhalla only got the edge of them. On the whole the trip was a pleasant one.

Mr. Laycock has as his guests Mr. Gordon Wood and Mr. Cecil Slade, two well-known amateur yachtsmen. They witnessed the yacht race and the finish, and were not much surprised at the result.

The Valhalla is a handsome ship, and the lines of her bow are especially graceful. She is steel armored, and is 239.6ft. over all, 37.2ft. beam, and 20.7ft. in depth. She is painted black, with gold trimmings. Her mizenmast is 125ft. long and her mainmast 141ft. She presents a very shipshape appearance as she rides at anchor, gently rising and falling with the swell. Every boatman on Staten Island has taken a look at her, and they can hardly express the extent of their admiration for her. She was built three years ago at a cost of $450,000.

In the interior arrangements of the yacht the promise of the hull is fully carried out. Nothing has been left undone that might add to the enjoyment of a cruise. Aft is the day cabin, occupying the entire width of the ship and extending half way amidships. This is furnished in white and gold woodwork, with maroon and light blue silk draperies. In the cabin is a well-stocked bookcase, an organ, and a grand piano. The furniture consists of a dozen or more chairs and lounges, couches and tables, all artistically disposed around the room.

Below decks are the sleeping cabins. Five are on the port side aft. They are finished in white and gold. Each is about 10 by 20ft. Mr. Laycock's cabin is the largest on the port side, and adjoining it is a commodious private office, finished in red. The walls of this room are decorated with photographs of the Valhalla, taken at Cowes, and oil paintings of twenty or more horses formerly owned by Mr. Laycock.

On the starboard side is the dining saloon. This is finished in red and gold and white. Next aft is the boudoir, with drapings and furniture in light blue figured silk. The ladies' cabins are four in number, each finished in gold and white and with silk drapings. In these cabins the berths are hung so that they swing with the roll of the vessel. There are bathrooms, lockers and servants' quarters. Throughout the after part of the ship Spanish mahogany is used for the doors and wherever it can be introduced harmoniously. The captain's cabin is on the starboard side forward and finished in oak. Teak is used largely in the construction of the craft.

The Valhalla carries a battery consisting of two 3lb. Hotchkiss guns and a Maxim rapid-fire gun, and the crew has regular gun drills. The crew consists of 117 men, and is organized on the plan of a man-of-war as nearly as can be. The Valhalla carries 160 tons of coal, an amount sufficient to last twelve days. Under steam she can make eleven knots an hour. Under sail she has made fourteen knots. —*New York Sun.*

The Right of Way at a Mark.

The Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. issued the following public statement on Friday night:

"NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, Sept. 6, 1895.

"The attention of the Regatta Committee has been called to a statement which has been published, purporting to be their decision on a hypothetical case under the racing rules, which was submitted to them."

The decision of the committee was as follows, viz.:

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB,
67 MADISON AVENUE, Sept. 5, 1895.

C. Oliver Iselin, Esq.

DEAR SIR: Referring to your inquiry of the 4th inst. addressed to the Cup Committee, asking an opinion upon the following hypothetical case which has been referred to us, viz.:

"First—The two boats in maneuvering for the start both on the same tack, one to windward and one to leeward, and the weather boat being freer than the leeward boat, shapes her course to cross the line, has the leeward boat, being closer hauled, the right to force the weather boat on the wrong side of the mark, it being understood that an overlap has been established?

"Second—When does the judges' boat and the stakeboat at the other end of the starting line become a mark?

"Your decision is also requested on this point in reference to turning a buoy or mark."

We reply as follows:

First—The leeward yacht may force the other on the wrong side of the mark provided she passes on the wrong side herself and provided she does not begin to luff in order to do so after an overlap has been established.

Second—If the leeward boat posses the mark on the required side, she must allow the other room to also pass clear of the mark on the required side, always assuming that an overlap exists between the two boats.

Our answer to number two is that both ends of the line become a mark on making of the preparatory signal.

Our answer to your final inquiry is contained in our first reply.

Respectfully yours, REGATTA COMMITTEE, N. Y. Y. C.

The asking of this question calls attention to this important matter, though Mr. Iselin's question does not cover the whole case. In the original case in point, that of Vigilant and Defender, there is some doubt as to the question of an overlap; the two yachts were in such close proximity as to endanger fouling, and yet as they were coming from different directions, and their courses were at right angles, it cannot be said that either had an overlap such as exists in the case of two yachts coming from the same direction to pass a mark. At the same time it is evident that if the boat which is nearer the mark in the latter case has certain rights, the same should be secured to the inner boat in the former case. It seems to us that the committee's decision does not cover the Vigilant case, as Defender, the inner and nearer boat, could not have an overlap until she was almost touching Vigilant.

This is a point that needs to be cleared up, especially in view of the peculiar wording of the rule in the New York and some other clubs; as we understand the intent of the rule, going back as far as possible and taking the many different wordings to be found, it is intended to secure the right of passage by a mark of a yacht which is in a position to pass the mark on the required side without tacking; and which, at the time she comes into immediate proximity of the mark, is not clear of another yacht. It is not necessary that both should have come from the same direction, or even that an overlap shall exist, the two indispensable conditions being that the yacht claiming the benefit of the rule is able to pass the mark without tacking; and that she is menaced by another yacht of which she is not entirely clear.

In the extreme case of a yacht coming for the line before the wind and at right angles to the line, and meeting a second yacht standing right along the line on the wind and probably on starboard tack, neither yacht is overtaking another, neither has or can establish an overlap; and yet, in our opinion, the yacht which is free is entitled to a clear passage by the mark if she is the nearer (inner) vessel.

We are by no means convinced of the correctness of the committee's decision, that even though a yacht may be on her legitimate course to pass a mark in the required manner, another yacht has a right to luff her on the wrong side of the mark. Outside of a certain distance from the mark this would come under the lufling and bearing away rule; but if the two come together directly at the mark, as sometimes happens, we are of the opinion that the weather vessel has the right of way by the mark. Mr. Iselin's question as to when a vessel or buoy becomes a mark of the course is hardly capable of more than one answer.

There are a number of points in the sailing rules in which it is a serious question, first, what the intent of the rule is, and secondly, what the wording says.

The Burning of the Yankee Doodle.

From the Philadelphia Item, Sept. 2.

THE fast steam yacht Yankee Doodle, owned by the McBride brothers, was almost totally destroyed by fire near the mouth of the Schuylkill River shortly before 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and nine persons who were on board narrowly escaped with their lives. Some of them had to save themselves by jumping overboard and swimming to the shore with the aid of life preservers.

Those on board the boat at the time were Captain John McBride, who was in command; William Naulty, the pilot; Thomas McBride, the engineer, and Ebenezer Fisher, assistant engineer, comprising the crew, and G. Martin Brill, president of the J. G. Brill Car Company; Herman Brill, his son; John J. Kelly, chief engineer of the Brill Company; William Graham and Captain Lawrence Naulty.

The party left Bainbridge Street Wharf on the Schuylkill River shortly after 1 o'clock for a trip down the Delaware. Fast time was made down the Schuylkill, and Captain McBride was looking forward to a sharp race with the City of Chester which the Yankee Doodle would have on its way up from Wilmington. Just as it rounded Girard Point and was about emerging in the Delaware River, one of the oil valves blew out and the boat was at once enveloped in flames. Pilot Naulty turned the boat sharply toward the shore, while the rest of the crew and some of the guests hustled buckets of water over the gunwale in a vain attempt to fight the flames. Captain McBride, who led the fire fighters, had the hair singed from his eyebrows.

The fire was confined amidships, however, closing the passageway to those aft. Most of those forward jumped out when the nose of the boat grounded in the mud. Some of those aft seized life-preservers and plunged overboard. William Graham, who was one of these, was almost exhausted when he reached the shore. There was a folding life-boat on board, and this was successfully floated, Capt. Lawrence Naulty, George McBride and Thomas McBride escaping in this way.

A rowboat, with three men, was close by the yacht when the fire occurred. Those on board appealed to the three oarsmen to come to their assistance, but no attention was paid to the cry for help and the three men, inspired by terror apparently, made haste to put as wide a space between themselves and the burning yacht as possible. Mr. Brill and the other passengers complained bitterly last evening of the cowardice of the unknown oarsmen.

After the yacht was bedded on the shore the tug Reese came along and turned a stream of water on the flames. The crew of the yacht also did valiant service with buckets of water, the fire being finally extinguished after a loss of $600 had been sustained. The wreck was towed up the river by the Police boat Samuel G. King and was moored at South Street Wharf, West Philadelphia, about 5 o'clock, where many persons viewed it last evening.

Sailing in Two Classes.

THE following calls attention to a serious breach of racing rules by which injustice was done to several yachts. The rules requiring the filing of the official measurement of a yacht and her final entry in her proper class prior to the starting of a race are so important that no club save the New York Y. C. can afford to violate them. Every owner duly entered is entitled to know before the start of a race the yachts qualified to start in his class; and if a yacht is put up a class according to a very common rule, all in the class should be notified of the change. In the present case, as we have heard from disinterested parties, as well as from the following letter, the yacht mentioned was not entered in her own class, though under the rule she had no right to enter any other class; she did not sail the proper course for her class, and consequently did not win in it. No club which countenances such violation of the rules can look for the support of racing owners.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to call your attention to an occurrence at the regatta of the Huguenot Y. C. on Aug. 17. The club made three classes of cabin catboats, dividing them from 23 to 25ft., 25 to 27ft. and 27 to 30ft. racing length. There is a rule of the club that "a boat of the smaller class has a right to enter the larger class by assuming the smaller length of that class."

Having entered the Mary in the larger class at 28ft. racing length, I inquired of a member of the regatta committee on the morning of the race if the Kittie had entered my class, and was told she had not; I also asked the owner of the Kittie previous to the race what boat he had to sail against, and he told me the Monson. After the race I was told that the Kittie had won in my class. I found that the regatta committee had figured the Kittie at 25ft. racing length in a class that was limited to 27ft. I at once protested, the committee allowing the protest, and declared the Kittie the winner in the smaller class, a class that had sailed a different course.

The Kittie was so placed that after the race was sailed her owner could figure up the time and place her in any of the three different classes. Finding that she was beaten by being put in the larger class, she is taken out of that class and made the winner in the smaller class, which sailed a different course.

WM. ELSWORTH (owner cabin cat Mary).

Sea Cliff Y. C.

Thursday, Sept. 5.

A SPECIAL race for cabin cats was sailed on Sept. 5 by the Sea Cliff Y. C., starting in a light breeze. Molly Bawn had a good lead when near the finish line, but the wind dropped and the others came up on her, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Molly Bawn, F. Brown, Pavonia	12 37 30	3 16 12	2 38 52	2 38 52
Nellie, S. Stenson, Sea Cliff	12 39 35	3 20 45	2 51 10	2 47 47
Onaway, S. C. Pirie, Sea Cliff	12 39 38	3 22 32	2 42 54	2 39 12
Oconce, C. T. Pierce, Riverside	12 36 45	3 16 15	2 39 30	2 34 00
Flyaway, W. Vancott, Sea Cliff	12 36 20	3 16 15	2 39 15	Not meas.
Wenonah, W. Porter, Sea Cliff	12 42 52	3 41 55	2 59 03	2 53 03
Kittie, H. Morse, Huguenot	12 36 15	3 17 05	2 40 50	2 34 35

The judges were Le Grand L. Clark and F. W. Benner.

Spruce IV. is Here.

MR. J. ARTHUR BRAND reached New York on the Fulda last Monday, bringing with him the 15-footer Spruce IV., the British competitor for the Seawanhaka Corinthian International Challenge Cup for small yachts.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The little yacht built by Mr. Dwyer, and which we mentioned last week as at first intended for the 15ft. class at Oyster Bay, has been sold to Robert Nunnemacher, of Pine Lake, Wis. She sailed her first races on Aug. 24 in the inter-lake regatta at Oconomowoc, Wis., being second in a fleet of nineteen in the first race and first in a fleet of sixteen in the second. One of the boats defeated by her was built from the lines of the noted Sorceress, and has been very successful. The boat was sailed by her new owners for the first time in these races.

The formal opening of the new club house of the Cleveland Y. C. will take place on Sept. 12.

Larchmont Y. C.

Thursday, Sept. 5.

THE fifth of the series of eight special races to be sailed this year by the 31ft. and 21ft. classes of the Larchmont Y. C. came off on Sept. 5, resulting as follows:

SPECIAL—34FT. CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	34.00	3 26 13	3 26 13
Acushla, Wilmer Hanan	34.00	3 11 01	3 11 01

SPECIAL—21FT. CLASS.

Vaquero, W. Gould Brokaw	21.00	1 10 16	1 10 16

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Hilton Trophy.

THE past week, that is, from Sept. 3 to 7, has been a busy one among riflemen, the New Jersey Rifle Association's meeting at Sea Girt, N. J., having proved to be one of the most successful ever held. Thursday, Sept. 5, saw the contest for the Hilton trophy. Those eligible to compete were teams of twelve men from the Army and Navy of the United States, the National Guard of the United States, and of England, Ireland and Scotland, the provinces of Great Britain, and all other countries; in fact, it is "open to the world." The trophy, which is valued at $3,000, was presented by the Hon. Henry Hilton. Last year Pennsylvania won it with 1,088 points. This year the District of Columbia team won it by scoring the magnificent total of 1,097, beating by one point the best previous score of 1,096 made by the Massachusetts sharpshooters in 1888. The highest possible is 1,200. Each member of the winning team in each contest receives a medal commemorative of the occasion. The scores were as follows:

HILTON TROPHY.

District of Columbia.	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.
Scott	31	30	32
Wetherald	26	33	27
Dickey	27	32	32
Cook	30	33	31
Stewart	30	30	34
Appleby	29	34	32
Laird	31	30	29
Bell	29	32	28
Leizear	27	29	36
Carleton	32	32	31
Graham	31	34	33
Hutterly	28	32	30
	351	381	365
Grand total, 1,097.			
Massachusetts.			
Boudoin	29	30	27
Boardman	26	28	30
Cooley	29	32	27
Gibbs	28	32	31
Harlow	31	35	27
Russell	31	29	30
Paine	30	28	25
Tornrose	29	30	27
Huddleson	31	30	30
Fuller	29	32	22
Blake	30	29	30
Nutter	28	29	28
	351	366	334
Grand total, 1,051.			
Georgia.			
Burpitt	29	32	28
Screven	29	29	30
Myers	22	31	26
Eichberg	30	30	26
H E Wilson	29	30	31
F C Wilson	31	34	25
Mercer	28	26	25
Austin	27	29	30
Hunter	29	29	25
Conn	30	35	29
Richmond	29	24	30
Postell	29	32	26
	342	361	331
Grand total, 1,034.			

12th Regiment, New York.	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.
Stebbins	27	33	32
Corrie	30	32	30
Smith	25	30	29
Boyle	29	30	29
Weischusen	28	30	25
Eagan	23	29	26
Van Houston	28	33	28
Leiter	28	29	30
Winterbottom	29	35	30
Donovan	28	29	33
Downs	31	30	27
Lamb	28	28	30
	334	368	349
Grand total, 1,051.			
Pennsylvania.			
Watkins	26	31	30
Mehard	28	29	29
Stout	26	31	25
Youngs	28	32	26
Burns	30	28	28
Schillinger	30	28	30
Miller	26	27	30
Fulmer	29	33	30
Lewars	26	29	24
Inness	31	31	31
Cooper	28	32	31
Shouert	32	33	31
	338	364	345
Grand total, 1,047.			
New Jersey.			
Kuser	31	31	25
Hayes	30	31	30
Hartman	28	30	28
Beck	28	31	25
Springsted	28	30	30
Goesser	26	28	32
Irons	27	30	30
Deitrich	29	32	26
Reid	27	29	13
Fairhart	30	31	30
Decker	27	30	31
Ransom	29	31	24
	340	364	324
Grand total, 1,028.			

Presque Island Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Aug. 31.—The following scores were made by members of the Presque Island Rifle Club at the regular practice shoot held today:

Stidham	6	8	8	5	10	10	6	7	7	7—74
	10	7	8	7	7	7	6	9	6	7—74
	8	4	6	7	9	7	6	7	9	6—69
Shafer	9	10	8	9	7	7	8	10	6	6—75
	10	9	7	7	4	5	9	5	3	9—68
	5	7	9	5	8	7	8	5	4	10—63
Froess	6	8	6	5	8	7	9	8	7	6—70
	7	6	5	8	9	2	4	7	9	5—62
	8	4	5	5	6	6	6	6	8	6—60
J R Brown	7	6	4	8	7	8	5	10	8	10—73
	5	4	8	9	6	9	6	5	8	10—70
	6	8	7	4	5	6	10	8	6	5—65
Paul	6	4	4	10	8	8	7	5	6	7—65
	6	9	5	4	9	5	6	7	4	3—58
	7	9	5	5	5	6	3	6	7	4—57
Bacon	10	10	7	6	4	8	10	5	8	9—77
	5	7	5	5	5	6	7	6	7	2—55
	4	4	8	2	6	8	2	6	5	4—48
W J Leyer	10	7	5	9	6	1	7	9	3	4—61
	10	4	4	2	2	5	5	9	7	5—53
	8	9	3	3	4	4	8	6	5	0—47
Derby	7	7	3	5	7	7	3	8	5	5—57
	5	5	6	7	5	6	4	7	6	5—56
	2	6	6	4	7	6	7	6	4	8—56
Olvitt	8	9	2	6	6	8	3	7	4	7—60
	7	2	5	9	8	4	6	6	7	2—56
	5	4	5	3	5	2	7	4	8	4—47
Van Etten	5	3	2	3	3	7	6	5	8	5—47
	6	8	2	4	3	6	6	3	4	5—47
	4	4	4	4	3	7	5	2	3	5—41
Dr Hunter	3	5	4	8	2	4	3	8	4	4—45
	2	6	3	4	2	5	9	4	3	5—43
	5	3	3	2	9	6	0	2	3	3—36
Sheperd	4	2	2	3	6	4	5	8	8	7—49
	5	5	7	3	5	2	8	3	6	2—46
	2	3	3	3	4	3	2	2	3	3—28

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, Aug. 22.—At the North London Rifle Club the scores given below were made on Aug. 21, Mr. Winans not competing, as he has already a highest possible score in the competition on for the day, the 20yds. disappearing target.

Aug. 21.—Disappearing target, 20yds:

Maj Palmer	777645—36	E Howe	765542—29
Knapp	777644—35	Luff	666540—27
B Comber	777662—35	Diggins	655433—26
Maj H Munday	775555—34	Carter	755333—26
Gould	776544—33	Lattey	764432—26
W Treadwell	776333—29		

At the South London Rifle Club the below scores have been made:

Aug. 15.—Twenty yards:

Lieut J Howard	757777—40	E Howe	776747—38
F Rand	777567—39	C Knapp	476667—36
Capt T W Heath	666677—38	Clementi-Smith	766455—33

50yds.:

Capt T W Heath	556677—36	C Knapp	756375—33
F Rand	757366—34	E How	557474—32
Clementi-Smith	546774—33	Lieut J Howard	737634—30

Scores to date toward Revolver Championship of South London Rifle Club for 1895.

	20yds.:	50yds.:
Walter Winans	42 41 41 40 40	40 39 39—322
Capt T W Heath	39 39 39 39 38	37 37 36—307
Knapp	40 40 38 38 36	38 35 34—299
E Howe	40 39 38 38 37	35 33 32—292
Lieut J Howard	40 40 38 37 36	34 32 31—287
Clementi-Smith	38 36 35 34 33	35 33 27—270

There are only three more days shooting at the above club this season, at intervals of a fortnight, so Mr. Winans is about certain of the Revolver Championship of the Club.

Iroquois Rifle Club.

THE Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., announces that it will hold, at its indoor range, 1717 Jane street, Pittsburg, a prize shoot as an eye-opener for the gallery season. The dates set are Sept. 17 and 18, the tournament taking place each evening. Messrs. A. F. Hofmeister, range officer; William Langhorst, assistant range officer, and A. C. L. Hofmeister, treasurer of the club, have issued the following particular of the "Ticket match, open to all comers:"

"Conditions: Off-hand on the reduced standard American target. Any .22cal. rifle mounted with any sights will be permitted. Entrance fee 35 cents per ticket or three tickets for $1; three shots per target. Re entries unlimited. The best three targets of each shooter to count for prizes, of which only one is obtainable by any shooter. In case of ties the next best single target will count for place. Sighting shots will be permitted. First prize $10, second $7, third $5, fourth $3, fifth $2, sixth $2, seventh $2, eighth $1.50, ninth $1.50, tenth $1.

"Shooting commences at 7 P. M. each evening and concludes at 10:30 P. M. on Wednesday evening, when winners will be selected from all scores made on both nights.

"No efforts will be spared to make this the Iroquois Rifle Club's opening event of the gallery season of 1895-96, a success in every respect, and the participation of all members of the rifle shooting fraternity of Pittsburg and vicinity is requested by the shooting committee."

Petty—Paine Postponed.

THE revolver match between Messrs. Petty and Paine has been indefinitely postponed. Misfortune has followed the various attempts that have been made to bring about this match. Monday last it seemed that the match would certainly come off the following night.

Through the courtesy of Colonel Green and Captain Austin the range of the 71st Regiment armory had been put at the disposal of the contestants. A number of prominent sportsmen, who had expressed a desire to be present, had been notified, and everything was in readiness. At 4 o'clock Monday, however, Mr. Petty, who has recently been promoted to the rank of Acting Sergeant, received imperative orders from his superiors to report for duty the following afternoon, and though greatly disappointed, was obliged to withdraw from the match.

Mr. Paine had important engagements and was unable to wait over in New York longer, but with the sportsmanlike spirit that has characterized his action all along, he at once began trying to arrange a date later in the fall. Both men are anxious to arrange a meeting, and it is to be hoped that the match will yet materialize, as it would be an event of unusual interest in the shooting world.

It will be recollected that the conditions called for 100 shots per man, at a distance of 50yds., each string of six shots to be fired within a time limit of one minute. Colt's .38cal. army revolvers were to be used and service charges were specified.

Lyman Rapid-Fire Target.

THE Lyman rapid fire rifle targets are finding much favor. They are in two sizes, for 25yds. and 50yds. The smaller one sent post-paid for 15 cents a dozen, the larger one for 25 cents a dozen, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. —.—FREDONIA, N. Y.—Tournament of the Clover Trap and Target Company. $1,000 added money.

Sept. 24-26.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Fourth annual tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club; $500 added money; H. M. Stewart, Sec'y.

Sept. 27, 28.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Fall tournament of the Harrisburg Shooting Association; first day, targets; second day, live birds. H. B. Shoop, Sec'y.

Oct. 3.—RED BANK, N. J.—Ninth tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Riverside Gun Club Shooting commences at 10 A. M.; league contest at 2 P. M.

Oct. 8-10.—SHERIDAN, Wyo.—Tournament of the Sheridan Gun Club, under the management of Frank Crabill and Mark R. Perkins.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-17.—ALEDO, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Aledo Gun Club; live birds and targets. J. W. McRoberts, Chairman of programme committee.

Oct. 16-17.—WEIR CITY, Kan.—Live-bird championship of the State under the auspices of the Business Men's Gun Club.

Oct. 15-17.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Fourth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Oct. 23-25.—ATLANTA, Ga.—Annual tournament of the Clarke Hardware Company; targets; $700 added money.

Oct. 25-26.—SEATTLE, Wash.—First annual tournament of the Washington State Sportsman's Association, under the auspices of the Seattle Gun Club; live birds and targets. C. F. Graff, Sec'y.

Oct. 27-30.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—First annual tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Willard L. Simpson, Sec'y.

Nov. 5-7.—KEWANEE, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Kewanee Gun Club.

1896.

Jan. 4-5—PHŒNIX, Ariz.—Annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Jan. 9-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the management of Texas Field; $2,500 added.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

It seems that even at King's Mills Milt Lindsley has time to read the FOREST AND STREAM, and although "chained to business," can spare a few minutes to look over its columns and see what is going on in the shooting world. And therein Milt shows his good sense. He knows a good thing when he sees it, and he sees it every week—the FOREST AND STREAM. Under date of Sept. 4 he writes: "I see by your paper that the boys are all hammering away, and at times I long to be with them, but I have been so busy and have had so much to occupy my mind that I have not regretted it so much as I otherwise would. We have got the factory now nearly ready to run. We have a very complete plant and are prepared to make what I consider without doubt the best smokeless powder on the market to-day. The grain will be hard and heavier than ever before, and will resemble the grain of black powder very nearly, being made by the same process and with the same machinery." Then Milt goes on with some stale news: "I see that Mrs. Lindsley did you up at the League shoot at Union Hill. You had better get a little gun and go out in the fields and practice a bit, and I think I had better go and keep you company. I cannot shoot a little bit, but I am going to practice up, so as to give you a run when I come to New York in October." There's one thing that has always puzzled me about Milt Lindsley: How is it that so good a powder maker should be so poor a shot?

With the close of the Rochester, N. Y., Gun Club's tournament target shooting in the North will be at a comparative standstill, so far as large tournaments are concerned, until the opening of the season of '96 with the big affair, $2,000 added money, promoted by the American E. C. Powder Company, the dates for which are May 5-8. With such an amount of added money to fight for, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and New England trap-shooters will turn out in force, while from points South and West will come a goodly contingent of others who will help to divide up the pots provided for their delectation. How nice that sounds! Delectation!

One of the handsomest trophies we have ever seen, either in a photo or face to face, is the one donated by the proprietor of the Grand Hotel, at Indianapolis, Ind., Mr. Thomas Taggart, to the Limited Gun Club of that city. The cup is emblematic of the amateur championship at targets of the States of Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and Illinois, and is to be competed for annually on the grounds of the above-named gun club. From a photograph received the other day a good idea of its artistic value could be formed, and upon that we base the above assertion.

The Olyphant, Pa., *Gazette* of Aug. 31 credits Harry Swartz, of Scranton, Pa., with the following performance: "He used a 7½lb. gun, and surprised everybody by his ability in off-hand shooting. He started in at two birds at 30yds. and killed them; then at 40yds. killed two more; repeated the dose at 50yds., and then moving back 15yds. more, making a distance of 65yds., he killed four birds straight, breaking all previous world's records at such a distance. This was really a wonderful performance, and places the little wizard at the head of all marksmen." We make no comment. We can only marvel. That's all.

Another candidate for the Grand American Handicap that slipped our memory last week is the Trenton Interstate Fair Grounds, where Charlie Zwirlein is extremely anxious that the Interstate Association shall hold the great live bird event of the year. If Zwirlein should provide the birds, they'd be all good, because he never traps a poor bird at home, and he guarantees that the birds for the Grand American would be A No. 1. The hotel accommodations in Trenton, N. J., would be all that could be asked.

Lou Erhardt, of Atchison, Kan., has returned to that city after a month's vacation at Salem, N. J., the home of his parents. Lou, as all the boys in the South will well understand, made lots of new friends while up North. His maroon-colored sweater bore on the back a device of Lou's for advertising two specialties of which he thinks a great deal. In the middle of the back there is a design that might be taken for a rough sketch of a swarm of yellow-jackets. The inscription, "Empire target broken with E. C. Powder," explains what the artist was getting at.

On Friday afternoon, Sept. 6, Mr. R. S. Waddell, the Southern agent for Dupont's Smokeless and Hazard's Blue Ribbon, called at this office. Mr. Waddell has been East for the E. T. conclave at Boston, Mass., and was on his way home when he looked in upon FOREST AND STREAM. While speaking of business matters, he told us that since leaving Cincinnati over 1,000,000 shells loaded with Dupont's Smokeless, stored in his warerooms at Cincinnati, have been lost owing to the premises taking fire. Those which the fire left were irreparably damaged by water.

A curious coincidence which occurred in the Ivins-Ballard vs. Hoey-Murphy match at Elkwood Park, N. J., on Aug. 30, was unnoticed by us when writing a description of the shoot. A reference to the score will show that each man scored exactly the same total out of his last 75 birds—69. Ballard's totals for his last three series of 25 were 24, 23 and 22; Ivins's, 22, 24 and 23; Murphy's, 24, 22 and 23; Hoey's, 22, 24 and 23. Those figures also show that out of six possible combinations of three numbers the shooters managed to appropriate three of them.

A very recent number of the San Francisco *Examiner* contains the following in regard to some fine target shooting by a youth named Richards: "At Stockton, Cal., on Aug. 5, Ed Richards, a boy of 17, broke 98 out of 100. He missed his 37th by having an imperfectly loaded shell, and missed his 97th by shooting at a small piece. He used E. C. Smokeless powder. This score without doubt is a record for a boy of his age."

Encouraging reports come from Rochester, N. Y. It looks as if they were going to have an excellent tournament up there. Everything is in their favor. They add good money and add it wisely; they have no opposition, and they are surrounded by a number of gun clubs within easy reach who possess in their ranks several good shots who are not afraid of standing up and taking their medicine.

It is our aim to make our reports of tournaments and club shoots as complete and as attractive as possible. Secretaries of clubs, when sending scores, can aid us greatly in our endeavors by carefully inserting the conditions of each contest, giving date and place, and most of all by mailing them as soon as made. That's what makes news, and news is what we want.

The second annual tournament of the Leavenworth, Kan., Gun Club will be held on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 26-27. The club will add $300 to the purses, $125 being added on the first day, $175 on the second day. Winners of first or second money will be handicapped in the next event by shooting at unknown angles. The management also remarks that "Dropping for place will not be tolerated."—*Bueno.*

On Thursday afternoon, June 5, Neaf Apgar broke his first 55 targets at the Climax Gun Club's shoot. Neaf was shooting a gun that he had never handled before, which makes his record of greater note. Altogether he broke 98 out of 100, making two straight scores of 25, three straight 10s and one 8, all at unknown angles; he then broke five pairs.

A Washington dispatch to the New York *Press* of Sept. 1 says: "Baron Fava, Italian Ambassador, informs the Department of State that a prize shooting contest, in which the Italian Government desires American marksmen to take part, will take place at Rome on Sept. 20, in connection with the festivities commemorating the union of that city with the Kingdom of Italy."

A postal card from H. B. Shoop, secretary of the Harrisburg (Pa.) Shooting Association, tells of a two-days' tournament that is to be held by that association on Sept. 27, 28. The first day will be given up to targets, the second to live birds. As Harrisburg herself possesses a number of good shots who shoot right through a tournament, the above two days ought to be worth remembering.

We have called attention in another note to the coming tournament of the San Antonio, Tex., Gun Club, which is set for Oct. 27-30, but it won't do to overlook the "grand midwinter tournament" at San Antonio, which will be held on Jan. 9-11, under the able management of Texas Field, $2,500 being announced as the amount of money to be added to the purses.

Since we made the note of the proposed tournament at Baltimore, which appears elsewhere in these columns, we have received advice from that city that entries will be received now, accompanied by $10 forfeit, and addressed to the Dupont Smokeless Powder Tournament Committee, 22 South Calvert street, Baltimore, Md.

At the Worcester Sportsmen's Club's shoot on Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 3, John T. Mascroft, "the mayor of Sutton, Mass.," broke the club's record by scoring 47 out of 50, 25 targets being thrown from traps in reversed order, and 25 from traps with known angles in regular order.

In order that the managements of tournaments may not be under any misapprehension, it is just as well to state that Jack Parker, wishing to gracefully return favors done him in the past, gave FOREST AND STREAM a full-page advertisement in his programme free of all cost.

The Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club has changed the dates for its fourth bi-monthly tournament to Oct. 16, 17. This change was rendered necessary in the opinion of the management by the choice of dates for the big live-bird shoot in Baltimore, Md.

A glance at the list of Fixtures shows plainly enough that the target shooting season is waning. Not a single tournament is announced as scheduled for the coming week.

EDWARD BANKS.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept. 3.—The members of the Lynchburg Gun Club shot the following four 25-target sweeps, unknown angles, this afternoon:

No. 1:		No. 3:	
Nelson	1010110111000111111111101—18	1011011101101111101001111—17	
Terry	1011110111111111101001110—19	1011011010101111101001111—17	
Dornin	1111101111111111101010100—19	1110111101111111111111111—23	
Moorman	1111011111111111111001—17	0110111010011011111111100—15	
Cleland	1011101010111110101111110—18	1111101001111011111111111—21	
Empie	1011011111111011111110011—20	1101111111001111101111100—19	
Scott	1100100001011101011111011—13	1011101110011110111111111—20	
Younger	1110100100011010001011011—13	1011001011001100w	
Dawson	0001000011010000100001000— 6	0101001001010101011100101—12	
Yancey		0001111101010111010010010—13	
No. 2:		No. 4:	
Nelson	1111010111101010111100011—17	0110101011100101010100001—13	
Terry	1010110111111111111011111—21	1111111110000100011111001—16	
Dornin	1111011011111111111011110—21	1110101011111111111111111—21	
Moorman	1111010111011101111111001—19	1111100001001111111111001—16	
Cleland	1111110011101111111111111—21		
Empie	1101111111111111001011011—19	1111100101001111010111111—18	
Scott	0111011110010110101010101—16	0010001100001010101000001— 9	
Younger	1011000000010110101010101—12		
Dawson	0010001000111110001011000— 9	0100101010000000111100— 9	

F. M. D.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Sept. 4.—No. 1, 15 known and 10 unknown angles; rules, A. S. A. Score for the monthly contest for the club badges, which were as follows: Class A by Reisinger, Class B by N. Affantranger, Class C by Krider. The round was very high and the targets flew extra wild, which accounts for the low scores of some of our best shots:

N Affantranger	1111111101111011110010101—19
Krider	0100111101101110111011—17
Decker	1010110001111010001011110—14
Kreuger	0110111101110001000000100—12
E L Affantranger	1011111111010111001110101—18
H A Johnson	1111101101110011001110001—16
Hayes	1101110111111101111001116?—19
Lashells	0011110011101111101101101—16
Leberman	0010101011101011111011111—17
Neil	1001000100100100101001101—10
Clark	0111010110100100000001100—11
Prenatt	1111010111111101111111100—20
Reisinger	0011111111011111111111011—21
Baker	1010010001110011011010111—14
Richmond	1000010101011000010000110—10

CHOKE BORE.

Pigeon Shooting in England.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—Some two years ago the members of the famous Gun Club, of London, which has its grounds at Wormwood Scrubbs, extended a cordial invitation to members of the Carteret Club, of New York, to shoot in all their competitions, an invitation which I believe has not before been given to any of the pigeon shooting clubs of America.

Leaving New York in June, I arrived in time to take part in some of the sweeps which were shot previous to the big international week, commencing on June 24. I found that by the courtesy of the committee of the Hurlingham Club, I and other members of the Carteret Club could also shoot at Hurlingham, a permission I was not slow to avail myself of.

Of my own shooting, the less I say the better, for although able to do something more than hold my own in America, I found the English pigeons altogether too fast for me, though I am not sure that the open hospitality extended to me did not somewhat accelerate their flight in my imagination, if not in reality. Still from inquiries I made on the spot from those best able to give an opinion I am convinced that the bluerocks supplied at both of these famous English clubs, and especially so at Hurlingham, have been faster this season than usual. I was told also on good authority that these very fast birds are bought in Belgium and come from much further south, although they are generally supposed to be English.

If this is indeed the case, as I believe it to be, there can be no reason why these birds should not be imported into the States, and the first man who succeeds in doing this and rearing them in anything like large numbers, under at all the same conditions as obtain with those used in England, will reap a large harvest. The number of pigeons shot from the traps in America at clubs where it is earnestly desired to have fast birds only, and where a good price for good birds would not be grudged, is enormous and increasing rapidly year by year.

Take such clubs as the Carteret, Country Club, Tuxedo, Westminster Kennel Club, Larchmont, New Utrecht, of New York, and the Riverton and Philadelphia clubs, of Philadelphia, to say nothing of the vast number of others at Chicago, San Francisco, etc , and those scattered over the country, and think for the moment what supplying this demand for bluerocks at those clubs means.

The chief points I noticed where any difference exists between the way pigeons are shot in the States and in England, and the surroundings and management, are as follows: First—Every competition, or very nearly so, is miss-and-out, or in other words, the first bird a man misses puts him out of that sweep and he has to stand aside until another one is started before he shoots again. This, however, does not usually mean that he has to wait very long, as the birds being so fast, the sweep is soon concluded and a fresh one commenced. The next point is, I think, the rapidity with which the birds are retrieved, there being no such thing as time allowance and the dog being loosed after each shot as soon as the wounded or dead bird touches the ground.

The apparatus for pulling the traps, as well as the traps themselves, are very similar to those in general use with us, although this year a clock work apparatus has been introduced which, by keeping the cylinder on which the pulling lever acts in constant motion, makes it impossible for any puller or other person to know which trap is coming when the shooter says "Pull."

The arrangements at both the clubs I am speaking of are perfect and everything moves quickly and evenly. There is a tent pitched in which the representatives of the various gun makers who have guns in use by members keep the guns, handing them to their respective owners as they go up to the mark to shoot, and again taking charge of them as each shooter leaves the mark.

The pigeons are brought into the grounds in baskets by the people who supply them, those at the Gun Club being supplied by a Mrs. Offer, and those at Hurlingham by a man named Roberts. With them come the men who trap them and they also bring the dogs for retrieving. Thus the club itself has none of the responsibility or trouble of buying, keeping and trapping their own birds, as is the custom in America, this also being done by persons whose sole business it is to do that particular work, and who will lose the custom of the club if it is not well done. The consequence is, that the birds are always the best that can be procured, and in the highest possible state of fitness, and the trapping and gathering is done far better and more expeditiously than at most pigeon-shooting clubs in the States. The price paid for the birds, though seemingly high, is not really so high when it is borne in mind that it includes the expense of trapping, retrieving, etc., which in America has to be borne by the club. The amount charged for each bird is usually two shillings, equal to 50c. of our money.

With regard to the shooting itself, it is very noticeable that some men who are members of both Hurlingham and the Gun Club shoot very much better at one than at the other. This is explained by the difference in the boundary fence, which is very high at Hurlingham, causing the birds to rise rapidly after leaving the traps, while at the Gun Club, where the boundary fence is further off and not more than half as high, the flight of the birds is lower and more directly away from the shooters, as a rule.

Of the guns used, those made by Purdey, Churchill and Reilly were far in excess of any of the other makers, though I noticed that several members were using Greener guns, which are so well and favorably known in America. On at least one occasion a single-trigger gun manufactured by Chas. Lancaster, of New Bond street, was being used and appeared to be a great success. I afterward visited Mr. Lancaster's shop, and he fully explained the working of this new invention to me. I was very much struck with it, and I firmly believe that a single-trigger gun will be the gun of the future. Mr. Lancaster having been kind enough to send one of these guns to the London Shooting School at Willesden, I gave it a thorough trial and found it to work most admirably, without the slightest hitch occurring, the pull-off being light and without any drag, and there not being the least symptom of both barrels going off simultaneously, which has been the rock on which single-trigger guns have hitherto been wrecked. As no movement of the hand takes place between the two shots, Mr. Lancaster rather recommends them not to use the pistol grip, which so many Americans are fond of, but which is rarely seen in England.

Speaking of the London Shooting School makes me wish that we had a similar institution in New York, and I shall be surprised if some enterprising individual does not start one soon. Though an old and experienced shot myself, I learned something from my visit to that place, and was sorry that I had no time to repeat it. Every shooter from America who was elsewhere else should make a point of going there to see what he can do with his gun, how it shoots, or to learn, first, whether his gun suits him as to bend, cast off, pull off, length of stock, etc.; second, whether he can do better with a gun in which any of these are different; and, thirdly, having got a gun to suit him, he should see whether Mr. Watts, the gentlemanly manager of the ground, cannot teach him some wrinkles which will improve his shooting 50 per cent. Here you find clever contrivances for testing or improving your powers of shooting at every possible variety of flight which a bird on the wing may take—straightaways, incomers, rocketers, right-quarterers, left-quarterers; birds flying at every imaginable angle, slow, fast or medium.

Much of the shooting done in England is at grouse or partridge driven over the heads of the shooters who have previously been placed behind a bank or hedge. These birds usually fly in flocks, and it is the height of the shooter's ambition to take his first two birds at the right distance in front of him as they approach, and then snatching his second gun, held in readiness by a man who loads for him as required, to turn round and if possible get two more out of the same flock or covey as they speed away behind his back.

In order that a man may have an opportunity of practicing this particular form of shooting a number of clay pigeon traps are mounted on a wall. The shooters being placed in front and at a proper distance, a continuous or intermittent flight of these clay pigeons is sent skimming over his head, sometimes eight or ten together, sometimes singly, and in their flight they do very closely resemble the flight of driven game.

I cannot go into the details of the many ways in which a man can here discover his weak point and be taught how to correct it, but I must mention the long whitewashed target, across which dark objects fly from right to left or left to right, and on firing at which, the impact of the shot being clearly shown each time on the target, you can see for yourself whether you have shot high, low, behind or in front. I forgot to ask the enterprising proprietor how long his school had been established, but from the piles of used shells which meet the eye the attendance of pupils must be very large and it would be surprising if it were not so.

The school is now situated at Willesden Junction, just outside London, can easily be reached by train or cab, but Mr. Watts told me he had secured a much larger and more suitable site at Hendon, close to the well-known Welsh Harp hotel and pigeon-shooting grounds, and intended moving there at once, reproducing all he has at his present establishment on a much larger scale and with many new additions.

I forgot to say that those who want instructions in rifle shooting can also be accommodated. To sum up I would say to any American who thinks of accepting the hospitality of the great pigeon-shooting clubs of England next summer, that they will have to use a straight, muzzle-light gun, with a light, easy pull-off, or they will keep shooting behind and under the rapid, quick-rising pigeons they will constantly meet with. The fact that they cannot make long runs as in America, that misses come often and that each miss means being out of that sweep, must not discourage or make them nervous. They may absolutely depend upon having the fullest fair play and being received with open-handed hospitality, to the full as much as would be accorded to any members of those English clubs who might wish to join in some of our shoots on this side, and I am sure we all wish they would come over. BLUE ROCK.

LONDON, England, Aug. 15.—There are four important pigeon-shooting clubs in London—the Hurlingham, with grounds in Fulham; the Gun at Notting Hill, the National and the Gun and Polo at the Welsh Harp, Hendon. The two first-named are the most important. No one is allowed to participate at their meetings except their own members, invited friends and the members of other clubs which are recognized by them. To gain recognition a club must apply, and if its standing is shown to be satisfactory it enters into a reciprocal agreement by which both consent to extend to the members of the other the privilege of contesting at their meetings. There are two organizations in the United States which enjoy this recognition, a New York club being one, a Philadelphia club the other. The shoots at Welsh Harp are generally open to the world. The annual "International" week shoot at Hurlingham and the Gun Club occurs in June. During this week shooting takes place at their respective grounds on alternate days. The name "International" week should be understood in a restricted sense, because it is international only so far as the exclusive rules before mentioned permit. For instance, the United States cannot be represented at present except by members of the two clubs recognized. Americans desiring to shoot while abroad would do well to remember this point. Although this rule seems severe, it is only fair to state that it is done to save the sport from the influences of professionalism, and not to keep out the best shots in the world. Every sport in England save the rowing races at Henley and the shooting at these clubs has suffered from professionalism. Lovers of shooting in the United States, should profit by their experience.

The firing takes place in what is known as an incloure, which is a high board fence within the club grounds. The shooting progresses without confusion—every detail being perfectly arranged. The scores are kept upon a blackboard in public view in order to reduce all chance of error. The rules which govern the contest and which are known in America as the "Hurlingham" rules are too familiar to trap shots to need explanation. There are, however, certain points which are of importance to us.

In the first place the English "bluerock" pigeon is superior to the bird trapped in the United States. It is much smaller and is usually quick, strong and tenacious of life. It flies as if it appreciated that the shooter was bent upon its destruction. This bird being better than those used in America, and should profit by their experience.

satisfied only with the best, the question arises, "How can we improve our stock?" The "bluerock" trapped in Europe is not caught in a wild state. It is bred and raised by pigeon merchants. The price for the best birds (trapped) is 62½ cents each. As they are very prolific the business is a paying one to the breeder. These facts being true why not interest some of our American farmers, who are trying to raise wheat at 50 cents a bushel, in this occupation. The genuine bird can be easily imported from England for breeding purposes. If this could be accomplished so that a sufficient supply could be annually raised it would help the sport greatly.

Secondly.—The method of pulling trap is superior to that in America. At Hurlingham and Welsh Harp I observed a contrivance by which the decision as to which trap is to be pulled is left to chance, as I will attempt to explain. Behind the shooter is placed a box, 3ft. by 1ft., which contains certain machinery. A separate wire runs from the machinery to each of the five traps, passing inside metal rods from the box about half way. Through the other end of the box a single rope connects the machinery with the puller's hands. When the shooter comes to the score, the trap puller gives the rope a jerk which causes a bell on top of the box to ring—proving that the wheel inside is revolving. The principle on which this wheel works is the same as that of the roulette or wheel of fortune. If a notch in the wheel stops in one portion of the circle, it connects with trap No. 1, if in another with trap No. 2, and so on. After the bell has ceased ringing the trap can be sprung by the same rope. At the Gun Club a similar principle is in vogue, but the machine is of a different manufacture. The object of all this is obviously to lessen the chance of collusion between the trap puller, the bird handler and some shooter. These machines do not obviate the difficulty, however, to the full satisfaction of the shooting public, although it is conceded that they greatly lessen the danger of fraud. The criticism against the machines is that the trap puller can, in time, become so expert as to be able to cause the wheel to connect with any trap he desires. In the United States the gates are wide open, generally, for unfair practices and a pigeon shoot is seldom held where charges of favoritism are not heard. If we cannot succeed in removing the possibility of unfairness, the sport must lose its popularity. The fact, too, that with us many of our best shots are dependent upon their success for a living makes the temptation greater to commit fraud and the defeated or suspicious more ready to suspect. It is for us to invent means whereby pigeon shooting will be put on an absolutely fair basis.

Thirdly.—The gun used. The leading manufacturers are now constructing a "pigeon" gun. It is in many ways so different from a "game" gun that the latter is seldom used by the shooter at the trap, nor the former by the hunter in the field. The best "pigeon" guns are expensive, being high class in both materials and workmanship. They are hand-made throughout, and are heavier and stronger than a "game" gun in order to stand the largest loads. The barrels are generally made of Whitworth's or Siemens's steel and are usually both full choked. The most expert shots use the closest possible bores. They also seldom made ejectors for the reason that a gentlemen is always attended in shooting by a servant who takes entire charge of the gun, relieving his master from all work or effort except such as is required in the mere act of discharging it, and further because very rapid firing is never necessary. Another peculiarity of the gun is its high rib, by which it is made to throw the center of the charge above the target fired at. The object of this is to prevent the shot going under a fast rising bird. The stock is made as straight as possible and few pistol grips or recoil pads are used.

The method of fitting a man properly with a gun is well worked out It is done by the use of a "try" gun. This implement has a stock which can be altered by screws. By manipulating this and by shooting it repeatedly in different positions it is finally adjusted so perfectly that when it is brought to the shoulder it covers the target at which the shooter is looking without an effort to aim.

A person's measure being ascertained in this practical way a gun is made for him accordingly. Few men possess a gun exactly suited to them. Difficulties in such a case must be overcome by the shooter fitting himself to the gun. This is always attended by impairing his skill. In the shops of the leading manufacturers in London can be seen guns made to obviate all sorts of physical defects in the shooter. For example, a gun made to fit a man who had lost his right eye, but desired to shoot from his right shoulder. Such a person can be fitted so that he can attain the highest possible results.

Persons having stronger vision in one eye than in the other are so carefully measured that they suffer no disadvantage when competing with men having perfect vision.

The question of ammunition is a most important one. The proper load for a man depends largely upon his build and the weight of the gun. It is customary to use all the ammunition the rules will permit, if the shooter can stand the recoil, but a man should determine by experiment the load that best suits him. Nitro powders are generally preferred to black, and soft shot to chilled. It is amazing how many fine guns are manufactured in England which are seldom, if ever, heard from in the United States. The latest invention brought out here in this line is the one-trigger double-barreled gun. As yet it is not in general use.

The deeper one studies the subject the more he finds to learn. The British Museum contains a small library on the art of shooting, and among its volumes the most experienced might find useful hints. We should not allow foreigners to become more proficient than ourselves, as international matches may be in store for us in the near future. The expert trap-shots in the United States are men who have worked out by themselves the important points necessary to success. Their knowledge has been obtained at great cost of time and labor, and they are naturally slow to impart the secrets of their skill to their less thoughtful and energetic companions. We should all remember that trap-shooting is an art which requires study as well as natural qualifications in order to produce the highest and most lasting success.

LONDON, Aug. 15. A. S. W.

The Union Defeats the Endeavor.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Sept. 7.—To-day the Endeavor Gun Club journeyed to Enoch Miller's to have a friendly match with the Unions. The day was hazy and once in a while a spurt of rain fell. At Mr. Miller's suggestion, a very nice trip was made of it by taking the P. R. R. as far as Newark, and thence by trolley to Irvington and there taking a stage to the shooting grounds. The ride on the stage being the best sort of the trip, as it took us through a delightful country and along the bicycle path from Irvington to Melburn, where, in spite of the weather, many bicyclists were passed in all kinds of the latest costumes. The country being fresh from the rain was a pretty green, while the Orange Heights in the distance loomed up in the mist

On arriving at the grounds we found the Union team waiting for us. After a cordial greeting by Mr. Miller all took part in a sweepstake to warm them up. The Endavors were received in a very hospitable manner and the vote was unanimous that it was one of most pleasant days we ever spent. For this we have to thank the Union Gun Club and hope to give them as good a time when they come to see us.

In the record which follows some excellent scores will be found when one considers the conditions shot in. There was a fine mist over the grounds while we were shooting. However, nothing could keep Enoch from making a clean score, hitting every target in the eye. Others made good scores also, as follows:

Union.

E D Miller	1111111111111111111111111—25
E Sickley	1111111111011101111111111—23
W Smith	1011111111101111111111101—23
S Tillou	1111111111011101111101111—23
W Parker	1101111101111111111101111—23
Dr Jackson	1111101111010110111011111—21
G Pudney	1111111101100101111001101—19
R Williams	0111111001111001110111111—19
Abbott	0010111101010010111171101—16
A Parry	0010110101101111011101010—15—204

Endeavor.

J S Duston	1111111111111111111111110—24
G E Greiff	1111111111111011111111111—24
C W McPeek	1111111111111111111111101—23
"Proctor"	1100111101111111111001111—20
J A Creveling	1111000111011111011101111—19
G Piercy	1010110111010110111011011—17
R H Strader	0010011011011101111111110—17
Dr Fletcher	0111011101110010001111111—16
H L Corson	0010101111001000111111110—15
A R Strader	0001011100010110101101011—13—188

R. H. STRADER.

Climax Club Shoot.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Sept. 5.—The Climax Gun Club, of this place, held its regular monthly shoot at Benner's Fanwood Road House grounds this afternoon, fifteen members putting in an appearance. Lou Erhardt, of Atchison, Kansas, was a guest of the club, and made his presence felt when it came to breaking targets. J. "Grier," a Dunellen shooter whose handicap was reduced from 10 to 8, found no trouble in breaking 30 out of his 35, and D. Darby succeeded in scoring 28 out of 30. Neaf Apgar and Tom Brantingham, whom it was a pleasure to see once more shooting in his old style, both broke 25 straight in the club shoot; Keller and "Dutchy," both scratch men also, each scored 23. J. Swody, with a handicap allowance of six extra targets, scored 23 also. Manning and Williams, 22 each, and Stephenson 20, were the only other shooters to add points to their scores already recorded. Erhardt shot along in the club shoot for the optional sweep which was gotten up in connection therewith; he scored 23 out of his 25. The table of scores made in the sweeps shot during the afternoon shows that the boys were in good shape. Apgar, Keller and "Dutchy" being especially to the fore, their scores in No. 5, five pairs, being worth looking at. Scores of the club shoot:

Club shoot, 25 targets, allowance of extra targets, unknown angles:

J "Grier" (8)	1110111111111111111111111011111011—30
J Singer (10)	1101111111101111101111011110011—29
D Darby (5)	1111111111111101111111111111110 —28
Neaf Apgar (0)	1111111111111111111111111 —25
T Brantingham (0)	1111111111111111111111111 —25
T H Keller (0)	1111111111101111011111111 —23
C Smith (0)	1111111111111101111111101 —23
J Swody (6)	1111110011011111010111011011101 —23
L Erhardt*	1*11111101111111111111011 —23
R Manning (2)	1101100111111111111111111111 —22
P "Williams" (4)	0010111011111111101011111110 —22
Stephenson (10)	0101100101001011111101101001001—20
D Terry (1)	1111111000111101101100111 —19
E Edwards (5)	0111010010110001010111111110 —19
A Woodruff (2)	0111011111111111000001010 —18
J Goodman (6)	1010101010001000000101011101 —14

* Not a member.

The following sweeps were also shot, No. 5 being at five pairs; all the others were at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25	Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	25
C Smith	8	9	10	9	10	22	Manning	8	8	9	9	..	..
Erhardt	7	10	10	7	9	22	Brantingham	8	8	9	..	..	..
Apgar	10	10	10	8	10	25	Terry	..	..	..	..	7	..
Edwards	8	9	7	..	..	..	Grier	..	..	..	9	7	22
Woodruff	5	10	9	9	..	..	Goodman	..	..	..	3	..	..
Swody	7	8	..	..	..	..	Darby	..	..	..	7	..	..
Keller	9	9	10	10	10	23	Stephenson	..	..	..	5	..	..
Singer	5	6	..	..	..	..							

Trap-Shooting in Iowa.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Ia , Aug 24.—The score given below was made by members of the Council Bluffs Gun Club, the conditions being: 30yds. rise, 80yds. boundary:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Beresheim	●●111●111111221111111212122
Kingsbury	121112101101011022211122
Highsmith	1211●011111102●112
Konigmacher	12011022221201
West	12211112221
Matthai	1111112212
Graham	12111211●●
Hinrichs	11111●0021
Miller	11110
Pyper	12101011211●10
Binder	1
Laskowski	0

C. MATTHAI, Scorer.

West Newburgh G. and R. Association.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Sept. 5.—Nine of the members of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association took part in the club prize contest this afternoon. This contest is at 25 targets, each man shooting at 10 targets, known angles, 3 pairs and 9 targets, unknown angles. Chadwick, with a handicap allowance of 10 misses as breaks, won a heat for first prize, Lenone with a handicap of 2 winning a heat for second prize. The following were the scores made at targets:

Chadwick	0111000101	11 10 01	110010101	—10—24
Lenone	0111111111	10 10 10	111111101	— 2—22
H C H	1111111111	00 01 10	101011111	— 0—19
Stansborough	1111110011	11 00 00	101101011	— 3—19
Likely	1110110011	10 10 10	010110110	— 3—18
Taylor	1110110111	11 11 00	001110101	— 0—17
Dickson	1111101111	01 10 00	010000110	— 3—17
Donohue	1101001110	00 00 10	101111011	— 3—17
Wood	0010101110	10 10 10	110000010	— 2—14

The following live-bird sweeps, 28yds. rise, were also shot during the afternoon:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

H C H	0220202222—7	2222022222—9
Jas Taylor	1121120218—8	1212112121—10
G H Taggart	1111011221—9	2111●02021—7
Lenone	0102●2211●—6	0111111110—8
Dickson	1222011121—9	2112112121—10

DAVID BROWN, Pres.

More Kind Words.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Sept. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am highly pleased with your report of our recent State shoot. It certainly is a pleasure to glance over such a complete and well-arranged report. I am sure it will be highly appreciated by the sportsmen not alone in our State, but everywhere. N. A. HUGHES,

Ex-Pres. Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association.

The Frederick Tournament.

FREDERICK, Md., Aug. 29.—The two days' Interstate shooting tournament held under the auspices of the Frederick, Md., Gun Club, was successfully brought to a close to-day. The weather was very warm, in fact, the boys said it was hot, spelled with an H. This being our maiden effort, we think we have cause for congratulation, as everybody seemed to have had a good time. The event of the meeting was the five-men team race at 20 targets per man. This was shot on the first day and was won by the No. 1 team of the Standard Gun Club, of Baltimore, with a score of 80 out of 100. Below are scores showing the totals made in all the events, together with detailed scores of the team race above mentioned, and the 50-target race shot on the second day. The latter race was won by Bond, who scored 47 breaks.

First Day.

On the first day all events were at known traps, unknown angles, except event No. 8, team shoot, which was known traps and angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	9	10	11
Targets:	*10*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*20*	*15*
White	9	13	10	9	12	10	13	12	18	11
Hood	10	11	16	11	14	9	15	11	19	15
Eisenhauer	..	9	..	9	9	11	16	..	..	11
Smith	7	12	13	12	10	10	..	10	..	..
Phebus	8	..	..	..	..	11	15	..	..	13
Miller	6	..	..	..	9	10	..	..	15	9
Cochran	..	10	12	10	9	14	..	..	..	..
Shirk	..	10	..	9	10	11	..	..	..	..
Bucker	..	10	9	7	10	6	..	..	..	..
Burnham	..	13	16	7	10	9	..	..	..	..
Ness	..	12	14	8	12	7	..	..	..	..
Kruger	..	10	16	9	13	11	15	11	13	..
Stetson	..	10	12	7	9	9	..	..	..	..
Coe	..	..	18	10	11	12	17	12	17	12
Stanley	..	..	17	12	11	10	18	8	17	12
Evans	..	..	13	7	7	9	19	13	15	..
Dixon	..	..	17	8	10	11	15	10	16	11
Franklin	..	..	12	14	11	..	16	6	..	..
Hawkins	..	..	17	13	14	12	19	14	20	15
Hartner	..	..	13	9	..	11	13	9	..	..
Bond	..	..	15	12	11	12	18	15	17	12
Lupus	..	..	16	12	9	15	18	9	16	..
Storr	..	..	13	13	12	17	10	18	..	..
Gent	..	..	..	8	11	9	14	..	..	..
Clements	..	..	10	9	10	14	..	..	..	..
Buckbee	..	..	12	9	12	12	..	..	..	..
Kolb	..	..	10	..	11	..	7	..	..	..
Mattingly	..	..	..	..	12	8	12	12	17	13
Kenedy	..	..	..	..	..	9	17	10	..	..
Spencer	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	..	..
Malone	..	..	..	..	..	16	9	14	8	..

No. 8, 20 targets per man:

Standard No. 1.	
Hawkins	10111110111111111010—16
Evans	11110011011111010011—14
Lupus	11100110110110101111—16
Bond	10111111111111001101—16
Storr	11111111101111111111—19—80
Baltimore Shooting Association.	
Hood	11111111111111111111—20
Hartner	11010111000110101111—13
Malone	10111010100011111110—13
Stanley	01011101111101011100—13
Coe	01011000111101111111—14—73
Standard No. 2.	
Dixon	01001011011111021100—12
Gent	11010111001010111110—13
Franklin	10111111100110111110—16
Buckbee	10111101011110110010—14
Clements	11111101011111010001—14—69
York.	
Burnham	11111110011111100001—14
Ness	00011110111111101101—14
Kruger	11110111111110101110—16
Cochran	11010110011011010010—12
Stetson	10101111111111001110—15—71
Frederick.	
Phebus	01100011111101111000—12
Eisenhauer	11111101111101111011—17
Keefer	11111111101100111001—15
Smith	10011100111111101131—15
Kenedy	10010000111010011001— 9—68

Second Day.

On the second day Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were at unknown angles; Nos. 5, 6 and 7 expert rules; Nos. 8 and 9, known traps and angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
White	15	8	7	5	8	6	7	9	Smith	10	8	8	8	9	7	..	6
Hood	10	5	8	9	8	8	4	..	Bond	12	9	8	7	9	8	..	..
Stanley	11	8	5	6	8	6	8	8	Keefer	9	7	7	6	5	3	..	..
Hawkins	9	8	8	8	8	9	8	9	Mattingly	13	10	10	8	7	8	9	9
Lupus	9	7	8	7	8	9	10	8	Mantz	..	..	..	8	7	..	..	..

No. 9, 50 targets:

White	10000101110111011011011011111111111011111111110111—39
Bond	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111011—47
Hood	11111011101111101111111011111111101011111111111—44
Webb	11111011111101111111111010011100111111111111111—41

W. H. KEEFER, Cor. Sec'y.

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

THE SOUTH SIDE TOURNAMENT.

THE South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., had originally intended holding a two-days' shoot on Monday and Tuesday of last week, Sept. 2, 3. As soon, however, as the club found that the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, had a claim to the date of Sept. 2, which dated back for four years, it withdrew from its position and announced a one-day tournament for Sept. 3. This graceful act on the part of the South Side will be remembered by the "Endeavorers" and their friends.

In conjunction with the all-day shoot of Sept. 3, the South Side Club announced that the eighth contest of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League for 1895 would take place at 2 P. M. These contests have probably done more for trap-shooting in New Jersey than anything of a similar nature. They have admirably succeeded in bringing together a large number of shooters who would otherwise have remained in ignorance of one another's existence; they have created an *esprit de corps* among the clubs comprising the league which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to excite in any other way; they have also aided in bringing out young shots who are, by means of these contests, able to measure their strength against that of more mature trap-shooters. They are an excellent institution.

The South Side Gun Club boasts a record hard to be beaten. During its nearly sixteen years of existence there has not been a single Saturday afternoon when the club house has not been open and everything ready for shooting. Strangers are welcome; for their benefit we will state that to reach the grounds they should take one of the P. R. R. trains which stop at Emmett street, Newark, or else take an electric car from the Market street depot, Newark (any police officer or conductor of trolley car will tell which car); either of these ways to reach the grounds will bring you within three minutes' walk of the club house. Remember the South Siders receive every Saturday afternoon.

A recent addition has been made to the property of the club in the shape of a shed-roof over the score. This is not an unmixed blessing, although it will be a great comfort in rainy weather. The trouble seems to be that the roof acts as a sounding board, making the crack of the guns trying to people with delicate tympanums (or tympani). A little cotton in the ears remedies all the trouble, and as soon as the boys catch on they will approve of the new building.

The attendance was not so large as usual, only six clubs being represented in the team race Maplewood was an absentee, probably due to the fact that that club felt perfectly secure of its position as first in the race. The other two delinquents (that sounds a hard name, but it does not mean so much as it appears to do) were the Riverside, of Red Bank, N. J., and the Union Hill, of Hoboken, N. J. The clubs entering teams were: Union, of Springfield; Climax, of Plainfield; South Side, of Newark; Elizabeth Gun Club; Boiling Springs, of Rutherford, and Endeavor, of Jersey City. The scores, which are given below, show that in this race the teams finished in the above order, the Union team making the good score of 111 out of 125 at unknown angles.

Among the shooters, besides the men on the above teams, were: F. Van Dyke and Warren Smith, two of Maplewood's cracks; Lou Erhardt, of Atchison, Kansas, was also present and willing to shoot any event going; there was also Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Company. The above four did not like to sit still and let everybody else do the shooting, especially as an optional sweep had been gotten up on the 25 targets shot at in the the team race. After raking around a squad, entitled the "Imbeciles," was made up with Edwards as fifth man. This squad shot last and didn't do a thing but break 115 out of 125, beating the Union's score by four targets. Warren Smith was particularly unfortunate in not being able to have his score counted for the averages, as he made the only 25 straight score during the contest. Van Dyke, who has five scores to his credit that are hard to beat—25, 24, 24, 24 and 23—would not have improved his average, having already a 23 to his credit. Warren Smith's percentage would be 88, tieing for ninth place with Hebbard and Collins.

The scores in the League team race above mentioned were as follows:

Teams of five men from one club, 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

Union.	
W Sigler	01111100111111111111111111—22
E D Miller	11111111110101111111111011—22
T W Morfey	11111111111111111111011110—23
N E Money	11111011011101111101011—20
E Sickley	11111111111111111111011111—24—111
Climax.	
T H Keller	11111101111011111010111111—21
L H Schortemeier	11111110010111111111011101—20
D Terry	11111101111101010110111111—21
C Smith	00111111110110111011111111—20
N Apgar	11111111101111111111111110—23—105
South Side.	
R H Breintnall	10101111111101111010111101—19
Asa Whitehead	11101111001111111111100111—20
L Thomas	11111111111111111111110111—24
E A Geoffroy	11101111111101111111111011—22
F Walters	11101111101101111101111001—19—104
Elizabeth.	
Williams	01111111010010010101111111—17
Parker	11111001101111010111101111—19
Woodruff	10111111111111101111111111—23
C C Hebbard	11111111111111111011111111—24
N Astfalk	01101110011111111011110011—18—101
Boiling Springs.	
G S McAlpin	10111011111111111111111111—23
G E Greiff	11101101011101111010010101—17
W H Huck	11111101110101111101111110—20
Krebs	11011111111111011111111111—23
P A Jeanneret	10111010100100111111010—16— 99
Endeavor.	
E Collins	11011101101110111011111111—20
Piercy	11101111111101101111111111—22
Strader	00100001001000001111100011—11
Baker	01111111110111011001111111—20
"Wanda"	01000110111011111111001111—18— 91
Imbeciles.*	
Capt Money	11111111111111101011111—23
Lou Erhardt	11111011111101111011111111—22
F Van Dyke	11111111101111011111111—23
Warren Smith	11111111111111111111111111—25
Edwards	11101011110111111111111111—22—115

*Ingram, a member of the Endeavor Gun Club, who had arrived too late to shoot on his club's team, shot along with the "Imbeciles" to fill out the squad. He scored 23, missing his 8th and 12th targets, making the average for the whole squad the same that it was for the team—92 per cent.

The final results of these team contests are based on "the five best scores to count," each team therefore tries to improve some previous poor score. Several improvements are noted as the consequence of this shoot, the South Side, Union, Boiling Springs, Climax and Elizabeth all swelling their percentages. The following shows how the clubs stand, figuring upon the above basis:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Maplewood	625	539	86.2	Elizabeth	625	513	82
South Side	625	523	83.6	Endeavor	625	478	76.4
Union	625	532	85.6	Riverside	375	254	67.7
Boiling Spr'gs	625	514	82.2	Union Hill	625	340	54.4
Climax	625	513	82				

There are twenty-seven individuals who shot in three or more of the team races. To qualify for prizes the shooter must have taken part in at least five of such contests, the basis on which the prizes are awarded being the same as in the case of the teams. Following are the records of the twenty-seven in order of merit:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Van Dyke	125	120	96	"Williams"	125	108	86.4
Drake	125	115	92	Yeomans (4)	100	86	86
A Sickley	125	115	92	Breintnall	125	107	85.6
McAlpin	125	114	91.2	Geoffroy	125	107	85.6
Apgar	125	113	90.4	Thomas	125	107	85.6
Sigler	125	113	90.4	E Sickley	125	106	84.8
Irvins (3)	75	67	89.3	Parker	125	105	84
Miller	125	111	88.8	Woodruff	125	105	84
Collins	125	110	88	Huck	125	104	83.2
Hebbard	125	110	88	Keller	125	104	83.2
N E Money	125	109	87.2	W Smith	125	103	82.4
Whitehead	125	109	87.2	Krebs (4)	100	82	82
Hoffman	125	108	86.4	Greiff	125	101	80.8
C Smith	125	108	86.4				

Besides the above, sixty-three other shooters have taken part in one or more of the team races.

Owing probably to the shoot at Marion on the previous day (Labor Day), shooters were somewhat slack in putting in an appearance, but when they did get to the grounds W. R. Hobart, the secretary of the club, kept things hustling in the old South Side style. The table given below shows that the boys were not slow when once they got before the traps:

Events.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets.	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*25*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*
McAlpin	9	9	7	15	14	14	10	23	..	..	..	..	..
C Smith	7	9	8	14	13	12	8	20	7	..	..	..	..
Breintnall	7	7	9	14	13	10	..	19	..	..	..	..	..
Whitehead	8	..	6	..	..	..	5	20	9	..	..	..	..
Thomas	6	4	7	..	..	13	7	24	10	7	12	15	16
W Smith	6	5	6	15	13	11	8	25	..	..	..	..	..
Van Dyke	9	4	9	14	12	14	8	23	10	9	14	14	18
Geoffroy	7	10	9	15	13	15	8	22	10	9	15	15	..
Greiff	..	8	9	14	14	11	9	17	7	..	..	..	..
E Sickley	..	9	8	15	14	13	8	24	10	..	..	..	..
Keller	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	9	21	10	..	..	..
Apgar	..	..	..	..	..	14	12	5	23	10	8	14	13
E Hardt	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	9	22	9	6	15	..
Hebbard	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	8	24	8	..	..	..
Piercy	..	..	..	..	..	7	14	4	22	9	8	11	7
Jackson	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	8	22	..	..	..	..
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	22	..	..	..	..
N E Money	..	..	..	..	..	13	11	7	20	8	6	15	14
Capt Money	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	5	23	9	8	15	14
Sigler	..	..	..	..	..	11	15	9	22	10	7	..	..
Morfey	..	..	..	..	..	11	13	8	23	8	8	11	11
Collins	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	20	8	10	12	14	..
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	13	7	17	8	..	..	..	..
Astfalk	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	18	..	6	..	13	15
Woodruff	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	23	..	5	..	..	..
Strader	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	11	7	..	..	..	..
Parker	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	19	..	..	..	..	..
Paul	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	16	8	..	..	..	..
Huck	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	20	..	..	..	..	..
D Terry	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	21	..	..	..	..	..
Schortemeier	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	20	6	..	..	..	..
"Wanda"	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	18	8	..	..	..	..
Walters	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	19	8	..	..	..	..
Krebs	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	..	..	..	..	..
Baker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	3	..	..	..
Ingram	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	7	7	10	..	13
Herrington	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	14	..	..

Events Nos. 4 and 9 were at known angles; Nos. 2, 5, 10 and 12 were at traps in reversed order; the balance were at unknown angles.

The following team race was shot as a wind-up, Capt. Money and his son, Noel E. Money, choosing sides. The result was a win for Noel's team by the narrow margin of three targets, the teams being tied at the end of the 20th round. Score:

Three-men teams, 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

Noel Money's team.	
N E Money	11111111101111111111111111—24
M Herrington	10001011111111101110111111—19
E Ingram	01111001011111110110111110—18—61
Capt. Money's team.	
T W Morfey	11101111111111111111111111—24
Capt Money	11110110111101110011101100—17
Piercy	11110011110010110101101011—17—58

EDWARD BANKS.

Greenville Gun Club.

GREENVILLE, Mo., Aug. 29.—The following scores were made by a few members of the Greenville Gun Club at the club's weekly shoot, held this afternoon:

E L Sharkey	01101101101111111110111111—22
J Van Meter	01111111111101111011101101—21
L Hymen	11110111001101111101111011—19
W Arnold	11111111111101111111111011—22
R H McHie	11111111101111111101111111—22
	10101111010110111111110110—18
	11111111011001110010110101—18
	.....
	11111111011111111111111111—22
	11111111011111011111111111—22

R. H. MCHIE, Sec'y.

An All-Day Shoot at Kewanee.

KEWANEE, Ill., Aug. 29.—The Kewanee Gun Club held a one-day amateur tournament to-day, but owing to a very hard rain that set in last night, and which continued until 10 o'clock this A. M., the attendance was small. All that were there enjoyed themselves until it was too dark to shoot any more. Among the visitors were L. C. Miller, McQuaid, Thompson, Howat and O'Neil, from Canton, Ill.; Gemmett ("Keeder"), from Ft. Madison, Iowa; Day, Oneida, Ill.; Alexander and Stapleton, from Sheffield, Ill.; Bacon, of Chicago; Kemerling, Holdridge, Grier, Cady and Ole, of Annawan, Ill.; Snow, Studley, E. H. Miller, Norton, Robinson and Lyle, of Neponset, Ill. The scores were as follows:

Special team match, two men to team, 25 singles each, entrance $5:

Robinson	11111111101111111110111—23
Lyle	10111010111111111111111111—22—45
Alexander	11111110111011111111111000—20
Day	11101111110110111011111101—20—40
Studley	01101011011111101011011101—18
Snow	11101110111111111111111101—22—40
Baker	11111111101111101111111111—23
Huckins	11111111111111101111111111—24—47
L C Miller	10101111011111111111111111—21
Thompson	11101011111011111111111111—22—43

The following table shows the number shot at and broken by each contestant, together with each individual's percentage:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Baker	232	194	83.6	Williams	95	68	71.6
L C Miller	232	190	82	Norton	87	62	71.3
Huckins	232	212	91.4	Faull	75	54	72
McQuaid	232	185	79.7	McClure	45	25	55.5
Thompson	232	193	83.2	Bacon	72	35	48.6
Reeder	200	172	86	E H Miller	60	45	75
Day	232	192	86.5	Ole	60	31	51.7
Howat	160	128	80	Grier	60	32	53.3
O'Neil	190	146	76.8	Cady	60	38	63.3
Bannister	150	106	70.7	Pierce	50	33	66
Kellogg	162	117	72.2	C Kemerling	65	46	70.8
Alexander	187	152	81.3	Holdridge	65	40	61.5
Sharp	152	110	72.4	Snow	65	51	78.5
Wood	127	90	70.9	White	35	28	80
Studley	157	135	86	Dunbar	15	8	53.3
Stapleton	142	121	85.2	Kuster	12	9	75
Lyle	137	121	88.3	Martin	10	6	60
Craine	117	67	57.2	Peterson	10	5	50
Robinson	117	97	83				

Following is a table showing the scores made by each shooter in the programme events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Targets:	10	15	10	20	15	25	10	10	20	15	10	25	12	10	10	15
Baker	6	13	8	17	14	22	8	10	18	10	8	22	9	9	7	13
L C Miller	10	14	5	19	11	18	8	8	15	13	7	21	10	10	7	14
Huckins	8	15	7	18	14	24	9	7	20	15	7	25	11	9	9	14
McQuaid	9	10	7	16	15	23	8	7	16	15	5	18	7	10	6	13
Thompson	8	13	6	16	13	16	8	8	18	15	9	23	10	10	5	15
Reader	10	15	6	18	14	23	10	5	18	13	8	21	..	..	..	11
Day	9	13	7	19	14	21	9	8	17	10	9	23	10	9	..	14
Howat	9	9	7	18	..	..	7	10	16	12	7	20	..	..	..	13
O'Neil	7	12	5	17	14	22	6	..	18	12	6	16	..	..	..	11
Bannister	7	12	6	14	12	19	8	7	15	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kellogg	6	12	5	14	9	..	8	7	15	13	..	..	10	7	..	11
Alexander	..	..	..	19	15	23	9	6	14	8	7	21	10	9	..	11
Sharp	10	7	5	..	12	..	8	8	17	11	6	..	8	7	..	11
Wood	7	10	5	..	12	..	9	..	16	8	8	..	9	6	..	..
Studley	..	..	..	..	13	22	9	8	18	13	6	22	9	..	..	15
Stapleton	..	..	..	..	18	14	24	..	..	18	14	..	21	6	6	..
Lyle	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	18	12	9	24	10	9	7
Craine	7	13	4	12	..	..	2	8	10	..	8	..	3	..	..	15
Robinson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	19	12	5	24	8	9	..	14
Williams	..	..	..	12	13	14	7	..	14	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Norton	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	16	..	6	..	8	10	..	10
Faull	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	10	..	..	..	..	..	10
McClure	..	..	6	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bacon	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	9	9	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
E H Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	13	7	..	..	7	..	11	
Ole	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	4	..	..	..	..	11	
Grier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	6	..	..	..	..	8	
Cady	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	5	..	..	..	..	..	10	
Pierce	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	4	19	..	..	..	..	..	
C Kemerling	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	7	18	..	..	..	..	..	11	
Holdridge	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	4	15	..	..	..	..	..	9	
Snow	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	23	..	..	..	..	..	13	
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Dunbar	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Kuster	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	
Peterson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	

N s 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 12, 14, 16, known angles and traps; Nos. 3, 11, reverse traps; No. 13, unknown angles, Nos. 8, 15, pairs.

No. 16 was a team race, 6 men to team: Neponset 78, Canton 77, Kewanee 73 and Annawan 60.

Special Team Race: Baker and Huckins of Kewanee vs. Studley and Norton of Neponset; $10 to team, 25 singles per man:

Huckins	11101111011111111111111111—23
Baker	11110101111011111111111011—21—44
Norton	10011111111111111111111011—22
Studley	11111111111110111111111111—24—46

L. C. HUCKINS.

Trap Notes from Milwaukee.

DEITER DEFEATS SMITH.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Aug. 29.—George Deiter, of this city, and J. J. Smith, of Evanston, Ill., shot a match to-day on the grounds of the National Gun Club, of Milwaukee. The conditions were: 100 live birds per man, $100 a side, the contest being governed by Illinois State rules.

At the end of the first 25 Smith led by two birds, having scored 23 to Deiter's 21. Both killed 23 in the next round, so that positions were unchanged at the end of the 50th round, the score standing: Smith 46, Deiter 44. Out of their next 25 each scored only 20, so that no change of position was chronicled when each man had shot at 75 birds, the score standing then: Smith 66, Deiter 64. Smith then lost his 77th dead out of bounds, reducing his lead to one. Both men missed their 89th birds, but Smith losing his 90th the score was a tie, with only 10 birds to shoot at. The 93d and 93th rounds were fatal to Smith's chances, as he let both his birds get away. Deiter killing his last 10 straight won the match by two birds, having shot an up-hill race from the start. The full score was: Deiter 88, Smith 86. The detailed score, showing the flight of each bird, follows:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1895 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Geo Deiter, ↖↖↓↗↗↗↓↑↑↙↖↖↖←↙↙↖↖→↑←↙
Milwaukee, Wis. 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 ● 1 2 2 2 0 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 2—21

←↗↖↗→↖↓↗↓↓↑↑↙←↗↗↑↘↘↑→←→↘
2 1 1 0 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 0—23

↗↗↓↓←→↑→↓↓↖←←↓↓↖↖↑↗→↙
● 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 0 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 2 0—20

→←↑↘↖←↖↖↖↗↗↗↘↙←←↓→↙↘←
2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1—21—88

J J Smith, ←↓←↑→↘←↓→↓→←↑↖←←←↑↑↖→←↙↗↗
Evanston, Ill. 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 ● 1 1—23

↗↖←↖↑↗→←↙→↑←←↓←→↓→↓↗→←↙←
2 1 2 0 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 1—23

↗←←↗↗↗↑↖↗↗↗↗↗↙←←↖↖↙←↙↙
2 1 1 0 2 2 0 0 2 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 2 0 1 2 1 2 1 2 1—20

↗↖↖↖←↑↖↖←↖↗↗↗↘↗↖↙↖←↙
2 ● 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 0 0 2 1 0 1 2 2 2 0 1 1—20—66

The following sweeps were also shot to-day, No. 1 being at 10 targets, $2 entrance, and No. 2 at 7 live birds, $2.50 entrance, three moneys in each event:

	No. 1:	No. 2:
Geo Gilbert	1101010001— 5	0000001—1
G H Julian	0001011000— 3	0001012—3
A Schmidt	1111101111— 9	2211111—7
Geo Beck	0001001001— 3	2012022—5
G H Klehm	1010111011— 7	1001210—4
A Huxtable	1100110000— 4	0021201—4
Theo Thomas	1111111111—10	2212222—7
Char Trester	1111111110— 9	.....
Dr E B Fuller	1101101011— 7	1100122—5
Geo Franklin	1101111111— 9	.....
John Burnham	1111111011— 9	1012211—6
J J Smith	0010001010— 3	0002000—1
Col F C G Brand	.....	1201010—4
A Freeman	.....	0000210—2
Wm W Mirgeler	.....	

THEO. A. THOMAS.

Grand Rapids Won Easily.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Aug. 24.—Our shoot this week, combining the regular weekly club shoot and the State team championship race between the Valley City Gun Club and the Zeeland Rod and Gun Club, has created a great deal of interest. The Zeeland team came with a large company, including a number of their fair friends. The local club turned out in force. The avowed determination of the visitors to do up the champions, and their high reputation as field shots, had made the contest a universal topic of conversation for some weeks, and a close race was expected. The local papers gave the event considerable prominence, the Grand Rapids *Herald* publishing portraits of both teams.

The result was a surprise to all, for while the home team were sanguine of winning, in their practice shoots there usually has been an off day for some member to pull down the others, but to-day every man was in great form, and the score is the highest yet made among the State teams. Some of the scores made by the visitors in the sweeps following the main event show that when some of the younger members will have more confidence in their ability to shoot in public later on. Scores of sweeps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*
Holcomb	6	6	12	13	15	12
Van Eyck	7	6	..	..	14	..
Coleman	9	10	13	15	15	11
Walton	7	9	12	14	12	13
Baert	5	5	..	..	..	..
Widdicomb	9	9	13	9	15	15
Karstens	8	..	13	13	10	..
Gilmore	9	9	14	15	15	12
Faulkner	..	..	12	..	..	..
Campbell	..	..	7	..	..	..
Wharton	..	..	11	15	12	11

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*
Bush	..	..	14	13	13	13
Krans	..	..	10	..	..	..
Elkerton	..	..	10	..	10	..
White	..	..	13	..	..	..
P Smits	..	..	13	14	11	..
Norris	..	..	11	9	..	..
Eckert	..	..	10	..	..	..
Wissner	..	..	8	..	..	..
Kelsey	..	..	12	..	..	..
A Smits	..	..	..	..	14	..

The details of the team championship are as follows:

Teams of five men, 50 targets per man, 30 targets one man up, 5 unknown traps, and 10 pairs, regular angles:

Valley City.

Walton.....1111111111101110111111111101—27
11 11 11 10 10 10 01 11 01 00—13—40
Coleman.....0101111111111101111111010111—25
00 11 10 11 11 10 11 10 11 10—14—39
Wharton.....1100111010111101101110111111—24
11 11 10 11 11 10 10 10 11 10—15—39
Gilmore.....1111010011111011101111111111—25
01 10 10 01 11 01 11 10 11 01—13—38
Widdicomb.....1110111100111100101111111111—24
10 11 10 10 11 10 11 10 10 11—14—38
—
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Zeeland.

P Smith.....1101011111101011111010010111—22
11 10 11 00 10 11 11 11 10 00—13—35
A Smits.....0110101010101001111100111010—18
11 11 10 11 11 10 11 11 00 11—16—34
H R Van Eyck.....0010111011111001110111110111—21
10 10 01 10 11 10 11 10 11 01—12—33
Capt Karsters.....1101000010011011101101101111—18
10 11 11 10 11 10 00 10 11 10—13—31
F Hiltye.....0011101001100001110000110101011—14
11 10 10 11 11 10 10 00 11 11—14—28
—
161

O. F. ROOD, Secretary.

The Proposed Shoot At Baltimore.

ALTHOUGH no programme for the proposed big live-bird tournament to be held at Baltimore, Md., from Oct. 22-26, has been gotten out as yet, we are in a position to give briefly what is practically a synopsis of the programme that will appear shortly. The $1,000 guaranteed purse in the DuPont Smokeless Powder handicap referred to below will, we understand, be guaranteed by the E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co., familiarly known as the DuPont Powder Company. Following are the particulars mentioned:

"Commencing Tuesday, Oct. 22, in the city of Baltimore, Md., and continuing throughout the week, will be given by Messrs. E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co., of Wilmington, Del., manufacturers of the DuPont Smokeless Powder, what is intended to be the most stupendous live-bird shooting tourney ever held in America. There will be five days of shooting, consisting of three days of set programme events. On the third day the DuPont Smokeless Powder grand annual championship handicap, for a championship trophy, will be begun and continued until finished. The prize in this event will be a $1,000 guaranteed purse to which will be added all surplus money.

"Besides the money prize there will be a championship trophy of the value of $500 to be held in trust. The possession of this trophy will be a matter of competition by challenge, but the management of the tournament will redeem it annually for $100, so that it may be used in the annual tournaments to follow as the emblem of championship. Conditions of the race are set forth below:

"Programme of tournament to be as follows: Tuesday, Oct. 22, first day.—First event, 5 birds, $5 entrance; second event, 7 birds, $7 entrance; third, 10 birds, $10 entrance; fourth, Baltimore handicap, 15 birds, $15 entrance; fifth, miss-and-out, $5 entrance. Wednesday, Oct. 23, second day.—First event, 5 birds, $5 entrance; second, 7 birds, $7 entrance; third, 10 birds, $10 entrance; fourth, Monumental City handicap, 20 birds, $20 entrance; fifth, miss-and-out, $5 entrance. Thursday, Oct. 24, third day —Grand DuPont Smokeless Powder championship handicap, 25 birds, $25 entrance, $1,000 guaranteed, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., high guns to take the money and champion to hold the trophy in trust from year to year subject to redemption for $100 cash at each annual tournament.

"The winner of this trophy is to be open to challenge from any person in America, a member in good standing of any organized gun club, for $50 a side. The forfeit for a match to be $25, to be deposited either with the *American Field*, of Chicago, FOREST AND STREAM or *Shooting and Fishing*, of New York. The Messrs. DuPont are to be notified of challenge, they to have the appointing of referee. The holder of trophy will have the privilege of naming time, place and number of birds (if more than 25) to be shot at. Both contestants to stand at 30yds. mark, regardless of handicap in grand event.

"For the handicaps the classification committee will consist of nine experts, one from each of the following places: New York, New Jersey, San Francisco, Chicago, Charlotte, N. C., New Orleans, Boston, Knoxville and Memphis, Tenn. Each shooter will be handicapped according to his record.

"The forfeit money in the Grand Handicap will be $10, which the treasurer or the tournament will be in a position to receive shortly. When the forfeit is paid the entry will receive his handicap and a distinctive button to wear. This will entitle him to shoot in the Grand Handicap by paying the balance of $15. The entry list will be held open until 9 o'clock the morning of the event, Thursday, Oct 24."

The San Antonio Gun Club's Tournament.

THE San Antonio (Texas) Gun Club, as announced in "Drivers and Twisters" of our last issue, will add $1,000 to the purses at its tournament on Oct. 27-30. The club has the indorsement of the Business Men's Club, of San Antonio, as will be seen from the following letter:

"SAN ANTONIO, July 10.—W. L. Simpson, secretary of San Antonio Gun Club.—Dear Sir: At a meeting of the board of directors of the Business Men's Club held yesterday the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"Be it resolved, that in view of the fact that the San Antonio Gun Club, a chartered organization of this city, have announced their determination to hold a grand State shooting tournament in this city this fall, and having in mind the prominence this will give our city and the advertising advantages to be derived from the same, the Business Men's Club, of San Antonio, do indorse this tournament and commend the enterprise of the San Antonio Gun Club. With best wishes that the coming State tournament will prove a pleasant occasion and a great success, I am yours truly, H. L. BENSON, Sec'y."

Bronx River Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—The Bronx River Gun Club held its monthly shoot this afternoon on its grounds at West Farms, N. Y. The medal shoot is at 25 targets, and this afternoon three members, Zorn, Pringle and Loomis, tied for the gold medal in Class A with 21 breaks each. They shot off the tie at 10 targets, Zorn winning by scoring 9 to 7 each made by his opponents. Herrington won the medal in Class B.

All future shoots of this club will be held on the new shooting grounds at Baychester, N. Y., instead of on the above grounds. The Baychester grounds, which will be ready for use on Oct. 26, will be under the management of Messrs. E. P. Miller and C. Zorn.

The scores in to-day's shoot were as follows:

B G Loomis.....1111101111111111001101111—21
M Herrington.....1100011011101111111101010—17
Fred Pringle.....1101111011111011111011111—21
C Zorn.....0111111111111111011010111—21
Jas Duane.....0110101111010000w — 9

JOHN T. MURPHY, Sec'y.

The Morgan's Grove Shoot.

SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. Va., Sept. 5.—The two days' tournament given annually by the Morgan's Grove Agricultural, Mechanical and Live Stock Exhibition Association was managed this year by Elmer Shaner, on behalf of the Interstate Association. It was brought to a close after a capital two days' sport, the result of Mr. Shaner's excellent management. The number of shooters present was somewhat disappointing, but the second day had a larger list of entries than the first. Among those present were: "U. M. C." Thomas, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Porterfield, representing DuPont's Smokeless; Bond, Claridge, Hawkins, Waters, and L. D. Thomas, all of Baltimore, Mr. Thomas representing Laflin & Rand's Troisdorf; Dr. "Brown," of Ellicott City, Md.; the Haddox brothers, Winchester, Va.; Smith, of Frederick, Md., with a lot of local lights who helped to swell the list of entries with considerable spirit.

On the first day the majority of those shooting fired no less than 215 shots, the programme containing ten 15-target races and the Morgan's Grove trophy contest at 50 targets per man. In addition to the above an extra at 15 targets was also shot. The chief event was, of course, the Morgan's Grove contest. This year the prize was an L. C. Smith hammerless gun, the conditions being 50 targets, unknown angles, entrance, price of targets. The winner was B W. Claridge, of Baltimore, who broke 46. Bond was second with 44, and Hawkins third with 43. Dr. "Brown" and Hood tied for fourth place with 41 each.

The shooting of the two days passed off very smoothly, not a kick being heard, and not over a dozen or so of the targets being broken in the traps. Too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. Shaner's management. Dr. "Brown," who scored the high averages on the first day, shot a Winchester repeater and DuPont powder. The scores, as a whole, are a good average, as the targets were thrown far and fast. Scores made in the Morgan's Grove trophy contest are as follows:

Claridge.....1111111110011101111111111111111111111011111111—46
Bond.....1101111111111111111111111111111111100010111111111—44
Hawkins.....0110111101111111111111101111111111101111011101—43
Brown.....1111011111101111111010111011111111111101111011—41
Hood.....1101101011111111010111111111111111101101011111—41
Porterfield.....1111111111111111111011001111111111111010100111—41
J P.....1111111011101130001010111011101110001111111111—38
U M C.....1111111101111101010011011111001111011111110—38
Ankany.....1011111110111011011010110100101101111011111101—36
G W Haddox.....1011010111111111111111000010111011010100011110—35
H Spickler.....0011100111011100130011101100011101111101111—34
W A S.....0111111000111011111101100000111011101101010010—32
Thomas.....0111110000101000010001010011101101110000010101—28
Maddox.....1010110010011111010111100—15
Pratt.....0110011010001000101111000—11

The tri-county cup, 25 targets per man, was shot on the second day, the scores being:

W Spickler.....1111100111111010110101111—20
Drawbaugh.....1011110111101101111010101011—18
Billinger.....1101111011000111100111000—16
H Spickler.....1111110001011100100100110—15
Bishop.....0111111010010111000001001—14
Ankany.....0001001011011000111001101—12
Burkhart.....0110111000100111010000001—12
Crittenden.....0101110000101110201010110—11
Spencer.....1001001000100091110000010—9
Pence.....0000010101000101009010000— 6

The table below gives the scores made in each of the programme events, exclusive of the two special races the scores of which are given in detail above. From this table it will be seen that U. M. C., Porterfield, Claridge and Hawkins shot in all the events on both days. The averages made by the leading men were:

	First Day.			*Second Day.*			*General Average.*		
	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
U. M. C.	150	114	76	150	123	81.3	300	236	78.6
Porterfield	150	127	84.6	150	119	79.3	300	246	82.
Claridge	150	116	84	150	125	83.3	300	251	83.6
Hawkins	150	127	84.6	150	133	88.6	300	260	86.6
Hood	150	127	84.6	135	105	77.7	285	232	81.4
Brown	150	130	86.6						
Bond	135	116	85.9						

From these figures it will be noted that Brown led on the first day with 86.6, being closely followed by Bond with 85 9; Porterfield, Hawkins and Hood tied for third place with an average of 84.6, Claridge being fourth with 84. On the second day neither Brown nor Bond were in evidence, but Hawkins shot a good gait, breaking 88.6 per cent. in the programme events. Claridge was second with 83 3, U. M. C. taking third place with 81.3. The general averages show Hawkins firs: with 86.6 per cent., with Claridge, Porterfield, Hood and U. M. C. following him in the order named.

An extra event, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1, was also shot on the first day with the following result: Hood and Claridge 14, U. M. C. and Brown 13, Hawkins and J. P. 12, Porterfield, Smith and Bond 11, G. W. Haddox 10.

The table referred to above is as follows:

U M C	12	11	15	9	12	12	10	11	13	9	12	15	13	13	8	13	13	12	13	10
Porterfield	13	12	11	15	12	15	13	13	11	12	15	12	13	14	12	10	12	8	11	11
Billinger	12	12	12	13	7	..	13	..	..	..	9	..	11	..	10	..	..	9	8	7
Claridge	14	12	14	11	14	15	13	12	10	11	13	14	11	14	13	14	12	13	10	13
Thomas	11	12	12	10	10	11	13	..	11	7	12	..	11	11	11	7	12	..	9	10
Hawkins	13	14	12	13	12	12	14	10	15	12	13	15	14	13	15	13	13	13	13	11
Brown	12	13	13	14	11	13	15	14	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hood	10	11	12	15	15	14	14	13	11	12	14	12	10	12	13	..	10	12	12	10
Bond	13	14	12	13	13	13	11	12	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Maddox	..	..	..	7	..	..	11	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ankany	11	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	10	..	..	10	10	..	8	8	11	..	..
Conroy	..	11	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pratt	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J P	..	..	..	..	13	10	12	12	12	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Drawbaugh	..	..	..	9	..	14	10	10	..	..	10	11	12	9	..	14	9	8	..	..
G W Haddox	..	..	..	..	12	..	12	13	6	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	11	14	11	14	12	..	9	..	..	..	..	..
S Charles	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	5	..	3	..	..	..	..
H Spickler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	8	..	8	..	9	..	..	..	..
Burkhart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	11	9	11	7	..	..	..	..
W A S	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	..	11	10	9	11	10	8	..
Bishop	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	8	9	7	8	7	9	..	..
Spencer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	9	7	9	4	9	6	7	11
Gibson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pence	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	3	4	4	3	8	..	..	..	..
Grantham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	3	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Crittenden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

The entrance moneys in the above events were what may be termed "popular prices." Each event was at 15 targets, the entrance money in each of the odd events being $1; in the even numbered events it was $1 50. Nos. 1 to 10 were shot on the first day, Nos. 11 to 20 on the second day. SAM'L J. FORT, M.D.

Trap at Michigan City.

MICHIGAN CITY, Miss., Aug. 29.—The regular weekly shoot of the Michigan City Gun Club took place to-day, a number of enthusiasts taking part. The failure of the day was the four-men team race between the Michigan City and the Grand Junction Gun Clubs, the rainy weather keeping several of the best shots of both clubs from shooting. This fact, together with the darkness of the day and the acute angles at which the targets were thrown, will account for the poor scores made. Tway, as usual, was top of the list with an average of 88 per cent., while last week his average at Grand Junction was 90 per cent. Another team race between these two clubs will be shot in the near future. Scores of to-day's shoot were as follows:

Team race, 25 targets per man:

Grand Junction.	
Tway	1111111101011111111111119—22
T Prewitt	0110011101111101001011110—16
J Prewitt	1101101000011011000010—12
Smith	0001000000011101010000001— 8—58
Michigan City.	
Hardaway	1111111001011011101010010—17
Mitchell	1100010101101010101010000—12
Graham	0001000010011011000010—10
Aldrich	1110010100001000011000110— 9—48

Other scores were:

No. 1, 10 targets, unknown angles: Tway 9, Aldrich and Hardaway 8, Mitchell 7, Graham, T. Prewitt and J. H. Prewitt 5, Smith 1.

No. 2, 15 targets, unknown angles: Tway 13, Hardaway 12, T. Prewitt 7, Graham, Mitchell and J. Prewitt 6, Smith 5, Aldrich 4.

SECRETARY.

Binghamton Gun Club.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Sept 5.—The following 10-target sweeps, $1.50 entrance, were shot by the members of the Binghamton Gun Club at the regular weekly shoot held to-day:

Kendall	8	8	9	8	8	7	9	7	8	10	7 10 9 10
Brown	8	8	8	8	9	10	8	10	10	..	.. .. ..
Adams	7	9	10	10	9	8	10	7	8	7	10 9 8 8
Boss	8	8	6	7	7	9	9	8	6	8	7 10 10 9
Hobbie	7	7	6	9	8	10	8	7	9	9	6 10 8 7
Waldron	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	10	10	9	8 9 8 9
Vance	..	..	..	..	..	6	7	8	7	7	7 8 9 8
Elliott	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	.. .. ..
Lyon	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	3	..	..	.. .. ..
Whittemore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	.. .. ..

H. W. B.

Trap around Altoona.

ALTOONA, Pa., Sept. 7.—Several interesting live-bird sweeps were shot this forenoon by members of the Altoona Gun Club. Buffalo Bill's Wild West show was here to-day and it was the intention of the club management to have Miss Annie Oakley participate in such a series of races as might please her.

The fates were against this, however, for many little mishaps baffled the shrewd management of the wiley Bill, and they did not arrive from their engagement in the "Flood City" until a late hour. As a result Miss Oakley had no time to spare, much to her chagrin, for when Bill Clark and I called on her at their tent later in the day both she and Mr. Butler expressed themselves as being very much disappointed at not being able to enjoy themselves for a while outside the show life.

They made immediate inquiry about the welfare of friends they had met during their visit here in March, 1893. They wanted to know, too, when we had last heard from Ed Banks, whom FOREST AND STREAM captured from our midst just about a year ago.

That visit to Altoona Miss Oakley will probably never forget. She arrived here, if I remember correctly, on a Friday evening, having stopped off while on her journey at the home of her childhood, Woodland, O. The weather was delightful, the winter's snow having gone, and promises of spring visible on all sides. The gun club had made every arrangement to have an enjoyable day's outing at its Wopsononock grounds. Live and inanimate targets had been provided in numbers to satisfy everybody. By Saturday morning, however, a raging storm had set in, such as Wopsononock Mountain visitors are so familiar with, and at 9 o'clock the falling snow was drifting into thousands of different shapes and forms. A few faced the storm, but Miss Oakley remained in her hotel. Some inanimates were broken during the early part of the day, but the elements finally prevailed, and the occasion ended in disappointment. But this was not the saddest part of Miss Oakley's experience. During this cold snap she lost by death her very valuable St. Bernard dog, the one for which she had refused so much money, and to which she had been so much attached. To that loss she referred to-day, and says it is her only sad thought in connection with her vi it to Pennsylvania. She is looking natural, but quite fatigued from the continuous labors of engagements that have given her no rest for a period of over eighteen months.

In the sweeps above referred to the stakes were divided into two moneys except the miss-and-out, which was divided among the high guns on account of the birds running out. The referee's work was a good lot. Tom House officiated in the capacity of referee.

The scores in detail follow:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

No. 1:

	3	4	4	2	1	3	2	3	4	4																						
	↖	←	↓	↘	↘	↘	↘	↘	↙																							
W G Clark (30).	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—10																						
	1	2	5	4	3	1	1	3	3	1																							
	↙	↗	↗	↗	↗	↗	↙	↙	↙	↙																							
"Clover" (28).	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—10																						
	4	5	5	4	4	5	1	1	3	3																							
	↖	↘	↗	↘	↖	↖	↑	↘	↗	↗																							
W B Sands (30).	1	1	2	2	1	2	1	1	0	1	— 9																						
	3	1	3	5	2	4	3	1	1	4																							
	↙	↖	↘	↙	↗	↗	↗	↙	↖	↗																							
W E Bell (28).	2	2	2	1	2	0	2	2	1	1	— 9																						
	4	3	1	5	5	5	1	3	1	1																							
	←	↘	↗	↗	↗	←	→	→	↘																							
"Beesey" (28).	1	2	●	1	2	2	0	1	1	1	— 8																						
	5	3	1	5	2	1	3	1	5	3																							
	↘	↗	↗	↑	↘	↗	↘	↘	↘	↘																							
T J House (28).	1	2	2	0	2	2	1	0	0	2	— 7																						

No. 2:

	4	4	1	4	3	3	4	4	5	3	3	2	3	2	3																	
	↖	←	↓	↘	↗	↓	↙	←	↙	←	↖	↙	←	↖																			
W G Clark (30).	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	1	1	2	1	—15																
	5	2	3	4	3	4	4	3	4	2	4	5	2	4	1																		
	↙	↖	↖	↗	↖	↗	↖	↙	←	↖	↗	↙																					
"Clover" (28).	1	0	1	1	2	2	1	0	2	2	●	2	—12																					
	2	1	2	3	2	3	3	4	3	4	2	1	3																					
	↖	↘	→	←	↑	↗	↙	←	↖	↑	↖	↗	↗	↗																			
W B Sands (30).	0	2	1	1	2	1	2	2	1	2	●	2	1	2	1	2	—13																	
	3	3	4	5	4	3	3	5	3	5	1	4	4	3	3																		
	↙	↖	↙	↗	↗	↗	↗	↗	↖	↙	↗	↗	↗	↗																			
W E Bell (28).	1	1	1	1	2	1	2	0	1	2	1	1	1	1	1	—14																		
	2	3	4	4	5	5																											
	↙	↖	↗	↗	↗	↗																											
"Beesey" (28).	1	2	0	1	2	0	w																										
	1	3	1	5	2	1	3	1	5	8																							
	↗	↗	↗	↗	↗	↗	↗	↗	↗	↗																							
T J House (28).	1	2	2	0	2	2	1	0	0	2	— 7																						

The miss-and-out resulted as follows: Clark, Sands and Bell 3, Clover 1, House 0.

Following the live bird events these inanimate sweeps were shot off, the stakes going to the high gun and ties shot off in next event. Known traps and unknown angles. Ten targets in each event.

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Sanders	9	7	5	7	Clover	5	7	9	7
Bell	10	7	10	8	House	9	7	7	..

A live bird race, 50 birds each, for $50 a side, has been arranged between William Sands, of Altoona, and E. J. Adams, of Mifflin, Pa., as an outcome of the recent races at Mifflin. The money has been deposited with Bill Clark, who will act as referee. The event will take place at Mifflin, probably, on next Friday afternoon, Sept. 13. Much speculation is being indulged in on the outcome. Both are experienced shots and the race will be a good one.

The Altoona Gun Club will give an afternoon's shoot at inanimates on next Saturday in honor of the Huntingdon (Pa.) Gun Club Several team races will be shot and the remainder of the afternoon devoted to sweeps. GRANT.

Dunellen vs. Plainfield.

DUNELLEN, N. J., Aug. 24.—To-day a team race, twelve men a side, was shot on the grounds of the Dunellen Gun Club, between the home club and a team of Plainfield men, the majority of whom were members of the Climax Gun Club. As will be seen, Dunellen came out ahead by 33 targets, breaking 204 to 171 by their opponents. Score:

Dunellen.	
Lindsey	1111101110111111101111—22
Manning	0111111111010111111111111—22
Brantingham	1111111110011111111101010—20
Van Nuis	0101110011111111111111110—19
Kenyon	1001101111111101001011111—18
Cramer	0010101100111101111011111—18
Sisty	1111010011101101010111111—17
Osborn	1110100011101101010011111—16
Gray	1111011010110101000110100—14
MacGovern	1100001011110110011010100—13
Nelson	1000100010111010101110101—13
Warden	0000011100110100011111001—12—204
Plainfield.	
Edwards	1111111111110011111111110—22
Terry	1111111110101101101111111—21
Squires	1101100101111010011111111—18
Swody	0111010110101111110011110—17
Singer	0110100110101010011100111—14
McCullough	1101100101101010010001010—13
Pierson	1011110100000001101111111—15
Trentis	0110110000100012010010111—12
Press	1001100100001101011110010—12
D Darby	0101100111001000011100000—10
Stevenson	1001001000011001000001101— 9
T Darby	0000110010000100001010011— 8—171

Paducah Gun Club.

PADUCAH, Ky., Sept. 2.—Twelve members of the Paducah Gun Club took part in the regular trophy contest this afternoon, George Robertson winning with the score of 23, the contest being No. 1 given below. No. 2 was practice shoot at 25 targets per man. Scores:

C Robertson	0011111011111011111111111—20
Lang	0010110101111111111001111—18
E Ehardt	1111101010101111001110111—18
Taylor	0111011110111111011101101—19
Hayes	1111101111111111111001101—21
Craft	1111101100111111111111101—21
G Robertson	1111011111111111111111101111—23
Piper	1110011011101111101101110—18
Ingram	1000011111111111111111001100—18
Bill Jones	1101111101111111111110111—22
Beadles	1101111010011111111111101—21
Cochrane	1001111101111111000111111—19
Ogg	1001111001111111111110001—17

No. 2.	
C Robertson	0001111111111111111111111—25
Lang	1111111111111111111111111—25
E Ehardt	1111111111111111111111111—25
Taylor	1111111111111111111111111—25
Hayes	1111111111111111111111111—25
Craft	1111111111111111111111111—25
G Robertson	1111111111111111111111111—25
Piper	1111111111111111111111111—25
Ingram	1111111111111111111111111—25
Bill Jones	1111111111111111111111111—25
Beadles	1111111111111111111111111—25
Cochrane	1111111111111111111111111—25
Ogg	1111111111111111111111111—25

A ten-target race, entrance 50cts., was also shot, there being four merchandise prizes put up for competition. George Robertson with 8 won first prize. Taylor and Bill Jones tied for second prize with 7 each and shot off at five targets, Taylor winning by 5 to 4. Erhardt, Cochrane, Craft and Ingram tied for third prize with 6 each, the decision of this tie being left until our next shoot. Beadles scored 4 and won fourth prize. T. J. MOORE, Sec'y.

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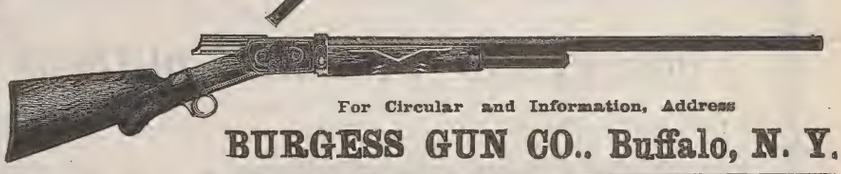
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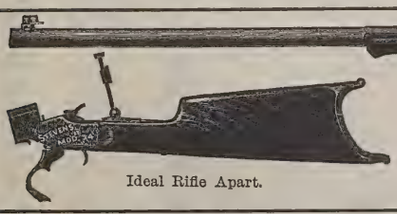
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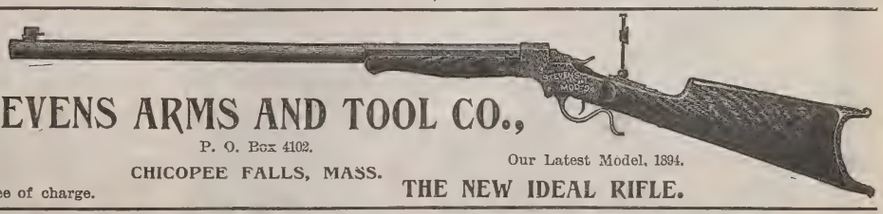
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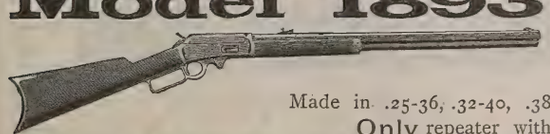
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BASS FISHING AT BLOCK ISLAND.



JACKSNIPE COMING IN.



VIGILANT AND VALKYRIE.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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WOLVES IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

DR. W. SEWARD WEBB confirms the report of the killing of a gray wolf in Nehasane Park, and informs us that it was captured by George Muir at Gull Lake the first week in June of the present year. This is, in our opinion, the most interesting piece of information with regard to the Adirondacks that has come to light for many a day. It has generally been conceded for a number of years past that wolves were extinct in this region, and our account of the wolf killed at Brandreth Lake two years ago was a source of surprise to many. In commenting upon this wolf we said, "This country in the vicinity of Brandreth Lake is one of the last strongholds of the wolf in the Eastern States, certainly the last in New York State, and it is interesting to note that probably a small remnant of the once proud race still lingers in this locality." Gull Lake is only ten miles in an air line from Brandreth Lake, and Dr. Webb informs us that there is at least one more wolf in that neighborhood, while reports from other sources would indicate that there are several others within a radius of twenty miles.

The subject is one of extreme interest from more than one standpoint, and it is not at all impossible that we may see a return of wolves to the Adirondacks under the changed conditions which obtain there at present, though of course it is not likely that they will ever increase to any great extent.

Judging from the data which we possess it seems reasonably certain that the main cause for the wolves leaving the Adirondacks was the scarcity of the food supply. We have seen the same thing in Maine and other wild countries. The wolves prey upon deer principally, and with such relentless ferocity that large areas are depopulated so that scarcely a deer remains. The early settlers of the Adirondacks were in their hunting instincts scarcely less humane than the wolves, and before the period of strict game laws and game law enforcement the deer led an unenviable existence. They were between the devil and the deep sea; the wolves in the wilderness drove them out to the settlements, and the hunters there slaughtered them in the deep snows when utterly helpless. Under such conditions it was only a question of time till the deer should be annihilated. They had no refuge or asylum, and both wolves and hunters killed when they had the opportunity without restraint and left to rot what they could not use.

In Vermont this thing actually happened, and they had to import deer from a distance when they wished to restock their woods. In Maine and the Adirondacks there were great sections of wild country where never a deer was seen, and where in winter one could travel for days without crossing a deer's trail. Here and there, however, a few deer had escaped, and these are the seed from which the present stock has sprung.

When the wolves found that the deer were gone there was but one course open to them, and they migrated. The bounty records of the Adirondacks show conclusively that their disappearance was not caused by any killing by the settlers. They simply were starved out. This is the history of the wolves everywhere where man has taken a hand and aided them in the slaughter of the game. Soon the supply is exhausted, and the wolves have to look out for other fields.

Of recent years a great change has taken place in the Adirondacks. Large sections of the country are now controlled by clubs and speculators who hold their land for clubs, and closed to general hunting as much as in the days when all was wilderness, untrodden by the foot of civilized man. There are thousands of acres where no hunting at all is permitted, and thousands more where the hunting is so limited as to have little or no effect upon the deer supply. Add to this the fact that the deer everywhere are carefully protected by the game laws and that crusting is a thing of the past, and it is not surprising to learn that the deer everywhere, except around the outskirts and the few places where promiscuous hunting is allowed, have multiplied tenfold. We do not believe it an exaggeration to say that there are at present more deer in the Adirondacks than there ever were. The same thing is true of Maine and other game sections in the East. Nor is it difficult to account for the increase, as it is a direct result of the disappearance of market-hunting, crust-hunting and the wolves.

As things are at present, the Adirondacks would be a paradise for wolves—not an army of wolves perhaps, but a few well-drilled and shrewd bands, hunting by twos and threes and giving a wide berth to man. There is room enough for them and an inexhaustible supply of food, and the danger is not so great as it was a few years ago. Not only are there large areas that no hunters invade, but there are also considerable sections where no trapping is allowed. The old generation of hunters has passed away, tracking on the snow is no longer legal, and there are few men in the woods to-day who would recognize a wolf's trail if they saw it.

Under such conditions it is not impossible that the howl of the old freebooters may once again become common in the more remote parts of the Adirondacks.

THE EARL AND THE CUP.

WE would be glad to think that we had been mistaken in the estimate which we some time since made of the Earl of Dunraven as a sportsman, but the events of the past week have confirmed only too fully our opinion of his lack of true sportsmanlike principle and the selfishness of his motives.

At the time some seven or eight years ago when Lord Dunraven abandoned a not very successful political career and first took up yachting, a very serious dispute was on between the New York Yacht Club and British yachtsmen. The charges were made against the club, as we still believe correctly, that in assuming the ownership of the America's Cup and making new conditions to govern the contests for it, the club had acted illegally and unfairly, having no right to establish any conditions of its own and having gone further in establishing very unfair ones. So serious was the dispute that the Royal Yacht Squadron had declined to race again for the trophy, and international racing was at a standstill.

The whole future of international racing was, and still is, in our opinion, centered in the question whether the America's Cup as a perpetual challenge trophy for international competition is the common property of all existing yacht clubs, to be raced for on fair and equal terms, or whether it is in effect the private property of the New York Y. C.; the privilege of competing for it being accorded to foreign clubs as a favor and not as a right. Lord Dunraven's advent as a racing yachtsman came when this controversy was at its height, and he first achieved more than a local reputation by sending a challenge in 1889 in the name of the first Valkyrie. How his negotiations with the club failed is still fresh in the memory of American yachtsmen, as is his declaration, oft repeated during the long correspondence, that he did not care for the trophy, but only wished to meet the fastest American yacht. At this time the 70ft. class, with Titania, Katrina and Shamrock, was at its prime. Lord Dunraven's first Valkyrie was of 70ft. waterline, and Gen. Paine had offered a valuable cup for an international race in the class. Had Lord Dunraven come out here with Valkyrie I. and sailed for the Paine cup and other prizes, he would have strengthened the growing opposition to the new deed, have shown himself a bold and disinterested yachtsman and made many friends here. As soon, however, as it was clear that no match could be made for the America's Cup, his ardor cooled, and nothing more was heard of his desire to meet the American yachts.

Another three years with no signs of a challenge brought matters to a pass where, with a change of administrations, the New York Y. C. was on the very eve of making some alteration in the fixed and immutable conditions of the new deed, no more than absolutely necessary, but enough to induce a challenge from a British club. Just at this juncture Lord Dunraven again appeared with a proposal to waive all questions of fairness and legality, provided that he was granted a match with a series of five races and certain other minor conditions. How the match was arranged and finally sailed, by dint of many letters and telegrams and on terms mutually misunderstood and differently interpreted by both parties, is too recent to need repetition here. Lord Dunraven succeeded, by much letter writing and confused correspondence, in involving the Royal Yacht Squadron in a match, in defiance of its previous repudiation of the new deed.

The recent negotiations which have resulted in such a lamentable fiasco were but a repetition in a measure of those of 1892–3, but this time the Squadron had at last reached a better understanding of the true position of affairs; and it was only through the strongest personal efforts of Lord Dunraven that it was finally induced to waive all questions of principle and accept in return certain conditions which Lord Dunraven considered were favorable to him.

The agreement between the New York Yacht Club and Lord Dunraven, consummated last January, was a simple one. The club was to give him perfectly fair conditions to govern the immediate races, conditions which it had denied to such bold yachtsmen as Sir Richard Sutton and Lieut. Henn, and he in return was to secure from the Royal Yacht Squadron a recognition of the right of the New York Y. C. to lay down permanent conditions on which it should hold the America's Cup, and an indorsement of the terms of the new deed of gift as legal, fair and equitable. It must be said that the New York Y. C. has lived up fairly and generously to the letter and spirit of this bargain; it has given to Lord Dunraven terms which are perfectly fair and sportsmanlike, and it has adhered to these terms throughout the series of races. It did refuse the one unreasonable request that, for no valid reason, it should abandon its home waters and sail the races at Newport or Marblehead, but in every other particular the slightest wish of the challenger has been carried out. Considering the treatment he has received from the club, a courtesy and consideration accorded to no previous challenger, the very least that Lord Dunraven could have done on Thursday would have been to restrain his pique and vexation and to sail out the third race. In withdrawing as he did, for mere frivolous reasons, he has shown himself not as a bold and spirited yachtsman who would sail a losing race to a finish, but only as an unsuccessful and disappointed aspirant for the honors of international racing. His yachting career in America is ended, and he has already disappeared from international racing.

It is a remarkable fact that the first challenger who has been allowed to race on perfectly fair and even conditions should be the one to withdraw before the series of races was finished. Had Sir Richard Sutton or Lieut. Henn or Mr. James Bell hauled down his flag and declined to continue a race when hemmed in on every side in the narrow passage that guards the entrance to Upper New York Bay, or in the narrow and tortuous channels about the southwest Spit, no one could have blamed them. They had started on this unfair inside course under protest, and with no chance of winning, but they sailed the races out like men, and when defeated went home without a murmur.

In place of the series of three races—which was all that the previous challengers could obtain, and one of these inside of New York Bay—the last challenger had been granted a series of five races and far outside of Sandy Hook, under special conditions laid down by himself. Unlike the other challengers, he had been here before and knew exactly what he must expect from the attendant fleet, over which the committee can have no control whatever. With such fair opportunities and such full knowledge, there is no justification whatever for the insult which he has offered to the New York Yacht Club and to the people who have twice treated him with exceptional courtesy and hospitality

The Sportsman Tourist.

AN OUTING IN THE SIERRAS.—II.

BOCA, Truckee River.—Leaving Webber Lake at about 2 P. M. on July 29, after a hot and dusty, not particularly interesting drive of twenty-eight miles, Judge Hunt and I reached Boca at about 6 P. M.

Boca is on the line of the C. P. and U. P. R. R., most of its few houses standing on the north side of the railroad and of the Truckee River. It consists principally of the Boca Ice Co., which owns the hotel, the store, immense ice houses in which over thirty thousand tons are stored every winter, and cottages occupied by employees of the company and of the railroad; there is of course a post office, railroad ticket and freight office and a Wells Fargo office, a school and some saloons.

The ice company is a branch of a syndicate which, utilizing here, and at several other locations in the mountains, certain small lakes, furnish to the fruit growing counties ice to preserve the fruit transported East. As the altitude of Boca is about 7,000ft. they are tolerably sure of plenty of freezing weather.

Boca is nine miles east of Truckee, and is considered the best place from which to fish the Truckee River. The hotel is well kept and very comfortable, with prices moderate. At its table we were again impressed, as we were at Webber Lake, with the delicious quality of the milk, cream, butter and beef. A stranger after driving over the dry and burned, apparently barren, or rather pine barren country, is not apt to suspect that anywhere in the vicinity there are pastures which will produce such results, and as in a day's drive he has probably skirted or crossed a number of dried-up watercourses, he wonders what the grass does for water. But he has undoubtedly seen a few bunches of fat young cattle down in some of the valleys; and the juicy steak served to him convinces him.

The Truckee River is full of trout. Like all other trout, though, they have their times for feasting and for fasting, as we found out. A very large proportion are rainbows, and I recognize in the small ones the trout of which I wrote and described in one of my letters from Sitka in 1880, as banded with iridescent hues and caught only for a few days each spring in a small lake which I christened Piseco, just back of the town. There are some "silver trout" and I was told of another variety, which I did not see, the "black trout."

Fishing in the Truckee is about the same as that in any other wide creek or narrow river; at times and places easy, and at others very hard work. It has however two specialties. One it shares in common with all others of the Sierra streams and lakes, a wonderful clearness of the water that makes finest of tackles, smallest of flies and skill in making long casts very necessary, for the trout are shy and wild. The other specialty is its own. From 100 to 200 or 300ft. above it the C. P. Railroad extends. The bank is in most places very steep and in many, where the roadbed has been through rock, consists of the sharp-edged boulders blasted out and reaching well into the stream; and in some places they or great crags jut out, necessitating either a swim or a trip inland and up, which is very trying to comfort and more so to wading boots; mine became sieves on my second day's work.

On our arrival Judge Hunt was not only willing but anxious to begin business at once, and postpone supper; but I was not. The unaccustomed tramping and driving of the last few days had induced in me a disposition to follow Nessmuk's favorite amusement, and "hold down a log"—in my case, though, a comfortable chair on a pleasant piazza, from which a superb mountain view was obtainable. The fact is that, although in all and every other respect an ideal fishing companion, in one the Judge was not fitted to be my "running mate," as I will show by the "rule of three;" for figures which won't lie will be necessary to convince anyone who knows him that in any respect the Judge is lacking. Here are the figures: As 70in. (his height), 63in. (mine), 147lbs. (his weight), mine, which should work out 132; and that is a liberal calculation. If the problem be solved more accurately by Euclid's rule,

Similar parallelopipedons are to each other in the triplicate ratio of their homologous sides.

My weight, if I have correctly multiplied and divided, should be—to correspond with his—about 100lbs. Were that so, I should not be handicapped, but unfortunately I tip the beam at 167lbs.

I admit, though, that it is hardly fair to the Judge (even to make a strong point) to claim that we are "similar parallelopipedons" having homologous sides. Certain curves in my structure are decidedly convex, which in his, except perhaps immediately after dinner, are concave.

But brushing figures aside, facts remain, and for a long climb up a steep hill 7,000ft. in the air on a hot day, the man who carries extra weight, especially if gifted with short legs, is badly handicapped.

All of which is to clear myself of possible charge of undue laziness.

The Judge, who off the bench—perhaps then I was never before him—is one of the most amiable of men, always willing to give the other fellow the first chance at the best pool, yielded to my mood and had his reward, for on the off side of the piazza he discovered a very good shuffle-board. He is an expert at the game and fond of it; I am not; and he got even.

We waited until the train bound West should come, that we might "see off" Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, who had been with us at Webber, then turned in at 10 P. M. to "sleep and dream," and in those dreams to picture—not the fish of to-morrow—but seeing from our windows the headlights and listening to the apparently constantly moving, whistling cars; our fish were monsters with headlights, and not like the "mute little fish that can't spake their wish," as explained to the Widow McAvee, but more like the *Echiostoma barbatum* or *Lynophryne lucifer*, as described and illustrated by Mr. Hudson in the *Cosmopolitan* for September.

The next morning at a comfortable hour—not at sunrise—we cast our lines into the pleasant places of the Truckee.

Sam, with a good team, drove us two or three miles down the river, crossing it twice on good bridges, and after passing through the abandoned hamlet of a dozen cottages, where not even a dog barked at us, left us at Bookhalter's abandoned saw mill, and we cast into the great pool below it. Not instantly, but after quite an interval we decided that we might as well go on. Not a rise, and during that hot forenoon the experiment was often repeated with slight returns.

After lunch though prospects improved, and when Sam came for us we had some forty odd trout ranging from ½ to ¾lbs. Judge Hunt fished altogether with flies, finding the Caddis black ant and gnat the most killing. I used a small Emerich spinner and a grizzly king for deep fly, and both did very well, the spinner the best.

Our arrangements were simple. My maximum cast is not over 30ft., the Judge's 70ft. I fished ahead and took all I could from the pools and holes on our side—scaring many over to the other side—from which the Judge would bring them to basket.

The next day we went over the same ground, but further we tried every device and we caught just nine trout, none of admirable size. The fish would not rise.

The next day we concluded to try nearer home. So tramping down the railroad till we struck a trail down the bank, we in two hours of forenoon took seventeen, and after returning to the hotel, enjoying our dinner and resting off until 4 P. M. we went over the same ground again and took twenty more, all good ones, as were those of the morning.

The next day, Saturday, August 30, was a scorcher; the mercury climbed up into the 90s, and it was with reluctance that we essayed. One single hour without a rise satisfied us and we packed for home, and I gave up for good. Not so the Judge; toward evening he ventured and, to my chagrin, came back with a very handsome lot, among which was our largest—something over 1lb. weight.

And thus ended our Truckee experience. We were—everybody said—too early; the stream was not yet low enough; September is the best time to come, etc. But we were satisfied; we had had fair luck and a pleasant time, and our reminiscences of Boca and the Truckee will be such that we will both be glad of a chance to repeat.

At 9 P. M. we took the train bound West—Judge Hunt for San Francisco, I for Truckee, where I was to sleep and take early stage for Tabor on Sunday morning.

I will next week tell you of the Tabor part of my trip.

PISECO.

IN CAMP WITH A MASCOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is a growing tendency these times to take the women along on your hunting and camping trips, and I have just read the descriptions of two outings wherein it is elaborately described how "She goes along," one by a Michigan and the other a Nebraska correspondent of "our own" paper. It has called to mind a trip which my friend Fred S. and myself took a few years ago, and when Fred took "her"—his wife—along.

Did you ever take a trip into the primeval woods, over sixteen miles of blazed trail, in the month of November and with a woman? If you have not you don't want to. One fall Fred kept teasing me to go with him on a deer hunt. He had found a place, he said, away back among the hills where mast was plenty and deer sign were as the traditional sheep tracks. It was in the month of September and too early for successful still-hunting. I argued we had better wait until later. But Fred would not take no as an answer and finally I had to surrender and was not very sorry to do so either, as any hunter who has been in the same place will know.

We started, equipped for a week in the woods, our duffle contained in knapsacks which were not very heavy, as we are both firm disciples of the illustrious Nessmuk. Fred carried a .38-40 Winchester, I a .38-55 Marlin. Do I need to describe the glories of those autumn days, the bright, crisp and cool mornings of the last week in September, and the leaves just beginning to array themselves in their carnival colors in expectancy of the merry dance they would soon lead with the chilly November winds? It would be quite needless, for he who has not seen and enjoyed them does not deserve to be told about them.

We stayed in camp a week and hunted faithfully, but never did a venison steak grace our table. Deer were plenty all around us, but they were the "skulking" kind, as Fred said. Quite often one of us would come upon a fresh bed among the evergreen thickets, so fresh in fact as to be yet warm from the heat of the animal's body, but the wily deer had stolen away without sound or sign. As the woods were quite noisy, there was little chance of tracking them, and our main reliance was the "science of sitting on a log," which science, however, availed us very little. Our provisions had been arranged with the expectation of fresh meat, and fresh venison at that, in camp, and our non-success compelled us to find a substitute. As I did not want any unnecessary shooting I suggested to Fred the unsportsmanlike idea of building a few snares for partridges or rabbits. But to his credit be it said, Fred would not listen to such a proposition. He would rather live on fish three times a day than stoop to such means. So every day one of us would descend down to the little river, where in usually about half an hour we would catch enough trout on a tamarack pole and a "grub" or a piece of pork for bait to feed us for a day. They were excellent fried in pork and it was fun catching them despite the primitive method.

At the end of the week we returned to our homes. Neither of us had even seen a deer nor had either fired one shot out of his rifle during the whole week. Yet we had had a glorious time, the beauties of the weather more than compensating us for our ill luck at deer. I shall never forget that week, and I still insist that in many ways it was the most enjoyable I have ever spent in the woods. It is not all of hunting to hunt, no more than it is all of fishing to fish.

Fred was not quite satisfied, however. He proposed and agreed to another trip to the same locality in November. The deer were there we both agreed, and with the help of the early snows we hoped for success. I was informed that Mrs. S. evinced an eager desire to join us on our trip, and on a later occasion Fred confided to me that his unmarried sister had caught the fever and wanted to go along too. This latter plan I most emphatically "sat down upon," and successfully. Finally it was agreed upon that Mrs. S. should accompany us as a "mascot," as her fond husband expressed it. Well, imagine the result! Where a few weeks previous two of us had tramped into the woods with light knapsacks and lighter hearts, it now required a heavy back-load of dry goods for each of us two; and a couple of guides carried bundles each bigger than himself. Fred had bought about every little camping knick-knack to be had on the market for the comfort of his lady, and insisted on taking the whole load into the woods with him. As to the weights of our hearts I know at least one that did not feel quite so light as it had on going over the same trail a few weeks previous; and the further along we got the more did I realize the enormity of the undertaking. Ladies are real nice and charming enough around a tent spread on a lawn near some miniature pond or at an A. C. A. camp, or—well, anywhere but in a simple lean-to in the heart of the wilderness.

Our progress was slow, very slow; there were bog holes and fallen trees, and brooks without bridges, and what nots to interfere with pleasant promenading, and each obstruction called forth a series of little feminine shrieks and "Oh mys" and "Why Fred's," and such other little phrases which ladies are in the habit of using and which are not found in Webster's Unabridged.

At night the ordeal was over with. The guides soon had the camp in ship shape and supper ready, which consisted of pork fritters and toasted bread, with coffee without milk. I noticed how Mrs. S. asked for "some more of those fritters, please," and I remembered how a day or two ago she had insisted that pork be left out of our woodland bill of fare because she "just abhorred pork and would not eat it anyhow."

Then there was the usual hour of talking, smoking and story-telling, all of which was nice enough, but when everything was ready to turn in there came another rub. Just after rolling into our blankets there was a protest entered from somewhere the other side of the camp about "something sticking into my ribs; oh, this is horrid; why Fred, dear, could not you pick out a smoother place to lie on?" in plaintive tones from Mrs. S. Forthwith the whole camp had to turn out with hatchets in hands to ferret out the offending sticks, stubs, etc., while Fred kept piling dry brushwood on the fire that we might have light to aid us in our microscopic search. Finally everything was pronounced all right by our mascot and everybody relapsed into well-deserved deep slumber, not to awaken again until morning; everybody except the guides, who got up once or twice to feed the fire.

Morning dawned bright and cool. After an early breakfast and unpacking our household goods the guides left us, instructed to return in a week's time. We were left alone, and at once fell to putting the camp into "condition," as Fred called the process of putting each and every one of the "light and portable" inventions into some nook or corner. After it was all done and I viewed the gorgeous array, I modestly suggested that the state of affairs be called a household and not a camp in the woods.

But enough of this. We went to hunting and found the deer quite as shy as on our previous visit. Three days we hunted and had no success, and each night prayed that the morning might bring forth—snow. On the fourth day the weather was cloudy and we expectantly scanned the sky. I had been off alone two or three miles from camp, and in the middle of the afternoon decided to hunt toward home. As I was leisurely walking along, not attempting any silence, a deer jumped within 20yds. of me and "lit out." The trusty Marlin sent three leaden messengers after him, and I had the satisfaction of seeing a large trail of blood on the dead leaves. About fifty rods from where I had jumped him I found him dead. He proved to be a spike buck. The bullet had entered the haunch, torn lengthways clean through his body, through the lungs, and had come out at the right shoulder, leaving a hole large enough to put my fist into it. I have great respect now for the penetration of a .38-55 bullet.

I shouldered him and started for camp. That was a triumphant march into camp! Fred smacked his lips when he saw me coming. Fred likes venison as Horace Kephart loves persimmons. I think Fred and Horace would make great friends. Mrs. S. was at first very anxious to see a "real wild deer," but later on expressed her opinion that it was "just horrid for men to kill such lovely animals. It's too bad," she said, with a tear in her eye. Too true, Mrs. S.; but remember, please, that by law of nature the stronger will prey upon the weaker, from man, as the strongest, down the scale to, say, the 3in. brook trout, who is a terror to the baby minnows in his native pool. Did we have venison steak for supper that night? Ask Fred and Mrs. S., and ask where the half of that saddle disappeared to at one meal!

After supper I took a quiet stroll into the woods partly to digest my supper and partly because it had been my habit to do so since Mrs. S. was a member of the party; and undoubtedly they too would not miss my company. In fact Fred used to see all sorts of things in the daytime which he would relate for my benefit at supper. He wanted me to watch for a bear one night, a wild-cat another and so on, and I—well, I went and watched. I would go down to the brook, build me a little fire to keep warm and watch for bears and panthers and other birds until I got drowsy and thought it was time for Fred and his spouse to end their little tête-à-tête and turn in. In fact I suspect Fred never did go very far from camp even during the daytime. On account of my feelings for Fred I did not want to verify my suspicions. If he was content to let me do the hunting and he the eating, why that was all right and satisfied me. And I had quite as much enjoyment at my own little camp-fires as did he. While waiting for the bears to turn up I would have pleasant visions of a happy time to come when FOREST AND STREAM will open a marriage bureau and we confirmed woods-loafers may find mates there who will be the Ideals, the Perfection, of the aforesaid loafer's dreams. They won't read novels, won't wear bloomers and won't be "new" women. A just plain "old" woman is good enough for anybody, and so long as she can cook flapjacks and venison steaks the fellows who sit around the camp-fires evenings will be her friends and—hm—let's see, it's time to go up to camp and hustle "those two" off to roost.

Next day it snowed hard all day. Mrs. S. was afraid of being snowed in and so the command went forth to evacuate camp next morning. We did so, going out "light" and sent the guides in after the duffle.

Altogether it was an enjoyable trip, but whenever I go off hunting or camping now the mention of "woman" has a harsh, grating sound to my ears. MATTERHORN.

BARTON, Vt.

AN OUTING AT CAMP ANANIAS.

"FOR goodness sake! what are you getting all that old rubbish out for?" Thus said my wife to me one day as I was emptying an old gunny box of its contents in the middle of the floor. There were rods, rubber boots, landing net, reels, bait box, creel, fly book, old hats, etc. Yes, it was "rubbish," that's a fact; but each and every one of these dear old things had entwined about it a memory of green woods and gurgling brooks. I didn't answer, but just went ahead and sorted them out. I was going camping. I had made out my list, arranged my business and was packing up preparatory to the start. My companion, whom I shall call "Uncle Mul.," and myself had met occasionally to talk over the trip, and I assure you we, like those who really love the woods, found anticipation a large half of the fun.

On Aug. —, '95, the time for departure came. It was an extremely warm night, but pleasant acquaintances on the cars tended to make the evening short and interesting. Early the next morning I was turned out of my sleeping car into the chilly air at the small wayside mountain station. No one was up yet, not even the station agent; my welcome being confined to a little yellow dog whose empty stomach no doubt prompted his friendliness. From the station platform Crescent Lake presented a magnificent view, just as the golden streaks of sunshine were lighting up the eastern sky, and dispelling so quietly the heavy mist which enveloped that part of the lake.

At 6 o'clock Uncle Mul. made his appearance downstairs, and the handshake he gave me left no doubt in my mind that he was glad to know we were really on our long talked of outing.

He had a tale of woe to pour into my ear, so gently leading me down among the hemlocks on the lake shore he there informed me that the evening before the stupid porter of his parlor car had dropped both him and his luggage off at a shed in the forest honored by a name in the time table, whose tenants were only black flies, mosquitoes and a broken telephone. After his train had disappeared northward, and he had time to look around, he felt as if he were indeed alone in the world. Fortunately, before the shades of night fell, the boss of a passing section car, seeing his plight, agreed to carry him to his destination for the sum of $10, where he arrived after dark, filled with indignation, experience and hunger. Thus goes the world.

It was a glorious sunrise we had that morning, giving promise of a fine day to travel and make camp. After a hearty breakfast at our little mountain hotel, we two, with our guides, Gilbert and Ira, baggage, camp outfit, canvas, etc., started off in a northerly direction.

"There's Long Lake," said Ira, after a hot two hours' tramp through the woods, and we saw a sheet of silvery water among the tree trunks off to our left. In a short time we had toted all our duffle off to the lake shore, loaded the canoes and embarked on one of the many pretty and shaded bays of beautiful Long Lake, known as the inlet.

The charm of that morning's boat ride in that lovely lonely wilderness is beyond my doing it justice; to say it was a grand change from brick buildings and paved streets is only the truth.

It is really surprising to see what enormous loads these frail canoes will carry both safe and dry.

A row of half a mile brought us to a carry which connects Long Lake with its lonely companion, Silver Lake. Midway on this carry we made our camp, Camp Ananias we called it. We selected the crest of a hardwood knoll which would shed rain in all directions. I could stand in front of our tent and throw a stone in either lake, so near were they.

After unloading the canoes, next thing was the fireplace and wood. These our guides attended to very promptly, for they were quite as hungry as ourselves. Meanwhile Uncle Mul. and I opened sundry boxes, bags, papers and pack baskets.

In just twenty-five minutes after landing in this wilderness we were seated on the soft moss, each with a platter on his knees containing a plentiful supply of bacon and eggs and hot buttered toast, and a cup of golden coffee, giving off such a delicious, appetizing odor. Say, boys, I've got to stop right here.

After breakfast we framed up our tent, which was one of very light weight duck, 7ft. high, 10ft. wide, 9ft. deep, and shaped like an Adirondack hemlock bark lean-to. It has a canvas fly to keep off rain, also a curtain which hooks along the front, making it tight and warm at night after the camp-fire burns low. By the thermometer the temperature inside each morning was just 12° warmer than the outside air. Now, whether this is the result of eight hours' continuous snoring on the air in our tent (viz., friction produces heat) or the advantage of the curtain we have discussed many mornings, always finally giving the curtain the benefit of the doubt.

It is amusing what small things are of immense interest to one while in camp; for instance, have you ever sat on a log and watched an expert axman fell a tree? No! Well, I wouldn't miss it for a great deal. Every blow falls exactly where he wants it and each cut tells. He will say just where it will fall, as he can chop so as to "cant" it in three directions. After it has fallen with a mighty crash, tearing off all limbs of neighboring trees and crushing those in its downward path, he proceeds to cut it in lengths for the outdoor range. Now this latter was made in such a simple and practical manner that I will describe it. First a crotched post 5ft. high was sunk in the ground to the height of the fireplace, next a straight post of equal height was set equidistant on the left. A long pole or crane, 2in. in diameter and of sufficient length to reach from the crotch and lean against the straight post, was cut. A thinner crotched pole, 7ft. long, braced the crane against the straight post. We cut four stakes. Each was 2 to 3ft. long, having a portion of one limb remaining on it to hook over the crane pole, while in the smaller end we drove a nail to hang the kettles on. These hooks looked like a great angular S.

To operate, if the fire was low, we moved the foot of the crotched stake out, and the crane, with all the kettles hanging on it, slid down the post, and *vice versa* if the fire was high. It was very complete and worked like a charm.

During the afternoon our guides felled a healthy-looking balsam fir, and we all helped gather enough of its boughs to make us a soft, comfortable and delightfully fragrant bed 18in. deep. Over these balsam tips we spread our rubber and woollen blankets, and I assure my readers that after the first night, which is partly spent in forming a hollow in the boughs which exactly fits one's back, you would not exchange this couch of the wilderness for one of the best civilized beds ever made.

Each night we wore a thin silk traveling cap without a vizor to sleep in. This protected us from catching cold. On some nights the mercury dropped as low as 47°, and this was August, too.

We fished each day, but it was hard work to keep the table supplied. The lake was "working," making the water look roily, as if it had small particles of flour stirred into it. This state of the water causes the fish to be "off their feed" and not bite.

I confess the schemes we used to inveigle the innocent fish to our hooks make me blush now. In this case my past experience in fishing served me well, as I had to fall back on some old, reliable ways to tempt the gamy speckled trout. Yet I didn't always succeed. No truthful fisherman ever does; that is, if such a human curiosity ever existed. Uncle Mul. says, "Once a fisherman, always a liar;" and he knows. We had to fall back on frogs' legs and "catties" sometimes, but even these are delicious when fresh.

We, like all campers, craved variety, consequently on the fourth day we invited to visit us "Old Airbrake," a trusted engineer on the New York Central Railroad, who was stopping at the hotel at Cresent Lake. He arrived just before supper and with him came lots of fun, too. "He had never camped out before in his life," he said, "and wasn't much of a sport," but before he left us two days later he proved he was a very successful hunter indeed.

The camp-fire was an innovation in his treadmill life. His greatest joy was tossing logs on the camp-fire and chasing hop toads at night around our tent, much to the disgust of the guide Ira, who slept next to him.

Occasionally we would be awakened by hearing a smothered bang! then by the flickering glow of the embers see "Old Airbrake" on his knees, striking at something with his pillow. "What's the trouble, old man?" would be asked. "Another durned toad," he would reply. It's my opinion that the absence of his good wife and the loneliness of the night worked on his imagination.

Nevertheless we are all glad he came; to have added two days' joy to his life was indeed a pleasure. He is very proud of his record while in camp, having caught three large meals a day and never a miss.

Well, I don't blame him either, for one of our guides was certainly a backwoods *chef*, whose biscuits, flapjacks and raspberry shortcake were simply perfection. How these fellows can cook before an open fire simply appalls a city man.

Wild raspberries grew in abundance on all clearings and around the old lumber camps, often we could see where the bears had torn the bushes down in getting the juicy berries.

I must not forget about our camp bean hole. This was one of our many camp pleasures, watching Ira prepare a kettle of beans as the lumbermen do. First he dug a hole in the ground 2ft. deep and 2ft. wide, then during the evening he built a roaring fire of hemlock bark in this hole; this was continued until it was solid full of red-hot coals. Next he removed these latter, and a kettle of beans with a tight cover, previously parboiled and seasoned, was lowered into it and the coals tumbled back around the kettle. All was covered over with the moist dirt and packed down tight. Next morning he organized a mining company (limited) and proceeded downward until he struck iron; this was lifted from the ground, carefully brushed off and we all regaled ourselves on most deliciously browned beans, smoking hot and done to a turn.

Next time you camp out try this. It's a grand success.

Close by our camp was a bubbling spring brook, which gurgled merrily and wound its crooked way into the head of Silver Lake. Its temperature was 49°, just cold enough to be refreshing. In one of its numerous turns under an overhanging alder, we scooped out a basin in its pebbly bed. This was our refrigerator—and how nicely it did keep things too. Our fish in a tin dish would keep sweet for days, and the bottle of ale after standing in it for a day was simply perfection. This is only another of nature's great blessings.

I took note of the great scarcity of birds in the woods this summer. I saw and heard only a few jays and my favorite little songster the Phœbe bird. There is no song bird, to my notion, like this little feathered wanderer of the woods. May their numbers never grow less.

Up in the Adirondacks the thunder showers form very quickly and are usually very violent. One afternoon while we were rowing on Silver Lake one burst upon us and we had to hurry for the nearest shore. Here we landed and hurriedly turned the canoe upside down over two logs and crawled under it. My! but how it did rain and lighten for awhile. One blinding flash struck the trees 'way up on old Mount Arab, across the lake. In a few minutes we could see a thin veil of smoke slowly ascend toward the clouds. The woods had taken fire! This is a very serious thing, as a forest fire means not only a great loss to the lumbermen, but the utter banishment of game in that section. Fortunately in this case the rain had extinguished it before we left for camp.

It was a source of great delight for us to see the twilight grow on Long Lake. After supper we would stroll down to the shore and there watch the deep shadows of the forest creep slowly toward the center of the lake, melt into a purplish golden haze which gradually faded into a bluish silver only to sink into fading darkness; the frogs on the lilypads croaking a sad requiem to the day which had passed away forever. "It was beautiful, just beautiful!"

Slowly we would saunter back to camp and start the evening fire. Altogether we had a good time and jolly party. We returned home refreshed, resolved to try it again another year. We got two deer and what fish we could use. Our outing was a grand success in every way and I am joined by Uncle Mul. in stating that dear old "Camp Ananias" will be a green spot in our memory for many months to come. "Do thou likewise."

SEDGE GRASS.

SEPT. 9.

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ON THE SLOPES OF OLD BALDY.

MR. FRISBIE'S series of sketches descriptive of travel and hunting in the Pacific Northwest includes a narrative of his rather unsuccessful hunt on the mountain locally known as Old Baldy, lying northeast from Spokane, Wash.; and the reading of his quite interesting account recalled to mind a hunting trip of my own on the foothills of the same mountain in the old territorial days, a record of which may be of passing interest to the great family of American sportsmen.

It was in the early winter of the year 1882, nearly thirteen years since, that I, a tenderfoot of about a year's residence in the Territory, planned a trip of a week or less among the hills on the southwest slope of the big mountain, which was reputed to be good hunting ground. My two oldest sons, still too young to hunt in the strange mountain land so entirely different from their former prairie home in Nebraska, united in persistent entreaty to be allowed to go along and keep camp for me; and as their willing hands and eager hearts gave promise of necessary help in the care of the camp and the horses, their wish was gratified and they were jubilant.

When nearly ready for the expedition, a man with whom I had become slightly acquainted—Jesse H.—requested permission to go along; and as the tent was big enough to accommodate all, and he would add but little to the load for the horses, it was granted.

The sleighing was fine, and the drive of twenty odd miles was made with abundant time still remaining before dark in which to fix a comfortable camp for ourselves and the horses, and the first evening around the camp-fire in the big woods was passed in bright anticipations of to-morrow's sport.

The coming of the morning light found two moccasined hunters ready and eager for adventure, and giving my companion the choice of direction, and only pausing to add a final word of caution to the two young camp helpers concerning the care of the camp-fire and of the horses, I turned away into the big woods with a Marlin .45-70 on my shoulder in search of the makers of the little sharp-toed tracks which, strung upon a line of shallow, hoof-scratched furrows on the surface of the foot-deep carpet of snow covering all the hills, were scattered irregularly here and there like the cast-off necklace of a school girl.

Had there only been half as many trails to confuse the tenderfoot hunter, he might have scored a success; but after weary hours spent in vain attempts to untangle the perplexing skeins of tracks which seemed to lead to nowhere in particular, and getting but one long shot in the whole day and scoring a clean miss in that, the coming on of the evening darkness warned me back to camp with no message of success to cheer the eager lads who awaited my coming with the most confident anticipations.

After many years of experience in deer hunting in the prairie country far to the eastward, I now found myself confronted by entirely new conditions, and utterly at fault regarding the whereabouts of the deer during the daytime. I had been hunting on a mountain plateau, wide and undulating, covered with timber and brush in patches, which seemed to be perfect cover for the cunning creatures of which I was in search; yet, though I had tried to follow a dozen or more fresh trails during the day until the very abundance of tracks resulted only in confusion worse confounded, only once had I caught sight of deer. The plateau was bordered by the steeply rising side of the mountain, up which I had noticed an occasional fresh trail leading to the more difficult ground far above, yet I had invariably turned away from following them when I had found them turning up the steep hillside, content to hunt the easier plateau ground below.

My new acquaintance returning to camp reported having killed a big doe, plump and fat, and after listening to a detailed account of my day's adventures with evident gratification began immediately to assume a very patronizing air, and to descant volubly upon his own great ability as a hunter. It is doubtless very silly in any man of judgment to permit so small a breeze to ruffle his equanimity, yet—I may as well confess—there is really a whole lot of very human nature in my own make-up; and, while I have not the slightest objection to the superior skill of a brother hunter, I really didn't fancy his counting his chickens before they were hatched, for I knew that one swallow does not make a summer, and I didn't believe his name was Kit Carson, after all his vaporing.

Once before in my life had I met a man of that type who had proved fully as objectionable as this new found champion. This had been on the buffalo range in the old days, and he had given the other members of the buffalo hunting party ostentatious notice that he himself and his son would be obliged to do the hunting for the whole camp. But, needless to remark, he didn't do it. Still there was nothing now to be done but patiently to listen, and hopefully to look forward to to-morrow. The next day's record was an almost exact repetition of the first, differing only in the fact that, while my new comrade had again hung up a fine trophy of his deer-hunting skill, the unlucky tenderfoot had not seen a single deer.

The situation around the camp-fire that evening must be left to the imagination of my readers, for I could not do it justice should I try. The dejection written upon the faces of the dissapointed boys was hard for me to bear. Their faith had been so implicit in my own old-time skill, and now it had failed so lamentably. It had been agreed from the first that each hunter was to have only what venison he himself should kill, and now, when it became painfully apparent that a certain somebody was in imminent danger of returning home empty handed, no suggestion of an offer to divide came from the jubilant victor, who sat by the camp-fire and literally spread his triumph on thick.

Finally it began to dawn upon me that this new partner of mine, who had had experience in mountain hunting, must have some little game or manner of procedure with which I was not familiar; and when I recollected that he had on both days silently disappeared in the morning, returning only with nightfall, and the crack of his rifle had sounded very far off, and that when I on several occasions had tried to learn from him the reason of my own failure to locate the deer he had answered evasively, before I lay down to sleep that night I resolved to take his trail in the morning, and, if possible, to learn his secret. When ready to start in the morning he looked both surprised and disappointed when I announced my intention of leaving the plateau I had vainly hunted for

two days, and of seeking new ground in the direction of his own previous efforts.

A long tramp up the little mountain stream on which we camped showed me that after he had gained distance enough from camp he had turned straight up the mountain. I saw into his little game immediately. He knew what I had been so slow to learn, that the deer lay far up the hillsides during the day, coming down to the plateau only in the night. Many times before had I thought of climbing higher, yet the possession of a leg rather too weak for a mountain climber (which had been broken twice in days long gone) had deterred me from the attempt; yet as the two previous days' work had hardened my muscles considerably, and as I had now grown very grimly in earnest, I faced resolutely up the mountain side like the Chinese Excelsior chap in the parody,

Man, man, one galo talkee he,
What for you go topside? look, see!

Like the woodchuck youth, I was now after meat, regardless of the question of legs.

A toilsome climb up a mountain spur showed a changed condition of affairs, and as the sign thickened fast and I noted with delight that a strong and steady breeze, cold as an iceberg, had now sprung up squarely in the face of my proposed route, it grew very evident that all things were now turned in my direction.

Never in all my mountain hunting have all conditions accessory to the sport of deer hunting so conspired in my favor as they did on that day. A perfect tracking snow, a steady breeze in my face to drown the noise of my advance, and with deer sign everywhere.

Soon a fine young buck came into view across the head of a ravine, brush-filled and dense with cover, out of which he sprang, and gaining a position on the open hillside stared back into the ravine with every appearance of terror.

What had frightened him I know not. Down he went at the crack of my rifle, and hurriedly dressing him I hung him up in the top of a young pine, bent over for the occasion, and on gaining the top of the ridge beyond I jumped another out of a fallen treetop not 75yds. from me.

As he dashed down a ravine I took a flying shot at him, and a little cloud of hair flew from his shoulders; but with unabated speed he ran on down the mountain for about 200yds., when his curiosity got the better of his fears and he stopped to look at the enemy that had so rudely disturbed his siesta. A very careful shot dropped him instantly, and an examination showed that the first bullet had shaved diagonally across his shoulders, plowing a deep furrow in his winter overcoat, but without breaking the skin. This, now, was grand for a beginning; and a further advance along the ridge of half a mile resulted in a successful shot at a doe half hidden in a dense thicket. Success was coming my way now with both arms loaded!

I grew strangely eager with accumulating good fortune, and as I now heard shot after shot from my new partner far up the stream, a fierce sort of pot-hunting resolve took possession of me to get ahead of him if possible.

There was not a fear of the possible wasting of a pound of all the meat I could kill. Of that I was absolutely sure; and as I knew that my time was short, from the fact that we had learned only after our arrival in camp that the mess chest which he had brought from home contained scarcely material for his first day's food, I sprang in search of fresh sign, resolved to stay for nothing but the coming of night.

I had a lunch in my pocket, but it was not eaten. My ice-cold pipe bowl nestled in my pocket unwarmed by fire that day. I was, for the time being, a pot-hunter filled with a fierce eagerness for a record; and when my last shot had felled a magnificent doe just as the shades of evening gathered too thick for another shot at the fawn which ran from the fallen mother and stopped in the thicket beyond, I found that I had jumped nine deer during the day, and that six of them had fallen before my rifle—the biggest record I have ever made.

Night had fallen among the hills, and I was miles from camp. Soon as the stimulus of excitement was removed my game leg protested warningly. Of the wearisome exhausting tramp back to camp in the gathering gloom, of the stumbling falls over snow-buried logs, brush and snags, I will not tire the reader with the recital. One thing still upheld me. I had heard Jesse's gun a dozen times during the day and the anxiety as to his day's success caused me to give slight heed to the almost total exhaustion which possessed me as I greeted the welcome blaze of the camp-fire.

Tired as I was, I could not hide all my exultation. It most have shone from my eyes as my partner greeted me as I sank among the blankets with—"Well, you got one, did you?" "Yes," I replied; and immediately evading the subject I began slyly pumping him.

It was easy to start him talking of himself, and my secret delight may be imagined when I found that he had killed only one deer during the day.

For an hour or more I fought shy of the questioning of the excited boys, and listened with malicious pleasure to the anticipated account to be given of his triumph upon returning to town. I enjoyed it thoroughly; indeed I should have kept him at it much longer, but the questions of the boys finally became so insistent that the truth had to come out.

Poor Jesse! One glance at him was enough to make me ashamed of my triumph. His face turned perfectly blank and lengthened visibly. Of course there was nothing now for me but to praise his skill, and insist upon nothing myself. Vexed as I had been over the silly affair, I could not help feeling sorry for him.

That day was spent in hauling in the dead deer, and on the following morning the sled was packed for the return to town. In adjusting the load a queer fancy took possession of us to display our game in unique style. Piled among the dunnage of the camp were the nine deer in such a manner that each one of the thirty-six tan-colored legs stuck up from the surface until the sleigh looked like a corpulent "thousand-legged worm" turned feet uppermost. It really looked bewildering and suggested almost any possibility.

"How many have you got, Jess?" yelled the first man we met as we glided swiftly by.

"Only eighteen!" shouted Jess. ORIN BELKNAP.

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WOODLAND NOTES.

THE observant visitor to the woods will find many convincing indications that autumn, a season ever glorious, is surely and truly with us. Already many significant changes are observable. The autumnal insect chorus, ever mournful, yet soothing to the tired sportsman, is heard in never-ending billows of sound throughout the night. There is a strange, weird undertone to the music furnished by this woodland orchestra, broken only by the sharp strident voice of the katydid, that is irresistibly fascinating to the wanderer afield after nightfall. This sleep-inviting monotone of tiny voices, this thrumming and tuning, fiddling and fluting, these trombone solos in minor key, are marvels of tireless musical energy. Beneath it all there is a lesson freighted with messages of moment to mankind, if mankind will only incline its ear and pause.

Then the birds. How shy and retiring is the robin. No longer does he pose as the gay and exuberant Beau Brummel of the garden walk, essaying a cheery snatch of song at the magic hour of sunrise.

He is big and fat and a bit riotous in behavior, given to thrashing about among the catbriars with his fellows and then flitting away to the sequestered retreats of a near-by tree at one's approach, as though he felt a trifle ashamed of himself. The woodthrush is silent. Occasionally the catbird shrieks in surly alto. The cuckoo, always a bird of charmingly easy flight, daily increases the length of his aerial voyages. The oriole, ardent wooer when the year was young and tricked out in its attire of elegant green, has made his final staggering flight and disappeared. In glen and dale and on carpeted hillside the feathered battalions revel in general training days preparatory to the approaching southward journey. No longer pastmasters in the art of song and of love-making, they have become the silent, retiring occupants of the woodland intent only on looking after the more serious interests of life. Unmistakably the bird life of the woods bespeaks the fainter pulse beats of the season.

Then, too, there is an autumnal glamour in the woods and a touch of faded green on the trees.

The green, robust aspect of the woods is no longer apparent. No new growth of wood is visible. The ironwood tree flaunts leaves of the primrose hue. Patches of umber glint among the chestnut trees, while traces of radiant lake colors, from deep to light, linger along the outermost branches of the sturdy oak. Gorgeous color effects, sure to be intensified a few weeks later, illuminate the deep recesses of the woodlands. Adown shady lanes and into dark, cool byways the sun pierces with daily lengthening gleams. Soon he will hurl his shafts of warmth into the deepest and gloomiest copse. The sumacs are aflame and the hickories are resplendent in the first rare garniture of autumn. Ripe and fast ripening seeds confront one on every hand. The stock paths are no longer fresh trodden and sparkling with generous splashes of vivid green. They are hard and dusty and travel-stained. Into the tangled thickets they plunge, flecked with berry stains and little burrows of dust, where perchance the wood dove, in his Quaker outfit, has taken his dirt bath. The little streams that wind and twist and writhe about, noisy and ceaselessly scolding in early summer, have dwindled to faintly murmuring ribbons of water. The clematis, twirling around the gracefully swaying elm, is fading into a sad reminder of its once lovely self. A prophecy of "sere and yellow leaf," of golden maturity, burdens the air. The luxurious verdure of midsummer has given way to the September witchery of the woods.

To the sportsman who invades the mellow, gold-tinged retreats of the woodlands in search of the gray knight of the treetop performing his feats of daring on the far-reaching branch of a towering hemlock, or in quest of the noble grouse or the swift-speeding hare, these suggestive forebodings of the season's decline convey a lesson of the "eternal fitness of things," to which the most stoical will find himself impelled to respond. M. CHILL.

ITHACA, N. Y.

THE OUTING OF SIX.—IV.

The Desert and the Timber Reserve.

PASSING through the Kanab field, where the farmers were busy with their hay, we reached the edge of the desert. Mr. Stewart had not yet left town, so we drove slowly, collecting as we went. Four miles from Kanab we crossed a little ridge—the boundary line between Utah and Arizona. Before us was a solitary butte where the gray of the shinarump conglomerate capped the rich maroon of the peruvian; and beyond that an oasis in the sand and sagebrush, the little settlement of Fredonia. After a traveler comes to know this country a barometer is unnecessary in determining relative altitude. Geological formations and changes in timber are the best guides for elevation.

At Fredonia we watered our horses and put a keg of water on each buckboard. We had at least 25 miles to travel before reaching the next spring. Soon our guide caught us and until 3 o'clock we journeyed in a general southerly direction. The journey would have been monotonous were it not for the views of distant mountains and for variations in the flora. The prevailing gray of the white sage is relieved by the fragrant *Cowania mexicana*, by cactus orchards in full bloom and by scores of more humble plants that in another two weeks will be as dry and dead as the sand that supports them.

In the middle of the afternoon the low line of cedars that we have seen before us for hours is reached and at "Cedar Knoll" we make a dry lunch camp. After we had disposed of our canned salmon, bread and (somewhat stale) water, I climbed the knoll and viewed the magnificent panorama to the north. Far to the west was Mt. Trumbull and beyond and above it the faint outlines of what I supposed to be the Pine Valley range. On the east the view was bounded by the white cretaceous walls of the Paria. In front and opposite extended the famous Pipe Springs promontory, and back of that to the very crest of the lofty plateaus extended in their characteristic colors each geological period and group from Permian base to Upper Cocene, each well defined except the Cretaceous, which was hidden in a mass of tolus and somber pines. From Cedar Knoll our course lay westward rather than south, as we paralleled and approached the Little Buckskin range. Here Mr. Stewart and I left the rest of the party and plunged into a little cañon, reaching one of his sheep cabins about dark and rejoining the outfit at Warm Springs about 11 o'clock. The cañon was so black and the trail so washed out that we had almost to feel our way. At Warm Springs the water was poor, but it was so good by contrast with that which we afterward drank that it now leaves a pleasant taste. In the troughs for watering the cattle, Andrew, Perry, Collie and Ted took a midnight bath. I was too tired to indulge and Doc was sick. The sudden change of water and altitude produced serious results and before we returned to Kanab all but Andrew were victims to the malady, and of course our journey was not nearly as enjoyable as it had been heretofore.

Thursday morning we rode up Warm Springs Cañon to Rigg's cabin. Our way was through the carboniferous platform, the main Buckskin range being on our left, the Little Buckskins on the right and the faulting more apparent than we had seen it before. The eastern side showed the gray of the Upper Aubrey, the hard, cross-bedded sandstones and the brilliant-ribboned red of Lower Aubrey. It was a rare day for the collecting of typical fossils. In elevation we climbed from 6,200ft. to 7,400ft., and the junipers and mountain mahoganies were succeeded by long-leaved pines and a few spruces. About 10 o'clock we passed Naegle's ranch, where a spring bursting from the hillside makes possible the cultivation of about twenty acres. But from Warm Springs until we reached Point Sublime the country was absolutely "sheeped" out. It was more barren than the desert itself, and where Capt. Dutton describes the parks as rich with knee-deep grasses each wind now blows the barren sand. It seems a shame that in that grand and picturesque Timber Reserve sheep and cattle should entirely destroy grass and undergrowth. Already the effect is noticeable in deficient rainfall, and unless Uncle Sam interferes the results will be serious to both Utah and Arizona. Only in cañon cliffs and beneath the densest timber of the higher ridges could we botanize with any degree of satisfaction. On this particular morning we found as characteristics of the rocky ledge flora the willow ash (*Fraxinus anomala*, Torr.) and the mission berry (*Berberis fremontii*, Torr.). The local name "mission berry" was given by the early Mormon missionaries whom its fruit is said to have saved from starvation.

At Rigg's cabin we gathered several species of *mammillaria*, *echinocactus*, *cereus* and *opuntia*, and the pines seemed to be the favorite haunts of wrens and nuthatches. Here, too, were great ground squirrels and a few porcupines. In the afternoon we left the beaten trail, and chopping trees and driving over fallen timber, we crossed several of the highest ridges of the Little Buckskin at an elevation of 8,200ft., and under the firs and spruces we found many botanical rarities. Most of these I have not had time to classify, but that rare orchid *Corallorhiza macraei*, Gray, was identified as soon as found. That night we camped with Uncle John's sheep herd at Bee Springs, and as he intended moving camp, Andrew and I walked on Friday to Pareahshewaupats (Elk-spring-in-the-midst-of-the-woods). Collie was quite sick and I felt under the weather, but believed that I could walk off the malady. None of us were feeling in first-rate condition. Even the horses were getting thin on a sheep camp diet.

Andrew and I learned by our morning walk how easy it is to get lost in the Buckskins. There are no landmarks but a succession of similar pine-clad hills and open glades. Wherever the sheep had not been there were plenty of deer signs and once we got within 10yds. of a sleeping doe. When we reached Pareahshewaupats the sheep and camp were already there. We were within two miles of the "Breaks," where we had every reason to believe deer were to be found and so an early hunt was on the docket for next morning. Saturday was my miserable day; headache and cramps and a touch of mountain fever. There was no hunting for me, but Ted and Andrew were off before daylight and returned at 7 o'clock with a fine buck. Again Andrew was the lucky one. They had seen many more, but wanted only enough meat for camp. They had been to the brink of the cañon and had seen the grandest of sunrises. Their glowing tales made such an impression that after breakfast Doc, Perry and Collie each mounted a horse, took a rifle and started for deer. We thought they would return in about two hours, so we packed the buckboards, changed the papers on our plants and waited. Noontide came and 1 o'clock, but no boys. We unpacked and got dinner, still no signs of Doc. It was almost 4 o'clock when they did reach camp and then they came by the direction opposite to the one whence they set out. They had another deer. Doc had frightened it and Perry killed it. We had no time to skin it, so it was strapped with the other carcass on a buckboard and we set out for Dry Park through the blazed timber. We saw where the boys had lost themselves in the morning and had it not been for Perry's knowledge of woodcraft they might yet be searching for Pareahshewaupats.

Our route lay through the highest part of the Little Mountain and it was dark when we made camp. I had to get into the blankets before supper was ready, but Andrew and Doc spent the night in jerking the venison and when morning came there was a gunny-sack of meat that lasted until our return home. The water at Dry Park was horrible and we were glad to get away from the spot.

Early Sunday morning we were packed and away. I felt much better and really enjoyed the scenery and the mountain air. We drove two miles eastward and then turned abruptly to the south. In a hundred yards every able-bodied man was handling an axe, and before we had gone a quarter of a mile the trail was found to be absolutely impassable. The buckboards were lifted around and we headed back for the camp of the previous night. Under a spruce tree we halted, while our guide went off to find a trail over which he had traveled some eight years before. It was 1 o'clock before our final start was made, and then for four hours we had an up-hill climb, chopping our way and lifting logs, going up, with snow-banks on either hand, until at 5 o'clock we were on the summit of the Buckskin Mountains, more than 9,000ft. above the sea level.

From this point it was but a short distance to De Motte Park, through which we rapidly drove. Before this park was eaten off, with its broad meadowland and noble surrounding of firs and spruces, it must have been one of the most beautiful natural parks in the world. Now the hundreds of cattle had destroyed the grass to the very roots, but in many places the soil was covered with acres of moss pinks (phlox) that filled the air with their perfume. Passing to the south end of Little De Motte Park

we turned suddenly to the west and re-entered the silent forest. For the first time since leaving Kanab we seemed to be in the virgin woods. In all their beauty the wild flowers covered the ground, and from the thickest of the foliage came the evening songs of warbler and of hermit thrush. As we drove near the edge of the timber we could see far to the southeast and south the San Francisco and Bill Williams mountains, the former still heavily covered with snow. Occasionally, too, some amphitheater would jut in from the main cañon almost to our very feet, or we would look far down some stately transept to the gloom that was fast settling over the mighty chasm in Kaibab. The sun went down and the shade of twilight gathers thick and fast, but not until we see below us a beautiful glade, carpeted with rich grass, aglow with blossoms, and better than all a silvery stream that betokened a long-hoped-for drink from a spring of crystal water. Down hill we plunge, and when the shades of night almost hide our faces from each other we make Camp Ultima Thule at Milk Spring, at nearly 9,000ft. altitude and 390 miles from our starting point.

The country through which we had traveled since leaving Warm Springs is known as the Timber Reserve. Naturally it is the best game preserve in the United States. In no place can deer be found more abundantly. On the Western Desert and running up to the Little Buckskins are antelope, while on Mt. Trumbull and on the heights of the Toroweap mountain sheep yet exist. I know of two that were killed during June—by Indians, however. The Indians do a great deal toward the extermination of the deer by firing the forests and driving the deer on to the long points that project into the cañon, from which escape is impossible. Every fall the stores of southern Utah barter for bales of buckskin, the sole result of the ruthless destruction. But the destruction of feed on the Timber Reserve is doing more for the extermination of game than all the Indians of Arizona can accomplish. The region should be made more than a timber reserve. It should be created a national park, guarded and policed at least as efficiently as is the one in Wyoming. Such a course would soon restore the verdure to the barren parks, the rains to the thirsty fields, and the game to their native haunts. A few stockmen might complain, but in the amount of water for irrigating purposes Utah and Arizona would be gainers by hundreds of thousands of dollars; and when that little strip of Coconino county lying north of the Rio Colorado is annexed to Utah, where it rightly belongs and where all its interests are, the Garden State of the Great Basin can offer to tourist, sportsman and health seeker an attraction in comparison with which Yellowstone and Yosemite will sink into insignificance—the National Park of the Grand Cañon. SHOSHONE.

Natural History.

ENGLISH SPARROW ALBINOS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The English sparrow (*Passer domesticus*) has so firmly taken root in this country that no person from the old country can any longer feel a stranger, once he has put his foot in the streets of New York or Brooklyn. Whether the bird has accomplished the object for which he was introduced or whether he has not is not to the point just now.

My object in writing is to find out whether anybody can give me a satisfactory or probable reason for the large number of what may be termed "sports" among the sparrows in our cities. "Pied," that is, partly albino sparrows, are so numerous on our streets that a specimen has long since ceased to be an object of wonder to me. Two prominent cases are always catching my eyes. The first is a sparrow of this year's brood, but full grown, that is generally to be found about 9 A. M. somewhere in the neighborhood of DeKalb avenue and South Portland avenue. I have seen it there several times lately, always in company with several others. Its head is nearly white, while a pretty nuchal band of white feathers is strung out, thicker on the right side of its neck than at the back of the head. A still prettier and a more remarkable "sport" is one that I have seen many times this summer, though not of late, feeding on that strip of grass at the corner of City Hall square that abuts on Broadway and Chambers street. This bird is a curiosity. It is an old hen without question, as I have seen her ministering to the wants of her lately fledged brood, stuffing all sorts of insects and other trash down their little throats. Her head, neck and almost the whole of her upper wing coverts are of a dull French gray. The rest of her plumage is made up of just the somber, though pretty, russet tints that make the plumage of a female sparrow of no account in the eyes of those who prefer the bright colors of the parrots that hail from the forests of the Amazon. I could name several other sparrows, in and around these two cities of New York and Brooklyn, as well as one or two other cities in the United States, which have similar though less marked peculiarities in regard to their plumage, but do not think it necessary to go any further.

Now, I am an Englishman, who as a boy captured, by means of nets, thousands of sparrows in my time, rudely awakening them at night while roosting in the warm little holes that they had dug for themselves in the large hay ricks of England, or in the ivy that covered the walls of some old country house, or from under the thatched eaves of some laborer's cottage, or while sleeping under the overhanging roof of a farmer's barn. Yet out of all the number that has met its fate at my hands, in conjunction with others, I fail to recall more than one instance of anything approaching albinoism. I do remember "laying for" and ultimately securing, with the aid of an old single-barreled muzzleloader of Purdey's, a "pied" sparrow that had been noticed around one of the farmyards belonging to a tenant of my father's. That is the only instance, so far as my recollection goes, and I did not leave the old country until I was fully fledged, if not more so, as I was about thirty years of age at that time.

Will some one please give me the benefit of his experience and observation on this point that interests me and perplexes me? Is it possible that change of habitat is producing, or will produce ultimately, a change of dress? I notice that such change has altered neither their manners nor their customs. As some one once said about somebody, it doesn't matter who just now; in fact, I can't emember—"Their manners are none, and their customs are beastly." That just about fits the sparrow to a T.

Still, he is not without good points. Take his courage. Although an Englishman, he has adopted a very strong American trait, one that should be highly commended—he won't take any back talk and stands up for his rights, as many indigenous birds will bear me out. I claim they are *his* rights, because he was introduced into this country, where he was supposed to be on an equality with other birds. His pluck cannot be gainsaid. He has also strong home ties, and believes there is no place like home. Hunger and cold cannot drive him away in winter. He stays by us and his home, and takes his hot and cold lunches with the rest of us. Altogether, though he may at times be somewhat of a scalawag, the little house sparrow is not quite so black as he is painted.

The above plea for the sparrow may be a little out of place, but I have heard him so roundly abused by people who had never thoughtfully considered his case that I couldn't resist the opportunity to blow myself, and say a few words for a fellow countryman who can neither read, write nor talk, and who didn't come here of his own free will. ANGLO-AMERICAN (like the sparrow).

POCKETS.

THE great English dyspeptic called the pocket the true pineal gland of the soul, and he was doubtless right, in spite of the disrespectful phrase. The instinct of property is one of the first evidences that the mind has passed from the stage of pure objectivity and begins to see things in their relation to self. An angel could have no possible use for pockets, because the pure altruism of his existence could not make the distinction between mine and thine.

The subjectivity which is so important an element in human thinking must have been very early to evolve, for the spiny sea urchin has pockets for its eggs, and the sea horses wriggle through the pages of popular illustrated science with breast pockets overflowing with miniature hippocampuses rampant. Yet when we come to man, as usual, he seems to have it all to learn over again, and a whole South Sea archipelago of marsupials did not instruct him in pocket using until long after the fig leaf episode had been forgotten. It would be an entertaining volume which should describe the struggle of untutored man in his efforts to evolve pockets. Behold the naked native in the diamond mines of South Africa, who yet is able to secrete a gem worth a prince's ransom under his eyelid or the distended lobe of his ear. His more civilized neighbor of the Soudan carries the necessities of life easily in the scanty breech clout, while his Arab over-lord could stock a bazaar with that which reposes within the folds of his snowy turban.

Toss a trinket to the red brave in the midst of his frenzied dance and see how deftly he twists it into his scalp lock. Perhaps you have wasted a little pity on yonder gamin whose rags are obviously incapable of supporting such a luxury as a pocket. But you are all wrong. See here, as I unroll the much turned-up sleeves, here is a crust of a baker's loaf, a jack-knife with half a blade, a broken corkscrew, some colored crayons, a lace handkerchief with monogram, a quarter of an orange, a brass door key, a handful of peanuts, three bolts without their nuts, a stock of a No. 32 revolver with the hammer broken, a circus handbill done into a wad and a story paper containing "Dirk the Duffer's Last Lunge, complete in one number." No, I will not turn down the other sleeve, it would be much the same.

That affairs of society are in the line of retrograde evolution you may know by the lost feeling a man has when he hunts for his pocket. Yes, confound it, the street car check is there, in your single hip pocket, and on top of it is the latch key and the key to the store, carried for convenience in case of fire, and the second handkerchief, and your wife's card case, and a dozen other things. And when the conductor watches you squirm and smilingly repeats "fare please" you wish his face would stiffen perpetually into the smile. Then you dodge down a back street munching a handful of peanuts by way of equilibration. "Surely that is Mrs. Lyons's turnout," and the sack pops into your hat while you assume proper dignity. It is not ten minutes later that you encounter Mrs. Highton and the girls under the full gas glory of the Odeon and your jaunty bow is somewhat neutralized by the accompanying shower of peanut shells. Decidedly a silk hat is a poor substitute for pockets.

These reflections were called out by the strange things encountered here upon the plains.

In my room at the present writing is a prisoner who illustrates what nature can do in this line. He is a dusky quadruped decidedly rat-like in appearance, with small bead-like eyes, circular ear conchs below the soft, silky fur. The short, almost naked tail and square muzzle belie the rat analogy and the great-clawed scraper feet tell of burrowing habits. In fact, it is a New Mexican pouched gopher. It is curious that all the native mice and rats of the Rio Grande valley seem to adhere so closely to one color pattern, from the decidedly mus-like, long-eared fellows that hobnob in the barns with imported pests to the subterranean vermin we have captured, they are all more or less gray above with washes of tawny or orange upon the sides in strong contrast to under parts. It seems probable that common elements in the environment operate as causes. Nevertheless, from the standpoint of natural selection, the problem is a simple one. It is a question of point of view. An enemy like a hawk watching from above finds the colors identical with those of the sand. From a lateral position the colors assimilate well with those of the sear and scanty herbage, and everybody knows that white or bluish white is the color which nature selects for parts which are to be seen projected against the sky.

But our pocket gopher has little need of such color protection, and it is but imperfectly developed, as almost his entire life is spent beneath the soil where his endless burrows and frequent hillocks try the soul of the ranchero. A family of these pests will invade a potato field and follow it row by row until harvesting by the owner is a sinecure. In such forays as these the pockets are called into requisition. These are inward folds of skin arising wholly outside the mouth and extending beyond the shoulder. They will admit nearly the whole of two fingers. The first published figure of a pocket gopher, drawn as usual from a stuffed specimen, had the pockets wrong side out, dangling in a troublesome fashion between his feet, and popular natural histories in Europe may, for aught I know, still continue to copy this figure from Carver's "Travels." The specimen in question looked as though he had been "held up" and forced to stand and deliver. Nature provides against such an accident by developing a strong skin muscle, called technically *retractor bursæ*, the evolution of which when written will form an interesting chapter. Some evidences of such a change in the ordinary skin-twitching muscles of the shoulder and face may be seen in those rodents which have only rudimentary pouches. The other muscle, *constrictor bursæ*, or shir-string of the pocket (as also in the case of the writer), is poorly developed and things keep getting out of our pockets. This is perhaps partly because both gophers (the writer was born in Minnesota) are too greedy. This is certainly the case with *Geomys*. I tested the matter yesterday. Provided with a handful of potato slices I chirruped to Geomys and he raced from his burrow to the front. I handed him a slice, which he promptly made away with at a queer hobbling canter, and after burying it in the earth was back for more. The process was repeated until the supply was exhausted. Hungry as he was he would touch nothing until repeated trials satisfied him that there was no more to be had. Then slyly recovering a piece of his booty he gathered himself up in a corner, washed hands and face and combed up a bit and then fell to with great gusto. This shows the correctness of our thesis correlating pockets with forethought and a proper appreciation of self.

The gopher is a cleanly animal, as subterranean creatures must be. The story that he uses his pockets as wheelbarrows to convey earth is a myth. When at work on his burrow he arches his back, and using his tail as a third support has both forefeet free for the most vigorous scratching and digging, not disdaining to use his teeth when an unusually hard clod is encountered. Then suddenly the hindfeet are brought into play and the loosened earth is heaped up behind. In a trice the gopher then wheels about and placing his forefeet close together so that the scraper-like callosities of the palms meet, starts briskly off pushing himself and the collected earth out of the hole, resembling nothing so much as an animated steam shovel.

Geomys knows better than to carry all his eggs in one basket and has numerous storehouses adapted to the exigencies of the season. In the far north he even contrives them so that the decay of collected leaves causes the germination of the much-relished clover stolons. The gopher cannot be said to have a good temper. Last night I placed a newly trapped specimen in the same box with Geo. But, alas, this morning "the mangled corpse strews the plain," which was splattered with gore and torn up by the struggle, while the victor was complacently nursing sundry honorable wounds.

But nearly every mouse or rat we catch in this land of the cactus has pockets. Here, for example, is a curious fellow like a yellow rat on stilts. His hindlegs are fully twice as long as those of any American rat we ever saw, and the tail is longer than the body and bears a terminal pencil of long hairs like a squirrel. The colors are warm and delicate, with a white spot over the large squirrel-like eye and a stripe across his thighs. In fact, he is an American jerboa. It is strange how a saltatorial habit tends to reduce the number of toes and causes the bones of the legs to unite. It would be possible to make up a complete series from the original five-toed type to cases where only one functional toe is left. But our stilt rat is a sort of parvenu—a new accession to the stilt-walkers—and has all five toes intact, and curious indeed they seem at the end of a slender stalk-like tarsus an inch long. The pouches are external, and the grooved incisors and strangely swollen ear bones produce a puzzle for the systematist.

The most attractive of our bursiferæ is a pigmy half the size of the house mouse, with warm colors and great ears. Scores of them were encountered on the meadows, where we surprised them gathering and neatly extracting the kernels of cockle burs which so completely "stand off" all other foes and secure the unwilling coöperation of all animals in disseminating the vulgar but ubiquitous weeds. Let those who rashly conclude that any plant is useless in nature's economy inspect the cheek pouches of our mouselet packed to bursting with these oily, nutritious seeds, and confess that there may be good under the most unprepossessing skin. C. L. HERRICK.

NEW MEXICO.

"THE BULLY" AND "THE UNKNOWN."

Editor Forest and Stream:

The citizens of Havre de Grace have had the pleasure of witnessing one of the most remarkable prize fights that I suppose ever took place in this country. Mr. Editor, I am well aware that FOREST AND STREAM don't take much stock in prize fights; but I thought perhaps that as this fight was such a novelty it might be a little interesting to your many readers to give them a short sketch of how it was brought about and how it ended.

It appears that one of our citizens while on a visit to West Virginia some time ago received a present of a large rattlesnake that had the reputation of being a great fighter, as he had licked everything of his size and weight in his native State.

A few days after this great fighter arrived in Havre de Grace, his owner threw out a challenge that his "West Virginia Bully" would fight any living creature that could be found in Maryland that didn't weigh over 3lbs. One of our Havre de Grace fishermen concluded that he would have some fun and accepted the challenge; but would not give the name of his fighter, but gave a guarantee that he would not weigh over 1½lbs. The owner of the West Virginia Bully said, "Bring on your fighter," as he didn't give an ehue what family he came out of or what his name was.

The owner of this rattler then put him in training. With one exception he made short work of every living creature that was put in the cage with him, but to the utter astonishment of every one that witnessed it, when two land terrapins were put in the cage with the West Virginia Bully he never offered to show fight and the terrapins would crawl all around him. This was the first time that I ever knew that snakes were afraid of land terrapins.

Well, at the appointed time our fisherman arrived with a little basket, inside of which was what we call a channel crab, a large fellow, nicely packed in grass. When the snake saw the crab crawling around his cage, he eyed him very closely, as he was satisfied that in all his travels through the mountains of Virginia he had met nothing

that looked like Mr. Crab. Finally the crab came into contact with the snake's tail, when it raised its tail and sprung its rattle. Then the crab reached out one of its long arms and grabbed the snake by the tail. The snake then made a pass with its mouth at the crab, when the crab grabbed the snake around the neck with its other claw. The crab held the head with one claw and the tail with the other. The snake made some awful flounces, but the crab never loosened its hold until the owner of the snake took a club and killed the crab to save the snake's life, but not until the snake lost two of its rattles.

I have now come to the conclusion that a crab can whip any living thing of its size and weight that can be found on the land or in the water. It certainly is very astonishing where they get the power that they have in their claws. I once knew a large crab to bite a man's finger off. CAPT. E. B. GALLUP.

GARS AND TURTLES.

"If you want to show a man that he is wrong, do right."—THOREAU.

THE question asked at me (and others) by our esteemed fellow-sportsman, Horace Kephart, seems at the outset a rather hard one, but "honor bright," as he says, I will do my best to answer it, as all true men at times must mentally do, or remain false to the teachings of their better selves.

It goes without saying that there is no wrong in the taking of life for legitimate purposes. (Some fellow, steeped perhaps in the philosophy of the Brahmins, rises to protest against this assumption, and while his lips are parting for the exordium you hear from the region of his cerebellum the sound of the whack that crushed a hapless mosquito.)

Taking up the question where Horace dropped it in its special relation to gars and turtles, I perhaps am not in position to pronounce judgment, inasmuch as I have no quarrel with these creatures; yet am aware that there may be good foundation for his plaint. In Central Lake I should shoot neither gar nor turtle, for here they do no harm—in fact, are seldom seen; but if, on the contrary, the gars persisted in snipping off my minnows and the turtles in seizing my frogs, I should regard them as a nuisance to be abated by any legitimate means.

The English sparrow is such, and ought to be killed; and if done with a rifle, so that he be *dead* killed, where is the harm in getting a little sport out of the operation? It seems to me not less creditable than any system of wholesale poisoning.

Hence I think that if Kephart was engaged in a sport which promised aid toward the abatement of an established nuisance, I should let him shoot. If, on the contrary, he was taking life for fun—killing where it availed not—it would surely seem that he might have been engaged in better business.

For the rest I can assure him that the otter preys upon the gar, and if I am not mistaken the bones of the turtle have been found in or near the nests of carnivorous birds.

I like Horace, especially as he believes in fairies, and think he and I would get on well together in camp. I often meet fairies in my travels—saw some the other evening—watched their pranks and listened to them with much pleasure. The uninitiated might have mistaken them for dragon-flies and pine squirrels. KELPIE.

Hawk and Dove.

RETURNING home the other night I saw a medium sized specimen of the hawk family make an unsuccessful effort to capture a pigeon.

A flock of these marvelously quick-winged birds, favored tenants of a neighboring farm barn, were circling over a wheat stubble preparing to alight. High aloft, the hawk gracefully, and well nigh motionless, rode the haze crested billows of air, with eye alert and aggressive mien, and as the critical moment seemed to have arrived he suddenly shot downward. I involuntarily held my breath expecting to see one of the slate and white birds succumb to the terrific onslaught.

But the birds, watchful ever, note the downward flight of the common enemy, and with lightning-like dives into space the members of the little group evaded the hawk, seemingly by a hair's breadth. Then ensued a race for life. Rising, falling, twisting, writhing, pursued and pursuer "rough rode" the field to the music of fiercely beating pinions. Then the hawk, baffled and beaten at every turn of the heart-breaking attack, sullenly floated high into mid air and after hovering over the scene of his fruitless adventure for a moment sailed swiftly away, like some ill-used child of fortune. M. CHILL.

ITHACA, N. Y.

A Large Gavial.

FRED SAUTER, the taxidermist, recently received for mounting the skin of a large gavial. Judging from the great development of the nasal sacks at the tip of the snout it is evidently an old male. The teeth are still in good condition, one of the end tusks only being broken, but the toes in nearly every instance are broken or deformed. It is a hideous looking creature and one of unusual size, measuring 16ft. despite the fact that it has lost a piece of its tail, variously estimated at from six inches to a foot in length.

The gavial is distinguished from other crocodiles chiefly by the narrowness of its snout.

In this specimen the snout is only four inches in width, though the mouth behind could easily take in a man's head. The body is well rounded out and of ample capacity, and the legs are longer than one who has preconceived ideas on crocodiles would expect, and provided with scaly appendages on the rear resembling flippers.

The peculiar swelling at the end of the snout is said to be a distinctive feature of the males of this species and to be of benefit in enabling them to remain below the surface for long periods. B.

Small Birds and Insects.

PETTY, Tex., Sept. 3.—I have noted with much interest the articles in recent issues in regard to the scarcity of "small birds" and the abundance of insect life in the North, and particularly the articles by Von W. and B. C. M. This reminds me of the scarcity of insects and the plenty of small birds in our village.

It is a common thing in this country, when sitting by a lamp at night, to be tormented with bugs, gnats and other small insects to such an extent that one can hardly refrain from words not adapted to the presence of the ladies; but this year I have noticed a marked decrease of such pests, and I agree with B. C. M. and Von W. that it is attributable to the large number of small birds. I have never seen so many small birds or so many varieties as this year, and not being an ornithologist I can not give their names or the species to which they belong, but it is very interesting to see so much bird life.

A short time ago I noticed a small bunch of this year's brood of English sparrows, and on investigation I located a nest under the eave of a barn and another in the cornice of one of the storehouses. I am convinced that they have come to stay with us. The first one I saw here was on Feb. 13, 1894, when I noticed a couple on an inspecting tour around our building. They disappeared however in a few days, and I did not see any more of them until about the same time this year, when the same pair (or another pair just like them), came back and this year have raised a couple of broods, as I see now there are ten in all. PROVO.

Game Bag and Gun.

A CAMP ON ROARING RIVER.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

Preface.

WHAT a consolation it is to many of us fellows that the readers of old FOREST AND STREAM are, as a rule, patient and forbearing.

How nice it is to be patiently endured when we are stupid and uninteresting; how gratifying that most of our yarns go without salt, and how encouraging the fact that the bump of faith is well developed on the cranium of the true sportsman. Faith is said to be the assent of the mind to the truth of what is declared by another, resting on his authority and veracity, without other evidence. Faith is a higher faculty than reason, and the true sportsman is blessed with that faculty to a remarkable degree. He listens attentively and never doubts, only requiring a like considerate and respectful treatment when he tells a yarn himself. There is a real pleasure in listening to the rankest kind of stuff when even bare possibility of truth flavors it. And you know that most of the old hands at the business really believe their own yarns, which adds an earnestness and candor that is pleasing. Surprised so often that others believe them they cease to be surprised themselves and:

"Their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And oft repeating, they believe 'em."

Old as I am at the business I dearly love to sit down and listen to these old timers even when I know that—well, being something of a prevaricator myself, I can, probably, the better appreciate genius.

There's Billy Newman's story of the little jackass loaded with pans and provender that, in a flight of righteous indignation, chased the cougar all over the Blue Mountains. I believe it. And that other one of how they lived for weeks on rattlesnakes and lizards when lost down in Death Valley. I believe that one too. At least I would not wish to be the first to express a doubt in Billy's presence.

Then there's my friend O. O. Smith's story of how he got the cougar skin down on the Pilchuk. My faith still supports me. That story was undoubtedly true, although faith doesn't seem to sustain some of the boys in their reflections. But I'll not particularize further. I implicitly believe all their stories, and when some blunt, cold-blooded, practical cuss, without the spirit of the true sportsman in his heart, pretends to prick a bubble and let all the good things out I feel indignant and take it as a personal insult. But if perchance he succeeds—then I sigh and feel:

"Oh, that a dream so sweet, so long enjoyed,
Should be so sadly, cruelly destroyed."

Yes, I do feel a sort of personal responsibility resting upon me to sustain all the original allegations. Demurs are all overruled and motions to strike out don't go in these matters. See?

To avoid misapprehensions let it be understood that there's nothing original herein—not even the poetical effusions. Doubtless the readers of FOREST AND STREAM need not be admonished of that fact, and the writer might never be accused of any such flagrant breach of established custom as originality; but he desires to forestall criticism, maintain his dignity, and keep himself square with his few friends. While the conclusions herein arrived at and the statements herein made may not be exact in the smaller details the writer has the satisfaction of feeling that he has been candid and impartial, and has done moderate justice to all parties concerned. The true historian "says nothing but saws wood" until prepared to submit his conclusions to the custody of cold type. By an exact and scrupulous diligence and observation, listening to the discussions of the participants *en masse*, and then to the *ex parte* statements of the individual members (not always easily harmonized), he gathers his material and records his conclusions. Patience and perseverance conquer and truth prevails.

I.

"Wonst the red Injuns thar took their delights,
Fisht, fit and bled;
Now the inhabitants is mostly whites,
With nary red."

"A camp on Roaring River!" Isn't that suggestive? If you knew the crowd as well as I do you'd think so. J. Roberts Mead, Fred T. Swift, Dr. Edwin P. Bradbury, Sidney Smyth, One Lung and three or four pack mules constituted the *personnel* of this remarkable outfit that went away to the wilds of Roaring River.

Mead and Swift are young business men of Portland with plenty of money and some experience, each striving in a friendly sort of way to secure the reputation of being the recognized leader in sports afield in the Northwest. They dress like cowboys, very particular as to the conventional broad-brimmed white hat, are fine fishermen and fair shots, and splendid fellows in camp in general. With a little more experience they will be all right, you bet. The Doctor is a retired army surgeon, witty, bright, something of a philosopher and one of the most genial, whole-souled fellows you ever met. Smyth is a hardy young Scotchman, a surveyor by profession, a lighthouse builder by occupation, a thorough mountaineer and not at all disposed to put up with any nonsense. Not that he is crabbed or mean, but he is very practical. Both the Doctor and Smyth are fine shots with the rifle and think they are fishermen from away back. One Lung was the Chinese cook of the outfit, and a very important factor thereof, but mortally afraid of "Injun."

Roaring River is a tributary of the Clackamas, but so far back in the Cascade Range that only a very few of the more hardy and enterprising sportsmen have ever ventured in. It is said to be a wonderful game and fish country, but it is a good two days' trip to reach it from Portland, and fifteen or twenty miles of it must be made on foot with packs. So naturally it is not a country much sought by the "genteel" class of sportsmen. I for one find more enjoyment in listening to the accounts of others than in making the trip myself. It is so much nicer to pack over a ten or twenty mile stretch of rough mountain country in one's mind than on foot. An easy chair and a fresh cigar relieves one of much of the monotony and perspiration incident to such stretches.

The boys left Portland Friday morning, Aug. 9, and arrived at their destination on Roaring River late the following Sunday afternoon.

They went well equipped with all the modern implements and appliances for the destruction of game and fish. The Doctor and Smyth stuck to their light .38-55 Marlins and jack-knives, but Mead and Swift and One Lung knew a thing or two and knowingly put their index fingers alongside their noses and winked one eye when the other fellows' backs were turned. They knew better than to go into the land of the silver-tip, cinnamon and mealy-faced bear, cougar, black wolf, lynx, mountain devil and wild cat with any such boy outfit. I rise to explain, however, that One Lung's anxiety was all about the dreaded "Injun." Mead's and Swift's armory has been the envy of all us fellows' for years, but they discarded the whole business, and I am credibly informed that they each secured 12lb. .50-110-300 repeating Winchesters, a 12in. bowie knife, two .44 Colt's and some 40lbs. of suitable ammunition, all of which they heroically, uncomplainingly carried over the mountains and that hot August trail to the far-away wilds of Roaring River.

A Chinaman always buys the biggest pair of boots in the case, for he gets more for his money. And, too, they always buy the biggest guns and pistols, for they look more terrible and give him a more formidable appearance, and the Chinaman is a great bluffer. I am told that One Lung took but one weapon (and that as a protection against "Injun"), a Nordenfelt repeater, carrying a ½lb. solid, conical steel ball, brass jacketed, with 2oz. of powder and with a capacity of 300 to the minute. Probably most of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are not aware that a Chinaman mortally fears "Injuns." It's a fact. And an Indian regards a Chinaman with much the same sentiment that the devil regards holy water. Possibly the characteristic cussedness of both is better understood by each than by us. At any rate an Indian has no earthly use for a Chinaman except to scalp him, and a Chinaman's nightmares are all about "Injuns." People not familiar with the Chinese and Indians of this west coast can have no conception of the intense hatred entertained by the Indian for the Chinese, nor of the mortal dread the Chinaman has for the Indian. They are much alike in many respects, and it is my belief that the North American Indian is a lineal descendant from hardy, venturesome Chinese that some time crossed the narrow Behring Strait. Observe a gang of Chinamen on the street, they always walk single file "alle same Injun." Then, too, their features and countenances are very similar and all are cold-blooded and stolid as frogs.

I can pick out a dozen Chinamen right here in Portland, cut off their queues, dress them with breech-clouts, set them down among the Diggers or Apaches, and I'll defy you to tell which from 'tother. But don't forget that a Chinaman is mortally afraid of "Injuns."

II.

"Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this."

Aside from the armament and munitions of war referred to the commissary department had been supplied with all the necessaries and as many of the luxuries as the outfit could possibly carry. There was bacon, beans, coffee, tea and rice for One Lung; butter, sugar, condensed milk, lemons, flavoring extracts, ham, potatoes, sardines, pigs' feet, candy, figs, apples, dried prunes and peaches, wines, liquors and cigars, in such quantities that poor One Lung, overloaded, fell by the wayside and had a severe spell of vomiting (whether from the load or his everlasting fear of Indians is not known), and the boys were on the point of leaving him to his fate. But he pleaded so pathetically in his simple way not to be left to undergo torture at the hands of the redskins that one of the boys relieved him of his Nordenfelt while another shouldered part of his remaining burden and he successfully made the trip. How glad they all were to reach their destination! And how hungry they all were. They set about preparing supper at once when lo! they discovered that there wasn't a pound of flour in the whole outfit. Not a loaf of bread; not a cracker; not even a dog biscuit.

Mead thought it was Swift's fault, Swift thought it was Mead's, while Smyth expressed his opinion of both in terms more forcible than elegant.

Nothing had been expected of the Doctor, for he was an invited guest, but he tried his best in that genial, pleasant way of his, to mollify the feeling that had been engendered by the sad occurrence and finally, as a last resort, suggested that all hands compromise and lay it on the Chinaman; which suggestion of course met with general approval.

The Doctor is quite a philosopher in his way. Then a council of war was held and One Lung was detailed to go and get the flour. But One Lung protested and spoke feelingly about "Injuns" and bears. Then it occurred to the crowd that if One Lung went he might never return.

So they drew cuts. It fell upon Swift, but he "didn't know the road."

I don't blame him. Flour they must have and so Smyth with a few characteristic remarks cut the whole business short by striking out at once with a pack mule for the nearest settlement. For two days the other boys lived on canned goods and salt meat straight. Of course there were plenty of berries, but you know berries fill about the same place in human diet that hay does in a horse's. They are wonderfully fillin' but they don't stick to the ribs like flour. Hunting and fishing were out of the question with the boys during Smyth's absence, for he alone had any knowledge of the country. A little rest after their hard tramp was quite welcome, and besides One Lung was afraid to be left in camp alone for fear the Indians might sneak in upon him before he could get his Nordenfelt in operation. The solicitude and concern manifested by the boys in One Lung's behalf might be almost pathetic were it not that they cared more for their own comfort than they did for his welfare.

Their feet were a little bit tender and their shoulders somewhat sore from carrying the .50-110-300 Winchesters. Some old Greek philosopher wrote that a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind; or, as translated into plain English, misery loves company. At any rate the boys stayed close to camp until Smyth returned with the flour.

III.

"I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety."

Two days and nights in the wilderness, without flour and surrounded by ravenous, carnivorous wild beasts, is certainly not a desirable state, even for those blessed with the spirit of fortitude and bravery.

Naturally there was much grumbling and uneasiness in that camp on Roaring River during Smyth's absence, for various and obvious reasons.

The boys had been used to better treatment, and they in their hearts longed for the fleshpots of Portland; but their reputations as sportsmen depended somewhat on the results of this trip, and so their pride sustained them in adversity and kept the camp from going to pieces altogether. But the boys wanted flour badly, and One Lung wanted to keep his scalp worse. He even refused absolutely to start a fire for fear that the smoke might lead the redskins to their retreat.

But then it was warm anyway, and there wasn't much to cook particularly until Smyth returned with the flour; so the boys took One Lung's discretion all in good part. However, when night came on the boys wanted to see the cheery blaze of a camp-fire, and so built one themselves.

Swift thought that there was method in the Chinaman's madness, but Mead and the Doctor both held to the opinion that One Lung was practically scared to death; and so the poor heathen got the benefit of the majority vote and had an easy time of it. There were four tents. Mead and Swift were to occupy one, Smyth and the Doctor another, One Lung another, while the fourth and largest was a general storehouse, and which, in case of rain, could be used as a kitchen and dining hall.

All that the boys needed to make them perfectly happy and contented was Smyth and flour. All that One Lung needed to make him happy was his opium outfit and immunity from "Injuns." Under the existing circumstances there was but one thing to do—make the best of it. Making the best of it under such conditions ordinarily means to sleep most of the day and then sit around the camp-fire at night, smoking and telling yarns. And just here was where the fun commenced. Mead and Swift saw in One Lung's fear of Indians an opportunity to have a whole bushel of fun telling blood-curdling Indian stories, and, notwithstanding the Doctor's admonition to "beware, the worm will turn," they proceeded to seize the opportunity. What lots of fun they did have. One Lung understood most of what they said and imagined the balance, and so the poor simple-minded heathen was driven almost to distraction, and oh, how the boys did enjoy themselves. A Chinaman is the most superstitious mortal that ever drew the breath of life, and by bedtime the first night he was ready for the lunacy commission. Quaking with fear, starting at every sound, afraid to look behind him, he stealthily sought his lonely bed neither to sleep nor dream, but to shiver and listen. Of course, Mead and Swift felt very well satisfied with their first evening's entertainment notwithstanding the Doctor's reproaches, and so all hands went to bed. The boys had just nicely got to sleep when with a wild shriek of terror, followed by agonizing cries of despair, One Lung burst into their tent, jammed himself in between Mead and Swift and covered his head with the blankets. He had heard something—a something, too, which, to One Lung, could be nothing in the wide world but "Injun." The boys tried to soothe him, but he wouldn't soothe. Then they tried reason and argument, but One Lung evidently regarded the arguments as closed. He wouldn't budge. He had come there to stay, and stay he did.

Did you ever smell a Chinaman? If you have never been through "Chinatown" of any of our coast cities nor smelled a Chinaman, and have any desire for knowledge in this direction, I would advise you to read Dr. Smollett's description of the smell that arose from an assemblage of lord and lady Yahoos at Bath. What I am trying to get at (in a delicate way) is the fact that there is about all Chinamen a peculiar odor that "smells to high heaven." It never leaves them. You can give a Chinaman a hundred hot baths; yes, you may boil him for a week and then hang him out in the wind and sun for a month, that same peculiar, indefinable smell is still there.

The boys' prayers availed little; their threats and entreaties less; and poor, gentle, trusting, much-abused One Lung and his smell continued to occupy that bed for two nights, while Mead and Swift sat on a log, gazed into the fire and reflected of nights, and slept in the Doctor's bed during the day. S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Death of George Fulton.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Sept. 14.—The community is in mourning for the death of George Fulton, one of our prominent business men and most respected citizens of San Antonio. "George," as he was familiarly called, was the friend of every man who carried a gun for the love of the sport. He was more than kind. He anticipated the wants of people who were nothing to him, and supplied them. He could not see anything suffer. He was the friend of the poor, the sick, the high and low born. Humanity was his religion. To do noble deeds his main object in life.

On one occasion a party of hunters passed his ranch en route to the beach at Copano Bay and George noticed that they were rather "light rigged." That night a frightful northern storm shook the earth and in the dead of night, facing the bitter storm, Geo. Fulton, unable to sleep while he knew a human being was suffering within his reach, had an ambulance hitched up, laden with warming things, and together with his men they found the hunting party aforesaid nearly dead with cold. With the hand of an angel Geo. Fulton saved their lives. It is such deeds that have caused all people to love him. It was his absolute unselfishness that enthroned him in the hearts of the people as the Prince of the Southwest.—*Texas Field.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Word from the Chicken Country.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 13.—This city, St. Paul, was once the center of the prairie chicken country of the world and it remains so now geographically speaking, but hardly in any other sense. To-day I saw a man standing in a doorway on the street, accompanied by a setter which looked as if it had not seen much use. I asked him about the chicken country and he said he came from Iowa and was on his way to Dakota for a chicken hunt.

Everybody has been going to Dakota, but reports do not warrant the belief that the birds are very plentiful out there, unless one goes very far to the west and north. Messrs. F. F. and R. Merrill, of Milwaukee, with a good string of dogs, are out in the Turtle Mountain country for a four weeks' hunt, and they will certainly get good sharp-tail shooting at least.

A gentleman back from Dakota says that they have found the chickens in the low bottom grounds and not on the stubbles or prairies where they expected to meet them.

Mr. Ed. Bird, of Fairmont, Minn., where the field trials were once held on chickens, says that the birds are very scarce in that region now. The shooter who puts up three or four coveys in the afternoon is lucky.

Mr. S. A. Tucker, just in from Omaha, says there is good shooting about half way between St. Paul and Omaha on the Omaha road.

Mr. H. B. Jewell, of Wabasha, Minn., which is near the foot of Lake Pepin, says they do not think of going after chickens there any more, though there may be a few left.

Mr. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Iowa, says they once had fine shooting there, but that the birds are scarce now.

Mr. Tom Paine, of Glencoe, McLeod county, Minn., says they get no shooting of account at chickens this year.

Mr. H. M. Jones, of Atwater, Minn., says there are a few birds around that way, if one is willing to hunt hard and be satisfied with a smallish bag.

Mr. Clint Smith, of Fargo, N. D., says the crop of chickens around there is not very good.

Mr. W. P. Shattuck, who is just back from a wagon trip of 150 miles, coming to St. Paul from the North, says his party found no vast number of birds, but got all they cared for; a couple of dozen or so to three guns daily.

Mr. Staunton, of Crookston, Minn., says that when the season opened he and his friends could not find any birds, but he thinks they had not come on the stubbles. A day or so ago they went over the same country and bagged forty-three birds.

There seems a general belief that part of the scarcity of the birds may be traced to natural causes. The past spring was dry, and the birds are thought to have nested in the bottom lands. Then the weather came on wet and drowned out the nests. Reports of small coveys, six to eight birds only, are numerous. This may be due to second nesting, or more likely yet to "sooners" having shot out the coveys before the law opened.

It seems almost certain that the great chicken days in Minnesota are over, and that they will soon be over in both Dakotas also. Minnesota is now very little better chicken ground than Illinois, perhaps not so good. For Dakota the same rule must hold: The thoughtless destruction will go on until the greedy guns leave for a more productive country, if they can find it. Then better protection will ensue, and slowly the birds will grow a little more plentiful, though of course they can never again reach their former numbers.

The story of the destruction of American game is a sad and shameful one. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

NITROS AGAIN.

THE personal experience of sportsmen who have used nitro powders to some extent would certainly be interesting if told through FOREST AND STREAM. The modesty of the manufacturers of the various brands of nitro is only equaled by that of the gunmakers. One and all claim to make the very best powder or gun in the market. While all are good to a certain extent, some are better.

Your correspondent, W. E. W., certainly had courage to keep on with his nitro cartridges after his experience with the first few loads I have used considerable nitro. Some years since, when devoted to trap-shooting, the American wood powder was the only powder of the kind, I think, made in this country. I was very successful with it, while some of my friends who tried it were not at all satisfied. I found the great point was to know how to load it. I had a gun made especially to order by an English gunmaker. The gun in question was a 7½lb. hammerless with laminated steel barrels, costing with two sets of barrels $300. This without exception was the very best shooting gun I ever owned. I spent a number of days targeting the gun with cartridges loaded in various ways before finding what was the best load for it, and after so finding I think I proved it was a good one. I kept a record of the cartridges I loaded, the greater part of which were shot in this gun, and the record shows 17,800. I used a pretty heavy load (bulk measure) of wood powder and never had anything in shape of accident happen. The gun stood it well, but like most things became somewhat worn by constant use, no doubt somewhat sooner than if black powder had been used. Had a few of my cartridges acted in the manner described by W. E. W., I should have quit using such powder, and I am not easily scared.

I have been recently experimenting with a new gun and loads of black and nitro powders. This gun is of medium grade, well balanced and put together, and looks as though it would stand well. It is a 7lb. hammerless made for game shooting.

In testing I used 3drs. of two brands of black powder and 2¾drs. of a nitro claimed to be equal to any. The targets were 30 circles. Shooting at center of such target (not taking selected group) at 40yds. the nitro made the most regular patterns. The highest pattern was made with black powder and also the lowest. At 55yds. I tested both pattern and penetration and at this distance the nitro beat the black every time on both pattern and penetration, the pattern being from 50 to 100% better.

While there is no doubt that machine loaded cartridges are well loaded and shoot well I prefer to do my own loading, and always have, both for my hunting rifle and shotguns. I do not think I have shot 1,000 cartridges other than of my own loading. I have taken great pains and my loading suits me and I know what I am shooting Now I cannot help thinking there is a tendency to keep accidents that happen (unless of very serious nature) with nitros out of the papers. I never saw myself but one accident where the gun was wrecked, although several times I have known cases of excessive recoil. I have reason to think, however, that a number of guns have been damaged more or less during the past year by the use of nitro. A leading gun manufacturer wrote me that it was possible to wreck any gun with nitro if improperly or carelessly loaded, and for this reason gunmakers did not care to guarantee their guns when using it. There is no question of the superiority of nitro over black powder in some points, but I think it would be well for sportsmen to give accounts of their experience. C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

AURORA, Mo., Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After reading W. E. W.'s experience with nitros, I cannot think what make of guns or nitro he has been using. For the last two or three years I have been using a 12-gauge gun of 7¾lbs. in weight. I have the first time to have an accident; have never had a shell burst or head pull off, and always use 3¼drs. of nitro. A. E. GIBSON.

WATER SHOTS AND GROUND SHOTS.

TOPEKA, Kan., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Answering your editorial query appearing in the current issue of FOREST AND STREAM as to the "difference between potting a bunch of birds on the water and potting a bunch of birds on land," I would submit that to my mind there is a very great difference both in the results following such shots, also a vast ethical difference between the two acts.

In shooting any land game bird, "pot shooting" has long been justly condemned—the principal reasons being that such methods are too deadly, and tend toward the extermination of the species; that no skill is required, either in approaching a covey of quail or chicken, or in making the shot, and that therefore the act is not sportsmanlike. There can be no question but that the shooting into a huddled mass of quail, closely packed together under a bush or hedge, where a single discharge may and often does wipe out the entire covey, is a most reprehensible act. If given a chance for their lives, and allowed to fly, one or more can certainly be killed by skillful work, and with the aid of a good dog the birds may be followed, found and flushed repeatedly, affording many shots. Two or three coveys in fair cover will furnish good sport for an entire day, all in a radius of a single square mile. The season begins with the first browning of the leaves in autumn, and ends only with the final melting of the snows in spring. A man may go hunting a score of times and yet not go out oftener than once a week.

How much of this is true of waterfowl? Very little indeed. Wariest of the wary, to approach within gunshot of a flock of ducks, or worse still a watchful old gander, often requires all the skill, patience and hard labor of deer stalking, and when after infinite toil a position is gained from which a killing shot may be made, the game is not found bunched in a circle with heads together inviting wholesale destruction. Quite the contrary: your gunner will be fortunate if he can find three or even two birds close enough together to warrant a reasonable hope of getting all three or both at one shot, and with the discharge of the first barrel the whole flock rises, giving a possibility only of getting one more bird with the second, and the hunter is fortunate indeed if he ever again gets another shot at that particular bunch of ducks. From forty to sixty days out of the entire year will in most localities cover the waterfowl season, for no gunner who desires to retain his own self-respect, and the regard of FOREST AND STREAM, will shoot migratory game in the spring. Fully one-half of this short time the weather will be unfavorable for shooting and nothing can be done.

So long as one may with the expenditure of equal energy and skill bring ten head of land game to bag, to one of waterfowl, it will be difficult to convince the average sportsman that "potting a bunch of birds on land" is anything but detestable murder, or that "potting a bunch of birds on the water" is not justified by the necessities of the case. And therein lies the difference between the two acts. A. J. HAWKER.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If there is any difference it is in the favor of the one who pots birds on the land. In many cases, on land, there is only a few yards before a bird can get into dense brush, or perhaps you can see it through some opening in the woods, where a slight movement will place it entirely out of sight, and one can be excused for potting under such circumstances. I have in all cases let a quail get on the wing entirely, although I would not have one chance in ten of getting it. An old grouse, if I have not got a good chance, I believe in potting, but I never potted a half a dozen in my life.

On the water, if you are near enough to pot the game, you have a good chance on the wing, unless you are in high rushes. I should say a better chance on account of the more exposed vital parts. In fact, I should call one who would shoot any bird sitting, whether on land or water, where there was the slightest chance of getting it on the wing, a pot hunter.

My experience only covers the lakes of Central New York, especially Keuka, and the Ohio and Alleghany rivers. In all of this territory I can find no more excuse for potting a bunch of birds on the water, nor so much as I can for potting birds on land. JIM.

Deer Skins from Colorado.

MUSCATINE, Ia., Sept. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose to you a clipping from the Muscatine *Journal:*

"After a week's hunt in Colorado, Chris. Aldinger, Owen Baxter and I. B. Wilson, of What Cheer, are in the city on their way home, visiting friends and exhibiting several deer skins, the result of their frontier investigations."

I haven't the pleasure of an acquaintance with Chris., Owen and I. B., but they evidently have been doing something they should not have done, and of which they should feel ashamed. T. T.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

A PIGEON DAY PRANK.

LINCOLN, Neb., Sept. 4.—In FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 17 I read Everett's experience in killing wild pigeons, which took me back to fifty years ago, when I was a mere lad just starting to learn to shoot. I was living on a farm and we had an old single-barrel gun with a homemade beach stock full length of barrel, and fastened together with brass bands. I had been forbidden to use the gun, as they thought I was too young to shoot, but I had been taking notes of how it was done. One day I saw a large flock of pigeons trying to light on a shock of wheat. I made for the house, got the gun and crept along an old rail fence until I got within about 30yds. of them. The shock was literally blue with them, and others were trying to light on top of them. I poked the old gun through the rails and turned her loose, then I dropped the gun and got over the fence some way, but I do not know how. My first impulse was to gather the wounded, as I thought the dead could take care of themselves. When I got through gathering them up I had twenty-four dead pigeons; and had to call for help to carry them, as they were more than I could manage at once. That was the third shot I had ever fired out of a gun. I came to the conclusion that I was the champion shot of America.

I can remember away back in the 40s when Burlington Heights, near the city of Hamilton, Ont., in the morning was more like a a battlefield than anything else. The heights are several hundred feet above the bay; the pigeons used to follow the bay and rise over the heights, which were at that time covered with low scrubby oak. Sometimes five or six shots would be fired into one flock and then there would be a scramble for the birds; and many a fight occurred over gathering them. A good retriever could get more birds than a man with a gun.

I recall rather an amusing incident that happened away back in the 40s. At that time in Canada the law was that every able-bodied man had to train or drill in the militia once a year. Each township would meet at a place appointed to train; and it was in the spring, about the time the pigeons were flying. A farmer by the name of Jake Upthegrove lived in the pines on the bank of the Humber. On the morning of training day Jake thought that he would take his old musket, as he might get a shot at some pigeons along the road, as he was going or coming back from training. So he got on one of his horses, put the musket over his shoulder and started for the training ground, four or five miles from his farm, at a place near Montgomery Tavern on the Dundass Pike. When he got there he rode up to the tavern and told one of the bartenders to take care of his gun until after training was over. When he got through he mounted his horse and rode up to the tavern and told them he would take his gun. During his absence they had withdrawn the load, taken the powder out of the pan and filled up the old musket with a load of powder and a wad of dry punk until they had her full to the muzzle. Before giving him the gun they lit the top wad of punk. He shouldered his musket and started for home. He had not gone far when bang went the gun. That frightened his horse and while he was trying to hold the horse and hang on to the gun, bang she went again. That made the horse worse. His hat flew off, and while trying to get in shape, bang she went again. That was too much for him, so he let the gun drop over behind on to the pike, and putting both hands to his horse so he could get him, he faced round at a respectable distance from the gun. After it had fired a few more shots he said the devil was in the gun and whirled round and put for home, leaving the gun laying on the pike, firing every few seconds. In the meantime the crowd had gathered round the gun at a respectable distance. No one dare go near it until it had shot itself out and was lying quiet when some one older than the rest ventured and picked it up. The whole crowd wanted to examine it, they could not make out how a single-barrel gun could fire thirty or forty shots with no one near it. If those parties could have kept a secret it might never have been known, but it spoiled Jake's pigeon shooting for that day. W. H.

RANGE FOR GAME SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If another Dick may join in this good-natured discussion of the proper shooting range for game, I would like to say a few words.

Tiam will probably ask me, as he did Dick of Connecticut, whether I ever shot a moose; let me anticipate the question by replying that I never shot a moose; I never saw a wild moose. I make no claim of having done so, and my notion is that in his catechism of Dick of Connecticut on this personal point Tiam has imported into the discussion matter which is irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial.

The question at issue is whether shooting at long ranges, where the result was almost sure to be a maimed or cruelly wounded animal, and the loss thereby of much valuable food, was sportsmanlike or justifiable. D. of C.'s skill as a shot or mine, or whether I have killed a moose or not, is of no importance in this connection. Still, to pacify Tiam's curiosity, I will say that I have shed much gore, and instead of being the beginner which he more than hints I am, and which I heartily wish I were, I have passed the stage of inexperience by many years.

But I would ask to call his attention to the fact that there are certain general principles of sportsmanship which are recognized as good regardless of the kind of game shot. It is not necessary to murder a man before one knows that murder is wrong, nor is it necessary to slaughter a moose to learn what constitutes humane principles and public rights. Moreover, there are certain standards set up by public opinion and common usage which are something of a guide, and are considered as paramount to the aggressive selfishness of the individual who endeavors to get more than his share, or who wantonly wastes and destroys.

Tiam pleads that in firing at the fleeing moose 200yds. away in bushes, he was firing with a reasonable certainty, as he had diligently practiced that kind of shooting; yet the fact is only the better demonstrated that the range was uncertain, since with all his skill the moose was wounded and lost. Mortally wounded, the noble animal struggled into the forest and perished, and why? Because Tiam had a desire to kill something. In this connection he says: "Again, is the aim of the sportsman in this part of the country to shoot game for food? In this part of the country it is the lumbermen and market-hunters who shoot their game for food purposes. Whenever Nova Scotia sportsmen go hunting they take sufficient food from home," etc.

Tiam clearly implies that the sportsman sallies forth to kill moose for the mere gratification of killing. That is not sportsmanship; it is slaughter. If it is sportsmanship, then the tiger and wolf have true sporting instincts.

Tiam recounts that men have spent season after season and year after year trying for moose, and then he asks, "Must they for the sake of being humane and sportsmanlike refrain from shooting unless they are absolutely sure of their shot?" Here Tiam works in a bit of fallacy. There is no such thing as absolute sureness, but there is a wide difference between a reasonable certainty and a wild chance which may result many more times in wounding and loss than in success. A sportsman is a sportsman or he is not. There are certain limits and boundaries to all extremes, and it is not necessary to drag extremes in to prove a simple question.

I think that Tiam makes the grave error of setting up the individual likes and dislikes, etc., of the man as the true doctrine. If a man were to seek for moose year after year for a hundred years, if he is a sportsman he should not violate the precepts of sportsmanship whether he saw one moose in that time or a million.

There are some important considerations in this matter which Tiam has not considered at all. All animals, *feræ naturæ*, are the property of the people. While each individual has the privilege of taking these animals, there is a prevailing, unwritten, universal law which rules that he should not take more than his share. The odium cast on the market-hunter and pot-hunter is not that they kill the birds for market or for the pot, but that they take more than they are individually entitled to, and take what belongs to others; for the wild game is the property of the people and not of the individual.

So universally has this unwritten law been accepted that it has been made more specific by statutory acts; thus in many States a shooter is restricted to a certain number of chickens or grouse in a day, or a certain number of elk, moose, deer, etc., in a season, or fish of not less than certain lengths, etc., and some States prohibit killing entirely, all of which goes to show the property interest of the game is in the people. No man has a right to wantonly kill game. He must have an ulterior purpose to use the game usefully for food. The pot-hunter takes his game regardless of manner. He will kill a bevy on the ground at one shot. He will murder a deer with a club when the snow aids his purpose. The true sportsman should have the pot in mind, but the manner is what makes the sportsman. He shoots his birds on the wing; he shoots his moose under proper conditions; he regards the property rights of others in the wild animals and does not wantonly shoot animals to rot. To shoot a moose for the sake of a head only may or may not be sportsmanlike. After all, it is largely a matter of convention.

Tiam, with great candor, says he did not confess, he stated facts. A true confession is made up of facts. It might be a fact that he shot and wounded a moose out of fair range, and at the same time it might be a confession of unsportsmanlike conduct. ANOTHER DICK.

MORE TESTIMONY ABOUT THOSE ALASKA DUCK EGGS.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Sept. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am a regular reader of your publication. I do not think that age, profession or condition should deprive any American of an interest in the fish of the American seas, lakes, river or brooks, or the game of the American forests. I lack but a year and a half of being ninety years old, having been born March 1, 1807, and I can read with or without glasses. I am at my office and desk (after riding three miles) soon after 9 o'clock, and remain there until 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon. I still write my own daily journal and do most of my correspondence, and I receive a very large bundle of daily and weekly papers, though many of these I do not have time to read. But the FOREST AND STREAM never remains unread, even if I have to sit up nights to read it, which I frequently do.

My object in writing this communication is to tell you of my late trip to the great Alaska country, and also to say a few words upon the great birds' egg trade, upon which there is so much written in the FOREST AND STREAM. I was accompanied on my trip by Messrs. George Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith and Ovando Beebe, and with our families we made a party of sixteen. We sailed on the Willapah with Captain Roberts, who was exceedingly kind and accommodating to us. We were fourteen days on board, and we visited all the glaciers and settlements which are generally visited upon these voyages, including also a visit to the greatest stamp mill in the West for crushing gold ore, running 240 stamps at the same time, using a low grade ore. The ore is blasted out of a mountain or ledge of earth near the mill, with giant powder, the explosions occurring every few moments. A person might as well try to talk in the midst of 240 claps of thunder as to talk by the side of that stamp mill, the noise being so very great.

The glaciers were very interesting, the towers of ice rising perpendicularly out of the water some 200ft., and being 800ft. under the water. Great blocks weighing hundreds of tons fall from these glaciers every few moments, making a noise like thunder. These blocks form the icebergs found in the Atlantic Ocean. We visited the various settlements and conversed with the white men who were acquainted with the business of the country, and the country itself as far north as the great Yukon River, the third largest river in the world, which abounds with a variety of fish, fur and fowl. The borders of the river contain the great breeding fields of a large variety of waterfowl. In all our inquiry concerning the variety of freight shipped from here, we found it to consist mostly of fish, fur and lumber, and we did not hear of any instance where eggs of fowl were sent abroad as freight. We did not get a particle of evidence concerning this.

We gathered some items of interest concerning the fur trade. The fur seal, a great variety of foxes, and the bears are very valuable, but the sea otter are the most valuable of any furs taken in Alaska. These are also the most difficult to obtain. The sea otter is twice or three times as large as the land otter, and the fur merchants have to pay the natives there from $100 to $400 each for these furs. These men said that one skin was sold in Russia for $1,000. There is quite a variety of bears in Alaska. One man who professed to be acquainted with the customs of the bears in that country said that where there were any fresh-water streams running from the hills into the sea, that were not too steep for the salmon to go up, the fish would fill the stream full in a short time, and then the bears would go to the stream and throw the salmon out with their paws on to the dry land, then drag them away from the water and sit down and eat them. The bears live in this manner until they get fat; and they are easy to kill while engaged in eating the fish.

The Alaska waters abound with salmon, trout, tomcod and other fish. They are very cheap. We saw fishermen sell fresh salmon, weighing from 10 to 20lbs., to the purchasers on the steamers for from five to eight cents each. W. WOODRUFF.

Even a Girl can Kill a Trapped Bear.

THE Elizabethtown (N. Y.) *Post* prints the story from a Brainard's Forge, Adirondacks, correspondent: "Sunday night I told my wife I wanted to get up at 2 o'clock, Monday morning, to go up toward Jay to take an old horse that I was going to kill for bear bait. My girl wanted to know if I was going to any bear traps; she said if I was, she was going with me. I told her it was a long ways and over a rough road, and that she had better wait until I thought I would have a bear.

"I was up at half-past 2 in the morning, got my horses, ate breakfast, found the girl up and bound to go. We started off at 4 o'clock in the morning; and went to Spruce Mill Brook about 7 or 8 o'clock. I left her with the horses and went off toward Jay to find a place to put my bear bait. I couldn't find a good place to put the bear bait, came back and found girl and horses all right, then we started off south, but a short distance from where I had two bear traps set. I went on above from the place where I had two bear traps and told the girl to stay there until I came back. It was bad traveling and I was gone longer than I expected to be, as I wanted to find a place to kill the horse. I left my gun with her, and told her if a bear came along to kill him. I did not suppose there was a bear within five miles of us. I traveled around, but did not get more than forty rods away from her when I heard a gun go off. I had a white dog with me; he started toward the place where I heard the gun; then I heard him yelp, and the girl yelled, "The bear is killing the dog." I went "hell-a-to-larup" through the brush, then I heard another report from a gun. When I got to where she was, she was sitting on a log and close by lay a bear deader than a nit. She said she was looking for some gum, when she heard a noise, which she thought sounded like a chain rattling, she turned and walked along and there she saw a bear trying to bite the jaws off the trap. The bear had gotten into my trap the night before. I didn't think there would be anything in the trap, as I was there a few days before.

"My oldest daughter went with me to a trap last fall and I found a bear in the trap. She saw the bear first and wanted to kill it; but the foot was nearly off, so I shot it myself. The girl shot this bear through the shoulders the first time; she said he dropped down, but got up pretty quick; the next time she shot him through the ear, after that, she said, he did not move a muscle. The next time I want a bear I am going to take my wife along with me and see if she can kill one. ELIJAH SIMONDS."

Cutting off a Partridge's Head with a Bullet

Editor Forest and Stream:

Dick of Connecticut seems to think that cutting the head of a partridge with a rifle bullet is one of the things talked about and not done. If Dick had been much in the backwoods of Maine or the Provinces, he would hardly ask such a question. About all the partridges killed by the Maine guides when back in the woods are shot with a rifle, and cutting off the head or neck is the usual way. I never saw a guide do it, for this reason, that I never saw a guide shoot anything. A good deal of my hunting for deer and caribou has been done without a guide, and when I did employ one he never carried a shotgun or rifle. If there was to be any shooting I would do it.

I have seen a good many partridges which were evidently killed in the above manner. Their heads were gone or hanging by a piece of skin, and as there was no other mark on them of either bullet or shot it was pretty safe to say their heads had been cut off with a bullet. As for seeing it done I have done it myself a good many times. I am quite sure I have killed over fifty in such a manner. On one of my last trips after caribou to Township No. 7 in Aroostook, I had several days when it was of no use to try still-hunting on account of noisy crusty snow. I would cruise up and down the old Aroostook road looking for partridges. I shot twelve, shooting fifteen shots to get them, and every one had its head or neck cut off with a bullet. I found four in a birch and shot the heads off three in as many shots. As my rifle was a .45-90 loaded with 100grs. powder there was no use shooting at a partridge's body if I wished to save it. Of course the partridges I found in the backwoods were very tame and I could usually get within 7 to 15yds. of them, and certainly it is not very difficult to hit one in the head or neck with a bullet at that distance when the bird is sitting still. C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

Michigan Prairie Chickens and Pigeons.

LANSING, Mich., Sept. 14.—Jay Skinner, J. E. Nichols, Launt Thompson and Howard Sweet shot nine prairie chickens on Monday south of Pine Lake. The chicken is quite a rare bird for this section.

C. J. Davis secured an albino meadow lark one day last week, and he has mounted it for his collection.

Wild pigeons are in small flocks near Pine Lake. Twenty were shot there last Sunday.

Several parties are being organized here to go North after deer in November. The $25 license required of non-residents will be a great help toward protecting deer. JULIAN.

Adirondack Deer.

NORTH HUDSON, N. Y., Sept. 10.—L. A. Chafey, proprietor of Pine Ridge Cottage here, killed a very nice deer, the first one of the season. The party killed two deer and one bear the same day. E. E. W.

Central New York.

ITHACA, N. Y., Sept. 15.—The advance of the shooting season has disclosed the fact that ruffed grouse are unusually plentiful. Recently the writer got up thirty birds in a two hours' walk within three miles of the city. The birds, however, are small yet, scarcely two-thirds grown. To make such scores as George P. Finnigan is credited with in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM is a comparatively easy matter when contrasted with the work of making them when the birds get full grown, provided the grouse in Chenango county are no nearer maturity than they are in Tompkins, Cortland, Tioga and Seneca counties. The opening of the grouse season should be hereafter deferred several weeks, say to Sept. 15.

Woodcock are not reported as being more than moderately numerous. A more definite report can be made concerning Madam Longbill later on.

Gray and black squirrels are plenty in some sections. Rabbits are scarce compared to what they would have been had the law-breaker with his toothpick snouted rodent in his inside pocket been effectually suppressed. Unless this particular form of game law violation is clearly beheaded bunny's days are numbered so far as this section is concerned. We shall watch the efforts of the newly-appointed protectors in reference to this matter with vigilant interest. M. CHILL.

Long Island Shore Birds.

LINDENHURST, L. I., Sept. 11.—Yellow-leg snipe and plover shooting is very good now, better than has been in years. C. ROBINSON.

Sea and River Fishing.

TROUT IN THE BLACK HILLS.

OMAHA, Neb., Sept. 9.—When the Black Hills of South Dakota are mentioned the only association they have in the minds of most people is in connection with the mining interests; and to the great majority of Easterners even that idea is somewhat vague. To many they are but a spot on the map—an offshoot of the Rocky Mountain system—and to be told that the "Hills," taking a section 100 miles square, are probably the richest mineral-producing section in the world is apt to cause a smile of incredulity, and yet it is a fact. Deadwood, Custer, Crook City and other old-time camps—if they were ever heard of at all—are considered as typical frontier mining camps, in which the lawless border ruffian reigns supreme, where the traditional "man for breakfast" is an almost daily occurrence, and the six-shooter the only law in the land. Such was once the case and in the minds of many people it is still so, and yet Deadwood, the metropolis of the Hills, and all the other towns as well, are as orderly and law-abiding as any New England city, if not more so. The people are full of "get up and git," with a refreshing Western flavor. The old reckless element has long since disappeared to be seen no more, and has given place to the most whole-souled, hospitable lot of men and women to be met with under the sun, full of hustle and business, but never too busy to show an amount of courtesy to visiting strangers seldom met with elsewhere.

Apart from the mining interests, the Black Hills offer an attraction in the way of scenery that, were it more generally known, would fill the Hills with summer tourists, who now take their outings in other directions. The Wind Cave near Hot Springs is alone well worth a long journey. It has been explored for a distance of ninety-eight miles, and they haven't found the end yet, and every foot of it contains something of beauty and interest. Then all through the northern Hills are cañons that rival anything in Colorado. Chief is Spearfish Cañon, through which a railroad has recently been built.

Thither not long ago a jolly party of friends wended their way on pleasure bent. There was the Professor, who whistled an air from "Trovatore" on the summit of Terry's Peak, and subscribed his name to a string of poetry in the register on White Rocks; the Contralto, who graciously gave a free concert with the Grand Cañon as an auditorium; the lieutenant's wife, the Artiste; the Fat Man, who couldn't climb the peak, and the Scribe.

All over the Hills they journeyed together, climbing mountains and exploring cañons, riding on ore trains and groping their way through mines. From Deadwood to Spearfish they traveled in the way car of a freight and ore train, every curve of the serpentine route bringing fresh marvels of scenery to delighted eyes. Up and up the train crept until reaching the summit of the pass it plunged down again over the steepest grade in the United States into Spearfish Cañon. Through the cañon and beside the track dashes one of the most beautiful mountain streams in the country, clear and sparkling and cold as ice, with a melodious voice that said trout in every ripple and cascade. Strange to say, however, neither Spearfish Creek nor any other Black Hills stream contained trout until recently, when quite a number were planted from the United States fish car. Some day it will be a model trout stream, but just at present the supply is somewhat small both in number and size.

From Deadwood friends we had learned of this planting and thither we traveled loaded down with rods, tackle and a large determination to catch them all. We reached Spearfish village in time for a late supper, having the pleasure of witnessing the sunset effects on the rugged walls of the cañon. In the hotel office we found several trout swimming in the fountain and our hearts rejoiced, for well we argued that if a country landlord could catch a few, we of course, being experts, would surely catch a great many—we forgot the story about the bare-legged country boy and the willow pole. Comforted with this pleasing delusion we early sought our couches.

At 4:30 A. M. came the stentorian voice of mine host, who informed us that if we expected to keep our engagement with our speckled friends, it was time we were moving. Old Morpheus seemed to have a firm hold on several of the party and only the Contralto, the Fat Man and the Scribe answered at roll call. Our superior officer, the lieutenant's wife, flatly refused to get up; and the Professor in classic language requested us to go chase ourselves. Sadly reduced in numbers, but not in enthusiasm, we sallied forth. We tackled that stream at the nearest point and whipped it, thrashed it and pounded it with our flies for 3 or 4 miles, and that's all the good it did us. The Contralto broke the tip of her rod, the Fat Man left his leader and flies on a tree (he is a fish commissioner, too), and the Scribe fell into the creek and got the crease all taken out of his trousers. But what cared we? We came out for sport and we were having lots of it, fresh and invigorating ozone in large chunks, scenery of the most beautiful kind *ad lib.*, a glorious sunrise that kindled the rocky walls of the cañon with resplendancy of color, and last, and I sadly add least, fish. Along about 9 o'clock we all walked into town, the Contralto staggering under the weight of our combined catch, one poor pitiful 6in. trout, a victim of man's, or rather woman's, wiles.

Many residents of the town have spring-fed ponds in their door yards that are full of trout, and I very much fear that some of Uncle Sam's hand-raised beauties got into the wrong pew by mistake. There were not many in the creek, or we would have caught them of course. This being a truthful fish story I give the facts.

Back through the hills again we wandered, everywhere meeting with courtesies that came as unexpectedly as they were pleasant. Stopping at many points of interest we finally reached Hot Springs again, where our party disbanded, to go by different routes to our widely separated homes, all to meet again, I trust, some day, and renew acquaintances so pleasantly formed.

W. R. HALL.

BLACK BASS IN MAINE.

I HAVE recently visited Waterford, Me., forty-five miles from Portland, reached by the Grand Trunk Railway to Norway, then stage ten miles to Waterford, or by Portland & Ogdensburg R. R. to Bridgton and stage nine miles, or to Sebago Lake and steamer to Harrison and stage five miles to Waterford. It is one of the neatest and pleasantest of Maine's attractive villages, the home of the late Artemus Ward. Its attractions to the summer vacationist are well proven by many from Brooklyn, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Portland, etc., who have been there for many years in succession, drawn by its beautiful location and the many opportunities for sport.

Keoka Lake, near the village, containing 484 acres, affords fine black bass, pickerel and perch fishing, and bids fair to add fine landlocked salmon, having had 10,000 fry planted four years ago. One was caught this season of 2¾lbs.; and 10,000 or more will be added this fall. There are also white perch. The catch of black bass the past summer has been all that one could wish, many of 3 and a few of 4lbs. Rev. Dr. Gibbins, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Gordon, of Brooklyn, are high liners.

Bear Pond, one mile south, near South Waterford village, and of about 280 acres, affords the same fish, but the landlocked salmon are natives, and larger and more plentiful, the pond being connected with Long Lake, Bridgton and so on to Sebago Lake.

There are Long Pond (325 acres), Moose Pond (200 acres), and Pappoose Pond (200 acres), with good fishing for pickerel, perch and catfish, and many brooks that afford fair brook trout early in the spring.

For those who want recreation, good fishing and all that makes a pleasant hour in the country, there is no more attractive place. A first-class hotel is under charge of Mr. Dudley and wife (accommodating forty or more, was obliged to turn away many this season), and a dozen boarding houses, were all full.

As to game, in season there are many partridges, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits, etc., and some deer. Three were seen feeding in a cornfield on Sept. 4. Last November a big moose was seen within a mile of the village; it swam across the lake and took to the woods.

The drives, walks and boating facilities are not surpassed.

Mr. Dudley has entered into the fish question with a vim, and is a protectionist from the word go. He realizes that fish do draw. While fishing through the ice for pickerel last winter he caught a trout (*fontinalis*), estimated weight 4 or 5lbs., and returned him to the lake saying: "I will practice what I advocate." How many would have done it? He says and realizes that the more fish they can get in the lakes the more boarders he and others will get. Fifteen years ago, when there was nothing but pickerel and perch to catch, a boat was a hard thing to find; to-day there are twenty fine Rangeley and St. Lawrence boats there. The introduction of black bass has been the main cause of it.

There are many fine bass lakes from near by, reached from Norway, Bridgton and Sweden, all adjoining towns, and within pleasant driving distances. For the reasonable, quiet and true angler there isn't a pleasanter place in the world to go to, easily reached. P.

SOME MORE SHAKING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Why does a dog shake his head when he finds he has a bee in his mouth instead of a fly? This is not a very hard thing to answer, for every one will say he tries to shake the bee out of his mouth.

For the same reason we say that a bass shakes his head when he finds he is brought up with a hook. He shakes to get the thing loose. As evidence of this I would state that several weeks ago I was fishing on the long pier at Grand Haven, Mich.; this pier by the way is the same one where Brother Starbuck fell into the lake and then continued his fishing in nature's garb and an umbrella for his outfit while his clothes were drying. As I was saying, I was fishing in the clear waters of the big lake when I hooked a small sized large-mouth bass. At the depth of 4 or 5ft. every movement could be distinctly seen. The fish would run one way until he felt the pressure of the line, when he would shake himself exactly as a dog shakes his head to get the bee out of his mouth. The bass would then turn, run in the other direction until he felt pressure of the line, when he would repeat the performance in his efforts to escape. By pulling him with the rod he made a run for the surface, came above the water and shook himself the same as he did while in the water. And his mouth was open too, just like the dog's. It was a clear case of intelligence, and every action the fish made was for the purpose of getting the hook out of his mouth. The fish showed just as much intelligence as Dr. Ellzey would in trying to scratch his back when he had a tremendous flea bite; if he could not reach it with his hand he would back up against a post.

By the way, I have my doubts about the existence of such a person as Dr. Ellzey. His communications are too much like those manufactured in newspaper offices for the purpose of starting controversies. I have done something in that line myself.

In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM I noticed some references to the shape of a white bass, one correspondent saying it resembled that of a black bass, while another contradicted the statement. Both are correct. The white bass of Lake Michigan are as near the shape and size of the small-mouth black bass as can be, and if they were of the same color no one could tell the difference. The so-called white bass of the rivers or the striped bass are fish of another kind, differing in form and coloring to the bass of the big lakes. In arguing it is always well to be sure of one's premises.

Some time ago I had the pleasure of writing to FOREST AND STREAM about a proposed spear which a St. Louis genius was inventing, which would cover a space of about 30in. in diameter. The invention is not yet completed. There always seems to be some little point which prevents success. Just as soon as the thing is done I intend to send one to Von W. and one to El Comancho. These two correspondents seem to appreciate the new invention.

One thing more and I will close. In common, no doubt, with many other readers, I would like to know whether Mr. Hough bought that aluminum frying pan or whether it was presented to him by some enterprising manufacturer. ABERDEEN.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

SOME WISCONSIN RESORTS.

TROUT LAKE, Oneida County, Wis., Aug. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If you will take the Forestry Bulletin, published by the United States Government, in which is shown the timbered section of the different States of the Union, you will find in the one showing the forests of Wisconsin that the northern portion of the State—that is to say, about two-sevenths of the northern portion of the State—is covered with a dense growth of pine. A large section of this portion of the State is still in its virgin condition. The hand of man has not yet invaded this section of natural forest. Here, nestled among the hills, is this beautiful lake on which I find myself on this summer's day. In the city the temperature is away up in the 90s, whereas here we revel in wraps and overcoats along in the evening, and during the middle of the day a suit of heavy underwear and flannel shirt is just about comfortable clothing. This lake is nestled among the hills of northern Wisconsin. From it may be reached a large number of lakes, all of which contain nature's store of food and game fishes. This lake is fourteen miles from the railroad and "all the way through the woods." The genial landlord of this frontier home is Mr. John B. Mann, a great big, jolly fellow, and was well calculated to do what he did—along in April, 1888, at which time he cut a road through the timber from Monocqua to this pine home, and showed his wisdom in selecting a place on which to build the present structure, which he has named Manitowish House. It is located on a bluff some 35ft. above the level of the lake, on a peninsula which juts out into this body of water.

From this place, as an outfitting point, anglers and sportsmen are enabled to reach a number of lakes where they may pursue their sport to their hearts' content. This is a veritable home for the "lordly mascalonge" (the unspotted variety), that abound so in the waters of northern Wisconsin. In their season bass, pike, perch, salmon-trout and the "speckled beauties" may also be secured in places that are reached by trail and boat from this point. On the shores of many of these lakes are established camps which have been erected by Mr. Mann for the accommodation of his guests. John is only too willing and too ready to at any and all times fit out parties of campers, provide a boat and make it comfortable for either a long or a short trip. After the fish, fur and feathered game are in their season, guides may be obtained here, and every one of them are experienced woodsmen and thoroughly well acquainted with the country. Some of them have lived in this immediate vicinity from seven to seventeen years, and are all trustworthy, accommodating, pleasant, and only too willing, many of them, to do extraordinary favors for those with whom they go out. And talk about cooking. Well, some of them can just "beat the Dutch."

The fame of this locality has spread apparently more in the Southern portion of the country, as the register of the hotel gives evidence. People from St. Louis, Chicago, New Albany and Minneapolis are more frequently there than from other sections of the State. I find on looking over the record of the "catch," which, by the way, John endeavors to keep a record of like all other landlords, he gets the big ones and lets the little fellows go. I find the records read something like this: "In 1889, May 10, a party consisting of J. Frank Lawrence, E. M. Ehrlich, O. W. Nixon, H. H. Kohlstaat, W. A. Taylor, J. H. Ballard and N. J. Irvin, all of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, came up here and their first catch consisted of 53 salmon-trout and 37 bass." The record fails to give the weight of these fish, but John says they were big fellows, all of them. It is a fair inference that they were, because at that season of the year most of the fish taken *are* large. But in 1892, May 9 to 13, a party of gentlemen from Minneapolis, Minnesota, were there and they *did* make a record. They took 167 of these salmon-trout, averaging 3lbs. The largest was 15lbs. and was taken by Mr. George B. Eustis, and the largest wall-eyed pike 13½lbs., taken by Mr. W. L. Bigelow. On the 25th of May, 1894, a party of three gentlemen from Chicago in a day and a half's fishing caught 53 mascalonge in the Manitowish River, which is the outlet of Trout Lake. These fish ran from 6 to 24lbs. each. Mr. Mann has a specimen of mascalonge in his office over his desk which is a beauty. Its weight is 26lbs. I know of no place so accessible to the wearied citizen of Chicago and other large cities in the West where they can go and find such excellent accommodation and such excellent fishing and hunting as in these northern fastnesses of Wisconsin. The waters are cold, clear and deep, and they are filled with game fish above alluded to.

One great drawback to going into the wooded wilderness is the lack of boats or canoes, but that matter is carefully looked after and accommodations in that respect are always obtainable from this place. The proper time to get the best and largest fish is about in October, at which time the disciples of Nimrod Walton can obtain all the sport in the way of shooting and fishing that the most ardent and enthusiastic hunter and angler could desire.

W. P. ANDRUS.

September Fishing in Maine.

BOSTON, Sept. 14.—It is a curious fact that September angling for trout in Maine is slowly growing popular. Only a few years ago the veteran anglers made two trips annually to the Rangeleys and to the Moosehead waters. Now very few anglers seem to care for fishing in September in that State. Indeed the drift has been homeward of late, though the papers and correspondents devoted to booming the angling resorts have lately made a desperate effort to keep up the supply of trout stories. I have lately taken pains to make inquiries of a number of Boston anglers who formerly made fall trips to the Maine trout waters, and I have not found a case where a fall trip is to be made with trout fishing in view. In several instances I have been answered: "Oh, I don't care for fall fishing. The trout are full of spawn, and not good for anything. I like to fish in the spring as well as any one, but fall fishing has cloyed with me." A verdict of this kind is the rule this season. It is true that some of the camp owners at the Rangeleys and at other points will remain through September, but it is more with shooting in view than for trout fishing. The salmon anglers are all at home, and the season has been a delightful one. SPECIAL.

Coming out of camp on Kennebago, it was a delight to meet Mr. Dutton, of Houghton, Dutton & Co., Boston. Mr. Dutton is an enthusiastic sportsman and has a beautiful camp on Cupsuptic, one of the Rangeleys. Leaving his camp the evening before at 5 o'clock he fished for less than an hour and caught thirty-one trout, which his guide weighed, and the entire catch weighed over 50lbs. There were four doubles. J. T. B.

Game and Fish Protection.

Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept 14.—A well-attended meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held on Tuesday evening, Sept. 10, at the rooms, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia. Resolutions of regret were presented and adopted on the death of Col. Marshall McDonald, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries.

The Legislative Committee submitted a lengthy report and announced the following bills as having been approved by the Governor of the State:

"Bill No. 218, Section I.—That no person shall, at any time, place in any waters of Pennsylvania any torpedo, giant powder, nitro-glycerine, dynamite, lime, electricity or any other poisonous or explosive substance for the purpose of catching or taking fish.

"Section II.—Any person or persons offending against any of the provisions of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof shall be fined $50 for each offense, and undergo an imprisonment of not less than thirty days, or more than one year.

"Bill No. 201, Section I.—That from and after the passage of this act it shall be lawful to use in the waters of this Commonwealth, other than trout streams, eel-pots made of wicker work or netting, the said eel-pots to be of a length not exceeding 5ft., with an entrance to the same not exceeding 2½in."

The Act of Assembly approved May 22, 1889, was so amended that penalties are made mandatory, and prohibits the taking of b lack bass under 9in. in length in the Delaware River.

The Act of May 23, 1887, making a close season for German carp, was repealed.

A resolution indorsing the action of the officials of the New Jersey Fish Commission in seizing the Menhaden fishing steamer Rawson for violating the fishing laws, was adopted and a copy forwarded to Commissioner Howard P. Frothingham.

Numerous communications were read requesting information regarding the use of eel-pots, this act being in some instances misinterpreted as restoring eel-weirs and fish-baskets. The Association authorized the printing of a considerable quantity of circulars and posters containing new laws and those amended, for distribution throughout the State.

The following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted:

"*Whereas*, The death of the Hon. Marshall McDonald has made vacant the office of United States Commissioner of Fisheries, and

"*Whereas*, We are informed that the name of the Hon. Henry C. Ford, of Philadelphia, is about to be presented to the President of the United States for appointment to fill such vacancy,

"*Resolved*, That we unqualifiedly indorse the application of Mr. Ford for appointment to such position for the following reasons, to wit: His service for nearly ten years as a member and president of Pennsylvania Fish Commission; the great success of his administration in that position, his executive ability and his thorough knowledge of fishculture have attested to his efficiency, and render him eminently qualified to fill the office made vacant by the death of Hon. Marshall McDonald. M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

(Attest) "H. O. WILBUR, Pres."

M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

The Kennel.

The Beagle Trials.

LINDEN, Mass., Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Entry blanks for the third annual trials of the New England Beagle Club are now ready, and will be mailed to all beagle owners, but should any be overlooked please drop me a line and I will forward blanks at once. The trials this year will be more interesting than ever before, and without doubt better dogs will be seen, and from present appearances competition will be very keen in the various classes. A long list of special prizes have been donated and will be announced later on. The judges are men of long experience, and have been indorsed by the leading beagle breeders of the country. The trials will be held as last year, at Oxford, Mass., and the club headquarters will be at Bacon's Hotel, where the low price of $1.25 per day is made to all attending the trials. Landord Bacon, as all well know who have attended former trials, does everything possible to please all, and the best of food is served, and plenty of it. The grounds are about fifteen minutes' ride from the hotel, and good comfortable quarters are provided for the dogs within easy walking distance of the hotel.

The trials begin Tuesday morning, Nov. 5, and continue every day after till finished. Any information in regard to reaching grounds or anything regarding the trials will be cheerfully given. Entries close Oct. 1.

W. S. CLARK, Sec'y-Treas.

MANITOBA FIELD TRIAL CLUB'S TRIALS

GOOD weather favored the running from start to finish. The competition was excellent as a whole. Birds were not plentiful, but still they were not so scarce as to injure the work.

Mr. W. S. Bell, of Pittsburg, judged the stakes, excepting the amateur, and decided skillfully and well. Mrs. Bell did the driving for Mr. Bell, so that he could devote all his attention to his duties. There was no more skillful driver on the grounds.

The list of visitors was unusually large. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Ewing, New Islip, N. Y.; R. Merrill, Milwaukee; C. P. Mingst, Wm. M. Holm and C. Harb; J. H. Woodward and wife, Miss Woodward and A. H. Woodward, G. Morrow and wife, Birmingham, Ala.; C. C. Chipman, Thos. Johnson, G. B. Borradaile, C. A. Boxer, T. C. Peters, C. W. Graham, D. M. Telford, Winnipeg; E. E Ellis, Tacoma, Wash.; W. E. Warner, New York; Mr. Murray, Supt. Branch C. P. R. R., and many others.

The decisions were well received, as they deserved to be.

There were some misunderstandings concerning the entries of Mr. Titus and Mr. Wells, but they were all settled at a club meeting and their entries were accepted.

The Amateur Stake.

The opening of the competition began on Monday, Sept. 9, with this stake. There was quite a commendable interest manifested in it. The competition was diligently followed by a fair field of spectators.

Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Winnipeg, judged it. The quality of the work was barely average, with the exception of a few good performances.

There were six entries, all setters, run as follows:

C. W. Graham's b. w. and t. dog Gladiator II. (Gladstone's Boy—Queen Novice), owner handler, with Chimo Kennels' chestnut and w. dog Larry Noble (Ezra Noble—Cornelia G.), G. B. Borradaile, handler.

Chimo Kennels' b. w. and t. dog Ortolon (Orlando—Atalanta), G. B. Borradaile, handler, with J. Wootton's b. and w. bitch Bonnie Lit (Orlando—Lady Lit), owner handler.

Chimo Kennels' b. w. and t. bitch Dodo III. (Orlando—St. Atalanta), G. B. Borradaile, handler, with N. F. Ellis's b. and w. dog Columbus (Duke of Manitoba—Hickory Link).

Second Round.

Larry Noble with Gladiator II.
Ortolon with Bonnie Lit.
Dodo III. with Columbus.

Third Round.

Larry Noble with Bonnie Lit.
Dodo III. with Bonnie Lit.
Columbus with Larry Noble.

First, Dodo III.; second, Bonnie Lit; third, Columbus; fourth, Larry Noble.

Dogs owned by members a month before the club's trials were eligible. The dogs' competition was restricted to members who were amateurs.

The prizes were: To first, silver cup, presented by the club's patron, Mr. C. C. Chipman; second, third and fouth, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. of entrance and running fees.

Dodo III. was easily the best dog in the stake in every detail of the work. Her locating and pointing were specially superior to that of the others and would rate very well with the good work done in the open competition.

As for Bonnie Lit, Columbus and Larry Noble their work was lacking in finish and at best was about ordinary.

This stake undoubtedly will accomplish much good, as it will divert some interest from the strictly professional competition to that of membership and amateur competition. An amateur cup, however, would retain more interest if the ownership were contingent on two or three wins instead of one. It would be more eagerly competed for and more valued when won.

MONDAY.

As there were so few entries the start was delayed till afternoon. The weather was cool, a stiff breeze blowing steadily. Birds were not found plentiful and the work on birds was meager in quantity.

First Round.

GLADIATOR II.—LARRY NOBLE.—They were cast off at 3:05. Larry took a long cast, pointed, lost scent probably, for he left the point and moved on and the bird flushed afterward. Up at 3:35. Larry was the wider ranger. Gladiator took long casts betimes, but his range was not uniform.

ORTOLON—BONNIE LIT.—They began at 3:41. On stubble Lit flushed twice and next she pointed a single, more from the preceding flushes than from scent. Ortolon flushed some birds which were scattered about, apparently feeding. The birds were followed and he afterward pointed one; following on, Ortolon flushed twice. Next each at the same time pointed birds and was steady to shot. Lit next roaded and pointed a single and left it. On some scattered birds both worked inaccurately. Considering the opportunities on birds the work was sloppy. Up at 4:10. Lit was the faster and wider ranger and did the better work on birds.

DODO III.—COLUMBUS.—They were cast off at 4:16 and ran about 30 minutes. Columbus flushed some birds. Both ranged fairly well. There was no point work.

Second Round.

As nearly all the running was done in the afternoon, Mr. Johnson decided to make the heats short so that the conditions respecting time of day and temperature would be equalized. It was at that juncture becoming cooler, and the dogs were run in the same order again.

LARRY NOBLE—GLADIATOR II. were cast off at 4:53. The dogs were now going much better, owing to the cooler temperature. Larry took a cast and pointed the birds well; Gladiator backed. Both steady. Up at 5:19. Larry was the wider and faster ranger. Gladiator sometimes followed Larry, thus not ranging independently.

ORTOLON—BONNIE LIT.—They started at 5:25. Lit flushed two birds and pointed the flush. At the same time Ortolon pointed and roaded; nothing found. Lit next made a flush. On stubble she next roaded to a flush on a bird and pointed, and several remaining birds were flushed to the point. Ortolon coming up pointed o backed. Lit was the wider ranger. Her point work was ragged. Up at 5:50.

DODO III.—COLUMBUS were started at 5:53. Dodo pointed to a flush. Next on wheat stubble Columbus made a good point on a single and Dodo backed. Dodo broke shot and chased a short distance. It was not a bad one, and not sufficient to cut down her superiority over many of the others. Columbus flushed and pointed a bird on stubble; the flush or point were so nearly simultaneous that it was difficult to determine it. Dodo took a long cast, pointed, beat to and fro on scent and located and pointed the bevy, doing a good piece of work, the best of the afternoon. At the same time Columbus pointed; nothing found. Columbus flushed a single. Up at 6:25. Dodo seemed to be improving in range and point work as she got further into the competition. She had decidedly the better of the heat.

LARRY NOBLE—BONNIE LIT were started at 6:30. Lit flushed a single; at the same time Larry pointed. Moved on. Up at 6:55. Larry was much the wider and faster, though he did not keep the course so well as could be desired. Lit had narrowed her range a great deal toward the last of the heat.

This ended the day's work.

Third Round.

Four dogs were kept in the third round.

TUESDAY.

A late start was made. The sky was overcast. A stiff, cool wind blew steadily. Gradually the sky cleared and the temperature at noon was comfortably warm. The afternoon was windy and cool, with some rain.

DODO III.—BONNIE LIT.—They were cast off at 8:14. Dodo showed decided superiority from start to finish. While making a cast she caught scent, followed it accurately with nose high in air, and pointed the bevy staunchly and well. Lit running close up, failed to recognize the scent. Down 8 minutes.

COLUMBUS—LARRY NOBLE were started at 8:26. Down 17 minutes. Columbus flushed a bird. About 300yds. away both dogs were seen on a point, and the birds flushed wild. Moved on, Larry pointed and Columbus backed and broke back. Nothing found. Larry flushed a bevy, and both pointed the footscent of it. Both took wide casts, but lacked judgment in beating out their ground. This heat ended the stake.

The Derby.

There were 19 starters in the Derby. Following is the order of running:

T. G. Davey's b. b. setter bitch Brighton Maud (Brighton Tobe—Lady Brighton), R. Storey, handler, with W. F. Ellis's b., w. and t. setter dog Jekyl (Columbus—Manitou), handler, owner.

C. P. Mingst's b. and w. setter dog Rex (Antonio—Columbia), J. Mayfield, handler, with Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' b. and w. pointer dog Nabob (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), C. E. Buckle, handler.

A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's liv. and w. pointer dog Ightfield Mentor (Ightfield Doveridge—Ightfield Musa), W. Brailsford, handler, with N. T. DePauw's liv. and w. pointer bitch Sister Sue (Jingo—Rooney Croxteth), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

Blue Ridge Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Brighton Dick (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), D. E. Rose, handler, with T. G. Davey's b. b. setter dog Brighton Dick (Brighton Tobe—Lady Brighton), R. Storey, handler.

A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's liv. and white pointer dog Bonny Dan of Colehill (Don of Bolcord—Duchess of Bolcord), A. Cameron, handler, with Avent & Thayer's b., w. and t. setter bitch Feu Follett (Count Glandstone IV.—Folly), J. M. Avent, handler.

W. W. Titus's b. w. and t., setter dog Sam T. (Luke Roy—Betty B.), F. Richards, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's lem. and w. setter dog Tory Fashion (Count Gladstone IV.—Fleety Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' o. and w. pointer bitch India (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), C. E. Buckle, handler, with W. B. Wells's b., w. and t. setter dog Selkirk B. (Whyte B.—Dido III.), J. J. Spracklin, handler.

J. Simoneau's b., w. and t. setter bitch Bessie S. (Columbus—Maud à Rose), owner, handler, with W. F. Ellis's b., w. and t. setter dog India (Columbus—Maud à Rose), owner, handler

Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch Gleam's Ruth (Count Gladstone IV.—Gleam's Maid), F. Richards, handler, with John Wootton's b., w. and t. setter dog St. Peter (Duke of Manitoba—Hickory Link), owner, handler.

Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch Gleam's Dart (Count Gladstone IV.—Gleam's Maid), F. Richards, handler.

Second Round.

Sam T. with Sister Sue.
Domino with Tory Fashion.
India with Bessie S.
Gleam's Ruth with Feu Follet.
Gleam's Dart with Brighton Dick.
Nabob with Brighton Maud.

Third Round.

Tory Fashion with Sister Sue.
India with Gleam's Ruth.
Sam T. with Brighton Dick.

First, Sam T.; second, Sister Sue; third, Brighton Dick; fourth, Tory Fashion.

First, $250; second, $75; third, $50; fourth, $25. $5 forfeit; $10 to start. For setters and pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1894.

Sam T. showed a superiority in well sustained range and speed, judgment in beating out his ground, and the class of his work.

Second was very closely contested by Brighton Dick and Sister Sue, the latter the better in style and sharpness of her bird work, while the former was good at finding and very sure at pointing accurately. Either one could have been placed second or third with reason.

Fourth place was won by Tory Fashion, though closely pressed by Gleam's Ruth. The latter was decidedly superior in every respect save her over-eagerness to flush or get near the birds when drawing. Tory required a deal of coaching, pottered on footscent and was awkward in her point work. In beating out her ground she was about ordinary, being erratic in ranging and without systematic effort.

BRIGHTON MAUD—JEKYL were started at 8:49 and ran

24 minutes. Maud was much the better. She took a cast and pointed a bevy, doing a good piece of work. Jekyl, on a breaking, flushed and chased twice. Maud dropped to a point on a bevy and Jekyl stole the point; a single bird flushed; Jekyl then moved on and the rest of the birds flushed. Maud next dropped to a point or flush. She had a fairly good range, judgment and worked industriously. Jekyl showed inexperience.

REX—NABOB were started at 9:16. Nabob flushed a bird; moving on, both in a few yards carelessly flushed the rest of the bevy. Sent on. Rex next dropped to a flush on some birds near the edge of a wheat field. Both showed good speed. Nabob romped and showed puppy traits. Rex ranged fairly well. The point work was poor. Up at 10:04.

IGHTFIELD MENTOR—SISTER SUE were cast off at 10:11. The dogs started off well. Taking opposite casts, Sue nicely pointed a bevy; at the same time Mentor pointed and nothing was found. After ranging a short time Sue again pointed a bevy well; Mentor at the same time caught the scent about 80yds. up wind of the bevy and drew up wind on the back track and pointed; nothing found to the point. Sent on. Soon Mentor pointed and Sue backed; nothing to the point. Sent on. Next Sue pointed and cast about on the scent, working industriously to locate. The wagons coming on flushed the birds about 100yds. from her. Up at 10:39. Mentor recognized false scents and dwelt on them more than he should, and in trailing he was slow and indecisive. Mr. Brailsford at length withdrew him, at the same time explaining that the dog was not well.

DOMINO—BRIGHTON DICK began at 10:40. Domino flushed a bird. Next, Domino found and pointed and Dick backed; the dogs moved on a short distance and each pointed, each having birds; the find was Domino's. Sent on, Domino next pointed, moved on and flushed on stubble. Dick pointed and waded on stubble; no bird. Dick next accurately pointed a single and Domino refused to back and stole the point. After ranging awhile both crossed a hollow and were seen next some distance away on point, Domino in the lead pointing the bevy. One of the spectators who saw the work said that Dick first secured the point and Domino coming in saw Dick pointing and stole the point. Up at 11:22. Dick showed the better work on birds, and was the better in range also. The party then returned to town.

BONNY DAN OF COLEHILL—FEU FOLLET were cast off at 2:36, after lunch. Feu pointed two birds and was steady. Up at 3:31. The heat was a poor one in every respect.

SAM T.—TORY FASHION began their competition at 3:25. The ranging was wide. Each took long casts and covered a deal of ground, at times going too wide; yet neither abandoned work to the gun. Much ground was beaten out before a find was made. Sam pointed a single and Tory backed; this work of both dogs was quite correct. Sent on, Sam again pointed a single, and Tory crossing 50yds. ahead pointed the same bird and it flushed wild. Each took casts in opposite directions. Sam pointed a single. Tory roaded on scent slowly and with indecision, and at length made a poor point on two birds which flushed wild many yards ahead. Next Tory pointed some birds. Tory showed a disposition to potter on scent, and when near birds showed indecision. Though ranging wide, she did not equal Sam in judgment in working the ground. Up at 4:03.

INDIA—SELKIRK BELINDA.—Off at 4:06. Belinda misbehaved so much by lawless work that she was ordered up and out at 4:21. India was led into bad ways several times by bad example, but behaved better when worked later alone. India first had the misfortune to be shadowed by a hawk which came temptingly close and swooped down on her many times. India had an idea that she could jump high enough to catch the hawk, and in the interchanges she was led about three-quarters of a mile away. India made a couple of points before Belinda was ordered up and one chase from bad example. Afterward she did much better and showed excellent capabilities. She pointed a single bird steadily and well, showed good nose and self-confidence, and worked diligently and with judgment, though showing some puppyish traits. Belinda was industrious and kept out well at work and was speedy, but lawless. Up at 4:31.

BESSIE S.—INDIAN ran 34 minutes, beginning at 4:33. Both were puppyish in ways and work, though they made a very creditable showing. Bessie pointed up wind of a single, which her handler flushed. Indian made a point on several birds on stubble, doing thus good work. At the same time Bessie pointed up wind of several birds, which were flushed by her handler after she moved on. Bess pointed footscent and was well backed by Indian. She next pointed some birds, took a short cast to locate better; Indian went in ahead and pointed the birds; Bessie was slightly unsteady to flush. Up at 5:07. They made a good exhibition; their range was fairly good.

GLEAM'S RUTH—ST. PETER began at 5:09. Both pointed up wind of a single which flushed wild. Ruth flushed a single. Ruth was much the wider ranger and showed fair judgment. Peter loafed during most of the heat. Ruth pointed to a flush, held point and a single bird was flushed to it. Next she pointed a single and next a bevy. Her performance was quite good. Up at 5:52.

GLEAM'S DART ran alone, she having the bye. She started at 5:57. She made two flushes, one down wind, after which she found and flushed four birds. Next, down wind she roaded to a flush. She ranged nicely and her speed was fast and well sustained. Up at 6:29.

Second Round.

SAM T.—SISTER SUE began the second round at 6:30. Sue going down wind flushed some birds in stubble. She pointed a single bird accurately and nicely; Sam backed; good work. Both worked diligently, beating out a lot of ground, and sustained their pace and range well. Sam had the better style. Sue showed excellent capabilities and ran Sam a good race, but the general character of his competition classed higher than Sue's. Up at 6:56 and the day's work ended.

WEDNESDAY.

The weather in the morning was clear and cool, warming toward noon, but still remaining cool enough for good work. The dogs were run till nearly 12 M., when the Derby was finished. Birds were found in sufficient numbers for good work.

DOMINO—TORY FASHION were started at 7:22. Both dogs pointed; nothing was found. Domino struck the trail of a bevy up wind, and roaded down wind to an excusable flush. He was a bit unsteady. Tory pointed a bevy in stubble and was steady to shot. Domino was ranging and going better than in previous heats. Tory's range was without judgment, and she required and received much whistling and assisting when on game or beating out her ground.

INDIA—BESSIE S. were the next brace. After a short wait, Bessie S. being absent when called, the judge decided to run the next brace, after which, she still being absent, she was declared out.

GLEAM'S RUTH—FEU FOLLET were cast off at 8:03. On stubble Ruth flushed a single. Feu pointed a single well. Ruth flushed a single excusably across wind and next flushed one up wind. Next she pointed some birds and was steady to shot; Feu backed. Ruth next pointed two tail birds. Sent on, she soon pointed and a single flushed wild; she held her point and Richards flushed the rest of the bevy; good work. Next Ruth roaded to a point on a single; next she flushed twice. She showed excellent capabilities, but marred her work by flushing sometimes willfully, sometimes carelessly. Feu's work was ordinary. Up at 8:32.

INDIA was called to run alone at 8:37, Bessie S. being absent. India worked diligently, but showed puppyish ways. She flushed a bird and Buckle dropped her, then went ahead and flushed two birds. Up at 9:13.

GLEAM'S DART—BRIGHTON DICK commenced at 9:19. Dick beat out his ground with judgment. He dropped to a point on a bevy and had it accurately. Dart flushed a a single. Dick pointed a bevy in grass; at the same time Dart crossed closer to it without recognizing the scent. Dart had a cut on her arm near the shoulder, caused by a wire, which undoubtedly shortened her speed and range. Up at 9:52. Dick's bird work was clean, his nose good and his judgment excellent, but his style was slouchy.

NABOB—BRIGHTON MAUD were started at 9:54. Nabob made a good point on some birds. Maud was roading about trying to locate. One of the wagons flushed a bevy about 75yds. from her. Nabob made a sloppy point on a marked single. Next Nabob pointed; Maud backed; nothing found. Up at 10:27. The heat was a poor one. Range middling.

Third Round.

Six dogs were kept in the third round besides Feu Follet and Nabob, which were held in reserve in case they were needed.

TORY FASHION—SISTER SUE began at 10:36. Tory pointed, moved one and pottered slowly to a single which she pointed indifferently. At the same time Sue took a long cast and pointed a bevy and held the point steadily some time till her handler went up On scattered birds both pointed the same birds. Tory flushed a single. Sue roaded down wind accurately and the birds flushed wild. Next, Sue pointed a bird, at the same time Tory pointed in an irresolute way on a bevy. Next Tory flushed two birds. Sue was the better in every way. Up at 10:58.

INDIA—RUTH began at 11. After flushing a single Ruth pointed one and India backed. Next Ruth made a good find and pointed a small bevy. India next pointed a single bird well. She tired toward the latter part of the heat and had narrowed her range. Ruth was going merrily and industriously.

SAM T.—BRIGHTON DICK began what proved to be the final. Off at 11:24. Sam made a cast and pointed two birds steadily; good work. A bevy, flushed by a hawk, was marked down and the dogs were worked up wind on it. Dick pointed the birds and Sam going across wind flushed one. Dick made two or three points on some tail birds. Sam was the better ranger and had more dash and style, and his point work was sharper. Dick was very accurate and reliable on birds.

This ended the stake. The party then returned to town.

The All-Age Stake.

Quite a number of the dogs which had competed in previous stakes of the past week were again entered to try conclusions. This stake had sixteen starters. They ran in the following order:

W. W. Titus's b., w. and t. setter bitch Minnie T. (Dick Bondhu—Betty B.), F. Richards, handler, with Hobart Ames's Lady Mildred (Antonio—Ruby Girl), D. E. Rose, handler.

Kidwell & Stoddard's b. and w. pointer dog Tick Boy (King of Kent—Bloom), J. B. Stoddard, handler, with A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's lem. and w. setter bitch Roma (Fred W.—Ightfield Rosa), W. Brailsford, handler.

J. Phillips's liv. and w. pointer dog Lonsdale (Coton—Psyche), A. Cameron, handler, with A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's liv. and w. pointer dog Deemster (Ightfield Dick—Ightfield Perdita), W. Brailsford, handler.

Dr. G. Chisholm's liv. and w. pointer dog Comus (Chip Graphic—Mack's Juno), D. E. Rose, handler, with P. M. Essig's b., w. and t. setter dog Rod's Tip (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler.

John Wootton's b., w. and t. setter bitch Bonnie Lit (Orlando—Lady Lit), owner, handler, with W. F. Ellis's b., w. and t. setter dog Columbus (Duke of Manitoba—Hickory Link), owner, handler.

N. T. DePauw's liv. and w. pointer dog Jingo (Mainspring—Queen II.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with N. T. Harris's b., w. and t. setter bitch Cynosure (Roderigo—Norah II.), J. M. Avent, handler.

Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch Gleam's Ruth (Count Gladstone IV.—Gleam's Maid), F. Richards, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. setter dog Tony Dotlet (Count Gladstone IV.—Tony Della), J. M. Avent, handler.

N. T. Harris's b., w. and t. setter dog Tony Boy (Antonio—Laundress), D. E. Rose, handler, with N. T. Harris's b., w. and t. setter dog Dixie's Flag (Wun Lung—White Wings), J. M. Avent, handler.

Second Round.

Minnie T. with Jingo.
Tick Boy with Lady Mildred.
Tony Boy with Cynosure.

First, Minnie T.; second, Jingo; third, Tick Boy, Tony Boy, Cynosure.

Minnie T. made an almost perfect competition. Her work was maintained as high class from start to finish. She worked entirely on her own judgment, and seemed to have a thorough comprehension of work on chickens and work to the gun. Her point work was accurate, prompt and graceful; her range was wide, her speed high and her work to the gun all that could be desired. There may have been better chicken dogs, but I never saw them. She is a smart bitch in her work, amiable and honest.

Jingo showed great ability, but his work was lacking in the extraordinary finish of the winner. His range was wide, his speed fast, and his pointing and finding were far above the average. He was easily second.

Tick Boy, Tony Boy and Cynosure all did good work and were rightly placed.

This stake was for setters and pointers which had never won first place at any recognized field trials in any previous year. Purse, $250, $125, $75 and $50, first, second and third.

The competition was quite skillfully managed and Mr. Bell is deserving of much praise for his industry and skill in judging this and the other stakes.

First Round.

MINNIE T.—LADY MILDRED began the competition at 2:33. Minnie cast wide and soon pointed a single bird, lost scent and drew about trying to find it again, and the bird flushed wild. Lady pointed two birds and Minnie backed; both steady to shot. Minnie next found and pointed a bevy, and Lady as she came up to back pointed too. A tail bird was pointed by Lady after the bevy was flushed. Up at 3:33. Minnie had a decided superiority in the details and class of the work.

TICK BOY—ROMA began at 3:36. The work on birds was good and bad. Tick pointed a single and Roma, going up to back, caught scent and pointed the same bird. After this it was point or flush as it happened. Tick flushed a bird across wind, and next flushed a single which he should have pointed. Sent on, Roma made a flush excusably, the grass having been mowed where the birds were. Tick next did an excellent piece of short accurate roading on a single bird. Next he flushed one. Roma flushed a single carelessly and Tick pointed a bevy. Sent on. In a short time Tick wheeled to a point on a bevy on stubble, and held his point till his handler, who was quite a distance away, walked up. Sent on he flushed some remaining birds, pointed to the flush and two more birds were flushed to the point. Up at 4:12. Roma's range was close. Tick was much wider in range.

LONSDALE—DEEMSTER.—Off at 4:16; down 30 minutes. Deemster started his work by soon wheeling prettily on a point to a bevy in stubble. Next he made two flushes, after which he made a good point on a single bird. Lonsdale flushed and next pointed some birds. Lonsdale pointed; nothing found. Deemster was just steadying himself to point on a single bird when it flushed wild. Lonsdale flushed a single. Lonsdale's range was the better and his judgment far superior.

COMUS—ROD'S TOP were started at 4:48. Comus had much the better of the heat in every respect. He pointed at the same time the bird flushed, and next he pointed well on two birds. Rod pointed and a single flushed about 80yds. ahead. Sent on, Comus soon pointed a bevy, and Top backed to caution. Comus pointed a bird nicely. Rod roaded up wind to a good point on one. Down 37 minutes.

BONNIE LIT—COLUMBUS were cast off at 5:50. Lit pointed a bevy and Columbus backed. Each flushed some birds on the stubble. Lit flushed a single. Next she pointed and roaded, went by the birds and her handler flushed them as he walked up. Down 33 minutes. The heat was ordinary in range and well done.

JINGO—CYNOSURE were cast off at 6:10. The dogs were taken to better ground, about a half mile away. An extraordinary heat was then begun. The dogs took casts in opposite directions and pointed about the same time, nearly a mile apart. Jingo had an odd bird which he roaded and pointed nicely. Cynosure had two birds to her point. The heat went on and the handlers were wide apart, each dog working in different territory till near the end of the heat. Each dog worked out of bounds and heeded the gun but little. Whistles had little or no effect. Cynosure pointed; nothing found. Jingo pointed a single well. Most of the work was viewed at long range, a half mile, more or less. Jingo roaded an old bird about 300yds. to a point. Cynosure took a cast out of sight, and when next found was near some wagons a half mile or so away from the handlers. Up at 6:47. The heat was most unsatisfactory as an exhibition of work to the gun, though for wide scampering it was excellent. It had the one redeeming feature that when the dogs did point they pointed reliably and stanchly.

THURSDAY.

The morning was cool and clear. A gentle wind prevailed. Birds were found in fair abundance, particularly when certain dogs were running.

GLEAM'S RUTH—TONY DOTLET started at 7:42. Ruth flushed a single. Tony half-pointed up wind of two birds; Ruth at the same time pointed a few yards further up wind; nothing found. Ruth pointed and roaded up wind of the bevy. Sent on, Ruth soon made a good point on a bevy; at the same time Tony made a good point on two birds. Ruth was much the better in every respect. Up at 8:11.

TONY BOY—DIXIE'S FLAG started at 8:22. Tony pointed a bevy; Flag backed; good work. Sent on, Tony flushed a tail bird excusably. Sent on, he flushed an outlying bird, then pointed the bevy. Next he made a flush and a point on singles. Flag took a long cast and pointed a single. Flag refused to back Tony on a point on a breaking, and next Tony made two points and a flush on singles. Tony had the better of the heat in every respect. Up at 9:15.

Second Round.

Six dogs were kept in, undoubtedly the last dogs in the stake.

MINNIE T—JINGO were started at 9:29. They ran a great heat. Jingo pointed, roaded on and the bird flushed wild; at the same time Minnie took a cast across a stubble field and pointed in grass. At the same time Jingo pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. In the meantime, Minnie had moved on to locate better; Nesbitt sent Jingo in and he pointed the bird; Minnie backed. This was an error, as Minnie had a right to the benefits of her own find; however, it in no way affected the result. Sent on, both dogs were casting wide and well. Minnie found and pointed a bevy, and Jingo at the same time roaded to a flush on a single. Sent on, he made a similar error. Next, Minnie pointed two birds and was steady to shot, and next she pointed a bird which flushed wild. 9:50. The heat was an excellent one in every respect, though in accuracy and finish in every detail Minnie excelled.

TICK BOY—LADY MILDRED were started at 9:54. Tick pointed two birds nicely. Lady pointed; nothing found. Tick took a cast and pointed a bevy; Stoddard flushed an

outlying bird, and supposing it was all he sent Tick on and he flushed the bevy excusably. Lady pointed and roaded to a point on a bevy on stubble. The range was middling as compared to Minnie's and Jingo's, though it was fairly good. 10:30.

TONY BOY—CYNOSURE were cast off at 10:32. Cynosure made a point on two birds; next she pointed and nothing found. Tony took a long cast and in some grass in brush pointed a single. Cynosure pointed; nothing found. Tony flushed a bird up wind. Cynosure pointed a bird in thicket; Tony backed. Cynosure pointed a single bird while Rose was watering his dog. Next Cynosure roaded and pointed, passed by bevy, and the wagons flushed it. Tony next flushed a single and then stopped to a point on the bevy; the work was sloppy. In a thicket on a bevy, Cynosure pointed and Tony refused to back. Each made a flush. Cynosure pointed; nothing found. Up at 11:37. Tony maintained the better range; Cynosure showed the better work on birds. There was a lack of nice finish throughout the heat.

This ended the stake.

The Champion Stake.

THE Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake began on Friday morning. There were eight starters, all well-known dogs. Following is the order of running:

Charlottesville Field Trials Kennels' liv. and w. pointer dog Delhi, C. E. Buckle, handler, with DePauw's liv. and w. pointer dog Jingo, N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

N. T. Harris's b., w. and t. setter dog Tony Boy, D. E. Rose, handler, with A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's pointer dog Bonnie Dan of Colehill, A. Cameron, handler.

W. W. Titus's b., w. and t. setter bitch Minnie T., F. Richards, handler, with A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's pointer dog Ightfield Mentor, W. Brailsford, handler.

A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's pointer bitch Ightfield Musa, W. Brailsford, handler, with Thos. Johnson's chestnut and w. setter bitch Pitti Sing, A. Cameron, handler.

Second Round.

Jingo with Minnie T.
Ightfield Mentor with Tony Boy.
Delhi with Pitti Sing.

There were some little hitches in the preliminaries in respect to the entries.

The debarment of Mr. J. M. Avent by the Northwestern Field Trials Club was removed, but as Topsy's Rod was not entered before the entries closed, the entry of Topsy was refused. Out of sympathy for Mr. Avent, Mr. Wootton refused to enter his dog, unwisely many thought, since it was the affair of another. Mr. Avent also declined to enter Mr. Harris's dogs under the circumstances, although he could have done so. Otherwise the stake passed off very pleasantly. Mr. W. S. Bell judged alone. Each heat was one hour in the first series.

First Round.

DELHI—JINGO started at 7:45. Both dogs ranged wide and fast, Jingo the better on birds. Jingo soon made a point on a bevy, then a single, then a flush. Delhi pointed twice on singles, next he flushed one. Jingo roaded down wind and the bird flushed wild. Delhi pointed a bird and made a flush on two; at the same time Jingo roaded to a point on the same birds. Each about a half mile apart pointed a bevy. Next, Jingo made two good points and Delhi backed. Each pointed and roaded; nothing found. One hour. Delhi showed range and speed, but lacked experience. Jingo ran a good heat, up to his good form.

TONY BOY—BONNIE DAN OF COLEHILL started at 8:49. The work of both dogs was inferior, Tony ranging most of the time out of bounds and Dan ranging too close, pottered betimes and was slow in locating. Each made a point on a single. Tony flushed one. Each backed well. Little bird work done in the heat. Tony was much the better.

MINNIE T.—IGHTFIELD MENTOR started at 9:52. Mentor soon crossed up wind of a single and flushed it. Minnie drew prettily to a point on two birds and Mentor backed. Minnie found twice in quick succession, one bird the first time and three the second. Both made some points and roaded; nothing found. Minnie pointed a small bevy. Up at 10:54. The wind was now dry and the weather warm.

IGHTFIELD MUSA—PITTI SING were started at 10:58. Musa made three flushes; Pitti one flush and a point on a single. Musa's work was ordinary. Pitti ran well, showing good range and speed, but tired toward last of heat.

Second Round.

Six were kept in the second round: Jingo, Minnie T., I. Mentor, Tony Boy, Delhi, Pitti Sing.

The winners were: First, Jingo: second, Minnie T.; third, divided by Tony Boy and Delhi.

Field Trial Champion Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is proposed to form an association for the purpose of holding each year a meeting at a field trial for setters and pointers, any dog being eligible without regard to previous winnings. The object is to give a chance to many fine dogs which have never had an opportunity to show their merits in a field trial, incidentally helping the sale of the best type of sporting dogs, as well as continuing dogs in field trial competition where they have been fortunate enough to have become barred by early successes.

It is proposed to extend the length of heats to such a duration that dogs must show plenty of stamina to win, the successful dog to have the title of "field trial champion" in addition to such stakes as may be offered.

Such trials would bring many of the very first class who are now barred by their previous successes into field trial competition again, and would enable breeders and others seeking for the best field dogs in the country to have absolute knowledge on the subject.

Although the purpose has been answered from time to time by stakes under the titles of "champion four-hour race" and "subscription stakes," there can be no certainty of such stakes being offered in future unless by an association for this express purpose to the exclusion of all others.

It is proposed to make the stakes moderate and keep down expenses to a low figure, as the honor of a champion win or a champion cup at a field trial instituted on the line mentioned would be more regarded than a larger money prize.

It is not proposed to interfere with the action of other clubs in any degree, but to co-operate with one and all in the furtherance of an object which all have at heart—the improvement of the pointer and setter. There are in operation sufficient field trial clubs to look after and propagate all that is essentially of a field trial character in our pointers and setters, but the club proposed wishes to open a field of competition wherein the field dog can compete on equal footing with the so-called "field trial" dog.

From suggestions of rules on file I will give a brief outline, which is only an outline, as nothing can be definitely settled until a meeting is held and the club properly organized.

It is suggested that the heats in the first series be of at least two hours' duration, and no shorter than one hour in the second series, and as much longer as the judges think best, but all heats in each series must be of the same length.

The judging to be done by the spotting system, and no dogs to be considered out of the race until winners are announced.

Full power will be accorded to the judges to run dogs singly or otherwise, or in any way they think best after the first series.

A running the byes shall be done in presence of all the judges, and it shall be allowed for an outside dog to be run in the competition.

It is the intention to hamper the judges with as few rules as possible and to secure competent men, whose experience will qualify them to judge without any interpretation of what constitutes a point or a flush.

The attractive feature of a champion cup will probably be added to the money prizes, the conditions of winning to be that the cup shall remain the property of the association until won twice by the same dog and then to become the property of the owner of the dog at the time of the last winning.

As it has been an unsettled question with the members of the old Handlers' Association what disposition to make of the money remaining in the treasury of the club, I would like to offer a suggestion how to dispose of it. I would suggest that it be used in purchasing a cup to be put up for the handlers to compete for under the auspices of the proposed club, the cup to be awarded to the handler handling the winning dog, but the cup must be won twice before it becomes his personal property. The names of the winners to be suitably engraved upon it, and the handler winning it to have control and keep it until it is won from him, or he wins it the second time, making it his property. An entry fee of two dollars could be charged each handler wishing to compete for it who was not a member of the association donating the cup, and for the first season one dollar could be charged them, but the second season all to pay alike, one dollar to enter for the cup competition. The money thus collected to be placed in the hands of the secretary of the Field Trial Champion Association, to be used in buying a new cup to replace original one when won. The title of "Champion Field Trial Handler" should go with the cup. This would be the most agreeable way of disposing of the money that I can think of, and those of the same opinion can express themselves.

I wish to call attention of the public again to that part of the competition which invites entries from the owners of good dogs who never had an opportunity to show their merits in field trials.

It is the object of the new club to hew to the line and bring out and place as winners the best dogs, irrespective of ownership, strain, or most popular sporting breeds.

The club wishes to arrange the competition so that the great quality of stamina shall be apparent to all spectators as one of the good qualities the winner must possess.

EDWARD DEXTER (Sponsor),
W. W. TITUS, Tem.-Sec'y.

Brunswick Fur Trials.

MAGNOLIA St., ROXBURY, Mass., Sept. 13, 1895.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The seventh annual foxhound field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at Barre, Mass., during the week of Oct. 28. The headquarters of the club will be at Hotel Barre, a large and well-appointed house situated in an excellent hunting country. A special rate of $1.50 per day will be made to sportsmen attending the trials.

Mr. R. D. Perry, M. F. H., has presented to the club a handsome silver cup to be awarded annually to the winner of the Derby. This trophy will remain the property of the club, but will be held by the winner of the Derby for one year.

The hound making the highest general average in the various classes of the All-Age stake will hold the American Field Cup for one year and will receive a silver medal from the club. The winner in the Hunting class will receive a silver medal presented by President Heffenger. Mr. O. F. Joslin offers a silver medal for the winner of the Speed class, and Mr. H. A. P. Smith gives a silver medal to the winner of the Tonguing class. In addition to these cups and medals the usual money prizes will be awarded to the winners in the various classes.

Entries for the Derby will close at Hotel Barre at 10 P. M., Oct. 28; for the All-Age at the same time and place Oct. 29.

The secretary will be glad to give further particulars to anyone desiring them. All lovers of hounds and hunting are cordially invited to attend the trials. The shooting of foxes will not be permitted during the meet.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Secretary.

Tompkins County Bench Show.

ITHACA, N. Y., Sept. 14.—An entertaining little Bench Show was held in connection with the Tompkins County Fair last week in this city. The entries included 1 St. Bernard, 1 Newfoundland, 2 greyhounds, 2 water spaniels, 2 pointers, 3 foxhounds, 1 Gordon setter, 2 Irish setters, 8 beagles, 2 collies, 1 bull-terrier, 4 pugs, 2 fox-terriers and 3 or 4 black and tan terriers. There were several really good specimens shown. Walt. Fowler superintended and Henry Hutchens judged. Some of the awards were of a nature to make just men grieve. In beagles, first went to a rat-tailed specimen with a field mouse coat and the muzzle of a Dachshund, while a litter of half-blood foxhound puppies carried off first money as the best litter of foxhound puppies. If this were intended for FOREST AND STREAM'S funny column, other telling illustrations might be cited. The building in which the show was held was scarcely half large enough; it was badly lighted and the ventilation was vile. Indeed, to confine a dog in such distressingly offensive quarters for any considerable length of time is a punishment of unusual severity. The Tompkins County Agricultural Society should see to it that a suitable building is provided for this attractive feature of its annual exhibitions. Then let the show details be attended to by competent parties—men conversant with the essential requirements of a bench show—and very shortly Ithaca will be the scene of a dog show that will delight and please the admirers of "man's best friend." M. CHILL.

Dixie Red Fox Club Meet.

TOWN CREEK, Ala., Sept. 11. — A postponement of the Dixie Red Fox Club meet is necessitated. The date now set is Oct. 21, on which day we will have our first hunt. Visitors are requested to be on hand not later than the 19th proximo.

They had best get off at Athens, Ala., Rowland being only a small station. At Athens they will have no trouble in procuring a conveyance to Capt. Hartsell's, who lives five miles south, and who has kindly consented to offer the comforts of his capacious home to us during our meet. The Louisville and Nashville Railroad will return all who came over their road at one-third fare. The Memphis and Charleston Railroad will also give us reduced rates to Decatur, Ala.

An investigation of our hunting grounds reveals the encouraging fact that foxes are plentiful. The date set seems to suit the majority of our members. There will be no other postponement. JOHN H. WALLACE, JR.,
Sec. Dixie Red Fox Club.

The A. K. C. Quarterly Meeting.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—A special meeting of the American Kennel Club was held this afternoon at its club rooms, 55 Liberty street. There was only a small attendance. In the absence of August Belmont, the president, and of James H. Terry, vice-president of the club, Dr. H. T. Foote occupied the chair. A. P. Vredenburg acted as secretary.

Among the delegates present were: J. H. Piper and James Watson, Southern California Kennel Club; E. M. Oldham, Spaniel Club; E. H. Morris, Newark Kennel League; James Blossom, Gordon Setter Club; George Jarvis, Pointer Club of America; Clifford Wood, Great Dane Club; H. F. Schellass, National Beagle Club, and Fred. Webster, English Setter Club.

The subject for discussion was the custom of cropping the ears of dogs of certain breeds. After a lively debate, in which H. F. Schellas and Fred. Webster spoke in favor of the abolishing of the practice, while Clifford Wood, of the Great Dane Club, advocated the continuance of the practice, the matter was carried over until the December meeting.

At the regular quarterly meeting which followed on the adjournment of the above, the Bull Terrier Club of America was elected a member of the A. K. C.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. Thos. Johnson has given the dip for mange, commonly known as Andy Gleason's mange cure, a thorough trial, and praises it for its curative properties and also for its properties as a disinfectant. All the handlers who have used it also commend its effectiveness. It is, moreover, cheaply and easily prepared and prompt in its action. It is prepared as follows: Take a box of 100 per cent. lye (Mr. D. E. Rose recommends Lewis's lye), the box being about the size of an ordinary tumbler, and mix it with a half pint of rain water in an earthen vessel, taking care that none of the lye gets on the hands or clothing. After it is thoroughly mixed, add slowly four pounds of flower of sulphur. This, if done with proper thoroughness, will require two hours' time. After it is thoroughly mixed, it is poured into a pail of boiling water and mixed. Then the whole is poured into a coal oil barrel which is half filled with soft water, rain water preferred. It is then ready for use. The dog is put in bodily up to his ears. Two to three applications are sufficient.

During the running of the Continental Club's trials at Morris recently, the judge, Mr. W. B. Wells, had a kind of experience. He was riding in a carriage over the prairie, judging man's best friend, the dog. Dark clouds overcast the sky and some rain fell. It was decided to drive to a house a mile away for shelter. Just as he was crossing the railroad at a farm road crossing ahead of the procession, he saw two skunks in the road a few yards ahead. He told his driver, a young Englishman, to stop. The driver merely steadied his horse as he started down the incline from the railroad, remarking "O! see the pretty kittens!" "Stop! stop!" said Mr. Wells, as he hurriedly tried to get out, then higher into the carriage. It was too late. One skunk was upset by the wheels. Talk of the Spice Islands! Araby, the blest; the Chicago River. Every one kept to windward of the judge during the remainder of the day. Whew!

"Hunting and Fishing along the Northwestern Line"

is the title of a booklet recently issued by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. It is profusely illustrated, and gives information in detail concerning the best hunting and fishing grounds in the West and Northwest. Copies will be mailed free to any address upon application to W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & Northwestern Railway, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Sound Line Service.

THE double service of the Fall River Line was discontinued on Saturday, 14th inst. The Priscilla and Puritan remain in commission, leaving New York from Pier 18, North River, foot of Murray street, week days and Sundays, at 5:30 P. M. Each boat carries a fine orchestra.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Ianthe C. C. Regatta.

THE most successful regatta of the Ianthe C. C. in several years was held on the Passaic River at Newark on Labor Day. It reminded one of the time several years ago when canoeing had such a boom to see the large entries in the races, while the boathouse was filled with

pretty girls and well-known canoeists, and the river fairly swarmed with canoes and rowboats filled with spectators.

Additional interest was lent through the entries from the Passaic and Atalanta Boat Club, and in several of the races the oarsmen made the canoeists hustle.

The races were as follows:—

Event I. Sailing Senior.—First, George P. Douglas, Ianthe C.C.; L. B. Palmer (did not finish); George Manley (did not finish).

II. Sailing Junior.—Not called.

III. Paddling Open Canoe, Single Blade.—First, George P. Douglas, Ianthe C. C.; second, F. L. Newell, Pequonnock; third, Mark Freeman, Ianthe; ourth, Fred Cummings, Ianthe; fifth, George W. Petty, Rutherford.

IV. Paddling any Canoe.—First, Frank McLees, Rutherford; second, C. V. Schuyler, Arlington; third, James Duguid, Jr., Ianthe; fourth, H. S. Allen, unattached.

(Race for the "Commodore's Cup.")

V. Senior Paddling.—First, Mark Freeman, Ianthe; second, George P. Douglas, Ianthe.

VI. Class 2, Paddling.—First, Harry S. Farmer, Ianthe; second, E. P. Payne, Atlantic B. C.

VII. Junior Paddling.—First, Louis LeRoy, Ianthe; second, J. Hamilton Braine, Ianthe.

VIII. Tandem Paddling, Open Canoes.—First, Douglas and Duguid, Ianthe; second, Pell and Jenkinson, Passaic B. C.; third, McLees and Petty, Rutherford.

IX. Tandem Paddling, Decked Canoes.—First, Freeman and LeRoy, Ianthe; second, McLees and Petty.

X. Club Fours.—First, Braine, Hobart, Kniep and McLees, Ianthe; second, Duguid, Farmer, Freeman and Douglas, Ianthe; third, Gott, Gilmore, Jenkinson and Pell, Passaic B. C.

XI. Upset Paddling.—First, R. Kniep, Ianthe; second, George P. Douglas, Ianthe.

Mr. James K. Hand acted as judge and starter.

The guests of the club were most hospitably entertained during the regatta and through the evening.

A Meet on the Passaic.

THE annual meet of the Associated Canoe Clubs of the Passaic River will be held on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 20, 21 and 22, at Bend View, on the Passaic River, to which all canoeists are cordially invited.

The races will be called Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and the regatta committee has arranged the following programme of races: Event 1. Sailing. 2. Sailing and paddling combined. 3. Paddling. (These three races are for the Record trophy.) 4. Paddling, open canoes, single blade. 5. Paddling, tandem, open canoes, single blades. 6. Paddling, tandem, decked sailing canoes. 7. Paddling, club fours, open canoes, single blades.

The camp site selected is one of the prettiest parts of the river, and very accessible to out-of-town canoeists. The Newark branch of the Erie Railroad to Avondale or the Boonton branch of the D. L. & W. R. R. to Lyndhurst land within half a mile of the camp. There is a hotel directly across the river, where meals and accommodations may be secured by those who do not wish to do their own cooking or camping.

The racing promises to be unusually interesting. In addition to the well-known paddlers of the Ianthe, Rutherford and other Passaic River canoe clubs, a number of outsiders are expected. Messrs. Mowbray and Plummer, of the New York C. C., as well as a single and tandem crew from the Red Dragon Club, of Philadelphia, are expected; while the Passaic Boat Club, of Newark, are going to send their tandem and club four crew that gave the Ianthes such a close rub on Labor Day.

Mr. F. H. Wickware, Jr., of Rutherford, is chairman of the Association, and Mr. H. S. Farmer, of the Ianthe Club, secretary-treasurer.

Shenandoah River.

CAMP GROVE HILL, Va., Sept. 1.—Com. F. R. Webb, George N. Beall, Dr. E. Lacy Gibson and J. Baldwin Ranson, of the Shenandoah C. C., Staunton, Va., are enjoying their annual canoe cruise on the Shenandoah River. The weather is good, the water at a fine cruising stage and beautifully clear and the fishing excellent. The party will cruise to Harper's Ferry and will remain out about three weeks.

F. R. WEBB.

A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: Fred. E. Hecklinger, Geo. W. Kirk. Central Division: Miss Marion H. Wright, Miss Margaret J. Wright, Miss Martha J. Robbins, Miss Lillarene R. Hopkins. Northern Division: Ernest Bolton, Montreal.

Steam Yachts and Launches
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Yachting.

THE great international race having passed, to the disappointment of thousands, a smaller but very interesting one begins on Saturday of this week. After all that has happened of late, it should not be necessary to speak further on the importance of giving a perfectly fair and unimpeded course to the two representative mosquito craft that are to meet off Oyster Bay.

On the occasion of the recent trial races there, a few of the steam and sailing yachts bound through the Sound or into the harbor displayed an utter disregard of the small craft engaged in the race, washing and blanketing them in the most reckless manner. After the lesson of the late races we hope that neither through ignorance nor selfishness will there be any interference on the part of the attendant fleet.

THE past week has produced two instances in international sport which must be viewed with regret by all true sportsmen, of whatever nationality. If British yachtsmen have nothing to be proud of in the action of their representative, Wyndham Thomas Wyndham Quin, Earl of Dunraven, in hauling down his fighting flag in the face of an honorable opponent and a fair course, Americans have equal cause of shame in the conduct of the National Government toward the British yachtsman who seeks international honors in a smaller class. In spite of established precedent in similar cases, and of correspondence between Mr. Brand and the Customs some time since, the owner of Spruce IV. has been put to needless trouble and delay by the Customs authorities in New York, and has been able to redeem his boat only on the payment of a duty of 25 per cent., which will not be refunded to him when he takes her home in a few weeks. When Mr. Brand and his little boat arrived on the Fulda every effort was made by the race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club to have the boat passed at once by the Customs authorities and shipped to Oyster Bay, there being little time before the international races. No one for a moment supposed that a yacht brought into the country for a few match races would be made subject to duty, but such proved to be the case; apart from the loss of time, annoyance and fees, the British challenger was requested to pay a duty of $50 for the blessed privilege of sailing in American waters. The boat was landed on the pier at Hoboken on Monday night, Mr. Brand not being allowed to take away even a pair of boots or a couple of small bags of loose duffle; but boat gear and clothes were retained on the pier until Friday, subject to the handling and meddling of the curious. The duty was finally paid by the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., Mr. Brand being the guest of the club.

It would be hard to estimate the benefit which the United States as a nation derives from its yachting, from the interest of thousands in nautical matters, from the naval reserve, the technical work of yacht designers, and the direct employment of thousands of seamen and mechanics. The present year has witnessed an expenditure of over $200,000 in this country in connection with the sailing of three international races. It would seem only just that yachtsmen should, while not asking for boun ties, subsidies and similar Government aid, at least be left alone as much as possible; and yet this is but one instance of the apparent hostility of the Government toward the noblest of sports.

In the present case the figures are comparatively small, but they are convincing. The bringing of Spruce IV. to this country has established a new class of racing craft, hitherto unknown here, and has attracted very great interest throughout the country. Six boats have been built to meet the challenger, at an averaze cost of at least $700 each, to which the club adds $500 for the cup. The expense of alterations to the boats, steamers for the races, etc., will bring the total outlay among American mechanics and tradespeople to some $7,000 to $8,000; and the races are likely to lead to the construction of many more boats this winter.

In 1886 two British canoes visited this country for similar international competition, the result being that canoeing received the strongest possible stimulus, to the benefit of all concerned in canoe building. With all this there has never been a British canoe imported into this country since 1886. Even in the event of a victory for Spruce IV., there is no danger of any importation of British half-raters. Apart from the duty, these boats cost fully as much in England as here; and they are not so well adapted for American conditions. So far as American yacht and boat builders are concerned, they could well afford to pay for the occasional importation of such a racing craft as Madge or Spruce IV. merely for the sake of the great stimulus to racing and building. A wise and foresighted national policy would encourage such international competition instead of placing such heavy and useless penalties on sport.

ON Sept. 11 the death of Mr. J. L. Ashbury was announced in London, and though no particulars are known, it is understood that he died on Sept. 3 from an overdose of some narcotic. No yachtsman has been more thoroughly disliked and execrated by Americans than the first challenger for the America's Cup, the man who first rescued it from oblivion by racing for it in 1870 and again in 1871. Looking back for a quarter of a century, and contrasting the treatment of the last challenger with that accorded to the first, it must be admitted that Mr. Ashbury had much right on his side, and was very badly treated by the holder of the Cup. His first overtures were fairly made, and in a spirit of sport, but they were met by a positive refusal to enter into that mutual agreement distinctly specified by the true deed of gift, and he was allowed but a single race, and that against a fleet of twenty-three schooners, all starting inside the Narrows.

It was on the occasion of his second challenge next season that he made the claim that has been so generally condemned, that he should be allowed to sail twelve races, having challenges in the names of twelve clubs, he to take the Cup in the event of winning one race. Although the odds here were but twelve to one against the New York Y. C., while the club had taken an advantage of twenty-three to one in the previous year, it is needless to say that no such terms were granted. The races were finally sailed with the stipulation that the home club should have four yachts of various types in readiness, selecting whichever it chose on the morning of a race, against the one seagoing ship of the British challenger. Out of the series of seven races agreed to the defender won five and the challenger one. In the course of the long and bitter controversy for what are now considered as the absolute rights of a challenger, Mr. Ashbury did and said many things which greatly angered his opponents; but it must be said on his side that he was opposed by men who were determined to keep the America's Cup in New York, and to give to a challenger nothing which could be withheld from him. The fight of Mr. Ashbury made him many enemies, but rendered an important service to the cause of fair sport in international yachting.

THE *Yachtsman*, in reviewing the history of the America's Cup and the three deeds of gift, falls into some very ridiculous blunders. It not only describes the Cup as given by the Queen, but Titania as a 100 ton cutter.

Then it speaks of the New York Y. C. as "the owners of the Cup," apparently ignoring the terms of the original deed by which the Cup was given in trust to the New York Y. C. to be held only until won by a foreign club. As the trustee, the New York Y. C. had no sole right of ownership, and once won from it, the Cup could be no more its property. Speaking of the second deed of 1882, the *Yachtsman* states that the conditions were then amended so that: "Henceforward both challenger and defender were allowed to make what arrangements they liked by mutual consent."

This is about as far wide of the facts as could well be. The original deed of gift expressly stipulated as the basis for a match a mutual agreement between the two parties; failing which, and not before, the challenger could claim one race with six months' notice, etc. In the first races for the Cup, with Mr. Ashbury, the New York Y. C. positively refused to enter into any mutual agreement, and denied the right of the challenger to demand such agreement, limiting him to the ultimate provisions of one race over the club course with six months' notice; and further compelling him to sail against the whole fleet. Though more liberal terms were obtained by hard fighting in the three following races, the right of the challenger to a mutual agreement was denied up to 1887.

When the second deed was made in 1882, the mutual agreement clause was taken from its prominent position in the original deed and made secondary and subordinate to certain other conditions; and when the third deed was made in 1887 the mutual agreement clause was pushed into still deeper obscurity, the opening clauses calling for a complete surrender of the challenger to the holder by the disclosure of the dimensions. One looks for such blunders as these in the daily papers, but hardly in a yachting journal with reliable sources of reference at hand.

We note that in answer to a query the New York *Sun* states that the America's Cup is owned by the New York Y. C.; this is not the case. As already stated, the Cup is only held in trust by the club.

AMONG the many different craft seen outside the Hook last week there was nothing more antique and odd-looking than an American sloop which was about the line on one day. What she was we do not know, but everything about her, with one exception, carried us back to the time of the Mischief-Atalanta races, when cutters were almost unknown and such craft were still common. She had a low black hull, with a knee under the bowsprit and a sawed-off stern, a high mast and short topmast and gaff; and a bowsprit painted black. In spite of the big trunk cabin and other evidences of her American origin, she was not quite free from British contamination, having a jib and forestaysail in place of a single big jib; but in all other respects she was a typical example of an obsolete type. It was hard to realize that barely a dozen years separated her from the great blue-sided cutter which was sailing in defense of the America's Cup.

THERE is one class of people at least who should appreciate the action of Lord Dunraven in failing to give timely notice of his intention not to start on Thursday; though the fleet was by no means as large as on Saturday, the steamboat owners reaped a harvest of probably $50,000 on Thursday, all of which would have been lost to them had Lord Dunraven made a positive statement to the committee on Wednesday evening that he would not sail next day.

"Sailing in Two Classes."

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Sept. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If you are a believer in fair play you will publish the "other side" of the question *re* Mr. Elsworth's letter regarding the Huguenot Y. C. race published last Saturday in your paper, as his remarks, while partly correct, are misleading. "I entered the Kittie in the second class for the Huguenot Y. C. race, expecting to meet the Ethel, but found only one boat, the Monsoon. I asked the regatta committee about forty minutes before the preparatory signal to be allowed to go up a class, not remembering or knowing the rule, that as my class had filled I could not go up; here I was in error, as was the committee. The course and start for the first and second class catboats was the same, only the first class boats sailed twice around and the second class once. After the race Mr. Elsworth very properly protested and was given the race in the first class, which was right and satisfactory to me. The committee awarded me the prize for the second class, but I declined same, writing Mr. C. M. Connolly at the time that as I had sailed (wrongly) against the Mary and won, but was justly disqualified, I did not consider it right to take the prize in the second class."

I am not desirous of any cups not won fairly, and as the Kittie has won thirty-one first prizes in two years I do not need them.

HAZEN MORSE.

Cleveland Y. C.

CLEVELAND—LAKE ERIE.

Monday, Sept. 2.

THE fall regatta of the Cleveland Y. C. was sailed on Sept. 2 over a course of 7 miles to leeward and return. The times were:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Com. Gardner	11 07 07	12 31 56	2 49 57	3 42 50
Anona	11 07 10	12 34 17	3 13 37	4 06 27
Alert	11 08 47	12 30 47	2 57 31	3 48 44
Clipper	11 09 12	12 51 42	Did not finish.	
Gypsy	11 10 19	12 41 35	4 12 05	5 01 10
Corsair	11 10 52	12 43 38	3 24 37	4 13 45
Ida K	11 12 24	12 44 08	3 33 52	4 21 28
Petrel	11 12 35	12 44 44	3 52 39	4 46 04

Com. Gardner won in first and Ida K. in second class.

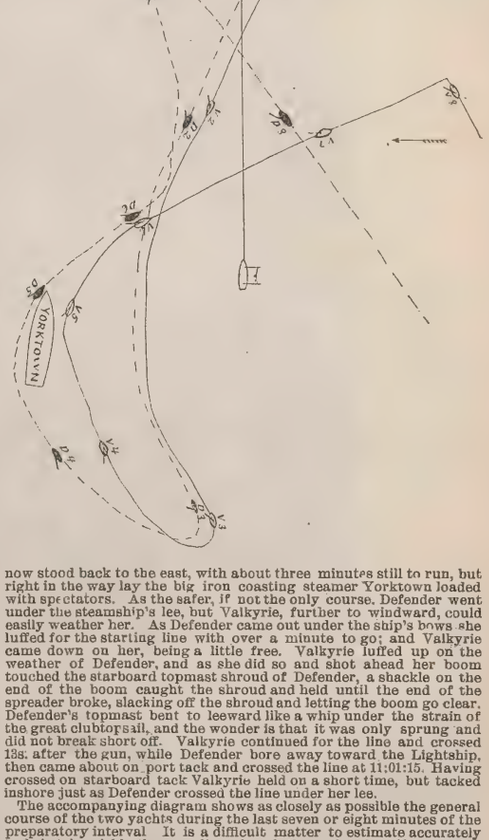
THE AMERICA'S CUP RACES.

Second Race—Triangular Course.

Tuesday, Sept. 11.

AFTER remeasurement and thorough preparation for the second race, Defender and Valkyrie lay off Bay Ridge on Monday, being under way in the afternoon and lying at anchor off the Atlantic Y. C. station all night. Early Tuesday morning they towed down to the Lightship, and were ready long before the committee and the spectators arrived.

The day promised little, a brisk S. W. wind in the night had disappeared, and a light southerly breeze was blowing, with a smooth sea. The sky was cloudy and overcast for a time, and the air was warm. When the attendant fleet reached the Lightship just before 11 o'clock, there were many vessels, but fewer than on Saturday. As in the first race, they crowded close to the yachts, several newspaper tugs were close on the line, and the big iron steamer Yorktown lay just north of it, not far from the committee tug which formed the western or inshore mark. Being the second race, the course was triangular, and the course signals set were: S.; N E. by E.; and N. W. by W. 1½ W.; 10 nautical miles to each leg. While the fleet was in the Bay the skies had cleared, and when the preparatory gun was fired at 10:50 the sun was shining with a midsummer fervor, the sea was smooth and free from fog and haze, and there was a moderate breeze from the south, more than enough to insure a race within the time limit if it held. The two yachts were under clubtopsails with baby jibtopsails aloft. With the gun they started to work for position in the ten minutes yet to run, both coming from the wrong side of the line, Valkyrie to windward and both on starboard tack, crossing the line and standing on to the westward and then jibing, Defender leading in this maneuver and Valkyrie immediately following and coming on the other's weather. They



now stood back to the east, with about three minutes still to run, but right in the way lay the big iron coasting steamer Yorktown loaded with spectators. As the safer, if not the only course, Defender went under the steamship's lee, but Valkyrie, further to windward, could easily weather her. As Defender came out under the ship's bows she luffed for the starting line with over a minute to go; and Valkyrie came down on her, being a little free. Valkyrie luffed up on the weather of Defender, and as she did so and shot ahead her boom touched the starboard topmast shroud of Defender, a shackle on the end of the boom caught the shroud and held until the end of the spreader broke, slacking off the shroud and letting the boom go clear. Defender's topmast bent to leeward like a whip under the strain of the great clubtopsail, and the wonder is that it was only sprung and did not break short off. Valkyrie continued for the line and crossed 13s. after the gun, while Defender bore away toward the Lightship, then came about on port tack and crossed the line at 11:01:15. Having crossed on starboard tack Valkyrie held on a short time, but tacked inshore just as Defender crossed the line under her lee.

The accompanying diagram shows as closely as possible the general course of the two yachts during the last seven or eight minutes of the preparatory interval. It is a difficult matter to estimate accurately and sketch quickly the complicated evolutions of such swiftly moving craft, and the exact relative positions of the two yachts, the Yorktown and the committee tug (in particular the space between Valkyrie and the tug) are disputed by both parties, but the diagram is sufficiently correct to give an idea of the situation. Comparatively few persons in the fleet saw the collision, most of the vessels being on the wrong side of Defender, and very little was known as to the exact occurrences save that Defender displayed a protest flag, to which the committee responded with an answering pennant.

In time and position Defender lost nothing; she was already in a bad place under Valkyrie's lee, and she gained instead of losing by availing herself of the privilege specially secured to her by the two-minute interval, of going back and crossing alone later on if she chanced to be out-maneuvered by Valkyrie in the struggle for weather berth; in fact, she would have done better in Saturday's race if, instead of following Valkyrie over the line and taking her back wind, she had, after failing to blanket Valkyrie, worn about and started well to windward in the Im. 10s. then left her. In the present case she

was under Valkyrie's lee, it is true, but with 1m. 2s. of time saved; while had she started as they stood to had no foul occurred, she would have been timed with the other boat and yet directly under her lee.

Though she came out of the brush much better than was to be expected, she was still crippled, her topmast being sprung to an unknown extent, as it proved, very badly, and her starboard spreader broken at the end. When on the port tack she was all right, and she held this tack while several men went aloft and replaced the shroud over the end of the spreader and lashed it as securely as possible. Valkyrie had broken out her baby jibtopsail on crossing the line, but Defender had not attempted to set hers, though it was ready aloft in stops.

They stood in together under the Jersey beach, Valkyrie slowly gaining, the wind held light and Defender had no trouble in carrying her clubtopsail, but her jib was sitting badly. She was sailing well, pointing as high as the other boat and heeling no more. She went on starboard tack at 11:25, Valkyrie at once coming about, and after a short hitch of five minutes both came about again. The baby jibtopsail was sent up, but immediately taken in. Valkyrie carried a baby of good size, but had it lifting all the time on the windward work. At 11:54 Defender went on starboard tack, Valkyrie following, being now a long distance to windward. This was a short tack, Defender leading in the tacking inshore at 12:09. The last tack was made at 12:19, Valkyrie coming about for the mark and Defender following. The last leg was a long one, the mark being turned:

Valkyrie.....12 57 43 Defender.....1 01 35

In the beat to windward, in smooth water and a light breeze, Valkyrie had beaten Defender 2m. 50s.

On rounding the mark Valkyrie eased sheets to port and lowered baby and forestaysail, setting her balloon jibtopsail and balloon forestaysail for the reach of 10 miles. Defender sent up only her baby jibtopsail, this being her weak tack. She set a larger forestaysail, but it did not compare with the balloon forestaysail on Valkyrie—a sail that on this point of sailing is used by English yachtsmen to the greatest advantage, but which has never come into favor in this country. The work over this leg was very pretty, Defender holding her own in a wonderful way; in fact, the times showed that she gained 17s. Valkyrie took in her balloon some distance short of the second mark, and apparently traveled no slower; in fact, it is doubtful whether this great sail—used as it is on her—did as much good as it was credited with; she would probably have gone faster with her No. 1 jibtopsail, jib and balloon forestaysail.

This is contrary to accepted ideas, but the work on Saturday's run home showed that Valkyrie did not profit as she should from her balloon jibtopsail, and in previous Cup races it has been the rule that the American yacht has always made far better use of her "balloon jibtopsail" than the British yacht has of her "bowsprit spinaker." While Defender had far too little headsail, and while a part of her gain was due to her clean way through the water compared with the wave which Valkyrie carries on a reach and to her steering a straighter course, it is quite possible that Valkyrie would have gone faster without the big balloon sail which made such a striking contrast with Defender's baby. The times at the second mark were: Valkyrie 1:58:10, Defender 2:01:45. The wind had freshened on this leg and was blowing at least a dozen miles an hour; as they jibed, each sent up a second jibtopsail, while Valkyrie kept her balloon foresail still on. Lord Dunraven has complained that the second mark was from one to two points out, but in view of the special care taken by Lieut. Winslow, U. S. A., in charge of the tug, in adjusting her compasses before the first race and working as accurately as possible, this is probably a mistake on Lord Dunraven's part.

The surrounding vessels had kept clear on the first leg, but crowded in about the second mark, and now began to bother both yachts. The big Sound steamer City of Lowell set a striking example by disregarding the patrol yachts and running far inside of them, her great size not only backing the wind up on the racers, to say nothing of the disturbance of the water, but from her position she shut out the view of smaller craft which respected the rights of the racers. As Valkyrie came for the finish she was preceded by five tugs, led by the New York *Herald* tug, all throwing their wash back at her. Defender fared no better, and while there was no more direct interference, such as at the start, both yachts were hurt by the breaking of the wind and the disturbance of the water. The full times of the race were:

	Start.	1st Turn.	2d Turn.	Finish.
Valkyrie	11 00 13	12 57 43	1 58 10	2 55 22
Defender	11 01 15	1 01 35	2 01 45	2 57 40

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Valkyrie	3 55 09	3 55 09
Defender	3 56 25	3 55 56

Valkyrie wins by 47s.

After the race every one hastened to the city, the New York Y. C. house being the center of excitement. The regatta committee repaired to the Knickerbocker Club for dinner and a meeting, a written protest having been filed by Mr. C. Oliver Iselin. At 10 o'clock the following notice was posted on the bulletin board at the club house:

"The Defender protests the Valkyrie on the ground that she bore down on her just before reaching the starting line, thereby causing a foul which resulted in the carrying away of her spreader and the springing of her topmast. REGATTA COMMITTEE."

That evening and all next day the regatta committee, aided by the Cup committee, was busy in the matter; in addition to hearing evidence from those on each yacht, including Mr. David Henderson, who sailed on Defender as Valkyrie's representative, and Mr. J. H. Busk, who sailed on Valkyrie as the representative of Defender, and of Capt. Sycamore, who had the tiller of Valkyrie, the two committees used every effort to induce Mr. Iselin to withdraw his protest and Lord Dunraven to consent to a resail of the race. With the best possible intentions the regatta committee went beyond its official functions in endeavoring to induce both parties to compromise in this way, but Mr. Iselin insisted on a judgment on his protest and Lord Dunraven also declined to call the race off, being confident that the protest would not be sustained. After spending nearly the whole day, the regatta committee posted the following letter at the club house on Wednesday afternoon:

"*C. Oliver Iselin, Esq.*

"DEAR SIR: We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday protesting the Valkyrie. We have given the matter our careful consideration, and we believe that the foul occurred through a miscalculation of the distance between the two yachts at a critical moment.

"From our own observation, confirmed by that of others who were in a good position to see all that occurred, we find that the Valkyrie III., in contravention of section eleven of racing rule sixteen, bore down upon the Defender and fouled her by the swing of her main boom when luffing to straighten her course. We also consider that the Defender left the Valkyrie sufficient room to windward to pass clear of the committee boat.

"Your protest is therefore sustained. "S. NICHOLSON KANE,
"IRVING GRINNELL,
"CHESTER GRISWOLD,
"Committee."

The section of Rule 16 referred to reads: "Bearing Away.—A yacht shall not bear away out of her course so as to hinder another in going to leeward."

A little later the following was also posted:

"*To the members of the New York Y. C.:*

"Your committee beg to state that before arriving at a decision on Defender protest, they endeavored to bring about a mutual agreement between the respective yachts to resail Tuesday's race, but each preferred that the committee should pass judgment on the protest.

"REGATTA COMMITTEE, New York Y. C."

The following letter was written on Tuesday evening and was sent to the Cup committee, not to be opened until after a decision was made on the protest. Lord Dunraven has stated that he believed that the Cup and not the regatta committee was debating the protest question.

"GENTLEMEN: It is with great reluctance that I write to inform you that I decline to sail the Valkyrie any more under the circumstances that have prevailed in the last two races, and for the following reasons:

"First—To attempt to start two such large vessels in such confined space and among moving steamboats and tugboats is, in my opinion, exceedingly dangerous, and I will no further risk the lives of my men or the ship.

"Second—At the start of the race the crowding was so great that we could not see the mark boat, and could not tell when we were near the line; and we were much hampered by steamboats, especially on the race home.

"To-day on the reach home eight or nine steamboats were to the windward of me, and, what was worse, a block of steamboats were steaming level with me and close under my lee. I sailed nearly the whole distance in tumbling, broken water, in the heavy wash of these steamboats.

"To race under these conditions is, in my opinion, absurd, and I decline to submit myself to them again.

"I would remind your committee that, foreseeing the trouble that might occur, I urged upon them the desirability of sailing off Marblehead or some locality other than New York Bay, and they refused to do so. At the same time I would testify to my full belief that your committee have done everything in their power to prevent overcrowding.

"The fact is that when a contest between the representatives of two yacht clubs excites so much popular interest and attracts such crowds of people, if the races are sailed in the immediate neighborhood of a great city and the dates of the races and times of starting are known and advertised, it is impossible to keep a course free from causes of exceptional danger and clear enough to assure the probability that the result of a match will be decided according to the relative merits of the competing vessels.

"I have the honor to remain your obedient servant. DUNRAVEN.

"The America's Cup Committee."

This letter was not read by the Cup committee until late on Wednesday afternoon. No written reply was made to it, but Messrs. Canfield and Busk of the Cup committee went in search of the Earl and finally had a short conference with him at the Waldorf. The following statement, made later to the reporters by Mr. Smith, the chairman of the committee, may properly be quoted here as covering this point.

When questioned by the reporters, Mr. Smith said:

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't care to talk very much, because I feel very strongly about the whole business. It was very unfortunate. Lord Dunraven's demands were absurd, unbusinesslike and utterly impossible to comply with.

"Now, supposing Valkyrie had been a mile and a half ahead and we declared the race off because some boat interfered with the Defender, what would people say? Why, the country would be too hot to hold us. Lord Dunraven makes a point of it that the committee did not answer his letter. How could we? We did not receive it until 8 o'clock Thursday morning.

"In the first place, no one knew where to find Lord Dunraven. On Wednesday afternoon the Cup committee held a special meeting here to act on his request about keeping the course clear, and a sub-committee of two started out to find him. They first tried the Horseshoe, then the City of Bridgeport, Bay Ridge, Mr. Kersey's office, Mr. Kersey's apartments on Fifth avenue, and then the Waldorf. When the committee finally found Lord Dunraven they explained to him verbally



Patrol Yacht. N. Y. Y. C. Steamer. City of Lowell. Mount Hope.

THE STEAMBOAT FLEET——SECOND RACE.



Ramona. Sandy Hook Lightship

AT THE LINE, SANDY HOOK LIGHTSHIP——SECOND RACE.



Valkyrie. Defender.

JUST AFTER THE START——SECOND RACE.

that they would do their best to have a clear course, but that they could not postpone the race at such short notice.

"They also agreed not to start the boats until they had a clear field to maneuver in, which was all we could do under the circumstances. When they left him Wednesday night he said that he would start the Valkyrie. In his second letter, which was received on the morning of the race, he left it in doubt whether he would cover the course or not. It was then too late for us to do anything. As you know, we postponed the start until every excursion boat was out of the way, which was all we could do, and you know what happened afterward."

The above statement is, we believe, entirely correct; the letter alluded to as not being received until Thursday morning is as follows, being written after an understanding had been reached that the race would be sailed as announced:

"429 FIFTH AVENUE, Sept. 11, 1895.

"DEAR MR. CANFIELD: I have just received your letter. I regret to the committee ample time to consider my former letter, and I am sorry my letter was not delivered to you sooner.

"As I explained to you, I was under the impression that the Cup committee heard the protest; and pending a decision, I did not think it right to place the letter in their hands.

"When I heard this morning that the Cup committee had nothing to do with the protest I requested Mr. Kersey, to whom I had intrusted the letter, to hand it to you.

"In case you do not receive this to-night I shall take Valkyrie to Sandy Hook Lightship to-morrow morning, and will cross the line to give Defender a start.

"I inclose copy of a letter I have written to Mr. Iselin and addressed to the New York Y. C. Yours very truly, DUNRAVEN"

The letter to Mr. Iselin has not been made public, but it is known that after the decision of the regatta committee was announced in his

"However, as their reply would have been the same as that conveyed verbally last night, the fact of no answer having been made is unimportant.

"Signed for the committee:

"JAS. D. SMITH, Chairman,
"A. CASS CANFIELD, Secretary."

While the committee was discussing the protest on Wednesday, the two yachts were docked again at the Erie Basin and scrubbed down as the water fell, Valkyrie being painted below. A topmast belonging to Colonia was brought to the Basin and under the direction of Mr. Herreshoff it was dressed up to fit the masthead of Defender. It was an inch smaller in diameter, but otherwise a good stick, and being dry it weighed 400lbs. less than the old. It was ready by afternoon, and a new spreader was in place at the masthead. During the morning a quantity of lead was unshipped from Valkyrie and an effort was made



Lightship.

VALKYRIE AT THE FINISH.

have been engaged at the time you and Mr. Busk were kind enough to call at the Waldorf. I could not then give a decided answer to the proposition made in our short conversation.

"I have since considered the matter carefully. Your proposal to postpone the start until we have sufficient room meets only one out of more serious difficulties mentioned in my letter of the 10th, and if no solution can be found to those difficulties I must adhere to my decision as expressed in that letter.

"I am fully convinced that the committee have done, and would do to-morrow, all in their power to keep a clear course; but, under existing circumstances, they are powerless. As I told you, I would sail if the committee would take it upon themselves to declare the race to-morrow void if, in their judgment, either vessel were interfered with by steamers and tugboats.

"I regret that you are unable to agree to that. I regret also that the race fixed for to-morrow could not be postponed in order to give favor, Mr. Iselin made an offer to Lord Dunraven to call the race off entirely and resail it. After the return on Thursday evening the following was posted with the letter:

"All the propositions of the above letter were discussed between Lord Dunraven and the members of the Cup committee at 9 o'clock last Wednesday evening. The answer given to these conditions was as follows:

"First.—That it was impossible at so short a notice to postpone the race fixed for to-day, Sept. 12.

"Second.—That the race would not be started until a clear space for maneuvering was secured.

"Third.—That the committee could not assume the responsibility of agreeing to declare the race void if either vessel suffered from the accompanying steamers.

"The committee regret that they were unable to send an answer this morning.

to have her remeasured—Mr. Hyslop being detained at the Basin all the afternoon and evening—but it was nearly 10 o'clock before the yacht was floated, and the attempt to measure her by lamplight and in disturbed water had to be abandoned.

Thursday was a typical Cup race day, with a clear sky and hot summer sun, a smooth sea and a light breeze, more than a drift at all times, but still quite light—just such weather as Valkyrie was presumably built for. When the fleet reached the Lightship both yachts were under way, but while Defender under clubtopsail worked about the line, the committee boat being anchored to the westward of the Lightship, Valkyrie stood away far to the south under mainsail and jib only, but with her racing flag showing out plainly above her bare topmast. It was apparent from the start that something was wrong, but what no one could tell. This time the steamers were far enough away, only a few small vessels being anywhere near the line, and the patrol yachts were driving them still further away. The wind was



DEFENDER AT THE FINISH.

west by north, making it necessary to start to leeward, and the signal for the course was set on the committee boat long before 11 o'clock.

The hour for the preparatory signal, 10:50, passed, but as it appeared the committee had decided to postpone the start until the course was perfectly clear. At 10:55 the yacht ensign was set, indicating that, the start having been postponed from the set time, the preparatory gun would be fired in 15m. At 11:10 the preparatory gun was fired and the first red ball set, but, strange to say, in place of the blue peter, there flew out from the staff the code letter J. That this was an error on the part of the signal man was apparent when the signal was hauled down and replaced by the blue peter, but it was none the less odd that the letter J stands in the yacht code for "Leave of absence granted."

With 10m. to go, the two yachts approached the line, Defender with her spinaker boom lowered to starboard, and Valkyrie slowly coming up and setting her staysail. That she had no intention of racing was very evident, but beyond this all was mystery, no one outside of those on the committee boat having heard of the last letter. Defender crossed at 11:20:24 and set her spinaker promptly. Valkyrie was timed so as to cross just ahead of the 2m. handicap gun, once over the line she went about, a hand went aloft and took down her racing flag, and the burgee of the New York Yacht Club was run up in its place as she headed in for Sandy Hook. Soon she took a line from her tug and was towed up to Bay Ridge. Once over the line Defender sailed away in the light air with the fleet well clear of her, though as she was really not racing some curious craft ran up to have a nearer look. After a time the wind shifted to the south and the spinaker came in, she made the outer mark at 1:26:58 and started home on a reach, the wind heading and finally making a beat in. Her finish was the signal for the usual barbarous din of guns and whistles, while the attendant steam yachts dressed ship. She crossed the line at 4:04:36, her elapsed time being 4:43:11, and stood up for the Hook, setting a new yacht ensign at her truck and another at each of her spreaders. When the fleet passed in Valkyrie was found at anchor off Bay Ridge, apparently deserted by all her crew.

On Friday the two committees and the officers of the New York Y. C., with Mr. Iselin, were in conference through the day and evening, Mr. Iselin first proposing to call off the two races of Sept. 10 and 12 and to resail both, and, on this proposition being rejected, proposing to call off all three races and begin the contest for the Cup anew. This also was rejected by the two committees as beyond their powers without a meeting of the club.

The following letter was sent to the Cup committee on Saturday, and was also, with Mr. Iselin's and Lord Dunraven's reply, and the letter of Mr. Canfield on Sept. 12, cabled by Lord Dunraven to Sec'y Grant, of the R. Y. S.

"439 FIFTH AVENUE, Sept. 13.—Gentlemen: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst. You say my letter of Wednesday night to Mr. Canfield was not handed in the New York Y. C. until 1 A. M. on Thursday and was not in your hands until 8 A. M. of the same morning. There must, I think, be some mistake. I received Mr. Canfield's letter at 10:30 P. M. Wednesday, and my reply was delivered by my own servant at the New York Club at 12:15 A. M. to the club clerk. The steward or clerk in charge was called on the telephone at 12:30 and was requested to find if Mr. Canfield was at the Knickerbocker Club, and, if so, to deliver the letter at once. The reply was that he would endeavor to find Mr. Canfield; that he had a short time before left the New York Knickerbocker Club and had left word that he would call at 8 A. M. to see if there was any message for him.

"The request that Mr. Canfield should not open my letter of the 10th until the protest was decided was unnecessary, as the Cup committee was not hearing the protest, but whether my letter of Wednesday night was delivered at the New York Y. C. at 12:15 or 1 A. M., whether it was in the hands of the committee at 7 or 8, and whether my letter of the 10th was read at 12:30 or 2:30 P. M. appears to me to be a matter of minor importance.

"What is of importance to me is to allay the unjustifiable opinion implied in your letter of the 12th, that in coming to the decision conveyed to you in my letter of the 10th I went back on the agreement signed by Mr. Smith and myself. You say:

"We can only regret that the conditions that you named therein—that is, in your letter of the 10th—as absolutely necessary, should not have been so presented when the agreement of terms was formulated.

"Permit me to observe that I named no particular conditions as indispensable, as you will perceive on referring to my letter. I hold that in any match a fair field and no favor is a condition precedent to any agreement as to terms, and that failing, that any party has a perfect right to withdraw absolutely or conditionally. Articles of agreement cannot and are not intended to lay down fixed rules to meet every imaginable contingency. Certain contingencies have arisen, as you are aware.

"Confining myself to the subject of my letter, the overcrowding, as far back as last October I wrote concerning the difficulty of insuring a clear course, but did not insist upon my views, because I thought the persons responsible should be free to take what steps they thought best. In view of the failure in that respect it might have been better if, in my letter of the 10th, I had absolutely withdrawn, but my desire to sail off the races was great, and I withdrew conditionally, and suggested steps which I thought would remove the difficulty.

"These steps were not taken and I held to my determination to sail no more, and in so acting I emphatically deny that I went back in any way on the agreement as to terms. I did not know whether Messrs. Canfield and Busk were officially representing the committee when they came to see me at the Waldorf.

"I judged by their conversation that they were not, and I understood from them that the committee had not come to definite conclusions upon my letter.

"I now conclude from your communication that they were officially representing the committee. In that case the proposal made to me by the committee was that I should withdraw from my determination expressed in my letter of the 10th, and should sail the third, possibly the final, race on condition that sufficient room was secured at the start, and that in any further races my suggestion that the dates of the races and the times of starting should not be made public should be carried out.

"That proposition did not commend itself to me. Nobody has denied the overcrowding, of course, but in any case either my complaint was, in the opinion of the committee, unjustifiable, in which case I could not have agreed with them and should have withdrawn, being fully convinced of the necessity, and prepared to take the full responsibility for doing so; or it was justifiable, in which latter case the committee was, I think, bound to give redress before the next race was sailed.

"I so far withdrew my letter of the 10th as to say I would sail the third race if the committee would undertake to declare the race void if in their judgment either vessel was interfered with by steamers, the committee putting anybody they liked on board the yachts. I was willing to leave the matter in their hands, stipulating only that they put experienced and practical yachtsmen on Valkyrie III.

"As far as I am concerned I have no wish to continue the discussion, which you accurately describe as superfluous, and will conclude by expressing regret that if any desire to resail Tuesday's race was known to exist the regatta committee did not order it resailed under Article 10 of the New York Y. C. regulations, in which case, whatever my opinion as to the cause of the foul may be, I should have been at the disposal of the committee, and that the Cup committee could not see its way to adopting what appears to us the simpler course of hoisting the letter 'G' yesterday, and postponing the race to such time as they had arrived at a definite conclusion upon my letter of the 10th inst.

"I have the honor to remain, very respectfully, DUNRAVEN."

On Saturday Lord Dunraven and Mr. Kersey went to New London by rail and there joined Mr. F. W. Vanderbilt's steam yacht Conqueror, going to Newport, where they were the guests of Mr. Vanderbilt. Messrs. Canfield and Busk were on the same train, going by rail to Newport. All of the Cup committee left town on Saturday. The following notice was posted at the club house on Saturday morning:

"To the New York Y. C.:

"Having filed with the America's Cup committee our report on the international races, we take this opportunity to state in case of inquiry why the last two races were not ordered to be resailed.

"Your committee, before taking evidence on the protest, made an unsuccessful endeavor to bring about a settlement by mutual agreement; but each contestant preferred that the protest should take its course. The protest filed and insisted upon must be adjudged, and a decision once rendered the contest is closed.

"As regards the resailing of the third race the regatta committee had no latitude, since the new conditions demanded by Lord Dunraven had been decided by the Cup committee, and therefore the race had to be sailed under the original terms.

"Respectfully THE REGATTA COMMITTEE."

Defender was towed to New Rochelle on Friday, gaily decorated with bunting and saluted by every passing vessel. Her sails were unbent and her boom unshipped. Valkyrie was towed to the Erie Basin, her spars unshipped and the work of shipping her sea rig was pushed as rapidly as possible on Friday and Saturday, the intention being to sail about Sept. 23 for Southampton. On Sunday her crew went up the Sound as far as Oyster Bay on the City of Bridgeport.

Returning now to the race of Tuesday, the contributory cause was the ignorance of those in charge of the steamship Yorktown in not allowing room for the necessary maneuvering at the line. This, in the first place, compelled Defender to go to leeward, while Valkyrie was able to hold her course to windward of the offending vessel. Being on a vessel which was handled by yachtsmen with a due regard for the rights of racing yachts, we were not in a position to see the collision, being to leeward of both yachts, consequently on the wrong side; nor could we judge of the distance between Valkyrie and the committee boat—a very important matter. It would be both unfair and foolish to pass upon the decision of the committee without knowledge of the evidence before them on which they acted, and we hope that such evidence will be made public in the report of the club. From all that we have been able to learn, however, the fault lay with Valkyrie. There can be no question that the fouling was unintentional on the part of Captain Sycamore, who held the stick. Either he miscalculated the distance by a few inches or the main sheet was not hauled in quite rapidly enough; but the facts seem incontestable that while the leeward vessel was closehauled, the weather one was partly free and bearing down on her; and also that the weather one had room to windward to clear the mark boat. The members of the two committees, some ten or a dozen experienced yachtsmen, were on the mark boat and with a clear view of the entire maneuver; and in a most favorable position to judge of the space between Valkyrie and the mark boat. Their personal observation was supplemented by the testimony of the principals on both yachts.

No doubt, the collision having occurred, each party honestly believed that he was in the right, and Mr. Iselin was fully justified in at once setting a protest flag. Why Lord Dunraven did not also set one does not appear, as it was the proper thing for him to do if he believed that Valkyrie had been fouled by Defender.

The race having been finished, Mr. Iselin was perfectly justified in demanding a judgment on his protest, as was Lord Dunraven; the good intentions of the regatta committee are plainly evident, but, under that strict construction of the rules which is the soul of match sailing, they had no course open to them but to decide Mr. Iselin's protest immediately on the evidence obtainable. This they did, and as we believe justly, and with every wish to give a favorable decision to Valkyrie if such could be justified in any way. Following the decision which exonerated him from even a technical charge of unfair sailing, Mr. Iselin very generously offered to call the race off and resail it in place of going on with the third race of the series; but this offer was declined by Lord Dunraven.

The race decision has been a godsend to the writers of doggerel poetry, fool letters and partisan comments, and much that has appeared on both sides, especially in some of the British papers, is based on a profound ignorance of yachting rules and racing usages, the few and simple technical points of the case being beyond the knowledge of the various writers. A collision having occurred, as all concede, there could hardly be a question that one or the other yacht was to blame; a protest from one or both was perfectly proper, and one or both protesting the issue could only be decided by the regatta committee. All talk about Valkyrie having acted wrongly in crossing the line and continuing the race after Defender was disabled, or of Defender having protested after Valkyrie won, is at the best but sentimental bosh and not worthy of notice.

The following from two London papers are samples of a certain class of comment which show the ignorance of the average sporting writer in yachting matters:

"The committee has not only taken Tuesday's supposed victory from the British yacht, but has given it to the American. This seems to be rather sharp practice. It may be the rigor of racing law, but it is hardly sport. If the umpire had done his duty he would have recalled the yachts and had a fresh start. The committee's severe award makes poor reciprocity for the generous treatment of the Cornell crew at Henley."

"We confess we see no reason in the decision of the committee awarding the race to Defender. The foul occurred before the starting gun was fired and before the line was crossed. Defender might have backed out, but she elected to race. Had Valkyrie willfully fouled Defender during the race the penalty could not have been greater. The committee's explanation does not improve matters. We should not be surprised if Lord Dunraven declares the rest of the races off and refuses to compete again; but if he consents to continue, as we hope he will, Thursday's race will probably settle the matter, as there is not much doubt now that Defender is the faster yacht."

Most of the commentators assume that as the yachts had not crossed the starting line, the race had not yet begun.

The episode of the foul and protest may be considered closed with Lord Dunraven's statement that he would abide by the decision of the committee, whether favorable or adverse, and by his declination, after the decision was made, of Mr. Iselin's offer to resail the race.

The final act of the farce begins with Lord Dunraven's first letter, which was written to the Cup committee, but sent with the proviso that it was not to be opened until the protest had been decided, Lord Dunraven, in spite of his experience as yachtsman, not knowing that a protest must be made to a regatta committee and no other, and decided by the same committee. The delay with this letter—for which he alone was responsible—amounted to nothing, as he was in personal communication with the Cup committee as late as Wednesday evening. The gentlemen of the two committees, who have of necessity neglected their private affairs entirely for the past two weeks, were engaged all of Tuesday evening and until late at night in the discussion of the foul and protest, all of Wednesday and late into Wednesday night; their main efforts being devoted to an amicable agreement by which the race could be sailed off and resailed. When two members of the committee—one, by the way, an Englishman—finally found his Lordship late on Wednesday evening, he was, by his own admission, too much engaged to give attention to the very important business brought up by his own letter. If, as it now appears, he had already made up his mind not to sail again off New York in default of pledges he knew no power on earth could give, it was his duty to have notified the committee at once, while in conference with them, in order that all the arrangements for the morrow's race might be cancelled. Instead of this, an hour later, just before midnight on the eve of the third race, he wrote his second letter, which reached the club at 12:15 on Thursday morning, but was not read by the committee until 8 A. M.

The sailing of these matches is no child's play for those concerned. The Cup and regatta committees and the officers of the club are all in attendance, no matter what other interests must be neglected; the expenses of mark boats, three big and fast tugs, with attendants and incidentals, cover about $1,000 per race, and the arrangements for the club steamer call for much work on the part of officers and committees. There have been in town since the first race thousands of spectators, among them yachtsmen from distant points, all eager to witness the races. A few words from Lord Dunraven when the representatives of the committee called on him at 9 P. M., a positive statement that he had no intention of starting next morning, though they would have disappointed thousands, would have saved endless expense and annoyance to the club which has treated him so hospitably and to many who have sympathized with his ill-luck even though they did not wish him to win the Cup.

There was no necessity whatever for sailing a third race after the challenger had withdrawn from the contest for the Cup. The New York Y. C. already holds the trophy and must do so until it is won by a challenging club; whether Defender sailed one or three races could make no possible difference provided that Valkyrie did not win three races. There is something intensely Hibernian in Lord Dunraven's statements that he considered it particularly civil, courageous and sportsmanlike to make fools of the club, the defending yacht and the spectators, by taking them out to Sandy Hook to witness such a disgusting exhibition of British pluck; a racing yacht in perfect trim, with flag aloft, a keen skipper at her helm and a ready crew on deck, a clear course ahead of her and a worthy opponent beside her, and then to see her turn tail and sail away. Even though his grievance had been a just one and his reasons good, no man with the instincts of a true yachtsman would abandon such a course and such an opponent, with the very conditions of smooth water and light winds for which his own yacht was built. Had there been any semblance of crowding at the line, or had Valkyrie started and been in any way interfered with, there would have been some excuse for abandoning the race; but under existing circumstances there was none whatever. The Royal Yacht Squadron may thank Lord Dunraven for one thing, that when he hauled down his private signal on the line he set the burgee of the New York Y. C. instead of that of the Squadron.

No possible excuse can be made for the conduct of the attendant vessels. It was bad throughout, from the Yorktown down to the many tugs, such as the "Official Photographers" and some of the newspaper boats; but in this respect Defender suffered quite as badly as Valkyrie. The evil is a serious one, and impossible of remedy, but nothing new; Lord Dunraven was perfectly familiar with it in 1893, when it was worse, if possible, than this year, as every effort has been made in the present case to exercise some control. So much was said, however, over Tuesday's race, and the vessels were so far from the line on Thursday, that there is every probability that there would have been no interference whatever had Valkyrie started.

So far as appears from the two letters, Lord Dunraven's demands were in the first place a transferral of the races to some other place, preferably Marblehead; and secondly, a guarantee from the committee that the race should be called off should either vessel be interfered with. The second proposal is hardly worthy of serious consideration; no committee would accept such a responsibility; as, after a race had been fairly won by one vessel, it might be compelled to declare it off on account of some immaterial interference with the other. The proposal is only on a par with others made by Lord Dunraven at various times since 1889.

After agreeing long ago to the refusal of the Cup committee to remove the races from New York and coming here to sail, the insistence on Marblehead is in rather questionable taste; but, apart from that, the question is important enough to discuss on its merits, as it has engaged the attention of the British papers. For the benefit of those who are as unfamiliar with the geography of the Atlantic coast as Lord Dunraven appears to be, we would state in the first place that the Cup races of 1895, like those of 1893, have not been sailed on New York Bay, as is intimated in Lord Dunraven's first letter, but on the broad Atlantic, starting from a point seven miles offshore and in deep water, the course itself being unexceptionable. The distance from New York city is twenty-two nautical miles, and as the tides are strong in the channels about the Hook, and there are no available harbors near, very few small yachts venture outside of Sandy Hook. With all the immense fleet of vessels there were but one or two as small as 30ft. and none smaller. The yachts were described by some papers as sailing in the second race through an immense fleet of catboats, but they were only some fishing skiffs anchored off Galilee, too few to interfere with the racing.

The much-vaunted Marblehead course is a very fine one, on Massachusetts Bay, practically the open sea—as a sailing ground neither better nor worse than off the Hook. The starting point of the Eastern Y. C. course, Half-Way Rock, is within twenty-one nautical miles of the city of Boston; not so large a town as New York, it is true, but still quite a place, and with several railways joining it to other parts of the country. The yachtsman from Chicago, Minneapolis, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toronto or Montreal who starts to see the Cup races can reach Boston as quickly and as cheaply as New York, and when he arrives there will find some of the same steamers awaiting him, three or five dollars, with many of the Eastern coasting and local passenger fleet. If international races are sailed, Americans are going to see them, whatever the cost; and where passengers are to be had at good prices there will the steamers be, whether at Marblehead, Newport or New York.

The steamer and tug evil would be quite as bad at Marblehead as at New York, but it would be nothing to another disadvantage which does not exist at the latter port. Massachusetts Bay is the center of the largest fleet of small yachts in American waters. The combined fleets of the Hudson River, New York Bay and the Sound cannot compare in numbers, in the sizes below 30ft., with the many clubs between Provincetown and Gloucester, Marblehead is the favorite rendezvous of this multitude of small sloops and catboats, and on the occasion of a big regatta they may be counted by hundreds. We have seen them in such crowds on the occasion of Mayflower's first race in 1886, and again when she met Galatea off Marblehead a year later, that it was dangerous and almost impossible for the racing craft to cross the line. These small craft are in the main staunch and sturdy little fellows, manned by experienced yachtsmen and quite capable of going a dozen miles or so offshore if necessary to follow a race. With them are fishermen, small and large, and other working craft. In the event of a great international race off Marblehead the crush of vessels, small and large, would be infinitely worse than anything yet seen outside of Sandy Hook. Lord Dunraven has never been to Marblehead, and in particular has never witnessed a race there; his knowledge of the place is derived from one or two Boston papers which have been anxious to take the Cup races from New York, and there is no possible reason why his demand for the change should have been acceded to by the committee either last week or last winter. What is true of Marblehead is equally true of Newport, except that the Newport course is inferior; there would still be crowds of small boats and all the New York steamers and tugs. If there were any reason to believe that these important matches could be sailed without interference off Marblehead or Newport, or Norfolk or Portland, we should be glad to see the change made, but no such reason has yet been given. If the races are to be sailed without a large attendant fleet, but two courses are possible, to go to some distant point such as the Labrador coast, in which case probably a few large ocean steamers would follow, or to be off Sandy Hook and go out unawares with no previous notice. Even in this latter case there would be the newspaper tugs and the steam yachts.

Lord Dunraven's refusal to sail more races over the New York course is the less reasonable from the fact that he has been here before and knew exactly what to expect, and also that he has sailed at home under conditions slightly different, but no less dangerous and trying. Only last year his yacht was sunk under him through the crowding of outside vessels about the starting line in the Clyde, and in the regular matches at Cowes, Torquay and on the Clyde the racers are compelled to sail not once but several times in each race through large fleets of yachts and vessels at anchor, something absolutely unknown in this country.

The preliminaries to the present races were arranged long ago, almost all possible points requested by Lord Dunraven being agreed to by the New York Y. C. Knowing well the waters and conditions about New York, his lordship entered into an agreement to sail a series of races there under fixed conditions. This agreement, as he himself has testified, has been fully carried out on its side by the New York Y. C., and yet he has broken it and attempted to make entirely new conditions, withdrawing in a pique because they have not been acceded to almost before they were known to the committee. Had he taken the trouble to meet the committee personally on Wednesday and submitted his ultimatum to them in time for the stoppage of Thursday's race, or, failing this, had he crossed the line on Thursday and sailed until some grounds were given for his withdrawal, he might have made out a case; but his unbusiness-like and vacillating conduct, and the manner in which his various communications have been dispatched to the committee, have placed him in a very bad position.

From the time of the withdrawal of Valkyrie on Thursday morning, many offers have been made of valuable prizes for special races between her and Defender, or even with Vigilant. Col. Chas. H. Taylor, of Boston, at once telegraphed to Messrs. Iselin and Dunraven:

"Owing to the unsatisfactory conditions which seem to exist off New York for a contest of such magnitude as you are engaged in, I hereby offer a $5,000 international challenge cup to be sailed for by the Defender and Valkyrie III. off Marblehead; cup to be called the 'Massachusetts Bay Cup.' In case of acceptance, conditions can be arranged at once."

The replies were:

Charles H. Taylor, Editor Globe, Boston:

Many thanks for generous offer. I must decline at present to sail Valkyrie. C. OLIVER ISELIN.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 13.

Gen. Chas. H. Taylor:

Mr. Kersey telephoned that the Valkyrie is being dismantled and that Lord Dunraven has made no formal reply to the proposition.

The Atlantic Y. C. at once took up the question of arranging a race for a $5,000 prize, and a cup of $1,000 was offered by the Roberts Safety Watertube Boiler Co. Other offers have been made of liberal prizes for races over any course, but Lord Dunraven ordered the yacht stripped and refitted for sea at once.

James D. Smith, chairman, and J. Fred. Tams, secretary of the America's Cup committee, met on Tuesday and with the authority of the other members of the committee made public the letters which passed between Lord Dunraven and Mr. Iselin in regard to resailing the America's Cup races between Defender and Valkyrie III.

After the meeting Com. Smith said to an *Evening Post* reporter: "The letter first submitted from Mr. Iselin explains itself. I do not know where to apply to Lord Dunraven to get a copy of Mr. Iselin's letter offering to resail the protested race of Sept. 10, but the following correspondence shows the facts, as his (Mr. Iselin's) letter of Sept. 16 also shows the fact of his desire to resail the last two races, Sept. 10 and 12, or failing in this, to sail the whole match over, which was surely most magnanimous and liberal on Mr. Iselin's part;

SEPT. 16, 1895.—Dear Mr. Smith: I inclose copies of Dunraven's two letters to me; unfortunately I did not keep a copy of the short note I sent him about resailing Tuesday's race, but as he has my permission to publish it you can of course obtain a copy from him.

I consider it most unfortunate that we could not have devised some way whereby the last two races could have been resailed. I still hold that if Dunraven and myself had both consented to have those races resailed, the committee could have so ordered without in any way affecting their position. Now, of course, it is too late to do anything, and all that I ask is that my offers be fully set forth in the report of your committee—namely, my hailing at the time of the start and the finish of last race; my asking for a meeting of the committee the next day; my offer to resail both races, and my willingness to begin the whole matter over under any conditions and at any place and time agreeable to Dunraven. Very truly yours, C. OLIVER ISELIN.

[Inclosures.]

439 FIFTH AVENUE, Sept. 11, 1895.—Dear Mr. Iselin: I have received your note in which you express a wish that yesterday's race should be resailed.

That is a proposition to which, of course, I cannot agree. You would not have protested had you not believed that Valkyrie had caused a foul by committing a breach of the rules.

If she did she must take the consequences.

The regatta committee has decided, for reasons according to their best judgment, but which, I confess, are beyond my comprehension, that she did break the rules. I made no protest, and because I thought the foul was probably accidental, but I consider that Defender caused it. You consider that Valkyrie was to blame. The committee have decided that you are right and I am wrong, and there the matter ends.

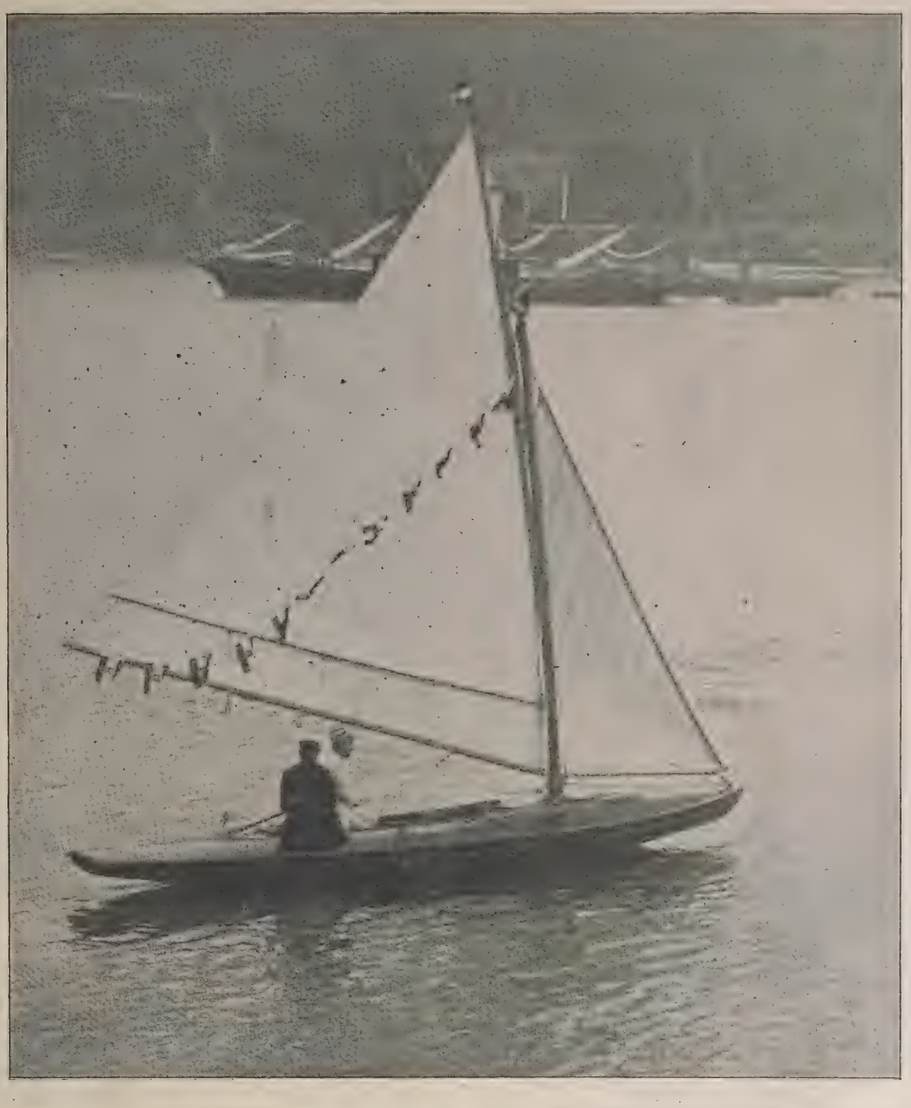
Yours very truly, DUNRAVEN.

THURSDAY, BAY RIDGE.

DEAR MR. ISELIN: I certainly could not entertain your suggestion. Had the committee ordered the race to be resailed that would have been a different matter, but how could I possibly agree to resail a race decided and given against me by the decision of the committee?

I wrote you last night to this effect, and am sorry you did not receive my letter. I had no opportunity of communicating with you this morning, but Mr. Duryea will, I dare say, have informed you as to my views. Thanking you for your suggestion, I remain,

Yours very truly, DUNRAVEN.



SPRUCE IV. WITH OWNER AND CREW.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Cup.

SPRUCE—ETHELWYNN RACES.

THOSE yachtsmen who go to Oyster Bay next Saturday to witness an international race may well imagine that they are looking through the wrong end of their glasses, as the competitors will be but 15ft. waterline instead of 90, and with but 200ft. of sail in place of 13,000. The contests, however, promise to be hardly less interesting, as the British challenger, Spruce IV., owned by Mr. J. Arthur Brand, and representing the Minima Y. C., has sailed a number of successful races in the ½-rater class in England; while the representative of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., Ethelwynn, won the three trial races of the club and has been successful in several other races in the month that she has been afloat.

Mr. Brand arrived in New York, or rather Hoboken, on the steamer Fulda, late on Sept. 9, being accompanied by his secretary, Mr. D. G. Lee, and by his crew, Thomas Wade. The boat was also on board the Fulda, having been shipped at Southampton. At the pier Mr. Brand was met by his friend Mr. H. K. Sturdee, now at Saugerties, N. Y., and by Sec'y Chas. A. Sherman, of the Seawanhaka race committee; they went to the Marlborough and in the evening Mr. Brand and the race committee were entertained at dinner at the Metropolitan Club by Mr. C. W. Wetmore, of the committee. On Tuesday and Thursday Messrs. Brand and Sturdee with Tom Wade were the guests of the club on the steamer Guyandotte at the Cup races—Mr. W. W. Howard, who has just returned from Europe, being also aboard.

Mr. Brand is a tall and active young Englishman, an architect by profession, a graduate of Oxford University, and for the past ten years prominent in small boat racing. As it was not possible to bring out an amateur friend to sail with him here, he asked that a professional hand be allowed, and on the club acceding to this request last spring he has brought out one of the hands of his 20-ton cutter Tina, a bright and alert young sailorman, Thomas Wade, of Wivenhoe, who has sailed in the various Spruces in most of the races for four years, paid hands being generally allowed in the English races.

Spruce IV. is of the same general type as her American rival, a centerboard boat, 15ft. 9in. waterline, 3ft. 1in. fore overhang, 4ft. 5in. after overhang, making 23ft. 3in. over all, 5ft. 9in. beam, and about 2ft. depth and 9in. draft. She was designed and built by H. C. Smith, of Oxford, of ribband-carvel construction, much like a racing shell, the frames being bent about ⅜×⅝ and spaced 6in., jogged into ribbands about ¾×1in. on which the plank edges meet. The deck is of mahogany, as is the planking, ⅜in. single thickness. The midship section is rather rounder than Ethelwynn, some 3in. less beam and more depth, and more like the Scarecrow, a rounder section. The bow lines are full, especially above water, and the counter is also fuller than Ethelwynn, the width across the transom being 30in., or just double. The deck has considerable crown and the well is only about 2ft. wide. There is a bulkhead just abaft the well, but the forward bulkhead is well forward. The boat was originally fitted with a lifting bulb keel of the Nautilus type, described some time since in the FOREST AND STREAM, but this has lately been discarded in favor of a centerboard of ¾in. steel, of the Linton Hope pattern, but loaded with 50lbs. of lead disposed in two saucer-shaped lumps, one on each side, at the lowest point; by this arrangement the centerboard can never be housed, about 10in. projecting from the trunk when the board is raised. The centerboard is covered with a black varnish. Forward of the mast and right in the bow is a second and much smaller centerboard, about 18in. long. There is an outside keel about 8ft. long, 2in. wide and 1in. deep. The large centerboard raises by a wire rope pendant and tackle beneath the deck. The rig included a lug mainsail of 189sq. ft. and a jib of 42sq. ft., the latter being a roller jib that can be reduced to any size required, and also can be swung out instantly so as to act as a spinaker. This jib will not be used in America, the usual jib on a stay, with separate spinaker, being fitted. The boom is 15ft. 6in. long and the yard 15ft., all the spars being of bamboo. The mast is of male bamboo carefully served, and is fitted into a square piece of wood at the heel, being stepped in a tabernacle, by which it can be lowered for passing under bridges. Some changes will be made in the rig which are permissible under the Seawanhaka measurement. The hull is rather larger and fuller than that of Ethelwynn, but is of heavier build, apparently, and with fuller lines. The boat was taken to Abrams's shipyard at Cold Spring Harbor and rigged there. She has a handsome appearance on the water, being finished with two mahogany beads about 5in. apart, one at the gunwale and one below, with a gilt stripe.

A meeting of the owners of the two yachts with the committee was held on the return from Thursday's Cup race, and all arrangements made. The first race will be sailed on Saturday, Sept. 21, starting off the mouth of Oyster Bay Harbor at noon, the course being windward and leeward, 12 miles. The second race will be on Monday and the third on Tuesday, sailing each day until one boat has won three races. The first race will be to windward or leeward and return, the second triangular. The steamer Aurora will leave Battery Pier at 8:45 A. M., and Pier 31 East River at 9:14 A. M. on Saturday, calling at the Seawanhaka Club house before the start. If there are enough passengers, she will follow the races on the other days also.

The crew of Spruce has a decided advantage over the crew of Ethelwynn; the owner, Mr. C. J. Field, has sailed a Scarecrow last season and this year has had his boat only since Aug. 10. The helmsman, Mr. B. C. Ball, has done a good deal of sandbag sailing, but none in a boat of this type previous to last month, and neither of them have had the opportunity in the short interval since the trial races to do much sailing. What makes the contest more equal than usual so far as the challenger is concerned is that neither of the crew of Ethelwynn has sailed off Oyster Bay save in the three trial races, so that there is little advantage on their part in purely local knowledge.



J. ARTHUR BRAND,
Minima Yacht Club.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association.

PARRY SOUND, Ont., Sept. 6.—The following scores were shot to-day by the various clubs forming the Dominion Off-Hand Rifle Association:

	100yds.					200yds.					
King City Club.											
J W Crossley	10	10	7	9	10–46	10	10	10	8	8–46–92	
W J Ross	9	10	9	9	9–46	8	9	9	8	10–44–90	
Geo Carley	10	9	9	10	8–46	7	7	10	10	10–44–90	
A Carley	10	7	10	10	10–47	7	3	10	8	2–30–77	
Dr Norman	10	10	7	9	2–38	10	7	8	7	5–37–75	424
Parry Sound Club.											
R O Stokes	10	10	10	8	10–48	7	9	8	9	8–41–89	
W Stafford	10	10	10	9	9–48	8	10	8	9	8–43–91	
J Morrish	10	10	8	10	9–47	7	9	0	10	10–36–83	
J McClelland	8	10	10	7	7–42	6	9	3	9	10–37–79	
W F Thomson	7	5	7	10	6–35	10	7	9	10	5–41–76–418	
Wausaukasene Club.											
R I Clarkson	9	6	9	10	10–44	10	2	6	6	8–32–76	
F Laurie	7	10	6	8	5–36	7	10	0	8	10–35–71	
J R Leggatt	10	6	9	10	8–43	3	0	7	10	5–25–68	
T White	6	6	8	7	9–36	7	7	10	5	6–35–71	
Geo White	8	9	10	9	8–44	8	3	3	9	5–28–72–358	
Carnduff Club.											
J A Thompson	4	8	7	6	8–33	4	10	6	7	10–37–70	
E J Huxley	2	6	7	1	9–25	7	6	10	9	2–34–59	
J B Gornell	7	9	8	7	7–38	0	6	0	5	10–21–59	
W Gilliland	8	8	9	8	7–40	0	0	0	6	9–15–55	
T E Gordon	7	8	5	9	6–30	10	1	9	0	0–20–50–293	
Bradford Club.											
D Neilly	9	10	9	10	9–47	10	10	10	10	6–49–96	
John G Neilly	10	7	10	8	10–45	8	7	8	10	7–40–85	
John Neilly	10	9	4	7	8–38	7	8	7	9	8–39–77	
J Doolittle	10	7	8	8	7–40	5	9	8	8	10–40–80	
P Cappell	9	5	8	6	9–37	10	9	7	10	4–40–77–415	

D. F. MACDONALD, Sec'y.

Pacific Slope Rifle Scores.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Sept. 8.—The scores made at the semi-monthly shoot of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held at Shell Mound to-day were as follows:

Rifle—Medal and cash prizes, open to the world, 200yds., re-entry:

Target rifle, Kuhnle medal: F. O. Young 86, D. W. McLaughlin 85, Dr. Rodgers 84, A. Gehret 84.

For members only, no re-entry: Champion class—F. O. Young 83, D. W. McLaughlin 82, Dr. Rodgers 78, L. Barrere 67.

First class—A. Darrell 71, P. Bohr 72, A. Gehret 81.

Pistol: 50yds., medals for members only, no re-entry:

Champion class: C. M. Daiss 92, S. Carr 87, F. O. Young 85, L. Barrere 76.

First class: Dr. Rodgers 90, A. Darrell 90, F. Poulter 78.

Second class: F. Dennis 78, A. H. Kennedy 66, W. Unfred 55.

Open to all comers, re-entry:

Blanding medal: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 94, F. O. Young 91, S. Carr 91, J. E. Gorman 90, L. Barrere 81. ROEBL.

Zettler Rifle Club's Annual Festival.

THE twenty-second annual shooting festival of the Zettler Rifle Club, of New York city, will be held on Sept. 29 and 30, at Charles C. Wissel's Cypress Hill Park, L. I. The park is easily reached from the city, the following being the official description of the route to the park: "Take Union Elevated direct from New York and Brooklyn Bridge, or Fulton, Grand or Twenty-third street ferries to Ridgewood, and Cypress Hill dummy line from Ridgewood to the park."

The programme is a good one, and the list of prizes is very large, the actual cash to be distributed footing up to a big amount.

The following are the conditions for the Ring target: Distance 200yds., ¾in. (25) German ring target; any rifle; open to all comers; first ticket $2, each following $1; two best tickets to count for the first five prizes; the best single ticket to count for the following prizes; tickets unlimited; only one prize obtainable by any shooter. There are twenty-one prizes, ranging from $1 to $50. The premiums offered are: Best five tickets on ring target, $10; second, $8; third, $4; fourth, $2.

The Bullseye target is open to all comers, 10 shots for $1, the best bullseye to count by measurement. In this class again there are eighteen prizes, ranging from $1 to $20, while the list of premiums is also a goodly one.

The Honor target is open to members only, three shots per man. The contest will be for prizes presented by the judges and members of the club, and for $150 donated by the club.

Zettler Bros. present a fine trophy for special competition on a 25-ring target. This competition is open to everybody, three shots free; only one ticket allowed to each shooter.

Two gold lockets presented by the club will be competed for by the judges only, who will be privileged to fire three shots each.

The ladies are not forgotten. For them there is a target of Honor, on which the ladies of club members will be entitled to compete for prizes presented by the club.

The various committees are: Ladies' Committee, C. J. Watson, J. Günther and W. Sell. Shooting Committee, Geb. Krause, Chairman; H. D. Muller, M. B. Engel, R. Busse, C. G. Zettler; B. Zettler, Shooting Master, and Gus. Nowak, Secretary. Shooting commences at 9 A. M. each day and closes at 6:30 P. M.

Cincinnati Riflemen.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 8.—The scores given below were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions, 200yds., strictly off-hand, 3lb. trigger pull, rifles under 10lbs. weight, at the standard target, 7-ring black. The small attendance to-day was due to members of this Association attending a prize shoot given by the Losantiville Shooting Association at Dayton, Ky.

During the course of the day's shoot word was received announcing the death of one of our oldest and most respected members, Mr. Louis Stegner. It is with the most sincere regret that we make this announcement, and this Association loses one of its best and ablest members:

Gindele	9	8	9	9	9	6	8	9	6	8–81	
	9	10	9	9	9	9	9	7	8	8–87	
	6	7	9	10	5	10	9	8	9	9–82	
	7	10	6	8	9	9	10	8	7	10–83	
*Payne	8	9	5	6	9	10	9	10	9	8–83	
	8	7	8	7	9	10	6	10	9	7–81	
	8	8	8	8	7	7	8	6	10	9–79	
	8	9	10	9	10	10	10	8	8	8–90	
Drube	6	4	7	7	8	8	8	10	6	8–72	
	5	4	8	7	8	8	6	5	10	6–67	
	9	6	6	4	10	7	7	6	7	6–68	
	5	5	3	9	5	9	10	6	6	10–68	
Topf	7	7	6	4	4	8	4	10	9	3–62	
	5	7	5	5	8	8	8	7	5	6–64	
	8	6	10	4	4	5	8	7	5	6–63	
	6	6	5	3	6	8	7	6	9	8–64	
Hake	7	5	7	10	6	8	5	7	4	6–65	
	5	7	7	7	5	4	8	9	6	4–62	
	9	6	10	5	7	9	6	4	8	6–70	
	9	6	5	7	5	7	7	4	8	4–62	

*Payne had the satisfaction of making his first clean score to-day, also his second 90, having scored his first 90 at Dayton, Ky., on Sept. 1, just one week ago.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Sept. 24.—WILLARD PARK, N. J.—Live bird handicap, 50 birds, $25 entrance, birds included. Four high guns, handicap 26 to 32yds.; entries close Sept. 20, limited to 15 entries.

Sept. 24-26.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Fourth annual tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club; $500 added money; H. M. Stewart, Sec'y.

Sept. 26.—NEWARK, N. J.—Live bird handicap of the Newark Gun Club, at Erb's grounds; 25 live birds, $10 entrance, birds extra at 25 cents; handicaps 26 to 32yds.; four moneys.

Sept. 26-27.—LEAVENWORTH, Kansas.—Second annual tournament of the Leavenworth Gun Club; $300 added money.

Sept. 27, 28.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Fall tournament of the Harrisburg Shooting Association; first day, targets; second day, live birds. H. B. Shoop, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

An unfortunate accident, that came within an ace of being a fatal one, put a damper upon the tournament promoted by the Lancaster (Pa.) Gun Club last week. Mr. W. H. Burnham, a very popular and well-known shot who hails from York, Pa., was the victim, and we are extremely pleased to be able to state that from all we can learn he is none the worse for his narrow escape. The way the accident happened, as it was related to us by an eye-witness, was thus: Mr. Burnham was shooting his score in a 15-target race when a trap got out of gear. A shooter to his right opened his gun and laid it, with the shell in the barrel, across a rail. Plenty of people have seen loaded guns placed in just such a manner. As soon as all was ready for the shooting to go on again, the owner of the gun stepped up to it and was going to pick it up when it slipped off, and sliding as it were around the rail fell, butt down, on the ground, the gun closing and going off as the butt struck the ground. The whole charge passed so close to Mr. Burnham's stomach that it tore his sweater and shirt from his body, three pellets of shot scoring their way across his skin and one just entering his skin slightly. His sweater was set on fire by the discharge. The charge found its resting place in the lining of the covering that protects the spectators from the elements. Mr. Burnham's nerve is best attested by the fact that he finished his score in the event. He then packed up his gun and took his departure, saying: "Good-by, boys; I've had enough shooting for a month or two, and maybe for always." We hope, however, to have the pleasure of meeting the champion target shot of Pennsylvania in front of the traps before many months are over. The accident is only one more proof that a shell in a gun, no matter in what position the latter may be, is always a menace to those in its vicinity.

In our account of the four-handed match between Ballard-Ivins and Hoey-Murphy we stated that we thought the scores made a record, each man having killed 90 per cent. or better. Fred Hoey called our attention on Sept. 12, at Elkwood Park, to the match shot on March 29, 1894, at Babylon, L. I., on the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club, grounds that are acknowledged to be extremely fast, and where George Mott, the superintendent, always has strong birds and good flyers on hand. On the date in question Fred Hoey and L. S. Thompson shot a match against George Work and Charles Macalester, 100 birds per man, 200 to the team. Hoey and Thompson won by three birds, scoring the great total of 190 to 187. The individual scores were: Hoey 97, Thompson 93, Macalester 94, Work 93. We have to thank Mr. Hoey for calling our attention to the above score, and shall be glad to know if any score has been made under similar conditions that can beat it. As a curious coincidence, it may be mentioned that Fred Hoey and Edgar Murphy used in the match for the Riverton cup of 1883, shot at Elkwood Park on Sept. 12, the full score of which appears elsewhere, shells that were loaded by Von Lengerke & Detmold for the match shot at Babylon, L. I., on March 29, 1894. The shells were loaded, according to the description on the case, on March 26, 1894, and had been laid one side by Fred Hoey until the morning of Sept. 12 of this year. It may be of interest to some to know that the shells were "Eley's Gas-tight Cartridge Case made in Great Britain" for V. L. & D., and that they were loaded with American E. C. powder.

In a personal letter on a totally different matter, Irby Bennett, of Memphis, Tenn., the popular representative of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, concluded as follows: "Recently I was in Atlanta and discussed with Mr. John S. Clarke, of the Clarke Hardware Company of that city, the prospect and outlook for their coming tournament in October. Mr. Clarke was very enthusiastic over the same, and believes that the attendance will be extremely large, in consequence of which belief they have increased the added money from $600 to $700. The International Exposition will be in progress at that time, and will unquestionably attract a great many people from all parts of the country. It seems to me that the $700 added money should also attract the shooters, particularly when they can obtain a *one fare* railroad rate for the *round* trip. I feel justified in urging all the shooters of the country to attend this shoot, for the reason that the shooting and the management will be of the best. The exposition itself will unquestionably be worth the visit, and Atlanta is a beautiful, attractive and typical Southern city, and its people are as hospitable as Southerners generally are. I will be in control of the Winchester exhibit at the exposition, and should FOREST AND STREAM'S representative look in on me, he will find a hearty and cordial invitation awaiting him to make our place his headquarters."

FOREST AND STREAM has gotten out a "Tournament Squad Pad" for the use of gun clubs at tournaments. The use of squad pads has grown very largely and there is no other satisfactory method of running a shoot outside of the squad system. It enables the cashier's office to keep up with its work—the greatest necessity when it comes to making a shoot a success. The pads consist of 100 sheets of army and navy bond paper, three or four good manifold copies being practicable with that paper. Clubs that contemplate giving tournaments will do well to bear these pads in mind and send for a sample. As we have had them made in large quantities we can make an advantageous offer in respect of price. A single pad costs 15 cents; ten pads, 1 000 sheets, $1 50. Send for a sample.

The second annual tournament of the Leavenworth, Kansas, Gun Club will be held on Thursday and Friday of next week, Sept. 26, 27. A note in our last issue gave the particulars of the shoot in brief so that it is unnecessary to dilate any further on that matter, merely remarking that the amount of added money—$300—is worth while going after. It is also worth noting that on the second day there are two team races on the programme: one is a two-men team, 15 targets per man, entrance $3 per team, $20 added; the other is a three-men team, 25 targets per man, $4.50 entrance per team, $50 added. Remember that in all events winners of first and second money will be handicapped in the next shoot by being given unknown angles to shoot at.

Mr. Chas. E. Forehand, secretary of the Worcester, Mass., Sportsmen's Club, writes under date of the 13th inst.: "I wish to claim Oct. 15 and 16 as the dates for the Worcester Sportsmen's Club's tournament. There will be $100 added money, and a $50 diamond ring will be given to the man making the highest average. This shoot coming so soon after the Newburgh shoot should draw a good attendance." We suppose that the diamond ring will be given to the shooter making the highest general average in all the programme events of both days. Mr. Forehand has promised to mail us a programme, and that will no doubt explain this point fully.

The Bayside Gun Club, of Keyport, N. Y., is evidently a very healthy organization, twenty-three members out of a possible fifty-four putting in an appearance at the first monthly shoot of the club held on Sept. 4. The conditions of the badge shoot are rather hard on beginners, being given as "known angles, unknown traps," that is, expert rule. Although that system is far and away the most sporting of all, we are of opinion that it is a little too severe on young shots, and does not encourage them or keep up the attendance as well as known traps, unknown angles will do. The club's next regular shoot will be held on Oct. 2.

The Independent Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., will hold a three days' shoot, Oct. 9–11. The first two days will be given up to targets, the third day to live birds. The sum of $100 will be added to the purses each day, making $300 of added money altogether. The tournament committee is: John Shaaber, George Ritter, Brooke Harrison and James Schmeck. The tournaments given in the past by the Reading boys have always been successful and enjoyable, and the tournament of 1895 should be added to the list. The composition of the committee is a guarantee that the shoot will be run all right; everybody knows Shaaber and Schmeck!

The annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association will be held, as announced some months ago, on Oct. 9–11, the dates just selected by the Independent Gun Club, of Reading, Pa. As, however, the two clubs will draw shooters from different sections of the country, there is little reason to fear any visible effects from such clashing of dates. President Brown, of the Newburgh Club, promises the usual good time and plenty of shooting, which has characterized the shoots of his club in years gone by. Landlord Gedney's lunches also are a special attraction, and there is going to be no change here.

The Rochester (N. Y.) Gun Club's programme has been issued during the past week. The schedule of events is the same that we published in our issue of Sept. 7, so that it is hardly necessary to repeat the details. The "Rules and Regulations" contain some pieces of information of special interest to intending shooters: "Shooting will begin each day promptly at 9 A. M. Ten-gauges at 18yds. The Livingston Hotel has been selected as headquarters. Reduced railroad rates. Ammunition and guns shipped to James McCulloch, 99 East Main street, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge." Also note: "Dropping for place will not be tolerated."

Mr. Sam Dow, president of the Knoxville, Tenn., Gun Club, called at this office while on his way home from Boston, where he had been attending the recent Masonic conclave. Mr. Dow says that the Knoxville's are not talking "shoot in '96" at all, in fact he doesn't think they'll give one. He left New York on Saturday, Sept. 14, *en route* for home, having for a companion U. M. C. Thomas, who was traveling to Atlanta, Ga., to take charge of the U. M. C. Co.'s exhibit at the exposition.

H. L. Lyons, a member of the Kentucky Gun Club, of Louisville, Ky. won the amateur championship of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and Michigan at the Limited Gun Club's shoot at Indianapolis, Ind. He scored 49 out of 50, tieing with Mr. Elliott; on the shoot off at 25 targets he won easily, breaking 24 out of 25. Mr. Lyons used U. M. C. factory loaded ammunition, E. C. powder and one of Parker Bros. pigeon guns with Whitworth steel barrels. He won the live-bird championship of Kentucky last year, and is one of the most popular men in his club.

During the recent visit of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show to Harrisburg, Pa., the members of the Harrisburg Shooting Association presented Annie Oakley with a mammoth bouquet, the floral trophy being larger than Miss Oakley herself. Frank Butler says that the first time the Harrisburg boys hold a shoot that Miss Oakley has leisure time enough to spare to attend, she'll be there, even "if she has to ride a bicycle up-hill to get there."

We regret that we did not receive some earlier notice of the Lake View Gun Club's tournament and meeting of the Michigan Trap-Shooters' League, which took place at Lake View Park, Kalamazoo, Mich., on Thursday and Friday of this week, Sept 19, 20. The programme was a varied one, the Pumphrey "Equitable" system being used in dividing several of the purses. Ben O. Bush was carded as manager, so that it is safe to assume that everything passed off all right.

Secretaries of gun clubs and other correspondents to this department are requested to read carefully the note in italics that is run at the head of this column. Owing to the absence of the trap editor while attending tournaments, matter that should have prompt attention is often left unnoticed through being addressed personally instead of to FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY. There need be no fear that any matter thus mailed will be overlooked; it will find its way into the right basket.

With fine weather the tournament of the Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club is bound to prove a success. The excellent club house, probably one of the best appointed in the country, guarantees the comfort of the shooters, while the programme and the quality of the management also insures plenty of shooting for everybody, and that smoothness of running which is such a pleasant feature at many of the shoots of to-day.

Mr. W. F. de Wolf, secretary of the Cook County (Ill.) Trap-Shooters' League, announces that the third tournament of the League will be held on Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2 P. M., on the grounds of the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, Fifty-fourth and West Madison streets. We believe the second tournament takes place to-day, Sept. 21, on the Eureka Gun Club's grounds, Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes avenue.

Col. C. E. Felton, of Chicago, was in New York on Wednesday last, and was easily persuaded to stop off on his way still further East and try his luck at Elkwood Park on Thursday. The Colonel is paying a visit to his son-in-law, Charlie Willard, late of Chicago, but now of Hartford, Conn., in which city he is looking after the best interests of the Colt Firearms Company.

A 50-bird handicap, $25 entrance, birds included at 25 cents each will be shot at Willard Park, near Paterson, N. J., on Sept. 24 The money will go to the four high guns, 40%, 30%, 20% and 10%; entries close on Sept. 20, the number of entries being limited to fifteen. Handicaps range from 32 to 26yds. Entrance fee, $10, should be sent to T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J.

Although no scores of Jack Parker's shoot have reached us, we learn that Harvey McMurchy knocked them all out, winning first average and relegating Heikes to second hole. Incidentally we may mention that the boys beat Jack Parker in the races where he paid according to the number of birds broken.

Another live bird handicap is announced by W. H. Green, secretary of the Newark, N. J., Gun Club. The event will be at 25 birds, $10 entrance, birds extra, class shooting, four moneys, handicaps from 32 to 26yds. It will be decided at Erb's grounds on Sept. 26

Jack Halstead and Capt. Harry P. Dain, of Peekskill, N. Y., were in New York on Monday last. They were on a sort of "fitting-out" trip, as they will shortly leave on a hunting trip for North Dakota. They expect to be away until the end of October.

The result of the Plainfield-Dunellen shoot, the score of which is given elsewhere, was a surprise to both parties. Dunellen expected to lose, Plainfield thought it would win. A defeat by 5 targets shows that it was a good and close race.

Mr. Fred Sauter, a well-known member of the N. Y. German Gun Club, is on a hunting trip in the Black Forest. A recent letter reports that he has killed a fine roebuck. EDWARD BANKS.

Sands and Adams.

ALTOONA, Pa., Sept. 14.—Yesterday being the date set for the live bird race between W. B. Sands, of Altoona, and E. J. Adams, of Mifflin, Pa., a delegation from this place left on Main Line express, arriving at the scene of the contest at 1:50 P. M. Mr. Adams had carriages in waiting, and it was only a few minutes until we were on the baseball grounds, where we found everything in readiness. The grounds are very suitable, being perfectly level, with a clear background and surroundings. Staid old Mifflintown, as it is properly called, turned out *en masse* to see the match; for although, through the modesty of the two contestants, the announcement had only been made to a few, it had leaked out, and as a result a large crowd of very orderly spectators was present.

The weather was perfect for a shooting match. A strong wind, which at times was almost a gale, blew directly across the traps from No. 1 to No. 5. The sky was clear and the atmosphere cool and bracing. The birds were a selected lot and one of the best I have ever seen at an early fall shoot. This is evident from the fact that but one bird refused to fly out of the left. It is a pleasure to be at a match that is run so smoothly as was this one. There was not a dispute nor a delay. The referee's good judgment prevailed where there was a close decision to be made, without a murmur from the contestants or backers.

It was only a matter of putting guns together after the arrival on the grounds and going to work. Sands won the toss and sent Adams to the score. He drew a stiff driver from No. 3 trap, which he grassed nicely. Sands's first bird was from the same trap and was a very difficult right-quarterer; the second barrel was necessary to stop him. Adams's second and third birds were very good ones and the neat kills he made showed that he was in good form. It was now apparent that the shooting would be difficult, for the wind was doing much to make the birds quick starters and very rapid when on the wing. Sands's third bird, a rather easy right-quarterer, was not touched. This somewhat put him on his mettle, for his next ten kills were clean in the extreme. Adams dropped a quick direct right-quarterer in the eighth round and his eleventh was also soon perched on a neighboring barn roof. Both men lost their fourteenth birds and again each failed to score on the seventeenth round. Adams dropped his nineteenth, giving Sands a lead of two birds. He again failed to score his twenty-third, an incoming twister to the right. It was hit hard with both barrels, but carried everything it received over the boundary line. Sands's twenty-second was thought to be safe, but when the retriever attempted to pick it up it arose again and fell dead just outside the flag line. At the end of the first half the score stood 19 to 21 in favor of Sands.

Then it was that Adams turned to referee and stake holder W. G. Clark, and said, "Bill, let me see that roll you have in your vest pocket." He took a long look at the green bundle, rolled up his pantaloons, chased off several dirty-faced boys who had been innocently gazing up into his determined countenance, and proceeded to saw wood. The last half of the race was a spirited contest, and had not Sands gained on his opponent in the first half, he never would have carried home the money. The birds were starting quick and strong, and both men were doing great execution. Sands made a great effort to stop his thirtieth, but failed. The bird was a dark blue one, and seemed to be hit with both barrels, but did not stop until it reached the roof of a shed some 50yds. back of the dead line. He now led his opponent by but one bird until Adams slipped up on his thirty-fifth, one of the easiest birds he had drawn. Sands dropped his forty-ninth, an easy left-quartering incomer, and many spectators thought he had become rattled and was liable to drop to a tie. This was not the case, however, for he scored the last, a difficult direct left-quarterer, in fine style, and won the race by one bird.

Conditions: 50 birds per man, $50 a side, loser to pay for birds, 50yds. boundary, with dead line 3ft. back of score, modified Hurlingham rules governing. W. G. Clark, referee; W. C. MacDonald, official scorer. The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

E J Adams.... 3 4 3 5 1 1 4 4 3 4 2 2 3 3 5 2 2 5 2 2 5 3 1 5
Mifflin, Pa... ↑ ↖ ↑ ← ↑ ↗ ↑ → → ↑ ↖ ↘ ← ↗ ↖ ↘ ↙ ↙ ↖ → ↘ ↖ ↘ ↗ H
2 1 2 1 2 1 2 0 2 2 0 2 1 0 2 1 0 2 1 2 ● 1 1—19

3 5 4 5 4 1 4 4 1 5 4 5 1 2 5 2 1 2 1 3 2 5 3 5 2
→ ← ↖ ↙ ↘ → ↖ ↗ H ← ↖ ↙ → ↑ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↖ ↖ ←
2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 0 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2—24—43

3 1 1 1 5 2 1 2 4 5 2 4 1 2 1 5 2 1 5 3 3 2 5 3 5
W B Sands.... ↗ ↖ ↗ ↙ ← ↑ ↖ ↘ ↗ ↖ ← ↖ ↙ ↗ ↖ → H ↑ ↗ → ↑ ←
Altoona, Pa.. 2 2 0 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 0 2 1 0 1 1 2 2 ● 2 1 2—21

1 2 3 2 4 4 3 3 5 1 2 5 4 2 4 3 5 4 5 5 4 5 1 3
↖ ↘ ↖ ↗ ↑ ↖ ↗ → ↑ ← ↗ ↗ ↗ ↑ ← ↗ ↖ ↖ ↘ ↗ ← ↙ ←
2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 0 2—23—44

Adams used the second barrel 25 times, Sands 27 times. Adams's longest run was 15; Sands's, 18.

Neither contestant had ever shot in a race at as many as 50 birds. Adams is practically a new man at live bird shooting, his first experience having occurred within the past two years. He was one of the men who stayed almost to the last in this year's Grand American Handicap, and is unmistakably a good shot. The work he did yesterday is strong enough to win under many circumstances, for the birds were not the kind at which to make straight scores. Sands has shot in many small sweeps and races; in fact, I have seen him in about all such events in this locality for the past ten or twelve years; but such a race and before a large crowd of spectators as that of yesterday is new to him. He is a very careless shot, and to succeed needs a coacher more than any good shot I have seen at the score in years. He seems to have little or no concern about his money, a feature, from a standpoint of cool-headedness, that is commendable; but he is the extreme in this particular. The close margin on which this match was won is likely to result in another and similar one, to be shot on the Altoona grounds. Adams is not made of material so easily knocked out.

TRAP AT WOPSONONOCK.

A return race between teams of the Huntingdon (Pa.) and Altoona gun clubs was to have been shot at the Wopsononock grounds to-day, but the Huntingdon people did not put in an appearance, sending word that they, owing to some unavoidable reason, could not be here until next Saturday, the 21st inst. The home club, however, shot a postponed medal race as well as a regularly scheduled one. Several 10-target sweeps were shot as preliminaries. The day was a most delightful one for an outing—a clear sky and a cool, stiff breeze making the shooting quite spirited. There were some six or eight new members in line to-day, a very encouraging sign of the club's prosperity. The stiff breeze made the flight of the targets very uncertain, with the result that some of the old-timers did not have everything their own way. The remarkable work of Sands was a feature; his experience in the closely contested race at Mifflin yesterday seemed to have a tendency to put him in great form. Some one proposed to him after he had missed his second target in the postponed medal race that he could not make 23 out of the 25 to be shot at in this event. Rubber bands were at once removed and a stakeholder was feeling wealthy for a short time. The detailed score shows what he did. Then the second and regularly scheduled medal race followed. Some one seemed to think he could not repeat that score. Well, I think he had about forgotten how to miss by this time, for he made the 25 straight, winning the gold medal and of course everything else in sight. The strong wind was making the flights very uncertain, and the run, which the two events show of 48 straight was really a remarkable one. He centered his birds well. There was not a ragged break among the 49 out of 50.

All events except the medal races were at 10 targets. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Clover	7	10	10	W Turner	3	2	2
Killitts	6	9	9	Mulhollen	3	4	1
Fay	5	9	..	Bastian	1	3	5
Sands	6	9	7	Kotty	2	6	9
H Turner	2	3	4	Forney	5	6	8
Clark	8	9	..	Koelliker	..	..	2
House	7	5	9	Darr	..	..	1

The scores in the two medal races were as follows, No. 1 being the postponed race, and No. 2 the regular event scheduled for to-day:

	No. 1	No. 2
Clover	1111111011111011110111111—21	1101111111111011111101011—21
Killitts	1000111111010110111010101—17	0101100011001111111101000—14
Fay	1011010010010111101110011—15	1101110111101111111101010—19
Sands	1011111111111111111111111—24	1111111111111111111111111—25
H Turner	0101010111010101011001011—15	.....
Clark	1111111110110101101111011—21	1101111010011111101101001—17
House	1101100101111100001011111—15	0001000001001001000000000— 4
W Turner	1110001100011010110 0101—12	.....
Bastian	1000000c0001011010000101001— 7	1001003010101000101111001—11
Kotty	1100111101101101101101111—18	1101010101101101111011111—18
Forney	1111101011010101110011111—17	0000101111111101011000101—14
Darr	0100010001000000000101010— 5	.....
Mulhollen	1011001000111010001100000—10	.....
Shank	0001001000011100101000110—10	.....
Koelliker	0c0010100003010110000000— 5	1000000000000000000000010— 2

PITTSBURG NOTES.

The Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, is arranging to have a series of monthly live-bird sweeps during the winter months. Each sweep will be at 25 birds per man, entrance $20, handicap rise. Details have not yet been fully completed, but it is likely that there will be a limit to contestants. Whether this limit will be confined to the clubs in and around Pittsburg I am not yet informed. The wind-up of the series, I understand, is to be a 50-bird, $50 entrance race, open to all. The first race of the series will be shot the latter part of October.

A friendly team race was shot a few days ago between members of the Wilkinsburg (Pa.) Gun Club at 50 targets per man with the following result:

A A Jack	44	O McElroy	39
Robert Anderson	38—82	J Benton	32—71

GRANT.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept. 13.—The Lynchburg Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot to-day. The traps were screwed up tight and the targets were thrown as far and as fast as possible, being also thrown at a very low elevation. They were flyers from start to finish. Scores:

No. 1:	No. 2:
Nelson 0110001110010101010110111—14	0010111101101100111000110111—15
Dornin 1110111110100111111111111—21	1110111101111110111111111—22
Empie 0101111010000111010111010—16	0110111011111111111111111—18
Dawson 1010010010010000101010100— 9	1110100010101011011101100—15
Moorman 1100110101111111111001010—17	0011111111100111111111111—20
Stearns 1111010010— 5	1111001010011111101010010—16
No. 3:	**No. 4:**
Nelson 0000001010100011111111111—13	0111110011111000111010111—17
Dornin 1111111111011111111011100—21	0110100101011100010011111—14
Empie 1111111101010111010111011—19	0101101001111111111111101—19
Dawson 0011000011010011001011001—12	1100111101010101100111010—14
Stearns 0011000011010111111111111—16	1110010100011000101001111—13
Moorman 0111110101100101110101111—17	.....
Munson 1010001000000100001100111— 9	.....
Dr Stearns 0000011100101010010010110—11	.....
Younger 0101100110100010010001011—11	.....
No. 5:	
Munson	0000110011010010010010010—10
(Rastus) Gilmer	1111101101111001110101101—18
Dr Stearns	0011001001010010011171011—13
Younger	1010001010010101101010110—12

F. M. D.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Sept. 11.—Event No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles, A. S. A. rules:

Lashells	1101011111010111000101110—16
Ehrgott	1110101111111111111010100—19
Krider	1011111010110100011011100—16
Decker	1110011010100010101111001—14
Hayes	1111111111111111111111111—29
Prenatt	1010100110111101111101111—19
N. Affantranger	1111110011110101111110010—18
Reisinger	1011111111101111111011111—21
E. L. Affantranger	0001010000101111010111110—13
Stein	0111011010111111011111111—20

No. 2, same:

Krider	1001111111111011111001111—20
Hayes	1111111111101101111111111—23
Ehrgott	1111111111111111101001111—22
Prenatt	1111111111110010101011111—21
N. Affantranger	0011100001010101111100110—15
Lashells	1001011111111111111111100—20
Stein	1101101111111011111011111—21
E. L. Affantranger	1100111110010111100101111—17

CHOKE BORE.

Perth Amboy Trap-Shooters.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Sept. 14.—Our regular shoot should have been held on Saturday, Sept 7, but it was postponed until to-day owing to the international yacht races. Our shoot, which is at 10 birds per man, $3 entrance, American Association rules to govern, was shot as follows:

H Jones	1200222211—8	Wm Hartman	0112110111—8
Wm Dayton	2020011000—4	S Dayton	1200012110—6
H Dayton	1322111010—8	S Hornsby	1200012110—6
J Glenn	0021010100—4		

H. J. MASON, Sec'y.

Highland Gun Club.

MOLINE, Ills., Sept. 2.—The club shoot of the Highland Gun Club was held this afternoon, twenty-three members contesting. James Montgomery was high man with 21 out of a possible 25, G. Benson being second with a score of 20 out of the same number.

The Baltimore Tournament.

OUR Baltimore correspondent writes us in regard to the trophy that will be given by the DuPont Smokeless Powder Company at the big live-bird tournament that will be held in Baltimore, Md., commencing Oct. 22, as follows:

"The cup is of solid silver, weighing 110oz., and is 15in. high, resting upon an onyx pedestal, the entire trophy standing 55in. high. The pedestal forms a gun rack, holding four guns, which are grouped around the cup, the whole making a most imposing appearance. The trophy was designed by Messrs. Hennegan, Bates & Co., of this city.

"The holder of the trophy will have to hold himself at all times in readiness to defend it, as under conditions governing winner of same he is open to challenge by any shooter in the world who is a member of a recognized gun club. The challenger must deposit $100 as against the trophy, $25 forfeit being required when challenge is made, to be deposited with either *American Field*, Chicago; FOREST AND STREAM, New York; *Shooting and Fishing*, New York, or Messrs. DuPont & Co., Wilmington, Del.; and the balance, $75, on the day of match, the holder of trophy naming the date upon which match is to be shot, and which must be within sixty days of receipt of challenge; number of birds to be shot at, if in excess of 25, and place where shoot is to be held, holder of trophy putting up same on day of match against the $100 deposited by the challenger.

"If challenger fails to appear on date set for match, his $25 deposited is forfeited; if holder of trophy fails to appear, he forfeits trophy and championship, unless either contestant should be sick, or there be other good and valid excuse for their non-appearance. In case weather is unfavorable on date set for match, match to be shot on first favorable day thereafter.

"At the second annual tournament to be given next year by Messrs. DuPont & Co., the trophy will be redeemed from the holder of same for $100 cash. It has not yet been determined how many times the trophy must be won to make it the absolute property of the champion.

"All contestants in this championship event will be confined to the use of DuPont smokeless powder exclusively, all other powders being barred in this single event. There will be an ample supply of machine and hand-loaded shells on the grounds, loaded with DuPont smokeless powder; there will also be a complete loading apparatus on the grounds, and shooters can have their shells loaded with DuPont smokeless, for this event, under their own supervision and according to their own directions. In addition to the trophy, the champion will receive between $1,500 and $2,000 in cash, $1,000 being guaranteed by Messrs. DuPont & Co., and all entrance moneys above that amount being added to the purse. There will be no admission charged to the grounds, consequently shooters in the amateur class can compete in these events without fear of jeopardizing their amateur standing.

"The tournament will be held on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, three sets of King's improved live-bird traps being used for the general events; the championship event will be shot from the center set of traps, commencing Thursday morning, Oct. 24, at 10 o'clock, and continuing until finished. This event, it is anticipated, will require about three days to shoot out.

"Any individual wishing to enter for the championship event can do so by forwarding his name, together with $10 forfeit, to the DuPont Smokeless Powder Tournament Committee, 22 S. Calvert street, Baltimore, Md. On receipt of his entrance record will be made of same in books of committee, and he will be furnished certificate covering receipt of $10 forfeit and giving his handicap distance. The balance of his entrance fee, $15, can be paid at any time prior to the firing of the twentieth gun in the championship event, on the morning of Oct. 24, 1895."

St. Paul Shoot.

THE HUSKY TWINS.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Sept. 13.—This is State Fair week for the big State of Minnesota, and apparently all the population and all the products of the State are centered here at the heart of the commonwealth. The fair does not belong either to St. Paul or Minneapolis, but to the State, and both the Husky Twins unite in their pride at the affair. The fair grounds are located just half-way between the two cities, at Hamline, and are easy accessible by electric car. Some idea of the importance of the occasion may be gained by the fact that the daily attendance ran up to 38,000 on an average. The week is a gala one. The farmers have seen the abundant harvests of the year gathered or assured, and now they meet for a resting spell. The brown, calm faces of the crowd show the sort of men who made the great Northwest. They go about their pleasures as about their work—dead in earnest and bound to get there. The two twins are holding open house for them. The days are a round of hospitality, the nights a succession of blazing street pageants whose size and elaborateness would do high credit to many a city far older or bigger in numbers. It is festival week, and the Northwest is in full flower for it. No better time could be chosen to see the twin cities, or to see the wonderful country of the Northwest, where the wizard of progress has been making such changes in the last ten years.

No better time could be chosen either for the holding of a shooting tournament, and the gentlemen who have had in charge the affairs of the present shoot are to be congratulated alike on their foresight and their executive ability, which combined have brought off a very successful and pleasant affair.

The tournament grounds are those used by the St. Paul Gun Club. They lie on a high, flat-topped hill, from which the whole city of houses, pavilions, tents and booths of the fair can be seen laid out in panorama. There is a fine club house, and the arrangements of the grounds are perfect, the convenience of all appliances being nicely adapted to practical shooting comfort. One battery of traps serves for the regular events. For the unknown angles a battery of three traps is used, and this battery is worthy of note and imitation. The traps are sunk in pits whose covers are just barely above the ground, so that the bird is seen to rise not from behind a high barrier, but as though it started directly from the ground. This arrangement was new to all present and it was very much liked. A trial of it will show that it does not give a shooter much more chance to make high scores, but it does give him more sport.

When the shooters tired of the sport they could go about the grounds, nearly a mile in extent, and watch the various entertainments of a great modern fair. The west grand stand was always full of people watching the horse or bicycle races, or the exhibitions of Dr. Carver, or the feats of the one-legged bicyclist who rides down 60ft. of stairway. The boxing kangaroo was there, and the two smallest people in the world, and the calf with two heads, and the largest ox in the world, and a herd of elk and deer, and a lot of things one does not see every day, unless he goes to fairs or the like. One could have choice of fifty kinds of lunches, with forty-eight kinds of pie and thirty-six sorts of coffee, at the different tents, and he could see meantime more patent gates, and steam threshers, and hay-balers, and corn huskers, and straw-stoves, and things of that sort than he ever knew were in the whole world before. And he could get Jersey cream, and muskmelons, and peanuts, and then some pie. It was lots of fun, and one could learn a lot of things to amuse and teach him, and could incidentally get a notion of how the great empire of the Northwest has been won out of the wide prairies. And he could always go back and get a chance to try to beat somebody shooting, though he couldn't always do it, perhaps, for these Northwesterners surely do shoot a red-hot gait.

The shoot was purely amateur in its lines and it was a good one of its kind. The sliding handicap drive of first to go back 2yds. was used successfully. Bluerock target traps were used. Purses were divided 4th, 3d, 2d and 1st, with abundant merchandise prizes for the lower holes. Dropping for place was billed to bar the offender from division of purses, but no dropping was seen or suspected. Known professionals were barred out of average money. There was a "daily refund" of 5% of the sweep money taken in each day. The names of all professional shooters were put in a hat and the first five names drawn out divided their refund equally. It amounted to $3 to $5 daily for the fortunate. Shooting was at 16yds. and the handicap put the shooter back over 18yds., so this was not severe.

Amateur shooters were present from Dakota, Iowa and Minnesota, among them Clint. Smith, of Fargo, N. D.; Messrs. H. B. Jewell, of Wabasha; Ed Bird, of Fairmont; Joe Dodge, J. W. Nelson, of Duluth; S. N. Gruner, of Hastings; J. McCroden, of Lake City; Ben Powell, of Mankato; A. G. Bierbauer and Saulspaugh, also of Mankato; Tom Paine, of Glencoe; T. J. Graham, of Rosedale; the two Thielmans and Mr. Hill, of St. Cloud; H. W. Jones, of Atwater; Geo. E. Trent, of Wadena, and J. H. Block, of St. Peter. All the above-mentioned towns are in Minnesota, but there was also a good delegation from the local twin cities; Messrs. John Marshall, Jule Joyslin, W. P. Shattuck, etc., of Minneapolis; Messrs. Fred Stolz, J. C. Highhous, Herman Heisbey ("Duke"), W. F. Kennedy, John Pfister, F. T. Ponsonby, P. L. Wann, B. F. Schurmeier, G. W. Baldwin, R. H. Baldwin, H. F. Lawrence and others, of St. Paul. Dr. L. W. Lyon, Mr. F. D. Ponsonby, and Mr. F. Schurmeier, of St. Paul, made up the Executive Committee, all hustlers, and Mr. John P. Burkhard, of the sporting goods firm of Wm. R. Burkhard, managed the shoot most efficiently. Mr. John Brooks, long known in the wholesale trade, was of assistance. The scoring and card work was done well and acceptably. Iowa sent up one of her best shots, Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake. The trade was represented by S. A. Tucker, of the Parker gun; W. H. Skinner, of the W.-A. powder, and Capt. Damon, of the Burgess gun.

The weather for the first two days was singularly and oppressively hot. A change set in, and Thursday was pleasant, Friday almost shiveringly cold. Following are the scores. The first day was held only as preliminary and was not included in the daily averages.

First and Second Days.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	*6	*7	8	9	10	11	12	13	*14	15
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	20	25	15	20	15	20	15	20	25
McHale	12	16	..	15	14	..	..	..	13	12	11	17	12	..	..
Murphy	11	17	14	18	13	16	18	20	12	16	12	..	..	..	..
Howard	13	..	13	16	10	15	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Graham	14	19	14	20	12	17	18	24	15	18	15	18	12	17	23
Brann	8	10	12	15	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Baldwin, Jr	8	12	10	16	11	16	..	..	9	11	13	15	12	9	17
Hub	14	17	14	12	13	20	17	23	14	18	13	13	13	14	21
Maxwell	10	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mack	7	7	13	4	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..
Taber	11	12	10	15	10	15	16	17	10	13	9	17	11	15	11
Proctor	13	18	11	16	14	..	17	18	14	18	12	14	11	13	..
W A James	13	16	10	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thielman	15	15	14	18	14	15	18	20	9	15	12	18	12	14	20
Highhouse	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Burke	15	17	..	19	14	17	20	24	12	19	15	18	14	15	21
Skinner	13	17	11	16	10	..	19	..	14	12	12	19	13	14	16
George	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	14	9	12	10	18	17
Beardsley	5	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Emery	13	16	14	13	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gilbert	15	16	15	17	15	18	18	24	11	17	11	19	14	17	17
Sachem	13	15	14	19	14	..	18	19	12	19	14	18	15	17	19
Maine	8	15	8	9	..	13	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
Saul	8	16	10	17	9	15	17	22	11	12	10	16	13	14	18
Patch	8	10	12	18	8	14	17	..	12	..	13	14	12	15	17
Wallace	10	18	14	17	13	16	18	19	11	18	..	19	12	15	..
Lawson	11	17	13	13	12	14	12	17	12	17	..	9	15	11	12
Holt	11	19	11	18	14	..	..	..	13	17	13	16	12	16	20
Baldwin, Sr	13	18	11	11	12	19	18	20	12	19	14	17	14	14	18
Glazier	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Duke	14	17	13	15	10	16	14	20	13	20	11	18	12	14	21
J C	..	18	15	17	14	16	20	21	13	18	12	17	13	16	22
Farwell	..	19	13	13	8	17	16	23	12	19	14	19	11	14	22
Johns	..	..	12	19	14	16	17	21	13	19	14	18	12	18	23
Hoyt	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Aber	..	..	13	18	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wilson	..	..	..	15	13	11	17	..	13	16	13	18	13	10	19
Morgan	..	..	..	..	8	..	9	..	..	..	..	11	8	..	..
Stone	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	13	14	..	..	..	..	13	18
Richards	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	19	..	..	..	..	..	10	15
Kennedy	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Powell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	16	14	15	13	15	22
Bierbauer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	13	..	18	12	11	23
Reed	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	16	14	16	13	15	18
O B	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	13	17	11	..	..
Quill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	18	14	19	12	17	18
Hamlin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	18	12	19	14	16	20
Marshall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	19	14	..	..	..	..
Wild Rice	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	16	15	16	11	14	13
Weiland	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	13	14	11	15	16
Rudd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	13	..	..
Cat	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	13	..	..
St Cloud	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	12	15	6	11	..
Pettitt	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	9	..	12	15	..
Hill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	17	11	15	10	14	23
Greene	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pabst	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	7	..	..	..	..	..
Allen	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	..
Novotney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	..	..	..
Madison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Roberts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
Barnes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Catamaras	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..
Hiel	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18

*No. 6 and 14 were at 10 singles and 5 pairs. Nos. 1 and 8 were shot on the first day; Nos. 9 and 15 on the second day.

Thursday, Third Day.

The main interest of the day centered in the State championship shoot, carrying with it the State diamond badge and the total of next year's entry. This is the greatest Minnesota shooting contest. The badge has been in competition for about twelve years, the holder for the past year being Mr. John Burkhard, who made a gallant though losing fight for it again to-day. The conditions for this contest are very good and well calculated to bring out the shooting ability of the winner, being at 50 targets, 26 singles and 12 pairs, though the angles are known. The contest to-day was very pretty, the issue being in doubt late in the game, and finding decision only in the doubles, which were thrown low and hard. Jewell, of Wabasha, closed the singles with a chance to win, but the left quarterer in the doubles was too much for him. The young phenomenon, Duke, held out well and shot prettily, but Jones, Schurmeier, McKay and Trent passed him. Tom Paine, an old-timer and a beautiful shot, was liked on form well along, but could not stand the pace. McKay (of Minneapolis) was then thought a winner, as he was shooting in great shape, but Trent clung hard to both birds in the doubles and was out with two birds to spare over his nearest competitor. The finish was watched with the utmost interest. Mr. Trent shot a Parker, $150 list, and his load was S. S. powder, in Blue Rival shells, primed. This event was not decided until nearly dusk in the evening, and the shooting at the doubles was at that hour a very difficult proposition. Following are the scores of the day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	20	20	25	20*	Targets:	15	20	20	25	20*
J C	13	15	18	21	16	Sachem	15	14	19	17	16
Gilbert	14	13	19	22	18	Thomas	14	15	17	20	17
Bierbauer	14	13	16	..	..	Shell	4	..	..	..	11
Hamlin	14	15	20	17	13	Saul	8	8	14	12	11
Baldwin, Sr	13	14	18	18	15	Peloid	8	12	..	..	..
Rudd	12	..	16	..	10	Duke	13	18	17	21	14
Daly	12	15	16	19	15	Kilby	..	12	..	..	..
Thielman	11	14	8	14	..	Stokes	..	12	13	18	17
Bauman	13	..	12	..	13	A R	..	14	14	..	..
Wilson	12	13	16	..	17	Powell	..	13	19	20	14
Farwell	14	16	19	24	14	Tucker	..	20	18	22	14
Newton	7	..	..	..	11	McHale	..	18	..	14	..
Maine	12	13	..	..	..	Whitcomb	..	..	..	20	14
Kast	8	..	7	..	11	N D	..	18	..	..	..
Lamson	12	13	..	..	..	Chantler	..	..	..	19	15
Quill	10	10	18	21	15	Richter	..	..	..	19	15
Graham	15	16	18	23	16	Fox	..	..	..	..	18
Burke	14	17	17	21	19	Weld	..	..	..	..	13
Hub	14	19	19	24	17	Ponjay	..	..	..	..	13
Nicholson	10	15	17	17	13	Boeing	..	..	..	..	12
Skinner	11	..	17	..	16	Sandstone	..	..	..	..	10
O B	12	15	16	..	..	Muir	..	..	..	..	12
Hill	15	16	14	16	13	Jensen	..	..	..	..	10
Jones	12	13	19	20	16	Kennedy	..	..	..	..	16

The diamond badge, emblematic of the individual championship of the State, open to Minnesota shooters only, was also shot for on this day. The contest is at 26 singles and 12 pairs, known angles, entrance $6. The badge is shot for each year, the best score taking the badge and the purse of the ensuing year. Scores were as follows: G. E. Trent 45, F. E. McKay, A. F. Snuler and H. W. Jones 43, F. P. Burkhard and B. F. Schurmeier 42, H. C. Hirschy 41, M. F. Kennedy, J. C. Joslyn and John Pfister 39, J. C. Highhous, John H. Block, E. S. Hill, H. B. Jewell and H. C. Lawrence 38, A. G. Bierbauer, L. Thielman and John Nicholson 37, Joseph Dodge and F. A. Richter, T. M. Paine and T. L. Wann 35, Ben Powell, Fred Whitcomb and John Marshall 34, G. M. Baldwin and W. Thielman 31.

G. E. Trent, of Wadena, Minn., won the championship and the diamond badge.

Friday, Fourth Day.

The attendance lightening somewhat, as might be expected, the programme was finished in good season in the afternoon, so that all moneys were paid and all business settled in time for the shooters to leave by the evening trains.

The number of shooters who shot through the programme were about a dozen. The tournament averages tell as follows: First average won by T. J. Graham, of Rosedale, Minn., 90%: $25 cash and a fine watch charm medal, made by Geo. W. Woodley, of St. Paul. Second average won by Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Iowa, 87 9/10%: a Lefever gun, value $80, by the Lefever Arms Co. Third average won by H. W. Jones, of Atwater, Minn., 87 4/10%: a Winchester repeating shotgun, by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. Fourth average won by John T. Burkhard, of St. Paul, 86 1/10%: an L. C. Smith 10 gauge duck gun, by the Hunter Arms Co. Fifth average won by C. A. Damon ("Farwell"), of Buffalo, 85 4/10%: cash $25. There were five additional prizes in merchandise given to the lowest average men, grading from the bottom up. There were 11 valuable merchandise prizes added to the purses of the State championship contest of Thursday. The following are the scores of to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6*	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6*	7	8
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	20	25	Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	20	25
J C	11	15	12	17	14	13	19	20	Muir	12	..	12	16	14	14	16	..
Graham	..	18	20	14	17	14	17	19	Wild Rice	..	13	13	16	14	..	..	..
Bidwin, Sr	11	14	10	18	10	16	18	20	Skinner	13	..	11	..	13	..	17	..
Burke	..	13	14	8	16	11	17	20	Duke	..	14	11	12	14	18	16	18
Quill	..	11	17	13	14	12	11	17	Stokes	..	9	14	13	13	14	13	16
Sachem	..	15	15	13	17	14	14	20	Tucker	..	15	15	12	14	15	..	..
Hamlin	..	14	15	13	15	13	13	14	Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	13
Gilbert	..	14	21	11	20	13	18	17	Rankin	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
Jones	..	13	17	13	18	15	14	15	Daly	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	10
Hub	..	13	14	10	18	12	12	17	Richards	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..
Main	..	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	Lamson	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Reed	..	13	16	14	15	12	14	19	Patch	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..
Farwell	..	12	17	13	17	13	15	19	Rodgers	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
Cassidy	..	10	8	..	..	..	..	..									

*No. 6 was at 10 singles and 5 pairs.

NOTES OF THE SHOOT.

Mr. S. A. Tucker was of the opinion that the shoot was held as a special benefit for him and his old coat. Tuck and the coat sold $500 of guns, then went out and made 20 straight alone the first shoot they went into, winning over $20 by it, though ungallantly shooting out a lady, Mrs. Shattuck, who was the only other shooter in the squad. Then Tuck and the coat went in and got 61 out of the next 65, and continued to make straights and disturbances all the rest of the shoot. "My theory is to stick to one coat, one load and one gun," said he, "and I need not add which gun it ought to be."

Mr. W. H. Skinner, of the W-A powder, was much interested in the finish of the State championship race, as some of the men well down in the finish were using W-A. Mr. Skinner says, "I will meet you at Atlanta and San Antonio shoots this fall."

Mr. C. A. Damon, of the Burgess gun, was touching the button on his camera about as fast as the trigger of his Burgess, which is pretty fast.

G. E. Trent, the State badge winner, shot under the name of "Hub."

Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, shot like a witch.

Herman C. Hirschy, of St. Paul, shot under the name of "Duke." He is a boy about 18 years of age apparently, and a mighty clever shot for any age.

Minnesota has a lady shooter who no doubt is the finest lady amateur shot in America at the targets or at game. This is Mrs. W. P. Shattuck, who paced Mr. Tucker, as above mentioned. Mrs. Shattuck is a member of the Minneapolis Gun Club, and for over half the season was high average in a club of hard shooters. At Duluth she shot through the tournament with an average of 87 per cent. In the field she is a clean, neat shot. As seen at the score here she handles the gun with ease, grace and precision.

The Minneapolis Gun Club has another lady shooter, Mrs. Johnson, who sometimes makes it interesting for Mrs. Shattuck. The club could well challenge any other to a match between lady members.

There was health and hope in the keen air of the closing days of the tournament, and one finds himself hoping he may be there again next year.

Appearances at this writing would indicate that the soda water season is nearly over at the Twin Cities.

The management and the clubs and cities represented should be congratulated on the success of the tournament and its satisfactoriness in every way.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Dunellen Again Defeats Plainfield.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Sept. 14.—The Dunellen Gun Club brought over a dozen of its members this afternoon to shoot a return match with the Plainfield boys. The previous contest, which took place at Dunellen, resulted in a victory for the home team by a good majority. To-day they made it two straight, winning by the narrow margin of five breaks. The scores stood 213 to 208, close enough to be called an exciting affair. The weather was delightfully cool, but there was tricky wind that played havoc with scores. McCormick, who was none other than Neaf Apgar, shot as a substitute and used a strange gun and ammunition, yet he led the scores as usual with a capital 23. Darby, another Plainfield man, was second with 22; while D. Terry, of the same team, and Grier, of the Dunellens, scored 21 each. Cramer, Henry and Williams for their respective teams rolled up totals of 20 apiece. It was a good afternoon's amusement and the sport was thoroughly enjoyed by all that took part in it. The scores in detail are as follows:

Match, 12 men to a team, 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

Dunellen.	
J G Grier	1010101111110111111111111—21
Cramer	1000111111111111101111011—20
Henry	1111111010110101111011111—20
Runyon	1110110011011111111111101—19
Sisty	1110111000110111111111110—19
Laing	1011000110111110111110111—18
R Manning	1100111111101101101101111—18
Van Hise	1010101011110111101110011—18
Gray	1111101101111011100011001—17
Worden	1101111001111100111101010—17
McGovern	1101100011111001101001010—14
C Giles	0101011011110001110000100—12—213
Plainfield.	
McCormick	0111111111111111011111111—23
D Darby	1110111111111111111111101—22
D Terry	1111111111111101101001111—21
F Williams	1101111011111111011011111—20
J Swody	1111111010101111011101110—18
E Edwards	0101111011111010011116011—17
McCullough	1011110011010111011011000—16
J Singer	1010100101111011111010110—16
W Squires	1010001011011111001101111—16
Nicholls	0101110100001111006111001—13
Scott	0110110111011101601000100—13
Van Dyke	0001001110110100110011110—13—208

Recent Club Shoots in Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 7.—There are some matters of private history in relation to the recent contests between the Eureka and the Garfield gun clubs of this city that we feel like seeing made public. This, and the further one of a review of the season's work thus far, are the excuses for this article.

The first match shot was one with the Garfields, and consisted of a team of eighteen men from each club. It was shot on the Eureka's grounds Aug. 3, under smiling skies, and in the presence of a large audience of several hundreds, many of which were of the fair sex. The Eurekas shot an 83 per cent. gait and won by 6 points, score 370 to 364; conditions, 25 targets, unknown angles, squads of six men, composed of three from each club.

The second was the "cup race," for the cup emblematic of the State championship of Illinois, the winner to hold for one year; five-men teams, 30 singles, unknown angles, and 10 pairs, a total of 50 birds per man. This time the Garfields were the only competitors, and though they felt certain of being the winners, they lost to the Eurekas, the score of the latter club being, I think, the highest one ever made in the competition for these cups—199 to Garfields' 188. Immediately on the close of this contest the captain of Garfield team issued a verbal challenge for another race for the same trophy as soon as the Eurekas chose. As Garfields were unwilling, as losing club, to pay for the targets shot at by both clubs, and as a matter of fact only tendered the money for their own targets, Eurekas felt like availing themselves of the "conditions" attached to the cup; but if Garfields should proffer $25 as a wager against said trophy, they would undoubtedly be accommodated quickly with another race. This cup was won by the Eurekas when first offered, and has been held by them ever since. The Garfields have challenged for it each year, but have never been able to take it away.

The third victory was the fifteen-men team race between the same clubs, which was shot on the Garfield's grounds and over their own traps. "Here we shall certainly score a win," the Garfield men said, especially when they saw the large attendance of ladies present to inspire and applaud them on to victory. But when the battle was over Eureka had scored her largest victory of the year, having 15 points to the good.

Then as if to clinch matters and show that the Eurekas were of that stern stuff of which shooters are made, they just walked away with a victory in the first contest of Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, held on Aug. 31 on Cicero's grounds. We are not puffed up at all. We as shooters know the ups and downs of shooting, as well as of life, and we also know that some men, as well as some shooters, win oftener than others.

W. F. D.

Bayside Gun Club.

KEYPORT, N. J., Sept. 4.—The members of the Bayside Gun Club held their first monthly shoot to-day, twenty-three members contesting for the badge.

The officers of the club are: President, Dr. G. G. Hoagland; Vice-President, Dr. O. C. Bogardus; Secretary, D. W. Walling; Treasurer, C. Ackerson. The club numbers fifty-four members to date. Its grounds are very pleasantly located on the outskirts of the town, and command a fine view of Raritan Bay.

The shoot was at 25 bluerocks per man, five expert traps, known angles, unknown traps, with a brisk wind blowing across the traps, which in a measure accounts for the low scores: Thos. Compton 15, Joseph Vigne 14, Wm. H. Perrine 14, O. C. Bogardus 13, Wm. H. Watts 13, Daniel W. Walling 12, C. Ackerson 12, James T. Walling 11, Wilson Walling 10, Josiah Crammer 10, Joseph R. Walling 9, Herbert Stryker 9, Jacob W. Aumack 9, Mark Brower 8, Abram Morris, Jr., 7, Peter M. Force 7, Luke Stoddard 6, Charles Loster 6, Geo. M. Walling 6, H. E. Ackerson, Jr., 5, Wm. Werner 4, Wm. Van Mater 7, Chas. Covert 7.

WIDGEON.

The Riverton Cup of 1883.

TWELVE years ago the Riverton Gun Club, of Philadelphia, Pa., presented a handsome cup to be shot for by the following clubs: Long Branch G. C., Orange Gun Club, Westminster Kennel Club, Philadelphia Gun Club, Maryland Gun Club, Foresters, of Reading, Pa.; Rockaway Gun Club, Staten Island Gun Club, Queens County Hunt Club, Meadowbrook Kennel Club and South Side Sporting Club of Long Island. The contest took place on April 14 in a gale of wind and with the dust blowing across the grounds of the Riverton Club in great clouds.

Under those conditions it was hardly likely that there would be big scoring, and as a matter of fact the highest team total for the four-men teams, 15 live birds per man, was only 44 out of a possible 60. That team was composed as follows: Edgar Gibbs Murphy 13, Dr. Zolnowski 12, Walter Gibbs Murphy 10, and E. S. Chapin 9, members of and representing the Long Branch Gun Club. The cup therefore went to Long Branch, and for a few months rested on the sideboard in the home of the Murphys. Later, on the disbandment of the Long Branch Gun Club in 1884 in favor of the Hollywood Gun Club, the cup was put up for individual competition, so far as we can gather only about three of the members being able to put in an appearance and shoot for the cup. Among that number was the late W. D. Campbell, and he proved to be the winner. In order to realize something on the cup Mrs. Campbell handed it to Phil Daly, Jr., who offered to let it be shot for on his grounds at 20 live birds per man, $20 entrance, $100 being taken from the purse to pay for the cup. It was originally agreed that the shoot should be "class": the cup and 25% of the purse to the winner, 50% to the second and 25% to the third. The date set was Sept. 12, the hour named being noon.

We were desirous of going down to Branchport, the station for Elkwood Park, by the pleasant Atlantic Highland route, a route that gives one a delightful sail down the bay and a railroad ride along the shore where the blue combers of the North Atlantic break with a roar within a short distance of the track. We were aware that the 12th was the day set for the third race between the Valkyrie and the Defender, and that the Monmouth, of the Atlantic Highland route, was in the habit of following the races, so that we were a little doubtful as to whether a boat would run in connection with the train on that morning. To make sure, we tried to get Pier 8 North River by 'phone on the 11th, but the "Hello Lady" informed us that she couldn't raise them. She very kindly and patiently then tried to get the Bureau of Information at the Liberty street ferry; but she couldn't succeed in doing that, although the hour was only 12:30 P. M. As it seemed safest to go down to the last named place in person and make inquiries, we did so, finding a notice that told us that the Monmouth started at 9 A. M. for the races, and would call at the Highlands pier to take on passengers for the races. Our inquiry as to whether we could go by that boat and make connections as usual with the train was answered in the affirmative. It was evidently all right. But what a difference in the morning. At the pier no one seemed to know quite where they were at. It was a case of first she would and then she wouldn't. One of our party who had a ticket to Branchport and return asked at the gangway of the steamer if it was all right for that boat, and was told "Yes." But when we went to buy our tickets, our money was refused and we were told that the boat was not going to carry any but passengers to the race. That settled it. But in deference to a nice old gentleman who tried to explain the situation to us by saying, "We can't do it to-day; we are limiting the number of our passengers. Yes, we stop at the Highlands to *take on* passengers," let us point out how woefully he broke up his own case. In the first place, tickets were still being sold to people who wanted to view the race, and, if the number of passengers was to be limited, would we have taken up more room than those who were to be picked up at the Highlands?

As it was we took the 9:10 train on the Pennsylvania and found it as usual about as good a way to get to Branchport in comfort as any other. Arrived at Elkwood Park we found that we were the first on the field, Col. C. E. Felton, of Chicago, being among our number. Bland Ballard and the Height boys, George and Hart, jr., accompanied by their father, were the next to arrive, followed at a long interval by A. L. Ivins, Dr. J. G. Knowlton, of New York city; Fred Hoey and Edgar Murphy. Phil Daly, Jr., of course had been on the scene all the morning, getting things in readiness for the shoot.

It was 2:15 before the first shot was fired in the cup race. The conditions had been changed so that it was made "one high gun" to take all. With eight entries this meant that the winner would receive $60 and the cup. The birds were a good lot of summer birds, not up to the standard of the four-handed match birds provided on Aug. 30. Yet moderate as were the majority of the birds, only one man went straight, Edgar Murphy. By his score of 20 straight Murphy won again the Riverton cup of 1883, and this time it is his for keeps. It should have been stated above that Murphy's score of 13 recorded in the shoot of April 14, 1883, was the highest score in the match. It is therefore very appropriate that he should once more win the trophy.

H. Height was the first to retire, having lost his 2d, 4th and 7th birds, the 4th bird falling dead out of bounds. Col. Felton, who was clearly out of all form, retired in the next round, having lost four birds—his 2d, 4th, 5th and 8th—his 4th and 8th birds were dead out of bounds. Phil Daly missed his 1st and 4th birds, but shot along up to the end of the 13th round, when he had his bird go over the boundary owing to one of the worst pieces of retrieving we have ever witnessed; gross carelessness on the part of the man retrieving was alone responsible for Daly's retirement at that time. Fred Hoey dropped out in the next round, having lost his 1st, 6th and 14th birds, the latter dead over the fence.

Murphy was the only straight at that time, Ballard, Ivins and Geo. Height all having two misses scored to them. Each man killing his last six birds the relative positions were unchanged, Murphy winning as stated above. He shot well and cleanly, the only real piece of luck experienced by him being his sixth bird; this was a driver from No. 1 trap; it was filled full of lead, but was getting dangerously near the far boundary when the bird suddenly turned right round and flew back toward the score, dropping dead fully 20yds. from the back boundary.

Ballard did not shoot in quite such good time as on the 30th, but he made some excellent kills, scoring his 12th bird with one of the longest second barrel kills we have seen for many a day. After his second miss he shot in much better shape, running 21 straight before he won the pot made up for second money as told below. Ivins was a little slow at times, but he also did some good work with his second barrel. He won a $1 miss-and-out shot after the big event, the score of which has missed connections. George Height tasted some of the bitterness of bad luck in live-bird shooting, losing his 5th and 11th birds, both dead out of bounds. He is a rattling good shot and should be particularly well able to hold his own in the field with the best of them.

The scores of the day are as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Conditions: 20 live birds, $20 entrance, one money, 30yds., everybody:

Edgar G Murphy	3 5 4 1 2 1 2 4 3 1 3 3 4 1 4 4 4 5 2 5 ↑↖←↖↑↑←↑↖←←↖H↘H→→↘↘→ 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2—20	
Bland Ballard	2 4 2 1 5 3 3 5 2 3 4 3 3 3 5 2 3 1 1 5 ↗H↖↖HH↖→H↑↗→→↙←←↖↙↑← 2 1 2 0 1 1 ● 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2—18	
George Height	3 3 4 5 4 1 1 5 4 2 3 5 3 2 5 2 1 1 5 4 ↙→↖↑↘↘←↘↗↖↑→↗↑↘↗↘↗H↘↓ 1 1 1 2 ● 1 1 1 1 ● 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2—18	
A L Ivins	2 1 5 3 1 2 3 1 1 1 3 4 2 5 3 5 1 1 4 1 ←↖H↗↑→↑↖↗↗↑↑↗↘↘↗↓→↘ 1 1 2 2 0 2 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1—18	
Fred Hoey	1 2 2 1 4 5 3 5 4 3 5 1 4 1 ↖↑↙↖↖↗↖→↑↖↖↑↘↗ 0 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 ● w 4 1 3 5 4 1 4 3 3 1 2 5 5 ↗↑←↘↑←←↗↙↓←↓↘	—11
Phil Daly, Jr.	0 2 2 0 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 ● w 2 4 3 4 1 1 4 ←↖↑↗↗←↘	—10
Hart Height, Jr.	2 0 1 ● 2 1 0 w 4 2 2 5 2 4 5 3 ←↗↗→↗↑↖	— 4
Col. C. E. Felton	2 0 2 ● 0 1 2 ● w	— 4

About the middle of the above shoot, when Ballard, Ivins and Daly had each missed two birds and were practically out of the race so far as any chance of the money or the cup was concerned, the three above named made up a sweep of $5 extra on their respective scores. At the close of the 20th round, Ballard and Ivins were tied with 18 apiece, while Daly had retired at the end of the 13th round for the reasons given above. It was arranged to shoot off this tie miss-and-out. Ballard won by killing 8 straight, Ivins letting a dead-easy incomer get away from him.

Previous to the shoot for the cup, Ballard, Daly, George Height and Dr. J. G. Knowlton shot a sweep at 5 birds, $5 entrance, Height lost his first bird, dead out of bounds, but the other three killed straight. The birds were only an inferior lot in this sweep, the majority of them being white birds and moderate flyers. As there was but one money, it was agreed to shoot off miss-and-out. When each man had killed seven or more birds, they agreed to stop and commence the cup shoot, drawing down what was left of the $20 in the pot after the birds had been paid for, the price charged being the usual one of 25 cents. The scores made in the Ballard-Ivins shoot-off and in the above sweep were as follows:

	Tie:	No. 1:
Ballard	4 4 1 3 3 5 5 4 ↓→↗→H↘↓↑ 1 1 1 2 2 2 1—8	←H↗↙↗ 1 1 1 1 2—5
Ivins	5 2 5 2 1 1 5 5 ↓↘→←↗↖↑↓ 1 1 1 1 2 1 0—7	....
Knowlton		↑↑↙↘↗ 2 2 1 2 2—5
Daly		↑↘↑→← 2 1 2 2 1—5
G Height		↑↘↑↑→ ● 1 2 1 1—4

	H↙←↖↗↖↙ 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—7
	↓↑↖↗←↑↗ 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—7
	↓←←←←↑↖ 2 1 2 1 2 1 2—7
	..... EDWARD BANKS.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Sept. 7.—The Boiling Springs Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot to-day, nine members shooting their strings in the club shoot, which was at 25 targets, shot in the following manner: 15 singles, one man up, and 5 pairs. Scores were as follows, Paul and Richmond tieing for first place with 22 each:

Paul	1111111111111 11 11 10 11 10—22
Richmond	1111111001111 11 10 11 11 11—22
Huck	1011111111111 10 11 10 10 10—20
Marvin	1101010011000 01 01 01 11 11—14
Krebs	1111010110110 10 11 11 10 01—18
Jeanerette	0011010100010001 10 01 10 10 10—11
E Collins	1111011111110111 10 11 10 11 11—21
James	1101001011101101 11 11 11 01 11—18
Lenone	0101001011111111 10 11 11 10 10—17

Other sweeps were shot as follows, all events being at unknown angles except No. 3, which was 5 pairs, known angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	25
Richmond	10	..	8	9	..	..
Huck	8	8	10	7	23	22
Lenone	7	8	..	..	22	21
James	7	..	..	..	..	..
Collins	9	9	..	..	23	24
Paul	9	10	5	9	21	24

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	10	10	10	25	25
Wanda	7	..	..	..	..	..
Marvin	6	7	4	6	..	..
Jeanneret	8	8	8	7	..	..
Krebs	..	..	7	..	..	..
Frank	..	..	..	10	..	..

On Labor Day, Sept. 2, the club members shot a few sweeps at live birds, finishing up on targets. Scores were as follows:

Live birds.	No. 1:	No. 2:	No. 3:
Abbott	0220212—5	2201002—4	1221211222—10
Lenone	1110111—6	0112001—4	2110101110— 7
Paul	0220120—4	1022110—5	0011220120— 6
Coe	0102122—5	0222002—4	.....
Marvin		0102202—4	.....

At targets the scores were as follows, all events being shot at unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	25
Lenone	7	8	8	4	12	7	6	18
Abbott	8	8	8	10	11	4	9	15
Huck	8	10	9	9	15	9	10	..
Franks	9	9	10	..	..	7	..	..
Coe	7	4	5	5	12	..	7	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	25
Marvin	6	4	5	5	11	8	8	..
Harring	..	2	4	..	..	..	..	..
Paul	..	9	9	10	12	7	9	23
James	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Coe	W. H. HUCK, Sec'y.							

Hingham Gun Club.

HINGAM, Mass., Sept. 6.—The last regular monthly shoot of the gun club for 1895 was held on Turkey Hill grounds on Saturday last. This was the eleventh shoot of the year, and it speaks well for our club that 13 members put in an appearance and shot their scores of 50 targets per man. Messrs. Howe, Higgins and Henderson have taken part in every one of the eleven shoots, while Messrs. Breen, Allison and Spalding have only missed one shoot.

The class A medal goes to G. O. Henderson, the medal for class B being won by G. Otis Higgins. The following table shows the percentages of eight of the members on April 19 and also on Aug. 31. It will be noticed that some remarkable advances were made during the intervening months:

	April 19.	Aug. 31.		April 19.	Aug. 31.
G. O. Henderson	78%	92%	Lincoln	60%	66%
Breen	74%	82%	Higgins	48%	76%
Allison	70%	86%	Spalding	30%	80%
Howe	66%	80%	Maynard	22%	50%

The scores in the last club shoot were as follows:

Class A.

Henderson	0111111111111111111010011111111101111111111111111—46
Howe	0101111111101110101111111111011101101110011111—40
Prescott	0111101111110011110101111111111111111111111111—43
Breen	1011111111101111111111101101111011011111110101—41
Allison	1111111111111011011011111111111111111111001101—43
Jones	1101110111111111011011111101111111111111111111—46
Farrar	1011111101010110111111111111111111111111111001—42

Class B.

Loring	1111101001101101100110001111101111111110111010—34
Higgins	0111111211011001101112111111101101111111100010—38
Spalding	1101000111111011111111111111111111111111111010—40
Maynard	0101000010011101011011011101001001101001111000—25
Sylvester	0010010010011111000010001001001001101110000101021
Lincoln	1101101011111110011011101101111011000110010110111—33

Trap at Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 11.—The following scores have been made on these grounds during the past three days:—

Sept. 9.—C. S. Wilcox versus C. B. Dicks, 100 live birds per man, $100 a side; looser to pay for birds; Illinois State Rules to govern:

C S Wilcox	2212120000102000201211210—15 1110221212111011201120222—21 1020200121222221220211200—18 2112222222222022221221—24—78
C B Dicks	0202120221222112102010210—18 2222220201112012012220202—19 1110121101112012300022222—19 2100102111102210221102222—19—75

Sept. 10.—Chicago Shooting Club; medal shoot, handicap allowance:

M J Elch	2220111210112111—13+2=15
Henry Ehlers	1011111210111212—13+1=14
J H Amberg	2122222210011111—13+0=13

Sept. 11.—South Chicago Gun Club; live bird medal:

L C Willard	1112112122211122222—20
A W Reeves	2112111010211111022—17
Geo Sibley	2022102102011211111—16

Target medal, 30 empires per man:

Geo Kleinman	0111111111001011011011111111—24
L C Willard	0101010110111111001101001011—19
A W Reeves	0011110001011011011001111101 —19
Geo Sibley	1010111110110101111001001101 00—18

In an extra at 25 targets, Willard scored 24, Kleinman 22 and Reeves 18.

RAVELRIGG.

Trenton Gun Club.

TRENTON, N. J., Sept. 13.—The regular monthly shoot of the Trenton Gun Club was held at its grounds to-day, the shooting being all done from five traps. The club contest was for two badges, first and second. The conditions were 30 targets per man, each man first shooting at 15 for place. The men breaking 11 and over being in the first class, the men breaking under 11 in second class. Following are the scores:

First badge:	For place:	For badge:
E C Hutchinson	111111101111110—13	101110100101111—10
J M Allen	111101111110011—12	101000000101101— 6
M D Hicks	111110101111110—12	110211110011100—10
G N Thomas	111011001110111—11	101110110101101—10

Second badge:	For place:	For badge:
C H Allen	010011111110110—10	111101111111111—14
W Williams	000110111101011— 9	111111101111101—13
H Harper	000110110111101— 9	011110101111111—12
W Taylor	011000100111011— 8	001111010110101—10
E E Bainbridge	101100100100110— 8	101101010100101— 8
E Carson	101100101010101— 8	011011000001111— 8
Smith	010011011001110— 8	001011010110100— 7
D Williams	000011101001010— 6	100001001001001— 5
A Wilson	000011010000010— 4	.....

The ties for the first badge were shot off in series of 10 targets. In the first series Hutchinson and Thomas scored 8 each to Hicks's 6. In the second series Thomas ran right away from his opponent, breaking 9 to his 4. The scores made in an extra sweep at 10 targets were as follows: C. H. Allen 10, Carson, Taylor and Hicks 9, Hutchinson, Thomas, W. Williams and J. M. Allen 7, D. Williams and Kuser 5.

Warren Gun Club's Tournament.

WARREN, O., Sept. 7.—The Warren Gun Club held its second tournament of the season on Sept. 6 and 7. The rapid-fire system was used, and all shooting was at known traps, unknown angles. A total of 3,635 bluerocks were thrown in the 25 events, North's electric pulls being used. The entrance to the various events ranged from 50 cents to $3, and the percentage system governed the division of money. The weather was very threatening both before and during the shoot, and this undoubtedly kept many shooters from attending. B. A. Bartlett, of the Burgess Gun Co. of Buffalo, N. Y., very kindly gave an exhibition of fancy shooting, which was highly enjoyed by all present.

The following 31 shooters were present: Cleveland, O.—Upson, F. H. Snow, Black. Buffalo, N. Y.—Bartlett. Lakewood, N. Y.—B. Graff, J. Graff, Houston. Meadville, Pa.—Johnson, Reisinger, Stein, Prenatt, Gundaker, Smith. Ravenna, O.—Flick, Williams, Morrow. Akron, O.—Hull, Chapman. Youngstown, O.—Weakland. Conneaut, O.—McAvoy. Niles, O.—Naylor, Clearfield, O.—Philips. Warren, O.—Sutcliffe, Ewalt, Schoonover, Jones, Craver, Biery, Holland, Nercher, Perkins.

The following were the guns used: Parker 9, Remington 4, Winchester 3, Greener 3, Lefever 3, Burgess 2, Colt 1, Scott 1, Claybrough 1, New Baker 1, Belgium 1.

The following is a brief summary of ten events taken at random, giving the three highest scores in each event:

No. 1, 15 targets, $2, 18 entries: Upson and Black, 15; Hull, Gundaker and Reisinger, 13; Jones and Ewalt, 12.

No. 2, 20 targets, $2, 8 entries: Bartlett, 18; Houston and Stiles, 17; Snow, 16.

No. 3, 10 targets, $1, 18 entries: Upson, Jones and Prenatt, 10; Snow, Morrow and Stein, 9; Hull, Weakland, Biery and Schoonover, 8.

No. 4, 15 targets, $2, 8 entries: Upson, Bartlett and Houston, 15; Snow, 14; Stiles, 12.

No. 5. 10 targets, 50 cents, 12 entries: Upson, 10; Gundaker and Ewalt, 9; Johnson, McAvoy, Black, Stein and Snow, 8.

No. 6, 20 targets, $3, 12 entries: Hull, 19; Snow and Upson, 18; Johnson, Black and Weakland 17.

No. 7, 15 targets, $1, 22 entries: Upson, Hull and Black, 14; Ewalt, 13; Morrow, Snow and Johnson, 12.

No. 8, 10 targets, $1, 8 entries: Bartlett, 10; J. Graff and Houston, 9; Upson, 8.

No. 9, 20 targets, $3, 12 entries: Black, 19; Upson, 18; Snow, Hull, Schoonover and Weakland, 17.

No. 10, 20 targets, $3, 12 entries: Upson, 20; Flick and Hull, 19; Ewalt 17.

H. B. PERKINS, JR., Sec'y.

Guilford Gun Club.

GUILFORD CENTER, N. Y., Aug. 28.—The scores made to-day by the members of the Guilford Gun Club for the seven prizes of loaded shells, donated for the Walsrode Powder Company by Dr. E. L. Tiffany, were as follows:

Rev. Gottschalk (20) 16; Darling (20) 14; L. Burlison (27) 14; Curtis (30) 13; G. Richards (27) 12; Kinney (20) 11; W. Hall (28) 8; B. Gridley (27) 7; M. Burlison (30) 7; Alcott (25) 6; Burlison (25) 6.

The numbers in brackets show the targets shot at by each man. Darling and L. Burlison, who tied for second prize, shot off the tie, Darling winning.

WADS.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

An Open Letter.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB, Organized 1878.—Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 11.—To the Hazard Powder Co., No. 44 Cedar Street, N. Y. City: Dear Sirs—In reply to mine, your consignment of "Blue Ribbon" Smokeless came duly. Accept thanks for promptness, etc., and in accordance with your request asking me to pass an opinion on same, would say: It gives me the highest pleasure to say in my reply that I have given it quite a severe test. In comparison to the other nitros, of which I have used all but two on the market both in the field and before the traps, I can conscientiously and honestly say yours is fully up to the required standard in all-around qualities, and in the test gave me most perfect satisfaction; and I feel, from long and varied experiences, qualified to pass judgment on the same. Let me here add, for twenty-five years I have used your black powder in preference to all others, solely from the fact that I found it always more reliable and superior to others, and believing this same standard quality of materials and workmanship, which has characterized your black powder's reliability, will be carefully carried out in your new "Blue Ribbon" Smokeless Nitro. In conclusion will say to brother sportsmen: I don't say that other nitros are not good—far from it—but simply request they order 50 or 100 shells loaded with "Blue Ribbon," or purchase a can and load their own shells, use them in both field and trap-shooting, and note all qualities; bury prejudices, and then say if I have over-estimated its good qualities. Believe me, sincerely yours, (Signed) WASHINGTON A. COSTER.

Winchester Smokeless Cartridges.

THE new Winchester catalogue, No. 55, contains the following information with regard to the classification of smokeless rifle and revolver cartridges:

"The smokeless cartridges enumerated below may be divided into two classes. In the one class are those cartridges in which black powder has been replaced with smokeless powder. In these, to meet the requirements of the guns for which black powder cartridges were intended, no attempt has been made to get additional velocity. The name of the black powder cartridge has been retained and the word 'Smokeless' added. The smokeless cartridge in point of excellence differs from the black powder cartridge only in smokelessness and cleanliness. Velocity and penetration remain the same. In the other class of cartridges may be numbered the .236 Navy, .25-35 Winchester, .30 U. S. Army and .30 Winchester Smokeless. These are purely smokeless cartridges. The velocities obtained cannot be gotten with black powder, nor have we been successfully able to use lead or alloys without metal patches. These are cartridges belonging entirely to the smokeless powder class and cannot be used with black powder. Their excellence is in high velocity and consequent flat trajectory. The full metal patch gives great penetration. The soft nose bullet will expand to give effects upon animal tissues very much greater than the small caliber would otherwise enable."

E. C. Smokeless Rifle Powder.

SPORTSMEN will be glad to learn that the American "E. C." Powder Company's smokeless rifle powder, which has heretofore been supplied to the cartridge companies only, will shortly be put upon the general market.

The "E. C." Company has recently made some large additions to its extensive plant at Oakland, N. J., designed primarily to increase its facilities for supplying the demand for smokeless rifle and revolver ammunition. Large quantities of "E. C." smokeless of the new brand are being loaded in cartridges of nearly every caliber by the U. M. C. Co., and also by the Winchester, .22cal. short, .32 and .38 S. & W.

Most excellent results were obtained with the U. M. C. Co.'s .45.90 smokeless cartridges on bear and elk last year in the Rockies by Mr. Geo. Work and Mr. L. Thompson, the well-known gentlemen amateur pigeon shots of New York, while in many shooting galleries .22cal. smokeless cartridges have entirely superseded black powder, the absence of smoke and fouling being a great advantage.

Excursion Trip to Lake Superior.

THE Northern Steamship Company announces that their palatial steamship North West will close her second successful season with a special excursion trip to Lake Superior, at popular prices, leaving Buffalo Saturday, Sept. 14, 1895. While the service of the ship will be maintained at the high standard which has made it famous, there will be a great reduction in rates, and tickets will include meals, berths and all legitimate traveling expenses. On the up trip stops are made not only at the usual ports of call, but also at Port Huron and Marquette, Mich., and on the down trip, leaving Duluth, Ashland, Houghton, Hancock and Marquette are visited, with opportunity at each point for going ashore and viewing these thriving cities. The Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior, most wonderful phenomena, can be seen on both going and returning trips. The ship will pass close enough to give an excellent view of these wonderful cliffs.—*Adv.*

Tryon's Catalogue.

WE have received from Edw. K. Tryon, Jr., the Philadelphia sporting goods dealer, a handsome catalogue of firearms and sportsmen's goods.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. B. M., Easthampton, L. I.—Will you please tell me if there is any law against a person bringing a deer that he has shot in Maine to his home here on Long Island if he accompanies it? Ans. No.



It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where WE get back a good deal more than cost of catalogue and postage.

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No. H.—A special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, multiplying reel, with balance handle and side spring click, 40yds., 68c.; 60yds., 78c; 80yds., 88c.; 100yds., 98c. Any of the above reels sent by mail on receipt of price and 10c. extra for postage.

No. E—Special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, click reels, 40yds., 48c.; 60yds., 58c. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 5c extra for postage.

No. C—Special lot of extra fine nickel plated, raised pillar, multiplying reels with click and drag, and screw off oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 68c.; 80yds., 78c; 100yds., 88c.; 150yds., 98c.

Single gut leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c per doz.; 3yds, 60c per doz. Double gut leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. per doz. Hand twisted treble gut leaders, 3ft long, 10c. each, 90c. per doz.

A special lot of Trout Flies at 16c. per doz. Sent by mail, 1c. per doz. extra for postage.

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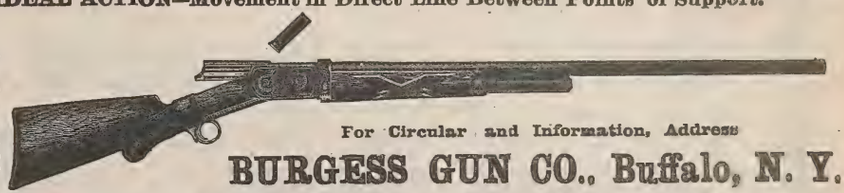
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Yours respectfully, FRANK F. DOLE, President American Bull-Terrier Club.

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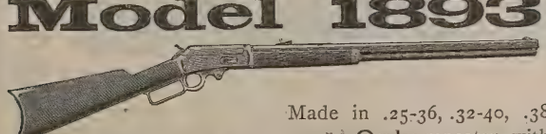
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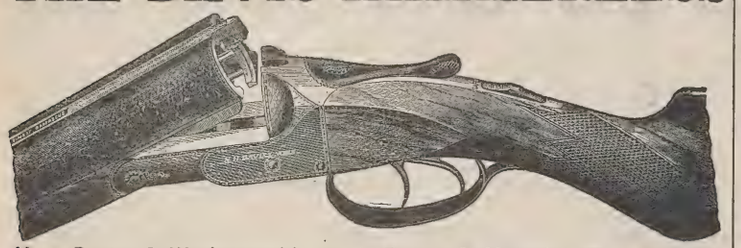
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"Outside the Danger Line."

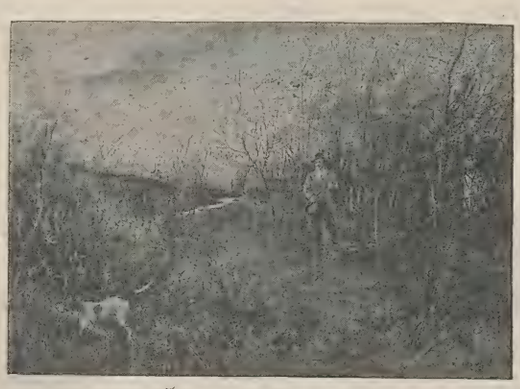
Mr. Wilmot Townsend's new drawing, "Outside the Danger Line," depicts a flock of broadbills alighting; and the study of action will readily be recognized by observing gunners as true to the life. The scene is on a calm day, when, with nothing to alarm them, the ducks have concluded to rest a while far from shore. Reproduced by the artotype process, the plate being 16×21in. Edition limited to 100. Price is $3.

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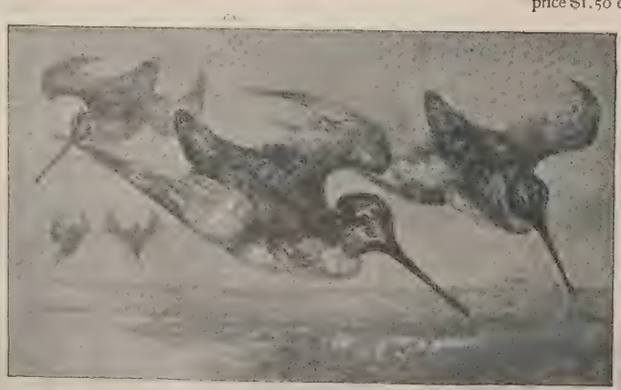
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BASS FISHING AT BLOCK ISLAND.



JACKSNIPE COMING IN.



VIGILANT AND VALKYRIE.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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A MANITOBA OBJECT LESSON.

THE vast "chicken country" of America is divided by the artificial line which constitutes the boundary between the United States and Canada. The natural conditions of the two countries, so far as they concern the habitat of the chicken, vary but little, excepting the natural variations of climate which obtain in different latitudes. As to the food supply, cover, habits of the birds, etc., they are much the same North and South.

Yet this artificial boundary line, with game protection which protects on the Canadian side, and game protection which, excepting in a few rare instances, is an abstraction on this side of the line, serves admirably as a division for the purpose of comparison. The contrast in respect to the game supply is great. In Manitoba, and presumably in the other Provinces also, there is first of all a popular and genuine sentiment in favor of game protection. The game laws are the earnest expression of the will of the people, and were enacted with the serious intention of enforcing them to the letter. The fine for killing birds is so large that conviction is a serious matter for all, rich or poor. It is a deterrent to even the most hardened and reckless poachers.

Through an organization of game wardens in Manitoba, local and general, the law is in constant action, and the efforts to convict an offender are earnest and persistent. Conviction is in most instances followed by the infliction of the maximum penalty. If the offender be wealthy or of high station, the effort to punish is greater that it may be exemplary. The machinery of the law is not used to condone the offense, nor are there strained constructions whereby the offender is fined for one bird even though he may have killed dozens. The certainty of the penalty thus gives vitality to the law. It is neither a dead letter nor inoperative.

The landowners watch the birds with jealous care. A man shooting out of season is considered as in the act of taking property which does not belong to him. He is almost certain to be reported to the officers, and sure of conviction beyond a doubt if there is proper evidence. It must not be inferred that there are no attempts at game law violations in Canada. There are some violations, but they are reduced to a minimum. When once caught and punished, the offender rarely is guilty of violating the game laws a second time. Added to the fine is the humiliation coming from the ridicule, censure, criticism and disapproval from his friends and the community.

On the American side of the line, shooting before the season opens, shooting without any limit as to the numbers killed in contempt of law or equity, shooting for market, and the lax administration of the game laws when they are administered at all, have produced their natural result—that is, a scarcity of birds in some sections, in others practically no birds at all.

In a few sections, both in Canada and the United States, the hatching was injured by heavy rains, one section not being exempt more than the other from unfavorable weather conditions; yet in Manitoba there are birds in abundance, while in the United States the shooting is comparatively poor. And yet the cause which produced these results is one of public sentiment and law enforcement.

Manitoba has taken wise precautions to protect her own game, and earnest effort to keep her game laws in operation. To guard against foreign invasion of her game resources, a license fee of $25 is charged to non-residents for the privilege of shooting during the season. As a courtesy to a guest of a resident of the Province, a three-day permit can be obtained for such guest.

Notwithstanding the high license fee, Manitoba has a large and growing influx of shooters from the States who prefer to pay $25 with a certainty of good shooting than to pay nothing and strive with uncertainties and disappointments.

Manitoba has caught the true spirit of protection, for it limits to the shooter's own use the birds killed—in other words it has stopped the sale of game. The abundance of birds in that province proves the beneficent effects of stopping the sale of game. The barren and impoverished game areas of the States show the effects of the sale of game. They can be replenished by the same means employed by the Canadian brethren—that is to say, enforce the game laws and stop the sale of game.

SNAP SHOTS.

IF a poverty-stricken individual accosts you in a confidential manner and communicates to you that he has a bolt of dress goods, which he has come into possession of by methods not recognized as strictly mercantile and would be pleased to dispose of to you on favorable terms, all this, and in the same breath beseeching you not to betray him, as he is a poor man who can ill afford to be arrested, what would be the proper course for you to pursue? Should you incontinently hand him and his stolen goods over to the authorities; or, having a regard to the sacred obligations of confidence which he has imposed, though all unsought by yourself, should you regard his proposition as a privileged communication, and without purchasing his plunder dismiss him to try the next man?

It is not always possible to make one case go on all fours with another similar one, but the supposed instance of the stolen cloth is at least partially paralleled by another and real one which has just come to our consideration in a communication received from a correspondent in Forsyth, Montana. He writes, "I have in my possession a whole hide and head of an enormous bison bull, just killed on the prairie of northern Montana. It is properly cured and handled, with no cuts and only one .38cal. bullet hole in it. Using the words of old buffalo hunters who have seen it, it is as large and as hairy as any that ever roamed the Western prairies. Please do not publish anything about it in your valuable paper, as the killing of buffalo in this State is unlawful and publishing would injure me, a poor man; but I ask you to hand this letter to a friend, if you know of any who would like to possess such a specimen. If you can help me in this matter I should be glad and thankful for it."

Clearly the man who writes a letter like that to the FOREST AND STREAM signs his name to it "not for publication but as a guarantee of good faith;" and it is also clear that to give it would be a breach of confidence on the part of this journal, much as we would rejoice to know that the fellow who killed the magnificent bull was in the hands of the Montana authorities.

The English are carrying with them around the globe among other British institutions the trout to which they are accustomed in home waters. New Zealand and Australian streams have been stocked for years; and another achievement has been the introduction of the fish into the streams of Cape Colony, in South Africa. The occasion of the liberation of the fish was made a day of celebration by the sportsmen of the colony, and the ceremonies on the banks of the Buffalo, near King William's Town, took on the importance of a social "function."

Here is an echo of the Bannock "war" and a circumstance which should go on record, for probably it is the last instance of the nature to be recorded for the region of the United States. Most people now understand that the "Bannock uprising" consisted of the heartless and brutal murder of some defenseless Indians by white men, and yet there are men right here in New York city who have given over their projected hunting trips into the mountains because they stand in dread of the Bannocks, whom their excited fancy pictures as on the war path thirsting for the gore of the pale-face.

In times past vast regions of game country have been shut out from white hunters because infested with hostile Indians, and in this way the savage has played no mean part in game preservation. But those days have long gone by, never to return. The individual who stays home in the year of 1895 because he stands in dread of Indians is laboring under a delusion. Because of that delusion, however, possibly a few more Idaho and Wyoming elk will get through the winter.

A Chicago correspondent sends us a late copy of the daily *Chronicle*, which prints a column of talk by a resident of that city, who has returned from the Yellowstone Park burdened with discoveries he has made concerning the Yellowstone National Park. "The facts that he has thought best to disclose he believes will endanger his life should he return to Yellowstone, and this he proposes to do within a few months. He held, however, that it was a matter of patriotism with him to reveal what he discovered, desiring that his name should be omitted in order that he might not be done away with, when he again revisits that portion of the country, by the outlaws against whom his facts are directed. He is morally certain that such would be his lot."

The parlous tale he has to tell is that poachers have killed many buffalo in the Park. There is nothing dangerous to the personal safety of one who makes such disclosures. The FOREST AND STREAM'S special staff correspondent, who went into the Park winter before last and reported the buffalo killing by Howell, came out and told of it, and still lives. If the Chicago man has any facts about the Park and game butchers, he should out with them and give us his name, so that we may estimate the trustworthiness of the evidence.

The Chicago gentleman goes on to tell the reporter that

"When a sporting duke or any other foreign nobleman arrives at the Park, he is coached to say that he desires to hunt in the Teton district, which is south of the Park in the Jackson Hole country. The southern district of the Yellowstone is not definitely marked off from the Teton region. Consequently when he asks for a permit it is tacitly understood that he need not go so far south as the Teton district, but may hunt at will through the National Park, wherein a citizen of this country cannot carry a gun."

Which is fudge.

When the Valkyrie III. flunked the other day there was no end of wild talk in the English papers of a lack of sportsmanship among Americans, and we were assured that there would be no more racing for the America's Cup for many a long year. Now that offical notice of a new challenge for the Cup has already come to the New York Y. C., it is shown that the newspapers which made the most noise about Yankee unfairness did not truly represent the sportsmen of Great Britain. The fact that English yachtsmen are so prompt to come forward for a new trial at the trophy demonstrates that the sentiment on the other side of the water coincides with public feeling here as to the merits of the unfortunate fiasco of 1895.

There will be another Sportsmen's Exposition. At a meeting of the trustees of the Sportsmen's Association, held last week in this city, Chairman Dressel of the committee previously appointed to confer with the Madison Square Garden authorities respecting the time and conditions of the proposed exhibition, reported:

Your committee has communicated with Mr. Frank Sanger, of the Madison Square Garden, and we find we can secure the following dates—the week of March beginning the 16th and ending 21st, inclusive—and can have the Garden for preparatory work the 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th, and for purposes of removal the 22d and 23d. We can also secure the services of Mr. Sanger as manager, and can otherwise make contract on same lines as last year, with the exception that the rent is to be at a less figure and the profits to be equally divided be this Association and Mr. Sanger as manager. Your committee considers this a fair offer, and recommends the closing of contract with the Madison Square Garden people.

The committee was empowered to make the contract specified; and an Exposition Committee was named to take charge of the affairs of the Association. Its members are Messrs. J. A. H. Dressel, Justus Von Lengerke, Albert Chasseaud. There is every reason for indulging the belief that the second annual exposition will as much surpass the first as the first one exceeded the expectations of the promoters.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE OUTING OF SIX.—V.

Point Sublime—The Grand Canyon—Homeward.

THERE are some scenes in the presence of which the most sublime emotions are lost in the awful sense of the infinite, where the grandest form of expression is absolute silence. A Church may reproduce in some degree Niagara; a Gifford catch some glowing tints from the sunset sky; a Kingsley or a Hearn find language to portray the varying phases of a West Indian day, but brush and pen are powerless as one stands on the edge of Point Sublime. The very heart-beat is stilled and the overpowering realization of the relationship between insignificant creature and omnipotent Creator makes the boldest man veil his face and exclaim with the psalmist of old, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?"

As I sat in the shade at Kanab and read aloud Capt. Dutton's inimitable chapter on "Point Sublime," it seemed to us all a beautiful bit of fanciful wood painting—exaggerated and overdrawn. And now, looking back at that never-to-be-forgotten morning, I wonder at the boldness of the man, for language is powerless to express the emotions of the soul, and the half cannot be told. Those who are privileged to look into the abyss and see the massive forms and ever-changing tints that mortals cannot imitate nor words describe can but faintly grasp and vaguely conceive that which their sight presents to them, while for those who depend upon the writer or the artist for their knowledge even an imagination of the chasm of the Kaibab is as impossible as a definite conception of an orthodox paradise.

* * * * * * *

The pointers had passed their second quadrant, and as I looked at them through the trees I saw that the night was more than half gone. There was just the suspicion of a breeze in the tops of the balsams and spruces that were noiselessly nid-nodding beneath the starlit sky. From the native meadow down the creek came the tinkle of the horse-bell. Nature was asleep. There was no sound of bird or bug or rustling branch; even the murmur of the brook was hushed. I arose, and the air, laden with life-giving fragrance, made me feel like another being. In a few minutes I had a fire blazing and the coffee-pot on. Then I wrangled the saddle horses and, looking at my watch, aroused the dreaming camp with the call:

"Boys, it's 3 o'clock. All aboard for sunrise at Point Sublime."

As the flush of early dawn crept through the tree tops we started out. There were eight of us, Mr. Stewart being accompanied by his son, and we had three of the horses saddled so that we were able to take turns in riding. Our guide said that Milk Springs was but three miles from the point, but when we returned he acknowledged his mistake, for it was a long eight. We went down the creek for perhaps a quarter of a mile and then turned abruptly toward the mighty river of the West, climbing a low ridge whose farther side was the outer bank of the cañon itself. When we reached the level summit it was broad daylight. Under our feet was a carpet of mosses and flowers. Spruces and firs had disappeared and great pines blended their branches in a living canopy above our heads. The silence was profound. There was no song of bird; no murmurs from the swaying boughs. Nature herself was mute before her masterpiece. The forest ends. The moss carpet overhangs the brink of a wall that drops a sheer thousand feet. Is it the cañon? No, but one of those vast lateral amphitheaters into which Manhattan Island might be dropped, and its grandest buildings, loftiest spires seem but anthills at the bottom of the abyss. Far down it we peer until the transept loses itself in the blackness of the profound chasm. Even as we look a change, magical, brilliant, instantaneous, comes across the picture. Far to the east, over the plateau of the Paria, rises the sun. His rays touch the tops of the farther cliffs. These spring into life. Rainbow tints reflect from them up to the very zenith, down into the dark nooks and alcoves, wrapped but a moment before in the slumbers of night. And as the sun climbs higher the daylight descends, until from a mile below into the ethereal blue above there is one glorious expanse of scintillating diamonds, rubies and sapphires that, reflected and refracted by the violet veil, clear as crystal yet tinting all, make the south one kaleidoscopic mass of ever-changing arches, spires, crystals. Human eye cannot grasp nor human mind conceive the splendor there displayed, and yet this was not the Grand Cañon, simply a side chapel in the vast cathedral.

Then our path withdraws, and once more we tread the forest mazes. Suddenly from the right comes the crack of a rifle, followed by a desultory fusillade. An uninjured buck gallops proudly out of sight. This episode past we hasten on, too eager to note the dusky grouse that fly from the boughs above or the flowers that fleck the moss below. Ahead, jutting far to the southwest, is a promontory. It is not timbered, as is the country through which we have passed, but is covered with sagebrush and lies as bare as the desert under the rays of the rapidly rising sun. It is that which we have come hundreds of miles to see—Point Sublime. No longer is the moss beneath our feet. Behind is the wall of pine; before, clear in the dry, transparent atmosphere, are the snow-crowned ranges of central Arizona. We brush our way through clumps of rare and magnificent cacti with all their gorgeous splendor of purple, crimson, scarlet and gold; through stalks of giant yuccas, whose creamy bells, nodding a dozen feet above our heads, had long since chimed the matins of approaching day. Rising above these is a solitary cedar. To it we hasten. Suddenly—as suddenly as the lightning's flash—the earth opens at our very feet. The eye sees below, around, the grandest panorama of earth—seen, but the mind cannot perceive, for with that glance the heart fails, the very senses become powerless; time, space, personality itself is lost in the contemplation of Infinity.

For hours we stayed there. The transcendent beauty of the morning glided into the sleeping majesty of noon, the crystal veil enhancing every change of form and color. The longer we dwelt upon the picture the more supernatural, the more indescribable did it become. If there should be but one grand scene of all those I have visited that I could again behold it would be the Grand Cañon of the Colorado as I saw it on that perfect June morning. From Greenland Point on the east, over Powell's Plateau to the lofty peaks of Logan and Trumbull and the more distant terraces of the Ninkaret on the west, every detail was impressed as with a stylus on the tablets of memory, and as I look back I see the glorious picture, old as man himself, and yet eternally new as plainly as I saw it then.

The return to camp was made in the noontide heat, but our path was shady and we had time to observe the more quiet beauties of nature, that relieved the mental strain to which we had been subjected. Up the trees scampered the graceful white-tailed squirrel. About us were the birds of a new clime. Up hill and down we went—from semi-tropic heat up to the realm of sub-Alpine flowers. On that homeward walk we obtained *Corallorhiza multiflora, Clematis douglasii, Fritillaria pudica*, and, *mirabile dictu*, a single specimen of *Calypso borealis*, as shy and beautiful as in the woods of Maine or of the Adirondacks.

By 5 o'clock we had finished dinner and turned our faces homeward, stopping for the night with the "V. T." outfit in De Motte Park. Early Tuesday morning we bade adieu to Mr. Stewart, who returned to his sheep. We headed for Kanab, via Jacob's Lake, at which point we had the misfortune to lose our way and get on the Lee's Ferry trail. So after traveling all night on the desert without food or water, at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning we drove once more to Mr. Robinson's door and were received, hungry, tired and dirty as we were, with genuine Utah hospitality. On all our trip we saw neither snake, scorpion nor tarantula. The following is a list of the avifaunal species that we noted:

Dendragapus obscurus, Say.—Dusky grouse
Columbigallina passerina, Linn.—Ground dove.
Catharles aura, Linn.—Turkey vulture.
Buteo borealis calurus, Cass.—Western redtail.
B. abbreviatus, Cab.—Zone-tailed hawk.
Archibuteo ferrugineus, Licht.—Ferruginous roughleg.
Heliœtus leucocephalus, Linn.—Bald eagle.
Megascops asio trichopsis, Wagl.—Mexican screech owl.
Myriarchus cinerasceus, Lawr.—Ash-throated flycatcher.
Cyanocitta stelleri macrolopha, Baird.—Long-crested jay.
Corvus corax sinuatus, Wagl.—Mexican raven.
Icterus cucullatus nelsoni, Ridgw.—Arizona hooded oriole.
Spinus psaltria arizonœ, Coues—Arizona goldfinch.
Amphispiza bilineata, Cass—Black-throated sparrow.
Pipilo fuscus mesoleucus, Baird—Cañon towhee.
Colaptes cnfer, Gmel.—Red-shafted flicker.
Vireo vicinior, Coues.—Gray vireo.
Helminthophila lucice, Coop.—Lucy's warbler.
Dendroica gracice, Coues.—Grace's warbler.
Harporhynchus bendirei, Coues.—Bendire's thrasher.
Sitta carolinensis aculeata, Cass.—Slender-billed nuthatch.
S. pygmœa, Vig.—Pygmy nuthatch.
Parus inornatus griseus, Ridg.—Gray titmouse.
P. gambeli, Ridgw.—Mountain chickadee.
Psaltriparus plumbeus, Baird.—Lead-colored bushtit.
Turdus aonalaschkæ audubonice, Baird.—Audubon's hermit thrush

We also saw a great number of humming birds, but owing to lack of fine shot were unable to secure any. I mention the dusky grouse not on account of his rarity, but on account of the latitude. The bald eagle was seen drinking at Jacob's Lake.

On Thursday morning our little party disbanded. Four of the party went to Panguitch Lake to enjoy another month of hunting and fishing, while Andrew and I returned home to tell our triumphs and study the material we had collected. Ten days later I arrived in Provo, and the vacation of 1895 was at an end. SHOSHONE.

AN OUTING IN THE SIERRAS.—III.

Lake Tahoe and Vicinity.

AT about 8 A. M. on Aug. 4 I was one of nineteen uncomfortable persons who four on a seat crowded the stage for Lake Tahoe, and started from Truckee for that place. The drive was over a lumpy dusty road, the day was very hot, and the sixteen miles, which should have given us all great pleasure, gave us more suffering, all because those concerned fail to furnish adequate transportation from Truckee to the lake.

Why a railroad is not substituted to make of the trip a pleasure is hard to understand. The travel would support it, and it would so increase travel that the lake's resources would be greatly increased. At about 11 A. M. eighteen hot, disgruntled, disgusted, dust-covered people gladly got off the stage at Tahoe City. The nineteenth was the driver, he was used to such treatment. Even the bride and groom of the victims, both affectionate on the start, had long ago subsided into sulky gloom. Tahoe City is located on the western shore of Lake Tahoe. As a city it is not very important; there are possibly more, but all of the houses that I remember numbered I think three: one the unpretentious hotel at which the stage stopped, one a restaurant on one of the wharves, and one a boat-house. Not long ago I was told there had been a very good hotel, but it had burned.

We all hurried through the hotel, down the bank on to the wharf and boarded, according to which of the two agents had succeeded in catching us first, one of the two small steamers which for $3 the round trip carry passengers around the lake, stopping at all places. These are the Meteor, "the fastest boat on the lake," carrying mail and express matter, owned and run by the Bliss Lumber Co. at Glenbrook, and the Tallac, owned and run by the Tallac Hotel Co. The Tallac man caught me first, and on her I started for the Tallac House, due south and about twenty-five miles away, and stopped en route at a number of very pleasant looking places, viz.: Sunnyside, Idlewild, McKinneys; then up Emerald Bay—a beautiful long (three miles) narrow (one-half mile) cañon, filled with deep blue water, with a summer boarding house at its head, as there were at the other places mentioned quite a number of cottages; and finally at about 1 P. M. we ran alongside of the wharf at Tallac, by far the most developed summer resort on the lake. The ride had been a delightful one, and almost made up for the stage ride; but the Meteor, starting at the same time, soon justified her reputation and showed us her stern. Both boats were well filled, for in addition to the people on an outing there were parties from Truckee, Boca, etc., spending and enjoying their Sunday by a trip in their own land conveyances to the lake and on the boat around it, with dinner at a selected point.

Lake Tahoe is beyond question a most beautiful and pleasant summer resort, surrounded as it is by mountains, more or less (generally less) forest-covered, with snow-flecked faces. One of them, Mount Tallac, is over 9,700ft. high, but it don't show its altitude, for there are many other high ones, some nearer, and the level of the lake is over 6,000ft. On the face of Mt. Tallac there is a cross-shaped gulch; and in it, long after the snow has left the most of the mountain, there remains, generally through the year, a beautiful crop of snow. The principal beauty of the lake is due to its magnitude (twenty-five miles long, over twelve miles wide) and its sea-like blue water in the deep parts and green along the encircling bench of shore water. This is characteristic of all these mountain lakes, and in regard to one of the little ones, Falling Leaf, a young lady described it to me as "a sapphire set in emerald." But so far as I have seen them there is not a lake in the Sierras that compares in beauty with several in the Adirondacks. Raquette, Forked, Blue Mountain, Piseco, are all superior, for all have islands to break up the expanse of water. Lake Tahoe has but one, I think, that's all I saw, and it is at the extreme head of Emerald Bay.

The Tallac House became my home for several days, or rather one of its cottages, of which there are a number; mine was on the inner end of the wharf, two stories, with verandas on all sides. Its situation over the water made it cool and pleasant on a hot day, but during the cool nights it was not a choice place for a person subject to rheumatism. A lamp would have increased the comfort of my room, but the risk of fire accidents has made it a rule of the house that the candle alone can be used.

I enjoyed my visit—there was a full house, and of the guests many were very pleasant companions. They come from Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San José and other towns of Southern California. The hotel is pleasantly located, the table good and the proprietor courteous and obliging. There are many pleasant drives, and the hotel furnishes good teams and vehicles, and it has an outfit of boats and boatmen. This part of the resources is open to criticism. Five dollars per day is a high price to pay for even what they advertise—good boat, boatman, outfit and bait (minnows). My boat the first day was very poorly outfitted and the boatman was incompetent. This, however, didn't occur again. The outfit consists of a pair of large spinners, with lines, a landing net and minnows. The "party" is supposed to furnish anything else he may want, and most of us did depend upon our own rods, flies, spoons and spinners of other sizes and patterns, and our own kit of tools to repair damages.

In the deep water—where the larger fish generally are found—the Tahoe gear does the best work, but in some of the smaller lakes and on the shoals and after dusk other gear is desirable.

The Tahoe spinner and rig is different from anything I have ever seen elsewhere. It is 4½in. long and 2in. broad at wide end. To this is attached by swivels at wide end, with a gimp snell about 18in. long, and a large single long-shanked hook, generally Limerick or Sproat, on which a 4in. minnow can be threaded. The spinner is of copper, silvered on one side; the line, at least 100ft. long, is composed of seven strands of fine copper wire, twisted.

Using one of these, I was on one occasion in company with a friend using an abalone spoon of smaller size. He had many more strikes than I did and caught many more fish, and after dusk small luminous spoons were useful. I used for trolling the Orvis bass fly rod (split-bamboo), made for me by him in 1881—fished with by me in sea and fresh water in Europe, West Indies, Alaska, St. Lawrence River, Adirondacks and Rangeley, proving true on everything from a minnow to a small shark, and always in order. It carried its weight of line, spoon and some good trout several times on Lake Tahoe, and is good as new. I stayed five days at Tahoe, but did comparatively little fishing. We were having a hot wave; thermometer up to 90°, and fish were hard to find. Between 5 o'clock and sunset we had fair luck, but Tahoe Lake is like Webber Lake, encircled with a shoal, which goes off quite abruptly into deep blue water, and the fish had gone off also. This encircling shelf carries green water to its edge, but so clear that at 12 or 15ft. the fish could be seen. My largest on Tahoe was a rainbow weighing a little over 6lbs. I had spent a very hot Saturday on the veranda, simply loafing—reading, smoking and helping the ladies trim balsam (known as "fir" here) for pillows, and congratulating myself upon my wisdom, as boat after boat came back with the stereotyped report, "Not a strike."

By invitation of Dr. Brigham I was to dine and spend Sunday with him, so at 5 P. M., having discarded all idea of fishing, I took boat for the Doctor's place, about two miles to the northward. We rowed along the edge of the green water. At about midway of the route there was, I knew, a "pit hole" in the reef, a few hundred feet in diameter. I had theorized that, as the hot weather had driven all of the fish off the shoals into the deep water, these holes, of which there are very few, might have harbored some of the refugees. So I told the boatman to fit up his spinner, and as we approached the hole to slow down, which he did; and with my line almost perpendicular, my hook a hundred feet below, I very quickly had hold of a good trout, and I saved him. And a lucky thing it was that I did, for on arrival at the Doctor's I found that after exhausing all resources not a trout had been procurable, and the dinner would have been minus the fish course. My six-pounder filled the deficiency, and an hour after he was in the lake he was on the table; and whether due to the speed of this transformation, superior cooking or quality of fish, I can't say; but he was not only simply delicious, but far superior to the big Eastern trout (4½lbs.) that I caught in Lake of the Woods.

I am now about to express an opinion upon a much-argued question, as to the relative qualities, game and edible, of Eastern and Western trout, not artificially bred.

I place in both capacities as No. 1 the Eastern brook trout—*salvelinus*, charr, or by any other name—when naturally bred in streams or lakes in the Eastern States. No. 2, the rainbow trout. No. 3, the McCloud River. No. 4, the Eastern brook trout caught in small California lakes.

Only one angler had at Lake Tahoe luck which might be considered remarkable. This was Dr. Hall; his was very astonishing. The second day of my visit I was one of a party of six that made an excursion to Falling Leaf Lake, a four-mile delightful drive through the woods. Then we took possession of three of the four boats on the lake and trolled along the shore till, in three hours, we reached the inlet at the upper end. We did not get a strike. We did not see another boat on the lake, which is a small one. We landed and lunched under the trees near the inlet. While lunching a gentleman came to us to borrow a corkscrew and we loaned him one. He was Dr. Hall; he said he had caught fifty-six trout that forenoon.

Mr. Ayers went down to his boat to look at them. Sure enough the tank was crowded, but every fish was dead

and strung on willow wands. Tahoe boatmen keep the fish alive in these tanks, which are modified centerboard wells. Indians don't. Indians carry their fish on willow or other twigs. Tahoe boatmen don't. There was an Indian camp on the lake. We think Dr. Hall visited it. Two days after the Doctor brought in from Cascade Lake a 7lb. rainbow trout. It was but a little after noon, yet that trout looked and smelt as though he had been caught quite a while or had been left in a very hot place. We wondered if there were not some Indians on Cascade Lake also and if the Doctor didn't meet them.

There is one drawback to Tahoe Lake: the change from ordinary drinking water to the "best water in the world," as that of the hotel is said in its cards to be, is too abrupt. It is undoubtedly pure water, for it is piped from Falling Leaf Lake, where there are no sources of contamination, but whether it be due to large amounts of snow water in the lakes or their stillness, the new-comer is very apt soon to begin to suffer diarrhœa, and were it not that a prescription of Dr. Brigham's—that soon checks it—is kept handy at the club house, there "would be trouble in the camp."

As a whole I enjoyed my visit, and some day hope to repeat it. There were few hours that it was not too hot to fish, but in the evening we could always be sure of a few.

On Sunday, while at Dr. Brigham's, some of his friends,



TALLAC MOUNTAIN FROM FALLING LEAF LAKE.

Mr. and Miss Bliss, from Glenbrook, came over with their little steamer, the Emerald, and took us all on a trip up Emerald Bay, and during our trip a heavy thunderstorm came up from the southeast, and the effect was grand.

At the head of Emerald Bay there is a small, rocky islet, on the highest point of which there is a structure which has a story. It is a plain, unpainted, rough board shanty, surmounted by a rude wooden cross. This is The Deserted Grave. A few years ago there was drowned during a storm on the lake an old man—whose name I forget—who for many years had made his living as a fisherman on the lake. He had squatted on this islet and there lived a hermit life. Electing there to make his final resting place, he had dug out of the rock a tomb, over which he had built this shanty and cross, and there he was to be buried. His body was never found and the grave stands empty.

On Monday, the 12th of August, I bid adieu to the California contingent of my Tahoe friends and in the Meteor moved to Glenbrook, Nevada. Not a very long journey, for Lake Tahoe—as shown in the map I sent you—is partly in Nevada, and Tallac, California, and Glenbrook, Nevada, are very close neighbors. Glenbrook is out of the fashionable swim, as its existence depends more on business than on pleasure.

A gentleman residing there, Mr. W. B. Bliss, the moving spirit of a great lumber company located there, had kindly invited me to go back with him by the old stage road to Placerville, thence by railroad to Sacramento. I had accepted, and what happened I will tell you next week. PISECO.

Still on its Wild Career.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here we have the wild game egg scare again. Just came across the inclosed clipping in the Minneapolis *Tribune* for the 12th inst. Did the originator of the fake have his copy set up and electroplated and the plates sent to all the United States papers, or what? TODE.

A SKIRMISH WITH A LOUP-CERVIER.

I AM not much of a gunner, as the reader will perceive before he has finished this sketch, only a plain minister with a strong fascination for the woods and a little shooting now and then at the swift-winged partridge or the quick-witted woodcock, so I never lose an opportunity to take my three weeks' vacation in October among the lakes and forests of northern Maine. After a close and hard summer, therefore, it was with a great sigh of relief that two years ago I boarded the train and hastened to a little town some thirty-five miles northwest from Bangor, which has always been my base of supply on these occasions. One does not look for large game in this vicinity; now and then a stray fox, as the sun hides him under the hills, runs across the path and stirs the blood a little, and once in a while a wildcat is heard and sometimes seen; partridge and woodcock and duck often abound, and the gunning is good. Deer are often seen at nightfall drinking from the lakes, but I never could bring myself up to the point of shooting one of the graceful creatures.

The morning after my arrival in this hamlet, a fine October day, with a small fowling-piece not in very good condition, having been at rest for at least ten months, but with its single barrel very well answering my purpose, I set out for the hunting grounds. A large pond lies among the hills and sends an arm into the heart of the village here, so that one has only to spring into his boat and row away under a bridge or two a brief five minutes to find himself on the surface of a fine lake, surrounded by hills, some highly cultivated, some heavily wooded, full of inspiration and zeal. I reached the "Inlet" in about forty-five minutes. It is so called because it is the entrance of a small stream into the lake, which, flowing through marshy ground, has hollowed itself a channel without perceptible current for a mile or more. It winds round long points and through dense shrubbery, now almost hidden by the overhanging woods, now creeping from luxuriant growths of grasses, now opening out clear with muddy shores, or entering a labyrinth of fallen trees and old stumps. It varies in width from 75 to 150ft., so that one can easily scan both banks as he rows along.

As I entered it the hush of a New England autumn was on the stream and among the woods, inviting one to dream rather than to shoot. The foliage was rich. One could count a hundred different tints from green to yellow, red to vermilion. The stream narrows down gradually, and at last I reached the old log that had served me these several years for a wharf, and hiding my fishing tackle which I always carried, for sometimes the fish were more gullible than the partridge, I plunged into the forest.

Partridge and woodcock were scarce that morning, but with little care I meandered along the old wood roads, finely shaded, among which squirrels were chattering and birds flitting. Once in a while a gray squirrel would scamper across the path and mount some old fence or tree. Most everything was there except the game I wanted.

At last I reached a growth of spruce and hemlock and began to 'wake up and look about me. It was on the side of a deep ravine where, the previous winter, a great many hemlocks had been felled and the bark stripped from them, leaving the logs to be yarded the coming winter. The frost was still on the ground here, making it necessary to move with caution, for one was likely to slip and then to slide somewhat unbecomingly down the hill. I was stepping along thus lightly, now on a more level bit of ground, when I heard a rustling among the leaves on the opposite side of the little brook that runs through this ravine, and supposing it to be a partridge sat down on a log to await her appearance. A half of a minute perhaps I waited, when, springing noiselessly upon a pile of wood not 20yds. distant, a large loup-cervier appeared in full view. I did not wait for him to see me, but fired instantly, and the next instant found myself flat on my back with my feet on the log I had so suddenly vacated, and wondering if I had hurt the animal as much as I had myself—for this gun seemed to shoot from both ends—I hastily scrambled to my feet. Well, there sat the creature in the coolest possible condition in exactly the same place I first saw him. Apparently he had watched the proceeding with some interest, but entirely unmoved. Hastily reloading, I fired again, direct in his face, bracing myself for the rebound of my gun, when, instead of getting his eyes put out or running away, he bounded toward me, but hesitated before reaching my place and looked defiant enough. Evidently partridge shot were not having much effect on its tough skin, but I reloaded and taking its gentle hints to be careful, stood cautiously on the defensive.

We stood and looked each other direct in the eyes, I guess, two minutes, when it slowly turned, and with a glance over its shoulder every now and then at me, walked the length of a long log, sprang to the ground and moved away. I did not follow, for it had sat still and made itself a target for me to shoot at twice, within easy range, and now, though I bethought me of several shells in my left pocket loaded for duck, it seemed cowardly to strike at its back. I had lost the battle in a fair fight.

I had also lost my zest for gunning in that particular place, so hurried back toward my boat; but in my haste ran clumsily into a flock of partridges, which scattered in every direction, leaving only one as the result of a startled and random shot. Being near my boat, I left this one in the stern under an old piece of canvas, and hurried after the others; and after an hour's hunt succeeded in getting one, and returned to the river. I was within 30ft. of the boat, I should judge, when to my consternation that loupcervier sprang from the stern sheets with my partridge in its mouth. It did not run, but sat quietly down on the opposite bank of the stream, perhaps 40ft. distant, and looked defiance at me. My gun had only partridge shot in it, and it would be useless to fire. But to remove the shell and substitute another with duck shot, while the work of a few seconds only, might scare the creature away or inspire it to something worse. I concluded, however, that such was the only thing for me to do, and if it fled or attacked me I must take the consequences. That exchange of shells was a quick process, the reader may be assured, and did not disturb the thief at all. I instantly fired, and it sprang sidewise into the woods and disappeared, leaving my bird on the bank. I noticed also a good many hairs and slight traces of blood, showing that this time my shot had made an impression. I waded across the brook to the place from which it disappeared, and with extreme caution followed its trail as nearly as I could among the leaves, with a careful eye to the trees, for I suspected the creature might be in somewhat of a fighting mood now, and perhaps would take the chances at a hand-to-hand fight with me.

I might possibly have gone ten rods in this cautious manner, when apparently from directly overhead came a ter-

rific yell that lifted my hair and started the cold shivers down my spine. It proved not quite overhead, however, but in front of me, so that I caught sight of it and had my gun leveled and ready for a spring instantly; and not an instant too soon, for it sprang at me with tremendous force. I fired and down it came, not quite where it planned—on my head—but among the rocks and leaves at my feet, with a charge of duck shot in its head. I got out of the way in a hurry, but finding there was no further danger, returned and shot it dead. J. W. STROUT.

MASSACHUSETTS.

WISCONSIN WANDERINGS.

Some Marshfield Men.

MARSHFIELD is one of the live towns, a little to the northwest from the center of the State. The Tremont House is a plain $2 house, but Foster Bros., who keep it, will sit up nights to accommodate their guests, and run down everybody in town to get a gun for a guest who wants to go shooting. And there are lots of other good fellows there, too.

If you ever go there drop into the Central depot and ask for Mr. Kerr, the night operator. Tell him you are one of the FOREST AND STREAM family, and he will meet you with open arms. You will be calling him "Jim" before you have known him an hour. He knows every bit of country around there for miles, and he would rather roam the woods with you than to eat when he is hungry. If you can tramp as far in a day as he can, you are a good one. One morning we got on a hand car at 4 A. M. and pumped it nine miles; from that time till nearly dark Jim tramped the woods, and when he came out on the track ahead of the car he executed a number of gyrations that would have been the envy of a circus tumbler, sandwiching Indian yells and shots from his gun between the wild leaps and somersaults. When we came up to him, the Dutchman of the party said, "Vot's der matter, Jim? I dinks you vos crazy mit insanity all retty. Nicht bar?" "Not a bit of it," said Jim, "just showing you how the Indian acted after eating a peck of green cucumbers."

When we got the car going its best Jim jumped off and ran a race with it, keeping it right up until he ran into a big thistle. Jim has been round a good deal and had several ups and downs, but they haven't soured him a bit. He is full of good comradeship, and will rejoice to see you knock down a partridge in full flight more than if he did it himself.

Bert Jones, in the express office, is another good one. Young, handsome and high spirited, a born sportsman with a big heart, he will do anything he can to help a brother sportsman to a good time. Not only are these two young men good sportsmen, but they are good company, and they don't have to take a bottle when they go shooting either.

But how about the game? Well, we saw deer, bear and wildcat tracks in the woods, and saw two deer. We killed squirrels, gray and black, and partridges. It is not a real good place for any game but partridges. I tramped perhaps ten hours in all in search of them, and flushed twenty-two. The cover is too thick for satisfactory shooting while the leaves are on. I got twelve shots and was lucky enough to knock down six, but lost one, as I had no dog. After the leaves fall the cover will be fairly good to shoot in, as there are very few evergreen bushes. The shooters here say the birds won't lie to the dog, and I did not see a setter or pointer in the town. Very few birds are shot on the wing. They are generally treed by a mongrel dog, and the shooter walks up with a shotgun and "knocks 'em right out of their feathers." Then the dog pounces on them with a yelp and chews up the remains. There are partridges all over the north half of Wisconsin, and doubtless they are plentier in some sections than around Marshfield; but there is no place where a gentleman shooter can sooner become posted as to the location of the various partridge pockets in the neighborhood. Accurate information about the haunts of the birds is often hard to get, and it takes a lot of time to find them. At Marshfield the hunter need not look for trespass sign boards. There are none there.

Tramp Bears.

During the past two weeks bear have frequently been seen in nearly all parts of middle Wisconsin, and are said to be quite common in many localities. They appear to be on the move, most of those seen were crossing open fields. In a good portion of the State there are no acorns this year and the bear are probably hunting a supply of late autumn food. The same is true of the squirrels. There is a 40,000 acre tract of woods just south of Marshfield, and last November the ground was fairly covered with acorns, upon which thousands of squirrels were feeding. I shot dozens of them in a few hours. Two weeks ago I spent a whole day in those woods and saw not one squirrel. There are no acorns on the trees. People in the more settled portions of the State say there were no squirrels last year, but now they are numerous.

Barron, Wis.

An old resident of this place, who I believe is entirely reliable, says he has been in the woods twenty-seven miles northeast of Barron for the last three weeks putting up a saw mill. It is four miles from the nearest house. This man says there is a good crop of acorns, that both deer and bear are plenty. Also many partridges and squirrels. No doubt it is a satisfactory spot for a good hunt. Perhaps it's no better than a hundred other places, for the whole north half of the State still has deer and bear in varying numbers, and there are a thousand lakes that have not been fished enough to hurt them any. Oh! that this whole region could have been kept for the people's hunting ground, and not one of its millions of majestic trees ever feel the keen edge of the axe, or its waters ever be vexed by the fishing net. But it cannot be. The homesteader is following the lumberman, finishing the destruction, and our grandchildren will shoot no deer in Wisconsin. O. H. HAMPTON.

Michigan Quail.

JACKSON, Mich.—Everything points to exceptionally fine quail shooting in this vicinity this fall. The birds passed through the winter in good shape and the season has been very favorable for breeding. Farmers generally say that they are more abundant than for many years past. F. N. W

A CAMP ON ROARING RIVER.

IV.

"Beware the fury of a patient man."

TUESDAY noon Smyth returned with the flour, and excitement ran high. The Doctor said it reminded him of the advent of a bull train loaded with provisions and whisky into a new mining camp. Naturally enough Smyth wanted to know what had been done during his absence; how many deer and elk had been killed; what success with the rainbows and Dolly Vardens of Roaring River, etc., etc. The boys had depended upon the Doctor's tact and talent to carry them through this trying ordeal, which they well knew was in store for them, but even the Doctor's genius signally failed him on this occasion, and for once his honeyed words and gallant efforts proved abortive. To say that Smyth was mad doesn't half express it, and he turned loose such an avalanche of Scotch-Irish, English, Latin, Greek and Chinook invectives as the echoes of the Roaring River cañons had never before been called upon to chronicle. Then he turned his attention to One Lung. Words being inadequate, he proceeded at once to illustrate his theory that "there is but one argument that will effectually convince either a mule, an Indian or a Chinaman of the error of his ways, or that is at all effective in inducing either to do his duty: a club." He lammed him all over camp, dragged him through the ashes of the camp-fire by his queue, stood him on his head, cuffed him, thumped him and walked on him until, as Mead remarked when he interfered for humanity's sake, "There won't be anything left of the poor cuss, Smyth, except a piece of a queue and part of a wart if you don't let up." Then Smyth politely requested One Lung to start a fire and get supper and plenty of it at his earliest possible convenience. Doubtless the poor Chinaman's fear of "Injuns" had been superseded by his fear of immediate destruction at the hands of an avenging angel, for you just ought to have seen the number and quality of the flapjacks he turned out.

After supper Smyth, much to the relief of Mead and Swift, gave One Lung verbal notice and fair warning that if there was any more nonsense, any more "Injuns," or any more three-in-a-bed business while he was in that camp the wolves and bears would have a chance to feed on a dead Chinaman. The boys thought that Smyth was a little too cruel, but they got a good night's sleep for once. The Lord only knows how poor One Lung passed the night.

V.

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

There is always a calm after a storm. Wednesday morning came bright and fair and still. Birds sang in the trees, pheasants drummed in the thickets, blue grouse hooted from the tops of the tall firs, and the murmur of Roaring River came up from the abysmal depths of its dark cradle. It was just such a morning as brings all the better qualities of man's nature to the surface; just such a morning as makes one love his God, his fellow-man and himself. The pure mountain air is an ethereal nectar to the lungs and membranes poisoned and inflamed by the feculent air of the peopled valleys, always surcharged as it is in summer with dust and impurities; and one is made to feel that he is risen to a purer and higher life. There is a freshness and vigor about the mountains that is inspiring and that makes a fellow feel glad that he is alive.

Doubtless poor One Lung felt duly grateful under the circumstances that he was alive when, at 3 o'clock in the morning, the alarm clock, previously manipulated by his friend Smyth, announced to his unwilling ears that he must crawl out and rustle up firewood and breakfast.

One Lung's vocabulary of English was decidedly limited, but he had succeeded in framing a sentence of three words which (to himself at least) sufficiently expressed his sentiments in general and of camp life in an "Injun" country in particular. The last thing at night, the first thing in the morning and all day long, sometimes with emphasis, sometimes softly and inaudibly, often appropriately and more often inappropriately, came that wail of despair: "No more fun!" until finally it was adopted by the whole camp as a kind of rallying cry. Yes, it was 3 o'clock in the morning when the rattle of tin pans and the aforesaid wail called the boys from their sweet slumbers, and soon the whole camp was astir.

It had been agreed the previous evening that Mead and Swift should fish while Smyth and the Doctor should hunt this day in order that the larder might at once be supplied with proper evidences of the prowess of the gang, and in recognition of the requirements of a properly reguted camp among the wilds of Roaring River. One Lung was to pick berries, of which there were plenty close to camp.

It has often been asserted by those who ought to know better that there are no Dolly Varden trout in Oregon except in the Mackenzie River.

Dolly Vardens have been taken in several other Oregon streams, notably in Williamson River that empties into the upper Klamath Lake.

Mr. Waters, a ranchman of that country, a reliable man and a man that knows a Dolly Varden when he sees it, tells me that he has seen Dolly Vardens taken out of the Williamson that would weigh 12 or 14lbs. Dr. Cox, Henry Prettyman and others substantiate his statement. Smyth has often declared that he has taken 4 and 5lb. Dolly Vardens out of Roaring River, and one of Mead's chief objects in making the trip into that country at this time was to verify Smyth's assertion and, of course, have some fun with him.

After a most substantial breakfast, in which flour played an important part, the boys went forth on their missions as previously arranged and agreed. The Doctor took his shotgun and struck out for grouse, Smith with his Marlin .38-55 went for deer, while One Lung, after placing his Nordenfelt where it could be readily put in operation in case of a hurried retreat, went, with many misgivings and his usual wail, "No more fun," for berries. And it might be remarked that Smyth admonished him to pick berries and not spend his time looking for "Injuns," under the pains and penalties of a vine-maple club when he returned.

Mead and Swift slid gently down the almost perpendicular mile to Roaring River, and went to work among its pools and rapids with that diligence and energy for which they are both noted when on a trout stream.

The first clause of that unwritten law that governs all true sportsmen directs that no game or fish shall be taken that cannot be used. So it was not at all strange that, in this land of plenty, even before high noon all the boys except poor One Lung were back at camp with ample evidence of success. The Chinaman was afraid to come in, for he didn't exactly know just how many berries were required to satisfy Smyth's demands. The Doctor had secured a fine bag of blue grouse, pheasants and a brace of ptarmigan that had strayed down from their lofty heights to feed on the berries. Smyth had shot a four-pronged buck almost within sight of camp and had returned even before the sun peeped in over the hills. His long trip for flour entitled him to the rest the boys found him enjoying when they returned, and by mutual consent he was allowed to sleep that gentle sleep, "balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course," as Swift poetically put it, without being disturbed, even though the boys could hardly smother the compliments prompted by the sleek four-pointer that hung temptingly near his tent. Mead and Swift had enough fish to last the camp two days if it had to take fish straight, and there, sure enough, were the Dolly Vardens, two of them, good 4-pounders. Rainbows predominated, but there was a good showing of pure-bred mountain trout.

While the Doctor and Swift cleaned the fish and set the camp to rights, Mead strolled out to the berry patch to bring the Chinaman in, for their mouths were watering for juicy venison steaks and fat trout.

Presently that monotonous song, "No more fun!" was wafted to his ears, and calling to the poor heathen they started on their return to camp.

Mead had carelessly thrown his pistols and other weapons aside before leaving camp, as he had no thought of seeing any kind of game so close at hand. One Lung was in advance with his pail of berries, wrapped in his own dismal reflections and occasionally murmuring, "No more fun!" when all of a sudden he stopped short and gazed intently at a small berry patch near the trail. "You savey him?" he asked in a whisper, and then with the despairing shriek, "Him bear!" he dropped his pail of berries and ran for camp as if the devil was reaching for his queue.

Away went the bear in the opposite direction, but the Chinaman never stopped or looked back until he reached camp. Seizing Mead's pair of six-shooters, one in each hand, he fired the whole twelve shots straight up into the tree tops and then ran for his Nordenfelt. But Smyth was on his feet by this time and had the poor devil by the throat and was about to administer a sedative not prescribed by the best medical authorities, when Mead appeared on the scene with explanations and appeals for mercy in One Lung's behalf, that softened even Smyth's cold and stony heart. One Lung wrung his hands and moaned, "No more fun!" "No more fun!" which on this occasion was construed by the boys to mean no more berries unless they picked them themselves.

VI.

"Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear."

The afternoon was spent around camp by all hands—by the boys with that contentment and happiness that are born of success; by One Lung with that resignation that is born of despair. Guns, pistols and knives were cleaned and oiled, rods wiped and put away in their cases, lines unreeled and festooned among the branches to dry, and the whole camp put in ship-shape for a two or three days' trip further back in the mountains for elk. Swift said that he proposed to have just as good a pair of antlers as those that hung on Mead's walls at home, and the Doctor declared that, for juiciness and flavor, nothing else in the wide world could compare with elk steaks; so it was agreed that there should be an elk hunt. This lazying around camp of a hot afternoon after a successful forenoon's work is most enjoyable. To the ordinary sportsman, preparation and anticipation are his greatest delights.

A trip into the elk country of any of our mountains involves a deal of severe hard work, and puts a fellow's powers of endurance to a sore test; all of which the boys thoroughly understood and fully appreciated.

One Lung watched these preparations for what he readily understood to mean a prolonged absence, with distrust and dismay, but his well-founded dread of Smyth's vengeance kept his mouth shut. Of course it was everybody's understanding (except One Lung's) that the Chinaman should remain at camp and look after things in general during their absence.

Now the idea of staying in camp for two or three long days and nights alone, even with his 300-per-minute Nordenfelt for protection, was the last idea in the world that One Lung felt disposed to entertain, but he stoically kept his own counsel. The smell of fresh meat and fish drew quite a number of forest varmints around camp that night, as was made painfully evident to the poor Chinaman by the frequent rustlings in the adjacent brush and by an occasional growl or howl in the not very remote distance, and he spent most of the night sitting by the door of Mead and Swift's tent with his Nordenfelt handy. Smyth was very tired and slept soundly, which of course relieved the Chinaman of much serious embarrassment. Naturally enough in his state of mind he would now and then see some monster approaching him from among the shadows, and on such occasions he would incontinently seek safety inside the tent. But he was afraid Smyth might awake and find him there and so he spent the night alternating between in and out. But the long night wore away, daylight came, breakfast over and everything snugly stowed away.

The boys commenced to strap on their harness and One Lung, much to the astonishment of the others, commenced to climb a tree. He had something to say, and he didn't propose to let his friend Smyth have the floor or the advantage of him on this particular occasion. When he had reached what he evidently regarded as a safe altitude and seated himself on a suitable limb he proceeded with his oration something after this fashion: "You savey him Injun? You savey him bear? You savey him clougar? You savey One Lung? One Lung no likee die! him heap good man! him likee see him flodder, him mudder! him alle samee no likee stay!"

"Come down from there or I'll fill you full of cold lead," said Smyth as he picked up a Winchester. But One Lung had anticipated all this and knew that Smyth wouldn't shoot him. And doubtless he had canvassed the whole situation during the night and had made up his mind rather to die the death of the brave than suffer lingering torture. He had had his say and evidently meant what

he said. The boys didn't know, of course, whether his declaration meant that he intended to try and find his way out to the settlements or stick by them, but they were wasting valuable time and pulled out.

VII.

"Then horn for horn they stretch and strive,
Deil take the hindmost, on they drive."

The Cascade Mountains are extremely rough. Of course all mountains are more or less rough, but the Cascades are unusually so. There is much fallen timber, and the growth of sal-lal, fern, thimbleberry, devil's walking stick, buck brush and vine is truly wonderful to behold, and more than surprising when you try to get through. On the mountain sides this growth is interwoven like an immense basket, and it is next to impossible to get up or down or anywhere unless one is lucky enough to strike a good deer trail. But by following the crests of the high ridges reasonable progress may be made. The elk are always away back except in midwinter, when the deep snows drive them down. They have their constant companions in the cougar and elk wolf, whose chief avocations seem to be annoying the herds and destroying the calves and the sick, wounded, aged and feeble. The life of the ordinary elk must be one of care and anxiety. Doubtless the elk of this country would have long since been exterminated were it not for the hardships that must be endured and the difficulties that must be encountered and overcome in the hunting of them. All old hunters know that a herd of elk can be easily annihilated when once overtaken in the mountains if reasonable care is exercised and if the hunter feels so disposed. They often seem to get rattled, bunch up and stand like a lot of fools until the last one of them is shot down. This statement may not apply to the elk of other countries, like Colorado, Montana and Wyoming, for instance; I do not know; but it is certainly true of the elk of the Cascade and Coast ranges.

The boys kept to the ridges and made good progress under the circumstances, and before noon they had reached a country that, apparently, was the home of the elk. There was plenty of sign, and their trails were well marked and well worn. It is not the easiest thing in the world to find water about these high ridges, but that instinct born of familiarity with one's surroundings soon enabled Smyth to locate a fine spring of pure, sweet water not a hundred yards from the spot they had chosen for camp. Lunch and an hour's rest found the boys ready to investigate the "deep recesses and dark cañons of nature's innermost temple," as Mead put it, or "a'most anywhere else," as Swift suggested, that might by any possibility reward their efforts and perspiration with an elk or two. But before starting they took the wise precaution to carefully study their compasses and the general lay of the country. And, too, they discreetly gathered plenty of firewood and built a make-shift of a "shack" for the night, and where they could *cache* away their superfluous luggage. Then they sauntered forth on their missions of death. They went in pairs; Mead and the Doctor taking one course, Smyth and Swift another. But fate had decreed that there should be no deaths that day. They found plenty of sign and some small game, but no elk. Not a gun had been fired, for although some tempting shots had presented themselves at smaller game, they were after elk this time and didn't propose to alarm them unnecessarily or jeopardize their chances of success without more than ordinary provocation. They felt well satisfied with the outlook and chatted merrily while busying themselves, each in his own way, about supper and the other usual requirements of camp life. Smyth and Swift had seen a black wolf that "was so sassy and impudent" that they felt strongly tempted to



MINER'S CABIN—BIG HORN BASIN.

"puncture" his "nasty carcass," but they had refrained for the sake of better game. The Doctor and Mead had found a salt lick within a mile of camp in a deep cañon.

They had not been able to detect anything peculiar about the flavor of the water, but the elk and deer evidently had, for they had worn a deep hole around it where they had come from the cañon and "pawed and licked," etc., etc. There was lots to talk about and the boys munched away at their rough mountain grub and chatted and laughed, and munched and chatted, just as a set of jolly sportsmen would under such conditions. Then they put their pans and knives and forks away without washing—just as hunters generally do under such circumstances—lit their pipes, spread themselves out on the grass, already a little damp with dew, and prepared for the usual interchange of ideas, experiences and hunting yarns.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

What about Squirrels this Year?

CONKLIN STATION, N. Y., Sept. 11.—In twenty-five years' hunting I have never seen so few squirrels at this season. Millions of nuts of all kinds. Have got fourteen grays, but have scouted about ten half-days to do it. They may come later, but I doubt it. M. T.

A DOUBLE IN MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

COME with me, dear reader, to the interior of a miner's log cabin in the northern end of the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming. Around a rough table, in the center of which a candle placed in the neck of an empty beer bottle sheds the only light—for it is after supper—sit four prospectors and hunters engaged in a social game of "high-five." In the corner occupied by the stove Frank, the cook, is busy washing the dishes after the evening meal, while on two of the bunks which occupy one side of the cabin three more hunters, the writer among the number, are half sitting, half reclining, upon buffalo robes and blankets, watching the game of cards which their friends are engaged in. The light shed by the single candle produces strong contrasts of light and shadows, and the whole scene, if reproduced upon canvas, would require the brush and genius of a Rembrandt to do it justice.

Few words are spoken except such as have reference to the card game. Finally Billy J., one of the players, addressing me, says: "Well, Mr. F., are you going with



WASHING GOLD.

me after those sheep to-morrow?" to which I jokingly reply that I'd go if I were quite sure that the sheep whose tracks Billy claims to have seen are wild and not tame ones.

Billy and Jake had been hunting that day about 5 miles northwest of the camp. They had killed an elk and brought the venison home, and furthermore stated that they had scared a large band of mountain sheep which had unfortunately winded them before they had got sight of them.

It seemed strange indeed that such wild game as elk and sheep should still abide in the neighborhood of the camp, which at that time was peopled by at least fifty miners and prospectors, who when fresh meat was needed took an off-day and a turn at hunting to supply their larder. Still, I knew from experience that deer and antelope were yet reasonably plentiful, though of course very wild, and finally concluded to go with Billy and Alex. W. next morning and see whether we could not get a sheep.

Bright and early we intended to start, but a strict regard for the truth compels me to state that it was 8 o'clock before we left, because my horse had strayed during the night and had to be found first. Poor Sorrel Jim! A couple of months later and he laid down afflicted with some mysterious disease and died. He was a first-rate hunting horse, gentle, sure footed and of great endurance, and for a Western horse rather good-looking.

Well, as I said, it was 8 o'clock before we started. We took a lunch along and also our canteens filled with water, for there was none where we intented to hunt. The trail led us first past the base of Big Bald Mountain, then in a northerly direction to the headwaters of Porcupine Creek and finally west to the base and up the side of Medicine Mountain. There the stiff climb and the rarified air of this altitude—some 10,000ft. above sea level—soon told upon our horses, which we had to rest every few minutes to let them regain their wind. As the weather looked rather threatening in the morning I did not take my camera along, and of course have since regretted that fact. The view to the west of Medicine Mountain is simply magnificent. Some 180 miles away the main chain of the Rockies, snow-covered and looking blue in the distance, can be distinctly seen, enabling me to point out to my two companions the country where I had hunted the previous fall—in the Sierra Shoshone. At our feet lay the Big Horn Basin. So clear and transparent was the atmosphere that all the more northern affluents up the Big Horn River, the Stinkingwater, the Grey Bull, Gooseberry Creek, etc., could be distinctly traced to their sources, looking like blue silk threads among the reddish-yellow coloring of the surrounding Bad Lands, while here and there small fringes of green denote where a few cottonwood trees have found water and soil sufficient for their existence. The sublimity and color effect combined in this view I have never found elsewhere. No wonder then that the former inhabitants of the country, the red men, used to come here to worship their deity. On the very top of Medicine Mountain can still be seen the so-called Medicine Wheel, the plan and general arrangement of which bear a striking resemblance to the famous Calender Stone of Old Mexico. As the name implies, this Medicine Wheel is a circle composed of loose stones. In the middle of it is a hut (also of stone) from which spokes of stones radiate (like in a wheel) to the circumference, there terminating in smaller huts. It is said that these smaller huts were, during the religious ceremonies, occupied by the medicine men of the different tribes, while the larger hut in the center was supposed to be the abode of Manitou. The wheel appears to be of great antiquity. The nearest Indian tribe, the Crows, whose reservation is only a few miles distant, know nothing about its age, and the former inhabitants of the country, the Sioux, say it was on Medicine Mountain when they and their forefathers occupied the land.

Medicine Mountain itself is evidently an extinct volcano. Our horses threaded their way to the top among numerous funnel-shaped craters, which were from 6ft. to about 20ft. in diameter, and here we found, sure enough, fresh signs of sheep. It was certainly a good locality for those animals, though at no place does the mountain rise above timber line, like its neighbor, Big Bald Mountain, does. We now tethered our horses and began to hunt afoot. I was to walk along the very top of the ridge while my two companions were to hunt a couple of hundred yards below me. We had hardly left our horses and had not yet separated when I, being slightly in advance, distinctly smelt game. Now, this statement may seem incredible to some Eastern sportsmen, but I nevertheless affirm that I have on more than one occasion distinctly smelt elk, deer and sheep before I have ever seen them—that is, of course, when the wind blew from the game to me, as it did on this occasion.

I motioned to my companions, who acknowledged the scent, if such an expression is permissible under the circumstances. A minute or so later I saw three sheep—all of them rams—a couple of hundred yards straight ahead of us and some 70 or 80yds. below the top of the ridge feeding among some dwarfed elders with which the side of the mountain was more or less covered. A minute inspection with the field glasses showed that they bore fair heads, and a stalk was at once arranged. Directly above the sheep the mountain was comparatively flat and level, and as the wind was in our favor we safely reached a point where, sheltered from view by the low branches of a cedar, we had gotten within some 80yds. of our game. Another look of observation now showed me that not three but eleven rams were feeding right below me, all unconscious of danger. Asking Billy to take the glasses and watch the result of the shot (Alex W. declaring that he did not care to shoot) I prepared to slay the biggest ram. Well did I know that I, as the beast was almost directly below me, had to be very careful not to overshoot, but was hardly prepared to hear Billy's "right over his back" as the right barrel of the little .40 Express woke the echoes of the mountain. Hurriedly aiming the left barrel, loaded with a solid bullet, at what I thought almost the feet of another ram as they rushed past below me, I saw him stagger to the shot, but he recovered himself in an instant and went on with his mates.

Quickly reloading, I ran along the edge of the cliff to obtain if possible another chance at the rams, which had gone in the direction of where we had left our horses. As I reached the shelter of a pine tree I saw on the small plateau, slightly below and not 40yds. from me, my wounded ram. He was walking along looking very sick, with his shoulder all covered with blood. To make sure of him I gave him the right barrel of the little Fraser behind the shoulder, to which he succumbed at once. The noise of the shot brought the rest of the band into view again, galloping wildly past. Selecting a ram with a good head, I aimed a trifle ahead of him and saw him go down all of a heap. Then Billy began to pump lead from his Winchester at the now thoroughly demoralized band, but without result; and Alex. W., whom I had lost track of since my first shot, was also now heard from, firing three or four shots in rapid succession. When he came to join us he told us that he had wounded a large ram, shooting him in the sticking place, and that he had found blood. While he and Billy tracked the wounded ram, whom they followed for over a mile, but finally lost, I sat down to admire my prizes. Was there ever such luck? The whole thing, from the time we began to hunt afoot to the killing of the two rams, had hardly occupied twenty minutes; and furthermore, these accommodating



IN THE TONGUE RIVER BASIN.

sheep had run right toward our horses to save us the trouble of packing them, and here two of them were now lying dead within 10yds. of each other. How I now wished for my little camera! Surely St. Hubert had been my patron saint that day, and I duly pledged the old saint in a tumblerful of sherry.

When my two companions returned we gralloched the two rams and packed the hindquarters and the heads on Billy's horse, leaving the forequarters to be called for the next day. Then we alternately walked and rode back to camp, which we reached in good season. The heads of the two rams, the horns of which measure, one 14½, the other 14in., while nothing extra as to size, are nevertheless among the most prized of my collection, bringing back to my memory my shortest and at the same time my most successful stalk after that wariest of all our mountain game, the bighorn of the Rockies.

PAUL FRANCKE

An Old-Time Lobster's Claw.

OVER forty years ago, Elias Totman, of Phippsburg, was fishing off Bald Head, Small Point, when his hook caught in something heavy and he began to pull up a dead weight that might have been a small anchor. Imagine his astonishment when a huge lobster came over the side—a lobster so big that it weighed 35lbs., and its claws were 13in. long and 9in. broad. The lobster was boiled in a wash boiler because the family kettle was not large enough. About six years ago Mr. A. Y. Johnson of this city came into possession of one of those great claws, that has been kept in the Totman family all those years. The other day he gave the claw to Mr. Henry Sargent.—*Portland Daily Press.*

Natural History.

ORIOLES AND BIRD SHOT.

Englewood, Sept. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "It's the unexpected that happens." Who would ever have thought that John Burroughs, that lover of nature, was endowed by his Creator with such a niggardly supply of generosity that he could refuse an occasional grape in return for the pleasure he ought to receive from the songs and the beauty of the loveliest of all our summer birds—the oriole? I quote from the New York *Tribune* of this morning: "John Burroughs says that the bright and beautiful oriole is an enemy of the grape, consuming enormous quantities of that fruit, and he has taken to shooting those that visit his own vine and fig tree with No. 1 bird shot," etc. (I presume the shot part is the editor's!) Every man of intelligence knows that all our summer birds must eat to live, and if they cannot find insects will live on seeds and fruits.

That beautiful little meadow songster, the bobolink, after doing his meritorious work among the insects at the North is slaughtered by the million because he depredates among the rice fields at the South. The mockingbirds also make terrible havoc among the peaches and other fruit, and the market gardeners at the South say they are forced to kill them in self-defense, and in these two cases the slaughter may be justified. Our catbird is the most provoking fruit destroyer in the North, and the robin is nearly as bad, but they do not commence on the grape until it ripens, and from that time until the crop is picked they can hardly do damage enough to warrant our killing them. If every bird that steals a grape or cherry now and then is doomed to capital punishment for the slight offense, our country will soon be like England, where every boy robs every bird's nest that he finds.

The beautiful and fascinating oriole has always been my special pet, and I doubt whether any one has studied his habits more closely. About the time that grapes begin to ripen he begins to pack his trunks for his annual winter visit to the South; but whether they go or stay it matters little, for they are not only "few and far between," but very small, and the idea of their "consuming enormous quantities of grapes" is simply preposterous. He is essentially an insectivorous bird and ought to be protected both by sentiment and law. Didymus.

Adirondack Wolves and Panthers.

Carthage, N. Y., Sept. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the first week in June I had a trap set for a bear. I caught a wolf in the trap set for the bear; he was quite a large one, and I should judge by his teeth he was quite an old one. The past winter I saw tracks of several. I received the bounty, $30, from St. Lawrence county on the wolf.

In October, 1873, I met Verplank Colvin at Deer Lake, now known as Lost Pond. I and my brother, John Muir, got many wolves and several panthers that fall, and have got one or two panthers each year for several years since; sometimes caught them in traps, once six with a dog. When closely pursued by a dog they will go up a tree. In my opinion there are not many wolves in the Adirondack forest now. George Muir.

Bullfrog and Duckling.

Rouse's Point, N. Y.—I suppose it is quite a common thing to see a big duck swallow a small frog, but how many readers of Forest and Stream have seen the tables turned and the big frog swallow the small duck? I had often read of such a thing, but didn't put much stock in it, till one day this summer on going down to my boat landing I spied a big bullfrog. He sat so quiet that I thought I would poke him up a bit; but on reaching down to him I saw that he had a young duck partially down his throat, in fact, all that remained of ducky was his two legs and a bit of his tail sticking out. I took hold of one leg and after dancing Mr. Frog in the air awhile, he let go his grip, after which I put an end to his dieting on young duck. W. McComb, Jr.

[Why?]

Says the Dog to Himself.

It is unjust to whip me for not obeying when I do not understand.

It is unjust to blame me for working badly for a master of whom I am afraid.

It is not kind to feed me poorly and house me worse.

Neglect after a hard day's work is poor return for good service.

A master who is cruel to me would be equally cruel to his neighbors were they as weak and defenseless as I am.

When necessity presses men to steal, I cannot expect to be better than they when my stomach craves food.

Prizing a dog for his commercial value is often mistaken for genuine affection.

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Death of George Fulton.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 18.—News of the saddest sort reaches me by wire from Mr. O. C. Guessaz and Mr. J. M. George, of San Antonio, Tex., announcing the death of Hon. George Fulton, whose funeral occurred Sept. 13. The telegram said, "All Texas is bathed in sorrow." This might well be, for Texas had no nobler nor more esteemed and distinguished son. I made mention last winter of the royal hospitality Mr. Fulton extended our hunting party at his ranch home near the Gulf coast. Ours was but one party of many whom he has thus entertained, as only he could do, at his hospitable and elegant home. There will be many a heartache away up in the North country as well as in Texas over this news.

Mr. Fulton was a royal man, a man with no littlenesses in his body or soul. As a ranchman he combined all the dash, the courage and generosity of the old days with the elegance and refinements of the present days. No Northern man I ever met could be the host George Fulton was. As a man of affairs he was one of the best known in his State, and already honored in political matters, he was fast rising into yet greater prominence in the councils of the ablest men of once the greatest of commonwealths. He was barely of middle age at the time of his death, and the successes of life, all the things a man likes to gather as fruitage of ambition, were just in his hands. He needed no more to make him happy, however, and had he lived twice the natural span he could have done no more toward being a man worth admiration, a very prince among his fellow men. Mr. Fulton was one of those rare men whose presence remains with you after you have left him. Time was a small element in the friendships he inspired, and even to those who knew him but for a few days he always seemed near, plain, close at hand, easy to call up in clear picture. For his hundreds of friends in this country, his thousands of friends in the Southwest, he will long days after to-day continue to remain thus clear, thus near, thus dear, and all of those will know that all of this is written in genuine feeling, and that it is the voice not of one man, but of very many. There is no man to take the place of this shining work that death loved. All we can do is just to remember him.

Shake-up for "Sooners."

From Chicago I have word by letter and daily dispatches of a great shaking up of the illegal shooters on the Fox Lake chain of waters in the northern part of Illinois. The Illinois duck law was up on the 15th, and many dozens of shooters were out before the crack of dawn to see what birds or shadows of birds they could shoot at. There was a lot of shooting of this sort Saturday and Sunday, and a great deal of shooting after sunset, until it was too dark to see at all. This has for years been the custom around Fox Lake, such shooters being ignorant or careless of the fact that the Illinois law forbids shooting at wildfowl before sunrise or after sunset. This year the State warden, either assisted or led by a big force of deputies, got out into the marsh and arrested a good job lot of the "sooners," thereby creating a big howl around Fox Lake, Grass Lake and all that system of waters. Among those taken in custody were J. Weber, J. Mattern, Fred Willett, Gus. Carlson, George Keller, F. W. Wagner, Geo. Mason, etc., etc. F. W. Wagner, of 673 Wells street, Chicago, was arrested by deputy S. L. Hough, who seems to have cut a good deal of ice along in this and other raids. Wagner was arrested and fined $10 for shooting after sunset. O. W. Richardson, a Channel Lake summer cottager who does business in Chicago, had the misfortune to have his boat, Katydid, a very nice one, together with a good outfit, confiscated by the same disrespectful hands. He thinks it real mean that this should be thus. He says there were 300 guns out before daybreak, and that no one knew it was wrong. He says a man of his had borrowed his boat, but even that man had not fired a shot. [He did not need to, under the statute, for he could "pursue with intent," etc., etc., and thus be guilty.] George Mason, 100 North Clinton street, Chicago, president of the Excelsior Iron Works, was arrested by Deputy S. L. Hough on Saturday, a day before the law was out. He lamely says that it was his little niece, with her "toy gun," that was the wicked one, she having killed eight rail and some blackbirds. [Illegal to kill blackbirds, too, George.] Mr. Mason claims that rail are not waterfowl (if he will look at the law he will find they are), and says he is going to engage in bitter, bloody, cruel war, yes, even in Waukegan Circuit Court. Still, others who do not like the indignity of being arrested like common people threaten to prove the game law unconstitutional and dead wrong. All of which is good stuff for game protection. The more the matter is advertised, the better for the birds. There would be fair shooting even at Fox Lake to-day had even so poor a law as the Illinois statute been observed since its enactment. As it is, continued night shooting from open water blinds, shooting in and out of season, has left it so that a duck had no chance to light and feed or rest. When ducks cannot feed or rest, they leave. The hotel men and cottagers who have allowed the law to go unenforced have lost money and lost sport too by it. These waters are naturally great ones for fowl, but they have been so harried the only wonder is there is a bird left.

Confiscating Guns.

The Chicago *Tribune*, to which at this distance I am indebted for most of my facts on the above, has one statement which is at least curious in regard to the method of punishment of some of the guilty parties in these raids. It quotes Mr. R. A. Dandliker as saying:

"I was neither arrested nor fined. My son Rudolph, aged 12, and a 13-year-old friend, Edward Reber, left my residence on Crab Apple Island, Fox Lake, in a boat on Saturday morning to shoot rail. The game warden caught them and took their guns. I went over to the Columbia Club and paid $10 for each boy. They had killed two rail. Warden Blow said he would straighten out the matter and there was no need for us to go to court."

If Warden Blow is "straightening out" these things and assessing fines himself instead of taking his prisoners before a justice and having them tried in due process of law and under due record of the law, he is doing something illegal and wrong, for which he has not warrant of law nor support of sportsman sentiment. Within the proper construction of the law, all sportsmen will commend his deputy wardens and him, and wish more power to their arms. It is certainly a good piece of work they have been doing up Fox Lake way.

Was a Little Slow.

Some timid and anonymous gentleman writes me about Mr. Crane's story of the Dutchman and his lost drum, which was published in Forest and Stream of Sept. 14:

"This is too bad for your friend Crane, for the story appeared in the London *Punch* twenty-five years ago, with a Scotchman as the hero, and the Lord knows from whom they borrowed it. A man is pretty hard pushed when he has to steal funny stories from an *English* paper."

That's right. But my anonymous friend has his data confused. Dave Crane (I am anonymously informed) wrote the story for *Punch* many years ago, and it took the readers of that paper twenty-five years to see the point; so he told it again over here. I admit this was a little slow.

The Safe is Oiled.

A while ago Billy Mussey went down East, to Philadelphia, and New York, and Boston, and Coney Island, and Scranton, and all those cities, to learn all he could about fitting up and running the best kind of a billiard hall. So after he had told them some things he came back home and said he guessed he would have to think it out by himself. He thought quite a while, and then with a wild whoop he tore his old place all inside out and began refurnishing it with cut glass tables, and silver cues, and gold cuspidors, and everything of that kind you can think of. Benches were no longer good enough, so he put in about 700 jeweled chairs with silk bottoms. Everything was new and elegant, and knowing the boys would be scared to come into such a palace, Billy had an informal opening, for ladies and gentlemen, on Thursday, Sept. 12, so as to get the people sort of used to the look of things. The regular opening was Saturday, Sept. 14, and by this time the sportsmen of Chicago are back in the home from which they were ejected when Billy tore up the carpet. We all read of the "sportsmen's paradise," but the Chicago shooters say that it is at 106 Madison street. It is said there is not a cut glass billiard table in America outside of Billy Mussey's hall. Everything is new—with one exception. The old safe has not been replaced, and no improvements have been made on it, except that the hinges have been oiled a little. Drop a $100 in the slot, some cold day next winter, and see it work.

In the Northwest.

Sept. 19.—Great cities these two of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and a great country this Northwest of which they are the capitals. I imagine the genuine Down-East man who has never been out West this far—if indeed in these days of cheap and rapid travel there is any such man left—would be surprised to see what a pitch of civilization is struck here. The cities are cities in every sense of the word, great and wonderful cities in a great and wonderful land. Great business industries, great fortunes, great luxury, great intelligence, all are here. Above all, these are great sporting towns. This is far enough for one to see at his best the real support of sportsmanship, the amateur sportsman, who goes into sport because he likes it. I do not mean to say that the amateur sportsman is not seen of equal grade in the older communities further to the east, but that he is not seen in anything like equal numbers. The further west you go, the greater is the per cent. of amateur sportsmen to the population. Here you will find a very large per cent. of the business and professional men devoted to outdoor field sports of some sort—to the gun, rod, sail or paddle. There is no fishing country like Minnesota, and on its thousands of lakes the yachts and sailboats are many more than thousands. The shooting is no longer what it was, but we must remember that when a Minnesota man speaks of poor shooting, it may be sport which to an Eastern man would seem gloriously good. There are at least grouse and fowl enough, so that apparently every other citizen owns dog and gun, and very shrewd judges and good handlers of both one will find these citizens, too. The quality of the sportsmanship here is good. The breath of the city has not yet overcome the fresh, free breath of the prairies. These cities are on the edge of the prairies, the big West toward which so many have turned. I don't know whether it is the surroundings of prosperity here in the cities, or whether it is the air of hope and vigor that blows in from the prairies, but surely one cannot stay here long without getting back many hopes and ambitions and beliefs in his ability to lick the world. With the privilege of beginning over again in some of his sporting experiences, who could not gladly settle down here, pitying the staider folk of the completed East, where the fight and the fun is all over, and nothing is left but to step with the machine. You don't hear of men going back East in ripples and waves and seas of emigration. The only pity is that there is not a million miles of the old West of America extending on out instead of the Pacific Ocean. That ocean is surely a mistake!

But it is all too modern. My Eastern friend perhaps does not believe, for instance, that he could get all the modern wrinkles in sporting outfit so far West; yet he would be in error. There is not so large nor so great a show window in the whole sporting goods trade in New York city as that of Wm. R. Burkhard at St. Paul, and there is only one (Spalding's) which approaches it in Chicago. And M. F. Kennedy & Bros. are not content with one modern and up-to-date sporting goods house, but have two, one in each of the Twin Cities. And they invent things out here, too, as see Mr. Jas. Boyd's shell box with revolving top, which acts as a shell box, an ice box, a cigar box, a tackle case, a lunch box and a piano stool all in one. You have seen pictures of the man who wanted to be shot up in the air on a spring so that he could be nearer the "sky scrapers?" Well, if you touch a spring in the lid of your Boyd box, the spring does shoot you up, seat and all, to a position about 15in. higher, so you see clear of your blind and swing clear on both birds in your doubles. It is a good thing.

But always inventions, and more inventions, and modern stores where for next to nothing you can get all sorts of things to get the best of the birds with. It's a wonder we have any birds at all. But who is going to invent a million-multiplying, incubating machine, to give the boys some birds to shoot at?

The birds ought to be preserved, there is no doubt of it. I am so firmly persuaded of that that I think I must, now that I am so near to my old friend, the prairie chicken, go out and kill a few of him, and smooth down his feathers, and pretend to be sorry I killed him, then eat him. And when I go I shall take the best sort of gun and the best sort of ammunition, and I shall shoot with the best sort of care. For I do not want to miss my chance at pretending I am sorry.

Chicken Grounds.

A gentleman just down from Pembina, N. D. (Major J. M. Taylor, of New York), says they had very good sport at that point this week. Dr. Wm. Richeson, of St. Paul, is just back from a shoot near Red Lake Falls and Carthage. I asked him what luck and he said:

"Very poor, not much shooting. We only got 100 birds in four days."

Then I asked him how many guns shot, and he said two! If 1,000 guns had luck as good as that, and they shot for thirty days, how many birds would it take? We can no longer have the big bags of the past days.

Dr. Richeson said that if one would take the spur of a new road which is building northeast from Red Lake Falls, and go up it along the creek bottoms for abou

thirty miles, he would get into new and good chicken and grouse ground.

Several private cars have been at Argyle, Minn., with hunting parties, and there were two special car parties also in at Red Lake Falls last week. The latter were not getting many birds. All these points are well up toward the northern part of Minnesota.

I am advised that a drive to the lakes north of Detroit Lake, at Detroit, Minn., will give good duck shooting in season. There is a good flight comes down the State along that chain of lakes. This flight does not come down the Mississippi River, but down the Missouri.

Fall Celebrations.

This seems to be a great country for fall harvest celebrations. Last week we had the State celebration for Minnesota here. On Sept. 24–27 the James River Valley fair will be held at Jamestown, N. D. As was the case here, there will be a target tournament, modern and well conducted, which will be one of the special and important features. This will be a two days' shoot, Sept. 25 and 26, under the management of Mr. C. E. Robbins, secretary of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association, a prominent business man and sportsman of Fargo, N. D. In spite of the fact that the shooting season is now on, this event will no doubt attract a nice little gathering of shooters at the trap.

The Wave of Shooting Travel.

The wave of Eastern shooting travel—it is an immense one, bigger than most people know—has not yet reached its height. On the other hand, most of the local chicken shooters are either now afield or back from their fall shoots. The birds are not yet too wild for sport with the dogs, but before long they will begin to go up wilder. Then for the big, rocking, cackling cocks on a sharp October morning! When you stop one of that sort you've really done something. And you must not forget to pretend you're sorry. I am going to be sorry about twelve or thirteen times some day this week, if I have luck, if I can hit a chicken any more. But if I can't hit 'em, I'm going to be a good deal sorrier.

It was the Same in the Past.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 14.—Mr. John Stockton, of Chicago, a sportsman whose experiences take him back a decade or so beyond those of a very young man, the other day unearthed among his belongings a bit of paper which caused him to indulge a bit in reminiscences. He thinks the little newspaper clipping was printed in Chicago away back in the '70s, probably before the fire. It was written by a friend of his, Mr. E. I. Tinkham, cashier of one of the banks here I believe, and a sportsman of the old set which anteceded most of the sportsmen of to-day in Chicago. Mr. Tinkham has been dead for some years, and we may well regret that we never knew him, for he seems to have been a fellow of most excellent humor. Mr. Stockton thinks that the matter was probably never really published in the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, but was quoted from that to add color to the story. The little quip is very neatly done, and speaks best for itself.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* publishes the following letter, received by a well-known Wall street banking house from its correspondent in Chicago:

"TWENTY-SECOND NATIONAL BANK, Chicago, Oct. 27.—Messrs. A. B. C. & Co., No. 166 Exchange place, New York.—Dear Sir: At the request of your senior partner, who starts this day on his grand duck-hunting expedition to the Missouri River, I write to ask you to sell seller sixty days—300 mallard ducks, 100 butter balls, 300 teal, 400 canvasbacks.

"In consequence of the probable success of his party, he anticipates a great decline in their value, and he wishes to take advantage of the present high prices. To prevent any accident to himself, he is armed with a breechloader, and his companions are each provided with steel-clad armor to insure a like safety while in his neighborhood. He also desires me to say to yourselves and to the boys in the office who have families to provide for, that for a week at least he designs preventing the necessity of a visit to the meat markets on the part of either of you. I annex a statement of the probable result of his trip to Koshkonong. With great respect, I remain very truly your friend,

"E. I. T., Cashier."

Statement of the probable result of five days' shooting at Koshkonong of A. B. C., Esq., member of the N. Y. Stock Exchange, director of the Western Union Transportation Company, and Fellow of the Academy of Design:

Number of boxes of cartridges taken by Mr. C.	2
Number of cartridges in each box	250
Whole number of cartridges taken	500
Number of shot in each cartridge	75
Aggregate number of shot taken	37,500
Average number of shot required to kill one duck	3
Probable number of ducks killed on above basis	12,500
Number of ducks to be sold short	1,000
Number of ducks to be given to E. I. T., Esq., of Chicago	3
Number left over to be presented to friends in New York, Brooklyn, New Jersey, Mamaroneck, Grand Park and other foreign places	11,497
Number of special trains on Chicago & Northwestern Railroad required to bring ducks	5
Probable rise of Chicago & Northwestern Railroad stock in consequence of increased earnings growing out of this trade, per cent	9
Amount of semi-annual dividend of Chicago & Northwestern Railroad warranted on above estimate:	
On common stock, per cent	4
Payable in stock	5

CHICAGO, Oct. 27, 1870, E. E. E. I. T., Statistician.

[The actual result of this grand hunt was a hurried telegram from the camp to buy in 999 of the ducks sold short. Like most other hunting and fishing excursions, the party was just one week too late. EDS. *Commercial*.]

Down the Mississippi.

Capt. J. P. McCarthy, of the 50ft. sloop yacht Frolic, now in commission at Chicago harbor, tells me that he has in view a trip down the Mississippi River this fall and winter. He wishes to make up a party of four gentlemen (each to pay only his pro rata of expense) who are able to spend two, three or four months on the cruise, as may be determined. The course will be up the Chicago River, through the old Illinois Canal, over the locks at Bridgeport, and down the Des Plaines River to the Illinois. A few days or weeks are to be spent shooting ducks along the Illinois, then the journey will progress slowly southward, with stops in Arkansas, Louisiana, or wherever the sport may demand. Midwinter is expected to find the party at the mouth of the Mississippi, and thence Frolic will either go to Cuba or proceed west along the Gulf to Corpus Christi. A magnificent trip could be assured, and I hope Capt. McCarthy may hear from several gentlemen and be able to make up his party for a very enviable way of passing the winter—the more so since he promises FOREST AND STREAM a story of the journey. Who wants to go?

Poisoned Fish to Eat.

Dispatches of late date from Anderson, Ind., say that market fishermen have been scooping out a lot of poisoned fish from the White River, and have shipped them to Chicago markets. The fish were killed or made helpless by the refuse from a strawboard mill.

Has Another Snake.

My friend, Dr. Taylor, of Brownsville, has sent me a section of a snake killed near that place recently. He says, "It is not a horn snake, but it may have a stinger. It seemed to fight with its tail. It is a new sort of snake here, color jet black and red." Examination shows this snake to be the same as that sent up by our Louisiana friend, though the colors have remained more vivid. I am willing to accept the belief of Mr. McIlhenny that the snake has no sting, and that the hard tip of the tail is only an extended and hardened scale. I want a little more ivory in these snake antlers, please. But send them along and after awhile we will get what we want.

Scarcity of Bluebirds.

Mr. F. F. Merrill, of Milwaukee, speaks to me of local dearth of bird life, notably of the bluebird. "I always note these things pretty closely," said he, "and this year I have only seen three or four bluebirds. I wrote to a friend in Mississippi and he tells me that the extremely severe weather last winter killed thousands of birds and that he has seen hardly any bluebirds since."

Elk Horns In Wisconsin.

Another large and perfect set of elk horns has been found near Palmyra, Wis., not far from Milwaukee. Enough of these antlers have been found in the last five years to establish the fact that this animal once ranged over lower Wisconsin and Michigan and no doubt over upper Illinois. E. HOUGH.

THE GAME LAWS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY JOHN W. HAGUE, A.M.

(A paper read before the Ornithological Society of Western Pennsylvania.)

MEMBERS OF ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY: I have been highly honored by your president, Dr. T. L. Hazzard, by inviting me to read you an address upon the laws relating to birds. I have divided this subject into two general heads:

I. The game or edible birds.

II. The song and insectiverous, or non-edible birds, with the laws relating to each of these classes.

In discussing this topic I do not propose to give you the dry bones of the several acts of the Assembly of this Commonwealth, but will endeavor to clothe them in such form that it will be interesting as well as instructive.

The law, as a general thing, is a dry subject, but when it relates to birds there is always sufficient in it to interest and entertain every one who has ever thought upon this subject. Some one in the past has given this subject some thought, and the result was an attempt to make laws governing the killing of game birds and the fixing of certain definite seasons when such killing would be lawful. Crude as the attempt was, it resulted in great good. But I fear it was not begun soon enough.

Upon this historic ground where we now stand all sorts of birds in the dim past were wont to gather, nest and feed. The Indian began their slaughter; the white man continued it.

As the population grew and increased the territory of our songsters was narrowed, and they were subjected to more assaults of their enemies—not only human enemies, but the wild beasts as well.

Forests were cut down and their hiding places removed, until hawk, owl and beasts added their quota to those killed by the human race, more readily found, since their detection was made so easy.

I have not gone back into the misty past to dig up the ancient and obsolete laws, but I have taken those from the year 1878 up to those of the present time. In that year this law was enacted relating to quail:

No person shall kill, or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession after the same has been killed, any quail or Virginia partridge between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of October in any year, under a penalty of ten dollars for each bird so killed, exposed for sale, or had in possession.

This section remained in the above form until the 25th day of April, A. D. 1889, when some one, looking forward to the protection of this delicious bird, changed the date of the killing from Oct. 15 to the 1st of January, and made the open season begin Nov. 1 in each year and end Dec. 15.

Under the interpretation given to this section of the law, every one who had read it decided that it was contrary to the spirit of the law and its direct commands to have quail in possession after the date named. In the enforcement of this law it became necessary to carry it up to the Supreme Court of the State to get a decision, and it then became evident that some one had blundered. Who it was or when it was done we have no present means of knowing.

His honor, Judge Paxon, stuck on or stumbled over the adjective "same," and rendered a decision that killed and destroyed at a single blow or stroke of his pen every legitimate means of protection.

You can go, in season and out of season, along Liberty street and see the evidence of this harsh, cruel and unjust decision. The mother quail and her half-grown brood hang in bunches at the doorways, and no restraining power in our laws. It is a sad spectacle indeed, and it is not to be wondered at that every naturalist and ornithologist raises his voice to demand a revision.

It is only lawful to kill quail from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15 in any year, but the law of 1878, Section 32, provides that "a period of 15 days after the time limited for the killing has expired the holders of dead quail shall not be liable to any penalty under this act." As a matter of fact, this permits and encourages pot-hunters and violators of the law to go into the meadows and fields and kill quail that much longer.

There are always unscrupulous persons who will purchase them and encourage this unlawful killing, and there are no means provided under the law to stop it.

Is it any wonder that our quail, like the buffalo of the Western plains, exists only in small coveys, in isolated places, and then only under the protection of some naturalist or of a farmer who refuses to permit killing on his land.

Judge Paxon says "that quail killed or brought from another State can be had in possession or sold at any and all times!" So under this decision our quail are killed in our State, and had in possession and sold throughout the entire year, in the markets and in some stores, and when challenged by an officer of the law they present a commission man's receipt, that the birds were brought from another State. Hence, since quail may be brought from another State, so may every game bird in existence.

In this same act the wild duck and wild goose is mentioned, but it prohibits the killing of them with a swivel or punt gun, or any device except a gun that is raised to and fired from the shoulder.

On May 17, 1893, this law was altered and changed to prohibit the killing except on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week from the first of September until January first following.

The enactment of this law was a wise move for protection, and ought to have satisfied every sportsman in the land. But greed seems to be uppermost, and the bloodthirsty disposition of hunters cried out for more, and still more, until it would seem that only the death of the last fowl would satisfy their greed.

On the 16th day of April, A. D. 1885, another act was passed.

This one is more deadly than any other yet passed. It takes off the daily limit of killing every other day in the week, and extends the time from January until the first day of May following, so that instead of only having four months for lawful killing the time is extended four months longer, making a total of eight months.

You will also notice that in this act, as in others cited, the law does not prohibit the killing of these birds even upon the Sabbath day, a day above all others that should be sacred and consecrated to Almighty God, the maker of all.

Having cited these several laws relating to two classes of game birds, I need but to say that the laws relating to the others are similar in every respect. But these are sufficient for our purpose.

I now want to call your attention to the penal clause of these several laws quoted heretofore, and to show you their deficiencies and the loop-holes through which the violators escape the just punishment which ought to be visited upon them.

Sec. 9, act of June 3, A. D. 1878, says, and I only quote the penal clause, or so much thereof as to make it intelligible:

"Under a penalty of ten dollars for each bird so killed, exposed for sale or had in possession," meaning quail. Sec. 4 of the same act says: "Under a penalty of ten dollars." This applies to the wild duck or goose.

Sec. 3, act of May 17, A. D. 1883, says:

"Any person or persons offending against the provisions of this act shall be liable to a fine of twenty-five dollars for each and every offense, to be sued for and recovered before any alderman or justice of the peace."

And in the amendment approved April 16, 1885, there is no penal clause whatever. It is true that the 34th Section of act of June 3, A. D. 1878, says what may be done:

"Under this section the person desiring to put a stop to the unlawful killing must go before some magistrate and make complaint, and sign an affidavit charging some person with having violated some part of the law, and the magistrate is required to issue his warrant to the officer to cause the person to be arrested and brought before him, when he shall determine the guilt or innocence of the defendant, and if he is convicted he shall be sentenced to pay a fine and costs, and if he refuses to pay it then he shall undergo an imprisonment in the county jail one day for each dollar of the penalty imposed."

It would, indeed, seem that this was a perfect law, and that it contained every requisite, but as we scrutinize it we will find these defects, viz:

First. The violation is being done in some field, woods or forest, away from the county seat or from any village in the county, because the birds do not inhabit the streets of any of these places.

The wild ducks are upon the waters of pond or river, that are away from any cluster of houses or number of people. They would not be found in the river near the Federal street or the Seventh street bridges, between the two cities, or on the Monongahela River between the Point bridge and the one at Smithfield street; but they are found below the Davis Island dam or up the river above Sharpsburg or Brilliant stations, or above McKeesport, or some other place where the country is open and the river clear of crafts.

Second. You must go before some magistrate! A fortunate thing, indeed, if there is such a dignitary, but how in the world can he be found? And how far will you be compelled to go until you locate his honor? When you get to his home, fortunate indeed will you be if you find him at home.

I went one time to get a justice on Mt. Washington, South Side, Pittsburg, and I learned that he was a tipstave in one of the courts. Another was a clerk, and another a crier in one of the courts. I knew one who was an interpreter of languages in the courts; another a carpenter, who left his home to do an honest day's work; another one is a farmer, and so *ad infinitim*.

But suppose you did find one at home or in his office! Tell him what you want, and the chances are that he will not comprehend what you want; he will not know the law and will be unable to give you any relief; but if he is in the humor, and writes an information charging a violation, it will be defective and in the end result in the escape of the violator.

But if he gets what he thinks covers the case, a warrant will issue and no constable can be found.

Now, the constable may be a coal digger or mechanic of some kind and he likewise is away from home, and there is no one with courage sufficient to carry out the authority it contains and arrest the man.

But suppose all these have been overcome, and you start to the scene of the shooting, you find your men gone, escaped through these long, tedious delays. And as they were strangers the officer cannot find them, though he hunt far and near.

You have not arrested the man; you cannot take him before the magistrate; you cannot try him, and as he is not tried you cannot convict him, consequently you cannot fine him, and the whole thing becomes a farce, a delusion and a snare.

So you see that this section is deficient and defective like those mentioned before.

And so are all the laws relating to game birds, no matter by what name you call them.

The question naturally presents itself, if this is the con-

dition of the laws now found upon the Statute Books, what is the use of these laws; and if they cannot be enforced, why should there not be an entire new set of laws enacted?

The answer to this question will be properly presented at the right time and in the proper place.

We will now pass to the second head of our subject.

II. The song and insectiverous or non-edible birds, and the laws relating to them.

The beginning of our investigation will begin with the act of June 3, 1878, and Section 12, which says;

No person shall at any time within this State kill, trap or expose for sale, or have in his or her possession, after the same has been killed, any night-hawk, whippoorwill, sparrow, barn-swallow, woodpecker, flicker, robin, oriole, red or cardinal bird, or any other insectiverous bird, under a penalty of five dollars for each bird killed, trapped, exposed for sale or had in possession.

Section 13, same act, says:

That Section 12 shall not apply to any person who shall kill any bird for the purpose of scientific investigation, or have the same stuffed and set up as a specimen.

From the passage of this law until May 14, A. D. 1889, the law remained unchanged, and no attempt was made to enforce it until within the last two years, when all the laws relative to song birds was put into motion.

The Legislature of 1889 enacted *inter alia* this law, the caption of which is:

An act prohibiting the killing or taking of song and wild birds, except in certain cases, and providing a penalty therefor.

SEC. 1. That no person in any of the counties of this Commonwealth shall kill, wound, trap, net, snare, catch with bird lime, or with any similar substance, poison or drug, any bird of song, or any linnet, bluebird, yellow-hammer, yellowbird, thrush, woodpecker, catbird, pewee, martin, bluejay, oriole, kildeer, snowbird, grassbird, grosbeak, bobolink, phoebe bird, hummingbird, wren, robin, meadow lark, night-hawk, starling, or any wild bird other than a game bird.

Nor shall any person purchase or have in possession, or expose for sale, any of the aforesaid song or wild birds, or any part thereof, after the same have been killed.

Any person or persons violating any of the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars, or both, at the discretion of the court.

Section 8 made the penalties recovered under this act payable to the county treasurer.

On the 15th day of April, 1891, this act was amended, making the *Passer domesticus*, the English house sparrow, an exception, and permitting this bird and the various kinds of hawks, owls and crows to be killed without mercy, making them outlaws, so that every man's gun could lawfully be raised and fired at them.

It also makes half of the penalty recovered payable to the informer who would sue for it.

Having quoted these few laws for the protection of song, wild and insectiverous birds, I have given you every law upon this subject to be found in the laws of Pennsylvania.

In these laws you will notice the adjective "same" is continually used instead of a noun or a personal pronoun.

This abominable use lead to the killing of all the protection that the law gave to game birds, and here we find the laws relating to our song and insectiverous birds infested with the same complaint, and when this law met such disaster at the Supreme Court what hope have we that our laws relating to the song birds will fare any better before that august tribunal?

I tell you I should fear to present this subject there, with the hope that I would bear off the palm of victory.

A close examination of these laws would lead you to think from the wording of the act that you could have a part of a live bird in your possession lawfully, because the act says, "or any part thereof after the same had been killed."

How the writer of that act or the members of that Legislature expected persons to have the head, wing or leg of a living bird in their possession without killing the bird I am at a loss to understand. But such is just the interpretation of the expression used.

Now, what shall be said about the ambiguity of the other phrases of the law: Can birds be caged under this law?

I am of the opinion of this act that the framer of it intended to express in this act a complete protection to this class of birds, because he starts out at the beginning of the act by saying:

Whereas, The wilful killing and taking of song and wild birds is the cause of great injury to the agricultural interest on account of the increase of noxious insects, which would be otherwise destroyed by said birds.

Birds that are killed certainly cannot destroy these noxious insects, so hurtful to the agricultural interest, and if they cannot how can birds caged up and hung in the parlors and rooms of our city friends destroy the noxious insects in the country destroying the fruit crops of our farmer friends?

This perhaps may be thought to be rather broad, as it takes in the scope of the entire field, and would shut out every object, no matter how beneficial and beneficent.

As there are exceptions to every rule, so there are exceptions to this.

I may say right here that any object looking forward to a scientific investigation of the nature, structure and characteristic of birds as regards their habits, plumage, nesting and methods of breeding, and their seasons and flights, ought to be encouraged, and provisions made for its careful pursuit and investigation by scientific and careful men.

One of the ways to do this is, of course, to be permitted to kill at any and all seasons, so as to get birds in different plumage and at different seasons of the year, and at the different ages of the birds.

Another method would be to be permitted to gather the eggs of the different classes of birds and to appropriately label and describe them.

Last, and a method I would cheerfully advise and recommend, would be the establishment of an aviary, to be located in a public place for the edification and instruction of the public at large.

With the parks of our twin cities within reach of each other aviaries could be constructed and put in charge of naturalists, who would care for and properly feed every species of native and foreign bird, and have it in an atmosphere suitable to its nature.

I do not think that I overstep the bounds of propriety nor anticipate when I say that the authorities of Schenley Park contemplate such an aviary, and that one of our best local naturalists, Mr. George Atkins, of Pittsburg, has been consulted about the plans for such a place.

I am aware that he and his wife, who, by the way, is a most excellent taxidermist, have sent many perfect, excellent and costly specimens there already, and contemplate sending others.

When I quoted Sec. 7 of this act, you may have noticed that it contained the penal clause, and if you did, your attention must have been called to the fact that it contained no remedy providing for failure to pay the fine imposed.

But such is the case. If a man were convicted under this law and refused to pay the fine imposed, no court in the land would have power under this law to imprison him for his refusal. The court is powerless, and the defendant walks out free to resume his depredations whenever and wherever he pleases.

To you, who are so interested in the protection of these useful and delightful companions, it would seem that every law is a dead letter. And so it is, and now what will you do, and what steps will you take to rectify and correct the defects that I have pointed out?

Permit me to call your attention to another part, that is unmentioned in all these laws relating to birds of both classes that I have named.

First. There is not a single officer in the State of Pennsylvania who is charged or sworn to enforce any bird law now in existence.

Second. There is not, and never has been, a dollar appropriated by the State of Pennsylvania to enforce a single bird law ever passed by its Legislature!

In all these laws there is a defect in the remedy to enforce them. What the law ought to state or express is something like this:

"Any person violating this law shall be fined five dollars for each and every bird killed; and the sum of five dollars for each bird found in his possession, dead or alive; and the further sum of five dollars for each bird caught, trapped or snared, or confined in a cage; and in case of default to pay the fine or costs, or any part thereof, the defendant shall undergo imprisonment in the county jail or workhouse for so many days or so many months, as may be desired."

With a law fashioned something after this form, have an officer appointed, whose duty it shall be to arrest every person suspected of violating this law in any respect, and authorize him to do so on view, at any place or at any time, and at all hours. Empower him to search every man who has been hunting or been in the fields with dog and gun. If he, the hunter, refused to expose his game upon the demand of the officer, and if he finds unlawful game in the possession of the hunter, have the officer take him to the office of a magistrate and make complaint, and have a fine imposed according to law, together with the costs of suit, and in default of payment commit the defendant to imprisonment in a county jail or workhouse.

Also, make a clause in the law to punish every offender who resists arrest or refuses to expose his game upon demand of the officer, and make the penalty to include both a fine, half of which is to go to the officer assaulted, and a term of confinement in the county jail.

Further, have the Legislature of the State make an appropriation sufficiently large to pay men who interest themselves in the protection of both game and song birds.

And while at it why not appoint them to serve as a game commission, who will have charge of this entire business; to give their entire time to it and to prescribe the rules and laws to govern and protect game.

Encourage the formation of gun clubs, to provide "game preserves," that they will stock and protect, where birds of all kinds can nest and increase, until the good times of long ago will be the happy hunting seasons of to-day.

In fact, to give us a fair sample of the times that Adam, the first man, had when he stood alone, the master of everything that breathed, surrounded by the greatest collection the world ever saw of birds of every kind, and whose sweet songs were so joyful that even the morning stars sang together.

What is more delightful than to be awakened from a refreshing sleep at the break of day to hear the sweet songs of the birds?

If you walk out in the early morning you will see off to one side a dark little bird, singing as if his throat would split, and away off in yonder tree another one attracts your attention, and you are enraptured; you are at peace with God and humanity! But in an instant you are at war, up in arms, belligerent. A man with his gun comes along and the sweet songster of a moment ago is dead at your feet. He has killed it! And for what? Only to try his gun. What ought to be done with a person of that kind? What punishment is severe enough for him? He throws it away, as he cannot eat it, and he walks off.

If you will permit me I will relate to you a case that came under my own observation in attempting to enforce the laws for the protection of quail:

One day two ladies came into my office, and after addressing me said: "There is a man comes out our way toward Castle Shannon every week. He brings a dog and gun, and he is shooting all the time, and we are sure he is killing all the birds. What sort of birds we do not know for certain, but we are satisfied he is killing quail."

As the time was August, I could not conceive of a person wanton enough to destroy game out of season. The message was repeated again some time in September, and I determined to investigate and see who it was who was doing the killing. Accordingly I arranged with a gentleman to send me word when the hunter came out again, and come in on the train if he had to get me word and could do it no other way, and I would pay him for his time and trouble.

The man came into my office one day on a run, and said, "The hunter is out there again, and we saw him shoot seven times, and are sure he has quail. Come to the train right away."

To the train we went, but no man. We waited until the next, and Mr. Hunter stepped off the train. I went up to the man, called him by name, and asked him what he had killed, and got the characteristic answer, "Nothing." I was not satisfied, and I thrust one of my hands into his pocket and drew out a half-grown quail wrapped in paper. I continued until I drew from his pockets the old quail and six young ones, and also a half-grown rabbit.

He had been having his fun, but when the magistrate got through with him he paid $75 of fines and the costs. It was a dear lesson, but was not as severe as it should have been.

An instance of the greed of men, as relate to the song birds, developed itself this summer when I was at or near Willow Grove, on the Pan Handle Railroad.

I called at a man's house, surrounded with three acres of excellent land, which had been purchased and paid for by the birds he had caught and sold, the whole being worth some $5,000 or $6,000.

He was invited to make a visit to a magistrate's office, some four miles distant, and he contributed $30 and costs, a mere nominal sum for the lives of hundreds of birds that he had captured, killed and sold.

These are but few of the samples that could be cited, but they are sufficient to show you the need of new laws, new officers and sufficient money to pay for such service.

In the limits of Allegheny county there are about seventy-five gun clubs, whose membership number upward in the hundreds, and whose combined wealth would amount to hundreds of thousands, and yet with all their wealth and membership the combined effort of them would not be to enforce these game laws or to prosecute a single violator of the laws.

The State of Oregon has a reputation among sportsmen in this country of being one of the best protected States in the Union, and more especially that pheasants are fully and completely protected.

In a conversation with a gentleman the other day he informed me that it was impossible to get a mongolian pheasant from there dead or alive. That no one could get even the mongolian eggs on account of the severe penalty of their laws. He said that the express company would not carry them out of the State under any consideration, but that he had to resort to most desperate measures to get a setting of eggs, and that his friend traveled over 200 miles into another State to get them shipped to him.

Having been advised of this severe law I became interested in it and looked it up, and I have the pleasure of quoting verbatim Section 1,935 of that law, which says:

Every person who shall between the 15th day of November and the 1st day of September of the following year kill any grouse, pheasant, mongolian pheasant, quail or partridge, except for breeding purposes, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

This is certainly a most startling declaration of the law, and one that will puzzle the brains of our best naturalists and ornithologists as to how they shall carry it into effect. It is the first time in my life that I knew pheasants had to be killed before they could be used for breeding purposes. It is also more startling since its perfection has been published all over the land, and held up to the lawmakers of our country as a model for them to copy.

Permit me to again refer to Section 7 of the act of 1889. I do this for the purpose of directing your attention to its concluding sentence, which says, *inter alia:* "* * * punishable by a fine of not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars, or both, at the discretion of the court."

What does this mean? Does it mean that the court shall impose a ten-dollar fine and then impose a fifty-dollar fine for the same offense?

It seems to me that such is not the spirit of the context. There is evidently something left out, and what could you imagine it to be? My construction of a completed sentence would be to add this, or something similar:

"* * * or to undergo an imprisonment for a period of —— days in the county jail, in default of payment of fine or costs, or any part thereof."

Any sentence added to what has already been suggested would make a complete law, and one capable of giving efficiency to carrying it into effect, and would create a wholesale respect for it.

Having virtually wiped out all the bird laws of this State, it is but natural that some suggestions should be made to replace them, and the following are offered:

Create, with enlarged powers, a commission of men learned in such legislation as will prevent the occurrence of the blunders and deficiencies which have been designated in this paper to supply laws which can be enforced by the properly designated officers at once, without resorting to the red tape business required by the present system.

Have this commission also to be men learned in the natural history of the birds, and also of mammals, so that everything relating to their nesting, plumage and flight would be carefully considered, and upon this commission let some of them at least be men learned in the law.

Have a uniformity of seasons when game birds could be killed lawfully, and limit the licenses to be issued by the prothonotary to naturalists and ornithologists, and men of like characters, and have their applications approved after examination by a society of recognized naturalists and ornithologists in every county in the State, and without such certificate to refuse to issue the license.

Upon the completion of the work of this Commission, have their work presented to the House and Senate of the State at Harrisburg to pass the laws recommended by them and not to allow any amendments by the members there, but to cut off the egotism of the blundering ignoramus who would add a proviso to suit his idea, or method of dealing with these laws. I have dwelt upon this part of the suggestions because I was in receipt from one of the honorable gentlemen who occupied a seat in the House a few years ago of a letter containing a dozen lines in which over half the words were misspelled, and in which there was an abundance of capital letters distributed in the wrong places.

I have mentioned this particular case because it is in conformity with what has been stated heretofore. I do not blame the poor ignorant men sent there so much as I do those who sent them. They are on the same parallel with the poor, old, ignorant, worn-out man who cannot scrape the streets any more, and the good intelligent people of the ward make an alderman of him. Some of them can hardly write their own name. I know one now who manages to get his name properly written, but somebody else must do the other part.

When the laws are made and approved by the Governor and signed, then have an appropriation of money made by the Legislature to pay for carrying them into effect. Don't have the great State of Pennsylvania go begging for a man to enforce them for charity or glory, but pay for the service and let it be *quid pro quo*.

As I hear some economist say, this will cost money, then it is suggested that the Fish and Game Commissioners be consolidated and made into one Commission, and let one third be fish men, another third bird men and the last third be men learned in mammal lore, and in this way al-

three branches could be covered, and good and perfect results could be obtained.

And in conclusion permit me to say, with these suggestions carried out we may see the days spoken of, when all the trees have the whistling songsters upon them and the morning air ringing with their sweet carols, such as have not been heard of in many long years gone by, and the State of Pennsylvania shall have a perfect system of laws for the care and protection of birds.

Shooting for Records.

SIDNEY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* What true sportsman does not read with contempt the accounts of performances of would-be "record" hunters. Will it never cease? In reading the eleven days' record of Geo. P. Finnagan, of Smithville Flats, one wonders why an intelligent man cares for the killing of some twenty partridges in one day, to say nothing of the slaughtering of 146 during the time mentioned, unless it be for a record. Should a man, because he has every day in the field, if he chooses, take more interest in the number he kills than in the sport? Delaware county, adjoining Chenango, can boast of far more game of every species than the latter—but thanks to true sportsmen, we have no "record" hunters. This section is overrun with foxes this fall, they having gradually increased during the past few years. In fact all game has multiplied fast during the past two seasons. B. SQUIRES.

September and October.

THE finest shooting grounds in the Northwest are on and tributary to the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The crop of prairie chickens promises to be exceptionally good this year; also ducks and geese. In northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan splendid deer shooting is to be had.

The game laws will be changed in several of the Western States this year.

Full information furnished free. Address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Don't Buy Your Outfit

IN the East if you are going on a hunting trip in the Northwest. We have everything you want in the sporting goods line, and our experience will perhaps keep you from buying a great many things you don't want.

We have all the modern Nitro Loads at Eastern prices. Don't encumber yourself with stuff until you get on your hunting ground. You can depend on us. Wm. R. Burkhard, 57 and 59 East Seventh street, St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

BOSTON RODS AND GUNS.

BOSTON, Sept. 20.—The season has closed with the owners of Camp Sebago. This camp was built last winter by a party of Boston merchants on the eastern shore of Sebago Lake. The camp is a delightful one, some fine photographs of which I saw the other day through the kindness of Mr. Fisher, of Harding, Whitman & Co., who was really the prime mover in getting up the camp. The main room is a large one, with a remarkable stone fireplace at the end, the opening of which includes a radius of 4ft. 9in. Only natural stone is used. The front is in the form of an arch. The company will build an icehouse this winter, including a refrigerator built into the same. On the whole the club has enjoyed all the salmon fishing reasonable sportsmen could ask for. One salmon of 11lbs. has been taken, the largest of the season. Mr. Dumaresq was the happy captor, and is high line for the season of 1895. Two salmon of 8lbs. have been taken, one of 7lbs., two of 6lbs., one of 5½lbs., three of 5lbs., one of 4lbs., one of 4½lbs., three of 3lbs., seven of 2lbs., one of 1lb., and one 3lb. brook trout, making twenty-four fish in all of a total weight of nearly 100lbs. The summer has been a very busy one with most of the club, and they have been able to be in camp but little more than in holidays. They have let their men go earlier than they anticipated this fall, for the reason that business is so pressing that they cannot spare the time to be in camp as they would like to be. Another season they expect to be in camp more and to greatly increase the record of salmon taken.

Now and then a sportsman is fitting out for the Maine woods, and will take his rod along, though it is chiefly for gunning that the majority go. Richard Loring, well known as a gunner in the vicinity of Boston, will start about Oct. 4 for a trip to some waters beyond the Katahdin Iron Works. He will have his fishing rods in his kit, but he does not propose to try them on trout. There is a pickerel pond where he is going, and pickerel in the fall he is delighted with. He says that he has had all of trout in September, October or later that he cares for. Here is another good sportsman who does not believe in September trout fishing.

The legal open season on partridges in Maine begins today, Sept. 20—the new law, passed last winter. Reports continue to come in of a good many partridges in Andover, Hebron, Paris, Auburn, Rumford, Rangeley, Kenebago, Upton—in fact, many of the towns in the western part of Maine mention partridges more plenty than for several years. The papers published in the eastern part of that State generally mention more birds than for several seasons, and numbered among these papers are such papers as are not specially given to booming the hunting and fishing. Hence their reports can safely be regarded as true.

Charlie Cook will leave for his vacation this week. With his wife he will go to Cornish, Me., on the Ogdensburg branch of the Maine Central. Then he will go further on to where there is good bird shooting. After Oct. 1 he hopes to secure a deer.

Another moose has been seen near Andover, Me. Geo. H. Cutting writes me that he means to try for the fellow in the open season. Doubtless there will be a number of hunters after him. He also writes that another camp is to be built in the Narrows of Richardson Lake, between the Stevens cottage and the Haines camp. The Portland & Rumford Falls Railroad is being rapidly pushed up the valley, and the cars are running as far as Houghton's. Beyond that point the road is being built through the mountains to Bemis. This road opens a new fishing and shooting region between Mexico and Bemis. It is a very wild region, and deer and partridge should be plenty. Several gunners talk of an excursion up that line this fall. One of the directors of the road says that the cars are to be running to Bemis very soon.

The lack of shore birds along the Massachusetts coast is still a matter of surprise to the gunners. Charlie Cook tells me of two gunners who have put in a couple of days at Anisquam this week without shooting a bird. Not even coot were flying. But a gentleman was on the car with me the other day who was telling a friend of a fine bag of golden plover and yellow-legs that he had lately made in the neighborhood of Ipswich. His name I did not find out.

Sept. 21.—The first bag of partridges of the season came to Boston to-day from Maine. It is early for such game—the open season in that State beginning only yesterday—but the gunners who killed the birds informed my informant that they were legally shot. They came from the line of the Grand Trunk, the gunners admitting that they boarded the train at Bethel early this morning. Since the bringing of partridges out of Maine is not legal at any time, I am not to publish the names of the lucky gunners. But they declare that they had had the brood spotted for some weeks by a man who acted as guide for them, and that they left Boston on the 19th and were on the grounds early on the morning of the 20th. They believe that they could have secured more birds, from the fact that one or two local gunners were on the ground soon after they got the first shots at the game. They say that partridges are plenty in that part of the country, but that woodcock are almost unknown this year. They think that some wet weather might bring out a few woodcock, but at present the woods and swamps are very dry indeed. The season has been so dry nearly all over southern Maine that the trees are turning very rapidly, and the leaves are actually coming off fully three weeks earlier than usual. It is suggested that the trees will be nearly bare early in October, and that deer shooting will be favored thereby.

Mr. Hal. Haskell, son of E. B. Haskell, one of the senior proprietors of the Boston *Herald*, is still at Allerton Lodge, Mooselucmaguntic Lake, where he will remain for the early shooting. Senator and Mrs. W. P. Frye are at their camp—Cupsuptic Lake—and are entertaining several parties of friends. SPECIAL.

SOME ANGLERS OF BANGOR.

FROM the standpoint of fishing and shooting there are few places in Maine so well situated as the big city of Bangor. Lying in close proximity to the great Aroostook country, without doubt the very best section of the State to-day for sportsmen, and also close to the celebrated Machias region, its people are singularly fortunate in the ease with which they can obtain the best of sport. These reasons probably account in a measure for the fine sportsmen who are found living there. It would be hard to find kinder or more unselfish gentlemen than I have met in that city. Prescott H. Vose is a genial representative of the class, and is a sportsman of the finest caliber. With B. L. Fowles, of Norcross, as both companion and guide, Mr. Vose has lately made a trip into the Aroostook country which proved unusually interesting. They went first to Norcross station on the line of the Bangor & Aroostook R. R. and then to Mr. Fowles's camps on Poins Island in Pumadumcook Lake. Here it might be said the trip really began with a carry to third Katepsconegan Lake, where they camped on the west shore. A splendid view of Mt. Katahdin was visible here through a notch of mountains on the northeasterly side. From this place they went on a three day's trip over the mountains to head of Rainbow Lake. In a small pond close to this lake they had the best fishing of the trip. It seemed quite filled with trout of good size, and from its remote position they think it has not been fished before. The trout rose steadily to their flies and proved very gamy.

Mr. Vose mentions as a feature of the fishing at that place the fine success they had with white flies after dark. On a stream running into Rainbow Lake they discovered a beaver dam which on inspection proved to be of marvelous construction. The little animals had built a dam about 6ft. high, making a pond of nearly two acres. They had cut down about twenty poplar trees, and of this number eighteen had fallen toward the pond as intended by the little architects. One of these trees was so large that they took the trouble to measure it, finding the stump to be 18⅝in. in diameter. They had many opportunities to shoot large game had it been the open season. Bear signs were very numerous and the sight of a deer became a common occurrence. The country over which they traveled was nearly all mountainous, and a good part of it has never been lumbered over. Mr. Fowles is an ex-member of the Maine Legislature, and it would be difficult to find a better woodsman. His camps on Poins Island are very comfortable, and he certainly has a wonderfully good sporting country near by.

Another Bangor party who went into the woods a short time ago consists of W. L. Miller, Chas. P. Webber and Ralph Brann, all of Bangor, and W. T. Jenkins, of Boston. They will be gone four or five weeks and went first to Moosehead Lake. From there they go down the west branch of the Penobscot, through Chamberlain and Eagle lakes to mouth of Allegash, then carry into Aroostook waters, returning via B. & A. R. R. It is all a very wild country, furnishes fine fishing and some of the best shooting in Maine. Mr. Miller, of this party, is one of the gentlemen shown in the picture of a moose on sled taken at North Twin Dam, Maine, which has been so generally used this year by the railroads in advertising that country for big game. The moose is a fine specimen and was shot by Mr. Miller, the picture being snapped by one of the railroad employees at the station on their way out.

Still another Bangor party who have gone into the woods are Hon. F. H. Appleton and wife and C. A. Gibson. Their trip is nearly the same as the last-mentioned party, but going the reverse way. They will go in at Houlton, cross country to Allegash and go up west branch of Penobscot, coming out at Moosehead Lake.

HACKLE.

Is this the Last Leap?

LINDSAY, Ont., Sept. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When Old Sam wrote his last letter, something had gone wrong; perhaps the bass were not biting, or they would not shake their jaws, nor stand on their tails; anyway he was in a bad humor and vented some of it on me. I am surprised at his saying that no one agreed with my ideas. If he will look again over the letters of the other correspondents, he will find that a great many think as I do. Nearly all agree as to the two foot limit. Those who have spoken of the matter agree as to playing a leaping fish with the tip of the rod held low, to one side, and several of us agree with Dr. Ellzey as to the cause of the actions of a bass when hooked.

Some correspondents are a little off the trail. There is no doubt but that a bass jumps out of the water and shakes himself. In the first place what is the shake? I am quite convinced in my own mind that it is simply the result of the tail movement; he cannot keep his tail still and shake his jaws. In the second place what is the explanation of the jumping and shaking? Is it an intelligent action or the action of a bewildered creature?

Old Sam and others say they have known bass to get the line tangled; so have we all; but, how often does it happen? Is it not a wonder it happens so rarely? The bass lives in hiding, under some weeds, in the shadow of a snag, at the foot of a boulder; all his life he has been accustomed to rushing out, seizing his prey and back to his hiding place; he has done it thousands of times, and when he seizes a bait with a line attached, about which he can possibly know nothing, he instinctively attempts to do as he has always done, as he feels the continued resistance, and makes his frantic movements; is there anything to be surprised at if he sometimes gets "hung up?" Is it an intelligent act? I think not.

After all, there is no occasion to quarrel about it. Everyone has a right to judge for himself. As for myself, I do not agree with Another Kingfisher, but have a great respect for science. I fully believe the great Darwin when he says that fish are of the lowest order of intelligence. However, the philosopher, Dr. Johnson, tells us that we can only judge of things by comparison. Now, Darwin probably compared the intelligence of fish with his own mind and placed them accordingly. By all means let others have the same privilege.

S. SIMPSON, M. D.

The Camping-Out Fashion.

MUSCATINE, Iowa, Sept. 2.—A number of articles in your excellent journal of late speak of the growing desire, or fashion or "fad," for a spell of outdoor living. While the papers are full of reports from lake and seaside outing resorts, I believe few realize how universal this passion has become. Taking the vicinity of Muscatine as a sample, both banks of the Mississippi have been one vast camping and picnicking ground during the summer months of last year and this. They go out by boat and buggy for trips extending from five hours to eight weeks. This is not only to get out to fish—which is permissible in the Father of Waters at all seasons—but to be out, live under the trees and enjoy boating, fishing and resting. The number of people who thus enjoy an outing must run into the thousands in this locality alone. It is not only the well-to-do who enjoy this pleasant privilege, but you see the mechanic, the laborer, perchance with wife and children, start off in a rowboat for a day or perhaps go up or down the river to a camp some friend has fixed some days before. As to fish, did it ever occur to you why under the sun Uncle Sam should spend vast sums of money to foster the growth of fish and at the same time allow indiscriminate slaughter of them by all the devices known to man in such rivers as the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio? THERON THOMPSON.

Nahant Sea Fishing.

BOSTON, Sept. 15.—We, the fishing club, went down to Nahant and had fair fishing considering the roughness of the water, which at times dashed over the highest rocks along the shore. Mr. Brugemann caught the largest number of perch and pollock, but Mr. Fay was awarded the cracker for catching a 2lb. tautog, together with other fish.

There are two low rocks off Senator Lodge's estate which are reached from the shore by wading knee deep at low tide, where good-sized perch bite very freely. These rocks are almost entirely submerged at high water, and care must be taken to return to shore before the water gets too deep or else it is a case of swimming. We generally stay out there about an hour. Sea worms are the favorite bait, though clams will answer the purpose.

BOSTONIAN.

The Leaping Bass.

RADFORD, Va., Sept. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Will Old Sam, Dr. Ellzey, Simpson or any other expert on the leaping bass explain to me how, on a recent successful bass fishing trip on Wolf Creek, Bland county, this State, I caught a 1½lb. bass through the eye? When I first tightened on him when hung, he leaped about 18in. I did not lower my rod, it being very elastic, and my line was taut all the while. When I landed the bass the hook was outside of the mouth and through the right eye, which was pulled nearly out of the socket, the toughness of the cartilage which surrounds the eye being sufficient to hold the fish. The indications of the upper lip show that when I struck him he was caught through the upper lip at first. R. H. ADAMS.

A Lake Champlain Gar.

ROUSE'S POINT, N. Y., Sept. 19.—Here is what I consider a queer catch. Mr. Jos. Racine on the 15th, while out for bass, using minnow for bait, took a gar pike, or, as it is better known hereabouts, a bill fish weighing 4½lbs., and measuring just 3ft. in length.

We have no authentic record of gar pike of this size being taken with a rod and line by any of our fishermen heretofore. I have the fish mounted for my collection.

Another queer catch is a lizard which a boy took on a night line which he put out on the shore just for fun. He brought the lizard to me, night line and all, being too much afraid of the thing to unhook it. W. M. C.

"Hunting and Fishing along the Northwestern Line"

is the title of a booklet recently issued by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. It is profusely illustrated, and gives information in detail concerning the best hunting and fishing grounds in the West and Northwest. Copies will be mailed free to any address upon application to W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & Northwestern Railway, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Do You Fish?

IF SO, you may be glad to know that the streams along the line of the Lehigh Valley Railroad have been restocked with many varieties of fish, and it will pay you to visit them if you want good sport. Address Chas. S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, for full information.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 22.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's third annual trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Oct. 29.—Assonet Neck, Mass.—New England Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. Arthur R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

—, Morris, Man.—Northwestern Field Trials Club's Champion Stake. Thos. Johnson, Sec'y, Winnipeg.

Oct. 30-31.—Monongahela Valley Association Trials, Greene county, Pa. W. H. Beazell, Sec'y, Homestead.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S Clark, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 West Twenty-second street, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H. Thompson, Sec'y.

1896.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Jan. 20.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. seventh annual trials. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

COURSING.

Sept. 24.—Lisbon, N. D.—Cheyenne Valley Coursing Club's meeting. H. C. Waterhouse, Sec'y.

Oct. 1.—Aberdeen, S. D.—Aberdeen Coursing Club's meeting. J. H. Davis, Sec'y.

Oct. 8.—Huron, S. D.—American Waterloo Cup. F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

Oct. 23.—Goodland, Kan.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Goodland, Kan.—Kenmore Coursing Club's meeting. C. F. Weber, Sec'y.

Toronto Dog Show.

AS FOREST AND STREAM has already given a list of entries it is not necessary to refer to these other than to say that a substantial increase on last year was evident. The quality pretty well all through list was good, in fact, about the best we have seen at Toronto yet. Judging was rather late in commencing on Monday, but despite this and the fact that the judges present had considerable extra work, consequent on Mr. Mason's absence, nearly all classes were got through quickly, and finished including nearly all specie by Tuesday afternoon. The heat on Wednesday was extreme, one of the hottest days on record, and the large dogs on the south side of the building suffered considerably. Blinds on rollers would be a desirable addition to the windows on this side. The aisles and benches were kept clean and sweet and the attendants were more obliging and civil than is usually the case. Mr. Stone had things well in hand and the work moved along with little friction. His committee rendered him valuable aid, and Mr. W. Mole, V. S., was attentive and obliging in his office work.

In mastiffs Dr. Lougest took all he asked for, including the kennel special and Mastiff Club diploma for best dog and bitch, with Emperor William and Lady Diana. Dr. Lougest and his son were both present.

St. Bernards turned out in force and showed quality throughout. In roughs the Belle Isle Kennels' Eboracum won over the Canadian dog Scion Lomond (not Lion Lomond, as catalogued), shown light in flesh. Artilla was first in the bitch class, with the Canadian-bred Lady Melrose following. But two were shown and the challenge classes proved a blank. Judith had many claimants at $50, her catalogue price, a printer's error; she was alone in challenge bitches. The corresponding dog class did not fill. The Alta Kennels' Rex Watch and Notre Dame were the winners in the open classes. Count Willard, the puppy winner, looks like making a winner if his head fills out; he is straight on his pins, a free mover and has plenty of bone.

Dr. Lougest's bloodhounds had been well advertised as a drawing card and were a continual source of attraction. Their owner regretted not bringing more of them. Of course this kennel was all there was; our one local dog, Mr. Sweetnam's Czar, from Mr. Winchell's kennel, being put third in two classes.

But two Newfoundlands were entered, Sir Edward Landseer winning easily.

Great Danes were a mixed looking lot of all types. The Terra Cotta Kennels had the only entries in Russian wolfhounds, champion Argoss and Princess Forna; Ataman IV. and Rija having bloodless victories. A brace of deerhounds recently over from England won two firsts, second from the only other entry being withheld. We expected to see large classes of greyhounds.

Champion Gem of the Season was the only entry in challenge dogs. Southern Beauty was put over White Rose in the bitch class. But two entries in open dogs and one in open bitches.

Foxhounds made sixteen entries, while pointers were light but good. The only challenge entry in the heavy class was absent and but one entry in the light class, Wild Lily. She of course was given first. Mr. Davey's kennel won both kennel specials.

In English setters Cactus and Maid Marion were alone in the challenge classes and won. Seven faced the judge in open dogs; Albert's Ranger, the Detroit winner, being placed at the head, followed by Brighton Fred and Ontario. Nine entries in open bitches. Flowers of Sulphur, handled by Ben Lewis, won; Starlight B. second Rose Rapid II. third. Mr. Davidson expressed his satisfaction at seeing a much more level lot of English setters than before.

But one challenge Irish shown, Bob, Jr. It cannot pay the Association to keep on so many poorly filled challenge classes. Barely enough when they fill at all to take the money. Henmore Shamrock was put over the Toronto dog, Toronto Bleaney. Red Brian, the winner at the Toronto spring show, had to do with he, Bleaney with more flesh could make it warm in a much stronger class. Now he looks light in body. Toronto Mollie won first over Nina's Concord, handled by Tom Blake, and after ward the special for best bitch bred in Canada, and with her kennel mate, Toronto Bleaney, that for best brace. Bleaney won the dog special.

Gordons showed improvement, the bitch class especially. The judge told the writer it was the best and evenest class of five he had ever seen. Princess Bonnie, from Dr. Dixon's kennel, was at the head; Canadian-bred ones second and third. Daisy Ivanhoe, another of Dr. Dixon's, was reserve.

Collies made fairly large classes, but no "cracks" appeared. Finsbury Hero and Canadian Monarch, both owned in Canada, were first and second in open dogs. In bitches, the Toronto winner of '94, Old Hall Perfect, was again first. Heroine, the bitch so highly written of at Boston and winner of a first there, here had to take one letter. The heavy-coated, six-year-old Otterburn Rhoderick, gone behind, won first in novice and Canadian classes.

Sir Toby, a fair bulldog, was disqualified by Mr. Mortimer for a Dudley nose. Juno II., the bitch recently bought by Mr. Laurin, of Montreal, was alone in the bitch class and got first.

Bull-terriers were fairly numerous. Principio and Vesper Belle, both old-timers, were alone in the challenge classes. The one entry in heavy-weight open dogs received a blue ribbon. In the bitch class Edgewood Robin had to follow the Mount Royal Kennels' Newmarket Syren, while she in her turn had to give in in the novice class to the winner in light-weight open dogs.

Boston terrier classes did not fill.

Irish terriers were really good, Mr. Palmer winning first with Brickbat, Jr., the only challenge entry, and first and second in open dogs with Brian O. K. and Brigg's Best. Dramore Biddy divided the same kennel's two bitches, Eileen and Kathleen.

But three Dandies and three Scotch were benched, a big difference in the case of the latter to last year's entry.

Hard Tack won in Bedlington dogs and the blue Blue Bell in bitches.

Elphinstone was alone in Skye dogs and won. Queen of Skyes beat Endcliffe Maggie in bitches.

Black and tans filled well, five dogs and five bitches. But two poodles in all.

Spaniels, as is always the case here, made immense classes, too numerous to go into in detail. Old faces won in the field classes. Black Duke was alone in the challenge dog class, black or liver; for a wonder the corresponding bitch class had no entries. Red Jacket won in the color class; Red Obo second; Red Roland absent. An outsider won in the open black dog class, and repeated his win in novice and Canadian classes. Woodland Prince, first in bitches; a Black Duke bitch, Miss Phyllis, second; others mostly well known.

Dachshunds were a poor lot, and the beagle classes have dwindled to nothing, but twenty-two entries in the twelve classes provided. Fox-terriers were better than we have had them before, especially the Canadian entries. Toys of all kinds were few.

Among the exhibitors present from a distance were Miss Griffin, Detroit; C. M. Nelles, A. Laidlaw, Geo. Douglas, P. Skyes, Tom Blake, Ben Lewis, T. A. Klein, Dr. Wesley Mills, Jos. Lindsay, T. Gilbert, T. A. Carson, C. Y. Ford, T. G. Davey, R. Gibson, R. McEwan, Lovell & Wodehouse, D. Gillies, A. Murdoch, A. Macdonald, H. Falconer, Geo. W. Foster, Major Guillot, H. W. Jeffrey, Dr. Lougest and son, W. B. Palmer, John Saunders, W. J. Tulk, J. W. Wurtele, C. S. Wixom and many others.

Ben Lewis goes to Montreal with his string, S. W. Thomas to Providence.

AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lady Diana; 2d, H. Falconer's Attraction. Reserve, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Ethel. —OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Emperor William and Hans Sachs; 3d and high com., H. Falconer's Grimsby Caution and Rags. Com., W. Hopkins's Leo. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Vere and Roselyn. Very high com., H. Falconer's H. R. H.—NOVICE—1st, S. Gilbert's Donald; 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Roselyn; 3d and very high com., H. Falconer's H. R. H. and Rags. High com., W. Hopkins's Sullivan.—CANADIAN—1st, S. Gilbert's Donald; 2d, H. Falconer's Rags. High com., ——'s Guide. Com., W. Hopkins's Nell.

ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Eboracum; 2d, J. C. Guillot's Scion Lomond; 3d, G. Barron's Imperial. Reserve, H. Stableford's Scottish Leader, Jr. Very high com., C. P. Meredith's Odin. Com., Mrs Annie Buckley's Hespler. *Bitches:* 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Artilla; 2d, T. J. Tilly's Lady Melrose —CANADIAN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Stableford's Scottish Leader, Jr.; 2d, C. P. Meredith's Odin; 3d, T. Wilson's Rossin. High com., Mrs. Annie Buckley's Hespler, C. H. Walker's Sir Ian. Com., J. M Masson's Benachie. *Bitches:* 1st, T. J. Tilley's Lady Melrose; 2d, J. C. Palmer's Nell Gwynne.—NOVICE (rough and smooth-coated)—*Dogs:* 1st, J. C. Guillot's Scion Lomond; 2d, H. Stableford's Scottish Leader, Sr.; 3d, C. P. Meredith's Odin. Very high com., T. Wilson's Rossin. High com., B. Smith's Lord Nelson. *Bitches:* 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Sunol; 2d, J. C. Palmer's Nell Gwynne.

SMOOTH-COATED ST. BERNARDS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, Alta Kennels' Judith.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Alta Kennels' Rex Watch and Nicode; 3d, T. I. Steward's Barry. Very high com., G. M. Gibbs's Prince Victor Emanuel, Belle Isle Kennels' Clovis. *Bitches:* 1st, Alta Kennels' Notre Dame; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' Sunol; 3d, R. W. Tuck's Brunelle II.—CANADIAN—1st, T. I. Steward's Barry; 2d, G. M. Gibbs's Prince Victor Emanuel; 3d, R. W. Tuck's Brunelle II.—PUPPIES (rough and smooth-coated)—*Dogs:* 1st, G. W. Foster's Count Willard; 2d, W. I. Stevenson's Hesper III.; 3d, E. E. Starr's Imperial Starr. Very high com., B. Smith's Lord Nelson. High com., Mrs. Hartley Dewart's Senator. *Bitches:* 1st, Alta Kennels' Notre Dame; 2d, R. W. Tuck's Brunelle II; 3d, F. R. Smith's Queen Boadicea.

BLOODHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Kaween.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Dick Turpin and Berry's Badshaw; 3d, G. B. Sweetnam's Czar. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Venus, Black Bess and Queen of the West.—NOVICE—1st and 2d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Dick Turpin and Black Bess; 3d, G. B. Sweetnam's Czar.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, J. Seagram, Jr.'s, Sir Edwin Landseer; 2d, Gibbs & Singular's Nero.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Stewart & Johnson's Don Cæsar; 2d, 3d and very high com., T. & B. Kennels' Beelzebub, Myrtle Navy and Orinoco. *Bitches:* 1st, Stewart & Johnson's Oneida; 2d and very high com., T. & B Kennels' Ruth and Jezabel; 3d, T. Rae's Juno.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, Stewart & Johnson's Augustus Cæsar; 2d, 3d and very high com., T. & B. Kennels' Myrtle Navy, Orinoco and Dreadnaught. Com., C. J. Eisele's Duke. *Bitches:* 1st, Stewart & Johnson's Oneida; 3d, J Rowan's Nell. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, 3d and high com., J. Rowan's Daisy, Senator and Young Nell; 2d and very high com., Stewart & Johnson's Valkyrie and The Defender. High com., A. W. M. Connely's Lady Mac.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS OR PSOVOI.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Terra Cotta Kennels' Champion Argoss. *Bitches:* 1st, Terra Cotta Kennels' Champion Princess Irma.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Terra Cotta Kennels' Ataman IV. *Bitches:* 1st, Terra Cotta Kennels' Riga.

DEERHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Lynge's Gurth. *Bitches:* 1st, E. Lynge's Lorna.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Terra Cotta Kennels' champion Gem of Season. *Bitches:* 1st, Terra Cotta Kennels' champion Southern Beauty.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Wolfred Wurtle's Justinian II.; 2d, Miss L. B. Nicholls's Misterton. *Bitches:* 1st, W. F. Randall's Grimsby Jess. *Puppies:* Equal 1st, Fred Habart's Silton and Miss Charie Habart's Kitty Sprigntly; 2d, T. G. Fox's Lord Shelbourne; 3d, Terra Cotta Kennels' Gem II. Very high com. reserve and very high com., R. A. Gibson's Joe Patchen and Mascot. *Canadian:* 1st, Miss F. A. Habart's Romping Girl; 2d, J. Wolfred Wurtele's Justinian II.; 3d, W. F. Randall's Grimsby Ranger.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Smith & Clark's champion Vexation.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Smith & Clark's Ringwood 2d and 3d, The Country Hunt Club's Grafton and Bugler. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, The Country Hunt Club's Heroine and Rompish.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Smith & Clark's Clinker; 2d, Gibbs & Singular's Villager; 3d, G. Kime's Bugle. *Bitches:* 1st, Gibbs & Singular's Ferry; 2d, Smith & Clark's Maud; 3d, G. Kime's Musice. Very high com., D. Blea's Harmony.—CANADIAN—1st, Gibbs & Singular's Ferry; 2d, D. Blea's Fleetwood; 3d, G. Kime's Bugle.

POINTERS.—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, F. H. Fleer's Gamester; 2d, Forest Kennels' Forest Jerry; 3d, W. A. Predhomme's Royal Flush. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 2d, Forest Kennels' Phantom; 3d, C. H. Clark, Jr.'s, Emblem. Very high com. reserve, T. G. Davey's Brighton Leda. Very high com., I. A. Case's Tom Blake.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, G. W. Lovell's Wild Lily.—OPEN—*Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, C. N. Daly's Ridgeview Dazzler. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, R. I. Davis's Count Graphic Baby; 2d, Mount Royal Kennels' Chairs; 3d and very high com., T. G. Davey's Forest Quail and Brighton Lucy.—CANADIAN—1st, W. A. Predhomme's Royal Flush; 2d, W. C. Stratton's Prince Graphic.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Pape's Cactus. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Brett's Maid Marion.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. J. Hair's Albert's Ranger; 2d, T. G Davey's Brighton Fred; 3d and very high com. reserve, R. Bangham's Ontario and Bangham's London. Very high com. and com., Forest Kennels' Forest King and Brighton Monk. High com., F. H. Gooch's Kota G. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Brett's Flowers of Sulphur; 2d, G. H. Briggs's Starlight B.; 3d, G. Kime's Rose Rapid II. Very high com. reserve, T. G Davey's Misfortune. Very high com., Forest Kennels' Forest Sunbeam and Forest Trippo. High com., F. G. Taylor's Vandalia. Com., T. G. Davey's Brighton Clip and F. G. Taylor's Victoria D.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, Forest Kennels' Forest Rob Roy; 2d, F. H Gooch's Kota G. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Brett's Flowers of Sulphur; 2d, G Kime's Rose Rapid II; 3d and com., Forest Kennels' Forest Ellen McGregor and Forest Sprey. Very high com. reserve, T. G Davey's Brighton Leah. Very high com and high com., F. G. Taylor's Vandalia and Victoria D.—CANADIAN—1st, J. Smith's May; 2d, R. Bangham's Ontario; 3d and very high com., Forest Kennels' Forest Sunbeam and Forest Bloom. High com., F. H. Gooch's Kota G.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Z. F. Bartleson's Bob Junr.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Muckross Kennels' Henmore Shamrock; 2d, Douglas & Chambers's Toronto Bleaney; 3d and high com., D. Ward's St. Elmo and Elector. Very high com., F. Logan's Red Brian. *Bitches:* 1st, Douglas & Chambers's Toronto Mollie; 2d, Concord Cocker Kennels' Nina's Concord; 3d, Wm. MacKee's Red Rose.—NOVICE—1st and very high com., D. Ward's Kiltie and McGinty; 2d, Douglas & Chambers's Toronto Bleaney; 3d, Concord Cocker Kennels' Nina Concord. Very high com. reserve, S. Coulson's Shaun Rhue. High com., F. Logan's Red Brian. Com., Wm. MacKee's Red Rose.—CANADIAN—1st and 2d, D. Ward's Kittie and McGinty; 3d, Wm. MacKee's Red Rose. Very high com., H. R. Hardy's Gladstone.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo B. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Graham's Princess Louise.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. T. Schafer's Wing Ivanhoe; 2d, Forest Kennels' Forest Guy; 3d, Mt. Royal Kennels' Count Leo. *Bitches:* 1st, very high com, reserve, and very high com., Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Bonnie, Daisy Ivanhoe and Santa Marie; 2d, Rockwood Kennels' Gunhilda; 3d, Forest Kennels' Mount Royal Wanda. High com., J. Graham's Countie.—NOVICE—1st and 3d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Bonnie and Daisy Ivanhoe; 2d, Rockwood Kennels' Gunhilda. Very high com., Mount Royal Kennels' Count Leo. High com., Forest Kennels' Forest Shadow.—CANADIAN—1st, Rockwood Kennels' Gunhilda; 2d, Forest Kennels' Forest Floss; 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Count Leo.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Maple Leaf Kennels' Finsbury Hero and Canadian Monarch; 3d, N. E. Robinson's Victor. Very high com., reserve, W. W. Muir's Rufford Whitefriar. Very high com., H. L. Jeffrey's Ightenhill Chief. High com., R. G. Steacy's Yardley, Hero of Maple Grove.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st, very high com. reserve, and high com., R. G. Steacy's Old Hall Perfect, Pearl and Lustre; 2d, A. B Moffat's Gyp; 3d, T. Gilbert's Christabella Very high com., Hazeldean Kennels' Nixey. Com., H. L. Jeffrey's Heroine. NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, C. Y. Ford's Otterburn Rhoderick; 2d, H. L. Jeffrey's Stratford Prince; 3d, Hazeldean Kennels' King Don. Very high com. res., R. G. Steacy's Yardley Hero. Very high com., T. Gilbert's Christopher Fox. *Bitches:* 1st, Hazeldean Kennels' Nixey; 2d, T. Gilbert's Silk Gown; 3d, J. T. Burgess's Lady Middlesex. Very high com. reserve, R. G. Steacy's Lustre.—CANADIAN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. Y. Ford's Otterburn Rhoderick; 2d, N. E Robinson's Victor; 3d, H. L. Jeffrey's Stratford Chief. Very high com. reserve, M. W. Lewer's Maximilian. Very high com., W. W. Muir's Rufford White Friar. High com., R. G. Steacy's Yardley, Hero of Maple Grove. *Bitches:* 1st, T. Gilbert's Christy Fox; 2d, R. G. Steacy's Lustre; 3d and very high com. res., Hazeldean Kennels' Thistle and Mischief.

BULLDOGS.—*Bitches:* 1st, Imperial Kennels' Juno II.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Bay View Kennels' Principio. *Bitches:* 1st, Wm. Hammail's Vesper Bell.—OPEN—*Dogs* (30lbs. and over): 1st, Bay View Kennels' Chatham Bob *Bitches:* 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Newmarket Syren; 2d and 3d, Bay View Kennels' Edgewood Robin and White Rose. Very high com., Dr. Geo. Darby's Helma. *Dogs* (under 30lbs.): 1st, Samuel Vaisey's Fitz III.; 2 1, Wm. Hammail's Vesper Willow. *Bitches:* 1st, G. S. Rennie, M D.'s Countess of Wentworth; 2d, Bay View Kennels' White Star.—NOVICE—1st, Samuel Vaisey's Fitz III.; 2d, Mount Royal Kennels' Newmarket Syren; 3d, Bay View Kennels' White Rose. Very high com., Geo. C. Mashiter's Cleopatra.—CANADIAN—1st, Wm. Fox's King; 2d, Geo. C. Mashinter's Nap; 3d, Mark O'Rouke's Jack Welsh. Very high com., Fred. T. Miller's White Star. High com., H. Rush's Snowflake.

WHIPPETS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. A. Spracklin's Dick and Ben; *Bitches:* 1st, Fitzallen Ellis's Queenie; 2d and 3d, J. A. Spracklin's Nancy and Vick.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, W. B. Palmer's Brickbat Junr.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, W. B. Palmer's Brian O. K. and Briggs's Best; 3d, Kinkora Kennels' Canadian Ambassador. Very high com., W. J. Lindsey's Faugh a'Ballagh. Com., S. F. Glassco's Fagan Still. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, W. B. Palmer's Eileen and Kathleen; 2d, Kinkora Kennels' Deramore Biddy. Reserve, high com and com., Geoghegan & Murdock's Rugby Nora II., Rugby Nora and Rugby Rose. Very high com., Dr. Kirk's Kathleen.—CANADIAN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. J. Lindsey's Faugh a'Ballagh; 2d withheld; 3d, W. J. Sheridan's Desmond. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. B. Palmer's Eileen and Kathleen; 3d, Phil. Brown's Peggie.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, James E. Conlon, Jr.'s, Punch. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Lothian Judy; 2d, Chas. N. Candee's Meg.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st withheld; 2d, Francis McCurvin's Blucher; 3d, Arthur T. Howe's Joe. Very high com., J. H. Mayne Campbell's Carbrook Jack. High com., J. R. Fairbairn, Jr.'s, Chauskniosk and H. P. Breay's Rusty. *Bitches:* 1st, Allen Trebilcock's Blue Bell; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Wasp; 3d, Arthur T. Howe's Queen Bess. Very high com., J. F. Fairbairn, Jr.'s, Nellie Bly II.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—OPEN—*Bitches:* Equal 1st, R. McDonald's Merry Call and Ooloo.—NOVICE—1st, R. McDonald's Ooloo.—CANADIAN—1st, Mrs. J. J. Dean's General Coxey.

SKYE TERRIERS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. A. Shinn's Elphinstone. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, C. A Shinn's Queen of Skyes and Endcliff Maggie; 3d, John Wilkie's Highland Mary.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Edward Mack's Dandy; 2d, David S. Gillies's Darkie; 3d, Edward Mack's Tony. Reserve, Chas. Wilson's Chicago Spider. Very high com., F. C. McLean's Roche Sultan. *Bitches:* 1st, W. P. Palmer's Gipsy Queen; 2d, F. C. McLean's Roche Tulip; 3d, Edward Mack's Nadgy, Chas. Wilson's Chicago Maiden. Very high com., F. C. McLean's Rochelle Majestic.—NOVICE—1st, W. P. Palmer's Gipsy Queen; 2d and 3d, Edward Mack's Dandy and Flash. Very high com., F. C. McLean's Roche Trump.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Paris. FRENCH—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Venus.

SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs* (over 28lbs.): 1st, C. T. Mead's champion Samson. *Bitches:* 1st, T. A. Carson's Marguerite; 2d, J. A. Spracklin's Daisy Deane.

FIELD SPANIELS.—BLACK—OPEN—*Dogs* (over 28lbs.): 1st and Club trophy, J. A. Spracklin's Endcliffe Ebony; 2d and 3d, C. T. Mead's Ring Mahon and Judge. *Bitches:* 1st, Allan Trebilcock's Black Fan; 2d, J. A. Spracklin's Spracklin Belle; 3d, Toon and Thomas's Endcliffe Myrtle.—ANY OTHER COLOR—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. T. Mead's Napoleon; 2d, Wm. Mole's Jack; 3d, Allan Trebilcock's Simcoe Jack. *Bitches:* 3d, J. A. Spracklin's Snow.—CANADIAN—1st, J. A. Spracklin's Black Queen; 2d, Mrs. Hartley Dewart's Rustico; 3d, C. T. Mead's Letta.

COCKER SPANIELS.—BLACK OR LIVER—CHALLENGE—1st and Club trophy, Geo. Douglas's champion Black Duke.—ANY OTHER COLOR—CHALLENGE—1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' champion Brantford Red Jacket; 2d, T. McKean Robertson's Red Obo.—BLACK—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Howden's Guy; 2d, Andrew Laidlaw's Omo; 3d, J. P. Willey's Paro. Very high com. reserve, Rideau Kennels' Rideau Royal. Very high com., L. Farewell's Black Brant. High com., George Douglas's Woodland Mack and Belle Isle Kennels' King Raven, Jr. Com., John G. Strauss's Royal. *Bitches:* 1st and com., George Douglas's Woodland Princess and Woodland Topsy; 2d and high com., Andrew Laidlaw's Miss Phyllis and Selma; 3d and high com., L. Farewell's Madam Patti and Deer Park Rose. Very high com, reserve, Rideau Kennels' Rideau Rapture. Very high com., J. P.

Willey's Flossie Butler. Com., Fred. T. Miller's Gyp Obo.—RED OR LIVER—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Little Mac; 2d, Ethelred Kennels' Hamilton Jack; 3d, G. Bell's Up to Date. Very high com., B. J. Rae's Red Duke. *Bitches:* 1st, T. McKean Robertson's Red Dolly; 2d, George Douglas's Lady Golden; 3d, C. S. Wixom's Raglan Russette. Very high com. reserve, Andrew Laidlaw's Venus. Very high com., Belle Isle Kennels' Gaiety Girl. High com , Brant Cocker Kennels' Red Pearl, J. P. Willey's Daisy Bell.—ANY OTHER COLOR—OPEN—1st, G. Douglas's Polley Harmon; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Brantford Snap; 3d, H. P. Mullens's Beech Hill, Jr. High com., J. P. Willey's Nina W.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Howden's Guy; 2d, A. Laidlaw's Omo; 3d, N Savage's Sandy. Very high com., Rideau Kennels' Rideau Radical. *Bitches:* 1st, G Douglas's Woodland Princess; 2d, A. Laidlaw s Miss Phyllis; 3d, Ethelred Kennels' Ethelred Bonnie. Reserve, L. Farewell's Deer Park Rose. Very high com., Belle Isle Kennels' Gaiety Girl, T. McKean Robertson's Lill Obo. High com., Fred T. Miller's Gyp Obo, Concord Cocker Kennels' Miss Mac.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Andrew Laidlaw's Omo; 2d, N. Savage's Sandy; 3d, G. Douglas's Brown Sam. High com., Wm. H. Doel's Duke of Eglinton. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Laidlaw's Miss Jerry; 2d, Ethelred Kennels' Ethelred Bonnie; 3d, T. McKean Robertson's Floss Obo II. Reserve, Belle Isle Kennels' Gaiety Girl. High com., F. B. Bunting's Lady K.—CANADIAN CLASS—BLACK OR LIVER—1st, A. Laidlaw's Miss Phyllis; 2d, Rideau Kennels' Rideau Reveller; 3d, L. Farewell's Black Graff II.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, Brant Cocker Kennels' Little Mac; 2d, Ethelred Kennels' Ethelred Bonnie; 3d, A. Laidlaw's Venus.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Forester. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Fairy.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, T. A. Carson's Mike and Musha; 3d, J. A. Genereux's Shot Rhue. Com., W. G. Wodehouse's Ventor. *Bitches:* Com., W. G. Wodehouse's Nellie Mulligan.

DACHSHUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, F. R. Burgess's Fritz and Don Quixote; 2d, W. Kennedy's So Long. *Bitches:* 1st, G. M. Bryan's Brontzie; 2d, A. J. Meharg's Why-Why; 3d, F. T. Miller's Lena. Very high com., Mrs. E. Riggs's Nora. High com., F. R. Burgess's Music.

BEAGLES.—OVER 13IN.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, C. S. Wixom's champion Sherry. *Bitches:* 1st, C. S. Wixom's champion Elf.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, C. S. Wixom's Roger W. and Trump It. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, C. S. Wixom's Popsey and Rose Graham; 3d, R. F. Baldwin's Belle Hosier.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, C. S. Wixom's Trump It. *Bitches:* 1st, C. S. Wixom's Dazzle; 2d, D. Blea's Danger.—UNDER 13IN. —CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, C. S. Wixom's champion Royal Krueger. *Bitches:* 1st, C. S Wixom's champion Ava W. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, C. S. Wixom's Razzle and Little Wonder; 3d, H. B Nicol's Bob Brittle. *Bitches:* 1st, C. S. Wixom's Dazzle; 2d, H. B. Nicol's Primrose; 3d, R. F. Baldwin's Little Nell. Very high com., D. Blea's Music.—CANADIAN—1st, D. Blea's Drama.

FOX TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Bell's Cambridge Joker; 2d and 3d, W. B Palmer's Baby Reckon and Blemton Firebrand; 4th and very high com., A. A. Macdonald's Beverwyck Kingpin and Von Voit. High com , Dr. G Darby's Lansdowne Poverino. Com., J. O Bennett's Sharke. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. J. F. Belt's Wawaset Lucy; 2d and high com., W. B. Palmer's Spinster and Blemton Duchess; 3d, J. O. Bennett's Stardale Sunbeam; 4th, Mount Royal Kennels' Warren Faithful. Very high com., A. A Macdonald's Veneti, G Bell's Cambridge Winnie. Com., A. A. Macdonald's Venoyat, J. O. Bennett's Stardale Belle.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, C. H. Corbett's Guardian; 2d, F. C. Ouellette's Dux; 3d, P. J. Smyth's Beschwood Prince. Very high com., H. P. Thompson's Truant. *Bitches:* 1st, P. J. Smyth's Beachwood Daisy; 2d, H. P. Thompson's Trifle; 3d, F. W. Jacobi's Iona.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Bell's Cambridge Regal; 2d and 3d, W B. Palmer's Baby Reckon and Blemton Firebrand. Reserve, A. A. Macdonald's Von Voit. Very high com., C. H. Corbett's Guardian. Com., G. K. Lanigan's Belvoir Jim. *Bitches:* 2d and high com., W. B. Palmer's Spinster and Blemton Duchess; equal 3d, Mount Royal Kennels' Warren Faithful, Dr. J. F. Belt's Wawaset Lucy. Very high com., A. A. Macdonald's Veneti, G Bell's Cambridge Winnie, C. Lyndon's Royland Sting. High com., A A. Maccdonald's Venoya.—CANADIAN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. B. Palmer's Blemton Firebrand; 2d, A. A. Macdonald's Von Voit; 3d, C H. Corbett's Guardian. Very high com., G. Bell's Cambridge Vis-a-vis, F. C. Ouellette's Dux. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. B. Palmer's Spinster and Blemton Duchess; 3d and very high com., C. C. Robb's Trilby and Lady Diadem. High com., H. P. Thompson's Trifle.

WIRE-HAIRED FOX-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, G. T. Davis's Undercliffe Coronet.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and 3d, W. B. Palmer's Meersbrook Swell, Endcliffe Banker and Endcliffe Nailer. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. B. Palmer's Endcliffe Fidget and Endcliffe Witch; 3d, A. A. Macdonald's Aldon Dahlia. Very high com., G. T. Davies's Aldon Laurel.—NOVICE—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and 3d, W. B. Palmer's Meersbrook Swell, Endcliffe Banker and Endcliffe Nailer. Very high com., G. T. Davis's Lance. Com., G. F. Glassco's Patsy. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. B. Palmer's Endcliffe Fidget and Endcliffe Witch; 3d, A. A. Macdonald's Aldon Dahlia. Com., Dr. J F. Belt's Hill Hurst Patsy. *Puppies:* 1st, Dr. J. F. Belt's Wawaset Vixen; 2d and 2d withheld.—CANADIAN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. B. Palmer's Endcliffe Nailer; 2d, G. T. Davis' Lance; 3d, G F. Glassco's Patsy.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, L. Cullen's Actor. *Bitches:* 3d, J. Harris's Gipsey Queen.

TOY TERRIERS.—OTHER THAN YORKSHIRES—1st, W. R. Mumford's Paddy Trix; 2d, Miss E. Taylor's Tiny; equal 3d, Miss C. Wright's Trixie and W. R. Mumford's Tessie.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss E. Cryer's Bob Ivy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. Y. Ford's Otterburn Treasure; 2d, Miss E. Cryer's Charlie. *Bitches:* 1st, C. Y. Ford's Otterburn Pearl.—NOVICE—1st, C. Y. Ford's Otterburn Treasure; 2d, Miss E. Cryer's Charlie; 3d, A. Potter's Flossie.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Mrs. B. Davis's Rose; 3d, F. E. Bryan's Ruby.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Mrs. B. Davis's Dominion Prince and Dominion Boy; 3d and very high com., Ethelred Kennels' Tiger Snip and Tom Thumb. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Trebilcock's Flirt; 2d, Ethelred Kennels' Annie Laurie.

RUBY BLENHEIM AND JAPANESE SPANIELS.—*Bitches:* 1st, C. F. Veral's ——.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE.—1st, Mrs. B. Davis's Dainty Lass.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, A. Laidlaw's Black Prince; 2d, W. Kennedy's Prince Snips; 3d, W. G. Bond's Harvey.

Champion Association Stakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is proposed to make the stakes of the Champion Association so that any dog will be eligible no matter whether a winner or not. This I think a step in the right direction, but acting on a suggestion made by Mr. Edward Dexter, I think some respect due dogs that have previously distinguished themselves by winning, and that the Club can recognize these winnings in this way:

Make a rule exempting all dogs having won first or second in any recognized trials from having to compete in the first series of heats, and be deemed qualified to go into the second series without the farce of running the preparatory series of heats.

This will save much valuable time in the general running off, and certainly be no more than just to dogs that by previous winnings have proven beyond doubt, or question, that they have the necessary merit to entitle them to a place in the competition.

This will be recognizing previous winners only to the extent that is right and just, and due them.

W. W. TITUS.

J. M. Freeman.

A GOOD sportsman has passed away, a man of sterling qualities in all the walks of life. J. M. Freeman died at Bicknell, Ind., after a prolonged illness, which had its inception at the field trials at West Point, Miss., last February. As a sportsman he was best known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, but of his business and domestic life those who knew him have only words of praise. As a sportsman he was of the highest and best type. Unpretentious, earnest and of unswerving integrity, he had the confidence, esteem and loyalty of all who knew him. He died in the prime of life, being hardly at the beginning of middle age. Few men are more beloved in life, none more mourned when life is ended.

Providence Awards.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Emperor William. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Lady Diana.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Hans Sachs. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Dr. C. A. Lougest's Vere, Lady Cameron and Roselyn.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st and reserve, J. W. Corney's Jim Blaine, Jr., and Dictator; 2d, J. F. Lutz's Wach Erdman; 3d, Mrs. J P Wade's Kingstonian Guide. Very high com., W. Muller's East River Prince. High com , Mrs. N. Miller's Columbus, W. Muller's East River Bismarck. *Bitches:* 1st, D. Stelling's Miss Amanda; 2d and 3d, J. W. Corney's Lady Elspeth and M'liss. Reserve, A. Tolson's Dorothy VI.—SMOOTH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, E. A. Perry's Counch. High com., C W. Sands's King George.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st, withheld; 2d, R. Sidebottom's Lion; 3d, C. H. Ivory's Gip I.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Knieriem's Major McKinley.

BLOODHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. A. C. Lougest's Dick Turpin. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. A. C. Lougest's Black Bess.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs;* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Southern Rhymes *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Bestwood Daisy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Fred E. Perkins's Southern Charm. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Southern Bells and Southern Gay Girl; 3d and very high com., N. L. Pope's Best of Fashion and Silk.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—*Bitches:* 1st, J. Gibney's Winsome.

AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C D. Bernheimer's Ranger II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, N. L. Pope's Duke and Pope's Samson. Reserve and very high com., S. Bennett's Ring and Glider. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, N. L. Pope's Flirt and Pope's Speedy. Reserve, S. Bennett's Susie B.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Lewis's Ringleader; 2d, H. L. Kreuder's ch. Roy K *Bitches:* 1st, H. L. Kreuder's Ch. Lou.—OVER 13IN.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, H. L. Kreuder's Lee III and Directum; 2d, E. B. Joachim's Raffler. Reserve, H. B. Tallman's Punch. Very high com., Debonair Beagle Kennels' King Bannerman. High com., H. Almy's Lewis. *Bitches:* 1st, Henry Hanson's Lady of Denmark; 2d, H. L. Kreuder's Modesty II. Very high com., S. Smith's Silverena.—UNDER 13IN—*Dogs;* 1st, C. O. Smith's Tariff; 2d, Glenridge Beagle Kennels' Little Corporal. Very high com., H Kreuder's Lucifer. *Bitches:* 1st and high com., Debonair Beagle Kennels' Topsy K. and Trailing Arbutus; 2d, H. L. Kreuder's Lonely II. Com., H. Almy's Snap. *Puppies:* 1st, withheld; 2d, H. Almy's Jake.

POINTERS.—*Dogs* (55lbs. and over): 1st, R. Leslie's King of Lynn; 2d, Rinada Kennels' Roswell. *Bitches:* 1st, Spring & Lenoir's Urada; 2d, Rinada Kennels' Lady Reveller; 3d, E. M. Beale's Alice Leslie. Very high com , J L. Heard's Folly. *Dogs* (Under 55lbs.): 1st, Rinada Kennels' Speadthrift; 2d, E W. Foote's Kentwood. *Bitches;* 1st and 2d, Rinada Kennels' Hempstead Kit; 3d, J. L. Heard's Dame Fortune.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, F. E. Perkins's champion Spectre.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. E. Lewis's Harry; 2d, Oak Grove Kennels' Dick; 3d, F. E. Perkins's Drake. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Oak Grove Kennels' Monk's Nun and Nellie F.; 2d, F. E. Perkins's Clara. *Puppies:* 1st, A. J. Loepsinger's Fuss.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' champion Kildare and champion Kildare Glenmore. *Bitches:* 1st and reserve, Oak Grove Kennels' champion Queen Victoria and champion Norna.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Bostal Norna.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. B. Blossom's Heather York. *Bitches:* 1st, J. B. Blossom's Flomont. Reserve, H. O'Reilly's Fan.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, J. B. Blossom's Heather Bruce and Doc; 2d, C. T. Brownell's Heather Dash. *Bitches:* 1st, J. B. Blossom's Sally Beaumont; 2d, C. T. Brownell's Norah. *Puppies:* 1st, C. T. Brownell's Angenette.

SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE.—1st and reserve, R. P. Keesbey's Moonlight Belle and Coleshill Rufus.

FIELD SPANIELS.—BLACK—*Dogs;* 1st, Dr. S. J. Bradbury's Drayton Warwick. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Myrtle.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE.—BLACK OR LIVER—1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Middy.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, G. L. Tarr's Bim. OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Little Tim; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' King S.; 3d, W. T. Payne's Reno. *Bitches;* 1st and reserve, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Dart and Susanne; 2d and very high com., J. P. Willey's Flossie Butler and Nellie Abbott; 3d, G. L. Tarr's Taunty. RED OR LIVER—*Dogs:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Ned; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Cherry Punch. *Bitches:* 1st, J. P. Willey's Daisy Bell; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Zuleika; 3d, Mrs. R P. Keasbey's Miss Tommy.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st, W. T. Payne's Lorraine; 2d, J. P. Willey's Nina.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Forester. *Bitches;* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Fairy.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, Lambert Stansfield's champion Highland Floss.—OPEN *Dogs;* 1st, J. Arthur Ingham's Roy. *Bitches:* 1st, Ghent Holdsworth's Merry Belle. *Puppies;* 1st, C. Y. Ford's Otterburn Olive.

BULLDOGS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon and Thomas's Sheffielder. *Bitches;* 1st, Robert L. Keach's Lady Nan; 2d, Chas D. Bernheimer's Sybil. Very high com , E. Willard Roby's Robin Pelagia.

BULL TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. R. S. Huidekoper's champion Cardona. *Bitches;* 1st, Frank F. Dole's champion Starlight. Reserve, Dr. R. S. Huidekoper's champion Edgewood Topsy.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, reserve and high com., H. F. Church's Little Flyer, Gully's Boy and Roderigo; 2d and 3d, Frank F. Dole's Victor and Dennis. Very high com., William Faversham's Sir Brice. Com., E H Chadwick's Defender. *Bitches:* 1st, Frank F. Dole's My Queen; 2d, H. Fred Church's Young Miss Giddy; 3d, William Faversham's Lady Marlborough. *Puppies:* 1st, William Faversham's Lady Marlboro; 2d, Frank F. Dole's Edgewood Roger. Very high com., H. Fred Church's Roderigo and Dr. R. S. Huidekoper's Hannibal. High com., H. Fred Church's Annie Jay.

FOX TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Victor II. *Bitches:* 1st, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Captious.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Stickler; 2d, very high com. and high com., L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Sage, Warren Rector and Warren Critic; 3d and high com., Mere Kennels' Charlton Nigger and Mere Dominie. Reserve, John E. Thayer's Hillside Domino. Very high com. and high com., W. B. Palmer's Raby Reckon and Blemton Firebrand. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Capture and Warren Dusky; 3d W. B. Palmer's Spinster. Reserve, Blemton Kennels' Blemton Flush. High com., Mere Kennels' Mere Grisette. Com., Rochdale Kennels' Martin II. *Puppies:* Equal 1st, Mere Kennels' Crisette, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Rector; 2d, Mere Kennels' Mere Dominie. Reserve, L. & W. Rutherford's Warren Critic. High com., J. E. Thayer's Hillside Defender and Hillside Serious.

WIRE-HAIRED FOX TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Cribsage. *Bitches:* 1st, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Surrey Janet.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, W. B. Palmer's Endcliffe Banker and Endcliffe Brisk. Reserve, H. T. Foote's Brittle Boy. Very high com., G. W. H. Ritchie's Mister Great Snap and H. H Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Trick. *Bitches:* 1st, W. B. Palmer's Endcliffe Fidget; 2d, very high com. and high com., H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Bushy Bramble, Hill Hurst Dimple and Hill Hurst Olive. Reserve, W. B. Palmer's Daisy Cutter. High com., H. T. Foote's Brittle Buzz and Brittle Bee. *Puppies:* 1st, 2d and very high com., H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Ginger, Hill Hurst Dimple and Hill Hurst Coquette. Very high com., Dr. James Ferris Belt's Wawaset Vixen.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches;* 1st, Walter J. Comstock's Dunmurry.—OPEN—*Dogs;* 1st and 2d, W. B. Palmer's Briggs's Best and Brian O. K.; 3d and very high com., Samuel D Parker's Trim and Tubb. Reserve, Edward Brooks's Heather Spunk. *Bitches;* 1st, reserve and high com., Edward Brooks's Gesseia Hi. Blackbrook Brackett and Chancery Lass; 2d, W. B. Palmer's Kathleen. Very high com., Z J. Lewis's Our Maggie. *Puppies:* 1st, 2d and high com., Samuel D. Parker's Irish Sun, Puzzle and Cady. Reserve, W. B. Palmer's Eileen. Very high com., M. W. Murray's Emerald Jim.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Phelps & Davis's Topsey.—OPEN (25lbs. and over)—*Dogs:* 1st, Benj. Cornbill's Pilot; 2d, Dwight Baldwin's Bob. Very high com , Gayle J. Forbush's Zab. *Bitches:* 1st, Phelps & Davis's Clytie; 2d, Benj. Pope's Trilby.—(Under 25lbs.) *Dogs:* 1st, Benj. Pope's Spider; 2d, Phelps & Davis's Commissioner II. Very high com., Mrs. Esther Deffly's George Dixon. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Leslie A. Burritt's Miss Taora and Daisy. Very high com., Benj. Pope's Topsey. *Puppies:* 1st, Phelps & Davis's Hilda; 2d, W. G. Kendall's Pig Wig. Very high com., J. A. Boutelle's Cleo.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, H. T. Foote's champion Broomfield Sultan.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. B. Palmer's Rhodes Orme. *Bitches:* 1st, S. D. Ripley's Surrey Gem; 2d, W. B. Palmer's Gipsy Queen.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Brooks & Ames's ch. Tiree.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Brooks & Ames's Wankie Tam and Kilcree II. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Brooks & Ames's Wankie Janet and Vorda.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Lothian Judy. Reserve, E. Brooks's Ainstey Daisy.—OPEN —*Dogs:* E. Brooks's Roderick Dhu.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, M. A. H. Thelberg's George W.; 2d, W. Lougest's Mount Vernon Wonder. *Bitches:* 1st and very high com., W. Lougest's Mount Vernon Tibbie and Mount Vernon Rose; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Wasp.

DACHSHUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Lythgoe's Janty. *Bitches:* 1st, A. M. Lythgoe's Lucretia.

PUGS.—OPEN—*Bitches;* 1st, W. J. Wheeler's Belle D.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Deacon. *Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Daisy; 2d, B. A. Smith's Bigelow's Rose.

POODLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Diamond.—BLACK CORDED—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. J. P. Wade's Bourdo. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and reserved, C. D Bernheimer's Leah, Cigarette and Black Maria. Very high com., Mrs. J. P. Wade's Victoria.—ANY OTHER VARIETY—*Dogs:* 1st, H H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Jocko. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and very high com., H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.'s, Hill Hurst Fluff, Hill Hurst Marquise and Hill Hurst Posey.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Minnie Lewis's ch. Spring. *Bitches:* 1st, Kate Lewis's Tinnie II. High com., Mrs. G. M. Nicholoy's Flossie.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. A. Parsons's Dandy. *Bitches:* 1st, Parsons & Sullivan's Nellie; equal 2d, Mrs. W. L. Brown's Lotze II. and Mrs. J. P. Wade's Flossie.

Binghamton Awards.

THE awards of the Binghamton, N. Y., shoot, Sept. 10–13, J. Otis Fellows, judge, were:

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Clinton's Thatcher II. *Bitches:* 1st, E H. Clinton's Queen.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. J. Hogan's Frank.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Low Legg's Sam Higbee.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* Equal 1st, Glenwood Kennels' Dashing Ned; Isabel Stanley's Snell; 2d, M. S. Heller's Mollo's Echo; 3d, J. J. Kane's Don K. *Bitches:* 1st, Glenwood Kennels' Mollo's Nellie. *Puppies:* 1st, Wm. B. Terry's Nellie.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. J W. Pister's Deacon W.; Equal 2d, W. R. Winans's Kenmore Jr., Prof. J. F. Riley's Nero. *Bitches:* 1st, F. S. Anderson's Katie; Equal 2d, S J. Weir's Low D., W. R. Wynans's Elcho's Dell; 3d, A P. Fish's Biddie D.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 2d, J. A. Lewis's Tipperrary F. *Bitches:* 2d, Charles Rothgeber's Daisy R.

COCKER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 2d, F. F. Sigler's Dash.

SCOTCH COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. M. Packard's Finsbury Dude; 2d, C. H. Kent's Dandy K.; 3d, C. W. Beman's Don Supurbus. *Bitches:* 1st, C. M. Packard's Betsey of Fairview; 2d, C H. Kent's Princess Bonnie K; 3d, E. B. Emens's Ethel's Lassie.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, H. C Larrebee's Donlarrie; 2d, C. H. Beman's Don Supurbus; 3d, E. B. Emens's Wallace. *Bitches:* 1st, C. H. Kent's Princess Bonnie K.; 2d, E. B. Emens's Daisy Eyebright.

BULLDOGS.—*Dogs;* 1st, J. H. Parrott's Robin Adair; 2d, J. S. Newing's Jacko. *Bitches:* 1st, C. S. Fowler's Mag.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Rochester-Pittsburg Bull-terrier Kennels' champion Duke of Rochester.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Geo. H. Rochford's Beeze; 2d, Thos. J. Connelly's Paddy. *Bitches:* 1st, R. P. B. T. Kennels' Daisy Bell.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—1st, Mrs. J. T. Weisheimer's Bessie.

ENGLISH BEAGLES.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Eugene Wilber's Trailer. *Bitches:* 1st, Glenwood Kennels' Corinne. PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, L. E. Hine's Kado. *Bitches:* 1st, Glenwood Kennels' Corinne.

FOX-TERRIERS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. H. Barrett's New Forest Billy; 2d, R. M. Bradley's Stub; 3d, J. B. Hadsell's Ginger. V. H. C., Hill Bros.' Warren Prince. *Bitches;* 1st, C. H. Barrett's Larchmont Rose. *Puppies:* 1st, J. B. Hadsell's Ginger.

TOY-TERRIERS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. C. Johnson's Trilby.

ST. BERNARDS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* Equal 1st, Ruth Joseph's Napoleon, Mrs. F. E. Woodruff's Pete; 2d, W. A. Hustace's Duke of Avondale.

SPECIALS.

Grogan cup for best bull-terrier, champion Duke of Rochester. Silver medal offered by A. P. Fish for best bull-terrier, champion Duke of Rochester. Cash $5 offered by A. P. Fish for the best Irish setter, Deacon W. Collar for best beagle, Corrine. Kennel secrets for largest collie to be decided by weight, Finsbury Dude. The collie by Rawdon Lee for best in class 47, Finsbury Dude. The collie by Hugh Dalziel for best in class 48, Bessie of Fairview. Silver medal for best collie, Finsbury Dude.

Omaha Bench Show.

THE second annual bench show of the Omaha Kennel Club opened Sept. 18. As the first two days of the show were coincident with the Nebraska State Fair, held in Omaha, and there were costly and highly attractive civic and military parades on the streets of Omaha in the evenings, and other strong counter attractions, the first two days' attendance at the show was very light; but the attendance on the third and fourth days was very good and of the best class of citizens, thus demonstrating that the Omaha people fully appreciate a show of thoroughbred dogs. At this time it is not expected that the show will be a financial success.

While the show is under the management of men who have had the experience of but one other show, it is said by old exhibitors and handlers that the management was simply perfect. Everything was kept neat and clean.

The classes of dogs, under the supervision of Mr. W. E. Nason, were brought into the ring promptly, and although Mr. Davidson did not arrive in time to commence judging until 7 o'clock P. M. of the first day, the 225 dogs were all passed upon by 3 o'clock on the second day. Through the close and attentive work of the secretary, the catalogue of awards was ready by 9 o'clock on the third morning of the show.

The show benched and fed the dogs, using Spratts dog biscuits. The hall gave ample room for aisles and exercising rings.

Among the exhibitors in attendance were: Thos. Blake, Detroit; F. A. Howard, Columbus, O.; Geo. Clayton and A. F. Kramer, Chicago; H. B. Stannard, St. Louis; C. A. Pratt, Little Rock; Jas. Cole and A. K. Wolfe, Kansas City; H. L. Robinson, Topeka; John Purse, Denver; A. C. Shallenberger, Alma, Neb.; C. E. Bunn, Peoria, Ill.; J. C. Ford, F. H. Perry and Mr. McGuire, of Des Moines. Among the prominent Omaha exhibitors may be noted C. N. Powell, J. P. Davenport and G. H. Moore.

The weather was excessively hot, the thermometer ranging from 80° to 102°, which made it very disagreeable for the dogs, exhibitors, visitors and all concerned. On the morning of the second day the great Dane bitch Princess Lucille, belonging to A. K. Wolfe, Kansas City, slipped her collar and jumped through the second story window to the street, 15ft. below, and escaped into the city, and although thoroughly advertised in the local press, she has not yet been found. Princess Lucille did the same thing at the Des Moines '94 show. Mr. Wolfe does not blame the management. He thought as the show was on a second floor that there would be no danger of the dog escaping if she did slip her collar, and had not counted on her jumping through an open window.

(Owing to pressure on our columns, the list of awards is held over till next week.)

Western Massachusetts Fox Hunt.

THE committee having in charge the arrangements for the next annual meet of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club have decided upon Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 13 and 14. It is proposed introducing some new features at this meet.

It is most earnestly desired that the weather this season shall be pleasant, as the past three annual hunts have been sadly hampered with unpropitious weather.

WORONOCO.

The Immortality of the Lower Animals.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A clipping reached me yesterday entitled "The Dog's Immortality." It is from FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 14, and consists of letters from W., C. H. Ames and Transit.

Not in reply to, but in comment upon the remarks of these gentlemen, I would say:

1. To W., that my experience with men has shown me that scientists and "the most of the members of the clerical profession" are not more prejudiced than others. The laity, with regard to any profession, are as apt as, if not more apt than, the members of that profession to be governed by preconceived notions. Not such a layman, however, if he be a layman, is W. He belongs to that class, all the members of which I love, whether they be professionals or laymen, who want to know the truth. I am particularly pleased by this remark of his: "The fashion has been and still is to call evidences of intelligence in animals instinct, which has always appeared to me only another way of dodging the force of facts." The most commonly accepted definition of instinct is: That which we do naturally. I would like to ask, Does anybody do anything which he does not do naturally? No creature is born all at once. He is a succession of births. A man walks, and talks, and thinks, and loves, just as naturally as the babe suckles or the chick pecks at a grain of corn. Reason might be defined as the guiding instinct—the instinct by which the individual knows how to govern himself. And that the lower animal has the power of self-direction nobody would ever think of questioning were he not influenced by the teaching of some psychological school.

2. Mr. Ames says: "I consider that true speech in the higher, human sense * * * consists in just this—the conscious use of symbols to express abstract ideas."

That the lower animal has abstract ideas there may be some who doubt. I have a world of proof, some of which I have published, that they have. But what is the function of speech in the economy of the subject? To communicate ideas, to intercommunicate ideas, to transmit ideas. That the lower animals communicate ideas Mr. Ames is not disposed to question, as I think nobody is any more. But do the lower animals intercommunicate ideas? A few days since I received from an esteemed correspondent—Edwin B. Woodruff—a story (of the truth of which there can be no question) of two dogs which tracked a woodchuck to a hole. To this hole there were two entrances—one on either side of a stone fence. The dogs stationed themselves one at each entrance. After a time they digged. One of them grew tired of this and quit. They met on the wall, put their noses together, had a consultation, then filled the entrance on one side of the fence. This done, they went to the other side. The smaller of the two entered the hole, engaged the woodchuck, fled, was followed by it. When it was out of the hole the larger dog pounced upon it and killed it. I have the witnesses at my call to prove the truth of this story in any court of justice—before any jury except one composed of partisan psychologists. Now, could there have been the laying of the plan which was carried out without the intercommunication of ideas? And could there have been the intercommunication of ideas without signs—arbitrary signs—of those ideas? No; unless the ideas as entities passed directly from the mind of one dog to another, and from that of the other to that of the one, if which occurred dogs have an infinitely freer intercommunion than men—even psychologists. Again: Do succeeding generations of lower animals learn from the experiences of preceding generations? I think so. Take the Constantinopolitan dogs. They live in distinct districts—wards. Each of these wards has a government—crude of course, but not overly-much cruder than the government of some wards in New York or Chicago. When a dog goes from one ward to another, he is pitched upon, killed, and eaten if possible. When he yelps, sends out his cry of distress, his fellow citizens rush to his assistance. Now, did every puppy of any ward in Constantinople have to learn from experience, that particular ward would soon be depopulated. The truth must be that the older dogs tell the younger dogs to carefully stay within their own borders till they are grown and fleet of foot, and then to venture within the borders of the enemy with all their faculties about them, with their friends on the watch and ready to come to their assistance with discretion. What occurs here but the transmission by one generation of its experiences to another? Though, of course, among the Constantinopolitan dogs there has never arisen a Macaulay or a Bancroft, yet I have no doubt that some of them are better historians and historical philosophers than others. The lower animal has memory. Why? That he may learn from experience; that he may have the facts of his *sensory continum* pass side by side with the facts of his *memory continum;* that he may think, that he may reason, that he may know, that he may conduct himself in accordance with that knowledge. Then he is responsible not only for himself, but also for his offspring. As in the case of man, so in the case of the lower animal, each generation has the responsibility of properly starting the succeeding generation. And this responsibility could not be met and discharged without the power of transmitting ideas. More. Those ideas could not be transmitted without signs, arbitrary signs of ideas. I might give many, but I will take space—if I am allowed it—to give only one example of the use by a lower animal of an arbitrary sign to convey an idea. Always when my dog Phlip, who "passed over to the majority" last spring, after blessing me by his love for a little less than two years, was given a bowl of water he would thank the giver, whether it was given in the name of Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto me," or not, by shaking his head up and down—a trick which he was not taught, but which he hit upon as an arbitrary sign of his thankfulness.

3. I am not one of those to whom Transit refers in saying: "Most of them are notably deficient in considering the immortality of the dog in connection with the immortality of man, to the exclusion of all other animals, or at least the lower animals are ignored." My great hope is for the immortality of the whole sentient universe. Note, that I do not say my knowledge nor my belief, but my hope. My great and my thrilling hope is that there is not a being capable of feeling that will not live always. The material universe is the embodiment of a thought. You may destroy an embodiment, but cannot destroy a thought nor any part of it. This infinite thinker, whom I would not attempt to define, is either cruelty or love. I would rather think him the latter.

CHARLES JOSIAH ADAMS.

RONDOUT-ON-THE-HUDSON, KINGSTON, N. Y., Sept. 18.

The Beagle Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A Field Trial Committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held Sept. 9, 1895, at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, Mr. George Laick, Chairman. Present were Messrs. H. L. Kreuder, H. F. Schellhass, J. W. Appleton, A. D. Lewis and George W. Rogers. The report of the committee on classes, Messrs. Kreuder and Rogers, submitted the following which were passed:

Open Class A—For dogs of all ages, 15in. and under, that have not been placed first in any open class at field trials held in America.

Open Class B—For bitches of all ages, 15in. and under, that have not been placed first in any open class at field trials held in America.

Open Class C—For dogs and bitches of all ages, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any open class at field trials held in America.

Open Class D—For dogs and bitches 15in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1894.

Champion Class E—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 15in. and under, having been placed first in any open class except Derby at field trials held in America.

Champion Class F—For dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, having been placed first in any open class except Derby at field trials held in America.

Class G, Brace Stakes—For two dogs or bitches 15in. or under, the *bona fide* property of party making entry at time of entering and starting of class. Four dogs or bitches may be selected, from which two must be drawn and named to start prior to starting of class.

Class H, Pack Stakes—For dogs or bitches 15in. or under, the *bona fide* property of party making entry at time of entering and starting of class. Eight dogs or bitches may be selected, from which four must be drawn and named to start prior to starting of class.

CONDITIONS.

Class A.—Entries close Oct. 19, 1895. Fee to start $10, of which amount $4 forfeit must accompany entry and balance to be paid prior to starting the class. First prize $40, second prize $25, third prize $10.

Class B—Entries close Oct. 19, 1895. Fee to start $10, of which amount $4 forfeit must accompany entry and balance to be paid prior to starting of class. First prize $40, second prize $25, third prize $10.

Class C—Entries close Oct. 19, 1895. Fee to start $7, of which $3 forfeit must accompany entry and balance must be paid prior to starting class. First prize $25, second prize $15, third prize $7.

Class D—Entries close Oct. 19, 1895. Fee to start $5, of which $2 forfeit must accompany entry and balance to be paid prior to starting class. First prize $20, second prize $10.

Class E—Entries close immediately before starting the class. Fee to start $10, which must be paid in full before class is started. First prize 60 per cent.; second prize 30 per cent.

Class F—Entries close immediately before starting of class. Fee to start $10, which must be paid in full before class is started. First prize 60 per cent.; second prize 30 per cent.

Class G—Entries close October 19, 1895. Fee to start $10, of which $5 must accompany entry and balance to be paid prior to starting class. First prize 60 per cent.; second prize 30 per cent.

Class H—Entries close October 19, 1895. Fee to start $20, of which $10 must accompany entry and balance to be paid prior to starting class. First prize 60 per cent.; second prize 30 per cent.

It shall be understood and agreed that no class shall be started unless two or more entries are made and filled. In the event of any class being declared off, the money shall be refunded.

Trials begin Nov. 11, and to continue to end.

In addition to regular prizes the club will present a handsome rosette or silk ribbon properly inscribed to the winner of each prize-winning dog.

RULES.

Every entry must be registered in A. K. C. Stud Book, or an extended pedigree, as far as can be obtained, submitted to the field trial committee.

It is expressly understood and agreed that the National Beagle Club of America reserves the right to reject the entry of any dog or bitch that, from the best information obtainable and according to their judgment, is not a standard-bred English beagle.

Entries for different classes close as per time stated in classes and conditions. All entries must be filled out in full on blanks furnished, and mailed to field trial committee as per address on entry blank not later than Oct. 19, unless otherwise provided for.

The stipulated forfeit money must in each case accompany entries. No exception to this rule will be granted.

Dogs can be forwarded per express, addressed to National Beagle Club of America, Hempstead, L. I.

All dogs sent by express, as well as all others, will be taken care of at Hempstead, L. I., under direction from National Beagle Club of America. Competent handlers will be on hand to handle and run dogs in trials, in case owners of same cannot or fail to reach place of meeting on time.

Dogs must be at Hempstead, L. I., before 10 o'clock A. M. on Nov. 11.

It is expressly stipulated and understood that the National Beagle Club of America does not hold itself responsible for loss or damage done to any dog sent in its care.

The filling of classes, drawing from same and measuring dogs will begin Nov. 11 at 10 o'clock A. M. sharp, and Class A will be started at 1 o'clock P. M. on the same day.

The headquarters of the club will be at Roth's Hotel, where ample accommodations for members of the club and their visiting friends have been provided for. Comfortable arrangements for the kenneling of the dogs have been made, and they will be well looked after.

The place of meeting may be reached as follows: Long Island R. R., Thirty-fourth street ferry, or James Slip ferry, New York, or Flatbush avenue station, Brooklyn, to Hempstead, L. I., which is twenty-one miles from New York city.

At an adjourned field trial committee meeting of the National Beagle Club of America Mr. Bradford S. Turpin, of Dorchester, Mass., and Mr. Charles Quynn, of Frederick, Md., were selected to officiate as judges at their coming field trials. GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

Field Trial Echoes.

POPULAR WINS.

IT is a long time since one handler made such a record as did Frank Richards at Morris, Man., where he won both Derby and All-Age Stake in each trial—the Continental and Manitoba—and second in the Champion Stake. It is still longer since two dogs have shown such genuine merit and superiority as did Minnie T. and Sam T. Withal, there never was a handler more heartily and sincerely congratulated than was Mr. Richards, and many were the expressions of pleasure that Mr. W. W. Titus owned such good dogs and had succeeded so well. "Billy" Titus has competed for years, and has taken the disappointments of defeat with a grace better than some take success. In this instance the success is all the more praiseworthy since it came from the fairest of handling and good work. It was plain honest handling; the dogs did the rest.

NOISY VS. QUIET HANDLING.

At the chicken trials there was less whistling and loud calling to the dogs than is commonly seen at field trials. The English handlers were particularly noticeable for their quiet and gentlemanly handling. They also observed the most punctilious fairness. Their quiet yet effective ways were in shining contrast to the loud and meaningless whistling of a few other handlers. Noisy handling is unskillful and far less effective than quiet handling. A dog can work much better if left more to his own resources. There are two or three handlers from the States who should give this matter some study.

Mr. Jack Armstrong was taken ill after the Manitoba trials, and went to Winnipeg for treatment. Mr. W. E. Warner, the popular manager of Mr. Gould's kennel interests, informed me that everything was being done for his comfort and that the last reports were that he would be about again in a few days.

Mr. C. C. Chipman, of Winnipeg, was an interested spectator at the trials, between the times he could take a spare day from the multitude of responsibilities pertaining to the management of the Hudson Bay Company's vast business interests in British America. He has the small matter of 2,000 men under his supervision, yet I fancy it is easier done than managing a field trial.

Mr. D. E. Rose returned to Tennessee immediately after the trials ended.

Messrs. Storey & Spracklin intend to remain at Dominion City, Man., about two weeks before returning to their homes. The former lives at London, Ont., the latter at Chatham, Ont.

The handlers from the States were greatly assisted by Mr. Thos. Johnson in their entanglements with the customs. He was on the customs bonds of many of them, and exercised his friendly offices to the utmost to arrange for their prompt clearance.

Capt. C. E. McMurdo, of Charlottesville, Va., was a visitor at the trials during the running of the Champion Stake. His pleasure at meeting old friends was only equalled by their pleasure at seeing him.

In regard to the diploma, which is a part of the reward for winning first in the Champion Stake at Morris, Man., Mr. Thomas Johnson, the secretary of the Northwestern Club, says that it will not be any ordinary affair, but will be gotten up in the finest style of the penman's art. It will contain the names of the competitors and other pertinent matter all beautifully engrossed.

The prize money was paid promptly, whereat the boys felt pleased, for some of the coin of the realm is not a bad adjunct to glory.

On Friday evening the Manitoba Field Trials Club gave a dinner to the landowners of Morris and vicinity.

Mr. George Ewing, New Islip, L. I., remains for a few days' chicken shooting after the trials.

A Good Dog Sick.

PORTLAND, Oregon.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By the careless, inaccurate use of words some time since I unfortunately led the Eastern friends of my old dog Mike to think that he was dead. If he could read and understand the letters I received in consequence of that mistake of mine he would certainly lose none of his self-respect, even if his respect for his master was diminished. Notwithstanding the fact that he is now about twelve years old he is in good health and condition with one serious exception.

On his throat there is a swelling that is hard and gradually increasing in size, resembling goiter on the human neck. I don't know what to do for the poor old fellow and wish somebody would tell me. It seems to be a very common trouble with our dogs in this country, and it invariably proves fatal. At least a dozen dogs within my knowledge have died with it. Three good dogs—Captain Ankeney's, Captain Dodge's and another—were operated upon by surgeons, but the operations only seemed to hasten death. S. H. GREENE.

[Apply tincture of iodine to the enlargement two or three times a week. Give one five-grain thyroid tablet (Armour's) three times a day. Should there be no improvement in a short time give two tablets three times a day.]

International Derby Entry.

CHATHAM, Ont., Sept. 16.—Owing to the absence of the secretary the time for payment of the second forfeit in the International Field Trials Derby has been extended by the committee from Sept. 1 to Oct. 1. The entries for the All-Age Stake close Nov. 1.

WM. B. WELLS, Hon. Sec'y I. F. T. C.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

BETWEEN the lightning and the customs officials the exodus of the field trial party was made vivacious—of the customs, more later; but of the lightning? On Saturday, Sept. 14, a storm came up which was spitefully snappish. The lightning shocked the telegraphers at Morris. Our old friend, "Dick" Merrill, went to Glen Lea—a town about 15 miles north of Morris—for his dogs. While taking the crates out of the barn a bolt of lightning struck it, and the results came nearly being disastrous. Mr. Merrill was knocked down, Tom Richards was prostrated, a boy was knocked senseless, and a horse was paralyzed. Mr. Merrill says that it seemed as if a ball of fire exploded within a few inches of his eyes and knocked him down. Lightning may be able to kill horses and such things, but when it runs against a good dog man it has something more in its own class. Mr. Merrill has not named any date for a return match.

Rodes and Dan, two of the best foxhounds in Mr. W. S. Walker's celebrated pack at Point Leavell, Ky., have just been purchased by Mr. O. F. Joslin, Oxford, Mass. These hounds are highly recommended by Mr. Walker, and will be entered at the Brunswick Fur Club's field trials at Oxford next month.

Following is the list of officers elected by the Canadian Kennel Club at its annual meeting: President, Mr. H. Bedlington, Hamilton; First Vice-President, Mr. J. S. Williams, Toronto; Vice-Presidents, Mr. F. W. Green, Halifax, N. S.; Mr. G. B. Bruce, Calgary, N. W. T.; Mr. R. McEwen, Byron, Ont.; Mr. P. G. Keyes, Ottawa, Ont. Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. H. B. Donovan, Toronto. Executive Committee: Dr. H. S. Griffin, Mr. W. B. Palmer, Hamilton; Mr. T. G. Davey, Dr. J. S. Niven, London; Dr. W. H. Drummond, Montreal; Mr. G. B. Sweetnam, Mr. C. A. Stone, Mr. A. A. Macdonald, Toronto; Mr. H. Gorman, Sarnia; Mr. Andrew Laidlaw, Galt; Mr. F. S. Wetherall, Compton, Que. Three names tied for the twelfth member of the Executive. The Secretary-Treasurer reported 3,929 registrations.

The New England Field Trial Club anticipates a good trial this fall. Their entries close Oct. 1. A. R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

Entries to the Danbury Dog Show close on Sept. 30. Entry fee $1. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y, Danbury, Conn.

The United States Field Trials Club announces its All-Age Stake in our business columns. Entries close Oct. 1. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y-Treas., Trenton, Tenn.

In our business columns: Lock Box 13, Ridgeway, O., offers English setter. O. L. Hennigan, Brick, Ala., offers foxhounds. J. B. Cook, Afton, N. Y., offers partridge dog. Muckross Kennels, Springfield, Vt., offer Irish setters. G. F. Richardson, Mt. Pleasant, Mich., offers English setters. West Philadelphia Kennels, Philadelphia, Pa., offer bull terriers. Sheriff, Newberry, Mich., offers pointers. H. J. Andrews, Afton, N. Y., offers rabbit hound. G. Bell, Toronto, offers fox-terriers and cockers. J. A. McGibbon, Farmington, N. H., offers foxhounds.

Owing to press of matter on our columns we are forced to hold over some communications and the reports of the Providence (except awards) and Newburgh dog shows till next week.

Soon after the field trials began at Morris, Man., there were signs that the customs officers were watching the imported dogs very closely and that there would be exactions and delays which would be troublesome. When the trainers and dog owners prepared to leave Manitoba after the trials were concluded, the red tape seemed to multiply. An officer had been in attendance betimes at the trials to keep a list of the dogs which were dutiable. Such dogs as did not compete were taxed 20 per cent. on the valuation. In some instances the owners were permitted to make their own valuation. In at least one other at the boundary line, no valuation less than $50 was accepted. The officer at Morris charged an extra fee of 50 cents per dog for clearance papers. Other fees were charged at the boundary line for much the same thing. It was the general consensus of opinion that the owners and trainers from this side of the line would not favor future trips across the line for field trial competition. By inadvertence some of the dogs were valued at $200 and $250, so that the situation concerning them was embarrassing. It is said that the duty paid on dogs which competed will be returned at a later date.

The Manitoba Field Trials Club gave out but little information as to business transacted at its meetings held during the running of the trials at Morris. It was learned that the election of officers would take place in the near future at a meeting to be held in Winnipeg.

The Eastern Field Trials Club's All-Age and Subscription stakes close positively on Oct. 1. There is every indication that the trials at Newton, N. C., this year will be of the best. Those who contemplate entering should attend to the matter in time. There are always a few who are shut out by their own negligence. Make your entries in time.

Mr. E. M. Little has kindly sent us a photograph of Roxie—English setter—and her five puppies, all very lifelike and artistic.

As the entries of the second annual whippet race meeting of the Country Club close positively on Oct. 2, the matter is an important one for beagle owners to bear in mind. The meeting will be held at Clyde Park, Brookline, Mass., on Oct. 9 to 12. A full programme of the races is now ready for distribution. Address D. E. Loveland, Sec'y, 125 Tremont street, Boston.

Back Numbers are Filed Away.

NEWARK, N. J.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We return the copy of FOREST AND STREAM of Saturday, Aug. 24, it having reached us in a badly damaged condition, and would request that you mail us a good number. We only ask this as we are very choice of your publication, and do not destroy, but carefully file away the back numbers.

BAILEY & ALLING.



SAIL PLAN OF ETHELWYNN.

Designed by W. P. Stephens for C. J. Field.

Eastern Field Trials Club's Entries.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following have been declared out of the Eastern Derby of 1895:

Charlottesville F. T. Kennels' Dowlahand Amen, T. G. Davey's Brighton Maud, H. R. Edwards's Harwick, Avent & Thayer's Loulanier, Fleet's Pet and Flirty Lit, F. R. Hitchcock's Tory Cecelia, and C. G. Stoddard's Coinage.

The judges for the Eastern Trials will be Messrs. Bradley, Bell and Wallace.

I have reports from Newton that birds are very plentiful and bred well on the grounds.

WASHINGTON A. COSTER.

Irish Setter Club's Trials.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Sept. 19.—I regret to say that there was an error in the ad. that I sent you a few days ago. The prizes should read: Derby—60 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second. All-Aged Stake—40 per cent. to first, 30 per cent. to second, and 20 per cent. to third, the club deducting 10 per cent. of total entry fees. Entry blanks will be ready in a day or so.

GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y,
Room 22, 400 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

BRED.

Mr. Geo. L. Small's Zenobia, rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, July 30, to champion Otos.
Mr. C. E. Bunn's
Parepa Rosa, mastiff bitch, May 21, to Leamington.
Minna Minting, mastiff bitch, May 23, to Marquis.
Fortuna, mastiff bitch, May 28, to Leamington.
Rowena, mastiff bitch, June 3, to Leamington.
Jean, mastiff bitch, June 7, to Rossington.
Birdie Beaufort, mastiff bitch, July 17, to Marquis.
Breeder's Joy, fox-terrier bitch, May 29, to Piper.
Miss New Forest, fox-terrier bitch, June 7, to Streak of Luck.
Eunice, fox-terrier bitch, July 19, to Streak of Luck.
Restless, fox-terrier bitch, July 30, to Streak of Luck.

WHELPS.

Mr. J. R. Taylor's Fly C., pointer bitch, whelped, Aug. 24, ten (five dogs), by Kent's Tribulation.

SALES.

Mr. W. B. Townsend has sold ——, pointer dog, to Mr. T. T. Ashford.
Mr. H. G. J. Hallowell has sold
——, Irish setter dog, to Hon. Alan Wood, Jr.
——, Irish setter bitch, to Mr. Milton Bray.
——, Irish setter bitch, to Dr. I. M. Schwab.
Dr. S. C. Alexander has sold
——, pointer dog, to Mr. T. T. Ashford.
——, pointer bitch, to Mr. T. T. Ashford.

DEATHS.

Rochelle Kennels' champion Gypsy Girl, black and tan terrier bitch, Aug. 25, caused by double pneumonia, resulting from heat prostration.

Yachting.

Beverly Y. C.

THE doubtful prizes in the races of Aug. 31 and Sept. 2 have been awarded, as protests are decided and boats measured.

Race No. 228, Aug. 1.—Third class—Agnostic taking first prize, Puzzle second prize and Eina third prize.

Race No. 229, Sept. 2.—Special class—Ashumet is ruled out on Isem's protest and prize goes to Salmon. First class—No prize awarded, as Mr. Edwards reported his boat left one buoy on wrong side. Second class sloops—Flirt takes first prize. Third class cats—Eina first prize, Melro second, Doris third. Fourth class sloops—Silence measures out of class, and prizes go as follows: Grilse first, Fin second, Sylph third. Fifth class sloops—Waskite takes third prize on allowance.

The 230th regatta, third championship, was sailed off club house Sept. 14 in a breeze calling for reefs at start, but lightening out toward finish

Surprise, Mist, Sylph and others, not sailed by club members, were on hand and sailed course, starting just after the racing boats.

Wind was fluky, changing from N.E. to N. by W. at times, so that second class having twice to go from Scraggy Neck No. 10 to Dry Ledge, laid their course easily, while third class had a dead beat from Scraggy Neck No. 8 to Dry Ledge, between these two the two Scraggy Neck buoys being only three-quarters of a mile apart.

Grilse carried reefs and off wind set an enormous spinaker and did nobly. As long as Sylph followed on the course she was badly beaten.

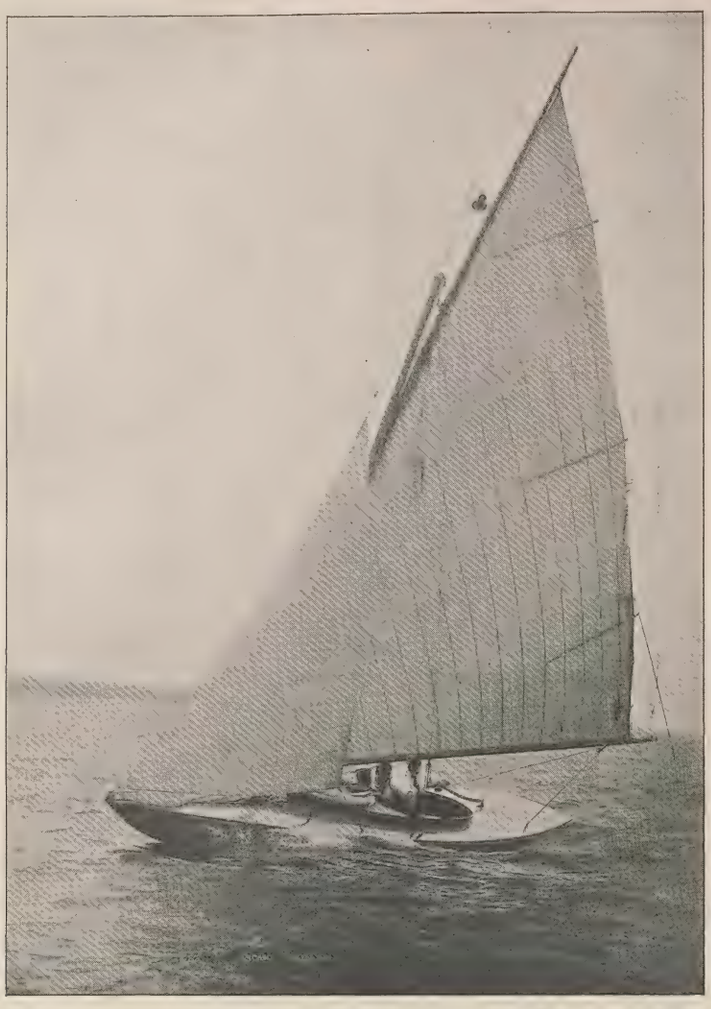
The change of rules allowing any sails in sloop classes has worked well; the light sails are very large and cause a good deal of fun in the handling, the general rule seeming to be, the smaller the boat the larger the spinaker. In this race Laurel broke spinaker pole, and was practically out of it. Courses: 19¼ miles for special class, 12¾ for first and second, 8 for third, 8½ for fourth and 5½ for fifth.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SPECIAL CLASS.			
Ashumet, C. H. Jones	34.03	3 28 52	3 21 37
Salmon, W. E. C. Eustis	38.06	3 44 01	3 42 16
FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.			
Little Peter, W. G. Cotton	28.10	1 58 14	1 47 56
SECOND CLASS CATS.			
Kalama, Chas. Brewer	26 04	2 03 48	1 50 25
Anonyma, F. L. Dabney	24.09	2 05 40	1 50 08
Bernice, J. G. Young, Jr.	25.08	2 08 50	1 55 04
THIRD CLASS CATS.			
Eina, John Parkinson	20.01	1 44 00	1 29 30
Colymbus, Alfred Winsor	21.06	1 45 40	1 32 45
Melro, D. L. Whittemore	20.03	1 47 32	1 33 14
Puzzle, Wm. Amory, 2d	20.01	1 48 18	1 33 48
Doris, John Parkinson	21.01	1 49 20	1 35 58
FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.			
Grilse, W. E. C. Eustis	19.02	1 58 45	1 42 10
Fin, Howard Stockton	17.09	2 08 45	1 49 44
FOURTH CLASS CATS.			
Howard, H. O. Miller	18.0	2 07 10	1 49 58
Dawde, R. S. Handy	17.6	2 08 02	1 49 06
Cinch, H. Parker	18.1	2 01 20	1 53 55
Squall, T. G. Palfrey		Withdrew.	
FIFTH CLASS CATS.			
Vif, Ralph Winsor	15.4	1 25 31	1 09 47
Imp, Geo. B. Dabney	15.5	1 29 31	1 13 53
FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.			
Waskite, H. N. Richards	12.9	1 24 50	1 06 53
Hilda, Robert Winsor	12.3	1 25 32	1 07 04
Laurel, H. & F. Burgess	14.	1 28 12	1 12 01

Howard's length is protested and prizes in this class withheld pending remeasurement.

First prizes won by Ashumet, Anonyma, Eina, Grilse, Vif and Waskite; second prize by Colymbus.

Howard wins and holds pennant; Eina and Waskite win legs for pennants; Eina tieing Doris and Melro; Waskite tieing Hilda. The sail-off will take place on the 21st. Judge, W. Lloyd Jeffries.



SCUD.—1 RATER.

The British Half-Rating Class.

THE OXFORD CANOE-YAWLS AND THE SOLENT RATERS.

THE class of yacht which is engaging public attention this week through the international races of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. at Oyster Bay is entirely new to this country, but is well known in England under the title of the "Half-Rating Class." The limit of the class, as we have frequently explained, is ½-rating by the Y. R. A. rule—that is, the length multiplied by the sail area and the product divided by the constant, 6,000 equals the rating: 15ft. l.w.l. × 200sq.ft. of sail, divided by 6,000=½. Though the Y. R. A. rating rule is not used or recognized in the United States, it has been the fashion for several years of some American yachtsmen to use the term "rating" as synonymous with the American "sailing length" or "corrected length," according to which faulty nomenclature a British half-rater becomes a "15-rater" in this country. The correct designation of the class in the Seawanhaka races is the "15ft. racing length" class, the understanding with Mr Brand and the Minima Y. C. being that the Seawanhaka measurement should be followed: any slight difference between it and the Y. R. A. rule being if anything in favor of a British rater racing in American waters, allowing her to carry more sail.

The half-rating class in Great Britain properly includes three different types of small craft: the ordinary canoe-yawl, of both the keel type, like the Vital Spark, and the lighter centerboard type, such as the many "Nautilus" canoe-yawls built by Mr. W. Baden Powell; the Solent half-raters, mainly fin-keels; and the Oxford racing canoe-yawl, a shoal draft centerboard craft of the sharpie type.

It is from this latter class that Spruce IV. has been evolved, though she is really a wide departure from the first models. We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Brand for much of the following information and for a number of the photographs. The lines of the Oxford yawls are from the *Model Yachtsman and Canoeist*.

The Oxford University Sailing Club, of Oxford on the Thames, is a unique organization in that it begins its racing season in the fall and continues all through the winter, ending in the spring; its races are the first reported each year in the yachting journals, and also the last, after all other craft are laid up for the winter. The Thames at Oxford is very narrow and crooked, the club course is described as being shaped like the letter Z, and only the most enthusiastic sailors would think of racing over such water and in all sorts of winter weather. There are times when the course is wider, the freshets flooding the meadows, but even when this happens the depth over the flooded portions is barely three feet. Mr. Brand was at Oxford University from 1885 until 1888, his ownership of a yacht beginning in the former year with the open boat Pixie, a cutter rigged craft 20ft. over all, 17ft. 6in. l.w.l., 6ft. beam; and carrying, for sea work, two centerplates of the ordinary form, and for river racing a single larger triangular plate. She was built at Hastings, Sussex, by Tutt, the builder of the famous old lugger, New Moon. With very full lines forward, but a fine afterbody, Pixie was fast in a light and steady breeze, and though races were not so numerous in those days, Mr. Brand won twenty-two prizes in her in two years. In addition to the up-river work, Mr. Brand has always spent much time on the Solent and about Dartmouth, and Pixie was used on the Channel as well as the river, finally coming to an end by capsizing on Aug. 20, 1887, outside Dartmouth Harbor.

The first of the Oxford canoe-yawls was Isis, built in 1888 for R. A. Hinckley, owner of the very successful canoe Battledore, twice winner of the R. C. C. challenge cup. Isis had but 4ft. beam and was very much rockered fore and aft, much of the American sharpie type. What first suggested the adoption of this type at Oxford we have not been able to learn, but in the course of a few years it was developed into a very speedy class of racing canoe-yawls. Isis was very successful, winning prizes at Bourne End and other places; following her came Moor Hen, owned by Mr. Moore, a similar boat, but with less rocker and not so successful. The next two boats, Merlin and Yankee, were larger and quite successful in the races.

It was in the summer of 1890 that the Oxford canoe-yawl first attracted more than local attention through the performances of Shadow and Snake, both designed and built by T. C. Smith, a local builder, the former for R. A. Hinckley and the latter for C. C. Lynam. They were both 18ft. waterline, Snake being 4ft. 10in. beam and Shadow 4ft. 6in.; the difference in model being shown by the accompanying lines. Both boats have wide side decks and can be heeled until the masts are almost in the water; having, in practice, with a crew of two or three, a wide range of stability. Snake has a remarkably long and narrow well, right up to the mainmast. They are sailed without ballast, carrying one lug mainsail of 200sq. ft. in racing, though sometimes the main and mizen rig is used. Snake is built of cedar and her centerboard is ¼in. iron. In details and fittings the two were merely large canoes, using the drop rudder and deck steering gear.

Shadow cruised down the Thames, then by steamer from London to Southampton and later by steamer from Cowes to Teignmouth, spending a part of the summer on the Solent and about Dartmouth, her owner living aboard for two months. She did some good racing on the South coast in light winds against the boats of the day. Snake went to the British Canoe Association meet at Falmouth and proved very successful, beating everything she met, being especially good in windward work in close quarters. Next year, 1891, Torpedo was designed and sailed very successfully by Walter Stewart, a canoeist well known in this country, which he has twice visited, while Gipsy and Spruce I. were added to the fleet. In 1892 two important modifications were made in the Oxford type; square sterns were introduced and self-bailing cockpits. The new boats of the year were Serpent, C. C. Lynam, and Ragamuffin I., H. Welch Thornton, both fuller in the body and less like the sharpie; this change continued, with a shortening of the waterline and lengthening of the deck, in the boats of 1893, Spruce II., Ragamuffin II., Snake II. and Free Lance, with Query late in the autumn. Both Spruce and Ragamuffin had bulb fins, that of the latter being fitted to lift. Next year there was a new crop; Spruce III., Ragamuffin III., M, all with weighted centerplates, the first pair having lug mainsail and a jib, the other, with Query, only one large lugsail.

It was in 1888 that Mr. Brand built his first boat, a 12ft. dinghy, named Unique, for the existing Oxford dinghy class. She was built by the Smith Brothers, the first of their boats with no deadwoods, but with a great rocker to her bottom; her beam was 5ft. She was successful at Oxford, and won the championship in the dinghy class on the Solent in 1889. She was the first boat at Oxford to use bamboo spars, now so common there. Mr. Brand's next boat was the sloop Coquette, 1888, 18ft. over all, 14ft. 6in. l.w.l., 6ft. 3in. beam, and 2ft. 3in. draft without board. She was raced in 1888-9, but was too short and wide.

In 1890 Mr. Brand built a 9ft. yacht dinghy to race against the late Mr. Henry Emanuel's 9ft. dinghy, but Mr. Emanuel's death prevented a race; the boat, however, sailed four races and won three first prizes. In the same year Mr. Brand raced in Shadow at Dartmouth and also saw on the Solent two of the then new half-raters—Thuy, designed by Herbert F. Ridsdale, and Humming Top, designed by Arthur E. Payne—and determined, from his experience at Oxford, to bring out a boat of the Oxford type for racing on the Solent; his expectations being that in light winds and smooth water the shoal centerboard boat would beat the deeper-bodied keel craft. The result was Spruce I., designed by Mr. Brand and her builder, Theodore Smith, 18ft. over all, 16ft. 2in. l.w.l., 5ft. beam. She has a centerplate dropping 1ft. 8in. below the bottom and a deep drop rudder, and carried a lug mainsail of 123sq. ft. and a mizen of 30ft., 153ft. in all; the crew being the only ballast. The well is 6ft. long and but 8in. wide, and fitted with a bucket well of oiled canvas, so that no water can get aboard, making her capable of standing very hard weather.

Mr. Brand has been one of the most active of the Minima Y. C. from its organization, and in his work for the club he has taken part in amateur theatricals, among other plays in the comedietta "Sugar and Cream." It was from a character in this play that the name Spruce was first taken, and Mr. Brand has retained it for four successive boats.

Spruce I. was launched on July 16, 1891, and sailed her first race at Hamble, on the Solent, next day in the Minima Sailing Club race for 1-raters and half-raters, winning first prize, showing herself very fast off the wind, but not as good to windward as the keel boats. Her rating was but .41, but she raced in the Solent for some time against both 1-raters and half-raters with great success and then went to Dartmouth. She sailed a fine race in the Torbay regatta in a very hard wind, winning first prize easily. She ended the season by one successful race on the Thames; her record being: 34 starts, 20 first prizes, 4 second prizes, 5 other prizes; total value £50.

Her second season began on the Thames, then she went to the Solent in August and September and later to Dartmouth, where she sailed some hard and exciting matches with Ragamuffin I. Her record for 1892 was: 44 starts, 12 first prizes, 10 second prizes, 7 other prizes; total value £28.

The second Spruce was a departure from the conventional Oxford yawl, having a bulb fin, but unlike the Solent half-raters she has a small centerplate forward of the fin. She was designed and built by Theodore Smith, her over all length being 19ft. l.w.l., with crew of two on board, 16ft. 6in., beam 5ft. 6in., rating .46. She is rigged with lug mainsail and roller jib, the latter being clearly shown in the larger cut. The jib rolls on a light wooden roller through which the jib stay runs, this roller being revolved by an endless line on the lower end; it is so hung in connection with a club which swings about the mast that by means of an outhaul the whole rigging of the jib may be swung off square to the keel, making a spinaker. The jib may be rolled up until just a corner shows, or it may be unrolled to its full extent in reaching.

Spruce II. has some special features besides the jib, which is in common use in the half-rating class; she has two sliding seats, a folding watertight bucket well, a special fastening to the bulb-fin by which it can be taken off by unscrewing two nuts, a pivoted rudder which may be lifted to clear weeds, etc., and a patent horse for the runners, so made as not to buckle in the center: her blocks, too, are of aluminum. During Mr. Brand's ownership she won nine firsts out of sixteen starts. The construction of the bucket well is as follows:

This well is most useful, as it folds up and stows away under the deck, and thereby gives full use of the boat in smooth water, and when rough stuff is met such as coming down a river and going out to sea it is fixed in its place in a few seconds.

It is simple in construction, being made of watertight canvas in the shape of a bag, which bag is attached to a wooden frame which is cut in half at the forward and after end and held together by brass hinges fixed on the under side at *A A*. The wooden frame fits outside the coaming of well on the deck and is about ¼in. above the deck level. It is held in its place by six flat brass staples (three on a side, marked *B*), which are fastened on deck, being raised up about ½in. above the deck; into these staples six tongues (*C*) slip, which are fast on under side of wooden frame. The under side of the frame has a ring of india rubber (*D*), which is pressed down and the whole frame held in its place by the two buttons (*E E*), which are made level to the frame by the blocks of wood (*F F*). All that has to be done to unship it is to turn back the two buttons (*E E*) and lift the well out; by lifting the well out the two hinges close, which brings the brass tongues (*C*) out of their staples (*B*); they are also put in the same way.

The whole bag is then shut together like a Berthon boat and put under the side deck out of the way; it is most handy, as with this well one is able to get at the stores, etc., when under way. The rest of the bag is just the same as in Spruce I.; the bottom of canvas bag lies on the floor boards; at the bottom are attached the loop for turning the water out and four thin floor boards held together by the same waterproof canvas, so that they also fold up and stow away with the well. They are a great preventative to the chafing of the bottom of the well, and take up no room. There are fitted two pockets, one at each end of the canvas bag, for putting lunch, pipe, etc., in.

Spruce III. was built in April, 1894, by H. C. Smith, of Oxford; she is 24ft. over all, 15ft. 6in. l.w.l., 5ft. 6in. beam, the hull of cedar, with a weighted centerplate instead of a fixed bulb-fin; she has a lug mainsail of 190sq. ft., but late in the season she was altered to sloop rig and greatly improved. She began her racing in April on the Thames, and after being successful there she went to the Solent; Mr. Brand was taken ill with pleurisy and Mr. F. C. Keller sailed her until he recovered, after a month's illness. She was successful on the Solent and later at Dartmouth and also at the B. C. A. meet at Salcombe. During the season of 1894 Spruce started 63 times, winning 19 first prizes, 18 second prizes, 15 third prizes, 1 fourth prize, or 53 prizes valued at £72, with three cups valued at £80. At the B. C. A. meet she was steered by Miss Constance Bennett, winning first prize, besides which she has won four other ladies' races.

It was Mr. Brand's intention to build a fourth Spruce this year and to sail a match with the new half-rater built at Clayton, N. Y., for Mr. W. W. Howard, Miss Bennett to steer the new Spruce and Mrs. Howard the other boat; but after the visit to America was planned the design of the boat was altered, she being intended for racing on the Sound rather than on the Solent; though of course neither owner nor builder was familiar with American conditions and weather.

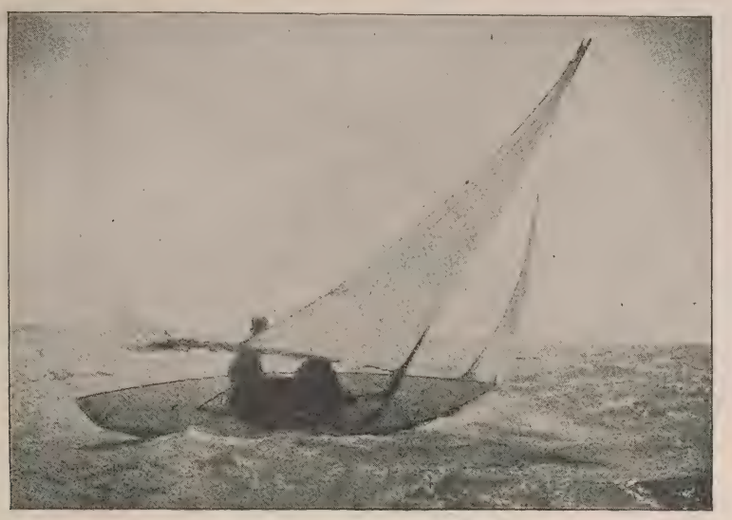
Mr. Brand's adventurous and nomadic disposition has placed him rather at a disadvantage in his many races, as, in a boat built for one particular locality and to race with certain local craft, he has each year visited several different localities and encountered the various local fleets on their own waters. Under these circumstances, each



SPRUCE II.

boat has frequently raced under conditions for which she was not designed; and her owner has been at a disadvantage, owing to the time spent in traveling, in the matter of alterations and constant trial. As a rule Mr. Brand's boats have been best off the wind and especially in reaching, and not so good to windward, the new boat being no exception.

The Solent half-raters have been frequently described and illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM and a further description is hardly necessary; the photos, by West & Son, show Scud, a one-rater of the present type, wide and shoal; and one of the Herreshoff boats, we



WEE WINN.—HERRESHOFF ½-RATER.

believe Wee Winn, the half-rater, though the photo is labeled Morwena, one-rater. The details of the modern lug rig, practically a leg o' mutton, are clearly shown in the picture of Scud. Spruce IV. was described last week.

The America's Cup.

THE following letter should have preceded those published last week, but it was not given out until Sept. 18:

"ON BOARD DEFENDER, Sept. 12, '95—Dear Lord Dunraven: Although the regatta committee have given Defender yesterday's race, under the circumstances I should much prefer calling the race off and resailing it to-morrow. I trust this will meet with your views. If so, kindly answer at once. Very truly yours, C. OLIVER ISELIN."

On Sept. 19 the following statement was given out on the part of Lord Dunraven and telegraphed to London:

"Lord Dunraven would like it clearly understood that the offer contained in Mr. Iselin's letter, Sept. 16, which appeared in this morning's paper, to resail either the last two races or the whole series, has never been made known to him either by Mr. Iselin or by the members of the Cup or regatta committees."

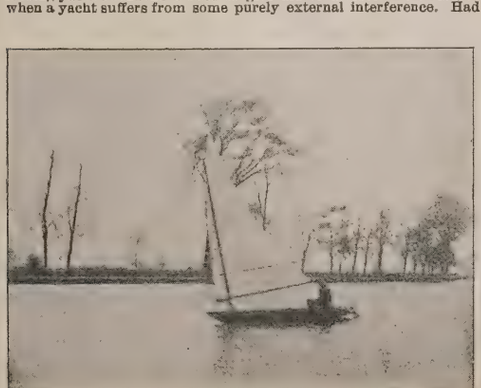
From the comments which we have already seen in some American papers, it appears that the effect of this announcement has been to lead many to the belief that Mr. Iselin's offer to resail the second race had never been made to and declined by Lord Dunraven. That such is not the case, but that the offer was made to his lordship, understood and positively declined by him, is shown by Mr. Iselin's letter, as above, and by the reply to it published last week.

Mr. Iselin, after once having made a protest, and, as it now appears, on good grounds, was not in a position to withdraw it without a decision. The feeling between the partisans of Defender and Vigilant is but too well known through the early meetings of the two yachts and the accompanying pointed correspondence, and this feeling still exists. Had Mr. Iselin withdrawn his protest and waived a decision by the committee, it would have been said by many that he had tried on Valkyrie the same tactics of which he was accused in the two cases in which Vigilant was involved; but that owing to the greater prominence and the number of witnesses in the Cup race, he was afraid to press the protest to a decision. Contemptible and unjust as such a charge would have been, it is no worse than some of the things already said. In our opinion, having made a protest, and on good grounds, he had no option in justice to himself but to demand a decision on the merits of the case and after all evidence had been heard. Having done this, and being vindicated from the charge of even technical foul sailing, he at once offered to Lord Dunraven to call the race off and resail it.

The other matter, of a subsequent offer of Mr. Iselin to resail the last two or all three races, was made to the two committees who alone had power to consider it, and as they decided that it was beyond their powers to accept it, no possible necessity existed for making the double offer known to Lord Dunraven. The publication of Lord Dunraven's statement does an injustice to Mr. Iselin, as it conveys the intimation that he had never offered to resail the second race.

The discussion of the whole matter of the races, protest and correspondence still continues on both sides of the Atlantic, not a few of the British papers condemning Lord Dunraven's withdrawal from a fair course. Most of the writers, however, display an utter ignorance of yacht racing with more or less personal or patriotic bias that robs their opinions of all value. Sentiment is all very well, and no one has fought longer and harder for fair, just and chivalrous dealing toward all Cup challengers than the FOREST AND STREAM, but we cannot overlook the fact that yacht racing is conducted, for good reasons, under strict technical rules, and that the interpretation of these rules is governed by long established precedent. No one acquainted with both rules and precedent is qualified to discuss the intricate details involved in the case.

The regatta committee has been condemned not only by Lord Dunraven, but by many Americans (the latter at least being able to plead ignorance of yachting usage) for not calling the race off under the provisions of Art. 10 of the New York Y. C. rules. It is true that under this provision the committee is endowed with extraordinary powers, but it is answerable to the club for the abuse of such powers. There is no precedent for calling a race off at the start on account of an injury of unknown degree to a competitor who is willing to continue the race, nor for ordering a race resailed after a result has been reached, whether by the decision of a protest or otherwise. This special power is intended to cover certain emergencies, as when a leading yacht abandons a race to give aid to a vessel in distress, or when a yacht suffers from some purely external interference. Had



SNAKE II.

the committee attempted to interfere at the start it would have laid itself open to wholesale criticism, possibly from both sides.

The America's Cup Committee has replied to Lord Dunraven's letter of Sept. 13 in a dignified but positive and convincing manner, which disposes of several of the immaterial issues raised by Lord Dunraven. We give first the latter's letter, already published, and then the reply of the committee.

The America's Cup committee has replied to the letter from Lord Dunraven published last week. We reprint the letter, as follows:

439 FIFTH AVENUE, Sept. 13, 1895.—Gentlemen: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12 h inst. You say my letter of Wednesday night to Mr. Canfield was not handed in the New York Yacht Club until 1 A. M. on Thursday, and was not in your hands until 8 A. M. of the same morning. There must, I think, be some mistake. I received Mr. Canfield's letter at 10:30 P. M. on Wednesday, and my reply was delivered by my own servant at the New York Club at 12:15 A. M. to the club clerk. The steward or clerk in charge was called on the telephone at 12:30 and was requested to find if Mr. Canfield was at the Knickerbocker Club and, if so, to deliver the letter at once. The reply was that he would endeavor to find Mr. Canfield; that he had a short time before left the Knickerbocker Club, and had left word that he would call at 7 A. M. to see if there were any messages for him.

The request that Mr. Canfield should not open my letter on the 10th until the protest was decided was unnecessary, as the Cup committee



SPRUCE I.

was not hearing the protest; but whether my letter of Wednesday night was delivered at the New York Yacht Club at 12:15 or 1 A. M., whether it was in the hands of the committee at 7 or 8, and whether my letter of the 10th was read at 12:30 or 2:30 P. M., appears to me to be a matter of minor importance. What is of importance to me is to allay the unjustifiable opinion implied in your letter of the 12th that in coming to the decision conveyed to you in my letter of the 10th I went back on the agreement signed by Mr. Smith and myself.

You say, "We can only regret that the conditions that you named therein—that is, in my letter of the 10th—as absolutely necessary, should not have been so presented when the agreement of terms was formulated." Permit me to observe that I named no particular conditions as indispensable, as you will perceive on referring to my letter.

I hold that in any match a fair field and no favor is a condition precedent to any agreement as to terms, and that, failing that, any party has a perfect right to withdraw absolutely or conditionally. Articles of agreement cannot and are not intended to lay down fixed rules to meet every imaginable contingency. Certain contingencies have arisen, as you are aware. Confining myself to the subject of my letter—the overcrowding:

As far back as October I wrote concerning the difficulty of insuring a clear course, but did not insist upon my views because I thought the persons responsible should be free to take what steps they thought best. In view of the failure in that respect it might have been better if in my letter of the 10th I had absolutely withdrawn; but my desire to sail off the races was great, and I withdrew conditionally and suggested steps which I thought would remove the difficulty.

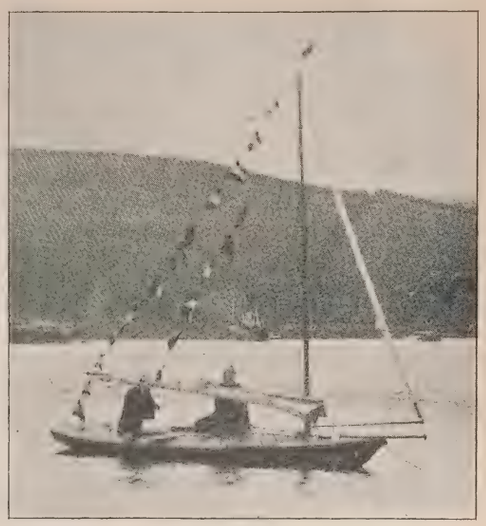
These steps were not taken, and I hold to my determination to sail no more, and so acting I emphatically deny that I went back in any way on the agreement as to terms.

I did not know whether Messrs. Canfield and Busk were officially representing the committee when they came to see me at the Waldorf. I judged by their conversation that they were not, and I understood from them that the committee had not come to a definite conclusion upon my letter. I now conclude, from your communication, that they were officially representing the committee.

In that case, the proposal made to me by the committee was that I should withdraw from my determination expressed in my letter of the 10th, and should sail the third, possibly the final race, on condition that sufficient room was secured at the start, and that in any further races my suggestion that the dates of the races and the times of starting should not be made public should be carried out.

The proposition did not commend itself to me. Nobody denied the overcrowding, of course; but in any case either my complaint was, in the opinion of the committee, unjustifiable, in which case I could not have agreed with them and should have withdrawn, being fully convinced of the necessity and prepared to take the full responsibility for doing so; or it was justifiable, in which latter case the committee were, I think, bound to give redress before the next race was sailed.

I so far withdrew my letter of the 10th as to say I would sail the third race if the committee would undertake to declare the race void



SPRUCE II.

if in their judgment either vessel was interfered with by steamers, the committee putting anybody they liked on board the yachts. I was willing to leave the matter in their hands, stipulating only that they put experienced and practical yachtsmen on Valkyrie III. As far as I am concerned I have no wish to continue the discussion which you accurately describe as superfluous, and will conclude by expressing regret that if any desire to resail Tuesday's race was known to exist the regatta committee did not order it resailed under Article X. of the New York Yacht Club regulations, in which case, whatever my opinion as to the cause of the foul may be, I should have been at the disposal of the committee, and that the Cup committee could not see its way to adopting what appears to us the simpler course of hoisting the letter "G" yesterday and postponing the race to such time as they had arrived at a definite conclusion upon my letter of the 10th inst.

I have the honor to remain, very faithfully, DUNRAVEN.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, New York, Sept. 17, 1895.—My Lord: We have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated Sept. 13. We should be glad to limit our reply to acknowledging its receipt, but as this whole matter will probably come before the public we feel that we should correct certain misapprehensions which we fear may arise.

You say: "The request that Mr. Canfield should not open my letter of the 10th was unnecessary, as the Cup committee were not hearing the protest." You inform Mr. Canfield that you had learned that the Cup committee had nothing to do with the protest, and at the same time you request him to keep the letter (of the 10th) unopened until the protest had been decided. You did not inform him that it was unnecessary to refrain from opening your letter.

If the details which you give as to time of delivery, etc., of letters imply any neglect or discourtesy on the part of the committee, we must deny that there has been any such neglect, and must disclaim any intention of being discourteous—otherwise we agree with you that these facts are of minor importance.

Your assertion that you named no new conditions in your letter of the 10th is absolutely exact. We should have said in your letter of the 11th. In your letter of the 10th you only declined to continue the contest under the existing circumstances, and gave your reasons for declining. In the interview at the Waldorf at 9 P. M., Sept. 11, you stated upon what conditions you would continue, and you adopted substantially the same conditions in your letter of Sept. 11.

In the interview at the Waldorf the two representatives of the committee pledged the committee to one condition, namely: To secure a clear start, and obtained your permission to postpone the time of the starting for that purpose.

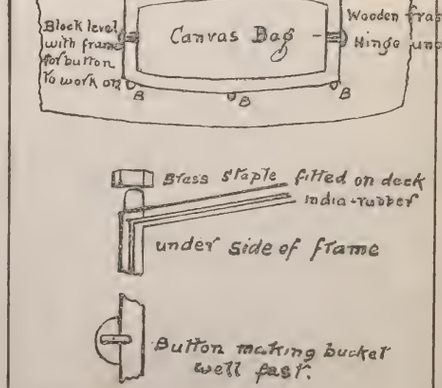
The representatives declined absolutely to agree to the condition that the committee should assume the grave responsibility of declaring the race void if in their judgment either vessel were interfered with by the attending vessels. In our opinion it would be impossible to secure a race absolutely free from interference, and the relative amount of interference would be much too delicate a point for us to decide. The representatives declined to agree to postpone the race fixed for the next day, Thursday. The representatives informed you that the question of not announcing the dates and times of starting any future races must be submitted to the committee. The representatives assured you of renewed efforts through the press and during the race to secure a clear course. You finally declined to say whether you would sail the next day's race (Thursday's) or not, and said that, in any event, Valkyrie would cross the starting line.

In view of the definite replies given by them, we cannot understand how you could doubt that the representatives sent you were acting for and with the authority of the committee.

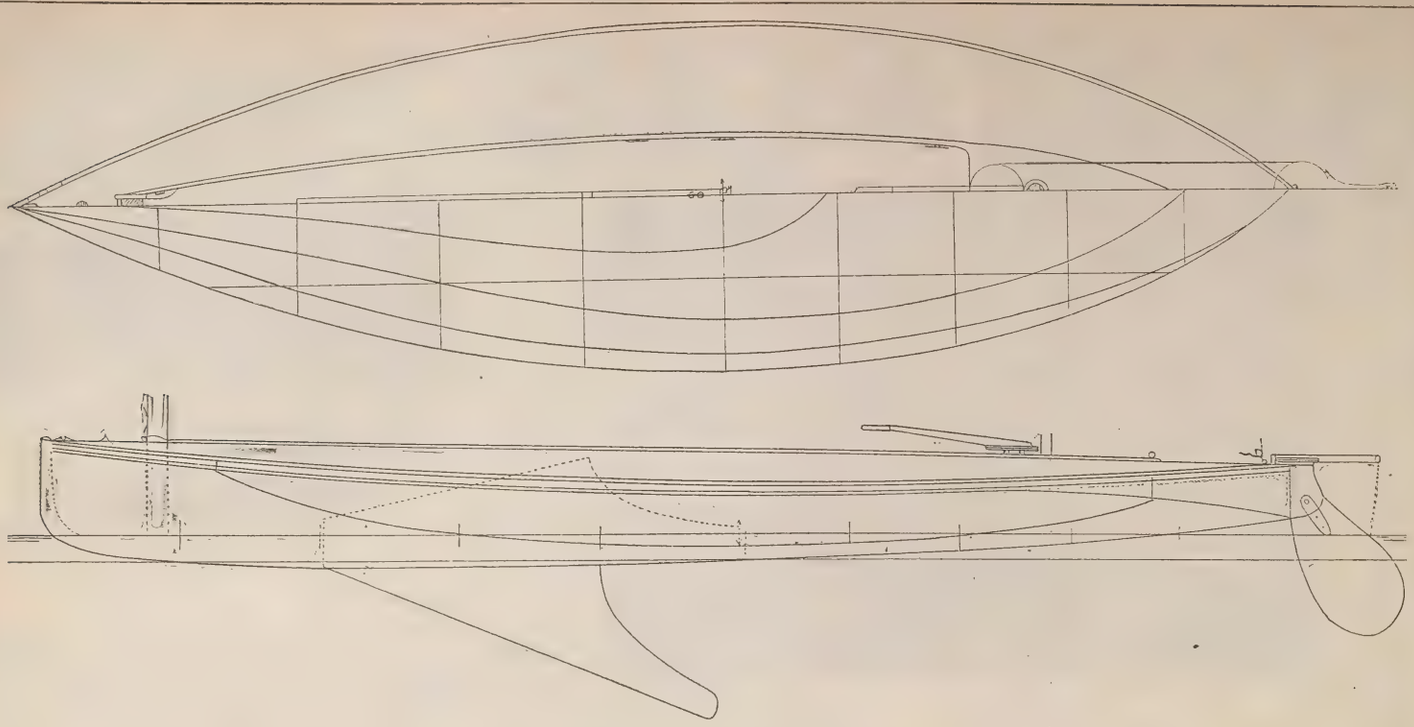
As to postponing Thursday's race in order to consider your letter of the 11th, the committee felt that the points had been fully covered in the conference at the Waldorf and did not desire more time for reconsideration of the answers given by the representatives at that time. The committee did not consider as practicable your suggestion to keep secret the dates and times of starting any future races.

You raise the question as to whether your complaint of the steamers was justifiable or not. The steamers undoubtedly interfered with Valkyrie, and Defender as well, and there seems to be no reason why you should not have complained of such interference; but we certainly demur to your conclusion that therefore the Cup committee, having admittedly done all in their power, were bound to give redress before the next race was sailed.

You fully knew the objections to a course off New York two years ago, and nearly one year ago you suggested a change of locality. This proposition we declined at that time. There was the best of



BUCKET WELL.



SNAKE II.—Oxford Canoe Yawl.

evidence at the start on Thursday that the course, as well as the start, would be kept clear. It seems to us that the question before every one is not whether your complaint was justifiable, but whether your action in withdrawing from the contest on the grounds of your complaint was justifiable.

As to your suggestion that the regatta committee might have ordered Tuesday's race resailed, we reply that we must decline to discuss the action of a fellow committee.

In conclusion, we would express our profound regret and chagrin that a friendly contest in a noble sport, between two great nations, should have degenerated into a war of words.

We have the honor to remain your obedient servants,

JAMES D. SMITH, Chairman,
A. CASS CANFIELD, Secretary,
For the America's Cup Committee.

The Earl of Dunraven.

The following letter completes the correspondence between Lord Dunraven and Mr. Iselin:

ON BOARD DARTMOOR, Sept. 12, 1895.—Dear Lord Dunraven: Although the regatta committee has given to Defender yesterday's race, under the circumstances I should much prefer calling the race off and resailing it to-morrow.

I trust this will meet your views. If so, kindly answer at once.

Very truly yours, C. OLIVER ISELIN.

On Sept. 17 the following was posted at the New York Club house:

As there was some delay in replying to the letters of Sept. 10 and 11 from the Earl of Dunraven, the America's Cup Committee beg to state the letter of Sept. 10 was handed to their Secretary about 12:30 P. M. Sept. 11, with instructions not to open the same until a decision on the protest had been given by the Regatta Committee.

This decision was not reached until 2:30 P. M. on that day, and from that hour no time was lost in laying the matter before the Cup Committee, and a verbal reply was made the same evening.

The letter of Sept. 11 was delivered at the New York Y C. house at 1 o'clock A. M. Sept. 12, and delivered to the Regatta Committee at 8 o'clock the same morning.

On Sept. 18 Messrs. Ratsey and Glennie, with some of the crew of Valkyrie, sailed for England, and the yacht will probably sail on Sept. 24. Lord Dunraven has spent some time at Newport, where he has been most hospitably entertained, but he will sail for home on Sept. 25 as the guest of Mr. Laycock on the Valhalla, that yacht having sailed from New York for Newport on Sept. 21.

On Sept. 20 the following was received by Mr. Smith, of the Cup committee, from Mr. Charles Day Rose, son of Sir John Rose, of the banking firm of Morton, Rose & Co., London:

"*America's Cup Committee, New York Yacht Club:*

"I beg to challenge for the America's Cup next year. The race to be sailed on conditions satisfactory to the committee.

"CHARLES ROSE.

"39 HILL STREET, Berkeley Square, London."

Mr. Rose's challenge was purely informal, but at the request of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan Mr. Smith drew up a form of preliminary challenge which was cabled to London.

The following was received on Sept. 23:

"The formal challenge by mail will follow and will read: 'In behalf of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, and in the name of C. D. Rose, a member, the club challenge to sail a series of matches for the America Cup against any yacht or vessel built in the United States.'

"The following are the particulars: 'Challenger's owner, C. D. Rose; name of yacht, the Distant Shore; length of load waterline, 89ft.; rig, cutter.'

"The challenge will be absolutely unconditional."

Mr. Rose is not a yachtsman, but is well known in turf circles, his name does not appear in Lloyds' Yacht Register and he is not known as being interested in yachting. He has, however, just purchased the big cutter Satanita, and announces that the new challenger will be designed by Mr. J. M. Soper, of Fay & Co., Southampton, designer of Satanita, Blue Rock, Reverie and Castanet.

Seawanhaka Corinthian International Challenge Cup.

SPRUCE—ETHELWYNN.

THE result of the series of three to five races for the international challenge cup, established this year by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. for yachts of ½ to 2½-rating or 15 to 25ft. racing length, is still in doubt, the first attempt at a race, on Sept. 21, having failed for lack of wind. The second day's work in a fair sailing breeze resulted in an easy win for Ethelwynn.

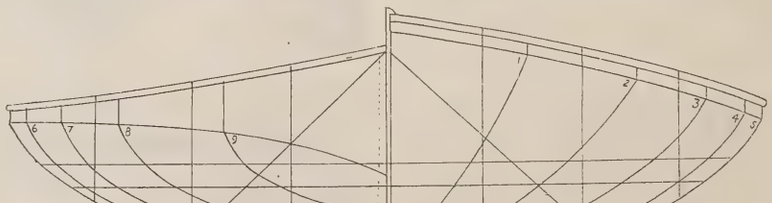
The challenger was taken to Oyster Bay on Sept. 13 and overhauled at Abrams's shipyard, Cold Spring Harbor; being rubbed down and pot-leaded and her spars shipped and sails bent. When afloat for the first time in American waters she made a very handsome appearance, with her mahogany deck and wales, the latter set off by the double beading and gold stripe. Her rather broad transom is carved and gilded in addition to the name "Spruce" in gold and blue. Her bamboo spars have attracted much attention, such large sticks being a novelty in this country, where bamboo is known only in the form of fishing poles. Her mast is about 4½in. in diameter at the deck and diminishes very little to the top. Her roller jib has not been shipped and will not be used here; but it was at the Seawanhaka club house, and also excited some curiosity, being the first one seen in this country. Mr. Brand was under way during last week about Oyster Bay, ut the weather was light indeed.

Olita has been entirely re-rigged with Young's hollow spars and ails by Wilson & Griffin, and will sail in any open races. On Sept. 17 he was under way in charge of two young sailors, her racing crew, Messrs. Vaux and Burchard, being absent. In going about she proved too quick for the young hand at the tiller, and the result was a capsize. Spruce came to her rescue, and also the naphtha launch Twilight, under charter by Mr. Brand as his "Hattie Palmer," and she was righted and towed in without damage.

Ethelwynn came over to Oyster Bay from Greenwich on Sept. 19, and the two rivals were under way on Friday, but with hardly any wind. On Friday night she was measured by Mr. Hyslop, her waterline with 100lbs. of lead being 15.14, and with 150lbs. 15.24. The trial of the boat without ballast and with different weights shows that she is quite as fast in very light weather with 100lbs. as with no weight in her, and as the season is late and strong winds, or even an equinoctial gale are to be looked for at any moment, it was decided to put in 150lbs. This would allow her to carry 218sq. ft., the square root of which is 14.76, but the measurement of her sails showed less by 22sq. ft. The mainsail measured but 165sq. ft., while the jib used in windward work measured 35sq. ft., or 197sq. ft. all told. The mainsail used was that made by Wilson and Griffin, a very good sail, while the diminutive jib was cut after Mr. Wilson's pattern, an odd-looking but good sail. Spruce was measured on Saturday morning when just off the ways, a weight of 300lbs., to represent crew, being placed on board her, as on the other boat. To Mr. Brand's great astonishment she came out 15.83 on the waterline, or some 3in. more than when measured early in June at Southampton, in spite of the fact that her lifting bulb-fin and hoisting gear had been removed, lessening the weight over 100lbs. The final computations, after measuring the windward jib and the second of the three mainsails, showing a curious coincidence, the measurement coming out exactly 15ft., without a fraction.

FIRST DAY—SATURDAY, SEPT. 21.

Friday and Saturday are remarkable for the highest temperature of the entire summer, the record in New York at 4:30 P. M. on the latter day being 96 degrees. Friday was hot and sultry in the extreme, with a very light S. W. wind, and though Saturday morning promised better with a light S. W. wind and some indications of more, the afternoon was as bad as it could be for yacht racing. The two yachts were towed out by their naphtha tenders just before noon, and the steam yacht Oneida with the race committee aboard ran out to the Center Island buoy, where the line was marked by a float and flag anchored N. W. of the buoy. With the committee were Messrs. H. K. Sturdee, representing Mr. Brand, and F. B. Jones, of the Indian Harbor Y. C., Mr. Field's club, to represent him. The Indian Harbor Y. C. launch was in attendance on Ethelwynn. The steamer Aurora came up from New York just before the start with a number of yachtsmen and



ladies on board. There were many yachts about, from the big steam yacht Corsair down to small catboats.

A light wind was blowing, about W.S.W., enough to send the two boats along very fast as they worked about the line, and the tide had just turned ebb. At 12:25 Messrs. Ward and Zerega started in the club naphtha to lay the leeward mark, a float with red ball, the course being N.E. by E., 3 miles. At 12:35 a preliminary signal was set, and at 12:45 the preparatory was given, the start being at 12:50. Just before the start both were on starboard tack some 50yds. above the line standing S.E.; Spruce paid away about 30s. before the gun and Ethelwynn followed. Ethelwynn was very smart with her spinaker, having it set and broken out as she crossed the line 5s ahead, Spruce losing a little time in breaking the stops. With spinakers to port they ran on slowly, the wind dropping almost as they crossed the line. Ethelwynn soon ran ahead of Spruce and had a lead of 30yds., then Spruce ran up and blanketed her and they did a little luffing; soon Ethelwynn drew clear again. In the first hour they sailed only a couple of miles, then the wind hauled to the northwest and spinakers came in, Spruce taking the first of the breeze and running away, carrying a reaching jib while Ethelwynn, though she had once set her large jib and taken it in, continued under her working jib. They were timed at the lee mark: Spruce 2:05:35, Ethelwynn 2:07:43. There was now a light wind, just enough to set them sailing instead of drifting; with sheets in Ethelwynn walked up on Spruce, pointing and footing, and in a short time had made up the lost two minutes and was on Spruce's weather beam as they stood in on starboard tack toward Lloyd's Neck. The wind fell here, and Ethelwynn in trying to tack lost her way and lay for some time becalmed and unable to regain headway; Spruce, with her crew to leeward and boat heeled so as to give good draft to the sails, holding her course and keeping what little way she had. In a short time she was clear ahead and able to luff across Ethelwynn's bows, and she held on until when well under the shore she was some 300yds. ahead. Both boats stood on the inshore tack each time until the board touched the sand, then made a short leg off.

They now worked the shore in short and frequent tacks, dodging the strong ebb tide, gaining and losing alternately; but at 3:25 Ethelwynn was again ahead, crossing Spruce's bow when on the port tack. They held on along the shore for a time, making little headway, then Ethelwynn started out to cross the tide on a long port tack. She was carried far to leeward, and when she went on starboard tack the tide was on her weather bow and swept her back to where she had been an hour before—under Lloyd's Neck. Spruce worked the shore for a while longer, being generally praised for so doing; but finally her turn came, and with hardly any wind she met the ebb tide. The result was that at 4:35 she dropped anchor well back under Lloyd's Neck and just a little ahead of Ethelwynn; the latter sailed on until beside Spruce, when she signaled her tender and took a line for home. Just before Spruce anchored the committee decided to call the race, and started in the Oneida's launch for that purpose. Com. Benedict passed a line to Spruce and towed her in ahead of Ethelwynn.

SECOND DAY.

First Race—Monday, Sept. 23.

Sunday was, if anything, hotter, calmer and more oppressive than Saturday, and Monday morning was but little cooler. There was, however, a nice S.W. breeze inside the harbor, though it was calm outside at 10 A. M. When the Oneida ran out at noon there was a light breeze from S.W. by W., and the mark was set a little later for a course N.E. by E. Spruce had been out of water over Sunday, and on Monday morning early Ethelwynn was carried up the beach and laid on edge in a very odd position, her masthead touching the beach. Her bottom was rubbed down and polished, and when the tide was well up, at 11 o'clock, she was righted and launched. Only 100lbs. of her lead was replaced, the 50lbs. carried just inside the forward bulkhead on Saturday being removed. Her large jib, a new sail, was not satisfactory, and was not set on Saturday off the wind, but by dint of hard stretching of the luff rope it was improved, and she set it as soon as the course was given—a run to leeward. The tide was still running a strong flood when the preliminary signal was given at 12:30, the wind being of moderate strength. The working for the line began with the preparatory at 12:40, Ethelwynn dodging about in a very lively manner to keep the weather gauge of Spruce. There was not much choice of position in a one gun start down wind, but still Ethelwynn flitted about to windward of Spruce until just before gunfire, when she jibed over and went straight for the line, crossing some 5 or 6s. ahead and breaking out her spinaker to port. Spruce, close astern, soon had her spinaker out and drawing and blanketed the leader, but Ethelwynn luffed out; however, Spruce soon got by her to windward after running off the true course. Spruce now ran ahead until she was clear of all blanketing, the wind being a little lighter. After the first 20m. Ethelwynn, for no visible reason, began to gain on Spruce, and after about 15m. of slow work by both was under Spruce's lee beam. Ethelwynn held well to windward for a time, but as they neared the mark she bore down for it with a lead of possibly 50yds. At 1:38 her spinaker came in and her boom jibed over and soon after she turned, the times being:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	1 39 40	0 54 40	0 00 17
Spruce	1 39 57	0 54 57	

There was now a good breeze, and freshening gradually until whitecaps began to show when the end of the round was reached, off Center Island buoy. Ethelwynn set her odd little Wilson jib and began to open the distance, soon having a long lead on Spruce. She stood inshore on one long starboard tack, her crew lying flat on deck and the boat standing up very stiffly, while with both of her crew seated upright on the gunwale Spruce heeled considerably. When close inshore by Lloyd's Neck at 2 o'clock, Ethelwynn went about for the first time and stood up along the beach, splitting the ebb tide and going very fast. In the next half hour she made a number of short tacks inshore, getting away steadily from Spruce, which was sailing the same course At last Ethelwynn started out to cross the tide that had been fatal to her on Saturday, but now she had a fresh breeze and some sea. As she went on she pointed high and rode the seas lightly and easily, throwing little spray, while the bluffer bows of Spruce pounded the water badly. Ethelwynn fetched the mark very cleverly, but Spruce did not allow enough for the strong ebb tide, and had to make a greater number of short tacks before rounding. The times at the end of the first round were:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	3 02 02	1 22 22	0 05 48
Spruce	3 08 07	1 28 10	

Ethelwynn made a good turn, but was slow in setting her spinaker flying. She was so far ahead that Spruce could not blanket her and she ran off very fast, though with less wind. Spruce made a good stern chase, as the times show, making a gain of a minute.

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	3 36 58	0 34 56	. .. ..
Spruce	3 42 03	0 33 56	0 01 00

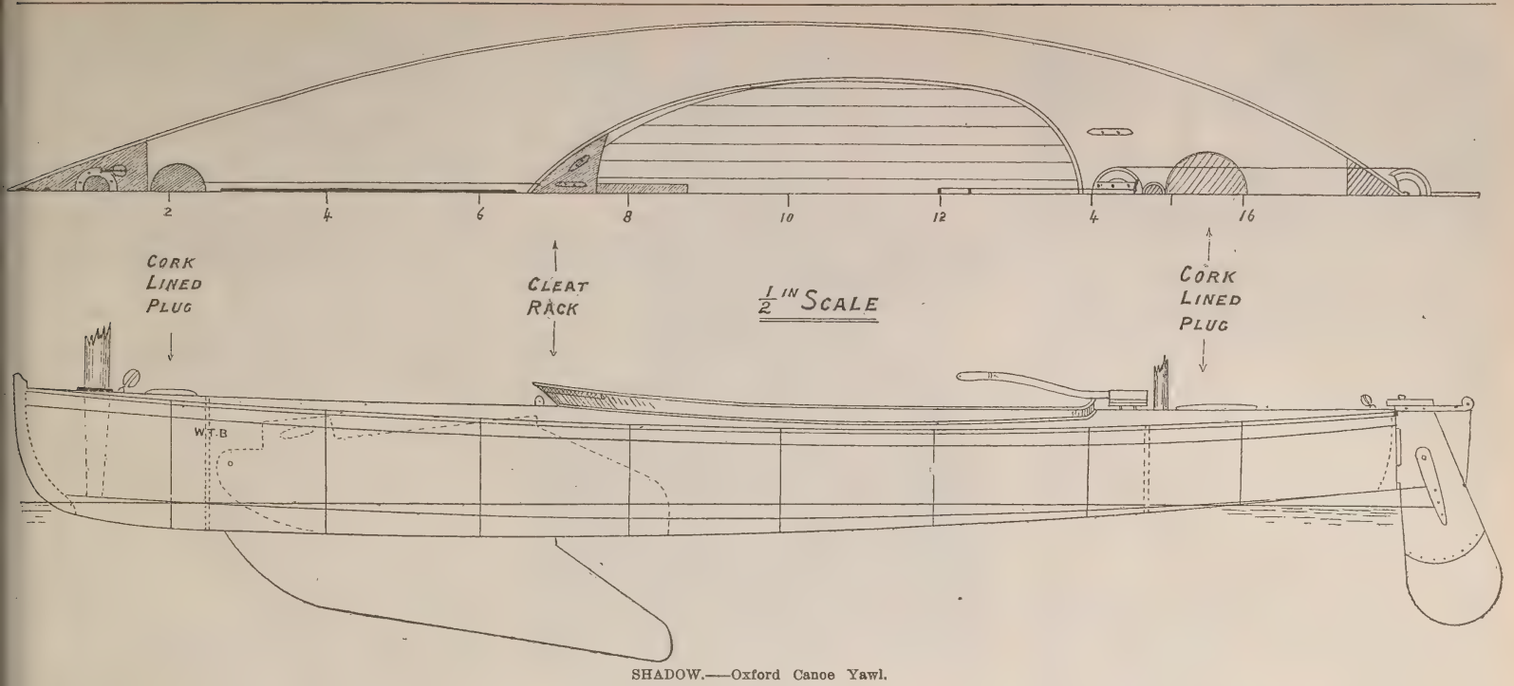
The windward work began with a stronger tide, but rather less wind and smoother water, than on the first round. Ethelwynn still managed to increase her lead, but Spruce sailed better to windward than before. The wind let up a little toward the finish, Ethelwynn finally fetching the line on the one long tack across the mouth of the harbor. The full times were:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	4 47 15	1 10 17	0 02 36	4 02 15	0 07 41
Spruce	4 54 56	1 12 53	. .. ..	4 09 56	. .. ..

The steamer Aurora followed the race, some forty yachts being also present.

TUESDAY'S RACE.

The course Tuesday was triangular, 2 miles to a leg, twice over, 12



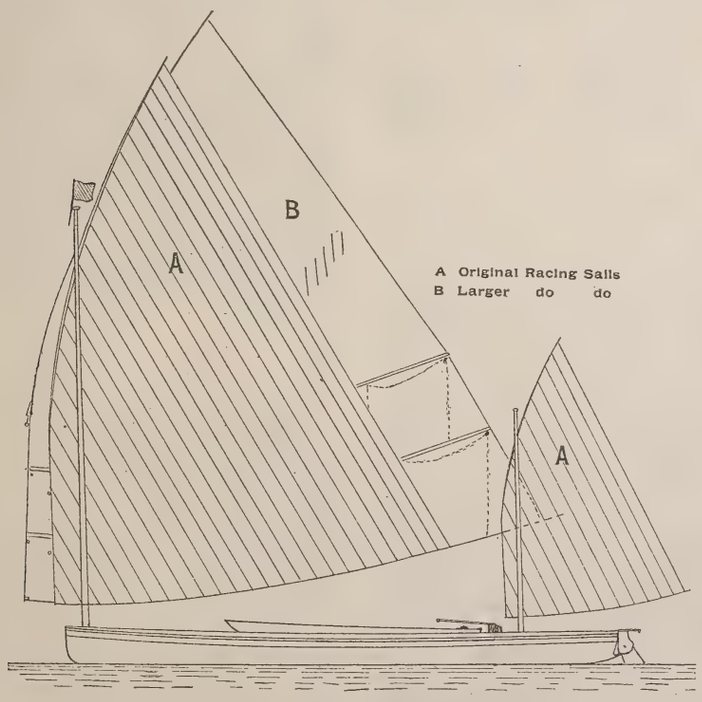
SHADOW.—Oxford Canoe Yawl.

miles in all. Ethelwynn crossed the line at 1:00:35, Spruce IV. at 1:00:50. The first leg was E. by W. ¼ N., the wind light out of the N. by W. Spruce IV. had weather position, but Ethelwynn passed her, and at 1:15:04 was in the weather and two lengths ahead.

The official times at the first mark were, Ethelwynn 1:42:31, Spruce IV. 1:44:42. Second leg was a port reach. The mark times were, Ethelwynn 2:05:12, Spruce IV. 2:07:09. At 2:45 they were approaching the last mark with light wind, the American boat ¼m. ahead.

The Corinthian fleet of New Rochelle will hold a special race for the half-raters on Monday, Sept. 30, for a prize presented by the late Robert Center. This prize is known as the Center trophy, and was presented to the club by Mr. Center some time ago, but has never been raced for. It was the desire of the donor that the prize be sailed for by small craft, manned by not more than two men, and the club, in accordance with his expressed wish, now offers it to the half-raters. The prize will be awarded immediately after the race. The start, which will be a flying one, will be made at 1 o'clock, and the yachts will go over a triangular course of 5 miles, to be sailed over twice, as follows:

From starting line sail S.W. by S. ½ S. to and around the red and black horizontally stripped buoy off the eastern end of Execution



1/5 IN SCALE

Reef, 1¾ miles, leaving it on the port hand; thence N. by E. to and around the black spar buoy off the eastern end of Hen and Chickens Reef, 1¾ miles, leaving it on the port hand; thence N.W. by N. to and around the black can buoy off the northern end of Hen and Chickens Reef, ¼ mile, leaving it on the port hand; thence W.S.W. to and around the red buoy off Premium Point (end of starting line), 1¾ miles, leaving it on port hand; thence back over the same course, leaving all buoys on starboard hand (thus sailing around the triangle in the reverse direction), to the finish line.

Entries will close with J. D. Sparkman, New Rochelle, at 10 o'clock on the morning of the race.

Some special races open to the class will be sailed after the cup matches. The S. C. Y. C. announces the following for Saturday, Sept. 28:

Prizes are offered in the following classes:

Class I.—Sloops, cutters, yawls and cabin catboats of the 30ft. and 25ft. racing length classes.

Class II.—15ft. racing length of sloops.

Class III.—The club catboats.

A prize in silver will be awarded to the winning yacht in each of the first two classes, and to the helmsman of the winning club catboat.

The starting signal will be fired at 11 o'clock, and under the rules each yacht must be steered by a member of the club or some amateur. Entries will close with Charles A. Sherman, 64 Leonard street, by noon Sept. 27, or at the club house by 10 o'clock on the morning of the race.

"The Crack Train of the World."

A PROMINENT New York merchant and importer of leather goods said in our hearing the other day, "I have traveled all over Europe and America, and I consider the train which leaves Chicago every day at 6:30 P. M. for St. Paul and Minneapolis, via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 'The Crack Train of the World.'" In which statement thousands of others heartily concur.—*Adv.*

British Opinions.

SOME of the leading British sporting papers comment on the Cup races as follows:

The *Yachting World* of Sept. 13 says:

Two out of the possible five races for the Cup have been sailed and lost—one actually, the second virtually. The Cup committee's decision in the matter of Defender's well-grounded protest has, up to the time of writing, not been cabled across; but, whatever the verdict, there can be no possible doubt that the American champion achieved a moral victory. Until thoroughly reliable written reports reach us it would be foolhardy to venture upon too minute a critical survey.

Land and Water says:

The feeling between the English and the Americans was most friendly, and we were all hoping to see the merits of the two yachts fairly tested. The New York Y. C. did everything in its power to insure a proper race but the one thing needed, that of sailing outside the harbor. The committee knew perfectly well that public opinion would be decidedly against them. Every sentiment pointed to their ordering the race to be resailed, but they simply had not the power to do it. Lord Dunraven bore willing testimony to their absolute impartiality, though he disagreed with the statement of fact on which their decision was arrived at.

The great mistake lay in the choice of course. The Americans are a yachting nation. Here, where hardly one man in two hundred knows anything about yachts, it is hard to imagine the intense excitement that was aroused throughout America by the recent contest. The New York Y. C. must have known, when they chose New York bay as the course, that they were putting a premium on obstruction. No place more easy of popular access could possibly have been hit upon. The consequence was that the crowds of excursionists made the contest not a yacht race, but an obstacle race. It bore equally hard on each boat, and it absolutely prevented a fair and square match. The yacht club appealed frantically to the steamers to keep clear, and the steamers in reply followed level with the yachts the whole way, got to windward of them and washed them impartially, hid the markboat, and turned the whole race into a scramble.

Lord Dunraven did not go over to America to dodge steamers and tugboats. He went over to try and wrest the America's Cup from the Defender in a fair race. That he had not a chance of doing so was due in the first place to the choice of course, and in the second place to the behavior of the American crowd. The New York Y. C. must be acquitted of all blame on the second count. They did their best to keep a clear course, and they failed because they had not the necessary legal authority. The fiasco is as sore a disappointment to American as it can be to English sportsmen.

Taunton Y. C.

DIGHTON—SIX MILES NORTH OF FALL RIVER, MASS.

Aug. 28.

THE first open regatta of the new Taunton Y. C. was sailed on Aug. 28 in a moderate breeze. The racing rules, measurements, etc., of the club are those of the New York Y. C., and the start was a one-gun start, with preparatory signal. Four of the boats were almost brand new—Palmyra, built for the Larchmont 34-rating class; Dorothy, a catboat very similar in form and appearance to the well-known Mojave; the No. 3; and Agnostic, a clever evasion of the new Beverly rules for 20-footers. Four new steam yachts were to race, but only one showed up to start, thus again proving what the FOREST AND STREAM has stated about the impossibility of getting steam yachts to the starting line for a race.

CLASS A—SLOOPS UNDER 30FT

	Length.	Corrected.
Palmyra, Wm. F. Palmer	32.06	1 35 19
Narika, A. Homer Skinner	31.11	1 42 21
CLASS B—CATBOATS OVER 20FT.		
Kaleva, Benj. Davis	28.03	1 41 19
No 3, Wilton Crosby	28.06	1 43 41
Nellie, John Waldron	27.11	1 43 53
Dorothy, H. Manley Crosby	26.06	Did not finish
CLASS C—CATBOATS UNDER 20FT.		
Agnostic, Daniel Crosby	22.11	1 45 59
Barnacle, Wm. J. Braley	14.02	1 51 55
Fedora, Hinckley & Copping	19.11	1 57 31
Yarah, F. H. Borden	17.04	2 00 25
Junior, W. K. Hodgman	15.06	2 19 59

Larchmont Y. C.

THE special races of the Larchmont Y. C. on Sept. 19 brought out only Acushla and Dragoon in the 34ft. class and Vaquero in the 21ft.; she and Acushla making a private match of $50 per side. The race was sailed with little or no wind, the times being:

34FT. CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Acushla, Hanan Bros.	12 06 35	4 01 50	3 55 25
Dragoon, F. M. Freeman	12 06 02	4 08 33	4 02 31
21FT. CLASS.			
Vaquero, W. G. Brokaw	12 05 00	4 08 12	4 03 12

Vaquero beats Acushla on the regular allowance in the special match and Acushla beats Dragoon. The schooner race for the Colt Memorial Cup was sailed on Saturday, with special races for the 34- and 21-raters; the times of the schooners being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected
Emerald	12 37 55	4 14 25	3 36 30	3 36 30
Amorita	12 38 50	4 44 57	4 06 59	3 59 57

Acushla led Dragoon, but neither finished in time. Vaquero sailed alone over one round of the course.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

A handsome excursion steam yacht has just been completed for Wm. Zink & Co., of St. Louis, by the Marine Iron Works of Chicago, in which they have placed one of their 1895 pattern of 8×8 balanced piston valve high-speed marine engines. Boiler allowed 165lbs. working steam pressure. The yacht is 50ft. long on deck, 10½ft. beam, draws 3ft. of water, has flush deck and is licensed to carry seventy-five passengers. Delivery will be made under her own steam via Illinois and Michigan Canal and the Illinois and Mississippi rivers.

Steam Yachts and Launches

BUILT BY MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago, Ill. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Shooting in England.

THE weather was very good for revolver shooting at the South London Rifle Club on Aug. 29; the following scores were made, Mr. Rand making the very good score of 39 at 50yds.

Twenty yards target:

F Rand	767767—40	Capt T W Heath	766755—36
C Knapp	565777—37	E Howe	747765—36
Lieut J Howard	556767—36	Clementi-Smith	464747—32

Fifty yards:

F Rand	776577—39	Lieut J Howard	466666—34
E Howe	665757—36	C Knapp	467347—31
Capt T W Heath	666665—35		

Scores to date toward the revolver championship of the South London Rifle Club:

	20yds.	50yds.
Walter Winans	42 41 41 40 40	40 39 39—322
Capt T W Heath	39 39 39 39 38	37 36 36—306
C Knapp	40 40 38 38 37	38 35 34—300
E Howe	40 39 38 38 37	36 35 33—296
Lieut J Howard	40 40 38 37 36	34 34 32—290
Clementi-Smith	38 36 35 34 33	35 34 33—277
C F Lowe	37 36 32	37 34 ..
F Rand	42 40 39 36 ..	35 .. ..
Lieut Varley	37 29	35 .. ..

Sept. 4 was a perfect day for revolver shooting at the North London Rifle Club. Mr. Winans made his fifth highest possible score at the club this year below are details of scores:

20yds. target:

Walter Winans	777777—42	Lieut Clemence	765657—36
Major Palmer	676776—39	A J Comber	576647—35
Major Munday	767577—39	Lieut Richardson	666564—33
Knapp	767765—38	E Howe	647759—31
Carter	765577—37	A F Allman	646567—31
Luff	567757—37	W Bashford	753077—29
Lieut Howard	677575—37		

The scores for the revolver championship of the North London Rifle Club now stand as below. Mr. Winans has such a lead that he cannot be now caught, but his score is so exceptionally good for the aggregate, averaging 41 out of a possible 42 at all sorts of shooting, that he intends to still continue shooting so as to try and still improve it and make an unbeatable record for the club. He only needs two more highest possibles at 20yds. to have a highest possible total for that distance,

Below are details of the scores to date: A, alternating target; D' disappearing target:

	20yds.	A.	D.	50yds.
Walter Winans	42 42 42 39 41 41	41	42	38 39—410
Maj Munday	40 39 39 39 39 39	39	39	37 36—386
Knapp	40 39 38 38 36 35	41	36	34 34—371
Comber	40 39 38 37 37 36	38	38	35 33—371
Maj Palmer	39 39 38 37 37 36	36	36	31 31—370
Carter	38 37 36 36 35 35	37	37	31 28—350
Luff	39 38 37 36 34 33	33	27	30 27—334
Lieut Richardson	38 35 35 34 34 33	33	34	33 28—317
Capt Earle	36 34 32 32 30 ..	32	32	33 31

McCormack, Ricketts. Ashby, Treadwell, C. F. Lowe, Frost, Shilton, Evans, Howe, Rand, Hore, Denyer, Franzman, Brading, Andrews, Capt. Peters, Clementi-Smith, Chicken, A. J. Comber, Maj. Jones, Capt. Thompson, Lieut. Chitty, Capt. Cowan, Granville, A. Crawley, Bashford, Diggins, Col. Atherton, Aldridge, Allman, Stallibrass, Baxter, Treadwell, Howell, Geraud, Joyce, Hare, Howard, Lattey, Gill, Varley, MacDonald, Wells, Clemence, etc., have not yet shot out their full scores.

Presque Island Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Sept. 7.—The following scores were made by members of the Presque Island Rifle Club at their regular practice shoot:

J R Brown	9	7	7	9	7	9	6	10	10	5—79
	6	7	5	7	6	8	7	7	7	10—70
Shafer	10	7	6	9	7	5	6	8	5	6—69
	4	4	8	6	9	7	6	9	9	8—70
Stidham	4	9	4	7	10	7	8	7	8	7—71
	5	2	7	9	7	6	9	7	7	6—65
Germann	8	7	8	7	9	9	5	5	6	5—69
	9	5	6	4	6	3	7	10	8	8—66
Paul	5	6	5	9	6	5	8	10	6	4—64
	9	7	6	4	7	4	7	5	4	8—61
Treiber	6	7	8	4	5	8	7	9	4	6—64
	6	9	5	6	3	4	6	6	4	5—54
Froess	5	4	10	3	5	5	7	7	9	9—64
	9	8	4	1	7	4	8	8	4	7—60
Bacon	5	6	4	10	10	8	3	4	2	7—59
	4	4	6	4	6	9	5	8	3	8—57
W J Leyer	8	7	4	4	3	8	5	4	8	6—57
	4	5	4	8	6	7	6	5	5	6—56
Olvitt	4	10	4	6	7	4	6	3	7	10—61
	3	7	3	6	4	8	4	4	9	3—51
Rahn	3	7	6	9	5	6	8	8	8	4—64
	4	4	3	4	5	6	5	7	6	5—49
Patton	8	5	3	4	6	7	8	4	5	7—57
	4	1	3	4	5	10	7	7	6	5—52
Derby	4	3	6	3	7	7	6	7	5	5—53
	3	5	7	6	8	5	2	7	5	6—54
Dr Wheeler	5	7	4	6	5	7	7	4	3	5—53
	3	4	3	4	1	5	6	4	4	7—41
Hubbell	4	6	2	1	3	3	4	4	1	3—31
Sheperd	2	5	2	3	2	1	2	4	5	4—30

The scores which were made in the match shoot, which also took place to-day, are given below, the contestants being Company A of the Erie regiment of the National Guard, and a team of the Presque Island Rifle Club:

First string:

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

J G Germann	3	5	7	6	6	7	6	6	8	10—64
J Stidham	5	10	7	8	10	7	6	5	10	6—74
G Shafer	10	4	5	4	5	7	5	7	8	6—61
C Van Etten	6	4	3	4	3	4	5	6	7	4—46
W F Treiber	5	7	8	6	7	5	7	6	7	5—63
J W Paul	6	8	5	6	7	8	6	6	6	3—61
J R Brown	3	4	6	5	4	6	6	4	7	9—54
F L Derby	5	4	5	8	3	6	5	7	5	7—55
W J Leyer	6	6	4	10	6	4	2	7	4	2—51
Froess	8	3	5	6	4	8	6	10	5	6—61—590

Co. A., N. G. P.

Birch	2	1	0	6	0	1	1	0	2	2—15—25
Bushman	0	1	4	4	7	2	3	2	3	2—28—38
Capt Hoskinson	2	4	5	0	0	5	0	1	0	2—19—29
Imitzen	4	3	6	4	5	6	3	2	5	4—42—52
Lewis	2	6	4	3	4	6	0	3	7	4—39—49
Wilson	7	4	2	4	1	3	0	1	9	0—31—41
Pudenz	0	1	0	3	5	4	0	1	0	3—17—27
Bacon	5	5	3	6	2	3	4	2	4	5—39—49
Hunter	2	5	2	9	10	8	4	2	7	7—56—63
Crotty	1	0	3	5	0	1	4	0	0	3—17—27—403

Second string:

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

Germann	6	8	6	6	5	10	6	4	5	7—63
Stidham	7	6	6	5	3	7	9	8	7	5—63
Shafer	4	3	8	6	4	3	5	4	5	4—46
Van Etten	5	2	8	5	4	3	7	8	3	5—48
Treiber (Mil. rifle)	2	2	6	4	7	5	6	5	5	6—58
Paul (Mil. rifle)	3	7	4	1	7	10	7	1	4	4—58
J R Brown	5	7	6	5	8	7	9	6	8	9—70
Derby	1	3	4	6	5	4	3	5	4	4—39
W J Leyer	4	4	6	6	3	5	3	9	6	5—51
Froess	2	2	9	3	6	6	7	3	4	7—49—545

Co. A. N. G. P.

Birch	5	2	2	2	2	0	2	0	5	3—23—33
Bushman	2	0	0	4	6	0	2	0	0	0— 8—18
Hoskinson	2	10	2	2	2	3	0	1	0	10—32—42
Ilnitzen	4	6	7	6	4	3	4	3	•1	3—41—51
Lewis	5	1	4	1	2	0	0	3	3	0—19—29
Wilson	2	6	4	3	5	4	3	7	2	5—45—55
Pudenz	0	2	4	6	7	2	1	5	0	5—32—42
Bacon	3	2	3	5	3	4	7	5	3	4—39—49
Hunter	6	1	0	4	9	4	0	4	2	2—32—42
Lewis	4	3	6	7	4	2	4	1	3	2—36—46—407

Sept. 11

Derby	7	0	6	8	4	5	4	4	8	7—53
	7	5	4	5	6	5	1	5	6	6—50
	3	3	4	4	4	5	3	8	6	8—49
Bacon	9	5	5	4	6	4	9	9	5	6—62
	7	5	6	4	9	10	4	5	7	5—62
	4	5	8	3	5	10	4	8	10	3—60
Paul	9	9	6	7	8	6	3	7	4	5—64
	6	6	5	4	6	7	4	9	10	8—65
	7	7	9	5	4	5	4	7	6	7—61
Germann	4	6	10	9	9	7	7	9	10	7—78
	10	8	6	7	9	7	5	6	9	9—76
	7	6	10	6	5	10	10	6	8	5—73
Stidham	7	5	7	7	8	10	9	9	7	5—74
	6	9	5	6	10	4	6	9	9	9—73
	8	10	5	6	10	7	7	8	6	5—72
Leyer	10	8	8	5	5	8	3	6	8	5—64
	2	4	8	4	7	6	7	7	8	7—59
	2	5	5	2	8	3	3	4	6	5—43
Van Etten	9	9	6	7	7	6	9	5	6	8—72
	6	6	4	8	8	8	6	8	10	3—61
	8	5•	6	3	9	8	7	7	5	7—65
Rahn	4	6	5	4	6	7	7	6	8	6—59
	5	2	7	3	4	9	5	3	8	6—52
	3	3	3	5	2	6	5	8	5	6—46
Patton	4	4	5	9	10	4	4	5	3	7—55
	4	8	6	2	0	4	5	5	4	4—42
	5	2	4	4	8	6	8	5	8	6—56
Sacket	6	6	6	5	5	7	10	5	5	6—61

Sept. 14:

Stidham	2	10	10	7	8	8	7	10	5	9—76
	5	4	10	10	7	6	9	9	8	4—72
	8	6	4	6	5	4	5	10	10	8—66
Shafer	9	7	5	6	5	8	6	9	6	9—72
	9	5	10	8	6	5	6	5	8	9—71
	5	7	10	7	5	8	8	6	6	5—67
Paul	5	5	7	4	9	6	7	10	8	6—67
	5	9	5	7	6	7	5	7	10	5—66
	8	7	5	5	7	3	7	7	8	7—64
Bacon	5	3	4	10	7	7	7	6	6	9—64
	7	4	5	7	5	4	9	5	7	6—57
Wheeler	5	4	2	5	5	7	6	9	9	9—61
	0	10	6	6	8	4	5	8	3	5—55
	1	9	5	3	7	0	3	4	9	9—47
W J Leyer	3	9	8	4	0	6	6	8	6	6—57
	5	7	6	6	10	6	4	4	8	0—56
	6	4	9	7	4	8	6	8	8	6—57
Olvitt	4	4	9	4	6	3	5	10	5	4—54
	2	3	4	6	3	4	2	8	1	6—39
	7	8	3	6	10	4	0	4	9	1—47

Sept. 21.—The regular weekly practice shoot of the Presque Isle Rifle Club on Sept. 20 was marked by a score of 80 in ten shots by Mr. Stidman, he thus making the best score of the season. The score:

Stidham	10	7	8	10	7	9	8	7	7	7—80
	3	4	3	10	7	7	10	8	7	9—74
	4	6	7	7	10	6	10	8	6	5—69
Leyer	6	9	7	10	10	5	10	7	3	8—75
	8	7	9	6	6	7	6	10	6	5—69
	3	8	6	7	9	8	7	8	8	4—68
Froess	7	8	6	6	9	9	8	6	3	10—72
	4	8	8	7	4	5	10	5	3	7—61
	5	6	7	4	7	7	6	6	5	4—57
Olvitt	5	6	6	4	8	6	5	7	7	7—61
	7	4	8	5	8	7	6	8	5	6—64
	5	4	7	8	5	5	4	3	10	9—1—51
Paul, .45-70 rep. rifle	5	3	10	4	8	8	5	4	6	6—56
	3	5	6	9	7	4	5	6	4	4—53
	2	5	5	3	7	5	4	5	3	4—50
Bacon	4	6	6	9	5	7	4	7	3	4—61
	3	4	4	4	2	3	6	3	8	5—45
	2	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5—46
Curry	6	8	4	6	5	6	7	4	7	6—59
	6	5	5	6	2	3	3	9	5	7—51
	4	4	5	6	6	1	3	4	10	4—46
Wheeler	3	6	2	3	3	7	4	6	5	6—45
	2	4	3	7	3	4	6	7	4	7—47

Lyman Rapid-Fire Target.

THE Lyman rapid-fire rifle targets are finding much favor. They are in two sizes, for 25yds. and 50yds. The smaller one sent post-paid for 15 cents a dozen, the larger one for 25 cents a dozen, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Oct. 3.—RED BANK, N. J.—Ninth tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, under the auspices of the Riverside Gun Club. Shooting commences at 10 A. M.; league contest at 2 P. M.

Oct. 8-10.—SHERIDAN, Wyo.—Tournament of the Sheridan Gun Club, under the management of Frank Crabill and Mark R. Perkins.

Oct. 9-11.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

Oct. 9-11.—READING, Pa.—Tournament of the Independent Gun Club; first two days targets, third day live birds.

Oct. 15-16.—WORCESTER, Mass. — Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; $100 added money, and a $50 diamond ring to highest average. Chas. E. Forehand, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-17.—ALEDO, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Aledo Gun Club; live birds and targets. J. W. McRoberts, Chairman of programme committee.

Oct. 16-17.—WEIR CITY, Kan.—Live-bird championship of the State under the auspices of the Business Men's Gun Club.

Oct 16-17.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Fourth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Oct. 19.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Third shoot of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Garfield Gun Club, at 2 P. M. W. F. de Wolf, Secretary of the League.

Oct. 22-24.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Dupont Smokeless Powder Company's tournament at live birds. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

Oct. 23-25 —ATLANTA, Ga.—Annual tournament of the Clarke Hardware Company; targets; $700 added money.

Oct. 25-26.—SEATTLE, Wash.—First annual tournament of the Washington State Sportsman's Association, under the auspices of the Seattle Gun Club; live birds and targets. C. F. Graff, Sec'y.

Oct. 27-30.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—First annual tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Willard L. Simpson, Sec'y.

Nov. 5-7.—KEWANEE, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Kewanee Gun Club.

1896.

Jan. 4-5—PHŒNIX, Ariz.—Annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Jan. 9-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the management of Texas Field; $2,500 added.

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2 000 added money.

May (second week) —MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 30-June 1 —MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 8-13 —BUFFALO, N Y.—Thirty eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

Mr. W. N. Drake, manager of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, writes as follows: "In looking over your account of the N. J. Trap-Shooters' League tournament, which was held on Sept. 3, I find a couple of errors You have the South Side and Union gun clubs tied for second place, whereas South Side leads by four breaks to the good, viz: South Side, 109, 106, 104, 103 and 101—523; Union, 111, 105, 102, 101 and 100—519 In the individual scores you have A Sickley credited with 115 out of 125, it should be 113, viz.: 23, 23, 23, 22 and 22—113." The figures referred to as appearing in our account of the last tournament of the league were compiled as carefully as possible from the scores of the previous shoots sent in to us. Mr. Drake has the original scores of all but the last two shoots—the Climax and the South Side tournaments—in the league's score book; at the last two shoots, then just referred to, the scores were kept on an ordinary score sheet. Thus his figures are probably the correct ones and are unquestionably "official." We are obliged to him, therefore, for the corrections sent us.

W. G. Clark, of Altoona, Pa., made an offer to Allen Willey, of Hartford, Conn, to shoot him a series of three 100-bird races at pigeons for $100 a side each race. Clark offered to shoot one race at Altoona; the other two to be shot in New York or New Jersey (as live-bird shooting is illegal in Connecticut), making exception in the case of two grounds. Mr. Willey writes that he will shoot Clark three matches for the sum stated, if Clark will allow him a handicap of three misses as kills. He objects, however, to shooting either of the matches at Altoona, stating that he has made it a rule, which he hopes he will be able to stick to, never to shoot another match on his opponent's home ground. He proposes that the three matches be shot at Elkwood Park, N. J. As Mr. Willey is unable to shoot pigeons in Connecticut, it is by no means unreasonable that he declines to shoot in an opponent's "yard."

Our attention has been called to a fact which we had overlooked, viz.: that the dates selected for the live-bird tournament at Baltimore, Md., were practically the same that had been selected some months ago by the Clarke Hardware Company, of Atlanta, Ga. It is a very great pity for the success of both tournaments that this mistake should have been made by the Maryland management. The attractions at Atlanta outside of the actual shooting are so many that the single fare rate to that city will act as a decided counterbalance when it comes to weighing the advantages of both shoots. If not too late, and we don't see that it is, as it is nearly a month yet until the dates chosen, it would be a gracious as well as advisable act on the part of the Baltimore people to choose a later date.

The third grand shoot of the Independent Gun Club of Reading, Pa., will be held October 9, 10 and 11, added $150 each day, open to the world. John Shaaber, Brooke Harrison, George Kemp, George Ritter, John Gates, James Smeck, committee. All shooting will be at known traps, unknown angles. All manufacturers' agents and professionals will be allowed to share in the first, second and third divisions of the purses only, at any time. All purses divided into five moneys. Shooting to begin at 9 A. M. sharp.

The Independent Gun Club, of Reading, Pa., has prepared an interesting programme for Oct 9, 10 and 11. The shooting will be at known traps, unknown angles. All purses will be divided into five moneys, of which professionals and manufacturers' agents will be allowed to share only in first, second and third. One hundred and fifty dollars added each day.

Remember that on the 15th and 16th of October, 1895, the Worcester Sportsman's Club, of Worcester, will hold a two-days' tournament. $100 in cash prizes, entrance free, no handicap, and nobody barred. Five prizes, including a $50 diamond ring. Programmes will follow later. Charles E. Forehand, secretary.

Jamestown, N. D., had a bluerock tournament this week in connection with the James River Valley Fair. They are up to snuff on the James, as witness one of the shooting rules: Any one caught dropping for place or figuring for averages will forfeit his right to participate in the division of the purse.

Under date of Sept. 20, Mr. E. Taylor, secretary, Cincinnati, writes us that of the 1896 events the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League will hold its annual meeting and tournament at Dayton, O., May 12 to 14, under the auspices of the Buckeye Gun Club; $200 added to league events.

It is very probable that the series of team races at live birds shot this spring between the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., and the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, Pa., may be duplicated this fall.

The Peekskill, N. Y., Gun Club and the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Long Island, have arranged to shoot a team race at live birds some time in the latter part of this month or in November, the date not being chosen as yet.

Secretaries of gun clubs will find food for reflection in the programme issued by the management of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J. The programme is referred to elsewhere.

Mr. H. P. Collins, Baltimore agent for the DuPont Powder Company, paid FOREST AND STREAM a visit last week and had much to say about the great DuPont live-bird tournament next month.

The Home City Gun Club, of Springfield, O., will hold a three-days' strictly amateur tournament in the near future, the last day being devoted to sweeps at English sparrows.

Send in your scores and don't forget that all matter for this department should be addressed to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York city.

The regular monthly prize shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club will be held on their grounds, Marion, N. J., on Saturday, Sept. 28, at 2 P. M. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

In claiming dates for tournaments, too much care cannot be exercised in the choice of dates. Watch the list of fixtures in FOREST AND STREAM.

The West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association is earnestly announcing its intention to give a great tournament on Oct. 10 and 11.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Baltimore Tournament.

WE have an advance sheet of the DuPont tournament at Baltimore, Oct. 22, 23 and 24, designating the following events, all at live birds:

Tuesday, Oct. 22.—No. 1, 5 birds, entrance $5; No. 2, 7 birds, $7; No. 3, 10 birds. $10; No. 4, 15 birds, Maryland handicap, $15; No. 5, miss and out, $5

Wednesday, Oct. 23 —No. 1, 5 birds, $5; No. 2, 7 birds, $7; No. 3, 10 birds, $10; No. 4, 20 birds, Monumental City handicap, $20; No. 5, miss and out, $5

Thursday, Oct. 24.—The DuPont Smokeless Powder grand championship handicap, for trophy, $1,000 guaranteed, to be shot at center set of traps and to be continued until finished; "DuPont Smokeless" exclusively to be used in this event; entrance $25.

The object of the E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co. grand smokeless powder championship handicap live-bird tournament is to bring together each year the representative gentlemen live-bird shots of America and of the world, to determine from year to year the champion wing shot.

In order to attain this end a tournament of sufficient magnitude to attract the best shooters of the country has been inaugurated, and in the main event—the DuPont smokeless powder grand championship handicap—the purse is guaranteed to be at least $1,000, in addition to the championship trophy.

This, it is hoped, will prove sufficient inducement to bring together in one grand handicap race all the leading live-bird shots of this country, so that whoever wins the championship will have won it from his peers, and will stand preëminently as the champion live-bird shot of America, so long as he successfully defends his title according to conditions governing holder of trophy. Messrs. DuPont & Co. reserve the right to call in cup at any time by paying holder of same $100 cash.

In sweepstake events money will be divided 40%, 30%, 20% and 10%, class shooting. In handicap events money will be divided 40%, 30%, 20% and 10%, high guns. Sweepstakes shot from 30yds., 50yds. boundary. Handicap distances range from 24 to 33yds. Black powder and guns larger than 12-gauge barred. American Association rules to govern.

Trap at Milwaukee.

A RATTLING good live-bird match took place here Friday afternoon between Theo. A. Thomas and Dr. J. L. Williamson on one side and the ever good-natured Col. Brand (Old Man) and Wm. Mirgeler on the other, for the price of birds and expenses. The match was at 50 live birds per man, Brand and Mirgeler to have 10 dead birds to add to total score. Thomas shot his Parker, the Doctor his new Lefever, with 3¼in. shells and 4½drs. E. C. powder and ¼oz. chilled No. 7. Brand shot a Lefever and Mirgeler a Parker. The shoot was disappointing in one respect, as Mirgeler's shells were not suited to his gun, he having had the chambers lengthened, but could not get the long shells. He is a splendid live-bird shot, but it does not show in the score. Toward the last of the race he did all right after a change in shells. Col. Brand tripped on his 16th bird, and would have made it warm for the rest of the boys, but the sun got behind the woods and the old veteran could hardly see the birds. Thomas and the Doctor shot, as the score show, in a No. 1 gait, as both killed 48, the lost falling dead but a few feet from the line.

A large crowd witnessed the match and applauded vigorously the good kills, and gave a long-drawn-out "Ah!" as the easy birds went over the fence and out. When the Kansas City boys get to Milwaukee they will need to have their shooting clothes on, as we have lots of good live-bird shots here. Below find score of match:

Theo Thomas	001111•11123111•111222221—24
	11•21121111221112222221221—24—45
Dr J L Williamson	011101111222222212222222—23
	121211222220•11212212211121—24—47
Col F C G Brand	212211211112122101211020l—21
	211•11201101•11220•20122222—18—40
Wm Mirgeler	001020011-2102021212002000—13
	000010011121222211101011—17—30

F. A. W.

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League.

CHICAGO, Sept. 21.—This contest was held at Chicago on the grounds of the Eureka Gun Club, on Saturday, the 21st inst. The day was far from being an ideal one, with a high, powerful wind blowing. This, with strong, quick traps, throwing 65 to 75yds., at unknown angles, made the hardest kind of shooting; but it seemed to make no difference to the nervy shooters of the Eureka Club, for their No 1 team brought in 126 dead, their No. 2 team showed up with 115 dead, and their No. 3 team 100 even. Thus the first twelve men of the Eurekas shot over an 80 per cent. gait, and an average of about 76 per cent. for the whole eighteen men. Eureka team No. 1 was first, No. 2 team second, and Cicero Gun Club, the gamiest lot of shooters we ever saw, third, with 101 scored.

These gentlemen said: "We do not expect to win, but we shoot just the same," and we will get there yet, and we believe that such a spirit persevered in will get them "there," or any other club, every time.

They are nervy, gentlemanly fellows, who have the stuff in them that makes shooters.

Garfield showed up with only four shooters; an article appearing in a morning paper to the effect that they would not contest because of some unsportsmanlike transactions in the Eureka-Garfield contests. It's very unfortunate that there are some who are always such poor losers. We are very sorry they took offense, and have asked to be corrected wherein we misrepresented anything, but have been told there was nothing untruthful, but simply unsportsmanlike, and this last is a matter of opinion only.

The next contest will be held on Garfield's grounds, Oct. 19, at 2 P. M. TRAP.

Traps at Chicago.

THE following clipping is from a local Chicago press report: "Only two gun clubs, the Eurekas and the Ciceros, will be represented at the second annual monthly shoot of the Cook County Trap-shooters' League, which takes place at Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes avenue this afternoon. The Garfield Club was to have entered, but at the last moment the members of the team notified their captain, O. von Lengerke, they would not appear. Their reason for this was an article in a weekly sportsman's publication accusing the Garfields of unsportsmanlike transactions in the recent Garfield-Eureka club shoots.

"Teams of six men will represent each club, and they will shoot at 25 targets each, known traps and unknown angles." It would seem as if the Garfield Club shooters were too mature to seriously sing "I won't play in your yard."

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept. 19 —The club held its weekly shoot to-day. There was very little energy displayed by the people at large to-day. It has been the warmest September day in the history of this town. The thermometer at the Weather Office registered 99 1/10. It is simply too hot to do anything but perspire. Below find scores of the shoot:

No. 1, 25 unknown angles: Nelson 21, Moorman 8, Scott 14, Dornin 20.

No. 2, same conditions: Nelson 18, Moorman 17, Scott 13, Dornin 23.
No. 3, same conditions: Nelson 20, Moorman 19, Scott 15, Dornin 24.
No. 4, same conditions: Nelson 18, Moorman 17, Scott 11, Dornin 23.
No. 5, special event, same conditions: Scott 10, Dornin 8, Nelson 5.

F. M. D

The Four-handed Match at Elkwood Park.

In our last issue we gave a full and complete account of the four-handed match which took place at Elkwood Park, N. J., on Aug. 30. It will be remembered that the contestants in that match were: A. L. Ivins, of Seabright, N. J., and Bland Ballard, of Louisville, Ky., on one side; and Fred Hoey, of Hollywood, West End, N. Y., and Edgar G. Murphy, of Long Branch, N. J., on the other. It will also be remembered that the former pair won by the united score of 185 to 183, the scores being Ivins 93, Ballard 93, Murphy 93 and Fred Hoey 90.

While each man was shooting his practice birds, we took a snapshot with the intention of obtaining some negatives which would show their positions while at the score. Owing to the intervention of Labor Day (Sept. 2), a day on which no man other than an editor, compositor or railroad man, would work, we were obliged to hold them over until this week's issue.

It will be noticed that, as usual, each man has his own distinctive style. It is very seldom that one sees two shooters who stand in anything like the same position when facing the traps. This was particularly noticeable when we gave a reproduction of photographs taken of every man in the Grand American Handicap at Paterson, N. J., last April. It is just as noticeable in the four pictures that appear in this issue.

The South Side Gun Club.

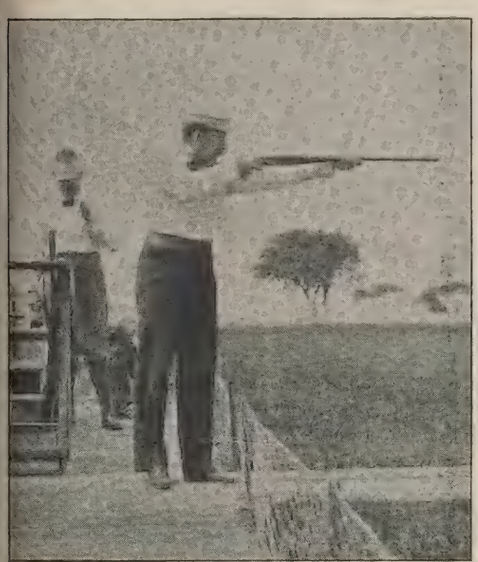
THE governing committee of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., consisting of Major R. Heber Breintnall, president of the club, W. R. Hobart, its secretary-treasurer, and I. H. Terrill, the manager, has issued a regular programme, which will be carried out every Saturday afternoon during the fall and winter season. Shooting will commence at 1:30 P. M. each day. This programme holds good until March 31, 1896.

The shooting grounds are located at Newark, on New Jersey Railroad avenue, opposite the Lehigh Valley coal depot. They are very easily reached from New York, the committee giving the following directions as to "how to get there:" "Take the D., L. & W. or the Central R. R. of N. J. (Newark branch) to Broad street, Newark, and thence by trolley cars south; or take Pennsylvania R. R. to Emmett street station, five minutes' walk from the grounds. All street car lines transfer."

As stated in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, the club has increased its shooting capacity and roofed over its platform, thus permitting shooting during any kind of weather. Its club house, though not so large as some, is still commodious enough for all purposes and is exceptionally warm and comfortable when the rigors of our wintry climate set in in earnest.

One of the features of this "every Saturday's programme" is a team match. The conditions of this race are "sporting," and will cause lots of fun: "Two teams to be chosen from all the shooters on the grounds; 25 empire targets per man, known traps, known angles, the winning team to have birds without charge." Another feature is the "individual championship match," of which the programme gives the following details:

"Open only to amateurs, 50 single empire targets. The first match



A. L. IVINS.

will be at known traps and angles, after which the shooters will be classified; those who have made 43 or better will shoot in the next match at known traps and unknown angles; between 42 and 37 at reversed traps, and those below 37 at known traps and angles. The prize will be the 'Essex County Cup.' The winner in each match will be entitled to his birds free in the next cup match in which he shoots, and the cup will become the property of the shooter winning it the greatest number of times during the season."

The club asks shooters to "remember," among other things: "That we are the oldest inanimate bird shooting club in the world. * * * That our grounds have been open every Saturday afternoon since March, 1881. * * * That you can be calling 'pull' in less than one hour from City Hall, New York. * * * That we do not want the earth, but we want shooters to come and see what talent, experience, and good fellowship can do for them. * * * That shooters from a distance are particularly welcome."

There are many other details and matters of interest in this programme that could be read with advantage by the management of any gun club. We have the greatest respect for the management of the South Side Gun Club, and believe that it can run a shoot of any kind with as little friction as any club management in the country. This is no mere flattery. The secretary, W. R. Hobart, will be pleased to furnish any further information; his address is 246 Mount Pleasant avenue, Newark, N. J. Send to him for a copy of the above programme if you want pointers on how to excite additional interest in club practice shoots.

The Joplin Shoot.

JOPLIN, Mo., Sept. 12.—The Business Men's Gun Club, of this city closed a three days' tournament to-day. Its success was very gratifying to everybody. Everything was done to make the shoot attractive and interesting. The club was fortunate in securing the services of J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, to look after the running of the traps and pulls. It is hardly necessary to state that empire targets, traps and electric pulls were used.

The tournament was strictly an amateur one, all professionals and manufacturers' agents being barred. The scores of some of the participants, however, were very "professional." McIlhany's average was over 90 per cent. for the three days. Huffman scored 98 out of 100 in the big team race, missing his first and third targets, and then breaking out straight, making the fine run of 97. Calhoun also figured very much in this race, scoring 97 out of 100. These are records that any professional would feel proud of.

There were ten events each day. The principal event of the first day was the three-men team race; the conditions were 30 singles per man: 10 known angles, 10 unknown angles and 10 unknown traps and angles. Seven teams entered this contest. Weir City won first on 76, Galena and Joplin team No. 1 tied for second on 74, while Joplin team No. 2 won third. Jim Elliott was permitted to shoot with this team, and his straight was a big factor in the race, as it put his team in for money.

The big event of the second day was the 50 target race; in this event Best captured first with 48, Calhoun was second with 47 and Sergeant third with 46.

The most interesting event of the tournament took place on the third day. This was a three-men team race, 100 targets per man. This was also won by the Weir City team, with an average of 96½. This was also live-bird day. Only two events were shot, however, as the birds were a very inferior lot. One event was at 10 and one at 15 birds. McIlhany and Best carried off the honors in these events, each scoring 24 out of 25.

Below are the scores of those who got in for money:

First Day.

No. 1, 12 entries, 10 targets, all amateurs: Best 10, McIlhany 9, Sergeant 9, Fry 9, Calhoun 8, Hamilton 8, A. Dixon 8, Leeman 8.

No. 2, 12 entries, 15 singles. Experts—Best, McIlhany, Sergeant and Fry; balance amateurs: Calhoun 15, Cragin 15, C. Dixon 15, Leeman 14, Huffman 14, McIlhany 13, Best 13, Morgan 13.

No. 3, 10 entries, 25 singles. Experts—Calhoun, Cragin, C. Dixon, Leeman and Huffman: McIlhany 25, C. Dixon 23, Huffman 23, Best 23, Leeman 21.

No. 4, 12 entries, 20 singles. Experts—McIlhany, C. Dixon, Leeman and Huffman: Calhoun 20, Sergeant 20, McIlhany 19, Liles 19, A. Dixon 18, Morgan 18, Huffman 18.

No. 5, 16 entries, 10 singles. Experts—Calhoun, Sergeant, McIlhany,



FRED HOEY.

Liles: McIlhany 10, Sergeant 10, Green 10, Fry 10, Best 9, C. Dixon 9, Calhoun 8, Huffman 8, Cragin 8.

No. 6, 11 entries, 25 singles. Experts—McIlhany, Sergeant, Green, Fry: Calhoun 24, McIlhany 23, Leeman 23, Liles 22, Morgan 22.

No. 7, 11 entries, 20 singles. Experts—Calhoun, McIlhany and Leeman: Calhoun 20, Huffman 19, Best 19, McIlhany 17, A. Dixon 17, C. Dixon 17.

No. 8, 12 entries, 25 targets, all at reverse pull: McIlhany 24, Huffman 23, Leeman 22, Best 21.

No. 9, 17 entries, 20 singles (experts from event No. 7)—Calhoun, Best and Huffman: Morgan 20, McIlhany 19, Liles 19, C. Dixon 19, Horn 18, Leeman 18.

No. 10, team shoot, 3 men to a team; 10 singles, all known; 10 singles, unknown angles; 10 singles, unknown traps and angles; 30 to each man; 7 teams (21 men), entered.

Weir City.		Galena.	
McIlhany	26	Horn	26
Calhoun	25	Huffman	27
Best	25—76	Leeman	21—74
Joplin.		**Joplin.**	
Sergeant	27	J A R Elliott	30
Kinmouth	26	Fry	21
Liles	21—74	Thornton	20—71

Second Day.

No. 1, 15 singles, 12 entries, all amateurs: Calhoun 15, C. Dixon 15, Liles 14, Sergeant 14, A. Dixon 14, Huffman 13.

No. 2, 20 singles, 16 entries. Experts—Calhoun, C. Dixon, Liles, Sergeant, A. Dixon; balance amateurs: Horn 20, McIlhany 19, Liles 19, Calhoun 18.

No. 3, 10 singles, 18 entries. Experts—Horn, McIlhany and Liles: Horn 10, Kinmouth 10, Calhoun 10. Best 9, A Dixon 9, McIlhany 8, Parks 8, Huffman 8, Sergeant 8, Fry 8, Leeman 8. Davidson 8.

No. 4, 25 singles, reverse traps, no handicap, 14 entries: Sergeant 24. Calhoun 23, McIlhany 21, Huffman 21, C. Dixon 20.

No. 5, 20 singles, 17 entries. Experts—Horn, Kinmouth, Calhoun, Best and A. Dixon: Calhoun 19, Leeman 19, C. Dixon 19, McIlhany 18, Sergeant 18, Cragin 18, Sumner 17, Huffman 17.

No. 6, 25 unknown angles, no handicap, 16 entries: McIlhany 23, Calhoun 23, Sergeant 23, Huffman 22, Kinmouth 22, Best 21, A. Dixon 21.

No. 7, 20 singles, 23 entries. Experts—McIlhany, Calhoun, C. Dixon, Leeman, Sergeant and Cragin: Kinmouth 20, Best 19, A. Dixon 19, McIlhany 18, Cox 18, Huffman 18.

No. 8, 10 singles, 27 entries. Experts—Kinmouth, Best and A. Dixon: Best 10, McIlhany 10, Kinmouth 10, C. Dixon 10, Fry 10, Sumner 9, Carney 9, Calhoun 9, Bryant 9, Sergeant 9, Morgan 9, Davidson 8, Porter 8, Weber 8, Horn 8.



E. G. MURPHY

No. 9, 50 unknown angles, 12 entries, no handicap: Best 48, Calhoun 47, Sergeant 46, McIlhany 43, Huffman 43.

No. 10, 40 reverse traps, 11 entries, no handicap: McIlhany 38, Huffman 36, Calhoun 33, Best 33, Sergeant 33, Kinmouth 29, Horn 29.

Third Day.

To-day the three-men team race, 100 targets per man, referred to above was shot off. The scores as a whole were remarkable, 844 targets out of 900 shot at being scored, making a general average of 93.7. Weir City won by two breaks, Joplin being third, one additional miss behind Galena. The scores were:

Weir City.		Galena.	
Calhoun	97	Huffman	98
McIlhany	95	Kinmouth	92
Best	91—283	Horn	91—281
Joplin.			
C Dixon	95	Sergeant	92—280
A Dixon	93		

The live-bird scores were:

No. 1, 10 live birds, $5, 14 entries: Best 10, McIlhany 9, Calhoun 8, Dixon 8, Carney 8, Sergeant 8.

No. 2, 15 live birds, $7.50, 10 entries: McIlhany 15, Sergeant 15, Best 14, Carney 14, Bryant 14, Calhoun 13, Horn 13.

The Altoona Gun Club.

ALTOONA, Pa., Sept. 21.—To-day was the date chosen by the Huntingdon (Pa.) Gun Club for the return team race between members of that organization and members of the Altoona Gun Club, to be shot at the Wopsononock grounds. The Huntingdon people neither put in an appearance nor sent any excuse for not doing so.

The day, although extremely warm, was such a delightful one for an outing on the mountain top that a few of the Altoona boys went up to the grounds and indulged in the following sweeps:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Clover	10	10	5	10	4	9	8	10	7	8
Killitts	7	7	10	5	7	8	9	..	..	..
Forney	6	6	5	7	..	8	8	8	7	8
Fay	8	7	..	6	4	9	..	..	..	..
Sands	9	8	7	7	7	8	10	7	9	8
Shifer	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Koelliker	..	..	..	2	..	4	4	2	..	1
Harry	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..

Event No. 3 was a walking match, with use of second barrel, which if used scored ½.

No. 5 was 5 pairs of doubles.

Nos 9 and 10 were at unknown traps and unknown angles.

The other events were known traps and unknown angles.

A two-men team race at 100 live birds per man between two well-known Altoona shooters and two prominent Pittsburg shooters is being arranged and will likely be shot off the coming week or the first week in October.

A match at 100 live birds each for $100 a side between the two well-known amateurs, H. S. Vandegrift and Joseph A. Glesenkamp, of Pittsburg, was shot at the Country Club grounds on Thursday of this week. There was quite a large attendance and the contest provoked almost as much interest as a stronger race would have done. The birds were a fair lot. Glesenkamp is a better shot than his score shows, but he has not had practice. The scores:

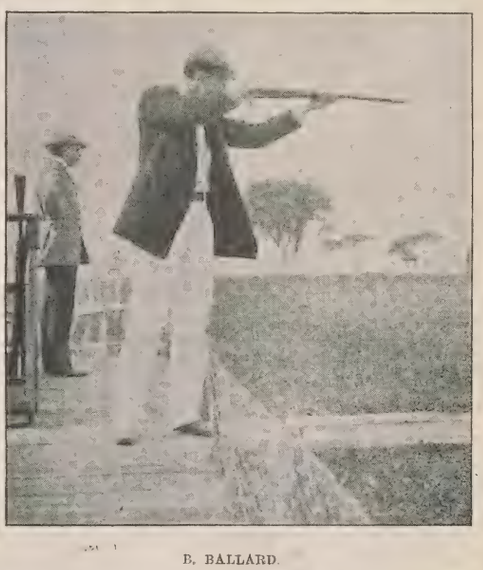
H S Vandegrift	2222212210112022201212212—	22
	2022020221121012002001012—	17
	1210111202202101221110000—	17
	1210021212122021022222122—	21—77
J A Glesenkamp	0220221202220000102200210—	14
	1200000120021010000021101—	13
	0122102002212220022200100—	15
	1223102222011102211121121—	22—62

A. H. King was referee, John G. Messner and E. B. Vandegrift, scorers, and W. J. McCrickart, trap puller.

The following 10-bird race followed the match:

A H King	2202222222—9	McWhorter	1222101112—9
John Shaffer	1121201111—9	Bessemer	2222220222—9
T Wall	1121222020—8	Parker	0101001 —3
W S King	2121220111—9	H S Vandegrift	200 —1
D Martin	0002100 —2		

A match has been made between John H. Shaffer, the well-known Pittsburg hotel man and member of the Country Club, and John G. Messner, winner of the Grand American handicap, at 100 live birds each for $100 a side, to be shot at the Country Club grounds on Fri-



B. BALLARD.

day, Sept. 27. Both men will shoot from the 28yd. mark. This event is creating a great deal of interest. Shaffer is a good steady shot and has won many races from some of the best shots in western Pennsylvania. Messner has been shooting well up in the nineties in his recent races and the winning score is naturally expected to be a high one.

GRANT.

Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Sept. 15.—Audubon Gun Club:

Chas Morris	2112220012100021—11+5—15
L M Hamshire	1023111111110202—12+3—15
C S Wilcox	2022212220020011—10+3—13
Chas Kern	1102000010121 1— 9+4—13
J E Price	0112110210 10w
J H Amberg	0221111100101211—11+3—14
D Frothingham	0211122202221 10—12+2—14
H B Foss	2111110111212222—14+2—15
F A Plair	0111220102w

Ties on 15.

Chas Morris	2122011111121 22—14+5—15
L M Hamshire	1210111100211111—12+3—15
H B Foss	2120201122221 12—13+2—15

The tie will be shot off in the next monthly shoot. RAVILRIGG.

San Antonio Gun Club Tournament.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Sept. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am afraid our friends in the East have possibly underrated the possibilities of Texas, and have not given our little club in this far-away spot the credit to which it is entitled.

We propose to make this event the greatest tournament ever held in Texas, and we are in hopes to make it one of the grandest held in the South. If we can possibly do such a thing we propose to go Memphis one better, although we are not able to get up quite as large a guaranteed purse.

It is also our purpose to organize an association, and when I state to you now that I have a list of almost 3,000 shooters in the State of Texas alone I think possibly you will realize what we have here and what kind of an association we can form with a proper effort.

WILLARD L. SIMPSON, Secretary S. A. G. C.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

WOODLAWN, L. I., Sept. 21.—Event No. 1, E. C. Powder cup, birds, $3 entrance, two moneys:

	Class B.		
C T Pennington	•100010100— 3	J N Meyer	2021112201— 8
Conny Furgueson	•211110•20— 6		
	Class A A.		
C M Meyer	•2221•1222— 8	C Furgueson, Jr	2222222222—10

Three birds, then miss and out, $1 entry:

	Same:	Same:
Conny Furgueson	202	0•• 220
Wm Rall	•11	121 122
C Furgueson, Jr	222	222 220
J N Meyer	022	220 •11
C M Meyer	201	1•1 122

The Lancaster Tournament.

LANCASTER, Pa., Sept. 13.—The second annual fall tournament of the Lancaster (Pa.) Gun Club was held yesterday and to-day. It was a successful affair and will do much to create new interest in trap-shooting in this section. New Jersey was represented by Neaf Apgar, of Plainfield, who was shooting Walsrode powder well in front, and by T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, who held up the end for the American E. C. Powder Company. The weather was intensely hot on the first day, the high wind that made the targets hard to find not doing much to cool the atmosphere. The targets were thrown extraordinarily hard and low, so that the scores are far better than they seem to be. Mr. Frank Clark acted as referee. Scores:

First Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	25	20	10	50	20	30	15	25	15
Wiley	4	8	22	15	7	35	12	13	11	20	9
Morfey	8	10	21	17	5	40	16	15	10	21	12
Apgar	8	12	23	19	8	39	18	16	12	21	11
Henry	8	7	19	16	10	35	16	..	8	..	..
Burnham	9	11	20	12	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Homsher	5	10	..	..	7	..	11	..	..	..	..
G Franklin	8	12	22	14	9	..	13	..	13	23	..
Vincent	5	12	20	11	8	38	w	..	10	18	10
Desmond	4	7	19	11	9	..	10	..	7	13	..
Brewster	10	11	18	19	7	28	19	19	12	24	11
F Franklin	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..
Wilson	7	12	19	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dover	5	10	20	16	9	..	15	..	13	22	..
Wells	6	13	19	16	5	..	14	12	11	..	..
H Wilson	7	10	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Longenecker	..	..	..	..	14	6	..	16	..	12	..
Tell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	10	..
Schmeck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	16	15	21
Hart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Bush	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	..

* No. 8 was at 10 singles and 5 pairs.

Second Day's Scores.

The programme for the second day included five counts—two at 10 birds, two at 7 birds and one a miss-and out. An extra miss-an l-out was also shot off. "Brewster," who shot so well the first day at targets, really carried off the honors of to-day, scoring 40 out of 43 birds, two of his lost birds being recorded in event No. 2, which was shot at 21yds. rise, gun below the elbow until the bird is on the wing, use of one barrel only. James C. Wiley, of Lancaster, and Dr. Taylor, of Columbia, both shot well on this day, Dr. Taylor staying in the miss-and outs just long enough to make them expensive. There was a good wind blowing that aided the birds to a marked degree, while the birds themselves were good flyers. The birds were retrieved in capital style by Anderson's pointer, Dandy, who gathered over 400 birds during the day without showing any signs of being tired. Scores.

	No. 1:	No. 2:
Desmond	1220022—5	1101110110—7
Morfey	2221110—6	1010010011—5
Wiley	2210211—6	11111*1111—9
Miller	0220120—4	.....
D Wilson	2*21020—4	.....
Harrison	2121020—5	.....
Apgar	2111*02—5	0100001111—5
Brewster	2112111—7	1110111101—8
Schmeck	1*12112—6	1100000110—4
Dover	1120020—4	1110111111—9
Vincent	1212110—6	1111111110—9
Taylor	.....	0111101111—8
Clark	.....	1111010011—7

	No. 3:	No. 4:
Morfey	2212221212—10	2222012—6
Wiley	1111112111—10	1102111—6
Dr Taylor	2122212212—10	2111011—6
Apgar	1121111111—10	1212121—7
Harrison	2010202*212—6	2120220—5
Miller	22221**222—8	2202023—5
Desmond	2112202111—9	2211211—7
Taylor	2201212200—7	0011112—5
Brewster	2211112121—10	1121111—7
Vincent	1101222121—9	2122211—7
Dover	11**e11112—8	.....
Schmeck	1221110222—9	2222122—7
G Franklin	121e222020—7	2221200—5
Martin	.....	0122111—6
Weaver	.....	2212110—6

Nos. 5 and 6 were miss-and-outs. The results in these events were:

No. 5: Morfey, Vincent and Desmond 8 (divided), Taylor 7, Wiley, Miller and Harrison 5, Apgar, Weaver and Dover 4, Martin 3, Brewster and Schmeck 2, Martin and Desmond 0.

No. 6: Apgar, Brewster and Morfey 6 (divided), Vincent and Taylor 5, Desmond 4, Evans 3, Miller 2, Dommel 1, Hart and Wagner 0.

Cincinnati's Annual Shooting Pow Wow.

THOUGH trap-shooting for many months has been rather dead in this city the two days' tournament held on the Independent Gun Club ground here Sept. 11 and 12 will do much toward reawaking the old time interest.

Had the weather been anywhere near more agreeable, the shoot I herewith send you would in number of entries have been twice the number that they were. However, the boys are not complaining, but they would had the merchandise prizes been less and the birds not what they were represented to be—"scorchers." The handsome grounds of the club were crowded both days and the interest manifested and the continual applause given the men at the score for a good kill at an unusual hard sparrow flight was honor enough. Three States were represented in the entries, they being Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky—Ohio, outside of Cincinnati, proving a disappointment. All contestants in prize shoots won a prize by shooting in for place, the five highest places receiving tickets entitling the holder to draw a number from a prize box, highest score drawing first and so on. Would send a list of the merchandise prizes and the winners, but fear it would take up too much of your space, there being in all some 235. This tells how the boys shot, however, also as to whether entitled to prize by getting a place:

PROGRAMME EVENTS.

No. 1:			
Gambell	1111111101111111—14	Wood	1111111111101101—13
Wydman	0110101101111111—11	Wellinger	0110111101111111—12
Steinman	1110001111111111—12	Frank	1111111010101101—12
Bob White	1110111111111101—13	Gill	1110010000001001— 6
Long	1011011110111101—11	H Gastright	1101101111011111—12
Kirsch	0111101111111111—13	Fisher	1011001111010110— 9
Girton	1101111000101111—10	Spencer	1101101011110010— 8
Gray	0101100001111011— 8	C F	0010100001001111— 6
Jack	1000111101111010— 9	Judge	0011111111111111—13
E Taylor	1111111111101—14	Mack	0111000110111101— 9
Bob	1111011010111112	Nagle	1101111111111011—13
Harry	1111111101111114	Happle	1101111111111011—13
Merrich	1110001101111111—11	Fulton	0111111111111114
Van	1111011110100101—11	Jack C	1011101110010011—10
Richard	1011111111110111—13	Ben	0101110001101111— 9
No. 2:			
Gamble	1110111111111114	Mack	1011111110111100—11
Wydman	0110110111011111	Nagle	0001111111111111—12
Steinman	1011111010111110	Happle	1100110001011111—10
Bob White	0110111111111113	Fulton	1111011110111113
Long	0011011110111001— 9	Jack C	1010111111101111—12
Kirsch	1110110101110111	Ben	1101101001110111—11
Girton	1011111101111012	Pruno	1111011111111000—11
Gray	1100001010100000— 5	John	1100100101101111— 7
Jack	0110001111011111—10	Lette	1010001110000011— 9
E Taylor	1111101111111114	Ned J	0000010000001104
Bob	1111111111111115	Glunt	1110001111111011
Harry	1001111101111112	Ware	0101010011011111— 9
Merrick	0111011111100111	Buchanon	0101011011111111
Van	1111111111110114	John S	1011010111101111
Wood	1110010111100001— 9	Tom	1110101111101100—10
Wellinger	1111110001111011—10	Shannon	1000111010111011— 9
Frank	1111011011011101—10	Wurde	1111100000011111—11
Richard	1010101111101101—10	Gill	1111111111010112
Gill	1011010101111111—11	Belt	1101101011111110—12
H Gastright	1010011100110111— 9	Glins	1100001101101101— 8
Fisher	1011010010110111— 9	Gillenbeck	0000110000011004
C F	1000011110011007	Link	0100110001000114
Judge	1111111100111113		
No. 3:			
Gambell	1111111101111114	Fisher	0011110010100006
Wydman	1111111101101011	C F	0100100101010106
Steinman	1111110100111011	Judge	1100001111111110
Bob White	1000010110110102	T Gester	1011111110010011
Long	0111110101111112	Nagle	1110011100110094
Kirsch	1001010110111102	Happle	1110000000110016
Girton	1111111011101113	Fulton	1101110101111116
Gray	1010111101010102	Jack C	0111111000111111
Jack K	1011001111011113	Ben	1000010100000105
E Taylor	1111110111111114	Pruno	1010101101111116

Bob	1110011111111110—12	John	1011110101011110—11
Harry	1111111111101113	Litto	0100011100001111— 8
Merrick	1011111011011102	Ned J	0010101011111002
Van	1011111011111113	Ghent	0111111101111012
Wood	1111101111111114	Ware	1011111101111104
Shannon	1000101111101101	Buchanon	1111001111011104
Frank	1110101111010104	John	1111011111111114
Richard	1011111111101113	Tom	1011111100101111
Wuerde	0000001101101105	Wellinger	1010011111111112
H Gastright	0111111111111013		
No. 4:			
Gamble	1110111011111113	Pruno	1011111111111013
Wydman	1010001110101113	Judge	1011101011101111
Steinman	1010110111101114	T Gastright	1110111111111114
Bob White	1111101011111114	Wuerde	0100000011110106
Long	1111111001111012	Frank G	0110110101001116
Kirsch	0011101101000111	Happle	1110111111111013
Girton	1010001100111119	Fulton	0111111001011004
Jack K	0010110111101114	Jack C	1111101101101111
Nagle	1010111111001111	Letto	1110011000111004
E Taylor	1111111111101114	Ned J	1000100111100—6
Bab	1110111101011004	John	1101111010111004
Harry	1110101101011111	Ben	1101110101111004
Merrick	0111111001111112	Glunt	1101101111111012
Van	1111100001001119	Glins	0001110101000104
Wood	1011111111111002	Gillenbeck	1000100000010003
Wellinger	1111110011101014	Link	1011111010111004
Frank	1001100101010000— 6	John S	1011010111111014
Richard	1011111011111113	Tom	0111010111111112
H Gastright	0111100101111111	Buchanon	1011011000111119
Fisher	1110001011110017 — 9	Strelow	1000000111101006
No. 5:			
Gambel	1011111011111012	Wellinger	1111111111111115
Happle	1100011110100014 — 8	Merrick	0000101110111119
Jack K	1011011111011102	Judge	1010101011111019
Girton	1110101111101112	Tom	1010111011111112
E Taylor	1000111000111119	Long	1111011000111114
Richard	1111111111111014	Fisher	1111100011011110
Wood	1010000101001106	T Gastright	1101101011111010
Ned J	0000000106001003	H Gastright	1001110110111009
Glunt	1111111111111115	Harry	1111011011011103
Nagle	1111011111011006—11	John S	1111111100011112
Jack C	0100111010110109	Buchanon	1000111100111004
Fulton	1000111111111112		

Second Day—Live Sparrows.

Conditions: birds from five Hill plunge traps, 25yds. rise, 40yds. boundary, traps set 3yds. apart.

No. 1, 5 birds, entrance $2:

Murphy	00012—3	Owen	11110—4
Happle	01110—3	Gamble	21001—3
Kirsch	00000—0	Girton	00121—3
Harry	00000—0	Albert	10011—3
F Gering	10011—3	Kidd	10001—2
Long	12000—2	Taylor	21110—4
Judge	00111—3		

First money $3 25; second money $1.95; third money $1 30; all ties divided.

No. 2, 7 sparrows, entrance $2:

Murphy	2120021—5	Gering	1000200—2
Happle	1001022—4	Kidd	1000010—3
Owen	2121221—7	Taylor	2011211—6
Gamble	1101102—5	Judge	2101211—6
Kirsch	1100210—4	Wood	0201110—4
Harry	0200201—3	Tom	10000•1—2
Albert	2121011—6		

First money $3 45, second $5 10, third $3.40.

No. 3, 7 sparrows, entrance $2:

Happle	1101011—5	Kirsch	0011201—4
Owen	1110011—5	Albert	1012001—4
Gamble	1011011—5	Taylor	1010011—4
Judge	0100001—2	Wood	0001110—3
Tom	1022111—6	Mack	0100011—3
Long	2011011—5	Pedro	2200111—5
Richard	1210010—4		

First money $3 45, second $5.10, third $3.35.

No. 4, 10 sparrows, entrance $3:

Happle	1112221110— 9	Dane	0110021021— 6
Owen	1210221011— 8	Henry	1000121120— 5
Gamble	2111020210— 7	Wine	1021111211— 9
Kirsch	1000100102— 4	Reeder	1110111101— 8
Albert	2222002020— 6	Bob White	0021210101— 6
Taylor	1111111111—10	Willie	2111212102— 9
Pedro	0000102011— 4	Modoc	1000001111— 5
Richard	2010022201— 6		

Taylor first money, $16. Ties on 9 divided, $9 60. Ties on 8 divided, $6.40.

No. 5, 7 sparrows, entrance $2.

Happle	1010020—3	Tom	0101021—4
Owen	2102121—6	Dane	1010201—6
Albert	0010111—4	Wine	1110110—5
Taylor	1011121—6	Reeder	0120101—4
Wood	0101021—5	Bob White	0202110—4
Willie	2102011—5	Modoc	0111011—5
T Gastright	2012111—6		

All ties divided. First money $9.10; second money $5.45; third money $3.65. Judge at artificial birds, Wm. E. Limberg; sparrows, Henry Goodman.

Some Montana Shooting.

BUTTE, Mont., Sept. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Following are the scores made at a shoot at Twin Bridges recently. I am going to try to find some business which will take me East about the time of the DuPont tournament at Baltimore. You know, business becomes very pressing upon a shooting crank when there is a tournament at the other end of the line. We expect a big live-bird shoot at Ogden or Salt Lake some time in October or November, a feature of which will be a contest between teams representing Utah and Montana, the full particulars of which I will give you as soon as the details are arranged.

The shoot at Twin Bridges was given by the Southern Montana Fair Association, and was rather poorly attended. The main interest was in the individual cup shoot and the Madison county medal. The cup was won by James Conley, of Anaconda, with a score of 15 straight, and the medal by Mr. Morrison, of Twin Bridges, with 10 straight. Mr. T. Burton Leiter, a Chicago shooter, was one of the contestants in the latter shoot, while Mr. Haskell, known to all of the fraternity in and about Chicago, took part in the first afternoon's sport, and divided honors with your humble servant by killing 17 straight. The scores were as follows:

No. 1, 7 birds, $4 entrance:

Rueger	0011111—5	Conley	0112120—5
Leiter	1120202—5	Wright	1122111—7
Haskell	1111221—7	Morrison	2111021—6
Cowan	2211221—7		

No. 2, 10 birds, entrance $7.50, Madison county medal, first four names contestants for medal, balance for sweeps:

T B Leiter	2120202212— 8	Wm Haskell	1212121112—10
G Warner	1021222221— 9	J F Cowan	2122211122—10
J Morrison	1212122213—10	M Wright	1111112110— 9
H Hamilton	0202012112— 7	C E Rueger	1220210111— 8
J Conley	2102012112— 8		

No. 3, 10 birds, $5 entrance:

Conley	1112111111—10	Rueger	11012 — 4
Wright	1111211111—10	Cowan	1112221121—10

No. 4, 5 birds, $2.50 entrance:

Conley	12121—5	Wright	11211—5
Rueger	21012—4	Cowan	01122—4
Knight	11121—5	Cummings	01110—3

No. 5, cup shoot, 15 birds $10 entrance:

Conley	1222122211212111—15	Hamilton	1021110202012201—10
Knight	2122122202112111—14	Rueger	2212010021110222—10
Wright	0121111210102022—11	Cowan	2112202111212112 —14
Morrison	2010222102121111—12		

Average of those who shot in all events:

	Shot at.	Killed	Average		Shot at.	Killed.	Average
Conley	47	43	91.5	Rueger	47	31	70.
Wright	47	42	90.	Cowan	47	45	95.8

JNO. F. COWAN.

Greencastle vs. Bedford.

BEDFORD, Ind., Sept. 17.—Inclosed I hand you clippings, the result of team shoot at that city on 9th inst., between Greencas le Gun Club and Bedford Rod and Gun Club. We had expected to meet there a team representing the Danville (Ind.) Gun Club, but they did not materialize:

Bedford: Stipp 44, Glover 42, Sherwood 43, Reath 29, J. Eblesisor 39, O. Eblesisor 42; total, 239.

Greencastle: Thompson 39, Maloney 36, Steele 26, Callender 38, Frazier 40, Kleinbub 38; total, 217.

After the match four of our boys went on to Indianapolis and shot through the Limited Gun Club's tournament, where we had a good time and were nicely treated by the management.

J. B. STIPP, Sec'y

Decision of a Referee.

WE have received from Mr. J. W. H. Reisinger, of Meadville, Pa., an account of a very curious ruling on the part of a referee that recently came under his notice. His letter, dated Sept. 10, reads as follows:

"Knowing your detestation of the practice of dropping for place in shooting for purses, I report a case and ask for your opinion as to the justice and regularity of the referee's decision in the matter.

"At the Warren, O., shoot last Friday, in a 15-target event, Upson, of Cleveland, entered in the first squad, but subsequently was changed to the third and last squad. After the first two squads had shot, the change was noticed and objections made; but as he could not then be put back in his proper place, Mr. Upson was changed to the first man on the squad, instead of last or next to last, where he had been placed. This left a man named Packard (Frank Packard, I think), of Cleveland, in the last place; he was shooting under the alias of Black. The highest scores made by the other two squads were two 13s, leaving the 15 and 14 holes open. As the third squad neared the end of its string, it was noticed that all had made three misses save Upson and Black, each of whom had a straight score. When Upson broke his 15th target, the crowd near me said in substance, 'Watch Black, he will miss his last one.' Sure enough, Black threw up his gun carelessly and missed, the gun seeming to me, as I sat directly behind him, to be pointed at least a rod from the target.

"He was at once accused by several different persons in the crowd of purposely missing his last target, and protests were made to the referee. After a few moments' consideration, the referee ruled that the target should be scored 'broke,' first money in consequence being divided between Upson and Black. It seems to me that if the shot was honestly fired Black had second place, but if it was purposely dropped he was out of place entirely and out of the tournament. The decision looks like a case of 'Not guilty, but don't do it again.' What do you think?"

We think that, if in the mind of the referee there was no doubt that Black did not try to break the target, the proper decision was to return him his stake, politely request him to quit shooting and see that he did it. If the facts are as Mr. Reisinger has put them, there was no doubt in the mind of the referee as to Black's intentions, because he called the target broken, changing his previous decision. The placing of Black on an equality with the man who broke straight is hardly fair to the man with a straight score, and we think the referee, if he changed places with Upson, would be of the same opinion.

To our way of thinking, the case is one which is outside the province of a referee. It is a case which should be adjudicated upon by the tournament committee, or, if there is no such body, by the officers of the club who are running the shoot on behalf of their club. The referee would be a competent witness and might have to be called, but after all he is a poor person to judge whether a man was trying to break a target or not. A good referee has all his attention taken up by watching the flight of the targets and looking out for that "perceptible piece" necessary to constitute a "break." If he is doing his duty he has no time to be watching the shooters and their actions, and such a duty should not be imposed upon him.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Sept. 18.—No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles, A. S. A. rules:

Ehrgott	1110001110111111101110111—19
H A Johnson	0101011001111111111111011—19
Reisinger	0101111111010101111111011—18
Krider	1011110011110101111011011—18
Decker	1110001000001110000000010— 8
Leberman	1000001010101011010100100—11
Hayes	1111100101011100110111011—17
Prenatt	1111011011001010000100115
Miller	1111001111001100011111110—17
Clark	1101001100100100011011001—12
Baker	0100110010011111010110010—13
N Affantranger	1101000101110000101110100—12

No. 2, same:

Prenatt	1101001101010100001111110—14
Hayes	1011011111011110111111101—20
Leberman	1111111010001101111011000—15
H A Johnson	1111111100001011101110111—18
Krider	0100111011010111010001001—13
Clark	1011111111101111110011110—20
N Affantranger	0000111000111111111111101—16
Baker	1110010001111000100111011—14
Ehrgott	1111111111111111111111111—25
Decker	0010101100001011011011100—12
Dr Johnson	1101011000010100110001001—11

No. 3, same:

Ehrgott	1111111111011101101101101—21
H A Johnson	1110101111011111111111010—20
McClure	0000110101010110011101101—13
Prenatt	0000111111111111111111101—19
Hayes	0111110011011111011101101—19

CROKE BORE.

In Illinois.

HEGEWISCH, Ill., Sept. 14.—This shoot was held at Benj. Fogli's Park. The first was a sweepstake at $5 entrance, first takes all; the second and third $1 entrance; the fourth the price of birds.

No. 1, 100 empire targets:

L C Willard	1011111111101111111101111—22
	1110011011001011010111100—15
	1011111111111111111111111—23
	1110111010111111111111111—23—83
A W Reeves	0010100011011011111011110—15
	1111110111111011111111110—21
	0011101010001001101110010—12
	0111100100111110011101100—15—63
Benj Fogli	1110001111011111111111011—20
	1111010111110101011111111—20
	1010101100001100011001114
	1111110111110011110111110—20—74

No. 2, 25 empire targets:

L C Willard	1111111111011101111111101111—22
A W Reeves	0100111111110110011011101—17
Benj Fogli	1111111111111111110110111—23

No. 3, 25 empire targets:

L C Willard	1101111111111111111111011111—23
A Reeves	0111111111101011010110011—19
Benj Fogli	1111111110011111111111111—24

No. 4, 25 empire targets:

L C Willard	1011111010111111111011111—21
Benj Fogli	1111111111111111011011011—22

O. F.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A Double-Headed Compliment.

A PROMINENT sportsman, in speaking of FOREST AND STREAM the other day, said it was the poorest advertising medium among the sportsmen's journals. Said he, "Here's the ——, it's got nothing of interest in its reading columns, and its subscribers have to fall back on the advertisements. Then there's the ——, that only touches on one subject, and the only thing new in it is the advertisements. But your blame paper is so interesting I haven't got time to read the advertisements."

This, on its face, seems rather a back-handed compliment, but in reality it is just as pleasing to the advertising department as it is to the editorial.

Perhaps a little more so.

It proves what it set out to disprove; for the paper that is most interesting and has the widest scope is naturally going to have the largest number of readers and be of most value to the advertisers.

People are not numerous that pay out good dollars to get papers that have nothing in them worth reading besides the advertisements, and if they were their patronage would not be worth having, for such people are more apt to send for information than for goods.

FOREST AND STREAM has the interests of the advertiser at heart in making the paper the most interesting and widely circulated of any.

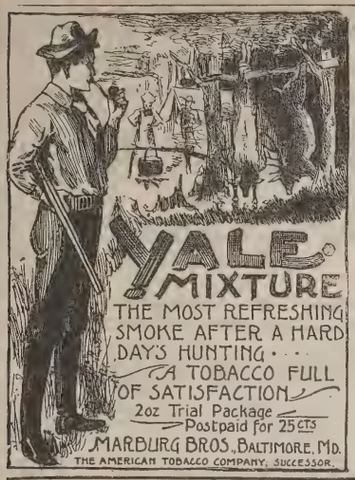
A Rust Preventive.

NEW YORK, July 9.—GENTLEMEN: After using my gun for three days about the salt water duck snooting in March of this year I cleaned it with "Three in One" and put it in an ordinary canvas case and left it in a gunning house on an island in Great South Bay. It was not taken out, cleaned or in any way cared for since it was put away until last week, when I opened the case to inspect it. I have found the gun absolutely free from rust and in perfect condition, an experience which I have never had before under like circumstances, although I have used almost every advertised rust preventer. I deem this test an extraordinarily hard one and am an enthusiastic believer in your "Three in One." Yours respectfully, CHAS. E. HILL, 6 Wall St.

G. W. COLE & Co., 111 Broadway, City.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B., Dallas, Texas.—The capercailzie and the black cock are two distinct birds.



It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where we get back a good deal more than cost of catalogue and postage.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,

18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

MARSTERS HAS WORMS.

Sand Worms, 12c. per dozen. White or Blood Worms, 25c. per dozen.

I am with you again with lower prices for Fishing Tackle. I find by experience that putting down the prices and increasing the quality, increases my business every year.

One lot of Split Bamboo Fly and Bass Rods will be sold at 98c. until all are sold. These Rods are all nickel mounted, solid reel seats, beaded butts, silk wound. Extra tip. Complete in wood form and cloth bag, and will give satisfaction. Lengths and weights of Fly Rods are: 9ft., 6oz.; 9½ft., 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz.; 10½ft., 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. **Reel seats below hand.** Lengths and weights of Bass Rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz.; 10½ft., 14oz; **reel seats above hand.** Any of the above rods sent by mail on receipt of price and 30c. extra for postage.

No. H.—A special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, multiplying reel, with balance handle and side spring click, 40yds., 68c.; 60yds., 78c; 80yds., 88c.; 100yds., 98c. Any of the above reels sent by mail on receipt of price and 10c. extra for postage.

No. E—Special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, click reels, 40yds., 48c; 60yds., 53c. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 5c extra for postage.

No. C—Special lot of extra fine nickel plated, raised pillar, multiplying reels with click and drag, and screw off oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 68c; 80yds., 78c; 100yds., 88c.; 150yds., 98c.

Single gut leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c. per doz.; 3yds., 60c per doz. Double gut leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. per doz. Hand twisted treble gut leaders, 3ft. long, 10c. each, 90c. per doz.

A special lot of Trout Flies at 16c. per doz. Sent by mail, 1c. per doz. extra for postage.

A special lot of Bass and Pickerel Spoons at 5c. each. Sent by mail, 1c. extra for postage.

All kinds of **Hollow Point best quality hooks**, snelled to single gut, 10c. per doz.; double gut, 15c per doz.; treble gut, 20c. per doz; four-ply, 25c. per doz. Sent by mail, 1c. per doz extra for postage.

300ft. braided linen reel lines on blocks, 40c.; 300ft. hand made linen reel lines on blocks, 9 thread, 38c Sent by mail, 3c. extra for postage.

Brass box swivels, all sizes, Nos. 1 to 12, 15c. per doz. Sent by mail, 1c. per doz. extra for postage

SEND 2-CENT STAMP FOR 74 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND SPECIAL LIST NO. 4.

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3 IN 1 REGISTERED. TRADE MARK.

"THREE IN ONE"

DRESHERTOWN, Pa., 9-10-95.

G. W. Cole & Co.,

GENTLEMEN: I have used many kinds of gun oil, but find yours ahead of all. Can recommend it to all for lubricating and rust preventive, knowing it to be all that is claimed for it. I have shot at trap all day in a pouring rain with a bright, polished gun and cleaned at night with "3 in 1," and never rusts. I endorse it as a long felt want if only tried. Yours truly,

IRVIN HOUPT.

Send 10c. in stamps for sample. Manufactured by

G. W. COLE & CO., 111 B'way, New York.

Ask your dealer for it.



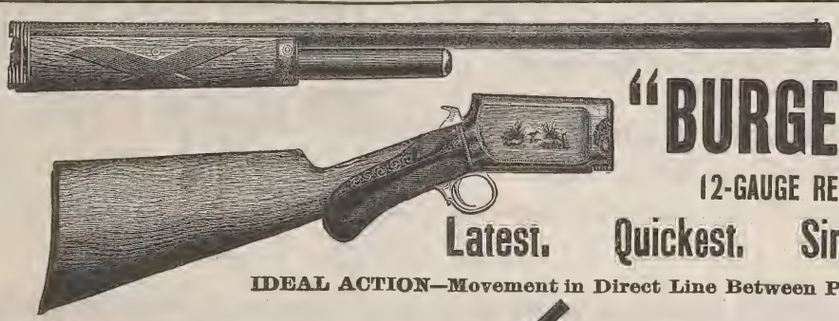
LYMAN'S RIFLE SIGHTS.

Send for 96 Page Catalogue of

Sights and Fine Shooting Rifles.

WILLIAM LYMAN,

Middlefield, Conn.

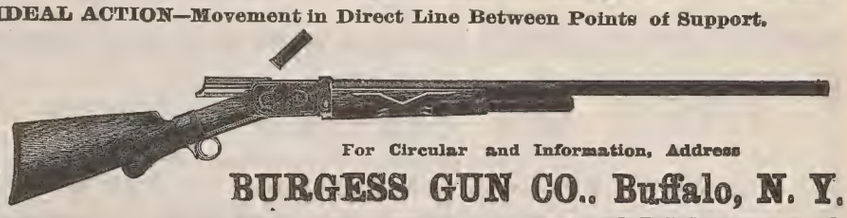


THE "BURGESS" GUN.

12-GAUGE REPEATING SHOTGUN.

Latest. Quickest. Simplest. Safest

IDEAL ACTION—Movement in Direct Line Between Points of Support.



Double Hits in 1-8 Second.
Three Hits in 1 Second.
Six Hits in less than 3 Seconds.

The "Burgess" is a close, hard shooter, and is unexcelled for convenience of operation and effective service, both at the trap and in the field.

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Imperial "Hygenique" Fluid

Nature's Disinfectant, Deodorizer, Antiseptic and Germicide.

CONTAINS HIGH THERAPEUTIC PROPERTIES. HEALING, CLEANSING, SOOTHING.

The Imperial Hygenique Fluid Co.: 107 West 37th Street, New York, June 3, 1895.

GENTLEMEN: I have used Imperial Hygenique Fluid, and have found it an excellent disinfectant and pleasant deodorizer. THOMAS G. SHERWOOD, M. R. C. V. S.

(From MR. FRANK F. DOLE, Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn.)

DEAR SIR: I have very great pleasure in bearing testimony to the efficacious manner in which your disinfectant does its work. I have used it both in the kennels and the house, and I consider it the most pleasant and most powerful disinfectant I have ever used, and shall recommend it to all my friends.

Yours respectfully, FRANK F. DOLE, President American Bull-Terrier Club.

Used at National Cat Show, Madison Square Garden. To be obtained at all Druggists, Fifty Cents and One Dollar per Bottle, or of

THE IMPERIAL HYGENIQUE FLUID CO., 61 Beekman St., New York.

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STANDARD AMERICAN-MADE HAMMERLESS GUN

At double its cost.

FOREHAND ARMS CO.

Double-Barrel Hammerless Guns.



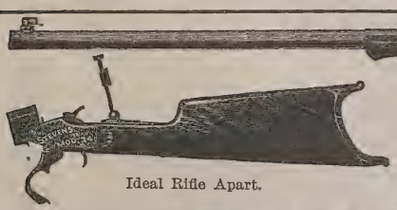
$30.00 FACTORY PRICE, $50.00.

Bored for both Nitro and Black Powders.

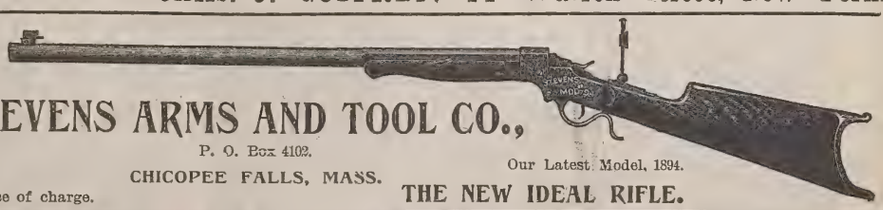
Other Guns and Ammunition proportionately less than regular prices.

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CHAS. J. GODFREY. 11 Warren Street, New York.



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THE J. STEVENS ARMS AND TOOL CO.,

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CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

Send for Catalogue, free of charge.

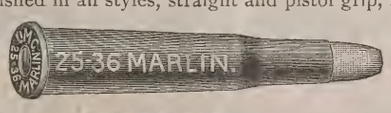
Our Latest Model, 1894.

THE NEW IDEAL RIFLE.

MARLIN - 25-36

MODEL 1893 can be furnished in all styles, straight and pistol grip, regular and TAKE-DOWN.

With 106-grain bullet, metal patched, with soft lead point.



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15 CENTS PER TUBE.

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS COMPANY, - - New Haven, Conn.

Catalogues free. Send fifteen cents and we will mail you a pack of highest quality playing cards, latest design.

N.Y. GUN CLUB

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MEDALS AND BADGES
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Special Designs furnished on application free of charge.

With Fly-Rod and Camera.

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The Book of the Boone and Crockett Club.

EDITORS: THEODORE ROOSEVELT, GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL.

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THE SALMON FISHER.
BY
CHARLES HALLOCK.
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Publications.

CANVAS CANOES;
AND
HOW TO BUILD THEM.

By PARKER B. FIELD.
Price 50 Cents.
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

"Outside the Danger Line."

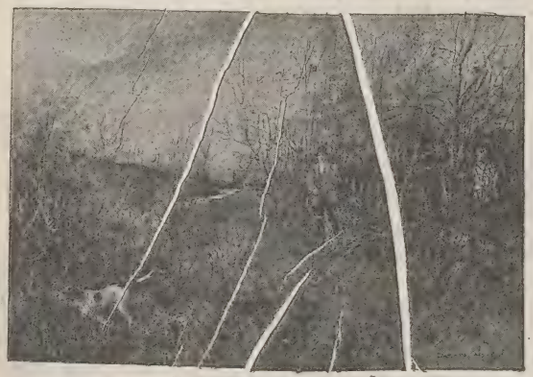
Mr. Wilmot Townsend's new drawing, "Outside the Danger Line," depicts a flock of broadbills alighting; and the study of action will readily be recognized by observing gunners as true to the life. The scene is on a calm day, when, with nothing to alarm them, the ducks have concluded to rest a while far from shore. Reproduced by the artotype process, the plate being 16×21in. Edition limited to 100. Price is $3.

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.
318 Broadway, New York.

If the Brief says so you may depend on it

FOREST AND STREAM'S OUTDOOR SCENES.

FROM ORIGINALS IN WATER COLORS AND OIL, PAINTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE FOREST AND STREAM.



HE'S GOT THEM.

AS PREMIUMS.

We have prepared as premiums a set of four beautiful and artistic reproductions of original paintings of realistic outdoor scenes. The art work is the best obtainable in New York; the pictures are rich in effect and are intended for framing. They are done in 12 colors. The yacht race is from an oil painting; the others from water colors. The scenes are shown in the small cuts herewith. The plates are 14¾ x 19in. The pictures are sent both to **new** subscribers and to **old** subscribers upon renewal, on the following terms:

Forest and Stream *one year and the four pictures*, $5.
Forest and Stream 6 *months and any two pictures*, $3.

If subscribing for 6 mos. designate by title the two pictures desired. Single pictures will be sold separately, price $1.50 each, or the set, $5. Remit by express or postal money order, payable to Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 318 Broadway, New York.

The pictures are sent by mail, postpaid, wrapped in tube.

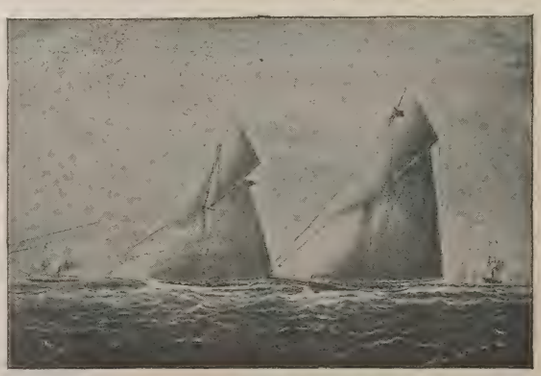
Copies of them may be seen at this office, and inspection is invited.



BASS FISHING AT BLOCK ISLAND.



JACKSNIPE COMING IN.



VIGILANT AND VALKYRIE.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1895. | VOL. XLV.—No. 14. No. 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

LOUIS PASTEUR.

ON Sept. 28 Professor Louis Pasteur, chemist and scientist of world-wide fame, died at Villeneuve after a severely painful illness. As chemist and scientist he was best known to the world, but if a life-long effort to ameliorate and cure the ills which afflict humanity is worthy of a title, he was one of the world's greatest philanthropists.

Professor Pasteur was born at Dôle, Dec. 27, 1822. His origin was humble, his father being a journeyman tanner, poor and patriotic, a soldier who had seen service in war and had been decorated for deeds of valor. The intense patriotism of the father was no less a characteristic of the son.

Professor Pasteur's early life gave no indication of his later industry and greatness. His early school days were not marked by industrious application to his studies or interest in them. After a preliminary education under the tutorship of his father, he began his classical studies at Arbois. Afterward he continued his studies at Besancon, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Letters and was appointed a tutor. His capacity and inclination for work had now developed, his ambition was aroused and he studied earnestly to qualify for admission to the Ecole Normale, where on the first examination he was admitted. This stimulated his ambition still more. He went to Paris, began new studies at the Institution Barbet, and on a second examination in 1845 won fourth place. After two years devoted to the study of chemistry at the Ecole, in 1847 he was appointed a doctor, and the year following he accepted the position of Professor of Physics in the College of Dijon. Shortly afterward he held the same position in the Faculty of Sciences at Strassburg. He succeeded in 1854 in perfecting the organization of the Faculty of Sciences at Lille. Three years later he was one of the faculty of the Ecole Normale. Advancement in the world of science followed rapidly. In 1865 he was professor of geology, physics and chemistry at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and from 1867 to 1875 he was professor of chemistry at the Sarbonne. In 1862 he was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences. The title of Doctor, bestowed on him by the faculty of medicine at Bonn, he declined on account of sentiment relating to the Franco-German war. He was made a foreign member of the Royal Society of London in 1869, and in 1881 a member of the French Academy. Oxford honored him with the title of Doctor of Sciences, and he was made a perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences in 1887, a responsibility which his health and scientific labors did not long permit him to assume. He was made honorary perpetual secretary on his resignation after two years' service. The French Government distinguished him with all possible honors. He was made a Senator by royal intervention, and in 1885 became a member of the Legion of Honor.

To the world at large he was best known by his great and valuable discoveries. His first achievement of note in the scientific world was in relation to the properties of fermentation.

In 1849, an epidemic of such destructiveness that it threatened the total destruction of the silk worm and the valuable industries dependent upon its cultivation brought consternation and despair to the silk growers in several departments of France. Pasteur, out of compassion for the people who were suffering so much misery, went to Alais, where the destruction was greatest. His investigations proved that the disease was caused by germs, and that by simply separating the diseased eggs from the healthy ones the destruction could be checked. His success brought him fame and the gratitude of the nation.

But the discoveries which made him most famous were in connection with inoculation for the prevention or modification of diseases other than small-pox. His experiments and discoveries in connection with hydrophobia, and the curative and preventive properties claimed for the attenuated virus of rabies, are well known. The Pasteur treatment for hydrophobia has been earnestly advanced and quite as earnestly opposed as a proper treatment for hydrophobia; yet it has gained ground in so much that a number of Pasteur institutes have been established.

Professor Pasteur had, since the epidemic of 1892, made experiments in vaccination against cholera, in which it is said he had made positive success in his experiments on animals.

Under the disadvantages which come with humble origin and limited means, burdens which overwhelm most men, he deservedly rose from obscurity to the greatest fame and honors by the very force of his industry and genius.

SNAP SHOTS.

AT a meeting held last week in Cheyenne, of representatives of the Government and the State authorities of Wyoming, a plan was agreed upon for determining the right of the Bannock Indians under their treaty to hunt on public unoccupied lands. Two Indians are to be put on trial for test cases, that the courts may decide the question of their hunting privileges. If it shall be shown that the Indians have a right to hunt, Governor Richards will undertake to protect them in the exercise of that right. If it shall be decided that the Indians have no right to hunt in violation of State laws, although their treaty gives them that right, the Government, on its part, will undertake to secure a modification of the existing treaty. At this distance from Wyoming on the one side and Washington on the other, it appears that such a judicial determination of the question might well have been made years ago.

Gov. Culberson, of Texas, who has just convened the Legislature in extraordinary session to take action on a projected prize fight to be held in that State, would have earned the thanks of the community, too, if he had included in the purposes of the session the enactment of a new and improved game law. If Texas is solicitous for the good opinion of the world, and for that reason resents giving harbor to the bruisers, she might with equal foresight mend her fences as to quail and deer.

Having reached the age entitling him to relief from duty, Lieut.-Gen. John M. Schofield was retired last Monday from the command of the Army and from active service; and on Wednesday, no longer being chained to business, he went to Peale Island, Ohio, for a fortnight of fun with rod and gun. Gen. Schofield has earned the right to go fishing; we wish him many an October day crowded to the full of the pleasures of care-free life on the waters.

While the manufacturers of sporting gunpowders have been cudgeling their brains to produce an explosive smokeless and free from noise the Government officials have been looking for the combination that would make the most noise for sunrise and sunset salutes to the orb of day and for occasional salutes to certain gold-braided luminaries who sail the sea and walk the land. For this particular saluting purpose a brand has been adopted which makes a tremendous noise when it goes off, and rolls imposing clouds of glory after it. One charge of it in a woodcock cover would shake the earth and veil the landscape in smoke.

In this country a game killer who should erect a monument to perpetuate an extraordinary record of birds killed would perhaps gain dubious honor from the shaft. It is different in Great Britain, where shooting for a record is prevalent, and where the man who scores the most birds in a given time is held in envied repute. On an English moor some years ago a shooter achieved a performance on birds which he thought worthy of being perpetuated in stone, so he set up a shaft of Aberdeen granite inscribed with his phenomenal score of ninety-six brace of grouse killed in twenty-three minutes, together with the figures of the day's bag of 1,035 brace for six guns. The total for the week for six guns was 4,000 brace; and the monument also gave the total for the season as more than 17,000, or, to be exact, 17,060. The monument was erected on the exact spot occupied by the shooter when he killed his ninety-six brace in twenty-three minutes, but subsequently, as it was found to interfere with the flight of the birds for other record hunters, it was removed to another moor.

If such a memorial erected by an American shooter to record his bag of prairie chickens or quail might not be regarded as particularly creditable, nevertheless it is certain that there would be a vast army of gunners who would envy the man his luck. For talk as we may and write as we may, there are hosts who rejoice in a big bag or a big catch, and who have not much eye for anything else nor thought for anything except number and weight. Very likely there are enough shooters and fishermen animated by such sentiments to make up an army of pilgrims who would journey to a Mecca with such high-hook Caaba.

The man who fishes for count not only misses much that another finds in fishing, but very often makes himself uncomfortable and unhappy because of his unreasonable ambition to outdo some rival fisherman. We have known anglers who were envious, petulant and childish, simply because they had been taken possession of by an overmastering ambition to get ahead of some one else. Your count fisherman will put in a whole season of waking hours and dreams by night, planning to outdo his competitor, and when he fails in this, he is inventing ingenious theories to belittle the luck enjoyed by the one who gets ahead of him. This is not angling, for an angler rejoices in his own good fortune, and though he may look with wistfulness on the more fortunate success of another he does not begrudge it.

At the recent meeting of the American Forestry Association, Prof. Dwight Porter, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, read a paper on forests and water supply which went to disprove the accepted theory that cutting off the forests affects the flow of streams. Prof. Porter discussed the flow of the Connecticut River as recorded by figures kept for a quarter century. At two points on the river, at Hartford and Holyoke, continuous observations of the water supply have been made and recorded, and the Hartford records, available for study, run back for fifty years. The Holyoke records date only from 1880.

The commonly accepted principle is that the cutting of the forests is injurious to the flow of the streams whose basins are thus denuded; but the figures recorded at Hartford do not bear this out with respect to the Connecticut; the tributary area there is of 10,200 square miles, and the statistics are given by Prof. Porter as follows: "The average height of the Connecticut at Hartford between 1841 and 1849 was 20.6ft.; between 1850–1859, 20.5ft.; 1860–1869, 21.2ft.; 1870–1879, 21.7ft.; 1880–1889, 18.9ft.; 1890–1895, 19.6ft. These figures disclose no permanent change. The highest freshet was in 1854, the lowest in 1858, and only twice has the height of 21.7ft. attained in 1801 been exceeded. Apparently there was a gradual increase in the average height down to 1880, while there was at the same time a marked and steady decrease from 1854–1880 in the heights of the more extreme freshets. The Holyoke diagram displays a general improvement from 1880 to 1893. This may be due to increased reservoir facilities on the tributaries of the main river. So far as the lower river is concerned there is no change for the worse in twenty-five years."

Sometimes it happens that when a person writes much for FOREST AND STREAM of his days in the field, those who read his stories may come to think of him as always playing and never working, and for the most part, too, such a conclusion is as far from the truth as Greenland from Terra del Fuego. We have always contended and stand up for it against all comers, that they are most deserving of fun afield and enjoy it most heartily whose lives are busiest. They, too, wield the pens which give us the most charming, rollicking and enticing chronicles of their outings. The man who amounts to something in the work-a-day world is the one to whom the pleasures of play days are fresh and stimulating and inspiring, and he is the one to write of them for the edification of those fortunate enough to read the record.

We learn with deep regret of the death of Thaddeus C. Banks, of the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser*. Mr. Banks began his newspaper service with the FOREST AND STREAM years ago, and this office had watched with something of paternal pride his successful career as a journalist. His nature was one that endeared him to his associates, and although the term of his life was not long, it sufficed to demonstrate once anew that true worth of character is the quality that is honored of the world

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE MEN WITH THE LAMP.

THIS fall, at about the time of the coming of the chicken, some men sent one of their number to me saying: "On such a day, at 11:40 A. M., be at the Union Station prepared to start to the land of the Dakotas." Accordingly on the day appointed I approached the rendezvous with a carpet-sack filled with some old clothes and a nightgown, a case containing a shotgun, two more cases containing cartridges, and a pointer dog containing the remains of the family breakfast. The men referred to were the Judge, the Colonel and the Doctor, and they had been intrusted for the chicken season with the Lamp of Aladdin. And they were like the seven wise Virgins in that they had it trimmed and burning, although the likeness was not otherwise apparent. For the Judge had left his pocketbook, the Colonel could not find his gun trunk, and the Doctor's dog was announced to be summering at a quiet resort in Minnesota a hundred miles out of our line of flight. They had invoked their lamp early in the day, and at the rear of the train was a car containing a kitchen, dining-room, parlor sleeping rooms and provision chest, to say nothing of Albert, king of cooks, and Jonas, prince of butlers, whose faculty for discovering cooling beverages and misplaced hats and guns was simply occult. Again the lamp and presto! came the Colonel's trunk just before the train moved out. The Judge, whose pocketbook was left behind, by 2 o'clock the following morning had mine—or was it that the Doctor got it and the Judge only waited to take it from a man of his own size? or did he find his own in his pocket after all when he changed coats at St. Paul the next morning? Anyhow it was the lamp, as it was all the way through. This was especially the case at the last-named city, where we tarried a day, for on that morning I went up town with the Doctor, and every time one of those low-cut or decollette bicycles passed him by he became rooted to the spot he stood on, losing all power of motion except the ability to turn slowly as if on a revolving pedestal; and in the afternoon when I went forth with the Judge it was the same way, excepting a pronounced and broad-minded disregard of the means of locomotion employed by the moving cause of the strange manifestation. Only a car equipped as ours was could have gotten out of St. Paul with those two men, as it did at 8 o'clock, just as we were sitting down to dinner.

When we awoke next morning we were at the summering place of the Doctor's family, where we took aboard his dog Fritz. The Colonel had telegraphed to have his sailboat gotten out, and some of them went for a sail, while two of us went a-fishing. I won't say who was with me, because he couldn't catch anything, and I don't like to expose him to contumely. He is respectably connected. The kind of fish I caught is essentially a pan fish, warranted not to upset in any pan.

We hung our lamp on the hind end of our car that night and by morning we were in the middle of North Dakota! This is a straight tale, but the editor is requested to give my address and the choice of athletic clubs to any small-sized man who doubts it. Others are treated with scorn. P. S.—Just make it scorn all around. In these agnostic times we are tolerant.

When we arrived in North Dakota the Judge proceeded to wipe my eye. We hired a man with a wagon for $19 50 a day or thereabouts to carry us and some iced victuals to the haunts of the chicken and pintail. I think the price was a sort of composite one, made up of the various items of the outfit at a fair valuation, with mileage and insurance added. We had killed a few chickens, when up jumped a curlew, which the Judge promptly shot. But this was not what happened to my eye; for I didn't shoot that time, and the Judge didn't hit him anyway. He only dropped when he shot because that was all the further he was going that way. He made the rest of his journey on foot up a little stream. But we chased him along until his tongue began to hang out, when he again took wing and made straight at me with a calmness born of what I say was despair, but the Judge says was conviction. Whether it was his tongue hanging out that way that disconcerted me, or because he had his claws up to his ears to protect them from the concussion, I cannot say; but at any rate I missed him with both barrels, after which the Judge killed him at long range by a beautiful quartering shot. His gun must have gone off by itself, for I don't see how it could have been fired at the right time any other way. It was really a credible performance on its part, and if it had been the gun that danced on the grass and jeered at me I should not have minded it a bit.

At about this juncture a man approached our wagon and ordered the driver to take us off the earth. Now we did not have to unpack the lamp to enable the driver to tell the man what he thought of him, nor yet to enable the man to enumerate the good qualities of the driver, but getting off the earth was another matter, owing to the scarcity of anything in the way of a platform near there. However, we moved over on to the next section and went to feed our horses and eat our dinner in that man's barn, first asking permission of his innocent and unsuspecting wife and buying milk and coffee from her. When the man came in directly with his men and teams the renewed expressions of esteem that passed between him and the driver were touching. The only people who were not touched were the participants. It is against the law in Dakota to become too personally touching in a matter of this sort.

Our sympathies were rather with the farmer, although the situation was too comic for anything but universal grins on the part of the spectators. A farm hand would take me outside and point to some tree claim where there were chickens, and we would have a little laugh out there. Then we would go inside and have a quiet smile with all hands until, before we were ready to start off, we were carefully instructed as to the whereabouts of every covey of chickens and, I believe, truthfully so. I know the one we went for gave us such chicken shooting as a man seldom gets in this vain world of 20th of Augusts and 1sts of Septembers.

It was along a tree claim where there were just enough puny cottonwoods to make the birds lie well and to make the shooting difficult. They were spread all through it, and we walked along behind the dogs, who were pointing and drawing all the time. Now a bird would rise to the top of the trees with a whir, a crack of the Doctor's gun and a cloud of feathers. Then a bird in front of the Judge would meet a like fate; and again, one would get away from our first barrels through the foliage, and the next instant a stooping hunter would get a glimpse of him as he crossed the stubble, and roll him over away out on the 65yd. boundary. The driver followed us along in the wagon, picking up the birds where we dropped a load of them for him, and when we got to the end of the timber he said he had never seen better shooting nor such long shots as some of them were. It was a mixed bunch of chickens and pintails, and if there are any birds in that tree claim next year they will have a chicken for a mother and a pintail for a father, for that is about the only way it can be arranged now. Supper tasted good that night. We had roast beef, green corn, corn bread, pudding, zinfandel, coffee, Rochefort cheese, cigars and a verse of "Shove it up, shove it up."

It would be tiresome to tell of all the shooting we had. We had enough, although some complained that it was not so good as the preceding year. One day the Judge made a record of not missing a bird. The Doctor likewise. The Colonel killed his first bird out of the wagon as he was bowling over the prairie. Once he and I got on to a slow rising covey and killed seven without moving. Another time one of us waded into a slough and killed thirteen ducks in like manner, the first six being mallards. For all that we didn't kill them to spoil, and sometimes we did not go out for two days running. For it is not all of hunting to hunt. Part of it is to tell about other days and places.

And to enjoy the cheerful companionship of dogs. They soon learned to look upon the car as home. If a town dog chased them that is where they sought refuge; and if they chased the town dog that is where they came trotting back to with satisfaction. In the evening they kindly accompanied one of our number to some butcher's shop and ate until they swelled out, after which they returned to the car and hung around the kitchen, begging from Albert and Jonas. When I came away I shook hands with them all and they all seemed to understand it and, I thought, were more moved at my departure than two or three of the more unregenerate persons who stayed for the Minnesota season. They were always making us laugh. Once Fritz, who slept on the Doctor's steamer trunk to economize floor space, fell off backward in his sleep—all except his head, which was held in place by a chair. He was fearful that his fall was not over yet, so he hung there with a stiff neck and a heroic backbone extended ladder-like from the trunk to the carpet, while his face depicted such awful certainty of impending calamity that we fairly howled, whereupon he "let loose" and took a fresh start on the trunk.

Again a dog called Dakota Jim, subject to some raillery because he never hunted less than a mile from the wagon and because he cautiously wore his left ear on the half-cock, after staying on the car all night and half the morning owing to its being on the move to new hunting grounds, began to feel very uncomfortable without, however, making his feelings known. It was not a matter of good breeding or of ethics with him. It was simply a matter of necessity, and good manners had no more to do with it than with the telling of it, for which latter Dakota Jim is to blame and not me, for I am unable to get the consent of my colleagues to withhold it. The direful three-legged performance began with fear and trepidation on his part, in the parlor; but when a cast-iron cuspidor was frantically insinuated where it was felt to be most useful, his face took on a wrapt and listening expression and his yellow eyes beamed around upon us all in mild benevolence and amnesty while he put his left ear back at the safety notch, as if to indicate returning tranquility.

Toward the last our Minister came up and joined us. It was during a polemical discussion between him and the Judge that a board was kicked out of the dinner table. I mention it in passing not because of its relevancy, but because it shows what polemics come to in the end. One pinched the other, which brought about the kick aimed, of course at the offending party, but as usual striking innocent spectators in their tenderest spots.

We were all glad that our Minister came and fain would have him come always. There is no better hunting companion than one who is a good minister, and no better minister than one who is a good hunting companion. The two things minister to each other. We were together in the rushes and two blue-winged teal came hurtling through the sky.

"You take the one on your side and I'll take the one on mine."

"All right."

And even as we spoke and raised our bodies and our guns they crossed in their flight, for some inexplicable reason. No time for trading birds again, so almost crossing our guns we fire, and as the two ducks double up dead in the air some one calls out from other rushes:

"That's the way to knock them!"

I have reason to believe that the Minister held 10ft. ahead of his duck, and I call that pretty nice shooting for he clergy.

I cannot stop without mention of our last dinner hour on the prairie. We lay there in the shade of some willows beside a slough eating, talking, sleeping and then talking again until the water bottles were empty and everything had been eaten from corks—it seems to me—to crumbs, and until everything was talked about from germs to Jerusalem. Pan Zagloba had arrived the day before, too, and the true stories that man can tell! At length it was over, though, and I have no fonder remembrance of the trip than that dinner hour lengthened out into a lazy half day by the legerdemain of the talkers.

Pan went off at last with his horn to try to charm some sandhill crane from the inaccessible slough, and I went off still further and fell asleep again, that it might never be said that I ever went hunting without getting lost. For they could not find me nor awaken me until they had driven the whole circuit of the slough and almost given me up for lost; for they well knew that a step too far in that fathomless mud not only meant death, but burial. The family doctor confessed that he wondered about my life insurance, and at this I turned to him, in strange sincerity for me, and thanked him for having the best thought he could have for the occasion. He further said he supposed the duty would have fallen on him of telling Elizabeth, and the Minister said he feared that duty also; and all hands agreed, myself included, that that would have been a harder thing to do than to have done what I was supposed to have done—said good-by to her and the children out there in the rushes, the mud and water getting into my throat and choking the unheard farewells.

When I at last awoke at sound of the firing and they saw me from a wagon on the prairie, and I began to walk toward them in answer to their shout, I was conscious of feeling strangely tired and weak, as though the strain of their apprehension had been imparted to me in sleep in some way. I felt very humble and glad to be alive, and when the Minister's back was turned fed them all a little whisky and water to take the taste of the mud out of their dear old mouths.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

ST. LOUIS.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE NIAGARA.

BETWEEN Lake Erie and Lake Ontario there flows one of the most remarkable and wonderful streams in America. It is remarkable from its formation and course, and from the manner it performs its work in discharging the water of the Great Chain of Lakes into old Ontario. Its entire length from lake to lake is but thirty-six miles. No other stream in the world, no matter what its length may be, possesses so many attractive features to the lover and student of strange formations and the beauties of nature. Connecting, as does the Niagara River, for that is the stream referred to, with Lake Erie near Buffalo, it forms the international boundary line between Canada and the United States from Buffalo to Fort Niagara. As the waters of Lake Erie flow into the river's channel their motion is slow; then it becomes more hurried and soon comparatively sluggish again, as the waters surround and kiss the shores of beautiful Grand Island. On all sides of the delightful isle the broad river presents a placid, lake-like appearance, and there is no intimation of the wild beauty seven miles below, where one is impressed with the idea that the waters from the different sources of supply of Lake Erie have again become separated and vie with each other in the race to leap the falls. What a race it is! Over the rocks between the pretty isles above the falls dash the waves, and finally all leap over the precipice into the glorious gorge below. It is more particularly with the portion of the Niagara River which flows between the massive rocky banks of the gorge that this story has to deal.

After the waters of the upper Niagara break on the brink of the American and Horseshoe Falls and are dashed and churned to a milky whiteness below, they flow for a great part of the distance to Lake Ontario between thickly wooded banks fully 200ft. high. The river is quite broad at the foot of the falls, but narrows midway between the Whirlpool Rapids and the falls. The rapids are a little over a mile and a half down the gorge, and many are familiar with their wild beauty. They also know of their death-dealing qualities.

In the eddies between the falls and the rapids the eel fishing is very good during the summer season, and it is exceedingly so in the eddies on the Canadian side, where the foam gathers. One of the best of these eddies is where the little steamer Maid of the Mist makes her landing on the Canadian shore. There are not many evenings during the summer that this eddy is not filled with the dark, yellow-colored foam, and at night, when all is



WHEN WE STARTED.

quiet, the eels gather under it and feed on what they find there.

It was in September, 1885, that my two cousins, Sumner and John Hume, of Kansas, came to visit me for a fortnight on their initial trip to Niagara. During a visit with them the year previous I made the promise that if ever they came to the falls I would take them eel fishing in the gorge at night. The greater part of their visit had been passed in sight-seeing, but one day they called on me to keep my promise to take them fishing. Naturally, I at once took steps to grant their request and keep my promise, and borrowed a punt from a friend who kept it at a point known as the Old Maid of the Mist landing, a short distance above the rapids, but over a mile by water below the falls. On the evening after they had reminded me of my promise we started out from my home for the river and it was not long before we were afloat on the stream and pulling up the gorge. The evening was not an over pleasant one, for it was evident a storm was not far off, but we had no fears that it would break before our return. The pull up the river was not difficult excepting at one place, which, from the remarkable rapidity of the current, has been appropriately named Swift Drift. This point is midway between the falls and the rapids and is just where the stream narrows. Fully thirty miles an hour the water runs at this point and it is one of the most dangerous on the river, which here is on a mass of deep, dangerous whirls and "boilers." In fact some think that an undercurrent from the falls here first breaks its way to the surface. The pull around the drift is a hard one, but we accomplished it safely and it was not long before we

were in the midst of the thick, dirty foam dragging for eels. In this method of fishing a cone of lead, in which, about the large end, are arranged six good, strong hooks, is made fast to a strong line and then swished, by the aid of a pole, back and forth through the gathered foam. It is remarkably exciting sport and especially so when enjoyed between the high banks and at the foot of such a tremendous fall as that of the Niagara. The awful roar of the falling water, the falling spray and the dangerous nature of the stream make it especially attractive. It requires a firm muscle to swing the pole, for when an eel is struck



THE RAPIDS.

there is considerable resistance until he is in the air. We had good luck, however, and as a result of our evening's sport started down the stream with 150lbs. of the slimy, snake-like fish in a bag we had brought along in anticipation of good luck.

We had given our attention so wholly to fishing that we had failed to notice that the sky had become overcast with heavy dark clouds, and that darkness of the deepest kind had settled in the gorge. It was impossible to distinguish the top of the bank from the sky. All about the darkness was deep and terrible. Terrible because could we have seen the top of the bank we could have told where we were and thus avoid floating through the rapids to certain death. On our left we could hear the fall of the water from the mills on the American bank, and I knew that we were approaching Swift Drift, a place which under the circumstances I dreaded much to pass through. It requires nerve and care to ride it safely in a small boat in daylight, when the whirls can be avoided, but at night to escape them I knew would be a matter of pure luck. As I felt we were nearer the Canadian shore, we headed our boat across the stream and pulled for the Canadian side. After reaching it we pulled along down stream until from the points we rounded I knew we were in the eddy immediately above the Drift. We could not drop down close to shore out of this eddy into the one below owing to the roughness of the water and dangerous rocks right at the point. Had we been on the American side it would have been equally as dangerous to pass through the Drift close to shore owing to the rocks, and besides we would have landed in an eddy in which the current, as strange as it may seem, rushes up stream with all the rapidity the main current far outside rushes down stream. Between these two currents the mass of "boilers" and whirls is terrible and very dangerous. Had it been daylight we could have followed the course of the streak of foam down the river, for the route it takes is between the conflicting currents and always noticeably the most quiet part of the Drift. To the credit of my cousins I will say they retained their nerve remarkably well so far—perhaps, if the truth were known, better than I did.

Finally we decided that we would pull boldly out into the stream and float down the river until we thought we had passed through the place we so dreaded. Strong strokes of the oars carried us out from the protecting eddy, and soon we knew we were rushing down through the gorge at a rapid speed, and this with the rapids less than a half mile below. To enter them would be death, that we knew to a certainty. No one had ever passed through them safely except Joel K Robinson and John MacIntyre on the old Maid of the Mist on June 16, 1881: Graham, Potts and Hazlett and Sadie Allen in barrels; C. A. Percy in a boat which gave him the protection of an air compartment, and Walter Campbell protected by a life-preserver and a boat. No open boat could live in those waves; there no human being could survive without protection.

The rapidity of the current was such it seemed as though we were hardly in it before we realized that we were in a big whirl. There was a sudden jerk of the boat, its forward motion was changed to a circular one, and the stern seemed fairly to drop out of it. We knew that the boat was standing almost on end, and then I was thrown out in the river. The boat had been capsized. I heard my cousins yell, and I cried, "Swim for the shore;" but there was no reply. I was in my shirt sleeves, for my coat had been thrown off in the boat, and with hurried strokes I made my way across the current, toward which side I did not then know. I encountered more than one whirl and "boiler," but none of them was very big. At last I felt that I had passed from the down current into the more quiet waters of an eddy, and I, if such a thing were possible, redoubled my efforts to reach shore, and at last succeeded, but not before I had cruelly injured my left hand and forearm in taking a stroke forward, not knowing I was so close to the shore. I crawled out of the water upon a rocky ledge, and while resting nursed my injured arm and wondered if my cousins had been fortunate enough to escape. It was not long before I had suspected, from the thick underbrush, that I had landed on the Canadian side, and started to make my way along the shore as best I could up stream to the narrow Indian path which leads to the top of the bank just above Swift Drift. The Canadian bank of the Niagara is not so easy of access as is the American, and therefore there are no broken paths along it for any great distance. My progress was very slow, and though the distance I accomplished was not long, it took me hours to reach the Drift. By this time it had begun to get a little lighter in the gorge, and standing out on the rock at the Drift I loudly called the names of my cousins until I was hoarse. My climb along the rocky shore had kept me warm until now, when I first commenced to feel cold. This spurred me to hasten to the path and reach the top of the bank, which I soon did. A walk of about half a mile brought me to the railway suspension bridge. I briefly related my experience to the customs officer at the Canadian end. It was the first he had heard of our accident, as it was early morning and but very few were stirring. At the American end I also told the gatekeeper and customs officer my experience, and made inquiry for my cousins, but they had not heard of the accident before. I was well acquainted with the gatekeeper and he lent me an old coat and a hat to wear home. On my way there, as the hour was early, I met no one I knew. When I arrived at the house the only person I found there was my mother. She told me that my father and a couple of the neighbors had gone down to the old landing when the time for our return had long passed. They carried lanterns and called our names at different points. They found Sumner climbing along the shore below the Drift on the American side. He had struck out for shore as soon as he found he was in the water after the boat had capsized. He had reached shore just above what is known as First Point. They had accompanied him to our house, where he secured dry clothing and told them at length of our misfortune, and then they returned to the gorge to make a further search for John and me. My being safe left only John to find. As soon as I got a change of clothing, a bite to eat and something warm to drink, I started to find the searching party to tell them of my safety and aid them in finding John. By this time the news of our experience on the river had spread, and as I made my way to the bank I was joined by several friends, who offered congratulations on my safety and their services in searching for my missing cousin. I soon met my father and Sumner and the party with them, and it was arranged that the line of the shore on both sides of the river should be thoroughly searched. Two men were sent down to the Whirlpool on the Canadian side. Later in the day all the parties returned. Those who had gone along the Canadian shore reported having found nothing, and the same story was told by the parties who had searched the American shore. The two men who had visited the Whirlpool reported having, by the aid of glasses, seen what appeared to be pieces of a boat among the debris floating in the pool, and in the evening news came from Lewiston, a village five miles down the river, that a pair of oars had been picked up in the river there. Night fell, and with the closing day all hope of ever again seeing John alive passed away. There was no doubt that he had been drowned in the Rapids. He was unacquainted with the dangers of the river, and in all probability had managed to get hold of the boat after it was upset and clung to it. In a majority of other streams such a course would mean a rescue and life, but in the treacherous waters of the Niagara it was the worst course to pursue, for the boat, as it drifted toward the Whirlpool Rapids, carried its human freight to certain death in those maddening waters.

Two days passed and no word came from the watchers we had placed at the Whirlpool and Lewiston to keep a sharp lookout for the body. On the morning of the third day, however, word was received that a body supposed to be that of a man had been seen floating in the pool. Well provided with ropes my father, Sumner and I made our way to the Canadian side of the pool, for that is the only place it is possible to catch a body before it is carried further down stream. No bodies are ever recovered on the American shore of the pool. This great pocket in the river is not what many who have not seen it imagine it to be, a great maelstrom, the suction of which is all toward the center; on the contrary it is the result of a remarkable change in the course of the stream, the outlet being at a right angle with the inlet. The main current of the river does not shoot out of the outlet as it comes down the gorge, but crosses the pool and divides, part flowing toward the outlet, while a strong current strikes along the Canadian shore toward the inlet. Bodies and logs which once get in the Canadian side of the current generally remain there tossing about for days, for the water that passes through the outlet is virtually but the overflow of the great and remarkable river pocket.

It was a long climb along the bank from the foot of the inclined railway to the spot on the shore where we decided to await the close approach of the body to shore. All that morning we watched the human form as it was tossed about in the rough waters, and many times it approached so close that we felt we were about to catch it, but just as often did the heartless current swing it out from shore to be carried around the pool again. The afternoon hours were passing away and Sumner expressed a determination that if the body again came as close as it had before that he would risk his life in the dangerous waters and swim out and make an effort to bring it to shore. The suspense of the passing hours had been terrible on us all. There before our eyes was a body, thought to be that of our companion on the fatal trip, being dashed hither and thither among the great quantity of debris always found in this river sack. At one time it was bumping against a log, at another sucked out of sight in one of the many whirls. Others beside our party were there, but they were well acquainted with the treachery of the current of the pool, and would swim out a few feet from



THE WHIRLPOOL.

shore. As one hour followed another and the day was drawing to a close, we realized how helpless we were and longed for a small boat, with which it would have several times been an easy matter to have reached the body.

No longer could Sumner bear the sight of the body, supposed to be his brother's, being dashed about, so when in circling the pool again it approached rather close he leaped into the water and his strong strokes carried him out from the living over on shore to the dead body before him. His progress through the water was marked by firm determination. Before him was the corpse we had watched so many hours. Perhaps he too would be one in a less number of minutes. Anxiously we watched him as his strong arms dashed the water aside and carried him forward to the dead form beyond. A few more strokes and he was by its side, the torn clothing grasped and the return to shore begun. It was made with difficulty, but in safety. The body floated face downward, and when we turned it over we found it was not that of John. It was a sad disappointment to us, and it was turned over to the Canadian coroner, and was afterward identified as that of a man who had been drowned above the falls.

The next day we received news that a body had been found at Lewiston and it proved to be that of my cousin. It was shipped to Kansas for burial. Thus ended one of the saddest experiences of my life, and from that day to this I have never been fishing in the gorge below the falls.

ORRIN E. DUNLAP.

AN OUTING AT OKOBOJI.

OKOBOJI LAKE is situated among a series of high hills that form the watershed of northern Iowa. This lake is 1,700ft. above the Gulf of Mexico, and is the southernmost of a chain of lakes reaching far into Minnesota. The water is clear, blue and deep, and is maintained by springs from the bottom. There are many bays, promontories and points around this lake, making a meandered shore line of thirty-five miles.

From the top of a high hill on the west shore we have a fine view. The topography of the lake is laid out at our feet like a mammoth map. The points, bays and forests of native trees are well defined. The water is a deep blue. The steamers look like toy boats running hither and yon, the sailboats look like birds on the wing, while the rowboats look like mere white specks upon a blue mirror. Little wonder that the Indians fought for this beautiful sheet of water, made doubly dear to them by the fact that the fish, otter, mink and muskrat of the lake, and the deer and larger game that came to the lake timber for shelter, supplied all their wants for food and clothing.

Dixon's Beach is about a half mile long, with high banks, covered with native trees and carpeted with fine blue grass that is kept free from weeds and well trimmed by a flock of sheep. The beach is about 50ft. wide, consisting of fine pebbles in various colors, ranging from the size of a pea to a hickory nut. No sand, no dirt, no dust, nothing but clean pebbles, that will not soil your clothing should you sit down or roll on the beach. It should be called Pebbly Beach.

There are about thirty sloop and cat-rigged yachts on the lake, nearly all of which enter for the season cup races. When fifteen or twenty of these yachts are doing their level best in a stiff whole-sail breeze that lists each craft well over to leeward, with each bow buried in white foam, it makes up a spirited scene that even landsmen and haymakers seem to enjoy and appreciate.

There are about two hundred cottages around this gem of lakes. Of all the bathing beaches our preference is for Gull Point—a wild and isolated place where we can have a schoolboy swim. Bathing at this point is simply luxurious and delightful. The first plunge is cold and disagreeable, but after swimming a few rods the "tonic" has taken effect, the circulation is stimulated, and from that time on it makes one feel like a boy just released from school. We earnestly hope no one will improve Gull Point, but leave it untouched, except by the wild gulls and those wilder bipeds who love to swim and bathe as did our predecessors, the native Americans.

For three months we have slept in a tent. We are delighted with the change from stuffy rooms to inclosed section of pure atmosphere. The air in a tent is constantly changing, but the change is gradual, without a draft, and one can thus have fresh air without taking a cold.

For many years this series of lakes have afforded fine fun for fishermen, but the lawmakers of the last legislature made a law permitting open fishing with hook and line for ten and one-half months of each year. All last winter the pot-fishers slaughtered the pike, pickerel and bass, by cutting long holes through the ice and tying lines to bushes that would tip up when a fish was hooked. One man could tend fifty bushes, each holding a line that the law intended should be held by one man only. If the weather became too cold for "bush fishing," a painted minnow with spear or snare was used in the hole covered by the fish house, and thus the slaughter went on, day in and out, during the past two winters, taking from the lakes tons of game fish which were shipped to numerous cities in Iowa and other States.

Yesterday two expert fishermen, both of whom have been rowing and fishing for the hotel guests, started in on their fall and winter pot-fishing. They came in at night with 260 croppies which they shipped to Des Moines, $4.50 for the day's catch. They know the location of all the croppie beds in the lake, and will soon clean them out.

This class of fishermen and later on the farmers will cover the lakes with temporary fish houses and bush-fish the lakes dry the coming winter.

We are informed that the code of Iowa will be revised next winter, and that a fish law (that will hold water) will be inserted in said code; but what is the use of more laws when it is impossible to convict under any law? How can we convict an illicit fisherman with a jury composed of illegal fishermen? The spear, snare and multiplicity of ice-cut holes per man are clearly illegal, yet the yearly slaughter of game fish seems to be as inevitable as gravitation. We are informed that the member of the Legislature, who drafted the open winter fishing bill, had constituents living around this system of lakes, whose votes were more important to him than any number of game fish, hence the framing of this fish destroying bill.

The natives who inhabit the land around the lake are quaint, inquisitive, impecunious and profane. There are two things the natives freely give us—namely, water and advice. The latter is urged upon us from the time we step from the car up to the day we leave. We are advised to board here and there, to let this and that man do our draying, to "take the only safe steamer on the lake," only to find that we were on the oldest tub on the lake. Do we want a team to drive around the lakes, we are advised to take a certain rig, but before we have taken a dozen steps are advised to steer clear of the same team.

We go a-fishing, and still-fish faithfully in one place for an hour, having been advised as to our locality; but the first native that rows by said, "You won't catch nothing thar. Go fish off that old dead tree in 20ft. of water and you'll catch 'em." As we had caught nothing but small perch, we pulled up our anchor and again anchored off the old dead tree, where we fished persistently for an hour, and getting no bites we went home fishless.

As the nights are cool we build camp-fires, around which the boys assemble to relate their experiences in fishing. They tell of having caught fish so large and heavy that they were lost in landing. Verily, a thousand lies will be told before one large fish is landed.

Several years ago, when we occupied a cabin at the confluence of the East and West Okoboji lakes, the Ananias Club had an informal meeting around our camp-fire. Dr. W., of Sheldon, Ia., was elected president by acclamation. He took the chair (an old canvas camp chair) and lit a long cigar (a gift from a traveling man who had loaded said cigar with a firecracker), and proceeded to reel off fish stories, between which other ambitious members tried to keep up with the procession. This stimulated the old Doctor, who related his experience in catching a shark 30ft. long. Just as the Doctor was "landing his big fish" his cigar exploded, throwing the hot tobacco on top of his bald head. The camp chair gave way and let the Doctor down upon his $500 bird dog. The dog howled with pain and fright, and the boys howled with glee and delight. The chair was feebly repaired, and since that time that chair has had a penchant for letting large story-tellers fall to the earth.

At the final camp-fire (last evening) we resolved that we would abandon Spirit and Okoboji lakes, and seek some lake in northern Minnesota (for future summer resorting) where the fish and game are more plenty than around this system of lakes. We disbanded the club and burned the old "Ananias chair."

R. P. BELL.

EHEU!

I SEE that Dick of Connecticut is having some trouble with himself about the meaning of the above word, and expresses his belief that I have founded a "cult." In the first place, I want to assure him that I never did such a thing in my life. If there's a thing I shy at it's that. In the second place, I would remark that I did not originate the word; and in the third place, I will, with great pleasure, tell him who did, for I always like to help fellow sportsmen over hard trails when I can, and I just think I can now.

However, in the first place, imprimis, I will state, that if this exclamation, which I have resurrected, can be made to do duty in the place of any objectionable swear word, or otherwise relieve the feelings of any correspondent, I shall feel amply repaid for having called attention to it. We all know that at critical moments, such as when the big trout gets away, or the hook gets hopelessly caught on a high limb, or the shell sticks when the ducks are flying just right, vigorous language alone, something of a deep crimson Eheu will fill the aching void or gap, and it may be that if the requisite amount of power and inflection are concentrated on the word in question, the pent-up emotions of the soul may find vent and so disaster be averted. I sincerely hope it may be so, for most of the old cuss-words have been worn to a frazzle by violent use and need a dose of innocuous desuetude. But to the explanation.

Along back in the fifties, or thereabout (450 B. C., I mean), there was a man lived in Athens (not Athens, O., or Athens, Ga., but Greece) who was quite a noted personage and fond, as many noted men are nowadays, of fishing, and was accounted quite a sport in that line. His name was U. Ripides, but his intimates called him Rip for short. In those days all fishing was done with bait. If I remember correctly, flies hadn't been invented, and so, of course, a person wasn't in danger of social ostracism or eternal suffering if he used bait, which was a fortunate thing for fishermen.

Rip was of a social disposition and liked right well to have his friends enjoy sport with him, and on one occasion had planned for a week's outing up in the country and had invited a Mr. S. Kylus and one P. Hidias to accompany him up into Phocis, along the Hylocæ River, which heads way in back of Parnassus somewhere and was a dandy trout stream. Well, Rip had made all arrangements and one fine morning, while the coming day was revealing the magnificent proportions of the Parthenon and ere yet Mars Hill had caught the first gleams of the glinting sun, while the grocers were taking down the front shutters and the servant girls were scrubbing the front steps, after a hearty breakfast of muffins, skewered eggs and peacocks' livers, washed down with the sparkling product of Bœotian vineyards, the trio wheeled out of Rip's barn in a gay old chariot behind three calico nags, the whole outfit being the proceeds of a levy by the sheriff on the defendant, a played-out racing sport, in a case wherein Rip was plaintiff. The chariot wasn't eminently fitted to an expedition of this kind, but by putting in a couple of seats and a tail-board it answered pretty well. The adage that "it is not all of fishing to fish" had gained a footing even in those times, and the part which wasn't fishing in the present instance was riding thirty or forty miles in a springless cart, but it was that or nothing, for the graders on the A. & G. N. R. R. had but just begun operations.

Well, to make short what might be made quite a long story, in the afternoon of the third day they arrived at the chosen spot on the banks of the foaming river and unhitching proceeded to make camp under the spreading branches of some fine old oaks. While Rip and Kylus were busy unpacking and putting things to rights Hidias cut a pole and tying his line to it said to Rip, whose hands were smeared with honey which he was trying to save from a jar that had been jarred too vigorously in transit:

"Now, while you fellows are getting things shipshape, I'll go down to the river and catch a mess of fish for supper, if you'll tell me where the worms are."

"Why," replied Rip, "I forget just where I did put them, but hunt round and you'll find them somewhere."

But hunt as he would, and as they all finally did, turning everything inside out and topsy-turvy, the worms were not to be found, and the conviction finally fastened itself upon the unhappy trio with a grip like that of a bear trap that the worms were peacefully reposing lovingly entwined in the old olive jar in Rip's barn in faraway Athens.

Then it was that Rip, knowing that there were no worms in the mountains, lifted up his rich baritone voice, that erst had held the populace spellbound in the forum, and from the heaving depths of his soul ejaculated, with all that words might, could, would or should imply under the circumstances, Eheu! Eheu! Eheu!

I hope that Dick will find the explanation satisfactory. He surely will see that the word will meet any demand that can be made on it. He says that as a rule he has managed to conjecture my meaning "in the blindest parts." Thanks, Dick. This pleases me. But don't overtax your perspicacity, for it might not pay.

O. O. S.

Natural History.

A DAY WITH A NATURALIST ON A NEW MEXICAN RANCH.

THE journey had been tedious, and it was with difficulty that the snow-covered prairies of Kansas were recognized as the garden of America. The winds had whistled but a cheerless and wintry welcome as we emerged from the Raton tunnel and found ourselves in New Mexico. Then night enveloped us and we were left to imagine the beauties of Las Vegas and the prosperity of Albuquerque. As daylight broke we looked out on one side upon the braided strands of silver upon a golden background which constitute the Rio Grande at low water, and on the other caught distant glimpses of the mountains. With all the necessary accompaniment of noise the train stopped and the brakeman shouted "Socorro!"

Before we could dampen our ardor by a plunge into the the dank sterility of a Western station, a bronzed six-footer gathered up our luggage and we were hustled energetically into a vehicle which might have been an incipient stage or a glorified prairie schooner. It was, in fact, a prospective wagon, with stout wheels and ample cover, mounted on tireless springs. A span of Mexican ponies were soon whisking us past the faded splendors of Socorro. Three bank buildings with officers abscondent and depositors despondent, empty stores with palimpsest signs each a history and epitaph in itself, most of them bearing the name of some member of the Baca family—the dominant gens here—and a beautiful building, once ambitiously posing as the State School of Mines, but now in a state of innocuous desuetude; these and several other evidences of past prosperity were noted during the few minutes which brought us to Park City, as the picturesque suburb developed by the smelter works is called.

These elaborate establishments, which a year before had been affording business to the whole region and labor to hundreds of skilled workmen, were now in that windowless condition which proclaims the rule of anarchy and the small boy. But even this dominion had ceased, for the adobes were all empty and the streets of the village were occupied by stately ravens who flirted about with head and throat puffed out and feathers spread like turkey cocks "of color."

Ten minutes more brought us to the comfortable ranch at the foot of Socorro Mountain. In a moment all previous ideas of a New Mexican ranch were dissipated. We had pictured a broad expanse of prairie with a cluster of half-buried mud hovels and corrals, but what we found was a comfortable five-room house with large windows and modern comforts nestled at the foot of protecting hills from which issued abundant springs of soft sparkling water, in some places distinctly warm. The water, which, like a hunted thing, had originally crept at once to cover beneath the sand, had been cribbed, cabined and confined until it spread out in the clear and placid expanses of two reservoirs, amply adequate to supply irrigation for the orchard and drink for man and beast. I said orchard advisedly, for forty acres of young trees, raspberries and other small fruits certainly deserved the name. Nowhere in the world are grown better apples and pears, grapes and nectarines, than in desert New Mexico. We were glad to plunge at once into the lethe of hospitable entertainment, forgetting the fatigues of the journey and even the strangeness of our surroundings until the morrow, which was to be the "day on a New Mexican ranch."

Long before the sun had obliterated by his greater glory the gorgeous colors he had flung over the eastern range, we were roused by a dismal concert of howls which affected us like the whoop of disembodied savages or the screams of a maniac. Springing out of bed we were at the window in time to see two tawny coyotes trailing their limp bodies sidewise across the barnyard. The coyote, like "zip coon," will "lope all night up de branch wid he nose pint' like he 'guine t' cross," but he puts great stretches of grease-bushed mesa behind him with an ease not to be despised. During the last two years about eighty fowls had been unwillingly sacrificed on the altar of these desert fiends, and the theoretical profit balance of poultry farming was correspondingly disturbed.

After breakfast we sallied out to inspect the springs and reservoirs which made this oasis in a cactus desert possible. Our host, enthusiastically descanting on the possibilities of development of the local water supply, pointed out the evidences of violent erosion in the arroyos and minor watercourses. If this water, which during the short rainy season forms resistless torrents and speedily goes to waste, were but stored and utilized, vast areas of inexhaustible fertility would be reclaimed. The present ranch, however, was supplied by springs which gush from the foot of Socorro Mountains and are collected in small reservoirs, whence water is piped to orchard and buildings. The water sources attract many winter bird residents. Here, for example, we first saw a bird which attracted considerable interest. In general appearance resembling a catbird, as it sat on a greasewood bush, something in its attitude at once suggested a flycatcher. When it rose into the air at our approach we instinctively said, "How like a robin!" but the two oblique bands of salmon color on the wings and white lateral tail feathers

dispelled this idea as quickly. The bird wheeled in airy circles upward until on a level with the foothills, when it made off for a cañon to the westward. But my companion's keener eye caught sight of its fellow near at hand, and we soon were inspecting the curious blending of characteristics it presents. The bill and incipient crest are undoubtedly those of a flycatcher, but the "booted" legs and general aspect are thrush-like. The tail reminds one of a mockingbird. "Well, where will you place it?" asked my companion. "Betwixt and between," I rejoined, "but what is it?" "Townsend's fly-catching thrush, the sole representative of an intermediate subfamily. Strange that naturalists should insist on placing the flycatchers far down the scale when this fellow offers convincing proof that they cannot be separated from their allies, the thrushes." It is not uninteresting to notice that Prof. C. H. Turner deduces from a study of the brain a close relation between the two groups, completely reversing the usual arrangement.

About the bog-like borders of the spring are numerous aquatic plants, and among these a pair of Wilson's snipe have spent the winter. The start you experience when one bustles out of cover and darts in a quick semi-circle to another swale bears witness to the fact that long forgotten experiences have left some sort of a "vestige" in your nervous system. But swamp birds and waterfowl are not characteristic of this region, and their study offers nothing ornithologically new. A single specimen of the Western variety of our song sparrow was noticed, but seemed somewhat out of place in the midst of numerous crown sparrows of the "intermedia" type. This pretty sparrow with its black-bordered white crown and cheery note is common and familiar. Its flocks offer an interesting evidence of evolution, for the last year's birds present so different an appearance as to puzzle us exceedingly until they were placed alongside the mature form. The middle of the head is gray, shading into a Naples yellow on the forehead, while on either side is a broad, distinct rufous band. There is no black anywhere, and we are compelled to believe that this first color pattern is a survival of some primitive race plumage.

On our return to the house a note which sounded strangely familiar apprised me of the presence of a flycatcher. Yonder he sits, with the same easy indifference as to the set of his tail and ruffing up his crown as if forgetting that it possessed neither crest nor gaudy cap. I never see a flycatcher without remembering an old remark of my four-year-old as we passed a Friends' meeting house: "Plain and unpretentious, like the habits of the people." Yet Say's flycatcher has sufficient salmon-brown upon its crissum and under parts to lift him above the inspired monotony of color prevalent in the group. Surely, that was a chickadee. The note was unmistakable and when we catch sight of him, black cap and gorget complete the illusion. Closer observation detects the broad, white line over the eye characteristic of the mountain species. So we constantly make the mistake of greeting effusively a familiar acquaintance only to discover that it is really a distant relative after all.

To me the oddest of these pseudo acquaintances was the crissal thrasher. Instead of the honest, expansive brown of our home bird, he wears colors almost as inconspicuous as those of the catbird, with the same fulvous crissum. The beak is enormous and curved like a bow—altogether a faded parody of H. rufus.

Even as we sat at dinner our attention was frequently diverted to other diners outside. First among these was the shrike, which our friend assured us was a thoroughly domesticated individual. He had learned that, when the lizards retire to their winter quarters and the smaller feathered migrants have passed southward, Dame Nature had spread humbler fare in the shape of crinkly caterpillars concealed beneath the alfalfa leaves and dead flower stalks in the lawn.

We hardly recognized the fierce butcher bird of summer whose larder we had often seen in the thorny shrubs and whose shrill cries had been the terrors of countless smaller birds in this fluffy and dainty beauty, who labored with such zest under our very window to unearth the "vermin," with a half confident half shy glance at us from time to time. On viewing the bird thus at close quarters one is struck with the same impression produced by the raccoon, that the creature is blind. This is evidently due in both cases to the dark band passing through the eyes, which may be of advantage to a predacious animal in masking its alert and concentrated gaze, for animals watch the eyes of their pursuer. How different is a real live bird from the conventional mounted animal! Every feather and contour is expressive. At the present moment our shrike is a mere fluffy ball of white and gray. A sudden noise transforms him into a clean-cut image of watchfulness with feathers closed to produce the fine contour of the powerful supple body, and anon he darts away with intermittent flashes of white, like a firefly.

He is hardly gone when we are aware that there is another applicant at the door. This time it is a dainty gray and white rock wren—a wren surely by every spasmodic, jerky twitch of his wiry little body, fully attested by the slender, curved bill, but tailed in a fashion quite unlike its Eastern congeners. Instead of the ill-balanced and uncontrollable little appendage which our Eastern wrens shoulder like a musket or switch like a baton, all the Western wrens have respectable fan-tails of reasonable size. The rock wren is relatively common about the mountain base, and its shrill, trilling cry may be heard at almost any time. Now, however, she is too busy to vocalize, and is hustling leaves about with swift lateral movements of the bill and uncovering worms and slugs in the most businesslike manner imaginable. Yet the wrens never become so absorbed as to entirely neglect their most characteristic gesture. This consists in a sudden crouching, followed by a jerk, which almost hurls them into the air. It is essentially the movement preliminary to flight, but is repeated incessantly even during meals, when no thought of flight can be assumed. It seems to be simply a habitual method of nervous discharge. Much yet remains to be done in the study of the psychology of birds, and among the problems to be solved is the origin of the expressive motions of various birds. Many of them are at present quite unintelligible, but would doubtless yield interesting results to research. Some one should analyze the expressions of excitement in the various groups, and discover the causes of variation. This constant "bobbing" or courtesying of the wren becomes positively annoying, and we shall not mourn her departure.

We have just finished our meal when we are treated to a pretty sight. Deceived by the quiet, a covey of helmeted or shell quail, which make their home on the ranch, has settled near us, and now, under the guidance of an old bird, is marshalled just beyond the doorstep. It is a sight to make every nerve tingle. The white crests are well up and the rapid route step and quick foraging movements, which seem purely incidental, give a military air to the company. There must be twenty in the covey. But where is the boy? Bang! comes the answer from the woodshed, and with a sudden whirr the animated group disappears as by magic, except for two struggling victims whom neither beauty of plumage nor grace of motion can preserve from the commonplace fate of the pot. This species is the game bird of New Mexico and Arizona, though the plumed species are also found in the mountains.

After dinner we again embarked in the ark and were soon rattling over rocky roads toward one of the picturesque cañons where an irrigation company was planning a dam and an extensive reservoir. As the Magdalenas came into sight we were treated to a rare and curious phenomenon. The sky was clear and cloudless, but a slight haziness toward the north indicated that more humid air was being wafted from that direction. Suddenly above the snow-capped peaks of the highest range there appeared a series of tolerable imitations of these peaks moulded of cloud banks. Over each peak there hung, at a height of perhaps 100ft., such a cloudy coronet, which hovered a few moments above it and was soon wafted beyond the chilling influence and melted again into thin air. It seems fanciful to speak of radiant cold, but the condensation of vapor at such a height by absorption of heat from a column of air seems almost to warrant it and illustrates how concrete an effect the lack of a thing may produce. But this has been often enough illustrated in our own pockets to make it superfluous. These cloudy coronets reappeared at intervals for over an hour until the incoming air had been heated throughout by the radiation from the earth.

The open mesa was enlivened here and there by noisy flocks of sage sparrows which offered much amusement by the peculiar employment of a disproportionately long tail. Although a good runner, this sparrow has not become thoroughly terrestrial, and is withal both inquisitive and impetuous. The first trait impels him to inspect the new-comers from close quarters, and the second sends him off in a short spurt first on the wing and then on foot. The impetus acquired is excessive, and as the body begins to outgo the feet the long, black oar-like tail is whipped up to act as a counterpoise and brake in the oddest manner. He is a companionable little fellow, with a dash of yellow at the shoulder, a single spot on the breast and pale cheeks. The white spot over the eye redeems his countenance from plainness, but the whole dress is modest and inconspicuous. Like many of our smaller birds the outer tail feather has a white stripe to serve as a "recognition mark," but the bird does not display it, as the true migrants do. A curious obsolescent transverse banding of the tail below is also a peculiarity which seems to have escaped observation.

Speaking of recognition marks, no better illustration could be found than that afforded by the snowbird, not distantly related to the sage sparrow. The Western variety, with bright chocolate markings and warm brown back, is abundant, but exceedingly cautious. Contrary to our expectations, the color pattern is remarkably uniform, and we find none of the intermediate forms connecting with the dull, slaty variety of Ohio. The flight of the snowbird is interesting because of the very conspicuous way in which it spreads its tail and exhibits the strongly contrasting white feathers during its jerky progress. There can be no doubt that this habit is of the greatest service during migration in preventing straying from the flock. But fortune favors us to-day, and we bag a couple of much rarer sparrows, which, although placed in the same genus as the sage sparrow, are much more aristocratic in appearance. The black-faced sage sparrow bears a well-defined black escutcheon upon his breast and has very decided white blotches on the tail. The note is searching and peculiar, and, so far as our guide had seen, these birds cling closer to the foothills. There was no mistaking a resemblance to the snowbird, though it is difficult to locate it.

We were now passing through the romantic cañon where it was evident even to the eye of the laity that a retaining wall a few yards long and 20ft. high would form an immense reservoir whence water could be conducted to thousands of acres of fine orchard land. A shrill strident trill caught our ear. There, darting in and out among the rocks, was the image of the wren of the noon hour, but with an apron of warm yellowish brown reaching to the upper breast, while the latter and the throat showed white by contrast. The bill is longer and the bearing more shy. The upper parts are brown and rufous with curious "eye spots" sprinkled over them. The reddish barred tail is fan-like and the wings are also barred. The bird is in incessant motion, uttering at intervals the loud trilling cry which has a metallic resonance as it echoes among the rocks. Curious to know the errand which busies the little fidget among the rocks, we are not long in discovering among the lichens vast numbers of cocoons and larval shells of caterpillars, now mostly despoiled of their contents. This then is the cañon wren, and well named too, for it seems never to leave the shelter afforded by these deep clefts. Perhaps the very peculiarities of color which separate it from the closely allied rock wren grow out of an assimilation to its rocky environs.

At the upper end of the cañon we encountered a flock of conspicuous, loud-voiced birds busy upon the ground as though it were their habitual feeding place. The shrill cry echoed back and forth among the rocks, but awoke no memory of ours. It was not a difficult matter to secure a bag by practicing on the curiosity and temerity of these birds, but it was more difficult to discover why they were called "towhees," and why Coues should have described the particular form—*Pipilo mesoleucus*—as he did in his key. It is an interesting bird, over 8in. long, with very decidedly rufous head and almost black tail, but slightly tipped with salmon at the end (as though the tail had inadvertently dipped in the paint pot). The throat is dingy yellow, marked especially about the margin with black spots. An obscure black blotch on the breast and white shirt front, closely guarded by the dusky gray of the sides and upper parts and very decided tawny on the belly and coverts, complete a sufficiently noteworthy *tout ensemble*. The amount of white varies, but in winter birds the color pattern is otherwise quite constant.

"But can you show me none of the old friends in your far-away land?" "Yes," was the reply, "yonder on the rock near the foot of the cañon is a dove which might just as well have been mourning its soul away at your bedroom window. There seems to be no varietal difference between the extremes in this species. The doves are common along the river bottoms, but, as you see, an occasional one wanders into the mountains." No other pigeon occurs here during winter.

I remarked on the paucity of woodpeckers. "Yes," said my companion, "the tree-loving birds have a bad outlook. Occasionally a red-winged flicker displays his gaudy colors on the ranch, but he does not stay long. A family of Harris's woodpeckers lived in a hole in the cornice of our house, and became quite the household penates to us; but to see what we can do in the way of Picidæ, you should go among the old orchards on the river bottoms. Here both the downy and hairy woodpeckers are represented by less spotted Western varieties, though I see no difference in habits."

As we were speaking there was a swift hurtle of wings, and the graceful, sharp-shinned hawk which I had observed on a rock above us veered away with a screaming sage sparrow in its talons. Hawks of many species are abundant at Socorro.

It was regretfully that I recognized that this day on a New Mexican ranch was drawing to a close. The rattling mountain wagon was bearing us swiftly to the station, but I could catch glimpses of wide, fertile fields, where the weary teams were drawing their last furrow, and great hordes of blackbirds rose, hovered, and sank to their never-ending repast.

In the streets were numbers of lazy plunderers in speckled gray and brown. House sparrows? Yes; but not *Passer domesticus*. It is the crimson-fronted finch (*Carpodacus*). The males, gorgeous in frontlet and gorget of dusky crimson, are vastly fewer than the plain, dusky, streaky females, and we gather that polygamy still prevails in these parts of Mexico and the laws may labor long to extirpate it. At any rate, far better tolerate our own criminals than the transported convicts of Europe. Almost as familiar, too, are the shore larks, whose ventriloquist notes have haunted us during our whole drive. But there is no time to lose, and as the train slowly pulls out for El Paso we lean far out the window to catch the mellow, rich notes of the meadow lark. None of the clear intonations are wanting—they are pure as the gold of his own breast, which seems coined to produce this our vesper and our farewell.

C. L. Herrick.

New Mexico.

MY LADY'S PLUMES.

You observed the hat of the lady who walked in front of you down the fashionable part of the main street the other day—the elegantly dressed lady who looked at people with her eyes half shut to avoid seeing too much of anything not distinguished as herself. My lady is accepted as of the *haute noblesse* of our civilization, but in reality she is a savage, as her head dress, gaudy, flaunting and barbaric as any paint mark or tattoo, testifies beyond a doubt. Pardon my lady for that, for the heritage of her sex, hanging on longer than the other to savage customs, constrains her first of all and at any cost of civilization to attract the attention of the opposite sex. Pardon my lady her hat, and she being what she is, pardon her also for looking with her half-shut eyes clear above the head of this shop girl, prettier, perhaps, than she is, and probably a better woman. You have not distinguished in these matters. You have not noticed, perhaps, that on my lady's hat are some tall, pliant plumes, long as those of the ostrich, but far more beautiful, with delicate filaments as light as frost work on a winter window. The shop girl's hat has none of these. On my lady's hat they rise, cardinal, orange, blue, green or pure white, streaming, dipping and nodding—accomplishing, in short, my lady's barbaric purpose to a nicety, inasmuch as they compel your attention from the humble shop girl who, all things being equal, might be a dangerous rival in the war which all women have against all other women in the world.

These long, filmy plumes on my lady's hat are the plumes of the white egret. Naturally, they are pure white, barring a little stain on the tips where the bird drags them in the muddy water; but pure white not being barbaric enough for the uses of civilization—though it used to serve Southern Indians who wore these plumes—they are dyed any color of the rainbow, losing thereby none of their gracefulness and only some of their beauty.

My lady's hat, if worn too long, will lose its purpose and cease to attract. She must therefore change it. The plumes in the new hat must be of different color. For these new plumes she looks to her milliner. The milliner looks to the great wholesale supply house of the metropolis. The wholesale supply house looks—and with much anxiety, these days—to Thomas Jones, market shooter, or technically speaking, plumage hunter.

Thos. Jones knows where there is an egret roost, or as he will call it, a "white crane roost." Really, he does not mean a roost so much as a nesting ground, where thousands of birds nest in a small tract of the isolated wet forest or "dead-tree swamp." Such rookeries were once common in Florida, but are so no longer. Thomas Jones may know of one in Mississippi, Louisiana or Texas, and holds himself fortunate if he does, for they are scarce enough to-day. Wherever it is, it is sure to be miles from a habitation, in the most desolate and inaccessible part of the wildest country, where moccasins and alligators are sole residents, where the only trails are the endless bayous, and where malaria reeks in every foot of the sodden ground. It would seem that here the egrets would be safe, and that no man would risk his life by pushing into a poison-laden swamp whence he might never emerge alive. This does not deter Thomas Jones, who takes a month's supplies in his boat, and with little else but a .22-cal. rifle or light shotgun, his ammunition and a big bottle of quinine in bulk, boldly pushes into the wilderness after the "roost" which he may have located a year, two years or three years ago, and whose whereabouts he has guarded carefully as a banker guards his gold.

Mind you, the plumage hunter does not go into the roost until spring has well advanced. When he reaches the roost the low trees, bushes and grassy brush clumps are full of nests, and the nests are or soon will be full of young birds. The busy life of the colony goes on. The parents come and go, traveling no one knows how far to get food for the gaping young birds in the nest. Thomas

Jones notes the high, projecting snag of the tallest tree near the edge of the colony. There is a white crane on that limb. It seems to him there always is one there. In short, it is a habit of the bird to alight on the highest branch offering itself.

Out of the thousands of nests in the vast colony, how can the parent egret pick its own nest, since all look so much alike? Thomas Jones often wonders about that, and sometimes laughs a little to himself. The parent egret has been out after food, and returns to the colony. Without a second's hesitation, he picks out his own nest, and pauses for an instant directly above it, high up in the air. Then he lets his long legs drop straight down, and throwing his wings up, just falls down through the air, feet first, in the most comical and awkward-looking way in the world, though he never misses his nest by an inch, but lands just where he wanted to. As he thus backs downstairs out of the air, his long plumes, attached in a little clump at his shoulders and spreading out over his back as far down as the longest tail feathers, flare up in the air, reversed and standing up over his head as he drops, as a white garment would in the resistance of the air.

On these plumes Thomas Jones fixes his eye. He shoots an egret and satisfies himself that the plumes are "ripe," *i. e.*, in their prime condition. Then he builds his camp on the best ground he can find near by, and the next day is ready to go to work.

Surely Thomas Jones is not going to kill these birds right in the nesting season, when the helpless young are in the nest and must die also if their parents die! That cannot be possible! you say. Yet that is precisely what he is going to do. It is not his fault, he will tell you, that the plumes are not good in the fall, winter or early spring, and are not prime until the height of the breeding season. Here are the plumes, found at much labor, reached at much danger, says Thomas Jones, blind and deaf—further than that, and there is the price offered me for them, so much an ounce, perhaps $40 an ounce, or perhaps as low as $140 a pound. Is this right to kill these birds at this time? I am not clear that we should ask this question any more of Thomas Jones than of the wholesale milliners' supply house, or of the retail milliner, or of every lady on the street. Only the fact remains, pitiless, horrible, unspeakable, that the gathering of the plumes is a harvest of death, a harvest untimely, disastrous, because it is reaped at the sowing time of life. Every egret killed for its plumes is killed when it is helpless through its blind natural love for its offspring, and when its death means the death of all its helpless young. Does the wholesale man know this? Does he care? Does anybody know or care? Is it not the one thing to be remembered, that my lady must have her plumes—this modern civilized type of womanhood must—to distinguish her from the shop girl—unless the shop girl marries rich and becomes able also to wear these plumes of death. White—they are white, these plumes. It is mockery. They should be the blackest sable, and they should stain black the white fingers that caress them.

But Thomas Jones cannot stop to argue. The next day he pushes quietly into the edge of the nesting ground. He ties his boat firmly within easy range of the tall snag he saw the day before. He takes out his rifle—the .22 short will make no noise, and it will serve his purpose perfectly. There is an egret on the tall snag. Taking a steady aim, Thomas Jones fires, and the bird whirls down, dead. One or two other birds start on their perches in the same tree, but settle back. One by one they, too, whirl out and lie in a white tangled mass at the foot of the tree. An egret raises herself up above the rim of the nest on which she sits, and the tiny bullet pierces her. She whirls down, lying white and motionless. The little ones gape and cry, but no food comes. The father was killed on the tree near by. One by one, out of the nests, off from the limbs of the trees, here, there, anywhere—for the birds are all about, and so stupid with the breeding fever that they will not leave—the slender white birds meet their doom. That tall snag has yielded twenty victims. Thomas Jones has not moved from his boat. He has over 200 birds down. He can tell by his cartridge boxes, for he rarely misses a shot. It is easy shooting.

After noon Thomas Jones goes out and gathers up his spoils. A cut of the knife and the clump of plumes is off. The carcass of the egret is left lying. Two hundred carcasses of egrets are left lying. That many more to-morrow. Many more than that the next day, for by that time the wailing of the dying young of the first day's victims will have ceased. From then on, day by day, increasing in three-fold ratio, the harvest of death goes on, steadily, pitilessly, on the sowing grounds of life, out in the silent wilderness where the birds have tried to hide their homes.

In less than a month it is over. The long white lines no longer cross the country going to and from the feeding grounds. The white forms no longer appear on the naked trees. Doubly naked the forest stands in silent desolation. Sodden and discolored the once white forms below the trees are sinking into the slime. From beneath the trees and from the nests up in the trees a great stench goes up. Not a bird, young or old, is left alive. The old ones stayed till death came, bound by the great instinct of nature to remain with their young.

Jones, a little yellower, but not sick, for he is a healthy man, packs up his feathers carefully and hies him to the railway for a swift and secret journey out of the country. He wonders where he can find another roost next year. Behind him is desolation.

E. HOUGH.

Does a Deer Challenge?

CARMI, Ill.—Some years since, in company with five besides myself, I was still-hunting deer in Arkansas. On the morning we were to break camp I shouldered my Winchester to take a farewell tramp over the grounds we had hunted for two weeks. I had walked about one and a half miles and was standing near the end of a prairie. Behind me was a briery slough. I had been standing several minutes when I heard three successive sounds or noises that were much louder and coarser than the whistle or snort of any deer I had previously heard. At first I thought it some other animal, but presently he was in sight, and when within about 200yds. of me he ran into a flock of turkeys. He would single one out and chase it away, then another, until he had chased off nine or ten, likely all of the flock, when he returned to the line or track he was following and came on, part of the time trotting and part of the time walking, but all the time traveling as if he were tracking something. When within 80yds. of me he came on my track and stopped, turning half around, giving me a fine shot. He was only a three-point buck, and rather small for a three-pointer, but he seemed to be on the warpath, judging by the way he chased the turkeys, and he seemed to care very little for me. Now, I have frequently heard deer whistle when frightened, and have heard them snort from same cause, but this deer made altogether a louder and different noise from either. BACHELOR.

ORIOLES, GRAPES AND SHOT.

WEST PARK, N. Y., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When your Englewood correspondent, Didymus, becomes a grower of Delaware grapes on the banks of the Hudson he will be better qualified to criticise my course in shooting orioles in my vineyard. At present he does not know what he is talking about. The oriole does not "consume enormous quantities" of grapes, but, if left alone, will destroy enormous quantities. The robins will make a clean sweep of the oxheart cherries, leaving only the naked pits adhering to the stems. Not so the oriole in the vineyard. It simply punctures the grape, stabs it to the heart with that stiletto-like beak and leaves it to perish on the cluster. Having got a taste of the juice of the grape it seems seized with the demon of destruction and fairly runs riot amid the clusters. I have sometimes wondered if it did not become intoxicated, and so let itself out in a regular grape juice debauch. One season I was absent from home during the ripening of the grapes, and on my return early in September found that about five tons of Concords, all the grapes I had at the time, had been practically ruined by the orioles. At least their market value had been so impaired that we were compelled to sell them for wine grapes. One side and often both sides of nearly every cluster had been punctured. I found only three or four orioles in the vineyard, but they were working it most industriously. They seemed to have taken each row and each arm in order, and had missed but very few clusters in their depredations. When a grape is punctured its juice slowly oozes out, the bees and wasps come and the whole cluster is presently besmeared. In rainy weather the wounded grapes rot and the cluster is still more besmirched.

The robin often attacks the grapes also, but he will confine himself to one or two bunches, eat his fill and be off. We never trouble him or the catbird.

I would willingly give the orioles half a ton out of my annual eight tons of Delawares if they would make a clean sweep of them as far as they went, but to let them take their half ton by sampling every cluster on the vines, this I will not submit to as long as shot and powder can be had. They seldom puncture more than a dozen berries on a cluster, but this destroys the beauty of the cluster, and makes double and treble work for the trimmers when the fruit comes to be packed.

The birds are very shy while working the vineyard and have the manners of sneak thieves. When disturbed they do not get up and fly away like the harvest robin, but dart under the vines, flying close to the ground and leaving the vineyard by the back door as it were. They are mostly young birds too, or females. Rarely is the brilliant-colored male seen among the vines.

They begin their depredations when the grapes first begin to turn, about the middle of August, and continue them till the first week in September. During this period the birds are slowly moving southward, and they often come in large numbers; this year, larger than ever before, my boy thinks that some days as many as a hundred were hovering about the vineyard. When he drove them out of the Delawares, they would dive down into the Wordens. I have never known them to attack the white grapes.

It is not, therefore, to save a few grapes that I shoot the orioles, or cause them to be shot. It is to save the very small margin of profit on grape growing. When it becomes a struggle for life between man and bird, the bird must go to the wall.

I am happy to report that the bluebirds are not all dead yet. During this month I have seen and heard them on many occasions. The first one appeared about Aug. 20. It sat on the top of a tall elm and called and called a long time, as if trying to find a comrade. Since then my ear has frequently caught the sweet, plaintive note from the air above.

But I fear the note of the oriole will always be an ugly sound to me, so unpleasant are my associations in recent years with that bird. JOHN BURROUGHS.

Game Bag and Gun.

A CAMP ON ROARING RIVER.

VIII.

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!
Prophet still, if bird or devil!"

THE shades of night were settling fast; the waning harvest moon looked calmly down from the eastern sky; crickets chanted their mournful ditties; katydids sang their plaintive songs of love, while the bat and the night hawk flitted overhead. Now and then the sharp bark of the distant coyote and the sepulchral hoot of the nearer owl came in on the chorus, and, all in all, the weird surroundings and ghostly environments were sufficiently romantic to satisfy the most fastidious mountaineer.

Every one of the boys thoroughly enjoyed all this and these, for each and every one of them was blessed with that instinct of the true sportsman that finds pleasure and happiness in communing with nature in the profoundest depths of her own wild solitudes. The gray, gloomy mountains; the dark chasms and silent cañons; the spectral, limbless trunks of dead and decaying pines; the ghastly fissures; the bald peaks, defeated rivals in the battle for supremacy that once raged among these hills, in which old Hood won the robe of eternal white—all made the scene and the occasion so charming, so ravishingly enchanting, that the boys felt that it was well worth all their hardships and toils.

Here nature looks old and gray, dressed in tatters, and the wrinkles of her poor old face seem to deepen even as you look. Her decaying ribs are fleshless and bare; her eyes, once sparkling with living fire, are now but hollow, charred sockets. She sits, deaf to the melodies and blind to the beauties of the living world below, and we ourselves are made to feel that we are sitting at her tomb.

"On such occasions, among such surroundings, if there is any righteousness in a man's soul, any respect for nature in his heart, any of the finer sensibilities or emotions about him, they will find recognition, if not expression."

"Isn't this a wild, weird sort of a scene?" asked the Doctor, soliloquizingly.

"Yes," said Swift, "such conditions as these always admonish me not to forget how small a factor of creation I am."

"I believe," remarked Mead, "that the sad pleasure of such communings with nature, in her varied moods and conditions, leads us to a better understanding of our relation to the great problem of existence."

"Oh, you fellows make me tired," put in Smyth, "let's talk about how we are going to circumvent some of these elk to-morrow." Smyth is a very practical man.

Then there came a sound that stopped all their musings—a sound that fairly froze the blood in their veins, and, as O. O. Smith would say, made the hair on every one of their heads sit straight up.

It was a familiar sound, but that only made it sound the more weird and ghostly, like the familiar voice of one long since dead and buried.

Again it floated out on the soft night air like the wail of some lost spirit: "No more fun!" and the echoes replied: "No more fun!"

What could this mean? Could it be that One Lung was dead and that his sad spirit had returned to earth to haunt his persecutors? Possibly he had been devoured by some varmint and his soul had transmigrated to the locality of their camp and was now present in the form of some beast of the forest or bird of the air. There it is again—a double dose this time: "No more fun! No more fun!"

"You can't fool me," said Smyth as he got up and reached for a Winchester. "That monkey is somewhere hereabout in the flesh and blood, life size; and if I can find him there'll be one less Chinaman for the Irish to howl about in this land of the free. Besides I ain't stuck on this spirit business; I'd rather meet a cougar any day than one of these miserable spirits. They're wretched themselves and want to make everybody else wretched."

"No more fun!" again came wafted on the breath of the night. Smyth was good and mad by this time besides being just a little bit nervous, and even the other boys began to wish in their hearts that they had let the poor heathen come along when he wanted to. It would have been better than to have him come when he didn't want to, so. But then they knew it was he, of course they did, hid somewhere about. But where was he? The boys called, coaxed, argued and cussed, but there was no response to their entreaties and expostulations except that same ghostly wail: "No more fun!" Evidently One Lung was in no immediate danger from Smyth's wrath, for there is no better recognized rule for the regulation of human conduct than that propounded by Uncle Remus: "Catch a rabbit afore you skin 'im!"

However, at last, by the adoption of certain rules of triangulation for the location of the source of sound, he was located in the top of a small fir directly over the camp. Of course it then became only a question of time, patience, inducement and subtle argument to get him down. But Smyth had to keep his fingers out of the business and the other boys had to tender themselves as hostages for his good behavior.

It seems that the Chinaman had kept them in view all the forenoon, while keeping out of sight himself; and when he had reached their camp he had simply partaken of their bountiful lunch, and then, like Elijah of old, ascended upward. Evidently experience had taught him that a good-sized fir was the safest retreat when Smyth was around.

IX.

"The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own."

Bright and early next morning the boys were on the war path. Elk they wanted, elk they must have, and elk they proposed to have, if energy, patience and good marksmanship would get him. Smyth and Swift having located quite a large band the previous afternoon, it was agreed that all should go in a body to that locality and work, as near as possible, in harmony. Swift thought that the herd must be about four miles from camp, "in one of the most abominable, God-forsaken pieces of country man had ever looked upon," while Smyth agreed with him in most particulars, except that he thought they "might add another mile or two." Now, distance is something a matter of comparison. All old hunters will readily agree that the old arithmetical rule that eight furlongs make a mile is subject to variations and don't hold exactly good in the rough mountains; or, if it does hold good, some furlongs are vastly more elastic than others. An inch on a man's nose, you know, is quite a distance. So is a furlong in the elk country of the Cascade Range. There's many a good hunter that don't want to hunt elk—in that country.

The sun was perceptibly west of the zenith when Smyth stopped short and pointed silently to something in the trail that made every heart in the crowd quicken. Sure enough, there was the freshest of fresh sign.

Involuntarily every man sat down quietly and without a word. Then Smyth, putting his finger to his lips, silently motioned Mead to follow, and they stole away like two snakes. Time was wearing and Swift and the Doctor were getting a little bit restless, when Smyth reappeared as silently and cautiously as he had disappeared. Again he touched his lips and silently beckoned. Evidently there was business on hand, for he never arose from his snake-like posture, but quietly, noiselessly turned and crawled back up the trail. Less than 200yds. from where he had left them they found Mead lying flat on his belly and gazing intently down into a deep cañon a little to the left of the trail.

Then they all gazed. There they were sure enough: five bulls, a dozen or more cows, and probably half as many calves, not a hundred yards away, apparently unsuspecting, peaceful, happy and contented. Then the boys drew back a little and held a whispered consultation. They were excited. In fact, they trembled just a little. But that was all right, and was nothing to their discredit either as men or sportsmen.

The Doctor thought it would be almost cruel and barbarous to kill, for "they never could possibly get the meat out;" but Swift proposed to take a shot or two at that big fellow with the horns even if the wolves and cougars did get the benefit. So it was agreed that Smyth and Swift should take the big fellow, while Mead and the Doctor should take another bull that was feeding somewhat off to himself; but not a shot should be fired at any of the others. At the word four rifles belched forth their leaden messengers, and again, and the blood of two proud, happy creatures of the forest was staining the soft grass and green leaves which nature had placed there to nourish them. The shooting had been unusally accurate and deadly, and the knife soon finished the work.

The balance of the herd seemed to be dazed and undecided, and loitered around while the boys were skinning the two killed, and some even approached so near that they had to be driven away with clubs. The whole band could have been slaughtered right there, but gratefully let it be recorded that here were four sportsmen that had hearts in their breasts. It was a long way back to camp and was getting late. So it was agreed that just enough meat should be carried back for supper and breakfast, and on the morrow they would return and get the best of the balance, and the antlers if possible.

Late in the night, hungry, footsore and weary, they trudged into their temporary camp, well enough satisfied with their day's work, and duly thankful that One Lung had followed them there, for he had a fine hot supper ready for them. It was among the wee small hours when the other boys went off to sleep, leaving Swift calculating and figuring how in the world he was to get those antlers out.

X.

"'Tis a lucky day, boy."

Mead had a sprained ankle (?) next morning and couldn't go with the boys back into the elk country. One Lung consented to do duty in his stead. Mead is pretty smooth. In view of what he well knew must be in store for those that did go the wonder is that he didn't have two or three sprained ankles instead of one, and possibly an attack of "plumbago" (my friend George Dehardy's favorite complaint), besides.

At any rate, poor Mead was in a pitiable condition that morning—to hear him tell it. The boys started out very early, with Swift in the lead, and in his countenance the close observer or student of human nature might have read a firm determination to bring back that old bull elk's antlers or die in the attempt. Swift is a plucky fellow, anyway. Possibly readers of FOREST AND STREAM may remember his remarkable experience in the Columbia River one dark, stormy night last winter. If it had been anybody else but Swift in that scrape possibly that elk would be alive to-day. Yes, Swift has plenty of grit, even if his judgment is a little defective now and then.

We'll not undertake to follow the boys there and back, for truly it makes some of us fellows just a little bit tired to even think of it.

Let them go in peace and may prosperity attend them.

Mead's ankle improved very rapidly shortly after the boys had turned the first bend in the trail. In fact it got so much better that he concluded to take a little hunt on the quiet and, of course, the other boys would never be any the wiser. It could do no harm and probably a little light exercise might really benefit his ankle, you know.

So he took his shotgun and stole out near camp, hoping to find a few grouse and maybe a ptarmigan. But he kept on walking and someway, sort of instinctively, laid his course over toward the salt lick discovered by the Doctor and himself two days before. And something, he didn't really know just what or why, induced him to approach it carefully.

When within 20ft. of it he saw as fine a pair of antlers as might be found on any buck in the Cascade Range sticking up out of that hole dug into the side of the cañon by the pawing, stamping and licking of the nervous, anxious animals. But Mr. Buck was too intent on his job to observe the intrusion. Mead had nothing but bird shot with him and hardly knew just what to do under the circumstances.

The buck had evidently struck an all day job and didn't seem to care whether school kept or not. So Mead decided to return to camp and get his rifle even if he lost a good opportunity, rather than simply wound the poor fellow without any reasonable probability of getting him.

He hurried back, secured his rifle and returned. There was the same pair of antlers or another pair just like them. The next serious question was how to get at him. He knew that if he walked straight up to the hole he would have to be almost directly over the buck before he could shoot, while to undertake to go around would alarm him and one bound backward toward the cañon would land him in the brush and then—good by. After studying over the situation for some time he concluded to be bold about it and take chances. Holding his gun in perfect readiness he walked straight up to the bank and near enough to the buck that he might have touched him with the muzzle of his gun before the animal even thought of danger, so entirely absorbed was he in that lick.

O, gentle creature, would that thou hadst ere that day learned that

"Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower."

There was a quick, nervous bound, a shot, and the messenger of death had entered his pure heart. A few struggles, a quiver of agony and it was past.

No more grouse or ptarmigan hunting that day for Mead. He felt, and very naturally too, that he had done his share for one day, considering the fact that he had a bad ankle and wasn't feeling very skookum in general. It certainly is a strange, but encouraging, provision of an all-wise Providence that luck should always favor the lazy.

It was away late in the night when the boys returned from the elk country. And what a nice lot of meat, what a nice pair of antlers and what an interesting assortment of cock-and-bull stories they brought back with them. One would think to hear the Doctor and Swift tell about it that it was something of a job to get that elk, or the better part of him, particularly the horns, out of that cañon and down to camp.

Doubtless the boys had good reason to think that a pair of elk antlers had never been carried out of such a country before. The Doctor thought that it would be a good idea to memorialize the legislature on the subject and try to have a law passed requiring the elk to keep out of these deep retreats of the remote Cascades, while Swift declared that he was going to have an elk park of his own where he could kill an elk whenever he felt in the notion without having to depend on their notions and caprices.

But then it takes all this to make camp life really enjoyable, keep a fellow's reputation up and please the other boys.

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

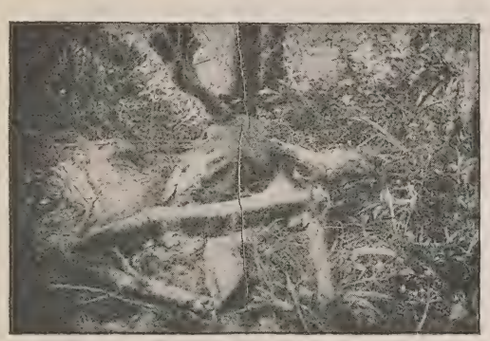
GAME NOTES WITH PENCIL AND CAMERA.—IV.

[*Continued from page 224.*]

In almost every wild section of our country there is much illegal killing of game, and Maine is no exception. We Americans have curious ideas as to the observance of the game laws, and where local custom permits their infraction there are few men who respect the higher authority of the State. There seems to be a kind of unformulated idea that in this respect each section is a law unto itself, and that the people who live there have the right to interpret the game laws as best suits their interests. As a result we see sportsmen who are desirous of getting a moose going into the woods of Maine in the middle of September and killing in the close season the game that they must wait till the open season to bring out. We see methods of hunting, declared illegal by the laws, carried on with a degree of publicity that only a game warden could fail to notice, and we see game killed for food all the year round.

Maine being a State of vast game resources, has so far been able to stand the drain made upon the supply by both legal and illegal means; but she cannot always continue to do so for various obvious reasons. For one, the number of sportsmen and hunters who visit her woods is bound to increase enormously in the course of the next few years. Good game covers in other parts of the East are on the verge of extinction, having either been shot out, or ruined by settlement or appropriated by clubs, and Maine will each year find herself with a more difficult task upon her hands to properly farm her game supply; for, if I mistake not, this is the idea that has run through recent legislation, and it certainly is one of vital interest to a large part of the population—railroad men, hotel proprietors, guides, etc.

Maine is no better nor any worse than some other States



AN OUT F SEASON MOOSE.

in her observance of the game laws, but there are several snags in her way that will cause increasing trouble if they are not attended to promptly. Of the warden grievance I know nothing except by hearsay, but the State seems to have taken a wise step in this regard in making the wardens give bonds and the action at any rate shows that the legislators are alive to the emergency.

One serious menace to the game supply, however, seems to have escaped notice, namely the legalizing of the possession of certain kinds of game out of season. This is dangerous both on account of its bad moral effect and because it opens up the way for a market for illegal game.

I stopped at the Prebble House in Portland, July 21, and on a bill of fare bearing that date was the item, "Haunch of Venison." Looking up the law I found that possession of such game is not forbidden during the close season provided it can be proved that it was legally killed.

The provision of course amounts to nothing. In our day game may be kept in cold storage for years, and summer and winter are annihilated. How is deer meat killed in January or July to be distinguished from venison killed in the open season? No doubt the Prebble House venison was legally killed, but illegal venison might have been substituted and no one would have been the wiser. A market for game is a menace to the supply under any conditions, but an all the year open market is still more so.

On the other hand the application of this law furnishes a dangerous moral example. If one of the largest and richest hotels in the State can serve its guests with venison in the close season simply on account of its proximity to a cold storage warehouse, why should the backwoodsman who has the game at his door be deprived of the same right? If a man can buy venison at any time, why cannot he kill it at any season?

To be effective a law must be logical and it must be impartial. That the Maine game laws are not effective would be the natural sequence of such a provision.

Following this line of inference and from previous experience in the Pine Tree State, I was not surprised to find public sentiment in Patten very lax regarding the game laws. Every fishing party and every blueberrying party *en route* for the woods carried guns, and it was common rumor that these arms were intended to secure them meat. In fact, the circumstance that we carried no firearms was more than once commented upon. As we were leaving, an old hunter who seems to have noted something amiss in our equipment, came up to me and asked with considerable solicitude: "Where's your gun?" I assured him that I had none. "Well, where's Darling's gun?" I told him that Darling was likewise unprovided. The old gentleman seemed nonplussed and disappointed. "Going back in the woods and ain't got a gun—how on earth do you ever expect to get a deer?"

Said a certain storekeeper: "The laws are all right and a good thing; they have operated to increase our game supply and to prevent wanton slaughter, but if I am back in the woods at any time in need of fresh meat, I am going to kill a deer. It don't stand to reason," he added, "that where there is such an abundance of game it shall not be killed when wanted. I can use game often to a good deal better advantage out of season than in season."

His statements were advanced openly in the presence of a number of citizens and were accepted apparently as trite matters of fact.

It was a hunter who said, and his remarks are significant: "If I wanted to be real smart, when I shot a deer from my canoe, I should aim to put the bullet through his lights. He would run back from the water before he fell and I would paddle along as if nothing had happened. Later, if there was nobody around, I would land quarter of a mile or so from the spot, so that my canoe would not be seen too close to where the deer lay, and I would get what meat I wanted. After I had the skin off I could call my meat bear's meat or anything I pleased and nobody could swear to the contrary or bring forth a particle of evidence that would get me into trouble."

So much for the way the general subject is discussed. One who accepts the evidence of his ears alone, setting aside for the moment eyes and nose, cannot doubt that among a part of the people at least the letter of the game laws is a dead letter.

Later eyes and nose both confirmed this conviction, and part of the evidence then secured is presented in the photograph of the moose killed out of season which accompanies this article.

Incidentally it is interesting to note that the men whom local report has it killed this moose are said to be at the bottom of a warrant issued nearly a year ago for Jock Darling's arrest, but which has not as yet been served.

This warrant, if I am not mistaken, charges Darling with having venison in possession in the close season, and is based upon the fact that a sportsman he had guided is said to have had with him parts of the carcass of a deer the last day of September, though how this incriminates Jock under the old law is hard to see.

That it was prompted by jealousy and not by any desire to serve the interests of the State seems apparent.

Since Jock sold out at Nicotous and came into the Sebois county he has met with much opposition from certain individuals who thought they had a monopoly of the natural gifts of the region and a right to levy upon all sportsmen entering it. These are the men, if report may be believed, whose names appear on the warrant, and who themselves killed the moose out of season. Their names were given me by unprejudiced witnesses, and I heard the story of the illegal killing from several sources. The evidence against them would seem to be conclusive. Attracted by shots fired at high noon upon a certain day early in July, a party haying on Sebois Stream went to the spot where the moose was killed, and saw the game law violators load the carcass on a raft and pole it down stream to the dam where the road crossed. Here it was transferred to a wagon and taken away. The meat afterward, so one of my informants told me, was distributed among three families, whose names, however, he did not mention.

Every one living in the neighborhood knew of the illegal killing, and as a stranger I had no difficulty in getting the facts, yet nothing whatever has been done to bring these men to justice.

Though ready enough to express their disapproval of the action, the native backwoodsmen will not take legal steps, and the game wardens in that part of the woods seem to be an unknown quantity. While the native sentiment condones the killing of deer out of season for food, it draws the line at moose. The natives realize the value of this animal aside from its meat, for they know that a good raw head will sometimes sell for as much as $100, and they know that the outside sportsmen are willing to pay good round figures to obtain such trophies. Such men are always clannish, and many of them are not in a position where they can afford to make enemies, so the part of the fine going to the informer has no attractions for them.

It is the knowledge of this local feeling and the knowledge that there are few such wardens as Collins, of Presque Isle, that emboldens the law-breakers. By and by Maine will wake up to the fact that it will pay to have wardens back in the woods as well as at the principal railroad stations and towns.

Darling is anxious to get his case tried and out of the way. The warden from Patten went down to Lowell for him once last winter, but he was not at home. Jock was so much disappointed to have missed him that the next time he was in Patten, finding the prosecution too busy to attend to the matter, he volunteered to go back himself and round up the witnesses. It is needless to add that his offer was not accepted.

When we were in Patten the warden met Jock on the street, and with a view to the trial asked him how long he was going to be in the neighborhood.

"All summer," Jock replied; "and if you've got a good jail I'll stay all winter too."

The foregoing notes on the Maine game laws are the result of necessarily hurried and superficial observations, and are to be taken for what they are worth.

A great deal has been said lately of the better enforcement of the game laws, but in the section visited it was not apparent. Not only were deer killed with impunity, but also the more noble game, as conclusively shown in the case of the moose, whose illegal killing I have described.

There are plenty of sections in the Adirondacks to-day where deer are as abundant as they are in Maine, but from these sections the moose has forever disappeared. This is true of other parts of the United States and Canada.

The inefficient protection that suffices for deer will not do to protect the moose, and in my opinion, though the deer may remain, it will not be long under the present conditions before the "vanishing moose" has vanished forever from Maine.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

IN VERMONT COVERS.

PUTNEY, Vt.—A successful day with the ruffed grouse—when the frosts of early autumn have painted the leaves of the sumac, maple and witch hazel with the many varied and beautiful tints of red, yellow and russet, and the apple trees, loaded with luscious burdens of fruit seem to remind us that it is now the most delightful time in the whole year to enjoy an outing—is an event which will be long remembered by those who have been fortunate enough to enjoy a tramp over hills, through valleys and along the banks of the numerous small streams that are usually found in the best covers for this noble game bird.

It is of such an event, with three companions and a pair of fine pointers, that I shall endeavor to give an account of, trusting that others may have enjoyed similar occasions during the season just past.

The party consisted of Dr. G. F. Barber, C. A. Harris, C. B. Willard and myself. We had a couple of liver and white pointers, which would have to turn back only a few pages in the records of the past to find the blood of Sensation and Mainspring, and this should be enough to convince any one that as far as the dogs were concerned we were well fixed.

Oct. 12 was the day we planned to invade the haunts of the game, and the evening before the Doctor and his friend arrived with a good supply of ammunition and the Doctor's dog Don, which is almost the exact counterpart of Mr. Willard's dog and bears the same name.

Six o'clock found the four of us comfortably seated in an express wagon, with Willard's broncho to furnish the motive power; luncheon for both man and beast and ammunition stowed away beneath the seats. For some reason or other the "motive power" seemed inclined to act both ways, as we had hardly got started when the broncho decided to go backward a while, which immediately caused the occupants of our carry-all to "come off their perch" for the sake of their personal safety. After a good laugh everything was made shipshape and we proceeded again, this time without mishap, until we reached an alder cover which looked likely to contain a woodcock or two. Hitching our horse beside the road, we jumped the wall and sent the dogs along. It was a pretty picture they made in the early morning sunshine as they moved in and out among the alders, and after a few moments of quartering their careful movements indicated that the long-bill had selected this place as a hiding place for the day, and in a moment the dogs were making a staunch point near a scrub apple tree. As soon as we were all in readiness the bird was flushed, only to drop at the report of my gun. Hardly was bird inside coat pocket before another was found, and this time I failed to connect, although both barrels were discharged at close range. But the poor woodcock was not fated to escape so easily, as Willard, with his little gun, was near at hand, and the stunning report of his 4drs. of soft coal was the cause of this bird's downfall at ten rods' distance, although it required a good piece of work on the part of his dog before the wounded bird was finally placed beside the other. The rest of the cover was drawn blank, and we returned to the team with a pair of exaggerated Jersey mosquitoes as a starter.

After another spell of going backward on the part of the broncho, we arrived at a cover consisting of a sugar orchard, with scattered pines, hemlocks and apple trees surrounding it, which we knew contained a covey of grouse, or, as commonly called here, partridge.

We soon found them, four starting out of the hemlock trees above the Doctor's head and going in as many directions. One poor bird undertook to get past myself, Harris and Willard and succeeded in escaping until Willard's second barrel tipped him over, and even then as soon as the dogs found him he rose from the ground and made a last determined effort, but only succeeded in going about six or eight rods when he took the last tumble and was placed with the two woodcock in our game bag. Four more fine birds were added to our number before we left the cover, some fine work being done by both dogs, while the work of the men could be classed as good, bad and indifferent.

Of course the best work was when the Doctor fixed his eagle eye on a little fellow which had sought concealment in the top of a hemlock tree, and without making enough noise even to disturb his slumber, persuaded him to come down. But we are rather apt to follow the example of the old darky who "shot 'em on de wing, on de tail," or anywhere he could hit them, and rarely take the trouble to exercise our Vermont grouse in order to develop their speed before we shoot them.

On the way to the next cover we brought out our lunch baskets, only to find that the dogs had preceded us and helped themselves, but still we found enough to satisfy hunger, and soon were in an alder swamp, expecting to find woodcock. We beat the cover thoroughly, and succeeded in bagging four more partridges, but no woodcock except one at the extreme edge of the alders. After wasting three or four shots, I turned it over to the tender mercies of the Doctor, but after six ineffectual trials at medium range and not having started even a feather, he began to think this particular bird bore a charmed life. The next opportunity presented itself to Harris, who succeeded in breaking a wing with his second shot, making eleven charges in all that we fired at this one bird. But we had lots of fun just the same, and the poor work that the Doctor did caused him to try his gun for pattern at the first opportunity, which presented itself in the shape of a good-sized barn. At thirty paces he found that he could put the most of the charge into one side of it; but he thought that at ten paces further he could hardly do so well as that. As the Doctor is a first-class shot it will be only fair to state that his gun had just been returned from a gunsmith where he had sent it to have the choke removed, and, as the Doctor said, "I guess that fellow minds pretty well."

We kept at it until we were obliged to stop on account of darkness, when we laid the results of our efforts in a row upon the ground, and gathered together to relate once again just how each bird was brought to bag. Twelve grouse and three woodcock made a fine picture, and we were well satisfied with our day's hunt. We were tired and hungry when we arrived in town that night, but after adjourning to Mr. Willard's dining-room for an hour, where we found a supper of chicken, potatoes, coffee, hot rolls and many other good things awaiting us, which, it is needless to say, we enjoyed as only the true sportsman can after a long tramp, we felt better. The dogs, too, were tired, as they had been on the move from sunrise till dark, and it is not to be wondered at. While the above bag may not appear very large to some sportsmen it ought to satisfy any one who cares to be out in the open air and does not go entirely to see how much game he can kill.

There are many places in southern Vermont where two or three good shots with a good dog can get a dozen or more birds in a day's hunt, and at any time during the open season we are always glad to welcome visiting sportsmen who could be satisfied with a moderate amount of game. During the months of October and November the climate is fine, the mornings being just cool enough to be bracing. As another season rolls around I hope it may be my good fortune to enjoy another day afield with these same companions. W. E. A.

A DAY WITH THE BLUEBILLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Sauntering down to our canoe, we were surprised to see a large flock of bluebills come flying low and close to the shore of the ridge on which we were camped, crossing just out of range and dropping out of sight behind the trees to the north. We judged they settled in a slough which makes in from the bay and is accessible from our camp only by water a distance of several miles, or by portage of perhaps 500yds., there being a well worn trail used by the Indians in their journeyings, at the south end of which we had pulled out our canoe.

As the flock passed Doc remarked that they must have feeding grounds in the slough mentioned, and that it was too bad we could not without too great difficulty get over and pay them a visit, to which I replied, "Why not make the portage?" The result of our talk was that in a few moments Doc was leading the way with guns, shell cases and coats, and the writer bringing up the rear with the canoe bottom side up on his head and shoulders.

We accomplished the portage much more quickly and with less difficulty than one unused to such undertakings could imagine, and 3 o'clock saw us again afloat, paddling very quietly, and keeping a sharp lookout into all the branches of the main slough for our victims.

About one-half mile east from where the launch was made we reached the point where the slough we were following branches. One branch continues east a number of miles and finally makes out to the lake; the other branch follows a northerly direction for a short distance and merges into numerous narrow slits of water running up into a sand bank which walls out the main lake.

The wind was blowing a stiff breeze from the northeast, and as we turned into one of the narrow runs and drew up near the bank we could hear the breakers rolling in on the beach across the ridge. The strip of water we were following turned to the east close to the ridge, and a few rods beyond widened out into quite a respectable pond.

As we were about to make the turn which would bring this sheet of water into view there was a sound of wings, fleeting shadows on the water, and a bunch of bluebills passed just ahead of us, and dropped out of sight in the pond.

"We've struck it," says Doc, and he steered for the bank just before making the turn which would bring us in sight of the pond.

Getting on shore we crept cautiously behind a fringe of willows and alders which skirted the bank to a point which we calculated would afford a view of the whole pond; and such a sight as was presented to our gaze as we peered through those bushes! It is perhaps best not to state our estimate of the number of ducks in that pond. Doc says now that there were a million, but he is easily excited and that fact should be considered in passing judgment on his statement. But there they were; feeding, some asleep, some evidently bent on a frolic, chasing, splashing, diving, all in fancied security.

We expected to bag about a dozen each from that bunch of ducks, and set about deliberately to accomplish that end. A whispered consultation ended in our deciding to shoot each one barrel as near together as possible into the thickest bunches and do the best we could with the second barrel when they rose, but in getting into position to shoot we in some way aroused the suspicions of the ducks nearest to us, and they commenced to get up. This rather rattled me; and, thinking they were all going to fly, I jumped up, and as they rose with a swish and roar, cut loose, and one poor little duck fell in the water. Doc was not far behind, but somehow after I had shot both barrels and Doc one, there was still on the water only that one lone victim. I was wondering in a vague sort of way how we could possibly miss that whole cloud of ducks, when up flew the one we had dropped, and but for Doc's left, which he used beautifully and brought the bird down stone dead, we would have been left without a feather.

We got into good cover and waited for them to come back, which they did in bunches of four or five to a dozen, and when it came time to start for camp we felt quite well satisfied with the size of our bag.

Getting back to our tent just as night had closed in, we found a party of hunters from H. camped near us, they having come up that afternoon.

They had several skiffs, and had brought along an Indian to pole and paddle and make himself generally useful, but they seemed in a fair way to meet with disappointment, for it was apparent at first sight that this particular Indian was thoroughly intoxicated. We learned on investigation that in making camp the sight of a jug of whisky had proven too much for his good inclinations. Indian and jug both mysteriously disappeared. Nothing more was seen of him until just as we returned to camp he put in an appearance in the condition described. The whole party were engaged in the endeavor to persuade him to reveal the whereabouts of the jug when he came up, but all to no purpose. He seemed hopelessly stupid and could not seem to comprehend in the least anything that was said. Being thoroughly disgusted, one of the party took him out to the trail—distant from camp about ten rods—which led to the Indian village, and giving him the direction, told him to "git." Doc and myself were interested spectators of the whole proceedings.

The day had been warm, but after sunset it turned suddenly very cold and, as I struck a match to light our fire preparatory to cooking supper, I noticed that frost had formed on our cooking utensils. Doc at the same time remarked that "those fellows must have lots of faith in that Indian's luck if they expected him to reach camp on a dark night a distance several miles over a trail a novice could scarcely follow in daylight, and that he would hate to assume the responsibility of sending him off in that way, especially as he had no coat, and the absence of other warm clothing was very much in evidence. However," he concluded, "it was no concern of us."

We brought out some blankets, spread them before the fire, and reclining thereon just rested and smoked and chatted until about 9:30, when I went into the tent and proceeded to arrange our bed for the night. I had everything fixed when Doc, who had remained outside to finish a final pipe, called out to me to come outside, that some one down on the point was in trouble. Stepping out and listening a moment, there came very faintly, yet distinctly, the unmistakable call of a person in distress. Our first thought was of some belated hunter who had lost his way in the swamps and thickets which covered the ridge between our camp and the bay for a distance of two or three miles, and we hurried over to our neighbors' tent to inquire if any of their party were missing, to which they replied no, and all tumbled out to listen to the call, which came every few moments. We were speculating as to who could be out at that time of night, when some one in their party mentioned the drunken Indian. "That's him!" we all cried in chorus, and it dawned upon us that some one was destined to take a long tramp through thick brush, over cranberry bogs, and in some places in water over the knee, or there would be a dead Indian down on that point before morning.

About this time some one suggested that we ought to answer the call, which we did nearly in chorus, and one need not be surprised to learn that an owl dropped dead from his perch in a nearby jack-pine at the sound when we state that the writer had not been permitted an old-time yell for the space of fifteen years, and judging from the way the rest of the party went about it, their voices had been jugged for the same length of time. However, after the first few trials some of us improved and set up a howl in reply every time that weird, uncanny call came floating to our ears through the tree tops.

Doc was getting excited and declared he would not go to bed with that man lost out there, and in a few moments he, with lantern in hand, myself and one member of our neighbors' party, were picking our way in the direction of the sound.

Once away from camp we found it a difficult matter to keep our course, so dense was the undergrowth taken with scattered windfalls over which we stumbled every few steps. Presently we came to a bog and passed through about 18in. of moss and water, then more brush and windfalls, until with so much tramping after a hard day's work we were tired enough. At last, however, we came to the edge of a marsh, apparently larger than any we had yet encountered, and stopped to yell and listen. The reply came quite near, and in a few moments more we could hear splash, splash, regularly out on the marsh, and judged we had found our man. We kept calling and swinging our lantern, and presently a shadowy form hove in sight and the next moment sank exhausted on the firm ground at our feet. A sorry sight he presented. Hatless, clothing torn to ribbons, moccasins gone from his feet, which were bruised and bleeding, streams of icy water trickling down his bare legs and ankles from the soaked remnant of clothing he still retained, it was a picture of misery sufficient to move the most hardened to pity his forlorn condition.

By dint of much prodding over the smooth places and some help over the rough, we managed to get him back to camp and were preparing to strip him for bed in some warm blankets the members of the party had prepared for him when he seemed suddenly to acquire new life and said: "Hol' on, me get you boys somethin' good," at the same time striking out over the ridge. We followed thinking him gone daft from exposure and purposing to catch him and bring him back by main force if we could not induce him to come without.

He led us a chase to a dense growth of scrub oak about 20 rods from camp and disappeared. A moment later he came out with the jug of whisky and invited us all to take a drink. It is not within the province of this article to state how many of us refused. Our man hunt over, the reader can imagine with what feelings we crept into our blankets and whether or not our sleep was sound that night.

We found good bluebill shooting on our way to meet the Hazel next morning, the noise she made coming into the mouth of the slough stirring them up and giving us several fine flock shots. Arrived at our office at 9 A. M., feeling refreshed and recuperated by our trip despite the hard work and long night tramp to save a poor wretch of humanity from perishing in the wilds of Kakagon.

GEORGE W. MIARS.

TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWEST.

Birds on the Move.

THAT game will be plentiful this winter there can be no doubt, as from every section comes the word that quail are much more plentiful than for years past. Our lakes are filled with water, which insures good snipe and duck shooting, while the deer and turkey are reported in abundance throughout the Southwest.

The Texas Pigeon.

This season marks an epoch in the history of flight shooting. The Texas pigeon, or dove, has swarmed all over the country. For three miles on the Pleasanton road, south of San Antonio, there has been such a flight as never has been seen before, thus affording our local cracks a fine chance for practice at swift-flying feathered targets, which will undoubtedly prove a great benefit to them in the future.

It is the most pleasant shooting of my experience. The usual outfit consists of a strong two-seated, covered wagon (ambulance), a pair of canteens of our fine spring water, a cake of ice, a stool for each man and 100 shells for each shooter, and a more pleasant shoot under these circumstances is hard to find. The bags of course are large when the hunter takes the advantage of picking out a pass where the birds fly slowly. That is generally found near a fresh-water pond. The birds hover over the water, take a drink and, if they are lucky enough to escape the contents of the guns that are hunting them, they are off again on their swift migration to their roost.

But if the hunter, as most of our crack shots do, takes his stand where the Texas pigeon cleaves the air at a 75-mile-an-hour gait, and at a height of 30 to 50yds., th

killing shots are not so frequent, it taking an excellent blade to bring down 50 per cent.

In the immediate neighborhood of Mitchell's Lake I readily believe that a man could easily fire 1,000 shells a day at the birds. Just after sunrise they arise from the bottom, where they have been roosting, and cleave the air on their way to the many sunflower fields, where they feed until evening. They then take the route home about 5 o'clock and from that time until dark the air is filled with them.

Blue-wing Teal.

We had the first taste of blue-wing shooting as early as Sept. 8. The morning flight for about twenty minutes was all that could be desired. The flight in the evening was good, but the mosquito crop did not contribute to the comfort of the gunner. The coast people send word that wherever there is fresh water there may be found good blue-wing shooting.

Deer.

It is perfectly sickening to see the putrifying carcasses of deer coming in. They are generally accompanied with the hunter of pot-hunting proclivities. He proudly stalks into the beer joints clutching a fine pair of antlers in the velvet and, with a feather in his hat and a mouth full of boast, tells how he murdered the noble animal at 350yds., and fired through an impenetrable mass of chaparral and trees. The truth of the matter is that in all probabilities he ambushed his game at some water hole at night with a fire lamp. I don't like the too-early-in-the-season hunter anyhow. Even if we are too poor to have a good law, common decency should teach all hunters that when the deer horns are in the velvet deer ought not to be shot.

A Chapter to Lieut.-Governor Jester.

Both branches of the Legislature of Texas passed a pretty good game bill last winter. The bill was introduced through the efforts of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association and was ably championed by Hons. Perry J. Lewis and R. A. Blair, senator and representative for this district. At the close of the session the Senate, in order to make the engrossment of a number of bills possible, turned back the hands of the official clock in order to have such bills engrossed before the time set for adjournment. Senator Lewis begged the chair to crowd the game bill, but Lieut.-Gov. Jester refused, saying that he did not consider the bill of sufficient importance to the people of Texas as to warrant such proceedings. Thus the game bill was defeated.

Best Tarpon Record.

Messrs. A. W. Houston and Senator Perry Lewis distinguished themselves as fishermen on Sept. 13, 14 and 16. On Friday, Sept. 13, Mr. Lewis landed two tarpon; Saturday, 14th, Lewis landed six and Houston six; Monday, 16th, Lewis captured two and Houston three. Total for two men nineteen tarpon.

This is the largest number of tarpon hooked and landed in the length of time anywhere and marks another epoch in the history of angling in Texas. TEXAS FIELD.

SAN ANTONIO, Sept. 25.

PLATTE RIVER GEESE.

A COLD piercing wind was sweeping across the level expanse of prairie straight from that suburb of Siberia, Dakota, and it found us without a bit of trouble when we alighted on the platform of a little railroad station in western Nebraska, within easy reach of that parody on rivers, the Platte.

We had heard of geese—acres of them—that were only waiting to gracefully do a parachute drop before any shotgun that came into the country, and that was the only excuse we had to offer for being in evidence in that part of the country at that time of the year.

The train soon left, and we got directions from the station agent as to the locality of the town about this way: "See that trail? Well, you follow that over there a ways 'n' you'll soon see a light; then head for that 'n' you'll get there." Shouldering our guns, grips, and extras, we "followed the trail," and in the course of time found the "town," which consisted of a store, post-office, hotel, real estate office and saloon, all in one building, part sod and part frame. This much of the city we discovered by steering straight for the light of a solitary candle, which was evidently set in the window for that very purpose.

When the sun rose in the morning we discovered a livery stable and a hitching rack for cayuses (made of slim cottonwood poles) and a barbed wire fence. We were told that there was also a dug-out, but we didn't see it.

After we got behind the candle we found that there were several people there, in fact, about the whole population of the city was there, and by proceeding according to rules that we had found by previous trips to be parliamentary in like situations, we contrived to get a decidedly substantial supper.

After supper a judicious distribution of cigars started the conversation on geese, and after those honest broncho busters got started I can say candidly that Munchausen and all the rest of his crowd were simply smothered clear out of sight. I never saw men, not even fishermen excepted, who could lie so candidly and with so much apparent truthfulness as did these goose hunters who entertained us that night (I found out they prevaricated afterward). They were the most truthful liars I ever heard because I think they actually believed what they said themselves. The geese were there, or rather right over on the river, by the thousands and tens of thousands; no doubt about that in the least, for Jim So-and-so had been over last week and killed 160 acres or so of them and that hadn't made even a hole in the flock. Similar stories were common property in the town, but the next man that tells me he has killed a goose on the Platte River has got to produce the goose before I'll listen to his story.

By bedtime a common blizzard, of healthy proportions for an infant, was playing hide and seek with the hitching rack and the stovepipe, and the town agreed that we would have a puddin' on the river, as the storm would drive the geese to the stream, sure.

The town was wrong again.

We turned in and "spooned it" to keep warm and took turns at getting up during the night and gently whisking the snow off of the bed when it got too heavy for comfort, and managed to live through it too.

In the morning the sun was shining in that radiant, make-believe August way that it always does after a real good snowstorm out there, and the thermometer was down so low that we thought it was running a bluff on us. That's where our judgment was weak.

After breakfast we hunted up the hostler of the livery stable and got a team to take us to the river, a few miles away. On the way over we saw several million geese flying blithely southward and heard several million more that were so high we couldn't locate them, but they were there all right.

After due deliberation we reached the river and saw several thousand acres more geese, all in the middle of the river and all seemingly content with the situation.

We hired a farmer to feed and keep us for a week and sent the team back with instructions to call for us at the end of that time. Oh, how we regretted it afterward.

We hunted those geese up stream and down, across country and back, ran hurdle races with them across irrigation ditches, and shot at them at long range for four days of that week and then played cards and smoked ourselves out of tobacco.

Those geese have all the advantages in the world and they simply settle in the middle of the river out of cannon range. When they get hungry, they fly up or down the river, always in the middle, and rise at an easy grade until they put about a couple of miles of nice cool atmosphere under them, then they gracefully carom South and eat their breakfast down in Kansas. In the morning there are some fresh geese from Dakota to shoot at if you want to, but you won't want to very long.

They smile at your decoys and laugh right out loud if you try to sneak up on them. We bluffed them until the sixth day and then we chartered our landlord's buckboard and drove to Plum Creek and offered all kinds of money for a few dozen real dead geese. We couldn't get them; then we wanted just one goose that was dead enough to be caressed, but we couldn't buy one. Then we heard of a man who owned a tame one with a broken wing and thought if we could buy that and properly lariat it, maybe we would stand a show to kill a Platte River goose yet. It wasn't for sale.

When our team came, we got the driver to stay until we had just time to get over and catch the train, which, happily for us, left after dark, and made our escape to Lincoln without having to answer any unnecessary questions about geese, a subject we were not familiar enough with to talk intelligently about anyhow. At Lincoln we bought a few geese and sent them to some of our friends at home and after a few days' quail shooting we wended our way hither.

Some people who knew us asked us, "Where are the rest of your geese?" These we referred to those who had received our trophies (from Lincoln) and we answered, kind of off hand like, that "We left them up among the farmers along the river," and that was strictly true.

EL COMANCHO.

MAINE GAME.

BOSTON, Sept. 27.—The Massachusetts season on partridge, or ruffed grouse, opened on Sept. 15. Since that time there has been a good deal of hot weather, with the woods most remarkably dry. The gunners say that such weather is unfavorable, especially to woodcock shooting, on which birds the open season now begins at the same time as on partridge. Several good hands at woodcock have been out the past week with good dogs, but have not obtained a bird. They report the swamps and lowlands, where woodcock are usually found, very dry indeed. But a few partridges were taken on Saturday and Monday. E. M. Gillam, commercial editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, was out early on those days in the woods at Reading. He has good dogs always, and succeeded this time in "nailing," as he terms it, a couple of grouse. He is a good shot, and so is any man who can shoot partridges in Massachusetts.

In Maine the partridge shooting seems to continue good, though the season has been open but about a week. J. Frank Moody, son of Prof. Moody, of the Edward Little High School, Auburn, Me., is teaching school himself this fall, though but 17 years of age. It is sometimes said that a student and a gunner and fisherman are never to be found all in the same person, but Frank likes the gun and fishrod about as well as any boy living. He came home last Friday—his school not being in session on Saturday—with a view of trying the partridges. His success was good, and he is back in school again, all the better pedagogue for his outing.

The weather is so dry in Maine that the question of water for domestic animals is a serious one, and a private letter from the line of the new Portland & Rumford Falls Railroad says that the deer in the mountainous sections are being driven out of the woods for water. They are frequently seen in the fields with the cattle, and they also come out to the ponds and rivers to drink. A couple of deer were shot the other day within a short distance of the village of Buckfield. The legal open season does not begin till Oct. 1, and a gentleman who was cognizant of the deed immediately notified the Fish and Game Commissioners. They sent an officer at once, who collected all the evidence he wanted and swore out warrants for the arrest of the shooters. They pleaded ignorance of the law. The letter suggests that this plea will avail them but little, however.

Later information says that the deer were shot while actually feeding with the cattle in a pasture—a doe and a fawn. There was also a buck with the others, but the gunners allowed him to escape. A cow among the cattle is reported to have set up a tremendous lowing at the fall of the deer, and to have run and licked them in great excitement. It is suggested that deer and domestic cattle are actually friendly in many pastures in Maine.

Mr. Harry Whitmore, real estate editor of the Boston *Herald*, is back from his vacation and hunting and fishing trip to Cape Breton. He is very much pleased with that country for bird shooting and fishing. Still, the country is extremely dry this fall, and the guides and natives told him that the partridges were generally in the vicinity of water and hard to find. But almost every afternoon he was out with shotgun he had the good fortune to "knock over a bird or two." The trout fishing he is much pleased with, though he got only brook trout; the season being too far advanced for the celebrated sea trout of that part of the country.

Sept. 28.—Forest fires are the terror and the distress of the Maine hunting and fishing resorts to-day. The Maine papers are full of accounts of these fires. There are fires very near Phillips, Rangeley. The woods and mountains are lighted up at night in the vicinity of Bemis, the fire being on the line of the new Portland & Rumford Falls Railroad. The way was cut through the forest early in the season, and the fire is said to have caught in the rick of trees thus felled. Fires are reported at the head of Richardson Lake and in the vicinity of Kennebago. At night fires are seen on the mountains in the neighborhood of Parmachenee. There are several fires in the Eustis and Dead River regions. There are numerous fires along the line of the Aroostook Railroad and along the line of the Canadian Pacific. The papers state that these fires are "set by hunters in some cases," and doubtless hunters will have to take a big share of the blame, though the fires may be due almost entirely to the carelessness of settlers and to sparks from locomotives. But set from whatever cause, it is a report that sends terror to the heart of the true lover of the forests; once burned over, his land of day dreams is done forever. Once burned over, the wooded mountain side becomes a barren waste of rock and scrub trees, and the trout streams in the valleys below are dried up. Let us hope that abundant rains may come very soon and stay the flames in the regions we love so well.

N. G. Manson has gone to Camp Leather Stocking, at the head of Richardson Lake, for his fall outing. He has his brother with him, with Oscar W. Cutting for cook and guide, and about October 10 Mr. Luther Little, also of the Boston iron trade, will join Mr. Manson. The hunting is reported fair in that section, but if the forests are on fire no one can tell what the end may be. Mr. James H. Jones loves the gun and fishing rod about as well as any other boy reared in Maine, and that is saying a good deal. He has just returned from his vacation, spent in the town of Buckfield, his native town I believe. He says that partridges are very plenty this year, though he had to come away so soon after the open season began that he scarcely got his share of the sport. Deer are very plenty in that part of the country. Mr. E. H. Noyes, of Clinton Market, is at home again from a hunting and fishing trip in New Brunswick. He does not "give away" the name of the section he visited, but says that the partridge shooting was good, with the trout fishing very fair. His party also got a deer.

Mr. Luther Little, mentioned above, is very fond of shooting over his dogs. He has fair luck even here in Massuchusetts. On the 17th, the second day of the open season, he was out and succeeded in bagging three partridges. In this shooting he finds much better sport than in shooting partridges in Maine, where they are so tame as to sit on the trees in plain sight, or to run on the ground as fearless as chickens almost. This brings to mind the remarkable feat of a Lewiston, Me., gunner, who, if the newspaper accounts are true, has lately succeeded in shooting a young Plymouth Rock rooster that happened to be too near the bushes.

Sept. 30.—There are better reports. The forest fires in the Maine hunting and fishing resorts are generally out or under control. Copious showers in many sections have quenched the flames. These showers were widespread, but did not touch everywhere, though pretty generally there was considerable rain where the fires were the worst. But still the State is very dry with the streams low, and unless heavy rains come very soon there will be still greater danger from the forest fires when the leaves are off the trees. At this time the leaves are falling rapidly and will soon be as dry as powder if the weather continues as dry as September has been. Every hunter and fisherman who goes into the woods should take with him an extra pound of caution, especially if the autumn continues as dry as it has begun. Warnings are being posted at every railway station and camp in the State of Maine. SPECIAL.

THE NIGHT-HAWK CLUB.

EVERYBODY has heard of night-hawks, but not all have heard of the Night-Hawk Club. The name may be suggestive of late hours and perhaps evil doings, but in this case its meaning is innocence itself. Nothing more formidable than a shooting and fishing club bears the title now, and Sugar Island in Moosehead Lake is the stamping ground of this aggregation of sportsmen. It was coming down in the train from Greenville Junction a short time ago that I met A. H. Shaw, of Bath, Me., the President of the club, and he it was who told me all about it. The other officers of the Night-Hawk Club are F. H. Wilson, Brunswick, Me., Vice-President, and Dr. Hiram Hunt, Greenville, Me., Secretary and Treasurer. The directors are A. H. Shaw, F. H. Wilson, Dr. Hunt, Wm. M. Shaw, Greenville, Me., and T. A. Linn, Hartland, Me. The club was incorporated Sept. 2, 1895, and is already a prosperous organization. Sugar Island is about opposite the well-known Deer Island in Moosehead. They have a splendid set of camps on the island, and the club have decided to buy ten acres of land, which will of course insure them permanent occupation. At the time I talked with Mr. Shaw some of the members with their wives were returning from the camp. They had enjoyed good fishing and seen many deer. The whole country around the island is a good region for large game, and in a short time a party of the members will go up for the fall shooting. There was much difficulty and hesitation over the selection of a name for the club, that of Night-Hawk being finally selected by the ladies, being suggested by the fact that when they first began going there some of the gentlemen were so anxious to see a deer that they would go out nearly every night looking them up in the effort to satisfy their ambition. The name is therefore a light punishment inflicted by the ladies for some lonely evenings spent in camp. Four new camps will be built next year and it is the intention to make the entire equipment first class.

While journeying into the Dead River region but a short time ago, it was my good fortune to meet on the train Messrs. F. W. Burditt and F. W. Dana, of Boston. These two very pleasant gentlemen were bound for the Megantic preserve, and it was my privilege to enjoy their company on the long stage ride to Eustis, and a part of the buckboard journey the next day as far as the Chain of Ponds road. My own destination was the King and Bartlett preserve, and although the journey of that day was somewhat tiresome, as buckboards are, I felt amply repaid when at 4:30 P. M. a turn of the road brought us in

view of the camps on the shore of beautiful King Lake, nestling down among heavily wooded hills. It was an impressive and handsome sight, and is hard to duplicate even in Maine. The smiling countenance of mine host, Harry M. Pierce, was the first face to greet me, and in a few moments I was comfortably installed in the finest log camp to be found in that part of Maine. An immense caribou skin covered a good part of the floor, and high up near the peaked ceiling hung the mammoth head of a bull moose, whose eyes seemed to wink and blink in the dancing light of the open grate fire as though once again possessed of all the power of bygone days. The succeeding days were spent in fishing and tramping about the woods until the sad and inevitable day of departure intruded itself upon me. While at these camps I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. W. J. Epting and his father (inseparable companions), of Philadelphia, and go where you will, finer sportsmen and truer gentlemen cannot be found. In company with them I spent many pleasant hours both in fishing and tramping. The fly-fishing during my visit was quite indifferent, it being very windy, with exceedingly rough water. Partridges seemed plentiful everywhere at King and Bartlett, and I prophesy good sport this fall for those who like bird shooting. It is also a great region for large game, and in a few days more the mountains will be echoing out the rifle shots of eager shooters after their quarry, and the open season will be fairly inaugurated.

Reports have been coming to Boston all summer of good fishing at Indian Pond, Maine, and I have seen and talked with several men who have made good scores there this year. Indian Pond is really but a widening out of the upper Kennebec, and is situated but a short distance below Moosehead Station, on the Canadian Pacific, ten miles from Greenville Junction. E. H Wood, of Boston, manager of the gun and sporting goods business of John Wood, Jr., has just returned from that country, and speaks very highly of it. He stopped at the camps of Mike Marrs, which he says make as good a home in the woods as anybody needs. He had pretty fair fishing considering the warm weather and lateness of his trip. Seventy trout and three whitefish, the two largest trout weighing 2½lbs. each, was his record for the last two days of his visit. One immense fish estimated at 6 or 7lbs. was seen in the river just below the dam. A strong effort was made to capture him, but after he had straightened out two Carlisle hooks of large size they concluded it would be a good idea to let him grow until next year, when perhaps some more fortunate angler would effect his capture. Mr. Wood saw five deer on his trip, a great many partridges, and had some good duck shooting.

From the present outlook the Aroostook region will, to say the least, be comfortably filled with expectant gunners this fall. The railroad people say they are fixing up more tickets for that section of Maine than any other part of the State; certainly many sportsmen are passing through Boston en route to that region. Some of the men who have just gone or are about to leave are J. E. Brittain and F. W. Tibbitts, of Boston. They will go in from Ashland and will devote three weeks to shooting. They have been there before and know the country well. Dr. C. L. Hill and John A. Fritz, of Scranton, Pa., passed through the city the other day bound for Millinocket Lake. They have guides engaged and expect to be in the woods for three weeks. I hope to hear of their success on their return. H. K. and E. L. White, of Boston, have left for the Aroostook, going in from Norcross. They will be away two weeks and are after large game.

A. W. Robinson (president of the Megantic Club) and wife and D. C. Pierce (one of the directors) and wife, all of Boston, have gone to the club preserve. They will go in at the club house and out by way of Eustis. The two gentlemen have a camp at Chain of Ponds and hope to get some good shooting. The club will begin operations on hatching trout at their hatchery on Big Island at once. They have engaged Chas. W. Barrett, of Rangeley, who will go there and begin stripping trout very soon. The salmon put in Big Island Pond by the club two years ago and also last year have been taken on the fly this season up to 13in. in length. The members are quite elated over their success, and they deserve to be.

HACKLE.

Lend me your Ears.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While your correspondents are busy discussing all sorts of suggested bears and deer, why should not some of them get at the true inwardness of "the lordly buro?" In the *Youth's Companion* of Aug 15 last, in an article headed "On the Desert of Souls," I read, "The lordly buro was to be their game, the great deer of northern Mexico, larger than the elk." And further on, "What antlers—8ft. from tip to tip—had the leader of the buros! He and his mates slowly moved on the plain, seemingly without fear of surprise, quietly feeding on the juicy flower of the nopal cactus." CECIL CLAY.

The Mississippi Bird Crop.

BLUE MOUNTAIN, Miss., Sept. 16.—Our bird crop is fine again. There are lots of bevies full grown now and lots too that can scarcely fly yet. In riding a mile and a quarter last week I saw five large bevies, some fully grown, some just able to fly, all in the same bevies, showing that the same birds had hatched both lots. There are but few squirrels, though we expect our share shortly, for the forest is loaded down with all kinds of mast. The game law has been better observed this season than I ever knew it to be. There have been very few depredations. S. N. A.

Two Birds a Day.

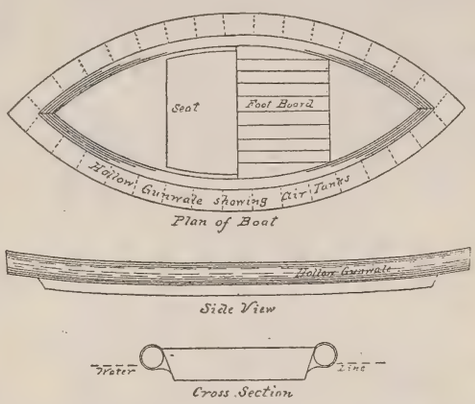
UTICA, N. Y., Sept. 27.—The open season for partridge is too early. The birds in this section were only half grown, and the weather in August and early September was killing for the dogs. Advocate Sept. 15 as the opening day, and give the dogs and birds a chance; the men can take care of themselves. On old birds big bags will be scarce, but who wants big bags anyway? Two birds a day is enough for any man. MODERATION.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Design for a Hunting Float.

EVERY sportsman who shoots on the quiet and shallow waters of ponds, rivers or marshes has felt the need of some light draft canoe, one in which he may navigate the shallowest places that ducks frequent or to conceal himself among the reeds or other marsh growth. A design for such a float is herewith submitted, with measurements and description, so that it may be constructed at any tin shop. The material is a light quality of galvanized sheet iron, put together with soft solder.

Extreme length 7ft., extreme breadth 3ft., depth 6in.; the bottom is 2ft. wide amidships. The gunwale is a strip soldered to the upper edge of the boat body and bent over until its free edge touches the sides of the boat, to which it is secured. This leaves a hollow space all around, in which are placed thirty small air tanks, as shown in the diagram. These air tanks are simply so many empty



3lbs. tomato cans soldered up air-tight. They give great buoyancy and stability to the float, and will sustain one man if the boat should be filled with water.

Where the outer edge of the gunwale is bent over to inclose the tin cans it will be necessary to cut a number of slits in the edge, so that the flaring edge may be turned over and so form a space for the air tanks.

The bottom is flat transversely, with a gradual rise of 2in. from the middle to either end.

A short paddle or double-bladed oar is used to propel it, and it may be laid aside at a moment's notice and the gun taken up.

Such a float or canoe with a man of ordinary weight will draw about 3½in. of water and ought to be very light and durable. It should be painted some inconspicuous color to make it less noticeable. Rings or thimbles may be soldered around the edge of the gunwale, in which may be placed bushes to conceal the occupant, and so make a floating blind.

If taken out of the water when not in use, such a boat will last a long time. The galvanized iron does not rust easily. THOS. C. HARRIS.

NORTH CAROLINA.

September and October.

THE finest shooting grounds in the Northwest are on and tributary to the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The crop of prairie chickens promises to be exceptionally good this year; also ducks and geese. In northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan splendid deer shooting is to be had.

The game laws will be changed in several of the Western States this year.

Full information furnished free. Address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Don't Buy Your Outfit

IN the East if you are going on a hunting trip in the Northwest. We have everything you want in the sporting goods line, and our experience will perhaps keep you from buying a great many things you don't want.

We have all the modern Nitro Loads at Eastern prices. Don't encumber yourself with stuff until you get on your hunting ground. You can depend on us. Wm. R. Burkhard, 57 and 59 East Seventh street, St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

THE BASS KNOWS WHAT HE'S ABOUT.

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been greatly interested in the bass that leaps, shakes his head, takes a turn around a root, etc., and I have faith that he does it all knowingly, for I remember standing on a large rock on the left hand side of the lower falls of the Chippewa River, which flows into Batchawaaung Bay, Lake Superior, and having a long tussle with one that was fighting on his own ground and knew just what he was doing.

I had been casting for trout, with poor luck, when an idea occurred to me that proved a success. I knew that the pool contained bass and if I could not get trout I would take the next best obtainable; so I took off the tail fly from my leader and put on in its place a small troller and cast far down stream. The second cast resulted in hooking a 1½-pound trout on the fly above the troller, and while reeling him in a large bass repeatedly jumped out of the water and came down where trout and troller had been, but the nimble trout, like the Irishman's flea, was not there. The bass continued his antics until he was within less than twenty feet of me, when I dawned on his vision, and he suddenly stopped, looked at me a few seconds and left for the depths below. I caught two more trout on the same fly and then hooked a nice bass on the troller. I know he was a big one, because he finally got away; but he knew his business, and as I had trout enough for a meal I did not regret him.

He made several unsuccessful vaults into the air, sometimes shaking his head savagely and at others trying, evidently, to fall on the line or, as I sometimes think, get it foul of his fins or tail; but as I always keep a taught line in such cases he failed. Next he went down and sat on a rock and pondered until a bright idea occurred. Coming up he let me reel him in until he was within a few feet of the rock on which I stood and by which the water flowed in a foaming torrent, when he darted into the current and I had to give him line in a hurry. Nearly 50yds. were taken before the game turned in my favor and the same tactics were repeated several times, until the enemy finally seemed to get discouraged and was reeled in close enough to be "surrounded" with the net.

Lifting his head out of the water until he stood on end, I gently slid the net into the water, when he opened his mouth, spat the hook out and with a derisive shake disappeared in the depths of the pool. How he managed to disengage the hook I do not see, as I was using a light fly-rod and there was very little effort apparent on the part of the bass.

Later in the day I had another experience in the same pool. Taking a Carlisle hook, I scraped a bullet bright, split it and closing it on the shank about half way from the bend to the gut, cast in the swift water, with the result of hooking another immense (he too got away) bass, which jumped out fully two feet and, with a vigorous shake, threw the hook several feet. Two others took the same lure and shook the hook out in the same way, sometimes jumping several times before it was accomplished. I tried lowering my tip, but when I did the hook flew all the further. I lay the shaking the hook out to the weight of the bullet on the shank.

How high they will go I do not know, but I saw one leap so that I saw the whole of him above the shoulder of a companion sitting opposite me; and I don't believe they need much room to get a start in, for I had a small muscalunge, whose head I was holding out of water, jump high enough from that position to hit me in the face as I went to net him.

Old Sam says they jump and jump high, and shake and shake hard, and what Old Sam says is so, goes.

I have fished in some of the waters that have wet his line and driven my tent pegs in the holes left by his tent pegs, and I hope some time to take his hand and have the honor to sit for an evening by his camp-fire.

If the Kingfishers ever pitch their tents in northern Michigan again I shall rise and go on a pilgrimage, and rest not by the way until my eyes have been gladdened by a sight of the old bird perched on a broken limb of a blasted pine, and will then be content to sit far beneath him and learn wisdom. VICTOR E. MONTAGUE.

JUMPING BASS.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have read with pleasure the articles published in your excellent paper relative to the jumping bass and the reasons assigned for his so doing. I have resolved to add a little to the subject by relating an incident of which I was a witness.

About the middle of July I decided that work was no longer essential to my well being and happiness, and hied myself to a beautiful spot on Lake Michigan, located about forty miles north from Grand Rapids, to rusticate and drink in the beauties of nature undisturbed by the telephone and the busy hum of city life. The particular spot was Sylvan Beach, at the mouth of White Lake, where it joins Lake Michigan. White Lake is an arm of Lake Michigan, and is about six miles long by one wide, and is a beautiful body of water.

A number of people from Grand Rapids, Chicago and other cities have erected cottages at Sylvan Beach, and have this year organized a resort company to control it, and intend to add to its beauty modestly. There are no splendid hotels or expensive cottages at this quiet and picturesque place. Modesty reigns supreme. Every one there seemed to be trying to have a good time without "frills." Fishing was indulged in by all who enjoyed it, and successful catches were usual to those who were artists. As for myself, I confess to have a drawing to the rod, and during my stay at the beach I was fishing most of the time.

One evening after a day's fishing, as I was returning home accompanied by my dog, an Irish setter, skirting close to the bulrushes which grow near the shore, I was startled by a noise like that made by a fish as it leaps out of the water with a spoon hook in its mouth, accompanied with a splash in the water. The sound came from my rear in the direction which the boat was going. I stood up and looked in the direction of the noise and tried to make out the cause of the strange commotion. It was a perfect calm and the lake was as clear and placid as a crystal, every movement could be detected distinctly. My dog had risen also and was sniffing the air consciously and growling in a low tone of voice, and as the boat neared the spot from whence the watery rings are ever widening, he peered into the depths inquiringly.

Our curiosity was soon rewarded; about 30ft. ahead of the boat a large-mouthed bass broke the water, weighing I should judge about 4lbs., and shook a spoon hook which I could plainly see hanging from its mouth and disappeared. I pushed the boat to where he went down and looked for him, but in vain. I remarked to my dog that if that fish was so anxious to have that hook removed we would accommodate him. A wag of the tail was the answer. I sat in the boat for some minutes watching for a repetition of the affair, but the fish did not put in an appearance again. I am convinced that the object of that fish in rising out of the water was to dislodge the hook from its mouth, and believe that the fish "reasoned" that he could give more power to his shake out of water than in, where the pressure on its sides prevented its accomplishment.

C. B. K.

Big Nepigon Trout.

PORT ARTHUR, Canada.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Aug. 23 Mr. Eugene Stevenson and Dr. E. J. Marsh, of Paterson, N. J., went up the Nepigon River to fish and returned Sept. 15. On Sept. 4 Mr. Stevenson caught a speckled trout that weighed 8lbs. 2oz. It was a female in excellent condition and was weighed just after being taken from the water by Dr. Marsh; it measured 24in. in length and 16½in. around.

On the evening of Sept. 9, in one hour, Mr. Stevenson caught four trout with the fly that weighed 18lbs. 14oz.; two of these weighed over 6lbs. each. Twenty-one of the largest trout caught weighed 108lbs. 9oz.

Dr. Marsh caught a large number of fine trout, the largest weighing 6½lbs. They had very fine weather and the fishing was excellent. These gentlemen returned home very much pleased with the sport they had.

I had a few minutes' conversation with the veteran angler Mr. Dabney Carr, of St. Louis, who has followed the sport for half a century. He fished most of the

streams along the north shore of Lake Superior last season in company with Mr. W. Arnold, of Port Arthur. This season Mr. Carr returned to spend a month on the Nepigon, which he says is the finest trout stream in the world—and he has fished in all parts of Europe and America. Mr. Carr strongly condemns those who fish for trout with a spoon, bait or artificial minnow; he terms them anything but sportsmen. This is about the seventh time he has fished the Nepigon. He does not care to catch the much coveted 6 or 7 pound trout, so much sought after by other anglers; he prefers the 3 or 4-pound trout, that will fight longer and stronger than the larger ones. He usually preserves a few fine specimens to take home to show his friends, but the trout always fade and lose that beautiful color which they have when taken from the water. This year he brought some chemicals with him to try and preserve the luster of those colored spots which the speckled trout are noted for. This season Mr. Carr had excellent sport and returned home rejoicing; he hopes to be spared to have the pleasure of another season's fishing on the Nepigon.

J. E. N.

A Large Tarpon Catch.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Sept. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is to certify that the undersigned, A. W. Houston and P. J. Lewis, of San Antonio, arrived at Aransas Pass on the afternoon of the 12th inst. to fish for tarpon with rod and reel. On the 13th Lewis landed two tarpon; on the 14th Houston landed six and Lewis six (fishing about seven hours of the day); on the 15th, in the afternoon, Houston landed three and Lewis two, making total number landed nineteen in two and one-half days' fishing.

The remarkable catch on the 14th of twelve in one day (six by each) is the largest catch of tarpon with rod and reel ever made in one day, so far as we can learn. Before this Mr. Wallace, of Racine, Wisconsin, on Nov. 3, 1894, landed five tarpon in one day; he and two associates landing together twelve in one day. This catch gave the championship to Mr. Wallace until our catches on the 14th, in which we both beat him by one fish. Who will raise the record? Respectfully,

(Signed) A. W. HOUSTON.
PERRY J. LEWIS.

Dr. Morris's Salmon Story.

LANSINGBURGH, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 14, written by Robert J. Morris, ought to make every reader a life subscriber to your most excellent paper.

DR. F. J. TOMPKINS.

Striped Bass at New Berne.

NEW BERNE, Sept. 24.—Rock in Brice's Creek are just splendid. I heard a Mr. Pope say yesterday that he was up Brice's Creek a few days ago fishing and that he saw large numbers of rock up there. J. J. W.

The North Woods Club.

THE name of the Adirondack Preserve Association has been changed to the North Woods Club.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

Manistee County Fish and Game Protective Association.

MANISTEE, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream;* Some time since you asked me to report as to the work which was being accomplished by the above-named Association. Same was formed less than a year ago, and I am sorry to say that it has not been a success. As its president, I have done all I could to make it so, but my efforts and the efforts of the few who felt the need of such an Association and were heartily in sympathy with its objects, have not availed. It is practically dead.

The great reason why the Association has proved itself a failure is that most of its members were not in sympathy with it, having joined it apparently for the purpose of using it as a cover for their own violations of the fish and game laws. Defeated in their attempt to make laws for themselves which were in open defiance of the State laws, they then revolted, and, some openly, some secretly, worked against it. Unfortunately the malcontents were in the majority.

The Association raised quite a sum of money in the beginning, and with the aid of an appropriation from the county had a game warden of its own. The first selection for the office proved himself a rank traitor, accomplishing nothing in the way of prosecutions, and actually conniving at offenses against the law.

The next selection was a decided improvement, but came into office at the time when the disaffection among the club members was at its height, and had little backing.

Another great drawback has been the fact that justices of the peace before whom violators of the law were brought were clearly in sympathy with the culprits, assessing only the most ridiculous fines. One dollar and costs is not much for a pot-hunter or market-fisherman to pay once in a very great while, and such a fine only leads to contempt of the law. As a matter of fact, the fish and game laws have been a dead letter in this county for so long that any attempt to enforce them was doubly irksome to the people.

One game warden can do but little in a county which is as wild and sparsely settled as Manistee county is, in the main. It would take one man for each township to guard it properly. The result is that while the laws have constantly been broken we have not made many arrests.

This is a bad state of things, because Jones sees Smith and Thompson violating the laws with impunity, and naturally concludes that there is no reason why they should have all the fun to themselves, so falls into line. The Association posted notices all through the county offering a reward of $15 for information of violations sufficient to convict. In ten months' time only one such reward has been paid and only one information given. No comment is necessary. One farmer told me that he would not dare to inform because he knew that his stock would be poisoned or some such revenge would be wreaked upon him.

Mr. Chas. S. Hampton, late State game warden, tells me that Manistee county is the worst in the Lower Peninsula for violations of the fish and game laws. This being so, it is particularly unfortunate that our Association should be able to accomplish nothing, or nothing worth mentioning.

Unless the new State game warden pays this district special attention the fish and game will suffer more than ever this year, as the appropriation for our Association's warden expires May 1, and so little has been accomplished that the county will probably refuse to allow us an appropriation for the succeeding year, and our man will withdraw.

This, in brief is the history of the Manistee County Fish and Game Protective Association. Speaking for myself and the few members who have remained loyal to it from the beginning, I am exceedingly sorry that it is a failure. Certainly, if the vandals get in their work as thoroughly for the next five years as they have in the last five, there will be no hunting or fishing worthy of the name in this county. Streams on which it was easy to fill one's basket with grayling a very few years ago, are now almost entirely depleted. Spear, net, line and dynamite, to say nothing about fishing out of season, have accomplished their deadly work. The trout suffer also, but in a less degree, as they are less accessible and are better able to take care of themselves.

The only game we have worth mentioning are the deer, which know no rest, in season or out.

There is no reason why we should not have good deer shooting for another half century at least with proper enforcement of the game laws, but they cannot last long while such persecution as they are now suffering goes on.

The day is not far distant when even those who are now so impatient of the laws will wish that they had stayed their hands. The mourning always comes after the goose that lays the golden eggs is dead. That is the pity of it. Good advice and warnings of what is to come are all wasted on such people who cannot be made to see beyond the end of their noses. *Experientia docet!* unfortunately there will be nothing left in this case but the experience.

F. A. MITCHELL.

"The Crack Train of the World."

A PROMINENT New York merchant and importer of leather goods said in our hearing the other day, "I have traveled all over Europe and America, and I consider the train which leaves Chicago every day at 6:30 P. M. for St. Paul and Minneapolis, via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 'The Crack Train of the World.'" In which statement thousands of others heartily concur.—*Adv.*

"Hunting and Fishing along the Northwestern Line"

is the title of a booklet recently issued by the Chicago & Northwestern Railway. It is profusely illustrated, and gives information in detail concerning the best hunting and fishing grounds in the West and Northwest. Copies will be mailed free to any address upon application to W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago & Northwestern Railway, Chicago, Ill.—*Adv.*

Reduced Rates.

THE first-class fare from New York to Boston, via the Fall River Line, has just been reduced from $4 to $3. A corresponding reduction has been made to all points East.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 8 to 11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society. G. L. Rundle, Sec'y.

1896.

Feb 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 22.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's third annual trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Oct. 29.—Assonet Neck, Mass.—New England Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. Arthur R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

Oct. 30 31.—Monongahela Valley Association Trials, Greene county, Pa. W. H. Beazell, Sec'y, Homestead.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S Clark, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 West Twenty-second street, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dec 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H. Thompson, Sec'y.

1896.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Jan. 20.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. seventh annual trials. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

COURSING.

Oct. 8.—Huron, S. D.—American Waterloo Cup. F. B. Coyne, Sec'y.

Oct. 23.—Goodland, Kan.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Goodland, Kan.—Kenmore Coursing Club's meeting. C. F. Weber, Sec'y.

The Montreal Bench Show.

THE entry, presumably on account of the Providence and Orange county shows being held on the same dates, was very small, only some 235. There was a large entry from parties in Providence, R. I., and reserved numbers for them, but they failed to reach here, as also the amount for their entry fees, which I presume the association will lose.

The exhibits as a whole were above the average; the judging satisfactory.

The committee did all in their power to have the exhibitors go away pleased, and, speaking personally, I can say that most of them from your side of the fence would like to see Montreal again; at least, so they told me. The weather was very cold, which had a depressing effect on the attendance, which only numbered some 12,500 during the four days, and probably make a loss to the association.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, B F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Ethel.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, O. Bruno's Nero. *Bitches:* 1st, O. J. Latimer's Jessie.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Eooracum; 2d, T. S. Vipond's Duke of Wellington; 3d, M. M. Fenwick's Don Phyllis. Vhc., G. R. Smith's Faust. *Bitches:* 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Artilla; 2d, Rev. J. M. Crombie's Lady Nora; 3d, T. J. Tilley's Lady Melrose. Hc., Osborne Kennels' Lalla Rookh.—SMOOTH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Clovis. *Bitches:* 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Sunol.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Seagram's Sir Edwin Landseer. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Campbell's Topsy.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. L. Peine's Ralph the Great; 2d, 3d and hc., T. & B. Kennels' Beelzebub, Myrtle Navy and Orinoco. Vhc., Rockwood Kennels' Royal Minor. Hc., A. Pleau's Brutus. C., Stewart & Johnson's Julius Cæsar. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. L. Peine's Dina; 2d and vhc., T. & B. Kennels' Ruth and Jezabel; 3d, Stewart & Johnson's Ouida. Hc., A. Pleau's Dora.

DEERHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, T. W. Redpath's Fife; 2d, Imperial Kennels' General Gordon.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, H. Barker's Maud Torrington.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Barker's Lord Torrington; 2d, O. Bruneau's Prince; 3d, J. W. Wurtele's Justinian II. *Bitches:* 1st, H. Mercier's Dolly; 2d, R. Marois's White Rose; 3d, C. Austin's Fly.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, W. T. Virtue's Adrooski.

ENGLISH FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs;* 1st and 2d, Typical Kennels Bugler and Grafton; 3d and hc., St. Lambert Kennels' St. Lambert Cromwell and St. Lambert Trueman. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, Typical Kennels' Heroine and Rompish; 2d, J. Smith's Vexation.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, G. Lovell's Wild Lily.—OPEN—*Dogs* (55lbs and over): 1st, F. H. Fleet's Gamester; 2d, R. Bennett's Drake. *Bitches* (50lbs. and over): 1st, C. H. Clark's Emblem. *Bitches* (under 50lbs.): 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Chaira.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Pope's Cactus. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Britt's Maid Marion.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. J. Hair's Albertis Ranger. Vhc., A. H. Hersey's Westminster Duke. Hc., A. Bryce's Ponto. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Britt's Flour of Sulphur; 2d, Typical Kennels' May; 3d, T. G. Taylor's Vandalia.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Z. F. Bartleson's Rob, Jr.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Muckross Kennels' Herman Shamrock; 2d, Jno. Ryan's King Echo; 3d, Mrs. Jno. Ryan's Red Kern. Vhc., S. Coulson's Shawn Roue III., A. A. Allen's Ranger. Hc., P. O. Giroux's Pat. L. H. G. Tarrant's Patrick, J. Cavanagh's Wild. C., G. S. Cantlie's Derry, J. Tremblay's Jackanapes. *Bitches:* 1st, Douglas & Chambers's Toronto Mollie; 2d, H. Jarrett's Seminole Fly; 3d, Alice E. McClatchie's Ros Elcho. Vhc., J. H. Farrar's Madge.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo B. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. T. Schafer's Wang Ivanhoe; 2d, J. R. Kennedy's Mount Royal Rusu; 3d, Emile Bourret's Rover. *Bitches:* 1st, ——'s Princess Bonnie; 2d, Rockwood Kennels' Gunhilda; 3d, S. G. Dixon's Santa Marie.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. Saunders's Finsbury Hero and Canadian Monarch; 3d, Braehead Kennels' Braehead Criss. Res., Jas G. Reid's Wyves. Vhc., C. E. Short's Auchcairnie Fly and Rev. J. M. Crombie's Stracathro Hero. Hc., A. W. Shearwood's Rex and Rev. J. M. Crombie's Stracathro Bennie. C., R. G. Steacy's Yardley Hero and ——'s Bisley Hero. *Bitches:* 1st, Braehead Kennels' Beauty; 2d, Chas. Thompson's Balmoral Victoria; 3d, ——'s Old Hall Perfect. Hc., Rev. J. M. Crombie's Stracathro Lassie. C., ——'s Spray and Lustre.

FIELD SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Typical Kennels' Sampson.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. E. R. Boswell's Sweep B.; 2d, Typical Kennels' Napoleon.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Thos. McKean Robertson's Red Obo.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, John G. Strauss's Royal; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' King Raven, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, Ethelred Kennels' Lady Garfield; 2d and 3d, Thos. McKean Robertson's Floss Obo II and and Lili Obo.—OTHER THAN BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Ethelred Kennels' Hamilton Jack; 2d, H. H. Curtis's Brown Jacket. *Bitches:* 1st, Thos. McKean Robertson's Red Dolly; 2d, 3d and vhc., Ethelred Kennels' Ethelred Bonnie, Jeane and Ethelred Queen. Vhc. res., Belle Isle Kennels' Gaiety Girl.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, T. A. Carson's Marguerite.—OPEN—*Dogs:* T. A. Carson's Mike. *Bitches:* 1st, T. A. Carson's Biddy Malone.

POODLES.—*Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Paris and Venus.

BEAGLES.—*Bitches:* 1st, Venio Farm Kennels' Loom; 2d, Klein & Wetherell's Lill; 3d, C. H. Corbett's Melody C. Res. and hc., Ray Baldwin's Bilie Hoosier and Little Nell.

DACHSHUNDS.—ENGLISH TYPE—*Dogs:* 1st, L. S Page's Valdemar. *Bitches:* 1st, Bay View Kennels' Lena.—GERMAN TYPE *Dogs:* 1st withheld; 2d, John Early's Lump II.; 3d, Typical Kennels' Music.

BULLDOGS.—*Dogs:* 2d, Imperial Kennels' Juno II. *Bitches:* 1st, J. A. Stovell's Queen Dud.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Bay View Kennels' Principio. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Hammall's Vesper Bell.—OPEN—*Dogs* (30lbs. and over): 1st, Bay View Kennels' Chatham Bob; 2d, J. H. Smith's Nelson C.; 3d, E. P Guy's Common. Hc., F. Boucher's Brownie. *Bitches:* 1st, Mount Royal Kennels' Newmarket Syren; 2d and hc., Bay View Kennels' White Rose and Edgwood Robin; 3d, Dr. G. Darby's Thelma. *Dogs* (under 30lbs.): 1st, G. Jordan's Primer; 2d, M. O'Rourke's Jack Welsh. *Bitches:* 1st, Bay View Kennels' Star.

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—*Dogs:* 1st, H. P. Thomas' Vice Doge; 2d, C. H. Corbett's Guardian; 3d, Dr. G. Darby's Poverina. Vhc., G. K. Lanigan's Belvoir Jim. *Bitches:* 1st, J. F. Belt's Wanasset; 2d, Mount Royal Kennels' Warren Faithful; 3d, H. P. Thomas's Lady Domino.—WIRE-HAIRED—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, G. T. Davis's Undercliff Coonet.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. T. Davis's Lance; 2d and 3d, J. Stanford's Brock and Gorse. Hc., Braehead Kennels' Braehead Razzle. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. T. J. Wheble's Lady Grace; 2d, J. F. Belt's Hill Hurst Pansy; 3d, W. J. Wheble's Lady Vestas. C., J. Stanford's Nellie I. and Nellie II.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, W. B. Palmer's Brickbat, Jr.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. McClatchie's Cousin Claude; 2d, H. G. Johnson's Hulton Majestic; 3d, Kinkora Kennels' Canadian Ambassador. Hc., H. G. Johnson's Woodsiee Tartar and Kinkora Kennels' Red Inquisitor and Commissariat. *Bitches:* 1st, Kinkora Kennels' Deramore Biddy; 2d, Dr. Kirk's Kathleen; 2d, Osborne Kennels' Nora Creena.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—OVER 7LBS.—*Dogs:* 1st, D. S. Gillies's Darkie; 2d and res., F. C. McLean's Roche Sultan and Roche Trump; 3d, C. Wilson's Chicago Spider. Vhc., G. A. Mac's Dan. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, F. C. McLean's Roche Tulip and Rochelle Majestic; 3d, J. H. Smith's Bandy C.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Lane's Halifax Duke II.; 2d, Sir Donald Smith's Teddie; 3d, L. Cullen's Actor. Vhc., C. T. Smith's Tommy. C., Mrs. F. Dion's Friday. *Bitches;* 2d, W. D. Simpson's Frixey S.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, George Caverhill's Coffee.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. A. Shinn's Hard Tack. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. Patterson's Miss Tick.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. J. J. Dean's General Coxey.

SKYE TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, C. A. Shinn's Elphin stone. *Bitches:* 1s t, C. A. Shinn's Endcliff Maggie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, W. Hall's Gleniffer. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Hall's Thrums.

WELSH, CLYDESDALE, AIREDALE, WHITE ENGLISH AND PAISLEY TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, I. Stewart's Barney.

PUGS.—*Dogs;* 1st, C. Y. Ford's Otterburn Treasure; 2d and 3d, Miss E. Cryer's Bob Ivy and Charley. Vhc., Mrs. P. A. Crosby's Dandy. C., G. R. Smith's Pat. *Bitches:* 1st, C. Y. Ford's Otterburn Pearl.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and 3d, E. Bradford's Commodore Nut, Blen II. and Bijou II. *Bitches:* 1st, Osborne Kennels' Little Nell; 2d, E. Bradford's Yum Yum.

ANY OTHER VARIETY OF TOY SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. D. Hatton's Frisk. *Bitches:* 3d, Mrs. D. Hatton's Flossie.

TOY TERRIERS.—1st, Miss Taylor's Tiny; 2d, H. Bougeant's Petit Loup.

X.

The Late J. M. Freeman's Kennel.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire to say that all of the dogs of the late J. M. Freeman have been placed in my hands for sale. They consist of the English setter bitch Nellie Hope, five years old, by Gath's Hope—Lady May, she a litter sister to the late great Hope's Mark, and her litter of three dogs and three bitches, now three and one-half months old, by champion Antonio. These puppies are full brothers and sisters to Redfield, and as they are all good individuals they should command ready sale at the prices for which they will be sold. Sportsmen who are willing to assist a worthy family of a true brother sportsman, and at the same time secure for themselves a dog to be proud of at about half its true value, will learn full particulars by writing to me. P. T. MADISON.

Continental Club's Trials, 1896.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The members present of the Continental Field Trials Club held a meeting at Morris, Man., during the series of trials held there, and decided to hold trials on quail early in November of next year, either at Bicknell or Carlisle, Ind. P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

National Greyhound Club.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—A meeting of the National Greyhound Club will be held at Huron, 8 P. M., Oct. 8, for election of officers and other business.

H. W. HUNTINGTON, Sec'y.

PROVIDENCE DOG SHOW.

THE Rhode Island State Fair Association held their third annual show Sept. 17 to 20, at Narragansett Park. Excepting on Wednesday the weather conditions were all that could be desired. The attendance was very satisfactory, although this year an admission fee of ten cents was charged. The arrangement of the show, which had been intrusted to the experienced management of Spratts Co., was a great improvement over former shows held in the same building, when the old-fashioned wooden benching was in vogue.

The trick dog circus gave frequent performances daily under Prof. Burton's direction. The whole show had a very neat and prim appearance.

Judging commenced promptly on Tuesday morning, and with the exception of spaniels was completed by evening. Owing to the late arrival of some of the entries in the breed mentioned, Mr. Oldham did not get to work until Wednesday morning.

With four other shows taking place the same week in different parts of the country, the entry was not expected to be as large as that of last year, but there was no questioning the quality of the exhibits. In fact it was one of the best shows of the year in this respect. Many prominent kennels were represented both by their dogs and the owners in person. Among the latter were: Mrs. F. J. Smyth, Germantown, Pa.; Winthrop Rutherfurd, H. L. Kreuder, Edward Knierem, J. F. Lutz, Dr. H. S. Huidekoper, Dr. S. J. Bradbury. John Wheelan, New York; John Hopkinson, Nutley, N. J.; Dr. H. T. Foote, G. W. H. Ritchie, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Phelps & Davies, Boston; L. A. Burrett, Bayonne, N. J.; H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., Wellesley, Mass.; C. T. Brownell, New Bedford, Mass.; O. W. Donner, Dr. C. A. Lougest, A. C. Lougest, T. S. Bellin, Albany, N. Y.; Robert Leslie, Lynn, Mass.; C. N. Symonds, G. Thomas, Salem, Mass.; Jos. Lewis and wife, Moodus, Conn.; N. Q. Pope, Poland, Me. (by A. McGregor); S. D. Parker, Readville; J. P. Willey, Salmon Falls, N. H.; Mr. Brierly, Concord, N. H.; F. G. Johnson, Tarrytown, N. Y.; F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn.; J. W. Comey, Newton, Mass.; W. C. Baylies, Arthur Sharp, Taunton, Mass.; Henry Hanson, Fall River, Mass.; O. E. Cornforth, Slatersville, R. I.; G. L. Tarr, Foxboro, Mass.; Alfred Heald, Lancaster, Mass.; H. B. Tallman, Greene, R. I.; F. B. Zimmer, Gloversville, N. Y.; Lambert Stansfield, Sandford, Me.; B. Alton Smith, North Attleboro, Mass.; F. E. Perkins, Johnston, R. I.; Charles Bartels (Blemton Kennels), Hempstead, L. I.; Howard Olney, Donald Monroe, Allamuchy, N. J.; R. L. Keach. W. J. Comstock, W. C. Codman, Johns H. Congdon, S. Bennett and other Providence fanciers. The judging took place in rings placed outside the building. The feeding arrangements under Spratts care were admirably carried out by the "chef," Mr. Murphy.

A word of praise is due to Mr. Oldham for his thoughtful management; he is ever on the lookout for the comfort of the dogs intrusted to his care and the interests of the show generally. He is a man with ideas and loses no time in putting them into effect.

The judging seemed to give satisfaction with very few exceptions and nothing occurred during the show to mar the general good feeling that prevailed.

The Hygenique Fluid Company kept the air pure and sweet by the aid of their very effective and agreeable disinfectant. Before turning to a consideration of the dogs present, it may be said that the show was remarkable for the excellent condition in which nearly all the dogs were shown. Dr. W. L. Burt was veterinarian.

A word of praise must be accorded to Mr. R. L. Keach, of the bench show committee, for the excellent manner in which he fulfilled his duties as ring steward. Three foils were provided, one each for the judge, secretary and press, the latter foils being tacked up in regular order near the entrance; a bit of timely work worthy of emulation by other shows.

The judges of the different breeds were: Mastiffs, bloodhounds, great Danes, Russian wolfhounds, pointers, Chesapeake Bay dogs, dachshunds, poodles, bull, Scottish, Bedlington, Skye, Dandie Dinmont and Yorkshire terriers, pugs and miscellaneous classes, James Mortimer, Esq., Hempstead, L. I. English, Irish and Gordon setters, Louis Contoit, Esq., Valley Stream, L. I. St. Bernards, deerhounds, greyhounds, Newfoundlands, foxhounds, beagles, collies, bulldogs, black and tan and Irish terriers, Italian greyhounds, H. W. Lacy, Esq., Chicago, Ill. Clumber, Irish water, field, cocker and all toy spaniels, E. M. Oldham, Esq., New York. Fox-terriers, German Hopkins, Esq., Hempstead, L. I. Boston terriers, William Ellery Bright, Esq., Waltham, Mass.

Mastiffs, Dr. Lougest's team furnishing all the competitors, were choice. Emperor William and Lady Diana furnished the challenge winners, and Hans Sachs had all the glory in open dogs. Open bitches, however, produced three. The Toronto winner, Lady Vere, repeated her performance. Lady Cameron second; she was not in good shape, thin, and her head, being too wrinkled and small, has not the correct expression. Roselyn, third, is rather straight in face, but was well shown.

St. Bernards in quality all round were exceptionally good, considering that all the exhibits were American-bred. Good square, deep heads and proper markings prevailed, and the judge seemed to require type and good movement above everything. Open rough dogs brought out eight. Jim Blaine, Jr., proved the winner; a nice little dog with a good head, well-formed legs and excellently shown. The well-known Wach Erdman, rather coarse in comparison, came next. His deep, massive head and bone could not be overlooked, though a wide blaze mars his face to some extent. Kingstonian Guide, rather short-bodied, but a good mover, shows plenty of quality. Dictator, reserve, with a deeper muzzle and more rib, if not so straight behind, would be a good dog. East River Prince is coarse in type, is faulty behind, but massively built all over. Columbus, but for hind action, would have been better treated, as he has a very nice head, though somewhat narrow. The bitch class showed up well too. Miss Amanda, though a little small, is brimful of the right type and quality. Another good one is Lady Elspeth by Kingston Regent; she should be broader in skull and muzzle. M'Liss should have a deeper stop, and Dorothy, a daughter of champion Pouf, shows too much haw and is not straight in front. The smooth challenge classes did not fill, but a capital dog, Counch, much improved, made a spectacle of the other entry—a foxy-headed, wild-eyed sort that was lucky to get two letters. The kennel prize went to J. W. Comey, who is getting a nice typical kennel together.

Newfoundlands were very poor.

Great Danes, only one, Major McKinley II., who has stopped short in head, but is a good all-round dog that takes after his dad.

Bloodhounds were confined to two entries from Dr. Lougest's kennel, as choice as they can be made.

Russian wolfhounds had empty benches.

Greyhounds proved one of the features of the show, as far as quality is concerned. Southern Rhymes and Bestwood Daisy were the challenge winners. Southern Charm was the only dog, and the poorest of the lot. Four bitches came out that gave the judge something to do, but this time Southern Belle redeemed her Boston defeat and with her kennel mate, Southern Gay Girl, took first and second. Best of Fashion, reserve, beat the other, Silk, in loin, ribs and quarters.

Foxhounds.—Winsome was the only English foxhound. Ranger II. was the challenge American hound, and looked extremely well. Four came out in open dogs, and to Mr. Pope fell the ribbons, with the New York winner, Duke, a good headed dog, well put together, but a little English, you know. Pope's Samson, a similarly built one, fails in head to the other. Ring is one of the old sort, but beats Glider in front and head. Flirt and Speedy were two more of the English sort with some American characteristics, well shown, but Speedy's muzzle is very snipy.

Beagles turned out pretty well, the challenge class bringing out Ringleader and Roy K.; the issue seemed not long in doubt, the winner being so much better behind. Old champion Lou is one of the sort that cannot be denied, aged though she is. Ten years old this month, she moved and looked almost like a five-year-old. Open dogs were a bad lot to judge, seemingly several types and not a really good one. Lee III., though very snipy, scores so in body and legs that the ribbon went to him; but had Raffler been in better shape he must have won, as he is so well off for bone, with a good head and ribs, though slackly put together. Directum, third, is rather plain. Punch loses in front and quality. King Bannerman would have been higher up were he not so "dicky" behind. Lady of Denmark scored well in type over Modesty II. and has more substance as well. Silverina would not show and is rather plain, but counting bone and movement and body, should have scored. In open dogs under 13in. nothing touched a new one, Tariff, who comes out of the woods; but his type and general build are excellent; outside of his open, rough coat he is one of the best little dogs out. Little Corporal, well known, came next, followed by Lucifer, who is weedy. Topsy K., looking very well, scored in head over Lonely II., but Snap was not in their class. The puppies were very poor and did not deserve anything. The Rockland Beagle Kennels took the kennel prize.

Pointers, though not numerically strong, were a very even lot, and without exception all in good condition. There were no challenge entries. Open heavy dogs had only three, first going to King of Lynn, well known, with Roswell second, a trifle short in head. More swell of rib would improve him and his tail is not well carried. Urada won nicely in bitches. More stop and a darker eye would help her. Lady Reveller is plain in quarters and throaty, outside of that she is a good one. Alice Leslie is a good-bodied bitch, but down in quarters. Light-weight dogs brought out two, the well-known Spendthrift and Kentwood, placed as named; the winner scores in muzzle and ribs and hind legs. The bitch class had four. Hempstead Kit won well in hand, but she could be improved in front of stop. Brackette, also one of the Rinada's, is a good-bodied bitch, plain in muzzle. Dame Fortune is too straight behind.

English setters turned out some good quality, but entries were not large. Ch. Spectre was the only challenge entry. Five were in open dogs. Harry L., gone off considerably in head, took the blue, but was not entitled to it, as either Albert's Ranger or Dick can beat him both in body and head. Drake, third, should be flatter in coat and is rather plain in head.

The judge was abroad in the bitch class too, as there were better-headed ones than Monk's Nun; the same kennel's Countess is of better type, deeper and better in muzzle, but got nothing. Clara has a plain straight back and sharp muzzle. Nellie F., third, is a better built bitch all round, but out of coat; Reverdy's Leah, also unmentioned, has a head of Laverack type and should have been well up with the ribbons.

Irish setters were confined to the Oak Grove entries and the prize list shows they are all well known excepting Bostal Norna, a small one, weak in muzzle, but in other respects well made. All the Oak Grove dogs were put down in good condition, although out of coat.

Gordon setters made a pretty exhibit, some well-known winners being among them; but the entry was not so large as we expected to see. Heather York and Flomont, looking as if just out of a bandbox, were the challenge winners. Fan, losing in head to the latter, was reserve in the bitch class. Open dogs had six entries, Mr. Blossom scoring again; Heather Bruce, a son of Heather York, shown lame, but with a very fair head, coming second. Doc, third, loses to both with his plain head and lack of pencilings. Sally Beaumont and Norah were the only bitches shown, and were correctly placed, as Sally gets it so much in head and general quality and condition.

Spaniels were well represented. In challenge class, over 28lbs., Drayton the Shrew won handily from Colehill Rufus, who lost to the winner in head and front. Drayton Warwick, in excellent condition, was alone in field spaniels, open dogs; and Endcliffe Myrtle had the same easy honors in corresponding bitch class. Moonlight Belle had a walkover in the other-color class; she is a good-bodied bitch, plain in head. Cocker spaniels were a good entry, Middy winning in challenge dogs, black or liver, and Bim in corresponding any-other-color class. In open class, Little Tim, a very typical cocker with a good head, body, coat and fair front, won, with King S. second and Reno third. King S. is a very fair dog, but lacked the winner's type and character. In open bitch class, Swiss Mountain Kennels showed a good bitch in Dart, winner of first. She is a good-bodied bitch, with plenty of cocker character and nice type of head. Flossie Butler, second, was beaten in head and condition by the winner. Ned W. won in class for dogs (red or liver), beating Cherry Punch, second, in head and action. In corresponding bitch class, Daisy Bell had an easy win over Zuleika and Miss Tommy, placed second and third.

Only two Clumbers were shown, both good ones. Each took first.

Collies were poorly represented, the absence of the Woodlawn Kennels being felt this year. Chestnut Hill Kennels entered Goldfinder, but did not send. Highland Flossy, in excellent coat and condition, was the only challenge entry; and the open dog, Roy, big in ear and open-coated, took first for lack of competition; the other entry, Rob Roy, being absent. He was lost on the previous Sunday. Merry Belle is a rather cloddy sort, but good enough for a ribbon when without competition. Otterburn Olive, a very nice pup by Christopher, with a sweet head, was alone in her class.

Bulldogs did not show up well, the classes feeling the effect of competition. A smart little red dog, Sheffield, was the only dog shown, and Lady Nan had no difficulty, long-muzzled though she is, in disposing of Sybil and Robin Pelagia. The latter loses to Sybil in depth of muzzle and movement, though shorter-faced and more broken up.

Bull-terriers made a capital display, the kennels of Frank Dole, Dr. Huidekoper and Fred. Church being out in full strength.

Fox-terriers came out in strength, the best kennels being well represented. Blemton Victor II. had no difficulty in winning in challenge dogs. Captious was alone in the corresponding class. Open dogs was a hot class of twelve, with two absent. Blemton Stickler, though shown light, proved the winner, followed by Warren Sage, who is a little light in rib and loin and pinched in muzzle. Charlton Nigger showed well and his drooping loin was not noticed. Hillside Domino was not looking his best. Mere Dominie, among the mentioned, took our fancy; a grand-fronted terrier, but a little strong in head. Raby Reckon could do no better than vhc.; should be better in feet and skull. The bitch class had eight and the blue and red fell to the Rutherfurd Kennel by the aid of Warren Capture and Warren Dusky, both by Safeguard, and well known as good bitches. Spinster, the Toronto winner, had to be content with second in this company; she would be better if flatter in skull, but she well deserved her position. Blemton Flush is small; should be darker in eye and her skull is too round and full. Twelve puppies were shown; and a nice-headed dog, Warren Rector, won, with Mere Dominie second, who can beat it well in everything but head. Mere Grisette was the only bitch pup, the class being divided. In wires the old winners, Cribbage and Surrey Janet, took the challenge ribbons. In open dogs Endcliffe Banker beat his kennel mate Endcliffe Brisk, the latter losing at both ends. Brittle Boy got the drop on Mister Great Snap once again. Hill Hurst Trick should be better behind, but is good in head. Mr. Palmer came to the front again in bitches with Endcliffe Fidget; her good head cannot be denied. Bushy Bramble, well shown, came next. A nice lot of very fair terriers followed these.

Irish Terriers.—Several new importations were exhibited. Dunmurry upheld the honor of the breed in his class. Open dogs had six entries. Briggs's Best won rightly over Brian O'K. His head is cleaner and better shaped, and he is more racily built. The others did not come near these two. In bitches Gessela III. and Kathleen seemed to have a close finish, the former being a little better in head, eye and body. Blackburn Brackett has too much hair on face and her ears are too large; she is also coarse throughout. The judge should have given first to Eileen in puppies, as a better made bitch all round than the two winners, though she is rather chunkily built and short in head. The winners are built on racy lines, but are too slack looking.

The Boston terriers were rather a mixed lot, though the principal winners from the Phelps & Davies Kennel were very even in type. The judging did not appear to give entire satisfaction, as might be expected.

Black and tans were few, but choice.

Skye terriers did not fill, and Scottish terriers were few and mostly old winners.

Mr. Ed. Brooks showed all his old winners in Dandie Dinmonts, but Ainsty Daisy was beaten in challenge class by Lothian Judy, who gets it in coat and front.

Competition was active in Bedlingtons, the winning dog, George W., being about as good as we have them, and beat Mount Vernon Wonder in head and coat. Mount Vernon Tibbie revenged her kennel mate's defeat by scoring in the next class.

Dachshunds were fairly good.

Pugs had one entry, the Boston winner, Belle D.

Toy spaniel classes did not fill.

The Chesapeake winners are all well known, but were out of coat.

Poodles, while not numerous, were of excellent quality. Diamont won in challenge class. The open dog poodle is a very fair one. In bitches there was keener competition, first going to big bitch Leah with an excellent head. Cigarette, second, is tighter in curl. Black Maria, reserve, is slack in back and her muzzle is rather short. Mr. Hunnewell showed a very nice one in Jocko, who has a capital head, especially muzzle, and he showed three very smart browns in the bitch class. A new one, Hill Hurst Fluff, scored well in curl, clear color and head properties.

Champion Spring had no difficulty in winning first in Italian greyhounds from one that was of another breed, hairless and the size of a whippet; and Tinnie was the only real one in her class.

The winning dog in miscellaneous class was a very fair black and tan toy. The bitch class was also one of the same breed, while equal seconds were given to Lotze II., a Schipperke, and Bourdo, a Maltese terrier.

Brunswick Fur Club Trials.

MR. A. B. F. KINNEY, of Worcester, Mass., offers a special prize of $50 for each fox caught by the hounds at the forthcoming field trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, to be held at Barre, Mass., during the week of Oct. 28. Hounds owned in New England are barred. Every kill will be credited to the entries from outside the New England States.

Mr. Kinney offers this prize in the belief that many of the hounds of the South and West are faster than most of the New England hounds, and in the hope that owners of fox-killing packs will enter their best hounds.

Hounds unaccompanied by their owners will be properly cared for, hunted and returned as soon as the trials are completed. Entry fee in the Derby $2, in the All-Age stake $3.

These trials are open to the world and all sportsmen are cordially invited to be present.

BRADFORD S. TURPIN, Sec'y.

NEWBURGH DOG SHOW.

LAST year there was an effort made to make out of a local event, held in connection with the Orange County Fair, one of a series of shows forming the long looked for fall circuit. Some trifling additions were made this year, and the influence of some, with large kennel interests, was secured, resulting in one of the greatest shows ever given outside of the large American cities. Many entries had to be sent back for want of room, and yet 438 remained, and among these were some of the best specimens of the different breeds, including Judge Hilton's collies and bulldogs, Miss Anabel Green's Irish water and field spaniels, Dr. Kitchell's cockers, J. Blackburn Miller's Great Danes, St. Bernards from Danbury, Conn., Sam'l Stewart's collies, Castle Pointer Kennels' bull-terriers, Toronto Black and Tan Kennels' Manchesters, a fine array of sporting dogs, and an even finer display of pets.

In some classes the New York show was eclipsed, for there were thirty pugs at Newburgh and ten at New York. There were also more Blenheims, and equal displays elsewhere, so it may be presumed that the other shows held the same week were totally eclipsed.

Poodles were conspicuous by their absence, but, the judge had declined to award $2 and $1 prizes, and exhibitors were so informed.

There was such a general tendency on the part of the good folks of Orange County to go to the dogs that notices had to be placed in the building asking them to keep moving.

Robt. Johnson, the superintendent, had two able assistants in Benj. McClung and Francis Lynch, and the supper given by them to the exhibitors and judges, at the Palatine Hotel, was most hospitable and harmonious.

It will be but right to mention that John Brett was announced as the judge of setters, but that Robt. Armstrong induced the superintendent to allow him to take the class, although it was most positively stated, and it was beyond dispute, that three-fourths of the dogs were entered because of the former's choice.

The classes John Brett did take were gone through with great precision, and we cannot do better than refer to the list of awards, instead of offering any criticisms.

It was not so with Robt. Armstrong, for even in the collies, that he should have some knowledge of, there were errors of judgment. In the open bitches, Hempstead Dorothy was placed over Ormskirk Susie, and now that the latter is going in head and feet, and Dorothy was in good coat, this was not out of the way; but for Sunset to take third place, even when showing evidence of being in whelp, was a mistake.

In bulldogs things were worse, for Rustic Sovereign beat Reve Royal, and the latter was put down in good form. Other errors must be passed, for I wish to call attention to the dog Facey Romford, a son of King Orry, that is equal to him in head generally, in chops, wrinkle, jaw, skull, stop and expression, according to order, and superior in nearness to ground, front and swing, if not in bone, barrel and general character; hence he is so far better than his sire that the dog that defeated King Orry at the last New York show needs to look to his laurels. Hucknell Gypsey is also a good one with plenty of substance, good front, head with nice skull, chops, wrinkle, and the correct bulldog swing in carriage.

The best I can say for Robt. Armstrong's maiden attempt is that he got the strong class of Gordon setters right.

The class of Skye terriers was one of the best seen in America, and they were handled well.

Fernwood Bruce, the St. Bernard, with Spec Lomond, from Danbury, were really good specimens, shown in excellent condition, and such conditions make it clear that A. K. C. regulations may be of benefit, and should also impress upon the managers the necessity of selecting judges who know the different breeds, and of the folly of permitting another judge to act in the place of the one announced.

There was a good lot of beagles, especially those owned by the Columbia Kennels, that looked very fit, and yet had plenty of character.

Foxhounds were also well represented, but some were very heavy, and in head and leather somewhat resembled the bloodhound.

Thesmo Kennels had lots of greyhounds, not of the highest order of merit, and they were rightly beaten in some instances.

There were over twenty Irish setters, many from the Thesmo Kennels, and of a little better sort; but it was difficult to find an excuse for Mr. Armstrong's dividing two $5 specials between the first prize dog and the first prize bitch.

Chas. D. Purroy had about fifty terriers to come before him, and handled them in the manner of an expert. In dogs the class was so good that Brockenhurst Quick, which he formerly owned, only got reserve; Sentinel, the first prize winner, being better in front and muzzle, the old dog having become coarse with age. Hillside Royal, second, is of a good stamp, showing character and capital form, and Mere Growler, third, is quite above the average merit. In bitches, Rose Hill Madge, first, was worthy of her place, and secured the special.

Edwin H. Morris has never before accepted an invitation to judge spaniels. The sporting spaniels, as well as the pet spaniels, were features of the exhibition; and the pugs, which were also taken by Mr. Morris, outnumbered New York entries three to one.

The Woodlawn Park Kennels took most of the special prizes with a grand array of typical specimens; but Mr. Morris easily secured the $20 gold piece offered by Spratts for the best kennel. Sam'l Stewart won the special for the best Orange county team of collies.

Spratts Patent benched and fed in their usual excellent manner.

The exercising space had to be used for extra benches, and I hope that some better provision will be made in the event of wet weather for judges' ring and for exercising before the next event.

Mr. John Brett judged mastiffs, St. Bernards, great Danes, Newfoundlands, Russian wolfhounds, Dalmatians, foxhounds, beagles, dachshunds, pointers, King Charles spaniels, Yorkshire terriers. Mr. R. K. Armstrong judged greyhounds, bulldogs, setters, bull-terriers, collies and miscellaneous. C. D. Purroy judged fox-terriers. E. H. Morris judged black and tan terriers, water spaniels, pugs and Mexican hairless.

LIST OF AWARDS.

MASTIFFS.—1st, H. L. Van Schver's Duke; 2d, H. R. Lydecker's Jack; 3d, C. P. Stanbrough's Colonel.

ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, McCarl & Cattaneo's Fernwood Bruce; 2d, J. Blackburn Miller's Vindex. Vhc., Jno. J. Delaney's Nero. *Bitches:* 1st, McCarl & Cattaneo's Spec Lomond; 2d, withheld; 3d, J. Blackburn Miller's Myrtle B. *Puppies:* 1st and vhc., McCarl & Cattaneo's Becky and Beatrix; 2d, 3d and res., Edwin H. Morris's Lulu, Nell and Martha.

SMOOTH-COATED ST. BERNARDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and 3d withheld. Hc., Roger Tileson's Medor. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d withheld. Hc., Mrs. Wm. Sutton's Dutchess.

GREAT DANES.—1st, 2d and 3d, J. Blackburn Miller's Princess Mary, Queen and Tigress. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, J. Blackburn Miller's Pluto and Juno.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st and 2d withheld; 3d, Thomas Rea's Tyras.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS —1st, withheld; 2d, J. Blackburn Miller's Countess. *Puppies:* 1st, 2d and 3d withheld.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Sir Launcelot II.; 2d and 3d, Thesmo Kennels' Lineman and Duke. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Mrs. Howdery's Daisy and Fanny; 3d, Thesmo Kennels' Irene. Hc., A. M. Ide's Phillies.

DALMATIANS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d withheld; 3d, Thesmo Kennels' Spot. *Bitches:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Flora. Hc., Thesmo Kennels' Spotless.

FOXHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Jack Wilson's Jacks; 2d, P. D. Donoghue's Jack; 3d, George Mould's Driver. *Bitches:* 1st, Andrew Horning, Jr.'s, Nell; 2d, P. D. Donoghue's Fly; 3d, Thesmo Kennels' Thesmo Girl. *Puppies:* 1st withheld; 2d, Wm. H. Turner's Girl; 3d, Thesmo Kennels' Thesmo Loud.

BEAGLES —*Dogs:* 1st, 2d, and res., Columbia Kennels' Sam B., Fippe and Prince; 3d, Edwin H. Morris's Frank K. *Bitches:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Lilla of Glenerose; 2d, 3d and hc., Columbia Kennels' Durene, Tessie and Miss Small.

DACHSHUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Castle Point Kennels' Brownie. Res., E. Y. Barker's Toby.

BULLDOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Woodlawn Park Kennels' Facey Romford and Rustic Sovereign; 3d, J. H. Matthews's Reve Royal. Vhc., J. Blackburn Miller's Duke II. *Bitches:* 1st, 3d and res., Woodlawn Park Kennels' Hucknell Gipsy, Venus VII. and Iolanthe; 2d, J. H. Matthews's Dolly Tester.

POINTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. C. L. Wiggins's Reuben; 2d, Thesmo Kennels' Thesmo Fortunatus; 3d, George Mould's Juno. Vhc., Dr. F. A. Jacobson's Dandy. Hc., J. Blackburn Miller's Shot. *Bitches:* 1st, Edwin H. Morris's Lillian; 2d, C. P. Stansbrough's Beauty. *Puppies:* 1st, W. C. Gib's Rex; 3d, Geo. Mould's Ted.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Carver's Bald Rock; 2d, Edwin H. Morris's Reality; 3d, J. H. Finlayson's Ponto. Res., E. N. Barker's Major Monsoon. *Bitches:* 1st, W. J. Maggs's Flirt; 2 i, Jas. H. Dubois's Flirt; 3d, E. N. Barker's Beaton Leda. *Puppies:* 1st, Edwin H. Morris's Realistic. Other awards withheld.

GORDON SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Brillmont; 2d, J. H. Strube's Can; 3d and vhc., P. Peasso's Roy and Rexmont, Jr. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and res., E. H. Morris's Salmont, Faymont and Jaymont; 3d and vhc., P. Prasso's Bulmont and Glenmont. *Puppies:* 1st, 2d, 3d, res. and vhc., E. H. Morris's Eadmont, Clarmont, Dalmont, Frullmont and Lamont.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Don; 2d and 3d, Thesmo Kennels' Thesmo and Thesmo II. *Bitches:* 1s, 2d and 3d, Thesmo Kennels' Lady Vic, Miss and Victress. Res., E. H. Morris's Lucy. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Thesmo Kennels' Miss Mc and Thesmo Victress; 3d, T. Dolen's Daisy.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. B. Miller's Jack Dempsey. *Bitches;* 1st, Thesmo Kennels' Christie; 2d, J. B. Miller's Rose; 3d, Mrs. W. Mc Clung's Kit.

BULL-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, Castle Point Kennels' Tarquin and Lord Blandford; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Harper Whisky. Vhc., T. S. Marvel, Jr.'s, Bill. *Bitches:* 1st, Castle Point Kennels' Wild Rosa; 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Daisy Bell. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Castle Point Kennels' Castle's Lass and Lassie; 3d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Harper Joe.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Bird's Sentinal; 2d, Dr. J. Belt's Hillside Royal; 3d and hc., Mere Kennels' Mere Growler and Mere Dusky. Res., Storm King Kennels' Brockenhurst Quick. C., Mrs. Sheldon's Spot. *Bitches:* 1st, J. A. Finlayson's Rose Hill Madgy; 2d, 3d and hc., Mere Kennels' Mere Cleo, Mere Tansy and Mere Primrose. C., J. B. Miller's Mrs. Domono. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Mere Kennels' Mere Bunco and Mere Tansy; 3d, vhc. and c., Thesmo Kennels' Thesmo Marion, Thesmo Flora and Thesmo Boy. Hc., C. E. Leicht's Trilby.—WIRE-HAIRED —1st, J. B. Miller's David B.

SKYE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, G. Heritage's Dirk and Sam. *Bitches;* 1st and 2d, G. Heritage's Princess May and Net.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Castle Point Kennels' Romeo; 2d and 3d, New Windsor Kennels' Jack and Jill. *Bitches:* 1st and res., Castle Point Kennels' Mollie and Judy; 2d, J. Riker's Nellie Bly. Vhc., F. Knapp's Job.

MANCHESTERS.—1st, 2d and 3d, Black and Tan Kennels' Dandy, Tony and Flash. C., E. A. Palmer's Prince.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Woodlawn Kennels' Hempstead Chief and Woodmanston Trefoil; 3d, Wilford Kennels' Wilford Duffy. Res. and hc., S. L. Stewart's Doctor David and Robie Burns. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Woodlawn Kennels' Hempstead Dorothy, Ormskirk Susie and Woodlawn Sunset. Res., S. L. Stewart's Newburgh Queen. Vhc., J. A. Finlayson's Lista. Hc., R. Buckle's Valron. *Puppies:* 1st and vhc., R. Buckle's Victoria and Albert; 2d and c., S. L. Stewart's Clyde Alexander and Newburgh Fan; 3d and hc., Wilford Kennels' Wilford Laddy and Wilford Scot.

WATER SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Miss Anabel Green's Dennis; other awards withheld. *Bitches:* 1st, Miss Anabel Green's Hogan's Nell.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Miss Anabel Green's Fashion and Music; 3d, J. A. Delaney's Bob. Res., Storm King Kennels' Kaiser. *Bitches:* 1st, Miss Anabel Green's Meg. *Puppies:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Worker.

COCKER SPANIELS —*Dogs:* 1st, F. M. Kitchel's Jasper; 2d, G. Green's Bambo; 3d, F. W. Kitchel's Jinks. Vhc., Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Got in Now. *Bitches:* 1st, Miss Whitehill's Bebe; 2d and 3d, F. W. Kitchel's Dorothy Parsons and Susannah Herrick. Res., G. Greer's Corrie. Vhc., J. Descroft's Nell, G. Greer's Marjory G. Hc., J. Descroft's Flora. C., J. M. Meillisker's Trilby.

The special for the best kennel of spaniels used for sport was won by Miss Anabel Green.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, 2d and 3d, E. H. Morris's Dixie, Trip and Trot. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, E. H. Morris's Union Nell and Union Till; 2d, Mrs. F. R. Jones's Molly. *Puppies:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Union Trilby.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, E. H. Morris's Chiselhurst Hero. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. F. R. Jones's Dorothy; 2d, E. H. Morris's Lady Pippin. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Mrs. F. R. Jones's Neddy and Daisy.

PRINCE CHARLES SPANIELS.—1st, Miss Mary Oakley's Punch.

RUBY SPANIELS.—1st, withheld; 2d, R. Herman's Sally.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. F. R Jones's Myoji. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Mrs. F. R. Jones's Pansese and Shibati. *Puppies:* 1st, Mrs. F. R Jones's Ko Ko.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Edwin H. Morris's Union Jim. *Bitches:* 1st, George Heritage's Princess; 2d, Edwin H. Morris's Union Belle.

PUGS —*Dogs:* 1st, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Tom Ballantine; 2d, Fred Harrison's Timker. Res., J. Duscroft's Bismarck. Vhc., Thesmo Kennels' Baby Thesmo and Thesmo Trix. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and c., Thesmo Kennels' Thesmo Midget, Thesmo Linnie and Thesmo Hattie; 3d, J. J. Lahay's Gift. Res., H. E Clark's Beauty. Vhc., Frank Lynch's Nellie. *Puppies:* 1st, H. E. Clark's Kug; 2d, 3d, hc. and c., Thesmo Kennels' Mc's Gift, Hattie, Beauty, Billie and Babe.

MEXICAN HAIRLESS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Thesmo Kennels' Thesmo Mexico; 2d and 3d, Anna Hyde's Shoestrings and Brownie.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Equal 1st, Dr. Stansbury's Bycroft Paddy (Welsh terrier), Castle Point Kennels' Blackey (Pomeranian), Joe Carver's Ben (smooth collie), Woodlawn Park Kennels Dewr (Welsh terrier) and Boxer II. (bobtail); 2d, Hornell-Harmony Kennels' Mephisto Dick (Welsh terrier).

HANOVER.

Omaha Awards.

MASTIFFS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, C. E. Bunn's Sinaloa.—OPEN —*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, C. E Bunn's Marquis and Rossington. Vhc. res., J. P. Davenport's Sraosha. Vhc., E. Ganster's Ganster's Bruno. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, C. E Bunn's Maides and Jean. Vhc. res., E. L. Marston's Bonnie Comedy.—PUPPIES —*Bitches:* 1st, J. P. Davenport's Braska's Jap; 2d, F. E. Smith's Jule K.

ST. BERNARDS.—ROUGH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, C. A. Pratt's Le Prince; 2d, C. D. Sutphen's Alton III. Vhc. res., J. R. Hurlbut's Alton Boy. Vhc., M. Yost's Saffo, T. Hoctor's So. Omaha Chief. Hc., W Cattin's Duke of Omaha, D. E. May's Grover May. C., E. S Mitchell's Claudio M. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, A. C. Shallenberger's Alta Berna and Flora Lomond. Vhc. res., Orchard Kennels' Topeka Belle.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, H. T. McCormick's Prince McC. *Bitches:* 1st and vhc., E. S. Mitchell's Melro-Sylvia and Sylvia's Lola; 2d, T. Hoctor's Queen Irene.

ST. BERNARDS—SMOOTH-COATED.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs;* 1st, A. C. Shallenberger's ch Melrose. *Bitches;* 1st, A. C. Shallenberger's Pratt's Belle.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. L. Robinson's Barre; 2d, A. F. Kramer's Patrician. Vhc., res., H. M. Jones's Melkyrie. Vhc., J. J. Galligan's Ponca. Hc., Orchard Kennels' Franald. *Bitches:* 1st, E. S. Mitchell's Lady Sylvia; 2d, A. C. Shallenberger's Melba.—PUPPIES —*Dogs:* Withheld, A. C. Shallenberger's Navarre. *Bitches:* 1st, A. C. Shallenberger's Melba; 2d, E. S Mitchell's Lady Fernmore.

GREAT DANES.—*Dogs;* 1st, H E. Wright's Prince Victor; 2d, Orchard Kennels' Osceola Boy. Vhc. res., and com., H. L. Robinson's Julius Cæsar and Kansas Boy Vhc., J. C. Ford's Kaiser. Hc; A. Rhys's Pluto. *Bitches:* 1st, Kansas City Kennels' Kitsie; 2d and c., H. L. Robinson's Heroine and Irene W. Vhc., res. and hc., J. C. Ford's Ina and Lolo. Vhc., G. W. Schenk's Alexandra and A. K. Wolfe's Princess Lucile.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, A. K. Wolfe's Judge D. and Colonel Cody. *Bitches:* 1st, A. K. Wolfe's Trilby; 2d, J. C. Ford's Olga. Res., Orchard Kennels' Santa.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—1st and vhc., J. P. Jackson's Duke II. and Bessie; 2d, F. Lobberg's Grover. Hc., Dr. E. Holovtchiner's Jack Muff.

BLOODHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, R. Williams's Jack Shepard. *Bitches;* 1st, R. Williams's Vigilant.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st and 2d, R. Williams's Lady Marjorie and Cymbeline. *Puppies:* 1st, R. Williams's Cymbeline.

DEERHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. H. Ballinger's Hiland Maxey.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Bitches:* 1st, G. H. and F. C. Moore's Princess.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, C. H. Ballinger's Osmaday.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—*Puppies:* 1st, R. Costello's Dick's Barney.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, Eldridge Kennels' Rush of Lad.—OPEN—*Dogs* (over 55lbs.): 1st, I. Coe's Bob; 2d, W. A. Predhomme's Royal Flush. Res., J. J. Rooney's Master Kent. Vhc., J. C. Mahoney's Sickles. *Bitches:* 1st, T. A. Case's Dido II.; 2d, Eldridge Kennels' Molton Bee. *Dogs* (under 55lbs.): 1st, Eldridge Kennels' Springside Faust. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, W. B McCloud's Kate Nasoand Speckle Gown. Vhc. res., Eldridge Kennels' Eldridge Nell. Vhc., W. W. Watt's Bird.—PUPPIES—*Dogs;* 1st, L. Young's Max.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—*Dogs;* 1st, C. E. Johannes's Smoke II; 2d, J. B. Hungate's Dixie Val Jean. Vhc. res. and vhc., Nebraska Kennels' Rustler and Saxon King. *Bitches:* 1st, Kansas City Kennels' Sue II.; 2d, L. P Utterback's Zeno Gladstone. Vhc. res., Nebraska Kennels' Easter Lily.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, Nebraska Kennels' Dave; 2d, R. B. Cottrill's Cottrill's Dan.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, W. L. Washington's Finglas. *Bitches:* 1st, W. H Eakins's Bessie Finmore.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Kansas City Kennels' Winnebago Jap; 2d, T. Brennan's Jack B. Vhc. res., W. L. Washington's Dick Finglas. Vhc., W. Harte's Red Duke. *Bitches:* 1st, Claremont Kennels' Pride's Beauty; 2d and vhc. res., W. L. Washington's Ruby Glenmore II. and Nancy Finglas.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. D. & D. M. Chamberlin's Omaha Black Duke; 2d, W. R. Morris's Corker. Vhc., D. W. Haynes's Bob Ingersol.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—ANY COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, Concord Cocker Kennels' champion Pickpania.—OPEN—BLACK—*Dogs:* 1st, Concord Cocker Kennels' Woodland Mack; 2d, Mrs. Frank L. Kemp's Master Waggles. Vhc. res., J. J. Pailbin's Skalper. Vhc., D. W. Haynes's Bob Ingersol. Hc., C. R. Courtney's Courtney's Fancy. *Bitches;* 1st, George Douglas's Woodland Princess; 2d, Concord Cocker Kennels' Miss Mae. Vhc. res., J. D. & J. M. Chamberlin's Flossie Wilkshire. Vhc., W. F. Carson's Dinah C. Hc., Howard Kennels' Black Belle.—ANY COLOR—OPEN—*Dogs;* 1st, Kansas City Kennels' Puck; 2d, Concord Cocker Kennels' Red Justice. Vhc. res., J. H. McTague's McTague's Cherry. Vhc., W. J. Robinson's Obo. *Bitches:* 1st, J. H. McTague's Tick 2d; 2d, W. J. Robinson's Nancy Belle.

BEAGLES.—*Bitches:* 1st, Guy D. Welton's Kittie Clover.

DACHSHUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, L. O. Seidel's Jay S.; 2d, D. W. Haynes's Pincher. Vhc. res., A. Nelson's Rolf Krage. *Bitches:* 1st, L. O. Seidel's Nellie S.; 2d, J. Wedekind's Red Tatzi Zur Horst.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Purse, Jr.'s, Rab Thompson; 2d, R. P. Slattery's Clifford. Vhc. res., W. A. Paxton's Programme. Vhc., G. H. & F. C. Moore's Omaha Gideon and R. Costello's Dick's Sport. C., J. N. H. Patrick's Muff. *Bitches:* 1st, S. B. Stannard's Lady Gay; 2d and vhc. res., J. Purse, Jr.'s, Rosanna and Prairie Maid. Vhc., G. H. & F. C. Moore's Omaha Baby.—PUPPIES—*Dogs:* 1st, S. B. Stannard's Bob Bruce; 2d, C. E. Clark's The King. Vhc. res., J. H. Vance's Hugo. *Bitches:* 1st, J. Purse, Jr.'s, Nellie R.; 2d, G. H. & F. C. Moore's Omaha Queen. Vhc. res., J. H. Vance's Hilda.

BULL DOGS —*Dogs:* 1st, H. E. Moore's Wabash Cinders.

BULL TERRIERS.—*Bitches* (35LBS. AND OVER): 1st, Kansas City Kennels' White Rose; 2d, J. T. Evans's Gem.—(UNDER 30LBS.): 1st, Chautauqua Kennels' Chautauqua Nellie.

FOX-TERRIERS.—*Dogs;* 1st, F. C. Ouellette's Dux; 2d and vhc. res., C. E. Bunn's Piper and Streak of Luck. Vhc., R. B Cottrill's Von K. Parr, C. F. Frenzer's Belmont Democrat. Hc., Mrs. F. L. Kemp's Boxer, T. D. May's Wanaset Baron, A. Rhys's Woodbury Tom Tom. *Bitches:* 1st, F. W. D'Evelyn's Langtry B.; 2d, F. C. Ouellette's Versus. Vhc. res., C. E. Bunn's Judgment's Reward. Vhc., C. F. Frenzer's Lizzie and Finchley Minx, A. Rhys's Woodbury Raffle. Hc., C. F. Frenzer's Finchley Rosa. C., A. Rhys's Woodbury Baggage.—WIRE-HAIRED —*Puppies:* 1st and 2d, F. C. Ouellette's Dux and Versus. Vhc. res., C. E. Bunn's Miss Pitcher. Vhc., H. E. Moore's Beau.

SCOTCH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE —1st, R. McDonald's Merry Coll. Vhc. res., A. F. Hertzler's Bessie.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, A. F. Hertzler's Kiltib and Rattler. *Bitches:* 1st, R. McDonald's Ooloo; 2d, A. F. Hertzler's Blossom.

IRISH TERRIERS.—*Bitches:* 1st, American Kennel Exchange's Briggs Breeze.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. Wilson's Queen III.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. S. Stewart's Play Boy. *Bitches:* 1st and vhc., F. H. Hoyt's Mab and Betsy; 2d, Kansas City Kennels' Rosette. Vhc. res., R B. Cottrill's Des Moines Girl. Hc., C. S. Stewart's Flossy S. II

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st, W. B. Rutherford's Bruce.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, S. B. Stannard's Charlie.

TOY TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, T. Briardy's Grover B. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, G. H. & F. C. Moore's Topsey Bird and Dotty Dimple.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Howard Pug Kennels' Drummer.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Howard Pug Kennels' Young Penrice; 2d, Major Jno. H. Cryer's Cremora King. Vhc. res., Mrs. Jerome Seibert's Duke Seibert. *Bitches;* 1st, vhc. res., Howard Pug Kennels' Hooker and Madia; 2d, Major Jno. H. Cryer's Cremona Queen. *Puppies:* 1st, vhc. res., Howard Pug Kennels' Young Drummer and Perfection; 2d, J. C. Whinnery's Bob.

KING CHARLES AND OTHER TOY SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, A. M. Goldsmith's Calumet St. Cyd.

BLENHEIM SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Kansas City Kennels' Bobby Burns; 2d, vhc. res., G. H. & F. C. Moore's King of Diamonds and Omaha Duke. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, G. H. & F. C. Moore's Omaha Beauty and Omaha Ruby.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. H. Hoyt's Byron.—OPEN—*Dogs:* F. H. Hoyt's Tee Bee. *Bitches;* F. H. Hoyt's Trixie. *Puppies:* 1st, F. H. Hoyt's Io.

CHIHUAHUA TERRIERS.—1st, Dr. E. Holovtchiner's Nip.

Monmouth Fur Club.

THE members of the Monmouth Fur Club will gather at the town of Buckfield, Oxford county, Me., to participate in the third annual autumn meet of the club beginning Oct. 15 and continuing to the following Friday. The election of officers will take place on the evening of Oct. 14 at Grand Army Hall. The members of the Brunswick Fur Club have been invited, and these, added to the crowds of hunters expected, have induced the club to make arrangements for a large number of visitors. The low rate of $1.50 per day for man and dog has been secured. Notices of arrangements will soon be ready to send out by the secretary. Wednesday night will be devoted to a game supper with covers set for 100 hunters. Ten new members will be added on Monday. Mr. George Mitchell, Chase's Mills, will act as master of hounds. The members of the pedigree committee are C. R. Chandler, Turner; T. Gledhill, Lewiston, and Mr. Mitchell. President Fred. C. Mower at the October meeting will report on Dixfield relative to it as a place for the midwinter hunt in February. All the arrangements are progressing favorably and rapidly for the forthcoming meet.

The Bloodhound.

CONCORD, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is a matter of tradition among men who have fancied, cherished, and bred dogs in England and America that the bloodhound is the ancient hound of England and the progenitor of all hounds which hunt by scent. The ancient dog was a slow mover, and was doubtlessly selected generation after generation, and bred for the pre-eminent powers which he exhibited in the pursuit of human beings, in following their trails closely and enduringly, and in his courage when aroused to battle. The abilities and instincts of the animal without doubt were what suggested and established the name bloodhound which the dog now bears. Unfortunate it is that the name is suggestive of a ferocity which the dog does not possess constantly. Only when aroused in the pursuit or when battle is offered does he show the desperate resolution and formidable powers which he holds dormant in time of peace or about the home of his master.

In ancient times in England the bloodhound had an extensive and common use in the pursuit of poachers, sheep thieves, murderers and other malefactors, many crimes then being capital offences which now are treated as misdemeanors. His precision in following wounded game also won him the consideration of the hunter. Hounds then were valued both for the spirit and rejoicefulness of their voices, their clarion notes infusing life into the chase, and for the success in bringing down the game, be the same small or great.

In the old times there is little room for difference of opinion as to the speed of the bloodhound. It is certain that he was a slow dog, deliberate, relentless, vindictive. Those of our time are not fast, but they are a great improvement on the ancient hound. His temper at times was sharp, vindictive, held in check by awe of his master, yet often surlily manifested toward strangers. He was a most formidable agent in keeping the negro in subjection in slavery days, as once a pack was on a runaway's trail his escape was hopeless. Swamps, open fields, switch cane, rivers, all failed in any way to check the pursuit of the noisy pursuit. The negro's flight was on foot, his scent was strong, and his final escape from the vengeful furies was to climb a tree where the pack he'd him at bay till the overseers arrived, when he was taken back to bondage. The common use to which the bloodhound was put in the capture of slaves in *ante bellum* days brought the bloodhound into undeserved disrepute and brought a stigma on him which he has carried even to this day.

In war the bloodhound has a small place in the history of tumultuous times in Florida. During the Seminole war, President Van Buren, through persuasion and advice, consented to the use of bloodhounds in tracking the Indians through the almost inaccessible everglades of Florida, and for this purpose many were imported from the isle of Cuba, where bloodhounds were valued highly for the pursuit of slaves. The experiment was an entire failure, the dogs absolutely refusing to pursue the Indians. Seemingly, the special breeding for negro hunting had been so firmly established that the dogs knew nothing of the chasing of Indians.

The bloodhound is sedate and majestic in his deportment, with a pervading tincture of sadness in his demeanor. In olden times he was spotted and white, but now the recognized color is black and tan.

The dog is strongly built, head large and domed, ears generously large and flexible, so large that sometimes they are an incumbrance. The red and bleary eyes of the bloodhound, with the raw surfaces of the eyelids exposed, give him a most truculent appearance, almost a look of ferocity. It is doubtful if there are any of the genuine bloodhounds in this country, as the purity of the Southern hounds has been disputed, I have been told.

H. L. W.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

A correspondent has consulted us on a case which is no doubt of great scientific importance, and also, to a certain extent, of interest to breeders. It seems that our correspondent's dog was bitten by a stray dog. The wound healed up, and he seemed to have not suffered any ill effects from the bite. He was shortly afterward visited by a bitch, and appeared to be in the best form, but in a few days signs of ill health were noticed, and he ultimately died of rabies. When the dog served the bitch his blood was beyond doubt already tainted with the virus of rabies, and the question has been asked if that would detrimentally affect the puppies and possibly also the bitch. We submitted the case to Mr. Alfred Sewell, M. R. C. V. S., and his reply is, "So long as the dog did not bite the bitch she is perfectly safe, and so the puppies will be if there are any the result of the service, and I see no reason why there should not be."—*Stock-Keeper (England).*

Mr. Z. T. Baker, agent for the Meadowmere Kennels, Southampton, L. I., reports that he has made a number of sales during the past summer at good prices, and that he has received many inquiries for fine poodles. He adds that their prize dogs are in excellent condition. The prize list for October can be obtained by addressing Mr. Baker, 13 William St., Room 1006.

To those who mistakenly favor us with anonymous queries, it may be proper to mildly hint that answers may not be promptly forthcoming. It is not unreasonable to assume that a gentleman would hardly expect an answer to a query to which he is ashamed to affix his signature, or one which he values so lightly that he sends it forth from vacuity, or even one which he is too tired to sign.

We are informed that Mr. Alfred F. L. Geddes, Ottawa, Can., a well-known dog and poultry fancier, died on Sept. 22, of appendicitis and tumor, at the age of 33 years. He was conspicuous in show circles in Canada in an official executive capacity, and judged both at poultry and dog shows. In the dog world he was chiefly identified with cocker spaniels, though he has given attention to Irish setters, Irish terriers, black and tan terriers, beagles and English setters.

We are indebted to Mr. John G. Barker, San Francisco, Cal., for a portrait of his St. Bernard dog California Bernardo, a noted winner on the Pacific coast.

As showing the spirit which some men have when others win, the following excerpt is taken from a personal letter received from Mr. W. W. Titus: "I had hoped that Minnie might be able to win the "Champion", but a letter informs me that Nesbitt won it with Jingo. Well, hurrah for Nesbitt and Jingo. I am certain they would not have got it if they had not won it, and believing in the spirit of doing to others as I would be done by, I am glad that Nat won if I could not, which it seems I couldn't. I am glad above all things that a pointer won, for I like fair play and like to see the honors divided. I am above all glad that Jingo won, because Mr. Dexter bred him, and a fairer man never lived, nor a man who is better entitled to all the honors the pointers are winning, for at great expense he fought with them until he made the pointer men regain confidence by his success, and saved them from obscurity. Hurrah for Uncle Edward, say I; may his shadow never grow less."

We are informed that the arrangements attempted by the New Jersey Kennel League for the holding of a bench show at Newark this fall have fallen through, and that therefore the League will not make any further attempt toward holding a show this year.

St. Cloud Kennels, Valley Stream, L. I., offer Irish setters. Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., offer Irish and English setters and Chesapeake Bay dogs. Box 204, Cookstown, Ont., offers beagle. Geo. Douglas, Woodstock, Ont., offers cockers. P. Spahn, Bloomington, Ill., offers English setter. Republican, Perth Amboy, N. J., offers pointer. Rochdale Kennels, Newton, Mass., offers fox-terriers. M. M. Lamb, Branchport, N. Y., offers English setter. J. Curly, Fitchburg, Mass., offers coon dog. Box 63, Cincinnati, O., offers broken setter and pointer. Chas. E. Lewis, Niagara Falls, N. Y., offers Japanese spaniel. S. Berry, Brooklyn, N. Y., offers broken pointers. J. H. Miller, Christiana, Pa., offers rabbit dogs.

Mr. W. Tallman, Plainfield, N. J., intends to go South to train a string of dogs, some for competition in the trials. He informs us that he desires three or four more to train. Every one will be glad to welcome "Billy" back to the guild.

In respect to the purchase of a dog and the business procedure necessary to observe in that relation, we recently advised a correspondent to deposit the purchase money with the express company which would have charge of the carriage of the dog, and in the event of the dog proving satisfactory the money would be paid to the seller, otherwise the money would be returned less the express charges. Our correspondent replied as follows: "I thank you most kindly for your suggestions about depositing money with express company. That's what I have been doing all summer, but no one seems to want to do business that way, for it is generally the last I hear of it. I have been bit once and I have had enough. If these people have what they claim, I can see no reason why they should object." When an owner will not ship a dog on approval with all the purchase money deposited for security, it is an excellent juncture at which the would-be purchaser can stop all negotiations. It is better to have loved a dog and lost him by keeping one's money than never to have loved at all.

Toronto Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I beg to call attention to an error in your report of the Toronto dog show, when you state the judging was rather late in commencing on Monday. This is not so, as our advertised time was 3 o'clock, and the judging commenced sharp on time, in fact, we were ready at ten minutes before and I had to request Mr. Mortimer to wait till time was up before starting. C. A. STONE, Sec'y.

Mascoutah Kennel Club's Dates.

CHICAGO, Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have selected the dates March 10 to 13, 1896, for our next bench show. JOHN L. LINCOLN, Sec'y.

Coursing.

SHEYENNE VALLEY COURSING MEET.

THE first coursing meet of the fall circuit was held at Sheldon, N. D., Sept. 24, 25 and 26, by the young association of greyhound lovers organized under the name of the Sheyenne Valley Coursing Club. The meet was so pleasant and successful that it is fair to hope that another interesting fixture has been established. Of late the coursing scene has in some measure shifted from Kansas to Dakota, or at least has included Dakota. When one can, as is the case this fall, go to Sheldon meet, then drop over to Aberdeen the following week, and the week after go to Huron, all points not far apart, he has more inducement to take a long journey for himself and string of dogs than could exist at any one meet, however good. The Sheyenne Valley Club has about 100 members of a hustling sort, and there is no reason to suppose that they will rest contented with one meeting. On the contrary, the greyhound idea is growing in Dakota, and we may rather expect more meetings than fewer. A club is to be organized at Buffalo, near Casselton, N. D., and these gentlemen hold a meet before another year has passed. Perhaps next year will see a month of fall coursing in the Dakotas.

The Sheyenne Valley Club expected to fill a stake of 32 greyhounds, and offered on that basis a card of $312 to be divided, $100 to be added to the filled stake, and $20 to be added to a consolation stake for dogs thrown out in the first round, the re-entry to be $2, the All-Age entry $5. Only 22 dogs were entered, however, so that the winner of first, instead of taking $104, drew down somewhat less. It was intended to divide the purse, 40 and 25 per cent. for the first and second, 12½ per cent. each for third and fourth, the next four dogs to divide balance equally, the club retaining 10 per cent. for expenses out of all prizes. The scale followed was similar to above, so that several dogs got a bit of the purse.

Sheldon is a typical and pleasant Dakota prairie town. The country about is quite level, except for a ridge of sand hills six or eight miles distant. The grounds are unlimited and are ideal for coursing and riding, with the advantage that the sport begins right at the edge of town, with no tedious drive night and morning. In fact the best sport was had quite near town, within two or three miles. The reason for this is perhaps to be found in the fact that the prairie chicken shooters of that region have formed the habit, perhaps cruel and useless, of killing all the jack rabbits they see, and naturally they do not hunt for the chickens so close to town. It can not be said that the hares were found in an abundance such as a coursing meet demands, and this fact is the only thing that marred the pleasure of the occasion. On several different courses the slipper was obliged to tramp over two hours without a hare being started, and at times this made the sport very dismal. Again, on two different days, near town, a little strip of country was found near the crops, where the jacks were started almost at will and a number of courses rapidly run off. If the shooters who hunt out at Sheldon will cease shooting jacks for one season, there need be not the slightest fear that the supply will be abundant for next year's meet. The hares seemed to be lying near the stubble and were not found in numbers far out on the prairie lands.

For work such as this the line of beaters needed to be well ordered and careful, and this I am sure all the spectators tried to be. It was the best natured and most orderly crowd one has ever seen at an initial coursing meet, and next year will be better yet. On the first day a couple of would-be sports from Lisbon caused much annoyance by their drunken uproariousness, but there was none of that thereafter. A larger line of beaters would have been desirable, especially on the third day. On that day a terrific windstorm was in progress, and it was so very cold and disagreeable that it is a wonder any spectators at all came out. For the first two days the weather was perfect—not chilly, but cool and overcast.

The club was fortunate in securing the services of a good judge and a good slipper. Mr. Wm Stephenson, of Traer, Iowa, is a coursing judge and a son of a judge. He is a good rider and has a level head, and can see both sides in a competition, a very useful qualification for a judge. With his decisions there was no fault found by any man able to see both sides of the competition, and one has no criticism whatever to offer. If he always does so well, we have no better judge in the saddle. As much, too, can be said for the slipper, Jos. Dodd, of Farwell, S. D., who has evidently been with the greyhounds before. He was cool and laid his dogs on well and deliberately, and above all was able to do the incessant walking after scarce hares, the hardest and longest tramping one has ever seen asked of a slipper at a coursing meet. Two hours and a half of rapid walking, without seeing a hare, is rather heart-breaking work.

Sheldon has good water and good society, which not all Western towns can claim. Her people are above all kind and hospitable, and visiting sportsmen are unanimous in the wish to go there again. The single hotel did not accommodate many of the crowd, and private houses were called into liberal requisition, an arrangement found very pleasant by those so billeted.

Quality of the Entry.

It was impossible to help noting the improvement in greyhound quality the Sheldon entry showed over those of the early meets of six or eight years ago. The Dakotas are full of good greyhounds now, and of men who know what a greyhound should be. Mr. A. P. Slocum, of Oakes, N. D., had in five dogs, how good the synopsis of the racing will show. Mr. H. C. Waterhouse, of Lisbon, N. D., was on hand with two. Mr R. Strachan with three. Dr. Van Hummel three good-looking and good-running ones in, and Mr. Charlton, handling for Mr. N. Whiting, of Minneapolis, had two clinkers in Chartist and Minnehaha, the former belonging to Mr. A. McElrath, of St. Louis, to whom Mr. Whiting recently sold him. In Marello Dr. Aylen has a good hound worth watching.

The Club has Prospects.

The Sheyenne Valley Club has good prospects. What with its environments and its personnel, one would rather bestow a general praise, but cannot help saying that the club would be a success if it had only one man in it, to wit, its president, Dr. Jas. P. Aylen, who was all things and everywhere, always active and unruffled. Each club needs such a man, and is safe when it has him. For Mr. Waterhouse, secretary, and all the members of the active committee, only unqualified approval can be extended for their hard and unselfish labors. Now if these gentlemen will only save their jack rabbits by local exhortations, and if they will please have their sand storm come one day later next year, it is safe to say that Sheldon will hereafter rank in the front among the coursing towns in every pleasant way.

The Runnings.

The drawing was as follows:

Championship Stake.

Marello, r. d. (Rendezvous—Roy's Canary).....Dr. Jas. P. Aylen.
Van Otjen, w. and br. d. (Lord Neversettle—Verdure Clad).....Van Hummel.
Crooked Jim, r. d. (Jim of the Hill—Roy's Canary).....A. P. Slocum.
Skip, b. and w. d. (Fitz Rowland—Fleetfoot).....Robt. Strachan.
Chit Chat, br. d. (Fitz Trife—Chatter).....Dr. Van Hummel.
Ravolt, bl. b. (Voltaire—Raven).....A. P. Slocum.
Chartist, r. d. (Glenkirk—Innocence) N. P. Whiting vs. for A. McElrath.
Roy F., f. d. (Unknown).....Lou Grange.
Jack, w. d. (Unknown).....Larry Voisen.
Fritz Rowland, w. and r. d. (Lord Neversettle—Partera) .R. Strachan.
Oakes, b. and w. d. (Voltaire—Raven).....A. C. Waterhouse.
Volucia, bl b. (Voltaire—Raven).....A. P. Slocum.
Caliph, w. and b. (Voltaire—Raven).....A. P. Slocum.
Blizzard, r. d. (Unknown).....Dr. Davis.
Lady Misterton, bl b (Millers Rob—Scandal).....A. P. Slocum.
Gip, w. and b d. (Fritz Rowland—Fleetfoot).....R Strachan.
Minnehaha, r. b. (Glenkirk—Innocence).....N. P. Whiting.
Venture, b. b. (Voltaire—Raven).....A. P. Slocum.
Rendezvous, w. and b. d. (Misty Glendyne—Daisy Dublin) A. P. Slocum.
Revenue, blue b. (Rendezvous—Mayflower Queen)..H. C. Waterhouse.
Flora, f. b. (Jim—Flo).....Wm. McMurchee.
Van Ollie, b. and w. b. (Gem of Season—Wild Rose) Dr. Van Hummel.

First Series.

MARELLO—VAN OTJEN.—Marello won handily.

CROOKED JIM—SKIP.—The white collar showed ahead for 60yds. only, Jim winning after the best of exchanges in a long course. No kill.

CHIT CHAT—RAVOLT.—An evenish course, with plenty of scoring, but little speed asked of either. Chit Chat won.

CHARTIST—ROY.—The Minneapolis dog, Chartist, was quite too fast for the unknown that wore the white collar. The latter was small company in a long course over plow and grass. No kill. Chartist won.

JACK—FRITZ ROWLAND.—Jack shows much of the bulldog, and was called the "bulldog" as they went to slips. He fought Fritz and bit him badly. They were led in singles. Jack is a good killer and can perhaps get to a hare once in a way, but he was not asked to do much in the short course except to kill to Fritz's trip of the hare. Fritz Rowland won.

OAKES—VOLUCIA.—A long and pumping course over all sorts of country, grass, plow and road, with plenty of work. There was no kill, though two loose greyhounds joined in. Each dog scored and exchanged, the staying power of Volucia carrying her to the front at close. Volucia won.

CALIPH—BLIZZARD.—It was all Caliph, which did all and killed in his stride handsomely in a brief course, showing himself much a courser. Caliph won.

LADY MISTERTON—GIP.—Lady Misterton was all the clever, and was at her hare all the time. Gip falling out of it when placed. A long, hard course. No kill.

MINNEHAHA—VENTURE.—These ran a red hot even course, which was rightly given undecided. It was then toward

evening and they did not go in again till the following morning. They again proved very evenly matched then. Venture was first up and there was even trading. The kill won. Minnehaha killed and won.

RENDEZVOUS—REVENUE.—This race was by no means for Revenue only. Rendezvous led up handsomely and showed better at the turns. Revenue was placed to score and there was a pretty bit of coursing over some low rolling ground, the dogs drawing well away from the judge. All at once the dogs stopped and threw up their heads, the hare having gone to earth. On riding up the owner of Rendezvous discovered that the dog had broken his hind leg, probably in the reach for the hare at the earth, though he sprang up eagerly as if he did not know he was hurt. Rendezvous has won and divided in stakes before, and had he never run a race but this one would have showed himself a great one. It was bad fortune for Mr. Slocum to have to take him out, crippled in his first course. The same leg had been broken once before this. It was carefully set, and the dog will no doubt win other courses yet with it. It is a curious fact, but in spite of his injury he won the course in which he ran.

FLORA—VAN OLLIE.—A stiff run, late in the twilight. Ollie was faster and won.

Second Series.

MARELLO—CROOKED JIM.—A long and punishing course. Jim ran game, but was too young a dog to help Marello as he needed on the grass, plow and hard road. Marello was all the faster, and crowded the hare. Marello got a nasty fall on hard ground. This placed Jim. Marello recovered and coursed the hare ahead and on a hard road, where a jack travels best, Marello tossed up his hare high in the air and killed. Both dogs were much distressed. Marello won.

CHIT CHAT—CHARTIST.—Chartist again showed a good one. He led up and was better and faster than Chit Chat, which could not steady to his turns quite so cleverly, though he killed with merit. Chartist won.

FRITZ ROWLAND—VOLUCIA.—This showed the luck of coursing. Fritz proved unable to be of any assistance to the little black bitch, which coursed the hare hard and fast, taking a lot of work out of her. Fritz drew by once on heavy plow, but at once on the pass Volucia took away the hare and drove it off a great way alone. This bitch had had a hard, long course the day previous, and was now unlucky to get another such for herself. She seemed fast enough and good to stay, but not possessed of the last degree of reserve energy to drive in and kill when close up. There was no kill. Volucia won.

CALIPH—MINNEHAHA.—Perhaps the prettiest course of the meet. Both took plenty of points and traded very evenly over an exceptionally long, doubling course. At the close, Caliph was faring better, and was leading when the hare went to earth. Caliph won, though victory was by no means a hollow one.

LADY MISTERTON AND VAN OLLIE a bye.

As the card now stood, Rendezvous being withdrawn, Mr. Slocum's Lady Misterton had a bye and Van Ollie also had a (natural) bye. It was agreed by the owners to run these two together for their bye, thus saving one course. This was done.

Third Series.

MARELLO—CHARTIST.—Marello had had little care since his fall in the morning, and went into the slips limping with a strained shoulder. It was all Chartist, over a short and swift course, he killing.

VOLUCIA—VAN OLLIE.—Volucia's hard and bruising courses in the morning may doubtless have been too much for her, though Mr. Slocum says she is not his best one. At any rate, though she took a go-by and led at the close, Van Ollie was quite the better over a long course, and won decisively.

CALIPH AND LADY MISTERTON a bye.

There now occurred a complication which is said to have arisen only once before in the American meets, and on which no precedent was at hand. Mr. Slocum's entry of several dogs had reached a point where he had two dogs in, each entitled to the owner's guard, and therefore to each a bye. This would pass both these dogs up to the next series without a contest. The thought of this broke the heart of Van Hummel, who began one of his series of expostulations, which are familiar on all fields where he has ever appeared. Mr. Slocum, who had at the request of the club entered several dogs, not to gobble the purses, but to fill the stakes, did not like to be asked to draw one of his dogs after paying his entry for it, and after seeing it run so near down to a winning, and it would seem he was clearly right in this, as the rules say that when an owner has two or more dogs entered they "shall be guarded throughout." The matter was referred to the committee, who referred it to common sense, and decided that while Mr Slocum had certain advantage in this guarding, his money was in the purse, and therefore paid for such advantage. The matter was decided on the American principle of fair play, that a man shall get a run for his money, and Mr. Slocum was awarded his byes. He saved one course by running the two dogs together for their bye. The beat for this course lasted two hours and a half. It was moonlight when at last a hare was started, and much a wonder how the dogs were sighted, but they took a lot of work out of the hare and Caliph killed, almost in the dark.

After return to town Van Hummel renewed the discussion over these byes, and announced his intention to protest the decision. American admiration goes out most readily to the man who casts aside quibbles and technicalities, and wants to get down to the sporting issue. John L. Sullivan is admired to-day more than his successor because he cared nothing for conditions and didn't know anything but fight. The American boat Defender would be more admired to-day had she never hoisted her protest flag. It is better to be beaten as a sportsman than to win as a quibbler and kicker. As the owner of Van Ollie had still a good dog in, it would have been far handsomer of him to say, "Go ahead; you paid your money in for both your dogs, and I'll beat you anyhow with mine." Yet this is just what he did not say, and in consequence Mr. Slocum, whose attitude throughout was fair and courteous, at length gave up the advantage of his bye and drew Lady Misterton from the stakes. In this he was perhaps not wise, but his motive was a good one. "I'll chance it with Caliph alone," he said, "and that will end the talk." He thought Lady Misterton the better of the two, but she was sick and not so fit at the time.

Fourth Series.

CHARTIST—VAN OLLIE.—These had a most dismal walk of it for over three hours without seeing a hare except one, which went away unsighted. On this one the dogs were not slipped, but Chartist broke away and for a moment ran looking for the hare. He was fortunately taken up. When finally, after the most tiresome waiting and walking, they were slipped on a good hare, Chartist stood for the run-up, but was unsighted for a moment, and they closed near at the first turn. They then made a lovely course of it with a beautiful lot of work, each going by and taking up the hare more than once, and both scoring rapidly and cleverly. After a lot of this the hare started for a hard road, Chartist now seeming to last better than his handsome, light-brindle mate. On the road it was a procession, with Chartist leading and gaining on Van Ollie, but not scoring. The hare escaped. Van Ollie made a grand showing in this course. She ran very fit. So much could not be said for Chartist, who in slips was evidently a sick dog, as he had been for two days. His showing was a good one. Chartist won, with 7 points to the good.

At this stage of the proceedings the FOREST AND STREAM representative was obliged to leave the field in order to catch the train out of town, there being only one train each day. At the time of leaving Caliph was in the slips for his bye, which would bring him in for the final with Chartist. There remained still the final course between Blizzard and Oakes in the Consolation stakes. The day had been a most discouraging one, only four hares having been found as so late an hour as 4 P. M. The line of beaters had dwindled to a few straggling vehicles, the cold, raw wind having proved too much for most of the spectators.

All-Age.

Fifth and Final Series.

SHELDON, N. D., Sept. 27.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Chartist and Caliph divided the All-Age Stakes.—Wm. Stephenson, judge.

The Consolation Stakes.

For dogs thrown out in the first round. Six entries. This event was run off series for series with the All-Age Stakes, the fourth and final series of the Consolation, of course, falling as against the fifth and final in the All-Age.

First Series.

BLIZZARD—GIP.—Much of an exhibition of what coursing should not be, as the dogs could not close. Passing a farmyard Gip went in to get a drink at the well trough. Blizzard worked the hare down the road and turned it back. Having calmly finished his drink, Gip then went out and killed the hare. Yet this sagacity was not rewarded by the judge. Blizzard won.

FLORA—REVENUE.—Flora only led Revenue in once. Killed to merit. Flora won.

OAKES—SKIP.—A third dog joined in. Skip was passing wise and waited to see what was going to happen if he did not run quite so hard. Oakes had done plenty to win before the loose greyhound joined.

Second Series.

BLIZZARD—FLORA.—These got a poor hare—a small one—but though they scored constantly they were unable to close and kill until they had been at it apparently a quarter of an hour. On plowed ground they each scored a trip and were often in shape to kill, but could neither drive in nor steady for a pick-up. At length Blizzard killed and won.

OAKES, A BYE.—This was run with Van Otjen, not entered for the Consolation, but which was drawn out in the All-Age first series. They got a merry course.

Third and Final Series.

Special to Forest and Stream: Blizzard and Oakes divided the Consolation Stakes.—Wm. Stephenson, judge.

Blizzard is a rangy red dog, unknown, property of Dr. E. C. Davis, of Castleton, N. D. Oakes (Voltaire—Raven) is the property of Mr. H. C. Waterhouse, of Lisbon, N. D. He is a goodish-sized black and white and a strong finisher.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Yachting.

Seawanhaka Corinthian International Challenge Cup.

SPRUCE—ETHELWYNN.

THE series of international races which ended on Saturday last is a remarkable one in the history of international sport, and especially in international yachting, and it has on its merits attracted an amount of attention on both sides of the Atlantic that is in almost inverse ratio to the size of the contestants. The keen hard fighting and the interest with which it has been watched by yachtsmen and outsiders give every corroboration to two points which we have frequently insisted on in connection with the America's Cup contests, that maximum size and absolute speed are in no way essential, but that the true requisites are that the contending yachts shall be as nearly as possible equal in measurement—and fast in their own class. To divert for a moment from the main story and taking up the old argument against the 70-footers and for the 90-footers in Cup racing—that the Cup should be raced for only by the fastest yachts in the world—the interest in the present series of races has been in no way diminished by the fact that while the maximum speed for a 90ft. yacht is 13 to 14 knots, that of the 15-footers is nearer 7, and that a slow tub of a 30-footer would sail circles around the little racers in actual time.

In international sport at large the record made by the British challenger in this series of races, in winning two out of a series of five, is a remarkable exception to the rule, as shown in the present athletic contests, and particularly in the America's Cup racing, while in the yachting record one has to go back twenty-four years, to the second contest for the America's Cup, in which Livonia was the challenger, to find anything approaching the present long and obstinate battle, in which the honors were equally divided up to the last of seven races. Unlike so many contests of far larger yachts, the present races have shown not only the bare fact of the superiority of the American boat, but the actual differences between the two on all points of sailing and in a wide range of weather conditions, thus giving results which are of absolute technical value, something which cannot be said of either of the last two Cup races.

To sum up briefly the results, the American boat has, in the end, fully justified the very favorable opinions of many who saw her in the trial races, as well as of Messrs Brand and Sturdee after the first two days' sailing; she has proved herself by far the faster and better boat, and has completely upset the verdict of many critics after the trial races, that she was a fair light-weather boat, but nothing more. She has been at a disadvantage in that she was hastily built, and sailed with but small opportunity for trial and alteration, having been in the water just six weeks up to the day of the first cup race, both of her crew being busy men and unable to devote much time to trial sailing. Taken just as she is to-day, she is capable of material improvement in details; the surface of her hull is by no means perfect, she was first tried with a jury rudder, rather roughly made and very much buckled, taken from a Scarecrow, and when her new rudder was completed it could not be used owing to some bad mistakes in construction. Her centerplate, while apparently excellent in the light weather of the trial races, proved entirely too flexible in heavy weather, and as the metal company was unable to furnish another in time, she was obliged to sail with it, though it finally buckled badly on the fifth trial and could not be straightened. In the matter of sails and spars she was well fitted, though only after many trials of various sails and some changes from the original sail plan. In the matter of crew, though one was an experienced sailor, the other was a novice; and apart from lack of practice in this particular boat, neither had had any experience in similar small craft, Mr. Ball having done all his early yachting in sandbag centerboard boats and ice yachts; the latter experience by the way helping him very much in going from the hard helm of a sandbag sloop to the light balance rudder and the saucer-like hull with no deadwood of Ethelwynn. Neither of the crew was in any way familiar with the waters off Oyster Bay, save for the three days' experience of the trial races; nor was Mr. Ball familiar with tides or salt water, his sailing having been done on Lake Erie.

On the part of the challenger, she was subject to the many natural handicaps attending a race in strange and distant waters, new surroundings, different climate and conditions, and other unfavorable influences. These, however, were reduced to a minimum in the present case through the care and courtesy of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C., whose generous hospitality, it is gratifying to say, has been most fully appreciated by Mr. Brand and his representative, Mr. Sturdee. Since the Fulda touched her dock, Spruce and all connected with her have been the guests of the club; the tedious Custom House business was attended to, as far as possible, by the secretary of the race committee, the duty being paid by the club; and during the racing Messrs. Brand and Sturdee, with Messrs. Field and Ball, have been entertained as guests at the club house. While Mr. Brand was entirely ignorant of the locality and its peculiarities, he has been coached, as far as possible, by Mr. Irving Cox, an Oyster Bay yachtsman, on the tides, currents and winds; and his sailing under the very fluky conditions of several drifting races has shown him to be a skilful yachtsman, quick to appreciate and make the most of local conditions. In the matter of course, pilotage and local knowledge, both parties have been on an equality. Mr. Brand's physique, he being very tall and fairly heavy, and his long experience in this class of boat or even smaller, have gone a long way to offset the obvious deficiencies of his boat; and he has been materially helped by his nimble and skilful crew, Tom Wade, the two working together with that perfection only attained by long experience.

The inferiority of Spruce IV. to the defending yacht is generally conceded, but it is interesting to compare them: Spruce profited by 8in. more length of waterline for the same sail area, she being just up to the limit of measurement, while Ethelwynn is below. She has a little more depth of body and 3in. less beam. Her under-water body, while full, is of a fair and easy form; and the ends above water are carried out so as to give the longest possible lines for reaching. Her main centerplate is not only 1ft. deeper than Ethelwynn's, but far stiffer and stronger, weighing in itself about 75lbs. more, with 50lbs. of lead on the lower end. The construction is unnecessarily strong, the main centerboard trunk is larger, there is a second smaller trunk and a tabernacle, and more weight throughout. In ordinary sailing weather this weight was a disadvantage as compared with the lighter construction of Ethelwynn; but in a drift, as in the earlier races, it helped her; and in the wind and sea of the fifth and sixth days it was a great advantage; in hammering into wind and sea she had 8in. more in length, much greater weight, a stiff and heavy centerplate with lead bulb, all of unquestioned advantage in this weather.

It is under the normal conditions of summer racing with a time limit, when a high speed must be attained with a limited sail area and light to moderate winds, that refinement of form and light construction are most essential; in a drift a boat of full and crude model and considerable weight will carry her way, and the water is displaced and replaced so slowly that form is of comparatively small account; and on the other hand, in a hard breeze, with an excess of driving power, the form is again of less importance than in moderate weather, and the weight a positive advantage. In one respect Spruce suffered deservedly in rough water, or even a moderate sea, the full snub nose hammered and smashed the water as though it would knock itself into fragments, while the easier and cleaner bow of the other boat went along lightly and easily. Spruce had a very small cockpit, only 2ft. wide, while that of Ethelwynn was 3ft. 6in. wide, giving good room to work in ordinary weather, but rather large for a sea. At the same time one took little more water aboard than the other.

Spruce had evidently a good rig of the kind, but the lug rig is not equal to the simple leg o' mutton of Scarecrow. The reefing batten and hand gear was an advantage in the heavy weather, a reef being turned in or shaken out quickly and easily; but we question on the whole whether it pays to carry the gear in England; it certainly does not here, though on Friday morning we wished most heartily that Ethelwynn had one. While Ethelwynn would not carry the 50ft. jib designed for her, and worked well to windward under one even smaller than that with which she was measured, Spruce carried to windward under all conditions a jib that filled the whole forward triangle, and yet she had not enough. The difference between the Y. R. A. and Seawanhaka rules permitted her to use a larger jib here than in England, and she was improved thereby.

In the matter of gear and fittings she was in good condition, and as she had already sailed a number of races at home, her crew were fully familiar with her; one important change was made some time prior to her leaving England, the lifting bulb fin being replaced by the solid board already described. During the racing she was towed over to Cold Spring Harbor every night and hoisted out on davits by means of two canvas slings. Ethelwynn was left at anchor, usually being taken out in the morning and scrubbed.

The first two days' work was described last week, on Saturday a drift over the windward and leeward course, the first round being unfinished and the race given up. On Monday the same course was sailed, the wind being light, but hardening at one time on the windward work, Ethelwynn winning by 7m. 41s.

Third Day—Tuesday, Sept. 24.

TRIANGULAR COURSE.

There was a good breeze on Tuesday morning, but at noon it was light from N.W., soon after shifting to S. by W. The same triangle was laid out as for the trial races—E. by ½ N., N.W., S. by W. ½ W. The preliminary signal was given at 12:45 and the preparatory at 12:55, the start being 5m. later. The two came for the south end of the line, marked by a buoy and flag, the Oneida lying just clear of it, they were close together, Spruce to windward and inside. Ethelwynn had her spinaker boom ready to set to starboard; but neither she nor Spruce had the poles out on the line. Ethelwynn kept off to give room for Spruce at the mark, but Spruce bore down on her and touched her. The foul amounted to nothing, no protest flag was shown, and the incident is worth noting only in view of the two protests by Spruce. The boats were almost under the bridge of the Oneida, where they could be plainly seen, Ethelwynn was keeping off, and Spruce, with room to have set her spinaker boom and yet to have cleared the mark, bore down on Ethelwynn and touched her. No harm resulted save that Ethelwynn was delayed in setting spinaker until they had cleared, while Spruce was able to set hers at once.

Spruce had a good start, but Ethelwynn soon ran ahead and had a lead of 20yds within five minutes of the start. Spinakers were braced well forward, but still could be carried to advantage. Spruce managed to blanket Ethelwynn, but, as in all of the close down-wind work of the series Ethelwynn was the better maneuvered, and this time, as in the other cases, she dodged and twisted until she got away clear. With a light wind and smooth water she ran away until there was some 20 yds. of clear water between them at the lee mark, the turn being timed:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	1 42 31	0 42 31	0 02 11
Spruce	1 44 42	0 44 42	

Ethelwynn had carried no reaching jib on Monday, the sail being in poor shape, but before the start on Tuesday the luff rope had been stretched as much as it would stand, and the sail was used during the day when required. Spruce set her balloon jib and carried it over the leg. The run was without incident, the difference in time being but 11s. Ethelwynn took in her reaching jib just before she came to the mark and luffed round, starting to windward on starboard tack. The times were:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	2 05 13	0 23 41	
Spruce	2 07 09	0 25 27	0 00 14

On her best point, reaching, Spruce had made but an immaterial gain. She followed the leader and in a lighter wind they stood for half an hour on starboard tack, Ethelwynn gaining a little. There was still a south wind ahead, coming out of Cold Spring Harbor, and Ethelwynn was working for it; at 2:40 it was almost calm, both moving slowly. Ethelwynn went on port tack at 2:48 with a long lead on Spruce, but a moment later the wind from off the Sound struck them, from the west, a shift of about 3½ points, and put Spruce well out to windward of Ethelwynn. What was worse was that while Spruce had a very light breeze, the other was becalmed at short intervals in the doldrums between the harbor breeze and the Sound breeze; they went on slowly, Spruce crossing Ethelwynn's bows by 150yds. about 3:05.

The young ebb was carrying both down, but Spruce had enough wind to breast it and turned the buoy at 3:39:08, setting her spinaker to port and also her balloon jib and running away gayly with a strengthening tide and a light west wind. Ethelwynn's case looked hopeless, as she did not weather the buoy until 3:36:10, the full times of the turn being:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Spruce	3 29 08	1 21 59	0 08 59
Ethelwynn	3 36 10	1 30 58	

The two miles of windward work had taken 1h. 22m., Spruce gaining 9m. Very little has been said in the daily papers about the shift of wind, but it was plainly visible in its immediate and marked effect. At 4 o'clock both jibed and reset spinakers to starboard. The first mark was timed:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Spruce	4 17 48	0 48 40	1 49 00
Ethelwynn	4 26 39	0 50 29	

The wind was well abeam, about S.W., again a reach for Spruce; she set her balloon jib and Ethelwynn did the same. They ran across and were timed:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Spruce	4 55 12	0 37 24	
Ethelwynn	5 00 25	0 33 46	3 38 00

This was a very good showing for the following boat, and with her little jib set she started on starboard tack in the wake of Spruce, the wind now failing. A big three-master came lumbering along from the westward in the course of Spruce and Mr. Brand made a serious miscalculation in attempting to cross her bows; when a mast under her he had to go on port tack and stand along beside her, finally tacking and crossing under her stern; the loss was not much, but it might have been avoided by an earlier tack. Now came the big Sound steamer Richard Peck, at speed, and running between the yachts, her wash catching Ethelwynn on the bows and Spruce astern and shaking both up. They tacked slowly in, the wind falling; Ethelwynn had no wish to make a race, and tried to coax Spruce inshore where the tide was strongest. When six o'clock came she lowered her jib and took a line from her tender. Spruce was then ahead, but becalmed in a strong tide half a mile from the line.

Fourth Day—Second Race—Wednesday, Sept. 25.

TRIANGULAR COURSE.

Wednesday broke with a fresh S.E. breeze, which held fairly strong through the morning. At 11:50 the Oneida was at the line, but Spruce was late, one piece of her bulb had become loosened and it was necessary to head up the bolts anew. Ethelwynn had just received from Wilson & Griffin a new silk jib of 36sq. ft. for reaching. The start was given at 12:30, Spruce, to leeward of Ethelwynn, coming to the line so

soon and having to luff and lose way, while Ethelwynn went over with a good full. With her new jib sheeted home she reached by Spruce, the latter setting her balloon jib, but taking it in, the wind being too far forward. At 12:45 she set it again, but took it in five minutes later, the wind heading them off more than ever, until sheets were hardened for a beat. As they worked short tacks under the shore Ethelwynn gained, but she finally tacked off for the buoy, Spruce standing longer inshore before her last tack, and picking up a little. The times were:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	1 15 15	0 45 15	0 03 17
Spruce	1 18 32	0 48 32	

There was now a reach to second mark with booms to port, the times showing a gain of 47s. for Ethelwynn.

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	1 36 37	0 21 22	0 00 47
Spruce	1 40 41	0 23 09	

Jibing over with a moderate breeze, they reached in and were timed at the line:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	2 02 55	0 26 18	
Spruce	2 06 53	0 26 12	0 00 06

Ethelwynn started to round with a lead of 3m. 58s., but within four minutes after she passed the mark, standing inshore on port tack, a fresh easterly puff broke her off and then she caught the wind on the other side from the south, and had to go on starboard tack. While she lay between the two winds Spruce came up and stopped very close to her, then the southerly breeze prevailed and both started on again, but very slowly. Out in the Sound yachts and coasters were visible with sheets trimmed to a moderate N.E. wind, and up Cold Spring Harbor was a light south wind, but the two racers caught only the end of it. Spruce set her balloon jib while Ethelwynn set her new reaching jib under the working jib. At the end of the first twenty minutes Spruce was not only well up to Ethelwynn through the fluke at the turn, but was gaining fast, and at 2:30 they were in very close company under Lloyd's Neck shore. Spruce almost caught Ethelwynn a few minutes later, and finally got on her weather, but the other managed to run out under her lee, then set balloon jib and jibed over at the mark, the times being:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	2 39 38	0 36 38	
Spruce	2 39 48	0 32 55	0 03 58

The next leg was tedious and fluky, but full of pretty maneuvering, in which Ethelwynn came out ahead. With booms eased off to starboard for the southerly wind and sheets well slacked they reached along, Ethelwynn gaining at first, but when ten minutes away Spruce lapped her weather quarter and then ran clear ahead. In a little while Ethelwynn took a spurt and ran ahead through Spruce's lee. They passed and repassed, and then began a series of hot luffing matches, Ethelwynn being the leader; she would luff and Spruce would follow, then Ethelwynn would keep off with a rush. Finally she got well clear after forcing herself and Spruce so far to windward that spinakers would draw, and they were set to port before the same old southerly breeze. Ethelwynn was perhaps 30yds. ahead at 3 o'clock, both nearing the second mark; the wind was very light now and both were rolling to a beam sea. At 3:17 Ethelwynn caught the long-promised N.E. wind, over went boom and jib, in came spinaker and she trimmed down for the mark, Spruce getting the same wind just 30s. later. Ethelwynn had her reaching jib, while Spruce carried the one big working jib that she used on the wind and when her balloooner was not set. Soon Spruce set her balloooner, but Ethelwynn held her own, the times being:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	3 26 59	0 47 21	0 00 30
Spruce	3 27 39	0 47 51	

On rounding, Ethelwynn luffed and then headed off a little for a reach to the line, her new jib being set to windward of the working jib, and girted by the latter. She did very poorly under these sails at first, and before long Spruce, under working jib, was under her lee and out clear ahead. The small jib was taken in on Ethelwynn, but still the large one was too much for her to windward, the wind now heading both, and she fell astern. When 20 minutes out from the mark they both trimmed down against the south wind for a beat to the finish. Spruce went ahead now and her lead increased, while Ethelwynn tried to carry the 36ft jib to windward and still more when her crew was out on deck working to shift jibs. When this was finally accomplished and the best working jib set and trimmed, she began to go to windward in the form of previous days, but Spruce now had a long lead. They went ahead slowly in a light air, Ethelwynn standing in toward Lloyd's Neck while Spruce made shorter tacks out in the Sound.

Ethelwynn's last tack was made at 4:05, over a mile from the mark, and though she came on very fast with a little more wind out of the harbor, she had overstood by a few yards and came to the finish with sheets a little lifted. Spruce was working up toward the lee end of the line, and when she neared the mark it was apparent from the Oneida that what had a few minutes before seemed an absolute certainty for her was now at best a very doubtful thing. Ethelwynn rushed down on the line very fast, cutting it at the middle, while Spruce, making two tacks within the last five minutes, was pointed as high as possible, in hopes of weathering the lee buoy. The excitement was intense as they reached the line, and at the last moment it was seen that Spruce could squeeze by the buoy without tacking, and that she would cross before Ethelwynn; on they came and the times showed just 23s. in favor of Spruce. The times for the last leg and for the whole course were:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Spruce	4 25 44	0 58 05	1 03 00	3 55 44	0 23 00
Ethelwynn	4 26 07	0 59 08		3 56 07	

Fifth Day—Third Race—Thursday, Sept. 26.

WINDWARD AND LEEWARD COURSE.

By Thursday morning the hot weather was well over, and though the threatened cold wave did not reach the coast there was a decided difference in the temperature and also in the force of the wind, a rattling breeze from S.W. kicking up a bobbery in the inner harbor of Oyster Bay. The question of sailing the race inside Oyster Bay or Cold Spring Harbor was discussed by the committee, there being every opportunity to lay off a clear course in rough water and with a strong breeze without exposing the boats so much as could be the case if they went outside on the Sound. The committee was divided, but finally the outside course was decided on and the yachts were towed out. The conditions outside were little or no worse than inside, the course being rather under the lee of the high land on Center Island. The wind proved to be S.W. by W., and the course was laid off N.E. by E., 3 miles. After the preliminary signal was given at 12:15, on the last of the ebb, Ethelwynn sailed up to the Oneida and hailed that both parties were desirous of sailing inside. When Spruce came up she was hailed by the committee and Mr. Brand said that he wanted to race outside or to postpone the race until next day. The latter was out of the question after waiting so long for wind, and the preparatory signal was given at the proper time, followed by the start at 12:30. Spruce had her reefing batten down, for the first time, and her jib set; Ethelwynn was working about under a double-reefed mainsail and no jib. The maneuvering was done about 100yds. short of the starting line, the two working around in complicated curves very close together. At one time both actually collided, but it was done so quickly and unexpectedly that few on the Oneida grasped all the details of the collision. No harm was done, but Spruce went over the line with a red flag flying. As it proved Mr. Brand claimed that Ethelwynn luffed and touched him while on parallel courses, but Mr. Ball claimed that Spruce failed to give way as they came together, Ethelwynn on starboard and Spruce on port. No protest flag was shown by Ethelwynn. Once over the line, Spruce set spinaker to starboard while Ethelwynn ran up a baby jib of about 8sq. ft., and also a spinaker. Spruce soon took the lead, at 12:36 Ethelwynn took in her spinaker. At 12:53 Spruce jibed boom to starboard and set spinaker to port, Ethelwynn now having her spinaker set to starboard. At 1:01 Ethelwynn took in her spinaker, and soon after, Spruce, now well ahead, took in hers and jibed to leave the mark on starboard hand, the times being:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Spruce	1 02 08	0 32 08	0 00 08
Ethelwynn	1 02 16	0 32 16	

Spruce went by the mark with sheets trimmed and sail's full and at once danced out to windward. It was very clear that something was wrong with Ethelwynn, as she luffed up and stopped when by the mark, losing steerage way; her jib was taken in and then one reef was shaken out, and she slowly forged ahead under single-reefed mainsail only, in pursuit of Spruce, now a good four minutes away. After some time a small jib was set, but the boat was dead, Spruce leaving her faster each minute. Both made several short tacks to avoid a long tow of empty barges. Spruce continued to gain until she was timed at the end of the round with a lead of nearly 9m., at 2:03:00. As Ethelwynn neared the home buoy it was clear that something was wrong, and no one was surprised when she made no attempt to round, but sailed up to the Oneida. In answer to a hail, Mr. Field replied that they had no chance of winning and the weather was too bad for them to sail the second round needlessly. Spruce had already shaken out her reef, and under full sail, including spinaker, was far down the course, Ethelwynn sailed in, while the Oneida followed Spruce, timing her at the turn at 2:34:01, and at the finish, after a comparatively easy beat home in a lighter wind and smoother water, at 3:27:27. As later events proved, the wind and sea, even at the start, would have permitted Ethelwynn to have carried at least a single reef on the wind, and in such wind and weather she might easily have beaten Spruce. She was badly sailed from before the start, at no time having enough canvas or her sheets trimmed in. What she is capable of in a good wind and sea was fully proved next day. After the race Mr. Brand humorously bewailed the fact that at the outset of the negotiations he might have asked for a series of two out of three races in place of three out of five. Under the circumstances, nothing more was said about the collision and Spruce's protest, and the exact merits of the case were left unsettled.

Sixth Day—Fourth Race, Friday, Sept. 27.

During the night, Mr. Ball, the helmsman of Ethelwynn, was very ill; for several days he had been unwell, and the wetting and nervous strain of the withdrawal of the boat against his will on the previous day had completely upset him. As it happened his younger brother had already arranged to sail with him in case of Mr. Field being called to business on Friday. Though the two have sailed together all their lives, Mr. Fred Ball had been aboard Ethelwynn on but one occasion, and was entirely unfamiliar with this class of boat. In the morning a doctor was summoned by telephone from Oyster Bay and prescribed for Mr. Ball, but the arrival of his brother on the early boat proved the best possible stimulant. At 6 o'clock a strong N.W. wind was blowing across the Sound, and from the roof of the club house the whitecaps could be seen in all directions, while even inside the two harbors there was enough sea for a good wetting. When Commodore Bendict reached the club float, having come across from the Oneida, his first words were that the small craft should not go outside in such weather, and Mr. Cromwell, chairman of the race committee, who came over from Mamaroneck in the powerful 35ft. naphtha launch Titania, once so familiar as a tender to the 70-footer of the same name, expressed very strongly the same opinion. Mr. Brand and Mr. Sturdee wished to sail on the former course, outside the harbor, but Mr. Stephens, Mr. Ball's representative, Mr. Field having returned to town, objected to the outside course. There was no question that the weather outside at 10 o'clock was quite as heavy as such boats should race in, nor that a perfectly fair course, with a very strong wind and a good lump of a sea, could be laid inside. Mr. Ball had never sailed in the harbor and had no advantage over Mr. Brand in the matter of local knowledge. The crew of Spruce were both thoroughly used to such conditions, and were physically superior to the crew of the other boat, both light men and one of them still ill and the other strange to the boat, neither having tried her in heavy weather. While it was not particularly pleasant to decline to follow the English boat into any water she would sail in, the manifest physical superiority of her crew and the general opinion of all who had crossed the Sound that morning seemed to warrant every fair effort for the inside course.

After much fruitless discussion Mr. Colgate Hoyt kindly offered to run the party outside in his cabin naphtha launch, a staunch craft of 35ft., and the principals, with their representatives and four members of the race committee—Mr. Wetmore having been called to town—boarded her. As they passed out of the harbor she strongly took the seas over her bows, the Titania an eighth of a mile ahead fairly standing on end at times and throwing the seas in all directions. Messrs. Brand and Sturdee, with some of the committee, were by no means satisfied, and still desired to go outside. Mr. Stephens objected to going outside, but he and Mr. Ball stated that Ethelwynn would start over any course that the committee laid out, and would sail the race to a finish. It was finally decided, as the launch came in, that a triangle should be laid out just inside the bar and lighthouse in the outer harbor, Mr. Brand consenting and Mr. Sturdee still holding out for the outside course. This much being settled, the committee came ashore and adjourned to the roof of the club house for a meeting, the big club telescope being taken up for a look over the Sound. There being only four they were divided, two holding out strongly for the outside course. When they finally returned to the float, they announced that they could reach no decision and would leave the matter to the two representatives, Mr. Ball being already under way in his boat to break his crew in a little. This left the question where it was, and to save valuable time the proposal to toss for choice was made, a penny was thrown and Mr. Sturdee called heads and won; all hands hurried aboard the Oneida's launch except Mr. Brand, who boarded his boat, and they started for the Center Island buoy. On the way out Ethelwynn was hailed and ordered to go outside, and both she and Spruce sailed the entire distance, the former under whole sail and the latter with one reef down.

So much time had been wasted in the discussion that when the Oneida reached the line at 1:45 the wind and sea were much less violent than in the early morning, and as she beat out to the line half an hour later it was seen that Ethelwynn was carrying full sail very well in spite of the light weight of both of her men.

The start was given at 2:25, Ethelwynn making the worst start of the series, 30s. astern of Spruce. The same triangle was sailed, the first leg with booms well off the starboard quarter and the second almost dead to windward. With whole mainsail and working jib Ethelwynn danced merrily along from the start and was soon even with Spruce, the latter under a single reef and her working jib. When ten minutes out Ethelwynn began to luff and soon had Spruce far above her course, keeping in a position to maneuver as she pleased when the mark was reached. As they came down Spruce, having shaken out her reef, was compelled to stand by the mark before she luffed and made her turn, thus leaving room inside for Ethelwynn, who, after making her turn short of the mark, easily passed inside and to windward of Spruce. The times were:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Spruce	2 48 03	0 23 03	0 00 05
Ethelwynn	2 28 08	0 23 08	

Ethelwynn was hardly on Spruce's beam before the latter whirled about, and being on starboard tack could claim right of way. Ethelwynn tacked at once and trimmed down, eating out very fast from under the other's lee, and soon having a clear lead to windward. Her crew were not over hiking, but lay flat on the weather deck, the sheets were flowed and the boat was fairly jumping out to windward in a good sea, nearly or quite as hard weather as on the preceding day. In the first twenty minutes she opened a fine lead, then Spruce caught a favoring puff and came up on her until in almost a moment, as it seemed to the spectators on the Oneida, they were close together. Then, both being trimmed down on the same course, Ethelwynn again walked clear out to windward. As it afterward proved, it was at this point of the race that the alleged foul on which Mr. Brand protested occurred. According to him, as he came down fast on starboard tack, Ethelwynn, on port tack, was approaching him, standing on until he was obliged to luff to avoid a collision. Ethelwynn at once came about on starboard tack, and Mr. Brand having, as he claimed, an overlap, she luffed out to windward of him.

The whole incident was watched by those on the Oneida. After the previous day's fiasco there was the keenest interest on the part of everyone in the possibility of Ethelwynn redeeming herself, and there was not a moment, especially during this first windward play, when the boats were unnoticed. This particular detail of Spruce's rapid gain was of course most carefully watched, and yet no one saw the luffing and alleged violation of the rules. When the protest flag was shown as Spruce rounded the mark 20m. later, not even Mr. Sturdee could guess what the grounds were.

When straightened away under Spruce's lee bow, Ethelwynn, as in the first part of the beat, held a better wind and made less leeway, soon going well clear ahead; they tacked at 3:20, Spruce first; as they stood away from the steamer it was plain that Ethelwynn was already a safe distance to windward again. At 3:21 she tacked clear of Spruce, the other following. They made several more tacks, the distance constantly widening; Ethelwynn fetched the mark easily, but Spruce failed to weather it and was forced to make a short tack to round, setting her red flag as she did so. The times were:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	3 32 36	0 45 28	0 02 15
Spruce	3 45 46	0 47 45	

The last leg was an easy reach, the end of the round being timed:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	3 54 39	0 21 03	
Spruce	3 56 24	0 20 38	0 00 25

Ethelwynn had now a lead of 1m. 45s., but wind and sea were both lighter inshore, and two of the remaining three legs were reaching. She set her balloon jib and eased sheets, making good speed against the tide. The first mark had capsized in the sea, but the float was plainly visible, and the Oneida ran up to aid them in locating it. The turn was timed:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	4 15 05	0 20 26	
Spruce	4 16 13	0 19 49	0 37 00

There was much more wind and sea out in the Sound, as was testified to by the larger yachts coming in from various directions for Seawanhaka Harbor and the annual club dinner. Ethelwynn had the race safely in hand if no accident happened, and she was sailed boldly but carefully, her crew laid flat on deck and her sheets were slacked off, letting her take the big seas easily. Spruce was making harder weather of it, her bow smashed the seas and at times she jumped out until one could see the keel under her mast. Her crew was obliged to hike out in order to hold her up. At one time Ethelwynn hardened sheets a little too much and Spruce seemed to gain, but soon she was dancing away again as her sheets were better trimmed. The times at the last turn were:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	4 54 20	0 39 15	0 00 24
Spruce	4 55 52	0 39 39	

There was plenty of wind and some sea on the reach in, and both sailed very fast, Spruce picking up 24s. The finish was timed:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	5 11 36	0 17 16	
Spruce	5 12 46	0 16 54	0 00 24

Ethelwynn won by 1m. 10s.

Immediately after coming ashore Mr. Brand conferred with Mr. Sturdee and the latter wrote out the following protest:

OYSTER BAY, Sept. 27, 1895.—Sir: I have the honor to protest Ethelwynn's being awarded to-day's race on the ground of violating sections 3 and 7 of rule 34 of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club's regulations. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

H. KING STURDEE, representing J. Arthur Brand.

TO C. A. SHERMAN, Esq., Secretary.

The sections referred to are:

Sec. 3. When both yachts are close hauled or both free, or both have the wind aft and have the wind on opposite sides, the yacht with the wind on the port side shall keep clear.

Sec. 7. An overlap is established when an overtaking yacht has no longer a free choice on which side she will pass, and continues to exist as long as the leeward yacht by luffing or weather yacht by bearing away is in danger of fouling.

The committee at once summoned Messrs. Brand and Ball and heard the evidence on both sides. Mr. Brand's claim was that as Spruce was on starboard tack, Ethelwynn on port came so close that he was obliged to luff to avoid her. It is admitted that Ethelwynn tacked, and Spruce was not forced about. The second claim was made that as soon as Ethelwynn tacked Spruce had an overlap, and yet Ethelwynn luffed to prevent her passing to windward. Mr. Brand also claimed that the foul was more than technical, and cost him more than the difference of 1m. 10s. at the finish.

Besides a certain amount of negative evidence in the fact that none of those on the Oneida, though watching the boats intently, noticed any semblance of a foul, Mr. Brand was in the position of being compelled to prove the nearness of the boats. Mr. Ball stated that at no time after Spruce made her first tack at the mark were the two near enough to have touched, and that he went on starboard tack in good time and was so far ahead that Spruce had no overlap. In all such cases the protestant, whether right or wrong, is in a necessarily weak position, provided that no contact occurs, the onus of proof that a contact would have occurred resting with him, as in the first Vigilant-Defender dispute. We have no doubt that Mr. Brand was perfectly honest in his contention, but the circumstances were such that he might easily be mistaken as to the exact distance. He was sailing in a wind and sea, biking out on starboard side, the boat well heeled, and his own mainsail shutting out the view of the other boat save for hasty glimpses under the boom. If, as he contends, Ethelwynn was heading directly for him, her crew, on the port gunwale, would in all probability be able to see Spruce directly ahead; they were in a position to measure distance more accurately than he, and they were too experienced to risk disqualification by forcing him about right under the eyes of the committee. The only evidence before the committee was the opposite statements of the two parties, and under the circumstances they could hardly decide otherwise than against Mr. Brand. The decision was reached late on Friday night, but was not announced. During the dinner several Englishmen present urged Mr. Brand to withdraw the protest, and Mr. Sturdee favored this course, and the decision was not announced until, at 8 o'clock next morning, Mr. Brand still declined to withdraw it.

No one who saw the race had any idea save that it was won solely on its merits. The challenger, with a boat fitted for rough water, and in fine physical condition, elated over the almost certain chance of a third and final victory, was matched by two men of light weight, one seriously ill and the other new to the boat, depressed by the defeat of the preceding day and ignorant of the boat's capability in hard weather. With a grit and determination worthy of the highest recognition, they followed the Englishman out just where he wanted to go and led him in. While Mr. Ball naturally had no special desire to sail outside, he at no time declined to do so, the objection coming from Mr. Stephens, backed by the opinions of practical yachtsmen who had crossed the Sound in the morning. As it turned out, the sea and wind outside at 2 P. M. were no worse than inside at 10 A. M.; the boats could have stood more; but the chief topic of conversation during the dinner in the evening was the wonderful performance of the two 15ft. boats in a wind and sea many present had sailed in during the afternoon, following the latter part of the race and witnessing the last windward leg, where the wind and sea were worst, and all were loud in their praise of both boats and men.

Seventh Day—Fifth Race—Saturday, Sept. 28.

TRIANGULAR COURSE.

Saturday morning was a fine day, a little cool for summer and warm for fall, the wind being N.E. moderate, with smooth water outside. The agreement was that in the event of a fifth race being necessary the two parties should toss for choice of course, windward and leeward or triangular. The decision of the committee on Mr. Brand's protest was announced about 8 o'clock, and while all were at breakfast the course was decided. Mr. Kerr tossed a quarter, Mr. Sturdee called tails and won, as on the preceding day, the American eagle on the coin coming up on top. As a matter of course Mr. Brand chose the triangle. Prior to the arrival of Mr. Field, Mr. Stephens took charge of the boat, she was beached at high water and turned on edge. The centerplate was found to be badly buckled, being entirely too light for rough water, and the rudder, a clumsily made affair, was also bent. Some unsuccessful attempts were made to improve both, then while the topsides were sandpapered and the bottom polished, Mr. Stephens went over all the brasswork with file and sandpaper, putting the stem and keel band, the plate and rudder into the best possible condition. When she was again floated the immersed surface had been improved, but was still by no means perfect.

After the special races of the club were started at 11 A. M., the Oneida ran out to Center Island Buoy and the launch was sent out with the two mark floats. The yachts came out under full sail, but with poorer canvas than in any previous trial; Ethelwynn's mainsail rolled and flapped in the leech, and Spruce's was in poor shape.

The start was given at 12:45, Ethelwynn over about 8s. ahead. The wind was moderate from N.E., with a comparatively smooth sea, when Ethelwynn luffed around the lee mark. It was a beat to the first mark, Ethelwynn gaining very fast at first, then losing a little and picking up at the end of the leg. Once both had to keep clear of a coaster winged out. After ten tacks Ethelwynn rounded the mark, the times being:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	1 37 37	0 52 30	0 02 15
Spruce	1 39 52	0 54 52	

When Ethelwynn passed the mark her crew started to set the balloon jib, but the gear fouled and it was five minutes before the sail was drawing. Spruce was very quick with her balloon jib, the sail being set sharply at the mark.

They reached across with a good breeze and light sea, the times at the second mark being:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	2 03 40	0 26 03	0 00 45
Spruce	2 06 40	0 26 48	

The next leg was run with sheets well off to port after the jibe. The end of the round was timed:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	2 33 38	0 29 58	0 01 00
Spruce	2 37 38	0 30 58	

Ethelwynn had gained 1m. on the last reach and 4m. on the whole round. The beat to windward was made in short tacks, fourteen to the two miles, Ethelwynn steadily gaining. There was very little interference on the part of outside yachts at any time, but in this windward work a well-known racing 25-footer made herself conspicuous by the ignorance or bad taste of her helmsman in crowding under the lee of Spruce. At no time was either yacht interfered with, but it was necessary on several occasions to use the Oneida's whistle to warn off boats that were needlessly near.

The first mark was timed:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	3 23 19	0 49 41	0 03 38
Spruce	3 31 07	0 53 19	

This time the crew of Ethelwynn was ready and the balloon jib went up at the turn, the boat reaching off at a good speed. The times showed a gain for Spruce of 1s. in a two mile reach in a good breeze:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	3 47 50	24 30	
Spruce	3 55 37	24 29	01

The last leg was a procession, the lead of the American boat being increased by an unfortunate fluke at the finish. Ethelwynn covered the whole leg with a reaching breeze, but some minutes after she finished the wind shifted to the south, and Spruce was compelled to tack four times to cross the line. The times were:

	Actual.	Elapsed.	Gain.
Ethelwynn	4 30 09	42 19	
Spruce	4 40 50	45 13	02 54

Ethelwynn won by 10min., 41sec., at least 5min. of which was made by fair sailing.

The work of Ethelwynn and her crew in the last two races completed retrieved the reputation of both, and showed that the boat was faster on nearly all courses and in all weathers but a drift than Spruce, the latter's best point in real sailing being on a reach. That he was defeated at all is due to Mr. Brand's boat and not to himself, he did all that was possible to get the best speed out of her.

The use of the Oneida as the committee boat, through the generosity of Com. Benedict, made the work comparatively easy for the committee. With everything aboard the yacht running as if by clockwork in its regular routine, the committee was saved much extra labor that at times the use of a tug or launch for this business, Com. Benedict, while resigning the yacht to the committee for the trial and cup races, was active in assisting them in every possible way. The delay in the races compelled him to alter his private plans, but as soon as the com-



STEAM YACHT RONA.—Designed by Geo. L. Watson for A. E. H. Wood.

mittee was set ashore after the race on Saturday the Oneida ran over to Greenwich, dropped one guest and took aboard several more, and by dark was jogging along under sail and steam for a fishing trip in Buzzard's Bay.

The management of the cup and races has been from the first in the hands of the race committee, Messrs Oliver E Cromwell, Chas W. Wetmore, W. L. Kerr, Dr. Valentine Mott and Chas. A Sherman. The preliminary negotiations were carried out to the satisfaction of both parties. Everything possible has been done for the suitable entertainment of those connected with the two yachts, and the races first and last have been well managed; so far as the challenger is concerned, every point has been strained to meet has wishes and to give him a perfectly fair chance.

Not a little credit is due to the Indian Harbor Y. C and to its representative, Mr. F. B. Jones, for the great interest which the club has taken in the new class. The club has provided two new yachts for the trial races, one being the winner; it has done everything to help Ethelwynn in the races, the club launch being used as her tender, and every race has been followed by yachts of the club. The north shore of the Sound has been well represented throughout the racing by yachts from Greenwich, Riverside and Stamford, the sloop Sagitta, with a large party, being out every day.

The racing season of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. ended with the annual dinner on Friday and some special races on Saturday. The dinner was given in the main hall of the club house, which was handsomely decorated, the floral decorations for both room and table being given by Mr. Wm. Swan, the first commodore of the club in 1871. Mr. Brand was seated on Com. Benedict's right hand, while on his left were Major-Gen. Nelson A. Miles and ex-Com. J. D. Smith, there being fifty-four members and guests. An excellent dinner was followed by speeches from the Commodore, Mr. Brand, Gen. Miles, Mr. Smith and a number of others. Gen. Miles made a very good speech, his theme being the desirability of fraternal relations between the great English-speaking nations. Ex-Com. Smith spoke at length on the prospects of a race for the America's Cup next year, and gave some interesting particulars of Mr. Rose and his challenge.

The necessity for sailing the final race on Saturday made it impossible for the two contestants to start in the open race for the 15ft. class, though Trilby, Olita and Question were ready. Trilby has been much improved by a new rig with smaller headsail, and Olita has been entirely re-rigged and fitted with a deeper centerplate of the Linton Hope pattern. The races were started over the inside course, Indolent and Mirth, in a special match, sailing around Matinnicock Buoy, while the other classes sailed entirely inside. The wind inside was at times fluky and untrue. Trilby, sailed by F. B. Jones, won easily in the 15ft. class, and Audax won in the larger class. The full times were:

CLASS 1—START 11:20.

	Length.	Finish.
Audax, H. W. Eaton	28.75	3 20 04
Nameless, R. C. Wetmore	24.92	3 30 05
Meteor, William Trotter	26.58	3 08 07
Trinket, T. S. Young, Jr.	....	Did not finish.

CLASS 2—START 11:25.

Question, J. Clark	15.00	3 18·25
Olita, H. C. Rouse	15.00	3 11 47
Trilby, G. G. Tyson	15.00	2 48 10

SPECIAL CLASS—START 11:30.

Indolent, S. V. R. Cruger	....	4 49 21
Mirth, J. W. & G. Beekman	....	4 46 57

Mr. J. F. Tams won the race for club catboats.

On Sept. 30 a challenge was received by Secretary Hayden from the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, in behalf of Mr. George H. Duggan, an amateur designer and experienced boat sailor, for a race next season for the cup.

The Steam Yacht Rona.

The accompanying picture, from a photo by Adamson, of Rothesay, shows one of the finest of modern steam yachts, the Rona, designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, and built last year for Mr. Arthur H. E. Wood by D. & W. Henderson, of Glasgow. Rona is of 1.053 tons, 243.7ft length, 30ft. beam and 18.25ft. depth of hold, her loaded draft being 16ft. She has two decks and six bulkheads, and is built to the highest class at Lloyds. Her engines are 23, 38 and 64 by 36in. The picture shows her making a speed of 15 knots in her trials on the Clyde, her contract speed being 14 knots. This speed (15 knots) was held on a run of 60½ knots. The yacht is fitted with every possible convenience, electric plant, ice machines, and so on to a photographic laboratory. The interior was designed by Mr. T. Watson, a cousin of the designer. Among the decorations are a series of photos showing every stage of her construction, from the laying of the keel to the trial trip.

One remarkable feature of her outfit is her navy of small boats, no less than thirteen being carried at her davits. One of these is a 2½-rater; there are two racing 1-raters exactly alike, designed by Mr. Watson, and various power launches, gigs, etc. Mr. Wood is a young yachtsman who takes the greatest possible interest in the personal management of his noble craft. It is just reported that there will be three new Watson yachts in American waters next season, one already designed for Mr. A. J. Drexel, owner of Margarita, to be built by the Ailsa Shipbuilding Co., of Scotland, 280ft. long and 30ft. beam, with a speed of 16 knots. Another will be built for Mr. Eugene Higgins, who has had the Watson yacht Sapphire under charter this season, and a third for Mr. Ogden Goelet, who now has the White Ladye under charter.

Corinthian Fleet.

The special race of the Corinthian Fleet for the 15ft. class was sailed on Sept. 30, in a hard breeze Neither Spruce nor Ethelwynn were present; Question, sailed by Harry Huntington, and Trilby, by Chas. Olmstead, being the only starters. Question led from the start; as the wind increased in the latter part of the race, Trilby was knocked down and parted her starboard shrouds, causing her to withdraw. The race was for the Center trophy, presented to the club some time since by the late Robert Center, but never raced for. Mr. Arthur Iselin sailed as crew of Question.

International Racing.

Lord Dunraven sailed for Southampton on Sept. 28 from Newport, as the guest of Mr. Laycock on the steam yacht Valhalla. Mr. Watson, who has been very busy of late on the general plans for the 1,500 ton steam yacht for Mr. Eugene Higgins, sails on Oct. 2 on the Teutonic, with Lord Dunraven's daughters. To the surprise of everyone last week, just as Valkyrie was expected to sail, her crew set to work to unship her stores and dismantle her, and she has been laid up at Tebo's, Lord Dunraven having decided to race here next year, presumably in open regattas. At the Seawanhaka dinner ex-Com. Smith made the statement that Lord Dunraven had spoken to him unofficially as to the possibility of the reception by the New York Y. C. of a second challenge from Valkyrie next year. While such action would of course be contingent upon the Rose challenge and other matters, Mr. Smith suggested that a second race on the part of Valkyrie was by no means beyond possibility.

On Sept. 23 the following were posted at the New York Y. C. house:

Ryde, England, Sept. 23.

The Secretary, New York Yacht Club:

I, on behalf of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, and in the name of Charles D. Rose, a member of the club, challenge to sail a series of matches for the America's Cup in 1896 with the cutter yacht Distant Shore. Load waterline length, eighty-nine (89) feet Letter follows.

Percy Thellusson,
Secretary Royal Victoria Yacht Club.

THE ANSWER.

Sept. 23.

Percy Thelluson, Secretary Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Ryde, England:

Cable announcing challenge series of matches for America's Cup, 1896, from your club in behalf of Charles D Rose received. Consider same formal. Will be acted upon at special meeting of club, to be called on receipt of your letter.

J. V. S. Oddie,
Secretary New York Yacht Club.

Charles D. Rose, No. 39 Hill street, Berkeley Square. London:

I beg to announce the receipt of a cable to the club from the Royal Victoria in your behalf for series of matches for the America's Cup, 1896 The same is considered a formal challenge and will be acted upon at a special meeting to be called on receipt of letter from Thellusson.

J. V. S. Oddie,
Secretary New York Yacht Club.

A meeting of the sailing committee of the Royal Victoria Y. C. was held at Ryde, Isle of Wight, on Sept. 28, at which the following challenge was decided upon:

"Royal Victoria Y. C.,
"Ryde, Isle of Wight, Sept. 28.

"To J. V. S. Oddie, Esq., Secretary New York Y. C.

"Dear Sir: I beg to confirm by letter my telegram of Sept. 23, as follows:

"I, on behalf of the Royal Victoria Y. C. and in the name of Charles D. Rose, a member of the club, challenge to sail a series of matches for the America's Cup, in 1896, with the cutter yacht Distant Shore, load waterline length 89ft.

"In the event of the challenge being accepted I should be much obliged if you would inform me what dates courses and conditions the New York Y. C. will propose to govern the races.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"Percy Thellusson,
"Secretary Royal Victoria Y. C."

Two more challenges are now in the air, one from Mr Herbert Moir, an Englishman long resident in Australia, the yacht to be named West Australia, and one from Sir George Newnes, a wealthy London newspaper man.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Defender has been stripped and her gear stored at City Island, and she will lay up at New Rochelle.

The Huguenot Y. C. will hold a race for the 15ft. class on Saturday, Oct. 12, entries to be addressed to A. Embury, Pelham Road, New Rochelle, New York.

Steam Yachts and Launches
Built by Marine Iron Works, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago, Ill. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Passaic River Annual Meet.

The annual meet of the Associated Canoe Clubs of the Passaic River was held at Bend View, on Sept 21 and 22.

All the Passaic River clubs were well represented, besides a number of outsiders, and the number in camp was swelled by members of the Passaic Boat Club, of Newark, who are interested in canoeing and have been competing in the canoe races on the Passaic this summer.

There were an unusual number of new men in camp, coming mostly from the Pequannock C. C. of Passaic, and the Rutherford C. C. This little Association is doing good work in catering to new men who have not been to the larger meets and giving them an insight and interest in camp life that sooner or later takes them to the Division or A. C. A. meets.

The canoeists began arriving in camp early on Saturday morning, and by noon a number of tents were in order. More arrived in the afternoon, and some came up just for the evening camp-fire. The races were held in the afternoon with the following results:

Event 1, record sailing:

J. L. Douglass, Jr., Ianthe C. C.	1
George Manley, Orange C. C.	2

Event 2, record combined:

George Manley, Orange C. C.	1
J. L. Douglass, Jr., Ianthe C. C.	2

Event 3. record paddling:

Louis LeRoy, Ianthe C. C.	1
J. L. Douglass, Jr., Ianthe C. C.	2
George Manley, Orange C. C.	3
H. K. Schuyler, Arlington C. C.	4

The result of the sailing and the combined races left Douglass and Manley even, and the paddling was the deciding race, and was a hot one between them, Douglass coming in ahead and winning the record trophy with 5 points to Manley's 4.

Event 4, paddling, open canoes, single blades:

DeWitt Pell, Passaic Boat Club	1
H. K. Schuyler, Arlington C. C.	2
F. L. Newell, Pequannock C. C.	3
A. M. Burroughs, Orange C. C.	4

Event 5, paddling tandem, open canoes, single blades:

H. S. Farmer, Ianthe, and DeWitt Pell, Passaic Boat Club	1
F. L Newell and E. Outwater, Pequannock C. C.	2

Event 6, paddling tandem, decked sailing canoes:

Louis LeRoy and Chas. Urquhart, Ianthe C. C.	1
G. W. Petty and W. Van Riper, Rutherford C. C.	2

The camp broke up on Sunday afternoon, and the canoes made quite an imposing appearance as they came down the river in one large fleet.

The Texas State Shoot.

The original and only Texas midwinter tournament, under the auspices of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association and the Business Men's Club of San Antonio, will take place Jan. 9, 10 and 11. The added moneys will be furnished by the clubs throughout the State that are members of the State Association. There will be no guaranteed purses. Everything will be added in cash. Texas Field.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound Range.

San Francisco, Sept. 22.—Shell Mound Range was favored to-day in a very unusual way, viz., a total absence of wind, a condition of the air that does not obtain two shooting days of the year. The various Schuetzen clubs held bullseye shoots, and the militiamen were practicing in large numbers. The Columbia Club held its regular semi-monthly all-comers' shoot.

President Rodgers had his shooting nerves with him, and as he yearns to possess the elegant Kuhnle medal for target rifle at 200yds., he took advantage of the day. His first and second scores each footed 86. Third score, 8 10 10 9 9 10 10 10 6 10—93; fourth score, 8 9 10 8 10 10 10 8 10 9—92.

Young and Pape were not lucky, Young making only 82 and Pape 68.

For the handsome Glinderman medal for military rifle Frank Poulter rolled up the following fine score (circular 8in. bullseye is used by this club):

Poulter	4 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 5 5 5—48
Young	5 4 5 4 5 5 4 5 5 4 4—46

The Blanding Pistol medal contestants found the unusual heat demoralizing to their steadiness of aim. C. M. Daiss made 93, J. E. Gorman 93, F. O. Young 92.

Two ladies appeared to compete for the Rodgers medal, .22cal. rifles only allowed, 50yds., off-hand, standard target.

Mrs. L. J. Crane made the very fine score of 10 10 10 10 10 10 9 10 10 10—99, following this with 10 10 9 10 10 10 10 10 9 10—98.

Mrs. O. M. Peck, a beginner, made 85, 88, 93.

The members of the club hope for many more windless days.

Robet.

Cincinnati Rifles.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 22.—These scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, 8lb. trigger pull, rifles under 10lbs. weight, at the standard target, 7-ring black. We had with us to-day Mr. Frank Speth, an old member of this Association, who, for the past three years, has been sojourning in Denver, Col., on account of ill health. We are glad to say that he is looking well and hearty, and by the looks of his scores is able to hold his own yet. Mr. E. D. Payne added another clean score, counting 84, to his credit. Mr. Brumback, a long absent member, was with us to-day, but did not participate in the shooting.

Gindele	10 7 10 9 10 8 9 8 9 8—88	
	7 9 8 10 8 8 10 10 7 8—85	
	9 9 10 8 7 8 7 10 10 7—85	
	9 6 9 6 9 9 8 8 10 9—83	
Payne	9 8 8 8 8 8 9 9 9 8—84	
	8 9 10 7 10 8 6 7 8 9—82	
	9 7 6 8 8 9 6 10 9 7—79	
	10 9 9 6 8 4 10 8 7 8—79	
Speth	9 7 9 6 8 8 8 8 9 7—79	
	6 9 6 6 8 10 7 10 8 9—79	
	7 7 6 4 9 9 10 8 9 10—79	
	9 8 9 10 7 9 8 7 10 8—85	
Weinheimer	6 6 6 6 9 4 6 10 7 10—70	
	7 8 6 9 10 3 7 6 4 8—68	
	6 7 4 6 5 9 5 10 6 8—66	
	5 6 7 7 7 5 6 6 8 10—67	
Topf	10 8 4 7 8 6 3 3 5 9—63	
	6 5 6 8 10 6 5 7 7 4—64	
	6 4 4 7 8 5 7 6 9 6—62	
	10 10 7 3 1 6 8 8 9 10—72	
Drube	9 9 7 9 8 8 6 10 8 9—83	
	7 7 7 8 10 8 9 10 6 9—81	
	7 8 9 3 10 7 9 7 10 9—79	
	8 10 5 10 8 8 5 10 7 8—79	
Hake	10 6 7 7 9 8 6 7 5 10—76	
	8 8 9 8 7 6 7 9 6 7—75	
	8 10 10 6 6 10 5 4 7 5—71	
	6 6 6 3 5 6 8 10 7 4—61	

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 8-10.—Sheridan, Wyo.—Tournament of the Sheridan Gun Club, under the management of Frank Crabill and Mark R Perkins.

Oct. 9-11.—Newburgh, N. Y.—West Newburgh G. and R. Association tournament. W. C. Gibb, Sec'y.

Oct. 9-11.—Reading, Pa.—Tournament of the Independent Gun Club; first two days targets, third day live birds.

Oct. 15-16.—Worcester, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; $100 added money, and a $50 diamond ring to highest average. Chas. E. Forehand, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-17.—Aledo, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Aledo Gun Club; live birds and targets. J. W. McRoberts, Chairman of programme committee.

Oct. 16-17.—Weir City, Kan.—Live-bird championship of the State under the auspices of the Business Men's Gun Club.

Oct. 16-17.—Elizabeth, N. J.—Fourth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Oct. 19.—Chicago, Ill.—Third shoot of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Garfield Gun Club, at 2 P. M. W. F. de Wolf, Secretary of the League.

Oct. 22-24.—Baltimore, Md.—Dupont Smokeless Powder Company's tournament at live birds. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

Oct. 23-25 —Atlanta, Ga.—Annual tournament of the Clarke Hardware Company; targets; $700 added money.

Oct. 25-26.—Seattle, Wash.—First annual tournament of the Washington State Sportsman's Association, under the auspices of the Seattle Gun Club; live birds and targets. C. F. Graff, Sec'y.

Oct. 27-30 —San Antonio, Texas.—First annual tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Willard L. Simpson, Sec'y.

Nov. 5-7.—Kewanee, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Kewanee Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

The first fall tournament of the Business Men's Club, Weir City, Kans., will be held at Sportsmen's Park, in Weir City, on Oct. 16 and 17. The main event is the Individual State Championship contest for $100 diamond trophy, 50 live birds, entrance cost of birds. Other events are on live birds and targets. For full particulars address the Secretary, W. W. McIlhany, Weir City, Kans.

The second annual tournament of the Aledo Gun Club, Aledo, Ill., three days beginning Oct. 15, is completed in all the preliminaries. Shooting commences at 8 o'clock each day. Twelve shooters or less, three moneys; over twelve, four moneys. Three moneys, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. On Oct. 15 the team shoot between Aledo and Kewanee will take place. W. K. Wells, Secretary.

The American E. C. Powder Co. claims May 5 to 8 for its tournament in 1896. It announces that $2,000 will be added, and that a special Pullman car will leave New York Saturday, May 9, for the Memphis tournament.

Three teams participated in team shoot of the Galesburg Gun Club, Galesburg, Ill., last week. Six men, 10 targets: Canton 52, Galesburg 51, Kewanee 48.

The Leavenworth (Kan.) Gun Club tournament is reported as being a success. A good attendance of trap shots made the competition interesting.

Meadville Gun Club.

Meadville, Pa., Sept. 25.—No. 1, 25 targets, unknown angles: Lashells 15, Krider 15, Prenatt 20, Hayes 15, Decker 12, Baker 9, Gundaker 19, N. Affantranger 17, Nelson 14, E. L. Affantranger 13, Reisinger 16. No. 2: Lashells 16, Stine 15, Krider 13, Gundaker 20, Hayes 14, Prenatt 16, N. Affantranger 15, Nelson 15, E. L. Affantranger 12, Reisinger 17. This looks like a poor score, but it is not so bad, considering the wind blew as the targets flew, giving added velocity and carrying a cloud of black powder smoke to dim the vision of the shooters.

Choke Bore.

Charleston vs. Marshall.

The contest of the Charleston and Marshall (Ill.) Gun Clubs resulted as follows: Marshall 305; Charleston 270.

Brunswick Gun Club.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Sept. 28.—I inclose the scores made at the regular monthly shoot this afternoon, known traps and unknown angles. The regular shoot is at the first 25 targets, and is for medals, R. McDowell winning the A Class, E. Reynolds the B Class, and I. W. Howell the C Class. The 50-target race was for the championship cup, and resulted in a tie, V. S Voorhees, C. Oakley and H H each scoring 42. The tie, which was not shot off on account of darkness, will be shot off next Saturday. Messrs. Van Dyke and McAlpin did not compete for the cup:

Blish.....1101111111111110011111111-22 0101111110111111011010111-19-41
McDowell...1101111101111111111111110-22 0011111111001011111011100-17-39
Stevens.....0101111010111111111111111-21 1111010111101111111110111-21-42
Voorhees...1011101111101111111111011-21 1111101111111111111011101-21-42
Pettit.....1*11101110011101110111111-20 1111101111011011011111011-20-40
Sperling....1011101111011111011011101-19 0011111101111111011110110-19-38
Hoagland...0111011101011100101101111-17 1111111111111011011111111-22-39
Fisher.....0111101111101101001011101-16 1010110111100110000110101-14-30
Van Nuis...0100111010011101010111111-16 0010011011100111101001111-15-31
Gunmure....0000011111010101000000111-11 .....
Van Dyke...1111111111111111111100111-23 1111111111011111111111111-24-47
McAlpin....1111111111111011111111011-23 1111101111001111111111100-20-43
Reynolds...1111101101*0101111111111-20 .....
Oakley.....1110010011010111111111111-19 1101101111111111111111111-23-42
Randall....0111111101111111101010110-19 0011103111101101110011101-16-35
Mundy.....1111110110111100101000110-17 1101111101011110110011111-19-36
Iredell....0100011111101101111090101-17 1011111000100101000100110-13-30
Smith.....1010010111011101101001-16 .....
Allen.....1010011110111006011011111-16 1110111000101101010101110-16-32
Sperling, Jr.0010111111001010101101-15 .....
Waker.....0*0000001100110100011001*- 9 1101001011
Fick.....0010011000110100000100*- 8 .....
Howell.....1111111100001111101000111-17 .....
Pratt.....1100111011111101101001*001-16 .....
Carpend'r,Jr1011110101111011010001100-15 1100111000101110111111001-16-31
Viehman....0000000101001000001101101- 7 0110000100100011110101100-11-18
Parsons....0110001000000010010000001- 6 .....

HARRY H. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Herron Hill Gun Club.

ALTOONA, Pa., Sept. 28.—The Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, held an all-day shoot at their grounds on Brutno's Island on Thursday of this week that was quite a success, the entries running as high as thirty three in one event. The weather was fine and everything moved off very smoothly. Shooting began at 10:30 A. M., and the firing was continuous until the last event was shot out. All events were at 15 targets, and a uniform entrance fee of $1.50. Money divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Event No. 6 was at 5 unknown traps, 21yds. rise and use of both barrels, one man up, standing opposite No. 3 trap.

Shooters were classed A and B. A class shot from known traps and unknown angles, and B class from known traps and angles. Shooters in B class who won or shared first money were advanced to A class, and A class men who failed to win any money in an event were dropped to B class, and so graduated throughout the day. Dropping for place was carefully watched and not tolerated. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Williams	11	7	14	13	13	9	12	13	..	..
Dupont	12	14	14	14	13	13	12	..	..	..
Gelm	11	12	12	13	12	..	12	14	14	..
Hamilton	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Pierce	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Cochran	13	10	11	13	13	..	..	..	..	..
Black Cloud	11	11	12	13	11	..	..	..	..	..
McPherson	10	8	9	10	8	..	..	..	..	..
Bessemer	10	12	14	15	13	14	14	14	14	11
Kelsey	11	11	13	13	12	..	..	..	..	..
C A May	9	10	11	14	12	..	..	..	..	..
Brown	13	11	10	10	11	..	..	..	..	..
Born	13	14	13	11	14	13	13	12	12	10
W S King	12	10	11	12	12	12	13	..	..	..
Frey	14	13	12	15	11	14	15	12	14	..
Weekland	..	..	7	9	12	14	9	..	..	..
Shaffer	11	10	11	14	10	14	10	13	15	..
Wall	13	11	8	14	11	13	13	13	13	..
Goldstrom	12	12	10	..	13	12	14	..	..	..
McWhorter	15	14	13	13	12	11	13	..	..	..
Colteryahn	13	12	9	12	13	13	..	..	..	..
Benton	10	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Schermer	11	10	5	10	11	9	..	..	..	..
E E Shaner	13	13	7	11	14	13	..	..	..	..
Scott	13	12	..	11	11	..	..	..	..	..
Jack	10	..	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..
R Phillips	13	10	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Lemon	13	..	9	11	10	9	..	..	..	..
Monroe	10	..	10	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Laughrey	11	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Udick	11	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G N Monroe	10	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hammer	10	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

The Wilmerding (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club, which was recently compelled to vacate its grounds on account of the same having been purchased for the purpose of erecting buildings for manufacturing purposes, has recently purchased a plot of land near East McKeesport for $2,500 and will shortly erect a handsome club house thereon. Once their plans are completed they will have one of the most convenient and attractive places in the country.

A very pleasant little live-bird contest was indulged in at the Altoona Driving Park grounds yesterday afternoon. A 25-bird sweep was to have been shot on this occasion, but two of the men who were to participate failed to make connections and the three men named below shot a series of eighteen miss-and-out events. The intention at the start of the races was to shoot to one gun, but Clover and Clark were in such fine form that it seemed during the second event that James would get very little shooting. They therefore decided to divide after one more had dropped out. James, who warned me at the outset not to use his name for publication, is one of the best shots in this part of the country. He was in very poor form and was much handicapped by a new single trigger gun he was using that was not working properly. The birds were only an ordinary lot of the summer variety. The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	2	5	3 4	3 1	5 5 4 5	3 1	3 4	4	5 3
	↖	↙	↖↗	↖↗	↙↙↗↗	→↘	↩↘	↘	↗↙
James	0	•	2 0	2 0	2 2 0 2	2 0	1 0	0	2 2
	4	4 1 4 4 3	3 5	3 4	5 3 5 1	3 3	3 5	4	1 4
	↱	→↑↱→↑	↖↗	↖↙	→↑↗←	→→	↱↘	↙	↱→
Clover	0	1 1 2 1 1	1 2	1 1	1 1 0 1	2 2	2 2	1	2 1
	5	1 3 3 4 5	3 5	5 1	1 1	5 3	4 3	4	2 4
	→	↖↗→↗	↖↗	→↱	↗ →	←←	←↖	↙	↘↘
Clark	1	1 1 1 1 2	2 2	2•	2 •	1 1	1 2	2	1 0

Events:	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	5 1	2 3	3 5 3 3 2	3	2 3 4	2 4 4	5	3 2 4 5 1	2
	↗↗	↙↘	↘↘↗↗↗	↖	←↙↗	↖↗←	→	↗↖↙↙↓	↙
James	2 0	2 2	2 2 2 1 0	2	2 2 0	2 2 0	0	1 2 2 2 2	0
	1 1	3 5	2 4 5 4 4	1	2 2 1	5 3 2	4	5 3 3 1 4	4
	↱←	↗↘	↗↗↙H↖	↘	→↙↘	↓↖↙	←	↗↘→↗	↗
Clover	2 1	1 0	1 2 1 1 1	1	2 1 1	2 1 1	2	1 2 2 2 0	1
	4 3	2 1	5 1 3 3 3	4	3 5 3	2 5 1	5	4 1 5 1 5	5
	←↖	↙↙	↓↗←←→	↖	↗↘↓	↙↘←	→	↖→←→	↘
Clark	1 2	1 1	2 2 2 1 0	0	1 2 1	1 1•	2	1 2 1 2 0	1

To-day was the last scheduled date for the Altoona Gun Club's bi-weekly shoots. The Huntingdon (Pa.) Gun Club had, through a misunderstanding, failed to appear on Saturday, the 14th inst., the date set for a team race between these two clubs. It was decided during the week to extend an invitation to the Huntingdon boys to participate on the occasion of the closing shoot of the season. This proposition pleased them and a delegation of fourteen enthusiasts from that old town, famed in Indian war history and Pennsylvania canal days, headed by Chief-of-Police DeForrest all dressed in a new brass-buttoned blue suit of clothes, put in an appearance on the first morning train. There were J. A. Fleming, W. Wilson, John McCahan, Elmer Stewart, W. S. Houck, Dr. G. W. Simpson, Wm. Hastings, W. K. Crites, Walter Leister, F. H. Green, L. R. Leister, Harry Corbin, G. S. Williams and W. A. DeForrest. A jollier lot of boys one could not wish to meet and if appearances go for anything they enjoyed themselves immensely. We started from Altoona at 9:30 and a half hour later were shivering in the cold blasts on Wopsononock Mountain. The mercury was loitering around the forty mark and seemed content to remain in that neighborhood throughout the day. A fire was built in the club house, overcoats at hand were donned and other remedies of a warming up nature were brought into play, so that the crowd was soon in an enthusiastic mood for the day's sport.

Once the shooting had begun it was plainly evident that there would be few high scores. The wind in many instances controlled the flight of the targets much more than did the traps, and as a result all conceivable angles were the best conditions obtainable. Squad succeeded squad in rapid succession until the end of the seventh event, when the mellow peals of the "Wopsy" farmhouse dinner bell caused a sudden stop. The hotel had closed for the season and the local club had sent a notice to Mrs. Williams, the hostess of the old dwelling, to prepare a dinner for us, as she has always done on these out-of-season occasions. For some reason which our own "Davy" has not yet explained, she did not receive the message and was naturally in a great dilemma after our arrival. We told her to prepare for us an old-fashioned country dinner, and when, at 1:30, we gathered around a line of tables in her spacious dining hall, she apologized for one of the best dinners we had ever set down to. Stewed chicken, boiled cabbage, potatoes in a half dozen forms, and auxiliaries to please the most fastidious. What the cold wind and bracing exercise had not done to sharpen our appetites a neat and cleanly dining room and generous attention made complete. I, for one, shall never forget that dinner.

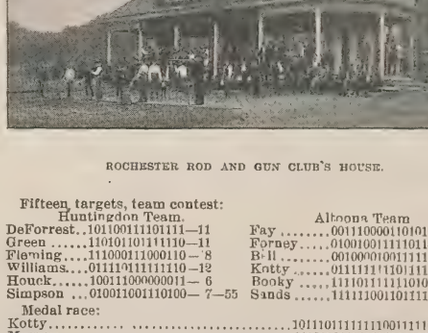
After dinner two more sweepstake events were shot, and then came the six-men team race between representatives of the two clubs. The Altoona team was selected from Class B in the percentage record. The result of this race showed very evenly-matched combinations. The only stake in this event was the price of the targets, it being entirely of a friendly nature. The next event was the 25 target medal race. This was converted into a sweepstake, and such of the visiting shooters as desired participated, the local club members' scores counting as in a regular medal race. Clover won the gold, Sands the silver and Bastian the leather medals.

Following the medal race were sweeps, which continued until 6 o'clock, when a special train, which President Patterson, of the Altoona, Clearfield & Northern Railroad, had kindly placed at our disposal, carried us down the mountain.

Event No. 6 was a walking match, the purse to go to the high gun. Sands and Booky each scored 9, and in the shoot-off Booky won by a score of 7 to his opponent's 6 out of 10.

Events 7 and 8 were at unknown traps and angles. All other events were at known traps and angles. Moneys were divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., and targets extra. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
House	9	7	5	4	7	..	6	5	7	7	..	
Bell	6	6	4	6	5	8	7	3	7	10	7	6
Kotty	3	6	4	4	7	6	..	5	7	5	7	..
Clover	10	8	7	9	8	7	9	7	10	6	5	..
Green	8	8	9	5	7	..	7	..	4	..	..	..
DeForrest	7	4	8	7	6	..	7	8	9	..	..	..
Fleming	6	6	7	6	5	..	7	7	5	..	..	..
Wilson	4	4	4	3	3	..	4	..	3	..	..	..
Crites	2	3	1	3	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Leister	5	5	4	6	6	..	10	4	6	6	..	
McCahan	2	..	3	4	4	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Stewart	9	6	4	8	7	..	3	4	6	..	6	..
Simpson	5	7	7	8	7	7	4	2	8	..	..	..
Houck	3	4	4	6	5	..	4	6	7	7	5	..
Corbin	8	5	5	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sands	7	6	9	8	9	9	6	9	8	8	8	8
Williams	8	7	7	7	8	..	7	8	9	..	..	..
Carmon	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Booky	..	4	5	5	5	9	..	9	8	6	7	..
Hank	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..
Bastian	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Logan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Kiliitts	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	6	7
Koellnker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..
Beesey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	8	9	..
Murray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	7	..
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	6	..
Forney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	7	..
Fay	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	2	..	..



ROCHESTER ROD AND GUN CLUB'S HOUSE.

Fifteen targets, team contest:

Huntingdon Team.		Altoona Team	
DeForrest	101100111101111—11	Fay	0011100001101l— 7
Green	1101011011111110—11	Forney	0100100111110l1— 9
Fleming	1110001110000110— 8	Bell	0010000010011l1— 7
Williams	0111101111111110—12	Kotty	1011111*1101111—13
Houck	1001110000000l1— 6	Booky	1111011111101l0—12
Simpson	0100110011101100— 7—55	Sands	1111110011011l1—12—60

Medal race:

Kotty	1011101111111100111111100—19
Murray	1110110110111101111111101—20
House	1111110010101111111100101—17
Fay	1011110010111110110110—18
Kiiiitts	1111011010101111100000100—15
Clover	1111111111011111111110111—23
Bastian	1000011010000000010100000— 6
Booky	0100111111101001101110110—16
Darr	1100000010101000000000100— 7
Koelliker	1101100100000010100100000—10
Clark	1111111011*0101110111010l—19
Beesy	1101010110110,1110011110—17
Forney	1010101110100001111110111—16
Wilson	0101000*0101111w
Simpson	0100101010111110w
Sands	1111100111111111111110101—21
Stewart	0010101011101111100010111—15
Bell	0011011111111000010000l—15
Houck	1010110001110111010000101—13
Patterson	1111110101010101010111—18

There are yet two postponed medal races to be shot off to determine who shall hold the medals until next season. These will be determined at an early date. GRANT.

South Side's Saturdays.

Editor Forest and Stream:

What might be considered the opening of the fall and winter season's shooting of the above club commenced on Saturday, Sept 28. There was not a large gathering; although Mr. Banks, the popular editor of the trap-shooting columns of FOREST AND STREAM, had given those shoots such a pleasant notice in the last week's issue, and the secretary had sent over 200 notices through the mails, the shooters had not yet started on their fall campaign, and many New York men were prevented from attending on account of the close proximity of that dreaded period, "the first of the month." The afternoon was spent principally in the discussion of "10 bird sweeps," the style being known traps, unknown angles. Col. Breintnall, the President of the club, was only able to stay a short time, as he had another engagement and was not feeling just right, having only partially recovered from a painful header from a bicycle, which rendered him rather stiff. Folsom, of the Elizabeth G. C., wheeled over from his home in that town in time to be on the winning team. Couch, one of the new members, was unfortunate to be on the other side. Harry Craft, just from a long trip in Texas, and the irrepressible Duston were on hand to test South Side's new departure, and they and the others who were on hand "went away satisfied" at the programme calls for.

The team match, captained by Messrs. Walters and Whitehead, caused no end of fun, although the latter was over-matched from the start, which gave the victory to Walters by the score of 124 to 107. This was shot at known traps, known angles, and a sweepstakes combined with it in which the two captains tied on 24, Hedden with 23 for second, and Duston third, 22.

But perhaps the greatest amusement was afforded by the match for the "Essex County Cup" which was not shot until late in the afternoon and had four entries, known traps, known angles. As it was at 50 targets some of the participants ran short of shells and were obliged to fall back on the old reliable (?) "soft coal," formerly known as black powder. Geoffroy fortunately had a good supply of E. C. and landed winner for the week with the handsome score of 47. The match was like old times and many a wait was called for the clouds to roll by. But they "old stuff" held its own and Duston made 44 and Walters 43. The spectators were almost deafened by the racket and it was laughable to see the anxiety of the shooters to hear the referees call, as it was impossible to see the results of the shots through the thick smoke. And yet it is only a half dozen years since we were all doing the same thing. Verily *tempora mutantur.*

Although it was nearly three o'clock before the first shot was fired, nearly one thousand targets were thrown before sunset by this perfect set of traps and scarcely one balk marred the enjoyment of the shooters.

Appended are the scores in full:

The following were all 10-bird events, known traps, unknown angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Brientnall	5	8	8	9	..	..	..	Hays	..	..	..	9	..	8	.. 6
Couch	3	5	8	4	..	6	5	Herrington	..	..	..	..	4	4	6 7
Folsom	8	6	..	7	..	8	5	Jennings	..	..	..	..	..	10	8 ..
H S Craft	..	6	6	8	..	7	.. 7	Walters	..	..	..	..	..	..	.. 7
Whitehead	..	..	9	..	8	..	.. 7	Hunt	..	..	..	..	..	..	.. 7
D Terrill	..	..	7	..	..	6	5 7	I H Terrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	.. 7
Hedden	..	..	..	6	..	9	..								

No. 8, team match, everything known:

Whitehead	1111111111111111111111110—24
Walters	1111111111111111111111111—24
Hunt	1101011101011011111111011—19
Hayes	1100111110011011111111111—19
Craft	1001101101010101111111110—16
Hedden	1111111111111111111101110—23
Harrington	0001011111111111111111111—19
Fulsome	0100111001101101100111—16
Couch	0011110100101100100110l—14
J F Terrill	1111110100111111110011111—20
Green	1110001101010100101011—15
Duston	1111111011100111111111—22

Whitehead's team 107, Walters's team 124.

No. 9: Walters 9, Herrington 8, Couch 6, Duston 9, Geoffroy 10, Whitehead 9, Hunt 8, Young 10.

No. 10: Walters 9, Geoffroy 9, Duston 10, Hunt 6, Herrington 9, Couch 6, J. C. Day 5, P. M. Day 7, Whitehead 9.

No. 11: Duston 6, Geoffroy 10, Walters 9, Herrington 4, Green 7, J. C. Day 3, P. M. Day 5, J. C. Day 8, Herrington 3.

No. 12, cup match:

Walters	110'0011100111111111111111100111111111111111111—43
Geoffroy	1101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Herrington	1111111001111l'0100110111111110100'0111100111111—37
Duston	1110111011111101011111110110111111111111111111—44

SECRETARY.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept. 24.—No. 1, 25 birds, unkown angles: Nelson 15, Terry 12, Scott 17, Dornin 19, Dawson 14.

No. 2, team shoot, 25 birds, unknown angles:

Empie	1110001111110101110010000—14
Terry	1011110111010101000000101—14
Scott	1001011011101101001111101—16
Dawson	1111111000011101011001111—17—61
Nelson	1101011011010011010110l1—16
Dornin	1011111111111011111111111—23
Moorman	0111110010010110111010110—15
Stearns	1001111101101001110111000—15—69

No. 3, team shoot, 25 birds, unknown angles:

Empie	11111100'0010111010101010—14
Terry	0111111101110011111111101—20
Scott	0111001011010100111101111—16
Dawson	0010010110111001111111100—15—65
Nelson	1111011011111111111111011—21
Dornin	1111100111101111111111111—21
Moorman	1100010000111101000001011—11
Stearns	0111101100101111001011011—15—69

No. 4, team shoot, 25 birds, unknown angles:

Empie	1111011111010101111011l0—19
Terry	1111110111110101111111010—20
Scott	1111111001001111010011101—16
Dawson	1111111001101101011111101—18
Manson	1101101011010001010000l—13—86
Nelson	0111111101011111111110010—18
Dornin	1111111111111101111110l0—23
Moorman	1110101000010111101101101—15
Stearns	1001111111111010001111111—19—74

No. 5, team shoot, 15 birds, unknown angles:

Empie	1101111010010001— 8	Nelson	1011001111011110—10
Terry	0111101101011110—10	Dornin	1111111111111111—15
Scott	0001111011011100— 8	Moorman	1100011111111011—11
Dawson	000'001110111100— 6	Stearns	0100011010111110— 8—41
Manson	0000100001000001— 3—35		

F. M. D.

Bridge City Gun Club.

LOGANSPORT, Ind., Sept. 26.—Heavy winds added to the difficulties of the shooting on the second day (26th). A good attendance of noted shots contested, as will be seen by the scores appended.

Sept. 25.—No. 1, 15 targets: Young, Rike, Ruble, 15 each; Dando, Thomas, King, Hill, 14 each.

No. 2, 15 targets: Trimble, Elliott, 15 each; Cornelius, Dando, Thomas, King, Livenguth, Ruble, 14 each.

No. 3, 15 targets: Thomas, Ruble, King, Rike, Young, 15 each; Elliott, Baycon, Raymond, Livenguth, 14 each.

No. 4, 15 targets: Sample, Townsend, Trimble, Dando, 14 each; Weaver, Elijah, Livenguth, Raymond, Young, Thomas, 13 each.

No. 5, 15 targets: Hill 15, Elijah, Baycon, Young, 14 each.

No. 6, 15 targets: Parks 15, Dando 14.

No. 7, 20 targets: King, Elijah, 20 each; Raymond, Ruble, 19 each.

No. 8, 20 targets: Rike, Trimble, Livenguth, 20 each; Skinner, King, Thomas, Raymond, 19 each.

No. 9, 20 targets: Sell, Hill, Thomas, Ruble, 19 each; Elijah, Parkes, King, Elliott, Young, Livenguth, Raymond, 18 each.

No. 10, 20 targets: Townsend, Livenguth, 20 each; Young, King, Parkes, 19 each.

No. 11, 20 targets: Ruble, Young, 20 each; Thomas 19.

Sept. 26.—No. 1, 15 targets: Trimble Hill, Townsend, Ruble, 15 each; Lavenguth, Reeder, Dundoo, Young, Baycon, Pike, 14 each.

No. 2, 15 targets: King Reeder, Lavenguth, Baycon, Park, 15 each; Thomas, Raymond, Trimble, Young, Pike, Elliott, 14 each.

No. 3, 15 targets: Elliott, Ruble, Baycon, 15 each; Thomas, Dando, Raymond, Trimble, Townsend, 14 each.

No. 4, 15 targets: Thomas, Lavenguth, Dando, Pike, Elliott, King, Skinner, Townsend, 15 each; Trimble, Young, Baycon, Cornelius, 14 each.

No. 5, 15 targets: Young, Cornelius, 15 each; Thomas, Trimble, Ruder, Ruble, 14 each.

No. 6, 15 targets: Townsend, King, 15 each; Dando, Livenguth, Trimble, Elliott, Rubb, Ruder, Baycon, 14 each.

No. 7, 20 targets: Elliott, Pike, Young, 20 each; King, Skinner, Dando, Raymond, Thomas, Baycon, 19 each.

No. 8, merchandise shoot, 20 targets: Livenguth, King, 20 each; Elliott, Young, Park, 19 each; Thomas, Dando, Raymond, Trimble, Townsend Ruble, Baycon, Cornelius, Skinner, 18 each.

No. 9, 20 targets: Livenguth, Hill, Ruble, 19 each; Elliott, Young, Dando, Trimble, 18 each.

No. 10, 20 targets: Livenguth, Ruble, 20 each; Young, Trimble, Pike, King, 19 each.

No. 11, 20 targets: Thomas, 20; Livenguth, Elliott, Cornelius, 19 each.

Sweepstakes, 10 targets: Livenguth, Elijah, Young, 10 each; Thomas, Raymond, Ruble, 9 each.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

WOODLAWN, L. I., Sept. 28.—Club shoot, 10 birds. Conditions: class B, 1 extra bird; class C, 2 extra:

CLASS A.

C Fergurson, Jr.	2e2222e232 — 8
Dr Wynn	e1e2121121 — 8

CLASS B

R E Gray	2211010201— 7
W Eddy	1221211122 — 10
C W Floyd	1211122111—10
C Fergurson, 3d	0221020222— 6

CLASS C.

Wm Stuart	1011122222— 9
E Richardson	0100003000— 1
E B Knowlton	02e2020100 — 4

	Sweep No. 1, 5 birds, $2.	No. 2, $4, miss and out.	No. 3, same.	No. 4, same.
Dr Wynn	11212— 5	1	120	1211a
C Fergurson, Jr.	22220 — 4	0	222	22222
C W Floyd	1020w—w			
Dr Parker	22222— 5	12220		
R R Stuart	12112— 5	e0212		

The Rochester Tournament.

WARM COMPANY AT THE FLOWER CITY SHOOT.

THE Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club, when it picked its dates for its fourth annual tournament ran a risk of being left out in the cold, as the fag end of a shooting season doesn't often bring forth successful shoots. The boys are all pretty well played out, so far as attending tournaments goes, when the month of September arrives. This year there has been an abundance of tournaments, we might truthfully say a superabundance, because we cannot help thinking that the tournament craze, which has been a marked feature of the trap-shooting season of 1895, has been rather too rampant, and that the reaction may be hurtful to the best interests of the sport.

But tournaments like that which was brought to a close at Rochester, N. Y., on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 26, are not in any degree hurtful to the sport. It was productive of much good fellowship and was full to overflowing with that spirit of "generous emulation" so often referred to in the constitutions of gun clubs. It was not a money-grabbing tournament either. If there was any dropping for place we did not notice it, and only one instance that seemed to suggest such methods was called to our notice. This tournament was really a gathering together of

A BAND OF BROTHERS,

all full of life, and all aiming to get the honorable post of high average.

Among those who were there were: G. S. McAlpin, of New York city; C. H. Burbridge, Hartford, Conn.; Eddie Collins, Hoboken, N. J.; Chas. Wagner, Syracuse, N. Y.; E. D. and J. Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; Ralph Redwing Worthington, of Cleveland, O.; Harry Whitney, Phelps, N. Y.; F. D. Kelsey, East Aurora, N. Y.; C. Lane, North Barma, N. Y.; G. W. Kendall and C. W. Hobbie, Binghamton, N. Y.; I E. Brigden and James Carr, Auburn, N. Y.; Dutchy Smith, Plainfield, N. J.; A. Rickman, John Lowden and C. Skinner, Greece, N. Y.; George Wride, Sodus, N. Y.; E. F. Hammond, East Ashford, N. Y., etc.

The craft was well represented, those particularly termed "crackajacks" being considerably in evidence: Rolla O Heikes, Ferd Van Dyke and Jack Parker representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Company; Harvey McMurchy, carrying the L. C. Smith gun well to the front once more; Dan Lefever, of the Lefever Arms Company; T. H. Keller, of the U. S. Cartridge Company; O. R. Dickey, of Boston, Mass., a dangerous man for anybody to tackle judging from the way he and his Parker gun scored straights; George Mosher, of the Hollenbeck Gun Company, and Capt. B. A. Bartlett, of the Burgess Gun Company, Buffalo, N. Y., who won new honors for his gun on the last day of the shoot. One must not forget also Wanda, Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, of King's Smokeless, who was in too poor health to show correctly what she can do to the targets. W. Fred Quimby, of the Empire Target Company, was also on hand, but was not shooting.

THE HOME CLUB

was well represented: H. M. Slocum Stewart, E. C. Meyers, Sim Glover, L. V. Byer, Dr. Weller, John Norton, W. C. Hadley, H. Perry, etc., helping to make the shoot a success.

The Rochester Rod and Gun Club is certainly a live organization. It has erected within the past two years a really excellent club house, fitted within and without just as a model club house should be. It is located a few yards or so beyond the city limits on the north side of Court hill, and faces the Wide water of the Erie Canal, into whose depths many tons of lead have fallen after being aimed at targets thrown from the gun club's traps. The background is not perfect by any means, but still it cannot be considered a hard one, judging from the scores made at this shoot. Water, trees and distant houses, however, do not form a good combination for a target background. The club, which was organized in 1891, has for its officers: President, H. M. Stewart; Vice-President, W. C. Hadley; Secretary, John P. Mullan; Treasurer, City Treasurer Sam B. Williams; Shooting Master, L. V. Byer.

In arranging the programme for its shoot the club decided to add $500 to the purses as a drawing card for shooters. This sum of $500 was not added in dribiets—a little to each event—but was partitioned into good lump sums and added to certain events. This scheme seemed to work well and appeared to be perfectly satisfactory to the shooters. Some of the "pots" were well worth getting. Yet there were no really big winners at this tournament. There were too many good shots, and straights were common indeed; we cannot recall a shoot at which so many were made. Carr won the best "pot" of the shoot by breaking a loue 25 straight in No. 6 on the first day.

The weather, except on the morning of the third day, as told later, was all that could have been desired. It was not too hot and yet not even chilly, the weather reminding one more forcibly of the glorious days of the Indian summer rather than the efforts of an expiring September.

TWO BIG RUNS.

The third day of the shoot was rather a startler. Everybody was shooting "way up," but Bartlett and Meyers made the day a red-letter one by making big runs. Meyers started his run of 129 straight in the third event, in which he missed his first target, finishing the event with 19. He followed this with 50 straight in the Walsrode contest, and then made a 20 and a 25 straight in the 5th and 6th events. He brought his run to a close by missing his 16th, 17th and 18th targets in No. 7.

Bartlett also started his run in the third event, in which he had missed his 4th target. He didn't miss a single target in all the programme events that remained to be decided, running out with 151 straight! Out of the 195 targets he shot at, all at unknown angles, he missed but five, his 2d, 22d, 31st, 33d and 44th targets. Both he and Meyers were warmly congratulated upon their good work.

The programme was gotten through each day in good time. This was due in a great measure to the majority of the shooters entering for "all day." Squads were made up, and in some instances were unchanged throughout the shoot. The "Pumpernickels" was a very warm squad—McMurchy, Heikes, Van Dyke, Dickey, Parker and Keller; it made some great team totals during the shoot. Another hot squad was the following: Fulford, Bartlett, Hammond, Redwing, Whitney and Kelsey. On the first day these two squads tied with grand totals of 823 breaks each; on the second day the "Pumpernickels" led by 2 targets, but on the third day their adversaries took 23 more than they did.

GUNS, SHELLS AND POWDERS.

A canvass of the guns and ammunition used by the principal shooters at this tournament resulted as follows:

Name.	*Gun.*	*Powder.*	*Shell.*
Heikes	Winchester	E. C.	Leader.
Van Dyke	Winchester	E. C.	Leader.
Keller	Smith	E. C.	Rapid.
McMurchy	Smith	E. C.	Rapid.
Dickey	Parker	E. C.	Rapid.
Parker	Winchester	E. C.	Blue Rival.
E D Fulford	Greener	Schultze	Smokeless.
Bartlett	Burgess	Schultze	Smokeless.
Hammond	Burgess	Schultze	Smokeless.
Redwing	Greener	E. C.	Smokeless.
Hobbie	Burgess	E. C.	Smokeless.
Kelsey	Smith	Schultze	Lightning.
Collins	Lefever		
Money	Smith	E. C.	Trap, Smokeless.
Wagner	Smith	E. C.	Smokeless.
D Lefever	Lefever	DuPont	Smokeless.
Glover	Greener (10-gauge)	Schultze	Smokeless.
Meyers	Smith	DuPont, Walsrode.	U. S. Walsrode.
Forrester	Lefever	E. C.	Smokeless.
Lane	Smith	American Wood	Smokeless.
Dutchy	Smith	E. C.	Rapid.
Brigden	Parker	DuPont	Leader.
Norton	Smith	Walsrode	Eley.
Whitney	Smith	E. C.	Rapid.
Carr	Lefever	DuPont	Nitro.
Slocum	Lefever	King's Smokeless	Peters.
J Fulford	Lefever	E. C.	Smokeless.
Byer	Hollenbeck	Schultze	Smokeless.
McAlpin	Francotte	Schultze	Nitro.
Kendall	Lefever	E. C.	Smokeless.
Wride	Smith	American Wood	Chamberlin.

In speaking of his load, Sim Glover was particularly enthusiastic, declaring that he had at last found out what he wanted. Meyers shot DuPont's Smokeless during the tournament until the Walsrode contest, in which of course he had to use that powder. He used it for the balance of the day, hence the two powders are given in the above table.

Further details of the shoot must be gathered from what follows:

First Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*25*	*20*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
McMurchy	20	19	17	19	20	24	20	19	165	158	95.7
Heikes	18	20	18	20	18	22	20	20	165	156	94.5
Van Dyke	17	19	19	19	20	24	19	19	165	156	94.5
Redwing	20	18	19	18	20	23	18	19	165	155	93.9
Kelsey	19	20	18	20	17	23	18	19	165	154	93.3
Bartlett	19	19	19	19	16	23	18	19	165	152	92.1
Dutchy	18	18	19	17	19	23	19	19	165	152	92.1
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*25*	*20*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Glover	17	19	18	17	20	22	20	18	165	151	91.5
Meyers	16	19	18	18	19	23	19	18	165	150	90.9
Slocum	18	20	18	15	19	23	20	17	165	150	90.9
Whitney	19	19	19	19	18	20	18	18	165	150	90.9
Wagner	19	19	18	18	18	24	18	16	165	150	90.9
Hammond	20	18	17	19	16	22	17	20	165	149	90.3
Collins	19	19	17	18	18	24	16	17	165	148	89.7
McAlpin	18	19	18	18	18	24	18	15	165	148	89.7
Dickey	17	20	20	18	19	22	18	14	165	148	89.7
Money	..	..	..	16	18	23	19	18	105	94	89.5
Carr	18	15	17	18	17	25	16	18	165	144	87.2
Burbridge	16	17	18	17	16	22	15	20	165	141	85.4
Hobbie	16	13	18	18	16	22	19	17	165	139	84.2
Lane	18	17	16	16	18	21	16	17	165	139	84.2
Lefever	18	17	..	..	17	21	..	15	105	88	83.8
Keller	20	13	15	20	17	20	17	16	165	138	83.6
Hadley	..	..	19	11	..	..	20	..	60	50	83.3
Brigden	16	17	15	18	16	23	17	15	165	137	83
Livingston	..	..	..	15	17	21	18	16	105	87	82.8
Parker	15	15	18	14	18	22	16	18	165	136	82.4
Rickman	14	..	16	17	..	..	18	17	100	82	82
Fulford	16	16	18	16	14	20	15	18	165	133	80.6
Rhodes	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	20	16	80
Byer	15	14	19	17	17	18	15	15	165	130	78.7
Skinner	..	..	13	17	..	..	17	17	60	47	78.3
Wride	18	..	16	..	16	..	13	..	80	62	77.5
Kendall	16	14	17	15	17	19	14	15	165	127	76.9
Snell	13	..	..	15	..	21	..	..	65	49	75.3
Van Patten	12	..	..	19	14	19	..	..	85	64	75.3
Lowden	14	..	..	..	14	..	..	16	60	44	73.3
Norton	16	13	12	13	14	21	..	..	125	89	71.2
Perry	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	16	40	28	70
Weller	8	15	15	13	17	15	..	..	125	83	66.4
Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	20	12	60
Wayne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	20	11	55

The entrance money in Nos. 1, 3, 5 and 7 was $2.50; in Nos. 2, 4 and 8 it was $3, with $30 added to each purse by the club; No. 6, the 25-target event, had $50 added money, the entrance fee being $4. The $50 added in No. 6 was donated by the Rochester Brewers' Association.

The following extra events were also shot on this day:

No. 1, 20 targets, $3, unknown angles: Dickey and Hadley 20, Burbridge, Heikes, Van Dyke, Carr, Fulford, Redwing, Hammond, Bartlett and North 19. Money, Meyer, McMurchy and Glover 18, Smith, Brigden, Whitney, Kelsey, Foley and Norton 17, Wagner 16, J. Banks 15, Wride 14, Borst 13, Keller, Mosher and Byer 12, Nichols 11.

No. 2, 20 targets, $3, traps in reversed order: Dickey and McMurchy 20, Glover and Carr 19, Hadley, Bartlett, Kelsey and Heikes 18, Byer 17, Wagner, Redwing, Parker, Whitney and Fulford 16, Meyer 15, Mosher and Money 14, Burbridge 13.

Another extra event or two was also shot off, of which we have no record.

Second Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*20*	*25*	*20*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Heikes	20	19	19	18	18	25	20	19	165	158	95.7
Glover	18	20	19	20	20	24	19	18	165	158	95.7
Dickey	16	20	20	17	18	25	20	20	165	156	94.5
McMurchy	18	18	19	19	19	24	19	20	165	156	94.5
Redwing	19	18	18	19	18	25	20	18	165	155	93.9
Van Dyke	17	20	17	20	19	24	17	20	165	154	93.3
Kelsey	18	19	20	18	20	22	18	19	165	154	93.3
Hammond	19	18	16	19	18	23	20	19	165	152	92.1
Dutchy	17	18	18	19	19	23	19	19	165	152	92.1
E D Fulford	18	20	19	15	17	24	19	19	165	151	91.5
Meyers	19	15	18	19	19	23	19	19	165	151	91.5
Parker	17	18	18	18	19	22	19	19	165	151	91.5
Bartlett	16	18	19	17	19	24	17	20	165	150	90.9
Carr	18	18	17	18	19	23	18	19	165	150	90.9
Whitney	17	19	18	16	18	22	19	20	165	149	90.3
Wride	..	..	..	..	17	..	23	..	45	40	88.8
Wagner	16	19	18	17	17	20	17	20	165	146	88.4
McAlpin	19	16	15	16	20	22	19	19	165	146	88.4
Austin	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	19	40	35	87.5
Lefever	..	18	18	19	..	22	17	14	125	108	86.4
Lane	15	20	14	19	16	23	18	17	165	142	86
Norton	14	19	20	18	20	16	..	..	125	107	85.6
J Fulford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	40	34	85
Lowden	..	..	..	17	..	21	..	..	40	34	85
Forrester	19	12	17	16	19	21	16	20	165	140	84.8
McArthur	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	38	84.4
Keller	11	18	16	17	18	23	18	18	165	139	84.2
Hobbie	20	17	17	15	19	18	16	16	165	138	83.6
Money	18	17	17	16	15	21	16	18	165	138	83.6
Slocum	20	16	18	16	16	18	18	16	165	138	83.6
Brigden	16	16	18	16	13	24	17	16	165	136	82.4
Kendall	19	11	16	17	18	21	15	18	165	135	81.8
Ball	15	16	18	17	18	20	14	15	165	133	80.6
Collins	15	17	17	17	16	21	16	13	165	132	80
North	16	15	..	..	..	..	..	17	60	48	80
Morris	14	13	19	16	18	18	17	17	165	132	80
Perry	..	..	19	16	16	..	..	11	80	62	77.5
J Banks	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	20	15	75
Dolley	14	14	11	17	16	19	15	16	165	122	73.9
Mosher	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	29	72.5
Burkhardt	12	14	15	18	15	16	18	16	165	119	72.1
Byer	17	12	..	..	17	15	..	..	85	61	71.7
Blizzard	15	13	15	..	..	..	..	..	60	43	71.6
Foley	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	20	14	70
Snell	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	20	14	70
Skinner	..	14	..	..	13	..	..	..	40	27	67.5
Miller	..	..	..	..	12	..	14	..	40	26	65
Storey	10	10	8	11	13	20	16	17	165	105	63.6
Wanda	..	..	..	8	..	..	8	..	60	33	55

The programme of events, so far as entrance moneys, added money, etc., is concerned, was precisely the same as that arranged for the first day.

THE THIRD DAY

was one that was full of incidents of more than general interest. The early morning was gusty, with lowering raindclouds that now and again discharged heavy showers of rain which lasted anywhere from 10m. to half an hour. Of course the result is shown by the scores made in the first two events. In No. 1, Jack Parker was the lucky man. He arrived late on the grounds and shot as the last man on the list. Nobody had a straight ahead of him, so Parker set to and pumped out 20 breaks, a very nice thing indeed with 28 entries in the event.

Then the sun dispersed the clouds, the wind nearly died away, the targets were not going either so far or so fast as usual, and the boys all had their eyes with them. Look at the records and see what was done. The details of the Walsrode Powder contest, No. 4 on the programme, are given below. And think of it—48 out of 50 was only worth $360, the entrance fee being $30, with $50 added to the purse! The big runs made by Bartlett and Meyers are referred to above, so that we can pass by those features of the third day's shoot.

HIS SQUAD SCORES.

To give prominence to all the day's squad scores might be tedious, still it wouldn't do to pass over one or two worthy of special mention. For instance, in event No. 3 on the third day, the fourth squad broke 118 out of 120, as follows: E. D. Fulford, Redwing, Whitney and Kelsey 20, Bartlett and Hammond 19, Bartlett missing his fourth target in the event, that miss being his last one for the balance of the day in all the programme events.

In event 6 the same squad broke 142 out of 150: Bartlett 25, Hammond, Redwing and Whitney 24, E. D. Fulford 23, Kelsey 22. In the same event the "Pumpernickels" produced a unique score: Heikes 25, Van Dyke 24, McMurchy 23, Keller 22, Dickey 21 and Parker 20.

THE SCHMELZER TROPHY TIE.

As is already well known, Bartlett and Parker had tied on 92 each in the Schmelzer Trophy contest at the Detroit shoot, the tie being set for decision during to-day's shoot. The contest was productive of much interest, shooters and non-shooters crowding up to watch the shoot-off. The conditions were 100 targets per man, traps pulled in reverse order, the trophy representing the championship of the world at that particular style of shooting. The light was certainly poor and had much to do with the comparatively low scores, in addition to which there was a good deal of delay owing to the targets breaking in the traps and the battery giving out. As the score shows, Parker won easily by 85 to 80. The start promised big scores, the end of the thirty-third round showing Bartlett 32 to Parker's 31. The latter lost the last two targets of the match through careless shooting; he had previously run 24 straight. The full 100 targets per man were shot at with no more rest than that afforded by the delays mentioned above. Score:

Parker.....1111111111111111111001111111111111101110101100111111—83
1110111101111101101110011111111111111 11111111100—42—85

Bartlett.....0111111111111111111111111111111111101011000110011—41
1111001100101111110111101111001111111111111011110—39—80

Parker having won the toss sent Bartlett to the No. 1 trap score, taking No. 3 himself. The detailed score shows that the missed targets were distributed as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Parker	5	0	0	4	6	15
Bartlett	9	1	2	2	6	20

The officials chosen by the two contestants were: T. H. Keller, referee; Edward Banks, of FOREST AND STREAM, judge for Bartlett, and Harvey McMurchy judge for Parker; puller, Eddie Collins; official scorers, Jacob Pentz, of *Shooting and Fishing*, and Will K. Park, of the *Sporting Life*. The usual work of the referee, that of calling "dead" and "lost," was performed by Capt Bartlett's judge, who stood slightly to the left of No. 1 score. McMurchy, at the right of No. 5 score, watched the targets for his man, while Keller sat behind No. 3, ready to decide any differences of opinion. His work, however, we are glad to say, was a sinecure, not a decision being challenged. It should be mentioned that Bartlett, after missing his first bird, ran 32 straight before dropping another. In analyzing the above score it must be borne in mind that each man had already fired 195 shots, and that the traps were pulled in reverse order.

SOME VERY HIGH SCORES

were made in the Walsrode Powder contest, the conditions of which were as follows: 50 bluerocks per man, $3 entrance, targets extra, unknown angles, four moneys, and all contestants obliged to use Walsrode powder. All the shooters, with the exception of Heikes, Van Dyke and Parker, used in this event shells loaded specially by Neaf Apgar, of New York city. The scores show two straights, two with 49, seven with 48, four with 47 and four with 46, the latter being shut out, as there were only four moneys. Although McMurchy was credited both on the manifold sheets and on the blackboard with 49, he says himself that it was a mistake, as he broke but 48. His percentage of the purse as a 49 man was $19 odd, but he refused to take it, as he said he was not entitled to it really. By this action he drew out only his entrance, $3, the other $16 being handed to Whitney, who was thus the only 49. The scores below are given just as they appear on the manifold sheets:

Bartlett.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—50
Meyers.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—50
Whitney.....0111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—49
McMurchy.....1111111111111111111011111111111111111111111111111111—49
Carr.....1111110111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Glover.....1111111111111101111111111111111111011111111111111111—48
Hammond.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Hobbie.....1111111011111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Kelsey.....1111111101111101111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
McAlpin.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Redwing.....1111111111111111111111011101111111111111111111111111—48
Dickey.....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111110—47
Keller.....1111111111111111111011111111111111101011111111111111—47
Lane.....1111111011111111111111001111111111111111111111111111—47
Parker.....1110111111111111111111111111011111111111111111011111—47
Brigden.....1111111011111111101111111111111111111111111111111111—46
Forrester.....1101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111101111—46
Heikes.....1111011101111101100111111111111111111111111111111111—46
Van Dyke.....1111111111011011111101111111111111111111111111111111—46
Dutchy.....1111111110101111111111111111111111111111111111111110—44
E D Fulford.....1111111101111011111111111111111111111111111111111101—44
Capt Money.....1110111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Byer.....0101111101111111001111111111111111111111111111111111—42

Other scores were: Wride 38, Storey 35. Collins 34.

SCORES IN THE PROGRAMME EVENTS

shot on the third day are given below in the usual FOREST AND STREAM manner. On this day twenty shooters out of a total of only thirty-seven made averages of 90 per cent. or better! If that isn't hot company, what would be considered such? Eleven shooters had averages of 93 or better, Bartlett leading with 97.4. McMurchy's average, according to the score sheets, was 95.3; taking his own statement that he broke 48 and not 49 in the Walsrode contest, it would be 94.8, his position as fourth on the list not being affected by such a change. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	*20*	*20*	*20*	*50*	*20*	*25*	*20*	*20*	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Bartlett	19	17	19	50	20	25	20	20	195	190	97.4
Glover	17	19	20	48	20	24	20	20	195	188	96.4
Carr	17	18	19	48	20	24	20	20	195	186	95.3
McMurchy	18	18	19	49	19	23	20	20	195	186	95.3
Redwing	15	18	20	48	20	24	20	19	195	184	94.3
Whitney	16	18	20	49	20	24	19	18	195	184	94.3
Meyers	16	17	19	50	20	25	17	19	195	183	93.8
Hammond	16	20	19	48	19	24	18	18	195	182	93.3
McAlpin	19	18	19	48	19	20	20	19	195	182	93.3
Parker	20	18	19	47	19	20	20	19	195	182	93.3
J Fulford	17	20	20	..	19	21	18	20	145	135	93.1
Heikes	15	19	17	46	20	25	19	20	195	181	92.8
Lane	18	18	18	47	19	24	20	16	195	180	92.3
Van Dyke	19	16	19	46	18	24	19	19	195	180	92.3
Kelsey	17	16	20	48	18	22	19	19	195	179	91.7
Hobbie	18	18	19	48	17	22	19	17	195	178	91.2
Forrester	19	15	20	46	..	..	..	..	110	100	90.9
E D Fulford	19	17	20	44	18	23	19	17	195	177	90.7
Dickey	..	19	14	17	17	19	21	19	195	176	90.2
Foley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	20	18	90
Kendall	..	19	17	..	19	20	17	19	145	130	89.6
Norton	..	18	19	16	..	18	..	18	100	89	89
Wagner	..	..	18	20	..	16	21	18	125	111	88.8
Dutchy	..	16	17	19	44	17	23	19	195	173	88.7
Money	..	19	18	15	43	16	23	18	195	169	86.6
Brigden	..	14	18	18	46	..	23	..	155	134	86.4
Keller	..	12	18	20	47	15	22	17	195	168	86.1
Lefever	..	..	..	..	..	17	20	18	85	73	85.8
Rickman	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	20	17	85
Wride	..	..	20	..	38	..	21	..	95	79	83.1
Byer	..	18	15	..	40	..	22	..	115	95	82.6
Skinner	..	..	16	18	..	17	..	16	100	82	82
Slocum	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	16	80
Wayne	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	15	75
Collins	..	15	17	17	34	11	19	13	195	140	71.7
Storey	..	..	..	..	35	..	..	..	50	35	70
Wanda	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	10	60	37	61.6

Nos. 1, 3, 5 and 7 were $2.50 entrance; No. 4 was the Walsrode contest; Nos. 2 and 8 were $3 entrance, $35 added to each purse; No. 6 was of the same character as on the preceding days.

GENERAL AVERAGES.

The club gave five premiums, $15, $12.50, $10, $7.50 and $5, to be awarded to the five highest general avera es made in all the programme events. This necessitated a total number of 525 shots, many excellent records being made. Glover by his great work on the last two days beat Heikes out for second average, Redwing being close after Rolla, who was off color on the last day. Bartlett's burst of speed on the last day landed him just far enough in front of Van Dyke to cut the latter out of fifth average. McMurchy (it seems natural now to add of course) won first average with the capital record of 500 breaks out of 535 shot at, a percentage of 95.2. The fourteen best averages were:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
1. McMurchy	165	158	95.7
	165	156	94.5
	195	186	95.3
	525	500	95.2
2. Glover	165	151	91.5
	165	158	95.7
	195	188	96.4
	525	497	94.6
3. Heikes	165	156	94.5
	165	158	95.7
	195	181	92.8
	525	495	94.2
4. Redwing	165	155	93.9
	165	155	93.9
	195	184	94.3
	525	494	94
5. Bartlett	165	152	92.1
	165	150	90.9
	195	190	97.4
	525	492	93.7
6. Van Dyke	165	156	94.5
	165	154	93.3
	195	180	92.3
	525	490	93.3
7. Kelsey	165	154	93.3
	165	154	93.3
	195	179	91.7
	525	487	92.7

		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
8. Meyer		165	150	90.9
		165	151	91.5
		195	183	93.8
		525	484	92.1
9.	Hammond	165	149	90.3
		165	152	92.1
		195	182	93.3
		525	483	92
	Whitney	165	150	90.9
		165	149	90.3
		195	184	94.3
		525	483	92
11.	Carr	165	144	87.2
		165	150	90.9
		195	186	95.3
		525	480	91.4
	Dickey	165	148	89.7
		165	156	94.5
		195	176	90.2
		525	480	91.4
13. McAlpin		165	148	89.7
		165	146	88.4
		195	182	93.3
		525	478	91
14. Dutchy		165	152	92.1
		165	152	92.1
		195	173	88.7
		525	477	90.8

FIGURES ON THE ENTRY LIST.

That the Rochester shoot was a success is guaranteed, if further proof than that already given is necessary, by the following figures

which give the number of entries in each programme event during the three days of the shoot:

	First day.	Second day.	Third day.
1	34	26	28
2	29	40	30
3	32	35	30
4	35	36	26
5	36	42	28
6	33	36	28
7	34	35	28
8	32	36	29
	265	296	227

The above figures give an average entry in all events on the first day of 33.1; on the second day 27, and on the third day 28.3, making in all a general average for the 24 events of 32 8.

THE NUMBER OF TARGETS THROWN

averaged somewhere very close to 7,000 per day, if not actually quite up to that mark. In the programme events on the first day 5,465 targets were thrown, while 1,500 would about cover those thrown in the extra events on that day, making a total of 6,965. On the second day 6,100 were thrown in the programme events; add to that number 1,200 more as the number probably thrown in the ex ra events and we have a total of 7,300 for that day. During the third and last day 5,460 were thrown in the programme events; add the 200 in the Parker-Bartlett match and another 500 as the number likely to have been thrown in the two extra events, that brings the total for the day up to 6,160, making a probable grand total of 20,425.

THE MANAGEMENT AND ITS HELP.

The success of a tournament depends to a very great extent on the *personnel* of the management and its help. President H. M. Stewart himself occupied the onerous and important position of cashier, being ably assisted by C. J. Wilkinson. The squad hustling was looked after by George Borst, who kept things moving along very smoothly. Superintendent E. D. Hicks was here, there and everywhere, his chief care being the trappers and after them the traps, which were blue-rock experts, bluerock targets being thrown throughout the tournament, while Paul North's electric pull was used to release the traps. Considering the diminutive size of some of the trapper boys, everything passed off satisfactorily so far as the working of the traps went. The blackboard and manifold work was cleanly and plainly performed, this tournament being in that respect a marked improvement on some that we have attended.

It is a cause for sincere regret that we cannot mention by name those gentlemen who acted as referees during the tournament. Theirs is a thankless task at best, and the faithful performances of their duty demands due recognition at the hands of the press and the shooters. We have unfortunately mislaid the slip of paper on which their names were written. We can, therefore, say merely that, so far as we could judge, there was no cause for complaint at their decisions. Humanity is not infallible, and one man cannot see everything.

A REMARKABLE TOURNAMENT.

As a tournament remarkable for the extremely high averages made by the shooters attending it, the Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club's fourth annual tournament, held Sept. 24-26, 1895, will be remembered by those in attendance for many months to come. The quality of the company was something extraordinary, and we venture to say that a team of 10 or 12 men could have been picked from the ranks of those present that couldn't have been beaten by a team of a like number picked with the whole world to choose from. It was a hot crowd.

EDWARD BANKS.

John Parker's Fifth Tournament.

THE four days of Sept. 10 to 13 were busy ones for the many trap-shooters who engaged in the Des-Chree-Snos Ka annual tournament, under the able management of Jack Parker, skillful and popular as ever in all that pertains to the trap.

The scores made were quite good, as will be perceived by the records of the events. Much interest was centered in the Gilman & Barnes gold medal, which must be won three times by one person before an ownership is established. Most unexpectedly, the winner of it at this tournament was Mr. Bortle, a member of the River Rouge Club. Winning it from such stern talent as opposed him was indeed a great honor.

The E. C. Powder Co.'s cup also attracted much interest and struggle for possession. McMurchy won it in fine form and received congratulations a plenty. He also took the diamond medal for the best average.

The attendance of spectators was excellent, much more than commonly attends a trap-shooting event.

A close and vigorous competition was that in the two-men team race, of which the prize was the Gitschlag diamond medals. Parker and Wood made the excellent score of 49 out of a possible 50, but were tied by Upson and Redwing, and in the shoot off they repeated their score, while Upson and Redwing shot without a miss, thus winning the event.

There was a misunderstanding in the competition for the Schmelzer Cup. Owing to some errors in scoring, Bartlett was given a bird more than he was entitled to, the error not being discovered till later. It was conceded that Parker won it, but it was thought best to shoot again for it under the circumstances, so they agreed to shoot off at Rochester.

First Day.

No. 1, 10 targets, 21yds., both barrels, entrance $1.50: Heikes 7, Glover 7, Upson 9, Sexton 7, W. H. Allen 5, W. S. Allen 5, Duley 4, Kelsey 6, Baker 9, Bartlett 5, Dickey 8, Van Dyke 5, Hill 6, Trimble 7, McMurchy 8, Fleischer 4, Courtney 8, Young 6, Herbst 7, Keller 2, Fulford 6, Denman 8, Redwing 4, Park 5, Erhart 8, Cicotte 6, Hunt 3, Money 6, Stein 6, Yerkes 5, Kimmel 2, Hamilton 2, Simmons 4, Toornton 2.

No. 2, 15 targets, entrance $2.75: Heikes 15, Glover 13, Upson 15, Sexton 15, W. H. Allen 12, W. S. Allen 10, Duley 12, Kelsey 14, Baker 14, Bartlett 14, Dickey 15, Van Dyke 13, Trimble 14, Hill 15, McMurchy 14, Fleischer 13, Young 14, Keller 14, Fulford 14, Redwing 15, Courtney 13, Cotter 11, Erhart 12, Cicotte 11, Hunt 14, Stein 14, Money 15, Osmun 14, Herbst 15, Park 13, Yerkes 10, Parker 13, Kimmel 11, Simmons 14, Shaw 10, Walton 13, Avery 15.

No. 3, 20 single targets, $3.75 entrance, bird handicap: Heikes 20, Glover 18, Upson 20, Sexton 16, W. H. Allen 17, W. S. Allen 16, Duley 15, Kelsey 19, Baker 19, Bartlett 18, Dickey 17, Van Dyke 20, Trimble 19, Hill 17, McMurchy 18, Fleischer 17, Young 18, Keller 16, Fulford 18, Money 19, Herbst 19, Cicotte 17, Redwing 20, Courtney 14, Erhardt 18, Hunt 18, Walton 17, Avery 18, Osmun 19, Keller 19, Parker 14, Huston 18, Bortle 18, Cotter 16.

No. 4, 15 targets, entrance $2.75: Heikes 15, Glover 14, Upson 14, Sexton 13, W. H. Allen 12, W. S. Allen 12, Duley 10, Kelsey 15, Baker 14, Bartlett 13, Dickey 13, Van Dyke 14, Trimble 15, Hill 15, McMurchy 14, Fleisher 12, Young 14, Keller 12, Fulford 13, Money 15, Herbst 13, Cicotte 12, Redwing 15, Courtney 15, Walton 11, Avery 15, Stein 15, Klein 12, Erhart 14, Park 12, Hunt 14, Osmun 15, Cotter 13, Huston 12, Parker 13, Bortle 13, North 13.

No. 5, 25 targets, two-men team shoot, Gitschlag diamond medals, entrance $1.50:

Glover	1111111111111111111111111—25
Fulford	1111011111011101111011111—21—46
Walton	1101001110111111110011111—19
Avery	1111011111101101111111111—22—41
Upson	1111111111111111111111111—25
Redwing	1111111111110111111111111—24—49
Keller	0111111111111111111111111—24
Young	1111111111101111111111111—24—48
Bartlett	1111111111111100111111111—23
Kelsey	1111111111111111011111111—24—47
Erhart	1111111111010011111110111—21
Duley	0111111111111111111111111—24—45
W H Allen	1111110111111101110011111—21
W S Allen	1101110111111111101111111—22—43
McMurchy	0111111111111111111111111—24
Dickey	1111111111111111101111111—24—48
Van Dyke	1001111111101111111111111—22
Hicks	1101111111111111111111111—24—46
Hill	1111111111111111111111111—25
Trimble	1011111111111011111111111—23—48
Fleischer	1111111111101101111111111—23
Sexton	0111111111101111111111111—22—41
Courtney	0111111101111011101111111—20
Hunt	1111110100111010111111111—20—40
Thornton	0111111010001110101110110—18
Kimmel	1111011111101111111100111—21—39
Stein	1111111111111111101111111—24
Money	1111111001111111111111111—23—47
Cicotte	1110101111101101111111110—20
Osmun	0111111111111111111001011—21—41
Simmons	1111101111011111111001110—19
Huston	1111101011110111101110101—19—38
Klein	1010011111101111111111011—20
Wolf	1111010111011011001010111—18—38
Shaw	0101011101110011011111011—17
Hamilton	1011010111111110110101011—17—34
Wood	1111111111111111111111111—25
Parker	1111111110111111111111111—24—49
Yerkes	1111111111101111101011011—22
Esper	1111011100100011111111001—17—39
North	1111111111111111000101011—20
Bronson	1110111111101101011110110—19—39
Daniels	1111111101110101000111011—19
Adams	1110111111111111111111010—22—41
Hall	1110010000110100001001010—10
Genecke	1011101101011100101001100—14—24
Marks	1111100111111011111111111—22
Fox	0111111110111111111011111—21—43
Booth	1111110111011111111111111—23
Herbst	1101110111011111111111111—22—45

Ties on 49: Parker 24, Woods 25, 49; total 98 out of 100. Upson 25, Redwing 25, 50; total 99 out of 100.

Ties on 46:

Glover	1111111111111111111111111—25
Fulford	1111111111101111111111111—24
Van Dyke	1111011111111111111111111—23
Heikes	1111011111111111111111111—25

Ties on 45:

Erhart	1111010101—7
Duley	1111010110—7
Bortle	1101111111—9
Herbst	1100111110—7

No. 6, 10 targets, entrance $1 50: Heikes 6, Glover 7, Upson 7, Sexton 10, W. H. Allen 6, W. S. Allen 7, Duley 5, Kelsey 2, Dickey 9, Van Dyke 5, Trimble 8, Hill 6, McMurchy 7, Fleischer 6, Young 5, Fulford 6, Money 5, Park 7, Courtney 6, Bartlett 6, Walton 5, Avery 7, Baker 4, Cicotte 5, Redwing 8, Keller 8, Erhart 7, Yerkes 2.

No. 7, 25 targets, entrance $4.75: Heikes 25, Glover 22, Upson 24, Sexton 23, W. H. Allen 21, W. S. Allen 21, Lane 23, Kelsey 24, Baker 25, Bartlett 22, Dickey 24, Van Dyke 23, Trimble 24, Hill 25, Duley 21, Fleischer 22, Young 22, Keller 25, Clay 19, Money 24, Herbst 25, Courtney 15, Walton 25, Avery 25, Redwing 24, Hunt 22, Wood 25, Cicotte 18, Erhart 22, Bronson 25, Parker 24, McMurchy 24, Hall 19, Mark 23, Daniels 25, Adams, 19, Fox 11, Fulford 23, Bortle 24, Cotter 21, Huston 17.

No. 8, 10 targets, entrance $1.50: Glover 7, Fulford 7, Walton 3, Avery 4, Upson 5, Redwing 4, Duley 4, Keller 4, Bartlett 3, Kelsey 8, Erhart 2, W. H. Allen 6, W. S Allen 3, McMurchy 5, Dickey 7, Van Dyke 7, Heikes 5, Herbst 5, Buker 5, Hill 5. Trimble 7, Fleischer 5, Sexton 6, Courtney 4, Money 5, Cicotte 4, Park 0, Young 6, Fox 2, Lane 5, Rhodes 1, Hall 1, Walton 4, Avery 5, Wood 3, Bronson 3.

Second Day.

No. 1, 10 single bluerocks, $1.50 entrance, 21yds. rise, use of both barrels, unknown traps and angles: Heikes 8, Bartlett 8, Wood 8, Dickey 7, Glover 7, Kelsey 7, W. S Allen 7, Hill 7, Von Lengerke 7, Van Dyke 6, Trimble 6, Visger 6, Park 6, Duley 5. Upson 5, Fleischer 5, Money 5, Parker 5, Buker 4, Allen 4, Lane 4, McMurchy 3, Fulford 3, Young 3, Herbst 3, Bortle 3, Sexton 2, Hank 2, Bronson 2.

No. 2, 15 bluerocks, $2.75 entrance, $75 guaranteed, amateurs allowed an extra shot: McMurchy 15, Upson 15, Sexton 15, Kelsey 15. Van Dyke 15, Trimble 15, Young 15, Redwing 15, Lane 15, Money 15, Erhardt 15, Bortle 15, Von Lengerke 15, Watts 15, Dickey 14, Heikes 14, Buker 14, W. S Allen 14, Wood 14, Bronson 14, Dickey 13, Glover 13, Bartlett 13 Herbst 13, Keller 13, Visger 13, Fulford 12, Hank 12, Fleischer 12, Parker 11, Rhodes 10, W. H. Allen 8, Hill 15, Park 7.

No. 3, 20 bluerocks, entrance $3.75, $100 guaranteed, amateurs allowed an extra shot: Kelsey 20, W. S. Allen 20, Redwing 20, Watts 20, Sexton 19, Trimble 19, Upson 19. Heikes 19, Bartlett 18, Von Lengerke 18, Avery 18, Dickey 18, McMurchy 17, Duley 17, Banker 17, Van Dyke 17, W. H. Allen 17, Hill 17, Young 17, Herbst 17, Wood 17, Visger 17, Parker 17, Valade 17, Glover 16, Fulford 16, Hank 16, Money 16, Bortle 15, Bronson 15, Keller 14, Walton 14, Gray 14, Lane 13, Fleischer 12, Klein 12.

No. 4, 15 single bluerocks, entrance $2 75, $75 guaranteed, same conditions as before: McMurchy 15, Dickey 15, Heikes 15, Trimble 15, Hill 15, Young 15, Wood 15. Erhardt 15, Glover 14 Upson 14, Baker 14, Bartlett 14, Van Dyke 14, Fleischer 14, Redwing 14, Money 14, Walton 14, Duley 14, Sexton 13 Kelsey 13, W. H. Allen 13, W. S. Allen 13, Hank 13, Keller 13, Fulford 12, Avery 12, Allo 11, Herbst 10.

No. 5, 10 singles, $1 50 entrance, 21yds. rise, unknown traps and angles, use of both barrels: McMurchy 8, Glover 8, Dickey 8, Upson 7, Cicotte 7, Heikes 6, Buker 6, Kelsey 6, Trimble 6, Courtney 6, Lane 6, Gray 6, Duley 5, Bartlett 5, Hank 5, Young 5, W. S Allen 5, Fleischer 4, Von Lengerke 4, W. H Allen 4, Sexton 4, Wood 4, Walton 4, Allo 3, Hill 3, Money 3, Avery 2, Brownson 3, Borneau 2, Fulford 2, Van Dyke 2, Vesper 1.

No. 6, Schmelzer trophy contest, 100 bluerocks each man, $10 entrance: Bartlett 92, Parker 92, Young 91, McMurchy 89, Dickey 89, Heikes 84, Trimble 82, Glover 82, Fleischer 82, Kelsey 87, Fulford 80, Money 74 Courtney 78, Sexton 82, Upson 90, W. H. Allen 83, Cicotte 63, Avery 68, Duley 56. Clan 70.

No. 7 15 singles, $2.75 entrance: Upson 15, Van Dyke 15, Hill 15, Kelsey 15, Redwing 15 Glover 15, Lane 15, Erhart 14, Keller 14, Bartlett 14, Dickey 14, Heikes 14, Fulford 13, Sexton 13, Buker 13, Herbst 13, Hank 13, Fleischer 13, Trimble 13, Woods 13, Young 12, Avery 12, Money 12, Duley 10, W. S. Allen 9, W. H. Allen 9.

Third Day.

No. 1, 10 bluerocks, entrance $1.50: Fulford 9, Heikes 8, Kelsey 8, Bartlett 7, Fleischer 7, Trimble 7, Dickey 7, McMurchy 6, Sexton 6, Redwing 6, Young 5. Glover 5, Upson 5, Duley 5, Buker 5, Carpenter 4, Hill 4, Van Dyke 3, Parker 6, Lane 7.

No. 2. 15 bluerocks, entrance $2.75, with $75 guaranteed: Upson 15, Buker 15, McMurchy 15, Dickey 15, Young 15, Bartlett 15, Kelsey 15, Watts 15. Trimble 14, Fulfoed 14, Heikes 14, Van Dyke 14, Sexton 14, Parker 14, Howes 14, Fleischer 14, Redwing 13, Glover 13, Carpenter 13, Klein 13, Keller 12, Wolf 12, Lane 12, Hank 12, Duley 11, Holton 10.

No. 3, 15 bluerocks, entrance $2 75, with $75 guaranteed: McMurchy 15, Holton 15 Upson 14, Keller 14, Lane 14, Redwing 14, Bartlett 14, Trimble 14, Hill 13, Buker 13, Kelsey 13, Holton 13, Heikes 13, Van Dyke 12, Glover 12, B. F. Wilcox 12, C. Wolf 12, McWhorten 12, Haufs 12, Parker 12, Young 12, Watts 12, Dickey 12, Howes 11, Klein 11, Sexton 11, Duley 10, Carpenter 10, Fulford 10, Bortle 9, Courtney 8, Chamberlain 6.

No. 4. 20 bluerocks, entrance $3.75, with $100 guaranteed: Trimble 20, Young 20, Redwing 20, Bartlett 20, Kelsey 20, Sexton 20, Glover 20, Upson 20, Van Dyke 19, Herbst 19, Watts 19, Hanks 19, Holton 10. Trimble 10, Hill 19, Buker 19, McMurchy 19, Howes 18, Keller 18, Barker 18, Heikes 18. Duley 17, Wolf 17, Lane 17, Carpenter 16, Fleischer 16, George 16. Courtney 15, Bortle 15, Fulford 15.

No. 5, 10 bluerocks, entrance $1.50: Kelsey 10, Glover 9, Buker 9, Dickey 9, Fulford 8, Bartlett 8, Hill 7, Heikes 7, Sexton 7, Fleischer 7, Dickey 6, Van Dyke 6, Upson 6, Trimble 6, McMurchy 6, Lane 5 Young 4, Herbert 4, Holton 4, Wilcox 3.

No 6, Gilman & Barnes medal, 25 bluerocks, with unknown traps and unknown angles: Bortle 22, Kelsey 21, Upson 20, McMurchy 20, Redwing 19, Glover 19, Trimble 18, Lane 18, Walton 18, Fleischer 18, Heikes 18, Fulford 18, Van Dyke 17, Hill 17. Parker 17, Bartlett 16, Buker 16, Money 16, Keller 15, Herbst 15, Dickey 15, Carpenter 15, Duley 15, Sexton 15, Fox 14, Howes 14, Visger 14, Courtney 14, Hanks 13, Cheny 13, Hill 13, Wieber 13. Park 12, Daniels 11, Hill 11, Wieber 9, Avery 9, Brusser 8, Marks 7, Elred 6, Holton 4.

No. 7, 25 bluerocks, entrance $4 75, with $150 guaranteed: Burker 25, McMurchy 25, Carpenter 25, Duley 25, Glover 24, Wolf 24, Heikes 24, Klein 24, Daniels 24, Kelsey 24, Trimble 24, Dickey 24, Fulford 23, Bartlett 23, Herbst 23, Holton 23, Parker 23, Lane 23, Brady 23, Van Dyke 23, Sexton 22, Upson 22, Avery 22, Renick 22, Young 22, Redwing 21, Keller 21, Walton 21, Marks 21, George 21, Eyer 20, Fox 20, Hill 20, Bradenburg 19, Money 19, Parker 17, Wilcox 17.

No. 8, 10 bluerocks: Redwing 9, Bartlett 9, Fulford 8, Dickey 8, McMurchy 8, Heikes 8, Kelsey 7, Buker 6, Money 6, Young 6, Upson 6, Duley 6, Glover 6, Hill 5, Trimble 4, Fleischer 4, Fox 4, Sexton 3, Van Dyke 3.

Fourth Day.

No. 1, 10 singles, entrance $1 50: Bartlett 9, Upson 9, Dickey 8, Sexton 7, McMurchy 7, Fleischer 7, Courtney 7, Van Dyke 6, Burke 6, Duley 5, Young 5, Kelsey 5, Fulford 5, Glover 5, Heikes 5, Redwing 5, Money 4, Osmun 4, Trimble 4, Wood 4, Hill 3, Webb 2.

No. 2, 15 singles, entrance $2.75: Sexton 15, McMurchy 15, Upson 15, Trimble 15, Howe 15, Schilling 15, Parker 15, Heikes 15. Cooper 15. George 15, Webb 14, Courtney 14, Carpenter 11, Redwing 14, Baker 14, Van Dyke 14, Young 14, Kelsey 13, Bartlett 13, Hanks 13, Hill 13. Glover 13, Money 13, Keller 13, Duley 12, Holton 12, Brummet 12, Bortle 12, Enos 11, Klein 11, Wood 11, Fulford 11.

No. 3, 15 singles, entrance $2 75: Carpenter 15, Fleischer 14, Osmun 14, Trimble 14. Heikes 14, Bortle 13, Schilling 13, Parker 13, Money 13, Redwing 13, McMurchy 13, Dickey 13, Upson 13, Herbst 13, Van Dyke 13, Burke 13, Webb 12. Bartlett 12, George 12, Glover 12, Wood 12, Fulford 12, Sexton 12, Brummet 11, Howe 11, Hill 11, Wolf 10, Duley 10, Young 10, Kelsey 10, Courtney 9, Parker 9, Park 3

No. 4, 20 singles, entrance $3 25: Van Dyke 20, Buker 20, Dickey 20, Trimble 20, Money 20, Howes 20, Schilling 20, Walker 19, Hilton 19, Fleischer 19, Glover 19, Heikes 19, Fulford 19, Bartlett 19, Sexton 19, Duley 18, Young 18, McMurchy 18, Upson 18, Herbst 18, Courtney 18, George 17, Carpenter 17, Kelsey 17, Hill 16, Redwing 16, Keller 16, Klein 16, Parker 16, Wood 16. Bortle 15, Osmun 15, Park 13, Webb 10.

No. 5, 10 singles, entrance $1 50: Bartlett 9, McMurchy 9, Duley 8, Van Dyke 8, Kelsey 8, Dickey 8, Glover 8, Sexton 6, Young 6, Trimble 6, Wood 6, Fleischer 6, Redwing 5, Money 5, Fulford 5, Upson 4, Heikes 4 Hill 3, Burke 2.

No. 6, American E. C. Powder Co.'s cup, 50 singles, handicap championship: Glover 47, Daniels 38 Klein 42, Webb 36 Acklim 49, Webb 46, Keller 38, Redwing 46, Wood 49, Walton 45, Osmun 39, Fleischer 49, Visger 48, Fox 38, Moore 33, Cicotte 41, Michie 42, Hall 24, Duley 45, Sexton 47, Van Dyke 39, Young 42, Kelsey 44, Baker 48 Brummet 41, Schilling 42, Proctor 41, Herbst 45, Carpenter 47, Howes 45, Trimble 45, Hill 41, Holton 31, Heikes 43, Money 44, Courtney 44, Parker 42, Bartlett 46, McMurchy 50, Dickey 46, Fulford 44, Upson 35.

No. 7, 25 singles, entrance $5: Trimble 25, McMurchy 24, Dickey 24, Heikes 24, Glover 24, Redwing 22, Sexton 22, Van Dyke 22, Kelsey 22, Fulford 22, Parker 22, Vallad 21, Bartlett 21, Duley 20, Young 20, Upson 20, Esper 20, Hill 20, Wisar 17, Hall 10.

Trap at Willard Park.

SEPT. 24.—The birds were a good lot and a large crowd witnessed the shooting. There will be another shoot on Saturday, Oct. 5, same conditions as this big sweep. Out of the dozen entries received but five appeared, and they were placed as follows: T. W. Morfey, 32yds.; Ferguson (New Utrecht), 30yds.; Harrington (Pompton), 28yds.; Hollis (Newark), 28yds.; Jones (Paterson), 27yds. Jones started off poorly and missed his first two birds. He missed two more out of his first ten, and this practically put him out of the race. Herrington also shot in bad form and lost four out of his first ten. Morfey lost his tenth, a fast driver. Ferguson and Hollis killed their first ten straight. Morfey and Hollis were tied with eighteen each. The others were practically out of it. Herrington lost his twenty-second, it dropping dead just out of bounds. He also lost his thirty-fifth bird out of bounds, but killed the rest of his birds cleanly, using his second barrel with good effect. Morfey missed four out of his first twenty-five and three out of the second. Jones continued to drop behind and finished out with thirty-one killed. Hollis used his second barrel very little and killed thirty-five with one barrel each. Herrington dropped out at forty birds, having missed ten up to that time. Some 10-bird sweeps were shot after the main event. Following is the score of the 50-bird handicap:

Fifty birds, entry $25, Hurlingham rules, 50yds., 5 traps:

Morfey (32)	1122111210211221212021202•202—21
	2212222111220221122e•2110—22—43
Jones (27)	0022201202022022222220022—17
	0022222222020201020021000—14—31
Herrington (28)	2202220321•1101212211211122—29
	0011121111•20w —10—39
Ferguson (30)	2112222212222222222222322—24
	2222222222•2222222222222222—24—48
Hollis (28)	2111122112•1011112110112—22
	1111110121201121111111111—23—45

No. 2, $5, 10 birds: Jones 7, Herrington 8, F. Batch 6, Morfey 9, Wright 8 Morgan 4, Greiff 0.

No. 3, $5, miss and out:

Jones (27)	12122220w — 7	Green (28)	1122122122—12
Herrington (28)	2122212212—12	Morfey (32)	2212222212l—12
Ferguson (30)	2222212222—12		

No. 4, 10 birds, $5: Jones 8, Herrington 8, Ferguson 10, Green 10, Morfey 9, Greiff 10.

No. 5, 10 birds, $5: Batch 10, Jones 10, Wright 10.

No. 6 10 birds, $5:

Batch	0122202122—8		1122022222—8
Wright	2222222121—10		0212211112—9
Jones	2022202200— 6		0200022222—6

No. 7, $1, miss and out:

Wright	110	1	1111121
Jones	212	0	10
Morfey	20	1	1211110

North Adams Gun Club.

NORTH ADAMS, Mass., Sept. 23.—Inclosed please find a few scores of the North Adams Gun Club, recently organized. We are all beginners at trap-shooting, and our scores are as a result rather low. We have had but a few days' practice since starting the organization.

Sept. 2.—No. 1, 10 birds: Clement 2, McHale 0, Goodrich 4, Giddings 2

No. 2, 10 birds: Clement 4, McHale 1, Goodrich 1, Giddings 5.

No. 3, 10 birds: Clement 3, McHale 1, Goodrich 1, Giddings 5

Sept. 7.—No. 1, 10 birds: McCraw 0, Clement 5, McHale 0, Hervey 1, French 3, Giddings 4.

No. 2, 10 birds: McCraw 0, Clement 3, McHale 1, Hervey 1, French 1, Giddings 3.

No. 3, 10 birds: McCraw 6, Clement 3, McHale 6, Hervey 3, French 2, Giddings 3.

Sept 11.—No. 1, 10 birds: McCraw 2, Goodrich 1, McHale 1, Giddings 5.

No. 2, 10 birds: McCraw 3, Goodrich 1, McHale 4, Giddings 6.

Sept. 14.—No. 1, 10 birds: McHale 3, Hervey 0, French 0, Giddings 3, Goodrich 2

No. 2, 10 birds: McHale 3, Hervey, Jr., 0, French 0, Giddings 4.

No. 3, 10 birds: McHale 4, Hervey, Jr., 1, French 2, Giddings 7.

No. 4. 10 birds: C. McHale 5, Hervey 0, French 1, Giddings 1.

No 5, 10 birds: McHale 5, Goodrich 4, Giddings 6.

Sept. 19.—No 1, 10 birds: Clement 5, Roberts 4, Giddings 5.

No. 2, 10 birds: Clement 7, Roberts 4, Giddings 4.

Sept 21—No. 1, 15 birds: Hervey 3, French 5, F. Goodrich 7, McHale 8, Giddings 5.

No. 2, 15 birds: F. Goodrich 7, McHale 9, French 1, Hervey 3, Giddings 10, Briggs 1. G.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Tour to the South via Pennsylvania Railroad.

THE last of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's very attractive early Autumn tours to the South will start from New York in a special train of parlor cars on Oct. 8

The tour covers a period of ten days, and includes the battle-field of Gettysburg, picturesque Blue Mountain, Luray Caverns, the Natural Bridge, Grottoes of the Shenandoah, the cities of Richmond and Washington, and Mt. Vernon.

The round-trip rate, including all necessary expenses, is $55 from New York, $53 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For detailed itinerary apply to Ticket Agents or to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Room 411, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

Peer's Camp Range.

CHAS. A. GRAHAM, of Louisville, Ky., writes of Peer's Folding Camp Range:

"I am very much pleased with it. It is just what is needed with an ordinary camp outfit. I spent five weeks in Michigan this summer, and when I left I was afraid that the weak point in the range was that it would sink in the sand under the weight of, say, a heavy kettle of water to heat. I came to the conclusion, however, that you knew what you were about, and found no difficulty in that respect. It is easy to carry, and very much shortens the time required for the cooking of a meal in the woods, and it will be a permanent addition to my outfit."

Montgomery Ward's Catalogue.

MESSRS MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., who conduct one of the largest mail order businesses in the world, have just issued a new catalogue for the fall and winter of 1895-96. This is No. 58 of "The Buyer's Guide," and it will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents to partly pay postage or expressage. As the book weighs 40oz. it will be seen that it costs considerably more than this to send it. It contains 625 pages, prices, and describes 40,000 different articles, and has 10,000 illustrations.

Adjustable Seat.

Boyd's Adjustable Revolving Seat for hunting and fishing is a great promoter of comfort. It provides, in the first place, a water-tight box for shells or tackle, and also a comfortable seat, which may be automatically adjusted to various heights and which will revolve at pleasure. James Boyd, 342 Iglehart street, St. Paul, Minn., the patentee and manufacturer, will send full particulars upon application.

Defender.

MESSRS. EDWARD SMITH & Co., of New York, who furnished the inside and outside varnish for the Defender, have issued a handsome photogravure of the yacht suitable for framing. The picture shows Defender in a full sail breeze, and is one of the most attractive views we have seen.

"The Boys

HAVE something to say about Dixon's Pure Flake Graphite" is the title of a little book sent out by the Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., of Jersey City, giving the opinions of railroad engineers regarding the lubricating value of Ticonderoga pure flake graphite.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. F. T., New York.—Would you kindly inform me through you paper where you think the best place would be to get off at on Long Island for the deer shooting. Is Smithtown a good place, and could accommodation be secured there for the week? Ans.—No deer hunting on the Island this year. See the law.



It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where WE get back a good deal more than cost of catalogue and postage.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,

18 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

MARSTERS HAS WORMS.

Sand Worms, 12c. per dozen. White or Blood Worms, 25c. per dozen.

I am with you again with lower prices for Fishing Tackle. I find by experience that putting down the prices and increasing the quality, increases my business every year.

One lot of Split Bamboo Fly and Bass Rods will be sold at 98c until all are sold. These Rods are all nickel mounted, solid reel seats, beaded butts, silk wound. Extra tip. Complete in wood form and cloth bag, and will give satisfaction. Lengths and weights of Fly Rods are: 9ft, 6oz; 9½ft. 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz; 10½ft., 7½oz; 11ft., 8oz. **Reel seats below hand.** Lengths and weights of Bass Rods are: 8½ft., 9oz; 9ft., 10oz; 9½ft. 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz.; 10½ft., 14oz; reel seats above hand. Any of the above rods sent by mail on receipt of price and 30c. extra for postage.

No. H.—A special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, multiplying reel, with balance handle and side spring click, 40yds. 68c.; 60yds, 78c; 80yds., 88c.; 100yds., 98c. Any of the above reels sent by mail on receipt of price and 10c. extra for postage.

No. E—Special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, click reels, 40yds., 48c.; 60yds., 58c. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 5c extra for postage.

No C—Special lot of extra fine nickel plated, raised pillar, multiplying reels with click and drag, and screw off oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds, 68c; 80yds., 78c; 100yds, 88c.; 150yds., 98c.

Single gut leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c per doz; 3yds, 60c per doz. Double gut leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. per doz. Hand twisted treble gut leaders, 3ft long, 10c each, 90c. per doz.

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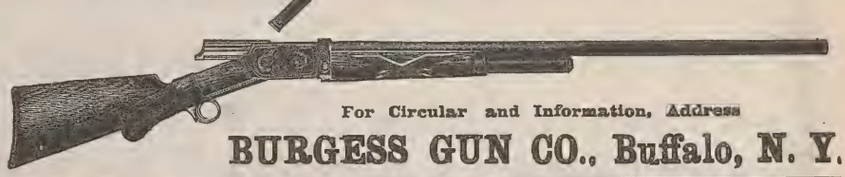


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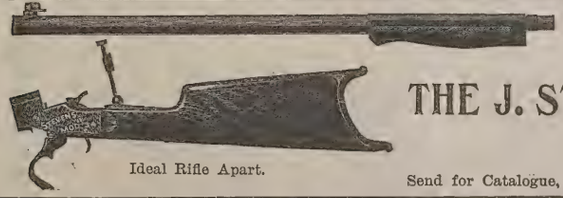
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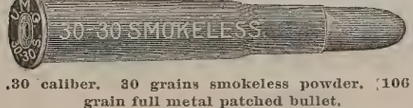
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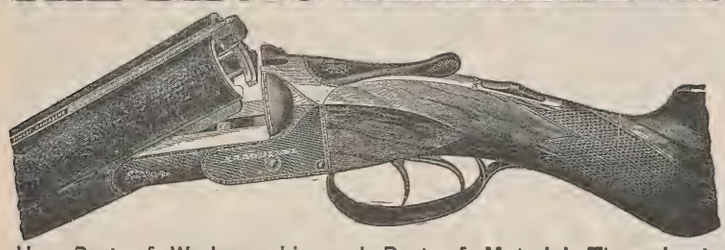
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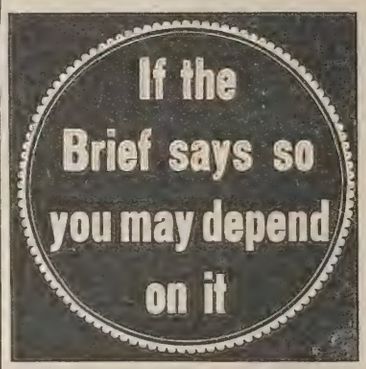
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BASS FISHING AT BLOCK ISLAND.



JACKSNIPE COMING IN.



VIGILANT AND VALKYRIE.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1895.

VOL. XLV.—No. 15. No. 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

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REVOLVER PRACTICE FOR THE NEW YORK POLICE.

THE Board of Police Commissioners of New York city are about to adopt in part the suggestions made by FOREST AND STREAM last July for familiarizing the force with the use of their revolvers. The need of some system of practice has long been apparent, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that heretofore the police force with relation to its firearms has been more of a menace to peaceable citizens than a power to restrain the unruly. Compared with the long night stick the revolver has had little moral effect where the criminal classes are concerned.

While FOREST AND STREAM is thoroughly in sympathy with the action of the Police Board, we do not think the system they have decided upon for practice will be as conducive to practical results as the plan at first proposed. It differs in two important respects. The target to be used will be the ordinary Creedmoor target, of sufficient size to meet the requirements of novices in the art of revolver shooting, and the time for shooting any string will be unlimited. FOREST AND STREAM proposed a time limit of at least one minute for strings of five shots and a target the size and shape of an average man, which was to be divided into three sections—head and chest, trunk and arms and legs, and values given to shots on these, parts relative to their deadliness.

In view of the results to be accomplished we still believe this to be the better plan, inasmuch as it reproduces actual conditions much more closely than the other, and as it is calculated to teach the policeman both the limitations of his weapon and its effective use in cases of emergency in the most easily comprehended way, and also in the shortest possible time. It would have the further advantage of giving him some idea of anatomy, and after he had learned to make good scores under the original conditions, the rating could be reversed, so that crippling shots would gain a higher percentage than those likely to be fatal, and in this way the cause of humanity would be served.

The ordinary rifle or revolver target is a very deceptive thing even to the practiced eye when the range is unknown. To a man squinting along the sights of a revolver there is little difference in the appearance of a target 4×6ft. in size at a distance of 50yds. and of one 10×14in. at a distance of 10yds. The one thing that interests him about the target is its appearance relative to his front sight. The actual distance, which for all practical purposes is a much more important factor, is a matter of little moment after his sights have been properly adjusted. This is one of the main reasons for the fact, so well known to sportsmen who handle the rifle, that target-shooting and actual hunting are very widely separated—that a man may be a good shot at a target and his accomplishment stand him in poor stead when he comes to shoot at game.

It therefore seems not unlikely that the policeman may be trained to be a reliable shot at the target and still be worth very little as a marksman under conditions of actual service. A target at any distance is a very different looking thing from a man, and the policeman may practice a long time at the target without getting much idea of how big a man would look through his sights, or where to hold at various ranges to compensate for the vicious recoil of his treacherous weapon.

And here lies the essential difference between the two systems; on the one hand, in the man target the policeman is given a standard with which he is familiar and a training that will clear up in his mind just those points he needs to be enlightened upon, while on the other hand he is taught something he has to unlearn every time he brings his revolver into actual service.

We believe that the time limit has a very practical value, as it is of the utmost importance that a policeman should know how to shoot effectively upon instant notice. Criminals and mad dogs must be stopped quickly if they are to be stopped at all, else the policeman would better reserve his fire.

To train the police to be passable marksmen at the target will be, in our opinion, only half doing the thing. What they need is a training which shall reproduce as nearly as possible the actual conditions they are likely to encounter.

A VANISHED HERO.

IN the mechanical world the passing away of the muzzleloader and the advent of the breechloader simply marked transitional stages in the mechanical evolution of firearms, a mere incident in the multitude of incessant changes taking place in the mechanical world, a necessity in the march of progress. In the world at large, however, the introduction of the breechloader had a much wider and more potent significance. The breechloading rifle soon cleared the element of danger from the atmosphere of the wilderness and opened up that vast area to the uses of civilized man.

But the muzzleloader was not driven out instantly. It contested the field stanchly, though steadily losing ground. It had the prestige of long use and valiant deeds. It was endeared by associations of success at the target, of trusty service in time of deadly peril, of pleasant associations afield. It was a friend whose life and peculiarities were known. It had antecedents. It had character.

But regardless of sentiment or partial judgments, in the march of progress there must be change; the good must yield to the better, the weaker force must yield to the stronger, and all things rejected from the uses of men must sink into the oblivion which comes from perpetual disuse.

But of the work which the hardy pioneer, trapper, miner, hunter and adventurer were able to accomplish with the aid of the breechloading rifle and fixed ammunition in preparing the wilderness for man's peaceful pursuits, often contending against fierce beasts and savage man, history has many times recounted.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon this phase of the subject, but another though less direct phase is worthy of more than passing attention; that is, the effect of the breechloader upon the literature of the country. In this respect it wrought a great change also. Its destructiveness was so great that at one swoop it wiped out the materials of the romantic school which pitched its action, scenes and adventures in the American wilderness.

Had the breechloader been in use at the time of which Cooper wrote, the charming Leather-Stocking tales would never have been written, and the same is true of all similar tales, although of many of them it can truly be said that if they had never been written the world would have been a gainer by it.

In literature the limited power of the muzzleloading rifle, with its cumbersome accessories of powder horn, bullet pouch, patches, ramrod and flint lock or percussion caps, supplemented with the hunting knife in times of desperate need, gave the writer every opportunity to bring the personality of the hero into conspicuous play. The author of fiction in particular revelled in the personal prowess of his hero. If death did not result from the first shot the whole *dramatis personæ* then came into action, the hero went to the front and all the complexities and perils began to swirl. If the hero or the villain had had a repeater and fired eight or ten shots in rapid succession, a few deaths would have resulted and the action of the story would have ceased. The physical prowess of the hero would, at the same time, have had no play.

It was an easy matter for the novelist to balk the one shot of the muzzleloader. A twig in the line of flight deflected the bullet; the cap, being damp, failed to explode; the victim stumbled at the moment and the bullet went hurtling and whistling over his head. At the worst, if a man were killed it was but one character gone, and such in no wise affected the unity of the story. But the shot being fired, or the besetting dangers being too many for the hero to face, his physical powers and mental cunning came into play against the like opposing powers—the rifle, or bow and arrow, or captivity, being a constant menace and a possible danger, a spur to the most desperate effort. Were the hero hotly pursued by savages or maddened panthers or grizzly bears, he loaded his rifle as he ran; and this shot failing, the author had in reserve a most thrilling description of a desperate knife fight. The hero, ambidextrous if necessary, made such rapid play, had such wonderful bodily activity, so clear an eye, and judgment and generalship so just, that a squad of charging Indians against him were no match for his lightning thrusts and bodily shiftiness. But in the event that it was desired that he be overmatched, then there was the long run through the woods with the relentless pursuers madly on his trail; the fleet runner who led his fellows; the turning back of the hero to give the leader battle; the desperate encounter which ended barely in time for the hero to resume his flight; the desperate leap of the chasm or plunge into the deep torrents when nature had been strained to her utmost, and the escape.

And the breechloader changed all this. It wiped out the physical prowess of the hero and all its festooning of romance. In an encounter it put the physically slight man on an equality with the giant, all else being equal. The old school of literature was then a further impossibility. As to comparing the old literature of the wilderness with the new, it cannot be done, for the breechloader soon ended the wilderness and made it the home of men. But of the old literature, the best of it is not without interest and merit. While the breechloader accomplished a great good in opening up a vast country for man's habitation, who is there who does not regret the passing away of the wilderness and its literature?

SNAP SHOTS.

WE begin the publication to-day of a new series of chapters in the life history of Uncle Lisha Peggs, Samuel Lovel, Solon Briggs, Pelatiah Gove and those other personages of Danvis in Vermont who have taken their places among the worthies of the Green Mountain State, and have been given lasting fame by the magic of Mr. Robinson's pen. The former series, "Uncle Lisha's Shop," "Sam Lovel's Camps" and "Danvis Folks," originally printed in our columns, are reckoned among the classics not only of sportsmen's literature, but of New England life. In this new series we shall look in on Uncle Lisha in his camps on the Little Otter marshes on Lake Champlain, and the incidents and human nature to be chronicled will prove not less entertaining than those that have gone before.

There is our contributor, O. H. Hampton. Follow his example. When he comes across a good game country where there is something left for another, he sits down at his next stopping place and writes about it to the FOREST AND STREAM. Do likewise. If you know where there is good shooting, tell of it in these pages. There are those who want to know all about it. When we were moved to write a paragraph the other day about the busy folks who with all their press and push of work find time now and then to go into the woods with a gun or to cast a line where the bass lurks in the lake, we had Mr. Hampton in mind among others. We ought all of us to admire his good sense in going shooting when he can, and to be grateful to him for demonstrating, as he does so well by precept and example, that "you don't have to be chained to business all the time if you don't want to be."

The extreme drought which has prevailed over large areas of the country has seriously affected shooting conditions. Covers which usually contain woodcock and grounds where snipe are looked for have been so parched that it is useless to look to them for a solitary bill. The foliage, too, is withering up, and the autumn has not in store for those who go afield the gorgeous coloring which makes so much of a tramp in October.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.

I.—Planning the Campaign.

THE company in Uncle Lisha's shop, after discoursing of hunting and lamenting the decrease of game, lapsed into a meditative silence, which was broken at last by Sam Lovel's deep-toned, deliberate voice.

"I tell ye what, I'm jest a hankerin' tu go daown tu Leetle Otter Crik, a duck-huntin'. Don't ye remember, Antwine, what a mess on 'em the' was, a hengin' 'raound that spring we was a trappin? The' must be sights on 'em there in the fall, when the wild oats is ripe."

The Canadian grunted emphatic assent without interrupting the energetic pulls at a pipeful of damp tobacco, till it was in full blast, then he gave further testimony.

"Yas, seh, dey was great many dauk dat tam, but naow dey was two dauk quarrly for every wil' hoat, an' dey was more as honded taousan' bushil wil' hoat."

"That's ruther more'n I should ha' sot 'em at," said Uncle Lisha, punching a hole in a patch with a crooked awl and inserting the bristle of a waxed end. "But I've seen slews on 'em on the ma'shes, an' I do' know's you're lyin' much, for you, Antwine. Why don't ye go, Samwil, you an' Solen an' Jozeff an' Peltier an' 'mongst ye? Ye might jest as well as not, right arter ye git y'r corn cut up, an' stay a good spell 'fore tater diggin'.

"Bah, gosh! Ah'll go, me," cried Antoine, "Ah'll can show you haow for shot de dauk! Ah'll was be preffick mans for kill dauk, me."

"Me an' yer father an' the women folks c'ld git along wi' the chores, julluck rollin' off'm a lawg," Uncle Lisha continued without noticing the Canadian's self-invitation, "an' I don't see as there's nothin' tu hender ye goin'."

Sam pondered the proposition for a considerable time before he replied with a question.

"Why won't you go, Uncle Lisher? The chores hain't no gret, an' I c'ld git Billy Wiggins tu help du 'em."

"Me go?' said Uncle Lisha, casting a quick glance on Sam to see if he meant what he was saying. "Good airth an' seas! I'm tew ol' tu go skylarkin' 'raound wi' a passel o' boys! I should jest sp'ile the rest on ye's fun. Better take yer father, Samwil."

"You couldn't snaike him daown there wi' a yoke o' oxen. He'd a sight druther stay 'long wi' the women folks. You wouldn't spile no fun an' if we settle on goin' you got tu go tew."

"Yas seh, you jes' good leetly boy as we was Onc', Lisha," Antoine declared for his further encouragement.

The old man sat meditating for some time with idle hands upon his knees before he answered:

"Wal, the' hain't no denyin' but what I'd luf tu. I use tu squirmish 'raound them ma'shes consid'able when I was a 'whippin' the cat' daown there thirty year ago. An' I sh'ld luf tu see the folks. I p'sume tu say the's some 'at haint fergot me yit. But I guess I'd ortu stay tu hum an' help yer father an' the women folks." He heaved a sigh of resignation and gave the patch a resolute punch with the awl.

"You needn't let that hender ye," said Pelatiah Gove, "for I c'n turn tu an' help 'm if the's any extry job."

"Why, you'll go 'long wi' us, Peltier," said Sam.

Pelatiah shook his head in slow but determined negation. "No, I don't want to go—not down there," and they all knew why.

"Wal, you'll go, Jozeff?" Sam asked.

The first response was a dubious squeak of the rickety chair as Joseph Hill shifted his position in slow perturbation of spirit, and then as he leaned cautiously aside to inspect his unstable seat, assuring himself in an undertone, "I ruther guess 't won't, not yit," he answered:

"Wal, I s'pose I'd ortu, an' then again I s'pose I hedn't ortu. I'd ortu go an' git rested up, which I hain't hed no chance sence hayin'. Then again the's lot tu du 'at I hain't seemed to git 'raound tu, an' father he's kinder peaked, do' know but he's sorter failin', do' know's I ever see him quite so docyle. An' I do' know as M'ri an' Bub c'ld git along wi' the chores erless they c'n punch that 'ere 'Lige Kellick tu help 'em some, they can't never git him up tu in the mornin', the lazy shote. But I do' know 's father'd let me hev his gun, if Bub 'ld spare it, he's a whangin' 'raound wi' 't ev'y chance he gits. But if the ducks is as thick as you tell on it seems 's 'ough a feller c'ld git feathers 'nough tu fill a tick, an' that's jest what M'ri wants. I got tu make that the main p'int in talkin' on 't over with M'ri, an' I can't answer fer sartain until I du, but I'm hopesin' the feathers 'll fetch her."

"An' what du you say, Solen?" Sam asked.

Solon Briggs heaved a sigh so deep that it served to clear his throat as well as to express regret.

"Well, I'm obleeged tu say that my goin' on sech a taower has got tu be forewent, because I have heretobefore gin my bonafied promise tu Mis' Briggs, betwixt hoein's, tu take her over tu Adams to visit her folks, if she'd wait till after hayin', which she hevin' done so, I can't intricate myself aout on, hon'able."

"I s'pose not," Sam admitted, "but I s'pect all onus 'at goes hev got tu talk aour women folks raound fust. They gen'ally hev objections tu stag parties. If it hain't the work 'at ortu be done, it's your health. Stag parties is turrible onhealthy."

"Bah gosh," said Antoine, straightening and swelling himself to his greatest dimensions and speaking in a big voice, "when Ah'll took notion Ah'll goin' somewhere, mah hwomans make off hees min' Ah'll goin', an' ant said nothing 'f he aint want hees head slap."

"Wal," Solon said, "my idee is 'at moral persuasion goes furder'n rambumptiousness in argyin' wi' femaline folks."

"Antwine's got the advantage o' most on us," Sam explained, "in hevin' of him a he wife 'at's twicte as big as what he is."

"O, Sam, no he an't, too. Ah tol' you, seh Ah'll took it w'en he was young an' Ah'll brought it up for suit me, not hesef. An't you see, Hein?"

"Wal, I cal'late the truth on't is, she's glad tu git red on ye as often as she ken," Uncle Lisha said as he rubbed down the seam with the handle of the awl.

"It 'pears 'ough aour huntin' party was simmered daown tu Uncle Lisher an' Jozeff an' Antwine an' me, anyways, for Peltier won't an' Solon can't an' mebby the' can't none on us, not for sartain 'fo 'fore we find aout what aour women folks says. But s'posin' we du go, we want tu borry Peltier's scaow boat—over 't the pond, haint it, Peltier?—for Uncle Lisher an' Jozeff, an' me an' Antwine 'll hev my canew, an' we c'n lwud them an' aour tent promiscuous ontu a waggin an' drive daown within tew rod o' where we camped when we went fishin' an' git aour team kep' somewher's nigh."

"Why, Samwil, you've got us so nigh there a'ready, I can e'enamost smell the camp-fire," said Uncle Lisha.

"We don't want tu kerry no gre't var'ty o' pervisions," Sam continued, "jest some pork an' taters an' a leetle smidgin o' bread tu start on—we c'n buy bread o' the folks daown there when we git aoutan', le' me see—"

"An' onion, Ah'll drudder not have had anyt'ing as not had onion, me."

"Of course, so's 't you c'n be strong whilst we suffer," said Sam, and went on enumerating the necessaries of the trip. "An' a slew o' paowder an' shot an' caps an' waddin' an' blankets an' lemme se what else?"

"Why, Samwil, you goin' tu du julluk t'other feller 'at went a-huntin'? He got already tu start wi' his ammernition lwuded intu his pockets, an' tu make sure he hedn't forgot nothin' he went over 'em all. 'Here's my shot,' says he, a-saippin' his hand on one pocket, 'an' there's my paowder,' a-puttin' his han' on another, 'an' there's my caps. All right,' an' off he went till he come tu the woods an' a pa'tridge a-stan'in' on a lawg, not six rod off. 'By thunder!' says he, 'I hev forgot suthin', an' it's my gun.'"

"Yes," Sam said, "guns might be hendy an' we'll have us some, an' le' me see—"

"We want tu kerry a gre't big bag tu put them 'ere feathers in," said Joseph Hill; "I do' know as sech an almighty gre't bag, but a tol'lable middlin'-sized sort o' bag, but I've got tu kerry a bag for 'em if I don't kerry nothin' else, 'cause the heft o' my argyment lays in them feathers. An' Samwil an' Uncle Lisher," he leaned far forward and spoke in a loud, impressive whisper which was emphasized by a prolonged creak of the unstable chair, "you don't want tu say nothin' 'baout it tu your women folks, 'cause they'd up an' tell M'ri' an' then daown 'ould go my shanty." He settled back in his seat with spasmodic chuckles, to which the chair responded with a series of short squeaks, then its legs began to slip and sprawl apart; there was a gathering sound of splitting and breaking wood fibers, till with a final crash and resounding bump chair and occupant went down to the floor together.

"I'm almighty glad on 't," Uncle Lisha roared, almost like an echo of the brief sudden uproar. "I wish't it had bruk two year ago, the dumb'd squeakin' thing. Open the stove door, Peltier, an' chuck in the pieces 'fore some tarnal fool sets tu mendin' it. Hurt ye any, Jozeff?"

"Wal, not ra'ly," Joseph answered, looking helpless and foolish as he sat amid the ruins. "I sod daown a little sollider 'an I cal'lated tu, an' it jarred me some, an' I b'lieve I bit my tongue, seems 's 'ough."

"Where was de litlin' struck?" Antoine asked; and Aunt Jerusha appearing at the door of the kitchen, cried out in a tremor of anxiety:

"What in the livin' airth! Has the stove fell daown? Lisher Peggs, be you hevin' a fit?"

"It's that dumb'd chair, an' I'm glad on 't."

"It's fort'nate 'at the linter hain't un lerminded by no suller," said Solon, as he viewed the wreck, "or Jozeff might have been promulgated into the dep's."

"Sam Hill!" Joseph ejaculated, as he began to push aside the wreckage with deliberate hands preparatory to rising. "Ef that wan't a kerwollups! Wal, I guess I'll g' hum an' kinder begin tu hint tu M'ri 'baout the feathers. Don't seem 's 'ough I sod daown on none that time sca'cely." And as he went forth the other visitors departed after him.

MAINE GAME NOTES.

Jock Darling.

JOCK DARLING is a representative of the old type of hunters and pioneers that is fast disappearing, and which in a few years will be a thing of the past. Born and brought up under the shadow of Maine's pine trees, he has that intimate sense of acquaintance with nature that comes to few, and I doubt if a man more at home in the woods could be found. He is a master of all the intricacies of woodcraft and hunting, and a man of great originality.

Though sixty-five years of age he stands erect and his step is springy and tireless. Even now you can't get Jock to ride over a road if there is a chance to walk. His features are clear cut, of the old Roman type, and betoken determination and resource. In manner he is gentlemanly and obliging. He is a good conversationalist, possessing a fund of interesting anecdote and reminiscence, and as a companion in the woods he is the same the last day as the first, and I know of no greater tribute.

Jock has his own ideas on the game laws and the manner of their enforcement, and his honest convictions have caused him to run foul of the wardens more than once, but no man has a greater respect for law and order. He holds the office of first selectman in his native town, which shows the regard of those best situated to know him, and as a game warden he has a long and enviable record.

Next to his many-sided knowledge of woodcraft the thing that impressed me most about Jock Darling was his great ingenuity. He has not only learned what other woodsmen know, but also, through his quick-wittedness, he has acquired an extra power over nature which is entirely original.

A single instance will suffice to explain what I mean. Tired and wet one winter's evening he came to a deserted lumber camp, where he proposed to spend the night. His first requisite for comfort was a fire, but when he examined his matches he found that all were wet, and that the heads came off without producing a light.

Another man in his predicament would have spent a cheerless night, but the dilemma only set Jock's wits a-working. He had heard of fire being produced by friction, and this principle furnished him a working basis.

Inside the camp was a "deacon seat"—a plank bench supported by four rude legs cut from saplings—and Jock set to work to whittle a smooth groove in its side. When he had finished this to his liking he procured a cedar stick that nearly fitted the groove and rubbed it briskly backward and forward. Soon he had the bench smoking hot, and placing one of his matches in the groove began the drying process. By repeating this a number of times he succeeded in getting the match so dry that it was no trouble at all to start a fire.

This is only a circumstance to some of the obstacles Jock has overcome in the woods. In fact, he does not recognize obstacles except to get the better of them. If he wants a piece of cord he takes it from a cedar or basswood tree. The woods afford him shelter, bedding, means of transportation (by water at least), food for sustaining life and a thousand other things as well.

When one sees a man so thoroughly the master of the situation it seems hard to realize how some people will get lost and starve, and suffer cold and hardship in the same woods that are such a generous storehouse of gifts to the one who has the key.

Jock About the Camp.

Jock not only does a lot of difficult things, but he also does everything well, even if it is so simple a thing as building a fire or pitching a tent. I found this out the first day in camp as I watched him do the two things mentioned. As soon as the wagon which had brought our boats and outfit, the first stage of the journey, disappeared, Jock proceeded to erect the tent, and the programme thus inaugurated was at every future camp rigidly adhered to—shelter first, grub afterward.

Jock cut his poles a little longer than necessary. After he had sharpened the two uprights at the bottom he proceeded to trim out the crotch designed to hold the ridge pole and this he did in a masterly way, supporting the pole in one hand and wielding his light axe with the other. He changed the V which nature had given to a full U shape by means of adroit cuts with the inside edge of the axe delivered over the upper arm of the crotch, and he finished by trimming the points short so as not to punch holes in the tent roof.

Taking the uprights in both hands he drove them into the ground by successive blows till they were sufficiently steady to stand erect, after which he took them down. He inserted the ridge pole in its proper position in the tent and then from the inside fitted the ends to the crotches. It only remained to raise the uprights and place them in the holes in the ground which had been prepared and to anchor the tent to convenient trees or roots, lacking which pegs were used.

Having pitched the tent satisfactorily and gotten our things under it, including some straw, which in the absence of balsam was used our first night in camp for bedding, Jock made his preparations for supper.

As a preliminary he procured two dry logs which he placed side by side. Next he cut huge chips from a seasoned stump near by, some of which he whittled with his knife into a series of long shavings, grouped like the feathers in a rooster's tail. These he arranged between the parallel logs, heaping up the other pieces above. He applied a lighted match to the shavings and thirty seconds after had as good a fire as heart could wish.

To satisfy our woods appetites Jock was compelled to bake bread for every meal. I knew his bread was good, but I was a little surprised to hear a practical cook of the other sex acknowledge that she had never eaten anything better. How this lady came to taste his bread I do not know, but she said that she had and that her opinion was based on the actual thing. Jock mixed his own flour—and I don't know what went into it, except that I saw him once direct a thin stream of pork fat from the frying pan into the dough—but it was good bread and wholesome. And in this regard I think my word should carry weight, for I lived off Jock's bread for ten days and came out of the woods a better man than I went in.

When Jock came to bake the bread he had to rearrange his fire, so as to get from it a direct outward heat.

Sometimes he would accomplish this by setting up perpendicular splinters of dry wood against a back log, while at other times he arranged them horizontally. The effect



JOCK AND THE STONE DOG.

was always the same—a glowing fiery mass that sent great waves of heat into the open front of the oven and that baked the thin bread to the core.

Jock cooked other things at the fire—one day it was a mixture of resin and boiled oil, designed to make his new canoe watertight. I asked him how he was going to apply this, and he replied: "With the only brush I've got." That paint brush proved to be his naked hand, and a good brush it was, and a good job he made of the canoe.

So much for Jock about the camp.

Moose Facts and Theories.

Jock is a most interesting conversationalist on topics pertaining to the woods, and you may be sure that what he says is the result of his own experiences. He dislikes to talk from hearsay, and when he tells you there are three kinds of yellow lilies in the Maine streams, you are morally certain that the knowledge came to him at first hand and that he can back it up. He does not confine himself to his facts, however, but generalizes from them and puts them to interest.

Years ago, when he was a young man, Jock hunted through the wildest portions of Maine for moose. One year he killed a hundred of these great animals. He would not do it again if he had the opportunity, but in those days things were very different, and the moose had no extrinsic value such as the sportsman has since given it.

In the fall of the year in question he killed twenty-six moose for the market, all of which were put to good use in supplying meat to the settlements. As the winter advanced a party of Canada Indians came into Jock's hunting country, which was no great distance from the spot where he told the story, and began an indiscriminate slaughter for the hides alone.

The game seemed certain of extermination, and not willing to see the Indians get all the profits, Jock took



BACKWOODS BREAD BAKING.

a hand also. Before spring he had secured seventy-five moose hides—a statement which contains a volume in itself. Most of the moose of course were killed in the yards, and it is a wonder that any of the race survived.

Parenthetically Jock remarks that moose are at any time of year much easier to kill than deer, provided you can find them. He says that on two occasions he shot four moose in succession from the same spot with a muzzle-loading rifle. He dropped each moose with a single shot, and the others stood and looked on while he measured his powder and rammed home the ball designed for their special benefit.

In connection with the abundance of moose Jock told of the scarcity of deer. In fact there were no deer at all in the Sebois country at the time of which he spoke. Moose and caribou had the region entirely to themselves.

The wolves even had followed the deer further east and south. Around the settlements the deer led an unenviable life. Harassed on one side by the ever hungry wolves and on the other by scarcely less bloodthirsty men who killed by the wholesale on the crust, they were thirty years ago nearly exterminated. Darling says that he traveled on the snow once for a week through what had been one of the best deer ranges in Maine and only saw the tracks of three deer. The wolves and crust-hunters between them had made a clean sweep.

This very depletion of their numbers proved the salvation of the remaining deer. The wolves migrated to better hunting grounds, and public sentiment was aroused against crust-hunting, with all its cruelty and wastefulness. One incentive for this style of hunting had been the open market for venison at any time of year.

A rigid close season, which included the months of heavy snows, made illegal venison unmarketable, except perhaps to the lumber camps and in small quantities, and thus one of the greatest channels for the drain was closed.

The law limiting the number of deer killed by any one man was a deterrent upon skin-hunting. And so by degrees the situation improved until to-day the deer are far more abundant in most localities than they ever were in the history of the State.

The great increase in the number of deer began twenty years ago, and Darling thinks it was due in a measure to immigration from some section further west. He argues that the breeding stock left in the State was not sufficient to account for the great and miraculous increase that took place, and that it must have been due to some extraneous source.

When the wolves migrated the deer moved into the moose range, and to-day they are as abundant there as elsewhere. The only limit to their increase seems to be the amount of food available. The number killed by hunting, both legal and illegal, has not apparently as yet checked the increase.

A Dog With a Fad.

The dog shown with Jock in the illustration belonged to Brown, the driver who carried us back in the woods. She was a most intelligent animal, and possessed an exuberant store of vitality. She also was mistress of an abnormal appetite for stones—not that she actually ate them, but she always carried one in her mouth like a quid of tobacco, or perhaps in deference to her sex I had better say "a portion of chewing gum."

When we learned to know her better we found that this little idiosyncrasy of hers was a direct result of her exuberant spirits, and that she carried the stones to play with them. Her owner pointed out a lump on her forehead that he said she received by failing to catch in her mouth a stone thrown her; and her teeth were much the worse for wear as a result of her over-enthusiastic play.

For the first part of our journey she was content to have a little game of solitaire with the stones, which were only too abundant along the highway, but after a while she tired of this, and I noticed her looking wistfully at the wagon upon which we were riding. A little later I felt something slimy deposited on the seat beside me, and turning suddenly beheld the dog, her head cocked on one side, ears forward and eyes twinkling, ready to play the moment I should reach out my hand for the stone. I tossed the stone into the road, and in a moment she had jumped down and recovered it, and was back on the rapidly moving wagon.

Long before we reached our destination she was reduced to solitaire again, but her enthusiasm never waned. She stopped the game but once, and then she had provocation, for a large field mouse ran across her path. She dropped the stone then only long enough to bolt the mouse.

At Hay Brook Farm she was as full of play as ever, and the picture shows her just after she had sneaked up to Jock and laid a stone upon his knee. She has withdrawn to what in her opinion is a proper distance, and is ready for play.

It is interesting to note that a pup of hers at this same farm has inherited her love of playing with stones, but the mother is the friskiest and most indefatigable at the game.

Uncle Jock's Log Cabin.

After selling out at Nicatous, Darling began looking about for a new hunting country. He cannot rid himself of his love of the woods—that lies at the root of his nature—and though he could well afford to give up guiding and settle down, inaction and comfort have no charms for him.

Nothing could quite make up to him for the excitement of the chase, for his balsam bed at night or for his light canoe by day that knows and obeys his touch like a thing of life. Jock loves these too well to put up with the humdrum of civilization, and for an excuse to be in the woods he guides.

He has selected the Sebois country as being one of the best large game sections in Maine, and one of the few localities where moose, caribou and deer are all to be found in numbers.

He has secured a lease of a large tract of country about Grand Lake, and has nearly completed a roomy permanent camp near the outlet. This will be known as "Uncle Jock's Log Cabin," and will no doubt hereafter be the headquarters of many hunting parties. Though as yet uncompleted, I can picture it now, as I hope to see it this winter, with somber-colored carcasses of game hanging from its eaves—perhaps a moose, possibly only deer and caribou, maybe a bear in his coat of brilliant black—the whole garnished by festoons of partridges, and set off by a background of fleecy whiteness.

J. B. Burnham.



THE END OF THE CARRY, WORDLEY BROOK.

A DAY'S SPORT.

Mr. George W. Hatchett had, during his vacation in upper New York State, a rather remarkable experience with the fauna of that region.

"It seems almost a pity," said Mr. Hatchett, "that I was alone at the time. I am rather apt to understate things (Mr. H. is a drummer) and my horror of exaggeration, or of what might appear to be such, compels me to omit all account of my fishing."

My host at the little place where I stopped kindly gave me some valuable pointers (seeing I was from the city and inexperienced), and when I was starting for a day in the woods he thoughtfully fitted me out. A quantity of hard crackers, a piece of uncooked salt pork and a quart of molasses as indispensables, together with a package of ground coffee and a coffee pot, made a compact parcel he slung across my left shoulder. From my right shoulder he slung a hatchet, a frying pan, a coil of clothes line and a hand saw. He intrusted to me his own fowling piece, which he called a Queen's arm, with ammunition, and with kindly enthusiasm beaming from his eyes he wished me good luck, his honest wife and daughter coming to the doorway and almost laughing at my ardor.

Once into the trackless woods with my trusty weapon, I was alert for game, but for several hours trudged on seeing nothing. Suddenly in a glade just ahead I saw two grayish brown objects not far apart and instantly fired. My host must have put in a heavier charge than he intended, for there was a fearful report and the recoil of the piece nearly knocked me over, but I killed both animals, which I soon saw were woodchucks. At the sound of the report I noticed a reddish streak flash into the end of a fallen tree and I at once set to work with my saw and evened off the hollow end, then with stout stakes trimmed with my hatchet I securely barricaded the opening; imprisoning the fox, as I had no doubt it was, until I could come back and get him. My long tramp had made me hungry, so I built a fire, and with some crackers, fried pork and strong coffee had a good snack. I was smoking my third pipe when a crackling of dried twigs caused me to turn around and I saw two bears, an old one and a half grown cub, making toward me. Leaving my arms, provisions and implements I mounted into a tree, my coil of clothes line still across my shoulder. The bears at once began eating my crackers and pork and were particularly pleased with the molasses, which they licked from the bottle as one after the other they took it in their paws and upturned it. The big one was sitting up preparing to finish the bottle when I dropped a noose over her head and swayed away at the rope, which I had thrown over a limb above me. Gentlemen, I have sold a bill of goods to old C. up in Connecticut, but never, with that exception, did I have such a tussle. Indeed, without some assistance from the younger bear I might not have succeeded. He in his surprise and wrath grabbed the loose end of the rope, which had fallen to the ground, and yanked at it, thus materially aiding my efforts. The old one was finally done for, and while the young one was moving around her I slipped down from the tree and with a charge from the gun and a few blows with the hatchet finished him. I saw I would barely have time to get back to the house before nightfall, so I prepared to return. I now observed that the shaking of the branches in my struggle with the bear had created a disturbance in the tree. Bees in great numbers were buzzing around, and I had to dodge about to avoid being stung. It was, I saw, a bee tree. As nothing could be done till the next day, I made my way homeward and spent a restful evening arranging for the bringing in of the honey and game. I ticked off the results of my trip as follows: One-sixth dozen woodchucks, one-sixth dozen bears, one-twelfth dozen red foxes, one bee tree (E. and O. E.).

AN OUTING IN THE SIERRAS.—IV.

Glenbrook and Out.

On Aug. 12 I left the California part of Lake Tahoe, and in an hour the Meteor carried me to Glenbrook, Nevada, nearly opposite Tahoe City, and thirteen miles distant. Glenbrook is for the present at least a busy, thriving little town, with a most home-like inn kept by a lady from Maine.

There are stores, a number of good houses, schoolhouse, church, and what has made it, but will in the end let it die or live a feeble existence, a large saw-mill, that has perhaps more than any other factor contributed to the prosperity of the Comstock and other mines.

This mill is the property of a company of which Mr. Duane Bliss, my host and pleasant companion for a couple of days, is the president and general manager.

Beginning a quarter of a century ago, when the mountains—which encircle the lake—were covered with a magnificent forest of pines, cedars, firs, tamarack and other trees, this company having acquired many thousand acres began a most thorough course of exposing the rocks and crags and manufacturing romantic and grand scenery as well as timber, lumber and firewood. The timber is carried up a ten-mile railroad, built first along the edge of a cañon with a sharp rise, then crosses its head on trestles, then by a three-legged zigzag ascends the face of a mountain—on which a healthy goat would grow weary, about 1,000ft. in ten miles—to the summit. Here the lumber is cast into a twelve-mile flume; and the swift current of clear mountain snow and spring water shoots it down to Cañon City, built of it, whence it is distributed to Virginia and other cities; and millions of feet of timber go into the bowels of the earth to timber the mines, the firewood to furnish pump power and heat the cities of the mining region. Year after year the denudation has spread; peak after peak has thrust its naked head into visibility, and the border of available timber within paying distance has gone further away, until at another point on the lake shore it became necessary to build nearer to the supply another city, Bijou, with more railroad, and a long wharf over which to its end the railroad extends; and from it the logs are dumped into the lake, made into rafts, towed by the company's steamers to Glenwood, hauled out through the saw-mill and sent up the mountain and down the flume as were their predecessors. But a few years more and there will come an end. With no more trees within profitable distance there will be no more uses for the mill, the railroad and the flume. With them out of demand, no more work for the men, no more need of the houses, school-house and church, and Glenbrook and Bijou will be deserted villages. It is fortunate for those who must remain that the location is pleasant; and when pushed to it pleasant hotels may attract a share of the summer travel.

That afternoon Mr. Bliss invited me to a ride up the mountain on the railroad. I accepted with pleasure, but must confess that when given the choice between the cab and the cow-catcher my first thought was in favor of the cab, but when he remarked, "Here's my favorite seat," at the same time taking a seat across the head of the engine, I did not have courage enough to decline, and we mounted, using the cow-catcher to rest our feet. After a bit I began to enjoy it, with our backs against a guard on the front of the boiler—the entire horizon open to our view—and no dust. The ride up the two legs, when we went ahead, was exciting and very pleasant; but on the middle stretch where we had to back the heat was perceptible. We dashed ahead at good speed around mountain Cape Horn, over high trestles, along the edges of deep cañons, until we reached a table land or flat almost up to the summit, along which we ran quite a distance, and I wondered at the thrifty appearance of the grass. It is a cattle ranch.

On the whole, the ride up and down again from the flume will be long remembered.

After a pleasant dinner at his home I had a pleasant chat with Mr. Bliss and family. We had all been in China, Japan and India, and had much in common.

The next morning early the Emerald took us over to Bijou, 12 miles; then leaving us on the wharf, she tackled an immense raft of great logs to tow back, while we mounted this time the cab of the locomotive, backed down the wharf for our use, and started for Myers Station, 10 miles. This road, leading along a comparatively level route, along the base of mountains and edges of valleys in which many cattle were grazing, was less picturesque, but actually more dangerous than the Glenbrook road; for there were lots of chances for steers, cows or calves to be on the track. One such chance—and one only—has had a serious termination. A few years ago a suddenly awakened or startled calf lying unseen near the track jumped up and onto it, ditched the engine and killed two or three men. We went along very carefully, throttle in hand, and had no adventure.

Along the road there are branch roads and switches leading up cañons.

At Myers Station, which we reached at 9:30, a handsome pair of good and safe horses were hitched to a very comfortable buggy, and we started across the Sierras on the old stage road from Carson and Virginia City, the road over which so much treasure has been hauled, and immortalized by Bret Harte and other Western writers. The first three miles was a steady climb and a steep one, for we went up about a thousand feet in three miles; then at about 8,000ft. up, and from one of the highest of surmountable summits, we began our way down, reaching Strawberry, where we had a very excellent lunch at about noon. We lay off there until about 3 P. M., for it was blazing hot and the horses needed rest.

The little hotel is temptingly near the banks of the American River, and hot as it was I did not resist the temptation to put my rod together and make a few casts—a very few it turned out, for I did not, and ought not to have even expected to, get a strike. But there occurred something which brought to my notice a fact that I had not hitherto observed. In all of the work I had done at the high altitudes I had panted a great deal, but perspired very little. Here the reverse was the case. A hundred yards of tramping caused profuse perspiration, this at about 4,000 or 5 000ft.

The road, although so old, and according to the views of Mr. Bliss, who had gone over it often, now in bad shape, struck me as very fair, except for the dust. Going down a steep grade just before reaching Strawberry (and very glad that the horses were good holders back), Mr. Bliss told me that this was the identical hill made historic by the gallop down and by a short turn almost a countermarch over "Slippery Ford," given by Hank Monk to Horace Greeley years ago. There's a bridge over the river now, but the approach to it over bare rocks would no doubt, if wet, be slippery enough. I can readily believe that in his account of the occurrence Mr. Greeley did not exaggerate his emotions.

Several places were pointed out where more or less successful and historical "hold-ups" had occurred, and here and there where a grizzly had been encountered; but the great number of wagon loads of campers, men, women and children on their way in, and a goodly number of established camps in suitable locations, of a few adventurous bicyclers pushing their wheels before them up the hill, of women and children strung along and whipping the American River for trout, and of herds of calves and young cattle tranquilly cud chewing, and at no time a great distance apart dwelling houses, dairies, ranches and taverns, indicated that the danger of meeting either road agent or bear was at a minimum. Jack rabbits, California quail and hare we did meet in abundance, and no end of chipmunks.

We reached the Pacific House, thirty-nine miles from Myers Station, at 5:30 P. M., and there spent the night. I must give a free ad. to this hotel, simply this: I never in my life had in any country, at any resort for travelers, so excellent a supper and breakfast so splendidly prepared as those here given us by Mrs. Zimmerman—enough of everything for three times the capacity of Mr. Bliss and myself, and each course better than the other.

As the Pacific House was only about 50yds. from the bank of the American River, I thought I would try it again with my rod, but when I walked to the edge and looked down a steep almost up and down climb of about 300ft. I concluded, in remembrance of my climb up and sliding down the railroad embankment at Truckee, that I wouldn't. A half-pound fish would have been a heavy one before I got him up that bank.

In this vicinity the forest has been nearly obliterated, and fertile stock ranches and dairy farms have taken its place.

At 6 A. M the next day we got under way again, and after an eighteen-mile drive, so dusty with the ground-up, red, gold-bearing earth that all that had gone before seemed by contrast dustless, we at noon reached Placerville on the railroad, and bidding Mr. Bliss good-by my outing was at an end. In spite of the dust and heat I don't know that I have ever more enjoyed a drive. Mr. Bliss was thoroughly familiar with the country, and pointed out many places and scenes of which I had read, and snatches of Bret Harte's and Joaquin Miller's writings were being constantly recalled.

There were places where the road, wide enough for safety with a good team and skillful driver, had but little over, and the ravines below, the mountain sides above, were very close to our wheels. One place a forest fire, due to camper's carelessness, had landed the burning end of a great pine across a part of the track, and a slight shy by the horses would have precipitated us to a great depth; but at a word from their master they steadied down and we passed in safety. Again, near the Pacific House, we encountered a wash-out and had hardly a foot to spare. It was a grand ride of nearly sixty miles by carriage, eleven by railroad and twelve by boat, and a fitting termination to a delightful outing. Pisco.

GROUSE HUNTING IN PIKE COUNTY.

A trip at this time of the year through Monroe into Pike county, Pa., is particular interesting; and especially so to any one who has had business ties confine him in any of our large cities without rest or change during the entire hot summer now happily at an end.

But to the man who takes this trip in a comfortable wagon, behind a good pair of horses, with George Stiff (the pathfinder of Mount Pocono) as driver and guide, with a pet, set purpose in view, and the complete wherewith stowed away in the wagon, to carry out that purpose, it was delightful. A few nights of frost had tinted those old hills, and those vast slopes of green had changed, mottled here and there with a light yellow and red, as a warning to all nature of the closing of summer and the coming of fall. The robins and crows seemed to travel in company instead of alone, the mountain ash was perfection in its happy combination of colorings, red and green.

A six hours' drive from Mount Pocono brought us to our destination; the Promised Land (right in the center of glory). From out the wagon we secured our guns, ammunition, hunting clothes and George Stiff (he had been most carefully packed in), also a pair of young English setters. Ben Hadad was to begin his second season on grouse; and my little blue Belton, Countess Jennette, was to have her first whiff at these gay birds of the forest.

We found the Promised Land almost a deserted timber camp. Some years' chopping, drawing and sawing and forest fires have left little for the woodsman of this day to do. One house is, however, well occupied by sturdy Ed. Wilson, his good wife and six golden-haired children. The name of this place should be changed to Hunter's Paradise. A fine pond three miles long is full of gamy pickerel and other fish; wild ducks are in plenty, with often a bear, sometimes a deer, and grouse galore.

Grouse hunting in Pike county is all right for any one who can stand it. I cannot conscientiously recommend it as a health-giving pastime for the weak and weary of limb and body, nor the proper exercise for those suffering with the gout. Nor does a man need to be an all-around acrobat and athlete, but awfully near it. I will add, neither is it a good place for a man to learn to shoot. Learn to shoot first and go grouse hunting afterward, and see how little you actually know about the art. There is no "ready?" "right!" "pull," in grouse shooting. Mr. Grouse is essentially a bird of the brush, and he sticks pretty close to his native heath. I can prove that by the owner of that unknown wonder, Donald, who in the estimation of his master will surprise the dog world next year.

In this country one will find more fallen timber (always black), huge rocks (always on edge), bull briers (full grown), rhododendron thickets (proof even against cyclones and forest fires) to the acre than in any other part of this whole country. Many times one will hesitate whether to go over or under a particular log, and in many cases will decide to do both, and come out with a well-knit, close-fitting brier collar on and his religion just a point or two below par.

But even in this anti-watermelon growing country there are beautiful places, restful to mind and body alike—the mystic spring all alone on that great hillside, surrounded by a carpet of soft fine grass, a small picture framed in rugged mountains, cool, refreshing and invigorating; the long shady road through the swale to Link's, full of old moss-covered rocks and logs—one of the few places that have escaped the awful fury of the forest fire and the modern cyclone. A rest here is quite a real dream of the wilderness, with that splendid sportsman and indulgent companion, my brother the Doctor, by my side. The Doctor's only kicks are, that the day don't last longer and the morning don't come sooner, and that we don't have a wagon to ride home in when the hunt has ended five miles from camp, and the excitement of chasing some old bird has died out with night close at hand, and he discovers after all that his legs are not built of steel springs.

I will not tire the readers of Forest and Stream with all the details of that three days in Pike county, but my love of the dog tempts me to tell of some of them.

On the first morning out we struck for a point of low timber that looked promising. The dogs passed in well in advance of us. Soon Ben took on that solemn air and slow tread that with him means "get your gun." Jennette, less familiar with this sort of work, quickly slid to the front and hesitated a second only. The scent was new, but the sense was native and inborn. She straightened, I called "Steady!" A superfluous noise, however. She was down, steady, fast and true, with patient Ben's head well drawn forward at her flank, her first grouse, well done. The Doctor flushed, but in such a cover his shot were not effective.

On we go, two more flush wild; we separate and follow, Wilson and I to the left, the Doctor and George to the right, up through an old oak woods whose entire foundation was heavy broken rocks and fallen timber. Another fine point by Jennette and the left barrel brings to earth a handsome fellow. While reloading, up go two more; but alas! the gun was open. Ben comes in and finds my bird, which Jenn. could not locate.

A few yards further and two more take to wing, again the left does the work. My bird falls with a broken wing. We go to find. The Doctor and Ben have left us. We must search alone. From rock to rock bounds Jennette, seemingly coming no nearer to that hidden cripple. She takes a wider cast down with the wind, swings and comes up. With head high and every sense on the alert, on she comes, straight as an arrow, until confronted by a high flat rock, apparently too high for the leap, but fearful of losing for an instant what those delicate nostrils contain, up she goes, lands on the edge, starts to cross, hesitates, stops; the hanging tongue is drawn in, with it one side of the upper lip; she gently raises that slender left paw, lowers that knowing head, straightens the bushy tail and all is still. The only motion in that dumb animal was the beating heart, the breathing even seemed hushed. For 200yds. in any direction could be seen this small statue of mottled marble, on its immense brown stone base in this old woods, where all was so still. It was a sight to gladden the heart of any true sportsman. To me it was beautiful. Ten paces in front of her, crouched at the foot of a tree, well hidden under a rock, we found my bird, a handsome cock, only wing tipped. The guide secured him, and we pushed on until the noon hour, flushing some birds, but in too heavy cover for effective shooting.

The early afternoon found us four miles from home with no birds in our bags and in a drenching rain. With coat collars turned up and hat brims turned down, we struck for camp Indian file. Nearing the end of this forced wet march, in an old road, with our bedraggled dogs well in advance, we were surprised to see them both swing half around and come to a full point at the edge of a brier patch. Before we could come up, however, a half dozen birds flushed and took to cover. We didn't. We immediately took after them, and in less than an hour, from this lot and another one, we had four and a half grouse in our pockets. George Stiff had the half, and it's remarkable how his gun will shoot at short range. He killed, picked and stewed that bird with one blow. We were soaked to the skin and broke for home.

The second day netted us a wonderful outing; in fact, as I recall it, we were out from sunrise until dark, and took in most of Pike county; Wilson as guide in the morning, his friend (and now, I hope, mine) Sam in the afternoon; but we got few birds. I shall never forget Sam cutting loose with his 10-bore and 5drs. of black powder (one could readily imagine himself at the proving grounds) on a hen grouse. When the smoke had cleared away we found two feathers and some badly shattered timber, but no bird. Shortly afterward I flushed this same bird. Of course she got up well back of me, Jennette being well to my right in some short timber. My two barrels only served to make that thoroughly frightened bird go all the faster and hide all the closer. I marked down carefully, in a thick brier patch, too thick for the dog. She followed part of the way in, however, and as I supposed turned to go out. Raise that bird we couldn't, and passed on over the hill into an old road, and called the dog. It was of no use. I must go back and find her. This I did, in a tangle of briers pricking her in twenty places, down fast on a full point, and she had been in that position until she trembled from tip to tip. The timber was scant, the way was clear and my empty pocket filled me with desperation, to say nothing of my obligation to the faithful animal. That bird must die. Three days later, comfortably seated at my own table, I picked its bones.

I traveled the track of the fiery fiend and scrambled in the wake of the cyclone, and explored the thicket of rhododendron, yet wearied not. I must get another. The sun had not only tinted, but had painted the west in dark colorings; the distant bells told of the going home of the wandering mountain cow. We had passed from the early twilight of the woods into the remaining light of the road and had taken up the wearied tread of the tired hunter homeward bound. The night of despair smothered me. I had a little hen grouse to show the Doctor, and wondered what had been his luck. Jennette, footsore, worn and weary, would run ahead, lie down and rest her blistered feet, await our coming and then on again.

During one of these painful spurts those sensitive nostrils detected a late diner by the roadside. Around like a flash she became motionless, one foot up (only three hurting in this position). I swung my heavy artillery in at the right, S. to the left, commanding the heavy gun to open the battle while I covered the retreating enemy with

my light 12-bore. A whirr, a whiz, a boom, a bang, bang, and the darkness deepens (caused partly by Sam's power explosion) as I retrieve a magnificent cock handsomely ruffed.

The lightness of heart partly relieved me of the weight of my boots. I found the Doctor in camp changing his clothes and telling the natives that Ben Hadad was the greatest dog on earth.

The third day gave us some fine sport with many points and flushes, and some birds in the bag, more left in the wood, dogs' feet so sore they could scarcely stand, the breaking of camp, packing the wagon, the twenty-five mile drive out of the wilderness, and some comforting conclusions, we had all had a good time. The Doctor had only had use for his Hebrew and Greek in getting over and under Pike county logs, and while weary and worn many times I don't think his "chair" ever occurred to him; and Ben Hadad had opened his second season handsomely.

And as for me—well, had my best customer asked me the price of an eighteen-twill henrietta or the extent of the advance in mohair I should have told him I was out of the business and didn't know. And Jennette don't understand me to infer or claim that she was perfect, only awfully near it. Her mistakes were only those of want of judgment born of lack of experience; the heart was always right and more than willing, and no one error was committed twice in one day. I would rather witness one good day's work of the well-broken dog than a pass to all the playhouses in America and the time to take them in.

Early night found us once more at the Doctor's cottage. Next day early forenoon again at business, full of vigor and anticipation of the next trip two or three weeks later, and again I call for "woodland echoes" while I recall the mountain brooks. THOMAS ELMER.

New York, Sept. 21.

FOREST AND STREAM CONTRIBUTORS.

O. H. Hampton.

FROM my earliest recollection guns and explosives fascinated me, and the hunting tales told by my uncle fed an inherited love of shooting. Father's youngest brother was but five years my senior and a born sportsman, so he became my teacher and companion in all manner of ways to capture the wild creatures of the woods that surrounded our homes, but we pursued them under many difficulties, for it was a hard struggle to wrest the means for subsistence from among the roots and stumps of the newly cleared lands, and there were no idlers in either of our homes. Two or three half holidays a year was all the time that could be spared from work, except such odd hours as bad weather gave us. Of money we had none, except from 25c. to $1 earned each spring helping neighbors plant corn after our own was done.

Our first weapons were cross-bows, which we made ourselves at odd hours and of evenings. The stocks were made of black walnut fence-rails, and white oak saplings made good bows. One of my uncles was a wagon maker, so we had plenty of tools, and as both of us were natural mechanics we turned out goods that were quite creditable; in fact, they would have been worthy of a place in the recent Sportsmen's Exposition. At a distance of two or three rods our best arrows seldom missed the center more than an inch, and flew hard enough to penetrate an inch board. Many chipmunks, woodpeckers and an occasional gray squirrel came to grief from these arrows. Grandfather had two guns—an old-fashioned rifle and a single barrel, brass-mounted shotgun, with heavy barrel, 36in. long. It was an English make, and a good gun. Properly charged, it seldom failed to bring a squirrel from the top of the tallest tree, but grandfather did not believe in encouraging boys in anything but work, so we got no good from those guns until I was 12 years old, then we began to steal them out when grandfather was away from home. We knew very well that dire punishment would follow if we were found out, but the temptation was so strong that we would have risked almost anything for two or three hours in the woods with those guns. Dear old grandmother said we must not do so, but we knew she would not tell on us, and she cooked many a squirrel for us that grandfather never knew about.

Father had a rifle also, and I remember the first time he ever knew of my using it. While he was gone to town and I at work in the sugar camp, I saw a fox squirrel, the first one I had ever seen, and probably the first that ever visited that part of the country. Running to the house, I got the rifle and made haste to the big ash, and saw the squirrel lying flat on a big horizontal limb 80ft. from the ground. He hugged the other side of the limb, so there was but little chance for killing him, and when I went on the other side he slipped away from me. This was repeated a number of times, and it looked like that squirrel was going to be too smart for me. At last I thought of a long string in my pocket, and hanging my hat and coat on a bush, tied the string to the bush and went to the other side of the tree, taking the end of the string with me, the squirrel slipping round the limb as usual. Then I got all ready to shoot, and jerked the string, shaking the coat and hat on the bush; the squirrel instantly slipped to my side of the limb, and got a bullet through his body. I was too proud of this trophy not to show it, and did not believe father would frown on such success. The squirrel was a curiosity to him, and perhaps he was a little proud of the boy's shot too. Besides that, it would be a hard-hearted parent that would punish such a happy boy as I evidently was; so the reproof was a very gentle one indeed.

When I was fifteen years old one of my cousins bought grandfather's shotgun for $3, but soon tiring of it offered it to me for $3 15, and I bought it, going in debt 50 cents, as I had but $3, and must have some cash to buy ammunition. This was in the early summer, and we worked so hard that father had a good deal of trouble to get us out of bed in the mornings; so we asked him if we might have Saturday afternoons if we would get up at 5 every morning, and he agreed to it. This was on Sunday evening, and the following week was a mighty long one. Every day during the noon hour that gun was oiled, wiped and touched up generally, and on Friday night I hied myself to the store with my 35 cents and two bottles, in one of which I got ¼lb. of powder and 2¼lbs. No. 8 shot in the other, buying no caps, as I had found some G. D.'s in father's shot pouch. Saturday afternoon at last. At 1 o'clock on that afternoon there might have been seen a freckled boy going across the cornfield toward the woods. He was dressed in blue cotton shirt and trousers. An old straw hat covered his head and his feet were bare. In his pockets were those bottles of shot and powder, and in his shirt bosom were some newspapers for wadding, while across his shoulder is that shotgun, which he fully believes to be the best gun in the world. If it isn't, why did grandfather own it? That boy has done a man's work for thirteen hours every day this week, all the clothes he has on him cost less than $1, and his shooting outfit was about as primitive as could be imagined. He knows that next Monday he will have to take up the drudgery again, but now, just now, he feels that he has earned his half holiday, and has it before him, and has the means to make it enjoyable. His soul is filled with anticipation till there is no room for the memory of past hardships or trouble about future ones. How little, how very little it takes to make us happy if it is just what we want!

At the edge of the woods the boy stands on the fence a moment watching some neighbor's boys bending over their hoes in a cornfield, then with a long-drawn breath of pure happiness he slips from the fence and begins a noiseless tramp through the cool, shady woods. Wood pewees here and there sing a lazy note, bees hum drowsily about the poplar blossoms, and woodpeckers cling idly to the sides of dead trees; everything seems to invite repose, and if that boy only knew it, he is tired enough from his week's drudgery to lie down and sleep till sundown, but he never felt less tired or sleepy in his whole life. Not once during that long afternoon does he sit down or abate his watchfulness in the least, but at dark, when he reaches home and throws down two squirrels and a monstrous horned owl, he suddenly finds himself faint with hunger, weariness and collapsed excitement, but mother has saved some fried chicken (the rest of the family had supper at 5 o'clock), and gives him a cup of coffee, a rare treat in those days, so hunger is gone and weariness subsides into a feeling of perfect comfort. Father comments on the unusual size of the owl, says they are very hard to get, and asks how the boy managed to get him. Then the boy, with eyes bright enough to illuminate the freckles on his face, recounts in detail all the exciting events of the hunt, not omitting mention of a crippled one that got into a hole before the gun could be reloaded. Father says the boy did pretty well, but mother says, "I'm sorry for that crippled squirrel; it may suffer lots of pain;" and the boy mentally resolves not to let mother hear about any more cripples.

Excitement subsides ones more, and drowsiness overpowers him till he twice falls asleep while washing his feet. He thinks he has not been in bed five minutes when father's voice at the foot of the stairs says, "Come, come, boys, get up." Every day of the following week he reviews that shoot and plans for the one to come, and the second half holiday is anticipated with even more eagerness than the first. Doubtless there are some people who can see no enjoyment in such (what are to them) trifling matters. If so, it's just because they were not built that way, while this boy was built that way. He was born with the hunting instinct in him as strong as it ever was in any setter or pointer, and the enjoyment of it all was keener because it could be so seldom indulged, and because it was such a contrast to the drudgery of a new farm in a forest country.

I often look back on that boy's life, not as my former self, but as some other boy whom I knew very intimately, and there is always something pathetic about that freckled barefooted boy with the old single-barrel, and even that could be used so seldom. I wonder if that boy would have gone crazy with happiness if somebody had given him a modern hammerless ejector and an unlimited supply of shells loaded with nitro powder, though I guess he would have prefered black powder; the loud report would have harmonized better with his exuberance.

The Saturday afternoon shoots continued through this summer, but the following winter there came an enthusiastic teacher for our district school. He boarded at father's and roamed with me. Before spring he had so enthused me on the subject of getting an education that the gun was almost forgotten, and the following spring I became practically the foreman on the farm, in which I began to take an interest, as from it had to come the means to pay my way through college. We also got some machinery which made some of the hardest work comparatively pleasant. From this time until my 27th year I was too much occupied with other things to have much time for field sports, though hunting occasionally; sometimes borrowing a gun, but owning none after the old single-barrel. I cannot remember how long I kept it nor what became of it.

In the autumn of 1870, being about to remove to a region where there were plenty of squirrels, and engage in a business that would allow some time for sport, I bought a double 20 gauge gun for $15. One of my neighbors in the new place had a setter dog and quail were very abundant. I could do some wing shooting, but had never seen a dog point a bird. This neighbor invited me to go quail shooting with him. I shot fifteen quail on the wing that day, and came home a confirmed dog and quail crank. For the next three years I never neglected a chance to go quail shooting and often made chances to go, if they did not come along of themselves.

The 20-gauge gun not being very satisfactory, I sold it and got a new 12-gauge, W. More, for $35. It was an excellent cylinder bore, a muzzleloader of course, and did service until '74, being then displaced by a breechloader.

In Sept., '73, I went to Dallas county, Ia., to shoot prairie chickens. At that time there were vast reaches of wild prairie there, and chickens, ducks, geese and cranes were abundant on all the prairies, while quail were numerous along all streams where there was timber. The shooting was so fine, the country so pleasant, and my recovery from a recent severe illness was so rapid and complete, that I decided to stay there. During that autumn I shot 1,200 chickens, 600 ducks and 600 quail. What did I do with them? Sold them. You see I did not begin to read FOREST AND STREAM till a year after that, and it did not say much about market-hunting at that time.

The following summer I got a 12-gauge breechloader of one of the prominent American makes. The advertisement said it was bored to throw shot "thick, even and with great force." As I had seen a few breechloaders that made a closer pattern than my muzzleloader I expected this one would, but it did not, and shot no harder either. Quick loading and easy cleaning were its sole advantages over the muzzleloader. The firm's advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM caused me to buy the gun; not only that one, but several others.

For three years I remained in this section, shooting much of the time during the shooting seasons. They were years of great enjoyment, for I had good health, few cares and abundant shooting. They were the best three years of my life.

Business interests in another part of the country made it necessary to leave there in the autumn of '76. After everything was ready for our departure my wife said: "Let me go, and you go out on the prairie and shoot till you get enough of it, for you can't shoot where we are going." As I sorely regretted leaving such happy hunting grounds, I saw her safely started East, then I and Flora, my favorite dog, started for Uncle Benny Hoyt's, way out on the north prairie, and stayed there twenty-one days. Every day we hunted from sunrise till dark, and were often two miles from the house when dark came. I do not remember that either of us ever stopped once to rest, except an hour at noon each day. Flora's feet were worn till they bled every day, but she never let up nor stopped except to point birds. She traveled more than 2,000 miles in those twenty-one days, galloping at least ten hours every day. She ate an incredible amount and grew very thin and so did her master, but a tougher, better seasoned pair seldom go into the field. On the twenty-second day I sold the gun, gave Flora to a friend, and with keen regrets turned my face away from what had been the happiest spot on earth for me.

Shooting had taken too much of my time and I determined to abandon it altogether, and succeeded fairly well for nearly four years, but the season of '80 found me at Wall Lake, Ia., equipped with a new gun, a spring wagon and pair of horses, and knocking down chickens right and left. Once more the gun was sold and dog given away. (I've owned thirteen dogs and never sold but two.) For the next two years but little shooting was done. Then my shooting brother came to live with me, bringing his pointer, and I bought another gun, and quail began to get scarce in our neighborhood. Since then I have shot in eighteen different States. I was never fonder of shooting than now, but in these later years a moderate amount of time and ordinary bags are entirely satisfying. It is a matter of regret that a complete diary of all my shooting has not been kept, so that in the winter of old age I might live it all over again.

[When we wrote to Mr. Hampton for a portrait to go with this story of his shooting days, he wrote: "I will furnish the desired picture, but am sorry to say it will hardly be one that does me justice (and you know I've no good looks to spare), for the reason that some time last June I undertook to keep the garden, the potato patch, the strawberry plants, the sweet potatoes and the melon patch clear of weeds, as well as repairing fences, mowing fence corners and trimming the orchard, in addition to which a good many miles have been tramped in search of squirrels that were very hard to find. All the above, combined with very hot weather, has got me in very thin condition and not in good shape for being photo'd. However, the grass is still very green, apples and pears are ripe, we have bacon and string beans for dinner, had fox squirrel for breakfast, and Jack Cates says he knows where there are twenty woodcock and is going to-day to see if he can spot them for me. A hundred watermelons are absorbing juice and sweetness from the moist earth and the hot sunshine, and we will begin to shuck them in about two weeks. All previous invitations to help roll on the grass still hold good." The photo has not been received; we shall give it some other time.]

EHEU.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was an earnest and tireless admirer of O. O. S. prior to reading his "eheu" effort in FOREST AND STREAM, Oct. 5. And why the change? Because in that pleasing sketch he assumes to be historical, and everyone knows that a historian is nothing if he is not accurate, impartial and full—not too full.

In treating a biographical chapter of that noble and talented sportsman, Uripides, sometimes erroneously spelled Euripides, or in diminutive Rip, as his friends were wont to call him in moments of endearment, he left out several important essentials of the story. Moreover, he is wrong in circumstance and inference, as I will proceed to show. I boldly contend that Rip was neither the inventor nor discoverer of the compressed composite exclamation now coming into vogue. He did not properly identify Rip as the *bona fide* all-round personage who rode three days on a bicycle to a river bank merely to say "Eheu!" when he found that he had no worms.

Rip only had the advantages of a common school education, and his real name was Willie, and he was so known till his ninth year, when he was spontaneously renamed after the following curious manner: He was basking in the springtime of life and also taking his schooling. His precocity and ceaseless study won the interest and approbation of his tutor, a grave man with a low, narrow brow, but with much back head and ears. While the latter sat one day with his pupils silently grouped around him, thinking an hour or so perspicaciously over the possibilities of eheu, as they did twice each pleasant day, the teacher suddenly looked at Willie and said, "Willie, U-rip-i-des out of your head as a carpenter rips shingles off an old house," then he relapsed into silence. At this they all pondered earnestly to discover the meaning concealed under such simple words, for the wise tutor often spoke mystically in parables, or epilogues, or dialogues, or even in the house. But the solemn saying took root, and Willie was known as Rip thereafter. At a much later period in his life, when he had bestowed his name, or what was left of it, on a helpmate, his eldest daughter asked permission one morning to buy a sealskin jacket; he curled his patrician lips and said, "Naw." Her uncle, who was standing by, interceded and said pleadingly, "Let her, Rip," and this terse saying is in use till this day.

As Rip grew older his natural proclivity for fishing and shooting could not be repressed. He could often be seen seated on the peak of Parnassus, his feet hanging reposefully on the side, and that thoughtful, serious look on his face which fishermen affect when they are thinking of nothing. Although the peak was as sharp as a toothpick, as may be verified by reference to the illustrations in any atlas—he would sit, I say, on the peak in the ides of March, pul-

ing bullheads out of the Castalian spring, jerking them in wide, rainbow circles over his head from one side of the mountain to the other.

Now, on the trip which O. O. S. so charmingly describes—that is, when Monsieur Rip invited his friends Maj. Simon Kylus and Judge Philip Hidias, *et al*, to go fishing in the Hylocæ River with no other implements than three cayuses in mule harness and a two-wheeled buckboard which was intended for sale and for use in Barnum's circus—O. O. S. basely libels that noble sportsman. His hospitality was not of that sort. He would not take three friends on a three days' trip in a vehicle hardly large enough for one, with no provisions, no tackle, no worms, nothing but a thirst. But they did go on that trip and had the worms along in a jug. But eheu, while the party was absent from camp fishing or rather accumulating the germs of some big stories, a base villain sneaked into camp and stole the jug. Within two seconds after the return to camp the loss was discovered and Rip raised his voice aloft in grief and anger and said: "Quick, let us raise the eheu and cry, that the thief may be apprehended!" O. O. S., who was about in the 50s, and who evidently knows his way about now, happened to hear the one word eheu; because Rip raised eheu in a loud way, he immediately and with evil result imagined that Rip was saying naughty things. Not Rip's prothonotaries, nor his captain of the host, nor his chief mandarin, nor his master of the horse, nor any of his other numerous statesmen ever used the word, and for that reason I object to it entirely as not being sanctioned by usage, good derivation or necessity. Eheu!

DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

WORDS FOR BUNCOMBE.

BY CHAS. HALLOCK.

One may as well write as talk for Buncombe: *Hinc illæ verbæ.*

Situated 2,000ft. above the common level of man's habitat, walled in by mountain ranges, and accessible only by two underground passages, one from the west and the other from the east, which are reached by steep and tortuous ascents up the beds of streams, the territory of Buncombe seems almost another Vale of Rasselas, the similitude being strengthened by the profusion of fruits and flowers which cover the slopes, the opalescent atmosphere, and the luxuriant pastures and fields which crown the topmost summits. With an axis thirty miles in extent, and a fertility which would make an Eden smile, it is not only agriculturally self-sustaining, but it would be almost possible to close the gateways of Paint Rock and Swannanoa against the outside world, and stand a protracted siege. Few knights of feudal times could boast such goodly or secure domain.

Asheville, the beautiful, much extolled and world wide known, is the roof garden of Buncombe. It is its focus and culminating point. Proctor Knott, down by the level of his great unsalted sea, could never hope to attain so high an eminence, oratorical or topographical. It is Mecca for tourists the whole year round. They come in crowds from the South in summer and from the North in winter, lingering until the solstices are well spent. Only in May and October do breaks occur in the pilgrimage. Frosts and heats do not check the tidal fluxes any more than they interrupt the migration of wild fowls: any meteorological excesses being accepted as preferable to home conditions. Nights are invariably cool at all seasons; and so are the mornings in this month of September. But the afternoons at present are hot: not so much purposely to distress lawn tennis players as to ripen the corn and fruits for the farmers, which is a benison to them. As for mid-summer, I have found from continuous experience the entire season through that the day temperature in these mountains and throughout the whole Appalachian chain is oppressively hot in July and August, even at altitudes 2,500ft. above sea level. I should say the average was at least ten degrees above that of the Laurentian ranges, and perhaps of the Catskills as well. The nights, however, are refreshing, and that is a comfort to contemplate when one's collar is limp and the blood at fever heat. On Roan Mountain, for instance, at the "Cloudland Hotel," 6,394ft. elevation, the man without an overcoat must exercise to keep warm.

What Lenox in Massachusetts is to the Berkshire Hills ocially and transcendently, the town of Asheville is to Buncombe county, N. C.; only the conformation of the inclosing mountains is more massive and the conventionalities less exacting. Pretension is not much overstrained and the glitter of wealth does not blind the unaccustomed eye, so that Mr. Slimpurse contemplates its visible expression as he does the afterglow of sunset, delighting in its radiance because the solar power is not felt. Even the dominating magnificence and scope of Biltmore is tempered to the shorn and impecunious, who regard it less as a wonder than a cornucopia of superabundance disseminating blessings in its overflow. The multitudes of workmen who are still employed in creating, erecting and enlarging the premises recognize its beneficence. Like the craftsmen of King Solomon's Temple they seem bound together and to the master builder by some impelling tie, and few of them, I ween, would decline a life service. Mr. Vanderbilt's intercourse with them is affable, it is said, and his wages liberal; no less than $12,000 being distributed by him among the citizens of Asheville every week in the way of salaries and other expenses in connection with his establishment.

And so it happens that Asheville in all its æsthetic and economic aspects is made inviting to sojourners and transients. Its dimpled hills and undulations are soft and velvety. Shade predominates; foliage and sward are as green in September as in June. Every residence has a lawn, and every lawn a hammock. Drives and trolleys wind everywhere. The French Broad River, 100yds. wide, incloses half its environs. From its central eminence on Battery Park, dominating the surrounding streets like the Capitol at Washington or the State House dome in Boston, that inimitable structure known as the "Battery Park Hotel" looks out on every side across an interval of compacted bricks and mortar to circumjacent hills and wooded ridges crowned with modern villas. Beyond this tangible horizon, away off in the blue distance under the cloud line, in phalanges almost unbroken stand the circumvallate mountains reaching north, south, east and west—the Great Smokies, Balsams, Black Mountains and Blue Ridge all in full view; not just one single "Presidential Range" aligned in grim array as in the White Mountains, but Titanic elevations all around, out of whose serrated ranks rise no less than forty domes and peaks exceeding 6,000ft. in height. Gaze in whatever direction we may, there loom inimitable heights. It is grand! The outlook has no counterpart on the continent.

In darkest nights, when its electric lights are on, the myriad windows of the hotel gleam like fireflies, while observers who gaze out from its storied heights over the shadowed plain below seem to survey a sea brilliant with phosphorescence, out of which the intenser coruscations from the many electric masts flash in the darkness like stars of extra magnitude. From this high point of vantage one also sees such kaleidoscopic sunsets as he never saw before, so varied in their cloud effects and displays of color that no two ever appear alike. Perhaps it is because the ether is purer, and vapors gather in more fantastic shapes among the mountains! Or that the argon in the atmosphere is better suited to the exactions of argonauts and globe trotters!

Until the Western North Carolina Railroad first scaled these battlements of "cloud land" with its iron ways, a dozen years ago, Asheville was practically isolated and unknown. Now it is the *ultima thule* of tourists. Visitors come all the way from Europe to inspect the great American dukedom and the castle which has no equal on the Rhine; indeed, no such watermelons on the rind. And since it has been included in the comprehensive Southern Railroad system, brick blocks are going up *en masse* on the principal streets, and villas by the score: Asheville rising, Phœnix-like!

In the reorganization of the old Richmond Terminal system and the consolidation of no less than thirty different railroad lines in one, the Southern Railroad Company has achieved a stupendous and complicated undertaking with remarkable celerity and efficiency at a time of great financial depression, and to-day it is a most potential factor in the industrial economy of that vast section of country which is best illustrated at the Atlanta Exposition. People used to taunt the schedule-makers of Dixie with allowing their Northern patrons to stop off by the wayside to pick cotton, but now the time made by all the principal lines vies with the best. Indeed, the time is coming soon when a mile a minute on the magnificent flyers of the B. & O., the C. & O. and the Southern Railway will cease to be regarded as anything extraordinary, for only recently a delayed vestibule train under Engineer Kinney made the 140 miles between Charlotte and Danville in 144 minutes, with stops at Salisbury and Greensboro. The twenty-three miles between Concord and Salisbury were covered in twenty-one minutes.

West of Round Knob, on the division approaching Asheville, the scenery is very grand and the tortuous ascent almost equal to the zigzag up the Cascades, on the Pacific division of the Great Northern Railroad. From one point the track over which the train has just climbed may be seen on fourteen different grades, and the course is so sinuous that the sun beams into the car windows first on one side and then on the other; while silvery cascades leap from the mountain sides so close as to almost wet the coaches with their spray. It is just after this toilsome ascent that the train draws into the long tunnel at Swannanoa, and thence out of the gloom into the upper firmament and sunshine of Asheville. The two spurs of the same railroad which run northwest to Paint Rock and southwest to Murphy, 120 miles, are romantically rugged almost all the way, and are reckoned among the most daring pieces of railroad engineering in the country. This region is not only attractive to lovers of scenery, but sportsmen as well.

About the end of September, when the leaves are turning brown and the mast is dropping in the woods, the Southern Railway combination issues its annual dog tariff in the interest of the craft, providing for the carriage of one dog free in baggage cars and additional ones at moderate rates. The management also places at the disposal of those who shoot a special service of hunting cars which may be chartered by the day or week; and as an additional help it distributes "free gratis" an 80-page illustrated pamphlet which outlines the game laws of Virginia and North Carolina, and designates no less than sixty-two localities in the latter State alone, all accessible by its own lines, where deer, wild turkeys, grouse and quail may be found and hunted *ad libitum* or by permit. A bag of 100 quail is claimed to be a fair day's average to two guns throughout the State. As for Buncombe county, where I write, the mountain system is complex and much forested, and there is "right smart" of turkeys, reputed to be wild, and a few deer and bear. On Turkey Creek, so named for the abundance of these gallinaceous birds found there ninety years ago, I have seen with my own eyes no less than fifty in a single day's reconnoissance picking grasshoppers on the hill slopes. In further attestation it is recorded that not more that three years ago a festive party of sixteen New Yorkers headed by G. Randolph Curtis, who subsequently bought an upland farm in the vicinity and cut out a mountain highway abreast of the picturesque French Broad, camped down at Blackwell's Springs, a cosy nook in a little valley twelve miles out of Asheville, where I recently spent a pleasant month, and in the course of two weeks' time shipped home five brace of noble bronze backers which were true to color and form. It was just after a heavy snowfall in November, and the party were so fortunate as to secure the most of them within easy range of the Major's (Blackwell's) house, thus saving the hardship and exposure of a wide range through the slushes. I may add that in my candid opinion turkeys reasonably wild can be found almost anywhere within gunshot of any farmhouse in Buncombe—if hunted before next Christmas.

Sportsmen need not get easily lost in Buncombe. The lay of the land is easily cast by the trend of the mountains, and from almost any eminence one may trace the courses of the French Broad, New Found Creek, Bear Creek, Turkey Creek, or Sandy Mush. He may go astray, to be sure, and yet not be actually lost. "Indian not lost; wigwam lost." So much of the country being cultivated and open makes the way plain.

By the way, Mr. Editor, has it never occurred to you as singular that the average sportsman with his bag and gun will wander all over a new country in quest of game, most diligently avoiding traveled highways, and always find his way home; while the same individual, perhaps, with umbrella and carpet-sack, will be most particular to inquire the turnpike road and miss the way after all? and perhaps have to lie out all night with his destination not half a mile distant? Perhaps Fido can explain.

Just now the mast is shedding abundantly in the woods: chestnuts, hazelnuts, chinquapins, walnuts, hickories and acorns. It is "a mast year," and game should be abundant. There is no end of rabbits in the brush, on the ridges, and in the graveyards, too. There will never be a better chance than now for sportsmen to secure a rabbit's foot. The left hind foot of one of these graveyard rabbits, carried in the trousers pocket, will always bring good luck. The country negroes affirm it and stand prepared to prove it.

It is a favorite drive out from Asheville to Blackwell's Springs. Parties of a dozen will often go out to drink the sulphur water. Wayfarers and tourists always stop for sample draughts and tramps even are not denied. Invalids who have full faith in sulphur cure sojourn there for months together, drinking and bathing until they become well saturated, and inasmuch as sulphur water is used almost wholly for cooking, laundry and household purposes it has been insinuated that the body odor from an old habitue is like an exhalation from a matchbox. The Major himself is a picture of florid health, due to innate good nature no less than sulphur, and being 6ft. 4in. high and pursy in proportion is the correct cut for a drum-major. Consequently, when he heads the advance on the corn pone and butter cakes at the call of the big plantation bell which swings in the tower, the procession which files into the dining hall from the outlying summer houses, tennis courts and swings is imposing. In respect to provender there can be no such word as fail. The Major served as home commissary for Buncombe county during the trying times of the war to provide subsistence for the helpless and bereft and can be depended on now. His garden teems with fruit and vegetables, his coops with poultry and the creek with catfish, hornyheads and suckers. The clover fields drip with milk and honey. Many of his guests come from New Orleans, but he has representatives from all sections, down East as well as out South.

On moonlight nights, when the full-blown orb, rising like a resplendent soap bubble over the mountain which faces the Major's house, shines through the foliage of the poplars, oaks and sycamores aligned along the border of Turkey Creek, the semi-somnolent observer who is seated on the front veranda may discern in bold relief the silhouettes of guinea fowls at roost upon the lower limbs. Guinea fowls, we know, are æsthetic in their tastes and fond of *al fresco* life. Disdaining the artificial shelter of coops which barnyard fowls accept, they nevertheless indulge that sense of security which the vicinage of man begets, and in this way sometimes come to grief. For, the great horned owls (the Major says), watching their opportunities, drop down noiselessly beside them, hypnotizing them by their bodily warmth, and gradually edging them off toward the end of the limb, which bends beneath their weight, catch them on the fly! The victim has hardly begun to dream that he is falling before he finds himself being borne silently and helplessly away. The owl does not snatch his prey bodily off the limb, but maneuvers until, quite clear of impeding branches, he can exercise an unobstructed wing movement, making reprisal doubly sure.

I love to hear the Major sophisticate! One day I asked him how he managed to keep his premises clear of the suckers which spring up from the roots of the silver leaf poplars, of which he has many. He said: "I always cut them in May, the day before or after the full of the moon. Oaks and locusts the same way. In fact, whole forests are systematically 'deaded' by wood-choppers at that time. They dead them by ringing the bark with an axe a few feet above ground. The trees are sure to die. Boards made of the same will last four times as long as others. Rails will last fifty years longer, and so will posts, if set reversed, but ends up. I always cut my timber at such a date, and cord wood, too. I get 50 per cent. more fuel." And he added, "I suppose the sap is in its fullest flow at this time, so that the trees more readily bleed to death."

"That's all right! But what has the full of the moon to do with it?"

"Reckon it draws the sap."

The Major enjoys to get the attentive ear of his hearers when he can. Next to the minor tones of the mountain wren, I love the Major's. His voice is like the mocking-bird's.

Natural History.

THE WAYS OF NATURE.

ONE of the pleasures of an outing in the mountains or woods is to observe the workings of nature. The time was when I took no pleasure in the woods or fields unless carrying gun or rifle and in scearch for game. To be sure, I like shooting as well as ever; but I can also enjoy much in nature that made no impression on me years ago.

The past spring and summer were spent by the writer in the mountains of central Idaho, camping in one locality the entire time.

Many an idle half hour was whiled away in watching the birds, the squirrels, the chipmunks, or the numerous insects that made their homes about our camp. The most interesting of all were the black ants; but I could never decide what relation those of middle size bore to the large ones, if any. They would sometimes march together—at least it seemed like a parade—and then the smaller ones apparently acted as scouts for the big ones; one of their parade grounds was right in front of our tent.

One performance that puzzled me more than anything else was to see many of them each carrying another ant; sometimes the one being carried was grasped by the back, though oftener by the "nippers;" but in either case the one carried was all doubled up. Of a great many examined very few were found to be injured; if released they would scamper away as lively as the rest.

We were troubled very little by insects; woodticks and mosquitoes were the only real annoyances; the latter were not bad, but the woodticks were a great annoyance for a month. The insects that were most numerous are as follows: Black ants, three sizes, with us all summer; green flies (blow flies), all summer; mosquitoes, May 15 to July 15; woodticks, May 15 to June 15; horse flies, five kinds, June 15 to Aug. 15; gnats, July 15 to Aug. 15; house flies, July 1 and on; small green worms on the trees, July 1–15; small white butterflies, Aug. 1–30; yellow jackets, Aug. 15 and on; black hornets, Aug. 20 and on. Of course they did not all come or go on the dates given, but the greatest

numbers were observed between those dates. Some of the insects probably stayed until frost, but I left the mountains before the heavy frosts appeared.

ROLLIN SMITH.

EXTINCTION OF THE BLUEBIRD.

PASCHAL, Ga.—The little bluebird (*Silvia sialis*)—Wilson's ornithology—once common in the United States and Canadas, has not been seen alive in Georgia since the extreme cold weather of Feb. 7 and 8 last.

On the morning of both of those days the thermometer registered from Columbus, Ga., to Florida 8° above zero, and southward to Ocala, 9 to 11° above.

It is now regarded as almost certain that these little birds—down to the 30th parallel—were destroyed by the cold snap, and as a result some very interesting questions are now being discussed by those supposed to be versed in natural science. The bluebird was indigenous and resident in every Southern State summer and winter, and only a summer resident in the North. The first pleasant spell of weather in March never failed to bring him as far North as the St. Lawrence, and he was regarded as the *courier avant* who came to tell of the countless hosts of pretty birds that would soon come to people the fields and woods and lakes and streams of that far-away country.

But it will be a long time, if ever, before he becomes common as he once was. During the same cold snap immense numbers of robins, thrushes and other birds were found dead along the highways and in the woods and fields—all over the South—but no species suffered to the extent of the bluebirds.

My purpose of this communication is to obtain from persons interested in natural history and living in the extreme Northern States some facts connected with the migration of birds last spring, that might be the subject of future correspondence, and also to find out if the bluebird has been seen in any Northern State the present year.

W. R. GORMAN.

Signs of Early Winter.

DETROIT, Michigan, Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If the earliness of construction of the muskrats' winter quarters is any sign that we are going to have an early fall, we can look for winter any time now. The muskrats started to build their houses in August, several weeks earlier than usual. In the marshes controlled by the Swan Creek Shooting Club the houses are apparently all ready for the frosts and cold of the winter, but they are being added to daily, the busy animals cutting everything within reach. As a natural consequence, old marshmen predict a severe and unusually early fall.

Lake Erie is extremely low, and the marshes above mentioned are very dry, with little or no water in them. Snipe, of course, are scarce and wild, while ducks, barring a few bluebills and wood-ducks, are marked "N. E. I."

During the extremely hot weather of one week ago there was a fair sprinkling of snipe in the Swan Creek Club's marshes, Messrs. Paul Weise and W. H. Brady in two days bagging forty-seven snipe, three mallard, one teal, one wood-duck. Twenty-seven of the snipe were killed one day in a short hunt, the heat was too oppressive for swamp work.

BLUE BILL.

They were not Wild Pigeons.

LANSING, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few days ago I reported the killing of about twenty pigeons at Pine Lake, Mich. I made the report on the say so of one of the shooters, who I supposed knew all about the passenger pigeon. To-day I am in receipt of a letter from Mr. Duane, of Chicago, asking for full particulars. I have just called up Mr. Launt Thompson, one of the shooters, and a gentleman who knows all about pigeons, and he has told me that the report was not correct. The birds killed were what is known in the South as Carolina doves. Mr. Thompson calls them mourning doves.

JULIAN.

[Julian sends us this note from Mr. Deane: "I was much interested in seeing your note in FOREST AND STREAM regarding the killing of wild pigeons in your State. I have been investigating the present scarcity of the pigeon, and in the last (July) issue of the *Auk* published such records as I could gleam of occurrences in the States of Indiana and Illinois in the past ten years. One specimen, a young female, was shot near here on Aug. 7, and in June a flock of about ten birds were seen in Wisconsin."]

Two Broods in One Season.

WAVERLY, Miss., Sept. 29.—It is quite cool here now, but dry as powder. You may recollect that I wrote you about seeing a good many pairs of birds without a brood, very late in the season. I now find many young broods that can barely fly which must be from the late hatching of these same birds. Perhaps this is in a manner a solution of the hatching of two broods a year, the finding of late broods giving that idea; though birds whose nests have been broken up may nest again later and may thus give the idea that they are the parents of two broods.

W. W. TITUS

Buzzard and Bolt of Jove.

THE Reidsville, N C., *Weekly* says: A remarkable occurrence was witnessed by Messrs. Henry Jeffries and George Ellington, of the Oregon section, recently. They noticed a buzzard flying in the midst of a storm, and pretty soon it was struck by lightning, one wing being severed from the body. They found the wing and it was scorched by the bolt, and the remainder of the unfortunate bird was found soon afterward.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

A REGULAR meeting of the Society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesd y evening, Oct. 22, at 8 o'clock. J. A. Allen will read a paper "On the Mammals of Southwestern Texas, from Field Notes and Specimens collected by Mr. H. P. Attwater."

Business.

CAROLINA, R. I.—I have sold out nearly all my dogs from the little advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM. I find it the best paper for sales I have ever tried. A. E. BROWN.

Game Bag and Gun.

A CAMP ON ROARING RIVER.

XI.

"A monster of so frightful mien
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

THE camp-fire burned unusually bright that night. It had been a successful day all around. Fortune had smiled upon the boys as she had seldom, if ever, smiled before. There was plenty to talk about, and everybody was disposed to talk, for they were all happy and contented.

Even the sparks from the well-fed camp-fire flitted here and there and gracefully played hide and seek among the foliage overhead.

All in all the conditions were propitious, and the boys were full of good things, even to the Doctor's prize elk steaks. They were just tired enough and just happy enough to seek easy positions and smoke and tell yarns. Each felt that he was a kind of hero and had a right to tell his experience. So they swapped stories and smoked. The Doctor had been through several Indian campaigns and told of many thrilling experiences.

It need not be recorded that he had at least one very attentive listener. Neither Mead nor Swift could produce quite so much blood and thunder, but their yarns were of that happy-go-easy kind that please and help to pass away time. Smyth's cougar and bear stories made even others besides the Chinaman a little bit nervous under the existing circumstances, for it was awfully dark and dreary just back a few yards from the camp-fire. When Smyth told of how a cougar had followed close at his heels over a lonely mountain trail one night, entering into all the minute details of how his only protection was a small bunch of matches, of which he had to be very economical, burning only one when the cougar became too pressing and earnest in his attentions, etc., One Lung sought a more comfortable seat on the ground between the boys and the fire. For some reason best known to himself, Smyth delighted in persecuting that poor, harmless creature, which was very, very wrong in Smyth; and maybe some time he will have to account for his conduct.

About this time, just when he must have known that One Lung was almost afraid to draw a long breath for fear something would immediately proceed to devour him, Smyth got very thirsty and insisted that the Chinaman should go to the spring and get a bucket of fresh water. It was cruel and hardly in keeping with Smyth's general reputation for manliness and kindness of heart, but a bucket of fresh water he must have. Mead and the Doctor wanted to go, but that wouldn't do. Smyth had "employed the Chinaman for the sole purpose of doing camp work and not as a traveling companion." One Lung hesitated, looked at Smyth, said something in his native tongue which he knew Smyth couldn't understand, but went. Swift called him back and gave him a blazing limb from the camp-fire, which seemed to encourage him a little, for he had doubtless gathered from Smyth's cougar and match story that the varmints were all afraid of fire. "These Chinamen," remarked Smyth, "are a cowardly set. Bret Harte's story of Ah Sin gave people a wrong idea about these heathen. They may be smooth and cunning in small matters, but there is no bravery about them except when they fight among themselves."

"It's a little like Cooper's Indian of the 'Leather Stocking Tales,'" remarked the Doctor.

"That's so," said Swift, "I have never in my travels seen a Chingachgook or Wah-ta-Wah."

"They all died with the last of the Mohicans," put in Mead, and added: "I wonder what J. Fenimore would say of the Indian of the present day—greasy, lousy, drunk and dressed up in a battered plug hat and a pair of cast-off doeskin pants with the seat cut out for convenience sake."

"What's that?" said the Doctor, as shriek after shriek came from down the trail toward the spring. "O, that's only that monkey scared at his shadow," remarked Smyth, and continued, "I'll fix him plenty if he comes sneaking back here without water." But the shrieks continued, and One Lung was evidently approaching rapidly. "Clougar! clougar! clougar!" he yelled, as he dashed into camp empty-handed, dodged Smyth and dove into the shack. Smyth's ire and the other boys' uneasiness were just beginning to manifest themselves, when with a graceful bound a long-tailed, tawny beast, with eyes all aglow, alighted on a log not a dozen yards from where they sat and glared at them. Some, you know, call it ague, while others insist that it is fever. Anyway the boys had it. They were not exactly hypnotized, but they didn't get a shot; for after a momentary survey of the gang his royal highness quietly and gracefully disappeared in the darkness before the boys even thought of their Winchesters.

XII.

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!'"

With something akin to feelings of thankfulness and gratitude the boys welcomed Saturday morning's light. They had passed a very wretched night. If they could have been permitted to sleep in peace after their hard day's work of the day before they certainly would have enjoyed the blessing immensely, for they were very, very tired. But it was a long time after the cougar incident before they sought their beds. And then all through the night there were just enough rustlings and growls, and snarls and "scraps," and strange noises to keep them awake.

The trail of fresh blood from six or seven miles back in the elk country, with that from the salt lick, had led quite a delegation of varmints to their camp. Two or three times during the night they heard yells just human enough to let them know that the bloodthirsty cougar was around; while the growls and snarls and crunchings might be from either wolves or bears disputing over the bones and other remnants left from supper. Sometimes the sides of the shack would perceptibly shake as some more venturesome creature would try to get at the meat that had been discreetly piled inside in one corner. And then, as if to add to the distressing conditions, the fire burned out and all was darkness.

Of course there was no particular danger, but such conditions and surroundings induce insomnia in most people, unless it is some cold-blooded fellow like Smyth. Poor One Lung mutely cowered in the corner, half dead with fright. He was having a hard time of it. Not only Smyth, but all the varmints in the Cascade Range seemed to have it in for him for some unaccountable reason. The wonder is how the poor wretch lived at all, for even his days were full of terror, and he had not been known to sleep a wink since he left Portland.

"I'm going to get up," said Mead. "And so am I," said the Doctor. "And here, too," said Swift. Smyth pretended to be asleep, and maybe he was, for Smyth is a very practical fellow.

What a relief these declarations must have been to the poor Chinaman! Then the boys sat up and yawned and rubbed their eyes and felt about as mean as some of their neighbors outside.

"We might as well have a little fun out of it while we are at it," said the Doctor; "let's hurt some of these wretches." That just suited the other boys, of course, and so they all got their guns and crept outside. The moon cast a few bashful glances down through the thick foliage—just enough to make moving objects discernible at a short distance. Presently the boys' eyes had become sufficiently accustomed to the darkness to perceive two or three dark objects moving about just down the trail a little way, and at a given signal they turned loose and kept on turning loose until they had emptied their magazines.

It was a kind of satisfaction to be in at the wake anyway, you know.

Then they reloaded and all went in a body for wood. The camp-fire soon blazed brightly and the boys went out to investigate the results of their fusillade. "Here he is," said Mead, who was a little in advance of the others. "What?" asked Swift and the Doctor together. "I don't know what," replied Mead, "except that he is black and has a breath like a buzzard." "And strange to say, the nasty, snarling devil has hung to his elk rib even in death," remarked the Doctor.

XIII.

"I am as free as nature first made man."

The boys held their customary council of war after breakfast and decided to be "free lances," as Swift expressed it, this last day in the elk country. That is to say, each fellow might follow the course that best pleased his fancy. Mead's experience at the salt lick the previous day gave him an appetite in that direction. Smyth and the Doctor wanted a bear, while Swift was "ready for anything, from murder down to petit larceny." Smyth thought that One Lung might put in the day profitabiy practicing climbing trees. So Mead took his rifle and struck out for the salt lick. Again he approached very cautiously, but there were no pretty horns sticking up out of the hole this time. Lightning seldom strikes twice in the same place. It was all right though with Mead, for they didn't need any more meat, and he felt a secret gratification that he was not tempted. Then he sat down on the bank and soliloquized:

"There was a time," thought he, "when the Indian roamed over these mountains and through these lovely cañons, and supplied the hungry mouths in his wigwam with plenty; and his only arms were the spear and the bow. Now the most improved arms even in the hands of the expert can scarcely secure as much, and I will probably live to see the time when the deer, the elk and the bear will be only fading memories of the half-forgotten past." But what's that object that catches his eye away below, down almost under him. It moves. It must be a deer, and yes, there's another—both does, for no proud antlers grace their pretty heads. Mead knew that he ought not to shoot, but then—well, you know how it is yourself. He fired. They moved not. He fired again. Still they moved not. Five times more he fired. Five times more they moved not. But while he was filling his magazine there was a dissolving view below, and when he was again ready to shoot there was nothing to shoot at. Then Mead discovered that his rear sight was on the 400yds. notch—hardly adapted to almost perpendicular down-hill shooting—and his bullets had probably found a resting place in the bank on the other side of the cañon. But in his heart Mead was really glad of it, for Mead's heart is all right even if he does get a little off himself once in a while.

The Doctor and Smyth had crippled a bear early in the day by breaking one of his forelegs. They followed him six or seven miles over the mountains and through the cañons, but he seemed to be doing quite well, thank you, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and so the boys gave up the chase as a bad job and returned to camp.

But there was one member of that camp that didn't get skunked; no, sir!

That was Mr. Frederick Thayer Swift, "which I wish to remark."

He was following a trail through one of those little grassy parks that are found in all mountains; going along carelessly, aimlessly, without any particular object or design, when he saw a black object of some kind rise up from a bunch of grass on ahead a couple of hundred yards. The animal looked at him and then disappeared. Naturally enough he thought it was a young bear that had stood up long enough to satisfy himself who Swift was or what he was, and then "skinned out."

He sauntered on, and when he got a hundred yards or so nearer imagine his surprise at seeing the black object rise up out of the grass, take another look at him and again disappear. Now, Swift is nobody's coward, but the conduct of this varmint didn't strike him as being in accordance with established usage or such as might be expected of a plain little black bear of reasonable intelligence, and that ought to manifest at least regard enough for Swift's reputation as a bold and fearless hunter to run away. Swift was probably just a little bit suspicious and nervous in consequence of the animal's foolish and almost suicidal conduct, and so he mechanically cocked his gun and put in position for immediate use should the animal persist in its idiotic course. It was well that he did, for when he got within a rod or so of the bunch of grass out sprang a gigantic black wolf, which came straight at him with its great red mouth wide open and its green eyes all ablaze.

Swift pulled the trigger without putting his gun to his shoulder, and, in keeping with Mead's luck with the buck, he tore the whole top of his head off. And he brought the scalp back to camp as proof of the truth of his remarkable story. "That animal," said Smyth, "is the only varmint in either the Cascade or Coast ranges, except possibly the mealy-faced bear, that won't run from a man. That cuss will go clear out of his way to pick a

fuss; but a few more such thumpings as this fellow got may teach him better sense."

XIV.

"In all the trade of war, no feat
Is nobler than a brave retreat."

"Exhausted nature seeks repose," said the Doctor, as he crawled into bed. And nature must have asserted her rights with the boys (except possibly One Lung), for they were soon all asleep. And they slept right soundly too, all night, notwithstanding the somewhat restless condition of affairs outside. However, the previous night's experience had taught the marauders to be a little more considerate in their conduct and general deportment.

The peep of dawn Sunday morning found the boys well along on the trail that led down to the main camp. And, it being all down hill, they reached camp before 10 o'clock A. M. The mules had stuck to the sweet bottom grass of Fish Creek, and seemed perfectly satisfied to spend the balance of their days there. As the boys had anticipated, however, an investigating committee of bears had been in camp and had either eaten or despoiled everything but the canned goods and One Lung's Nordenfelt.

But then the boys didn't care much, for there was less to carry out.

A hearty lunch and a couple of hours' rest prepared them for a very pleasant afternoon with the Dolly Varden, rainbow and black spotted denizens of Roaring River, in which sport the whole camp participated.

And when night came and they had completed their arrangements for an early start home Monday morning, it scarcely need be recorded that the boys all slept soundly and sweetly. Success begets contentment, and contentment begets sleep. Even One Lung slept the gentle sleep of tired innocence. He had outlived more than a whole week's exposure to all the dangers of the Roaring River country and his scalp seemed to sit even closer than ever to his head this Sunday night; for he was very tired, and reaction from his severe nervous strain had already set in. He had worked hard; had gone into the elk country with the other boys and had even carried the antlers of a forest monarch down from those dreary realms and was still alive and—tired. Weariness is a wonderful narcotic.

Monday morning, when the last stake had been drawn, the last hitch been taken on the packs, the last long, lingering look taken at the ashes of the old camp-fire, and the cavalcade had right-about-faced for home, all the boys—yes, even the mules—joined in One Lung's song: "No more fun!" S. H. Greene.

Portland, Oregon.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Dakota Chicken Hunt.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 5.—As I was saying, a week or so ago, I was anxious to meet my old friend the prairie chicken, and to kill him and be sorry for it. So I went aboard the N. P. train at St. Paul one evening and the next morning was in Fargo, N. D., and a few moments later was talking with Clint Smith, who once upon a time had asked me to come up for a hunt.

"We got thirty-six the last time we were out," said Clint, "three guns of us. Of course, that isn't very many, but we can promise you those six birds which you say will be enough for you. And, moreover, I think I can show you your old friend the chicken dog, too." This seemed to me to be good enough for anybody, so I hung my hat up in Fargo for a while.

Clint Smith is the village blacksmith, and though his shop isn't under a spreading chestnut tree, because they only have cottonwoods mostly in the Red River valley, it is none the less a gathering place for children, boys and men, who hang about the forges and take delight in watching the sparks fly from the red iron. In my belief, every man ought to have a trade, something that he can do with his hands. The wealth of the world is produced by the men who can do something with their hands. They dig it out, and the fellows who don't try to work with their hands try to take it away from them, being themselves mostly robbers and parasites, who have no real right to live, since they do not add to the total of wealth and comforts. If I could only begin over again, I should not be a blacksmith—in journalism, but a blacksmith in fact. It must be such a comfort to be able to lam the everlasting life out of a piece of iron when you get hot at something or other. And then there is a dignity to any finished product in iron which does not pertain to any other metal. Gold and silver are the metals of women, children and Hebrews, but iron has always been the metal for a man. Look at Clint Smith's arms, for instance. What dumb bells would do that?

"I don't know why it is," said Clint, as he hammered away at a horseshoe he was making for a white-eyed pinto that had to have a rope twisted on his upper lip before he would engage in thought deeply enough to stand still, "I never did know why it is that everybody seems to like to hang around a blacksmith shop. My friends come in and sit here by hours watching me pound horseshoes, and they never seem to get tired of it."

I did not tire of it myself, though Clint grumbled because there was so much of it that he could not get off chicken hunting till the next day. So we talked shoot, and tied up horses' upper lips and nailed on shoes and had a good time till evening, and then Mr. C. E. Robbins, of the First National Bank, came around and took me out for a little trap shoot, there being a club meeting that afternoon. Here we met several very pleasant gentlemen, who cheerfully and easily beat me shooting targets, which seems to grow much the same in the Red River valley as elsewhere. And Mr. S. S. Lyon gave me a fine fat prairie chicken for breakfast, he having accumulated the same out of some friend's buggy, I presume. We admired together the beauty of the big brown bird, agreeing that no land produced a handsomer game bird. It had been years since I had eaten a prairie chicken (for I make it a point never to buy game, and will not eat it unless killed by myself or friends), and it seemed to me that if handsome was as handsome did no criticism could be urged against this wild chicken of the prairies.

It is customary, in describing a fall shooting trip, to mention the "crisp autumn air." A story is no good without crisp autumn air, with puffs of brown feathers floating in it. It is with regret, therefore, that I say that on the morning set apart for our start on the chicken shoot the air was by no means crisp enough to be considered up to the artistic standard. To the contrary, it was just the other thing, moist, damp, clammy and of a nature to remove the last trace of curl from the hired girl's bangs. (By watching the hired girl's bangs you can always tell when the shooting conditions are favorable. On bright, crisp days the hired girl's bangs curl tight and aggressively, with positiveness and vigor. On rainy days they hang stringy, limp and helpless. This is a good barometer). But time was short, and we decided to start anyhow, crisp or no crisp. Clint Smith and Ed and Charlie Bowers have a hunting rig with canopy top and close side curtains, so it doesn't make much difference whether it rains or shines, for all the hunting in that country is done by wagon, the shooter never getting out except to walk up to the dogs on point. Into this tidy carryall we bundled ourselves and belongings and pulled out into the rain about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, intending to drive out about eighteen miles to Mr. Sam Corbett's farmhouse, there to pass the night and hunt in the neighborhood the following day. There were these four of us, and we had three dogs, to wit: Nancy, black pointer; Don, ancient liver and white pointer, and Joe, pointer puppy, of small experience, but with ideas of his own.

In the East, when a man goes hunting, he walks, so that he can crawl through fences and thickets. In the South, he rides horseback over the fields, where he could not with any wheeled vehicle. In the West, the real West, where there are not yet any fences, he rides in light wagon or buggy. We used to hunt chickens so in Iowa when I was a boy, but now Iowa has been fenced up into measly little farms and is no good any longer. Up here in Dakota we were still on the prairies, the actual, unfettered, unfenced, open prairies that you read about, but don't often see. Far as the eye could reach the ground was absolutely flat and treeless. This was the wonderful Red River country, that great, gold-lined alluvial plain, with soil black as your hat, which lies up and down in Dakota and Minnesota about 60×200 miles in extent. This is the wheat granary of the world, and every foot of it is worth $25 an acre now. I called it the prairie, but it is only apparently so. There is no prairie left. It is a continuous wheatfield, with only strips of grass and scarce a cornfield in a dozen miles. The chickens actually nest in the wheat, and we saw their nests marked by the eggshells, and farmers told us of seeing many nests during their fall plowing. The birds simply refused to give up this country even after the farmers had sowed it all over with wheat instead of the ancient grasses.

We drove on out over this vast prairie that is no longer a prairie, meeting never a fence in forty miles. The dogs worked wide, forward, back and across, as only real chicken dogs know how. Poor old Don, the veteran, could not stand the gait he once could, but he kept going wide as he could. Joe was not so winded. But Nancy, the pointer of color, was all the dog we needed. I have never seen a better chicken dog for just this sort of work. She ranges very fast and wide, and is absolutely staunch. Moreover, she knows why she is running, and she uses the wind perfectly, and knows where her birds are when she scents them. In short, she is a chicken dog of the good old sort, devoid of frills, but full of sense, and of just the sort to assist prairie chickens into a canopy-top buggy.

In my chicken days we hunted on a grass and stubble country, and had certain hours of the day and certain sorts of country which we considered in our plans. Here in Dakota these seemed to be of no service. The birds were scattered all over, as apt to be found in the middle of the stubble in the middle of the day as not, and it was impossible to figure on their habits. It was now the 21st day of September (as we might have known from our equinoctial storm), and the birds having been shot at for a month were very wild. During the evening we saw I suppose 100 to 150, in bunches, single and small coveys, but the rain had made them restless, and we got small chance at them, the stubble offering no close cover. But they were great, glorious, strong-flying fellows, and we felt all the more delighted when we did get one. Clint and Ed Bowers shot one sharp-tailed grouse between them (the only one we saw on the trip), and then Clint shot a chicken out of a half dozen wild fellows that got up in the dusk, and I was led up to shoot over the last point of the evening, which Nancy made for us. This bird we found to have a leg already freshly broken by a former shot, so the boys asked me if cripples were the only sort I could kill. Total for the afternoon, three birds. But none the less, under Mrs. Corbett's kind care, we slept well that night after a big supper, and hoped for the morrow.

But the morrow wasn't any crisper than the day before it. The cold equinoctial rain continued to fall. The boys pulled on big fur overcoats and didn't complain of the heat, and I found a mackintosh none too warm. We started out in the morning with dogs and were shivering, and the curls of the hired girl were limp and desolate. None the less, within our curtains all was merriment and joy, and we concluded that the weather was something a sportsman should never mind—provided he has curtains.

Our persistence was finally rewarded. My chicken trip to Fargo was a success. By noon the rain had nearly ceased. The dogs kept up their fine work, black Nancy fairly proving a wonder. We began to find birds, a few, a few more, a good many, in droves and strings and little broken coveys. We all did fairly well, and the pile of big brown, plump birds in the back of the buggy began to grow. We got that half dozen birds which I had said would satisfy me, and then began on another half dozen. Then we made it a dozen and a half, and before night it was two dozen. With a long shot Ed Bowers killed our 25th bird just before dark, and then we drove home, perfectly contented so far as I at least was concerned. I had seen my old friend the chicken and felt sorry for him, and had seen also my old-time friend the genuine Western chicken dog, which comes in all sorts of breeds and all kinds of shapes. (Nancy is about the shape of a small greyhound.) Moreover and most of all, I had once more met with the courtesy and kindness of the shooting craft, which is much the same the country over, always very good to know. I suppose I killed rather more than my six birds to my own gun, and that is plenty, I can testify, to make one feel he has had a grand time with a grand game bird, and to feel grateful to those who offered him the chance.

My friends Clint Smith and the Bowers boys know about as much of the chicken shooting around Fargo as any of the shooters there, I presume, and they tell me the chickens are unusually scarce this year. On their opening hunt they only got seventy odd birds in two days to three guns. The week before I was with them they had been out with the success above stated, and they averaged a hunt each week. They thought the rain and hail had hurt the nesting in the spring. They said they knew of very little illegal shooting and believed the law was better observed each year. They expected the shooting to be better rather than worse next season and perhaps it will. The prairie chicken is certainly not yet extinct in the Red River valley, though that country no longer has charms for the "sportsman" tourist who wants to kill 50 or 100 birds each day himself.

The stock of chickens and sharp-tailed grouse all over eastern Dakota is annually affected by migration of the game. In October and November great bands of these birds come down from the north, no one knows from where. Often thousands in a day cross Fargo going south. They stop only temporarily and are very strong and wild. They go south into lower Dakota and Nebraska, where they can winter on the cornfields. In the spring they work back north again, many, of course, nesting all along this line of migration and so keeping up the local supply, subject, of course, to local conditions. The sharp-tailed grouse cling among the sandhills about thirty or forty miles south of Fargo, while the pinnated grouse breed more in the open prairie and hang about the stubble fields.

At Sheldon, forty miles southwest of Fargo, I saw a great many pinnated grouse while riding over the country during the greyhound races there. I should think one could have had very good shooting there, though local men said the crop for '95 was short.

At Moorhead, Minn., which is just across the Red River from Fargo, I went out for a few miles one evening with Mayor A. A. Lewis and his friend Mr. Douglas, and even so late in the season and so near the town we saw forty or fifty birds and bagged five fine ones. It seems clear that with fair observance of the game laws all this part of Dakota and Minnesota would continue to furnish moderate shooting for moderate men during an indefinite period yet to come.

Speaking of Illegalities.

Speaking of illegalities in shooting reminds me of a little incident of which I got track at Moorhead. A few of the shooters of that city, I regret to say, and men who should not have been guilty of such an act, could not wait for the season to open, but began shooting ahead of the date. They would sneak out and bring their birds in under cover, and they thus had on hand about 200 birds before the season opened. They hung these down in a well, as offering the coolest and safest place of concealment. Unfortunately one day the rope broke. The illegal shooters lost their chickens and their well at the same time.

The Upper Mississippi Valley.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 5.—Mr. H. B. Jewell, Mayor of Wabasha, Minn., and known to Forest and Stream readers as Wapahassa, writes me that he was last week out in southwestern Minnesota and had one day's shooting, but met very bad weather (no doubt the same storm which struck us at Fargo). He says:

"I would rather hunt in my old haunts in the grand old bottoms of the Mississippi and get only a few birds where we are sheltered from storms and wind than to shoot a hundred on the prairie. I wish you could have been here and helped me eat some of the big fat mallard baked that we had for dinner yesterday, also some of the broiled jacksnipe and teal another day. I got seven ducks right near home over the river, and jacks are very abundant. The prospects for game in the Mississippi Valley about here are better than for some years, owing principally to the rise of the river and the late heavy rainfall. I have put up my big tent "down in the marsh" twelve miles below town, in the prettiest camping spot imaginable, and I expect to spend considerable time there this fall. It is one of the best duck grounds in this part of the country. Wish you could come and spend a few days with me. Not so very much game, but a mighty fine place to spend the time."

Indians and Duck Eggs.

Mr. W. J. Gilboy, of St. Paul, Minn., now a conductor on the "Soo" line, personally told me of an instance of Indians gathering the eggs of wildfowl in great numbers. "I was on the Great Northern Railway then," said he, "the next year after it was put through. The track end was away out in Montana, near one of the Milk River tributaries, along which there was and is to-day a vast marsh. At that time this marsh was alive with ducks and geese, and it was in the nesting season. The Indians went out and gathered thousands of the eggs and brought them in to the railroad to sell. They had no good way of carrying them, so they loaded them into their blankets and brought them in that way, holding up the corners of the blankets. Of course they broke most of the eggs, and most of the rest were addled or partly hatched, so the Indians got very little for the eggs, but they kept on bringing them in, actually by thousands. That was on the marsh near Malta, I think. C. F. Waldo was then division superintendent and saw all this egg industry. To-day there are very few ducks and geese on that marsh."

Away Down South.

It should be the mission of the true newspaper man to spread peace, calmness and content about him as he walks through life, never to incite mutiny, foster sedition and cause heart-burnings. Col. A. B. Pickett, editor and manager of the Memphis *Evening Scimitar*, is a true newspaper man, as anyone who sees the *Scimitar* must know. Yet I must accuse him of violating the soft and soothly mission of the perfesh; for that he with deliberate intent and design prepense has invited me to have the best time in all my life. And I can't go! Truly, it is one's friends who break one's heart! But listen to the siren song of this man in Memphis, and say if it is not enough to cause a man to go home and kick the dog—provided he couldn't accept the invitation; which I can't, being obliged to do a little work once in a while, to sort of jolly my job along a little. Col. Pickett says—if he will allow me to quote from his letter:

"On the 31st day of October I leave Memphis on special car for Aransas Pass, Tex., over the Cotton Belt Route. Mr. S. G. Warner, the General Passenger Agent of the Cotton Belt, and Mr. Martin, of the Aransas Pass Railroad, are doing everything in their power to make the trip a pleasant one for our party, and we are all very anxious to have you join us. We expect to remain about two weeks.

I have invited Mr. DuBray, who is an old friend of mine, and also Mr. Burch, of Chicago, who is an all-around good fellow and a thoroughbred. The remainder of the party, which will number about fifteen, will be from Memphis and all of them representative men. Among those who have signified their intention of making the trip are Col. Napoleon Hill, the cotton king of Memphis; Col. John Overton, Jr., one of the land barons of Tennessee, and a crack shot with an 8-bore; Gen. Sam Carnes, lately Brigadier-General of the State and the organizer of the famous Chickasaw Guards; Judge J. M. Greer, Mr. J. H. Watson and Mr. R. D. Jordan, all prominent members of the Memphis bar; Mr. W. H. Bates, the proprietor of the leading printing house of this section; Mr. Tom Williamson, prominent farmer of Fayette county; Mr. John G. Hendon, of the same place; Mr. John R. Sloan, Chancery Court clerk, Tipton county, this State; Mr. T. A. Divine, whom you know, and T. K Riddick, a Somerville banker and lawyer. All of these gentlemen are enthusiastic sportsmen and most of them are excellent marksmen. I am satisfied you will enjoy the trip and we will be delighted to have you join us. We shall have one of Pullman's finest private cars."

To meet such company on such a trip and in such a country would make an epoch in one's life. Is it any wonder, I say, that since I can't go I feel that life in Chicago is a failure, under which mutiny and insurrection can be called only natural and fit? Heine's old German song says:

"Und dies hat mit ihrem Singen die Lorelei gethan!" which, being translated, means: And this has, with his singing, this Southern shooter done. I shall surely kick the dog to-night. It's an iron dog too. You can't keep a live dog in Chicago.

The Flight of the Fowl.

The wildfowl flight is now working down from the North. On Sept. 26, when I was up in Fargo, I met Mr. Walter Smith, who, with Clarence Lyon, of Fargo, John Burkhard, of St. Paul, and another shooter, had just returned from a hunting trip about twenty-five miles north of Dawson, N. D., on the N. P. line. They shot two days and bagged 50 geese, some of them monstrous Canada honkers, besides a great many ducks and a number of chickens and grouse. They report the shooting very good, and apt to improve.

Jacksnipe have made appearance in this region. Dr. W. H. Waterman bagged eight one evening along the Des Plaines, near Chicago. Reports of scattering bags are at hand also from lower Wisconsin and upper Indiana. No heavy shooting as yet, so far as I know.

Wants to go to Texas.

The FOREST AND STREAM emigration bureau continues to work. The last inquiry is from Providence, R. I., where Mr. Newton Dexter wishes to learn about winter accommodations on the Texas Gulf coast. He is sure to go, though I trust not beyond the reach of Providence.

Accident in the Mountains.

Mr. M. B. Thrift, of Chicago, is just back from a hunting trip in Colorado, which was terminated in a deplorable manner. Mr. Thrift was joined in Colorado by four companions, and they went into the mountains some eighty miles southwest of Laramie, Wyo. Among the party was Mr. G. H. Brewster, of Haworth, Col., formerly of Beatrice, Neb. The party were in the woods and engaged in felling a tree. In some way Mr. Bristol's foot slipped as he was about to step aside to avoid the falling tree, and the tree struck him on the head, crushing his skull and killing him instantly. The friends of the dead man had the hard duty of taking his body eighty miles in a wagon to the nearest railway point. The hunt was of course abandoned.

'Lunge.

The muscallonge are now biting well in the Wisconsin lakes. Mr. H. L. Stanton, of the Natchaug Silk Co., and his friend Mr. Willard went to Squirrel Lake, near Minocqua, and got twenty odd, mostly small, however. Mr. Roth, of the Wilkinson Co., this city, showed me a fine 'lunge the other day (38lbs.) which was just down from the Elk River, near Phillips, Wis. A 40lbs. specimen from Lakota waters was this week displayed (mounted) in a Madison street restaurant window.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Nitro Powder.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having used nitro powders since Schultze was introduced, I agree with Mr. C. M. Stark. Any one using common sense in loading nitros I think will obtain good results.

I don't think Mr. A. E. Gibson has given nitros as exhaustive trials as I have. I have used every brand of nitro on the market. I also find that 2¾ to 3drs. of nitro give good satisfaction in a 12-gauge gun for any kind of field shooting, barring pheasant, or pigeon shooting from the trap. I have seen several minor accidents with nitro powders, some purely through overloading, some from firing-pin bursting through the primer. I have had the heads of several shells pulled off, some loaded with 2½drs. only, to which I put down the cause as defective shells. I have seen plenty of heads come off at tournaments, the majority, I think, through improper loading.

P. H. D.

In the Indian Territory.

LOCO, I. T., Oct. 1.—I have seen no chickens as yet, but a few early ducks are here. I never saw quail more abundant, and doves are so numerous that no notice is taken of them as a game bird.

I anticipate excellent duck and chicken shooting a little later on. We also have any quantity of curlew in season.

"Pot shots," either on land or water, are violations of the unwritten law of true sportsmanship, and should be discouraged by every one. BRUNT GRAY.

Sunday Shooters in New Jersey.

HACKENSACK, N. J., Oct. 4.—Game Warden Ricardo arrested four men from New York and Brooklyn, last Sunday, at Woodridge, for illegal gunning. Two were fined $22 each by Justice Collins, of Rutherford; two were brought to Hackensack and fined $20 each by Justice Cumming, leaving their guns as security for the fines.

NEW ENGLANDERS WITH GUNS.

THE open season on gray squirrels and rabbits in the State of New Hampshire begins Sept. 1; on partridges and woodcock Sept. 15. Therein lies a solid cause of complaint in the opinion of many sportsmen who live in the southern portion of the State. The season on birds used to begin Sept. 1, and it is claimed by many of the shooters that the recent change to the 15th has been very hard on those who respect the law and do not go out until that date. An Exeter friend who delights in partridge shooting tells me that in Rockingham county (in which Exeter is located) there were many broods of birds previous to Sept. 1, but a visit to the same localities after the 15th showed the birds to be very scarce, and what few there were left extremely shy. His experience was only a repetition of many others', and the only conclusion to draw is that the rabbit and squirrel shooters have been bagging the game. It is not difficult to tell whether or not birds have been hunted, and all agree on that fact. It would have been far better to leave the opening day as it was, thus giving to all an even chance. In southern Massachusetts and in Rhode Island many bird shooters are complaining bitterly over the non-enforcement of the Sunday law. There are many mills in that region, and large numbers of foreigners are numbered among the help. It is the custom of these people to go out Sundays and bang away all day, making it almost an impossibility to bag any game during the remaining six days of the week. This is particularly true in many parts of Rhode Island. It would appear to be an easy matter to stop a good part of this Sunday shooting, and as the law is plain it should be enforced.

With the exception of northern New Hampshire woodcock are reported very scarce in all the New England States. It is said that a good rain is needed to drive them down from the covers high up in the Granite State, but the season has been so extremely dry that the birds have suffered and it will be hard to find them anywhere else. Partridges, on the contrary, are reported quite plentiful, especially in Maine. Along the coast line shore bird-shooting has been slow. Ducks are coming in slowly, but are scattered and few of the shooters have done much. Coot have been fairly plentiful down around Cohasset, and one ambitious gunner with a large gauge gun succeeded in killing enough the other day to thoroughly blacken his shoulder with the recoil. The Cedar Beach Gun Club, who have a club house and a good stretch of marsh down at Cedar Beach, Nantasket, have had the best luck I have heard of. During September they killed a large number of plover and yellow legs and had good sport. The club members are T. H. Rollinson, G. M. Woodman, S. Y. Nash, B. T. Dyer and J. D. Scudder, all from Waltham, Mass., I believe, and all royal good fellows who would rather shoot or fish than do anything else known to them.

Allimoosic Lake, Maine, is a favorite resort of C. D. Haskins, of Boston, one of our electrical experts. This gentleman, accompanied by Mrs. Haskins, returned a short time ago from that country, and was so pleased with the trip that he is going down again soon. He had some excellent bass fishing, on one occasion taking 10lbs. in twenty minutes. His largest bass weighed 3½lbs. and there were several others near that size. He also had good duck shooting, saw many partridges, as every one else has who has visited Maine this year, and was treated to the sight of a few deer. His only adventure of note occurred with a Canada lynx. He met one of these vicious brutes in the road one evening, and having no firearms with him was satisfied to wait until the animal had moved on. Desiring to do his share toward ridding the community of these animals, Mr. Haskins adopted a novel method to secure a shot. Procuring a squirrel he tied him to a long string and fastened the other end to his person on going to bed. During the night he was awakened by a vigorous pulling of the cord, and Mr. Lynx walked off with the bait while his would-be slayer was minus the shot. He intends to get revenge for that trick later on. Lynx are altogether too plentiful down there for the comfort of the people, and one of 45lbs. weight was recently killed by a well-directed shot from the hands of a resident.

The number of big-game shooters who have gone into Maine up to the present time this year is something phenomenal. For the last few years New York and Pennsylvania people are going into the Maine woods in considerable numbers, and at present this fact is more noticeable than ever. It certainly speaks well for the attractions of the old State that so many from distant States are finding and learning to love its mountains, streams and forests. From Boston, and in fact all parts of Massachusetts, almost innumerable parties are making up to go, and this fall the deer are destined to suffer a thinning out never before equaled. His Honor, Mayor Edwin M. Curtis, of Boston, and Mr. Fred Conant, of Portland, are in the Moosehead region. They have a fine camping outfit, with good guides, and will use every effort to get their share of the deer and perhaps a moose during their two weeks' stay.

Edward Belcher, of South Easton, Mass., and John Weber, of Wrentham, Mass., leave on Oct. 12 for a shooting trip in the neighborhood of Mt. Katahdin. It is to be entirely a camping trip of three weeks' duration. Last year they were in near Lobster Lake and succeeded in getting two deer. They hope to do even better this time.

That veteran sportsman, Dr. M. A. Morris, of Charlestown, accompanied by his friends, Dr. E. D. Robbins, W. B. Hastings and N. F Tufts, has gone away on a two or three weeks' trip into Maine after large game. Their destination is kept secret, but it is said they have gone to some unknown region where every man of the party is sure to get all the law allows. Dr. Morris has been a very lucky man in the past, and I hope this time their hopes will be fully realized. It is whispered that somewhere near the Katahdin Iron Works is the wonderful place selected for the slaughter, but as that is only a guess, perhaps it is far from the real truth.

Dr. Heber Bishop, another one of Boston's best sportsmen, with J. C. Whitney and Charles T. Cockey, Jr., of Baltimore, and J. B. Seward, of Boston, have just returned home from an extensive trip into Nova Scotia and northern Maine. Mr. Cockey killed his first bull moose in Nova Scotia, and all hands enjoyed the best of partridge shooting there. A long jump was made from here to Moosehead Lake, Maine, where the party went into camp at the head of the lake. They arrived there just before the opening day of the season (Oct. 1), and saw many deer while waiting until the law was off. On Tuesday, the first day of legal shooting, they bagged two fine bucks, and left for home on the following day, much pleased with their good fortune. Dr. Bishop is a great hustler on a trip of this kind, and it pays to hustle, even in the woods, when you can get results as he does.

Since Jock Darling left Nicatous I have not heard of many Boston men going into that country. I dare say the new management is just as competent and the accommodations just as good, but Nicatous without Jock does not seem natural. The only party that has come to my knowledge as going down there left some time ago and must have returned ere this. Chas. A. Eaton, Chester Eaton and W. A. Read, of Brockton, and Mr. Burley, of Newburyport, were the men who composed the party. I hope to find out from them how affairs are progressing at the ancient place.

W. C. Vaughan and D. C. Roberts, of Cambridge, and H. L. Talbot, of Lowell, leave in a few days for Mount Katahdin and the Sebois Lake region. This party were in the same region last year and did so well that they felt encouraged to repeat the visit this fall. Both birds and deer are their hopes for the trip. May their desires be realized during the ten days they expect to be away.

HACKLE.

ADIRONDACK DEER FLOATING.

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 28.—Having seen a good deal in your magazine relative to hunting in Maine, I thought I would give you particulars of a recent trip that I made to the Adirondacks.

I left Boston Friday night, Sept. 20, and reached St. Regis Falls, N. Y., at 10:30 Saturday morning. From there I drove eight miles to Lake Ozonia (formerly known as Trout Lake). From there I boated two miles to the south end of the lake, where my camp is located. It only took a short time to make preparations for a night's hunt. We left camp about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and then had four miles to travel in a straight line, but the way trails are cut the actual distance is about six miles. The walking was very good over these trails and we reached Weller Pond about 6 o'clock. After supper and a rest we concluded to try Train Pond, which is a mile east of Weller Pond. We reached Train Pond at 9 o'clock, walking the distance between the two ponds by lantern light, as the trail was well marked and a good one.

I hunted with a closed jack and had a first class paddler, but owing to the excessive light from the stars the pond was very light, and although we could hear deer at different parts of the pond, before we could get to them they would sneak out and get off in the woods. We took two long runs of about two hours each during the night and drove out eight or ten deer, but were unable to get near one of them, therefore had no venison for breakfast.

We went back to camp Sunday morning and spent the day at Lake Ozonia in camp. The day was beautiful and the scenery was fine. The white maples on the shore were as highly colored as beets and the tints through the woods were all the way from a beet hue to a dark green. Although I have made many trips to the woods I have never at any time seen the foliage finer than it was on Sunday. Sunday evening we walked back to Train Pond and about midnight concluded to try our luck again. We went out on Train Pond and it was not as light as on Saturday night and was very still, as there was no wind. We could hear everything that moved, no matter if it were quite a long distance away. There was one fawn playing around not more than 100ft. from our landing, but we did not take the trouble even to look at it, but went out on the pond with a closed jack. It was so still that only a paddler of great skill could paddle a boat without a noise, especially where there were large quantities of weeds and lilypads. After listening a while we decided to go to the north shore of the pond, where there were several deer out in the water. We consumed about half an hour going a distance that could easily be accomplished in five minutes; but my paddler, honest John Wait, of Parishville, one of the most skillful paddlers and best cooks that there are, did not make a sound and no motion of his body above his wrists in going across the water. When ponds are so light deer will detect the slightest motion and will leave the water. When we came near the shore I opened my light and I could see one eye of a deer through the grasses that was feeding a little distance away. I waited for a moment until it raised its head and started to walk away, when I fired, and from the noise I felt sure that I had broken a leg. The deer moved about 75ft. to the edge of the woods and we could hear no more noise.

I then heard a rustle about 50ft. to the right of where I had shot my first deer, and turned my light in that direction and the guide immediately turned the boat around. I could see a deer in the edge of the woods facing me, and not knowing positively whether I had shot the first deer, and being desirous of securing one deer, I fired at this one. This deer made one or two jumps and was dead. We drew the deer out and dressed it. It was a fine two-year-old buck, in first-class condition. We then looked for our other deer, but were unable to find it; therefore we went back to our bark camp to sleep until morning.

Early Monday morning we went out to look for our other deer. We found it in the edge of the woods, dead. It was a three-year-old dry doe. We dressed this deer, and left the forequarters for the guide and took down the saddles to Lake Ozonia for some friends. I took the buck home with me to Massachusetts.

I had a warm job of it packing the saddles down to Lake Ozonia Monday morning, and John and his son did not have a very easy time taking down the whole deer strapped to a pole.

I had dinner at Lake Ozonia, and drove back to St. Regis Falls and took the 3:38 train and was back at my office in Boston Tuesday morning.

Now I think this is as good results as any one can show in Maine. I was only gone from my office two business days and Sunday; traveled by rail 704 miles, by boat four miles, by trail fourteen miles, by carriage to and from St. Regis Falls sixteen miles, and the result two fine deer, shot within a minute of one another.

If any one can show a quicker or more successful trip and the same distance traveled, I would like to hear from them.

FRANK A. CUTTING.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

RANGE FOR SHOOTING GAME.

HALIFAX, N. S.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Dick of Connecticut and Another Dick have severely criticised my action in shooting at a running moose 200yds. away, but they do not say at what range I would be justified in shooting. I can only surmise from both articles that I am only to shoot when absolutely sure of my shot—but no; I am wrong, because I see in the article in the issue of Sept. 21 that absolute sureness is an impossibility.

I quite agree with the writer in thinking so, in so far as I myself and the great majority of big game hunters are concerned. Some few may, I believe are, quite sure where they will hit before pressing the trigger.

Now, to illustrate how difficult it is to fix a range for yourself or for others at which you may fire at a moose, let me quote a few examples, for the accuracy of which I can vouch:

In the fall of '93 my guide took out moose calling two young friends of mine, both belonging to the militia, and counted among the best shots in their regiment. In due course one very clear evening, as the sun had just gone below the horizon and a beautiful moon was shining and not a vestige of wind (in fact, every condition was such as to afford them an excellent opportunity to make a good shot), my Indian called up a moose. It came out from the sheltering woods and walked out on the open barren to within thirty paces of the spot where my friends were concealed behind a large boulder.

Now, I think every one will surely agree with me when I say they had a splendid and almost exceptionally good chance to kill that moose, but note the result—both men aimed at the shoulder of the moose, standing quite still and broadside to them; after the shots the animal ran a few paces and fell, but was by no means dead. They stood off fifteen or twenty paces and fired seventeen more shots at the poor animal lying there struggling on the ground before one bullet, more well directed than the rest, found the animal's brain and quieted its struggles, and, I might add, ended its agonies. Its head was so torn by bullets as to make it useless for mounting, and of the two first shots fired one struck it in the abdomen and the other one never hit at all.

Again, the first time I ever had the fortune to go moose hunting, and the very first day we were out, the Indian went down to the lake near our camp to draw some water for tea, and saw swimming across the lake a young bull. He ran back for me, and I picked up my rifle and three shells and hurried to the water's edge, a distance of some 20yds. The animal was then within a few yards of being obscured from view by a point making out into the lake and about 100yds. away. I fired two shots at him quickly, and both missed, owing to a mistake in my elevation. My third and last shot hit the animal in the nose somewhere, as we could well see by the way it threw up its head and made directly for the shore and cover.

Now, any hunter knows what a very small part of a moose's head is exposed when swimming, and of the small exposed portion a smaller portion constitutes the brain and vulnerable part.

Here is a case where a deviation of one inch in the course of the bullet would alter a miss from a kill. The chances to kill were nearly as great as the chances to miss, if the head were hit at all; and yet, because I might, and in fact did, shoot two or three inches out of the road, I suppose from D. of C.'s and A. D.'s point of view I should never have fired at all.

But I did fire and did hit the mark, and although only a few inches out of the road, I did not kill the animal, and it would probably become all well again in a few days.

Another case still—one of our most successful hunters tells the story of his first moose as follows: "We were cruising along through the woods and came out suddenly on a small clearing 50yds. across, and there was a moose standing on the far side, quietly browsing, with his shoulder to us. I fired at him, and away he went tearing through the bushes, and as no blood was visible on the bushes or ground we had to conclude that I had missed."

A moose 50yds. away, standing still and with an exposed shoulder! Surely this was an easy shot, and the man could be excused for shooting, and yet he did not kill.

So much for instances where a moose, although well within the bounds of what we might call easy shooting distance, was missed.

In my last article I mentioned two particularly difficult shots which were successful. In the case in point the animal, as before stated, was in plain view 200yds. away among bushes which by no means presented an obstacle to my shooting it, and when my first shot was fired was hardly under way, although I did startle it while throwing a shell into the firing chamber of my rifle. The bullet was sufficiently well directed to go through the lung, and possibly 2in. more one way or the other would have made the shot result very differently.

Moose have frequently been known to stop still at the sound of a gun, even when hit; in fact, I know of one such case in my own experience, and had this one done so of course I would have had a second good chance. I think, therefore, that in consideration of the above authenticated cases any man going moose hunting should avail himself of every possible chance of shooting his game, be the range long or short, or the conditions good or bad.

The element of chance in moose hunting is very great, and a man can ill afford to lose one, for goodness knows 'tis a hard enough job to find a moose, let alone to shoot it. It does not usually run across your path unsought; and any man who can point to a moose head and say, "I shot it," has just reason to be proud of his abilities as a hunter (I won't say sportsman).

Such, therefore, is my opinion of the range at which we may shoot moose.

D. of C. and A. D.—the latter of whom I suspect of being none other than D. of C. himself—bring into the discussion matter entirely at variance with the heading of the article—"Range for Shooting Game."

They accuse me of not being a sportsman. Now the definition of a sportsman I would like to see made the topic of another article; I must say that for myself I really could not define a sportsman, and I could not be the judge of sportsmanlike conduct in another; I can, however, in this article answer one or two of the statements in A. D.'s letter.

He implies that a sportsman to be a sportsman must make use of the meat he kills and must not kill the animal unless his meat be utilized.

Now must the man who hunts the tiger, the lion and the grizzly, or the people who follow the hounds in a fox hunt or wildcat hunt or even the coon, must they be unsportsmanlike because they do not utilize the flesh or in fact any portion, but kill only for what I always called the sport of it.

I most certainly think that in the case of a moose all the meat should, if possible, be taken out and used. In the case in point we used what meat we wanted; I sent a small piece to some of my friends, the balance I gave away to the nearest country people, who were very glad to get it, and I could easily have disposed of ten carcasses among them, as lots of men were willing, aye, more than willing, to hitch up their oxen and pull out any quantity of meat for the sake of one hind quarter. I have, however, known cases where the moose was killed so far from any habitation that the meat would all spoil before it could be taken out.

Perhaps though, in such a case, to be sportsmanlike, we should try and drive the moose out toward a settlement and then knock it on the head with an axe, the surest way of killing it.

A. D. says "Tiam clearly implies that the sportsman sallies forth for the mere gratification of killing." Now I don't quite see how my words could be made to convey any such idea; in the first place the greater portion of men do not go to the woods on a moose hunt for no other purpose than killing a moose; they go for the rest, recreation and change incident to the life lived in the woods, also for the hundred and one little pleasures incident to life in the woods. I have been asked why I go away hunting alone with an Indian, my answer is always ready—"I am fond of the woods." The killing of the moose is merely a link in the chain, it furnishes a definite end for you to keep in view, the very difficulty of attainment making the fulfillment of which all the more desirable.

Did a sportsman go to the woods with only a desire to kill something, I have no doubt some country farmers would be very much obliged to him if he would go to their houses and shoot their fatted steers, etc.

Re the sportsmanship question also, I would like to ask my friend A. D. if he saw a grouse sitting on the ground a short distance ahead of him, I presume, in order to carry out his role as a sportsman, he would put up the bird and shoot at it on the wing. Now, why do sportsmen flush birds before shooting? (I am, of course, dealing now with the shotgun, not taking off heads with a small rifle.) Simply because a bird on the wing has a much greater chance to escape and consequently of getting slightly wounded, and still getting away and possibly dying in some corner.

Now a moose and a grouse are both game and both are noble game; won't you, please, A. D., allow me to give the poor moose a chance, even though an occasional one does go away maimed? All wild animals are the property of the people and rightly so. I hope the day in America is far off when the animals will become so guarded that only the wealthy will be able to shoot, as is the case in England to-day.

The law, however, allows a man two moose in a season here, and that is wise, as evinced by the fact that they are increasing slowly and surely.

This being the case, no sportsman need hesitate one moment about killing two moose if he can.

In our case there were two of us, and naturally we were each anxious to take home a trophy even though one man did shoot both animals, and so I do not think the accusation of being selfish and of killing for the mere sake of killing holds good.

You must also remember every one is not so fortunate as to get away moose hunting more than once or twice in a lifetime, and if he shoots up to the limit at one time when the chance presents itself, I would not be the one to censure him for it.

Nobody hates killing more than I do—it is the only portion in the sport which I do not like. I can hunt for weeks and enjoy it immensely up until the point when the animal dies. To see a moose lying there on the ground, a few moments before full of life and vigor, thinking only of his lady love, whose voice he had heard so seductively calling him to her—to look at him there, I don't see how any one, barring a butcher, could feel any other way than sorry for what he had done—for the life he had taken to satisfy his love for sport.

But not only a moose; a wounded rabbit, grouse, snipe, duck, or in fact anything, they all inspire the same feeling of regret in me, and many a time have I resolved not to kill again, but the very next chance finds me at it as hard as ever.

It is one of the queer phases of human nature, I suppose.

Now I will close this screed with an honest confession made up of the above facts. I do not know what range to shoot game at in order to be sportsmanlike, and I do not know what a sportsman is.

I am going away on my fall hunt this year on the 7th of November, and should another moose show up at 200yds. away, I am afraid the temptation to shoot will be too great for me to overcome. TIAM.

Railroads and the Park.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose clipping from the Omaha *Bee* of to-day, which reads: "Much speculation has been indulged in concerning the plans of the Burlington in building into the Yellowstone Park country. News from that section of the country is to the effect that a surveying party is now at work in Johnson county, Wyoming, on a survey that is supposed to be under the direction of the Burlington. Along with the survey is an irrigation company that proposes to reclaim thousands of acres of arid lands along the line. The survey will tap the north end of the Salt Creek and Powder River oil fields, cross the Big Horn range and enter the National Park either at the Yellowstone River or in the Stinking Water Valley. Railroad men generally believe that the Burlington is seeking a Pacific coast line of its own, and believe that the National Park extension will be built soon." I don't know what there is in the story. Judging, however, by the way the Burlington people get everything they want, it looks as though they might break into the Park. W. R. HALL.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

SHOOTING FOR RECORDS.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., Sept. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It's not often that I sit down to write with the special object of adding to the mass of "rejected addresses" in some waste basket, and if you wax mad and kick because of my useless work you must lay it all on the shoulders of B. Squires.

In his contemptuous sneer at record hunters he touches a sympathetic chord in the soul of every true sportsman; yet I cannot see why he might not consistently have included trap-shooting "record hunters."

Many long years ago, before gray hairs increased my wisdom, I had a reputation for skill in shooting of which I felt as proud as an American beauty of an English title. My hobby was difficult bush shooting, but trap-shooting I was then, and am still, almost a stranger to, having never indulged in it more than half a dozen times in my life.

An acquaintance in Cincinnati sometimes spoke of a friend of his whom he considered the best shot—"present company excepted"—that he ever saw, and he always hankered after getting us together.

One day his friend came to town and he introduced us, and we agreed to test our skill at pigeons, each one paying for his birds, and no stakes. We both scorned single birds, looking upon it as simply bird butchery, affording no test of skill; so we agreed on twenty double birds each, and we tied on eighteen. Now, that might be considered a pretty good score even in this enlightened age; but as that was either my first or second trial at the trap, I am quite sure I might have made a straight twenty with a little practice and without the excitement of a crowd. I also, at St. Louis, killed 130 English snipe in one day when out with some members of the St. Louis Hunting Club, and for this my only excuse was that they took me to their famous snipe ground for the express purpose of showing me how to shoot.

That was my only day's shooting that I look back on "with shame and confusion of face," and I'll never forget the scoring I got from Falstaff Hackett when I told him exultingly of my famous feat.

Since then, if not before, many other snipe hogs have smashed that record and they ought to blush for doing it.

In those early days I thought my skill was something to be proud of—but was it? With the almost constant practice that I had and with a gun that exactly suited me I must have been stupid not to become a first-class shot.

I have not the slightest admiration for professionals who waste their time in constant efforts to break records, for I do not look upon such efforts as anything to boast of. I think the usual distance for trap-shooting is 30yds. at single birds, and in many cases good strong birds will get a start of 5 or 10yds. before being covered, and at a distance of 35 or 40yds. the shot is so scattered that even when the aim is perfect the bird may not be hit in a vital part.

A dozen shot through the breast of a pigeon will fail to stop him; so the result of a match between two men of equal skill may depend on the merest accident and sometimes on superior nerve; so that where there are hundreds of men all over the country who are about on a par, contesting matches seem like folly.

Shooting as an accomplishment and a source of pleasure is commendable, but sensible men should not indulge in "record-breaking." DIDYMUS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In last week's issue Mr. B. Squires asks what true sportsman does not read with contempt the accounts of the performances of would-be "record" hunters. The answer can be but one thing. Not one. No, not one. If FOREST AND STREAM and others more generally understood the nefarious practice these hunters have of banding together and scouring a section of the country for a week and then one of their number takes a trunk load of birds to New York, there would be many a public retort. Of course the law has not been violated, for the birds were accompanied by the owner.

Living as we do in a border country we have the best opportunity to observe the working of the laws. There are a number of men near the State line who after Oct. 1 carry on their guerrilla warfare on the birds, shooting in New York and carrying over the line to ship. There was consternation in their camp when that law passed the Pennsylvania Legislature last winter. They boasting said they would kill every bird if they were obliged to throw it away to rot. Those in position to best know give but little credence to the report of these record makers. If they are such wonderful live-bird shots and it is money they are after why is it that they don't come and take a hand in some of the live-bird shooting going on around here? They can get as big money as they want and good big odds as well.

There is but one alternative, "Stop the sale of game." Surely B. Squires harped upon the right key of a responsive chord, and many a hearty amen has gone up in echo to his reply to Braggadocia. H. W. BROWN.

[A Mexican Game Country

LAS CRUCES, N. M., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In view of the rapidly growing scarcity of game in the United States and the inadequacy of game laws for its protection, attention is invited to a tract of 2,000,000 acres in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, which is situated in the southeast part of the State and lies on the Rio Grande River. The eastern portion of this tract is broken by rough hills, furnishing almost inaccessible refuge for bears, deer and turkeys. Tributaries to the Rio Grande flowing from the hills abound in trout and other fishes. The plains are covered with antelope, wolves, foxes, and other smaller game—jack rabbits and quail of several varieties.

During a recent visit, President Bell, of the New Mexico & Chihuahua Land and Stock Co., headquarters El Paso, Tex., authorized me to invite friends who might look favorably upon such an enterprise, and to say that conveyances will meet a party at an eligible point on the Mexican Central Railway to transport it, free of cost, across the country.

Concessions can be obtained from the Mexican Government, and all arrangements will be made at the Custom House at Juarez for free entry on conveniences for excursionists. W. R. FALL.

THE WATER-KILLING OF DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream: I have been an eye-witness to a number of such scenes and am frank to confess that I have, on two occasions, myself shot deer that had been driven into the water by dogs: once when I was rowed by my guide to an easy shot, and again when I was alone on watch and pulled a boat nearly half a mile and killed a buck at fair range with a .38-cal. Winchester, while the boat was being tossed up and down by the waves, caused by a strong wind which swept the lake. The spirit of fair play within me revolted against such methods, and I ever afterward declined to take a watch upon pond or lake, and if I was not assigned a position to watch some known runway, to take my chance as well as to give the deer a chance, I kept aloof from the hunt.

To a person who has never killed a deer there is, of course, a measure of excitement in thus obtaining one, and many are induced by their guides to believe that it is the proper way to have a deer drive. This may be because it is far the easiest and involves but little work for either guide or sportsman. In a region like the Adirondacks, so full of lakes and ponds, in which deer pursued by dogs will invariably seek to elude them, it is very rarely the case that one escapes, and the sportsman of a reflective disposition is not at all jubilant over the result of such an unsportsmanlike procedure. If dogging must be permitted in this region, by all means let the FOREST AND STREAM add another plank to its broad platform, and let it be entitled: "No water-killing of deer in the Adirondacks, either before dogs or by jacklight at night." Both are certainly "crying evils," and rapidly decreasing the quantity of game in that region. Of the two, it is my opinion that the jacklight system is by far the lesser, and does not alarm and drive the deer from localities that they frequent near as much as is done by the hounding system, which I hope will eventually be altogether prohibited.

Were the tract simply mountainous and with only rivers and creeks, there might be some excuse for hounding, as the chance shot on a runway and the baying of the hounds in pursuit of the game affords satisfaction to many; but with its immense number of ponds and lakes the result is simply slaughter by wholesale—for but few escape—and the practice is followed up nearly every day that the party remains in camp, and, as much proof is attainable, very often the hindquarters only are used.

E. S. W.

A TEXAS DEER HUNT.

DEER hunting in most sections of Texas is comparatively a thing of the past, there being only a few deer left in any except the very sparsely populated portions of the State. There are almost none at all in this (Van Zandt) county, and consequently we local sportsmen are always obliged to go quite a distance by rail when we want a shot at a deer.

Three of us, a D. D., a wholesale grain merchant and a civil engineer, generally manage to get together every three or four years and take a trip, and what we lack in number of deer we make up in genuine pleasure.

In the fall of 1891 we three, with one other, made a 250-mile trip and return in wagons.

Our destination was the Devil's River, in Val Verde county, southwest Texas. We were out a month, killed nine deer, eight "peccary" or javelina, and hundreds of quail, besides catching plenty of bass out of the Devil's River, two miles below its source, where it boils out at the base of a perpendicular cliff 250ft. high. On this trip the writer killed his first deer, and experienced his first "buck ague." This latter, however, came after the deer was hit twice with .40-60-260 rifle bullets, very fortunately for the shooter.

It was not the '91 hunt that I started out to tell of, however, but one taken by the same three, together with two others, during September, 1895.

The D. D. of our trio is now living in Palestine, Texas, and he having written a very urgent request for my brother and myself to join him in another deer hunt, we ended the matter, as sportsmen always end such things when practicable, by taking the train for Palestine, with a friend, a lawyer, Smith, for shoot on Sept. 14, '95.

Monday morning by 9:30 we had gotten our wagons loaded, and by the early part of the afternoon had arrived at our camp at Big Lake, on the Trinity River, and two hours later we had two tents up, a camp table and cook's table in place, and were feeling quite at home.

For cook we had a colored individual yclept George, who acquired, before the hunt was over, a considerable reputation through the unprecedented size of his biscuits, which were so liberal in their proportions that no man was ever known to take two during one meal.

The undergrowth being very thick in the Trinity bottom, it is necessary to drive with hounds and place standers to hunt the deer successfully.

On the first day's drive the dogs jumped a deer, but it went off up the river, whereas the stands were all down the river; so that settled the deer hunting for that day. We all shot squirrels in the afternoon and spent the most of the night anathematizing mosquitoes, as we had left our mosquito bars at home on the statement of some unmitigated prevaricator, who assured us with an oath that not a single mosquito was to be found in the vicinity.

Wednesday our luck was better, the D. D. killing a nice deer on the first drive.

On the next drive we put Smith, the lawyer, on the best stand, as he had never shot at a deer in his life. The stands for this drive were on a road leading out across the river bottom at right angles to the river's course, and the drive was made above. The dogs did not jump a deer for some time, and when they finally jumped a nice buck he took his first run off in the opposite direction. Later, however, he came back down the river directly toward Smith's stand.

Smith, when placed on his stand, waited very patiently to hear the dogs commence to run; he heard them jump the deer and start up the river, and then turned his attention to two squirrels which were playing on a large oak directly over him, and the longer he looked at these squirrels the more he wanted to shoot them. So engrossed was he with them, indeed, that he professes never to have heard the dogs as they brought the deer back, and so, when the deer was coming directly toward Smith's stand, boom! boom!! went his old Lefever hammerless, and he had killed both the squirrels! and the deer turned back and got away.

We let him off that time, but he says he knows he'll never shoot another squirrel while he's on a deer stand.

We stayed in camp till Saturday and got another nice buck and one wildcat, besides plenty of squirrels. We would have killed several more deer if we had known the drives, but, being without anyone who knew the country, we were considerably hampered.

However, as we were out for sport and not for any great quantity of game, we were all well satisfied and parted with mutual promises to go again.

E. A. WINGO.

MAINE GAME GROUNDS.

BOSTON, Oct. 4.—Holeb, Me., is being mentioned as a good deal of a hunting and fishing resort. It was a place little known before the Canadian Pacific passed through that section of the country. Formerly it was reached only by the Canada road, a military road built by the Government, following about the trail of Benedict Arnold on his memorable trip to Canada in winter. Now to go from Boston to Holeb, or that part of the country near the boundary line, it is only necessary to embark by rail for Cookshire junction on the Canadian Pacific, and from thence to Holeb, where are numerous lakes and ponds, with large game considered to be remarkably plenty. Mr. Charles S. Cook is now absent on a hunting trip to that section. His son has already been there once or twice this season, with reports of excellent fishing. There are camps at Holeb and other points along the line of the Canadian Pacific, in that part of the country, both in Maine and in Canada, where the weary hunter is taken good care of. Guides are to be obtained, the rates depending largely on how much these gentlemen of the backwoods have already been spoiled by indescreet and inexperienced hunters and fishermen.

The open season on moose, caribou and deer began in Maine on Tuesday, October 1. As has already been mentioned, this class of game, at least so far as deer are concerned, was never in so great an abundance in that State. But it is a curious fact that Boston gunners have not rushed off to the hunting grounds in so great number as last year, so as to be there at the beginning of the season. In very many cases the hunters are going to wait till the first snows, well knowing the difficulties of deer hunting without snow on the ground, and especially during the falling of the leaves. Reports say that owing to the dry weather the trees will easily be stripped of their foliage. But then comes the other difficulty of the rustling of dried leaves on the ground. The ideal hunting of all is a freshly fallen snow of sufficient depth for tracking, but not deep enough to load the trees or impede progress. Such snows are always looked for in Maine in November.

Mayor Edwin U. Curtis, of Boston, is in the Maine woods on his vacation, and doubtless he is looking for game, since he is both a hunter and a fisherman. He is anxious to be beyond the reach of mail or telegraph, and hence he has not left word with everybody as to just what point he has gone. It is understood, however, that he intends to bring home a deer, and the lovers of economy and good city government hope that he will bring back another batch of veto messages that will be equal to those he put forth just before his departure. Mr. E. J. Shattuck is absent at his camp in Aroostook county, Me. His brother, of San Francisco, is with him. The camp is in the vicinity of Patten, and the hunting and fishing are about all that can be desired. Mr. C. P. Stevens, of Boston, is still at Camp Vive Vale, Narrows, Richardson Lake. He is stopping for the deer and partridge shooting.

Again Mrs. Westley Jones, of Boston, has brought down a deer in the Adirondacks, according to report. A special to the daily papers dated Brandon, N. Y., Sept. 30, says that there is rejoicing in Kickabuck Camp, where Mrs. Jones is spending a vacation with her husband and guests. A noble buck came along pursued by the hounds. The lady simply raised her Winchester and fired and the buck dropped dead in his tracks. Her son, Rodney Jones, 10 years old, was her only companion at the time. Now it is to be hoped that this story is true, but it will be remembered that it sounds very much like the one told of the same parties for a couple of years in succession. At any rate the Jones party is reported as having excellent luck, taking its full share of large game. Dr. C. F. Nichols and his daughter, of Boston, who were guests of the Jones party earlier in the season, have returned. Mr. Rolin Stuart, also of Boston, has gone to join the same party.

S. H. Kauffmann, editor of the Washington *Star*, with George P. Rowell, of New York, than whom few men are better known to the newspaper fraternity, have gone home from a camping and fishing outing at Mr. Rowell's camps on Crystal Lake, New Hampshire. It will be remembered that the celebrated ten-acre pond law was fought by Mr. Rowell at this lake, and that he was beaten in his attempt to control the fishing and shooting there. The case was carried to the Supreme Court, I believe, and this time also the cause of the residents, who desired to fish and shoot there, was sustained. But no trouble is now experienced. The campers own all the land bordering on the pond, and the residents do not seem to care to trouble them. To reach the pond trespass must be committed, but this would be punished very lightly by the local courts.

Mr. E. Frank Lewis started to-day for his fall shooting in Maine. He goes to Lee, which is in the neighborhood of Costigan. Mr. Bradford will accompany him. A little later Mr. Sawyer and Mr. Phineas Sprague are expected to follow. Still later a couple of Lawrence gentlemen are expected. Mr. Lewis proposes to remain in the woods three or four weeks. It is a new place to him, to which he is going, but he expects to find good camps and equipments. His guide of former seasons will be there. Mr. Lewis says that one deer is enough for him, and that it must be a buck at that. Now, if there were only more hunters like him!

SPECIAL.

West Virginia's Quail Dearth.

MILTON, W. Va., Oct. 4.—In your issue of Oct. 5 Texas Field says under the heading of "Texas and the Southwest" that game is going to be very plentiful this winter. It is going to be just the reverse here. I have asked a good many farmers if there were any quail on their farms and with one exception all said that they had not seen a quail this summer. I went through some of the best cover I ever saw this spring, and I did not see a quail or any indications of any. Rabbits are very scarce.

BURKE WILSON.

A TEN DAYS' HUNT IN NORTHERN MAINE

THE fall of '94, as most of the sporting fraternity are well aware, was remarkably free from snow, thus making it very difficult to track anything through our dense woods, as what little we had up to the middle of December would prove more of a hindrance than a help. I had, however, made all the necessary arrangements; so, having gotten through Thanksgiving Day without any serious mishap, I embarked on the morning of Nov. 30 at 6 o'clock for the country lying south of Ashland, known as the St. Croix and Black Water region.

I had procured a small horse sled as a means of conveyance and had thereon placed my "wongun box," in which I put eatables, cartridges, etc. I had also procured the services of one Dan Carter, a rather peculiar personage, as he was cross-eyed, almost white-headed and would lie "to beat the band." So I considered myself pretty well equipped.

We had thirty-five miles to travel before we could see the guide, and, as the most of us know, it requires a fairly good disposition to ride on a sled in this country with less than 2in. of snow, and there was many a bare spot in the road. However, after ten hours of hard work we succeeded in arriving at our destination, having walked at least twenty miles of the distance.

Here we found the guide, Frank Snow, of Masardis, who, hustling us into the house, took care of our horse, after seeing that we were o. k. for a good supper.

At 5 o'clock, as I was dreaming, I was suddenly awakened by Frank, who informed me that if I hoped to reach camp by noon it was high time we were up and moving. Hastily dressing I hurried down stairs, where, after bolting my breakfast about in the manner of an ostrich, I donned my sweater and ulster and we started for a camp on Black Water, about seven miles away, it being necessary to travel this distance on foot, but it can now be done with horses.

Frank had strapped our provisions, cartridges, etc., to a low sled with runners 3 or 4in. wide, and the way that thing would ride rock piles, stumps, logs and anything it came across was a caution.

The whole country here is ideal for sportsmen, and on almost any of the hills a beautiful view of Katahdin can be secured, lifting its lofty head high above the surrounding country.

After traveling through the woods and fields to the stream about four miles away, we struck up for about three miles to Goding camp, a small affair, built about forty rods from the stream, with a hole cut through the roof to let the smoke out, but I failed to see wherein it did the business, as before we had a fire fifteen minutes I was nearly choked, and my eyes felt as they used to when I was a small boy living in Bangor and building bonfires in the spring, to run back and forth through the smoke.

After dinner we took our rifles and started for an old camp of Dunn's, about a mile further in, keeping our eyes open for game. We had scarcely got out of sight of camp when Frank, reaching over a fallen tree which lay across our path, sprung an enormous bear trap, making me turn several degrees whiter when I heard the jaws come together, as I thought it had caught his arm.

We had seen track after track of deer since leaving the house, but the first moose track was discovered after crossing a cranberry bog which lies about one-half mile from camp, and though two or three days old yet it gave me that peculiar feeling of exhilaration known to all sportsmen. We had hardly entered the woods again when we heard the whistle of a deer and stopped just in time to see the flag of a big buck disappear over a fallen tree surely 7ft. above the ground.

This ground, including the streams, was literally alive with game of all kinds. While gone I saw not less than a dozen beaver houses, as many more otter and countless numbers of tracks of deer, loupcervier, sable, etc. Arriving at the camp we found that the office was in fairly good condition, so we decided to move up, as with a little labor the invincible Dan could soon make it into quite a comfortable abiding place. Upon our return to camp we found a brother and also a friend of Frank's there, who, seeing our tracks as they were returning from a trip farther in, had stopped to tell us that a moose had crossed South Branch about two miles further up. That night was, I believe, the most uncomfortable one I have ever spent, as five of us had to lie in a space 4 or 5ft. wide, and the only thing needed to make us equal to the proverbial "sardine in a box" was the oil, as each man had to lie on his side and was firmly fixed when once in position; this was the "straw that broke the camel's back," and when morning came we each took a load and started for the main camp.

As this was Sunday we made up our minds to go it easy, so leaving Dan to fix up the camp Frank and I started to do a little prospecting and if possible to locate something for the next day's hunt. Returning to the stream by means of an old "tole rode," thus striking it about a mile further up than where we had left it, we proceeded up for half a mile, then took to the woods on the left or opposite bank. Here we found another old camp of Woodford Brown's, and turning to the right circled for North Branch, starting two deer on the way, but owing to the scarcity of snow and the direction of the wind failed to catch a glimpse of them.

Upon reaching North branch, we walked down for a short distance, thence struck for a high ridge, which lies between North and South branches. The outlook from this ridge would have thrilled the heart of an artist. Directly beneath us lay the dense woods, and in the distance was the stream, looking like a silver thread, with its coating of ice and snow, winding in and out among the trees. Pushing on we soon arrived at its banks, then starting up kept our eyes wide open for signs of game; as we knew this was the best part of the country, and we were not disappointed, for we found two caribou tracks, which Frank claimed were about two hours old.

As it was then 3 o'clock, we decided to return to camp, then six miles away, and make ready for a long tramp next day.

Next morning we arose with the lark or rather blue jay, and after a good breakfast started, Frank taking a frying-pan and coffee-pot, and a little tea and hardtack, as we expected to have to stay out that night. Arriving at our destination, we at once started on the trail of our friends, through as bad a rabbit swamp as it has ever been my ill luck to meet, and as there had been a slight fall of snow during the night, it was then and still is a mystery to me how Frank managed to keep the track.

At 11 o'clock we stopped a few minutes to eat a lunch and then on we went. The trail lead directly to Scat Pan swamp, which was about six miles away, near a large lake by that name. Here the track circled, and we crossed our old track made at least two hours before. At 1 o'clock we found the spot where they had stopped that night, so now we had a clear, fresh track, and could travel much faster.

They were now headed for South Branch again, which we crossed about three miles further up than where we had at first settled. We now had to use much caution and not step on twigs, as the slightest noise might be the cause of starting them, and then it would be good-by.

At 3 o'clock, as we were moving through a piece of second growth maple, there suddenly appeared to our vision the darkest caribou I had ever seen. He walked from behind a thick clump of bushes and kept on browsing, as he had not noticed us. In about three seconds I planted a bullet from my .40 82 Winchester in his neck, just ahead of the shoulder, dropping him without a struggle, it having gone clear through.

The other was "out of sight," and we never caught a glimpse of him, although we found the spot where he had turned and made off.

After starting a rousing fire Frank went at the dressing of the animal, and succeeded so well that at dark he was entirely through with the work, and we rolled the hide into a compact bundle, after which we hung the meat high up in a tree, out of the way of all animals. Building a wind-break from boughs, we lay there until morning, when we blazed a way to an old tote road, about half a mile back, then returning took up our traps and started for camp, arriving there at 1 o'clock.

Dan had wonderful stories to relate of the "Indian devil" he had heard during the night, and other things equally as bad or worse, but as he is scarcely out of his teens he is to be pardoned if a little nervous, for staying alone in the Maine wilderness is rather poky business to one not accustomed to it.

Next morning Frank and Dan started toward St. Croix to locate a moose, three having been started two days before scarcely a mile from camp. They stopped that night fully fifteen miles away, but found no fresh signs, so returned next day.

We tried all kinds of dodges to secure a deer, but in vain, as the snow was rather crusty, thus making more noise than we would had we had bare ground.

Friday I again struck out, determined to secure another caribou if possible. Striking due south we walked along an old logging road for a few miles, where Frank started to still-hunt a deer. Leaving him to fight it out, I retraced my steps for a short distance, keeping a sharp lookout for anything that might lead to the coveted game.

Suddenly I discovered an enormous track, which I knew must have been made by a caribou or moose, so, proceeding carefully along I followed on a still-hunt, hardly moving when I left the road and took to the woods.

This was slow and tedious work, as it was necessary to choose carefully each spot where to place my feet, as the snapping of a twig would likely have started my quarry. Fortunately the wind was favorable, so I had nothing to fear from that direction.

I had a small pair of opera glasses with me, and would often stop to examine more closely objects which would catch my eye. I had traveled about three hours in this manner, and had stopped to examine a pile of old trees and brush which was ahead with the glass. Something, I hardly knew what, told me that the creature was behind that clump. I scarcely dared breathe, so intently did I keep my gaze fastened on it, trying to discern the slightest thing that would indicate the presence of game, and keeping the glass so firmly fixed that my eyes ached with the strain.

I had stood and watched in this manner surely five minutes, when I saw an ear shaking over a log which lay on top of the heap.

Nervously putting the glass in my pocket, I cocked my rifle and awaited further developments, but I had not long to wait, for carelessly stepping on a rotten twig, which snapped beneath my feet, and making a noise seemingly as loud as a pistol, caused the animal to start; he gave one look and was off, but hardly quick enough, as I managed to catch him on the jump with a bullet which struck him on the right hip, sadly crippling him, thus giving me time to pump in another, which was the quietus, as it struck him on the quarter, going clear through. Upon pacing the distance I found that I had traveled about twenty rods in three hours' time, pretty slow work, but what sportsman would not feel amply repaid for his labor, as I had added another caribou to the list, thus giving me the law limit.

Bleeding the animal I fired three shots to call Frank, then returned to the road to wait until he came along. It happened that he was quite near at the time I first fired, so hearing two shots he had hurried in my direction, getting along just as I emerged from the woods.

After dressing our game and hanging it up, as we did the other, we returned to camp, and after a good night's rest started for the house to get the team, and swamp a road in to enable us to get the meat out. By dint of hard labor we managed to get them out and ready to leave for Presque Isle by Sunday noon, at which place we arrived at 11:30 P. M.

To any of my brother sportsmen I will say that caribou usually shed their antlers early in November, so that in case you aspire for the head of a bull to use as a piece of art I advise hunting them in October, as both of mine were bulls, but had each dropped their horns.

Rifle Versus Shotgun.

PORTLAND, Ind., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some time ago I called a shotgun a "scatter gun" and said some other uncomplimentary things that were calculated to draw comparisons between shotgun and rifle shooting. I had seen so much about bird-shooting at the trap and over dogs that I began to wonder whether a rifle shot had any claim to the title of sportsman.

Now I feel grateful to Brother Stark, of New Hampshire (I said I would write and call him Brother), for the information that he clips partridge heads with a rifle. And the question is, is it sportsmanlike? If there be he who says nay, let him take a rifle and follow a grouse as it tries to slip away through a thicket.

If the birds are wild, as I usually find them in Michigan and Wisconsin, and will start off through the thickest of the brush as soon as the hunter looks at them, he may have to bring his gun to shoulder a dozen times or more before getting a bead on the head of one. But when he has clipped a head or two he has done something he need not be ashamed of, according to my way of thinking.

What skill would be required to get such birds with a shotgun? Simply point the gun at them and pull the trigger. But not so fast! That would be unsportsmanlike. You must set your dog on, and when he takes wing and goes off as straight as a bee you are at liberty to shoot him in the back, as it were.

I have listened to the yelps of a couple of beagles until their duet was cut short by the report of a shotgun, and poor bunny lay low, sprinkled from end to end with shot. What chance had the hare? He knew no better than to run his circle, and how much marksmanship was required in the killing? If the sportsman had been equipped with a rifle poor bunny would yet have been handicapped, for the yelping curs gave him no opportunity to elude the hunter; but the killing would have required a degree of skill. When I go rabbit hunting I proceed very much as does the shotgun shooter, the difference being that I shoot a Winchester rifle and have no dog. It requires more tramping, and if I miss the rabbit gets away. But if I hit him I get him. With a shotgun I might wound, but not kill.

Sometimes I get a number of shots before the rabbit is out of range, but it is fine target practice, if you will allow the term.

A deer at 75 to 150yds. on the fly in the forest is also a fine target for a rifle. Standing still or running in the open on level ground, it's a pudding.

If it is unsportsmanlike to shoot at a moose on the run at 200yds., how about shooting at geese, ducks, etc., with a shotgun at 50 to 100yds.?

How about shooting at anything, distance waived, with a shotgun? Eheu! G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

In Michigan Covers.

WHITE LAKE, Montague, Mich., Oct 1.—An albino redwing blackbird was shot in the White River marsh by Charles Hall last week; it was pure white with the exception of red feathers on its wings. Owing to the absence of the local taxidermist this rare specimen was not mounted. It was on exhibition at the office of the Montague *Observer*, where it attracted much attention.

Ducks are unusually scarce this fall, few are seen, no good bags have been made yet. Partridges are quite numerous in the swamps and low timber. Squirrels are also plentiful in the hardwood timber, on the shore of Lake Michigan. I have not seen a wren or a bluebird in Michigan this year, although I have traveled a good deal through the State. E. S. D.

On Long Island.

DUCK shooting has begun on the Great South Bay; a number of snipe have been bagged, and quail are reported in great supply in the neighborhood of Manorville.

Don't Buy Your Outfit

IN the East if you are going on a hunting trip in the Northwest. We have everything you want in the sporting goods line, and our experience will perhaps keep you from buying a great many things you don't want.

We have all the modern Nitro Loads at Eastern prices. Don't encumber yourself with stuff until you get on your hunting ground. You can depend on us. Wm. R. Burkhard, 57 and 59 East Seventh street, St. Paul, Minn.—*Adv.*

Sea and River Fishing.

Shad in September.

A TRUE white shad (*Alosa sapidessima*) was caught in the Neuse River below New Berne, N. C., on Sept. 28, by W. F. Moore. This is most unusual. Shad are seldom seen in Southern waters between May and January. Occasionally a stray one is caught in December, but there is no record anywhere of one being caught in September before. Let the ichthyologists make a note of this.

A second shad was caught on Sept. 30 by T. H. Carmine in his nets at the mouth of Neuse River.

Oct. 3.—Sea trout (or weakfish) are now running very plentifully at Moorhead and Beaufort, and anglers are after them with hand lines. Fifty fish to a boat would be a low average. Half a dozen young swordfish 3ft. long were caught yesterday in the nets set at the mouth of Neuse River and were brought up to Newbern, where they were regarded with considerable interest.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Massachusetts Smelt.

BOSTON, Oct. 4.—Smelts are plenty in the market and of very fine size and moderate price. No hook marks discernible and from the quantity exposed for sale no other decision can be come to than "seined." The law is explicit and anything but dubious regarding seining smelt, and the Fish Commissioners of Massachusetts pay no attention to enforcement even where attention is forced upon them regarding violation of same. These fish were caught on the Cape. They are seeking the small streams and rivers to spawn in immense numbers this fall, in fact, in greater numbers than for some years. What with seining and sludge from the factories in the streams they seek, a few years longer and they will go with other good things of the sea to the *Ewigkeit*. REIGNOLDS.

One More Leap of the Bass.

S. SIMPSON, M.D., who tickles Old Sam and Another Kingfisher, asks what is the explanation of the jumping and shaking.

When a bass once finds that he is hooked his first thought is to see what is at the other end, consequently he comes out to see whether he has a greenhorn or nimrod to fight before he decides upon any definite plan of action.

The shaking may be due to several reasons. There is the "no you don't" shake, and the shake of fear at what he sees in the boat, and the "I guess I will shake you" shake. He generally does the latter. JOE CONE.

CAMBRIDGE.

To Restore the Color of Trout.

IF your St. Louis correspondent wishes to restore the brilliant coloring of trout after they have been on ice for a number of days, he can do so by placing them in very strong brine with plenty of cracked ice in it. Let them remain in this bath five to ten minutes, and then wash them carefully in the brine until all the adhering slime is removed. After drying they will be fully as brilliant as when first caught. The change will be like that of a picture from which old and discolored varnish has been removed. T. G. W.

Do You Fish?

IF so, you may be glad to know that the streams along the line of the Lehigh Valley Railroad have been restocked with many varieties of fish, and it will pay you to visit them if you want good sport. Address Chas. S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, for full information.—*Adv.*

Game and Fish Protection.

New York State Association.

PRESIDENT F. J. AMSDEN, of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, has sent out these circular letters to the Association clubs:

I.

I hand you herewith a list of the game protectors of the State of New York. These men receive a salary, and the Fish, Game and Forestry Commission expect that they will do their full duty in their respective localities. It is my hope and expectation that we are to have better enforcement of the game laws than ever before, and to that end I ask and urge on each club and every individual member to render to these protectors every and all assistance possible, and when they are efficient kindly show them your appreciation. But should they fail to perform their duty report promptly to the president of this Association. Yours truly,

FRANK J. AMSDEN, Pres't.

II.

I would call your attention to the coming annual meeting of the Association next January, and sincerely hope that your club will be represented. Our Association has become a decided factor in the grand work of protection of fish and game. The present Fish, Game and Forestry Commission are fully alive to the importance of protection, and look upon our Association both collectively and as individual clubs as their most valuable allies. We are also recognized at Albany, and much attention is given to our views and wishes. If your club have any changes or amendments to the game law that you wish to present, kindly prepare them in due form together with arguments. Make five copies and forward same to the chairman of our law committee, Mr. C. W. Smith, Syracuse, N. Y., on or before Dec. 1. This affords the law committee opportunity to get their report ready for the annual meeting, at which meeting no other amendments or changes will be considered, in accordance with the by-laws. Yours truly, F. J. AMSDEN, Pres't.

III.

Section 249 of our game laws is a shame and disgrace to our State. It permits the sale of game during the whole year, and is in the interest of the cold storage companies of New York city. It was slipped into the bill in the closing hours of last winter's Legislature. True, it provides that game must be killed 300 miles from New York city, yet I believe this affords no protection to our game, and it certainly is very unfair to our sister States who are endeavoring to protect their game. It actually makes New York a "fence" for game gotten illegally. It must be repealed at the coming Legislature, and I request and urge every game association and rod and gun club to put forward every exertion to that end. Please call a special meeting of your club. Lay the matter before them. Appoint an influential committee to wait on all candidates of your locality both for Senate and Assembly. Explain the matter to them and get their pledges to support bill for repeal of Section 249, and follow it up after election by seeing the successful candidates and secure renewal of pledge. Kindly acknowledge receipt of this, and post me fully on the action you take and what you accomplish, and very greatly oblige yours truly,

FRANK J. AMSDEN, Pres't.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden. New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 22.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's third annual trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Oct. 29.—Assonet Neck, Mass.—New England Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. Arthur R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

Oct. 30-31.—Monongahela Valley Association Trials, Greene county, Pa. W. H. Beazell, Sec'y, Homestead.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S Clark, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 West Twenty-second street, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H. Thompson, Sec'y.

HUNTING.

Nov. 13.—Western Massachusetts Fox Club's meet.

Oct. 15.—Buckfield, Me.—Monmouth Fur Club's third annual meet. Wesley C. Prescott, Sec'y, Monmouth, Me.

Nov. 18.—Owingsville, Ky.—National Fox-Hunter's Association's second annual meet. H. L. Means, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

Oct. 28.—Barre, Mass.—Brunswick Fur Club's meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

1896.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y

Jan. 20.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. seventh annual trials. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

COURSING.

Oct. 23.—Goodland, Kan.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Goodland, Kan.—Kenmore Coursing Club's meeting. C. F. Weber, Sec'y.

THE OARSMAN'S DOG.

Crouch'd by the door of the hut he lies,
And naps the hours away,
While on the river the oarsman plies
His skiff the live-long day.

'Twas in the gray of the early morn
The boatman took his oar,
When sadly follow'd the dog forlorn,
And watch'd him from the shore;

As deftly gliding the waters clear,
By skill of oar and might,
Master and craft made the islands near,
And pass'd beyond the sight.

Back then he turn'd to his dreary bed,
His path to wend alone,
Heavy of heart, with lingering tread,
And moan'd the lov'd one gone.

Quick are his ears to detect each sound,
Lest any dare intrude;
While, sentinel like, he guards the ground
About the homestead rude.

'Til set of sun thus his vigils keep,
Then tripping o'er the lawn,
Hastes to the river's embankment steep,
And waits another dawn!

'Tis when the boat his keen eyes shall view,
Which bears his master dear,
That plunging in he may breast the blue,
To greet him with glad cheer.

Spying the skiff as it homeward brings
The oarsman o'er the lee,
Into the waters at once he springs,
With welcome, joyous glee.

Reaching the vessel, he clambers in,
And dripping ev'ry pore—
Shakes—and then leaps to his master's chin
And licks him o'er and o'er.

Lolling—aye, laughing—he wags his tail,
And seats him at the prow,
As landward fast thus they proudly sail,
What dog so happy now!

In deep'ning shades of the early night
They make their home retreat;
No darkness there—because all is bright
Beside his master's feet.

Sept. 23. R. H. Lyon.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

Jackson, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I resurrected an old letter the other day which, I think, is good enough to be deserving of a place in the Forest and Stream. It purports to be the letter of one dog to another very dear canine friend, the two having become separated owing to one removing with his young master to the Western country.

The two had lived together at the same house and an unusual friendship had developed between them. The purported writer, Bruno, was the senior of the two, and a most remarkable dog he was, having on countless occasions given exhibitions of intelligence which were nothing less than human. He was a big fellow with a strain of Newfoundland in him, and was devotedly attached to the young children at his home, with whom he was always ready for game. He was also very fond of accompanying the colored man, William, to the country, where he went frequently for the purpose of getting wood, hay, etc., from the farm which Bruno's master owned. On these occasions he generally devoted himself to woodchuck hunting, and great was the sagacity which he displayed in the pursuit of his quarry. It may also be added that he was a great fighter. He was rather slow to pick a quarrel, but when once he became embarked in one he was a veritable terror, his size, strength and indomitable courage making him more than a match for almost any dog that he ever encountered.

Van, the other dog, was a well-bred setter, being a son of Burgess's Rob Roy, and early in his career he came to entertain a profound admiration for Bruno. He was also very fond of William and the two horses, Dolly and Lady, and he soon came to be a regular member of the country party. Bruno was quick to discover that he could utilize his services in hunting woodchucks, and William used to aver that Bruno would frequently station Van at one end of a hole, after which he would begin operations at the other end, thus penning the woodchuck in between the two and making his escape impossible.

Van, when about a year old, nearly died of distemper, and was only saved by the persistent attentions of his mistress, which Bruno makes reference to in his letter. The postscript refers to dogs who lived in the immediate neighborhood of Van's old home.

The letter was written by Mrs. J. C. Wood, Bruno's mistress, and it seems too good to be lost to the world. It is as follows:

My Dear Van:

I have just returned from a ramble with William in the country. I am weary, sad and dispirited. The woods and the woodchuck holes only made me think more of you and our many happy hours together, hours which were sometimes prolonged into a day and night ere we thought of returning home.

Do you think of all this in your new home? Do you ever sigh for the old barn with Dolly and Lady as your companions? or are you so happy in your new surroundings that your kind mistress who brought you through your childish diseases and attended so strictly to your diet and your old Bruno are alike forgotten?

I sometimes fear that your master, finding you rather undisciplined, may resort to severe measures in order to make you "charge" and "heed." If such should be the case I trust you will be patient, and remember it is for your own good that he does it, and that it is necessary in order to bring about the training that a dog of your breed should have.

A bird dog is very different from one like myself; still I feel that if I had been trained a little more in my youth I should have avoided many dangers which have been near bringing me to an untimely end, which only the kindness of my friends have prevented. You know what a temper I possess and what a passion I have for fighting. Now these are traits which no well-bred bird dog should possess, and I trust you will try to avoid them. Although your disposition is quite different from mine still none of us are quite perfect, and you know you did have a mischievous habit of occasionally nipping men by the pants and other parts of their persons.

I take the liberty of thus talking plainly to you, my dear Van, feeling that my years give me the right to advise and direct the young. I feel, however, that my days are nearly numbered, and that a few more fights and I shall be no mere. I am thankful that my lines are cast in so pleasant a home, and that my dying bed will be smoothed by the hand of affection such as few dogs possess.

I have just asked William if he had any word to send to you, and he says—and I will put it in his own peculiar phraseology—"Tell him I'm jest a-hitchin' up to go to the farm, and if he was here I know he would be a-hollerin' to go, too."

William, if he does have a black skin, was ever a kind friend to us.

Now, my dear Van, although I have volunteered so much advice, I cannot close without admonishing you on another subject. There is much expected of you; do not disappoint your master, but let it ever be your aim to become a most accomplished hunter. Try also, as much as in your power, to protect the house and the lady where you are staying from tramps and burglars.

My rheumatic paw admonishes me that I have written enough, and I must close with much love to all. Your affectionate Bruno.

P. S.—Guess Levy and Flossy Mabley send love. Turk Groom and I are still sworn enemies. Ned Higby always goes on the other side of the street. Jip Chapin is failing slowly. Bruno.

Since this was written both dogs have passed to their final rewards. Bruno's dying hours were indeed smoothed with the hand of affection, and he could scarcely have been more sincerely mourned had he been one of the human members of the family.

Van fell a victim to the malevolent poison fiend in his new home in Kansas City, but not before he had demonstrated to his master's satisfaction that he had hearkened to Bruno's advice, for he developed into a superb field dog.

Peace to the ashes of these two canine friends. W.

ROVER.

Brave old fellow who saved the house on at least one occasion, and once he saved a young lady from a ruffian tramp who had just been given a nice plateful of dinner. The friend and mistress of the house was just going out one warm August afternoon as this burly fellow, calling himself a poor hungry man, stopped to ask for food. So she called for her young friend to see that he be well served. "Bring the things here to the hall rack, please, I must be off now. Good by!" But no sooner had the lady departed than the fellow took up his well-filled plate of food and walked into the dining room, saying in gruff tones: "That's no way to treat a man. Front halls are not dining rooms." Then looking about he said commandingly: "Now just get me some pepper for this meat. Hain't you got some kind of pepper sauce?"

In fear and trembling this was brought to him. Next he wanted some ice water. In great terror the young lady started to do his bidding, wondering what in the name of high heaven he would next demand. Just then he espied a glass decanter, toward which he was no doubt beginning to direct his thirsty attention.

Brave as she tried to appear, she now expected that he would soon start up stairs to rob the house. Great beads of perspiration dropped from her forehead. She knew it was useless to cry out. She was then too far from the front door. What was to be done? Her heart beat so fast that she might betray her fears. In agony of soul she invoked some aid; some one to call to her from the neighbors' back windows; the door bell to ring; oh! anything. Just then by some good chance noble black Rover with his heaving white breast came up from the entrance to the side door leading into the room, though not allowed to enter with perfect freedom; yet he came bravely and fearlessly, as though deeming it his sacred duty, yes, as though by very instinct feeling danger was lurking within the home where he, poor little puppy dog Rover, had once been so tenderly cared for when having fallen down a hatchway he was painfully mangled. Rover loved life as all well ordered beings should and was soon thereafter thankful for life, liberty and human love, for this wise Newfoundland animal was very fond of his human friends. Well, dear, big, happy Rover—how inexpressibly timely was your coming; your most assuring caress; your growl and unwelcome sniff, as, looking hastily at the stranger, who had changed so suddenly all of his rude demands, and looking fairly amazed as saying in subdued tones: "A savage-looking brute of a dog—where did he come from?" "Yes," said the young lady, regaining her courage, "and you had better be gone quickly, or Rover will teach you a heroic lesson. Go quickly!" which he lost no time in doing.

Oh, the terror of that half hour or less of time! Strange to relate, the dog had not even been thought of during the severe crisis, and not before his shaggy form appeared in that dire time of need.

This same dog would weep if he was denied the privilege of eating apples with the family, as they did winter evenings. He could also count when told to bring two, three, four or five little apples; could assist also in housework by getting the dust pan, the brush, the little broom, the duster and other needed articles.

One day Rover became greatly perplexed, as, trying to bring the large broom up a winding back stairway, after much effort, some whining and delay, he proved that some dogs can reason as mortals do; for strange as it may seem he took the broom through the lower rooms into the front hallway and then up the wide straight front stairway—he was determined to succeed.

He could not bear to be scolded, but really was the happiest dog when told that he was a noble fellow and not at all lazy or bad. Sometimes a member of this family of four persons would say, "Come here, Rover. Now listen and do as told. Help us with the housework and when done you may have a nice walk to the bakery or meat shop," to which he gave a happy bark of delight. Why, we often said he laughed with joy just as truly as he wept with disappointment when given no candy or apples.

But to conclude these facts of dog understanding. As the tramp gave him a parting look of hate, repeating "that is an ugly brute," which the noble fellow seemed quite to understand, for he growled him fairly out of the yard; then he had the sense of feeling that his work was well done, as lying down near the young lady's feet he seemed much pleased whenever any of the family spoke of his acts.

He loved to see long dresses on ladies, looked admiringly at such, though he would after step on the moving trains out of sheer delight.

On Sundays his master would take him to his store, which was a long walk, though in the city of Cincinnati.

His mistress yet lives, we think, in Chicago, and we hope she may chance to read of her Rover so bold and brave, the dog friend who guarded her home faithfully and well, yet finally met with the sad fate of many of his knowing kind, that of cruel poisoning.

Now, we love to hope that Rover may still live and understand in some better world where poisons do no longer exist—of course in some further progressed and more ethereal state. Why not? Who can deny this quality of soul? Is not all evolution more likely to exist than retrogression or annihilation? At least wheresoever there is once the germ of any noble impulse and higher desire, how can we deny some degree of conscious immortality? To such may we not ourselves perform much toward making immortal by our teaching these lower beings? as we are wont to speak of them. Wisdom and love can surely create unlimited possibilities. Perhaps man has arrogated too much unto himself. I have noted many times pathetic things done by horses and even by birds, the latter while South one winter.

I will now inclose a quotation concerning a noble horse that wept. I know that many animals do think and reason. I will also request Dr. J. W. Dennis to speak of an interesting thing done by a dog once owned by him. Following is the excerpt mentioned:

"Do horses weep? is a question discussed by our contemporary the *Admiralty and Horse Guards Gazette.* It tells us that there is a well-authenticated case of a horse weeping during the Crimean war. On the advance to the heights of Alma, a battery of artillery became exposed to the fire of a concealed Russian battery, and in the course of a few minutes it was nearly destroyed, men and horses killed and wounded, guns dismounted, and limbers broken; a solitary horse, which had apparently escaped unhurt, was observed standing with fixed gaze upon an object close beside him; this turned out to be his late master, quite dead. The poor animal, when a trooper was dispatched to recover him, was found with copious tears flowing from his eyes, and it was only by main force that he could be dragged away from the spot, and his unearthly cries to get back to his master were heartrending. Apropos of the intense love that cavalry horses have for music, a correspondent of the *Gazette* writes that when the Sixth Dragoons recently changed their quarters a mare belonging to one of the troopers was taken so ill as to be unable to proceed on the journey the following morning. Two days later another detachment of the same regiment, accompanied by the band, arrived. The sick mare was in a loose box, but hearing the martial strains kicked a hole through the side of the box, and making her way through the shop of a tradesman took her place in the troop before she was secured and brought back to the stable. But the excitement had proved too great and the subsequent exhaustion proved fatal." Alto Ventura.

[We have received the Dr. Dennis story referred to above and it will be published in the near future.]

Manitoba Field Trials Club.

Manitou, Man., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In accordance with the rules the annual meeting of this club was held at Morris, Monday evening, Sept. 9.

In the absence of the President, F. G. Simpson, who was unable to be present at the trials owing to pressing business engagements, the Vice-President, J. M. Avent, was called to the chair.

The minutes of previous meetings were read and adopted, after which the meeting adjourned till Tueday at noon.

The adjourned meeting was called to order at 12 sharp, Tuesday, when the following resolution was passed: Moved by C. C. Chipman, seconded by W. F. Ellis, that the annual meeting for the election of officers, etc., be now adjourned to meet again this fall at Winnipeg at the call of the president. Carried unanimously.

The meeting then adjourned.

John Wootton, Sec'y.

Bloodhound Pedigrees.

Boston, Mass.—In a recent issue of *Rod, Gun and Kennel* Wm. Carey, of Winchester, Ill., advertised some bloodhound puppies for sale, stating that they were sired by Alchymist. I wrote to him, and in reply he said he had two litters by Alchymist for sale, one litter out of Katie Chester and the other out of a St. Hubert dam. I showed the letter to Dr. Lougest, the owner of Alchymist, and he has asked me to write and deny most emphatically the authenticity of the pedigree. Alchymist never warded Katie Chester, nor the St. Hubert dam.

James Stewart, M.D.

193 West Springfield Street.

Continental Field Trials Club.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream* The following named dogs have been dropped from the Continental Field Trials Club's Quail Derby for non-payment of second forfeit: Charlotteville F. T. Kennels' Dowlah and Amen, C. G. Stoddard's Coinage, J. B. Turner's Abdallah Romp, Damon & Holmes's Blazeaway, Avent & Thayer Kennels' Fleet's Pet and ———, H. R. Edwards's Harwick, T. G. Davey's Brighton Maud, F. R. Hitchcook's Tory Celia. P. T. Madison, Sec'y-Treas.

New England Kennel Club.

Following is the list of officers elected for the ensuing year: President, Edward Brooks; Vice-President, Samuel Hammond, Jr.; Secretary-Treasurer, David E. Loveland; Board of Governors, the above with Andrew B. Cobb, Francis M. Curtis, Oscar W. Donner, George H. Fletcher, Jean M. Grosvenor, Jr., James L. Little; Bench Show Committee, Edward Brooks, Samuel Hammond, Jr., Francis M. Curtis. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

N. E. B. C. Entries.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The entries to the N. E. B. C. field trials closed Oct. 1 with thirty nominations as follows:

CLASS A—DOGS AND BITCHES, ALL AGE, FROM 15IN. TO 18IN. HIGH.

SPRINGER—H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog (Sport—Belle).

SNYDER III.—H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog (Snyder II.—Naney).

NELL R.—Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. tic. bitch (Ned—Haida).

SPARK R.—Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. dog (Kennealy's Lea—Skip).

PRINCE—D. Quinn's b., w. and t. dog (Sam—Baby Deane).

LEWIS—Howard Almy's t. and w. dog (Bannerman—Parthenia).

ZENO—Awashonk Kennels' b., w. and t. dog (Deacon Tidd—Daisy).

DRUMMER BOY—W. E. Deane's b., w. and t. tic. dog (Rove—Wenonah).

FRANCES—W. E. Deane's b., w. and t. bitch (Flute D—Lady Glenwood).

BELLE—Walter Randall's b., w. and t. bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Baby Deane).

SUNBEAM—W. S. Clarke's w. and l. bitch (Buckshot—Nell R.).

——— —F. W. Chapman's (name and breeding not yet received).

CLASS B—DOGS AND BITCHES, ALL AGE, 13IN. AND UNDER.

LOLA LEE—Walter Randall's w., b. and t. bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Parthenia).

KITTIE—W. L. Redfern's w., b. and t. bitch (Rowdy—Music).

NANCY LEE—Howard Almy's w., b. and t. bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Jude).

BABY DEANE—John Mullane's w., b. and t. bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Bell Dimon).

BLOSSOM—A. D. Fisk's w., b. and t. bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Lady Novice).

BECKY BATES—C. J. Prouty's w., b. and t. bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Parthenia).

CLASS C—DERBY FOR DOGS AND BITCHES 15 TO 18IN. HIGH, WHELPED ON OR AFTER JAN. 1, 1894.

HEADLIGHT—H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. bitch (Frank Forest—Triumph).

PHANTOM—A. D. Fisk's b., w. and t. dog (Clyde—Brummy).

TRILL—B. S. Turpin's t. and w. bitch (Royal Krueger—Queenie).

DOMINO—Cornforth & Deane's b., w. and t. tic. dog (Melrose—Wenonah).

SPINAWAY R.—Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch (Laick's Rattler—Spot R.).

BARONET—Awashonk Kennels' b., w. and t. dog (Daunter—Racklass).

SUNBEAM—W. S. Clark's w. and t. bitch (Buckshot—Nell R.).

——— —F. W. Chapman, three entries (names and breeding not yet received).

CLASS D—DERBY FOR DOGS AND BITCHES 18IN. OR UNDER, WHELPED ON OR AFTER JAN. 1, 1894.

SNAP—Howard Almy's b., w. and t. bitch (Sport M.—Dill).

SKIP II.—Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch (Buckshot—Jute).

W. S. CLARK, Sec'y-Treas.

New England Field Trial Club Entries.

TAUNTON, Mass., Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Entries for N. E. F. T. Club's open sweepstake, to be run at Assonet Neck, Mass., Oct. 29, are as follows:

POINTERS.

BOUNCE—Geo. W. Amory's liv. and w. dog (Bob—Sal).

COUNT DE CASTELAINE—Hampton Kennels' liv. and w. dog (Nick of Naso—Tyrrell's Passion).

SETTERS.

DAN—P. H. Powel's b. dog (Sport— ———).

SPORT—P. H. Powel's b. dog (Sport— ———).

JOCKEY—Hobart Ames's b., w. and t. dog (Claud—Mollie Dale).

MONTELL—H. L. Keyes's b., w. and t. dog (Mark's Mack—Katie B.).

TENN. VANDAL—W. C. Baylies's b., w. and t. dog (The Corsair—Effie Hill).

OUR PET—Oakland Farm's b., w. and t. bitch (The Corsair—Tchula).

GLADYS—D. A. Goodwin, Jr.'s, b. and w. bitch (Bladley—Matchless IV.).

TENN. ROD II.—D. A. Goodwin, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog (Roderigo—Pet Gladstone).

DAN HILL—D. A. Goodwin, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog (Ben Hill—Mattie Berwyn).

ARTHUR R. SHARP, Sec'y.

Newburgh Show.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your report of the Newburgh show you say, in bull-terriers, that Castle Point Kennels were first and third, with Tarquin and Lord Blandford. This is a mistake, or else the books were juggled. Champion Duke of Rochester was given first without competing, and my Harper Whiskey was given second. There was no first prize card given except to Duke of Rochester in dogs, open class. We do not own Daisy Bell. She is owned by the Rochester and Pittsburg Bull-Terrier Kennels. She was easily the best bitch in the show, and how a great big coarse-headed bitch like Edgewood Tipsey could beat her and Duke of Rochester for specials is beyond my comprehension. After this when I take a string of dogs especially to get John Brett's opinion, he will judge them or else I shall withdraw them.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

Mr. O. S. Chaffee, Mansfield Center, Conn., offers foxhounds. Harlem Kennels, New York, offer St. Bernards. F. L. Brooks, Farmer's Fork, Va., offers beagles. E. H. Moore, Melrose, Mass., offers St. Bernards. Edward G. Faile, White Plains, N. Y., offers beagles. W. Tallman, Plainfield, N. J., will train dogs. C. T. Brownell New Bedford, Mass., offers setters.

Field Trials on Canadian Prairies, 1895.

WINNIPEG.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I shall esteem it a favor if you will kindly insert in your well-conducted journal of sporting events a few remarks from me touching upon the recent field trial meetings held at Morris, Man.

I have for some years had a strong desire to see the work of high ranging and well-trained dogs on the great prairies of Manitoba, and the result of recent experience is a mixture of pleasure and disappointment, for, while yielding to none in appreciation of fast, free and wide ranging in pointer and setter work, I must insist on that range being in subjection to the will of the sportsman



MR. W. S. BELL AND WIFE.

A scene at the Manitoba Trials—Mr. Bell watching a dog pointing a mile away.

who follows his dogs for recreation, pleasure and enjoyment, and in their corrected range, pointing and backing all in sight, he has a continuance of pleasing experiences.

On the Scotch grouse moors, which are as open as these prairies, though not so extensive, a free range is indispensable, but it must be controlled and the dog must work by direction of his breaker or handler, and the ground beaten systematically, or the shooting cannot be successful or enjoyable; and these acknowledged rules of sporting are equally applicable on these prairies, and why they should be ignored in these field trial competitions I am at a loss to understand.

The disappointment I have felt in witnessing and taking part in the recent field trials is that wild self-hunting dogs have been held in so much favor; going off in straight lines far out of sight, under no control, and working in a haphazard way, they get a point at a long distance, when a general stampede ensues and the dog on point is accorded great merit.

I will mention as one instance of this the heats between Jingo and Little Ned in the Continental All-Age Stake, the former being lost for a considerable time, the latter meanwhile rushing through a brood of chickens a long distance ahead without the slightest acknowledgment. When both dogs after further very wide casts were seen far away on point near railway track, a most amusing race took place to get up for a closer sight.

During the holding of these meetings at Morris I had opportunities of ascertaining that the wide and untrained worth of the American field trial dog is not held in general esteem, and opinions were freely expressed that dogs broken more in accordance with shooting requirements should find favor, and these opinions I very heartily indorse, and should hail with much pleasure such a change in the conditions of judging as would bring about a closer resemblance between the high class dog to shoot over and the successful field trial dog.

In our English field trials unbroken dogs are not tolerated, and in the code of rules issued and adopted by the Continental and Northwestern clubs obedience is insisted on, but these well thought out rules had a strange interpretation in the events at Morris.

As far as I can see, it is only some few of the more extreme field trial men who still advocate this go out and stay out feature in field trial work, and I am sure that the high-class work of such dogs as Jingo, Sam T. and Minnie T., if more seen would be more appreciated.

WM. BRAILSFORD.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

In arrangement for a champion stake, the promoters find some problems which are important to the success of the event and yet are difficult to solve. There is some doubt as to the success of a champion stake with the rigid restrictions which governed such events in the past, and on the other hand the bars cannot be let down entirely, for then the stake would in fact lose all claim to a champion event except the name. In the past in the United States the competition was limited to first prize winners. If the conditions were broadened and all winners admitted, there would be a liberal field from which to expect support. To satisfy any demand of those who own winners which have never competed, an auxiliary stake could be run, and thus the quality of the dogs determined. The judges could select such dogs from the auxiliary stake as showed merit enough to compete in the champion stake It would really be a free-for-all auxiliary to the main event. All the proceeds of the stake could be added to the main event. The matter is worthy of the consideration and discussion of owners and handlers.

Entries for the National Beagle Club of America's trials close Oct. 19. Address Mr. H. F. Schellhass, No. 171 Broadway, New York.

In our business columns is the announcement of the sale of twenty-five of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, setters, surplus stock of his kennel. The quality and performances of Mr. Lorillard's kennel are a part of its world-wide fame. Mr. Lorillard writes us: "I am going to make the experiment of selling at auction each year all my dogs with the exception of actual field trial entries and breeding stock. All dogs that are deficient in any respect we always dispose of without pedigree, therefore you will see that these represent a very high class of shooting dog."

Mr. Brailsford's letter on field trial procedure in this country, published in FOREST AND STREAM this week, is worthy of the earnest attention and consideration of those who compete in the field trials and also those who like sport afield with gun and dog. Mr. Brailsford's experience in these matters dates back to the beginning of field trials in England; indeed, he was the founder and original advocate of them. His experience and knowledge represent the best theory and practice of the sport in England, and his words are therefore those of authority.

Sandy, yellow in color and with misfit legs, holding the job of mascot, won the race for the Defender in the late international match, in which the Valkyrie had its yellow streak in the wrong place—not on the dog. Judging from the description of Sandy, his graces are not entirely perfection. He is described as being a cross between a fox-terrier and a dachshund, with a flavoring of beagle. He is about 13in. high, straight legs in front, hind legs exceedingly bowed, which was inadvertently putting the bowed legs on the wrong end or the bow in the wrong legs, if a dachshund were properly accredited with the authorship—nose sharp, ears long and active, long, upward-curling tail, hair short, and his color a glossy yellow. Sandy raced to and fro, barking and making medicine, which no doubt did much toward winning the races. And now comes forward one Paul Baptiste, colored cook, who avers that Sandy was stolen from him contrary to his own peace and dignity, and the correspondence grows rapidly apace with that of Dunraven. But the great gain is that the "yaller" dog is rescued from the universal opprobrium which has for ages been bestowed on him. Did the author wish to make the villain deeper dyed and more despicable, he made him the owner of a yellow dog. The yellow dog served for all that was ultra currish, or contemptible, or vulgarly common, but now that the yellow dog has forgiven all and saved the Cup, he is worthy of care—yes, reverence. Let the yellow dog have his day.



"THIS IS YOUR COURSE."

(Mr. W. B. Wells, judge, giving directions at Continental Trials).

Mr. W. S. Bell, in a letter of recent date, incidentally refers to the contemplated champion stake and makes the following good point: "That if a dog by his former winnings be permitted to run in the second series without running in the first (as some one has suggested), such would be unjust to those running in the first series; as, if the first heat be three hours or even two hours, that will be the telling heat. To have some dogs run this long heat, then others come up against these dogs in a second

heat fresh, would be a hardship on the first heat dogs. I am in favor of a stake for the winners to compete in and sustain themselves each year. I will have no champions to enter, but will only look on for fair play."

We are informed that Maj. J. M. Taylor, 19 Park Place, New York, will supply catalogues of Mr. Lorillard's setter sale, and will execute commissions for those who desire to purchase. He will attend the sale in person.

IN THE PARK.—Laura—"George, look at that dog! Will he bite?" George—"Bite? If he's a dog of any judgment, Laura, he'll try to eat you! Get out, you brute!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mr. Edward Brooks informs us that he has sold his entire kennel of Dandies and Scotch terriers to Mr. G. S. Thomas.

Says the Dog to Himself.

I am happy in knowing that such laws as apply to dogs do not enumerate the misdemeanors of man.

It is a mistake to suppose that I love the people best who treat me worst.

I have noticed that some masters give their dogs a beating under the mistaken belief that they are teaching them a lesson.

I am not always in good health or spirits, hence I can not be active and cheerful always.

The malevolent disposition which prompts a man to kick his dog is the same which prompts a man to kick his neighbor when displeased with him, but the neighbor can kick back and the dog can not.

To call a man a puppy is to take a mean advantage of the puppy.

Do not chain me up and imagine that for me imprisonment is happiness.

A tight collar is quite as distressing to me as it is to my master.

I like plenty of good water to drink when I am thirsty, and suffer when I do not have it.

If I sleep in foul kennels my health suffers.

When in a strange place, if I have to hunt up my own bed, I think my master should first see if there is one at all for me to hunt.

Every dog does not have his day; some have several days.

It is commonly supposed that I bay the moon at night, though I bay impartially, whether there is a moon or not.

Danbury Show.

ENTRIES at Danbury bench show as follows: Total number, 220. Mastiffs 9, St. Bernards 17, great Danes 6, pointers 11, English setters 11, Irish setters 11, Gordon setters 15, spaniels 25, fox-terriers 19, foxhounds 5, bulldogs 6, poodles 6, beagles 9, bloodhounds 4, Russian wolfhounds 4, greyhounds 3, Chesapeake Bay dogs 2, collies 2, bull-terriers 7, Boston terriers 8, dachshunds 5, Irish terriers 7, Bedlington terriers 5, Skye terriers 2, Dandie Dinmonts 1, black and tan terriers 6, Yorkshire terriers 1, toys 1, pugs 6, Italian greyhounds 3, miscellaneous 3. James Mortimer judges all classes.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

BRED.

Mr. C. W. Travers's Nellie Bland, rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, Aug. 18, to California Bernardo.
Mr. John R. Kelly's
Bonnie Lee, rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, Aug. 6, to California Bernardo.
Princess Royal, rough-coated St. Bernard bitch, Aug. 18, to California Bernardo.
Dr. Belt's Wawaset Lucy, fox-terrier bitch, April 5, to Hillside Royal.
Mr. J. E. Dalton's Winning Hand, fox-terrier bitch, Aug. 21, to Hillside Royal.
Mr. E. B. MacNair's Nancy, fox-terrier bitch, June 8, to Hillside Royal.

WHELPS.

Mr. E. B. MacNair's Nancy, fox-terrier bitch, whelped, Aug. 6, four dogs, by Hillside Royal.
Dr. James Ferris Belt's Wawaset Lucy, fox-terrier bitch, whelped, June 1, five (two dogs), by Hillside Royal.

SALES.

Dr. James Ferris Belt has sold
Wawaset Lady, fox-terrier bitch, to Mr. Jas. Mason.
Wawaset Royal, fox-terrier bitch, to Miss Cecilia Evstaphieve.
Wawaset Molly, fox-terrier bitch, to Mr. Robert Wallis.
Wawaset Dinah, fox-terrier bitch, to Miss Mary Green.
Ferris Glen, fox-terrier dog, to Mr. J. E. Dalton.

Coursing.

Aberdeen Coursing Club's Meet.

THE meeting began on Oct. 1, at Aberdeen, S. D. The Palace stakes, sixteen entries, were run first. W. Stephenson judged. W. Angell, Oakes, slipper. The weather was pleasant, too warm for good work. There were unnecessary delays between courses. The first day's running was as follows:

Pearl, St. Louis, beat Ardgay, Indianapolis; Chartist, Minneapolis, beat Van Troump, Indianapolis; Valkyrie, Indianapolis, beat Major, South Dakota; Van Ollie, Indianapolis, beat Charming May, Fox Lake, Wis.; Longfellow, San Francisco, beat Nancy, Cable, Ill.; Caliph, Oakes, N. D., beat Astronomy, Indianapolis; Raven, Aberdeen, beat Recollection, Aberdeen; Lady Misterton, Oakes, N. D., beat Just Eclipsed, Indianapolis.

Second Round—Pearl beat Chartist, Valkyrie beat Longfellow, Caliph beat Van Ollie. Raven ran a bye, Lady Misterton being withdrawn lame. Further running of this stake was deferred till the 3d inst., the Derby being started in the meantime. Pearl was withdrawn and Valkyrie had a bye in consequence. Caliph beat Raven. R. H. Wood's Raven (Major Glendyne—Humming Bird) beat Dr. Q. Van Hummell's Valkyrie (Lord Neversettle—Partera).

The Aberdeen Derby had twenty-six starters, and was started on Wednesday.

Merry Maid beat Glenrosa, Gyp put out Village Girl, Banker won the course against Van Hoie. The fourth course was won by Van Cloie against Miller's Maid. In the fifth course Van Traale beat Hot Stuff, San Joaquin beat Van Brulie. Mormon Boy won over Colonel D. Lady Aberdeen lost the eighth course to Rochester. Marcello lost to Ravolt. Venture beat Wayfarer. There was no course in the eleventh race owing to a false slip, Volusia alone following the hare to a kill. In the twelfth course Minneapolis beat Master Dennis. The last course of the day was won by Van Bree against Oakes.

On Thursday the running was resumed as follows: Merry Maid against Gyp, in which Merry Maid proved the fleeter and won easily. The next should have been between Banker and Van Cloie, but the former was drawn and the latter ran a bye. Van Traale lost to San Joaquin in the third, Rochester to Mormon Boy in the fourth, Ravolt put out Venture in the fifth, and Minneapolis won against Volusia in the sixth. Oakes ran a bye for the seventh. In the third series Merry Maid put out Van Cloie in the first course, San Joaquin was too much for Mormon Boy in the second, and in the third Ravolt lost to Oakes. Minneapolis ran a bye with Minnehaha.

On the fourth day Merry Maid beat San Joaquin, and Minneapolis beat Oakes. The owners of the two dogs left in divided first money. Merry Maid is by Miller's Rob—Ramona, and N. P. Whiting's Minneapolis is by Glenkirk—Innocence.

Yachting.

THE *Marine Journal* makes a plea for the indicted officers of the iron steamer Perseus, on the general grounds that "they are experts in the business of keeping out of the way of vessels under sail, and * * * they are provided with a pilot house above everybody and everything else, with an unobstructed view, and with no duty before them but to secure safe navigation to their boat." We know nothing about this special case of the Perseus and Adelaide save the published evidence, but we have a pretty clear idea, after some years of yachting in New York Harbor, of what it is to sit in a small yacht on a still summer day, with no wind and jammed with a foul tide in the Narrows, and to listen to the monotonous thump of the paddles while we speculated whether it was the pleasure of the blue-coated demigod, safe in his "pilot house above everybody," to cut us down squarely amidships or only to stave in our side with a blow of his paddle-wheel, or to swamp us with his wash. We would like to see the editor of the *Marine Journal* in such a predicament as is but too familiar to the men who have boated about New York Bay, and have come to look upon the boats of the Iron Steamboat Co. as the worst danger they are called upon to meet. The captain of the steamer, secure in his lofty pilot house, has before him the very remote possibility of an indictment and the still more remote possibility of such just punishment as was dealt out to the drunken pilot who ran down the yacht Amelia several years since. The man in the small boat, often a skillful and experienced yachtsman, has the loss of his boat and very possibly of his life imperiled through the conduct of the pilots of these swift iron steamers.

AFTER the vast deluge of nonsense which has appeared of late in print it is refreshing to turn to the plain sensible comments of Mr. Irving Cox which we reprint this week. While we are not prepared off-hand to indorse the suggested remedy of a standard design, a similar proposition to that made by the British designers in 1892, we are heartily in accord with all that Mr. Cox says as to the cost and general uselessness of the latest yachts; and in particular we agree with him that absolute speed is not an essential factor in yacht racing. The comparison of yacht racing to an obsolete sport such as archery may strike some yachtsmen as very absurd; but it is a fact that the steam yacht on the one hand and the syndicate racing machine on the other are taking all the life out of yacht racing.

THE success of the little Ethelwynn in the trial and international races has naturally awakened a very great interest in her, and we are in receipt of inquiries from all quarters as to the availability of the model for various uses. It must be remembered that the boat was built for one special purpose—match sailing under the conditions laid down by the Seawanhaka C. Y. C., and in ordinary summer weather. Under these conditions she was allowed a little over 200sq. ft. of sail and a crew of two men, with various other limitations. Because she has succeeded in the two sets of races, beating seven other boats in all, and winning six out of the eight trial and cup races sailed, it does not follow that she would win in a class of 15ft. catboats with sandbags and a crew of four or five, or that she would make an all-around cruising and racing boat. The type is an excellent one for many localities; with half a dozen boats of this kind just as good sport may be had as with very much larger craft; in fact, in these days, when elaborate and expensive construction are so essential to speed, it is economy to have a small racing boat of the best possible construction for racing, and at the same time to keep a larger, less modern and altogether more comfortable boat for cruising.

It is only within a very short time that American yachtsmen have begun to appreciate the principle on which the one-raters and half-raters are based, a principle diametrically opposite to that heretofore existing in American yachting.

Under the old-time rules of waterline length, mean length and cubic contents, the only thing to do with a yacht of a given length was to crowd on all the sail she could be made to carry; and this idea has prevailed in a modified form through a dozen years' practice under the Seawanhaka rule, of length and sail area combined. In accordance with it the yacht or boat that carried the largest sail plan has been considered the best in every way, even though no faster than others with smaller rig.

The principle on which the small raters are designed is very different; it is left to the designer in the beginning to select the best possible proportions of waterline length and sail area within a certain fixed limit of measurement, and the success of the boat depends primarily on the skill with which this selection is made. The history of designing in Great Britain within the last eight years shows many examples of yachts in which the actual model is perfect, but the size is too great for the sail plan allowed within the limit of the class.

This idea of a moderate and careful use of several factors rather than the excessive use of one is now gaining ground in America, and as it becomes better understood we look for a material improvement in yacht models; the resulting craft being of superior form and less power, with a more moderate sail plan.

The Adelaide—Perseus Collision.

ON Sept. 30 indictments for manslaughter were found against Capt. Wm. H. Hulse and Pilot James Allen, of the Iron Steamboat Co.'s steamer Perseus, for causing by negligence the death of Robert W. Inman in the collision with the yacht Adelaide on Aug. 26. Both pleaded not guilty and were placed under $5,000 bail for trial on Nov. 18

Yacht Building at Nyack.

MESSRS. CHARLES L. SEABURY & Co., Nyack, N. Y., have just entered into a contract with a New York yachtsman to build him a cruising steam yacht of 135ft. over all, (about) 110ft. l.w.l., 16ft. beam, 9ft. 6in. depth and 7ft. draft. The hull will be composite built, frames of angle steel, keelsons, breast hooks, diagonal straps and fore and aft plates of steel. The planking will be of Tobin bronze through bolts. There will be four steel bulkheads. The rudder will be of bronze with steel shank properly protected from salt water. The deck will be of clear white pine fastened with lag screws from under side of deck timbers.

There will be a mahogany deck house on forward deck, the lower part panelled and upper part fitted with heavy plate glass windows to slide up and down. In the after part will be a buffet, with mirror in center, arranged for glassware, dishes, etc. Aft of dining room and buffet and connected with the house will be arranged a stateroom finished in mahogany, to be fitted with a wide berth with drawers underneath, dressing case with mirror, drawers, etc, and folding washstand. A bridge for steering from will be arranged on top of deck house.

Directly aft of the chain locker and store room will be the crew's toilet room, fitted with marine water closet and stationary wash bowl. Aft of toilet room will be fitted berths and lockers for the crew. This room will also be used as a messroom for the crew, fitted with a folding table for same. Next aft will be arranged two staterooms, one for the captain and one for the engineer. These will be fitted with a wide berth in each with drawers underneath, also small dressing case. All these rooms to be thoroughly ventilated by port lights. Aft of these staterooms will be the galley of the full width of the vessel, fitted with large ice box, dresser, dish rack, locker for coal, sink and pump. A large skylight will be fitted over after part of same for ventilation and light, also port lights on either side. The finish of this room and the other rooms forward will be in butternut, natural color. Abaft the galley will be the engine and boiler room.

Directly abaft the boiler space will be the owner's stateroom, 6ft. 6in. long, to extend full width of vessel, with exception of toilet room, which will be fitted on one side, the room to be finished in mahogany, with a wide berth suitable for two, with drawers underneath, large dressing case with mirror, fitted with drawers and rail around top. A skylight will be arranged over this room for light and ventilation, and there will also be two port lights. The toilet room connecting will be finished in mahogany, fitted with a marine water closet, large bath tub and set basin, all properly plumbed, for hot and cold water, also for sea water connection for bath tub and pipe to heat same.

Abaft the owner's stateroom will be arranged the main saloon, finished in mahogany, paneled on sides and ceiling. Transoms arranged on each side of suitable width to sleep on, and mahogany center table. The entrance will be through a wide companionway leading direct from deck. The guests' staterooms aft of saloon will be three in number, finished in butternut and mahogany. There will be a berth in each room with drawers underneath, also dressing case with mirror. Doors will be arranged to slide and swing.

Abaft the saloon on port side will be a toilet room fitted with water closet, stationary wash-basin, etc., finished in butternut and mahogany; and abaft the toilet room comes the lazaret.

The machinery will consist of a Seabury design triple expansion engine of latest type, and Seabury patent safety water tube boiler with all fittings, etc., required by law. The speed is guaranteed to be 16 miles per hour for three consecutive hours over measured course. The yacht will be flush deck, schooner rigged. She will carry a launch and three other boats, and will also be equipped with electric lights and search light on bridge. The furnishings and upholstering will be of the best, and in all her appointments she will be complete in detail. She will be ready for commission May, 1896.

A large number of yachts and launches are now going out of commission at Seabury & Co.'s yards, among them the 48ft. mahogany flyers Palos, J. B. Edson; Levanter, Alfred Marshall; Imp, A. L. Barber, and So So, A. A. Stewart. There are also the yachts Charliette, W. B. Higgins; Claymore, J. Kennedy Tod; Cricket, Archibald Rogers; Delma, Lilly, and Anemone.

The yachts and launches Margaret, J. H. Rutherford; Marjencha, Dr. H. A. Mandeville; Washita, John P. Duncan; Hurrah, W. W. Hall; Espadon, F. DeCoppet; Daisy, N. C. Reynal; Vanish, J. L. Hutchinson, and others, will also lay up at Nyack when they go out of commission for the season of '95. Thomas A. McIntyre's launch Strae is now fitting out for her usual Southern cruise. J. H. Rutherford's yacht Margaret arrived at Nyack a week or so ago, and immediately fitted out for a trip to Fortress Monroe, Va.

Come to Halifax.

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If there is ever another contest for the America's Cup, why not sail it at Halifax? The reasons are manifest:

1. It would be in neutral waters, and the American boat would have to make a short, but real, sea voyage to reach it, thereby putting an end to the always repeated charge that she is not fit to go beyond Long Island Sound.

2. The boats would have a magnificent course, with much stronger and truer winds than commonly prevail about New York and even Boston in summer time. In summer four days out of five the southwest wind blows hard and true. Galatea and Dauntless sailed here in 1889, and both their owners said that the course laid out for them was the finest they had ever sailed over; free from shoals and currents, and with a splendid breeze from start to finish.

3. Competing yachts would find all facilities for racing here; a capital harbor, always most easy to enter and leave, and both a dry dock and a first-class marine railway. The latter was used by both Galatea and Dauntless, and Lieut. Henn in particular expressed himself as very much pleased with the manner in which Galatea was handled.

4. As to the crowd of excursion steamers, I venture to think it would be unsignificant. There is no fleet of steamers and yachts here, as in Boston, to cause any trouble. No doubt some steamers, particularly yachts, would attend, but I do not see how it would be possible for the great fleet of excursion steamers to come. They would have to leave their regular work for a, fortnight at least, probably longer, and they would have no huge city at hand to supply excursionists. They would have to depend entirely upon what they brought with them and upon the enthusiasts who might care to come over here specially for the races.

I can say for the yacht club here that it would only be too glad to do everything in its power to render assistance and make matters pleasant.

A BLUENOSE YACHTSMAN.

Friar.

WE have already mentioned the little Dyer boat Friar, at first intended for the 15ft. class, but afterward canvased more heavily, her length over all being 20ft., l.w.l. 14ft., and beam 5ft. 6in. with 300sq. ft. of sail. On Sept. 7 she sailed in the regatta of the Pine Lake Y. C. at Nashotah, Wis., winning the Schmidt trophy. Another new Dyer boat, Avers, also owned by Mr. Robert Nunnemacher, was capsized before starting in this her first race. The times were:

	Actual.	Corrected.
Friar, Robert Nunnemacher	1 18 03	1 11 16
Novice, H. V. Lester	1 15 50	1 13 43
Nyack, H. Niedecken	1 20 15	1 15 42
Allida, A. H. Vogel, J. Barth	1 18 30	1 16 40
Henrietta, George Brumber	1 24 05	1 22 37
Edna, Wm. & H. Manegold	1 24 25	1 23 45

The first race for the new challenge trophy presented by Mr. Fred Pabst was sailed on Sept. 14, being won by 3s. by Avers, 30ft. over all, 20ft. l.w.l. and 8ft. beam, with 650sq. ft. of sail, the little Friar being second and another Dyer boat, Argo, third.

	Start.	Finish.	Actual.	Time Allowed.	Corrected.
Avers	2 16 25	3 07 16	0 50 51	0 00 15	0 50 36
Friar	2 18 15	3 17 05	0 58 50	0 08 11	0 50 39
Argo	2 16 20	3 09 21	0 52 10	0 02 19	0 50 42
Novice	2 16 20	3 15 46	0 59 26	0 02 07	0 57 19
Allida	2 19 50	3 22 46	1 03 16	0 02 19	1 00 57
Edna	2 19 02	3 23 26	1 04 24	0 00 20	1 04 04
Martha	2 17 02	3 24 09	1 07 07	0 02 31	1 06 36
Okauchee	2 17 40	3 26 14	1 08 34	0 08 11	1 04 37
Marvel	2 18 35	3 25 22	1 06 47	0 02 01	1 04 46
Henrietta	2 20 00	3 26 19	1 06 19	0 01 28	1 04 51

Nyack capsized and Emma withdrew. The race was sailed in a S.E. wind of 18 miles per hour, the first three boats beating the club record by 8 minutes.

Capt. Barr and Niagara.

CAPT. JOHN BARR reached New York on Oct. 5 on the Anchor liner City of Rome from Glasgow after a very successful season as skipper of Mr. Howard Gould's 20-rater Niagara. For 52 starts Niagara won 31 first, 8 second and one third prize. She is now laid up in Fay's yard, Southampton, and will be raced again next season.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

The Seawanhaka Corinthian International Challenge Cup.

If we may judge from the many letters received by us within the past two weeks, and from the attention paid to the racing by the press throughout the country, the new 15ft. class is likely to be very generally adopted in this country next year, with plenty of good racing. Mr. Brand has announced his intention of challenging again next year for the Seawanhaka Cup, but he has been forestalled by the following challenge, referred to in our story of last week:

MONTREAL, Sept 28, 1895.

To the Secretary of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, Leonard street, New York:

DEAR SIR: Following on my telegram of this day's date, I now beg to officially challenge in the name of Mr. G. H Duggan, through the Royal St Lawrence Yacht Club, of Montreal, Canada, of which he is a member in good standing, for the Seawanhaka Cup, with a boat of 15ft., corrected length, to be met by a boat not exceeding this size. Races to be sailed not earlier than July 1, 1896, under the same general conditions governing the late contest with the Spruce IV. As the boat is not yet built it would be in the interest of a good contest to send our best representative boat. We would prefer not naming her until a later date. We can, however, assure you that the boat will be of British design, build and manufacture.

Hoping for an early and favorable consideration of the above, believe me, sincerely yours. JAMES G. MONK.

The following reply was sent:

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY, 48 WALL STREET,
NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1895.

To the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., James G. Monk, Esq., Secretary, Montreal

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of Sept 28 inclosing the challenge of G. H Duggan, Esq., for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.'s international challenge cup for half-raters, which I shall take great pleasure in presenting to the club at its next meeting, which will be held on the second Tuesday in November. Should you deem this too great a delay and so advise the club, we will consider what can be done to expedite matters, but there seems to me to be an abundance of time for construction and arrangements. Believe me, respectfully yours, HENRY W. HAYDEN, Sec'y.

Mr. G Herrick Duggan, of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, is an old canoeist and yachtsman, a mechanical engineer at the head of the Dominion Bridge Co., and a skillful yacht sailor. All of his yachts have been designed and constructed directly under his personal supervision, the designs of several having appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM It is probable that in the event of the challenge being accepted, as is now likely, the challenging boat will be selected by trial races for which Mr. Duggan and others will build. How this new challenge will work in with Mr. Brand's plans remains to be seen. The Montreal yachtsmen have had a 16ft. and 18ft. class for several years, but of late the question of establishing a 15ft. class with a view to international challenge has been discussed, with this practical result The members of the club are well up in the handling of these small craft.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. will shortly draw up a permanent set of conditions to govern all future races and to be binding on all future holders of the cup, following in general the special agreement signed by Messrs. Brand and Field prior to the recent races.

AGREEMENT COVERING THE TERMS OF THE MATCH FOR THE SEAWANHAKA INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP FOR SMALL YACHTS, TO BE SAILED AT OYSTER BAY.

1. The dates for the races are hereby fixed for Saturday, Sept. 21; Monday, Sept 23; Tuesday, Sept. 24; Wednesday, Sept. 25, and Thursday, Sept 26. 1895.

2. The general conditions governing the challenge cup and the general regulations for the control of the match, as set forth in the correspondence between J Arthur Brand, Esq., and the Minima Y C. on the one hand, and the race committee of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y C. on the other, which conditions and regulations, as finally amended, are fully set forth in Race Programme No. 6, issued by the race committee, are hereby accepted.

3. The number of races shall be limited to five, and the match shall be awarded to the yacht winning three races

4. The course for the first race shall be to windward or to leeward and return, for the second race triangular, for the third race to windward or leeward and return, for the fourth race triangular, for the fifth race to windward or leeward and return, or triangular, to be determined by the contestants by lot at the end of the fourth race.

5. The courses shall be as follows:

Course to windward or leeward and return.—From a line between Center Island Buoy and a keg buoy to and around a mark bearing a red ball, leaving it on starboard hand; distance three miles and return; course to be sailed over twice, total distance, 12 nautical miles. At the end of the first round, Center Island Buoy is to be left on the starboard hand The direction will be announced from the committee steamer before the preparatory signal.

Triangular course.—From a line between Center Island Buoy and a keg buoy anchored S.E. of the same; E. by N. ½ N., two miles to and around a mark bearing a red ball, leaving it on the port hand; N.W., two miles to and around a mark bearing a red ball, leaving it on the port hand; S by W. ½ W., two miles to the finish between Center Island Buoy and the keg anchored N W of the same. Course to be sailed over twice; total distance, 12 nautical miles. On the second round yachts will leave Center Island Buoy on the port hand.

NOTE.—The race committee may in their discretion direct the course to be sailed in the reverse direction, leaving buoys and marks on the starboard hand; and the signal for such reversal of course will be the anchoring of the keg buoy at the start to the N W of Center Island Buoy. In this case the keg buoy will be anchored S E. of Center Island Buoy at the finish.

6. In the event of heavy weather, the race committee may, in their discretion, direct any one of the races to be sailed within the waters of Oyster Bay, including Cold Spring Harbor and Oyster Bay Harbor; and in that event a course will be laid out conforming as nearly as practicable in length and character to the regular course for the day; that is to say, if the regular course for the day was to have been to windward or leeward, the inside course will be laid out as nearly as practicable to windward or leeward; and if the regular course was to have been triangular, the inside course will be made as nearly as practicable triangular.

7. Start and signals.—The start will be a one-gun fiving start with a preparatory signal, and will be made as nearly as practicable at 12 o'clock noon, across a line between Center Island Buoy and a keg buoy. In the event of a postponement from this hour a preliminary signal, a whistle of 15s duration with the hoisting of the letter B of the signal code, from the fore gaff of the committee steamer, will be given

There will be an interval of 10m. between the first (preliminary) and second (preparatory) signals.

Second signal—preparatory.—Whistle 15s. long. The club burgee on the committee steamer will be lowered and the blue peter hoisted.

There will be an interval of 5m between the second and third signals.

Third signal—start.—Whistle 15s long. The blue peter will be lowered and a red ball hoisted.

8. If any race is not concluded within five hours after the starting signal has been given, it shall be postponed to the next succeeding day (excluding Sunday), and any race not finished by 6 o'clock P. M. shall be resailed

9 In the event of heavy weather occurring on any day, the race committee shall, at the request of both contestants, postpone the race set for that day to the next succeeding day (excluding Sunday); but if in the opinion of the committee and either of the contestants the weather is not too heavy, the race shall be started. In the event of foggy calm, the committee shall have power to postpone the start, provided, however, that no race shall be started later than 2 o'clock in the afternoon, except with the consent of the contestants, in which case the race shall be concluded by 6 P M. In case of fog during the race, the committee steamer will blow three short blasts of the whistle at intervals of 30s.

The recall signal shall be several short blasts of the whistle followed by the display of the Union jack for the recall of the challenger and of the American ensign for the recall of the defender.

10. In the event of its becoming necessary to postpone or resail any race, such race shall be set for the next succeeding day (excluding Sunday); provided, however, that in case either of the contesting yachts is injured or disabled a sufficient time to complete repairs shall be allowed The judgment of the race committee as to what constitutes "sufficient time" shall be final.

11. Except in case of conflict with the provisions of this agreement, or with the conditions and regulations therein referred to, the match shall be governed by the racing rules of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

Dated Oyster Bay, Sept. 20, 1895.

(Signed) J. ARTHUR BRAND, owner of Spruce IV.
C J FIELD, owner of Ethelwynn.
CHAS. A. SHERMAN,
for the Race Committee.

The general conditions governing the cup, as set forth in race programme No. 6, are as follows:

1. The cup shall be a perpetual international challenge cup The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. shall have the custody of the cup in the first instance, and every challenge shall be through some recognized yacht club of a foreign country, and the cup when won shall be delivered to and held by the club through which the challenge was made.



CHART OF COURSES FOR SEAWANHAKA INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE CUP, OFF OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.

2. A challenging yacht shall be met by only one competitor.

3. The races shall not be less than three nor more than five in number, the cup to be taken by the winner of the majority.

4 The American courses, while the cup remains in the custody of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y C., shall be on the waters of Long Island Sound in the vicinity of Oyster Bay or in the bay itself. They shall consist of a triangular course and a course to windward or leeward and return. For the 15ft. class each leg of the triangular course shall be two nautical miles in length and shall be sailed over twice, making a total of 12 miles. The course to windward or leeward and return shall be three nautical miles to each leg and shall be sailed over twice, making a total of 12 miles.

5. The start shall be a one-gun flying start.

6. The races shall be sailed without time allowance.

7. The challenge cup is offered this year for yachts of not exceeding 15ft. racing length (S. C. Y. C. measurement).

The formula for determining racing length under the S. C. Y. C. rules is as follows: Load waterline plus the square root of the sail area divided by 2 equals the racing length.

8. In the 15ft. class yachts shall be measured without crew on board, but instead thereof a weight of 300lbs. shall be carried amidships during measurement to represent the crew.

9. All ballast shall be fixed. (Weighted centerboards shall be considered fixed ballast.)

10 No outrigger or other outboard device for carrying live ballast to windward shall be allowed.

11. In determining sail area a system of measurement shall be employed which will give, as nearly as possible, the actual number of square feet thereof. Sails shall be limited to mainsail, jibs and spinaker. The combined area of mainsail and of the jib used in windward work shall constitute the factor of sail area in determining racing length. The area of spinaker and balloon jib shall each be limited to four-tenths of the total area of the mainsail and jib used in windward work.

12. The helmsman shall be an amateur, and the total number of persons on board shall be limited to two.

13. Future competitions for the cup shall be limited to yachts of classes from 15ft. to 25ft. racing length, both inclusive.

The accompanying reproduction of the latest Coast Survey Chart, No 267, shows the waters on which the present races were sailed and on which future races will be sailed while the cup is in possession of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. The very full reports which we have published of both the cup and trial races will show that the weather in summer is light, with smooth water for anything larger than 15-footers, the prevailing winds being from off shore, about S.W. The contests have indicated that while a good proportion of sail area will pay in the very light weather, there will be some days of strong winds in which a moderate rig pays, and in a northeaster, or even in comparatively moderate weather, there may be a sea that will test severely these little boats. Even in Oyster Bay, up toward the town, there is sea enough in a strong S.W. blow to suit anyone. The tides are strong, with a rise and fall of 7ft. The general conditions are not so widely different from those in other parts of the United States as to call for a distinctly different type of boat, but of course where the competition is very close the successful boat is likely to be the one which is designed most closely to meet the exact local conditions. There is yet a possibility of a double series of races next year in case Mr. Brand should desire to race in the event of the cup being retained by the club after a match early in the season with another challenger, and in any case there is now a reasonable certainty that open trial races will be held by the club considerably earlier than this year. These races will give every opportunity to ambitious racing men and their designers, and there should be a very large fleet of starters for the trial races.

The following correspondence between Mr. Brand and the race committee explains itself:

SEPT. 29, 1895.

Race Committee, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.:

On behalf of the Minima Y. C., I have the honor to inform you that I have drawn the attention of your Hon. Secretary, Mr. Charles A. Sherman, to the fact that Ethelwynn is not entitled to yesterday's race, as she broke Rule XXVI., Section 1, by discharging and taking in ballast after 9 P M. of Friday evening, the day preceding the race; and that she broke Rule XXV., Section 2, by not having a serviceable life buoy on board during the same race. I must protest against the prize being awarded to Ethelwynn on these two grounds, at any rate until I have heard from my club. Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) J. ARTHUR BRAND, Owner of Spruce.

NEW YORK, Oct. 2, 1895.

J. Arthur Brand, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—I acknowledge the receipt of your favor of Sept. 29, and would inform you that its contents have been carefully considered by the Seawanhaka race committee. As a result of their deliberation, I am instructed to inform you that the protest contained in your letter against awarding last Saturday's race to Ethelwynn is not sustained, for the following reasons:

First—Your charge that ballast was taken aboard or discharged from Ethelwynn after 9 P. M. on Friday, Sept. 27, is denied by her owner, Mr. C. J. Field, with this qualification. As you are probably aware, it was customary on the morning of each race to haul out Ethelwynn for the purpose of polishing her bottom, and as this process involved heeling her over on her side, to avoid the danger of straining her hull the inside ballast was temporarily removed, but restored immediately after the vessel was floated. In the judgment of the committee this action should not be held a violation of the clause in Rule XXVI., Sec. 1, bearing upon the subject, as there was manifestly no intent to alter the yacht's trim, which unfair expedient the rule is intended to prevent.

Second—In answer to your charge that life buoys were not carried on Ethelwynn's deck, in violation of Rule XXV., Sec. 2, while admitting that technically you are correct, the committee holds that this rule is obviously not intended to apply to such very small yachts, and upon this ground also your protest is disallowed. I remain, dear sir, very respectfully yours, C. A. SHERMAN, Sec'y Race Committee.

Both of these protests are purely technical; and in no way affect the merits of the races. Ethelwynn was measured with 100lbs. of lead in addition to the required 300lbs. of dead weight representing crew; and also with two more pigs, or 150lbs. Even with the longer waterline, she was considerably inside of her limit—15ft racing length. Four pigs stowed in the well, two on each side of the trunk at the fore end, were kept in all the time; the extra two, stowed just inside the fore bulkhead, were not carried on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday; but were placed aboard on Thursday after the race, in view of Mr. Fred Ball, a much lighter man, taking Mr. Field's place on Friday. These two extra pigs were used on Friday and Saturday, being lashed fast to two eyebolts in the keel, and were not taken out on Saturday morning. The other four pigs, however, were necessarily removed when the yacht was beached, and replaced when she was floated after cleaning, being securely fastened in their usual places. There was no intention of evading the rule, nor was there any such evasion. In regard to life buoys, one was carried on Ethelwynn in the cockpit, in the first races, but was left ashore in all of the later races, it being understood that it was not required. So far as safety went, a naphtha launch was in close attendance on the yacht, and many boats were in the vicinity. If, as Mr. Brand apparently desires, the strict letter of the rule is to be observed, then both yachts must be disqualified; the rule says: 'Sec. 2. All yachts shall carry on deck two serviceable life buoys ready for immediate use." Unless we are very greatly mistaken, Spruce at no time complied with this rule In view of the disadvantage at which Ethelwynn was placed in the race of Friday, with one of her crew sick and the other new to the boat, of the fact that Mr. Brand obtained his choice of course on both Friday and Saturday, and was fairly and conclusively defeated, it would, in our judgment, have been far wiser to have made no attempts to gain a race on pure technicalities.

On Oct. 1 Mr. Brand gave a dinner at the Windsor Hotel to the race committee and Mr. Sturdee, all of the committee but Mr. Kerr being present. During the latter part of the week he was the guest of Mr. Sturdee at Saugerties, N. Y.

Huguenot Y. C.

THE Huguenot Y. C. opened the yachting season of 1895 on Long Island Sound with a very successful regatta, and the same club will give the last race of the season on Oct. 12. On this date the half-raters will be given a chance, and there will be a class for cabin cats between 20 and 25ft. racing length. This class will be open to boats that have not won a first prize during the season of 1895

A special class will also be formed for naphtha launches. Entries may be sent to A. Embury, Pelham Road, New Rochelle.

The board of trustees have decided to close the big house on Election Day. The small house will be fitted up and kept open all winter. As the Defender will winter at the Huguenot anchorage, the club has taken steps to accommodate the visitors, who will undoubtedly appreciate its efforts. Mr. C. O Iselin, who has Defender in charge, is a member of the Huguenots, and took his first lessons in sailing upon the waters which surround their house. There is probably no yacht club in the United States that has grown so rapidly as the Huguenots. It was organized last December by ex-Admiral Connolly of the Corinthian Navy. To-day the club has over 125 members, and has given more races than any club on the Sound with the exception of the Larchmont.



SPRUCE IV. IN PHILIP'S YARD, SHOWING LIFTING BULB FIN AS ORIGINALLY FITTED.

The Huguenot fleet has done splendid service during the season. Among its boats that have carried the red cross to the fore may be mentioned Dragoon, Kittie, Question, Houri, Angora, Punch, and last but not least, Arethusa, which valiantly captured the cruising schooner cup, defeating Vif.

The Huguenots are now preparing plans for the defense of the Seawanhaka half-rater cup, several of its members having placed orders for wee racers At the last meeting of the trustees, Com. Charles Whann, Vice-Com. Connolly and Rear-Com. Gorham were appointed a committee to select candidates for office for 1896.

International Racing.

ON Oct. 2 Mr. G. L. Watson sailed on the Teutonic with Lord Dunraven's two daughters, Capt. Cranfield, Capt. Sycamore and the remainder of the Valkyrie's crew sailing on the same vessel. The yacht is now snugly berthed at Tebo's, the exact plans of her owner being unknown. From what has been said by Mr. Smith, it is probable that Lord Dunraven would like to race here again next year if such a thing is possible. It is doubtful whether this can be done. Whatever Lord Dunraven's views may be, and whatever his intention was, there is no question that many American yachtsmen look upon his action on the last day as an affront to the New York Y. C.; and it is quite possible that the club may not care to go out of its way to give him another race. There is one course open to him, however, which, in our opinion, he will do well to follow. If we are not greatly mistaken, Lord Dunraven's prestige at home has received a severe blow, and as matters now are he cannot resume next season the position which he has held for several years—very close to the head of British yachting. There is still a chance to retrieve himself on this side, in doing which he will regain the respect of his own countrymen. Leaving the America's Cup out of the question, he cannot do better than to fit out Valkyrie as early as possible at New York and to start her in all of the regular open events of the season and in any private matches should the occasion offer. If he abandons all technicalities and letter writing, and puts his boat into as many races as possible, taking the same conditions as are served out alike to all other yachts, he may regain the respect of yachtsmen here and at home. It is impossible to say what the prospects of the class are for next season, but a certainty of Valkyrie's entry would hardly fail to bring out Vigilant and also Defender.

The answer of Lord Dunraven to the letter of the America's Cup committee of Sept. 17 was made public on Oct. 3. It was delivered to ex-Com. James D. Smith, chairman of the Cup committee, by messenger, at his office in this city, on Sept. 26.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 21, 1895.

GENTLEMEN: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated the 17th inst., and must apologize for not sooner replying, but I was obliged to send to New York for a copy of my previous correspondence.

I cannot accept as entirely accurate your account of a short conversation at the Waldorf between Mr. Canfield, Mr. Busk and myself, but I hope you will excuse me for not entering upon a discussion of matters dependent upon memory and which do not appear to me to be of any great importance, and also for not further commenting upon certain points in your letter, which have, in my opinion, been sufficiently dealt with in former letters of mine.

But it is due to you that I should endeavor to satisfy you on one or two matters.

You express surprise that I could have been in doubt as to whether Mr. Canfield and Mr. Busk were officially representing the committee. In my letter of the 13th I said, "I do not know whether Mr. Canfield and Mr. Busk were officially representing the committee when they came to see me at the Waldorf. I judged by the conversation that they were not, and I understood from them that the committee had not come to definite conclusions upon my letter." I fear I am unable to add much to that. Mr. Busk assured me that if the third race was sailed the dates and times of starting any further races would not be published. I understood Mr. Canfield at first to demur but afterwards to acquiesce with Mr. Busk's opinion. I can only repeat what I said in my letter of the 13th, that I understood the verbal proposal made to me to be "that I should withdraw from my determination expressed in my letter of the 10th, and should sail the third, and possibly the final race, on the condition that sufficient room was secured at the start, and that in any further races my suggestion that the dates of races and times of sailing should not be made public should be carried out." That understanding, had I agreed to it, would obviously not have been binding on the committee, as you now inform me that "the committee did not consider practicable your suggestion to keep secret the dates and times of starting any further races" I may be permitted to observe that your expression "to keep secret" somewhat exaggerates the intention of my letter of the 10th, in which I speak of the difficulty of keeping a clear course "if the dates of races and times of starting are known and advertised."

In furnishing you with details of the times of delivery of certain letters, I most certainly never intended to imply any neglect or discourtesy on the part of the committee, and on reading my letter of the 13th I am puzzled to see how it can have given rise to an impression so far from my thought. I gave the exact times of the delivery of letters because the times mentioned in your letter of the 12th were inaccurate, and I was anxious that you should understand that I sent Mr. Canfield a written reply to his written proposal at the earliest possible moment, and did my best to minimize any inconvenience to the committee, the Defender or the public.

I do not in the least dispute the accuracy of your account of what took place on the 11th at the New York Yacht Club, nor have I ever done so. As I have previously stated, when, on leaving the club, I asked that my letter of the 10th should be given to Mr. Canfield, I meant that he should be at liberty then to open it. If any inconvenience was caused to any one, I can only express my regret; but as I had asked Mr. Canfield some time before to call a meeting of the Cup committee at the earliest possible moment, and as you say in your letter of the 12th that the letter was handed to Mr. Canfield at half-past twelve and was opened at half-past two, I trust that the delay, if any, was immaterial.

As some misunderstanding appears to exist on the part of the public as to my motives in intrusting my letter of the 10th to a third party, with instructions not to deliver it until the protest had been heard, I may repeat that I was anxious to avoid the possibility of any one supposing that, in writing the letter, I was in the slightest degree influenced by the fact that the protest had been lodged or desired in any way to influence the gentlemen hearing that protest.

I do not quite see the object of calling my attention to public opinion, but as you allude to it, I may say that, though I have no idea whether my action in withdrawing is considered justifiable by anybody or everybody, I have not the slightest doubt upon that point.

I have endeavored to avoid controversial matters, and unless I can be of any further service to the committee I should be well content to consider this correspondence closed.

I have the honor to remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

DUNRAVEN.

The following reply was delivered to Lord Dunraven at Newport on Sept. 27:

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 27, 1895.

My Lord:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of Sept. 21 to the committee. I received the letter this morning from Mr. Smith, who informs me that he received it yesterday.

I will submit your letter to the committee at the earliest opportunity.

I have the honor to remain, your obedient servant,

A. CASS CANFIELD,
Secretary America's Cup Committee.

Within the past three weeks there has come under our notice an immense mass of criticism of the late races, made up mostly of extreme views from one side or the other. It is evident that much of this is due to the fact that the first reports sent out throughout this country and Europe were the garbled and extravagant stories of the evening papers, these obtaining a far wider circulation than the more accurate and reliable stories of the following morning. As but one instance, the story has been circulated everywhere that Valkyrie's withdrawal was directly due to the interference of tug No. 19 or pilot boat No. 19 on the line on the last eventful day.

We have no desire to prolong a fruitless and acrimonious discussion that may well be relegated to obscurity, but there are a few points that may be stated now in view of the widespread misunderstanding on the part of those at a distance.

In the first place, there was no tug or pilot boat near the line on the last day, and no interference with either boat; Valkyrie's intention of not racing was plain to everyone an hour before the start. In the second place, as long as Lord Dunraven was determined not to go over the course, there was no necessity whatever for Defender to go through the formality of a sailover, or for Valkyrie to cross the line. In the third place, there is no location between Cape May on the south and Bar Harbor on the north, covering the yachting ground of the Atlantic Coast, where steamers and tugs would not follow the yachts; and no course within this area superior to that outside Sandy Hook, all things considered. The difficulty of interference by an outsider can be met in one of three ways; by the doubtful expedient of concealing the dates of the sailing days, by going to some such location as Halifax, Labrador, or Madeira, or by remaining at New York and restraining the large attendant fleet by some one of several plans already proposed. We are inclined to think that the latter is really the most feasible.

In regard to the collision between Defender and Valkyrie, of which the British papers are now saying a great deal, it is well to state that in the opinion of at least a dozen competent witnesses on the committee boat, in the best possible position to judge, there was over 100ft.—to place the limit low—between Valkyrie and the tug, instead of the 6ft claimed by Valkyrie; the former statement being borne out by various photos of the collision.

The FOREST AND STREAM can certainly not be accused of undue partiality toward the New York Y. C. in Cup matters in the past or toward the Cup or regatta committees, but in the case of the collision and Mr. Iselin's protest, from all that we have been able to learn from many sources, the decision of the regatta committee was a perfectly fair one; and the Cup committee certainly did all in its power to satisfy Lord Dunraven.

The following letter, written by an officer of the British Navy to the London *Times*, is well worth quoting as a remarkable exception to the strong statements on both sides:

To the Editor of the Times:

[SIR—Admiral Montagu's letter to the *Times* of the 17th is a useful contribution from a technical yacht racing point of view toward clearing up the dispute on the above subject, but when all the arguments have been heard on both sides, and all the technicalities discussed and freely commented on by experienced yachtsmen and others, impartial minds will insist upon looking at the whole affair in its broades', most general and, in short, in its international aspect, and there can be little doubt that the judgment of history will be against England.

Lord Dunraven, as the representative of this country in a friendly international contest, must expect to have his action criticised freely, not only from a narrow and technical yacht racing point of view, but from the wider aspect of manly and generous sport in the best sense of the word, and when compared with that of Mr. Iselin I much fear that it will not stand well and that his fair-minded countrymen will have to regret it.

There is not much difficulty in putting one's finger on the sore spot, and there can be no doubt that the real point of irritation, that which turned cordiality into coldness and friendliness into unfriendliness, was the incident that occurred at the start for the second race. As Admiral Montagu very truly says, "There ought to exist a certain amount of give and take between competing vessels on such occasions."

There is the strict law, and there is the etiquette, just as there is at whist or any other game, and the distinction between the yacht to leeward holding her own or giving a distinct and gratuitous luff so as to cause a collision is in many cases a very narrow one, and may honestly be a matter of opinion. Lord Dunraven was evidently of opinion that the Defender did not give the Valkyrie room, but luffed into her when she could have avoided doing so, and was thus guilty of a breach of etiquette, which, be it remembered, is far more serious than a breach of rules, as the latter can be summarily dealt with and the former cannot, but remains and rankles

The committee decided that the Valkyrie was in the wrong, and their decision should have been loyally accepted without comment. Unfortunately this was not done, and Lord Dunraven in his letter to Mr. Iselin on Sept. 12 permits himself to write the following sentence: "The regatta committee have decided according to their best judgment, *for reasons which I confess are beyond my comprehension*, that she (Valkyrie) did break the rules."

The words which I have taken the liberty to italicize were, under the circumstances, inadmissable, and by using them Lord Dunraven put himself entirely in the wrong. No man ever admits in his heart that he is "out" leg before wicket; he may growl and grumble as much as he likes so long as he keeps it to himself, but to express aloud his dissent from the decision of the umpire is not in accordance with the best traditions of cricket, or indeed of any other game.

There may have been breach of rules or breach of etiquette, or both or neither, or the Americans may have a different code of etiquette from ours; all this is immaterial; the one broad fact remains that the decision of the umpires was not accepted loyally and without comment Once this golden rule was broken there was no prospect of further friendly racing, and the action of Valkyrie on the day of the third race, although we are told that it was intended to be courteous, appears to me to have been exactly the reverse and to have simply made a fool of the Americans, as it virtually forced them to retain the Cup on a technicality—a result which their whole action in the matter shows to have been entirely contrary to their wishes; so that it is difficult to see where the courtesy comes in

All true lovers of sport will regret that Mr. Iselin's generous offer was not accepted and the second race declared off and resailed. Technically, of course, Lord Dunraven was right in refusing to do so, but I repeat that in such a case technicalities may be held in abeyance and the question treated on broader grounds. Yachtsmen of the best class have never professed to be either jockeys or sea lawyers; they sail for sport and not for money; and I submit that the Americans have throughout the whole business shown a true sporting instinct. They wanted the best vessel to win, without favor of any kind, and they honestly did their best to keep a clear course In this they failed, but I know of no power inherent in the Royal Yacht Squadron or in any other corporation which could have done better in this free country, where the captains of lobster salad steamers have pretty well as much of their own way as they have in the other land of freedom.

Lord Dunraven has undoubtedly put the Americans in an uncomfortable position, and he will himself come home with a grievance. No one can fail to admire the great pluck and perseverence which he has shown in his successive efforts to win back the famous cup, but in this last case—unless some new and unpublished facts come to light—I fear that the impartial verdict of nautical history will say that he has failed to uphold the best traditions of English yacht racing I am, yours faithfully, C. C. P. FITZGERALD Rear Admiral.

That there will be a match for the America's Cup next year is highly probable and in every way gratifying after the late disappointing fiasco, but at the same time we cannot share the general enthusiasm over the challenge of Mr. Charles Day Rose, which is now before the New York Yacht Club. That Mr. Rose is a Canadian and not a native of the British Isles is of no consequence, he is a British subject and there is nothing more out of the way in his challenging for the Cup than in it being defended for the New York Y C, as it once was, by an Englishman. What is more to the point is that his sole qualifications for this, the greatest achievement in all yaching, seem to be a knowledge of the turf and a profound ignorance of yacht racing. Mr. Rose has never owned a yacht and has never belonged to a yacht club or shown any interest in yachting. Not long since he became the owner of a small cruising yacht and still more recently he has purchased an unsuccessful racing yacht of large size. The name he has chosen for his new challenger is most absurd, clumsy and inappropriate, and the designer whom he has selected, though a man who is deservedly held in high esteem, has given no evidence in his existing boats of the ability to make his mark at the topmost point of yacht designing. All this does not prove that Mr Rose may not make a thorough yachtsman and that Mr. Soper may not turn out a 90-ft. cutter faster than Defender and Valkyrie, but at the same there is no disguising the fact that this venture, which involves a very heavy outlay of money and labor on the part of the defending club, is not, as it certainly should be, in the hands of a thoroughly experienced and practical racing yachtsman. With the best intentions in the world. Mr. Rose, in his ignorance of yachting, may easily make some blunder which may render the proposed series of races as abortive and unsatisfactory as the one just ended.

Larchmont Y. C. Races.

THE concluding races of the season at Larchmont have been by no means so well patronized as they deserved, being limited to the schooners Emerald and Amorita, the 34-footers Dragoon and Acushla, and the 21-footer Vaquero I. In spite of a good deal of inexpensive witticism directed at the 34-footers and their coefficients, the class can boast of two good boats, representative respectively of the cutter and centerboard types—Vorant II and Acushla. The former has not been raced steadily or in a way to develop her best points, and it is probable that Acushla will beat her in the majority of races: but at the same time she is a very fine boat, handsome, comfortable and fast. Acushla is the best looking boat that has ever come from the Cape, with very good ends, a sensible and moderate sheer, good freeboard and a wholesome and attractive look about her. She is fast and very handy. The probabilities are that, in view of these practical demonstrations of what may be had in the class in the way of an all-round yacht, more will be built during the coming winter. The 21ft. class has fallen off very much this year, and without good reason; the boats are excellent for afternoon sailing and racing, and closely enough matched to give plenty of sport if sailed at their best. Of late Vaquero has been left in undisturbed possession of the field.

The annual race for the Colt memorial cup, presented to the Larchmont Y. C. by Miss Elizabeth Beach, was sailed on Sept. 21 in connection with the special races for the 34 and 21ft. classes. The schooners Amorita and Emerald were the only competitors for the Colt cup, while Dragoon and Acushla started for the 34ft. prize: There was hardly any wind, and the 34 footers did not finish. Emerald beat Amorita, and in the 21ft class Vaquero sailed over one round of the course. The only times taken were:

SCHOONER CLASS.

	Length.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emerald, J. Rogers Maxwell	89.51	3 36 30	3 36 30
Amorita, W. Gould Brokaw	75.07	4 06 57	3 59 57

On Monday, Sept. 23, there was a moderate westerly breeze, the same quintette starting, the schooners for the Larchmont cup and the others for the series prizes, the club prize for the greatest number of points during the season, and Com. Gillig's prize for the greatest number of wins. In response to an offer from the owner of Amorita nearly $1,000 was put up in private stakes by the owner and those Corinthians in the crew of Emerald, in addition to the Larchmont cup. Emerald won very easily, the times being:

SCHOONER CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emerald	11 35 46	3 49 04	4 14 18	4 14 18
Amorita	11 36 10	4 09 15	4 33 05	4 22 21

34-RATER CLASS.

Dragoon	11 37 40	3 34 30	3 56 50	3 56 50
Acushla	11 38 00	3 47 55	4 09 55	4 09 55

21FT. CLASS.

Vaquero	11 38 00	2 17 39	2 39 39	2 39 39

The final race for the 34ft. and 21ft. classes was sailed on Sept. 24, only the former starting. Acushla won as follows:

SPECIAL 34FT CLASS.

	1st mark.	2d mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Acushla	2 04 06	3 44 42	4 33 04	3 10 50
Dragoon	2 08 14	3 56 54	4 51 38	3 29 05

Dragoon's record for the season in the Larchmont series stands 4 firsts and 4 seconds, or 24 points, while Acushla's stands 4 firsts and 2 seconds, or 20 points. Dragoon wins both cups, but can only take one, the club cup going to Acushla. Vaquero wins the two cups in her class, having had no competitor of late. Mr. John F. Lovejoy, who has served very successfully for several years as chairman of the regatta committee, has just been presented by Com. Gillig and other members of the club with a life membership as a recognition of his services The season was formally closed with the annual clam bake on Oct. 5.

Columbia Y. C.

CHICAGO—LAKE MICHIGAN.

Saturday, Sept. 21,

THE Columbia Y. C., of Chicago, finished its season on Sept. 21 by a fine race in a very strong S W. wind. the times being:

SCHOONERS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mistral	1 36 35	4 16 51	2 40 16	2 39 40
Hawthorne	1 37 37	4 22 56	2 45 19	2 45 19
Toxteth	1 37 10	Did not finish.		

FIRST CLASS SLOOPS.

Druid	1 40 00	4 40 48	3 00 48	3 00 48

SECOND CLASS.

Rambler	1 40 00	4 36 46	2 56 46	2 56 46

THIRD CLASS SLOOPS.

Peri	1 39 17	4 39 03	2 59 46	2 54 12
Valiant	1 36 03	4 33 13	2 57 10	2 57 10
Hattie B.	1 39 38	4 40 13	3 00 35	2 57 19
Nora	1 37 53	4 48 26	3 10 33	3 04 26
America	1 38 18	4 52 53	. . ..	. . ..

FOURTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Skate	1 45 00	3 53 35	2 08 55	2 08 55
Ida K.	1 45 00	4 07 38	2 22 38	2 20 58

Mistral takes a leg for the Steffens cup, to be won twice in succession. The other winners were Druid, Rambler, Peri and Skate, the latter a modification of the Scarecrow, with more sail and ballast,

The Cup Races and Excursion Steamers.

CHATHAM, N. B., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In common with my yachting brethren of Canada, I very much regret that the Valkyrie-Defender races ended in a fizzle. Defender appeared to be the better boat—an English yacht capable of beating the best English yacht from England over the favorite English courses. But there can be no doubt about the excursion steamers having rendered a fair test impossible. Even though they served both contestants alike, they rendered the race a game of chance rather than of speed; but human nature in New York must be different from human nature elsewhere if the steamers were not more considerate for Defender than for Valkyrie.

The New York Y. C. can hardly consent to the sailing of such races elsewhere, and the proposal to keep the dates of sailing secret will not, of course, be entertained. The great public wants to see the contest, and must be given a chance to do so.

Why not, therefore, make the course so short that the whole race can be seen from one point, and then require the attendant fleet to anchor? Why not make the course three miles to windward and back, and triangular, with two miles to the leg, as in the Spruce-Ethelwynn match, to be sailed over several times. Then the racers could be seen all the time from the starting point, and the excursion steamers would not be tempted to follow them. The public would see the show and the champions would not be interfered with.

But to make assurance doubly sure could not the officer who issues permits to the steamers to carry passengers to the races make it a condition of the permits that the steamers anchor at such time and place as the regatta committee should order? If the officer has no power to impose such a condition, why not get an act passed at the coming session of Congress that will give it to him?

It looks to me as if the whole excursion steamer difficulty could be easily and effectually ended in this way. If you want another international match sailed off New York, secure such legislation as soon as possible.

As your designers and builders have produced yachts as quick in stays as the English boats, and as your newspapers all testify that Defender's crew change sails as quickly as Valkyrie's the challenger can get no advantage from such a course as I propose.

J. L. STEWART (Miramichi Y. C.)

Riverside Y. C.

Saturday, Oct. 5.

THE special race of the Riverside Y. C. for the 34ft. class was sailed on Oct. 5 in a fresh to moderate N.E. breeze.

The course was from a starting line off Little Captain's Island, around the black spar buoy off Mattinicock Point; thence across the starting line again; thence around the black spar buoy off Center Island Point; thence to the starting line; 20¼ nautical miles.

On the first leg under spinakers Dragoon won, but on the beat back her bobstay parted. At the end of the first round Vorant II. had a lead of 4m. 5s. over Acushla. In reaching across to Center Island in a lighter wind Acushla made up a couple of minutes, and on the return she passed Vorant, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Acushla	3 42 36	3 24 36
Vorant II	3 43 39	3 25 39
Dragoon	Disabled.	

A special match has been made for a $100 cup between Vorant II. and Acushla, to be sailed on Oct. 19.

Freelance.

THE trial trip of the new steam yacht Freelance, designed by A. Cary Smith for F. Augustus Schermerhorn, and built by Lewis G. Nixon, of the Crescent Shipyard, took place on Sept. 26; the yacht more than fulfilling the expectations of those connected with her. She left Elizabethport in the morning and ran up to the Sound, starting at Fort Schuyler and running as far as Smithtown Bay. With forced draft she made 210 revolutions with over 200lbs. of steam, running 19 miles in an hour and two minutes. After the forced-draft trial, while lying still, the bonnet of the low-pressure cylinder blew out, and she ran in to Bridgeport, where a new one was procured; she then continued on her six hour trial under natural draft. She was delivered to her owner on Oct. 5. She shows a marked absence of vibration at high speeds.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Gloriana, cutter, has been sold by Com. Gillig through Manning's Agency to Josiah M. Lasell, of Boston.

Yampa, schr., R. S. Palmer, arrived at Halifax, N. S., on Oct. 1, after a passage of nineteen days from Falmouth, Eng. On Oct. 6 she touched at Boston.

Eleanor, steam yacht, W. A. Slater, arrived at San Francisco from Victoria, B. C., on Sept. 13 on her return from Alaska.

The Herreshoff Mfg. Co. has received an order for a racing 2½-rater under the new Y. R. A. rule for Almeric Hugh Paget, an English yachtsman. Work on the new boat will be commenced at once.

Nepenthe, cutter, Messrs. Agar and Dudley, of the Southern Y. C. of New Orleans, returned to that port on Sept. 23, after a long summer cruise, having visited New York and Long Island Sound. Nepenthe is of 46ft. waterline, designed by the late Mr. Burgess.

Defender has been laid up in Neptune Bay, inside of Glen Island, New Rochelle, for the winter.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. has secured for its town house a part of the old Jockey Club house, on the S.W. corner of Twenty-seventh street and Madison avenue. The Oyster Bay club house has been closed for the season and the new town house will shortly be opened.

The Cleveland Y. C. has at last, after many difficulties, located itself permanently in pleasant and suitable quarters in a new club house built directly on the waters of Lake Erie. The opening ceremonies took place on Sept. 11.

Gitchee Gumee, sloop, owned by Duncan Gay, of New York, was stolen on Sept. 21 from her moorings, off Pelham Bay Park. On Sept. 27 she was sailed into Port Jefferson Harbor and abandoned by a man who was afterward arrested in New York on board a working schooner on which he had just shipped. The prisoner, James Corbett, a sailor, is held for trial.

The firm of Waterhouse & Chesebrough, of Boston, has just been dissolved by mutual consent, each of the members continuing alone the business of yacht designing.

Jean, steam yacht, has been sold by the estate of the late James Renwick to Miss E. L. Breese, an associate member of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. The name will be changed to Alsa.

Yacht and Boat Sailing, eighth edition, by Dixon Kemp, is just ready, from the press of Horace Cox. The book has been completely remodeled, many designs of modern yachts being added.

Mr. Lewis G. Nixon, of the Crescent Shipyard, Elizabeth, N. J., has now in hand a design for a full-powered seagoing steam yacht of 225ft. length, which will be built at once for a Philadelphia yachtsman.

Mr. George I. Tyson, president of the Riverside Y. C., and owner of he schooner Nirvana, died on Oct. 7 after a long illness.

Col. Stuart M. Taylor, once well known to American yachtsmen as an advocate of the old type of centerboard yacht, died in Paris on Oct. 6.

A. C. A. Membership.

ATLANTIC DIVISION: David Loree, Jas. A. Smith, Francis S. Way, Francis E. Fratt, Bensonhurst, L. I., New York C. C. Central Division: Alex. M. Lindsay, Jr., Rochester, N. Y.; Harry Ransom Tobey, Port Henry, N. Y.; Waldo F. Tobey, Port Henry, N. Y.; Wm. A. Ostrander, Albany, N. Y.; Joseph P. Coughlin, Troy. Eastern Division: Robert P. Apollonio, Winchester, Mass.; Robert M. Molineux, Boston; Lady Associate, Mrs. Edward S. Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

Steam Yachts and Launches

BUILT BY MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago, Ill. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Shooting in England.

OWING to the wind no good shooting was done on Sept. 11 at the North London Rifle Club. Below are the details:

Stationary target, 20yds.:

E Howe	737777—38	Luff	753765—33
B Comber	666657—36	Capt Earle	626675—32
Carter	366777—36	MacCormack	447537—30
Knapp	766773—36	Britton	274647—30
Major Palmer	576656—35	Lieut Clemence	605756—29
Lieut Richardson	267766—34		

Mr. Knapp, who stands third for the revolver championship of the club, forgot to comply with some of the formalities and unfortunately will therefore most likely be debarred from the prize list.

Revolver championship of club to date:

	20yds.	A.	D.	50yds.
Walter Winans	42 42 42 42 41 41	41	42	38 39—410
Maj Munday	40 39 39 39 39 39	39	39	37 37—386
Knapp	40 39 38 38 36 36	41	36	34 34—372
Comber	40 39 39 38 37 36	38	38	35 33—371
Maj Palmer	39 39 38 37 36 36	36	36	31 31—370
Carter	38 37 36 36 36 35	37	37	31 28—351
Luff	39 38 37 36 34 33	33	27	30 27—334
Capt Earle	36 34 32 32 32 30	32	32	33 31—326
Lieut Richardson	38 35 35 34 34 34	33	34	33 28—318

MacCormack, Ricketts, Ashby, Treadwell, C. F. Lowe, Frost, Skilten, Evans, Howe, Rand, Hore, Denyer, Franzmann, Brading, Andrews, Capt. Peters, Clementi-Smith, Chicken, A. J. Comber, Major Jones, Capt. Thompson, Lieut. Chitty, Capt. Cowan, Granville, A. Crawley, Bashford, Diggins, Col. Atherton, Aldridge, Allman, Stallibrass, Baxter, Treadwell, Howell, Garaud, Joyce, Hare, Howard, Lattey, Gill, Varley, MacDonald, Wells, Clemence, Britton, etc., have not shot out their scores yet.

No more shooting has been done at the South London Rifle Club in revolver shooting, Mr. Winans having now a lead which cannot be beaten for the revolver championship of the Club.

Scores to date for revolver championship of South London Rifle Club:

	20yds.	50yds.
Walter Winans	42 41 41 40 40	40 39 39—322
Capt T W Heath	39 39 39 39 38	37 36 36—306
Knapp	40 40 38 38 37	38 35 34—300
E Howe	40 39 38 38 37	36 35 33—296
Lieut J Howard	40 40 38 37 36	34 34 32—290
Clementi-Smith	38 36 35 34 33	35 34 33—277
C F Rand	42 40 39 36	39 35 34
C F Lowe	37 36 32	37 34
Lieut Varley	37 29	35

Mr. Rand can yet by good shooting come into second place ahead of Capt. Heath, with whom there will be an exciting finish for second place next week.

On Sept. 18 Mr. Winans made his tenth highest possible score of the season, shooting at the North London Rifle Club's revolver competition at 20yds. Major Palmer also made the first highest possible score he has made. Both he and Mr. Knapp have followed Mr. Winans's example and taken to Smith & Wesson revolvers.

20yds., stationary targets:

Walter Winans	777777—42	Lieut Richardson	747746—35
Major Palmer	777777—42	Gould	645676—34
C Knapp	777677—41	Lieut Clemence	576466—34
Luff	766776—39	Diggins	346777—34
Comber	766765—37	MacDonald	565467—33
MacCormack	466777—37	E Howe	647763—33
Lieut J Howard	654777—36	Capt W Evans	447646—31

Most unfortunately, Mr. Knapp is not allowed to count his scores toward the revolver championship of the club, as he forgot to enter in time.

Mr. Winans's aggregate is by far the best on record—so far in fact, that he intends to continue shooting, although he has practically won, in order to establish a still higher record.

Scores for revolver championship to date:

	20yds.	A.	B.	50yds.
Walter Winans	42 42 42 42 42 41	41	42	39 38—411
Maj Munday	40 39 39 39 39 39	39	39	37 36—386
C Knapp	41 40 39 38 38 36	41	36	34 34—377
Maj Palmer	42 39 39 38 37 36	36	36	31 31—376
Comber	40 39 38 37 36 34	38	38	35 33—372
Carter	38 37 36 36 36 35	37	37	31 28—351
Luff	39 39 38 37 36 34	33	27	30 27—340
Capt Earle	36 34 32 32 32 30	32	32	33 31—326
Lieut Richardson	38 35 35 35 34 34	33	34	33 28—319
MacCormack	37 30 30 29 27 ..	29	28	28 22
Ricketts	38 38 32 32 26 ..	32	..	19 ..
Ashby	27	..	..	.. ..
Treadwell	29 28	..	29	21 ..
C F Lowe	36 36 34	..	34	.. ..
Frost	39 37 34 34 32 ..	34	..	.. ..
Skilton	32	..	..	.. ..
Evans	35 35 31 29 29 28	32	23	.. ..
Howe	38 36 33 32 32 27	32	32	30 ..
F Rand	37	..	..	.. ..
Hore	36 31 31	..	..	.. ..
Denyer	31	..	..	19 ..
Franzmann	34 32 30 27	..	..	36 36
Brading	30	..	..	.. ..
Andrews	39 36	38	33	.. ..
Capt Peters	35	..	..	.. ..
Clementi-Smith	.. 39 38 34 34 ..	35	34	31 ..
Chicken	37 34 33	..	34	.. ..
A J Comber	36	..	..	.. ..

At the South London Rifle Club on Sept. 12 Mr. Winans made another highest possible score with the revolver at 20yds. This puts his total for the revolver championship of the club two points higher than his winning score of last year.

Below are details of the shooting.

Twenty yards:

Walter Winans	777777—42	Capt T W Heath	677775—39
F Rand	776777—41	E Howe	767774—38
Clementi-Smith	567777—39	C Knapp	757566—36

Fifty yards:

E Howe	675757—37	F Rand	656645—32
Walter Winans	577746—36	Clementi-Smith	725754—30
Capt T W Heath	555755—32		

As we predicted Mr. Rand has come up into prominence toward the revolver championship of the club, and though he cannot now, with the remaining days' shooting, get up to Mr. Winans, he will most probably pass Capt. Heath for second place.

Scores for revolver championship of the club to date:

	20yds.	50yds.
Walter Winans	42 42 41 41 40	40 39 39—324
Capt T W Heath	39 39 39 39 39	38 35 34—307
F Rand	42 41 40 39 36	39 35 34—306
E Howe	40 39 38 38 38	37 36 35—301
C Knapp	40 40 38 38 37	38 35 34—300
Lieut J Howard	40 40 37 38 36	34 34 32—290
Clementi-Smith	39 38 36 35 34	35 34 33—283
C F Lowe	37 36 32	37 34 ..
Lieut Varley	37 29	35 .. ..

From press dispatches we learn that the revolver championship of the South London Rifle Club was won on Sept. 26 by Mr. Walter Winans. His score was 324 out of a possible 336. It was further mentioned that he was leading in the competition for the championship of the North London Rifle Club, which will be decided on Oct. 16.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Oct. 3.—Mr. Paul, president of Presque Isle Rifle Club, left Erie last Wednesday to accept a position as foreman in a bicycle works at Stamford, Conn. We are sorry to lose him, as he was a very active member of the club, but he promises to keep up the interest in rifle shooting, and some day we hope to receive a challenge from the new club.

The following score was made by the Presque Island Rifle Club at their regular practice shoot of Sept. 28:

Stidham										
	9	8	7	9	7	6	9	5	10	6—76
	10	10	7	4	8	7	5	7	9	6—73
	10	6	8	8	8	4	7	8	4	6—69
Froess	9	9	5	4	7	9	6	8	6	9—72
	8	5	6	5	4	7	5	9	4	4—57
	5	5	5	5	2	4	6	8	7	8—75
Shaffer	6	10	9	7	7	4	6	9	8	4—70
	5	5	9	5	7	6	8	5	7	5—63
	6	9	8	4	9	8	6	9	8	8—72
Layer	6	7	8	5	10	7	5	3	7	10—68
	10	8	8	5	6	4	5	7	4	3—60
	7	5	5	3	8	4	6	4	3	7—52
Bacon	7	6	7	8	10	4	4	6	5	8—64
	4	8	8	9	6	7	7	5	6	3—63
	7	5	7	7	8	4	6	7	7	3—63
Van Etten	5	4	5	6	7	4	6	9	10	10—66
	4	7	5	7	10	7	5	7	8	7—62
	9	5	4	7	8	6	5	4	7	5—60
Wheeler	10	8	4	8	8	5	3	7	8	5—66
	7	6	6	3	8	6	6	6	4	8—60
	4	7	5	5	4	2	5	7	4	7—52
Paul	8	4	4	6	5	8	8	6	9	7—65
	8	5	4	3	8	6	3	5	10	6—58
	4	4	8	6	4	2	6	5	10	5—49
Gunnison	5	9	6	9	7	4	6	6	9	6—64
	4	8	10	6	9	3	0	5	6	4—52
	5	6	4	5	3	4	2	6	2	4—42
Shenk	0	2	3	2	7	0	7	2	1	2—26
	0	1	2	3	2	5	4	0	2	3—22
	0	0	10	1	1	1	2	2	4	0—21

Lyman Rapid-Fire Target.

THE Lyman rapid-fire rifle targets are finding much favor. They are in two sizes, for 25yds. and 50yds. The smaller one sent post-paid for 15 cents a dozen, the larger one for 25 cents a dozen, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 15-16.—WORCESTER, Mass.—Tournament of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club; $100 added money, and a $50 diamond ring to highest average. Chas. E. Forehand, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-17.—ALEDO, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Aledo Gun Club; live birds and targets. J. W. McRoberts, Chairman of programme committee.

Oct. 16-17.—WEIR CITY, Kan.—Live-bird championship of the State under the auspices of the Business Men's Gun Club.

Oct. 16-17.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Fourth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Oct. 19.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Third shoot of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Garfield Gun Club, at 2 P. M. W. F. de Wolf, Secretary of the League.

Oct. 22-24.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Dupont Smokeless Powder Company's tournament at live birds. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

Oct. 23-25.—ATLANTA, Ga.—Annual tournament of the Clarke Hardware Company; targets; $700 added money.

Oct. 25-26.—SEATTLE, Wash.—First annual tournament of the Washington State Sportsman's Association, under the auspices of the Seattle Gun Club; live birds and targets. C. F. Graff, Sec'y.

Oct. 27-30.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—First annual tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Willard L. Simpson, Sec'y.

Nov. 5-7.—KEWANEE, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Kewanee Gun Club.

1896.

Jan. 4-5—PHŒNIX, Ariz.—Annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Jan. 9-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the auspices of Texas State Sportsmen's Association and management of J. M. George and O. C. Guessaz (Texas Field).

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

May 5-8.—New York.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2,000 added money.

May (second week) —MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 30-June 1 —MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

The San Antonio Gun Club have issued a circular setting forth their claims to liberal support by the trap-shooters. We quote the following from it: "This is our first tournament and our maiden effort, but we will give you one of the best shoots ever held in this country and the greatest ever held in Texas. Our grounds are perfect and our trap service will be unexcelled. We shall have fifteen traps with electric pulls and all duplicated—in other words double service. We guarantee you $1,000 in added money. We have no handicap and will only say that we have let the bars down, but we shall give a dead square shoot and no favors shown. In this we mean what we say, and referee's decision will be final. We give you three days at targets and one day—the last—at live birds, and you will have good ones. Our added money is distributed as follows: First day, $200; second, $240; third, $290, and fourth, $270. Only three live-bird events on fourth day. We have one live-bird event, 25 birds, $15 entrance, $200 added, five moneys. Here is your chance. We have one target event, 25 targets, $5 entrance and $100 added, four moneys. We have eight target events each day, no entrance less than $2 and no added money less than $25. It will cost you $82 to enter every event. If time will permit we will give extra events—sweepstake."

The West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's tournament, to be held this week, Oct. 9 to 11, on the club's grounds at Newburgh, affords excellent opportunities for shooters to compete. On the first and second days respectively there are ten events on the programme, and on the third day live-bird events. Extra events will be arranged to suit visitors. Fifty dollars will be given divided as follows: $20, $15, $10 and $5, to the shooters making the best averages on both days on clay targets. Ties divided unless otherwise agreed. Moneys will be divided as follows: Entries of 12 and under, 50, 30 and 20 per cent. Entries over 12: 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Any shooter in a tie may withdraw his share of purse. Targets, two cents each, to be deducted from purse. Shoots begin at 9 o'clock sharp each day. If time permits, other sweepstakes will be shot at targets. All guns shoot from same distance. Rapid-firing system.

When secretaries of gun clubs send us scores made at their clubs' tournaments, we would much prefer to receive manifold copies of the scores in detail to clippings from newspapers. We can depend on the former, while inaccuracies are liable to occur in the latter. FOREST AND STREAM's squad pads, for the use of gun clubs at tournaments, will enable the managers of any tournament to keep affairs in the cashier's office in a satisfactory manner at an extremely low figure. By using them, too, no trouble will be experienced in furnishing FOREST AND STREAM with a complete record of all events in detail.

Mr. Thomas F. Russell having resigned from the presidency of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York city, an election was held recently to fill the vacancy. The candidates were: L. H. Schortemeier and Dr. G. V. Hudson, ex-Secretary of the Emeralds. Twenty-nine members were present at the election. Schortemeier receiving a majority of the votes cast he was accordingly declared the president of the club. In the club shoot which followed the election, H. P. Fessenden (28) and Nick Maesel (25) were the only ones to kill straight.

The Kingston, N. Y., *Leader* of Sept. 17 contained the following: "The Pansy Gun Club, at their meeting held on Saturday evening, besides deciding to become incorporated, as told in yesterday's *Leader*, accepted the resignation of W. Scott Smith as Secretary, and Capt. J. Rudolph Kenyon was elected to fill the vacancy. Howard Myer was appointed a committee of one to confer with representatives from the gun clubs of Poughkeepsie, Marlborough, Peekskill and Newburgh toward the formation of a Hudson River league of trap-shooters."

The charges against Mr. J. G. Messner lodged with the Pittsburg Gun Club, in the matter of alleged improper remarks concerning Mr. J. O'H. Denny, to whom he had issued a challenge, seem in a fair way to be settled amicably. Mr. Messner had tendered an apology to Mr. Denny, but the club held that such did not constitute a defense, but that the club would accept a public apology to Mr. Denny. This Mr. Messner consented to do, but had not done so at our latest advices.

Next week's important fixtures are: Oct. 15-16, The Worcester, (Mass.), Sportsmen's Club Tournament; Oct. 15-17, annual tournament of the Aledo (Ill.) Gun Club; Oct. 16-17, Live-bird Championship of the State of Kansas, held at Weir City, Kan., under the auspices of the Business Men's Club; Oct. 16-17, Fourth Bi-monthly Tournament of the Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club.

The Baltimore, Md., *Sun* is our authority for the statement that Billy Fieles, of Christiana, Pa., and Bert Claridge, of Baltimore, Md., will shoot a race at 100 targets per man, expert rules, for a stake of from $100 to $500 a side. Fieles, through Mr. W. W. Linthicum, of Baltimore, challenged any shooter in Maryland to a contest under the above conditions.

A new gun club has been organized in Scranton, Pa., under the title of the North End Gun Club. The officers are: President, John Van Bergen; Vice-President, Joseph F. Knatt; Treasurer, Thomas H. Jones; Secretary, P. W. Lynch. The club will hold shoots every two weeks.

It is to be hoped that those two great clubs in Chicago, the Eureka and the Garfield, will bury whatever tomahawks they may be waving, smoke the pipe of peace, and treat us to some more of those excellent team races which, as a rule, do so much to promote interest in trap-shooting.

The Worcester Sportsmen's Club will hold a grand tournament on Oct. 15 and 16, Worcester, Mass.

The double attraction of $1,000 added money and a chance of seeing the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight on October 31 ought to draw a good crowd of Northern shooters to San Antonio, Texas, on Oct. 27-30, the dates of the San Antonio Gun Club's tournament.

The American E. C. Powder Company has issued a very pretty card calling attention to its tournament near New York city, May 5-8, 1896. With $2,000 added to the purses, a large attendance of shooters at this tournament is a certainty.

When the first shot is fired at the DuPont Smokeless Powder Company's tournament at live birds at Baltimore, Md., the live-bird season of 1894-95 may be said to have commenced.

As we are at present busily employed shooting at ducks and eating snipe on the shore of Lake Erie, drivers and twisters (save of the snipey kind) are hard to come at.

Shorty Bacon, Charlie Gay and Jack Parker will be found facing the traps at the Clarke Hardware Company's shoot at Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 23-25.

Rolla Heikes has gone into retreat in the vicinity of Huntsville, Ala., where he will shoot quail and get into trim to win first average at Atlanta.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Baltimore Handicap.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the date of the present writing, Baltimore seems to be the Mecca toward which the eyes of all the true and faithful American sportsmen are turned, and within the next three weeks the pilgrimage will begin. If the prayers of the numerous faithful are answered, the autumn winds will blow softly, the sun will shine never so bright, the forests and fields will be arrayed in all their autumnal beauty, and the face of nature will break into one glad, bright smile. And why? Just three weeks from to-day will mark the opening of the DuPont tournament.

The prophetic vision of the would-be champion summons before him, as he quietly enjoys his evening siesta over well-seasoned pipe or fragrant cigar, the scene in its entirety, with himself in the chief title rôle. He sees the well-planned grounds with club house in the distance as he descends from the electric car, and with his gun slung across his shoulder, and the ubiquitous small boy lugging his shells, he betakes himself by way of the board walk across the fields, in company with a numerous throng, each one being actuated by the same impulse, bound on the same mission, striving for the same goal, namely, the championship of America. Our friend, the would-be champion, smiles with an air of self-complacency as he contemplates the throng; he even feels a chord of sympathy vibrate through his bosom as he meditates their certain defeat, for already he sees himself the possessor of the beautiful trophy which denominates him the champion *par excellence*, causing him to be the cynosure of all eyes, the envied of every man who can shoot a gun.

As he comes upon the grounds he notices the elaborate preparations made for the accommodation of all contestants; the three sets of traps; the platforms marked off at regular intervals for the various contestants in the handicap events; the birds, well fed, clean and looking as if ready to fly for their lives; the cashier's office with its full quota of clerical force taking entries; the small arsenal of guns of every description glinting brightly in the sunlight and being made ready for the fray; the shooters attiring themselves in costumes which best suit their requirements; the handsome dogs, restive to begin their work retrieving the birds that may award the skill of the shooter, and all the other thousand and one sights that are incident to a great tournament.

His mind and heart, however, are centered on one event, so he does not evince much interest in the various sweepstakes that take place, although he enters and shoots through them all and, of course, comes out high man in each event, standing alone and putting first money in his pocket, so that when the main event is called he is pretty close to being the custodian of all the funds on the grounds. But now comes the crucial moment of his life as he steps to the score in the DuPont Smokeless Powder grand championship handicap, which is to decide the champion of America at live birds. With steady hand and unruffled voice he calls "pull" and the race is on. It would be a work of supererogation to follow him through the entire event. Suffice it to say, he kills them all, whether fast or slow, tailers or towerers, duffers or screamers; nothing too hard, nothing too easy. The cracks of the country look upon him in open-eyed wonder and ask in mysterious whispers who he is and where he is from. To all this he pays no attention, but taking the trophy and as much of the purse as he can carry he starts for home to see his best girl, show her the evidence of his skill and tell her what a wonder he is with a gun.

Let us hope that his vision is but a precursor of what is to follow, and that he may not be disappointed by finding that there are others, who, while they may not dream as well, shoot better than he does.

Judging from the demand for live birds in this vicinity, one might suppose that nearly all the shooters along the Atlantic sea board from Mason and Dixon's line, north, had gone into training. We know it is so in this section. Men who have not been tempted to shoot at a pigeon for many moons are getting into the harness, and from the reports that are coming in every day the man who walks away with the championship will know that he has been to a shooting match.

We learn from the committee who have the tournament in charge that their correspondence is daily increasing, letters being received from every part of the Union. Quite a large number of entries have already been booked at this early date, which augurs well for a large field of entries before the day of the big handicap arrives.

As has been announced through the press and also in the programmes of the tournament that have been gotten out, entries can be made now to the DuPont Smokeless Powder tournament committee, No. 32 S. Calvert street, Baltimore, Md., accompanied by the forfeit of $10. Upon receipt of entry record is made of same, and he is given his handicap. Contestants will shoot in the order in which they enter. The committee is very desirous that all shooters who propose entering for the championship event shall make their entries at the earliest possible date, in order to afford the handicap committee sufficient time to properly handicap them. While the entry list will be kept open until the twentieth gun is fired in the event on the morning of Oct. 24, it is much to the shooter's interest to make his entry before that time, thereby affording the handicap committee time to look up his record and place him advisedly, rather than wait until the last moment and then run the risk of being more heavily handicapped than his record, if fully known, would warrant.

Arrangements have been made with the Trunk Line Association for special railroad rates. All shooters and visitors attending this tournament will be given a rate of one and one-third fares, full fare being charged coming to this tournament and one-third fare returning. The Trunk Line Association will have their representative on the tournament grounds all day of Oct. 24, to furnish certificates to all shooters and visitors who desire to avail of the reduced fare. The programme says that this tournament is to be shot under National Association rules. This is a mistake of the printer's; it should read American Association rules.

The magnificent trophy, consisting of solid silver loving cup and onyx pedestal, which is to award the victor in the grand championship event, has been shipped to New York and will be seen on exhibition in the window of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., No. 312 Broadway. After remaining there a week, it will be shipped to Chicago, where it will be displayed in the rooms of the well-known sportsman, Mr. Mussey, No. 104 Madison street.

It is estimated by the known ones that there will be at least 150 entries in the grand championship event; large delegations from the following points will be present: New York, New Jersey, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Boston, Washington, Staunton and the South.

Any one contemplating attending this tournament and wishing hotel accommodations arranged for them can have this attended to by addressing the committee.

STANLEY.

South Side Gun Club.

SEPT. 28.—All events were at 10 birds except No. 9, which was at 15

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Breintnall	6	10	8	8	10	8	..	..	..
Smith	..	8	10	9	9	..	8	8	14
Couch	..	9	6	8	8	5	6	5	7
Thomas	7	9	10	9	8	10	10	10	12
Whitehead	..	..	7	6	..	9	..	..	..
Terrill	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Folsome	..	..	..	..	7	7	7	9	8
Harrington	..	..	..	..	7	5	9	8	14
Pickering	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	3	..
Duston	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	10
Geoffrey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15

Team race:

Thomas ..... 0111110111111111111101101—21
Couch ..... 0000100001000000000100111— 6
Harrington ..... 1101111101111111101110011—20
Green ..... 1111111101111111101111111—23—70
Smith ..... 1101111010011111111111000—18
Duston ..... 1101111001111111100111111—20
Folsome ..... 1100110101001111010111111—17
Terrill ..... 1101110011110111011110111—19—74

Cup shoot:

Geoffrey ..... 1111110111011111100111111101111101011111111111010—41
Harrington ..... 1111100101111111111111010011001101011111001101111—3

The Baltimore Tournament.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Sept. 28 you give a synopsis of the programme issued for the Baltimore, Md., live-bird tournament. It states that "the object of the E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co.'s grand Smokeless Powder championship handicap live-bird tournament is to bring together each year the representative gentlemen live-bird shots of America and of the world to determine from year to year the champion wing shot.

"In order to attain this end a tournament of sufficient magnitude to attract the best shooters of the country has been inaugurated, and in the main event—the DuPont Smokeless Powder grand championship handicap—the purse is guaranteed to be at least $1,000 in addition to the championship trophy.

"This, it is hoped, will prove sufficient inducement to bring together in one grand handicap race all the leading live-bird shots of this country, so that whoever wins the championship will have won it from his peers, and will stand pre-eminently as the champion live-bird shot of America, so long as he successfully defends his title according to conditions governing holder of trophy."

I have quoted at length because it is necessary that I should do so before putting my case to you. When you have heard that case, it seems highly probable that you will agree with me that it is a hard one:

My pretentions to being a live-bird shot are not unworthy of an aspirant for championship honors; and, in fact, I'd dearly love to win the coveted title. But what show have I? From the above it appears that in order to become the full-blown champion live-bird shot of the world (yes, of the world) I must take part in the handicap event described, running the chance of being placed on the 29 or 30yds. mark, while another J. G. Messner waltzes up to the 26yds. mark and bags trophy, cash and title of champion. All shooters will agree with me that in such an event as a handicap the victory of no one save one of the scratch men could possibly entitle the winner to appropriate the name of champion of America, much less of the world. In a championship event all starters are placed on equal marks. For obvious reasons an exception is made in yacht racing, where time allowances are awarded. For similar reasons 10-gauges and 12-gauges would not stand on the same marks in a championship contest.

Then again: The notice also states that DuPont Smokeless shall be used exclusively in the handicap. That is hard on me again. I have gone to great trouble, and have spent much time and money, in finding out what load and what powder enable my gun and myself to do our best work. I don't use DuPont Smokeless and have never fired a grain of that powder. I use —, well, it's either E. C., Schultze, American Wood, black, or some other powder. Now then, if I want to be a champion, I have got not only to run the risk of conceding three or four yards to a man who can shoot as well as I can, but who may not be so well known, but have also to change my powder and load, and possibly my gun too. That is pretty tough, I think, and not consistent with real championship conditions.

The latter conditions would read: 12 gauge guns, any powder, and all shooters on one mark. 48 GRAINS ——.

Bayside Gun Club.

KEYPORT, N. J., Oct. 2.—The Bayside Gun Club held its second monthly shoot this afternoon, twenty-four members facing the traps. D. W. Walling won the badge with a score of 19.

Conditions of shoot, 25 targets per man, known angles, unknown traps. The appended scores show a very marked improvement over last month:

T Compton ..... 0011010101001010000000100— 8
W Werner ..... 1001001101011000000000010— 8
W Watts ..... 0101101011011010011110—16
A Carhart ..... 0111001010010100001101000—10
W H Perrine ..... 0000010011000001011110001—10
W Curtis ..... 1000010000001101001001100— 8
J Vigne ..... 0010111110010111001000001—12
W Van Meter ..... 0000010000001000000010001— 4
J R Walling ..... 1101000101010111010110101—14
W Maurer ..... 1000101000000001100101100— 8
W B Walling ..... 0001100101001111011000010—10
E Seabrook ..... 0101101110010001000100100—10
M Brower ..... 0111001000010110010010100— 8
C Covert ..... 1101000000001110001010100— 8
W Maurer ..... 0000000000000000111101001— 6
D W Walling ..... 0110111101111010101111111—19
J Aumack ..... 0101000001000001001000100— 6
Wm Brower ..... 1111001101110111000001010—14
T Kelsey ..... 1000000000100110101101100— 8
G Pease ..... 0011000110100001111011100—12
Dr G G Hoagland ..... 1111101100101010101100110—14
G M Walling ..... 0010110010000101000100110— 9
C Ackerson ..... 1011001111111110000101001—15
H E Ackerson, Jr ..... 1100000001111001110001110—12

The Messrs. Ackerson arrived too late to compete for badge.

Wm. Walter, of the Bayside Gun Club, of Keyport, N. J., may well be styled a handy man with the gun. At the last club shoot he won three straight sweeps of 5 targets each, scoring 13 out of 15, shooting with one hand. He used a Winchester repeater and shot expert rules.

H. E. Ackerson, Jr., of the Bayside Gun Club, of Keyport, N. J., is a lad of only 14 years, and has been shooting but a couple of months. At the last club shoot he arrived on the grounds in company with his father too late to contest for the badge. He shot a string of 25 for practice, however, shooting the last 15 in deep twilight. His score of 12, shooting expert rules, I think is very creditable under the circumstances. WIDGEON.

The DuPont Tournament.

DR FORT'S REPLY TO OUR SUGGESTION.

IN our issue of Sept. 28 we made the following note regarding the clashing of dates between the Baltimore and the Atlanta tournaments:

"Our attention has been called to a fact which we had overlooked, viz.: that the dates selected for the live-bird tournament at Baltimore, Md., were practically the same that had been selected some months ago by the Clarke Hardware Company, of Atlanta, Ga. It is a very great pity for the success of both tournaments that this mistake should have been made by the Maryland management. The attractions at Atlanta outside of the actual shooting are so many that the single fare rate to that city will act as a decided counterbalance when it comes to weighing the advantages of both shoots. If not too late, and we don't see that it is, as it is nearly a month yet until the dates chosen, it would be a gracious as well as advisable act on the part of the Baltimore people to choose a later date."

It seems that our suggestion, which was offered merely as such, has been construed into a criticism on the management of the Baltimore shoot. Dr. Samuel T. Fort, of Ellicott City, Md., under date of Sept. 30, writes as follows, being evidently of the opinion that the note was a criticism:

"I have just seen your astringent criticism of the Baltimore management of the DuPont Smokeless Powder tournament, in regard to conflict of dates with the Clarke Hardware tournament in Atlanta, and would say that there was no intention on our part to conflict with this or any other tournament, we having too much at stake to attempt such a thing. Our dates were chosen before the announcement of the Clarke Hardware Co.'s tournament through the sporting press, and while it was important to have claimed our dates earlier than we did through the same medium.* When we found that they were to have a tournament the matters in connection with our tournament had already been pushed too far to go back. Programmes were in the hands of printers, birds contracted for, and now when the Clarke Hardware Co. have refused to postpone we cannot go back, having already ten forfeits in hand from men in different parts of the country. We cannot do more under the circumstances than be sorry for the conflict of dates, and still hope that the Atlanta contingent will postpone, for there are several from here who want to attend, but cannot in face of our own tournament. We also feel that the FOREST AND STREAM should get both sides of the question before claiming 'bad management' upon the part of the Baltimore committee. It is simply unfortunate and we are just as sorry as any one else can be, but where live birds and several thousand dollars are concerned in carrying out a programme you will readily see that it is impossible for us to postpone."

In justice to the Clarke Hardware Co., of Atlanta, Ga., it is only right to say that it was not that firm, nor anybody in the South, who first called our attention to the conflict of dates.

*Dr. Fort has evidently omitted the end of this sentence.

Green Ridge Gun Club.

SCRANTON, Pa., Sept. 30.—The Green Ridge Gun Club had a shoot on Saturday, Sept. 28. Following is the score:

H D Swarts (100) ..... 0111111111111111111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—97
S Davis (80) ..... 1111110111111111111100111111111111111111101011101—69
Dr Dolan (30) ..... 1111101011111100111101101110011—22
T J Snowden (20) ..... 1111111101110110111—17
Chas Tripp (20) ..... 1101111011111010111—15
Chas Bacon (20) ..... 1110011011111100011—14

H. D. SWARTS, Sec'y.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Oct. 5.—Monthly club shoot, 15 singles and 5 pairs:

Richmond	101110111111111	11 11 01 11 01—21
Huck	111111111011111	11 11 10 10 10—21
Paul	011011110111110	11 11 10 00 11—18
Collins	011111111101111	10 01 10 11 11—20
Grieff	111111110111100	11 11 11 11 11—22
Jeannerette	100001111010111	01 11 00 10 11—16
Marvin	1101110100010l0	10 01 11 11 10—14
Hollister	111110101111101	11 11 11 10 10—20
Krebs	111111101010l0	10 11 11 11 10—20
Blauvelt	110111001110110	10 10 10 10 00—14
Lenone	101101111111011	10 11 10 01 11—19
Berg	000110010000000	00 00 10 00 00— 4
Flaig	001001001000111	11 11 00 10 10—12

SWEED No. 1, 10 birds, unknown: Richmond 7, Paul 7, Huck 10, Krebs 7, Marvin 7, Berg 4, Jeannerette 7, Hollister 8.

No. 2, same: Huck 8, Paul 9, Hollister 5, Berg 6, Marvin 5, Richmond 6, Jeannerette 7, Grieff 8.

No. 3, same: Grieff 7, Huck 8, Richmond 6, Paul 9, Krebs 9, Berg 2, Hollister 8, Jeannerette 7.

No. 4, 5 pairs: Paul 8, Grieff 8, Hollister 7, Richmond 5, Huck 8, Berg 0, Jeannerette 4, Collins 8, Lenone 6.

No. 5, 25 birds: Lenone 23, Collins 21, Huck 21.

No. 6, 10 birds: Huck 10, Lenone 9, Collins 7.

No. 7, 15 birds: Lenone 13, Collins 14.

West Lebanon Gun Club.

WEST LEBANON, N. H., Sept. 16.—Inclosed I hand you a score, the results of an all-day shoot of the West Lebanon Gun Club.

There was a strong wind blowing across the traps all day which helped to keep the scores down.

Events Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5 and 8 were known angles, Nos. 3, 6 and 7 unknown angles. Empire targets and traps were used:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	5	10	10	12	6	10	10	10
Daley	5	4	7	4	3	6	8	6
W Renehan	2	9	5	12	2	3	2	4
Blanchard	1	5	5	7	3	6	7	4
H King	4	8	5	9	4	3	3	6
Bailey	4	6	5	7	4	9	10	7
Brier	1	5	1	7	2	4	8	3
Coutrem'sh	1	2	7	4	2	3	4	6
Batchelder	2	..	4	6	2	3	2	3
M King	4	5	5	10	2	..	..	..
Wilmot	1	5	..	..	..	..	5	..
Allen	..	..	4	..	1	6	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	5	10	10	12	6	10	10	10
Johnson	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	6
Young	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	5
Clark	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
W King	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	6
Ober	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
Matson	..	..	..	..	6	3	..	..
Pitman	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
Cross	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..
Renehan	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eaton	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

Iron City Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 28.—Ironton, O., sportsmen furnished a rare treat to local and visiting sportsmen, and H. E. Norton, A. L. O'Connell and Dr. Shattuc increased their long list of friends by the courtesies they extended to all present. Dr. Shattuc is a fine target shot, and O'Connell was dissatisfied if he left a large enough piece of a target for the judge to see it. The boys were in high glee. Drs. Sample and Vickers, from Huntington, W. Va., headed a jolly party and sustained their reputation as genial sportsmen. Norton will be one of the "cracks" in '96. This was his first attempt at the traps, and although he wore "bloomers" and coached O'Connell, he smashed targets in great shape. Waddell, of Cincinnati, started in at a rapid pace, and to even up results with everybody accepted a self-imposed handicap, shooting alone in half the events at unknown traps, unknown angles. Appended are the leading scores of the day:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per ct.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per ct.
O'Connell	175	142	81	Douthett	150	119	79
Sample	175	125	71	Stout	140	103	73
Waddell	165	132	80	Rogers	125	85	68
Norton	175	124	71	Stew	100	71	71
Shattuc	175	155	89	Dean	45	31	70
Vickers	175	125	70	Connell	45	29	34
Albert	150	125	76	Glockner	45	28	62
Skinner	155	112	72	Edwards	15	6	40

C.

The Grand Midwinter Texas Shoot.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I desire to correct the statement scattered broadcast throughout the land that the San Antonio Midwinter Tournament, to be held in January, 1896, is to be an "individual shoot."

The idea of a midwinter tournament was suggested by Mr. J. L. Hayden, of the San Antonio Business Men's Club. I was practically sent by the Business Men's Club to the Memphis shoot to advocate the San Antonio Midwinter Tournament, and I was armed with credentials from the club. Besides this, the Texas State Sportsmen's Association has endorsed this shoot, and Texas will send a greater attendance to the January tournament than ever before. The added money fund will consist of donations from members of the Texas Association, and the shoot will be distinctly a Texas Association affair—not a State shoot, but a national tournament and sportsmen's exposition and dog show.

The present Texas Association was organized nineteen years ago, and has always stood staunch for game protection. It has placed itself on record as the enemy of crooked trap-shooting, such as dropping for place, etc. Its shoots have at all times been characterized by fairness and impartiality; and the fact that the Texas State Sportsmen's Association will father the great midwinter tournament next January is a guarantee that it will be one of the greatest shooting events that have taken place up to date. O. C. GUESSAZ.

Tournament of the Middletown Gun Club.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 26.—One of the most notable shooting events of the season was that held at Middletown, O., on this date. The day was windy and it kept the sportsmen guessing at the angles and speed of the targets. The two Dromios, Jacoby and Sebald, presided in the office and over the traps, and in their accustomed steady way the boys were made to pace the score in quick order. Milt Lindsley, Girton, Lee and King were present, representing the King Powder Company; R. S. Waddell, of Cincinnati, representing the DuPont and Hazard Smokeless in good style, and Henry Goodman looked after the interests of the Bandle Arms Company. Only a few shot through all the events of the day, and the strong west wind was sufficient excuse that the scores were not higher. Although the entries numbered about twenty, the principal records were as follows:

	Shot at	Broke.	Per ct.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per ct.
Waddell	200	178	89	Sebald	145	120	83
Lindsley	200	128	64	Happy	120	82	68
Girton	200	156	78	Pruno	140	119	85
See	200	152	76	King	65	46	70
Taylor	200	149	75	J B	110	76	69
Goodman	200	149	75				

BUCKEYE.

Endeavor Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, Oct. 7.—Herewith find scores made at prize contest of Endeavor Gun Club, at Marion, N. J., Sept. 28. Entrance in sweeps nominal; in prize shoot, price of targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Birds:	10	15	10	15	25	Birds:	10	15	10	15	25
Piercey Sr	8	12	5	8	17	Collins	8	14	10	14	20
Courson	7	12	8	12	21	Piercey, Jr	6	10	..	..	14
Polhamus	6	13	8	10	..	Ingram	..	..	8	9	19
Wells	10	12	4	11	18	Heritage	..	..	9	13	21

Prize contest, 25 singles, unknown angles:

E Collins ..... 1101111111111101111111110—22
Piercey ..... 1110001010011011111101101—16
Corson ..... 1110101011111011111111111—20
Polhamus ..... 1000110111110110000110000—12
Fletcher ..... 0000000001011110001101010— 9
Ingram ..... 0101111110011011010101101—16

SECRETARY.

New Utrecht Rod and Gun Club.

BAY RIDGE GROUNDS, Oct. 5.—No. 1, club shoot, 20 targets, known angles:

Van Brunt ..... 1111010001100000100— 9
Hegeman ..... 1111111101110001010—14
Bennett ..... 1100101101111100111—14
Shepard ..... 1100101111110111111—16
Deacon ..... 1101001011111100011—13

O'Brien ..... 1111010100011001010—11
Wynn ..... 1101111111111011101—17
Eddy ..... 0101001101101001111—12
Cropsey ..... 0111111010010100111—13
Pool ..... 1010101111011111100—16

No. 2, 5 unknown angles: Van Brunt 4, Hegeman 3, Bennett 3, Shepard 2, Deacon 4, O'Brien 2, Wynn 3, Eddy 2, Cropsey 2, Pool 2.

No. 3, miss and out, three re-entries allowed:

Bennett 1000110
Wynn 1011111111010
Hegeman 1010010

Deacon 1110011111101111
Van Brunt 11111100100
Cropsey 10001110

Wynn and Deacon divided.

No. 4, 10 reverse angles: Bennett 7, Hegeman 7, Deacon 5, Van Brunt 4, Cropsey 5, Shepard 6, Knowlton 8, Richardson 5.

No. 5, 10 known angles: Bennett 8, Hegeman 9, Knowlton 2, Van Brunt Deacon 7, Shepard 7.

Bridge City Gun Club.

LOGANSPORT, Ind., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Bridge City Gun Club held their annual tournament here this week. It proved a success in every way save that the attendance was not large as expected and rain fell during the forenoon of the first day. The programme announcing $150 added money, $75 worth of merchandise, a fine medal and $60 added to that, together with some specials and prizes for high average, brought together such good shots as Rike, Dando and Raymond, of Dayton; Young, of Springfield; Shorty Bacon, of Mibmorsburg; Ruble and Skinner, of Chicago; Livinguth, Hill, King, Park, and others, of Indiana.

Most all these men shot through the whole three days in every event. Livinguth, of Lafayette, was much in evidence, as he won the first average, breaking 499 out of a possible 535. Losing but five during the last day, and most of them being at reverse pull. He was closely followed by Young, of Ohio, with 494 out of 535, and he lost the five difference all in one match. Ruble came in for third with 490, though King following down in the last event on the reverse pull, as he scored but 15 out of 20. His loss here and that of some of Rike's and others' low scores is attributed in a great part to using shells not accustomed to. As shooters often run short of shells after shooting three days, it was noted that all of the shooters had fifty of their best and regular loads laid away for the final contest, the medal shoot. Those who provide loaded shells at these tournaments do not understand the requirements of the shooters. They get regular machine loaded shells 2⅝ and often soft shot, when mostly every trap shooter uses 2¾, 2⅞ or 3in. shell. The shell often contains only 32 grains of powder instead of 42 to 46, as they should. Few shells are sold at tournaments, yet many more could be sold if they were loaded to order.

The club was very liberal and put up all the money and prizes, though coming out "in the soup." Dr. Thomas did his part and made everybody happy. W. Tramp Irwin was engaged and fulfilled the duties as manager and was untiring in his efforts. The shooting grounds are inside the park inclosure and traps face east, having fairly good background.

The scores:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.
Young	15	12	15	13	14	12	18	18	18	19	20	190	174
Trimble	12	15	13	14	12	12	18	20	15	16	16	190	163
Livinguth	13	14	14	13	10	12	19	20	18	20	18	190	171
Shorty Bacon	13	13	14	..	14	..	..	16	..	17	15	120	102
Ruble	15	14	15	12	12	12	19	17	19	18	20	190	173
Hill	14	13	9	12	15	13	19	17	19	18	18	190	166
Rike	15	11	15	13	13	11	19	20	16	17	18	190	167
Dando	14	14	12	14	13	14	17	16	16	17	16	190	163
Thomas	14	14	15	13	11	12	17	19	19	17	19	190	170
Reeder	13	13	12	12	13	10	..	16	17	..	..	130	106
Raymond	11	13	14	13	14	13	19	19	18	16	15	190	165
King	14	14	15	12	12	13	20	19	18	19	19	190	175
Sample	10	12	11	..	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	75	59
Elliott	13	15	13	12	12	12	18	18	18	18	16	190	165
Monahan	9	9	11	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	65	45
Hoosier	10	14	12	12	11	..	..	10	..	17	..	115	86
Elijah	13	13	14	13	14	13	20	14	18	18	18	190	170
Weaver	..	13	11	13	10	10	17	..	..	..	..	95	74
Price	..	10	..	11	11	10	..	..	..	..	..	60	42
Jones	..	9	..	13	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	33
Smoke	..	..	..	14	13	13	..	16	17	20	15	125	108
Kline	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	..	17	..	12	70	50
Skinner	..	..	..	..	13	12	17	19	..	17	..	90	78
Furgeson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	14	16	16	75	55
Park	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	18	18	18	19	95	81
Pilling	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	11	..	..	..	35	15
Sells	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	17	16	..	..	60	52

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.
Thomas	12	14	14	15	14	12	19	18	15	16	20	190	169
Livinguth	14	15	12	15	13	14	17	20	19	20	19	190	178
Elijah	12	13	12	12	13	13	18	19	17	16	19	190	164
Reeder	14	15	11	12	14	14	16	..	15	..	..	130	111
King	14	15	10	15	12	15	19	20	15	19	17	190	171
Dando	14	11	14	15	13	14	19	18	18	16	17	190	169
Ray	12	14	14	13	13	13	19	18	16	17	17	190	166
Trimble	15	14	14	14	14	14	18	18	18	19	18	190	176
Young	14	14	13	14	15	13	20	19	18	19	18	190	177
Shorty Bacon	14	15	15	14	13	14	19	18	..	..	..	130	122
Hill	15	13	13	12	13	13	14	15	19	18	17	190	162
Park	12	15	11	..	..	..	17	19	..	18	..	105	92
Rike	14	14	15	15	11	13	20	17	17	19	17	190	173
Elliott	13	14	15	15	12	14	20	13	18	17	18	190	169
Smoke	15	12	14	15	12	15	18	18	..	..	..	130	119
Ruble	15	13	15	12	14	14	18	18	19	20	16	190	174
Filonegan	16	12	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	50	35
Weaver	..	10	..	..	..	13	..	12	..	..	..	50	35
Price	..	11	8	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	50	32
Hoosier	..	13	12	14	15	9	17	18	16	..	..	155	133
Skinner	..	13	13	15	10	11	19	18	16	..	..	135	115
Monahan	..	..	12	12	10	..	..	17	..	..	..	65	51
Hiatt	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	11	17	15	80	53
Whistler	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	15	17	16	..	80	64
Sample	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	14	16	11	80	54

Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	20	20	20	20	50	Shot at.	Broke.
Ruble	15	15	14	15	12	19	17	18	18	50	205	193
Rike	9	13	14	15	12	19	19	19	13	49	205	182
King	14	14	15	13	14	20	18	20	15	44	205	187
Trimble	13	13	13	13	14	18	18	18	19	46	205	184
Hill	13	14	15	14	12	19	20	19	17	44	205	187
Thomas	12	14	15	11	10	19	18	15	18	43	205	175
Livinguth	15	14	15	14	15	20	18	20	19	47	205	197
Young	15	10	15	13	14	19	19	18	20	49	205	192
Elijah	10	14	12	12	15	17	17	19	18	44	205	178
Elliott	15	13	14	9	11	..	15	..	14	42	165	133
Chadwick	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30	22
Park	12	15	12	14	..	..	..	..	..	46	110	99
Sample	13	13	14	13	13	18	16	19	13	..	155	132
Harris	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11
Skinner	14	13	15	12	13	..	16	..	..	..	95	83
Monahan	..	12	12	13	9	..	..	..	..	..	60	46
Dr Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	20	13
Reeder	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	38	50	38

Medal shoot:

Park	11111010111111111111111111101111111111111110111111	46
Elijah	01101110111111111111111111001111111111111111110111	44
Thomas	11111101111011111111110011111111111110101111101	43
Rike	11111111111101111111111111111111111111111111111	49
Young	11111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111	49
Livinguth	11111111111111111111101011111111111111111111111	47
King	11111111110011111111011101111111111111110011	44
Ruble	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111	50
Hill	11111110111111111011111111001101111111101111	44
Reeder	11111101111101101101010101101101010101w	38
Trimble	11111101111111111111111111111111011110101111111	46
Elliott	11101011101110011111001011111111111111111111	42

John Ruble won the fine gold medal, $30 in cash, $5 for best score, with a Lefever gun, and $5 for best score with the DuPont powder. Reeder won the prize for best score with Schultzs powder. Rike, Young, Livinguth, Park, Trimble and Hill (shot off tie) got each $5 for six highest guns. Many people were out to witness this event, and Dr. Thomas had the military band upon the ground.

There will in all probability be another tournament held here next year, though the management are a little discouraged at the losing part. I think they will try to make it all up next year. J. F. E.

New York German Gun Club.

DEXTER PARK, Sept. 26.—No. 8:

Schmitt (30)	12211022—7	Schlicht (35)	12111211—8
Boesenecker (25)	10102020—4	Lucas (25)	00020310—3
Lenone (25)	10111211—7	Hudson (30)	11121111—8
Frazer (30)	11221020—6	Thamforde (30)	22222111—8
Bondan (21)	22122010—6	P Garms, Sr (21)	01001000—2
Shortemeier (30)	22222222—8	Kransberg (21)	22212222—8
Wellbrock (30)	10122102—6	Lyons (guest)	22111112—8
Radle (21)	02220122—6		

Ties: Shortemeier 3, Schlicht 3, Hudson 2, Thamforde 1, Kransberg 2 (too late for entry). Schlicht, first medal; Hudson, second medal; Shortemeier, third medal (forfeits second medal).

Sweeps:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Schmitt	222—3	121—3	22212—5
Boesenecker	000—0	...	.....
Lenone	001—1	111—3	2112•—4
Hudson	121—3	121—3	12111—5
Frazer	122—3	112—3	.....
Shortemeier	221—3	112—3	21212—5
Wellbrock	111—3	121—3	11212—5
Radle	202—2	02w	.....
Kransberg	...	120—3	10111—

The Interstate Season.

PITTSBURG, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The series of tournaments given by the Interstate Association during the season of 1895 has ended, and perhaps a few lines touching on the work of the Association would not be amiss.

Nine tournaments were held during the spring and summer, and when I say that the object of the Association was fully realized, do not think it is merely an assertion. Target shooting was given a decided stimulus, and scores of new patrons of the diversion were developed and largely in a section where the entertainment was yet in its infancy. The South was a big and permanent gainer by the tourneys. Of course there were not so many targets trapped as in competitions held in the North, and the reason is quite plain. The percentage of shooters in Dixie is much less than in the North. However, the manner in which the Southerners appreciated the sport will convince any one that in a few years hence the North will have to look to its laurels in skill if not in numbers.

Starting in with that big event, the annual Grand American Handicap, in April, the line of success followed month after month. There were no half-way events, and all must be considered successful. True, the entries at one or two tournaments was not large, but the advance of trap shooting—the main object of the Interstate Association—was marked in each particular locality. They drew contestants and onlookers from the country around within a radius of 100 miles and over. Not one was purely local.

The Grand American Handicap which was decided at Paterson, N. J., attracted shooters from points as far west as Denver. The claim has often been made that this handicap would soon be classed among the world's largest shooting events. Each contest proves that the claim was not a wild enthusiastic break, for year by year its scope has been extended, and advance has always been prominent at each succeeding tourney.

Pittsburg, Pa., turned out a large number of shooters at the April target tournament. They came from New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Virginia, West Virginia, District of Columbia, eastern and western Pennsylvania and other points. It had the most general representation of any of the target competitions. True, its location and long patronage of the sport was an advantage over other cities, but even then it must be given a great deal of credit. The jump to the South began with the tournament at Wilmington, N. C., in early May. It was a new field to some extent, but none the less sport-loving. Shooters were present from a distance as well as from the nearby towns, and all went home delighted with the experience. Lynchburg, Va., came next, and it can be said in all fairness that it was one of the best tourneys of the series. The little places near by sent a baker's dozen shooters, which, with the local club and those who came from a distance, made a very respectable entry list. In June the Interstate traps threw targets in the thriving city of Vicksburg, Miss. Shooters from far and near helped to break them. I was highly pleased with the result there. It seemed to me as if the pastime gained in favor from the time the first gun was fired. The tournament created that healthy, earnest talk which is bound to lead to results. Macon, Ga., had its tournament in July, and even if the peach carnival was going on at the same time the sport did not take a back seat. Apparently it gained many admirers and future devotees. "'Way down in the land of cotton" might be apropos in prefacing my remarks about the next event, which was held in New Orleans, La. Distance did not seem to bother gun men in that section, for they were there from points hundreds of miles away. Some said they had been target shooters in a small way, but hereafter felt as if they would never cease singing the praises of the diversion. Charlotte, N. C., came next. An Interstate tournament wasn't exactly new there, for this bright little city had been favored before, and right well she deserved the visits. Tourneys are quite popular with the sportsmen there, and the breaking of targets goes on with a regularity that indicates that the boys are in love with it. The final shoot was held at Shepherdstown, W. Va. It was none the less successful, and all were pleased with the result.

While the Association has not laid out a circuit for 1896, nor will they until after the annual meeting in December, it is very probable that the South will again be visited during part of the season at least. The territory took up with the sport so largely and earnestly that it would hardly be good policy to pass it by with but one series of tournaments.

Gun clubs in the South desiring the aid of the Interstate Association in giving tournaments during the early part of 1896 should make application for same as soon as possible to Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, Sec'y-Treas., 313 Broadway, New York, N. Y., or to the undersigned at 122 Diamond Market, Pittsburg, Pa.

ELMER E. SHANER,
Manager Interstate Association.

James River Valley Tournament.

JAMESTOWN, N. D., Sept. 25.—The management of the James River Valley Fair's target tournament, held at Jamestown, N. D., Sept. 25 and 26, confidently expected that at least twenty sportsmen would shoot through all the events each day, but the unfavorable weather cut down the attendance at the fair and was the chief cause of the small number of entries.

Besides the Jamestown shooters, there were present: R. W. Main, of Cando; F. H. & Q. S. Sprague, of Grafton; H. Swartout, of Sanborn, and C. E. Robbins (Parker) and O. M. Guptill (Burgess), from Fargo.

The shooting grounds were located at the south end of the race track furthest from the main entrance, and a high cold wind from the north kept the air so filled with dust that often it was impossible for the shooters to see the direction a target had taken.

Nearly all the local shooters had extra business that demanded their attention during the Fair week, and could not give the tournament the time they otherwise would.

Much credit is due to Messrs. Blewett and Rankin, of Jamestown, for their efforts in making a success of the tournament. The Fair Association officers fulfilled all pledges and treated the shooters very courteously. Bluerock traps and targets, with North's electric pulls, were used with satisfaction to all. In order not to interfere with the races, ball games and other sports, the number of events was limited to three, comprising 50 targets each day.

There was no stopping for place. The utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed, and all in attendance will look forward with pleasure to the time for holding the next Jamestown tournament.

The complete scores are as follows:

No. 1, 15 singles, known angles, $1.45 entrance, four moneys: P. Blewett 10, Swartout 10, Main 14, Donnelly 8, Parker 12, Burgess 11, Rankin 6.

No. 2, 15 singles, unknown angles, $1.45 entrance, four moneys: Blewett 9, Swartout 13, Main 13, Donnelly 5, Parker 13, Burgess 9, Rankin 4, Hewitt 9.

No. 3, 20 singles, known angles, $1.60 entrance, four moneys: Blewett 16, Swartout 16, Main 16, Donnelly 7, Parker 17, Burgess 19, Rankin 12, Hewitt 12.

FIRST DAY'S AVERAGES.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	Total.		No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	Total.
Main	14	13	16	43	Blewett	10	9	16	35
Parker	12	13	17	42	Rankin	6	4	12	22
Swartout	10	13	16	39	Donnelly	8	5	7	20
Burgess	11	9	19	39					

Second Day.

No. 1, 15 singles, known angles, $1.45 entrance, four moneys: Blewett 10, Swartout 6, Main 13, Rankin 9, Parker 14, Burgess 11, F. H. Sprague 10, Q. S Sprague 3.

No. 2, 15 singles, unknown angles, $1.45 entrance, four moneys: Blewett 9, Swartout 7, Main 12, Rankin 7, Parker 13, Burgess 10, F. H. Spragus 11.

No. 3, 20 singles, known angles, $1.60 entrance, four moneys: Blewett 13, Swartout 10, Main 10, Rankin 13, Parker 17, Burgess 11, F. H. Sprague 9, White 16.

TOURNAMENT AVERAGES.

	1st Day.	2d Day.	Total.		1st Day.	2d Day.	Total.
Parker	42	44	86	Swartout	39	23	62
Main	43	35	78	Rankin	22	29	51
Burgess	39	32	71	Sprague	..	30	..
Blewett	35	32	67				

Prizes: First, Winchester repeating shotgun; second, $10; third, $7.50; fourth, $5; fifth, $2.50; sixth, FOREST AND STREAM (one year's subscription).

C. E. R.

Atlanta.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have received several communications from the DuPont Live Pigeon Shoot, to be held in Baltimore, Md., the same dates as ours. For some reason their dates conflict with ours, but from looking over all the leading sporting papers we find we have had these dates under the head of fixtures etc., for several weeks prior to them. We have declined to postpone our shoot, on the grounds that we had priority of dates, and also had gone to quite an expense toward programmes, advertising, securing of grounds, etc. It would not be justice to the shooters attending our tournament, inasmuch as two days later there will be a $1,000 added money shoot at San Antonio, Texas. This will give our visitors an opportunity of attending the San Antonio shoot with very little additional expense.

Mr. Jno. Parker, of Detroit, Mich., has charge of our tournament, and this, we are satisfied, will give every one attending perfect satisfaction.

THE CLARKE HARDWARE COMPANY.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SHOOTING PICTURES: A series of twelve *facsimile* water colors by A. B. Frost. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Parts I. and II. Price, $2.50 per part.

The art features of sport afield and afloat have been recently enriched by a meritorious series of shooting pictures from the brush of Mr. A. B. Frost, who is well known as a skillful artist. These pictures are so realistic and the subjects so tastefully selected that they can be promptly recognized and accepted as typical incidents in the experience of every sportsman in his pursuit of game in the woods, on the marsh or water, the prairie, the upland; in short, all the sports with gun on land and water. They not only appeal to the sportsman as works of art, but they sympathetically interweave themselves in memory with the incidents of which they are so truthful a reflex. The series comprises twelve pictures, reproductions of the original water colors. "Ruffed Grouse" portrays the home of that bird in the dense wild woods, rougher still in their tangle of underbrush, rocks and fallen wood. In the foreground is a ruffed grouse, the prince of game birds, seeking concealment behind a log; in vain, however, for an exceptionally well-drawn setter is pointing him accurately, while further in the background the shooter stands, gun in hand, ready for the swift shot when the bird takes wing. The gold, brown and green of the autumn leaves give fine color contrasts to the picture. The figure of the shooter perhaps could be better drawn. "Summer Woodcock" is in happy keeping with its title. The shooter stands in the vividly green and dense cover, gun at shoulder, ready to shoot the woodcock, which is just passing a small opening, through which a patch of sky can be seen. The dog is in the background looking up at the flushed bird. In this picture a curious effect is produced by the posture of the shooter and a slight foreshortening of the gun, for he seems to be pointing his gun many yards to one side of the bird, and from the peculiar effect it is impossible to determine the point at which he is aiming. "Bay Snipe" is a scene of flat shore, with its peculiarities of rank green vegetation, sand bar and shallow water. The shooter, in a blind in the foreground, has his gun at his shoulder ready to fire on some incoming birds which all too trustfully come to his decoys. Numerous birds thrown loosely behind the blind show that the shooter's success has been good, and that all sorts of birds are welcome. "Rail Shooting" portrays shooting in different places working through the shore growths. In the foreground a shooter standing up in his boat is aiming at a rail, the pusher steadying the boat with his pole and at the same time intently watching the result of the shoot. There are stretches of water here and there which reach far away into dim distance, while the pretty yellow of the dead water grasses and reeds makes a most pleasing effect. The other pictures are entitled Prairie Chickens, Ducks from a Blind, English Snipe, Quail Shooting, Ducks from a Battery, Fall Woodcock, Rabbits, Quail—a Dead Stand. Each plate is mounted on heavy cardboard 19×26in., ready for framing. The pictures are accompanied by a descriptive text, crisp and airy as a breeze from the woodlands, original and vigorous in style, written by Mr. Charles D. Lanier, and the text is further illustrated by excellent pen-and-ink drawings, also the work of Mr. Frost.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Three Limited Trains to Atlanta, Ga., via Southern Railway.

TO ACCOMMODATE the heavy travel to Atlanta, Ga., on account of the Cotton States and International Exposition, commencing Sunday, Oct. 6, in addition to the two limited trains now in operation between New York and Atlanta via the Pennsylvania R. R. and Southern Railway, "Piedmont Air Line," a third train will be put on which will be known as the Exposition Flyer, leaving New York daily at 11 o'clock A. M., reaching Atlanta following morning at 10 o'clock. This train will be composed of Pullman drawing-room, sleeping and vestibule coaches. The equipment of the new train will be excellent in every respect; the hour of departure and arrival at Atlanta are most convenient. This will, no doubt, as soon as known to the traveling public, be as popular as the famous Washington & Southwestern Vestibule Limited operated by this system between New York and Atlanta, which will continue to leave New York as heretofore daily at 4:30 P. M.

Bicycle Saddles from a Medical Standpoint.

MESSRS. HULBERT BROS. & Co. say they had no idea that cycling had received so much attention from physicians until they started advertising their Mesinger saddle and its advantages from an anatomical standpoint, when the numerous calls and applications from the medical fraternity proved to them conclusively that they are giving this subject a great deal of study. They are one and all convinced when shown the Mesinger saddle, manufactured by the above firm, that the last objection to bicycle riding has now been overcome.

A well-known racing man came into the Bridgeport agency of Messrs. Hulbert Bros. & Co. bemoaning the fact that his doctor had forbidden him to ride for a month. He was persuaded to try a Mesinger saddle, and at the end of a week came in delighted, saying that he had kept up his track work every day for the week, and at the end of the second week his doctor pronounced him cured.

Sport at New Berne, N. C.

AT this season Northern sportsmen are beginning to turn their attention to the Southern shooting and fishing resorts. New Berne, N. C., is situated in country prolific of game, and in the immediate vicinity are to be found ducks, snipe and quail, as well as bear, deer and turkeys. The black bass and rock bass fishing is especially good at present. At New Berne is the Hotel Chattawka, a modern hotel supplied with all conveniences.

The New Navy Rifle.

IT is reported that the Winchester Repeating Arms Company has received the contract for furnishing the first lot of 10,000 of the new .236 Lee magazine rifles to the navy.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

R S., Chicago.—All time bets on the third race are off.

E. E. P., San Francisco.—We have no lines of racing shells.

——, Orange, N. J.—You will find suitable designs in our back numbers.

W. C. D., Philadelphia.—You will find good rabbit hunting at Canadensis in Monroe county.

M. W. L., Norristown, Pa.—No one has the lines of Defender except her designer, and they will not be published.

R. C., Brooklyn.—There is no book; you will find several designs in the back numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM.

P. W., Kalamazoo, Mich.—The official and unofficial measurements of Defender have been published in our recent issues.

W. H. C., Chicago.—The questions you ask cannot be answered positively; the points are matters of opinion on which yachtsmen differ.

A. N. V., Chatham.—Ethelwynn is a centerboard boat; her full dimensions will be found in our late issues. A 1-rater would cost about $800. These boats will float if capsized.

MIGNON, New York.—The Treasury regulations are as a rule not enforced rigidly in the case of small yachts, but if the authorities choose to enforce them, as is sometimes the case, they must be strictly complied with.

H. W. W., Newark, N. J.—Is it lawful to kill deer in Sullivan county, N. Y.? Also if you can shoot quail, rabbits partridge, woodcock, etc., on the 25th day of October in the Northern District of New Jersey? Ans. 1. No. 2. Yes. See *Game Laws in Brief.*

J. W. F., New York.—1. Can a non-resident shoot in Michigan without paying a $25 license, or does license apply only to large game? 2. If I own a house and forty acres of land in Michigan, and reside there two months every year, would that make me a resident? 3 A year ago I bought a Gordon setter pup, but failed to get her pedigree; as she has turned out very well, what must I do to make her eligible to compete at the next New York dog show, or where should I register her? Ans. 1. The license is required only for the hunting. 2. No. 3. List her with the American Kennel Club, No. 55 Liberty street, New York.



It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where WE get back a good deal more than cost of catalogue and postage.

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Sand Worms, 12c. per dozen. **White or Blood Worms, 25c. per dozen.**

I am with you again with lower prices for Fishing Tackle. I find by experience that putting down the prices and increasing the quality, increases my business every year.

One lot of Split Bamboo Fly and Bass Rods will be sold at 98c. until all are sold. These Rods are all nickel mounted, solid reel seats, beaded butts, silk wound. Extra tip. Complete in wood form and cloth bag, and will give satisfaction. Lengths and weights of Fly Rods are: 9ft; 6oz.; 9½ft., 6½oz.; 10ft, 7oz.; 10½ft., 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. **Reel seats below hand.** Lengths and weights of Bass Rods are: 8½ft, 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft. 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz.; 10½ft., 14oz.; **reel seats above hand.** Any of the above rods sent by mail on receipt of price and 30c. extra for postage.

No. H.—A special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, multiplying reel, with balance handle and side spring click, 40yds., 68c.; 60yds, 78c; 80yds., 88c.; 100yds., 98c. Any of the above reels sent by mail on receipt of price and 10c. extra for postage.

No. E—Special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, click reels, 40yds., 48c.; 60yds., 58c. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 5c. extra for postage.

No. C—Special lot of extra fine nickel plated, raised pillar, multiplying reels with click and drag, and screw off oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 68c.; 80yds., 78c; 100yds, 88c.; 150yds., 98c.

Single gut leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c. per doz.; 3yds, 60c per doz. Double gut leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. per doz. Hand twisted treble gut leaders, 3ft long, 10c. each, 90c. per doz.

A special lot of Trout Flies at 15c. per doz. Sent by mail, 1c. per doz. extra for postage.

A special lot of Bass and Pickerel Spoons at 5c. each. Sent by mail, 1c. extra for postage.

All kinds of **Hollow Point best quality hooks**, snelled to single gut, 10c per doz.; double gut, 15c per doz.; treble gut, 20c. per doz; four-ply, 25c. per doz. Sent by mail, 1c. per doz. extra for postage.

300ft. braided linen reel lines on blocks, 40c.; 300ft. hand made linen reel lines on blocks, 9 thread, 38c Sent by mail, 3c. extra for postage.

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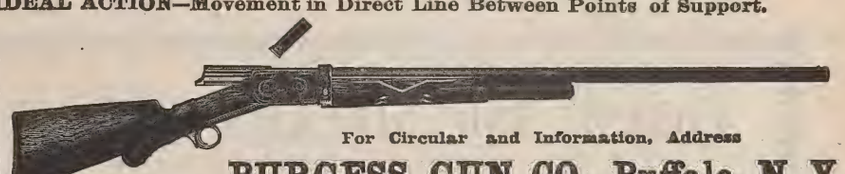


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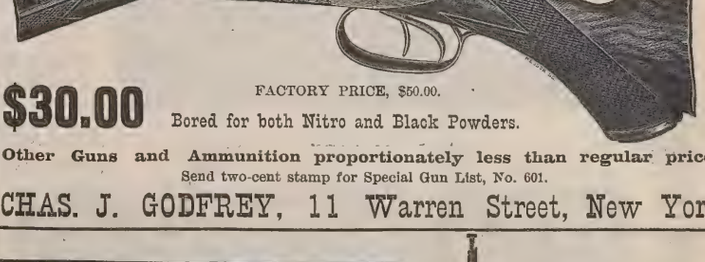
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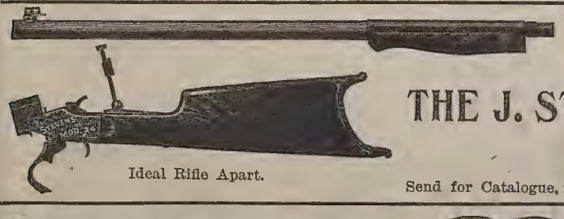
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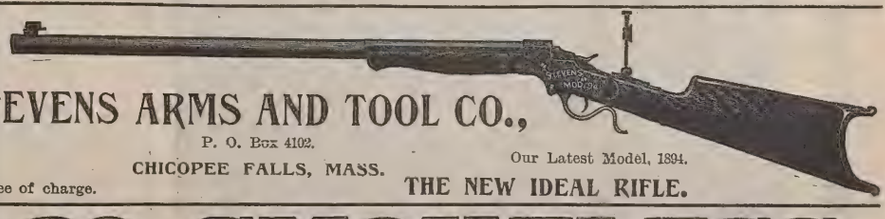
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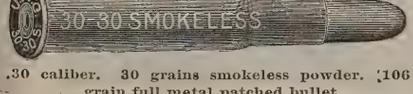
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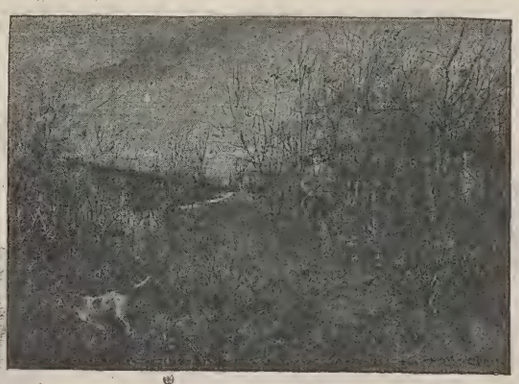
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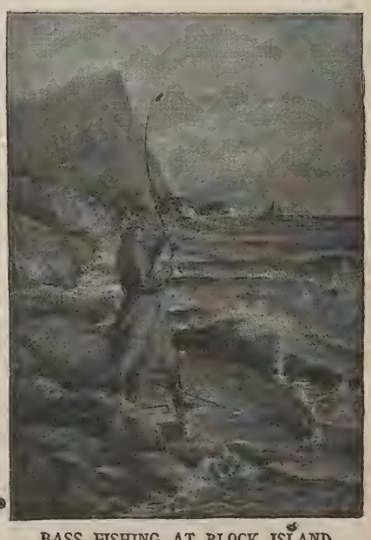
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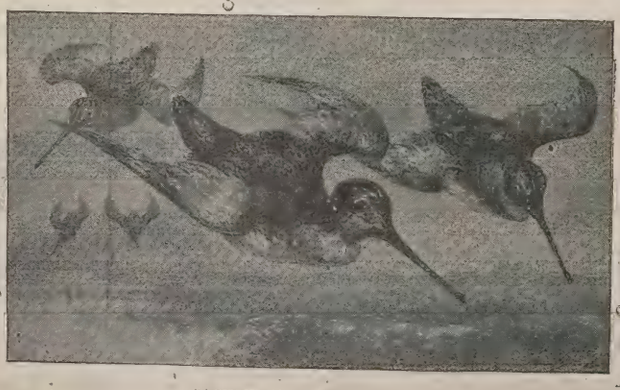
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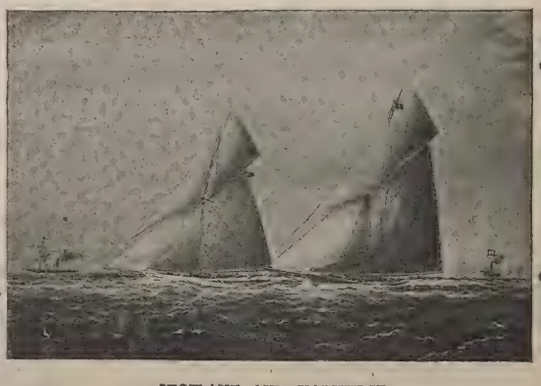
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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

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SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

IN our columns this week will be found an earnest recountal of the misfortunes of two of the brethren who unintentionally violated that clause of the game laws of Illinois which enjoins (we quote from the *Game Laws in Brief*) that it shall be unlawful to hunt, kill, trap, or ensnare, or otherwise destroy, any wild goose, brant, duck, rail or other water fowl, between sunset of any day and sunrise of the next succeeding day at any period of the year, etc., etc.

Our correspondent, in conclusion and in objection to the sunrise and sunset clause, remarks: "I think that the game laws are far from being correct in regard to shooting before and after sunrise. If a stipulated time were given, say between the hours of 6 A. M. and 6 P. M., I am sure the game laws would not have been violated by us."

It surely was mortifying to come within the action of the game laws by beginning to shoot ten minutes too soon, but there would be a difficulty in making a fixed time, since a time which might be daylight in one part of the season might be dark at some other part, and the ill effects of disturbing ducks in the darkness are well known.

Many of the States specifically legislate against night shooting. The District of Columbia enjoins that no person shall kill or shoot at any bird or wildfowl in the night time.

Missouri provides that it is unlawful to shoot or kill wild ducks or geese between sunset and sunrise by means of explosives of any kind.

North Carolina is in line in regard to prohibiting night shooting. Its law reads that no person shall put out decoys before sun-up or let them remain after sun-down, between the 10th of November and the 20th of March, and on every Wednesday and every Saturday between the 10th of November and the 20th of March no person shall put out decoys. Batteries must take up decoys at sun-down and go to a landing until sun-up.

The New Jersey law reads that it shall be unlawful for any person, with intent to capture or kill geese, duck, brant or other web-footed wildfowl, to hunt after or pursue them in any manner, excepting between one hour before sunrise and one hour after sunset.

Oregon has a still more stringent law, as follows: "Every person who shall at any time between one hour after sunset and half an hour before sunrise fire off any gun or build any fire or flash any light or powder or other inflammable substance upon the margin or in the vicinity of or upon any lake, pond, slough or other feeding grounds frequented by wild ducks, geese, swan or other water fowl, with intent to thereby shoot, kill or disturb any of such water fowl, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

Minnesota prohibits all kinds of shooting on its waters between dark and daylight.

Maryland, in specifying the legal shooting days for wildfowl, adds: "And each of the said days shall comprehend the time intervening between one hour before sunrise and half an hour after sunset of each day, and no more, and is not to include any part or period of a night."

Washington prohibits the shooting of water fowl at all seasons between the hours of 8 o'clock P. M. and 5 o'clock A. M.

New York declares that wildfowl shall not be killed or hunted except during the hours in each day commencing one hour before sunrise and terminating one hour after sunset, and on Long Island the restriction of the time of killing is to be between sunrise and sunset. In seeking to get possession of the most desirable stands for black duck shooting on the Long Island shores, a very early start is necessary to secure possession before the ordinary early riser seeks to occupy the stand for his own use. But often the very early riser will find the stands occupied by still earlier risers who are calmly camped in phlegmatic possession waiting for the legal shooting hour, and caring nothing for the chagrin and disappointment of their competitor, who arrived too late.

Probably the most novel restriction is that mentioned by a correspondent as being in common use among the multitude of market shooters about New Orleans, one adopted by common consent and said to be commonly observed—that is, the earliest morning hour for commencing shooting is when the shooter can read the time in the earliest morning, holding his watch about 24in. from his face. Of course this presupposes a great deal to insure proper action; first, the shooter must possess a watch or have an obliging friend; second, his eyesight must be unimpaired; and third, his arm must be strong enough when duck shooting to hold the watch 24in. from his face.

So long as ducks fly by and shooters are ready to kill, it is not an easy matter to adjust time to a nicety. The shooter is not gazing at his watch or the eastern horizon when there is a flock of ducks in sight or when he hears the swish of wings. Probably it will remain an unsolved problem as to whether the proper moment to shoot should be regulated by the sun or watch, or the presence of a duck within shot. There is always a possibility of a struggle then 'twixt love and duty.

MICHIGAN SPRING SHOOTING.

THE laws of Michigan in regard to the killing of wildfowl, as they now stand, read as follows:

"No person shall kill any wild duck, wild goose, or other wild water fowl or snipe, save only from the 1st day of September in each year to the 1st day of January in the year following; provided, that it shall be lawful to hunt and kill jack-snipe, red-headed, blue-bill, canvas-back, widgeon [and] pin-tail ducks and wild geese, between the 1st day of September in each year and the 1st day of May next following."

Spring shooting is thus forbidden so far as mallard, black duck (black mallard) and teal are concerned, the distinction being drawn between what are known in that State as "marsh ducks," such as mallards and teal, and "river ducks," *i. e.* canvas-back, red-head, bluebills, etc. "Marsh ducks" breed in the State, whereas "river ducks" move up North to nest.

The last session of the Legislature, as we understand it, witnessed a big fight that was made on behalf of those who wished to prohibit spring shooting altogether within the confines of the State of Michigan. The claim is made by those who advocate the propriety of shooting "river ducks" in the spring of the year, that this fight was made chiefly by sportsmen in the interior of the State who were not directly interested in the sport.

On the other hand, those who favor spring shooting urge that river ducks, although present in great numbers in the fall, are not killed to any great extent, the conditions not being favorable for the sport. It is only in the spring that big bags of red-heads and blue-bills are made, canvasbacks being successfully pursued in very few localities on account of the scarcity of that food which this duck is so fond of. In the fall, the marshes, overgrown with wild rice from which the seed has already fallen, and choked with water weeds that in many instances cover the surface of the water, are not favorite haunts for river ducks.

It is in the spring, when the winter's ice has passed out, carrying with it the weeds, and leaving the bottom of the marsh clear of all debris, that the river ducks, on their way North, stop five or six weeks to feed on the wild rice that was securely hidden from them when they passed South in the fall. It is then that the flocks of redheads and bluebills come into the marshes, swing in to the decoys and finally find a resting place in the stomachs of a certain portion of the human race.

Those who own marshes that abut on the shores of Lake Erie, and those who rent them for the privilege of shooting over them, are as a unit in favor of spring shooting under the conditions existing in other States. "But stop spring shooting in all the States and we will fall in line," say they, adding: "But if you do that, why not shorten the season in the South? Why should they be allowed to bang away all the winter at ducks that cannot go anywhere else on account of the frozen North? The great slaughter of ducks takes place in Southern waters, not in the marshes of Michigan."

This is the old familiar plea which is heard in one State after another: "If the rest wouldn't shoot in the spring we wouldn't; if they will, we shall." The problem of stopping spring shooting is an involved one because of that ubiquitous "if." It is simple enough to criticise the plea, and to say that the sportsmen of each individual State should rise to a loftier patriotism and deny themselves for the sake of others; but the hard fact remains that sportsmen are human beings, and it is against human nature to perch very high up among the patriotic branches when ducks are flying.

Nor does there appear to be any practicable expedient by which the several localities with their individual interests may be brought to an agreement respecting uniform duck shooting laws. We have had national associations—national in name, but not in influence—and one after another they have adopted beautifully framed resolutions for the abolition of spring shooting; but in the very nature of things they could not do more than this. For, in the first place, there is hardly a State where the sportsmen themselves are agreed on the subject; and the State delegate in a national convention represents only a fraction of his own State. Again, no general recognition can ever be accorded to a national sportsmen's association by the legislatures of the States at large. If the problem of the prohibition of spring duck shooting is ever solved, it will not be by the agency of any such self-styled national association. If there is a solution, where shall we find it?

Two Connecticut gunners were climbing over a fence; one of them was pulling his gun after him, muzzle foremost; the gun caught in the fence, exploded and shot the man who was pulling it; then the other man endeavored to extricate it, and it went off again, killing him. The *Evening Post* heads its story of the occurrence a "Remarkable Shooting Accident." There was nothing remarkable about it. A gun pulled muzzle foremost through a fence goes off as a matter of course; it would be remarkable if it did not. If there are two barrels and two men to do the pulling, both barrels will go off, and if it were a magazine gun with six charges, all the six could be depended upon to discharge and wound or kill six victims if there were so many unfortunates within range. The truly remarkable feature of these affairs is that so many grown-up men with guns never learn to use common sense in the gun-fence combination.

Our Yellowstone correspondent sends note of the interesting project now under way in the Park of corralling the buffalo within a strongly fenced inclosure, where they may be permanently restrained within an area which may be protected. The practical result of this undertaking will be watched with decided interest. Under existing conditions the buffalo are diminishing at a frightful rate. The difficulty of guarding the game against the raids of poachers, spurred on by the rewards offered for heads, is so considerable, that if the remaining herd is not confined within the more restricted area, it must perish at the hands of these pirates. The funds required to carry out the fencing should be forthcoming. The buffalo cannot be permitted to take its place among the extinct mammals of the continent.

The three Rochester sportsmen who went over into Ontario to shoot game without a license, and were fined for violation of the Canadian non-resident law, deserve no special sympathy. They had no excuse for running into the trouble. It is the business of every man who goes shooting first to inform himself respecting the law. If they had exercised ordinary prudence the Rochester shooters might readily have ascertained that they would be required to pay either license fee or penalty. Nevertheless the action, related elsewhere, of the hotel keeper, who informed on them and pocketed his share of the fines, is most fittingly to be characterized by the pungent idiom common in some localities, where it would be said that he had "done them dirt."

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN JONES'S BAYOU.—I.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Oct. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just put down a copy of FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 10 and had been reading the account given by Horace Kephart of the Arkansas swamp country. I have hunted and traveled so many miles in this indentical country that an account of it possesses a peculiar interest for me. I was once engaged on a survey from Alexandria, La., to Pine Bluff, Ark., and crossed the White, Arkansas and Red River swamps. We did very little hunting, as we were busy; but I can vouch for the plenitude of both deer and bear, and the finest waters for fishing. I have never been in a country where deer are more plentiful than in the blue cane of Arkansas, excepting one place. That place is the rolling pine forests of western Louisiana that lie between the Red River and the Sabine. I gave an account of this country in a former article, entitled "The Big Thick of Eastern Texas." The time that I write of now was the year of 1883.

I was stationed at Nitta Yuma plantation, on Deer Creek, twelve miles north of Rolling Fork, Miss. The plantation was the property of Dr. and Mrs. Phelps. My rod man, Julian Fleming, and I had been comfortably located in the elegant home of Dr. Phelps all winter. We were engaged in the engineering department of the railroad running from Memphis to New Orleans, following the course of the Mississippi River.

We had been unusually fortunate in gaining an *entrée* into the family of Dr. Phelps. The railroad ran through his plantation, and as we came to him well recommended he opened his hospitable doors and invited us to stop with him. We had been there about four months, enjoying the fruits of his well-laden table and the society of his charming wife and daughters, when lo! our death knell came. We received orders about April 1 to go to Jones's Bayou, eighty miles south of Memphis, in Bolivar county, Miss., and to report there at once to Maj. Gordon, the locating engineer, and in charge of the construction of that division of the road. I had heard of that part of the line and somehow had a presentiment that it would fall to my lot to go there and live about twelve or eighteen months with the natives and wild animals. What a change, from the elegant society of a true Mississippi gentleman's family to that of the typical swamp crackers, who inhabited the canebrakes of Bolivar county. Well, the change must come. So about the 1st of April we bade farewell to our kind friends at Nitta Yuma plantation, and Fleming and I took the road to Bolivar county.

We hired a conveyance that landed us in two days at Greenville. There we completed our equipment for camp life and I supplied myself with a good .44 Winchester. I already owned a .32cal. of the same gun, so I thought I was prepared to make the best of swamp life, if swamp it must be.

We remained at Greenville several days, then hired a good mule team and driver to carry us and our luggage to Jones's Bayou. We had about fifty miles to travel in that wagon through as dismal swamp country as a man ever set foot in. My, how lonesome and desolate I felt! and Fleming was worse off than I was. He had just graduated at Bethlehem University in Pennsylvania, and having lived in Philadelphia all his life he was a tenderfoot sure enough. I had lots of fun at his expense, trying to make out that the country was a gread deal worse than it really was. I needed something to elevate my own spirits.

Well, after the second day of jolting in the wagon we arrived at Jones's Bayou in the middle of a sixty-mile canebrake. There were a few old settlers living along the banks of the bayou wherever they could find a point of ground above high water mark. So we chose the most inviting looking of the places, and alighting at the gate soon made arrangements for board. The next day I mounted a horse, and riding several miles to the camp of the locating engineer's party found Major Gordon. I was instructed that I was expected to take charge of the grading and trestle building on twenty miles of line and that I was located just in the center of my work. Well, I was glad of that, as I was told also that the small farms on Jones's Bayou were about the only cleared places in Bolivar county; as the balance of the county up to present explorations was a solid canebrake. Eheu! I will use that word now, as I belong to the church at the present time and have begged forgiveness for my past sins; but I did not need any one to supply adjectives for me at that time. Thanks, Brother Dick of Connecticut, for helping me out with a suitable expression for my disgust of that country. Well, enough of this. But, reader, just imagine if you can a poor disconsolate cuss doomed to live at least eighteen months in the middle of a canebrake sixty miles long and forty miles wide, "blue cane," too! and some of it as large as your wrist and 20ft. high; or, as Kephart says, "a perfect sea of fish poles."

Well, kind friends, if I had not been a natural born lover of all outdoor sport by heredity, as well as by inclination and cultivation of my feelings, I could not have stood the test.

I at least learned how to hunt while I was in that canebrake, and came forth eighteen months afterward with more experience and trophies of my skill than I could have acquired in some time in the ordinary course of life.

It was April, so I sheathed both of my rifles, like a good sportsman, and went to work. I enjoyed the fishing at all spare hours, however, and kept our table constantly supplied with bass, perch and brim. There was a lake or old bed of the Mississippi River about five miles from my lodging place, which I soon found.

I always "Do in Rome as Romans do," so the first thing I did upon my entrance into Jones's Bayou society was to cultivate the acquaintance of the people. I boarded with Mrs. Beavers, who was a widow. She had two grown sons named Lem and John and a son-in-law named Jim Pyron. Just across the bayou lived Uncle Andrew Jackson Taylor, who in his younger days had been the best hunter and trapper in that whole section of country, and who knew every water hole and game trail in this region. Up the bayou one mile lived Uncle Zachary Taylor Jones, who had four grown sons and a yard full of sandy-haired girls. Two miles up the bayou lived Uncle John Randolph Martin, who had no children at home, but said he was the father of ten or eleven grown-up sons and daughters who were scattered all over Missouri and Arkansas.

Eheu! Why did I not have some forewarning of the illustrious neighborhood that I was emigrating to? If I had only known in time, my name would have been Alexander of Macedonia Julius Cæsar Hannibal Nelson Howe Marlborough Napoleon Bonaparte William Pitt Wingfield. However, when I told my new friends that I was born and raised in the State of nativity of Howell Cobb, Alexander Stevens and Benj. Hill, and now resided in the State organized by John Sevier, Sam Houston and Davy Crockett, and that gave birth to Andrew Jackson and Zachary Taylor, they received me with open arms. I had gotten right "plumb" (excuse the expression) in the middle of a lot of old Tennessee settlers, and the fact that I hailed from the "old home" of these plain but honest people gave me an *entrée* into their best society and good wishes. I do not intend to make fun of these people, but I cannot refrain from noting the ludicrous nomenclature of all the residents. Nearly every one of the older set was named for some of our illustrious forefathers, from George Washington on down the line.

Well, one day I was passing Uncle John Randolph Martin's house about dinner hour, and the old man hailed me, and nothing would do him but that Fleming and I should come in and "have a bite of grub." These people when they once take a fancy to one cannot do enough for you. Everything on earth that they have they will press upon you, and not one cent will they take in return for time, accommodation or any article they furnish you. If you are stingy or close in dealing with them, however, you might as well "pack your duds," as they say, and leave the country. Many a hundred of Winchester cartridges and many a fancy hunting knife or drinking cup or cartridge belt, or some nice article, that they took a fancy to, have I left in Bolivar county, Miss. We went in and took our seats at Uncle Martin's table—not, however, until we had removed our coats, to be in keeping with our surroundings. Uncle Martin hunted and fished for a living "mostly." He cultivated a small field of corn and owned a large drove of hogs that lived the year around on the heavy mast, and also a considerable herd of cattle that thrived and fattened on the switch cane and bull weeds.

Each resident has "his mark," and it is considered a greater crime to kill and steal a steer or hog that belongs to one of the neighbors than to kill a man. Uncle Martin opened the conversation about as follows: "Well! Wingfield, they tell me that you have got two brand new repeaters down at your lodging place, and that you can shoot a squirrel's eye out with airy one of them."

"Not quite so good as that, Uncle Martin, but I am not a bad shot."

"Well, as I don't do nothing else much but hunt and fish, we will be good trottin' mates."

"All right! Uncle Martin, I would rather hunt than eat any day, so I will be with you."

Uncle Martin then told me of the lake or "Snake River," as he called it, and said that he had a dugout or canoe on the river and invited me to come up next morning and go fishing with him. It is needless to say that I accepted. I was looking for just such chances as that to find out the country and learn the watering places of game and the fishing places. I tried to induce Fleming to go with me, but he had no sporting inclinations and so remained at home.

By sunrise next morning I was at Uncle Martin's house mounted on a mule, with creel slung over shoulder and with a new outfit. I had a split-bamboo jointed rod at the house, but did not bring it, as Uncle Martin said there were plenty of poles over on the river bank. I also remembered that I was in the land of fish-poles, so I did not bother myself in carrying one. Uncle Martin was waiting for me with his mule tied to the fence, and as soon as he saw me coming he mounted. We at once struck into a cattle trail that led through a solid wall of cone, and after traveling for something over an hour came out on the bank of the river. The Mississippi River is now thirty miles from the point we were at, but some time back in the ages it had run through this channel. The river often cuts through a bend, thus straightening its course, and leaves the old bed miles back in the swamp. Thus Snake River was formed. Land that used to be in Mississippi is now in Arkansas, and *vice versa*. The town of Greenville, Miss., has been moved back from where it used to be more than a mile in the last thirty years, and the old town site is now near the middle of the river. We at once dismounted, and while Uncle Martin was selecting and cutting a half dozen nice poles, I began turning over logs and chunks looking for angle-worms. I soon had an oyster can full and came up to Uncle Martin humming a tune, and ejaculating on what fine worms I had secured. Upon my word, I never saw such worms. Some of them looked to me to be a foot long and as large as a lead pencil. This rich alluvial soil, overflowed every year as it is, seems to grow everything rank, even to angle-worms.

We set to work fishing from the bank. I got out a perch hook and line, and taking a comfortable position on an old log, with my back against a tree, prepared to have a lazy time of it. But not much of a lazy time did I have. I soon got intensely interested and forgot that there was a tree behind me to lean against. Uncle Martin was squatted on the bank a few yards from me, with his home-made line, which looked as big as a shoe string, chawing his quid and spitting tobacco juice for a rod out into the stream.

All at once "kersplash" went my red striped and streaked cork; down under the water it went and did not return. Old Uncle Martin chuckled. "Them Limrock hooks of your'n is good uns," he said; "kotch the fust fish that tackled it. I'll get one and try it myself terreckly."

I now felt my fish tugging with all its might at my line, and as luck would have it I had made the line of ample length, so that I could cast it out 25 or 30ft. into the stream. The fish never once let my cork come to surface, and after playing him around a few minutes as best I could with the long cane pole, dragged him out endways and landed him on the bank. He was a beauty, a genuine brim. How his scales did sparkle, and his many colored sides flashed a gleam of joy to my heart for every color reflected. My first fish weighed approximately 2lbs.

Now it was Uncle Martin's turn. His bottle stopper went under, and before you could wink your eye—"kerplunk!" his fish hit the bank 25ft. from the place where he was sitting. I had to laugh. The old man turned around and in a half-insulted tone of voice said, "What in the eheu air you laughing at?"

"Why, the manner in which you captured that fish of course, Uncle Martin."

"Well, hain't hit all right?"

"Why, of course it's all right; but I never saw one caught as quick as that before."

"That is all right then, I 'lowed that you wus making fun of me."

"Oh, no! Uncle Martin, I would never make fun of you; I think too much of you to do that." But I was almost ready to explode. To this day I can see that old man grab his pole, put one end of it between his knees and come over-handed with that perch.

It was a good one too, about the same size as mine, but of a different variety. His fish was what we call in Georgia and Tennessee a "goggle-eyed perch." It was black on the back like a bass, had red eyes and a big mouth like a bass. These perch are the most voracious of any species of fish we have in our Southern waters. They will bite at anything, from a young wasp to a live minnow. They are game too, and don't you forget it. A 2 or 3-pounder will make a reel hum a tune.

I had hardly gotten my bait back into the river before another fish had it. I gave him a little twitch, just enough to hook him, and then played him until he was tired down. My pole was at least 20ft. long and the line about 30ft., and by pulling it in and running the pole out as far as I could reach, I could make a pretty good-sized circle with it. While I was thus engaged, Uncle Martin made another "yank" with both hands over his shoulder just the same as before. I burst out laughing this time, but before the old man could say anything I apologized to him and told him that I was not laughing at him, but at his method of catching fish. He brought out his fish, a nice large sun perch.

The old man gathered his perch in, put him on the string and seated himself again. All this time my fish was swimming back and forth in a half circle, coming in and then going out in the stream again. It kept me busy too, as I felt the line strain several times when I was too slow in slipping the pole through my hands. At last I succeeded in tiring him down, and dragging him close up to the bank, got Uncle Martin to go down to the water's edge and run his hands under him and lift him out. He was a goggle-eyed perch and as large a specimen as I ever saw. He must have weighed 4lbs. I told Uncle Martin that I considered that a fine piece of work, to catch as large a fish as that with a perch line and a little delicate perch hook and no reel to play him with. He asked what I meant by a reel, and I told him I would show him. I then picked up my creel and emptied it on the ground by his side, showed him my reel and how it worked on the jointed pole I had at home, and also all the new-fangled fishing tackle that I had, including a spoon and troll line and a pocketbook with every imaginable hook and fly that one could want. He looked at it in astonishment and then said, "An' did you buy all them doin's jest to ketch fish with?"

"I most certainly did," said I.

"Gee whiz! An' what did you pay fur all them tricks." I counted up $12 for a split-bamboo pole, $8 for a moderately good reel and about $15 worth of hooks, lines, flies, corks, sinkers, leaders, etc.; total $35. The old man liked to have fallen over backward. "Well," he said, "I have seed and hearn of some mighty powerful fools in my time; but you are the durndest biggest fool I ever heard tell of! Why, man, $35 will buy five steers, and them good uns at that."

"Why, Uncle Martin, my little outfit here some of our Eastern sportsmen would not pick up in the road. I have seen Englishmen and New Yorkers come to Pensacola and Jacksonville, Fla., with fishing outfits that cost over $100; and one Englishman, Mr. Jno. Scott, used to come to my father's farm in Georgia every year and hunt quail, and he had a Greener shotgun with four different barrels and one stock that he said he paid $800 for." The old man listened attentively and when I finished only grunted. I think he thought I was trying to stuff him and would not express himself. Well, we fished on, never changing our location, as the perch and brim were biting just as fast as we could attend to them.

About 10 o'clock the old man said he was tired of "yanking perch" and would go and get his boat and he would show me some fishing right. I could not see, to save my life, how it could be any better, as we must have had at least a bushel of as fine fish as I ever saw. I was eager to see what he meant, however. He disappeared up the bank and in ten minutes I saw him floating down toward me, steering with a long paddle and standing perfectly erect in a boat I was afraid to sit down in. He called it his "perogue." It was nothing on earth but a log hollowed out and sharpened at both ends, and would turn over if you looked at it cross-eyed. I surveyed his boat suspiciously and told him that I was a good swimmer; but did not care to get my clothes all wet and have to remain so all day. Uncle Martin chuckled and said, "Crawl in; thar hain't nairy bit o' danger. I hain't paddled this kind of a boat for fifty years and crossed the Mississippi a hundred times in one for nothin', and not learn something."

Well, I did not want to appear afraid, so I pulled off my coat and vest and shoes with the firm conviction that I would have to swim out. But I sat level and did not scare every time the boat reeled to the water's edge, so we did not get wet. Uncle Martin stood up straight as an arrow in the stern of the little rocking thing and did not seem at all uneasy. His complacency soon restored my equilibrium of mind and I was laughing and jesting with him in three minutes after I entered the dugout.

He paddled out 200yds. from the bank and all at once he dropped the paddle in the bottom of the boat and reached down after a harpoon which was in the boat. He said: "I see 'em, they are busters too." I said, "See what?" "Why, them fish; don't you see 'em?" I looked, and just ahead of us was a school of buffalo fish, some eighteen or twenty, lying just under the water sunning themselves. The old man steadied himself, raised his harpoon, then sent it flying through the air. The coil of line was around his arm. The harpoon went straight to the mark, for it had scarcely struck the water when the line commenced to spin out at a terrific gait. Uncle Martin never moved a muscle. Only allowed the line to run through his horny hand, checking the fish every now and then. When the end was almost reached he checked him and then the fish commenced to tow the light canoe around. In ten or fifteen minutes he had it played out, and then dragging it

up alongside the boat paddled to the bank and took the fish out. The harpoon had gone deep into the back of the fish and the wonder to me is that it had not killed him sooner than it did. This fish must have weighed 35 or 40lbs.; it was over 3ft. long and looked to me to be 12in. thick. Uncle Martin repeated this operation until he had three of these monsters lying out on the bank. I asked him what on earth he was going to do with them, and he said that he was fishing for money now, that "ketching pierch" was mostly for fun. I told him not to kill more than he could carry home and he said that he wouldn't. He said now he would show me some fishing right: "That he only ketched pierch with me jest to amuse me and let me have a good time and see all the sights." He said "that the river was full of the finest black bass that I ever seed and he was going to let me haul in a few."

He went to his saddle, and taking out a long cotton picking bag that had been tied behind him on the trip out, brought out a 10ft. minnow seine. It was a home-made affair, but as good and as strong as any that ever came out of a sportsman's supply store. I now began to open my eyes, and to realize that I had been laughing at one of the most expert fishermen that I have ever had the good fortune to meet. Old Uncle Martin's methods were crude, but he got there just the same. He is what I would call a "pot-hunter or pot-fisherman," as he always hunted, just as he fished, for meat and not for sport or glory.

The following February, when the swamp overflowed and we hunted ducks together in his boat, he would swear like a Turk because I insisted on scaring the ducks and shooting them on the wing. He would say, "What on 'arth is the sense of killin' one duck a flyin' when you could shoot into the bunch a sittin' and git a dozen at a shoot?" Old Uncle Martin could not hit them "a flyin'," as he expressed it, and he wanted ducks and not sport.

Well, we got out our trout lines and I took that wonderful "piece of tin," as Uncle Martin called my spoon, and got into the boat. He paddled us down the river for about a mile and then ran the boat up into a small lagoon or bayou that emptied into the river. I saw now what he was after, it was live minnows. We scrambled out of the boat right into the water and commenced dragging the seine. I did not say anything, but was waiting to see how he was going to preserve his minnows without any minnow pails. I did not have to wait long. After one or two unsuccessful hauls and after we got the water muddy we caught a seine full of fine large ones. Uncle Martin said not a word, just dragged the seine up to the side of the boat and diving into that wonderful cotton bag brought out a common gunny sack. I "tumbled" to his plan in a minute, and thought to myself what a fool I am. This old backwoodsman will teach me a few things if I only watch and keep my mouth shut. He put the minnows in the sack, and fastening the top of the sack to the side of the boat by means of two nails that were already there, simply dropped the sack into the water. One or two more hauls gave us all the minnows we wanted, and rolling up the seine and scrambling back into the boat he paddled out into the river. Now the fun began, or rather the procuring of fish; as I never could see much fun in fishing with a hand line.

Uncle Martin had a ponderous homemade hook and cord that resembled a plow line more than a fishing line. I asked him why he had it so large and he replied "that he made it big so the big fish could not break it and so the letle ones could not pester him afoolin' with it." His logic was good from his standpoint, but how I did long for my split-bamboo rod so I could play my fish and run out the 200yds. of platted enameled silk line that I had provided myself with. More than once I had my hands burned trying to play a fish with that fine line. It seemed like a red hot wire when it was running through my fingers. However, I managed to bring several large ones up to the boat side, and old Uncle Martin would grab them in his iron claws and stuff them into his cotton bag. Every time a big bass went into that bag I think he saw two bits shining in front of his eyes. I enjoyed the sport hugely for a while, but finally it got monotonous, and especially as my hands were getting sore from the line. I would not have broken that line for twice its value, for I could not replace it so far from civilization, and I had made up my mind to come back to that place many more times and bring my split-bamboo along. What fun I had in store for myself playing those big fellows.

After capturing probably a half dozen nice bass and throwing back as many more smaller ones, I wound up my line and watched Uncle Martin. As soon as I began to wind my line on the spool he protested. Said "he did not fetch me out thar fur nuthin', an' he wanted me to help him ketch his sack full." I told him that he would have to excuse me, as my hands were sore and I had enough. "Wal, I'll ketch 'em myself then," was his reply. And "ketch 'em" he did. The sweat was rolling off of him, as it was now past mid-day and pretty hot; but he kept at it. Finally, after he had "ketched" his sack nearly full he "'lowed" that he was hungry, and that he was ready to quit. I don't call Uncle Martin's methods sport. The novelty of the whole business interested me, and as the Mississippi River overflows Snake River every year or two and puts thousands of fish back there for every one he catches out, I guess there is no complaint to make. The old man was simply using what nature had supplied him in abundance, and really destroyed nothing. And as he expressed it, "He did not care a durn for sport; he wanted meat, and meat brought money."

We now paddled back to our starting point, and soon had a fire and cooked some of the fish and ate some of the cornbread and onions, which the old man had brought along. We had two big sacks full of fish of all kinds; so, after reaching his house, I selected about 20lbs. of the nicest ones for my own use and Uncle Martin made a bee line for the railroad camp to sell the rest. He told me afterward that he got over $8 for that day's catch. The last thing he said to me was: "Now, Wingfield, I tuck an' showed you my fishing place 'cause I like you; but if you show the place to any of them railroad hands, you need never to come arter me to go with you anywhar ag'in." You may bet your last shilling that I never gave his place away, although the foremen on the works heard about my catching so many fish, and dogged at me for six months to show them where it was. Uncle Martin had about twenty good bear hounds yelping around his yard, and I knew that I was dead sure to want to go hunting with Uncle Martin as soon as frost came; so I kept his secret locked in the innermost recesses of my soul and breathed it to no living man.

Chattanooga, Tennessee. A. B. Wingfield.

EARLY DAYS IN THE CONNECTICUT BACKWOODS.

Once more as in old days I seem to ramble
In the sweet winding ways among the trees.
Deep are the shades on flower and bramble,
And dreamy the air with the drone of the bees.

While arranging my back numbers of Forest and Stream, now packed away, but not forgotten, I again enjoyed the charming stories of boyish joys and sorrows recorded in the boyhood number of Jan. 7, 1892; and the varied experience portrayed in that excellent issue brought back many recollections of early days, when as a lad of 12 I lived on the shores of beautiful Lake Pocotopaug, a placid sheet of pure cold water, hemmed in on the north by the forest primeval, while on the south shore nestled Easthampton, the quiet little hamlet of my birth. The lake, about twelve miles in circumference and nearly circular in shape, was fed mostly by springs gushing forth from the sandy bottom, and the limpid waters abounded with the gamy bass and voracious pickerel and the usual attendant small fry-perch, roach and dace. In the small coves that indented the sandy shores were suckers of prodigious size, which in the early spring we used to spear by the light of birchbark torches; and very good eating they were till the warmer weather rendered their flesh soft, muddy and unfit for use. Great lusty fellows were the pickerel and bass. Well do I remember the day father and I went to the little inlet and father took a pickerel of 5lbs. 4oz. weight, and how I viewed him with feelings akin to awe as the great gaping jaws and staring eyes emerged from the lake.

Pickerel of 3 to 5lbs. were frequently captured both by skittering among the lilypads with rod and line and by trolling. But most of the large ones were taken by a method I have not seen in vogue elsewhere. A small tree was selected and taken out to a chosen spot in the lake, usually near shore; there weighted with stones it was sunk in water of sufficient depth to cover the spreading branches, and a landmark was taken to locate the tree for future visits. In a few days the fish became accustomed to the new object and in accordance with their well-known propensity to lurk in the shadows of brush, logs and the like, settled in the shades of the new retreat. Then the fisherman equipped with a stiff pole (pole, mind you) pulled out and quietly anchored at the bush; and the hook, baited with a strip of fish or a dead minnow, was lowered nearly to the bottom, then by a series of quick short jerks raised to the surface. In response a dark object would dart from 'neath the submerged branches, a pair of hungry jaws would close on the minnow; a glimpse of mottled green and yellow sides, a tremendous surge on the line and the battle royal was on. Every resident fisherman planted several of these trees, and I have seen four to six pickerel taken from one tree at a single visit.

And then what sport we did have in the winter months fishing through the ice with the old-fashioned tilt-up. We had to hustle, with a score of these set and the fish biting fast. It really seemed as though the supply of pickerel was inexhaustible.

The bass fishing was mostly done with trolling line and spoon (home made). The bass ran from 2lbs. to 4lbs., and occasionally larger. While perch fishing at Markham's Point my brother Add captured one of an even 5lbs., and he was not tortured by any unnecessary fancy work either, but yanked ashore in quick time with no material damage to the tackle, which for size and strength was simply astonishing. With proper handling these bass must have made gamy fighters, but we knew little of the ethics of angling, and were content to "haul" them out in our own way. At the north shore of the lake it was shallow and reed-grown. It was a favorite feeding ground for wild ducks, and occasionally a mallard helped to vary our simple bill of fare.

My brother (who was two years my senior) and I spent most of our time on the lake, for we came of fishing stock and were passionately fond of the gentle art. After a time we moved back into the wilderness and bade adieu to the dear old lake. This was the woodsman's ideal home. The roomy old gable-roofed house was situated on a small cleared eminence sloping down to an old orchard in the rear, and beyond and on all sides were woods and woods—

The pines and spreading grand old oaks,
Whose branches span the laughing brooks.

The nearly interminable growth was broken here and there only by those depressions in the heavy foliage indicating the smaller growth that covered the banks of the numerous woodland streams intersecting the country. These dashing, tumbling streams were the natural homes of the speckled trout; and along the banks the grapevine and wild clematis ran riot among the spice bush and alders, and the damp rich fern-clad soil was the favorite feeding ground of countless woodcock; the whole region was rich in game; the grand old woods teemed with squirrels and wild pigeons; the swamps and open copses were the homes of partridge and rabbit; and along the woodland stream were mink, muskrats and an occasional otter. Trout was a common dish on our table. All this was thirty years ago and in the Land of Wooden Nutmegs. Ah! little do the sportsmen of these days of depleted game covers and tenantless streams realize the pleasures of those early days.

My brother and I soon accustomed ourselves to our new surroundings, and it being in early autumn,

When free October ranged its sylvan ways,

we soon filled the covers and runways with snares and traps; and what strings of game we took out of the woods. Little did we realize we were thus employing the very means that have caused a dearth of game, the absence of which I have many times since had occasion to regret. But that was before these enlightened days of Forest and Stream; and in those earlier days the woodsman was compelled to rely mainly upon the products of nature and his own resources to gain a living. And then we were boys, with a boy's neglect of the future.

A notable event occurred in my maiden shot with the gun—an event I long had cause to remember. Father owned by inheritance the traditional old long-barreled musket, which in his hands proved a terror to the foxes and squirrels of that region. The old arm was an object of veneration to us boys; but at last the natural desire to become a mighty hunter so far overcame this feeling that I resolved at all risks to try the old gun. Well knowing that my parents would never consent, I watched my chance. One fateful day I crept in, and taking down the old gun from the pegs hurried to the old orchard in a whirl of excitement. The old saying that "devil helps his own" was soon verified; for on the top branch of an old buttonwood sat a golden-winged woodpecker as if for my special benefit. Not content to stand on *terra firma*, but thinking to get nearer, I clambered upon the old wall and with a supreme effort raised the heavy piece to my shoulder, shut both eyes and pressed the trigger. I have thought that that gun was loaded for elephants; for an explosion followed that seemed to rend the earth; and I have a dim recollection of turning sundry flip-flaps through the unresisting air, while the old cannon landed in the grass 10ft. away, and a cloud of feathers floated quietly after the sole remains of the unlucky flicker. Regaining my scattered senses, I took an inventory of damages—a bloody nose, both elbows skinned, one shoulder knocked out of plumb, and a long rent in the most useful part of my trousers, completed the list; and picking up the cause of all this misery I sorrowfully wended my way homeward, well knowing that there was a hereafter to come; and it came in due time, for I soon met my maternal ancestor hurrying across the orchard with white face and trembling voice. Hearing the explosion, she had immediately missed the old gun and sallied forth to find her dead offspring. Finding I was not seriously injured, a revolution of feeling naturally followed; and then, holy smoke! didn't I dance to the music of the birch.

We found a market for our game through the medium of a traveling dentist, who, in addition to his business of extracting teeth and fitting new ones, on each weekly visit to those regions bought up all the surplus game from the scattered inhabitants and shipped it to a New York house at an immense profit to himself. He traveled with a stout horse and roomy wagon and usually came out of the woods with a miscellaneous collection of game. It made no difference if some of it was a trifle old, it sold just the same. And what ridiculous prices he gave us for all this—six cents for squirrels, eight cents for rabbits, ten cents for woodcock, five cents for pigeons and forty cents a pair for good plump partridges. I have since thought he must eventually have become a millionaire; for, of course, his profits were large at these prices. But the small amounts we received were our salvation through the winter months.

We naturally found ample opportunity to study the habits of our furred and feathered neighbors, and had many caged pets. One spring we attempted to raise a brood of partridge chicks, but lamentably failed. While trouting one fine May morning we came suddenly upon a bevy of these downy little chaps under the guardianship of the mother bird, who went through the customary broken wing performance and other cunning tricks they know so well, to entice us from the vicinity. A lively scramble followed, which ended in the capture of eight of the little beauties. We took them home and placed them in a slat inclosure, attached to a snug little coop, where they thrived and grew on a diet of bugs, worms and insects, until one unlucky day father gave them warm corn meal dough. This proved a mistake, for on the morrow we found the little innocents all dead, their crops swollen to an enormous size, which fact supported our theory that the warm dough had baked in that organ and burst the tissues. Soon after this we captured several young red squirrels, and caged and fed them; but as the pugnacious little rascals grew up they clawed and bit one another, till for humanity's sake we released them, and they wandered off a maimed and mangy lot.

Our traps (the old style figure 4) set for fur-bearing animals yielded well, and father went monthly to the village to dispose of his skins. More especially was this branch of the business under his charge; and anything that "wore hair" was welcome if only salable. His pack usually consisted of muskrat, mink, fox and rabbit skins, and on rare occasions an otter's valuable pelt. He disposed of the lot to Capt. Buell at prices about on a par with the dentist's prices for game. Capt. Buell marketed his furs in the adjoining city of Hartford, and as he was a veteran sportsman and a good judge of the article, the prices were satisfactory to himself, no doubt. The Captain kept the only place in the village for the accommodation of the chance hunter or angler, and posed as the village oracle on all matters pertaining to the craft; but, like all mankind, he was not averse to making a penny, honest or otherwise, at the expense of his neighbors.

One autumn, when the foliage donned the usual rich colors, and the clear, frosty mornings and gray squirrel's fretful bark were suggestive of the hunt, then the new gun came, a double-barreled 12-bore, fancy for those days, with shiny stock; and the old musket was relegated to the garret. Father said the old gun was too heavy for him in his declining years, but we boys always surmised that the old gentleman had formed a wholesome dread of the butt end of the old cannon, which had developed a tendency to kick like an army mule (as I well knew). Of course we youngsters were duly cautioned not to "tetch that air gun," which admonition only served to convince us that our special mission on earth was to test its merits as soon as possible. This feeling "grew on us" till one morning we slyly secured the weapon and hurried to the woods. As we passed along a red squirrel chattered defiance at us from his perch on a broken limb projecting from a large chestnut. Add, who carried the gun, blazed away at the rodent, which dropped end over end into a stone heap beneath the tree. It was his death wound, but as we rushed up he was still feebly struggling among the stones, and, forgetful of all else but his possible escape, Add clubbed the gun and hammered the life out of him. As the poor squirrel kicked his last and the excitement was over, we stood aghast at the result. That was a sick-looking gun stock; all bruised and battered it presented a sorry sight, and the hunt terminated right there. As we sneaked home we planned to smuggle the gun in and trust to circumstances to get out of the scrape. But retribution was swift and sure, for the paternal head of the household "nailed" us as we left the woods. A few pointed remarks, a hurried inspection of the wrecked gun, and—well, we will omit the grand *finale*, and only say that Add as the chief culprit (much to my relief) sat on the extreme edge of his chair for some time after Well, the youth of those days were essentially the same as at the present time, and these little episodes were soon forgotten or else accepted as one of the elements necessary to a boy's early education, and this instance was the more readily overlooked by Add, as it proved the principal factor to our future happiness; for, being convinced

that we were determined to emulate the mighty Nimrod at any cost, father purchased through the agency of Capt. Buell for each of us a light single-barreled gun, with which we soon became expert marksmen, and thus was added a new pleasure to our already happy lot. In the pleasant springtime we roamed the mossy banks of the adjacent woodland stream with our primitive tackle, now stopping at some well-known eddy or lucky spot to "yank" some unlucky speckled inhabitant over into the next county, now pausing to dabble in the limpid waters or watch the swirl of some big fellow foraging for breakfast, and indulge in some boyish "swear," as "By gosh," or "By hemlock, ain't he a whacker?" And then in the ripe autumn,

> When the mellow brown hue creeps over the grass
> And a hazy blue veils the low hills—

the season now doubly welcome since the advent of the new guns—what vistas of happiness were continually before us. The daily visit to the snares, the more extended rambles in the woods, the return home laden with the various odds and ends so dear to a boy's heart, this close communion with God's best handiwork—nature, ah! this is something to think of in these busy days and clank of the chains.

The only drawback to our pleasure was snakes, and rattlers at that. Many a time did I prove myself a good sprinter when "dusting" from that immediate vicinity, upon hearing the warning rattle of one of these pleasant companions. But as they only inhabited the rocks and ledges we really were in no danger of their deadly fangs.

Perhaps the recital of our hunt after big game would not be amiss. This hunt occurred in the fourth year of our residence in the woods, and although it was not conducted according to the code laid down by the Boone and Crockett Club, still the results were stirring enough to satisfy the most exacting. It certainly will never fade from my memory. For some time the different members of the scattered community had been treated to fleeting glimpses of some strange animal, and this fact, coupled with the disappearance by night of sundry chickens and ducks, proved that some nondescript animal of inordinate appetite was roaming the woods. No one was certain as to its identity, for no one had seen it under favorable circumstances, and in the stories told by different individuals it ranged in size from a cow down to a small dog. But all agreed that for the common welfare the beast must be hunted down; and one fine morning a motley band surrounded the swamp where the nondescript was last seen. We boys were ordered from the ranks, but followed close on the heels of our elders. Moving slowly, the circle grew smaller. As they grew near the heart of the tangled mass all eyes were bent on the suspected spot, and as they closed in on the last available hiding place the excitement was intense. Suddenly one man saw something move; another had a glimpse of a tawny coat of hair; then the hunted beast with an unearthly yell bounded forth in a wild dash for liberty. The crash of musketry and confusion of voices, mingled with yells of pain, and the crashing of bushes, made a perfect babel of sounds; and when the smoke lifted—well, gentle reader, you should have been there.

The sudden appearance of the beast had made all hands heedless of consequences, and those that stood in the way of the hurtling lead caught it hot. Old Peleg Adams lay tightly wrapped in the loving embrace of a snarl of bull briers, peering comically out from the brim of his old hat, which, partly shot away, hung down around his face like a halo of glory, while the No. 10 cowhides of Jim Clark, who lay in a similar predicament, reposed gracefully on his bosom. Hen Clark, at the first savage rush of the beast, dropped his gun, grabbed the low branches of a maple and promptly drew himself up, lost his hold, slid down into a spreading fork and hung helplessly, kicking and swearing, out of harm's way. Old Archer had caught it bad, for he was wildly hopping about on one leg, its mate clasped tightly in both hands, said member well riddled with bird shot. His gyrations suddenly ended in a backward tumble over an old log into a bed of black muck. On this same log sat Jim Carbury nursing one ear, which never again would quite match the other, for a couple of stray buckshot had bored their way through it. The remainder of the expedition was in a more or less demoralized condition.

The purpose of the hunt was, however, accomplished, for the beast lay dead among the briers, and the able-bodied members gathered around a lusty great wildcat, the largest ever seen in that region in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Becoming cooled down somewhat, one of the party ventured the remark to Carbury (as the leader), "Wall, Jim, there's a good pelt for ye anyhow." "Not by a darned sight," growled Carbury, "let the blame cuss lay thar. I got enough to remember him by," and he tenderly stroked his wounded ear.

That was a sick-looking expedition as it filed out of the swamp. There were the tattered and torn, the lame and the halt. Old Ben Archer, perched on the back of the most powerful of the band, who strode in the van, served as a beacon for the rest of the party, while we boys brought up the rear, dragging the wildcat.

After a time the serpent came into our Eden, and like Othello our occupation was gone. Through the instrumentality of the dentist the fame of our hunting grounds spread afar and the woods became crowded with an army of sportsmen from Hartford, Middletown and like places; then father, becoming disgusted at this insuasion of strangers, moved back still deeper into the wild woods and the pleasures of the old home remained only in memory.

E. M. Brown.

Connecticut.

A Master Hand on Tarpon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

No doubt you have seen the article in *Badminton's Magazine* for August by Otis Mygatt on tarpon fishing. I consider this the best article on this fishing that I have seen, and knowing the writer can say that of all fishermen whom I have seen he is the most skillful. He has done alone what few or none ever did with tarpon—hooked, worked and gaffed a large tarpon from a row boat at anchor. By placing the reel under his arm he held the fish and gaffed it himself. Now any man who has worked a tarpon to gaff knows the strength and endurance required to do this. So far as I know, no man ever brought to gaff eight tarpon in one day except Mr. Mygatt, in fact few men could stand the strain required to do it.

Chas. A. Dean.

TWO DAYS IN THE ROCKIES.

Among the great peaks and ridges of the mountains one occasionally finds, far up some deep cañon, a hillside park with a southern exposure where the soil is unusually rich, and where as soon as the snows melt luxuriant grass at once springs up.

To such a spot Johnnie Barrett had driven his horses last winter, and had left them to rustle for their living among the scrub oak and buck brush. About the middle of March he decided on taking a trip up to see how they were faring and if possible to bring them out.

Many of the sportsmen who have hunted on the great mesa in the northern portion of Garfield county and the White River district in Rio Blanco county, Colorado, will recall with pleasure the pleasant days they have spent under Johnnie's guidance and the tempting dishes of trout and flapjacks that he is so skillful in preparing. Johnnie's companion on the present trip was an ambitious sportsman, always ready for any kind of an outing, whom we will call Phil. Owing to a delay in securing horses the boys did not get started until late in the afternoon. Their course at first lay along the great coal ridge through which the Grand River breaks at New Castle. Here may be seen one of the greatest coal formations in the country. Veins varying from 2 to 90ft. in thickness, and pitching from 25 to 55 degrees, are so numerous that only a few are worked. In many places where the big veins crop out they have ignited spontaneously, and the heat has been so great that the rocks have been fused into a spongy mass exactly resembling lava.

Near New Castle there is a large spot near the summit of the ridge where the fires are still smouldering and where the snow never accumulates. The grass here is green in winter, and the locality is a favorite wintering place for deer.

At the time Johnnie and Phil started out the snow varied from 2 to 7ft. in depth on the lower mountains. The south slopes were nearly all bare, but there were great piles on the northern slopes and in the cañons. Leaving the road at Middle Elk Creek the boys turned up that stream just as the sun was setting. In an old beaver pond the mallards were quacking vociferously, but they were safe, for nothing smaller than bear or lion was considered fit for the .40-90 Winchester single-shot which Phil carried.

Darkness settled down in the cañon soon after sunset, and for some time only the roar of the creek and the noise made by the horses broke the stillness. Suddenly far up the creek was heard a succession of clear, sharp whistles repeated at intervals of two or three seconds and sounding exactly like a blast on an empty cartridge shell. Both stopped and listened.

"Some one whistling for assistance?" queried Phil.

"No, lion," said Johnnie. "Keep quiet, he may pass close to us."

Nearer and nearer came the sounds—then ceased. Soon they were repeated some distance below. The crafty beast had made a detour, and as there was no possibility of overtaking it in the darkness the boys reluctantly continued on their way. Their destination was Sam's lonely cabin, and this they reached about 9 o'clock, just as Sam was retiring. A lusty yell brought him out with a light to see who his visitors were, and soon the horses were stabled and the boys were getting on the outside of a good hot supper. Hanging outside the cabin were portions of the carcasses of a deer and a fine elk. Inside the floor and some of the chairs were covered with deer skins. On the wall was a fine pair of elk horns which supported two Winchester single-shot rifles, one a .25cal. rim-fire, the other—which Sam had christened Long Tom—a .40-90.

The crowning feature of all was a massive reclining chair made of solid oak and fastened together with ½in. bolts. One could assume any desired position, from upright to reclining, by simply leaning backward or forward, and the chair would retain its position without the aid of springs or clamps. Sam had made it during his leisure time in the winter and swore it would cost him $200 the coming summer, as he would be lounging in it when he should be working.

After a pull at the pipes all hands turn in and turn out at an early hour next morning, for a hard day's work is ahead of them. Cooking a hasty breakfast the boys wrap up a few flapjacks, put on a pair of Norwegian snowshoes and start out up the cañon. For the first few hundred yards the traveling is excellent across the fields, then the narrow gorge is reached. Here there is a tangle of berry bushes, trees, fallen logs and brush. The snowshoes are removed and the boys make their way as best they can, carrying the shoes on their shoulders and scrambling through brush and over logs—at one minute on the crust of the snow, at another floundering waist-deep or skipping from rock to rock along the edge of the creek. At one place it becomes necessary to cross the stream on a log which is covered with snow 15in. deep, and this is successfully accomplished on the shoes—quite a trick to balance one's self on a log and keep the snowshoes from overlapping. After a couple of miles of such traveling the snowshoes are left behind and the ascent of the cliffs commenced on the side exposed to the south, which is nearly bare of snow. For carrying a rifle in such places a sling strap is necessary. The muzzle should be upward and on no account should project higher than the top of the head. Phil once had a narrow escape while climbing a cliff with his rifle slung too high. Just as the summit was within reach he made a spring forward and the barrel caught in a branch of a tree, nearly throwing him backward over the precipice.

After a long climb one of the hillside parks before referred to is reached. The snow in some places is over 2ft. deep, but in many places it has melted away and the grass is already 6in. high.

Scarcely have they struck the snow when they came upon the fresh muddy tracks of a good-sized bear. They are very fresh, having been made since the sun thawed the frozen ground, but the snow now is so soft that it is impossible to follow them with any prospect of success. Half a mile an hour would be good traveling in such snow over the hills, and bruin is suffered to continue on his way unmolested. Working their way down below snow line the boys come to a heavily timbered ravine, where a year ago Johnnie had killed a fine elk and a large silver-tip bear—a species of grizzly. Standing on the edge of the ravine Johnnie rolls a few rocks down, while Phil gets his rifle in position to catch anything that may attempt to climb the opposite side, which is comparatively open, but nothing appears. Descending to the bottom, the boys come upon the fresh tracks of a silver-tip or a cinnamon, they cannot tell which. The cunning old rascal had been startled by the rocks, but instead of climbing the opposite side he had sneaked off down the ravine through the heavy timber and had struck into the heavy snow, where pursuit was impossible. Did Johnnie swear? Well, Phil says he don't just remember what was said, but that he has a vague recollection of seeing some one throwing down his hat and dancing a wild can-can on it.

It was evident that the bears had left their winter quarters and were moving around for something to eat, so the boys decided to exercise the utmost caution in approaching any likely looking places.

Deer were frequently within range, but it would have been folly to fire at them when signs of larger game were so plentiful. After hunting for about an hour the boys came to a narrow ravine, and cautiously climbing up the side discovered a large mountain lion sunning himself on a rock about 100yds. away. Phil took a careful aim for the chest and let drive, but the bullet struck a little low, smashing one fore leg and passing upward into the body, but too far back to cause immediate death. The great beast rolled over, but quickly recovered himself and started up the hill at a rapid pace. His wound soon told on him, however, and facing around he awaited his pursuers with glaring eyes and lashing tail. Phil was soon within range, and taking a good rest struck him squarely in the eye, killing him instantly.

By the time he was skinned it was nearly sundown, and the boys realized that it would be impossible to return to Sam's cabin that night, so concluded to make the best of a night in the hills. Both had eaten nearly all their lunch at noon, and at first it looked as though lion meat would form the *piece de resistance* for supper and breakfast, but Johnnie was equal to the emergency.

Descending to the stream, he pulled a piece of fine wire from his pocket, attached it to the end of a pole, made a running noose at the end and was soon pulling trout out of a deep hole at the rate of one every forty seconds. At the fourth fish the wire broke close to the pole and the trout escaped with the wire dangling behind him. It was necessary to catch that fish and recover the wire or resort to lion meat; and again Johnnie was equal to the job. Splitting the end of his pole, he inserted a large pin and fastened it in place with a piece of string. A few jabs in the gills with this improvised spear soon caused the wire-bedecked fish to turn up his tail, and by thus securing the snare the boys were enabled to catch sufficient trout for supper and breakfast.

A night in the hills in winter with no blankets or wraps is not to be recommended for a single person, but two or more may endure it without serious discomfort. Selecting a thick spruce tree for a shelter, Phil commences laying in a good supply of fire-wood, while Johnnie proceeds to broil some trout on sharp sticks. A few cold flapjacks and several hot trout fortify them for the night, and after satisfying their hunger both commence cutting fine spruce twigs and spreading them under the tree for a bed. When a good layer has been secured the fresh lion hide is spread over it, the fire is replenished and the heat from it reflects from the foliage above and thoroughly dries and warms the bed. Then both turn in, and when the fire dies down Johnnie replenishes it and dozes off for another half hour, and so on until he has been on duty as fireman for a couple of hours, when he awakens Phil, who attends to it for two hours more, and so on until daybreak.

Breakfast consists solely of trout; for the flapjacks have all been eaten, and after it is over the boys return to the trout hole and secure a fine mess of fish. Having insured a sufficient supply of provisions to last another day should they be obliged to remain out, they commence to look for the horses. After a long search the distant notes of a bell are heard and soon the horses are discovered feeding on the new grass which they will scarcely leave for the handful of oats which Johnnie holds out to them. They are pretty thin, but have done well considering the severity of the winter.

It is impossible to get them out owing to the deep snow, so Johnnie reluctantly leaves them and both boys start back to camp, where the fish and lion hide had been left. The return trip with the fish and hide was a severe one, but when they had filled themselves full of trout, potatoes stewed in cream and flapjacks, and enjoyed a nap in Sam's famous chair before the fire, both were ready to start again on a similar trip.

Edw. F. Ball.

New Castle, Colorado.

WISCONSIN WANDERINGS.—II.

At Glenwood I was introduced by the clerk of the little hotel to Mr. C. M. Bunker, cashier of the Glenwood Manufacturing Co. Having made friends with Mr. Bunker's setter before the introduction, it took very little time to come to an understanding with Mr. Bunker. He said there were "some chickens about ten miles out, but it is the first of the month and I can't get away" [I knew right then that he was not a reader of Forest and Stream, or he would have said "chained to business"], "which I regret exceedingly. If you care to go alone, you are welcome to my horse and buggy, dog, and gun, if you have no gun with you." And this generous offer was made to a man whom he had never seen, nor heard of perhaps, before. It will be better understood what a generous offer it was when it is known that the dog is a nervous, high-bred one, that a poor handler might spoil in a few hours; the horse a high-bred animal also, and has a record of fifty-five miles in seven hours to a common buggy and over common country roads, and the gun a new hammerless that has every speck of dirt cleaned off before it is allowed to go into its case. The offer was an illustration of the free masonry of true sportsmanship.

I told Mr. Bunker that no words could express the honor he did me in putting such property at my disposal, but I could not think of accepting, for not having seen the dog handled in the field I might spoil him, and we would hope that some day we might both have a day off together. "I am very sorry I can't go," said Mr. Bunker; "but if you don't care to go alone, come to the office with me and we will talk together anyway."

At the office the talk was about guns and ammuntion. Mr. Bunker was an enthusiast over nitro powders, but had not used any of the Troisdorf, and wished to get some shells loaded with it. I had some in my trunk, and a new ejector gun that he wished to see; so I suggested that he could spare an hour or two and that we have a gun and ammunition trial, to which he agreed, but as we left the

office he turned back and said, "John, hitch my mare to the buggy and bring her round here; if anything comes up in my line tell them I'm out for an hour or two." Then to me, "Get ready to go shooting and I'll pick you up at the hotel."

It was a plain case of couldn't stand it. The talk had warmed him, and as we stepped out of the office the mellow October sunshine struck him full in the face, the nearby hillsides were covered with the crimson and gold of the maples, a little white frost still showed in the shady places, and there was just a breath of whispering south wind. Bunker broke the chain right there and in ten minutes we were out of sight over the hill, speeding along the level road of the valley for two miles, then up the hill to the higher ground, the mare spurring the ground with her feet and finding even the hills not enough for her rejoicing strength. Surely there never was a pleasanter morning nor a better horse.

In less than an hour we pulled up at a farmhouse ten miles from town, hitched the horse, and started for those chickens; but, as we learned later, five or six different parties of shooters had recently been after them, killing some and scattering the rest to the four corners of creation. We saw but one chicken, chased it a long way and brought it back with us. Also a partridge, which was in some brush we passed through.

The three hours' tramp had given us keen appetites, so we went into that farmer's house and partook of his hospitality (to the extent of 50 cents). The bread and butter were excellent, the tea very nice, and the comb honey fit for the gods. I can't say about the gooseberry pie—we looked at it, but did not taste it. After dinner and a half hour's loafing on the sunny side of a big strawstack, we went after the rest of those stray chickens, but did not find them. We got after some partridges in brush so thick we could only hear and not see them. I suppose they are all in there yet.

About 3 o'clock we drove a couple of miles toward town and stopped at a very promising looking place for partridges. Mr. Bunker started along an old logging road and I went at right angles to the road, but as the road had a turn in it I was soon walking parallel with it and about 50yds. from it. I saw Mr. Bunker and supposed he saw me, but it appears he did not. A few minutes later I heard a partridge fly, and as I turned to look felt a severe stinging sensation in one eye, and in my neck and right arm and shoulder, at the same time hearing the report of Mr. Bunker's gun, though it did not need that to tell what was the matter, for I had felt the same thing twice before. For a moment the eye was blinded by the concussion of a pellet that struck at the outer edge of the eye socket and is now probably imbedded somewhere in the cushion of fatty matter that lines the eye socket. Two more went into the neck just below and to the left of the "Adam's apple," one in the cheek bone right at its upper point, and sixteen in the shoulder and upper arm. Although considerably stunned by the shot so near the eye, I looked toward Mr. B. and was glad to note that the leaves were so thick that he could not be seen and was not to blame. I called out, "You got me that time." "Yes, I got it all right," said he. "But you got me too," I answered.

Then there was a crashing of falling brush, and presently a white, scared face appeared out of the leaves, and it turned whiter if possible when he saw me sitting on the ground, my white shirt front soaked with blood from the two neck wounds, blood running in a stream from the eye shot, and one side of my face smeared with blood from the cheek shot. By this time I had found that the sight of the eye was all right, and was in better spirits than before the shooting, caring nothing for the other hurts, for they would soon get well, and the scared and sorrowful face of Mr. B. would have excited the sympathy of any one, so I called out, "It's all right, partner. Nothing serious; and you were not in the least to blame." But he would not be comforted, and insisted on bringing the buggy and going to the doctor at once. I told him we did not need any doctor, and I could hunt partridges again after a little. "Well," said he, "you've got more grit than any one I ever knew, but I'll not let you hunt any more to-day." So we drove back to town, and I departed on the evening train, feeling that I had one more true friend. Some day we expect to be afield together again and make a lot of disturbance among the Glenwood partridges, and they are there in goodly numbers.

O. H. HAMPTON.

A Bit of Blue China.

THE Irishman who, while grubbing a root from the foundation of the levee, so tenderly replaced the little crayfish he had unceremoniously dragged from his subterranean cavity and carefully piled the clods over it, saying, "Oi wouldn't hurt yez fur th' wurld. Oi'll lave ye to make more wurrk fur me another toime," made another find.

On the Arkansas shore, three-quarters of a mile from the river, in a wild and tangled forest, several miles from a civilized human habitation, the pieces of an old-fashioned blue china vessel were excavated from under the roots of a sweet gum tree, measuring 4ft. across the trunk near the ground. The china was 4½ft. below the surface of the ground, and lying between the original "buckshot" surface and the heavy alluvial deposit above. The tree, being of slow growth, was doubtless a century old.

TRIPOD.

MISSISSIPPI.

Bee Hunting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have often wondered why some one does not write in the FOREST AND STREAM on bee hunting. It would be interesting to hear how much honey has been taken from a single tree. Much might be written on lining bees that would be of great interest to me and I am sure to many besides.

Although not having done much of it myself, I know men who hunt honey a good deal, and they have related to me incidents connected with the craft that are exceedingly interesting. Many facts might be brought out that are not known to the general reader, for instance, bees do not always take a "bee-line." They are very averse to crossing water. I never heard of a bee crossing the lake, which is from a mile to three miles here. Bees carried by their tree will not come back to the hunter, etc., etc. A bee hunter here took 264lbs. of honey from one tree, and doubtless double or triple this amount has been known by readers of the FOREST AND STREAM to have been found.

We have found three trees this summer and hunted very little. The largest had 48lbs. in it. Can any one explain why bees are only found on buckwheat in the morning? We distinguish two kinds of bees here, the ordinary black bee and the Italian. There are doubtless many kinds or varieties of bees found in the United States. There are different kinds of bee hunters, such as old bruin and the kingbird, "darned Vermonters" and "Gork fellers."

There are different kinds of honey, as buckwheat and basswood honey. In many localities bees and honey abound, while in others almost none are found. By not going too much into the matter covered by books on bees, could not some readers of the FOREST AND STREAM entertain us with personal incidents connected with this to me most interesting subject? I have often wondered why bee hunting never became a fad among "city boarders" while in the country. It's a wonder to me we don't meet members of a bee hunting club on some warm summer day out with their bee boxes, catching bees from the roadside sweet clover, and many other flowers of the useful and useless plants and weeds. H.

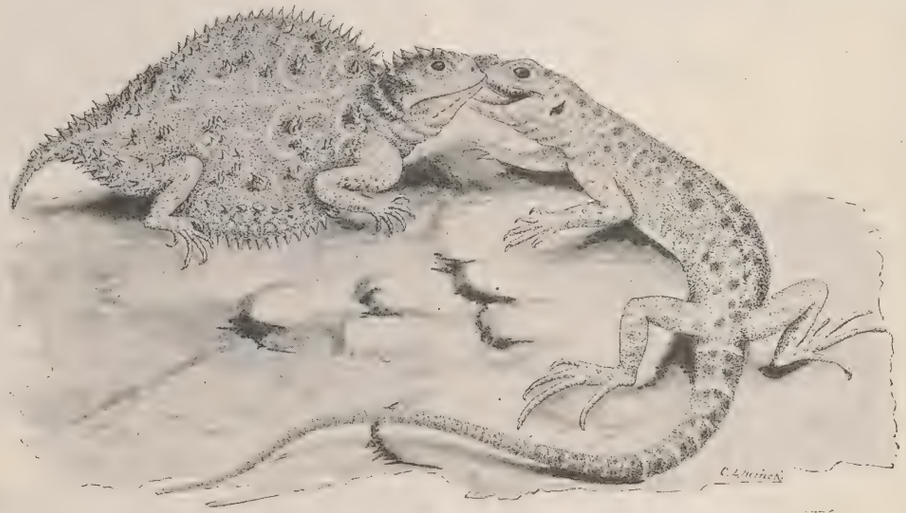
ESSEX COUNTY, New York.

Natural History.

LIZARDS AT WAR.

EVERYONE has seen the curious spiny "horned toad" which one's friends often bring as a graceful reminder of desert experiences. Perhaps some of us have kept them as pets and laughed at the grotesque gravity of manner and absurd sobriety in disposition. Perhaps, too, you have wondered as I have how such a spiny coat as is worn by these lazy people from the land of *Poco Tiempo* (pretty soon) protects or aids them in their desert struggles. But this and other mysteries were solved by an incident noticed the other day. In fact, I am minded to become a volunteer war correspondent for the nonce, for surely I never had opportunity to record so lively and resolute nor so ludicrous a skirmish as this one.

It was not far from the city of Albuquerque, in sight of the quaint Indian church about which collects so much of historic interest. But the battle of which we were witness was between representatives of races far more primitive than those which awakened the zeal of Father de Niza or the cupidity of his companions. Their allies can be traced back to so ancient a geological period as to make a non-professional head swim. In short, the battle was between several representative reptiles who discussed their respective rights and privileges in true cavalier fashion.



A NEW MEXICO DUEL.

Circumstances unnecessary to relate in detail had brought together in a small inclosure upon the gravelly mesa members of three different families of lizards. Here was the undoubted king of the ranch, the horned toad, crowned by nature in a grotesque and thorny fashion. While very young he appears as a shapeless dab whose only safety lies in the power to adapt his colors to those of the object on which he lies. And even now his corpulent, almost disc-like body, girt with a cuirass set with spines and blazoned with armorial bearings of nature's own devising, short bandy legs apparently too weak to bear the ponderous dignity of the body and ridiculously inadequate for the part he was about to play, and sleepy pig-like eyes beneath the front piece of his crown complete a picture of saurian grotesqueness unimaginable to one who has not seen a "horned toad" in the flesh. I had often kept them in confinement and had grown familiar with their placid disposition and their slothful habit of hanging upon the front of their cage sunning their white smooth bellies, as well as with the miraculous dexterity with which they catch an incautious fly without disturbing their own characteristic gravity. One question which had often occurred to me was to be answered by the battle episode, "What are the spines for?" The second party in the fray was formed by a pair of peculiar spotted and banded lizards, which are among the most graceful and agile of the scaly tribes. The ground color of their suit is a yellowish gray, as in all desert forms; across the back is a series of transverse bands of creamy yellow, and these blend on the tail to form half rings of that color. The intervals between the bands have spots and blotches of chestnut brown and red, as well as smaller mottlings of dark brown. The head is short and wide, with prominent eyes and a blunt snout. Underneath the vestments are marbled white. In fact these are very holiday warriors, though it must be confessed that in that suit they are wonderfully protected from view among the parti colored pebbles which make the background of their daily range. The other participants in the fray were non-combatants—a variety of small striped and spotted lizards, whose cowardice does not entitle them to further description here.

As we approached the scene our attention was caught by the strange posturing and gesticulations of a pair of our graceful warriors. They stood facing each other, mouths wide open in a horribly suggestive grimace, displaying a series of many-pronged, acute teeth which seemed ready to fulfill all the menace of the facial contortions. Suddenly there was a fierce leap and snap, and the aggressor sprang nimbly away, leaving minute tooth marks upon his enemy's throat. Slowly they again approached, standing high on their legs or their very tiptoes, as I have seen spiders dancing about a helpless fly. Mouths were thrown open and the thrust and parry began anew. How long the duel might have gone on I can not tell, for neither seemed exhausted or better tempered, but this stage of the play was terminated by the—perhaps unconscious—interference of his majesty, the crowned toad, as we may prefer to call him. If he really thought his dignity or pomposity could settle such a dispute, he was soon undeceived. The amiable little disagreement between the relatives was postponed, and both actively resented the intrusion. This seemed to be something his lordship had not at all counted on. Flight was impossible, but there followed the most ludicrous attempt at self-defense I ever saw. The Spartan mother's injunction to "bring back your shield or come home on it" would be absolutely obeyed by the horned toad, for in the most literal sense the broad, dollar-round body is the shield. The whole body becomes expanded and the under surface is hollowed like a saucer to spread the broad, thorny back against the foe; then lowering the legs on the side toward the enemy and standing on highest tiptoe on the other side, the shield-like back is turned confidently in the direction from which the danger is apprehended. To see the once placid animal stilting around in this one-sided manner was too comical for description.

But our duelists are by no means disconcerted. In blind fury at first they rush upon the interloper, and the first attack fairly impales one of the "attackees" on the sharp horns which form his toadship's crown. Shaking loose with some signs of pain he goes tearing about the arena in a wild fury, which is wreaked on one of the non-combatants. A poor unobtrusive "brittle tail" is seized by the throat and is soon *hors de combat*. But soon the warriors return to the charge, and this time with greater caution. One on one side and the other on the other is an order of battle against which the toad's tactics are insufficient. Soon one of the attacking party closed upon his majesty and fixed powerful vise-like jaws upon the side of his head; blood flows from wounds in the unprotected throat. In vain does the toad shake his head and claw wildly upon his enemy. It was a sight in miniature much like that of an alligator pulling down a bull. The lizard held on like grim death and the toad seemed to give himself up for lost and may have made many vows never again to interfere in a quarrel not his own. Like many another royal quarrel, this war was settled by outside intervention. The greater powers took all parties prisoners, and they now expiate their violence in an old soap box covered with wire screen, where the late combatants may at any time be seen in their several cells.

NEW MEXICO. C. L. HERRICK.

White Mink.

GUELPH, Ont., Canada.—I do a little taxidermy and have received for mounting a mink absolutely white, in other respects normal. Such a specimen has not been seen in this section before. Quite a number of sportsmen have expressed a wish to know if such an occurrence of albinoism is rare or not. Hence this communication.

W. H.

LATE Tuesday afternoon a young lady named Cora Carson was driving a herd of cows when suddenly a small deer appeared. The deer joined the herd of cattle and went to the barnyard on the old Holcomb place, now occupied by John Carson. The young lady thought it would be a good plan to put the deer in a stable and accordingly performed the act. At night when Mr. Carson came home she informed him what she had done. They went to the barn together. Mr. Carson opened the stable door and the deer ran out into the barnyard, whereupon the young lady proceeded to recapture the animal. The deer kicked considerably when recaptured, but the young lady and Mr. Carson finally succeeded in getting the animal back into the stable. At this writing (Wednesday morning) the deer is still in the stable and is doing well.—*Elizabethtown (N. J.) Post.*

C. V. HOOPER, Al. Van Epps and H. Smith returned from the Icicle range Saturday, where they had been fishing, rusticating and prospecting. They discovered a new lake on the apex of one of the mountains and listened to the weird and luxurious music of the whistling pig, of which there are many in that high range. This peculiar animal resembles a fox more than a pig and weighs from 25 to 40lbs. In color it ranges from a dark or iron gray to almost white. Its whistling propensities are marvelous, and many a time it has fooled the lonely prospector into the belief that he was not entirely companionless in the mountains. Mr. Van Epps declares they are musical wonders, and that they often give open air concerts of the most entrancing nature.—*Leavenworth (Kan.) Times*

Game Bag and Gun.

CHICKEN SHOOTING.

Chicken shooting is a much simpler form of wing-shooting than is that of quail, woodcock, ruffed grouse, snipe or ducks. Indeed, it may be considered the simplest of all wing-shooting, for there is in it no cover to obstruct the view or to shield the bird; the birds are large, slow of wing and easily approached. As they frequent the open prairie, the shooter requires no knowledge of woodcraft, and his powers of endurance are but little tried, since in most instances he rides in a wagon until such times as the dogs point. Moreover, in chicken shooting, a fair degree of skill with the gun will produce more material results in the way of birds brought to bag than will the same degree of skill exercised against any other game bird.

All this is true up to a certain limitation—one of weather;



THE CHICKEN COUNTRY.

that is, when the frosty nights come and the cool, steady winds of fall set in, the birds become wilder naturally. If they have been disturbed much by pursuit, it adds to their wariness and wildness. Also, as the autumn weather becomes more pronounced, the birds become stronger, more heavily feathered, and take much longer flights. Early in the season their flight may be from 50 to 200yds.; in late September or early October it may be so far that the eye can but indistinctly mark their lighting, or they may even fly entirely out of sight.

Considering the size and hardihood of the chicken in withstanding the extremes of heat and cold, it is rather an easy bird to bring to bag. Ordinary loads of ammunition give good results up to the time when colder weather changes its habits, as aforementioned. After that, when its body is protected by a thick coat of feathers—when it flushes wild at the extremes of gunshot range, or even quite out of gunshot—heavy loads, skillful shooting and good dogs are required to bring this bird to bag.

After the chickens pack—which they do as soon as the nights become frosty and the days windy—the sport may then be considered as ended, for it is so uncertain in all its details that it is very unsatisfactory in its action and meager in its material results. This limitation in the average season is in the latter part of September or early in October; though, as the habitat of the chicken covers a vast area of country—from the Gulf of Mexico far up into British America—no arbitrary season can be set for the change from sluggish habits to wild activity; but at whatever time the warm weather ends, the lazy habits of the chicken end also.

Although chicken shooting, in the quality of the sport it affords, may be inferior to other kinds of wing-shooting, yet it comes happily at a time when there is a dearth of other shooting—that is, in August and September. Furthermore, it gives shooting to the multitude. The home of the chicken is so vast and so accessible, and the birds so plentiful, that more than any other bird it affords shooting for the people. Woodcock are scarce in numbers, and they frequent but limited tracts of country. A high degree of skill is necessary to insure even moderate success. After the woodcock is brought to bag the shooter has secured something which, if properly cooked, will tickle his palate more than it will fill his stomach. It is but a mouthful as compared to the *embonpoint* of the chicken. The latter, however, is not a bird which at its best appeals much to the palate, but it is very filling. When skinned and fried, as is the common formula for cooking it by many of the good people who dwell in its native heath, it is positively repellant. Eheu! But, however ill cooked, it never loses its filling qualities. Skinned and fried in grease, or skinned and boiled and stewed, there is always a good quantity of it. A young chicken may withstand the blighting attempts of a cook who, in his or her fitting vocation, might have made a good rail-splitter or a good washerwoman, but I suspect the flavor of the young chicken is not inherent—it is probably due more to a good appetite and the better relative flavor of a young bird than an old one. Nevertheless, in this country, the habitat of the chicken, many of the people toil unceasingly to supply the common needs of life, and a shade or two more or less of flavor in food is a matter of no moment. The filling properties are important. People who grow the world's supply of wheat and corn, or who toil at loom and hammer, have neither the time nor inclination to study symphonies of taste in every swallow. Think not, wise reader, that I scoff at honest toil and bad cookery. Both have their uses, else they presumably would not exist, and many a man who knows good cooking knows little besides. But under better opportunities the chicken improves. In the cities, under the skillful touches of a *chef*, it is a table bird at which the lip may not be flippantly curled; but under such circumstances it could not be otherwise, for a skillful *chef* can so artistically prepare and cook a rat that it would be palatable and poetical. In any event, a chicken which goes through the transformation of being killed, cooked and eaten all in one day has not been given proper opportunity to qualify for a good thing. After it has severed its connection with this world, it must be allowed several days to appear at its best. There is necessarily some care to be observed as to the correct juncture if the bird is not kept on ice; but as to the length of time, it varies with the latitude and the degree to which the taste is cultivated. In Louisiana, where there is but the shadow of a real winter, the man of moderately cultivated taste hangs his birds up by the neck on the wall of the gallery, or veranda, they thus being subject to only the natural changes and conditions of temperature, some of which, in truth, are quite warm. About the average probationary time is three weeks, but the arbitrary and conclusive test is that when the bird is to a nicety fit for cooking the feathers voluntarily detach themselves in ones and twos, leisurely, and withal reluctantly, dropping off. This for the man of ordinary taste; the epicure prefers that the bird hangs even a while longer. Its true gamy flavor is thus perfected. Thus prepared, it owes no blush for its unworthiness. Thus prepared, it is the prince of good table birds, excepting the ruffed grouse, the quail, the woodcock, the snipe and a few others. Thus prepared, no one could recognize it as a relative of its unfortunate brother, ignominiously skinned, hastily fried in grease and eaten with a knife. But this is a digression, and in bad form too, inasmuch as the ethics of true sport are distinct and apart from considerations of the stomach's needs, notwithstanding that if the stomach fails the whole superstructure falls.

Returning to a consideration of the bountiful shooting afforded by the chicken, it has been mentioned that the woodcock is few in numbers and its habitat restricted to peculiar conditions, which are too well known to make description necessary. The quail inhabits a large area, but it is comparatively a much more difficult bird to kill, and owing to its surroundings incomparably more difficult to approach. In the chicken country nearly every man and boy is a chicken shooter; in the quail country not one in a hundred is a quail shooter. As for the snipe, it is migratory, following certain lines of flight in which there is a food supply, for this reason affording sport to a few in a few favored sections. But the chicken, beginning in western Louisiana and extending far into Texas, thence northward through the Indian Territory, Nebraska, Kansas,



STOPPING TO WATER.

Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota, the Dakotas, thence through a vast scope of country in British America, it affords opportunities to the people in the way of sport which can not be afforded by any other bird. Franklin thought the turkey should have occupied the easy and dignified position that the eagle does now as a national emblem, although he properly should have had a quart of cranberries rampant with the bird, but the prairie chicken would be a better emblem on the escutcheon, for it is prettier, braver, less noisy and more domestic.

However little the pursuit of the chicken may test the endurance of the shooter who rides comfortably in his wagon, it can truly be said that the work is most gruelling to the dogs. To keep the pursuit up to the proper standard, a brace of dogs at least is needed, and when only a brace is used a shooter must confine his efforts to early morning or evening hours, when the heat is less distressing and the birds, moving about in search of food, are easier to find. If the shooter desires to work in the forenoon till say 10 o'clock, and beginning at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, two brace will be none too many, and even then care will need to be observed in working them within their powers. This is on the assumption that the dogs are in proper condition. Out of condition, the dog can work but a few minutes in the hot sun, and then inefficiently. From 10 o'clock till 4 o'clock there is little gained by seeking, if the day is clear and hot. The birds then are not moving, and they are correspondingly difficult to find. Running in the hot sun is very exhausting to the dogs, and if persisted in will result in staleness of the dogs—a state in which the dog is worn and ceases to take interest in the pursuit. Both his physical and mental powers have been partially exhausted, and only rest will restore them. This, however, often requires many days—sometimes weeks—hence it is the easier plan to conserve the dog's energies than to lose them for the season.



JINGO.

In chicken shooting, experienced shooters find a crate a necessity when more than one dog is used. As to the form of the crate, it varies as much as the tastes of the shooters. Some have crates made entirely of slats; others are planked up solid, excepting that open spaces with iron bars are left in the ends or sides for purposes of light and ventilation; while others again are partially slats, partially boards. In any event a crate of some sort is useful and quite necessary. A jug or keg is necessary to provide a water supply. The dogs require quantities of water and need it often. Without it they cannot work up to their proper form, aside from more important humane reasons. However hot it may be on a plane with the shooter, seated comfortably in his wagon, it is many times hotter in the long grass, where the heat is reflected and the breeze is less even if there be any at all. One of the commonest scenes in chicken shooting is that of watering the dogs. Intelligent dogs will often come in for water without orders, and on having their thirst satisfied will promptly and cheerfully resume their work. Some dogs, full of spirit and eagerness, require the careful eye and judgment of the master to check their effort and bring them in to take the needed drink. Do not foolishly imagine that a stimulating drink for the dog is necessary. It is positively harmful. Alcoholic stimulant does not make a dog wiser or more enduring, however much it may add to the powers of his master. As to the latter, as the nerve centers in part cease to co-ordinate, misfit thoughts may result in funny sayings, but the shooting powers for the time being degenerate; the eye, the hand, the judgment are deficient in the true and prompt unison which comes from a brain clear and undisturbed. It is therefore best for man and dog that the flask be left at home, but if it must be taken along, it is best for the dog that his master do the drinking, accidental discharges of the gun excepted.

There is no arbitrary length of time to set for any dog to work. If the shooter observes that a dog is narrowing



VEHICLES USED IN CHICKEN SHOOTING.

his range, or is blown so much as to be distressed, it is wise to call him in and turn out another dog in his place. There is an astonishing degree of difference in the capabilities of dogs in respect to their endurance—some can run but a short time before being blown, while others will run for a long time in a hot sun with no apparent sign of distress. Again, others fatigue easily, though apparently strong and able to stand the work so far as appearances indicate, while others seem to be strangers to fatigue.

In chicken shooting a wide ranging dog is a necessity, but there is no quality more difficult to describe, for, though his range be wide, it must be to the gun. A dog may range wide and find plenty of birds, but from a sly inclination to self hunt he may be a most difficult dog to shoot over. On the other hand, a dog that is honestly playing to the gun is easily managed and successfully shot over, even though his range be very wide. Every dog which ranges wide is not necessarily a good chicken dog, for there are many ill-broken dogs and ones of ill disposition which will range wide with little thought of working to the gun. Notwithstanding that the work is on prairie, there is much opportunity for the dog to display judgment in beating out his range properly, and also industry in using his nose and legs constantly. Indeed, a good chicken dog is rarer than a good quail dog, and of the latter there is not an over stock. While the prairie appears much the same everywhere to the untrained eye, it nevertheless presents a diversity of topography. There are shallow basins, miniature water-sheds, hills and valleys, yet all so near a level that they are not readily apparent to the novice. There are stretches where the grass is very short, others where it grows luxuriantly. The wise dog learns to take advantage of these differences while seeking for chickens quite as much as he does when seeking quail. Wise dogs even learn the habits of chickens so far as they relate to the dogs' use in seeking. Wise dogs will beat out the stubble quite thoroughly morning and night, heeding it but little in the midday hours. A dog of exceptional knowledge will beat entirely around the stubble to hit off any scent of birds which may have come in to feed, or having fed, have gone out into the open prairie. Oats the chicken fancies but little, and generally speaking it is a waste of time to beat out oat stubble if wheat, barley or flax is within a reasonable distance. If in a wheat country, the best course is to beat out the stubbles in early morning, later skirt around their edges, about 100yds. out in the prairie. If it is all open prairie then go ahead anywhere and trust to luck and work. The chicken is



MINNIE T.

spoken of here as being a prairie bird. It is generally so written of and so considered. This is not strictly correct, for it is found in the sand hills of western Nebraska, those desolate and barren heaps, often entirely devoid of vegetation and at best sustaining but a sparse growth of grass. In the hollows, where the washings of centuries have encouraged a feeble fertility, small patches of vegetation struggle for existence; yet in that vast desolation chickens abound in abundance. Grasshoppers afford a bountiful supply of food for them, but in what way the grasshoppers earns a livelihood it is not easy to conjecture.

In such sections as contain cover—dense brush or timber—the chicken has learned that it affords protection from the shooter; so that instead of taking its flights out into the open prairie when pursued it seeks the protection of cover.

As it is not all of fishing to fish, so it is not all of shooting to shoot. In August and early September the prairie country has on its best bib and tucker. The prairie is a rich green, tinted in quiet tones with the colors of the wild flowers, and the soft yellow of the grain fields makes a gentle yet pleasing color contrast. Later, when the grain is harvested and the yellow stubbles and monster stacks fade away into irregular and dim perspective, its glory is changed, but not lessened. The pure prairie air, the immensity of distance from horizon to horizon, the novelty everywhere, have quite as much part in exciting enthusiasm as has the easy trick of knocking the life out of a few or a many stupid and inactive birds.

B. WATERS.

Texas Quail.

WACO, Tex.—The quail season opened on Oct. 1. While the crop is unusually large, very few were killed on account of rank vegetation: we expect early frost, though, at which time we can easily make good bags within a few minutes' drive from town. Recent rains insure good duck shooting. F. E. H.

The Prairie Chicken Scarcity.

EDMONTON, Alta, N. W. T., Oct. 3.—There has been a great scarcity of chickens throughout the Northwest Territories, and duck shooting is not good at all. P.

Which would you Rather?

PUT up stovepipes or go shooting?

DAKOTA GOOSE SHOOTING.

ON the third day of October last I landed on the depot platform at Mayville, Dak., with gun and hunting duds. I had promised K., a cousin of mine who resides there, to make him a visit in the fall shooting season, and there I was. At his office whom should I find busy loading shells and preparing for a hunt but friend H., of Jonesville, Wis. This was an agreeable surprise, for H. is a crack shot and a genuine sportsman who enjoys the camp and is handy with frying-pan and coffee-pot. He told me K. was out, but would be home in the evening; he was expecting me, and the plans for the campaign were all made. Evening brought K., who had developed into an enthusiastic sportsman; and if he and his wife did not make me feel welcome and at home during my stay may I never pull trigger again.

Noon of the next day found K., H., myself and one A., who resides at Mayville, a big-hearted, social fellow, in a spring platform wagon, rigged out with tent and provisions for several days, bound for Golden Lake, about eighteen miles west, where, according to reports, the geese were plenty. It was bright, sunshiny weather, with the crisp, bracing air which makes a fellow feel so good and creates a wonderful appetite. The country for about sixteen miles was almost as level as a floor. It would be a sight for many an Eastern man to see the rich soil and the immense wheatfields, where in several places the steam threshers were at work. K.'s splendid driving team made short time of it, and at about 3 o'clock we arrived at the lake, and could see a flock of white brant, or snow geese, sitting on a sand point jutting out in the water. It was decided that A. and the scribe were to try and crawl within range, while K. and H. drove to the opposite shore. In this way we would stand more chance of getting a shot at them. By crawling on all fours, and sometimes dragging ourselves at full length, we reached the lake shore, where we had some tall rushes to cover us; and we fairly got within long range. By this time K. and H. had reached their place, and as we rose up so did the geese. A. let loose his 8 and I my 12-bore on them. Four dropped at once and some more went down in the rushes out in the lake, and we heard H.'s 8-bore as the flock went over him. We called out to K. and H. to bring the boat, that was to be somewhere on their side; but the distance was too far to make us understood, so I started around the east shore to get there. After walking a distance, I scared a crippled gray goose out of the rushes on to the lake, but the distance was too far for a shot. When I reached the south side, K. had got hold of one of our cripples, which had swam clear across the lake. H. had dropped one, found the boat and was on the way across to A. K. and myself sat down, lit our pipes and watched H. pick up four of the nearest killed birds. Then a race took place between the crippled gray goose and A., in which finally A. and 8-bore came out ahead. I now took the boat and found three more in the rushes. This commenced fine: eight birds the first four shots.

It was now getting dusk and we went to the shed on a wheatfield close by, where the team was hitched. We put the team in one end of the long shed, built a fire in the open air and cooked our supper; but I shall not soon forget the long faces of H. and K. when it was discovered that the coffee had been left behind. After chatting around the fire we put it well out and bunked in the spare end of shed. I need not mention to many of the readers what a good rest a fellow enjoys after spending such a day, if fairly fixed.

Next morning we were up early, but there were no geese, so we walked about a mile west, where there is a marsh several miles long, but in one place about fifteen rods wide. H. and K. waded across, and we had a fine chance for pass shooting at ducks, of which there was a considerable number in the marsh. How many times H. wiped our eyes I will not mention (those rubber hip boots he kindly lent me made me feel so comfortable standing in the cold water that I have no hard feeling over it). Here we spent most of this day.

The next day it was fine weather, but with no geese, so we had a whack at the ducks again, and as A. did not feel well we concluded at noon to drive back to Mayville and rig out for a trip in a different location. We came home about sundown, when most of the game was distributed. Our bag was ten geese, forty-one ducks and nine snipe.

The two next days were rainy, cold and disagreeable, and we spent the time most comfortably in K.'s office talking over old times, loading shells and interviewing the few farmers that came in from the country in regard to game, but we were always prompt on hand to do justice to Mrs. K.'s table. She certainly must have had experience in hunters' capacity by the way the table was supplied, and the hearty way we were told to do our best did not lessen our appetites either.

Monday morning at sunrise found us about forty-five miles northwest of Mayville on a large wheatfield with some small lakes close by. Here the straw had been hauled away from the thresher, but not burned. We jumped out, set the decoys and fixed places in straw piles, while K. took the team to a shed about eighty rods south. We had hardly got fixed before a flock swung by my place, and I had the luck to drop one to each barrel, which made me chuckle to myself, being for once ahead of H. and the 8-bore.

It now commenced to cloud up and the flight of the few geese that were around seemed to be more to the northwest. H. and A. went out on the stubble, laid flat on their backs some distance apart, and before long dropped one each, mighty long shots and single birds at that. The forenoon flight was now over; we dug two pits in what we thought was a better location. It now looked quite stormy and there was a slight sprinkle of cold rain. When we had all fixed H. and A. went over to the lakes, K. and I went to the shanty. On some of these large wheatfields there is often a shed for teams and a shanty for the men, and these are not used except in seeding, harvesting and threshing. The door was not locked, there was an old stove, with a table and a straw bunk across one end of the uncovered floor. This was right in our hands. We started a fire in the stove, and after shedding a copious amount of tears we finally got the smoke to go out through the old battered stovepipe. H. and A. now came and reported no luck. We had a very comfortable dinner. Outside it was quite disagreeable in the drizzling northwester. After a while the weather cleared up and we took our places in the pits, expecting good sport, as the weather was just right. H. and A., getting tired of waiting, went to the lakes again. Toward sundown some small flocks came by, but did not decoy well, yet we got some long shots and dropped several. K. went to pick one up that he thought done for, but it started on a run, K. after it with gun in hand; finally the goose spread its wings and sailed off, leaving K. much disgusted for not giving it another shot when in range. While K. had his race three cranes came by my pit; I shot, but did not stop any. While K. was talking with a farmer driving across the field a flock of geese passed over and he dropped one right on the team. It was now getting dark and we started for the shanty, where the boys had a good laugh on me. K. poured out about a pint of ground coffee in a cup and asked me to put it in the cooking tin we boiled our coffee in. I thought I did so, but when K. took the lantern to see if the pot boiled there was the coffee high and dry on top of the dark cover laid over the pot.

We spent a very comfortable night, and were on the pits at daylight; but there were no geese. A single crane came by, and we all let loose on him; he only made a circle and came back in range of H. and A.'s pit, where he was dropped in fine style, much to H.'s satisfaction, as he wanted the bird to mount, having none in his large collection. The weather was now clear and crisp, but with no signs of geese; so at noon we backed up and started for Golden Lake. When about half way we came to a small lake. Here a large flock of snow geese was circling around, and part lit on a wheat field close by. Here we used our old tactics. A. and myself got within 75yds. of them, when the flock arose like a small cloud; we let loose on them, and to our surprise only one dropped, K. and H. getting no shot at all. We fooled around here till dark, got one more, and then started again for Golden Lake, where we arrived at our old camping place about 9 o'clock. The boys again had a good laugh at the scribe's expense. A. started at once for the lake shore to build a fire, K. and H. took care of the team, I got the grub box on my shoulder and started after A., but lost the direction, and had to come back to the shed and take a new start. Well, it was pitch dark and with no fire yet to steer by.

Next morning brought bright, clear weather with strong southwest wind; we could see no signs of geese, so we all went down to the lake shore for a whack at the ducks, and to prepare an extra good breakfast. The writer was detailed to supply the snipe, and soon brought in nine. A good fire having been built in the lee of the lake bank, H. soon had the snipe in the frying-pan, and a master of breakfast it was. We had just pitched in, when a single pelican came flying and lit close to the shore beyond a point to the north of us. This made H. and A. drop everything. Casting a longing glance at the snipe in the frying-pan, they grabbed their 8-bores and started off on a run. We soon heard the boom of their guns and on coming back H. carried the dead pelican with a beaming countenance. Here was a worthy subject for his skill as a taxidermist. Breakfast over, fire put well out, we went to the marsh and had some splendid duck shooting, the wind blowing strong and ducks flying low; but no geese showing, at noon we packed up and came back to Mayville early in the evening. Our bag was sixteen geese, one crane, one pelican and twenty-five ducks. The pelican measured 8ft. 6in. between tips of wings. These were small bags for so many guns; but the geese had not yet come in any great numbers to the feeding grounds, or might have taken another flight. K. was disappointed; he wanted to show me what he called Dakota goose shooting, but I had to start for home next day. We all admitted having had a splendid time, a fair amount of game, and we had hopes of having more such trips together in the future. The next day I was on my way home, where I arrived all right and found all well. S.

BELOIT, Wis.

OCTOBER.

A Reverie.

WHAT better than this cool, steely autumn weather can bring the hunting instinct to the top in the sportsman's heart? That feeling which in itself makes the breath freer, the eye brighter, the step lighter. What can better bring to his mind the remembrance of happy hours spent treading field and forest, every nerve tingling with enjoyment, every sense alert to catch the faintest sign of game?

Perhaps it is the pheasant or quail, so hard to flush, so quickly out of range; or it may be the quiring bark of a gray squirrel has attracted your attention.

Look there! He's on that big chestnut! Look there! His big bushy tail (that's all) comes into view as, carefully keeping the limb between yourself and gun and his body, he works his way swiftly to the end, where, with a long, flying leap, he may gain the denser woods and freedom.

A sudden chatter! A flash of gray as he clears the intervening space at a bound. You peer through the smoke. Something dropped sure. Yes, something dropped, but it's only a "six-buncher," loosed by your charge; and you proceed to regale yourself on the contents of the "six-buncher" as somewhat of a consolation for the loss of the squirrel, who can be heard chattering away in the forest beyond, but with a trifle more defiance in his voice than before, you imagine.

Your gun lies by your side or leans against a tree. With a burr in your fingers you are most unprepared for a quick shot. But this is just the time that our long-eared friend Brer Rabbit chooses to whisk across, a rod away, and disappear. An instant more and you would have had that fellow; but it is no use to follow him. Your dog is a setter; won't chase rabbits.

But you grasp your gun firmer, hitch it a bit closer to your shoulder and start off once more. "Go ahead, pup, and make up for lost time. Whoal steady, there. That's a stand sure." Now go on. There's a rustling in the underbrush, and with a roar of wings the noblest of all game birds bursts into view. Yes, and out of it just about as quick.

But you have fired the old reliable right, and there is a thud, and once more the rustling in the underbrush and among the leaves. "Fetch!" And the next moment your retriever has deposited in your hand a fine pheasant. It is placed in the pocket of your hunting coat. With new zest you start out; But a glance at your watch—whew! half-past six. Who would have thought it? Time to quit, and you start for home happier than if that last grain speculation had netted you a hundred more.

CHAS. A. BARRON.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Montana Elk and Bears.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—Lieut. Elmer Lindsley, 6th Cavalry, stationed at Fort Yellowstone, writes from camp that Gen. Doe, Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Wm. Doe, his brother, and himself have been on a long hunt in the country south of the Park, and have been fortunate enough to secure eleven elk, two bears and quantities of trout and grouse, to say nothing of some fine duck shooting at Henry's Lake. The whole trip was most pleasant and fortunate.

I have not yet heard of Capt. Brand, the German army officer who went out with Billy Hofer's partner for his guide in September, but hope he has met with success.

Furs and Game in the Far North.

Friend Thomas Johnson, at Winnipeg, sends the information that one dealer, Mr. Secord, at Edmonton, had received the following skins and peltry: 205 musk ox, 137 bear, 3,500 martin, 550 beaver, 50 otter, 50 cross fox, 100 red fox, 10 silver fox, 15 wolverine, 7 wolf, 108 lynx, 500 mink, 2,000 rat, 10 fisher and 40lbs. castorum. Mr. Secord estimates the value at $20,000.

Mr. Johnson says that probably 500 musk ox were killed last season. He states further that he also saw a number of buffalo skins, and remarks that though he has seen tens of thousands in his day he never saw any so fine as those he saw last week. "We have only 200 or 300 left," he writes, "and it seems a pity some means can not be devised to save these magnificent specimens." Going further into the matter of game supply, he paints a most alarming picture of the wildfowl situation. He says:

"I read with interest the FOREST AND STREAM editorial on game protection; but we have much to do here yet in that direction. A week ago to-day I was shooting at Big Lake. Of course you don't know where Big Lake is, but if you will get a map of the Northwest Territories and look up Calgary, 840 miles west of here, then find Edmonton, some 200 miles north of Calgary, and search for a small lake about ten miles northwest of Edmonton, near St. Albert, you will see marked Big Lake. My bag was eight ducks! Five years ago if I so desired it would have been —well, all I wanted.

"This week the Northwest Assembly have passed a law limiting the number of chickens any one gun can kill in a day to twenty; our next step will be to find a means to prevent the extermination of our big game. As for the ducks, you in the United States are responsible for their almost extinction. I passed scores of lakes that I have seen black with ducks—lakes that have been their breeding grounds for—ages and not a sign of a duck to be seen. We have the breeding grounds here, but if you will insist on killing every duck that shows its head in its winter quarters, don't blame Canada for the cause of their extermination."

I add to the above valuable information the comment of a writer in the Winnipeg *Tribune*, who says in a late issue during his remarks on the grouse and fowl supply: "A most serious question is the threatened depletion and destruction of our game supply. What seems the most feasible plan to prevent this is limiting the number any one individual can kill in a season. Some oppose this on the theory that you cannot make a law to prevent it and put it in force. The writer, however, disagrees with this theory, being satisfied that the killing of large numbers was created from a desire to make a record, and a record don't amount to anything if you cannot proclaim it. The second trouble is, that farmers are also getting good dogs and are reserving their shooting. So that if Manitoba settles up as fast as we all prognosticate and desire, the time will soon be here when the same principles will have to be adopted to perpetuate our game supply as are in vogue in older settled countries."

This from the far North, a land so remote that most American sportsmen only dream of going so far as even to see the edge of it. Meantime, this winter will see five times as many Northern shooters go to Texas as ever before. It is painful to reflect that FOREST AND STREAM is one of the most potent agencies for the destruction of game when it pursues its duties as a newspaper in its field. Many who read its columns read of the good game fields, but forget the wise counsel of self-restraint and gentlemanliness which these columns have always urged. I venture now this prediction: The North will eat up the shooting of the South. Alone, the Southern men would have their sport forever. And I venture this counsel to the Southern men: That if they this winter see their generous country and its hospitality violated by shooters from any section, they do not wait to bother about any game laws, but extend the ungentlemanly shooters an invitation to leave the country and leave it soon. I think this will be better than game laws, being more direct and more easily understood. It will not be needed by all visiting shooters, but it very likely will be needed by some. This is the prettiest game law in the world.

Opera Bouffe Moose.

The daily dispatches this week chronicle a novel suit against the State of Minnesota, instituted by one Alexander Phair. It seems that the latter, who is a Willow River farmer, was out without his gun, and was attacked by a moose and nearly killed. As Minnesota has a three years' close season on moose, Mr. Phair, being a law-abiding man, stayed his hand, and only said, "Oh, please don't," when the moose jabbed him. Then he sued the whole State of Minnesota on the ground that this opera bouffe moose was a ward of the State, and put up by the latter to butt, jab, horn, hook, gore and have fun with him, the said Phair; which wasn't phair, because he couldn't retaliate legally, since he just loved the game laws. This is a pretty funny law suit, and the first of its kind. But how about the hundreds of illegal moose found dead along the waters of the Rainy Lake region since the mining boom began there?

Killed by a Tame Elk.

Far more serious than the above is the report from Forest Park, St. Louis, this week, telling of the killing of Keeper Henry Nelson by a bull elk, one of the park herd. The animal was goring an elk calf, and when Nelson tried to stop it the elk turned and drove its brow antlers through his breast, pinning him to the fence. This same elk is said to have killed a man in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

Sanguinary Moon.

For a brief time the hunter's moon of October has had a sanguinary look, pending the heated discussion in the press dispatches between Mr. A. L. Trude, of Chicago, and Police Commissioner Roosevelt, of New York, as to the ability of the latter to hit a goat, a bear or a flock of wild barns. Mr. Trude is reported to say that certain Rocky Mountain guides told him that the only bear Mr. Roosevelt ever killed was a trapped one, and that the only goat he ever shot was a dead one propped up by the guides. Mr. Roosevelt very properly stigmatizes this as in no wise consistent with fact. Mr. Trude was one of the very ablest of Chicago's criminal lawyers before he retired and went in to have a good time. He is possessed of a biting tongue, but is not reputed to be malicious in any way. I am inclined to think he wishes to engage in daily journalism, and has bought him a new hat, through which he is practicing. Either some guide has filled him up or he has filled up some reporter. Now, all guides do not agree on this point, to say nothing of gentlemen who no doubt could, if they liked, say more to the point than any guides. Taswill Woody, an old and respected guide, once told the writer that Mr. Roosevelt was the best shot at big game he ever saw. On the contrary, no guide has ever told me that Mr. Trude has ever slain even a West Side goat tied with a rope. Are we to infer from this that Mr. Trude has never shot a West Side goat? By no means. Perish that thought as unfair and illogical and injurious to Mr. Trude's reputation as a sportsman. May it not therefore be that equal unfairness exists in the strictures upon the marksmanship of the gentleman unfortunate enough to live in New York? I will admit that appearances are against any man that lives in New York and cannot prove an alibi; but let us hope that this matter can be settled without any one getting irritated or doing anything further to ruffle the feathers of white-winged peace.

The Krag-Jorgensen Rifle.

The new U. S. military Krag-Jorgensen rifle has this week received most unfavorable criticism after thorough tests on the range at Fort Sheridan, in the hands of the best marksmen of the garrison. It is said a strong effort is making to induce the Government to go back to the Springfield. The city press says of the trial made:

"The test was of short duration, as those conducting it gave up in disgust after they had used fifty rounds of ammunition. The range was in fine condition and the atmosphere all the most fastidious marksman could desire. It was the hope of the officers who were trying the rifle to find some justifiable excuse to set aside the verdict that the weapon was unreliable in its accuracy of fire, but in this hope they were disappointed, for of the fifty shots fired the best score made was thirteen, with only one center and three fours. The judges were perplexed and showed it as they marched from the range. When asked for an opinion of the qualities of the rifle tested they refused to reply."

Chicago Restaurant Cases.

Deputy wardens lately secured evidence against five Chicago restaurant keepers for serving illegal game. This week the cases all came to trial and fines were imposed. G. H. Williams, of the Lakeside restaurant, failed to enter appearance to plead.

Monument to George Fulton.

The subscription books for the purpose of erecting a monument in memory of Hon. George Fulton, of Texas, the "Prince of the Southwest," lately deceased, have been opened and are now circulating among the sportsmen of the South and the North. Mr. Fulton entertained hundreds of sportsmen. He needs no monument in their hearts, but let this shaft be built to say he needs none to tell others after his friends are dead, that sportsmen remembered gratefully as good a friend and sportsman as ever lived.

Reads It on the Court House Steps.

Dr. L. W. Cock, of San Marcos, Texas, now in Chicago, is an intimate friend of Tom Glover, who sent him up to me with the prettiest spotted cat skin I ever saw—I never could tell which I liked the most, the Doctor or the cat skin. Now Tom Glover has a father, an old gentleman who likes to hunt and fish. Of him, although I never saw him (or his son), I have a pleasant mental picture. "Every week," says my Chicago Texan to me, speaking of his San Marcos friends, "when the mail comes that brings the FOREST AND STREAM, old Mr. Glover goes over to the post office, gets his FOREST AND STREAM, and walks over and sits down on the court house steps and reads it all through. This is one of the regular San Marcos happenings every week. He sits right in the same place every time, and I reckon he always will." I hope he always will, through the sunshine of many long Texas years.

He is Known.

The gentleman on the Boston hen paper who stole the items from the Chicago and West woodpile is known, and if the offense is repeated not even our regard for his family will prevent us from making his name public. I can't work hard to make a Boston holiday. Go get something fit for me to steal, and I won't say a word.

Which reminds me of an odd incident I saw not long ago. One night last month, when the Chief with Two Stomachs was taking his vacation in Chicago, he and a California friend of his and myself were going home about 8 o'clock, when the party was approached by a good specimen of the genus bum, a low-down loafer who had only one arm, and who would fain be drunker than he was. "I'm only a poor, good-for-nothing bum, gentlemen," said he, "with only one arm and not long to live, but I'm awful thirsty. Can't you give me the price of a drink?" No one paid any attention to him, but he walked along and became more importunate, and then insolent when asked to leave. At last the Chief with Two Stomachs paused and looked at him calmly. "You poor, low-down cuss you," he said, "if your other arm was off I'd lick you!"

Anglers Win in Iowa.

Frequent mention has been made of the attempts of anglers in Eastern Iowa to break up seining and netting in the bayous and river mouths along the Mississippi River. There have been many arrests made in the last two years and much litigation has resulted between the sportsmen and the market fishermen. At first defeated, the anglers went to the Supreme Court and have now just won an important victory there. The Dubuque *Telegraph* covers this in the following paragraph:

"LANSING, Oct. 5.—One of the most important cases ever decided by the Supreme Court of this State was that of the State vs. Haug. The question raised was whether the State had jurisdiction of the lakes and sloughs along the Iowa shore of the river. A local fisherman, Gilbert Haug, was arrested on complaint of the Lansing Rod and Gun Club for seining on Big Lake. The District Court discharged him, holding that because the sloughs are fed by the Mississippi River they are a part of the river and exempt from the operation of the statute. The Supreme Court now reverses that decision and thereby holds that fishing can only be legally prosecuted hereafter with hook and line except in the main channel of the boundary waters of the State. Fishermen's rights have always been a mooted question until this decision, which finally settles the matter so far as seining is concerned."

Castalia Trout Club.

The total catch of trout at the famous Castalia Trout Club, Castalia, Ohio, for the past season was 1,760lbs., 4,600 trout being taken. The largest one weighed 3½lbs. The club will stock the waters with 100,000 small fry from the best streams this fall. They also expect to raise 500,000 in their private hatcheries. The club is in fine condition.

Mr. J. W. Oswald, of Toledo, is an able member of the Castalia Club. He has made a plaster cast of the record trout and of a 2lbs. trout captured by Mr. John A. Waite, and has painted the casts in the trout colors, with surprisingly life-like results. Mr. Oswald has not been content at home, however, for one learns of his fishing the Conejos and Gunnison, in Colorado, this summer, with great success and enthusiasm.

En Passant.

Mr. H. O. Wilbur, of Philadelphia, is in Chicago this week, and it is natural that as a sportsman he should drop into the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM, *en passant*, as we say in Chicago.

Anglers Win Again.

Oct. 12.—The upper court at Oshkosh, Wis., has supported the fish wardens (*i. e.*, the anglers) in their late vigorous crusade against illegal netting in Lake Winnebago and kindred waters. The cause of protection slowly gains. It is a curious fact that the idea of protection has always advanced more rapidly in regard to fish than in regard to game, probably because it has been better pushed.

Guinea Fowl and Grouse.

A Chicago restaurant man, when this week asked to plead on the charge of selling illegal prairie chicken, demurred on the ground that the bird put on the bill of fare as prairie chicken was really guinea fowl. He said no one could tell the difference, and that many restaurants used the latter under the former name, they costing much less than prairie chicken. The case was thereupon dismissed, but the restaurant man was at once tried on a charge of offering "grouse" for sale on his bill of fare, and was promptly fined. Bogus guinea-grouse meat seems not to be so cheap, after all.

A Clinker.

Last week I mentioned a little chicken hunt I had with Mayor A. G. Lewis, of Moorhead, Minn., but I forgot to mention the chief *dramatis persona*, that is to say Mr. Lewis's lemon and white pointer Leo. This dog I should consider it a great misfortune to lose, but no crime to steal. He is a chicken dog of the sort to love, and yet good enough to win on the bench or in the field. I think I never saw a dog with such steam-engine vigor and speed, yet he knew his business and was staunch as any. Mr. Lewis thinks of a Southern trip this winter, and if he takes Leo with him, Leo will just about go off a point in a half mile or so of cactus and they never will find him again until the leaves of the judgment book unfold.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

NEWS FROM YELLOWSTONE PARK.

YELLOWSTONE PARK, Oct. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There has just been completed in Hayden Valley a fence for a buffalo pasture. There is about a square mile inclosed. The fence is very strong and high, so located that it includes the trail over which the buffalo pass often in winter in going from one part of their winter range to another. There are also about fifty tons of hay in two stacks with a fence around them and inside the pasture. It is the intention of those in charge to corral about twenty buffalo if possible and hold them in this inclosure. There is a fine grove of pine timber for shelter, with good feed and water and some hop country, so that the conditions are favorable for the buffalo to be contented. At present there are three openings on the trails; these will be closed when the buffalo are once inside the inclosure.

There is no doubt that many of the Park buffalo were killed last winter and spring on the western side of the Park. There was so little snow that they were not compelled to go to their usual winter range for feed. There is no telling how many buffalo there are now in the Park. Some place the number at about seventy-five. If the new corral proves a success it is hoped that enough money can be obtained to fence in several thousand acres in Hayden Valley and hold all the Park buffalo where they can be held and protected. As it is now they can roam at will, and do go outside the reservation into Idaho and Montana, where there is no protection at all.

One trouble about the buffalo pasture now will be to keep the elk out. When I was last there, there had been a large band of these animals inside the inclosure. The elk are very numerous in the Park. Large bands were in Hayden Valley and around Mount Washburn. I passed within 50ft. of several while crossing Washburn on the Norris trail.

The antelope have increased this season very much, but unless something is done to kill off the coyotes, which have increased very fast, they will kill hundreds this winter, when the antelope are forced on to their very limited winter range at the mouth of Gardiner River. The people of that town could see the wolves killing the antelope last winter and hear their yelps as they hunted their meat. Bands of ten and twelve coyotes were often seen running the antelope. I have had them follow me for half a mile at a time barking at my dog. It was very aggravating to have them sit within 20yds. of one and bark or yelp at you and you not to shoot. I am in hopes orders will come from Washington to have as many of

these animals killed as possible. I for one would like to see them all go.

Snow came very early this year. About Sept. 20 we had 2, then 4in. of snow in Hayden Valley, with over 1ft. on the higher mountains. It is snowing in the Park now.

The travel is over for this season, the last party of tourists starting out Oct. 1. As fast as they go around, the hotels will be closed; by the 6th inst. all will be out of the Park. The troop of cavalry at the Lower Geyser Basin starts for the Mammoth Hot Springs by the 5th for their winter quarters. Additional scouts have been hired, who have started out on long trips scouting for hunters who are supposed to be after the buffalo.

Very few Eastern hunting parties were in the field south of the Park this summer. The so-called Indian war frightened some of them away. There was no war at all; the killing was all on the part of the whites.

The road work has been pushed very fast this summer. It is now possible to drive from the Thumb or West Arm of Yellowstone Lake to the southern boundary of the Park and Snake River via Lewis Lake and the Lewis River, from there over a rough wagon trail to Jackson's Lake.

A road has been grubbed out through and a short distance over the pass at the head of Cornelian Creek, west of Mt. Washburn, and a careful survey made to Yancey's. When this is completed it will be possible to make the circuit of the Park, taking in the principal objects of interest without repeating any part of the road.

I looked for and tried to find some of the rainbow trout planted in the Gibbon River above the Virginia Cascades by the U. S. Fish Commission, two years after the plant was made. I found rainbow trout above and below the Cascades this year. The circumstances were not favorable, as it was a very cold, windy and cloudy day; I tried the stream only with flies. It has been reported that no fish have been taken for two years above the falls, and is claimed that they have all gone below. If this is so, the stream ought to be stocked with some kind of trout that will not go down, as it is impossible for them to return.

The usual number of bears were to be found around all the hotels in the Park this summer. One black one at the Grand Cañon used to come to the very door of the kitchen, and one of the employees used to lay down on his back with a piece of sugar in his mouth, which he would hold for the bear to come and take. I did not see this, but have no doubt of it, as some men are foolish enough to do such things. The last time he tried it something disturbed the bear while he was taking the sugar, and he gave the man quite a severe scratch in the face.

Two large grizzlies that camped at the Lunch Station at the Thumb were very troublesome, breaking into the storeroom several times; they were not so tame as the bear at the Cañon; no one wanted to fool with them.

Quite a collection of birds have been captured for the Zoölogical Park this summer, and cared for at Fort Yellowstone. It is intended to secure a number of animals to add to this collection before sending them on to Washington. H.

BOSTON MEN WITH GUNS AND HOOKS.

BOSTON, Oct. 14.—The distinction of being the final victim for fresh-water fishermen at the end of each season around Boston belongs to the pickerel. I don't know how well he appreciates the honor, but if his bump of self-conceit is at all developed, he must feel quite elevated, mentally, on being lifted in by such distinguished men as seek his company at this time of year. None are too proud to do him honor. It is a long stride in every sense from angling for salmon in the Restigouche and elsewhere to lifting out pickerel in the Sudbury and Charles rivers and the ponds about Boston; but when the fascination for fishing is once acquired it is hard to shake off, and when the best is not obtainable, most anything that wears a fin is made to do service. The Topsfield River is at present giving the best results, but the fishing for pickerel is being carried on with fair success in many other quarters. The ponds on the Cape are quite productive, and some of good size have lately been taken there. The Sudbury River has always been a favorite place, and being only a few miles from the city and easily reached by train, a great many go to that stream. I can only account for its standing the strain of constant fishing so well year after year from the fact that it is a hard stream to fish, being full of holes and weeds. It takes plenty of patience and hard work to secure results there; but those are qualities that rightly belong to every good fisherman.

The Messrs. Epting (father and son) passed through Boston a few days ago en route to their home in Philadelphia. They have been spending the summer and fall up to the present time at the King and Bartlett camps in Maine, and seem well satisfied with both the fishing and shooting which they have had. Between Eustis and Dead River station they stayed for a few days at I. W. Greene's farmhouse in the hopes of getting some shooting. It rained quite hard during their stay at this place, and they were unable to get much shooting, although they are convinced that there are many birds in that vicinity. Harry Pierce, of the King and Bartlett camps, came out over the buckboard road a few hours ahead of Mr. Epting, and saw an immense cow moose just off the road at Spencer Stream. He pinned up a paper notice to that effect on the road, which our friends saw, but no trace of the animal was visible to them. The next day two gentlemen with their wives came out, and on reaching Spencer Stream one of the ladies who happened to be a short distance ahead was seriously frightened by coming suddenly right on to the same big moose. It did not take the animal long to get out of the way, and her exit was accompanied by noises which indicated that she was about as much scared as her observer. The place where the moose was seen is a favorite place for large game, and deer and other animals are frequently seen there by sportsmen going to and from the camps. A large buck deer was killed at King and Bartlett about a week ago by a Boston sportsman. The animal had a particularly fine head and pair of horns, and the lucky shooter was delighted with his good fortune. The shooting on the preserve has been very good up to the present time, and it is expected to improve a little later after a few more killing frosts have dropped the leaves from the trees.

The bass fishing at Lake Winnepesaukee in New Hampshire is not yet finished for the season. The fact is proven by the recent departure of a number of Boston people (probably the last party of the year) who have recently started for this interesting locality. The party consists of Arthur Taylor, J. L. Newton, Everett Townsend and wife and two or three others. They have gone to Centre Harbor on the shore of the lake, where they have a comfortable house. The fishing will be done from the yacht Triton, and considerable attention will also be given to partridge and woodcock shooting. Two weeks will be the length of their stay and a royal good time is confidently expected.

Forty-two dozen smelt taken down at Hingham harbor the other day by one party are not a very bad score by any means. This kind of fishing is wonderfully good every year at old Hingham by the sea; no better place can be found near Boston. We have had some cold nights recently and the smelt fishing is consequently much improved. They are beginning to get a few down at Quincy and also at Cohasset. A little more cold weather and Boston harbor will begin to yield its annual quota of smelt. When this condition is reached the season is fairly started, and everybody both catch and eat this delicate little fish.

The coot shooting around Cohasset is now very good. Reports say there are plenty of birds, but they are wild and quite scattered. There are many shooters on hand nearly every morning, and several of them have made excellent scores. One young man (whose name I did not learn) while out in his boat alone was tipped over by a huge wave and nearly lost his life. Two good guns and all his ammunition went to the bottom of old ocean promptly, and he has determined now to let coot shooting severely alone, at least until he has recovered from his fright. At the Curtis stand, at Great Pond, near Cohasset, the duck shooters have been doing well, and hope to have even better sport a little later.

E. W. Davis, of New York city, a member of the Cascapedia Salmon Club, spent a day or two in Boston this week while on his way to the river for the second time this year. This time it is not salmon, but caribou, that Mr. Davis is after. There is a high plateau down there not far from the fishing grounds, and the guides have told him that caribou shooting of the best kind can often be found there in the fall. He has enjoyed moose shooting in Nova Scotia and caribou shooting in Maine, and prefers the latter to any other large game found in the East. Another inducement to hunt this animal in Canada and the far North is found in the extra beauty and development of the head. In Newfoundland the horns grow to immense size and frequently have so many blades that it is a wonder how the animal can browse with any comfort. Mr. Davis is a thorough sportsman and greatly enjoys both shooting and fishing. He is interested in many salmon pools on the Cascapedia, and the club of which he is a member owns some miles of the upper waters of that stream. These are the waters which were formerly reserved for the Governor-General of Canada, and are considered the very best in the Province; 39lbs. was the weight of his largest fish this season, but he has taken them in the past up to 51lbs. His son, only 13 years old, captured one this season of 38lbs. and a number of others of less weight.

Not a few Boston sportsmen are trying the Adirondacks this year and most of them seem well pleased with that interesting region. One large party has just returned, and one of the members, who has made many trips into Maine, is so well pleased that he has even now decided to repeat his visit next fall. The party mentioned is called the Blue Mountain Club, and consisted of Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Ricker, E. S. Merchant, Jas. Nichols, John Walker and Percy Martin, all of Boston; Dr. and Mrs. Homer Emerson and J. W. Brophy, of Milton; T. B. Coffin, of Gloucester, Mass., and Mrs. Barber, of Hartford, Conn. The Blue Mountain House at Spring Cove, N. Y., about twenty-five miles from Tupper Lake, was made the club headquarters, and it was from there that the trips to the different runways for deer were taken. The club has been visiting the same region for 13 years, and it is a custom to give each season a championship flag to the person who killed the largest buck. A lady, Mrs. Ricker, won the trophy this time by killing a noble animal in the rapids of the middle branch of the St. Regis River. Eight deer were killed by the entire party. Dr. Kendall made many fine photographs on the trip, which I hope to have the pleasure of looking over. He also killed two deer, and his only regret lies in the fact of his losing a magnificent buck which was very oddly marked with a white face. Well, there are other days coming, and that buck may be there next year. Who knows?

HACKLE.

RANGE OF GAME SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read Tiam's last letter with genuine pleasure, for it was frank, manly and straightforward, and he stuck to his text. There was, moreover, no attempt to depreciate the value of the opposition by ridicule founded on mere surmise.

I can admire the convictions of any man once I am convinced that they are convictions, regardless of how they agree or disagree with my own; for, notwithstanding Tiam's surmise that I am juvenile in my ideas and expressions, I have long since passed the age when I believed the ideas or whims of any one man or two men were laws to his or their fellows. We must appeal to the broader lawmaker, general usage and general circumstance, for the true inspiration of a general rule of action. Of course, the ethical laws of sportsmanship are the unwritten laws; but the unwritten law, once it is an accepted law, is often the more rigidly enforced and the more severely punished, as may be seen when an individual breaks the unwritten laws of society.

I will not go into any argument concerning the matter further than to say that I think the numerous circumstances cited by Tiam support my contention against long-range shooting at large animals, for if it is so uncertain at the short ranges, how much greater then must it be at the longer ones? The nice point I will not attempt to decide. Yet there must be a range beyond which the chances of a kill are so uncertain, though the possibilities of a severe wound are so great, that it is worthy of more consideration than is given to it.

Tiam, I think, must himself appreciate the weakness of the argument *ad hominum* which he advances; but, as I said before, my purpose is not to argue. I think he wrote a manly, frank letter and I wished to tell him so.

DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesda Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at th latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

THE GUNNISON COUNTRY IN '94.

ABOUT Sept. 1 a couple of friends from Illinois came out to join us in our annual hunting trip. The party leaving Leadville was composed of six, one more joining at De Beque, where we obtained our outfit. Dave, the eldest and best natured, the Doctor, Jack, George, Colorow Jim, and "The Rocky Mountain Guide," composed the party. We left De Beque in wagons and on horseback, going up Plateau Creek to its head, down Surface Creek to the Gunnison River. From there the next sixteen miles lay over a barren, desolate mesa that could not produce as much life as a coyote; but all things have an end, even a desert, and we finally reached the finest valley in the Rocky Mountains, the Valley of the North Fork. One can hardly express his surprise, after having passed over the dreary waste without seeing a living creature save our own caravan, to come suddenly into a country literally "flowing with milk and honey." On every side were immense orchards, vast fields and splendid farmhouses, plainly indicating prosperity and happiness.

We left the North Fork at its junction with Minnesota Creek, going up that stream for seven miles, where, at the last ranch we were to see for four weeks, we left our wagon, and packed up the rugged sides of Mt. Lambert to the head of Coal Creek. A more lovely spot to make camp one could never find. In the midst of plenty of feed for our horses, with a splendid spring rippling over clear white pebbles and an abundance of wood for our camp-fire, we pitched our tent. At every point of the compass stood snow-capped peaks without number. To the north of us were miles and miles of unbroken quaking asp draws, well watered with springs and small streams, the summer resort of deer and elk. To the south, extending away up into the snow-caps, ran an immense body of spruce and pine, in the deep shadows of which game of all kinds resort for rest. To the east, a vast rolling, rugged series of hills and valleys, with beautiful glades and parks ending in a long backbone-like ridge, whose sharp peaks, round domes and turret-like points were defined sharp and distinct against the ever cloudless blue of the horizon. Who can describe the beauty of that ridge? It was made up of every hue of the rainbow, and was defined so distinctly that one could not guess anywhere near the distance it was from here until first having gone over the ground. One would think surely that he could see every living animal on its rugged sides. Yet it was the home of hundreds of Colorado's greatest game animal, the mountain sheep, and not one could be made out, even with the aid of a powerful field glass. Did you ever try to follow the mighty big horn? If you are not nervous, try it just once. I say just once, but it is not necessary, for it is two to one that the first will include all the trips of that kind you will ever take. When you get back in the evening, tired beyond expression, and gaze on the architecture of wonderful nature, the grandest panorama man ever beheld, you will exclaim, "It is most wonderful to behold, but it is different when you get there." The chances one will take to get his majesty are enough to appall the most daring; and when after it is all over one sits three miles away and gazes on the spot that looks not more than half a mile distant at most, one will tremble at what he has gone through. The great mass of snow and ice, the perpendicular cliffs, the narrow shelf-like ledge one must pass over, are all blended into a picture before him that artists would give worlds to reproduce.

Our party was quite successful in getting specimens of all the different animals in that part of the State, and so well did we enjoy our trip that life during the month of September in future will be a burden if from any cause we are unable to spend it among the snow-caps.

The incidents of the trip were so numerous and so thoroughly enjoyed by all that they will long be remembered—the number of trout that came to Jack by his skill with rod and fly, the great twenty-eight point buck that fell victim to Colorow's old reliable at half a mile distance; the success of the Doctor and Jack as jackers might be questioned by some, but I am sure that George and Jim will back me in saying that it was more interesting even than Buffalo's ghost dance. But were I to mention even all that happened on that trip, it would take all the space that FOREST AND STREAM has for other purposes; so I will only note two that may be of interest to others.

It was our custom to leave the main camp in the afternoon and go some miles into the country we wished to hunt the next day, so as to be near to the game at daybreak. On one of these trips the Doctor and Colorow were aroused during the night by the low grunts of a bull elk. So close did he seem to be that they felt sure he must show himself soon. So with rifles ready they scarcely breathed, straining their eyes with all their might; but it was impossible to get sight of him. Apparently he was near where the horses were feeding; but it was no use, they could not see him. You may imagine with what impatience they waited for day to break. It never occurred to them to make a torch of the abundance of material at hand, with which they could have blinded the old fellow and had him as badly "rattled" as they were. But as soon as it was light enough they were on his trail, but only got sight of him once, about a mile off, that only increased their ire.

Another incident that happened to Jim was of unusual occurrence, and may be of interest to some. While out after elk one morning he jumped a fine young bull in a heavy patch of scrub oak brush, with here and there a bunch of three or four tall, slender quaking asp trees. The bull was a splendid young fellow, about 3 years old, with a neat head of horns. Jim was quite anxious to get him, but so thick was the brush that it was quite difficult to get sight on him. After some twisting and pulling he finally got what he supposed was dead aim, and let drive 375grs. of lead at him, and over he went; but no sooner down than up, and away down the hill. Jim thought of course he was a dead bull, and as soon as he could find the trail started after. He soon made up his mind that something was wrong, as there was not sufficient blood on the trail for a badly wounded animal, though he continued to follow for some distance before giving it up, as he finally did, and returned to camp. But the more he thought the matter over, the more he was convinced that he should have hit the elk a hard blow, so he concluded to return the next day and examine more closely. On finding the spot where the bull had stood, the first thing that met his eyes was the ball lying on the ground in front of him. On picking it up it was seen to be covered with elk hair, the edges of the ball

turned over so as to hold it firmly. More surprised than ever, Jim looked around for a cause of such results, when his eye caught a little round hole through a 9in. quaking asp tree, behind which the elk was when the shot was fired. So the mystery was explained. Jim has the ball and will keep it in memory of "one bull that he did not get."

And so the time passed all too quickly, with every day some new adventure. But the time came to depart, and we had to return once more to the byways of "men and things," and wait with impatience the coming of another fall when we can spend another month with the snow-caps, and probably it will be in the Gunnison country.

PER SE.

CAYUGA LAKE WILD GEESE.

IN FOREST AND STREAM of a recent date M. Chill, of Ithaça, tells of some wild geese that wintered near there last year. He cannot be very well posted about the game of that section, or he would know that there are at least two flocks which have wintered on Cayuga Lake for the last ten years, and I do not know how much longer. There have also been other flocks like the one he mentions, which have stayed occasional winters. I remember at least one flock that wintered near South Lansing not over ten years ago.

One of the regulars wintered on and near the farm of E. Brown, of Aurora. The farm is about three miles from the village. The other one spent its winter vacation on the Mitchell farm, near Lake Ridge.

M. Chill speaks very slightingly of the goose and would seem to imply that hunters were scarce when he says, "A couple of hunters chanced that way and secured five of the honkers." I suppose if his hunters had chanced along they would have got all they could carry of the fifty-four which I spent some time studying that same winter near Lake Ridge.

It happened this way: I had been teaching for some time about two miles north of their feeding grounds before one of my boys found out accidentally that I liked sport and kept guns. "Why," said he, "there is a large flock of wild geese around here. Why don't you shoot them?"

Well, I did not jump more than 2ft. high on account of my official dignity. As soon as I got my nerves steadied down I asked, "Where?" "Down on Mitchell's wheat field." "Where is that?" He pointed the direction.

That afternoon was one of the longest in the term; but 4 o'clock came at last. A quick trip home, a quicker change of clothes, and the old 10-gauge and I were going 'cross lots through the snow as fast as possible. After climbing innumerable wire fences, which abound in that neighborhood, I came to a rail fence and a wheatfield. While wondering whether it was the right one or not, I heard somebody say: "Honk, honk, honk!" The second time they spoke found me looking under the bottom rail of that fence. I thought the scenery would be nicer viewed that way, and it was; for in a minute or two ten geese came up from the lake right toward me. The hammers of that old 10-gauge came back mechanically. They kept coming straight on until, just as I was bracing to give it to them, they lit just out of range in the wheatfield and began to feed one at a time, never more—the rest watched. By and by there was more honking and the same thing was repeated. They kept coming until there were fifty-four of them there, just too far away—say 20rds. By that time three or four would feed at a time.

Think of it! fifty-four big fat fellows walking around, "so near and yet so far."

Tantalus of old was nowhere to my feelings.

By and by the novelty wore off and I began to get cold, but dare not move for fear of scaring them away; so there I had to stay in the snow until they got ready to go back to the lake, at about dark. To encourage the poor hunter one or another of them would start to come over to the fence, but they never got there. Subsequently, on going there after the snow was off, I found by their droppings that they had never been within 10rds. of the fence.

When home at last tired and hungry, the first move was to get out my 20lb. muzzleloading target rifle. A careful examination showed that the barrel was in perfect order and it seemed to be clear at any rate that I could blow through it.

This was a famous rifle which my grandfather had made for long range target-shooting. One hundred rods was not much more than point blank range for it. I had got it for a keepsake, never expecting to use it much, as it was too heavy.

Daylight next morning saw the big gun mounted in a fence corner. The geese were equally prompt in keeping their engagement. Waiting until they were all there and pretty well bunched, the rifle was brought to bear on the neck of one of the foremost ones, which was in line with a row of bodies. I took a last peep through the fine globe sight and touched the hair trigger.

Shades of Nimrod. Draw a veil over the scene that followed.

The cap snapped.

The gun seemed clear when I loaded it, but it had stood a long time. The grease kept the powder from catching.

That was only the beginning of a chapter of accidents which befell me while trying to get one of those geese. Every night and morning saw me after them. The keen delight with which I studied those geese can only be known to a lover of nature. Sometimes I would take my telescope and watch them all the afternoon of a Saturday or Sunday. They would keep about in one place out in the middle of the lake, only coming ashore to feed nights and mornings or stormy days.

They did not go back to the wheatfield any more, but moved over to some large buckwheat fields.

The last time I saw them, April 15, they were all there yet, fifty-four of them.

One day, in trying to get to the fence on one side of the field where they were, I had to cross an old meadow grown up to weeds; when I was part way across they saw me or minded me and left. When I got up I had crawled within fifteen rods of an old she fox, which I shot. She was eating an old hen. The fox is not very easy to still-hunt, yet those geese were scared at fifty rods, while the fox did not see me at fifteen.

They came back last year, but did not stay long. I think they must have had private advices from the clerk of the weather which led them to winter in Mexico that year.

HARRY S. HOWE.

BOSTON HUNTERS OF MAINE GAME.

BOSTON, Oct. 11.—The Maine hunting season is on in full force, but it has taken several days for deer to get into the Boston markets. They first appeared a day or two ago. One was an enormous doe. It must have weighed nearly 300lbs. There were two others of smaller size—yearlings, evidently. The owner of the store admitted that the deer had just come from Maine, but as to how and by whom he had nothing to say. Possibly a couple of sportsmen have just returned, each with his legal two deer, and have sold them in the market to help eke our their expenses. Or possibly the underground railroad for shipping game from Maine is to be in operation this season. After all, the only remedy is that proposed by the FOREST AND STREAM—stop the sale of game in all markets.

Mr. George Lanphier, who has delivered the FOREST AND STREAM to a good many patrons for a number of years, is a sportsman as well as a newspaper man. He started for Schoodic, Me., Tuesday, on his fall shooting trip. He is accompanied by his brother and a Mr. Tucker and son. They go for large game. Mr. George Lanphier has a record of a moose and a bear, taken on his shooting trip two years ago.

Talk about partridge shooting in Maine. Well, it can be done. The birds are plenty, but it takes a smart hunter and an excellent wing shot to get them. They are fairly well able to take care of themselves, especially in the sections that are considerably hunted. A Boston gunner and a good shot from Auburn, Me., with a young school-teacher of 17, also from Auburn, were out on Saturday, in the town of Hebron, Oxford county. Mountains, rocks and scrub spruces are plenty in that town. The party started twenty-one partridges in all. They had a good spaniel that treed the birds as well as any dog in the world could do. But even when treed the partridges in that town will not stand till the hunter is fairly in sight. They know how to fly. For dodging behind a scrub spruce, down the mountain or over the rocks and ledges they have no equal. Instantaneous wing shooting is the only way, and snap shots at that. This does not bring the birds half the time. The party used a good many shells, with the result of one bird, shot by J. F. Moody, Jr., the young school-teacher. His record is already six partridges since the open season begun, and he has only Saturdays for shooting.

Shooting in that part of Maine is peculiar. Oh, yes! A couple of Boston gunners, or gunners from some other town near that city, came down to Hebron the other day with a view of hunting partridges for market. They had a couple of well-trained dogs—a pointer and a setter. One day's hunting over rocks and ledges, and in scrub spruces and hemlocks so thick that a man can scarcely penetrate them, was sufficient to make them weary and their dogs lame and footsore. They got not a bird, though starting about the usual number. On the second morning they packed their grips, called their dogs and departed in the direction of the railroad station, declaring that the ground is too rough for either hunters or dogs.

Mr. Frank F. Dodge, of Stephen Dow & Co., with his cousin and camp partner, are just back from their fall hunting and fishing trip to Nova Scotia. They built a fine camp on Lake Debois last year, and are greatly pleased with their location. They have secured by purchase a high point of land for a camp site. The trout fishing is good, and this fall they have been pleased with the shooting. Partridges are so tame that their guide caught one with a running noose at the end of a stick. They were on a moose hunt and did not care to fire a gun, and the guide took this method of catching birds for the table. Black ducks they found to be fairly plenty, though it is early in the season for them. They evidently breed in that lake. Mr. Dodge had the good luck to get seven out of one flock by using both barrels, and he considers this good shooting. There are no deer in the woods there naturally, but a few have been liberated with the expectation that they will multiply, since all the conditions seem to be favorable to their existence. Moose are found and caribou, when they happen to migrate that way.

I have just heard a disagreeable report. It comes from sources that cannot be disputed. A barber in the town of Arlington, Mass., has returned from a shooting and fishing trip to the West Branch of the Penobscot, in Maine. He got home before the legal season on deer had opened, or must have started before that date. But he brought home three deer, or there were three deer shown by him. My informant says that he boasts of shooting deer and partridges galore out of season.

Mr. James D. Kinsley is back in Boston and into the wool trade from summering in Andover, Me., where he goes annually with his wife and children. He is an enthusiast with rod and line. But he says that the brook fishing in that section has been greatly injured by the drought. Brooks that usually carry a good volume of water have been dried up this summer, and there is danger that they are greatly harmed as trout brooks. Partridges he says are most remarkably plenty, though he had but little of the open season. Deer he saw a number of times when on his fishing trips. He thinks that more people have been at the Upper Dam the past season than ever before, and the Richardson and Beaver ponds have been very extensively fished, or fished with a good deal of persistence. Alas for those noble ponds! the ideal fishing grounds of J. Parker Whitney and Sam Betton! They too are doomed to be fished out. But these sportsmen in days gone by took only a few trout for the table. Now the fishermen who go there brag of hundreds taken to be wasted.

The extremely dry weather continues in Maine, though there has generally been rain enough to extinguish the forest fires. But if the rain continues to hold off, the danger will be great, especially when the leaves are all off the trees. The dry weather is stopping the mills and factories, and in many cases the operatives have taken to the woods for extended hunting and camping, simply for want of something else to do. A report from Madison, Me., to-day says that the woolen mills are shut down for want of water in the Kennebec, and a number of the operatives have gone north into the woods for a fortnight's stay and deer and partridge shooting. A Bridgton, Me., report says that the mills there are shutting down for want of water, and that some of the men have gone away on gunning trips.

Oct. 12.—More of the deer hunters are departing and getting ready. Mr. Wm. H. Coggin and Mr. S. Matherson, Jr., are off for the wilds of Aroostook county beyond Kingman. They will be joined by some friends of Mr. Coggin in Maine. They have organized a camp there, and have their guides and everything in readiness. They expect a couple of deer each, and will be about as likely to get them as any party that tries, for the section is an ideal one and the guides are experienced. Mr. Coggin is a new convert to Maine shooting. A couple of years ago he shot his first deer in that State, and has been an enthusiast ever since. An account of his adventures was given in the FOREST AND STREAM at the time. F. W. Tucker and Fred Bemes are a couple of young Boston gunners who have been at the Upper Dam on a shooting and fishing trip. Each has shot his deer—his first one—and they are now hunters during life. They were accompanied by a friend from Lawrence. Senator W. P. Frye, of Maine, is out from camp—his own—in the Cupsuptic Narrows. He is reported to have shot a deer before breaking camp. He also saw a caribou on one of his hunting trips, but was not fortunate enough to get him. Several moose are reported seen in the vicinity of the Rangeleys.

SPECIAL.

GRASS LAKE, ILLINOIS.

Misfortunes of a Day's Hunt.

J. K. AND I had made up our minds to have a good time at the opening of the hunting season, Sept. 15, by spending one day at fishing and one day at hunting. We left Chicago Friday, Sept. 13, and arrived at Antioch safe, where Robert awaited us and took us to his hotel. We got everything in readiness for the next day's fishing and started out early next morning. We fished all morning, but did not get a strike, as the bass would not bite; so we went home, and after dinner we decided to be boys once more and have some fun with the small fish. Luck seemed to be against us, as all we could catch were two sunfish. We went back to the house in disgust, but with the hope of having a good day's shoot next day.

We left shore next morning about 4 o'clock with the intention of going to some place near Hackberry Island, which is nearly a two hours' row from Robert Selter's shore, as the wild rice is very thick this time of the year. We rowed up the channel about half-way to the forks, where both of us stopped. We heard somebody calling as if in distress. We listened and heard them calling for help. We answered their call and turned our boats in the direction of the call. We found that we would either have to row around the channel or push through the rice. We finally got through the rice in the open water. There we could see in the distance a dark form. On reaching the spot we saw two men standing in the water and hanging to a boat and shivering with the cold so badly that it was a difficulty for them to talk. They had started out with two boats that were dry and leaky, and thought they could reach the forks in safety, but they went down before they got half-way there. J. K. got in my boat and gave the boys his to go home in, and we started back to the channel; and what a job it was with two in one boat! We got through O K, but thought it would be too late to go to Hackberry Island, and it was then 5:15 o'clock and they were shooting all around us. We rowed up the channel a way and pulled our boat up on shore and got ready for shooting. The sun was not up yet, but it was light enough to shoot, although it was cloudy and looked as if the sun would not come out at all that day. I had a few shots, but missed them both. Then J. K. shot and got one. He had no more than got the bird in the boat when along came a man who pulled his boat up on our shore, pulled back his coat to show his star and said: "I am the deputy game warden."

J. K. said: "What can we do for you?" (thinking himself safe).

"You are violating the game laws by shooting before sunrise."

We were both thunder struck and looked at one another in amazement, as neither of us would ever think of violating any game laws; in fact, we kept some of the hunters from going out on the 14th to shoot. The deputy took both our guns and said to J. K.: "Come along with me and I will fix it up in a few minutes." J. K. went with him and fixed it up by leaving a deposit of $10 to appear at the Columbia Club, Fox Lake. He then gave us back our guns and said with a smile, "You can shoot now," although the sun was not up, nor did it rise until 7 o'clock. I asked the deputy what time the sun was supposed to rise. He said 5:30 o'clock. At that rate we had been shooting ten minutes before time. That, it seems to me, is a close call for game laws, especially when a fellow has waited five months minus the ten minutes.

We went back to our blind, only to see it occupied by somebody else. That again was discouraging. We finally found a resting place. That is about all it was, as the ducks would pass us on either side by about 100yds., leaving us to look at others shooting. J. K. let out a sigh and said: "Well, Charles, that is what we get for leaving Chicago on a Friday, and on the 13th day of the month too. I expected we were going to get some good shooting after saving those fellows this A.M."

I will not say how many birds we got, as neither of us could hit anything after such an excitement, even if they would happen to come within our reach; and those we did drop would get lost in the rice—all but a few.

I think the game laws are far from being correct in regard to shooting before and after sunrise. If a stipulated time were given, say between the hours of 6 A.M. and 6 P.M., I am sure the game laws would not have been violated by us; and if this is going to be kept up strict, as Mr. Blow says, many a true sportsman will be caught in the same trap.

C. W. D.

Mrs. Jones's Seven Deer.

BOSTON, Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An article has come to my notice published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 12, written by your correspondent Special, referring to an article in our Boston papers which reported the killing of a buck by my wife, Mrs. Jones. Special says that "it is to be hoped that this story is true, but thinks it very like one told for a couple of years in succession," and implies a possible doubt of its correctness.

Since 1878 I have passed fifteen hunting seasons in the Adirondacks, most of the time in Franklin county, on a tract of land owned by Mr. P. A. Ducey, located south of

Paul Smith's. My wife has been my companion seven seasons, and in that time has killed seven deer, six of them bucks, and two of them in particular being very fine specimens. The last three were bucks and were killed, one in 1893, one in 1894 and one in 1895, at precisely the same place, on a land runway, in the woods. In each instance, except the last, Mrs. Jones was entirely alone. This year, however, our oldest son, 10 years old, was with her. In this particular place the race is usually a short one. The deer were jumped up fresh from their feeding ground and went to Mrs. Jones on the full jump, with a pair of very fast hounds behind them, and in each instance Mrs. Jones succeeded in killing the game. She uses a .32 Winchester rifle, and would be considered not only a very good shot, but a very cool one. It is the simplest thing in the world to miss a buck when he is on the full jump on a land runway. The aim must certainly be very quick and accurate, and the best and coolest hunters frequently miss them. Mrs. Jones has killed three in succession under practically the same difficult circumstances, and we who were in camp and know the facts consider that, from a sportsman's standpoint, her achievement has been unequaled by any other lady in this section of the country during the past few years; at least if it has, the facts have not come to our notice.

At the first of the three deer above mentioned Mrs. Jones fired two shots, both taking effect in the fore shoulder. At the second, a very large buck, she fired three shots: the first shot was a clean miss; the second straight through the chest, touching the heart; the third, as it proved an unnecessary shot, was fired at the butt of the ear while the buck was struggling to regain his feet after his first fall. At the third buck she fired two shots. Her first chance shot was a fairly good one. As the buck passed a small opening she fired, and, as it proved, shot him plumb through the side, a little above and a trifle back of the heart. He continued to run so strong that she fired a second and unnecessary shot, which proved a miss, as the buck fell after running about 100yds.

WESTLEY JONES.

ONTARIO GAME AND FISH.

BELLEVILLE, Oct. 5.—Here as elsewhere ducks have been very scarce. If there were 200 killed on the opening day, Sept. 1, within a radius of thirty miles of this city, there certainly were not more. And yet the law is fairly well observed in this district—almost as well as the game law in the north of England. The trouble is that there are too many shooters. The fall ducks have begun to arrive, but the weather has been too fine for sport among them.

Two residents of Rochester, N. Y., who were hunting in Peterboro county without having gone through the formality of taking out a license, were brought before Game Warden Smith, who imposed a penalty of $25 on each of them.

An impression got abroad that persons who owned ponds or creeks and had stocked them with trout might take such fish out any time. I had the matter referred to the Fishery Department at Ottawa, and the result was a complete upset of that contention.

Bass fishing has been very good, and several keen sportsmen from your side of the line have enjoyed it. Now that we have in our Hotel Quinte a hostelry second to none anywhere, and greatly improved accommodation at Massassaga Park, there will no doubt be a large influx of visitors next season. As an additional attraction, there are a number of trout ponds—mostly private, but fishable for a very moderate consideration—within an easy drive of the city, and there is splendid fly-fishing for bass in the Trent River, fifteen miles away.

A considerable number of maskinonge have been caught this season at their usual haunt in Mosquito Bay. Yesterday, in fact, a 13½-pounder was caught within a mile of the city. At Stoco Lake, some twenty-five miles hence, some fine ones were taken, the largest, which was secured by a lady, weighing 37½lbs. At Hay Bay, which Piseco visited some years since, all records have been surpassed. Over 400 maskinonge have been caught there this year, and the season ought to be at its best just now.

Should any of your readers want specimens of the black squirrel, I have no doubt that Mr. James Munro, of this city, can furnish a few. R. S. B.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE LAKE WENTWORTH BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Thinking that my brother anglers would be interested in a few lines told of a day's bass fishing in Lake Wentworth, I have presumed on your kindness to the extent of writing them.

Seth C. Bassett and Enoch H. Howes, enthusiastic anglers of this city, first called my attention to the fact that good fishing was to be had there, they with two others having taken seventy-six in a day's fishing a couple of months ago, and I made up my mind to try it, still-fishing at that (don't tell Dr. Henshall), as late as Oct. 1, being unable to go before that time.

I left home with my wife (which serves me right, for now I'm "in it" to the extent of buying another rod and automatic on account of that same) Oct. 3, 1895, at 9:30 A. M., and at 1 P. M. arrived in Wolfeborough, N. H. This beautiful village is at the end of a branch of the Northern Division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, four hours from Boston and two hours from North Conway, and has been a favorite summer resort for over forty years, affording accommodations for over a thousand guests. The view is one of great beauty, and includes the narrow Wolfeborough Bay, beyond whose shining levels the peaks of the Belknap range rise with grand effect, like Vesuvius from the Bay of Naples; the vast blue line of the Ossipee range closes in on the east, and to the northward, beyond the Red Hill's long range, the imposing crests of the Sandwich Mountains cleave the sky. The facilities for boating, riding and fishing are of the best.

A mile or so back from the village is charming Lake Wentworth, five and one-half miles long, two to four miles in width, and endowed with several islands (the largest of which is Stamp Act Island, near the center of the lake, containing about 160 acres) and an abundant store of fish, including landlocked salmon and black bass (*Micropterus dolomei*). On its eastern shore stood Wentworth House, the great feudal mansion of John Wentworth, the last royal governor of New Hampshire, who fled from this fair domain to the British fleet at Portsmouth, bearing Lady Wentworth with him. The house was attacked by patriots in 1775, and burned to the ground in 1820. Six miles distant is Copple Crown, whose summit commands a bird's eye view of Lake Winnepesaukee and its mountain walls, with Chocorua, Mount Washington, Kearsarge, Isles of Shoals, Wachusett and Monadnock.

The human interest of this region is hardly less than that which lends such fascination to similar localities in the Old World, and among the many natural beauties of this "Switzerland of America" its lakes and rivers command a noble and lasting place. From the placid loveliness of the lowland ponds, environed by grassy hills and rich farmlands, to the wild picturesqueness of the lakes of the far North, where the wild cry of the loon is heard by night and the deer and moose come down to drink, there is nearly every variety of water scenery and of attractions for the lover of nature and of the sportsman. Lowell, Thoreau, Everett, Bartol, Starr King, Winthrop and other foremost leaders of American thought and action have here found abundant themes for study and inspiration.

But to return to my fish story. On our arrival at the village we sought the hospitable roof of Mr. W. D. Hersey, to whom we had been referred by Mr. Bassett, and found there a warm welcome when we made known that we were anglers. We had written Mrs. Hersey a few days before of our intended trip, but the letter had been mis-sent, which, however, made no difference to the good old lady, who did everything to make our visit pleasant. We at once made inquiry for a guide, and were fortunate in finding as good a one as man need have—one silent and willing, two of the most important requisites in a guide, to my mind. Such an one we found in Phil Marden. He has a good fleet of boats, plenty of nice tackle (if a man happens along destitute), a good boat house, a bait tank well stocked, and Phil knows the fishing grounds as a father knows his children, having been on the lake thirteen seasons. (N. B.—His address is Wolfeborough Falls, N. H.)

At 4 o'clock we started for the fishing grounds near the center of the lake, just south of Stamp Act Island, near which Walter H. Goss, our popular jeweler, has a beautiful cottage, erected on an island of about an acre in area. I was equipped with an 8oz. lancewood. Bass will leap (Dr. Ellzey to the contrary notwithstanding), and of all the fish that I gathered in on that trip not less than three-fourths of them did leap, some of them more than once, and from 1ft to 3ft. from the water, as many of my brother anglers will readily believe. It was my wife's first trip after bass, and she would like to tell Dr. Ellzey of the many beautiful sights that gladdened her eyes on that delightful outing.

Soon after dropping anchor Phil had a minnow on my No. 2. A minute later I had a strike, the game heading for a great rock that showed near the surface of the water a short distance from our anchorage. It looked as though he had gone under it for a couple of minutes, and Phil remarked, "I guess he's under it all right." But he wasn't, and failing in doing so darted for the anchor rope, bass like; but after a few minutes' careful handling I swung him round to the side of the boat and Phil passed the net under him, declaring him "game." He weighed a pennyweight under 2lbs., and had leaped from the water twice, once on each side of the boat. That was but the beginning of the sport. We stayed on the ground a little over an hour, but the story need not be told—the runs, the jealous care my automatic took of the slack line given by the fish, the leaps and sulks, and all the devices with which bass are conversant. Phil had said before going out that the bass-fishing season was over—that we should get a few probably—but when we left after an hour's fishing we carried home seven black bass, several weighing nearly 3lbs. Our outing made us relish the delicious meal spread before us by Mother Hersey, and no one knows better than she how it should be done.

In the evening Mr. Hersey and I visited an arm of the lake where boys were shooting muskrats by moonlight, after which we walked down the shore of the bay, which in the beautiful light of the autumn moon shone like a silver sea.

Next morning—after a delightful rest—we were on the lake shortly after sunrise, and the same old story, dear to the heart of every lover of the "gentle art," was repeated, and when we left the lake at 11 o'clock I had a string of fourteen bass, comparing well in size with the catch of yesterday, and Phil remarked that it was a catch of which I might well be proud.

At 4 o'clock we bade good-by to our friends at Wolfeborough, after one of the most delightful outings we have ever taken. It was one of the most beautiful days of early autumn, and the balmy air, the glorious sunset behind the grand old peaks of the Mountain State, left an impression upon me that I shall never forget, and returned me to desk and pen a rested and a better man.

> "To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language; for his gayer hours
> She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
> And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
> Into his darker musings with a mild
> And healing sympathy, that steals away
> Their sharpness ere he is aware."

My wife and I have enjoyed many outings together, but the remembrance of none are more precious or lasting than that of our outing of two days at Lake Wentworth, here pictured by the novice hand of

CAMPEROUT.

HAVERHILL, Mass.

Susquehanna Notes.

MARIETTA, Pa., Oct. 7.—Fishing is excellent in the Susquehanna, although the water is lower than known for many years. At this point good catches of black bass and salmon (pike perch) have been made during the past week. Local fishermen say bass have never bit more readily than at present and the fall fishing promises to be extraordinary.

I have the following records of catches for the week just ended: Messrs. Henry S. Rich and Harry Knipe, 4 salmon and 3 bass. Messrs. Samuel and John Engle, 4 salmon 3½lbs. each and one bass of 4½lbs. Joseph Roberts on the 4th took 44 bass, running small in size. To-day, Oct. 7, Jacob Mumma took 33 bass, 2 salmon and 2 sunfish. The bass run 2½lbs. downward.

Numerous other catches have been made and we are having what, for this place at least, might be termed a piscatorial feast. STEHMAN.

POTOMAC FISHING.

BLACK bass angling in the vicinity of Washington is rounding up in great shape this season. The river is very low, clear as crystal for some time, and the fish readily take the hook, leaving nothing to desire but a few days off and a good supply of bait. For the latter a good many young carp are in use, but about the best minnow now is the silver-sided fresh-water smelt of the Potomac, a toothless jawed fish of good bass-bait size, very common in the river in the vicinity of the long bridge. Some difficulty is experienced in transporting this minnow up stream to the fishing grounds, but those successfully carrying them along are well repaid for the trouble, as the bass are especially fond of them.

A number of the Washington Anglers' Club members have made regular outings for bass, among whom may be mentioned Messrs. Coburn, Fearson, Otterback, Benzler, Einstein, all of them meeting with good success during the past month. Of course, as Benzler says, fishing here is not easy, in fact to be successful requires hard work.

Up the river further, Seneca, Point of Rocks way, and on up to the celebrated Woodmont waters, many bass have made their last struggle for freedom during the past few weeks. Messrs. Curtis and Laird have had their days of fine sport, landing on several occasions good baskets of fish. Mr. M. A. Tappan is now up river with some friends, and on his return we expect to hear glowing accounts of good hunting and fishing.

Salt-water fishing in the lower Potomac and in Chesapeake Bay has been indulged in by hundreds of Washington anglers. Messrs. Newman and Wetzel report fishing so good that they literally "filled the boat."

Fortress Monroe or Old Point Comfort, with its good hotels and fine salt-water fishing, is a Mecca for not only many Washingtonians, but for many tourists from far and wide. Among the good fishes here are the bluefish, salt-water trout or weakfish, tautog, known as blackfish, sheepshead (the writer has seen some very fine specimens of sheepshead brought in from a few miles distant from the wharf), and several choice kinds of the smaller pan fishes. BART.

Black Bass in the Bay of Quinte.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just received from a brother angler, George H. Christy, Esq., of Pittsburg, Pa., with whom I have spent many pleasant days in the past on the Bay of Quinte, but whom I was prevented from joining on his trip this year, the following score card of black bass taken on Oct. 9, 1895, which will show you that my statements in regard to the wealth of these waters during the months of September and October have not been exaggerated.

Date, Oct. 9, 1895. Waters, Baker's Island Flats. Weather, cold and clear. Wind, northwest—moderate. Largest fish, 4½lbs. Total number: A. M. 17, P. M. 16. Total weight, 72lbs. Oarsman, Edward Danny, of Clayton, N. Y. Bait, sour mash shiners.

Maxim: *De minimis Angler non curat.*

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

A Big Bass in the Sound.

ONE day early this week Messrs. Sidney N. Mayer and S. Julien Held, of New York, had an extraordinary piece of fishing luck while trolling, in the water off Rye, N. Y. The fish struck heavily the bloodworms and bait with which they were trolling, about 15ft. from shore, and after a fierce half-hour fight, during which he pulled out about 500ft. of line, he was landed about a quarter of a mile from where he was first struck. Though thoroughly exhausted, he was too large for the landing net and required the assistance of the boatman to lift him from the water. It proved to be a striped bass weighing 31lbs., in length 44in., and in girth 23in. Mr. Mayer was the fortunate fisherman, while Mr. Held looked on. Mr. Mayer will have the fish mounted as a trophy of good luck and rare skill.

Do You Fish?

If so, you may be glad to know that the streams along the line o the Lehigh Valley Railroad have been restocked with many varieties of fish, and it will pay you to visit them if you want good sport. Address Chas. S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, for fu l information.—*Adv.*

Game and Fish Protection.

A New Hampshire Shipper Fined.

NASHUA, N. H., Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Commissioner Wentworth, of this State, made quite a haul yesterday, convicting James Shea, a butcher of Wilton, N. H. of shipping twenty-five partridges out of the State in direct violation of the law. Shea was fined $250 and costs; total, $266.66—quite an expensive operation for Shea. There was no reasonable doubt that nearly all the birds in his possession were snared birds; but that is a more difficult matter to prove, and he was only fined for shipping from the State.

This prosecution will prove a great blow to one of the worst nests of snarers, illegal shooters and shippers that can be found in New England, and reflects great credit on Commissioner Wentworth.

Some slight idea of the great drain from this source can be gained from the fact that this sort of business has been done *sub rosa* for years along the line of the Wilton Railroad, the number of birds running up into the thousands each year; but owing to personal considerations it is nearly impossible to secure evidence enough to cause conviction.

A warrant was issued yesterday for a Frank Stearns, of Lyndeboro, who, it is alleged, furnished Shea with most of the snared birds. Stearns escaped by diving under a horse he was unharnessing just as the officer arrested him. The warrant will be kept though, and he will be promptly arrested if he returns to this part of the country. A warrant was issued to-day for an illegal shipper at Russell's Station, on same line of railroad, and the offender will probably appear in court to-morrow on two distinct complaints.

These are not all the shippers by any means with which we are afflicted, but they are two of the principals, and their

conviction will surely have a very wholesome effect on the rest.

I think I am safe in saying that Commissioner Wentworth has accomplished more in the line of prosecutions than ever has been done in the State before during the same length of time by any one man.

Prior to this considerable time and money have been spent looking up evidence in this particular section, nearly always without avail. We have, however, within the past few days discovered evidence enough to cause great sorrow in the ranks of the poachers, and the end is not yet.

Oct. 9.—A sort of a P. S. to my letter of yesterday. Commissioner Wentworth had the following men before Judge Hoitt this morning, with the results annexed:

Walter A. Russell, Russell's Station. Shipping twenty partridges to Boston. Fine and costs, $220.04. Paid.

G. A. Reynolds, Lyndeboro. Snaring one partridge, $18.50. Paid.

H. M. Stevenson, Lyndeboro. Snaring one partridge. Fine and costs, $18.50. Paid.

The two latter undoubtedly have snared many more birds, but the evidence was not very strong, and as they were willing to plead guilty to one each, it was thought best to accept the plea rather than risk not being able to fully prove a much larger complaint. There are more "on the list."

B.

Non-Residents in Canada.

TWO WEEKS ago Monday morning three representative young men of the Fourteenth Ward, John Pauckner, a brother of Alderman William Pauckner, of No. 68 Alexander street; William Peeters, of No. 28 Cypress street, and Henry Kraashaar, of No. 172 Mt. Hope avenue, left their homes with the intention of spending two or three weeks among the lakes of Upper Canada. It was in the morning when they made their start. The sky was clear and the hearts of the young men were happy as they thought of the sport they were to have across the line. Each one carried a Parker hammerless gun and in their wagon were sundry other articles necessary for campers. They boarded a Central Hudson train and early in the afternoon they were subjected to a rigid examination by the Custom House officials at Suspension Bridge. The official said that after once getting their guns over the border they might shoot as much as they choose.

They went to Peterboro, Ont., by rail, where they stopped for one day, continuing on the next morning to Chemung Lake, nine miles north. Their stay there was brief, and the next day they went to Buckhorn Lake, Deer Bay, camping in the evening at Lovesick Lake. With them the three young men carried a tent, stove and other camping utensils. They were accompanied by three guides and a female cook, whom they had hired at Peterboro at $7.50 per day for the four servants. Remaining at Lovesick Lake four days, the merry party enjoyed themselves hugely. From that place they journed on to Clear Lake. At this juncture the three unsuspecting sportsmen met with trouble. In short, they unintentionally violated one of the laws of the United Kingdom, and contributed $75 to Queen Victoria's pin money. It seems that after Pauckner, Peeters and Kraashaar left Lovesick Lake they took a road leading to Burleigh Falls, a celebrated Canadian watering place. J. H. Holmes, the proprietor of the Burleigh Falls Hotel, greeted them cordially, and the three men purchased a stock of provisions of him, for which they paid the landlord about $10. They spent considerable money at Holmes's hotel, and proceeded on to Clear Lake, reaching that body of water Friday night, Sept. 20. Pitching their tent, the three innocent "Yanks," thoroughly tired, lay on their rude cots and slept the sleep of the just.

The next morning they were up bright and early examining their guns and boats. Unbeknown to them they were preparing to violate a Canadian law, and Landlord Holmes was spying upon them. While at the hotel Pauckner told Holmes that neither himself nor his companions had taken out a license to shoot in Canada, which costs $25, and Holmes volunteered no advice. As soon as they had left the place, however, he hitched up a horse and drove to Lakefield—a village distant about fifteen miles—where he found Postmaster John Coseman, to whom he confided his secret. He said that the three Americans carried guns without a license to shoot game. The postmaster telegraphed to Belleville, eighty-seven miles distant, for Game Warden H. K. Smith. Holmes then returned to his home, congratulating himself that he had made a good day's pay. Game Warden Smith started for Burleigh Falls immediately after receiving the telegram, and on the following Monday morning drove to the shore of Clear Lake. Our three friends were out in a canoe fishing, all unconscious of their danger. Smith was accompanied by his deputy, and catching sight of Pauckner and his two friends out on the water, he jumped into a boat and rowed out to them. He informed the three sportsmen that they were under arrest and showed his commission as game warden and magistrate of the township. The three offenders rowed to the shore with the warden and were tried, convicted and sentenced on the green shores of Clear Lake.

They were charged with shooting without a license, and when Peeters demanded a jury trial he was given the marble heart. Smith declared at first that he would fine each of them $50 and confiscate their guns, which were very valuable, and the ammunition besides. Peeters and Pauckner parleyed with him for nearly an hour, and he finally consented to let the unfortunate Rochesterians off with a fine of $25 each. They paid $75 in cold cash to the warden and went back to their tent to ponder. Smith had not seen the men shoot anything, but he considered five dead partridges which were hanging on the side of their tent as sufficient proof of their guilt. All kinds of game were in season, excepting deer. Smith and his deputy were seen hanging around the lake for three or four days afterward, watching for an opportunity to arrest the Americans again and bleed three more fines from them. One was enough for the unfortunates, however, and during the remaining three days that they stayed on Canadian soil they did not fire a shot.

The Canadian game laws offer a bounty of one-half all fines to any person who gives information to a game warden which will lead to the arrest and conviction of a poacher. Holmes therefore made $37.50 out of his contemptible trick. There were more than twenty-five Rochesterians registered at Mr. Holmes's hotel at the time, and they were justly indignant at the treatment accorded their fellow Americans by the landlord. Several of the guests declared that this will be their last season at the Burleigh Falls Hotel. One man named Ingraham, a Pennsylvania millionaire, stopped at Holmes's hotel two years ago and was treated in exactly the same manner as were Pauckner and his two companions. Ingraham was very indignant and has since built a cottage on Jack's Lake, a few miles distant, where he can fish as much as he likes without being near Holmes, who, Pauckner says, is considered to be the meanest man in Ontario.

The three young men were so downhearted after their unpleasant adventure that they packed up their goods and returned to Peterboro the next night. At that city they became acquainted with John Huffman, proprietor of the Huffman House, who proved a true friend to them. Huffman tried to have the affair investigated, but could do nothing. He declared it to be the most contemptible trick that has been credited to Holmes. Holmes has not eclipsed his past efforts in that line. Pauckner and his two friends returned to Rochester last week, ten days sooner than they had arranged. They feel rather blue and are thoroughly angry at the Canadian Government, and its game wardens in particular. All three men declare that they will never visit Canada again with a view to sport.

The story of the adventures of three Rochester sportsmen in Canada, published in our local columns yesterday, has a moral which we hope will be heeded by every American who in the future finds himself at Burleigh Falls, Ont. This is the moral: "Do not put up at the Burleigh Falls Hotel, J. H. Holmes, proprietor, nor spend a cent in that house under any circumstances."—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 22.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's third annual trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.

Oct. 29.—Assonet Neck, Mass.—New England Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. Arthur R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

Oct. 30-31.—Monongahela Valley Association Trials, Greene county, Pa. W. H. Beazell, Sec'y, Homestead.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S Clark, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 West Twenty-second street, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H. Thompson, Sec'y.

HUNTING.

Nov. 13.—Western Massachusetts Fox Club's meet.

Oct. 15.—Buckfield, Me.—Monmouth Fur Club's third annual meet. Wesley C. Prescott, Sec'y, Monmouth, Me.

Nov. 18.—Owingsville, Ky.—National Fox-Hunter's Association's second annual meet. H. L. Means, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

Oct. 28.—Barre, Mass.—Brunswick Fur Club's meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

1896.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Jan. 20.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. seventh annual trials. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

COURSING.

Oct. 23.—Goodland, Kan.—Altcar Coursing Club's meeting. T. W. Bartels, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Goodland, Kan.—Kenmore Coursing Club's meeting. C. F. Weber, Sec'y.

Northwestern Beagle Club of America.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Following is the list of nominations for the Northwestern Beagle Club's third annual field trials to be held at Columbus, Wis., beginning on Tuesday, Oct. 22:

CLASS A.

For dogs of all ages, 15in. and over 13in., that have not been placed first in any all-age class at any beagle trials held in America.

ROYAL ROVER—G. A. Buckstaff's b., w. and t. dog (Rover—Singer G.).

SPOTTED CHIEF—G. A. Buckstaff's b., w. and t. dog (Krueger's Bob—Pearl Caroline).

KING LEAD—C. Niss, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog (Goodwood Driver—Goodwood Music).

ALDERMAN—H. A. Dillingham's b., w. and t. dog (Krueger's Bob—Fannie).

TONY W.—Louis Steffen's b., w. and t. dog (champion Tony Weller—Topsy S.).

CLASS B.

For bitches of all ages, 15in. and over 13in., that have not been placed first in any all-age class at any beagle trials held in America.

PEARL CAROLINE—C. Niss, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch (Krueger's Judge—Krueger's Pearl).

RUTH C.—H. A. Dillingham's b., w. and t. bitch (Base—Nellie).

NELLIE S.—C. Spellberg's b., w. and t. bitch (Waldo—Flora S.).

FLORA S.—C. Spellberg's b., w. and t. bitch (Prince—Spotty).

LADY E.—R. Engelmann's b., w. and t. bitch (True—Dolly).

PANIC—E. H. Rummele's t., b. and w. bitch (Doc—Peg).

CLASS C.

For dogs and bitches of all ages, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any all-age class at any beagle trials held in America.

SPEEDIE—Dr. A. White's b., w. and t. bitch (Bounce—Nellie).

ROYAL DICK—G. A. Buckstaff's b., w. and t. dog (champion Royal Krueger—Baby W.).

QUEEN SINGER—C. Aiss, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch (Rover—Singer G.).

PHYLLIS—Truman Sear's b., w. and t. bitch (champion Royal Krueger—Flora K.).

PRINCE II.—Theo. Zschetzsche, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog (Brittle—Judy).

CLASS D—DERBY.

For dogs and bitches, 15in. and over 13in., whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1894.

RINGER—R. Engelmann's b., w. and t. dog (True—Dolly.)

RAMROD—R. Englemann's b., w. and t. dog (Black Joe—Flora).

DYKE—Henry Hiller's b., w. and t. dog (Finder II.—Molly).

UNSER FRITZ—G. A. Buckstaff's b., w. and t. dog (Royal Rover—Bess).

TEN SPOT—G. A. Buckstaff's b., w. and t. dog (Jim Lee—Spaedte).

HARK—Louis Steffen's b., w. and t. dog (Lee II.—Daisy B.).

CLASS E—DERBY.

For dogs and bitches, 13in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1894.

OONAH—Truman Sear's w., b. and t. bitch (Sandy—Phyllis).

SPEEDIE—Dr. A. White's b., w. and t. bitch (Bounce—Nellie).

CHAMPION CLASS F.

For dogs and bitches of all ages, 15in. and over 13in., having won a first prize any beagle trial held in America.

MAYFLY—H. A. Dillingham's b., w. and t. bitch (Doc—Peg).

CHAMPION CLASS G.

For dogs and bitches, 13in. and under, having won a first prize at any beagle trial held in America.

JUDY—Theo. Zschetzsche, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch (Spelo—Nell).

The headquarters are at Hotel Whitney; accommodations $1 per day; transportation to and from grounds, round trip, 50 cents per day. LOUIS STEFFEN, Sec'y.

Ranging at Field Trials.

BOSTON.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Brailsford's communication in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 12 is most courteous in its tone and forceful in its good sense. His remarks impressed me as being worthy of the most earnest and respectful attention of American sportsmen. He has ripe experience and sound judgment to draw on for his conclusions. He is acknowledged as being an authority on English field work with dogs and gun, both in cover or open, turnips or moors, the latter being much the same as our prairies, so far as the work and requirements governing a dog's work are under consideration.

Of course we need a dog that will range well, that will range wide and fast, but that is not all of field work. Mr. Brailsford says that on the moors the dogs must range wide and fast, but their range must be controlled and the dog must work under the direction of his breaker or handler. He further in substance says that these rules are elementary and good on the prairies as they are on the moors.

A chief feature of what is called wide ranging is the utter helplessness of the American field trial handler; the dog goes whither it lists. The whistle is going incessantly, with as much result as if it were blown at a runaway horse or locomotive behind time. The handler has no control whatever of the dog in many instances, and in not a few he has to shape his own course more or less by the dog's whims and inclinations. If the dog chooses to hunt out a certain section, the handler has no alternative but hunt there too. It is not an exhibition of work such as the gentleman sportsman would care to adopt for his pleasure afield. Mr. Brailsford has advanced his ideas with gentle courtesy, but they contain the serious principles of true gentlemanly sportsmanship nevertheless. It may be true that we may not desire our dogs broken to precisely the same lines as the dogs are broken in England, but still we should have them broken. No one will deny that there is a difference between proper training and no training at all, or at least a training which is mixed, some details being well taught, other ones quite essential being but partly taught or not at all. That is one reason, in my opinion, why the work of the American dog is of such a peculiar character. The trainer teaches the dog to point well if he can do so, and back after a certain loose and feeble fashion, perhaps imperfectly and indeed perhaps not at all, and the rest of the dog's effort is much accordingly as the dog is pleased to exercise it. The slipshod training is not a matter which the American trainer seems to care to discuss very much. I have read many of their writings, their suggestions on improving field trials and field trial clubs, and quite frank and assertive criticisms on the doings of the judges, but I think I have yet to read a line expressing any dissatisfaction with their own doings, their own skill or the progress of their profession toward improvement. To teach a dog to hunt to the gun properly is no doubt much more laborious than to give him experience in pointing and leaving the rest of the work for the shooter to do: that is, to scurry and chase the dog in his work, as Mr. Brailsford describes in his letter. I for one would like to see American owners take up Mr. Brailsford's ideas for thorough discussion, for they contain the matter of long standing complaint in field trials, and no doubt they are an old grievance with owners who have dogs broken for their own private use.

HUBITE.

Newton Field Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The first meeting of the United States Field Trial Club, to be held in North Carolina Nov. 7 next, promises to be one of the best the club has held. There are a number of young dogs now in training and entered in the Derby, that are reported to be "cracker jacks," and the outlook now is that some high class youngsters will be shown, while the All-Aged Stake will be a veritable battle among giants. Nearly all of the older dogs that have been seen at the trials for the last two seasons and that are eligible to run are entered in those stakes. The accommodations for visitors will be of the best character. The rates will be $2 per day, including the lunch sent out at mid-day. The meeting will be presided over by Dr. N. Rowe, president of the club. For two years the president (owing to ill health) has not been able to attend the club meetings, and all will be gratified to again see him in the saddle. As I shall be on the grounds some days before the opening date, I will with pleasure secure rooms and saddle horses for those who desire it.

W. B. STAFFORD,
Sec'y U. S. F. T. Club.

National Beagle Club.

PREMIUMS and entry blanks for the sixth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club of America are now ready and have been sent to all owners of beagles that are known. Those that have not received any can procure the same by furnishing their address, and the necessary blanks will be forwarded at an early date. Any information desired will be cheerfully supplied. Our trials last year were very successful, and the club hopes that their selection of such well-known judges as Messrs. Turpin and Quynn will be the means of swelling the list of entries to a larger number than ever. The trials begin Nov. 11 and continue every day until finished. Entries close Oct. 19.

Mr. George F. Reed, of Barton, Vermont, has made the liberal offer of a nice bred bitch, not less than three months old, a special prize to the owner of the dog or bitch that marks his or her game best by giving tongue. Donor not to compete. Judges to decide. Other specials will be offered and published in the press later on.

GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

The Whippet Races.

THE whippet races of the Country Club were run at Clyde Park, beginning on Oct. 9. The first event was:

The National handicap, for dogs of any age, owned by members of the Country and New England Kennel clubs.

First Heat.

Owner, name and finish order.	Weight, lbs.	Start, yards.
Oliver Ames, 2d, Ames Flasher, 1	14½	20
Hunnewell & Brooks, Snow, 2	22½	6½
J. Murray Forbes, Spring, 3	19½	10¼
Walter J. Comstock, Paddy, 4	20½	8¾

Winner's time, 12²⅝s.

Second Heat.

Oliver Ames, 2d, Ames Flyer, 1	14	20½
Hunnewell & Brooks, Spot, 2	22½	6½
Walter J. Comstock, Tyrant, 3	22	7
Walter J. Comstock, Blackburn Billy, 4	28	1

Winner's time, 12s.

Final Heat.

Name of whippet:	
Ames Flyer	1
Sport	2
Ames Flasher	3
Snow	Scratched

Winner's time, 12s.

Brookline handicap, for bitches of any age, owned by members of the Country and New England Kennel clubs.

First Heat.

Owner, name and finish order.	Weight, lbs.	Start, yards.
Walter J. Comstock, Mary, 1	13	20
Hunnewell & Brooks, Zip, 2	22½	5½
Oliver Ames 2d, Ames Favorite, 3	15½	13¾

Winner's time, 11⁴⅝s.

Second Heat.

Oliver Ames 2d, Ames Fashion, 1	12½	21¾
Oscar W. Donner, Streak, 2	21½	6½
Walter J. Comstock, Nancy Hanks*	15½	13¾
Walter J. Comstock, Bella*	14½	15¾

* Engaged in fight, did not finish.

Winner's time, 12s. In this heat the winning whippet won with a margin of about 10yds.

Final Heat.

Name of whippet:	
Mary	1
Ames Fashion	2
Zip	3
Streak	4

Winner's time, 11⁴⅝s.

The programme of the day's sports was carried out under the direction of the following officials:

Stewards, Edward Brooks, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., O. W. Donner, Winslow Clark, Allan Forbes, James E. Green, Arthur R. Sharp, Robert F. Perkins, Oliver Ames 2d, James L. Little, Samuel Hammond, Jr., Arthur W. Stedman and A. Hollis White; D. E. Loveland, clerk of course; Frank F. Dole, handicapper and starter; Walter C. Baylies, flag steward; James Mortimer, judge; Francis M. Curtis, clerk of the scales.

Second Day—Thursday, Oct. 10.

The autumn handicap, for dogs of any age, $2 entry fee, with $100 added; 50 per cent. to first, 25 per cent. to second, 15 per cent. to third and 10 per cent to fourth.

First Heat.

Owner, name and finish order.	Weight, lbs.	Start, yds.
Samuel Ford, Buck, scratch	27	2
Samuel Berry, Turpin, 1	25⅞	3½
Harry Mellor, Spider, 2	22	7

Winner's time, 12²⅝s.

Second Heat.

Walter J. Comstock, Tyrant, 3	22	7
Samuel Berry, Bendigo, 3	15⅝	11¾
Oliver Ames 2d, Ames Flasher, 1	14½	20

Winner's time, 12¹⅝s.

Third Heat.

Hunnewell & Brooks, Spot, 2	22½	6½
James Connor, Black Eye, 3	19	11
Robert Bedford, Spring, 1	16	16

Winner's time, 12¹⅝s.

Fourth Heat.

Hunnewell & Brooks, Snow, 2	22½	6½
J. Murray Forbes, Spring, did not finish	19½	10¼
Samuel Berry, Tim Toddie, 1	14⅞	20
Oliver Ames, 2d, Ames Flyer, scratched	14	21½

Winner's time, 12¹⅝s.

Final Heat.

Name of whippet:	
Turpin	4
Ames Flasher	3
Spring	2
Tim Toddie	

Winner's time, 12s.

The Country Club Handicap, for dogs and bitches of any age, owned by members of the Country and New England Kennel clubs, $2 entry, with $100 Cup added, Cup to first, entry fees to second.

First Heat.

Owner, name and finish order.	Weight, lbs.	Start, yds.
Oliver Ames, 2d, Ames Flasher, d, 1	14½	20
Hunnewell & Brooks, Snow, d, 2	22½	6½
Walter J. Comstock, Paddy, d, 3	20½	8¾

Winner's time, 12¹⅝s.

Second Heat.

Oliver Ames, 2d, Ames Flyer, d, 1	14	21½
Hunnewell & Brooks, Spot, d, 2	22½	6½
J. Murray Forbes, Spring, d, 3	19½	10¼

Winner's time, 12²⅝s.

Third Heat.

Walter J. Comstock, Mary, b, 1	13	20
Hunnewell & Brooks, Zip, b, 2	22½	5½
Oliver Ames, Ames Favorite, b, 3	15½	12¾

Winner's time, 12s.

Fourth Heat.

Oliver Ames, 2d, Ames Fashion, b, 1	12½	21¾
Oscar W. Donner, Streak, b, 2	21½	6½

Winner's time, 12⁴⅝s.

Final Heat.

Ames Flyer, d	3
Ames Fashion, b	2
Mary, b	1
Ames Flasher, d	4

Winner's time, 12s.

Third Day—Friday, Oct 11.

The Boston handicap, for bitches of any age, $2 entry, with $100 added, 50% to first, 25% to second, 15% to third, and 10% to fourth:

First Heat.

Owner, name and finish order.	Weight, lbs.	Start, yards.
Oliver Ames, 2d, Ames Fashion, 1	12½	21¾
Hunnewell & Brooks, Zip, 2	22½	5½
Harry Mellor, Nell, 3	16½	13¾

Winner's time, 12¹⅝s.

Second Heat.

Oliver Ames, 2d, Ames Favorite, 1	15½	13¾
O. W. Donner, Streak, 2	21½	6½

Winner's time, 13s.

Final Heat.

Hunnewell & Brooks, Zip, 1	22½	5½
Oliver Ames, 2d, Ames Fashion, 2	12½	21¾
Oliver Ames, 2d, Ames Favorite, 3	15½	13¾
O. W. Donner, Streak, 4	21½	6½

Winner's time, 12¹⅝s.

The Maiden Handicap, open to all, for dog and bitch puppies under 12 months. $2 entry, with $100 added; 50% to first, 25% to second, 15% to third, and 10% to fourth.

First and Final Heat.

	Weight, lbs.	Start, yards.
W. J. Comstock, Fred, 2	19½	10¼
A. E. Hoey, Whisper, 1	14½	17
Samuel Jackson, Little Mary, 3	13	20
P. H. Welch, Trilby, 4	9	34

Winner's time, 12⁴⅝s.

Fourth Day—Saturday, Oct. 12.

The free-for-all handicap, for dogs and bitches of any age, $2 entry, with $100 added; 50 per cent. to first, 25 per cent. to second, 15 per cent. to third and 10 per cent. to fourth.

First Heat.

Owner, name and finish order.	Weight, lbs.	Start, yards.
Oliver Ames 2d, Ames Fashion, b., 1	12½	21¾
Harry Mellor, Nell, b., 2	15½	13¾
Alfred E. Hoey, Whisper, b., 3	14⅜	17
Hunnewell & Brooks, Zip, b., 4	22½	5½

Winner's time, 12¼s.

Second Heat.

Oliver Ames, 2d, Ames Flyer, d., 1	14	21½
Samuel Berry, Turpin, d., 2	25⅞	3½
Hunnewell & Brooks, Spot, d., 3	22½	6½
Harry Mellor, Spider, d., disqualified	22	7

Winner's time, 11¼s.

Third Heat.

Robert Redford, Spring, d., 1	16	16
Oliver Ames, 2d, Ames Flasher, d., 2	14½	20
Samuel Berry, Bendigo, d., 3	18⅝	11¾
Samuel Ford, Buck, d., scratched	27	2

Winner's time, 12⅛s.

Fourth Heat.

Samuel Berry, Tim Toddie, d., 1	14⅞	20
Oscar W. Donner, Streak, b., 2	21½	6½
James Connor, Black Eye, d., 3	19	11
Oliver Ames, 2d, Ames Favorite, b., scratched	15½	13¾

Winner's time, 12¼s.

Fifth Heat.

Thomas Shallcross, Jack, d., 1	18½	11¾
J. Murray Forbes, Spring, d., 2	19½	10¼
Hunnewell & Brooks, Snow, d., disqualified	22½	6½

Winner's time, 13¼s.

Final Heat.

Name of whippet:	
Ames Fashion	1
Tim Toddie	2
Ames Flyer	3
Spring	4
Jack	5

Winner's time, 12s.

The Consolation handicap (post entries), for dogs and bitches of any age not having won any of the above money, $2 entry, with $75 added.

First Heat.

W. J. Comstock's Paddy	1
Hunnewell & Brooks's Snow	2
H. Mellor's Nell	3
Comstock's Blackburn Billy	4

Winner's time, 13s.

Second Heat.

Berry's Bendigo	1
Forbes's Spring	2
Comstock's Tyrant	Disqualified

Winner's time, 13s.

Final Heat.

Comstock's Paddy	1
Forbes's Spring	2
Hunnewell & Brooks's Snow	3
Berry's Bendigo	4

Winner's time, 12¼s.

Vagrant Nell.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some twenty years ago there came into my possession a female hairless Mexican dog. Of far more than average intelligence, sprightly, of a happy disposition, affectionate and beautiful form, I recollect her as a most loving and lovable animal; but she was a natural born runaway, and kept me always guessing—when out of sight—as to her whereabouts.

On at least two occasions she was stolen during her runaway spells, and more by good luck than wit was each time recovered as she was about to be taken by her captors from the city; so to save worry and future trouble, a small but stout steel chain was purchased and securely locked to a well-fitting collar; for be it known that though symmetrical in neck and head as in body, she could free herself from a loosely fitting collar.

A collar and chain were her disgust, and she would when desirous of having a play spell in the yard come and fawn and beg of me, or in fact any one of the family, to have the distasteful object removed, at least for a time, as much as to say, "Please do take these ugly things off of me. They are neither comfortable nor pretty for a nice lady like me to wear."

And when her wishes were complied with, her joy was excessive and evinced by kisses, licking the hands and all joyful canine antics and vocal expressions possible.

But a constant watch was indispensable, for if allowed out of sight but for an instant she was off with the speed of a 2:40 racer, no one could calculate whither; for with all her beauty and natural goodness she was like many people in the world, a born vagrant.

I come now to one of the curious manifestations of genuine dog wit. One beautiful summer evening, as I sat on the garden side veranda of the house, my office boy, who had taken her out for a walk, returned, and as he led her up the walk from the gate she broke away and rushed up to me with almost frantic manifestations of joy, although she had left me only a half hour before with Otto at the opposite end of her chain as her custodian.

Otto reported that during their walk she had been unusually restive, trying repeatedly to get away and once succeeding, leading him a merry chase before recapture.

So amid her supplications I said: "Nell, you have been a very bad girl, so your chain cannot be removed, but you may play in the back yard with it on if you like." Comprehending, perhaps more from the look of severity on my face than from my words, the condition of my mind, she with evident signs of chagrin quietly betook herself out some 15ft. away.

Having nothing in particular to engage me, I watched her as a leisurely smoked my after-dinner cigar.

Soon I noticed (it was just in the dusk of the evening, a time suited to what was happening) that she was busily engaged at the border of one of the flower beds in scraping together perhaps a pile of dirt.

Cautiously making my way—for my curiosity was up—near enough to see what she was doing, I saw a curious sight. So intent was she engaged that I drew very near, near enough to put my hand on her, but she paid not the slightest attention to my presence. She had gathered the chain into a neat little pile and was in the act of burying it with loose dirt from the border of the flower bed. With head bowed low, nose touching the mound, she completed her work. The chain had all disappeared except the few inches reaching to the collar.

For a moment she seemed to note if her work was well done, and then with a glad bound she broke away, supposing that the hated chain had been buried beyond resurrection. But lo! the hated object still clung to her, and I shall never forget the look of pathetic disgust that mantled her face and eyes as she slunk away to her favorite place on the porch.

Poor Nell finally paid the penalty of her vagrant inclinations, as some dog thief evidently captured her.

DR. DENNIS.

The Champion Stake.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was glad to see that excellent letter by Mr. Ed. Dexter and Mr. W. W. Titus in your issue of Sept. 21. Such an association as therein suggested might make an exhibition of what can be done with the highest class shooting dogs that can be bred when trained to the utmost pitch of perfection.

Good shooting dogs are what the public are after; not dogs that require a professional handler to manage them, but ones that do their work without requiring cautioning or coaching of any kind.

Mr. Brailsford, whose thorough knowledge and vast experience are unrivaled, evidently thinks that American dogs are not taught to range as well as they ought to be. Let us consider whether his opinion is correct, or if he is only objecting to a system that differs from what he is accustomed to. We know that there is a vast difference between American and English hunting grounds. No doubt the English system is the best for that country, but have we the best possible system for this one? It seems to me that we have two systems, a field trial system and a shooting dog system. Field trial dogs as a class do not hunt out the ground sufficiently thoroughly, but show what is called their "bird sense" by picking out the most likely places for game and missing the less likely ones. By so doing, no doubt they secure a greater number of points in a given time than they would otherwise do, and are in fact the best sort of dogs one can have, when we have unlimited space and a horse to ride; but when we have neither of these luxuries, I don't think most of us appreciate this sort of ranging.

Shooting dogs, as a class, beat out their ground more thoroughly, but do not range sufficiently wide when they ought to.

Would it not be a good idea for this Field Trial Champion Association to make a specialty of ranging, which is the only weak point that our dogs have. It is only a matter of more careful training, and the result would be that the sporting public would no longer say "that they don't want to shoot over field trial dogs." On the contrary, they would soon find out that they are the most satisfactory kind of shooting dog.

If the field trial dog has any other weakness besides that of not ranging properly, it is want of stamina; so I would suggest that all the first heats should be for four hours, and the subsequent heats no longer than the judges think necessary.

I contend that ranging is the most important part of a dog's education, and requires far more time and skill than everything else put together. It is natural for a dog with brains to find out the places which birds prefer to use, but unnatural for him to study the convenience of the man who wants to shoot them.

C. E. MCMURDO.

A Work on Retrieving.

FETCH AND CARRY, a Treatise on Retrieving, by B. Waters, is intended to cover the full scope of retrieving, from the first attempts of the dog as a pupil to the most finished work to the gun on land or water. It treats the subject as a distinct accomplishment, which it really is, and not a mere incidental branch of the finding dog's education. The two systems in use, the natural method and the force system, are minutely described, and it is shown that these systems when properly applied are largely complementary to each other. Instructions are given on the manner of handling broken retrievers, and on the manner of handling two retrievers at one time so that they will not interfere with each other. Many hints are given to the amateur for his own self-discipline, which will greatly add to his success in training, and the self-restraint inculcated will be of service to him in any calling in life. Many incidental features of retrieving in conjunction with the finding of birds are fully treated, and the advantages and disadvantages of having one dog do the work of finding and retrieving are specially explained. There is no more important part of a dog's work to the gun than is retrieving, whether the shooter is afield for pleasure or profit, and there is no part which as a rule shows such unskillful training and as a natural consequence such slovenly performance. The work contains seventeen chapters, on the following subjects: The Amateur Trainer, The Importance of Retrieving, The Natural Retriever, The Educated Retriever, Implements and Commands, The Natural Method, The Force System, Seeking Dead and Wounded Birds, Incidental Training, Wildfowl Retrieving, The Irish Water Spaniel, The Chesapeake Bay Dog, Handling Retrievers, English Retrievers (by Capt. C. E. McMurdo), Qualities of the Retriever, The Finder-Retriever and The Dog's Mentality. The work is written in plain and simple style, the aim of the author being to convey as much information in as small space as possible. The qualities of a high-class retriever are fully described, the manner of inculcating the accomplishment is minutely explained, the faults of the amateur trainer are frankly told, and the qualities which he should cultivate in himself as a trainer are pointed out, and besides being clearly told how to teach the dog this and that part, he is also told the reasons for it. In short, it covers the whole theory and practice of the art. It is neatly bound in cloth, is illustrated, and contains 124 pages. Price $1.50, postpaid. For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

R.

Providence Show.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in your issue of Oct. 5, containing report of the recent Providence bench show, your reporter mentions Mr. Geo. Thomas's fox-terrier Spinster as the winner at Toronto. I beg leave to refer to report of Toronto show, where my imported bitch Wawaset Lucy won first in open and novice classes.

JAMES FERRIS BELT.

Newburgh Show.

SPARROW'S ROOST, NEWBURGH, N. Y., Oct. 11—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your report of the Newburgh dog show, special mention is made that there were no poodles present. I beg to say that I was given first prize for a black French poodle, Diavolo, by Cidi (challenge) out of Snowball, winner of four prizes in larger shows.

E. NEALE BARKER.



ETHELWYNN.—From Photo by J. S. Johnson, New York. Copyright, 1895.

The American Waterloo Cup.

THIS event, so eagerly looked forward to by American coursers, was begun on Oct. 8, at Huron, S. D., and successfully concluded. Much enthusiasm was displayed by owners and spectators. Mr. Wm. Stephenson, Dinsdale, Iowa, judged and the slipping was done by Mr. Joseph Dodd, Letcher, S. D.

The competition was quite national, representatives being present from the extreme east and west of the United States, though the strongest representation was from the coursing country east of the Rockies.

The greatest interest centered in the main event, the Waterloo cup, for thirty-two greyhounds of all ages at $25 each, $200 added money, making a total of $1,000. The winner gets the cup and $400, the runner up $200; third and fourth, $50 each. The sixteen dogs beaten in the first round have a consolation purse, the winner to receive $100; runner up, $50; third and fourth, $25 each. In addition, there is a plate for the eight dogs beaten in the second ties, $75 and the plate going to the winner, and $25 to the runner up. The first round of the American Waterloo cup resulted as follows:

Fearnot beat Dakota, Master Dennis beat Van Hoop, Van Aafke beat Royal Buck, St. Claire beat Trilby, Diana beat Caliph, Charming May beat Sunol, Bed of Stone beat Major, Prince Fullerton beat Nellie Weed, Frank Green beat Donald, Master Glenkirk beat Raven, Long Odds beat Rangarok, Pearl beat Lady Dedlock, Gilkirk beat Kirkglen, Miller's Rabbie beat Flying Buck, Eleanor beat Yorkshire Lad, and Lucien Swift beat Emin Pasha.

This finished the running of the first day. The weather was exceedingly favorable for coursing and the attendance of spectators was large.

On the second day a strong wind prevailed, the weather on this account being so disagreeable that the spectators were perceptibly lessened in numbers. The second round of the cup and the first round of the American Coursing Derby were run through. The second round of the cup resulted as follows: Fearnot beat Van Aafke, Diana beat Master Dennis, St. Claire beat Charming May, Bed of Stone beat Frank Green, Master Glenkirk beat Prince Fullerton, Pearl beat Long Odds, Sigelkirk beat Miller's Rabbit, Lucien Swift beat Eleanor.

On Thursday the American Waterloo purse, for defeated dogs of the first round, was competed for with the following results in the first round: Dakota beat Van Hoop, Trilby ran a bye, Royal Buck being withdrawn. Sunol beat Caliph, Major and Nellie Week were both withdrawn, Donald beat Raven, Ragnarok beat Lady Dedlock, Kirkglen beat Flying Buck, Emin Pasha beat Yorkshire Lad. In the second round on Friday, Dakota beat Trilby, Sunol ran a bye, Ragnarok beat Donald, Kirkglen ran a bye, Emin Pasha being withdrawn, sick. In the semi-finals Sunol beat Dakota, Kirkglen beat Ragnarok. It was not necessary to run a final course for this stake, as Sunol and Ragnarok belong to the same owner, D. O. Miller, of Oxford, Kan.

Following is the result of the third round for the cup: Diana beat Fearnot, St. Claire beat Bed of Stone, Master Glenkirk beat Pearl, Gilkirk beat Lucien Swift.

The competition for the cup was hotly contested on Friday by the dogs remaining in. The weather was fine, the attendance large. Following are the results: Diana beat St. Claire, and Gilkirk beat Master Glenkirk. In the final Gilkirk beat Diana after a grand course. Gilkirk is owned by Messrs. Arthur Melrose and H. Scott Durbin, two popular young Englishmen.

The American Coursing Derby was for sixteen puppies, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1894; $100 to first; runner up, $50; third and fourth, $17.50. The first round resulted as follows:

Vangundie beat Merry Maid, Miss Muffet beat Glenrosa, Crow Dog beat Hot Stuff, Minneapolis beat Colonel D., Rochester beat Iceland, Volusia beat Wayfarer, Van Brulie and Indianapolis ran a bye, San Joaquin being withdrawn sick; Vanbree beat Banker.

In the second round Vangundie beat Miss Muffet, Minneapolis beat Crow Dog, Rochester beat Van Brulie, Van Bree beat Volusia. Of these, Rochester and Minneapolis are owned by N. P. Whiting, of Minneapolis, and the two others by Dr. Q. Van Hummell, of Indianapolis.

In the semi-finals, Minneapolis beat Vangundie, and Van Bree beat Rochester. In the final, Minneapolis beat Van Bree decisively, and won first.

The result of the competition for the plate for eight dogs beaten in the second round was as follows:

Master Dennis beat Van Aafke, Frank Green beat Charming May, Long Odds beat Prince Fullerton, Miller's Rabbie beat Eleanor. Second Round—Frank Green beat Master Dennis, Miller's Rabbie beat Long Odds. Frank Green won the final heat after a somewhat unsatisfactory course.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The well-known St. Bernard dog Melrose King (Alton—Judith) was recently purchased by Mr. Robert H. Burrows, East Orange, N. J., of Mr. E. H. Moore, owner of the Melrose Kennels. Mr. Burrows is owner of the Seaforth Kennels, a kennel devoted to St. Bernards, of which high type and the best quality are conspicuous features. The acquisition of this valuable dog will greatly add to the merits of the kennel. Melrose King has won high honors in the prize ring and distinguished himself as a stud dog. Mr. Burrows is energetic and intends that Melrose King shall have the best of opportunities in the stud, so that much may be expected of him in the future. He is of the same litter as Alton, Jr., a litter of great prize winners and dogs of high quality. Mr. Burrows informs us that the price is a large one. In our business columns will be found the advertisement of the Seaforth Kennels.

Mr. Geo. Laick, Tarrytown, N. Y., under date of Oct. 12, writes us as follows: About a month ago I sent a beagle dog to Mr. Daniel F. Summers, Thorndale, Pa., to be prepared for the National Beagle Club's field trials. I have since received word from Mr. Summers that the dog got away from him while in the woods. The dog answers to the name Sport, is about 12½in. high, is a very well formed good specimen of a beagle, has tan head and ears (tan on head and ears not very dark), white stripe on face running a little to one side on forehead; body nearly all black and tan except neck, legs and belly. Should any one of your many readers hear of the whereabouts of my dog they would confer a great favor by notifying Mr. Daniel F. Summers or myself.

A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass., offers beagles for sale and at stud. A. Bradbury, Monument Beach, Mass., offers trained pointer. Box 77, Waterville, N. Y., offers rabbit dog and setter. J. M. Kelly, Montrose, Pa., offers Gordon setter. Chas. H. Mills, Baltimore, Md., offers setters, one broken. Edwin W. Fiske, Mount Vernon, N. Y., offers cockers. James Baird, New Haven, Conn., offers broken setter.

Mr. Fred G. Browning, Tarrytown, N. Y., writes us as follows:

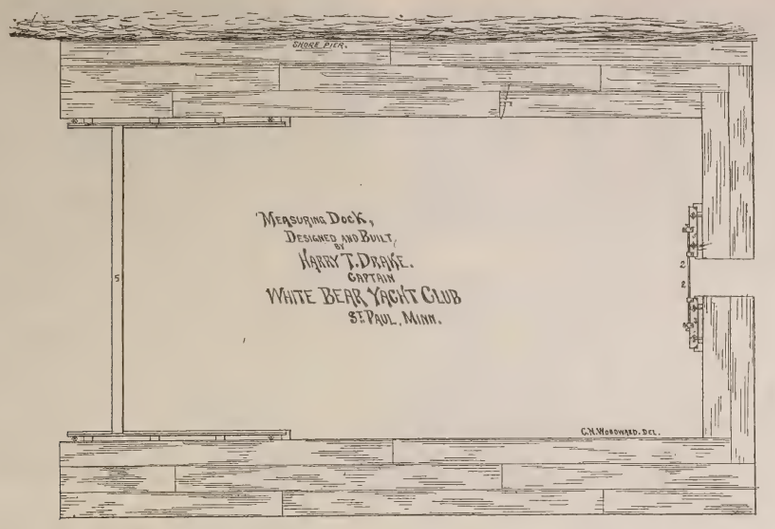
"Ripon Stormer (27,800) has been sold by the Mere Kennels, of Tarrytown, N. Y., to Mr. Fred H. Bowersock, of Lawrence, Kan., who is going in extensively for fox-terriers. 'Stormer' was first in challenge class at the late Danbury show, and has yet several more years of usefulness before him. In the West he should be well nigh invincible."

Mr. W. H. McQuoid, Middletown, N. Y., has purchased of Mr. George N. Clemson the English setter dog Kingston, bred by Messrs. Avent and Thayer. Kingston won second in the E. F. T. C.'s Derby, and third in the Manitoba Field Trials, 1892. Mr. McQuoid has placed him in the stud for the convenience of Northern breeders, and his announcement will be found in our buisness columns.

The *Herald* of Oct. 15 relates a mad dog story of uncommon weirdness. It had a scare head, though the story itself was short, shorter than the scare head. Twelve laborers, the story goes, were eating in a shanty at Jerome Park "when a mastiff darted through the door and sprang snarling on the table. Foam dripped from his jaws, and he snapped savagely at the terrified men." One man was wounded in twenty places, then the mad dog was driven off. Observe that the "mastiff" foamed at the mouth. The daily reporter never leaves off the foam. A dog suffering from rabies does not foam, but without foam the reporter's story would be forceless. But, withal, who will now dare say that thirteen at table is not an unlucky number?



SPRUCE IV.—From a Photo by J. S. Johnson, New York.



Yachting.

In commenting on the Spruce-Ethelwynn races, the *Yachtsman* says: "To liken small things to great, Mr. J. A. Brand has been no more fortunate with Spruce IV. than was Valkyrie III. It is to be regretted that the main point of similarity in these two series of international sailing races is that there has been a protest in each case, and in each case has the protest been decided in favor of the defending boat. Mr. Brand's protest against Ethelwynn was on the score of a breach of the sailing rules, and if we are to believe the cabled reports, the manner of settling it was simplicity itself. The sailing committee declined to uphold the protest because the alleged foul sailing was unobserved by them." The *Yachtsman* should know well by this time that the first cabled reports are in no way worthy of credence; and in justice to a committee that has done everything possible to comply with the wishes of the challenger, might have withheld its ungenerous comments until the facts were known. Mr. Brand's double claim, resting in each case on a matter of distance, as no contact of the boats took place, was supported only by his statement, and was opposed by an equally positive denial on the part of Mr. Ball that Ethelwynn was at any time near enough to interfere with Spruce. The two parties being equally trustworthy and equally competent to judge distance, and their statements differing diametrically, it then rested with the protesting party to furnish corroborative proof of his statement. This he could not do, and the protest was then of necessity dismissed. Up to the time of writing the *Yachtsman* was evidently in ignorance of Mr. Brand's additional protests.

Apart from the intense animosity displayed in these letters and others of British origin, even worse if possible than that blustering abuse which characterizes some American papers, and which we have repeatedly condemned, most of the British criticisms display a lamentable ignorance of simple, every-day facts. We have no taste for an international contest in abuse and vituperation, and it would be absurd to attempt a sober technical argument with men who assume from the start that the Sandy Hook Lightship is moored inside of New York Harbor; that the Cup races are started with a 10-minute interval in which to cross the line, or that Capt. Haff is a Swede or Norwegian.

Yachtsmen may remember a letter which appeared in a leading New York paper immediately after the last Cup race in 1893, in which, over the signature of a yacht owner and a member of the New York Y. C., a number of extraordinary and most untruthful statements were made. The sequel came a week or two later, when the writer of this epistle was declared insane and confined in an asylum. We are reminded of this case by several anonymous letters in the last issue of the *Field*, in which the violent and abusive tone and many misstatements suggest a similar origin.

An order for a racing 15-footer for next year has already been placed with Gardner & Cox by Vice-Com. T. J. Preston, Jr., of the Passaic River Y. C. The Montreal yachtsmen have taken up the idea eagerly and are already planning a number of new boats. A challenge from Mr. Brand is also a certainty, so there is every prospect of good racing in the class for the coming season.

We feel that under the circumstances we owe the fullest possible apology to the *Yachtsman* for attributing to it the blundering and inaccurate "history" of the America's Cup which has recently appeared in the *Yachting World*. We can only plead in excuse the necessary hurry and worry under which our work was done during the week of the Cup races, and which led to the involuntary substitution of one title for the other.

The New Y. R. A. Rule.

From this time forth all the British yacht designers will begin to work under the new rule finally adopted last June, and which we fully described in our issue of June 22. The rule under which the later British yachts have been designed, adopted in 1887, is as follows:

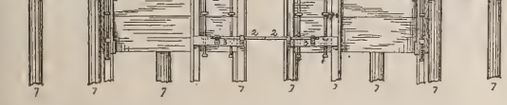
$$\frac{L. \times S.A.}{6000} = R.$$

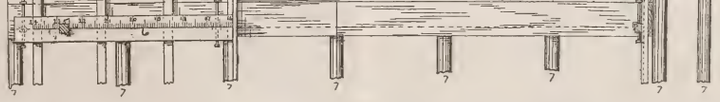
The rating of a yacht is obtained by multiplying the length on waterline by the sail area, and dividing the product by the constant number 6000, the result being a measurement in cubical units approximating to the old Thames tonnage. In this method of measurement the sail area is calculated from the drawings of the sail plans, such topsails, working, sprit or club, as are carried being included in the measurement. The established rating classes and the varying proportions of length and sail found in practice were as follows:

½-rating.....16ft. l.w.l.× 163sq. ft. sail to 17ft. l.w.l.× 178sq. ft. sail.
1-rating.....18ft. l.w.l.× 334sq. ft. sail to 20ft. l.w.l.× 300sq. ft. sail.
2½ rating.....25ft. l.w.l.× 600sq. ft. sail to 28ft. l.w.l.× 536sq. ft. sail.
5-rating.....28ft. l.w.l.×1071sq. ft. sail to 33ft. l.w.l.× 909sq. ft. sail.
10-rating.....34ft. l.w.l.×1765sq. ft sail to 36ft. l.w.l.×1666sq. ft. sail.
20-rating.....45.5 l.w.l.×2637sq. ft. sail to 46.5 l.w.l.×2580sq. ft. sail.
40-rating.....59ft. l.w.l.×4087sq. ft.
60-rating.....64ft. l.w.l.×5625sq. ft. sail to 68ft. l.w.l.×5294sq. ft. sail.

The new rule is $\frac{L. + B. + .75\,G. + .5\sqrt{S.A.}}{2} = \text{Linear Rating.}$

"Linear Rating," so called, is the racing length expressed in feet.
In this formula:
L=Length on l.w.l. as now measured.
B=Greatest beam wherever found.
G=Under-water girth of the vessel from l.w.l. to l.w.l., taken at .6 of the load waterline from its fore end and measured along the actual outline of the vertical cross section at that station. If the draft forward of that station exceeds the draft at that station, twice such excess to be added to G. In the case of centerboards the extreme drop of the board to be multiplied by 1.5 and added to G. In taking these measurements all hollows in the fore and aft under-water profile of the vessel and centerboards to be treated as filled up straight. Bulb or ballasted boards to be measured in the same way as fixed or finkeels.
S. A.=Sail area.





The following classification has been adopted to accompany the rule:

NEW. (Linear) Rating.	OLD. Rating under existing rule.
18ft. rating.	0.5 rating.
24ft. "	1.0 "
30ft. "	2.5 "
36ft. "	5.0 "
42ft. "	10.0 "
52ft. "	20.0 "
65ft. "	40.0 "

The question of the practical working of the new rule is a very important one, and only time can tell what the resulting type will be in the various classes. The following from an English local paper, the *East Anglican Times*, is interesting as showing the opinions of experts in the small classes:

"A meeting of gentlemen representing the racing interests in the 1-rating and 0.5-rating classes on the Thames, the Crouch, the Orwell and the East Coast was convened at the Great Eastern Hotel, Liverpool street, London, on Sept. 20, for the purpose of considering the effect of the new Y. R. A. rating rule, and to ascertain the views of the meeting as to the adoption of the old or new rating rule for next season. The chair was taken by Mr. Graham Robinson, and among those present were Mr. Edward Packard, Jr., Mr. E. T. Packard (who convened the meeting), Mr. W. P. Burton, Mr. A. E. Sidgwick, Capt. Eaves, Mr. Sidney Turner, Mr. Frost Smith, Mr. J. F. G. Winser, Mr. Geo. Terrell, Mr. Linton Hope, Mr. H. W. Ridsdale, etc. The chairman, in opening the proceedings, pointed out that it was not yet fully understood what the effect of the new rule would be, and he himself did not quite follow what it was likely to eventuate in. If the upholders of the new rule could show that it was likely to produce a better type of boat, then that would be a very strong argument in its favor; but if, on the other hand, they could not see that it would do so, it was possible that they would not care for a change, but rather 'bear the ills they had than fly to others they knew not of.' Mr. E. T. Packard formally opened the discussion by calling upon Mr. Linton Hope to deliver an address. Mr. Hope, on rising, said he would do his best to demonstrate what type of boat would probably be evolved under the new rule, but of course he could only speak roughly, as it was impossible at present to tell how it would turn out. He exhibited to the meeting two designs which he said might be built to come under the new 18ft. class—one a deep-bodied boat, carrying about 320ft. of sail area; and the other of the 'skimming dish' type, with rather less sail. Both were about 18ft. on the waterline. In comparing the two, he said that in ordinary weather the 'skimming dish' would be almost certain to beat the deeper boat, but in very light winds the latter would most probably win. The displacement of the larger boat would be 1,900lbs., and the smaller (the 'skimming dish') about 1,000lbs. The class of boat which the new rule would hit hardest was the 'fin-bulb,' and in his opinion the 'skimming dish' type was favored. Hence, boats built under the 18ft. class would be about the same size as the present 1-raters. As to the relative cost of the two boats, the deeper boat would be considerably more expensive. Questioned as to how dagger plates would be affected, he replied that they were still possible, but would be much shallower, and consequently wider. When 'housed' they would come up some distance above the deck line. He then exhibited drawings under the 24ft. class. Here again he took as examples of the extreme type two boats—one of considerable displacement, 21ft. on the waterline with 600ft. of sail, displacing three tons, and Thames measurement five tons; and the other, of very little displacement, and carrying rather less sail, with more beam. As in the 18ft. class, he considered that the smaller boat would beat the larger in anything but a very light wind, but the latter would naturally be much more expensive, and would, perhaps, cost £250.—Mr. H. W. Ridsdale, who followed, thought that the most desirable point of the new rule was that every type would be built. It had been said that the new boats would be much larger than the old, but after all he considered size to mean the value they could get for their money, and under the new rule they would get good value. As to their relative speed, no doubt the 'skimming dish' was capable of greater speed, but not greater average speed. This was exemplified by the races between the Britannia and the Vigilant and Satanita, the two latter having admittedly greater speed, but every one knew which was really the best boat.

"Mr. Frost Smith spoke in support of the new rule. He doubted very much whether it would produce boats of such extreme dimensions as Mr. Linton Hope had suggested. He thought by adopting the new rule they would induce a great many more yachtsmen to go in for racing. He mentioned that he was present at the meeting of the Y. R. A., when the matter was thoroughly threshed out, and what appeared to be the opinion of the meeting was that they did not want excessive speed at the expense of the other qualities of their boats. The chairman stated that in reply to the circular sent out there were sixty-five replies, thirty-five being in favor of the new rule and thirty in favor of the old rule. Mr. Terrell considered on the whole it would be better to adopt the new rule, and regretted that it would seem to interfere with vested interests. Mr. Rouse also spoke in favor of the new rule. Mr. E. Packard, Jr., remarked that whenever a new rule was passed some one was bound to suffer; but, as one of the oldest members of the Y. R. A., he was jealous of the position which that body occupied, and he was quite sure that the efforts of the Y. R. A. in promoting sport had met with the approval of the yachting community at large. This attempt to introduce a rule which should get rid of some old extreme types of larger boats they all hoped might be successful in promoting a better type of boat than could be produced under the old rule, but he dissented from the views of the last speaker as to vested interests. He had seen racing on the Clyde, the Solent and the East Coast, and his experience was that boats like the White Rose and the Arlette were admirable cruisers, and could beat the 'skimming dishes' as frequently as the latter could beat them. He hoped that the conclusion of that meeting would be to refer the question to the Y. R. A. to carefully consider as to the size of the boats evolved under the new rule, and whether the limit of 24ft. was the most desirable one. He hoped that they would fix the limit of the two classes so as to make the size and expense practically about the same as at present.—Mr. W. P. Burton recommended that a new class of about 15ft. should be established to take the place of the present 0.5-raters. He considered that the new rule quite upset the existing classes.—Mr. E. T. Packard entirely agreed with Mr. Burton's suggestion. He believed he was right in saying that the Y. R. A. intended the new 24ft. and 18ft. classes to take the place of 1 rater and 0.5-raters, but it was clear that the rules applying to those classes would have to be altered for the new rule, since it would be quite impossible for three hands to manage a 24ft. boat, and still less could two hands manage an 18ft. boat.—After a little further discussion, the chairman put it to the meeting whether the new or old rule should be adopted, and, only one dissentient, it was decided to adopt the new rule.—Mr. W. P. Burton then proposed, 'That the Y. R. A. be asked to reconsider the number of hands allowed in the 24ft. and 18ft. classes, and that this meeting suggests the number of four hands in the 24ft. class, and three hands in the 18ft. class. Further, that a 14ft. or 15ft. class be recognized by the Y. R. A., with a crew limit of two hands.'—Mr. Linton Hope seconded the motion, which was carried by an overwhelming majority.—It was further resolved, by eleven votes to four, 'To request the Y. R. A. to consider the desirability of appointing a sub-committee to adjudicate and legislate upon the classes of 24ft rating and under.'—Votes of thanks to the chairman and to the convener of the meeting (Mr. E. T. Packard) concluded the proceedings."

A Measuring Dock for Yachts.

The measuring dock here illustrated was designed and built for the White Bear Y. C., of St. Paul, Minn., by Harry T. Drake, captain of the club. It is well adapted for the accurate measurement of length in any manner, and especially for the measurement on a line parallel to and at some distance above the water. It is of inexpensive construction, and where the tide does not prevent it will be found most useful in clubs having many small yachts. Following are the specifications:

1. Opening for stem of boat to lie in without interfering with bobstay or rigging in any way.
2. Sliding bars that can be adjusted to the point where the cutwater intersects the water, or 2in. above it, as in the White Bear Y. C., or more.
3. Wooden supports for bars 2-2, which are lowered or raised to the desired position by means of the set screws, 4-4-4-4, which pass through lugs in the pier.
4. Set screws for raising or lowering the pieces at the bow and the scale 6.
5. Piece of 4×4 straight timber, the ends of which rest on and are supported by scale 6 and which is moved along on the scale until it comes in contact with the boat when properly trimmed, showing her exact length on the water or 2in. or more above, as the rule may require. It is not attached to anything, so that it may be removed when the boat enters the slip; then it may be put on the scale and shoved or slid along until contact is made with the boat, the stem having been placed and held in position at both ends until the length is officially announced.
6. Scale, one on either side, marked in feet and inches from 16ft. to 24ft., there being no boats shorter or longer than that in the club.
7. Pier supports.

The measurer has used his discretion in placing the ballast, but an arbitrary rule proposed by Dr. James M. Welch is a good one: Find the length of the boat on the water when light in smooth water, then make an indelible mark inside of the boat across the floor $\frac{1}{15}$ abaft the center of the light waterline, then place the required ballast on or as near that mark as possible, then measure the load waterline.

In practice $\frac{1}{15}$ abaft the center is near the center of buoyancy of most of the boats.

The Ends of Up-to-Date Yachting.

Irving Cox, in New York Sun.

With the miserable fiasco of the America's Cup races of 1895 fresh in our minds, and with an apparently *bona fide* notification of a challenge for 1896 in the hands of the New York Yacht Club, I would like to make a few remarks on the present yachting situation.

There is no doubt that every effort was made to render the Valkyrie-Defender races a brilliant success and a fitting close to an interesting racing season.

That they were not successful was largely due, no doubt, to the mistaken action of Lord Dunraven in withdrawing Valkyrie.

Yet, after all, were not the conditions, although equally fair for the American and English boats, in a large measure to blame for the complication? Strip the whole question of its mazy conditions and restrictions, and what do we find was the intent in challenging and accepting the challenge for a race between English and American boats? Simply and solely to test the relative speed of the yachts of the two countries, and incidentally to defend and win the America's Cup.

After nearly a year of the most far-reaching and lucid discussion, after the expenditure of at least half a million dollars, after infinite care in preparation and wonderful skill in designing and building two boats for this purpose, what is the result? The conditions are so manifestly unfair, says Dunraven, that unless your honorable committee will guarantee that no one shall use the Atlantic Ocean until I am entirely through with it, I shall be forced to withdraw Valkyrie and go home.

There is no need of going over past history. We all know that Dunraven was wrong, and he is probably in a fair way to that conclusion by this time himself. I say, however, that had it not been for the fact that all our late cup races have been—like the Westerner's cure for chills, one grain of quinine in a quart of whisky—one grain of racing in a quart of words, Dunraven would never have dared to quibble out of a race of such importance, trusting to word pictures to hide the fact that he came over here to race and didn't.

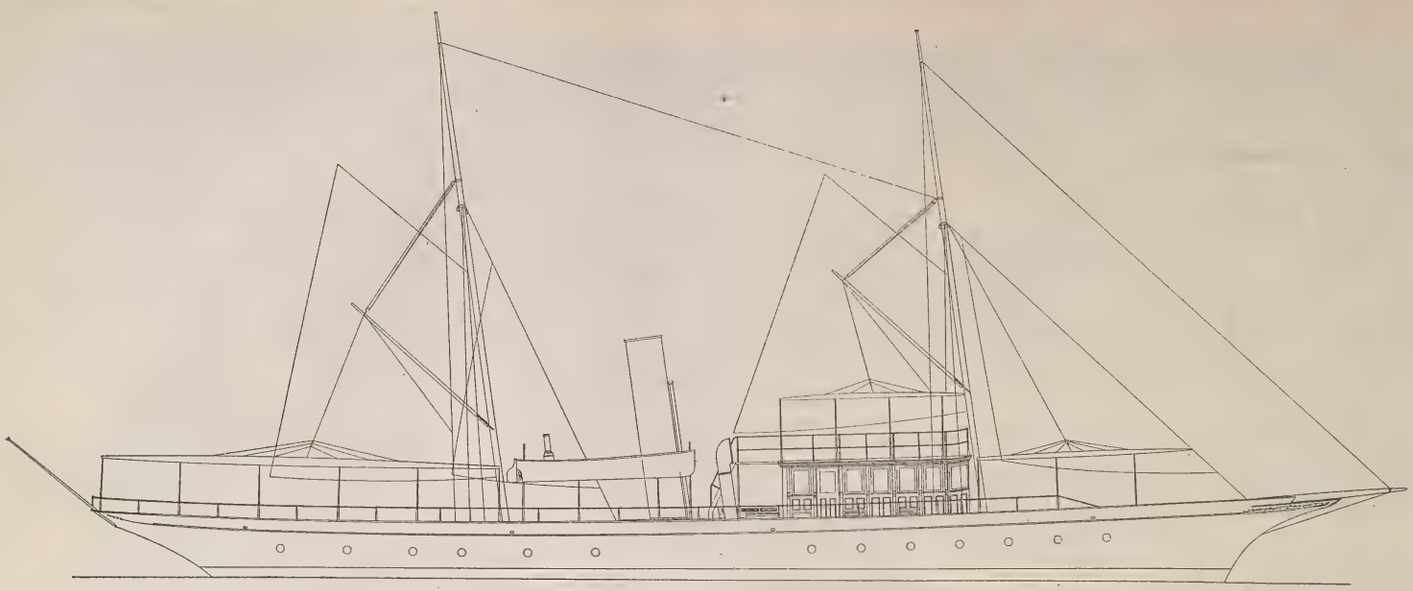
One day could have settled the question, boat against boat and the devil to see fair play in the absence of other referees. But no; the conditions of the deed of gift, or of letter No. 2,186, folio 87, prevented it. Now, what we want to do next time is to avoid the sickening mass of conditions, destroying the deed of gift and the America's Cup as well, if necessary, to that end, and have a race—I repeat, have a race; which on reflection must seem reasonable to us all.

We have reached a very delicate point in sailing yacht architecture and we should walk with open eyes. For the first time in the history of the Cup races the boat built in this country to defend was narrower and deeper than the challenger. Watson made a radical departure in favor of more beam and sail, while Herreshoff took the opposite course and developed a much deeper and narrower boat than Vigilant, the successful defender of two years ago.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that Herreshoff copied Watson or that Watson copied Herreshoff; in fact, I have no doubt that each reached his results independently of the other, and as a logical sequence of the behavior of former boats of their own; but still facts are facts.

Were the spirit of the late Edward Burgess to return to this world and be shown Defender and Valkyrie III. side by side, he would without doubt think Valkyrie III. was the American representative and Defender the English.

This truly remarkable state of affairs is worth studying, for in these days of exact methods nothing in the make-up of a racing yacht is left to chance, but all is carefully worked out, and the results proved.



ALCEDO—STEAM YACHT—Designed by Waterhouse & Chesebrough, 1895.

Taking up the subject of the first modern international race, that of Genesta and Puritan, we find the two types as distinct as possible, Genesta, the challenger, being best described by that now most obsolete term, cutter, narrow and deep, while Puritan was an American sloop in her entirety, although English influence could be seen in her rig and method of ballasting. Pictures taken of these boats in dry dock show plainly the marked difference in form and type, and also show, when compared with Valkyrie III. and Defender, wherein lies one of the greatest evils of our modern successful racing yachts, which is the small amount of under-water body when compared with boats of only a few years ago, like Puritan.

Even Puritan, although of much less displacement than Genesta, shows up as a roomy and comfortable craft: one that might be and probably would have been built if there had never been such a thing as international racing. Can one honestly say the same of Defender, with her aluminum construction, her immense draft, prohibiting ordinary summer cruising, and her lack of room below, and her extremely costly construction?

I think not, and while I appreciate the patriotic spirit that induced the Defender syndicate to spare no expense to retain the America's Cup, and the genius of Herreshoff in evolving such a perfect racing machine, I can but feel that it has been talent and money, if not wasted, not well spent.

Puritan was no more like Genesta than chalk is like cheese. She was broad and moderately shallow, with only about thirty-seven tons of ballast, mostly used inside, and depending on form very considerably for stability. Genesta was a much bulkier boat, with over seventy tons of lead outside and no stability due to form—very much narrower and deeper.

We must remember that although we defeated Genesta, we yet had to change our type to do it. Every one knows who knows anything at all about racing in England during the five years preceding the Genesta's challenge, that England was ahead of us in the building and general design of racing yachts. They had greater speed, they had better rigging and sails, and they were much better built. Puritan was a distinct improvement, but it must be confessed that her points of superiority over existing American boats were for the most part points of similarity with the English craft of her time.

Both Puritan and Genesta were boats that while a trifle large were still one-man boats and not syndicators. They cost between $20,000 and $30,000 to build and were good cruisers when not racing. Genesta when compared to Valkyrie III. was not much over half as wide, 15ft. against 27. Yet on 83ft. waterline length she is a heavier boat than Valkyrie and had more inside room available. I mean she was far more heavily built and carried a rig that she could swing in a race or across the Atlantic, either one. True, Valkyrie has the advantage of greater beam, but aside from that I pronounce Genesta the more sensible boat of the two and challenge criticism on my statement. If we compare Puritan and Defender the result is the same. Puritan is a sensible boat; Defender is an expensive freak and nothing more; fast, seaworthy and beautiful, but yet far from the boat that a man would build if no other boats were ready to beat him.

Compare the section of Puritan with its slightly hollow garboard, its light draft, with the wine glass which represents the modern idea of all that a yacht should be. Remember that Defender cost about five times as much, and then say that yacht designing has progressed along sensible lines if you can. For my part, I deny it.

There is one thing that we all seem to forget in dealing with the question of yacht racing—or rather, two things.

One is that the racing of sailing yachts is a sport that has outlived its days of usefulness, and is now very much as archery when firearms came in, standing on very precarious footing, and liable to be wiped out by the improvement in steam yachting unless nursed very carefully.

The other point is that speed in sailing yachts is relative, not absolute; in other words, it is the distance by which one boat beats another in a race, and not the absolute speed made by either during that race, that shows the superiority and makes a fast or a slow boat.

A better race is had and a much more interesting one when two boats sail at an average speed of four miles per hour, one winning by a few seconds, than when they sail at a fifteen mile galt and one wins by ten minutes. Speed is a good thing, and so long as we sacrifice nothing of value to it let us have speed to the last second by all means, but we must remember that there is absolutely no use in building boats that are uncomfortable and very costly to build unless some object is to be really gained by it, and not a few seconds' or even minutes' speed at the sacrifice of a whole summer's comfort.

The whole system of yacht building and racing is radically wrong, judging from the standpoint of sport. From the naval architect's point of view everything is lovely, and we are making rapid strides toward the perfect boat of the future—all lead, draft, sail and cost, with no body.

Just think for a moment. Eight or ten years ago if a man wanted sport on the water and had a little money to spare, say two or three thousand dollars, he could build or buy the equivalent of our modern 40-footer, only a larger and roomier boat. With her he could have all the racing he wanted and could calculate on four or five seasons' use at the very least before his boat was really outbuilt and obsolete. Now the most he could do for the money would be a 25ft. fin-keel, with scarcely room enough aboard to hide a broad-brimmed straw hat in case of a squall. True, the little boat is most beautifully designed and constructed, and would, in a race, have no difficulty in disposing of the big, roomy centerboard of former days. But what of that?

As I said before, speed is relative, not absolute, in sailing yachts, and had the fin-keel never been evolved the old centerboard would be just as good a racer as her modern sister. Of course, as in everything else, there is a great deal to say on the other side of the question. The modern boats are marvels of beauty in design and construction, and, due to the great care required in their construction, the workmanship of the average yacht builder has greatly improved, and also his knowledge of the various problems to be met in building a boat, so that we see no more of the dismal failures due to an absolute lack of knowledge.

Then, again, the new boats are uncapsizable and very weatherly, and if you do get caught in a blow you are safe if not comfortable. What I have tried to show is that we have gone too far in the matter of speed and have nearly spoiled yachting by so doing. Our boats are too deep for our harbors, too expensive for our pockets, and in all except the very larger classes too uncomfortable and cramped for our families to take any pleasure in cruising, so that yacht racing is, under the present auspices, doing harm to the sport of yachting and really threatens its practical death as the amusement of many. This must not be. Yachting and yacht racing, almost the only sports that belong to the class of *bona fide* amateur sports, must not be relegated to the ranks of professionalism. The remedy is plain if we would but use our common sense and grasp it. Let us simply get together and settle upon a model which shall represent the ideas of all our naval architects and be at the same time a sensible type of boat. Then let each yacht club duplicate this model and lines and state in their race programmes that no competing yacht shall deviate more than 10 or 12 per cent. from the standard so set. It may be said that this would discourage yacht designers and hamper them, but as I see it we yacht designers are not to be considered in the matter at all. The people who sail the boats, who own them and who pay for them are the ones whose ideas should be met. As I have said before and say again, the absolute speed of a yacht propelled by sails is not the vital point in her make-up, nor even one of her vital points. All she need do is to sail as fast as or a little faster than the others, and if the others are sensible, comfortable boats she can and will be the same. The new boats not carried to extremes are exactly what we want, and will make fast, comfortable and seaworthy vessels. The schooners prove this, and, as a matter of fact, boats like Lasca, Constellation and Emerald show that yachts can be built, and keen sport had with them, which are not—confessedly not—so fast as they might have been had every element but that of speed been disregarded in their design. Well, I've had my innings, and as the Irishman said when the judge fined him $5 for thrashing a man who had cheated him, "I'm glad I done it and will take $10 more of it at the same rate."

The Steam Yacht Alcedo.

Among the new yachts of the year is the handsome steam yacht Alcedo, designed by Waterhouse & Chesebrough for G. W. C. Drexel, of Philadelphia, and built by George Lawley & Son, South Boston, under the supervision of the designers. The yacht is 124ft. over all, 102ft. l. w. l., 16ft. 2in. beam and 6ft 6in. draft, of composite construction and schooner-rigged. The hull planking is of clear Georgia pine, 2⅜in. thick, fastened to the steel angle frames by screw bolts and nuts, bronze fastenings being used up to 2ft. above the waterline. As shown in the sheer plan, there is but one deckhouse, of mahogany, 18ft. long and 8ft 6in. wide, used as a deck saloon and dining hall, the galley being directly below. The hull is of specially strong construction, the scantling conforming to the requirements of the United States Standard Steamship Owners', Builders' and Underwriters' Association. There are four watertight steel bulkheads and the frame is stiffened by a system of steel diagonal straps over frames and deck beams.

Beginning at the fore peak below deck, inside the collision bulkhead are the chain lockers and the under-deck engines of the steam capstan, then comes the crew's toilet room, and then the forecastle. The next space is devoted to the captain's and engineer's stateroom to port and messroom to starboard, the latter fitted with mess table, set bowl and folding berths for steward and cook. The galley is 10ft. long and of the full breadth of the ship, very fully furnished with a French range, an ice box of one ton capacity, sink, etc. The steward's pantry, on the starboard side, has a dumb waiter to the dining saloon just above.

The engines are located forward of the boiler, triple compound, with cylinders 9½, 15½ and 24½in. by 13in., designed and built by the Fore River Engine Co., of Weymouth, Mass.; the condenser is 6ft. long, 8ft. diameter and has 650sq. ft. of cooling surface. An independent circulator is used, of the centrifugal type, running at 200 turns. The boiler was made by the Almy Watertube Boiler Co. Abaft the boiler room is a thwartship bunker, serving to keep cool the after cabins. The total bunker capacity is eighteen tons.

The owner's room is immediately aft of the third bulkhead and the bunker, 11ft. long and of the full width of the hull, communicating with a private bath-room piped for fresh and sea water, hot and cold. Then comes the main saloon, 13ft. 6in. long, then the steerage, with toilet room to starboard of stairs and a stateroom to port, and then the after stateroom. This after room is finished in mahogany and butternut, the other rooms are finished in mahogany and white enamel.

Particular attention has been paid to the plumbing and ventilation, the baths and set bowls are all connected with a tight waste tank in the after hold which has an outboard vent and is emptied by a steam syphon. Each room is ventilated by a deck opening in addition to the side lights, and a special 8in. exhaust ventilator is fitted to the bilge aft. The cabin joinerwork and fittings are well arranged and in very good taste. The steering is done entirely from the bridge, one of Snelling's combined steering and telegraph apparatus being used. It is needless to say that the workmanship is excellent throughout, as in all the Lawley-built boats.

Model Yachting.

At the regular monthly meeting of the American Model Yacht Club, held at the club room, No. 227 Fulton st., Brooklyn, N. Y., on October 4, the perpetual challenge trophy articles were revised to read as follows, viz.:

Article 3—Dates.—This trophy is open to all duly organized and recognized Model Yacht Clubs of good standing and responsibility composed of members of lawful age.

And it is to be sailed for once each year, either on May 30, July 4, or the first Monday in September, when challenged for, and on no other date, except as hereinafter provided.

Art. 4—Challenges.—All challenges must be received by the club, or by the trustee holding the trophy, at least ninety days before the date specified for a race.

All challenges must be accompanied by a certificate, properly executed before a notary public with a seal, as to the existence of the challenging club as follows, to wit:

To all whom it may concern:

We, the undersigned, being of lawful age, do hereby certify that the Model Yacht Club of.....
is a regularly organized and recognized model yacht club of good standing and responsibility, and composed of members of lawful age.

.....Commodore.
.....Secretary.

State of.....
County of..... .....
.....Commodore,
Address.....
.....Secretary,
Address.....
being duly sworn, each for himself deposes and says that he has read the foregoing certificate and subscribed his name thereto, and that the same is true to his own knowledge.

Sworn to before me on this.....day of.....189..

.....
Notary Public,
County of.....
State of.....

For the balance of the article (No. 4) and the full text of the articles as revised in 1894, see Forest and Stream of March 23, '95.

Geo. F. Pigott, Sec'y *pro tem.*,
92 Douglass street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The America's Cup.

The following letter was received on Oct. 9:

"Royal Victoria Y. C.,
Ryde, Isle of Wight, Sept. 28, 1895.

"*To J. V. S. Oddie, Secretary New York Y. C.:*

"Dear Sir—I beg to confirm by letter my telegrams of Sept. 23, as follows:

"I, in behalf of the Royal Victoria Y. C., and in the name of Charles D. Rose, a member af the club, challenge to sail a series of matches for the America's Cup in 1896, with the cutter yacht Distant Shore, load waterline length 89ft.

"In the event of this challenge being accepted, I should be much obliged if you would kindly inform me what dates, courses and conditions the New York Y. C. will propose to govern the races.

"I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

"Percy Thellusson.

"Secretary Royal Victoria Y. C."

A special meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Oct. 14 to consider the challenge, about fifty members being present. The following resolutions were adopted:

"*Whereas*, An unconditional challenge for the America's Cup, stating load waterline length of challenging vessel, has been received from the Royal Victoria Y. C. in the name of Mr. Charles D. Rose;

"*Resolved*, That the challenge be accepted; and, further

"*Resolved*, That a committee of seven be appointed by the Commodore, with full power to confer with the challenger and arrange the conditions of the match. As soon as final arrangements have been completed, the committee shall report the same to the club."

The committee appointed by Commodore Brown is:

Former Commodore J. D. Smith, A. Cass Canfield, J. Frederick Tams, Latham A. Fish, Gouverneur Kortright, Archibald Rogers and J. R Busk. These gentlemen constituted the Cup committee of 1895, which arranged and conducted the recent Valkyrie-Defender series, and their reappointment is considered a substantial indorsement by the club of everything they did in connection with those races.

The following cables were sent by Secretary Oddie:

Thellusson, Secretary Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Ryde, England:

Challenge accepted. Committee appointed, with full power to arrange conditions. Oddie, Secretary.

Another cable was sent to Mr. Rose and read:

Charles D. Rose, No. 39 Hill street, Berkeley Square, London:

Challenge accepted. Have notified Thellusson. Oddie Secretary.

The Cup committee held a meeting on the adjournment of the club meeting.

Beverly Y. C.

230TH RACE.

Saturday, Sept. 14.

The doubtful prizes in fourth class cats are decided by measurement of Howard, which takes first prize by ¼s., Dawelle taking second prize.

The 231st race, sail off in third class cats and fifth class sloops, was sailed off club house Sept. 20, in moderate fluky so'wester. R S. Hardy, judge.

THIRD CLASS CATS.

	Length.	Actual.
Melro, D. L. Whittemore	20.03	1 47 07
Doris, John Parkinson	21.01	1 51 46
Elna, John Parkinson	20.01	1 51 51

FIFTH CLASS SLOOPS.

Waskite, H. N. Richards	12.09	1 16 05
Hilda, Robert Winsor	12.03	1 32 09

Melro and Waskite win.

Champions for 1895.—Cats: Second class, Anonyma; third class, Melro; fourth class, Howard; fifth class, Imp. Sloops: Fourth class, Grilse; fifth class, Waskite.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The basin, railways and lower shops of the Fifty-fifth street yard formerly used by Mumm and by Wintringham have been leased by Piepgrass & McGown, who will carry on the same business of yacht building and repairing. Mr. Piepgrass is the son of Henry Piepgrass, the City Island builder. The firm is now putting a new stern on the steam yacht Charlotte.

A private match was sailed last week between the cutter Thelma, N. L Francis, and the schooner Serkara, Mr. Fuller, from Marblehead to New York, starting on Oct. 11. Shortly after the start Thelma parted her bobstay and returned to Marblehead for repairs, starting anew seven hours later. She was unable to catch her rival after such a handicap.

There is now partly plated at Roach's yard, Chester, a sea-going steam yacht designed by Gardner & Cox for Richard Stevens. She is 140ft. over all, 115ft. l.w.l., 20ft. beam, with excellent accommodations and ample coal capacity.

Hattie Bradwell, the largest sloop on Lake Michigan, has been sold by Thomas Bradwell to John W. Welles, of Menominee, for $3,800.

Veltha, steam yacht, has been sold by J. L. Bremmer to R. L. Lippitt, of Providence.

Erl King, steam yacht, Major A. H. Davis, sailed from Boston on Oct. 7 for the Western Isles and thence to Southampton.

The yachts Edna B. and Fleetwing were wrecked at anchor off Cleveland on Oct. 12 in a sudden and violent gale.

Steam Yachts and Launches

Built by Marine Iron Works, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago, Ill. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Red Dragon C. C.

The Red Dragons closed a very successful racing season with the last race for canoe yawls or cruisers on Saturday, Oct. 5. Nixie, designed, built, rigged, owned and sailed by her owner, H. E Bachmann, won the cup presented for the season's yawl races by Com. Fenimore

with 16 points. Charlee, an up-to-date sharpie, also designed, built and sailed by her owner, H. E. McCormick, being second, with 11 points for the season's work. R. G. Fleischmann's Tadpole has 9 points; and Pluto and Olie, owned respectively by Lloyd Titus and E. W. Crittenden, have 4 points each. There were five races for the record, first place counting 5 points, second 3 points, and third 1 point.

Olie won the special race of the Riverton Y. C. for canoe yawls on July 13, with Feather, F. W. Noyes, second. Feather also won the last record race on Oct. 5, but not having been in any of the previous record races, Noyes did not claim any points. Feather is probably our fastest canoe yawl, but she has been at Atlantic City nearly all summer, so has not been thoroughly tested against the other boats.

The contest for the record sailing prize for canoes, given by our quartermaster, J. E. Murray, was not nearly as interesting as that of the yawls. Capsizes, breakdowns and various mishaps, causing withdrawals, were frequent, and only too certainly seem to verify the fact that the old style canoe with comparatively long cockpit, as most of ours are, is not a fit craft to sail races in, with anything like a decent sized rig and slider to correspond.

Commodore Fenimore won three of the four canoe record races, and was second once. His boat is the bathtub cockpit sharpie canoe Smuggler, somewhat of the Battledore type, and she was sailed for all she was worth, finishing one race all alone in a heavy wind and sea, with all her forward deck and about a foot of her mainmast under water, almost completely water-logged. Fenimore was perched on the after deck to keep her from diving clean under every sea.

J. M. Hamilton, with Fineen, a St. Lawrence Co. boat, somewhat like Bat, with a canvas bucket cockpit of the Yonkers C. C. style, won one race and was second twice. M. D. Wilt, with Her Name, an old Lassie model Everson lap streak 15ft. canoe, was second once. Total points: Fenimore 18, Hamilton 11, Wilt 3; Osceola, Omar Shallcross, and Kie Loe, H. M. Rogers, no points.

In the special race for canoes in the Riverton Yacht Club regatta, July 13, Smuggler won with, Her Name second. In the race for the club sailing trophy for canoes, on the fall regatta day, Sept. 14, Smuggler and Her Name again finished in the same order.

We have given both the triangular and straightaway and return courses a very fair trial during the summer, and aside from the convenience of the triangular course from the spectators' point of view, I think almost all of our sailors prefer the windward and leeward course.

The river is almost a mile wide for a considerable distance above and below the club house, and several of the races were sailed over a triangular course under very favorable conditions; but the other one, around a permanent channel buoy, about three miles above the club house, had the call. The prevailing summer winds on our river almost always made this latter course a beat and run, with sometimes a very close reach one way.

The fall regatta and camp-fire on Sept. 14 was a success in every way. We had plenty of entries and nearly every race was very close.

Yawl race:

Nixie, H. E. Bachmann	1
Tadpole, R. G. Fleischmann	2
Pluto, L. R. Titus	3

Olie, E. W. Crittenden, and Hadji, C. B. Keen, also sailed.

Sailing race for canoe sailing trophy:

Smuggler, A. S. Fenimore	1
Her Name, M. D. Wilt	2
Fineen, J. M. Hamilton	3
Kie Loe, H. M. Rogers	4

Single paddling, decked canoes, about ½ mile:

Ithanel, M. A. Freeman	1
Her Name, M. D. Wilt	2
Osceola, F. M. Crittenden	3

Tandem paddling, decked canoes, about ½ miles:

Ithanel, M. A. Freeman and L. LeRoy	1
Osceola, F. M. and E. W. Crittenden	2
Enid, F. L. Wise and H. Blumner	3
Kie Loe, M. D. Wilt and H. M. Rogers	4

This race was the prettiest and closest race of the day, inches only separating first and second, and all four crews finished with not over a length between first and fourth.

Tandem paddling, open canoes, ½ mile:

Gyp, F. M. and E. W. Crittenden	1
Wandering Willie, M. D. Wilt and H. M. Rogers	2
Chiquita, F. L. Wise and H. Blumner	3

Won by a length, half a length between second and third.

After the regatta supper was served, and after supper a roaring camp-fire was started on the beach and all hands had a good time.

Vice-Com. Hand, of the Atlantic Division, and G. V. Parker, of the Island Canoe Association, were honored guests. Mr. Hand said he came to talk shop and have a good time. He certainly did both, and as a result the Red Dragons all want the Atlantic Division meet for 1896 on the Delaware. We have several good camp sites, good sailing water and lots of room for miles up and down the river, and splendid facilities for transportation and supplies.

We have gotten the half-rater fever pretty badly. Several of our members were over to see the Spruce-Ethelwynn races, and after a good deal of informal discussion pro and con—mostly pro—it was determined at the last meeting of the club to have a 15ft. racing class in the club. Two or three of the yawls will be altered to the single-stick rig, and probably three or four new boats will be built for the class during the winter.

Altogether things are very prosperous with the Red Dragons.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 12. M. D. WILT.

A. C. A. Membership.

NORTHERN DIVISION: Associate—Miss Cartwright, Miss Mary F. Cartwright, "The Maples," Kingston, Ont.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Scores.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 6.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, 3lb. trigger pull, rifles under 10lbs. weight, standard target, 7-ring black.

Gindele	9	9	10	8	10	10	9	6	10	10—91
	7	8	9	8	10	8	10	10	10	9—89
	9	5	10	10	8	7	9	10	8	9—85
	8	9	9	9	9	10	7	7	8	8—84
Louis	7	6	7	9	9	6	9	8	7	10 78
	6	8	5	9	5	8	10	5	9	8—73
	9	9	7	5	5	6	7	6	5	10—69
	7	6	9	4	5	6	5	10	8	7—67
Payne	7	10	10	7	10	10	7	10	8	10 89
	10	8	8	10	7	7	9	7	9	9—84
	7	8	9	9	6	10	7	9	8	9—82
	7	7	8	8	7	9	9	10	10	6—81
Weinheimer	9	7	7	7	7	10	6	9	6	10—78
	5	8	10	10	8	10	7	7	7	7—77
	6	7	4	5	9	10	8	8	8	6—71
	10	6	9	6	10	8	7	5	6	7—74
Brumback	9	5	8	6	5	6	6	9	6	8—68
	8	6	5	8	7	6	8	10	10	5—73
	5	6	8	9	8	8	8	9	8	6—75
	5	8	7	7	5	8	5	9	6	7—67
Topf	6	8	9	7	7	7	7	2	5	5—63
	4	6	8	5	7	5	4	6	10	5—60
	10	4	3	1	6	4	6	4	6	9—53
	8	6	3	6	10	3	1	4	6	6—53
Trounstein	6	2	6	3	1	3	3	3	7	4—38
	4	4	5	5	1	5	4	4	2	4—37
	5	9	6	5	6	3	8	4	3	1—50
	6	3	3	5	6	3	5	7	7	7—52
Randall	10	9	10	8	8	9	5	5	9	7—80
	10	7	5	9	7	8	10	6	10	8—80
	9	4	7	7	8	10	9	6	7	9—76
	7	6	9	4	7	10	4	9	8	9—73
Drube	10	10	8	8	8	9	8	10	6	10—87
	4	10	10	9	9	8	8	9	9	10—86
	10	10	10	10	8	9	5	5	6	8—81
	6	10	7	9	8	7	8	7	7	8—77

Presque Island Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa., Oct. 5.—Only three members of the Presque Island Rifle Club were able to attend to-day's shoot. W. J. Leyer, one of the three, had the honor of making the best score of the season. Scores:

Leyer	7	6	10	9	10	10	8	6	9	9—81
	7	9	7	4	7	4	8	4	7	8—65
	5	9	8	7	4	10	6	6	4	6—65
Derby	6	4	4	10	7	6	8	10	4	3—62
	10	0	6	6	5	6	6	7	4	9—60
	5	0	2	5	7	4	7	4	4	9—47
Bacon	8	4	6	6	3	6	7	7	7	7—61
	8	6	3	9	4	10	6	5	5	7—63
	5	4	5	5	8	9	7	7	5	5—60

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, Sept. 27.—Very few members shot at the disappearing target at the North London Rifle Club on Sept. 21, as they have completed their scores in that competition for the revolver championship of the club. The following were the scores shot:

Sept. 21.—Target appearing at intervals of five seconds:

Maj Palmer	777555—36	A F Allman	666660—30
Capt Earle	777642—33	Luff	755543—29

At 50yds. the following scores were made on the same date:

Walter Winans	677747—38	Knapp	762563—29
Carter	766673—35	Denyer	543456—27
Lieut Howard	347777—35	Brading	624436—25
A J Comber	476746—34	Capt W Evans	354624—24
Major Palmer	574567—34	A F Allman	434227—22
B Comber	476465—32	Gibbons	307272—21
Capt Earle	634657—31	Gould	352344—21
Bashford	465475—31	J MacCormack	434450—20
Lieut Richardson	464755—31	Howell	242334—18
Luff	655445—29		

For the revolver championship of the club the scores stand as follows:

	20yds.	Alternate hands.	Disappearing target.	50yds.
Walter Winans	42 42 42 42 42 41	41	42	38 39—411
Major Munday	40 39 39 39 39 39	39	39	37 36—386
C Knapp	41 40 39 38 36 36	41	36	34 34—377
Major Palmer	42 39 39 38 37 36	36	36	31 31—379
A J Comber	40 39 38 37 37 37	38	38	35 33—372
Carter	38 37 36 36 36 35	37	37	35 31—358
Capt Earle	36 34 32 32 32 32	32	33	33 31—327
Lieut Richardson	38 35 35 35 34 34	33	34	33 31—322

It will be noticed that Major Palmer has come up into third place. Many of the members are following Mr. Winans's example and using Smith & Wesson revolvers and U. M. C. ammunition.

The revolver championship of the South London Rifle Club has been won by Mr. Walter Winans with a total of 324, Mr. Rand being second, and Capt. T. W. Heath third; details not yet to hand.

A Revolver Shot Abroad.

LIEUT. SUMNER PAINE sailed from New York on the Lucania Saturday for a long absence on the Continent. He will go at once to Paris, where he intends to supplement his studies begun at the Harvard Medical School by a course in the city hospitals.

Mr. Paine takes with him two revolvers—a Colt's and a Smith & Wesson—and also two target pistols, and he will no doubt find time to give the Johnnie Crapauds points on the niceties of target shooting with their favorite weapons.

Lyman Rapid-Fire Target.

THE Lyman rapid-fire rifle targets are finding much favor. They are in two sizes, for 25yds. and 50yds. The smaller one sent post-paid for 15 cents a dozen, the larger one for 25 cents a dozen, by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

Oct. 19.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Third shoot of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, on the grounds of the Garfield Gun Club, at 2 P. M. W. F. de Wolf, Secretary of the League.

Oct. 22-24.—BALTIMORE, Md.—Dupont Smokeless Powder Company's tournament at live birds. Stanley Baker, Sec'y.

Oct. 23-25.—ATLANTA, Ga.—Annual tournament of the Clarke Hardware Company; targets; $700 added money.

Oct. 25-26.—SEATTLE, Wash.—First annual tournament of the Washington State Sportsman's Association, under the auspices of the Seattle Gun Club; live birds and targets. C. F. Graff, Sec'y.

Oct. 27-30.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—First annual tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Willard L. Simpson, Sec'y.

Nov. 5-7.—KEWANEE, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Kewanee Gun Club.

Nov. 7-8.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Annual fall tournament of the Boston Shooting Association. H. M. Federhen, Sec'y.

Nov. 12.—NEWARK, N. J.—All-day shoot of the South Side Gun Club; New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League contest in the afternoon. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Nov. 27-28.—IRONTON, O.—Holiday tournament of the Iron City Gun Club. H. E. Norton, Pres.

1896.

Jan. 4-5—PHŒNIX, Ariz.—Annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Jan. 9-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the auspices of Texas State Sportsmen's Association and management of J. M. George and O. C. Guessaz (Texas Field).

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2 000 added money

May (second week) —MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2 000 added money.

May 12-14 —DAYTON, O —Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 30-June 1 —MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 8-13 —BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

The Brooklyn, N. Y., *Eagle* of Saturday, Oct. 12, contained the following in regard to the proposed interclub live-bird tournament at Dexter Park, L I.: "A dozen delegates, representing as many clubs, held a meeting at Dexter Park yesterday afternoon and completed arrangements for the Dexter Park live-bird championship tournament, which will take place on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 29 and 30. Samuel Lyons, of the North Side Gun Club, was elected Chairman, and H. S Lippack Secretary. A majority of the delegates were opposed to any outside clubs entering in the tournament, and it was decided that none but clubs shooting regularly at Dexter Park be admitted." The rules provide that the teams shall consist of five men, each man firing at 20 birds, entrance $10 per team, birds extra. The cup, presented by H. S. Lippack, will be first prize; the second, third and fourth prizes will be respectively 50, 30 and 20 per cent. of entrance fees; class shooting. Ties for the cup will be shot off at 25 birds to the team, but money ties may be divided. Shooting will commence each day at 10 A. M. prompt. Further particulars can be obtained by writing to the secretary. If the above is correct, the New Utrecht, the Ridgewood and other Long Island clubs that do not shoot at Dexter Park will be ineligible to compete for the cup.

Mr. H. E. Norton, president of the Iron City Gun Club, Ironton, O., under date of Oct. 12 sends us the following in regard to his club's holiday tournament: "The holiday tournament to be given by the Iron City Gun Club, Nov. 27 and 28, will without doubt be one of the best shoots ever given in the State. The grounds are fine ones to shoot on. Five expert traps will be used, known traps, unknown angles, A. S. A. rules to govern. The club house is inclosed and heated, and the management pledge themselves able to give a first-class tournament. From four to six squads will be in attendance, with more to hear from. The programme, so far as is known now, will be as follows: Ten events each day, 15 bluerocks, $1.50 entrance, targets 2 cents, money divided 40, 30, 20, 10 per cent., club to add $50 or $100 to ten highest guns. There will also be a team race of four or six men, 25 targets per man, entrance $2 50, club to add $25 to the purse in case two or more teams enter. All correspondence answered promptly, information cheerfully given, and programmes sent, by addressing H. E. Norton, Box No. 275, Ironton, O."

The Colt Gun Club, of Hartford, Conn., held its annual meeting on Saturday, Oct. 5, the following officers being elected: President, J. A. Pitkin; Vice-President, C. E. Willard; Treasurer, W. R. Hopkins; Secretary, M. F. Cook; Assistant Secretaries, F. Green and Albert Cook; Instructor, Fred Risley; Executive Committee, J. A. Pitkin, C. E. Willard, W. R. Hopkins, M F. Cook and L. C. Grover. The reports of the various officers showed that the treasury was in good shape and that the list of members had been increased by the addition of fourteen new shooters. After the meeting the regular shoot for the medal at 25 targets was held, and the following scores were made: C. Vibberts 22, McGinty 22, E. Goodwin 22, J. Pitkin 21, C. Burbridge 21, C. Willard 20, F. Green 20. A. Cook 19, M. Cook 18, H. Nichols 17, C. Bailey 17, A. Bailey 16, J. Peard 15, L. Thompson 15, W. Johnson 15, J. Alger 14, F. Olmsted 13, C. Olmsted 11, F. Foster 11, E. Hoskins 9, Carver 9, F. Storey 5. Vibberts, Goodwin and McGinty will shoot off their tie for the medal at the next shoot, which will be Oct. 19.

In a letter to the Pittsburg (Pa.) *Times*, under date of Oct. 11, John G. Messner makes the public apology to J. O'H. Denny and to the members of the Pittsburg Gun Club referred to in Drivers and Twisters in our last issue. The letter reads as follows: "In the issue for September 7 you published a note from me, headed 'Messner Challenges Denny,' in which I challenged James O'Hara Denny to shoot at live birds or targets, and, incidentally, made statements which offended that gentleman and displeased members of the Pittsburg Gun Club. In extenuation I wish to say, publicly, that the statements were based upon fault-finding criticisms repeated to me, partly in letters, disparaging me as a 'shot.' Believing that the detraction had been in fact uttered, I dashed off the unparliamentary sentences referred to, my normally cool reason being overmatched by incensed feelings and by a little wounded pride. After investigation I am of the opinion that the stories which exasperated me were exaggerated, and that I owe an apology to the gentlemen named, individually and collectively."

Isn't there room in San Antonio for two tournaments and for two gun clubs to exist without recriminations? The quarrel between the two organizations promoting tournaments in that city is one of long standing and we can hardly think that it will help matters to rake over old scores. The sport of trap-shooting and its ultimate success in any locality depends entirely on harmony between clubs and individuals. Matters have probably gone too far in San Antonio for the tomahawk to be successfully buried; still, both the tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club, which commences on October 27 next, and the midwinter shoot of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association, to be held on Jan. 9-11, 1896, under the management of Joe George and O. C. Guessaz (Texas Field), would have brighter prospects if the batchet was carried in the belt instead of being waved in the air.

Trusting to one's memory is treacherous work, no matter how good that memory may be. In reading over our account of those present at the recent tournament held by the Rochester, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club, we discovered that the name of the only Paul North had been omitted. The omission is all the more extraordinary from the fact that it was due to Paul to a great extent, that those who had the pleasure of being present at the reception given by Mr. W. C. Hadley, on the second evening of the shoot, went to bed with a conviction that they had laughed harder on that night than for many months. When Mr. Hadley and his violin, accompanied by Rolla Heikes on the piano, rattled off the "Arkansas Traveller," Paul North showed that the manufacture of blue rocks and electric pulls was not his sole accomplishment.

H. M. Federhen, Secretary of the Boston Shooting Association, has issued the programme for the Association's annual tournament at Wellington, Mass. The dates chosen are Nov. 7 and 8. On the second day the tie for the class C badge of the Massachusetts State Shooting Association will be shot off; this contest will be an interesting one, as there are no less than nine men tied for the badge: Rogers, of the Marblehead Club; Warren and Pray, of the Boston Shooting Association; Baxter and Weatherbee, of the Lyndhurst Club; Newcomb, of the Lexington Club; Doig, of the Lynn Fish and Game Club; Prescott, of the Hingham Club, and C. W. Walls, of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club. Shooting commences each day on the arrival of the 8:20 train from Boston. The programme for the first day calls for 200 targets with a total entrance fee of $14.50; on the second day, 215 targets and $16.30 entrance money.

Capt. Money, aided by J. T. Mascroft, blossomed into a poet during the Newburgh (N. Y.) tournament last week This is how it happened. Capt. Money was assigned the adjoining room to the one occupied by the "Mayor of Sutton." During the night the New England gentleman's nasal organs got to work in such shape that the Captain could not sleep; he declares that the rhythm of the snores made a capital accompaniment to the tune of "Pull the man down," an old-time song. What with thinking about E. C. powder, the words of the above song running in his head, and Mascroft's bass accompaniment being kept prominently before him, he very soon produced three stanzas and a chorus, all eulogizing E. C. We may shortly look for them in sheet form, with the air attached.

At the annual meeting of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the following officers were elected: President, James Bennett; Vice-President, Henry Bramwell; Secretary, David J. Cummings; Treasurer, Elias Helgans; Field Captain, Henry J. Selover; First Assistant Field Captain, Joseph Wooley; Second Assistant Field Captain, Thomas Short; Steward, H. S. Lippack. Executive Committee: Henry J. Bookman, August Lehman and Archibald Andrews. The team selected to represent the club at Dexter Park on Oct. 29, 30, is as follows: Lee Helgans, James Bennett, Anthony Botty, Henry Bramwell and Henry J. Bookman.

The announcement that J. L. Brewer and T. W. Morfey will shoot a 100 live-bird race at Dexter Park, L I, in the near future (date not fixed at the time of writing) has created a good deal of comment. The conditions are 100 live birds per man, $1,000 a side, Brewer at 33yds., Morfey at 30yds. If the birds are a really fast lot, Morfey should have a very good chance of coming in first. It is reported also that Brewer is after Collie Cockburn, of Toronto, Can., with a view to getting on a match at live birds under the Old Dominion rules.

Louis T. Duryea (Davenport) recently defeated C. M. Chapin in a 100-bird race at the Carteret grounds. The return match is to be shot on the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, Babylon, L. I., but no date has as yet been set. That Duryea is shooting now as well as ever he did is evidenced by the way he defeated C. Furgueson, Jr., at the New Utrecht grounds last Saturday, the score of which match is given elsewhere.

The Ridgewood Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., held its regular monthly shoot at live birds in Wissel's Ridgewood Park on Friday afternoon, Oct. 11, 15 members competing for the club badge. The contest is at 7 live birds per man. As the birds were a good lot, Henry J. Wiemann was the only one to go straight, winning the badge without a shoot-off.

The officers of the Harvard Gun Club are: President, C. A. Pierce, '96; Vice-President, W. Byrd, '97; Secretary-Treasurer and Executive Officer, R. D. Sterling, '96; Asst. Executive Officer, G. H. Kinnicut, '98; Directors, S. Hecksher, '96, E. DuPont, Jr., '97, and F. A. Sterling, '98. The club holds shoots every Monday and Thursday in the afternoon.

The Columbia (Pa.) Rod and Gun Club held its annual meeting on Oct. 7, the following officers being elected for the ensuing year: President, John Westerman; Secretary, W. M. Borden; Treasurer, Dr. W. G. Taylor; Quartermaster, Samuel Hoffman; Assistants, Harry Eicherly and John D. Forry; Master Transportation, Charles Baker.

The South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., will hold an all-day shoot Nov. 12. This shoot will be held in connection with the extra competition of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League for the shotgun donated by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

A new gun club has been organized at Easton, Talbot county, Md., under the title of the Easton Gun Club. Its officers are: President, John M. Elliott; Vice-President, Dr. T. J. Smithers; Secretary, J. Harry Covington. The club will hold target shoots at Idlewild Park every week.

In a recent match at Richmond, Me., the Richmond and Portland gun clubs shot for the John P. Lovell badge. Richmond won it again, making its fifth victory for the trophy. Score: Richmond 96, Portland 86.

Atlanta or Baltimore next week? Take your choice; they're both good.

EDWARD BANKS.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 10.—The members of the Lynchburg Gun Club held their weekly shoot to-day. Events Nos. 1-4 were at unknown angles, but No. 5 was a 20-target event shot under expert rules, 5 unknown traps. It will be noticed that during this shoot the goose was kept very busy. Scores:

No. 1.	No. 2.
Nelson 01000001110011011011—15	10010100011011111111011111—17
Terry 10111011110011000111101101—16	11101101101010001111111—17
Scott 10010011100011010011111—12	11011101111111111010111111—21
Moorman 01011011111101111111010010—17	10011111111001010110000111—16
Cleland 01001010111011111111010110—18	10100011000110011100000100—9
Dornin 01100101111011111111010110—18	11110111111111111010111111—22
No. 3.	**No. 4.**
Nelson 01001111001000111011111010—14	11110111010000111111101111—18
Terry 11011110011100101011001010—14	00110110001010100010000110— 9
Scott 01100111000110010110100011—13	01110010111110010111101011—16
Cleland 11110011000000011010011—13	10101110100001010010110111—14
Moorman 11111010111100101111011111—19	00101111000001111111101111—15
Dornin 10110111101111111111111111—22	10011110111101101111111111—20

No. 5:

Nelson 01100101011100011110—10	Dornin 10111001110011110110—13
Terry 10011100001100011100— 9	Scott 11101110011100111010—13
Cleland 00000100100000000011— 4	

F. M. D.

Detroit.

WHAT SHE IS DOING FOR TRAP-SHOOTING.

Among the many notable products of the city of Detroit there is one that is well known to the trap-shooters of this country. Jack Parker (nobody calls him John, and only a few, such as Paul Weise and Louis Gitschlag, know him as "Shon") at present rightly owns the trap-shooting fraternity of that city. The success of his efforts to keep the Schmeizer Arms Company's trophy in Detroit has increased, if possible, his popularity with the members of the various gun clubs that claim Detroit as their home.

When he and Capt. B. A. Bartlett, the expert representative of the Burgess Gun Company, of Buffalo, N. Y., tied on 92 each in the contest for the trophy at Parker's shoot in the middle of September last, defeating in that contest such men as Heikes, Dickey, McMurchy, Van Dyke, Upson, Worthington, etc., not to mention the late holder, Sexton, the interest taken in the ultimate destination of the trophy was more than doubled, so far as the trap-shooters of Detroit were concerned. The tie was carried over to the last day of the Rochester (N. Y.) Rod and Gun Club's tournament, Sept. 26, and was the last event shot at that tournament. On that day Bartlett made what we believe to have been his best record, finishing the programme events with an unbroken string of 151 straight at unknown angles. Parker's adherents realized that their man had a big contract on hand, but took comfort from the fact that Parker never knew when he was beaten, and also that the contest was not at unknown angles, but at targets thrown from traps pulled in reverse order.

The result, which was chronicled in Forest and Stream of Oct. 5, proved that Parker could manage to break targets at that style of shooting, even if the light was a poor one. His score of 85 might easily have been made 87 had he taken more pains with his last two targets. Capt. Bartlett's score of 80 was not up to his standard, but it should be remembered that the strain imposed on him while making his big run told on him in all probability when he came to shoot his match as above.

On receipt of the news of Parker's victory, told in the Detroit morning papers of Sept. 27, several of his friends got together and decided that he should be made the recipient of some small token of the esteem in which they held him. The matter was brought to a head on Tuesday, Oct. 8, when the River Rouge Gun Club held a little practice shoot on its new grounds. It was a slice of luck that we were in Detroit on that date, *en route* for New York after ten days in the marshes of Michigan, where, as will probably be told in some future issue of Forest and Stream, the snipe and duck, particularly the latter, found no trouble in eluding the 1½ozs. of shot destined for their bodies. We attended that shoot and enjoyed the distinction of being on the losing side in a four-men team race, the defeat being distinctly traceable to three cyphers scored to Jack Parker as the net result of his three first shots. Another member of the team, also a native of Detroit, compiled a score that was chiefly remarkable for the scarcity of the figure 1, where was in a private match immediately afterward he broke 9 out of 10! Was it a throw-down, with the stranger as the under dog? Anyway it was a case of settle, and Joe Cabanaw got the benefit.

After the shoot an adjournment was made to Cabanaw's Hotel, where a round dozen sat down to a supper which, though he knew it not, was gotten up hastily in honor of Jack Parker. At the proper moment W. F. Genicke, as spokesman, arose and addressed Parker on behalf of those who wished him to accept a small token of their regard for him as a man and as a sportsman. The "small token" was a diamond stud, and with it was presented the following:

"We, the undersigned friends of John Parker, in appreciation of his conduct as a shooter, and owing to the fact that he has brought to his State and city the cup representing the world's championship at inanimate targets thrown from traps pulled in reverse order, better known as the Schmelzer Arms Company's trophy, do hereby tender to him our congratulations as brother sportsmen, and do present to him as a token of our friendship and approbation the accompanying diamond stud.

"(Signed) W. F. Genicke, Louis Gitschlag, Paul Weise, Hy. H. Fleischer, Leon Bellaire (Sault Ste. Marie), J. Daniels, Albert Trautz, Henry E. Visger, William A. Ferguson, P. Wood, W. Proctor, J. Klein, J. F. Fox, M. Cicotte, Theodore Cicotte, R. H. Hall, H. Herbert, J. H. Bortie, J. Cabanaw, G. Thurber, J. A. Marks, W. H. Brady, A. Quandt."

Parker was so overcome with surprise at the totally unexpected turn the supper had taken that his efforts as an orator were confined to a brief expression of his thanks. The cup, on a pedestal on which it stands hung with the many medals that Parker has won as a shooter, an oarsman and as an amateur boxer, is on exhibition in the window of Mr. Genicke's store on Michigan avenue. A fruitful topic of conversation in Detroit trap-shooting circles is the next challenge. Who wants the cup?

NEW SHOTS DEVELOPED.

The recent tournament at Detroit developed a lot of young blood. Wood, Parker's mate in the two-men team race, is a new shot. We believe that this was his first tournament of any note. His score in that race shows that he has both skill and nerve. Upson and Worthington, two of the cracks from Cleveland, O., tied with Wood and Parker with a score of 49 out of 50, each man shooting at 25 targets, unknown angles. On the shoot-off, Upson and Worthington (Redwing) broke straight, scoring a clean 50; Wood also went straight, while Parker again missed a single target, a complete reproduction of their previous score. The totals for the match and the tie were: Upson, 25 and 25, total 50; Redwing, 24 and 25, total 49; a grand total of 99. Wood, 25 and 25, total 50; Parker, 24 and 24, total 48, making a grand total of 98. The combined totals show 197 out of 200. Wood is one of the new shots developed under the tutorship of Jack Parker. Henry Herbst is another of the same kind, and there are several more yet to hear from; in fact, Detroit may be said just now to be a veritable nursery of trap-shooters.

The sport has a strong hold on the affections of shooting men of that city, and the various gun clubs are composed of enthusiastic adherents of trap-shooting. The winning of the trophy above referred to by Parker has had a very salutary effect indeed. Of course, just now the shooting men of the city are more absorbed in duck and snipe shooting than in cracking "saucers;" but every dog has his day, and when the ducks and snipe are busily engaged in the operation of increasing their species next spring, guns will crack just as merrily as ever in the vicinity of Detroit, although inanimates, not animates, will be the targets. Edward Banks.

The Reading Tournament.

Reading, Pa., Oct. 9.—The tournament of the Independent Gun Club commenced this morning on the grounds of the club at the Three-Mile House. Among those present were: F. Van Dyke, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; B. A. Bartlett, of the Burgess Gun Co.; Harry Thurman and H. L. David, of the Keystone Shooting League, Philadelphia; S. Glover, of Rochester, N. Y., etc. The best average was made by Van Dyke, who lost but 15 targets out of 195 shot at. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Glover	17	16	18	17	16	15	16	17	19	13
Van Dyke	16	18	17	18	20	19	20	17	20	15
Bartlett	19	14	16	19	18	19	15	18	14	14
Landis	18	16	18	14	19	15	17	18	14	13
Schmeck	17	15	15	14	17	17	14	16	14	11
Shaaber	15	16	15	9	11	19	16	16	16	13
Thurman	17	15	16	16	18	17	15	14	18	10
Gechter	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wertz	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Benner	16	12	16	15	..	14	..	11	..	..
Ritter	..	15	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
Raymond	..	10	12	11	..	..	..	..	12	9
Frey	..	..	14	14	13	..	15	..	..	11
Smith	..	..	..	..	16	18	16	18	18	14
Keller	..	..	..	..	15	15	13	13	13	..
Harrison	..	..	..	..	..	15	16	18	13	..
Coldren	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	16	..
Sensenig	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
East	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	8	..
Weand	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	11
Sheeler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13

All the above events were at 20 targets, except No. 10, which was a 15-target event.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Oct. 12.—The heavy storm of rain and wind which passed over this section to-day kept most of our shooters away, only a few enthusiasts taking part in the South Side's Saturday shoot. The following were the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
W Smith	16	7	6	10	9	8	6	9	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas	25	8	9	9	6	9	8	7	7	9	5	..	..
Couch	18	5	5	9	6	8	8	9	6	..	..	..	..
Herrington	..	..	5	7	8	6	9	7	8	6	6	4	7
Folsom	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	8	6	8	5	7	5

No. 1 was at 25 targets, everything known; the balance were all 10-target events, unknown angles. Secretary.

Buffalo, N. Y., will be represented in the DuPont handicap at Baltimore by at least a couple of entries from the ranks of the Audubon Gun Club of that city.

The Atlanta Programme.

The programme issued by the Clarke Hardware Co., of Atlanta, Ga., for its tournament on Oct. 23, 24 and 25, is one that will attract the attention of shooters, and catch the fancy of any man who has an average of anything over eighty-five per cent. to his credit. There is "good money" in every event, taking the entrance fees only as a basis and not considering the added money; taking both together the purses will be well worth dividing.

For each of the three days of the shoot the same programme is scheduled: Three 15-target events, Nos. 2, 4 and 7, $2 entrance, $20 added in each event; four 20-target events, Nos. 1, 3, 6 and 8, $3 entrance, $25 added to each purse; a 25 target event, No. 5, $5 entrance, $50 added to the purse. The above events are "open to the world, known traps and unknown angles, A. S. A. rules to govern, black powder and 10-gauge guns barred. All purses divided 30, 25, 20, 12½ and 12½."

The company will add $700, the added money in the above programme footing up $630, the rate being $210 per day. We can find no mention in the programme in regard to average moneys, so conclude that the remaining $70 will be donated in some such form.

There can be very little question as to the probable success of this tournament. To the strong inducements offered in the programme is added the single-fare-rate ticket to Atlanta issued by all railroads on account of the great exposition now in progress in that city. The Kimball House, one of the best hotels in the South, about a block from the depot, will be headquarters for shooters during the tournament, special rates having been secured. Guns and shells can be shipped in advance in care of the Clarke Hardware Co., the company guaranteeing that the same will be delivered at the grounds. The traps will be in position on Oct. 22, so that the early birds can get a little practice prior to the opening of the tournament. We must not forget to state that the shoot will be under the management of Jack Parker, who is now in Atlanta getting things in readiness for the above date of Oct. 22.

The DuPont Tournament.

Baltimore, Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All arrangements for the DuPont Smokeless powder grand championship tournament, to be held here commencing Oct. 22, have been about completed. Carpenters are at work on the grounds, building platforms, erecting gun racks, putting down foundations for traps, etc., etc.

Five thousand birds have been contracted for, with an additional thousand within easy call if needed. Eight hundred small, hard-flying Antwerps have been picked from the lot so far gotten in, with which to open the grand championship handicap event. Mr. Halstead, whose well-known hostelry adjoins the shooting grounds, will be prepared to serve lunches in the club house on grounds or hot meals at hotel at any hour.

If all the shooters enter who have signified to us their intention of so doing the entry list will far exceed anything ever seen in this country. In addition to the club house a number of tents will be erected on the grounds for convenience of shooters, where they can keep their guns, shells, etc., etc., in perfect security.



H. P. COLLINS.

General Agent Du Pont Powder Company.

Shooters desiring to send their shells or guns by express can address them care of DuPont Smokeless Powder Tournament Committee, 22 S. Calvert street, Baltimore, where they will be taken care of and sent to grounds the morning of the opening day, if so desired. All parties desiring to avail of the special rate issued by the Trunk Line Association must secure certificates from railroad agent at the point at which they purchase ticket. This certificate will be signed by the secretary of the tournament committee and be vised by Trunk Line Association agent, and will then entitle party holding same to one-third fare returning.

The handicap committee consists of the following well-known gentlemen: Jacob Pentz, New York, Chairman; John S. Hoey, New Jersey; W. L. Shepard, Chicago, Ill.; T. A. Divine, Memphis, Tenn.; J. R. Kelso, Baltimore, Md.; Dr. S. J. Fort, Ellicott City, Md.; J. H. Gulick, Washington, D. C., and H. P. Collins, general agent DuPont & Co., Baltimore.

We have received replies from all of these gentlemen with the exception of Mr. Hoey, but expect him to serve on same.

DuPont Smokeless Powder Tournament Committee.

[Mr. H. P. Collins, general agent of the DuPont Powder Company, will take charge of the cashier's department during the shoot.]

What is a Championship Contest?

In our issue of Oct. 12 we published a communication signed 48 Grains—. That letter touched upon a point of more than passing interest to the trap-shooting fraternity—that of championships. 48 Grains— took exception to the claim made on behalf of the DuPont Powder Company that the result of its coming handicap would establish who was the live-bird champion of America and of the world. He argued that the fact that contestants were restricted to the use of DuPont powder, and that the affair was also a handicap, placed it outside the pale of championship events.

Dr. Samuel J. Fort, of Ellicott City, Md., replies to 48 Grains—in the following terms:

"Brother 48 Grains— seems in a peck of trouble in regard to the damper put upon his chances to win the DuPont trophy, plus fifty per cent. of the big purse, first, because some other fellow may win because he gets a good handicap; second, because 48 Grains— has never used DuPont nitro and must use it in this race.

"Now I am awfully sorry for our friend of the big charge, but as it is at present we can not change our plans to suit him, and under the circumstances, for his benefit and others who may feel as he does, will give our side in the above matter.

"The handicap race is practically a starter and enables every one competing to get an even start, according to their ability. As 48 Grains— truly says, a 24 or 25yd. man will likely win the trophy and the lion's share of the purse; but if 48 Grains— will read a little further in the programme he will see that the committee thought about him, and said that the winner must defend his title and trophy for one year; so all that 48 Grains— has to do is come in with his forfeit, get his handicap—which may not be as great as he thinks it is—and should he not win the trophy, title and money, challenge the winner at once, when both will shoot at 30yds.

"Now, as to using DuPont nitro. Without discussing its numerous merits it may be said that the plan of compelling its use in the handicap race was simply and solely because it was, and is, and always will be, a pure and simple DuPont tournament; it is DuPont money behind it, and further comment is unnecessary as to the whys and wherefores. No man ought to kick over the possible use of fifty cartridges loaded with any make of powder that gives him a fighting chance to win twenty times his entrance besides title and trophy, and especially when 48 Grains—— or any other man will have twelve months in which to make a winner's life miserable with any other powder, for after this preliminary race the challenger may use any powder; so too may the challenged, but likely he won't want to use anything else but DuPont; and after 48 Grains—— has used 39 grains of DuPont, he won't want to use anything else either, and one great object of this tournament will be fulfilled."

The above reply to 48 Grains—— answers a good many queries. Chief among them is that which relates to the powder to be used in future challenges. Dr. Fort says that "the challenger may use any powder." That point was not settled in the programme, and we ourselves have been in doubt on that question, and possibly 48 Grains—— was also on the fence.

The question of championships in shooting circles is a vexed one. As a matter of fact, we have had so many live-bird champions that the introduction of one more or less would make very little difference. Still, we agree with 48 Grains—— that every championship contest should be open to all, and *no handicap of any kind imposed upon the contestants.* The nearest approach that we have had recently to a championship contest at live birds took place at Watson's Burnside Park, Chicago, Ill., on Nov. 16, 1894, when George Kleinman won the little iron badge by killing 91 birds, defeating Brewer (89), Carver, Elliott, Grimm, Budd, Bingham and Mott. The company was warm enough to pick a champion out of, and, so far as we can see, Kleinman's claim to the championship is a good one. The contest certainly possessed what we believe to be the essential point in any such event—all shot from the same mark and were restricted only in the amount of shot to be used. So much for the championship at live birds.

It is a remarkable fact that, although target shooting is more than a decade old, we have no legitimate champion at that branch of the sport. There has never been a real championship contest at inanimate targets that we can find a trace of. The Schmelzer Arms Company's trophy, now held by Jack Parker, represents only the championship at inanimate targets thrown from traps pulled in reverse order, called for the sake of brevity the championship at reversed order. There is no legal champion shot of America, although there may be a moral one. Were it put to the popular vote, we think there would be little doubt about Heikes getting the majority of the votes cast, notwithstanding the claims of such men as McMurchy, Van Dyke, Dickey, Bartlett, Noel Money, Upson, Glover, Fulford, etc. We could add a dozen more names to the above list, each one of which would denote a man who has *bona fide* claims to a try for the championship.

To obtain the right to the title of champion target shot of America, it would be necessary for a shooter to prove that he excelled generally at the four branches of the sport now commonly in use: unknown angles, expert rules, reversed order and pairs. With a view to ascertaining who is the champion target shot, we would like to see some prominent gun club, or some firm interested in the manufacture of sporting goods, adopt some such plan as the following:

Get up a tournament and offer a valuable cup that shall be emblematic of the championship at targets. Let the conditions be as follows: 100 targets, unknown angles; 100 targets, reversed order; 100 targets, expert system, and 50 pairs. The way to shoot the 400 targets off might be thus: divide each of the three first systems into four 25-target events, and the 50 pairs into four events of 15, 15, 10 and 10 pairs respectively. Make each 25 or each set of pairs a separate event with a solid entrance fee; deduct 5 or 10 per cent. from each purse to form a fund to be divided between the four highest averages made out of the 400 targets. Let the man making the highest average take the cup, title and 40 per cent. of the fund created as above; the three next highest would take 30, 20 and 10 per cent. of the same fund respectively. In a four days' tournament, a 25 at each style of shooting and one of the sets of pairs might be shot off without interfering with a distinct programme, as the contestants in the championship events would be formed into squads and could shoot right along in all events without disturbing the routine of the tournament. The idea of dividing up the 400 targets into sixteen separate events would, we think, serve to keep the entries from falling off.

Our claim is that the man who made the best general average on the string of 400 targets at the four different styles of shooting would be fairly entitled to championship honors. The conditions governing future challenges could be easily formulated.

A tournament that included in its programme any such championship event would surely draw a large crowd of shooters, and we think the entry list in the championship sweeps would be highly satisfactory. There, why wouldn't such a scheme as the above work? What are its weak points, and where does it fall short? Let us have an all-round champion at targets.

New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League.

CLOSING SHOOT OF THE SEASON.

Owing to the scores given below being addressed to the trap editor personally instead of to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, a delay of one week in publishing the same was unavoidable.

The shoot took place on Thursday, Oct. 3, at Red Bank, N. J., under the auspices of the Riverside Gun Club, of that place. Being the closing shoot of the 1895 series of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, a good attendance was the result, seven teams putting in an appearance. The Union Gun Club, of Springfield, led with 110 out of 125, the Climax being a close second with 109. The Riverside club put up a score of 105, taking third place from the Maplewoods by a single break. The highest individual score of the day was a 24 made by E. A. Geoffroy, for the Boiling Springs. Seven men made 23: E. D. Miller, N. E. Money, T. H. Keller, D. Darby, A. L. Ivins, J. Cooper, Jr., and Warren Smith. The scores in detail were:

Union.		
E D Miller	1111111101111111111101111	—23
N E Money	1111111110011111111111111	—23
W Sigler	0111101111101111111111111	—22
T W Morfey	1011011111101111111111111	—22
E Sickley	0111111111111101111101110	—20—110
Climax.		
D Darby	1111111111111111101111101	—23
T H Keller	1101111111111111111110111	—23
R Manning	1101011111111111111111101	—22
R H Breintnail	0011111111010111111111111	—21
C Smith	0111111010100111111111111	—20—109
Riverside.		
J Cooper, Jr	1111011111111101111111111	—23
A L Irvins	1111111111101101111111111	—23
O Hesse	1111111011110101111101111	—21
E M Cooper	1111011111101111010011111	—20
P Daly, Jr	1111111100111111000110011	—18—105
Maplewood.		
Warren Smith	1111111101111111101111111	—23
A Sickley	1111111111001011111111110	—21
F Van Dyke	1111111111111111101100011	—21
Dr Jackson	1111111111101011101001011	—20
W N Drake	1111011110010111111111100	—19—104
Endeavor.		
R H Proctor	1111111111011011111110111	—22
E Collins	1110011110111011111111111	—21
Al Heritage	1111011001101111011111111	—20
G E Greiff	0111110101101111011111111	—20
W Piercy	1111111001110110110111010	—17—100
Boiling Springs.		
E A Geoffroy	1111111111111101111111111	—24
G S McAlpin	1111111011011101111011111	—21
C F Lenoue	1111001111101001111111110	—20
A R Strader	0111101011000110010101011	—14
M Herrington	1110010000100010010011010	—10— 89
Elizabeth.		
C C Hebbard	1111011111001001011111111	—19
W Parker	1110111001111111001011111	—19
N Astfalk	1011011110101011111110101	—18
J Williams	1100110011011011101101111	—17
A Woodruff	0111110010010111111101111	—16— 89

Counting the five best scores, the clubs composing the league finished in the following order:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per. cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per. cent.
Maplewood	625	540	86.4	Elizabeth	625	513	82
Union	625	529	84.6	Endeavor	625	474	75.8
Climax	625	524	83.8	Riverside	625	460	73.6
South Side	625	523	83.6	Union Hill	625	340	53.7
Boiling Springs	625	514	82.2				

Twenty-five shooters made averages of 80 per cent. or better for five completed scores, the following being the list in order of merit:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Van Dyke	125	120	96	Hoffman	125	108	86.4
Drake	125	115	92	Keller	125	108	86.4
McAlpin	125	114	91.2	C Smith	125	108	86.4
Sigler	125	114	91.2	W Smith	125	108	86.4
Apgar	125	113	90.8	Williams	125	108	86.4
A Sickley	125	113	90.8	E Sickley	125	107	85.6
Miller	125	113	90.8	Thomas	125	107	85.6
Geoffroy	125	112	89.6	Parker	125	105	84
N E Money	125	112	89.6	Woodruff	125	105	84
Hebbard	125	110	88	Greiff	125	104	83.2
Breintnail	125	109	87.2	Huck	125	103	82.4
Collins	125	109	87.2	Terry	125	102	81.6
Whitehead	125	109	87.2				

The Newburgh Tournament.

THE West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., held its annual fall tournament on Oct. 9-11. The shoot was held on the club's grounds at Gidney's Hotel, some three miles from Newburgh, J. P. Gidney, proprietor of the hotel, acting in his usual satisfactory manner as caterer for the occasion. As the grounds themselves the club has made some alterations which may be classed as decided improvements, chief among them is the leveling of the ground between the score and the traps (both live-bird and inanimate).

The club was favored with three days of very good tournament weather. The first day it was perhaps a trifle too cold for absolute comfort while shooting targets, but the second day was all that could be desired. The third day, live-bird day, was made to order, a strong wind aiding the birds in their flight. The number of entries in the target events was not up to the Newburgh club's usual mark. Several reasons may be cited for the comparatively small attendance: the Reading shoot, the open season on game, etc.

Among those present from a distance were: Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Company; G. E. Grieff, of New York, representing Von Lengerke & Detmold and Schultze powder; Neaf Apgar, of Evona, N. Y., shooting Walsrode powder to the front on the second day; E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., who carried off the $20 premium offered for the best general average by scoring 295 out of 340 with his Greener hammer gun, U. M. C. factory-loaded ammunition and Schultze powder; J. T. Mascroft, the "Mayor of Sutton," Mass., who is just now shooting a great gait; V. D. Kenerson and F. N. Hoyle, of Worcester, Mass.; W. P. Rayland (Rags), of Rome, N. Y.; Dr. Mosher and M. F. Roberts, of Rupert, Vt.; Cramer, of Saugerties, N. Y., etc. As the club was using empire targets and traps, Charlie Hebbard, of the Empire Target Company was, of course, on hand to see that things were running smoothly.

The cashier's department was run by the Newburgh expert, the president of the club, David Brown, who sees to it that the boys get all the money that is coming to them and that the newspapers get their score sheets in good shape. W. C. Gibb, who has occupied the position of secretary to the club ever since its organization on March 1, 1891, was squad hustler; on the third day he was working hard all the time, taking entries for the live-bird events. H. C. Higginson, vice-president of the club; John A. Wood, captain and treasurer, and ex-Captain George Taggart, all aided in keeping things going. Twenty-one events on the first day (10 programme events and 11 extras) and 17 events on the second day (10 events regularly scheduled and 7 extras) show that no time was lost between whiles and that everybody had all the shooting they wanted.

The club donated $50 in gold as premiums for the best general averages made in all the target events on the programme, the $50 being divided into five moneys, $20, $15, $5, $5 and $5. Fulford won first, the others falling as shown in the following table:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Average.	Premium.
Fulford	340	295	86.7	$20
Taylor	340	291	85.5	15
Mascroft	340	288	84.7	5
Kenerson	340	288	84.7	5
Stansbrough	340	277	81.4	5

Apgar led in the averages for the second day, losing only 17 targets out of 170 in the programme events and a total of 24 out of 225 shot at during the day, making his average for the day a fraction under 90 per cent. In comparing the averages made at this shoot with others of recent date, cognizance must be taken of the varied nature of the programme. Jimmie Taylor's average is a good one, considering how little practice he gets and that his long suit is live birds.

The tables given below show the scores made in every target event shot during the tournament:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
Targets:	15	15	25	15	10	20	25	15	15	15	10	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	10	
Rayland	10	12	21	10	8	19	22	12	10	12	8	11	9	11	12	11	13	9	7	8	5
J Taylor	14	14	23	12	7	19	21	12	12	12	7	13	11	14	14	13	13	8	..	6	
J Mascroft	11	13	24	13	7	17	21	13	10	14	4	12	12	12	14	14	10	8	8	6	..
G E Greiff	15	12	16	6	9	19	23	14	9	12	11	11	13	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kenerson	14	13	22	9	10	16	23	10	14	11	10	15	13	14	9	11	9	8	5	..	
J Dickson	10	9	21	11	7	15	20	14	8	15	6	10	11	12	14	12	13	9	7	5	6
Stansb'gh	14	14	18	11	8	19	22	15	10	13	7	14	13	14	11	11	9	10	7	..	..
F N Hoyle	13	10	15	4	5	12	15	7	11	12	7	11	10	16	12	11	12	11	7	9	7
E Fulford	14	14	20	10	9	17	25	13	13	14	9	14	15	12	15	14	14	13	7	9	5
J A Wood	13	8	19	9	9	12	17	10	..	13	6	13	10	8	11	10	12	9	6	7	..
C Hebb'rd	14	10	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	12	5	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H C H	..	..	..	21	12	9	16	23	10	13	11	..	..	..	14	13	10	11	8	..	..
Cramer	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	9	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Mitch'll	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	12	10	..	..	..	12	11	..	..	..	..	..
G Taggart	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	w	..	..	..	10	..	8	..	..	..	..
E Likely	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	9	..	..	..	12	..	10	..	9	7	..
A Kissam	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	..	..	..	12	14	..	10	..	8	..	..
N Apgar	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	13	14	..	..	..	..
Money	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	12	13	9	7		

Nos. 1-10 were the programme events, Nos. 11-21 being extras. Of the programme events, Nos. 1, 8 and 10 were at known angles; Nos. 2, 5 and 6 at unknown angles; No. 4 at traps in reversed order; Nos. 3 and 7 were both 25 target races, divided into 10 known and 15 unknown angles; No. 9 was at 9 singles, unknown angles, and 3 pairs; No. 18 (extra No. 8) was at traps in reversed order.

Second Day.

Among the new arrivals on this day were M. Herrington, the representative of the W-A powder; J. B. Halstead and P. H. Mason, of Peekskill, and C. F. Lenone, of Passaic, N. J. The scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	15	15	25	15	10	20	25	15	15	15	15	15	15	10	10	10	10
Apgar	14	12	24	10	9	18	23	14	14	15	12	..	..	9	9	9	9
Money	14	11	19	9	10	14	20	14	11	15	14	11	11	9	8	9	6
Mascroft	14	10	22	14	7	18	23	15	9	13	15	..	14	7	..	..	..
Fulford	14	12	23	13	8	17	23	14	12	11	15	12	14	6	6	4	9
Kenerson	13	15	23	14	9	16	21	14	12	12	13	13	12	8	6	..	..
Hoyle	13	13	21	11	8	15	19	7	9	13	13	10	12	10	9	8	9
Stansbrough	13	10	18	10	8	17	19	15	14	9	11	9	11	8	..	..	..
Taylor	15	14	22	12	8	14	22	14	11	13	..	12	13	9	10	8	6
Dickson	11	15	20	6	9	17	19	11	14	14	..	..	..	10	8	7	9
Greiff	11	6	17	11	6	18	20	12	15	13	..	..	..	8	8	..	..
Herrington	13	13	19	12	9	11	18	..	11	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wood	13	12	19	10	6	..	..	12	..	11	10	9	11	7	9	10	6
Hebbard	13	13	20	11	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rayland	12	13	16	9	..	..	..	..	10	12	..	..	15	7	..	..	..
Mason	14	13	23	9	10	17	19	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Halsted	12	13	21	10	7	13	21	12	11	10	..	..	10	6	9	6	9
Roberts	9	13	15	..	..	..	..	14	..	12	..	..	10	7	..	..	..
Mosher	14	12	20	..	..	..	..	12	..	11	..	..	13	..	..	..	..
H C H	..	..	11	23	..	8	13	19	14	10	13	..	..	6	..	..	..
Lenone	..	12	21	10	9	13	18	10	11	10	..	..	3	..	3	4	
Hall	..	..	..	3	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Arnold	..	..	..	..	9	16	..	12	10	12	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
Rhoads	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Likely	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	14	..	..	..	..	6	..	
West	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kissam	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	11	..	..	7	7	8	8
Leicht	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	3	..	..

The programme for this day was identical with that for the first day. Nos. 1-10 are the programme events, Nos. 11-17 being the extras. All the extras were at unknown angles with the exception of Extra No. 1 (No. 11 in the above table).

Third Day.

The third day was given up to live-bird events, the programme calling for three events: No. 1, 5 birds, $5; No. 2, 7 birds, $7.50; No. 3, 10 birds, $10.

Among the newcomers were several members of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y.: W. Shields, L. T. Duryea, C. Furgueson, Jr., A. Eddy, Chris. Meyer, J. N. Meyer and W. F. Sykes; F. L. Train, a member of the Cobweb Gun Club, New York city, was also present. The above delegation, added to the shooters already at Newburgh, made a good entry list. The birds were only a moderate lot, a fact that annoyed the management exceedingly, as it had taken pains to have good birds on hand for this tournament. A strong wind helped at times to make those birds that wanted to fly really hard ones to find. The scores show that James Taylor, a member of the local club, and E. D. Fulford shot consistently well throughout the day.

A start was made in the morning with an extra event—5 birds, $3—nine entries being secured. Of this number four went straight, while second money went to one man who had the good fortune to lose his last bird dead out of bounds. Scores: Apgar, Wood, Money and Fulford 5; Hoyle 4, Kenerson and Stanbrough 3, Mascroft and Dickson 2.

A second extra, same as above, had ten entries. Scores: Roberts, Mosher, Arnold and Money 5; Dickson, Wood, Hoyle, Taylor, Fulford and Kenerson 4. Although there were three moneys, there was no dropping for place, each one of the men killing four birds, scoring their last pigeon; thus there was no claimant for third money.

The first programme event was then commenced, sixteen entries being obtained. In both this and the second event the moneys were cut up so that straights were worth less than the amount of the entrance fee. In event No. 3 Fulford had the luck to be the only straight, while those with nine were so numerous that they each received less than 50% of the amount they had paid in. The full scores are as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Apgar	1 1 2 1 1—5	1 1 1 2 1 1 0—6	2 2 2 2 • 1 1 2 1 2—9
Dickson	2 1 0 2 1—4	0 2 1 2 • 0 1—4	2 1 1 • 1 1 2 1 2 2—9
Fulford	2 1 2 1 1—5	1 1 1 2 1 1 1—7	1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2—10
Taylor	1 2 2 1 2—5	2 2 1 1 2 1 2—7	2 1 2 2 2 1 2 0 1 2—9
Arnold	2 1 1 1 2—5	2 1 1 2 1 1 1—7	.....
Money	2 2 1 0 1—4	1 1 2 1 1 1 1—7	1 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 2—9
Kenerson	1 1 1 1 0—4	1 1 • 1 2 1 1—6	• 2 1 1 1 0 1 0 0 2—6
Mosher	2 1 1 2—5	2 1 2 1 2 1—7	.....
Mascroft	1 1 • 1 1—4	0 1 1 1 2 1 0—5	2 2 2 1 0 2 0 0 1 2—7
Hoyle	1 2 2 1 1—5	2 2 2 2 2 1 2—7	1 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2—8
H C H	2 2 1 2 2—5	2 2 2 2 2 0 0—5	• 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—8
Taggart	1 1 2 1 1—5	1 1 1 1 0 1—6	1 0 1 1 • 1 2 1 0—7
Wood	1 0 2 0 0—2	.....	0 2 0 • 2 1 0 1 1 1—6
Greiff	2 2 2 2 2—5	2 2 2 2 2 2 2—7	1 2 2 0 2 2 1 1 2—9
Lenone	2 2 1 2 0—4	• 1 1 1 1 • 2—5	1 0 0 1 • 2 2 • 1—5
Roberts	1 2 2 1 •—4	0 1 1 0 1 2 1—5	.....
Shields	.....	2 1 2 1 2 1 1—7	.....
Furgueson	.....	0 2 2 2 1 2 2—6	2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—9
Davenport	.....	1 1 1 2 1 2 1—7	2 2 0 1 1 2 2 1 1 1—9
Train	.....	1 1 1 2 1 2 1—7	1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 0—9
C Meyer	.....	.....	2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 1 2—8
Marantette	.....	.....	1 1 1 2 2 1 2 • 1 0—8

No. 1 was at 5 birds, $5 entrance; there were nine with straight scores, six with 4 each and one with 2. No. 2 was 7 birds, $7.50 entrance; ten men killed straight, Moshier and Arnold withdrawing their share of the purse. The remaining eight shot off miss-and-out until only the following four remained, having killed 3 straight: Taylor, Fulford, Davenport and Train; these four divided the balance of first money.

The tournament was brought to a close with a miss-and-out, Train and Roberts dividing the purse after killing 7 straight, the event having seventeen entries. Scores: Train and Roberts 7; Rohr, Taggart and Marantette 6; Taylor and Hoyle 5, Mosher 4, Fulford, Stanbrough and Greiff 2; Lenone, H. C. H. and Arnold 1; Wood, Dickson and Meyer 0.

EDWARD BANKS.

Prize Winners at Rochester.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 12.—Below are the scores made in the last shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club's summer prize contest, which opened in April and was brought to a close this week. At the start there were thirty-three shooters doing their level best to land in first place, but as the shoots rolled by one after another dropped out until the contest was narrowed down to ten game sportsmen. As there were sixteen prizes donated each one of those who finished is assured of one prize. The results of these contests are as follows:

Position.	Name.	Shot at.	Broke.	Average.
1	T R Griffith	953	748	78.4
2	W C Hadley	879	747	84.9
	J F Norton	914	747	81.7
3	John Lowden	892	746	83.6
	E D Hicks	867	746	86
4	L V Byer	914	745	81.5
5	George Wride	949	743	78.2
	A Rickman	1015	743	73.2
6	Wm Foley	1017	741	72.8
	George Borst	1007	741	73.5

It may be of interest to know that Griffith, Hadley and Rickman use E. C.; Lowden, Schultze; Norton and Borst, Walsrode; Hicks, "Blue Ribbon"; Byer, DuPont; Wride, Am. Wood; and Foley, both E. C. and Walsrode.

The scores above referred to are as follows:

Meyer *

First string	1111110111111111111111101111111111 —34
Second string	1111111111111101111011011111111111 —33
Third string	1110111111110111011111111011111111 —32
Fourth string	1111010001111111111011111111111011 —30
Fifth string	1111111111111111111101111111111111 —35
Sixth string	1111111111111111111111111111111111 —36
Seventh string	1110111111111111111101111 —23
Eighth string	1111111111111111110 —21—244

Wride.

First string	1110111011111111111101111101111101—33
Second string	1101111111111111101011101101111111—32
Third string	1111010111111111111111111111011111—33
Fourth string	1111111111111111111111111111111111—36
Fifth string	1111111111111111111111111111111111—36
Sixth string	1111111111101111111111111101101111101—36
Seventh string	1001111111111001111111111111111111 —28
Eighth string	1011110111111111111111111111111101 —28
Ninth string	1111111101111111111111111111111110 —30
Tenth string	1011111011111111111111111111111111 —30
Eleventh string	11111111111101 —14
Twelfth string	1011111101111 —10—346

Griffith.

First string	1101111011111111111111101011011111 —28
Second string	1111111111011111111111101011111111 —31
Third string	1111111111111011111011111111001111 —30
Fourth string	1111111011111111111111001111111 —27—116
Hicks	1111111111111111111111111111111111 —26
Hadley	1111111111101111111101110111111111111111111111111 1111101 —53
Byer	1111111101011110101110111010111111111111111111101111 11101 —46

* Meyer did not shoot out his last string, thus throwing him out of the race. E. D. HICKS.

Trap at Waco.

WACO, Tex., Sept. 26.—A few of our shooters got together to-day and shot off several events, both live birds and bluerocks being used. The following are the scores made:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3	No. 4.
Lippincott	11111—5	11111—5	11101—4	11110—4
Turner	11110—4	11110—4	11011—4	11111—5
Hubby	11101—4	10111—4	11111—5	11011—4
Speight	11111—5	11111—5	01111—4	11111—5
Reece	11110—4	01101—3	11101—4	11110—4
Cargill	01110—3	.....	.....	.....
Garland	.....	11101—4	01111—4	.....
Puckett	.....	.....	10011—3	11011—4
Fosgard	.....	.....	.....	11111—5

The above were all $2 50 entrance, two moneys

No. 5, miss-and-out, $1: Hubby and Reece 3 (divided), Henderson and Fosgard 2, Lippincott, Threadgill, Speight and Turner 0.

No. 6, 7 live birds, $3, two moneys: Hubby and Coke 7, Speight 6, Lippincott 5, Earle and Reece 3.

Three 10-target events, $1 entrance in each, were also shot off, the results being:

No 1: Hubby and Fosgard 10, Speight 7, Reece and Turner 4, Threadgill 3.

No. 2: Hubby and Henderson 10, Threadgill, Speight and Turner 8, Williams 6, Coke and Downs 4.

No. 3: Henderson 10, Massey 9, Reece, Hubby and Williams 8, Threadgill 7, Speight and Turner 6, Jones 5. F. E. HUBBY.

Trap Around Buffalo.

THE AUDUBONS PREPARE FOR NEXT YEAR'S STATE SHOOT.

It may seem somewhat premature at this early date to say anything in regard to the preparations now being made by the members of the Audubon Gun Club, of Buffalo, N. Y., with a view to the successful carrying out of the New York State shoot. On the other hand, the fact that the club is already getting things in shape is a guarantee that it will leave nothing undone to make the shoot one of the greatest successes ever held in this State, and as such it is well worth noting.

On our way from the West on Wednesday, Oct. 9, we were fortunate in being able to stop off at Buffalo long enough to make the acquaintance of Mr. E. W. Smith, the energetic secretary of the club, and of several of his fellow-members. The Audubons, by the way, number about 125 members in good standing, many of them being very prominent residents of the city of Buffalo.

The plan for next year's shoot was outlined to us, and without giving anything away it is safe to say that those who attend will find that their pleasure and comfort have been carefully considered in all the preparations. Three sets of traps will be used, each set being housed in a manner similar to those at Rochester, N. Y. It is proposed to have a separate cashier's office for each set of traps, to do away with any chance of confusion in that all-important department. The distance between each set of traps will be 30ft., thus avoiding the trouble that is bound to ensue when No. 5 of one set overlaps, or very nearly overlaps, No. 1 of the other set. Two of the new trap houses were in use at the second annual club merchandise shoot held on Saturday last; the third will be ready any time.

The shoot itself will take place on the club's old grounds, but the location of the trap houses is somewhat more to the northeast of the grounds than the original site of the traps heretofore used by the club. The old club house, too, will be relegated to the background, and will be used as a storehouse, its place being taken by a newer and far more commodious building, which will, like the trap houses, be modeled in all probability somewhat after the home of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. Some attention will also be paid to the grounds themselves; bumps will be cut off, and holes will be filled up.

All the above preparations will cost money, and plenty of it, but we are assured on capital authority that nobody need worry about the money being expended by the Audubon Gun Club upon the improvements it is now making to its grounds and building. The club's all right.

A LITTLE LIVE-BIRD SHOOT.

On the above date, Oct. 9, a small live-bird shoot was gotten up by B. F. Smith, 2865 Main street, all those who took part in it being members of the Audubon club. Mr. Smith's grounds adjoin those of the above club, so that the alterations now being made were easy to be seen.

The main event was a 20-bird sweep, $10 entrance, birds extra. Six entered, the score showing two straights, two 18s, a 16 and a 15. A 10-bird sweep, $5 entrance, birds extra, was also shot; Kirkover, who divided first in the above sweep, winning first all alone in this event with 9 out of 10, his 6th bird dropping dead out of bounds. Smith was remarkably unlucky, losing no less than 5 of his birds dead out of bounds; this was due without a doubt to his load being unsuited to his gun; it sounded poor and the result is manifest in the score below. Edward shot well and in good time, but drew a goodly share of easy birds, Bennett appearing to have the hardest luck in drawing a succession of corkers out of a lot of birds which were only ordinary. Heinold is one of the old-time shooters, gun below the elbow almost, still he held his own very creditably, and had a good show for first money alone up to the eighth round in the 10-bird sweep. Storey is another of the older generation of shooters; the puller seemed to have it in for him, as he got Nos. 4 and 5 traps pretty nearly all the time, more than a slight handicap on this occasion, as the wind was blowing briskly from No. 1 across the traps. Charles killed 16 straight in good shape, but fell to pieces on his 17th and 19th birds, the latter falling dead out of bounds when it should have been pulverized. Dr. Daniels, a popular member of the club, shot a strange gun and suffered in consequence. The best features of the afternoon's sport were the many good second barrel kills made by Heinold and Kirkover, and the retrieving of Blinky.

Blinky deserves a little paragraph all to himself. He is not, as might be supposed, a dog; he is simply one of Buffalo's rising generation who has the love of sport very deeply imbedded in his slender body. His nickname is derived from the fact that he has but one eye, his right eye having been destroyed by a stray shot corn which found its way through the screen behind which Blinky was performing his duty as trapper boy. Notwithstanding this handicap Blinky can hold his own and no boy attempts to make off with a bird that had fallen dead out of bounds if Blinky is in pursuit. He is an institution, and a paying one, when Philadelphia squabs are so much apiece.

The scores made were as follows:

Twenty live birds, $10, birds extra, 30yds. rise:

Kirkover	22222222222212121212—20
Edward	21111212221221111222—20
Charles	22212112221122202*1—18
C Heinold	22101112102211111112—18
L Bennett	21221222*0222211012*2—16
Storey	*12210*21122112110*—15

No. 2, 10 live birds, $5; birds extra:

Kirkover	2122221222—9
Edward	2112221202—8
Bennett	2101111*111—8
Heinold	11112120**—7
Dr Daniels	2212*10120—7
Storey	*1*221*220—6
Charles	110*201021—6
B F Smith	**1*221*0*—4

EDWARD BANKS.

European Shooters at the Bosnia Tournament.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 7.—The first international pigeon tournament, held at Bosnia, in Austria-Hungary, beginning Sept. 9, is now over. It was in every way successful, there were forty-five subscribers in the Grand Prix event. The prize of 25,000 francs, together with the added entrance money, was divided into four parts, each of which would make a delightful surplus in one's pocket. First prize, 16,920 francs, with *objet d'art*, was won by Signor Guidicini with 17 pigeons; second prize, 6,200 francs, won by Count Gazoli, who grassed 16 birds; third prize, 3,960 francs, won by Signor Riva with 12 birds; fourth prize, 2,720 francs, was divided between Signors Galletti and Calari, each of whom had 11 birds to their credit.

The weather was exceptionally fine, and the birds were a grand lot. The arrangements were all that could be desired and a fine time was had. At the close of the tournament a shooting expedition was made into the marshes, the sport including hawking parties. The town was handsomely decorated and illuminated. There was only one American, Mr. Binder, but he unfortunately did not carry off any of the honors.

There seems to be plenty of room in Europe for our shotgun shooters next year. The list of important and desirable tournaments is quite extensive. Some of the most important are: Monte Carlo, beginning in December; Cairo, Egypt, under the auspices of the Khedive, beginning about Jan. 10, full details will be found in this paper in a few weeks. Then come along in succession tournaments at Spa, England; Rome, Berlin, Paris and, closing the circuit, at Bosnia in September.

Here are the winners in the several events, many of whom no doubt your readers are acquainted with:

Sept. 9, Prix d'Ouverture: First, Count Daukelmann; second and third, Toureuiet and Gajoti; fourth, S. A. T. du Braganice.

Sept. 11, Prix des Baines: First, Count de Rolinano; second, Count Daukelmann; third, Count Bernstorff; fourth, Baron de Lunden.

Sept. 14, Prix de Sarajero: First, Tourun; second, Baron de Lunden; third, Count Bernstorff; fourth, Yall de Poizal.

Sept. 16, Grand Prix: First, Guidicini; second, Count Gajoli; third, Count Riva; fourth, Galetti and Calari.

Sept. 19, Prix le Champion: First, Count Gajoli; second, Count Daukelmann; third, Baron de Lunden; fourth, Count de Sibrick.

Sept. 23, Prix de Bosnia: First, Duke de Bruneel; second, Boolr beg Kapetanovio; third, Comte Voss; fourth; Comte de Maseuges.

Sept. 18, Prix Mostar: First, Count Daukelmann; second, Mainetto Ghido; third, Comte de Poizat; fourth, Ibrahim beg Kapetanovio.

Sept. 21, Prix Herzgovina: First, Comte Bernstorff; second, Riva; third, Col. Holder; fourth, Marconcini.

Sept. 22, Prix de National: First, Comte Gajoli; second, Journu; third and fourth, Dalwick and Marconcini.

PETER GIBSON, Lieut.

Shooting at Pelhamville.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., Oct. 10.—Below are the scores made to-day on the Wauregan shooting grounds at Pelhamville, N. Y.:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	4	4	4	10	20	10	5	6	3	10	25	25
Kelly	4	3	3	8	..	8	3	5	..	8	23	22
Hendry	4	3	3	9	19	10	3	5	3	7	24	..
Hudson	4	4	2	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	..	..
Woodruff	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sanger	3	3	4	10	19	10	5	6	3	..	..	..
Brickner	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Blumenberg	..	..	..	9	..	..	4	5	2	..	..	..
Hoffman	..	..	..	13	8	..	4	3	..	..	23	
Brune	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Martin	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	9	22	..
Crawford	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	..	..
Schuler	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..	..

D. F. KELLY.

Muskegon vs. Grand Rapids.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Sept. 28.—The elements seemed to have conspired to-day to prevent the meeting between the above-named teams and did actually succeed in holding down the scores somewhat. Yet we had an enjoyable time. The promptness with which the participants stepped up to the score, and the uniform cheerfulness each one displayed made the affair one pleasant to remember. While the singles were shot from under cover the wind was raw and made things uncomfortable; but when it came to standing out in the rain to shoot the doubles, with a man's teeth chattering and the water dripping down his back, it was a test of good nature that only a true sportsman could endure. The only regret was that the visitors could not stay over to take part in the annual supper shoot and enjoy the hospitality of the Valley City Club.

Strange as it may seem, Muskegon, a city of 25,000 inhabitants, and one of the liveliest cities in the State, with deep-water navigation, has no railroad communication with Grand Rapids and the outside world between 6 P. M. on Saturday and early on Monday morning. During the summer excursion trains are run between these sister cities every Sunday at a handsome profit to the railroad companies; a Sunday train the year round, while it might not always pay in dollars, would be greatly appreciated by the people.

The Muskegon Fish and Game Protective Association challenged the Valley City Gun Club, not so much with the hope of defeating it, but as a preliminary test of the strength of its own team, preparatory to making an earnest effort next season to carry home the trophy. While it was a comparatively easy victory for the home club, there is material in the visiting team which with practice will give it need of all its skill when next the two teams meet.

Just at the close of this event, while the sides for the supper shoot were being arranged, the sun broke through the clouds and a magnificent rainbow flashed in the foreground, a perfect semi-circle, one end springing from the water of the lake, the other from the grass of an orchard scarcely a hundred yards away. Some excellent scores were made in the side shoot, Ben. O. Bush leading with 24, he shooting a Winchester, as did Karstens, Elkerton and Coleman.

The annual supper, served at the Lakeside Club immediately after the shoot, was an elaborate banquet, and when the dishes came on the table piping hot one not experienced with shooters' appetites would have been dismayed, but caterer Swetland knew by experience for whom he provided.

The scores in the two events are as follows:

Trophy team race: Five-men teams, 50 targets per man (30 singles, one man up, 5 unknown traps and 10 pairs):

Grand Rapids	
Wharton	1111111101111101110111111111 10 10 10 10 10 11 11 11 11 11—42
Widdicomb	1001010111111111111101111110110 11 11 10 11 11 10 01 10 11 01—38
Walton	0111111010100011101111101111 10 11 10 11 11 10 11 01 10 11—37
Coleman	0100101111100111101111111111 10 11 00 10 10 11 11 10 11 10—36
Gilmore	1100011111101111111101111101 01 11 10 10 10 11 10 10 00 10—35—188
Muskegon:	
Bauknecht	1110111011111101100010111110 11 00 11 11 11 01 11 11 11 11—39
Lowe	1011010001101011101111011100111 11 11 10 11 01 11 10 10 10 11—34
Houtcamp	1100001001101101101010111111 10 10 01 11 10 00 11 11 11 11—33
Dixon	1101011110001110101001101111 10 11 10 11 10 10 10 01 10 10—32
Erwin	1111111100011010001101101 01 00 11 11 10 10 01 10 11 10—32—170

Grand Rapids beat Muskegon by 19 breaks in the singles, scoring 119 to 100, but Muskegon led by one break in the doubles, the score showing: Muskegon 70, Grand Rapids 69.

The supper shoot consisted of 9-men teams, captained by Messrs. Gilmore and Kelsey respectively, each man shooting at 25 targets, unknown angles. Gilmore's team won by 176 to 164. Score:

Gilmore's Team.	
Bush	1111111111011111111111111—24
Wharton	1111111111011111110111111—23
McFie	1111101111111101101111111—22
Gould	1111111001111111111111010—21
Gilmore	1011110111011111111111010—20
Webber	0111110111110110011101111—19
Nelson	1011110111111111101000110010—16
Plant	1000100111011101110111011—16
H Widdicomb	0010101111101101111000110—15—176
Kelsey's Team.	
Walton	1111111111111111111110011—23
Elkerton	1111111111101111111110001—21
R Widdicomb	0101100111111111111111111—21
Coleman	1111111101011101111101100—19
Freligh	1111010111101011111100101—18
Karstens	0111100101110110111011111—18
Kelsey	0110001001111011111111101—15
Norris	1110011111011100100011100—15
Rood	0101110001110101111000100—14—164

C. F. ROOD, Sec'y.

Shenandoah Junction.

SHENANDOAH JUNCTION, W. Va., Oct. 5.—Shooters from Berkeley and Jefferson counties gathered together at this point to-day to try their skill at the traps. The weather was at its best for the sport, and the way good scores were piled up shows that the shooters meant business. The main attraction of the day was event No. 4, which was shot for a beautiful silver cup, representing the championship of Jefferson county, at 25 targets. The cup was given by Mr. C. E. Drawbaugh, who managed the shoot.

The race for this trophy was a hotly contested one, Capt. Billmyer and Robt. Gibson, both of Shepherdstown, tieing on 21 out of 25, which was shot out at 10 targets, resulting in the Captain's favor. Capt. Billmyer used DuPont smokeless powder and an L. C. Smith gun. The three highest averages for the day were as follows: Billmyer 86, Gibson 82, Bishop 80 per cent. All shooting known traps and angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	15	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
League	13	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Gibson	12	13	..	8	..	6	10	8	..	..
Bishop	12	12	11	..	..	..	..	9	..	..
Billmyer	12	10	15	10	..	8	10	9	..	..
Maddox	11	10	12	6	..	..	8	..	..	..
Stotler	8	2	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Spencer	7	..	10	..	..	7	10	8	..	..
Brown	..	..	..	7	7	7	6	..	8	3
Hunter	..	..	..	7	7	..	..	..	..	8
Harman	..	..	..	5	6	..	..	6	..	2
Osbourn	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	6
Blackford	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	6	7
L Harman	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	..
Wiltshire	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	6	7
A Ruse	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..
Miller	..	..	..	..	0	..	..	..	..	..
Hendricks	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
Hipsley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..

Event No. 4 was for a silver cup representing the championship of Jefferson county at inanimate targets, 25 targets per man, entrance the price of the targets. On the shoot off of the tie on 21 breaks, Capt. Billmyer won with 9 breaks to 8 out of a possible 10. Scores in this event were as follows:

Capt M J Billmyer	1101110111111011111101111—21
Robt Gibson	1111111111111100110011111—21
W League	1011111010111111111101100—19
De Bishop	0111110111110110111010111—19
B Maddox	1110111111001010111100011—18
C P Brown	0100101111110000111011111—16
Capt Spencer	1110101010100110100111110—15
Dr Stotler	1001101000101101000101100—11

Duryea Defeats Furgueson.

L. T. DURYEA and C. Furgueson, Jr., both members of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., shot a 100-bird race on Saturday last, Oct. 12, on the grounds of the above-named club at Woodlawn, L. I. Duryea shot in great form, killing 96 out of his 100, his opponent withdrawing at the end of the 60th round when he was 5 birds to the bad, having dropped 8 to Duryea's 3, the score standing 57–52. Duryea lost three of his birds dead out of bounds. The weather was wet and squally. Score:

L T Duryea	2221212212211121222012222—24 2122212222112211021121112—24 1021212112221211112121011—23 2122111222211212121211111—25—96
C Furgueson, Jr.	2201111111211112221212222—24 0110102222212012011121111—19 12111101111w — 9—52

Western Trap Matters.

THE BALTIMORE PARTY.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 12.—Mr. E. S. Rice, general agent for the DuPont powder, is making every effort to have a goodly Western party go to the big Baltimore tournament, Oct. 22–25. He writes that he intends getting together a couple of dozen of good shots of the West, the party to go East on an excursion basis, which will make the cost of the trip going and coming less than $30. It is hoped that enough will go to fill a special car, and in any event arrangements will be made for the comfort of all who go. The party will start Sunday afternoon, the 20th, arriving in Baltimore, in all probability, the afternoon of Monday, 21st. Accommodations for the Western party will be secured in advance, and everything possible done to secure comfort of one and all. Mr. W. L. Shepard, president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, has been selected to act on the handicap committee. In view of the able efforts making, there should be a good time at Baltimore.

This is a great big country, and full of good shooters. Not all of them can be at any one tournament. Some shooters will be disappointed at not being able to attend the big Atlanta tournament, on account of the conflict of dates with Baltimore; but none the less both shoots can and will be great and successful affairs. The Clarke Hardware Co., of Atlanta, are making such efforts as will secure a representative gathering at the exposition city.

GENERAL TROLLEY MANICURE.

"Mr. T. A. Divine, general trolley manicure, Yahoo line," is the irreverent way in which Messrs. Joe George and Oscar Guessaz, of San Antonio, address Mr. T. A. Divine, of Memphis, claim agent of the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley line; it being their intention to invite him to the January Santone shoot. "Wait for the Big Shoot," is the way these two put it. "This shoot has no connection with any other shoot. It is the State shoot, the good shoot, the big shoot, the only shoot."

There will be a big gathering of shooters at San Antonio this season, and for those shooters who have never traded Northern snow for Texas sunshine a most pleasant experience is in store. "We won't do a thing to you Memphis fellows when we get you in Texas," write these exuberant young men, "because we don't like the way you treated us at Memphis. And we ain't after that Englishman, Noel Money! It's his brother Isaac we want. We won't do anything to him." On the whole, it seems safe to predict that there will be something heard to fall with far from down-like softness when Greek meets Greek in the winter time at the San Pedro Springs of the Rio San Antonio.

EXTREMELY GOOD SHOOTING PREDICTED.

In comment on the proposed visit of Western shooters to the Baltimore DuPont tournament, the *Tribune* of this city says: "J. G. Messner, of Pittsburg, Pa., won the last Grand American Handicap with a score of 35 straight. This score will without doubt be beaten in the coming championship race by one of the Westerners, as all the Chicagoans that have signified their willingness to take part in the affair will be in fine condition." At first thought it would seem hard to beat a straight, but maybe this is all right.

SAD ACCIDENT.

It was a sad accident which deprived Mrs. Dr. S. Shaw, of this city, of her life last Saturday. Dr. Shaw is a member of the Garfield Club, and Mrs. Shaw had gone out on her bicycle to see the regular club shoot. Returning from the shoot, she was run down by a runaway horse, thrown from her bicycle and so injured about the head by the hoofs of the horse that she never regained consciousness, and died a few moments later.

WESTERN SHOOTS.

Oct. 8 a pleasant shoot was given by the Sheffield, Ill., Gun Club, Sheffield men taking most of the money. A town team contest was held at 15 targets, unknown angles, with the following result: Sheffield 76, Neponset 73, Anawa 62.

At Ottumwa, Ia., Oct. 8 and 9, a very spirited tournament was held. Dr. Douthett, of Osceola, Ia., ran 25 straight a couple of times. Dr. Webster, of Ottumwa, also made 25 straight in one event, and 49 out of 50 in another. Three men, Van Emmon, Gammott and Crismun, scored 47 out of 50. Webster was fortunate throughout, Van Emmon following close.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Altoona Trap Notes.

ALTOONA, Pa., Oct. 12.—Trap-shooting matters have been decidedly dull in Altoona and vicinity within the last two weeks. The grouse and deer season opened in Pennsylvania on the first of the month, and the shooting fraternity almost to a man has taken to the woods. The variegated hues which the hills and fields are now assuming; the recollections of camp-fire flickerings; the whir of ruffed grouse and the excitement of the chase—have charms to entice the lover of dog and gun from his daily vocation such as nothing else can. Living here, as we do, within a half hour's ride of the wilds of the Alleghenies, one can spend the few leisure hours that were in summer devoted to trap-shooting with dog and gun to great advantage.

J. G. Low, of the Country Club, Pittsburg, was in the city a few days this week. Besides taking a grouse hunt he, in company with a few of the local shooters, shot a few sweeps at the driving park grounds on Tuesday afternoon. Purses were divided in two moneys. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10	10
Clover	6	9	7	6	Forney	5	7	7	7
Hoover	5	3	8	5	Low	..	4	4	7

The Huntingdon Gun Club's last week's medal shoot was held on Friday afternoon. It was, as usual, well attended. The day was a delightful one and the sport was witnessed by a large crowd of interested spectators. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10
W S Houck	8	7	9	Crites	..	3	6
W A DeForrest	7	6	..	McCahan	..	6	..
Chas Kline	5	6	..	Fleming	..	6	6
H Greenberg	1	..	..	Leister	..	2	..
Fred Mobus	4	8	..	W Simpson	..	4	..
Stewart	..	8	..	Steinberg	..	0	..
Simpson	..	3	5				

No. 3 was a walking match. No. 4, the medal contest, follows in detail:

Fred Mobus	0001001111—5	Adams	0000000000—0
DeForrest	1001110011—6	Greenberg	0100000001—2
Crites	0001000000—1	McCahan	0101111110—7
Houck	1110010111—7	Simpson	1110100100—5
Kline	0101101011—6	E W Stewart	1111011110—8
Leister	0001001001—3	G S Williams	0110011101—6

E. W. Stewart won the gold and Crites the leather medals. Adams was not a member of the club.

I have just received a letter from Secretary Horace Johnson, of the Huntingdon club, in which he states that they will hold a one day's tournament in the near future, on a date that will best suit the Altoona boys to pay them a visit. This means a big day's shooting. The two clubs can turn out in the neighborhood of thirty shooters who will shoot through the programme, and if the weather is at all favorable there will undoubtedly be a large attendance. Captain Williams, who kindly furnishes me with the scores, writes that they have remodeled their building and changed the position of their traps, as suggested in a former letter to FOREST AND STREAM, and that their grounds are now as good as any in the State.

GRANT.

Holland Defeats Zeeland.

HOLLAND, Mich., Oct. 4.—The Blue Rock Gun Club held to-day its second medal contest since it was organized last June. The first time we were badly beaten, but to-day we won by a small margin. To-day's contest was with the Zeeland, Mich., Rod and Gun Club, at the Fair Grounds. The prize was a solid silver medal, given by the S. O. and W. A. Agricultural Society to the club making the highest score The society also offered a purse of $6 to be shot for. Score:

Medal contest, 6 men to a team, 25 bluerocks per man, unknown angles:

Holland.	
G Bender	1110111111101111001111101—20
H Harmon	0111011111101111011110111—20
S Arleth	0011110111111011011100011—18
C J de Roo	1001110011111110010101111—17
A F Ferguson	0111101100111111111100101—17
C Harmon	1110001011001111101011110—15—107
Zeeland.	
J Kraus	1101110111101101111111101—20
H Van Eyck	1101111111101100111111011—20
A Ending	1011011110111001101111110—17
H Karstens	1011010111110001011110111—17
A Smits	1011110110011100001111100—15
J Kamps	1111110000101001100110101—14—103

No. 2 shot for purse of $6; 20 bluerocks, entrance price of targets, purse divided—$3, $2 and $1: A. Ferguson and J. Kamps 17; F. Johnson, H. Harman, J. Kraus, A. Kamps and A. Smits 16; R. Mackey, G. Bender, A. Ending and H. Karstens 15; H. Van Eyck, A. G. Baumgartel, C. Harman and S. Arleth 14; W. Thomas, J. H. Smith, C. J. de Roo and H. Holley 13.

A. G. BAUMGARTEL, Sec'y.

The Audubon's Annual Shoot.

SATURDAY, Oct. 12, was the day set for the Audubon Gun Club's annual merchandise shoot. The weather, after being about as perfect for trap-shooting as possible during several weeks past, broke down and gave the Audubons a taste of the pleasures of trap-shooting in a storm of wind and rain.

Yet despite the bad weather conditions, 46 shooters took part in the big event (50 targets), for which there were just 50 prizes offered. Thus it was a case of "All prizes, no blanks," a state of affairs which rendered it somewhat easier to withstand the wet and cold than might otherwise have been the case. Under such conditions as stated above, the score of 44 out of 50, unknown angles, put together by Alex. Forrester was a good piece of work, while Dan Lefever's 43 was not far behind. The latter scored 24 out of his last 25, the highest individual score made in any one string of 25. The prizes, which had been on view in the windows of Dingen Bros.' store, on Main street, Buffalo, for some days, were a capital lot and as varied as could well be imagined. The scores made were as follows:

	First String.	Second String.	Total.		First String.	Second String.	Total.
A Forrester	22	22	44	Gifford	13	16	29
D M Lefever	19	24	43	Reid	10	19	29
Tolsma	20	21	41	L Erb	10	19	29
J P Fisher	20	19	39	Zoller	11	17	28
Kirkover	17	21	38	Coombs	12	15	27
F D Kelsey	19	19	38	Willitt	9	16	25
Northrup	18	18	36	Poole	13	11	24
B F Smith	17	18	35	W E Storey	10	14	24
Oehmig	16	19	35	O'Brien	11	13	22
Jaeger	17	18	35	Sauer	9	13	22
C S Burkhardt	17	18	35	Wilson	13	9	22
E C Burkhardt	18	17	35	Kobler	11	10	21
L W Bennett	20	14	34	Dingens	10	11	21
L Fries	19	15	34	H Erb	10	11	21
P S Myers	17	16	33	T Howell	10	10	20
Dr Daniels	17	16	33	Reynolds	7	13	20
E W Smith	14	19	33	J E Lodge	14	6	20
G McArthur	15	18	33	Dr Smith (unfinished)	12	7	19
Dr Fisher	15	16	31	C J Haigh	7	12	19
Swartz	15	16	31	D C Sweet	8	10	18
H McMichael	16	15	31	B Jones	3	12	15
Le Beau	16	14	30	Whitbeck	4	4	8
Losson	15	15	30				

The weather necessitated the postponement of an attractive programme of sweeps, but there was a final shoot at live birds, in which seven men competed. B. F. Smith refereed. The entrance fee was $5, with two moneys. Harry Kirkover had the best of it, winning out with 7 straight, leaving a host of 6 men to settle second place. The scores were as follows: H. D. Kirkover 7, E. C. Burkhardt 6, L. Zoeller 5, D. Lefever 6, McArthur 6, L. W. Bennett 6, Kelsey 6.

Trap at Elkwood Park.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Oct. 9.—There was a good day's sport to-day at Elkwood Park, the main event being a sweep at 10 live birds, which was known as the "hotel-keeper's handicap." One of the conditions of the event was that winner should pay for dinners for all the contestants out of the purse. 'Lisha Price, of Pleasure Bay, N. J., was first with 9, thus securing both the purse and the honor of acting as host at the clambake which was provided at the Elkwood Inn on the conclusion of the event. The following were the scores in this event:

H Davis (30)	2001201101—6	J Little (21)	2021000022—4
E Megee (30)	2022102022—7	Stearns (21)	2101010012—6
J Atkinson (30)	0022121020—6	W Perrine (32)	0112120002—6
L Stoddard (30)	2012022110—7	E W Price (32)	1222022221—9
J Carroll (25)	1000022000—3	Sutphin (25)	0010222002—5
T Johnson (21)	0111010020—5		

A 10-bird sweep at blackbirds, $1 entrance, was also shot, the following being the scores made: A. L. Ivins 8, J. L. Brewer, Wm Perrine, E. W. Price and W. C. Price 7; L. Stoddard and Considine 6; H. White 4, H. Carroll and Sutphin 3.

As an opener for the day, H. Davis, J. Atkinson and J. Danser shot a 5-bird sweep, $5 entrance, Davis scoring 4, Danser 3 and Atkinson 2. A 3-bird sweep, $5 entrance, was won by Stearns, who killed 2, his opponents, Johnson and Little, scoring 1 and 0 respectively.

J. V. EMMONS.

Perth Amboy Shooters.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Oct. 5.—The Central Gun Club held its regular club shoot this afternoon. Conditions: 10 live birds per man, $3 entrance. Score:

Wm Dayton	0222110010—6	Wm F Hartman	1101121001—7
H Dayton	2202202122—8	G Eggert	0021111111—8
J Glenn	0101110120—6	S Dayton	1101222122—9

H. J. MASON, Sec'y.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A Suggestion.

THE very low rates to Atlanta offer a rare opportunity to visit the South at little cost. There are a number of points *en route* well worthy in themselves of making the trip to see. Among them are Luray Caverns, the Great Natural Bridge of Virginia, Lookout Mountain and the Chickamauga-Chattanooga National Military Park. Luray Caverns and National Bridge are too well known to need extended mention, and the recent dedication by the National Government of the new military park has brought it prominently to public notice. Through this vast park the United States Government has built the finest roads in the United States, no other park offering the opportunity in area and topography and available material for road building. Almost every State in the Union has erected monuments there to its heroes who fell in "the late unpleasantness." Chattanooga and Atlanta are easily reached now and the trip is really a delightful treat. The famous Shenandoah Valley Route runs a solid train from New York to Chattanooga, passing through the interesting and historic points just mentioned. The dining car service is the best out of New York. Address L. J. Ellis, 317A Broadway, New York, for any desired information.

Mannocitin.

MANNOCITIN is a rust preventive that has attained a great vogue on the Continent, and which is now being introduced to the manufacturers and sportsmen in America by Mr. Otto Goetze, 23 Whitehall st., New York.

In Germany it is used by the government railways, telegraph systems, gun factories, etc., as well as manufacturers in all departments of trade.

It is highly recommended by such men as Frederick Krupp, the great gun manufacturer, and Julius Pintsch, of gas burner fame.

"Mannocitin," according to the manufacturers, "is a composition of greases and oils. A few hours after application the oils evaporate, leaving a thin, slightly soft film, which adheres to the metal and absolutely protects it against all influences of the atmosphere, salt and fresh water, and against the vapors of ammonia and muriatic acid."

Special Notice.

WE inform our patrons and friends that on or about Oct. 8, 1895, we remove our entire manufacturing business to Ogdensburg, N. Y. Our reason for making this change is because of the superior manufacturing and shipping facilities afforded by that city.

Also after Oct. 8 our firm will be known as The Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co., as successors of the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., of Clayton, N. Y. The business will be under the same principals and management as formerly. After Oct. 8, 1895, kindly address all communications to The Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co., Ogdensburg, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. A. G. Spalding, President; J. W. Curtiss, Secretary; J. G. Fraser, Treasurer and General Manager.

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P. L. B., Dresden, O.—Which would give the best satisfaction, a .50-cal. Winchester Repeating Express Rifle with 26 or 28in. barrel? Ans. For hunting we should choose the shorter barrel.

H. D. C., Cincinnatti.—The "one design" canoe is built by the Spalding St. Lawrence Co., of Ogdensburg, N. Y., who will quote prices. We can furnish back numbers in most cases at ten cents each.



It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where WE get back a good deal more than cost of catalogue and postage.

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One lot of Split Bamboo Fly and Bass Rods will be sold at 98c. until all are sold. These Rods are all nickel mounted, solid reel seats, beaded butts, silk wound. Extra tip. Complete in wood form and cloth bag, and will give satisfaction. Lengths and weights of Fly Rods are: 9ft., 6oz.; 9½ft., 6½oz.; 10ft., 7oz.; 10½ft., 7½oz.; 11ft., 8oz. **Reel seats below hand.** Lengths and weights of Bass Rods are: 8½ft., 9oz.; 9ft., 10oz.; 9½ft., 11oz.; 10ft., 12oz.; 10½ft., 14oz; **reel seats above hand.** Any of the above rods sent by mail on receipt of price and 30c. extra for postage.

No. H.—A special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, multiplying reel, with balance handle and side spring click, 40yds., 68c.; 60yds., 78c; 80yds., 88c.; 100yds., 98c. Any of the above reels sent by mail on receipt of price and 10c. extra for postage.

No. E—Special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, click reels, 40yds., 48c.; 60yds., 58c. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 5c. extra for postage.

No. C—Special lot of extra fine nickel plated, raised pillar, multiplying reels with click and drag, and screw off oil cup, 40yds., 58c.; 60yds., 68c.; 80yds., 78c; 100yds., 88c.; 150yds., 98c.

Single gut leaders, mist color, 1yd., 20c. per doz.; 2yds., 40c per doz; 3yds, 60c per doz. Double gut leaders, mist color, 2yds., 75c. per doz. Hand twisted treble gut leaders, 3ft. long, 10c. each, 90c. per doz

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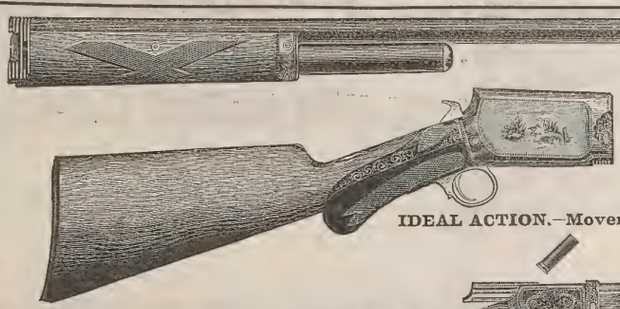
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When, Where and How to Catch It

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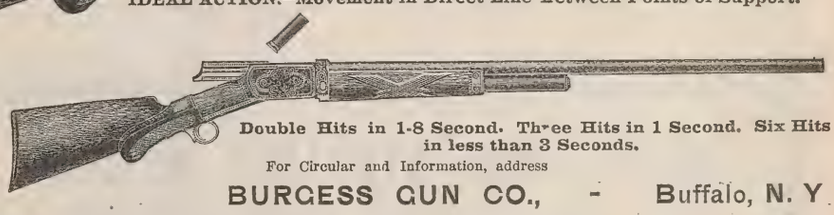


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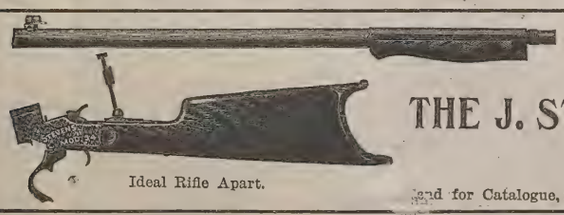
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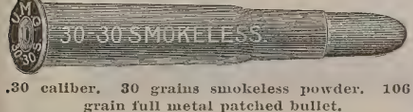
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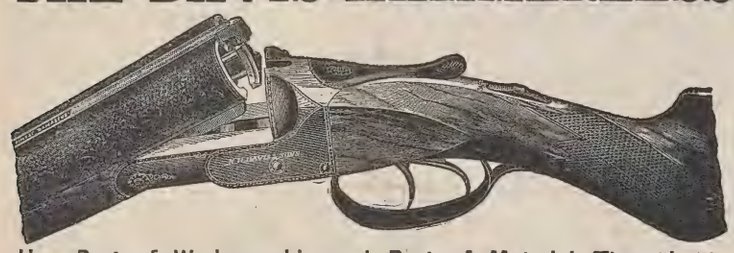
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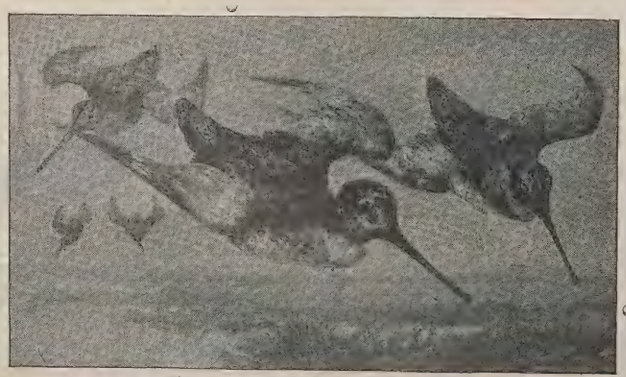
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1895.

VOL. XLV.—No. 17 No. 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

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QUAIL AND TRAPS.

AMONG civilized people at the present age, it would seem that the practice of field sports should have reached such a stage of refinement and advancement, and be so firmly established, that there would be no analogy near or remote between their methods and those of savagery. It would furthermore seem that in his field sports the higher intelligence, more delicate sensibilities and more fastidious tastes of the civilized man would impel him to entirely eliminate all barbaric methods, or that such methods would have drifted into the past naturally with the wreckage, rubbish and unsuitable material which mark the progress of life and civilization throughout the ages.

Great progress in this respect has been made. In a great measure the methods of the savage in the pursuit of game have been abandoned for the refined and intellectual methods of civilization, yet there are parts here and there in the lower forms of game pursuit which are very similar to the methods of the savage, although concerning the latter it should be mentioned as excusing him that his daily necessities for food require that it be obtained in the most direct manner with the least expenditure of time and effort, while the civilized man who captures his birds by irregular means cannot plead necessity in justification of such methods.

Of all the improper means employed for the capture of upland game birds or waterfowl, none more justly meets the condemnation of all sportsmen, and even the condemnation of those who are not sportsmen in the strict sense of the term, than the netting of birds. This manner of capture is so coldly calculating in it workings, so devoid of any element of sportsmanship—it taking the birds at such a treacherous and fatal disadvantage, bagging whole bevies at a time without even alarming them—that it is universally denounced by all sportsmen and also by those whose claims to sportsmanship are but modest. However much States may differ in their ideas of game protection and in their game laws, on the matter of prohibiting netting they are a unit. It is a practice odious to the people. It is a direct connecting link with barbaric methods, for it is a perfect pattern of the Indian's use of the valleys, whose ranges of hills on either side formed the wings of the net—the valleys, fitted by nature for a trap, terminating abruptly, forming a pocket in which the fleeing herd was brought to a stand and slaughtered by the pitiless pursuers; or the more artificial method of the Indian, where strong fences were built out, forming wings whose center was a precipice. To this the herd was driven, the wings on each side deflected the fleeing animals to the common center, the precipice, over which the animals plunged to their destruction.

Netting is quite quick and sweeping in its destruction and its consequent extermination. The trapping of the prairie chicken and the snaring of the ruffed grouse are rapid exterminators, although such methods differ from netting in that they are passive; for their success they depend on the voluntary coming of the birds, and as the birds may wander about a long time without finding the snares, the latter are very uncertain in their action. So fatal are they, however, that if permitted to remain in a section the extermination of the game there is a certainty. Nearly all States strictly and wisely declare them illegal.

The passiveness of the snares, however, are in striking contrast to the active working of the nets, and the destruction of the latter is correspondingly rapid. With the net the conditions are widely different. There is no passive state. Man's intelligence and action leave but little to chance. He manipulates the birds by driving them; the net is simply a receptacle. The haunts of each bevy are learned betimes during the summer, and favorable places for driving them and setting the nets are noted. On some cloudy, damp day, or in the times between showers of a rainy day, the netter sallies forth, sets his net across a favorite runway of the birds, locates them either by riding about or with a dog, then they being loth to take wing in such weather he drives them toward the net Should they endeavor to run in a direction other than that desired, the netter quietly and gently turns their course as he desires, never pressing them so close as to alarm them. They flee unsuspectingly toward the real danger, the treacherous net, whose broad wings at length turn them toward the center, where an opening seemingly offers escape. They all enter and all are caught. A whole bevy of game and beautiful birds, cunning in their devices to avoid man's pursuit, strong of wing and resourceful in swift flight, a delight to the heart of the true sportsman who pits his skill against the swiftness and natural environment of the bird, meets thus an ignominious death at the hands of the netter, in like manner to the frightened herd driven over a precipice and destroyed at the hands of the Indian and without the just excuse of the latter.

There is probably one lower depth of degradation than that of netting, and that is the slaughter of game birds at the trap—a practice, it is a pleasure to say, which never was common, but existed as a diversion of a few individuals. To net the birds was a crime against sportsmanship and against the statutes in many States; to shoot them from the trap after they were caught was pandering to a cruel taste for slaughter.

And yet, it is not many decades ago when netting was not considered improper. "The Sportsman's Dictionary, or the Gentleman's Companion," which aspired to be an encyclopedia on "riding, hunting, fowling, netting, fishing, racing, farriery, cocking, hawking," etc., and which bears the date 1792, in its quaint style gives quite full directions for the making of nets and the netting of birds. The manner of coloring and the value of colors blending harmoniously with the colors of nature are dwelt upon, and all being ready the netter is cautioned to observe the haunts of the birds and their morning and evening feeding places, where he should station himself about two hours before their feeding time and prepare his nets. After describing the manner of working the net, the "fowler" is advised to "continue your sport till the sun be near an hour high, and no longer, for then their feeding is over for that time; but you may go again in the evening, from about sunset till twilight." Minute directions were given for the netting of wildfowl on rivers, and for smaller birds, as plover, etc., some of the devices commended being like the trammel nets now in use by fishermen.

Before firearms were brought to a useful state of perfection for wing shooting the art of netting apparently was in a state of perfection. The netter for water fowl set his net or a series of nets in parts of the river where ducks frequented, then drove the ducks from adjacent outlying points, and again set other nets in those haunts, so that whether in search of food or rest they were in constant danger of being caught.

But there is nothing to condone the use of the net at the present day, except to capture birds where they are plentiful for removal to stock other places where there is a dearth. It belongs to a past age, when firearms were imperfect and owned by but few, when game was more abundant and the population much less than now, when the necessities of existence were more pressing, and when the people at large were little interested in the problem of game preservation, or rather, when such problem did not exist.

ALASKAN REINDEER.

This is the time of year when we are accustomed to read in the press dispatches the annually recurring account of starvation among the natives of Labrador. The resources of that barren land are at the best so meager that it needs only a falling off in the fisheries or in the fur trapping to bring distress upon the people. The British Government would do well to follow the example of the United States, which in Alaska has undertaken to solve the problem of native subsistence by the introduction of reindeer.

What the final result of the Alaskan reindeer enterprise will prove cannot now be known, although good reason exists for believing in its complete success, if the animals can be protected from the savage dogs of the Eskimo. The natives of Alaska have been called upon to face the problem, so often discussed nearer home, of maintaining in the same country and at the same time a deer supply and a dog supply. The question is one much more serious with the Eskimo than with us; for while they are concerned to support life, we are making provision only for sport. The reports from Alaska are that the imported reindeer have failed to increase because of relentless pursuit and decimating raids by the sledge dogs. Only at Fort Clarence, where the deer are protected from the dogs, is a herd keeping up its numbers. The Mohonk Indian Conference adopted a resolution the other day recommending that Congress should increase the annual appropriation for introducing reindeer into Alaska from $7,500 to $20,000 for the coming year. If such a sum shall be appropriated, a sufficient share of it should be devoted to the protection of the deer after they have been brought into the country. Spending Government funds to import reindeer for Eskimo dogs to devour is altogether too much like the familiar spending of other Government money for planting fish to be cleaned out by greedy and lawless fishermen.

THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

THE place left vacant by the death of United States Fish Commissioner McDonald remains to be filled, and the choice of a successor is awaited with some concern by those who appreciate the magnitude of the interests involved and the qualities demanded of an incumbent fitted to administer the affairs of the Commission. We are confident that in his selection of a new head for the Commission, President Cleveland will not depart from the wise rule which has prevailed in the past of the exclusion of politics from its affairs, and of securing for it the highest ability at command, without reference to other considerations than the real interests of the Commision itself.

The one man who is pre-eminently adapted beyond all others to the place is Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, who was for years identified with the practical work of the Commission, and was long Commissioner McDonald's assistant in charge of the Division of Fishculture. Dr. Bean is well equipped for the position both by native endowment and by special training. He possesses high attainments in knowledge of fish, fishing and fishculture in all their scientific and commercial relations, and has shown an ability to make use of this knowledge for the securing of practical results.

He has been identified with the Commission from 1874, when he was invited to join in the work on the coast of Connecticut, until the present year, when after having passed a competitive examination, he was chosen by the New York Board of Parks to take charge of the city aquarium.

Dr. Bean years ago gave up the special scientific work to which he had been assigned by his chief, in order to take charge of the Division of Fishculture, a position long held by Col. McDonald before he was promoted to the head of the Commission. The appointment of Dr. Bean by Commissioner McDonald as his successor in the Division was regarded as a reward of merit; and that the Commissioner was entirely satisfied with the selection is evidenced by the strong letter of recommendation which he sent to Dr. Bean when accepting his resignation from the Government service.

Dr. Bean has studied fishcultural apparatus and methods in Europe as well as in the United States, and he has probably as large a circle of friends among State Fish Commissioners and other fishculturists at home and abroad as any other man. His acquaintance with fishermen and anglers is also very extensive, his correspondents being scattered over nearly all civilized countries.

The practical results of his field studies are found in his reports on the Salmon Industry of Alaska, the Cod Fishery and Shore Fisheries of the same territory, the Alewife in Lake Ontario, the Burbot, the Fishes of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, the Fishes of Great Egg Harbor Bay, the Fishes of Great South Bay, the Fishes of Pennsylvania (an illustrated book) and the Mackerel Fishery in Southern Waters.

He has always looked upon the fishcultural work of the Commission as of the very first importance to the people, and has aimed to bring the resources of his early training to bear in securing results which would appeal to the public. His efforts won the commendation of his superior and of the friends of fishculture everywhere. Those who are most familiar with the character of his services as a fishculturist are convinced that the public interest would be served by putting him at the head of the Commission. In his hands its affairs would be administered intelligently, honestly and efficiently.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN JONES'S BAYOU.—II.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.—I left the reader of my story of Bolivar county, Miss., life at the termination of my first fishing expedition with Uncle John Randolph Martin. Suffice it to say that Uncle Martin and I had several more of these expeditions to Snake River during the spring and summer months. Uncle John was bent upon turning to advantage the resources of nature, and as he enjoyed the sport also he made several trips to the river every week, and always "ketched as much as his mule could tote," to use his own expression. Uncle Martin did not fool away his time with perch, however. He usually speared three or four large buffalo fish, and then caught a sackful of black bass and brought them invariably straight to the railroad camps. He would nearly always leave three or four nice bass at Mrs. Beaver's house for me, as he never bought or made any more hooks or fishing apparatus after he made my acquaintance. When he wanted anything he invariably sent to me for it, and I nearly always had it for him.

There were others of the residents of Jones's Bayou who also fished at Snake River and sold their catch to the railroad camps. Uncle Zack Jones, for whom the bayou was named, and who had all the sandy-haired girls, and also the finest pack of bearhounds in Bolivar county, used to go fishing sometimes, but none were as persistent and tireless as Uncle Martin. All, however, could catch fish out of Snake River, as I never in all my life saw a place that was as near alive with fish as this was. The market fishermen there did not have to use fish traps and baskets and nets and set out lines, but in a few hours could catch with a hook and line all they could carry home. They all seemed to have an understanding about telling the railroad men where the place was, because as many times as I visited the river alone and in the company of some of the natives, I never saw a railroad man upon its banks. If it had become known to the men at work upon the road, there would have been squads of them there fishing all the time, and this would have entirely destroyed the very lucrative business of selling fish by the natives. Snake River is just such a place as Reel-Foot Lake, near Memphis, only the fishing at Snake River is just twice as good as it is at Reel-Foot Lake on account of there being not so much of it done. Reel-Foot Lake is a place of national reputation, and people go there for fishing and duck shooting from all over the United States. Now, if some of my readers will step off of the Memphis & New Orleans Railroad at Jones's Bayou and hunt up some of my old friends there and find Snake River, if they don't catch fish I will pay for their trip. If any of the old residents still live there and the railroad has not made them emigrate to a new country (as some of them threatened to do), one will find a hearty welcome and a jolly companion to accompany him to the river and pilot the way.

Being busy with my work, and also finding an occasional day for a fishing trip, the spring and summer soon slipped away and frost announced the coming of cold weather. Just as soon as the season opened I got out my rifles and hunting paraphernalia and would combine business with pleasure. My work or length of grading and trestling was twenty miles, and as I had to go to one end or the other once or twice every week, I had ample opportunities for hunting. I would take one of my rifles, and mounting a horse or mule strike into a cattle trail that led in the direction I wished to travel. In this way I would hunt to my destination and also on the return trip. I did not usually follow the right of way or cleared path of the railroad, as I knew the country perfectly by this time, and was not afraid of getting lost.

One day in September I was making one of my trips down the line and had my small .32-20 Winchester with me. I was walking, following a trail, and came suddenly out into the bed of a bayou from the switch cane. All the bayou and stream beds are open and clear of both cane and brush. Not 40yds. from me on the other side of the bayou stood a large doe, and at her side a fawn. The fawn was almost grown and had the spots off of it. The doe was pawing the ground in a very uneasy manner, and I could tell by her actions that she apprehended the presence of danger. The fawn was lying perfectly still with its face toward me. I stopped, cocked my rifle and thought a moment about as follows: "If I shoot the doe the chances are that this small-bored rifle will only wound her, and she is sure to get away from me in the cane." I raised my rifle and tried to draw a bead on her head, but she was standing broadside to me and the motion made by her pawing rendered it almost impossible for me to get a good sight. I took down my gun and thought again to see what I should do. I hated to shoot her in the side and have her run off and decay in the woods. I made up my mind this time to shoot the fawn and let the doe go. I raised my gun again and taking deliberate aim fired at the sticking place in the fawn's throat. The poor little thing gave a struggle or two to rise, but tumbled over and died. The ball had struck it square in the throat and gone clear through it lengthways. I walked up to where the fawn lay and after cutting its throat to let it bleed, sat down near by in the switch-cane. I had heard people say that if you killed a fawn with its mother, and would only keep out of sight a few moments, you could always kill the mother, and I wanted to satisfy myself on this point. I had no idea of killing the doe, as the weather was warm and the meat would have spoiled before I could possibly have used it up, and I knew from the sign and the "white flags" that I had seen all summer that I could kill a deer any time I wanted one.

I had not taken my seat more than five minutes before I heard the bushes cracking and heard the doe bleat for her fawn.

The mother had returned facing danger to look for her young. She had sprung into the cane at one leap at the crack of the rifle. But her motherly love had brought her back again. She made straight for the body of the fawn, smelled it and then bleated the most pitiable bleat that I ever heard. I sat there looking on and could have killed her a dozen times, but would not do so. I was ashamed of myself already and had no desire to kill the poor animal. I pitied her from the bottom of my heart. When a doe or any animal jumps up in front of me and has a chance for its life, I will always shoot, I cannot help it, but it would have seemed like murder to have killed that poor mother, who was bewailing the death of her child. After looking on for several minutes I rose up and the doe sprang into the cane and was gone. I picked up my fawn after cutting off its head and feet and taking out the entrails, and throwing it across my shoulder started for home. It was not more than a mile to the house and the fawn did not weigh over 35 or 40lbs.; but I tell you I was hot and tired when I threw it down on the front porch of Mrs. Beaver's house. I then got a horse and went down the line and attended to my business. This was the first of many a deer that fell before my rifle during the next fifteen months. But let me say, however, that I never slaughtered. When I had no use for it and my friends did not want fresh meat I never killed, as I have yet my first piece of game of any kind to sell. I never have sold even a quail in my life, and I have killed my share, I guess. Mrs. Beaver used to offer to pay me for a deer when I brought one in, but I never would take a cent. It always seemed to me that it would spoil some of the keen sense of sportsmanship or the love of the chase if I sold my game, and at that time I had never read FOREST AND STREAM either. This aversion to pot and market hunting was born in me and not cultivated.

Two or three days after I killed the fawn I passed by Uncle Andrew Jackson Taylor's house, and as I always stopped to see my old friends when I was not in a hurry, I told him of killing the fawn. Uncle Taylor told me that he would go hunting with me some time. That he knew every water hole and salting ground in Bolivar county and could insure me a bear or deer every time I went with him. He said that all you had to do was to take your stand at the water hole and you were sure to get a shot at a bear or deer about sunrise or sunset. In the swamp everything is dry and dusty during the months of July, August, September and October, and all the lagoons and bayous dry up into water holes. The game as well as cattle know where these water holes are, and make regular trails through the cane to them. I asked Uncle Taylor if he did not think it a very unsportsmanlike trick to sit in the fork of a tree and blow a deer's brains out while it was taking a drink. He only laughed and said, "I kaint see for the life of me whar is the difference, jist so you get the deer." I said, "Why, Uncle Taylor, would not you rather kill a deer running with the rifle barrel of your gun than to blow its brains out with the shotgun barrel standing still?" "Narry a bit of it," said Uncle Taylor, "jist so I got the deer."

"Well!" I said, "you are all strange hunters to me."

Uncle Taylor had a combination rifle and shotgun that was a terribly effective weapon for the kind of hunting he indulged in—that is, watching water holes. It was a muzzleloader; the rifle shot a half ounce ball, and the shotgun barrel was No. 8 bore and chambered four big blue whistler buckshot. What chance on earth had a deer, bear or anything else with this cannon turned loose on him while he was peacefully slaking his thirst?

Uncle Taylor now informed me that there was a large drove of nearly grown wild turkeys that were using the back part of his cornfield, and that if I could hit them flying I could kill as many as I wanted. He said, "Me an' Storkey hes ben out thar fur a week tryin' to kill one of the durn critters, but they air tu slick fur us." Storkey was Uncle Taylor's nephew, and was a grown man of family and lived with Uncle Taylor. Neither he nor Uncle Taylor could shoot on the wing, and the turkeys were too sly to be shot on the ground. I thought to myself, how glad I am that these people cannot shoot on the wing. To flush a drove of wild turkeys and knock one or two down as they sail off is no mean sport. It is almost equal to knocking down a deer on the run. I lost no time, but made tracks for home. Now John Beaver, son of my landlady, had as fine a muzzleloading shotgun as I ever put to my face. It was of some English make, and was formerly owned by a rich cotton planter near Greeneville. The planter took the breechloader craze, and brought a new breechloader from Memphis; so he sold the muzzleloader to John for $10. It was a good one, however, and must have cost $100 when it was new. I borrowed the gun and went back to Uncle Taylor's as fast as a horse could carry me. I arrived just about sundown, and Uncle Taylor told me that the turkeys were in the field now, as he always found them there at sunrise and sundown. He said that he and Storkey would go with me and drive them for me.

We all started. I had loaded my gun carefully with a reliable turkey load of No. 4 shot. Uncle Taylor and Storkey went straight to the turkeys and I went around and took my stand at the back of a field near an old tree, where they said the turkeys always flew into the swamp. I had not been there long, and was crouching with both barrels cocked looking up in the air for the turkeys to come sailing over. I thought they would fly as usual as soon as Uncle Taylor or Storkey came in sight, and that I would get one as they came over. Imagine my surprise then when I heard a gentle *put, put, put*, coming down the corn row. I knew what it meant. The turkeys were running out of the field instead of flying, and they were going to cross the fence just about where I stooped. I watched and soon saw them. The old hen was in the lead, and about a dozen nearly grown birds were following her call, all in the same corn row. I honestly believe I could have stooped down on an elevation with their heads and scooped the whole drove. I did not want to do this, however, as I never shoot a bird on the ground. It makes no difference if it is nothing but a woodpecker; I throw a rock at him and make him fly. So I at once straightened up and the turkeys rose at sight of me. The first one that got up I knocked down, and then as the drove rose I got another. They were beauties, both gobblers and almost as large as the old hen. In about a minute here came Uncle Taylor. He saw me rise and shoot on the wing and he thought I did it because I was excited. He never dreamed that I had done such a trick on purpose. He commenced on me, as I knew he would, about as follows: "Well, Wingfield, you done dad blasted good to git two on 'em; but ef you hadn't a ben sich a durn fool to git up outer that ar fence corner you mout a bagged the whole gang."

When I told Uncle Taylor that I saw the turkeys coming single file down the corn row and had flushed them intentionally, he fairly made the atmosphere smell of sulphur. "Well! durn your heart," he said, "ef you hed jist shot into them turkeys, I could a tuck about six over to the camps an' sold 'em, and then give you plenty too." "Well," said I, "then I would not have had any more turkeys to shoot at; as it is, they will be back here again to-morrow or next day, and we will have the same fun over again."

"Durn the fun!" said Uncle Taylor, "I want them turkeys to sell."

"Well! you will have to pot them on the ground yourself then, for I will never do it—not I."

"Confound it! that air 'xactly what Storkey an' me hes ben tryin' to do fur two weeks, an' the blasted turkeys will sail over us like buzzards and gobble at us as they go! This air the fust time they ever run out o' the field, an' you, blamed fool, went an' spiled it all."

"Well, well! Uncle Taylor, don't get so mad; you can have both of the turkeys I killed if you want them."

Now the old man commenced to come back to himself, and turning around in a sorrowful way he said: "No, it hain't no use to row at ye, ye al'us talk to one so nice; ye take one turkey an' I'll take t'other." So shouldering a turkey each we started back to the house. Thus ended my first turkey hunt.

It was a week or more before I picked up a gun again. This time it was early in the morning near the latter part of September. The squirrels were abundant and as I was fond of shooting them as well as eating them, I filled my belt with cartridges and started out to kill a mess. There was a ridge or belt of high timber about a mile and a half in rear of Mrs. Beaver's house, and upon this ridge grew a great many hickory nut and pecan trees. I had been there before and knew that the squirrels were there by the hundreds. So picking my way along a cattle trail, I was soon on the ground. I found an abundance of the game I was looking for, and soon had a dozen or more fine gray and fox squirrels. I was sitting down by the side of a small holly tree watching two squirrels eating the berries, and debating to myself whether I would kill any more or not, when I was startled by the sound of something walking behind me. I had been shooting all morning, but had not fired a shot for probably thirty minutes, as I had stopped and breakfasted on the lunch I had with me. I had no idea that there was any large game within three miles of me, as I naturally supposed the constant crack of my rifle would have scared it away. Imagine my surprise, I say, when a fine six-prong buck walked leisurely by me, almost close enough for me to touch him with the end of my gun. Why that deer did not smell or see me has always been a mystery to me. But it did not. The buck grazed on the tender shoots of the switch cane, which was about waist high, for several minutes before I could compose myself enough to even point my rifle at him. This is one time in my life, reader, when I had the "buck ague" or "fever," whichever you mind to call it. I shook like a leaf and I honestly imagined I could hear my knee joints rattle. I was never in my life more taken by surprise, and then the old fellow was such a fine one too! None of your little old "slink does" or "spike bucks" was he. He was one of the granddaddies of his race, and had a pair of horns on his head that any man would be proud of. I surveyed him from head to foot, almost rooted to the ground as I was. Every now and then the buck would stop feeding a moment and knock at a fly, and when he turned his head to hook a fly or rub it off with his horn he would actually look me square in the face. I kept wondering to myself "why don't he see me and run." I knew if he ever started to run that I would be on my feet and pumping lead into him at the rate of twenty to the minute, but as it was I was paralyzed. The conditions were different from those surrounding the doe and the fawn. In the doe and fawn case, the blue cane was thick as the hair on a dog's back within 5ft. of them, and when once a deer or anything is lost in that it is almost as if a wave of the ocean had rolled over them, and left no impression or sign by which to follow. In the case of the buck, both myself and the buck were on the top of what they call in the swamp a ridge. There was no blue cane within a quarter mile of us, and the ridge was covered only with switch cane about waist high. So I had an excellent chance to kill the buck even with my small rifle, and if I had not done so, I would not deserve the name even of a hunter. Finally, after sitting like a knot on a log for five minutes debating with myself about where was the best place to shoot that buck, I summed up courage enough to raise my rifle and try to take aim. I tried to get sight at his ear or the base of his skull, but he kept on bobbing his head in reaching for fresh bites of cane, and my nerves were in such a shattered condition that I gave it up, and dropping the muzzle down aimed as best I could just behind his foreleg. My rifle was shaking like an aspen leaf, and the muzzle was describing a circle that would have taken a step-ladder to draw on a schoolboy's blackboard. But finally I decided that I had "dead aim" at a buck not 20ft. distant, and I sitting flat on the ground with my elbow resting on my knees, so with an uncertain and almost sinking heart I fired. At the "ping" of the little .32-20 the buck jumped high into the air and tucked his tail. Whenever you see the "white flag" go down, reader, you may know you have drawn blood. They will never do it unless the bullet or shot strikes them. I was like Rip Van Winkle awakened from his twenty years' dream. The "ping" of the .32 had about as much electricity in it for me as it had for the buck. It brought me to my senses, it reassured me and told me that I was an old, experienced hunter, instead of a schoolboy. Before the deer had made three bounds, I was on my feet, a new cartridge in the barrel, and then as he ran or tore away, "ping, ping, ping, ping" spoke the little .32-20. As the sound of the fifth shot rang out in the clear frosty air, I saw the deer take a double header and come down all in a heap. The .32-20s had done the work and laid low one of the kings of the forest.

Strange to say, I was now as cool as if I had shot a rabbit instead of a magnificent buck, and walking deliberately up to the old fellow put a ball in his head to stop his suffering. I now went home, and securing the help of my negro axeman and the two Beaver boys, Lem and John, and Jim Pyron, we all went back to the scene of the tragedy and put the buck, whole, upon a mule and tied him fast. We returned home and skinned and dressed him and nailed the head of horns up over the door. That was the sweetest meat I ever ate, and I had lots of fun telling my old hunting friends of how I had had the "buck ague." They all laughed at me, but said, "You got the deer just the same." That was all on earth those old honest fellows cared about hunting. Getting the meat was their idea of hunting, first, foremost and all the time.

In the mountains of East Tennessee we hunt deer with hounds and run them by driving with a pack of dogs

through regular stands or places where they always run when pursued. The hunter takes his stand at these places and if he is a good shot and quick about it he kills his deer; if not, he misses him. As the deer is always on the run with a pack of good hounds at his heels, you can readily see that it takes a good shot with a rifle to kill one. What a vast difference between this mode of hunting and pot-hunting or bushwhacking the poor creatures at a water hole, as they do in the swamp country. I will give a description of one or two water-hole "murders" in my next. Also of a canebrake bear fight, which is sport right. But when it comes to hunting with dogs and giving any kind of game a chance, I am in for it heart and soul. Now, until we have a heavy frost that will make bear hunting a pleasure instead of a burden, I will leave you.

A. B. WINGFIELD.

TWO OCEAN PASS.

"WHAT is the name of this creek, Woody?" asked the Boss. "I don't know," replied the old guide, and then got off his horse and studied the country for several minutes through the field glass. We had left our camp on the Buffalo Fork of the Snake River this same Friday morning after three days spent unsuccessfully hunting elk and deer. The game had not yet come down this far; the weather had been rainy and stormy, and we had not even found any fresh signs.

It was as unlucky a trip as ever was made on a Friday's start. Early in the day one of the pack horses was taken sick and had to be left to his fate, while his owner, Phillips, had been obliged to return to where old Beaver Dick, a squaw man, was camped with his family, to purchase another animal. Then Woody, our chief guide, in trying to make a short cut from the Buffalo Fork to the Yellowstone, had got lost. Not that we did not know where we were, but we certainly were not where we should have been, and when during the afternoon our party, consisting of three sportsmen, three guides, a packer, a cook, twenty-two saddle and pack horses, and a dog, came suddenly upon a stream flowing through a



WOODY'S CAMP.

cañon some hundreds of feet deep and quite impassable even for Western horses, the conversation above related took place.

It was a beautiful day; the air, clear and transparent, as is usual in the West after such a storm as we had experienced at Buffalo Fork, felt invigorating, and neither man nor beast seemed to mind the fatigue of climbing one pine-clad rocky ridge after the other. The scenery in the valleys was park-like in character, while from the higher points, where an unobstructed view could be had toward the west, the Alps of the United States, the Teton range, formed a picture once seen never to be forgotten.

Late in the evening we went into camp, "Woody's Camp," we called it, and as we killed some grouse during the afternoon, supper was rather more enjoyable than it had been of late.

It was almost dark, yet when we were on our way again the following morning and in an hour or so passed Ennis Lake or Spotted Lake, the country was once more familiar to Woody. We crossed Pacific Creek several times during the morning, the trail—an old elk trail—following the easy places. At noon we reached Two Ocean Pass. It is so called because on the northern side of the pass a stream of snow water, in numerous cascades, rushes down the precipitous side of a mountain, to divide at its base, which is a level valley or pass, and here quite swampy, sending part of its water to the Pacific Ocean by way of Pacific Creek and the Snake River, while the other part, forming Atlantic Creek, is discharged into the Yellowstone, and by way of the Missouri and Mississippi finally into the Atlantic Ocean. So level is the valley here that for a couple of hundred yards there does not appear to be any fall or current to either stream, but the water looks stagnant.



TWO OCEAN PASS.

While we were admiring the scenery and taking photographs the men were tightening the lash ropes of the pack horses, and all too soon we were on our way again, following Atlantic Creek to the Yellowstone, upon the banks of which we pitched our camp in the evening, near the picturesque cliff known as Hawks' Rest. One more day brought us to our objective point, the headwaters of Bridgers' Creek. There, in the Sierra Shoshone, we enjoyed for two weeks such sport with the rifle among the most magnificent mountain scenery as does not often fall to the lot of the sportsman at the end of the nineteenth century.

P. F.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.

II.—A Relighted Camp-Fire.

SAM drove away to the nearest farmhouse to find keeping for the horses, and after a while came stumbling out of the gathering gloom into the light of the camp-fire, to which his nose guided him as well as his eyes, for Antoine's cookery diffused a far-reaching savory odor to direct and hasten the steps of a hungry man.

The camp had already taken on the cheerful aspect of an established abiding place, blankets and boxes having been stowed inside the tent. In front of it Uncle Lisha and Joseph sat, comfortably smoking their pipes as they quietly watched Antoine prancing around the frying-pan and potato kettle, while his shadow sprawled along the ground and leaped from trunk to branch in ever-varying grotesqueness of form and motion.

"Git a put-uppance fer the hosses, did ye, Samwil?" Uncle Lisha asked, making room for Sam on the fireside log.

"Yes, I got 'em turned aout tu paster arter some coaxin'," Sam answered, seating himself in the proffered place with a sigh of satisfaction. "But I du hope we c'n keep Antwine away f'm there, fer I'm afeared if he hears much o' the ol' feller's talk 'at owns the place he'll larn tu lie. Why, he tol' me, a lookin' as honest as the coop-er's caow, haow 'at he was a patchin' the ruff of his barn, to-day, an' somehaow er nother he begin tu slip, an' kep' a slippin', an' couldn't stop himself no way, till jest as he went over the eaves, feet fust an' face daown, he ketched a holt o' the aidge o' the shingles with his teeth, an' there he hung till they fetched a ladder, an' he clumb daown."

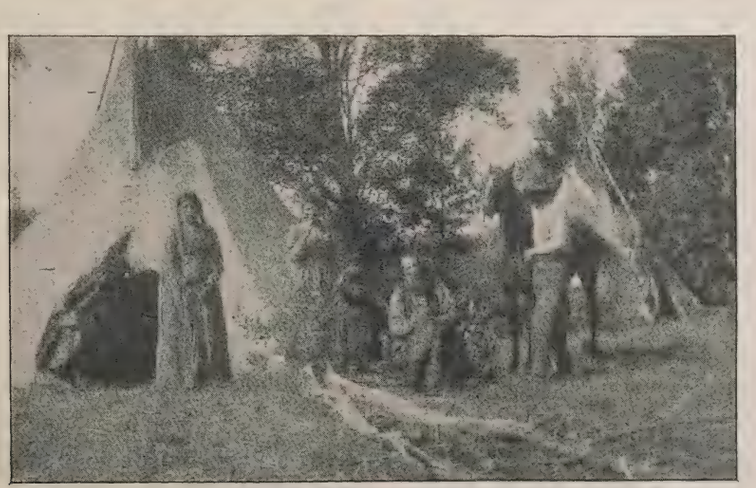
"What ye think o' that, Antwine?" Uncle Lisha asked the Canadian, who was cocking an alert ear while his eyes were intent upon the sputtering frying-pan.

Antoine blew away the smoke with a contemptuous "Pooh, dat an't noting. Ah'll gat brudder-law in Canada was more strong of his jaw as dat. One tam he run away wid hees hoss an' it broke loose of hees woggin, an' he touch hol' of de line wid hees toof an' hang on de woggin wid bose hees han' of it, an' seh, dat hoss run more as mile 'fore he stop it up. Come, gat ready for heat you suppy. Fetch de bread an' de onion, Sam," and he whisked the frying-pan from the fire to the flat rock that served as table, then poured the water from the potato kettle and set it beside the pan.

"I ruther guess, Samwil," said Uncle Lisha, as he arose and moved toward the supper, "'at you might let Antwine g'wup there if you hain't feared for t'other feller."

As they smoked their after-supper pipes and planned the morrow's campaign, in every lull of conversation they could hear the quacking and splashing of the host of ducks feeding in the marsh, and now and then the pulsing whistle of swift wings as a belated flock came in from the lake, and then the restful sounding splash as the newcomers settled upon the water to join the feasting horde. And when the tired campers fell asleep on the bed of cedar, these sounds still ran through their dreams, a thread of reality woven into the misty fabric.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.



BEAVER DICK AND FAMILY.

ON A GRAY DAY.

CHICAGO on a rainy day! Is there any place on earth that is more dismal?

Perched up here in Hough's den, away above the tops of the buildings that stretch toward the gray distance in uneven ranks that conjure up memories of the Bad Lands for me, though Hough says they remind him of the Yellowstone Park in winter when he sees the steam jets come puffing out of the roofs. Hough is built that way anyhow, and can see more that is romantic in the commonplace than I can.

The whole business, the weather and light maybe more than anything else, remind me of another scene and another day that are past and gone to the shadows.

There is a lake in the other scene, and there are great pine trees that the wind whispers and talks to. There are ranks and ranks of the pines, green in the foreground, blue in the background, and purple where they bank up against the snows of the white-blanketed mountains.

They all whisper and tell of good things that they hide in their depths. They tell of the streams that hold the biggest trout, pools that are shaded by great banks of dainty maidenhair ferns and overhung with great water-worn rocks, and which reflect the tree trunks until they seem to be a hundred feet long and all upside down. Other things, too, the pines tell if you listen, for they always talk to the lake in rainy weather.

The rushes that grow between the pines and the lake tell tales too, but their talk is not the talk of the pines, but of the waters and the birds that come to the waters and rustle among the reeds and the lily-pads. The rushes know all about how the muskrats build their houses and how the mink dives after fish and how they pull a young duck down and cut its throat. The rushes on this lake have seen this done many times and they know all about it, and they whisper of it too.

Then there is the stream that comes bawling down through the woods on the other side; it talks too, and tells of the doings of the mountains away up where it is born.

The stream knows how the mountains cover their heads with a white blanket and sit in council, and how the white goat stalks over the upland parks. It can tell how the fearless bighorn climbs the slippery cliff and has seen his flying leap across the glacier's crevasse.

I made friends with the pines and the rushes and the stream a long time ago, and they have told me nearly all of the things that they know.

When I came to the stream to fish it told me where the trout hide, and I can always find them there. It whispered and gurgled as it went along to the lake, and sometimes it laughed or sung a wild war song as it came to the rocks that try to bar the way. Sometimes it was sleepy and rested in a quiet pool for a little while, then hurried on, but it always whispered to me and I learned its secrets.

When my canoe parted the rushes they whispered too, and told me where the ducks were feeding and how to get around to them, while the wind danced along and made music on the dry stems so the ducks could not hear me come.

They pointed with waving fingers to the drifting lily roots that the water rats dig up and told me where they lived, and sometimes they caught a floating beaver stick and held it so I could tell where to look for the fur I should need when winter came.

The lake don't tell many tales, for it is still and deep, and only hides things that come to it, and it is always gray like the sky is to-day. Sometimes it talks of the bass and the trout that hide in its deep shadows, and sometimes it gets angry and roars so I cannot tell what it says, but it is always gray like the sky.

Yet, with all its grayness it is a nice lake and better by far than this big city, where the air is gray too.

Some day, and something tells me it will not be long, I will come up to Hough's den, away up near the clouds here in Chicago, and say to him: "Klook-wah tillicum, I am going back again to the lake of the pines and the stream and the rushes, where one may live a life and not be always in the fog of this big town of the white men."

Hough knows of these things too, and he will say, "Good," and some time he will come and camp in my lodge that is waiting by the shore of the lake, and will go with me to hear the talking pines and the rushes that whisper, and the stream that knows of the doings of the mountains, for my latch string is always out to those who love the woods and the lake, and there is always room in my canoe for one more. EL COMANCHO.

BUCK FEVER.

II.—Old Pat's Story.

"SAY, Joe, do you remember the time you had buck fever?" asked Pat.

"Humph! it's a wonder you wouldn't give that story a rest; it's so old it has whiskers on it," said Joe, turning away.

"I never laughed so much in my life," said Old Pat, in answer to the inquiring looks after Joe had gone, "as I did that day. You see, we had sent him down to the mouth of a little ravine and I had started across to get him, intending to go to another stand about a mile away. I was walking down the hill to him, when a buck jumped up and started right for his stand. He was in line with the deer and me, so I had to stand and watch the proceedings, and it was the funniest thing you ever saw.

"Joe had his back turned to me and never saw the deer until it was right on him, and then he never took any aim, but just brought his gun to his shoulder and fired. The deer gave a jump or two and dropped, and Joe just stood and stared at him. The deer began to kick, and with a yell that would have shamed an Indian he slammed his gun down and piled on to that deer. He grabbed him by the horns and began to yell for help and —well, I didn't get there for a few minutes. I couldn't walk.

"When I did manage to get down there the deer was dead, but Joe was hanging on for dear life and still yelling for help; and when I told him the deer was dead and asked him why he didn't bleed him he just stared at me a moment, and then the sickest smile spread over his face you ever saw.

"He never said a word until I asked him where his gun was. Well, sir, his jaw sorter dropped down and he began to hunt around for his gun. I let him hunt a while, and when I showed him where it lay he picked it up and slowly worked the lever.

"He had broken that deer's neck slick and clean the first shot, but when I told the boys about it he didn't seem very well pleased. Of course, he heard nothing else but about how he killed that deer while we stayed in camp, and the boys told all about it when they got home, so if any man's life was a burden his was."

"That reminds me of Reagan's first deer," said Duke.

Natural History.

OCTOBER BIRD NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have always been interested in the study of bird life, and in fact anything relating to outdoor nature. I do not have much time to devote to it, only Saturday afternoon and Sundays, which I always improve by hitching up Prince in the buggy, when my wife gets in and away we go for a long ride out on the beautiful country roads that we have in this vicinity. If it should happen to be stormy on these days, which it often is, why, I stay at home and read FOREST AND STREAM. I thought that some of my observations might be of interest to some of your readers.

In twenty-five years' observation of birds and their habits I never saw them so scarce as they have been this year. I have seen only two bluebirds, not a single humming bird, only now and then a straggling catbird or brown thrasher, and very few migratory birds. All our most common birds have been here in few numbers, except in a few instances as follows: Robins, red-winged blackbirds, cherry birds, kingbirds, phœbes and several varieties of vireos. Cuckoos have been more than plentiful, also scarlet tanagers.

One of our most beautiful birds in song as well as plumage, the rose-breasted grosbeak, I never saw so plentiful. It seemed as though you could hear his rich song from almost every shade tree in the village. A pair built a nest in on apple tree within 25ft. of my house. A pair of robins that had nested in the same tree for several years tried to drive them away, but the grosbeaks held the fort, and in due time the young were hatched. On the 17th of June one fell out of the nest. I caught it and carried it into the house to save it from the cats. It proved to be a male, which I knew by the rose color under the wings. I thought I would try and raise it, and watch the changing plumage to maturity. The striped appearance of the head has turned nearly to black, and the rose color just begins to show through the dark brown on the breast. He is perfectly contented in his cage, although he is out of it half of the time, and is the pet of the family. He must come to the table to eat with us every time, or he makes a great fuss. He sits on my hand and picks at a piece of bread; and knows which side is buttered and tries to get at it. I suppose he likes the salt taste, but I let him only taste it. He began to sing when only two weeks old, and took his first bath at that age, and wants it regularly every day. He is an expert fly catcher, will catch a fly on the wing or pick one off of the ceiling like a flash. We hope to winter him, and to have a beautiful bird in the spring.

I must tell you of a beautiful ride that we took Sunday, Oct. 6, and some of the things we saw. I only wish that everybody could see the country at this time. I never saw the foliage show off to better advantage than it does this season. I have one view in particular in mind that we saw on that day which will remain in memory a long time. Imagine a broad meadow, with a background of dark pines, bordered with a mixture of oak and maples; then imagine the maples to be of all shades of red from the most vivid to almost a silvery white, and the oaks from a deep mahogany color to all shades of brown, with here and there a true mixed among them all that still retains a rich green color. Out in the middle of the meadow stands like a sentinel a large maple, every leaf a vivid red, with the afternoon sun shining brightly on it, making it almost dazzling to the eye to look upon it. A brook crosses the meadow, bordered by shrubbery varied in color, with here and there a cow at rest chewing her cud. Who could not enjoy such a sight? A little further along we come to an old mill, long since past doing duty. What a sight for a snap shot with a camera. I do not possess one. Now we come to a piece of woods; none of your fishpole woods, but trees that tower away up toward the heaven, 2 and 3ft. in diameter. I told my wife I would get out and stretch my legs, but to stay back just far enough to keep in sight. I had not walked a great way before I heard a rustling in the leaves, then I saw a partridge; it ran along a few steps and flew, then another, another, until five had risen and sailed away. I walked on a few minutes and up went three more. They were all of large size. We saw lots of quail through the summer, but have seen more this fall. Gray squirrels are quite plenty. We arrived home from our long ride by the light of the full moon, tired and hungry.

We have had many such rides and hope to take many more, always seeing something new to interest us. This was all seen within twelve miles of the gilded dome, in the City of Baked Beans, and we were as much secluded as though we had been hundreds of miles away.

C. E. B.

HYDE PARK, Mass., Oct. 11.

NOTES ON BEARS AND MOOSE.

THERE is only one kind of bear in New England—the black bear. Bears do not pass any excrements while in their dens, although they hibernate for many months in winter. The female bears never leave their dens without first dropping their young, if disturbed ever so suddenly.

They never enter their dens when hunted or followed.

Bears subsist mostly on berries in midsummer, and therefore they are frequently found on mountains or plains where berries occur.

When first leaving their dens in springtime they follow brooks and water courses to obtain frogs and fish, of which they are very fond. They are also fond of anything sweet and insects, such as bees, ants, etc.

When food is scarce in late autumn the bears gradually taper off eating and, I think, lose their appetite by degrees, until finally they have no desire for food and stop eating altogether, and then soon go to their dens.

If they go into their dens fat, they come out fat in the spring, and their condition depends on the abundance or scarcity of wild berries. They tear the bark from fir trees in springtime, being impelled by their savage nature. All feline animals often try their foreclaws on some substance.

It is thought that the antlers of the moose were intended to prevent the male from harassing the female, as she can easily run away from him in the thick bushes when she does not desire his company.

One noise of a bull moose, supposed to be a call to his mate, sounds very much like striking the flat of an axe on a rotten log—a short, dull, heavy sound, repeated five or six times at intervals of perhaps five minutes.

The antlers of moose commence the second year and receive an additional prong for each year of his life after. I never knew a cow moose to have antlers.

The cows almost always drop two calves, which are generally male and female, but not always, and they follow the mother a year.

The moose always make two beds in the snow each night in their yards; sometimes during the night they get up and sniff the air in every direction to see if they can discover any danger, lying down in a new place; thus hunters can tell the number of moose in a drove when they come to where they spent the night.

One time I was with a party on a moose hunt and on a fresh trail in the snow, when we came to where they had lain the night before, when one of our party ran and felt in a moose bed, and in excitement remarked, "They have just gone, the snow is warm in his bed!"

J. G. RICH.

BETHEL, Maine.

Experience with a Rattler.

EAST RADFORD, Va., Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About three months ago I obtained a fine specimen of the mountain rattlesnake (*Crotatus adamanteus*), caught on Fort Lewis Mountain, ten miles west of Roanoke, Va. It had twenty-one rattles and the usual button, and measured even 4ft. A short while after caging it, it seemed very savage and would rattle and strike on sight, but by daily attention it seemed to get over this and would neither rattle nor attempt to strike at me. Carefully protecting myself, I could feed it (what little it did eat) from a spoon, and I was especially proud of it.

On Wednesday evening, the 2d inst., some friends called and wished to see my pet, and as the snake had concealed itself under the grass covering in the cage, and in order to see it better I pulled back a little slide door to remove the covering that they might get a better view of it—a space of not more than 2in. was moved back—when without warning it struck me, the fangs going well in on each side of the second joint of the forefinger on left hand. This of course stopped the show. It was very painful, going through my arm like an electric shock. Knowing life depended upon instant action, I at once bit out the piece where the fangs entered, and sucked out all the poison possible, at the same time binding my finger tightly below the joint to prevent circulation, and was soon in the charge of Drs. Farmer and Black, who brought me around all right, although it was a close call.

During my illness I had the snake killed preparatory to mounting (which I will do myself). On close examination I find on the left side of the upper jaw two perfectly formed fangs (close together) and on the other side only one. The fangs measure ½in. Though I have been a reader of FOREST AND STREAM for over fifteen years and a close observer of natural history, I have never read or noticed anything on snake-ology similar to this (two fangs on one side). Will not some good reader of FOREST AND STREAM give views as to whether this is or is not a freak in snake nature? J. W. SCHOOLEY.

Capt. Dick's Rattlesnakes.

WHEN I was located in Florida some years ago I numbered among my acquaintances Capt. Dick Munday of Choctawhatchee Bay. Dick's hailing port was a town in Michigan, and he was one of the Federal soldiers whom the fortunes of war had left stranded in the sunny South.

He had located a claim on the sandy shores of Choctawhatchee Bay, and managed to wrest a living from the sandy soil of his claim and the waters of the bay. Choctawhatchee Bay is a famous place for red-fish, mullet, tarpon, Spanish mackerel and many other varieties of fish. When the Captain with his small sloop made a fair catch he would hoist sail and bear away for Pensacola, eighteen miles to the west. There his catch would be purchased, carefully iced and forwarded by fast express to the great cities of the country. New Yorkers have often eaten Spanish mackerel that a few days before cleaved the clear waters before the Captain's cabin.

One bright morning in late autumn the Captain's sloop poked her nose through the tangle of shipping and shot up to the dock in fine style. The Captain was the sole occupant, barring two husky rattlesnakes that he had in a slat-covered box just forward of the cockpit.

I was invited aboard to inspect his pets and did so. They were the largest and most venomous-looking rattlers it has ever been my lot to behold, fully 5ft. in length, and the bodies in the largest part seemed as large as the forearm of a middle-weight pugilist. Unfortunate would be the lot of him who would chance to step on one of these reptiles in the palmetto scrub of a Florida forest.

The Captain gave me the details of the capture. He had trailed them to their den beneath the roots of an upturned pine, and a few passes of a shovel had brought them to light. They were in a torpid condition and it was but the work of a moment to place them in a soap box that he had provided. Nailing down the top, he wended his way to his cabin, listening all the while to the merry music the now thoroughly aroused rattlers were making.

We allowed the Captain to place his snakes in our warehouse and undertook to sell them for him.

After correspondence with several of the zoölogical gardens of the country, I found that rattlers just then were a drug on the market, so one fine morning the Captain again tied up at the dock, loaded the box on board, hoisted sail and shaped his course for home. He no doubt liberated the snakes upon his arrival. IVANHOE.

CHICAGO.

Fluctuations of the Bluebird Stock.

GLENDALE, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in recent issue of your paper a note from a correspondent at Paschal, Ga., to the effect that the bluebirds had been exterminated in Georgia by the cold weather of last winter.

That the extreme cold of last winter did destroy many birds is undoubtedly true, and no one can regret it more than I, but the effect was not quite so bad as your correspondent infers. I have seen a considerable number of bluebirds since last February and am confident that by next spring they will have become at least not rare.

In fact, I think the complete disappearance of the species from Georgia localities must have been due not to extermination by the cold, but to migration in search of either food or more congenial climate, for I have several times known the same birds to survive much colder weather.

Once I took bluebirds during a week when the thermometer reached 5°, and it was below 10° when the specimens were shot, and I have frequently observed the species in this locality in February and March when the thermometer has gone below 10° at night during their presence. JOHN BONSALL PORTER.

The Bluebirds.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the last (Oct. 12) issue of FOREST AND STREAM I read a communication on "Extinction of the Bluebird," by W. R. Gorman, of Paschal, Ga., in which the writer inquires for facts regarding the presence of bluebirds in any of the Northern States. I observed my first bluebird here March 10, and noticed a few specimens a week later, and again during June. August and the greater part of September were spent at Dansville, N. Y., and during the first week of the latter month I saw two or three specimens. Since coming back here I have been on the alert for the presence of our little feathered friend, and to-day, while taking a walk in the suburbs, was happily rewarded by seeing a small flock fly by high overhead uttering their fall notes. THEO. M. SCHLICK.

P. S.—The beginning of another series in FOREST AND STREAM of the doings of the Danvis folks, by Rowland E. Robinson, is an event to be thankful for. I have read the opening chapter, and am exceedingly gratified and delighted. T. M. S.

Scarcity of Small Birds.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn., Oct. 10.—I notice some reports of the scarcity of small birds in many localities. It is the same here. The absence of bird life during the past summer has been unprecedented. The robins, which were always plenty here in February while migrating North, failed to show up this year. The bluebirds, which remain with us summer and winter, have wholly disappeared; so have the yellow-hammer or high-hole, the meadowlark, catbird, chewink, and several other kinds of small birds; even the bluejay has become scarce. The estimate here is that fully 80 per cent. of the usual amount of quail are missing, and it is said that all the late broods of wild turkeys were starved or frozen during the unusually cold weather last winter. ANTLER.

The Moulting of Birds.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am preparing a paper on the moulting of our Eastern birds, more especially the land birds, and I would be glad of any correspondence relative to the subject or any descriptions of curious plumages. If you could put a note to this effect in your valuable paper you would confer a great favor. I propose to treat each species separately where I can obtain sufficient data to do so, and I find there are many points of interest about which we are still in the dark. WITMER STONE,

Conservator Ornith. Section Acad. Nat. Sciences, Phila.

Grouse in Town.

ITHACA, N. Y.—One evening recently, Mr. Stroud Bush, of this city, on the way home was startled by the whir of swift-beating pinions, and the next instant there was a resounding thud as the bird collided with the side of a nearby house. The ruffed grouse was dead when Mr. Bush picked it up. This incident affords some insight to the question relative to the grouse's swiftness of flight.

Two or three years ago a ruffed grouse flew into the north end of the Lehigh Valley Railroad paint shop, passed the entire length of the shop—some 260 odd feet—and flew against and through a south window, falling dead in the gutter outside the shop.

A number of grouse during the past few years have been found bruised and stunned from flying against the windows in the Cornell mansion on East Hill. M. CHILL.

Reversion in Cereal Development.

THE New Berne *Journal* of Oct. 11 mentions having received an ear of Indian corn (maize) which is normal in every respect, except that each kernel as it grows on the cob is inclosed with several thicknesses of shuck (husk) instead of the envelope covering the whole ear. In addition several grains of corn similarly inclosed grew on the tassel. The grains on the tassel are round; on the cob flat. What is this but a reversion to the original grain, of which millet is perhaps the intermediate between it and maize? *Quien sabe?* C. H.

Game Bag and Gun.

RAPID TRANSIT AND SQUIRRELS.

STARTING from the Rapid Transit Railroad station at West New Brighton, Staten Island, is a one-horse street car line ("one-horse" figuratively, actually I believe there are two). This line must not be confused with the road that up to a few weeks ago ran along the shore of the island and incidentally passed the West Brighton station. That road in its palmy days ran cars on a twenty-four-hour schedule, and has recently, so I am informed, owing to competition of pedestrians, gone out of business altogether.

The road I refer to is much more enterprising, and runs cars regularly at varying intervals from 6 A. M. to 7 P. M., day in and day out. Perhaps I made a misstatement when I said cars, for as the pay roll of the company is limited to one driver, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that that individual would take the trouble to change cars for his ordinary trips.

The rolling stock of the company may therefore without doubt correctly be described in the singular—and singular it is in more senses than one. In fact, the model is more adapted to be on the shelves of the Patent Office at Washington than on the rails at Staten Island.

The car is designed for all seasons of the year, in order, no doubt, that people who have grown accustomed to it may not be shocked by finding other cars substituted for it as the weather changes, and if a sudden blizzard springs up between West Brighton and the Brewery a few simple combinations are all that are necessary to change it from open to close—so close in fact that most people prefer to ride outside on the platform.

Well, as I said, the car runs from West Brighton to the Brewery, part of the time on the rails and part of the time off. The young man who drives never minds, and of course nobody else does. Doctors have been known to prescribe a ride on that car for people with sluggish livers. The company makes no extra charge for such people.

It is said that some people get as far as the Brewery and never come back again.

The driver is a very enterprising young man. When not chasing small boys from the rear steps, he is inside talking to his passengers. He embarrassed one young lady the other night so much that she pushed her leg through the side of the car. "Take your foot in," said the gallant driver, "or you'll catch cold."

But I am straying from my subject. Out beyond the Brewery is quite a stretch of wild country along the backbone of the island, and in this neighborhood this year there are quite a number of gray squirrels.

I left West Brighton by the 1:30 car one Saturday afternoon, and after an eventful journey reached the Brewery at a little after 2 o'clock.

The entire ride had been up hill, and at the terminus of the line the traveler finds himself at a considerable elevation. A little further is Tode Hill, the highest land on Staten Island.

Twenty minutes' walk from the car brought me to a piece of woodland bordering the road, and as there were no trespass signs in sight, I turned aside through an open gate, filling the magazine of my .22 Marlin as I walked. Meanwhile I kept my eyes open, for there were hickory and other nut trees in evidence and things had a suggestive appearance. It made me think of old days hunting the grays in New England, and I began to feel the keen, care-free enjoyment that only a hunter knows.

Just as I pushed my tenth cartridge through the magazine slide I saw with my physical eye what my mental vision had been busy with, as a gray gave a bound and whisked around on the far side of a pin oak tree some 50yds. ahead right at the edge of the road I was following. The next instant a second squirrel ran a few feet over the ground in plain sight and nearer still and up a knotty maple.

As the sun was directly in my eyes I walked on down the wood road without changing my pace till I reached a point of vantage a little beyond the hiding places of the squirrels. Here I selected the softest looking place for a seat and squatted down comfortably to await the squirrel's good time. After ten minutes or so I saw a slight motion up the pin oak at a point where four branches started, taking nearly all the volume of the tree and practically ending its aspirations skyward. The squirrel was stretching himself, utterly unmindful of his enemy below. A squirrel has to be pretty badly scared to remember for a longer period than ten minutes—unless he is a squirrel of years and experience.

Unfortunately the mass of limbs effectually protected him from my rifle, and I watched him scratch himself and recover his self-respect and grow in his own estimation, utterly unmindful of the fact that he had been frightened half out of his wits a few minutes before. Presently he began coming down the tree, hardly able to contain himself for conceit, his mental attitude shown by the convulsive jerking of his body.

Several leafy branches intervened, however; and though I could follow his course, it was impossible to get a clear shot. Reaching a point opposite one of the branches of the maple, he made a graceful spring to that, and ran down it and then into the next tree.

I waited patiently for a sure shot, following him with the rifle, but no good opportunity offered. The leaves were very thick, and though I could have easily dropped him with a shotgun I did not take the chance with the rifle. And so he eventually disappeared among the tree-tops.

I waited a long while for No. 2, but No. 2 never materialized. He had folded his tent and stolen away unobtrusively.

With a companion I think I could have gotten both squirrels—at least if the other fellow could shoot—but as it was, I decided to move on to new fields of endeavor.

I crossed into another piece of woods and followed down the nearly dry bed of a stream that ran between high knolls thickly covered with nut trees, including many butternuts.

At the first muddy place I came upon the visible tracks of a squirrel made since the rain the day before, and also some older tracks that looked like a coon's. A little further I found the fresh tracks of a man—a hunter, for I heard him shoot several times.

Realizing that the chances of success while hunting the ground this man had just gone over were very meager, I struck across to another piece of woods, east of the "Richmond road."

Scarcely had I entered this woods when a crash in the tree tops attracted my attention to a squirrel making good time toward a neighboring swamp. I ran till I got beneath him and then, just as he reached a large tree, I took a snap shot at him. It was a clean miss, and the squirrel dodged around the tree and was out of sight.

Instinct told me that he would not hide long, so I stood rooted to the spot, scarcely moving an eyelid.

A moment later, as I expected, I saw a slight motion near the top of the tree and the next instant a squirrel came into sight, slowly descending.

No one could have asked for a better shot, but finger and eye were at odds and the bullet went wild. Again the squirrel hid and I knew this time it would be a tedious job to wait, so I walked over to the tree and scanned its topmost limb carefully to see if I could get a sight of Mr. Gray.

The leaves were too thick and the tree too high, however, and for a time it looked as though the squirrel was again master of the situation.

However, before long, I hit upon a plan that started him. I could see a long straight branch clear of leaves just above the spot where I thought the squirrel lay, and selecting a good position near the base of the tree, I aimed at this and fired. As a result a good-sized piece of outer bark was stripped from the limb and fell almost on top of the squirrel, which precipitously deserted its hiding place and crossed into a neighboring tree. I stepped out to get a clear view of it, and the same instant saw it hide at the base of one of the lower branches, hardly 50ft. away. Its tail hung over in plain view, but its body was protected by 10in. of solid wood.

It required an unusually constrained position to keep that tail in view, and my neck already was very tired from constant looking upward, but I endured the pain for several minutes. Finally, when my head was about ready to drop off, I made a slight motion to secure an easier position, which resulted in a broken stick and a noise that sent the squirrel to the other side of the tree.

Well, to cut a long story of egregiously bad marksmanship short, I got the squirrel out of the tree by the same tactics adopted before, and missed him repeatedly as he ran for his life toward the swamp. Kindly night drew a curtain over the scene, and I was glad to have an excuse for leaving that poor abused squirrel. I have come to the conclusion that the rifle is not my weapon for killing squirrels.

Since writing the above I have been out again. This time I took a shotgun. Walking along an old road, I noticed a gray on a fence a long distance ahead. As the squirrel was making good time and would soon be out of sight, I quickened my pace to a run, and was soon near the spot where I had seen him last. I waited for a few minutes, and when the old gun spoke there was one live squirrel less in that corner of the woods. A few hundred yards further on I saw a squirrel in the top of a chestnut tree about a foot above a nest.

It was a good long distance off, but I was afraid of it going into the nest if I tried to get closer; so I took the shot and dropped the squirrel fairly on top of the nest, where, it may be as well to state, he stayed, as the tree was too big to climb.

At the sound of my gun another squirrel, 50yds. from the first, began running away through the trees, and I dropped him from where I stood. Walking over to pick him up, I paused and a little fool gray ran out on a limb and began barking. I added him to my bag, and after making sure that I could not get the fourth, went home feeling a little mean to have potted three squirrels so easily, but not a little relieved to find some kind of a gun I could shoot with. J.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.

Jackson's Hole and Beyond.

MR. JOHN G. HECKSCHER writes: "I inclose an extract from a letter just received from my nephew, Philip M. Lydig, and as you were kind enough to give him some hints before his departure, I thought the extract might be of some interest to you."

The paragraphs of the letter home, written from forty miles above Jackson's Hole, in Idaho, under date of Oct. 5, read as follows:

"I have been out now nine days from the Hole and in camp five days. The first day out I killed two elk, one for food and the other for bear bait. The next two days were given up to fixing bait for bear and to skinning the elk. Day before yesterday we walked some sixteen miles at a height of 9,000 to 10,000ft., and as luck would have it I killed a very large elk with a very fine head of horns. Redmond tells me it is the best of the year. He is a very nice fellow, easy to get on with, and knows his business as guide thoroughly. I find it rather hard to walk at this height, the air is so rarified.

"Yesterday I killed a brown bear, not a large one, but still a bear. There are signs of more about here, and I hope to get some larger ones. Tell Uncle John that his .40 65 rifle shoots to perfection, and that I have not tried his larger one yet. We are shooting in a little basin in the hills, not far from the Continental Divide. We have found no traces of previous camps, and the game seems plentiful. I hope that my good luck will keep up. On the 14th we move camp and go up the other side near Idaho, at the foot of the Teton peaks, 14,000ft., and there try for a moose and a sheep and also bear. I shall try to kill one more fine elk head. Redmond goes down to-day after some things and returns here the 9th. I shall be alone with the guide, who seems a good fellow and fair cook. I therefore have a chance to write you these lines. I shall move out Nov. 1, and will get to Chicago Nov. 5. I am in good health and enjoying everything. We have had some snow, but it has left the south side of hills."

PINTAIL GROUSE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

THIS bird is the prairie chicken of the Northwest and is commonly known as the sharptailed grouse. Scientists call it *Pediocœtes phasianellus columbianus*. It is regarded as a different variety from the very similar bird found on the plains east of the Rocky Mountains. Hunters would probably make no distinction.

It differs very much in appearance from the pinnated grouse or prairie chicken of the Middle States. It is much lighter in color. The upper parts are grayish buff and tan, with spots and bars of black. Underneath it is almost white, but having V-shaped black markings. The throat is a shade of buff.

The head is crested and the legs are covered with hairy feathers down to the toes. It has from fourteen to eighteen tail feathers, the middle two being a ½in. or more longer than the rest, and from this it gets its name.

Its average weight is 1½lbs., one weighing a ¾lb. more would be a large bird.

It is found in many parts of Oregon, Nevada, Washington and the country farther north, and generally during the summer lives in the foothills and on the grassy uplands, where it builds its nest underneath a tuft of grass, a sagebrush, or beside a sheltered rock. Its food consists of insects and seeds.

As winter approaches and the snows cover the hillsides it comes down to the river and creek bottoms, where the scarlet hawthorn berries grow, upon which it feeds. Still later, when the berries of different kinds have all fallen and are covered out of sight, its season of plenty being over, it feeds on willow buds and even deigns to eat the bitter resinous needles of the black pine.

This grouse is a fine game bird. Its flesh is dark colored, tender, juicy and delicious, and when well seasoned and nicely fried the hunter's appetite can be appeased with nothing better.

It is in the wild days of early autumn that we are wont to hasten to the hunting grounds. The hills are brown from the drought of summer, the tall rye grass stands in tufts on the level bottoms, the heat is reflected in shimmering waves from the bare rocks and the dry earth. The whole landscape is bathed in the mellow light of the Indian summer. During the warmer part of the day the birds have been resting quietly on the hillsides under the shade of some shrub or bunch of grass, but as the cool of evening comes on they fly to the feeding grounds. All nature is now in that active, restless period just preceding the quiet of night. Now is the time to hunt. It is on the Okanagan River in northern Washington. Our companion is a gentleman from Virginia. He has shot partridges and woodcock on the hillsides and along the streams of his native State, but this is a new experience to him. The sudden flutter and the peculiar kluk-kluk-kluk which the bird makes as he rises from the grass almost beneath your feet is liable to rattle one and he will shoot too quick.

We had better not take Jack along, for, while he retrieves nicely, he is liable to undertake to run down the first bird that rises. We know the birds are here and are feeding, for we see their footprints in the dry earth under the low hawthorn bushes; and yonder is a hawk circling just over the bunches of dead rye grass. Experience has taught us that he is looking for a supper, and that the grouse are lying low and trying to hide. We will move down that way. If the birds are not through feeding they will rise singly and only fly a short distance, and thus give us fine shooting. But, on the other hand, if they have finished their meal they will rise together and fly far away to their roosting grounds up in the foothills, where it is useless to follow them.

Now move cautiously, and be ready. They do not sound an alarm before they rise. There! we have two birds for our guns, but you shot too quick. Give them time to get some distance away. Why, you missed again. There is something wrong with your gun or else your shells are not properly loaded.

Oh, I see! You have a 10-bore, 9½lbs. gun, 32in. barrels; your paper shells are loaded with 4drs. of fine-grain powder and 1¼oz. of No. 2 shot. This might do for some kinds of game, but for grouse a 12-gauge, 7½lbs. gun is better. It should have 28in. barrels, the right modified and the left full choke. You should use brass shells loaded with 3drs. of FFG powder and 1oz. of No. 8 shot. Try my gun on the next bird that rises. There! that was a nice double.

Thus the evening passes and the sport continues. But now the shadows are growing deeper; only on yonder mountain top is there the light of day. Most of the birds have flown to their roosting places and only occasionally can we catch through the gloom a faint outline of those whose departure has been somewhat delayed. But our game bags are well filled, and we wend our way home, stimulated and refreshed in body and mind, and with just enough fatigue to insure a good night's sleep.

For some of us those days of pleasure may be past, but the remembrance of them adds to us joys which are not known to those who have not had like experiences.

SYLVAN DELL.

MR. R. B. HEATH, of Cove, told us Tuesday of a curious occurrence that came under his observation. Four weeks ago walking in newly cleared near his home he came across a newly hatched chicken, without knowing at first how to account for it. Investigating, a partridge nest was discovered close by with the shells of a nest full of partridge eggs and one hen egg. The hen had evidently laid in the partridge's nest and the bird had hatched the egg along with her own. Young partridges are strong, lively and of a rambling disposition from the first, and the brood had doubtless strayed off and left the more helpless chicken to get along as he could. Mr. Heath took the chicken in charge. He is now four weeks old and thriving.—*New Berne (N. C.) Journal.*

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Invitation Season.

CHICAGO, Oct. 19.—FOREST AND STREAM certainly owes its thanks to the gentlemen who have been good enough to invite its Chicago representative to quit working and go shooting for the rest of the fall and winter. Dr. W. D. Taylor, of Brownsville, Tenn., thinks about Nov. 1 would be a good time for me to start South to live with him for a few months and shoot quail. Tom Divine, at Memphis, is threatening awful things for the man who does not materialize at Bobo, Miss., for the big bear *fiesta* with Capt. Bobo in camp on the Sunflower. Mr. T. H. Glover, of San Marcos, Tex.—and I reckon I might as well begin calling him Tom Glover, though I have never met him yet—sends word that deer, turkeys and quail are waiting in numbers for us in the prettiest country in the world, and thinks about a month in the mountains would be about the right thing. I am invited also to a ranch near the Chisos Mountains (the fantail country). Col. Pickett's invitation to go with him and his friends to Texas I have already had to decline. I have promised a man to go chicken shooting in Illinois with him next week—and have also arranged to go to Wisconsin on business the same week. There are the usual number of invitations to shoot in other parts of the South. Meantime I arranged away last summer to go in October to New Mexico after my long-lost bear—my large, fat, cinnamon bear which I have been looking for for many years. I have had my rifle cleaned for this bear, and am in receipt from the U. M. C. Co. of a big box full of several kinds of bullets of a sort well calculated to muss up a bear a whole lot. I have got me a spur and a hat and am all ready to go after my bear, which is patiently waiting for me where I can go right to him. And now does not come the friend who was going with me, but says he can't go, so the hunt is off. This is enough to disgust any well-meaning cinnamon bear of decent character and industrious habits. (I shall get him in May, though, when the raspberries bloom again.) Between now and May I have about invitations enough to keep me busy, provided I also do a little work occasionally. All of which shows what thoughtful and intelligent labor will do for one starting out in life.

What the Newspaper Said of Capt. Anson.

"Anson's aim is deadly. Kills hundreds of wild ducks and geese. Returns from his hunting trip and tells of the number of birds he bagged in one day. Captain of the Colts breaks all records as a slayer of wildfowls. Brings home a wagonload of game.

"Capt. Anson is a keen Nimrod. He turned up yesterday from the wilds of North Dakota. His trophies of the chase required a full-sized express wagon to hold them.

"The only reason why Anson did not require two express wagons was that the slaughter grew monotonous. He was sportsman enough to quit and come home.

"'I left Chicago Monday, Sept. 30,' he said, 'and stopped over at St. Paul. There I saw Mr. Hoyt, who is writing a play, "The Runaway Colt," for me. I begin to star in this Nov. 11, at Syracuse, N. Y. From St. Paul I went to Minot, N. D. I stayed there two days hunting. W. B. Bickel, a St. Paul banker, was with me. We bagged 65 ducks. Then Mr. Bickel was called home by business matters. I went on to Knox and hunted at Pleasant Lake for a day. My bag was 50 grouse and duck. Next day I went to Island Lake and stayed three days. I killed 125 geese, 25 cranes and 35 prairie hens, besides some ducks. Then I quit shooting, the slaughter grew monotonous. I was hunting for sport and not hunting for the pot. The last day I hunted I killed 47 birds. I have been hunting in that district for the last three years. I never shot a crane there before this year. Prairie chickens are scarce this season. The rains drowned all the young birds.'"—*Chicago Tribune.*

What the Game Laws Say to Capt. Anson.

"Only twenty-five birds of any variety may be killed in a day or possessed at one time. Export of game forbidden."—*The Game Laws in Brief.*

An Odd Old Relic.

The local paper of Chinook, Mont., has the following brief notice regarding an Indian relic of much local fame:

"The celebrated Hunk-Cha-ogo-unga (chief's chair), once owned by Womba-dee-Kitan (Kills the Eagle), we regret to say was yesterday sent East, B. G. Olson presenting same to his Chicago friend."

This Chicago friend is Mr. Claus Blomgren, of 175 Monroe street, this city. To-day Mr. Blomgren said that the celebrated Indian chair had arrived safely and was at his residence. It is a most curious piece of Indian workmanship, meant to be a masterpiece in its way. It is made of the horns of buffalo and oxen, the legs and arms or back being all of horns, the seat of wood. Mr. Olson, in sending the odd bit of Indian upholstery, says that Womba-dee-Kitan, the chief who made the chair, was a Gros Ventre. He made the regal divan as a sort of throne or chair of state for his third and youngest wife on the occasion of their marriage, it being used in the ceremony of their bridal evening. The next day old Womba presented the chair to an old Indian fighter by the name of Slippery Ann as a token of his undying friendship. Both Slippery Ann and Womba-dee have cashed in their checks, but the curious old bridal seat remains to commemorate what may perhaps once have been an old but is now an obscure custom among the tribes.

Poet, but not Hunter.

Discussion has been inaugurated in the columns of the Memphis *Social Graphic* whether Sir Walter Scott, in his "Lady of the Lake," was right in calling his hounds bloodhounds, they being the ones depicted as having run the great stag practically to a finish and at a high speed. Mr. W. A. Wheatley, a well-known Memphis sportsman, at some length proves Sir Walter to have been perhaps poet, but not hunter, and cites thereto authorities like Col. James Gordon and John Davidson, both of whom know hounds and also know Scotland, who agree that Sir Walter's "bloodhounds" were staghounds.

Another Fox Lake 'Lunge.

Fox Lake, Illinois, is only 55 miles from Chicago, and has been fished the hardest sorts of ways, summer and winter, for 75 years or so. One would hardly expect to find muscallonge in such waters, nor have they often been taken there in the last 25 years. Yet I have from time to time mentioned in the past six years instances where great muscallonge have been captured in these old waters—I believe not over 7 fish in 15 years. In each case the fish was very large. Two years ago the last Fox Lake 'lunge was found by some duck hunters after the ice broke up in the spring. It was in shallow water, and nearly exhausted with a hook, line and tilt-up stick which it had dragged away from some ice-fisher's line of sets in the winter. Still another great 'lunge was found ashore, choked to death by the last of a number of spoon hooks it had broken off and carried away in its mouth. There has not been but one 'lunge caught there in straight angling probably in 12 years, though the waters are fished continually. In every case there has been something odd or unusual connected with the capture. Stories have become traditions about a monster 'lunge which has often been seen and hooked in these waters, but these have been mostly set down as fish stories. This last week an event happened which proves that these stories were no doubt true. In short, Fox Lake, Illinois, has broken the record for the entire region on muscallonge for this year and many years past. Mr. John Bysen, of 146 Sedgwick street, Chicago, was the lucky angler. On Oct. 11, in Pistaqua Bay, Fox Lake waters, he was trolling for pickerel, and hooked and landed a muscallonge weighing 47½lbs. (attested and sworn weight). The fight lasted over two hours. Mr. Bysen thinks he could not have landed the fish at all had it not had in its mouth, fastened crosswise by its projecting horns, a 2lbs. bullhead which it had been unable to swallow. He thought this choked the fish down, though, oddly enough, it had not prevented it from striking at the spoon. That muscallonge was out of luck in its choice of food. The bullhead was removed before the fish was weighed. Including the weight of the bullhead, the 'lunge would have gone just next to 50lbs. At 47½lbs. I have never personally known it equaled in the Wisconsin waters, though guides there told me of one 52lbs. and one 55lbs. 'lunge taken some years ago in Eagle chain. It seems most singular that the record should be thus damaged by a fish from waters which for so long have been fished apparently almost to death.

Fox Lake is in the Fox River, naturally one of the most wonderful fishing streams in the country. Fox River is tributary to the Mississippi chain. There are no muscallonge in any of the waters not connected with the Mississippi River.

"Fetch and Carry."

There are some facts about bookmaking not known to everybody. I know a man who is the author of over a dozen books and he frankly admits that his publishers have never sent him a check big enough to pay a year's coal bill. That is how it pays to write poetry and things of that sort. On the other hand, Mr. B. Waters, who wrote "Modern Training, Handling and Kennel Management," struck a field of usefulness and he sold several thousands of that work, and would have a farm to-day if he had not preferred newspaper life to farming. It pays to write a book—if you write one that has a useful field and if you write a good book.

Mr. Waters has written not only one, but two good books. His last one, "Fetch and Carry," has to do with the matter of retrieving. There are a great many men who think that field trial methods and field trial dogs do not represent the end of the world for the amateur sportsman, who likes to own a dog and gun. There are thousands of men who think that a shooting dog ought to retrieve, and hundreds of men who lose half the pleasure of a day's shoot if they cannot see the game brought to them by the dog. Be that as it may, in regard to the shooting dog being also the retriever, the mission of Mr. Waters's book is none the less clear. It teaches how any man, amateur or professional, can best teach any breed of dog to retrieve. It discusses impartially the different breeds and tells of their peculiarities. In short, it covers, in Mr. Waters's lucid and able style, the whole field of retrieving—a field on which no other book has been written by anybody, and on which nobody will ever write a better.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

They Claim the Time Record.

CAMP ARBO, Ebeme Pond, Me.—Just after coming from our successful hunt, and thinking that our time for killing deer was never beaten, I write you the facts. We were late in rising this morning, and by the time we had finished breakfast it was going on 9:30. Chas. McLaughlin, of Mt. Vernon, and myself, accompanied by our guide, C. K. Arbo, left in the canoe at that time, and when we arrived at the opposite shore and had put the boat up it was just 10 o'clock. Slinging our rifles over our backs and making for the woods, we had just taken about two hundred steps when three does loomed up before us, and each picking his deer we let drive at them. The three fell dead as if with one bullet. We had shot and killed them by 10:10, mind you, all in ten minutes, for which we claim the record for Maine and would like to hear if the time was ever beaten. Of course we have no witnesses of the shooting but ourselves, but believe that our word will not be doubted when we can refer you to C. Arbo, our guide.

We have also shot since last Tuesday thirty-two partridges and have also drying four fox skins, one quite large, which we intend having put in the form of a rug.

The country is wonderfully wild and full of game, and our two weeks in Maine have been spent, we think, better than ever before.

P. P. WIGAND.
C. MCLAUGHLIN.

Woodchucks in the Nutmeg State.

SHELTON, Conn., Oct. 17.—I have read your paper for several years, but don't remember seeing any woodchuck records. Following is a record made this summer by one of Connecticut's greatest lawyers—Wm. H. Williams—in less than two weeks: 105 woodchucks shot with a .32 rifle (I believe), telescope sights; seventeen was his best record for one day. He drives anywhere from ten to thirty miles per day and spends his vacation in this manner. Can any of your readers beat this?

Sept. 29 (two days before open season) a full-grown partridge flew into our finishing room and was killed. There is no place within one-half mile where he could have come from, but when picked up his breast was badly shot. This is the way our game laws are working here, although two or three parties have found out how much it costs to snare partridges.

F. C. W.

IN NEW ENGLAND FIELDS.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 19.—Massachusetts sportsmen penetrate to all parts of the world in search of pleasure, but it is not often that Nicaragua is selected as a desirable place to visit. H. J. Maynard, of Worcester, and his friend E. M. Johnson leave in a few days for that country, intending to devote the next six months principally to shooting and fishing. They take letters of introduction to several notables there, and expect to have a great time. A camera forms an important part of their equipment, and no doubt they will get many interesting pictures of native life in the tropics. They go first to Managua, the capital city, where they will stay some weeks, leaving there to make a general tour of the country in search of sport.

The genuine and true specimen of an American sportsman is nowhere better represented than in the person of F. A. Larkin, of New York city, the Eastern manager of the great Allis Machine Works, of Milwaukee, Wis. He delights in nature as found in the woods, and on lake and stream, and rarely loses an opportunity that is consistent with business engagements to get there. Milwaukee was formerly his home, and when living in that city he numbered among his friends many kindred spirits who were glad to accompany him to the woods of northern Wisconsin in search of fish and game. Since coming East to live he has always managed to get back to the old haunts once or twice a year, and one of these periodical visits has just been completed. With a party of eight he left Milwaukee, going direct to Lake Winnebago, 124 miles from that city. Taking there a small steamer they went up Wolf River about 160 miles, coming then to their camps, which they have visited many years in succession. Duck and jacksnipe furnished most of their sport, and they had the best kind of shooting with this game. The same party usually make a fishing trip to these waters in the spring or early summer. Bait-casting for bass is the method of fishing generally practiced, and there are some wonderfully skillful casters among them. It is a rare treat to listen to the accounts of their different trips, and I doubt if a more fun-loving crowd enters the woods from any section than the party in which Mr. Larkin forms an important part.

A. G. Mooney and William Clegg left Boston on Thursday last for a two weeks' trip into the Schoodic and Sebois Lake region. They will make their headquarters principally at Hodgkins's camps, and will spend the time in an effort to secure a full legal allowance of large game. Mr. Mooney has visited this country for three successive years, and has always had good luck in the past. He calls it an excellent section for moose, and quotes in evidence the fact that a moose of nearly 1,000lbs. weight was killed near the shore of Schoodic Lake but a few days ago. He is in hopes to find the brother of this big fellow for a victim, and I trust his desire will be realized.

Results on big game shooting in Maine are now beginning to reach Boston in rapid order. Of course the deer far outnumber all other game that has been killed, but I have heard of several parties who have been fortunate in getting their moose.

A party from Lowell, Mass., consisting of Jas. S. Hanson, L. H. Morton and one other whose name I failed to get, have just returned from Sourdahunk, northwest of Katahdin. Quite a formidable list of game—one moose, two deer, two foxes and a large number of partridges—made up their record for the trip of ten days. The hunting grounds were reached by going in from Norcross, and they are convinced that no better place can be found in the State. Judging from results obtained I incline to the same belief.

Another Lowell party who have done well are Ethan A. Smith and W. H. Hawes. The glory obtained by these gentlemen was found around Umcolcus Lake. They went into the woods from Crystal, Me., and spent ten days in the vicinity of this lake with the "Rider Haggard" name, with the result of getting one moose of 1,100lbs. weight and a fine buck deer. To say they were pleased with their trip is putting it in the mildest manner possible.

Dr. William A. Browne, of Boston, has just returned from a trip into the woods forty or fifty miles north of Kineo, Maine. His desire to get a moose, expressed before leaving, has been gratified, and when he told me that he had brought back the head and hide of an immense big bull, killed by himself, it was easy to see that the achievement gave him much gratification. He will have the head mounted and the skin made into a rug, and with these reminding trophies about him it will not be an easy matter to forget the pleasant and exciting incidents of the trip.

One of the most prominent and genial sportsmen in the towns and cities about Boston is W. P. Whitman, of Campello, Mass. He is strongly attached to both fishing and shooting, and much of his leisure time is devoted to these pastimes. In a few days he starts for Maine, going first to Machiasport on the eastern coast. From there he goes into the woods, driving twenty miles to Wesley. Some distance further in are three camps belonging to a friend, and these are the final abiding places of Mr. Whitman for the trip. His friend has always enjoyed good shooting there, and he therefore has strong hopes of doing as well with the big game. It is reported to be a fine country for birds, and a Maynard rifle of small caliber with which he delights to shoot partridges formed not the least part of his equipment. He had great enjoyment last year in western Maine in using this gun on foxes, and has made so many long and successful shots with it that he has an abiding faith in its accuracy.

It is getting to be a favorite trip with many Boston sportsmen to go first to the Megantic club house, then down through the preserve, out via Eustis, and then to one of the many sporting camps in that region for a pleasant ending to the trip. E. E. Bennett and wife, and James M. Burr and wife, of Boston, have just arrived home from a trip of this kind and express themselves as delighted with it all. After leaving the Megantic preserve they went to I. W. Greene's farm on the Eustis stage road, and while staying there had good shooting, killing one deer and a good many partridges. From Greene's they made a four or five days' trip to King and Bartlett, unable, I presume, to resist the temptation of repeating their visit of last year to this delightful place. It was while on the return journey near Spencer Stream that one of the ladies of this party saw the big cow moose, an account of which was mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM of recent date.

An English gentleman has lately returned home after spending two or three weeks in the Aroostook region in

Maine, in a vain effort to get a moose or deer. Although provided with the best guides and equipped with everything to insure success, he did not even get a shot, seeing nothing in the shape of large game except those killed by more fortunate hunters. Quite different was the experience of Fred F. Higgins, of Somerville, Mass. This young man, who had never before been hunting in the Maine woods, and lays no special claim to skill with the rifle, went down to Greenville with John Hunnewell, of the same city, and from there to camp at Lower Wilson Pond. The whole trip occupied but eight days, and during that time Mr. Higgins killed a magnificent buck deer. His only shot fired caused instant death to the animal. He declares that he did not feel a single tremor of buck fever, and knowing him to be a cool-headed young man, I believe his statement. Of course, he is now a thorough convert to the Maine woods, and I am afraid if all the tenderfeet could do as well Maine would be filled beyond her capacity. HACKLE.

THE ST. JEROME CLUB'S NEW HOUSE.

NORTHERN QUEBEC, one of the most beautiful and picturesque portions of the great Dominion, has for years been almost a *terra incognita*, except by a few keen sportsmen who have penetrated its solitudes and returned with stories of its wonderful natural scenery. The day is coming when this portion of the Province will be better known and more appreciated by those possessed of a love of nature and of sport. It is due to the foresight and labors of Lieut.-Gov. Chapleau, the late Curé Labelle and Mr. Nantel, the present commissioner of public works, that this district has been opened up. Mr. Chapleau, when premier of the Province, took a deep interest in the North, and it was due to his efforts that the work of railway communication so essential to the opening up of a country was commenced. Curé Labelle was the veritable father of the North, and his memory is cherished with loving regard throughout the whole district. He was the apostle of colonization, and he labored in and out of season to draw attention to the beauties of the region. His name has been given to one of the largest and most beautiful lakes in the district, and the statue of the devoted priest may be seen at many points. The Colonization Society, of which Dr. Brisson is the indefatigable chief, has taken up the work and is carrying on the patriotic labor of colonization most successfully.

But it is as a sportsmen's paradise that the North will become famous. It has for years been the favorite resort of a few sportsmen, but owing to ignorance as to its rare advantages and the absence of easy communication, it has been visited by but a few. The opening of the Montreal and Western Colonization Railway, now operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, marked a new era for the region. When it became known that within a few hours' ride of Montreal there existed a veritable fairy land of beauty, the region was bound to attract attention. St. Agathe, on the beautiful Lac des Sables, has already become a popular resort for Montrealers. The possibilities of the region as a field for sport early attracted attention, but to render them effective organization became necessary. This has now been accomplished. In 1892 the St. Jerome Fish and Game Club was established and chartered. The club started in a modest way, but it has made great progress. His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, took great interest in the club and became the honorary president. Hon. Mr. Nantel is the president, Mr. L. J. Lachaine the vice-president, and Mr. E. Rodier the zealous secretary. The club's capital is $10,000, in $100 shares, and the membership is limited to one hundred. The annual subscription is from $15 to $20. The membership includes many prominent Montrealers as well as leading residents of the district, and there is no doubt that it is destined to play an important part in the future of the North. To assure the club's success, suitable headquarters became absolutely necessary, and they are now an accomplished fact. In August last, the work of constructing a club house was commenced, and although the building is still in an unfinished condition, wonderful progress has been made, and the club house premises, when completed, will be one of the finest structures of its kind in the Dominion. The club house is built on Ile Chapleau, a beautiful island, comprising nearly 300 acres of land, situated on Lac Chapleau, sixteen miles from Labelle station. The lake and island have been called after the Lieutenant-Governor, who is proprietor of the island as well as honorary president of the club.

It was to attend the inauguration of the new club house and to enjoy the hospitality of the officers and members that a distinguished party left Montreal on Thursday morning for Labelle. A special of three cars, including the Lieutenant-Governor's private car, had been placed at the disposition of the party by Mr. Shaughnessy, of the Canadian Pacific Railway. A stop was made at St. Agathe, where the visitors were treated to a drive around Lac des Sables. The railway from this point winds through a mountainous district of picturesque grandeur, dotted with large and small lakes, such as Lake Mercier, a favorite resort of the late Liberal leader, Lake La Fouche and numerous others. The railway line is on a continuously ascending grade, the highest point of the district being over 2,000ft. above the St. Lawrence. Cascades and rapids are numerous, and a most beautiful panorama was presented from the car windows. The party reached Labelle early in the afternoon, and a drive of sixteen miles brought the visitors to the club house in Ile Chapleau at nightfall. On the way a chain of beautiful lakes, including lakes Labelle, Belanger, Dansereau, Alphonse, Lachapelle and Desert, which will hereafter be known as Lac Ouimet, in honor of the Minister of Public Works, were passed. All these lakes, with a number of others, sixteen in all, are now under the control of the club, which possesses the exclusive fishing and shooting privileges. The lakes abound in trout and other fish, and the surrounding woods in game. A warm welcome awaited the visitors at the club house.

After a good night's rest many of the visitors started out early in the morning to fish and hunt. The Lieutenant-Governor is a keen disciple of Izaak Walton, and he was off among the first with his rod, returning at lunch time with a splendid string of fine trout. Other members of the party brought back many braces of partridges. The most exciting incident of the trip happened in the afternoon. While some of the guests were sitting on the veranda quietly smoking and enjoying the beautiful view, several deer were noticed some distance down the lake. At once everybody was on the alert. Several of the most ardent huntsmen, including Mr. Ouimet, Mr. Drolet and Dr. Lachapelle, took boats and started out in pursuit. The others watched the chase with eager interest from the club house. Shot after shot was heard, and in a short while the huntsmen returned, bringing with them a splendid specimen of a young deer, which they presented to the club as the first trophy of the chase captured since the opening of the club house. There was some friendly rivalry between Mr. Ouimet and Mr. Drolet as to who really fired the fatal shot, both having struck the deer; but finally the president, Mr. Nantel, decided that honors were even. The incident was regarded as an auspicious inauguration of the club.

In the evening the club house was formally inaugurated by a banquet, presided over by the Lieutenant-Governor. The fish and game captured during the day provided succulent dishes, and the appetites of the visitors played havoc with the eatables. The banquet was followed by a general illumination of the club house and a display of fireworks, and the balance of the evening was passed in recreation and goodfellowship.—*Montreal Gazette.*

IN MEMORY OF A DAY.

"COME, hunters!" were the words that caused me to open my eyes on the morn of this day.

They were spoken by one of my companions. I very quickly complied with the command by getting in readiness as soon as possible, and we were on the way to our happy hunting ground of great expectations. It was an ideal New England October morning, calm, cool and gray, with hardly a breath of air stirring; time, 5 A. M. We passed on our way three slumbering farmhouses, the only signs of life being the crowing of cocks and the barking of dogs. We at last gained the woods in all their beauty of October garments, and their fallen leaves, slippery and damp from the white frost, made a good carpet, that one could walk over with hardly any noise.

This piece of woods was gray squirrel cover, or, as all hunters know, this means oak, beech, pine, hemlock, poplar and birch. Gaining a point of vantage, we await the pleasure of the gray coats, and while waiting have time to take in the scenery. In this same grove two years ago, with the help of old Nero, I captured four fine gray squirrels in a short time.

Down in the valley to the right, where you see the mist arising, is the woodcock ground or cover; but as we have no dog, shall leave them to go South for some one else to derive pleasure from, and all I have to say is this: if they fall may they not go into the bag of the man that shoots for the market, or the one for numbers, but rather to the one that takes pleasure in shooting no more than he needs.

To the left, where you see that line of mist, is the trout brook, which, when overflowed upon the meadows, makes a resort for the beautiful wood duck. But hark! what was that? Ah! *Quck! quck! quck-k-r-r-r!* the bark of the gray squirrel, meaning good morning, I suppose, in squirrel language. Now I forget my surroundings, only thinking of gaining sight of game; I am in another, the hunter's world, where all is joy, and where no sorrow or dull care can come, for the latter belong with the common money-making world. It is not the taking of innocent blood, as all we hunters know, that causes us pleasure, but rather the pursuit and capture of our game. I never shoot any game, but if I had the power, I would cause another of the same kind as good or better, to take its place.

But as we cannot have our cake and eat it too, it stands us in hand to be saving of our supply. I would like to see the days of our grandfathers renewed, when the wood, water and air teemed with life of all kinds. And if every one that shoots would take only what they needed and no more, I think it would be very near it, even at this late day. My "creed," as our great Nessmuk used to say, is this: "Never shoot more than you need to eat at the present. Never shoot in the spring or summer. And last, but not least, never sell game. If you do not care for it yourself, give to the sick or poor. And remember that we are not the only ones that are living or will live on this earth, so let us not take more than our share, but leave enough to keep up the stock, that the rising generations shall call us blessed; let us not be selfish." Excuse the digression.

I go along as quietly as possible, but the game is too cunning for me. I am glad of it, because if I had seen him I should have shot him, but as I did not I have the satisfaction of knowing that there was a live squirrel in those woods if we did not see him, and that is worth more to me than a dead one, although I like to hunt them very much. By this time the sun was up over the mountains in all his glory, and I hear a whistle from Al and answer. We meet, and conclude that, by the time we get into the house, breakfast and the folks will be awaiting us.

On our way we call and get old Nero of Mr. F. Nero is delighted to meet me again, and he wags his tail so vigorously that it seems to be shaking the dog, instead of the dog his tail; and he looked at me with such loving eyes, "bless his old heart," that it made me feel bad that he had so few years to live, for he is very old; but I hope that he may live to enjoy a few more pleasant hunts with me. After getting Nero we started up a partridge, and I took a snap shot at long range, but failed to kill. Then went to breakfast.

After the morning meal our friend Non went with us, he and Al working one side of the brook, I the other. I expect to start a grouse at any minute, when bang! bang! goes the gun of Al's. Then of course I have to go over and see what had taken place. He had shot at a muskrat, he thought, but as I had handled them before I knew at once it was a mink by the odor, but he got away from us by getting under the bank.

We started again, coming out on some ridges covered with second growth hemlock, where Nero began to work up a trail, when up went a ruffed grouse, with a hemlock tree between it and me of course—trust a grouse for that. Next we came out to a pasture with mountains around it—a very pleasant sight. Here I started two more grouse, with a pine tree between them and me this time; but I stepped one side and let one of them have the contents of my right barrel, but as it had got a very good start I failed to stop it. We marked them down in a little swamp across the road, and very soon we had one of them up again, but failed to get in a shot. Then Nero started a rabbit, and I fired at him by guess, as he was running through the bushes; but failed to hit. Very well, that don't bother me much, as he is not wounded, I reflect, and I am out for sport and do not expect to hit every time; if more of us shot that way they would have all the excitement of hunting and shooting at the game and there would be more game left in the woods, and no bags for count, to be thrown away afterward. While going into the swamp to see if I had hit the rabbit, the other grouse got up directly behind me, and in my cramped position I got no shot in; so followed up the hill slowly, and keeping a sharp lookout I at last spy the little jade, and she is mine.

We next come to an oak grove, near the summit of a mountain, where we run into a colony of gray squirrels; but all we see of them is their nests, which we bombard with rocks and guns. Non succeeds in driving one out, and trying to shoot him loses the cap off the nipple of his muzzleloader, and Al shoots the squirrel for him.

It being now near noon we go to dinner. After dinner we send poor old Nero home, as he has become very tired and lame; and skirt around by the meadows, where you can see the muskrat houses; and as it is too rough water for ducks, the wind blowing quite hard, we keep to the thick woods at the base of the mountain. Later in the day I become separated from my companions; and as the wind has subsided I climb the mountain, where, as I enter the hemlocks which skirt the edge of the oak and beech growth very thickly, I hear what I take for a gray squirrel jumping on the ground. I go by the hemlocks very carefully, scanning every part of them, so that I had given up the idea that there was anything there, when I turn to start off out goes by far the best grouse I have seen this season. I watched him and saw him pitch into another bunch of hemlocks, and thought it would pay to follow him up, so go on very carefully and enter the hemlocks and stop, take a good look around on the ground; I fail to see him, take a few more steps and out he comes as fast as he can run, and as he flies I let him have the contents of my right barrel, but he goes just the same, and I think I have lost him sure, when he changes after going straight up for 50ft. or so, describes a half-circle and strikes the ground with a thud, sending the leaves in a shower around. I pick up the best grouse of the season, a regular old grandfather, and as the sun is setting in the west and the boys are calling the cows, *coe! coe! coemoltie! coemiltie! c-o-l*, which is answered by their subdued lowing, and the bell upon the cattle seems to say, "We come, we are coming, we come," I start for our friends with a light heart at peace with all the world.

As my friend Non had shot nothing but a red squirrel for his cat during the day I gave him the grandfather grouse, and the other grouse I kept until I got home, dressed it and sent it to a friend of mine who was getting slowly over a hard case of typhoid fever. So ended this great day of pleasure for me, and I did not know but some one might derive a little pleasure from the reading of the same. PANGUS.

LANDOWNERS AND GAME REVENUE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

No country is better adapted by nature to support immense quantities of game—a dozen times the present population would not render it too crowded for that purpose—yet the history of game in North America is one of the gradual extermination of one of the most valuable elements of the material wealth of the country, the actual money value of which every sportsman will agree is the least part of the loss which will thereby be incurred. In short, unless some law can be devised and brought into operation more effectual than any which has hitherto been enacted, it must inevitably come to pass that if any game is left in a generation or two it will have become a luxury beyond the reach of any but the very rich—a result which, if I am not mistaken, the wealthiest sportsmen would be among the first to deplore.

Whatever the remedy for this condition of affairs may be, two facts stare us in the face: one is the total failure of the system hitherto adopted upon this continent, and the other is the tremendous contrast presented in England, where, amid a crowded population, upon highly cultivated lands, producing under scientific methods of fertilization far more abundant crops than even the virgin soil of the Northwestern States and Manitoba, game exists in such quantity as to form one of the largest items in the commerce of the country for home consumption and for export, while the restrictions as to the times and methods of its capture are less severe than in some parts of this country.

Let me here disclaim in the most absolute manner any desire to introduce upon this side of the Atlantic any laws which could arouse such bitter feeling as have certain provisions of the game laws of Great Britain.

No one, however, can object to an examination of the state of affairs in that country in order to see if we can not, upon this continent, find some method of producing similar results without resorting to methods inconsistent with the institutions of the country.

What is the radical distinction between the two countries? Clearly it lies in this, that in England the owner of the land takes an interest in the preservation of the game, and not only for sporting purposes, but as a considerable part of the value of his land, because he can obtain almost if not quite as large a rent for the sporting privileges as for agricultural purposes. Here, on the other hand, the right to shoot over cultivated lands is not worth a dollar to the owner, and a farmer would laugh at an Englishman who might ask him what proportion of the value of his land be calculated for its capacity to support game. Here an absurd and erroneous notion prevails that game is common property, with the result that the owner of the land, supposing that he has no interest in its preservation (or, if he knows better, taking none), is only concerned to take part in the general scramble to get as much as possible while it lasts.

The difference in method between the two countries is precisely the difference between the miser who hoards up his gold, and as his store grows smaller and smaller starves himself with a smaller allowance each year to live upon, while the inevitable day approaches when he shall have consumed it all; while his neighbor, with a much smaller capital, engages in business and not only lives well, but becomes rich.

It follows that the only real remedy for the unfortunate state of affairs at present existing is such legislation as will encourage every owner of land and particularly every farmer to breed and preserve game, and will protect him in so doing.

Statistics also should be collected and published prov-

ing the profits to be derived from the preservation of game and the fact that agricultural interests will not thereby suffer, but will rather benefit by the destruction of insects, etc.

It would be possible to fill columns with arguments in favor of such legislation as I have indicated, but I have already exceeded the limits of such a communication as this, and in conclusion will only point out that not only is it unnecessary to carry into effect the policy here suggested by unpopular laws, but many of the inconveniences which arise from the preservation of game in England would not be felt here, because of the enormously greater extent of the country, and still more because land is in general occupied and worked by the owner and not leased to tenant farmers.

"Sport," properly so called, would be within the reach of all, and farmers would be anxious to sell shooting privileges to city men who could afford to pay a good price, and then save one-half the present cost of a trip to the distant localities where alone game is now to be found; and that this would not be a mere artificial condition, only to be kept up by stringent laws, is insured by the fact that game and the profit to be derived from it would be in the hands of one of the most hard-working and least wealthy classes of the community, and not as in England, where all game is controlled by the wealthy and aristocratic.

As a signature, permit me to append the name of this province, for every word of this letter applies with equal force to ONTARIO.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, Oct. 18.—Some of the deer shooters are returning, and considerable luck is reported. Wm. H. Coggin and S. Matherson, Jr., have returned from their camp in Maine, and they had good success. They were accompanied by Mr. W. H. Doane, of somewhere near Bangor, an owner in the camp. Mr. Coggin and Mr. Matherson brought home a couple of deer. They hunted fairly and got their game by watching at the runways and near the water. The weather was very windy a good part of the time; decidedly against still-hunting. Besides the leaves were falling and ready to make a good deal of sound at every footfall. But they stuck to the hunt for several days, getting one or two days that were still. On one of these days Mr. Coggin made a splendid shot at a doe on the jump, she having been alarmed by sight or sound of some hunters a short distance away. He had the good fortune to strike her in exactly the right spot. On dressing her off, it was found that the bullet had passed directly through the heart. The hunter is very proud of this achievement, and justly too. Partridge shooting they found to be very satisfactory indeed. They were able to get all they wanted for camp use without very severe hunting.

The most successful hunting party of the season thus far returned from the Maine woods on Tuesday. Mr. D. J. Flanders, general passenger and ticket agent of the Boston & Maine Railroad, was the head of the party, with his brother, J. A. Flanders, New England agent for the Clyde Line of steamers; Phin. Sprague, of Malden, and Dr. Libby, of Boston. They were in camp for two weeks about thirty miles from Blaine, Aroostock county, and had for guides Arthur Winslow, Arthur Whitcomb, J. M. Viles and A. N. Jones. The first day out Mr. D. J. Flanders shot a buck caribou with a beautiful set of antlers. The weather was all that could be asked for during the camping out. They got a plenty of small game, and brought home with them four caribou and one deer. Partridges, Mr. Flanders says, they shot till they were tired. This meant enough for camp use.

Mr. D. J. Flanders thinks that his party has found the ideal hunting spot. He is charmed with the Maine woods and game. In his opinion there are a good many caribou left in that vicinity. He was put on to the locality through the courtesy of his friend Mr. Cram, General Manager of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad. The guides were of the best. Mr. Cram told them that the party desired a location alone, meaning one not overrun by other hunters. The guides took the order literally and furnished the party with a new log camp and a big field bed, while their own quarters were a little distance away. Among the caribou taken was one female with horns. The head is now being mounted at Bangor, and when it arrives I shall obtain a photo for reproduction. The guides were a good deal surprised when they found the female with horns equal to those of a two-year-old buck. One of them remarked that "The other caribous all probably called her a woman suffragist."

It seems that General Manager Cram is alive to the fish and game interests of Maine. He is aware that the very life of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad is linked with the protection of fish and game along its line. He was in company with one of the guides last summer, not very far in the woods, when they came to a dead deer, from which the poachers had cut nothing but some steaks. A little further on they found the carcass of a fine caribou festering in the sun. Only a few steaks had been cut from this noble game. The hunters evidently dared not attempt to bring it out to the settlement. Some of the best guides tell him that they are going to decline guiding for illegal hunting, and that they shall try hereafter to prevent shooting out of season. They begin to see that the preservation of the game is of great consequence to them. Mr. Cram is trying to impress them with the idea that a live moose or caribou in the woods is likely to bring them several jobs of guiding, while a dead one is done forever, and illegally killed makes the guide himself liable to fine and imprisonment. Mr. Cram believes that the guides are beginning to watch each other.

In the Boston dry goods trade many sportsmen are much saddened by the untimely drowning of Kenneth M. Taylor, a salesman of the house of Bradford, Thomas & Co. With his guide, Michael Collins, Mr. Taylor was out on Moosehead Lake, near Kineo, on Monday, when the canoe was overturned, it is supposed, and both were drowned. Mr. Taylor was 27 years of age, a Harvard (1890) graduate. His trip to Moosehead was for a brief vacation and considerable hunting was to be done. He had long counted on the trip. Collins is said to have been one of the most trustworthy guides in the Moosehead region, and one that will be greatly missed by the many sportsmen he has worked for during the increasing popularity of that part of the country for fishing and shooting.

That partridges have been very plenty in Maine one would not question could he see the number of boxes of these birds being opened almost every day in the Boston markets. Already there is a glut and prices are off. The law against shipping them out of that State is evidently being sadly evaded. Marketmen frankly admit that they are getting ten times as many partridges from New Hampshire (?) as last year. As for Maine, they stop there. But many of these boxes come from the Portland and Bangor steamers, and hence could not come from New Hampshire unless first shipped to Maine or picked up off shore on the ocean, and in the night time at that.

Coot shooting offshore has been better since the big storm of Sunday last. The wind blew a gale, and shooting on that day was next to an impossibility. At Scituate thirty or forty gunners were out nearly all day in the rain. The coot were flying, but the sea ran so high that not a bird could be got. Mr. A. Irvin McLauthlin, with a friend, drove through the rain to Scituate, over twenty miles, to attend a "coot supper or stew." They describe the storm as most remarkable all along the shore, with many birds flying. They drove back to Boston in the evening, with the rain falling in torrents. Shooting they did not try. The rain was enough.

Mr. George T. Freeman was at Anisquam over the storm. He used a number of plates in his camera and probably has some magnificent pictures of the waves. He had some very good shooting on Monday, after the storm had subsided. Coot and other ducks were flying in good numbers.

Oct. 19.—In a single issue of a Maine daily paper that I read to-day there were accounts of over twenty deer taken by citizens of that State, besides a number by Boston and New York hunters and sportsmen from other States. A gentleman who has just returned remarked that fully two-thirds of these deer are shot by the guides. They are employed by the sportsman, and the deer taken belong to him, and nothing is to be said. The average city sport does not like tramping; it is too hard work; so he stays in camp and sends out his guide. Some of them even employ more than one guide, with special rewards offered for success. My friend believes that he is sure whereof he speaks, for he has it from some of the best guides in the vicinity of Bangor, who have told him how it is done. One fellow, an Englishman, hunting at a camp in the Moosehead region, kept his guide out all the time after deer, while he lay in camp. Every time the guide approached the camp he was in danger of being shot, only the fellow could not hit the bigness of a barn door a few feet away. But he was liable to blaze away into the empty woods, declaring that he was shooting at a "blawsted buck." Finally the guide had to take refuge behind a tree, into which the Englishman put a couple of bullets out of a whole magazine full that he fired in that direction. The guide, who is a quiet and good-natured fellow till thoroughly aroused, then told the make-believe hunter that if he fired that rifle in his direction again he would give him such a thrashing as he never dreamed of, besides deserting him in the woods. There is really great danger in the woods when such fools are out.

Mr. George Lanphier and his party have captured a couple of moose. I shall get an account of his hunting for the FOREST AND STREAM next week. To-day it can only be said that he has good luck almost always. SPECIAL.

FROM A MOOSILAUKE POINT OF VIEW.

THE Moosilauke Union Fish and Game League send us their club book, which has this bit of Moosilaukian philosophizing on game and fish and the relations to them of the men who go out with gun and rod, in season or out of season:

"It has long been evident to those who have given the matter any thought, that unless some method could be found for securing the better protection of our fish and game, the day was not far distant when good sport with the rod and gun would be a thing of the past. This would mean not alone personal deprivation to those who look to our crystal trout streams, our numerous lakes and noble forests for needed rest and recreation, but serious loss to the State at large, and particularly to that large portion of its population whose income is largely or entirely derived from our summer guests and visiting sportsmen. It is estimated that over $8,000,000 are left annually by these visitors to our mountain and summer resorts. To a great many of them, good fishing and hunting are attractions of paramount importance; hence we cannot afford to look on quietly at the wanton destruction of so important a source of revenue, so valuable a property of the commonwealth.

"The fish and game laws already enacted, if properly observed, are adequate not alone for preserving the fish and game we have, but for so increasing the same as to make our State, in a few years, but little less than a sportsmen's paradise. The difficulty, however, lies in impressing upon a majority of our citizens the importance of enforcing these laws. There is no better way to accomplish this than for those interested to organize local fish and game leagues, thereby securing the co-operation of all or as many as possible of the people in a community. Without hearty co-operation, very little good work of a public nature can be accomplished. Realizing this, a number of the citizens of Haverhill, Warren, Piermont, Orford and neighboring towns met at Haverhill last autumn, and organized the Moosilauke Union Fish and Game League. These towns contain many of the best trout streams in the State, as well as numerous spring-fed ponds and heavily timbered forests, and as a result of the protection and efforts of the league will be able in a short time to offer as fine fishing and hunting as can be found anywhere in New England.

"About 150,000 young fish, including brook trout, lake trout, land-locked or fresh-water salmon, or rainbow trout, have been placed in the streams and ponds of the section covered by the league this season, and it is expected that another year a much larger quantity will be distributed. It is also the purpose of the league to introduce, from time to time, such new fish and game as may be thought advisable.

"It is a mistaken idea to suppose that the efforts of a fish and game league are for the benefit of any particular class, or that its members shall be allowed any special privileges denied to others. By reference to the constitution and by-laws, it will be seen that every member promises on his word of honor to carefully observe the laws. This is the fundamental principle of all similar leagues, and a violation by a member of the league will be prosecuted as thoroughly as that of a non-member. A large number of the members of our league neither hunt nor fish, but understanding the object of the organization, are anxious to give it their support.

"All who are interested in the success of this work, whether residents of the State or visitors, are cordially invited to join our league, and lend us the benefit of their influence, if unable to do more."

We have also received the programme and rules for the Moosilauke's first annual side-hunt, which follow:

1. All members of the league, and all who join prior to Oct. 23, are cordially invited to take part in this hunt and the supper following.
2. The hunt will commence at 12:01 A. M., and close at 11.59 P. M., Wednesday, Oct. 23. No game killed before or after that date will be counted in the competition for the prizes.
3. All game must be delivered to the nearest member of the following committee before noon of the 24th: Dr. E. C. Chase, Orford; E. E. Grimes, Piermont; C. J. Ayer, Pike Station; G. H. L. Head, Warren; Dr. O. D. Eastman, Woodsville.
4. All skins of value, also all game not needed for the supper, will be returned to the owner, after being counted.
5. A member unable to hunt can send a substitute into the field by furnishing a satisfactory excuse to the committee.
6. Any member violating these rules or practising fraud in any manner will be recommended for expulsion from the league, by the committee, and his score not entered.

Those members winning the five highest scores will be awarded the following prizes:

First, double-barrel, breechloading shotgun, value $20.
Second, breechloading rifle or a single-barrel shotgun, value $15.
Third, jointed fish-rod, value $5.
Fourth, hunter's knife, value $2.
Fifth, brierwood pipe, value $1.

The following score will be used in counting all game killed in accordance with these rules and the fish and game laws. No difference will be made where dogs are used.

Bear	1000	Gray squirrel	50
Deer	800	Mink	50
Fox	200	Duck	50
Coon	200	Blue heron	50
Fisher cat (lynx)	200	Muskrat	25
Partridge	75	Skunk	10
Woodcock	75	Red squirrel	5
Rabbit	75	Chipmunk	1

Fresh-water fish, per pound, dressed weight. (Except perch.)

Any game killed not found in the above list will be scored by the committee.

PIKE COUNTY DEER COUNTRY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Frank A. Cutting in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 12 issues a friendly challenge for any one to beat his record of two deer in three days on a journey of about 750 miles. We will accept his challenge, not in a spirit of rivalry, but to convince, if possible, the local readers of FOREST AND STREAM that large game may be had within a much more reasonable distance of New York city, at little loss of time, and at nominal expense. To many sportsmen cost is quite a consideration, and not all of them can easily afford a trip to Maine or the Adirondacks. Mr. Cutting does not inform us as to the cost of his trip, but it is safe to assume from his description of the trip and the distance and modes of travel that his venison was an expensive luxury, although we do not wish to be inferred as suggesting that the meat was any important element of the sport or pleasures of his outing.

I regret that the instance I am about to relate was so spontaneous in the inception and execution that we were deprived of all the pleasures of anticipation, which are in many cases, in deer hunting, the only mental satisfaction realized. I am therefore unable (unless by imagination and fiction) to add interest and zest to the plain statement of facts by leading the reader over the route and making him in imagination one of the party, as so neatly done by Mr. Cutting.

Last fall, near the close of the season, I met my hunting companion in the evening and suggested, as we had been having rather indifferent success during the earlier season (having killed but one deer), that we make a final effort the following morning. It was decided at once that "the two of us" set out in the morning at our usual time, 5 o'clock, and our destination was unanimously agreed upon.

Agreeably to arrangements we left our own homes at the appointed time, and after an hour's walk separated for business. The first drive—with us always short ones—a deer was started, but avoided us, only giving me a sight of it on an opposite ridge some half mile away. Our dog was soon back, however—for be it remembered, we have no use for a "stayer," and will have no "hanging" hounds in our woods if we can prevent it—and we were soon again on trail. Presently two white flags were in the air, and by judicious maneuvering I had them coming my way before they had been fifteen minutes on foot. Two reports within five seconds, and the two fine specimens lay dead in their tracks without a struggle. By 1 o'clock they were hung up and dressed. A walk of six miles brought my companion to town for a conveyance to carry in the bag, and that night we slept in our respective beds at home, well satisfied with our wind up of the hunting season of 1894.

This is not the first time a member of our little party of from two to four—we do not favor large parties, and will not help to make them—has killed his two as quickly as he could swing from one to the other; and during the fall of 1892 one of our party killed his two and reloaded his breechloader in time to wound the third (which was subsequently found dead), that had been driven to him in one batch. The same fall ('92) I killed two in one day, but not at the same time, and our party are not at all astonished at getting two in a day's hunt.

Our record for '92 was seven deer in about ten days' hunting; '93, five in about two weeks. Our lack of success last season was mainly due to the fact that our favorite grounds, most accessible to our homes, had been almost entirely burned over, and the deer had sought more distant and unburnt shelter. This season our woods are in fine shape both for shack and shelter, and exploring trips have revealed quite plentiful signs. The weather, however, has been so hot and excessively dry and the leaves so thick that we have not given them a trial yet, but anticipate during the season to have some "more fun."

These successes of the past and anticipations for the future are not credited to the distant, expensive hunting regions of Maine and the Adirondacks, but are realized within one hundred miles of New York city and within six miles of direct rail by unsurpassed wagon road, in little Pike county, Pa. Instead of days and nights of travel, and the loss of time and expenses incident thereto, the sportsman can leave his city business (in New York we mean and not Boston) at three or four o'clock in the afternoon and be on a runway by daylight the next morning, with fair prospects of having a deer to carry back to his home in New York the same night. All things considered, will Mr. Cutting submit to the inevitable? PIKO.

MY FIRST WILD TURKEY.

To look back and think of how I killed my first wild turkey, or rather turkeys, has always been a source of delight to me, and though I have shot many turkeys since I think I never experienced the same feeling of exultation.

I was a boy going to school. I lived in central Pennsylvania, and in our neighborhood the wild turkeys were about the largest game found, and even they were not found in very large numbers. I had graduated from the use of the single-barrel gun, and was now, in my own mind, at the top of the pile, being the possessor of a muzzle-loading, double-barrel shotgun, the praise of which I could never cease singing; and I honestly believed at that time that another gun to shoot like that one had never been made and never would be, although there was not the least thing about it to indicate its pedigree. I had killed the wary black duck, shot four gray squirrels in one forenoon once, which gave me a passing recognition by the older local gunners, who scorned me on their hunting excursions because I "had not the age on me." And once I had shot a ruffed grouse on the wing, but how I did it I have not the remotest idea; anyway, it got up in a thicket of cedars, I pointed the gun and fired, and picked up the dead grouse. For a long time this was my greatest exploit, and although I told every person I knew how I had shot it flying, it has always appeared to me that they did not put the most solid confidence in me, and although no one said outright that they believed I had shot it off a tree or old log, still I could see a tinge of disbelief.

My ambition was to receive recognition by the "old hunters" of the town, to take part in their discussions in the store, and I even built my hopes so high as that I might some day be asked to accompany them on some of their hunting excursions; but my age didn't merit it and I saw that I would have to do something to distinguish myself, and I came to the conclusion that the proper thing to do would be to kill a wild turkey. If I could only do that my fondest hopes would be realized, for among all these "hunters" the ones who had killed their turkey were very scarce, and could I succeed in my object I could take a seat among those of the front rank and would be asked time and again during the long winter nights to tell the story of how I did it. And so I made up my mind to try.

Saturday was the only day in the week I had to hunt, being compelled to go to school; and I can assure you that rain or shine on every Saturday morning during the the open season when the sun came up it found me on the mountain waiting to hear a gobbler. But all to no advantage, although I could see where the turkeys had scratched among the leaves for chestnuts, apparently the night before. Things went on in this way for some time. Now and then I would meet an older hunter, and owing to my extremely youthful appearance and the isolated locality in which I was hunting he would invariably ask me if I wasn't lost, and would offer to tell me the direction home, but never, ah, never, condescended to ask me to accompany him.

My plan of hunting was go where I saw the most "scratching" or where I thought the turkeys were most likely to come; and to secrete myself in a hollow tree or some other convenient shelter and there stay from sun-up to sundown. One day, late in the afternoon, I had become tired waiting and got out of my place of concealment, disgusted and out of humor generally. Of course, during these excursions I would not take any account of the occasional hare that jumped past me or the grouse that boomed off through the trees, disturbed from his meal of wild grapes, or the covey of quail that I saw while crossing the fields going to my home in the evening. In fact, nothing could tempt me. The two loads I had in my gun were for turkeys, nothing else, and could I get a shot at one anywhere inside of 50yds. not a doubt entered my mind that he was my meat. But just at this particular moment I was in a humor to have revenge on anything, and seeing a gray squirrel go into a hole in a hollow chestnut tree I resolved to sit down, wait till he came out and kill him.

It had rained in the forenoon and the leaves were so damp that I could walk without making much noise. Taking a position where I would have a good shot at the squirrel when he came out I sat down on a log. I had waited about a quarter of an hour and the squirrel had failed to come out, and I was thinking of going home, when the breaking of a twig to my right startled me. Looking in that direction I saw a sight that caused a feeling to come over me that I had never before had and have never since experienced. Within 25yds. of me was a flock of between fifteen and twenty turkeys, walking along and here and there picking up some nut or choice morsel as unconcerned as if they were the only live things in the neighborhood. For a moment I didn't know what to do, in fact I couldn't have done anything had I wished to, for I was trembling and shaking like a leaf with excitement, but I finally braced up myself enough to raise my gun to shoulder very, very slowly, for I knew any quick movement would attract their attention, and as yet they had failed to see me; and when my gun was in position I picked out two close together that I knew I could kill at one shot, and had my eye on another that I would shoot with my left barrel. Pen can not describe the feeling of victory that passed through me while I was pressing the trigger—the long-wished-for opportunity was at hand. Well, I shot and I got off the second barrel at one that run past me not ten steps away, never touching it. When I went to pick up the two young gobblers I had singled out for my "trusty" right barrel, not a feather was there to greet me, and it has always been a mystery to me what became of that charge of shot; not a mark could be found on a tree or bush in the direction I had fired; it could not have all gone into the turkey, or he would have stayed there. Some unkind person afterward suggested that it went straight up in the air, and as I can prove nothing to the contrary I suppose I will have to accept that solution, but I do it very reluctantly.

Now I was worse off than ever; to let people hear of my failure would be disgrace of the worst kind. The eyes whom a moment before I was sure would look on me as a hero would now laugh at me and say I had got "rattled," had the "fever," and a dozen and one other uncomplimentary remarks that I thought I could never stand. However, by this time I had loaded up and was going to start home, when about 300yds. away I heard a faint peep, peep! and although I had never heard the sound before, I knew it was a turkey calling. Whistling so as to imitate it as nearly as possible, I had hardly time to conceal myself behind a tree when the turkey, a young hen, answered me, and I could tell by the sound that she was coming toward me. I gave one more call, and it wasn't many minutes until I saw her walk out into an open space hardly 30yds. away, anxiously looking for the rest of her companions. Now I had a chance to redeem myself, and carefully resting the said "trusty" over my knee I took what I supposed to be deliberate aim and fired. She sailed off through the treetops unhurt.

Slowly and wearily I gathered myself up and started for home. The only thing I could find satisfaction in was in vehement expressions against the worthlessness of my up to the present time phenomenal gun. This same gun that I had so confidently declared not long before was the best in the section I now disdained from having anything to do with. It was my only avenue of escape, and the poor gun had to stand it all.

But I didn't give it up. Oh, no. At home was an old army musket, so old and rickety that it had been laid aside from use, and furthermore it was so heavy that it was only with the greatest effort that I could hold it out without a rest. But I had resolved to do something, and I cleaned it up as best I could and loaded it. And what a load! Four charges of powder from an old tin flask such as was used in those days, and a whole handful of No. 4. And how carefully I selected the softest paper for wadding! how I made the long steel ramrod jingle when I rammed the powder! how careful I was that the wad on the shot should be firm, so there should be no danger of it starting and letting the shot run out, and when I was through I put the ramrod in the barrel and the load just registered nine fingers!

Armed with this relic of barbarism, the next Saturday found me at my old battlefield. Late in the afternoon I heard the turkeys scratching among the leaves in search of chestnuts. It was a dry, calm day, and I could hear them a long way off. I listened until I was sure which way they were going, and by taking a circuitous route succeeded in getting ahead of them. Taking position behind a log, I rested the old musket over it and patiently waited. How can I describe the alternate feelings of hope and despair that came over me during that ten minutes' wait, as the sound of their movements in the leaves would appear to be coming closer and then gradually die away? I was soon rewarded, however, by seeing one turkey coming directly toward me, then another and another, until I found that I had succeeded in my object and was right in their path.

Hardly daring to breathe for fear they would detect me I waited, and when they were within 30yds. two stopped close together and I pulled. There was a terrific report that echoed from mountain to mountain, the old musket flew out of my hands and landed fully 10ft. from me, and although unhurt I was somewhat stunned by the awful recoil of the piece, but through the smoke I had caught a glimpse of a turkey trying to stand on its head and going through other antics. I had killed two. The old musket had done its work faithfully, and for a long time I could not get done singing its praises and condemning my former favorite piece.

Carefully hanging the two birds over my gun I marched home, and I can truthfully say that it was the proudest moment of my life, either before or since, when I exhibited those turkeys.

Brother sportsmen, did you ever have the "fever?" Of course we are slow to admit it, but after we have achieved greater deeds in after years what's the difference if we look back some years, weigh the evidence and acknowledge the truth, and as I look at my Lefever hammerless now I can truthfully say that had I it instead of my cheap Belgian muzzleloader at the time I had such a golden opportunity, I believe the result would have been just the same. C. C. R.

NOTES FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 14.—Prairie chickens in Minnesota this year have been scarce as compared with other years. Partridges are plentiful in most sections. Ducks, especially local, are not nearly so plentiful as they were in other seasons. A very noticeable thing is the absence of wood duck, which is pretty hard to account for, as we always have lots of them. Deer are reported to be very plentiful all through the northern part of the State, and I think the new clause in our game law passed during the last session, prohibiting the shipment of venison to any commission merchant or sale market, will do more to stop the wholesale slaughter than all the wardens we could possibly appoint.

I believe that Forest and Stream has done and is doing a great work for the preservation of our game and fish all over the United States.

Sam. F. Fullerton, Ex. Agt.

Petty, Tex., Oct. 14.—The quail in this part of northern Texas were never so plentiful. From every section come the reports of large bevies, and as the time is near approaching for my annual outing (being one of the chained), I look forward to the 1st of November with great interest and much pleasure, as Jim C. (my friend) has signified his intention to make it Nov. 1. I will give the readers of Forest and Stream an account of our outing. Prore.

Pike Station, N. H., Oct. 8.—Two deer have been shot within three miles of this place within a few days, and a number of others seen in our immediate vicinity. Ruffed grouse are very plentiful indeed throughout northern New Hampshire this fall. It is not unusal to scare up half a dozen flocks in the course of two or three hours' tramp through the woods surrounding any of our villages. A few mornings ago on visiting my henyards I found that one had committed suicide by hanging himself in the wire netting that fences in the yards. E. B. P.

Deer Numerous, but Antlers Poor.

Westerly, R. I., Oct. 17.—I have just returned from a very successful hunting trip in the region about Lake Chesuncook, where I killed a very fine bull moose and what deer I wished to bring out. Deer seemed to be unusually plenty, easily seeing half a dozen each day, and impossible to take a walk of half a mile without starting one. One thing that surprised me much was that I did not see a single well-antlered buck, and this peculiarity was commented upon by several from different sections of this Chesuncook region. Partridges were unusually abundant. Edwin R. Lewis.

Foreigners in Manitoba.

We have heard a good deal lately about "true sportsmen," "sportsmanlike feeling," "instincts of a sportsman," etc., etc., until one feels as if a halt should be called. Verily, they protest too much. One rather doubts the honesty of the lawyer who is always talking about the honor of his profession, his noble calling, his professional honor, etc. True sportsmen, men who unselfishly love sport for sport's sake alone, are inclined to be rare. There is no finer fellow than the true sportsman, and unselfishness, good-fellowship and generosity are his distinctive qualities. The sportsman who is not a sportsman is generally found wanting in all these qualities. He has one distinctive quality. There is only one word that seems to convey the idea—hoggishness. I refer especially to sports afield. When a sportsman is not a sportsman he is a hog. And in a dozen different ways. He wants the shadiest pool for bass and the best side of the bluff for partridge. He kicks until he gets the best "runway" to the lake and then growls when the deer heads for the least likely. His only real joy seems to be in counting the catch or the birds that have fallen to his own gun. When in what he calls luck he lets the game spoil on his hands, and is sulky if he has had a bad day. Like all good qualities when perverted, sport, when it is not sport, is a most objectionable quality. Like a woman who is bad, it is very bad.

But this hoggishness has taken what some may consider a broad and others a narrow phase in Manitoba. Broad in the sense that they seem to want the whole Province of Manitoba kept as a sort of game preserve. And narrow, because they don't want outsiders to come into the Province and shoot chickens. They want the chickens. Now Manitoba is, unfortunately, situated so far from the rest of the world that good Winnipeg dollars will hardly tempt a second-rate troupe of barn-stormers; and it requires a considerable lot of literature to capture even the nimble immigrant. The immigration caused by the chickens that we can produce will not materially affect the population of Manitoba to any material extent during the season. Western Americans who are fond of shooting chickens patronize the home market. The Eastern Yankees that are after blood and chickens are unfortunately as few and far between as the teeth of the aforesaid chickens. We would like another half dozen of these Americans to come up every autumn. It costs them about $100 a chicken, I should judge, by the bags they make. George Gould and the other five Americans that pursued the guileless chicken to her lair this fall didn't appreciably spoil the chicken crop, but they spent a good deal of money and enjoyed themselves. This is where the hoggishness of these men who have been writing to the papers about preventing Americans from chicken shooting without numerous restrictions comes in. Here were half a dozen millionaires who sought the illimitable prairies of the West to knock around a bit, see the country, talk dog and gun a lot, and bowl over a few fiery, untamed chickens that blew up against them; and some people want this country, which is like a girl at her first ball, longing to be known—these people seemingly want it locked up as a game preserve. These men needn't be alarmed. The devastation that they fear Mr. Gould and the other millionaires will create among the feathered game of Manitoba, and which they have traveled over half a continent to devastate, will not blight its prospects to an extent that the personal inspection of the marvelous grain fields of the West by men who are themselves interested, or are in touch with those who are interested in half the railway schemes of the continent, will not compensate for. We can permit them to slaughter a few dozen sturdy Canadian birds, if the stooks and stacks of grain around which they stalked the toothsome but guileless prairie chicken convinced them that Manitoba was the greatest wheat-growing country in the world. If men will be hoggish don't let them be also ridiculous.—*Winnipeg Saturday Night.*

The Lone Star is Hospitable.

I am much pleased to see an article in Forest and Stream of Sept. 5 from Mr. E. A. Wingo, of Texas, also to see a lot of news in a previous number from Texas Field. Our grand Lone Star State is entitled to a better representation than it has had heretofore, and then I am certain there are a great many sportsmen in the Lone Star State who are able to chronicle their experience afield in a manner that would be interesting. And why is it we hear no more from the brother sportsmen of our beloved State? Is it because they are selfish and want to keep the outside world in ignorance in regard to the resources of the game supply? I really think not. Well, then, why don't some of our brother sportsmen write up their experiences and send it to the "good and dear old Forest and Stream" (I should have said more of them), that others may profit thereby?

I see that Texas is beginning to be looked upon as a land of game in season. There is plenty of small game and some large game yet to be found in a great portion of the State. Mr. Hough's articles, published in serials in Forest and Stream last winter, are sufficient proof of the fact.

And now the Memphis party is coming down next month to try their luck, and I hope they may have as good success as Mr. Hough's party did. Am sorry Mr. Hough will be unable to accompany them, as his "Sunny South" serial stories were so interesting. Hope the Memphis party may take their "scribe" along with them, and we may hear something from them through Forest and Stream.

Bidding them a hearty welcome to the hospitable citizens of the coast country and also to the game covers and retreats, and wishing the entire party much success.

Provo.

Petty, Tex.

A Florida Game Country.

New York, Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If you happen to know of a party of hunters who want a good time in the wilds of Florida, but who do not know where to go, I shall be glad to furnish them with the name of a thoroughly reliable guide, who, for a small sum, will show them all the sport they want, unless they are game hogs, the game including deer and turkeys. As I have hunted with this guide myself for several winters past, I know whereof I speak. It is my misfortune not to be able to avail myself of his services this winter, but the ties of business keep me "chained," etc. W. H. B.

The Litchfield Park Fence.

THE fence around Litchfield Park, Tupper Lake, Franklin county, N. Y. (Adirondacks), was completed about Sept. 10. It was built under contract by the Page Woven Wire Fence Company, of Adrian, Mich., and is proving eminently satisfactory for a game preserve fence.

It is of galvanized coiled elastic steel wire, with twenty horizontal strands tied together by vertical strands every 12in. The spaces between the horizontal wires are 3in. wide for the first foot, beginning at the bottom of the fence, and gradually widen toward the top.

It has no barbs and is strung from tree to tree, being fastened by staples. Posts are used only in the absence of trees.

All irregularities in the soil underneath are filled with green logs, stones, or other suitable material.

The fence is about 8ft. high and is over eighteen miles in length. It is absolutely dog and deer tight. No dog can get through unless he digs a passage underneath.

The Page people put on two large gangs of men and drove the work with great rapidity, closing it out a month ahead of the contract time.

The fence runs through the roughest Adirondack country, through swamps and over mountains. At one place it crosses the bay of a lake, a distance of 150yds.; at another it runs over the crest of a mountain nearly 1,000ft. above the level of the surrounding country.

The wire is, as it were, corrugated before using, and its elasticity is so great that if a tree falls upon the fence, when the tree is cut away the fence springs back into place and only requires re-stapling.

The area inclosed is about two and a quarter miles wide by six and one-half long, amounting to between 8,000 and 9,000 acres.

The owner now has a small band of elk or wapiti in the park, in addition to the deer native to the Adirondacks. He is negotiating for more elk, also for mountain sheep, blacktail deer, moose, and for some European game, such as roebuck, fallow deer, etc.

The First Moose.

BOSTON.—The notice in your valuable and instructive paper, notifying all your readers to report their luck of rod and gun, was observed by the writer, who has been a reader of your paper for a great many years. I inclose these paragraphs from the *Globe* relating to my deer of this year: "It was the good fortune of the correspondent of the *Globe* to reach here last night just as the lucky hunter who captured the first moose of the season arrived with his prize. The lucky sportsman was also a Boston man, Benjamin Taft, well known in insurance circles. With his guide, John Powers, of Millinocket, he has been encamped at Soudnehunk Falls since Sept. 20. He located his quarry Monday night, Sept. 30, by the familiar moose call with the birchen horn, and early Tuesday morning went for him and brought him down. Sitting upon a log in the chill of the morning, he is undoubtedly truthful in saying that it was the cold and not 'buck fever' that caused his legs to tremble beneath him, and as the majestic monarch of the forest approached him, sitting concealed behind a bush, it is to his credit that his bullet, aimed at the skull, struck full in the face. The moose is said to have stood fully 6ft. high at his haunches, and guides who saw him estimated his weight at 1,200lbs. His antlers, though not so large as some, and indicating an age of 6 years, showed a spread of 40in., depth of blades 22in., spread of ears from tip to tip 30in., length of head from ears to tip of nose 28in. and length of felt, a very fine one, 16in." NORCROSS.

New Hampshire Game Seasons.

CENTRE BARNSTEAD, N. H., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few words in regard to our game laws. The open season on gray squirrels and rabbits in New Hampshire begins Sept. 1, on partridges and woodcock Sept. 15. Here is where we find a great mistake in the law, for there is a chance for a man to go hunting for squirrels and rabbits and at the same time to shoot every partridge that he comes across as long as he does not get caught in the act. This gives that kind of a sportsman fifteen days' advance of a true sportsman. I believe that the law on squirrels, rabbits, partridges and woodcock should be of the same date.

Another reason why we do not have more partridge shooting in this State is that there is so much snaring; but we are pleased by the steps which one of our Fish and Game Commissions has taken in regard to bringing the violators to justice, and hope that this good work will continue. If it does, we feel that we will have more partridge gunning in years to come. F. S. E.

About Nitro Powders.

AURORA, Mo., Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to P. H. D., while I am not rich so I can shoot all the time, few amateurs shoot more in the field or at the trap than I do. I always use 3¼drs. when hunting chickens or ducks, and have yet the first time to have the head of shell pull off or firing pin burst through. I have never seen an accident on our club grounds with nitro powder. I do not think P. H. D. would meet with good success at the trap with 2½drs. of any nitro made in America except the W. A., and that would be too large a load; it would equal about 4drs. of nearly all the nitros now on the market. A. E. GIBSON.

Next!

PERSIA, Ia.—I have seen a gun broken while using nitro powder. The frame was broken in two just in front of the trigger guard. The shooter was not injured, as the breech did not open. I think too large a charge was fired, and the same thing might happen with an overcharge of any powder. We have been shooting nitro here for two years, and no accident has occurred except the above. DROP.

California Game Abundant.

STOCKTON, Cal., Oct. 8.—The hunting season promises to be fine this fall, with more quail than for a number of seasons past, owing to the abundance of good cover, which has not been destroyed by sheep or cattle as in former years. The ducks are very plenty and good shooting is expected. Geese are always plenty and are not much hunted. S. N. C.

Clipping Partridge Heads.

MR. DICK OF CONNECTICUT seems to discredit the stories about clipping off the heads of grouse with single bullets. That was the way that I potted grouse after I laid down the old scatter gun, which was in my early youth. I never thought that it was a very great feat of sharp-shooting, however. I sometimes scored misses, but they were exceptions, not the rule. I had frequently seen it done by shooters with the old flintlock rifle before I carried a gun.

I have noticed some remrks of your correspondents in reference to Tiam's moose shooting. It may be rather late in the day to bring up that subject again, but I have this to say, that Tiam may be a good shooter, but if he had been a model hunter and sportsman he would have let up after killing one moose, and that one likely to spoil on his hands before he could get it out of the woods. ANTLER.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn.

Graveyard Rabbits.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read Mr. Chas. Hallock's "Words for Buncombe" with more than passing interest, and as I am cutting some capers in the way of an obstructionist, I thought it a good opportunity to add to my already copious honors. He says, in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 12: "The left hind foot of one of these graveyard rabbits, carried in the trousers pocket, will always bring good luck. The country negroes affirm it and stand prepared to prove it." It will, it will, but it must be more than a simple killing in a graveyard if the foot is to have its mystic potency. The rabbit must be killed at midnight, the moon full (and it is easy for the moon to get full in a moonshine country), and if the rabbit is killed with a silver bullet its left Trilby is a thousand times more potent in bringing good luck and warding off evil. DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

A Stray Deer.

A LARGE deer was shot by George Palmer' who resides about four miles north of this village, on Thursday morning of this week. On going to the pasture for his cows in the early morning he discovered the deer among the herd of cows and from the animal's antics he came to the conclusion that the deer was wild game; so in company with his neighbor, John Johnson, he started in pursuit of the venison. They followed the deer for about three hours through several pieces of woods and finally a well directed shot from Johnson's rifle, in the hands of Palmer, brought down the buck. Those of our townspeople who saw the carcass say it was a very large one. Whether or no it was a wild deer strayed form the Adirondacks, or one escaped from some private park, we are as yet unable to say.—*Sherbune (N. Y.) News, Oct. 12.*

Ducks on the Ithaca Marshes.

ITHACA, N. Y.—The Ithaca marshes have afforded, and are still affording, some pretty interesting snipe and duck shooting. A number of really good bags of ducks have been recorded within the week. We haven't, of course, the number of birds on which to score big bags that many more favored localities can boast of. At the same time, the local gunners have become reconciled to the existing conditions, and the shooting of half a dozen birds, here considered an exceptionally good morning's work, now arouses all the ardor and enthusiasm which the bagging of twice or three times that many formerly did. This being the case, why draw invidious comparisons between the pleasure of present and past shooting experiences? M. CHILL.

Wet Matches.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Oct. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seeing in your last issue how Jock Darling had to dry his matches to make a fire, reminds me of something that may be of value to somebody in the same predicament.

Take a wet match by the stem, rub the head in your hair a few moments, and it will light as good as a dry one. Try it. JOHN F. RAUCH.

[This receipt is a good one as far as it goes, but it fails when the matches are thoroughly soaked, and would not have answered in Darling's case. Try it for yourself and see. When the phosphorus becomes thoroughly soaked a rub or two will clean it off the match stem and leave you nothing to strike.]

The Credit for Eheu.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I don't want any credit that belongs to another. Your sprightly contributor A. B. Wingfield says he's much obliged to me for suggesting the adaptability of Eheu as an exhaust for great mental excitement. I didn't discover the word; O. O. S. brought it out of the misty eras, and Mount Tom borrowed it from O. O. S. when he couldn't give expression to his feelings in any other way. It's a good word, and I would be proud of having discovered it; but I wouldn't rob O. O. S. of the credit that's his due. DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

An Off-Hand Shot.

MY neighbor Miles is descended from truth-loving Puritan ancestors. But rumor saith he hath departed from the ways of his forefathers and likewise from the paths of rectitude—yea, that he often getteth miles from the truth.

It is a reprehensible act to deceive a common, every-day, twenty-five-dollars-a-month-and-found citizen; but it is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," to lie to a deacon and a magistrate.

Besides holding both these offices, another of our neighbors, George C. Esq, is a farmer of some avoirdupois and worldly substance, and was once a prominent member of the N. B. Board of Agriculture. He is a very nice man, but some of the boys can teach him a thing or two about guns.

A few days since the herein before-mentioned backslider from Puritan principles traded a superannuated farm horse for a fine muzzleloading shotgun. He didn't particularly need the gun, but he did wish to get rid of the horse. Deacon George saw the gun and was interested. He knows little, and cares less, about firearms; but this particular gun represented the price of a horse, and he must find out about it as much as possible.

"Ah! a very nice gun," said he, with the air of a connoisseur, "what is it worth?"

"Well," said Miles evasively, "I would take $100 for her."

Somewhat hesitatingly came the next question: "Is it a breechloader?"

"Yes," lied its owner, anxious to make it appear to his brother farmer that he had marketed the horse to extra good advantage.

Again the Deacon returned to the charge. "How do you load her?"

This would have nonplussed most of us. We would have pleaded absent-mindedness, taken back water and corrected our former misstatement. But Miles fixed his eye, with an air of abstraction, on that of Will Smith and felt in one and another of his pockets. At last he said, as if to Will, "I believe I must have left that breech key home, but," added he, his countenance brightening a little, "I guess I can explain the operation to the Squire without it."

Turning the gun over he drew the Deacon's attention to a screw in the center of the horn cap on the end of the pistol grip. "Now," said he, "you take the breech key, press down on that little button" ("and the gun does the rest," interrupted Will), "give a turn and swing that little horn magazine cover right around. You can then push six cartridges into the magazine. The first pair goes into the barrels, the rest lie in pairs behind. Working the hammers causes the cartridges to feed into the barrels automatically. You can fire six shots without recharging, and," added he meekly, "that is about as many as you want for a day's shooting now."

The Squire looked at Will. "Declare, great invention, isn't it?" "Yes, sir," said Will, enthusiastically, but he wasn't thinking of the same invention as was the Squire. And when the latter says, "Declare, no mistake, boys, Miles got a great gun for that old horse—fires six shots without reloadin'," the uninitiated think he refers to a Winchester repeater. But a select few, of whom the writer is one, knew better. And while we acknowledge and even take off our hats to the ability, the presence of mind and the non-indentable adamantine cheek that enable our friend to make so good an off-hand shot with the weapon of Ananias, we tremble lest some day he be killed by the recoil. L. I. FLOWER.

TRENTON, N. J.—In looking through my FOREST AND STREAM I often see where some writer tells us how eagerly he opens his paper as soon as he gets it, to see the good things he knows it contains. Now I go at it a little differently. My paper is delivered in the afternoon and it is safely laid to one side until after business hours, and after I get home and my family is safely to bed, then with the old briar root in mouth and easy chair drawn up to the light, slippered feet gently resting in another chair, I can safely say that nothing outside of quietly sculling down on a bunch of mallard ducks gives me more enjoyment. Speaking of ducks, I want to tell you what befell my companion of many a gunning and fishing trip. I can only relate as he tells it, as he was the only witness. One morning, last week, he decided to go up the creek and look for ducks, and as I could not go, he went it alone. I can imagine him on the creek in his duck boat, low of free-board, narrow of beam, bending low as he quietly sculls along, fingers on triggers and every nerve vibrating with the excitement of expectation, when suddenly he hears the whir and up jumps a bunch of six fine mallards. Up jumps our gunner and bang goes the first barrel; bang goes the second, and as a rule that would be all; but there is another bang as my friend strikes the water and finds himself floundering around in about 10ft. of water.

He tries to explain it to me by telling how, while not wholly recovered from the recoil of his first barrel, his foot slipped as he discharged his second. But the only sympathy he gets from me is an injunction not stand up in your boat when shooting ducks; it is something he will never let me do when out gunning with him. Did he get his ducks? He says he saw six get up, and after he had got the water out of his eyes and his boat righted up he could only see three flying around. We have had considerable sport. JERSEY.

Sea and River Fishing.

CAPE BRETON FISHERMEN.

AT Louisbourg one may study the Cape Breton fishermen at his leisure in the little villages on the right hand and the left—Big Lorraine, Little Lorraine, Baleine, Main-à-dieu (bread of God—pronounced manadoo), Gabarus (called Gabberoose)—that have been his home for generations.

In nationality he is usually Scotch or Irish, a descendant of those emigrants whom the policy of Pitt sent to these shores to fill the places of the deported Acadians. In religion he is the most uncompromising of dissenters. The Presbyterian churches flourish here, while the English and Roman churches languish. Fishing is his vocation; he is also a good seaman, but has little faculty for anything else; therefore, when the salmon, cod, mackerel and herring, on which he mainly depends, seek other shores or the deep sea for their summer outing, he, with the "missus" and the "bairns" in the little one-story, unpainted cabins picturesquely nestled in nooks and coves of the coast, are put on short commons. There has been but half a catch this summer. I asked a wrinkled veteran with a skin like a sea cusk's the reason why.

"It's them cussed Americans," he growled, "p'isenin' the fish."

"Poisoning the fish?" echoed I.

"Aw, p'isenin' 'em. S'posin' I leave a dead critter in my pasture yon. The other beastes ain't a-comin' there to feed, be they? Naw, they smell bluid. An' cod an' mack'rel an' herrin' 'll smell bluid too, an' if ye dress fish an' heave the heads and innards an' tails overboard on to their feedin' groun's as the seiners do, they ain't a-comin' ther' to feed, be they? An' without fish men can't live here. We've got to leave the country."

"Well," said I, hopefully, "taxes are less here than in the old countries,"

"Taxes," he rejoined, "not a bit of it. In the auld country the crofters pay the landlord £1 the acre, an' he finds the parson, the doctor and the schoolmaster. But here we pays nigh £1 the acre an' finds the parson, the doctor an' schoolmaster ourselves."

I gave him up as an incorrigible.

In a rustic lane, defined by two winding, straggling lines of fence formed by driving fir poles into the ground side by side, I one day met a perfect specimen of the Cape Breton fisherman. His face under his black tarpaulin was round, ruddy and tanned, and he was clad in the regulation costume of his class—brown jumper or blouse, homespun pants, and heavy sea boots, oiled till they glistened. We met in the middle of the street and were soon talking like old comrades. I found that he was much prouder of his beats as a pilot than as a fisherman.

"I piloted in the Pouyer-quertier, the steamer that laid the French Atlantic cable," he began, "anchored her in McLean's Cove yon, an' they got the cable ashore in three hours. Then I told the Cap'n he must cut an' run, fer a



A LONG ISLAND STRIPED BASS.

See page 364.

big storm was brewin'. We made a good offin' before it hit us, but the Pouyer-quertier danced aroun' all night like a cork. Soon after sun-up the Cap'n comes to me, an' says he, 'Mon Dieu, pilot, can't ye make some harbor an' out of this.' 'Cap'n,' says I, 'at noon this gale 'll drop as sudden as it cum, an' I'll put ye in a harbor the like of which ye never see in yer born days.' Sure enough it did. an' I anchored him afore sunset in Louisbourg Harbor, off Old Town, where the frigates lie in eight fathoms. 'By gar, pilot,' says he, 'you're a man of your word; here's sea room. I shall sleep to-night.'"

The old fellow went his way and I mine—to Alex. McLean's Cove, where the French cable was landed. It is a romantic spot, under the lee of a huge cliff, with deep water off shore, so that the Pouyer-quertier was able to come close in and land the American end of the cable without difficulty. Now a fish house occupies the spot, and the buoys of a salmon net float where the Pouyer-quertier lay. After a year or two, for some reason unknown to the fishermen, the line was removed to Canso, on the mainland of Nova Scotia—probably to avoid crossing the Straits of Canso by a second cable.

Near by I met a character in the person of an old Scotchman, a dissenter to the backbone, a democrat, a Red, a constitutional kicker at the powers that be. He came from Scotland sixty years ago at the age of 12, he told me, and had never ceased to bewail his native country, and berate his adopted one.

"Aye, dinna I wish I were back yon," he said. "An' perhaps I will lay me old bones there yet. A laborin' man can't get a livin' here honestly. There's too many thieves an' robbers in office. Aye, I know. I've tried it sixty years on sea and land: fisherman, boat builder, net maker, carpenter, logger, farmer, shoemaker—everything but mining undergroun'. An' I'm poor as a spring herrin' to-day The Cable Company put me in care taker, and I thought I had a sure thing for my old days. But they sent some thieves of Englishmen here to work the tickers, an' they drew my pay along with theirs, but never handed it over to me, the blackguards. Then the cable went off to Canso, an' I lost my place, an' never a penny to show for my year's work."

"And have you never been paid?" I asked.

"Not a groat," he replied.

One day in a chasm of the cliffs, where it had been thrown by the waves, I found a water beaker with a rude flagstaff thrust through the bung and also through and beyond the other side. A flag had been tied on the longer end, and as there had been a heavy swell on for three days, caused, the men said, by a great storm at sea, I reasoned that there might have been a wreck, and that this beaker thrown overboard with a flag to attract attention might contain a message from the sea; so, throwing it on my shoulder, I carried it to the village, where on a certain sunny bank (it being 3 P. M. and the catch for the day being brought in, dressed, salted and packed) I knew I should find the fishermen smoking and telling stories. "What is it?" I asked, throwing it down before them.

"A trawl buoy," they replied in tones of deep commiseration for my ignorance.

I gave it to Sandy McPherson, and in return he invited me to go out with him to the lifting of the nets—a concession I appreciated because the men dislike having a landsman in the boats; he is apt to get seasick and muss things up so.

At 3 A. M. we were down at Sandy's fish house on the ragged water front. The dawn was just breaking, making a glory in the east, cutting the dark foliage of the spruce forests in intaglio, sifting in among masts and spars, jutting piers and weatherbeaten shops and fish houses of the water front. Sandy and his partner, Alcck O'Rourke, were busy stowing nets, rope, a beaker of water and one of cider into the little dory alongside, which was to convey them to the Sally Maria, then pulling at her cable a stone's throw in the harbor.

They tried to dissuade us from going. The sky had a dirty look and there was a "lumpy" sea outside, they said. But we told of our many voyages with never a thought of seasickness, and they subsided. Soon we are in the Sally Maria and under way, preceded and followed by a fleet of graceful, purple-sailed craft, all making for the narrow harbor entrance between frowning headlands.

The fishing boats of Cape Breton differ from any I have ever seen. They are undecked two-masters of about five tons burden, carrying schooner-rigged sails—jib, foresail and mainsail. The hull is divided into three compartments—one amidships filled with cobblestone ballast, one in the stern, and one forward for the fish, nets, etc. The men call them "whalers," some say, because of their size as compared to some dories; others, because they possess some of the characteristics of a whale boat. They are admirable sea craft, and in the hands of such consummate seamen as these men are rarely meet with disaster. Although they sail eight or ten miles out on a stormy coast abounding in dangerous reefs and currents, but one instance was related to us of a fishing boat having been lost. The Sally Maria flies out to sea like a yacht, O'Rourke at the helm, with Sandy in the foresheets, boat hook beside him.

"Reed's out," remarks the former, with a look behind. "McDonald too," he added a moment later.

"They'll all be follerin' soon like a flock o' mosquitoes," says Sandy, with a chuckle at his own wit.

Very soon the Sally made the bar and began climbing the long swells of the open Atlantic. They were very heavy to-day, liquid mountains, pellucid, pea green, their silent movement rendering them the more majestic. But when they met the mighty cliff on our right what impact, what thundering and leaping of foaming masses. In the trough we saw only blank walls, in the crest we looked out on one of the most irregular, rocky and dangerous coasts in the world, ribbed with fang-like reefs and ledges, foaming and smoking far out to sea.

"Do you often have such a sea on in summer?" we asked. "Never in my day; must a had a big gale up the gulf."

"Outer float net first, sir?" asked Sandy a half hour later, the Sally being then five miles to sea.

"Aye, aye, sir," responded O'Rourke in the slow, not unmusical tones of his guild.

The men have ten nets out, we learn, set in a line by compass from some prominent object on shore, that they may readily find them in a fog—the normal weather condition here in May and June. Three are "sunk" nets, the rest "float" nets; the former denoted by a white buoy, the latter by one unpainted.

"What is a 'sunk net?'" the reader is no doubt ready to ask. To explain will require a brief dissertation on the Cape Breton net. That almost universally used here is the "gill net," *i. e.*, one with meshes sufficiently large to allow a marketable herring or mackerel to pass through beyond the gills, but not large enough to admit the passage of the whole body, so that the fish is caught by the gills and held there. The nets are from twenty-five to thirty fathoms long and about three fathoms deep. On a "float" net the upper rope, called the "swing line," is thickly studded with oblong pieces of cork which keep it on the surface, while the lower or "mooring" line, being weighted with lead, sinks, and the net is held upright in the water. The trap is not yet complete, however; it must be anchored to the bottom and must be indicated so that it can readily be found. To anchor it the fishermen use an ingenious contrivance called a "killick," and peculiar to the coast, I think. The young spruce sends up a circle branches from the root. They cut it off below these, and the branches also about 3ft. above, and drawing the latter together at the tips form a cradle in which a stone of from 300 to 400lbs. weight is placed. This is sunken on the bottom and one end of the swing line fastened to it, the net being thus left free to swing with wind or tide. The mackerel feeds on a minute fish called by the fishermen "britt" or "bait," the herring on a small shell-fish called sea shrimp, in appearance like a tiny crab. The schools coursing along in pursuit of prey dash into the nets and becoming entangled in the meshes are held. In early summer, as it happens, their food is found near the surface, and to capture them the float net is used. Later it is near the bottom, and then the sunk net is brought into play. To change the floating net to the sunken the fishermen simply remove the corks on the swing line until enough only are left to hold it upright in the water, and then add weight enough to the mooring line to sink it to the bottom or near it. The nets are indicated by wooden buoys tied to the swing line.

Meantime the Colleen has run several miles out to sea.

"There she is," says Sandy, who stands at the bow ready to lower sail. "There's the outer float net, sir," and as the Colleen luffs, down came foresail and jib, the mainsail alone being left standing. Sandy catches the buoy with his boat hook, and O'Rourke leaving the helm to itself comes forward to help lift the net; one takes the swing line, one the mooring line; slowly the black meshes rise, now there is a silver gleam far down in the depths and a mackerel breaks the surface with his sharp cutwater, forked tail, and generally rakish air, a pirate of the seas. Another follows and that is all. The men heave a little sigh of disappointment and return the net to the water.

All this time the Colleen had been wallowing in the trough of the sea and the landsman felt an increasing uneasiness. Instinctively he moved to the gunwale and leaned over the side, where the deadly smell of bilge water and stale fish was less powerful.

"Feel sick, sir?" asked Sandy with an air of great concern; he had been asking it ever since we reached rough water.

"A little nausea from that vile bilge water," we replied. The next moment there was a paroxysm and all was over. It was the worst case of *mal de mer* ever developed. We heard a slight chuckle from Sandy, and looking up caught him in the act of darting a wink at O'Rourke, whose broad countenance about expanding in a grin suddenly changed to the impassiveness of a stoic's. The men were very kind in their way, letting the sufferer down easy.

"I heard McLean was sick out here yesterday, an' he's been going to sea these forty year," said Sandy.

"Faith, I was a little dizzy myself then," added O'Rourke, and he offered to pass the cider keg.

"Don't worry about me, my good fellows," said the landsman, "I'm not complaining. Go on with the lifting."

The second, third, fourth and fifth nets had very few, but in the sixth and seventh what a draught of fishes.

"Here's a mess," cried Sandy exultingly as we came up to the buoy. "Mackerel too, an' a barrel, or I'm a liar." They proved to be herring mostly, mackerel being woefully scarce this season. The net was fairly loaded with them. The men coiled fish and net together in a heap 'neath the bowsprit until the net was in, then uncoiled the pile, throwing the fish into the compartment and allowing the net to pay out into the sea.

The seventh was just as fruitful, and by the time the tenth was raised the men estimated there were three barrels, chiefly herring, in the compartments.

After the nets comes the line fishing for cod and haddock. The shoals where these fish feed are near by—they are marked on the fishermen's charts and by objects fixed on shore; the Sally is anchored over them, and the great cod hooks baited with "grill" (entrails of the herring) are thrown overboard. For some time they are not disturbed.

"Time was," growls Sandy, "when a cod would bite most anything, but he's grown so delicate now grill 'll hardly tempt him." With the last word he gives a jerk, begins to haul in hand over hand, and soon lands a fine cod of some 20lbs. weight. Line fishing has been very poor this season, however, and after an hour's trial the men up anchor, hoist sail and the Sally flies over the water at a pace that in an hour puts her alongside the fish house dock. There the fish are thrown on the wharf, dressed, washed and packed away in huge hogsheads, tiers of which are ranged around the sides of the room.

CHARLES BURR TODD.

Potomac Notes.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19.—On the beginning of the present week Mr. Otterback caught a bass in the Potomac, near the Anglers' Club house, of 5lbs. 7oz. He ought-er (Otter) be de boss fisherman. We have been informed confidentially that a small catfish was the successful bait, and now every member of the club is out running down small catties.

Mr. H. C. Coburn, the well-known merchant-angler, was out on Monday last and took five good bass, and again on Thursday, when he took four. On or about Oct. 5 Dr. Glazebrook and E. E. Whiting carried their angling outfits to the Great Falls by bicycles and had a fair day's sport. The temperature of the water having dropped, the bass are to be found in deep water.

Messrs. Frank Curtis and J. W. Wellborn spent the first week of October at Edward's Ferry and took about one hundred bass, averaging 1½lbs. each. The largest fish weighed 3½lbs. down weight. Minnows of various kinds, catfish, crawfish and helgramites were used as bait. Fly-fishing, usually very good, was not accessible owing to the low stage of the water.

Edward's Ferry is a very desirable place for angling, being as it is so far removed from railroads. The nearest station is six or seven miles away, another ten miles, and



CANANDAIGUA'S UNIQUE MENU.

one other about eleven miles distant, making it quite impossible for the crowds of Sunday anglers to reach the place and get back to the city in time for work Monday morning.

Mr. E. E. Jarboe is the Poobah of Edward's Ferry, being farmer, storekeeper, postmaster, ferryman, news and express agent, as well as agent for fertilizers, etc., etc. The farm contains between three and four hundred acres, and this in connection with the store enables Mr. Jarboe to relieve or cater to the wants of the inner man of his numerous guests.

Among the anglers at present raiding Mr. Jarboe's larder, or contemplating such a raid, are: Messrs. Billy Stith, Chas. S. Wheeler, C. C. Stouffer, E. N. Reid, C. P. Mays, Dr. T. B. Hood and M. L. A. Brandebury. If this strong combination does not get out of bait there won't be many bass around Edward's Ferry to go into winter quarters this season.

The Potomac is so low that the condition of things is singular. Anglers with whom we have conversed think that as the water above the Monocacy is so low and discolored the bass are driven down stream and that there is

an unusual number now in the river between the Little Falls and where the Monocacy empties into the river. At Cumberland the water was low and much discolored, so much so that it was necessary to stop its use for drinking purposes. The canal up stream has been blockaded with boats, as the water was too low in the river to supply the canal. The problem as to whether the bass actually do make long migrations to get away from bad water is an interesting one. The experience here seems to point that way; however, from Cumberland to the Monocacy is a long distance. BART.

Gar Pike on Hook.

FERRISBURGH, Vt., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The catching of a gar pike on a hook is spoken of in a recent number as almost phenomenal. It sometimes occurs here, though not so often as one might think it would from the numbers of these ugly fish that infest the lower reaches of the tributaries of Lake Champlain during summer. My only experience of the kind was about the middle of last August while trolling with a friend and my boy in Little Otter Creek, half a mile below the lower falls. I was using a small fluted spoon, with 50 or 60ft. of line out. When the fish took the spoon he went out of water, and I thought it was a bass, but he made very little fight, which was not bass-like, though at times he ran in faster than I hauled, which was bass-like. When within a few feet of the boat he went out of water again and gave himself away; while my friend did not rise up and call him blessed, but sat still and called him quite another kind of billfish. The fish was about 2½ft. in length and was hooked near the end of the bill. I am inclined to think that they frequently bite at trolling baits, though seldom hooked because of the hardness and narrowness of the bill. The bite is a jerky nibble. AWAHSOOSE.

Canandaigua Rod and Gun Club.

THE annual meeting and banquet of the Canandaigua, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club was held Oct. 16. The following officers were elected: President, W. H. Fox; vice-president, Lewis H. Adams; secretary and treasurer, A. B. Sackett; shooting master, Louis Sugre; assistant shooting master, H. J. Reed; chief angler, F. A Christain; assistant chief angler, W. E. Thomas; attorney, E. W. Gardner. The fishing in the lake this season, it was reported, especially for black bass, had been excellent. There have been some very good catches. It was decided to purchase some Mongolian pheasants for breeding purposes. It was unanimously voted to favor the increase of the limit of black bass from 8 to 10inches.

Fish Commissioner C. H. Babcock, and H. H. Layman and James Annin, Jr., were elected honorary members. The club then sat down to a banquet of half a dozen courses, served in fine style by caterer Hennesy. Toasts and speeches then followed. Frank J. Amsden, president of the State association, was present and stated that the outlook for protection was very bright. Dr. C. T. Mitchell read a poem on Canandaigua Lake which was well received.

Fishculture Notes.

AT the Neosho (Mo.) Station of the U. S. Fish Commission brook trout 8 months old are yielding well-developed eggs. The fish are the result of eggs taken at Leadville last year and hatched at Neosho, so that there is no question as to their age.

The work on the Pacific coast this year with salmon is the best for ten years. About 8,000,000 eggs have been taken at the Baird Station.

The work of gathering lake trout eggs has commenced at the Alpena and Northville stations, and those of the brook trout at several stations.

The Cape Vincent Station is practically completed, and it is expected that eggs will be taken about the 20th or 25th of the present month with which to stock this station. This hatchery has a capacity for 500 hatching jars and about 8,000,000 lake trout eggs. Besides these, 80,000,000 whitefish or 250,000,000 pike-perch eggs can be accommodated.

This station was established for the special purpose of stocking Lake Ontario, and it is hoped that the fisheries of this lake will be greatly benefited. B. A. BEAN.

The Wisconsin River.

STEVENS POINT, Wis.—Stevens point is a picturesque city of 10,000, in the center of the State, on the banks of the Wisconsin River. The law prohibiting the sawmills from dumping sawdust into the stream has had the desired effect, and has developed one of the finest fishing streams in the State. Over 200,000 bass fry were received from the State hatchery this season and placed in the river.

But the sawdust nuisance does not seem to be entirely abated, especially in our sister city, Wausau. The mill-owners there do not pretend to abide by the law, and up to date have been using with impunity the beautiful stream as a depository for garbage. No one has ever been prosecuted for this, and to undertake to put a stop to the practice means a task the presiding authority does not care to shoulder. I hope the State game warden will look into the matter and bring the guilty parties to justice.

J. B.

No Place Like Home.

RHINEBECK, N. Y., Oct. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed a few lines in your last issue from my friend J. Spencer Van Cleef, of Poughkeepsie, concerning black bass fishing in the Bay of Quinte. It is too far away this raw weather, so we content ourselves with nearby waters.

On Oct. 15 C. E. McCarty and myself caught in Stoutenbergh's Pond here nine black bass, small-mouthed, weighing 21¼lbs.; largest 3lbs. 2oz., smallest 1lb. 8oz. Tell Brother Van Cleef that the better maxim for this season is, "There is no place like home." A. LEE WAGER.

The Susquehanna.

SAFE HARBOR, Pa., Oct. 8.—Messrs. Scot Derriddinger and Christ Bird caught ten salmon (pike-perch) and three bass; aggregate weight, 30lbs.

River still very low, lower than for a period of ninety years.

The Atlanta Exposition Aquarium.

THE aquarium here in the U. S. Government Building, being a part of the U. S. Fish Commission exhibit, is proving a great attraction to the visitors. Now as the crowd increases this part of the building is packed with people.

The aquarium is not yet at its best, as the high temperature of the water continues, making it impossible to show the beautiful game fishes such as trout and salmon. Black bass, sunfishes and their allies are exhibited. Just as soon as the temperature of the water is lowered sufficiently a fine display of fresh-water fishes is intended.

In the salt-water tanks an exceptionally fine exhibit of red snappers, from the Gulf of Mexico, is made. The fish shown run in weight from 3 to 8lbs. A tank of pompano, ranging in weight from ¾ to 4lbs. each, is very attractive. The pompano are sensitive to changes in temperature, the recent cold seriously affecting them. Damage in the future will be prevented by placing a small heater so as to keep the temperature of these tanks at a point to suit the fish.

While the pompano are more or less difficult to keep, the crevallé (sort of a forty-second cousin) is kept without trouble. Several kinds of groupers and snappers, from the gulf, are doing nicely. The common file or fool-fish does exceedingly well, and proves quite a curiosity. Channel bass do well, but most extraordinary are the mullets, a large school of which were received in a rather battered up condition. Since confinement these fish have much improved, the bruised and torn parts healing up nicely, which is quite the reverse in most kinds after being placed in tanks.

An interesting collection of the rather homely blackfish or tautog, obtained at Morehead City, do well. Harron, in charge of the aquarium, says you can't kill them.

Horseshoe or king crabs, blue crabs, lobsters, sea anemone, and grasses, are in good shape and add to what is perhaps one of the best exhibits of the kind ever made in America. The grotto is 150ft. long, and contains twenty-eight aquariums, in addition to which there is a large pool. The tanks are from 5 to 14ft. in length, 5ft. wide and 3ft. deep. They are equally divided between fresh and salt water. The large pool contains about 8,000 gallons and is made attractive by plants and a cascade falling into it. It is used as a receiving reservoir.

In a later letter we will have more to say of the Government exhibit at Atlanta. The Smithsonian and U. S. National Museum exhibit, as well as that of the Fish Commission, is one of the most attractive and interesting, as well as instructive, of the many exhibits these departments of the general Government have made; though not so large as that at Chicago in 1893, the arrangement of the exhibits is much better. B. A. BEAN.

Tide Runners, but no School Fish.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Has any one called your attention to the fact that this year, while weakfishing has been excellent for tide runners, the "school fish" have not appeared? I have made many inquiries, even among the marketmen, and find that this has been general all around New York harbor. Is there any reason for this, and has it ever happened before?

It seems to me that this is an important matter, since it naturally follows that the school fish of this year grow into the tide runners of the next, and therefore if the schools of this season have disappeared, that tide runners next year will be very scarce. I should like to hear further on this subject. Will you be so kind as to inform me in what issue you start this ball running (if acceptable) so I may get the paper, as I am not a subscriber.

GONZALO POEY.

Some Angling Maxims.

MR. J. S. VAN CLEEF, of Poughkeepsie, sends some more score cards from Mr. George H. Christy, of Pittsburg, Pa., who has been having great luck with the black bass up in the Bay of Quinte. Mr. Van Cleef usually makes an excursion to those waters himself, but this year he is chained and his brother angler sends him the bass scores to make him happy and contented. Here follow the addenda to the several days' scores:

1. Golden rule: When thou tellest thy score, let not thy conscience know what thy tongue sayeth; then Yahoos will call thee great, and liars will be silent in thy presence.

2. Let me fill the bait bottle and I care not who handles the landing-net.

3. Toast: *Inter pisces leges silent.*

A Long Island Bass of Note.

We illustrate to-day the 31lb. striped bass whose capture in Long Island Sound off Rye, N. Y., was recorded in our last issue. The fish was found to be full of roe. The gentleman who is seated, and regards the fish with a pleased expression, is the proud and happy angler who captured the bass. Mr. S. Julian Held, also with a pleased expression, stands by the fish and expounds the points of the prize.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 29.—Assonet Neck, Mass.—New England Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. Arthur R. Sharp, Sec'y, Taunton, Mass.

Oct. 30-31.—Monongahela Valley Association Trials, Greene county, Pa. W. H. Beazell, Sec'y, Homestead.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S Clark, Sec'y.

Nov. 7.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 West Twenty-second street, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H. Thompson, Sec'y.

COON HUNTING.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The "chores" are done, supper is eaten and we go out to view the prospects for a coon hunt. As we stand on the back steps in the still September evening we decide that it is "just the night." There is no moon, for our crafty game prefers darkness to moonlight. A heavy dew is falling, which is essential, as Brer Coon leaves a cold scent, which will not lie on dry earth or leaves. The old dog, a cur, feeling that there is something in the wind, has also come out, and stands by our side looking into our faces with a wag of his tail, as much as to say: "Come on." A neighbor drops around and we sit down for a chat. The old dog lies down with a sigh.

After a talk about crops, etc., "Bob," the neighbor, says: "Let's go cooning." The dog immediately sits up, intensely interested.

"We were thinking of that," said I, "and I guess we will go."

The dog is walking up and down, with an occasional whine. We go into the house, don our old coats—at which the dog nearly has a fit—go out and get our "coon stick," without which we could not hunt, and off we go, the dog by this time nearly crazy. We pass up through the lane, across the pasture to the hill farms about a mile distant, which are there backed by heavy woods on top of the ridge. Nature indeed is resting. No sound disturbs the stillness except the chirp of crickets and an occasional quavering note from a screech owl.

We pass a farmhouse and one of the boys wants to go along. He procures an unlighted lantern and we make for the nearest cornfield, flanked by woods that rise on one side like a huge wall. The dog has been out of sight and sound for some time. He knows his business and his first act will be to go to that cornfield and circle around it to learn if any venturesome coon has intruded for a meal.

Still now! no noise, as Brer Coon's ears are sharp and he must have no warning if we are to catch him before he reaches some forest monarch, hollow perhaps, and his home.

We come to the fence and sit on the top rail and listen. Hark! was that the yip of the dog? Dead silence and we strain our ears for further developments.

Ah-ha! that was he, and we hear a short, sharp bark, as much as to say, "I'm coming." Everyone now is on the top notch of expectancy and we can hardly keep quiet. We can hear the dog as he threshes around in the corn, sticking to the trail with a dogged persistence that is bound to succeed.

Yip! yip! ki-yi-yi—down the hollow he goes, fairly mowing down the weeds and briers on the way. He must have been very close to Brer Coon to raise such a commotion. We can only follow his course by an occasional yip; but away we go, falling over hills of cornstalks, slapping one another in the face, in a mud-hole, over a stump; only one who has tried it knows how the ground will rise up and hit him in the face and how he fancies he sees obstructions that are but shadows, and shadows turn into realities in the way of stumps, etc., when he has run into them and barked his shins. But it's fun, and away we go.

Now we are at the wood's edge and we stop to listen and wait for the man with the lantern, for he has been at a discount thus far. Up he comes, and lights up.

"Hurry up," some one says, "I hear him over the ridge to the left. Come on now! lantern ahead."

"I'm afraid he's up a big tree," says Bob.

"No, he isn't," says Fred, who owns the land adjoining, "I can climb any tree in these woods."

"There he is," says J., who is ahead. "He tried to get up that chestnut there, but the dog rushed him too hard."

We gather around the tree, a maple about 1ft. in diameter, Fred meanwhile sitting down and pulling off his boots.

"Here we go, now—spread out, boys, and be ready for him," says he, and up he goes, slowly but steadily.

The dog had stopped his barking when we arrived, and now sits a few feet from the tree gazing steadily upward, and giving an occasional whine. He knows the coon will come down soon and he means to be ready. Fred has now reached the limbs and he stops to rest. Soon up he goes, and we watch and wait in silence below, sticks firmly grasped, for who knows he may land right in front of you and be off before you can gather your wits.

"I see him," cries Fred. "He's a good one, too. Look out! He's on the north side."

We shift lantern and dog quickly, and sing out "All right." We hear the branches shake violently above, and at the same time Fred shouts, "There he comes," and through the leafy screen above our heads comes an object that looks like a foot ball, striking the ground just in the edge of the circle of light made by the lantern. He bounces about 2ft. off the earth, and comes down on all fours and stretches out for a run; but too late. The old dog has seen the object fall and has made it his business to be as near under it as possible, and before Brer Coon can take his first jump he has nailed him.

"Look out! He'll get away!" "Bring the light!" "Hit him with a club!" and various other exclamations are uttered as we dance around the struggling mass of coon and dog; for he is an old one and knows how to fight. Bob makes a vicious blow at his head, but misses it, as a matter of course, and takes J. on the foot. Emphatic ejaculations on J.'s part, with a blow at the coon a moment later that takes Bob on the shin, and they are even. But the old dog has been biding his time, and soon seizes the coon by the throat, whose growls of defiance soon turn to gurgles of despair, and he soon is no more. The old dog stands over him, giving him an extra shake now and then, as if in revenge for the hard tussle he had given him, and we sit in a circle around and take breath.

Fred has descended from the tree, and now joins in discussing the event.

"What a fight he made!"

"How quick he sprang away after striking the ground."

"He's an old fellow," etc.

A coon will jump from the tallest tree in the woods, land on his back, bound up 2ft. or more and come down squarely on his feet prepared to fight or run. It is a wonder he does not break every bone in his body. With his jacket in our capacious pockets we start on, for the time is very propitious and the night all that could be desired. We trudge along through the woods into a clearing, and across a gully down which runs a brawling brook.

See! The dog is running in and out of the brush, over

the stones and in the water as though he was mad; nose to the ground and sniffing furiously.

"Can't you find him, old fellow?" and we wait breathlessly for him to straighten the tangled web of the trail made by the coon while fishing or washing his food, for he is scrupulously neat and washes everything he eats. Down the creek he goes and we follow slowly.

"Hi! hi! Sic him! Sic him!" and we all make a dash at a grayish object that flits into the circle of light and on up the creek.

"Hi! watch! Here he is!" But the old dog needs no urging, for he is close behind him, going like a steam engine. And then comes the maddest race up that old gully you ever dreamed of. We tumbled over logs and over each other; slipped on stones; into the water, and fell all over the gully in general; but we kept going, for the spirit of the hunter was in us, and our quarry was ahead.

At last, away up on the ridge, the dog gives tongue, his baying coming as regularly as a clock ticks; and we knew he had treed the coon. We went a little slower now, and one of the boys says: "We shall have a hard tussle after this one. The trees are all large up here."

"We're bound to have him," says Fred, "if we have to get an axe and chop the tree down."

When we arrived on the spot, sure enough he was up a very tall and large hemlock, easily enough climbed when the limbs are reached, but 20ft. to limbs and too large around to clasp with the arms. But, nothing daunted, we went for a brush fence near by and secured a sapling used for the top of it, about 15ft. long and thick as a man's leg, and by means of this, all hands hoisting, we finally landed Fred among the limbs. Up he went, and we disposed ourselves at the edge of the cleared space always found under hemlock trees. The tree was fully 100ft. high, and we waited fully five minutes in anxious expectancy before we heard from Fred. At last he sung out:

"I see him, boys, and he's a whopper," and a moment after, "Look out! he's going to jump," and jump he did, clear from the top of the tree, and landed with a dull thud 50ft. away, out in the brush. We've lost him, thinks I, and I looked for the dog, but he knew as much about it as I did, and in a moment we heard him going back down the hollow. *Yow-ow-ow! yip-yip-yip!*

"Hurry up, boys! He's hot after him!" yelled I, and away we went down the hollow at breakneck speed, leaving Fred in the tree. He said afterward he climbed down about half-way and fell the rest, but it didn't hurt him any, he was so excited.

We raced down the gully fully half a mile when we heard the dog give tongue in a way that showed he had treed him again. When we got there we found him in a clearing up a small dead hemlock stub about 30ft. high, with its resinous branches sticking out against the sky-like arms. Clear at the top sat Brer Coon, a monster, and very uneasy, as we could see. Under the tree ran a rail fence, not much of an impediment to the dog, but seconds were valuable, and when our game struck the ground, which side would he jump was the question. I posted the boys in a circle around the tree and got upon the fence myself, with the lantern in one hand and the dog held by the other, intending to push him off the side of the fence the coon jumped. Brer Coon was very uneasy now. When all was ready Fred started up the tree. When scarcely started, we all saw the coon was going to jump. "Watch out!" says I, and away he sprang, landing 20ft. from the tree and so near one of the boys that he started back with a shout. This scared the coon so he hesitated before making his run, and that moment sealed his fate, for the old dog was upon him, and of all the coon fighting ever done I think the greatest was done on that grassy plot that night. The dog grabbed him by the back, by the hams, by the neck, and it was like trying to shake a broomstick wrapped in a feather bed. He couldn't budge him an inch. We whacked and pounded him on the back, and it had no effect at all. At one time I stood upon him and he actually got on his feet with me. He tried to climb a tree and the dog got him by the hind leg and tried to pull him off, but could not. While in this position I got a crack at his head which rather stunned him, and eventually we killed him, but it took us half an hour to do it. It was the first time the old dog had ever found his match in a coon.

We gave three rousing cheers and started for home, coon and all, well content with our glory, for we had killed the biggest coon ever killed in that section (Chautauqua county, N. Y.). He weighed next morning 32½lbs. and the fat on his back was 3in. thick. When he curled himself up it was absolutely impossible for the dog to get at a vital part to kill him, and a blow from a club amounted to nothing, for had he not jumped from an altitude of 100ft. and come out whole? We gloried in his spunk (and ours).

Tim vowed he would kill his dog, but thought better of it, as it was conceded the one he tackled was a fighter from way back. B. H. W.

Canadian Kennel Club.

By order of the President, a meeting of the executive committee will be held at the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on Friday, Nov. 8th, at 8 P.M. The following business will come before the meeting:—Consideration of Field Trial Regulations. Revision of Constitution, By-Laws, etc., and Printing of same. Incorporation. Consideration of the Cropping of Dogs. Consideration of case of Industrial Exhibition Association *vs.* Fred Kirby. Consideration of taking votes by mail of the Executive. Consideration of the recognition of Suspensions, Disqualifications, etc., by similar organizations. H. B. Donovan,
Secretary-Treasurer.

New England Field Trial Club's Trials.

Taunton, Mass., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The N. E. F. T. Club's fourth annual field trials will be run off on the club grounds, Assonet Neck, Mass., Tuesday, Oct. 29, beginning at 8 o'clock A. M.

The club and its friends will meet at the City Hotel, Monday evening, Oct. 28, at 7 o'clock, where the drawing will take place after dinner. All lovers of field dogs are welcome here as well as at the trials next day. All desiring rooms at the City Hotel should engage them ahead by addressing D. F. Sehan, Taunton, Mass.

Arthur R. Sharp, Sec'y.

Mr. Lorillard's Auction Sale.

The Rancocas Kennels' sale of dogs at the American Horse Exchange, Broadway and Fiftieth street, was well attended and proved a success. It took place on Oct. 17, beginning at 11 o'clock, as advertised. The bidding was quite spirited and the dogs were disposed of quite quickly.

Mr. Lorillard will hold yearly sales if this method of securing shooting dogs meets the further approval of sportsmen. Following is the list of dogs sold, prices, etc.

Leona, black, white and tan (Eugene T.—Bess of Hatchie), $130. Mr. J. L. Breese, purchaser.

Eugenie, black, white and tan (Eugene T.—Delel Rivers), $160. Mr. Sydney Dillon Ripley, purchaser.

Adversity, black, white and tan (Eugene T.—Delel Rivers), $85. Dr. E. E. Cody, purchaser.

Lilly, black and white (Eugene T.—Valley), $50. Daniel Bacon, purchaser.

Irwin, black, white and tan (Eugene T.—Kite), $110. A. H. Porter, Jr., purchaser.

Fonda, black, white and tan (Eugene T.—Velma), $30. Mr. Cameron, purchaser.

Cody, black, white and tan (Eugene T.—Annie), $35. Dr. E. E. Cody, purchaser.

Beulah, black and white (Eugene T.—Annie), $25. J. C. Vail, purchaser.

Grace, black and white (Eugene T.—Annie), $20. Mr. Osgood, purchaser.

Stella, black, white and tan (Gladstone's Boy—Buena Vista), $30. Mr. J. C. Vail, purchaser.

Guy, white and lemon (Antonio—Maiden Mine), $100. Morey Kennels, purchasers.

Bianca, black, white and tan (Eugene T.—Patsy), $30. Mr. W. H. Force, purchaser.

Clifton, black and tan (Eugene T.—Annie), $30. Mr. J. P. Browning, purchaser.

Vernon, black and white (Eugene T.—Annie), $30, and Helen ($30) and Primrose ($25), both black, white and tan (Eugene T.—Ophelia), and Hazel Dell, black, white and tan (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine), $40. Mr. J. C. Vail, purchaser.

Luray, black, white and tan (Bellevue—Spike). Mr. W. J. Simpson, purchaser.

Fred, black and white (Eugene T.—Ightfield Rosalie), $110. Mr. Sydney Dillon Ripley, purchaser.

Colona, black, white and tan (Gladstone's Boy—Buena Vista), $60. E. Beadel, purchaser.

The total received for twenty dogs was $1,175. Each was described in the catalogue in respect to his field qualities.

N. E. B. C.'s Trials.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following special prizes have been donated to be competed for at the N. E. B. C. field trials: The *American Stock-keeper* offers the American Stock-keeper Cup for best beagle in the field. Mr. A. Parry offers triple-plated pudding dish for best beagle in the field. Mr. H. B. Tallman offers oil painting of a beagle for best bench show beagle that gets placed in the field. Mr. H. S. Joslin offers a silver-mounted meerschaum pipe for best combination of speed and nose. *Turf, Field and Farm* offers one year's subscription for best brace owned by one exhibitor or kennel. Mr. A. D. Fisk offers framed picture for best 13in. Derby entry. Mr. George F. Reed offers beagle pup (female) for the truest-tongued dog or bitch in the Derby. Mr. Henry Hanson offers assorted package of Spratts dog medicines, also stud service of Olaf of Denmark, for best bitch in 13in. All-Age class. Mr. F. W. Chapman offers stud service of Bannerman or Fitzhugh Lee for best bitch in 13in. Derby. Awashonk Kennels offer hunting coat for best working beagle in the Derby, 15 or 13in. Mr. Paul C. F. Hoffman offers pair hunting shoes for best 13in. beagle owned by a non-member of the N. E. B. C. Mr. Howard Almy offers 100 hand-loaded Schultze shells for beagle under best control. Mr. W. S. Clark offers .32-cal. revolver for best 15in. beagle owned by a non-member of the N. E. B. C. The *American Field* offers one year's subscription to the breeder of the best beagle (in the field) at the N. E. B. C. trials.

Mr. W. E. Deane makes a change in his entry, Francis, from Class A to Class B.

The breeding and names of Mr. F. W. Chapman's entries to the N. E. B. C. field trials, omitted last week, are as follows: Class A, dogs and bitches, all-age, 15 to 13in.: Marguerite, black, white and tan bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Dido). Class D, Derby for dogs and bitches, 13in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, '94: Fury, black, white and tan bitch (Little Lee—Parthenia); Thora, black, white and tan bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Butterfly); Thor, black, white and tan dog (Fitzhugh Lee—Butterfly).

The annual meeting of the N. E. B. C. will be held at Bacon's Hotel, Oxford, Mass., Nov. 5, at 8 P. M.

W. S. Clark, Sec'y-Treas.

Dog Poisoners.

Port Jefferson, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am worked up to such a pitch that I must relieve my mind. And what is the matter? There is matter enough when a man has good dogs poisoned by some unknown rascal who has been doing such mean acts for the past seven years, and we, the people of Long Island, can not detect the criminal; but if he is ever caught he will suffer for what he has done in the past. In the earlier part of the infliction, there were found small bits of meat with a small cut in each piece into which the poison was placed, and the dogs eating them died from the effects. But now there is a more serious feature; that is, not only meat is thrown about the place, but cake and crullers also, with poison in them. I think that when any human being goes so far as to endanger the lives of small children, which has been done by throwing poisoned cake around, it outdoes the ordinary fiendishness of the dog poisoner. Many children know no better than to pick up a piece of cake. I know of one who did so and came very near losing its life, but was taken care of in time. Now if that child had died, would not the inhuman wretch who threw that poisoned cake around be as much a murderer as any murderer? I think as a great many others do, and that is the sooner such people depart from the face of the earth the better the world will be without them. The people of this place have put up with this affliction long enough. They will use every effort to find out who it is that is making everyone afraid to buy a dog of any value lest it should be poisoned. There have been at least 100 valuable dogs poisoned in this place, besides the common mongrels not counted. I hope to see some reply from you and your readers. F. B. Robinson.

[There are no words in the language sufficiently explicit to express the cowardice, malevolence and degradation of the dog poisoner and reckless distributor of poisoned food. No argument is necessary to show the sodden cowardice of the man who will injure his neighbor by stealth, injuring him in his affections and property, and destroying an innocent life all at the same time. As for the black malevolence and degraded mind, they are necessarily accompaniments of the poison fiend.]

The Champion Stake.

Mr. W. W. Titus, Waverly, Miss., has been industriously striving for many weeks to establish a champion stake, and to that end has given the matter much thought in all its bearings near and remote, and has obtained many opinions and much advice from experienced field trial men. He has in the matter received encouraging support from sportsmen.

It is generally conceded that a champion stake, which depends on its support from first prize winners, cannot be a success financially, for the reason that of the first prize winners but a small percentage will compete, a few owners seemingly preferring to establish their dog's claims to champion honors by clamorous assertion rather than the more decisive means of actual competition, while other owners seem to be satisfied with the honors or profits which come from winning an all-age stake, and care not for the honors and perils of a champion stake.

To solve this difficulty, Mr. Titus has proposed that all field trial winners of any place be eligible, which is perfectly sound reasoning, for everyone knows that a win of one dog over another at a field trial is not forever decisive, since in times past the same dogs in different trials have been placed relatively different, and decisions in all-age stakes moreover are necessarily made many times on very small margins.

Mr. Titus, to give the stake the financial vitality which is absolutely essential to its success—a matter which he wisely deemed essentially important—has advocated an auxiliary stake, from which the judges are to select by actual competition such dogs as they deem fit to run in the champion stake, the fees of this stake to be turned over to the champion stake and to become a part of its proceeds. These dogs thus will have gone through a formal competition, and they will have the standing of winners. In fact, the stakes being run on formal and regular conditions, there is no reason why they should not formally be declared winners before competing in the greater stake, the champion.

A Western contemporary asserts that a stake run on such lines will be an all-age or free-for-all stake, "of which we have one now at every field trial meeting," in which assertion there is error, inasmuch as in the all-age stake at field trials first prize winners are barred, and these and other winners are the very dogs for which Mr. Titus is striving to arrange competition; thus the all-age stake at every meeting does not resemble at all what Mr. Titus advocates and attempts, and, moreover, there is no free-for-all stake at every field trial meeting. Furthermore, the fourth or fifth prize winner at one trial in one section might be a better dog than the first prize winner in another, a pertinent consideration in arranging a champion stake.

Our contemporary further declares that admitting every dog irrespective of its having shown that it has the right to compete with dogs that have won their honors in a regular contest does not convey the idea of a champion stake, and is not just to those dogs that "have won their spurs," nor is it the reward of merit, says our contemporary, that a champion stake should be. Here the esteemed contemporary wanders entirely away from the subject and discusses something that is irrelevant. Mr. Titus's last proposition did not admit dogs irrespective of their having shown a right to compete; quite the contrary, as that very point was specifically provided for by the auxiliary stake.

But then, what is a champion? Presumably one which so excels that he can conquer in his specialty all of his fellows. He is one which can meet all comers under certain conditions and formalities which give the contest authenticity and dignity, so that the proper value is established and the record recognized by the world at large. But the title of champion is not necessarily a title for life when once won, although in the dog world, for reasons not essential for discussion in this connection, champions have so multiplied that the title has in a measure lost its meaning and some value.

The title of champion when properly recognized is held so long as its possessor can hold it. If beaten in a championship contest, he loses the title. It goes to the victor. The vanquished champion is a champion no longer. In this manner the title perpetuates its distinguishing marks of superiority and its intrinsic value of honors won.

Webster, who was an excellent lexicographer, but who unfortunately lived at an age when the dog was not so fully appreciated as at present, leaves out the dog in his definition of champion, but still it is clear enough in conveying the general principle. He says of a champion: "One who has the acknowledged superiority as a prize fighter, waterman, etc.; one ready to fight all who offer against him."

This is not the definition of a champion who shouts loudly from afar off that he can defeat all comers with 15,000 conditions attached.

But this definition by Webster is the theoretical champion, taking present usage as a standard. In the canine world the champions are not a very precise quantity as champions. Many winners are guarded assiduously from competition; all sorts of conditions and pretexts are advanced to avoid competition; the unworthiness of applicants which seek competition is strenuously and loudly proclaimed, and their motives denounced so that in good truth the champion, after he once has a colorable pretext to the title, seldom competes further, but incidentally gathers in such stud fees as the title and good will of the public may produce. It was not wise in a general way to inquire too minutely into titles of dog championships any more than it was to insist on more definite competition for the title, for if the matter came to a formal conclusion several titles and several stud cards might all vanish in company.

Still, it is asserted that it is not fair to a dog which has won his spurs to ask him to defend them, although winning the spurs originally implied that the winner was ready to meet man or goblin; so that the figure of speech is unhappily selected by our contemporary. If a man were asked which of the claimants is *the* champion dog to-day, it would be more a matter of personal preference than a matter of record, for the champions have never had an opportunity of late years excepting the recent test on chickens; but work on quail as yet is considered the standard test.

There is one dog, however, which *en passant* never asked any sanctified protection from competition nor pleaded technical evasion—that is Rip Rap; and there are others which came to the fore, but none, we believe, that competed so freely from puppyhood to mature years in any event that came to hand.

The champions in their champion forms came out under different circumstances of competition—some easy, some difficult. Mr. Titus has been sensibly striving to open a stake that in its results would have definite conclusions and confer a title which meant more than a pretext for avoiding a competition forever afterward, combined with using the title as a commercial means of scooping stud fees. In short, it would come near to establishing a champion. Mr. Titus plainly has a correct idea of what a champion should be, but he being ahead of his time should abandon it and evolve some scheme whereby everybody can have a champion by easy means and advertise a champion for what it may profit.

The utility of Mr. Titus's proposition was recognized after some weeks' effort on his part, and others were ready and even took action to promote a similar stake. However the matter may result, to Mr. Titus belongs the credit. Yet, what is undoubtedly a good move, sound in its conception and perfectly feasible in execution, may be marred or spoiled by envy, bad advice or selfish interests.

In the canine world the existing circumstances must be considered and properly manipulated to attain the legitimate results desired. Without broadening the scope of the champion stake, if the past is a just criterion, it cannot be made self-supporting, and if it cannot be made self-supporting, it cannot have any permanent existence.

E. F. T. C. Trials.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I shall leave Brooklyn Tuesday, Nov. 12, for Newton, N. C., making my headquarters and the E. F. T. Club's at St. Hubert Inn, so that all letters and telegrams should be addressed there after the above date. This will give me two days before the Members' Stake and four days before the opening of the public stakes with the Derby contestants. Please remember, the final filling and drawing of the Derby takes place Sunday at 8 P. M. All interested and having entries are requested to be promptly on hand to fill and know places assigned their braces by the draw; also where the start will be made Monday morning, Nov. 18. To the members and public entries: Bear the above in mind, so that all shall have ample notification and time to make final arrangements, and none be left at the post.

The annual meeting of the E. F. T. Club will be held on Thursday evening, Nov. 21, to settle all plans for 1896. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., president. In conclusion would say, any member or patron of the club wishing me to hire a horse or engage a room, or anything else in which I can be of service to them on the grounds, if they will write or wire me I shall cheerfully carry out their desires to the best of my ability.

Eastern Field Trial Club's All-Age entries: English setters 19, Irish setters 1, Pointers 9.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Papillion—S. M. Mitchell's or. and w. dog (Antonio—Lilly Burgess), May, 1893.

Tony Boy—N. T. Harris's b., w. and t. dog (Antonio—Laundress), January, 1893.

Cynosure—N. T. Harris's b., w. and t. bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.), May, 1893.

Dixie's Flag—N. T. Harris's b., w. and t. dog (Wun Lung—White Wings), February, 1893.

Beatrix—R. S. Smith's l. and w. bitch (Antonio—Maud Noble), 2yrs.

Brighton Tobe—Eldred Kennels' b. b. dog (Canadian Locksley—Liddesdale II.), 6yrs.

Tory Dotlet—F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Della), 1893.

Joyful—W. B. Meares, Jr.'s, l. and w. dog (Dion C.—Nathalie), 3yrs.

Black Rock—F. P. Lewis's —— dog (Ray o' Hope—Lulie), August, 1893.

Harrold Skimpole—W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. dog (Whyte B.—Nettie Bevan), 2½yrs.

Anto-Vista—L. D. Hargrave's l. and w. bitch (Antonio—Buena Vista), 2½yrs.

Lady Mildred—Hobart Ames's b., w. and t. bitch (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), March, 1893.

Minnie T.—W. W. Titus's b., w. and t. bitch (Dick Bondhu—Bettie B) 4 years.

Revenue—W. W. Titus's (agent) b., w. and t. dog (Antonio—Nelly Hope).

Rod's Top—Phil. M. Essig's b., w. and t. dog (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), December, 1893.

Paloma—Rancocas Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch (Eugene T—Lou), February, 1893.

Gleam's Pink—Manchester Kennels' b., w. and t. dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), January 8, 1891.

Soubrette—E. J. Meyers's b., w. and t. bitch (Rowdy Rod—Prima Donna), July 24, 1892.

Mecca—T. E. Shreve's b., w. and t. dog (Paul Gladstone—Latonia), 5 yrs.

IRISH SETTERS.

Dakin—F. E. White's red dog (Finglas—Ruby Glenmore), June, 1892.

POINTERS.

Sandford Druid—Westminster Kennel Club's liv. and w. dog (Don Exon—Sandford Quince), April, 1891.

Jingo—N. T. De Pauw's liv. and w. dog (Mainspring—Queen II.).

Tippoo—Charlottesville Kennels' liv. and w. dog (Rip Rap—Monterey), March, 1893.

Elgin's Dash—F. W. Dunham's l. and w. dog (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno), June, 1893.

Tick Boy—Kidwell & Stoddard's b., w. and tic. dog (King of Kent—Bloom), December, 1892.

Springside Nell—Springside Kennels' bitch (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game).

Tamarack, Jr.—H. K. Devereux's liv. and w. dog (Tamarack—Maud Graphic), March, 1893.

Rancocas Belle—Rancocas Kennels' liv. and w. bitch (Rip Rap—Maud), June, 1893.

Faustina—T. G. Davey's liv. and w. bitch (Ridgeview Faust—Peggie), 23mos.

SUBSCRIPTION STAKE.

There are eight nominations for the Subscription Stake, viz., one each by N. T. DePauw, Charlottesville Kennels, Eldred Kennels, W. W. Titus, N. T. Harris, Rancocas Kennels, Avent & Thayer Kennels, Manchester Kennels.

Washington A. Coster, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Bloodhound breeders can now be cheerful and hopeful. The following is from the daily press: "So many sheriffs in the West and South have lately added bloodhounds to their forces of criminal trackers that the price of the animals is increasing, and the raising of them is becoming quite a business, notably, perhaps, in Kentucky. One hundred dollars is said to be an average price for a good bloodhound pup now."

From a correspondent we learn that birds are scarce about the field trials grounds at Chatham, Ont., which may lessen the success of the trials more or less.

Mr. W. Brailsford is now at Chatham, Ont., where he will remain till after the field trials.

Mr. Joseph W. Irwin, of Little Rock, Ark., writes us that he has purchased a Chesapeake Bay dog puppy, 12 months old, which he has in training for a retriever from land and water. At a recent live-bird shoot he retrieved twenty-five pigeons nicely. Three wood ducks, of which two were killed and one wounded, he retrieved nicely. This hardy, intelligent breed of dogs has been most unaccountably neglected by the American sportsmen at large. They are worthy of general adoption for retrieving wherever waterfowl abound.

The Greyhound Stud Book (England), Vol. XIV., contains the names, colors, ages and pedigrees of greyhounds registered therein up to July 1, 1895, the year's total of registrations being 3,445 greyhounds, of which 677 are re-registrations. A notable feature of the work is a "Review of Coursing Season, 1894–95," containing portraits of noted coursing men, and most interesting and instructive in the text. The Constitution, By-Laws and Code of Rules of the National Coursing Club, proceedings of 1894 and 1895, addresses of gentlemen who have registered dogs in that volume, in short, everything in the way of matter of public interest is embodied in the work. The whole is neatly bound and the typographical work is excellent. Everyone who is interested in greyhounds will find it an invaluable addition to his library and a most useful work both of information and reference. Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 318 Broadway, New York.

The United States Field Trials Club and the Continental Field Trials Club announce their respective All-Age stakes in our business columns this week. Entries close Nov. 1.

Bedford & Beaumont Kennels, New York, offer setters. Mr. K. McDougall, Brooklyn, N. Y., wants collie bitch. Rockland Beagle Kennels, Nanuet, N. Y., offer beagles. Mizpah Kennels, Bellport, L. I., offer beagles. Mr. J. H. Parrott, care of Forest and Stream, offers bulldog. Mr. C. A. Young, Newark, N. J., offers field spaniels. Elliott, New York, offers St. Bernard.

At the American Coursing Club's meeting, held on Thursday, Oct. 10, the officers elected were: President, Dr. N. Rowe; Vice-President, A. P. Slocum; Secretary, F. B. Coyne; Treasurer, J. Longstaff; Executive Committee: John Charlton, M. Allen, J. H. Rewe, A. Melrose, A. Coyne. The club decided to hold its next meeting at Huron. The cup conditions of this year will govern the cup next year, excepting that no one can make more than two nominations.

The premium list of the first annual stock and farm show of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, flowers, fruits, vegetables, dairy products and fat stock, under the auspices of the Live Stock Society of America, can be obtained of the Assistant Secretary and Superintendent, Mr. James Mortimer, 30 Pine street, New York. The show will be held in Madison Square Garden, Thanksgiving week (Nov. 25 to 30). Entries close on Saturday, Nov. 9.

In a pleasant letter this week Mr. Titus mentions that he will start Minnie T. in all the Age-Age stakes and also the Subscription stake at Newton, N. C. He mentions that Mr. Geo. Richards arrived in the South on Wednesday (16th inst.) and has a good string with him. He adds that the weather is very dry and that to get work for his dogs he is in the field at daylight.

Messrs. Edm. H. Osthaus and G. Muss-Arnolt, both well-known artists at the head of their profession, will attend the field trials at Newton, N. C.

In a letter dated Oct. 18, Mr. W. E. Warner, manager of Mr. Gould's canine interests, writes us as follows: "I bought the pointer bitch Ightfield Diana, a litter sister of Musa. You will remember that she ran last year. I think she will make a good brood bitch. I am sending Armstrong South Nov. 1 with some nice puppies of our breeding. Miss Rumor's litter are beauties, and doing splendidly. I am very much pleased with her litter. I have some very nice puppies by Devonshire Pearl and Chancellor, and some from Josie Brackett and Comet."

Mr. Warner is developing the kennel interests in his charge on very sensible lines.

Game Laws in Brief.

The *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Meeting of the American Spaniel Club.

A meeting of the executive committee of the above club was held at the residence of the treasurer, Dr. S. J. Bradbury, 110 East Twenty-second street, New York, on Thursday evening, the 17th inst. Present: E. M. Oldham, R. P. Keasbey, M. A. Viti, James Watson and Dr. S. J. Bradbury. Mr. Oldham in the chair. The minutes of previous meeting were read and approved. It was resolved that two additional sweepstakes be opened to be decided at the Westminster Kennel Club show of 1896, and to be known as the Novice Sweepstakes, for all American-bred spaniels never having won a first prize in the open class at any show prior to the date of entry. Entries to close Jan. 15, 1896, and to be $2 for each entry. The American Spaniel Club to add to each of the stakes. The said stakes to consist of (first) all breeds of spaniels over 28lbs., (second) cocker spaniels. 70 per cent. of stakes and added money to winners of first prize and 30 per cent. to winners of second prize.

Railroad Rates to U. S. Trials.

Trenton, Tenn, Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Reduced rates on the railroads have been secured to persons visiting the United States Field Trials at Newton, N. C., in November next. Full fare will have to be paid from starting point, and a certificate from the agent at that point will secure a return rate of one cent per mile, when properly signed by the secretary of the club and the railroad representative there. Tickets on sale Nov. 1, good to return till Dec. 10 next. All roads in the Southern Passenger Association will sell such tickets, also the Louisville & Nashville R. R. from Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis. Free dog transportation can be secured by applying to me for the necessary certificates to present to train baggage men.

W. B. Stafford,
Sec'y U. S. F. T. Club.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Mr. A. E. Davis claims the name Kent's Brake for English setter dog, whelped May 2, 1895, by Kent III.—Queen Roy.

Glenwood Beagle Kennels claim the name Glenwood for beagle dog, whelped March 29, 1895, by Little Corporal—Frances.

Rochester Pittsburg Bull-Terrier Kennels claim the name
Queen Monarch for bull-terrier bitch, whelped Aug. 31, 1894, by champion Streatham Monarch—Lady Dinah.
Iron Queen for Manchester terrier bitch, whelped April 2, 1893, by Rochelle Rush—Mizpah.

BRED.

Mr. Barry's Beauty, English setter bitch, Sept. 20, to Kent III.
Rochester-Pittsburg Bull-Terrier Kennels'
Queen Monarch, bull-terrier bitch, Sept. 6, to Duke of Rochester.
Iron Queen, Manchester terrier bitch, Sept. 8, to Rochelle Rush.

SALES.

Mr. Arthur E. Davis has sold
Trilby, English setter bitch, to Mr. Benjamin Cushion.
——, English setter dog, to Mr. Oscar R. England.
——, English setter dog, to Miss Clara E. Holland.

Yachting.

Though defeated in yachting, in athletic sports and even in cricket it did appear up to last week that Britain could fairly claim first place in one international competition this season. The work of the experts in international mud slinging, as displayed in the recent issue of the *Field*, left but few opportunities for outdoing them in this particular line. In the Sunday issue of the Boston *Herald*, however, and in its New York namesake, America comes proudly to the front in this as in all other contests. The long article on Mr. Watson, signed by A. G. McVey, must certainly be conceded by all impartial judges as far ahead of the best efforts of the British writers in malignity, misrepresentation, vituperation and personal abuse.

The present tone of the comment on both sides is discouraging enough to those who love sport for its own sake and believe in living up to fair rules and recognized usages. As matters now stand the ill-feeling existing on both sides must increase rather than diminish, and it must be a long time before the two nations can come together on such terms as are fitting to the dignity and position of yacht racing as a sport.

For ourselves we cannot share either of the extreme views held by the opposing sides on Mr. Rose and his challenge: on the one hand, that it is inspired by the Prince of Wales and is intended as an open rebuke to Lord Dunraven; on the other, that Mr. Rose is an American, and consequently not a representative of British yachting. To us the main point is that, as admitted by him in a recent letter to the London *Times*, Mr. Rose knows nothing whatever about the deed of gift or the special conditions of the recent races; he has had no experience in yachting, and is in no way qualified for the very difficult task which he has rashly and hastily undertaken.

The experience of Lord Dunraven proves that ignorance is no excuse in the game of the America's Cup. Several years ago, in an article specially written for an American magazine, Lord Dunraven confessed himself unable to understand or to discuss the then vital question of the alteration of the true deed of gift, and from that time down to the present he has repeatedly confessed his ignorance on simple and very important points, as in the fruitless negotiations of 1889, the misunderstanding on which the races of 1893 were based, and many details of the recent contest. The only hope of satisfactory racing for the Cup lies, in our opinion, in a challenge from some representative British yachtsman of accepted standing and large experience; and though the new deed is now practically a dead letter, we doubt very much whether any such yachtsman will challenge so long as it remains even nominally in force.

At last, long after the matter has ceased to be of importance, the British papers have taken up the new deed of gift, the London *Times* and other papers as well being now busy in discussing the legality and other points of the deed of 1887. Had this been done three years ago, or even last fall, when Lord Dunraven was so bent on forcing from the Royal Yacht Squadron a recognition of the deed and an indorsement of the acts of the New York Y. C., some permanent good might have resulted; but after the squadron has retracted its first bold condemnation and accepted the new deed as it stands, letter for letter, there is no use in any further agitation of the matter. With Lord Dunraven's challenge of 1893 held back for a few months, the

new deed would long since have been a thing of the past; but his hard and earnest work since 1889 in behalf of the New York Y. C. and against the interests of British yachtsmen has at last accomplished its end and made futile all future objections on the score of legality or fairness.

It is quite evident that neither British yachtsmen nor the British papers have any appreciation of the change in the New York Y. C. within the past year; but from all that we have seen and heard this season we believe that the club is at last fully awake to all the conditions of the case. Nothing more is heard of the blustering assertions that the new deed is fair and legal, or that the dimension clause will be enforced; but, on the other hand, the club has made every possible effort this season to give fair terms to the last challenger. There are no longer excuses and justifications for the new deed, but the club has come to a full realization of not only the wrong, but the mistake of its act of 1887; of the poor position which it has held in the opinions of American as well as British yachtsmen; and the very narrow escape from an ignominious back-down which it has had through the good offices of Lord Dunraven. While it has thus been spared the painful necessity of an open repudiation of the new deed, we believe that the club now appreciates the fact and is desirous in the future of placing the racing for the America's Cup on that h'gh plane which it should have occupied from the first.

As far as the conduct of the present series of races is concerned, we believe that the action of the club and its committees has been fair, equitable, and strictly in accordance with yachting rules and usage; and that, unlike the changing of the terms of the deed of trust—an action that will look even worse ten years hence than it does to-day—the action of the club in the Valkyrie-Defender races will be endorsed by both British and American yachtsmen in a few years.

It is useless to deny that, with our long and deep-rooted opposition to the new deed, it is a disappointment to us that our fight against it has not been rewarded by its nominal as well as its practical nullification; but Lord Dunraven and the Squadron have willed otherwise, and we can only accept the inevitable. If, as we believe, the new deed is now a dead letter, it is only a waste of time for British yachtsmen to discuss it; much more good will come from a cessation of all abuse, a dignified acceptance of Lord Dunraven's defeat, and an effort to secure a challenge from some British yachtsman whose standing and ability are beyond question.

ON LONG ISLAND SOUND IN AN 18-FOOTER.

It was nearly 5 P. M. on July 7, 1885. Heavy masses of clouds were scurrying across the sky, driven before the wind, which came out of the N.E. in blustering squalls, making many an old seafaring man shake his head ominously as he watched the maneuvers of the fleet of the New Haven Y. C. as the graceful racers worked back and forth, each striving to outgeneral the other by gaining the most advantageous position, so as to be the first to cross the line when the gun on the judges' boat should give the signal to send them on their journey of 160 miles or more around Block Island and return. Presently a flash and a cloud of white smoke breaks from the side of the judge's boat, when—bang! Away they go, one after another over the line, each graceful fabric staggering under all the sail she can carry, heeling to the spiteful puffs until lee rails are under, decks are awash. The keen bows cut the waves, and each craft is striving her best to capture the prizes offered by the club: $100 to the yacht which first succeeds in passing Long Wharf after rounding the island, and $75 to the second.

My object in writing an account of this race is not to give the experiences of the different yachts and their crews, but an account of what we saw and did ourselves, as we of the little keel cutter Roamer were not favored by getting a glimpse near enough to recognize the yachts of any of the fleet after darkness set in that night until we anchored off the club house again on the morning of July 10.

After crossing the line we laid a course so as to pass to the west of the new light. It wasn't the nicest sort of a night to start on such a trip by any manner of means, especially in a boat only 18ft. on the waterline. The sky had a very dirty look that threatened trouble to any one on the water. There was every indication of a storm, but the enthusiasm of the moment wouldn't let that dampen the ardor of our spirits, for hadn't Sam and Tom and myself sailed, hunted, fished and eaten alligator together in the wilds of Florida? Then there was Lock, the bold man-o'-warsman. Who would think of danger in such company?

We passed the new light at three bells. By this time the wind had decreased in force materially, and there was every indication of a shift, besides the sky began to lighten up to such an extent that we ventured to entertain hopes of good weather for our trip after all.

At six bells the wind had shifted to S.E. and a heavy fog set in, which made objects indistinguishable a little more than the length of the Roamer; we sailed slowly along under mainsail, topsail, jibtopsail and jib through this heavy curtain of mist, expecting every minute to see the huge hull of a Sound steamboat or schooner loom up through the mist as she bore down on us, but luckily nothing of the kind happened, although the hoarse whistles of the steamer and tin horns of the sailing craft kept blowing on every side of us all night long. We kept our horn going till morning.

I met with quite a scare about 1 A. M. which fairly made my hair stand on end. We were about off Faulkner's Island at this hour, Sam was at the tiller and I was standing by him when suddenly right out of the mist to starboard, as it seemed, there came a number of half suppressed, choking, smothered sounds, like those which a person would make in drowning. I called Sam's attention to it, but listen as he would he could hear nothing; I had about made up my mind that one of the yachts had met with an accident and that the crew were calling for help when, bending over to hear more distinctly, the sounds were very soon explained, the mystery was suddenly dispelled, as I found that the smothered yells issued from a pipe in the cockpit rail that connected with and was used to fill our water tank; as the Roamer rose and fell on the waves the air would be forced out of the tank through this pipe in a succession of smothered groans.

Soon after this incident we were startled by hearing the regular s-w-i-s-h, s-w-i-s-h, s-w-i-s-h of breakers all around us; we got out the lead line and sounded, but there was plenty of water, and as we soon passed out of hearing of the sound we decided that it was but the noise made by a tide rip. Nothing more eventful occurred through the night.

The morning broke with the Sound still covered with fog; at four bells the wind had shifted to the S.W. and we seemed to be sailing through a reddish sort of cloud, as the sun's rays were beginning to get the upper hand, in nature's struggle between light and mist.

At eight bells the fog had melted away, and we were making good headway under mainsail, topsail, jib and jibtopsail through the bright sparkling waters; at this time we were directly off the mouth of the Connecticut River.

We passed Little and Big Gull Islands at four bells; soon after we were treated to a sight of one of the large Cup defenders as she came through the Race bound for New York, we took her to be the Priscilla.

It didn't take us long to pass through the Race, as the wind and tide were in our favor. Soon after dinner we noticed a long line of breakers, that seemed to extend for two or three miles on either side and directly ahead of us; we examined the chart, but it showed 20 and 30 fathoms all through where the breakers were, and we were greatly puzzled to account for them; we finally decided to pick out the smoothest looking place we could, and go through them, rather than sail three or four miles off our course to avoid them.

We had the spinaker, with some bedding and other articles, spread out on top of the cabin; Lock was taking a quiet snooze in the cabin when we entered the first breaker; the little Roamer, generally speaking, fairly reared up on her hind legs; then, descending, she buried all her forward part as far aft as the skylight, completely under water as she dove into a huge coamer which swept everything, spinaker and all, overboard. We saved nearly everything, as Sam with great presence of mind caught the sail and bed clothes before they got out of reach.

It was wonderful to see the agility displayed by Lock, who bounced up through the companion way (which had been left open, thereby letting a good tubful of water into the cabin and all over him) as though he had been propelled from a catapult; it didn't take long to get through, but we decided that we would rather suffer a little inconvenience in the future than to take such a risk again.

On examining our chart afterward, we found at the bottom mention of these breakers, which were described as "dangerous tide rips, to be avoided, especially by small boats."

We enjoyed a most delightful sail that afternoon; the soft, balmy, summer breeze blew steadily, filling our sails perfectly, so as to get the most possible speed out of the little Roamer, as she rode the undulating bosom of the glittering ocean and swung in rhythmic time from swell to swell, parting each oncoming crest in soft billows of foam on each side of her shapely stem. Montauk rising out of the bosom of old ocean to starboard in the sleepy, dreamy, summer haze looked more like a misty cloud than like land. Fishing schooners, with the queer looking pulpits perched on the very tip end of their bowsprits, from which the fisherman with the long harpoon balanced in his hands scans the surface far and near for the sleepy swordfish, as he rests in fancied security, and other fishing vessels by the score dotted the face of the waters, all bent on gaining a livelihood, lawfully filched from Neptune's bountiful stores which hide among rocks and reefs and sands. Every now and then a porpoise would roll his rounded back above the surface, or, leaping entirely out of the waves, would show his full shape; then standing on the very end of his tail would shake the pearly jewels from his form, and with a mighty splash would seek his ocean home once more.

The regular smooth rise and fall of the boat as she glided from wave to wave gradually began to cause a very suspicious feeling to steal through my frame, and I began to fear that I would have to contribute to old Neptune, but the feeling finally wore off.

It was nearly five bells when we sighted Block Island through the haze, and in two hours thereafter we were off the southeast end of the island, directly under the United States Life Saving Station, which is perched on top of the towering cliffs which rise out of the ocean to the height of 200ft. or more.

Just before we reached this point our ears were greeted by the doleful tolling of the bell buoy, which is located on a reef of rocks called Southeast Ledge; the chart showed 30ft. of water on this ledge at low tide, and yet in heavy storms from seaward the waves break on this reef, even in water of that depth, which will give some idea of the tremendous seas that dash and roar against the shores of this solitary storm beaten island. Before five bells we had rounded the island and our bowsprit was pointed toward home again.

After rounding the island the wind increased in strength to such an extent that we had all we could stagger under with mainsail, topsail and jib set. There was also quite a heavy sea running by this time, which made the little Roamer pitch and toss in the most uncomfortable manner. The increase soon reached its height, and the wind grew less, however, and as the sun neared the end of his day's journey it had died out almost altogether.

We were favored by a most glorious sight as the sun sank to rest in his ocean bed (as it seemed); the atmosphere was perfectly clear; the sea and sky seemed to vie with each other in their depth of indigo blue; the wind had died to a mere lingering zephyr, and as the lower edge of the sun touched the world of glistening waters it cast a broad pathway of shimmering, glittering, golden light, in which the waves sparkled and scintillated in thousands of dazzling prisms and brilliant flashes; then with one last warm, lingering kiss on a world of waters, he disappeared, leaving the evening sky one glow of golden yellow, purple, indigo and red.

After the sun had set the Roamer lay rolling on the smooth, oily swell about midway between (to the north) the island and Montauk Point. The wind had died out completely, and the prospects of getting through the race that night were very dubious, to say the least.

When darkness set in we were still tossing about in the same spot. The night was very clear, however, and the sparkling constellations as they sent their searching rays through infinite space were reflected in the water, making it seem as though we were sailing through a sea strewn with diamonds.

Sam stayed at the tiller all night, Tom and Lock got very little sleep, while I, whom Neptune finally succeeded in bringing to terms, after a most stubborn contest, crawled below without any supper. At the earnest urging of the rest of the crew, I got into one of the berths, and after falling asleep I knew nothing more until I awoke and found the morning beams streaming through the cabin windows.

There had been almost no wind all night long, and when I emerged from the cabin we were four or five miles from Little and Big Gull Islands, but there was promise of a breeze from the south, and as the tide was with us we entertained hopes of getting through the Race before it turned.

We passed through the Race at 5:30 A. M. with a fair breeze from the south, and by the time we had breakfast we were fairly in the Sound once more.

It was eight bells M. when we reached the mouth of the Connecticut River, and the wind was very light and came out of the south in fitful zephyrs which scarcely filled our sails; besides the tide was running strong against us, and the sun sending his hot rays straight down on us out of a cloudless sky made us wish for cooler weather.

Sam, Tom and Lock took advantage of the lack of wind to snatch a much needed rest.

By four bells, or 2 P. M., we were nearly up with Bartlett's Reef Lightship—between the ship and the Connecticut shore. The wind, which had shifted and was beginning to come out strong from the S.W., was kicking up a very nasty sea, which the Roamer was butting into in a very determined manner.

The chart showed 8 and 10ft. at low water between the ship and the shore, so we were very much surprised and somewhat alarmed when, happening to look over the side, what should meet our gaze but the bottom, within a foot of the keel of the Roamer, as it seemed. After sounding with the lead-line, our fears were set at rest by finding that the water was as deep as the chart indicated, but being very clear it looked much shallower than it really was.

As the afternoon advanced the wind increased, and came out of the smoky southwest in snappy, spiteful squalls, which heeled the Roamer down to such an angle that the water would be almost up to her cabin windows. About this time we took in our topsail (we had taken in the jibtopsail some time before), and seemed to make better headway.

By four bells the wind was blowing so hard that we were compelled to take two reefs in the mainsail, and even under double-reefed mainsail and jib we had more sail than we needed; at this time we were within one or two miles of Faulkner's Island, and the wind and sea were so heavy that large schooners could be seen reducing sail; and to make matters worse, heavy masses of dark thunderheads began to climb out of the west and southwest across the sky, from which issued, every now and then, gleaming flashes of lightning.

At six bells our situation was really alarming; the Sound was covered with white-caps and the sea was running so high that we could make no headway whatever; we had given up all idea of reaching New Haven, and were trying to get to the Thimble Islands before darkness and the storm which was rolling out of the west should overtake us.

We were just beginning to congratulate each other on being able to reach the Thimbles when, happening to look to the southwest, we were appalled by the sight that met our gaze, as the whole Sound in that direction had become completely obscured by the storm, which seemed to settle right down on the water, vivid flashes of lightning seemed to leap up out of the waves and seeming determined to rend the very firmament would be followed by such heavy roars of thunder that it appeared as though the mighty gods of mythology were at war among the black and heavy clouds which covered the sky; while the wind and rain were bearing down upon us with express train speed.

Lock crawled forward to lower the jib, but found everything in such a tangle that it was impossible to do so; just then, with a flash and roar, the storm was on us, and as it struck the little Roamer went over so far that her sails actually dragged through the water, and if it hadn't been for the 2,500lbs. of lead that was bolted to her keel I probably never would have written this account. As she gradually righted it seemed as though the wind would tear her mast out.

There was only one course for us to pursue, and that was to head her for the shore and trust to luck to find a harbor.

We were tearing along through the angry waves in the wildest manner imaginable, headed for the shore, which, from the sea that was breaking on it, looked like one long line of drifted snow that extended from east to west as far as we could see, when suddenly we spied a red spar buoy directly ahead, which, on hurriedly consulting the chart, we found marked the Goose Rocks; it was too late to try to avoid them now, so trusting entirely to luck we sailed or rather tore right through them without striking.

The rain which had been coming down in torrents gradually ceased, the sky began to lighten somewhat when we made out a large sloop directly ahead of us and sailing the same course that we were; so keeping her in sight we followed in her wake, and it was fortunate for us that we did so, for just as the setting sun with an angry red glare broke for an instant through the heavy masses of sullen black clouds, lighting up the world of green, white crested waves, from the tops of which the wind picked the spume and spray and drove it through the air in smoky clouds, the sloop rounded a point of rocks and disappeared, but we could make out her mast and close-reefed sails behind the land, so heading for the point we soon opened up a sort of bay, which, though it didn't offer a great deal of protection, still was better than the open Sound. This was Leet's Island Harbor, and any one who has ever been there knows what poor protection it offers in a storm, especially from the southwest.

We got both our anchors out, and soon had the sails furled. The sloop which we followed lay within 200 or 300ft. of us, rising and falling on the heavy seas. She hailed us, and although we shouted back and forth to each other at the top of our voices, the waves dashing and roaring on the point completely drowned all other sounds.

The night settled down dark and threatening, and it soon began to rain again. There was no use trying to cook, so after eating a cold supper we made up our beds, and while one took his first two hours on watch, the rest got what sleep they could with the boat rolling her rail under and pitching her bowsprit into every wave.

The next morning broke clear and bright, and although there was a very heavy sea running before the strong S.W. wind, after eating a hasty breakfast we hoisted our double-reefed mainsail, and under that and the jib, after

getting our anchors, we headed out into the Sound, passing between two nasty-looking rocks which we were unable to see the night before on account of the darkness. We left the crew of the sloop, which was a New London fisherman, repairing some very badly torn sails, and after a hard beat to windward in a very rough sea we passed the New Haven Light, and in four hours from the time we left Leet's Island we cast anchor off the club house and were boarded by Mr. James Gallagher, Jr., of the regatta committee, who informed us that Wayward had won the first prize and Stranger second. They got in the morning before, so that they escaped the storm.

Mr. Gallagher seemed as much pleased, though, over the performance of the little 18ft. Roamer, the next smallest boat being 27ft., as I would have been if we had won one of the prizes, which we never expected to do.

W. H. AVIS.

An Experimental Tank and Model Testing.

THE subject of naval design has now reached a point in this country where practical experience can well be supplemented by abstract scientific research and by the most improved appliances of modern science, one of the greatest of which is the experimental tank for the determination of the qualities of the completed ship from experiments on miniature models. As in other things relating to naval matters, the United States is still behind the times in this detail; if it pays a private firm of builders to own and use such a tool, to say nothing of the smaller European powers, it would certainly seem that this Government, with the millions which it is now expending in naval construction, could not afford to go on much longer without one. The mechanical details of the latest experimental tank and its testing appliances were described in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 6, 1893, but the following further particulars are given in the New York *Times:*

A subject that has engaged the attention of naval experts for a number of years is the testing of naval vessels in advance of their construction. Experimental tanks, as they are called, have been established in almost every country in Europe, in which the models of both war and commerce ships are subjected to preliminary trials as to their speed, stability, friction and turning qualities, before the work of actual construction is begun. England, France, Germany and Italy test their models in this manner, and these experiments have been found to be of great value. The Construction Department of the navy of this country has been trying for several years to secure the establishment of such an experimental tank at the navy yard at Washington, where the models of warships could be given a trial to settle the important questions in connection with their construction.

A recommendation was first made by Chief Constructor Wilson, who asked for an appropriation of $60,000 for that purpose. Congress has so far never been induced, however, to consider the question. Chief Constructor Philip Hichborn, however, the successor to Constructor Wilson, has made detail reports to the head of the department, and the next Congress will be asked for an appropriation of $100,000 for the purpose of building an experimental tank at the Washington Navy Yard, in the slip between the old shiphouse and the main branch of the Potomac

Chief Constructor Hichborn in a recent interview said that the bureau desired to renew most earnestly previous recommendations in relation to the establishment of an experimental tank. "One of the greatest obstacles encountered by this bureau in designing vessels is the determination of a reasonably exact speed which can be obtained with a ship of known displacement, horse power and under-water form. At present our only data for such purposes is derived from more or less inaccurate reports of the performance of foreign vessels, and is necessarily very unsatisfactory. The bureau in the past has not even had the benefit of experience gained from thorough and exhaustive speed trials of our own ships, exigencies of the service usually preventing a complete series of progressive speed trials, such as have been found of so much value in other services. The lack of reliable data, which can only be accurately obtained from these two sources, has hampered the bureau in its previous designing work, and placed it at a decided disadvantage in fixing upon the approximate speed to be expected from any given design."

The bureau in no sense desires to depart from the custom of giving premiums for speed in excess of that stipulated in the contract. Past experience proves most conclusively that the inducement of a substantial speed bonus compels a contractor to use his utmost endeavor to allow none but the best material and workmanship to enter into the construction of the propelling machinery, thereby insuring to the navy a high quality of work, such as could not be obtained by any mere system of Government inspection, no matter how rigid.

"The commercial value of an experimental tank has been well demonstrated by the experience of a private establishment on the Clyde, which has had one in full operation for ten years. Aside from the scientific value of the information derived, they claim that it has been the means of saving them thousands of dollars by enabling them to determine accurately the best form of ship to attain a certain speed, the dimensions of the ship being restricted by certain definite considerations."

Experiments to determine the resistance of ships in advance of construction by towing models of the proposed ships were begun by the late Mr. Wm. Froude in 1872, in a tank built by him at Torquay. This tank was 280ft. long, 36ft. wide and 10ft. deep, and in it experiments were carried on for the Admiralty, and in connection with the towing experiments with the Greyhound certain laws and deductions were established beyond question. Since the death of Dr. Froude, in 1879, the work has been carried on by his son, Mr. R. E. Froude, and many useful and valuable results have been obtained, the designs of many proposed ships have been altered after model trials, notably in the case of the Polyphemus and the Medway class of gunboats, the deductions being afterward verified by the performance of the vessels. In 1882 a tank of the same dimensions, and with practically identical appliances, was constructed by Denny Bros., of Dumbarton, in which many thousands of experiments have been conducted with both engineering and commercial success; the tank having enabled them, as the case in point, to successfully construct a high-speed vessel for the Belgian Government under conditions so rigid that under ordinary circumstances surety of fulfilling them would have been impossible.

Mr. William Denny, one of the most progressive and well-informed Scotch ship-builders, in a letter written in 1887 relative to the importance of the assistance that an experimental tank may render to the naval designer, expresses himself thus:

"The truth is that, of all the problems about a steamship, the only one at the present moment incapable of being solved by a priori methods in extreme cases is that of the speed and power. No ability and no training will enable even the most skillful naval architect to overcome the want of an experimental tank in coping with these questions. My partners are so firmly convinced of the value of the tank that every one of them improvements and additions, under the charge of Mr. R. E. Froude. The new tank is 400ft. long, 20ft. wide and 9ft. deep, and commodious offices are attached with a view of entering extensively upon the work of experimental investigation. In 1889 an apparatus was constructed by the Italian Government at Spezzia, which is practically a duplicate of the British plant at Haslar, except that the tank is 500ft. long and 22ft. wide.

The latest apparatus constructed is that installed by the Russian Government at St. Petersburg in 1892. To duplicate such a plant, including cost of all apparatus and the necessary buildings, but exclusive of ground, would cost about $85,000.

The primary object is to obtain the actual resistance of the model at a speed corresponding to the proposed speed of the full-sized ship. The speed at which the model is to be towed is ascertained by Froude's "law of comparison," which is "for similar forms, corresponding speeds are as the square root of the length, and resistance at corresponding speeds is as the cube of the length." The experiment may develop the fact that the intended lines produce an abnormally high resistance, or are in some other way unsuitable, in which case the model is easily altered or a new one made, and the ship saved from probable failure.

In conducting the experiments absolute nicety of observation and measurement is required. The model is carefully ballasted to the exact draft and trimmed to correspond with the proposed displacement. These factors are observed by inserting needles at intervals around the proposed waterline projecting horizontally, and the model is adjusted so that all the needles just break the water. In this condition the weight of the model, plus the ballast, should agree with the calculated displacement. In towing, the change of trim is carefully observed and automatically registered by the machine, and exact observation of the currents, caused by the drafts of air and by the movement of the model, are made, and the general deductions corrected therefor.



ETHELWYNN, SHOWING "WILSON" JIB.

From Photo by J. S. Johnson. N. Y. Copyright, 1895.

The models are made of paraffine wax, a material which seems well adapted for the purpose, because it does not absorb water to change its weight, is easy to finish and make changes in if necessary, and when the experiments with a given ship are finished the material may be remelted and used for others. They are cast in a clay mold made to cross sections of the proposed lines, allowing about a quarter of an inch around for finishing. They are cored to allow a finished thickness of about 1in. The core is formed of a wooden framework covered with cloth and coated with a solution of clay to make it impervious to the melted paraffine, and is filled with water to prevent its being floated on the liquid wax, which is cast at a temperature of about 160°.

After cooling, the model is placed in a specially devised machine, by which the lines of the half-breadth plan of the proposed ship are automatically copied on both sides of the model at their respective heights above the keel. The model is rigidly held in a frame capable of vertical adjustment, and after being carefully set to the proper height for the line to be cut, the attendant simply passes a tracer around the line on the drawing, which is placed on the attached drawing board. The cutting is accomplished by two rotary cutters, which are run at a high rate of speed, and connected by a pantograph gear with the tracing arm. In this way the successive lines are cut, and the model is then taken from the machine, the material between the lines is removed, and the model faired and smoothed by hand. It is then fitted with suitable interior strengthening and carefully weighed and ballasted, and is then ready to be placed in the dynamometric towing machine. This machine is placed on a truck which moves freely on rails situated on the top of the side walls of the tank, the under side of the machine being about 18in. above the water. The model is so connected that, while rigidly held against lateral deviation, it is free to oscillate vertically and horizontally. The resistance is received on the short arm of the bell crank lever, and automatically traced to an enlarged scale on a sheet of cross-section paper wrapped on the surface of a cylinder. The same cylinder also records the time and distance run. The time pen records half seconds, and the distance pen records intervals of 10ft., both being actuated by electric contacts. There are also cylinders at each end of the model for recording the change of trim, by means of rods free to move vertically, their lower ends resting on the model.

A secondary speed-recording register is also provided as a check, and a carriage is mounted in the rear of that, containing the model dynamometric machine, fitted with another machine on similar principles, for testing the efficiency of model screw propellers, and also their efficiency in different positions relative to the hull of the ship. The truck is attached to an endless wire rope, moving over drums at each end of the tank, to which motion is given by a "tower spherical engine," having a specially devised governor, capable of very delicate adjustment to any desired speed from 50 to 1,000ft. per minute. The models are tested at varying speeds of small interval between certain fixed limits, and also at varying drafts of water and conditions of trim. The results, after being corrected, are plotted and curves drawn, giving in advance full data of just what the completed ship will do in all conditions with smooth water.

Many advantages are realized from the results of these experiments. The most suitable form for a certain speed may be determined and the proper adjustment of power to form arranged. On the other hand, a ship having a given form, the most suitable speed can be selected, at which it can be most economically propelled. The form and position of the waves created by the passage of a ship through the water at any speed may be determined. The settling or subsidence of the ship while running may be measured, this being an important feature in light-draft or low-freeboard vessels. The speed at which models may be run being relatively great, the performance of ships at higher speeds than have been realized may be predicted, and the possibilities of further advancement, so far as the form is concerned, determined. Much power is frequently wasted in driving unsuitable forms at a high rate of speed, and waste of power involves both heavier machinery and boilers, and increased coal consumption, over what would be necessary with the proper form. Displacement is often sacrificed to attain a certain speed, when the same speed might have been realized with largely increased carrying capacity. Many other minor advantages might be specified. The time necessary to prepare a model from a given set of lines and make a complete record of resistance at varying speeds has been found to be about two days.

Lord Dunraven and Mr. Rose.

THE following was cabled to New York late on Monday:

LONDON, Oct. 21.—Dixon Kemp, the well-known yachting authority and editor of the *Yacht Racing Calendar and Review*, has furnished to the United Press exclusively the substance of a second interview with Lord Dunraven. The latter expressed himself as being still strong in the belief that the Valkyrie III. is the superior of the Defender in sailing to the windward in moderate breezes and very much faster than the American boat in running dead before the wind. He admitted, however, that the Defender was the faster boat in reaching.

"What I should particularly like," said Dunraven, "would be to have the Defender fight it out with the Valkyrie in the Mediterranean." If this could be arranged, he added, he would then have the Valkyrie prepared to meet the American boat. He thought that the two yachts would have a fair trial in the Mediterranean regattas, but the Valkyrie would doubtless be greatly handicapped by the French rigging rules, which include measurement of beam and girth besides sail area.

If the Defender should proceed to the Mediteranean it would settle once and for all the question whether the American boat is built and rigged sufficiently strong to cross the Atlantic on her own bottom. Lord Dunraven told Kemp that he believed a decision to bring the Defender over to the Mediterranean lies entirely with W. K. Vanderbilt, who owns eight-tenths of the boat, while Messrs. Iselin and Morgan each own one-tenth.

The prizes in the coming Mediterranean regatta are much more valuable than ever before, and the Earl is convinced that grand races could be sailed with the Britannia, Ailsa, Satanita, Valkyrie III., and Defender.

A representative of the United Press having shown to Mr. Charles D. Rose, the challenger for the America's Cup through the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, a copy of an interview published in yesterday's New York papers, that gentleman said this morning:

"I am very sorry that such things should continue to be published. They do no good and only tend to stir up bad feeling."

Mr. Rose then dictated to the reporter the following:

"I very much regret that the question of my challenge should be construed as in any way having anything to do with the action of the New York Y. C. My challenge was made simply and solely with the object of trying to recover the America's Cup. I shall take the earliest opportunity to see Lord Dunraven, and should I learn that my challenge should not have been made before consulting him I shall at once withdraw it. No one is concerned in this challenge except myself."

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

THE third annual meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers will be held on Nov. 7–8, at the rooms of the society, 12 W. 31st st., New York. Judging from the preceding meetings, the coming one will be very interesting; the gathering is a representative one of the leading men in the shipbuilding and allied industries; a number of important papers will be read, and the discussions are thorough and sometimes exciting. The second volume of the "Transactions," issued last April, is a large quarto of 350 pages and seventy folding plates, containing the fifteen papers read at the meeting last year, with the stenographic reports of the discussion on each. These papers cover a wide range of subjects; the construction of the new navy naturally comes first, the subject of several important papers by Rear-Admiral Meade, vice-president of the society; George W. Melville, Engineer-in-Chief, U. S. Navy; Philip Hichborn, Chief Constructor, U. S. Navy, and others, with papers on cellulose, electricity on shipboard, face-hardened armor, launching, water-tube boilers, etc. The paper on yachting, by Mr. Lewis Nixon, brought out a very animated discussion. The work of the society, and especially the meetings, is well worthy of the attention of yachtsmen; who are eligible as associates, this class of members being defined in the constitution as consisting of "all persons who, by profession, occupation or scientific attainments, are qualified to discuss the qualities of a ship." The membership roll, which is already quite large, though the society is but two years old, includes such representative yachtsmen as Mr. A. Cass Canfield, E. D. Morgan, Henry Bryant and W. Butler Duncan, Jr. The entrance fees of the society are $5, and the annual dues also $5. Applications for membership are made on blanks provided by the Sec'y-Treas., W. L. Capps, U. S. N., 1710 F. st., Wash.

Charles Day Rose.

The following interesting particulars of the latest Cup challenger, Mr. Charles Day Rose, are given by the *Sun*. There is not much of yachting in Mr. Rose's experiences, but all that is yet to come.

Although it had been surmised that the sportsmanlike tone of Charles Day Rose's challenge to race the Distant Shore for the America's Cup was due to his intimate knowledge of the characteristics of Americans, formed during close business and social relations extending over many years, it is not generally known that he was born in Huntingdon county, Province of Quebec, in August, 1847, and had attained early manhood before leaving Canada. The old Rose homestead is located on the Chateaugay River, which has its source within 30 miles of the border in the Adirondack Mountains. Here he passed his boyhood and later attended McGill College at Montreal.

Athletics had a firm standing among the Montreal students long before track events were taken up by American collegians; in fact, in those days the only general sport at Yale or Harvard was rowing. Sprinting, long distance running and snowshoe running were the leading Montreal sports, and Rose was proficient in each. The best Montreal amateur of the old times was the late C. D. Armstrong, who was one of the fleetest men who ever sped on the snow crust, yet Rose could hold his own with him. He was equally good on the ground, especially as a stayer in heat races, when none of the collegians could outrun him.

William Rose, C. D. Rose's grandfather, emigrated to Canada when quite a young man. His son, Sir John Rose, made his first start as a school-teacher in the village of Athelstan, Huntingdon county. He was born in 1820, and in 1843 married Charlotte, the daughter of Robert Emmett Temple, of Rutland, Vt., who died in 1883. The old schoolhouse is still standing, although it has long survived its usefulness. Before his marriage John Rose went to Montreal to study law, and soon after was admitted to the bar. He rose high in the legal profession, and in 1857 was elected a member of the Macdonald Carter administration. He held important cabinet appointments both before and after confederation, being Finance Minister under the Macdonald Government. In 1869 he left Canada for England to become a partner in the London house of Morton, Bliss & Co., the firm name being Morton, Rose & Co. He was knighted for his Canadian services and became in 1883 Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall, which brought him into close personal relations with the Prince of Wales. He died seven years ago, having been created a baronet in 1872, and was succeeded in the title by Sir William Rose, the elder brother of Charles Day Rose. He is a barrister, while C. D. Rose is a banker and the London representative of Morton, Bliss & Co. Sir John Rose left further a younger son and two daughters, and divided a large fortune by will among the five children. Charles Rose is married and has four children, one of them an officer in the Royal Horse Guards.

Hitherto Charles Day Rose has been more prominent as a turfman than in yachting. His colors, blue, black sleeves, and a red cap, have flashed first past the post in many of the great races of the English turf, and he has the reputation of having both luck and sound judgment. He bought Bonavista, the half brother to Sir Visto, from Lord Rosebery, for 1,250 guineas, as a yearling, and won the Two Thousand Guineas with him in 1892. The same year he brought out one of his own breeding, Ravensbury, who, but for Isinglass, would have been the great three-year-old of 1893, running second to him in the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, and St. Leger, a trio of the "classic" events. He sold Ravensbury to Capt. Machell for £5,000

Like the late David Dunham Withers, Mr. Rose's ambition has been to win races with horses of his own breeding and representing his own ideas in blood lines. His Cup hunter is named after one of his mares, Distant Shore, bred in 1880 at Queen Victoria's stud farm, and, like Penitent, Ravensbury's dam, she is by the great Hermit, her dam being Land's End, by Trumpeter; second dam Faraway, by Young Melbourne. Distant Shore has been lucky enough in the stud to merit the honor of being godmother to a Cup challenger. Her first foal, by John Davis (1884), is the dam of this year's crack three-year-old Whitley. 1885 Van Dieman's Land, by Robert the Devil, was a good race horse; in 1886 Gulliver, by Galliard, raced well, and is now a promising stallion in France. To follow out the list, Arcadia, by Isonomy, was foaled in 1887; the colt St. Daurien, by St. Simon, in 1889 (having missed in 1888); Liberia, by Galopin, in 1890; St. Hilaire, by St. Simon, 1891; Chimera, by Sheen, sold for £2,000 as a yearling, in 1892; a bay colt by Donovan, 1893; a bay filly by Donovan.

In the Rose Stud now are the following mares: Agnes Court, Hampton—Orphan Agnes; Arcadia, Isonomy—Distant Shore; Distant Shore, Hermit—Land's End; Lorette, Galliard—Penitent; Magdalen, Hermit—Vaga; Monotony, See Saw—Orchestra; Penitent, Hermit—Stray Shot; St. Kynan, Hampton—Land's End.

Mr. Rose owned Lady Abbess, the dam of his good racer Bel Demonio, but sold her in 1891.

Fifteen or Twenty Feet.

Since the certainty of further small class racing was assured by the challenge of the Royal Canadian Y. C., as well as one from Mr. Brand, for the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. International cup, the question has been mooted of abolishing the 15ft. class and transferring the racing, if possible, to the 20ft., arguments on both sides having appeared in some of the daily papers. We do not know what the feeling of the Seawanhaka race committee is in the matter, and this will have an important bearing on the question; but so far as our own observation goes, we are strongly against such a change.

The one great point is that the 15ft. class is now in existence and the subject of general inquiry and approval among yachtsmen in all parts of the country, it is already well known through the late Spruce-Ethelwynn races, two challenges are in hand, the Montreal men are already at work with plans for building and extensive racing prior to the selection of a challenging yacht, and one new yacht has already been ordered for the defense. Coming in without introduction, at a time when the attention of all yachtsmen was riveted on the Defender and Valkyrie III., of a smaller class than ever before known in American yachting, the 15-footers have met with an exceptionally promising reception; and have been most successful this season. With all this in their favor, and with the proverbial fickleness and instability of yachtsmen in regard to new classes, it would be most foolish to discard this class in favor of some other, as yet unknown and not in existence, but which may or may not be better.

As far as the merits of the two classes, 15ft. or 20ft. racing length, are concerned, there is comparatively little choice; the models would probably be identical, of the knife centerboard type, one sailed by two men and the other by three, the dimensions and sail plans being directly proportioned to these weights of live ballast. The difference in size and power would be so little that where the 20-footer would go the 15-footer would follow; neither is dry or comfortable in bad weather, and neither is fit for cruising and seagoing such as the old canoe-yawls do; but, as the races this year have shown, the 15-footer can go to windward in a good breeze and sea; and at Oyster Bay at least a suitable course could be laid on almost any day in summer, barring a heavy gale, in which even much larger yachts would not care to race.

In power and ability, and in room, there would be little to choose between the racing 15-footer sailed by two men and the racing 20-footer sailed by three; but there is a difference which is greatly in favor of the 15-footer. The size is materially less for purposes of transport—some 5ft. less over-all length and 2ft. of beam, with much shorter spars—in fact, the 15-footer is quite as large a boat as can be conveniently shipped by rail without a special flat car, or transported by wagon. Just now this quality is a valuable one. We hope that, in the event of the Royal St. Lawrence challenge being accepted, the trial races of next year will serve to bring together not merely a fleet of a dozen boats from about the Sound, as this year, but a truly representative fleet, such as has never been gathered together before, from all parts of the country; from Minnetonka and the other Western lakes, where there are many fast open boats; from other inland points, where local yachtsmen and designers are anxious to test their skill against the salt-water cracks. To this end it is desirable that the size, the first cost and the crew be kept at the lowest point; in short, that, as opposed to the syndicate yacht of untold expense, or even the modern racing 40 or 50-footer, the trouble and expense be minimized, so as to make the class a popular one, rich in ideas and experiment. The cost of the 20-footer will be about 50 per cent. more than the 15-footer, say $900 instead of $550 as the outside limit for each; the expense and trouble of transportation will be much greater, and the necessity of finding two companions instead of one, as with Mr. Brand this year, will add to the difficulty of bringing a boat from a distance.

As regards the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., since 1890 it has been the policy of the club to encourage the building and racing of the smallest effective two-man boats under a racing length measurement, and the challenge is therefore the legitimate outcome of this policy. The limits of this class as originally laid down were carefully drawn with the idea of securing a small, cheap and effective craft that could be easily handled by two men, and that would not depend on a ballast crew or hiking for stability. The limit adopted was 18ft. racing length, with a two-man crew, sail being measured by the Seawanhaka rule. The boats were to have either a beam of one-third their l.w.l. length or 30lbs. of fixed ballast per foot of such length, and there were no restrictions on sails. The first boats built under the rule were compromise sloops of about 16ft. l.w.l. and small catboats. Then came Bug, phenomenal except in one or two instances. These conditions became so apparent after the season of 1894 that notice of motion for a reduction of the class limit after the season of 1895 was given. It was the intention at this time to reduce the limit to about 16ft.

During the past summer the good work done by the ½-raters in Great Britain, and the advantages of working on parallel lines with outside clubs, created a strong feeling in favor of transforming a class that has never filled into a 15ft. class, and this movement has found expression in the challenge for the Seawanhaka cup.

A modern 18ft. racing length boat, judging by successful modern boats of this class in other waters, would be a boat of 27ft. over all, 8ft. beam, 16ft. l.w.l. and with 400sq. ft. of sail, and such a boat is a big boat for two men to handle, an expensive boat to build and keep up, and if the work done by Spruce and Ethelwynn in their last two races is any criterion of the serviceability of the ½-raters in a seaway, then it is doubtful whether the 18ft. boat, or the 1-rater, is so much better a boat than the ½-rater as to justify the difference in cost. Another strong point in favor of the ½-rater is the comparative ease with which she can be handled ashore and in transit when compared with the 1-rater.

There is every prospect that as a result of the challenge for the Seawanhaka cup being accepted, there will be a class of seven to ten ½-raters racing on Lake St. Louis next season. Whether the club and Mr. Duggan could be induced to go down with a 1-rater instead of ½-rater is questionable, but it is doubtful in that case whether more than two boats will be built.

Preserving Sails.

The following method of cleaning and preserving sails was given to us by Dr. C. Brewster, of the sloop Maud, Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.: To preserve sails from mildew and to restore the original whiteness spread on a clean grass plot and wet thoroughly, then take pipe clay, which is sold very cheaply at all pipe works (the common "potter's clay" of American potteries) and mix it with water to almost the consistency of milk. Spread over the sail and rub in well with an old broom, then turn the sail and repeat the process on the other side, after which the sail should be hung up to dry. This is best done in the fall before the sails are stored, as it will keep out vermin, and the sails will come out clean and fresh in the spring. The process will make the sail look like new, and as the pipe clay is little affected by rain, the effects of the process will last through the season.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Spalding St. Lawrence Boat Co. (formerly the St. Lawrence River Skiff, Canoe and Steam Launch Co., of Clayton, N. Y.) have removed their entire business to Ogdensburg, N. Y., their reason for this change in location being their desire to benefit by the superior building and shipping facilities the latter city affords. This company's new plant is probably the largest of its kind in the world, any is equipped throughout with machinery designed and made especially for the business. Although the name of the concern is changed, the principals and management remain the same, and the pick of their force at their old Clayton quarters move to Ogdensburg with them. As heretofore, the Spalding St. Lawrence Co. will make a specialty of the famous St. Lawrence River skiffs, and will build high grade pleasure, racing and cruising craft of all kinds.

The regatta committee of the Atlantic Y. C. announce the following racing fixtures for 1896, subject to ratification by the club at the annual meeting in February next: Saturday, May 30, Decoration Day excursion and regatta of the A. Y. C. fleet; Saturday, June 6, regatta for special classes over courses in Upper Bay; Saturday, June 13, regatta of special classes over club course; Tuesday, June 16, annual regatta over club courses; Saturday, June 27, regatta for special classes over courses in Upper Bay; annual squadron cruise of the club in July, the date to be fixed at the annual meeting. John L. Bliss, chairman regatta committee, 128 Front street, New York.

A prominent steamboat excursion company at Jamestown, N. Y., has closed a contract with the Marine Iron Works, Chicago, for two exceptionally fine, flush-decked steam yachts, for use next season on Chautauqua Lake, each boat to be 51ft. long, and 10ft. beam. The general arrangement, deck plan, engine house, toilet room, etc., is of a character that will render them not only attractive, but very convenient, and yet leaving a surprising amount of deck room. Each yacht will carry 75 passengers comfortably and safely, and in addition there is space arranged for a dozen musicians on the forward upper deck, with neat swinging awning suspended above this "band deck." The contract was given after inspection of a similar steam yacht which the same company recently completed for St Louis parties. Delivery will be made via Chicago & Erie Ry. to Jamestown, N. Y., on special cars, equivalent to six ordinary flat cars, and is the largest single shipment of the kind, height and width considered, to New York State from Chicago by rail.

Messrs. L. Prang & Co. have just added to their yachting series a very spirited picture from a painting by J. G. Tyler, entitled "Flying Defender." The yacht is shown under spinaker and balloon jibtopsail, poised aloft on a wave, disclosing her bronze hull against the green sea, while astern is the following fleet.

A new type of naphtha launch, the invention of Mr. Feodor Hirsh, was successfully launched and tested at Port Morris on Oct. 18 The machinery is below the floor, the casing projecting only 8 to 9in. above, while the engine is controlled by a lever in the pilot house. The yacht, owned by John C. De La Vergne, of Orienta, was christened Mongoose by Miss De La Vergne. After the launch she started for Larchmont, of which club the owner is a member.

The Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. has secured temporary quarters in the old Jockey Club house, 60 Madison ave., which were opened Oct. 21. Wednesday night will be club night through the winter, and the popular mess dinners will be held as usual.

The many friends of Mr. Arthur Binney will be pleased to learn of his engagement, just announced in Boston, to Miss Daisy Harvey, of that city. Mr. Binney was for some years associated with the late Mr. Burgess, and more recently has carried on the business of yacht designing alone.

The large steel steam yacht designed by Lewis Nixon, the keel of which will be laid this week, is said to be for P. A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia.

Steam Yachts and Launches

Built by Marine Iron Works, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago, Ill. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Hudson Rifle Club.

ITS HISTORY AND PROGRAMME FOR ITS ANNUAL SHOOT.

During the winter of 1887-88 some young men in Marion, N. J., talked of organizing a rifle club for the advancement of the sport and sociability in that portion of Jersey City. They found ready listeners, but very few followers. By persistent urging and coaxing they managed to collect together thirteen persons on the night of Feb. 18, 1888, and organized a club to be known as the Hudson Rifle Club of Jersey City Heights, N. J.

The first six months were devoted to getting a headquarters and a range. They found a place suitable for the purpose in an unused cellar; this they transformed into a one-tunnel shooting gallery, and for months the members strove hard to make a success of the new club. They gradually increased in membership and soon had enough in their treasury to warrant changing their headquarters to Schmidt's Hall, Marion. Here they were able to have two tunnels to shoot through.

Nearly two years were spent in this place, when the membership and interests increased so much that they were compelled to look for larger quarters. A joint meeting was called and the proposition of building a club house was heartily endorsed. Subscription lists were started, and in a short time the organization was ready to proceed with a building. One of its original members offered to lease a lot for a term of years; this offer was cheerfully accepted, and a building was erected at 35 Giles ave., Marion. The membership still increased and three tunnels were found to be insufficient for the demand. Two years ago the fourth hole was cut through the club house in order to give the members a chance to improve their marksmanship. It was about this time that the club remodeled its system of books, etc., and a board of officers was elected to take full charge of the club's interests. The new board rooted out all dead wood and offered great inducements to new members. Team matches were indulged in, and individual matches made things lively and instructive.

Still the cry came that more room was wanted, and on Feb. 18, 1893, the club was incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey and bonds for several thousand dollars were issued to the members. These found a ready sale, and in May, 1895, ground was broken for a large two-story club house at 21 Marion place, Jersey City, N. J. This building is 22×100, and every inch of space has been fully utilized. A hooting room 19×25 has been fitted up with six channels to shoo through. A macadamized platform for the shooter to stand on insures a steady footing. This also prevents any jarring from persons walking or jumping on the floor of the room. This room is devoted exclusively to shooting. The second floor, consisting of a meeting room same size as the one before mentioned, will be supplied with all the necessary equipments to make it attractive and comfortable for the members. A refreshment room is also on this floor for the exclusive use of members. The main building consists of a hall 22×70, with the best of maple flooring, suitable for dancing and holding entertainments. In the rear of the hall will be the targets, which are operated from the top, and visitors can view the shooting without the slightest annoyance to the markers or shooters. The entire building is finished throughout with the best selected yellow pine, and the decorations will be elaborate.

The annual prize shooting festival and opening takes place Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 18, 19 and 20, and it is hoped that every rifleman will avail himself of the opportunity of visiting the largest and grandest building of its kind in the United States.

The Hudson Rifle Club has started from the bottom of the ladder and climbed up until it is second to none, and a hearty and cordial welcome will be extended to all who visit them in their new home. The programme shows that the boys intend to make their new home attractive to all who come.

The programme includes shooting on the ring target, bullseye target and target of honor. On the first two targets the events are open to all; on the honor target only members can compete. Shooting takes place each evening from 7 o'clock until midnight. The bullseye target closes on Wednesday evening at 8 P. M.; the honor target on Tuesday at 10 P. M. The premium list is a large and attractive one. Shooting committee is composed of Messrs. Charles Hutch, A. W. Stuber and John Rebhan. The new club house is easily reached by Pennsylvania Railroad trains to Marion, or by trolley car to West Side avenue crossing.

The club extends a cordial invitation to all rifle clubs, and states that it will be prepared to accept challenges for matches after Dec. 1, '95. An enjoyable evening will be guaranteed to all who may enter its headquarters.

Any information as to dates, etc., will be cheerfully given by addressing Capt H. Mahlenbrock, Tonnele and Magnolia aves., Jersey City, N. J.; or Chas. E. Bird, Sec'y, 161 Astor st., Newark, N. J

The Eagle.

Revolver Shooting in England.

Owing to a protest having arisen to the last score made in the rifle championship competition of the South London Rifle Club, none of the winning scores of either the revolver or rifle championship of this club have yet been published, although the shooting has now finished for the season.

The only score certain at present is, that Mr. Walter Winans has won the revolver championship for the eighth year with the below scores:

Twenty yards, 42, 42, 41, 41, 40; 50yds., 40, 39, 39; total, 324.

He used Smith & Wesson revolvers, both military and target, and U. M. C. ammunition.

Mr. Rand is second, but his score is not yet given.

He used a Colt revolver and Eley's ammunition.

Capt. T. W. Heath is third with a Colt revolver and Eley's ammunition.

On Oct. 2 there was more than half a gale of wind in London and a full gale on the coast of England, so no good scores were made at the North London Rifle Club in revolver shooting.

Mr. Winans has now practically won the revolver championship of this club also, but as will be seen below there will be a close race still for the remaining prizes:

Oct. 2.—Twenty yards, stationary target:

Walter Winans	775677—39	T Knapp	677347—34
Carter	577676—38	Lieut Richardson	746745—33
Major Palmer	656767—37	Comber	670576—31
A J Comber	456767—35	Lieut Clemence	545755—31
Capt Earle	746666—35	Capt W Evans	446764—31
Lieut Howard	527717—35	Luff	463467—30

Leading scores for revolver championship of club now stand:

	20yds.	Alternate hands.	Disappearing target.	50yds.
Walter Winans	42 42 42 42 42 41	41	42	39 38—411
Major Munday	40 39 39 39 39 39	39	39	37 36—386
Major Palmer	42 39 39 38 37 37	36	38	34 31—369
Knapp	41 40 39 38 38 36	41	36	34 34—377
Comber	40 39 38 37 37 37	38	38	35 33—372
Carter	38 38 37 36 36 36	37	37	35 31—568
Luff	39 39 38 37 36 34	33	29	30 29—350
Capt Earle	36 35 34 33 32 32	32	33	33 31—322

Rifle Notes.

The Miller Rifle Club, of Hoboken, N. J., has enrolled nine new members recently: H. Wolter, J. Schulties, Frederick Boordman, E. Arndt, Duncan Bryan, Otto Dehmcke, Louis Wolter, Henry Bishop and Theo. Buttenbaum.

There is some talk in the cities of Syracuse and Rochester, N. Y., of a meeting between the Syracuse Indoor Shooting Club and the Rochester Revolver and Rifle Club. It is proposed that each club shall shoot on its own range, the scores being telegraphed at the end of each round. The targets will, of course, be also exchanged by mail for the purpose of checking the scores sent by wire.

The Syracuse Indoor Shooting Club holds shoots during the winter every Tuesday and Friday night. Its club rooms are located in the Sabey block, and have been elegantly refitted during the summer.

The proposal to form a revolver club in connection with the New Manhattan Athletic Club, of New York city, seems likely to bring forth good fruit. An international revolver contest would stimulate pistol shooting in this country. Mr. C. T. Adams is chairman of the committee appointed to bring the matter to a head.

The committee appointed by the New Manhattan Athletic Club, with a view to gathering together the best revolver shots in this country, will hold its first meeting within the next week. At that meeting a committee will be appointed to draw up rules and elect officers.

Columbia Rifle and Pistol Club.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 13.—Shell Mound Range to-day was crowded with enthusiastic shooters. A fitful wind prevented any very high scores. The following were the scores made:

Rifle, 200yds., re-entry, open to the world:

Target rifle, Kuhnle medal: F. O. Young 90, D. W. McLaughlin 88, A. Gebret 87, Dr. Rodgers 86, H. R. Crane 79, Jacobsen 75, Schultz 72.

For the Siebe all-round medal (pistol, target rifle and military rifle) F. O. Young and Dr. Rodgers are about even.

Rifle, for members only, no re-entry:

Champion class: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 90, F. O. Young 78, D. W. McLaughlin 76.

First class: P. Bohr 80, A. Gebret 79, A. B. Dorrell 78, J. E. Klein 75.

Second class: G. Schultz 80, H. R. Crane 71, G. W. Barley 69, W. T. Unfred 42.

Medals for members only, Pistol, 50yds., no re-entry:

Champion class: A. H. Pape 94, C. M. Daiss 90, F. O. Young 89, E. Hovey 88.

First class: Dr. Rodgers 89, A. B. Dorrell 89, J. E. Gorman 87, D. W. McLaughlin 83, Capt. Klein 82.

Second class: E. Jackson 76, G. W. Barley 74, Unfred 74.

Open to all comers:

Pistol, Blanding medal: Dr. Rodgers 92, J. E. Gorman 91, F. O. Young 90.

Roeel.

Miller Rifle Club.

Hoboken, N. J., Oct. 9.—At the weekly shoot of the Miller Rifle Club, held to-night at 423 Washington street, the following scores were made in preliminary practice:

Miller 239, Meyns 238, Vogel 236, Sohe 231, Scott 230, Wolter 228, Dewey 225, Messenkopf 225, Rogers 224, Dehmcke 222, Nelson 218, Kneisel 218.

A team race was then shot, Meyns and Miller captaining teams of five men. Meyns's men came out ahead by 4 points, as the following scores will show:

Meyns's team: Meyns 119, Dehmcke 112, Miles 111, Nelson 105, Rogers 110; 557.

Miller's team: Miller 117, Dewey 114, Messenkopf 111, Wolter 109, Kneisel 102; 553.

Great Shooting by Walter Winans.

A cable message from London, England, dated Oct. 17, runs as follows:

"The final shoot for the revolver championship of the North London Rifle Club took place yesterday, and was won by Walter Winans, of Baltimore, by a score largely in excess of his previous performances. This is the third year that this club has had a revolver championship shoot, and Mr. Winans has won it each year. Mr. Winans also won the revolver championship of the South London Rifle Club three weeks ago for the eighth year. In six consecutive shoots Mr. Winans made the highest possible score, and in the ten shoots necessary to complete the series he made 418 points out of a possible 420."

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

Oct. 25-26.—Seattle, Wash.—First annual tournament of the Washington State Sportsman's Association, under the auspices of the Seattle Gun Club; live birds and targets. C. F. Graff, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Huntington, Pa.—Fall tournament of the Huntington Gun Club; live birds and targets.

Oct. 27-30.—San Antonio, Texas.—First annual tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club; $1,000 added money. Willard L. Simpson, Sec'y.

Oct. 29-30.—Auburn, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the Auburn Gun Club. C. W. Tuttle, chairman of tournament committee.

Oct. 29-30.—Dexter Park, L. I.—Team shoot at live birds, restricted to clubs that hold their shoots at Dexter Park.

Oct. 30.—Elkwood Park, N. J.—Live blackbird shoot; sweepstake shooting at 10 A. M.

Nov. 5-7.—Kewanee, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Kewanee Gun Club; added money and merchandise prizes L. C. Huckins, Sec'y.

Nov. 7-8.—Wellington, Mass.—Annual fall tournament of the Boston Shooting Association. H. M. Federhen, Sec'y.

Nov. 12.—Newark, N. J.—All-day shoot of the South Side Gun Club; New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League contest in the afternoon. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Nov. 27-28.—Ironton, O.—Holiday tournament of the Iron City Gun Club. H. E. Norton, Pres.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

Mr. G. M. Walden, president of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association, writes us under date of Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 16, as follows: "The Mo. S. F. and G. P. Ass'n will hold its nineteenth annual convention and tournament on May 13-16, 1896, under the auspices of the Federation of Gun Clubs of Kansas City, Mo. It is the purpose of the officers of the Association, with the assistance of the Federation of Gun Clubs of Kansas City and all gun clubs of the State, to make it the greatest event ever held in the West. The features of this tournament will be the individual championship of the State; the club team shoot; the interstate championship, which takes in the States of Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Texas, Oklahoma and Indian Territories. The star event of this tournament will be the championship of the United States. A purse sufficiently large will be hung up to bring together all the crackajacks of the country and to settle the much-mooted question of who is the champion wing shot of America. The next event of more than ordinary importance will be the interstate championship, for which an attractive purse will be added." (We would call Mr. Walden's attention to the fact that both the Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club and the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League have claimed the dates above mentioned.)

The programme of the San Antonio (Tex.) Gun Club's tournament, which commences to-morrow (Oct. 27), and continues until Oct. 30, has been given in a previous issue of Forest and Stream. The copy just at hand states that there will be three sets of traps in use and that shooting will commence at 8:30 each morning. Targets will be charged for at the rate of 3 cents each; live birds at 25 cents each. All target events at unknown angles. The programme is a good one, and the added money ($1,000) is divided up in a manner that is calculated to make the boys shoot. On October 29 a 25-target event, $5 entrance, has $100 added to the purse, while on the following day a 20-live-bird event, $15 entrance, will have $200 added money to the purse that will be divided among the fortunate ones.

Ferd. Van Dyke has been doing some shooting recently that is worth noting. During the second day's shoot (Oct. 10) at Reading, Pa., he dropped 9 targets out of 200 shot at, an average of 95.5. At the tournament of the Worcester, Mass., Sportsmen's Club, held on Oct. 15-16, some very high averages were made. On the first day Van Dyke was first with 156 out of 160, an average of 97.5 per cent.; Fulford was second with 155 out of 160, 96.8; Dickey was third with a percentage of 95.6, scoring 153 out of 160. On the second day Dickey took first with a precisely similar record to that made by Van Dyke the previous day, 97.5. Van Dyke on the other hand made the same average that Dickey did on the first day, 95.6. Thus these two tied for general average with the excellent totals of 309 broken out of 320 shot at, an average of 96.5.

Mr. C. W. Tuttle, of Auburn, N. Y., chairman of the sporting committee of the Auburn Gun Club, writes us under date of Oct. 15 as follows: "The Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club will hold a two day's tournament at targets on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 29 and 30. The programme will consist of ten events, 20 targets each, with alternate entrance fees of $2 and $3, targets included; the whole makes a total of 200 targets per day, with a total entrance fee of $25 for each day's regular events. Nitro powder loaded shells and lunch on the ground." As the Auburn Gun Club's roster contains the names of several shooters who are in evidence at all the shoots that take place anywhere in the vicinity of that city, the club should be supported well by the kindred organizations in its neighborhood.

Louis T. Duryea will be absent during the month of November from all the shooting grounds around New York city. Those forests of Michigan which are controlled by the Turtle Lake Club will be his hunting grounds for the next thirty days. Speaking of ruffed grouse and of the numbers of them that are to be found in those forests, Duryea declares that it is no trick to kill more in one hour than he can carry comfortably. "The ruffed grouse are thicker there this year than I have ever seen quail in North Carolina," said he the other day.

The Kewanee (Ill.) Gun Club will hold a three days' tournament Nov. 5-7, both live birds and inanimates being used. The programme has not been issued as yet, but Mr. Huckins, the secretary, writes that two sets of traps will be used, added money and merchandise prizes, and premiums for high averages. The purses will be divided as follows: 10-bird events, three moneys; 15-bird events, four moneys; 20-bird events, three high guns take 50 per cent., divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., the next three guns taking the balance in the same proportion. Mr. Huckins adds: "We are doing all that a club can do to make a successful shoot, and as we have always had a large attendance at our shoots, we expect this to be a record breaker." This shoot is open to all.

The Harvard-Yale-Princeton annual shoot will not take place this year. According to our information, the Yale athletic committee will not allow their men to shoot on account of the strained relations between the two colleges. The Harvard Gun Club has, however, sent a challenge to the Princeton Gun Club, naming Nov. 2, the morning of the Harvard-Princeton football match, as the date for the shoot. If this challenge is accepted the shoot will take the place of the annual contest.

The Greensburg, Ind., Gun Club held its first annual tournament Oct. 23 and 24. The chief prize was a diamond badge open only to shooters from Bartholomew, Decatur, Franklin, Fayette, Jennings, Johnson, Jackson, Rush, Ripley and Shelby counties of Indiana, at 50 single targets, entrance $5 and the winner to file a $200 bond to guarantee the security of the trophy.

With entries in four events numbering 94, 103, 103 and 104 respectively, and with a fifth event, a team race with an entry list of ten teams of six men each, the California Inanimate Target Association has started out on its career in splendid shape. The events shot off at its initial tournament are given elsewhere.

The monthly club shoot of the Newark Gun Club for the month of October was shot on Erb's grounds on Oct. 10. The shoot is at 10 live birds per man. There were seven entries, the men finishing in the following order: P. Jay 10, Erb and Johns 7, Geoffrey and Hollis 6, Thomas and Smith 5.

The Central Gun Club, of Long Branch, N. J., held its first fall shoot at its grounds at Branchport on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 16. The club shoot was at 10 live birds per man, and Postmaster Japhia Van Dyke tied with Charlie Zwirlein for first place by killing 9 out of his 10.

A good many people failed to recognize the portrait we gave last week of H. P. Collins, of the DuPont Powder Company, on account of the absence of a hirsute appendage. Mr. Collins has decided that the Baltimorean breezes shall no longer daily with his whiskers.

The San Antonio, Tex., Gun Club's tournament that commences Oct. 27 and lasts four days will have a good number of entries from among the ranks of those who have been attending the tournament of the Clarke Hardware Company this week.

During the past few days the ducks that are at present sojourning in the vicinity of Mouille Point and the Huron River have been taking it easy. Jack Parker has been busily engaged running the shoot at Atlanta.

The recent club shoot of the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., held on Oct. 9, resulted as follows: Class A—E. D. Miller 27, Thomas 23 and Jackson 22. Class B—E. Sickley 27, Williams 19.

One of the chief features for next week's programme will be the five-men team race at 20 live birds per man, to be shot at Dexter Park on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 29, 30.

A live-blackbird shoot is announced for Wednesday, Oct. 30, at Elkwood Park, N. J. Phil. Daly, Jr., says that he will have 1,000 birds on hand.

The Huntingdon (Pa.) Gun Club announces that it will hold its fall tournament to-day (Oct. 26); both live birds and targets will be used.

The Kirkpatrick Hardware Company, of Atlanta, Ga., is contemplating holding a target tournament in the near future.

The New York German Gun Club will enter a team in the Dexter Park tournament on Nov. 29-30.

Edward Banks.

The DuPont Tournament.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 22.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The DuPont tournament opened to-day at 10 A. M. in brilliant weather. Attendance of shooters not large as yet, but many not present are known to be on their way. Among those on the grounds are A. H. King and Jim Denny, of Pittsburg, Pa.; W. G. Clark, Altoona, Pa.; E. Brown, Burton, Tex.; John L. Brewer, New York; C. C. Burkhart, Buffalo, N. Y.; J. N. Porterfield, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mr. Gibbs, South Carolina; Messrs. Upson and Bodifield, Cleveland, O.; Billy Wagner, Washington, D. C.; Messrs. Frank Class and James Timmons, Morristown, N. J.; L. A. Gemmitt, Louisville, Ky.; Ed. Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; C. E. Verges, Lowell, O.; Allen Willey, Hadlyme, Conn.; Messrs. Eddie Bingham and W. L. Shepard, Chicago; Charlie Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.; R. B. Cook, Davenport, Ia.; J. M. Corning, Auburn, N. Y.; Charles Macalester, Philadelphia, Pa., and others.

The local shooters are showing up well as far as numbers are concerned. The Handicap Committee has decided not to announce the handicap in the DuPont Handicap until to-morrow night. The members of the committee present are: Jacob Pentz, A. L. Shepard, Dr. Fort, H. P. Collins and Edward Banks. Acting on the decision not to announce the handicap until to-morrow night the events on the programme marked as handicaps have been changed, each man shooting from the same mark in those events.

The DuPont Handicap is now the only handicap event of the shoot. This event will probably have in the neighborhood of fifty entries. The grounds and all arrangements are capital. H. A. Penrose is managing the shoot, and has a good lot of birds. Edward Banks.

California's Inanimate Target Shooters.

The initial tournament of the California Inanimate Target Association proved to be an entire success, and the Association is deserving of great credit for the manner in which it ran off the different events on the programme when it had so large an entry list to contend with. The shoot commenced on Oct. 6, and so great was the number of shooters that it was impossible to finish the fifth event before night put an end to the first day's sport. So far as we can learn only two sets of traps were used, which fact would fully explain the small number of events completed.

Event No. 1 was a 10-target affair, everything known, with ninety-four entries. As the following score shows there eight straights and sixteen 9s:

Shiell 10, Wetmore 10, Bolander 10, Barker 10, Webb 10, Coffin 10, Bekeart 10, Burns 10, Gross 9, O'Donnell 9, Robertson 9, Debenham 9, Allison 9, Hass 9, Karney 9, G. Anderson 9, F. Coykendall 9, Lang 9, Rice 9, Fox 9, Baker 9, Quinton 9, Cate 9, Comfort 9, Billington 8, Ricklefson 8, H. Coykendall 8, Ellis 8, Brewington 8, Sensaboy 8, Ingalls 8, Nauman 8, Liddle 8, Franzen 8, Potter 8, Fischer 8, F. Merrill 8, Lake 8, Wieders 8, Balkwill 8, Daniels 7, Crowell 7, Richards 7, Kerrison 7, Dick 7, Larke 7, Summerfield 7, Whitney 7, White 7, Street 7, Jackson 7, Slade 7, Ed Forster 7, Eugene Forster 7, Stewart 7, Andrews 7, Schaefer 7, D. Hall 7, F. Anderson 7, Brown 7, W. Ditz 7, C. Williams 7, G. Lovelace 7, Feudner 7, Haight 7, Swiveler 6, Owens 6, McMahon 6, Flint 6, M. Allen 6, McVeagh 6, Le Long 6, Trombone 6, Fanning 6, A. Allen 6, Le Long 6, W. Smith 6, Peterson 6, Voorheis 6, Blaine 6, Hynes 6, Justins 5, C. Jackson 5, Vernon 5, Shaw 4, Werner 4, Klevesahl 4, Lovelace 3.

No. 2 was at 15 targets, unknown angles. This event had 103 entries, the premiums being three merchandise prizes. Slade, Shiell, Bekeart and Burns tied on 14 for the gun, Shiell winning the shoot-off which was decided in the next event. Merrill, of Stockton, shot out the 13s for the second prize. The scores were as follows:

Slade 14, Shiell 14, Bekeart 14, Burns 14, Webb 13, Fox 13, Karney 13, F. Merrill 13, C. Merrill 13, Dr. Ayres 13, Barker 12, Franzen 12, Eugene Forster 12, A. Lovelace 12, Billington 12, E. Richards 12, G. Anderson 12, Blaine 12, Rice 12, Murdock 12, Ingalls 12, Feudner 12, Nauman 12, Whitney 11, Comfort 11, Hynes 11, Lake 11, Trombone 11, Sensaboy 11, W. Ditz 11, Lang 11, Brown 11, Haas 11, Allison 11, Stewart 11, Owens 11, Shaw 11, Jackson 10, Crowell 10, Robertson 10, Andrus 10, Ricklefson 10, Flint 10, Hall 10, Williams 10, Lovelace 10, Young 10, Coffin 10, Fanning 10, Potter 10, Kerrison 10, Winders 10, Balkwill 10, Dick 10, Cate 10, Trafton 10, Durst 10, Fischer 9, Bolander 9, Summerfield 9, Gross 9, O'Donnell 9, Vernon 9, Holmes 9, Ellis 9, Liddle 9, Wetmore 8, Debenham 8, M. Allen 8, C. Jackson 8, Smith 8, Lehrke 8, Peterson 8, Daniels 7, Quinton 7, Rodriguez 7, G. Ditz 7, Loujers 7, Swiveler 7, White 7, Ed. Forster 7, H. Coykendall 7, Brewington 7, McVeagh 7, Street 6, McMahon 6, F. Anderson 6, Newton 6, Martin 6, Wenzel 6, Thorn 6.

The third event was at 20 targets, everything known, for the Gold Dust diamond medal and nine other prizes. This event had the same number of entries as No. 2, 103. Of all that number only one, Shiell, went straight, thus winning the diamond medal without a shoot-off. Scores: Shiell 20, Lovelace 18, Trombone 18, Feudner 18, Nauman 18, C. Merrill 18, Winders 18, Burns 17, Karney 17, Lake 17, Cate 17, Barker 17, G. Anderson 17, Holmes 17, McVeagh 17, Franzen 16, Daniels 16, F. Merrill 16, Richards 16, Balkwill 16, Dick 16, Blaine 16, Loujers 16, Slade 16, Ed. Forster 16, Webb 16, Stewart 16, Andrus 16, F. Coykendall 16, Lang 16, Brewington 16, Sensaboy 16, Ingalls 16, Fanning 16, A. Allen 15, A. Lovelace 15, Quinton 15, G. Ditz 15, Durst 15, Jackson 15, McMahon 15, Robertson 15, Haas 15, Rice 15, Crowell 14, Potter 14, Summerfield 14, Lehrke 14, Whitney 14, Comfort 14, Blander 14, O'Donnell 14, Wetmore 14, Billington 14, Allison 14, Ellis 14, Fox 14, Baker 14, Haight 14, Fischer 13, Kerrison 13, Murdock 13, Baum 13, Peterson 13, Flint 13, H. Coykendall 13, W. Ditz 13, Williams 13, Young 13, Newton 13, Liddle 13, Shaw 12, Voorheis 12, Justins 12, Swiveler 12, White 12, Schaefer 12, Ricklefson 12, Coffin 12, Debenham 11, Brown 11, Bekeart 11, W. Smith 11, Klevesahl 11, Trafton 11, M. Allen 10, Wenzel 10, Jackson 10, Dr. Ayres 10, Rodriguez 10.

The next event, No. 4, was the 6-men team race, 20 targets per man. Ten teams entered, the Olympic and the Stockton team tieing for the trophy with a score of 95 each. The tie was shot off at a similar number of targets, the Stockton team winning with a score of 94 to 93. The Olympic team thus won second place. Third place was taken by the San Joaquin team, which beat the Oakland team on the shoot-off by the score of 85 to 81. The team scores were:

Stockton Gun Club—Haas 18, Blaine 17, Merrill 16, Richards 16, Ellis 14, Balkwill 14; total 95.

Olympic—Fanning 19, Feudner 18, Haight 16, Liddle 16, Bekeart 14, Nauman and Street 12; total 95.

San Joaquin Valley—Shiell 19, Rice 17, G. Lovelace 17, Fox 14, Sensaboy 14, McVeagh 11; total 92.

Oakland—Ingalls 17, Young 17, Trombone 17, Newton 15, Coffin 14, Baker 12; total 92.

Garden City—G. Anderson 18, F. Coykendall 17, Flint 17, Barker 14, Holmes 13, Hall 12; total 91.

Electric—Durst 18, Forster 17, Wetmore 15, Murdock 14, Slade 13, Lake 11; total 88.

Empire—Webb 17, Stewart 16, Billington 16, Debenham 14, Andrus 13, Allison 12; total 88.

Lincoln—Franzen 19, Karney 17, Burns 16, Daniels 14, Cate 13, Allen 10; total 89.

Nimrod—Winders 14, Ricklefson 13, Lehrke 12, Schaeffer 11, Ayres 11, Le Long 7; total 68.

Watsonville—Brewington 18, Smith 12, Summerfield 11, Trafton 11, Werner 8, Rodriguez 5; total 60.

The last event of the day, No. 5, was unfinished at the close of the day, four squads being left to shoot their scores. This event, which had 104 entries, was at 15 targets, unknown angles, use of both barrels, second barrel breaks counting one-half. The results were as follows:

Nauman 15, E. Foster 14, J. H. Durst 14, Ingalls 14, Daniels 14, Vernon 13½, Webb 13½, Shiell 13½, Haight 13½, C. Merrill 13½, Lake 13½, Billington 13, Brown 13, Burns 13, Swiveler 12½, Barker 12½, Slade 12, Baum 12, J. Coykendall 12, Lang 12, W. Ditz 12, Trombone 12, Coffin 12, Feudner 12, Fischer 12, F. Merrill 12, Richards 12, Quinton 12, McMahon 11½, Wetmore 11½, Debenham 11½, Andrus 11½, Holmes 11½, Kerrison 11½, McVeagh 11, Bekeart 11, Liddle 11, Fanning 11, Franzen 11, Wenzel 11, H. Lovelace 11, E. Foster 10½, Robertson 10½, Ellis 10½, Lovelace 10½, Rice 10½, Karney 10½, Peterson 10, Bolander 10, O'Donnell 10, G. Anderson 10, D. Hall 10, F. Anderson 10, Brewington 10, Baker 10, Jackson 9½, F. Coykendall 9½, Williams 9½, Sensaboy 9½, Stewart 9, Newton 9, Street 8, Whitney 8, Flint 8, A. Allen 8, Le Long 8, Young 7½, P. Jackson 7, Crowell 6½, Dipsett 6½, White 6, Potter 6, Allison 5, Martin 3.

Two protests were made to the tournament committee during the day, both being lodged in regard to the team race. The first was made by the Stockton Club when Street was substituted for Nauman on the Olympic team, Nauman having been overcome at the score and led away in a fainting condition. The protest was afterward withdrawn before it had come up for consideration by the committee. The second was the protest of the Garden City Cyclers' Gun Club against the award of second prize to the Olympic Club, on the ground that the team race was class shooting, like the other events on the programme. The protest was disallowed at a meeting of the tournament committee held the same night.

The best shooting of the day was done by J. W. Shiell, of Traver, one of the San Joaquin Valley Gun Club's team. He broke 50 straight, and during the day broke 78 out of 85 shot at.

Herron Hill Gun Club.

Thirteen shooters took part in a recent live-bird shoot promoted by the Herron Hill Gun Club, of Pittsburg, Pa. The weather was cold and unpleasant, nevertheless some good scores were made. C. A. May scored 28 out of 30 shot at in the regular events; McWhorter made the second best record with 27, and Wall third with 26, out of the same number of birds shot at. All the regular events were, 10 birds, $10, birds extra, three high guns to win. No. 2 was a handicap, the following being the marks each man stood at: Bessemer, A. H. King, May, Shaffer and Wall, 30yds.; McWhorter 29; J. O'H. Denny, Fargo and W. S. King, 28; Cleveland, F. Denny, DuBray and Vandergrift, 27. Nos. 4 and 5 were miss-and-outs, $2 entrance, birds running shot in No. 5. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
A W DuBray	1112211212—10	1220010121— 7
A H King	2122121222—10	2200112211— 8
C A May	1121111212—10	1111211111—10
T F Wall	1222222211—10	2222020211— 8
Bessemer	2202222222— 9	1022220002— 6
Fargo	2222022222— 9	0022202000— 4
E H McWhorter	1202122121— 9	1122212221—10
J H Shaffer	2212012121— 9	1210101211— 8
F Denny	0120122010— 7	2211000021— 6
J O'H Denny	2200212021— 7	2201202202— 7
W S King	0011021112— 7	1122212222—10
S H Vandergrift	0120122010— 6	1022121122— 9
Cleveland	2000021220— 5	0010101112— 6

	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
F Denny	1221120222— 9	2110 —3	12—2
J O'H Denny	0222222222— 9	12222—5	20—1
Bessemer	0222222220— 8	12122—5	22—2
May	0111201111— 8	110 —2	21—2
McWhorter	1102120222— 8	0 —0	21—2
Wall	1022201122— 8	110 —2	20—1
A H King	1101110012— 7	21220 —4	12—2
W S King	1110112001— 7	220 —2	11—2
Shaffer	1011201101— 7	20 —1	21—2
Vandergrift	1222200012— 7	22210—4	20—1
DuBray	0002220211— 6	120 —2	21—2
Cleveland	0110110000— 4	0 —0	0 —0

Oct. 18.—The practice shoot of the Herron Hill Gun Club held to-day was well attended. Three regular events, two 10 bird events and one 8 bird event, were shot off, in addition to a miss-and-out which brought the proceedings to a close. No. 1 was a handicap, the mark at which each shooter stood being as follows: A. H. King, May, McWhorter, Shaffer, W. G. Clark, T. F. Wall, W. S King and Bessemer, 30yds; F. Denny and Clover, 28; Fargo and McPherson 27. Alex. King made the best record, killing 35 out of 36 shot at. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
A H King	2222102222— 9	2221222212—10
May	1111112211—10	1211222112—10
McWhorter	1222222222—10	1222020212— 8
Shaffer	1121210222— 9	0120001021— 5
Denny	2121121202— 9	1221110022— 8
Clark	0222212212— 9	1021102212— 8
Clover	0222012111— 8	0111112012— 8
Wall	1221221001— 8	2212000201— 6
Fargo	2202222012— 8	2222222022— 9
W L King	1220202011— 7	1110011111— 8
Bessemer	2222020012— 7	2020220222— 7
McPherson	0211110201— 7	1220122212— 9

	No 3.	No. 4.
A H King	2122112—8	2112221 2—8
May	1121122 1—8	12110 —4
W S King	2221201 —7	20 —1
Wall	2222211 0—7	20 —1
McPherson	2222022 1—7	1222222 —8
Fargo	2222212 2—7	0 —0
Shaffer	2201202 2 —6	—1
Clover	2102212 0—6	2111222 1—8
Denny	1202202 2—5	2212222 1—8
Bessemer	2200012 1—4	22220 —4
Clark	2200120 1—4	210 —2

Shooting at Watson's Park.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 17.—The following are the recent scores made at Watson's Park:

Oct. 3.—The Chicago Shooting Club was represented this afternoon by three members. The club shoot at 15 birds, with allowance handicap, was productive of a long struggle, Hamiline and Ehlers shooting at 45 birds each before the question was settled as to which was the winner.

Oct. 16.—The Audubon Club's monthly shoot, held this afternoon, was well attended, 12 members taking part in the club shoot. F. A. Place and F. R. Bissell had a hard fight, Place eventually winning after 40 birds had been shot at by each of them. This event, like the club shoot of the Chicago Shooting Club, is at 15 live birds with an allowance handicap, nobody being entitled to score more than a straight score—15. Four men tied, having scored the limit. In the first round of the ties Dr. Frothingham and Price fell out, leaving Place and Bissell to fight it to a finish. Place won at the end of the 10th round in the next series, Bissell retiring when he had lost all chance of winning. Scores were:

L M Hamiline	1122121220222202—13+3—	limit.*
H Ehlers	2121222211222221— 15+1—	
M J Eich	1021201101111111—12+2—14	
First ties:		
L M Hamiline	2202221212101121—13+3—	limit.
H Ehlers	1122111201111111—14+1—	
Second ties:		
L M Hamiline	1021212111121201—13+3—	limit.
H Ehlers	1020121211112202—12+1—13	

* No shooter can score more than a straight score—15.

Oct. 15.—The following scores were shot this day, the shooting being for practice only:

A P Houston	2211211120111102111121211—21
	0112122102111111121111121—23
	1111121112 —10—54
Jackson	1221212111210111211111110— 23
	1112212212120111212 —20—43
E Hunter	2111111121111122121201012—23
	1122210220212111112 —18—41
C Hunter	2111120221211112112211111—23
	1212111111210012121O —17—40

F R Bissell	2110220111122102—12+4—	limit.
F A Place	2221111102201201—12+3—	
Dr Frothingham	1112122221021201—13+2—	
J E Price	2212011112112121—14+3—	
H B Foss	0120111111102120—11+2—13	
L M Hamiline	0001222202222212—11+2—13	
Chas Kern	1001002012102120— 9+4—13	
Chas Morris	2200021020202020— 8+4—12	
Chas Antoine	1112210011121011 —12	
A P Houston	0011110111100012 — 9	
L Parker	1220121011100w — 8	
J W McCauley	00.000w — 1	
First ties:		
Bissell	1001111121102222—12+4—	limit.
Place	0211111022222212—13+3—	
Frothingham	2100011212222w —11	
Price	1110201001110w — 8	
Second ties:		
Bissell	2120100010w — 5	
*Place	1212222210 — 9	

* Place wins the October shoot. L. M. Hamiline won the tie not shot off at the September shoot. Ravelrigg.

Shooting at Allentown.

Allentown, Pa., Oct. 16.—The scores made in to-day's shoot of the John F. Weiler Gun Club were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	15	20
Bell	9	10	7	9	10	8	18	13	16
Ulmer	5	7	6	6	5	10	12	12	16
Acker	6	6	4	5	5	10	13	7	11
Brey	..	..	..	..	9	9	13	15	18
Walker	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15
Hufford	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10

The following live-bird scores were also shot:

No. 1, 5 live birds: Brey, Acker and Bell 5; Ulmer and Weiler 4; Walker 2.

No. 2, 7 live birds: Brey and Weiler 7; Fehr and Ulmer 6; Bell and Acker 5.

The President's Cup at Carteret.

THE second contest for the president's cup at the Carteret Club took place on Wednesday last, Oct. 16. Six members entered for the cup race, their names being: J. Seaver Page, George Work, J. P. Knapp, L. T. Duryea, W. H. Meade. As Knapp and Duryea each had four wins to their credit, the contest was full of interest to the others, another win on the part of either of the two meaning the ownership of the cup. One of the conditions of the race is that any one having four wins shall shoot thereafter in all cup contests from the 32yds. mark. This condition accounts for Duryea and Knapp giving George Work a yard.

The afternoon was a lovely one, a bright sun making it very pleasant out of doors where the wind didn't strike one. The birds were a good lot, and carried shot in a most remarkable way, while Phil Lumbreyer's "starters" sent the birds off from the trap in a manner that is very seldom seen. Notwithstanding the bright sun, the light at the Carteret grounds, which overlook the waters of Newark Bay, was rather puzzling, especially when a bird rose quickly against the water background. This, together with the good quality of the birds, accounted for the comparatively low scores made. As far as shot-carrying qualities were concerned the birds which were drawn by Page, Duryea and Knapp in the 10th round (the shooters going to the score in that order) were wonders, each bird only just managing to get over the boundary after being centered with both barrels, the wings being untouched.

Work shot well and scored a win after dropping his 4th bird. When Duryea lost his 5th bird, an easy left-quartering incomer, and also his 10th, it looked as if Knapp, who was straight up to that time, had more than a good chance of carrying off the cup. He quickly changed the aspect of affairs, losing his 10th and 12th birds in rapid "suction," as the boys would say. That Work could not afford to drop a bird is shown by the score, Page, Knapp and Duryea being right after him with scores of 18 out of 20. The result of this day's contest gives Work three wins. Duryea will be away when the next two contests, those in November, take place. If he is to have another chance for the cup somebody will have to prevent Work from taking two straight, or Knapp from scoring a single victory.

It is seldom, no matter how hard the birds are, or no matter how poor the light is, that such low scores are made at Carteret. The records show that out of a total of 237 birds shot at, only 186 were scored, an average of a fraction over 78 per cent. In the cup shoot, 168 were shot and 30 of them lost. A feature of that race was the frequency with which Nos. 2 and 3 traps were pulled. No. 2 was pulled 42 times, 12 out of the 42 birds escaping, two-fifths of the lost birds in this race leaving No. 2 trap.

The way the traps fell to each shooter was as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Work	6	3	3	3	5	20
Duryea	2	5	6	3	4	20
Knapp	3	4	5	7	1	20
Page	1	3	8	6	2	20
Stafford	5	5	2	2	4	18
Hart	4	6	2	1	2	15
Chapin	5	2	3	1	3	14
Butler	2	7	2	2	0	13
Edey	2	3	4	2	3	14
Meade	4	4	3	0	3	14
	34	42	38	27	27	168

The scores in detail, which follow, tell the rest of the story.

President's cup race, 20 live birds per man, handicap rise, 50yds. boundary:

Trap score type—Copyright[1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

George Work (31) 5 1 5 3 2 5 1 2 5 4 1 3 1 1 4 2 3 1 5 4
2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—19

L T Duryea (32) 1 3 1 2 2 5 3 4 3 5 2 5 4 4 2 3 3 2 3 5
2 1 1 2 0 1 2 1 2 ● 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1—18

J P Knapp (32) 4 3 5 2 4 2 4 2 1 4 2 3 3 3 4 3 1 1 4 4
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—18

J S Page (30) 3 2 3 2 5 3 3 4 4 3 3 4 2 4 1 2 5 3 3 4
2 0 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 ● 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—18

W H Stafford (26) 5 2 5 3 4 3 4 2 1 5 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 2
1 0 2 0 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 w —15

*Hart (25) 3 2 1 1 2 3 2 5 2 2 2 1 4 5 2 1
2 2 2 2 ● 0 2 2 0 1 2 1 2 0 2 w —11

*C M Chapin (30) 1 4 5 3 1 1 5 2 1 2 3 3 1 5
● 1 1 C 0 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 2 w —10

*H A Butler (28) 2 2 3 2 2 3 4 2 1 2 4 1
1 0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 w —10

*W S Edey (28) 4 2 1 3 5 2 5 3 5 1 2 4 3 3
2 2 1 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 ● 2 w —10

W H Meade (28) 2 2 1 3 5 5 3 3 5 2 2 1 1 1
2 2 2 2 0 0 2 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 w — 9

* Did not shoot for the cup.

The following sweeps, 5 birds, $5, were also shot off:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	Tie.
Work (31)	2 2 2 2 2—5	● 1 2 ● —2	
Knapp (31)	● 2 2 2 —3	0 1 2 2 2—4	2
Chapin (30)	1 1 ● 2 —3	2 1 0 0 —2	
Page (30)	2 2 2 ● —3	0 1 2 2 1—4	0
Stafford (26)	1 0 2 1 —3	1 1 1 1 1—5	
Duryea (31)	0 2 1 2 —3	0 1 2 1 2—4	1
Edey (28)		2 0 0 —1	
Meade (28)		0 1 ● —1	
Butler (28)		1 ● ● —1	
Hart (25)		0 2 2 0 —2	

In the first sweep Work won first money with 5 straight. The ties on three out of four were shot off in the cup shoot, Knapp winning. The second sweep, which followed the shoot for the president's cup, resulted in a very popular win, Stafford shooting out all the cracks and taking first money with a clean score of 5 one-barrel kills. Including his last 7 birds in the cup shoot, this made a record of 11 one-barrel kills out of 12 birds shot at.

The sweep was a peculiar one. Work, Knapp, Duryea and Page had just brought the cup contest to a close with some very good shooting, their respective last runs being: 16, 8, 10 and 10. The first round of the sweep saw six out of the 10 entries score cyphers, the four above named being among the number. At the end of the third round there was but one straight—Stafford. The latter went to the score for his fourth bird with a joke on his lips: "Now watch Stafford fall down!" But he didn't; he drew a good fast driver, which he dropped in good time. There was a lot of chaff going on, and when he went to the score for his last bird he joined in, saying: "Here's where Stafford falls in a fit!" Instead of a fit he scored his bird and won the pot amid generous applause.

In our last issue we gave the score of the Duryea-Furgueson match, shot at Woodlawn Park, L. I., on Oct. 12. It will be remembered that Duryea killed 96 out of his 100, Furgueson retiring at the end of the 60th round with the privilege of shooting up should he have any show of winning; he had dropped 8 out of 60, while Duryea had only dropped 3. This is the way the New York *Sun* of Oct. 13 graphically told the story: "Trap-shooters saw a fine exhibition of skill at New Utrecht Park yesterday in the match for $250 a side between L. T. Davenport and J. S. Furgueson. Although the rain made the sighting poor, the scores were very high, Davenport grassing all but 4 in the first 60, and Furgueson stopping 8 from the same number. Then the New Utrecht shot withdrew, the Larchmont man breaking his gun out to the end, and making the excellent score of 96 killed in the century."

McIlhany Won the Championship.

WEIR CITY, Kan., Oct. 17.—The initial contest for the trophy emblematic of the live-bird championship of Kansas, donated by the Business Men's Gun Club of this enterprising little city, was brought to a close to-day.

It was not until the club had received the assurance of nearly all the shooters in the State, pledging themselves to participate in the contest, and urging upon them to hold a shoot of this kind, that the club decided to pull off so important an event. Once having decided to hold the shoot, it set about making preparations for the same. Everything possible was done to make the shoot attractive, so as to bring out as large an attendance as possible.

THE STATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

After having received the assurance of at least thirty entries the club purchased an elegant trophy in the shape of a solid gold watch charm, nearly the size of a half dollar. On one side of it, in the center, is a pigeon embossed in gold; around the edge on a raised gold band are eight diamonds. The other side bears the inscription, "Live Bird Championship, State of Kansas," on the outer rim. In the center is a monogram in raised letters composed of the initials of the Business Men's Gun Club. The trophy is both artistic and unique in design, something that the club as well as the winner may be proud of. Its actual cost was $100 65.

That the birds should be of the best, the club engaged the services of Elliott Bros., of Kansas City, to provide the same. Mr. R. S. Elliott was on the ground with an ample supply of first-class pigeons, the trapping of which he personally supervised. The arrangements were modern, and such as are found only at up-to-date shooting parks. A set of target traps were also running and a programme had been arranged for them, but the entries in these events were very light; once the championship contest had begun all interest centered in it.

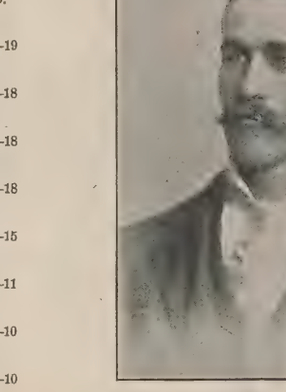
LIST OF THE VISITORS.

The attendance was not what the club merited; otherwise the shoot was a success. The weather was perfect, everything being in favor of the birds, which were as fine a lot as ever were trapped. These were charged for at the moderate rate of 18 cents apiece.

The visiting shooters in attendance were J. W. Sexton, Leavenworth, Kan.; B. O. Running, Atchison, Kan.; Geo. Stevenson and G. R. Hall, Waterville, Kan.; E. W. Hoffman, C. M. Sumner, J. L. Horn and H. T. Leeman, Galena, Kan.; J. M. Hershey, Osage City, Kan.; Ben Best, Columbus, Kan.; James Stevenson, Bonita, Kan.; Y. R. Kinmouth and W. G. Sergeant, Joplin, Mo.; W. L. Haskell, Atchison, Kan.

THE BIG EVENT.

The big race did not begin until 3 P. M. on the first day, and it was about that time on the second day before it was finished. There were only thirteen entries, eleven of whom finished. Despite the small number of entries, the race could not have been more interesting if three times that number had participated. Taking the quality of the birds into consideration, and the favorable wind, the shooting was nothing short of remarkable. Only 15 birds was shot by each contestant on the first day. At that time McIlhany and Sexton were the ones who had scored straight, while Hershey and Stevenson had each lost one. At the 25th round McIlhany and Sexton were still straight,



CHAMPION W. W. M'ILHANY.

and it became evident that the race would narrow down to the two, as their nearest competitor, Stevenson, was three birds behind. Not until the 30th round did either of the leaders fail to score. Then McIlhany lost a hard driver from No. 5 trap that quartered a little to the right. This bird was hit hard with both barrels, but flew out of bounds. Sexton had similar luck on his 31st bird and the leaders were tied again; but only for a little while, as Sexton's 33d bird beat him out with the loss of a few feathers. He followed this up by slobbering an easy incomer that got over the dead line. This put McIlhany two ahead. He was shooting in capital form, his time being excellent. His fast birds he was killing close to the trap, while on his slow birds and those which had an incoming tendency he was cool and deliberate. Just when every one expected him to run out without losing any more he lost his 47th bird. The next one was nicely killed, but his 49th, although knocked down in bounds, got out after Mac had expended all his strategy in attempting to retrieve it. When this bird got away a groan went up from the crowd, whose sympathies were all with the home man, as Sexton was again tied with him. After his little bad streak previously mentioned, he settled down and was doing just as brilliant work as McIlhany. Fate was against him, however, for he lost his final bird. This was as hard a bird as ever left a trap and one of the kind that generally escapes.

As Sexton preceded McIlhany, it was only necessary for him to kill his last bird to win the trophy. He drew one from No. 1 trap that was equally as hard as the one that threw Sexton down. This bird towered and then quartered slightly to the right, escaping the first barrel; it was knocked down with the second, falling close to the boundary, being retrieved by Mr. Robert Elliott in a skillful manner. When the suspense was over, a great shout went up from the crowd (among whom were a large number ladies); McIlhany being declared the winner with the fine score of 47.

Sexton of course finished second with 46, which is a very creditable score, for he tells me that altogether he had not shot at as many as 50 pigeons previous to this shoot. Hoffman was third with 45, he missed his 6th, 8th, 9th and 10th birds, and then killed out; his 29th, however, died out of bounds. Hoffman is also a new shooter, who began shooting at the trap less than three months ago. Hershey, the veteran live-bird shot of Kansas, finished fourth with 44. Hall, another new beginner from Waterville, was fifth with 43. Stevenson and Running, also new men at the trap, being next with 42.

Dr. King and Goddard had a hat bet on their respective scores. This was, however, changed to a year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM when Goddard won, as he had just bought a new hat and was not taking the paper, while the reverse was the case with the Doctor. The latter was not shooting in good form from the fact that he is a very busy man, being twice called away from the score to attend a sick patient.

McIlhany's win was a very popular one and justly so, as it was principally through his efforts that the contest was brought about. He is one of Weir City's representative citizens and has done much to popularize the sport in Kansas. Not only is he a good shot, but he can also write interestingly on the subject. Another reason why the majority wanted him to win was that he virtually managed the shoot and was shooting under a strain all the time.

Sexton shot well through the whole shoot. He made the best average in the target events and on the last day missed but one target.

The following is the score of the championship contest in detail:

Live bird championship of the State of Kansas. Conditions: 50 live birds per man, A. S. A. rules to govern; entrance the price of the birds, optional sweep of $5:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

W W McIlhany (Parker, Smokeless, E C) 5 5 4 5 5 3 1 4 2 4 4 4 1 5 5 3 2 2 4 2 4 5 2 4 1
1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 2
3 3 5 2 5 4 3 4 2 3 4 1 2 4 4 4 2 3 1 3 3 5 3 4 1
↑ ↑ ↖ ↗ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↖ ↘ ↗ ↗ ↘ ↗ ↑ ↖ H ↗ ↖ ↖ ↑ ↖ ↙ ↖ ↙ ↖ ↘ ↑ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↗
1 1 2 1 0 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 0 1 ● 2—47

J W Sexton (Lefever, Smokeless, E C) 5 4 3 1 1 5 4 3 2 3 1 1 5 3 5 4 4 1 2 1 5 3 2 4 1
1 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2
2 2 4 3 5 5 5 1 3 4 4 1 5 5 3 4 2 5 3 4 1 1 1 2 4
1 1 1 1 2 ● 2 0 ● 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 0—46

E W Hoffman (Parker, Smokeless, E C) 4 5 1 5 3 2 1 2 2 2 1 5 4 2 1 5 2 3 5 3 3 3 5 1 4
2 1 2 1 2 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1
5 1 4 5 4 5 3 4 3 5 4 2 3 4 2 3 3 3 2 5 2 5 4 3 5
2 1 1 ● 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 2—45

J M Hershey (Greener, Smokeless, E C) 2 2 2 4 4 4 1 3 5 3 5 3 2 5 4 4 1 1 2 3 8 4 2 8 4
1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 1 ● 1 1 2 1 2 0 1 2 ●
3 4 2 1 5 1 3 4 5 5 5 3 5 5 3 4 5 3 2 4 3 3 1 1 2
2 2 1 1 ● 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 2—44

G R Hall (Lefever, Smokeless, DuPont) 3 1 3 2 1 5 4 3 3 3 3 3 5 5 1 3 2 2 2 4 3 2 5 4 3
2 0 1 1 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 2 ● 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1
4 5 3 1 4 3 3 4 1 4 3 1 5 3 2 5 1 3 2 3 2 2 4 5 5
2 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 1 ● 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2—43

Geo Stevenson (Lefever, New Nitro, DuPont) 5 4 3 1 4 4 1 1 1 4 1 5 1 5 3 1 3 4 1 4 5 2 5 5 1
2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 ● 1 1 1 1 0 1 2 2 0 1 1 1 2
2 2 1 5 5 1 4 2 4 3 2 5 4 5 1 3 5 1 1 2 4 4 2 4 4
1 1 2 1 1 ● 1 1 2 1 ● 0 1 0 2 1 2 2 0 1 2 1 2 1 2—42

B O Running (Smith, Smokeless, E C) 4 1 2 4 3 2 2 4 2 3 2 4 3 1 5 4 1 5 1 3 5 5 2 2 5
0 1 1 1 0 2 ● 0 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 1 1
5 4 3 4 3 5 2 3 1 2 4 3 1 4 1 5 2 3 3 2 5 1 5 5 5
1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 0 1—42

J L Horn (Smith, Smokeless, E C) 2 2 3 5 3 3 4 4 1 5 2 2 1 2 5 4 5 2 2 1 3 1 1 4 2
2 0 2 2 1 0 2 1 1 2 2 0 ● 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 0 1 0 2
1 3 3 2 3 1 3 1 5 5 4 4 5 3 5 1 3 4 4 4 5 1 5 2 3
1 1 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 0 0 0 2 1 1 2 2 0 1 2 1 1—38

G H Goddard (Parker, Smokeless, DuPont) 2 3 3 5 2 3 4 4 5 4 5 4 1 4 4 3 3 1 5 1 1 1 2 5 1 4
0 0 1 ● 1 2 1 2 0 0 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 ● 1 2 2 2 0 2
4 5 2 1 5 4 3 5 4 4 5 2 5 2 4 5 5 1 1 3 2 3 1 4
2 2 2 2 2 1 1 ● 0 1 0 2 2 1 1 0 2 2 0 2 1 2 1 2 ●—37

G W King (Smith, Smokeless, E C) 2 2 2 2 1 4 2 5 3 4 2 1 3 3 2 2 5 4 4 1 3 5 2 1 3
0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 ● 1 1 1 0 0 2 1 2 0 ● 1 0 2 ● 0
2 2 3 5 2 2 5 2 3 4 3 2 2 1 4 5 2 1 4 4 4 3 4 2 4
1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 ● 1 2 2 0 0 2 0 ● 2 2 1 0 1 1—33

B S Abbott (Parker, Smokeless, E C) 3 5 3 2 3 5 1 1 3 4 3 3 1 4 3 1 4 5 1 5 2 4 2 5 4
0 ● 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 1 2 0 2 1 2 0
3 4 3 2 3 4 2 3 5 5 4 1 5 5 4 1 3 1 1 1 2 1 3 5 1
1 ● ● 1 2 1 0 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 1 0 0 0 1 ● 0 ● 2 1—30

H C Calhoun (Greener, Smokeless, E C) 4 5 4 4 5 2 3 4 4 2 3 1 5 3 2
0 0 1 2 1 2 2 ● 2 0 0 1 0 2 1 w.

Ben Best (Lefever, Smokeless, E C) 5 4 5 4 4 2 3 4 4 2 4 3 5 1 1
1 1 0 1 ● 1 0 2 2 0 2 1 2 0 1 w.

The following are the scores made in the other live-bird events:

	No. 1:	No. 2:	No. 3:
Sexton	02111—4	2111012—6	112112211.1—10
Running	02111—4	2111122—7	022122220 0—7
Hershey	10111—4	2221121—7	101121211.1—9
G Stevenson	12221—5	2202l1●—5	120●19111.1—7
Kinmouth	12021—4	●100011—3	110112121.1—9
Hall	12111—5	01●2122—5	112212202.1—9
I Stevenson	01101—3	111●●00—3	0011010122.— 6
Sumner	00111—3	●001110—3	0●1010021.1— 5
Sargeant	12001—3	1100101—4	120222121.0— 8
McIlhany	21111—5	1●11111—6	221101101 2— 8
Calhoun	01111—4	1021120—5	122212221.0— 9
Best	10111—4	2121111—7	112111111.●— 9
Leeman		0011011—4	011212201 ●— 7
Hoffman		1021101—5	022121111.1— 9
Horn		211●1●3—5	●102102l1.2— 7
Sowers		1112212—7	0120112220 2— 7
King		0011202—4	111●11112.●— 8
Goddard			110●10121 ●— 6
Abbott			220012111.1— 8
Hamilton			121221211.1—10

No. 1 was at 5 live birds, $2.50 entrance; No. 2, 7 birds, $3, and No. 3, 10 birds, $5. In No. 3 Sexton won first money alone, as Hamilton was not in the sweep.

TARGET SCORES.

The scores made in the target events on both days were as follows:

	First Day.					Second Day.					Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	1	2	3	4	5			
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	25	15	15	15	15	25			
Sexton	12	14	14	12	15	23	15	14	15	15	25	185	174	94.16
McIlhany	14	13	14	10	14	23	14	13	14	13	23	185	165	89.18
Running	11	14	14	14	15	23	14	14	12	14	23	185	168	90 81
Hall	11	..	11	13	11	21	10	11	9	13	..	145	110	75 84
Stevenson	12	..	14	14	12	24	12	11	13	12	..	145	124	84 16
Sumner	11	9	15	11	13	18	12	14	12	10	20	185	136	73 51
Hoffman	..	14	15	13	12	24	13	14	15	15	25	170	160	94.11
Calhoun	..	14	12	15	15	21	..	..	..	..	..	100	92	92
Abbott	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	60
Sargeant	..	10	14	13	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	75	63	83.33
Kinmouth	..	11	..	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	38	84 44
Best	..	14	14	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	41	91.11
Horn	..	..	14	14	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	41	91.11
Leeman	..	..	11	10	12	9	21	..	..	..	..	75	63	74.11
Mowers	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11	73.33
Morrison	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	10	66 66
King	..	..	..	..	12	8	17	..	9	12	11	100	69	69
Haskell	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	86 66

PAUL R. LITZKE.

The Honest Yeomen Do Up the Rochesters.

NORTH GREECE, N. Y., Oct. 17.—The farmers win again. The last of the three matches between the Monitou Beach Rod and Gun Club and the Rochester Rod and Gun Club was shot yesterday on the latter's grounds, the Manitou Club winning the last two matches. The Rochester Club considered themselves the champions of the State and invincible, but when they buck against the "Honest Yeoman" from the rural districts, they find skill, pluck and endurance as well as superior marksmanship to contend with which is hard to overcome.

Manitou Team.

Lowden	0111011001101110111—14
C Skinner	1111110111101101111—17
A Rickman	0111101111101111111—17
B Rickman	1110011111101111111—17
Byer	1101111111111111011—18
Wm Brown	1111110111101111110—17
C Lane	1110111111111111111—19—119

Rochester Team.

Hicks	0010111111110111111—16
Borst	0011100110111111111—15
Wride	0111011010001110111—13
Mann	1110111010001100111—13
Hadley	1111111011011111111—18
Griffith	1111111111111101011—18
Glover	1110111111111111111—19—112

JOHN M. LOWDEN.

It is stated that the first team of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York city, that will represent that club in the Dexter Park shoot the latter part of this month, will be constituted as follows: L. H. Schortemeier, Dr. G. V. Hudson, R. Phister, C. W. Floyd and Fletcher Walters. This makes a strong team, and the other clubs will have no easy task in defeating it.

The Dayton Team Won.

FREEHOLD, N. J., Oct. 12.—Twelve-men teams from Dayton and New Brunswick, N. J., met a similar number of men from the home club this afternoon. The team races between these three clubs have been very frequent, but the results are usually close enough to warrant any amount of interest in a future contest. The Brunswick Gun Club arrived two men short, so it was agreed that those two men, Randall and Blish, should shoot off their scores at the next meeting of the clubs.

The men from Dayton, "farmers," as they term themselves, made the excellent total of 305 out of 360 shot at, the conditions of the race being 30 targets per man, unknown angles. P. Emmons and F. Van Dyke both made clean scores for the Dayton team, while three other members rolled up totals of 27. Sperling and Voorhees led the Brunswick team with 26 each, Oakley being second with 27, G. S. McAlpin and H. H. Stevens, the secretary of the club, coming next with 26 to their credit. For Freehold, Burtis and Ivins scored 27, Hall and Snyder making 26 each.

The totals show that if the two Brunswick men yet to shoot break straight, their club will win by three targets. The Dayton men, however, do not feel at all nervous. The scores were:

Dayton.

P Emmons.....111111111111111111111111111111—30
F Van Dyke.....111111111111111111111111111111—30
C H Allen.....111011111111111111111101111111—27
Clinton.....111111101111011111111111111011—27
Phillips.....011110111111111011111111111111—27
Blackwell.....101111101110111111111111101111—26
M Farr.....011111101111111111111101111111—26
MacDonald.....011111011011111111101111011111—25
Barclay.....111011111111101011111101111101—24
J Emmons.....111010111011101111111111111110—24
Carroll.....111111111010100110001101110l—21
Snook.....011001110100010010111111111011—19—305

Freehold.

Burtis.....111011101111111111111101111111—27
Ivins.....111110101011101111111111111111—27
Hall.....101111111111111111111111111001—26
Snyder.....101111110111111101111101111111—26
Hance.....111111100111001111111101111111—25
Danser.....111111111100101101001111111111—24
Sheppard.....101100011101111111111111101111—24
Campbell.....111101011011111100111010011l—22
Sherman.....110101101010111011110011011111—22
Van Schaick.....001101111111111110111010110001—22
Davis.....110011101111101111111010000110—21
Atkinson.....111101110110101111010100011100—19—285

New Brunswick.

Sperling.....111111111101111111111011111—28
Voorhees.....111111110111111111111111111110—28
Oakley.....110101111111111111111011111111—27
McAlpin.....110111011111111111111101111111—26
Stevens.....111011111111111111111010011111—26
Fisher.....111011111100111111111111001111—25
Mundy.....111111101110110111111111001101—24
Pettit.....011111001110111101001111111111—23
Hoagland.....111101101101101001101111111101—22
Endicott.....010010011011010101011011111101—19—248

Blish and Randall, two members of the Brunswick Gun Club's team, will shoot their scores in this race at the next shoot.

New York German Gun Club.

THE New York German Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot on Wednesday, Oct. 16. There was a good attendance of members, eighteen putting down their names for the club shoot. The weather was nice and bright, while there was enough air stirring to make the birds lively.

Four months ago the above-named gun club took in as a member L. H. Schortemeier, a gentleman whose name is enrolled on the roster of more gun clubs in the vicinity of New York city than any other two men. Schorty is a good shot at either live birds or targets, and has proved to the members of that club that he can win a badge in about as quick a time as the conditions will permit. The club contest is at 8 live birds; three wins are necessary before the first badge becomes the property of any one shooter. Schorty has shot for it four times and has now recorded the three wins required, winning the badge outright on the above date. The first shoot he took part in was a cinch for Schorty. The rules call for a new member to stand at 21yds.; even with such an advantage, he had to hustle to win from Dr. G. V. Hudson, who was conceding him 9yds., as demanded by the rules, the Doctor having two wins to his credit at that time. The next shoot resulted also in a win for Schorty, who was handicapped at the 25yds. mark. In the third shoot which he took part in his handicap was 30yds.; John Schlicht won this time, Schorty's last bird dropping dead out of bounds.

That brings us up to to-day's match. Schorty, at 30yds., tied with Bondon, who stood at 21yds. Ties are shot off at 3 birds, then miss and out, with increasing handicap. Schorty won by killing his fourth bird from the 33yds mark. The scores were as follows:

L H Schortemeier (30)	12222212—8	J Schlicht (30)	21102202—6
M Bondon (21)	12221111—8	E Weidman (25)	01111102—6
Dr G V Hudson (30)	21121201—7	J Radle (21)	21210110—6
J Wellbrock (30)	11202211—7	J Frazer (30)	11210010—
H Thomford (30)	22220122—7	S C Edwards (30)	22001120—5
P Leibinger (25)	11210221—7	A Busch (25)	00211220—5
J Boesenecker (25)	01112111—7	J F C Elfers (21)	02100022—4
S J Held (25)	11121110—7	F Kronsbery (21)	10100021—4
A Schmitt (30)	22021101—6	J Messmann (21)	00000000—0

Shoot-off of ties:

*L H Schortemeier	1221—4	H Thomford	221w—3
*M Bondon	1110—3	P Leibinger	120 —2
Dr G V Hudson	1220—3	J Boesenecker	0 —0
*J Wellbrock	1221—4	S J Held	w

* Schortemeier wins first medal, Bondon second medal and Wellbrock third medal.

Audubon Park Open to All.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 16.—Audubon Park open shoot, held every Wednesday.

No. 1, 10 live birds, 2 moneys, 60 and 40 per cent., entry $5, American Association rules:

O Besser	1110l1•111— 8	A Krotz	21121•2101— 8
H Kirkover	2212222111—10	B F Smith	221•212122— 9
E C Edwards	1212020222— 8		

No. 2, 7 live birds, $3 50, 2 moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.:

O Besser	221011•—5	A Krotz	1•0111•—4
H Kirkover	1112122—7	B F Smith	111••01—4
E C Edwards	0211111—6		

No. 3, 5 live birds, $2.50, 2 moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.:

O Besser	01122—4	A Krotz	0•222—3
H Kirkover	21222—5	E C Edwards	10112—4
B F Smith	1112•—4	Meyers	22020—3

No. 4, miss-and-out, 50 cents entry, 25 cents additional for each bird:

H Kirkover	1222•—4	E C Edwards	11122212—8
B F Smith	1121•—4	O Besser	11112220—7

No. 5, 10 bluerocks, known traps, unknown angles; entrance $1; American Association rules; 2 moneys:

O Besser	1110110101—7	H Kirkover	1011101101—7
E C Edwards	0011111111—8	B F Smith	1111111011—9

No. 6, same as No. 5:

O Besser	1111000111—7	H Kirkover	1101110101—7
Edwards	1111001111—8	B F Smith	1111111101—9

No. 7, same as No. 6; 1 money:

O Besser	1111111111—10	B F Smith	1111111110— 9
E C Edwards	1111111110— 9		

No. 8, 5 pairs doubles, entrance $1, 2 moneys:

O Besser	10 10 10 10 11—6	B F Smith	11 01 11 11 10—8
E C Edwards	00 10 10 11 10—5	H Kirkover	11 01 11 01 10—7

The was rather a small attendance on account of the day being raw and cold and threatening rain; but those who did come out enjoyed the afternoon hugely. There is a shoot held here every Wednesday and open to all, so if there chance to be any shooters stopping over in Buffalo that day we would be pleased to have them call.

B. F. SMITH.

Emerald Gun Club.

THE October shoot of the Emerald Gun Club of New York city was held on Tuesday, Oct. 15, 27 members being present. Out of this number 5 scored their 10 birds, while no less than 10 retired with scores of 9 each. The names of the shooters, their handicaps and the score each one made, run as follows:

G E Greiff (30)	10	J H Moore (30)	9
Dr G V Hudson (28)	10	F W Place (28)	9
R Phister (30)	10	L H Shortemeier (30)	9
C Engel (25)	10	J H Voss (30)	9
R Regan (25)	10	E A Vroome (28)	9
B Amend (25)	9	C Wash (28)	9
W Amend (25)	9	E Bell (28)	8
P Butz (28)	9	L C Gehring (30)	8
M Herrington (30)	9	J N Maesel (28)	8
G Nowak (28)	8		
T Short (28)	8		
J. Woelfel (25)	8		
W Hartye (28)	7		
T Codey (28)	7		
N Maesel (25)	6		
F Hamilton (25)	5		
C Maesel (25)	5		
T Purcell (25)	5		

The Elizabeth Bi-Monthly.

THE Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club held its fourth bi-monthly shoot on Oct. 16-17. The weather on both days was all that could be asked at this time of the year. The second day, live-bird day, was of the "made-to-order" kind, a brisk wind blowing all day and aiding the birds very materially. The attendance on both days was decidedly encouraging.

Twenty-seven shooters took part in the target events on the first day, 2,160 targets being thrown during the day. The four best averages were as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Average.		Shot at.	Broke.	Average.
Dutchy	135	124	91.8	W Smith	150	130	86.6
E Sickley	140	125	89.2	Wyatt	135	116	85.9

The scores made by all the shooters were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	15	10	20	15	20	15	25	10	10	10	10
W Smith	8	10	13	9	17	13	20	13	21	7	..	..	..
Greiff	9	9	10	6	..	13	17	13	23	8	..	..	..
Piercy	9	7	14	8	16	12	16	11	22	7	..	..	..
Jackson	6	6	11	..	..	..	8	17	6	..	..	..	..
Drake	9	6	13	6	16	14	12	11	22	6	..	..	..
Thomas	7	9	12	9	15	13	16	11	19	10	..	..	..
Parker	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..
Astfalk	8	5	9	..	..	..	..	..	13	6	..	..	..
E Sickley	..	10	13	10	20	11	17	14	21	9	..	..	..
Breintnall	..	13	..	17	14	17	10	17	..	..	..	..	..
Dutchy	..	..	..	..	..	18	14	19	14	22	10	9	8 10
Herrington	..	..	..	..	..	16	12	w	10	..	7	7	7 9
Wyatt	..	..	..	..	..	17	14	17	12	19	10	10	8 9
Heritage	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	14	10	..	8	..	..
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	16	10	18	..	..	..
Grier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	13	20	7	7	6 ..
Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	12	20	10	..	..
Hebbard	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	12	20	8	..	..
Ulrich	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	5	..	..
Bitz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	8	..	..	..
Hedden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	..
Folsom	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	14	7	8	7 4
Batsch	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	5	7	4	4
Heiney	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..
Waterbury	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	4	0	..	4
Trowbridge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..

No. 1 was at known angles; No. 4 was at traps in reversed order; No. 6, expert system, use of both barrels; all the rest were at unknown angles.

Thursday, Oct. 17, was, as stated above, a perfect day for shooting live birds. As a natural result, the turnout of shooters was quite satisfactory, 12 entries being obtained in the 25-bird race. Among those present were A. L. Ivins, Seabright, N. J.; Billy Sigler, Montclair, N. J.; Charlie Zwirlein, Yardville, N. J.; Eddie Hill, Trenton, N. J.; M. Herrington, New York, the representative of the W. A. powder; Compton and Smith, of Roselle, N. J.; Sam Castle, Newark, N. J., etc. The Elizabeth club was represented by Aaron Woodruff, Ross, Batsch, etc. Charlie Heddon, of Newark, acted satisfactorily in the capacity of referee. The scores made were as below:

	No. 1:	No. 2:
Woodruff	2222212—7	1112211211—10
Ivins	1221222—7	2002111221— 8
Conklin	1220110—5	1102110200— 6
Thomas	0211112—6	1202221110— 8
Batsch	2110122—6	2022222211— 9
Herrington		1202102021— 7
Hill		2221122001— 8
Sigler		0211121201— 8
Sisty		2111112111—10
Zwirlein		0102212111— 8
Carman		2221002012— 7
Wyatt		2220111000— 6

No 3, live birds, handicap, $10 entrance, birds extra:

Ivins (30)	2022211212222222222221212—24
Batsch (29)	2211212202022122222222121—23
Compton (29)	2201120222221212121211222—23
Hill (30)	2121122211221222211202121O—23
Ross (28)	1011112211112111211011112—23
Sigler (28)	2111120112 2112211012111—23
Sims (28)	1112210211222120202222112—22
Woodruff (29)	1201221101212111221102112—22
Herrington (28)	1121121221220222102022202—21
Smith (28)	0122112211220121211231O122—21
Zwirlein (29)	1112122020111122221210012—21
Castle (28)	2102012112210021112112110—20

No. 1 was at 7 birds, $5, birds included; No. 2 at 10 birds, $5, birds extra.

From the above scores it will be seen that Ivins did some of the best shooting of the day, apart from winning first money alone in the big event with 24 out of 25. He missed his second bird in that event, but killed his last 23 straight. In all he scored 39 out of 42 shot at. Aaron Woodruff made the same record, going straight in the two first events, but dropping three in the 25-bird race. Eddie Hill went straight in this event up to the close of the 19th round; he then dropped his 20th and 25th birds. The purse was divided into four moneys, class shooting, the scores paying as follows: 24 paid $18, 23 paid $7.20, 22 paid $12 and 21 paid $4. Every shooter but one got money out of the purse.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 14.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held this afternoon. The club entertained as its guests N. E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Company; Capt. B. A. Bartlett, of the Burgess Gun Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., and T. H. Keller, of the U. S. Cartridge Co. So far as it could—the notice being short—the club did its best to make things pleasant for the visitors. Members of the brotherhood should remember that it is always a pleasure to the Lynchburg Gun Club to have them pay it a visit, while we endeavor at all times to make their stay among us pleasant and enjoyable. From the following scores it will be noticed that Noel Money broke 115 out of 125. Captain Bartlett being second with 113 breaks out of the same number. Scores:

No. 1:	No. 2:
Bartlett	1101111111111010001110111—19
Terry	0110001111011010111011011—16
Keller	1110111111101001111111110—20
Nelson	0101110111010101111111100—18
N E Money	1111110111101111111011111—22
Scott	1111001111111101110100110—18
Empie	1111111111101010010101110—18
Stearns	

No. 3:	No. 4:
Bartlett	1111111111111111111111110—24
Terry	1100011101111000011111011—16
Keller	1111111011101100111111110—20
Nelson	1101111100110111111111001—19
Money	1111111111101111111111111—23
Scott	0001011111111010111111100—17
Empie	0111111001010011101100100—15
Stearns	1010011010100110010011010—12
Moorman	

No. 5:	
Capt Bartlett	1111111111111111111111111—25
Terry	1000011011111111111101111—19
Nelson	1100111010101101101101110—17
Noel E Money	1111111011111111101111111—23
Scott	1111101111110111100001010—17
Empie	1111010111101111111111101—21
Stearns	1111000000110110111001111—15
Moorman	1111110101001111101101111—19

F. M. D.

Jerseyville Scores.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Oct. 15.—Following are the scores made in sweepstake shoots here to-day. The birds were a good, strong lot, a large percentage turning their tails to the score. A strong breeze was blowing across the trap. American Association rules:

No. 1, 10 live birds, $2 entrance:

Edwards	2211202120—8	Potter	2001202210—6
Felter	0222002002—5	Greene	2102202002—6
Hansell	0000212210—5	Pike	0020002220—5
Dundson	1110011110—7	Webb	0122020000—4
Berdun	0210111012—7		

No. 2, 10 live birds, $2 entrance:

Dundson	1002020222— 6	Greene	2222201020— 7
Hansell	2202122212— 9	Pike	2 01 200000— 3
Felter	0212020232— 7	Berdun	2022001220— 6
Webb	2211221132—10	Potter	2021011122— 8

No. 3, 10 live birds, $2 entrance:

Felter	1021100010— 5	Potter	1101001201—6
Dundson	1111010221— 8	Greene	0000121102—5
Webb	1011120221—8	Edwards	0202222012—7

All ties divided. These scores are rather low because the boys have allowed their guns to get rusty of late. However, there is talk of reorganizing the gun club, and then the boys intend to make great scores at the bluerock traps.

L. S. HANSELL.

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League.

LAST SHOOT OF THE SEASON.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 19.—The closing contest of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League took place to-day on the grounds of the Garfield Gun Club. The weather was cold, chilling a shooter clear through before he had finished his score, the wind too was high, making the targets hard to hit. The shooting of the Eureka team in that high wind was of the championship order, as it broke 134 out of 150 at unknown angles, or an average of 89.3, scoring the highest number broken in a league shoot to date. The Garfield team was second with 122 breaks, an average of 81.3.

The league contests at targets are closed for the season, but it will probably have some live-bird shoots provided for in its constitution.

Scores in to-day's race:

Eureka.

Goodrich.....1111111111111111111111111—25
Stannard.....1111111111111111111101111—24
Bingham.....1111111111111111111101110—23
Morgan.....1011111111110111110111111—22
Adams.....1110111100110110111111111—20
Steck.....1011110101111111111111001—20—134

Garfield.

Hicks.....0111111111110111110111111—22
Richey.....1111101101101111111111011—21
Hodson.....1110100011011111111111111—20
Petty.....1111111001101011111111110—20
Von Lengerke.....1111111101110100111111110—20
Liddy.....1011011110110111110111110—19—122

Cicero.

Fox.....1111101111110111111111110—22
Cheesman.....1110111110101101011110101—18
Banks.....1111110100011110101010101—17
Lowrey.....1110100111110010111010111—17
Cooper.....0101100101011111110011010—15
Knott.....0110010111000011011010110—13—102

W. F. DE WOLF, Sec'y.

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—The members of the Cobweb Gun Club held their first monthly medal shoot to-day on their new grounds at Baychester, N. Y. Mr. C. L. Burgess, the veteran pigeon shot of Washington, D. C., acted as referee. The weather was bright and clear, with a high northeast wind. The scores made were as follows:

Class A (30yds.).

G E Greiff	22222—5	J Fay	11200—3
J Loomis	11021—4	P McKeon	21200—3
J Pilkington	10121—4	C Zahn	12100—3
F L Train	02222—4	E P Miller	000w
J Elliott	22001—3		

Class B (28yds.).

F Hendrick	12112—5	P Pell	21202—4
C Donnelly	22221—5	P Gecks	•2202—3
F Kerker	11222—5	H Miller	20201—3
F Jarvis	12121—5	T Hughes	l•2••—2

Class C (26yds.).

J Bannon	22012—4	G A Barker	10120—3

Class Z (26yds.).

R Magee	•121•—3	J Goldie	02020—2
A C Bage	•2001—2	M McKeon	10010—2
J Brown	02010—2	F Hennessy	00100—1
J Gerhardt	20•02—2	R Hughes	01000—1

In Class A Greiff won the medal and the special prize. The Class B medal and special prize went to F Hendrick on the shoot-off, as he killed 3 straight; Donnelly and Kerker each missed 1 of their 3 tie birds, while Jarvis lost 2 out of his 3. Bannon won the Class C medal from his solitary opponent, while R. Magee won the Class Z medal with 3 out of 5, defeating seven other shooters in his class.

F. A. KERKER, Secretary.

Manitou Wins at Rochester.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 16.—The Rochester Rod and Gun Club shot a team race to-day with the Manitou Gun Club. The teams consisted of seven men each, 20 targets per man, unknown angles. Manitou won by 6 breaks, scoring 119 to 113. Rochester was unable to put her best team in the field owing to the absence of several of her best team shots. The scores made were:

Manitou.

Lane.....1110111111111111111—19
Byer.....1110111111111111011—18
Brown.....1111110111101111110—17
Skinner.....1111110111101101111—17
A Rickman.....0111101111101111111—17
B Rickman.....1110011111101111111—17
Lowden.....0111011011011101111—14—119

Rochester.

Glover.....1101111111111111111—19
Griffith.....1111111111111101011—18
Hadley.....1111111101101111111—18
Borst.....0011101101111111111—16
Hicks.....0010111111111101111—16
Mann.....1110111010001110011—13
Wride.....0111011010001111011—13—113

John Lowden and E. D. Hicks shot off their tie in the summer prize shoot. The shoot-off was productive of some good scores. Each man shot at 25 targets. The first attempt resulted in a tie on 22 each, the second found Hicks out with 24 to Lowden's 22.

First tie:	Second tie:
Hicks.....1111101101111111101111111—22	1111111111111101111111111—24
Lowden.....1110111111111111101111110—22	1001011111111111111111111—22

E. D. HICKS.

Saturday with the South Side.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 19.—In excellent weather, several shooters put in an appearance at the traps of the South Side Gun Club. Over 1,000 targets altogether were thrown during the 2½ hours of shooting. The following shows the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Breintnall	8	6	4	7	8	8	6	8	Burbridge	..	..	..	9	9	10	9	9 ..
Couch	7	6	7	5	5	5	8	6	Hayes	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	.. ..
Clark	9	8	7	..	..	..	..	..	Heddon	..	..	..	10	8	8	..	.. ..
Young	9	5	..	7	..	6	6	..	Geoffroy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	.. 8
Green	9	8	9	8	6	8	9	6	D D Terrill	3	7	..	4	..	..	..	.. ..
Thomas	..	..	7	8	7	8	7	9									

Team race:

Thomas	1110101111111101111111111—22
Green	1111110101110111100011011—18
Heddon	1111111111111101111000011—20
Hayes	1000101011111111101111001—17
J H Terrill	1110011111101111111111110—21
Couch	0111011110110111111110110—19—117
Breintnall	0110111101101111101111111—20
Burbridge	0101111111101111111111111—21
Geoffrey	1011111111111111111111111—23
Clark	1111111110101011111101—22
Young	1110001111110101011111111—19
D D Terrill	1010111100101001111000101—14—119

Match for birds, expert rules:

Thomas	1011111111111101111011001—20
Geoffrey	1101101011110111111111000—18
Osterhout	0111111010110100011001000—14

SECRETARY.

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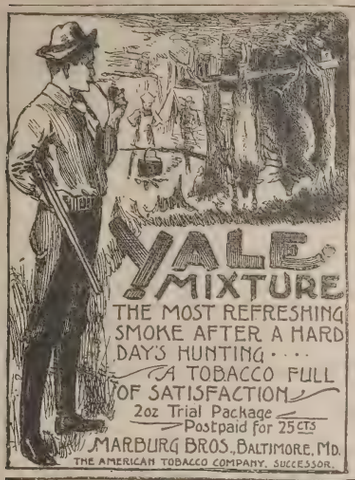
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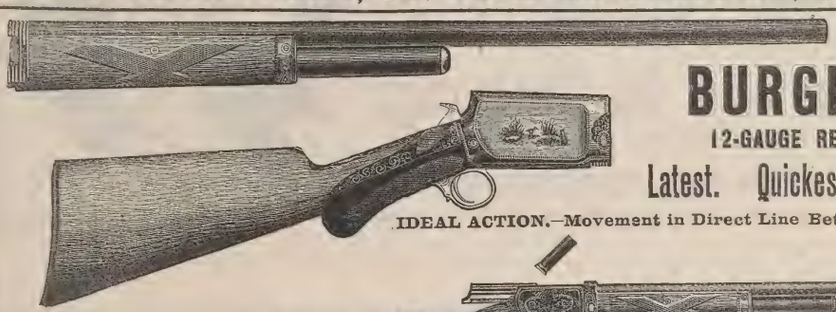
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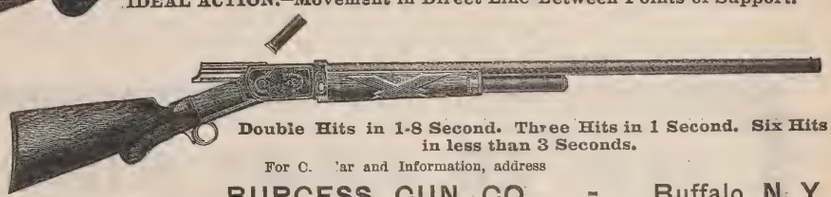


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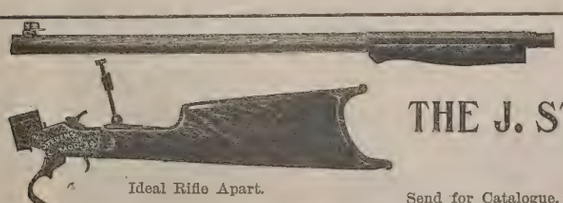
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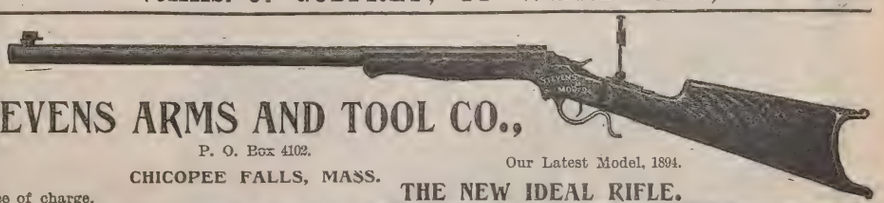
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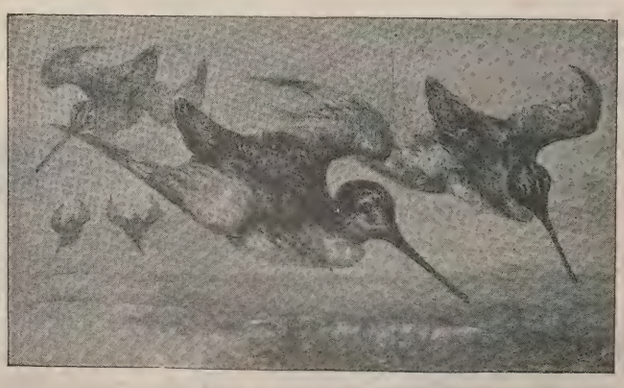
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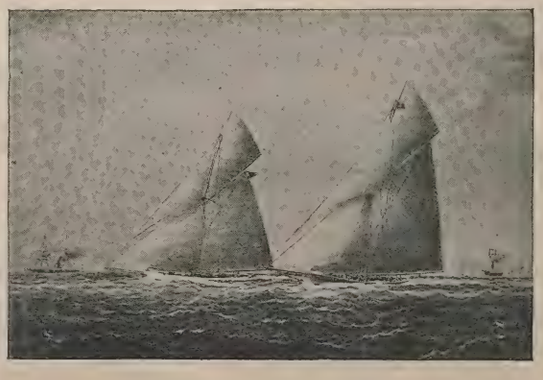
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1895.

VOL. XLV.—No. 8 No. 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

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UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

THE act of Congress, by which the United States Fish Commission was established, provided that its work should consist of two branches: first, investigation into the condition of food fisheries; and second, the multiplication and dissemination of the more important species.

In the beginning it was a matter of course that the inquiry branch of the work should be regarded as of more importance than that of propagation, and it was quite natural too that those who followed Professor Baird in the direction of the affairs of the Commission should develop the work upon the original lines which he had marked out. Without now entering upon any detailed statement, it may be said that the development of the branch of scientific inquiry and research has been carried to an extent which has come to be recognized as disproportionate to the actual work of fish propagation and distribution. The present time when a new Commissioner is about to assume control appears to be opportune for a modification of the activities of the Commission in such a way that the work of practical fishculture shall assume the larger relative importance which it deserves.

We are not among those who carp at science as a scarecrow and all scientific inquiry as a squandering of public funds. The Fish Commission never could have done the important and magnificent work which it has accomplished had the line not been staked and the way cut for it by science, no more than a railroad could be constructed without the preliminary survey. But as after a railroad has been constructed, while the surveyors and engineers may still prosecute their investigations for feeders and branch lines, the main business of the directors of the road is to increase the passenger traffic and the freight tonnage, so the chief business of the Fish Commission to-day is to increase the supply of food fishes. The Division of Fishculture should in effect constitute the Commission itself. The new Commissioner should be a man who, like Dr. Bean, formerly at the head of the Division of Fishculture, has had a wide and practical experience in this special field, and who is known to be in sympathy with the fishcultural work of the Commission and amply qualified to direct and control it.

We are not discussing the utility of scientific inquiry in general nor specifically of that which has been prosecuted by the Fish Commission or is now in progress under its direction. But the funds provided for such work should be appropriated distinctly for scientific inquiry, and should be wholly apart from and in addition to the provision which Congress makes for the Fish Commission. They should be classed under a separate head of expenditures. Investigation by the Fish Commission should be restricted to that which is calculated to produce direct material results for the advantage of the public who pay the taxes. There is an abundant field for work in this direction in the study of the habits, rates of growth, habitats and life histories of our commercial food fishes, their diseases and enemies, and the agencies which affect them.

SNAP SHOTS.

Kelpie has his say as to "true sportsmanship," and to many his profession will be heresy. But is it not true, perhaps, that in our discussions of "sportsmanship" we constantly overlook the existence of that vast army of those who kill game and fish for game and fish, and not in any measure whatever for sport? If a man requires a mess of pickerel for his home table, or a mess of quail, and if he goes out to gather in the one or the other precisely for the purposes and with the utilitarian hunger-appeasing motive that control him in digging potatoes or wringing the neck of a hen that has ceased to lay, why should he be denounced because of his unsportsmanlike conduct? What is sport to him; or what is he to sport? He has a perfect right to the fish and the game, and should have the unquestioned privilege of taking them in any way under heaven that pleases him, provided only that the method he chooses is not unreasonably destructive. The only excuse, for instance, to forbid the trapping of game is found in the practical experience which has demonstrated that trapping so destroys the stock that the supply is depleted to a point where no more birds are left for either shooter or trapper. The gunner may very properly claim that his way of taking game is of a higher grade than the trapper's way; but he can rightly have no quarrel with the trapper because the man of the snare is wanting in sportsmanlike sentiment. As well might the amateur tooler of the tallyho coach berate the unsportsmanlike spirit of the driver of the ash cart. It is well and proper to hold a professed sportsman in the exercise of his sportsmanship strictly to the dictates and limitations of sport; but is it reasonable to require that every person who takes game or fish must do it for sport and after a mode recognized as sportsmanlike?

Now, here is an unreasonable citizen. He lives on Fifth avenue, New York, near the menagerie of the Central Park, and he has been making a fuss because he says he is kept awake nights by the "howling of the wapiti" confined in the deer paddocks. That is a most extraordinary complaint. Many a man would travel long and far into the wilderness to hear once more in the night the whistle of the elk. It is music which the connoisseurs in such things assure us is of the finest in the world, in the real world of the mountains. Sportsmen poets, like the lamented H. P. U., have written prose poems about the elk's whistle; and many another sportsman, without much poetry in his soul, would go on a pilgrimage, even to Central Park, if so it might be that the scrawny elk penned there would deign to whistle for him. And yet this unappreciative and cantankerous Fifth avenue man, with an ear not attuned to the harmonies of nature, demands of the Park Commissioners that they shall abolish the "howling wapiti" as a public nuisance. We protest. Abolish, if needs must be, the whistles of ferryboats, the shrieks of locomotives, the roar of the elevated roads, the clangor of bells, the uproar of milk wagons, the rattle and thunder of fire engines, the barking of dogs and wailing of cats; we could spare them all, yet with the whistle of the elk would still be one grand, sweet song.

Public men are inevitably the subjects of public comment, favorable and adverse, and the more prominent a man's position the more he is talked about and the more ridiculous are the stories told about him. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who for some years has been much in the public eye, has not escaped the common fate. People at large regard Mr. Roosevelt as a public man of the highest character, a successful author and a good sportsman. Yet every now and then the public is amused by stories to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt cannot ride, or cannot write, or wears better clothes than he ought to, or has good teeth. The stories told about him are always trivial. So these tales only add somewhat to the amusement of the nation, and especially tickle Mr. Roosevelt's friends. The last extravagances about him originate in Chicago and come from the lips of a man who seems to have been recently taking a primary course in Western outdoor life. If this man had had more experience he would probably be less ready to repeat the stories with which the average Western man delights to impose on the credulity of the pilgrim.

A correspondent, who is so fortunate as to be blessed with a brother living in a fine game country in southern Missouri, has been invited to spend a month or two there in shooting. But, ammunition bought, trunk packed and all preparations made for an immediate start, he is confronted by the Missouri game law, which makes it a misdemeanor for non-residents to kill game anywhere within the State. The question he asks is this: "Is there any way in which I can have a little sport and still respect the law?" The Missouri non-resident law is a dead letter; so far as we can learn it is not observed by any one; such sportsmen as George Kennedy denounce it; multitudes of non-residents invade Missouri and kill game in spite of it. Under these conditions what should be the decision of the Philadelphia man with his brother in a game district in Missouri, ammunition supplied and trunk packed? Should he buy a ticket?

The Maine enterprise of importing game birds from other States and from abroad for propagation in confinement appears to have been a failure. Whether this was due to the inherent difficulties of the undertaking, or to the ignorance and incapacity of those who had the matter in practical charge, we leave for others to determine. When Mr. Ames sent us the communication, which is published to-day, telling of what he had found at Auburn, we wrote at once to President E. C. Farrington, of the Maine Fish and Game Association, who in turn applied to the Augusta parties for particulars to send to us. Up to this date Mr. Farrington's intervention has not been potent to secure for us any new information from Auburn. The money spent on the capercailzie appears to have been expended for experience, with no feathers to show for it.

The Massachusetts Association is considering the merits of the several species of birds which have been imported into this country.

As a rule the effigies of dogs and cats and other brute creatures are out of place in a cemetery and grate harshly upon one's sensibilities; but now and then there is an instance where the memorial of an animal's devotion appears fitting and graceful. One may hardly question the motive which has prompted the placing of a collie dog's statue in one of the cemeteries near New York. The faithful creature was for years a useful member of a Dakota ranchman's "outfit," and between dog and master a warm friendship existed. When the man died the dog was inconsolable, as dogs often are; made daily visits to the tomb of its master; and finally died with every evidence of a broken heart, to have its devotion commemorated by this marble memorial.

Our correspondents from a number of different sections have made mention that this year's crop of birds is of an unusually late hatching, and the reports from some sections indicate an actual scarcity, but whether the latter was caused by excessive shooting or by weather conditions we have not been informed. For two summers, this summer and last, the rainfall has been exceedingly light, thus causing a severe and prolonged drought, which may have affected the bird crop for better or worse, although a dry summer, according to common observation, is favorable. It would be interesting to have the observations of others on these points.

Have you mended your fences for Election day and made every preparation for that important occasion? That is to say, have you staked out the quail or partridge, woodcock or prairie chicken country over which you propose to shoot after you shall have dropped your ballot? The calendar of the year shows many a date printed in red to signify that it is a holiday, but not yet have we so many days of freedom that any one of them may be neglected for improvement to the full measure of what opportunities it gives for carrying a gun behind a dog.

Observers who are speculating about the scarcity of song birds should turn their attention to the feminine headgear now in style. Feathers are a fashion still, and the fashion now is to wear more feathers than ever before. Where one pair of wings sufficed before, two or three or a half dozen are required. Now may we expect to have birds in our fields and orchards and on hats and bonnets too?

Dealer—"What size shot will you have?"

Novice—"Give me No. 1 bird shot; I always want the best."

The Sportsman Tourist.

SOME MAINE NOTES.

BOSTON, Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The problems of rearing wild birds or animals in captivity, and of introducing into any country any form of plant or animal life not indigenous to it, have always deeply interested me. When, therefore, in June I foresaw that business might take me later in the summer into the vicinity of Auburn, Me., I rejoiced in the opportunity it would give me of seeing something of the attempt being made there to stock the State with prairie chickens, sharp-tailed grouse, blackcock and capercailzie, by means of young birds raised in confinement.

Some time ago a good deal was said in the papers about the experiment. Accounts were given of the formation of an association for the purpose, the raising of funds by subscription, the purchase of birds and the erection of wire cages on a large scale for their accommodation.

I heard for a time some not very definite or encouraging reports of progress, and then came silence.

I have never been able to see how such an experiment could possibly succeed, but I had never seen it tried and I awaited with keen interest the result of the operation at Auburn.

I knew something of the natural habitat of the prairie chicken and sharp-tailed grouse, and had much doubt of either of these birds thriving in Maine. Of the blackcock I knew very little.

The capercailzie, however, did seem to me to be likely to do well in Maine if once it could be given a chance for itself there. I would not want either one of these birds to be introduced if there were any danger to our native ruffed grouse to be feared. The capercailzie is a big strong bird. He would, beyond question, make a noble addition to our avifauna. But I would not take even him if it had to be in exchange for *bonasa umbellus*.

Still, I could not easily suppose the larger bird would harm the smaller one, and I was really hopeful that we should come, by some means or other, to have the capercailzie in our Northern Maine woods, where, so far as I could see, the conditions were favorable for him.

At the hotel at Auburn I fell into conversation with a most genial gentleman, who soon proved to be not only an expert in rods and guns, but a sportsman of rare enthusiasm and of great and varied experience. In addition to all this, or perhaps as a natural concomitant of all this, he proved to be one of the best story-tellers I ever met, and possessed of a seemingly inexhaustible store of the very best and most enjoyable stories. To still further heighten the situation it presently appeared that we two had, though at different times, hunted in the very same sections, and fished the same waters from Maine to Florida, from Texas to Dakota, and among the Rockies, and up and down the Pacific coast. I never saw anything like it.

The proof of each case was abundant. Familiarity with details in the case of either one was instantly matched by similar knowledge on the part of the other. The climax was reached when it was found that we were both occasionally in evidence in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

My new friend was waiting for the completion, at the hands of an Auburn maker, of a new rod which was to meet certain transcendental specifications as to quality of material, weight, balance, elasticity and I don't know what else, and was thus to prove the one thing necessary to complete the perfect sportsman's perfect happiness.

I may as well say here that when the rod was tested it was found a trifle too stiff in the third joint, and so perfect happiness was again postponed.

But to return to the bird-raising experiment. Of course my new friend was interested in it and delighted to drive with me to the fish hatchery, near which were the bird cages.

Our way was past beautiful Lake Auburn, which has been so successfully stocked with fish and has afforded much good sport of late, I am told. I had hired what proved to be a spirited and restless horse, and after what I had learned of him it did not surprise me to find that my friend was every whit as expert a manager of such a beast, and as great a lover and good judge of a horse as of a gun or rod.

We first paid attention to the fish hatchery, which seemed well located and fairly flourishing. The attendant then went with us to a grove, or rather the edge of what seemed an extensive forest of not very heavy growth.

On a gentle slope, at the foot of which ran a small rill, were erected by means of wire netting four or five large cages or inclosures. I cannot give their dimensions, which I dare say have been printed in your columns at some time. As I think of them now they seem to have been each two or three rods long by a rod or more wide, and 15 or 20ft. high. They were built among the trees, and they each inclosed trunks and branches, and each cage gave free access to the little rill of running water. The ground in each was picked clean of every green thing. There were inequalities in the ground and enough brush and old boxes, etc., to afford some little cover and concealment for confined birds, but not a great deal.

In the first cage, as I recall it, were seven or eight sharp-tailed grouse. A sleepy and tame-looking group they were, huddled near the center of the cage. As we looked through the wire meshes one or two walked about a bit and eyed us with a little curiosity. We were told that they were fed mainly if not entirely on corn. Noting the absence of grass and leaves, we plucked some handfuls of blackberry and other leaves and threw them into the cage.

Instantly several birds came forward and rapidly picked up and swallowed every leaf.

In the next cage were perhaps as many prairie chickens, and behaving in much the same way. In spite of their dull appearance it gave me a thrill of delight to see a live prairie chicken again, a sight I have not had before in some years. Many and many a memory flashed through my mind of mornings and evenings on the prairies in my boyhood, many haps by field and river, and all associated with the voices and faces of never-to-be-forgotten friends. These were real live prairie chickens and no mistake, but looking and behaving so unlike the free bird of powerful wing that I used to know.

Something of this was inevitable, of course, yet everything seemed to emphasize every theoretical misgiving I had had about this whole experiment.

In the next cage were three or four blackcock. I managed to get a good view of one male and one female somewhere in the center of the inclosure, but they kept themselves as far out of sight as possible. The next cage had been devoted to the capercailzie, but not a single tenant remained.

I was told that of the number shipped to this country for the Auburn experiment—eight, if I remember correctly—only two arrived in Auburn alive and these died in a few days after arrival.

Anxious to see more of the blackcock, I passed around the whole group of inclosures and made my way through the brush and trees to the rear of their inclosure. Something caught my eye near the wire, and going close to the place I saw a sad sight: two birds, a male and female, lying together dead, a sodden mass, and looking as if they had lain there quite a long time. This completed the picture. I did not see the person who is supposed to have charge of these birds. I was told that he was a farmer who lived in the vicinity. How often he inspected the cages or fed the birds I do not know.

I was told that a few young birds had been hatched in the cages, but that nearly all had died. I could discover no young chicks, but was told that there were two or three in one of the cages, I cannot now remember which.

I confess that my information is not of the most accurate sort and that I am not well versed in these matters.

I can only say that I have great interest in them and that I would like to hear from those who are well informed.

But as I stood by these cages the experiment not only seemed to me a dismal failure, but to have been foredoomed to be such from the beginning.

How any one could have ever thought that the way to stock the woods of Maine was to try to rear birds in captivity, and so provide enough young birds to stock the State or any part of it, seems a mystery. How any one could conceive that these wild and shy creatures, taken from their natural environment, and arriving frightened and worn from such a strange and, to them, terrible experience, could settle down to domestic persuits, it is difficult to see.

But what is harder yet to understand is why any one should think that they would do this better in confinement and under human supervision than if turned loose on the mountain side.

I was told that in the case of the prairie chickens and sharp-tailed grouse the cost of the birds was a dollar apiece, and of transportation to Auburn another dollar. According to this the cost of fifty birds delivered at Auburn would be $100. I was further told that nearly $1,000 was raised for the Auburn experiment. However that may be, does it not seem that all expense for wire cages, food and attendance is a clear waste, and that the full sum would be best expended in bringing the birds to Maine and liberating them in the places most likely to prove suitable for them? Of course, if one wishes to experiment with captive birds and can afford the expense, it would be very interesting and commendable, but if the purpose is to introduce new species of game birds into the Maine woods and to secure as speedy multiplication of them as possible, it seems to me that the Auburn plan is the poorest possible. So thought my companion also. If I am all wrong about this, I shall be exceedingly glad to be set right.

My companion so often referred to, and whom I would name if I had his permission, was rejoicing in the belief that he had won the $25 in gold prize of the year for the largest trout taken on a Natchaug line, he having recently taken in Moosehead Lake a laker weighing over 20lbs.

At Farmington I met Mr. C. A. Wheeler, a noted rod-maker and expert fly-caster, who was hoping that by his capture in June last, in Clearwater Pond near Farmington, of a laker weighing 16½lbs. he had secured that very prize. It was my misfortune to be the bearer to him of the story of the larger fish taken at Moosehead.

I did it unwittingly, not knowing of Mr. Wheeler's own hopes in the matter, but he bore it with perfect equanimity. He showed me pictures of his fish, which was in itself a prize any man might be proud of.

Having to go to Phillips, and finding myself greatly in need of a little rest, what better thing could I do than to take the narrow gauge still further to Rangeley, and the next morning to go on by buckboard to Kennebago Lake?

The ride is a rough one, but I hope it will long remain such and that Kennebago may long retain its character.

It is a beautiful lake, four or five miles long and half a mile wide, wooded to the water's edge, surrounded by mountains of fine outline, and swarming with small trout. There are some smaller ponds in the neighborhood which furnish trout of 2 to 4lbs.; but I think Kennebago trout seldom weigh more than ¾lb., and the great majority are smaller.

I wonder what condition governs this matter of size and weight.

If the food supply in Kennebago is scanty, why is it that the trout, though small, are so very numerous? I had not taken a trout in summer for a long time, and was eager for the experience. I caught all I wanted to catch, and as fast as I cared to, and not infrequently two and three at a cast; but all of the small size I have mentioned. They were all long and very slender, not a plump trout among them.

Some five years before I had made a trip to Kennebago, and found that a family of beaver had extensive works around the outlet and in the thoroughfare between it and the stream that comes from Little Kennebago on the north. I determined to see if they were still there, and on the afternoon of my second day on the lake I went over to the outlet, and going out in my canoe alone, just before sunset, floated silently down the stream through the thoroughfare and up the Little Kennebago stream. Soon I was delighted by abundant evidence that the beaver were there and flourishing. Their works were all about me, and the wonderful animals themselves were in sight much of the time. I hardly know what sight more interesting is furnished by the forest. I was able to watch their movements perfectly and at short range. Those who have been startled on some night excursion in a canoe by the resounding slap which the diving beaver gives with his tail will understand with what interest I watched the operation. The noise is so sudden and so amazingly loud that if it comes about a rod from your boat when you are gliding along in the dark and expecting nothing of the sort it will almost scare you out of the canoe. It seems as if a ton of mud had fallen from the sky.

Jock Darling is quoted in the last or a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM as saying that the beaver makes two slops when he dives.

I must believe that this is not always the case, for I remember but one. I paddled close to the houses of the beaver—rude piles of peeled sticks without, but with cosy place within and ample approaches well under water. In one case I could hear the whimpering and squealing of the beaver within.

Everywhere the deer had trodden up the muddy and sandy places on the shore, and by all accounts and signs deer were never so plentiful in the Maine woods. I should judge that to-day the State of Maine is by far the best stocked and largest deer park on earth.

My evening among the beaver did me a world of good.

Around Kennebago the white-throated sparrows abound and I occasionally heard them as far south as Auburn. This also was a keen pleasure and worth going miles for. The silver clear and penetrating whistle, "Old Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody," came to me from every copse. Sometimes the song begins on a low note and rises, sometimes the reverse. In the latter case the boys sometimes interpret it as saying, "All day, fiddley, fiddley, fiddley."

Two days were all I could spare. So ended my brief outing.

C. H. AMES.

UP THE OCKLAWAHA ON A POLE.

EARLY one morning in September I found myself in the picturesque little town of Pilatka, Fla., on the eve of embarking for a small town near the center of that State, in a scow. The captain was a friend of mine, and I chose making the trip there in his company rather than waiting for the grimy little steamer, which lay at its dock hard by and did not start until some days later.

Our craft was just from the hands of the builder, 40ft. in length with 12ft. beam, and unloaded drew some 18in. of water. She had a small cabin aft, very much after the pattern of a hen coop, and was painted a bright brick red.

After victualing the ship and getting all hands on board—not without difficulty, for the two negroes who constituted the crew were inclined to desert and leave us to get to our destination as best we might—we cast loose our moorings and set sail. This was no easy matter, for the wind was blowing a gale and our boat, being unloaded, sat so high out of the water that it was all we could do with our combined efforts to get out of the little cove where we lay into open river.

Our means of progression was poling. Each person has a pole some 30ft. in length, made of light, strong wood. One end of this is placed against the bottom and then said person plays steam engine by putting the other end against his shoulder and walking the length of the boat, thus starting her ahead. Then he walks back to the bow, dragging his pole after him, and repeats the dose *ad libitum*.

All hands were green in the management of the pole, which requires skilled handling to become efficient, and consequently we made but slow progress.

There were five of us in all, the Captain, John L., your humble servant and two negroes.

We took turns at steering, and by dint of hard work and perseverance succeeded in getting across the river, but not before the middle of the day. The bottom of the St. John's is not very firm, being sand at best, and in many places we could get no "set" at all; and then our poles would get stuck in the mud whenever we were unlucky enough to find mud, which was pretty nearly all the time, and first one and then another of us would be unceremoniously pulled overboard by his unruly propeller.

The Captain soon came to the conclusion that it was worse than useless for us to keep up the original programme, as we were somewhat like the little boy who, on an icy morning, gave as an excuse for being late at school that when he took one step forward he slipped back two; and unfortunately we could not, as he did, make progress by turning around and going the other way.

A bargain was soon struck with the master of a small tug to tow us to the mouth of the Ocklawaha, and throwing our weary bodies prone upon the deck, we were rapidly pulled along by the small busybody in front of us, which furnished so apt an illustration of the superiority of mind over matter.

We arrived at Welaka, just across the St. John's from the mouth of the Ocklawaha, about dusk, and tied up for the night. After a hearty meal and a pipe, we availed ourselves of the kind offer of the proprietor of a store in the town and turned in in an empty room over his establishment. As John remarked, we slept at the "Widow Sprawl's"—*i. e.*, lay down and sprawled out on the floor. In spite of our wet clothes and the numerous mosquitoes which preyed upon us and made "music in the air" throughout the night, we slept quite well.

The next morning we were up bright and early, and just as the sun rose we entered the mouth of the Ocklawaha.

How dark and solemn its waters looked, even where the sun struck through the dense foliage and glimmered upon its surface.

It is a romantic stream, hemmed in by giant cypress trees which have stood sentry along its banks these hundreds of years and watched the steady march of civilized man. They have seen the light hearted Indian, the native of their soil, slowly retire before his footsteps, as surely and steadily as the waters at their feet flowed onward to the ocean.

These patriarchs have themselves suffered greatly at his hands, numbers having been hewn down every year as the demand for their timber increased, for logging was one of the first industries of the State. How fragile seem the works of man among these grand old trees, as with their hoary locks of dark gray moss—fit emblem of their age—they look calmly on and nod their stern heads to one another, ofttimes sighing and sobbing as if grieving for the loss of their old comrades, or weeping at the fate of the simple inhabitants of their shady nooks, only a remnant of whom now remain. One cannot wonder that the Druids of old worshipped the forests, nor suppress a feeling of awe when in the depths of the backwoods, far from the habitations of men.

We found it no easy task to pole up the Ocklawaha, there being at least a three-mile current, but slowly and

surely we progressed, and by noon had made some ten miles. While off duty I had, by using the troll, caught quite a number of "trout," as the black bass is called in Florida, and with these delicious fish we had quite an enjoyable dinner. We had tied up to an old tree which leaned far out over the water, and were lying around the deck taking a rest before starting again. Jim, one of the crew, was flat on his back directly under the trunk, apparently asleep. Suddenly there was a slight rustle overhead, and a water snake of goodly dimensions slid off the tree and came down plump on to our black friend's stomach. He slowly opened his eyes and looked around to see what had roused him from his slumbers and saw the snake. I think the next instant he was whiter than he will ever be again. All the color seemed to forsake his face, and his eyes started from their sockets. He lay still for one moment, as if deprived of all power, and then with a yell of fear went head over heels overboard and the snake with him.

The rest of us were convulsed with laughter, knowing that if the reptile did bite him it could not harm him, and when we rushed to the side and saw the darky swimming one way and the snake the other, for dear life, it capped the climax, and we rolled on the deck, while the woods re-echoed with our shouts of merriment.

Jim was still shaking with fear when we pulled him aboard, and affirms to this day that it was a rattlesnake as big around as his leg and 6ft. long. "I tell yer I seed hit, en' hit was a rattlesnake. I reckon I aught ter know one when I sees hit," was his constant reply to our assertions as to the harmlessness of the reptile.

During the afternoon we crept slowly up the "Crooked Waters," which is a translation of the Indian name of the river, and as the sun touched the tree tops we reached Simmons's Landing, where we had decided to tie up for the night.

A few palmetto logs forming a rude dock and a road leading out through the cypress swamp were the only evidences of the vicinity of human habitation. While supper was being prepared, John L. and myself, taking our guns, strolled off up the road and soon came out from the swamp into the pine woods. This is the "upland" of the State, and the dominant growth is the long-leafed pine. Little underbrush prevails. The woods are so open that one can drive a wagon anywhere at will.

Soon we arrived at the habitation of the worthy Simmons, which I assure you is not palatial, and were heartily greeted, though not in the most respectful manner, by five or six gaunt deerhounds, which acted very much as if they would be most happy to devour us whole.

Their savage barks soon brought to the door of the cabin a tall, angular, sallow-faced woman, who when she saw us seized a fishing-pole and caressed her pets affectionately with it until they fled howling under the house. In reply to a question as to the whereabouts of her husband she ejaculated, "He's gone ter git some light 'ood knots. He 'lowed 'as how he was a-goin' a-fire-huntin' ter-night—git away, Dave, drat ye!" the latter part of the speech being addressed to one of the dogs which had summoned up courage enough to sneak out from his hiding-place to again growl his defiance. "Come in an' take a cheer, won't ye?" said our kind hostess, but we declined, and started off in quest of her worthy husband.

Guided by the sound of his axe, we soon found him busily engaged in hewing off resinous splinters from a prostrate pine. His gun, a long Kentucky rifle, leaned against the stump, powder horn and bullet pouch beside it on the ground. He ceased his labors on our approach, and greeted us with "Good evening, gentlemen," and a stare from his steel-gray eyes. He was a man of some 50 years of age, tall and broad-shouldered, and as straight as an arrow, with a strongly marked face and high forehead, surmounted with a mass of iron-gray locks. He wore a full beard of the same hue. We told him who we were, and that with his permission we would like to accompany him on his intended hunt.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "yer see deer they's mighty curious critters, an' when I fire-hunts I'd a leetle ruther go by myself; but I reckon I have to take yer along to-night. Don't reckon we'll kill nothin', though. Hit alwa's gives me bad luck, 'peers like, to go with anybody."

We thanked him for this not very hearty acquiescence to our request, and promising to be back by dark hurried back to camp. An hour later we were again on our way to Simmons's, where we arrived just as he was ready to start. His orange grove was our destination. He had planted cow peas between the rows of trees, and the deer were in the habit of entering almost nightly to feed on them.

Off we went through the dark. All was still as death, save when some lonely owl broke the silence with his unearthly *hoo-hoo-hoo-aaaa*, like the laugh of some veritable demon of the lower regions, to be answered by a chorus of limpkins, equally fiendish in their discord, or the croak of a heron flying overhead. Our guide plodded on in silence, and we following spoke only in whispers.

Leaving the pine woods we plunged into the depths of the hammock on high land next the river, which is covered with a dense growth of hardwood trees.

We followed close to Simmons, by his injunction making as little noise as possible, and soon came to the edge of the clearing in which his grove was located.

Here he paused and kindled the fat pine splinters in the pan he carried. This was a common sheet iron frying-pan fastened to a wooden handle some 6ft. long.

When a good blaze was started we went on again, very slowly now, he looking right and left for our expected game. Suddenly he stopped and said in a hurried whisper, "Look yonder!" We looked in the direction indicated, and saw a huge black mass, with fiery red eyes, not more than 50ft. from us.

"Shoot quick, fellers, that's a b'ar!" said Simmons.

There was a common report, as we both fired, a cry of rage and pain, a crashing and rushing through the brush—and our quarry was gone.

"Dinged if you hain't missed him," from Simmons.

But when we came to investigate we found blood, and from the quantity that was scattered over the ground and bushes we judged bruin was quite badly wounded. Simmons put his lips to the hunting horn which hung by his side, and blew several long and lusty notes.

"Nancy 'll let the pups loose when she hears that, and maybe we'll tree the varmint after all."

Simmons resumed the music, and the cries of the hounds, in answer, proved that Nancy had understood his language.

Soon the dogs came up with a rush, and taking up the fresh trail made off through the darkness with the long, loud cries so musical to a hunter's ears.

We followed as best we might. It was no easy matter to penetrate the dense, luxuriant forest, and bruised shins and rent clothing were a natural sequence, but we little cared for them at that moment. The cry of the dogs suddenly changed into a short, quick, angry bark.

"Treed surer'n shootin'," yelled Simmons. This gave us new impetus, and brambles and saw palmetto were unheeded for the next few moments.

We were filled only with one thought, actuated with one impulse. To get that bear was the only thing worth attaining in life.

I had the good fortune to be first upon the scene. Simmons was close at my heels and still carried his flaming pan. It turned out afterward that John had become hopelessly entangled in a mass of grapevines and briers into which he had run in his impetuosity and the darkness, and from whose meshes he did not escape in time to act in the ending scene of the tragedy.

I shall never forget the picture I saw. The wounded bear backed up against a huge live oak, surrounded by the yelping hounds, too well used to such warfare to risk a close encounter, the wicked firelight illuminating a small circle, and beyond on every side the dense, inky blackness. A shot from my Winchester, and the scene changed like magic.

Down came the bear with a thud, the dogs closed in, and for a moment there was pandemonium.

Simmons rushed up knife in hand, leaving the pan to take care of itself on the ground, and cuffing the dogs right and left, plunged the keen blade deep into the sable throat, and the huge mass that had but lately been a formidable enemy was still, and the dogs could worry it with impunity. This we allowed them to do, for it was the crowning of their victory, and they soon tired of it, finding no resistance was made. John had come up in the meantime with disappointment written on his face and bemoaning his hard fortune. Bruin was soon denuded of his shaggy coat and quartered; and taking a generous hunk and the hide with us we retraced our steps, having previously hung up the remainder out of reach of the "varmints," as S. called them.

By 3 o'clock the next morning we were up and on our way. The moon had risen and shed a light soft and mellow on the sleeping woods, and all was hushed save the swash of the poles and the noise of the ripples about the bows.

I lay on the deck and looked with rapture and wonder on the scene. There is nothing so beautiful as a cypress swamp by moonlight—these gray-bearded giants of the forest in peaceful serenity taking their rest.

But one cannot always dream, and so I found it, for I had to relieve John, who was not troubled by poetic visions and proceeded to turn in in the cabin and indulge in a series of terrific snores.

Daylight came, and with it life. All nature seemed to awake. The birds made the air rich with their music, insects hummed melodiously to and fro, the old cypresses nodded good morning to each other and took up again their burdensome moaning and waving of long arms.

We tied up and prepared our morning meal, bearsteak, bacon, cornbread and coffee, and after a refreshing bath in the black waters proceeded on our way, arriving at our destination a few hours later.

I, for one, shall never regret my trip up the Ocklawaha on a pole. T. E. OERTEL.

"LOBSTERIN'" IN CAPE BRETON.

ONE day at the "lobster factory" watching the process of canning—the boiling of the squirming, crawling mass, the picking of the meat from the shell, the packing and soldering in airtight cans for the London market—we received an invitation from the champion "lobsterer" to make the round of his pots with him next morning.

We started at 6:30 A. M., a less unearthly hour than that chosen by the net and line fishermen for their departure; but the lobster pots are set nearer home, along shore and in the harbor, wherever there is sandy bottom near rocks with patches of algæ growing on it. McIlvaine's partner is away for the day, and he has chosen for his helper a sturdy young fellow from the crew of an American "seiner" lying in the harbor waiting for the fog to lift outside. The wind is fresh from sou'west, raising a choppy sea even in the harbor, with a promise of rollers outside, while beyond the lighthouse cliff and Green Island hangs a dense, ominous-looking bank of fog that has maintained its position since sunrise in the teeth of half a gale.

It was necessary first to visit the seiner that the new hand might get his oilskins, and the crew, crowding to the rail, quickly detected the landsman in the boat, and thought to frighten him.

"Ain't a-goin' outside, I hope, Tom," spoke up one.

"You're boun' to Davy Jones's locker if ye dew," said another.

"Tremendous sea outside, one of our fellers has just cum in," put in a third.

"Don't get lost in the fog, Tommie, boy," said a fourth.

"Goin' to drown him?" with a significant nod at the landsman, but the dory was soon away from them. There are ten of there "seiners" in port. Last week there were sixty in at one time, and a beautiful show they made with their white sails set, alow and aloft, to dry.

The mackerel fleet has had hard lines this year. "We left Portland four weeks ago," says Tom, "an' have made just twenty-five bails."

"How many before you are full?" we asked.

"Five hundred," he replied, "and we shall go home near empty."

They sail "on the lay," poor fellows, for a share in the proceeds. Our men pull against wind and wave out to the pots, which are set by compass in a line beginning at the mouth of the harbor and extending for miles along shore.

Inside the bar it is smooth water compared to outside, and McIlvaine remarks to his mate that they will lift the pots inside first, as wind and sea may go down with the sun.

Each pot is marked by a buoy bobbing up and down in the white caps; something else is playing there too—seals—six black heads with almost human countenances riding the rollers with as frolicsome a spirit as a group of schoolboys.

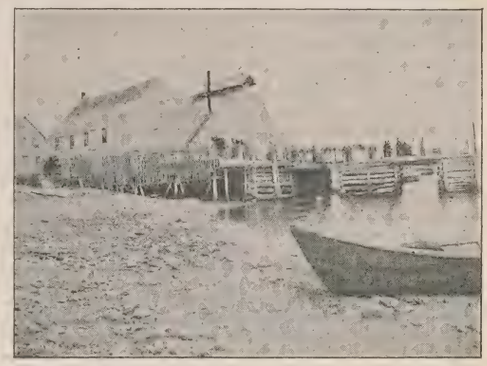
There are black ducks too, and a cloud of sea gulls over the rocky inlets.

"Pull or row?" asks McIlvaine of his mate.

"Row," replies Tom promptly. He takes the middle thwart and the oars. McIlvaine the stern, boat hook in hand. The dory is then let drift stern first upon the buoy which McIlvaine catches with his hook, and then by the rope attached hauls the pot up hand over hand, and rests it on the thwart. This pot is a half cylinder of lath with netting at each end, drawn inward, with a hole in the center so arranged that while the lobster readily enters, attracted by the cods' heads fixed in the center, he never succeeds in finding his way out. Lengthwise of the trap is a hinged door, which McIlvaine opens, displaying five fine crustaceans, two with their claws locked in a battle royal over the cods' heads. The fisherman seizes them, quite indifferent to their claws, which to a landsman seem sufficiently formidable, and transfers them to his boat, inserts a fresh cod's head, closes the door, and lets the pot go by the board, working quickly, for the man with the oars has much to do to hold the boat against wind and wave.

We are in the outer folds here of the great bank of fog which has hung over the spot since morning, neither advancing nor retreating, though half a gale has been blowing.

It is a magician, this Cape Breton fog, forever acting a mystery play, with the ocean, cliffs and somber forests



THE LOBSTER FACTORY AT LOUISBOURG.

as a support. We have seen it lie all day, a gray wall far out at sea, and then toward sunset envelop the land, suddenly without warning. One moment we are in a gray blankness of vapor, while, not a ship's length ahead, it is bright sunshine. Suddenly, as we peer seaward, a spectral form looms up, grows more and more real, and then breaks gloriously into sunshine a ship under full sail, every shroud taut and every rag of canvas drawing.

By and by the pots have all been lifted in harbor and the men debate whether to go outside or not. There is a heavy sea out there—we can hear it boom on the cliffs like distant artillery, and the wind freshens and the fog thickens with the going down of the sun. They decide to go in, and hoisting sail the little craft flies over the water with such hearty good will that in half an hour she is safely moored at the canning factory's dock. Her master has seventy-five lobsters in the boat, for which he receives at the rate of $1.10 a hundred. For the finest lobsters for her table, our landlady pays but 5 cents apiece.

C. B. T.

TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP.

EVERY now and then somebody breaks out with an opinion as to what is sportsmanlike and what isn't. There is a discussion of that sort in progress in these columns at present, and, with leave, I will shy my castor into the ring and turn loose some of my own views on the subject.

In the first place, I wish to say that much that has been written on these points is rubbish. Some one whose experience of fishing and shooting covers perhaps half a dozen years, and twice as many townships, thinks himself entitled to lay down laws for men who have fished and shot over half the United States, and often under conditions of which he, with his limited opportunities, has never dreamed.

My own notion is that the true test of sportsmanlike conduct lies less in the act than in the motive which prompts the man who holds the rod, who pulls the trigger.

If I need a grouse or a duck, and if the bird is sitting, whether on ground or water, I am not unlikely to shoot it without allowing it to fly, because in this region the bird will probably escape me if I do not. The conditions are such that the chances are generally in its favor. If I did not need it I should not shoot at all.

Now, I never shot a quail sitting, but I might under some circumstances, and this reminds me of one of Ross Browne's stories.

He was traveling with a party. All freight and supplies had been "packed" over the Sierra Nevada at the cost of one dollar per pound. In shooting for the pot the captain ordered that no one should kill fewer than four quail at a shot.

One man fired at a bunch and secured but three, but excused himself for this crime by saying that there were but three pellets of shot in the gun.

I believe in giving to the game every reasonable chance, but I wish to reserve a few for myself.

One crank wants everybody to fish with the fly and nothing else. That may be correct, if one fishes solely for sport and does not need the fish. Otherwise it is bosh. Another man despises the shotgun and cuts the heads from his birds with the rifle, which requires much less skill than the cutting down with a charge of shot of a ruffed grouse darting through a tangled brake.

No, gentlemen, the old farmer who, with his muzzle-loader, carefully pots his half dozen of birds sitting, or catches with bait a moderate string of trout, and goes home when he thinks he has enough, is a better sportsman than he—whatever the measure of his success—who wantonly fishes to increase the sum of his "count," and shoots mainly to make a bigger score than his neighbor.

"Them's my sentiments," KELPIE.

Natural History.

HOW THE ENTOMOLOGIST SAVED THE PARTY.

THE season of 18— in New Mexico was wet. The prevalent delusion that the great drought land of the Southwest owes its desert-like facies to the lack of rain was perfectly, if painfully, corrected in the case of a party of hunters and prospectors who suffered repeated losses and narrowly escaped being washed away by an arroyo flood while encamped in a mountain cañon, and who declared that their tent was drenched four days out of every seven from April to September. Every arroyo was alternately the channel of a foaming torrent and a dry line of boulders. But when the rain really ceased in October we discovered the secret of the Western desert. It is simply too well drained. It is a parvenu along lands, and, lacking the culture of a glacial training and the mellowing influence of years upon its soil, is unable to retain or utilize even the prodigal wealth of rainfall. In three days after the rain had ceased the soil was to all appearance dry. In ten days the bright green carpet of "gramma grass," which had clothed the plains like an Eastern meadow, was as sear and brown as if it had passed through an oven, and the long converging cattle trails began to stand out upon the surface—the plainsman's only guide-board to the few permanent springs.

It was in October of this year that our party crossed the San Augustin plains toward the Datil range. To the three of us who had hitherto constituted our party there had recently been joined a quiet little person, who came recommended in such a way that we could not refuse him a place in the mountain wagon. We of the majority, however, secretly resented the intrusion, especially as the tin collecting case and insect net, which indicated his profession, inconveniently cumbered our crowded van. But the "bug sharp" was an adept at the art of minding his own business, and had a quiet way of doing what needed to be done about camp; so that we got on well, especially as he accepted the guying that a tenderfoot may always expect in good part. In fact, he had such an appreciative way of attending to the various bits of woodcraft and plains lore which we now and then dropped with ostentatious carelessness that he became quite the Boswell of the party. We looked upon the insect collecting as a fad betraying a weakness somewhere, but nevertheless an amiable weakness. It perhaps dawned upon us gradually, from remarks dropped by the collector, that a knowledge of insects might have some connection with other kinds of knowledge; but certainly we never dreamed that it could ever stand us in good stead at a moment of dire extremity.

But we were, as I have said, crossing the plain which forms a sort of inland sea, with the Magdalenas to the east, the Gallinas to the north, the San Mattheos to the south, while to the westward it extended nearly to the Gila. We had reached about the middle when one of those dreaded scourges whose coming no one can predict—a sand storm—was upon us. We had experienced many of them and, while we had found them painful and annoying, had not learned to dread them as they deserve. But now the sky was suddenly darkened—every object was instantly obliterated and we could catch only an occasional glimpse of our staunch little Navajoes, who with an instinct truer than our own promptly turned and scampered down the wind. It was useless to attempt to drive, so each swathed his face in blankets and allowed things to drift with the drifting sand, now almost filling the wagon box. It turned bitterly cold and after four hours the strength of the tired ponies seemed nearly gone. Happily we now caught a view of a pine-covered ridge. We had crossed the plains, but whither? Were we in the wood at the base of the Gallinas, or had we drifted into the foothills of the Black range? One thing was certain, we must at once find shelter. The storm had scarcely abated, but we were able to obtain some relief by driving to the lee of a piny ridge and heaving to in the midst of a dense cluster of piñons. A roaring fire was soon burning, with its alternate factors of comfort and peril as it was lashed about by the gale, and a very sorry attempt at supper, seasoned regardless of taste by the ubiquitous sand, prepared us for a dreary night, which soon became painful from thirst. The ponies had been twelve hours without water and now our own supply had given out.

On the following morning the sand was still blowing, but it seemed necessary to move on. Part of us thought that we ought to turn northeast, while others were equally certain that our course lay to the south. It ended in our allowing ourselves to drift with the wind. On through park-like openings among tall pines, then over endless sandy ridges sparsely grown with juniper and piñon; finally, toward nightfall, we reached rocky cañons clothed with oaks, mountain mahogany and a few piñons. Another painful night, our throats were irritated beyond endurance by the sand and our eyes burned as with fire, and it was evident that the ponies were suffering more than we.

Early the next morning Tom climbed an adjacent ridge and announced that we had drifted far to the north of the Magdalenas, and that it would be a good day's drive to town. We hitched up in silence, for speech was becoming difficult, when to our utter dismay the trusty Navajoes balked and refused to stir. It required no long experimentation to discover that they were a match for us in stubbornness at least. What was to be done? It was obvious that water must be found. Doubtless if we knew where to look it might be but a short walk to some spring. Shouldering a pick, Tom set us an energetic example, and we divided into two parties to explore the two cañons which debouched near our camp. It was noon when we reassembled, but no one had the heart to propose dinner. The entomologist alone of the party seemed quite composed, and was busy turning over stones in the arroyo bed when he uttered an exclamation which brought us all eagerly to his side—it was the single word "water." When we assembled about him what was our disgust to see him looking intently at a half dozen glossy oval beetles he had just uncovered. "Yes, water beetles of the genus—" "Water beetles be ——," ejaculated Tom, and I am afraid that we all sympathized with the strong language he used respecting the "bug sharp." But the latter heard him out and resumed placidly: "Nevertheless these beetles never occur at any distance from water. Their hindlegs are essentially natatory; they are of the same genus as our whirligig beetles back in Ohio. There has been a spring here and a few minutes' digging will find water." The quiet conviction of his tone rather than any force we saw in his reasoning induced us to ply the pick diligently for a few minutes. It was not long before we were rewarded by the discovery of an old irrigation trough, and probably no searcher after Spanish doubloons ever had his hopes raised more ardently by the discovery of an ancient oaken coffer. "By hokey, the sand is sure wet!" shouted Tom, and before we had sunk our pit 4ft. there was an abundance of ice cold water. No draught this side of paradise will ever taste so sweet as did that muddy beverage. Our ponies appreciated it no less, and immediately began again to graze—in fact, "the kid began to go," and we were able to resume our journey with success satisfactory to all.

Tom had become instantly converted into an admirer of the entomologist, or, as he said, of the "bug sharp thet ken give pointers to any plainsman livin' on his own ground." Indeed, I recently learned that he had sent his son to Denison University or wherever it is that the entomologist is now lecturing on economic zoölogy.

C. L. HERRICK.

NEW MEXICO.

Wood Ducks in Confinement.

TOLEDO, O., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A farmer living near this place has something of a novelty in the way of a brood of wood ducks.

Last spring he found a wood duck's, nest containing twelve eggs. Securing the eggs he took them home and set them under a hen. All of them hatched, but from one cause and another five of them afterward died.

He now has seven fine full-grown ducks, of which five are drakes. He has them inclosed in a yard, and to prevent flying removed the first joint of one wing when they were very small. B. A. CASE.

The Bluebird Scarcity.

HOLLAND, Mich., Oct. 25.—For the information of your Georgia correspondent, I will state that I have seen but three bluebirds this year: one March 28, one this morning, and a man brought me one two weeks ago. He found it by the roadside, where some one had shot it. I wish I knew who shot it, that I might teach him a lesson. One boy paid $15 for killing a brown thrush and a woodpecker. A. G. B.

Woodcock with White Primaries.

LITCHFIELD CO., Conn.—While hunting to-day I killed a woodcock which had several pure white primary feathers in each wing. In the left wing they were all together, but in the right they were separated by some brown feathers.

The white feathers were the first or outer primaries, and the bird is a beautiful object. H. W. CARTER.

Game Bag and Gun.

A TIGER HUNT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I WAS spending a few days with a friend, Mr. Morton, on his farm at Klip-Plaats, in June. It was midwinter, but fearfully hot. The sun had just gone down behind the Zwaart Ruggies range of mountains, casting a lurid glare behind them that contrasted vividly with the blackness of shadow and night settling fast over the country. The sky bore that steel gray appearance peculiar to South Africa. Not a breath of air broke the terrible monotony of heat and drought that the country had experienced for the past seven months. Everything thirsted for rain, and not a green thing could be seen as far as the eye could reach over the parched veldt, and yet the brown karoo bushes with their succulent branches afforded food to the thousand or so goats and ostriches that ran over the farm. Despite the heat the evening was a beautiful one. The absence of wind is always welcome in the Cape, where it blows six days out of seven, raising clouds of dust and blowing with such strength as to make it almost an impossibility to stand against it. We had been in the saddle all day, and riding over the African veldt is anything but pleasure, in fact a novice is kept busy sticking to his horse in its erratic bounds to avoid jackal holes or ant hills. At my feet lay a magnificent tiger skin. Mr. Morton told me he had shot this tiger, and in answer to my request he related the following account of the hunt that laid low this monarch of the Zwaartkop Mountains.

"Tigers in this country seldom attack men, but this fellow was an exception, and to my knowledge had killed one Kaffir and two Kaffir children. I heard wonderful accounts of the tiger's ferocity, and after his killing my herd I determined to hunt him down at any cost. The poor herd and another Kaffir were hunting in the mountains when they found themselves face to face with the tiger. They foolishly fired at it, with the result that the infuriated beast rushed upon them, knocking down the unfortunate herd, while his comrade, throwing away his gun, bravely took to his heels, leaving his comrade to the tender mercies of the tiger; nor did he cease his flight till, breathless with terror, he threw himself at my feet and recounted his terrible story. I immediately snatched my rifle to go to the assistance of the herd, but neither threats nor entreaties would move the frightened Kaffir to go with me; and on second thought I knew the herd must be beyond all human aid and his sufferings ended in death long before. So I determined to organize a hunt next day and kill the brute, if I had the good luck to get a shot at him. For this purpose I gathered all the natives I could lay my hands on, and armed them with assagais and knob-kerries. My chief herd, Montsua, a Bechuana, I knew to be a trusty hunter, and I allowed him to carry an old army rifle, in the use of which he was quite proficient. If you had seen him pour powder and ball into that ancient weapon, you would have doubted whether the tiger or the shooter would get the worst of the discharge.

"Well, we started at daybreak next morning, the Kaffirs vaunting their bravery by songs and rushing at imaginary tigers, which they pounded to their intense satisfaction. When we reached the mountains I called them to order and we proceeded to the spot where the herd had met his death. Here, as we found no trace of tiger or herd, I divided my forces and beat up the mountain side to a densely wooded knoll, where we expected to find trace of our game. Leaving the Kaffirs spread out round the mountain side to turn the tiger should he attempt to break away, I took Montsua with me and started in to look for spoor. We struck a bok path, and had not proceeded far when an exclamation from Montsua announced that he had struck the tiger's spoor and he assured me that the beast had passed that morning. Following it we struck a sandy path, and here undoubtedly the tiger had passed within half an hour, as the disturbed sand was still moist where he had trodden. Montsua said by the spoor the tiger was a large one and I began to feel that we were in for business. I had never shot a tiger, and must confess to a certain amount of nervous feeling. I was not afraid, but realized that there was a certain amount of danger.

"Giving a good look to our arms, we pressed on cautiously, Montsua's keen eye following easily on the spoor, which led us to an opening, evidently a favorite resort of the tiger, as the remains of sundry animals testified. But the tiger was alarmed and had gone away. The spoor still leading up the mountain side, we spoored him with renewed caution, till at last Montsua caught my arm and signified that the tiger was very near and to be ready for a shot. We had now reached a small opening near the mountain top and were stopping to pick up the spoor, when a deep growl informed us that the tiger had turned to bay. We could not tell exactly where the beast lay, so waited breathlessly for further demonstrations. With a low, snarling growl the tiger sprang into the open not fifteen paces from me. There the magnificent beast stood grandly defiant, lashing his sides with his tail and growling in a manner anything but pleasant to hear. What little nervousness I had felt vanished at sight of my foe. Taking careful aim at the left shoulder I fired. I heard a frightful roar, and before I could realize the situation the tiger was upon me, dashing me to the ground. Then the mountains echoed with a report like a cannon and the tiger fell lifeless over my body, shot at short range by the trusty Montsua. I scrambled to my feet unhurt, but so shaken up by my narrow escape that I could scarcely stand. I grasped Montsua's hand with a feeling of gratitude only to be understood by one who has been saved from a terrible death. It was well for me that I had taken Montsua with me; most Kaffirs would have run for their lives under the same circumstances. The tiger, as you may judge by this skin, was a very fine one. On examination we found that my bullet had struck too high, and had only served to infuriate the brute. Montsua's collection of balls had created sad havoc in the head, but not a moment too soon to save me from a good mauling or worse. The report of our rifles brought the Kaffirs up on the run, and with shouts of delight our game was borne in triumph home. Of the unlucky herd we never found a trace; the tiger had evidently dragged his body into the bush, and what he did not eat the jackals would make short work of."

LEWIS THACKWELL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You are perfectly correct in saying that there are no tigers in Africa, although if you were to tell that fact to an Africander he would argue that there are tigers in the country, simply because in South Africa the large mountain leopards are called tigers, and the various smaller varieties are called tiger cats. In my account of Mr. Morton's experience with a leopard I spoke of the beast as he was introduced me, that is as a tiger, and ninety-nine out of every hundred Africanders would so style him, yet in so doing would be at war with natural history. I recognize the fact that your American readers would feel surprised at an African tiger. L. T.

TURKEY HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY.

BELIEVERS in the Darwinian theory would claim that the love of hunting and fishing, still so strongly felt by individuals, is a remnant of the original instinct of the human race, when, in a condition of barbarism, man was dependent on such pursuits to obtain his food. Now the arts of civilization have so changed our environment that the chase of game is no longer necessary to obtain food, except on the extreme frontier, still many of us feel the keenest pleasure in such sport.

The instinct probably crops out in boys more than in grown men, mainly for the reason that men have other and more important duties which require their time and attention, but if the Nimrod is in a man it will surely manifest itself.

The writer, himself an ardent sportsman, has lately seen a case where the circumstances show how strong the instinct may be and under what difficulties the sport may be engaged in.

Rev. Mr. Vann, a well-known Baptist minister in North Carolina, when a boy had the misfortune to lose his hands by an accident with a cane mill. His left arm had to be amputated just above the elbow and his right just below it, leaving a very short stump of his forearm below the elbow joint.

Any one would suppose that such a mutilation would forever debar one from handling a gun, but Mr. Vann still manages to use his gun and is said to be not only a good preacher, but a very fine wing shot. How a man without hands can possibly use a gun is a mystery until his method is seen, and to state that he pulls trigger with his teeth would appear most absurd, but it is really a fact.

The stump of his left arm is barely long enough to support the barrel, while the short piece of forearm at his right elbow supports the butt of the stock and resists the recoil. The trigger has attached to it a leather strap surrounding the grip of the stock and terminating with an end piece which he grasps with his teeth. When his gun is thus held and sighted he gives his head a slight backward jerk and the trigger is pulled.

To load, he holds the barrel under his left armpit and releases the catch with his right stump, and so opens the breech. With this same stump he raises his cartridge bag until he can grasp the head of a loaded shell with his teeth, and so places it in the chamber and closes the action.

One of the State papers recently described a turkey hunt in which the reverend gentleman not only called up the game, but shot a fine gobbler and brought it to his "blind."

The ordinary turkey call or yelper he cannot use, but contrived to imitate the call of the turkey by means of a cigar box, a nail and a piece of broken school slate. The nail was driven into the box and its projecting end made to sound by dragging the bit of slate across it. The cal

most hunters use is a sort of miniature trumpet of wood or bone, and the imitation is done by sucking the breath through it while both hands are held over the open end, to vary the note.

The performance of this gentleman shows how much we can accomplish under adverse circumstances if we really try.

There are many other wonderful things he can do, and is by no means as helpless as one would suppose.

The wild turkey is our finest game bird and a native of North America. It is still to be found in considerable numbers in many parts of the Southern States, especially where thinly settled. They are usually hunted in the fall and winter with pointer or setter dogs trained for the purpose.

The dog hunts through the woods and bottoms a little ahead of the sportsman, and if he strikes a fresh scent he shows it by his eager and excited manner. The hunter now tries to keep as near the dog as possible, so as to get a shot at the "flush." As soon as the dog catches sight of the game he rushes into the flock, barking vociferously, and chases them as long as one remains on the ground. This is called flushing them, and the turkeys are usually so much frightened that they fly in every direction, usually going from a quarter to half a mile before alighting.

Within an hour or two the birds will have partly recovered from their fright, and then are anxious to come together again. It is this instinct that the hunter makes use of to decoy them within gunshot by calling them to his "blind." The blind is simply a rude structure of brush and sticks, barely large enough to conceal him and his dog, while he imitates the cry of the turkey with his yelper.

Under favorable circumstances one or more birds may be called up and shot, but a novice would not likely be able to deceive an old bird, for they are remarkably shy and cunning. The yelp must be a perfect imitation, and not too frequent or prolonged, or the game will become suspicious. They will then stalk around and so get together again without coming too near the concealed hunter.

Another method is called baiting. Some corn, oats or other food is scattered in places where the turkeys will be most likely to find it. When once found and eaten they will remember the place and are sure to return.

They may be induced to visit the place daily by keeping up the supply of food, usually coming at once to the bait as soon as they leave the roost at daybreak.

In the meantime the hunter has constructed a rude blind, in the most inconspicuous manner, within easy gunshot of the food, and in it he conceals himself to await their coming.

He usually sows the corn on the ground in a straight line with his blind, so that the flock, in picking it up, may be in a favorable position for a raking shot down the line. In this way it is not uncommon to kill from two to four at a single shot. The writer remembers an incident when a member of his family killed at one shot five gobblers whose aggregate weight was 100lbs.

This magnificent game bird is so similar in appearance to the domestic turkey that one not familiar with them would scarcely perceive the points of difference. The flavor of the wild bird is recognized everywhere as superior to the domestic, but their weight will not average so great. Twenty-four pounds is considered an extraordinary weight for a wild turkey, while some of the improved breeds of the domestic bird often go beyond that.

They are cunning and wary to a remarkable degree, and extremely regular in their habits on the range if not molested. To hunt them successfully requires an accurate knowledge of their habits, and a large supply of patience and leisure time. Ardent lovers of the sport have been known to sit in a blind from daybreak till sundown to secure a shot, and not always get one then.

THOMAS C. HARRIS.

RALEIGH, N. C.

WITH A .22 IN THE ROCKIES.

"It's a fellar 'u'd ever shoot me with a thing like that, an' I found it out, I'd knock the stuffing out of him."

I had stopped at a ranch in the Greenhorn Mountains, Colorado, to inquire the way to Gardner Brothers' ranch, and one of the men glanced at the muzzle of my rifle and made the time-worn remark. I carelessly shoved the lever down, and as the long, bottle-necked shell of the .22-15 Winchester slid out on the breech block, he stared at it a moment, then took the shell and examined it, and handed it to one of his companions.

"What do you think of the thing now?" I asked.

"Well, like Lem Wilson's bear, 'Blanked if 'tain't bigger than I thought it was.' You see, old Lem started to lay out a bear with a club, and after the boys had killed the bear and patched old Lem up and give him a good big drink of medicine, he looked at the bear a minute, and says, 'Blanked if he ain't bigger 'en I thought he wuz.' Goin' to stop at Gardner's?"

"Yes. I intend to work there some time."

"Come over; 'tain't more 'n two miles, an' we'll go up in the hills huntin'."

The appointed day found me at the ranch, and to my question the boss said, "Hain't been gone half an hour; went up the hollar; get a lope on ye an' ye'll ketch 'em."

I did "get a lope on me," but I had climbed nearly to the top of the mountain before I found them, and then only Joe, the leader.

"Waited fur ye half an hour. Oh, that's all right. Nope. Three more scattered round som'er's. Only got one grouse," were the answers I got.

As soon as his companions came up, he told us to spread out and we would go on up the hill. "If ye see a bear, jest climb a tree and yell; we will come and get yer," he called to me.

Two reports from the right of me, and I saw the boys pick up two grouse. I am going to get snowed under in this gang, I thought. But what is that walking up the hill not 20yds. away? At the crack of my rifle the grouse turned completely over and again stalked away. Hastily slipping in another cartridge, I fired again, and it had the effect of stopping it. "Fetch ye over a club if you want me to," called Joe. I drew down fine on his head, when it fell forward, and when I picked him up he was dead. I showed the boys two bullet holes in his body, and they consolingly remarked, "Ye did well; ye'll get 'em, if they only sit still long enough."

We went some distance before I found any more, and then, after trailing a bird over the light patches of snow about a hundred yards, as he stepped from behind a rock I fired. A roar like a small cannon from behind, and "I got 'em" from one of the gang, and he walked over and got my bird. They had four grouse and a rabbit now, and I but one grouse. I began to wish I hadn't come.

We got separated and I heard several shots, and at every one my feelings went lower. They scared up a rabbit, which I cut the head off of, and when they came up I found they had seen several grouse, but had missed them all, and I felt relieved to think they could miss.

One of them walked by a grouse that was sitting on a rock not 10yds. from him, and when I cut him down my stock rose to par. We were all walking along together, when a large flock of grouse flushed and scattered in the trees, and as they rose one at a time my thoughts traveled to my little shotgun miles away. I drew down on a bird, when that roar again; well, we both missed. I had marked some down over in the timber further, and got two and a rabbit, and found on joining the boys again that they only had the original four. Stock above par.

We separated again and I added another rabbit and a black squirrel to my string. Now came one of the prettiest shots I ever saw. One of the boys below me fired and fully 100yds. down the valley a grouse dropped out of a treetop, his neck cut nearly off.

Hearing some shooting on ahead we hurried on and found the rest walking about some spruce trees, in which they said were two squirrels. One of them wanted to try my rifle, so I traded for a .40-82. They could not find the squirrels, so I showed them one of them and went on a still-hunt for the other, which I soon found and tried to bark, but only succeeded in cutting his stomach off. I went around to where they were trying to shoot the other one, took my rifle and dropped him, which brought the remark, "Well, when you shoot something drops."

"What do you think of the little popgun now?"

They turned and started for home without a word. I had four grouse, three rabbits and three squirrels without a miss, and the three of them only had five grouse, one rabbit and one squirrel. All the way to their ranch they said not a word. As I left them at the ranch I thought of the old saying, "He who laughs last laughs best."

Still I was sorry that they had taken their defeat by the "little popgun" so badly.

Lew Gardner, when I went in, said: "Well, Pennsylvania and his popgun did get some game."

"Len'ard, a gun is like a woman. It all depends on how you use 'em. If yeh don't use a woman wight yeh don't get much out of 'em, and yeh might use a cannon, and if yeh didn't use it wight yeh wouldn't get anything with it," was the sage remark of Martin.

One of the squirrels was gray, with small black rosettes on his ears. I have never been able to ascertain its species. JIM.

P. S.—The miss I mention don't count, as the roar of that old Sharps startled me so that I could not help missing.—J.

MAINE HUNTING CONDITIONS.

NEARLY every mail brings FOREST AND STREAM such letters as the following:

"Will you kindly inform me through the columns of your paper where or in what part of Maine is the best hunting to be found, and what it will cost for three men to spend two weeks in having a real good shoot. We contemplate starting out soon, so if you will please answer in your next issue, if possible, you will confer a great favor to one who reads your paper. We want to know where to go, what it will cost and how to get there, and whatever other information you may care to give us. CHAS. BENSEL."

As a rule such inquiries are answered by mail, and the names of the best localities and guides are given in order that the sportsman may have a selection and also that he may find some one who is not already engaged. This is sufficient of course for sportsmen who have a good understanding of the conditions of Maine hunting, but there are many others, such as the writer of the letter which is quoted, who require more extended information, and it is for these that the following notes are writen.

First as to locality. The location where "the best hunting is to be found" is something like that of Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth. It never has been found and never will be. Each section is the best for the men who hunt there, and there are as many best places as there are differences of opinion among hunters and guides.

Roughly speaking there are two great sections in Maine that are regularly visited by sportsmen. The nearest for the majority is that embracing the Rangeley, Megantic and Dead River regions, near the northwestern part of the State. This section is reached by several routes from Portland, Maine, of which any railroad guide will give the necessary particulars.

The other is the northern section of the State—the Moosehead Lake country and Aroostook county. This is approached either by way of Moosehead Lake or by the new Bangor & Aroostook Railroad further east. Bangor bears practically the same relation as a starting point to this section as Portland does to the other.

The railroad points nearest the hunting sections may all be reached inside a of day from Boston. Naturally, however, the best hunting is not as a rule to be found near the railroads. To reach it wagons or canoes and more or less tramping are generally necessary, so that two days at least must be allowed for the journey. Frequently much longer periods are taken up in traveling, as when penetrating the lake region of the northern part of the State. Deer are very abundant in either of these sections, and one can hardly go amiss in choosing a locality if no other game is wanted.

Moose and caribou are much more difficult to find and are more abundant in the Moosehead and Aroostook sections.

Partridges, which are the principal small game to be counted upon, are distributed all through the State, but are found in greatest numbers as a rule in second growth and around the settlements.

It is not possible of course in such an article as this to give anything more than the most general directions as to locality. The names of guides and places are to be found from time to time in accounts of Maine outings published in FOREST AND STREAM and other journals, and such accounts are as a rule reliable.

If you happen to have no acquaintances who hunt in Maine, or no convenient way of finding out about any particular locality, it is a good plan to correspond with some of these guides whose names are mentioned. As a class they are honest and reliable, and the best known have well earned reputations to sustain, and they are very careful to give exact facts. Frequently they are more apt to understate than overstate the advantages of a locality.

Camps and Guides.

In Maine most of the country is open to sportsmen. Aside from the Megantic Club there are no large domains controlled by associations for the purpose of conserving the fish and game, and under the existing laws we are not likely to see the Adirondack system ever come much into vogue. Frequently, however, the hunting privileges of large tracts of land are leased by guides and others for the benefit of visiting sportsmen, and on such tracts hunting camps are located. Sometimes there is a main camp accessible by road, and to which supplies may easily be carried, which is a sort of headquarters, with small temporary camps scattered around in the neighborhood of the best hunting grounds. At other times, especially early in the season, the guides cut loose from all fixed habitation and camp wherever inclination suggests, and at such times tents are generally used for shelter. Most guides have their special hunting territory where they take sportsmen if not otherwise stipulated, but a good guide is capable of going anywhere within the power of human bone and sinew. For instance, a guide living at Greenville, near Moosehead Lake, will take you through the wild woods to New Brunswick or the Aroostook or down the West Branch of the Penobscot; or an Indian from Oldtown near Bangor, or any guide worth having living at Medway or any of the other places about the outskirts of this wilderness, will do the same thing. Some guides are local in their habits, but the best as a rule are familiar with the wild portions of a large part of the State.

It is customary to have a guide for each member of a party, and in large hunting parties it is frequently advisable to have an extra guide along to do the cooking and look after camp, so that the others may have all their time free for the demands of their individual sportsmen. Of course parties frequently go into the woods with less than this quota of guides, but they are either familiar with the conditions and in a measure capable of being their own guides, or else they have to be contented to go slower and to be less independent than parties better provided.

Expenses.

Occasionally visiting sportsmen dispense with guides altogether, but, as a rule, such a course presupposes considerable previous experience, both as to routes and methods of traveling, or else such sportsmen put up at one of the permanent camps before mentioned and hunt in the immediate neighborhood.

The cost of board at such camps varies from $1 to $2 per day for the sportsmen. For guides the charge for board is generally about 50 cents. Frequently sportsmen put up at these camps and are furnished with guides familiar with the best localities in the immediate neighborhood. The charge for the guide is the regular one of $3 per day, which, as a rule, I believe, includes the guide's board. Some camps advertise to supply board and guide to sportsmen at a fixed sum.

When going back in the woods where there are no permanent camps the sportsman pays for the supplies consumed by his guide as well as himself. This item of expense is generally very small, for, as a rule, only the necessities of life are carried, recource being had to rifle or rod for important parts of the menu. In this case the guide furnishes canoe, tent and cooking utensils. Sometimes he provides the blankets also, but it is a good plan to correspond with him and be sure upon this point in good season. His charges are $3 per day.

For the average sportsman an allowance of $4 per day should be sufficient to cover all expenses while in the woods, though, of course, it is possible to spend more if the sportsman so desires. This is the average cost. As pointed out, there is also a minimum expense of $1 per day if the sportsman is content to put up at a permanent camp and hunt without a guide. The railroad expenses can easily be computed. The Bangor & Aroostook, Maine Central and other roads will be glad to furnish rates as well as data of interest regarding guides, camps, etc., on application.

Methods of Hunting, etc.

In Maine most of the hunting early in the season is from the water. Partridges of course are shot in the birch and small growth around the camp, but aside from this very little tramping is done. For this reason, as well as others, the first of the season is the easiest time to get big game, *i. e.*, the time when big game may be secured with least exertion.

Deer, moose and caribou are either killed from the canoe or else very close to it. Your guide paddles you in and out along the crooked shore of the lake or up the still more crooked windings of the dead-water stream that runs through the bog, and if you are in a good country any bend may show you the game you seek.

When the day grows old he will land at some place where there is enough open ground for a fair shot and call for moose. Under such conditions the sportsman does not have much chance to complain of leg weariness. When the snow flies, however, and when the lakes and streams are ice-bound, the conditions change completely. Then the sportsman hunts on land, and each day tests his power of endurance. For such hunting he needs heavy flannels, for he must dispense with overcoat, and he needs good woolen footwear. In December two or three pairs of woolen stockings on at once under a pair of roomy moccasins is about right.

Different sportsmen have their preferences as to the time of being in the woods. Each season has its special charms. Game is prime from October to January, three months of open season, and there is plenty of it for any reasonable sportsman. J. B. BURNHAM.

Game and Fish to the Brim.

LILLIWAUP, Wash., Oct. 18.—Game here is sort of plentiful; get grouse whenever I want it. Ducks galore. Deer and bears within a half mile. Saw my first wild bear the other day in the woods, and had a shotgun with No. 6 shot in it, and the bear looked at me and said good-by, and I said thanks. Trout in stream handy; salmon on call. Killed my first a day or two since, 7¼lbs. on 10oz. steel rod. An hour and ten minutes doing it. He was a tighter. Lots of salmon running now. Catch them with a spoon any time. O. O. S.

LUCK WITH MAINE BIG GAME.

BOSTON, Oct. 26.—It really seems that quite every man who has gone into the Maine woods this fall for the expressed purpose of getting a moose has succeeded in his object. Better still, most of them have been large animals. Another party of New England sportsmen have just returned to their homes after a most successful trip, the main facts of which it gives me pleasure to send to FOREST AND STREAM. The names of the shooters are F. H. Kimball, Bath, Me.; Jas. Kirkaldy, Woonsocket, R. I.; Tenny White, Woonsocket, and John M. Kimball, Slatersville, R. I. Their glory was obtained in the Moosehead country, not far from Lily Bay. Mr. Kirkaldy, whose experience with game has been confined mostly to shooting foxes in Scotland, and who was extremely skeptical regarding the prevalence of moose in Maine, had his skepticism blown to the winds almost as soon as he was able to get into his shooting togs and get on the warpath. While walking along with his guide the latter said, "There are some moose tracks not a half hour old, shall we follow them up?" Agreeing to this they started after the forest monarch, and in a very short time came in full sight of the animal only 20yds. away. The big fellow had no idea of retreating, and while his hair was bristling up with anger Mr. Kirkaldy fired a shot which cut his jugular vein. The animal fell almost instantly and nearly every drop of blood in his body poured out of the wound. The delight and pleasure of the fortunate shooter was simply beyond description, and he has now gone to the other extreme and is convinced that a bull moose lurks behind every windfall, and can be dispatched with the trouble of pulling the trigger.

The experience of Mr. F. H. Kimball, of the same party, was even more thrilling. This gentleman, with a young Indian guide, had started out late in the afternoon, intending if necessary to stay out all night in a determined effort to get a shot at a moose. The Indian was an expert caller, and Mr. Kimball relied on his skill to bring the much coveted game within easy shooting distance. While going up Tussel Lagoon in a canoe about dusk in the evening they heard a great splashing in the water some distance ahead of them. The Indian whispered "Moose!" and bent to the paddle with renewed energy, sending the canoe along swiftly and noiselessly. The wind was in the right direction, and in a few moments a sight met their vision such as few men have the good fortune to see in these modern days. There stood two great bull moose, as big as houses (as Mr. Kimball described them), and a large calf, all splashing around in the water and having a great time. The distance was about 60yds., and it took but a second for Mr. Kimball to send a .38-56 bullet into the largest of the three. The other two were off like the wind, but the fatal bullet had done its work well with one of them. The lead went clean through the animal, sticking in the skin on the opposite side. Mr. Kimball cut it out and has it now in his possession, and a very much flattened and distorted piece of lead it is.

As an experiment the guide afterward began calling, and they could hear the calf answer time and again a long distance off in the woods. The journey back to camp was a sort of triumphal march, and Mr. Kimball took care to send word of their luck to their friends of the Night-hawk Club on Sugar Island in Moosehead Lake. Word came back in due time that their health and good luck were toasted in the proper form, but a frank admission was made that an unusual silence prevailed while the custom was being carried out. How could it be otherwise when some of the club members have been seeking moose meat for untold years without success.

Stories regarding the fine sporting qualities of that part of Maine lying in the extreme northwestern portion, and reached by the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, have occasionally reached me from residents of Caribou and Presque Isle. A vast territory is lying out of doors up there around the upper waters of the St. John and the many outlying lakes and streams, a large part of which is still untouched by the lumberman's axe. Superb fishing and shooting can be had for the seeking according to these statements, and the wonder is that more sportsmen do not go there. The trouble probably lies in the fact that it takes considerable time to get in and out. Two Boston sportsmen have made the trip this fall, and the story they tell since returning seems to confirm those previously heard. William Wallace and H. L. Hall are the two men. They went to Island Falls on the B. & A. and there obtained a team and wagon, on which was loaded a canoe and several camping utensils. An eighty-two-mile drive was then taken to the place where they must leave their horses and plunge into the woods. Their destination was the St. Froid Lake, and thinking they could save time they decided on the advice of a French farmer to go through the woods to the thoroughfare or stream connecting Portage and St. Froid lakes, intending to canoe it down to the lake itself. On reaching the stream they found the water too low to float them down, and realized they were in a tight predicament. They were two and one-half miles from the lake, and it became a question of going way back through the woods or carrying their boat and equipment down to deep water. They had no guide, and realized if they decided on the latter plan they would be obliged to wade the stream almost the entire distance, as the bank was impassable with thick growth. With great courage they tackled the stream, and floundered about in the ice-cold water until a place was reached where they could launch the canoe and paddle down to the place selected for camping, where they finally arrived, cold, wet, and of course very hungry. A good tent taken with them provided their camp, and a stay of two weeks was made on the shores of the lake, the time being given wholly to hunting. Mr. Wallace killed a bull moose and two deer, and Mr. Hall one caribou. Besides the big game they killed many partridges, the birds being very plentiful, and also had good black duck shooting. Some few days before they entered camp a couple of lumbermen, while driving along a tote road in the woods, were suddenly confronted by an immense bull moose, which for a time declined to move out of the path, and seemed half inclined to attack the horses. Of course they had no gun, and were obliged to await his pleasure. This incident made it appear that the animals are not hunted much in this virgin region, and the evidence of Messrs. Hall and Wallace add further weight to that theory.

Another bad miss scored, and two disappointed sportsmen down on their luck, are the conditions surrounding the return to Boston of H. F. Morse and Judge Bolster. The two gentlemen were tramping through a swampy stretch of woods and at the same time both saw a great bull moose, with a magnificent pair of horns, looking straight at them but a short distance ahead. Both men instantly fired and Mr. Moose made off in a hurry without shedding a drop of his precious blood or stopping to nod good-by. Congratulations that they had not shot each other were next in order, and the balance of their walk was spent in silent meditation of what might have been. They have been in the Aroostook region for two weeks, got one buck deer, and but for this mortal shock to their confidence would have gone on record as having made an ideal trip.

H. S. Fisher and wife, of Boston, have been spending a week or more in that fine region back of the Katahdin Iron Works, in Maine. Houston Pond Camps was their stopping place, and not the least of their pleasure was obtained in viewing the enchanting scenery surrounding their pleasant home. The substantial rewards of the trip came in the shape of a 200lb. buck deer and a doe, killed a few days after their arrival. They returned to Boston more than pleased. HACKLE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Song and Game Birds in the South.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 18.—Mr. Benj. C. Miles, of Brownsville, Tenn., a devoted lover of all birds and a close student of their ways, writes entertainingly in regard to the loss of bird life in last winter's storm, being moved thereto by the comment of Mr. F. F. Merrill, of Milwaukee, on the disappearance of the bluebirds from that neighborhood this year. Mr. Miles says that he positively knows where there was one nest the past spring, and saw two or three other couples at different times. "I suppose during the February cold spell," he says, "I noticed not less than a hundred frozen birds, and among these was only one bluebird. I had hoped from that fact they would get through all right, but fear now that is not the case. A friend of mine, a close observer of birds, tells me he has not seen one this summer.

"While coon hunting in the woods during the cold weather in February I got lost from my crowd, and stopped near a dry snag and built a fire. In stripping a piece of dry stuff from the snag I exposed the cosy retreat of several blues, whereupon I transferred my fire, and taking a string tied the bark in place again and put in the hole a piece of the facing of my coat, which had been torn in the chase. In May I hunted up the snag and found that a bird had nested and hatched a brood, and suppose it was one of my former camp mates, as the piece of cloth was the foundation for the nest.

"Our visiting birds have nearly all left us, and they will be truly missed. Many of the birds, which I think nest further North usually, stopped with us this year, and while I sincerely sympathize with my Northern brother in his loss, I am so wholly human that I bid them come again and stay. Lately a friend, whose acquaintance I formed through your columns, presented me a copy of Chapman's "Birds of Eastern North America," and I wish to go on record as saying that the book is a treasure to any lover of the feathered tribe who, like myself, is ignorant of bird nature, but still alive to its beauty and value, and from this Western limit of the subject of which he treats I would waft him a blessing from a lowlier member of the brotherhood of bird lovers.

"Our Bob Whites this year present a curious feature, in that many bevies are fully grown, while others are just hatched apparently, not able to fly. I saw such a bevy this evening. Of those large enough to shoot there are a goodly number, and after getting through with them we will look after the small ones, but have concluded we will have to leave them over for another year.

"Several of our sportsmen have killed turkeys in the past two weeks, and they are more plentiful than for several years past—the result of the constant agitation for better game protection which our people have kept up for a few years past, and in which FOREST AND STREAM has so ably assisted."

Bears and Fur in the North.

M. P. Dunham, a Madison county, Montana, guide whose home is at Lyon, writes that he is just back from a hunt with a man who took a .22 rifle and a kodak, and shot—with the kodak only—thirty-seven elk and two deer, and was pleased with his luck.

It is Dunham who has previously spoken of unscientific bears, and he adds in regard to the "pine nut" bear:

"I have killed a great many bear here in the mountains, but I have never got one that would answer to this description. I have killed two kinds of black bear here, one the common mountain black bear and the other a much smaller bear, with a large white spot on the breast. In some cases the whole breast was white. This last spring I killed a large bear that at a distance looked like a black bear, but on getting up to it I found it to be a dark gray; not a silver-tip, but gray—one white hair to about ten or twelve black ones. I sold the hide to Gottschalck, of Bozeman, who also called it a 'gray bear.' I have also shot brown and cinnamon bear that had climbed a tree. I saw a brown bear come down a tree this summer, and he must have climbed up to be able to come down."

I wish to guard Mr. Dunham against the unscientific habit of jumping at conclusions. It is by no means scientifically certain that, because the bear was seen climbing down the tree, it had ever climbed up the tree. Even had Mr. Dunham seen the bear climbing up the tree it could not be accepted as fact, since Mr. Dunham is not a scientist. As Mr. Dunham has submitted so poor a case, all we can consider scientifically proved is that the bear he saw coming down the tree had been born up the tree at an earlier day and had never come down before, and that it was not a brown bear he saw at all, but a black bear. I really must deprecate such unscientific habits of observation, and must ask the mountain men not to see gray bears, brown bears or cinnamon bears, but to confine their observations to two sorts, the black and the grizzly.

In Mr. Horton's fur store at St. Paul there is a mounted bear said to be the largest in the United States. It was mounted, I believe, by William Hart, of New York, and is larger than the monster bear shown by Mr. Hart at the Sportsmen's Exposition. Both these bears came from Alaska, and are the same "brown bears" mentioned by Schwatka and other Alaskan travelers. They are not the color of the grizzly, but are of a solid brown color. The St. Paul bear is said to be between 10 and 11ft. in length. (We had no way of measuring it, as it is mounted standing on its hindlegs.) Somebody most unscientifically stretched that bear hide, for we are asked to believe that the grizzly does not really weigh over 600lbs. on the scales, and it seems sure that this monster would have weighed more than twice that, unless it was a pneumatic bear. Moreover, at the feet of the big bear are two mounted cub bears (not known to have belonged to the big one) which are brown except for a plain white collar, expanding to a white patch on the throat. What business have they with that white collar? Do they lose it as they grow older? The brown color of this big bear is not the cinnamon color of the Rocky Mountain cinnamon bear. It is the color which, I am told, is found uniform among these big Alaska bears. And yet, from Alaska come jet black bear skins nearly twice as large as the average Wisconsin or Michigan black bear. Who shall tell us of all these bears? Has science got it all up her revered sleeve? To me it rather seems this way: science classifies, but nature does not; and nature saw it first. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

COMMISSIONER ROOSEVELT'S RECORD.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. A. L. Trude, of Chicago, has recently given to the public several statements about myself which contain such reckless falsehoods that I at first thought Mr. Trude himself must be an invention of some of the newspapers. I am informed, however, that he is a real person.

One of his statements contains a long account of my shooting a trapped bear. The other contains a long account of an alleged hunt which I made after white goats, in which I failed to hit any of the goats and finally shot at a dead one which a guide had thoughtfully prepared. He also stated that my elk hunting consisted in driving females and young elk into ravines and slaughtering them. He gives as his authority two guides named Ed Marion and Beaver.

I never shot a trapped bear in my life; I never but once saw a bear in a trap; I never was out with any guides named Beaver or Ed Marion, or any similar name, and, as far as I know, I never saw them; I certainly never fired a shot in their presence. With one exception, all of the goats I have ever killed were shot while out with John Willis, now a prominent business man of Thompson Falls, Montana. I believe the editor of the FOREST AND STREAM has had correspondence with Willis, and some of Willis's letters have been published in the FOREST AND STREAM. Any one by writing to him can find out for himself the exact truth of my accounts of my goat hunting, as published in my two books. It happens that I have killed every white goat at which I ever fired, although some of them took several bullets, and one I did not get until the following day.

Some of my bear hunting has been done with Willis, some with William Merrifield, of Medora, N. D., who was at the time on my ranch, and some with Hank Griffen, who is dead. Three bears I shot when I was alone. As for shooting elk cows and calves, in all my twelve years' hunting in the West put together I have killed but five, and these were when we were in need of meat. The most successful elk hunt I ever made was in 1891, south of the Yellowstone National Park. I was with old Tazewell Woody, whose address is at Mammoth Hot Springs. Your correspondent Mr. Hough has in your paper already given Woody's account of what I did on this trip. Mr. R. H. M. Ferguson, now an A. D. C. at Government House, Ottawa, Can., was with me on this trip, and would doubtless answer any letters sent to him in reference to it. A full account of the trip is published in my book "The Wilderness Hunter."

I challenge Mr. Trude to give the date and place where a single one of the incidents which he recites occurred. They are all false from beginning to end, in every particular. Whether he has invented this falsehood himself, or whether he has been imposed upon by a couple of scoundrels whom I never saw, and has recklessly repeated their lies, I do not care. In either case he is equally to blame. A liar is sufficiently contemptible, but a liar who slanders others in wantonness is even worse.

Mr. Trude is unfit for membership in any club or association of gentlemen, and is unfit for the acquaintance of any man of honor. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A SURE-ENOUGH POINTER.

MONROE, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seeing others in your interesting journal giving their experiences causes me to give you an account of an afternoon in the field the present week. I became possessed of a young dog last winter too late to give him any field experience, and wishing to see how he would behave I took him out for a run. He had been tried a little before I got him, and being largely Laverack, inherited the same traits of character as nearly every Laverack had that I have had anything to do with, viz., a total disregard of orders and a determination to go where they pleased and select their own route. As we were not quite united in our opinions and I knew the country best, I wished to see if the few misunderstandings we were having lately about the use of the whistle as a signal for turning (not for going away; he knew how to do that thoroughly) were to be continued.

On reaching a large field of wheat stubble I cast him off. After finding the length of it and turning at the fence (I was much pleased at this unusual occurrence for him), and coming quartering back handsomely with head high in the air, he drew up to a fine point, which, although only a lark, was quite gratifying to me. After beating out another field or two and a piece of woodland, I came out to the Lake Erie marshes and some prairie land. He was going well and wide, and again throwing his head high, roading and drawing, came bold on to a crippled duck. He seemed to be of the opinion that he could capture it, but as its wings were not totally disabled I advised him to let it go, an advice he rather reluctantly heeded. On again. He had moved a short distance only when he made a most stylish point. On my going in front of him out hopped a pretty green frog. I was now nearing a spot I knew snipe always to inhabit, and my hopes ran high, as I had a gun along. When he carefully drew to a point I walked up and was rewarded by a shot and a bird. He retrieved it nicely, and wheeling into the wind, instantly trailed another, which he had also the pleasure of retrieving. His price was now rising rapidly. But the supply of birds had run out. At the next low spot he again pointed handsomely, when a brace of birds

got up and escaped. Next in a cornfield he pointed some distance off. Before I could reach him the snipe got up, but before leaving the place 50yds. he was firm on a covey of quail (rather a scarce article here the present season). His next point was on a bittern, which was allowed to escape unheeded. The next was on a marsh hawk, which on being put out of the rushes was seen to have been feasting on a blackbird. He ended up the afternoon by again pointing another crippled duck. I think now that I have a remarkable dog, and the fact of his pointing a lark, a frog, five snipe, a bittern, a covey of quail and a marsh hawk and another duck (although crippled), is proof of it, and all without a flush intervening.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

HINTS ABOUT NITROS.

THE beginner with nitro powder will generally load it much as he has been loading black powder; there not being enough wadding and the primer too weak, results are poor. There being so little noise and recoil as compared with his black powder loads he concludes that the strength of the nitro has been very much overrated. Next lot is loaded with a generous charge of powder, and on the advice of some friend is loaded in strong primer shells. As strong primers will develop far greater power in the powder than the common ones, and a slight increase in the quantity of powder seems to make a great increase in violence of explosion, the experimenter has a load of double or more the violence of the first lot, but thinks he has only added 10 per cent. or less. If such charges are used in a cheap gun the results may be disastrous to gun and shooter. If the gun is a good one and the shells are loaded according to directions of the makers of any of the well-known nitros, there is very little danger. The amount of powder must not exceed the directions of the makers, and there must be plenty of elastic wadding between powder and shot; not less than ⅜in. of felt wads, and twice that amount is better. The generation of nitro gases is very sudden and violent, so the elastic wadding is needed to give a little relief at the start and also prevent swedging or balling of the shot, which of itself is more or less dangerous in a fully choked gun of some makes. Many guns are bursted by black powder, but people have been so long accustomed to it that little is thought about it. Some fellow says there must have been dirt or something in the muzzle or it would not have bursted, and they let it go at that, but when nitro bursts the gun the powder is charged up with all the blame every time.

I recently saw a 12-gauge gun bursted by a charge of 3drs. of nitro powder and 1⅛oz. of shot. The break was alongside the extractor rod, and examination showed that the metal of the barrel had been cut away to make room for the rod, so the thickness of the bursted metal did not exceed ⅛in. Hundreds of nitro charges had been fired in the barrel before it gave way.

O. H. HAMPTON.

A GIGANTIC MOOSE.

BOSTON, Oct. 25.—The big moose of the Buckboard Road, in from Andover, Me., to the South Arm, is dead. Mr. N. G. Manson came out from Camp Leatherstocking, Richardson Lake, yesterday, and he finds that the big moose is dead. Tom French and E. A. Rowell, having got through the season with their steamers, are after the moose. Geo. Thomas, a noted Andover guide, has shot the first big moose. He was engaged by a couple of Lewiston sportsmen to guide them on a hunting trip at the lakes. On the way in, Mr. Thomas came upon the tracks of the big moose, in the vicinity of Birch Guideboard. He followed and came upon the moose lying down. The animal started and George fired. He hit the moose in the neck, when, instead of dashing away from the hunter, the wounded animal charged, but George killed it. A crew of men from Andover dragged the moose out to the Buckboard Road whole, and carted him down to the village. He weighed 700lbs. when he got to Lewiston. The animal was a black bull, standing nineteen hands high, or higher than any horse. He measured 16ft. in length. This moose is the biggest one killed in that section for many years. He has a handsome pair of antlers.

Mr. Manson had a grand time in camp, being there three or four weeks. He had all the venison he wanted in camp after the law was off. Partridges were plenty. He is much pleased with his location, especially in the fall. He was there after the bluebacks begun to run and they obtained a good many. It has been well known to the guides for a long time that these fish run up the Richardson and Beaver brooks in the fall to spawn. Mr. Manson says that the surface of the water was almost alive with them at times. He tried to take them on the fly, and bait was also tried, but without success. About the only way to take them is with a net and a light in the night as they crawl up the shallow streams. They are seen for a few days in the fall, but never at any other time.

Mr. S. B. Woodman is on the list of disappointed hunters. He has returned from his hunting trip to Princeton, Me., a point beyond Calais, without any big game. He went to the same camps last year and got his deer. One of the party also shot a bear which Mr. W. brought to Boston.

Mr. George Lanphier's party was very fortunate indeed. The two moose killed were young bulls, two years of age, with nicely budded horns, taken on the shore of Upper Bema Pond. The party also shot a bobcat weighing 30lbs. They got no deer, the leaves were falling and there was too much noise in the woods. Mr. Lanphier thinks that they must have started twenty in all, but it was next to impossible to get a shot. The party was made up of Mr. Geo. Lanphier, his brother Charles Lanphier, William G. Fisher and his son William G., Jr. They were quartered at Philbrook Camp, Schoodic, Me., and they speak in the highest terms of the treatment they received there. The camp is situated about half-way between Schoodic Lake and Jo Morry Lake. Mr. Lanphier thinks that with a tracking snow he could shoot his quota of deer in one day, and he wants no more.

Coot-shooting along the Massachusetts coast has continued fairly good, though the shooters are hoping for another storm. Since the big storm and blow of a couple of weeks ago the weather has been too fine for shore bird-shooting. A Boston party went down to Scituate to-day for shooting, and also to eat one of Gus Sherman's celebrated coot stews. Gus is cook at the Harbor Light and has got to be celebrated for his coot stews. The common idea is that nobody likes coot cooked, but the coot hunter, who knows, will quietly tell you that "you must go where they know how to cook them." The Scituate party this time is made up of Charlie Ripley, C. H. Gifford, Harry Augustine, A. I. McLauthlin and C. McLauthlin.

M. H. Adams and Henry S. Starr, of Cambridge; C. E. Belcher, of Medford, and S. M. Bevin, of East Hampton, Conn., are at Kingfield, Me., hunting in the vicinity of Mount Abram.

SPECIAL.

SOME NOTIONS ABOUT MAN AND NATURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The reports that I have received of the hunters of deer in the Adirondacks have indicated that as many deer were killed this fall as ever before, and that more people killed as many deer as they could. I read in *The Sun* a few days ago of thirty-seven deer being killed by one party. The dispatch was from Troy, I think, and the party was one from Saratoga. I wonder how many persons were in that party and how long they were in the woods. If there were nineteen or more of them I would like to know how many deer each individual killed. Furthermore, I would like to know why the number of deer to be killed by a party for stated periods of time is not limited as individual scores are now limited. I should think that a party of five that kills ten deer in a week ought to be as liable to punishment as the man who kills three deer in two months or a year.

I knew a party of eleven to go into Moose River one fall not many years ago, and when they came out ten days later they gleefully told me that they had killed sixteen deer. Now, sixteen deer was seventeen less than the law would then have allowed them to kill. Those men brought out pack-loads of jerked venison that, some of them, weighed over 100lbs.; yet the stench from unused fore quarters that lay about their camp was fit to sicken one's soul as well as stomach. I could cite other cases where men, hoggish for blood, were sinners inside a limit law.

It is like this: New York has a valuable safe deposit vault in which are jewels of inestimable value. There is a building around and over it that is good so far as it goes, but there are yet cracks and holes and doors and windows through which vandals can cart away the treasure, and even the vault itself. It has a few watchdogs of its own and they are inadequate or unfaithful to their trust. It depends too much on clubs to preserve its jewels and the vault—as if I'd set a guard of panthers and elephants over fresh meat and a hay field. But each year we see the forest—a vault of irreplaceable value—melting away, as it were, before sawmills, railroads, aye, and even sportsmen's clubs are going hand in hand with these devastators.

I can direct the reader to a forty-man lumber camp that is stripping all spruce and balsam trees—winter game shelter—for five miles along the road above Northwood, Herkimer county. I can direct him to at least ten sixty-men lumber camps that are disemboweling the forests of northern Herkimer county. I can direct him—I could lead him for miles along trails between heaps of dead brown tree tops. I could even point out to him a sawmill that eats 2,000 logs a day—logs that were mostly cut on a sportsmen's club's lands.

If I beat my horse with a club or starve it or burn it with fire I am taken before a man whose face shows his horror at my crime and his detestation of me, and by this man I am sentenced to pay a penalty. Better yet, the newspapers tell the people of my wretchedness, of my barbarous instincts, of my lack of appreciation of civilization, and say that my punishment is not severe enough. But I can grievously wound nature; I can torture her, I can bring tears of blood from her eyes, I can scar her with iron and steel, I can destroy her, and there is none to say "No" to my cruelty. There is no penalty to pay, for I have no heart, only a pocket.

Let us—not sportsmen, but the State—buy the ground that lies beneath nature, and if they who own it will not sell, let us declare the forest a public highway, and then pay a fair price for it, and they'll quickly take the lucre. Then when a man or woman wounds that nature which we own or that nature's children, let us punish them as you would punish me if I maltreated my beast.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

WHERE NESSMUK LIVED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

These notes of a famous Massachusetts hunter which I take from the Worcester *Spy* are doubly interesting because Mr. Dudley's hunting has been in the country of Nessmuk's youth:

On the Sutton road, about three miles from the Webster post office, in an old-fashioned New England farm house, lives the veteran fox-coon hunter of Worcester county, Reuben Dudley, who with his helpmeet and married daughters, residing on adjoining farms, now leads a life of contentment known only to well-to-do farmers of New England.

Mr. Dudley was born in Douglas, Mass., March 21, 1829. As a hunter he has no equal in the county, and many is the time when parties from Worcester have enjoyed him as guide in their hunting trips. The *Spy* man the other day heard his wonderful stories of his hunting trips, which have been his recreation from a mere lad. Mr. Dudley wants the *Spy* to ask its readers to notice the difference in trout fishing when he was a boy from that of to-day. Some fifty years ago he, with a 4-cent fishing tackle, in contrast to a $50 output of to-day, would catch brook trout, which were never weighed, but measured. One would fill a spider where now a dozen would hardly fill it. He has fished the celebrated five-mile stream that has its rise at the old Coffee House Dam, which flows south from Buck Hill woods through Thompson and has its mouth below Putnam, Conn., emptying into the Quinebaug River. His largest string of brook trout was forty-two in number, which weighed 42lbs., caught when he was only 16 years of age. He took them to Thompson and was offered 5 shillings, or about 5 cents per pound, for them by Moses Hoyle, of East Thompson. The mother of Mr. Dudley on her old spinning wheel twisted the line which, with a birch pole 18½in. long, constituted his outfit, at a cost of 4 cents. Once at Joslin's mill dam pond, now the old crumbled down saw and grist mill, he caught two trout that weighed exactly 2½lbs. each, and was offered only 50 cents apiece for them. His companions in fishing were Erastus Joslin and Royal Marsh, with whom he used to supply parties in New York city. Later on he guided such men as Samuel Slater and Lawyer Rogers, of Webster, and John Eaton, of Thompson, in trout fishing. He enjoyed a hearty laugh when he alluded to the trout fisherman of to-day, with his costly rig, a 5oz. scale in his vest pocket and a basket of 8oz. trout as a big day's sport.

As a coon hunter Mr. Dudley has no superior in the State. He has in his day, in one, two and three weeks' trips, from 5 to 40 miles distance, to Union and Stafford, Conn., bagged 700 coons, and intends this fall to visit his old grounds as his last hunt for coons. He casually remarked that this was the favorite sport of Daniel Webster. Mr. Dudley has also killed 150 foxes, having one of the best kennels of hounds in the county. He raised 92 hounds, disposed of several to leading sportsmen in the country, and has at present five hounds ready for the season's hunt. He hunted last winter more than ever before, and is anxious for his farewell season. He has trapped 20 otters, which he states is the most sensible, cunning animal he ever hunted. Has caught and killed 67 rattlesnakes, 20 of which he kept alive, catching them at Mine Dam Brook in Webster, selling them at $5 each to parties who would exhibit them throughout the country. His life has been one of work, and this hunting and fishing came after farm work was over. His farm, now comprising 68 acres, is the last farm in Webster on the Sutton road, south of the Sutton town line, and years ago was a part of the camping grounds of the Nipmuck tribe of Indians. North of the lane leading from the highway to the house is the Nipmuck Pond, covering 10 acres of land, fed by natural springs, which has been flowed and enlarged by Mr. Dudley, and stocked with trout and other fish, and each year supplies to the local market pounds of fish. He also has found 250 swarms of wild bees, 13 of which he found the past year, the largest swarm having 150 pounds of honey.

NOTES FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

HADDAM, Conn., Oct. 22.—From my observations in this vicinity I find partridges fairly plenty, but scattered singly and in pairs throughout the woods in pursuit of food, making it tedious hunting, for they are also very wild. Quail are more plenty than was expected in the summer, and it seems to me that there are more than we have had for several years. Woodcock have been unusually scarce thus far, and we can hardly expect many more flights after this cold snap. Gray squirrels are quite plenty, but seem very wild and will not remain on the tree up which they are driven by the dog; so if one does not get to the tree soon after the dog barks he will find the squirrel has fled to other trees, which makes it impossible to locate it. The trees and bushes are still loaded with foliage, which makes either squirrel or bird hunting quite difficult, and adds another proof to my often-expressed opinion that the open season in this State should not begin before the 15th of October, and, I think, should close the last day of November. I am sure if it were so we would have pleasanter shooting and in the end more game.

A.

Under date of Oct. 24, Mr. J. B. Stoddard writes concerning game conditions about Newton, N. C.: "There has been no rain for over two months. Birds are uncommonly scarce, and weather and scarcity of birds are a hard combination to struggle against. It is almost impossible to get work on the few we do find. No doubt more birds will be found after we have rain. I was out this morning early and only found one bevy. The trials will be slow unless rain sets in. I would not be surprised to see birds scarce on the field trial grounds. Our best day was seven bevies with good dogs. The best record here so far is nine bevies in one day. Most dogs will not find a bevy in a two-hour run any place near Newton. The people here give as a reason for the scarcity that the birds were froze out.

Game Preserves and the Unfortunates Left Out.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It rather looks as if our little State here would in time become a game preserve, and that those of us who don't happen to have the price of admission to the ring would soon be advertising our guns, dogs and the rest of our duffle in the FOREST AND STREAM for sale.

Now what is the general idea of the readers on this question of posting all the good covers?

Game preserving is undoubtedly a vastly good thing, but it hardly seems right for those who are more fortunate in worldly goods to buy up or lease all the good covers and keep out the poor chap who likes his day afield also. It savors too much of the old style English park system, and we will soon have poachers and sneaking pot-hunters arising from the ranks of those who don't believe in that sort of thing now.

It does seem that good game laws, properly enforced, should keep up the supply of game without the forming of these preserves which exclude many of our true sportsmen.

Rhode Island has many good covers, but just try a day and see where you will be at, and what you will find. Warwick Neck, an old stamping ground, reserved for a select few; the Harmony, Greenville and Summit squirrel and rabbit grounds posted; in fact there are very few good places now that one can find without the "eheu" provoking "No trespassing, under penalty of the law. All persons forbidden shooting or entering upon these grounds."

No doubt this keeps off the pot-hunting Dago *et alii.*, including a few of us who can't well afford to buy a few hundred acres for a day's shoot now and then.

What is the opinion of the FOREST AND STREAM fraternity?

TODE.

Mourning Doves Protected in Michigan.

HOLLAND, Mich., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 12th, Julian, of Lansing, Mich., reports the killing of twenty mourning doves. Was not this shooting illegal? Our last State game warden held that mourning doves were protected by the law which forbids the killing of song birds at all times. Acting under this decision, our Fish and Game Protective Association has stopped the shooting of these birds here.

ARTHUR G. BAUMGARTEL.

BULLETS IN SMOOTH BORES.

SMOOTH bores are more affected than rifles by defects in the bullets, such as air-holes in the interior, wrinkles on the surface, or want of perfect sphericity in the shape. It is therefore advisable to use moulds of improved pattern, which are cut with great care and are provided with very deep holes through which the lead is poured. The leather should be hardened with about one-twelfth part of tin in order that their roundness may not be impaired by the explosion of the powder. With the same object it is better to use No. 6 rifle powder rather than the finer quick-burning brands. The part of the bullet from which the neck is cut should be placed undermost and in the center of the wad on which it rests. Turning down or crimping the cartridge case diminishes the accuracy to some extent, and crimping is not necessary except when such heavy charges are used that the recoil of one cartridge jerks forward the bullet in the other. With a moderate load of powder, balls which fit properly can be kept in their places by pouring a little melted lubricant around the part where they touch the inside of the cartridge case. The best lubricant is a mixture of paraffine candle with sufficient vaseline to give it the right degree of hardness. By varying the proportion of one or the other it can easily be made to suit either a hot or a cold climate, and it has one great advantage over any kind of oil or fat in not corroding on the bullet, even if left in contact with it for many months.

Barrels which have a straight slope from breech to muzzle seem to give better average shooting than those which are thin, and consequently dished inward for some inches below the muzzle. With my own guns, barrels that were recess-choked have been as accurate with ball as those that were cylinder-bored, and its frequent use has not in any way spoiled their patterns with small shot. I never risked firing it from muzzle chokes, believing that if a ball could pass easily through the muzzle, it would be likely to injure the barrel in its passage by rebounding from side to side. If, on the other hand, it fitted the lower part of the barrel closely, there was a possibility of splitting open the choked part, or even carrying it away altogether. With a muzzle-choked barrel I would always prefer using buckshot, although, judging from my own experience, the largest size that will chamber in a 12-bore has not sufficient penetration to insure killing an animal the size of a fallow deer at distances beyond 35yds. I am convinced that, beyond that range, for one deer bagged fully three escape wounded. The manager at the shop of a prominent London gunmaker once assured me that even light, thin barrels were never injured by bullets if the latter be one size larger than the gauge of the gun. He was very probably right, and yet it does seem possible that there would be a severe strain upon the breech while the ball is being suddenly compressed from the larger to the smaller diameter. Most gunmakers advise the use of a naked ball of such a size that it touches the barrel all round, without being either loose or tight enough to require force when pushing it through. I have frequently found bullets fitting in this way, and only once injured a barrel. On that occasion the bullet scored a broad spiral mark for several inches along the inside—which no amount of rubbing ever sufficed to remove. I have always obtained the most regular accuracy with bullets one size smaller than the gauge of the barrel, so that, when covered with a patch of tough linen, they fitted snugly enough to require one steady push of a cleaning rod to force them from breech to muzzle. The patch should be applied by tying it tightly over the ball with strong thread and cutting off all but a short neck, then leaving the ball for a few moments in melted lubricant until the latter has soaked into the fibers of the linen. If there be any dread of injuring a gun, a cloth wad with a small hole punched in its center should be placed over the felt wad, and the neck of the patch should be put in this before the ball is pushed home. Loaded thus there is no possibility of hurting the most delicate barrel, and the shooting is good up to 40 and often 50yds. I prefer placing the ball in the mouth of the cartridge case with the neck of the patch uppermost, and cutting off the latter before pushing the ball down to the felt wad. The patch is so tightly glued on by the lubricant that it adheres, while the ball passes along the barrel, but drops off at the muzzle. Loaded in this way with 3¼ drams of powder, one of my guns, a 16-bore receptacle, has put several successive bullets into a ring, eight inches in diameter at 60yds., and would doubtless do much better if fitted with a rear sight like a rifle—*J. J. Meyrick in Shooting Times.*

Maine Hunting Season.

AUGUSTA, Maine, Oct. 26.—This is proving a great season for hunting in Maine. Small and large game is plenty, and large numbers are taken by hunters.

Partridges are very numerous, and duck shooting has not been better to my knowledge for years. I refer to such birds as frequent our inland waters, the black wood teal and the "blue bills," which come in quite large numbers, stopping in our ponds and lakes on their way south.

This month will without doubt have taken a thousand deer from the woods, with a usual number of moose and caribou. It has been bad "still-hunting" weather, as the leaves have been dry, and the record shows that game is plenty. With the first snows, which may soon be expected in the woods north, the numbers killed will increase and we may look for five or six thousand at least as the hunters' crop for 1895. This number taken will not harm in the least the future supply. E. C. F.

Mr. Ronco Shot no Deer.

ARLINGTON, Mass., Oct. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I find on reading your paper of October the 19th issue an item in regard to an Arlington barber who has just returned from a trip in Maine and showed three deer, or, as your correspondent writes, had them in his possession in the close season. Now what I wish to set aright is this: Mr. Ronco has been to my camp on the west branch of the Penobscot River three years as my guest, and never has shot a deer, nor at one, in all of that time; as he only comes to fish; and as for his bringing home and showing three deer, it is a downright lie, which I stand ready to prove by the remainder of my party of seven. I would have paid no attention to this notice whatsoever had it not reflected a great deal upon my good principles of allowing no one to fish or shoot at my preserve in the close season. A. A. TILDEN.

Ontario Oddities.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Oct. 23.—When the church officer opened the Halloway street Methodist Church on Sunday morning he found a dead partridge (ruffed grouse) on the floor beneath a window, one of the panes of glass of which the bird had shattered in its flight.

Gen. Davies, of New York State, on the last afternoon of his fishing in Hay Bay, says the Picton *Gazette*, hooked a 40lb. maskinonge, and when he was playing the fish a 25lb. one hooked on to the other spoon. The latter took care of himself till the first one, after a tussle and towing of near an hour, was safely landed in the boat, then the second fish, which had been towed by the untouched pole till then, was getting very tired and tame, and was safely landed in the boat. He also took just before a 15lb. masco, making three for the afternoon. Gen. Davies is the same gentleman who is credited with having caught a 51lb. maskinonge at Mosquito Bay some years ago.

Plover have been more numerous hereabouts this season than for many years past. A short time ago a party of three shot 126 in an afternoon, and a friend reports that on Monday he saw a flock of golden plover which numbered not less than 1,000. R. S. B.

Deer Killed with No. 6 Shot.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Up in Camp Old Stream, Washington county, Me., Billy Wheeler and I had hardly been settled in camp on Friday, Oct. 11, after a hard day's hunt, when James Dawson, of Providence, R. I. (who was also stopping at our camp), burst open the door in great excitement, yelling that he had killed a deer with No. 6 shot. Sure enough, not 300yds. down the path from the camp lay a yearling buck which had been killed with shot. Dawson had stood all of 50ft. away from the deer when he shot, and had literally peppered it for a space of 8in. in diameter; and when we opened it we found where the shot had torn the liver to pieces and we found two of the ribs broken. All this was done with a 12-bore Parker gun, loaded with No. 6 shot, at a distance of 50ft.; and if any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have ever seen anything to beat this I would very much like to hear from them. Deer are very thick this fall in Washington county, and I am glad to say that the game laws are very well enforced in that section of Maine, which means good shooting for many years to come. ULRIC X. GRIFFIN.

Foxes Shot Over Setters.

NEW YORK.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In November, 1884, while shooting partridges near Valdby Kro, in Denmark, in company with Dr. P. H. Warming, our setter came to a point in a turnip field and I called up the Doctor for a shot. Much to our surprise a red fox jumped out, and we fired together and killed it. This seemed such an extraordinary occurrence that it was rarely interesting; but on Monday of this week, while hunting ruffed grouse in Lansing, N. Y., in company with Mr. M. Norton, I repeated the performance. My setter came to a point near a drumming log, and I called to Norton to come up for a shot. Three or four minutes elapsed before Norton could get to me, but as he approached a red fox sprung out from under the log, and I killed it. This fox was killed with No. 8 shot, and I think that the former one was killed with No. 8 also. Neither fox was more than three rods away when he sprang from cover, and both foxes had lain to the dog while I called up my companions for a shot.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

Louisiana Rice Fields and Ducks.

OPELOUSAS, La.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The open season on quail begins on Nov. 1, now close at hand. The weather and rank cover in the fields, however, will interfere with hunting, and it will be fully a month later before good and enjoyable hunting can be obtained. There are no snipe this fall. The long drought has dried up the ponds and marshes, and consequently the long-billed birds gave us the go-by. Usually at this time of year we have some duck shooting, but up to date I haven't laid eyes on a single one. Later in the season, after several heavy rains fall and the weather gets colder, I suppose we will have pretty good duck shooting. The rice crop this year is large, and when the harvesting is going on there is abundance of shattered rice that falls. This is great food for mallards, and I saw them winter before last by the thousands in the rice fields. T. A. JACKSON.

Partridge in Town.

ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Two curious incidents in the line of partridge shooting occurred in this town Monday last. At 7 o'clock in the morning of the day named above Carl E. Daniels shot a partridge while she was sitting on the roof of the Mansion House, doing the shooting from his bedroom window. The Mansion House is in the center of this village. Friend Morhous, who resides near New Russia, a settlement three miles south of this village, killed three partridges at one shot on the day mentioned above. HERMIT.

Reports from Kingfield.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 27.—A wide-awake party of sportsmen arrived in Boston from Kingfield, Me., Saturday afternoon, accompanied by three deer, one doe and two bucks as a result of a few days' gunning in the vicinity of Mt. Abraham. In the party were H. S. Starr and M. H. Adams, of Cambridge; C. E. Belcher, of Medford, and S. Mills Bevin, of East Hampton, Conn.

It is almost needless to say that the writer gets a generous slice of venison for the part he plays in the affair.

CACOETHES SCRIBENDI.

Quail in Craven.

NEW BERNE, N. C., Oct. 25.—The open season for quail begins on Nov. 1 in Craven county, N. C. The birds have dry weather for nesting and are more abundant than usual. Boys have been possum hunting in the pocoson near by and brought in five yesterday. C. H.

Carrier Pigeon 541.

SCRANTON, Pa.—While out hunting to-day I found a dead pigeon with band on—No. 541, C. J. R., 92. It was ten miles south of Scranton, Pa. H. D. SWARTZ.

Sea and River Fishing.

ONE EVENING WITH SALMON ON PUGET SOUND.

AN Indian, a salmon, a syenite rock, and an August evening on the North Atlantic coast form the pleasing subjects of a graphic sketch by Robert T. Morris in the September 14th issue of FOREST AND STREAM. My perusal of the article has impressed me with the existence of an apparent coincidence.

Acting on the assumption that your Eastern correspondent is an alumnus of Cornell, it then appears that about the time he was doing battle with the mighty salmon of the Labrador coast, another Cornellian, 4,000 miles distant, on the North Pacific coast, was making an analogous fight with a similar adversary.

But the environments differed somewhat, for in lieu of an eminent surgeon, a thin-faced, patois-speaking Indian, a *Salmo salar* and a rock of syenite, that constituted the *mis en scene* on the Atlantic seaboard that balmy August evening, the *rencontre* in the Pacific Northwest comprised the *personnel* of a frontier lawyer, a broad-faced, Chinook-speaking Siwash, a cedar dugout, and a 19lb. silver salmon.

The fish that Jo-mul had impaled was lured to its death by an over-susceptibility to color and an appetite deceived by the empty puffiness of a gaudy fly, but the salmon that the Siwash had gaffed in the waters of Puget Sound could never have been enticed from his lair by any similar combination of tinsel and feathers.

The hazy midsummer day was passing into late afternoon when I stopped at the Tulalip Indian agency on my way home from trouting in one of the many small lakes lying along the borders of the reservation. Everett, six miles up the Sound, was my objective point, and my mission at the agency, which is located on a little landlocked harbor, was to find passage on some passing freight boat, or with one of those nomads whose canoes are constantly flitting along the shores of the Sound. The harbor was thickly dotted with the shapely craft—which only the Indians on this coast can build—while out on the broader waters of the Sound, dimly seen through the narrow harbor entrance, enveloped in the smoky air, were drifting specks indicative of other canoe loads of Siwash engaged with the running salmon in a sanguinary dispute for the survival of the fittest.

The exhibition of a silver dollar and a discussion in Chinook-English speedily induced the owner of a canoe and his klootchman to undertake the journey. As we rounded the jutting headland that guards Tulalip Bay and paddled out on the smooth waters of Possession Sound, I tossed overboard the large trolling spoon used by the Siwash, and which is ever present in their canoes. The gear is crude, but effective. I had paid out something over a hundred feet of line and had taken a turn around my arm, for the speed of the canoe and weight of the troll made the pull uncomfortably strong, when there came a strike—shock is the better term—and a large salmon, apparently 40in. long, broke water in our wake. Three times the glistening silver sides leaped clear above the water before he realized that he was well in leading strings, and then he darted forward on the line.

"Hy-ak! hy-ak!" shouted the Siwash to his klootch, and then both bent over their paddles, sending the boat forward with fresh impetus, while I took in line. Close up to the canoe I lead the graceful swimmer, knowing well that his apparent docility was of but brief duration; and so soon as his crafty eye sized up the cause of his embarrassment, he gave one splash with his supple tail and whirled away, carrying out line with some portion of the cuticle appertaining to my fingers. Then I realized what a fight he would make on light tackle. So surely was he hooked that it was simply a question of main strength to haul him in to the gaff. My rod, which I had been using on trout, was a stiff, heavy fly-rod that had seen service with 5lb. mountain trout, and my reel held something like 300ft. of strong braided silk. Why not try an experiment? was my immediate thought.

The thought was parent to the act; so bidding the Indians to steady the canoe, and giving the buck the trolling line to hold, I jointed my rod and then told the Indian to haul in the salmon. Running the fish alongside of the canoe, the Siwash, as I careened the boat over until the gunwale was level with the water, fairly led him into the boat. It required the united efforts of the Indian and squaw to hold the plunging salmon, enveloped in a blanket to prevent bruising him, while I disengaged the trolling hook and substituted the hook on my light line. But I succeeded in securing him to my light tackle with some laceration to my hands, and then straightening up, with the rod well in hand, the Indians slid the mammoth salmon overboard. ——! ——!! ——!!! These dashes and exclamation points imperfectly translate the Chinook expletives that greeted my ears from my astonished paddlers as they beheld the light and supple rod writhe and bend, and heard the screaming reel, simultaneous with the disappearance of the flying salmon in a swirl of troubled water.

If the finny projectile had been fired from one of the coast guns at Marrowstone his flight for the first 100ft. seemingly could not have been of greater velocity. My trusty lance that had vanquished some prodigious freshwater fighters had indeed met a foeman before whom all others seemed as pigmies. Suspecting that the staying powers of the salmon would extend beyond the limits of my line, I bid the Siwash to jog the canoe along faster in his line of flight. It was fortunate that the fish did not sound, for as we were in about seventy fathoms of water he might have torn away clear from the tackle if in his first rush he had headed for the bottom. Fish and seconds flew apace, and two-thirds of the reel was uncovered with no apparent intention on the part of the salmon to discontinue his flight toward the broad Pacific. He had the butt fairly, and the tip was dancing and swaying across my wrist in a manner to test the fiber to its utmost extent, when I pressed my thumb to the flying line. It was like touching red-hot wire. But still the tremendous rush continued, and both fish and canoe were going at race-horse speed. Barely 20ft. of line remained when the tip slightly relaxed, and the great strain was ended.

Swiftly went the canoe while I worked the quadruple multiplier with all the rapidity possible. Probably three-fourths of the line had been recovered when scarcely 30ft. ahead the salmon again broke water to instantly

bridge in the Dorchester district is his favorite fishing disappear amid a shower of spray in a rush shoreward. Around whirled the canoe and another race of paddle and scorching line followed. The hubbub that arose from my swarthy paddlers was simply tremendous. Talk about the stoicism of the Indian! A perfect stream of excited Chinook, hilarious and profane, gurgled and flowed from their cavernous mouths as with hair flying they bent and swayed with rhythmic movements over their flashing and dextrous paddles. Even amid the excitement of the chase which now made my pulses quicken I had time to note the picturesque *tout ensemble* of my aboriginal outfit. But the rush was short, as upon my putting a check on the line the salmon again shot skyward. Then he did what should have occurred to him earlier in the struggle, when his strength was fresh; he sounded; 20, 30, yes, 40ft. he went perpendicularly downward without halt or indecision, and then slowly yielding to the supple lance he came to the surface and was reeled to within 10ft. of the boat.

But that quality in fishes which anglers call gameness, and which I suspect in our salmon is the instinct of self-preservation that makes him wary of the seal, the otter and the grampus, revived his flagging energies at the sight of the boat and canoe. It was the opportunity to score success, and probably would have succeeded if the alert Siwash had not been prepared for such a move and had not countered by an exhibition of superb paddling. How the Indians did it passes my comprehension, but quick as was the salmon yet the Indians were quicker, as with a shout I saw that the boat had been pivoted around clear of the line and without toppling me over from my standing balance in the narrow craft. Putting an immediate pressure on the reel, which was already under a heavy drag, I succeeded in checking the runaway, who after hanging a minute on the swaying tip of the rod swung around to the right and then broke water in a futile attempt to release the hook. It was a valiant effort, but the good rod was surely breaking down his strength. Each minute the radii of the circles the salmon was making around the boat were diminishing until he was reeled close in astern. My arms ached, and I was ready to call him in out of the wet, but there was a vicious glare in his eye as he swam along, warning me that he had not reached that stage when the white of his belly would show in token of vanquishment. He was playing a wily game to catch fresh wind, so I told the Indians to head for the beach.

For fully 50yds. he swam alongside not 20ft. distant, giving me a splendid opportunity to observe his magnificent size and action in the water. Was he ready to surrender? Easily I reeled in, and as gently he came. The klootchman dropped her paddle and raised the long gaff, but his keen eyes caught the movement and once more he made a rush for freedom. It was of brief duration. Endurance had reached its limit, and I easily turned him again toward the canoe. This time I reeled rapidly, and when the fish reached the side of the boat the heavy gaff caught him. There was a convulsive struggle, then two brawny arms lifted the quivering form over the gunwale and the battle was ended. *Oncorhynchus kisutch* was vanquished.

Ever since he emerged from the pink-tinted egg among the gravel beds of the Skykomish beneath the glaciers back of Index Peak, where he first escaped the voracious trout, he had successfully hustled to the very prime of life, preying upon the young herring, smelt and sculpins, and always dodging his foes, the seal and black killer, until in a fateful hour, mistaking the flash of a brass trolling spoon for an evening luncheon, he succumbed to the resilience of a mere withe of lancewood, weighing but 9oz., and less than one mouthful of his daily food.

The sun is disappearing behind the snow-capped summits of the Olympic Mountains, and its lingering rays, painting a broad band of vermilion and golden russet across the waters of the Sound, fall aslant a sandy beach along the western side of the Everett Peninsula. Near a long slender canoe, half withdrawn from the ebbing tide, squats a Tulalip squaw, her long black hair streaming over shoulders draped with a red and yellow blanket; a few feet distant, leaning on a carved and pointed paddle, stands her broad-shouldered Siwash husband, whose swarthy face is seamed with weather stains, and in whose outstretched hand is dropped a broad silver dollar by a corduroy-clothed pale face. On the sands, over which the purple twilight gently gathers, and in the midst of the picturesque group, lies the gleaming form of a silver salmon, whose race is run and who has fought a good fight.

CAYUGA.

EVERETT, Wash., Oct. 18.

TROUT AT THE UPPER DAM.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 26.—The following account (kindly furnished me by one of the oldest and most successful anglers at the Upper Dam pools in the Rangeley Lakes) of large brook trout taken at that noted place during the months of August and September this year will no doubt prove interesting to many readers of FOREST AND STREAM. The record for August is twelve trout, average 5½lbs., largest 8 5/16lbs. For September, twenty trout, average 6lbs., largest 8½lbs. Some of the lucky fishermen in September, giving date of capture and weight of their largest fish, were: Sept. 13, R. N. Parish, 8 1/16lbs.; Sept. 14, J. C. Dougherty, 5 1/16lbs.; Sept. 15, Hiram Blood, 5 5/16lbs.; Sept. 15, J. C. Dougherty, 7½lbs.; Sept. 16, E. S. Osgood, 4 5/16lbs.; Sept. 18, R. N. Parish, 5½lbs.; Sept. 18, J. C. Dougherty, 5⅝lbs.; Sept. 19, T. B. Stewart, 6lbs.; Sept. 19, R. N. Parish, 5¾lbs.; Sept. 22, W. J. Reynolds, 7½lbs.; Sept. 24, Dr. W. A. Drake, one of 8lbs. and another of 4 1/16lbs.; Sept. 27, R. N. Parish, 5lbs., and the same gentleman on the 30th, one of 8½lbs.

The Smelt Fishermen.

Smelt fishing around Boston is booming just now, and both the sportsmen and regular market fishermen are getting great numbers. I have heard it said that they are averaging larger this year than for some seasons past, and what fish I have seen rather confirm me in this belief. One of the best catches, as regards quantity, which I have heard about was made by two market fishermen on one day last week. In a little less than three hours' time they captured 533 fish, weighing 72⅜lbs. I believe they were taken in Dorchester Bay, but am not quite sure of the locality. Joshua Hammond, of Boston, is one of the most devoted smelt fishermen we have. Being a very busy man, he does most of his fishing at night, and is remarkably successful at the sport. The Granite avenue place, and, regardless of weather conditions, he can be found there on several evenings of each week. A good part of Mr. Hammond's success may be attributed to his expert knowledge regarding bait. It has been demonstrated to him that the sea worm is the great bait for night fishing, while the shrimp, the best bait for day fishing, he finds almost useless for night use. Blood worms are fair, but cannot compare with the sea worm, which is a more delicate morsel, and is so regarded by the sensible smelt.

HACKLE.

FOUR WEEKS ON PRESQUE ISLE LAKE, WISCONSIN.

ALONG early in the winter of 1894 there could have been seen two "fish cranks" talking and making arrangements for the next year's fishing trip. Now, these two cranks were trying to locate a place where they could go and spend a month and not be bothered with "fixen up" every time they went to eat a meal, where they could wear their old flannel shirts and hunting suits without having some one remark, "Look at the horrid man in the old rags."

These two cranks were J. C. Hahne, better known as Chickaree, and the writer of this. After lots of talk and some figuring and many hours spent in looking over maps we concluded that the Presque Isle Lake regions of northern Wisconsin would suit us, if the rest of the party that was to go with us were agreeable, and after any amount of corresponding (they lived in Greenville, O., as did Chickaree) it was decided that Marenisco, Mich., would be the end of our trip by rail. Aug. 25 was the day we left here. The party consisted of J. C. Hahne (Chickaree), Al Hahne (Thunderpumper), Dr. A. J. Marling (Tamarack), Abe Weaver (Old Spruce), Charlie, our cook, and last, but not to be left, the writer of this. A jollier, freeborn, half-white party never went into the woods than we.

We had sixteen pieces of baggage checked through to the end of our railroad ride; we all had round trip tickets and so did not have much fear of having to walk home. We left here at 1:52 P. M. and landed in Chicago that evening, spent the next day there and found out from the Northwestern Road that we would have to act as our own agent at Marenisco to receive our baggage and attend to checking it out when we left. Of all the roads I ever traveled over (I have been from the Atlantic to the Rockies and from Canada to the Gulf) the Northwestern tries the hardest to make it pleasant. There were no questions asked of how many there were in the party or how much baggage we had; it was, "Gentlemen, what can we do for you?"

We left Chicago at 5 o'clock P. M. on Monday by way of Milwaukee and Monico Junction, and there is where we made the mistake; we should have waited until 8 P. M. and gone by the way of Milwaukee and Powers. Then we would have avoided any tedious connections as we arrived at Monico Junction at 3 o'clock A. M., and had to wait there until 9 that morning, when we got a train for Watersmeet. There we had to change cars again, but only had a short time there, in fact, only time enough to find out that our baggage was ahead of us and had been carried to the next station beyond Marenisco, but the agent said it would be back on the train coming East that afternoon. After leaving Watersmeet the only station between there and our destination is Gogebic, and it only consists of the depot and one house, but there is a good road from there to Lake Gogebic. There wagons meet the train and take any one out to the lake. The distance is about eight miles in a northerly direction. About 1 o'clock on Tuesday we arrived at the end of our railroad ride, and found ourselves in an old sawmill town, minus the sawmill; it had burnt down some time ago.

I had been in correspondence with a party there for some time, so we were met by John McLaughlin, who told us to make ourselves at home. He took us to his house and tried to make it pleasant for us, and his effort was a success. When the train came in from the West it brought all our baggage in good shape. After storing that away in a small building there, we thought it time to make some inquiry about the trout fishing, and found that the season was a little late and that the nearest stream that had any trout in was four miles west, with no way of getting there only to walk or get on the good side of the section boss. We got on the right side, and at 7 o'clock next morning you might have seen a well-loaded handcar, bristling with fly-rods, headed west, propelled by several nationalities. We left the car where the road crosses the Little Presque Isle River. There we divided the party. Thunderpumper and myself went up the stream, while Chickaree and Tamarack, with the cook, went down stream. Old Spruce was laid up for repairs and did not come with us. We fished up and down that stream until 5 o'clock that evening, and caught seventy-nine very nice trout, which was considered a very nice catch, everything considered. When we counted up to see how many each party had caught, it was found that Tamarack and partner had beaten myself and partner, and beaten us badly; but didn't we get a "roastin'," and we haven't heard the last of it yet. All we could say was, "Wait, and we will show you how to catch bass."

Now about the trout fishing in that country. There is as good as could be asked for. I was told by good authority that where the Little Presque Isle empties into the Big Presque Isle River there is some of the finest trout fishing in the Northwest, and from there all the way down the river to Lake Superior the fishing is fine. There is where the big ones are caught. A three-pounder can be taken any day. There are a number of small streams that empty into the river and they are full of trout, but not such large ones as there are in the river. There is only one trouble about this fishing ground, and that is the difficulty of getting to it. To get there will take lots of hard work and some hardships. It will be necessary to take boats in with you as far as the falls by wagon. We found out that it took more work than money to get along in that country. We found the people very clever and not inclined to rob you. One wishing to visit that section should write to John McLaughlin, at Marenisco, Mich., who will give you all the information possible. He is a perfect gentleman and knows all that country; he and another man by the name of Hamlin are going to build a camp on the Big Presque Lake for the entertainment of guests; they have a number of tents there now, but expect to put up permanent buildings this winter as soon as there is snow enough to do the teaming. But more of this later on.

After supper we thought it time to get things ready to get down to the lakes, but found that Mr. McLaughlin had made all arrangements for teams and drivers. The next morning we were all up bright and early. When we came to getting our traps in the wagons we found we would have more than could be hauled in two loads, and as no other team could be had at that time we started with two loads, leaving one load to be brought in the next day. We had a team and buckboard to carry us. We got away about 7 o'clock in the morning. Everything went well for the first five or six miles, and then it seemed that the roads were not improving with distance, but we got along very well for nine miles, which brought us to the State line between Michigan and Wisconsin. Then trouble commenced, for of all the roads I ever had the pleasure of traveling over I think this was the worst. It was up one hill and down another, over stones and logs. Sometimes the wagon would try its luck at running on two wheels, and then there would be some lively scrambling to see who would be on the high side. That was the longest four miles I ever traveled, but at last we reached the river, as far as the teams could go, but boats were brought down from the camp to meet us. It was decided that Old Spruce and myself should take the guide and go to the camp (which is about two miles by river and lake), and there look out a good place to pitch our tents and establish our camp. The rest of the boys said that as soon as the baggage arrived they would load up the boats and follow, so with the guide we started up the river, and of all the crooked, narrow, shallow streams it was ever my lot to take a boat up this is the worst. It took us about three hours to make the camp. There we were met by Tom Darley, the camp cook, one of the jolliest Frenchmen you ever saw. His greatest delight outside of seeing a man eat is to tell a story, and I am sure if he ever tells you the story of "me buck" you will ever after remember him. After a good supper we picked out a place for the tents just across a narrow part of the lake from the camp. There was a fine spring of water right under the hill from the place where we would make our home for the next four weeks.

It was then getting dark, and we knew from our trip up that it would be impossible for the others ever to get up in the dark. Tom volunteered to go and meet them and try and give them a lift. He says that after getting into the river it was so dark he had to feel his way, but being thoroughly acquainted he had no trouble. He had not gone more than half a mile when he heard some one talking and went up to them, found it was Chickaree and the cook. They had got their boat fast on a limb under the water, and the cook, in trying to get the boat off, went overboard, and by some hook or crook got under the boat. He yelled "push the other way," but Chickaree kept pushing the wrong way, thinking he was right, and all that saved the cook from getting the top of his head wet was a log that kept the boat from going any further. At about 9 o'clock they all got to the lake as wet as if they had been at the bottom.

The next day the rest of our baggage came to the landing and we got the guides to go and fetch it down to our camp. This ended the worst part of our trip, as Mr. McLaughlin came down and brought some men with him to cut a road into the lake, and when we came out we had teams all the way and a better road.

By 4 o'clock the next afternoon we had things in very good shape. Then it was proposed we should go fishing. As we had no meat in camp, we thought fish would take the place of it; so Chickaree and myself took a boat and started out for a point across the lake, where Tom had told us there was good fishing. We had hardly arrived there when I had a strike, which I responded to by driving the hook in his jaw. Then trouble commenced, for it was nip and tuck between us as to which would get the surplus line on the reel; sometimes I had a majority and then Mr. Bass had it. Between the old split-bamboo, silk line, Frankfort reel and myself we began to get the best of it; but it was not until the bass had tried the old tactics of jumping out of the water two or three times and then trying to find the bottom. At last he was in reach of the landing net and lifted into the boat. He weighed exactly 3½lbs., but had fight enough to do justice to one a great deal larger. After catching a couple more we concluded we had enough for that evening, and returned to camp, where the cook had a good supper ready for us.

The next day the first thing was to get a supply of bait. Minnows are very plenty, and as we found that they were the best bait we could use, we built a live box to keep our fish and minnows in, and then proceeded to fill it. In the lake you will get shiners, but down in the river, where you will have to catch them with a hook and line, you can get all the chubs you want. After providing a supply of minnows we began to have some of the sport we had come so far for; but it would be tiresome to you to have to hear the old story over of how this one was taken and that one got away, so will not go over them, but will summarize: We caught about 400 fish in the four weeks we were in there.

It would probably be of more interest to know something of this country than to listen to all the different fights we had with the bass.

Our camp was located on a high point of land extending out into Big Presque Isle Lake, about one-half mile from where the Big Presque Isle River makes its start for Lake Superior. We were, about fifteen or sixteen miles south of Marenisco, Mich. The lake is very irregular in shape, being full of coves and points projecting out into it. The water is as clear as any spring water and very cold. The banks are high, with timber growing down to within 5 or 6ft. of the water's edge. The space between the water and timber looks as if some expert had been trying his hand at paving, so smooth are the banks lined with stone. I estimate that the greatest length of the lake is about three or four miles and it is very nearly as wide in its widest part. There is a narrows that connects it with Mud or Van Vleet Lake south, and there is a good portage that will take you to Crab Lake, and from there by short portages you can go to Horse Head, Ox Bow, State Line and a number of lakes in that direction. By going down Presque Isle Lake in a southwest direction you come to a short portage of 100yds. that leads you to Lake Katinka, the prettiest of all the lakes we visited; it is about one and one-half miles long and about three-quarters of a mile wide at its widest part; it has two islands in it, with points of land running down toward them which leave only small narrows to pass through. The shores are all high and dry and wooded

like those of Presque Isle Lake. I think there are more bass in Katinka Lake than in any body of water for its size I ever saw. They are not so large as in some lakes we visited, but they make up in number and fighting qualities. There is one very peculiar thing about this lake: the water is of a blue tint and all the fish caught out of it have a bluish or steel color.

Going from Katinka Lake in a southwest direction, you come to a portage of about 400yds. in length, which leads to Pappoose Lake, the waters of which are of an amber color. There is where we catch muscalonge, but being a little early in the season we did not have much luck. This lake cannot be called pretty, for in some places the water is covered with lily pads, and in places the shore is grown up with rushes, which also grow some distance out into the lake; but that all goes to make good muscalonge fishing ground. The banks of this lake have been marred by fire and wind; one of the islands has been burned off and left it covered with black stubs of trees and fallen logs.

From Pappoose Lake in a southeasterly direction lies Big Lake, a very irregular-shaped body of water, having lots of points setting out into it. It has very fine bass fishing in it. Rice Creek connects it with Little Crooked Lake. The creek must get its name from the amount of wild rice that grows there; it would be a great place for ducks, and in fact a great many come in there; but the Indians go in to get their supply of rice as soon as it is ripe enough, and they keep up such a racket that all ducks stay away until the Indians are through; then there is not much left for the fowl.

But to go on and try to describe all the lakes in this section would take more time than I have, and I am afraid it would tire the reader before he got through. All the lakes we visited had good fishing—some have nothing but bass, others a variety. In Pappoose Lake there are muscalonge, wall-eyed pike, both small and large-mouth bass, grass pike and goggle eyes.

There are two islands in Presque Isle Lake. The larger covers several acres; the smaller is only about 150ft. long and about half as wide. On it A. P. Brown has pitched his tent and is living a happy life. He came in there last spring, and liking the looks of things went to work and built an ice house, packed it full of ice, put up his tent and prepared to put in the summer there trying to regain lost health. We found him to be one of the most obliging gentlemen we met on our trip. He is authority on that section of the country; nothing was too much for him to do for us. He puts in a great deal of his time looking around. One day when on one of his tours he discovered a lake that is not down on any map; when he came back he told us of it and wanted us to go in and fish it; he said he would blaze a trail and cut out some of the brush so we could portage a boat in. We went up there, took in a boat and fished about four hours; caught two coffee sacks full of bass; they were all of the big-mouth variety, weighing from 2 to 6lbs. each. We did not catch these fish to throw away, for we had a place to put them. The camp over the lake had several men working clearing out the brush and cutting roads. They had to be fed, and to them we gave all our fish and they were very glad to get them, as they had no time to catch them. Mr. Brown discovered another lake a few days before we left, but we did not go into it to fish; some of the boys went and looked at it and they pronounced it a very pretty piece of water. The lakes are very numerous and you cannot miss it by going to any of them.

This country would certainly be the paradise of the deer hunter, as it was almost a daily occurrence for some of the party to see deer. On one occasion three swam across a narrow arm of Pappoose Lake within a short distance of where we were fishing; it would have been no trick at all to have rowed our boat up and killed them with clubs. But not being a hunting party and the law not being out, we contented ourselves with watching them until they reached shore, gave themselves a shake, looked calmly around and walked into the woods.

I must tell you of a little incident that happened at camp one evening. We had a tent 18x24ft., which was our general living place; in front of that we had a fly 18x20ft., stretched to form a roof for our kitchen. At odd times the cook cut tamarack brush and set them around, to form a wall for the fly, and wove hemlock branches in between, until he had a room as snug as could be asked for. In one corner of this, close by the stove, he had built a bench out of a cedar log split in two. On the other side of the fly and at some distance from the stove he had built for himself a rustic settee out of small cedar poles. On the evening I speak of he was stretched full length on this settee taking it easy, and the rest of us were trying to keep the stove warm, for the evening was very frosty. We were busy talking over the day's luck and telling about the big ones that had got away, when the cook jumped off his settee and came running up to me and wanted to know, "Are all the boys in? Are all the boys in?" I asked what was the matter; he answered, "Are all the boys in?" I answered that they were, when he caught up a lantern and started out around the tent. Tamarack, seeing by the wild looks and actions of the cook that something was wrong, started out on the other side. I took after the cook and caught up with him close to the rear of the tent. There he stood holding the lantern above his head looking out into the woods. I approached close to him and asked what he was looking at, when he turned his head and looked at me; he was so excited he could hardly talk, but he managed to stutter out, "Eheu! did you ever see such a buck?" Then I looked ahead and there stood one of the finest bucks I ever saw. He was within 10ft. of the tent and not more than 20ft. from us. When I stepped aside to get a better look at him he concluded it was time to leave, jumped over a log and went back of the tent, and in doing so almost ran over Tamarack, who was on the other side of the tent. I think he was trying to sneak up and put some salt on the deer's tail, but when it was put at him he denied it, and the cook said that if he had had some he would have put it on the tail of the deer, for if he had he knew he could have caught it.

There were lots of Indians around, and the cook had thought it was one of them prowling around trying to see if they could pick up anything they could carry away, but we were not bothered any with them.

If any sportsman who happens to read this thinks I could give him any information that would be of any use to him I am ready to answer any and all who may apply, for I am sure that any one who has the love for outdoor sports such as there is in that country cannot be otherwise than pleased. There are some hardships to go through, but there is more good to be derived from such a trip than all hardships will amount to. When I went into the woods I was not able to do anything; could hardly row a boat, and when it came to portages it was all I could do to get myself over, but in less than two weeks I was carrying my half of the boat and doing my share at the table. J. W. McCREA.

INDIANA.

CAMP BLAIR.

CAMP BLAIR, of the North Wakefield Trout Fishing Club, Canada, found the keeper, cook and guides ready to receive members and guests Sept. 14, and six of us answered to roll call on that evening, and as we all had brought our appetites with us we did ample justice to La Roque's good warm supper.

The night was cool and crisp, and the wood-fire in the broad fireplace made the sitting-room brilliant and comfortable as we took our after-supper smoke, arranged our tackle and laid plans for the morrow. Last season the first week of our stay in camp was warm and very quiet, extending to the lakes, the hills, the rocks and the trout; and while very beautiful and entrancing to the brush of an artist like Hart, did not pan out worth a cent for the rod and line with fly attachment. This year our first week's fishing proved the best, as most of the nights were frosty and a cool breeze by day.

Our experience in those lakes is, that trout will not rise to the fly, especially the large ones, in warm quiet days, but that they seek the deep water, 20ft. and over, and remain there as quietly as their outer surroundings until the temperature gets down to 40° or 50°, when they seek the shallower water and are ready to take the proper fly skillfully cast. During the warm days in the last week of September some of our party succeeded in taking some fine trout of 1 and 2lbs. weight, with earth-worms and minnows, from the deep water; but there was no sport in it, for they took the bait like suckers, often swallowing it before you knew you had a fish on your hook and then of course could make little resistance to being "snaked" in like a pound or two of salt mackerel. Of course this kind of fishing was not followed closely or continued long. Taking the two weeks together which we spent in camp, we took a greater number of trout with less rods than last season, though the fish did not run as large as last year.

One of our members who had spent nearly two months in the Rangeleys of Maine, taking only two trout during the time (and he is a skillful and persistent fisherman), met us on his return at Rouse's Point and went into camp with us, and the first morning's fishing gave him thirteen trout that averaged over a pound each. When asked his opinion between the two localities he said he liked to catch the big trout of the Rangeleys, but, like the Kentuckian, he said it was an awful long time between drinks. I am sure my patience and purse would not allow me to devote so much time to the catching of two trout, even though one of them weighed 10 and the other 6lbs. We kept the table fairly well supplied with partridges, though they were shy and less plenty than in previous years.

One of our members, a jolly whole-souled fellow, whose toast is usually, "One flag, one country and zwei lager," told one of the guides that if he would take him where he could get a fair shot at a deer he would give him $10, and if he killed the deer he would give him $15. The guide went that evening and got a hound, and the next morning they started out and about a mile from camp the dog started two deer which separated, one turning to the right, which the dog followed, and the other taking quietly to the left in the runway, where our friend and the guide were stationed. Very soon the guide's experienced ear caught the sounds of the quietly approaching deer, and whispering to our friend to get ready, the next moment the deer stepped leisurely into the opening less than 50ft. away and stopped. Did our friend shoot? The guide says yes, but that he shot at anything but the deer, pulling both barrels of his gun, loaded with buckshot, at the same time, when the deer bounded into the dense forest unharmed. Whether our friend M. had the "fever" or the "ague" perhaps can be determined by your pleasant correspondents who have been discussing such occurrences in "our family paper" recently; I am inclined to think he had both in a desperate form; at all events, when we returned from fishing we found him standing on the porch of the club house with his coat tails raised saying: "Gentlemen! go ahead, I am ready and deserve it." After chaffing him awhile some one said: "Why didn't you kill him?" With tones filled with vexation and shame he blurted out: "How could I kill him? There he stood like a big cow looking right at me!" Of course we got no venison steak, but we had more fun over the failure than we should have enjoyed in the killing of several deer.

Our entire sojourn at camp passed very pleasantly—we had an enjoyable company, an abundance of fish for the table all the time—the air was invigorating and all "grew fat and saucy." We heard nothing of the license fee for non-residents while there, but since our return have been informed that the authorities had made inquiries in regard to our fishing there, and as soon as known a committee was appointed to correspond with the Canadian Government in regard to the matter. Of course if we are liable under their law to pay the license we shall do it; but as we own by purchase and lease our grounds and lakes, which were purchased and leased of the Government for this very purpose of fishing, we cannot think we should again pay for the privilege.

The most of our party were forced to leave camp before the season closed; only three of us, who had "enlisted for the war," remained to fight it out to the end and close up camp, and we were amply paid, for the last three days' fishing gave our three rods about fifty fine trout. But this was not all; there is a quiet, thoughtful pleasure, tinged perhaps with a melancholy regret, not unlike the "hail and farewell" of the mariner to some bright isle of the ocean that has shed joy and sunshine on his gloomy trackless way. Such are these outings—they are green and refreshing bowers along the pathway of life, which, "like a thing of beauty," are "a joy forever." We regretfully left the camp, and yet thankful for the recreative blessing of our two weeks' sojourn, and with an earnest hope that another season may find us at Camp Blair. A.

HADDAM, CONN.

FISHING ON CAYUGA LAKE.

OCT. 7 dawned fair and windy, and before a sou'wester light scuds were flying as gulls before a gale. White-caps as far as the eye could reach broke and disappeared only to give place to others, while the good yacht Zitter, owned by Mr. George Ogden, left Ogdens at 8:30, Capt. Osgood at the stick, for a twenty-two-mile run to Union Springs, our destination. Only those who love the water can appreciate the sail we had. Four of us, Capt. Osgood, Tunis Osgood, Fred Pell and the writer, after a very delightful sail reached the ship owned by H. H. Morse, of Union Springs. But we were destined not to fish that day, as the heavy sea on made it out of the question and the thermometer was near 32°. We did not suffer with the cold, thanks to that genial gentlemen, Capt. John Carr, as he informed us that there was a good coal fire in the cabin of the Wide Awake, and lure with hammocks and chairs, we lounged and told tales of fishing (all true).

Tuesday, however, was fairly bearable, so we pulled out for the Spring holes, and after nine hours' fishing we returned to the dock; a pair of scales (tested) from my tackle box told that Pell & Co. had 19lbs. of pickerel and black bass, and the Osgood Brothers 22lbs. of the same varieties.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday were very inclement, so we did not venture out, but Saturday the "fever" took renewed hold on us, and in a pelting rain we were after them again. The rain stopped after a short time and an ideal day for fishing followed. After eleven hours' fishing we returned with the following: Pell & Co., 44lbs.; Osgood Brothers, 38lbs. of bass and pickerel; total, forty-four black bass, twenty-two pickerel and about fifteen perch. Largest bass 4¼lbs., caught by Pell. Largest pickerel, caught by Abe Osgood, 3½lbs., with Tunis Osgood a close second. Largest perch caught by Pell's oarsman. Total, 145lbs. of fish.

Ask Fred how large the bass was that he handled so nicely, and just as he was about ready to net gave a jerk and bade him adieu. No wonder he gave a groan, for it was a whale. While memory lasts I shall not forget that scene—joy turned to indescribable dismay, a study indeed and a lesson.

But that was soon forgotten; the black bass needed our attention, strikes were frequent and savage, and we were kept busy taking them in while the boys at the Springs were waiting for the weather to moderate. Sunday morning we broke camp, spread sail, and after pleasant farewells cast off before a dreary nor'wester with all reefs in. We made the run in two hours and thirty minutes and towed two boats. If you think this is a fishy tale wait and see the kodak pictures that were taken before we left. Another year, when we hope to win fresh laurels to our names as fishermen. HECTOR.

The Salt-water Fish Supply.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The query of Gonzola Poey under date of Oct. 18 in relation to the absence of school weakfish is pertinent to the arguments of advocates of protection to our sea fishes. If Mr. Poey will refer to the Sept. 22, 1894, issue of FOREST AND STREAM he will find I have mentioned the same fact, although not in the nature of a question. To the man who is on the grounds it is not a difficult problem to locate the trouble. I refer to the large ocean fishing pounds. While it is true that their catches of marketable size fish this fall have been very meager, the destruction of the small fingerlings of the weakfish has been phenomenal. Sickness has prevented my usual personal observations; nevertheless reliable information assures me that untold millions of these fish, too small for any purpose save the compst heap, have met that ignominious fate the past four weeks. A larger size mesh would obviate this trouble and save them to future usefulness.

To the angler, ocean fishing since early in August has been most discouraging. While weakfish have been plentiful in the bays and rivers, the surf has been apparently devoid of fish life; even the plaice or fluke, usually so abundant, have been remarkably scarce. Various theories are advanced to account for this fact.

Still the knowledge that the increased net capacity of the pound men for the season of 1894 was fully 100 per cent. over that of 1893, and that the increased catch of all manner of fish was but a trifle more than 10 per cent. for the same period, leaves but little room for conjecture as to the cause. Their reports to the Fish Commission for the season of 1895 will be of interest.

Now that the authorities have locked horns with the menhaden people and secured convictions in the lower courts, the results of the appeal to the Supreme Court is most anxiously awaited. Once the three-mile limit act is sustained then seizures will follow in rapid succession, as any citizen is authorized to make such seizure and prosecutions run in the name of the State. Altogether the prospects are not particularly rosy for either the menhaden or pound fishers, as a merry war will beyond doubt be waged against the last named in our Legislature the coming winter. LEONARD HULIT.

Potomac Notes.

DURING the week of October 14 to 19 a number of anglers from Washington fished around the islands in the vicinity of Seneca. Tuesday and Wednesday (15th and 16th) the wind was high and the fishing very poor. On Thursday the weather was more favorable and the fish commenced biting. Messrs. Tappan and Dow, fishing at Edward's Ferry, took eight fine bass, the heaviest 4lbs. weight, several 2½lbs. each.

Messrs. Billings and Murphy arrived at Seneca on the 5th or 6th and remained there two weeks. For about ten days their luck was bad, but during the two last days they took bass by the wholesale. Murphy says he never knew them to bite better.

Mr. O. Belaski, fishing with the trolling spoon in the river near Seneca, made good catches after the 18th.

Two of our well-known anglers fished the Potomac from Catoctin to Tuscarora one day early in the week, and notwithstanding they had the best of tackle and choicest bait, caught nothing, if we except two little bass returned to the river. BART.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Relative to the snake question, I have nothing to offer in the way of information; but I can tell you of the experience of my father with a ferocious blacksnake. It happened this way: One of the members of our family is very deaf and has in her possession an ear trumpet or speaking tube or something that goes by some such name, and the resemblance between this instrument and a good-sized lively blacksnake is wonderful. It puzzles me to know whether the man who invented this thing tried to imitate a snake or just simply to invent a trumpet; anyway the imitation is worthy of a place in a museum. So, along about dark one Sunday evening I took the trumpet out on the lawn and fixed it up so it looked as if it was trying to crawl over the walk. Then I told the rest of the family, and about ten minutes after, my sister going to the door, glanced casually out, then just happened to see the snake. "For heaven's sake, what's this on the walk?" she cried.

"What's what?" inquired the governor.

"Why, a big snake or something out here on the walk."

Governor got up, ran out, then hollored for me.

"Boo!" I yelled, "what the deuce is it?"

"Big snake!" yelled the governor. "Come, now, where's a stick or something?"

"Take the carpet whipper," I suggested, and then we both tore for the shed where this infernal machine is kept. Governor wanted me to lick the snake, but I told him I was afraid; so he went at it. For about three minutes he belabored that speaking trumpet, then, noticing something queer about its not moving, and hearing some smothered laughter back of him, he suddenly saw through the sell, and remembering a piece of pie in the kitchen, went to get it and forgot to come back. Five minutes later I found him there sitting on a chair holding his sides and smiling; but there was some melancholy mixed with his smile when I told him solemnly that a deacon in a church who would kill snakes on Sunday ought to lose his job. He is still a deacon; but it would take a good deal of coaxing to get him to kill snakes again.

MAC.

Game and Fish Protection.

Protection by Protection.

HOLLAND, Mich., Oct. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was very sorry to read in your issue of the 5th of the failure of the Manistee County Fish and Game Protective Association to accomplish its mission. Our experience here has been altogether different, I am happy to say. A few yeare ago this place could not have been easily beaten for violations of the game and fish laws. Fish were netted and shipped by the barrel. Quail and other game birds were shot at all seasons. Spasmodic attempts were made to enforce the laws, deputy State wardens coming here at times and catching many violators in the act, but the few arrests made had no lasting effect. As soon as the wardens were gone, the lawless would be at their old tricks again. One of the local wardens was himself caught netting fish.

About two years ago violations became so very frequent and the violators so bold that some of us sportsmen concluded something must be done. Fish had become so scarce in our lake that it was nearly impossible to catch a fair-sized string.

Six or eight of us met one night and organized a protective association. About this time an energetic county warden was appointed and we resolved to assist him in any way we could. To get public sentiment with us, we stocked some of our brooks with trout and procured pheasants with which to stock the woods. People said that these birds and fish must be protected by all means, and in this way we got them on our side.

The warden at once went to work and in a short time had a number of the worst offenders arrested. Many of them paid fines for illegal fishing, and one man paid $50 for shooting three quail and two partridges. We did not rest with these convictions, but have kept at the work since, with the result that the violations have practically ceased. So far this year we have had but one case, and that for shooting song birds. A few nets set in violation of the law have been seized and destroyed.

Many of the fishermen made threats that if a warden was to seize their nets they would drown him. Three or four of one party were particularly loud-mouthed; but it was all bluff, for one day the warden and two assistants came upon the party of twelve pulling a seine and they all ran but two; those who had done the most talking ran the fastest and furthest.

In less than two years a great change has taken place; public sentiment, which at first was against us, is now in our favor; the laws are in most cases cheerfully complied with, and we are now enjoying fine fishing in the proper season.

We shall now devote ourselves more to restocking the woods and to introducing desirable game and fish. The pheasants which we liberated last spring have bred, and the prospects are that we will some time have good sport with them.

ARTHUR G. BAUMGARTEL, Sec'y Rod and Gun Club.

Protection for Essex County, New York.

FLETCHER S. BEEDE, of Keene Valley, has been appointed Game and Fish Protector for Essex county, the position which Robert Bibby, of Minerva, recently gave up.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"SCIENTIFIC DUCK-SHOOTING IN EASTERN WATERS," by Russell Scudder Nye, is a narrative abounding in all the circumstance of duck-shooting as seen and experienced by the sportsman whose days are filled with business cares within city walls; and, of the days of the year, but a few can be set apart by him for special recreation. Scientific Duck-Shooting has all the charm of enthusiasm, thorough knowledge and genuine enjoyment of the sport. The scene of the shooting is in Cape Cod waters, about Coleman's Island, and the successes and disappointments, patient effort, hardship and incident of camp life and shooting are charmingly recounted, all so skillfuly colored with description of places and happenings that the spirit of the writer is felt by the reader. The work treats mostly of blind shooting over live decoys, the black duck figuring conspicuously in the sport. The work covers the whole scope of shooting experience, moonlight shots, camp-fire chat, camp meals, clear and foul weather. The author *en passant* utters a few words of regret for the days which have gone: "In those days the wild and picturesque hills which stretched along the eastern horizon were wooded with living forests of noble oaks and stately pines, at the base of which flowed the great expanse of Chequaquet River, and down this natural highway the birds would speed, flock succeeding flock in rapid succession, passing out over the beach within gunshot, and affording magnificent and exciting sport. But the innovations of modern times in a great measure changed all this, and where once stood a stately forest are now to be seen shimmer cottages, gayly decked out in all sorts of harmonious colors of plebeian paint, supplemented by the most fanciful gewgaws and designs of gingerbread work, which to the lover of art in nature can, as he beholds them, appear but the abomination of desolation and but a poor substitute for the dark, rich mantle of living green that once covered the romantic spot. No wonder that the birds have forsaken their former course of flight, avoiding it as a pestilence, either passing it high in the air or choosing the darkness of night in which to make their passage." The motive of the sport is found in the following passage: "Grand and glorious the sport is—black duck-shooting over live decoys—a sport which, in the skill and science and the amount of patient toil involved, together with the necessary amount of hardships that must be encountered in order to circumvent the natural instincts of this most wary of the duck species; the weary hours of watching and waiting amid storm and cold, calling for extreme fortitude and the most hardy requisites of the sportsman; the uncertainty which always attaches to the obtaining of a favorable shot even after the utmost skill has been exercised on the part of the hunter; and again on the other hand the fact of being brought face to face with nature in her utmost solitudes, in all her most variable moods; the ever changing panorama of sea and sky, of lake and stream and marsh, and forest-crowned hill and shore, the glorious daybreak and the gorgeous sunset, followed by the calm, clear and silent moon-lit evenings, during which some of the very best shooting is to be had—these and a thousand other things that go toward making a successful day's duck-shooting, all combine to form what in our minds is the *par excellence* of field sport, a sport that is by no means to be measured by the amount of game bagged." The author has something to say about duck-shooting, and he says it without drawing on a thousand extraneous circumstances, or dwelling on others beyond their value, and having skillfully presented what he had to say, he stops—a matter not always truly appreciated by speakers and writers. The book of 116 pages is neatly bound in cloth.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 5.—Chatham, Ont.—International F. T. Club. W. B. Wells, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 West Twenty-second street, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Nov. 25.—Continental Field Trials Club's quail trials at Newton. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H. Thompson, Sec'y.

HUNTING.

Nov. 13.—Western Massachusetts Fox Club's meet.

Nov. 18.—Owingsville, Ky.—National Fox-Hunter's Association's second annual meet. H. L. Means, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

1896.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Jan. 20.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. seventh annual trials. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

COURSING.

Oct. 28.—Goodland, Kan.—Kenmore Coursing Club's meeting. C. F. Weber, Sec'y.

THE NORTHWESTERN BEAGLE CLUB TRIALS.

COLUMBUS, Wis., Oct. 24.—Less than a dozen men, less than two dozen dogs, the most beautiful of weather, the finest of grounds, the poorest sort of work and yet the most delightful sort of a time—this would briefly but accurately describe the third annual trials of the Northwestern Beagle Club.

Last year the club had a foot or two of snow to spoil the sport. This year the weather was ideal, but the ground was dry as tinder, and covered with dry leaves. This made the trailing very difficult indeed. As an exhibition of beagle work, the trials were unsatisfactory and discouraging, and did not one know that the best beagles of the Northwest were entered, dogs which have proved themselves on other occasions, he would be tempted to say that half the entry should have been disqualified for lack of trailing ability. It was the rarest thing for any brace to hit off a trail for themselves. Time and again, when brought up, with their noses thrust into a form just deserted by a rabbit, they failed to carry off the trail. It was the rarest thing to see a dog which could be called holding its trail and running the rabbit without switching off and puzzling and losing. But few rabbits were brought to anything like a finish or indeed brought into sight at all. As a show of sport the trials were therefore very dismal. Yet one should not jump at any conclusions from this, but should weigh the effect of most unusual conditions; though it seems hard that beagles should ask for rain before doing anything at all, and should debar the hunter from sport in these most glorious October days.

The Derby showed some very good young dogs, better in average than the All-Age stakes. Indeed, it was an 18-months puppy which did the work of the meet and won the championship at ease. The type of dog on hand was very modern, it seeming to be the wish nowadays to breed all breeds to a racing form. The spiky, terrier type of head was in evidence. Speed (for the short heats) there was an abundance. Of deep, sweet and musical voices there was great dearth. Of legs too fast for noses there were several. Of noses capable of holding fast to one trail—one cannot in fairness say there were none such present; he can only say that they must have been present.

Mr. Joe Lewis was to have judged at the trials, but failed to appear. Mr. Charles Sidler, of Milwaukee, and Mr. Louis Steffen, of Milwaukee, the efficient club secretary, judged together, and they did it well. Two more painstaking, hard-working and conscientious judges one has never seen at any trials. They did the hard and discouraging work of running through scrub oak thickets after the dogs most faithfully, and the club should thank them.

Columbus is a most pleasant place for these trials. It is a beautiful village of 3,000 souls, with a comfortable hotel, at which the members stopped. The field party being so small, one carry-all and one carriage served to accommodate both men and dogs on the trips to and from the running grounds. The latter were located on the farm of Mr. Wm. Bush, a sportsman-farmer who knows a thing or so about beagles. Mr. Bush was a most efficient guide and obliging host, and it is to his aid that the club is indebted for much of the pleasure of the meet. The grounds were of second-growth and scrub oak, with thickets, dry swamp lands and grass cover—ideal ground for cottontail rabbits. The latter were there in abundance. Probably twenty-five were seen the first day and nearly as many the second. The party was hardly more than half a mile from the house on the whole day's work, and could walk in to a hot lunch with perfect ease at noon. Mr. and Mrs. Bush certainly made all very comfortable. The place is about a nine miles' drive from Columbus, but the ride in the nipping and eager air of autumn was one of the pleasant experiences of the meet. It was a delight merely to be afield in such weather and amid such surroundings, and everybody enjoyed the meet thoroughly. The enjoyment, too, was of a gentlemanly sort. A quieter, nicer and more pleasant set of men than these Northwestern men never was seen at any kind of trial, and there are many field trial parties who might well imitate them. There was not a boisterous act nor unseemly speech in the field, and not a word of bickering or criticism was heard. To be out in the woods in such pleasant company, weather so beautiful, watching the dogs in so pretty a style of sport, was a rest and comfort and pleasure, and one could only promise himself to come again when possible.

Mr. Edward Kemeys, of Chicago, without doubt America's greatest sculptor of animals, attended the trials and made a most acceptable member of the field party. Mr. Kemeys is an admirer of the beagle (though he prefers the older type) and moreover knows a great deal about the breed. He usually had an armful of the little creatures about him, going over their points with the keen eye of the anatomist.

Mr. G. A. Buckstaff, the president of the club, should be satisfied with his winnings, as reference to the runnings will show. Mr. Buckstaff however wished further honors, and attempted unfair advantage for his dog Unser Fritz, which had been trained by a German gardener rather upon cats than upon rabbits. When a rabbit was started Mr. Buckstaff sought to lay Fritz on by means of the customary war cry, "Katzen suchen!" Fritz, however, was of phlegmatic temperament, and coming to a rabbit sitting in a brush heap drove it out, got into the form himself and curled up, to wait till the rabbit came around again. For this display of intelligence, and in spite of Mr. Buckstaff's repeated explanations, the judges unfeelingly "turned down" Unser Fritz, insisting that the dog must run in English and not to any *Katzen suchen* directions, as the rules said nothing about cats whatever. There was some discussion over the best way to prepare *Hasenpfeffer*, but Mr. Buckstaff's gardener not being present, the matter was laid over until the following year.

The Annual Meeting.

The annual business meeting was held Wednesday evening, Oct. 23. Officers were elected as follows: President, Mr. C. Niss, Jr., of Milwaukee; First Vice-President, Mr. F. F. Merrill, of Milwaukee; Second Vice-President, Mr. E. H. Rummele, of Sheboygan. The present efficient secretary-treasurer, Mr. Louis Steffen, of Milwaukee, was continued in office. The executive committee chosen were Messrs. T. S. Maxwell, of Columbus; Edward Bender, of Oconomowoc; Oscar Hintze, of Milwaukee; H. A. Dillingham, of Sheboygan; G. A. Buckstaff, of Oshkosh. Three new members were elected, Messrs. T. S. Maxwell and Henry Hiller, of Columbus, Wis., and Mr. E. L. Harris, of Kansas City, Mo.

The Drawings and Descriptions.

The drawings to the runnings were as follows:

Class A.

For dogs of all ages, 15in. and over 13in., that have not been placed first in any all-age class at any beagle trials held in America.

ROYAL ROVER—G. A. Buckstaff's b., w. and t. dog (Rover—Singer G.)

with

KING LEAD—C. Niss, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog (Goodwood Driver—Goodwood Music).

SPOTTED CHIEF—G. A. Buckstaff's b., w. and t. dog (Krueger's Bob—Pearl Caroline)

with

ALDERMAN—H. A. Dillingham's b., w. and t. dog (Krueger's Bob—Fannie).

Class B.

For bitches of all ages, 15in. and over 13in., that have not been placed first in any all-age class at any beagle trials held in America.

LADY E.—R. Engelmann's b., w. and t. bitch (True—Dolly)

with

PANIC—E. H. Rummele's t., b. and w. bitch (Doc—Peg).

PEARL CAROLINE—C. Niss, Jr.'s b., w. and t. bitch (Krueger's Judge—Krueger's Pearl)

with

SPEEDIE—Dr. A. White's b., w. and t. bitch (Bounce—Nellie).

RUTH C.—H. A. Dillingham's b., w. and t. bitch (Base—Nellie). *A bye.*

Class C.

For dogs and bitches of all ages, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any all-age class at any beagle trials held in America.

ROYAL DICK—G. A. Buckstaff's b., w. and t. dog (champion Royal Krueger—Baby W.)

with

PRINCE II.—Theo. Zschetzsche, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog (Brittle—Judy).

PHYLLIS—Truman Sears's b., w. and t. bitch (champion Royal Krueger—Flora K.)

with

QUEEN SINGER—C. Aiss, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. bitch (Rover—Singer G.).

Class D—Derby.

For dogs and bitches, 15in. and over 13in., whelped on or after Jan 1, 1894.

RAMROD—R. Engelmann's b., w. and t. dog (Black Joe—Flora)

with

DUKE—Henry Hiller's b., w. and t. dog (Finder II.—Molly).

TEN SPOT—G. A. Buckstaff's b., w. and t. dog (Jim Lee—Spaedte)

with

RINGER—R. Engelmann's b., w. and t. dog (True—Dolly).

UNSER FRITZ—G. A. Buckstaff's b., w. and t. dog (Royal Rover—Bess)

with

SPEEDIE—Dr. A. White's b., w. and t. bitch (Bounce—Nellie).

Class E—Derby.

For dogs and bitches, 13in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1894.

OONAH—Truman Sears's w., b. and t. bitch (Sandy—Phyllis). Sole entry to qualify. Speedie, entered in this class, was found to be over 13in. and was transferred to Class B.

Champion Class G.

For dogs and bitches, 13in. and under, having won a first prize at any beagle trial held in America.

SPOTTED CHIEF (first in Class A)

against

SPEEDIE (first in Class B).

Champion Class F.

For dogs and bitches of all ages, 15in. and over 13in., having won a first prize in any beagle trial held in America.

ROYAL DICK (first in Class C), sole entry.

Tuesday, First Day, Oct. 22.

The weather was at first cloudy and cool, clearing later, the day being most pleasant for work, except for the dryness of the ground, which proved excessive and injurious to the sport, as the dogs could trail but little.

Derby—Class D.

RAMROD—DUKE.—These had no less than four rabbits to try upon, putting one to earth, and losing the others after much baffling work in dry cover. The judges tried them well for thirty minutes. Ramrod usually was ahead and gave tongue merrily, though of no quality in voice. He was eager, but his legs were better than his nose, and he was erratic. Duke showed the truer trailer and safer dog. Mr. Engelmann handled Ramrod, Mr. Hiller Duke.

TEN SPOT—RINGER.—Mr. Niss handled Ten Spot, Mr. Engelmann Ringer. Ringer opened first and did some work on a sprung hare. Ten Spot was far away and hard to find. He seemed very independent and averse to pack, and was lost much of the time. He was bold and rapid when lined out, but inferior to Ringer in true beagle quality at handling the hare. The latter made most of the music and did most of the work. They had thirty minutes.

UNSER FRITZ—SPEEDIE.—Mr. Engelmann handled Fritz, Mr. William Bush Speedie. The latter, after one baffling try, located a second hare at a brush pile, but even after its course was plainly seen could get no scent to give tongue upon for 75yds. It was seen the dogs could do little on the dry leaves. Speedie proved merry and active, and made one drive through the scrub which looked like sport for a moment. So much could not be said for Fritz, which seemed quite unable to negotiate a trail under the conditions. They had three hares in their forty minutes.

Second Series.

DUKE—RINGER.—These the judges allowed one hour and ten minutes, and they had two rabbits and a good spin on one of them. One rabbit was seen in form, and both dogs actually walked over and upon it, not catching scent. Ringer caught the rabbit after it sprung, but it escaped. Duke showed quality in this heat, drawing to the other's tongue well, but keeping busy himself in workmanlike way. In voice he would lose to Ringer, but not in nose and true trailing genius.

RAMROD—SPEEDIE.—The usual course was followed: a hare was jumped by the pedestrians, and the dogs trailed briefly and then lost, hardly giving tongue at all. A second hare offered a better chance. Ramrod drove this off for a quarter of a mile, but did little else, and was not remarkably handy at hitting off a trail at its freshest, the ground being too dry for his nose. They were taken up at 12:30, and the party repaired to the comfortable farm house of Mr. Wm. Bush, where a good lunch refreshed all.

Third Series.

TEN SPOT—SPEEDIE.—The judges asked to see these run before making the Derby decisions. They were put down at 2 P. M. and taken up at 3 P. M. Speedie continued to show plenty of range, but her nose had not improved since morning. Ten Spot pursued his original policy of going off and getting lost and not saying anything about it.

The judges placed the Derby winners as follows: Duke, first; Ringer, second; Ramrod, third; Speedie, reserve. The Buckstaff special prize, $5, for best voice in the Derby was given to Ringer.

Duke, first, is owned by Mr. Henry Hiller, of Columbus. A good chunk of a beagle, with some nose, brains and muscle. Ringer, second, is owned by Mr. R. Engelmann, of Milwaukee. A lemon, tan and white, of good voice and well built for rangy work. Ramrod, third, is also owned by Mr. Engelmann. He is less of beagle type, his spiky nose fitting well with his thin and yaupy voice. Speedie, reserve, is owned by Dr. A. White, of Milwaukee. She is a compact beagle of very marked speed and eagerness. Age will make her a good beagle.

Derby—Class E.

But one entry qualified—Oonah, property of Mr. Truman Sears, of Pine River, Wis. Mr. Engelmann handled her, or tried to do so, but the little thing proved too much for anyone. She was very timid, and only made one attempt to follow a rabbit by sight. She allowed no one to get near her, and at length ran away entirely and was lost at nightfall when the party left the woods and went home.

All-Age—Class A.

SPOTTED CHIEF—ALDERMAN.—Mr. Engelmann handled Chief; Mr. P. Woog, Alderman. The brace went down at 3:40 and were not taken up till 5:10. No less than six rabbits were seen, but the footing was so deplorably dry that not even the old dogs could do anything. It was start, puzzle, fault and quit, one time after another, most discouraging in all. Nevertheless Chief showed he could partially hold a trail at times and also do a bit of ranging. Both dogs did all one could ask under the conditions, Chief's nose winning attention.

Wednesday, Second Day, Oct. 23.

Another beautiful day, clear and bright, and so pleasant it was a delight simply to be out in the woods. The scent appeared to lie better toward evening, or at least it was then that the first work of any merit in the entire meeting was shown. Then there was really a little genuine beagle work done. Speedie, which only reached "reserve" in the Derby, went out of all prediction for herself and won the All-Age bitch class with a lot of margin. Her work in her heat with Pearl Caroline was high-class, even in view of the fact that she knows the grounds and runways thoroughly from having hunted them so often under Mr. Bush, who keeps her at his farm. It was refreshing to see at last a bit of real beagle work, after nearly two days of worse than mediocre quality. Speedie did little the day before, but now seemed to come to her nose, and certainly showed all the range and speed any beagle should have, and for a beagle at least a passable voice.

The bitch Oonah, which ran away the day previous, was found, and at length caught by Mr. Niss after long pursuit by the entire party. She was wild and ugly, and bit Mr. Niss when he caught her.

During the afternoon the party was joined by Mr. E. L. Harris, of Kansas City, an enthusiastic beagle fancier who had come up from his home to see the Northwestern trials. Mr. Harris has nine beagles at home. He thinks a Southwestern beagle club may perhaps be organized.

Mr. G. A. Buckstaff, the president of the club, was in the field all day, but was obliged to return to his home in Oshkosh in the evening, thus having only one day at the meet.

All-Age—Class A.

ROYAL ROVER—KING LEAD.—Mr. Buckstaff handled Rover; Mr. Niss, King Lead. Down at 8:50. Rover opened at once, King joining briefly. Both showed good voice, a relief after the soprano beagles of the day before. Lead showed the better range and speed, and held to the trail better. Under decent trailing conditions both dogs might have been disqualified, for they blundered continually. Put into a form from which a rabbit had just been started, they could not do more than puzzle and lose. The two worked wide apart most of the time. No less than five hares were seen. It could not be told what rabbit they were trailing, but it was certain they did not hold any one. It was hard judging in the thick scrub, but the judges were active and patient, and gave them one hour and ten minutes of faithful trying. This the two at least repaid by plenty of range and plenty of tonguing, but with poor display of nose.

Second Series.

SPOTTED CHIEF—KING LEAD.—Mr. Buckstaff handled Chief; Mr. Niss, Lead. This was much a repetition of the heat previous, plenty of work and voice, but little meritorious trailing. Put on a hot trail, both dogs failed to take it up. No doubt they put up several rabbits. One was driven out of the scrub and ran to earth unpursued. The two then took a lot of work out of a small rabbit and ran it to a standstill. The rabbit doubled not 25yds. ahead of the dogs on hard grass ground, and squatted, much fatigued. It was seen by the entire party, and for five minutes the judges tried to get the dogs on the trail. Yet they were entirely at fault and wide of the trail. They were then caught and brought up and the hare was started. It ran 30yds. and stopped. Even then the dogs missed driving it out. Chief uncertainly nosed it out, not giving tongue. He was within 10ft. of the rabbit when it sprung. Running entirely mute, he caught and killed the hare inside of 60yds. Under the circumstances, judging was only guessing, but so far as could be guessed Chief appeared a bit more reliable, aside from his part in the coursing match which closed the heat. Up at 11:10.

ROYAL ROVER—ALDERMAN.—Mr. Buckstaff handled Rover; Mr. P. Woog, Alderman. Down at 11:25. Both showed range, Rover of better voice. Rover apparently put one rabbit to earth. Both ran sighted for a moment, but could not hold the trail and went at fault. Not much could be said for the sport afforded, which was pursued under most discouraging conditions. Up at 12:40 and the party went in for lunch.

The judges placed Spotted Chief first, King Lead second, Royal Rover third, Alderman reserve. It was at least a near thing to put Chief over King Lead.

Spotted Chief, first, is bony, strong-framed, rangy and honest. As to nose, few deponents could say much for him or for any dog run at the meet up to this time. King Lead, second, is more compact and is of useful look. He is of good range and has very fair voice. In common with Chief, the weather was too much for him. Royal Rover, third, is of smaller type. He has a pleasant voice, which he is not averse to lifting up betimes. His legs often carried him beyond his nose. Alderman, reserve, is white and slaty-drab with tan. He also ran.

The F. F. Merrill special prize for best voice, $5, in this class was given to King Lead.

All-Age—Class B.

LADY E.—PANIC.—Mr. Engelmann handled Lady E.; Mr. Woog, Panic. Down at 2:15. Panic showed fair voice and some speed. Lady had the squeakiest treble ever carried by a beagle. They opened in three different trails and crowded two hares. Panic drove one a stiff gait, and, losing for a moment, Lady saw it and sprang for it and the two killed it. The rabbit was found to be diseased and weak. These two were given a good trial in a brier-covered thicket and had full chance. Up at 2:55.

PEARL CAROLINE—SPEEDIE.—Mr. Niss handled Pearl; Mr. Bush, Speedie. A move was made to wider cover. In a swamp a hare was put up. The dogs, as had now become customary, were caught and had their noses poked into the form. Yet they did not hit off this trail right, Speedie casting it in the wrong direction and Pearl making slow work of it, whispering where one should have expected full cry. Another hare was sprung, but the dogs went wide apart and perhaps had different trails. A third rabbit appeared, coming from toward Speedie's voice, and Pearl took the trail of this and drove it off in good style. A fourth or fifth hare was started on a scrub oak flat and went off like a bullet, a great buck rabbit, large as either of the dogs. Here began the first decent work of the entire meeting, and that of quality to raise the enthusiasm of all. Speedie lined this hare out and went after it like an arrow. She worked it in a half mile circle, the big rabbit, which came to be known as "Old Mossback," being seen as it came back over an open glade at a fence. It made into the scrub, but Speedie drove it out, coming full cry and at terrific pace fair on the trail. No less than three times she drove this big fellow over same circle, the rabbit seen each time by nearly all the party. She seemed all at once to have come to her nose and rushed her game with a speed and precision refreshing to behold, and in a way which revived the drooping spirits of all. She was alone in this last work, distancing Pearl. The "Mossback" was not stopped and at length put Speedie at fault in spite of her brilliant work. Up at 4:05.

RUTH C.—A BYE.—She was handled by Mr. Woog and Lady E. was put down with her. Ruth showed good voice for a bitch, but was given to babbling. Lady's voice was singularly thin and squeaky. Both of these dogs failed to carry a trail till poked against it by force of hand. This was the same big hare of the previous heat; it swung wide and carried the dogs far out into the woods, coming back again to the oak flat. Up at 4:30.

Second Series.

PANIC—SPEEDIE.—A small rabbit crossed a glade, and the dogs were laid on, Speedie giving tongue first, Panic also opening and displaying good speed in the bustling they gave the rabbit over the oak flat. They drove over a swamp at full cry and then were at fault. Speedie worked this out first, and drove off alone at a tremendous gait, showing much positiveness and brilliance. Panic followed, jumping high in the air in the effort to get sight, but forsaking her own nose. Up at 5.

PEARL—RUTH.—In usual custom the judges found a hare for the dogs. When brought up Pearl went right, but was slow at it, and soon was hopelessly at sea. Ruth was cheerful and gave tongue nicely, but it was soon seen that there was not always any rabbit going when she opened. Ruth continually followed Pearl when the latter was casting about, silent, for the trail. At dusk a rabbit crossed a glade, but the dogs could not be laid on, though brought to the spot where it crossed. Not very high-class performance. Up at dark.

The judges placed Speedie first, Panic second, Pearl third, Ruth reserve.

Speedie, mentioned in the Derby as reserve, is a compact tan and brindle, with good speed lines and good speed. She doubles close under at speed, like a greyhound, and she is very fast. To-day she seemed to have nose, and she certainly outclassed any performance of the two days. It would not show good judgment to want a faster beagle. As she is a '94 puppy, she may well ask consideration for her years. Panic, second, is a dachshund tan color, and stands low. She however has speed, and is a merry worker, with a passable voice. Pearl Caroline is a beefy, heavy black and white, of which under usual conditions one would expect work steady, if not rapid. She has a mind of her own and a voice not distasteful. Ruth, reserve, is smaller, tan and black, of melodious voice and range enough, but not of level-headed beagle sense, on her showing of to-day.

Thursday, Third Day, Oct. 24.

The weather was clear and mild, but the trailing seemed no better. The runnings were finished before lunch. After lunch the trials were terminated by a grand hunt, in which all the dogs were turned down in the expectation of making a great commotion among the rabbits. To the surprise of all only three rabbits were killed by five guns, or rather only two, for Speedie caught one of them herself. The grounds, which had swarmed with rabbits, were deserted entirely by them—a very useful lesson on the practice of hounding deer.

Class C—All-Age, Under 13In.

ROYAL DICK—PRINCE II.—Mr. Engelmann handled Dick; Mr. Woog, Prince. Down at 8:55. Dick nosed out and drove a rabbit, but lost. Judge Steffen as usual found a rabbit and the dogs were put on its form. The two proved a merry couple, running well together, and both active and eager, Dick, however, taking chief honors in the work, such as it was. Up at 10.

PHYLLIS—QUEEN SINGER.—Mr. Englemann handled Phyllis; Mr. Niss, Queen. A hare was started, and as usual the dogs were rounded up and carried to the trail in their handlers' arms. They nosed off slowly, but did not open. At last both gave tongue and went off well together for 300yds., puzzling then and harking back on the dry cover. Queen's greater size gave her more speed, and she went away from Phyllis, which is only a toy beagle. Queen showed good voice. Phyllis seemed a bright little worker. Up at 10:50.

Second Series.

PRINCE II.—QUEEN SINGER.—Prince was faster and went off ahead on a trail he hit off. They drove the hare hard to a brush heap, where it doubled back and they over-ran, faulted and lost in the scrub. Up at 11:25.

The judges placed the dogs in this class as follows; Royal Dick, first; Prince, second; Queen Singer, third; Phyllis, reserve. Royal Dick, first, is a well-built, small beagle, lemon, tan and white; a merry goer. Prince, second, is a black, white and tan, with a turn of speed at times. Queen Singer is tan and brindle, not a bad one and of good voice. Phyllis is almost too small for actual work, and would drown in a heavy dew.

Class E—Derby, Under 13In.

Oonah, sole entry, was run with her dam Phyllis. Oonah was the runaway of the day previous. She now proved more under control, and the two made a merry brace, Oonah leading her mother roundly on one rabbit. Oonah's timidity does not take the form of gun-shyness, but is more like a case of flightiness or temporary insanity. She did better as she became better acquainted with those in charge, her owner not being present. Up at 11:45.

Championship—Class G.

SPEEDIE—SPOTTED CHIEF.—These two made the only entries, Speedie qualifying on her winning of first in the open bitch class and Chief in his first in the All-Age open. Mr. Bush handled Speedie; Mr. Engelmann, Chief. There was only one way for it, and that was to give the championship to Speedie, which outclassed the other fairly. As soon as put down (at 11:50) Speedie started and drove a rabbit at full cry. She left Chief entirely out of it, and by the time he found the trail she was a quarter of a mile away and alone. She is as fast a beagle as one ever saw go,

her gait being that of a good setter. Very active, nervous and a demon to hunt, she was certainly a comfort to watch after the long reach of mediocre work that had been seen. Speedie was at times over-fast and over-ran her trail on the oak flats. Yet when the hare turned back Chief came through entirely off the trail, while Speedie had it right and was soon far away with it. A rabbit was marked and the two were brought to the trail. Again Speedie was off first, tonguing, though both went at fault soon and worked some time before they lined it out. It was very noticeable that while Chief was hard-headed and obstinate and hard to catch, Speedie was tractable and under control and could readily be called in. It being thought that Speedie knew certain of the grounds too well, the pair were taken further away. They had three tries on three hares that were started by the spectators, and though Speedie did hardly so well as she had done the day previous, she sustained her reputation. Up at 1:25. The judges placed Speedie first. This was a most popular award. The little bitch is a bundle of energy. She has no great quality about the head, but has a splendid little running machine of a body. Her voice is good, and she is most merry and industrious, not snuffling and puzzling, but showing dash and certainty. One could wish that all the dogs could have had a better chance to show their nose, but under the circumstances it is not too much to say that Speedie made the only respectable showing seen at the meeting.

Championship—Class F.

Royal Dick, first in Class C, was sole entry. He was down briefly after lunch and again proved himself a bright and merry little beagle, worthy of better weather.

Special Prizes.

The judges awarded the following special prizes: For the most musical voice, King Lead; for the most accurate trailing, Speedie; for the most effective ranging, Spotted Chief. The F. F. Merrill special prize, $5, for best voice in Class A, went to King Lead, as announced above; and the G. A. Buckstaff special, $5, for best voice in Class D, went to Ringer, as mentioned.

At the close of the general hunt, a drive home late at night and a supper of wild goose, sent from Dakota by Mr. F. F. Merrill, an absent member of the club, closed the meeting. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

FIELD TRIAL TRAINING.

THERE is indisputably an apathy in field trial matters on the part of the general public as compared with the interest exhibited some years ago, and as to the causes of it, they are other than lack of merit in the sport itself, for sport with the dog and gun has not lessened in its non-competitive features; indeed, field shooting has increased steadily year by year—so much so as to excite unpleasant apprehension in respect to the permanency of the game supply. Therefore, as to the cause of the falling off, it can reasonably be assumed that the indifference is not to the sport itself, but to some displeasing feature of the manner in which it is conducted.

Objections to the Field Trial Dog.

But has there been any objection expressed on the part of the public which could reasonably be accepted as of general meaning and earnestness? Undoubtedly, there has been such objection, and, moreover, it has been in existence some years. That is to say, the field trial dog, in a general way, is not considered as being a shooting dog. He is looked upon as a racing machine, distinct and apart from the sportsman's use or real pleasures afield. He does not appeal to the purposes of the practical sportsman who goes afield to shoot, nor does he form a sympathetic association with his pleasant remembrances. This state of affairs has been fostered by some unwise utterances emanating from a field trial source to the effect that there is a difference between field trial dogs and field dogs—an absurdly shallow statement, since the difference was not at all in the dogs, but in the manner of handling and training them—a distinction which sets the matter at rest, for to dispute it would be to admit that the field trial dog cannot be trained for practical use to the gun afield.

Field Trial Training.

Let us consider now whether the objection had any material ground for its existence. No doubt but what it had such ground. Mr. Brailsford's letter, in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, was a most courteous expression of the objection, although it may be explained that the lines were drawn more strictly at the Manitoba trials concerning work to the gun than they have been in a long while. Nevertheless, the objection which Mr. Brailsford expressed is the objection of a multitude of American sportsmen.

The field trial dog and field trials themselves occupy a realm of their own, apart from that of the sportsman who loves sport for its own sake, and who cares naught for the field trial except in so far as it is an exponent of field work and as it brings to the fore the best dog for practical field shooting.

No man, dearly as he may love field trials, can seriously deny that in times past there has been too much of the wild, heady, or roughly and imperfectly broken dog, which made field trials a scramble, undignified many times, and specifically changing the nature of work in a competition from that of the dog afield for shooting.

Working to the Gun.

For the best enjoyment of sports afield the dog must work to the gun. Moreover, it is one of the essentials of a broken dog's education. If he does not work to the gun he is not properly broken. Breaking a dog to point steadily when he points birds, and backing with more or less reliability, is not all of dog training. If the trainer must chase his dog between whiles, following his dog's erratic courses off the main course, which he is unable to follow owing to the dog refusing to keep a course marked out by the trainer, such dog is not broken properly.

Not a few dogs in field trials fail to work to the gun. They range entirely beyond the trainer's control and are only approachable during the few moments they are on point, or they alternately work under control awhile and self-hunt awhile.

Wide ranging at high speed at field trials, regardless of whether the dog works to the gun or not, has too often been accepted as the correct exposition of good work. The evil once established is difficult to cure. It is much easier to half train a dog than it is to train him thoroughly.

Now a dog may range wide and still work to the gun. If he is working to the gun, the trainer can serenely keep on the course laid out for him by the judge. The trained dog will keep his trainer in mind, note his whereabouts, and observe him as a point to which to shape his efforts. If he is not broken to the gun, the trainer cannot keep his course, and becomes hurried, irritable, warm, and prolific in excuses and explanations.

Wide Ranging.

Wide ranging has been overdone. Even where there is abundance of room, when a dog ranges beyond a certain distance, useful to the shooter, he is getting beyond bounds. There is a certain territory on each side of the shooter which the dog can beat out with reasonable thoroughness, so that his gallop to and fro, and the walk of the shooter in a more direct course, work conjointly in harmony. Their actions are timed so that the efforts of each supplement the other. When a dog goes too wide, there must be good ground left unworked in the course of the shooter, to say nothing of the loss of time in walking unreasonably long distances to points which might have been made much nearer to hand if the dog had worked within a more reasonable range. Still, there are dogs which range wide, yet beat out the ground so well and are conscientiously working to the gun that the shooter does not mind now and then the walk to a far-off point.

These matters are of sufficient importance to engage the earnest consideration of field trial managers and field trial judges. While a competition cannot be run on exactly the same lines as those of actual shooting, it can at least approximate to it. With a return to conditions which would show that the field trial dog and the shooting dog belonged to the same breed, public interest would be reawakened and field trials and dog interests in general would be a gainer.

Stakes and Entry Fees.

So much for the competitive features. Now, as to the financial features, the columns of FOREST AND STREAM were the first to point out that the stakes were too high for field trial clubs safely to assume as a responsibility. It was making the field trial feature too expensive. It has been pleaded by some that to reduce the prize money would not leave enough prize money to pay the expenses of the winners. Such ones have ignored the fact that the winners are in a small minority, and that the ways and means of the losers in paying expenses is of quite as much importance as are those of the winners. FOREST AND STREAM advocated a reduction in stakes to an amount which a club would have a reasonable certainty of reimbursement from its receipts, and also a corresponding reduction in entry and starting fees. The success of the recent chicken trials of the Continental Club, run financially on moderate lines, was an object lesson of the success of them from a financial standpoint. The Continental Club had a good balance left after paying all expenses. Field trials are all right in themselves, but they need some readjusting in practice and also a reduction in the prize list and entrance fees.

Bull-Terrier Club of America's Meeting.

AT a special meeting of the executive committee of the Bull-Terrier Club of America, held Oct. 12 at the Farmers' Deposit National Bank of Pittsburg, there were present: Mr. John Moorhead, Mr. Given, Mr. Higginson and Mr. Brereton.

The meeting was held for the purpose of issuing a formal protest against the anti-cropping question which is now being agitated by the A. K. C.

The secretary, upon motion carried to that effect, was requested to solicit the co-operation of all the breeds that are cropped at present and to request the various clubs to enter their written protest against the movement.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 12.—*To the American Kennel Club, New York City.* Gentlemen: As breeders and fanciers of bull-terriers we would respectfully remonstrate against the proposal to disqualify from competition at the shows held under your rules bull-terriers and other dogs born after a certain date that are cropped.

Our reasons are: That bull-terriers, having been cropped for many years—in fact ever since the breed has become a fixed one—in consequence it was unnecessary to pay particular attention to the ear natural, nor has there been any such recognized, and that natural ears appear of every known description, from the semi-erect bat-wing to the pendulous ear of the beagle. To disqualify now would be to upset the work of seventy-five or one hundred years.

The fact that the English Kennel Club now have this rule in force is an added reason why it should be let alone here for the present, as they have yet to establish the ear before even breeding to produce it; if the same task be attempted here there will in all likelihood be two specimens of natural ear evolved, giving rise to endless confusion and wrangling, as it is not likely that all fanciers and breeders will adopt the same ear as desirable to breed to.

Still further, it is our opinion that in a few generations, if cropping be persisted in, nature, aided by judicious cropping, will stop reverting to such useless and unsightly appendages as most bull-terriers' ears naturally are. We therefore petition that further action in this matter be postponed for the present.

THE BULL-TERRIER CLUB OF AMERICA.

The Champion Stake.

SHERRILL'S FORD, Catawba County, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was much interested with your good, common-sense article in last issue of the champion stake, and sincerely hope it will not be spoiled or marred, as mentioned as a possible outcome.

While at Norris, Man., Mr. Avent asked me if I was in favor of a handler's club being formed for the purpose of holding a champion stake.

My answer was in the negative, giving the reasons, first, that I did not believe handlers should belong to field trial clubs, much less on the governing committee, as in my opinion it was not fair for competitors to sit in judgment over each other, where the case need be.

Secondly, that Messrs. Dexter and Titus were already getting up a champion stake and had issued circulars to that effect, and the way things were looming up in its favor, it would certainly be a "go."

The next thing I saw was a letter from Mr. Avent, in the *Field*, in which he says, if I remember rightly, all the handlers except one are in favor of a handlers' club, to hold champion stakes, and to the effect that we have had a succesful meeting, at which all the handlers were present.

I for one received no notification of this meeting and the only two I have seen since were also not notified; but apart from this, what is the object of this No. 2 proposed champion stake, with the previous knowledge that Mr. Titus was already striving to obtain to the best of his ability, both through the papers and by private correspondence, the advice and co-operation of all those interested in field trials to bring into operation such a stake. I hardly think we need or could sustain two champion stakes with the present number of slated events, and sincerely hope everything will be amicably arranged and dissolve into one good solid stake, with two-hour heats and a cup at the head, and I feel certain my friend Nat. Nesbitt (secretary of Handlers' Club) will agree with me in this.

While speaking of champion stakes I believe I am correct in stating that the pointers Rip Rap and Jingo (first cousins) are the only two living field trial champions on this continent. I was very much disappointed this morning, when reading the entries for the Eastern Subscription Stake, to note that neither of the owners of the three pointers, that we read so much about last spring under the heading of "Which is Best?" have made an entry.

Here is an opportunity to prove "Which was best," but perhaps they are waiting for the proposed champion stake. C. E. BUCKLE.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

A marvelous instance of canine scent and sagacity which occurred in Vienna last week is told by one of the *Chronicle's* correspondents. A Viennese, named Kohn, traveling in Transylvania, took his dog Caro with him, a large animal resembling the Danish breed of hounds popular in Austro-Hungary. He missed him at Klausenburg, and after ineffectual efforts to find him gave him up as lost. Herr Kohn reached home on Tuesday evening, and on Friday evening he was startled by hearing Caro barking violently at the door. On opening it the dog rushed in exhausted, but joyful. He ran alone 450 English miles in three days.—*British Fancier.*

The want of a good and reliable Kennel Registry and Assurance Association has, no doubt, been keenly felt by many a dog owner who has had the misfortune to be deprived of the society of a favorite canine companion either by loss or accident. The want, however, is not likely to be any longer felt, as it is fully supplied by the foundation of the Pioneer Kennel Registry and Assurance Association of Manchester, who, upon the registration of a dog at their offices, will supply the owner with a metal label bearing a number and their address. The finder of a lost dog will, therefore, if he is honest, communicate with the manager, Mr. T. H. Cowper, who will pay all expenses incurred for the recovery of the animal, and return it to the owner. The society also undertakes to pay compensation to the owner for the loss of his dog when going to or from a show; and to defend actions for dog bites upon special terms. In fact, it appears that the existence of Mr. Cowper's Association has only to become known among dog breeders for it to be well supported. The idea is as original as it appears to be both sound and feasible.—*Stock-Keeper (England).*

The number of the *Royal Natural History*, July 15, devotes all its pages to the history, origin and description of the domestic dog in all his divisions into breeds, besides treating of his anatomical peculiarities, of his aboriginal ancestors, his relation to the wild dog and his congeners of the wilderness. The number is quite fully illustrated. To those who are interested specially in dogs the number abounds in information, and is not without profit to those whose interest in man's best friend is but passing. Frederick Warne & Co., 3 Cooper Union, New York.

Mr. Simon C. Bradley, well known as a sportsman, was recently elected to the office of first selectman of the town of Fairfield, Conn. After filling so satisfactorily the many difficult positions in the canine world, and thus deriving the higher education, the office of selectman should be very easy.

While angling in a secluded glen the writer some days ago witnessed a curious combination of poaching and natural history. The facts are as follows: A hill shepherd, in destroying a litter of foxes, took it into his head to rear one as a pet. He did so, and the animal has not only become very tame, but is a most useful ally. It and a collie hunting together kill rabbits to a miracle. They work very much in the same way as do lurchers. The collie goes out and hunts the rabbits among the fern and heather of the braes or the rushes and long grasses of the stacks, while Reynard all the time sneaks about the holes and picks them up as they come in. They understand their respective parts perfectly. The collie seems to know that it is not his business to kill and the fox is never under the slightest temptation to bolt out and give chase. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A meeting of the Metropolitan Kennel Club was called to meet at Delmonico's on the evening of the 31st inst., for the purpose of adopting a constitution and perfecting the organization.

R. B. Morgan, Gibson Wells, Tenn., offers broken setter and pointer. The Bandle Arms Co., Cincinnati, offer broken setter and pointer. Mr. F. L. Cheney, Pittsfield, Mass., offers Irish setter. J. H. Miller, Christiana, Pa., offers rabbit dogs. Fieles & Bro., Christiana, Pa., offer coon dogs, trained setters and pointers, fox and rabbit hounds. High Hill Kennel, Port Jefferson, L. I., offers trained hunting dogs. Mr. C. Farquhar, New York, offers St. Bernard puppies.

Mr. C. E. Buckle informs us that his P. O. address is Sherrill's Ford, Catawba Co., N. C.; railroad station nearest him is Catawba, W. N. C. R. R. He has both Rip Rap and Delhi with him.

Mr. Washington A. Coster intends to devote next week to grouse and woodcock shooting in Connecticut with Messrs. Simon C. Bradley and F. Hodgman.

Postponement of U. S. Trials.

TRENTON, Tenn., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Owing to the universal reports, that come from the handlers who are fitting dogs to run in the United States Field Trials at Newton, N. C., commencing Nov. 7, that the hot and dry weather has retarded the work of the dogs to a very great extent, the club has changed the date of commencing the Trials to Monday, Nov. 11, thus giving several days more time in which to prepare the dogs that are to compete in the Trials. The week of Nov. 11 will give ample time to finish the United States Trials before the commencement of the Eastern Trials.

W. B. STAFFORD, Sec'y U. S. F. T. Club.

Eastern Field Trials Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Please add to the official list of All-Age entries, E. F. trials, this much-belated arrival, which has been to Mississippi twice and to Washington P. O. once, a sort of globe trotter:

All-Age Stake: Joe Bowers, black, white and tan English setter dog, by De Soto ex Ruth Gates. Whyte, Bedford, Miss.

This gives us thirty entries in the All-Age Stake.

WASHINGTON A. COSTER.

Yachting.

OPINIONS differ as to the lowest possible point yet reached by the great daily papers. Some contend, and with reason, that it is in the plan of some Boston papers, of publishing on the first page a quarter of a column of flashy headlines, next a dozen lines of "news," and filling the rest of the column with a blood-curdling description of some loathsome disease and its infallible remedy. Others again give the palm to the professional "interview" in which a man is recorded as making an unlimited number of absurd, untruthful and generally abusive remarks. The regular "interview" is expected to justify something sensational in the way of headlines, or perhaps in the case of the evening papers a genuine "Extra," and when, as generally happens, truth fails, invention steps in to fill the gap.

The modern "interview" has thus far been considered as a peculiarly American form of torture, but during the past week it has appeared in a very advanced form in London; the interviewed being none other than Lord Dunraven and the interviewer—the reporter of the United the Press—august and conservative editor of the *Field*. The interviews were certainly well done from a newspaper standpoint; they were sufficiently offensive to attract attention on this side, the one object in view. Who is most to blame, Lord Dunraven or Mr. Kemp, is a matter that Americans will worry little over; the main point is that the latter gentleman has in any way condescended to adopt such an American institution.

THE news of the withdrawal of Mr. Rose's challenge was most un welcome to the New York Y. C.; but as we look at it, the sooner such a foolish business is ended the better for all concerned. No good sport can possibly come from such an obviously after-dinner affair as the Rose challenge was, and the New York Y. C. is well out of it. So far as the club is concerned, the only occasion for regret should be that the challenge has been in any way exploited as coming from the Prince of Wales and intended as an open rebuff of Lord Dunraven.

Mr. Rose has, by his foolish and ill-considered challenge, placed himself in a very embarrassing position; but his mistake was in getting into it, and not in getting out. It yet remains to be seen whether his first brief cable will be followed by such explanation and apology as are clearly due to the New York Y. C.

The Royal Victoria Y. C., as sponsor and guarantor for an unknown challenger, is in the least enviable position of the three parties.

THE *Field* of Oct. 19 says editorially:

FOREST AND STREAM says Lord Dunraven has lost his *status* among British yachtsmen by withdrawing from the third race. It is really wonderful that Americans cannot realize our ideas of sport fairly conducted. So far from Lord Dunraven having lost his *status* among yachtsmen, his stand for fair play has raised him immeasurably in the estimation of his countrymen.

Having been directly on the spot throughout the season, and being well inside of the wide circle of false reports and sensational misinformation which have confused observers at a distance, we consider that we are better qualified to judge of the matter than the *Field*. Had Lord Dunraven announced his determination to sail no more off New York immediately after the second race and before the protest was decided, and had he omitted the foolish insistence on Marblehead, where all the steamers would have gone before Valkyrie could have started, we might have believed that his assigned reason of a crowded course was the true one. On the contrary, Valkyrie was docked and specially overhauled on Wednesday, and was at the line in perfect condition, with the fleet far away, her opponent ready to meet her, and her own conditions of a windward course in a moderate breeze and smooth water. We cannot understand how the withdrawal of the yacht under such circumstances can be construed as a "stand for fair play," or as anything but childish pique.

If the *Field* will go carefully over Lord Dunraven's record, from the date of his first challenge in 1889 down to his withdrawal from the last race this year, it will find that, so far from making a bold stand for fair play against notoriously unfair conditions, he has sought only such special conditions as would benefit himself, and in return has compromised the rights of all future challengers. That fair conditions are offered to-day is due in no way to Lord Dunraven's efforts, but to the growth of public opinion in America in favor of fair play and true sportsmanship, such as was once sadly lacking in the Cup contests.

The America's Cup.

THE past week has furnished some excitement and surprises in yachting, but of a sort that might well have been dispensed with, and the present situation is most unsatisfactory on all sides. Mr. Rose has withdrawn his challenge, Lord Dunraven has repudiated an alleged interview, or two alleged interviews, cabled to this country, and explanations, disapprobation, repudiation and condemnation are hurled about in a way that is simply confusing to all impartial yachtsmen.

On Oct. 22 the conditions drawn up by the Cup committee to govern the races under the challenge of the Royal Victoria Y. C. and Mr. Charles Day Rose with the cutter Distant Shore, and embodied in the letter sent on Oct. 16, were made public in New York as follows:

NEW YORK Y. C.,
No. 67 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, Oct. 15.

DEAR SIR—We have the honor to inform you of the acceptance by the New York Y. C. of the challenge from the Royal Victoria Y. C. sent by you in the name of Mr. Charles D. Rose.

In compliance with your request we submit the following proposals for the conditions of the match, and at the same time we hope you will feel quite at liberty to make any suggestions, which we will be glad to consider.

Number of Races.—The match to be decided by the best three out of five races.

Courses.—Starting from Sandy Hook Lightship. First race: To windward or leeward and return. Second race: Equilateral triangle. Third race: Similar to first race. Fourth race: Similar to second race. Fifth race: Similar to first race.

The starting line and compass bearings to be announced as early as practicable.

In every case the course from the starting line to be laid to windward, if possible, from Sandy Hook Lightship.

In case a course, as required by the conditions, cannot be laid out from Sandy Hook Lightship the regatta committee may provide some other suitable starting point, and in this case the preparatory signal will be given about half an hour later than the time named for starting from the Lightship.

Length of Courses.—The courses shall be 30 nautical miles in length.

Start.—The starting signals shall be given at 11 A. M., and this time shall not be changed, except as follows:

First—By the regatta committee, as described in the preceding paragraph for changing the starting point.

Second—By the regatta committee in case of fog.

Third—By the regatta committee if, in their opinion, the space around the starting line is not sufficiently clear at the time appointed for the start.

Fourth—In case both yachts consent to a postponement, in which case the regatta committee shall determine the time of the start.

Fifth—In case of serious accident to either vessel, as hereinafter provided.

Signals.—The preparatory signal shall be given ten minutes before the starting signal, and in case of a change in time of start a preliminary signal shall be given ten minutes before the preparatory.

At the starting signal a yacht may cross the line; the exact time at which a yacht crosses the line during the succeeding two minutes to be taken as the start, and the end of that period as the start of the one crossing after its expiration.

If a race is not started by half-past 1 P. M. the regatta committee shall have the right to declare the race postponed for the day, and no race shall be started after 3 P. M.

Time Limit.—If in any race neither yacht goes over the course within five and a half hours, exclusive of time allowance, such race shall not count and must be resailed.

Selecting the Defender of the Cup.—The challenger shall be informed at least one week before the first race what vessel is to defend the Cup.

New York Y. C. Rules to Govern.—The system of measurement, time of allowance and racing rules of the New York Y. C. to govern the races, except as hereinafter modified.

Intervening Day.—Unless changed by agreement, one day shall intervene between each racing day, not counting Sundays.

Repeated Races.—An unfinished race of one kind shall be repeated until finished.

Accidents.—In case a serious accident occurs to either vessel prior to the preparatory signal, she shall have sufficient time to effect repairs before being required to start, or, if such accident occurs during a race, before being required to start in the next race.

Representatives.—Each vessel shall have on board during races a representative named by her competitor.

Manual Power.—Manual power only shall be used for working the competing vessels.

Measurement.—The competing yachts shall be measured with all of the weights, dead and alive, on board which they intend to carry during a race, but shall not have on board more persons, all told, during any race than one for every 2ft. of racing length or fraction thereof. Waste or water tanks, if carried, must be filled with water at the time of the measurement.

The restriction of the New York Y. C. rules as to floors, bulkheads, doors, water tanks, bower anchor and cable to be waived.

If either yacht, by alteration of trim or immersion, by dead weight, increase her load water line length or in any way increase her spar measurements, as officially taken, she must obtain a remeasurement by special appointment before the next race, or, failing this, must report the alteration to the measurer at the club house at 10 P. M. of the day before the race following such alteration, and must arrange with him for remeasurement, and if required be in the Erie Basin by 7 A. M. of the day of said race, and there remain until 9 A. M. if necessary, for purposes of remeasurement.

If either yacht decreases her measurements for sailing length in any way in order to profit thereby in time allowance in any race, she must obtain a remeasurement by special appointment before such race, or notify the measurer and be at his disposition as above described.

A measurement taken, as provided above, shall be final and not subject to protest by either party.

In the event of the measurer being unable to obtain a measurement which he considers accurate before a race a remeasurement shall be taken as soon as possible after the race.

Marking the l.w.l.—Distinct marks shall be placed at the l.w.l. at the bow and as far aft as possible on each vessel.

We would suggest for the date of the first race July 23, which will be ten months from the receipt of the challenge by cable. In case, however, you desire we will fix upon a later date.

As you are probably aware, 90ft. is the limit of load waterline length for single-masted vessels, and as the length named by you is so near this, we would suggest that the only restriction be that neither vessel exceed this length.

You will observe that we have made the time limit five and one-half hours instead of six, as in the last two contests; we have for some time past considered that the speed of modern racing yachts rendered such a change imperative.

We take this opportunity to express our appreciation of the sprit of the challenge and of the confidence which Mr. Rose has so courteously shown in our committee. We shall look forward to a most interesting contest, and meanwhile we hope that Mr. Rose will consider that any services we can render him will be a great pleasure to us.

A New York Yacht Club book will be sent to you by the next mail.

We have the honor to remain your obedient servants,

THE AMERICA'S CUP COMMITTEE,
JAMES D. SMITH, Chairman.
A. CASS CANFIELD, Secretary.

PERCY THELLUSSON, ESQ.,
Secretary Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

While in the main identical with the terms of the Valkyrie-Defender rules, there are several important changes of detail; the regatta committee reserves the right to postpone the start in the event of undue crowding about the line; the time limit is shortened from six to five and one-half hours, and the limit of crew is decreased.

Hardly were these conditions made known before, on the morning of Oct. 23, the following cables were received:

NEWMARKET, Oct. 23.

Oddie, Secretary New York Yacht Club:

Owing to the general impression that my challenge might be construed as an expression of opinion on the result of the last race, I much regret having to ask you to withdraw the same.

CHARLES D. ROSE.

RYDE, Oct. 23.

Secretary of the New York Yacht Club:

Have received letter from Rose withdrawing challenge for America's Cup. Have called committee. Will mail you officially.

THELLUSSON.

Secretary Oddie replied—

Charles D. Rose, 39 Hill street, Berkeley square, London:

Cable announcing withdrawal of your challenge received.

ODDIE, Secretary.

Secretary Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Ryde, England:

Your cable this date received.

ODDIE, Secretary.

Knowing full well the manner in which the ordinary newspaper interview is manufactured, and the unreliability and untruth of this style of "news," we have refrained from quoting or commenting on the various alleged interviews with Lord Dunraven at Newport, Mr. Ratsey at Cowes, and Mr. Watson at Glasgow. When Mr. Watson first visited this country, in the fall of 1886, he kept well clear of the professional interviewers, with good reason, after the treatment Sir Richard Sutton had met with on his first arrival in the previous year. One of the many reporters who were on his track went to a yachtsman for information as to the possible whereabouts of his prey, and said: "I don't want to bother Mr. Watson or to talk to him, if I can only get near enough to see him and to say, 'How do you do?' I will attend to the interview." The many alleged interviews of the past season bear evidence of having been manufactured on the same plan.

On the arrival of Lord Dunraven the following was cabled to the American papers, but we passed it over as at best unverified; and even if true, of but little importance.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—Lord Dunraven, who arrived at Cowes from Newport, R. I., yesterday on board Mr. Laycock's steam yacht Valhalla, was seen in London this afternoon by a representative of the United Press. His Lordship was looking wonderfully well after his three weeks' sail across the ocean. In the course of a long talk with the reporter on the subject of the events connected with the recent contests for the America's Cup Lord Dunraven expressed himself in the following language:

"It was a great mistake on the part of the New York Yacht Club not to have postponed the third race so that an unimpeded contest could have been assured beyond any possible doubt. The challenge issued by an American for the America's Cup is most disagreeable, not to say offensive, to me, for the reason that the American people have been assured by the American press that the challenge is intended as a mark of censure upon me and a vindication of the action of the Cup Committee. The New York Yacht Club, however, knows perfectly well that it is not an English challenge, although it is backed by the committee of the Royal Victoria Club, which committee by this time must greatly regret its acquiescence in an unconditional challenge made by an Anglo-American. The attitude of the New York Yacht Club's Committee in accepting the challenge as a vindication of its conduct is simply ludicrous. Current gossip here is that two American gentlemen are associated with Mr. Rose in building the Distant Shore, and the members of the New York Yacht Club must be simple indeed if they fancy that Englishmen attach any importance to Mr. Rose's challenge.

"My motive in laying up the Valkyrie in Brooklyn was mainly the hope that she would get a chance to race for the Cup again in 1896 against the Defender, especially after the hint to this effect that was thrown out by the New York *Herald*. Another reason for my laying her up was because I was unable to communicate with Messrs. McCalmont and Robinson, who are part owners of the Valkyrie, to ascertain their views of the situation. Until I confer with them the future of the Valkyrie is uncertain, but I have many projects in view. I especially desire to have it out with the Defender in a fair, square race over a clear course.

"A great deal has been said about Mr. Iselin's offer to resail the protested race. I would gladly have done so if Mr. Iselin had offered to withdraw his protest and resail the race, but since he asked in the matter the decision of the committee, which disqualified the Valkyrie, resailing the race was out of the question, even if the committee had agreed to it.

"I was not aware of Mr. Iselin's proposal to resail the whole series of races until I saw it in the papers. I would have agreed to this if the committee had sanctioned it and had undertaken to provide a clear course."

Lord Dunraven spoke in the highest terms of the individual members of the Cup committee and other American yachtsmen, and said his only regret was that the committee in its executive capacity had caused him disappointment.

Two days later the following, which we published last week, appeared:

LONDON, Oct. 21.—Dixon Kemp, the well-known yachting authority and editor of the *Yacht Racing Calendar and Review*, has furnished to the United Press exclusively the substance of a second interview with Lord Dunraven.

His Lordship expressed himself as being still strong in the belief that the Valkyrie III. is the superior of the Defender in sailing to the windward in moderate breezes, and very much faster than the American boat in running before the wind. He admitted, however, that the Defender was the faster boat in reaching.

"What I should particularly like," said Lord Dunraven, "would be to have the Defender fight it out with the Valkyrie in the Mediterranean."

If this could be arranged, he added, he would then have the Valkyrie prepared to meet the American boat. He thought that the yachts would have a fair trial in the Mediterranean regattas, but the Valkyrie would doubtless be greatly handicapped by the French rating rules, which include measurement of beam and girth besides sail area.

If the Defender should proceed to the Mediterranean it would settle once and for all the question of whether the American boat is built and rigged sufficiently strong to cross the Atlantic on her own bottom.

Lord Dunraven expressed to Mr. Kemp his belief that a decision to bring the Defender over to the Mediterranean lies entirely with W. K. Vanderbilt, who owns eight-tenths of the boat, while Messrs. Iselin and Morgan each own one-tenth.

The prizes for the coming Mediterranean regatta are much more valuable than ever before, and Lord Dunraven is convinced that grand races could be sailed with the Britannia, Ailsa, Satanita, Valkyrie III. and Defender.

A representative of the United Press, having shown to Charles D. Rose, the challenger for the America's Cup through the Royal Victoria Y. C., a copy of an interview with Lord Dunraven published in yesterday's New York papers, that gentleman said this morning:

"I am very sorry that such things should continue to be published. They do no good and only tend to stir up bad feeling."

Mr. Rose then dictated to the reporter the following:

"I very much regret that the question of my challenge should be construed as in any way having anything to do with the action of the New York Y. C. My challenge was made simply and solely with the object of trying to recover the America's Cup.

"I shall take the earliest opportunity to see Lord Dunraven, and should I learn from him that my challenge ought not to have been made before consulting him I shall at once withdraw it. No one is concerned in this challenge except myself."

While it is not plain that the first interview was written by Mr. Dixon Kemp, it would appear that he was the "representative of the United Press" and the "reporter" who is mentioned as specially interviewing Lord Dunraven. On Oct. 23 the following appeared in the New York *Herald:*

"As Lord Dunraven in his last communication to the America's Cup committee said that there was no need of further comment anent the Cup races of 1895, there was great surprise manifested in yachting circles on this side on account of the interviews which were sent from England to this country during the last three days.

"In these interviews Lord Dunraven was put down as finding fault with everything, and he was said to be actually in the sulks.

"The interviews were recabled to England, and came to the notice of Lord Dunraven Monday. As soon as the latter read them he lost no time in contradicting the cable stories, for he immediately cabled his American representative in this city, Mr. H. Maitland Kersey, authorizing the latter to deny all interviews in toto.

"Lord Dunraven, in his cable to Mr. Kersey, says: 'The interviews are wholly bogus; never talked in any such way, nor have uttered a word about the Cup races to any one in England; in fact, I have refused to say anything.'

"Lord Dunraven does not know for a certainty that the interview with Watson, which recently appeared in the Glasgow *Citizen*, is true or not, but if Watson has been treated as he has then Lord Dunraven presumes that the interview with Watson is also false.

"Lord Dunraven evidently wants to be put right before the American people, and at the earliest moment possible. Yachtsmen will be pleased to learn from Lord Dunraven himself that no such interviews ever took place, because they were in such tone that they would do no good to yachting.

"The writer had a long private talk with Lord Dunraven at Newport, and while not making it public, it is no breach of confidence to state that Lord Dunraven, instead of showing any feeling, acted quite the contrary. In fact, he looked very favorably on the suggestion that he leave the Valkyrie here, and race her next season, which he has now done.

"The make-up of the bogus interviews, whether in England or in this country, only throws discredit on himself, for, with cable between the two countries, it is only a question of five hours for positive denials. A. G. MCVEY."

It is worthy of note that the gentleman who has apparently constituted himself the special representative of Lord Dunraven, and who now comes forward with ready excuses for his Lordship, only last week made use of an alleged and questionable interview with Mr. Watson as an excuse for a bitter personal attack; assuming from the start that the interview was genuine throughout. The sequel to Mr. Kemp's interviews is as follows:

LONDON, Oct. 23.—Dixon Kemp, the yachting authority and editor of the *Yacht Racing Calendar and Review*, through whom both of the recently cabled Dunraven interviews were furnished to the United Press and by the London manager of the association accepted as authentic, has written to the United Press the following note under to-day's date:

"I saw Lord Dunraven at 27 Norfolk street, Park Lane, last Saturday noon, and sent you some of the topics of the conversation which took place between us, interspersed with my own remarks. Unfortunately, you attributed some of my remarks to Lord Dunraven, especially the one stating that the New York Y. C. knew perfectly well that Mr. Rose's challenge for the America's Cup was not an English challenge, and that the Royal Victoria Y. C. was sorry for having backed it. These were purely my remarks, as I wrote you last evening. I very much regret the misunderstanding. Faithfully yours,

"DIXON KEMP."

After the receipt of this letter the manager of the London office of the United Press sent the following telegram to Lord Dunraven at his residence in Norfolk street:

"Will you kindly inform me if the disclaimer of an interview with you, which was printed in yesterday morning's London papers and credited to the United Press, was authorized by you? As the statement is calculated to do us some damage, and as I hold the copy of an interview made at my request by Dixon Kemp, it is necessary for us to protect ourselves. I shall accordingly be obliged to you for your answer."

No reply to the foregoing has as yet been received, but an explanation of its delay may be found in Mr. Kemp's letter referred to above as having been written last night, which was received in this morning's mail. The letter is as follows:

"Lord Dunraven called on me just now. He is not going to make any revelations at the dinner in Cardiff or elsewhere. In your cablegram to New York you make him say that the New York Yacht Club knew perfectly well that Mr. Rose's challenge was not an English challenge. Lord Dunraven did not say this. The remark was mine in the letter I wrote you. DIXON KEMP."

It will be seen from the foregoing that Lord Dunraven does not venture to deny the interview, but calls upon Mr. Kemp to ask him to moderate a certain portion of it, now desiring to repudiate his hasty language. Those who know Lord Dunraven will read between the lines. There is no doubt that he said all that the interview contained, and that Mr. Kemp out of pure friendliness, wishes to shield him,

and, therefore, takes the blame himself. The original interview, as furnished by Mr. Kemp to the United Press, contained no indication that anything therein was especially the remark of Mr. Kemp. The interview purported to be the result of a talk with Lord Dunraven, written directly after seeing him, and without doubt was a faithful representation of Lord Dunraven's remarks.

Louis H. Moore, the London manager of the United Press, yesterday sent a letter to the London newspapers concerning the Dunraven interview, which is printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *St. James's Gazette* and *Westminster Gazette* to-day. After referring to Lord Dunraven's denial of the accuracy of the interview, Mr. Moore proceeds:

"I wish to say that I have a copy of the interview in question signed by the yachting editor of the leading sporting newspaper of London, who made the interview at my request. I am prepared to show this copy to you or Lord Dunraven if desired. The name appended to the interview will be at once accepted as a guarantee of the accuracy of the report."

We learn that a well-known Western yachtsman is about to offer two prizes for 15ft. yachts built in his locality, in hopes that the best of them may enter the trial races of the Seawanhaka Cor. S. C. for its international cup.

The *Boston Globe* says: New Yorkers, lookout! It is whispered here in Boston that the "Adams boys," George and Charles, have the half-rater bee in their bonnets for next season, and are contemplating a 15-footer to compete for the honor of defending the Seawanhaka international cup. Their success in the 20-footer Rooster in these waters last season shows that success in the 40 and 46-footers has not spoiled their skill in small boats, while those who have sailed against them in their many races in New York and Newport waters will not underrate their ability in whatever they may undertake.

The Inter-Lake Yacht Racing Association.

THE pressure of the two series of international races and of yachting on the coast through the past summer has prevented us from giving that attention which it deserves to yachting throughout the country, and especially on the lakes. On Lake Erie in particular the past season has been a busy one, the new Inter-Lake Yacht Racing Association has been doing good work for yachting on the lakes and with most satisfactory results in spite of light weather this year. We are indebted to Capt. R. D. Potter, of Toledo, Ohio, for the following report of the regattas at Put-in-Bay.

Our harbor of Put-in-Bay never looked as pretty as on Aug. 5 and we can honestly say no sight could be more grand than to see a fleet of seventy-two yachts, large and small, lying at anchor with flags flying and crews working to get their boats in the pink of condition for the races to-morrow. The captains are visiting the different yachts, leaving their crews hard at work aboard their respective boats, and the "historic bay" never had the appearance of so much enthusiasm and glorious times in its history. The captains of the various boats meet to night to obtain the sailing instructions for the week, the programme being:

Monday, Aug. 5, assembling of yachts; meeting of owners and captains at Beebe House at 8 P. M. Tuesday, Aug. 6, naphtha launches, 30 and 25-footers, and special race for single and double catboats and fore-and-afters; yachts to sail around the course once, naphtha launches to go around the course twice. Wednesday, Aug. 7, first class: 55, 46, 40 and 35-footers, sailing around the course twice. Thursday, Aug. 8, ladies' day: cruising among the islands; reception and ball in the evening at Wehrle's. Friday, Aug. 9, free for all race, with time allowance, to and around stakeboat off Lakeside, O., and return; course, from stakeboat off Gibraltar to northward of Ballast Island, to and around stakeboat off dock at Lakeside, returning to northward of Ballast Island and across starting line; no time limit; banquet and presentation of prizes at Beebe House, 9 P. M.; the ladies are cordially invited to be present. Saturday, Aug. 10, "Home, Sweet Home."

Single or double cats and fore-and-afts, if with bowsprit and carrying jib, will be classed as sloops and schooners respectively. The preliminary gun will be fired at 12:30 P. M. sharp, Standard time. The course for all yachts will be from stakeboat between east end of Gibraltar and west end of Middle Bass, to and around stakeboat 3½ miles N.N.W., thence to and around stakeboat 3½ miles S.W. ¾s., thence 3½ miles E. ¾s., across the line between judge's boat and stakeboat. Entrance Fee.—For first class, 55 and 46-footers, will be $3; 40 and 35-footers, $2; 30 and 25-footers, $1; for special race of catboats and naphthas, etc., $1. Free-for-all race, $2.

Tuesday, Aug. 6.—All the morning long the wind was S.W.—a fair sailing breeze, with just enough motion on the water to gladden the heart of every sailor, and the outlook for a great race was good, but as the hour of starting approached the wind died out, leaving just a breath when at 1:26 P. M. the starting gun was fired, with the boats well bunched. Before the first mark was turned a heavy squall from the west played havoc with the little fellows and some did not finish, and even some of the larger ones put into the Bay.

In the 25ft. and 30ft. class were entered two fore-and-aft fish boats: one, Undine, which won in the 20ft. class, defeating the Com. Gardner by 3m. 17s., and Marie M., the winner in the 25ft. class, defeating Elfin by 8m. and 55s. Immediately after the race a protest was entered by the Com. Gardner for a remeasurement of the Undine, claiming her measurement was wrongly taken; but the judges overruled the protest, to the great disgust of yachtsmen interested in this just protest which the Com. Gardner had entered and which boat was rightly entitled to first place in the 30ft. class. The point I wish to make here is, that there should be a special class for this kind of boats, which are not and cannot, in my estimation, be termed yachts. There is no doubt but that this classification must be changed, for it hurts yachting; and next summer, at our meet, I hope to see this matter changed by making another class for these fish boats, as they are called.

Below is given the start, finish and corrected time in the 25 and 30ft. classes:

25FT. CLASS.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected time.
Pearl	1 31 00	5 02 20	3 31 20
Marie M.	1 31 00	4 28 20	2 56 23
Sprite	1 31 00	5 10 11	3 37 34
Jester	1 31 00	4 52 45	3 19 11
Elfin	1 31 00	4 39 20	3 05 18
Priscilla	Did not start.		
Arab	1 31 00	5 16 20	3 42 10
Brownie	1 31 00	4 53 45	3 18 26
Teal	1 31 00	5 03 22	3 23 28

Marie M. wins first prize, $25, and champion flag; Elfin second, $10; Brownie third, $5.

SPECIAL CLASS.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected time.
Bonita	Did not start.		
Alleni	Did not start.		
Clytie	1 36 00	5 21 25	3 20 25
Zebra	Did not start.		

Clytie wins first prize, $10, and champion flag.

NAPHTHA LAUNCHES.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected time.
Nellie	1 18 30	5 02 30	3 44 30
Arlington	Did not start.		
Restless	1 19 00	5 07 10	3 04 25
Hobo	1 19 15	Did not finish.	
Pearl H.	Did not start.		
Priscilla	1 20 00	Did not finish.	

Restless wins on time allowance champion flag.

30FT. CLASS.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected time.
Com. Gardner	1 26 00	4 16 45	2 30 45
Mischief	1 26 00	Did not finish.	
Lucy	1 26 00	4 33 00	3 06 08
Henrietta	1 26 00	4 59 40	3 32 08
Sammie	1 26 00	Did not finish.	
Suroco	1 26 00	4 49 08	3 21 02
Wah-wah-say-su	1 26 00	4 52 20	3 22 25
Undine	1 26 00	4 15 30	2 28 28

Undine wins first prize, $25, and champion flag; Com. Gardner, second, $10; Lucy, third, $5.

Wednesday, Aug. 7.—The races between boats of the first class, 55ft., 46ft., 40 and 35-footers were set for this day. In the morning at 8 o'clock there was every indication of a good whole sail breeze, but when the starting gun was fired at 1:35 P. M. the wind was very light, but the boats all made fair time on the first round, but nothing exciting happened, and the sail from the start to the first mark on the second round was a drifting match, with Sultana, of Toledo, and Neva, of Cleveland, neck and neck. Finally the above boats rounded the stake with a lead of nearly two miles on the rest of the fleet. The judges at last sent out a tug for the fleet, and nearly all were towed back into the bay, thoroughly disgusted with the second day's racing. We arrived in the bay about 7:30 P. M., hoping that the morning would bring us a gale of wind, for after having two drifting matches we had made up our minds that we wanted a gale of wind to see which was the best boat.

The same classes sailed again next day, making twice around the course, or 21 miles, in fair time, but not within the time limit, which was 5 hours, 15 minutes; and so this day's racing was inconclusive. Both days the same boats were in the lead of their respective classes, but the race was again postponed until Saturday. In the 55ft. class Nera was all alone, with the exception of the first day, when Avacet, of Cleveland, entered, just to make a race in that class; but she never turned the first mark on either day. In the 46-footers Sultana was well in the lead of the whole fleet, and in the lead of her class both days, there being entered in that class City of the Straits and Surprise, of Detroit, Mich. In the 40ft. class Puritana demonstrated her sailing qualities by showing a clean pair of heels to her sister ships in making the best corrected time around the course. In this class were entered Scud, Josephine, Lulu B., Albatross and Puritana. In the 35ft. class the little cutter Alborak, from Windsor, Can., had everything her own way, but the judges said, "Sail this race over again Saturday." To-morrow is the race of the meet, and we pray only for wind; but no time limit is on this race, so wind or no wind, there will be a race.

After furling canvas, and getting the boats into condition for the evening, we all attended to the ball given at Wehrle's for the yachtsmen and their friends. Dancing commenced at 8:30 P. M. and continued into the early hours of the morning and it was three o'clock when Mr. Wehrle bade good-bye to the yachtsmen, extending to them the comforts of home whenever they desired. All felt well satisfied with the evening's pleasure, and three cheers were given for Mr. Wehrle, and three for the I. L. Y. A. To-morrow comes the free-for-all, with time allowance, and may the best boat win.

No wind again this morning, but before the race was finished the wind had reached a velocity of eight miles an hour, and this was the best day's race of the meet. The starting gun was fired at 10:25 A. M. with the wind dead aft, being Southwest. After a run of two miles dead to leeward, and after rounding Ballast Island, the wind hauled to Northeast, and in the afternoon went to the Eastward. This course was from Put-in-Bay, around Ballast Island, and from there to Marblehead and return, a distance of about 15 miles. The following boats entered and started: Sultana, Nera, Josephine, Cynthia, Mischief, Elfin, Brownie, Sprite, Pearl and Clytie. All the boats were bunched going down to Ballast Island, and after rounding Ballast Island the wind hauled and the larger boats kept steadily increasing their lead. Sultana kept gaining on the Nera and Josephine, and when the stake boat off Marblehead was turned Sultana was in the lead by some 12m. and at the finish found her some 18m. ahead of the next boat, which was the Neva. The official times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Brownie	10 22 19	Withdrew.	
Elfin	10 23 23	Withdrew.	
Cynthia	10 23 45	3 34 44	4 49 22
Sprite	10 26 10	Not timed.	
Josephine	10 26 24	3 30 28	4 58 33
Sultana	10 28 03	3 03 23	4 27 30
Pearl	10 28 23	4 22 20	5 23 15
Mischief	10 28 37	3 37 36	4 47 16
Clytie	10 29 50	Withdrew.	
Neva	10 30 38	3 16 04	4 45 56

Sultana wins first prize, $40, by 18m. and 26s.; Neva, second, $20; Mischief, third, $10; Cynthia, fourth, $5.

The postponed races of Wednesday and Thursday were called for Saturday A. M., 8 o'clock, in case no wind the first around to make a race. The wind was S.W. about 5 miles an hour, but dropped completely before the first mark was turned. The big cutter Neva, of Cleveland, was in the lead, Sultana second and the rest pretty well bunched. After turning the first mark Neva and Sultana put about for the second, while the rest of the fleet stood further to the westward, and by so doing gained considerable on the two leaders, for at the second mark boats were all bunched. The Shamrock, whose record is known to all yachtsmen on the lakes, withdrew from the contest about half way down to the second mark and headed for home. Nearly all the fleet turned the second mark far in the lead of Toledo's pride, Sultana. From this mark to the finish it was decidedly a drifting match, with Neva far in the lead. The wind had changed to N.E., very light and at last dying out altogether. After rounding the second mark the boats, with the exception of Sultana and Cynthia, stood off toward the northward, while the pair stood off to the eastward. About half way to the finish the wind hauled north and with balloon sails set, they glided for the finish, while the boats to leeward had nearly a dead beat to windward, finishing about an hour after the leading boats. Take it all in all the week's racing was very unsatisfactory, and more than one heart was broken on water as well as on land for lack of wind.

Below is given the official figures of the race;

55-FOOTERS.	Start.	Finish.	Corrected.
Nera	8 55 06	1 12 12	4 36 16
Avacet did not start; went to Detroit Wednesday.			
46-FOOTERS.			
Sultana	8 55 00	2 25 09	5 45 57
City of the Straits	8 35 12	2 03 10	5 26 58
Surprise	Did not start.		
40-FOOTERS.			
Puritana	8 37 21	1 38 02	4 54 50
Josephine	8 35 12	1 57 33	5 22 21
Scud	Did not start.		
Lulu B.	Did not start.		
35-FOOTERS.			
Alborak	8 35 54	1 44 23	4 59 59
Miriam	8 36 58	2 33 05	5 48 52
Cynthia	8 36 28	2 43 20	5 58 04
Gertrude	8 37 21	2 49 00	6 03 37
Cora V.	Did not start.		
Shamrock	8 35 26	Did not finish.	

Prize winners: 55-footers—Nera first prize, $50, champion flag and time prize for the best corrected time, 46-footers—City of the Straits first prize, $50, and champion flag; Sultana second, $25. 40-footers—Puritana first prize, champion flag and $40; Josephine second, $30. 35-footers—Alborak first prize, $40 and champion flag; Miriam second, $20; Cynthia third, $5.

On Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning the yachts and yachtsmen left for their home ports with a friendly feeling to all who attended the meet, and all hoping to meet again next year in Detroit; and with flags flying and cannons barking we bade good-by to old Put-In-Bay, beloved by all the yachtsmen of Lake Erie.

International Yacht Racing.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I shall feel obliged if you will allow me, through your columns, to suggest a plan for a fair, square and impartial international yacht race.

My proposition is, that a sum of, say, £500, be subscribed by both the Americans and English, with which a handsome gold trophy of £1000 value be purchased, to be sailed for by either one or more yachts of each Nation (if more than one, in equal numbers).

That the yachts shall meet and start from some neutral port in the Atlantic to some other port and back—say from Halifax, N. S., to Bermuda, or from Antigua to Port Royal, Jamaica, and back, the distance in both cases being about 900 miles from port to port. In either case there would be a dead heat and a run over the greatest part of the course, the prevailing winds in the first-named course being southerly, and in the latter the easterly trade winds.

Each vessel should, of course, berth her own crew, which should be limited to sufficient hands to sail the vessel in watches, but to be allowed to take a navigating captain in addition to her sailing master. They should also be obliged to carry all their own spars, spare sails and gear, no tender or friendly yacht being allowed to assist in any way. The details and arrangements for the match to be carried out by a committee composed of an equal number of Americans and Englishmen, with power to elect an umpire in case of any failure to agree among themselves.

It is evident that if this plan be carried out the vessels will be placed on an equality, which can never happen in matches sailed in either England or America, as one vessel must cross the Atlantic while the other remains at home, getting her trim and exercising her crew, besides being built much lighter than her competitor.

A trophy of this kind and won in this way would be something for a yachtsman to be proud of indeed. W. S. KELLY.

PLYMOUTH, Eng., Oct. 16.

Another "One-Design Class."

THE Solent yachtsmen have for some time considered the idea, first suggested, if we remember, by Lt. Col. Bucknill, of a one-design cutter of moderate type as compared to the later racing machines. The matter has lately been taken up actively, and we learn from the *Field* that in accordance with the wishes of those who were present at the Cowes meeting, Col. Bucknill has obtained from Mr. Soper a design for a boat, the cost of which as estimated by Fay and Co. will not exceed £175 (including the designer's fee), provided an order is given for six.

The drawings indicate that the boat will undoubtedly be a fast one, though speed is not the sole object of the promoters of this class, who will be satisfied with two or, at the most, three days' racing a week.

The following are the main features of the design: Displacement, about 5 tons; l. w. l., 25ft.; length over all, 35ft. 6in.; beam, 7ft. 9in.; draught, 5ft.; S. A., 680 sq. ft. The boat will be built of red pine on oak frames and copper fastened. The ballast, about 27 tons, will be all on the keel, which is a fairly long one, and admits of the boat being easily laid ashore.

There is a pole mast, and the rig suggested is a cutter's. The cabin is of a convenient size, as is also the forecastle, which has a hatch of its own. The decks are canvas covered.

Several clubs have already intimated their intention of giving races for this class should it be successfully formed.

Such a boat will be most serviceable for general use in many places, and yet will give good racing in its class.

The New Y. R. A. Rule.

NOW THAT the 1-raters and ½ raters have become popular in this country, the question of the future of these boats abroad becomes an interesting one in view of possible international races for the Seawanhaka cup. The possibilities and probabilities under the new rule are discussed as follows by the *Field:*

It seems now pretty certain that the designs under the new rating rule will be a greater departure from the existing type than was at first supposed to be the case. Already a 1-rater is in hand, 23ft. on the water-line, and with a sail area of 450sq. ft. This is 150sq. ft. more sail than a 20ft. 1-rater of the present pattern can be given, and, of course, the beam will have to be considerably reduced, and there need be some decrease in the draft of water; also, the mid-section would be more or less of the V type. Take the Wolfhound as one of the extreme existing 1-raters. Her l. w. l. is 19.2ft., beam 7.3ft. girth 16.6ft., square root of sail area (313sq. ft.) 17.7. Of the girth only .75 is used in the formula and 0.5 of square root of sail area. Wolfhound's linear rating will therefore be:

$$\frac{19.2+7.3+12.44+8.85}{2}=23.89,$$

the class linear rating being 24ft.

If a 1-rater's length on load line be increased to 23ft. and her sail area to 450sq. ft., this would bring her linear rating to 26.7ft., or 2ft. in excess of the rating allowed. Twice 2.7ft. is 5.4ft., and 5.4ft. would therefore have to be taken off the total by means of reducing beam and girth. This could be done by reducing the beam to 5.4ft., draft of water to 5ft., and the girth to 12ft., three-quarters of which is 9ft., and half the square root of sail area 10.6ft. The quantities, summed as before, would be:

$$\frac{23+5.4+9+10.6}{2}=24\text{ft.}$$

The displacement would probably be increased to from 3½ tons to 4 tons, and the freeboard could also be increased, as it is not taxed, girth being taken from load line to load line under water.

In light and moderate winds this craft ought to succeed against any of the existing broad and shallow-bodied craft.

But it must be remembered that the narrow-beamed 21ft. Tottie (21ft. on the load line, with 500sq ft. of canvas) was beaten without time allowance by the modern 1-raters, 20ft. long, with 300sq. ft. of canvas.

It would seem from the possibilities under the new rating rule that 24ft. was rather too high a number to fix upon for the class to represent the present 1-raters, and that 18ft. also was too high a number to represent the 0.5-rating class.

In connection with this matter it should be remembered that at a recent meeting of owners interested in small yacht racing about the Thames and east coast, a resolution was passed that the Y. R. A. should allow four hands for the new 24ft. linear rating class and three for the 18ft. class. We do not think there is any doubt that it will be found necessary to increase the crews as proposed at the meeting referred to, as the boats will be very considerably larger, and have 50 per cent. at least more sail area.

We just now said that the new 18ft. class will be composed of much larger boats than the present 0.5-rating class, and the question is whether a 15ft. class should not be formed at once to more nearly represent the existing 0.5-raters in length of load waterline and sail area—craft which can be comfortably worked with two hands as at present, and with a first cost about the same, for there is no doubt that all the class boats under the new rule will cost considerably more to produce than the old raters from 0.5 up to 10-rating did.

So also will the 20-rating class, represented by 52 linear rating, be much more costly to produce, and this can readily be realized from the fact that a 52ft. linear rating class can easily be 33ft. on the waterline with a sail spread of 3,000sq. ft.—much the same as Clara had in 1885.

The limits of 20ft. and 15ft. by Seawanhaka rule just fitted the old 1-rating and ½-rating classes, allowing, as in such a 1-rater as Wolfhound, a margin for that increase of sail area which would be necessary in racing in America; while the crew limits were the same, three and two men respectively, in both countries. If the above speculation of the *Field* is correct, as it seems to be, a bar will be raised against international racing in these classes just as it has begun with so much promise.

The Seawanhaka Fifteen-Footers.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE Southern Y. C. now has a chance to enter the lists of international yacht racing, which, if carried to a successful issue, would cover the club with glory and, at the same time, greatly stimulate yachting in the South, and place it on the same patriotic and advanced plane that the sport enjoys in the North.

The opportunity for the home club to make itself felt in the yachting world is afforded by the international cup offered for ½-raters by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., of New York. The ½-raters are little sloops 15ft. long on the waterline and about 23ft. over all, and must be sailed by a crew of two. These little racers give more sport than the large racing boats, and may be said to be just as good models with which to carry on the evolution of speed and yacht designing, and will do it sooner, owing to the greater number built, while they have the great advantage of being cheap, easily handled and comparatively inexpensive to run. This size of boat is very popular in the North, many yachtsmen who have fine, large yachts, preferring to carry the little sloops for racing purposes, as in racing them the small crew—perhaps the owner and a friend—are right on their own resources, which is a keen pleasure to the thorough yachtsman, and not to be enjoyed on a large craft full of paid hands. The Seawanhaka Club put up the $500 cup, and after they had received an English challenge for it for this year the club arranged for a series of trial races to select a defender, and invited all the other American clubs to enter candidates. The trial races, which were won by the Ethelwynn, of the Indian Harbor Y. C. (she was designed by W. P. Stephens, yachting editor of FOREST AND STREAM), and the international races, the Ethelwynn successfully defending the cup from the English boat, Spruce IV., all took place this summer. The club now has a challenge for early next year from Canada, and J. Arthur Brand, owner of the Spruce, has expressed his intentions of building and coming here again later in the year if the Canadians are not successful in winning the cup. Now, our home club could not float an international racer like the peerless Defender, owing to the local shallow waters, but we can build and race small, light-draft boats. In fact, we have had to develop this class from very necessity, the club having some of the fastest jib and mainsail boats and their sailors in the world. We have but few as small as 15-footers, but from long experience in the 20ft. "sand-baggers" we could turn out a fleet of smaller fixed-ballast boats that would be as good as any in the country. The Southern Y. C. should immediately foster the ½-rater class; the regatta committee should draw up a set of rules and offer a fine cup to encourage building. The class would be the life of the sport next spring, and many a man who can now only afford to look on at the expensive racing of larger boats would be steering his own little pet. After the class was well established here the pick of the lot could be sent North and might prove fast enough to have the honor of being selected to defend the Seawanhaka cup.

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

THE third general meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers will take place in New York city at 10 A. M., Thursday, Nov. 7, 1895. Through the courtesy of the president and managers of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the meetings will be held in the auditorium of 12 West Thirty-first street, the sessions continuing through Thursday and Friday, Nov. 7 and 8.

There will be a banquet at the Hotel Brunswick, at 7 P. M. Friday, Nov. 8, to which members and their guests are cordially invited.

In order that suitable arrangements may be made, the executive committee requests that members will notify the secretary as early as practicable of their intentions as to the banquet, and also as to the probability of their attending the meetings of the society.

Members intending to propose candidates for membership are requested to notify the secretary in order that the necessary blank forms of application may be forwarded and properly filled out.

The following papers will be read Thursday, Nov. 7:—1. American Maritime Department—By Captain Henry C. Taylor, U. S. N., President Naval War College. 2. Performance of the Twin-Screw Steamer City of Lowell—By Professor Jas. E. Denton, Stevens Institute of Technology. 3. Rudder Experiments—U. S. S. Monterey—By Elliot Snow, Assistant Naval Constructor, U. S. Navy. 4. Aluminum, —its alloys and their use in ship construction—By J. C. McGuire, Esq. C. E. 5. Methods and Forms for Certain Ship Calculations—By D. W. Taylor, Naval Constructor, U. S. Navy. 6. The Number of Longitudinal Intervals in Ship Computation, as affecting the Accuracy of Integration for Displacement, and Note on the Relation between Reduced and True Wetted Surface—By Professor W. F. Durand, Cornell University.

Friday, Nov. 8.—7. Recent Designs of Vessels for the U. S. Navy—By Philip Hichborn, Chief Constructor, U. S. Navy. 8. Tactical Considerations Involved in War Ship Design—By Albert P. Niblack, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy. 9. The Centerboard—its influence on design, its value and its proper use—By Wm. P. Stephens, Esq. 10. Engineering Research in the Navy—By Professor Wm. S. Aldrich, University of West Virginia. 11. The Ventilation of Ships—By F. E. Dowst, Esq., M. E. 12. An Experimental Test of the Armored Side of U. S. S. Iowa—By Albert W. Stahl, Naval Constructor, U. S. Navy.

Niagara and the British 20-Raters.

THE relative performances of the Herreshoff bulb-fin Niagara, owned by Howard Gould and sailed this season by Capt. John Barr in British waters, are shown in the following letter to the *Field*. Audrey and Eucharis are new boats, and Isolde is a sister to Niagara.

By Col. Smith's formula for figure of merit, first published in the *Field* and subsequently in other places, the records published on Oct. 5 of the 20-rater racing for 1895 figure out as follows:

	Firsts.	Starts.	Figure of Merit.
Niagara	25	46	45.63
Audrey	16	32	40.34
Inyoni	15	38	32.49
Zinita	6	15	28.70
Dakotah	4	23	13.42
Isolde	3	23	10.45
Stephanie	3	24	9.70
Eucharis	2	11	7.50
Luna	2	33	4.00
Vineta	0	12	0.00
Dragon	0	9	0.00
Windward	0	4	0.00
Maida	0	3	0.00
Rosetta	0	3	0.00
Molly	0	2	0.00
Mimosa	0	1	0.00
Elizabeth	0	1	0.00
Stella	0	1	0.00
Maris	0	1	0.00
Osiris	0	1	0.00
Thalatta	0	1	0.00

Niagara had five sails over, and Stephanie one sail over. These are not counted either as "firsts" or as "starts" for finding the figure of merit. Isolde would have had a far better figure of merit if Niagara, her sister ship, had been absent, as "their days" were similar; and Luna's fall was due to the same cause. Had Niagara stuck to the Solent it is possible that Audrey would have beaten her in the final result. As it was they met on thirteen occasions, Audrey beating Niagara six times, and being defeated by Niagara seven times. As you remark, Inyoni could beat either of them in light weather, but it seems to pay best to win in a moderate breeze; and hard weather boats are sure to do well in our English climate, especially on the Solent.

This has been proved over and over again—the successes of Humming Bird and Babe, and more recently of Gareth, in the 25-rating class; of Savourna, and more recently of Flat Fsh, in the 5-rating class; of Decima, and more recently of Dakotah, in the 10-rating class—making it very evident that yachts designed to excel in strong and in moderate winds are better prize winners than those which excel in light and in moderate winds.

Indeed, it may be truly stated that a yacht which is a fairly certain winner in light winds seldom wins in moderate weather, the hard weather boat beating her in every kind of weather *except* light winds.

Thus, Niagara this year won eleven firsts in fourteen starts in "*moderate* winds," whereas Inyoni won only three firsts in nine starts.

Mr. F. H. Collins arrives at a diametrically opposite conclusion, but his own figures contradict him. Occasionally a light weather year occurs when his pattern yacht would head the list at the end of the season—in the Jubilee year, for instance; but such weather seldom occurs in our climate for any length of time.

The alteration of the rating rule may, however, encourage sail to such an extent that light-weather boats may become better prize winners than heretofore. Nevertheless it should be borne in mind by Mr. Collins and by every one else that the success of a hard-weather boat, or of a light-weather boat, depends principally on their competitors, and not upon the type, or the rating rule, or the weather of the year.

Thus, in the 20-raters, 1895, Isolde and Luna were comparatively unsuccessful because Niagara and Audrey were better boats in their weather, and, had there been as many light-weather 20s as there were hard-weather boats, Inyoni's winnings would probably have been reduced considerably.

Another matter which Mr. Collins appears to have entirely overlooked is the well-known fluking which is inseparable from light winds, and which greatly reduces the number of wins of the fastest boat in light weather. She is fluked out of her prize time after time, but the hard-weather boat very seldom suffers in a similar manner, if she be well sailed.

The total number of prizes won in light weather is consequently no proof whatever that it pays best to build yachts to win in such weather.

A glance at the first column in Mr. Collins's table of the 20-raters' wins for the past season should have shown him this fact; and I feel sure that Col. Smith's figure of merit is a far more accurate summary of a yacht's success than the analysis made by Mr. Collins and the reasoning he tacks on to it. THALASSA.

Keeping a Clear Course.

RECOGNIZING the absurd and impracticable character of the demand on the part of British yachtsmen that future international races of the New York Y. C. should be sailed elsewhere than off New York, we are glad to see that, while offering perfectly fair terms to the proposed challenger of 1896, the New York Y. C. gives no intimation whatever that the races will be sailed elsewhere than off Sandy Hook. We are proud to have fought for so many years against the gross injustice of compelling a foreign vessel to sail an international race over the New York Bay courses, as was done even so late as 1887, but now that the inside course has been abolished and one of the best and fairest of open water courses known to any club has been established outside of Sandy Hook, we propose to stand by this course until it is proven that some other is materially better. So far as transferring the races bodily to some neutral point, such as Madeira or the Mediterranean, the suggestion is one that no club in the world would accede to, and as for Marblehead and Newport, both are open to the one great objection of crowding, and distinctly inferior in other respects to the Sandy Hook course.

The true solution of the difficulty of interference lies not in the transferral of the races to some other point, or in efforts to conceal the dates and mislead the spectators, but in devising some plan for controlling the fleet.

There are, it is true, a certain number of craft that are difficult to manage; some of the larger steamers have shown an utter disregard of the rights of the yachts, and the press and photographers' tugs are particularly troublesome, running almost into the yachts at times, as told by Mr. West, the English photographer. The great majority, however, offend through ignorance, both of where the yachts are going and where they should go themselves.

In a recent editorial the Maine *Journal* discusses the question as follows:

"The evidence of the last international races was not that the excursion steamers were not eager to obey the wishes of the race committee in keeping the course clear, but that the committee were not sufficiently explicit in stating their wishes, and that the steam yachts which performed patrol duty were in command of people who had very remote ideas as to what constituted their duties. It is one thing to express in general terms "keep the course clear," and quite another thing to specify exactly what that means, and how excursionists are to know when they are trespassing. The probability is that the patrol yachtsmen this year had no more specific instructions than to "help keep the coast clear," and that in their eagerness to see the race themselves they paid only intermittent attention to that point. It was on a par with having a lot of men sworn as special policemen to keep order at a meeting who had very hazy ideas of how the audience should be accommodated and no system or captain to direct them. There is room this winter, therefore, for the establishment of a detailed system of patrol for such occasions, with selected officers, understood signals and the promptest means of communication and co-operation.

"If this idea is worked out on a business basis, no one will welcome it more than the excursion steamer men, who will then have something to rely upon instead of mere amateurish opinions. We can vouch for the steamer captains and pilots, that without exception they will be glad to co-operate to the fullest extent with any fair and practicable directions of the yachtsmen if explicitly expressed, and we but state a fact that can be verified by any one who has had to do with excursion steamers at such race meetings in the past when we say that the steamer men have been unfairly blamed for not obeying the wishes of the yachtsmen, because those wishes, if ever reduced to concrete specifications by the yachtsmen themselves, have never been so distinctly stated for the advice of the steamer men. If it should be requested by the yachtsmen that steamers do not cross any line from a quarter to half a mile in any direction away from the course, for instance, we have entire confidence that there would be little if any need for even a patrol to guard it."

Shortly after the late races a scheme was outlined to us by Mr. Frank Herreshoff, brother of the designer, the main point being the preparation of a chart showing where the yachts would sail and where the attendant steamers should lie; the former area for instance being printed in red and the latter in blue. As the course varies from day to day, some difficulty would arise in allotting a place for the fleet with all directions of the wind, but this is not a material objection. The plan proposed the placing of such a chart on board of every vessel which would follow the race; with possibly an experienced yachtsman as a volunteer, to direct the captain. We believe much might be done through some such scheme to control and restrain the great body of the fleet, and any individual offenders might be brought to terms by the weight of condemnation which would rest upon them.

Another thing which would help would be to go some five or ten miles offshore from the Lightship, and to start from a line marked by two buoys specially set for the purpose. Such a line would be far better than the use of the Lightship as a mark, there would be less chance of having to shift to get a windward course, and the distance would bar out some of the multitude of smaller steamers. There would be an objection on the score of this extra distance for the yachts, but withthe fast tugs and steam yachts now about New York this would amount to little.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Pending the completion of the Devonshire Building, at Devonshire State and Washington streets, Boston, Mr. W. B. Waterhouse, the designer, is located at 54 Devonshire street.

Steam Yachts and Launches

BUILT BY MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago, Ill. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

THE racing rules of the American Canoe Association are particularly well worded in respect to their amendment; it is expressly provided by them that the regatta committee at the conclusion of the season's racing shall prepare a full report of the races and of its conclusions after the experience of a year; and further, that all proposals for changes of the rules, whether originating with the committee or with members outside, shall be specifically stated in this report. It is also required that the full report shall be published in the FOREST AND STREAM at least fourteen days before the annual meeting, in order that all members may be made aware of intended changes of rules. So far as the requirements go, they could hardly be improved upon; the one weak point is that they are ignored by the successive regatta committees. Last year, as in previous seasons, no report was presented; this year, however, the chairman of the committee, M. V. Brokaw, on whom the work of managing the races at the meet finally devolved, has complied with the rules and drawn up a very full report. This report was sent out some weeks since to the distant members of the committee for signature, and though ample time has elapsed for its return, it is still missing; so, in default of publication for the required period, no changes of rule can be made at the meeting on Nov. 12.

ONE change in the rule is strongly called for—the removal of the limit of 18in. to the drop of the centerboard. This limit was placed in the rules fifteen years ago, with others calculated to keep the centerboard within reasonable bounds both in size and position. The other limits have long since been abandoned, making this one worse than useless, yet with a strange inconsistency the Association has clung fondly to it. The best form of centerboard for a small boat now known, the Hope knife board, is thus prohibited in canoes under the A. C. A. rule.

New York Y. C.

THE regular October meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on Oct. 24 at the club house, with Com. Brown in the chair. The most important business of the evening was the reading of the report of the America's Cup committee of 1894-5, a lengthy document which was accepted as follows:

Resolved, That the report of the America's Cup committee of 1894 be accepted, and that the committee be requested to have 2,000 copies of the same printed for distribution among the members of the club.

The report will doubtless prove very interesting reading, touching on one matter that has not been generally known, the accusation of Lord Dunraven that in the first race Defender was ballasted below her measured waterline to a material extent, as thus mentioned in the report:

"On Saturday, Sept. 7, Lord Dunraven communicated to the Cup committee his belief that the Defender had sailed that day's race immersed 3 or 4in. more than when she was measured. Lord Dunraven stated that he believed that the change had been made without the knowledge of the Defender's owner, but it must be corrected or he would discontinue racing.

"He did not wish to say to the committee what action it should take, but he desired a remeasurement that day (Saturday, Sept. 7).

"The Cup committee, after considering the communication from Lord Dunraven, ordered a remeasurement to be made at the earliest possible moment.

"On Sept. 8 the yachts were marked, as requested by Lord Dunraven, at the same time they were remeasured, with the result of only 1/16in. difference in l w.l. in case of the Defender, and 1-16in. in the Valkyrie.

"As the result varied the time allowance only a second or two and in no way affected the outcome of the races, it was not deemed necessary to give additional measurements."

The committee was finally discharged with thanks.

Vice-Com. Ward then moved the following:

"*Resolved*, That a cup be presented to the owners of the Defender, in recognition of their successful defense of the America's Cup in the recent match, and that a cup be also presented to Mr. George J. Gould, as an expression of the club's appreciation of his generous and sportsmanlike action in putting the Vigilant in commission and placing her at the disposal of the club; and that the procuring of the cups be referred to a committee of three, to be appointed by the chair."

Commodore Brown appointed to serve on the committee Vice-Com. H. C. Ward, Rear-Com. J. C. Bergen, and Frank T. Robinson.

The various telegrams relating to Mr. Rose's challenge were read, and the following nominating committee for the annual election was appointed: Lloyd Phœnix, George L. Rives, Richard S. Palmer, H. F. Lippitt, Frederick G. Bourne, Philip Schuyler, William E. Iselin, Gouverneur Kortright, William Butler Duncan, Jr., and Fordham Morris.

Secretary Oddie gave notice of a proposed amendment reducing the minimum limit of tonnage from fifteen to ten tons, but no action will be taken before the annual meeting.

The following members were elected: C. T. Russell, F. C. Dininny, Jr., Jacob Ruppert, Jr., Lawrence E. Embree, Leroy M. Garrett, U. S. N.; Louis Kempff, U. S. N.; Frederick V. McNair, U. S. N.; the Hon. Henry L. Pierce, Albert L. Key, U. S. N.; Edward S. Hatch, James W. Ridgway, E. S. Thomson, Gen. Gilbert H. McKibben, Dr. E. H. Marsteller, U. S. N.; J. R. P. Pringle, U. S. N.; Louis J. Brush, Charles Henry Harlow, U. S. N.; J. B. Wheeler, Edward Browning, Franklin M. Singer, Edward White, U. S. N.; Leland H. Littlefield and Theodore D. Rich.

The Executive Committeé Meeting.

COM. HUNTINGTON has sent out the following notice:

THE annual meeting of the executive committee and board of governors of the A. C. A. will be held at Stanwix Hall, Rome, N. Y., on Monday, Nov. 11, at 10 A. M.

It is hoped that all members of the committee will make a special effort to be present at this meeting.

Particular attention is called to Art. VI., Sec. 3, Deputies, and Art. XII., requiring the publication for two weeks of any proposed amendments of the constitution printed below.

THOMAS H. STRYKER, Sec'y-Treas. WM. R. HUNTINGTON, Com.

Art. VI ,Sec. 3—Deputies.—A member of the committee may appoint by letter another active member in good standing of his own division as deputy to vote for him in his absence at any meeting of the committee, but no person to have more than one vote.

Art. XII.—Amendments.—This constitution may be amended at any meeting of the executive committee, provided the amendment receives the votes of at least two-thirds of said committee, and has been published in general terms in one of the official organs of the A. C. A. at least two weeks before being voted upon, or by writing signed by the commodore and two-thirds of the members of the executive committee, after a similar publication.

A. C. A. Membership.

CENTRAL DIVISION: Lewis J. Allyn, Rochester, N. Y.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 20.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds., strictly off-hand, rifles under 10lbs., 3lbs. trigger pull, at the standard target, 7-ring, black. It would be more interesting to riflemen in general if all clubs in publishing their scores would be more explicit in their noting of the conditions under which they shoot. Let more attention be paid to this and the greater will be the enthusiasm displayed:

Gindele	10	8	9	7	9	9	10	9	8	9	88
	9	8	10	9	8	10	8	8	9	8	87
	6	10	8	10	8	10	8	10	7	9	86
	8	9	9	8	10	7	9	9	9	8	86
Payne	7	10	10	8	6	10	9	9	5	7	79
	7	6	9	9	10	8	8	7	10	5	79
	8	8	8	9	7	7	9	9	6	6	75
Trounstein	7	6	7	6	9	10	9	9	10	8	81
	7	9	6	3	7	9	6	8	8	5	68
	4	8	8	5	5	6	5	7	7	7	62
	4	7	8	3	9	9	3	7	4	5	59
	3	6	4	8	4	8	6	9	6	4	58
Brumback	8	7	7	7	8	4	10	8	10	7	71
	7	6	9	10	7	8	6	8	4	7	72
	8	10	6	6	1	6	6	6	7	7	72
	4	6	8	9	9	8	9	9	5	9	76
Roberts	6	8	10	9	9	10	8	7	10	9	86
	8	7	9	10	6	8	7	5	10	10	80
	10	8	10	6	10	8	8	6	8	10	85
	8	9	10	7	9	8	9	10	9	7	86
Hake	8	6	8	9	4	7	8	8	7	10	75
	8	10	8	4	6	5	4	9	6	5	65
	6	5	7	3	8	8	7	3	7	7	61
	7	8	3	8	9	5	4	6	5	5	60
Topf	7	9	10	3	5	9	10	8	5	8	74
	6	7	9	4	7	5	5	8	7	8	66
	5	8	9	5	6	8	8	6	3	5	60
	8	5	7	7	7	10	7	5	2	4	62
Strickmeier	7	7	6	8	7	10	7	7	6	8	73
	10	6	7	7	9	8	5	5	9	5	71
	6	7	7	9	9	6	7	7	5	8	71
	8	6	8	8	10	7	8	10	10	8	83
Randall	8	9	7	10	5	7	9	6	10	7	78
	6	4	6	10	7	8	8	7	7	10	75
	4	7	7	9	8	8	7	10	9	7	76
	8	6	9	6	9	8	7	10	6	8	73
See	6	9	8	8	8	10	4	8	8	7	76
	6	6	9	9	7	8	7	6	8	6	72
	3	7	10	10	8	7	7	8	6	7	73
	7	8	7	9	10	10	8	8	8	8	83
Drube	6	4	7	6	10	10	10	9	7	5	75
	6	8	8	9	6	6	10	6	10	5	72
	8	8	6	9	8	6	10	7	6	8	76
	6	8	4	7	4	9	6	8	7	6	65

Election Day at Cypress Hills.

THE third grand annual individual rifle championship match will be held at Cypress Hills Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Tuesday, Nov. 5. The entrance fee is $5, and $2 forfeit must accompany each entry, no entries being received after Nov. 2, the date of our issue.

The match will be shot under the management of the following committee: Gus. Zimmermann, chairman; Ignatz Martin, Henry D. Mueller, Geo. W. Plaisted; Chas. G. Zettler, treasurer, and Bernhard Zettler, shooting master. Targets will be open for practice at 9 A. M., the match starting at 10:30. Ten sighting shots will be allowed all contestants who are not present at the opening of the match.

All riflemen who intend taking part in this annual affair should apply at once to Chas. G. Zettler, 219 Bowery, New York city, where entry blanks can be obtained and entries made. As usual, this match will be full of interest.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. 5-7.—KEWANEE, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Kewanee Gun Club; added money and merchandise prizes. L. C. Huckins, Sec'y.

Nov. 7-8.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Annual fall tournament of the Boston Shooting Association. H. M. Federhen, Sec'y.

Nov. 12.—NEWARK, N. J.—All-day shoot of the South Side Gun Club; New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League contest at 11 A. M. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Nov. 26-28.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament of the Des Moines Gun Club; live birds and targets. O O. Perkins, Pres.

Nov. 27-28.—IRONTON, O.—Holiday tournament of the Iron City Gun Club. H. E. Norton, Pres.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

Billy Hobart, secretary of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., writes us as follows: "In 'Drivers and Twisters' I notice that you announce that the competition for the gun donated by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., which was announced for Nov. 12, would take place at 2 P. M., on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, at Newark, N. J. As the entries for this contest will probably reach a half hundred, and the number of targets is 50 each man, this hour will not allow time enough, particularly as the sun sets about 5 o'clock. Please, therefore, correct the above statement by saying that the hour appointed for the commencement of the contest will be 11 A. M. Should there be time enough after the gun is won, sweepstakes will be held until dark. All contestants in this match will be handicapped according to the scores made in the League team matches, and no one need be afraid to enter. The grounds of the South Side Club are open every Saturday afternoon and opportunity afforded for practice for the match of Nov. 12."

Oscar Guessaz (Texas Field) and Joe George, both of San Antonio, Tex., were each presented recently with a spick and span hunting suit by Fred Quimby. Here's the result as told in a letter to Fred, dated Oct. 20: "You ought to have seen the expression on the features of the first mallard drake that flew over me on the morning when I first donned the handsome suit you sent me. It was funny for me—but he died, like all the rest. Thanks, old man, thank's again. Joe and I will spend a few nights this coming week in thanking you jointly for our dude suits, and you can expect something startling, as Joe is some pumpkins on thanks."

The Hazard Smokeless Powder Co. will hold a four day's shoot at Cincinnati, O., May 19-22, 1896. The "Blue Ribbon" tournament will be managed by Bob Waddell, the Hazard Co.'s agent at that point, who writes that he wants "to make it a rouser." We are promised something of special interest in this programme. In regard to the above date Mr. Waddell writes: "My object is to follow Memphis, Tenn., on the circuit, and the Ohio State League will probably take the first week in June at Dayton, O., if it cannot come to an agreement with Memphis."

In talking with Capt. Money last week about the E. C. Powder Company's tournament next May, he asked us to state that no restrictions whatever would be placed on the shooters in regard to the powder to be used during the shoot. "Also please state," said he, "that the company will adopt FOREST AND STREAM's suggestion for a championship at targets, as outlined in your issue of Oct. 19. We may make some slight changes in the scheme, but it will be open to all, nobody barred."

Bob Waddell, of Cincinnati, O., in writing about the "Blue Ribbon" shoot referred to elsewhere, says: "We are going to adopt, with some modifications, FOREST AND STREAM's suggestions in regard to a target championship." He adds that he will inform us as to scheme more fully at a near date. As he will be in this city next week, we should be able to outline the programme for the Hazard Powder Company's tournament, May 19-22, very shortly.

On Oct. 16 Bland Ballard, of Louisville, Ky., shot a 100-bird race with Walter Watson, of the same city. Mr. Watson is chief train dispatcher on the L., St. L. & Texas R. R. The shoot took place on the grounds of the Kentucky Gun Club, Harry Snyder being chosen for referee. Ballard won by scoring 93 to Watson's 88, the former losing 4 dead out of bounds to Watson's 5. The match was a tie at the seventy-second round.

In the match for the live-bird championship of Kentucky, decided on the grounds of the Kentucky Gun Club, Louisville, Ky., Oct. 23, Hutchings, Watson and A. W. du Bray tied for the championship on 24 out of 25 pigeons. On the shoot-off Watson won the championship and the silver cup valued at $150. Du Bray writes that all three shot Parker guns, using E. C. powder and U. M. C. Co.'s Trap and Smokeless shells.

The Des Moines, Ia., Gun Club will hold a three-days' tournament, Nov. 26-28; live birds and targets will be used. Mr. C. O. Perkins, president of the club, will furnish any further information.

Notwithstanding the conflict of dates, both the DuPont tournament at Baltimore, Md., and the Clarke Hardware Company's tournament at Atlanta, Ga., were successes, each in their own line.

Rolla Heikes did not retire to the Alabama home of his brother at Huntsville for nothing! Joe's cooking and a diet of quail are answerable for his 95 per cent. average.

Ohio trap-shooters, as well as crack shots from other States, should not forget the Warren, O., Gun Club's shoot on Nov. 7.

Nothing is likely to result from all the talk about a match between Morfey and Brewer for $1,000 a side; anyway, there's no money up at present.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Atlanta Tournament.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 25.—The Clark Hardware Company's tournament was brought to a close at about 4 P. M. Monday, adding one more link to the long list of successful tournaments held in '95. Despite the big counter attraction at Baltimore, the shoot was a success and shooters were present from twenty-one different States, of which the Ohio delegation was the largest, with the exception of Georgia. The quality of shooters was such as to compare favorably with those that attended any of the large tournaments this season; with one or two exceptions all the crackerjacks were here.

The shooting grounds were located about three miles from the city in an old field, on the top of a hill that sloped off on each side and in front of the traps. In consequence, No. 1 on the first set of traps was down in a hollow, and No. 5 was on the hill, while the reverse was the case with the set on the left. This made the shooting extremely difficult, as a quartering bird on one set of traps would be going up hill while the same bird on the other set of traps would be going down hill. The background was also very trying. Just beyond the traps, about 150yds. away, was a big strip of wood, the foliage of which presented rather a variegated appearance, as the leaves in this section of the country are just beginning to turn, while the sun also beat down in the shooter's face most of the day.

Everyone present was unanimous in the expression that these were the hardest grounds they had ever shot over. The wind blew a gale most of the time, especially on Friday, otherwise the weather was perfect.

Atlanta and the surrounding country is very hilly, and for this reason it is impossible to secure a more level tract of ground, or one that has a good background. It was through no lack of effort on the part of the Clark Hardware Co. that a more suitable site for holding the tournament was not secured, as had such a thing been possible they would certainly have done so. The grounds were also very inaccessible; the car line ran to within about a quarter of a mile of the grounds, and sometimes the cars ran every fifteen minutes, but most of the time about every hour.

The Clark Hardware Co. had made arrangements to have conveyances to take the shooters from the car line to and from the shooting grounds, but after the first morning, a bridge on the road, that spanned a deep cut through which the railroad passed, had to be torn down, and thereafter the shooters were compelled to walk to and from the car line; everything seemed to conspire against the success of the shoot.

Jack Parker managed the shoot, so nothing need be said on this score. He had a good deal to contend with, as his corps of assistants were all inexperienced; none of them had ever seen a tournament before. Paul North was present and also contributed his share toward keeping things moving. With North and Parker on hand it is scarcely necessary to state that blue rock targets, traps and electric pulls were used.

The programme announced $700 added money, while the regular events showed but $630 added. The additional $70, however, was given as average money, $10 each being given to the seven high averages. The first of course was won by Rolla Heikes with an average of 95.3 in all programme events; Ralph Trimble, of Covington, Ky., was next with 92.2; then came Wheeler, of Marlboro, Mass., with 91.7; fourth was B. H. Worthen, of Charleston, S. C., with 91.1; Raymond and Glover tied for fifth, each having an average of 89.1; then came Capt. B. A. Bartlett, the popular representative of the Burgess gun, 88.8 was his average; H. L. Foote was seventh with an average of 88.6. It may be out of place here to state that Foote shot a 16-gauge gun, with which he did exceellent work throughout, he got four straights during the shoot, two 15s, a 20, and 25.

This tells part of the shoot, while the balance can be learned from the tabulated scores, which show who were present, where they came from, the number of events in which they participated; the gun, powder and shell used by each contestant, and also the averages each day, and the total average for the whole shoot. This table is as follows:

	Day.	No. targets. 20 15 20 15 25 20 15 20	Shot at.	Score.	Av.
Sim Glover, Rochester, N. Y., Winchester, Smokeless, Schultze	1	20 15 19 14 24 17 14 18	150	140	93.33
	2	19 14 19 13 23 15 15 18	150	136	90.66
	3	12 15 17 13 22 13 15 18	150	125	83.33
Total			450	401	89.11
Chas Young, Springfield, O., Baker, Smokeless, E. C.	1	18 11 17 10 17 18 13 17	150	121	80.66
	2	15 15 19 14 24 18 15 17	150	135	90
	3	16 14 17 13 22 18 13 17	150	130	86.66
Total			450	386	85.77
J A R Elliott, Kansas City, Mo., Winchester, Leader, E. C.	1	16 13 19 7 21 14 13 18	150	121	80.66
	2	17 11 18 14 22 18 12 18	150	132	88
	3	17 8 18 8 23 16 10 ..	130	100	76.92
Total			430	353	82.09
Andy Meaders, Nashville, Tenn., Winchester, Smokeless, DuPont	1	18 13 16 10 20 11 12 12	150	112	74.66
	2	14 13 16 13 23 17 14 16	150	126	84
	3	18 12 17 12 19 18 11 17	150	124	82.66
Total			450	362	84.44
G H Swan, Charleston, S. C., Lefever, Rapid and Leader, DuPont	1	15 12 17 10 18 17 9 16	150	114	76
	2	15 14 17 14 21 16 15 19	150	131	87.33
	3	17 10 18 9 18 15 11 15	150	113	75.33
Total			450	358	79.55
Z A Craig, Dayton, O., Smith, Leader and E. C.	1	17 13 16 14 18 15 10 16	150	119	79.33
	2	19 10 19 13 22 19 15 11	150	128	85.33
	3	17 10 18 12 22 13 12 13	150	117	78
Total			450	364	80.88
R O Heikes, Dayton O., Winchester Leader, E. C.	1	18 14 20 13 24 20 14 19	150	142	94.66
	2	20 13 89 14 23 20 13 19	150	141	94
	3	20 15 20 14 25 20 15 17	150	146	97.33
Total			450	429	95.33
N E Money, Oakland, N. J., Parker & Smith, Smokeless, E. C.	1	18 13 15 12 15 15 11 14	150	113	75.33
	2	14 11 16 15 23 13 11 9	150	112	74.66
	3	18 12 17 13 17 13 7 13	160	110	73.33
Total			450	335	74.44
T H Keller, Plainfield, N. J, Smith, Rapid, E. C.	1	18 14 14 13 19 14 11 14	150	117	78
	2	14 8 12 11 21 16 14 18	150	114	76
	3	16 15 18 11 23 17 11 17	150	128	85.33
Total			450	359	79.77
Ferd V VanDyke, Dayton, N.J., Winchester, Leader, DuPont	1	18 12 12 8 18 15 12 16	150	112	74.66
	2	14 12 16 14 23 16 15 16	150	126	84
	3	17 13 18 12 22 16 12 17	150	127	84.66
Total			450	365	81.11
Chas Smith (Dutchy), Plainfield, N. J., Smith, Rapid, E. C.	1	18 14 19 11 22 20 12 18	150	134	89.33
	2	18 14 16 11 23 16 14 15	150	127	84.66
	3	19 12 17 13 24 17 12 15	150	129	86
Total			450	390	86.66
B A Bartlett, Buffalo, N.Y., Burgess, Smokeless E. C.	1	19 13 16 12 19 18 14 19	150	130	86.66
	2	18 14 18 10 23 19 14 17	150	133	88.33
	3	18 12 20 14 24 16 15 18	150	137	91.33
Total			450	400	88.88
J H Allen, Birmingham, Ala., Smith 16ga., Nitro, DuPont	1	18 11 16 11 17 13 13 13	150	112	74.66
	2	17 12 17 12 22 12 13 12	150	129	86
	3	17 12 16 13 21 15 14 12	150	120	80
Total			450	362	80.44

	Day.	No. targets. 20 15 20 15 25 20 15 20	Shot at.	Score.	Av.
R M Brown, Birmingham, Ala., Smith, Smokeless, DuPont	1	16 10 18 8 23 14 11 13	150	113	75.33
	2	15 12 18 13 21 15 14 18	150	126	84
	3	16 13 17 11 21 15 14 15	150	122	81.33
Total			450	361	80.22
H E Norton, Ironton, O., Winchester, Smokeless DuPont	1	16 11 19 11 19 16 13 17	150	133	88.33
	2	14 9 16 11 18 17 9 13	150	105	70
	3	19 12 13 10 22 15	115	91	79.13
Total			415	329	79.05
C W Raymond, Dayton, O., Winchester, Blue Rival, DuPont	1	17 15 19 13 24 19 11 19	150	137	91.33
	2	20 13 18 13 23 19 15 18	150	137	91.33
	3	19 11 18 12 24 13 13 17	150	127	84.66
Total			450	401	89.11
Scott McDonald, Dayton, O., Lefever, Nitro and Schultze	1	18 12 17 7 21 17 12 18	150	122	81.33
	2	18 13 19 13 24 19 15 16	150	137	91.33
	3	18 14 19 13 24 19 14 18	150	139	92.66
Total			450	398	88.44
B H Worthen, Charleston, S. C., Parker, Rapid and Leader, E C.	1	19 13 19 15 23 20 14 17	150	140	93.33
	2	18 12 20 13 24 15 14 18	150	134	89.33
	3	19 13 19 11 25 18 13 18	150	136	90.66
Total			450	410	91.11
G S Peterman, Charleston, S. C., Leader, Lefever, DuPont	1	16 11 16 12 21 14 14 15	150	129	86
	2	17 11 18 13 24 15 15 19	150	132	88
	3	16 18 15 10 23 13 12 17	150	119	79.33
Total			450	380	84.44
Shorty Bacon, Mimanisburg, O., Wesley Richards, Nitro, Wood	1	17 11 20 12 23 18 7 18	150	126	84
	2	20 12 19 13 21 19 14 16	150	134	89.33
	3	20 11 17 11 23 16 13 19	150	131	87.33
Total			450	391	86.88
J C White, Memphis, Tenn. Winchester, Smokeless, DuPont	1	16 10 14 12 19 16 11 17	150	115	76.66
	2	17 15 19 15 28 17 13 17	150	136	90.66
	3	17 9 17 13 18 11 13 19	150	117	78
Total			450	368	81.77
H L Foote, Rolling Forks, Miss., Greener 16-gauge, Smokeless, DuPont	1	20 14 15 12 22 18 15 17	150	133	88.33
	2	18 14 17 12 23 17 14 16	150	131	87.33
	3	19 11 19 14 25 17 15 15	150	135	90
Total			450	399	88.66
Talbot Ford, Anniston, Ala., Parker, Smokeless, DuPont	1	13 11 16 11 19 14 11 15	150	110	73.33
	2	.. ..	..	..	....
	3	.. ..	..	..	....
Total			150	110	73.33
G E Eagle, Anniston, Ala., Parker, Smokeless, DuPont	1	15 9 11 6 16 16 12 15	150	100	66.66
	2	.. ..	..	..	....
	3	.. ..	..	..	....
Total			150	100	66.66
C A Gammon, Anniston, Ala., Parker, Smokeless, DuPont	1	13 10 13 5 .. .. 6 ..	85	47	55.29
	2	.. ..	..	..	....
	3	.. ..	..	..	....
Total			85	47	55.29
K M Moore, Farmersville, Tex., Smith, Smokeless, E. C.	1	19 10 17 11 21 18 13 19	150	128	85.33
	2	15 10 18 14 24 17 13 18	150	129	86
	3	18 12 19 13 22 9 13 ..	130	105	80.76
Total			430	362	84.18
F R Abbott, Birmingham, Ala., Smith 16ga., Nitro, DuPont	1	16 12 13 13 .. 14 13 16	125	98	79.20
	2	17 13 17 13 22 14 13 ..	130	109	83.84
	3	.. ..	..	..	....
Total			255	207	81.13
H G Wheeler, Marlboro, Mass., Parker, Rapid and E. C.	1	20 12 17 13 24 18 14 18	150	136	90.66
	2	17 15 17 15 23 18 14 20	150	139	92.66
	3	19 15 19 15 22 18 14 16	150	138	92
Total			450	413	91.77
J L Anthony, Charlotte, N. C., Winchester, Smokeless, E. C.	1	16 10 17 13 21 17 13 16	150	122	81.33
	2	18 12 19 13 22 16 13 17	150	130	86.66
	3	17 12 16 14 24 18 14 18	150	133	88.33
Total			450	385	85.55
F H Woodworth, Chattanooga, Tenn., Smith, Smokeless, DuPont	1	17 12 15 12 18 10	135	84	63.70
	2	.. ..	..	..	....
	3	.. ..	..	..	....
Total			135	84	63.70
Thos Callenders, Nashville, Tenn., Smith, Nitro, L. & F., Smokeless	1	16 10 13 10 16 16 19 12	150	102	68
	2	.. ..	..	..	....
	3	.. ..	..	..	....
Total			150	102	68
R L Trimble, Covington, Ky., Parker, Smokeless, DuPont	1	17 13 17 14 25 18 13 19	150	136	90.66
	2	19 12 19 12 24 20 15 19	150	140	93.33
	3	20 14 18 13 23 18 15 18	150	139	92.66
Total			450	415	92.22
Paul North, Cleveland, O., Smith, Blue Rival and DuPont	1	17 11 15 10 18 17 12 16	150	116	77.33
	2	.. 11 18 12 21	75	52	82.66
	3	.. ..	..	..	....
Total			225	178	80
H B Hill, Aurora, Ind., Parker, Smokeless, DuPont	1	18 13 17 12 24 19 13 15	150	131	87.33
	2	17 14 18 13 22 19 14 16	150	133	88.33
	3	18 14 17 11 23 19 14 18	150	134	89.33
Total			450	398	88.44
W Tell Mitchell, Lynch Station, Va., Remington, Rapid, King Smokeless	1	20 13 18 10 22 12 10 17	150	122	81.33
	2	17 15 19 13 23 19 13 19	150	138	92
	3	19 14 18 10 23 17 13 17	150	131	87.33
Total			450	391	86.88
W H Skinner, Chicago, Ill., Hollenbeck, Peters, A.	1	13 9 .. 11 .. .. 9 ..	65	42	64.61
	2	.. 12 15 13	65	49	75.38
	3	.. 12 .. 9	30	21	70
Total			160	112	70
Clarence Angier, Atlanta, Ga., Smith, Smokeless, DuPont	1	.. .. 14 6 22 15 6 6	115	69	60
	2	.. .. 15 13 16	65	44	67.69
	3	.. ..	..	..	....
Total			180	113	62.77
C C Holt, Macon, Ga., Greener, Smokeless, DuPont	1	.. .. 17 13 22 16 12 17	115	97	84.35
	2	.. ..	..	..	....
	3	.. ..	..	..	....
Total			115	97	84.35
F C Ethridge, Macon, Ga., Parker, Nitro, DuPont	1	.. .. 19 11 20 15 13 17	115	95	82.60
	2	.. ..	..	..	....
	3	.. ..	..	..	....
Total			115	95	82.60
W L Wasner, Macon, Ga., Colt's, Nitro, DuPont	1	.. .. 10 11 21	60	42	70
	2	.. ..	..	..	....
	3	.. ..	..	..	....
Total			60	42	70
B L Osborn, Washington, D.C., Parker, Blue Rival, E. C.	1	.. .. 13 8 19 .. 11 12	95	63	66.31
	2	.. ..	..	..	....
	3	.. ..	..	..	....
Total			95	63	66.31
E F Wayman, Staunton, Va., Winchester, B. R., E C.	1	.. .. 11 8 15 .. 13 17	95	64	67.36
	2	20 9 16 13 21 16	115	95	82.60
	3	.. ..	..	..	....
Total			210	159	75.71
W B McKelden, Washington, D. C., Parker, Blue Rival, Wood	1	.. .. 13 11 21 17 13 13	115	88	76.53
	2	16 15 16 12 21 18 10 16	150	126	84
	3	18 14 16 11 23 13 9 18	150	122	81.33
Total			415	336	80.63
Mulden	1	.. .. 17 11 17 12	80	57	80.14
	2	.. ..	..	..	....
	3	.. ..	..	..	....
Total			80	57	80.14

	Day.	No. targets. 20 15 20 15 25 20 15 20	Shot at.	Score.	Av.
C W Baxter	1	.. .. 13	20	13	65.00
	2	.. ..	..	..	.....
	3	.. ..	..	..	.....
Total			20	13	65
Frank Legler Nashville, Tenn., Parker, E. C. Smokeless, DuPont	1	.. .. 16 13 .. 15 12 ..	70	56	80.00
	2	20 13 16 12	70	61	87.14
	3	.. .. 17 14 23 16 14 19	115	103	89.57
Total			255	220	86.27
William Gerst, Nashville, Tenn., Parker, Smokeless, DuPont	1	.. .. 16 13 .. 16 12 ..	70	57	80.14
	2	12 12 9 13	70	46	65.71
	3	.. ..	..	..	.....
Total			140	103	73.57
H B Lindsay, Knoxville, Tenn., Parker, Blue Rival, E. C.	1	.. .. .. 9 22 12 .. 12	80	55	68.75
	2	.. ..	..	..	.....
	3	16 8 14 10 21 17 11 10	150	107	71.33
Total			230	162	70.43
A L Butts, Macon, Ga., Parker, Smokeless, DuPont	1	.. .. 14 10 12 ..	60	36	60
	2	.. .. .. 5 19 10 12 18	95	64	67.37
	3	15 12 15 9 20 7 12 11	150	101	67.33
Total			305	201	65.89
Irby Bennett, Memphis, Tenn., Winchester, Leader, ——	1	.. .. 10 11 ..	35	21	60
	2	19 10 18 14 22 14 13 17	150	127	84.66
	3	19 11 17 11 24 15 13 16	150	128	85.33
Total			335	276	82.38
U M C Thomas, Bridgeport, Conn., Remington, Smk., E. C.	1	.. .. 11 11	35	22	62.85
	2	15 13 16 10 .. .. 13 14	105	81	77.14
	3	.. .. 14 12 15	55	41	74.54
Total			195	144	73.84
Frank Holland, Atlanta, Ga., Lefever, Leader, DuPont	1	.. .. 11 ..	15	11	73.33
	2	.. .. 15 12 16	55	43	78.18
	3	.. .. 13 12 ..	35	25	71.42
Total			105	79	75.23
Arthur Schleman, Tampa, Fla., Parker, Peters, King's Smokeless	1	.. ..	..	..	.....
	2	16 11 19 12 21 18 11 19	150	127	84.66
	3	17 12 15 13 21 12	115	90	78.26
Total			265	217	81.88
J L Baker, Macon, Ga., Parker, Nitro and DuPont	1	.. ..	..	..	.....
	2	18 11 19 12 23 17 13 16	150	129	86
	3	.. ..	..	..	.....
Total			150	129	86
H B Trautman, Macon, Ga., Parker, Rapid and E. C.	1	.. ..	..	..	.....
	2	15 8 18 13 22 13 13 18	150	120	80
	3	17 11 16 12 17 12 15 15	150	115	76.66
Total			300	235	78.33
R H Baugh, Birmingham, Ala, Winchester, Nitro, DuPont	1	.. ..	..	..	.....
	2	16 14 15 13 22 17 14 18	150	129	86
	3	.. ..	..	..	.....
Total			150	129	86
Thos Greer ("Greene"), Macon, Ga., Parker, Leader, Hazard	1	.. ..	..	..	.....
	2	12 7 15 13 25	95	72	75.78
	3	.. ..	..	..	.....
Total			95	72	78.78
Jack Parker, Detroit, Mich., Winchester, Leader, E. C.	1	.. ..	..	..	.....
	2	.. .. 17 12 22 14 12 17	115	94	81.73
	3	19 13 18 15 15 22 17 13 16	150	133	88.33
Total			265	227	85.66
L W Bicaise, Charleston, S. C., Remington, Rapid, E. C.	1	.. ..	..	..	.....
	2	.. ..	..	..	.....
	3	14 11 14 5	..	..	.....

NOTES OF THE SHOOT.

Everybody will regret to learn of John Connor's misfortune: he came all the way from Knoxville to attend the shoot, but was only able to participate in a few sweeps on the preliminary day, as that night he was taken ill, and was confined to his bed during the shoot.

In the preliminary sweeps on Tuesday, Heikes developed quite a streak. He participated in three 15-bird sweeps and scored straight in each one of them. In the same events Elliott also did some good work, scoring 72 out of 75, while White also finished strongly, breaking 43 out of his last 45.

Col. Anthony has joined the pump gun squad; he now shoots a Winchester.

Some of the boys kicked because it was only a half walk from the carting line to the shooting grounds.

Keller had the misfortune to break his gun on the first day, and while it was being repaired he had to shoot one that did not fit him very well; this partially accounts for his poor showing on the two first days.

H. E. Norton, of Ironton, O. is a new beginner at the traps. He shot an 88 per cent. gait on the first day, which is a very creditable showing, taking the hard grounds into consideration. He informs me that his club will hold a shoot on Nov. 27 and 28, the principal event of which will be a six-men team race, with $50 added. All the Ohio boys have promised to attend.

Ralph Trimble made the biggest winning at the shoot, in the fifth event on the first day he was the only one to score 25 straight. This netted just $70.10.

"E. C." Money could not strike his gait, evidently he was thinking of the bear he, Irby Bennett and Tom Divine are going to slaughter next month.

B. H. Worthen, that clever young shooter from Charleston, S. C., shot in excellent form throughout.

A very singular thing occurred on the second day: The fifth event was a 25-bird race with forty entries, of which thirty-eight got a place. There was only one straight made and this by Greer, who had only got a place once in the previous event. This netted him just $66.40, and he promptly jumped the game. There were no twenties; the two who failed to get a place scored 19 and 18 respectively.

Robert Baugh, manager of the Birmingham Arms & Cycle Co., came down to the shoot on the second day. He shot in all the evrnts on that day and made an average of 86 per cent.

In the eighth event on the first and last days there were no straights made, but these were the only exceptions. While only in four events were shooters fortunate enough to win first without a tie, this occurred in two 20 and two 25-bird events.

On the last day Rolla Heikes missed but one bird of his first 130. He however dropped three in his last string of 20, winding up with four misses for the day.

Fred J. Waddell was present at the shoot, looking after the interests of DuPont powder.

Tee Kay and Dutchy added much to the pleasure of the shoot by their humorous and witty remarks.

Arthur Schleman, he of the cowboy appearance, aroused Jack Parker's suspicion that he was dropping for place; so he promptly informed him that such a thing would not be tolerated, and if guilty of such an offense he would be debarred from the shoot.

Most of the boys were quartered at Bachelors' Domain. This hotel is not like others in a great many respects. It contains forty-four rooms, which in place of being numbered each bears the name of a State, in exact rotation in which the same were admitted. On the top floor is one large room which is known as the Territories. Paul North was one of the last to arrive; so after inquiring where the boys were stopping, he strolled around to the Domain on Jasper Highway and inquired of the clerk if he could get a room. The clerk informed him that the States were all full, but he could give him a cot in the Territories! Tom Callender and I took compassion on Paul and allowed him to occupy North Dakota with us. Some of the boys were in Maryland, some in Massachusetts, and others in Texas.

Tom Callender was called home on business, so he was only able to take part in the first day's shoot.

R. O. Heikes, J. A. R. Elliott and H. G. Wheeler were the only ones who went from here to the San Antonio shoot.

The following is a list of the targets thrown during the shoot: On Tuesday there were five sweeps shot at 15 targets, in which the entries ranged from 12 to 24; the number of targets thrown was 1,425. On Wednesday there were 6,810 targets thrown in the programme events and including one extra; the entries in the programme events ranged from 36 to 48, with an average entry of 43.5. On Thursday there were 6,580 targets thrown including three extras; the entries ranged from 39 to 44, with an average of 41.1; while on Friday there were 5,780 targets thrown, including five extras; in the programme events the entries ranged from 34 to 38, with an average of 36.2. This brings the total number of targets thrown up to 20,665.

PAUL R. LITZKE.

The DuPont Tournament.

THE DuPont Smokeless Powder Company's tournament was brought to a close on Friday afternoon, Oct. 25, after four consecutive days of live-bird shooting in about as glorious fall weather as could possibly have been desired. As will be told later on, a little more wind on a few different occasions might have improved matters somewhat, but otherwise everything—bright, clear weather, crisp atmospherical conditions, etc.—was "strictly made to order." The tournament itself was a success, the number of shooters in attendance being above the satisfactory mark.

Baltimore, Md., the scene of the big shoot, is naturally a shooting center. Geographically speaking, it is located very favorably, and is easy of access from all parts of the country. The North, South and West can send their shooters to Baltimore about as easily as they can to any point on the Eastern coast, the "Down-Easters" too, thanks to the excellent service of the P. R. R., can make quick time to Baltimore. The selection, therefore, of that city as the place to hold a big live-bird tournament in was well advised, and the results show that the selection was justified.

Outside of her standing as a commercial center, Baltimore can brag of several other attractions that make her worthy of note: The beauty of the surrounding country; parks shaded by magnificent groves of ancient oaks; streets so clean and neat that they might be held up as a pattern to any other city in the Union; a cable and trolley car service, transferring passengers to all parts of the city, second to none; and last, but not least, the Baltimore belles, with their dark eyes and long sweeping lashes.

THE PROGRAMME.

With three sets of traps the management, with H. A. Penrose as manager, had no difficulty in running off a somewhat lengthy programme on the first two days of the shoot. Had there been a score more shooters present on each of the first two days the full programme, with perhaps the exception of the miss-and-outs that brought each day's proceedings to a close, could have been finished before dark. As it was, there was time to spare when one of the sets could have been kept running to advantage.

Tuesday, the first day of the shoot, had for its programme five events: No. 1, 5 birds, $5; No. 2, 7 birds, $7; No. 3, 10 birds, $10; No. 4, 15 birds, $15; No. 5, miss-and-out, $5. The first four events called for 37 birds, with a total entrance fee of $37. The programme for the second day was precisely the same as that for Tuesday, excepting No. 4, which was a 20-bird event, $20 entrance. It thus called for 42 birds and $42 entrance. The third day had only one event regularly scheduled, the DuPont Smokeless Powder Grand Championship Handicap, 25 birds, $25 entrance, birds extra at 25 cents each, making a total entrance in this event of $31.25, a rebate being given for all birds not shot at. In this event only DuPont Smokeless was to be used.

The regular programme events, exclusive of the miss-and-outs, therefore called for 104 birds, with an entrance fee of $110.25. The miss-and-outs and extra events added largely to the above totals, everybody having all the shooting they wanted.

QUALITY OF THE BIRDS.

James R. Malone, of Baltimore, had full control of the birds and their handling. The quality of those supplied was excellent on the first two days. On Tuesday, perhaps, they were not as good as those trapped on Wednesday, but on the latter day the strong wind behind the birds aided them very materially; they were really very good birds, taxing the skill of the shooters to the utmost.

On Thursday, the opening day of the big event, the air was crisp, but still. It was a typical Indian summer day that was about four weeks ahead of time. With no wind to help the pigeons there was a great deal of luck in the matter of drawing birds, fast birds being followed by several that were lazy in their flight. As an onlooker said after the shooting on Thursday was closed: "It looks as if it was largely a matter of birds in this race. One fellow gets a lot of easy ones, while the man that follows him is liable to get two or three corkers." Those who saw the birds that Fulford drew will agree that he got rather more than "two or three corkers." Friday, the last day of the shoot, saw fourteen rounds of the big handicap yet to be shot off. There was a fitful breeze that at times developed great force, promising to make the birds very hard. But somehow or another it did not live up to its promise. The birds were not as fast as one would have looked for; they acted as if they had been fed recently; in fact one or two that we handled gave signs of full crops. From their appearance they were as nice a lot of birds as could be selected, and yet they were deceptive, corkers being mixed with lots of easy ones that needed scare ropes and balls before they would fly.

DOGS THAT RETRIEVED THE BIRDS.

We never had the pleasure of witnessing a tournament where a better lot of dogs was used for the purpose of retrieving the dead birds. Taken as a whole, the dogs were a capital lot of quick and sure workers. One or two would, of course, make blunders, but as a rule they were fast and certain in their work. The pick of the lot to our mind was a liver and white pointer of the gentler sex, the property, we believe, of C. E. Bonday, of Baltimore. She was as fast and as accurate as any dog we have ever seen employed in a similiar duty, while her good looks were undeniable—a veritable belle of dogdom. Another dog that deserves mention was a liver-colored setter puppy, about 7 months old at a guess, that did its work as if the thing was a good joke and, next to eating, the best thing in the world. An Irish setter, also a lady, but of uncertain age, did good work during the entire meeting.

THE MANAGEMENT A CAPABLE ONE.

In making arrangements for the bringing off of the tournament, the committeee of management had left very little unthought of and uncared for. In short, if there was anything lacking we did not notice it. This is a good deal to say, but it's the fact.

In the first place, take the press. Newspaper men, of both the local and out-of-town papers, were looked after in a manner that might be copied with advantage by the management of every tournament. H. Lee Clarke, one of the sporting reporters of the Baltimore *Sun*, acted as the official press agent, looking after the interests of the reporters and seeing that they got the fullest information on any point they wanted. Instead of having to badger the life out of the gentlemen who held down the cash box and the squad sheets, Lee Clarke was the man to hunt, and to him FOREST AND STREAM returns thanks for favors received. In the cashier's office, H. P. Collins Southern agent for the DuPont Powder Company, looked after the cash, while Stanley Baker, secretary of the Baltimore Shooting Association, filled the position of entry clerk. Their duties, which of course were not as heavy as at a target tournament, were capably discharged. Dr. Fort was always ready to do anything to keep things moving, acting as referee, squad hustler or as scorer, according to the exigencies of the case.

In laying out the grounds Penrose had ample room at his disposal, as the Baltimore Shooting Association, under whose auspices the tournament was really held, holds a lease on about twenty acres of grass land. When figuring on his three sets of traps, therefore, he had lots of room to work on. No. 1 did not interfere in the slightest with No. 2, while No. 3 was so far from No. 2 that it was a day's march from the one to the other. All three sets faced about due east, making the light during the entire day an excellent one, as shooting never commenced before 10 A. M. King's patent traps were used, ropes being utilized for pulling the same in place of the automatic pulls in vogue at many clubs. Scare ropes were fixed up, but the birds were usually started by mock oranges, the fruit of the Osage orange, being thrown at them instead of the wooden balls so often used for that purpose; they did their work very well.

Although the Association has a club house on the grounds, its size was not sufficient to accommodate one-third of the shooters expected. Back of No. 1 set of traps was a good-sized wall tent intended for the accommodation of the shooters at that set in case of rain. Luckily its services were not required. In rear of it, and in line with three other tents that stood between it and the club house, was the press tent, which was also the headquarters of the handicap committee. Next to it came a tent that was used as the headquarters of the Western contingent, under the leadership of E. S. Rice, the Western agent for the DuPont Company. Next in order came the tent which was handed over to, *inter alia*, the Pittsburg boys. The last of the three (the one nearest the club house) was the headquarters of the DuPont Company. Another tent was in charge of the representative of Carlin & Fulton, of Baltimore, whose hand-loaded shells were largely used during the tournament. Beyond the club house was the lunch tent, while another tent was erected for the shelter of the shooters at the No. 3 set of traps in case rain should fall during the shoot. The accommodations, therefore, may be classed as ample under any conditions.

FIRST DAY, OCT. 22.

As announced in our special from Baltimore, which appeared in our issue of Oct. 26, the weather was decidedly favorable for a good shoot. The sun shone clear and bright, making the middle of the day seem more like June than the latter end of October. Overcoats were needed while traveling to and from the grounds in the morning and evening, but at noon they could be thrown aside with impunity. As a matter of fact, it was the weather rather for target shooting than for live birds.

The start was a late one, but that is nearly always the case in a four days' tournament, particularly when the main event is put off until the end of the meeting. In this respect we think the management made a mistake in its programme. Should not the *piece de resistance* be set for the second day? If you changed around a bill of fare at a large dinner, bringing on the dessert first and the soups last, the latter would not receive much attention, while the roasts would not benefit by the change. We must not be understood to mean that the list of entries would have been any larger in the main event had it been brought forward a day, but we do think that the attendance on the first day would have been materially improved. Twenty-nine entries all told was the sum of the first day's list, while on the second day the numbers ran up well into the forties.

FROM OUT OF TOWN.

The list of out-of-town shooters for the first day comprised the following, the names of many being very familiar to most trap-shooters: A. H. King and J. O'H. Denny, Pittsburg, Pa.; W. G. Clark, Altoona, Pa.; E. Browne, Burton, Tex.; J. L. Brewer, New York; E. C. Burkhardt, Buffalo, N. Y.; D. M. Porterfield, Vicksburg, Miss.; T. H. Gibbs, Columbia, S. C.; D. A. Upson and C. T. Bodifield, Cleveland, O.; W. Wagner, Washington, D. C.; Frank Class and James Timmons, Morristown, N. J.; L. F. Gemmett, Fort Madison, Ia.; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; C. E. Verges, Lowell, O.; Allen Willey, Hadlyme, Conn.; Eddie Bingham and W. L. Shepard, Chicago, Ill.; C. M. Grimm, Clear Lake, Ia.; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia., and George Corning, Jr., Auburn, N. Y.

The local shooters were represented by B. W. Claridge, E. B. Coe, Hood, Hayward, Gent, Ducker, Buck and Williams. Both Claridge and Coe showed up well, particularly the former, who killed during the day 38 out of 43 birds shot at, an average of 88.3 per cent. In Claridge, Coe and Hawkins (who shot during the remainder of the tournament) Baltimore has a decidedly hot trio.

CHANGING THE PROGRAMME.

It is nearly always better to stick to your programme, but it is sometimes thought best to change it for reasons that may arise at the last moment. At the DuPont shoot it seemed to be the idea that the handicaps that might be awarded in the Maryland handicap and the Monumental City handicaps, set respectively for the first and second days, would stand also as the marks at which the men would shoot in the DuPont trophy shoot. It was deemed best, therefore—all the shooters present being agreeable—to change those events from handicaps to "all at the same mark, class shooting, four moneys." Personally, while we approve of handicaps and high guns, and don't approve of class shooting, we think that under the above circumstances it was best to alter the progamme as stated. The above decision being arrived at, the handicap committee had no work to do until the evening of the second day.

RESULTS OF THE DAY.

The following figures show concisely how each man shot on Tuesday:

	Shot at.	Killed.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Killed.	Per cent.
Brewer	44	43	97.7	Verges	37	31	83.7
Fulford	50	48	96	Coe	42	35	83.3
Upson	43	40	93	Timmons	32	26	81.2
Wagner	43	40	93	Burkhardt	46	39	80.4
Clark	44	40	90.9	Porterfield	43	34	79
Grimm	43	39	90.6	Class	37	29	78.3
Hayward	43	39	90.6	Ducker	17	13	76.4
Bingham	43	38	88.3	Willey	37	28	75.6
Claridge	43	38	88.3	Corning	38	28	73.6
Gilbert	41	36	87.8	Hood	22	16	72.7
Gibbs	47	41	87.2	Gent	23	15	68.1
Denny	38	33	86.8	Bodifield	25	17	68
Woodruff	15	13	86.6	Gemmett	5	3	60
King	37	32	86.4	Buck	2	1	50
Brown	41	35	85.3	Williams	1	0	

MORE DETAILS.

No. 1 event had twenty-six entries, the first squad being King, Clark, Brewer, Denny, Brown and Coe. Each one of that squad killed their 5 birds, their example being followed by no less than eleven out of the remaining twenty entries. In all sixteen men divided first money with 5 straight, their share of the purse amounting to about $3 each. Eight men scored 4 and divided about $30 ($3.60 apiece), while Gemmett and Corning, with 3 each, split up third money, $19 50. (In all the events, except the 20-bird race on Wednesday, and the DuPont trophy on Thursday and Friday, the men shot at their scores in squads of six. In the 20-bird race they still shot in squads, but shot half the number of birds at No. 1 set, going on to No. 2 set for the last half.)

The second event had the same number of entries—twenty-six. Of that number nine went straight and divided $68 25—$7.58 each; nine more scored 6 birds and took $4 59 apiece; the remaining eight killed 5 out of their 7 birds and divided $27.30

The 10-bird event was a lucky one for Clark and Brewer, as they were the only ones to go straight, dividing in consequence the sum of $93. Eight men killed 9 and agreed to shoot off miss and-out for second money; Burkhardt, Wagner, Fulford, Grimm and Bingham, after killing 6 more, divided the pot—$58. The ties on 8 for third money, for which seven men were left in, were shot off miss-and-out until only Upson and Hayward were left in; they divided $49.25.

In the 15-bird event, which was shot at the center set of traps, Brown, Claridge and Upson were the only straights, the three dividing first money—$117. Brewer, Fulford and Grimm killed 14 and divided second money—$88 70; third money was divided between ten men, each of whom had killed 13, their share of the purse being less than $6 apiece. For fourth money—$29.25—three men scored 12 each and took nearly $10 each.

The last event of the day was the $5 miss-and-out. This was won by Clark, Brewer and Fulford, who divided $40. The scores in detail are as follows:

First Day's Scores.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
King	11111—5	11211 12—7	1020101211— 7
Clark	21111—5	112112•—6	1211112221—10
Brewer	21112—5	1212112—7	1211121111—10
Denny	21111—5	1212022—6	1212011111— 9
Brown	21112—5	1121020—5	1210101101— 7
Coe	21111—5	1211121—7	0101111212— 8
Burkhardt	2221•—4	1101021—5	1111111101— 9
Porterfield	22011—4	1111012—6	0211111020— 7
Gibbs	22121—5	2212221—7	1212012110— 8
Claridge	22212—5	1202110—5	1121001111— 8
Bodifield	01111—4	2112110—6	11000w — 2
Wagner	11111—5	1111112—7	1101112111— 9
Class	11111—5	2222222—7	1112111000— 7
Timmons	11211—5	1011112—6	1121111101— 9
Gemmett	00112—3	.....	.....
Upson	20112—4	2212222—7	1221110110 — 8
Hood	01221—4	1100222—5	1200111011— 7
Fulford	21111—5	1112111—7	1111101111— 9
Verges	11121—5	2112101—6	1110102111— 8
Willey	10221—4	1012220—5	1112101000— 6
Bingham	22211—5	2112200—5	0122121111— 9
Grimm	01221—4	2210122—6	1111211101— 9
Gilbert	22122—5	1201211—6	1211121110— 9
Corning	01220—3	1201220—5	1112121100— 8
Hayward	11111—5	2212122—7	2120101111— 8
Gent	11101—4	0102122—5	2201110001— 6
Ducker	.....	2212022—6	1010112201— 7

Ties on 9 and 8 in No. 3 shot off miss-and-out, the scores made being as follows, the scorer ignoring the fact as to whether the bird required the second barrel or not:

Ties on 9.		Ties on 8.	
Burkhardt	111111—6	Hayward	111111—6
Wagner	111111—6	Upson	111111—6
Fulford	111111—6	Claridge	111110—5
Bingham	111111—6	Gibbs	111010—5
Grimm	111111—6	Coe	11110 —4
Gilbert	1110 —3	Corning	0 —0
Denny	0 —0	Verges*	.....

*Verges drew down his share.

No. 4, 15 birds, $15, four moneys, class shooting:

Brown	212111211212222—15
Claridge	222121121292222—15
Upson	121111212211211—15
Brewer	221212222•22222—14
Fulford	111112102211211—14
Grimm	212122•212212222—14
Bingham	210222222212211•—14
Burkhardt	12121122222•1202—13
Denny	202201222222122—13
Gibbs	12211121•1121•—13
Gilbert	202•222101212111—13
King	112211121•111110—13
Willey	021212122201122—13
Wagner	12•21121111103—13
Clark	1••1122121•11111—12
Corning	•211221020212—12
Verges	•202211112122•1—12
Coe	201102221201102—11
Porterfield	•212222120•••11—11
Class	•22•222222•011•—10
Timmons	12110012000w — 6
Bodifield	0012111••w — 5

No. 5, miss-and-out, $5: Clark, Brewer and Fulford 7, Porterfield 6, Brown and Gibbs 3, Burkhardt 2, Bodifield 0.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 23.

The second day of the shoot was even better than its predecessor, there being more breeze to aid the birds in their flight. The pigeons were good flyers, too, making the boys do good, sharp work to stop them. A largely increased entry list, together with a good crowd of spectators who watched the proceedings with evident interest, made everything move with considerable life, and there were few minutes between the hours of 10 and 5 that one did not hear shots being fired.

Among the new arrivals were: J. M. Green and J. H. Gulick, Washington, D. C.; E. S Rice, Chicago, Ill., Western agent for the DuPont Powder Company; Capt. A. W. Money, Oakland, N. J., of the American E. C. Powder Company; Bergner, Ashbrooke and Barker, all Philadelphians, members of the Riverton Gun Club; W. Fred Quimby, of the Empire Target Company, New York city; O. I. Melot, Fleetwood, Pa.; James E. Schmeck, Coldron, Esterly and Ewing, Reading, Pa.; H. B. (Brewster) Shoop, Harrisburg, Pa.; John Rothacker, Philadelphia; Phil Daly, Jr., Long Branch, N. J.; Fen. Cooper, Mahanoy City, Pa., etc.

Proceedings opened at 10 A. M. with the regularly scheduled event of 5 birds, $5. This had 43 entries, 39 of whom got money, the four unfortunates being Class, Denny, Hood and Hopkins. Fifteen men had straight scores and divided $80.75, each man thus getting a fractional part of a dollar more than he put in; 20 scores of 4 each to their credit, the 20 dividing second money, $48.30, about $2.40. Third money, $32.20, went to 4 men who had scored 3 of their 5 birds. A more perfect specimen of the anomalies of the system of class shooting could not be found; 15 men kill all their birds and only just break even; 20 others lose one bird and with it 50 per cent. of their entrance fee; but 4 men who couldn't do better than 3 out of 5 receive $8.05 apiece, $3.05 more than they put in!

Event No. 2, 7 birds, $7, had 42 entries, 35 of whom drew down part of the purse. There were 17 straights, 11 with 6 each, and 7 with 5 kills to their credit. Straights paid a little less than $6.50; 6 paid within a few cents of what a straight did, while men who were in it for third money received also within a cent or two of what the straight men got. The moneys were: $110.25, $66.15 and $44.10. Figure it out for yourselves.

In the third event, 10 birds, $10, there were 41 entries, 29 of whom got back money out of the pot. There were 8 straights, 13 men with 9 each, and 8 men who had scored 8. The moneys were: $153.75, $92.25 and $61.50; thus straights paid $19.20. We believe that the ties on 9 and 8 were shot off miss-and-out as on the first day, but we have no record of the scores made if such was the case.

NO 20 STRAIGHT.

The fourth event was at 20 birds, $20, four moneys, class shooting; it had 31 entries, 25 of whom got back all or part of their entrance fee. It seems very curious that there was not a single 20 straight in the crowd, but it's a fact that 19 was the highest score, no less than 8 men scoring that number. Both Eddie Bingham and Allen Willey had good chances to make straights, and it looked as if Bingham would land all right, but he tripped up right at the end, to the disappointment of his friends. Willey looked like another straight when he started in to shoot his second string of 10 birds at the center set of traps. Porterfield was also a possible straight when he began his second string in the same squad with Willey, and as there was not a straight up to that time, considerable interest was evinced as to who would be the lucky man. Porterfield fell down on a good bird that left No. 3 trap very fast, but was almost knocked down with the first barrel. Porterfield, thinking that the bird would come down and that he could then use his second to better effect and more certainly on the ground, held his fire until it became apparent that the bird would reach the boundary unless stopped with the second. That second barrel did no good, the bird dropping dead outside the boundary, falling among the No. 3 set of traps. Willey's cypher was obtained in a most unsatisfactory way. He drew a bird from No. 1 or No. 2, we forget exactly which trap, which flipped in toward the score and was missed clean by the first barrel, the bird alighting on the ground some 20yds. from Willey, who drew a bead on it. It was a 1,000 to 1 shot that he would kill the bird, but he didn't—he lost it and away went his chance of a straight. How it happened we can't say, but it looked to us, and to several others who were standing close by, that the pattern made by that second barrel was the widest we had ever seen. It looked as if the top-shot wad had shaken loose in the second cartridge. Several who were immediately in rear of the score said that he shot a foot over the bird. Anyway it was a costly miss, as he had to be content with one-eighth of $198.50 instead of the whole pot. Nine men scored 18 and divided second money, $148 50; third money, $99, went to 4 men who had killed 17 birds, while the 4 16s divided up fourth money, $49.50.

The miss-and-out event, No. 5, had thirteen entries, it being after sundown when it was started. So dark did it become before the event was stopped that lanterns had to be held to enable the scorer to do his work. In the 7th round Clark and Melot, two of the 8 still left in, missed their birds, and, as it was really too dark to see anything like a bird, a division of the purse of $54.50 was made between the other six.

The best averages made during the day were:

	Shot at.	Killed.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Killed.	Per cent.
Brewer	49	47	95.9	Claridge	42	36	85.7
Green	22	21	95.4	Coe	42	36	85.7
Bingham	42	40	95.2	Rothacker	42	36	85.7
Ivins	37	35	94.6	Schmeck	42	36	85.7
Cooper	17	16	94.1	Shepard	42	36	85.7
Fulford	45	42	93.3	Ashbrooke	46	39	84.7
Grimm	42	39	92.8	Upson	49	41	83.6
Porterfield	42	39	92.8	Burkhardt	48	40	83.3
Woodruff	42	39	92.8	Willey	42	35	83.3
Hayward	49	45	91.8	Verges	46	38	82.6
Gemmett	22	20	90.9	Cockey	17	14	82.3
King	22	20	90.9	Clark	49	40	81.6
Gilbert	42	38	90.4	Class	32	26	81.2
Wagner	42	38	90.4	Ducker	37	30	81
Bonday	17	15	88.2	Corning	42	24	80.9
Money	49	43	87.7	Gibbs	42	34	80.9
Quimby	22	19	86.3				

The scores made in this day's events were as follows:

Second Day's Scores.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Grimm	11112—5	2112022—6	1212222122—10
Fulford	11111—5	11111•2—6	1111111111—10
Bingham	11111—5	1122221—7	1111211•2— 9
Gilbert	11111—5	0121211—6	1111101112— 9
Rice	10112—4	0222201—5	0202101010— 5
Shepard	11121—5	2111022—6	1202212110— 8
Brewer	12022—4	1222122—7	1111122212—10
Clark	021•2—3	01211•2—6	1112222111—10
Coe	21221—5	2212112—7	2222•11222— 9
Claridge	11022—4	1221211—7	2020202111— 7
Verges	11021—4	2110012—5	2222•11222— 9
Gemmett	11220—4	1122211—7	1101212112— 9
Woodruff	21211—5	1212222—7	1122211202— 9
Burkhardt	01112—4	2122201—6	2121212020— 9
Bodifield	12012—4	102•112—5	12111•12•0— 7
Hayward	12121—5	2121211—7	1221112221—10
Money	11122—5	•001120—3	2222012211— 9
Bergner	112•2—4	2222022—6	0022102010— 5
King	21111—5	1111111—7	1210111101— 8
Denny	10020—2	2•12002—4	022•2200011— 6
Quimby	22221—5	2•22122—6	0•12111212— 8
Corning	21201—4	2221222—7	2212120101— 8
Melot	01012—3	2220123—6	0100122202— 6
Upson	21021—4	2121122—7	2211110101— 8
Porterfield	11011—4	1101112—6	1111211111— 9
Gibbs	01211—4	1122121—7	1222011020— 7
Hopkins	02•20—2	.....	.....
Willey	22012—4	2•202•—4	1212201•11— 8
Wagner	21211—5	1221111—7	2111122010— 8
Heiskell	00211—3	•22•021—4	10•1112211— 8
Ashbrooke	22021—4	2•2022•—4	2121121212—10
Brewster	22222—5	1202200—4	.....
Bird	11220—4	.....	.....
Schmeck	22212—5	0220202—4	1222222220— 9
Coldron	11021—4	1212210—6	.....
Rothacker	12202—4	220122•—5	21122•2222— 9
Esterly	12201—4	2020222—5	.....
Green	22222—5	2222221—7	2221210212— 9
Ewing	02121—4	.....	.....
Decker	11102—4	2211211—7	2122••0022— 6
Diggs	01021—3	.....	.....
Class	12000—2	1122222—7	.....
Hood	101•0—2	.....	.....
Malone	.....	0221220—5	.....
Brown	.....	2221202—6	.....
Ivins	.....	1222222—7	1222222222— 9
Bonday	.....	1112222—7	2212021012— 8
Cooper	.....	.....	0212222221— 9
Daly	.....	.....	2122221122— 9
Cockey	.....	.....	2•1•2012111— 7
Oudesley	.....	.....	•212•011•0— 5
Hawkins	.....	.....	11121201•0— 7

No. 4, 20 birds, $20, four moneys, class shooting:

Bingham	11012111212222202—19
Brewer	12212121212222202—19
Fulford	11112021112221112212—19
Ivins	22210222222122222222—19
King	11122121212101111111—19
Money	12221222212222212212—19
Porterfield	12211122101211112212—19
Timmons	2110•1122111111•22112—19
Willey	21212112222222202221—19
Ashbrooke	12122102101222112111—18
Barker	11212110010121211112—18
Claridge	11222122102121202222—18
Gilbert	1111201111121211112•—18
Grimm	21212122222112211102•2—18
Rothacker	12121210222212221022—18
Schmeck	22211022122221212211—18
Brown	00211211010110110•1•22—13

The second day of the shoot was even better than its predecessor, Gilbert, Grimm, Hayward, Money, Ewing and Daly 8, Wilson and Hood 7, Esterly 5.

Extra events were shot as follows:

No. 1, 10 birds, $10: Hayward, Jackson, Coldron and Jones 10, Ashbrook, Barker, Upson and Mott 9, Money, Ewing and Daly 8, Wilson and Hood 7, Esterly 5.

No. 2, same: Barker and Mott 9, Ashbrook 8, Money and Coldron 7, Wilson 5.

No. 3, miss-and-out, $5: G. W. Johnson and Jim Jones 9, Wilson 8, Money 7, Mott and Ashbrook 3, Barker 2.

No. 4, same: Heiskell, Money and Fulford 9, Mott 8, Ashbrook 6, Jim Jones 5, J. W. Johnson and Barker 3, Edwards, Cockey and Burkhardt 2, Corning 1.

THE DUPONT HANDICAP CHAMPION.

Thursday and Friday, Oct. 24 and 25, were almost wholly taken up with the big event of the shoot—the DuPont Smokeless Powder Championship Handicap. This event was at 25 live birds, $25 entrance, $1,000 and a very fine trophy being guaranteed for this event. The only condition imposed on the shooters was the use of DuPont's Smokeless, the other rules governing the contest being the A. S. A. rules.

The weather again was perfect on both days, that is, from a spectator's point of view. The sun shone brightly all day long, making the temperature very agreeable. On Friday the breeze came up pretty strongly during the morning, but it finally died away to nothing.

Misses came fast quite early in the game, and by the close of the day, although only eleven rounds had been completed, there were only twelve men in with straight scores. The names of these fortunate individuals were: Upson, Porterfield, Willey, Coe, Wagner, Brewer, Hayward, Gilbert, Clark, Cooper, Melot and Schmeck. Three other shooters had retired, their names being Gibbs, Rice and E. D. Fulford. This left forty-eight of the fifty-one starters in the race at the end of the first day. The total number of entries was fifty-three, there being two who paid forfeit—Bland Ballard, of Louisville, Ky., and R. B. Cook, of Davenport, Ia.

The handicap committee, which consisted of Jacob Pentz, Chairman, H. P. Collins, Kelso, J. H. Gulick, W. L. Shepard, Dr. S. J. Fort and Edward Banks, met on the evening of Wednesday in the parlor of the Carrolton Hotel and apportioned the handicaps for thirty-three entries already received. In addition to that number the handicaps of A. H. King, A. L. Ivins and A. Woodruff were held over till the morning. A number of shooters entered at the last moment, among the number being Class, Timmons and Brewer. The latter was shooting in such excellent shape that the maximum penalty of 33yds. seemed no bar to making him a hot favorite in the pools. As the score will show he went straight up to the last bird of his 25, losing a tricky one from No. 2 trap that looked like a duffer, but which went off fast enough when once started to carry the shot out of bounds.

ALL INTERESTS POOLED.

During the hours that intervened between 6 P. M. on Thursday and 10 A. M. on Friday, an agreement was come to between the twelve straight men to divide up the money equally, shooting out for the trophy and the honor of wearing the title of DuPont Smokeless Powder Handicap Champion. As there was $1,295 in the purse, this meant over $100 apiece to each of the twelve, supposing that there should be four straights, thus shutting out the 24s. As it happened, there were but two straights, Gilbert and Hayward, who shot off for the cup at 5 birds each, Hayward missing his second bird, while Gilbert went straight and won the trophy.

King, of Pittsburg, who had missed his first bird in the race, was thus let in for a try at third and fourth moneys, as he had killed straight after his first error. His opponents were Brewer, Coe and Wagner. When an offer was made to split up the two moneys between the four, King agreed, the four shooting out for place. There was nothing to be gained by either shooter, so far as money went, in rolling up a big score; on the contrary, it cost money to keep on shooting. Jack Brewer thought so evidently, as he deliberately missed his second bird in the first shoot-off at 5 birds. To get the thing over, Wagner shot into the ground on his fifth bird, the bird being lucky enough to be liberated just when Billy did not want him. The case was so clear that Penrose asked Wagner to shoot at another bird, which he killed with his first barrel. Another round of 5 birds was ordered, with King, Coe and Wagner still left in. King drew a corker that fairly beat him and retired, leaving Coe and Wagner to fight it out. In the third series of 5 Coe lost his fourth bird dead out of bounds, following this loss with a miss of his fifth. Thus Wagner took third place, the young Baltimorean, who had shot a capital race, being accorded fourth place on the list.

HAS A MAN THE RIGHT TO MISS A BIRD?

There is something in this matter that is of rather more than passing interest. This case of pooling of interests is not to be confounded with dropping for place and pooling in class shoots. In "high gun" events, agreements to divide work no injury to shooters who are not included in the pools. Once the destination of the trophy was arrived at by the shoot off between Hayward and Gilbert, there was nothing, practically speaking, to shoot off for. Save for the honor of landing in third or fourth place, the four men above named had no incentive to keep on spending their quarters for birds to shoot at. Whether or not a man has a right to miss a bird in order to bring to an end a contest that he is unwilling to prolong, providing of course that in so purposely missing a bird he does not injure another contestant's chances (as is possible in class shooting), is a question that we think might be answered in the affirmative, the act of missing a bird under those circumstances being equivalent to a voluntary retirement from the contest.

GILBERT, THE WINNER.

Fred Gilbert, the winner of the DuPont Smokeless Handicap Championship, is a young man of 27 years of age. He was born and raised at Spirit Lake, Ia., a country town of about 2,000 inhabitants. During the twenty-seven years of his life Gilbert has done a great deal of shooting, having hunted for the market during the open season, spending the close season in a general store, where he acts as a clerk, handling groceries and dry goods instead of his Smith gun and U. M. C. Trap shells, loaded with DuPont Smokeless. As a trap-shot, particularly at targets, Gilbert has made quite a reputation. At the St. Paul shoot this year he won second average, having to shoot very hard the last day to land where he did. He is a quiet young man, makes no fuss about the honors he has won, claiming that no small amount of the credit of winning the trophy was due to a well-worn rabbit's foot which he carries in his right-hand vest pocket. This being his first experience at live birds in a big tournament, he deserves great commendation for the way in which he handled himself, and for the nerve he displayed when it came to a pinch.

The runner-up, Hayward, was none other than Chas. MacAlester, one of the best known amateurs of this country. His name is also well known in Europe, as he has probably done as much as any other amateur who has left this country to try conclusions with the crack shots of Europe to make American pigeon shooters recognized as an important factor when it comes down to business. MacAlester shot throughout the tournament in splendid shape, killing his hard birds as easily as his slow ones. When it came to the shoot-off for the cup it looked as if the odds were in his favor, notwithstanding the fact that he was conceding Gilbert 3yds. When he missed his second bird in the ties it was a surprise to everybody, as the pigeon did not seem to be a hard one.

Everybody knows Billy Wagner, of Washington, D. C., the third man in the race. Wagner's handicap of 28yds. gave him an excellent chance of winning the trophy, and it seemed at one time as if he was sure of a straight score. The bird he missed, his fourteenth, was a nasty one from No. 1 trap that would have beaten a good many of those who were shooting along with him. Wagner is handicapped very seriously by having to wear very strong glasses, his sight being poor; it was owing to his being unable to cover all five traps with those glasses that that bird from No. 1 got such a start before Wagner caught a glimpse of its wings.

Coe, the winner of fourth place, is a Baltimorean. He shot a capital race, going straight until the twenty-second round, when a good bird from No. 5 trap beat him. He drew as hard birds during the race as anybody, and the manner in which he dropped them proved that in Coe Baltimore will have a good man to represent her in the Grand American Handicap next April, should he come to New York and take part in that great annual event.

Alec King, of Pittsburg, was fifth. As previously stated, King made a bad miss of his first bird, an incomer, his miss being distinctly attributable to over-carefulness. After this error he steadied down and killed his next 24. In shooting off the ties he drew some very hard birds, and several of his second-barrel kills called forth considerable applause from the crowd.

Brewer, the sixth man, might have finished in a higher hole had he tried to kill his tie birds. As told above, he missed his second bird in the first series of five birds to put an end to the matter. Everybody who has seen him at the score knows how he can shoot, and, putting all prejudice on one side, he again demonstrated that the 33yds. mark is no bar to him. When he wants the birds he comes pretty close to getting them all.

A GOOD CROWD.

Before closing this necessarily somewhat brief account of a very big event, we must not pass over the attendance of spectators, nor the interest they evinced in all the proceedings. A more orderly or more gentlemanly crowd it has seldom been our pleasure to see at a tournament, whether at live birds or targets. The fair sex too were present in good numbers, particularly on Thursday, the first day of the main event. It is very plain that the people interested in shooting in Baltimore have a good future before them if they will only keep things moving now they have gotten a good start.

Exclusive of the tie birds it took just 900 birds to finish the handicap. On Tuesday, according to our figures, 1,022 birds were trapped in the different events, while on Wednesday 1,603 birds were trapped. On Friday several of those who had dropped out of the big race started in to shoot extra events. Three $3 miss-and-outs, a 10-bird race, $10 entrance and a $5 miss-and-out were shot off. The scores were as follows:

No. 1, miss-and-out, $3: Fulford, Corning and Wellington, 3; Heiskel, 2; Money and Daly, 1.

No. 2, same: Heiskell and Wellington, 6; Fulford and Money, 5, Corning, 4; Grimm, 1; Upson, 0.

No. 3, same: Money and Wellington, 7; Corning, 6; Fulford, 4; Heiskell, 3; King, 1.

No. 4, 10 birds, $10, three moneys, class shooting: Upson and Claridge, 10; Clark, Fulford, Hayward, Porterfield and Heiskell, 9; Money, Woodruff and Malone, 8; Denny, Bonday and Ducker, 7; Corning, 6; Shaffer, 4.

No. 5, miss-and-out, $5: Fulford, 12; Money and Corning 11, Claridge and Heiskell, 10; Upson, 2.

The scores in the big event, showing trap, flight of bird and the result of each shot, are given in full below:

DuPont Smokeless Powder Championship handicap, 25 live birds, $25 entrance, handicaps from 33 to 24yds.:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

2 4 4 5 5 4 2 3 2 4 2 5 4 1 5 1 5 1 3 3 4 3 4 5 5
Fred Gilbert (27), ↖↘↓↗↖↘↗↗↗→↓↗H↖↖↙→↓→H→↘↑H↓H
Spirit Lake, Ia...2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2—25

3 1 5 3 5 2 3 2 4 1 4 1 2 2 5 5 2 2 1 1 1 5 5 3 5
C Hayward (30), ↖↗↖↑↘↗←↗↓↖↘↙↘↘↘↘↙↓↖↖↙↓↓↑↑
Baltimore, Md...2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—25

5 5 4 4 5 1 5 5 5 2 2 2 2 1 4 4 3 3 2 3 4 4 5 2 2
W Wagner (28), ↘↗↑↑↙↙↑↘↙↙↗→↗↗←HH↑H→↘↗↖↓
Washington, D. C..1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 0 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2—24

4 4 1 1 5 3 1 4 2 5 3 2 3 5 5 1 1 4 3 2 1 5 4 4 1
E B Coe (27), ↘↓↖↑↘↑↗↗↘↙↓↘↘↗↗↗↘↖↗↗↑↗
Baltimore, Md...1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 1 2—24

3 5 4 1 5 5 5 4 2 3 3 1 3 1 3 2 4 3 5 4 5 4 3 5 1
A H King (29), ↓↗↗↑↙↓↗→↘↑↓↗↘↖↖↗↗↓↓H↙↖↙
Pittsburg, Pa....0 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1—24

2 2 4 2 2 2 1 3 4 2 1 4 5 5 5 2 1 2 5 5 5 2 3 2 1 2
J L Brewer (33), ↗↓→↓↗↙↙↙↗↗↘↓↗↖↖↗→H↑↖↗
New York.....2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—24

1 5 1 2 1 1 2 5 5 4 3 5 5 4 4 1 4 4 5 3 2 5 4 4 3 1
I W Budd (28), ←↙↗↗↑↖↗↘↖↖↑↘↗↗↗↗H↗→↓↑
New Jersey.....2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—23

2 2 3 4 3 3 1 5 4 5 2 3 3 5 5 2 4 3 1 1 4 1 5 1 2
B W Claridge (28), ←↑↘↘↗↙↗↖↙↙↘↑↙↘↑↗↙↗↘↑↑
Baltimore, Md...2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 ● 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1—23

4 5 3 4 4 5 1 2 2 3 3 5 5 1 2 1 3 1 1 2 5 1 4 1 2 2
F Cooper (28), ↗↓↘↑↑↘↙←↖↓↘↓↙↗↖↘↗↖↘↘↘↘H↘
Mahanoy City, Pa..2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 0 1 1 1 2 1 1 2—23

3 5 2 5 1 3 3 3 1 5 3 5 4 5 5 3 4 2 5 1 3 2 2 2 1
P Daly, Jr (27), ↑↘←↖↗→↓↙↖↙↘↖↙↘↘H↗→↑↖↖
Long Branch, N. J..2 2 1 1 0 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ●—23

5 5 4 3 1 2 2 2 5 5 4 5 4 4 3 1 5 4 4 1 2 2 2 4 4
J O'H Denny (26), ↘↓↗↖↗↗↗↙←↗↑↗↖↘↖H↘↗↓↗↘→↗
Pittsburg, Pa....2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2—23

2 5 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 5 4 1 5 5 2 2 5 4 1 4 2 2 4 2 4
O I Melot (27), ↘→↖↗→↓T↙↑↗↗↗↖↗↖→→↑→↗↓↑↘↘↗
Reading, Pa.....1 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 ● 2 2 1 1 2 ● 2 2—23

2 3 3 4 2 2 5 2 1 1 1 2 1 3 3 4 2 1 1 2 2 4 5 4 3
D M Porterfield (29)↑↙←←↗↗↘↙↓↙↘↘↓↙→↗↗↗↓↖↗↗
Vicksburg, Miss..2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 ●—23

5 1 2 2 1 5 4 3 3 5 1 5 4 3 1 4 4 2 2 5 3 4 2 5 5
J H Shaffer (27), ↙←↑→↘↑↗↗↙↗→↗↓↑↖↗↙→↗→↗↗
Pittsburg, Pa....0 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2—23

2 3 5 2 1 2 3 5 4 4 1 1 4 4 5 4 4 3 5 2 2 1 4 2 1
D A Upson (29), ↙↗↗↖↖↗↓↓↗↑↘↙↙↓↘↓↖↗↖H↖↗↗
Cleveland, O.....2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 ● 2 1 2 2 2 0 1—23

3 4 5 1 2 3 5 5 1 1 5 1 4 2 1 1 5 1 5 3 2 5 5 2 4
Allen Willey (29), ↙↙↓T↖↙↓↘↙↙↓↗→↑↖↘↙→↓↗↑↑↗
Hadlyme, Conn..2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 ● ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

5 4 5 1 4 4 2 5 5 5 5 2 2 4 3 1 2 1 2 3 4 4 5 4 4 4
H Brewster (25), ↘↗↗↖↗↘↘↘↘↗↖↘↙←H→↘↓↖↗↗↗
Harrisburg, Pa...1 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 0 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 ● 0 2 1—22

5 2 2 4 5 4 2 5 2 4 1 1 1 2 1 2 3 3 5 5 1 5 1 3 1
W G Clark (30), ↓T↑↘↑←↖↓↑↖↑↖↙↘↖↓↓→→↙↗↖
Altoona, Pa.....1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 3—22

4 1 4 2 5 3 5 2 3 4 2 2 2 2 1 2 5 2 3 3 4 2 5 4 5
Frank Class (31), ↓↙↗↘↑↗↘↙↗T↖↖↗↑↖↘↙↓↘↗↑↘↗↑
Morristown, N.J. 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 ● 2 2 2 0—22

3 5 4 4 5 4 5 2 3 3 1 3 5 3 4 3 4 2 2 5 5 2 2 5 4
C M Grimm (29), ↘↓↑↘↘→↗↙↗T↗↗↘↙↑↑↑↖↖↑↑↖↖
Clear Lake, Ia...2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 ● 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2—22

W T Jackson (26), 3 3 3 2 5 1 1 4 3 5 4 1 3 4 4 5 5 3 1 4 3 3 4 2 2
Havre de Grace, ↖↑↘↘↗↓↗↗↙↓↑←→↘↘↖↙→↗←↘↓↙↓
Md. .....1 2 2 0 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 0 1 1 ● 2 2—22

4 3 3 1 1 4 5 1 3 3 5 5 3 3 4 4 5 5 4 3 4 2 4 5 3
A Woodruff (30), ↗↓→↘↑↖↘H↙↓↘↘↗↓↗↘↘↓↖↗↗↗
Elizabeth, N. J..2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1 1 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● ● 2 2 2—22

4 2 3 3 3 2 1 3 3 2 4 3 3 3 5 1 5 5 3
J E Schmeck (28), ↖↙↗↑↖↘↙←↓↗↗↙↓↘↙↘↑
Reading, Pa.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 0 2 2 2 0—16

2 1 5 4 1 2 4 1 3 2 4 5 4 2 4 5 4 3
C E Bonday (26), ↑→→→↗↗↗↗T→↗↖↑↓↗↖↑
Baltimore, Md...2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 0 0—15

3 4 4 5 2 4 1 3 3 3 2 5 4 3 2 1 5
C T Bodifield (25), ↙←↘↗↑↗↗↓↗↙↑↓↖←↓↖↓
Cleveland, O.....0 2 1 1 1 2 2 1 2 1 1 0 2 1 1 1 0—14

1 1 1 3 1 5 2 4 4 1 1 2 5 5 3 5
A L Ivins (31), ←↗↖↘→↓↗↗↗↓↙↙↘↘←↖
Sea Bright, N. J..2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—14

2 2 4 5 3 4 3 2 5 5 5 4 2 2 4 1
G Burroughes (26), ↗↙↗↗↑↑↖↓↗↖↘↘↓↘↗
Chase's, Md. .....1 2 0 0 2 0 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 0—12

5 2 5 3 2 5 5 4 2 3 2 1 3 5
H Wellington (29), ↗←↗↙↑↓↗↗↖↙T↘↑↗
Harrisburg, Pa..0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ●—11

5 2 2 5 5 1 1 4 4 4 3 4 3
G Corning, Jr (26), ↓→↑↗↗↘↗↖↗↘↙↘↖
Auburn, N. Y....2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 0 2 3 1 1 0—10

5 4 4 3 5 3 1 2 3 1 4 4
W L Shepard (26), ↘→↗↓↖↓↗←↙↗↓
Chicago, Ill.....2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0—10

4 5 3 5 5 2 5 2 3 4 3 4
L F Gemmett (26), ←←↖←↗↓↙↖↑↗↖↗
Fort Madison, Ia..1 2 1 ● 2 1 1 0 2 2 1 1—10

4 4 3 2 5 2 1 5 3 3 2
H Edwards (26), ↗→↑↓↗↖↙↖↘↖↖
Philadelphia, Pa..2 2 2 2 ● 2 1 1 2 2 2—10

3 2 1 4 4 1 4 5 2 2 2
T S Mott (30), →↙↙↗↗↗↙↓↘↑
Philadelphia, Pa..1 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—1

5 2 4 5 3 4 1 2 5 4 3
Y Ashbrooke (29), ↗↙↗↗→↘↗↙↙↘↘
Philadelphia, Pa..2 2 1 0 2 1 2 1 2 0 2— 9

5 1 1 5 5 2 5 2 3 3 3
R Bond (28), ↑↗→↘↖↘↘↗↑↗
Baltimore, Md...2 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 ● 2 0— 9

2 4 4 4 3 3 5 1 1 3 1
E Browne (27), ←↑↓↖↗↘↑↙↗↑↘
Burton, Tex.....2 2 1 2 0 1 1 0 2 1 1— 9

1 1 1 5 4 3 3 1 4 5 4
W B Cockey (26), ←↙↙↘↖↖↙↘→↗
Baltimore, Md...1 1 2 2 1 0 0 1 1 2 2— 9

3 4 3 2 4 1 3 1 1 1 5
J M Green (26), →↙↗↖↗↗→→↗↖↙
Washington, D. C.2 0 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1— 9

2 3 3 1 4 4 3 2 1 3 5
J M Hawkins (27), ←→↗↘↑↗↗↓↙↑
Baltimore, Md...2 2 2 1 ● 2 2 1 2 0— 9

5 1 1 1 5 4 1 1 4 1 3
H M Johnson (25), ↗→↙↙↘↘→↗↓↘↑
Pittsburg, Pa....1 2 ● ● 1 2 2 2 1 2 1— —

4 2 5 1 3 3 5 2 5 4 2
Jim Jones (29), →↗↗↗↙↘↗↑↖↓↗
Philadelphia, Pa..2 0 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2— 9

1 3 2 2 1 5 4 1 1 2 2
Capt Money, handdi-↙↗↙↗↖←↖↘↖↗T
c'p(29), Oakland, NJ.0 3 0 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1— 9

4 4 2 4 1 5 4 4 1 4 5
W G Taylor (27), →→↘↖↗→↗↘↗↓↘
Columbia, Pa....1 2 0 0 1 1 2 1 1 2 2— 9

1 5 5 4 3 3 5 1 5 3 5
Jas Timmons (28), ↗↘↓→↖↗↓↗↗↘↑↖
Morristown, N. J..1 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 0— 9

3 1 4 4 3 1 3 2 4 4 2
C E Verges (27) ↗←↓↘↘→↗↖↑↖←
Lowell, O .....●1 1 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 1— 9

4 5 2 2 5 1 5 4 4 2 5
J B Barker (28), ↖↓↖↙↗↑→↑↘↖↗
Philadelphia, Pa..1 2 ● 1 2 2 1 0 1 2 ●— 8

2 4 1 2 3 5 2 5 4 3 2
E Bingham (28), ↖↘↙→↑↗→↑↗↘↗
Chicago, Ill.....2 2 2 2 ● 0 2 2 2 0 2— 8

2 5 4 2 3 1 5 3 3 2 3
E C Burkhardt (26) ↖↗↘↘↖↓↖↑↖↗T
Buffalo, N. Y.....2 1 1 2 2 ● 2 0 0 2 2— 8

4 2 3 1 2 5 1 5 1
E D Fulford (32), ↑↗↗↗↑↙↑↗↙
Utica, N. Y.....2 2 ● 0 2 2 2 2 ●— 6

4 1 2 3 5 3 5 4 5 1
T H Gibbs (25), ↑→↘↗↘↗↘↙↗↗
Columbia, S. C...0 2 2 2 ● 2 ● 1 0 1— 6

4 4 2 3 3 3
E S Rice (24), ↗→↖↑↑↓
Chicago, Ill.....1 2 0 2 ● 0— 3

Ties for cup shot off at 5 birds:

4 2 4 5 2 2 2 3 2
↙↖→→→ ↗↗↙→
Gilbert.....2 2 2 2 2—5 Hayward.....2 0 2 2 2—4

Ties on 24 for third and fourth moneys shot off as follows:

4 5 1 3 4 2 1 5 1 2 5 3 3 1 5
↘H↘↑→ ↖↙↘↓↓ ↘↓↓↘
Wagner.....1 1 2 1 1—5 1 1 2 1 2—5 1 1 2 1 1—5

5 2 3 1 5 4 4 3 4 1 2 5 1 4
↖↘↘H↖ ↘↘↖↘
Coe.....2 2 2 2 2—5 1 1 1 2 2—5 2 2 2 0 ●—3

1 4 1 4 4 1
↗↖↑↓H ↗'
King.....2 2 2 1 1—5 0 —0

1 2
↗↗
Brewer.....2 0 —1

Gilbert takes first place and the cup; Hayward wins second place; Wagner third and Coe fourth.

HIT OR MISS.

The Western contingent under the leadership of E. S. Rice was decidedly in evidence at the traps. It is generally understood, however, that their best records were made on board an oyster boat on Friday afternoon. The way Shepard put it was thus: "In Chicago we go into a restaurant and order and eat what we are told are oysters, and pay about 40 cents for the privilege of tasting a few of them. Here in Baltimore we go on board a boat and find a man who is only too glad to open oysters for us as long as we can eat them, and be charged nothing for them!" "Yes," said Gilbert, "and Eddie eats about a bushel of them."

Fulford's patent telephone-pole-hole-digger (we think that's the right name) attracted a lot of attention at this shoot. The mechanical ingenuity displayed in the working model was the subject of much favorable comment.

Upson's last words: "I can kill easy birds, but when I get a hard one, it gets away." Look at his scores and see how few hard ones must have fallen to his lot.

We wonder if Charlie Grimm has more like Gilbert out West. With Grimm at 29, Bingham at 28 and Gilbert at 27yds, the Western men could find no fault with their handicaps.

Photographer Bendann made a series of excellent photographs during the shoot. His list of subjects was unusually varied, while all the photos were clear and distinct. The plates are 10×12 and the price of each single photo is $1; three for $2.50. Mr. Bendann's address is 205 N. Carey street.

A canvass of 47 of the 51 guns used by the shooters in the big event showed that there were 15 Smiths, 11 Greeners, 6 Parkers, 5 Lefevers, 4 Francottes, 2 Scotts, and 1 each of Whitmore, Remington, Purdey and Boss. Jim Denny's single-trigger Boss attracted lots of attention, being the first seen at a tournament in this country.

About the eighth round of the handicap Penrose told every shooter to hand him two shells, as he wanted to "examine the wadding." The following is a list of the shells used: 23 Smokeless, 19 Trap, 1 V. L. & D. Special, 1 Leader, 1 Nitro, 2 Smokeless and Trap, 1 Leader and Blue Rival, 1 Trap and Nitro, 1 Trap and Rapid, 1 Smokeless and Leader.

Eddie Bingham says: "Tell Hough about Gilbert's rabbit's foot, and what it did for him. If we'd known about it before, every one of us from the West would have come provided with one. Yes, some of us in Chicago do believe in rabbits' feet after all."

Elmer E. Shaner paid a visit to Baltimore and enjoyed—as a spectator—the shooting and the unlimited flow of chaff. It was a new thing for Elmer to have nothing to do at a shoot, and he enjoyed it accordingly.

Wellington, of Harrisburg, Pa., was a new arrival at the grounds on the morning of the first day of the championship handicap. His fellow citizen, Harry A. Dill (Henry), was not so fortunate, being delayed by the wreck at Newport, not reaching the grounds until about 4 P. M. on the same day, too late to enter the event. Wellington shot well in the sweeps on the last day, having a mortgage on the $3 miss-and-outs.

It is unwise just now to say anything to Bill Clark about music, the band on his soft hat having caused him to lose his twenty-fourth bird.

E. C. Hall, a member of the Baltimore Shooting Association, was always on hand during the shoot, and worked as hard as anybody for its success. Hall is a good shot himself, particularly at targets; but on this occasion he devoted himself to the best interests of his club.

The local press did a great deal to help on the shoot, devoting lots of space to it. The scores were given correctly and in an interesting manner, but the descriptive work showed at times an amusing ignorance of the subject. The following, apropos of Brewer's well-known lightning second barrel, is worth reading: "Brewer makes a good living shooting for a New York powder concern. * * * He is rapid on his second barrel, and a favorite trick of his is to purposely give a glance shot with his first barrel and then bring his bird to ground with his second."

The following item from a local daily of the 24th is rather puzzling: "To-day will probably decide who is the champion live-bird shot of the world, if all those who have entered are on their mettle, but if the size of the event has affected their nerves it may take two days to determine the question." The size of the event affecting the nerves and prolonging the event is something new.

Alexis I. DuPont, of the firm of E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co., was an interested spectator during the whole of the tournament, enjoying his four days at Baltimore as much as anybody, and making lots of friends for himself and the powder manufactured by the company he represented.

H. P. Collins says that it's no joke to act as cashier at a tournament; he comforts himself by reflecting that it is not every body who can fill the office and come out only $10 or so behind each day!

Phil Daly, Jr., disguised himself on the second day of the handicap by shaving off his moustache. Anybody that didn't notice the change in his appearance was no longer his friend.

It was a great shoot, and the trophy was won by a good shot, who thoroughly deserves all the honor coming to him.

By kind invitation of Mr. Alexis I. DuPont, the Western shooters were afforded an opportunity on Saturday, Oct. 26, of seeing how DuPont's Smokeless was made. The visiting party to the company's nitro powder works (which by the way are in New Jersey and totally distinct from the black powder works) was composed of E. S. Rice, W. L. Shepard, Eddie Bingham, Charlie Grimm, Fred Gilbert, D. M. Porterfield, C. F. Lewis, of the *American Field*, and Edward Banks, of FOREST AND STREAM. The party was escorted to Wilmington, Del., by Messrs. A. I. DuPont and H. P. Collins. At Wilmington Mr. Francis I. DuPont met the visitors and took them on board the tug Emily, which in about half an hour landed them at the works. Reinforced by Mr. Pierre I. DuPont, the party then made a tour of the works and witnessed the process of turning "old stockings" (as Gilbert described the material) into DuPont's Smokeless. After enjoying an excellent lunch prepared for the party in the laboratory, Captain Denny and the tug Emily landed the visitors in Wilmington in time for them to catch the 3:05 train on the P. R. R. for Philadelphia, where they were going to see the U. P.-Lafayette football game. This trip to Chicago, Baltimore and Wilmington was Gilbert's first real trip away from home. After

his visit to the DuPont works he remarked that if he started in to tell all he knew when he got back the folks wouldn't believe him.

Just as Verges was leaving the Carrolton Hotel on Friday night, en route for Lowell, O., a gentleman to whom he had been talking went up to Gilbert and said: "Is that the gentleman who won the championship to-day?" "No, sir," quietly replied Gilbert, "I don't believe he is."

The Baltimore Shooting Association ought to be well satisfied with the attendance of spectators at the shoot. Baltimore is evidently right in line for trap-shooting tournaments in the future.

M. M. McMillan, president of the Farmers' Gun Club, of Mahanoy City, Pa., champion live-bird shot of the State of Pennsylvania, was present at the tournament during part of Wednesday and Thursday. His honors, won at the Pennsylvania State shoot at Holmesburg Junction in August, haven't changed him a particle. He was on his way South, accompanied by his wife and child.

The ride to and from the grounds in the trolley and cable cars of the Baltimore Traction Company was not the least enjoyable part of each day's pleasure at this tournament. EDWARD BANKS.

Huntingdon is Awake.

ALTOONA, Pa., Oct. 26.—This was a lively day for the staid old town of Huntingdon, Pa., being the occasion of the fall tournament of the gun club of that place. The citizens turned out *en masse* to see the contestants smash targets. From start to finish the score was a most interesting one. Thirty men took part in the various races, and had the Altoona people shown up in numbers as they should have done, there would have been at least forty entries. When FOREST AND STREAM'S representative left Altoona at 7:15, instead of finding a good sized delegation that had promised to be on hand, he found himself alone. At Barree, W. H. Wilson and J. T. McBurney joined him. Arriving at Huntingdon, we were met at the depot by a reception committee that was no doubt as much disappointed as we were. The preliminary arrangements for the occasion were perfect; everything that the ingenious hustlers of this lively club could command was at the disposal of their guests. The grounds had been re-arranged from what we had last seen them, and a new set of five of Fred Quimby's Empire traps had been lately placed in position, and everything was working capitally.

A dense fog hung over the field until 10 o'clock, and when old Sol had succeeded in dispelling the gloom the new background proved to be a very good one. Nothing but the county courthouse steeple to the right and a half dozen church steeples to the left quarter were visible in the distance. The day turned out to be one of the finest in this, the prettiest season of the year. It was just warm enough to render overcoats unnecessary and was so calm that scarcely a breath of air was perceptible. Six 10-target events were shot off in the forenoon. At 1 o'clock a half dozen Altoona shooters came straggling in, and their entries for the remaining events of the day added much zest to the contests.

Such an enthusiastic crowd of shooters as these Huntingdon boys are is rarely seen, and it is a great pleasure to be with them on occasions like this. Their record as a club, which is only in its infancy, I believe cannot be beaten in the country. Only a few months ago there were not three residents of the town who had any idea of trap-shooting. Now their club of sixty members is running shoots like an aggregation of veterans. Then notice the scores. See this new material climbing up toward the 90 per cent. mark On the occasion of my first visit to them I felt like filling my ears with cotton, so old-time-cannon-like were their loads, and a cloud of smoke hung continually over their three traps. Now nitro powders have succeeded soft coal, and their newly erected club house and adjacent conveniences are among the best in the State. Their surroundings are among the most picturesque in the State. Winding in and out in graceful curves around the jutting hills flows that beautiful stream to which the poet referred in the old song sung by our forefathers, running something like this:

"Wild roves the Indian girl,
The lovely Apharata,
Where flow the waters of
The blue Juniata."

To the south is Warrior Ridge; in the rear Jack's Mountain, and within a few steps of the score is the site of "Standing Stone," to where the early settlers so frequently fled for protection during Indian depredations.

The scores of to-day's events follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	Per
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	15	cent
Crites	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	28
De Forrest	8	8	9	5	9	7	10	8	9	14	9	10	9	8	8	..	84
Bookwalter	9	9	6	9	8	8	7	7	9	12	10	8	10	8	10	13	85
Wilson	6	6	..	6	5	3	7	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50
Kline	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	7	..	9	..	..	..	60
Green	8	7	8	10	7	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	83
Fleming	9	8	9	9	7	5	..	6	8	9	7	7	8	6	8	..	78
Leister	7	7	..	7	8	8	..	6	10	..	6	7	4	6	8	..	70
Houck	8	8	6	6	6	7	7	9	7	14	8	10	9	9	7	15	80
Corbin	4	3	5	9	9	8	5	5	7	5	8	8	7	10	6	..	66
Foster	6	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60
Charles	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	60
Mobus	..	8	..	6	3	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45
Williams	..	8	..	9	..	..	9	9	10	..	8	..	9	9	9	13	88
Williamson	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	30
Stewart	..	..	..	7	9	9	9	6	9	10	7	9	5	7	6	11	73
McBurney	..	..	..	6	4	6	..	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	50
Oakland	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	70
Simpson	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	6	7	11	..	6	8	6	3	9	61
Forney	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	6	7	5	6	4	4	4	12	55
Shylock	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	7	7	13	5	8	4	9	7	7	65
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	8	10	6	7	8	6	8	12	77
Kotty	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9	10	12	8	10	9	9	8	13	87
McCahan	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	..	6	7	6	..	6	..	55
Clover	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	12	9	6	10	9	9	14	83
Greenberg	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	5	4	..	8	7	6	5	7	54
Gipple	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	5	8	9	9	10	12	80
Burris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
C Leister	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	4	..	..	..	35
Ike	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	60

The purses were divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent., with targets extra.

The mountains in the vicinity of Huntingdon are on fire, and have been burning for several days. At one point it has reached to within a half mile of the town. Five hundred people are out fighting it. The destruction to property and game will be great. The sight afforded from the trains on the P. R. R. is a magnificent one.

GRANT.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 22.—Event No. 1, regular shoot, unknown angles, A. A. rules:

Nelson	1111110101110111011110111—20
Moorman	0010001001110100011110000—12
Scott	0110011111111001111111001—18
Dawson	1001010110101101100101001—13
Dornin	1110101010111110111111111—21
Empie	1110011110010100111011111—17

No. 2, same:

Nelson	1110101111111110101110111—20
Moorman	1010111100111000011110001—15
Scott	0100010101111111111011110—18
Empie	1111101000010111011111110—17
Dawson	1110001110101000101000001—12
Dornin	0100110010011111110101101—15

No. 3, same:

Nelson	0110111111011111111110111—21
Moorman	0111101010010110111010111—17
Scott	1101111011101110110111111—19
Empie	1011111101111111111110001—21
Dawson	1011001101101100111111100—16
Dornin	1111100011101100111101111—18

No. 4, same:

Nelson	1111110111101111111110111—22
Moorman	0111000100001011111111110—15
Scott	1111011111111111110111011—22
Empie	1101110101001001110001111—15
Dawson	1011001101001111111111110—18
Dornin	1111111111111111111111111—25
Stearns	1000111100011111110111017
Manson	1000001001100101010000001— 9

No. 5, same:

Nelson	1110110111101111111111111—22
Dornin	1110111111111101110111111—22
Scott	0111111111101110110010010—18
Dawson	1111111111001111111111110—22
Stearns	1111010111101110111111111—21
Manson	0000011000000100110101001— 9

No. 6, reversed order:

Nelson	0110111111— 8	Empie	1001101100— 5
Dornin	1110101100— 6	Stearns	0101100111— 6
Scott	1111111001— 8		

No. 7, unknown angles:

Nelson	111111001111110—12	Scott	111011111111114
Dornin	111111110111111—14	Stearns	101100011111000— 9

F M. D.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 22.—Four members of the New Utrecht Gun Club shot a race to-day at 50 live birds per man, $25 entrance, birds extra. The wind blew strongly from the southeast, making the birds very fast. Duryea won with 48 kills, running his last 30 straight; his two lost birds fell dead out of bounds. Dr. Wynn made a run of 37 straight after losing his 9th and 10th birds, and looked like diving first money until he dropped his 48th bird. C. Furgueson, Jr., shot well also, tieing Dr. Wynn for second money. The scores were as follows, each man standing at the 30yds. mark:

L T Duryea	1112121211•22212222•212122—23
	1222122222122211211212112—25—48
Dr Wynn	1122222200122211211222211—23
	2222221112121212222222012—24—47
C Furgueson, Jr	2212121222222222222202222—24
	2022222022022222222222222—23—47
E M Meyer	2202222222•2221210212222—22
	22•0•2022222222221212202—22—44

Oct. 26.—Three events were shot off to-day, No. 1 being the club shoot at 10 birds, and Nos. 2 and 3 being 5 bird sweeps. The scores made were as follows, the birds being an extra good lot:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
W Allen (27)	1122212112—10	.....	.....
C M Meyer (39)	2222222122—10	•2222—4	10202—3
C Furgueson, Jr. (30)	2221220212— 9	•0222—3	02220—3
*Cord Meyer (28)	10001•2120— 5	11221—5	11121—5
E B Knowiton (27)	11•1210212— 8	10112—4	.....

* Guest.

Our target shooters had a shoot to-day, Dr. Shepard challenging A. A. Hegeman for the New Utrecht Inanimate Target Challenge Plate. As Hegeman is a class A man and Dr. Shepard a class C man, the latter receives 6 extra targets and 2 extra pairs, scratch men (class A) shooting at 30 singles and 10 pairs. The plate was won at the first contest by S. Pool, then R. E. Gray challenged Pool and won it, successfully defending it against N. E. Money (twice) and Capt. Money (once). He then forfeited it to A. A. Hegeman, who has held it since last spring. Both men to-day were in poor form, Hegeman retiring in the second round of the pairs. Scores:

Dr Shepard (class C)	0101100100111001001110100010000111110—18
	11 11 10 10 10 00 10 00 00 00 11 11 11—14—32
A A Hegeman (class A)	1010111100100101111000011101l0 —17
	00 01 01 01 00 w — 3—20

G. E. POOL, Secretary.

Elkwood Park.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Oct. 15.—The following miss-and-outs were shot to-day on Phil Daly, Jr.'s, grounds at Elkwood Park. Both pigeons and blackbirds were used. Scores:

Live Pigeons.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Jones	0 —0	110 —2	1111—4	11111—5
Wright	10—1	110 —2	10 —1	11110—4
Morfey	10—1	1110—3	1111—4	0 —0
Capt Money	11—2	10 —1	1111—4	11111—5
Price	11—2	1111—4	1111—4	.....
Murphy	11—2	10 —1	1111—4	.....
Daly	10—1	1111—4	10 —1	.....

	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.
Morfey	1111110 — 6	11—2	111—3	1—1
Wright	1111111111—10	0 —0	110—2	0—0
J E Jones	1111111111—10	11—2	111—3	0—0
Capt Money	111111110 — 8	10—1	110—2	0—0

Blackbirds.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Wright	111—3	11—2	0 —0	11—2	0 —0
Morfey	0 —0	0 —0	111—3	0 —0	111—3
Daly	111—3	11—2	111—3	11—2	111—3
Jones	10 —1	0 —0	10 —1	0 —0	10 —1
Money	10 —1	10—1	10 —1	10—1	10 —1
Murphy	..	..	110—2	..	110—2

	No. 6.	No. 7.		No. 6.	No. 7.
Wright	0 —0	1110—3	Money	11111—5	1111—4
Morfey	11111—5	10 —1	Murphy	0 —0	1111—4
Daly	11110—4	1111—4	Price	10 —1	0 —0
Jones	110 —2	0 —0			

San Antonio Gun Club.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We notice an article in your "Drivers and Twisters" of Oct. 19 that fills us with surprise.

The announcement of the first annual tournament of the San Antonio Gun Club has been before the readers of your valuable journal for some time. You mention a quarrel between two organizations; allow me to correct, there is no quarrel between organizations, for there is but one in San Antonio that has been so far mentioned.

We ask you frankly, we ask the sportsmen and shooters of this country frankly, have you seen a line published or written by this club reflecting in any way or attacking in any way any proposed event to be given by any organization or individuals? And we ask you again in all frankness, can the same be said of others?

We have put our tournament before the sportsmen in a fair and manly way, without any recrimiations or reflections

It was only when forced to do so that we in any way noticed the attacks made upon us as a body directly or indirectly.

We think you do us an injustice in the article mentioned, and with your usual kindly instinct of fair play we trust you will correct it.

In conclusion allow me to say—for our tournament will be a thing of the past ere this appears in your columns—that the San Antonio Gun Club stands upon its record, and will let the shooters who attend its first event judge whether we are worthy of consideration or not. And will further add that we value highly the good opinion of our friends, but we do not fear our enemies.

WILLARD L. SIMPSON, Sec'y S. A. Gun Club.

South Side's Saturday.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 26.—The fine weather to-day brought out a good attendance at our regular Saturday afternoon shoot. All the events on the table were 10-target events, except No. 7, which was at 15 targets. Thomas's team beat Warren Smith's team after a close race by the narrow margin of two breaks—117 to 115. All events were at unknown angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
W Smith	9	10	6	8	9	10	..	..	..
Couch	8	5	6	6	4	9	10	..	..
Whitehead	10	8	10	8	9	..	..	..	..
W M Smith	7	5	7	6	7	7	..	..	..
Breintnall	..	6	8	8	9	10	..	..	..
Thomas	..	7	10	9	7	7	11	10	9
Hedden	..	..	..	9	..	..	10	..	..
Green	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..
Folsom	..	..	..	9	9	7	11	9	1
Rouband	..	..	..	2	2	5	..	..	..
Cummings	..	..	..	6	9	7	12	..	..
Hollis	..	..	..	..	6	10	11	7	7

Team race, 25 targets per man:

Thomas's Team.

Thomas	1111111101111111111011110—22
Breintnall	1111011011111111111111111—20
Hedden	1111111010011111101111101—20
Folsom	0110111101101111111101101—19
J H Terrill	1111111111111111101011111—23
W M Smith	1010110110001010100110010—13—117

Warren Smith's Team.

W Smith	1111111110111111110111111—23
Whitehead	1111111110111111111111111—24
Hollis	1111010011111111111111111—21
Couch	0110111110101010010001100—14
Cummings	0011111111101111111100111—19
Rouband	1111101000111001001011100—14—115

SECRETARY.

Endeavor Gun Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Oct. 26.—In perfect weather the Endeavor Gun Club held its regular monthly prize shoot this afternoon, Carl Von Lengerke leading his opponents with 21 out of 25 in the club shoot. Besides the club event two 25-target races and one 20-target race were also shot off, the following scores being made:

No. 1: E. Ingram 23, Collins 22, Fletcher and A. R. Strader 20.

No. 2: Collins 23, A. R. Strader 20, Fletcher 19, Bijure 16, E. Ingram 15.

No. 3: Collins and Ingram 18, A. R. Strader 16, Fletcher 15.

Scores in the club shoot for prizes were as follows:

A R Strader	0011111100110111100110100—15
E Collins	1011111111101101101010101—19
H Bijure	1101110101111111101011110—18
C Von Lengerke	1111101111111111101101111—21
E Ingram	0101101111101111111001111—19

G. A. CREVELING, Sec'y.

Zeeland Won this Time.

HOLLAND, Mich., Oct. 15.—We have met the Zeeland Rod and Gun Club in a trap-shooting contest once more, but this time we were unsuccessful, being defeated by 12 birds. We challenged them for the Resort Steamboat Co.'s medal and the contest was held to-day at Zeeland. The shooting grounds were nice and level and the traps were in fine working order; but there was one serious drawback: About 150yds. in front of the score, and extending to the left from No. 3 trap, is a line of beech trees which at the time had dropped none of their leaves. The few straightaways from the first three traps and all the left quarterers were thrown toward those trees, and as the leaves were about the same color as the targets it made the hardest kind of shooting for those not used to it.

The day was cold and dark and accounts in a measure for the few fair scores. We were badly handicapped by two of our team being unable to shoot and their places had to be filled by others on the grounds. Following is the score:

Zeeland.

H Van Eyck	1111011110101111100101111—19
H Karsten	1111101111111011111101111—22
T Hieftje	1011100011111100111111110—18
J Kamps	0101100101111011001100101—14
J Kruis	0000111101011110111010111—15
A Smits	0001100001110010111010111—13—101

Holland.

S Arleth	0111111011110100110011011—17
A Ferguson	1101110010101111011110010—16
P Dulyea	1001011110111000111100101—15
H Harman	0100111111001000001101O—14
J Smith	0111110011010101000111100—15
A Baumgartel	1101111001010100001111000—13— 89

A. G. BAUMGARTEL, Sec'y.

Shooting at Zwirlein's.

YARDVILLE, N. J., Oct. 23.—The following live-bird events were shot off to-day on Zwirlein's grounds at this place:

No. 1, 25 birds, $10, birds extra:

E Hill	2120122122210222212221122—23
J W Budd	2200222222222222222222210—22
B Kuser	2202222222222222202222002—21
C Zwirlein	1202121213120201211221111022—21
W Batsch	2121212002210102111222110—20
E Murphy	2222222202202202222022222002—20
F Van Dyke	2220020210012010211111121—20
W Perrine	1011221012022211221202001—19
C Price	1210020212202101112112210—19
E Green	1122112002012010012220001—18

	No. 2.	No. 3.		No. 2.	No. 3.
E Murphy	2220102—5	0222202—5	F Van Dyke	1211112—7	1220212—6
J W Budd	2222222—7	2222220—6	C Zwirlein	1211122—7	2122211—7
C Price	2220222—6	2202221—6	E Green	0211021—5	1021120—5
W Batsch	2221022—6	2202221—6	B Kuser	1202112—6	2052212—6
E Hill	1212202—6	0222211—6			

Nos. 2 and 3 were 7-bird sweeps, $5 entrance.

Brunswick Gun Club.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Oct. 26.—The following scores were made by members of the Brunswick Gun Club at the regular monthly shoot held this afternoon:

Club shoot, 25 targets per man, unknown angles:

J Fisher	0111111011010111111110111—20
T S Voorhees	1110110101111001111011112—19
W E Sperling	1111101111111111110111111—23
H H Stevens	1111111111111111111111111—24
C J Carpenter, Jr	1100101001011001001001010—10
R C Nicholas	1100011000011001011111010—13
C Oakley	1111111.1111111111111111—24
E Reynolds	1111101101101100101011111—17
B Smith	1101111111111001011111010—19
S Randall	1011111111111111010111101—21
F Ulrich	0110101111010001011011111—16
J A Blish	1111110111110001101101111—17
C J Walker	0010010001001111001111011—13
M Allen	1001111101101111011000011—16

H. H. STEVENS, Sec'y.

A dispatch from Long Branch, N. J., dated Oct. 27, to the New York *Recorder* gives the following account of an accident that may seriously interfere with Edgar Murphy's shooting at pigeons in future: "While engaged in cleaning his bicycle, assisted by his brother, Walter, he in some unaccountable manner had his finger caught between the chain and cogs as it was being rapidly revolved around by his brother, and the first joint of his trigger-finger was cut off as cleanly as if it had been done with a cleaver. Mr. Murphy and his brother hastened to Dr. J. R. Wert, on Broadway, and had the injured member dressed. His extremely good physical condition and well-known pluck are likely to pull him through without much other trouble, unless blood poisoning sets in. The hemorrhage was excessive, Mr. Murphy's powerful frame carrying an unusual amount of blood, the flow of which was difficult to stem."

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UNDER the above pleasing title the Southern Railway has in press a beautiful and comprehensive book appertaining to the hunting and fishing of the States through which that system extends.

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The book is written in the happiest style of Mr. William Bruce Leffingwell, of Chicago, and the illustrations are ample and are especially prepared for this particular volume.

This is the first time that such a publication has been attempted exhibiting in such an attractive manner the almost innumerable resorts for sportsmen in the South.

The publication will be issued prior to Nov. 1, 1895, and can be obtained through any of the agents of the Southern Railway system. —*Adv.*

New Large Caliber Repeaters.

THE new catalogue of the Marlin Fire Arms Company contains the announcement of a full line of large caliber rifles which have just been put upon the market. The old model of '81 Marlin was a popular gun on the plains some years ago, and it has been a cause of surprise to many that its manufacture was discontinued. The new model of 1895 will take its place and fill a gap in the Marlin list by adding four powerful large caliber rifles from which big game hunters may take their choice. The new rifles are bored for the .40-65 cartridge (which is identical with the old .40-60 Marlin) and for the .40-82, .45-70 and .45-90 cartridges. The action of the 1895 model is the same as that of the model of 1893.

Ladies' Bicycle Saddle.

HULBERT BROS & Co. have something new in store for the bicycle manufacturers and dealers, which they will probably be able to announce next week, in the shape of a new ladies' "Mesinger" saddle.

In the early spring of this year they realized the fact that '96 would be essentially a ladies' year on cycles, and their saddle factory has been paying particular attention to perfecting a saddle especially designed for ladies. Very little attention has so far been given to the subject of a ladies' saddle, and with but very few exceptions the only difference between the ladies' and the men's saddle, among the various manufacturers, is that the ladies' is a trifle smaller in size, while the saddle which Hulbert Bros. & Co. have designed is quite the reverse of this, and also includes many features distinct from any other saddle on the market.

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"THE LAND OF BIG RED APPLES" is an attractive and interesting book, handsomely illustrated with views of South Missouri scenery, including the famous Olden fruit farm of 3,000 acres in Howell county. It pertains to fruit raising in that great fruit belt of America, the southern slope of the Ozarks, and will prove of great value, not only to fruit-growers, but to every farmer and home-seeker looking for a farm and a home. Mailed free. Address J. E. Lockwood, Kansas City, Mo.—*Adv.*

Bicycles.

MR. THOS. J. CONROY, of fishing tackle fame, has taken up the manufacture of bicycles. This line of manufacture is distinct from the fishing tackle business, and is carried on under the firm name of Willard & Conroy. The address, however, is the same, 310 Broadway, New York.



It will give us great pleasure to forward a copy of our catalogue to any one who "goes a-fishing." Some people charge for their catalogues, some charge for the postage, some charge for both. We are more than willing to give away our catalogues and prepay postage on them. No angler, after looking at the catalogue, can resist buying from us or from our trade-customers all the fishing-tackle he can afford to pay for. That is where we get back a good deal more than cost of catalogue and postage.

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No. E—Special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, click reels, 40yds., 48c.; 60yds., 58c. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 5c. extra for postage.

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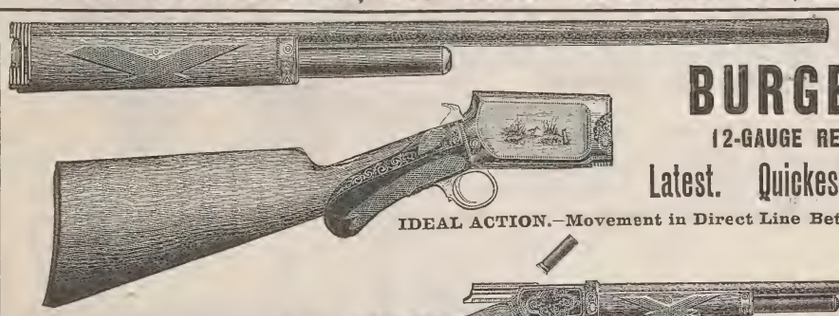
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When, Where and How to Catch It

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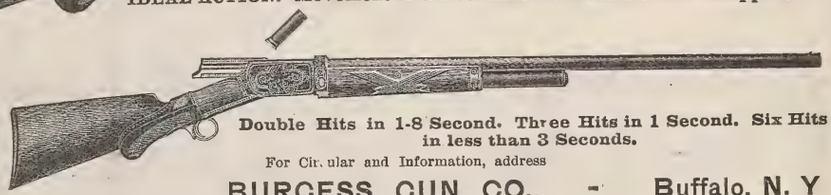


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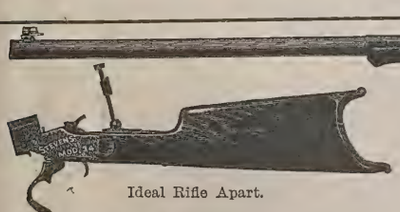
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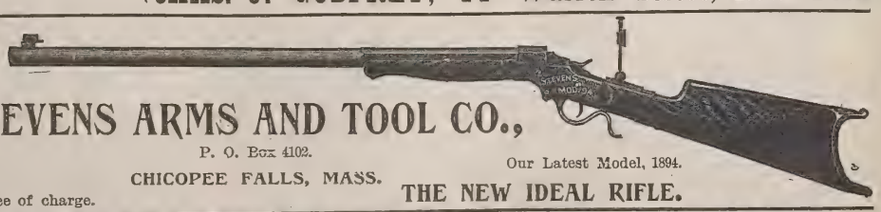
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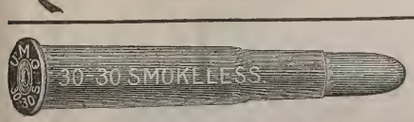
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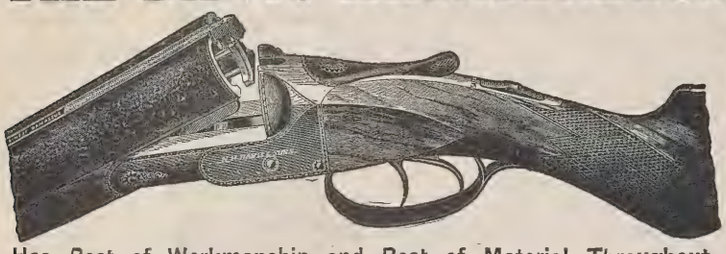
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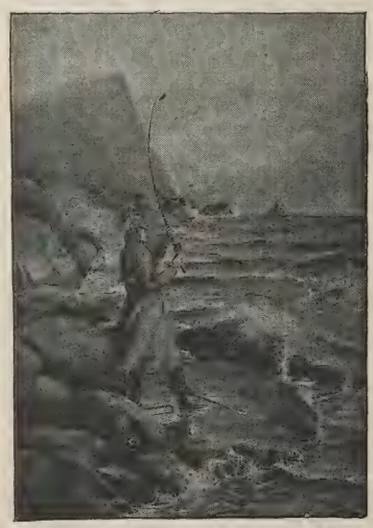
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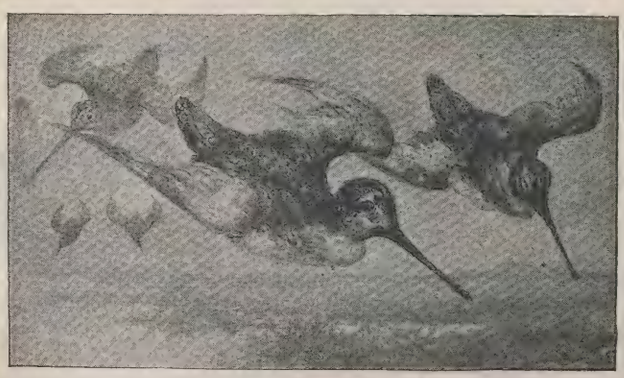
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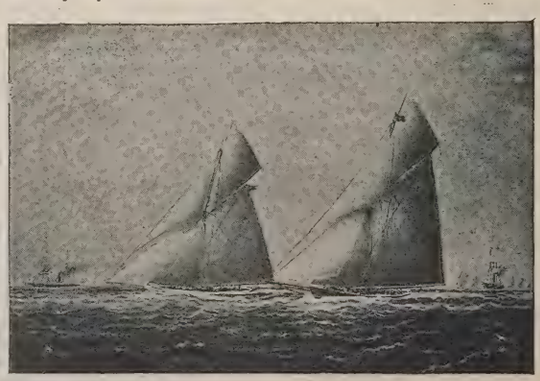
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1895.

VOL. XLV.—No. 19. No. 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

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THE SEASON AND THE BIRDS.

TO THE dwellers in cities a prolonged drought excites only gladsome remarks and mutual congratulations on the clear and pleasant weather. So thoroughly is the water supply of most large cities assured by artificial means from never failing sources that the innumerable hardships entailed in the country and towns by a scarcity of water are seldom directly felt. To the dwellers in the country the rainfall is of constant and vital importance. Long droughts result in dry wells, low or dry streams, short crops, bare pastures, suffering to cattle, and much extra labor and loss in the agricultural districts; the more remote effects are felt later in the manufacturing centers in the extra prices for food and in its inferior quality.

The agricultural interests are in direct and constant sympathy with the rainfall; the manufacturing interests are in direct and constant sympathy with agricultural gain or loss, thus ultimately feeling the misfortune or prosperity of the farmer. Yet cities which were not supplied from large bodies of water suffered severely this year, some being forced to adjust their needs to a short supply, while others, as Altoona, Pa., were forced to import a supply by railroad.

Reports from New Jersey estimate the cranberry crop at one-fifth of the average yield, owing to the drought and the consequent low water and inability to flood the bogs. Thus the turkey, wild and tame, will be shorn of one of his Thanksgiving glories, or at least will have it diminished.

For two years the drought has been widespread and intense. Inland streams, lakes, sloughs, etc., have been very low, and some of them were entirely dried, the latter more particularly in the prairie country, where there are not the natural reservoirs as in a hill country.

From the South come reports of injured cotton crops from the effects of the drought. From the West, beginning at the Pacific States, a deficiency in the rainfall is reported, which is charged chiefly to the months of September and October, the former month having but .95 of an inch this year as against a normal average of 3.94 inches.

In our columns this week will be found most valuable information on the game supply, written by men of rare observation, intelligence and experience. It will be noted that in some sections birds are reported as being scarce, while in other sections they are abundant.

These reports cover a vast region of country, and while they are particularly correct in the information concerning their respective sections, they may be considered as reflecting the general situation of the game region. They are from Virginia, Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, Ohio, North Carolina, Georgia, Manitoba, New Jersey, North Dakota, Arkansas, etc., and, in addition to the information as to game conditions, they contain other matter of special interest.

To what extent the breeding of the birds was affected by the peculiar weather conditions it is difficult to determine. That they were affected is a reasonable inference; for all reports from the quail region indicate a remarkable number of squeakers, the result of second or extremely late hatchings. Whether this was due to the drought or the heavy spring rains is a matter of speculation. Knowledge on these subjects is lamentably meager. It is conceded that heavy rains during the hatching season will chill the eggs or destroy the young birds; of the drought and its direct effects on birds all is vague conjecture.

If the drought deprives an ordinarily well watered region of its water, many sportsmen strenuously maintain that it in no wise affects the birds, as they drink the dew, and that even in ordinary seasons birds live and thrive many miles from water; yet in seasons of extreme drought there are many nights in which no dew falls, or at least not more than a perceptable dampness. The birds cannot drink dew then. There are seasons when birds are extremely plentiful or extremely scarce, without any apparent reason for either. If they are plentiful, it is carelessly attributed to the season with little consideration of what the season really was, for few indeed can definitely recount the weather details of a season after it is past.

The scarcity of ruffed grouse has been attributed to the grouse tick; the scarcity of chickens and quail, to too much rain, or too much shooting, etc., yet birds are often plentiful in sections where there was an excess of shooting and rain. As to the embryological effects of the weather on the birds, we know still less. And yet all these matters as studies have their special interest and are not without profit. It is a field which as yet has been subject to little research.

But whatever the effects may have been on the breeding and habits of the birds, there are no doubts as to its effects in the practical realm of sport. Sportsmen are a unit in affirming that there has been no sport. The trainers of every section complain of the extreme dryness and the consequent inability of their dogs to do good work or, rather, any work of consequence on birds. So dry is the ground that there seems to be no scent left by fur or feather.

The trials of the Northwestern Beagle Club were noticeable for the apparent inability of the dogs to trail rabbits; in reality, it was a physical impossibility for them to follow a trail on which there was no scent.

The trials of the Dixie Fur Club were abandoned in consequence of the same unfavorable conditions. No doubt that other trials would have met the same fate, had not the rain of last week done much toward improving the conditions for sport afield.

The Continental Field Trial Club has abandoned its trials at Newton, N. C., owing to the scarcity of birds, which the dry weather may have made more apparent than real.

But as to the causes of the peculiar game conditions, there is a field of research opened to the sportsman which he should not ignore.

SNAP SHOTS.

We said last week that the Missouri non-resident sportsman law was a dead-letter. New evidence of this fact is afforded in the report printed in another column of the meeting held in St. Louis last week to contrive means for the better protection of game. It was pointed out by some of the speakers that the non-resident shooters were responsible for the great dearth of game in many portions of the State, and a suggestion was made that a tax might well be levied on non-residents in order to discourage their coming and so to lessen the destruction they wrought. The astonishing feature of the discussion was the fact that none of those who took part in it appeared to be aware that there was already on the books a stringent law, not simply to put a deterrent tax on outsiders, but positively forbidding them under a penalty from crossing the borders of the State armed and equipped for shooting. So much for one non-resident law.

We are unable to recognize in a non-resident license system the long sought panacea for the cure of lax game protection. Nevertheless it is probable that if Missouri must discriminate against outsiders a license system would prove at least an improvement upon the present farcical condition of things.

You may trace it even to-day, the old woods road, leading from the swamp on the mountain top down to the valley far below. It follows the precipitous sides of the ravine, curving and twisting and doubling upon itself, to give the teams advantage of every grade. For long stretches it is buttressed with great walls of stone, tremendous blocks which must have been laid in the years when there were giants upon the earth. One is amazed at the moss-covered monument of that toilsome age. Here the fathers built a memorial to endure for centuries.

Resting here beside the spring while you eat your frugal sportsman's lunch, you may hear in memory the wood-wagon creaking and straining and groaning for all the world like a ship laboring in the sea; and the fearful oaths of the driver to his team like those of mate to crew.

It is years and years since the uproar of the wood-team affrighted this peaceful spot. The names of those who built the road, felled the wood, captained the teams, al are but a memory, dim and shadowy, and held only by the oldest inhabitant, whose voice quavers as he tells of the primitive days of his fathers. The institution of the ox team has vanished from these parts, and there are no oaths now like those that woke the echoes here.

But the ravine itself remains, clothed with vernal green in trouting time, and with the glory of scarlet and crimson and gold in the hunter's season; the brook still babbles and gurgles and tinkles; the grouse drums, and in the thicket flashes the brief vision of the startled hare. Musing in reverie by the old woods road, dip up in hollowed hands a draught from the pure spring, and give thanks that you are here, to enjoy to the full these autumn days in the woods.

It is related, whether truly or for advertising purposes only, we know not—that Sherlock Holmes proved such a nuisance to Conan Doyle, by reason of the letters the author received from readers interested in the fortune of the superhuman detective hero, that in self-defense he was obliged to make an end of the fellow by dropping him from a cliff, and so putting a *finis* to the Sherlock Holmes series. Something of a similar strategem has been resorted to by the Western genius who got up the story of the bear farm where bears were to be bred like sheep for their pelts and flesh.

It was in Minnesota. A native expert on bears, backed by the ready capital of a New York physician, had built a hotel or asylum or reformatory for bears, had corralled a number of the brutes and assigned them rooms, and laid in a stock of provisions for their feeding during the winter months. Left to themselves, the bears would have crawled into holes and wintered without grub, as their forebears had done before them; but the Minnesota enterprise was to be something entirely novel in the history of beardom.

As elaborated by the man who wrote it, the story was a literary product, which one would think might well have been continued in many successive chapters. There is a well-defined public thirst for bear stories. Properly managed, the Minnesota ranch might have supplied bear bulletins for months to come. But when the author began to get in the returns, when his mail was filled with letters asking for more particulars, when he was implored, for instance, to give the cubic space required for each bear on a bear farm, the probable cost of maintenance per head, the market price of bear skins, the ruling quotations for bear meat, and a host of other questions, such for instance as FOREST AND STREAM received after it printed its skunk farm reports—the pestered and desperate man resolved to make an end of the troubles he unwittingly had precipitated upon himself. In an evil hour—it came this week, and we regret to say on the Sabbath—he permitted himself to become intoxicated with the exuberance of his own imagination, and forthwith consigned the bear farmer to a fiery doom. In the dead of night the herder of plantigrade sheep awoke to find his house and barn in flames and his own retreat cut off. There was no way out but through the bear den. That way he took; and fled from flame only to be killed by the bears. It was a cruel death; but we must remember that the story writer had great provocation.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.

III.—Along the Shore.

THE campers were astir betimes in the silver dawn that they counted of greater worth than a golden day for their use. After a hasty breakfast, Sam and Antoine embarked in the canoe at the landing above the Slab Hole, where the boats were unloaded the night before; but Uncle Lisha and Joseph preferred the stable land to the fickle waters, and prowled westward along the lake shore as slowly and almost as stealthily as a couple of aged mud turtles might have gone over the same ground.

Peering out upon the bay through loopholes of the cedar-clad cliff, they saw great flocks of ducks riding safe and far on the glassy water. The nearest were a triple gunshot out of range of this shore, while many were so tantalizingly close to Garden Island that the dusky lines cut the reflected brightness of the island's autumnal splendor.

"Good airth and seas!" Uncle Lisha whispered, as he and Joseph crouched on hands and knees, peering through the branches with longing eyes at the distant flocks, "ef we was on'y jest on that 'ere islan'. I wonder if we hedn't better go an' git the scaow bwut an' go 'way raound an' come up on t'other side?"

"Wal, I do' know 'baout it," Joseph whispered dubiously. "It's a good way off 'seem's 'ough it was, an' the weather might change consid'able 'fore we could git back. I hain't no gre't appetite for water, not sech a sight on 't, an' I don't b'lieve I want tu go aout 'mongst so much on 't, not sca'cely, anyways, not tu-day."

"Wal, I wish the wind 'ould change an' come aouten the north, an' blow 'em over here er suthin'."

"Ef we hed us some corn an' kinder hove it over the bank, mebby it 'ould call 'em up tu us." But as they had not the means at hand for trying this experiment and as no favoring gale blew the ducks within range, but they on the contrary began to waddle out by dozens upon the shelving shore of the island to bask in the sun, the two sportsmen reluctantly withdrew from their point of observation and pursued their way along the cliff to where it slopes to the low shore of a shallow bay. Here grew some hickory trees bearing a profusion of nuts as foreign to Danvis as the fruit of a cocoa palm. As Uncle Lisha and his companion were filling their pockets with the fallen nuts, they surprised a gray squirrel who was rasping out his breakfast on a lower branch and now retreated to a hiding place among the topmost leaves. They were at once filled with a desire to secure him as a trophy and a toothsome addition to camp fare, and so with guns at a ready they went slowly around the tree, scanning every branch and intricacy of leafage, often fooled almost to the point of firing at some semblance of the object of their search, but never quite discovering it.

"Wal," said Uncle Lisha at last, grounding the butt of his gun and leaning on the muzzle while he gazed wistfully up into the tree, "the critter's up there somewheres, sartain, fer he hain't got no wings an' the' hain't no tree he could jump off intu. Naow, Jozeff, I b'lieve if you'd go down there tu the lake an' git a han'f'l o' stuns, I c'ld fling 'em up in there an' start the critter aout so's't we c'ld shoot him. I use 'ter be tol'able hendy flingin' stuns."

Accordingly Joseph set his gun against a tree and made for the shore with all speed, which he did not abate till he had crashed through the fringe of cedars and come out upon the stony beach. Then to his intense disgust a great flock of teal arose almost at his feet in a flurry of alarm at the noise and sudden apparition, and went whistling away far over the bay. Joseph stared after them open mouthed but speechless, till surprise and chagrin took audible expression in a long exhaled "Gosh," and then, with eyes following the swiftly retreating flock:

"Who in Sam Hill 'spected you was here? Wal, there goes one lot o' M'ri's feathers."

Heaving another sigh he turned his back upon the lake, and picking up an armful of stones returned to his companion, inwardly berating himself at every step and groaning over the lost opportunity.

Uncle Lisha's arm still possessed enough of the strength and skill of youth to dislodge the squirrel with a few well directed missiles, and Joseph brought it down after a pottering aim of the long gun.

"You done well, Jozeff, an' your father'd be'n praoud on ye if he'd seen ye," said Uncle Lisha as he picked up the squirrel and held it forth for the successful sportsman to feast his eyes upon.

"Father!" cried Joseph ruefully, "Gosh, ef he'd ha' seen what I done er ruther what I didn't du, he'd kick me higher'n Gilderoy's kite, if 't wa'n't for the rheumatiz in his laigs. I went a kerflummuxin' daown yunder through the bushes right slap ontu a snag o' ducks 'at I might jes' 's well crep' up tu an' shot if I'd on'y 'spected they was there. I bate ye the' was more'n ten paound o' feathers on 'em. But haow easy they did kerry 'em off, though."

Uncle Lisha lamented the chance which had deprived both of distinguishing themselves, but consoled Joseph by assuming an equal portion of the blame. "An' naow, who knows but what the critters 'll come back there arter they git over their scare. What fetched 'em there oncte 'll fetch 'em ag'in. Le's go an' sed daown there an' wait."

Joseph readily assented to a plan which required so little exertion, and the two sat down behind the screen of evergreens where through an opening in the bushes they could command a view of the shore and the rushy border of the bay in front of them, and so for half an hour they sat enjoying their pipes and a whispered conversation no louder than the stir of the breeze among the tree tops, the patter of the falling leaves and the break of the ripples on the beach. Suddenly these dreamy sounds were overborne by a pulsing, sibilant beat, prolonged in a whistle of set wings, which ended with a resounding, fluttering splash, as a flock of twenty of more teal settled upon the water within 40yds. of the ambuscade and swam to and fro in busy inspection of their surroundings.

"Aim int' the thick on 'em, an' when I caount three, fire," said Uncle Lisha in a trembling whisper as he and his companion cautiously poked their guns through the bushes and took deliberate aim.

"One—tew—three," Uncle Lisha counted, and with the sharp expiration of the last word his ancient queen's arm belched forth its mighty voice. Joseph Hill pulled lustily at the trigger of his half-cocked piece, shutting both eyes tighter as the pull became more desperate and bracing his nerves for the inevitable recoil which must follow such a reluctant discharge.

"Sam Hill!" he ejaculated when at last he desisted and opened his eyes to see a half dozen victims of Uncle Lisha's shot floating belly up and the affrighted survivors scurrying away in wild flight. "It don't seem's 'ough this plagued ol' gun was use to shootin' ducks. It don't 'pear tu want tu go off at 'em."

"It wants tu be cocked fust, Jozeff," Uncle Lisha remarked, as he cast an eye upon the unready weapon, and they rushed from cover to secure the game. "Cock her an' let flicker at that waounded one. It's a-floppin' clean aouten reach."

Joseph stared a moment in chop-fallen dismay at the lock of his gun, then cocking it and leveling the long barrel to careful aim, put a merciful end to the struggles of the wounded duck. By the aid of a pole and a favoring breeze the sportsmen were able to gather their booty—seven plump teal in all, which they ranged side by side and gloated over with as complete satisfaction as if the green beauty spots on each wing had been as many emeralds. Then they tied the birds in two bunches, to the smaller of which the squirrel was added, and these Uncle Lisha magnanimously permitted his less successful comrade to carry as if it were his rightful trophy.

So laden, and quite content to try their fortune no further, they set forth toward camp. As they drew near it Joseph broke a long interval of silence.

"I've kinder be'n a-thinkin' on't over in my mind, Uncle Lisher, 'at like 'nough, mebby, it 'ould be jes' 's well not tu say nothin' 'baout my not cockin' my gun, I do' know but mebby it 'ould be full better not tu, Antwine's so kinder aggervatin'."

"Good airth an' seas, Jozeff, I won't say nothin'. Ef the ol' fuzee hedn't sot back so, I shouldn't knowed whether it was me or you 'at fired, an' I sh'd thought you hed if you hadn't said nothin'. It's lucky you didn't er we wouldn't ha' got that 'ere waounded one. Pshaw, I won't say nothin', Jozeff."

The camp was silent and deserted but for a chipmunk that sat clucking contentedly on the rock table after a feast of crumbs. The fireplace gave forth neither smoke nor warmth, but only the faint breath of new-made ashes and freshly-charred wood. The slovenly array of frying-pan, pot and tin plates stood cold and untouched since breakfast, and it was evident that Sam and Antoine had not returned since the morning departure.

"My sakes!" said Joseph, as he viewed the unhousewifely scene with a kind of a shame-faced satisfaction, "I'm glad M'ri' hain't here to see aour housekeepin'. She'd have a tantribogus fit, 'most seem 's 'ough she would."

"Wal," said Uncle Lisha, "the' is a diff'ence 'twixt men folkses haousekeepin' an' women folkses, as a gen'al thing. Where the' hain't, the's suthin' wrong wi' the man er the womern. If it's a womern a keepin' haouse like a man, she's a reg'lar sloven, you may depend; an' if it's a man 'at keeps haouse as a womern ort tu, he's jest as sartain ter be a he ol' maid. Naow le's eat a col' bite an' then light up a fire an' heat some water, an' kinder git the thick on't off'm these 'ere dishes. It's tew bad Drive ain't here tu help us."

After fortifying themselves with cold potatoes, raw pork and onions, they set manfully and unskillfully to the task of dishwashing, which was in a manner accomplished in the hour which intervened before the return of their friends.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

IN JONES'S BAYOU.—III.

THE hunting season was now on in earnest. We had been waiting for a heavy frost so that we could go bear hunting, as it is more comfortable in these dense jungles and canebrakes when the weather is cool and the fleas and mosquitoes—and especially the gnats—are all dead. It is almost beyond human endurance to stand the poisonous insects that attack one in the months of June, July and August in some locations in the Mississippi and Arkansas swamps. I have wet a towel and kept it tied over my mouth and nose many a time to rid myself of the buffalo gnats, and I have known them to kill cattle by the score.

My rod man, Julian Fleming, had left me and returned to his home in Chattanooga, so I had a new man with me. I was now doubly lonesome since Fleming's departure, as he and I were almost like brothers. I now felt like the fellow who was "alone on the wide, wide sea," and almost as disconsolate as Enoch Arden, who returned home and found his wife married to another fellow. I would go over to Uncle Zack Jones's house and "spark" one of his sandy-haired "gals" once in a while, and also talked love to a young and very handsome widow who was a niece of Uncle Taylor and lived with him. This was not done by proxy, *à la* Miles Standish, either.

However, this did not satiate my longing for something—that inexplicable longing for fellowship and social intercourse with the outside world. I did long to see a good theater, or hear a nice band play, or listen with rapturous ear to a grand concert once more. But alas! the song of the katydid, the chirp of the cricket, the croak of the tree frog, and the monotonous "giggerum, knee deep," of the bullfrog, mingled with the sad and plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will and screech owl, were destined to be the sole music for my ears for twelve months to come. I did get desperate every two or three months and rode fifty miles through the cane to Greenville, just to see a steamboat and hear the sound of wheels rattling on the hard streets. But Greenville was a small town and did not afford much entertainment to a stranger, so I would go back to Jones's Bayou and plunge into the forest with rifle in hand, determined to drown my sorrow and lonesomeness in hunting. And I usually succeeded, because just as soon as I killed a deer I would forget all about my lonesome and forlorn existence.

One day about the middle of October Uncle Taylor sent me word that he was going to take a stand at one of his favorite water holes the next day, and would be glad to have me accompany him. Of course I went, as I never refused an invitation to hunt, unless there was very pressing business on hand. Two hours before daybreak I was at Uncle Taylor's house mounted on Selim, Mrs. Beaver's old family horse. Uncle Taylor was watching for me and the moon was shining almost as bright as day. We struck into a cattle trail leading in the direction of the Sunflower River. We traveled very slowly, as the matted vines often caught us under the chin and almost unseated us before we could stop our horses. Finally we arrived at the water hole, which was a shallow pond 50ft. wide and of some length. It was, of course, in the bed of a bayou, and Uncle Taylor said it was one of the few places in that whole country that never went dry. We had traveled in an opposite direction from Snake River and were probably twelve miles from that stream.

We now dismounted, and leading our horses back on the trail for about a quarter of a mile tethered them and fed them so they would keep quiet. We approached the pond very cautiously, as Uncle Taylor said there might be game there now, although the first streaks of dawn had not lit up the horizon yet. There was no game in sight, however, so we both climbed up into his blind. The blind consisted of a board about 4ft. long planted firmly in the fork of a tree and a very comfortable back had been made to this bench, so that a person could rest there for hours without becoming in the least cramped or tired. I was very sleepy, so I told Uncle Taylor to keep watch while I took a nap. He said, "Wal, go to sleep, jist so you don't tumble out o' the tree an' skeer all the game off." So I fastened my rifle so I could not drop it, and getting into a comfortable position was soon fast asleep. I think Uncle Taylor was very willing for me to go to sleep, as he was afraid I would talk and that would have spoiled everything.

I do not know how long I had been in "Nappy Land," but the first thing I remember is that Uncle Taylor gave me a punch in the ribs with his elbow, and as I opened my eyes he put two fingers to his lips. I understood him and did not speak. He pointed in the direction of the sun, which was just rising, and I could distinctly hear some heavy animal approaching. Whatever it was, it certainly did not try to walk away, and was entirely unconscious of the danger that awaited it. We did not have to wait long. The cane kept on popping and cracking as the animal would step on dry or dead stalks, and in a few moments a large black object emerged from the dense wall of cane on the opposite side of the water hole. It stopped, raised its head and sniffed the air, as if trying to smell danger. It was evidently satisfied, and went straight to the water's edge and began to drink. We were within 40ft. of it and up over the animal, so we could both see it perfectly. It was a good-sized black bear. We both took aim and fired almost simultaneously. The bear gave a snort or snarl, stopped a moment to bite its side, where one of the bullets had struck it, and then with a roar that almost froze my blood made a break for the cane. We were too quick, however, and before he reached the cane my rifle spoke again, and a second later Uncle Taylor's No. 8 shotgun barrel roared out its message of death. As the smoke cleared away we saw the bear on the ground. We now got down out of the tree, and a shot from my Winchester through its head finished it. I now turned to Uncle Taylor, who stood exultantly over the carcass of the fallen beast, and said, "Now, Uncle Taylor, don't you feel ashamed of yourself?" "An' fur what mout I be 'shamed of, pray?" "For murdering this poor beast without provocation," said I, "and without giving it a ghost of a chance to either escape or defend itself." I had forgotten that I was one of the murderers and did not notice the inconsistency of my remarks to Uncle Taylor. But Uncle Taylor was too busy in his mental calculation of how much that bear would bring him to notice me much.

Every shot fired had struck the bear, and I think that any one of them would have caused his death.

After securing our horses, I climbed up in a slender tree just over the body of the animal, and securing a rope to the top of it swung myself down again. By pulling on the rope with all of our strength and combined weight we succeeded in bending the tree down partially. Then securing the other end of the rope to the bear's hindfeet we turned the tree loose. In this way we lightened up the load until we were able to lift it up on old Selim. We then tied the bear very securely on the horse, and about 8 o'clock were ready to start homeward. I walked and led old Selim, and Uncle Taylor rode home, as he was old and not strong enough to walk six or eight miles. The bear weighed nearly 300lbs. without anything being taken from him, and old Uncle Taylor got about $15 or $20 for that day's work, as bear meat sold like "hot cakes" in the railroad camps at 10 cents per pound. I took one ham and the skin as my share. I despise bear meat, however, and I do think it is the nastiest stuff I ever put into my mouth. It always makes me think of the Eskimo drinking oil, it is so fat and greasy.

That mode of hunting did not suit me, and I did not try it again the whole time I was in the swamp, although I had numerous invitations to accompany both Uncle Taylor and Uncle Martin. I had just as soon shoot one of Barnum's bears in his cage and call it sport as to murder one at a water hole or salt lick. There was no use to expostulate with Uncle Taylor or Uncle Martin, however, as they were both pot-hunters of the worst type, and were after meat the easiest way that it could be obtained. Uncle Taylor used to say to me after I got through berating him for trapping turkeys and water-hole hunting, "Why, Wingfield, you air a durned fool. Hain't you larnt afore this that you kain't break an ole houn' o' suckkin' eggs?" "Well, blame your old skin, I wish you would get hold of a rotten one once in a while, then," said I. Old Uncle Taylor would then throw his head back and "haw, haw" as only a backwoodsman can.

He used to accuse me in a good-natured way of breaking up his turkey pens. I denied it with all my might, and held up my hands in horror at the idea of my treating my old friend that way; but it was true. Uncle Taylor really thought it was an old fellow named Coleman, who lived up the bayou five or six miles, and who had once had a big lawsuit with Uncle Taylor about some cattle that Coleman had branded with his own brand when the cattle really belonged to Uncle Taylor. It took the good advice and gentle counsels of the whole of the Jones's Bayou settlement to keep Uncle Taylor and old man Coleman from shooting each other about the cattle business. And the hatred was still very high against each other; so, whenever Uncle Taylor lost a turkey pen he always swore that that eheu rascal John Co'eman did it. I always said, "I guess he did; as nothing but a mean man would tear another man's turkey pen up anyway." But inwardly I was enjoying Uncle Taylor's rage and chagrin. He always imagined that the pen was full of turkeys and that John Coleman had stolen the turkeys and then torn the pen up, and I do believe if he had seen

John Coleman with two or three turkeys tied to his horse and had found one of his pens demolished he would have gone gunning for Coleman. I guess I did wrong in destroying the pens of both Uncles Taylor and Martin after they treated me as cleverly as they did; but I could not help it. It would make me so mad to come across one of these traps in the woods that I would invariably tear it to pieces and usually set fire to it. I was the cause of Uncle Taylor building several new ones that fall; but in spite of me or his imaginary enemy Coleman, Uncle Taylor succeeded in trapping thirty-nine turkeys that fall and winter. Uncle Martin caught more than that, as he was a better hunter and a younger and more active man than Uncle Taylor.

I killed that fall and winter by actual record kept in my diary thirty-two turkeys. I shot a great many of these flying and also called quite a number up with a turkey call. Jim Pyron, who lived with me at the Beaver mansion, was an expert caller, and many is the old gobbler that he has brought up in range of that deadly .44 Winchester of mine. It is a pretty sight to see an old blue-necked gobbler come stalking and strutting up, spreading his tail and dragging his wings and crow-hopping along sideways—coming on proudly to meet his gentle hen, as he supposes the "turk," "turk," "turk" of the seductive call to be. Just one imperfect note in the call, however, and there is a whir of wings and the old gobbler is gone.

A. B. WINGFIELD.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CAMPING ON THE CLEARWATER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your contributor Sancho's article in FOREST AND STREAM some time ago gave us a good pen picture of two egotistical foreigners; but they must not all be placed in that kind of a frame. Possibly some of our American sportsmen abroad have acted quite as ridiculously in the eyes of the residents of the country they visit.

I will give your readers a sketch of two English sportsmen I met on Camas Prairie, in Idaho. They had come out West to engage in the stock raising business, and had brought along their dogs and guns. They became American citizens. For over a year they were very busy tending their sheep and improving their ranches. The fall of 1870 found me, like a great many prospectors and miners, "broke." It was then that I went as guide with them on a hunt.

On the appointed day at 1:30 P. M. we were off. We had six miles to go and two very steep mountains to climb. The brush was well loaded with snow, which gave me a full benefit on the way up, for I was in the lead. I shot three ruffed grouse. When we came out of the thicket on top of our first mountain I stopped and fixed up our packs and scraped the snow off. My comrades were cheerful and did not care; they had come out to kill some big game and intended to follow me. Here we saw quite a number of fresh deer tracks, and while going through some open timber I showed them seven whitetail deer. They wanted to know what about their trying for a shot, but I told them no, we would not have time to make camp and fix up comfortably for the night. We were soon climbing our last mountain, and before we reached the top I had killed two more ruffed grouse. Soon we rode out of the thicket on to the big meadow on Meadow Creek. My friends remarked that it was a nice-looking park, although it had a kind of a wintry look. I showed them where we would camp for the night, near some dead black pines that were still standing. These would give us plenty of fuel, for I am very fond of having a rousing fire after supper.

When we reached the place I soon unpacked the mule and then their horse, while they were securing their saddle horses. My horse, being thoroughly trained, would stand for hours where I left him. The boys were anxious to help, so I put them to shoveling away the snow for our tent and fireplace, while I cut some poles. The snow was only about 1ft. deep, so it did not take long to clean it away. As soon as we got the tent up I cut down a pine about 1ft. in diameter, felling it across another so it would break and splinter up. Then I took my horse, crossed the stirrups, made a breast collar out of the pack cinch, ran the ropes through the stirrups so the draft would not be too low, hitched on to the log and snaked it in and kept at it until I had plenty of wood for the night. We soon had a good fire. I cut a white fir after knocking it a number of times to knock the snow off from the boughs. The boys carried the limbs in and laid them where they would dry off. When I had all I wanted I made down our bed and threw a mantle on top of it to sit on.

In the meantime one of the boys had skinned our grouse and brought our camp kettles full of water. We then cared for our horses. We took off our saddles and spread the saddle blankets over the horses, then put the saddles back on and cinched them but a little, as this would keep them warm and keep the blankets on. Then we tied them up near camp. I soon turned my attention to supper, which I had ready in about two hours, as I stewed the grouse; and when it was ready and we sat down to it, my friends praised it very much, forgetting how hungry they were and that exercise and hunger are the two best sauces.

A little after 10 we were ready to turn in. Mr. C. said, "Lew, where are your blankets?" "Well," said I, "my bed is made. You told me all you wanted was me with the dog and gun." The boys looked puzzled, and soon B. said, "How do you manage it when you go out in the mountains?" "We always sleep three in a bed."

C. said, "That is all right; then we can do the same," but that in the hurry at the ranch he had forgotten about the extra blankets.

C. being a very large man took the outside, and B. being the smallest took the middle. Having a splendid bed, and all being tired, we were soon sound asleep. Some time in the night B. shook me and said, "Lew, I heard some kind of an animal sniffing like." Soon I heard it. "Oh, that is a deer; it has smelt our camp and can't make out what it is." We waked C. up so that he could hear it; then we soon went to sleep, or I did, and when I waked up again I struck a match and looked at my watch. It was half-past 4. I jumped up, put on my clothes and soon had a good fire. The boys got up, but it must have taken them nearly an hour to get their boots warm enough to put on.

I fed our horses the first thing, then prepared breakfast, after which we did up our packs, saddled our horses, and by the time it was light enough to see to travel were on the move. We had not gone 100yds. before we saw where a small band of deer had been playing around in the night, some of which we had heard whistling. Near the lower end of the meadows is a large sarvis thicket. In going through we saw nine deer. My friends wanted to stop, but I told them not yet, that when we crossed the mountain over on to the breaks of Clearwater, if we did not see any elk tracks we would camp and hunt deer. They agreed, yet I could see that they thought we were throwing away our best chances. It took us about two hours to cross the mountain, and as we did not see any elk signs we camped. As soon as the loads were off we hobbled the horses and turned them loose, as the snow was not more than 2in. deep and there was plenty of bunch grass sticking out.

We were in a splendid deer range. I showed B. where to go, as he was the lightest and proved to be "as tough as a b'iled owl." I showed C. where to go, and told him he would be likely to see deer in less than a half mile from camp; while I would go down into the fir flats toward the river. As B. had the furthest to go, he left about fifteen minutes ahead of C. and me. After going a couple of hundred yards we separated. I was poking along in the open timber between the fir thicket. I had crossed lots of fresh deer tracks, but had not seen anything. I had stopped under an immense fir where the snow had not reached and was looking over the ground ahead, when I was startled by two shots in quick succession. It sounded to me like artillery, and reverberated across the Clearwater Cañon, then rolled away up against the high rocky bluffs on Twenty-Mile Creek, and the echo answered back. It had hardly died away when it was again repeated. This was the first time I had ever heard the report of an Express rifle, and I thought that if the kick was as tremendous B. would never be able to get to camp, for the shot came from his direction. It was probably ten minutes before he fired again. I was then satisfied that he was not entirely disabled. I waited and listened for more, and when they did not come I moved on, and near the last ridge to the Clearwater saw a small band of deer. Some were feeding and some lying down. They were in nice range. I watched them quite a while. My intention was to kill a small one for camp meat. While I was watching them a buck stepped out from behind a bunch of brush. It was different from any deer I had ever seen—longer and a great deal larger. The body was nearly red, while the neck was almost black; he had an immense pair of horns. I raised my rifle and took a good aim at his neck. At the crack of the rifle he fell; and those that were lying down jumped up; but they could not tell where to run. Not wanting to shoot any more, although I knew the buck would be musty, I thought I would trust to the boys to kill one fit to eat. I went up to where my dead deer lay, and surely it had been a monarch of the glen. His right ear had been split in two places from the head to the tip; the left ear had one split in it. His neck was covered with scars, which showed that he was the champion; he had earned his laurels.

Off to my left came the booming of the Express cannon. It was boom, boom so quickly that it made one long, rolling echo, which was taken up and handed back and forth, until a third single shot continued the sound. I stood waiting, expecting to hear another, but that was the last; everything was quiet.

I went down on to the river to where some Chinamen were working, and sold them the big buck for $5. Two of them came up and carried down the meat. I took the hide and head and hung them up, then returned to camp.

As the boys had not come in, I built a fire, and had dinner well under way when B. came in; and it was an easy matter to tell that he had had lots of fun and had killed his first big game. He brought the liver and heart in for dinner.

He reported that as he had got near the head of the draw I had told him to go up, two large bucks had got up out of some brush, and after a few bounds up the hill stopped. He fired both barrels at the biggest one, and one of the shots knocked it down. Then he loaded and tried the other with two shots, and missed. He said he knew, from the trouble he had in getting out the shells and reloading his rifle, that he was getting rattled. He then sat down and took good pains and fired for the shoulder. At the report of his rifle the deer bounded forward and fell. After dressing his game, he went on up to the summit, where he saw a band lying down, and thought he could get very close to them by retracing his steps a short distance and crossing the divide lower down. When he got to where he thought he would be within good range he looked very carefully, but they had run.

"What did you kill?" he asked, when he got through telling me of his fun.

"I got one, but it was a big buck; so I went down to the China camp and sold it, but kept the head and hide."

I remarked that C. had fired three times. "Oh yes, I heard them; does it not make a tremendous rumbling among the cañons and those high bluffs beyond the Clearwater, and is not that a grand sight, that old Buffalo Hump Mountain so rugged and high. I can't see what so many Americans want to go abroad for, when there are such places right at their doors and with such quantities of game."

Our conversation was interupted by C. coming in with success stamped on every feature. He had killed one two-point buck and wounded one which he wanted to follow very much; but I had told him to follow a wounded deer but a short distance and that I would help him.

It was a great source of satisfaction for me to listen to these two men as they repeated every little detail of their hunt, and how well they were pleased with their Express rifles and the beautiful mountain scenery and the music of the echo of each other's rifle. C. said, "Lew, your rifle sounded like a popgun in a cellar, but after all it did better than ours." B. chipped in and said, "You must not forget who was at the breech."

While eating we decided on our next move. C. was religious, and, while he did not want to force his opinions on B. and me, yet he did not want to hunt or move camp if it could be avoided on the next day, which was Sunday. I told them we had better get our game in and then move down on to the Clearwater, a couple of miles below our old mining claim, where we would have an excellent camp, with plenty of feed for our horses.

I gave B. my saddle horse and put his pack saddle on the mule, and he said that with that outfit he could bring his deer into camp. I took his saddle horse and with C. on his we went after his deer. We had not left camp more than a quarter of a mile when we saw four deer come out of a fir thicket and start up the mountain; they were about 200yds. away. I told C. to take a shot at them. He gave me a very credulous look and said, "I know positively I could not hit one and I don't believe you or John Rigby could either." The deer were standing in a draw and we could not see all of their bodies while we were sitting on our horses. I jumped off from the horse and raised my rear sight for 200yds. All I could see was their heads and a few inches of the necks. I drew a bead on the neck of a small one and fired. At the crack of the rifle the deer dropped. The rest gave a few jumps and stopped and looked at their fallen companion. C. was much surprised and said, "You please lead my horse; I want to pace the ground, for that was the best shot I ever saw made."

We got nearly half-way to the deer before the others went off. I think we could have killed all the band. When C. reached the deer he called out 179. It was a yearling doe, and I had broken its neck about 4in. below its under jaw. We hung it up and went up the mountain, and soon reached the place where C. had done his shooting.

He had killed a two-point buck. He showed me where the other was standing; and upon examining the place, I told him he had hit his deer a long way back. I followed the tracks a short distance and found blood; but when it was scattered on the snow it was like spray. He had shot the tip of the tail off; and when the deer would stop, it would throw the blood out more than ten feet each way. I decided that there was no use of following it unless we wanted to kill it for a curio, it having been shot with an Express rifle. C. said we better return to camp. I told him to hold the pack horse while I put the deer on. He was willing, but the horse had no notion of carrying a dead deer to camp. I got my hands full of blood and rubbed the horse's nose good, then put my coat over his head and tied the sleeves under his throat; threw the deer on and lashed it good and fast, and took the coat off from his head. He looked at the deer; then smelt of it, and did not buck, but walked right off. We soon got back to my little deer, which I dragged into camp. We saw B. coming, leading my horse, and the mule was following; he had a deer on each. It was but a few minutes' work putting our packs on, and we were ready to start. I told B. to ride my horse and keep the trail which crossed Meadow Creek a mile from the Clearwater, while I would take his horse and go and get my big deer skin and horns and follow the river trail, which was too dangerous to go with a pack; and would meet them at our old houses. We made our intended point before dark and camped at the mouth of Little Sheep Cañon.

The snow was all gone, the grass good and wood plenty. The young deer furnished camp with plenty of good fat venison; it was the only one we had killed that I considered fit to eat. I hobbled all the horses but the mule and turned them loose. B. and C. thought I was taking chances, but when I told them the nature of the range they said, "We trust it all to you." We had a splendid supper, and after lounging around on our bed of fir browse I cut off a piece of venison and stuck it up before the fire to roast. B. and C. wanted to know if I had not had supper enough. "Oh yes, but I like a little roast venison before I go to bed." I cut off a piece for each of them, to which they remonstrated. I replied, "When you fellows see me eating it will make you hungry." When the meat was done enough I began on mine and soon the boys commenced on theirs and were loud in their praises of its excellence; they thought it was the best meat they had ever eaten.

It was broad daylight when I woke up. I got up and had a good fire. B. soon got up, but C. was lazy and did not turn out until we had breakfast ready. Our horses were in sight of camp, which pleased the boys very much. After breakfast C. said, "Boys, I shall remain in camp to-day, but you two can do what you like." "Well," said I, "so far as hunting is concerned I care nothing about that, but I will do whatever B. wants to." B. said he would like very much to go up to the head of Sheep Cañon and try for a sheep. So B. and I picked up our rifles and started for the head of Little Sheep Cañon. We had a very high, steep and rocky mountain to climb.

B. was good at walking; and when we reached the top of one very high precipice I told him that sometimes sheep lay at the foot of the cliff. B. walked out and took a good look over the precipice, where I was afraid to venture. Not seeing any, we kept on, intending to strike the cliffs near the head of the cañon. In going down the divide I saw a small band of deer. Some were lying down, and some feeding on buck brush. I showed them to B.; he responded that we were not after deer to-day. I asked him if he thought he could hit one. He raised his rifle, and after sighting it a while took it down, and said it would be doubtful. I handed him my rifle; he sighted at the deer, then took the rifle down; took his, tried it; then took mine again; then said, "I could hit one with your rifle. I had no idea there was such a difference in the sights. My sight covers the deer completely, while yours does not hide more than the size of my hand." We showed ourselves to the deer, and they bounded away into a fir thicket. We went down into the head of Sheep Cañon and found where a small band had been that night or in the morning. We followed their trail down below the snow line, where we lost it.

We kept on around the point, and had gone about one mile when I heard some magpies chattering around in a small gulch. I told B. they were with the sheep, as I had often seen them sitting on sheep picking ticks off; the sheep seem to enjoy it. We went very cautiously and I was ahead. I looked the ground over very carefully. Soon I saw a very big ram standing on a log. He was looking down toward the river. I motioned to B. to move up, which he did, and took a good look at the first mountain sheep he had ever seen. Soon the ram looked square at us, but we never moved until he turned his head; then we squatted down. The wind was blowing up the river, so we were in danger of being detected by scent. I soon peeped up, but the ram had got down. We moved up a short distance, when I saw seven. They were not more than 80yds., and I whispered to B. to try and kill the ram. He raised his rifle and bang! bang! it went, nearly deafening me.

The sheep ran down around on to the point we were on—all except the ram, which ran up the gulch. By the time the sheep got straight below us B. had two more

cartridges in his rifle and fired two more shots. This time I got to one side, so did not sustain such a shock. He missed again. I then shot at a small one and killed it. Then I gave my rifle to B. and he shot at a small ram and killed it dead. He was going to shoot at another, but I told him we had enough, and he took the rifle from his shoulder. As we were not a great way from camp, our shooting was interesting to C.

We went up to where the big ram had stood when B. shot first. He had over-shot with one barrel, but we could not find where the second shot had struck. We followed the ram's tracks a short distance, but not finding any blood went to camp, where C. was eager to hear the details of our hunt, and seemed to be as well pleased as we were. I started dinner while B. drove in the horses. After dinner B. and I went and got our sheep. C. thought the ram we brought in had a fine pair of horns, and he asked me how old I thought it was. I told him not over two years. He looked in its mouth and said it was two years old if they had the same mouth the domestic sheep have. The lamb I killed was fat and good.

After we had our sheep hung up B. said, "Lew, let's go over on to that ridge in the cone, where you told me we would find elk signs if there were any in the cone." I rode C.'s horse, not wanting the mule to follow. It was only a little over a mile to the top of the ridge. When we got near the summit I showed B. where an elk had gone along but a short time before. This seemed to excite him more than anything he had seen on our trip. We tied our horses and followed on down the ridge toward the Clearwater, and soon I saw an old bull elk lying down, not more than 150yds. from us. I showed it to B., who stood gazing at it for more than a minute without moving. Then he squatted down and whispered to me that he would give $50 if it were not Sunday and C. were with us. I told him to follow me. I retraced my steps a short distance and went up on a small mound a little closer and higher, where by crawling up we had a fair view of the elk, which was chewing its cud. We could tell from the way his horns shook. It was about a four-point. After satisfying ourselves, we crawled back, returned to the horses and went back to camp, where B. told C. what he had seen. He thanked both of us for our consideration of him, for I had told B. that if we shot we might not find any on Monday or for a week, and it would make C. feel bad if we killed one and could not find any for him to shoot at.

Monday morning bright and early we were up and had our breakfast by the time I could see to find our horses. Then we packed all our game except the forequarters of the young ram, which I hung up out of the way of varmints, and we were soon up into the cane and camped on a small ridge about one mile from where we had left our elk the day before. We picketed horses, shouldered rifles and started to find an elk; but before we left camp I got the boys to promise that should we find any game they would shoot only one barrel of their rifles at a time, for when they fired both barrels in quick succession the recoil of the rifle threw them clear off. We had been out an hour when I struck the fresh tracks of a cow and calf. I followed very carefully and in less than a mile saw them feeding not 100yds. away. I cautioned the boys to take time and not over-shoot; they got ready and both fired almost simultaneously; then they fired the other barrels. The cow fell; the calf ran up over the ridge, B. and I after it, but it got into a fir thicket before B. could put in a shot. We dressed, quartered and hung up our game, and returned to camp feeling fine. The boys were in the best of spirits.

After dinner we went up on to what the boys thought a high mountain, but when we reached the summit there was another only a short distance which was much higher, and had we gone to the top of that we could have seen the Seven Devils, between the Salmon and Snake rivers, much higher.

We returned to camp tired and hungry, as usual; and that night we concluded that we would on the morrow return home by way of Mt. Idaho.

On our way out we saw where several elk had crossed the trail in the night, but the boys had had all the sport they wanted in one outing.

Such was the disposition of two Englishmen who hunted on Clearwater with LEW WILMOT.

MORE ABOUT BEE HUNTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Thursday night we cut a bee tree—one that Guy had located about a month ago, with only one bee to get his line. He let the bee go four times, and three times it came back, bringing with it its friends and relations to the comb in the bee box. The fourth time it failed to turn up, so Ferguson guessed, and guessed right, that he had gone by the tree. His experience enabled him to find the tree, not many rods from where he let the bee go the last time. Ferguson located his tree, which was about a mile from the place he caught the bee, on sweet-clover blossoms. He never marks a tree, and has no other guide than his memory, but that is sufficient, and I know he can go to any tree, though there be a dozen of them, any time, day or night.

He and Andrew and I went to this tree by lantern-light, Guy leading the way of course. He went almost directly to it. It stood in quite thick timber, on a mountain ridge which has some thousands of acres on it. It was a 15in. oak and perfectly sound at the base. We each took turns swinging the double-bitted axe or "pickerel bait," as Ed. Phelps calls them. You know Ed. came back from a distant part of the Adirondacks, and told of a pond where the pickerel were so big that the favorite trolling spoon was an ordinary double-bitted axe. The Keene Valley guides invariably speak now of a "pickerel bait" where before they used "double-bitted" in describing the kind of an axe used.

I managed it so I had the axe when the tree fell, and a terrible crash it made in the echoing woods on that still night. The first feeling I experienced was that of apprehension lest the owner of those woods would hear too! Conscience, you know, makes cowards of us all. But there was no danger of that, for we were too far back on the mountain. You know, it is rulable here for any one who finds a bee tree to cut it and say nothing about it, no matter who owns the woods, nor how much honey you get out of it, nor how big the tree is, provided it is not so near the owner's house that he would hear you chopping! A while ago some one cut a bee tree right near Willie Fisher's house. But he's deaf.

Andrew was ready with a wad of damp leaves to stop up the hole the minute the tree struck. We thought he had done his work well, until we saw the bees pouring out from one corner, and we kept our distance, but soon it was apparent that the night was too cold for them to fly much, and after leaving them alone for a half hour nearly all had gone back. About fifty were still out, but all huddled together, and these I fixed by slapping a great handful of mud on them and ramming it in the hole.

You probably know how they do the rest. Guy cut a neat hole just below and put in his sulphur "match," blowing the fumes in from time to time, and then putting a wad of leaves over to keep the fumes in. Then I partially unstopped the first hole to give draught to the smoke, while Guy blew it through the mass of bees. In ten minutes the bees were harmless, and Ferguson jumped on top of the tree and neatly cut off a slab, exposing the combs. He cut a little too deep once, and bled the comb in one place by cutting crosswise of the comb, but on the whole it was done in a woodsmanlike manner. I guess there were four bees to one honey, for it was a large "swarm of Italians," but we only found about 6lbs. in our pails, after we had eaten all we possibly could.

Guy knows where two more trees are, and when we cut them I'll let you know how much we get. One thing I noticed about Guy that rather surprised me was that, although a splendid woodsman and hunter, a carpenter, paper hanger, etc., etc., a man who can turn his hand to anything, yet when it comes to plugging up a hole in a bee tree he isn't in it at all. He's generally about five rods away, telling you that they won't sting, and "to just smush 'em with your buckskin glove and plug her up." HEATHCOTE.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, Oct. 27.

Natural History.

NORTH AMERICAN SHORE BIRDS.

NATURALISTS, sportsmen and bird lovers generally are to be congratulated on the appearance and character of this volume. It is what its author intended it to be, a reference book for all these classes, and certainly no one is more competent to prepare such a reference book than he.

Mr. Elliot's attainments in all three of these capacities are well known, and while most of his works have been of a more technically scientific character than the volume before us, yet he has written a great number of papers which were purely for sportsmen, and treat in a popular and pleasing way of the open air life among the birds which they love so well. Readers of FOREST AND STREAM who are acquainted with his pseudonym will recall many charming accounts of wildfowl shooting from his pen, as well as his recent interesting and valuable paper on the Wild Turkeys. Well known in science as president of the American Ornithologists' Union, Mr. Elliot's name is known also among wildfowlers as long the president of the Narrows Island Club, of North Carolina, one of the most successful ducking clubs of our Southern seaboard.

The title-page of this latest work gives in succinct phrase its contents: "North American Shore Birds: a History of the Snipes, Sandpipers, Plovers and their Allies inhabiting the beaches and marshes of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, the prairies and the shores of the inland lakes and rivers of the North American Continent; their popular and scientific names, together with a full description of their mode of life, nesting, migration and dispersions, with descriptions of the summer and winter plumages of adults and young, so that each species may be readily identified. A Reference Book for the Naturalist, Sportsman and Lover of Birds, by Daniel Giraud Elliot, F. R. S. E., etc., Ex President American Ornithologists, Union, Curator of Zoölogy in the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago; Author of "Birds of North America."Illustrated Monographs of Ant Thrushes, Grouse, Pheasants, Birds of Paradise, Hornbills, Cats, etc. With seventy-four plates." This gives a clear enough idea of what the volume contains, yet falls short of doing it justice.

Mr. Elliot's purpose being to make a book which should be for the sportsman and bird lover rather than for the naturalist, he has written his descriptions so that they shall be plain and easily comprehended. This he has done not by using words of one syllable, nor by writing the long and involved sentences which would be required with each description to explain what is meant by such technical terms as primaries, axillars, lores and so on, but by giving in the first pages of the volume a large outline figure of a snipe on which every space and every group of feathers which has a technical name are plainly marked with that name. No matter how unfamiliar he may be with the names used in describing a bird's plumage, the reader who goes over one or two of the descriptions with this diagram before him will at once learn the signification of these terms, which will thereafter have no terrors for him. On this point Mr. Elliot in his Preface says:

"To the various portions of a bird's plumage certain names have been applied by ornithologists which to the non-scientific mind may savor of pedantry. Some of these, however, I have found it necessary to use, and although they may be unfamiliar to the general reader, yet I believe they will be as readily understood as any substitute would be, though couched in apparently simpler language. Thus, the long stiff feathers of the wing, instead of being described by that sentence, are called primaries, the ornithological term, because they are the first or most important, and without which no bird could rise and sustain itself in the air. They are sometimes called 'flight feathers,' but this term carries with it no clearer definition to the layman than 'primaries,' and consequently attains the desired result of simplicity or clearness no better.

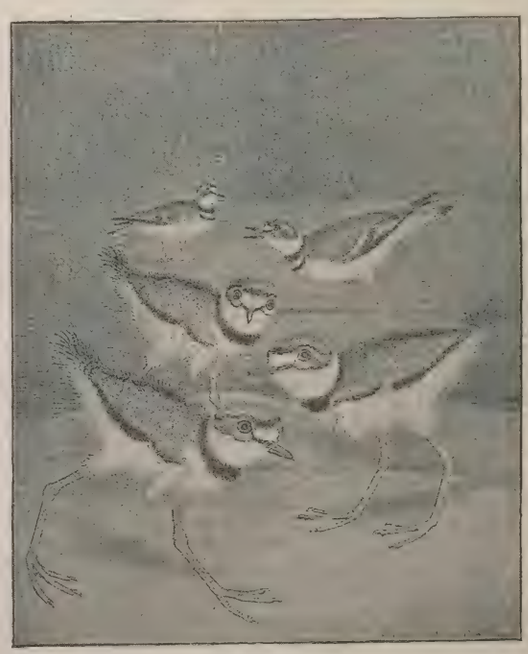
"The long sentence given above is, of course, impossible, objectionable in two ways—the space it occupies and the weariness that would arise from its constant repetition. In order, therefore, to render clear any term referring to, or describing any portion of, a bird's plumage, a 'map' of a bird is given, and every part indicated, with the name it bears, clearly portrayed, thus serving as a handy dictionary, and explaining all the terms used in these pages. It is believed that with little trouble the use of this 'map' will smooth away any difficulty arising from the occurrence of some unfamiliar word in the descriptions. A glossary will also be found defining all the terms used."

The plan of the volume is entirely simple. Following the short preface come the table of contents, list of illustrations, outline plate of snipe and glossary of technical terms. Then follows introduction, giving a short account of the family to which this group belongs, after which come the short life histories, from one to three or four pages in length, each accompanied by its plate and description of the species. The work closes with an Appendix, which consists of keys to the families, genera and species which should enable any one to identify any member of the group. There is a full index.

This volume is especially admirable for its simplicity and directness and for the very high quality of its many illustrations. These last were done by Mr. Edwin Sheppard, whose drawings illustrated Baird, Brewer and Ridgway's Birds of North America, Mr. Trumbull's Names and Portraits of Birds and other well-known works.

Mr. Elliot's volume is entitled to high praise. Like Mr. Trumbull's book just mentioned, it fills a place hitherto unoccupied, and it cannot fail to have a wide popularity among all men and women who use the shotgun.

For the accompanying illustration from the book we are indebted to the courtesy of the publisher.



KILDEER PLOVER.

From Elliot's "North American Shore Birds."

NATURAL HISTORY AT ATLANTA.

THE exhibit of the U. S. National Museum in the Government Building at Atlanta is intended, in the language of the catalogue, to convey to the mind an impression similar to that received by visiting the Smithsonian buildings in Washington.

Most of the objects exhibited are from the collections of the U. S. Museum, and are so arranged as to give a good idea of the character of the treasures therein preserved, besides illustrating the methods by which animals are studied, classified, arranged, labeled and displayed in a great museum.

The first department represented is that of mammals. Here the various types of mankind are shown either by figures or portraits, the bright costumes of some of the figures being very striking. Twelve of the most characteristic types of the human species are thus shown. Groups of Rocky Mountain sheep, Rocky Mountain goats, prairie wolves, armadillo and American badgers are also exhibited.

Next in order are the birds, of which six cases are exhibited. Five of the six cases contain groups, by far the most instructive and attractive way to show these subjects. First are the bower birds, fitted up with a playhouse such as they construct in their native wilds in Australia. The bower is constructed of long twigs, brought together above and below, forming a cylindrical runway. This is decorated with bright feathers, shells, bones, buttons—when they can steal them from the natives—and other subjects.

The second group represents the lyre bird and its curious dancing mound. The third group is that of the American flamingoes, showing the construction of nest and the manner in which the bird sits upon the eggs. This is a very showy group. Next are the long and slender-toed jacanas from Mexico, whose peculiar habit of walking upon the broad-leaved aquatic plants is here illustrated.

The fifth group, "The Interrupted Dinner," appeals strongly to the mind of every lover of the gun. A red-tailed hawk in the act of feasting upon a recently caught grouse is suddenly set upon by a goshawk, and is mounted with claws in air trying to keep the marauder away.

The last case of birds contains a fine collection of the birds of paradise from New Guinea. About thirty kinds of these birds, so remarkable for beauty of plumage, are shown. Some of the specimens are very valuable, and the exhibit, though not so large, is well worth going to see.

The snakes are represented by such well-known friends

as diamond rattler, banded rattler, prairie rattler, copperhead, harlequin snake and water moccasin. The poisonous snakes of the United States thus brought together in a group make an interesting exhibit.

Next are shown representatives of seventy-two families of American fishes. These are preserved in alcohol and exhibited in flat-surfaced jars.

Next we come to the department of anatomy, where interesting structural developments of various animals are to be seen. By the use of specimens and models some of the internal secrets concerning the development of embryo, skeleton modifications, etc., are to be seen at a glance. For instance, under modification of the skeleton for locomotion is shown the kangaroo, the ape, the sloth and the dude (mentioned in the order of their value).

Among the marine invertebrates are to be seen many pretty objects, both dried and in alcohol.

The department of mollusks exhibits a case of showy shells, and must not be overlooked.

A very fine exhibit of insects is made, the popular portion being eight frames of beautiful *Lepidoptera* and *Coleoptera* (butterflies, moths and beetles), gathered from the four quarters of the globe.

Passing on, we come to the fossils; next the geological exhibits; then the minerals, and on to the ethnological. Here we see many things of interest pertaining to the life of the sons of the great American forests and plains.

That the Smithsonian and National Museum exhibits at Atlanta will instruct the people drawn to it by its attractiveness cannot for a moment be doubted; the educational values of great museums cannot be computed, and the unstinted evidences of hearty appreciation of the Government display by the President of the United States and the members of his cabinet during the recent visit to the Atlanta Exposition was fully merited.

B. A. BEAN.

THE VELVET OF THE ANTLER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 24th inst. Mr. Tenner says it is evident that I have not had opportunity to observe the habits of deer or I would not deny the well-known fact that deer get rid of the velvet on their horns by rubbing them on young trees. As to my chances of observation, I have killed deer since the winter of 1854, and have been in the mountains continuously since the 10th of June, 1860. So on that score I believe I have had good opportunities. From Mr. Tenner's statement I am led to believe he thinks the velvety covering on the deer's horns during their growth is fast to the horn, which it is not. The horn is covered with skin and that skin is covered with fine hair. Now, while the horn is growing to break that skin makes a scar on the horn, and the deer are very careful about hurting their horns at this period. When the horn gets ripe, or has attained its natural growth, this skin bursts open and comes off in strips. I have killed bucks which had strips 8 or 10in. long hanging to their horns.

For quite a while before the horns begin to peel they attain their growth, and no blood circulates in any part of them.

Here the horns of some are now beginning to peel, yet I have killed them as late as Oct. 5 with velvet on parts of their horns and they had begun to horn brush. I have never been able to find where a deer has horned the brush until about the time the bucks separate in the fall, and the horns are ripe and mostly pulled before that takes place.

Now, Brother Belknap, I want you to keep your eye on the gun and when you go up into the glades around Camas Prairie this fall to kill a buck while he is in the short blue; I want you to observe how early you find where one has horned the brush, for I am going to send FOREST AND STREAM some of the skin with a little velvet on from the horns of the blue buck I killed last Labor Day with my .22, and I am going to try to send a horn with the ripe velvet on.

I send with this a little of the skin covered velvet from horns that I got last Labor Day; they were too ripe to show good. I hope to be able to secure a pair of horns this fall that will show them partly peeled.

LEW WILMOT.

[The belief that deer rid their horns of the velvet by rubbing them against young trees and bushes is certainly very general, and is confirmed by the books on natural history. Mr. Wilmot, we fear, has undertaken a large contract if he expects to prove a negative. It is not unusual to see deer and elk "shaking," as it is sometimes called, at the very time that the velvet is peeling. We have often seen elk "shaking" in the Rocky Mountains in the very first days of September, and at that time of the year have killed bulls that still had patches of velvet clinging to the antlers near the base, and at the same time had this rough base filled with finely crushed pieces of green bark and leaves. On the other hand it is altogether probable that deer fight bushes long after the velvet has disappeared, acting when doing this just as they do when rubbing off the velvet. Domestic and wild animals often do this, sometimes apparently in play and sometimes to scratch the head and neck. We have seen this done by domestic cattle and by buffalo. We should be glad to receive from our readers all over the country facts bearing on this question with regard to all species of deer.]

Bluebirds and Robins in Colorado.

DENVER, Col., Oct. 27.—Mr. W. R. Gorman, of Paschal, Ga., inquires through FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 19 about the bluebird. I don't know whether a report from this section of the country will interest him or not, but suppose it will do no harm.

Bluebirds arrived here from the South last spring, March 2. They were throughout the city in great numbers for a few days until they ate up the ivy berries, and then they gradually thinned out, scattering throughout the country. I think about the average number nested in town. Many nest in the mountains up to an altitude where frost is frequent all through the summer. In the fall they did not assemble in such great numbers in town as usual, probably because food was so exceedingly plentiful all over the country. The season was unusually fruitful. Last year bluebirds appeared Feb. 16, robins ten or twelve days later. This year robins came March 5. Both birds differ somewhat from those of the Eastern States, and I think in their migration they follow the mountain chains southward into Mexico. WILLIAM N. BYERS.

Woman, Fashion and Plumes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you kindly allow a woman to say a word in defense of her sex? In your issue of Oct. 5 you publish an article by E. Hough. How little he knows the sex he traduces. Because there are a few women who, through ignorance, insist upon having choice plumes, the whole sex is scored; at least those who have the wealth to satisfy their whims. Oh, Mr. Hough, how little you know the warm heart that beats under the sealskin as well as under the $2 jacket. I think you have never been sick and alone among strangers.

In my thoughtless youth I wore a part of the bird of paradise in my hat. But when I was informed that the beautiful bird was sacrificed for the few feathers I used ostrich feathers instead, as I was assured that they would be dropped later by the bird if they were not cut in their prime. I think nearly all women have kind hearts, and could Mr. Hough's article be disseminated through the land, no real woman would wear the plumes and the species would not become extinct. But oh, Mr. Hough, you who are so tender and gentle in your searches into nature's heart, and who can listen to the song of the mouse and interpret it to us with such entrancing word-music, I pray you, teach us a little less roughly and give us credit for some heart.

Another thing, Mr. Hough, although I do not deny that women like to be admired (so does the other sex), still I do not think the extremes of fashion are intended for the opposite sex so much as for their own; and where one woman is a slave to fashion thousands are giving the best that is in them to promote the health and happiness of their families and their fellow-men. MATER.

Another Grouse Incident.

CANTON, Pa., Oct. 31.—Curious incidents that happen while hunting ruffed grouse are common, but perhaps the following may be of interest to some of your readers. Last October, while grouse shooting on a hill south of and overlooking the village of Canton, Pa., I flushed and fired at a large bird which went off in a direct line toward the village, though intervening bushes prevented my marking his flight for any great distance. In the afternoon a gentleman in town told me that his brother-in-law, while at work on the south side of his house, on the lawn which faces the hill where I was shooting, was startled by a large grouse which flew against the side of the house and fell dead. I inquired the time and it corresponded almost exactly with the time I had shot at the grouse on the hill three-fourths of a mile away and about 400ft. above the village. I could not ascertain whether the bird had any shot marks or not. Probably it was the same bird at which I fired—at least the coincidence was curious. Grouse are very plenty this fall in this vicinity, but quail were never so scarce in my recollection.

J. W. P.

Prairie Chickens in Confinement.

TOLEDO, O.—Friend Ames's letter in this week's FOREST AND STREAM reminds me that within a few days I have learned of a "plant" in this State where it is reported that the rearing of prairie chickens in confinement is carried on with success on quite a large scale. I am looking the matter up, and hope to be able to give the facts in the case to FOREST AND STREAM before long. There is nothing improbable about the story, if the man in charge has the requisite skill and knowledge, and both these birds and quail ought to be reared about as easily as barnyard chickens. The man who had the care of the birds Mr. Ames saw must have been a very dismal failure.

JAY BEEBE.

An Editor who Hied.

OUR silence for the last two weeks we must attribute to the fact that our junior has taken a lay-off and we were compelled to hie ourself to the bad lands to secure our usual supply of venison for the winter. We were also fortunate enough to secure a few wolf hides. The bounty on the latter will enable us to purchase paper, ink and other material necessary to run a newspaper with. Our tattered garments float humiliating but boldly out to the breezes, and the gentle zephyrs glide stealthily through our whiskers, but we will be in it all the same.—*Sandusky Miner and Prospector.*

The Linnæan Society of New York.

A REGULAR meeting of the Linnæan Society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 26, at 8 o'clock. A paper will be read by Mr. Frank M. Chapman, "Remarks on Birds Collected in Greenland by the Peary Expedition."

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y,
American Museum of Natural History.

Soon or Early?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in the South a very general substitution of the word "soon" for "early." Where a New England resident would say he got up early in the morning, the gentleman of Dixie would remark that he got up soon. Or, to perfect the paraphrase: The "early bird" catches the worm, but the "sooner dog" takes the rabbit. Would this be correct? C. H.

American Ornithologists' Union.

PORTLAND, Conn., Oct. 18.—The thirteenth congress of the American Ornithologists' Union will convene in Washington on Monday, Nov. 11, at 8 o'clock P. M.

The public meetings will be held at the U. S. National Museum, commencing Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 11 o'clock A. M.

JOHN H. SAGE, Sec'y.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

Game Bag and Gun.

WHEN THE SEASON OPENS.

THE dog days of 1895 are a thing of the past and the days of the rabbit have arrived. The odor of the damp, decaying leaves of the oaks and the maples is as incense to the nostrils of the hunter who is fond of the cry of a hound in pursuit of a rabbit. The season when bunny can be hunted legally is always looked forward to in no uncertain spirit by a large number of devotees of the dog and gun.

Love of sport in some shape or other is really inherent in us all, did we but know it Some have different ideas of it from others; it is true, but it's there, all the same. The man on his $400 hunter who follows a pack of hounds that is driving a Kentucky red for all he is worth, or who is galloping over the springy turf of Exmoor after a warrantable stag, is worthy of the name of sportsman. The man who risks his limbs and expends much wind in his efforts to circumvent the wily goat of the Rockies or the agile chamois of the Alps; the man who, gun in hand, clambers up the boulder-covered slopes of the Alleghenies and reckons himself fortunate to come home with his body whole and a solitary ruffed grouse in his pocket, and all others who seek their game in the forest or on the field, these men all exhibit the love of sport cropping out in some sort or other.

We don't have it all alike. As is the case with measles or chicken pox, some take it more severely than others. Why then should the man, who with his gun, shells and little yellow dog sallies forth to force mild-visaged rabbits to their own undoing, be looked upon as less worthy of the name of sportsman than those who fly at bigger game?

Have you ever been rabbit hunting on Long Island?

And if you have, did you ever leave New York city during the afternoon or evening hours of Oct. 31 via the L. I. R. R.?

The open season for hunting rabbits on Long Island commences Nov. 1, and the exodus from New York during the hours mentioned above is worth witnessing. Thirty-fourth street ferry and James Slip both deliver a varied assortment of hunters, dogs of all kinds, guns and demijohns, at the Long Island City depot of the L. I. R. R. No one portion of the island appears to be more favored than another; main line or branches, it's all the same, the baggage cars are turned into temporary kennels for dogs, whose duty it will be on the morrow to drive the cotton-tail from his form and to send him round the wood so that the man with the gun can have a chance at him.

Illustrations in the English sporting papers have made us familiar with the exodus to the North that takes place in London on the eve of the opening of the season on grouse. The dogs that appear in those illustrations are all high-toned setters or pointers (comparatively few of the latter), and all of them are led by porters in the uniform of railroad employees. Gun cases and other hand baggage strew the platform and make it hard work for the porter to lead his charges to the place set apart for the canine passengers.

But here in New York we have a latter-day exodus that has many different features from those portrayed in the above-mentioned illustrations, although the general object—sport—is the same in both cases.

Take Oct. 31 of this year, for instance. Rain, after a long-continued dry spell, was coming down in torrents. The "sidewalks of New York" were running with a muddy stream that made things under foot decidedly unpleasant. They were slushy, to say the least of it; the man or woman who had to walk found that out very quickly. Yet through it all, and cheerfully too, came by ones, twos or threes, men with guns over their shoulders, and with a dog or dogs in tow. What did they care for the rain! The wet weather of to-day would make the scenting just so much the better on the morrow. With good luck they might not have to buy a single rabbit on their way home to save their reputations as nimrods, a thing that had happened on more than one occasion previously.

On the ferryboats the aspect of affairs changed. Friends greeted friends while their talk was all on the one theme—rabbits and how this or that dog was "the best you ever saw." Men with two dogs and with guns in fine cases looked down with a *soupçon* of contempt upon the man with a single animal and his gun encased in stout wrapping paper, little thinking how, on the return trip, the tables might with justice be turned.

In the waiting room there was a little more excitement; two dogs had disagreed and their respective owners were likely to do so too. Another man, whose gun and grip bothered him somewhat, found that he had a big contract on hand with two excitable dogs, each attached to him by separate chains; one tugged him forward while the other pulled him just as forcibly to the rear. A sportsman who tripped over the leading dog added a few words to the general conversation. It was a spirited scene.

Just as a main line train was ready to leave, a stout man, whose sole baggage was a gun in a brand-new canvas case and a shawl strap that held a bundle evidently composed of three bottles of something that was to be used in case snakes were met with, ran up to the ticket office and asked for a ticket to ———. Where was his pocketbook? Ach! What had he with the dollar bills done? His friends, who had been waiting for him, urged him to hurry up; he did so, but not a cent of money could he find. At the sound of "All aboard!" one paid for his ticket, another seized his bundle (they all seemed very anxious about that), and together they ran for the train.

With such an excellent service to all parts of the island, the departure of the hunters was not so noticeable as it otherwise would have been had there been only a few trains at their disposal. Still there was lots of fun, and a couple of hours, say between 5 and 7 P. M., any Oct. 31, could be spent very pleasantly in the Long Island City depot of the L. I. R. R., watching the departure of rabbit hunters who claim this city of New York as their home. Our illustrations will convey some idea of what may be seen during those two hours.

North Carolina Deer and Bear Country.

NEW BERNE, N. C., Nov. 1.—Deer and bears are very abundant near here at the Fine Lakes, at White Oak River, at Richlands, on the Quaker Bridge Road, and at Brown Sound. Bucks run up to 125lbs. dressed. C. H.

THE SEASON'S GAME.

Manitoba Grouse Country.

WINNIPEG, Man., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To explain the shortage of the grouse crop is a puzzle. There are lots of theories, but never one that can be satisfactorily substantiated, but the pintailed grouse and pinnated grouse "crop" was a failure, and this certainly was not in consequence of their being shot out. The ruffed grouse, on the contrary, is more plentiful than for years past. It is only about thirteen years ago since the first pinnated grouse (or what is dubbed the Minnesota prairie chicken) made their appearance in Manitoba. This bird has traveled with civilization, or rather, with wheat cultivation, and is now found 250 miles west of the 49th parallel and seems to be going west a few miles every year. The pintailed grouse, which abounds—or did abound two years ago—at the foothills of the Rocky Mountains and extending eastward for about 100 miles, have this year almost disappeared. I traveled last month 400 miles parallel with the mountains, and from observation and inquiries found the same story repeated: "Something has killed them." This phrase covers scores of theories. I could give my own, but it would also be a theory.

Cranes, both blue white and brown, seem to have bred well north, also swan and geese. They are in the southwestern portion of the Province in great numbers. I saw a flock of cranes a few days ago that resembled a flock of sheep to a demonstration; had I not known that sheep were not kept in that locality I should have passed on.

One thing is certain: every effort will have to be exercised to uphold our game laws and see them enforced or we in Manitoba will be like our cousins in Dakota. A friend in Dakota wrote me to get him guest-permits for himself and three friends to shoot in Manitoba, writing me that they had not a feather in their county. I wrote him that when he showed some interest in trying to preserve the game in his county I should be delighted to be of assistance to him; but now he had helped to kill every feather they had without once raising his voice in favor of game protection he would never get my assistance to aid him in killing our game to the last feather.

THOS. JOHNSON.

Conditions in Louisiana.

OPELOUSAS, La., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While the conditions for breeding were not of the best, I am under the impression that the crop will in no wise be cut down. The summer was one long wet spell, and interfered very much with the breeding. This wet season lasted several months, and I doubt not that many nests were destroyed or young bevies drowned by the excessive floods. Since about Sept. 1 of last year we have been treated to dry weather, and at present water is scarce. The pools, ponds and marshes are all dry, and it is a mystery to me how the birds get water. The negroes down South say that during a long dry spell the birds drink the dew on the grass. This superstition would hardly have held good this time, for the atmosphere has been too dry for even dew to form on the grass. But the birds get water from somewhere, and are not suffering.

Our open season begins on Nov. 1, only a few days off; but it will be entirely too dry to permit of good shooting.

The best breeding season is a dry one, with occasional showers. T. A. JACKSON.

Texas Quail, Chickens and Snipe.

GALVESTON, Tex., Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* From my observation since Oct. 1 I find quail fairly abundant. The severe weather of last February seems not to have affected them. From other sections of the State I learn that the birds are abundant.

The past season was very favorable for the hatching of prairie chickens, as we had a dry summer and no spring rains to drown out the nestings; so our bird supply is practically unaffected either by weather conditions or excessive shooting.

Jacksnipe are coming in, but on account of there not being any very recent rains, they are not very plenty yet near Galveston, but we may look for good shooting throughout the winter on these birds with the advent of several good rains and colder weather. The first jacksnipe made their appearance on the coast Sept. 2.

R. W. SHAW.

The Virginia Bird Crop.

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The "bird crop" of quail in Virginia this year is the poorest we had since the deep snows of '56 and '57. The truth is there are not enough in any county in the State to enable a sportsman to make a respectable bag in a week's time. The members of the Virginia Field Sports Association are not going to shoot at all, and the farmers throughout the State will forbid shooting in order that the few birds left may restock the covers for another year. The cold weather of last winter not only killed out the quail, but almost completely wiped out all of the small birds as well. I have not seen a bluebird since the deep snow last January. The English sparrow is with us, however, in great numbers, both in the towns and in the country, and like that other "nuisance," the small boy and his gravel shooter, is here to stay.

POLK MILLER.

Mississippi Quail.

WAVERLY, Miss., Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* So far as I can say I think birds are fully as abundant as last season. I was out this morning and found altogether in about three hours ten bevies within a half-mile circle of the kennel. Reports from country friends say there are more quail than last year, but some are later and smaller. Striking the medium, I think it is safe to say that the quail crop equals in every respect that of last season W. W. TITUS.

NEWTON, N. C., Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The bird crop is short this year. The trainers who are on the ground are the people from whom I have gathered my information. I will give you some of their experiences here during the last three weeks. Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Hammond have been all over the country in every direction, and have, I think, about as good idea as anyone can have. They tell me that they have run a good brace for three hours and not a single find. Then they have run puppies and found from three to five coveys in an hour. They have gone out a number of times and found nothing, and they have found as many as nine coveys in a day's hunt.

Mr. Buckle is down in the country about eighteen miles from here and his report is about the same. Messrs. Johnson, Gray and Mayfield are out from town about four miles and their reports are about the same.

Two young men, residents of the town, drew the west side grounds and found six coveys until 10 o'clock with two brace, and on the eastern grounds they found seven coveys with one brace in an hour's time, and they put down two more brace without a single find.

Now we must confess that this looks very blue, but we can draw some consolation from the fact that the natural surroundings are dead against the dogs. It is dry here beyond description, there having been no rain for more than three months. The weeds, brush and everything are covered with dust, and a dog after running for an hour sets up a continual sneezing on this account and it kills his nose for birds.

I really think there are more birds here than the trainers find. I know too that they are not as plentiful as they were last year, but there are enough birds for trial purposes if it should ever rain and the natural conditions should become favorable.

The shortness of the crop is attributable to several causes. The very severe winter left the birds in a weak and feeble condition, and the powers of propagation on this account were undoubtedly impaired, for we see very few full-grown birds, showing that the first crop was almost a complete failure. The pot and meat hunters had something also to do with it. I will give you one instance. After the poor birds had weathered through our terrible winter they were weak and frail, and our pot-hunters here and through the country killed them in great numbers. B. J. S.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am pleased to say that there are a great many more grouse this season than last, due entirely to an exceptionally favorable breeding season. This year we had no rain to speak of during the hatching season. Wet weather only affects the very young chicks. Birds 3 or 4 weeks old will survive almost any storm. The season of 1894 we had fewer grouse in this section than I have ever known before, due largely, I think, to nineteen days of almost incessant rain, which commenced during the last of April and continued during the time most of the birds were hatching.

I have gunned three days this season and have killed nineteen grouse and one woodcock. All the grouse killed were young birds but two, which proves conclusively that the birds have done well with us. We put out a number of Mongolian pheasants here last fall. I think that they have not done well. I myself have seen none, and have had no reliable information concerning them.

H. M. B.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Oct. 29.—North of Chattanooga the cold weather of last winter killed most of the birds left over. In this immediate neighborhood they are reported to be fairly plentiful. I hear from good authority in southwest Tennessee that birds are very plentiful, and I take it that they are fairly abundant south of this place.

The hatching season was favorable in this section, though heavy rains in July and August may have drowned a good many of the young birds. F. I. STONE

CINCINNATI, Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hear no encouraging reports about the quail, as a result of the almost unprecedented drought of the past summer, but my investigation of the subject has not been as thorough and extended. One of my acquaintances, recently in central Illinois, found the birds scarce and quite small, evidently of a second hatching. Unless the country is favored with drenching rains to get the ground in proper condition for the dogs, the shooting will be seriously injured, even should birds be found more plentiful than now. HUNTER.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The rapidity with which birds have been destroyed in this section is much to be deplored by those enterested in reasonable sport and the preservation of game. It seems to be a matter of little difference whether the season is good or bad, as the majority of the hatch is exterminated before they are well feathered, while in the long open season from October to April scarcely enough escape for seed. EDWARD S. GAY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been carefully investigating the question as to prospects for quail shooting this season, and am fully satisfied that so far as relates to the States of Virginia and North Carolina the shooting will not be anything like as good as in the past two years, especially during the early part of the season. My advice to sportsmen from the North would be to defer their visits to these particular States until late in the season, as most of the birds were late hatched, and are too small as yet to afford any enjoyment to either dog or sportsman.

F. B. FARNSWORTH.

PERTH AMBOY, N. J., Nov. 1.—Yesterday's storm will make better shooting than has been since the opening of the season. There are some quail and many rabbits, but both have been hard to find on account of the extreme dryness of the ground and fallen leaves. Ducks are fairly plentiful in Raritan Bay. The attention of game warden J. L. Tooker has been called to violations of section 10 of the game law, which prohibits the use of sailboats in hunting wildfool, and the practice is likely to be broken up. Woodcock have been very scarce, but there should be a flight next week. Some large striped bass were taken recently in the Raritan River, one of 5lbs. with rod and line and one of 14lbs. in a fyke net. Last week one man caught twenty-five good-sized bass in two hours at Marsh Point, half a mile above the railroad bridge. J. L. K.

GRAND FORKS, N. D., Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The rainfall during this spring and early summer was exceptionally heavy for North Dakota. While this produced two crops of wheat in one it produced about one-third of a crop of chickens.

Never did I see such a quantity of old birds as wintered over ready for business this spring. Although January and February had the lowest average temperature of many years, birds wintered well.

But we had some very sour weather in the latter part of May and early part of June. It was both cold and wet. This either addled the eggs so they did not hatch or it chilled the young ones to death. My experience with birds I have hatched under a domestic hen is that during the first two or three days after incubation they are easily chilled.

I have just returned from my month's shooting over the State and find that the scarcity of birds has not been local. In some localities I found it was attributed to a hail storm. But I found birds just as scarce in localities where there had been no such storm.

Nor is it attributable to excessive shooting. For several years I have shot in a locality thirty-five miles from a railroad station, where no one has shot but myself. For miles from my center not a gun has been heard but mine, save an occasional farmer's—very few of these, because I have kept them supplied with birds. I have never shot wantonly; never wasted a bird. Last year I shot more birds than during my first visit there; but this year I bagged about half as many as I did during the first season.

So it cannot be excessive shooting that thinned the birds this season.

My experience is that birds can stand a dry season better than they can a wet one. There were plenty of birds here in '89, although we did not have a shower between seeding time and June 6.

Our State has suffered in spots from some non-resident sportsmen (?), who have shot only with the idea of slaying everything in sight. Hundreds of birds have been shot and allowed to rot in heaps in certain localities, especially in the northern part of the State. I am sorry that the law for next year is not likely to exclude such persons; for although it imposes a fine of $25 on non-residents, it will not reach the class of men who commit such wantonness. W. HAMILTON SPENCE.

P. S.—I got forty-four jacksnipe one afternoon this fall, between 2:30 and half an hour before sunset. I was not trying to make a record either, or I had shot more. I shot at nothing I knew I could not pick up in the open ground. This, with my No. 16 gun, with which I shoot chickens, ducks, sand-hills, geese, etc., is not bad, is it? Compared with this, goose shooting is but pot-hunting.

W. H. S.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Heavy rains during the early season destroyed most of our first "crop" of birds, but the second crop is growing nicely and in a few weeks will be right to shoot. Many crops are now but half grown and very few have been shot up to date. We had snow on the ground for seven weeks last winter. That is very unusual here and thousands of quail were trapped and potted; so our crop will be short, but we will have plenty for good sport by Dec. 1. We do not shoot them until heavy frost kills the vegetation. Our duck shooting is very good just now and will be fine within the next two days. The mast is also very heavy, and my information is that there are plenty of deer and turkeys in the southern districts; a friend of mine killed two last week within a few miles of Little Rock.

JOS. W. IRWIN.

DALLAS, Tex., Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been out with my gun but once or twice, but from what I can learn the crop is a good one. The shooting season begins here by law the 1st of this month, but I am sorry to say that it is observed only by gentlemen sportsmen. The common herd shoot at any time and at anything they choose to. I live near a city, and this class begins on the birds just as soon as they can fly, and of course they are quite scarce near me. My hunting ground is in Montague county, this State, where birds are very plentiful. I expect to go there next week for a month's shoot. MAJ. A. J. ROSS.

A Day's Sport in Pennsylvania.

ON Oct. 25 Messrs. F. S. Hyatt, C. A. Hall and I. S. Vought, of New York city; W. H. Schroeder, of Elmira, N. Y., and Price Bros., W. J. and M. D., proprietors of Spruce Cabin House, Canadensis, Monroe county, Pa.—a popular headquarters for sportsmen—accompanied by the noted guides Paul Price and Mart Fish, left the house for a hunt in Monroe and Pike counties, the object being large game, which abounds in this section. Ere the guides had posted the gunners on the different runways Fish ran plump up against a black bear of immense size. This fellow was brought to grief by two well-directed shots in the head, and the fun commenced. Scarcely had W. J. Price secured favorable position, awaiting the appearance of anything in the game line, when a large buck and doe bounded directly toward him. Price, free from "the fever" and biding his time, brought down the doe with the first shot at a distance of 60yds. The buck, being behind, veered to the left and escaped. In the second drive another buck came from the same direction and was downed at long range by two well-directed shots. A goodly number of pheasants were also secured.

All the game was brought to Spruce Cabin House on the following day, and, with the gunners, was photographed by Mr. Parsons, of New York city, a patron of the house. The photographs will adorn the walls of the reception room. W. E. D.

Adirondack Deer.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Apropos to the discussion relative to the hounding of deer in the Adirondacks, permit me to state a little of my observation and experience. Some of your correspondents write as if a deer had no chance for life in "dogging time," but I believe that of all the deer run by dogs nearly or quite as many escape as are killed. No "starter" and no dog can steer a deer into a given lake, and water is so abundant in the Adirondacks that "stray" races are frequent. I have known a dozen dogs to be in the woods and as many men watching on Utowana Lake and vicinity, and not a deer came to the water all day. Again, I have known parties to hunt with dogs unsuccessfully for a week at a time, and once did it myself, though I have had my share of success both hounding and still-hunting. If no man kills more than his legal two a year we are in no danger of exterminating the deer.

J. C. ALLEN.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Hundreds of Hunters.

CHICAGO, Nov. 2.—Mr. Charles Harris, traveling passenger agent of the Big Four R.R., is just in from Wisconsin. He says that 135 deer hunters from Ohio and Indiana got off at one station—Abbotsford, Wis.—on one day this week. The railroad people think there were over 500 men came in from other States to hunt deer in Wisconsin last week. Many of these men will revile the game laws which prohibit hounding and all the easy ways of destroying deer. Many will wonder where the deer went, pretty soon. In Wisconsin the wise deer hunter wears a red cap, so that he is not so apt to get shot at by some of the motley crowd. Each season from two to six men are killed in the woods of Wisconsin and Michigan. Nearly always they are the wrong ones.

There are three men in jail at Florence, Wis., for illegal deer shooting. One is an Ohio man, and two are local shooters. One of the latter was fined $60, and in default went to jail for 60 days. The Ohio man was fined $47, and jailed in default.

In Chicago Protective Circles.

City Warden Charles H. Blow was an undertaker before he went into the warden business. He had no saloon at that time. By industry he has accumulated funds and started a saloon, on the window of which in gilt letters is the legend "Blow's Place." In the door there is the full-sized figure of a stuffed elk. It is a cow elk, or at least has no horns. A good sign for a game warden.

P. S.—The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association has not started any saloon.

Deputy Warden S. L. Hough has continued the war along the sedgy banks of Fox Lake. On Oct. 25 Bert Stanley fired a few shots after sunset, on Grass Lake. He was fined $15.

Chas. O. Boyle fired one shot before sunrise, on Long Lake. It cost him 10 plunks of the realm.

Wm. Dubois on Oct. 20, on Grass Lake, fired three shots before sunrise. Value, $15.

Jack Suess on Oct. 25, on Grass Lake, fired five shots. He claimed he was lost, and was firing signals of distress, after sunset. The judge hardened his heart, and assessed him $10.

Geo. Beckwith and his friend Nelson were shooting in a gunny sack blind, beyond the natural cover of the rushes in Rankin's Bay, Fox Lake. Warden Hough arrested them. The case is not yet tried.

C. E. Gurley, of Chicago, fired after dark and was arrested. He swore to the jury that he was trying to get a shell out of his gun and couldn't, so he shot it off. Then he cried like a baby to the jury, said he was of good family and not used to being arrested. The jury let him go. All the above cases were brought before Justice John J. Burke, of Antioch, Ill. The deputies seem to be willing to undergo great inconvenience to catch these men, and they have had great success all this fall. They are upheld by sentiment, and are making a good object lesson in protection.

On Winnebago Waters.

Mr. G. A. Buckstaff, of Oshkosh, Wis., the young sportsman Assemblyman who has been back of the fight on illegal netting in Lake Winnebago, tells me that the wardens have burned over two miles of nets, and have made it so hot for the law-breaking fishermen that they have to sneak what few fish they catch by wagon to other points, as the express companies are afraid to handle the goods any more at Oshkosh.

And They Protect in Dakota.

There is a club of Dubuque, Ia., sportsmen who call themselves the Minnewaukon Club because they sometimes shoot near Minnewaukon, in the Devil's Lake country of North Dakota. The warden found they were breaking the laws and made a raid, confiscating all their game, which included 153 geese, 38 grouse, between 200 and 300 ducks and 84 jack-rabbits. They had previously filled four trunks with game, which was exclusive of the amount seized, and shipped it to St. Paul, but when they reached the latter city their cup of woe ran over when they were informed that the game warden had also attached that. How they escaped being attached themselves is not known. It is sickening to read of the slaughter of game made by visiting sportsmen in Dakota. The hunt, which should be made an occasion of gentlemanly pleasure, is all too often turned into a carnival of killing. I could never see why such shooters should come back and boast of such work. More power to the wardens!

Old Duck Grounds Burning up.

Great fires have raged this week on the Kankakee marshes of Indiana. The marshes have been largely drained, and the dry weather has turned the bog into peat. The old duck grounds are burning up.

Bogus Placards.

Unknown parties have filled the Fox Lake region with bogus game law placards, which give wrong advice as to the actual law. Several misunderstandings have arisen from this pernicious business.

Bears at Bobo.

Preparations go on at Bobo, Miss., for the bear hunt to which I have been invited. Mr. Divine writes that the party will probably consist of Mr. R. W. Foster, of New Orleans; Col. Dick Payne, Mr. Noel Money, of Oakland, N. J.; Mr. Irby Bennett, of Memphis, with himself, also of Memphis. The bears of the Delta would better be looking for tall cane now, for about Nov. 17 there will be trouble in their neighborhood.

Mr. Divine writes also that Noel Money is already at Memphis, and has had heavy shooting at Lucy, Tenn. Mr. Money and his friend there killed over 200 quail in two days and a half. They started twenty-five bevies the last day they shot and killed seventy-five birds. The crop of quail must be extraordinary.

The Bell and the Shot.

The big shoot at Atlanta was minus the company of Mr. Tom Divine, who was counted upon to head the Memphis contingent. The reason of his non-attendance is not generally known. I am credibly informed that it was on account of a difference of opinion between him and a gentleman of color.

The nigger had a cow killed by Tom Divine's railroad, and Tom gave him $10 to settle the claim and took the bell that was on the cow; but the nigger insisted on having the bell returned. Tom would not give it up, so the nigger sued out a writ to replevin the bell, and Tom had to stay home and attend court in place of a shoot.

It is no secret that Tom Divine has a room full of unlawful cowbells he has thus accumulated. But what would you expect of a claim agent who would offer a man $15 in settlement for the death of his wife and family—and make the settlement, too!

Mr. Irby Bennett shot a great gait at Atlanta, and moreover was out every night at some ball or pink tea. We have only a few men who can singlefoot, trot, gallop and canter as Irby does.

They Left no Potatoes or Pumpkins.

Among callers at the Western office of FOREST AND STREAM this week were Mr. Harry R. Loughran, of the Iroquois Gun and Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. F. F. Merrill, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Mr. J. Herbert Watson, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The latter was on his way to the coursing meet at Goodland, Kan.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

WISCONSIN WANDERINGS.—III.

AT Fairchild, Wis., there was found a good hotel, with a host disposed to attend to the wants of his guests. Arriving there at noon and after dinner, finding that no business could be done till evening, I unpacked the gun and strolled into one of the many scrub oak groves which dot the country to the west and south of the village. The trees are of young and vigorous growth, few of them over 50ft. high, and none or at most very few of them with holes in them, but everywhere were scores of squirrel nests made from leaves, showing that these groves were the favorite summer resorts for them. Two were bagged in a few minutes, and having no use for more, I turned my attention to the thick brush in the ravines that looked good for ruffed grouse, but none were seen.

The N. C. Foster Lumber Co. have a logging railroad running twelve miles northeast from the village, and are building an extension further into the woods. The engineer of the road said he saw prairie chickens fly from the train almost daily, and gave me a cordial invitation to go out on the log train next morning until chickens appeared, when he would stop the train and let me off, and pick me up on the evening train. As every foot of ground traversed by the road is pine chopping or tamarack swamp, I thought the birds must be partridges, and told him so, but he said, "No, we see partridges in the swamp, but these birds I've been telling of are prairie chickens."

I was curious to know whether these were chickens being evoluted into partridge habits, and the next morning found me on the pilot of the locomotive, gun in hand, and alert for a sight of some of those chickens. There was not a square foot of prairie on the entire route. The land had been covered with pine in the drier portions, and tamarack and spruce in the low places. All the large pines had been cut; fires had killed the smaller ones, as well as the tamarack and spruce. Thousands of them were still standing, branchless and blackened to their pointed tops, while hundreds of thousands more were lying on the ground or across each other, many of them turned up by the roots and others broken short off at various heights. In the moister portions grass had got some hold, and patches of fire-stunted bushes were on the higher grounds. It was a dreary-looking waste, that became still more so after two hours' climbing over the fallen logs, and stumbling over roots. No houses, no cattle, no visible life of any kind. Twelve miles into this wilderness we went, but no chickens were seen. Then I got off and tramped for seven hours and saw no life except a few chipmunks. I did not expect to see any prairie chickens, but hoped to find some sharp-tailed grouse. When the afternoon log train came along I mounted the rear of a long train of log-loaded cars, headed for town.

When we were within two miles of town six chickens flew from the engine and alighted 200yds. from the track. Marking them by a pair of big pine stumps, I jumped off when the train slowed up for the mill, and walked back a mile and a half after those birds. I wanted to know if they were really prairie chickens. They were flushed about 25yds. from where they had gone down, and got up quite wild. The first shot set one to wabbling badly and the next barrel brought the bird down with a broken wing. Marking it instantly by a stump, I turned to watch the other one. It was flying irregularly, making desperate efforts to tower, but presently fell on its back close to a bush covered with scarlet oak leaves, making it very easy to mark it. The other one lay where it fell, but I could not find it until it tried to fly. The one by the oak bush was lying on its back, dead.

It needed but one look to see that they were the pinnated grouse—the real prairie chickens—an old hen and five young cocks, heavier than the old hen. I had killed thousands of them on the Iowa prairies, but these were the first ones for more than seven years past, so I shook hands with myself over the good luck and examined the birds with as much interest as if they were the first pair that had ever fallen before me. Then I indulged in some old-time chicken shoots on the Iowa prairies, with Ezra and the Smith boys, and other shooting companions, many of whom are now gone, as well as the chickens. Then I followed the rest of the chickens and flushed them at close range in the edge of thick brush, cut off the top of a bush with the first barrel, and found the gun had not been opened far enough to cock the second, so no bird was hurt.

It seems odd that a bird that ordinarily never goes to brush, except to perch on high trees in winter, should make its permanent home in a place so different in every way from its old prairie country. It has probably taken refuge here when driven from its natural domain by the encroachments of the farmer and many hunters, and finding these log-entangled choppings more secure, has taken up its permanent abode in them. It is a wise move on the part of the bird, for few men would care to hunt them in such forbidding cover. It is to be hoped that these safer retreats will keep some of the birds alive until our grandchildren can at least see a few of them.

The next day I reached my favorite town, Marshfield, and Charley Foster said that Jim Kerr had gone away, which made me a bit lonesome; but the next morning being one of glorious October's very finest I spent the forenoon in the woods, bagging five squirrels and three partridges. Arriving at the hotel, Foster asked if I had met Jim. I told him no. "He was not gone, after all," said Foster, "and when I told him you had gone to the woods, he took his gun and started out, hoping to find you." But Jim did not find me, and the train coming before he returned, I did not get to see him.

At Oshkosh my business trip was ended, so I hied me to Berlin, twenty miles west, to see Ed Hathaway, who keeps the Berlin House, one of the most comfortable hotels to be found anywhere, and Berlin is a very pleasant town on the Fox River, in whose waters are bass and pickerel. There are marshes along its shores that afford fine snipe shooting, and sometimes there are many ducks too; while there are a few chickens on the prairie and partridges and squirrels in the woods, the rabbits are too numerous to mention. Ed gave me a hearty welcome, but put on a long face when snipe were mentioned. He said the marshes were dried up and the shooting would not be good until there were heavy rains. "Are there no snipe at all?" I asked.

"Of course there are a few," Ed replied. "I suppose we could find fifteen or twenty in the little flat, and perhaps twice as many on the lower marsh, but not enough to be worth going after."

Then I knew the snipe shooting was good enough to satisfy a reasonable man, for Ed is always taking the gloomiest views of game matters, and if he admits that there are any at all, that is enough.

I stayed at Berlin just a week, and was out for snipe five times, averaging four hours each trip, and was on no ground more than thirty-five minutes' walk from the hotel. I used 200 shells in all. Ed says if a man could use 200 shells in a day he would consider it fair shooting, such as there would be if it rained enough to get the ground in proper condition, and that the shooting would be good every day from Oct. 1 until frost seals the marshes for the winter, about Nov. 10 to 20.

One day Ed and I drove eight miles west from town to get some partridges, and to me it proved a day of rare enjoyment. Imagine a vast stretch of level land. It is prairie, well filled with "islands" and "peninsulas" of small oak trees, thickly filled in with undergrowth of hazel and other low-growing bushes, making in most places very dense cover. Every portion of the prairie ground has been mowed, and the short aftergrowth is as short and fine as a well-kept lawn. Long, narrow tongues of woods run out into the prairie, and exquisite glades of prairie wind and curve among the "islands" of woods. Many of these glades, not over 30 to 50yds. wide, run into the woods for half a mile, then either stop abruptly or connect with a larger body of prairie. Everwhere, at every turn, some new feature of beauty opens before the eye. There is no blending of prairie and woods where they meet. Right where the velvet turf of the prairie ceases, there begins the dense woodland growth—a solid wall of it. Now paint the oak leaves every hue, from deepest green to glowing scarlet, and light the picture with the mellow Indian summer and let the stillness of a Sunday morning rest upon it. See right here, what a place for an autumn camp in this horseshoe nook of prairie of just one-half an acre—sheltered on three sides by the nearby woods and 500 acres of perfect lawn in front. Dry wood near at hand, spring water in the brook at the right. One taller tree than all its fellows is just the one from which to float Old Glory, and two miles due north is a high wooded hill, the only one in all the region; a sure guide to the camp, situated in so intricate a maze that it would be hard to find it without some guiding mark. Miles of partridge cover on every side, and there are some chickens too.

In all my wide wanderings I have not found another such spot so perfectly adapted to my tastes for camping and lazy rambles through woods and brush and prairie.

As we were returning from this trip some chickens flew nearly over us and Ed shot one, which went down in a field some distance away.

Some "No hunting" boards were nailed to the fence, which we had no sooner crossed than two unwashed Polanders came rushing from the house and across the field toward us, shouting a lot of unintelligible jargon. When they came up to us one of them shouted, "Py—, gant you not see dem bleck bords by de fences?" "I'm not looking for blackbirds," said Ed, "we are after chickens." Then both these specimens of foreign-born American citizens broke loose entirely and raved all round us, but we could understand nothing except occasional references to "dem bleck bords by de fences." After they had run out of breath and expletives, Ed again mildly explained that we did not want blackbirds, but chickens, that we were looking for one we had crippled and were going to have it if we had to take the field home with us and run it through the pulp mill, and they might just as well go back to their potato digging. Then came more "bleck bord" talk. At last Ed comprehended that the "bleck bords" were the "No hunting" signs, and told them we didn't want the signs and they might take them down whenever they liked. Just then the dead chicken was found and we departed, followed by more naughty words from the pair of unwashed.

Now these wanderings, like all other good things, have come to an end in fact, but the rested mind and recreated body are still in evidence that they were good, and some winter nights when the howling winds and flying snow compel an indoor life for awhile, memory will array them all before me, for she has photographs of every face and woods and every bird, and these are photographs in colors—the green of summer and the yellow and scarlet of autumn; and they have motion too—the shadows of flying clouds, the waving of trees, the rippling of water, the swift flight of the partridge and the nimble running of gray and black squirrels over the treetops. And these photos have voice too; they will make the faces of my friends speak to me; the sound of partridge wings, the barking of squirrels, the whispering of the wind, will all be heard.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Pennsylvania Seasons.

MOUNTVILLE, Pa., Oct. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A squirrel hunter showed me the other day a large gray squirrel he had just killed that was evidently suckling young ones, as its teats were full of milk and showed signs of having been recently sucked. Our opinion here is that the game law ought to make the open season on squirrels, rabbits and quail in Pennsylvania from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15. We find that pot-hunters go for squirrels and kill anything else they see.

TELL.

IN THE SWALES OF DUTCHESS.

FORTUNATE indeed is he who in these bright autumn days has a relation or friend in the country to extend to him an invitation to spend a few days of his vacation around the old homestead among the nut brown trees and "deep tangled wildwood." And though chained to business he may be, how he struggles; and if perchance he may kick off the fetters, with what a bounding heart he takes down his breechloader and hies him to the train. As the iron horse bears him swiftly away from the heated and dusty city and by the flashing villages and he sees the forests robed like Joseph's coat of many colors, and draws in from the open window the clear fresh untainted air, how proud he feels; and knows that all is good and that he is indeed to be congratulated.

We had arrived at our place of business some weeks ago, when we found awaiting us one of our boyhood companions whom we had not seen for nearly twenty years. Oh, how good it was to see that genial face and meet that warm clasp of hand; recall the reminiscence of forty years ago, before our locks had become frosted with time. He said he was located in Amenia (Dutchess co., N. Y)., some eighty miles from the city, and wished us to promise to make him a good visit. We told him we went nowhere in the autumn days unless there was a chance for a hunt. He replied that he had not fired a gun since the war, but that he would make inquiries and let us know. Promptly within the week came his letter, saying there was some game in the neighborhood; that Jack Fitzpatrick, the engineer of the brick works with which he is connected, was an ardent sportsman and that his brother Mike had the best setter in the country; that they had located more than one covey of birds for us, and that after the first heavy rain and one or two frosts we might expect to bag almost any amount of fall woodcock. That settled the matter for Jacobstaff. Saturday, the 19th, found us about dark on the station at Amenia, where we were met by Mr. Wm. P. Boardman, bookkeeper and acting superintendent of the Amenia Brick Co. On the way to his house, but a short walk from the station, he remarked that the boys Jack and Mike, in anticipation of our coming, had been out a short time in the afternoon and we might see some of the result on the supper table. And we did—some fat woodcock broiled to a nicety by little Kate, Mr. Boardman's handmaiden, he called her.

Now, I am aware that according to the rigid rules of the epicurean sportsman the true way to prepare this most delicate bird is by roasting with the head intact, and as some sportsmen contend, with the internal arrangements also as nature presented them. Roast woodcock are very, very nice; we would prefer them dressed. But those fat, juicy fall woodcock broiled by little Kate were indeed delicious. How she came to hit it so perfectly is a mystery. It was her first attempt, we understood, at preparing game, but these birds were done to a hair's nicety. Woodcock, like canvasback duck, should never be overdone, but the blood should almost follow the knife, and they should be served hot. Thus were these served. The juicy flavor of that evening repast lingers on my palate yet. As we sat down to the table a knock came at the door, a hand protruded presenting a quart bottle of home-made grape wine something like 5 years old, we heard later. It was in honor of the visit of a representative of FOREST AND STREAM, sent in by Mr. Guild, a courtly gentleman of the old school, who by honest and consistent effort in business has obtained a competence which in his declining years he and his worthy dame can fully enjoy, and as it were truthfully sit under their own vine and apple tree. Mr. Guild, we were informed, manufactures yearly about fifty gallons of grape wine for his own use and his friends, and it is good. He also makes a capital apple wine that is very appetizing.

After supper we strolled down to the village, and at James Numan's—an army veteran, the stationer of the place and a kind of headquarters for the sportsmen (an Uncle Lisha's Shop, as it were)—we were introduced to the two Nimrods who were to be our companions in the swales, John and Michael Fitzpatrick, very intelligent gentlemen, good shots and most indefatigable workers; it seemed as though Mike never would tire.

The following day was spent in reminiscences and a short visit to the brickyard, where they were about to fire up a kiln of some 75,000. From there we took in the iron mine, about a mile out of the village, to get a few specimens for our sporting friend Dr. Sevenig's cabinet. This mine, it is said, has been worked for over 100 years. It furnishes a fine quality of gray ore, hematitic in character, that with a mixture with an ore up the River Troy way somewhere makes a capital combination.

Monday morning the boys were on hand with a buggy and Cute, the black and tan bitch—genuine Webster stock, and a good one she is too. They proposed first to try the big swamps some five miles away, hoping there might have been a fall flight, as the frost the night before was very heavy.

As we were driving by a small pond by the roadside we remarked that on one side where the ground was low it looked snipy, just the place for a *Scolopax wilsoni*. It took but a moment for us to slip in a couple of cartridges (No. 9) and reach the low ground, where to our surprise the well-known *yelp, yelp* of the greater tattler (yellowleg) broke on the air, and a couple of these fine birds sprang from the edge and essayed to cross the pond. Two reports, and Jacobstaff had opened the proceedings of the day.

We reached the swamp in due time, but an hour's thorough investigation failed. Not only did we not start a bird, but we found no signs, no borings or spatterings. Another swamp or swale was tried with the same result. Matters were getting lugubrious. "Boys, the birds are not here; they haven't been here. If there are any in the country they are in the cripples. Yonder side knoll of oak saplings looks well. Maybe a grouse is hiding there."

We had hardly got over the fence (and a barbed wire one at that, confound them) when Cute began drawing, and the well-known whistle, so dear to the ear of the sportsman, broke out clear and resonant. As the *philo-'tela* twisted around a bunch of thorn bushes, it was neatly cut down by Jack's right. A fine bird. Ah! how grand it looked, fat and plump; a fall bird, full size, and not mutilated at all. "Good for you, Mr. Engineer. What did I tell you about the cripples? We will find more here." And we did. The next one got up wild and wouldn't stop for either Mike's or Jacobstaff's right barrels, but it was well marked down and promptly pointed by the setter, furnishing an easy mark for Mike, who very complacently handed it over to us. Just after this Mike made what we consider a very remarkable shot. A hare (vulgo rabbit) sprang out and went skipping through the underbrush. Mike let go at a venture and keeled over *lepus*; but when he went to pick it up he found along side another animal in the throes of death—a garter snake, the neck of which was nearly severed with the same load that had killed the hare.

We tried swale after swale, but in all the day's tramp we found only two birds in the low ground. They were either on the knolls or hillsides, or on the outer edge of the swales, and were I think all summer birds, *i. e.*, not flight birds at all. These are yet to come, and we opine that Jack and Mike will give a good account of themselves when they do find them.

Suffice it to say we had a good day, though we got but one grouse. We only put up three and they were very wild. The next day the wind came up very strong, too much so for a shoot. In the afternoon it quieted down somewhat and we took in a few hours with the gray squirrels. We found quite a number and Jacobstaff regretted that he could not stay longer for a day with the bushy tails. We took the 1:46 P. M. train Wednesday for home, well pleased with our visit; and shall long remember the cordial attentions of veteran Numan, the Fitzpatricks, Coz, Will, and others who made our visit so pleasant.

JACOBSTAFF.

BOSTON BUSINESS MEN IN THE WOODS.

BOSTON, Oct. 31.—Henry S. Fisher, with Harding, Whitmen & Co., has just returned from his fall shooting trip. This time he visited the Katahdin Iron Works, in Maine, and from that station he went three miles further into the woods to Houston Pond Camps. He is much pleased with the location; thinks that it is an ideal spot. The hunters are quartered in new log cabins, with the cooking good. He brings back a nice deer. Mr. Fisher has a record for shooting a big moose three or four falls ago, and the mounted head and antlers now grace his office room. The antlers are pronounced by sportsmen and hunters to be the most symmetrical they have ever seen. He scarcely cares to shoot another moose, especially if it is far away in the woods. The trouble and cost of getting it out is too great. The sportsman who has never had the chance to try can think of it. An animal bigger than a horse to be got out of the woods, perhaps several miles beyond the possibilities of any sort of a team. Brooks, swamps and hills are to be crossed; the dead animal to be drawn on a rude sled, improvised at the scene of the shooting. A gentleman, who has killed his moose in Maine, suggests that he shall never again try to get one out whole. The head can be carried by one or two men, the hide by another, and one or two trips can be made for the meat.

It is refreshing to read of now and then a disappointed hunter; that is, if one reads the daily and local papers. No disappointments are mentioned in such papers—it is all success. So much success will do for the novice who has never been on a hunting trip. A Boston gentleman whom I met yesterday, Mr. A. C —— (I must not give his name), came down on the train from Portland yesterday with a couple of disappointed hunters. They had been into the Moosehead region. They had a doleful tale to tell about the ground being covered with leaves a foot deep. At every step they made noise enough to frighten every deer out of the woods Not a deer could they catch a glimpse of. They hunted for several days in discouragement. At length their guide suggested that they visit another camp, a short distance up the mountain. Here they met one or two other guides, who soon suggested that if the hunters would wait at a certain point jutting out into a pond a half mile away, they would "be likely to see a deer." If a deer was shot, they should expect $5 apiece. No questions were to be asked. The hunters went to the point in question and a deer was driven into the water for them by dogs. But, curiously enough, the hunters say that the dogs made no sound. They shot the deer and paid the money to their guides, as directed by the other guides. Withholding the names is obvious.

Mr. E. Frank Lewis, of Lawrence, and author of the well-known wool shrinkage book, is back from his fall hunting trip. He was accompanied by Homer Sawyer, of the Boston Rubber Shoe Co., and Harry Bradford, of Fenno Bros. and Childes. They went to Lincoln on the Maine Central, and from thence about fourteen miles to Lee. The camp and guides were all that could be asked for, but they "struck the deer hunting at precisely the wrong time." The leaves were off the trees, or falling, and the rustling of every footstep was sufficient to startle any deer living. Deer came very near to their camp and they got very near to them, but the deer was always first to discover the hunter. Mr. Lewis soon gave up hunting as a bad job, and devoted his time to resting, of which he stood much in need. One of the guides crawled on his hands and knees into a swamp beside a runway, and lay there till a fawn came along. This he shot; so they had venison in camp. Neither hunter got a shot at deer, and the partridge shooting was disappointing by reason of the falling and fallen leaves.

Smelt fishing is in high favor with a good many Boston merchants, especially those who live in the outlying towns where the smelt rivers are. Mr. F. A. Rein, with Schlegel & Fottler, lives in Milton, and he visits the smelt rivers many an evening. His son, 11 years old, is more fond of the sport than his father. Half a dozen smelt and a dozen tomcod were the result of the other evening. They fish with a snood and two hooks. Shrimp are in favor as bait, also worms. They have taken smelt this season weighing 6 and 8oz.

James McCumstock, of New York, is reported to have killed a monster moose at Wild River, Me., near Camp No. 9. He came suddenly upon the monster, and for a moment they stood eyeing each other. The hunter fired at rather close range. The animal was hit, but not severely enough to bring him down. With a bellow he is reported to have charged upon the hunter. Darting behind a tree, he had a chance for other shots, and the moose was slain. He weighed when dressed 685lbs. His antlers spread over 6ft.

The Maine papers say that a couple of girls have ridden their bicycles from Portland to Caribou, 374 miles, since Oct. 1, arriving on Saturday, with both wheels in good order. Riding through stretches of woods it was no uncommon thing to start partridges, some of which were very tame. They also saw deer on several occasions. Moose and bear tracks were seen.

One Boston would-be hunter says that he believes that it is easier to get a deer in Maine than to get the dollars to go with. Dr. Daintree is very proud of the mounted head and antlers of his moose, killed at Norcross this fall.

Nov. 2.—Here is the biggest deer story of the season, or rather, the story of the biggest deer of the season, if not of almost any season. I met a gentleman yesterday just from Bangor, Me. He came down the day before on the train with Mr. Crosby, the well-known taxidermist. That gentleman told my friend of an enormous deer he had just received or seen. It was a buck and weighed 351lbs. Such weight of a deer seems almost incredible, but from the authority through which it comes to me I am inclined to think that it is correct. Perhaps Mr. Crosby will inform the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM more exactly as to this matter. The deer came from somewhere beyond the Katahdin Iron Works, and my informant understood that it was shot by a member of the staff of the Governor of Maine. The deer had a wide spread of antlers, but the horns were not as finely branched as is sometimes the case. But his neck was most remarkably thick and strong, resembling that of a 2-year-old domestic bull. I have also just received a report of a buck weighing 300lbs. killed somewhere in the Rangeley region.

For a few days there has been a letting up of the accounts of deer killed. Doubtless the condition of the woods—covered with fallen leaves—has something to do with the fact. It seems that so far the proportion of does killed is much too great. In going through Faneuil Market the other day I counted twelve deer at the different stalls, and there was not a single deer that had horns in the number. Among all the deer in the markets here this fall I have seen but two or three bucks. SPECIAL.

IN PENNSYLVANIA FIELDS.

ALLEGHENY COUNTY, Pa., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* FOREST AND STREAM is always excellent and is continually springing pleasant surprises on its readers, and the last number is no exception, being full of variety and goodness. I have read every number, beginning with the first, and have so grown with it that it seems like a part of my existence, and I shall probably read it as long as I live. I have looked earnestly for local contributions, but in vain. I have wondered if the local hunters' luck is as poor as mine, and I guess it is, for I hear of no game being killed in this vicinity.

I have been out frequently since the season for squirrels and ruffed grouse opened, and have not fired my gun at anything yet. Quail season opens Nov. 1, but quail are so scarce that it would be a sin to kill any. I know of but one small bevy of nine, and they are in danger of being potted any day by the army of boys and Dagos who prowl around in and out of season, shooting anything they can. I wish this lot might be preserved for seed, but I fear they will not. I have found a place containing a few grouse and got them up several times, but the place is so hard to hunt and the cover so dense that I could not see them nor shoot if I did, on account of the ground being so steep that it was hard to keep a foothold.

The other day while in this place I heard a gray squirrel across the hollow. The leaves on the ground were so dry that I could not move without making a noise that could be heard a long distance, so I sat down, hoping it would work its way nearer. Half an hour passed, and hearing it no more I arose to move on, when it or another one scampered away not more than 50ft. from where I had been sitting, and at the same time a grouse got up only a little further away. I followed the direction of the grouse a few hundred yards and stopped to listen. When I moved again, his grouseship got up not more than 20ft. behind me, hurtling through the foliage so quickly that it was out of sight before I could raise my gun. I flushed several more, but at such distance and in such dense cover that I could not see to shoot.

I have patrolled the back river, where there are splendid resting retreats for ducks, three or four times without seeing any, and one with less patience than mine would be discouraged; but to-night there is rain and a strong wind is coming up, and I am going again to-morrow morning. If ducks are moving south some may come to the back river and give me a shot. After looking for the ducks I shall try the grouse hollow again, and if I get nothing for my pains but the tramp and a good appetite for dinner, I will not yet be discouraged; for I love the woods, and believe my love for them is growing stronger as I grow older.

When I was a little tot, so small that I could not climb the fences without help, my grandfather used to get me out of bed before daylight and take me with him to the woods a short distance away to hunt squirrels. I was an ardent pupil, and insisted on carrying the six or seven black squirrels that he was sure to get over my shoulder home, much to the amusement of my grandfather, who frequently had to carry me and my load over bad places; and the praises I received from my grandmother while she fried them for breakfast, and the joy of my good mother at seeing me home safe, did much to ingraft the hunting instinct within me. And I believe that this love for the woods has been the means of prolonging my life and making a well man of me, for at the age of 20 I began to show signs of that dread disease consumption. I was advised to take outdoor exercise and as much of it as I could stand. Naturally I took to the woods. I hunted day after day in good and bad weather, climbing hills that would make me tired now, sometimes reaching home so tired and weak that I did not expect to be able to get out of bed next morning. But at length the exercise and pure air began to have its effect and I grew stronger day by day until my old friends marveled at the change, and to-day I have a pair of lungs which almost astonished the insurance medical examiner a few days ago, who pronounced me in first-class physical condition.

Those good old days, when there were no magazine or breechloaders, when the game had as much chance as the hunter, are gone forever, and a few years hence a poor man will have no use for a gun. The rich man will have the land preserved and what is left of the game corralled. Even now hunting where there is game is almost out of the question for the average poor man who lives in the East, for he cannot afford the time and expense to go where it is. In FOREST AND STREAM the game shooting is confined mostly to the far West and brother Hough's favorite South. Ten and fifteen years ago where there

was plenty of it there is no sign of any now, and the game laws were as good then and enforced as diligently as now. Sometimes I think the breechloader and rapid firing magazine guns are as much to blame for this as anything else, and I wish there was never a breechloader made. The game was going fast enough with the old tools, and I am sure that my hammerless does not afford me the same pleasure the old muzzle loader did.

While going to town the other day three Italians sat beside me in the trolley car. Their clothing, full of nettles and burs, as well as their single-barrel breechloaders, indicated that they had been hunting, probably down the river along which the trolley runs. One had a grain bag half full of something soft, and fresh blood oozing from it looked suspiciously like rabbits, and another of them kept his hand on his side coat pocket, apparently trying to keep something in that wanted to get out, which looked suspiciously like ferret. The law on rabbits is not off until Nov. 1 and is never off on ferrets, but that makes no difference to the Dago.

A young woman who used to work for my wife, now married, called at our house a few days ago to show the madam her baby. Seeing me putting my gun away, she told me that "Larry" had been hunting a great deal last summer and this fall, and had killed "lots of rabbits and squirrels, but she didn't like rabbits, they look so much like cats." This looks suspiciously like violation of the game law, and partially accounts for the scarcity of game in season, and a man who is lawful and waits for the season is pretty sure to get left nowadays.

One day, while hunting squirrels near the West Virginia State line last September, I questioned a native who told me there were no squirrels there then. Said he: "The West Virginny fellers come here and shoot 'em before they're ripe," and added that they came all summer and killed young ones wherever they found them. "There's no use sayin' anything about it, as they skip over the line and ye can't do nothin'."

There is very little game in the Pittsburg market so far this season and some of it looks like last year's, a few prairie chickens and squirrels being the most I have seen, unless we count coon and 'possum, which seem to be in great demand by other coons, and roasted raccoon is mighty good eating, as I can testify. J. H. B.

POTOMAC SHOOTING NOTES.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—The outlook for turkey and pheasant is quite good, and the mountains of the Virginias are expected to furnish good sport to our gunners during the present season. On the other hand the reports from the fields as to quail (partridges) are discouraging. Farmers having 500 acres or more tell us that very few birds are to be seen, in some cases but a single covey has been noted.

The great and unusual scarcity of quail is said to be due to the almost unprecedented freeze of last February, when, it will be remembered, we had several weeks of bitterly cold weather.

As to rabbits, plenty of cotton-tails are reported. The cold does not kill them off like the poor birds, owing to their habit of burrowing under ground.

The ortolan season here was rather longer than usual, several very good bags were made quite late. Early in October, about the first, McCormick and Sherwood shot fifty-three in the vicinity of Four-Mile Run, being guests of the club bearing the name of the run.

A party of three gentlemen from this city took a day off yesterday and spent it in the "wilds" near Quantico, Va. They left here on an early morning train with dogs, guns and liberal supplies of ammunition, including shot of all sizes from bird to buckshot, the latter in case they should meet bears or deer, of which animals these particular woods might be, but are not, full of—and were early on the more or less famous hunting grounds of old Virginny. Well, to make a long story short, after tramping fully forty miles through brush and brier in which they could make but one mile an hour, they discovered—yes, discovered—no game, but that they were lost. The plot thickened, imaginings of wild beasts of the forest brought on despair, and Goldy, ever brave and courageous Goldy, fell in a faint. The bang of a comrade's gun, by which he shot a poor (lean) unsuspecting blackbird, the first game scented by the dogs, somewhat revived Goldy, and to the utter surprise of his companions he too raised his gun and brought to earth five blackbirds from a flock passing. Home at 9 P. M. Car fare and lunches, $10. Game bagged, six blackbirds. Quantico is a resort easily reached from Washington, and Goldy will cheerfully give information as to finding game, etc.

Ducks have been reported fairly abundant on the lower Potomac and Patuxent rivers, but near the city very scarce. Poor shooting has been the cry of those not lucky enough to have steam launches, and the majority of our gunners are bitterly opposed to the use of the launches, as they claim that the ducks are chased so hard that they hardly get time to light on the water, never time to settle right, and are consequently kept very wild, making it impossible to get within gunshot by use of small boat.

Messrs. Bowman, Smith, Webb, McKenny, Capt. Blake and others were out ducking in early October and had fair shooting. They reported plenty of ducks on the Patuxent.

Squirrel shooting has been very poor this year. Parties gunning far and wide report very poor results. Even up on the Carroll Manor, Maryland, where squirrels are usually plentiful, hunters have had no success this season. This state of affairs, as in the case of the quail, is ascribed to the cold weather of last winter, parties claiming that the squirrels even were frozen in their tree holes.

BART.

Ducks in Manitoba.

WINNIPEG, Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Duck shooting has been very poor here this fall, and unless means are devised for their better protection, our duck shooting will be as scarce as good whisky at High Point, and this to an easy drinker is a calamity indeed.

THOMAS JOHNSON.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable*

WINTER DUCK-SHOOTING ON LAKE ONTARIO.

METHODS of hunting the same kind of game differ with the location and the season. There is no mode of duck-shooting that is so novel, or attended with greater discomfort and danger, than winter shooting on Lake Ontario. The ducks that make their home in these icy waters are whistlers, broadbills, coots, sheldrakes and old-wives. The three latter kinds are fish ducks, and on the coast are strong and inferior in flavor, for they there live on fish and sea food. But the lake usually furnishes each autumn several cargoes of barley and wheat that are wrecked and scattered along its shores. Thither the ducks congregate, and after many weeks' feeding on the water-soaked grain their flesh becomes fat and fine flavored.

They feed with ease in water that is 12 to 15ft. deep, diving to the bottom and remaining under water an incredible time. It is often amusing to shoot at one or two ducks swimming about, and the next instant to see the water broken in all directions by the birds popping up from underneath where they have been breakfasting. Now is the time for alertness, for if the gunners are busy enough they may slaughter many before they have made a change of elements.

Ice forms in the shoal water many yards from the shore. Anchor ice and frozen spray are piled upon this in wild confusion, until it looks like the surface of a glacier with hillocks and crevasses. Frequently sprout holes are formed, out of which the water, forced upward by the waves dashing underneath, leaps for many feet in the air, and freezing as it falls forms a cone like those in the crater of a volcano.

The outer edge of this ice reef is formed into a line of ice cliffs and battlements, containing caves of wondrous beauty, and little coves and fjords like a miniature Norway coast line.

The hunters are clad in garments of white duck, white caps covering the hair, and white masks. Even white covers are used for the guns. These are arranged to be easily slipped off when the time for action arrives. An excavation is made on the edge of the ice, in which the hunters are to conceal themselves. The decoys are anchored at a convenient distance, and the boat, drawn into a little cove of the ice, is covered with a white cloth. One does not have to wait long for a shot, as the ducks fly in great numbers. The cold is often intense and the frozen spray stiffens the clothing and covers everything with an icy armor. A wind break of blocks of ice is often an absolute necessity. But despite cold and discomfort it is sport and everything goes.

Large numbers of ducks are shot in this way, but not all the slain are retrieved, for the launching of a boat in the wintry seas is a dangerous operation and a capsize is something to be carefully avoided.

OLIN B. COIT.

OSWEGO, N. Y.

Wild Turkeys on View.

NEW BERNE, N. C., Nov. 1.—To-day the shooting season opens here for turkeys and quail, and I am pleased to say that there will be an abundance of both. The owners of a 1,000-acre forest tract on Island Creek, ten miles from New Berne, are throwing out bait to-day so as to attract the turkeys and hold them for FOREST AND STREAM'S patrons, when they come down. It is claimed that there are 200 turkeys at least in that neck of woods. Down near Maysville, which is accessible by rail from New Berne in forty minutes, there are many large gangs of turkeys, as well as at Riverdale, where Dr. Roosevelt and his friends got three birds last spring.

Quite a few gunners are out to-day prospecting for quail. A good rain yesterday brought the insects to the surface of the ground and will hold the scent for the dogs.

I saw a fine bunch of mallards, teal and bald pates brought in last Tuesday by two Baltimore gentlemen who are here with their families to spend the winter. Some nice bags of snipe and doves have also been made. There are excellent snipe marshes close by New Berne, on Trent River and Bachelor's Creek. As many as forty doves have been brought in by a couple of shooters after a day's sport. The Hotel Chattawka has just completed a set of dog kennels with abundant yard room, which will be convenient for guests who shoot. There is also a professional guide and two setters connected with the house.

Owing to eight weeks of drought, the rivers have not been flushed for a long time, so that the water in the harbor is now brackish, and in consequence is now swarming with myriads of young fat bucks or menhaden about 4in. long. There are also many bluefish present.

C. H.

Sea and River Fishing.

DOES TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP EXIST?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been pondering, deeply pondering, as to whether we have any genuine sportsmanship in this country.

That there is much pretense of sportsmanship I will admit, but a large part of it is sham. It is natural that it should be so, for our people, traditions, national development and practice are all against true sportsmanship.

While loudly professing sportsmanship in the close season on one hand, on the other the practice is to violate the game laws or to kill without limit.

"The game belongs to the people," and each man with a gun considers himself the people. What belongs to the people has no very definite boundary or title or protection, as we see in the depredations on the great public pine forests, on the game birds, fishes and large animals. It is natural that it should be so. And why?

Sport only becomes possible after the necessities of life are satisfied. The Indian catches a fish or kills an animal to supply his need for food. It is a necessity. There is no more sport in it than in the work of the farmer who goes forth to dig his potatoes or husk his corn.

After a time, when the individual accumulates sufficient wealth so that a supply to his needs is assured independently of his personal seeking, he then makes a sport of what to him previously was an occupation.

Thus we have the wealthy man who equips himself with the engines of death, sallies forth and kills something, or if he is of a more languid or merciful taste, he grows corn or potatoes for sport.

Many wealthy city gentlemen have a farm which they run as a side matter for the pleasure it affords and not for the profit.

In any case, the necessities of life are always assured before sport can begin. If the stomach or pocketbook is empty, the hunter naturally and properly thinks of what a savory dish the game would make, or what its market value is when sold.

Our national development is opposed to sport. This nation began as a nation of poor people, toilers and hunters. Pursuit of game was necessary to existence. Life was too serious for any kind of sport.

As population increased, the game decreased. As game decreased, agriculture increased. The latter in time gradually became the main reliance for supplying food to the settlers, hunting contributing but a part. Gradually, as agriculture became more fixed, ownership in land more defined and permanent, and game scarcer, more and more people abandoned the uncertain occupation of hunting and took up the more fixed and certain occupation of agriculture. Only the few who either were too lazy or too awkward to work followed the chase as a means of livelihood.

Man, when he follows any occupation a long while, needs a diversion. If his business affords him a surplus beyond his actual needs, he can leave his business for a longer or shorter time to seek diversion.

He may ride horseback and call it sport; to the cowboy or mail rider it is not sport, it is work.

He may row a boat for sport; to the professional boatman it is work.

He may grow flowers or potatoes; to the florist or farmer the same is work.

He may fish or shoot for sport; it is only sport because he has abundance already to supply his needs.

Thus a man must have his wants supplied beyond a doubt before he can engage in any branch of activity as a sport.

Out of our entire population the ratio of the rich to the poor is very small, therefore the ratio of sportsmen to the men who hunt for material results is very small.

Wealth is essential to sportsmanship. Still wealth does not of itself make sportsmen any more than it makes gentlemen. From habit and avarice, some men never cease striving for gain, whether their wants are supplied or not.

The effects of our old development still prevail. The natural effects of a poor population, where pocketbook and stomach are both needy, having free access to the game supply, are in action. It is asking too much of a hungry man to make sport of his dinner, or his means of obtaining one.

Sportsmen are a class, not a people. To define sportsmen, there must be class restrictions. To perpetuate them, they must have class privileges. The latter is the game preserve which excludes the hungry man, or his who is seeking a livelihood.

Who says nay? DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

AN ADIRONDACK TRIP.

THE Dominie and Scribe had been visiting the Adirondacks for years. For years George had been serving them as guide when they needed one. To the three it was a great pleasure to initiate a tenderfoot, and many a hard tramp and rough camp had been enlivened in that way.

Two years ago a wealthy friend and confirmed dyspeptic found his way to one of the large hotels near which our trio were domiciled. He had "never been camping"—he had heard much of its benefits—he would like to try it "just for the fun of the thing," and especially for the sake of his boy "Stevey." Accordingly an initiation trip was planned, George was engaged, and on a hot afternoon boat, tent, duffle, guns and men were placed on a lumber wagon and started down the stage road, the heavy work-horses never going faster than a walk. As the Irishman said when a mob was riding him on a rail, "If it wasn't for the name of riding I would about as soon have gone afoot." But the hot dusty ride came to an end and it was a relief to shoulder guns and packs and plunge into the forest.

A mile brought us to "the flow," where it was again a relief to throw down our burdens. Here were plenty of trout in the stream, deer fed on its borders, an old lumber camp would afford shelter, and last, but not least (in numbers) mosquitoes so abounded that neither hunting nor fishing could grow monotonous. We halted for the night. The tenderfeet rested, the Dominie tried the pool and called the scribe to help catch trout for supper. The trout were hungry, the men more so, the mosquitoes most of all—they must have been starving since the lumbermen went away. Did you ever know one of these tuneful birds to neglect an opportunity? If so, it must have been a "Jersey bird" down with chills and fever. The Adirondack birds are exempt. Their opportunity had come. They literally drove us from the pool, but not until we had caught enough trout for supper, and the Scribe something more. In walking out over the water on a log he steadied himself by a projecting pole; alas, his confidence was misplaced—he clambered out and returned to camp a wiser and a wetter man. The fire was welcome, so was supper, and in due time rest.

We spread our blankets on the chamber floor of the old house and tried to sleep while George and the Dominie went out for a deer. In vain! The night was cold, the fire out of doors and our expectant ears too eagerly listening for the shot. It came at last—sudden, heavy, awful—as it broke upon our drowsy senses amid the stillness of the night. Then a long waiting and the heavy tramp of feet approaching.

"Did you get him?"

"I don't know; I don't see how I could have missed him, but he ran quite a distance and then we heard him fall; we shall know in the morning."

We found him, a nice 2-year-old buck, lying dead about ten rods from where he had been shot directly through the heart. In his honor we named this first stopping place Buck Camp. The name of our next camp was equally appropriate, though forced upon us. While George and the others went on the Dominie and Scribe slung the deer on a pole and packed him out to the stage road, where, after waiting an hour, a wagon driver came along and agreed to carry the deer to our cottage at the lake. Having thus planned a pleasant surprise for the friends at home, we retraced our steps and met the party at T Pond.

Another deserted lumber shanty offered shelter, so it



AN ARTIST'S CAMP ON THE PENOBSCOT.

was again decided not to pitch the tent. It was the Scribe's turn to hunt that night. Putting fresh-cut balsam boughs on the old and roughly-made bedsteads, he soon occupied one, but not to sleep—myriad crawling feet disturb him; repeated examinations reveal an unknown presence. He calls the Dominie, "Come up here! What are these?"

The Dominie (who is an old soldier) looks at them, picks one up, smells of it and laconically remarks, "Bedbugs." We pitched the tent, but that place is known in our annals as Bug Camp.

Meanwhile our friends are getting on famously. The boy has broken my fly-rod and the father has, temporarily at least, broken his dyspepsia. The woods are a constant wonder to him—he is a greater wonder to himself. "Well, sir, this is wonderful. At home I would not think of touching bacon—nothing but the lightest bread toasted or a little oatmeal most carefully prepared would do me for breakfast, while here I seem to be able to eat anything, and the strangest part of all is that I enjoy it." If only all realized how great a sanitarium is afforded by the Adirondacks, and that the exercise, air and fun of camp life are better than medicine, the Empire State would take better care of her forests and—though the drug trade might suffer somewhat—her people would be far better off.

Our next, Bean Camp—so named because we cooked them there—saw our friend eating beans with a relish and seemingly digesting them with the proverbial facility of an ostrich. Had the trip continued we all might have rivaled the eating of that famous bird. But time was up and we returned to the lake to share the venison "gone before." J. C.

A CAMP IN MAINE.

WHEN I was in camp at Lake Millinocket, Maine, in September, I saw a card posted over the door of an old log hunting cabin with these words, "Report your luck to FOREST AND STREAM." Inclosed you will find a photo sketch of pickerel caught at Lake Millinocket, fifteen on a rock; the largest, in the center, weighs 3lbs.; the others will average 1½lbs. All were caught with a piece of salt pork skipped over the water, and those are not one-quarter part of all we landed. We saw deer every day on the old tote road that skirts the lake shore; but those long, big ears are made to hear a man with a Winchester rifle, who is smart enough to see them, pointed in his direction. That was my experience.

The trout photo was taken at a small pond on the West Branch of the Penobscot; part of a catch of fifty-two in a few hours' time one afternoon. They were the clearest of color of any trout I ever saw, with bellies and sides of a creamy golden hue, varying to olive-green and purple. I painted a good specimen in oils before leaving the pond.

The other photo sketch is an artist's camp upon the beautiful and noble West Branch of the Penobscot. It is an artist's dream to float down in a canoe on that river some fine September morning, with the great white birches overhanging the water, and its ever-changing colors of the brightest of hues, with now and then in a bend of the river a glimpse of rugged Katahdin looming up in purple mists. The artist in camp is A. D. Turner, of New York city. He has built a birch bark camp twenty-five miles from Norcross, and with the exception of the Indian guide, Joe Francis, who brings him supplies once in two weeks, is alone, living with nature. He enjoys a glorious view of Katahdin across the river. His camp is a frame covered with large sheets of birch bark. Within is a large, open fireplace, and it is fitted up as an artist only can give that artistic effect to birds' wings, feathers and skins of different kinds, with sketches here and there; these and the rough setting of birch bark give it an effect nowhere else to be got. It is a spot long to be remembered. J. W. BEDELL.

The Castalia Trout Stream Case

TOLEDO, O., Nov. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The supreme court of this State has just rendered a decision in the celebrated Castalia trout stream case, reported in full some time since in the FOREST AND STREAM. It will be remembered that the Cleveland Trout Club at Castalia sank a well on its grounds which tapped a subterranean stream which fed the waters of the Toledo and Sandusky Club located near by. The result was a spouting well which discharged so immense a volume of water as to materially lower the water of the upper (Toledo) club, and virtually ruin its fishing. Suit being brought in the circuit court, the Cleveland club was ordered to close their well and restore the stream its normal condition, and this finding has just been sustained by the highest tribunal of the State.

JAY BEEBE.

Missouri Interests.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you the *St. Louis* report of the meeting held on Wednesday night to devise means to assist Game Warden Henry in the enforcement of the laws for the protection and preservation of game.

Among those who were present were: Mr. John A. Long, president of the St. Louis Kennel Club, under whose auspices the meeting was called; Mr. J. B. C. Lucas, treasurer of the same, and Wm. Hutchison, secretary; Alexander H. Smith, president of the Knobel Fishing Club; Marshall F. McDonald, Wm. E. Field, James Hagerty, Theodore Tompkins, J. A. Jennelle, W. C. Merry, Wm. Nagel, George Wilkens, Geo. E. Burrowes, G. W. Steininger, Lawrence Owens, L. B. Kunkel, W. T. Bobbitt, C. F. A. Mueller, M. C. Billmeyer and Chas. Kunz.

On motion of Alex. Smith, Mr. Lucas was called to the chair, and Mr. Hutchinson's work in getting up the meeting made it natural that he should be chosen secretary.

Mr. Lucas briefly outlined the object of the meeting. It was to assist the game warden to prosecute violations of the game law. We have a game warden, but the Legislature made no appropriation for his support, and he has to rely on the contributions of sportsmen. A serious condition confronts us. Our fine streams—the Gasconade, Osage, Black, Cache and Current rivers—are being depopulated of their fish. Once it was that one could go out on the Big Piney and catch fifty to seventy-five fish in one day, but now he must be satisfied with a mere fraction of that quantity. It is so with game. Such has been the destructive work of the hunter that in many localities the game bird is a thing of the past. We have come together to assist Game Warden Henry to bring about a more satisfactory state of things.

Mr. Henry said that last winter the sportsmen got a law passed authorizing a game warden, but it was utterly impossible to get the Legislature to appropriate a dollar for his support. He has, therefore, to rely on the contributions of sportsmen. Some money has been received and several deputies have been appointed, and in the aggregate they have done a respectable amount of work. A good deal has been accomplished in the way of removing nets and blasting dams by dynamite. One deputy blew up six dams on the Gasconade on one trip. Frequently the parties come back in the night and repair the damage, so that to do the work effectively a deputy would have to sleep on the spot. It takes money to do this, and the difficulty is aggravated by the fact that the country does not take kindly to law, and the people generally sympathize with the violators of it. It is therefore hard to get juries, and harder to get convictions.

Mr. Henry said that the most important case he had had to deal with was in Christian county, where the prosecuting attorney, the county clerk, the city marshal and twenty-three other leading residents had been arrested for violating the fish laws. The feeling ran high, and his deputy, who happened to be a constable, was arrested twice for carrying concealed weapons.

Mr. McDonald thought that the solution of the money question lay in the State's imposing a license, say of $1.50 on resident sportsmen and $10 on outsiders. He was sure that the true sportsman would not object to a small tax when it would insure him a full day's sport when he went out.

Mr. McDonald said that there was another reason for action. Missouri is one of the handful of States, not more than four or five in number, that does not impose a tax on sportsmen. Dakota imposes a tax of $25, and our neighbors, Illinois and Arkansas, both have a law taxing hunters and fishers. The result is that Missouri this season is going to be overrun with hunters from other States, and the situation is made worse by the fact that, owing to the storms of last winter, the quail were destroyed in many sections. The northern part of the State has been nearly stripped of its small game. Now, with a short supply of game and with a great rush of hunters from other States, it is manifest that our game is to be depleted. If we don't take steps at once we shall have no game in Missouri.

Mr. Lucas: "Mr. McDonald's idea of a license involves delay. But we can't wait two years to get a license law. Something must be done immediately to prevent our streams and woods being depopulated."

Learning that the meeting had been called for the purpose of raising money to aid the game warden, Mr. McDonald subscribed $25 and he put down $25 in behalf of the president of the Meacham Arms Co. Mr. J. B. C. Lucas and Mr. Alex. H. Smith also each subscribed $25. He outlined what he thought the Knobel Fishing Club would do. His club had just finished its club house and the treasury was low, but he said that in season it would make a substantial



A CREEL OF PENOBSCOT TROUT

contribution. Several smaller contributions were then made.

Mr. McDonald pledged the support of the Osceola Club, at Hatchie Coon. He also suggested that all the clubs in the State should be called on in their club capacity.

Mr. Henry said that it was his hope to get enough from the sportsmen of the State to make a showing to the next Legislature with the hope of getting an appropriation at the next session. He wanted it understood that he gets no salary and every dollar he obtained from subscriptions would be used in the payment of deputies and for other expenses.

Mr. McDonald: "It would be a good thing to have several deputies-at-large."

Mr. Henry: "It is all a question of expense."

Mr. Bobbitt gave his experience in Illinois. He holds or controls some 4,000 acres, and when he went for his chickens a few days ago, he found only one flock and learned that the rest had been killed in July.

Mr. McDonald moved a committee to solicit subscriptions from clubs as well as individuals. This prevailed, and the following were appointed: J. B. Lucas, ex-officio chairman; J. A. Jennelle, railroads; W. C. Merry, breweries; E. B. Wolff, real estate; William J. Baker, architects; Alfred Vallat, real estate; Mr. F. McDonald, lawyers; Albin Mellier, merchants; C. F. A. Mueller, real estate.

Mr. Brandenberger, of Jefferson City, spoke of Mr. Henry as a born sportsman, and a man who would fearlessly enforce the law if he had the means. Mr. Brandenberger said that the present law was framed by men who knew what they wanted, and he doubted if the next Legislature would do much to change it. He did not think that it would ever adopt Mr. McDonald's idea of a license. The farmers wouldn't consent to tax themselves and their boys for the privilege of going out hunting.

Mr. McDonald said that the license is the logical and practical way out of the difficulty. It would provide the game warden with a steady income.

Mr. Henry said that the farmers could be made to see it only in the light that it is a movement to protect their own game and fish, so that they might have food for themselves. He had found this the most effective argument he could use.

Alex. Smith said that we ought to get an appropriation next year.

Mr. Hutchison, secretary of the committee appointed on Wednesday night, has promptly called a meeting of the committee for Saturday at Mr. Lucas's office, at the Citizens' Bank. Mr. McDonald has already prepared the circular he agreed to prepare, and we present it below:

To the Sportsmen of St. Louis:

DEAR SIR: The last Legislature enacted a new set of laws for the protection of game and fish in this State, and created the office of game and fish warden.

These laws are very comprehensive, and will, if enforced, effectually prevent the destruction of fish by means of nets, traps, seines or dynamite, and will stop the unlawful killing and shipping of game out of season.

The warden and deputy wardens appointed by authority of this act must serve without salary or emolument of any kind, and no fund was appropriated for their use, nor was there any means of creating a revenue for that purpose provided.

The failure of the Legislature to thus provide a means of enforcing the laws leaves our streams at the mercy of those who commit depredations upon our fish by the use of dynamite or other explosives, or by the use of the trap or net, either or all of which, if allowed to go unchecked, will in time result in complete and utter destruction of our fish; and it will also afford the pot-hunter and those engaged in the unlawful killing and shipping of game a free license to pursue their calling without check or hindrance.

Upon this act taking effect the Governor appointed as game and fish warden the Hon. Jesse W. Henry, of Jefferson City, Mo., a gentleman of integrity and ability, and a thorough sportsman, whose familiarity with the condition of the fish and game of the State and the requirements necessary to its protection will enable him to bring to the discharge of his duties a knowledge that peculiarly fits him for that office. Mr. Henry, however, has no money with which to defray the expense in and about the enforcement of these laws, and unless given aid in this respect the laws will practically become a dead letter.

Mr. Henry recognizing this fact at once placed himself in communication with the leading sporting clubs of the State for the purpose of interesting them in raising a fund to assist in carrying out the good work he has already begun. To this end Mr. Henry visited the city recently to meet and confer with the St. Louis Kennel Club and other organizations of like character. A largely attended meeting of the above named club was held at the office of President Lucas on Wednesday last, at which time Mr. Henry explained the necessity of raising funds, and detailed fully the various steps already taken and those he proposes to take in the future toward the complete and effectual enforcement of the law. The result of that meeting was the appointment of a committee of nine by President Lucas, to visit the merchants and professional men of the city for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions to this fund.

This committee, or some one of its members, will call upon you in the near future, and we trust that you will contribute something, at least, toward this fund. It is to the interest of every true sportsman to have these laws strictly enforced, and as this cannot be done without money, the burden must fall upon those who are interested in such matters. Nearly every State immediately adjoining us has passed stringent game and fish laws, imposing a license upon all those who hunt or fish within their borders. The result of this will be that our State will be completely overrun with foreign hunters and fishermen this season unless some very stringent measures are adopted at once to prevent it, and our game will be utterly destroyed and our streams depleted of their not too abundant supply of fish.

Missouri, by reason of her climate, her beautiful streams and vast forests, ought to be the ideal hunting and fishing grounds of the United States, and it needs but an intelligent and united effort on the part of her sport-loving citizens to make her such, and we appeal to the loyalty and liberality of this class to lend our game warden a helping hand, and in all probability by the time our next Legislature meets we can procure an adequate appropriation for this purpose.

Respectfully,

J. B. C. LUCAS, Chairman,
WM. HUTCHISON, Secretary,
J. A. JENNELLE,
MARSHALL F. MCDONALD,
WM. C. MERRY,
WM. J. BAKER,
AL. VALLAT,
C. F. A. MUELLER,
E. B. WOLFF,
} Committee.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
TO FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

"IF ever a man had buck fever, Reagan had when he killed his first deer," said Duke.

"Several of us young fellows were out in Potter county hunting, and some had never seen a deer. I was walking through the woods when I heard ahead of me the report of a rifle several times in quick succession, and you bet I got there mighty quick, for I thought some of the boys had run on a bear. Well, when I got in sight there stood Reag pumping his old Winchester .44 and not a shell in it. When I came up he let a yell out of him, and said, 'I'll wear the feather now.' We had an old feather, and whoever killed the last deer wore it. There must have been a dozen bullets in that deer, and he couldn't tell anything about how it happened, only that he tried to shoot as long as it kicked." JIM.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 11.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. Field Trial Club's Trials A. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Trenton, Tenn.

Nov. 11.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club of America, fifth annual trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 West Twenty-second street, New York.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H Thompson, Se c'y.

HUNTING.

Nov. 13.—Western Massachusetts Fox Club's meet.

Nov. 18.—Owingsville, Ky.—National Fox-Hunter's Association's second annual meet. H. L. Means, Sec'y, Louisville, Ky.

1896.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Jan. 20.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. seventh annual trials. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

COON HUNTING IN WESTERN TENNESSEE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was returning from a three weeks' duck hunt at Reelsfoot Lake on a damp, misty day, when my nerves were completely shocked by being compelled to assist in rescuing an unfortunate hunter who had the ill luck of having himself knocked overboard by the recoil of his gun, and the consequence was that his boat was overturned and he was hanging across the bottom hallooing for dear life when our small bateau and a fishing skiff came to his rescue. He clambered into the skiff half frozen and scared almost to his wits' end. He was rowed off to the club house, leaving his gun at the bottom of the lake and boat afloat bottom side up.

After seeing him well on his way we started again, and after paddling for some three hours from the time we left the Canvas Back (the cabin boat in which we had bunked), we arrived in safety on shore, with a number of apparent hair-breadth escapes.

Those of you who have been at Reelsfoot Lake will understand what I mean when I make mention that there were three of us in a small bateau with my hunting case and a quantity of extra baggage, loading it down to within 3 or 4in. of the surface.

I left my baggage in charge of the storekeeper on the bank, and we meandered up one of the ravines or hollows about one and a half miles to a saw mill. There at the office of my friend Murry I intended to spend the night. It was then about 5 in the evening.

While at the supper table I was informed that a coon hunt was the programme for the evening, and was given an invitation to join the party, to which I gave immediate assent, wishing to add another chapter to my volume of experience in western Tennessee before I decamped for my more northern abode.

About 7:30 o'clock we left the office. The first jump, from the back yard fence, I landed in the top of a fallen tree. It seemed to me that it was just a little the darkest night I had ever seen. I crawled out as best I could, and the next thing was to ascend an incline of about forty-five degrees or less for nearly fifty rods. When once on top of the rise we groped our way along the summit of a ridge that was scarcely wide enough for a two-horse vehicle to be driven along, and entirely wooded with forest trees. After going, it seemed to me, two miles or more—which, however, had diminished to less than a quarter by daylight next morning—we saw a light glimmering through the trees, which in itself brought relief. I was informed that it indicated the party waiting for us before they started on the evening's hunt.

There were five or six men with axes, torches, dogs and lanterns. My friend Murry had shouldered his gun when we left the office. We started, with the master of the dogs about a hundred yards in advance. After wandering about the ridges for an hour the dogs struck a trail. They barked and howled for some time in different directions from where we were standing. Every one in the party was still as death, excepting one thin-faced, pale, somewhat sallow-skinned native, who had been lately married, and he put one in mind of a dried herring without the smoke. But his lungs were in good repair and air was free and plentiful. Some one suggested in an undertone that he yell for the dogs. Then a peal broke through the woods that an ordinary apple peddler on the street would have been proud of. I could hardly tell at first what he said, but in a moment it was repeated: "O, he! Bring 'em in, Jack. Ho, he! Fetch 'em home, boys!" and such like. It was astonishing to compare the volume of his voice with the avoirdupois of the man. The dogs would echo and reëcho the sound as they pushed themselves through the brush, over ridges and into valleys.

Soon the thin-faced man said, "Treed!" How he knew they had treed was a mystery to me, for I could hear no difference in the barking of the dogs. But the word was sufficient; it was no sooner uttered than everybody broke into a run down hill and through the brush, like a flock of sheep escaping from a pack of wolves. With some difficulty I managed to stay close enough to the light to keep my center of gravity; but I can hardly say as much for some of the party. One man swore his "coon hunts" would be few and far between in the future. We soon got to the bottom of the hollow and found the dogs at the root of a small hickory tree. Our torch, which consisted of a bunch of waste tied on the end of a pole and saturated with kerosene, was then lighted, and every one began to examine the top of the forest generally, but with an "eye single" to the hickory, but no coon could be found. Some one said, "Shine his eyes." So the torch and one lantern were put out, and the other was used by the skillful hand of one of the natives, while my friend Murry followed him around with his gun. Still no coon. The next step was to cut the tree, which Joe soon did. When the tree fell the dogs rushed to the top, tore through the limbs and brush like a hurricane in a canebrake, but the result was just the same as before. There was one redeeming feature, however, connected with the falling of the tree that allowed us in some degree to pacify our blasted hopes with regard to the object of the hunt. The boughs in the top of the tree were interwoven, as many of them are in that section, with grapevines, and these hung full with grapes. It is true the grapes were somewhat skinny and filled principally with seed at this late season of the year, but they were stowed away at a wonderful rate by the entire crowd.

A short time after we left the tree I felt as if I had emptied a few loads of duck shot into my stomach. Grape seeds are marvelous for their ability to remind one of their presence when confined to the domains of an ordinary stomach. Still, all I could do was to make faces in the dark and grunt on the sly, for I should likely have had mental torment added to what was only physical suffering had I revealed to the party my feeling and the cause of it.

But soon my attention was drawn in another direction. The dogs set up such a terrific barking that it startled even the sturdy hunter who owned the wiry canines. Some one said, "Treed on the spot!" No one seemed to know what it might be. It certainly was something out of the usual line of accomplishments on an ordinary tour for cover. Some of the party seemed to hesitate, but of course they were not afraid. It was only some peculiar feeling that happened to possess them at that peculiar time. Low and unwonted remarks were made concerning a panther that had been seen in the neighborhood, and of bears that had been driven across the river from Arkansas by forest fires, and numerous other things of like sentiment were muttered as we went cautiously to where the dogs were holding something at bay. We came upon them in a moment, when one of the men, with a lantern which he held above his head so as to see at the farthest distance possible what might be attracting the unwavering attention of the dogs, yelled out, "It's an old sow and pigs!"

The boisterous laugh of the crowd rang through the woods, and the old hog made a savage dart at the dogs, who fell over logs and other trash in their hasty retreat, glad, however, to have escaped with their lives. In fact every one seemed as well pleased as the dogs that it was nothing more dangerous than a parental swine with her family, who certainly felt it an intrusion to be disturbed by a couple of dogs and a gang of wild-eyed hunters in the hour that nature intended for rest.

It was a long while before we heard from the dogs again. But our time was occupied by haps and mishaps until our leader called to us from an adjoining hollow to come in his direction. This seemed the worst gully we had yet found. It was so filled with undergrowth and *débris* of fallen trees that it appeared almost impossible at first for one to get through, but there was one thing very much in our favor, and that was the steep incline we had to descend; when once started it was a case of run or tumble, just as you liked. In fact, the undergrowth became at times the only source of security. This lasted only part of the time, however; there was necessarily an ascent after the descent which took some time, with labor correspondingly great. These were all accomplished with the dexterity of a hound pup on his first chase, with an occasional pell-mell feature to give variety to what was already not monotonous in the highest degree.

It was getting along toward midnight and we had already turned our faces toward home, when the loud and long bellows of the dogs reached our ears. Quick as a flash the thin, pale-faced man, who by this time looked as if he ought to be beneath his parental roof instead of wandering about through the woods on a rainy night, yelled out, "Oh! bring 'em home, boys!" Then the bellowing of the dogs began in earnest. Up and down the ravine they went, held close to their work by the stimulating yells from the little man. This lasted until our patience was worn to a feather's edge and we were on the point of going home and leaving the dogs on the trail. But while this was being discussed, we were again startled by the word "treed." Like a boot-black at the alarm of fire we all started. We had gone only a little way when the foremost man stopped, held his lantern a little in front of him for a moment, then disappeared like a stage in a mine shaft. The next man went down and another followed until it became my turn. It was a jump off about 8 or 10ft. into the bottom of the gully. But there was no going around. It was always a straight run, no matter what intervened. When once at the bottom of the ravine, there stood in front of us an embankment four times as high as the one we had just come over, almost perpendicular, with no trees and but few sprouts growing upon it, and wet by the previous rains; but the thought of how we should get up seemed never to have entered any one's mind. Up we went as best we could, slipping and falling on our knees and crawling from one twig to another until eventually we reached the summit, covered with mud and panting for breath.

A few rods further on we found the dogs at the foot of a small tree which bent itself over another ravine. It was soon determined that the tree should be cut; with a few strokes from our noble axman the tree went crashing across the hollow, but the result was nothing. However, the owner of the dogs, while taking me to the railroad station next day, said the dogs "stayed by that thare limb all night and I'd sware that the coon is in that limb yit."

We returned to our bunks about 1 o'clock, well worn physically and our moral condition very much impaired. I have ever since had my individual opinion concerning those dogs as coon hunters, but it would not likely be pleasant to mention it to their present possessor.

ONION, Tenn. KLING.

MEET OF THE DIXIE RED FOX CLUB.

THE meet of the Dixie Red Fox Club, which was held near Rowland, Ala., beginning Oct. 21, brought together a large number of celebrated hounds and more prominent sportsmen than was ever before seen in the United States.

The country surrounding Rowland is ideal for fox hunting. Topographically it is a gently rolling plain, embracing an area of about ten miles square, that for the most part is covered with open forests of hard wood. There is no fencing to speak of, and it is easily accessible from all points.

Unfortunately, a severe drought had prevailed for two months; everything was parched and dry, and at this season of the year there is practically no dew in the South—every condition unfavorable to the chase.

Owing to the large number of hounds at the meet, it was decided to limit the entries for the Derby to four from each pack, and the stake was nominated as follows:

Avent & Hitchcock 4, Francis J. Hogan 4, Howard Tracy 4, W. I. Spears 3, O. L. Hennigan 3, Hardie & Lee 3, R. C. W. Gregg 2, and H. C. Trig 2; a total of 25, and all splendid puppies under 21 months of age.

Capt. John A. Turner, master of foxhounds, ordered the hunt for 4 A. M. Monday. Numerous cold trails were struck, but none could be covered for any considerable time, and at 10 o'clock the hounds were ordered up The feature of the day's work was the trailing done by Bright Eyes, one of Avent & Hitchcock's entries.

Tuesday morning there was a little dew, and atmospheric conditions were somewhat improved over those that obtained the day before.

The start for the hunting grounds, five miles away, was made at 5 o'clock. On the way to the grounds a cold deer trail drew off a few of the puppies and threw them out of the race for the day.

About sunrise a fox trail was crossed and rapidly carried to the north, along the L. & N. R. R. tracks, a mile to the jump. The hounds were badly scattered, and seven dogs, belonging to Spears, Avent, Hardie and Gregg, made the drive of a mile and a half to the track before the rest of the pack harked to the cry. Judges and spectators were equally at fault with the dogs, Mr. R. C. Reynolds, one of the judges, and Mr. J. M. Avent alone seeing the fox, a lusty old gray, as he crossed a small open just after the tack.

Here, however, a series of dodges and turns in a thicket of scrub oaks brought all to the front, and the next straightaway run of a mile was the charge of a roaring torrent of huntsmen that threatened destruction to the trail or the puppies or to both in its madness. Indeed, nothing, not the hole and the subsequent kill, so tested the breeding and training of the dogs in the race. That they were able to carry the trail with the horses around them—some of them trampled, in fact—was a marvel to every beholder.

The hole, in a pipe under the railroad embankment, was made in little more than an hour from the jump, and marvelous to relate, all of the puppies that were in at the jump were still well to the front.

Some of the owners of dogs insisted that a kill should be made, and with great reluctance the judges finally ordered the hounds confined on the railway and the fox routed out for another try for his life. When Reynard was well in the brush the dogs were unleashed and in twenty minutes the kill was accomplished.

Mr. R. C. Reynolds, the hard riding judge, was first at the death and made a desperate effort to rescue the fox, but Bright Eyes had tasted blood, and Ajax and others were too close behind her, and together they tore him in pieces.

Mr. Hardie, Uniontown, Ala., was second at the death, and in compliment to the difficulties he had surmounted, riding a side saddle with a lumbering mule for a steed, Mr. Reynolds generously awarded him the brush.

Owing to the fact that the fox was a gray, the judges declined to make the awards, saying there can be no test of red foxhounds except upon red foxes.

This decision was, in the opinion of the writer, a serious mistake, especially when the scale of points under which the race was made is considered, as may be seen by the following:

Hunting, 20—the hunting was marvelous under the circumstances; trailing, 20—trailing was superb; speed, 20—a grander exhibition of speed was never witnessed in foxhounds; endurance, 20—there was no great test of endurance, but nothing to doubt its existence in anyway; giving tongue, 10—enough for a hundred decisions, as was equally true of intelligence and judgment, valued at 10.

The race, as a whole, was grand—wonderful for puppies, and should have been counted; the decision was accepted by the handlers with the best grace possible, and the Derby was continued for another day.

Wednesday there was no change in the weather for the better, and at 5 o'clock A. M. a start was made for the grounds designated by the master of foxhounds, seven miles—another unfortunate mistake, that resulted in nothing but a little trailing, especially when it was known that there was plenty of game within a mile of camp.

Wednesday night the club concluded to abandon the trials for the present, and it was decided to hold the next meet beginning the second Monday in December, 1896, at the same place.

Dr. I. F. Delaney was re-elected president for the ensuing year, with Mr. W. I. Spears for vice-president. Mr. J. H. Wallace, Jr., the efficient secretary-treasurer, was also named his own successor.

Among the 200 hounds present, and attracting general attention, were Banjo, the winner of All-Age Stake of the National Fox-Hunters' Association, 1894; Avent & Hitchcock's celebrated old Hunter, conceded by all who have ever seen him afield to be the grandest strike and trail dog on the continent; Messrs. Walker's Big Strive and Pearl Strive, winners of many firsts on the bench, and Mr. Spears's well-known Julys, Willis and July.

Messrs. Howard Tracy and Francis J. Hogan had in their string about twenty of their own and of the Walker hounds: big, bony dogs for the most part, apparently capable of good work. This pack was by no means uniform in color and not of the true American type.

The Avent & Hitchcock dogs, sixteen in number, were, with one exception, clean, racy-looking black and tans, with plenty of snap and vim.

Col. H. C. Trigg had eight hounds said to have caused the death of many foxes. They were fine lookers for the most part, but not uniform in type.

Hon. R. W. C. Gregg's pure-bred shaggies, next to the Avent & Hitchcock pack, were the most capable lookers at the meet.

W. I. Spears had three puppies out of an Avent bitch, by a July dog, that were racy-looking youngsters, and, so far as type goes, a great improvement on the pure Julys.

O. L. Hennigan's three youngsters were of no particular type, but looked like capable workers that may yet be heard from.

In the dozen other packs there were some good individuals, especially Ajax in that of Hardie & Co.

Before the close of the meet there was a match arranged between Messrs. J. M. Avent and Howard Tracy for a stake of $200 a side, that will be looked upon with great interest everywhere. The test will be for endurance between packs of from six to eight dogs, and will be run off at Hickory Valley some time in December.

The general public, however, will be disappointed to learn that the match will be in the presence of only six invited friends of the principals; and is, in this particular, unfortunate.

In conversation with the writer, Mr. Avent expressed a hope that Mr. Tracy would consent to invite Mr. Luttrel, of Georgia, to enter the stake. If it can be so arranged, this would bring together the three most noted packs in the United States.

Among the noted sportsmen present and not previously mentioned were Hon. Ross Smith and Hon. John McGyueen, Birmingham, Ala.; Maj. Val. Young, Waverly, Miss.; Capt. Wm. Bankhead and Mr. Mark Gilchrist, Courtland, Ala.; and Hon. R. H. Lowe, Huntsville, Ala.

To Capt. Hartsell and his family, Dr. I. F. Delaney, president of the club, and Mr. John H. Wallace, Jr., the sec'y-treas., all who attended the meet are indebted for much kindness. Nothing was left undone for the comfort and pleasure of anyone that they could accomplish.

Of the meet it is probably true that it was the largest and most representative gathering of hounds and huntsmen ever held upon American soil. WILL SCRIBBLER.

The N. E. F. T. Club's Trials.

THE trials of the New England Field Trial Club began on Oct. 29, at Assonet Neck, Mass. There were but six starters, drawn as follows:

SETTERS.

P. H. Powell's black dog Dan (Sport— ——)

with

Oakland Farm's black, white and tan bitch Our Pet (The Corsair—Tchula). A. R. Sharp, handler.

H. D. Keyes's black, white and tan dog Montel (Marks Mack—Katie B.)

with

W. C. Baylies's black, white and tan dog Tennessee Vandal (The Corsair—Effie Hill).

D. A. Goodwin, Jr.'s, black and white bitch Gladys (Bradley—Matchless IV.)

with

Hobart Ames's black, white and tan dog Jockey (Claude —Mollie Dale).

The drawing took place in the morning at the grounds, and the start was made at 9:15. The weather was perfect, bright and with a light frost, the wind blowing gently from the northwest. We found very few birds, but they were placed so that we managed to get along very well. The grounds were in good condition. The leaves having fallen, we had no trouble to keep track of the dogs.

The dogs were a very nice lot to manage, quick to mind and very well broken. The handlers deserve a great deal of credit for the way their dogs were fitted and the manner they were handled. I cannot recall a single instance where there was any loud whistling or calling. It was truly very gratifying to see how easily well-broken dogs can be managed at a field trial.

The winner of first, Our Pet, is a medium-sized black, white and tan bitch, with plenty of speed, very intelligent range, good style on point, and handles quickly and pleasantly. Had she been run in her younger days at the larger trials, I am sure she would have made a good showing.

Tennessee Vandal is a medium-sized black, white and tan dog, fair range and speed, rather headstrong in his work. He handles his birds well. He has not so pleasing a way of hunting as the winner of first, neither does he compare with her in intelligence, speed, range, nor in style on game.

Montel, winner of third, is an evenly marked black, white and tan of nice size, and put up right for a nice going dog. In fact he is a very beautiful moving dog, and as he quarters his ground he makes you feel as though he was ready at any moment to point a covey. He ranges fast, and plenty wide enough for cover shooting, and minds promptly without more than a low whistle. He shows a lack of experience on birds, but no timidity. He does not seem inclined to back, but I imagine with another year's experience on game he will go higher up the score.

Dan and Our Pet were cast off at 9:15, Dan handled by his owner, Mr. P. H. Powell, and Our Pet by Mr. Arthur R. Sharp. Both dogs went away fast and ranged nicely, beating out stubble and cover equally well. In this brace we had two distinct types of dogs—Dan, low carriage of head and stern; Our Pet, high head and stern. Dan went quite as fast as Pet, but not so intelligently. He was a very interesting dog to watch. We hunted out a lot of ground before finding any signs of birds. Pet, crossing low ground into thick bushes, stopped to scent of covey; Dan, brought up to back, did so to order. Mr. Sharp failing to put up birds the dogs were ordered on and worked the trail nicely across another field. Dan pointed, Pet backing nicely. Mr. Powell put up birds and shot. Pet steady; Dan jumped a stone wall and chased. Sent on single birds, Pet made a nice point; steady to wing. Sent on, no birds were found for some time; in thick cover both dogs got among the birds and put them up. Dogs up at 10:10.

Montel, handled by H. B. Tallman, and Tennessee Vandal, handled by A. R. Sharp, were cast off at 10:15. The dogs ranged about alike. Montel had the best style, and somewhat the quicker dog and the easier to handle. We hunted through stubble, low, swampy meadow, bushes, over high ground, then crossed to the opposite side of the valley just across the bottom. Montel pointed a covey well, Van crossing behind and to the left, made a good point on same covey. Mr. Tallman put up birds; dogs steady to order. A crippled bird being left, it ran squealing in front of Montel and he tried to catch it. In the scuffle a ruffed grouse flushed from the bushes and crossed the open. Mr. Sharp put in a shell and made a nice kill at fifty or more yards, and broke shot to retrieve the birds, both dogs getting badly rattled at his action. Soon after, in thick pine, Montel made a point on single birds, left his point, jumped in, flushed and chased the birds. Vandal, in broom sedge, made a good point, Montel refusing to back; Van steady to wing. No more birds were found in this heat. Dogs up at 11:12.

Gladys handled by Mr. Ellis, and Jockey by Mr. Teen, were started at 11:16. They covered a lot of country before finding any birds. Jockey gave a nice exhibition of going over smooth ground, reminding me of Tony Boy—about his size and the same pretty way of going—but when he struck cover he was through, and did nothing but try to find good easy places to get about in. Gladys acted puppish, and did not get out to hunt, as she very likely will when she has more age and experience. Dogs up at 12:27, having done no work on birds that amounted to anything. Our lunch was a great success, and enjoyed by all.

Second Series.

Four dogs were kept in.

To Dan and Vandal I gave about an hour, Van showing himself to be the better in style of hunting, pointing, etc. Dan kept up his reputation for being unsteady.

Our Pet and Montel had a long run, I should judge one hour and a half, without finding birds. In this heat Montel rather had the best of it in speed, but in no other way. Found large bevy, Pet getting some point work. Montel rather unsteady.

I then put down Jockey for about ten minutes on single birds to see how he would act alone, but he would not hunt in briers. He made one point, but it proved barren.

I then decided, placing Our Pet first, Tennessee Vandal second, Montel third. N. WALLACE.

Among other items, Mr. Sharp sent us the following, but as Mr. Wallace's report is quite complete, we present only this.

Judge, Mr. N. Wallace, Farmington, Conn. Between forty and fifty interested sportsmen followed the dogs. Mr. Wallace's decisions gave satisfaction and were in no way questioned. A. K. SHARP, Sec'y.

Field Trial Handling.

IT is a pleasure to note a growing desire on the part of handlers, or some of them, to improve the training of dogs at field trials, and also to have the matter of training more specifically considered in that connection. That wide-awake and sound writer, Mr. W. W. Titus, in a private letter of recent date touches on the matter of backing, and his views are so sensible and pertinent that they deserve publication for the improvement of a noble sport. He says:

"I have always thought it very unjust to an honest dog to allow credit for a find to his competitor, the dogs being out of sight when the find was made, even though said competitor be on a point, if he has shown a disinclination or refusal to back the honest dog when in plain sight of him.

"I believe in a rule to the effect that all dogs must show positively that they are honest, reliable backers, remaining stanchly in backing position without coaching or steadying, as long as the pointing dog remains motionless, otherwise the judges will have a right to take it for granted that their backing is purposely left unfinished in order that when they come on a dog pointing out of sight of the judges they thievishly steal the point, and assume the position of the find. The judges are allowed to place such construction as they deem proper with full knowledge of the dog's qualities in this respect, in order to protect a good searcher from being robbed of the credit of his finds.

"A dog should, in a true interpretation of thorough training and finished performance, be just as reliable on a back as a point, and a dog that will not back a pointing dog except by command of his handler will make no pretensions toward backing when the handler is not present to give that command.

"A dog of this kind can commit piracy enough in each field trial meeting to place him well to the front, if not at the very top. In horse racing, such as trotting, a square fair trotter is protected from being robbed by a horse of mixed gait, and it is time that an honest, hard-working searcher should not be at the mercy of such 'pirates' as I have described. At the same time it would tend to bring into disrepute bad training, and encourage all trainers to be more thorough in all the detail of training.

"I am not complaining of a 'bugbear.' All practical men have realized the extent to which an honest dog can be worked to its disadvantage by a dog cunning in and watching for opportunities to steal points; and some loafing dogs will get to be so expert that one often hears them spoken of as having so much sense, that without hunting hardly any they can find more birds than a hard hunter, which or[illegible]ets around to back—which often means that the 'loafer' gets around in time to steal a point.

"This [illegible] enforced with the utmost rigor in a champi[illegible] dog that is not an honest, reliable backer, as stanch on back as point, has no place nor right to be considered.

"I think it is not due to scarcity of birds which makes finding at Newton so difficult, as I have the same conditions here: no rain for two months and dry as tinder. The cornfields or in fact all fields will burn as freely as in the warm days of spring. Naturally birds seek the cool solitude of impenetrable thickets, near some creek if possible where water is to be had, or if not they drink the dew in early morn, and stay in cool places, where their thirst will not be excited. I am hammering away by getting up at daylight, and locating birds by their calling, or whistling, which they do as roosters crow at day-break. It gets so hot at 8 that I lay up till late in the evening, in fact the same *modus operandi* as is used on the prairies.



WHEN THE LONG ISLAND RABBIT SEASON OPENS.—*See page 401.*

FIELD TRIALS OF THE BRUNSWICK FUR CLUB.

THE Brunswick Fur Club held its seventh annual field trials at Barre, Mass., beginning Oct. 28 and ending Nov. 1. The hunting grounds were as well suited to the purpose as any the club has tried. There are many hills from which a good view of the surrounding territory can be obtained, and there are large tracts of cleared land where the hounds could be seen running for a long distance. The greatest drawback to the region for field trial purposes is the numberless stone walls and the rocky pastures, where a fox could go for miles without touching his foot to the earth. This latter objection, however, is not an important one, for with such a pack of hounds as was entered at these trials the fox had no time to pick his way; when the driving conditions were good he had to flee for his life.

The pack unquestionably contained more high-class hounds than were ever brought together in New England previous to this meet. Most of them were of the same type and many were similar in markings, and the difficulty of distinguishing one from another is obvious. To remedy this each hound had a large letter painted upon his sides in bright red paint. In this way the hounds were easily distinguished, and the plan will be adopted in the future trials of the club. The judges were able to identify the hounds easily, and there was no danger of mistaking one for another.

During the four days of the trials the judges did an immense amount of hard work. Judging such a pack is no easy matter on horseback, and where the work must be done on foot the difficulties are greatly increased. Luck must always enter into such competitions to a certain extent, and hence it was a source of gratification to the judges to know that their awards were generally indorsed by those who had followed the hounds during the week.

Jay Bird and Torment, the first and second prize winners in the Derby, are remarkably good hounds for their age. The former is built for speed more than endurance, while the latter has the form and substance of an English hound. Both displayed intelligence and perseverance in all their work, but Jay Bird ranged wider, and when at fault cast further than Torment. Polly, the third prize winner, will improve with experience.

Dan, the winner of the highest honors in the All-Age Stake, is a stylish hound of wonderful endurance, fine nose, great speed and intelligence. He was bred by W. S. Walker. Big Strive, well known on the bench, made a record to be proud of in winning the second place in such hot competition.

Among the visitors at Barre was Howard Tracy, of Louisville, Ky. He is the first sportsman from that State to enter his hounds at these trials, and it is hoped that his success in winning the Derby and the second place in the All-Age Stake will induce him to come again and bring his friends with him. Others present were Dr. A. C. Heffenger, W. A. Bragdon, Portsmouth, N. H.; L. A. Tunley, Boston, Mass.; Wm. H. Perkins, L. A. Fisherdick, Ware, Mass.; Solomon Bennett, Providence, R. I.; A. B. McGregor, Poland, Me.; A. B. F. Kinney, W. E. Hapgood, G. A. Goddard, J. A. Williams, Guy C. Whidden, W. R. Dean, Worcester, Mass.; H. H. Shields, Bennington, Vt.; O. F. Joslin, George B. Appleby, Oxford, Mass.; E. L. Brooks, Brattleboro, Vt.; J. H. Gafney, Petersham, Mass.; R. D. Perry, Portland, Me.; E. J. Hill, Phillipston, Mass.; S. B. Mills, J. William Jones, Needham, Mass.; George E. Carr, Holliston, Mass.; F. G. Stewart, New York, N. Y.; L. E. Conant, L. O. Dennison, Waltham, Mass.; Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass., and a number of others.

Most of the sportsmen arrived on Monday and a club meeting was held in the evening. Howard Tracy, Louisville, Ky., was made an honorary member and the following gentlemen were elected active members: H. H. Shields and W. A. Viall, Bennington, Vt.; Jas. H. Gafney, Petersham, Mass.; L. Fisherdick, Ware, Mass.; Geo. A. Goddard, Worcester, Mass. The Derby closed with the following entries and the meeting adjourned.

Derby Entries.

TORMENT—Dr. A. C. Heffenger's b., w. and t. dog (Redstone—Nell). Maupin—Robinson strain, whelped, April, 1894.

BUCK—John M. White's b., w. and t. dog (Logan—Aggie). Pooler strain, whelped July, 1894.

BESSIE—John M. White's b., w. and t. bitch (Logan—Aggie). Pooler strain, whelped July, 1894.

POLLY—H. H. Shield's b., w. and t. bitch (— Molly). Goodman—Walker cross, whelped Ma[illegible]

POPE'S FRISKY—White Oak Hill K[illegible] and t. bitch (Pealer—Flirt). July—Good[illegible]oss, whelped May, 1894.

JAY BIRD—Walker & Hagan's b., w. and t. dog (Sam—May). Kentucky hound, whelped August, 1894.

Tuesday—The Derby.

Clouds covered the sky in the early morning and threatened rain, but the sun broke through by 7 o'clock and a fairly good hunting day resulted.

The Derby entries were cast off a mile west of the village at 6:25. They packed well and all seemed anxious and willing to work. Jay Bird, Polly and Torment showed greater hunting sense than the others and did practically all the work of the day. No track fresh enough to be worked was hit till about 9 o'clock. Then Jay Bird struck a skulking fox, and with Torment and Polly carried the track for more than two miles. Finally they got on running terms with the quarry and Torment and Jay Bird ran him prettily for an hour or more. Polly unfortunately was thrown out and did not get into the chase. The other youngsters refused to hark to the driving hounds and Torment and Jay Bird had the race to themselves. Jay Bird was the better, though Torment was a good second. The fox was finally lost near Swift River.

The judges were: R. D. Perry, J. Wm. Jones, W. A. Bragdon, Geo. E. Carr, S. B. Mills and John A. Williams. They gave first prize to Jay Bird, second to Torment, third to Polly.

SUMMARY.

BARRE, Mass., Oct. 29.—Brunswick Fur Club Derby open to all hounds whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1894; entry fee, $2; first prize, 50%; second, 30%; third, 20% of entry fees; six starters:

First, Walker & Hagans's Jay Bird; second, A. C. Heffenger's Torment; third, H. H. Shields's Polly.

The entries in the All-Age stake were made on Tuesday evening.

All-Age Entries.

DIAMOND K.—John M. White's w., b. and t. dog (Logan—Wild). Pooler—Wild Goose cross, 3yrs.

FLY—John M. White's b., w. and t. bitch (Crook—Bessie). Walker hound, 4yrs.

PIPER—W. A. Bragdon's w., b. and t. dog (Strive—Fly). Walker strain, 2yrs.

DOCK—W. A. Bragdon's w., b. and t. dog (Strive—Rate). Walker strain, 2yrs.

SUNMAID—White Oak Hill Kennels' w., b. and t. bitch (Traveler—Flash). July strain, 3½yrs.



CLAY—White Oak Hill Kennels' w., b. and t. dog (Scully—Bessie). Goodman strain, 7½yrs.

BANJO—Tracy & Hagan's b., w. and t. dog (Barbour's Spot—Tracy & Hagan's Rose). Kentucky hound, 3yrs. 2mos.

BIG STRIVE—Hagan & Walker's b., w. and t. dog (Striver—Sall). Walker strain, 2½yrs.

JULIETTE—O. F. Joslin's w. and t. bitch (Sam King—Daisy). July—Walker cross, 2¾yrs.

DAN—O. F. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog (Boston—Nell). Walker strain, 2yrs. 1mo.

RODES—O. F. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog (Brewer—Mag). Walker strain, 2yrs. 2mos.

SIM—O. F. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog (Jake—Cricket). Walker strain, 2yrs.

ROCK—Geo. E. Carr's b., w. and t. dog (Smitha's Logan—Muse). Maupin—Robinson cross, 4⅝yrs.

DRIVER—G. W. Pierce's b. and t. dog (Turk—Lake). Goodman strain, 2yrs.

JENNIE REDSTONE—G. W. Pierce's b., w. and t. bitch (Redstone—Jenny). Goodman strain, 2yrs.

HUSKIE—R. D. Perry's b., w. and t. dog (Troupe—Blinkie). Walker strain, 2yrs. 5mos.

TRAILER—R. D. Perry's b. and t. bitch (Bonnie—Maggie). Conant strain, 3½yrs.

TREAD—W. A. Viall's b. and t. dog (Bonnie—Maggie). Conant strain, 3½yrs.

JOE J.—Geo. A. Goddard's b. and t. dog (Adam—Wild). Native—Wild Goose cross, 4yrs.

BARNEY—Sandy Spring Hunt Club's gray, t. and w. dog (Sport—Hester). July strain, 4½yrs.

BEULAH—Sandy Spring Hunt Club's b., w. and t. bitch (Boston—Jule). July strain, 3yrs.

MARQUIS—Noel E. Money's w., t. and gray dog, Welsh hound (imported), 2yrs.

Wednesday—The All-Age.

A white frost, no wind and a cloudless sky promised great sport on the first day of the running of the All-Age Stake. But the promise was not fulfilled.

At 6:30 the twenty-two entries were cast off at the same place where the Derby was started on Tuesday. The hounds found a track within two minutes and within ten had two foxes up. One led away toward the west driven by four or five hounds, and the other hotly pursued by the rest of the pack started south. The scent was perfect and the speed terrific. The fox proved to be a "liner" and away he went without a turn. As ill luck would have it, however, he was headed and turned sharply back. The pack over-ran badly and it was some minutes before the hounds hit it off again. Some of them were thrown out altogether and others were so far behind the leaders that they became discouraged and finally gave it up. The fox crossed Sherman Hill, ran to Thousand Acre Swamp and then took a turn toward Petersham. The pack was out of hearing by 9 o'clock and it was not till 1 that judges Mills and Williams learned the whereabouts of the hounds. Seven were still working, picking a track slowly along, with Joe J. and Driver doing the greater part of the work. While the chase was hot it was simply impossible for judges or spectators to come up with the pack near enough to distinguish the individual hounds. The judges worked hard and covered mile after mile on foot only to find the hounds still ahead of them. Such work was extremely tedious and unsatisfactory.

The M. F. H. was busy till late in the evening searching for lost hounds. He brought in all but Marquis—the odd looking Welsh hound—Driver, Piper and Huskie.

The judges were S. B. Mills, J. Wm. Jones, J. A. Williams, Guy C. Whidden and Bradford S. Turpin. The following hounds were spotted out: Fly, Barney, Sunmaid, Juliette and Jennie Redstone. All these hounds are capable of good work, but they failed to run in their usual form to-day.

Thursday.

Again the club was favored with good hunting conditions. In the early morning the ground was covered with white frost and there was no wind. Later in the day, however, a cold easterly breeze sprung up, making the day the most comfortable one of the week for sportsmen.

Huskie, Marquis and Piper were still missing when the hounds were ordered out at 6 o'clock. Consequently the pack consisted of but fourteen. Judge Whidden was unavoidably absent.

The M. F. H. ordered the hounds cast off at 6:40. They quickly found a fresh track and carried it prettily and at great speed for a couple of miles and then jumped their fox. Every hound was on and the fox for an hour and a half was pressed hard. Fortunately he was not an "old liner," such as was started on Tuesday, and he furnished rare sport for those who were so lucky as to be present. After making a couple of turns about the hills where he was started he led away for a large swamp. Here he skulked for some time and very nearly succeeded in throwing off the pack. But the hounds finally jumped him a second time and once more the chase was on. The speed up to this time had been terrific, but now the ground became drier every moment and the scent lay badly. The fox began to take his own time, and after making a long swing to the southeast he turned back toward the starting point.

At 10:45 he was twenty minutes ahead of the pack, and by 11 the hounds had lost him altogether. At the finish there were only eight hounds driving—Dan, Sim, Diamond K., Big Strive, Beulah, Joe J., Rodes and Tread. All the others were either thrown out or had quit and gone home. Dock had lost the pack, but later had started a fox alone, and drove him for some time with Driver.

During this great day's sport nearly all the hounds had some good work put to their credit. Among those seen in the lead were Clay, Dock, Rodes, Big Strive and Dan; but the latter was there more than any other hound, and at the close of the day was as fresh as any hound in the field. Clay in the early morning ran in the same splendid form that he showed in the trials of '92, when he won the highest honors. Rodes showed great speed after the fox was up, but he took no interest in starting the game.

The day was a most satisfactory one, as the judges had many opportunities to see the work of the hounds. In the evening they decided to order out all the hounds on Friday that were out to-day.

Friday.

Hard rain fell all night, but at sunrise there were indications of pleasant weather, and by 9 o'clock the sun was out. As the clouds drifted away the wind began to rise and was soon blowing a gale, making it very difficult to keep track of the hounds.

The rain had washed away all the fox tracks, if indeed any had been made during the night, and the only hope of getting a run was in jumping a fox. Accordingly the hounds were put in at the edge of a promising swamp and worked to windward. For two miles or more they beat out the swamps and covers without finding a track. Then by good luck they ran directly upon the game and a splendid chase followed, though the sport was marred by the high wind. The pack, in drawing for the fox, had held together wonderfully and all the hounds were on at the jump. For two hours they ran the fox over the hills and through the valleys, and in all that time there were but two hounds thrown out—Rodes and Beulah. The others packed perfectly, running in a bunch from start to finish. The fox finding he could not escape on the uplands took to a large swamp and threw off the pack without great difficulty. Just before the finish the hounds crossed a brook, and Diamond K. was so unfortunate as to be caught between two logs in such a way that he could not escape. He was saved from drowning by one of the hunters who happened to be in the vicinity.

This chase ended the work of the meet. In the evening the judges posted the awards as given below:

SUMMARY.

BARRE, Mass., Oct. 30–Nov. 1.—Brunswick Fur Club All-Age Stake; open to all foxhounds. Entry fee to all classes, $3. First prize in each class 50 per cent., second 30 per cent. and third 20 per cent. of the entry fee. Twenty-two starters.

HUNTING CLASS.

First, O. F. Joslin's Dan; second, George A. Goddard's Joe J.; third, O. F. Joslin's Sim.

TRAILING CLASS.

First, O. F. Joslin's Dan; second, Hagan & Walker's Big Strive; third, White Oak Hill Kennels' Clay.

SPEED CLASS.

First, O. F. Joslin's Dan; second, Hagan & Walker's Big Strive; third, G. W. Pierce's Driver.

ENDURANCE CLASS.

First, O. F. Joslin's Dan; second, W. A. Bragdon's Dock; third, Tracy & Hagan's Banjo.

TONGUING CLASS.

First, White Oak Hill Kennels' Clay; second, Geo. A. Goddard's Joe J.; third, Hagan & Walker's Big Strive.

STYLE CLASS.

First, Hagan & Walker's Big Strive; second, White Oak Hill Kennels' Clay; third, O. F. Joslin's Dan.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

American Field Cup, highest general average medal, O. F. Joslin's speed medal, Dr. A. C. Heffenger's hunting medal to Dan.

H. A. P. Smith's tonguing medal to Clay.

A. B. F. Kinney's $50 for fox killed by the hounds was not awarded.

On Friday evening a club meeting was held, President Heffenger in the chair. R. D. Perry, O. F. Joslin and S. Knight, Jr., were empowered to select the place and date of the winter meet. Solomon Bennett, Providence, R. I., was elected a member of the club. The meeting then adjourned and a fox-hunter's ball brought a week of good sport to an end. J. A. F.

Entries for the Beagle Trial.

THE field trial committee of the National Beagle Club of America held a meeting at 55 Liberty street, Tuesday, Oct. 22. The members present were Messrs. H. F. Schellhass, J. W. Appleton, A. D. Lewis, George Laick, N. A. Baldwin and Geo. W. Rogers. The entries received numbered twenty-nine against seventeen in the same classes last year. Among them are a number of dogs which will compete in the New England Beagle Club trials at Oxford, Mass., beginning Nov. 5, which have been nominated by H. S. Joslin and W. S. Clark, the president and secretary of the New England Beagle Club. Among the other nominators are George F. Reed, who won the Derby last year at Hempstead, L. I., with Nell R., and in 1893 at Nanuet, N. Y., with Sport R. C. Staley Doub, who has one of the finest packs in the South; N. A. Baldwin, D. F. Summers, William Saxby and the Somerset Kennels, all frequent winners with their strains at beagle trials, have made entries. The list is as follows:

OPEN CLASS A.

For dogs, all ages, 15in. and under, that have not been placed first in any open class at field trials held in America.

Awashonk Kennels' black, white and tan dog Zeno (Deacon Tidd—Daisy).

H. S. Joslin's blue ticked dog Snyder III. (Snyder II.—Nancy).

A. C. Pickhardt's Jester II.

George F. Reed's black, white and tan dog Spark R. (Keannelly's Lee—Skip).

OPEN CLASS B.

For bitches, all ages, 15in. and under, that have not been placed first in any open class at field trials held in America.

Walter Randall's black, white and tan bitch Bell (Fitzhugh Lee—Baby Deane).

W. S. Clark's white and tan bitch Sunbeam (Buckshot—Nell R.).

Waldingfield Beagle's black, white and tan bitch Lufra (Imported Orator—Lonesome).

N. A. Baldwin's black, white and tan bitch Ada B. (champion Frank Forest—Zellah).

C. Staley Doub's black, white and tan bitch Triumph (Imported Chimer—Welcome).

William Saxby's black, white and tan bitch Dime (Judge—Baby).

D. F. Summer's black, white and tan bitch Lucy S. (Frank—Jip).

Somerset Kennels' black, white and tan bitch Marvel (Bounce—Ferol).

George F. Reed's black, white and tan ticked bitch Nell R. (Ned—Haida).

F. W. Chapman's Marguerite (Fitzhugh Lee—Sido).

OPEN CLASS C.

For dogs and bitches, all ages, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any open class at field trials held in America.

George F. Reed's black, white and tan bitch Skip II. R. (Buckshot—Jute).

Daniel F. Summer's black, white and tan bitch Summer's Kit (Trubble—Lucy). S., also tan and blue ticked dog Talor (Royal Forest—Beauty C.).

F. H. Bolton's black, white and tan dog Young Royal (champion Royal Krueger—Midge).

Walter Randall's black, white and tan bitch Lola Lee (Fitzhugh Lee—Parthenia).

C. F. Prouty's black, white and tan bitch Becky Bates (Fitzhugh Lee—Parthenia).

William Saxby's black, white and tan bitch Bessie (Judy—Baby).

George Laick's black, white and tan dog Laick's Rattler II. (Laick's Rattler—Flirt).

DERBY—CLASS D.

For dogs and bitches, 15in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1894.

Awashonk Kennels' black, white and tan dog Baronet Daunter—Rocklass).

W. S. Clark's white and tan bitch Sunbeam (Buckshot—Nell).

Waldingfield Beagle's black, white and tan dog Phœbus (Potomac—Belle of Woodbrook).

C. Staley Doub's black, white and tan bitch Pisen (Wanderer—Spinaway).

George F. Reed's black, white and tan bitch Spinaway (Laick's Rattler—Spot R.).

J. Q. Bourne's black, tan and blue ticked bitch Jute II. (Buckshot—Jute).

William Saxby's black, white and tan bitch Dime's Daisy (Clyde—Dime).

James L. Kernochan has made entries for Class G, Brace Stakes, and Class H, Pack Stakes.

GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

U. S. F. T. C. All-Age Entries.

TRENTON, Tenn.—The entries for the All-Age Stake of the U. S. F. T. Club, Newton, N. C., number twenty-nine: fourteen setters, thirteen pointers.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

LADY MILDRED—Hobart Ames's b., w. and t. bitch (Antonio—Ruby Girl).

ROD'S TOP—P. M. Essig's b., w. and t. dog (Roderigo—Topsy Avent).

TONY'S GALE—Fox & Seiler's b., w. and t. dog (Antonio—Nelly G.).

REVENUE—C. N. Powers's b., w. and t. dog (Antonio—Nelly Hope).

MINNIE T.—W. W. Titus's b., w. and t. bitch (Dick Bondhu—Betty B.).

SAM T.—W. W. Titus's b., w. and t. dog (Luke Roy—Betty B.).

HARROL SKIMPOLE—W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. dog (Whyte B.—Nettie Bevan).

CYNOSURE—N. T. Harris's b., w. and t. bitch (Roderigo—Norah II.).

DIXIE'S FLAG—N. T. Harris's b. and w. dog (Wun Lung—White Wings).

TONY BOY—N. T. Harris's b., w. and t. dog (Antonio—Laundress).

TORY DOTLET—F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. bitch (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Della).

GLEAM'S PINK—Manchester Kennels' b., w. and t. dog (Vanguard—Georgia Belle).

BLACK ROCK—T. P. Lewis's l. and w. dog (Ray O'Hope—Lulie).

PALOMA—P. Lorillard's b., w. and t. bitch (Eugene T.—Lou).

POINTERS.

RIDGEVIEW REGENT—F. A. Hodgeman's liv. and w. dog (Beppo III.—Bloomo II.).

ELGIN'S DASH—F. W. Dunham's l. and w. dog (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno).

LAD'S LADY—L. W. Blankenbaker's liv. and w. bitch (Lad of Rush—Lady Margaret).

TORY BARON—Thomas Hitchcock's liv. and w. dog (Duke of Hessen—Westminster Ina).

JINGO—N. T. De Pauw's liv. and w. dog (Mainspring—Queen II.).

VON GULL.—Ashford & Odum's liv. and w. dog (Kent Elgin—Fanny V. Croxteth).

TORY JOE—F. R. Hitchcock's liv. and w. dog (Kent Elgin—Fanny Heath).

TICK BOY—Stoddard & Kidwell's b. and w. dog (King of Kent—Bloom).

TAMARACK, JR.—H. K. Devereux's liv. and w. dog (Tamarack—Maud Graphic).

KOMUS—G. Cnisholm's liv. and w. dog (Clip Graphic—Mack's Juno).

REX FAST—C. Coolidge's liv. and w. dog (Rex—Mosy).

LA BELLE—Geo. F. Gray's liv. and w. bitch (Vandervort's Don—Winnie Tribulation).

RANCOCAS BELLE—P. Lorillard's liv. and w. bitch (Rip Rap—Maud). W. B. STAFFORD, Sec'y.

A Twice-Told Tale.

THE *Stock-Keeper* (England), in its issue of Oct. 18, publishes an open letter bearing the date of Sept. 27 and the signatures of Messrs. Jas. Watson and A. P. Vredenburgh, the committee appointed in accordance with the resolutions passed at the September meeting, "That Messrs. Watson and Vredenburgh be appointed a committee to write an open letter for the purpose of refuting the published statements of Mr. James Taylor, of England, respecting the American kennel world."

As the letter embodies, in the main, matter which has been gone over to a wearisome extent several times before, it is unnecessary to publish it *verbatim*. To show the position of the A. K. C. in the matter, it will suffice to publish the following excerpts from the letter mentioned:

Undoubtedly, the awards in the classes in which the Messrs. Woodiwiss exhibited were altered on Wednesday, and without the slightest consultation with Mr. Taylor, who had no more reason to be heard in the matter than if he had never left England.

The facts are these: The dogs belonging to Messrs. Woodiwiss did not arrive at the show building till Wednesday, the second day of the show; Mr. Taylor had not then judged these classes, but did so on that day. He awarded certain prizes to these dogs, but an objection was lodged because of late arrival. The show committee had no option, under the rules, but to disqualify the belated travelers; but, in order that their owners might not feel aggrieved at the enforcement of the show rules, Mr. Terry offered, on behalf of the club, to let the awards stand as "extra prizes" and pay the amount won, irrespective of the dogs' disqualification in their classes, and Messrs. Woodiwiss said they would prefer plate. The amount won was $90 (equal to £18); but, not content with voluntarily paying that amount twice over, the club purchased plate to the value of £22, and forwarded it to Messrs. Woodiwiss. Such are the facts as they are known to us, and it is our appointed duty to place them before your readers. * * *

Finally, let us ask English readers whether they can conceive a club committee disqualifying any dogs, and then paying the prizes over again for the purpose of committing a fraud, or indeed can they, in the history of the entire kennel world, find a duplicate to the generosity of the Westminster Kennel Club in presenting to the English exhibitors £22 worth of plate to which they had no legal right. Mr. Taylor is singularly silent on this point.

You may depend that if there had been any truth in the intent of Mr. Taylor's charges we should have heard of them here. The intent of Mr. Taylor's charge has been that a fraud was committed at our leading show, and your readers would, therefore, be led to the belief that it was a habit of our show managers to do so.

To this letter the *Stock-Keeper* appended the following: "A definite charge was distinctly made in our columns on May 3 this year. Mr. Taylor stated that the executive changed his dachshund awards, and that charge is admitted in the above letter. The explanation given is that Mr. Woodiwiss's dogs which received prizes were ineligible to compete, and were on that account disqualified, and in the natural course of dog-show events their disappearance from the prize list should have allowed each of their beaten competitors to move up a peg, that is to say, a third dog take second prize, a reserve dog take third prize, and so on. We should not have called that altering the awards, but what we do call altering an award is jumping up the bitch Weasel, which the judge only highly commended, into the prize list. In a general move up she should have been promoted to vhc., but the New York executive skipped the vhc., reserve and third prize steps, and put her second. We contend that the executive in this case exceeded their rights; they had no right to decorate with the second prize card an animal that the judge could appreciate no higher than hc."

The following appears in the *Stock-Keeper* of Oct. 25:

Although hitherto I have refrained from making any comment on the remarks which have appeared in print about my brother and myself at the late Westminster Kennel Club show at New York, I now feel it my duty to state the real facts, which were as follows:

On the morning of the first day of the show, the boat carrying our dogs and kennelman had neither arrived nor been reported; however, in the evening I received a telegram saying she would be in dock at 8 o'clock the next morning, so I at once took this telegram to Mr. Mortimer, and he said if we could get the dogs in before their classes were judged they would be all right (I may here mention the judging at this show was not finished until the evening of the second day; all our dogs were benched between 2 and 3 o'clock on that day, and the dachshunds were not judged until about 5 o'clock); therefore, our surprise was great when we were told later on that objections had been lodged against the awards being given to our dogs, that in consequence of the said objections they would receive extra prizes instead.

Now, to go to the subject of the plate, which we were alleged to have asked for and received in preference to the prize money. The whole of this is an utter fabrication. My brother never applied at the office for his prize money at all, but I went for mine and was offered checks amounting in value to about £16 or £17, which I refused to take, being much annoyed at the altering of the awards, viz.: by inserting the word "extra," and moving up dogs of inferior merit to the position mine by rights should have occupied. I especially noticed that the special prize for best team of dachshunds, which my dogs were awarded, remained unaltered in the catalogue; therefore, in place of the $15 for this said special, I asked Mr. Terry if he would send me a gold medal up to that value (or less).

This he agreed to do, and the word plate was never mentioned, nor have we received any, much less the gold medal; therefore what Messrs. James Watson and A. P. Vredenburgh mean by the paragraph, "The dogs belonging to Messrs. Woodiwiss did not arrive at the show building till Wednesday, the second day of the show. Mr. Taylor had not then judged these classes, but did so on that day. He awarded certain prizes to these dogs, but an objection was raised because of late arrival. The show committee had no option, under the rules, but to disqualify the belated travelers; but, in order that their owners might not feel aggrieved at the enforcement of the show rules, Mr. Terry offered, on behalf of the club, to let the awards stand as 'extra prizes,' and pay the amount won, irrespective of the dogs' qualifications in their classes, and Messrs. Woodiwiss said they would prefer plate. The amount won was $90 (equal to £18); but, not content with voluntarily paying that amount twice over, the club purchased plate to the value of £22, and forwarded it to the Messrs. Woodiwiss," which appears in your last issue, I am quite at a loss to understand.

E. SYDNEY WOODIWISS.

Continental Field Trials off.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 4.—[*Special to Forest and Stream*]. On account of scarcity of birds at Newton the governing committee at a meeting held in Chicago to-day declared the Continental Club trials off.

P. T. MADISON, Secretary.

In Manitoba.

WINNIPEG, Oct. 29.—Prairie fires are raging all over the country, doing us no end of damage. The weather remains delightful—no snow yet. G. B. BORRADAILE.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. R. B. Morgan has left Akron, O., his home of so many years, and settled permanently in Humboldt, Tenn., where he has stayed during the past three or four winters training dogs. He has rented several thousand acres of game preserve, and is very popular already, the local paper bestowing most cordial praise and welcome to him. We wish him every success.

The field trial committee of the National Beagle Club have extended the time for the closing of entries in Class C, Brace Stakes, and Class H, Pack Stakes, until the evening of Nov. 11.

Mr. H. W. Lacy is now on the editorial staff of the *American Stock-Keeper*, of Boston, an atmosphere more congenial to his tastes than that of the West. In a card Mr. Lacy explains that the failure of the *Kennel News* was due solely to the failure of Mr. Anderson's personal business of printer and publisher, and that at the time of the failure the journal was prospering.

The Muckross Kennels, Springfield, Vt., write us as follows: "We have had a phenomenal demand for our stock, and have sold everything in the way of a setter that we have got to sell. Your excellent paper has had its full share of credit for this. We have sent challenge Henmore Shamrock to Billy Tallman to be handled in the coming Irish setter field trials."

The following letter, says the Syracuse (N. Y.) *Standard*, has been sent to every pastor in Syracuse, and favorable answers have been received from several of the pastors, and it is believed that all will comply with the request:

"DEAR SIR: Believing that every good work that is a step toward spreading God's teaching and making it a practical influence should have the sanction and active aid of the church, we, the ladies of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society, come to you, the head of the church, for your sanction and help. We believe that now in the formation period of this society an urgent appeal from you will awaken the minds of your people to the realization of the

ignorance and thoughtlessness that cause so much unnecessary suffering among animals. Believing concerted action most effective, we ask you to give one service on the last Sunday of October to this subject of justice and mercy.

Respectfully submitted.

WOMAN'S AUXILIARY S. P. C. A.
By order of committee. MRS. ARTHUR J. WELLS.

The following from the *Pioneer Press* shows that the wolf still holds the championship.

"ABERDEEN, S. D., Oct. 21.—The wolf hunt Sunday was so near a success that three or four were sighted, but proved too much for the dogs in the chase. The prairie wolves are monsters, much larger and heavier than the largest greyhounds, and were masters of the situation. Only one hound came in contact with a wolf, which after a short encounter was glad to give up. Wolfhounds have been sent for, and the sport will be resumed about next Saturday."

The premium list of the Bridgeport Kennel Club is now ready for distribution, and can be obtained by addressing Mr. Edward M. Oldham, Supt., 185 Warren st., Bridgeport, Conn. The judges are Dr. Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters and beagles; Gorman Hopkins, Hempstead, L. I., all terriers, foxhounds, greyhounds and whippets; R. K. Armstrong, Highland Falls, N. Y., all other classes. The entrance fee is $1. The dogs at this show will be benched by Spratts Patent, and fed on their meat fibrine dog cakes (with beetroot), and the show will be disinfected by The Imperial Hygenique Fluid Company. The managers wish it to be distinctly understood that, although this show cannot be given under the published rules of the American Kennel Club, they being copyrighted, all matters in regard to the management of the show which they cover will be governed thereby. Any changes in the premium list will be announced in the sporting papers. A good list of special prizes have been promised. All who are interested in dog shows should to the best of their ability give these smaller shows their material or moral support. They do an excellent work as educators. They reach classes which the larger shows cannot; thus they stimulate healthy emulation, which redounds to the benefit of the larger shows by direct and increased support to them. If they meet with the approbation which the managers hope for and which they really merit, more shows will be given throughout the country next year and possibly another show in December.

A correspondent, writing to a Leeds paper, says he can believe almost anything about the dog. For instance, one of his big brothers had a little dog. He was a valiant fighter, but his soul was bigger than his body. One day he met another dog and came home badly mauled, having limped a distance of more than a mile. "He was observed to undo the watchdog's collar, and the two went off together. Next day a neighbor called to complain that two dogs had come over to his farm, and attacked and killed his. On being questioned, he stated that he had seen his own dog worry the little one the day before."—*British Fancier.*

An individual locally known as "O'er-time Tom," on going his rounds in the morning to wake people who work in the mills at Burnley, was, a few mornings since, about to knock at the door of a house when his eye fell on a little terrier dog asleep on the ground below the window. The animal filled Tom's heart with terror. Being awakened by a strange noise outside, the people of the house came to the windows to find him calling at the top of his voice: "Hey up! Does to hear? If tha doesn't call thee dog in I shan't wakken thee."—*British Fancier.*

Mr. C. E. Buckle writes us under date of Oct. 30: "It has been the driest fall I ever saw, and work has been very unsatisfactory, but my dogs are all well broken and advanced. Tippoo is going like a top and going well and is quite a bird finder."

Mr. A. P. Vredenburgh, secretary of the A. K. C., leaves for San Francisco on the 7th inst., chiefly to confer with the clubs of the Pacific coast and officially gather such information as will lead to a better understanding of their needs and better relations with the main governing body. There is to be a meeting of those clubs at San Francisco on the 14th inst. in accordance with the purposes aforementioned.

At the meeting of the Metropolitan Kennel Club, held at Delmonico's on the evening of Oct. 31, the old officers were continued till the election to be held in the week of the Westminster Kennel Club's show. A constitution and by-laws were adopted. The meeting was well attended.

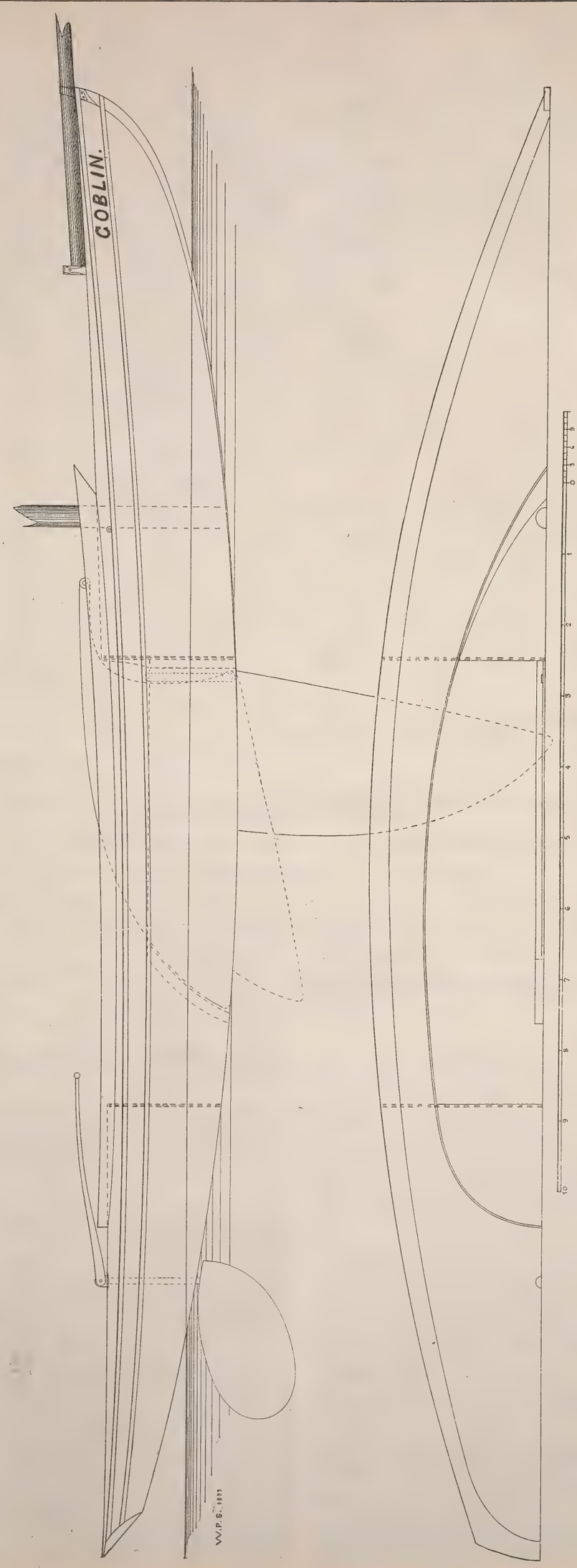
Mr. E. M. Oldham, who has shown rare skill in conducting shows, has been engaged to superintend the Mascoutah Kennel Club's next show.

Mr. Geo. H. Thomson, secretary of the Irish Setter Club, writes us under date of Nov. 2 as follows: In a letter from Dr. William Jarvis, Claremont, N. H., received a few days ago, he says: "I will give an Irish setter bitch, and a good one, by Signal out of Romayne, to the winner of the All-Age Stake."

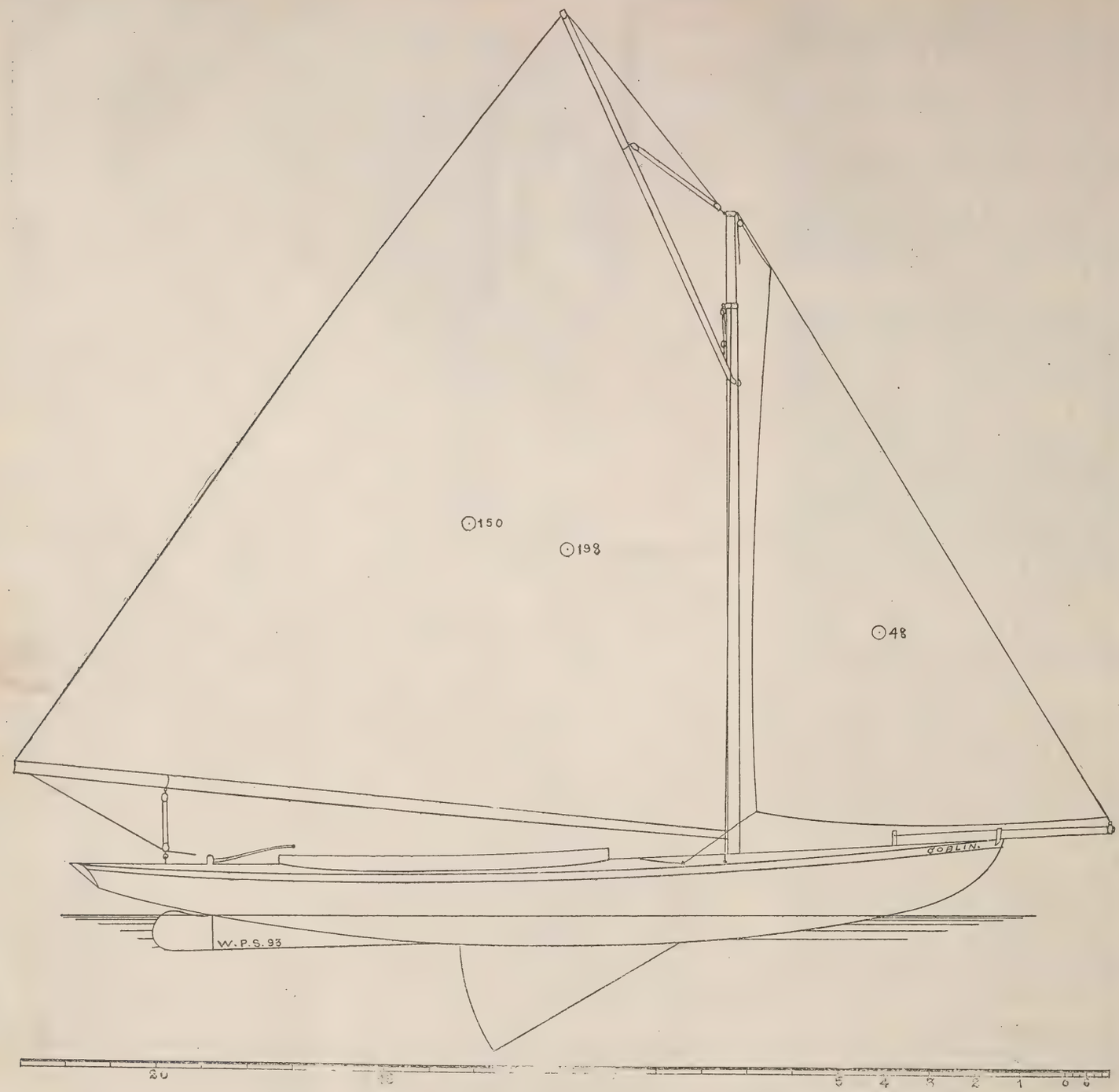
The officers of the Bridgeport Kennel Club are: Dr. James E. Hair, President; Thomas Burke, Secretary; H. C. Learn, Treasurer. E. M. Oldham and the officers of the club are the bench show committee. The prize list foots up between $700 and $800, more than what is required for recognition by the A. K. C. to qualify in respect to a prize list.

Works on Sunday—

Talks business seven days in the week—a "Forest and Stream" Kennel Special advertisement.



15-FOOTER GOBLIN.—DESIGNED BY W. P. STEPHENS, 1893.



GOBLIN—SAIL PLAN.

Yachting.

BEYOND a vague and improbable rumor that the Prince of Wales has ordered a yacht from Mr. Watson and will challenge for the America's Cup, there are no new developments in international yachting this week. Valkyrie still lies at the Erie Basin, and though it is not clear how such an end may be made possible, we hope that before another of these costly and useless toys is built some means may be found of sailing a series of test races between her and Defender in order that the exact merits of the two may be fully determined. Both are capable of better work next season than in their first year, and in the interests of yacht designing we sincerely hope that they may be raced together, whether for the Cup or in the regular season's races.

EVERY American must take pride in the rapid progress in naval design and construction which the United States have made within the past ten years, and in the remarkable qualities of some of the new war vessels. Considering, however, that the designing and construction of the larger warships are at best, with all nations, but experiments that may result in failure, it might be safer, as well as in better taste, to wait for each new vessel to speak for herself through her performances. The following extracts from the New York *Herald* of two adjoining days show the risks which attend a premature bragging. We understand that the designs of the Maine were made some years ago, and before the present staff of naval constructors were in charge; and the defects, if they really exist, are probably due to a defective system by which the work of designing was divided among many departments. At the same time there is something very ludicrous in the publication of the two conflicting statements so close together:

SATURDAY, Oct. 26, 1895.—Why our cadets are barred out: It is announced that Great Britain will no longer permit the United States to send naval cadets to the Royal School of Naval Architecture, at Greenwich, to learn the business of designing ships. Current gossip concerning the reasons for this action has not called general attention to the most obvious one—namely, the folly of teaching our naval constructors how to design better ships than the English themselves turn out.

Not only has it been usual for our cadets at Greenwich to take the first place in the classes there, but they have been so successful later as ship designers that they have secured results in battle ships and cruisers far beyond those attained by their English contemporaries.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the British Government should decline to give us further assistance in making the United States Navy superior to Great Britain's. This action is probably a wise precaution, but it is also a confession.

SUNDAY, Oct. 27.—Grave defects in the Maine. Owing to a blunder in her design she draws 3ft. less aft than forward when she is ready for sea. Just brought to light. Having taken aboard all her stores, ammunition and coal she is down by the head. Apparently a radical fault. She also has a list to starboard that may indicate another equally serious misfortune. Officers are reticent. A court of inquiry may be needed to determine who is responsible for the bad design.

Goblin.

15FT. SAILING BOAT.

THE 15-footer Goblin was designed by W. P. Stephens for W. S. Elliott, of the Marine and Field Club, and was built by Samuel Ayers, now of Nyack, N. Y., in 1893. She was intended for sailing about Gravesend Bay and lower New York Bay with no thought of racing, there being then no class, but merely as a more comfortable and powerful craft than the sailing canoe with its sliding seat. To this end, largely single-handed work in open water, a sail plan of but 200sq. ft. was given her, and this she carried easily with a centerboard of galvanized iron of about 100lbs. weight and 300lbs. of inside lead. She will carry three easily, but can be sailed by one at any time with this rig and even less ballast. As the boat was wanted in a hurry in the busy season, the design was made from one that was already carefully worked out for a larger boat, by taking the offsets of the body plan with a larger scale than the original, and then spacing the sections a little further apart to make the required length of waterline, 15ft. The ends too were altered, the fore overhang being lengthened to suit the wishes of the owner, and in fact, in building, the stem was finally extended 3in. more than the drawing shows. The offsets, as taken from the original drawing, were plotted and the design newly faired by a "contracted" drawing, the breadths and heights being plotted to a scale of 2in. to the foot, while the length is reduced one-half. In this way all of the curves of the fore and aft lines are made much rounder and fuller, and any errors are greatly increased, so that they may be readily perceived and rectified.

The "contracted" method of fairing, as it is called, is often used to advantage where there is not room on the floor or the drawing board for the full length of a design, or where the vessel is very narrow and shallow, as in a shell boat; the curves being so nearly straight that it is difficult to fair them. The true proportions of length, breadth and depth are shown in the lower part of the drawing, with the arrangement of mast, well and bulkheads. The boat was intended to be beached or housed readily, being used a good deal in the shoal water about the Highlands and Pleasure Bay, consequently the ordinary scag and rudder were used, with a plain triangular centerboard. While never raced, Goblin proved a particularly smart little craft, in spite of the moderate rig and cruising fittings.

This design was used to a certain extent as the basis for that of Ethelwynn, two important changes being made; the displacement was greater than required for racing, and in cutting it down the round was taken out of the bottom and a flat V section substituted; and, as Ethelwynn was intended to be raced with a crew of two as ballast, the sides were extended 7in., making over a foot more beam to give as wide a deck as possible for the crew to sit out on. At the same time other considerations led to longer overhangs at each end. The design as it stands, however, should make quite a fast 15-footer, and we have shown the necessary changes in board and rudder to adapt it for racing. The arrangement of the well and coaming is the same as in Ethelwynn, there being two water-tight bulkheads with deck hatches, these hatches being placed just inside the coaming, which is extended over the deck. The centerboard may be of manganese bronze or steel, about ¼in. thick or even heavier if it is preferred to use it as ballast. The displacement is quite large enough to admit of the boat being sailed well inside of the 15ft. waterline.

The details of construction of this class of boat are fully described in the previous articles on La Gloria and Scarecrow.

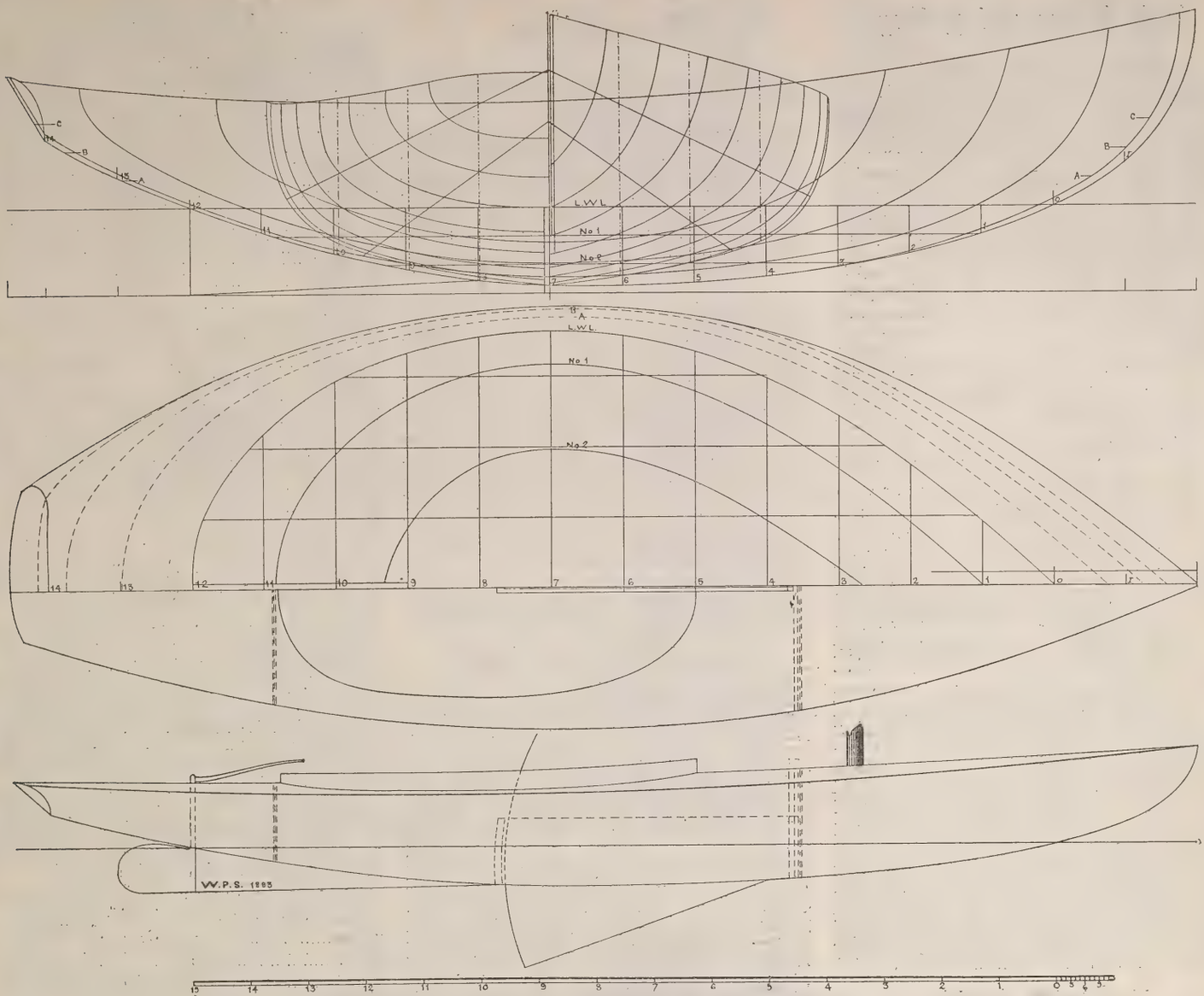
The dimensions are:

Length, stemhead to taffrail	20ft. 8in.
l.w.l.	15ft.
Overhang, forward	2ft. 6in.
aft	3ft. 2in.
Beam, extreme	4ft. 10½in.
l.w.l.	4ft. 5¼in.
Draft, hull only	8¼in.
with board	3ft.
Freeboard, lowest	11in.
Sheer, bow	9¼in.
stern	2½in.
Displacement, lbs.	1,100
Fore end, l.w.l to—	
midship section	8.75ft.
C. B.	8.07ft.
C. L. R. with ordinary board.	10.07ft.
C. E.	7.30ft.
mast	3ft. 6in.

The stem is sided 2in., the keel, of oak, is sided 6in. at middle, tapering to 2in. at ends, and 1in. thick at middle, tapering to ½in at transom. The bedpiece is of oak, 3in. deep and 2½in. wide, with ½in. slot for board. The frames are sided ¾in, moulded 1⅛in. at heels and ¾in. at heads, and spaced 9in. The planking is in full lengts, to finish ½in. thick. The bulkheads are of two thicknesses of ¼in. pine or cedar, crossing diagonally, with canvas between. The clamps are 8×¾in. amidships, tapering to 1½×½in. at ends.

The spars for the all-around rig, all solid, are:

Mast, from fore end, l.w.l	8ft. 6in.
diameter at deck	3½in.
deck to truck	14ft. 2in.
hounds	12ft.
Bowsprit, beyond l.w.l	4ft. 11in.
diameter	2½in.
Boom	15ft. 9in.
diameter	2¾in.
Gaff	8ft. 6in.
diameter, oval	2½in. × 1¼in.



15-FOOTER GOBLIN.—DESIGNED BY W. P. STEPHENS, 1893

GOBLIN—TABLE OF OFFSETS.

Stations spaced 1ft. 3in. Waterline spaced 3in. The fractions in table are eighths of an inch.

	Heights.		Half-Breadths.						
	Keel.	Deck.	Deck.	C	B	A	LWL	No. 1.	No. 2.
Stem	2 5⅔	2 5⅔	0¹						
I	1 1⁴	2 3⁴	6¹	3⁶	1⁶				
0	9	2 2¹	11⁶	9⅝	8	5			
1	6	2 0⁶	1 4⅜	1 2⅞	1 1⅜	10⅞	6⅞		
2	4¹	1 11⁴	1 9	1 7⅞	1 6⁴	1 4⅜	1 0⅞	6⅝	
3	2⅝	1 10⅜	2 0⅜	1 11⅝	1 10⅙	1 9¹	1 5⅞	1 0⅜	2
4	1⅝	1 9⁴	2 2⅝	2 2⁴	2 1⅞	2 0⁴	1 10	1 4⅞	6⅝
5	1	1 8⅞	2 4⅜	2 4⅜	2 4	2 2⅝	2 0⅝	1 8⁴	11
6	0⅝	1 8⅜	2 5⅜	2 5⅛	2 4⅞	2 4	2 2⅜	1 10⅝	1 1⁴
7	0⅝	1 8⅛	2 5⅜	2 5⅜	2 5⅛	2 4⅜	2 2⅝	1 11⅜	1 2⅜
8	1⅜	1 8	2 4⅝	2 4⅝	2 4⅜	2 3⅝	2 2⅛	1 10⅜	1 1
9	2⅝	1 8	2 3⅝	2 3⅝	2 3⅜	2 2⅜	2 0⅜	1 7⅝	6⅔
10	4⅔	1 8⅛	2 2⅛	2 2⅛	2 1⅝	2 0⅜	1 9⅜	1 1⅞	
11	6⅜	1 8⅔	1 11⅝	1 11⅝	1 11⅔	1 9	1 4		
12	9	1 8⅝	1 8⅝	1 8⅝	1 7⅔	1 3⅝			
13	1 0⅛	1 9⅔	1 5⅞	1 4⅜	1 1⁴				
14	1 4⅔	1 10⅛	1 0⅔	9⅞					
Transom	1 4⅔	1 10⅘ 1 11							

The New Y. R. A. Rule.

In connection with the comments on the class limits under the new Y. R. A. rule which we quoted from the *Field* of Oct. 19, Lieut.-Col. Buckwill takes up the question in his vigorous and straightforward manner in the following issue of the *Field*. The method and figures suggested by him are obviously correct. Other letters in the same issue of the *Field* echo the complaint over the increased sizes of the two smaller classes:

Editor of the Field:

I am glad to find from your paragraphs on the new 1-raters, published in the *Field*, that you are commencing to point out some of the unfavorable results which will be produced by the new rule, classification, etc. I will not weary your readers by any further fault-finding concerning the rule itself, which I regard as anathema, but a few remarks on the new classification may be of service. Our yacht designers, who say they took such care before drawing up their proposals, most certainly came to grief over the classification. They endeavored to arrange the new classes so as to include most of the existing yachts in each class, apparently being under the impression (very erroneously) that the old boats might then race with some chance of success against boats specially designed for the new rule. This, no doubt, was a good intention, and, like most others, is utterly worthless, except to assist in forming that celebrated pavement in another place. Had they really given careful consideration to the matter they might perhaps have discovered that, the new rating being linear and the old rating cubic, the only way to arrive at classes similar to the old classes is to make them vary as the cube roots of the old ratings.

Had this been done the new classification would accord with column 4 in the following table, and the difficulties which have been invited by the adoption of the classes (see column 2) would have been avoided.

Old Classes Y. R. A.	New Classes Y. R. A.	Proportionals to the Cube Roots of Old Ratings.	Nearest Numbers for Classes.
0.5	18	14.85	15
1	24	18.71	19
2.5	30	25.40	25.5
5	36	32.00	32
10	42	40.32	40
20	52	50.80	51
40	65	64.00	64
60	73	73.26	73
80	78	80.12	80
100	84	86.86	87
160	100	101.59	102

Moreover, if it be desired to adhere as far as possible to the old time scale, a classification like the one in column 3 would lend itself best to such treatment. But this is a matter still under consideration, and it would appear more correct and reasonable to employ the square roots of rating lengths as a time scale (like the American) than to perpetuate a cubic time scale by an attempt to bring it in line with a linear rating and classification.

If columns 2 and 4 be compared, it will be seen that all the small classes up to 5-rating have far too large an equivalent in the new Y. R. A. classification, and the good intentions of our yacht designers have thus put a finishing touch to the slaughter of the innocents, not that any further bullet was necessary. The new rule alone was amply sufficient for their total destruction as racing vessels in our waters.

THALASSA.

Spruce and Ethelwynn.

WITHIN the past week the two racing 15-footers Spruce and Ethelwynn have changed hands, the former being sold by J. Arthur Brand to Charles H. Allen, of Lowell, Mass., president of the Country Club and a member of the Vesper B. C. Spruce has been lying at Abrams's yard, Cold Spring, but she will be shipped by steamer to Norwalk and thence by rail to Lowell. Mr. Field has sold Ethelwynn to Crosby and E. F. Leonard and Alex. Thompson, young yachtsmen, who will race her next season.

Mr. Brand has made since the races a trip to Niagara, Toronto, Montreal and Philadelphia, meeting the yachtsmen of both the Canadian cities. In Philadelphia he attempted to ride a bicycle for the first time, and injured his right hand in a fall. Last week was spent in New York, and on Nov. 2 he sailed, with Tom Wade, his "crew," on the Umbria. The steamship company which brought out Spruce IV. proposed to charge a much higher freight for the return trip, and as the boat would be of little value in England, being completely outclassed under the new rule, Mr. Brand parted with her at a very low figure—$300—rather than pay a high freight to take her home. He has already challenged for next year, but expects to have two or three other members of the Minima Y. C. associated with him.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Hermione, steam yacht, under charter through the season by Robert Goelet, has been purchased by Henry L. Pierce, of Milton, Mass.

A regular meeting of the New York Y. R. A. was held on Nov. 1 at O'Neill's, Com. Prime presiding. The sum of $115 was appropriated for prizes for the annual regatta.

Mary, racing catboat, has been rigged as a yawl, with jib and mizen, and on Oct. 31 sailed from Bayonne on a cruise to Florida. On board were her owner, Wm. Elsworth, his cousin, Philip Elsworth, and Philip von Buskirk. The yacht will follow the inside route.

Davis & Sons, yacht builders, of Kingston, Ont., have in hand a 70ft. steam yacht for A. E. Knopt, of New York. The yacht will cost $6,000, with a guaranteed speed of 12 miles; and will be named Miltonier, after Milton Island. Mr. Knopt is also building a very commodious houseboat, from plans made in New York.

The yard at Marblehead, formerly run by H. V. Partelow, has been purchased by Wm. B. Stearns, of Boston, who has improved the property, erecting a building shed. Mr. Stearns graduated from Harvard in 1892 and has since been at Glasgow, studying at the Naval College and working in the Scotch shipyards.

Steam Yachts and Launches

BUILT BY MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago, Ill. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

The Regatta Committee Report.

IN addition to the full official record of the races and donors of prizes, the report of the 1895 regatta committee is as follows:—Owing to the absence of two of the regularly appointed regatta committee Mr. E. M. Fulton was appointed a substitute. Mr. Fulton very kindly placed his yacht Gadabout at the disposal of the committee for the entire meet, of which we take this opportunity to express our appreciation. We also desire to thank Messrs. James A. Smith and Percy F. Hogan for their services as clerk of the course and starter respectively; and Mr. Carpenter for the use of his yacht and assistance in logging courses, placing buoys, etc., and the Rochester Canoe Club for the use of their cannon for starting races. Several letters are herewith submitted, from members who have been good enough to favor us with their opinions concerning a modification of the sailing rules. In consideration of these expressions, and of the general sentiment of our members, so far as we have been able to learn, we beg to suggest the following changes:—

First. In rule 1, lines 7 and 8, strike out words "except the unclassified boats, to which class the limits of length and breadth only shall apply."

Second. In rule 1, lines 24, 25, 26 and 27, defining the dimensions of cruising canoes, make such changes in size of well and restrictions to centerboard as shall meet the requirements of the improved modern cruising canoe.

Third. Provide a rule that shall limit the length of the sliding seat, for all races, to not exceeding the beam of the canoe

Fourth. Provide a rule that shall make the limit of length and beam of canoes for club fours sufficiently larger than the dimensions of the regular limits to meet the requirements for such races.

And we would further suggest that the executive committee recommend to the incoming regatta committee that they provide races similar to event 9 (limited sailing) and event 21 (swimming) on the programme of this year; and that they consider the advisability of continuing the classification as used in events 7 and 8.

(Signed) MORTON V. BROKAW, Chairman,
FRED. A. NICKERSON,
H. K. TILLEY,
E. M. FULTON,
Regatta Committee.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Revolver Shooting in England.

OCT. 16.—The final competition for the North London Rifle Club toward the revolver championship scores resulted as follows:

Twenty yards, stationary target: Walter Winans 41, Macdonald 40, Comber 40, Maj. Palmer 38, C. F. Lowe 38, Lieut. Richardson (rifle champion of the club) 38, Comber 37, Brading 37, Carter 36, Knapp 36, Capt. Earle 35, Franzman 34, Howe 34, Bashford 32, Denyer 32, Lieut. Howard 32, Luff 31, H. J. Andrews 30, Lieut. Evans 30, Ward 27, Britton 27, Garrud 25, Allman 23.

The season has now closed and has been the most successful one ever enjoyed by this club, there being more shooters and better shooting. The result of the revolver championship of the club competitions is now published. The report says: "Mr. Walter Winans again takes the revolver championship, and his grand aggregate score of 411 points out of the highest possible 420 must rank among the best things he has done with that weapon, and is an indication of the marvelous form he has shown in the club competitions this year."

Revolver championship, North London Rifle Club, 1895:

Winner of championship, club gold championship jewel and $5, Walter Winans (S. & W. revolver, U. M. C. ammunition).

Twenty yards scores: 42, 42, 42, 42, 42, 41—251 out of a possible 252.

Alternate hands score at 20yds.: 41 out of a possible 42.

Twenty yards disappearing target: 42 (the first highest possible made in competition).

Fifty yards target: 38, 39—77 out of a possible 84.

Total, 411 out of a possible 420.

Second prize, silver jewel and $5.

Major H. Munday, H. A. C. (Colt revolver, Walsrode powder, Eley case).

Twenty yards: 40, 39, 39, 39, 39, 39—235 out of a possible 252.

Alternate hands, 38 out of 42.

Disappearing target, 39 out of 42.

Fifty yards: 37, 36—73 out of 84.

Total, 385 out of 420.

Third prize, bronze jewel and $5.

Major H. Paer (S. & W. revolver, Eley's ammunition, black powder), 371.

The following receive $5 each.

Comber (Colt, Eley's ammunition, black powder). Score, 370.

Carter (Colt, Eley's ammunition, black powder).

Lieut. Richardson, who is rifle champion of the club (Colt, Eley's ammunition, black powder). Score, 346.

Luff (Colt, Eley's ammunition, black powder). Score, 350.

Gould (Colt, Eley's ammunition, black powder). Score, 297.

Evens (?), score, 295. Treadwell (?), score, 222.

The above is the rough preliminary score published but, there seems to be some mistake about Mr. Treadwell, being in the prize list as Mr. Knapp, but for omitting to enter at the right time should be fourth (using a S. & W.) with the score of 377, Capt. Earle eighth with the score of 336, and several others higher than Mr. Treadwell who we do not remember as shooting out his full number of entries. Anyhow the three top men are certain.

Mr. Winans's total is by far the best on record for England, having six highest possible scores out of the ten. He was unfortunate in the weather the last month or would have almost certainly improved it some three points more.

Oct. 23.—A revolver match was shot to-day at Ilford between teams consisting of the committee of the North London Rifle Club and the rest of the club. The conditions were: Mr. Winans, Capt. Cowan, Mr. Carter and Mr. Skilton to shoot on the committee side; Capt. T. W. Heath, Lieut. Howard and Messrs. Howe and Comber to represent the club; eighteen shots each man at 20yds., with one shot first allowed for sighting purposes.

Capt. Heath and Mr. Winans were drawn to shoot against each other first. The first six shots Mr. Winans scored 39 to Capt. Heath's 32, giving him a lead of 7 points, which Capt. Heath could not make up in his remaining shots, Mr. Winans winning with a score of 112 to Capt. Heath's 107. Capt. Cowan next shot against Mr. Comber, beating him by 4 points, scores 98 and 94 respectively. Howard and Skilton shot next, Howard making 91 to Skilton's 72. This virtually settled the match in favor of the club, as Mr. Carter, though he got up to within 1 point of Mr. Winans's score, making 111, was still run too closely by Mr. Howe, with a score of 107, to be able to make up for Mr. Skilton's poor score. Mr. Winans made another highest possible of 42 immediately afterward in the usual revolver 20yds. competition. This gives him a record of all highest possibles at 20yds. and 1 point more in the revolver championship of the club, bringing it up to 412 out of a possible 420 as far as actual shooting goes, but unfortunately this last 42 is not allowed to count owing to the shooting year being over; but of course it does not practically bar the record. This is the twelfth highest possible he has made in competition this year to compare with the next best of two made by Mr. Rand last year.

Wants Lighter Cartridges.

NEW YORK, Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In these days, when everything pertaining to rifles is constantly changing, I, in common with a lot of other riflemen, have been looking out for the change we all expected when we first heard tests of the new high power powder had been successful, but that change has not yet arrived.

When it was first explained that we we were going to have these new powders, it was also explained, and has since so appeared, that the same amount of work would be done by them as was the old ones, although only half as much powder, counting by bulk, would be used. Consequently we who are used to the old .45-70 and .45-90 hoped to see a cartridge shooting the old ball with the same old twist of rifling, and with the same or very little increased velocity, which cartridge would be much lighter and smaller than the present .45-70, so that where we formerly carried with ease fifty cartridges we could now carry about eighty. Now we see the .45-70 loaded with smokeless powder, but they are just as large as ever, and the weight of the shell is practically the same; just as bulky and heavy as before, because the smokeless powder has been carefully made of a special brand to occupy about the same bulk as the black.

Is there no prospect then of our seeing the cartridges we are looking for? Do you not think that your influence would be used in a good cause if exerted to further the production of such a shell? A .45-70 loaded with a high power powder, it seems to me, would be, as nearly as I can calculate it, about the size of the old favorite .44-40, or possibly a little larger. A rifle to shoot it could easily be made very light, having if necessary a nickel steel barrel.

Of course the present .45-70 rifles could not shoot such a cartridge, but as a vast number of sportsmen will buy and are buying the new .30 calibers now so much in vogue, it is to be presumed that the same class or an equally large one will be only too anxious to buy such a weapon as I name. The experiments in the manufacture of rifles should tend to improvement, and should not be entirely conducted to meet the demands of old timers, and there is no doubt in the minds of many thousands of sportsmen that the old favorite rifles, .40s, .45s, etc., will hold their popularity even in the face of the new small calibers. Therefore such an improvement as the reduction by nearly half in weight and size of the cartridge, without at the same time any loss whatever of power, trajectory or accuracy, will be an onward step in favor of those who will shoot those arms from well-considered preference.

The Marlin Company it seems have just put on the market one of their regular rifles shooting one of these cartridges, and it seems to me that they miss the opportunity of a lifetime in not making the cartridges in the new form. In the same way every old favorite cartridge could be reduced in size and weight from a third to a half. .25-20s could be carried in the pocket by hundreds, and .38-55s could be carried in one's vest pocket, and the comfort and ease of supply to riflemen using these favorites for all times would be greatly increased. It is to me the greatest surprise that no company has thought of making this change. For, although those who already have rifles chambered for the present style of .45-70 cartridge, and not being in a position to buy new weapons, would not buy them, still the vast number of riflemen who do buy new guns and keep up with every change of the times which is a step in advance would purchase them by thousands.

That this change would come was the first thing that occurred to me as well as to many of my friends, when we first knew that the high power powder was a sure success, and that it has not come has been a great disappointment to many as well as to myself.

FRANK LAURENCE DONOHUE.

Target Match at Rome.

ROME, N. Y., Oct. 29.—Dr. W. L. Kingsley and R. M. Bingham, two of the best shots in this city, shot a match to-day at 100 targets per man. At the half-way mark the Doctor was 7 targets to the bad, but by breaking 24 out of his next 25, and 22 out of his last string, he ran out an easy winner, as his opponent only scored 29 out of his last 50. The full score was as follows:

Kingsley	1001000111110100011001110	
	1110011011111100110011101—80	
	1111111111111111111111011	
	1111111101111111111111010—46—76	
Bingham	1111111111011100111110111	
	1100111010101111010011011—37	
	1000101000010101101111101	
	0001100101111101111110110—23—66	

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. 5-7.—KEWANEE, Ill.—Annual tournament of the Kewanee Gun Club; added money and merchandise prizes. L. C. Huckins, Sec'y.

Nov. 7-8.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Annual fall tournament of the Boston Shooting Association. H. M. Federhen, Sec'y.

Nov. 12.—NEWARK, N. J.—All-day shoot of the South Side Gun Club; New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League contest at 11 A. M. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Nov. 20 21.—IRONTON, O.—Holiday tournament of the Iron City Gun Club. H. E. Norton, Pres.

Nov. 26-28.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament of the Des Moines Gun Club; live birds and targets. C. O. Perkins, Pres.

Nov. 28.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Thanksgiving tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club; live birds and targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

1896.

Jan. 4-5—PHŒNIX, Ariz.—Annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Jan. 9-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the auspices of Texas State Sportsmen's Association and management of J. M. George and O. C. Guessaz (Texas Field).

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; $1000 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2 000 added money.

May (second week) —MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

May 12-14.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

May 20-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

The following are the handicaps of the members of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League who can compete for the Winchester gun at the South Side Gun Club's grounds, Newark, N. J., on Tuesday afternoon next, Nov. 12, the handicaps being framed from the records the shooters made in the league shoots this year: Van Dyke, 50; McAlpin, Ivins and Apgar, 51; Capt. Money, Drake and W. Sigler, 52; Miller, Yeomans, N. E. Money and A. Sickley, 53; Whitehead, Collins, Hoffman, E. Sickley, Crevelling, Hyde and Hesse, 54; Breitnall, Krebs, Outwater, Geoffroy, Darby, Warren Smith, Charlie Smith, Greiff, Keller and Parker, 55; Huck, E. M. Cooper, Simpson, Hollister, Crosby, J. P. Cooper, Swody, Henry, Thomas, Hebbard and Williams, 56; Woodruff, Throckmorton, Manning, Lenone, Dan Terry and Heritage, 57; Richmond, Brantingham, Quimby, Hobart, Herrington, Astfalk, Proctor and McPeek, 58; Dr. Jackson, Wanda, M. F. Lindsley, J. M. Taylor, J. Cooper, Jr., P. A. Jeanneret, P. Daly, Jr., and E. Edwards, 59; G. Piercy, Strader, Sullivan, Van Iderstine, Unterever, Mehl, Dustin, Bergen, Hughes, Woolmington, White, Batsch, Underwood, Shaw, Laurence, Cromwell, Rodgers, Folsom, Frye and Waller, 60.

After Gilbert had won the handsome trophy presented by the Du Pont Powder Company for competition at the recent shoot at Baltimore, Eddie Bingham came to us and said: "Don't forget that Gilbert's shells were loaded by Montgomery Ward & Co." And yet we did forget it, but try to make amends by giving Eddie the credit in this issue.

W. G. Clark, of Altoona, Pa., spent last week in New York city. Although "Wopsononock Bill" has paid several visits to New York previous to the one in question, he says that he never became so well acquainted with the city as he did while on this trip. Why people should starve in New York, where the free lunch counters are so bountifully supplied, is more than he can understand.

It is stated that Jordan L. Mott, Jr., of the Country Club, Westchester, N. Y., the patentee and inventor of the Mott disappearing live-bird trap, bet George Work a good round sum that he (Work) could not kill 85 out of 100 selected birds, trapped from the Mott traps. The trial came off at the Country Club's grounds on Tuesday, Oct. 29, Work losing the wager, as he only scored 80 out of the 100. Mr. Mott's traps are very fast, but we think that Work would have the best end of it were he to try again.

Elsewhere we publish a letter from H. E. Norton, President of the Iron City Gun Club, Ironton, O., in which he refers to a change of dates for his club's holiday tournament. In a personal communication which accompanied the letter Mr. Norton says: "We are not out for the two cents a bird, but for the fun of it and for the name of giving good shoots. As soon as we take in enough to pay for the birds, we put in the rest as added money." If that's the way the Iron City men are going to run their shoots, they will never have much occasion to drum up shooters to take part in their tournaments.

There's a good deal of life in live-bird circles in Pittsburg, Pa. Members of the Herron Hill Gun Club are holding weekly shoots with a good attendance at each one of them. There is also a rumor that a series of three 100-bird matches may be made between Messner and W. G. Clark, the matches to be shot in the near future. As both men are shooting in good form, the races would be well worth watching, the winner being a hard matter to pick.

Who is going to challenge Gilbert for the Du Pont trophy? Why not send a good man from the East and try and get it back here so as to keep things alive?

In answer to numerous inquiries, we can state that up to the present time the management of the Interstate Association has arrived at no decision as to where to hold the Grand American Handicap of 1896. It is announced to be held at New York, and there seems no reason to doubt that, following its usual course, the management will decide upon some grounds in the vicinity of that city.

The opening of the game season always makes things dull in trap-shooting circles. Here, in New York, we have also had two wet Saturday's out of the last three to put an actual damper upon the regular Saturday afternoon meetings.

Members of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League will find that Secretary Hobart, of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., has provided them with a good programme for the all-day shoot of that club on Tuesday next, Nov. 12. The contest for the Winchester repeating shotgun commences at 11 A. M.

Mr. G. M. Waldron, secretary of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association, writes us that his Association claims the dates of May 20-24, 1896, in place of May 13-16, as stated in our issue of Oct. 26. The Association has taken this action so as to avoid clashing with Memphis.

The live blackbird shoot at Elkwood Park, N. J., Oct. 30, did not draw many shooters together. Those who were present found that blackbirds were not so easy to hit as they had expected, no one being able to make a long run.

Our illustrations this week, showing the positions assumed at the score by a few of the contestants in the Du Pont handicap, will be appreciated by those who make a study of easy attitudes.

Rolla Heikes loomed up again very largely at the San Antonio Gun Club's shoot. There was nobody near him. It begins to look as if we'll have to make a special class, with Rolla as its sole member.

Lou Erhardt announces that he will hold his "thirteenth open-to-all and second annual manufacturers' amateur tournament" on April 14 to 17, 1896. He will add $1,000 in cash, in addition to which a large list of manufacturers' prizes will be shot for.

Ralph Trimble, Kentucky's best target shot, won fresh honors last week at Peoria, Ill. With Rexvoat and Powers, both men from Illinois, he divided up a good share of the money. EDWARD BANKS.

Buffalo Trap Notes.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 26.—B. F. Smith held a field day at Audubon Park to-day. The main event on the programme was No. 4, for the championship of Erie county. The trophy was won by E. Andrews, of Sardinia, N. Y., who broke 42 out of his 50. Philips had a good show for it at the end of his first string, but fell down on his last 25 targets. The scores made to-day, were as follows, 29 shooters taking part in the day's sport:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	10	15	20	50	10	15	Targets:	10	15	20	50	10	15
J Jones	2	4	5	..	..	..	Woeland	..	3	..	..	..	..
E Andrews	9	12	16	42	8	14	J Phillips	..	..	17	40	7	11
W E Story	9	9	9	..	8	10	J H Ball	..	..	16	39	7	..
Alexander	9	14	16	41	8	12	B Talsma	..	..	12	..	7	13
O Besser	8	9	18	37	..	..	E W Smith	..	..	13	40	8	12
Hammond	9	13	19	..	..	..	Dr Sauer	..	..	10	33	7	9
C W Bennett	8	9	19	36	9	9	B T Smith	..	..	14	37	8	11
Heinold	8	11	17	39	8	..	H Kirkover	..	..	..	40	6	11
C S Burkhardt	7	13	14	40	8	10	Dr Daniels	..	..	..	39	..	10
E C Burkhardt	8	12	13	39	10	10	E H Rounds	..	..	..	31	6	12
J Schwartz	8	8	..	40	..	..	Dingens	..	..	..	..	6	11
G McArthur	7	13	13	38	8	..	Reed	..	..	..	..	7	9
H Tebeau	..	8	..	..	7	..	R Northrup	..	..	..	..	8	12
F G Wheeler	..	8	..	35	..	9	Douglas	..	..	..	..	6	7
D C Sweet	..	7	..	..	..	9							

Championship of Erie county, 50 targets per man, unknown angles, $3 entrance. Prizes as follows: Trophy and 25 per cent. of purse to winner, balance divided into five moneys:

E. Andrews	11111101111101111101111111111011011111011011101111—42
Alexander	11101111011111101111111111111101101111101101111—41
C S Burkhardt	11111111010011100111111111111111111111101110110—40
H Kirkover	11111012011110111011111011011110110110111111110111111—40
J P Philips	11111111111111111101011111111101111111101111101111—40
Jas Schwartz	10111011111111010101010111110101111111101111111111—40
E W Smith	11101111101011111101010101111111101101101111101111—40
J H Ball	11011010110111110101111101111101101101111101111—39
E C Burkhardt	11101101101101111111111111111101101111101111111101—39
Dr Daniels	10111011111010111101011111011111011101010111111—39
Heinold	11111010111101101111111111111101111111101111111—39
Geo McArthur	11010110111011111110101011111101011111011111101—38
P Besser	11111011111011111001101011111111101001111101111—37
B F Smith	11011101101010101101011101111111101101111111111—37
L W Bennett	11111011111011011010111011111111101011110011110—36
F G Wheeler	11101111011011111010101111111111010101101110011—35
Dr Sauer	11111001101011100001111011111011011111010001110—33
E H Rounds	11111100000101101111010101011011010101101110111—31

Oct. 29.—F. Porter and Pete Smith shot a match to-day on the Audubon Park grounds with Wm. Daw and Geo. McDonald, the conditions being 50 targets per man, one man up, everything known, gun below the elbow, $50 a side. Notwithstanding Daw's 24 out of his first 25 the other party won easily, breaking 72 to 61. Daw and McDonald have made another match, a forfeit being posted, but no date named as yet.

Otto Besser and B. F. Smith shot a live-bird match on Nov. 7 at the Audubon Park grounds, the match being 100 birds per man, $100 a side, A. S. A. rules to govern.

Scores of to-day's shoot were as follows:

F Porter	11011011011001011111111101111111111111011111011111101—40
Pete Smith	00011111010110111111001011011111011111011111100—32—72
Wm Daw	11111111111111011111111110110110110110110011011—40
Geo McDonald	00001101001110001010100100001000110110110100001—21—61

A 10-target sweep, 75 cents entrance, followed the above match: E. C. and B. F. Smith 10, McArthur 9, Daw and Porter 8, McDonald 7, Pete Smith 6, Killinger 3.

This was followed by two matches at 5 pairs, E. C. and B. F. Smith being the contestants. No. 1 resulted in a victory for E. C. by 7 to 6; No. 2 was a tie with 7 each. The tie was shot off at 3 pairs, E. C. winning by 6 to 5.

Oct. 30.—The small attendance to-day was due to the weather, there being 6in. of snow on the ground. Kirkover shot very well, making a clean score up to his last (twenty-first) bird, which he lost dead out of bounds. An interested participant was Richmond F. Kingman, president of the Pneumatic Torpedo and Construction Company, of New York, who shot over the traps for the first time, doing good work for a beginner at trap-shooting. In addition to the live-bird events two target sweeps were shot, each at 10 targets:

No. 1: Kirkover 9, McArthur and Brown 8, Rebstock 6.

No. 2: Kirkover 9, McArthur 8, Brown and Dr. Daniels 7, Rebstock 5.

Live-bird scores were as follows, Nos. 4 and 5 being miss and out, $1 entrance, and the others 5 birds, $2.50 entrance:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3	No. 4.	No. 5.
Kirkover	11211—5	12121—5	12121—5	121—3	21• —2
McArthur	02221—5	21200—3	•2121—4	...	.....
Russell	:01•0—2			...	.....
Brown	022••—3	00111—3	1110•—3	...	.....
Daniels	12201—4	12120—4	01211—4	220—2	112210—5
Kingman *	12022—4	21001—3	12112—5	0 —0	111221—6
Rebstock	.....	00111—3	2•121—4	...	.....

* In No. 5 Kingman missed his first bird and re-entered.

Snap Shots at the Du Pont Tournament.

WHILE the Du Pont Smokeless Powder handicap was in progress at Baltimore on Oct. 24, 25, FOREST AND STREAM'S kodak was busy taking snap shots of the men at the score. The accompanying illustration gives some results of that work. Of the sixteen men whose attitudes are here given, Clark and Ivins are the only two whose positions at the trap have been previously reproduced in our columns. In the case of Ivins he is shown in this picture to be in the act of firing at a right-quartering towering bird that left No. 5 trap, the recoil of the gun, as in Charlie Grimm's photograph, somewhat marring the clearness of the outline. Jackson's attitude is a strained one and likely to handicap him on fast birds.

Gilbert the winner, and MacAlester the runner-up, occupy the center of the second row; both are good types of easy attitudes, although MacAlester's is better fitted for quickly catching sight of the bird as the trap is pulled. Claridge, a corking good shot by the way, braces himself in a manner that is somewhat unusual in really good shots, yet his attitude reminds one somewhat of Sim Glover. Wellington (W. Heplar), of Harrisburg, Pa., handles his gun well and assumes an easy position at the score. Charlie Grimm's picture is scarcely a fair one, as the shutter was snapped just a second too late, catching him in the act of firing his first barrel after he had assumed a different attitude to that which he affects when giving the word "pull."

The pictures of Shepard and Bingham were obtained after they had retired from the struggle, those gentlemen kindly consenting to pose for FOREST AND STREAM'S gallery. Melot, Budd, Denny, Cooper and Corning all have distinctive attitudes and will be readily recognized by their friends and by those who have seen them shot. Woodruff, the south-paw shot from Elizabeth, N. J., has an easy position which enables him to kill his birds quickly and in good shape. Clark's position does not differ at all from that which we registered for him in this year's Grand American Handicap souvenir—with one exception: in the photo we took of him on that occasion we caught him "inching," half of his left foot being over the 30yds. mark, quite a gain when one considers the size of that foot.

As several of those who took part in the Du Pont handicap may wonder why their photographs do not appear in conjunction with those given here, we have to inform them that a misfortune overtook a roll of over two dozen negatives, thus depriving us of some valuable additions to our gallery.

South Side's Saturday.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 2.—Notwithstanding the heavy rain that fell to-day, we had quite a pleasant afternoon's sport, throwing 800 targets in the several events. Warren Smith's team defeated Thomas's team by 3 targets, scoring 85 to 82, Smith and Geoffroy breaking 49 out of 50 shot at. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Breitnall	8	7	9	7	6	9	..	..	Clark	8	..	9	8	..	..	..	..
Whitehead	10	9	..	..	8	10	..	9	Collins	8	7	9	10	8	8	7	7
W Smith	..	9	9	10	10	8	..	8	7	Geoffroy	..	..	..	9	9	10	8	8	10
Thomas	..	9	8	9	8	8	8	8	Folsom	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	9
Dawson	..	4	..	..	1	..	3	6	Hedden	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10
Green	..	7	7	..	8	..	..	6									

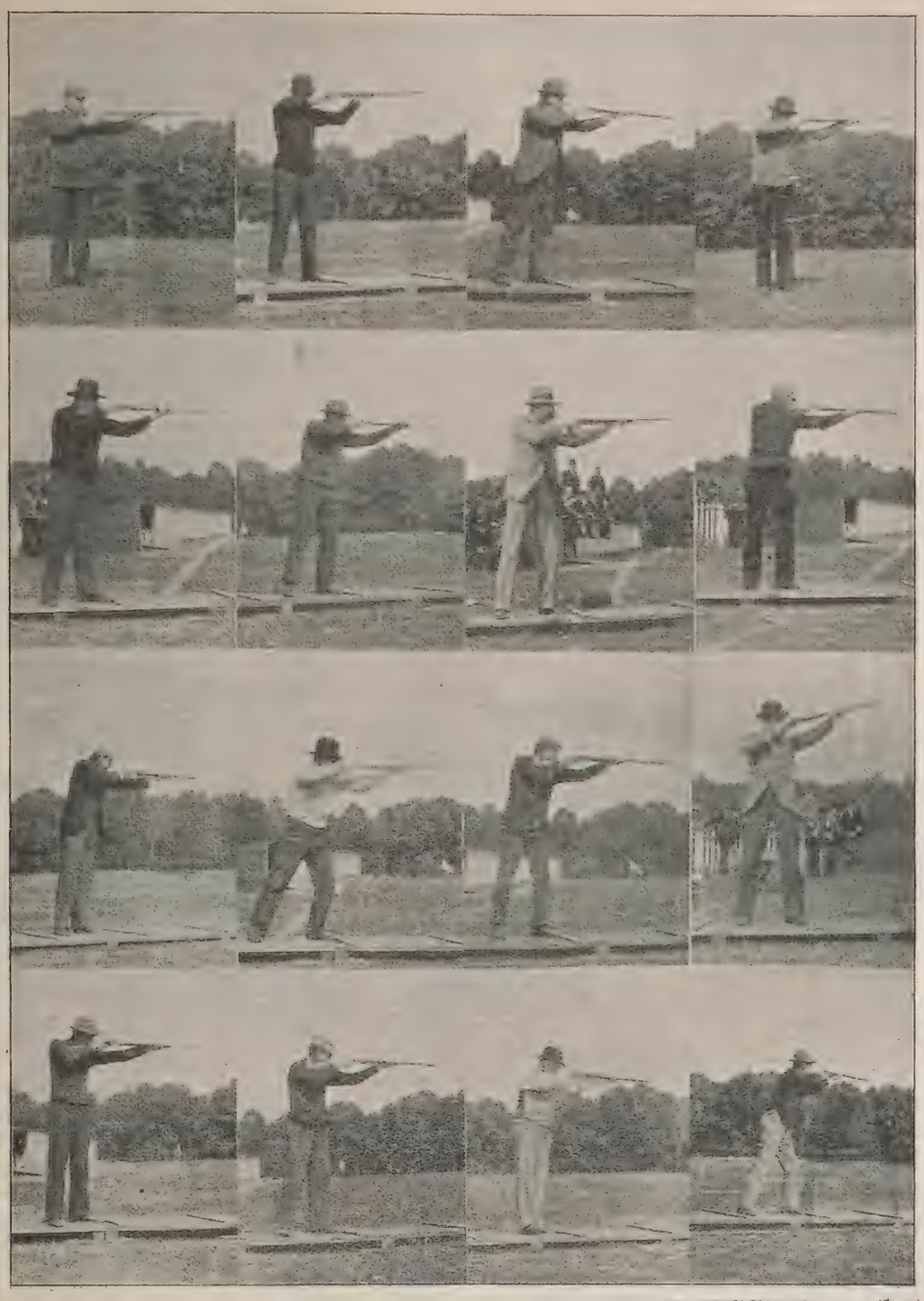
Team race:

Thomas's Team.	
Thomas	01111111111111111111111101—23
Whitehead	11111101111101111011111111—22
Breitnall	10111111111101101111111111—22
J H Terrill	00111101011101110001111001—15—82

W. Smith's Team.	
W Smith	11111111111111011111111111—24
Geoffroy	11111111111111111111111111—26
Collins	11111111010000111111011111—19
Green	11110101111101001111011101—17—86

SECRETARY.

The Canajoharie (N. Y.) Gun Club will hold an all-day shoot on Thursday, Nov. 28 (Thanksgiving Day). Both live birds and targets will be used.



SNAP SHOTS AT THE DU PONT HANDICAP.

W. L. Shepard.	O. I. Melot	I. W. Budd.	Eddie Bingham.
W. G. Clark.	Fred Gilbert.	C. MacAlester.	Aaron Woodruff.
J. O'H. Denny.	C. M. Grimm.	B. W. Claridge.	A. L. Ivins.
W. Hepler.	Fen. Cooper.	G. Corning, Jr.	W. T. Jackson.

The San Antonio Shoot.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Nov. 1.—The sacred precincts of the swamp at Lakeview were invaded by a number of enthusiastic trap-shots on the 27th of October, and for three days thereafter the crack of the shot-gun made the water hens recede to deeper cover. When Rolla Heikes and Jimmy Elliott came on the scene with their deadly pump guns all the feathered webfoots and semi-webfoots sank out of sight in the murky depths. But one unlucky flock of redheads, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, carelessly swam to the San Antonio Gun Club's side of the pretty lake to feed on the succulent seeds that abound on the banks. The readers of FOREST AND STREAM should have seen that Kansas City man collapse like a jack-knife and make a sneak, dragging his gun after him. Jimmy never made such a shot in his life. Three times the Winchester spoke, and three luckless ducks dropped out of the flock; there is no telling how many more might have succumbed had not the multitude fallen on the gunner and swiped him. That same evening the epicuran pair and their friends discussed the toothsome birds, and made pleasant remarks about the curious country where one could shoot inanimate targets and at the same time try a hand at the webfoots. John Ellis, who has become one of the devotees who worship at the shrine of the pump gun, also had a fit of shooting out of his turn; but John's game was a hawk which mistook the black targets for live things, and came down from the clouds to take a square meal.

The visiting shooters consisted of Harvey McMurchy, representing the Smith gun; Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., and J. A. R. Elliott, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; H. G. Wheeler, of Marlboro, Mass.; C. A. Damon, the Burgess gun man; J. Maxey, of Pueblo, Col.; John Ellis, W. F. Stewart and G. B. Hutchings, of Galveston, Tex.; E. Foy, of Paris; J. W. Morris, of Wichita Falls; W. G. Sergeant, T. R. Kinmouth, of Joplin, Mo.; L. W. Hoffman, of Galena, Kan.; T. J. Liles, of Aurora, Mo.; K. M. Moore, of Farmersville, Tex.; W. H. Wheeler, of Hempstead, Tex.; Miles and Wallace Miller, of Austin, Tex. Mr. J. E. Richards, representing Abbey & Imbrie, and J. Hildredth, in the interest of the Winchester Arms Co., were also among the visitors, but they did not shoot. Messrs. Haney and Dupuy, of Houston, Tex., came on the third day, the latter gentleman shooting under the name of Smith.

The flight of the targets was erratic, as the wind came directly against the flight and in the face of the shooters, making it hard on the eyes. The live birds were a fair lot. The wind also kept them back and made easy birds out of a great many that might have proved hard ones.

The tournament was held under the American Shooting Association rules, revised by C. W. Dimick. They were not, however, adhered to as strictly as they should have been. In the sweepstake No. 2 at 7 live pigeons, one of the San Antonio shooters shot at a bird with the first barrel and neglected to give it the second. As the bird reached the ground the referee announced "dead bird." The shooter left the stand and the bird, more scared than hurt, proceeded to place as much Texas ozone between itself and its enemy as the swiftness of its pinions and the velocity of the wind would permit. It did not take it long to be out of bounds and then it was different. Veith (the shooter) claimed the bird on the ground that the referee's decision must go. So it should. But then the rules state positively that a bird must be retrieved before it can be scored. Hence the referee in a live-bird contest should not announce his decision until the bird is in his hands and he is satisfied by the shot marks thereon that the shooter is entitled to the bird. The bird was finally allowed the shooter and he was made happy. The management, however, reversed the decision of the referee that same night and should be credited with doing the right thing.

Then some one suggested "Chimmy" Elliott for referee, and the Kansas City crack agreed to serve provided some one else was selected to referee while he (Jimmie) was shooting. Then came something funny. There is always something funny after Jim and Noel Money or Tom Divine, anyhow. Jim came to the score and his referee put both eyes on the sportsman from the Kaw Valley. Jim's bird hopped up, saw him and changed its mind, hopped back, and as its red legs touched *terra firma* that terrible gun fairly blew him into smithereens. "Dead bird!" sang out the referee. "No bird!" roared Jim; "Elliott shoots another bird!" And so he did amid the plaudits of the populace. Jim faced the audience, made a regular after-making-a-home-run bow and killed out his 7 straight.

Rolla Heikes came in for the lion's share of the money as usual, closely followed by H. G. Wheeler, of Massachusetts; J. A. R. Elliott, Dupuy, McMurchy, Sargeant, the Miller brothers, Damon and Hoffman. Of the local shooters Piety and McCormack led.

Of the local shooters twenty-three entered some of the shoots, but only three shot through the entire target events on the programme: Messrs. Piety, McCormack and G. A. Chabot. The last two named shot clean through, live birds and all, and shot very well, considering their experience at the trap.

Targets shot at: First day, 4,160; second day, 3,525; third day, 7,125; fourth day, 530; total, 15,340.

The following are some more interesting figures:

Number of live birds used, 1,088.
Number of ducks killed, 6—Jim Elliott, McMurchy 3.
Number of doves killed, 1—McMurchy.
Number of hawks killed, 1—John Ellis.
Pigeons shot by bushwhacking, 1—Jim Elliott.

A condensed table of the powders used shows 21 men shooting E. C., 16 Du Pont, 2 Walsrode, 2 Schultze, 1 Blue Ribbon.

The table showing the scores and averages made each day are as follows:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
A Piety	13	14	12	13	13	12	13	14	120	104	86.6
J M McCormack	14	10	10	14	11	12	9	15	120	95	79.1
M Miller	..	..	13	12	14	13	12	12	90	76	84.4
McMurchy	14	14	13	8	11	12	11	14	120	97	80.8
W H Wheeler	12	9	12	9	12	7	12	11	120	84	70
J Ellis	9	12	13	12	12	10	13	14	120	95	79.1
Sargeant	13	13	12	13	15	12	11	11	120	100	83.3
Kenmouth	13	10	12	7	13	12	14	14	120	95	79.1
W Miller	..	..	11	14	15	14	14	15	90	83	92.2
C A Damon	12	13	15	10	13	15	15	15	120	108	90
W L Simpson	..	10	5	13	6	10	8	9	105	61	50.8
G A Chabot	12	13	11	15	11	9	10	11	120	91	75.8
Liles	13	14	15	14	13	12	11	13	120	105	87.5
W F Stewart	9	14	12	10	12	10	11	10	120	88	73.3
F Kelley	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	30	24	80
Whitworth	14	11	12	8	13	9	12	13	120	88	73.3
Hoffman	13	10	12	13	13	10	10	12	120	93	77.5
Jno Epp	..	..	..	..	13	..	10	..	11	45	34	75.5
Maxey	10	12	..	8	13	11	7	12	105	73	60.8
Vollbrecht	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	..	30	24	80
Peter Shields	11	12	11	7	13	10	9	14	120	87	72.5
France	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	15	12	80
Black	11	12	13	10	9	13	14	11	120	93	77.5
E Stevens	8	9	9	9	13	7	10	11	120	76	63.3
H E Vernon	10	9	11	11	10	12	10	13	120	86	71.6
Hummel	12	5	8	..	..	..	..	..	45	25	55.5
S Veith	10	..	8	7	..	13	..	..	50	38	63.3
W A Coon	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	4	26.6
Pancoast	..	11	12	..	12	..	..	..	45	35	77.7
Schryver	..	..	10	11	13	11	13	12	90	70	77.7
Scott	..	..	..	8	11	12	10	9	75	50	66.6

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	15	15	15	20	20	20	25	15	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
A Piety	10	9	9	16	19	16	18	14	145	111	75.8
J M McCormack	12	14	10	14	17	14	18	13	145	112	77.2
Miles Miller	11	13	9	14	17	16	17	10	145	107	73.7
McMurchy	10	14	12	19	19	16	21	15	145	126	86.9
W H Wheeler	11	12	12	18	18	15	20	11	145	118	81.3
K M Moore	13	12	13	16	15	17	15	9	145	110	75.8
R Heikes	13	14	14	17	19	20	23	14	145	134	92.4
Jno Ellis	13	10	11	18	15	13	12	12	145	102	70.3
J A R Elliott	10	12	8	10	20	18	22	13	145	103	71
Sargeant	11	14	14	16	18	18	17	13	145	121	83.4
Kenmouth	7	13	13	18	17	14	23	13	145	111	75.8
W Miller	10	12	13	18	18	15	18	12	145	116	80
C A Damon	9	14	12	15	17	15	18	11	145	111	75.8
W L Simpson	8	8	6	9	6	6	11	9	145	63	43.4
Foy	10	11	9	14	13	13	17	12	145	99	68.2
G A Chabot	7	7	7	15	16	14	20	12	145	98	67.7
Liles	11	10	11	16	14	19	10	11	145	102	70.3
Morris	9	10	11	16	17	15	17	13	145	108	74.4
W F Stewart	9	15	14	16	16	16	17	14	145	117	80.6
Jones	10	10	1	12	9	16	12	7	145	77	53.1
Fred Kelley	11	11	11	8	15	12	19	10	145	97	66.8
A Thiele	12	12	13	12	16	19	21	11	145	116	80
Whitworth	11	13	10	11	16	16	16	13	145	106	73.1
Hoffman	10	13	14	17	16	16	12	13	145	111	75.8
Parker	5	10	8	6	..	..	..	..	65	29	44.6
John Epp	9	10	7	10	..	..	..	..	65	36	55.3
Maxey	..	11	7	11	14	16	..	..	90	59	65.5
Scudder	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	18	11	60	45	75
Wm Vollbrecht	..	..	..	..	..	17	11	18	..	65	46	70.7
Foster	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	13	9	80	54	67.5
Peter Shields	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	15	9	60	39	65
J F France	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	..	45	22	48.8
Black	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	16	..	45	30	66.6

Third Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	15	15	15	20	20	20	25	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
W H Wheeler	11	13	12	11	13	15	20	17	150	112	74.6
M Miller	14	14	13	18	17	18	19	16	150	129	86
Moore	11	13	10	17	17	14	24	17	150	123	82
Piety	12	13	14	15	18	17	16	19	150	124	82.6
McCormack	14	11	13	17	17	15	23	16	150	126	84
McMurchy	10	15	12	17	19	14	21	17	150	125	83.3
Smith	10	12	12	17	17	16	21	19	150	124	82.6
Chabot	13	13	8	13	10	16	17	12	150	102	68
Jones	3	8	6	8	7	11	13	15	150	71	47.3
Stewart	10	14	13	15	17	15	19	18	150	121	80.6
Damon	11	15	11	18	18	17	20	19	150	129	86
H G Wheeler	13	15	14	17	16	19	25	19	150	138	92
Heikes	15	15	14	17	19	19	24	20	150	143	95.3
Ellis	10	13	9	17	18	18	30	14	150	119	79.3
Elliott	14	13	15	16	19	13	23	18	150	131	87.3
Sargeant	10	14	14	17	19	19	23	18	150	134	89.3
Kinmouth	12	14	13	16	18	16	19	19	150	127	84.6
W Miller	10	13	13	18	17	18	22	18	150	129	86
Simpson	7	10	10	15	13	11	9	13	150	88	58.6
Kelley	11	12	9	17	16	15	14	11	150	105	70
Hoffman	13	15	12	15	16	13	20	18	150	122	81.3
Whitworth	10	13	12	14	15	19	..	18	130	101	77.6
Liles	8	13	11	11	19	11	14	15	150	102	68
Thiele	13	11	6	13	18	12	14	17	150	104	69.3
Haney	6	11	12	13	16	18	..	16	125	92	73.6
Parker	9	9	8	10	15	14	15	13	130	93	73.7
Foy	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	6	40
Schryver	..	..	..	14	14	14	10	18	105	80	76.1
Foster	..	..	..	..	..	16	16	..	14	60	46	76.6
Scott	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	20	10	50
Dyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	20	10	50
Shields	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	20	16	80
France	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	20	17	85

Fourth Day.

Following were the scores made on live birds in programme events:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Birds:	8	6	20	Birds:	8	6	20
W H Wheeler	8	5	20	McMurchy	7	6	18
Ellis	7	5	19	M Miller	4	5	17
Parker	7	4	15	Haney	6	4	19
H G Wheeler	8	5	20	Whitworth	8	3	16
Sergeant	4	6	15	Thiele	7	6	18
Chabot	8	5	15	Liles	4	6	10*
Moore	7	4	18	Dyer	7	5	12
Elliott	7	6	20	Kenmouth	5	6	16
Smith	7	5	18	Hoffman	8	..	19
McCormack	7	6	19	Schryver	8	2	16
Heikes	8	6	19	Kelley	6	5	15
Damon	8	6	19	Simpson	..	3	14
W Miller	8	6	18	Shields	..	3	..

GENERAL AVERAGES.

The following table gives the general averages of the shooters in the target events, and also shows the guns and powders used:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.	Powder.	Gauge.	Gun.
Piety	415	339	81.6	E. C.	12	Greener.
McCormack	415	333	80.2	Du Pont.	12	Westley Richards.
M Miller	385	312	81	Du Pont.	12	Greener.
McMurchy	415	348	83.6	E. C.	12	Smith.
W H Wheeler	415	314	75.6	E. C.	12	Colt.
J Ellis	415	316	75.9	Schultze.	12	Winchester.
Sargeant	415	355	85.5	E. C.	12	Winchester.
Kenmouth	415	333	80.2	E. C.	12	Winchester.
W Miller	385	328	80.5	E. C.	12	Greener and Winchester.
Damon	415	348	80.3	Du Pont.	12	Burgess.
Simpson	400	212	50.3	Du Pont.	16	Scott.
Foy	160	105	65.6			
Chabot	415	291	69.9	Walsrode.	16	Kessler.
Liles	415	309	74.8	Du Pont.	12	Smith.
Morris	145	108	74.4			
Stewart	415	326	78.7	Blue Ribbon.	12	Lefever.
Jones	295	148	50.2			
Kelley	325	226	69.5	Du Pont.	16	Parker & Kessler
Thiele	295	220	71.1	Du Pont.	12	Smith.
Whitworth	395	295	73.9	Du Pont.	12	Smith.
Hoffman	415	326	78.5	E. C.	12	Parker.
Dyer	20	10	50	E. C.		
Foster	140	100	71.4	Du Pont.		
Haney	125	92	73.6	E. C.		
Epp	110	70	63.5	Du Pont.	12	Smith.
Maxey	195	132	66.7	E C.	12	Smith.
Scudder	60	45	75	Du Pont.	12	Smith.
Vollbrecht	95	70	73.4	Du Pont.	12	Smith.
Shields	200	142	70	Du Pont.	12	Smith.
France	80	51	63.7	Du Pont.	12	Smith.
Black	165	123	73.3	E. C.	12	Smith.
Stevens	120	76	63.3	E. C.	12	Winchester.
Vernon	120	86	71.6	E. C.	20	Kessler.
Hummel	45	25	55.5	Walsrode.	16	Kessler.
Veith	60	38	63.3	Du Pont.	12	Smith.
Coon	15	4	26.6	Schultze.	12	Smith.
Pancoast	45	35	77.7	Du Pont.	12	Smith.
Schryver	195	150	76.9	E. C.	10	Greener.
Scott	95	60	63.1	E. C.	12	Smith.
Moore	295	233	79.3	E. C.	12	Smith.
Heikes	295	277	93.9	E. C.	12	Winchester.
Elliott	295	244	82.7	E. C.	12	Winchester.
Parker	216	122	56.4	E. C.	16	Parker.
H G Wheeler	150	138	92	E. C.	12	Parker.
Smith	150	124	82.6	E. C.	12	Parker.

TEXAS FIELD.

The Fountains Won the Cup.

THE Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., put a team of five men in the field on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 29 and 30, that was able to defeat two similar teams from the Emerald Gun Club and a team each from the North Side Gun Club, Parkway Rod and Gun Club, Hell Gate Gun Club, New York German Gun Club, Coney Island Rod and Gun Club and the Idle Hour Gun Club The occasion of the meeting of the above teams was a contest for a cup presented by the proprietor of Dexter Park, L. I., for competition among the clubs that hold their monthly shoots at his grounds.

The winning team was composed of Louis Duryea, C. Furgueson, Jr., Dr. Wynn, W. Lair and A. Eddy. This team sounds as if it was a representative team of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Long Island, but all the members of the team were members of the Fountain Gun Club before they joined the New Utrecht Gun Club. As a matter of fact, there are so many clubs on Long Island with meetings only once a month that it does not satisfy the majority of shooters to belong to one club only, and in consequence they become members of other clubs. The result is that on the date above named shooters who belonged to several gun clubs found themselves fighting for the cup against two or three teams of their fellow members in another organization.

The weather was very favorable and the birds were a good lot. Jordan L. Mott's patent traps, with his automatic pulling apparatus, had been placed in position on Monday, Oct. 28. The sudden but quiet disappearance of the trap when pulled disconcerted many of the shooters, who had been accustomed to the King's patent traps so generally used. With the Mott trap in use and with a fast lot of birds it is dollars to doughnuts that no man can kill much over 90 per cent. right along. On the first day of the match the birds seemed far better than on the second; asking them all through they were a good lot, but they ran unevenly, first a lot of hot ones and then several slow ones—just the birds to fool anybody. In speaking about the Mott trap to Billy Mills, the trapper, he said: "You can say from me that they are the best traps I ever put birds into."

Eight clubs were represented, the Emeralds entering two teams, making nine teams in all. The manner of shooting the match was as follows: A man was selected from each team, thus making a squad of nine men; this squad shot out its 20 birds per man, and was then followed by a similar squad. At the close of the day three men on each team had shot out their scores, the results for the day's shooting showing the Fountains to be two birds to the good, with the Emerald No. 1 and the North Sides a tie for second place, and the Emerald No. 2 in third hole, one bird behind. The scores for the 60 birds shot at were: Fountain 52, Emerald No. 1 and North Side 50, Emerald No. 2 49, Parkway 43, Hell Gate 40, New York German 35, Coney Island 33, and Idle Hour 25. This left affairs in a decidedly interesting condition for the opening on Wednesday morning. The Fountains had Dr. Wynn and A. Eddy to help them out, while the Emeralds had Schortemeier and Pfister to shoot for their No. 1 team, and Dr. Hudson and W. Levans to help out the second team. The North Sides relied on Chris. Meyer and Harry Heyer to do the trick for them. As it stood, it looked like a good race.

Thanks to the steady work of Wynn and Eddy, the Fountains landed in first place by the smallest possible margin—one bird; Schortemeier and Pfister having killed 37 out of their 40 to the Fountain representatives' 36. Dr. Hudson was clearly out of form—a fact that may be attributed to his gun having broken down, compelling him to use a strange weapon.

When the first squad of nine had fired at their 20 birds on the morning of the second day, it was found that the Fountains had gained 1 on the Emerald No. 1, 3 on the North Side, and 4 on the Emerald No. 2; Wynn killed 19, Phister 18, Heyer 16 and Levans 15. The other clubs were not in it at this stage of the game, as the scores given below will tell. The leading teams were represented in the last squad as follows: Fountain, Eddy; Emerald No. 1, Schortemeier; North Side, C. Meyer; Emerald No. 2, Dr. Hudson; Parkway, H. Bramwell. When Schorty lost his 4th bird dead out of bounds, placing the Fountains 4 in the lead, it looked any odds on them; but by good, steady, uphill work Schorty actually forced Eddy to kill his last bird to win.

The high scores were made by Gus Greiff, Schortemeier and Wynn with 19 each. Phister, Fessenden, Justus von Lengerke and W. Lair each killed 18 birds. Greiff was the only one to kill 19 on the first day, and his work was unquestionably the best of the whole shoot, and was a good advertisement of the killing properties of Schultze powder in a Francotte gun. Lair made some excellent kills on very fast birds in a poor light, his work at that stage of the shoot doing a good deal to win the cup for his team. Schortemeier and Fessenden made the longest runs, each man killing his last 16 birds straight. Wellbrook, of the New York Germans, missed 3 out of his first 5, and then ran his last 15 straight. Greiff is credited with a run of 14 straight, while Lair and Wynn had runs of 13 and 12 respectively.

It should be said that all shooters stood at the same mark, with the exception of eight who shot 10-gauge guns—Wellbrook, Moore, Hughes, Jennings, Botty, Boemmermann, Elfers and Kroninga. These eight stood at 30yds., all the rest at 28. The scores in detail, showing the flight of each bird, are as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Fountain Gun Club.

W Wynn.....1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 2 2—19

W Lair.....2 2 1 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 • 2 0 1 2 2 1—18

L T Duryea.....1 1 2 2 • 1 1 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 0 2 2 0 2 1—17

A Eddy.....1 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 2 • 1 1 1 1 0 1—17

C Furgueson, Jr.....2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—17—88

Emerald Gun Club No. 1.

Gus Greiff.....2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 • 2 1 2 2 2—19

L H Schortemeier.....1 2 2 • 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—19

R Phister.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2—18

F W Place.....1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 • 1 1 2 0 0 2 2 1 0 1 2—16

C W Floyd.....3 0 2 1 2 1 2 0 • 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 0 2—15—87

North Side Gun Club.

J H Jennings.....2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 • 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 0—17

C M Meyer.....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 0 • 2 2 2 2 2 2—17

Chas Meyer.....0 0 1 1 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2—17

H Heyer.....2 2 0 2 2 2 • 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—16

J N Meyer.....2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 • 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—16—83

Emerald Gun Club.

H P Fessenden.....0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—18

John H Moore.....0 2 1 2 1 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 2 1 1 0 1—16

M Herrington.....2 2 2 1 0 0 1 2 1 1 1 1 0 0 2 2 1 2 2—15

W Levans.....2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 • 0 2—15

Dr Hudson.....1 0 2 2 0 0 1 2 0 1 2 2 0 0 2 2 • 2 2 1 2—14—78

Parkway Rod and Gun Club.

J Bennett.....• 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 • 2 0 2 2—16

H Bookman.....1 1 1 0 2 1 2 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 2 2 2—16

A Botty.....2 2 1 2 0 2 0 1 0 1 1 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 0—15

H Bramwell.....0 2 2 0 2 2 2 • 2 1 2 0 1 0 0 1 2 1 1 1—14

E Helgans.....2 2 • 0 0 0 2 0 1 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 0—12—73

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Col J Voss.....2 0 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 1 • 2—17

P Woelfel.....2 2 1 0 2 0 0 0 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2—16

H W Voss.....1 1 1 2 0 1 0 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 0 2 0 1 2 0—15

S J Held.....1 • 0 2 0 0 2 0 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 • —13

W Regan.....0 2 0 0 0 2 2 0 1 2 2 0 1 2 0 1 2 0 • 2—11—72

New York German Gun Club.

J Wellbrook.....2 0 0 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2—17

B Koenig.....0 1 1 • 1 1 • 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 0 0 2 2 2—15

A Schmitt.....2 1 1 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 0 2 2 0 0 2 2 1 2 0—15

J Schlicht.....0 2 0 1 2 0 0 2 1 2 0 1 0 1 1 2 0 0 2 2—12

C F Lenons.....1 0 1 1 • 0 • 0 2 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 1 0 0 0— 6—65

Coney Island Rod and Gun Club.

J von Lengerke.....1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—18

J C Voorhees.....0 1 1 0 0 1 2 1 1 1 0 1 • 0 1 0 2 1 1 1—13

W Hughes.....1 0 2 0 0 1 • 1 0 0 0 1 2 0 1 1 2 1 0 1—11

Dr Little.....0 0 0 2 0 0 1 0 2 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 2 1 1— 9

F Ibert.....0 0 2 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 2— 8—59

Idle Hour Gun Club.

H Boemmermann.....2 1 0 1 1 1 2 0 0 0 2 0 2 1 1 0 2 0 0—11

F Elfers.....0 1 2 0 1 2 0 0 0 1 1 0 2 0 0 0 2 2 0 2—10

G Helmsta lt.....1 0 0 0 2 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 1 0—10

J Kroninger.....2 2 0 2 2 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 2 1 2 2 0 1 0 0—10

W Sandford.....2 0 0 0 1 • 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 2 0— 5—46

EDWARD BANKS.

Championship of Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 25.—On the grounds of the Kentucky Gun Club at Louisville, Ky., on Oct. 23, the match for the championship of the State was shot, resulting in a victory for W. W. Watson, who has been shooting so well for the past year or so.

The conditions of the match were 25 pigeons, $25 entrance, American Association rules, 28yds. rise, the club presenting the winner with a handsome silver cup valued at $150.

There were but eleven entries, which would indicate that few men in Kentucky aspire to championship honors. Should a handicap event be pulled off during the winter many a man would enter who hardly feels equal to some of the Louisville talent. There is no gainsaying that the Kentucky Gun Club traps many more pigeons during the year than any other dozen clubs in the same State, and being fully equipped and prepared for all such shooting it is only natural that its membership should contain the names of some excellent shots.

Bland Ballard, who did such fine shooting in the East, and lately at Louisville, is only one of half a dozen men who shoot pigeons about as well as any one, and although he scored but 22 in the championship event yet all admired his clean work and easy style of shooting. With him there is no effort; indeed, he appears to be carelessly indifferent as to the result, although such is far from being the case.

W. W. Watson, who won the cup, has been shooting in grand form for about a year and may fairly be ranked as one of the leading shots in the South. He has killed 117 out of 120 pigeons and made some good runs on targets, so to classify him as above is well inside the limits.

Sam Hutchings is one of the very best pigeon shots in all the South, and only a very trifling scale removed from the very best in America. No one kills his bird quicker nor does it in better style than he.

On the 24th targets were shot by those who were indifferent to the weather, for although not at all a bad day, yet to stand about scantily clad shooting targets in a raw wind is anything but agreeable.

J. D. Gay made the highest average, closely followed by Hutchings and H. J. Lyons.

A curious coincidence in the champion event is that Watson, Hutchings and Du Bray, who tied for first, all shot Parker pigeon guns, U. M. C. Co. Trap Smokele s shells, and E. C. powder.

Norvin T. Harris eclipsed all his previous efforts by killing 24 and scoring 23. Considering the limited amount of shooting at the trap this gentleman has had, his score is remarkable and deserving of special mention. Harry J. Lyons, who won last year on 23 kills, reached the same number this year, but was unfortunate to have a bird fall dead out of bounds which would have placed him in the 24 hole. J. D. Gay actually killed his 25, two falling dead out. Allen shot right along until close to the homestretch, when by some hook or crook he came to grief, and so it goes in pigeon shooting.

Ballard	1111112112121201112111001—22
Gay	1112121111221111e2211•22—23
Hutchings	1122022222221222222212222—24
Du Bray	2122222222221222222202221—24
Allen	2112222212212212212120120—23
Means	222e222e2222222022202222—20
Lyons	2222222222222222222202•22—23
Watson	1221212221222122122112121•—24
Snyder	2122222122102201120e21120—20
Faucett	1e2112222e1122222220202111—21
Harris	2101221221222212222e1212222—23

Shoot off at 5 birds:

Hutchings	22222	02221	22012
Du Bray	21220	.....	.....
Watson	21111	21120	11221

Dr. Alexander acted as referee, and Mr. Goodloe as scorer.

The Kentucky Gun Club will have many interesting events shot on its grounds this winter. A more pleasant or more comfortable place for such events could not be found. GAUCHO.

A Team Race at Mountville.

MOUNTVILLE, Pa., Oct. 21.—The return match between Tell and Pennypacker on the one side, and Kready and Hershey on the other, was shot off on the Mountville Gun Club's grounds to-day. The first match was won by Kready and Hershey, but to-day's went to Tell and his running mate, so the score now stands one each. The matches are for $100 a side, 15 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. The score in the second race was as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Tell	1 1 1 1 1 2 0 1 1 2 0 1 2 1—13
Pennypacker	1 2 1 1 2 2 1 0 1 2 1 1 2 0 2—13—26
Hershey	1 2 0 2 1 0 1 2 2 0 1 1 1 2 1—12
K eady	1 0 1 0 0 0 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 1—10—22

TELL.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 20.—The only shooting of any interest this week has been a 2-men team race shot this afternoon on the grounds of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. It was the outcome of an assertion made recently by Perry that he was of the opinion that he could select a man who, with himself, could outshoot any other two members of the club. When the challenge was accepted by E. D. Hicks and Charles Rissinger, Perry selected E. C. Meyer as his side-partner. As the following scores will show, Perry did not have the cinch that he expected:

Rissinger	1111111111—10	Meyer	0111111111— 9
Hicks	1111101111— 9—19	Perry	1110111101— 8—17

The losing team was not satisfied with the above result, but at once issued another challenge, that was accepted as promptly as it had been offered. The result of this match was an even more decisive victory for Hicks and Rissinger than the first one. Scores:

Rissinger	1111111111—10	Meyer	1001111110— 7
Hicks	1111111111—10—20	Perry	1101118111— 8—15

DE WITT.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Oct. 29.—Below are the scores made at the regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club this afternoon. A dark afternoon and a high wind worried the shooters not a little. Scores:

No. 1.	No. 2.
Nelson.....0110100111011111011011110—16	1111101111000010111010000—14
Terry.....1110101110101111111101111—20	1110110101111111101011111—20
Scott.....1111111101101111000101101—18	1111100110111101011011111—19
Dornin.....1110111101111101110101111—20	1111111101111111110011101—21
Moorman...1000011111111111111111111—20	1111011110111011001010110—18
Stearns.....1100100111101110100101111—16	.....
Christian...0.0101101010110010000100—10	1001101101111000011111101—16
Miller.....	1110100101001110011111001—15

No. 3.	No. 4.
Nelson.....1101000101110000100101101—12	0011001100001000111111011—13
Dornin.....1111111110011011111101110—20	1011111111101101101111111—20
Scott.....0011001101110011110011011—14	1010011100101011011010101—13
Moorman...0101110111000110111001001—14	1111111011111111111111111—24
Cleland.....1110000000000010000000101— 6	0111001101110010000011111—13
Terry.....1101101110110111111110011—18	1010110101011101111101001—16
Stearns.....	1110001111000011100000111—13
Christian.....	1001001011101100011011111—15

No. 5.	No. 6.
Nelson.....1101110101001101010011111—16	.....
Terry.....1011011110100111001001101—15	.....
Scott.....0111011000110011010101001—13	1011110111100110000101111—16
Dornin.....1011111101111011111111—22	1111111001110101011111111—20
Moorman...1011010011001101111001—13	.....
Stearns.....1111111110011011010101—19	1011101111111111111111110—22
Miller.....1011111111011001100010011—16	1110101010010111111100111—17

F. M. D.

Trap at Michigan City.

MICHIGAN CITY, Miss., Oct. 25.—Trap shooting is nearly over for this season, as the boys are in pursuit of the festive quail, but when the season opens you will see the Michigan City Gun Club to the front and the familiar word "pull" will be heard quite frequently. The last shoot of the season was a handicap shoot for a medal, handicaps ranging from 50 to 70. The winner unexpectedly turned up in Mr. Brown, of Jackson, Tenn. Charles W. Tway was the favorite, but was away out of form, just recovering from a spell of sickness. The scores were very poor on account of the shooting being very hard. Below find scores in detail:

No. 1, 10 targets: Brewer 6, Hosford 3, Tway 9, Mitchell 8, Brown 6, Prewitt 6.

This was a preliminary event for the handicap and the shoot was called on conclusion of this event. The competitors who faced the trap were Hosford, of Jackson; Prewitt, of Grand Junction, Tenn.; Brewer, of Lamar, Miss.; Mitchell, of Grand Junction; Tway, of Michigan City, Miss.; and Brown, of Jackson, Tenn.

The number of entries did not nearly come up to expectations. Scores with handicaps:

Hosford (60)	0000001110000011010010100110111110100000001000100 1111111101 —26
Prewitt (65)	1011100011101000010100101101101111101001010000w—25
Brewer (65)	0111110011010010100001100110110001000001000110111 1w —24
Mitchell (65)	1110011030000101031100100111101111111111w —29
Tway (50)	1110011010000001111111010111111111111111w —30
Brown (70)	1011101110101101111111111010111111110001110110 0110010010011111100110 —47

TRAP SHOT.

Herron Hill Gun Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 29.—Members of the Herron Hill Gun Club had a good shoot to-day at Brunet's Island. Two handicap shoots were shot off. Proceedings were brought to a close with a miss-and-out. In the first sweep A. H. King, J. O'H. Denny, Cleveland and Jacque were high with 9 each. W. S. King, Thorn, Wall and Dick scored 10 each in the second, five others scoring 9 apiece. John Shaffer and Wall divided up the pot in the miss-and-out, $2 entrance. Entrance money in Nos. 1 and 2 was $5, birds included. Scores:

No. 1:	No. 2:	No. 3:
A H King (30).....2201222212—9	2212021111— 9	0 —0
F H Denny (28).....2201212222—9	1021122200— 7	0 —0
Howard (26).....2022020120—6	0112121001— 7	.....
J O'H Denny (28).....1020222222—8	2220112211— 9	.....
Robb (26).....1022021020—6	0111021001— 6	.....
E Shaner (28).....2220222002—7	2222222202— 9	11122110—7
W S King (28).....2012211122—8	2212211122—10	121110 —5
McPherson (27).....0100102022—5	1222210212— 9	0 —0
Cleveland (26).....0111221212—9	0221122211— 8	0 —0
Jacque (28).....2222022212—9	.....	1110 —3
Born (28).....0112021210—7	2201122201— 8	11211210—7
Shaffer (28).....0122201012— 7	22122122—8	
Wall (28).....2122112221—10	21112122—8	
Dill (25).....0100100020— 3	20 —1	
Ewing (28).....02221012 1— 8	.....	
Wyland (25).....1210021222— 8	.....	
Dick (25).....1222222121—10	1120	

Iron City Gun Club.

IRONTON, O., Oct. 27.—The dates for the holiday tournament, to be given by the Iron City Gun Club, have been changed to Nov. 20 and 21. This will be one of the best tournaments ever given in southern Ohio. The club has inclosed its gun house and put in a heater, so the shooters are assured of a comfortable place. The following well-known shots have promised to be on hand: Heikes, Young, Dando, Rayman, Rike, Bacon, Timber, Waddell, Hill and quite a lot of others. The programme will consist each day of seven events of 15 bluerocks, and three events of 20 bluerocks, entrance respectively, $1.50 and $2; targets 2 cents, four moneys. We invite all to come and promise them a good time. For information and programme address

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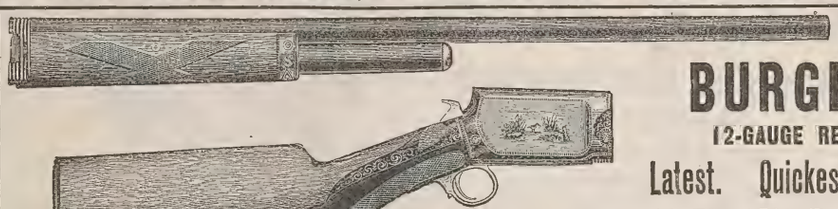


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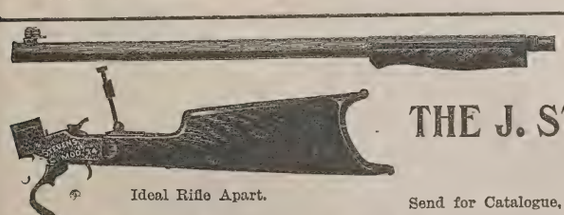
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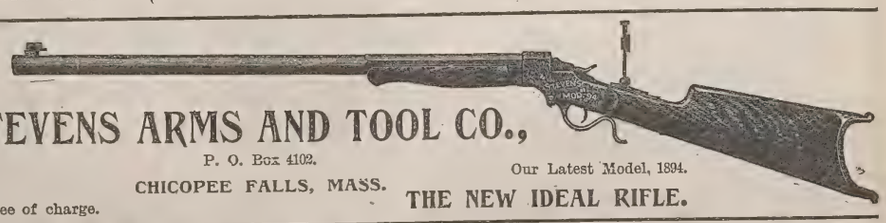
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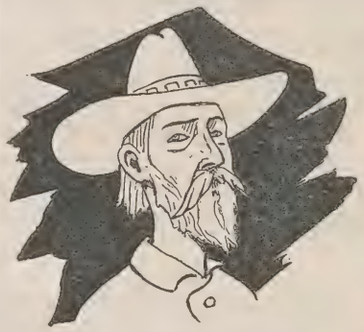
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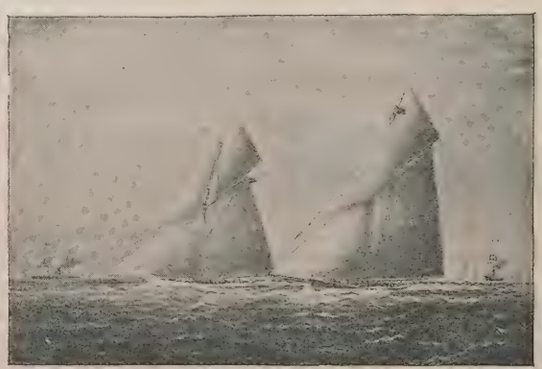
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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

CONCERNING ORACULOUSNESS.

IN the old days—and measured by years they are not extremely long ago—every sportsman was more or less a law to himself in the theory and practice of his special sport. It was an idiosyncrasy of the guild that, while each one was a sportsman, each one was possessed of the most superior knowledge and method. The knowledge might have been derived from a limited experience in every detail; the method might be that employed by his great-grandfather—such in nowise shook his faith nor lessened the ardor of his advocacy.

His own science and art were the best, and he promptly and openly opposed them to all others. If he claimed that a hornet's nest made the best gun wadding and possessed some inherent virtue for that particular purpose, and that the correct manner of measuring a load of powder was in his open hand, or a load in the gun was to be measured with his fingers, notwithstanding that four, five or six fingers conveyed no definite information unless one had a personal acquaintance with him or had a diagram of his hand, he was slow to accept any argument against it.

His more advanced confrere, who cut gun wads out of cardboard with a wad cutter and who measured his powder in a graduated measure attached to a powder flask, was considered finicky and impractical.

There was quite as much, or more, to sustain in the *amour propre* of the individual as in the soundness of innovations. The exaltation of the individual was first; the progress in art was as it might happen.

Each one of the old-time sporting mystics was a person of note in his community, a possessor of knowledge unshared by his neighbors, a man who could shoot "birds flying," who knew their haunts and habits, and could train dogs to point; or he knew when the fish would bite and the only bait that would lure them, and in what waters they could be found; or he knew where the big game frequented and could travel through the forests without compass or guide. He had supersensory powers. Argument served not to convince so much as to irritate him.

Long sought as wise in his craft, in the days before discussion became rife, he hesitated not to set himself up as the oracle and sole arbiter on any question concerning his hobby, whether it was in regard to dog or breeds of dogs; or powders, hard or soft, coarse or fine; or guns, big or small bore, light or heavy; quick or slow twist in a rifle; round ball or cylinder; muzzle or breechloader; trajectories, point blanks, drifting and "holding up;" rods, reels and lines, poles and bait, and so on *ad infinitum*.

In short, what at the present day is only determined by the most delicate scientific instruments in long and comparative tests by scientific experts, was a few years ago determined empirically in a short time without comparison. It mattered not that a man had tried but one kind of powder, one kind of rod or gun, one kind of shot, or one kind of the many implements of sportsmanship, his own preference was better than all others and his dictum was final—to himself at least. Having success with his own selection, was not that sufficient proof of its universal superiority?

Or if he tried some other make of gun, or powder, etc., and his success then diminished, was not that a proof of its inferiority? His own physical conformation—a matter of importance in the use of a gun—the success which comes from long habit and familiarity in using one gun or powder or rod, etc., were never considered as factors in his conclusions against others.

His own idiosyncrasies were never considered as having any effect for better or worse; they were in his mind a universal and unvarying unit of measurement.

If such claims had been granted, all progress would have ceased; for if he had the best and was himself the oracle, what was there beyond the best knowledge, skill and product? There might be opposed to him many other men who asserted that a part was equal to the whole, ones whose claims were not less opinionated, but whose experiences might have been different. It mattered not.

But the sportsman's journal afforded a medium for more intelligent and impartial investigation. It spread the knowledge derived from intelligent experiment and research and inventive talent. The old order of things has been largely swept away in the march of progress. Instead of individuals arrayed against each other with the bitterness of wounded pride, and cherished hobbies rudely assailed, there are now whole classes who have the same beliefs and who adopt the same methods.

The spirit of investigation has been stimulated, not discouraged. Men are more cautious in claiming an exalted superiority for their own ideas or their own preference.

Still, among men there are some who are of lighter fiber than others, who fear not to claim that what they use is the best in the world, although they may not have seen the whole world nor its products.

It is a sad commentary that there are a few who can see excellence in a product above all other products if it be a gift from the manufacturer or dealer, the moral question of the matter being entirely eclipsed by the satisfaction of immediate gain.

Then there is still with us the man who has the best in the world, believing honestly in his claim, yet belonging to an age in the vague past. The men who have seen but a part of anything and know that, because it is themselves who saw it, it is therefore better than all other parts, are becoming few.

Intelligent discussion in the press has dissipated much that was ignorant, obstructive and unpleasant. The oracles have been dethroned; the empiric in sport has drifted into the past with his methods, and true art and science hold sway.

Nevertheless, it is fit and proper to praise the excellence of any favorite, but it is neither fit nor proper to make comparisons against the products of the world until one has had experience with all of them.

MORE DUNRAVEN.

THE New York papers of Nov. 9 contained more or less extended extracts, received by cable, from a communication covering some four columns of the London *Field* of the same date, in which Lord Dunraven reviews the late races. The offensive tone of the article has awakened much criticism in this country, but until the complete paper arrives, about Nov. 16, it would be useless to attempt any thorough review of it. The most important point of Lord Dunraven's statement is a direct charge of foul dealing against Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, managing owner of Defender, on the ground that ballast was placed aboard Defender after measurement on Sept. 6 and removed prior to remeasurement on Sept. 8. The manner in which the charge is worded, to the effect that, probably without the knowledge of her owners, Defender drew at least 4in. more water on the day of the first race, Sept. 7, than on the preceding and following days, in no way mitigates the accusation of cheating; it is perfectly plain that such a change of trim could be brought about only by the addition of at least twelve tons of ballast, and that this could not possibly be done without the knowledge of Mr. Iselin, who has had personal supervision of every detail about the yacht since she was launched.

If Lord Dunraven had had any evidence whatever in support of such a serious charge it should have been laid before the New York Y. C. at once; before a second race was started. This not having been done, there is no possible justification at this late day for a wholesale and utterly unsupported charge of foul dealing against the owners of Defender. Lord Dunraven has placed himself in a most unenviable position; in default of that conclusive proof of his charges which it will be impossible for him to present, he must answer to the whole world of sport for the false and slanderous accusation he has launched.

SNAP SHOTS.

To the inhabitants of cities, and especially of large cities, there are few subjects of greater interest than the care and improvement of their public parks. It is on such breathing places that the health of the public largely depends, and to them that a majority of the people—the very poor—must resort for much of their rest and their recreation. For the care of such parks the very best men ought to be secured—men who care more for the good work that they may accomplish in such a position than for any honor or emolument that may attach to the office. The people of New York are to be congratulated in special degree on the appointment as Park Commissioner of Mr W. A. Stiles, the editor of *Garden and Forest* who exactly fills these conditions. While eminently a practical man, Mr. Stiles is an able botanist and a student of landscape decoration, and has given much careful attention to the subject of our public parks. His special studies have thus been in the very direction to fit him for the office to which he has now been appointed. He is beyond question the most competent man for the position in New York city.

The November number of the *North American Review* has a paper by Professor Boyesen, written in the last months of his life, on the "Plague of Jocularity." The common tendency to make a joke of everything, even of those things which are sacred, Professor Boyesen regards as a national characteristic of the American people. The cause of the phenomenon he thinks must be found in the climate; for he has noted that even "the European immigrant, who at home would scarcely have made a joke once a year, finds himself gradually inoculated with the national virus, and surprises himself by attempts at wit which are probably more gratifying to himself than amusing to his listeners."

There is doubtless much reason in the view taken that the jocular flippancy which so largely prevails is something to be deprecated. Nevertheless much might be said of the utility and saving grace of humor as easing those burdens and lightening those difficulties and discouragements which are all the more readily borne, endured and triumphed over because they are met with the American sturdiness which so commonly finds expression in jocularity. To allude to an example which must of itself occur to everyone, take the case of President Lincoln. By his critics, opponents, enemies, and even by friends who misunderstood him, Lincoln was denounced as a joker and teller of idle and of sometimes coarse stories. Yet had humor ever for itself better defense since the world began than when in the years of gloom it helped this man to bear the tremendous responsibilities with which he was oppressed?

But we have referred to Prof. Boyesen's protest because it gives us occasion to remark upon what we have long noted, the common tendency of the jokers of the humorous columns of the press to crack jokes on the subject of death and bereavement. There is hardly any phase of this experience—which sooner or later comes to every household—which is not at some time or another taken hold upon by the humorous paragraphists as fit material for their coarse flippancy. Certain of our professedly religious exchanges are particularly prone to originate or to clip from other wits for their own funny departments the current jokes about death. The conductors of newspapers may count their responsibility in such a matter so trivial as to be unworthy of consideration; and yet common decency would seem to require that a paper which makes its way into a man's house should not bear with it the power to wound the sensibilities of the home by thoughtless and irreverent jokes upon those things which are most tender and most sacred; for in proportion as a journal's circulation is extended, copies of it must every day or every week fall into the hands of readers to whom the proffer of jokes which find their inspiration in death and bereavement is more cruel than blows. The FOREST AND STREAM does not set itself up as squeamish, but it has always considered the avoidance of death jokes as good journalism, and by that conviction has been governed in its dealings with its readers.

The sixth annual meeting and banquet of the Vermont Fish and Game League will be held at Burlington on Wednesday of next week. The League has accomplished much for fish and game protection in Vermont, and we take satisfaction in noting its continued prosperity and usefulness.

These are the days when earth and air and sky unite to beckon one into the field, and these are the days when every man who won't go shooting should be fined. Something of this was suggested last week to a veteran sportsman. "Yes," he said, "but make an exception in favor of the man who would if he could, but can't. If his heart is all right, remit the fine. You wouldn't find me here in this office on Broadway if I could break the links."

Go if you can. If not, do the next best thing—read FOREST AND STREAM.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN JONES'S BAYOU.—IV.

I HAVE not space to describe the one-hundredth part of this year and a half in the swamp. I will give one more description of a bear hunt with hounds and then close the Jones's Bayou stay. About two weeks after Uncle Taylor and I had killed the bear at the water hole Uncle Zack Jones and Uncle Martin organized a big hunt. Uncle Taylor was too old to follow the hounds, as it is very hard work and requires an active man to crowd his way through the cane. On this hunt we had the combined packs of Uncle Martin and Uncle Jones. We were to hunt for several days, as the Jones boys had found a great deal of fresh bear sign three or four miles back of their place and the bears had killed quite a number of calves and hogs for the settlers. We were to hunt with Uncle Martin's pack of twenty-two hounds the first day and Uncle Jones's pack of twenty-seven hounds the second day. Jim Pyron, myself, the four Jones boys, Uncle Martin and Uncle Zack Jones composed the hunters. The two Beaver boys had to haul some cotton to Greeneville and could not accompany us. Jim Pyron told me that if I wanted to kill the bear I would have to get one of the Jones boys and tip him pretty heavy, and then I would get a shot. Otherwise one of the Jones boys was sure to kill the bear, as they were young and strong and knew every trail and short cut through the cane and would beat me to the bear invariably. I told him that I was something of a woodsman myself, and would try my luck with them.

We all started about daybreak and by sunrise were in the bear country. We were all armed with Winchesters, and each man carried a hunting knife and a machete or cane knife, also a horn in case he got lost in the dense canebrakes. After a little trailing by all the dogs in different directions, old Ring, Uncle Martin's leader, opened up in full cry with his deep bass voice, and in a moment the whole pack was in full cry. Now, I have heard Gilmore's special artists, the Mexican Band of seventy pieces in the city of Mexico, Adelina Patti and a few other real artists in the musical world—but for genuine, unadulterated music give me the chimes of a pack of hounds in full cry. Now, don't say "Pshaw! fool! crank!" Maybe you "ain't built that way," but if you were, you would say, "Bravo, old fellow; I'll see you one and go you one better!"

Well, to come back to the real facts of the case, the dogs now began to make it pretty interesting for bruin. Do you know, kind reader, that a bear, as big and awkward and slow-looking as he is, will just make a good horse hump himself to keep up with him for a short distance? And if you ever get into a close place with Brother Bruin, don't you try to outrun him, but just face him and stop him somehow. You might just as well try to outrun a good hound as to undertake to outrun a bear. A bear is very swift for a limited space of time, but cannot hold his wind.

We now began to hear great brawls, the smashing of cane, the snapping and snarling of the hounds, and every now and then a hound would yelp with pain. It did not require any great amount of experience to tell me what that meant. The dogs were overhauling the bear every now and then, and when they came up with him the entire pack would cover him. Old bruin would fight them a moment or two, then shake off most of them, and run over the remainder and start out again. Then there would be a lively race for 200 or 300yds., and the same thing over again. Finally the dogs will get the bear thoroughly aroused, hot and mad, and if it is a young one it will take a tree; but if it is an old grandpapa or grandmamma "there is going to be a fight, and razors am a-flyin' through the air."

The hunters can tell by the baying of the dogs and the general sound of the battle whether the last stand has been made or not. When it comes, then there is a general rush for the scene of conflict. The old hunter always loves his dogs, and the bear will kill them all if he does not arrive on the field and take a hand. Now comes the tug of war. It is an easy matter to follow the general course of the bear and hounds by getting into the open bed of a bayou. One can almost go at a gallop on horseback. But when the final stand and last fight come, you must leave the bayou beds, and go right through the matted canebrakes and jungles to get to the dogs. This stage of the game has now been reached. We can all hear, about a half mile distant, the battle raging, and never were more gallant charges made at Marathon, Balaklava, or Marengo than this noble pack of hounds made upon the infuriated beast at bay. We all dismounted and scattered through the woods, each seeking to get there first; Jim Pyron and I kept close together, as Jim said it was best not to tackle that bear alone. We pushed, and shoved, and chopped with our hack knives, and crawled upon hands and knees, trying to penetrate that almost impenetratable jungle. A bear always makes for the very thickest jungles in reach, in the vain hope that the dogs cannot follow him. The sound of the fight became more and more distinct and we were both in hopes that we would reach the ground first. We were much chagrined, however, when within about 300yds. of the battle, to hear the report of a rifle, then another and another. When all was still excepting the occasional bay of a hound, or the constant whine of the wounded dogs. Jim brought out an oath that would make Pluto blush, and said, "I told you so!" "Them durn Jones boys air eheu hogs every one of them!"

Sure enough the Jones boys had been too swift for us, and when we arrived we found a large dead bear, three dead dogs, two wounded ones and the ground "tore up." My! what a fight there had been right in a dense canebrake. The cane was smashed down, broken and smeared with hair and blood for three rods square. John Jones, the oldest one of the Jones boys, assisted by his brother Jim, had killed the bear. The bear had been opened and the hounds all fed on the offal. That is customary, as the hounds expect it, and it encourages them to hunt and fight the next time.

We now counted up the dogs and examined the wounded ones. One was dying and John Jones shot him to end his misery. The other we carried home on a litter made of cane laid across two poles and tied with strings and strips of bark. I would have carried that dog ten miles myself rather than see him die of starvation out in that jungle after fighting so nobly. We were glad to find that none of the best trailers or leaders were hurt—just the fighting dogs were injured. That cut Uncle Martin's pack down to eighteen dogs. It was a pretty severe blow to the old man, but he "'lowed that he had plenty of pups coming on, so he reckoned he would have to stand it."

We now fell to work, all hands strung out in a line and cut a broad trail through the cane out to the horses. We loaded the bear on the largest and strongest horse, and after strapping the bear to the horse and the dog to the litter we started out. We had gone not a half mile when old Ring slipped off from us, and in a few moments was in full cry again. The whole pack sprang into the cane, and the music opened up again. We stopped and listened, and in a few moments heard the dogs baying in a long and continued bay, such as you have heard a dog howl at the moon. Uncle Martin said, "Treed, by gravy!" and all hands again struck into the cane. I noticed that I did not see John Jones, and I knew that he had slipped away from us without saying anything, and that he was then in all probability about to shoot the bear. In a few moments I heard a rifle and I said to Uncle Jones, "It seems to me that John does not want any of the others of us to get a shot."

Old Uncle Jones grunted and said, "Wal, John alus wus a durn flop-yeared hog about everything. He hain't satisfied 'thout the tother boys an' gals too gives him the chooze of everything. But I guess I ought not to grumble, 'kaze John is a mighty powerful good hunter, an' has saved me many a fine houn'."

When we got there we found that John had shot the bear out of a tree. It was a young one and hardly half as large as the first one. We cut a trail to the horses again and were soon on the road toward home. We arrived at Uncle Jones's house about noon without further incident. Here we all had dinner, and after skinning the two bears and dividing we went home. I only took a small part of the meat and some of the claws and teeth as trophies. Uncle Jones and Uncle Martin divided equally and each sold his share at the railroad camps before the sun went down.

We slept soundly that night and at break of dawn were all mounted and ready to start from Uncle Jones's house again. We were to hunt with Uncle Jones's pack that day. Allow me a few words to describe the dogs. Just five years previous to this fall a rich cotton factor from St. Louis had come to Jones's Bayou and had hunted three solid weeks with Uncle Jones over on the Yazoo and Sunflower rivers. When he went home he sent Uncle Jones two fine beagle puppies, a male and female. He sent collars on the pups, and on one was engraved, "Mark Anthony," sired by so and so, dam so and so and so and so. On the other was engraved "Cleopatra," sired by so and so, dam so and so and so and so. Anyway, the gentleman, in return for the sport he had enjoyed in participating in the killing of nine bears and a number of deer and turkeys, had made Uncle Jones the present of a fine pair of pedigreed, registered beagles. Uncle Jones could never have bought such a pair of dogs, as I guess they cost up in the hundreds. To say that he was proud of them and loved them is to put it mildly. That gentleman could have had all nine of Uncle Jones's sandy-haired gals if he had wanted them, and he would almost have been willing to have thrown in his old woman for good measure. To come to the point, the whole of Uncle Jones's pack was the offspring of this magnificent pair of hounds. He had crossed his fighting dogs with bloodhounds until he had as fine a pack of bear hounds as there was in the State of Mississippi. Old Mark was getting old, but he still had lots of spunk left in him and a nose that any hound could be proud of. Old Cleo had been killed last year in a bear fight, so Uncle Jones had an especial love for Mark, as he considered him his "lead hound" and taught all the puppies under his especial guidance.

Now you understand what we were hunting behind. None of your mongrel pack of curs and rabbit dogs.

Before we started I quietly slipped a five-dollar bill into John Jones's hand with a hint that if he wanted any future favors from me I must kill the bear that day. John went off and held a consultation with his three brothers, and from that moment he was my slave. The truth is, they all of them frequently borrowed small sums from me which I never took the trouble to ask them for, and I knew this threat or very plain hint would bring them to time. The boys did not have the same principle that their father had. Old man Jones was a "diamond in the rough," and had a very high sense of honor; so did Uncles Taylor and Martin.

Well, we are now on the road; the hounds are jumping and yelping, and it keeps Uncles Jones and Martin both busy watching them and blowing them in, they are so eager to hunt. Uncle Jones has to scold old Mark more than once; he will lead the other dogs off into the cane, instead of trotting on behind the horses, as we wish them to do, until we get into the bear country. The dogs have not hunted since last year, and are far more ardent for the sport than the hunters. So we have to watch them to keep them in, for fear they will go racing off after a deer or varmint of some kind, entirely forgetting their well-taught manners; that is, to hunt nothing but bear. We at last reach the bear country, somewhere within a mile or two of where we had been before, judging from the direction we had been traveling and the time on the road. Old Mark has now picked up a fresh trail, which has crossed, during the night, the bayou bed we were following. The whole pack is off in full cry—the deep bass of old Mark down to the fine yelp of the youngest puppy who is out on his initial hunt. Great Jupiter! I know if thou couldst sit upon thy throne on Mount Olympus, and, gathering all thy subordinate gods and goddesses round about thee, listen to such music as this, thou wouldst crown Diana queen of all! Yea, even the beautiful and seductive Venus would sink into oblivion and be lost from thought and sight while such music held the soul enchanted. But enough of such soliloquy. We were off down a bayou bed in the direction of the dogs as fast as we could go. The party now divided, one-half going down the bayou bed and the other half taking a direction at right angles to the course we were following. Experience, the day before, had taught us that the dogs were in fighting trim, and it was necessary to get to them as quickly as possible when the bear was brought to bay. In this way, if the bear doubled back on his track, as they often do, the other party would be able to reach him sooner than we could retrace our steps. John Jones told me to keep right by his side if I wanted to kill that bear, and as I had invested $5 worth already in bruin's hide, I took his advice. We were soon far in advance of the others of the party. John was big and strong and broke the way through the cane, and although I had all my clothes torn off of me, and nearly had my eyes jabbed out a dozen times, I managed to keep up with him. John is the best bear hunter I have ever seen. Stanley ought to have had him in his party in making his explorations of darkest Africa. John would have run some of those Jing-ga-hoos or Kin-ka-poos out of their holes, I'll bet you.

The dogs were wrestling manfully with old Bro. Bruin. John said he was a "son of a gun"—said he could tell by the fight he was putting up. We got nearly to the scene of battle several times, but just before we could see them the bear would break through the dogs and go again. Finally we heard just ahead of us the awfulest, most blood-curdling row that man's ears ever listened to. John started on a run. "Come quick," he said, "they have got him cornered, and he is mad as a Mexican bull by now, and will kill every dog in the pack if we don't git thar in a hurry." I instinctively stuffed two or three more cartridges into the magazine of my rifle and followed. Somehow when you are preparing to tackle a *mad bear* you like to know that the magazine is full, as well as one in the barrel. We had to get down flat on our stomachs and crawl along for 100yds. before we got to the fight. The cane was so thick and stiff and matted up with vines that there was no getting through it; so we followed the path or swath broken down by the bear and hounds. As the bear is not very tall when running, we had to crawl to follow him. We finally emerged into a little clearing or place where fire had burnt out the heavy cane and it had grown up again in switch cane. It was in this circle or arena that the dogs had bayed the bear.

As soon as we emerged from the cane John gave a whistle. "Ge whiz! what a buster!" he said. I could see at a glance that we had an unusually large bear to deal with. The circle in which the fight was going on was not more than 30yds. across. The combat was raging near the center; so John walked around until almost opposite to me, just enough to one side to keep from shooting each other. I understood his motive as soon as the first shot was fired. When two persons are shooting into a bear from opposite directions he is apt to become confused and not charge either. The dogs were all over the bear, on both sides, on top and under him. John shouted to me to pick my chances, and not shoot the dogs.

This I fully intended to do, but circumstances always make cases and mould one's actions. I watched for a chance for several minutes, when finally the dogs broke away and left the side next to me clear of obstruction. I am quick with a rifle, so in a second I had planted a ball in the foreshoulders. I wanted to cripple those terrible forepaws of his if possible. There was a howl of rage; the bear bit his shoulder several times, then turned directly toward me prepared to charge me. John shouted, "Look out! look out!" I yelled back to him, "Shoot, you infernal fool! Are you going to stand there and see him eat me up?" John laughed, but did not shoot. By this time I had another cartridge in my rifle barrel, and made up my mind that I was going to kill that bear if I had to shoot every ball through a hound. I don't say that I was not scared, for I was; but I did not lose my head. The danger seemed to steady my nerves. There was no possible chance to run and no tree to climb within reach. The bear had his mind made up to annihilate me, and I knew it was only a matter of about three seconds for him to cover the 30ft. intervening between us. John would not shoot to attract his attention in another direction, so shoot I did, and at a 2:40 gait, too, I tell you. It did not make any difference whether a hound popped in between my sight and the bear just as I was pulling the trigger or not. After my rifle had belched fire four times, and there were two hounds dead on the ground from the bullets, and at least three of the balls had taken effect on the bear, he rose on his hindfeet and started for me. My jaws closed like a steel trap. I have never had my nerve tried quite so hard since that time, and I don't hanker after it any more, either. I was like a person drowning—I thought of everything mean I had ever done since I was born. Well, just as the bear started to me old Mark Anthony sprang in front of him and grabbed him by the throat. Now John got excited; he sprang forward like a tiger to save old Mark, but he was not quick enough. The bear snapped at him once with his vise-like jaws, but could not reach him, as Mark had a death grip on his throat. Then, with a quick slap of his powerful forepaw, he sent old Mark a bleeding, mangled mass into the edge of the cane. John had by this time arrived close to the bear, and both of us, leaning forward until our rifle barrels almost touched him, fired. The bear rolled over as dead as Hector, after Achilles had dragged him four times around the walls of Troy. John had blown the whole top of his head off, and my ball broke his neck. Eheu! eheu! eheu! wasn't I glad? The cold sweat was standing out in beads all over my face. I was scared, and "scared bad" too; but I had held my nerve, and neither John nor any one else had a chance to laugh at me. I do really believe that cold-natured fellow would have let that bear hurt me if he could only have had a great big joke to tell on me for being a coward.

We now cut the old fellow open and fed the hounds, which were clamoring for their share. The poor beasts were really hungry, as old hunters always starve their dogs for a day or two before they go hunting. They say it makes the hounds hunt better and fight harder than if they are full.

By this time all the other hunters have arrived, and the sight of old man Jones bending over the dead body of Mark crying like a child was really pathetic. I did not until then know that a man ever formed such an attachment as that for a dog. The old man said, "I hed a powerful sight sooner a give the whole balance o' the pack an' a kept this one dog."

The mortality was terrific. Five dead hounds and two badly wounded. That was a dear bear. Two of the hounds had been killed by my bullets, three had been killed outright by the bear and two wounded. I offered to pay Uncle Jones right on the spot for the two dogs I had killed and told him it was necessary to save my life. He would not have a cent, but he gave John a terrible abusing for not trying to save the dogs and not taking a hand in the row sooner. John said that I "hed gi'n him a bran new $5 bill for the 'tunity to kill that bar and he wanted me to get my money's wuf." John wanted to get the laugh on me, but he didn't get it and lost five hounds trying it.

Now came a repetition of yesterday, chopping a road out to the horses and getting the bear out. The bear was a large one and very fat, and it was all the strongest horse could do to carry him. We arrived at Uncle Jones's house about 3 o'clock with the bear, the two wounded hounds and the body of old Mark, which Uncle Jones wanted to bury in his garden by the side of Cleo. I had to remain out in the cane until Jim Pyron rode to Mrs. Beaver's and brought me another pair of pants, as I had left in the woods all excepting the waistband and pockets and a ruffle around each leg at the top of my boots. I was a sight to behold, and feared lest my gentle Sallie Jones and the sweet widow at Uncle Taylor's might not like the sight of my anatomy, and thinking that Don Quixote had arisen from the dead, cut short all my future protestations of undying love and affection.

Well, I fear I bore you, kind reader, with the length of this rattle-brained article; so, thanking you for your patience in following it so far, I bid you farewell. I remained twelve months longer in the swamp and participated in many more bear hunts, as well as the killing of deer and turkeys and ducks by the score.

A. B. WINGFIELD.

A MICMAC TRADITION.

LATE in the autumn of 1862, when living in New Brunswick, I was informed that caribou were to be found within a few miles of a small station on the railroad between St. John and Shediac. I obtained ten days' leave of absence from military duties, hired two Micmac Indians and traveled to the station, where we passed the night at a small hotel. Our baggage consisted of a frying-pan, three tin vessels fitting one inside the other, some flour, salt pork, tea and coffee, an axe, ammunition and blankets. These were packed on a buckboard, upon which we rode to the last farm in the clearings and then walked about seven miles through the bush, stopping to encamp at a large beaver meadow. This was more than a mile long and from a quarter to half a mile wide. A sluggish stream of water ran through it, and the ground was covered with coarse tall grass and sedges. The dam, which had been cut through many years before, was overgrown with willows and other shrubs.

The weather on the first day was delightfully calm and sunshiny, but the Indians appeared to expect a change, for they at once commenced building a substantial hut, making a cone-shaped frame of fir poles, the lower ends of which formed a circle about 9ft. in diameter. This was covered with sheets of birch bark, leaving an opening as a doorway and a hole at the top of the cone for the smoke to escape through. There was plenty of room for a fire in the center, and we placed a deep layer of sprigs from the balsam fir all round the wall for sleeping upon. It was fortunate that we made the hut, for rain fell in torrents during the greater part of the time we stayed there and the nights were very cold.

I had never before encamped in the bush, and I found the life intensely enjoyable. The grandeur and gloominess of the forests, and beauty of the plants on the caribou barrens, were a never-failing source of delight.

We saw many tracks of caribou, but they were all too old to be worth following, until nearly a week had elapsed, when, shortly before sunset, we found a barren which a small herd had left, apparently not more than half an hour previously. It was then too late to follow the tracks, and early the next morning a telegraphic message was brought to the camp requiring my instant return to St. John, as the troops were leaving for Canada.

The Indians had a small dog, half terrier and half spaniel, that was very clever at finding and putting up ruffed grouse, and I had shot a sufficient number of these and Canada grouse to enable us to live sumptuously during our whole time in the bush. My gun was a double 14-bore muzzle-loader by Beattie of London, made very heavy (8¼lbs. weight) in order that it might carry bullets accurately. For all practical purposes it was quite as good as a rifle up to 60yds. The Indians often expressed surprise at the long distances at which it killed the grouse, although loaded with only two drams of powder and an ounce of No. 7 shot. One of them, named Stephen, had a light single-barrel 14-bore, and, as his charge of powder seemed very large, I measured it, out of curiosity, with the top of my flask, and found it to be six drams. I asked him if he always used that quantity and he replied, "I put in that for rabbit and pattridge, but when I shoot duck I put in *leetle* more." "But Stephen," I said, "your gun must kick very badly."

"Waal," he replied, "it do kick some."

Notwithstanding the recoil, he held it steadily when firing with bullets. One day we tried a couple of shots in camp at a small blaze with a black spot in it about the size of a silver dollar, which the other Indian made on a tree.

Stephen judged the distance to be 70yds., while I thought it not more than 60, but the ground was so covered with fallen trunks that it could not be paced. I rested my arm on a branch, took careful aim and cut into the edge of the black spot with the bullet. Stephen took the same rest and sent his bullet into the exact center of the spot.

Stephen spoke good English, and one night, while we lay round the fire, related the following tradition of his own tribe:

"'Bout one hunderd year ago Mohawks came from Canada to make war with Micmacs, and one band of Mohawks found hut in bush, where Micmac Indian live with squaw and three childern. Mohawks look every which way, and see that Micmac gone hunting and nobody there 'cept squaw and three childern. They take them and hide them in bush. Then Mohawks hide leetle way from hut, and when Micmac come back they catch him and tie his hands. Then they all start back to Canada.

"And first night they camp Mohawk chief he say, 'I alway like leetle pig for supper.' Then he take one Micmac child and throw him on fire, and when he cook they all eat him. And next night Mohawk chief say, 'I alway like leetle pig for supper.' Then they cook 'nother child and eat him. And next night he say same thing and they eat 'nother child. And next night, when no more childern, Mohawk chief he say, 'I alway like ole sow for supper.' Then they kill Micmac squaw and cook and eat her.

"After that Micmac Indian very mad and one strong Spirit go into him, so he might punish Mohawks. And when they come to Mohawk village, in Canada, they all sit round with Micmac in middle and put big pot of oil on fire to boil Micmac in it. Then Micmac say to Mohawk chief, 'What very brave man you be! you kill children, you kill squaw; you no can fight man like me.' And Mohawk chief very mad and make cut with axe at Micmac. But that Spirit turn axe one side, so it hit one Mohawk on hade and kill him. Then Mohawk chief more mad and make 'nother cut at Micmac; but that Spirit turn axe one side and kill 'nother Mohawk.

"Then Spirit fix all Mohawks where they sit so they no can get up, and Micmac take axe and kill chief and kill all other Mohawks 'cept one man. And he say, 'You go to all Mohawk villages and tell what I done.' Then Micmac come back from Canada and live here."

I. I. MEYRICK.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL TRIP.

THE pleasure and profit of a tramp to woods or waters are not always to be measured by the tangible results. I appreciate the thrill of joy and the sense of well-earned ownership which accompany success with the gun and rod, and I do not underestimate the satisfaction derived from the recollection of those supreme moments when the big trout was at last landed, the whirring partridge brought to earth, or the antlered buck laid low. Nevertheless I venture to describe a trip which my guide called an unsuccessful one, but which I found to be full of such things as pleasant reminiscences are made of.

I had arrived at that somewhat unsatisfactory stage of my vacation when a man finds himself counting the days of freedom yet remaining to him, and although for ten days I had been making strenuous efforts to get a shot at a deer, I had burned no powder. Something had to be done; and when my guide suggested that we go into camp for a night at Train Pond, seven miles from the primitive little hotel which constituted our headquarters on the St. Regis River, I was soon stowing my duffle in a pack basket, while its mate was being loaded with provisions and cooking utensils. A very knowing old white horse was brought into requisition, and, with a pack basket swung on each side, he followed along independently and with such an obvious air of comradeship that we would scarcely have been surprised if he had occasionally ventured a remark. Leaving the main road a mile from the hotel, we struck into an old trail, cut years before for the purpose of getting supplies into a big lumber camp, four miles away. It was largely overgrown with underbrush, and the corduroy bridges were treacherous and weak with age. Occasionally it was necessary to cut a passage for the horse through a fallen treetop, or pause to get our bearings when the trail "thinned out." But it was a glorious tramp through the forest in the stillness of that August noon. The sunlight sifted down through the mighty trees and glorified everything it touched. The air was laden with the odor of raspberries and ripening ferns, and at every turn some charming bit of scenery presented itself. Indications were not wanting that the forest was inhabited. A red fox ran across the trail; now and then a rising partridge startled the silence, and the numerous deer tracks in the soft, moist places suggested possibilities of a shot at any moment. Once an enormous hedgehog ambled into the bushes in front of us, almost oblivious of our presence and evidently relying upon his defensive armor to protect him from undue familiarity.

At length we emerged from the woods into a small clearing thickly set with log houses. It was almost startling thus to come upon a "deserted village" in the midst of the wilderness. The buildings were still in a good state of preservation, and it will be many years before the great hemlock logs of which they were constructed will crumble away. Traces of former occupants and their vocation were scattered about: broken axe heads, old moccasins, shriveled and mice-eaten, and wooden appliances which had been fashioned to meet some pressing want. In two or three places iron hoops and staves showed where the pork barrels had fallen to pieces and formed salt licks, which the deer had visited until they had fairly eaten holes into the earth to get the precious saline particles hidden there. A faded jack-of-spades and several empty bottles led me to infer that even in this out-of-the-way place some time had been given up to revelry.

Right here I wish to say that I have changed my mind as to the permanent damage done by lumbermen in the wilder portions of the Adirondacks. I had supposed that they left the country bare and desolate where they had worked, and that deer hunting could never be the same as of old after the sound of the axe had profaned the solitude; but, as a matter of fact, it is often an advantage to the hunter to have been preceded by the lumberman. Little arteries of travel are established through what would otherwise be an unbroken and well-nigh impenetrable wilderness, and inasmuch as the lumbermen only cut the spruce trees above 10in. in diameter, the wounds they inflict on the forest heal rapidly and leave no permanent scars. Even the forest fires, for which these men are sometimes responsible, are not an unmixed evil, from the sportsman's standpoint. Ground which has been burnt over makes a natural clearing. The grass and shrubbery spring up when the daylight is thus let in, and here the deer are sure to come and feed, offering to the hunter good opportunities for that best of all sport, still-hunting.

Our old horse seemed to realize that he had reached the end of his journey. He cropped the grass complacently and peered into the big sheds as if to decide which one he would occupy in case of rain. He had occasion to seek their shelter before he left them. Felling a tree across the trail to prevent his leaving in case he became homesick, we transferred the pack baskets from his shoulders to our own and started on a two-mile jaunt over a wild and picturesque trail which no horse could well follow. The country grew more savage and rugged as we advanced, and it took a long hour's hard tramp to bring us to the little bark "lean-to" near the shore of Train Pond.

O, the pungent, spicy recollections of such camps as that! What tonic in the air! What Sabean fragrance in the balsam boughs on which the tired hunter sleeps! What savory emanations from the coffee-pot and frying-pan! Who that has spent nights in a forest camp can ever forget the weird charms of its surroundings? The crackling, glowing fire, beyond which stands a wall of mysterious gloom; the sighing of the wind through the trees; the light footfall of the midnight prowler; the laugh of the loon, and the discordant concert of the owls. It is the memories of these things which constitute a large part of the value of a forest outing and stimulate a keen desire and a yearning to repeat the experience.

Who next occupies that bark Pantheon will find—done in charcoal on its interior—a bill of fare which will set his appetite on edge and make him think he has forgotten something. I believe in going well provided on these short trips. Carrying in a few extra pounds of provisions doesn't signify, because you never have to bring them out.

After an early supper, which would have driven a boarding house into bankruptcy, we followed the trail—if such it could be called—down to the pond, pulled the boat from its hiding place and paddled quietly out in the hope of getting a daylight shot. The pond is not a large one, and is covered with lilypads from shore to shore. Through this watery meadow the deer had crossed and recrossed, leaving on its surface distinct trails in every direction. Here was a feeding ground of the choicest kind; the shores were tracked like a sheep yard, and it seemed as though our bloodthirsty instincts would surely be satisfied. But this was not our day. The deer were off attending some camp meeting of their own, and the only thing we secured was a view which will abide in my memory forever; the setting sun giving its good-night kiss to the seven peaks which guard the eastern approach to this wild spot. When night had fairly shut down upon us we lighted the jack, and for four hours the boat glided like a ghost along the shores. Once the cracking of sticks gave us hope that a deer was coming down to the water, but it turned out to be a pair of hedgehogs on their nocturnal rounds. Whether they were quarreling or making love I could not decide, but such grunting and wheezing and coughing and snuffling I never heard before. One of them crawled out on a dead spruce lying in the water and commenced gathering lilypads. A stroke of the guide's paddle sent the boat up to him and I couldn't resist giving him a punch with the gun barrel. With a vehement grunt of astonishment he immediately assumed a globular shape, looking more like a gigantic chestnut burr than anything I can think of. By this time the jack weighed several hundred pounds, the seat of the boat had turned to flint, and I ceased to care whether I ever killed another deer. So we returned to camp empty in every sense of the word, ate another supper and turned in.

The next morning we decided to remain over another night, the only objection (always a serious one in the woods) being that we had no meat. To supply this need we started out for partridges, the guide with the rifle and I with the shotgun. We soon flushed two birds and they both came down, to the amazement of the guide, who is a star of the first magnitude with the rifle, but not accustomed to wing-shooting. Later on we put up another covey, one of which fell to my gun and two more tumbled out of the trees, with their heads cut off by rifle bullets. These five birds reposing in the frying-pan, with an offering of salt pork laid on their saintly bosoms, made the finest gastronomical sight it was ever my good fortune to witness.

When we returned to camp—and within 20yds. of the same—we found fresh deer tracks on top of our own! From this and numerous other signs I am inclined to think that during our stay at Train Pond a large herd of deer were continually following us around, but were never quite able to overtake us.

Well, we tried for them again that afternoon, and floated for them until midnight. Then the very elements turned against us. The rain poured down in torrents, and the wind roared through the forest like the sound of a mighty waterfall. It was inspiring, but it was also damp. The cold air clutched our bones and penetrated the marrow, and so we started for camp over the most diabolical piece of wet trail that two unlucky hunters ever traversed in the dark. Slippery logs, twisted roots, jagged rocks, ponds and pitfalls, which were not there in the afternoon, had all come down into that trail and arranged themselves with fiendish ingenuity to block our passage. The distance was not great, but there was more traveling done, and more fancy steps were executed, in that short piece of so-called trail than I expect ever to indulge in hereafter.

So ended our quest of deer—in a blaze of electric glory, and with peals of thunder for our applause. We went home next day with all nature smiling upon us in derision, and with fresh deer tracks all around us. The herd had evidently lost trace of us in the night and were making desperate efforts to run us down. Three days later I found they were still pursuing me, but I managed to kill two of them before they got near enough to do me any bodily injury.

Now there may be certain effeminate and thin-skinned sportsmen who will say that this excursion lacked the elements of pleasure. To all such let me say that I now remember this unsuccessful trip as the pleasantest part of my vacation.

ARTHUR F. RICE.

Mr. Robinson's Books.

IT is surprising that Mr. Howells himself should recently have written, in *Harper's Weekly*, as if there were a French-Canadian "dialect" of English. Incidentally he referred to Mr. Maclennan's work in such sort as to indicate to himself a belief that the Montreal writer was the pioneer in that "dialect" field, a credit which Mr. Maclennan would, I am sure, be quick to disclaim. The pioneer was, so far as I know, Mr. Rowland E. Robinson, a Vermonter, whose French-Canadian Antwine, in "Uncle Lisha's Shop" and "Sam Lovell's Camps," is perfectly represented as to his racial peculiarities, his broken English, and his individuality, which is one of the most lively and amusing, I venture to say, in American literature.

I am the more desirous that justice should be done to the Vermonter in this matter, because I regard him as an American writer who has nothing like the honor he deserves in his own country. His books, published by the Forest and Stream Company and by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., disclose a variety of Yankees so interesting, so amusing, so lovable, and so fond of the open sky and the fairness of Nature in their own land, that one is inclined, for their sake, to love Yankees in general—suspecting them to be truly kin to Mr. Robinson's delightful people. He is a true humorist of rare quality, whose spontaneous work may well be cherished for generations after the books of the *farceurs* of the hour shall have vanished in the limbo of old masks and old moons.—*Edward W. Thomson in the Literary News.*

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Natural History.

THE BLUEBIRDS.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The bluebirds seem to be creating a good deal of interest just now, and I've very little doubt that they are either becoming scarce or for some reason are not so often seen as formerly around our Northern homes. Isn't it possible that the universally hated little cuss, the English sparrow, has something to do with it? During the early part of my life at the North it was a rare thing to find a house in the country without its bluebird boxes, and the cheery and delightful notes of their tenants were among the principal charms of spring. But with the advent of the sparrow these delightful sounds became a thing of the past, for it was useless to fight against the army of little pests that assailed them on every side and occupied every box and every place where a nest could possibly be built. If the bluebirds were forced to the woods to find deserted woodpeckers' holes in which to build, they would be likely to find themselves ousted by a stronger bird, for the supply of these holes does not, by any means, equal the demand.

That they have been driven away from their old haunts I have very little doubt, but where have they gone? The sparrow has not reached Florida yet, and all through the winter the bluebird is found in numbers through the pine woods; but whether they remain here during summer I cannot say, as I seldom have the occasion to tramp through the woods except in winter, when quail are ripe.

DEDYMUS.

[A friend in South Florida tells us that contrary to the customary order of things the bluebirds remained there during the summer this year, nesting in great numbers. It will be remembered that Texas correspondence in these columns has recorded the appearance in that State of unaccustomed hosts of small birds. May not these observations point to an abandonment of Northern haunts for those in the South?]

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your number of Oct. 12 I see a short article on our dear little messenger of spring, the bluebird, by Mr. W. R. Gorman, of Paschal, Ga.; and I will report in regard to this locality. When spring came everybody began to look and speak of the little fellow, but he came not. We live just on or in the edge of this little city; we have quite a good deal of ground and many trees, and for years three to five bluebirds have always built and raised their young here, and the same nests are always used—mostly holes in dead limbs of trees. If I mistake not, two broods have been raised, but I am not certain, nor do I know if the same old birds return and build in their old nests. But as I say, this spring they came not; nor did we see any for a long time, though some persons said they had heard them, also I believe seen them; though neither my brother nor myself had seen any until a few weeks ago, when we took a little .22-cal. Stevens and went into the woods to look for squirrels and to see how the nuts were. On the way, sure enough there were our bluebirds—the first I have seen this summer—and there were several of them too.

We missed them more in the spring, for though many birds build here in our trees, the bluebird and the chatterbox wren are our favorites—they become so tame.

My brother mounts a great many birds during the year and we enjoy very much our trips after specimens. We have one very fine case of them in our parlor, and many skins ready for setting up.

I often sit here in our little workshop dreaming of the past, from hunting buffalo in '71 on the plains down to little Bob White and doves. We came to Bloomington in 1854, when I was four years old. From my memory as a boy, I think I never saw nor heard of such a country for game as this, with deer, turkeys, geese and ducks and chickens by the thousands. The first shot I ever made with a gun at game I killed three prairie chickens sitting on a fence. On one trip I took when a boy we were gone three days and two nights, got five deer and 160 geese and brant.

S. E. BELL.

OREGON NOTES.

Weather.

NOT a drop of rain or a cloud since the middle of September! How is that for the "Webfoot" State? If it doesn't rain within the next three days (and there is no prospect for rain), the records will show an October in Oregon without rain. Selah!

Ducks.

The inference that would naturally be drawn from such weather conditions would be: no ducks; *non sequitur*, in this instance. Ducks of all the trash varieties are quite plentiful. Fair shooting has been had all along the Columbia. Monteith, Bills, Williams and others on Deer Island report good shooting; the boys over on Columbia slough are well satisfied, while Mead, Swift, Garrett and Hall at Jewett's Lake on Sauvie's Island have averaged more than twenty-five ducks to each gun every shooting day since the season opened. Canvas, swan, geese and cranes are beginning to come in, and the full moon storms near at hand will doubtless bring fine sport.

Bluebirds.

Every sportsman must have read with feelings of sorrow W. R. Gorman's note on the "Extinction of the Bluebird" in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 12. Can it be that the great storm of last February in the Southern States so thoroughly demoralized bird life in general and so nearly annihilated the dear little bluebird as that letter would indicate?

Let us hope that the destruction has not been so complete as he suggests. Bird life this side of the Cascade Range was not affected by that storm of course, and, answering his query so far as this part of the North is concerned, I am glad to state that the bluebird is with us just as of yore.

"Uncle Lisha's Outing."

The first chapter of Mr. Robinson's story has filled me with anxiety. I'd like to bet that Jozeff's anticipations anent the tick full of feathers will not be realized, and that M'ri will be heard from in no uncertain terms when the boys return. We've all been there, Jozeff, and sad experience has taught most of us that such dreams don't materialize,

S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Oct. 28.

A MAINE SKUNK FARM.

THE Rumford Falls, Me., *Times* gives an account of a skunk farm as it is farmed in Mexico, a town not far from Rumford Falls. Henry Ladd is the farmer:

"When we arrived at the height of land we saw the skunks gamboling in their pasture. As we drew near the house we heard the proprietor talking to his stock in language more forcible than polite.

"As we neared the premises the odor was wafted toward us which left no doubt that there were skunks in any quantity in the near vicinity. We found Mr. Ladd in the shed busily engaged with a pelt which he had recently taken from a carcass. Hanging on the timbers above his head there were numerous pelts, while hanging on the walls were several peltless carcasses which showed that they had recently been relieved of their covering. Mr. Ladd turned one skin which he had removed from the stretcher. It was a prime pelt, with two small stripes of white running back to the shoulders, the remainder of the body was a pretty black. The skin was as pretty a specimen of 'foreign sable' as ever a lady's cloak was trimmed with. After examining the pelts he had taken off, some thirty-five in number, we were conducted to the skunk pasture, where fifty of those animals were either at play, fighting or eating. They were in an inclosure 100×320ft. The fence was made of poultry netting with a board at the bottom resting on the ground, while another some 2ft. from the ground kept the animals from crawling up the wire. In making this pasture a trench was dug around it about 2ft. deep, which was filled with stones and the posts set in them. The grounds are supplied with a number of kennels, and only one burrow has been made, which is under a rock where several live, but they are not a happy family. The whole colony are quarrelsome and occasionally they kill one of their number in a family 'jamboree.' To cover up their cussedness they all fall in, cannibal fashion, and make a meal of their slain comrade.

"Mr. Ladd and his son Willis started their enterprise in September, since when they have caught eighty-five skunks. The ones caught were placed in the pasture, where they have been fed on scrap meat and fish offal which has been procured for them at the markets. Some of those that have been fed are very fat. One was killed last week that yielded about two quarts of oil. His pelt was prime and very large. In the pasture are two perfectly black, excepting a small V of white on the head.

"In catching these animals they use small steel traps and a dip net, both of which are on poles about 10ft. long. When one is found in a trap, one of the men attracts his attention from the pole, which is fastened to the trap, while the other takes hold of the pole and lifts the animal from the ground. When in this position they cannot scent. The man who has the dip net, which is made of a bran sack, then walks up and holds it under the victim, loosens the spring of the trap and lets him drop into the bag. He is then taken to the wagon, which holds a big box with a trap door in the top, which opens into a compartment, partitioned from the rest of the box, with a doorway connecting the rooms. The trap door is opened and the net turned over it. The skunk drops into the box and at once passes into the main part, where he is followed by others. Several have been caught in the nets. Mr. Ladd, to illustrate how they caught them, took a net and went into the pasture and scooped up one, which was 'a big cuss, fit to kill.' After he was caught he was carried to a brook, where he was drowned. In killing them in this way they are never scented.

"Mr. Ladd said that he was always afraid of a skunk and would not go near one until last year. His son, who was doing considerable trapping last fall, caught several of these animals, and he got used to them. This summer when they caught the first one they got him into the pasture without his scenting. They then went back to the hill above the house, where they found another. Mr. Ladd, senior, went at him very boldly, to show how he could handle him; but, well—the old gentleman dodged to escape getting it in the face, while the young Ladd was convulsed with laughter.

"In addition to the above game they have caught several foxes.

"A neighbor of Mr. Ladd's, Thomas Weeks, and Frank Bailey, who is stopping with him, have caught four foxes, eight minks and twenty-three skunks. These gentlemen wintered either seven or nine skunks last winter. The two females each gave birth to six little ones last spring."

Rattlesnakes' Fangs.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If your correspondent Mr. J. W. Schooley, in your issue of Oct. 26th, would examine any other rattler he would find several, usually five, small fangs on each side, which lie flat behind the main fang and only come into use if the large fang is lost, when the next one grows and takes its place. Some large rattlers have more than others, perhaps from having lost more in being unable to withdraw them after striking, as a bee leaves its sting behind in the wound. One of the supernumerary fangs is often at the side of and nearly as large as the main fang, but is not connected with the poison sac.

DEWITT WEBB.

A House Full of Coons.

UP the creek from Linlithgo Station, N. Y., about three miles, there stands an old, deserted house. Three or four of our hunters had discovered numerous signs of coons, which they could not locate. One day, while we were taking a walk along the creek, we happened to enter the old house, which stands near the creek, perhaps 40ft. from it, and, seeing paths leading to the house from the creek, we knew we had found their home. Near the creek in the bank there were several holes. Two days afterward we were there by daylight with two hounds, old, large dogs.

As soon as we entered the house the dogs began to give tongue, and they ran through the rooms. We stove holes in the ceiling, and soon the fun was fast and exciting. The dogs soon had one out, and then it was a fight in earnest, two to one, but the game was even.

We killed this one. The dogs caught one old one in a room. We shut the doors and let them fight; four men, two dogs, one coon, in a room 14×14—coon, men and dogs in one grand reel. We got six young and four old ones, about 170lbs. of coons.

W. M.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE SEASON'S GAME.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from the waters of the Upper Potomac, where I had great sport after the smallmouth black bass. In a few days I shall start for Knox county, Indiana, where I shall greet my brothers, John and Sam, and shall put in all the time till January after the game little bird. As to the scarcity of birds, I am of the opinion that the severe winters in the Northern States and lack of vegetation for food and shelter have done the work. For instance, at our place in Knox county, Indiana, I have just been informed that we have more birds this year than last. In fact, the winter never affects the birds there, as the ground is so rich that there is always a good crop of vegetation, which furnishes ample food and shelter.

If birds are scarce in the South it must be on account of the States failing to enact proper game laws and seeing that the same are enforced. I have seen birds that had been trapped brought in by hundreds in towns in North Carolina, for sale and shipment. While at Lexington, N. C., last year, I was informed that one dealer had shipped thousands of birds. And as there are dealers in almost every town in the State, it is plain what becomes of the birds. Another great evil, that destroys numbers of birds annually, is the carelessness of the owners of dogs in permitting them to roam at large over the fields during mating and breeding seasons. I believe that this agency alone in many localities destroys more birds than the gun.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Concerning the number of game birds raised, it has been my observation that the weather very materially effects the supply. In the first place if we have long continued and cold rains when the birds are nesting and hatching, these cold rains wet and chill the eggs and destroy part if not all of them. If the cold rains come later, after the young birds are hatched, and last several days or more, the young birds become chilled and die from the effects. Consequently a warm and dry spring has a tendency to secure a greater number of young birds than a cold and wet spring. A drought or heavy rains after the young birds are able to fly has less effect upon them than in the earlier stage of their existence.

You may safely judge the supply of young game birds by the supply of domesticated turkeys, for they are affected similarly. If young turkeys have flourished, game birds are likely to have flourished accordingly. Although the last winter was a very severe one in western Pennsylvania, a fair supply of game birds wintered well and the conditions of early spring were favorable to a good supply of young birds.

EDGAR HUIDEKOPER.

TANGIPAHOA, La., Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is a particularly good season for partridges, with more birds than for a number of years. There was a large number of birds left at close of last season (Feb. 28). The summer, although wet, was in continuous showers, without floods, and no birds were destroyed from this. The coveys are very large. No rain fell here in September and October, which either made some birds nest again, or the eggs in first nests had been destroyed. I came on two coveys a few days ago with birds so small that they pipe among grass and could only fly 20 or 30yds.; both coveys within 200yds. of kennel yard.

There was a few hours' rain on last day of month, but ground yet much too dry to get good work from dogs. The season opened on 1st inst., and I have not yet been in open piney woods, so I don't yet know if there are many of those very young coveys there.

R. S. NICHOLSON.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not think the drought has affected our game birds on land in the least. The hard winters are what affects our quail crop the most. But the drought has certainly affected our crop of marsh ducks—mallard, wood duck and blue-winged teal. The waters of our Great Lakes and rivers have lowered so in the last few years that the wild rice marshes where even last year you could punt a boat you can now walk all over with a pair of ordinary walking shoes. In fact, most of our marshes have become snipe grounds, and the above condition of our marshes will drive the ducks to other breeding grounds. The quantity of open water ducks—canvasback, redhead, bluebill, butterball and whistler—does not seem to diminish any. Large bags of the last-named species are being made every day.

There have been lots of snipe with us this season, but no large bags have been made, as the low water allowed the birds to work all over the rice beds, where a little water gave them plenty of chance to feed, and made almost inaccessible walking.

JOHN PARKER.

WAVERLY, Miss., Oct. 27.—We have, I rejoice to say, had this evening a most refreshing rain, and heavy clouds still hang in the west, which promise a repetition of the most needful before morning.

Mr. George Richards had Little Ned and another dog out, exercising them this morning by the flat in front of the well, when Little Ned came tearing down the opposite side from toward Capt. Billy Young's place, and he wheeled very snappily into a very stylish point. George called my attention to it, and then he walked in and flushed a very large bevy of full grown quail which flew across the road into the sedge among the pines.

Maj. Val Young has returned from the Rowland Fox Meet and reports that it was so dry over there that no awards were made at all. Maj. Val was one of the judges.

W. W. TITUS.

FLAGSTAFF, Me., Oct. 31.—From Oct. 1 until the present day there have been killed here fourteen deer, seven of which were fine bucks. The largest antlers were of ten prongs, and spread 29in. A white deer was shot by Mr. J. Atwood, of Philadelphia. Moose signs are plenty, but as yet we have had no snow, so we have delayed moose and caribou hunting until the snow shall fall. We still have vacant cabins and can accommodate a goodly number of sportsmen. Not a single sportsman who has visited

Spring Lake yet has failed to get this game, although some amateurs have had to shoot at their ninth deer before they could claim one as their own. A. B. DOUGLASS.

VINCENNES, Ind., Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The number of bevies of quail seem cut down over one-half. We think it was owing to the severe weather and deep snows last winter, a thing unusual for us, and I think it will take several years before we get back to our usual status. ALBERT G. SLOO.

INDIANAPOLIS Ind., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the northern and central parts of Indiana there are but few birds, but in the extreme southern portion they are quite plentiful. The field trial grounds at Bicknell have their usual crop, owing I think to the fact that the grounds are protected from shooters. The protection of the birds at Bicknell this season will insure plenty of birds for the Continental Field Trials Club's trials next year. P. T. MADISON.

BLUE MOUNTAIN, Miss.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Quail in this section are quite plentiful, more this season than there have been for the last three years. I attribute their increase to the fact that the game law has been more respected the last two years than it has ever been here before. Then the season has been all we could expect for them, except the last two weeks of June, which were excessively wet, and no doubt drowned a great many young. Since then we have had but few light showers, which has made it exceedingly favorable for the later hatchings, consequently two-thirds of the quail are of the late hatching, only about three-quarters grown. Our first rain this fall was on the 27th of October; the 28th was the first day a man or dog could hunt with any comfort. Therefore there has been very little hunting done this season. All other game is scarce. S. N. AYRES.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Two Peres.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 1.—Several years ago, before the fishing was spoiled in the Chicago River, this used to be a great country out here, around the Great Lakes and the Father of Waters. It was inhabited, as nearly as I can learn, mostly by pères and Indians, who nearly always did well together and liked the same sort of places. There was Père Hennepin and Père Marquette, for instance. They were two pères hard to beat, in their time (though I have seen two pères beaten since then). They seem to have hustled around a great deal in this country. The former had the drainage canal idea in his head, and intended to connect Chicago with the Illinois River by means of a canal, but he never built it, so he founded the Hennepin Shooting Club instead. Père Marquette is well known to have been the architect of the Marquette Building in Chicago, and the founder of the city of Marquette, Mich. He was also the first man to paddle from Montreal to Indiana in a canoe. Duty compels me to admit that he paddled mostly by proxy, for the ancient pères could always hypnotize the Indians, as for instance see the irrigating ditches, gardens, missions, etc., which the *Indios reducidos* did in Texas and California. The Northern red man had to work just as hard, only paddling does not leave the imprint on the century that piling up stone does.

Père Marquette got in his boat—a grand birch bark it must have been—at Montreal. He paddled up the St. Lawrence and probably made a portage at Niagara Falls, though history does not say anything about it, and hence the fact is doubtful. He kept on paddling, close in shore all the time, of course, for the lakes were wild waters we may be sure, until he came to the narrow waters of the Mackinac Straits. I don't know how he knew that Green Bay was on ahead, but he checked his baggage on through just the same. He paddled all night and he paddled all day. When the lark arose in the morn he must have been paddling, and when the cows came home in the evening he must still have been paddling—that is, the Indians must; or else he never would have got there. He went up the big waters, and came to the Wolf River of Wisconsin. I don't know how he knew that this stream would lead him within two miles of Indiana, but he still went on. He followed the Wolf up into Lake Winnebago, starting myriads of wildfowl, frightening myriads of fish, most of the descendants of which have since gone into cold storage. He followed the stream on through Winnebago water, knowing that that shallow sea was only one of the jewels strung on the string of this wonderful stream. He kept on paddling, through the Butte des Morts marshes, where the wings of the wildfowl were like the thunder of the waves on the shores of the big lakes. He passed through more expansions of this stream, Fox Lake, Puckaway Lake, Swan Lake, etc., changing the name of his river from Wolf to Fox, just for luck. He stopped little, even on this stream, wonderful for smallmouth bass, but pressed on into the head waters of his stream. He was now below the edge of the pine country. His journey, since leaving the great marshes of the lower part of this river, had been through a lovely oak-opening country. The hardwood trees were tender in their spring colors, brave in their fall colors, sad in their winter colors. There were vast islands of timber, with long tongues of grass lands running in between. The marsh still clung to part of the stream, but it was narrow. Père Marquette, tired with sitting in his boat, and tired of eating fish and duck, called a halt. The Indians went out and killed some rabbits, some squirrels and some ruffed grouse in the woods. They were at the end of the road. The conductor called out, "Far as we go," set his bell punch back to 0, counted his change, swung the trolley around to the other end and started back to Montreal for the next Père.

But Père Marquette, glorious man in a glorious time, sat upon the grassy bank of the little lake at the head of the stream, and his face was still toward the West.

Père Marquette had proved you could paddle to Indiana all but two miles. He made, here at the head of his faithful river, the trifling portage which separated the great lakes from the Father of Waters. You might think that a great wall of hills and rocks must uprise here, separating the east-bound Fox from the west-flowing Wisconsin, but such is not the case. The snipe marsh seems to run almost from the one stream to the other. What glorious snipe shooting Père Marquette must have had! The divide is easy, gentle, unnoticeable. Yet, just to the west the noble Wisconsin River, still almost fretful after its passage through the rock gorges of the dells, was flowing then as it is flowing now. Pardon. Not as it is flowing now. At this time we have sawdust in our rivers, and at the mouth of each there is a log boom and a cold storage house.

So here they built Portage City. And seeing a good chance to spoil a snipe marsh without doing anybody any good, the Government spent $1,000,000 in building a canal across this little portage. Two locks of 4ft. each, and there you are. You no longer need to put your birch bark on your head. If you have a schooner, or anything much bigger by way of a boat, you would better start over with it the way Père Marquette did; but it is a good canal for canoes, and it was very kind of the Government to pave the way, so to speak, for any future pères who might want to go from Montreal to Indiana.

Père Marquette's face was set toward the west. He followed the noble Wisconsin, reached the vast Mississippi, followed down till he found the Illinois River, pressed up it to the Kankakee, and so through much fever and ague reached South Bend, Indiana. Here he portaged to the St. Jo, near which stream he ended his voyaging forever. What a journey, through what a country! What a land was this that day! Ah! Père Marquette, Père Marquette, would I had had blessing at your thin and saintly hands! Would that the mellow call of the wild goose woke us all of mornings now, and not the brazen trumpetings of this that we call Industry! Alas! Père Marquette.

At the Portage.

This week a friend and I stopped for a few hours at the portage of the old Indian waterway. "Where was it that they made the carry?" I asked of a leading citizen at the depot.

"What carry?" he said.

"Where they made the portage over from the Fox into the Wisconsin?"

"Who did?"

"Why, Père Marquette, you know."

"Who was he?" asked the leading citizen.

"Oh, a Frenchman."

The leading citizen shook his head. "Must have been a long time ago," he said. "I've been here over twenty years myself. You can look right through the canal all right. Nobody never carried anything acrost here as I ever knew of."

But none the less my friend and I, as we looked out of the windows of the train which bore us from Portage City down to Horicon, had glimpses of the same river, the same lakes, the same oak openings and wide grass lands which must have gladdened the eyes of the good priest, wearied with gazing out over the waters of the lakes. Even to-day the region is one loved of the wild creatures. If you wish ducks, bass, snipe, squirrels, rabbits, ruffed grouse, follow the old waterway to the divide and hunt in the country there and immediately to the south. If you be of reasonable turn of mind you can have sport to please you. Especially is this a ruffed grouse country. I do not at this writing know of any better. Père Marquette's water trail, singular to say, passed through the very best shooting and fishing country of all this part of the West. It is only a shadow now of what it was, but I give the above tip for what it is worth.

Beagles and Birds.

My friend and myself were up at the beagle trials at Columbus, Wis., about seventy-five miles northwest of Milwaukee, last week, and it was thus I found we had blundered into a very fair shooting country. The evening we got there a shooter had seen some woodcock flying about right in the town. A bag of twenty-one snipe had been made along the Crawfish River that same week. Squirrels were mentioned as often numerous and we were told that ruffed grouse could be found in good numbers. In the course of the beagle trials we put up several grouse and about twenty-five rabbits the first day, and every day we saw some game. At the close of the beagle trials we found the rabbits all frightened into the ground for the time, but Henry Hiller gave us two fine beagles to use (one of them Duke, winner of first in the Derby), and with these we got two good hunts right near town. On one of these days old Mr. Hiller took out the beagles, and Mr. Grout, our landlord, went with us. We struck some very dense cover, and found the shooting extremely difficult, but the little hounds made the merriest sort of music for us, even though we had only five rabbits to show them in return for their singing. But we had also two squirrels, and best of all, a nice bag of ruffed grouse. We struck in all over a dozen of these birds, and I had four shots myself, more than I have fired at grouse for years. I thought I was lucky to bag two of these screechers. Mr. Grout was still more fortunate and got four to his own gun. We prized them very much, as the shooting was under the hardest of conditions.

One of my grouse was killed in a peculiar sort of way. It sprang without any warning at the foot of a tree about 8yds. from me, and started across a little break in the cover about 10yds. in extent. It had gone only about 5yds. when I fired at it, and I thought it was blown to pieces, though my gun was a cylinder with about the most scatter of any gun I ever saw. On picking up the bird I found its head cut clean off and missing. Both the wings were broken at the butt, with not a feather touched between there and the tips. I think the bird must have had its wings upright above its back at the instant the charge struck it, and that its head was carried on about the line of the butts of the wings, and a little up. The lower neck and shoulders were not touched. It would be a hard shot to repeat with a cylinder-bore gun. This shot, and one in which I killed a running rabbit in the brush with a .32 rifle, gave me a great deal of comfort, so that I was ready to quit and go home. Candor compels me to say that I did not hit the rabbit in the head, but in the hindleg. In fact, I hit him twice running, for the first shot did not stop him, though it cut his leg clean off. We all discussed the fact that a rabbit will take a lot of shooting with a rifle, whereas if you hit him with a pellet or so of shot he keels over at once. I prefer to let my reputation rest with this rabbit, and shall not state how many I missed with the shotgun. There is no use spoiling a good story. Mr. Grout got most of the game. My friend said that he would not go into such cover to shoot, and one could get no shooting any other way. He stayed at the wagon, and ate apples and made pictures. The weather was so glorious it was a pleasure just to be out doors and to breathe.

There are a few prairie chickens around Columbus yet, I found, much to my surprise. Opening day sees some very fair bags—a dozen or so to the gun very often. We saw a couple of flocks flying across into the marshes. There are also a few trout streams near there, where a dozen trout or so may be taken of a day in season. One gentleman of Columbus, Mr. Brill, has some artificial trout ponds fed by an artesian well, and here he runs a little hatchery of his own. We saw several 3lb. and 4lb. trout darting around here. The Chippewa affords fairish bass fishing too, they tell me, though of course not to compare with that of the Northern Fox, over on the old Père Marquette trail.

We intended to go from Columbus up to Berlin, which is in a good grouse country west of Oshkosh. We found that there is good grouse shooting along the St. Paul Railroad running north of Portage City. We went northwest about thirty miles to Portage, then went about sixty miles southwest from Portage. Here we found ourselves at Horicon, the station for the Horicon duck clubs. We thought for a while of going out for some ducks, but finally concluding we had enough fun, started south for Chicago, about 150 miles or some such matter. We saw enough to make me believe that one who is fond of upland fall shooting can get into very pleasant surroundings at any one of a dozen points in the section of country of which the Portage is the center.

Getting Close.

The quail and bear season in the South is getting mighty close, and one could be forgiven for getting uneasy at the invitations which keep coming in to head for Dixie. I have already mentioned the latchstring of Dr. Taylor, of Brownsville, Tenn., who has two good dogs, a big house and a million quail. I don't see how one can stay away from there. And now comes further mandate from Mr. T. H. Glover, of San Marcos, Tex., who schedules "three fair dogs, two good horses, three Parker guns, three Marlin rifles, a .38-55 Winchester, a few deer, two buggies, several vacant rooms, a lot of smoked venison hams, a tolerably good cook, and a 60-year-old father who kills nine out of ten shots all day long and can walk the legs off the best of us." Moreover, Mr. Glover has a friend with a meat dog, which latter compares very well with his own blue-blooded dog, that does not always show stability of character in the field. Mr. Glover voices a popular feeling in saying, "when I have put money and beefsteak and confidence in a dog I expect it to understand that *noblesse oblige*."

Game Cases.

The Kewanee freezer case, appealed, comes up for trial soon, and was expected to be called this week, though no word has yet been received by the sportsmen's attorneys here.

The case of Williams, the proprietor of the Lakeside restaurant here, who was arrested last summer for serving illegal game, came up for trial this afternoon. The attorney for the sportsmen not being at first on hand, the prosecuting warden acted. Defense called for a jury, and in five minutes had one—one probably of "regulars." Attorney Baird then appeared for the prosecution, and the case was dismissed without prejudice. It will be taken up next week before Judge Bloom, in another division of the city.

The case of Mason, one of the Fox Lake "sooners," is expected soon to be brought up at Waukegan.

The cases of Beckwith and Nelson, arrested for shooting from an open-water blind, are to be tried next week probably, at Antioch, Ill.

Fowl in the South.

Geese, ducks and swans are this week in thousands on the Waponaca Club marshes on the St. Francis River, opposite Memphis, but the water is so low they can hardly be gotten at, but remain out in the middle of the inaccessible open water. Shooters in the upper portion of the South have had some rain, but are crying for more. Texas has had a fairly wet season.

Fowl in the North.

Never in the history of the country has the wildfowl shooting been so poor in all this section as it has this fall. Our sportsmen are entirely discouraged. This is the second dry year, and the waters are unprecedentedly low all over Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and most of the Dakotas. No game of consequence is reported this side of North Dakota. Snow geese in thousands came in on the Devil's Lake waters three weeks ago. Chicago duck shooting now means good club shares or a journey of a thousand miles.

Poachers recently shot two of the Tolleston Club watchmen with heavy shot. The wars of that club with the poaching element would fill a book if recounted in full. The shooting in the last case was done after dusk by unknown parties, who escaped. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

HELENA, Mont., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It has been my custom for a number of years past to indulge in an annual hunting and fishing trip in the Rocky Mountains. This season, early in September, I was taken with the hunting fever, which must be contagious, for to my dismay my wife was stricken with what I considered an insane desire to go too. In vain I described the hardship of sleeping on the ground in a tent, with mice and bugs and possibly snakes for bed-fellows, and the plague of flies, mosquitoes and yellowjackets in the daytime. To all of this she turned a deaf ear, and simply said she was going. So the next morning, when Mrs. T. and four chips of the old block climbed into the wagon, there was hardly room left for the camp outfit and provisions for a two weeks' trip for a family of six.

The first night out we camped in the Belt Mountains, a spur of the Rockies, and we did not have to dine on "Missouri chicken" either (a Western term for bacon), for I had picked up six grouse along the road. The following day we reached the mouth of Sheep Creek, a tributary of Smith River, and there we enjoyed some of the best trout fishing to be had in Montana. We remained several days in this camp, and one evening while we were eating supper just outside the tent two deer came down to water and stood about 100yds. distant looking at us. They were so tame that I had time to get my rifle, which was under the wagon and unloaded at the time. An instant later I had shoved some .38-55 cartridges into the magazine of my

Marlin and sent a ball through the shoulders of one of the deer, which gave a jump or two and fell dead. My wife and youngsters forgot all about supper and reached the place where the deer had fallen as soon as I did. It proved to be a 2-year-old blacktail doe, and the next morning we had venison steak, grouse and mountain trout for breakfast—not a bad spread for Rocky Mountain appetites, you will agree. This was the only deer I shot on the trip. It was too early in the season for successful deer hunting. The flies being very troublesome the deer keep in cover during the day and fed only after it became too dark to hunt them. Grouse, although fairly plentiful, are not nearly as abundant as they were last season. This is probably due to the late frosts and heavy snows, which chilled the eggs and destroyed nearly all of the young birds.

Contrary to my expectations my wife and children enjoyed the outing thoroughly, employing the time fishing and picking berries, and I have promised to take them to the National Park next season. I will take a kodak along if you think it would be sufficiently interesting. I shall furnish you with a description of the trip, with views of our camps and objects of interest. G. A. T.

BOSTON MEN IN THE WOODS.

WHEN a Boston marketman finds it necessary, in order to get venison to sell his customers, to go to a sporting goods house asking that returning sportsmen may be told that he is more than anxious to take any surplus meat off their hands at a good price, it would appear that the Maine law was at last affording efficient protection. This request was made at one of our prominent stores last week, and in my opinion is a decided compliment to the vigilance of the Maine officers who have the enforcement of the law in their care. The Maine officials were free to say after the new laws were passed that a close watch would be kept to prevent the shipping out of deer to the markets in quantities, and although it was generally supposed to be idle talk, it looks now as though they were sincere in their professions. Every lover of game protection will indorse their efforts in this direction, and if continued they can undoubtedly do much toward stopping this illegal practice, and make it very uncomfortable for the men who make a business of doing it.

Besides being a splendid sporting country, the Mt. Katahdin region promises to become noted as a sanitarium for the relief of hay fever sufferers. F. J. Lewis, of Washington, D. C., a sufferer from that annoying disease, has just returned from a four months' visit up there and found complete relief in the bracing air. He speaks very highly of the fishing and shooting, and made several trips to the outlying ponds during the fishing season, having fair success on all of them. In company with F. W. Crane, general manager of the Bangor & Aroostook R. R., he made one trip of a hundred miles. The two gentlemen started from Greenville, going up Moosehead Lake to Northeast Carry, and then canoed down the west branch of the Penobscot. They had excellent fishing, saw a big moose, and enjoyed every moment of their outing. As an illustration of the panic which strikes terror to the heart of the average sportsman who finds himself lost in the woods, Mr. Lewis recites an instance which occurred shortly before he left for home. One man in a party of four who were camping out became separated from his friends and could not find his way back to camp. Circling around until nightfall, he became exhausted, built a fire, and laid down on a brush heap to rest his tired frame. In the morning he resumed his wanderings, and continued them until found by his friends later in the day. On being questioned, he stated that he had not seen the slightest evidence of a path or road since his wanderings began, and yet his camping place of the night before was found to have been located on a plainly marked old tote road, and furthermore he kept his fire up with logs taken from a corduroy section of this same road. Had he followed it up in either direction it would have led him to safety in a short time.

A friend just returned from the town of Wales brings the best reports of woodcock shooting that I have heard from any section of Massachusetts. The birds have been fairly plentiful in that section for some time, and two Connecticut shooters while on a flying visit succeeded in bagging thirteen. Considering how extremely scarce they have been throughout the State this fall, that is doing pretty well. He also brings the pleasing information that the Sunday law, compelling a close time on that day, is being strictly enforced out there. It may be remembered that I made mention in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM of the non-enforcement of this law in southern Massachusetts and Rhode Island. It is therefore very pleasing to hear that they have officers in some of our country towns who recognize their duty well enough to post notices in public places, declaring the practice of Sunday shooting to be illegal, just as the statute reads. In many places Sunday shooting could be carried on without any special detriment to the birds, simply because the men doing it would be satisfied with a very moderate number. They are gentlemen, know what is right, and would not abuse the privilege, but as class legislation would not do at all, the law should be firmly applied to all, this being the only way to stop the slaughtering and banging expeditions which start out on each succeeding Sunday from many of the factory towns and cities.

There passed through Boston a short time ago, *en route* to their home in Chicago, a gentleman and his wife who provide about as fine an example of ideal companionship in all that pertains to true sportsmanship as it would be possible to find. They are Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Blair. Ever since June they have been in Maine, spending most of the time in the vicinity of Moosehead Lake. Mr. Blair has a summer home at Greenville, to which he takes his horses each year, the driving around that interesting country forming an important feature of their enjoyment. After the shooting began this fall they made a trip into the Allegash country, taking with them Indian guides who were expert moose callers. Near Churchill Lake Mrs. Blair killed a moose, and while engaged at it had the delightful experience of having a cartridge stick in the magazine, the block failing to bring it up. With great presence of mind she corrected the fault and fired the finishing shot. Not many ladies would have the coolness displayed by Mrs. Blair in an adventure of this kind, and it certainly marks her as one eminently qualified to take care of herself in the woods. Mr. Blair also killed a moose, but was so elated over the achievement of his wife that he had little to say regarding his own adventure.

C. A. Kilham, of Boston, has lately been down to Pockshire Lake, near Middleboro, Mass., duck shooting, and in the interesting way it is done in that section Mr. Kilham says the fun cannot be surpassed. Two brothers living there have a comfortable house on the shore of the lake. Attached to it is a pen containing many tame ducks which are used for decoys; when the wild birds are seen flying over, even at a great distance off, three or four decoys are thrown over the fence, and by their loud quacking soon attract the wild ducks to destruction. The decoys are easily brought back to cover by an ingenious method of feeding corn to them, thus leading through a crooked opening in the fence. Sometimes they are put out over night with a string and piece of lead around the leg. If any wild birds are in the neighborhood they are quite sure to be found in their company in the early morning.

An albino surf scoter, or, as gunners call it, skunk-nose coot, was recently sent in to Frazer, the Boston taxidermist, for mounting. It proved to be an unusual specimen, having white eyes instead of the regular pink eyes belonging to the albino. The bird was killed at Bourne, Mass., by a Boston shooter not many days ago. Frazer has also received from Newfoundland four or five caribou heads with antlers that are something marvelous for their great spread and uniformity. The frontal plates project out about 6 or 8in., and extend quite to the edge of the nose. For beauty and size they far exceed any specimen I ever saw coming from Maine.

The regular winter exodus of Boston people to Florida has begun early this year, one party, consisting of Mr. B. F. Dutton and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Morse, having started a few days ago. They have gone to Homosassa, and will stop at Palmetto Cottage, Mr. Dutton's winter home. It is the intention to stay about a month, and shooting and fishing will be the main feature of the trip. Business engagements compel Mr. Dutton's return then, but he will probably go South again after the holidays for a much longer time.

L. D. Chapman, secretary and treasurer of the Megantic Club, with his friend Horace S. Dame, both of Boston, leave on Nov. 7 for a trip to the Megantic preserve. Mr. Chapman will carry in 2,000 young landlocked salmon to place in the waters of Big Island Pond. It is also his intention to look over the hatchery there, and to see what has been done regarding the stripping of fish which has been under way about one month. At Chain of Ponds he will select the site for a new and elaborate private camp, to be owned and used by a few members (Mr. Chapman included) who have banded together for this purpose. After all these matters have been attended to, the two gentlemen will make an heroic effort to get some big game shooting, devoting fully a week of the trip to this purpose.

Mr. Walter Spear, a well-known sportsman of Cohasset, Mass., has been having a good time on Cuttyhunk Island, off Martha's Vineyard. Despite the fact of this little piece of land being well out to sea and surrounded by salt water, Mr. Spear found good fresh-water fishing for black bass in a small landlocked pond. He was away about two weeks, and in addition to the black bass had excellent tautog fishing and some luck with the striped bass. Cuttyhunk is a noted place for these last-named fish. The New York Bassing Club have a club house there, and have erected several fishing stands at the best points for the accommodation of members. HACKLE.

A DAY ON LAKE ST. FRANCIS.

ST. LAMBERT, Que., Oct. 17.—An invitation from my friend J. N., the well-known Montreal stockbroker, to go for a few days' duck-shooting on the preserves of the Pointe Mouillée Gun Club, together with J. L. P., the banker, was eagerly accepted, and I can assure you the time hung heavily until our departure, as good bags were reported by each member as they came back, and a telegram from Pepin, the guide, that "birds were in by the thousands," hastened our going; so gathering our traps we started a day or two sooner than we intended, as we could not afford to lose the sport even if business suffered.

Jumping on the afternoon train we soon arrived at our destination and found the men awaiting us. Hastily putting guns, etc., on the buckboard, we started for the "Cabanne," snugly ensconced within 300yds. of the feeding grounds, and what a sight met our eyes—hundreds of ducks feeding inshore and thousands more out in the lake. It did not take us long to get into our gunning togs, to try for a brace or two before sundown, but it being late when we arrived our success that evening was a duck's egg, only a poor miserable snipe falling to your humble servant's gun.

Our hopes ran high, however, as the wind was from the proper quarter, and if it only continued on the morrow, our success was assured. Wending our way homeward we were soon in the "Cabanne" enjoying a tenderloin and a good cup of Indian tea that warmed the "cockles of our hearts." E. L. P. supervised the cooking and he "did it and did it well." After supper out came our briars, which we whiffed for an hour or so, and then "lights out," and in a few minutes we were as "snug as a bug in a rug," dreaming of ducks galore. I had only dozed off, it seemed, when whir-r-r-r went the alarm clock, but louder still rang out our host's sonorous bass voice with *en roulant ma boulé roulant*, and with one bound all hands were up, as no time could be lost, the wind being just right. After some bacon and eggs and piping hot coffee the welcome "all aboard" was sounded, and away we hied to our allotted blinds.

The birds were so plentiful and hungry that we had hardly placed out our decoys before they came pitching in, even as we were standing up in our boats fixing our blinds. However, we hustled for all we were worth, and then began the fun. First a double, then a single, then a double, till our barrels got so hot that gloves were necessary for comfort's sake, and the only rest we got was from our man Pepin, who kept continually saying (when flocks of twenty or more came in), "Wait, wait, don't shoot; chase dem away, come back soon in small families and you kill de whole gang." We heeded his advice only too often to our sorrow, and instead of fifty-two birds that day we should have bagged a hundred; but he has his reward and we our revenge, for he now goes by the name of "Wait."

Our *chef de la cuisine*, E. L. P., was stationed about a mile from us, with Tom, the other guide, and rare sport they had; and for every shot we fired they went us one better, but they lost a golden opportunity by having only No. 4 shot on that most wary of game birds, the Canada goose. Nevertheless they tickled him enough to make him cry *honk, honk, honk* in a minor key, and had they followed him up might have secured him, as we could see he was badly crippled.

The birds are more plentiful this year than for some time back, and the Ontario law prohibiting spring shooting is having the desired effect, for ducks know something, and when not molested in the spring on the feeding grounds come back in the fall to their old haunts; and until the Quebec authorities see their way clear to abolish spring shooting, we in this Province can't expect anything more than we are getting—poor luck.

Our outing was in every respect a most pleasant one, and the hospitality we enjoyed from the members of the club was such as to be ever remembered.

Two other members, Messrs. D. R. and P. S., were shooting over the snipe grounds, and they bagged in two days seventy snipe and four ducks, one being that most prized bird down here—the mallard.

The welcome they gave us when they came in that evening was such as only gentlemen of their caliber can proffer, and may their shadows never grow less.

The club house is beautifully situated on the margin of the lake and is built for comfort. They have also a fine boat house adjoining, well stocked with boats, decoys, etc.—in fact a regular sportsmen's den. The guides are of the "ever-ready kind" and chock full of tales, and could I tell you of the side-splitting stories told by Pepin in his broken English, you would no doubt suffer from sore sides, as we did.

We were loath to leave such pleasant quarters, but business must be attended to sometimes, and home we must go; so placing our traps in the wagon we gave one last fond look at our "happy hunting grounds," and with a "bon jour, Pepin," "good-by, Tom," I sang impromptu these four lines, which raised a loud hurrah:

"Bon jour, les guides,
Bon jour, Cabanne,
Bon jour, les canards,
Bon jour, la gang."

With light hearts, but with heavy bags, we were soon at the station, and in a short time speeding homeward, well pleased with everyone and the world in general.

B.

THE BEST DAY OF THE SEASON.

OCT. 21, 5 P. M. First snowstorm of the season—a good starter, about 10in. Last night the west wind sang a mournful requiem foretelling the storm of to-day, and all day long the snow has fallen and the wind has added its share to the general unpleasantness without, but within in my cosy den, before a cheerful fire, alone with "our paper" and the recollections of the "best day of the season" (last Thursday), the day has been neither dreary nor unpleasant.

For the last half hour I have been laziiy watching a vast army of crows flying in the utmost confusion past my window. East and west, up and down, verily the storm puzzles them; but even as I watched them my thoughts were far away, and went back through many years, their aimless flight reminding me of a day when I had stood with a dear old comrade on a duck pass in Minnesota and watched an army of ducks in just such an aimless flight. We had shooting that night. And again I thought of a vast prairie in North Dakota, in the midst of a blinding snowstorm, how acres of white brant flew and circled around us, and fell easy victims to our guns.

It's not all of shooting to shoot. The pleasure gained to-day is not simply a part of that day, taking wings with the going down of the day's sun; but it lives on with us always, and some day, when we have nothing but "memories," some little trifle brings to mind some other happier day, and it is lived over again and brings sunshine and gladness and loosens our "chains."

Times there are that come to all of us when life seems an "empty endeavor." Our friends one by one have left us, some forever, some for a time; others have grown cold, others false, and we sit by the fireside alone. Our eyes grow dim trying to look into the beyond, but the clouds are too dense and hide hope, even from our vision. We have nothing left then but "memories," and the old happy days will come back to us then and will be worth more to us than the glitter of the gold we have hoarded or the honors reaped. Let us all, then, take that good old motto and learn its lesson well: "While we go through life let's live by the way." We'll not "be sorry by-and-by," be sure of that.

But this is not telling you of that last "best day." Thursday four of us—no, I beg pardon, six—would you have me leave out the two best dogs in this neck of the woods? Nate and Ben, forgive me. Well, then, six of us started for woodcock. We planned to hunt about all the woodcock covers on the east side of the river, after finishing the "basset ground" on this side, but we didn't have to; it wasn't necessary, and we didn't have time. We found enough right there to keep us busy all day. It wasn't an ideal day for shooting; it rained a little, snowed just a trifle and the wind blew a gale, but we got them just the same. The forenoon was characterized chiefly by poor shooting all around, and even the fat man who does not usually have to shoot more than once had more misses to his credit than he could easily account for, still when lunch time came we had a score of twelve birds to our credit, and felt that the world held blessings for us yet. After lunch we decided that there were still two or three more birds there that we ought to get, so back again to the cover we went. No one, not even the scribe, missed now, and the birds went down in one, two, three order. Darkness came early, and we had no time to go to other grounds at a distance. A small ground just across the river was reached by boat, a little 9-year-old girl taking us across and handling the paddle like a veteran. Three birds were found here, two of which were killed. We had added eight more to our bag on the first ground after our lunch, making a total of twenty-two, not a very large score for four guns, but the shooting this year has been very poor, and when we stopped we knew of but one bird that had "got away." Verily, it was "the best day of the season." EVERETT.

ADIRONDACKS.

YELLOWSTONE PARK GAME.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The month of October was the most delightful as to weather to travel through the mountains, with no flies or other bothersome insects; warm, sunny days and cold nights. As the usual Park travel was over and all work on the wagon roads was finished for the season, Capt. Anderson, the superintendent of the Park, made quite an extended tour or rather scout and inspection. He found that many of the Park buffalo had gone to the west of the Park and into Idaho, where they are killed by hunters located there. The remains of two were seen, and from appearances the whole specimen was taken for mounting, leaving only the bones not usually used by taxidermists. The skeletons were west of the Park boundary and possibly killed three or four months ago. Lieut. Lindsley, with another scouting party, found three more not far from those found by Capt. Anderson; only the heads of these had been taken, and from the appearance the buffalo had been killed within a month or less. All five were in Idaho, a State, I believe, whose laws give no protection to the buffalo, and the only State bordering on the National Park reserve whose laws do not prohibit the killing of buffalo or bison.

The trail of one band of about twenty cows and calves was seen going toward their winter range, and the tracks of odd ones going the same way. Every effort will be made to protect them while in the Park and to keep them here. Hunters now located in the country mentioned have boasted that they will have every buffalo in the Park before Christmas. We are in hopes here that before such a misfortune the buffalo will be inside the new pasture, safe for a while from extermination.

Four beaver and quite a number of birds have been collected for the National Zoölogical Park in Washington. Other animals will soon be added.

The Park has been very dry, but fortunately no fires to speak of have been started. One on the north line burned a little green timber. The light fall of snow on Oct. 25 checked the fire from doing more damage.

The winter stations have been well supplied with provisions, so that snowshoe scouting parties will have no trouble making trips except the usual hard work and expense.

There has been very little poaching in the Park for large game, but I'm sorry to say I think that the beaver have suffered at the hands of the trapping poacher. They, as a class, are very difficult to find or get any trace of. They can do their work without horses or much camp outfit, and what is very important from their point of view—no noise. They do not have to travel much either, except along the creeks, where they can keep well hid in the brush and willows. The beaver are not as important, however, as the buffalo. They do not travel all over the country, so they cannot be exterminated; and when more important animals are safe can be looked after, as there will always be enough to restock all the streams. H.

FOREST AND STREAM CLUB.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Nov. 6.—There was a fairly attended meeting at the club room of the Forest and Stream Club last night, when the annual distribution of prizes won by the members in the club competitions took place.

Mr. W. H. Biggar, M.P.P., the president, who presided, made a short but practical address. The law, he said, as it stood at present, was perhaps as good in most respects as could be framed without the division of the Province into districts. It was, he believed, the intention of the Minister (Hon. J. M. Gibson), who took a warm interest in the great work of having our game protected, and who had met with great difficulty in securing funds for the enforcement of the law, to propose this at the next session. He also referred to the apparent hardship on our St. Lawrence frontier of seeing residents of the United States killing ducks in spring on the other side of an imaginary line in the river, while our people were restricted from doing so. The club, he was pleased to learn, had enjoyed a successful season, and had, he assured them, often exerted material influence in the framing and amending of the game law. He hoped to be able next year to participate in some of their sports, particularly the rifle shooting, of which he had always been very fond. He then distributed the prizes.

Mr. R. S. Bell concurred with Mr. Biggar in his remarks as to the Minister, who was known not only as a thorough sportsman, but as one of the best rifle shots in Canada. The wide extent of our province, from east to west and from north to south, rendered a division into districts necessary because of the widely differing climatic conditions. As to the spring shooting of ducks across the imaginary line between our province and the United States, not only, as the president stated, on the St. Lawrence, but on the St. Clair and Detroit river borders, it no doubt seemed unjust to our people; but let us stick to our good example, and if, within a reasonable time, our neighbors do not legislate as we believe they ought to do, other measures might be taken, such as concurrent legislation by the Legislatures of the Province of Ontario and the States of New York and Michigan. Perhaps it might be better to stop the sale of ducks, as had been done in the case of partridge and snipe, and by this means lessen the slaughter and give sportsmen a chance to get some game by abolishing professionalism in duck shooting, which gave very small returns to those now engaged in it. He would like to ask Mr. Biggar how it happened that mink, marten, fisher and skunk—all valuable fur-bearing animals—were no longer mentioned in the law and were therefore not now protected. Mr. Biggar replied that he had not been aware that such was the case.

Mr. Crysler suggested a change in the season for hares, and Mr. Biggar replied that he would make a note of the suggestions and would be glad to receive others.

On motion of Mr. Bell, seconded by Mr. W. Roote, Chief Newton took the chair and votes of thanks were passed, amid applause, to the officers for their efficient discharge of their duties and to the gentlemen who had donated prizes to the club for competition. President Biggar and Mr. Jos. Templeton, the efficient secretary, made neat replies.

The secretary stated that he had a letter from Maj. Casswell, who donates the sums which he won in the club's competitions for next year's competitions, and urges that steps be taken toward preventing the over-netting of the bay with gill nets and seines—particularly the former—whereby the bay will be entirely depleted of fish within a few years.

The club then adjourned until the 26th inst., when the deer hunters, who are now out, can give information as to the working of the law this season. The prizes were as follows:

TRAP SHOOTING.

Corby prize of $10.—First, H. Day, $7; second, R. S. Bell, $3; third, L. Hamilton, $2, club prize; fourth, M Jamieson, 100 shells.

Biggar prize of $10.—First, J. Phippen, $7; second, H. Hamilton, $3; third, H. Day, $2, club prize; fourth, M. Jamieson, $1, club prize; fifth, R. S. Bell, $1, club prize; sixth, H. Hope, 100 shells.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

Club prizes, 50yds.—First, W. P. Clarke, rifle, value $8; second, J. H. Mills, rifle, value $5.

100yds.—First, W. P. Clarke, pair of trousers, value $6; second, J. H. Mills, $4; third, R. S. Bell, $2.

200yds, prize ot $5.—First, F. C. Clarke, $2.50; second, W. B. Riggs, $1.50; third, W. P. Clarke, $1.

Specials, 4 boxes of cigars.—First, Jos. Templeton; second, T. Nightingale; third, John Newton; fourth, W. Roote.

ANGLING AND TROLLING SPECIALS.

Ritchie prize of $5 for heaviest catch with fly on July 3 or July 5.—First, W. Ormond, $3, weight 10½lbs.; second, W. Crysler, $2, weight 7lbs.

Largest pickerel, felt hat, value $3, won by W. P. Clarke, weight 6½lbs.

Largest pike, pair of kid gloves, won by C. Sulman, weight 10½lbs.

Largest black bass, umbrella, won by Col. W. N. Ponton, weight 4lbs. 5oz.

Second largest black bass, box of cigars, won by J. Haslett, weight 4lbs. 2oz.

Three heaviest bass, $5 rod, won by J. Haslett, weight 11lbs. 7oz.

Heaviest basket of fish, all kinds, taken with rod and line on any one day between July 1 and Oct. 15, $5.—First, $3, Tisdale and Haslett, weight 40lbs.; second, $2, Weese and Ketcheson, weight 22lbs.

Largest maskinonge, fishing creel, value $1.50, won by A. N. Reid, weight 19½lbs.

CLUB PRIZES FOR BASS FISHING.

First competition, July 19.—First, largest catch, $3, won by Major Casswell and W. Ormond; second, second largest catch, $1, won by Tisdale and Haslett; third, largest fish, $1, won by Tisdale and Haslett.

Second competition, Aug. 9.—First, largest catch, $3, won by Casswell and Ormond; second, second largest catch, $1, won by Tisdale and Haslett; third, largest fish, $1, won by Tisdale and Haslett.

Third competition, Sept. 13.—First, largest catch, $3, won by Clarke and Cronk; second, second largest catch, $1, won by Casswell and Ormond; third, largest fish, $1, won by Clarke and Cronk.

SOME BOSTON HUNTERS.

BOSTON, Nov. 8, 1895.—One of the easiest deer hunts of the season has just come to my notice. Mr. J. Hurd Hutchins, a gentleman who has hunted deer in Maine almost every season for some time, has lately returned to Boston, with considerable success to relate. He went to Norcross, on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, and from that station back into the woods to Lake Umbajegis. Here he met a couple of friends—M. L. Pratt, of the Boston Athletic Club, and Arthur Wattles. These gentlemen had been in camp for a week, but had taken no deer. One of them offered to paddle him up to a good point on the lake to watch for deer. Being fresh from the city and ready to hunt, Mr. Hutchins decided to go that afternoon, his first in camp. His friend paddled him up to a favorable point that looked out over a swamp or opening of low bushes, and went on further himself to another point. Mr. Hutchins went ashore in a rather indifferent sort of manner, and finding a log where he could sit down and have a fairly good look over the little opening, he lit his pipe and prepared to take hunting easy—the first day at least. Smoking away in all comfort, he soon thought he heard the rustling of a deer. In a moment he was sure of it. He thought he would be hunter enough to remove his pipe, as the scent of the burning tobacco might alarm the deer. He looked the little barren over carefully, but saw no deer, though the rustling continued. Again he looked, turning his head and body carefully, so as not to alarm the deer, which he was pretty sure saw him. In a moment he saw the head and shoulders of a doe. The creature was eyeing him through some bushes. He raised his Winchester and fired. The smoke clearing away, by the time he had another shell in place he saw what he thought was his first deer still standing and watching. Again he fired, and was quite sure his deer dropped. He went to the scene of action, when instead of one deer he had shot two—a doe, killed by his first shot, and a spike-horn buck that had not been alarmed enough by the firing to run away. Such luck Mr. Hutchins thinks will do for his first day in camp. He had shot his legal quota, and there was now nothing to do but to eat venison in camp and hunt with his friends, both of whom got bucks a little later. Mr. Hutchins says that there are deer in that country without end.

A gentleman just out from Jackman, a little village on the Canadian Pacific, over fifty miles north of Skowhegan, and above the forks of the Kennebec, speaks in the highest terms of that town as a central location for hunters. It is on the old military road, and was formerly reached by way of Skowhegan, Bingham and the Forks, but the advent of the Canadian Pacific has changed all of this. The cars now land the hunter at Jackman, and there he may well conclude that he is in the midst of the big game. But he will find this fall that the lumbermen are there also. Ten lumber firms are making Jackman their point of supplies, and their roads will lead away in almost every direction. Yet an old guide tells my friend that within a radius of thirty miles from Jackman there are more sporting camps than in any other section of Maine. My friend got his deer up there, but saw no moose, hunt as hard as he might.

What may justly be termed a newspaper hunting party leaves Boston for Andover, Me., to-day. The party includes Mr. E. M. Gillam, commercial editor of the Boston *Advertiser;* his brother, A. M. Gillam, sporting editor of the Philadelphia *Record;* and E. L. Bean, city editor of the Cambridge *Chronicle.* The weather is very warm, and there is not a particle of snow in the woods, but the Gillams are excellent hunters, and they will be likely to get deer, even without snow. They have shot deer before the hounds in New Jersey, where they are as wild as anywhere in the world. Mr. Bean is a hunter with the military rifle, and somewhat afraid that his gun may kick. His friends all advise him that if he sees a deer to shoot and not be afraid of his gun. His venison is all engaged. George H. Cutting will be one of the guides. They will hunt for a week.

Nov. 9.—If ever the shooting and fishing of a State was thoroughly advertised, that State is Maine. Thus I thought as I passed down State street to-day, and by the door of a saloon were hung the carcasses of two very handsome buck deer. Both were labeled, "Shot by Harry E. Haines, near Eustis, Me." They both had fine heads, with four-pronged antlers of symmetrical shape. The united weight of the two, after being drawn as to their entrails, was 328lbs. Well may Mr. Haines be proud of such luck. But oh, the appreciation of the ordinary bystander! And what advertising is coming to the railroads and transportation companies from such displays and the reports that the newspapers—first and last, the FOREST AND STREAM—are giving. Every deer displayed in a store window and labeled from the State of Maine is worth many dollars to the Maine railways and transportation companies, and every time the newspapers take up the refrain many dollars more are called into the coffers of those companies. The ordinary bystander is always at hand and was there in crowds. He undertook to volunteer some information for me, as I quietly made a note of the labels on the deer. "They came from Maine, mister. The woods are full of them down there. I was a big fool that I took my vacation so early. I might have gone down to Maine and shot a couple of deer just as well as not, if I had only waited. I am not much with a gun. Never shot any game in my life, but the deer are so thick down there. Why, sir, they come right up into the dooryards. They are everywhere. Ever been down there, mister?"

So it goes. The shooting in Maine is certainly most remarkable, and it is being advertised for all it is worth. The railways and transportation companies are making the money. The Bangor & Aroostook Railroad is out with an astounding list of big game already forwarded over its line this season, and of stations with game shipped from each. SPECIAL.

An Albany Man in Maine.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My friend, Capt. Joseph Taylor, proprietor of the Albany-Bath ferry line, has just returned from a five weeks' trip in the Maine wilds, and reports excellent success. He had for his guide Joe Francis, and brought out with him the heads of two fine bucks and the head and skin of a magnificent caribou. Both Capt. Taylor and the guide estimated that there were not less than fifty caribou in the herd from which the one shot was selected. If this estimate is anything like a correct one, the size of the herd is remarkable. They saw sixteen moose while on the trip, but not a single good head of horns, and Capt. T., like the thorough sportsman he is, refrained from killing that for which he had no use. This will appear the more commendable when it is known that he has yet to kill his first moose, and had several opportunities while on the trip to kill young bulls. His guide succeeded in calling a large bull quite close to him on one occasion, but the smell of the decaying carcass of a moose killed some time previous by another party frightened him off. He, however, got six snap shots at a young bull and a very large cow moose standing together in a small stream that empties into the West Branch, also several snap shots at a cow and calf.

These shots were taken with a 4×5in. kodak and have not yet been developed, but I trust that they may come out all right and in the near future embellish the pages of FOREST AND STREAM. Capt. Taylor reports deer and small game unusually plentiful; and the moose he saw, especially the cow and calf mentioned, remarkably tame.

This he attributes to the prohibition of hounding and a general absence of dogs in the large game districts, and thinks that the game laws of the State are fairly well enforced. The Captain has, however, called my attention to a gross violation of the Maine game law by a prominent United States ex-official, who is reported by some of the newspapers of that State and Vermont as having killed two large bull moose, one or both of which were killed out of season. Perhaps the gentleman has not been correctly reported in the newspaper items; at least let us hope so. A party in Maine is trying to ascertain the facts in the case, and if the statement is found to be correct the matter will be sent to FOREST AND STREAM. The alleged violator is a wealthy and prominent resident of the State of Vermont. S.

TROY, N. Y., Nov. 2.

The Maine Game Record.

THE number of deer and moose killed on the line of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad in Maine this year during October, the first month of the season, exceeds a half of the total number sent out in the three months of the season last year, as is shown by this list, which has been sent to us by Gen. Pass. Agt. Geo. M. Houghton, of Bangor.

Shipped from	Deer.	Moose.	Caribou.
Presque Isle	6	2	3
Mars Hill and Blaine	2	..	4
Oakfield	14	12	5
Island Falls	3	..	..
Crystal	46	1	5
Sherman	14	5	1
Stacyville	33	..	..
Grindstone	40	..	..
Millinocket	33	..	7
Norcross	159	11	2
West Seboois	17	..	..
Schoodic	52	4	..
Brownville	20	..	..
Milo	7	1	..
Katahdin Iron Works	20	1	1
Brownville Junction	6	..	..
Monson	3	..	..
Greenville	185	16	9
Blanchard	3	..	..
Sebec	6	..	..
Total	669	53	37
Shipped in October, 1894	479	24	10

There were also shipped during the month of October, 1895, three bears and an immense amount of small game, ducks, partridges, etc.

Adirondack Deer.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Geo. Hill's party, consisting of six members, last week returned from a fortnight's outing in Lewis county. The party killed six deer and one bear. A member of the party was located on a runway watching intently for venison, when he was suddenly confronted by a quartette of bears—two old and two young ones. Without stopping to take his temperature or count his pulse-beats he began working his Winchester so effectively that he succeeded in killing one of the old bears.

Mr. Hill has visited the Adirondacks in previous years, and he declares that an unusually large number of deer have been killed in that region this fall. M. CHILL.

A Declaration of War.

ST. PAUL, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The English sparrow must go. Each city and town should appoint one or two men, during the breeding season, whose duty would be to destroy the nest and eggs of this bird. This would do away with broken windows, noise, danger, poison and other objectionable features (the results of offering a bounty) and would soon exterminate the bird.

E. W., JR.

SEPTEMBER IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Sept. 10, 1895.—We—Fay, Walt, Dock, Charles and Bill—left Chicago over the C., B. & Q. R'y for Parkman, Wyo., for a hunting trip in the Big Horn Mountains, after whatever might fall in our way, either chicken, blue grouse, deer, elk, bear or wildcat. After a very pleasant trip of about forty-eight hours we arrive at Parkman, and were received by Harry Huntington, who is to be our guide. Parkman is situated about twenty-five miles northeast of Sheridan, Wyo., in a valley between the Big Horn and the Wolf Mountains. It is about 5,500ft. above the sea level, so that really we were quite a distance up when we arrived there. We pitched tent at 7:30 o'clock P. M. of Sept. 12 for the first time. Sleeping on the ground was new to all of us—except Dock—and we did not rest quite so well as usual, particularly on account of the hard ground and on account of Fay's snoring.

Sept. 13.—Up early and had breakfast by 7 o'clock. We all took a drive over Huntington Brothers' ranch. While out we shot ten prairie chickens, which were enough to eat, and returned in the afternoon to prepare for our journey.

Sept. 14.—Up and had breakfast by 7:30 o'clock and started on our trip. The party was made up of Dock, Walt, Charles, Fay and Bill from Chicago, and Harry and Halla Huntington and Fritz, the cook, from Parkman, besides seven saddle horses and four team horses hitched to a large spring wagon, also the bird dog Rodger, belonging to Fay. Just after the start Fritz's horse, Towser, ran away with him and ran about six miles before he was able to stop him. We stopped for lunch on Pass Creek. Had fresh trout, caught alongside of the wagon, for lunch, together with other good things. In the P. M. we rode fourteen miles, which together with eleven in the A. M. made twenty-five miles in one day. The last ten miles the roads were something awful. No person would believe that a wagon could be taken over them if they did not see it done. We camped that night on the Little Horn River and after a very late supper were all willing to retire by 9 o'clock.

Sept. 15.—Up early and found that all had slept well, although the ground was hard and rocky. After a fine breakfast of prairie chicken, trout, biscuit, potatoes and coffee, we started out—Dock and Walt to fish, and Fay, Charles and Bill to shoot chickens. We returned about 11 o'clock; total, ten chickens and five trout. Dinner to-day was fine, with all the delicacies of the season to eat and the finest water on earth to drink. Broke camp at 2 o'clock, and after a fine ride of eight miles pitched our tent on the Lodge Grass Creek. During the evening Halla Huntington was taken sick with cramps, but after several doses of sage tea and other medicines he improved so as to go to bed by 10 o'clock.

Sept. 16.—Halla all right this morning. Breakfast fine, with the usual bill of fare, cooked as Fritz can cook. During the night Fay thought he heard a snake in the tent, but it proved to be only his imagination. Had good luck hunting chickens to-day, but not very good fishing. Broke camp at 1:30 and moved about five miles to Spring Creek. For supper we had "Missouri quail," trout (that Dock caught), biscuit, potatoes, coffee, cheese and crackers. Retired by 9 o'clock.

Sept. 17.—Every one up by 4 o'clock A. M. Breakfast by 5. Broke camp and started up the mountains by 6:30. Wagon arrived at the top by 11:30 pulled by nine horses. It was a long—six miles—strong pull. On the way up we passed an unknown cave, to which we gave the name of "Parker's Hole," and as the guide said the mountain we were climbing did not have a name, the boys named it "Nash's Butt." From here we could see the streams of Big Horn, Little Horn, Lodge Grass, Rotten Grass, Soap Creek and others; also Custer's battlefield in the distance. Here we found a pretty flower called the Absoike queen. After a light lunch we traveled about five miles over awfully rough roads, when we met two trappers, who told us that there was no water within ten miles. So we made our first dry camp, and the Huntington boys started to drive the horses back about three miles to a spring for water. They also took pails, bottles and rubber pillows with them to fill with water for cooking and to drink. Had a bed on top of a lot of pine boughs to-night for the first time. Did not make it thick enough, but it was better than the ground. Shot our first blue grouse this evening—fine bird—large and meat fine.

Sept. 18.—While the rest were asleep last night Charles and Walt thought they saw some kind of an animal stick its head into the tent, but the rest think it was like Fay's snake. Breakfast at 8 o'clock and started over very rough roads; and after a three-hour drive at the top of the Big Horn Mountains, where we could look to the west and see the Shoshone Mountains, which form the eastern boundary of the National Park, and part of the Rocky Mountains. We could see the Big Horn Basin, which is about 125 miles wide here. The Shoshone Mountains do not seem to be over twenty miles away, but are really from 100 to 125 miles away. They were covered with snow, while the Big Horn Basin between them and us was bare of snow. From here the Huntington boys, with the help of Dock and Charles and their three horses, took the wagon down the western slope about 1,000ft., where there was fine water and good feed for the horses. If anyone had told us that a wagon could be taken down that hill, most of us would have been willing to bet our last dollar to the contrary. But they got it down all right, and we would have lost. Here we intend to make a permanent camp. While at the last camp Dock found a large dry goods box and in it was a carpenter's spirit level and several pieces of scrap iron. From the box we have made a table and seats. While on the road this morning Charles had a shot at three blacktail deer at about 300yds. Although he came near to them he did not hit them. Just above us there are lots of blue grouse. Walt shot enough for a few meals while the wagon was coming down the mountain. During the evening around the camp-fire we discovered that Halla has a great remedy in sage tea for everything.

Sept. 19.—Party with exception of Bill started early—after light breakfast—after large game. Bill started after grouse for the camp. All returned by 4 o'clock. Walt shot one deer, blacktail, weighing about 150lbs., and Bill shot four grouse. Had deer liver fried for supper and it was fine. Went into the tent about 6 o'clock to escape the cold wind. Had a fine time telling stories until 9 o'clock. All asleep by 9:30 who were not kept awake by the snorers. Fay voted captain at that.

Sept. 20.—Awake about 5:30 and found about 3in. of snow on the ground. Had a fine breakfast of venison steak, baked potatoes, hot biscuit and coffee. Fay and Halla started off down the cañon about three-quarters of a mile from the camp, and after about an hour we heard them shoot four or five times; but they returned without any game, as did Charles, Walt and Dock, who had gone in another direction. Halla, Walt and Bill started out in the afternoon over the same ground that Halla and Fay had gone in the forenoon, and in just the same place where they had seen deer in the forenoon. Bill was lucky enough to kill a deer, the first he had ever seen wild. The Huntington boys say that the shot was a scratch, as he did not use his Lyman sight, but just blazed away as he would with a shotgun. All the same he got his deer. Although they saw many more tracks, they saw no more deer. All arrived at camp about 4:30. It was so stormy that we ate our supper in the tent and went to bed by 7 o'clock to keep warm. It was the worst night that any of us ever saw. Our camp was not well protected and the wind was blowing a hurricane, and snowing and getting colder all the time. Those who had regular beds were warm, but could not sleep for fear the wind would blow the tent away, and those who slept in sleeping bags were so cold that it was impossible to sleep. Bill got in with Dock about 9 o'clock and in that way kept warm, but Fay, Charles and Walt in their bags were nearly frozen.

Sept. 21.—A little after daylight we all got up, and taking with us what we could carry, started for the timber, about quarter of a mile away. We had a great time getting there, the two Huntington boys leading the way and the rest following in single line. The thermometer was down to zero and the wind was blowing a gale, and the snow was so thick we could not see over 100yds. ahead of us. The snowdrifts in some places were 4 and 5ft. deep; and we all fell down from ten to a dozen times before we reached the timber. After floundering around about a half hour we found a fair place and proceeded to get breakfast of venison, bacon, biscuit and coffee. Our potatoes had frozen during the night, so from this on we shall have to go without potatoes. After breakfast we started to build a kind of brush cabin. At our backs was a bunch of pine trees. With these as a wind-break we began by digging out the ground about 2ft. deep and about 12ft. square. Over this we put a cover of pine boughs and around the sides hung our saddle blankets, and filled in small boughs back of them; then we cut small boughs and put them all over the floor. About 10 o'clock Halla and Harry started out with a string of horses to break a road over the summit so as to get the wagon over for fear the snow would get so deep that it would be impossible to do so later on and the wagon would have to stay all winter. They returned about 2 o'clock and reported snow deeper on the east side than here; in fact, we can look down from here into the Big Horn Basin and see the ground all bare; but they found a good trail and will try to move the wagon to-morrow. Dock, Charles and Walt started out after dinner to try for a deer, but came back disgusted on account of the deep snow. They shot five times while they were out and the rest of us thought they had shot a deer, but they were shooting grouse. That night Harry, Halla and Dock slept in the tent at the old camp and the rest of us slept in the bough camp. It was a very cold night. The brook—which was very swift—froze all over. Water in a bucket within 6ft. of a big fire froze solid.

Sept. 22.—The boys arrived at our bough camp early this A. M. They had been cold during the night in the tent, but we fellows—Dock, Charles, Fay and Bill, who had sleeping bags—would have frozen had it not been for Fritz, who sat up until nearly 3 o'clock and kept a big fire going. Whenever we got cold we would get up and go out and join Fritz and get warmed up, then go back to bed. Bill got up at 12 o'clock, 2 o'clock, 5 o'clock, and we all got up at 7 o'clock. After breakfast we all started out for the tent and with the help of two horses brought over the tent and most all of the things needed here. The weather, although not as cold as yesterday, is still cold; but it has stopped snowing. Still water will freeze 8 to 10ft. from the fire. We dug down a small hill to make room for our tent. We made a fire all over the ground to dry it out, then covered the ground all over with pine boughs. Over those we put our saddle blankets and our beds on top of those. To-day we spent mostly around camp, although we did not do much work. Thanks to Fritz's good cooking, we ate three hearty meals and retired to bed about 9 o'clock.

Sept. 23.—We all slept late, until Fritz had breakfast ready, which was fine—ham, venison, biscuit, onions and coffee. Dock, Charles and Fay started out one way and Walt another—Bill at camp—while the Huntington boys took the wagon over the divide. They all showed up for dinner about 3:30 o'clock. Dock and Charles tracked a buck for about three miles. Although they saw him, they did not get a shot. For dinner we had two kinds of pie, venison, ham, cabbage, new biscuit, coffee, corn, tomatoes, crackers and cheese. After dinner Halla and Dock started out after the buck and tracked him until dark, but did not get sight of him. We all retired about 9 o'clock.

Sept. 24.—Arose about 8 o'clock and after a good breakfast all started out after the buck the boys saw the day before. Charles and Halla saw four deer, three does and a buck, at about 60yds., but both seemed to have the buck fever, as neither shot at them. Fritz says they were stage-struck—great Fritz! All returned about 1 o'clock for dinner. In the afternoon all went out after the four deer, but returned—Dock had a mishap—without seeing any deer. After supper we sat before the fire and told stories, and Fritz sang to us until 9 o'clock.

Sept. 25.—Arose about 7:30. During the night Fay thought he heard a bear, but it was only Harry snoring. All started after deer on horseback except Fritz and Bill. They were after the buck near camp. They tramped uphill and down for three hours, but with no success. Fritz and Bill had lunch at 12:30 of pancakes with maple syrup, which was fine. Both parties returned about 6 o'clock. Each had great success. Dock and Charles each shot a deer, both does, and Walt and Fay together shot an elk and tracked a bull elk all day, but did not get him. We all start out to-morrow to try and get him. Everybody hungry and everything good for supper. All up until 9 or 10 o'clock around the fire telling stories.

Sept. 26.—Up at 6:30. Every one, except Fritz, started after elk, but after tracking them until noon we gave it up. We saw several deer, but were after elk, and did not stop for the deer. We were sorry afterward that we did not, as we came home empty-handed after being out all day. A good supper awaited us. Although we had a nice camp-fire and were warm and nice, every one was in bed before 9 o'clock.

Sept. 27.—Up at 8 o'clock. Everyone except Fritz and Bill started out for the last day's hunt from this camp. To-morrow we break camp and move back toward Parkman. Bill is the only one in the party not provided with rubbers of some kind, and as he does not relish having wet and cold feet every day he stays at home some of the time. It also gives him time to write up the diary of the trip. After being out all day the party returned with great stories of the game and game tracks they had seen, but no game. We had a nice dinner for our last one in the permanent camp. Early to bed—8:30 o'clock.

Sept. 28.—Up and started to pack by 6:30. We had a great time packing our goods on the horses, but after several hours' work—with several mishaps to the goods caused by the bucking of the horses—we started and arrived at the wagon by 12 o'clock, and after a light lunch started on the trip down to the Rotten Grass Valley. We traveled about six miles into the finest deer country we had yet seen. We made a dry camp about 6 o'clock and after making explorations discovered that the trail down was blocked by a windfall. To-day the boys have seen eight or ten deer, and although they have shot and hit four or five of them, did not get any of them. We do not think much of a dry camp, as our store of wet goods disappears too fast at such times. In fact we are getting very low in that line and are now at least fifty miles from the base of supplies.

Sept. 29.—An early breakfast and started back over yesterday's trail by 7 o'clock and made the longest day's travel of the trip. We made at least twenty-five miles and landed at 6:15 on the Rotten Grass all dead tired and very willing to eat supper and go to bed. The difference in temperature at 9 P. M. between here and up in the mountains is at least 40 degrees.

Sept. 30.—Arose at 8 o'clock and had a fine breakfast of trout with other good things. Dock is our fisherman and he caught a dozen nice trout for our breakfast. Started at 12 o'clock and arrived at Lodge Grass at 5:30 and made camp in our old camping place. We noticed that the storm we went through in the mountains had been very severe here, as a good many trees were broken down. Late to bed—10 o'clock.

Oct. 1.—Up early and started for Pass Creek. Lunch on the Little Big Horn, about five miles below our first camp on that river. In P. M. and after a ten-mile drive arrived at forks of Pass Creek. We have made about twenty miles to-day and have passed through the finest chicken country we have yet seen. We picked up twelve or fifteen chickens during the day, which made a good change from venison and ham. Up until 10 o'clock.

Oct. 2.—Up early. Had some fine chicken shooting and arrived in Parkman about 10 o'clock. All went to work at once to fix up—unpack our soiled linen, to repack the clean in our grips and to shave and take a bath. Although we had taken a bath two days before in the Rotten Grass, but to-day we could have the luxury of a tub and hot water. Walt got packed up in time to take the 6:25 train for Idaho, where he has mining interests. The rest of the crowd—after several visits to the Gold Dust—went back to the tent in the rain. We found good beds, as we had plenty of hay to lay our beds on. We all slept well, although it rained and the wind blew all night.

Oct. 3.—It was still raining when we awoke. All went to the hotel for breakfast. After bidding good-by to all our friends in Parkman, we took the train at 2:30 for home. Dinner in Sheridan, and after saying good-by to our friends there we traveled on, arriving home Oct. 5 at 8 o'clock A. M. all O. K.

What we missed most while away was a small sheet iron stove for the tent, a thermometer to tell how cold it was and a kodak to take camp scenes. The cold for about two days was intense—anywhere from zero to 10° below. I should advise anybody who thinks of coming to this country to get a good bed first—the bed to be made of about three pair of heavy blankets and to go over and under those a heavy tarpaulin. Then be sure and have plenty of clothes also rubber boots and arctic overshoes, besides at least two pair of good heavy shoes. Although they told us that they often had snow here by Sept. 15, we did not expect over 3 or 4in., instead of which it was about 3ft. and in some places drifts 4 and 5ft. deep. It was impossible for any of us to do the same amount of work up here that it was at home on account of the rarity of the air. It particularly affected Fay and Bill. Our greatest height was about 9,500ft.

Moose Killed with a .22 Bullet.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While I was hunting in Maine this fall my guide (Frank McKinney, of Patten), during the afternoon of Oct. 26, went out to get some partridges, taking for the purpose a Frank Wesson's 12in. barrel single-shot .22cal. pocket rifle, using short rim-fire cartridges, and loaded with smokeless powder. He got back home about an hour after sunset, having fallen in with and killed with this weapon a bull moose over 38in. across the horns. It happened thus: On the way back to camp, say an hour before sunset, he thought he would have time to go out and get a saddle of deer we had hung in the woods. He had got within 50yds. of the deer and was making no pretense of hunting or of going still, when over the ridge came a rustling of leaves and smashing of branches which put to shame the little noise he was making, and out came a good-sized bull moose with hair pointing the wrong way. The moose came up to within 25ft., turned broadside to and looked at him. Frank proceeded to open fire with his pigmy rifle. He fired seven shots before the moose concluded things were getting too hot, and started off. But at about 150yds. he fell. Frank crawled up to within 15ft. and got in three more shots, when the moose started off; but this time he only went about 30yds., and lay down. Frank again crawled up to about the same distance as before and put in five more shots, when the moose gave a last shake of the head and died. On opening him we found that several of the bullets had gone through his lungs and lodged in the meat on the opposite side from where they entered. WILLARD NYE, JR.

Going Bear Hunting with Bobo.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Warner Miller, the Republican statesman, was in Spalding's yesterday purchasing some ball-loaded shotgun cartridges. It is said that he is making preparations for a hunting trip along the Sunflower in the region so graphically described by Mr. Hough in his "Sunny South" articles last spring. J.

Mongolian Pheasant in Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I received from a friend on Monday, Nov. 4, for the purpose of being mounted, a cock Mongolian pheasant, shot near the Top-rocks, on the Delaware River, Bucks county, Pa., Nov. 1. It was a magnificent specimen in fine plumage—very large and heavy (not weighed), had fed on wheat with a few kernels of corn. No others are reported to have been seen in the vicinity. Where could this bird have come from? FRANK ROBINSON.

Cayuga Lake Ducks.

ITHACA, N. Y.—Varn Van Order, of the steamer Frontenac, was at the village of Cayuga during the closing days of October, and on the marshes north of there he bagged twelve wild geese in one day. Van Order affirms that there are acres of ducks on Cayuga Lake this fall. At Union Springs he saw a great flight of redheads. Geese and brant in unusual numbers have lately been seen here. M. CHILL.

The Ins and the Outs.

THE plaint of Tode, of Providence, in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 2, is but the prelude to many more such which will be given publicity more and more as the preserves multiply and outsiders protest. It is a natural effect of a natural cause, just as the indiscriminate slaughter and consequent extermination of game is a natural cause of the game preserve. His reference to the "English park system" is not at all pertinent to the matter, nor is his deduction that "we will soon have poachers and sneaking pot-hunters arising from the ranks of those who don't believe in that sort of thing now," a sound deduction or wise saying. Tode unwisely concealed that those who became poachers were law breakers, and often lost their liberty by poaching. Also, in the English park system, many of the birds are raised in domestication and are the property of the landlord quite as much as are his other domestic fowls. The game preserve is but a natural result of indiscriminate slaughter and extermination, in the effort to supply the demands of an insatiable market. Stop the sale of game and the game preserve is unnecessary. Let the sale go on and the game preserve is a certainty throughout the land. Great changes have great causes, and the same impulses which impel Tode to lay in a season's supply of coal are the same, differently directed, which impel a sportsman to lay in a supply of game. Each has a want which he endeavors to supply in an orderly and certain manner; and after legally gaining possession, Tode does not care to have any poacher invade his coal bin, nor does the sportsman care to have the poacher in his game preserve. If a man were to take his coal Tode would call it a harder name than poaching, yet the principle is the same in either case.

DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

Sea and River Fishing.

FIVE OF A KIND.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* An old Nantucket captain said to his wife during the civil war that he would rather hear it thunder any darn time than to listen to her scrape the bottom of the sugar pail. This eccentric and wise old sea dog is much like the scientific sportsman of to-day who would rather hear his click reel buzz than eat.

But to make your reel spin legitimately is the question which troubles most of the latter-day fishermen.

The photo which accompanies this letter is a piece of art in itself, and the owner is justly proud of it.

The "five of a kind" which it reproduces show both the patience and product of two hours' fun on July 16, 1895. The fish were taken by a Cincinnati gentleman, Mr. Henry Stetinius, one of the many enterprising members of a most successful club. Now about the bass, the largest one on the left astonished the scales to the tune of 42lbs.; the next 32, 29½, 25½ and smallest 10lbs. making a grand total of 139lbs., all landed safely with a 12-thread Irish linen line, Vom Hofe reel, aided by an expert with gaff, as per photo.

Do you wonder these two fishermen feel proud of their extreme good luck? who wouldn't? But just think of the weather; it was raining horribly, and old Vineyard Sound was in her most rugged mood, two conditions which are very essential to proper bass fishing.

These beautiful specimens are the five largest fish ever caught at one time by any single member of the club.

Menhaden is the bait used principally, although lobster at times proves effective. The best fishing is generally found in September, but the weather must be as bad as possible to make the large fish come out of the deep water and feed.

The club builds a number of fishing stands every spring; they are composed of a number of single planks which rest on iron spindles driven into the boulders until the depth of 30ft. is reached to fish in.

Each fisherman has a chummer, as he is called, to bait the fish around and also stand ready to gaff the gasping and flurried fish when it is skillfully brought within gaffing distance.

Mr. A. B. Dunlap, of New York, holds the record for the largest fish, which was caught by him on Sept. 21, 1867, and weighed 62lbs. Mr. Dunlap is still an active member of the club and occasionally tests his nerve and luck by indulging in this most manly sport.

The club is in a very prosperous condition, with forty-five members; J. Crosby Brown, president, and John Scott, treasurer, both of New York.

Mr. Stetinius, it may be said, was all of twenty-five minutes landing the largest fish in the photo.

E. A. DE WOLF.

Large Iowa Black Bass.

CHARLES CITY, Ia., Nov. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I take the liberty to note a fishing experience I had last week, which, though perhaps nothing wonderful, is a little extraordinary for this locality. I live in the city, on the bank of the pond which is formed by a dam across the Cedar River.

On Monday I caught with hook and line, with minnow bait, two black bass weighing 3½ and 5½lbs. Two days later I caught two more, one weighing 5½lbs. and the other 6lbs. 9oz. I hooked another and failed to land it in boat, which I think was mate to the last one mentioned. I have lived in this vicinity thirty years and have never seen but one bass that weighed 5lbs., and that I caught five years ago. To say they were lively fellows to handle does not express it. Along in September I caught sixteen wall-eyed pike that weighed 52lbs., an average of 3¼lbs. each; one of them 6lbs. and one 7½lbs. The large bass went to Marion, Ia., to compete for 40 per cent. of a $25 prize offered by a sporting club at that place for largest bass caught in Iowa waters—$25 if caught in Linn county. The above weights are correct, not fish stories; can be verified. S. G. PICKETT.



FIVE OF A KIND
Pasque Island Bass taken by Mr. Henry Stetinius.

ONE DAY'S FISHING.

PORT ARTHUR, Ont.—I arrived at Missanabie Station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, about 675 miles west of Montreal, on a Wednesday night. I stayed that night with the Hudson's Bay Co. trader, next morning he got me two Indians and a canoe. I bought some provisions in his store, and we started about 6 A. M. for Stoney Portage, at the head of Michipicoteu River, about ten miles down Missanabie Lake, about two hours' canoe ride. At the foot of the lake there is a narrows which leads into the river. This is on the route from St. James Bay to Lake Superior. The speckled trout fishing commences at the first portage. It is about 100yds. long. We landed about 8:15 A. M.

I put my rod together. I used strong tackle, for I had been told that the trout were large-sized. I put two flies on my leader. It was a bright day, so I tried the silver doctor, which took well. I tried the stream above the falls and got a rise to my second cast. You know the feeling that comes over you when you hook a large fish. This was something extra, I was guessing it at 6lbs. in my mind. I called for the Indian David to bring the landing net, he ran down below me, I played the fish and it gave me lots of fun for a few minutes. I brought the fish over toward where the Indian was standing. He commenced to laugh and landed the fish. Instead of a 6lb. trout, to my disgust, they were two pickerel, one on each fly. I unhooked them and threw them into the bush. I left and went below the falls. This proved a success, for the first fish I caught was a 3lb. speckled trout—a beauty, as red as a prairie sunset on a summer evening. I caught several more in this pool and lost some. Then the Indian, Johnnie, came across the pool with the canoe for me to come to dinner. He had cooked the two pickerel, made some tea, boiled some potatoes, and with bread and butter and fried bacon I made a good dinner, for I was hungry. After dinner we went further down the river; I had fine sport in Stoney rapids; on our way down stream in the calm water I caught some pickerel with fly. They came down stream from the lake above, and once below the falls they cannot return; the trout drive them from the rapids into the calm water. The pickerel are so plentiful that the Indians caught twenty in about thirty minutes with a spoon bait I loaned them; they trolled from the canoe.

For two hours after noon I took a rest and watched the Indians catch pickerel or wall-eyed pike. I quit fishing about 6:30 P. M.; we had supper and returned up the river, through the narrows and across the Lake to Missanabie. At the Hudson's Bay Post I weighed sixteen of the largest trout, which weighed 42lbs. I had a splendid day's fishing. I then took the train for Port Arthur that night. I often call to memory that day's fishing at Stoney Portage on the Michipicoteu River.

J. E. NEWSOME.

P. S.—If any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM want any information about the fishing in the district I shall be only too glad to furnish them with it. J. E. N.

POOR FISHING IN MISSOURI STREAMS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has been many years since fall fishing has been so poor as it has been this fall. This is the report from all the streams in the State. Even in the St. Francis River, which heretofore has furnished excellent sport nearly the whole year round, fishing in a flat failure. The only reason which can be ascribed for this condition is the extreme lowness and clearness of the rivers. There was no high water in the spring at the usual season when fish run up and there has been but little high water any time during the year. There was some fishing in the spring, but as the season advanced it became poorer, until now anglers are thoroughly disgusted. The natural condition of most streams in Missouri is a semi-turbid condition, so that fish are pretty well protected. With the extreme clear water which has prevailed, it would seem that the fish became frightened and have gone down the stream until they have reached deeper waters, or have gone into the Missouri and Mississippi. In the streams in the North, where clear water prevails the year round, the fish are not so wild and are not frightened at their own shadows.

As an instance of how low the water is, a party of four enthusiastic anglers recently shipped their boats to Knob Lick with the intention of floating down the St. Francis River to the club house at Chaonia. When they reached the river they found there was not enough water to float the boats, and they hired wagons to take them seventeen miles down the river below Silver Dam, where it was thought there would be plenty of water. When they got there they found the same conditions prevailing, and hir-

ing additional teams they kept on traveling until they had gone about forty-five miles before they found sufficient water. Then they had about a day's run to the club house.

This is probably about the most unique instance on record of anglers floating down stream on wagons. They feel pretty sore over their adventures, and are not inclined to brag about their great catches.

The only places where any fish are being caught are the sloughs which connect with the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, and at the mouths of the streams which flow into these larger and turbid bodies of water.

The clause in the Missouri game law prohibiting shooting by non-residents is a dead letter, and in fact there is little compliance with any parts of the law as it now exists. The game warden has no funds, and is not in a position to enforce the statutes. ABERDEEN.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 6.

A MOUNTAIN LANDSLIDE.

MR. GEO. L. POTTS, of Appleton, Wis., has returned from wo weeks' outing in the Cascade Mountains of Washgton, and the Appleton *Crescent* gives this account of n experience which comes to few men: "Mr. Potts spent wo weeks in the mountains. While in the mountains they carried no tent, simply rolled up in their blankets and slept comfortably. No rain fell while he was in Washington and the weather was delightful in every way. They lived on the fat of the land, such as salmon, deer, antelope, quail, wild geese, etc. George had some wild goose shooting that was quite exciting and caught half a dozen salmon in fifteen minutes. He used a spoon hook and hand line and hauled out a fish every time he threw in the spoon. The fish ran from 5lbs. to 20lbs. and were very vigorous fighters. The fish were taken in the Columbia River, near Elkwood, Wash. The river was full of fish, none apparently less than 5lbs. in weight. He saw them leap over high falls; all the fish were moving up the river, probably to spawn. Many salmon are netted by hanging nets like hammocks over the falls. The fish endeavor to leap the falls going up and tumble into the nets—a very easy way of taking fish.

"One of the most wonderful sights that Mr. Potts saw during his trip was a tremendous landslide. The party were one day a couple of miles up the side of a steep mountain, a deep cañon divided them from another mountain opposite. They were suddenly startled by a peculiar rumbling, crashing noise which grew louder and louder. The eyes of every one in the party were riveted to the mountain opposite, where they could plainly see immense rocks and boulders larger than any building in Appleton rolling and bounding and crashing down the side of the mountain to the narrow cañon below. The point opposite where the rocks were moving was about two miles in a straight air line from where they were standing, and in the clear mountain air small objects were plainly visible. The great rocks would crash into tall trees and shiver them into splinters in an instant and the noise of the crashing was perfectly distinct. Huge boulders of many tons weight would strike an obstruction and bound high in the air, or striking rock formation would be broken to atoms, making a report like a cannon. As they stood spellbound watching this play of nature they beheld a sight afforded few men. A part of the side of the mountain, 4½ miles in length and nearly 2 miles in width and probably more than 200ft. in depth, slid from its ancient foundations down to the valley below. This great mass moved over a mile before its momentum was stopped in the bottom of the cañon. It seemed as if the world were turning inside out. The landslide caused the earth to tremble even where they stood, and the uproar was so deafening they involuntarily held their hands over their ears for protection from the terrific sounds. Mr. Potts says he never heard a thunderstorm cause such deafening sounds. It was a wonderful and most awe inspiring spectacle and one which they will never forget."

Fishing on the Tombigbee.

WAVERLY, Miss., Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Capt. Billy Young has just got back from a camping trip on the upper Tombigbee River embracing about 200 miles distance. He reports a great time and says fishing was so good it was really no sport at all. I will give an extract from his story told us to-day:

"Dropping down the river, I came to where a cypress tree had fallen into it and a skiff had lodged against the lap of the tree so the gun'ale was just even with the top of the water.

"I throwed in, and my cork no sooner straightened than it went under, and I pulled out a very large white perch, and so it continued until I had caught seventeen whoppers.

"Dr. G. coming along in his boat then, I remarked to him I could shove up my cork and put on a bigger minnow, and fish deeper and get my tackle tore all to pieces, 'I would do it sure,' he replied.

"I shoved up my cork and told Jeff (my boatman) to put on a big minnow, and the cork had scarcely straightened before I had a strike. I had a pretty lively time for a few moments and landed a big black bass; then I caught a big grinell, and then two or three more bass, and then two blue cat and a gar, and then I got a strike, and when I fastened whatever it was started right down under the boat. I was fishing with a big stiff bamboo trolling pole, and held it hard on him, thinking the spring of the pole would stop him, but he kept on until 3ft. of my pole was under water, and then about 5ft. of it broke off; but the line was fastened well down toward the butt of the pole, and I still thought I would get him, but nothing stopped it. It kept right on, breaking my line between hook and sinker.

"I rigged up what was left, put on another hook, and to make a long story short, when I quit I had 4ft. of line left, and a piece of pole not much longer than a walking stick."

W. W. TITUS.

DURING the recent blizzard a large bass belonging to Thomas G. Krebs, a saloon keeper of Reading, Pa., was found frozen in a solid mass of ice. The fish was cut out in a block, which was thawed, whereupon the bass recovered and appeared to be as lively as ever.—P. S. A trifle out of season, perhaps, but will do to put away for winter.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Tale of a Rattle.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing that rattlesnakes have been a great topic in your paper for some time, allow me to contribute an experience of mine which, although it is against myself, is too good to keep. At least so a fisherman and brother angler told me to whom I related it some few weeks ago at the fireside of a well-known fishing inn. "Why don't you send it to FOREST AND STREAM?" exclaimed my listener when I had finished, and so here goes.

About six years ago, toward the end of April, I journeyed with a friend of mine toward the Bushkill, in Pike county, Pa., in quest of trout, which at that time abounded in that lovely stream. I was then a recent importation into this land of the brave; and at the end of our railroad trip, and while waiting at the station inn for the team that was to take us into the mountains, I was told by some well-meaning native to look out for the rattlesnakes.

I felt a queer sensation at this information and made very careful inquiries about their habits and the best way to avoid them. Up to then I never had heard of rattlesnakes, except through books, and the possibility of having to face one made me feel somewhat unsettled in mind and rather dampened my ardor after trout. However, my companion, a full-blooded Westerner and not easily troubled by such small matters, reassured me, and after a drive of a couple of hours we arrived at our destination early enough to tackle up, go down to the stream and whip it over for an hour or so before dark.

On the stream we soon separated, and about 6 o'clock, when I thought I had had enough—not of trout, but of casting—I started back slowly toward the house. Between it and the stream was a small thicket which I had to traverse, and just as I reached it my thoughts involuntarily reverted to the dreaded rattlesnakes. What if I should meet one now? It was just beginning to get dark, and it would be very difficult for me to see any that happened to lie in my path, and if inadvertently I stepped on it I should certainly be struck. However, there would be the buzzing noise to warn me off. I would walk slowly and keep my ears open. I kept crawling along very cautiously and listening intently, all the while execrating the dry leaves that rustled at my every step, and might drown the warning buzz that I expected to hear at any moment.

Hark! That was a rattle! I stood still, petrified, and listened with all my might. I could hear the beating of my heart, but nothing else. I strained my eyes to see if I could notice any movement on the ground, but nothing was to be seen; I was sure, however, of having heard the rattle. After waiting I cannot say how long, but what seemed to me an age, I decided to move on again.

At the first step I took another buzz struck on my ear. It brought me to a second stop as quick as lightning. I believe my hair stood on end, my blood froze, my tongue and throat were parched, and my breath came in short gasps. It was evident to me that I had stepped into a whole nest of rattlers, that I was surrounded by them, and that there was no way out of it.

After I had sufficiently recovered from this second shock I again looked around very carefully—of course without stirring from the spot to which I was rooted. I tried to find out where the reptiles lay; and if I discovered their position I intended to make a sudden dash for freedom in the opposite direction. I could not see anything in the twilight—at least I could not distinguish any objects on the ground—and this of course made my position all the more gruesome, as it was impossible to tell on which side the danger lurked. In my despair I decided to take an extreme step. In my left hand I was carrying my fishing rod. If I poked the butt into the leaves in front of me the snakes would undoubtedly move or make a dart at it, and this would give me an opportunity to locate them and to make off in an opposite direction. I felt I was taking desperate chances in so doing; but it would also be my only hope of salvation.

I braced myself well for the ordeal, set my teeth and moved the rod forward. The same buzzing noise struck on my ears again, but at the same time I felt a tightening of the line, which told me that it had caught in the brush; and in an instant the whole truth flashed through my mind. In walking through the brush my line had caught and pulled on the click-reel. It was this which in my nervous state of mind I had failed to recognize, and taken for the rattling of a snake; and of course each forward movement would produce a repetition of the dreaded sound.

The mystery was solved. I loosened the line and proceeded on my way to the house very much ashamed of myself, but at the same time mightily glad that it had not been snakes.

Since then I have spent each succeeding spring from four to fourteen days on the Bushkill, and although I have tried to find rattlesnakes and looked for them in their dens I have never come across one alive, though the country undoubtedly harbors quite a few. In fact, two years ago a native took me to a spot where the day before he had killed three. I saw them there, 4 to 4½ft. long and around the body nearly as thick as my wrist, and when I looked at them I felt extremely grateful that it had been my reel and not real live rattlers that had frightened me on that memorable evening. C. B.

NEW YORK.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 18.—Eastern F. T. Club, at Newton, N. C. W. A. Coster, Sec'y, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H Thompson, Sec'y.

1896.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Jan. 20.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. seventh annual trials. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

M. V. G. AND F. P. ASSOCIATION'S TRIALS

THE inaugural trials of the Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association were held on their grounds in Greene county, Pa., beginning on Wednesday, Oct. 30, and concluding Friday, Nov. 1, 1895.

The Derby had four starters. This small number no doubt was the result of the late announcement of the club to hold trials this fall, there not being sufficient time to prepare young dogs, those starting not showing much preparation.

The All-Age Stake had thirteen starters and proved a much better stake, requiring some time to run, owing to the scarcity of birds. The grounds had been stocked in the spring, but owing to the continued dry weather cover was very light; in fact, not enough to shelter the birds, and they were found mostly in the woods and thickets. This made work for dogs quite difficult.

Roger O'Mara won first in the Derby, and deservedly so, proving himself best; Tick of Kent second, and Whyte third.

In the All-Age Stake Nellie Bly was clearly first, Galert C. and George Croxteth dividing second honors, while Mex got third place.

The awards were well received and heartily indorsed by those in attendance. W. S. Bell, of Pittsburg, judged the trials.

The attendance was large, and as the dogs had to be followed on foot it was surprising to see how many followed the entire running, exhibiting a keen interest to the end. Next year's trials should bring out an increased attendance, and from expressions of handlers and owners we predict a much improved stake.

Those in attendance were Chas. H. Ganier, A. Wallace and F. S. Hawkins, of Waynesburg, Pa.; Henry Christ, Belmont, Ohio; G. O. Smith, Wheeling, W. Va.; J. Shaw Margerum, Washington, Pa.; George Battison, Youngstown, Ohio; Wm. Frew, Massilon, Ohio; A. Cummins, Louis McGrew, G. W. Lang, W. D. Henry, Chas. H. McIlvaine, W. McKennan, Jr., W. S. Bell, S. B. Cummings, R. S. D. Hartuck, W. Pontefract, Richard Bennett, Major Hammer, H. Straub and A. L. Peterson, Pittsburg, Pa.; F. D. West, Wm. Daugherty, W. J. Fisher, F. Crawford and W. V. Winans, of Brownsville, Pa.; Jack Bell, Carmichaels, Pa.; Wm. Harrison, Monongahela City, Pa.; A. C. Peterson, R. C. Stenger, J. Baird, of Homestead, Pa.; Dr. S. W. Hart and C. Schramm, of McKeesport, Pa.; with quite a following of those living in the vicinity.

Nellie Bly, winner of first in the All-Age Stake, is a grand bitch, with good pace and range, going to her game promptly and in good style; very staunch and obedient, and her winning in the class of dogs that ran stamps her as a high class bitch. All four dogs placed in this stake are good dogs; to mention each one would take more time than I now have at my disposal.

The Association did not offer a stipulated list of prizes, but ran a sweepstake event, dividing the entrance fees in 50, 30 and 20 per cent., thus making three prizes.

The Derby.

This stake had four starters as follows: Roger O'Mara with Spot, Whyte with Tick of Kent. The day was warm, with light wind and very dry.

G. W. Lang's black, white and tan English setter dog Roger O'Mara (Roger Boy—Nana Mahoning), handled by George Battison, and Lewis McGrew's liver and white pointer dog Spot (McDowell's Spot—Flirt Hessen), handled by owner, were cast off at 8:20. Both started at good speed, but in a short time Spot narrowed down, while Roger O'Mara kept out at his work, neither dog having an opportunity on birds. As the ground hunted over proved barren, dogs were ordered up at 9:10—to go down on game.

G. O. Smith's black and white setter dog Whyte (Whyte B.—More's Clara), handled by owner, and S. B. Cumming's liver and white pointer dog Tick of Kent (Spot of Kent—Bows Fly), handled by J. W. Phillips, were cast off at 9:20. After a run of about an hour a bevy of birds, was flushed by the judge which were marked down in the woods. The dogs were ordered on the single birds, but owing to the very dry weather they would not lie, flushing wild. Tick pointed; no bird found. Tick again pointed, moved on, when two birds flushed, the balance of the bevy flushing wild. The dogs were worked in the direction the birds had flown, but neither found; ordered up at 10:40.

A move was now made to other grounds, and the first brace of the All-Age Stake was put down and ran from 11:20 until 12 o'clock without finding, when they were ordered up and the party went to lunch—this brace being run to give the Derby dogs time to rest. After lunch the judge announced the second series.

Roger O'Mara and Tick of Kent were cast off at 12:27 and ran until 12:55, when they were taken up and a move made to other grounds. Cast off at 1:15, hunting through stubble and a thicket; the judge again flushed a bevy, which both dogs passed. Marked down in the edge of woods, the dogs were ordered on the single birds. Roger flushed, steady to wing. Roger pointed, backed by Tick. Tick pointed; no bird found, it having flushed a moment before. Ordered up at 1:55. Both had fair speed and range; Roger the better.

Whyte and Spot were cast off at 2:03 in open stubble. Crossing a ravine they worked in briars and through cornfields. A bevy of birds being flushed and marked down in woods, the dogs sent on; Whyte pointed one indifferently, moving on to a flush; Spot flushing twice. Ordered

up at 2:30. The judge announced the winners as follows: First, Roger O'Mara; second, Tick of Kent; third, Whyte.

The Association's first annual Derby was for pointers and setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1894; $5 to enter and $5 to start.

The All-Age Stake.

Thomas Herriott's lemon and white pointer bitch Joy (Rapid Don—Rachel), handled by Henry Christ, and G. O. Smith's black, white and tan English setter dog Fred Hope (Gath's Hope—Lulu Hill), handled by owner, were cast off at 11:20 and ran until 12 o'clock without finding birds. Both showed fair speed and range. Both to be put down again on game.

McDowell & McGrew's liver and white pointer dog Spot (Dick Swiveller—Vixen), handled by McGrew, and F. S. Hawkins's liver and white pointer bitch Lou of Kent (Lad of Kent—Oneida), handled by Wallace, were cast off at 3:40 and worked through cornfields and stubble. At the edge of briar thicket Spot pointed a bevy, a trifle unsteady to shot. Lou refused to back, going ahead, flushing the bevy. The birds were marked down in woods; dogs ordered on, Lou flushing two singles. Ordered up at 4:12. Speed and range of both were ordinary.

W. D. Henry's liver and white pointer dog George Croxteth (Don Croxteth—Mollie Scott), handled by Wm. Frew, and Louis McGrew's black and white pointer dog Hessen Boy (Duke of Hessen—Barmaid), handled by owner, were cast off in pasture field at 4:15, and hunted through stubble without finding, both showing good pace and range; George Croxteth best; in fact, he excelled any dog yet down, remaining out at his work and hunting out the ground with good judgment. Ordered up at 4:45, to go down again.

S. B. Cummings's orange and white setter dog Galert C. (Duke of Princeton—Ione), handled by owner, and Chas. H. Gainer's black and white setter dog Spark (Gladstone II.—Blue Lorna), handled by Wallace, were put down in open fields at 4:47. Galert showed excellent speed and range, while Spark was slow, with very contracted range. They ran 45 minutes without finding. Up at 5:30, this ending the day's running.

Thursday.

The day was cloudy, with a cold, drizzling rain falling almost all the time. The rain not being heavy enough to interfere, a start was made at 8:45.

A. C. Peterson's orange and white setter bitch Nellie Bly (Ben Hill—Daisy Hunter), handled by Jack Bell, and F. D. West's lemon and white pointer dog Mex, handled by owner, were cast off at 8:45 in stubble field. Both had good pace and range; Nellie better. Ordered up at 9:35 without finding.

The next brace being absent, the bye dog was put down to run, while the absent dogs were sent for.

Smoky City Kennels' black and white setter dog Dash, handled by H. Christ, was cast off at 9:40 in grass fields and hunted through stubble. Again the judge put up a bevy that the dog and handler passed by. Worked toward the scattered birds, Dash started in by a point, moving in to a flush and chase. Next he pointed; no bird found. He next chased a bird flushed by some spectators, most of the time working beyond the control of his handler, Mr. Christ explaining afterward that he had the dog less than two weeks. Ordered up at 10:15.

Dr. S. W. Hart's black, white and tan English setter bitch Miss Pick (Gladstone's Boy—Lady Marg), handled by Schramm, and G. O. Smith's black and white English setter dog Whyte (Whyte B.—More's Clara), handled by owner, were cast off at 10:20 in orchard, and worked into stubble field. Range and pace of both were very limited; in fact, so much so that the judge repeatedly cautioned the spectators not to press the dogs. Worked now toward the scattered birds. Miss Pick flushed one; a little further two flushed wild. Moving on, the handlers flushed several birds the dogs had passed by, and both should have pointed as they were in open stubble field. Turning to the left, Miss Pick indicated scent, and hesitated an instant; moving on, her handler coming up flushed the bird which she should have located. Whyte did nothing. Ordered up at 10:55.

This ending the first series, the rain still continuing, a move was made for a house, where lunch was served. After lunch, the rain having increased, running was postponed until 3:30, the judge having announced the second series as follows: George Croxteth with Galert C.; Joy with Spot; Fred Hope with Mex; Nellie Bly with Hessen Boy.

The rain having ceased, a start was made with George Croxteth and Galert C., they being cast off in pasture field and worked through cornfield and stubble. Galert flushed a bevy. George next pointed a single and Galert backed—a beautiful piece of work. Bird flushed by Frew; both dogs a bit unsteady to shot. Galert pointed; George failed to back, going in and sharing point; bird flushed by Cummings, and both dogs breaking shot and chasing. Ordered up at 4:45, both having sustained their pace and range throughout.

Joy and Spot were cast off at 4:46 and worked in the direction of the single bird. Spot pointed, Joy backing; bird flushed by McGrew. Joy pointed, Spot refusing to back, going in and pointing; bird flushed; both steady to wing. Spot pointed a single; Joy backed; both steady to wing. Joy pointed; Spot backing to order; no bird found. Spot flushed twice and Joy pointed a single in fence row. Ordered up at 5:27, this ending the work for the day.

Friday.

This morning was clear and cool, an ideal day for work, the rain of yesterday making everything damp.

Fred Hope and Mex were cast off at 8:35 in a cornfield. Crossing fence into grass, Mex pointed a bevy. Fred Hope coming up refused to back, moving in and flushing birds. After a run of 45 minutes the dogs were ordered up.

Nellie Bly and Hessen Boy were cast off at 10:35 and worked one hour and ten minutes, Nellie pointing two bevies and one single. Steady to wing and shot. Hessen Boy backed Nellie and made one false point. Both had good pace and good range, Nellie working her ground best and always keeping the gun in view, yet staying well out to her work. Up at 11:25.

Third Series.

George Croxteth and Mex were put down on scattered birds. Mex pointed; George backed. George made an excusable flush down wind and dropped to wing. Up at 11:57.

Galert C. and Nellie Bly were cast off at 11:57 and worked until 12:40, little work being done by either dog, both sustaining their range, Nellie working ground with better judgment, while Galert excelled in pace.

Hessen Boy and Fred Hope were put down at 12:43 and worked until 1:25. The only work done was a flush by Hessen Boy.

This ended the third series and stake, the judge announcing the winners as follows: Nellie Bly first, Galert C. and George Croxteth dividing second, Mex third.

The All-Age Stake was for pointers and setters never having won first in any recognized field trial, $5 to enter, $5 to start; entrance divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.

[This report was kindly made for us by Mr. W. S. Bell, but arrived too late for publication last week.]

FOX-HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

As the opening of the fox-hunting season comes around each year, the London *Field* publishes a table showing the packs of hounds of all kinds then in existence, giving also the changes in ownership, etc., as well as the personnel of the hunt, *i. e.*, the names of the huntsmen, whips and kennel huntsmen.

In England and the other portions of Great Britain and Ireland this table is scanned closely in country houses, farm houses and in the clubs too. To dwellers in the old country homes of England fox hunting means much; it makes life in the country just so much the more endurable during the gloomy winter months. With partridges wild and unapproachable, and with the pheasant covers shot over, fox hunting is the only means of amusement left to those who live in the country, outside of a few stray days with the gun. To the farmer also fox hunting means a great deal. His oats and hay find a ready sale within easy reach of the farm on which they were raised, while it pays to raise a good colt or two that can go across country. There is perhaps less antagonism on the part of farmers toward hunting men than we on this side of the Atlantic are led to believe, but antagonism does exist. In an editorial on the prospects for the coming season the *Field* says:

"The farmer and fox-hunting question is an old one, and is practically no nearer solution than when it first arose in days gone by. As we have often stated, the remedy lies far more with the hunting man than with the farmer. The former is bound to have regard for the interests of the men over whose land he rides; the farmer is not compelled to yield up every one of his rights; in fact, there is no reason at all why he should be asked to do so. When people give express or implied permission for hounds to cross their land, they know th at a certain amount of damage must accrue; but the smaller farmers, many of whom are struggling hard for a living, do not care about putting up with needless damage; and this is just the gist of the whole matter. If hunting men will refrain from inflicting upon farmers an injury there is no need for them to bear, any friction that may now exist would very soon pass away. The men who really ride to hounds do virtually no damage at all. To keep with the pack they must jump the fences cleanly. The harm is inflicted by the third and fourth-rankers, who cram their horses through as many fences as possible, in preference to jumping them; make up for their want of nerve and decision by taking short cuts over seeds; and leave gates open through which stock escape, and give the farmers' men an afternoon's work in recovering them. To avoid these things should not be difficult for anybody. A step in the right direction has been taken in the Quorn country, by making the second horsemen keep to the roads and bridle paths; and it would be no bad thing if some of those who are apparently unable to tell grass from clover, and who have not mastered the arts of jumping a fairly easy fence or shutting a gate, could be compelled to join the second horsemen."

Depression in agricultural circles during the past ten or fifteen years in the British Isles has had the natural result of materially reducing the incomes of the country gentlemen from whose ranks the M. F. H. (master of foxhounds) is usually recruited. To keep up a pack of hounds costs money, and even when a pack is supported by subscription the greater portion of that subscription comes out of the pocket of the master. Hence it is now no easy matter to find a master for a pack of hounds, except in the most favored countries. To this cause is attributed the disappearance during the past summer of one or more packs of hounds in England.

In America people are so accustomed to look upon England as a small portion of land so densely settled that people elbow one another round in their efforts to move from one spot to another, that the statement that there are in England 152 packs of hounds kept solely for the purpose of fox hunting is a startling one. On this subject the *Field* says:

"As compared with last year's figures the number of packs in our present list is less by five than in 1894, the totals being 209 and 204, respectively, excluding harriers and beagles. Last year there were seventeen packs of English staghounds, six packs of Irish staghounds, 156 packs of English foxhounds, ten packs in Scotland, and twenty in Ireland.

"This year shows sixteen packs of English staghounds and six in Ireland. English foxhounds have dropped to 152, but those in Scotland and Ireland remain at their last year's total. The missing pack of staghounds in England is that for several years kept by Mr. Giles, in Herefordshire, which has now been given up; while in Ireland the North Tipperary pack has been dispersed, but the number remains the same by the establishment of the South Westmeath. The death of Col. Cowen, and the inability to find a new master, has caused the Braes of Derwent to fall into abeyance; the Eskdale have been given up for reasons already stated in the *Field;* the Eggesford country is cut up among neighboring hunts in consequence of no master coming forward to take it; and Sir John Thursby has given up his hounds."

The greatest number of hounds in any one kennel is credited to the Duke of Beaufort, whose kennel list shows 75 couples of hounds. The total number of hounds in the 152 packs is something over 11,000. Harriers—that is, packs of hounds kept for the purpose of hunting hares—number 146, 110 of them being located in England or Wales, 3 in Scotland and 26 in Ireland. Beagles show up well with 44 packs, all told. Inclusive, therefore, of staghounds, foxhounds, harriers and beagles, there are 337 packs of hounds now in existence in the British Isles. The returns show that the total number of hounds kept in the harrier kennels of England and Wales amounts to 1,853 couples—3,706 hounds.

When one comes to estimate the amount of money spent in keeping up this really enormous number of packs of hounds, with the attendant expenses of hunt servants' wages, the money invested in horseflesh for these servants to ride, the keep of the horses themselves, and the hundred and one little items that are bound to figure in an expense account at the end of a year, it hardly looks as if the hard times had pressed very heavily upon the people of England.

There is one fact, however, that has been looked upon as ominous by the hunting men of England—the failing numbers in the ranks of hunting farmers. The stagnation in affairs agricultural in England, above referred to, has hit the farmer hard, and he now rarely finds himself able to spare the time or afford the money to join the hounds at the coverside, unless he has a promising "young one" to sell. As long as farmers followed the hounds across country there was no fear of any danger to fox hunting; but with the farmers forced to give up hunting from lack of means, there is apparently a real menace to the sport. It speaks volumes for the inborn love of horse, hound and horn in the English farmer that he permits his fields to be ridden over and his fences broken down by men the majority of whom are nothing to him, and whose sole claim upon his sympathy is the mutual bond of love of sport.

The drought that has been so general throughout this country has been felt to a large extent upon the continent of Europe and in England. The hot, dry weather that has prevailed in the latter country has militated seriously against cub hunting, the returns that have been published from time to time showing that hounds have been unable to do much toward thinning out the ranks of the foxes, or in schooling the cub to "git" and run straight when roused "from his lair in the morning." Cub hunting is only a foretaste of good things to come, and consists largely of sitting in one's saddle at a coverside, listening to the music of the hounds as they dust the cubs around the wood, and to the voice of the huntsman as he rates a young hound who has not yet learned that cotton-tails were not created for his special benefit.

All this preliminary work is of great interest to the man who is fond of hound work; but to the vast mass of so-called hunting men, who only follow the hounds for the sake of riding after them, it bears about the same proportion to fox hunting, pure and simple, that five o'clock tea does to the regulation seven o'clock dinner.

The season of fox hunting may be said to date from the first Monday of November. Then, instead of early starts and long waits at the coversides while the above process of schooling is going on, there is the regularly scheduled 10:30 or 11 o'clock meet, with the chance of a quick find and a fast gallop after a flying pack. Edward Banks.

Flushing and Pointing at Field Trials.

Sherrill's Ford, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The field trial season on quail is just approaching, and with it the annual meetings of the different clubs; so that I think the following question, put before them for their consideration, would not be out of place, viz.: The present system of flushing birds in front of a dog on point.

The present way of doing this is to tramp and kick about in front of the pointing dog until the birds are put up. How often do we not see at every field trial the handler (I have been guilty of this myself) making gradually increasing semi-circles in front of his dog, in a jerky, erratic sort of way, in the vain attempt to put up the bird, and eventually starting one to the side and down wind, and "There goes the bird, Judge!" when it is palpable to all present that that was not the bird pointed.

Why this humbug? When at trials held on prairie chickens, also on grouse in Scotland and partridges in England, it is recognized that the dog should first establish his point on body scent (not foot scent), then wait for his handler to come up, and at command he goes ahead and locates the birds, thereby demonstrating at once whether he is false pointing or not.

The work done in this manner looks so much more finished and is more satisfactory to the shooter.

Since this is done on all other game hunted by pointers and setters, why in reason should it not equally apply to the American partridge or quail? Of course this does not necessarily apply when working up scattered birds on pine needles, or bevies in woods, as in those cases the dog when pointing is generally very close, and a step from handler puts up the bird owing to light cover; but frequently on a running covey and on scattered birds in tall weeds or sedge the fallacy of the present system is often shown up.

I think other handlers must realize with me, the trouble when first working a dog on quail after chicken, and the necessity of having to make him stand back and hold his point while he the handler walks ahead to flush. The poor dog has been encouraged, probably up to two weeks previous, to go ahead and locate, and is naturally taken aback at the sudden change of proceedings.

The excellent field trial rules of the present day have already had a marked effect toward the improvement of the contests. There is less whistling and shouting and hustling for points; and the bolting, self-hunting, next-county dog will be wisely left at home, and with these improvements I leave it to the several clubs to consider whether the above suggestion would not be in keeping.

C. E. Buckle.

The United States Field Trials Club has declared its field trials off, after postponing them to Nov. 25, the reason being the same as that which caused the abandonment of the Continental trials; that is, scarcity of birds, etc. It is a matter of keen regret to sportsmen that the unfavorable season should be so disastrous to the field trials. This leaves only the Eastern and Irish setter field trial events to take place in the South this year.

Since writing the above, which was received officially from one of the club officials, we have received the following telegram, dated Nov. 12: "The U. S. trials commence on Nov. 25, following the Eastern. Grounds drawn. Birds plenty. W. B. Stafford." This is very gratifying news to all field trial men.

N. E. B. CLUB'S FIELD TRIALS.

THE third annual field trials of the New England Beagle Club, which were held at Oxford, Mass., Nov. 4-7, were the most successful in the history of the club. Not only were there more starters than at any previous trial, but the quality of the beagles as a whole was very high and the work in the Derby and Champion Stakes has never been surpassed.

The highest honors were carried off by Baronet, imported by Thos. Shallcross from the kennels of Mr. Crankshaw, Plover, Cheshire, England. He showed nose, endurance, speed and rabbit sense in his work and won the specials for the best beagle in the field as well as first prize in the most hotly contested Derby yet run at a beagle trial. The other principal winners are well known to the patrons of bench shows and field trials and need no description.

As in previous years the club made its headquarters at Bacon's Hotel. Everyone was well cared for at this comfortable hostelry and Mr. Bacon sustained his reputation for serving the best lunches in the field that are provided at any of the various trials. Among those present during the week were: H. S. and O. F. Joslin, Geo. B. Appleby, Oxford, Mass.; Geo. F. Reed, Barton, Vt.; W. S. Clark, Walter Randall, Linden, Mass.; Thos. Shallcross, Howard Almy, F. W. Cielfeld, Providence, R. I.; E. O. Cornforth, Slatersville, R. I.; F. W. Chapman, Ellsworth, Me.; A. D. Fiske, Worcester, Mass.; A. H. Morse, Quinnebaug, Conn.; H. B. Tallman, Greene, R. I.; A. Parry, Franklin Park, Mass.; W. L. Redfern, E. O. Smith, John Roney, Woonsocket, R. I.; F. G. Stewart, New York, N. Y.; Jas. Wood, Pawtucket, R. I.; H. W. Lacy, Allen Chamberlain, Boston, Mass.; Patrick Kennedy, Peabody, Mass.; Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass., and others.

The judges were Arthur Parry and H. B. Tallman. They did their difficult work carefully and their decisions were well received. Game was not hard to find, but the Oxford cottontail has a bad habit of going to earth at the first opportunity and the majority of the runs were short ones.

After the trials Spark R. was purchased by Mr. Redfern and Skip II. by Mr. Almy.

On Monday evening President H. S. Joslin called the annual meeting to order at 8:50. Eleven members were present. Routine business having been disposed of the election of officers took place with the following result: President, H. S. Joslin; Vice-President, A. D. Fiske; Secretary-treasurer, W. S. Clark; Executive Committee, Thos. Shallcross and Henry Hanson.

The meeting then adjourned and a session of the field trial committee was held and the Derby entries called upon to fill. Geo. F. Reed's Spinaway R. in the 15in. Derby and F. W. Chapman's Fury and Howard Almy's Snap in the 13in. Derby forfeited. The others were drawn as reported in the summary.

Tuesday.

Clouds covered the sky on Tuesday morning, but by 9 o'clock they had disappeared and the day was a perfect one for the sport. The running in the Derby was completed.

Class C—Derby—15 to 13in.

First Series.

BARONET—HEADLIGHT.—Down at 8:30 in an alder run. Thos. Shallcross handled Baronet and Geo. B. Appleby Headlight. Baronet worked out his ground carefully. He showed a better nose than his rival, and when the game was up was full as fast. He marked his rabbits to earth prettily, tonguing and digging at the mouth of the burrows. Two rabbits were run during the heat, Baronet easily winning. Headlight appeared to be somewhat deaf and had difficulty in locating the direction in which the chase lay. Up at 9.

TRILL—DOMINO.—Down at 9:05 in the cover where the preceding brace had run. A. H. Morse handled Trill and E. O. Cornforth Domino. Trill moved easily and covered her ground at a good clip, circling wide when at fault. Domino was slower and at times inclined to potter. Trill won the race easily. Up at 9:35.

SUNBEAM—PHANTOM.—Cast off at 9:45 in a brush field. W. S. Clarke handled Sunbeam and A. H. Morse Phantom. Four rabbits were started during the race. Phantom, who has had but four weeks' experience on game, covered his ground well, and when the rabbit was up drove prettily and at good speed. He had the best of the race. Sunbeam was a trifle slower than Phantom and not as good in nose. Up at 10:25.

This race completed the first series, and the second was commenced immediately.

Second Series.

PHANTOM—TRILL.—These prettily matched beagles are kennel mates and were both handled by A. H. Morse. They are used to running together, and now gave us the best race of the day. They had the good luck to start one of the few rabbits in Oxford that are willing to run, and away they went at a gait which left the judges panting in the rear. Finally bunny went to earth, and at 10:35 the hounds were taken up. The race was a close one, but Trill's greater experience told in her favor, and she was the winner by a narrow margin.

PHANTOM—BARONET.—Down at 10:40. Phantom was more dashy and showy than Baronet, but the latter did the better work. Three rabbits were found, and the last made a pretty chase. Baronet won, though it was not a walkover by any means. Up at 11:17.

TRILL—BARONET.—This brace was put down at 11:23 to run for first and second places. Baronet kept up his careful work and succeeded in defeating his more stylish rival. He ran truer to the trail and was steadier than Trill. Up at 12:25.

Lunch of hot oyster stew, sandwiches, coffee, fruit and things that delight a hungry sportsman, was served at the Shepardson farm, and the judges then announced their awards: First to Baronet, second to Trill, third to Phantom; reserve, Sunbeam.

OXFORD, Mass., Oct. 5.—Derby for beagles, 15 to 13in., whelped on or after Jan. 1, '94. Forfeit $3; $5 additional to run. First prize 40 per cent., second 30 per cent., and third 20 per cent. of entry fees and forfeits.

First Series.

BARONET—Awashonk Kennels' b., w. and t. dog (Dauntor—Reckless)

with

HEADLIGHT—H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. bitch (Frank Forest—Triumph).

TRILL—Bradford S. Turpin's t. and w. bitch (Royal Krueger—Queenie),

with

DOMINO—Cornforth & Deane's b., w. and t. dog (Melrose—Wenonah).

SUNBEAM—W. S. Clark's w. and t. bitch (Buckshot—Nell R.),

with

PHANTOM—A. D. Fiske's b., w. and t. dog (Clyde—Brummy).

After the lunch entries in the 13in. Derby were called.

Class D—the Derby—13in. and Under.

First Series.

THORA—SKIP II.—F. W. Chapman handled Thora and George F. Reed Skip. Thora was timid and refused to hunt. Skip ran a rabbit to earth prettily and worked carefully when trailing, refusing to tongue till the game was afoot. Up at 1:38, after being down a half hour.

THOR.—The bye dog was now put down with Skip and like his litter sister refused to take any part in the sport. He ran a rabbit by sight a few yards and then left the track. Skip drove a rabbit in her usual pretty style and ran the stake with the greatest ease. Up at 2:11.

The judges gave first prize to Skip II. and withheld second and third. This finished the running for the day, as the All-Age classes had not yet been drawn.

OXFORD, Mass., Oct. 5.—Derby for beagles, 13in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, '94. Forfeit $3; $5 additional to run. First prize 40 per cent., second 30 per cent., third 20 per cent. of entry fees and forfeits.

First Series.

THORA—F. W. Chapman's t. and w. bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Butterfly),

with

SKIP II.—George F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch (Buckshot—Jute).

THOR—F. W. Chapman's w. and t. dog (Fitzhugh Lee—Butterfly), handler, owner (a bye).

In the evening the entries in both All-Age classes were called to fill. W. S. Clark's Sunbeam and W. L. Redfern's Music were the only absentees.

Wednesday.

A perfect day, but too warm for hunting. Scent lay badly and much of the work was dull and uninteresting. The 15in. All-Age class was run off and the first brace of the 13in. class.

All-Age Class—15 to 13in.

First Series.

NELL R.—BELLE.—Down at 8:30 in pasture land, Nell handled by Geo. F. Reed, and Belle by W. S. Clark. Nell covered her ground the better and showed greater interest in her work. Belle was indifferent in the first part of the race and did not warm to her work till it was too late. Nell did most of the driving and was an easy winner. Two rabbits were found. Down 55 minutes.

LEWIS—ZENO.—Cast off at 9:30, Lewis in charge of Howard Almy, and Zeno in charge of Thos. Shallcross. Zeno failed to run in the splendid form of last year. Lewis was under excellent control, and showed speed and hunting sense. The driving was slow, as the scent was bad, and Lewis easily proved himself the better in nose. Down 30 minutes.

SPARK R.—MARGUERITE.—Geo. F. Reed and F. W. Chapman were the handlers. Before game was found there was a long, tiresome hunt for fur; then a rabbit was put up and the best race of the morning followed. Spark did most of the leading and picked up most of the losses, but Marguerite packed well and made a pretty run on a rabbit that refused to go to earth for some minutes. Down 40 minutes.

DRUMMER BOY—SPRINGER.—The former was handled by John Roney and the latter by George B. Appleby. Springer was slow and heavy in movement, while Drummer showed great speed. His pace was so fast that he over-ran badly and made frequent losses. However, he easily defeated his running mate in a fast but jerky race. Down one hour.

Everyone was now about used up with the heat, and the rest for lunch was a welcome one. It was after 1 o'clock when the next brace was put down.

SNYDER III.—PRINCE.—All the previous races of the day had been run in the brush pasture, but this pair was cast off in the alder run behind the Shepardson barn. George B. Appleby handled Snyder and Patrick Kennedy Prince. Both beagles started and holed rabbits and both did some good work, but Snyder was superior to Prince in nose and pace and in picking up the losses. Down 55 minutes.

Second Series.

SPARK R.—DRUMMER BOY.—Both beagles were on game, but neither would hark to the other and the race was an unsatisfactory one. Drummer Boy was too fast for his nose. Spark was easily the better and showed intelligence, speed and endurance in his work. Down 20 minutes.

SNYDER III.—LEWIS.—A close race, with the advantage in Lewis's favor. Both worked losses well and beat out their ground prettily in the endeavor to make a start. A rabbit was driven to earth after a short run. Down 10 minutes.

SNYDER III.—NELL R.—It was nearly an hour before a rabbit was found. Then came as even a race as one would care to see. The rivals were equally matched and neither had an advantage over the other. Down 58 minutes.

Third Series.

SPARK R.—LEWIS.—The latter was not as fresh as in his former races and seemed to feel the effect of his hard work. Spark did nearly all the work in a long chase. Down 15 minutes.

The judges gave first prize to Spark R., second to Lewis and divided third between Snyder III. and Nell R.; reserve went to Prince.

OXFORD, Mass., Oct. 6.—All-Age Stake open to all beagles, 15 to 13in., who have not been placed first in any open class at a field trial. Entry fee $3; $5 additional to run. First prize 40 per cent., second 30 per cent. and third 20 per cent. of entry fees and forfeits.

First Series.

NELL R.—Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. and ticked bitch (Ned—Haida)

with

BELLE—Walter Randall's b., w. and t. bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Baby Deane).

LEWIS—Howard Almy's t. and w. dog (Bannerman—Parthenia)

with

ZENO—Awashonk Kennels' b., w. and t. dog (Deacon Tidd—Daisy).

SPARK R.—Geo. F. Reed's b., w. and t. dog (Kennealy's Lee—Skip)

with

MARGUERITE—F. W. Chapman's b., w. and t. bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Dido).

DRUMMER BOY—W. E. Deane's b., w. and t. and ticked dog (Rove—Wenonah)

with

SPRINGER—H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog (Sport—Belle).

SNYDER III.—H. S. Joslin's b., w. and t. dog (Snyder II.—Nancy)

with

PRINCE—D. Quinn's b., w. and t. dog (Sam—Baby Deane).

The running in the 13-inch All-Age class commenced at once.

All-Age Class—13in. and Under.

BABY DEANE—BECKY BATES.—They were cast off just at sunset. Baby was handled by Patrick Kennedy and Becky by W. S. Clark. A rabbit was quickly started, and the race was a pretty one, up and down a hillside into a swamp. Baby showed great hunting sense in her search for game and in casting at a loss. She was a trifle faster than Becky, though the latter was in the race all the time. When it was too dark to distinguish one from the other they were ordered up, and the running for the day was over.

Thursday.

The heavy fog of the morning quickly disappeared and a hot summer's sun beat down all day. Scent, however, lay better than yesterday, and the sport in the champion class was the best of the week. The trials were finished. Becky Bates, who did so well on Wednesday, was withdrawn on account of a severe cold.

FRANCIS—LOLA LEE.—These beagles are as like as two peas and it was difficult to distinguish one from the other. Francis was handled by C. O. Smith and Lola by Walter Randall. The underbrush was very wet and scent lay poorly. Both did some back-tracking, but Francis showed herself to better advantage than Lola and had the best of the poor heat. Down 50 minutes.

BLOSSOM—NANCY LEE.—The former was in charge of A. H. Morse and the latter of Howard Almy. Blossom covered her ground prettily and drove true in a dashing style. Nancy did not press for the lead and acted as if she had been hunted with a faster hound. She merely followed the leader. Down 30 minutes.

FRANCIS—LOLA LEE.—This brace was now given 25 minutes more to see what they would do under more propitious circumstances, but no game was found, and Francis hunted so wild that she could not be found when ordered up.

Second Series.

BLOSSOM—BABY DEANE.—Cast off on a rocky hillside, where a rabbit had been seen. Baby opened first and made the running in a short race. Both are merry, spirited workers, but Baby hunted her ground out better than her mate. Down 29 minutes.

FRANCIS—NANCY LEE.—Francis found a rabbit in a brier patch and drove him prettily to earth. Nancy merely followed. Down 7 minutes.

NANCY LEE—LOLA LEE.—Nancy now ran in better form and depended upon herself and not on her running mate. She won without trouble.

The judges awarded first prize to Baby Deane, second to Blossom and third to Francis. Nancy Lee took the reserve.

OXFORD, Mass., Oct. 6 and 7.—All-Age Stake open to all beagles, 13in. and under, that have not been placed first in any open class at a field trial. Entry fee $3; $5 additional to run. First prize 40 per cent., second 30 per cent., and third 20 per cent. of entry fees and forfeits.

First Series.

BABY DEANE—John Mullane's w., b. and t. bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Belle Dimon)

with

BECKY BATES—C. J. Prouty's w., b. and t. bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Francis Forest).

FRANCIS—W. E. Deane's b., w. and t. bitch (Flute D.—Lady Glenwood)

with

LOLA LEE—Walter Randall's w., b. and t. bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Parthenia).

BLOSSOM.—A. D. Fiske's w., b. and t. bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Lady Novice)

with

NANCY LEE—Howard Almy's w., b. and t. bitch (Fitzhugh Lee—Jude).

The running in the open classes was now ended and immediately after lunch entries for the Champion Stakes were called. Three filled in the 13in. class and one in the 15in. class. H. L. Kreuder's Buckshot and Zillah were to be entered, but did not arrive till Friday morning. The entries are given in the summary.

Champion Class—13in. and Under.

First Series.

OLAF OF DENMARK—LADY NOVICE.—Olaf was handled by Henry Hanson and Lady by A. H. Morse. Both beagles are stylish, merry workers, and were under fine control. Both are fast. Olaf was tonguey and excitable. Lady is very level-headed and quick in catching the turns. She also outfooted Olaf, but the little fellow was in the race every minute and the chase was an exciting and interesting one. Down 15 minutes on a rabbit that proved to be a good runner. Lady the better beagle of the two.

OLAF—SPOT R.—In the draw Spot took the bye and the judges ordered her down with Olaf as a running mate

The first rabbit started was lost, but the second ran well and made another exciting race. It was hustle and go every moment from start to finish, and when bunny was at last forced to take refuge in his burrow every one was glad of a moment's breathing spell. Down 40 minutes. Spot R., handled by George F. Reed, won.

Second Series.

SPOT R.—LADY NOVICE.—This was a race well worth seeing. The rabbit was pressed hard all the time. Both beagles caught the turns beautifully and showed fire and spirit in all they did. Lady, however, was a little faster than Spot, and cast wider at a loss. She was also in better condition. Spot was handicapped by a litter of pups but three weeks old; nevertheless she did splendid work and pressed Lady hard for the prize. It was a race in which a trifle makes all the difference between a win and a loss, and this slight advantage was in favor of Lady. Down 15 minutes.

The judges awarded first to Lady Novice and reserve to Spot R.

OXFORD, Mass., Nov. 7.—Champion Stake, open to all beagles, 13in. and under, that have won a first prize in an open class at any field trial. Fee to run, $10. First prize, 80 per cent. of entry fees and title of field trial champion.

OLAF OF DENMARK—Henry Hanson's b., w. and t. dog (Bannerman—Parthenia),

with

LADY NOVICE—A. D. Fiske's b., w. and t. bitch (Rambler—Lady Vic).

SPOT R.—George F. Reed's b., w. and t. bitch (Kenneally's Lee—Skip), a bye.

In the 15in. Champion Stake there was but one entry, owing to the non-arrival of Buckshot. Spark R. was awarded first, as given in the summary.

SUMMARY.

OXFORD, Mass., Nov. 7.—Champion Stake, open to all beagles, 15 to 13in., that have won a first prize in any open class at a field trial. Fee to run, $10. First prize, 80 per cent. of entry fees and title of field trial champion.

Lady Novice, Baronet and Spark R. were now cast off together to determine which should win the special prizes given for the best beagle in the trials. They had a dashing run of 15 minutes in an open pasture. The rabbit was pressed hard all the time. Each beagle did splendid work and neither had a great advantage. Baronet pleased the judges the best and he received the award. This was by all odds the finest race of the trials and made a splendid wind-up to an enjoyable week.

To determine the winner of the special given for the best bench placed at the trials, all the winners were judged for show points by Judge Parry. Owing to a mistake A. D. Fiske's Phantom was absent and did not compete. Nell R. won.

Best trailer, Baronet.
Best starter, Baby Deane.
Best voice, Trill.
Best Derby entry bred by owner, Phantom.
Most stylish worker, Lewis.
Greatest sustained speed, Lady Novice. J. A. F.

THE INTERNATIONAL TRIALS.

THE annual trials of the International Field Trials Club were held at Mitchell's Bay, 16 miles from Chatham, Ont., commencing on Tuesday morning, Nov. 5, and ending on Thursday afternoon. On the evening before the trials the club met in Chatham and elected the following officers for the ensuing season: President, L. H. Smith, Strathroy, Ont.; First Vice-President, Wm. Brailsford, England; Second Vice-President, Ed. Armstrong, Detroit, Mich.; Secretary-Treasurer, W. B. Wells, Chatham, Ont. Ex. Com.—Messrs. Guttridge, Nicholl, Atkinson, Kime, Bangham, Totten, Smith, Davey, Tristem and Briggs. Auditors.—Messrs. Atkinson and Nicholl.

The matter of holding the trials later in the season was discussed and left to the executive committee for action. After the experiences of the week there is not the slightest doubt that the trials will be held at least two weeks later in ensuing years. A couple of weeks of fine weather can generally be counted on from the beginning of November and in a dry fall it makes the scent unsettled. Besides the climatic conditions, a club in the South has taken the International club's week and the trials always clash. A change of date will avoid this.

The finances of the club were shown by the treasurer's report to be in a flourishing condition.

Early Tuesday morning the party, composed of some twenty people, left for the Bay, where they joined the dogs and their handler, who were already on the ground. A start was made at 9:20 Tuesday morning, when the first brace was put down.

The trials were very unsatisfactory. In fact it is doubtful if more unsatisfactory trials were ever held by any club. It was all owing to the lack of birds and the greater lack of scent. There were certainly some birds in the county, but their presence seemed to be discovered by the dogs more by accident than by keen noses. When a pointer like Ightfield Deemster pounces in upon a bevy of quail, flushing them on all sides without ever being aware of their presence, there is something the matter with the scent. The ground was dry enough to burn, the grass passed a bright yellow and the brush heaps as dry as tinder. An immense amount of territory was discovered during the week, but the conditions were ever the same. Such a dry season was never before known in this locality, and to this condition is due the fact that the field trials were not field trials, but simply a contest of form and style.

The winner of the Derby was on birds only once, and the second prize dog did not have a point during the contest.

The weather throughout was hot and dry. For the first two days the sun's rays were fierce, and on Thursday it was cloudy and oppressive. It was very hard on the dogs, who had to do so much work for nothing. Every well in the county was dry, and the water bottles did not always hold enough to last the dogs till the end of the heat. Thirst therefore did its share in making the trials unsatisfactory.

The dogs were some of the best that ever put nose to earth. Mr. Brailsford, who inaugurated field trials and whose father gave the first bench show the world ever saw, in speaking to your correspondent said, "Rarely, if ever before, did such a splendid list of dogs contest in trials. Had there been other conditions the trials would undoubtedly have been of the highest order and among the best."

The judges—Thos. Guttridge, Chatham, Ont.; L. H. Smith, Strathroy, Ont., and Wm. Tristem, Detroit, Mich.—had their work cut out for them, but they did it to the best of their ability on the little work they had a chance of seeing. Their decisions in the Derby were universally commended, that sterling old sportsman, Wm. Brailsford, complimenting them on their judgment.

Mary Gold, the liver and white pointer bitch, the property of the Leamington (Ont.) Pointer Kennels, secured first place in the Derby. She is a beautiful little bitch, a hard and conscientious worker, and covers a lot of ground. Gold's only point was the prettiest of the week. She was showing great speed in a rough chopping on the evening of the first day, when she wheeled like lightning and came to a steady point at a treetop. She held it beautifully. It was evidently that point, combined with her splendid ranging abilities and beautiful style, that landed her the honor.

Brighton Dick has a great appetite for work. His style is not perfect, but he ranges with rare ability, cutting out his ground at a great rate. He outpaced several of his brace mates in this event. He has a nasty habit of giving tongue, especially in his first heat of the day.

Dash Antonio covered himself with glory in the All-Age Stake by winning the first prize. He has perfect style and ranging abilities. He was handicapped by a sore tail.

Brighton Dick, second in the All-Age Stake, had some bird work in it. He strengthened the favorable impression he created in the Derby by a couple of beautiful points. His backing was also splendid.

Ightfield Deemster decided third prize in the All-Age Stake with the pointer bitch Faustina. This decision was the only one of the judges' that was at all questioned, and that but slightly. Deemster did three times as much work in the stake as any other dog, and did it remarkably well.

The first brace put down on Tuesday morning was Merry Boy, of the Leamington Kennels, and Selkirk Tessa, W. B. Wells's setter bitch. Both showed good style and ranged well. Nothing found.

At 10:35 Winnie H., Thos. Hallam's setter bitch, and Count Vassar, Jos. Spracklin's setter dog, were put down. Neither showed much speed or style or located game. The Count pointed and flushed a partridge.

Ightfield Mentor and Brighton Maud, the former the property of Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale and the latter of T. G. Davey, were next. No game was located. Both dogs showed considerable speed and aptitude for work. Mentor's style seemed a little more attractive than the bitch. Their range was thorough and systematic.

Bonnie Dan of Coldhill, another of the English string, and Brighton Dick were put down at 1:05, after lunch. Dick showed good style and speed, outpacing Dan, who, however, did some beautiful ranging.

Selkirk Belinda (W. B. Wells) and Mary Gold were put down in the stubble. Belinda showed the greater speed at the first of the heat, but her style was not up to that of Mary Gold, who at once took every lady's fancy. Some excellent quail country was crossed, but nothing found during the entire heat.

Merry Boy and Selkirk Iris (W. B. Wells) went down next. Ivis did some very fine ranging until she flushed a quail and gave chase. Boy dropped to the flush splendidly. After that their ranging was very good.

Brighton Maud and Mary Gold gave a pretty heat, but nothing was seen of game. They ranged as before.

Mentor and Balinda set off through a cornfield, but failed to locate a marked bevy. The dogs were worked in the direction the birds were seen to go, and Mentor soon came to a pretty point on foot scent. No game was found. Balinda made a good point some time afterward, but spoiled her chances by breaking and running.

At 5 o'clock Iris and Dick went down with game near them. They worked energetically until Dick dropped to a flush of a bevy. There were no points in the heat, but the presence of game made both dogs show good style.

Bonnie Dan and Maud were the last brace put down on Tuesday. Each made a good point and showed great improvement over their former work.

Wednesday.

The second day started with Mary Gold and Brighton Dick in wheat stubble, where birds ought to be, but were not. Dick did his fox-hunting act, and initiated the bitch; but it was a very few minutes before each was working away independently and showing some very fine ranging, the bitch having the advantage in style. They were taken up at 7:55.

Mentor and Maud then went down and gave some very pretty work, the dog showing to the better advantage. He pointed beautifully through a fence, and the setter backed well. Mentor drew up and got over the fence. The setter did likewise, but lost the scent, cut in ahead of the dog, and flushed a single and dropped immediately. On the whole, it was very satisfactory work, and the dogs were taken up after a ten-minute heat.

Selkirk Tessa and Brighton Maud then went down. They ranged through a chopping, but passed a bevy of quail. The dogs were worked back toward them, but so wretched was the scent when the birds were on the dry twigs that the bevy was nearly missed again. Maud, however, led in a pretty point, and Tessa soon followed. They both dropped to a flush. The same performance ensued in the next field.

Bonnie Dan and Winnie H. gave a very slow heat, the latter being the more rapid. As to style each was good, but they located nothing.

Mentor and Dick went down in the last heat in the contest, evidently to determine some prize. They got no game, but did some pretty work. Dick outpaced his brace mate and showed to better advantage. When they were taken up the judges went into consultation and determined the prize winners. In giving the decisions Mr. Smith referred to the hard work of the judges on account of the lack of bird work and said they had done the best they could.

The result gave general satisfaction.

First prize, 40 per cent. of stake $70.00, Mary Gold, liver and white pointer bitch, owned by the Leamington (Ont.) Pointer Kennels. Second prize, 20 per cent. of stake, $35.00, Brighton Dick, black and white setter dog, owned by T. G. Davey, London, Ont. Third prize, 15 per cent. of stake, $26.25, Ightfield Mentor, liver and white pointer dog, owned by Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale, England. Fourth prize, 10 per cent. of stake, $17.50, Brighton Maud, sister to Dick.

The All-Age Stake.

Dash Antonio and Luke, W. B. Wells's black and white setter dog, started off at a lively gait and did some very rapid and systematic ranging, Dash taking the lead. Before they were down long Dash made an excusable flush and dropped. Dash soon held a point well, but no game was found. Luke pointed shortly afterward, and Dash coming up the wind backed well. A single was flushed.

At 10:50 Cleopatra, a black, white and tan setter bitch, owned by Wells, went down with Beppo's Maid, a liver and white pointer bitch from Leamington. Cleo's style was the better and she outpaced her also. The range of both was good, but did not bring forth any game.

After lunch Deemster set a merry pace for Faustina, T. G. Davey's pointer bitch. The scent was decidedly off in a country where birds must have been. Deemster's work was very good and the bitch showed herself to be very hard working and thorough. Deemster came to a point in a chopping, but the bitch crossed without giving any sign. No game was found then or in the heat.

Miss Fortune (Davey) and Roma (Brailsford), two setter bitches, went down at 1:05. The latter proved herself to be a decidedly stylish worker, but the speed of each was about the same. They ranged well, but the only thing the heat brought forth was a false point by Roma, which she drew to well.

Brighton Dick and Ridgeview Tenny (Leamington) went down at 2 o'clock. Dick showed himself to be the better dog. Tenny's range did not take in enough territory, while his mate circled well. The scent was certainly off. Shortly afterward Dick made a flush and dropped to wing, while Tenny came up and pointed; as he did so the birds flushed. At 3:20 the dogs were taken up after a good heat.

Musa, Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale's dog, drew the bye and was put in a chopping by herself. She failed to locate any game, but showed good style and speed.

The second series was commenced by Beppo's Maid and Cleopatra going down together at 3:55, and worked as before. Beppo made a steady point and Cleo backed Maid, but no game was found.

Deemster and Faustina were then put down together. The former was not long in coming to a splendid point. Faustina came up from another quarter and rapidly swung into a point. The dog was sent on and flushed six birds, dropping immediately. Shortly afterward both dogs got into a bevy of quail in a chopping, but though birds rose on all sides of them, no points were made. The birds were sitting on dry twigs and made no scent. This work was not very satisfactory. Deemster again made a point and the bitch crossed it, but noticed nothing. There was no game.

This concluded the day's work.

Thursday.

An early start was made on Thursday and Deemster and Faustina again went down before 7 o'clock. Their work was as before, when no game was located.

Miss Fortune and Ightfield Roma then went down. Miss Fortune made a flush and immediately dropped, behaving well. Again she made a poor point in a brush pile. Roma flushed a single shortly after and dropped. The bird rose while she was moving. The rest of the heat was taken up with clearer work on both sides.

Cleopatra and Beppo's Maid followed, the former outpointing the latter, while both showed good style and an aptitude for work. There was game in the region and they acted cautiously, but nothing was found.

Deemster outranged Faustina in the next heat when they were put down together, but each showed that he or she was not afraid of work. There was no game found.

Luke and Dick went down together at 11:25 in a stubble field. Luke outpaced his mate, who gave tongue and followed, afterward settling down to steady and independent work. In going down the side of a thicket Luke wheeled and pointed Dick backed. Again no game. Shortly afterward Dick pointed independently and dropped to a flush. Then he pointed again shortly afterward, and Luke backed well; but again no game. The dogs did well, considering the conditions.

Deemster and Dash Antonio then went down. Deemster pointed, but nothing was found. A few minutes later Deemster made another point, flushed and leaped across a ditch in the direction of his bird. Here he dropped and behaved well. The heat was a very short one.

Musa and Faustina were the last brace down before lunch. Faustina drew to a flush. As she drew up to a point a little later Musa ran in and flushed a single. A few minutes' more ranging produced a steady point from Faustina, who dropped to a flush; Musa gave chase.

After dinner Faustina and Cleopatra were put down and ranged very well. Both dogs flushed birds a little later, the bevy raising without a point being made. Up at 1:30.

Dash Antonio and Brighton Dick.—Dash outpaced his rival and showed better style. He pointed a hare, and when he discovered his mistake he looked back at Dick, who was backing him, as much as to say, "Well, you're fooled too." The heat showed no work on game.

This was the last of the trials, and the judges gave their decisions. First prize, 40 per cent. of stake, $46, Dash Antonio, blue belton setter dog, owned by William Bangham, Windsor, Ont. Second prize, 30 per cent. of stake, $34.50, Brighton Dick. Third prize, 15 per cent. of stake, $7.25, divided between Ightfield Deemster, liver and white pointer dog, owned by Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale, England, and Faustina, liver and white pointer bitch, owned by T. G. Davey, London, Ont.

There was a larger crowd than usual following the dogs, and all had a pleasant time.

Mr. W. B. Wells, the painstaking secretary-treasurer of the club, left no stone unturned to insure the enjoyment of the week by all those at the Bay. At the meeting of the club he was unanimously re-elected to the office which he has filled so well for years. His work was fully appreciated by all, and his failure to take a prize with any of his excellent canines was a matter of regret.

ROD RANDOM.

CHATHAM, Ont.

Mr. A. M. Young, of the Manchester Kennel Co., made us a very pleasant call one day last week. He mentioned that birds were fairly plentiful in his section of Tennessee,

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

UNDER date of Nov. 5 Mr. P. T. Madison, secretary of the Continental Field Trials Club, writes us as follows concerning the abandonment of the trials: "I have received letters from Stoddard, Buckle, Mayfield, Gray, Johnson and Hammond, and they all tell the same story: 'No birds.' Mr. Stoddard worked Tick Boy and other good dogs all day without finding a bird. They all say that from nothing to three small bevies in a day's hunt is the result. There are no birds in North Carolina; Tucker could not find any birds at High Point and has gone to South Carolina. As a result of this state of affairs we have received but twenty-six entries to our All-Age Stake. I therefore went to Chicago yesterday with proxies enough to constitute a quorum of the advisory board. After canvassing the situation thoroughly we decided that the best thing to do under the circumstances was to declare the trials off. The forfeits will all be returned at once, and the club will be in a financial condition to give trials next year. I regret exceedingly this state of affairs and yet I think we did the right thing."

Mr. C. E. Buckle's excellent communication is worthy of the earnest consideration of all who are interested in field trials. He points out a feature which at one time was so common that it was farcical. It is still used too much. Criticism from fair and skillful sportsmen like Mr. Buckle would soon suppress the absurdities which have more or less a footing in the competition.

The Messrs. Rutherfurd will sell at public auction a number of fox-terriers to make room for younger stock. For particulars, see their announcement in our advertising columns.

Messrs. G. Muss-Arnolt, Washington A. Coster, Fred. Hodgman and S. C. Bradley arranged to leave for Newton, N. C., on the 12th inst., the Eastern Field Trials Club's trials being the attraction.

We take the liberty of publishing an item, concerning dogs, from a letter written by Lieut. H. T. Allen, for some years military attaché at St. Petersburgh and now of Fort Riley, Kans. Mr. Allen mentions that he has started a kennel of Russian wolfhounds which number five at present, including Col. Dietz and two which Mr. Allen imported. He remarks: "I could get no better dogs or better bred ones in Russia than these I have." Mr. Allen has organized a post foxhound club, to whose revenues he will devote the proceeds of the sales of puppies from his kennel, a generosity which is all the more admirable for its rarity.

The Western Massachusetts Fox Club's eighth annual meet is fortunate in having its meet after rain had fallen, thus escaping the effects of the drought which have proved so disastrous to similar events. This meet takes place at Westfield, Mass. on Nov. 13 and 14. The annual dinner is served on the evening of the first day.

Mr. Wm. Brailsford, who has so skillfully managed the interests of Mr. Heywood-Lonsdale in the field trials and withal so pleasingly as to add many more to his already large circle of friends in America, sailed for England on the Majestic on Wednesday of this week. Mr. Brailsford and Bob Armstrong made a brief call in FOREST AND STREAM'S office on Tuesday. The former expressed himself as being much pleased with his visit.

In our advertising columns, C. C. Gaines, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., offers broken setter, G. A. Buckstaff, Oshkosh, Wis., offers prize-winning beagles. West Philadelphia Kennels, Philadelphia, offer terriers and collies. Box 108, Stevensville, Pa., offers setters. J. Feulner, Cherry Valley, N. Y., offers setter. H. N. Howell, Lancaster, Pa., offers broken setter. I. M. D., New York, offers cockers. G. O. Allen, Mountville, Conn., offers broken setters. F. Cavanaugh, Boston, offers broken setter.

Postponement of Meet.

THE executive committee of the National Fox Hunters' Association met at Lexington Nov. 6 and decided to postpone their annual meet until Dec. 2, '95. Cause, unprecedented drought. ROGER WILLIAMS, ch. com.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

BRED.

Mr. E. Goodall's Beauty, cocker spaniel bitch, Oct. 19, to Corktown Cupid.
Mr. Arthur Knowlton's Fern, English setter bitch, Oct. 26, to Kent III.
Mr. W. H. Worth's
Lawn Hazel, Gordon setter bitch, Sept. 2, to Don N.
Lawn Nance, Gordon setter bitch, Aug. 24, to Don N.
Hilda, Gordon setter bitch, Sept. 4, to champion Rexmont.

SALES.

Corktown Kennels have sold
Œnone, cocker spaniel bitch, to Mr. F. Boulton.
Corktown Flirt, cocker spaniel bitch, to Mr. G. Crabb.
Corktown Trilby, cocker spaniel bitch, to Mr. E. Goodall.
Corktown Chappie, cocker spaniel dog, to Mr. E. W. Fiske.
Corktown Rex, cocker spaniel dog, to Mr. Robt. Aull.
Corktown Taffy, cocker spaniel dog, to Mr. John Firsching.
Mr. W. H. Worth has sold
Lawn Flirt, Gordon setter bitch, to Mr. Wm. Snyder.
Lawn Donald, Gordon setter dog, to Mr. Walter L. Wilder.
Lawn Riot, Gordon setter dog, to Dr. J. W. McCausland.
Mr. J. N. Alexander has sold Chappie, wire-haired fox-terrier dog, to Mr. F. A. Cadwell.

Yachting.

THE Boston *Herald* sets forth in excellent shape the many serious objections to the continuance of the 90ft. class and the advantages to be gained by the revival in its place of the 70ft. class or its modern equivalent. We can commend the *Herald's* arguments most heartily, as they are the same that we have advanced since 1886, and which on each occasion have been ridiculed by the *Herald*, with its fallacious plea for the "fastest yacht" to defend the America's Cup. What it says to-day was equally true when the New York Y. C. refused to enter into an agreement with the Royal Clyde Y. C. in the fall of 1886; when the new deed of gift was made immediately after the receipt of Mr. Charles Sweet's challenge in 1887, and again in 1889 when the motion that the club should meet Valkyrie I. with a 70-footer was declared out of order by the Commodore. We sincerely hope that the arguments of the Boston *Herald* may prove convincing, and that the last yacht of the 90ft. class has been built for international or any other racing. At the same time it must be a matter of regret if the class be allowed to pass away, by conversion or corrosion, without some conclusive racing between Valkyrie III. and Defender. We should like to see these two yachts raced thoroughly and skillfully for a series of races, no matter what the prize may be; until their exact merits on every point of sailing and under all ordinary conditions are satisfactorily demonstrated, and then to see them give way to a fleet of smaller yachts, of not over 75ft. racing length.

WE learn with great regret that the Boston *Herald* disapproves of the new 15ft. class, on the excellent ground that it is promoted by "Anglo-Maniacs." This is a serious charge, and worthy of full consideration before anything further is done toward new challenges and boats. In view of the very high position in international racing now occupied by the "Boston *Herald* man" as the American representative of Lord Dunraven, it might be well for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. to seek his advice as to just what obsolete type of "mean length" skimming-dish or sandbagger the club should adopt in place of the 15-footer, in order to avoid the stigma of encouraging Anglo-Mania.

Defender's Measurement.

A PERFECT storm of angry condemnation has been aroused in this country by the news cabled from London on Nov. 9, that Lord Dunraven, in a long article in the *Field* of that date, had made the charge that Defender took on ballast between the two official measurements made on Sept. 6 and Sept. 8. The article in the *Field*, which will be published by his Lordship in pamphlet form, alludes as follows to this matter:

'I would confine myself to the cause of my withdrawal, namely, overcrowding of the course, were it not that other matters have been alluded to in the report to the New York Y. C. made by the Cup committee."

He thereupon proceeds to take up the matter of measuring the yachts, and quotes terms of the agreement, including the New York Y. C. rule that the measurer should affix distinctive marks at each end of the load waterline. He then goes on:

"I was under the impression that this rule meant that vessels would be marked on stem and stern in such a way as to make marks externally visible, as is the case under our yacht racing association rules, but I learned at a meeting with the Cup committee on Aug. 30 that, according to the practice of the New York Yacht Club, the load waterline length is marked by a couple of copper tacks on deck. I did not consider this method of marking satisfactory, as it obviously afforded no means of judging whether the vessel was sailing on her proper measured length or not, but I contented myself with observing that it did not appear to me of much practical value, as I did not feel justified in demanding a departure from the ordinary usage without some strong and definite cause.

"Sept. 4 Mr. Smith, chairman of the Cup committee, informed me that Mr. Iselin was anxious for the agreement to be amended so as to insure that one clear week day should intervene between each race. To this I agreed and took the opportunity afforded by this reopening of the agreement to press upon the committee, in the following letter, my views on the subject of measuring and marking previously expressed in conversation:

"'439 FIFTH AVENUE, Sept. 5, 1895.

"'DEAR MR. CANFIELD: I have received your letter notifying me of the alteration of dates. That question having been reopened, I wish to call your attention to another matter which, on reflection, I do not consider satisfactory. This contest may possibly extend over a period of ten days or a fortnight. It is obvious that alterations in the load waterline length of a vessel may, under present conditions, be made without an owner's knowledge and without the possibility of detection. It is, of course, impossible to guard absolutely against such an occurrence, but these contests cannot be compared with ordinary races, and in the interest of the public and of the owners, who have to do their best to see that rules are obeyed, it is surely right and necessary that the Cup committee should take every precaution to see that the vessels sail on their measured load waterline length.

"'For this reason I request that the measurer be instructed to mark each vessel's measured load waterline length on stem and stern, and to take any steps that he or the committee think advisable, by remeasurement at any time, or by any other means, to ascertain that the load waterline length as measured is not exceeded in sailing. To mark the vessels is a perfectly simple matter. A scratch with a file or chisel and a distinct paint mark should suffice. Yours very truly,

"'DUNRAVEN.'"

"To that letter I received no written reply, but my understanding was, and I was told verbally, that the committee saw no object in reconsidering the points involved. I did not further press the matter, as I considered the committee responsible, and that, unless necessity compelled, I had no right to insist. The agreement was signed by Mr. Smith and myself on board of the Valkyrie's tender, City of Bridgeport, on Sept. 6.

"The first race was sailed Sept. 7. I am of the opinion that the Defender did not sail on her measured load waterline length during that race. I should first explain that, to the best of my belief, none of the gentlemen interested in the Defender lived on board of her or on board of her tender, the Hattie Palmer; that the Defender's crew slept on board of her, and that in consequence a good deal of material—men's cots, etc.—had to be transferred backward and forward between the Hattie Palmer and the Defender. We had a good opportunity of observing the Defender when she lay close to us in Erie Basin, previous to docking, after her final trial race with the Vigilant, on Aug. 31. When she came into the Basin to be measured on Sept. 6, it was plain to me, as to all on board the City of Bridgeport, that she was floating considerably higher than on former occasions. This was, of course, quite unobjectionable.

"I may mention that, according to Mr. Hyslop, the official measurer, the Defender was some 6in. shorter when measured for the Cup races than when measured for the Goelet cup race. Both yachts lay inside Sandy Hook on Friday night. The Defender's tender, Hattie Palmer, lay alongside of her, and the crew were at work from dark to 1 o'clock in the morning. On Saturday morning early my attention was drawn by those on board the City of Bridgeport, including representatives of her American crew, to the fact that the Defender was visibly deeper in the water than when measured. She so appeared to me, but as her tender was alongside and engaged, apparently, in taking material out of her, it was impossible to form a definite opinion at that time.

"When I put Mr. Henderson, my representative, on board the Defender about 9 o'clock in the morning, after the Hattie Palmer had left her, I felt perfectly certain that the Defender was immersed deeper than when measured. Not only was her bobstay bolt nearer the water, which might have been the result of an alteration of trim, but judging by the line of bronze plating and by the fact that a pipe amidships, which was flush with the water when she was measured, was nowhere visible, she was in my deliberate opinion floating about 4in. deeper in the water than when measured.

"I was reluctant to make a formal complaint to the Cup committee on a matter which it was, of course, impossible for me to verify, and in any case nothing could be done before the race was started. But as soon as Mr. Latham A. Fish, a member of the committee, came on board the Valkyrie as the Defender's representative, and before the race was started, I stated the whole case to him. I told him I thought that some mistake had been made, and that all the weight put into the Defender, after measurement, had not been taken out before the race; that I was positively certain she was sailing at least a foot beyond her proper length, and I requested him to take the earliest opportunity of mentioning the matter to the committee.

"Mr. Fish asked me what suggestions I could make. I replied to the effect that I wished the committee to put one of its members or some reliable representative on board of each yacht immediately after the race, and to have both vessels remeasured, if possible, that evening. If that were impossible, that the members of the committee or their representatives should stay on board in charge of the vessels until they were measured; that the load waterline should be marked on both vessels externally, in such a way as to be plainly visible, and that the members of the committee should take any other steps they thought desirable to insure that the yachts should not exceed their load waterline length when racing.

"I put Mr. Fish on board of the committee boat immediately after the race. No action was taken that evening beyond ordering the vessels to be remeasured and marked externally on the day following. No members or representatives of the committee were placed in charge pending remeasurement, as I had requested. Had this been done my contention that the Defender exceeded her measured length, and the extreme limit of length imposed by the agreement and deed of gift, namely, 90ft., would have been proved or disproved. The Defender lay on Saturday night at Bay Ridge with the Hattie Palmer alongside of her. Both yachts were measured the following day, Sunday afternoon, when their load waterline length was found to be practically the same as when measured on the Friday previous. But, obviously, that fact affords no proof that either or both of them had not exceeded their measured length when sailing on Saturday.

"My action in making this complaint has been severely criticised. I will only say that I considered it my duty to act as I did, and that I asked for nothing that I was not ready and willing to submit to myself."

The foregoing is all the pamphlet contains on the subject of measurement. The rest is a restatement of Dunraven's case.

At Mr. Iselin's request a special meeting of the New York Y. C. will be held on Nov. 18 to consider the subject of Lord Dunraven's charge.

Mr. Rose's Late Challenge.

THE following correspondence probably disposes finally of the challenge sent by Mr. Charles Day Rose and the Victoria Y. C.:

39 HILL STREET, BERKELEY SQUARE, Oct. 29, 1895.

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your letter of Oct. 16, and again beg to thank you for all the courtesy you have extended to me in my recent challenge for the America Cup.

I beg that you will accept my assurance of my great regret in having found it necessary to withdraw the same.

I am writing to Mr. J. D. Smith, the chairman of the committee, on the subject and have no doubt that you will have an opportunity of learning from him the motives that have influenced me in coming to this decision.

The outcome is naturally a great disappointment to all those that desire to see a fair contest. Yours faithfully, CHARLES D. ROSE.

J. V. S. ODDIE, Esq., Secretary, New York Y. C., New York.

ROYAL VICTORIA Y. C., RYDE, Oct. 28, '95.

DEAR SIR: I am instructed by the sailing committee of the Royal Victoria Y. C. to confirm my telegram of Oct. 24 as follows:

"Secretary New York Y. C., New York;

"Have received letter from Mr. Rose withdrawing challenge for America Cup. Have called committee. Will mail you officially.

"THELLUSSON."

I also forward you a copy of Mr. C. D. Rose's letter.

I therefore, on behalf of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, hereby withdraw the challenge for the America Cup sent by this club in the name of Mr. C. D. Rose.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letters dated Oct. 9 and 16, for which I am much obliged.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,

PERCY THELLUSSON, Secretary.

To J. V. S. ODDIE, Esq., Secretary New York Y. C., New York.

SUFFOLK HOUSE, NEWMARKET, Oct. 22, 1895.

DEAR SIR: In view of the repeated comments that my challenge for the America Cup might be construed as an expression of opinion on Lord Dunraven's action in connection with the last race, I beg that you will kindly cable to the New York Yacht Club committee that I desire to withdraw my challenge.

I should like to add that when I decided to send a challenge I did so solely in the interests of sport and with the desire to win back the America Cup, and that no question concerning any incidents of the last series of races in any way influenced me. I therefore naturally deplore my action having been misconstrued. Believe me yours faithfully, CHARLES D. ROSE.

To the Secretary of the New York Yacht Club.

"James D Smith, Esq., 42 Broad street, New York:

"DEAR SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favors of Oct. 15 and 16, the former advising me of the appointment of a committee of gentlemen to arrange the conditions of a match for the America's Cup of 1896, and the latter inclosing copy of a letter sent to the Secretary of the Royal Victoria Y. C. embodying the conditions formulated.

"Since your letters were written you will have received intimation that, to my great regret, I have decided to withdraw my challenge.

"I have been influenced in coming to this decision entirely through the motives that have been attributed to my action in making the challenge.

"Although it is, perhaps, unnecessary to send you a formal contradiction of many statements that have been made, I should be glad if you would kindly assure your committee that when I decided on sending the challenge it was done entirely in the interests of sport generally, and with the desire to win back the America's Cup, and at the same time it never occurred to me for one moment that my action would be construed by the public into a personal expression of opinion on the result of the last series of races. As, however, the press generally, and a certain section of the public, thought fit to impute to me other motives, and such as might tend to weaken the good feeling that has hitherto existed between the sporting community of the two countries, I trust that your committee will recognize that I have taken the only course that is possible, and exonerate me from any intention of treating the acceptance of my challenge in any other way than with the consideration it is entitled to.

"I beg to thank you personally and your committee for the courteous manner in which they have dealt with my challenge, and only regret that I have found it impossible to proceed further in the matter. "I remain yours faithfully,

"CHARLES D. ROSE."

"39 HILL STREET, Berkeley Square, Oct. 29, 1895."

Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

THIRD ANNUAL MEETING.

New York, Nov. 7-8.

THE first session of the third annual meeting of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers was opened at 10 A. M. on Thursday, Nov. 7, at the house of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, 12 W. 31st st, New York, with President Griscom in the chair. After a short address by the president and the reading of the report of the auditing committee, and other routine business, the first paper on "American Maritime Development," was read, by Capt. Henry C. Taylor, U. S. N., President of the Naval War College. The paper presented forcibly and at some length the opportunities for the development of the commerce of the United States in the northern portion of South America, Capt. Taylor strongly urging the necessity for studying the details of this trade with a view to providing the best possible types of vessels for it. He also urged the necessity for the early completion of the Nicaragua Canal. The paper elicited general commendation.

The Centerboard.

Owing to an unforeseen occurrence, it became necessary to postpone paper No. 2 until Friday, so paper No. 9 was put in its place, on "The Centerboard—Its Influence on Design, its Value and its Proper Use," by W. P. Stephens, Associate, Yachting Editor of THE FOREST AND STREAM. The papers are all copyrighted by the society, but the following extracts from Mr. Stephens' paper are published by permission:

The words "ship" or "vessel" convey inevitably to the mind the idea of a single unbroken water-tight structure, oblong in general proportions, built up on a solid keel, and partaking more or less, whether in the primitive canoe of the savage or the great modern "liner," of one conventional form.

Outside of this great class, comprising the vast majority of craft of all ages, is found a mixed fleet of nondescript types which, while serving each its own special purpose, depart greatly from the accepted ideal of a ship, and, in many cases, violate all the canons of naval science. In this class are the various catamarans, the balsas, the outrigged proas, and the surf boats of Madras, and, most remarkable of all such exceptional types, the centerboard craft which has figured so prominently for nearly a century in the history of navigation in America.

To us, familiar with it from our earliest knowledge of the water, the striking characteristics of the type appeal with little force; but if, with our knowledge of the sea, of naval construction, and of the strains and stresses to which every vessel is subjected, the idea were laid before us for the first time of a vessel with the entire backbone and floor construction cut away for the middle third of her length, devoid of deck frame almost from mast to rudder post, with a great box amidships open to the sea, and with a thin movable plane projecting deep below the bottom, it would be strange if the majority would not condemn on sight a combination so unmechanical, so lubberly, and so dangerous. Looking at the centerboard as nearly as possible from their point of view, a purely theoretical one, we can comprehend in a measure the feeling which led the naval architects and yachtsmen of Great Britain to retain until so late a date as 1887 the rule prohibiting the entry of a centerboard yacht.

In that earnest and even bitter controversy between the adherents of the keel and centerboard types which has extended over the greater part of the past fifteen years, and in which it has been my lot to take part as a strong partisan of the keel boat, a great deal has been written on both sides, but little of it other than controversial, and of no permanent technical value. Now that the fight has ended in the full recognition of the keel yacht in America and the admission of the centerboard yacht to all British races, all partisan feeling has disappeared, and, with the prevalence of broader views on both sides through the surprising developments of modern yacht designing, it should be possible to sum up, more thoroughly and fairly than has yet been done, the points, bad and good, of the centerboard type.

The origin and early use of the centerboard may well be omitted and

the subject taken up at the beginning of yachting in America—about 1845. The first yachts were keel boats, closely related, through English models, to the smaller sizes of revenue cutters and commercial vessels. About New York, the birthplace of American yachting, the deeper portions of the water-front were already taken up, even at that early day; there were no wealthy yacht clubs with luxurious houses and costly basins and anchorage grounds; and the few individual yachtsmen were glad to find safe and inexpensive moorings on the mud flats of Communipaw, Gowanus and Hoboken. A very brief experience of the few available yacht anchorages showed how unsuitable they were for even the shoaler of the existing keel yachts; and with the then famous North River packet and freight sloops before them as models, yachtsmen very naturally drifted into the exclusive use of the shoal centerboard type. At first this worked to the advantage of the infant sport; the yachts were inexpensive in construction, their proportions and models permitted the use of stone or slag for ballast, they could be readily beached for cleaning, or hauled up for the winter, without the use of railways, and suitable anchorage could be had at no expense. In such early yachts as the Steers'ce sloop Julia, in which the centerboard was used only as an adjunct to a vessel of good proportions and model, the influence of the board was beneficial; but before many years the whole design of the yacht was subordinated to the centerboard. Without tracing in detail the many steps of the change, it is only necessary to note the contrast between the keel yacht of 1845 and the early centerboard yachts, on the one hand, and, on the other, the extreme centerboard type which was in universal use in America in 1880.

The centerboard lent itself as a willing accessory to the sacrifice of that depth which is essential to a safe range of stability; mere sail-carrying power being derived from an excess of beam, which was but an additional element of danger. In the search for speed under special local conditions, mainly those of summer racing, the true principles of naval architecture, so apparent in the work of George Steers and others of the earlier designers, were utterly ignored, and a most dangerous and vicious school of designing prevailed throughout American yachting.

Taking the centerboard sloop and schooner as they were up to 1880, dangerously shoal and wide in model; often clumsily built of soft wood with the poorest fastenings; faultily ballasted with stone and iron inside; the hull inherently weak in form from the great beam and lack of proportionate depth; the entire middle portion of keel and floors cut away, with the familiar "hinge joint" where the mast was stepped, just forward of the trunk; and with the deck construction made worse than useless as an element of strength through the absence of all beams in the middle portion of the vessel and the presence of a great superstructure, the cabin trunk—the accepted laws of naval design and construction fail to give any reason why such craft capsized no oftener and kept afloat as long as they did; and we can only fall back, for an explanation, on the doctrine of a special providence.

Whatever may be urged for the shoal centerboard type under certain conditions and in skilled hands, the universal adoption of one extreme of this type for all purposes, and to the complete exclusion of all other types, was as criminal as it was discreditable to the technical knowledge of a nation which had before, as it has since, produced the finest pleasure craft ever floated; and the loss of life, which even now continues in a lesser degree, is something fearful to contemplate. The historic capsize of the huge schoooner yacht Mohawk in 1876, drowning owner, wife and friends, was but a trivial incident compared with the innumerable drownings from smaller craft of equally bad design. That certain yachts of this same type have at times made excellent records in hard-weather races, and even at sea (as instanced by the shoal schooner Vesta in the midwinter ocean race of 1866), in no way disproves the serious charges brought against it by its opponents, or justifies its once universal use.

This is one side of the centerboard question, and a very serious and practical one; but there is another which is much pleasanter to look at. The immense areas of shoal water on the ocean and lake coast of the United States and their tributary rivers have called for light draft as the one prime requisite, and especially was this the case before the days of the steamboat and the railroad. At that period the shoal draft sloop or schooner was the sole means of communication, to mention only one typical locality, between New York and the cities of the Hudson River and Long Island Sound, as well as the numerous small places from which came bricks, lumber and all varieties of farm produce. The whole local coasting commerce, both passenger and freight, was carried in vessels of 3 to 6ft. extreme draft, whatever their other dimensions. On such limited draft any considerable amount of appendage outside of the hull proper, for the purpose of increasing the lateral resistance, was impossible; and, with little or no keel, the early vessels were dependent, for what windward power they had, mainly on the clumsy Dutch leeboards. The real development of this inland trade only began with the adoption of the centerboard (first used on the Hudson River about 1830).

From this time on until the river and Sound trade was monopolized by the steamboats and railroads, some time in the sixties, the centerboard coaster was developed into a national institution; soon extending beyond the first narrow limits of bay and river navigation, and finding a permanent and useful place in the coasting trade between New York, Boston, Philadelphia and the ports north and south from Halifax to the West Indies and South America. In the hands of competent and honest shipwrights the centerboard coasting schooner has disproved all theories as to the non-utility of the type for sea-going purposes; in a hull of moderate first cost and running expense it has carried safely, swiftly and profitably its cargoes of coal, lumber, sugar, firewood, barley, bricks or general freight, both on the lakes and on the Atlantic; up and down the "Beach," across Nantucket Shoals and around Hatteras in winter, light or loaded, taking in and landing its cargoes in localities inaccessible to the keel vessel. In the ocean coasting trade it has been, and still is, a powerful factor for good, and in the local trade it has been a godsend to the small farmer or miller or lumberman, carrying his product cheaply and safely from his own small creek or bay to a profitable market. In the face of such practical results all theories as to the initial weakness of the centerboard type or its inferiority as a sea-going vessel must stand aside; numerous instances of bad design and construction may be found, it is true, but they prove nothing against the type itself in capable hands. Prominent among the centerboard working vessels are the schooners used in the oyster trade between New York and Virginia, one of the fastest and best of which, the William H. Van Name, is described in the appendix.

Returning now to yachting, the popular appreciation which has so justly greeted the successful Defender marks the end of the battle begun in 1880 between the centerboard and keel types. The wonderful qualities of the great Herreshoff keel cutter—qualities which have been displayed in her work throughout the whole season, and not alone in the two unsatisfactory races with Valkyrie III.—have been recognized by all American yachtsmen without a murmur over the absence of the national trade-mark, the centerboard. The superiority of the keel over the centerboard type in speed had already been demonstrated in the success of such yachts as the 30-footers Katheen, Saracen and Fancy over Shark, Hawk and the older centerboards of the class; of the 40-footers Minerva and Gossoon over Verena, Nymph, Chiquita, Awa and Choctaw; of Wasp and Gloriana over some of the fastest of the old centerboard sloops of much greater size. In all of these classes, the recognized champions of the old type, Fanita, Rival, Crocodile, Hildegard and many others, have succumbed to the modern keel cutter, in spite of the efforts to improve them by lower ballast and better sails; and, further than this, the keel has triumphed over the deeper and more modern "compromise" centerboard, such as Cinderella, Tigress, Gorilla, Choctaw, Nymph and Awa—yachts which have shared with their keel sisters in all the refinements of modern designing, construction, ballasting and sail-making. The one exception which calls for special note here is the 46-footer Harpoon, designed in 1891 by Mr. Burgess, her beam being 16ft. 1in. and her draft 7ft. 6in., with a lead keel of 18 tons. While her races with the keel boats Wasp and Gloriana were by no means conclusive, she has made an exceptionally good showing for a centerboard against a keel boat in late years.

The racing records from 1889 to 1893 give ample proof of the superior speed of the keel boats over any type of centerboard yacht, in all sizes up to 60ft. waterline; but in the largest class, under 90ft. waterline, the issue was still in dispute up to 1894, Vigilant's success over Colonia and Valkyrie II. in 1893 giving new hope to the adherents of the centerboard. In strict justice, Vigilant has little bearing on the question; the typical centerboard yacht, as it figured for many years in the controversy, was essentially a hull with no appendage other than a scag or after deadwood, and with no outside ballast. The substitution therefor, as the exemplar of the centerboard type, of Vigilant, with about 6ft. of hull proper and 7ft. of appendage, a keel weighing seventy tons, the actual draft of 13ft. without the board being the same as the keel cutters Genesta and Thistle, was in itself a complete surrender. Accepting Vigilant, however, as a legitimate modernization of Gracie, Fanny and Grayling, the superiority of the extreme keel type, both in racing speed and in general good qualities, has now been fully demonstrated by Defender, and there can no longer be made good the claim that the centerboard is even equal to the keel in speed.

If there be any who would still disown Vigilant and advance the claims of a craft of the old centerboard type, it now rests with them to prove the case against such existing evidence as Wasp and Defender. I have tried during the past season to conceive of some type of centerboard yacht which would carry effectively a sail plan of over 12,000sq. ft. on a waterline of 89ft., and I cannot see that such a craft is within the bounds of practicability. The nearest approach would be an improved Vigilant; and such a craft, with a very deep keel and a great weight of low ballast, would be but a begging of the whole question. Neither can I see that it is possible to design a low-powered yacht of the same measurement to compete successfully with Defender. The value of the low weight is so great, with the modern sail plan, that no amount of mere beam can compensate for it without necessitating a form that in so large a yacht would be less speedy and, in many ways, inferior to the beautifully moulded Defender. In yacht racing, as it stands to-day in this country, with no limit to depth or draft, either through natural conditions or the measurement rule, the field of the centerboard yacht is an exceedingly limited one. The yachtsman who is willing to pay the price can win to a certainty through the long lever, the low weight, the limited displacement and wetted surface, and the easy form of the bulb-fin (whether in the most extreme shape of a Niagara or the more moderate sections of Defender and Britannia), having the advantage over every type of centerboard yacht save in the very smallest classes. Once having the fin for a lever-arm to carry the ballast bulb, all necessity for the centerboard as an aid to lateral resistance at once disappears.

The sole exception to this rule is in the very smallest classes recognized by the yacht clubs—those under 25ft. racing length. In the diminutive class which has lately attracted so much attention through the international races of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. between Spruce and Ethelwynn, the centerboard, used in a peculiar form, has still an advantage over the bulb-fin. Under the limits of the class, about 15ft. waterline, 23sq. ft. of sail and a crew of two, all necessary power may be obtained through the weight of the men on the weather deck, and there is a positive loss, in ordinary racing weather, in carrying an extra weight of lead bulb of some 400lbs., to be dragged through the water. Under these conditions, it pays to employ, for purposes of lateral resistance, the peculiar form of centerboard introduced by Mr. Linton Hope, an English designer, in 1894, and improperly known as a "dagger" board; the power being obtained, if such a comparison is admissible, by the weight of the crew acting on a horizontal lever, the half beam of the yacht, instead of by the weight of the bulb acting on a vertical lever, the fin. The effectiveness of this form of board, deep, narrow, moving in solid and undisturbed water, and with all useless surface cut away, needs no demonstration. * * *

Where the advantages of this type end and those of the bulb-fin begin is an open question, but it would seem that in the 20ft. class, where three men are allowed, the same principle maintains, and the crew can best carry the allowed sail plan—some 400sq. ft.—by their own weight. When it comes to the 25ft. class, however, with five men and about 625sq. ft. of sail, it is probably a matter of local conditions whether the Sorceress and Ethelwynn type with the light, deep board will be as successful as the bulb-fin type represented by El Chico and Wenonah. In all larger classes low lead must prevail over live weight, save in the comparatively few clubs where shifting ballast, if not unlimited crews, are still recognized.

If this statement of the case be correct, it might be assumed that there is no further place for the centerboard in yachting, but such is very far from true; in fact, the opportunities now offered to the designer for the production of good types of centerboard yachts are far greater than ever in the past. The fact is clearly recognized that the development of the last five years in yachts has been badly in the extreme; that the gain in speed, while positive and conclusive from the point of view of match sailing and prize winning, is comparatively small in actual minutes, and that the price paid for it is entirely too high. It has been and still is possible to win prizes in any class by a lighter construction and a greater draft of water in each new yacht; the result being a craft of extreme first cost and expensive maintenance, difficult to navigate, limited to very deep water, costly to dock and to berth in winter, and involving extraordinary expense for towing. The racing life of such craft is limited to a couple of seasons, and afterward they have practically no sale value. The building of Defender and Valkyrie III., with a draft of 19 to 20ft. on a waterline of 89ft., and of such fin-keels as Niagara, of 11ft. draft and 46ft. waterline, has, indeed, proved the path made to be the ne plus ultra in extreme; but it has as proved that such extreme craft are other than detrimental to the best interests of yachting, or discouraging to the best class of practical yacht owners.

The conformation of the Atlantic coast and of American waters in general presents certain conditions which must be complied with in order that yachting in both of its branches, racing and cruising, may receive the widest possible support and attain the highest development. Both along the coast and throughout the interior are immense areas of shoal water, under 3ft., and, in many places, as on the Florida coast, under 1ft., in depth. On these waters men wish to sail, for pleasure or business, and, for this purpose only, an extreme form of the centerboard type is practicable. For a draft of but a few inches there is nothing superior to the sharpie, peculiarly an American type, and capable of a wide range of use. It is of cheap construction, and, if properly designed according to the exact conditions of its intended use, may be made practically safe in skillful hands. Another excellent type of shoal yacht is that represented by the cruising yawl Lounger, constructed by H. C. Wintringham, the light draft permitting of use almost anywhere in Florida, while, at the same time, the yacht, when loaded or ballasted deeper, has made the passage by sea from New York to Florida and back. A remarkably good vessel for a similar purpose was the schooner Whim, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith in 1885, with a draft of but 2ft. 8in. on a waterline of 55ft. With a good freeboard, the yacht was loaded to a deeper draft for her many cruises up and down the coast, but when lightened she did excellent service on the shoal Florida rivers.

A different type of shoal yacht is the Cape Cod catboat the Caper, adapted primarily for use in shoal tide harbors and for taking the ground, but doing most of its sailing in deep open water about the Cape, either as a yacht or as a most serviceable fishing boat. While its big rig and hard steering bring it justly under the denomination of a "brute" in the yachtsman's meaning of the word, it still has many positive good qualities as a rough-water boat of very limited draft, and is the best combination of speed, safety and all-round good qualities for racing and cruising that has yet been produced on a total draft of 24 to 30in. That it is capable of improvement can hardly be doubted; but, as it stands to-day, the Cape cat of the standard model, unmarred by the more recent raving improvements, is one of the very best types of shoal centerboard boats. While absolute non-capsizability cannot be obtained on a draft of 30in. or less for a waterline of 25 to 50ft., there is ample practical proof that a reasonably safe and able boat, and one of universal adaptability, may be had from these three classes.

Experience has proved that, in yachting, draft is very largely a matter of habit and education; twenty years ago it was almost an axiom with New York yachtsmen that no yacht up to 50 or 60ft. waterline should draw more than 4ft., or, in extreme cases, 5ft., to be within the limits of practicable use, about 6ft. being allowed for a yacht of 100ft. waterline. Of late years many of these same yachtsmen have taken to craft drawing 10 to 11ft. on a waterline of 40 to 50ft., and have used them, not without inconvenience at times, but, on the whole, with most satisfactory results. One factor, too important to be passed without notice, is the convenient and serviceable naphtha launch which has replaced the old yacht's gig for shore service; but the main thing is that yachtsmen have learned to use and to appreciate deep yachts. While my personal prejudices and predilections have always been for the cutter, such a 40-footer as Minerva or Uvira, and similar craft in the larger sizes, for general yachting about New York, Boston and the coast, and while such yachts have many good qualities to offset the inconveniences of a draft of 9 to 10ft., I can recognize fully the advantages of a draft of not over 6ft. (the working limit within many of our harbors and bays), and the general utility of well-designed yachts within this limit. * * *

In a rather larger class an ideal yacht of this kind is found in the schooner Quicksatep, designed by Mr. Burgess in 1889, of 7ft. draft on a waterline of 65ft.; her steel construction, in addition to the extra room, removing the only objection to the score of weakness, to the shoal centerboard yacht with a trunk cabin. For convenience of use, and for accommodation, this yacht leaves little to be desired; and her speed has been a matter of favorable comment since her first season. In yachts of from 70ft. waterline downward, in which the absolute draft may be kept within 9 or 10ft., there will always remain many advantages on the side of the wide keel cutter; but there will still be a place, both in the secondary racing and in general yachting service, for the well-designed, deep-bodied, centerboard yacht of not over 6 to 7ft. draft.

The last three or four years have brought two changes in yachting which can only be looked upon as detrimental—the introduction of the fin-keel and the excision of the limit of draft. The bulb-fin keel is by no means an absolute novelty; its possibilities of speed are too plain to have been passed over entirely by thoughtful yachtsmen, especially in view of the fruitful experiments of the model yacht sailors. That it was not adopted in large yachts prior to 1891 is due, not to a failure to appreciate its advantages, but to a general reluctance on the part of all yachtsmen to recognize such an obvious machine. By minor changes, all in the same direction, and all with increased speed, one designer after another broke the ice, until it only remained for Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, in the experimental Dilemma, to take the final step; had he not done so, another would. In the same way, up to the end of 1892, yachtsmen, by a tacit agreement of long standing, observed rigidly a certain extreme limit of draft dictated by the average minimum depths over the racing courses and in most harbors. Within this limit, 13ft., are found the large cutters Genesta, Irex and Thistle, with the still larger schooners Sappho, Yampa, Ramona, Dauntless and Coronet. On the part of the American designers there was small incentive, in view of the successful centerboard yachts Volunteer, Mayflower, Grayling, Montauk, Sachem and Iroquois, to exceed this limit; and the British designers, though confronted by that alluring prize, the America's Cup, fully aware of the deficiencies of their existing keel cutters, and with the possibilities before them of a "90-ton Doris," of 18ft. draft, as a successful challenger, still kept within it. When the break came, in 1893, all went in together, Herreshoff with 15ft. in Colonia, and Watson with 17ft in Valkyrie II. and Britannia; Fife in Calluna, and Soper in Satanita, taking about the same. The game has stopped, for this season, at an extreme of 20ft. draft on a waterline of 89ft.; but if it is to be resumed next year, no one can say how much further it may go before a natural limit other than the rejected ones of expense and convenience is reached. Even now, in the course of a season of such work as they are capable of, these great sailing machines are in tow for more miles than they are under sail.

The old-time limit was in every way a desirable one; for all the purposes of wholesome yachting, there is no reason why a total draft of 13ft. should be exceeded, and, for most purposes, 11ft. would be still better. For sea work, even in the largest size of keel schooners, such as Yampa, 13ft. is enough for stability and lateral plane, and quite as much as can be carried with due regard to harbor and docking facilities. For the ordinary run of coasting work, such as is done by the majority of large yachts, a draft of 11 or, better yet, 10ft. is quite as much as is desirable. Up to a waterline of 60 to 70ft., this may be had in a keel craft, but in the larger sizes the keel should give way to the centerboard. Contrast the two types at the head of American yachting to-day, both of 90ft. waterline, and say which is the better—the centerboard schooner of deep and powerful body on a maximum draft of 10ft., such as Lasca, Volunteer, Emerald, Iroquois, Sea Fox and Ariel; or the big single-stickers Defender, Colonia, Vigilant and Navahoe, drawing from 14 to 20ft. It is in the larger classes, whether schooner or cutter, in which the disadvantages of the centerboard type are smallest and the advantages greatest; the questions of safety and non-capsizability disappear in the modern lead-ballasted centerboard yacht of deep body; with steel construction there is a wide margin of structural strength in spite of the division of the keel and floors by the trunk; the absolute size of the interior permits a disposition of the trunk that involves little waste of space; the effectiveness of the yacht to windward as compared with an extreme keel machine is impaired to only a slight degree; and the gain in convenience by a draft of 10ft. instead of 20 is of inestimable value in practical yachting.

Great as the gain is in ordinary longshore yachting and racing, it is perhaps still greater in the sea-going yacht. The proportions and disposition of weights of the modern deep centerboard type tend to make it at all times an easy sea boat; and, when hove to in really bad weather, the absence of a deep keel permits enough leeway to make the yacht easy in a sea where the keel craft is constantly forging out to windward, standing up against the seas like a wall, and taking the full force of every blow. The notable experience of the schooner yacht Iroquois in the great March blizzard of 1888, when she was caught off the Capes of the Delaware, shows what such a yacht is capable of in the very worst weather. This same yacht, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith in 1886, the first of the type, is at the same time the best example that I know of. Designed originally for offshore cruising, she has proved a complete success for that purpose, as her many winter cruises to Florida, Cuba and through the West Indies testify. In addition, she has made an enviable record in racing against yachts built for speed and that have never been off soundings; and, what is no less instructive, she still holds a higher market value than many more expensive and more ambitiously planned yachts.

The question of draft is the vital one to-day in yachting. With the designing of the two Valkyries, of Colonia and Defender, the natural and sentimental limitations have disappeared, and there is a reluctance on the part of yachtsmen to enact arbitrary and artificial ones. The rule just adopted by the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain does place a certain limitation on excessive draft—just how heavy it is as yet impossible to conjecture; but in this country there is no present prospect of the adoption of any similar restriction, or of any attempt at penalizing the bulb-fin in favor of the yacht of fuller body, less draft and a greater average of good qualities. While it is hardly possible that any good can come from further experiments in the direction of extreme draft, at the same time there is a hesitation about setting an arbitrary limit. The most practicable function of the difficulty would seem to be in the abandonment of the 90ft. cutter in favor of a smaller size in which an absolute draft of, say, 12ft. would be enough even for the unlimited keel racer; and, in the larger classes, to encourage the development of the deep centerboard type within a limit of about 10ft. extreme draft. It is in this type, as represented by Volunteer, Lasca, and Emerald, that the greatest possible benefit to American yachting in the larger classes may be looked for.

There are three points in connection with the centerboard which can be noticed but briefly here: the use of the board as ballast, the use of the board in very deep yachts, and the true relation of the centerboard to the America's Cup. In regard to the ballast board, the question is still an open one, but my own conviction is that the sole useful function of the centerboard is as an adjunct to the lateral plane; and that the attempt to use the board as ballast also is, at the best, of very doubtful utility and open to serious objection. * * *

The most interesting experiment yet made with the ballast board was that of the 46-footer Harpoon, already mentioned, made by Messrs. Stewart & Binney, for the Adams brothers, in 1892. The original board, of the ordinary wooden construction, was replaced by one of steel plates filled between with lead, the total weight being 3.75 tons, certain alterations of the lead keel being made which resulted in a decrease of the displacement by about 0.75 ton. That the yacht was improved over her first year's form is quite certain; but, as other changes were made, in the sail plan and elsewhere, it is impossible to say how much was due to the weighted board. In the opinion of Mr. C. D. Adams, she was faster off the wind, and to windward in light airs; but, taking everything together, there is no satisfactory evidence of a material gain through the ballast board. No trouble was experienced in using it; with a powerfully geared winch, two men could house it in five or six minutes; as a matter of convenience, where the depth of water permitted, it was often left about half way down from day to day. Some difficulty was experienced in unshipping the board, as was necessary in cleaning the steel surface. Incidentally, Mr. Adams speaks very highly of Harpoon as a sea boat, describing her as superior to Gossoon and the other keel boats built for him and his brother. A weighted centerboard of 1½ tons was tried about the same time in the Burgess 30-footer Hawk, of similar type to Harpoon, but was finally abandoned; on one occasion, the breaking of the chain pendant allowed the board to fall, hanging only by the pin, a mishap that must have resulted seriously in other than smooth water.

There are many instances of the trial of heavily weighted centerboards in smaller yachts. The open racing boat Dare Devil was fitted with one by the late Commodore Dilworth in 1882, but with a resulting loss of speed; and the same experiment has been repeated in more recent years with the same results—a notably small gain in stability, and an actual loss of speed. In canoes and small racing craft, mostly of narrow beam, very good results have been obtained by the use of bronze or brass plates of moderate weight, 100 to 200lbs., one advantage being the superior surface of the metals as compared with wood; but there are indications that the gain is changed to a loss when a greater thickness is employed than is essential to a reasonable degree of rigidity; and that any material amount of lead on the centerboard, even in these small craft, is detrimental to speed. In the larger yachts an instance is found in Queen Mab, the Watson 40-rater, of 59ft. waterline, 16ft. beam and 11ft. draft of hull, originally fitted with a centerboard of Delta metal of 3½ tons, the solid plate being very accurately fitted to slide in the metal trunk. After several seasons' trial this plate was removed, the yacht going to windward satisfactorily without it, and the slot was filled with lead, the stability being in no way impaired.

This brings us to the question of the centerboard in very deep yachts, an experiment that has been very fully tested in Great Britain within a few years past; and with but one result. Since the restriction on the use of the centerboard was removed, in 1887, there have been built a number of cutters of varying dimensions and proportions, from Iverna of 84ft. waterline down to Dis of 36ft., in which centerboards of various weights have been used; in every case, as in the fast 20-rater Dragon last year, the board being finally discarded and the slot filled with lead. * * *

The weight of evidence, though by no means conclusive on these two points, would seem to indicate that the best results are to be obtained in yachts of but moderate depth, and specially designed to utilize as the main factor of lateral resistance a centerboard of little or no intrinsic weight; and that the addition of a centerboard, light or loaded, to a very deep hull of large lateral plane is of very questionable advantage. While it is to be regretted that more ample and positive data on these points is not within reach at present, the designer who goes into the subject more thoroughly than the limits of this paper permit will, I believe, find evidence to justify these general conclusions.

The many discussions of the advisability of the complete abandonment of the centerboard in international racing, which attended the building of Defender last spring, suggested to me a line of investigation which could hardly fail to be interesting, and in a measure profitable, but which I have not been able to take up. This is to assume that Mr. Burgess, in designing Puritan, Mayflower and Volunteer, had been denied the use of the centerboard and compelled to rely upon the keel type alone; in each case with the current yachting knowledge of the day to guide him. The probabilities are that the American yacht in each case would have been so superior in sail area, in power of hull through added beam, and especially in the area and effectiveness of the lateral plane, that the Cup would still have been on this side. The keel has held the Cup this year; Vigilant might well have been a keel boat and yet won in 1892; Volunteer with no centerboard, but with 3ft. more draft, 13ft. instead of 10, would still have defeated Thistle; in other words, recognizing now the marked defects of the British keel yachts Genesta, Galatea, Thistle and Valkyrie II., they were

really beaten by superior power and not by the mere use of the centerboard.

In conclusion, while the centerboard has been at times an instrument of evil through the easy way which it opens to bad design and construction, the device, when properly handled by the honest and skillful designer, is of the highest possible utility. Through it is made possible a craft of extreme light draft which, though capsizable, is still reasonably safe and exceedingly useful in skilled hands; and no other should attempt to use it. With adequate depth and a proper construction, the material being preferably all metal in large craft, it gives a strong, safe and practically non-capsizable sea-going vessel, for either pleasure or trade, on a moderate draft of water. The best possible combination of good qualities—speed, safety, accommodation and convenience of use—are to be had in a yacht in which the greater part of the depth is made up by the hull proper, the keel or appendage being reduced to a minimum (for the sake of light draft) and the main factor of lateral resistance being a centerboard properly proportioned to the hull and placed in the one correct position. Could I say where this position is, I should feel that my work might aspire to a far higher value; but I frankly confess that I know of no rule or formula that covers the case, and there are many more experienced than I, professional designers, who will join in this admission. Some designers do know, but they are very few; some believe that they know, but their boats speak to the contrary; many yachts of excellent proportions and model have been utterly spoiled through the misplacing of the centerboard. As in most of the details of yacht designing, the location of the centerboard is not a matter of exact calculation, but of judgment based on practical experiment and close observation.

While I feel that what I have written is merely suggestive and by no means as positive as it should be, I hope that it may still prove of some practical value in pointing out the complicated nature of the centerboard problem, and the great benefits which must result from its satisfactory solution.

A paper of special interest at the present time is that of Mr. James C. McGuire, Associate, on the subject of "Aluminum: its Alloys and their Use in Ship Construction."

The following extracts relate specially to the use of the metal in yacht construction:

Aluminum.

The metal aluminum, as manufactured to-day on a commercial basis, is made entirely by the electrolitic process, this having supplanted the sodium process, which was discontinued on the introduction of the methods now employed in producing aluminum, for the reason that the price at which aluminum is selling to-day is less than half of what it sold for when manufactured by the sodium process, and the users of aluminum have by no means seen the lowest figures for which this material can be produced and furnished.

The metal is very ductile, and can be rolled into sheets .0005in. in thickness, and, if it is desired, thinner than this; it is hammered into leaf in exactly the same manner that gold leaf is hammered, and is used extensively for decorating purposes.

From the leaf the metal is ground into powder, which has its uses not only for decorating purposes in the form of an aluminum bronze paint, but is used in flash-light photographing, and also very extensively in pyrotechnical displays, burning with a very brilliant light.

Aluminum is also drawn into tubes or wire, and is spun or stamped into the different shapes. It is cast, drop-forged, and in fact is used in almost every way that steel and copper is used at the present time.

It is susceptible to a high degree of finish, by polishing or burnishing, and becomes hard by working, or when being spun into shape, drawn into wire, or stamped out.

It is rendered soft again by annealing, and if required soft for a final operation, such as stamping or spinning, it must be annealed before being subjected to this work.

By forging and cold rolling it can be given considerable rigidity and temper.

Aluminum is the lightest of commercial metals, a given bulk of it being only one-third as heavy as a corresponding bulk of iron.

The color of aluminum is very nearly the same as that of silver, though instead of a dead white as in silver, aluminum has a delicate purple tint.

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Next to the relative specific gravity which aluminum bears to other metals, the resistance to oxidation is one of its marked qualities. Pure aluminum does not tarnish from the influence of weather, except very slowly, even when exposed in a moist atmosphere.

The action of salt water on pure aluminum is extremely slight, and it withstands the action of sea water much better than iron or steel.

Aluminum, however, does collect the barnacles, very much the same way that steel does, although not quite so rapidly.

A piece of copper and a piece of aluminum were placed on the side of a wooden ship plying between New York and the West Indies, and they were accurately measured before being put in this position, and also after the ship returned.

The copper, while free from barnacles, had lost .037 of an inch, and the aluminum, while the surface was covered with barnacles, had only lost .005 of an inch in thickness.

The more alloy which aluminum contains, the greater the action of salt water upon it, especially those alloys of aluminum which contain zinc. But more will be said on this subject later regarding the corrodibility of aluminum.

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The ordinary commercial aluminum is about of the same degree of hardness as commercial copper, and, in fact, pure aluminum acts very much like pure copper, as it hardens remarkably fast when being worked either by forging, hydraulic pressure, rolling, stamping, spinning, or treated in some such similar way.

One of the reasons that one hears it said sometimes that aluminum castings are not strong enough to do the work is that people will ask for pure aluminum castings, or buy the pure aluminum, and make the castings themselves; and, as previously stated, pure aluminum does not make a very strong casting, and there is not one casting in fifty which is ordinarily made of aluminum that should be made of pure aluminum.

There is just the same difference between an aluminum casting with a few per cent. of alloy in it, and the pure aluminum casting, as there is between brass and copper, and, except for special electrical work, very few people would think of having a pure copper casting made.

The difference in specific gravity between the pure aluminum and the alloy is so slight that it is practically immaterial. But this subject will be taken up more at length later.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY.

The low specific gravity of aluminum is probably its most valuable quality.

Ordinary cast aluminum is about 2.59, the sheet or worked metal being about 2.76.

The following is the comparative specific gravity, showing the difference between aluminum and some of the most common of the other metals:

Aluminum castings	2.59	Cast iron	7.21
Aluminum sheet, average	2.72	Wrought iron	7.77
Aluminum drop-forged or hammered	2.76	Soft steel	7.87
		Copper	8.93
Zinc cast	6.86	Brass	8.39
Zinc rolled	7.19	Nickel	8.80
Tin	7.3		

From this it may be seen that the weight of a cubic inch of cast aluminum is .092 pound, and the weight per cubic inch of rolled aluminum is .098 pound.

It will also be seen that soft steel is three times as heavy as aluminum; copper is 3.6 times as heavy; nickel, 3.5 times as heavy.

Silver is four times as heavy; lead, 4.8 times as heavy; gold, 7.7 times as heavy, and platinum, 8.6 times as heavy.

The shrinkage of pure aluminum in casting is $^{17}/_{64}$ of an inch to the foot, to be exact; but it is generally taken in making castings, as 1/4in., or about that of brass. The shrinkage of the nickel aluminum alloys is much less and can be safely reckoned as being only equivalent to that of brass.

Pure aluminum is very sonorous, and its tone seems to be improved by using an alloy with a small percentage of silver, or copper and nickel.

The best results can be obtained, in casting aluminum and its alloys, by melting the aluminum in the ordinary plumbago crucible, similar to those which are used for melting brass or copper, and, if the metal is not overheated, it will not absorb any appreciable amount of silicon from the crucible.

Aluminum does not unite with or absorb carbon, under any of the ordinary conditions, when the two are heated together.

As previously stated, the metal is non-volatile at any of the ordinary temperatures, and in order to prevent oxidation it is not necessary to cover with any substance the metal which is being melted.

A thin film of oxide will form on the surface of the metal when melted, but it is not enough to injure the castings made from it, as this thin film protects the metal underneath from further oxidation.

In casting aluminum, practically the same rules should be followed as in making brass or bronze castings.

Either sand or iron moulds may be used, the best result being derived by using iron moulds; but, under certain conditions, the aluminum blows away from the iron if this method of casting is not properly understood and proper precautions taken. The best bicycle castings are made in iron moulds, although the majority of the more ordinary castings used in commerce are made from sand.

In making up moulds for casting aluminum, as large a gate and as high a riser should be used as is convenient, for the reason that, in the thin casting, one needs quite a head of metal to force the molten metal to the most distant part of the moulds; and then, again, one should have such a volume of metal in the gate that the casting should grow cold before the gate gets cold, in order that, as the metal in the casting shrinks, the liquid metal in the gate will flow in and take its place.

The majority of unsuccessful castings made of aluminum have been due to two causes, viz.: either the metal was overheated and poured too hot, or the mould was not properly gated.

Care should always be taken, in casting the alloys of aluminum, as well as pure aluminum, that the temperature of the mass is not raised too high; for, if the metal is overheated, it will absorb gases, which it will not do if not raised very much above the melting point; and, again, in the case of the alloys, if the temperature is not carefully watched, some of the hardening ingredients will be burnt out, as is the case with zinc, which melts and volatilizes at a lower temperature than that at which aluminum melts.

Another point which it is desirable to observe in making castings from the alloys is to keep the metal thoroughly stirred from the time it gets into a molten condition until it is finally poured; for, if this is not done, the tendency to burn out some of the hardening ingredients will be greater, and also some of the heavier ingredients will settle to the bottom and collect; thus, when a series of castings is being poured from the same crucible, one will not get them all of a uniform degree of hardness.

After the metal is removed from the fire it is a good principle to cool it down with some new metal before casting, in order to be sure that it is not being poured too hot.

This is generally done by taking an old gate and stirring the liquid metal with it, allowing the gate to melt as you stir.

It is a matter of but very little experience to tell by the eye when it is cooled down to the proper temperature for pouring, since, as previously stated, the metal should be poured as cold as possible, in order to have it flow freely and get the best results.

The best alloys of aluminum are made directly; that is, the alloy is produced and combined with the aluminum in the furnace at the same time that the aluminum is produced, which is one of the great secrets in making a successful alloy.

The consideration of the aluminum bronze, and the casting of it, would require a treatise in itself, and the author of this paper will not go into this subject or take up any of the alloys of aluminum on the other end of the scale—that is, where the percentage of aluminum is small as compared with the other ingredients present.

ANNEALING.

After the aluminum ingots have been cast and rolled into sheets, there are many cases where it is necessary to anneal the aluminum before the rolling is carried further, as is the case when the sheet is desired soft for stamping or spinning.

This process of annealing is accomplished by heating the aluminum sheets in a muffled furnace to such a degree of heat as would raise a piece of steel to a dull red, which is in the neighborhood of 700° Fahr., great care being taken that the aluminum is thoroughly heated through, and not only on the surface.

There are many ways of telling when the sheet or wire, as the case may be, has been annealed through, as its temperature varies according to the form of the piece or thickness of the sheet being annealed.

But for ordinary purposes take a pine stick, and if, when drawn across the sheet of aluminum which has been heated, the stick is charred and leaves a black mark behind it, the metal is sufficiently annealed to proceed with further operations on it.

After removing the metal from the muffle, it should be allowed to cool slowly. This is accomplished in many different ways.

The question of rolling aluminum is one of extreme simplicity, and requires but little practice on the part of mill men to roll successfully.

Most of the heavy ingots when starting to be rolled are heated and rolled at a low annealing heat, and there is only one principal feature in which aluminum differs from copper in rolling, and that is that it hardens up very quickly when being rolled—much quicker even than either steel, brass or copper—and the metal has to be annealed for the successive operations, according to the degree of hardness which is desired in the finished sheet; and, also, if an alloy of aluminum, on the percentage of alloy which the sheet contains; the sheet containing the largest percentage of alloy requiring the most frequent annealing.

If this annealing is not done, and the sheet contains much alloy, or is rolled thin, it will crack in the rolls.

Ordinary hand-rolled aluminum, which is rolled as much as possible after annealing, is about as hard as the ordinary hard brass.

Of course, when the ingot or sheet goes to the rolls from the annealing furnace, you can take a larger draft with your rolls than you can later, when the sheet begins to get thin, and also hard from being worked; the draft of the rolls then has to be reduced considerably from the amount first used on the sheet, just after coming from the furnace.

Aluminum is susceptible of taking and retaining a very high polish. All metals exposed to the influence of moisture will become soiled or tarnished and require polishing to a greater or less extent.

In the case of aluminum, although the actual oxidation on the surface of the metal is practically very slight, yet, if the metal is not cared for, there will, to a limited extent, be a certain amount of oxidation taking place.

It is therefore as necessary to clean aluminum by polishing it now and then as it is to keep other metals clean.

The oxide of aluminum is a white powder, which forms in a thin film on the surface of the metal; and as long as this film is not broken or removed, and since the oxide of aluminum itself is insoluble, this coating of oxide forming over the surface prevents, to a certain extent, further oxidation of the metal. But, as a matter of fact, it is practically impossible to keep this oxide from being broken or disturbed. If, however, the oxide is removed from the surface and the metal is kept well polished, it will be found that the oxide forms much more slowly on a smooth surface, which has been well polished, than on a rough surface, or one that has been scratched by using a polish not ground fine enough; these infinitesimal crevices collect and hold the moisture in the atmosphere, which will attack the metal with greater rapidity than on a smooth surface, and it is for this reason that the greatest care should be used in selecting for this work a suitable polish, the chief merit of which consists principally in being ground fine enough.

Any of the polishes used for polishing brass and other metals and fulfilling the above requirement will polish aluminum, and with very much less work on the part of the user than is necessary in keeping other metals clean; the reason for this being, as above stated, that the oxide of aluminum which first forms, being insoluble, the surface of the metal, when once covered with it, retards the progress of further oxidation to a large extent, and further destruction of the surface continues but slowly. In the case of nearly all metals except aluminum the oxide is soluble in water, and consequently, after the moisture has penetrated the oxide, the corrosion continues as badly under the first coating as it did when the metal first began to corrode.

Where oxidation or corrosion of aluminum is liable to take place, due to its exposure to the action of alkalies or acids that attack this metal, it has been found that polishing the metal after its exposure reduces very largely the effects of corrosion, which, when once seriously started upon the metal, seems to act in a sort of continuous manner, especially if this starting has been caused by chlorides or alkalies.

If the people who use aluminum in places where they want it to stay bright, or expect it to look nice and clean all the time, will expend a small portion of the energy and time to keep their aluminum bright which they would on the same article made of other material, they would find that their efforts would be well rewarded, and that the work necessary to keep aluminum bright is infinitesimal when compared with that required in keeping other metals bright.

The best polish, probably, for aluminum is the Acme Aluminum Polish, one of whose chief merits, however, as above stated, consists in its being ground extremely fine.

A great deal of harm has been done aluminum by the reports of people not familiar with its non-tarnishing and non-corroding properties.

If this was properly appreciated, and people would expend the necessary amount of effort to keep it clean, it would soon find its place for many uses, for which at the present time the public at large think it undesirable or unsuited to the purpose in question.

In conclusion, keep your aluminum painted or keep it clean, if exposed to moisture or corroding influences.

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The question of welding aluminum is a very simple one, and the metal can be welded on any electrical welding machine.

It cannot very successfully be welded by other means than that of electricity, for the reason that it conducts the heat so rapidly that the surfaces get chilled before the union takes place.

When this welding is done by the passage of an electric current, however, the heat is maintained while the surfaces are being brought together until the union is effected.

This method is used principally for joining wire, and in the manufacture of bicycle tires and similar work.

The question is often asked: "Can aluminum be soldered?" The reply is that it can be soldered, but it is difficult to do, the principal reason for this being that it is with difficulty that solder can be made to adhere to aluminum, since the heat conductivity of aluminum is so great that as soon as the solder comes in contact with the metal the heat is conducted away from it so rapidly that the solder is chilled, and will thus not be allowed to flow freely on the surface of the aluminum. This can be overcome to a certain extent by keeping the sheet heated with an alcoholic lamp or a gasoline torch while the soldering process is being carried on.

There are two general methods of soldering. One is to prepare the surface of the sheet chemically, so that the solder will form a chemical combination with the surface so prepared, and adhere; and the second method is to plate with copper or some other metal the surface to be soldered, and then solder together these two surfaces.

The difficulty in this latter method is that, unless the plating is carried on with unusual care and skill, the plating itself will not adhere to the surface of the aluminum after a period of six or eight months, and the surfaces will drop apart, not from the fault of the solder, but from the fault of the plating.

Too much care cannot be taken, especially in using aluminum around water, salt water in particular, to prevent oxidation by galvanic action.

Aluminum stands well at the head in the table of metals arranged in electro-chemical series, thus showing it to be very much more positive than the other ordinary metals, which stand much lower in the table. And when two metals are in contact, especially in salt water, a voltaic couple is formed, which is equal to the sum of the electro-motive forces between the metals, and when such a couple is formed the most positive element is the one that is attacked the more severely. Aluminum naturally suffers the worse, as it is electro-positive to the ordinary metals of commerce, and shows up badly in a comparison.

This subject of galvanic action was investigated very thoroughly by Mr. Yarrow, who constructed the first torpedo-boat for the French Government. He was not able to obtain aluminum rivets which were strong enough to satisfy all the conditions which he thought would be met with, and he was afraid to use copper or composition rivets, for the reason that aluminum and copper, or composition, stood so far apart in the table of electro-chemical series.

So he used iron, which stands closer to aluminum than any other metal from which it would be possible to make rivets.

These rivets have given entire satisfaction, as far as strength and corrosion of aluminum and galvanic action are concerned, but some objection has been found to them for the reason that the paint to a certain extent is porous, and a slight amount of corrosion has taken place on the heads of these rivets; in other words, there has been formed a composition of alumina and iron rust, which has run down and discolored the sides of the boat, so that, in order to keep this boat looking nice, the Government has had to keep it well painted, in order to prevent the iron rivets from rusting.

This question of riveting came up when the Defender was constructed, and the advice of the author of this paper to the builders was to use aluminum rivets, and he offered to furnish these of the same character and grade of material as that from which the plates were constructed.

The author was informed by the manufacturers that they did not have time to investigate the strength of these rivets thoroughly, and pending such investigation they would use bronze rivets.

He argued against this, and advised using an iron rivet, or an iron rivet galvanized, in order to minimize galvanic action. This advice, however, was not listened to, and the boat was constructed with bronze rivets. It remains to be seen how the plates around these rivets are going to withstand the galvanic action.

Even in using bronze rivets in the boat above referred to, the effect of the galvanic action could be materially reduced by coating the inside of the holes with white lead, and then dipping the rivet in white lead or paraffine before driving. But this was not done.

It was also advised that where the aluminum plates joined the bronze plates they take a strip of heavy canton flannel and soak it well for 24 or 36 hours in white lead, and then place this strip between the plates as lapped, and rivet up with this canton flannel, soaked in white lead, between the edges of the two plates, as a "neutral joint." This was not done either.

From the results of experiments abroad, the practice seems to be that it is almost necessary to use aluminum rivets in riveting together sheets of aluminum, especially where it is to be used in and around salt water.

The author agrees with this theory entirely, and does not think that too much stress can be put upon the necessity of using rivets of the same material as the plates, and he also believes that foreign governments have experimented and gone far enough into the subject of aluminum for ship construction to know what is best. They have certainly done more in this line than has been done in the United States, and the results of their experiments cannot be profitably ignored.

It is a fact, however, that aluminum used as a rivet does not give as high a value in shearing, in proportion to its ultimate tensile strength, as is obtained by comparing the shearing strength of steel and its ultimate tensile strength.

The ultimate shearing strength of the ordinary commercial structural steel in comparison to its ultimate tensile strength is about as 75 is to 100, while the experiments that the author has made on the shearing value of aluminum in comparison with its ultimate tensile strength are about as 60 is to 100.

This only means that one has to use a proportionately larger rivet in riveting aluminum plates together with aluminum rivets than one would use in steel rivets in riveting steel plates together.

When this is looked at in the right way, it is a very simple matter to determine the proper area of the rivets to be used in proportion to the thickness of the plates to be riveted; therefore the strong advice of the author to constructors contemplating the use of aluminum plates is to use aluminum rivets also, which can easily be done, in spite of the low unit strain of aluminum rivets in shear.

Aluminum will form a natural alloy with nearly all of the more ordinary metals except lead, antimony and mercury.

The most common alloys, however, are those with copper, nickel, zinc, manganese, silver, chromium and tungsten.

The useful alloys of aluminum with these metals, generally speaking, do not exceed 12 per cent. or 15 per cent. on either end of the scale; that is, if the predominant metal is aluminum, the alloy will not exceed 12 per cent. or 15 per cent., in order that it may impart useful qualities to the aluminum. A greater percentage of alloy than this seems to make the metal either hard or brittle, or impart some other quality which does not add to the commercial advantage of the metal produced.

On the other hand, if the principal ingredient is one of the metals above named, and aluminum is used as an alloying metal, the quality imparted is always an improvement on the predominating metal up to any percentage not exceeding 12 per cent. or 15 per cent. of aluminum. Beyond this point you work into the same state of affairs that you do on the other end of the scale as described above.

The grade of aluminum used in Defender is what is known in the market under the commercial name of "the Pittsburg Reduction Co.'s nickel aluminum."

After a great deal of experimenting on the part of the manufacturers, it was decided, after taking all questions into consideration, that this was the most satisfactory alloy to use.

The alloys that were under discussion were those of copper, zinc, nickel and chromium used individually; experiments were also made by using one or more of these ingredients in the same mix; and, after conducting a large series of experiments, the above alloy was chosen for the reason that it possessed more advantageous qualities than any of the others seemed to possess.

The alloys of copper have been used for this purpose abroad, and seemed to have given satisfaction there, but the results of experiments conducted previous to getting out this sheet seemed to show that the use of 6 per cent. copper, which is what Yarrow used in constructing the torpedo-boat which he built for the French Government, did not give an aluminum sheet which was either as strong or as ductile as that from which the plates above referred to were made.

The plates and angles used in Defender are the largest ones that have ever been rolled, and it can be positively asserted that the successful achievement of furnishing these plates marks a new era not only in yacht construction, but in the possibilities which are offered by future developments in the arts and manufactures for material which possesses the unusually high qualities of that which was furnished for Defender.

The plates used in Defender vary from 1/4 to 3/8in. in thickness, the majority of them being $^{5}/_{16}$ and 3/8.

She is constructed of aluminum plating from her waterline up, which amidships gives an aluminum belt a little over 4ft. wide.

Her deck beams are of aluminum, being composed of 5in. bulb angles, being 5in. on one leg and 2½in. on the other, $^{5}/_{16}$in. thick, weighing in aluminum 3½lbs. to the foot.

These angles were made from the same grade of material as was used in the plates.

All of the lateral and diagonal braces under the deck are aluminum plates about 3/8in. thick. There is also an aluminum stringer plate, about 2ft. 6in. wide, which connects the deck beams with the side of the vessel, and is continuous throughout the length of the vessel.

The rail of Defender is also composed of a 5in. bulb angle of the same size as described above, the 2½in. flange being riveted to the stringer plate above described, and the 5in. leg having the same level as side of the vessel at the point where the two join; from this it will be seen that at the stern of the boat it was necessary to open this angle out until the two flanges were almost in a straight line. This was done without any sign of fracture on the inside of the angle.

The dead-light frames and covers which are placed in the deck are also constructed of aluminum, as well as the lanterns, and also many of the small interior fittings.

Her blocks are of wood, with aluminum sheaves, and they have given great satisfaction, the sheaves being stronger than those constructed in a similar manner, which were used on Vigilant, these latter being made from composition and wood.

The binnacle is aluminum, as is also nearly all of the metal work on the boat in connection with the plumbing and closets.

It will thus be seen that the main object which the designers wished to accomplish was to get a boat which was not only as light as possible, but which would have its center of gravity as low as was practicable, yet, at the same time, to have no aluminum on the outside below the waterline, owing to the fact that aluminum fouls when exposed to salt water and collects the barnacles very nearly as rapidly as iron and steel. The above object the designers accomplished with great success, as was proven by the superb way in which Defender acquitted herself in the races against Valkyrie III.

Each and every plate used in the construction of the hull was tested, and it can safely be said that, considering the ductility shown, these are the highest tensile tests that have ever been made in any of the alloys of aluminum; especially when it is considered that these tests were made from actual sections, which were quite thick, and cut from the finished plates, two edges of which were left as they came from



PHILADELPHIA CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB HOUSE——THE HALL.

the rolls, and the other two edges were planed parallel, as it will be seen that the sections tested were about 1½in. wide and of the thickness of the plate from which the specimen was taken.

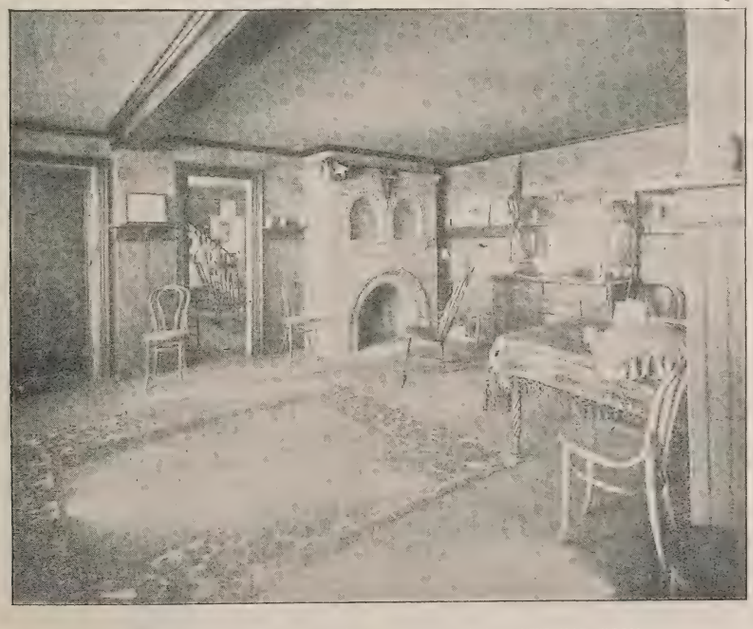
The heaviest plate in Defender weighs about 200lbs., is 38½in. wide, $\frac{5}{16}$ of an inch thick, and 13ft. 10in. long, which is the largest plate of aluminum that has ever been rolled, so far as the author knows.

This plate gave an ultimate tensile strength of 40,780lbs. per square inch, an elongation of 10 per cent. in 2in., and the reduction of area at the point of fracture was 14.75 per cent. * * *

The possibilities of aluminum in ship construction, in the mind of the author, are very great, in two classes of boats especially—that is, the first and second-class torpedo-boats.

There is no reason why, in the second-class torpedo-boats, which are a very short time in the water, they could not be constructed wholly of aluminum.

This would be advantageous not only from a point of reduction in



PHILADELPHIA CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB HOUSE——THE TAP ROOM.

draft, and additional speed, rigidity also following, but also from the fact that, being several tons lighter than any other possible construction, they could be with greater rapidity and facility put overboard incase of emergency, or removed from the water when necessary.

In the first-class torpedo-boats, where the boats will be overboard for some length of time, and where also a boat of great speed and as light as possible is desired, the construction which has been used in Defender will be hard to improve upon.

That is, build a boat which, from the waterline down, should be constructed of aluminum bronze, or some other of the bronzes, the aluminum bronze being suggested because lighter sections could be used, and for a given section it is the strongest known metal; the hull could not be built to greater advantage than by building it out of this metal. All the plating above the waterline, and the deck beams, bed plates for machinery, and all her frames could be constructed of aluminum.

Great care should be observed, in both kinds of construction above referred to, to use rivets of the same material as the sections which are to be riveted. Care should be taken either to keep the aluminum painted or keep it clean, if it is desired that it shall have good endurance.

There are also many places in our large ships where aluminum could be used advantageously, but to go into the individual parts and a discussion on this subject would occupy more time and space than is here permissible, and there is such a vast amount to be done and considered in constructing the smaller boats of aluminum before we get to the larger ones, that the author does not consider it advisable to enter upon this question at the present time.

Some adverse criticism was made by several naval constructors to statements in the paper concerning the attitude of the Government in the matter of using aluminum in the new naval vessels.

The paper on "Rudder Experiments on the U. S. S. Monterey," by Elliott Snow, Assistant Naval Constructor, U. S. N., was read by Sec'y Capps in the absence of the author. The discussion brought out a general appreciation of the importance of the tests described. Naval Constructor D. W. Taylor, U. S. N., read a very thorough and comprehensive paper on "Methods and Forms for Certain Ship Calculations," followed by a paper by Prof. W. F. Durand, Cornell University, on "The Number of Longitudinal Intervals in Ship Computation, as Affecting the Accuracy of Integration for Displacement," with a note on the subject treated by him last year, "The Relation Between Reduced and True Netted Surface."

On Friday the following papers were read: "Recent Designs of Vessels for the U. S. Navy," by Philip Hichborn, Chief Constructor, U. S. Navy; "Tactical Considerations Involved in War Ship Design," by Lieut. Albert P. Niblack, U. S. Navy; "Performance of the Twin-Screw Steamer City of Lowell," by Prof. James E. Denton, Stevens Institute of Technology; "Engineering Research in the Navy," by Prof. Wm. S. Aldrich, University of West Virginia; "The Ventilation of Ships," by F. B. Dowst, Esq., M. E.; "An Experimental Test of the Armored Side of the U. S. S. Iowa," by Albert W. Stahl, Naval Constructor, U. S. Navy.

Lieut. Niblack's paper was particularly rich in suggestions, and evinced a careful study of a very important subject. Prof. Aldrich's paper was both timely and to the point, advocating the immediate establishment of State or national institutions for investigation and research in matters of naval architecture and marine engineering. Prof. Denton's paper described some interesting tests of the new steamer City of Lowell, designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, with remarkable results.

On motion of Admiral Meade a special committee was appointed to consider the subject of memorializing Congress in favor of the construction of the Nicaragua Canal. The committee of five reported in favor of such a memorial, with one dissenting member; but after a thorough discussion the report of the committee was not accepted, the opinion of the members being by a large majority against any action by the Society in a matter which was outside of its avowed object, the encouragement of the art of shipbuilding.

In the evening the annual banquet of the Society took place at the Hotel Brunswick, a large number being present. Among the principal speakers were Congressman Amos J. Cummings, of New York, and Admiral Meade.

Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia.

THOUGH but four years old, the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia is a flourishing club, with a large membership and a fleet of 75 yachts, and a very fine station and club house at Essington, on the Delaware River, at the head of the club course. The officers of the club are: Com., Edgar F. Scott, steam yacht Sagamore; Vice-Com., Russell E. Tucker, cutter Mermaid; Rear-Com., Edwin P. Baugh, Jr., schooner Mon Rex; Sec., Addison F. Bancroft; Treas., Robert K. Neff; Meas., G. Herbert Millett; Fleet Captain, W. Barklie Henry; Fleet Surgeon, A. G. Thompson, M.D. The hall and "tap room" of the club house are shown in the accompanying cuts. Mr. Robert Baine, to whom we are indebted for the cuts, informs us that the house, which has recently been remodeled without destroying any of its architectural features, is an old Colonial mansion, built on Tinicum Island on the site and partly of the materials of the house of Col. Printz, Governor of the Swedish Colony. The antecedents of the place are very appropriate, the harbor being formed by Little Tinicum Island, which, as old records show, was given to the "keeper of the Governor's yacht."

American Model Y. C.

THE American Model Y. C. sailed a series of races on Election Day to close the season, the times being:

	Start.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
SCHOONER CLASS—FIRST ROUND.			
Desdemona, F. Henges	12 12 28	0 30 02	0 31 32
Lizzie, J. Manee	12 12 18	0 27 23	0 28 11
Ida, J. Museleck	12 11 50	0 29 24	0 29 11
SECOND ROUND.			
Desdemona	12 49 51	0 24 21	0 25 21
Lizzie	12 50 33	0 21 45	0 23 24
Ida	12 50 19	0 24 44	0 24 21
FIRST CLASS—FIRST ROUND.			
Katie P., J. E. Pfeiffer	2 04 08	0 16 43	0 17 13
Kittie, H. Q. Davis	2 04 04	0 20 23	0 20 53
Mary Alida, J. Brown	2 04 21	0 24 11	0 24 08
Mattie T., Beebe & Henges	2 04 00	0 23 29	0 23 17
SECOND ROUND.			
Katie P.	2 31 52	0 17 06	0 17 06
Kittie D	2 31 30	0 20 16	0 21 26
Mary Alida	2 31 48	0 25 04	0 25 11
Mattie T.	2 31 24	0 26 09	0 25 37
THIRD CLASS—FIRST ROUND.			
Dolphin, J. Smith	3 23 56	0 23 43	0 23 43
Electra, J. E. Pfeiffer	3 23 55	Wrong course.	
Mabel, O. L. Gray	3 24 02	0 32 03	0 32 52
Dolse, M. Antinen	3 24 00	Not timed.	
SECOND ROUND.			
Dolphin	4 02 20	0 30 05	0 30 05
Flectra	Withdrew.		
Mabel	4 02 16	0 33 34	0 33 34
Dolse	Did not finish.		

New Half-Raters.

ROSLYN, L. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just completed for a New York gentleman a one-rater of 16ft. waterline length, 7ft. beam, 9in. draft. She is of the Bouncer type, with angle bilge; sloop rig, and is fitted with a removable cabin house. We have also now in frame a half-rater 23ft. over all, for a Southern owner. This boat is for racing, and is of the Bouncer type with round bilges. All her frames are identical in shape, so that but one mould is used for getting out all her ribs. Her timbers are spaced 8in. apart, each being worked from a hackmatack knee, and her entire frame weighs less than 50lbs. The planking and deck will be of cedar $\frac{7}{16}$in. thick, fastened with brass screws.

I have also orders for two other half-raters, to be commenced before January 1, and have several gentlemen *talking* about building for this class. I should think that half-raters are likely to be as numerous as summer gulls on the Sound next season. THOMAS CLAPHANS.

Steam Yachts and Launches

BUILT BY MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago, Ill. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Walter C. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Chas. E. Cragg, Port Henry, New York.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, Thomas Hale, Jr., Yonkers, N. Y.
Central Division, W. S. Hackett, Albany, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. N. Cutter, Winchester, Mass.
Northern Division, E. F. Burritt, Ottawa, Canada.

Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1. Applications for membership must be made to the Purser of applicant's division, from whom blanks for the purpose may be obtained.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, N. B. Cook, Chicago.
Vice-Commodore, L. F. Porter, Madison, Wis.
Rear-Commodore, H. D. Spenser, Bloomington, Ill.
Sec'y-Treas., F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.
Executive Committee, W. H. Sardley, St. Paul, Minn.; R. M. Lampe, Madison, Wis.; F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.

Look in the Attic.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For some time past the Mahn-a-Wauk C. C. men have suffered through numerous thefts committed at our boat house the loss of many articles, such as clothes, tools, etc., besides the damages the intruders had done to the building and our lockers. Nearly every member who had anything in his locker had sustained some loss. How to stop these depredations was a problem that had been considered many times, and it finally devolved on the genius of the club to carry out a good scheme. The last place that an entrance has been effected was through the door leading from our locker room to the veranda over the lake. This door had been broken in several times before, the first being by Mr. A. W. Friese himself some time ago, he having come down there one day without his keys. He promised to have it fixed at once, but neglected to, and the same scheme was worked by others who had no business there, as we soon found out. Finally some other members took it upon themselves to fix this door. One day last month on visiting the place we discovered that this door had been broken in again, and this is where our genius got in his work. A trap was set for the next visitor coming that way, consisting of a shelf just over the door loaded with pans, bottles, broken glass, etc. This shelf was so adjusted that when the door opened wide enough to admit a person this whole mess would fall on the intruder's head, and in addition would release a beer keg loaded with shot and weights from its suspended position, striking him just below the belt—surely an awful thing to run up against. If this did not cripple the victim or knock him over the veranda railing into the lake, a second keg was so adjusted at the head of the stairs leading down to the boat room, that it would be set a-rolling, bumping down the stairway, dragging its line of bottles and cans, making a terrible noise.

This mechanism was rigged up and tested several times and worked to perfection. The trap was set and left to do its horrible work. For three weeks we watched and waited, expecting any time to hear that the coroner had been suddenly called to attend a case at the lake front. We were disappointed in not securing our game, but also found part of our trap had been sprung a number of times from within. This was quite evident that one of our own members was doing this as a joke on the ones who had rigged up the trap. So a consultation was held by these few, and in checking up those who had knowledge of the scheme and who would be likely to spring the trap in this manner, the conclusion was quickly and unanimously reached that —— was that person. How to retaliate in a fitting manner was the next problem. Again our genius came to the front. ——was known to be going out of town for the next few days, so it was decided that one of his canoes would have to disappear. The plan was to store it away in the attic. Doors were taken off hinges, windows removed from their frames, hanging lamps taken down and everything made ready for an easy and quick transfer from the boat room to a cozy little berth under the rafters, where it was covered up with such things as cots, fish nets and other stuff accumulated there, completely concealing its identity. Everything else was replaced in its position and we waited impatiently, for we knew we were sure of some fun this time. In due time Willie returned from his bicycle trip and immediately went to the boat house. Of course he missed his fine new paddler the first thing, and I will give up any attempt at describing his troubles and perplexities. He interviewed all the people in the neighborhood and looked up everybody around town connected with the club, trying to get some information. Finally he invoked the aid of detectives and the police force. If he will only offer a reward the joke will have gone far enough, but as yet he is still looking for his canoe. A MAHN-A-WAUK.

American Canoe Association.

THE annual meeting of the executive committee of the American Canoe Association was held on Nov. 11 at Stanwix Hall, Rome, N. Y., with Com. W. R. Huntington presiding. The financial reports showed a most successful year, a cash balance of over $550 being turned over by ex-Sec'y-Treas. Cragge after all expenses of the meet were paid. It was decided without discussion to hold the meet of 1896 on the old camp ground at Grindstone Island in the St. Lawrence River. After considerable discussion, the date was fixed for Aug. 14-28 inclusive. No changes of racing rules could be made, but a number were favorably passed upon by the committee, to be voted on by mail. The principal ones, proposed by Mr. Butler, were the limiting of sail in all races to 130sq. ft., and the removal of the limit to drop of centerboard. After the meeting the visitors were entertained by the Deowainsta Canoe Club with an elegantly served dinner at the hotel.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Riflemen.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 3.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day.

Conditions: 200yds., strictly off-hand, 3lbs. trigger pull, rifles under 10lbs. weight, standard target, 7 ring black.

Captain Gindele again distinguished himself by making two consecutive clean scores and a 95. How's that for strictly off-hand shooting? Scores:

Gindele	7	6	10	8	8	10	9	9	10	8—85
	9	8	10	9	7	8	7	9	9	10—86
	8	9	8	9	8	9	8	8	8	10—85
	9	10	9	10	9	10	8	10	10	10—95
Payne	6	10	5	10	9	8	10	8	8	10—84
	8	10	7	9	8	7	9	7	8	7—80
	7	10	9	10	10	9	10	10	6	8—89
	10	5	9	8	9	7	10	8	8	6—80
Trounstein	5	5	5	5	8	7	6	10	8	7—66
	7	7	4	6	8	5	8	5	7	7—64
	8	8	7	7	8	8	7	9	5	6—73
	4	3	8	8	8	8	4	9	4	6—62
Brumback	9	7	9	8	9	9	8	8	10	8—85
	6	8	4	8	8	6	10	7	7	9—73
	6	9	6	10	5	6	3	10	10	7—71
	6	6	8	5	6	9	6	9	7	8—70
Weinheimer	7	6	9	9	7	7	8	8	5	4—70
	7	5	6	10	7	9	9	7	4	9—73
	8	4	6	8	5	8	9	5	8	8—69
	7	7	9	6	8	9	10	5	6	6—71
Topf	8	10	4	9	9	4	6	7	8	6—71
	5	9	9	6	3	8	9	5	8	1—63
	4	4	4	6	5	10	9	4	7	6—59
	1	5	9	4	6	4	9	4	8	8—58
Louis	6	4	8	7	7	7	7	7	5	10—68
	7	7	4	9	10	5	10	8	2	6—68
	10	6	8	9	9	5	8	6	4	3—68
	5	10	8	6	10	9	7	8	8	4—75
Nestler	8	10	10	8	6	9	10	9	8	9—87
	9	9	8	8	9	6	8	6	10	10—81
	10	6	7	7	9	6	9	8	10	8—80
	8	6	10	6	10	9	7	6	6	7—75
Hasenzahl	9	6	6	10	10	10	6	8	10	6—81
	10	9	10	10	8	9	6	8	7	9—86
	7	10	10	8	9	8	8	7	8	6—81
	6	8	8	10	9	6	9	8	9	5—78
Drube	6	5	10	10	7	9	7	5	10	8—77
	8	6	7	6	8	10	7	6	8	7—73
	7	9	9	8	9	8	7	9	8	9—83
	8	6	10	10	6	8	7	7	5	10—77

Tournament of the Greenville Rifle Club.

THE two days' open shoot of the Greenville Rifle Club, of Jersey City, N. J., which commenced on the morning of Nov. 9, was brought to a conclusion at 11 P. M. on the following day. Owing to the lateness of the hour it was impossible to announce the winners' names until Monday morning, Nov. 11. The cash prizes, which amounted to quite a considerable sum, brought together many of the best shots in this part of the country, among them being F. C. Ross, Michael Dorrler, G. W. Plaisted, Louis Flach, George Rosenbaum, George Purkess, Robert Busse, etc.

The shooting was off-hand, German ring target, 75ft., best two tickets to count. The winners were:

George Purkess, Greenville R. C., 75, 74; Robert Busse, Zettler R. C., 74, 74; Michael Dorrler, Greenville R. C., 74, 73; Louis Flach, Empire R. C., 74, 73; George Rosenbaum, Empire R. C., 74, 72; Frederick C. Ross, Williamsburgh Shooting Society, 72, 73; Colin Boag, Greenville R. C., 72, 71; Walter C. Collins, Greenville R. C., 72, 71; Louis P. Hansen, Excelsior R. C., 71, 71; George Vogel, Zettler R. C., 71, 71; John Rebhan, Hudson R. C., 71, 70; G. W. Plaisted, Greenville R. C., 71, 68; James Boag, Greenville R. C., 70, 68; Christopher Scheeline, Greenville R. C., 70, 68; Gustav Graef, Greenville R. C., 70, 68; George Renker, Excelsior R. C., 69, 66; George Agneau, Greenville R. C., 63, 66; William Dodds, Greenville R. C., 68, 67.

Premiums—Michael Dorrler, Greenville R. C., 74, 73, 73, 73, 72; Louis Flach, Empire R. C., 74, 73, 72, 73, 72; Robert Busse, Zettler R. C., 74, 74, 72, 72, 71.

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, Oct. 23.—The official report of the North London Rifle Club of its last day's revolver competition for the year has just been published; the report says: "Mr. Walter Winans secures the revolver championship with a more marvelous run of shooting than before." Score of to-day's revolver championship:

Revolver match, 18 shots at 20yds., committee vs. club:

Club team (captained by Lieut. F. E. Varley, Hon. Artillery Co.).

E Howe	35 36 36—107	A J Comber	27 31 36—94
Capt T W Heath	32 37 38—107	Lieut Howard	28 30 33—72—309

Committee team (captained by W. Winans).

Walter Winans	36 38 39—113	Major Cowan	31 32 35—98
Carter	36 37 38—111	Skilton	23 24 25—72—394

Revolver match, 20yds., stationary target:

Walter Winans	777777—42	Knapp	774747—36
Capt T W Heath	577667—38	Capt W Evans	575575—34
Carter	767567—38	Capt Earle	345777—33
A J Comber	676775—38	Denyer	577535—32
L Comber	764777—38	Lieut Clemence	465457—31
Major Palmer	577665—36	Bashford	455467—31
E Howe	677565—36	Lieut F Evans	365773—31
Lieut Richardson	774756—36		

Trap-Shooting.

FIXTURES.

Nov. 20 21.—IRONTON, O.—Holiday tournament of the Iron City Gun Club. H. E. Norton, Pres.

Nov. 26-28.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament of the Des Moines Gun Club; live birds and targets. C O Perkins, Pres.

Nov. 28.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Thanksgiving tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club; live birds and targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—RYE, N. Y.—Thanksgiving tournament of the Rye Gun Club; live birds and targets; shooting commences at 10 A. M. E. J. Pope, Sec'y.

Dec 7.—HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa.—Team race, 25 men to a team, between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League; all day shoot on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League.

Dec. 19, 20.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Fifth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

1896.

Jan. 4.—WILMINGTON, Del.—Second team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 25 men to a team; all day shoot on the grounds of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club.

Jan. 4-5—PHŒNIX, Ariz.—Annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Jan. 9-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the auspices of Texas State Sportsmen's Association and management of J. M. George and O. C. Guessaz (Texas Field).

Feb 1.—————.—Third team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 26 men to a team. (Place of shoot not fixed.)

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; $1000 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2 000 added money.

May (second week) —MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

May 12-14.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

May 20-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 19-23.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

The following is the programme for the Iron City Gun Club's tournament on Nov. 20, 21, at Ironton, O.: Six events at 15 bluerocks, $1.50 entrance each event, and four 20-target events, $2 entrance. The above ten events will constitute the programme for each day. Targets will be charged for at the rate of 2 cents each, the money being deducted from the purses. Shooting commences promptly at 8:30 each day. The following handicapping system will be tried: All making straight scores in any event will shoot in the next event at everything known, traps pulled in reverse order. Whenever they fail at this style of shooting to take a portion of either first or second money they go back to unknown angles. Mr. H. E. Norton, president of the club, in sending us the above particulars of his club's programme, adds: "This we think to be a fair way of shooting, and one that should suit the amateur, the expert and the professional. The club has already heard from enough shooters to feel safe in saying that it will have from four to six squads all the time. We promise to all who come a square shoot in every way and two days of good sport. Don't forget the dates—Nov. 20-21."

Mr. Harry A. Chisholm, secretary of the Portland, Me., Gun Club, send us the following under date of Oct. 26: "In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM you state that the Richmond, Me., team won the championship badge given by the Lovell Arms Co. The real truth of the matter is this: The Richmond team contains some members who shoot 10-gauge guns. While the shoot was in progress Mr. Huntington's load was challenged and found to contain very nearly one and one-half ounces of shot. At the end of the contest the badge was awarded to the Portland team, Huntington's score being thrown out, thus giving Portland the State championship."

In a letter dated from Memphis, Tenn., November 4, Noel Money, of the American E. C. Powder Company, says in regard to the sport he has had while on his trip through the South: "Am in a hurry, as I am just off to Little Rock, Ark., to shoot live birds with Paul Litzke. Have been having very good shooting here; been after quail three days and have bagged; first afternoon, 35; second day, 64, and third day, 75; grass and cover still very thick. I was at the Wacanaca club last week, where there are simply millions of ducks, geese and wild swans. This is a wonderful game country, turkeys and deer seem to be everywhere; one man at the club killed five turkeys on Saturday morning in about one hour." That sounds like a sportsman's paradise.

On Nov. 1 the colleges of Princeton, Yale and Harvard met before the traps, the gun clubs of each college sending teams of five to Dayton, N. J., where, on the grounds of the local gun club at Monmouth Junction, the teams decided the annual question of superiority with the shotgun. Princeton won, as the following scores show: Princeton—Kendall and Farr 26, Young 25, Johnson 22 and Paine 21—120; Harvard—Bartol 28, Hardy 25, Dove 22, Harris 21 and Sterling 20—116. Yale—Miller 26, McCahill 24, Hoyt 18, Sargeant 16 and Benedict 14—98. Each man shot at 30 targets, making 150 to the team.

The Pittsburg, Pa., *Dispatch* of Nov. 5 says: "At a meeting of the Herron Hill G. C. yesterday the following gentlemen were elected to membership: W. W. Wilcox, B. F. Jones, Jr., D. H. Hostetter, J. A. Wilson, John D. McKennan, William N. Murray, L. W. Dalzell, William L. Jones, C. M. Hostetter, T. H. Ewing, George A. Howe, O. L. Herlig, John H. Straub, T. H. Childs, W. C. Temple, E. E. Shaner, Sol Shaner, John W. Dickson, John G. Messner, H. Christy, J. A. Glesenkamp."

E. W. Hoffman, of Galena, Kan., has challenged W. W. McIlhany, of Weir City, Kan., the holder of the championship of the State of Kansas at live birds, for the trophy emblematic of the above championship. McIlhany has accepted the challenge, and the match will take place at Weir City on Nov. 21. The conditions of the match are 50 live birds per man, A. S. A. rules to govern.

The Wollaston, Mass., Gun Club's series of merchandise club shoots for 1895 have been brought to a close. In this competition each member is allowed to choose his three best scores in the series. As a result, the first prize goes to Morse with 73 out of 75, Federhen taking second with 72 out of the same number. D. B. Lincoln and Prescott are tied for third with 71 each; they will shoot off the tie to decide the owner of the prize.

The Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I., opened its pigeon-shooting season of 1895-96 on Election Day. The proceedings were informal, but some good shooting was done, the birds, as is always the case on these grounds, being fast flyers. C. A. Chapin did the best work during the day, killing 39 out of 40 from the 30yds. mark.

W. T. Irwin and A. H. Bogardus shot a live-bird match on Nov. 6, at Paris, Ill. This match was said to be "the second of the series of three for the championship!" Irwin won by killing 44 out of 50 to Bogardus's 41. Each has now won one match; the next is to be shot at Lincoln, when the "championship" question will be decided.

When five men step to the score and shoot at 50 targets each, unknown angles, scoring a total of 236 out of the 250, an average of 94 4 for the team—it is what may be called shooting. That was the record made on Nov. 4 by five members of the Cleveland Gun Club, as shown elsewhere.

The members of the Yantacaw Gun Club had good sport on Election Day, notwithstanding the fact that the scores were not up to the average, as is shown by the following: F. S. Delafield 16, R. K. Cooke 14, G. Deaken 12, E. R. Tilton 5, T. Wilson 14, E. Macy 12, F. Butler 10, S. H. Dorr 10, G. Malcolm 10.

In a 25 live-bird sweep shot at Patchogue, L. I., on Nov. 7, Wm. O'Berry, of St. James', carried off first money by killing 25 straight. The contestants were John Wolfert, of Islip; W. M. O'Berry, of St. James'; Dr. Beers, of Brooklyn; George O'Berry, of St. James'; John Harris, of Smithtown; Robert O'Berry, of St. James', and George Marks, of Bohemia.

We are indebted to Mr. Portus Baxter, of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, the secretary of the Washington State Sportsmen's Association, for the scores of the association's tournament held recently at Seattle. The daily reports of the shoot given in the above paper were from the pen of Mr. Baxter, who handled the matter very ably.

W. J. Passmore, a member of the Crescent Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., won the November shoot of that club by killing 6 out of 7 live birds from the 28yds. mark. His competitors were: Walter G. Gilman (30) and Otto J. Schmidt (28).

The result of the first King-Messner match was a surprise; not so much from the fact that the men tied at the end of the 100th round, but on account of the poor scores made on what are termed by our correspondent "awfully bum birds."

At the Kewanee (Ill.) tournament on Nov. 8 the Galesburg, Ill., team beat the Kewanee team by the score of 41 to 39. During the three days of the shoot Rolla Heikes as usual rolled up some big scores. On the last day he divided, or took the whole of first money in ten events out of sixteen.

The managers of tournaments, and secretaries of gun clubs that contemplate holding tournaments, should not fail to send for samples of FOREST AND STREAM'S tournament squad pads. Having gotten them out in large quantities we can furnish them at a very low rate indeed.

There is no easier method of insuring a good attendance at your tournaments than by keeping your club before the eyes of the trap-shooting public. Send in your scores, not occasionally, but every time your club holds a shoot.

The Rye, N. Y., Gun Club announces that it will hold an all-day shoot at live birds and targets on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28. Shooting commences at 10 A. M.

The Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club will hold its fifth bi-monthly tournament Dec. 19, 20. First day, targets; second day, live birds; open to all.

EDWARD BANKS.

Warren Gun Club Tournament.

WARREN, O., Nov. 7.—The Warren Gun Club held its third shoot of the season to-day. It was the most successful yet held by the club. The rapid-fire system was used and all shooting was at unknown angles. Twelve events were shot, half being for merchandise and half for money prizes; in the latter the percentage system was used; 3,370 bluerocks were thrown during the shoot. The weather was perfect for shooting, which began at 8 A. M. and lasted until dark. The following twenty-six shooters participated: Sterling and F. H. Snow, of Cleveland, O.; Weakland and Fry, of Youngstown, O.; O'Connell, Rummell and Naylor, of Niles, O.; Hull and Chapman, of Akron, O.; Flick, of Ravenna, O.; Nutt, of Kent, O.; Spires, Porter and Whittlesey, of Atwater, O.; Savage and Keck, of ——; Stiles, Ewalt, Jones, Perkins, Sheldon, Schoonover, Neracher, Biery, Williams and Dunham, of Warren, O.

The following is the percentage of each shooter exclusive of tie birds. The shooters with a * before their names shot in all events:

	Per cent.		Per cent.		Per cent.
*Weakland	92	*Spires	83	Naylor	70
*Snow	91	Neracner	81.3	O'Connell	70
*Sheldon	90	Rummell	80.5	Biery	62
*Flick	88.3	Savage	80	*Whittlesey	61
*Sterling	87.6	*Stiles	79	*Perkins	56
*Hull	86	*Chapman	75	Keck	52
*Schoonover	86	Dunham	74	Porter	40
Jones	85	*Nutt	73.9	Williams	36
*Fry	84	*Ewalt	72		

H. B. PERKINS, JR., Secretary.

Trap on Long Island.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 5.—Eight members of the New Utrecht Gun Club competed this afternoon for the Holiday cup. The contest is at 10 birds, club handicap rise, with a sweepstake of $3, birds of course being extra. Louis Schortemeier, C. W. Floyd, E. B. Knowlton and H. P. Fessenden killed all their birds and shot off for the cup, miss-and-out. Fessenden fell down on his second tie bird; Knowlton killed four straight and then dropped out; Floyd missing his seventh and Schortemeier having killed, the latter was declared the winner. The scores were:

L Schortemeier (28)	2222222222—10	W Lair (28)	2212112012— 9
C W Floyd (28)	2222222222—10	C M Meyer (28)	2202222222— 9
E B Knowlton (26)	1122212211—10	J N Meyer (26)	2110120111— 8
H P Fessenden (27)	2222222222—10	G W Coulston (28)	2102201110— 7

Shoot-off of ties:

Schortemeier	2222222	Knowlton	21110
Floyd	2222220	Fessendea	20

JULIAN DEFEATS SCHMIDT.

Nov. 5.—S. H. Julian, of the Hell Gate Gun Club, and August Schmidt, president of the New York German Gun Club, shot a couple of live-bird matches this afternoon, the former coming out ahead in both. The conditions of the first race were: 25 live birds, 28yds. rise, $100 a side. Mott's traps were used, with his automatic electric pulling apparatus. The birds were a good lot and flew well, making good scores an impossibility. The score of the first race was as follows:

Julian	0222002022002121221012212—18
Schmidt	1220212220••12202020000220—14

Another match on the same terms was then arranged. This was a close affair, both men killing 19 of their birds. The score:

Schmidt	1112112221000•1•12110121 2—19
Julian	1122012221222•020020112 12—19

On the shoot-off at 5 birds both men killed all. A second string of 5 birds was then shot, Julian winning by killing 4 to his opponent's 3.

CONEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Nov. 6.—Eleven members of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club took part in the regular club shoot to-day. The contest for the Hughes gold medal was a good one, three men tieing for the badge with clean scores of 7 birds each: W. H. Lair (29), Herman Mueller (27), and John F. Schmaedke (27). Three other shooters tied for the second prize.

The scores were: W. H. Lair (29), Herman Mueller and John F. Schmaedke (27), 7; Henry Knebel, Jr. (29), Dr. G. H. Raynor (27), and Hugh McLoughlin (27), 6; J. B. Voorhees (28), John Schliemann (28), John E. Orr (28), and Harry M. Rockefeller (27), 5; Dr. J. H. Van Zile (30), 4.

Ties for first and second prizes were shot off, miss-and-out, as follows:

Ties on 7 for the Hughes badge: Lair 3, Schmaedke 2, and Mueller 0.

Ties on 6 for second prize: Raynor 6, McLoughlin 5, Knebel 2.

Ties on 5 for third prize were not shot off, Voorhees, Rockefeller, Schliemann and Orr dividing their share of the pot.

AT NORTH BEACH.

Nov. 11.—James W. Barton and Harry J. Lawrence, both members of the Eureka Gun Club, shot a race at 50 live birds per man, 28yds. rise, on the shooting grounds at North Beach, L. I. The birds were strong flyers and, aided by the high wind, they managed in a large number of instances to escape from the shooters. Barton, who ran 17 straight before he missed, won with ease by 11 birds, the scores showing: Barton 44, Lawrence 33.

BUSHWICK ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Nov. 11.—The Bushwick Rod and Gun Club held its monthly club badge shoot to-day on its grounds at Newtown, L. I. The high wind which blew across the traps made the flight of the targets very erratic and lowered the totals of breaks very materially. Henry J. Williams won the club shoot as follows:

Club shoot, 20 targets: Henry J. Williams 19, James H. Nolan 16, Thomas W. Richardson 14, George H. Schaeffer 15, William H. Johnson 15, George W. Morrison 13, Philip H. Young 12, Andrew T. Murphy 11, John J. O'Brien 9, Edward T. Hudson 6.

No. 2, 10 targets, known angles: Williams 9, Nolan 7, Richardson 6, Schaeffer 10, Johnston 9, Morrison 8, Young 7, Murphy 7, O'Brien 6, Hudson 4.

The same: Williams 7, Nolan 8, Richardson 10, Schaeffer 8, Johnston 9, Morrison 7, Young 9, Murphy 8, O'Brien 7, Hudson 3.

SUFFOLK COUNTY GUN CLUB.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—The Suffolk County Gun Club held its first regular monthly shoot for the season of 1895-96 this afternoon. The principal event was the 10-bird shoot for the club championship, which was won by G. Nicholl, who scored 9 out of 10. All contestants shot from the 30yds. mark in this event. Two other events were also shot off during the afternoon. Scores:

Club championship, 10 live birds:

G Nicholl	221-032222—9	R Vanwart	2022000222—6
H Miller	2222210202—8	L Stoddart	1220020020—6
J Foster	2110222202—8	F Hamilton	2102020200—5
F Dumont	2222002222—8	G Bader	2200220020—5

Other events were as follows:

No. 2, 5 birds, $10, then miss-and-out: S. Baudine 7, R. Fraser 6, L. Stoddart and J. Cardigan 4, H. Miller and F. Dumont 3.

No. 3, 10 birds: H. Miller 9, S. Baudine and G. Nicholl 8, Gil. Ford 6.

H.

Great Scores at Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 4.—Some remarkably fine shooting was done here to-day at the contest for the championship of Cuyahoga county by the five contestants who took part in the shoot. The shooting was at 50 bluerocks per man, unknown angles. The following scores were made:

Redwing	1111111011111111111111111111111011111111111111111—48
Upson	1111010111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48
Latham	1111111111111111111111111111111011111111111111111—49
Elliott	1101111111111111111111111111111011111111111111111—46
Sherman	1111111101110111101111111111111011101111111111111—45

The championship badge is a very fine diamond badge and has been contested for four times, Upson winning twice and Redwing and Latham once each. The conditions governing the badge make it necessary for a contestant to win four times in succession to own it; with the excellent target shots we have in Cleveland it will be almost impossible for any one to carry it off.

Cleveland holds the State championship at present and is unable to find any club in the State that thinks they have a good enough team of four to give them a match for the State championship cup held by them.

Dayton talks a great deal, but never comes after the cup. Any team has the privilege of challenging, but they do not seem to care for the cup somehow or other. They all say it's pewter anyhow. PULL

Climax Gun Club.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Oct. 30.—The regular monthly shoot of the Climax Gun Club took place to-day in perfect weather. Owing probably to the counter attraction offered by the open season on game, the attendance at the shoot was light. Those that were present did some good work. Grier, who is J. G. Lindzey, of Dunellen, N. J., as usual did not require more than a quarter of his handicap allowance, scoring 31 out of 33 shot at. President Manning missed his first two targets and then ran 25 straight. Dutchy Smith and Brantingham both scored 24 out of 25, while D. Darby broke 24 out of 30 shot at. Swody and Singer gained 4 points each by breaking respectively 23 out of 31, and 23 out of 35. The shoot is at 25 targets per man, handicap allowance of extra targets, unknown angles. Score:

J Grier (33)	1111111111111101111101111111111	—31
R Manning (27)	0011111111111111111111111	—25
C Smith (25)	1111111101111111111111	—24
T Brantingham (25)	1111111111111101111111111	—24
D Darby (30)	1111111110001110110111110111	—24
J Swody (31)	0111110110101110011101111101111	—23
J W Singer (35)	1110101111110101100110101010001111	—23
J Goodman (32)	0010010001111111101111111101001	—19
Dan Terry (26)	1011111010100110101110	—17

The Seattle Tournament.

SEATTLE, Wash., Nov. 1.—The annual tournament of the Washington State Sportsmen's Association for the Protection of Fish and Game was brought to a successful close in the afternoon of Oct. 27. The shoot took place in the Madison street ball park and lasted four days, from Oct. 24-27. Targets were used on the first two days, live birds during the last two.

Some idea of the success of the meeting may be gathered from the fact that no less than sixty-one shooters took part in the target events, while in all the live-bird events the entry lists were very satisfactory.

During the meeting three interesting special events were shot off: the individual championship of the State at targets, the three-men team championship of the State at targets, and the individual championship of the State at live birds.

The team race was shot off on the first day. The weather proved dull and unpropitious during the early part of the day, but while this event was in progress the sun came out and made things as bright again as they were. The conditions of the team race were: three men to a team, all to be members of the same club, 30 targets per man, unknown angles. The result was a victory for Seattle team No. 1, with a score of 75; Tacoma teams No. 1 and No. 2 were tied for second place with 69 each. Seattle No. 2 was third with 68. The scores in this race were as follows:

Seattle No. 1.

A K Churchill	111011110100110011111111110111—23
J N Hardy	111111111110001111111110111110—25
E P Miner	101111111111010111111111111111—27—75

Tacoma No. 1.

Ellis	111100011111011101101111111000—22
Denham	001011100001111111001111011111—20
Sheard	111111111111011011111011111—27—69

Tacoma No. 2.

Lanning	111011111111111010011111111101—25
Eberly	100111011111111100011010011001—20
Smith	001111001110111111101111111111—24—69

Seattle No. 2.

Wallingford	110010111111111010011101111111—23
Ruppe	101101101011101101100101111—20
Purdy	111011111111011111111111001—25—68

Spokane.

F K McBroom	110111111010101011111111111011—24
F H Mason	011010000000110101111101111000—15
T Ware	011011111111111111111111111111—27—66

Tacoma No. 3.

Kimball	101110110110011111001110111101—21
Young	101111100000100101111011100001—15
Barlow	111111111011111111111111111010111—26—62

Seattle No. 3.

Schlumpf	111111010000001101111000110100—16
Hall	111110111100101111101010010000—18
F Charles	111001100101001011111010000011—16—50

The best work during the day is credited to W. F. Sheard, of Tacoma, formerly of Montana. Out of 110 consecutive targets he broke 104, there being a question also as to whether another target was not actually broken. He won first average in events outside the team race with 88 per cent. C. Miner, of Seattle, took second average with 87 per cent. E. B. Lanning, of Tacoma, is a new man at the traps, consequently his work must be classed as very good, his 24 out of 25 in the last event of the day surprising his opponets. Goodrich, of Seattle, also a new man in trap-shooting circles, did good work. An interesting incident of the day's proceedings was furnished by a wild swan which flew lazily over the shooters at the score, just high enough above them to be out of gunshot.

The second day was dark and raw, making the light extremely poor for target shooting. The individual championship of the State at targets was shot off to-day, some good scores, considering the weather conditions, being made by the contestants for the medal. Tom Ware won the medal by rolling up the capital score of 45 out of his 50 targets. He had not much to spare, however, as E. P. Miner was right after him with a score of 44, while close behind Miner came Sheard with 43, and Ellis and Hardy with 42 each. The scores made in the other programme events are given in the table given below, the detailed score of the championship match being as follows:

Individual championship of the State, 50 targets per man:

Ware	10111111111101111101111111111111111111—45
E P Miner	10101111111111101111111101111111111100111111111—44
Sheard	11011101111111111111111101011111111111001111111—43
Ellis	10101101111100110111111111110101011111111110111111—42
J N Hardy	10111111111111111100111101100111101111111111011—42
McBroom	11111111111001111111001111101111101111101101110—41
Cooper	11111110101011111111111011011111011111111011000111—40
Schlumpf	11111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—40
Lanning	11111011101111100111101111111111011101111101010110—39
Smith	11110101111001101111111101111111111101011111111100—39
Barlow	11111100011101111111100111011111101000100111100—35
Purdy	01011100111111010101100010101011011111111111011—35
Denham	10111011111001111101011011011111110101100101100—34
Young	01111001010111011111101111011011001111001000111—31
Kimball	01111101110111010110111001101110000101010110011—31
Goodrich	11010001101011010110101111100001000111101111100—27
Eberly	11001111111000111111001101010111 —23

First, T. Ware, Spokane, winner of the medal and $20; second money, $34.75, E. P. Miner, Seattle; third money, $20.85, Sheard, Tacoma; fourth prize, $13.90, divided between Ellis and Hardy. McBroom, Cooper and Schlumpf won merchandise prizes.

The following table gives the totals of each man's scores in the regular programme events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	10	15	15	20	20	25	10	15	15	20	25	20	10	10	10
J Hardy	6	11	13	15	11	21	7	12	12	20	20	..	8	..	..
Deacon	10	10	10	..	14	17	5	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
McBroom	6	13	12	15	16	18	8	12	13	18	19	..	..	..	..
Hall	5	11	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	5
Calhoun	5	9	11	13	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Barlow	7	7	13	12	17	20	9	10	11	10	17	..	..	..	..
Morton	7	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
Robinson	5	..	..	15	..	7	..	13	..	..	..	17	..	..	..
Lanning	6	9	13	16	15	24	8	14	14	15	19	..	9	6	5
McNaughton	4	10	10	..	13	..	6	6	11	..	..	13	..	..	..
Chellis	6	14	11	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Churchill	8	13	11	15	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kirk	1	7	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Maple	7	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Young	3	9	9	10	15	18	..	..	10	10	14	..	12	..	..
Sheard	8	10	12	20	20	23	9	11	12	17	20	..	..	..	..
Kimball	7	11	9	16	13	17	..	..	..	12	..	11	..	..	..
Maclure	5	13	12	18	13	18	7	11	11	12	..	..	8	8	8
Ellis	7	12	9	17	19	22	9	12	13	16	20	..	8	9	7
Schlumpf	6	7	11	13	10	19	8	6	10	8	..	8	9	..	..
Eberly	8	9	11	17	15	19	7	10	12	16	18	12	7	8	..
T Ware	9	11	14	14	16	23	9	13	14	16	21	..	8	..	7
Denham	10	14	14	16	15	22	10	13	12	19	15	..	9	4	7
Considine	7	8	12	6	15	16	7	9	10	16	15	15	..	..	..
Smith	9	9	9	15	12	16	9	8	11	14	16	15	..	..	..
A Johnson	2	3	8	9	..	..	7	6	..	15	18	..	..	..	..
Mason	6	8	11	13	15	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Claiborne	2	2	8	9	14	17	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	4
Ikes	7	13	..	13	..	..	7	9	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
Goodrich	4	8	13	15	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	9	..	5
Jones	8	3	3	3	..	14	3	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Hipkins	6	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
E P Miner	8	13	11	18	17	22	9	15	13	15	21	..	7	..	..
C Minor	10	13	13	18	17	22	7	11	14	11	21	..	8	9	7
John	9	11	12	16	16	22	8	14	11	18	21	..	6	5	8
Ruppe	5	11	12	14	12	..	9	6	15	14	18	5	8	..	..
Cooper	10	13	14	17	14	18	8	8	11	14	21	..	8	..	..
Purdy	9	12	13	15	13	14	8	10	9	13	18	14	..	..	..
Wallingford	..	9	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	8
Barrington	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
McKee	..	..	4	10	..	11	..	8	12	10	10	17	12	7	..	6
J S Johnson	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	..
Willey	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	10	..	..	..	10	5	9
West	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	9	..	5	7
Charles	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	18	..	..	..	..	7	..	3
Clark	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W A Hardy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	8	11	13	..	11	8	..	..
Brewer	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	..	..	..	..	..
Stevens	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	13	13	11	..	..	..
Doty	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	13	..	..	..
Scott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	11	6	3	5
Atkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..
Winston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
P Stimson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..
Treat	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Easton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..
Garrison	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	9	..
Robertson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..
Schlee	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..
F Hardy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..
Budd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..

Nos. 1-6 were shot on the first day; Nos. 7-12 on the second, while Nos. 13-15 were shot as extras on the fourth day while live-bird events were also being shot.

LIVE-BIRD SCORES.

The scores made at live birds during the last two days of the shoot are given below. The championship event was unfinished on the third day, being carried over and completed on the last day of this most successful tournament.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE ANNUAL MEETING.

During the evening of the second day the annual meeting of the Association took place, the following being an account of the proceedings clipped from the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* of the following morning:

"The Association met in the evening at the Butler Hotel and elected the following officers: President, Josiah Collins; Vice-President, E. E. Ellis, of Tacoma; Treasurer, George J. Willey; Board of Directors, W. F. Sheard, W. A. Hardy, A. L. Johnson, Joe Schlumpf, C. F. Treat, T. B. Ware, Dell Cooper. Capt. E. P. Miner, W. A. Eberly, F. H. Mason, E. B. Lanning and Mr. Doty.

"Resolutions were adopted thanking the Seattle Rod and Gun Club for the fine programme, it being voted one of the finest shoots ever held on the Pacific coast. A resolution was adopted thanking the *Post-Intelligencer* for its generosity in donating the beautiful State championship medal and also for the press reports. Portus Baxter was tendered the special thanks of the meeting for his accurate report of the tournament. After the meeting the board of directors met and decided to hold the next tournament at Tacoma, under the auspices of the Tacoma Rifle, Rod and Gun Club, some time next October. Portus Baxter was unanimously elected secretary of the Association."

THE LIVE-BIRD SCORES.

As stated above, the third and fourth days of the shoot were devoted to live-bird events. Three target sweeps were shot off on the fourth day, the scores made in those events being incorporated in the table given above.

The results and scores in detail of the minor live-bird events shot on the third and fourth days of the tournament are easily gathered from the scores run below; while in the majority of instances the flight of the bird tells how luck favored some and bore hard on others. Of course the interest on these two days centered in the contest for the State championship, the conditions of which were: 20 live birds per man, $20 entrance, $100 added, the winner taking a silver cup presented by Albert Hansen.

This contest was in an interesting condition when darkness put an end to shooting on the evening of the third day. All those who had scored at least three misses had withdrawn with a privilege of re-entry in the event of their being able to win any of the money. This left only eight men apparently in the event when shooting opened on the morning of the fourth day with the commencement of the 14th round: Purdy had 13 straight; Eberly, Cooper and Churchill 12 each; Ware, Stevens, Young and Doty 11 each. Doty shot a 10-gauge, with brass shells loaded with 5drs. of black powder.

As the score shows, things became decidedly interesting after Purdy lost his 15th bird dead out of bounds. This left him a tie with Cooper and Eberly, and as these three killed straight to the finish, they shot off for the cup, agreeing to divide first money. It took three series of 5 birds each to decide who should have the cup, the honor of holding it and of wearing the title of champion ultimately resting with Dr. Percival A. Purdy, of Seattle. Dr. Purdy's loss of his 15th bird let in one or two others, who thus had a chance for fourth money, making the contest of still greater interest.

On the whole the management was not favored with the best of weather, the last day being particularly cold and chilly, while the sky was overcast with a mass of dull gray clouds. That the tournament was a success under these conditions cannot but be satisfactory to the State Association, which is now in a most flourishing condition.

Scores in the live-bird events were:

Third Day.

In addition to the contest for the championship of the State at live birds, which was commenced to-day, the following live-bird events were shot off, No. 1 being at 12 birds, $10, 3 moneys, and No. 2 a miss-and-out, $1 entrance. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
McKee	2 1 2 1 0 2 1 0 2 2 1 1—10	0 —0
Denham	1 ● 2 1 1 2 1 1 ● 2 1 1—10	2 2 ● —2
Calhoun	1 2 0 2 0 1 2 2 2 0 2 0—8	1 2 1 2 1—5
Charles	0 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 0 2—9	2 2 2 0 —3
Churchill	2 2 0. 0 1 2 1 2 0 2 2 2—9	1 2 0 —2
W A Hardy	● 1 0 1 ● 1 1 1 2 1 0—7	0 —0
John	0 1 0 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 2—10	2 1 1 0 —3
Thomas	● ● 1 0 1 0 1 2 2 0 2 1—7	0 —0
Sheard	1 2 0 2 0 1 1 2 2 1 2 2—10	1 1 2 2 2—5
Ware	2 2 1 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 1 ● —10	1 1 1 1 1—5
McBroom	1 2 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2—11	2 2 2 2—5
Cooper	1 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 ● 1 2—9	1 1 0 —2
Young	2 1 1 2 0 1 1 1 2 0 2 0—9	1 0 —1
J C Miner	1 2 0 0 1 2 1 2 1 1 0 1—9	2 1 1 2 1—5
Considine	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 1 2—10	1 2 1 2 1—5
McClure	2 0 0 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 0—9	2 1 2 0 —3
Stevens	2 2 1 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0—10	2 2 2 1 2—5
Eberly	1 2 ● 2 0 1 0 2 1 1 1 2—9	2 1 2 2 2—5
Purdy	0 0 1 1 ● ● 2 2 1 2 2 1—8	1 0 —1
Kimball	1 1 0 2 0 1 2 1 0 2 1 0—8	.....
Smith	1 2 0 0 1 0 1 2 1 1 2 2—9	.....
Doty	1 2 2 ● 0 2 2 2 2 1 1 1—10	.....
Ellis	1 2 1 0 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—11	1 0 —1
E P Miner	0 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—11	2 2 2 2 2—5
Easthom	2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2—11	.....
Ruppe	0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—10	.....
Robinson	.....	2 2 1 1 1—5

Fourth Day.

The contest for the State championship at live birds was decided to-day, Dr. Percival A Purdy, of Seattle, winning the cup after a protracted struggle with Cooper. The full score, showing the flight of the birds, together with the other live-bird scores shot to-day, are given below.

Championship of the State of Washington at live birds, 20 live birds per man, $20 entrance, three moneys and cup:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1895 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Cooper	1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 1 2—19
Eberly	2 0 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 1—19
Purdy	2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2—19
Churchill	1 1 2 2 1 2 1 ● 2 1 2 2 2 1 ● 2 2 2 2 2—18
Ware	2 0 2 ● 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2—18
Young	2 1 ● 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 ● 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—18
Ruppe	1 2 ● 0 2 1 2 ● 2 2 2 1 1 2 ● 2 1 2 2—16
Stevens	1 2 0 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 0 2 2 1—16
McBroom	2 2 2 1 ● ● 1 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 0—15
Wallingford	0 ● 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 0—15
Charles	1 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 1 2 2 0 —14
Doty	1 1 1 2 0 2 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 ● 1 0 —12
Smith	1 1 1 2 ● 2 1 0 2 1 2 ● 0 1 1 1 0 —12
Denham	2 2 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 ● 2 1 2 1 ● —10
Ellis	0 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 0 ● 2 1 ● 0 — 9
Easthom	0 2 1 0 1 0 2 2 1 1 2 0 — 8
McKee	2 1 2 1 0 2 0 0 1 0 2 0 — 7
Sheard	● ● 2 2 ● 0 1 1 2 2 0 — 6
Barlow	● 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 — 4
Miner	0 ● 0 ● 1 2 0 — 2

Shoot off for cup at 5 birds:

Purdy	2 1 2 2 2—5	0 2 2 2 2—4	2 2 2 2 —4
Cooper	1 2 2 2 2—5	2 1 0 2 2—4	2 0 ● 2 —2
Eberly	1 2 0 2 1—4	.....	.....

First prize, cup to Purdy. $190 divided between Purdy, Eberly and Cooper; second money, $114, divided between Young, Churchill and Ware; third money, $76, divided between Stevens and Ruppe.

No. 2, 5 live birds, $5 entrance, three moneys, class shooting:

McKee	0 1 2 1 2—4	Ware	● 2 2 2 2—4
Lanning	2 0 2 ● 0—2	Scott	0 2 1 2 2—4
E P Miner	0 2 2 2 2—4	Eberly	1 2 0 2 1—4
Calhoun	1 0 1 1 0—3	Stevens	2 2 2 2 1—5
McClure	1 1 2 0 2—4	W A Hardy	● 2 2 0 0—2
Charles	2 0 2 ● ●—2	Denham	2 1 0 1 1—4
Ellis	2 1 2 2 0—4	Wallingford	● 2 0 0 0—1
John	1 1 1 2 2—5	C Miner	1 2 1 2 1—5
Cooper	1 2 2 2 2—5	Smith	0 2 ● 0 0—1
Purdy	2 1 2 2 2—5	Thomas	2 0 0 2 0—2

First prize—Marlin rifle and $35—divided between John, Cooper, Purdy, Stevens and C Miner; second money—$21—divided between McKee, E. Miner, McClure, Ellis, Ware, Scott, Eberly and Denham; third money—$14—Calhoun.

No. 3, miss-and-out, $2: Robinson, Cooper and McBroom, 5; Ware, 4; Calhoun and Young, 3; E. Miner, Lanning, Charles, Denham and John, 2; Garrison, Scott, McKee, Purdy and Ellis, 1; Stevens, Willey, C. Miner, Thomas, Schlumpf and Eberly, 0.

Bayside Gun Club.

KEYPORT, N. J., Nov. 6.—The Bayside Gun Club held its monthly shoot this afternoon, 23 members taking part. The badge was won by S. Cramer with a score of 17. It was a miserable day for trap shooting, there being a thick fog and the smoke of the guns hanging over the traps, making it very difficult to see the targets. Conditions: 25 targets, unknown angles, rapid fire. Following is the score:

W Maurer	0001001011010011101011000—11
D W Walling	0111101101001001101011010—14
E Seabrook	0101011100000011010100100—9
Wm Werner	1000001001000010010010001— 7
S Cramer	1111001110010110111101111—17
Wm Watts	0100010011000011111110100—12
W Walling	0000010010100100001010100— 8
M Brower	0000010000000010000100010— 4
T Compton	1001010010010101100101100111—13
C Ackerson	0011101000011101011001000—11
Wm Maurer	0000110110101000010000000— 7
J T Walling	1110111001100111100110010—15
G Pease	0011000111001000111001001—11
Wm Van Mater	1000001000001000000000000— 3
Wm Perrine	0100010111001010011111101—14
A Carhart	1000110110011111111101001—16
J Aumack	0000100110010101011000100— 9
L B Walling	0000000000001100000101000— 4
J Vigne	1010010000000010100100011— 8
G H Hoagland	0011011100101101101000100—13
G M Walling	0011000000100000100000000— 4
Wm Brower, Jr	0100100000001100010100000— 9

After finishing the above scores a sweepstake was shot, the winner being C. Ackerson. Then the fog became so dense that it put a stop to the shooting. WIDGEON.

Individual Championship at Cypress Hills.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 5.—The third annual championship contest which took place at Cypress Hills Park to-day was favored with extra fine weather for the time of year. Everything pointed to good scores being made, and the promise was fulfilled before the end of the day by F. C. Ross piling up a total 2,222 for his 100 shots on the ring target, and by G. W. Plaisted's score of 233 for the championship medal.

The number of entries was most encouraging to the promoters of these annual gatherings, 32 experts with the rifle putting down their names as contestants in the day's main event. This is a larger number than in either of the two previous contests; in 1892 there were 28 contestants, while in 1894 24 shooters took part in the event. In '93 Ross made the highest total for 100 shots—2,194, following up his success with another victory in '94 with the total of 2,142, the weather on that occasion being decidedly unpropitious for high scores. The championship medal for 1893 fell to Louis Flach (after a tie with Charles Hutch), both scoring 230; on the shoot off Flach beat his opponent. In 1894 Ross carried off the medal by scoring 231. In to-day's contest he equaled his last year's score of 231, but was beaten two points by Plaisted's great total of 233.

The four highest scores for 100 shots were: F. C. Ross 2222, H. M. Pope 2,192, M. Dorrier 2,183, G. W. Plaisted 2,170. For the championship medal Plaisted as stated above was first with 233, Ross being second with 231.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Nov. 5.—The regular monthly shoot was held to-day, the members shooting a few live birds after a couple of target events had been disposed of. The scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Nelson	0001111111110010111011100—16	1010110101101101101111001—16
Dornin	0110110110111010110011111—17	1111111111111010111101110—23
Scott	0111011011100011011111111—18	1011111110111111110001110—18
Moorman	1111111111111110010001111—19	1111011101011110001011111—22
Dawson	1110011001100100111110110—15	1111001101001000110010101—14
Stearns	1110110101111110011011111—19	1110111110111111111101111—22

No. 3, 15 live birds per man, A. A. rules, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary:

Dornin	211110000112111—11
Nelson	2101111112102121—12
Scott	0120211221021121—12
Moorman	2211220202002021—10
Stearns	0212220011210021—10

F. M. D.

Paul North Suggests a Handicap.

We have received from Paul North, of the Chamberlin Target and Cartridge Company, Cleveland, O., a letter dated Nov. 4, in which he describes a system of handicapping that has been suggested to him, and which has so taken his fancy that he thinks of trying it at his tournament next summer. Mr. North, however, does not want to adopt the system without having it thoroughly discussed. He asks us, therefore, to give his letter to the trap-shooting public, and also to express our views as to its feasibility and probable chances of popularity. The letter referred to runs as follows:

"*Editor Forest and Stream:*

"While at the Atlanta tournament, one evening in talking over tournaments with Judge Lindsay, of Knoxville, he suggested a handicap that was new to me and I believe new to most target-shooters, that struck me most favorably, and made such an impression that it is very possible that it will be used at the Chamberlin tournament in 1896.

"Handicaps have been a study with me for some years, and as yet a handicap that gives any sort of satisfaction has not been introduced. Handicapping by changing the style of shooting or by distance or by giving dead birds does not seem to fill the bill, and any fixed handicap that does not recognize the fact that at some tournaments a person does much better shooting than at others is manifestly unfair. As the judge says, if you give a man odds enough he will bet the sun won't rise the next morning, and this handicap is based on the giving of odds in the entry instead of in the style of shooting.

"The handicap is as follows: All events are at the same number of targets and have the same entry fee. Moneys divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Entry in first event, $3. In second event winners of first money in first event pay $4, winners of second pay $3.50, winners of third pay $3, winners of fourth pay $2 50 and winners of fifth or those not getting a place pay $2. The handicap will be a sliding handicap, each event being the basis for handicapping in the event following.

"Under this handicap the shooter who goes up into first and second money most of the time and never fails to land in the money somewhere, and is a winner in nearly every event, pays more for the privilege of shooting than the man who is out of a place part of the time and lands in fourth and fifth places most of the time only to find that he will rarely if ever get back his entrance money and is a sure loser. The good shot will pay from $12 to $14 a day more entrance than the poor shot and still be a winner, but not to so large an extent as formerly.

"At every large tournament this season there have been from twenty to twenty-five shooters who have won the bulk of the money and who if they were to shoot individual matches against any of the other shooters present would have to lay even better odds than four to two in order to get on a match. Why then should they not give odds in the sweepstakes? At small tournaments, where the entry fee is small, instead of making a difference of fifty cents in the entrance fees, from ten to twenty-five cents difference can be made.

"I would like very much to have this handicap discussed and tried, and to be advised personally or through the columns of the sporting papers of the opinions of all interested in the matter, and would like to have your trap editor give his opinion also, as, unless it is proved to be a failure in practical operation, it will be used at the next Chamberlin tournament. Hoping to have a general discussion on the subject, I remain, etc."

After carefully going through the above letter, and after examining the workings of the system by taking the scores made at tournaments where the events were equal in all respects, and comparing the totals of winnings and losings under the present system with those under the proposed system, we hardly think the handicap Gordian knot has been severed. Winnings and losings are cut down, it is true; the big loser finds that he is some dollars in pocket by the system, while the big winner finds that his balance is a few dollars less than it would be under the present style. Take a programme of eight 30-target events; $3 entrance would be the usual thing nowadays; the difference to a man who never got a portion of any purse would be $7, *i. e.*, first event $3, the balance $2, or $17 as against $24. Of course $7 is a consideration, but would any additional shooters be induced to enter an event under the proposed system? We don't believe in lynchings; we would rather every murderer had a fair trial. On the same principle we would prefer to see the proposed system given a fair trial also before placing it on the shelf with a dozen different systems that have failed while under fire.

We are of the opinion that the system might work to better advantage if the idea of class shooting were done away with. This may sound like heresy, but we believe the time will come when class shooting as at present practiced will be done away with. It is an anomaly, and is full of glaring injustices; a system that permits a man to win more money by missing live birds or targets than by killing the one or by breaking the others, is an outrage upon the common sense of the shooting public. Judge Lindsay, through Mr. North, has propounded a scheme for attracting shooters by penalizing winners, but he holds on to the old class shooting. May we suggest to the above-named gentlemen the following amendment to their motion:

Do away with class shooting and make it high guns.

That sounds like advocating the cause of the professional expert—but wait a moment: Adopt the system above described in so far as it penalizes winners, but do away with class shooting; make one money for (say) every 8 entries, *i. e.*, for 30 entries the money would go to the 10 high guns. Suppose at the end of a 20-target event that the caslier found that there were four straights, four 19s, and five 18s; the first 8 men would each take one money, while there would be 5 tied for two moneys; where that event was not the last on the programme, the tie should be settled by the longest *straight run* in the next event—practically on the miss-and-out plan—unless the 5 agreed to draw down their share of the two moneys. In the case of it being the last event, they could draw lots or divide.

The division of the moneys is the next thing to explain: With 30 entries at $3 each the purse would be $90, less the price of the 600 targets at 3 cents each—$18—that is $72 net. Divide that $72 on the plan suggested by Rose, of ratio points—4, 2 and 1. That would give us:

4×4—16
4×2— 8
2×1— 2

20)72(3.76
52
200
182
180
156
24

that is, $2.76 per ratio point.

Under this system the four straights would each receive 4 times $2 76—$11.04; the four 19s would draw twice $2.76—$5.52, while the two moneys for the five 18s to fight for would each be worth $2.76. (Where the 17s came in for any money, supposing there were not enough straights, 19s or 18s to take up all the moneys, the ratio points would be 8, 4, 2 and 1. If the straights and 19s took all the moneys, the ratio points would be 2 to 1, the principle being that the straights should each receive twice as much as each 19, and each 19 twice as much as each 18, and so on.) The above is really not as complicated as it looks; try a few examples and you will find that any ordinarily competent tournament cashier would experience no trouble in making out his pay-roll.

We would not penalize winners of anything less than second place. In the above case the 18s would enter in the next event at par—$3, while the 17s and all below them would go in at $2.50 or $2 per capita. Charge the winners in the first class $4 each, and those in the second class $3.50 each, as their entrance money in the next event they shoot in.

We do not claim for this system that it would attract any additional shooters to face the traps; it might do so or again it might not. But we do claim for it the merit of fairness, as it pays a man according to his just deserts. It would never pay to drop for place, since the higher number one broke, the more would one receive. The reason for penalizing winners is well explained by Mr. North, so we need not refer to that point.

Many men, many minds; pull us to pieces and thresh the question out. We can afford to sacrifice our feelings for the good of the cause.

Rye Gun Club.

Rye, N. Y., Nov. 5.—Election Day was the opening day of our club for the season of 1895-96. During the day 150 good birds were trapped; 40 of which proved too rapid for the shooters. The coming Thanksgiving Day shoot promises to be a good one. Many Connecticut shooters will attend, while entries from the neighboring towns, and from New York city members and their friends, shall make up a large and jolly list of shooters. Scores of to-days shoot:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Ganun	021202212—7	111—3	110—2	011—2
Pope	100111010—5	000—0	110—2	...
Graham		001—1	110—2	101—2
Gedney		011—2	010—1	000—0
Doyle		010—1	100—1	...
Lyon		110—2	100—1	001—1
Downing		...	100—1	...
Buckley		...	...	111—3
Allen		...	...	201—2
Field		202—2	101—2	...

E. J. P., Sec'y.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

HERRON HILL GUN CLUB.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 5.—The practice shoot at Brunot's Island to-day brought out thirteen members of the Herron Hill Gun Club. Three events were shot, the first two 10-bird events, the third a $2 miss-and-out. Fargo won the first event with a straight score; the second saw McWhorter and Ludwig kill their 10 straight. The miss-and-out went to C. A. May, who was forced by McWhorter to kill 18 straight to win. During the afternoon McWhorter ran 33 straight, shooting from the 28yds. mark. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Fargo (37)	2222212222—10	2212222202— 9
C A May (30)	1121201112— 9	2222110111— 9
A H King (30)	1202122122— 9	1111110122— 9
Ludwig (28)	1111202122— 9	2212122222—10
M Jacques (28)	2011212222— 9	2212201222— 9
W S King (28)	1110222101— 8	2110111110— 8
Old Sport (26)	1201112110— 8	0111221011— 8
D Wood (25)	2201011211— 8	0112002102— 6
J H Shaffer (28)	0111221110— 8	2011011211— 8
Wall (28)	1011222210— 8	0122222122— 9
E H McWhorter (28)	2020021122— 7	2222121222—10
Cleveland (27)	0101011012— 6	0101211111— 8
Hofmeister (26)	1210202000— 5	2101110001— 6

No. 3, miss-and-out, $2:

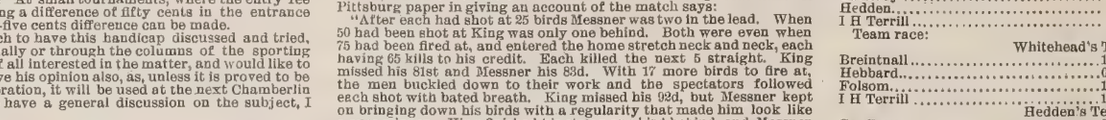
C A May (30)	1121111121212212—18
McWhorter (28)	2222222222222212220—17
A H King (30)	1112222222212110 —14
Ludwig (28)	1112211110 — 9
Old Sport (26)	2211112 — 7
Fargo (28)	2220 — 3
Cleveland (27)	20 — 1
Hofmeister (26)	10 — 1
Shaffer (28)	0 — 0
Wall (28)	0 — 0
Wood (25)	0 — 0

KING AND MESSNER SHOOT A TIE RACE.

Nov. 8.—It took 2 hours and 27 minutes to finish the match shot to-day at Brunot's Island. The contestants were A. H. King and John G. Messner, the conditions of the match being: 100 live birds per man, 30yds. rise, $100 a side. The birds were a poor lot and it was the cause of much astonishment when all was over and it was found that the two men were tied with 88 each. Messner had only to kill his last bird to win, but a chocolate-colored bird from No. 3 trap beat him. A Pittsburg paper in giving an account of the match says:

"After each had shot at 25 birds Messner was two in the lead. When 50 had been shot at King was only one behind. Both were even when 75 had been fired at, and entered the home stretch neck and neck, each having 65 kills to his credit. Each killed the next 5 straight. King missed his 81st and Messner his 83d. With 17 more birds to fire at, the men buckled down to their work and the spectators followed each shot with bated breath. King missed his 92d, but Messner kept on bringing down his birds with a regularity that made him look like a sure winner. King finished his string one bird behind, and Messner got ready to pop at his last one. It was 10 to 1 that he would succeed. On the word 'pull,' the trap was sprung. All eyes were on the pigeon as it first looked one way and then the other, and finally, with stately step, walked out of the trap and away from the shooter. Messner, with not a tremor, his gun resting on his shoulder, his finger on the trigger, watched the pigeon as it bowed its way into liberty. Under the rules he was entitled to call for another bird, but he declined to do so. When the bird had walked 2yds. away from the trap it suddenly darted into the air, skimmed about 18in. off the ground and shot across the river toward Allegheny. Bang! bang! went Messner's gun, but beyond losing a few feathers the pigeon was safe. This lost the race for Messner, and made the first match a tie."

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., Nov. 9.—The members of the Boiling Springs Gun Club held their regular monthly club shoot this afternoon. The weather was perfect in all its conditions, and some good scores was made, as will be seen from the figures given below. The main event was at 50 targets, the first 25 being at unknown angles, the last 25 at reversed order. Scores:

Club shoot, 50 targets, 25 unknown angles and 25 reversed order:

McAlpin	0111111111111100110111111101111111101111111111111—46
Huck	1111111111011111111111111111011111111111111111100—44
Collins	1111111110100000110011101111100111111111111110111—38
Frank	1111001111101111111111111111111111011000111111111101—42
James	0110110011101111101111111111001111111111011010010111—37
Van Dyke	1111111111011011111111111111111111111111111111011111—46
Jeanneret	0111100111000111011011101111111111111111111111111010—33
Lenoue	1010111111101111111111111111111111111111111111111111—40
Fialg	0000000010000010001100010000000001001000000000100000— 9
Boland	0110100010101010001001010010000011101110001010010—20
Welles	1011111111111111111111111111011011011111111111111111—44
Marvin	1000000100000000110001100110100011101000010001101—18
Imbert	1000101111000000001000000100001110000000001000000—12
Gladwin	1111111111111111011101111000110011001111111111111—41
Paul	0001111111101111011111111101101011111111101111101011—38

The following sweeps were also shot off during the afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
McAlpin	9	13	13	8	13	..	14	9	Welles	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	..	..	..
Van Dyke	10	14	15	14	..	15	..	..	Jeanneret	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Huck	..	8	13	8	14	14	..	14	Gladwin	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	9	8	
Lenone	..	8	11	11	13	..	11	10	Marvin	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	11	7	
Collins	..	9	12	11	14	13	..	10	Paul	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..

All events were at 15 birds, except Nos. 1 and 8, which were at 10 birds.

W. H. Huck, Sec'y.

Baltimore Trap-Shooters.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 7.—A live-bird shoot was held to-day on the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, the occasion being the first of a series of bi-weekly shoots arranged by the management for the purpose of keeping the trap-shooters of this city together. As at present arranged, a Maryland handicap will be shot off at 30 live birds per man, $10 entrance, every second Thursday during the winter months. The members are handicapped each time according to their records.

The birds to-day were a poor lot, having been kept in the coop since the Du Pont shoot; still the shooters did not make great scores, as out of the lot of duffers came now and then a corker that was able to beat anybody. Bert Claridge killed his 20 straight, Bonday, Stanley and Penrose scoring one less. Williar and Coe, the fourth men in the Du Pont handicap, tied for third money on 18. The full score, with the handicap of each man, runs as follows:

Claridge (30)	2212221212212212212—20
Bonday (26)	2222011211122111221—19
Penrose (30)	1212211202212112221—19
Stanley (36)	2222122220222222222—19
Coe (29)	1122202212122111012—18
Williar (27)	0111102121122111211—18
Heiskell (27)	2110121221122021012—17
Ducker (30)	1011101100211222122—16
Thomas (25)	1122202211212200210 2—16
Malone (30)	0112101111121l0w —11
Webster (25)	2022110101212w —11

South Side's Saturday.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 9.—We've heard of the Indian summer, but it was with us for fair this afternoon. Who ever knew of a lot of shooters up here in the North that would rather, at such a season of the year, sit around in their shirt sleeves than get up and shoot. But such was the case to-day; Asa Whitehead wilted, while Charlie Heddon followed suit. Lem Thomas was also absent. Two new members showed up, however—Messrs. Dawson and W. M. Smith. They haven't quite caught on to the swift-thrown empires yet, but the former improved his scores about 50% and the latter did nearly as well. On the team race, of course, centered the attraction, although there were only eight in it. As said before, Asa Whitehead and Charlie Heddon found the unprecedented heat too much for them, but in order to give them something to keep them out of mischief they were required to pick the teams. These teams, although each was composed of only four shooters, made a little over a squad, Ike Terril and Mr. Young being the two who shot together; as the full squad were only one point apart—58 to 57—not a little interest was had in the scores of these two. Young missed his first and sixth with howls from the opposition; Ike dropped his seventh and ninth, which made things even. Then Young broke his next fifteen straight, which made it look as though Charlie Heddon had a cinch. Mr. Young dropped his twenty-second and last and the pair landed even, with Heddon's team one to the good, as the score shows 79 to 78.

Regarding these Saturday shoots of the South Side Gun Club, they have been a success from the start, and as indicated above the team race is the principal attraction. The winning team have their targets free, and the losers only pay for those shot by them—not for the winners'. Thus all shooters get a rebate on targets shot above 25, and it is the cheapest way of enjoying a half-day's shoot which is afforded in the neighborhood. Again, there are no waits or standing around; if you want to shoot you can keep your gun hot all the afternoon. And the boys you meet—well, if you go once, you will go again and often. Try it and see.

Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Breintnall	6	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	9
Couch	7	6	8	8	8	7	..	..	8	8	..
Hebbard	6	7	10	..	8	7	..	..	8	9	..
Clark	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dawson	5	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	4	3	6
Folsom	..	8	6	..	..	..	6	5	9	8	4
Whitehead	..	10	9	..	9	8	..	..	..	..	..
W M Smith	..	4	..	..	..	7	..	..	6	8	6
Geoffroy	..	..	10	9	8	9	8	8	..	..	10
Hedden	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
I H Terril	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4

Team race:

Whitehead's Team.

Breintnall	1110101101011000111111111—18
Hebbard	0111101111111101111111111—22
Folsom	1100001111110111011111100—17
I H Terrill	1111110101111101111011111—21—78

Hedden's Team.

Geoffroy	0111111111111111111111111—24
Couch	1111011111101111111111111—22
W M Smith	0010111111000011100010100—12
Young	0111101111111111111111110—21—79

Secretary.

Meadville Gun Club.

Meadville, Pa., Nov. 6.—Several of the members of the Meadville Gun Club using Parker guns, six of them about August 1, challenged the best six using other guns to a match team shoot. On August 14 they came together and shot two events of 25 targets each, the Parkers scoring 118 in each event, the "other guns" 117 in the first and 115 in the second event, the Parkers beating by 4 in the aggregate. A challenge by the "other guns" was decided to-day with the result of a victory for the challengers by 14 breaks. The following is the score, which is poor owing to the absence of some good shots.

Team race, 50 targets per man, unknown angles:

Parkers.

H A Johnson	1011110111111111101111111111111111111101111111—45
Prenatt	1011111111100101001111111111111111100111011111101110—39
Lashells	1101000001101011100001111011100001111111111111111—32
Krider	1110011110101000110101110100111110011010010110011—30
Gundaker	1000100110100001010010001011111010000101110100—25
Hayes	1011111101011110101010101111100001111110111011—36—207

Other Guns.

Ehrgott	1111111111110011011111111111111111111111111110—45
Affantranger	1100111001110001111111111011100101011101100111010—33
Reisinger	1110111011111111111111111010100111101111111111001101—40
Belton	1100010011111101000110111001111001110111111011—33
Smith	1110110101111111111111010101111111111111111011010111—42
Baker	1100101001110100010011110001011110101100111110010—28—221

Choke Bore.

Shooting at Tremley Point.

Tremley Point, N. J., Nov. 5.—The scores given below were made to-day at Tremley Point. Ross, of Elizabeth, did good work, scoring 35 out of 36 birds; Batsch was second with 33 out of the same number, Woodruff being third with 32 to his credit. A. L. Ivins and Phil Daly, Jr, shot in only two events, Ivins killing his 17 straight, while Daly scored 16 out of his 17. Scores:

	No. 1.*	No. 2.	No. 3.
Woodruff	1210—3	1111212111—10	1012222—6
Batsch	1121—4	2221221220— 9	2022222—6
Folsom	0 —0	2112212120— 9	2202210—5
Ross	1111—4	1112111112—10	0111211—6
Ivins	...	2121111211—10	1121121—7
Daly	...	1121222221—10	1221102—6

No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Woodruff..1112111230— 9	21110—4	Folsom..	2220100002— 5	00210—2
Batsch ....0212222222— 9	22222 —5	Ross.....	2111221212—10	12112—5

* No. 1 was a miss-and-out.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Maine Big Game.

The Bangor & Aroostook Railroad has broken its last year's record of game shipped during the month of October. That was a phenomenal record, including as it did 479 deer, 24 moose and 10 caribou. This year, however, the record is away ahead, with 669 deer, 53 moose and 37 caribou. It is worth noting, too, that each one of these moose was a bull, as it is against the law to kill cows and calves.

The game was all shipped from but twenty railroad stations, giving an average of over a deer a day from each station.

Greenville, near Moosehead Lake, is the banner station, with a shipment for the month of 185 deer, 16 moose and 9 caribou. Next on the list comes Norcross, with 159 deer, 11 moose and 2 caribou. Oakfield shipped 12 moose, Sherman 5 and Schoodic 4.

The record is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that many deer are consumed in the woods for food. In addition to the game noted, many partridges and three bears were shipped over the B. & A. during the month.

Park and Farm Fencing.

Every spring the Page Woven Wire Fence Company, of Adrian, Mich., has on hand immense quantities of wire fencing, the product of their factory during the winter months. After the first orders begin coming in it only takes a few weeks to deplete the reserve, and after that it is a hand to mouth struggle to meet the demand. When the season began this year the company had on hand enough of their product to fence the entire boundary line between the United States and Canada, as well as enough left over to apply to a considerable length along the Mexican border. In less than two months, however, there was not a rod left on hand, and subsequent orders had to wait till they could be turned out by the factory.

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Mr. Frank Lawrence, the patron saint of duck shooters, has something new in the way of duck blinds. This is a marsh blind 3ft. high and 7ft. long, made of woven grass, and very light. Suitable stakes are provided with the blind, and it is only the work of a moment to push these in the mud and arrange the blind. Sportsmen who have wasted valuable time pottering around collecting wild rice and other materials for blinds will appreciate Mr. Lawrence's device.

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No. H.—A special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, multiplying reel, with balance handle and side spring click, 40yds., 68c.; 60yds., 78c; 80yds., 88c.; 100yds., 98c. Any of the above reels sent by mail on receipt of price and 10c. extra for postage.

No. E—Special lot of hard rubber and nickel, raised pillar, click reels, 40yds., 48c.; 60yds., 58c. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 5c extra for postage.

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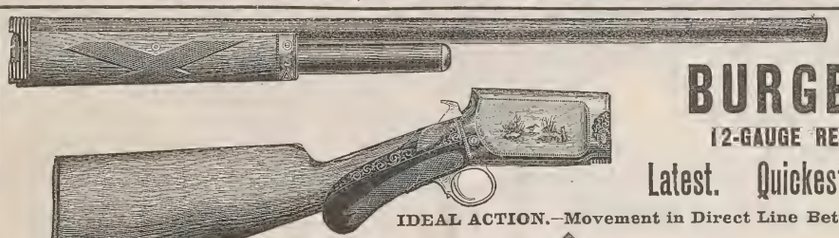
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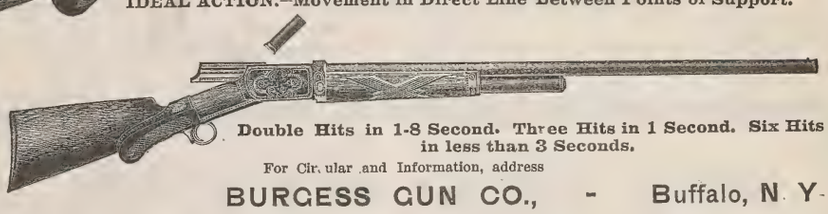


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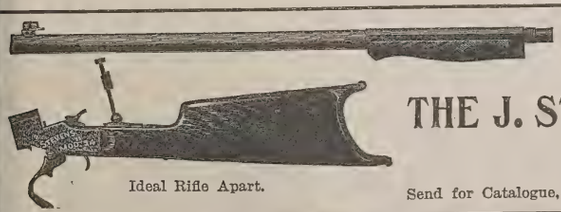
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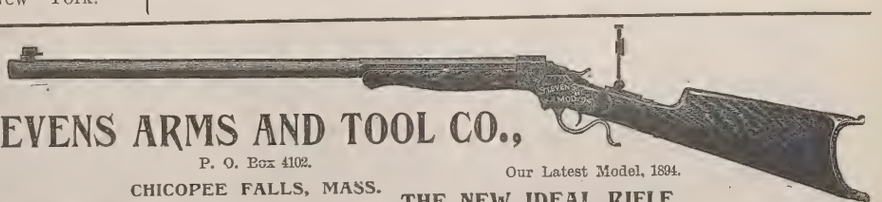
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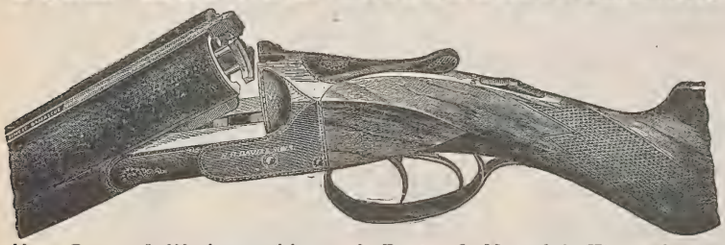
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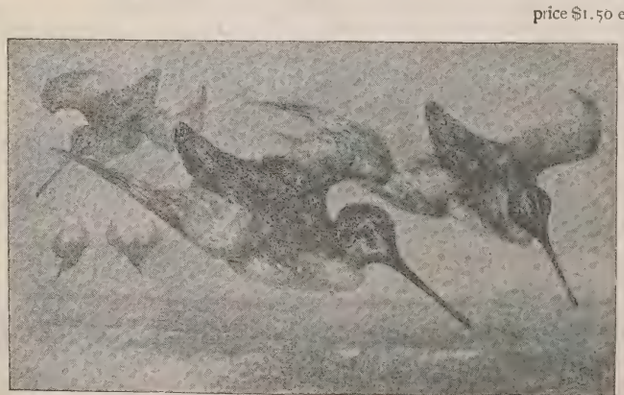
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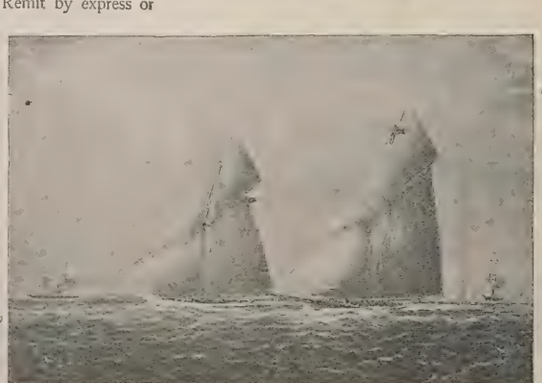
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FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

LORD DUNRAVEN'S CHARGES.

THE full text of Lord Dunraven's letter was received in New York on Nov. 18, and on the evening of the same day a special meeting of the New York Y. C. was held, at Mr. Iselin's request, to consider the charges contained in the letter. The club cannot be too highly commended for the temperate and judicious position which it has taken in appointing a committee of gentlemen whose standing is above question, and who have in no way been associated with the conduct of the races, to consider the whole matter. On his side, Lord Dunraven has taken a bold stand in notifying the club of his readiness to come to New York and defend himself.

Apart from the charges against Mr. Iselin, it must be admitted that Lord Dunraven's letter is in the main an able and fair statement of his side of the controversy, and contains some points on which an explanation from the New York Y. C. is desirable. Pending the coming report of the Cup committee and the action of the special committee, it would be useless, if not improper, to discuss further the many points in dispute.

THE STILL-HUNTER.

THE typical hunter is the still-hunter. There are a many and diverse ways of taking big game—jacking, hounding, calling, floating, baiting—but none of them is so universal, none so truly typical of the essence of the thing as still-hunting.

The still-hunter trusts to beating wild nature at her own game. He enters the wilderness haunts with all the stealth of his aboriginal ancestors or of the wild things themselves.

Though his senses are less keen than theirs, he has the added power of reason; and a terrible foe he proves. No panther creeping for the spring, no wolf howling its wild pæan, strikes a keener terror to the heart of the deer than the suddenly realized presence of the still-hunter. And the fierce animals of the forest have learned to dread him likewise.

The still-hunter skirts the hardwood ridges noiselessly, his moccasined feet resting on the moss-covered rock or fallen tree trunk with a light sureness that suggests simian prehensile powers. His progress is slow, but terribly suggestive of reserve power. Frequently he stops altogether as he scans some hollow where mouldering trees have furnished food for a luxuriant growth of the young hardwoods, or peers under the dense shadows of some balsam brake.

The things he sees and hears are full of meaning to the still-hunter. The turned leaf, the depression in that red-brown soggy pile where some old forest monarch fell and disintegrated the sharply defined footprint in the black muck at the edge of the spring—all these tell their story—the broken branch and nibbled bough, the cracking of a stick far off under the forest arches. So he becomes aware of the presence of his game. Then with infinite patience the approach is compassed and he stands waiting his chance for a shot. An indefinable something causes the wild thing to look up, and as it catches the dread eye that seals its fate it is rooted to the spot with fear.

The still-hunter is the king of the forest. All nature owes him allegiance, and he exacts his tribute at will. He is close to the source of things and at night sleeps with the spirits of his primal ancestors—old Nimrod and the lot. To him the trees talk and the waters whisper. Old mother earth with all her burden of years is young again, and smiles as she did on the first man. Freedom and power is his song—freedom and power.

SNAP SHOTS.

And now if there be any doughty hunters of savage beasts, scarred by battle with the fierce denizens of the American wilderness, and disposed to scout at the perils braved by the FOREST AND STREAM'S special commissioners to the wilds of Long Island, as related on another page, we pray them to read the latest advices from the seat of war—the war which the savage deer are waging upon a peace-loving, inoffensive and bucolic people. To have penetrated to the heart of the Long Island deer fastnesses, and to have emerged therefrom alive, whole and in their right minds—this may be thought prosaic, but is truly heroic. For, grown bold by the immunity given them by the law—that wonderful law, which being retroactive, that is to say working backwards, was efficient to increase the deer supply by multiplying the stock at a time long anterior to the enactment of the statute—the Long Island *Cervidae* no longer flee from the genus *Homo*, but forthwith attack it on sight. Long Island men are forbidden to hunt deer; Long Island deer have taken to hunting men. Last Monday's papers reported the harrowing details of a tussle between Eric Evers, a hardy Norseman of Uniondale, and a monstrous and savage buck. It appears that Eric, walking along the highway, saw the deer in a field munching the poor farmer's crops; and incautiously and foolishly saluted it with derisive jestures. The deer resented the insult, promptly knocked Eric down, jumped up and down on him and would have tossed him into the branches of a tree but for the timely appearance of men with pitchforks and clubs of cordwood. The golden truth is that the wayfarer who fares on Long Island country roads carries his life in his hands. It was from such perils that FOREST AND STREAM'S expedition returned whole, and not only in their right minds, but as they naïvely confess at one point in the narrative, "brighter and better men."

But lest it shall be said that this is a serious subject treated with undue levity, it should be clearly understood that the current tales of a vast increase of Long Island deer, their ravages of farm crops and their attacks on human beings, are all lies invented for the purpose of influencing legislators at Albany this coming winter. The purpose is explicitly exposed in such declarations as these, in the Eric Evers story, which its Farmingdale, Long Island, correspondent sends to the *Times* of this city.

"As the season for deer hunting is closed, no one can shoot deer on Long Island, and, in consequence, the deer wander over farm lands, eating everything the farmers have planted for winter and spring use. The farmers say they cannot see why they should feed the deer through the season and suffer the consequent loss. One man, Eric Evers, of Uniondale, had a tussle with a deer yesterday, and as a result it is not unlikely that decisive steps will be taken shortly to ask the Legislature to amend the law."

There is just about as much ground for the Long Island deer "fake" as there was for that Alaska duck egg yarn.

The meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union, which took place in Washington last week, was of unusual interest, and was a thoroughly representative gathering of our ornithologists. From its foundation thirteen years ago the Union has done excellent work in behalf of science, and its membership has included most of the leading ornithologists of America and not a few of those of other lands. The importance of many of the principles that it has laid down for its guidance in matters of nomenclature has been so obvious that they have been adopted in other branches of zoölogical science. While the value of the investigations carried on by its members is great, still more important are the publication of its quarterly journal and the publication and frequent revision of its check list of North American birds. Its continued unselfish work, looking toward the preservation of our native birds from destruction for commercial purposes, must commend it to the grateful consideration of laymen as well as of those interested in science.

We have been looking for an explanation which Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont, owes to the public with respect to his Maine moose hunting this year. In an interview with a New York *Tribune* reporter, Senator Proctor gave this report of his luck "in the Maine woods for a month hunting moose:" "I had great luck. I managed to bag two moose—great big fellows with magnificent antlers. I am going to have the antlers mounted and hung up as a souvenir of my prowess. The hunting season is on full now and there is great sport up there." A notice of Senator Proctor's moose appeared in Maine papers early in October, certainly not later than the 5th. Allowing a few days for getting the Senator out of the woods, the killing must have occurred close to the danger limit as to time. Whether killed in or out of season, the Senator, from his own statement, killed double the number of moose permitted under the law. Perhaps he was only romancing when he talked to the newspaper man; an explanation from the gentleman would seem to be in order. The prevailing opinion among those in position to know is that the killing actually took place and that both moose were killed prior to Oct. 1.

The famous Follett case has now passed into history, and its decision has taken a place among the precedents which go to make up the law on fish protection. Follett, it will be remembered, was a Connecticut Fish Commissioner who was prosecuted for having taken trout from public waters in close time for breeding purposes, and claimed in defense that the fish were some that had been planted by him. This ridiculous contention was of course overthrown, and the judgment of the lower courts, carried on appeal to the Supreme Bench, has been upheld. The most remarkable feature of the Follett case was its revelation of an official's gross ignorance of the elementary principles of the laws of property.

There is not only good law but sound common sense in Judge McMahon's opinion in the Kinne Creek case, reported in our angling columns. The stream, says the Court, being private property, is under the complete control of its proprietors as to fishing rights. It is "private property in the full sense so far as the law governing trespass and private right is concerned." Trespass for fishing is the same in its wrong as trespass for robbing an orchard or vegetable garden. These are of course elementary, primary and foundation principles in law. The reason why they are not more generally understood and respected may be found in the fact that their application and enforcement are in many localities recent and unfamiliar. The lesson is slowly and unwillingly learned that a stream which has been free to fishermen from a time when man's memory runneth not to the contrary is no longer open to the public. We confess to an underlying sympathy, in many instances, for the shut-outs, the shooters and the fishermen who are confronted by trespass signs forbidding ingress to woods and waters they have frequented since they could walk and which were open to their fathers and their fathers' fathers before them. But in the case of the Père Marquette Club there appears to have been given no cause of just complaint by any curtailment of such privileges. The club has actually increased the stock of fish open to the public, and so has enlarged instead of restricting individual opportunities. For this reason it deserves the cordial support of the people of the neighborhood.

Commissioner Henry M. Stanley writes us that the game birds from Auburn have been turned over to the Commission and are now receiving proper care and attention at Dixfield. We hope to learn of some substantial results from the new order of things.

A St. Paul firm of game dealers have instituted a suit to test the constitutionality of the law which forbids the shipment of venison to market. The statute reads: "Provided, that it shall be unlawful for any person to consign by common carrier to any commission merchant or sale market at any time any elk, moose, caribou or deer, or any part thereof except the skin or head." This the dealers claim to be class legislation, for carcasses of game may be received by wagon or other conveyance, but not by common carrier. The case was set down for to-day.

The Saginaw crowd returned about this first of the month from their Western outing, and a note from Mr. W. B. Mershon tells us that the dozen men in the party managed to find enough game to keep them from starvation. We hope to have a story of the trip from his pen.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A LONG WILD NIGHT WITH WOLVES IN THE ROCKIES.

VINTON, Ia., Nov. 8, 1895.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Living in this town is a man, who with a companion had an experience with wolves in Wyoming, which in the way of numbers seen and killed surpasses anything that I have seen recorded in book or paper, that was not given in jest or that was worthy of belief, and I would not give publicity to this story if I had any doubt as to its truthfulness. I have known him for a dozen years and during this time he has had little to occupy his time but to exercise his fishing rod and gun. I have hunted with him and fished with him, and few are the pleasant days that his tall figure cannot be seen along the banks of the Cedar River. His name is Americus Campbell, but he is known among the "boys" as the "Tall Sycamore" of the Cedar. He is 6ft. 2½in. high, straight as an Indian and with some gray hairs sprinkled over his head. He is not a brag. Few people living in this town have heard his story, and fewer still have heard it from his lips.

In the spring of 1866 Mr. Campbell started for the West. He went over the Union Pacific Railroad to North Platte, Nebraska, which was at that time the terminus of the road. From there he went by ox team to Fort Laramie. The following fall he contracted to make hay for the fort at $65 a ton, and with a gang of ten men and a military escort he would go down to the Platte River bottom, about ten miles from the fort, and after setting the men at work he and two others would ride around on the ridges and high points, keeping a sharp lookout for Indians, and shooting enough game to supply the camp with meat, which latter was an easy thing to do. But the Indians gave them much trouble and at times they would have one or more brushes with them every day.

During the next fall Mr. Campbell was at Red Buttes getting out ties and telegraph poles for the Union Pacific Company, which had its terminus then at Green River Junction. It was during the fall of 1867, while at Red Buttes and when Mr. Campbell was 25 years of age, that he was employed by a party of six sportsmen, who he thinks came from England and New York city, to supply two double teams of oxen and take them up into Sheep Mountain on a hunt. The sportsmen were to pay all expenses and give Mr. Campbell $10 a day. The season was getting well along, there had been several snow squalls, but Mr. Campbell employed Mr. R. J. Brown to drive one team, and after packing the camp outfit they started west for the mountains, one driver and three sportsmen to a team. During the three days out they came to a cañon that ran from the Laramie River back into the northeast side of the mountain, and after working up this cañon for about a half-day they camped near its head in some pine timber, where there was feed and water for the oxen. There was 2in. of snow in the mountains, which made good tracking, and a great deal of game. The sportsmen used to hunt by themselves, while Mr. Campbell and his companion on many a hunt after attending to the camp work would start out together.

One morning the sportsmen started early after deer, but Mr. Campbell and Mr. Brown thought they would hunt for elk. So after doing up the work they ascended a ridge to the north. From the top of the ridge they looked down into a sort of valley, broad and well timbered, and sloping from the river far back into the mountain. Down near the river was a large band of elk quietly feeding, some of which had no doubt for many years roamed through these valleys, where there was good shelter and luxuriant grass, happy and contented, and at this time were making part of a landscape scene, untouched as yet by the hand of civilization, and beautiful beyond description—a scene that comparatively few will look upon again, and only then unless they love nature enough to push far back into the wild and rugged mountain regions of the Northwest.

The hunters were well equipped, each having a good horse, a cartridge belt and vest filled with cartridges, and a sack filled with loaded shells. They had learned long before this never to be caught far from camp without plenty of ammunition. They carefully worked down the ridge toward the elk, which they estimated to be over 200, but the elk saw them before they got within range, and away they went back into the valley. The hunters followed the trail, which led them in among the ridges, through belts of timber, and all the time further up into the mountain. They seemed to keep traveling around in a circle, yet kept moving back into the rough country. All day long the hunters hung around that band of elk, sometimes following on the trail, sometimes moving across to a point which they thought the elk were making for; now circling on one side and then the other, and not once getting within rifle range. But now the hunters stop on the trail; the day is far spent, the last shadows have spanned the valleys, and daylight has changed to gloom.

"Americus, we have got to quit."

"Well, I suppose we have, but it is pretty rough. Which way is camp?"

"Blest if I know, you tell!"

"Well, Brown, the camp is sure enough at the head of an all fired handsome valley that runs down to the Laramie River, and if we can find the river we can find the head of that valley, and I think those ridges you see over there run down to the river. Come on; wait a minute; there is some venison for our supper."

As Mr. Campbell's rifle rang out a blacktail deer leaped from among some bushes and stretched out on the ground. He disembowled it and tied it on his horse. They had many chances to shoot deer that day, but deer was not what they were after. They thought they would find camp if possible, so they pushed ahead, saying but little, but keeping a sharp lookout for a game trail which they knew would lead to the river. For several minutes they had heard a howl of a lone wolf far back on their trail and it sounded dismal enough in the gathering twilight. Soon they heard other wolves on either side and they knew by the sound that they were closing in on their trail, and in a short time they caught sight of the pack, keeping however at a respectful distance behind, and as they went on they would catch glimpses of other wolves galloping abreast of them. The number was continually increasing and the howling by this time was anything but pleasing, but the belated hunters pushed ahead as fast as they could, now in the deep gloom of the overhanging pines, their heads bent far down on their horses' necks so as not to miss the trail that they expected soon to find; now hurrying across the openings, somewhat lit up by the reflections from the distant peaks; now peering into the gloom ahead, carefully, cautiously, the "Tall Sycamore" of the Cedar and his trusty companion hastened along the mountain ridge. They had now given up all hope of finding camp. They saw that the wolves had made a circle around them, some even galloping along in front, and as the gloom increased the wolves were moving in closer to them and the hunters were getting somewhat anxious to find a good place to camp for the night.

The wolves were now following a little too close, and Mr. Campbell reached down and tearing out the liver from the deer tossed it back, and as the wolves began fighting for it Mr. Brown said, "Americus, do not do that, it will make them all the more bold. You had better drop the whole deer; those wolves may give us some trouble yet."

Mr. Brown was four years older than Mr. Campbell and had had more experience with gray wolves, and there was something in the way he spoke that made Mr. Campbell feel it was growing chilly quite fast. He loosened his lariat and tied one end around his horse's neck, so if he had to take to the trees he could hold his horse and fight the wolves as long as possible. Then he began to saw away at one of the shoulders of the deer, and when it dropped on the ground and the wolves rushed for it with an uproar Mr. Campbell began to feel for the lock of his rifle and Mr. Brown's voice grew more in earnest, "I say drop off the deer; those wolves will make it hot for us if we do not find dry wood to camp by soon. We cannot take to the trees, we would freeze to death before morning."

"Brown, it may be you don't know how a fellow feels when between 6 and 7ft. of him is craving for something to eat. I say when I go into camp, whether it is in a snow drift or up a tree, my supper and breakfast will go with me."

Then another chunk of venison dropped to the ground and the howling and uproar was fearful to hear. They had now left the timber and were descending into a draw. As they settled down between the ridges the gloom turned to darkness and the wolves were quick to take advantage and closed right in. And now the rifles began to speak, *Bang! bang!*

"Americus," *bang! bang!*—"I say, Americus, look out for a dead log."

Bang! bang! "See here, we must find a dead log quick (*bang!*) and make a fire at once." *Bang! bang!*

"My heavens, Brown, we can't find one and make a fire too quick to suit me." *Bang! bang!*

"Look out there, Americus, they are coming up back of you! Eheu! man, eheu! I say, drop that deer you long-legged ——" *Bang!*

"Whoa! whoa!" yelled the hunters as their horses stumbled into some dry timber. In an instant the hunters were on the ground and for a moment they stood and sent lead, thunder and streams of fire into the very teeth of the mad brutes; they were cowed and settled back a little. And now while Mr. Brown was scrabbling some dry twigs together Mr. Campbell kept the wolves back. There was a little blaze, and as it caught the eyes of the wolves there was a lull in the howling, and as the tongue of fire lapped the air they let loose a roar long and savage as they saw that they were baffled. And now with their backs to the fire the hunters drove back the wolves to a safe distance, then after unsaddling their tired horses they made camp as secure and comfortable as possible.

Brown was arranging the saddles and horses when he saw Mr. Campbell sitting on a log roasting a big slab of venison. "Well, I swear to gracious."

"Sit right down, Brown, I will let you have all you want."

And the two hunters with their rifles across their laps roasted venison and ate a hearty supper after their long day's ride. Then cutting off enough for their breakfast they threw the rest out to the wolves, thinking that after they had eaten it they would not smell meat and would go away, but the wolves stayed right with them all night. Mr. Campbell says there were 200 wolves, and that they formed a circle around the camp, but the most of them stayed on the same side of the fire that the hunters were on. Some were trotting around, some were having a free fight, some were sitting in a circle, while all were fighting or howling like mad.

Mr. Campbell says that frequently a swarm of the gray brutes would come rushing by at full gallop, and when opposite the camp would make a dash at them, sometimes coming within 20ft. of them, and then sweep away and turn and dash back again like a hawk circling for its prey. A movement among the horses or a little carelessness by the hunters and the wolves would spring forward and come on pell mell as though they understood that "first come, first served," and "the devil take the hindmost." At these times the hunters would back up to the fire as close as possible and shoot among them, and the wolves would hustle back to a respectful distance. The wolves on the outside of the circle would work in and sit down ahead of those in front and so the circle continually grew smaller, and sometimes it would get within 40ft. of them before they would drive them back. There was a good deal of dry wood scattered around and the hunters would watch for a chance to get it, and when the chance came they would take a brand from the fire and run out to the stick, grab it up and hustle back to camp, and always with a howling mob close on their heels.

Throughout the long night sat the lost hunters with their rifles across their knees, their eyes unceasingly watching the circle of savage beasts as they moved in closer to them. The horses backed up to the fire as close as they could and shook like aspen leaves. But now the line has moved in too near, and as the hunters' eyes run along it and catch the gleam from theirs they snarl and show their teeth. Now Mr. Campbell begins to feel the lock of his rifle; his tall form straightens; he speaks a few quieting words to his horse as his rifle comes to his shoulder and a crash breaks on the night air, and another and another follows in quick succession, and as the report rolls along the mountain sides and dies away in the cañons the air is rent with the death cries of the wounded wolves and the savage howls of the uninjured ones as the latter rush upon their more unfortunate companions and tear them to pieces. It was a fearful night; a fearful scene for the lost hunters, within a circle of 200 hungry timber wolves around their cheerless camp in the snow, some of which would be trotting around with their sharp noses pointed toward them, their eyes glaring and their teeth snapping, while others, gathered in little knots, were snarling and fighting and yelping with pain as they tore pieces of flesh from and held a hullabaloo around some fallen wolf, while others were sitting on their haunches with their noses pointed skyward, howling out their impatience to get at the throats of the hunters. The frequent report of the rifles, followed with shrill cries of pain, the gaunt forms standing around with heads erect lapping blood from their fangs and eager for more, frightened horses and blood-stained snow, all lit up with the unsteady light from the camp-fire, together with the general row and uproar, made a night of horror upon that mountain side that is seldom seen or heard by man or savage beast.

Oh, for a brave dog during such a night, one that would not tremble, but that would take part in the watch and show his teeth and snarl back. But with watching and shooting and keeping up the fire the night wore away, and with the first gleam in the sky the wolves became restless, and as daylight came on they began to skulk away singly, in pairs and in packs, and long before the first rays of sunlight came streaming over the ridge the last wolf had disappeared, and soon a calm had settled over the place that had been made so grewsome and uncanny through the darkness of night. And now the 6ft. 2½in. of Iowa manhood for the first time since going into camp breathed easy. He straightened up, stretched out his arms, kindly called his horse by name, patted him on the back, took a few steps, grinned and kicked the first dead wolf that he came to, and with Mr. Brown commenced to drag them together. They piled up eighteen wolves that they found close around the camp and that did not have their skins injured by the other wolves. There were a good many others that had been more or less torn that they left, while many a bloody trail leading into the timber told of others beyond the camp, and Mr. Campbell has no doubt but that they killed thirty-five or forty wolves. They could have shot many more. They did not use near all their ammunition, and did not shoot once for amusement, nor once think of making a record. They only shot when they thought they must to drive back the wolves that were moving in too close to their camp. They first skinned the wolves, then ate their breakfast, rolled up the pelts and put them on their horses, and had but barely left their unsightly camp behind when they came to a game trail, which they followed to the river, and soon got into camp, where the rest of the party were waiting and fearful that the two hunters had lost their lives.

The party stayed in the mountains a week and were gone from Red Butte thirteen days. They shot seven elk, a good many deer, several bighorns and two white goats. In fact, both wagons were loaded with game when they left the mountains.

It is often said that wild beasts will not go near a fire. That may be, but sometimes some beasts under some circumstances will go in pretty close. There was danger around that camp that night. A few careless steps and they would have been dragged down.

In answer to a question Mr. Campbell said, "No, I will not say that the horses backed up to the fire so close as to scorch their tails, but I will say that at times my own back got a mighty sight hotter than I ever want to have it again."

"Say, what would you think of a man that was situated as I was and would say that he was not frightened when he saw a swarm of timber wolves come rushing toward him as if they would overrun him, his camp-fire and all, and no way for the man to run, no tree to climb up, or hole to climb down?" Mr. Campbell had had many a fight with the Indians; he had been roused from sound sleep in the dead of night by raiding Sioux warriors, who bore down upon him, whooping and yelling and firing their guns, and did not lose his nerve, but rushed out the door of his tent, hatless and shoeless, and gave them bullet for bullet, until some rode away holding others on their horses; but Mr. Campbell does not hesitate to say that this affair with the wolves was the worst piece of bad business that he ever sat up with.

During the Rebellion Mr. Campbell enlisted as a private. He was shot through the right arm, the bullet also making a deep gash across his breast; again he was shot through the left shoulder. A bullet cut the rim of his hat so it lopped down on his neck. He was made color bearer, and this with his unusual height made him a marked man. During one battle thirteen bullets went through the flag he carried.

He says he liked Mr. Brown because he was bold and cool in danger, and they were together several years in the West. This is the kind of stuff that faced 200 blood-thirsty wolves on that open mountain side, with nothing but a camp-fire standing between them and certain death, and at times there was nothing certain about keeping up the fire. They began to think that they would have to roast or be eaten raw. In fact, they stood "between the devil and the deep sea," and if they had been made of different material this story of one of the most dreadful nights that a hunter ever went through would never have been written.

Mr. Campbell says that some of the wolves that drove them into camp that night were buffalo wolves; that they were larger than gray wolves; that they had hunches between their shoulders upon which grew long hair, and that they also had long hair on their breasts.

Two years ago Mr. Campbell heard that his old friend was living in Helena, Mont., and he often wishes that they were again roaming in the Western mountains.

MOUNT TOM.

The Big Buck of Chesuncook.

CROSBY, the Bangor taxidermist, writes me that he has received for mounting what he believes to be the largest moose head ever seen in Maine. The animal was shot by T. D. M. Cardeza, of Philadelphia, at the foot of Chesuncook Lake. The spread of the antlers is 62in., just two inches more than the great moose head belonging to Hon. C. B. Hazeltine, of Belfast, Me., which has previously held the record.

A 200lbs. buck deer and a large score of partridges are the fruits of a trip into the Machias region made by W. P. Whitman, of Campello, Mass. This gentleman returned but a few days ago and has nothing but praise to bestow on the country he has visited. HACKLE.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.*

ON THE WHITE RIVER PLATEAU.

It is hard at any time for a sportsman to be chained to business, and doubly so when his friends are returning, one after another, from successful fishing trips, and giving glowing accounts of the sport they have had. So one Saturday, when I could no longer withstand the temptation, I packed my sleeping bag, sheet of canvas, rifle and two days' rations on Brownie, a handsome little pony, with a neck and shoulders that Bucephalus might have envied, and mounted on Sammy, a veteran cow horse and hunter, started for the high mesa that forms the divide between Grand and White rivers in northern Colorado.

My armament consisted of a .45-90 Winchester rifle with half octagon barrel, half magazine, pistol grip and shotgun butt, sighted with Lyman combination front and wind gauge rear sights. This makes an ideal weapon for quick shooting at large game. The half octagon barrel and half magazine give a perfect balance to the arm, while the shotgun butt permits of rapidly throwing the rifle to the shoulder.

I believe that the Lyman rear sight, above mentioned, is not nearly so well known as it deserves to be. Every time the aperture is raised one division a spring engages in a notch, and one can tell by the number of times the sleeve hesitates in turning how many divisions the sight has been raised or lowered without looking at it. My cartridges were loaded with 80grs. of powder and 405gr. bullets, which I imagine give better results than the light 300gr. ones. As an auxiliary I carried a Stevens skeleton stock rifle, .25cal., 12in. barrel, in a holster hung from my cartridge belt. These are excellent little arms for grouse, etc., where the report of a heavy arm would be liable to frighten large game. The .25cal. is unnecessarily large for such a purpose, and a .22 would be just as effective and far less noisy. It was my intention to proceed directly to Joe Hill's cabin on the edge of the mesa, and get him to come along with me. Joe is an old resident of this section, and at present is developing a gold claim. Besides being jolly good company, a keen sportsman and thoroughly acquainted with the country, he is an excellent cook, and for all these reasons it was especially desirable to secure his co-operation.

The road from New Castle leads along the valley of Elk Creek for about 4½ miles, then turns up Middle Elk past Pierson's ranch for about 4 miles, where a trail branches off to the right up a side cañon and after ascending about 2,000ft. vertically turns to the left and follows a steep branch cañon up 500ft. more to the edge of the mesa, about 8,500ft. above sea level.

It was nearly noon when I reached Joe's cabin, and to my intense disappointment Joe was away. There was a large notice conspicuously placed on a bundle covered with gunny sacks which read "Giant Powder." Knowing my aversion to having mice running over my face at night and a little predilection I have for taking a shot at any that make their appearance during daytime, Joe had thoughtfully taken this precaution against a possible disaster, for a bullet fired into that bundle would—well, it would cost quite a little time and money to repair the damage; to say nothing of the loss to a certain life insurance company. On the other door was tacked another notice which read, "Will be back soon. Wait, Joe." As I frequently spent Saturday nights and Sundays with Joe he partially expected me, and as usual had left the key where I could find it; so I went in, cooked some dinner and impatiently waited for the proprietor to return. Three o'clock came, but no signs of Joe, so I reluctantly decided to push on to an unused hunter's cabin seven miles back known as the Five Mile. Leaving a note to inform Joe of my whereabouts, I started out and reached the cabin just at sunset, having knocked over a couple of grouse.

By the time the horses were picketed, a supply of wood gathered and supper cooked, it was nearly dark, and the cold frosty air at this altitude (about 10,000ft.) made one thankful for a comfortable cabin instead of a bivonac under a spruce tree.

At daybreak next morning I was astir, and without waiting to eat beakfast started out. To my intense disgust I found that Brownie had broken loose during the night and was nowhere to be seen. Feeling certain that I could find him later, I commenced the ascent of a ridge, and after about half a mile of climbing came in sight of a doe standing in the edge of some spruce timber. In the dim light she looked over 150yds. away, so hastily raising the sight to 200yds. I fired at her breast, knowing that if the distance were less than I had sighted for the bullet would strike the neck, which it did, about 10in. above the spot aimed at. The distance was only 125yds. Hastily I gashed her throat, and dragged the head down hill in order to allow the blood to flow more freely, then started out across another ridge. Soon a fine buck bounded through an opening in the timber, but did not afford a shot. By this time the sun was peeping over the hills, and knowing from past experience that no more deer would be seen that day, I returned to the cabin, saddled Sammy and started for my doe.

It was a short job to dress and pack the carcass on the saddle, and after depositing it at the cabin I started to look for Brownie. For about 300yds. his trail could be followed, then all traces vanished, and a wide circle failed to show in what direction he had gone. I was quite certain, however, that he was with a bunch of horses which were grazing in the vicinity; so returning to camp I packed the deer, blankets, pack saddle, etc., on Sammy, and walked the seven miles back to Joe's.

Still his cabin was empty, and the presence of the note I had left and the dishes that I had used, but hadn't washed, showed that he had not returned during my absence. Knowing that it would be impossible to catch Brownie alone if he had got with the bunch of horses, I decided to leave my outfit and go down to Sam Harris's ranch in Elk Creek Cañon, where I was pretty certain of finding Joe; so after eating the last of my bread I started down the trail, and in an hour and a half was at Sam's and found the house empty. It was evident that some one would be home before supper time, so I patiently waited, and about 4 o'clock in came Master Andrew, Sam's son, with a fine string of trout.

Joe had come down Friday for his mail, thinking it was Saturday, and on finding his mistake had stayed over and gone into town with Sam. They both returned about sunset, and after explaining the situation it was decided to spend the night at Sam's and start out to hunt for the pony in the morning. Joe was fortunately riding a horse to which Brownie was very much attached, so we felt sure of getting him without much trouble.

Next morning Joe, Andrew and myself started for the mesa, and after stopping at the cabin and cooking some biscuits and venison, we again took up the trail. After we had traveled about three miles a flock of grouse started up and scattered among the quaking asp. Master Andrew killed one with his .25 Winchester single shot, but for the life of me I could not locate a single bird.

A mile further on we found Brownie gayly disporting himself among a bunch of his former companions, but neither the presence of his old chum nor the tempting bits of salt which we held out had any attraction for him. The only thing to be done was to round up the whole bunch and drive them into an old corral that was close at hand. This was done without much difficulty and Mr. Brownie was secured, *i. e.*, he was haltered; but when the other horses were turned loose he was not subdued until he had dragged me about 50ft. In order to be avenged we put the heaviest pack on him and snubbed him to the horn of Sammy's saddle, after which a meeker and more submissive animal could not be found. Just as we got nicely started again a heavy rain and hailstorm came up. For a while we waited under the shelter of some spruce trees, but as we were certain of a comfortable cabin and dry beds we continued on in the storm, and by 4 o'clock were sitting before a brisk fire preparing a good meal of venison, pork, bread and butter and coffee. Unfortunately I do not care for coffee without milk, and for once I managed to get some, although miles from any cattle. The mare that Andrew rode had lately been separated from her colt and was still giving milk, so we milked her and could not detect any difference from the bovine article.

Before retiring I tried to impress upon my companions the advisability of starting out in the morning as soon as there should be sufficient light to see, but Joe was too old a veteran to fool around in the frosty grass when he had a comfortable bed to sleep in, and Andrew was too sound a sleeper, so when the stars grew dim and dimmer and finally faded from sight I arose and started out alone. How cold it seemed to a person just up from the valley where there was summer temperature! and for a moment I was tempted to wait and make a cup of coffee; but remembering how shy the deer were and how soon they retired to the heavy timber after sunrise, I shoved my hands deeper into my pockets and started for the ridge where I had killed the doe the day before.

With the utmost caution I worked through the timber, carefully scrutinizing every opening from behind trees, but although fresh tracks were numerous not a deer was to be seen.

After a while I arrived at the edge of the cañon of Middle Elk Creek, about 1,000ft. deep, and an irresistible curiosity seized me to explore its depths—there were such likely looking retreats down there for bears and elk. It did not take long to get down and across the creek, and there I beheld the loveliest park I have ever seen. The cañon was quite broad and the bottom on the west side was covered with luxuriant grass and beautifully dotted with large quaking asp. On the east the side of the cañon was densely covered with large spruce, while on the west the rocky wall rose almost perpendicularly, with an occasional gulch down which ran a sparkling stream.

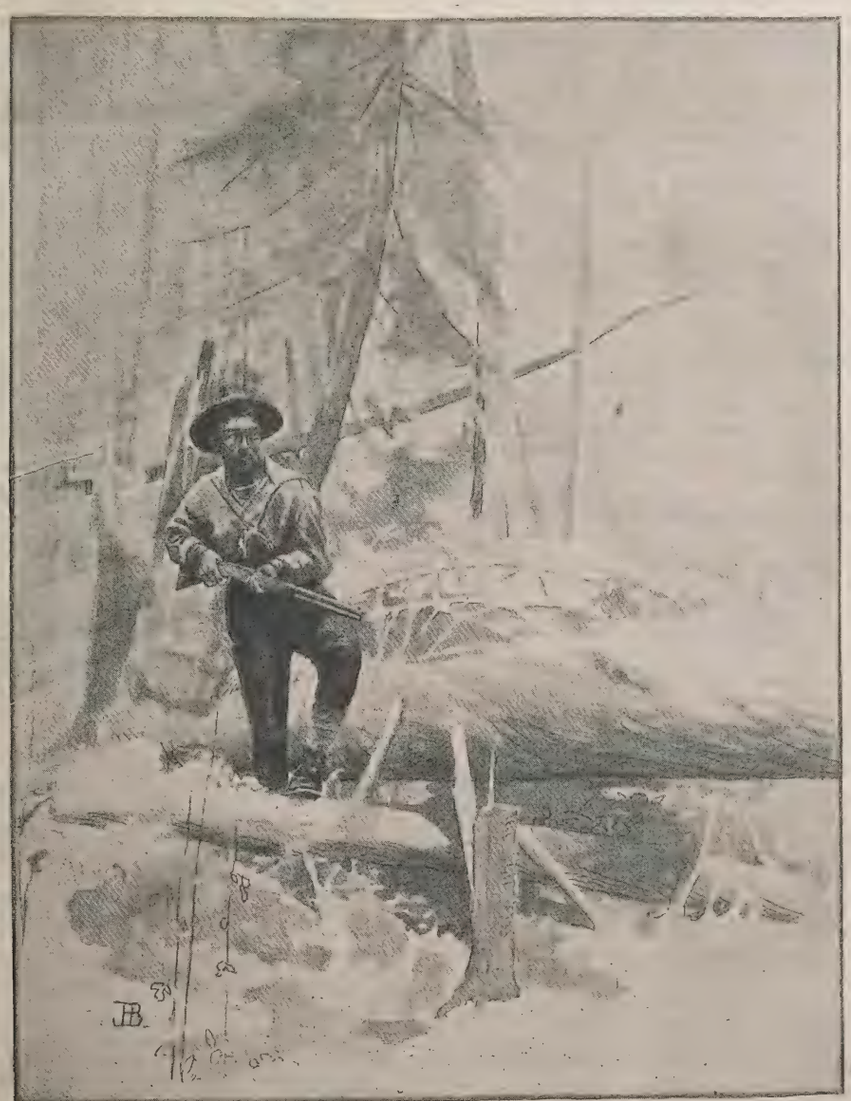
There were some very large deer and elk tracks in the soft mud near the creek, and before I had gone far up jumped a fawn, and after running about 50yds. stopped and looked around. Now I wanted to shoot that fawn, but did not want to pack the carcass out of a 1,000ft. cañon, so I hesitated. Just then I remembered having been told of a side cañon that was passable for horses, so I decided to kill the fawn with a neat off-hand shot—the easiest thing in the world, apparently—but I didn't. The severe tramp during the morning had winded me far more than I realized, while my heart was banging away quite audibly, and try as I would that ivory-tipped front sight would not stay still half a second. In a fit of desperation I let drive anyhow, and away went the fawn, only to stop and look around not more than 75yds. away. Again I tried an off-hand shot, which succeeded in satisfying the fawn's curiosity and it bounded away out of sight unharmed.

Then I got mad and said "eheu!" or something to that effect, and tried to find some reasonable excuse for missing two such easy shots. Perhaps the sights were not set correctly, but an examination showed that that excuse wouldn't hold. Then I began thinking what a fine shot I would have made if I had only had my heavy barreled single-shot .40-90, and the remembrance of some long shots I had made with it, my favorite arm, somewhat soothed my ruffled feelings.

In order to regain my wind so that I could hold steadily, I sat down beside the creek and was soon lost in reveries, from which I was awakened by the appearance of two small animals which came bounding along, poking their heads over logs for an instant and then disappearing. A quick shot at one of the heads as it peeped over a log rolled over a fine mink, but before I could get a shot at the second one it had disappeared. The one killed had just been grazed by the bullet below the ear without fracturing the skull, and its skin was scarcely injured.

By this time the sun was getting pretty well up and my appetite ditto, so I started up the east side of the cañon and arrived in camp just as the boys were sitting down to breakfast.

After a little rest Joe suggested that we should ride down into the cañon where I had been and follow it up to the divide; so we saddled up and started down the side cañon before referred to. The old trail was almost entirely obliterated, and the horses occasionally had to do some scrambling to avoid sliding down the steep hillside. We reached the bottom about half a mile below the spot where I had climbed out, and as the sun was well up the grouse were out at the edge of the timber feeding. Andrew and I had good sport with them and soon filled our game bags, after which we tied them on our saddles until we must have presented a very pictur-



THE STILL-HUNTER.

Drawing by J. B. Burnham from amateur photo by A. Ames Howlett

esque appearance. For a considerable distance we rode through lovely parks, like the one I had visited in the morning. As we ascended, the quaking asp were replaced by spruce, the soil covering the rocks grew scanty and finally we entered a rocky basin—the source of Middle Elk Creek.

Climbing up the northwest side of the basin, we struck the old Ute trail over which the Indians formerly traveled from Utah to Denver. Following this, we were soon on the divide between the Grand and White rivers, two miles above sea level and almost at timber line. The trees were as large at the base as those at lower altitudes, but tapered off suddenly at the top, so that a tree large enough at the roots to reach a height of 75 to 100ft. would stop at 25ft. The rocks were swept bare of soil, and their weather-beaten appearance testified to the severe storms that swept over them. A few hundred yards to the northwest "Old Baldy" reared his treeless head, and in the cañons in his sides lay perpetual snow. Right below us lay the Indian Lakes, also known as the Elk Lakes, and from them flowed the South Fork of the White River. In the distance Marvine Mountain and the Flat Tops towered above the surrounding peaks—like Old Baldy, treeless and bare.

For several minutes we paused to gaze on one of the finest bits of mountain scenery I have ever beheld; then, as a sudden storm of rain and hail burst around us, we started for camp, returning along the top of the mesa. While we were still almost at timber line a fine cock grouse flew up into a stunted spruce, and Andrew added him to his string. Soon the storm passed and we entered a labyrinth of small box cañons, favorite resting places for deer during the heat of the day. Tracks were plentiful, but no deer. Along the rocky sides of the cañons a colony of woodchucks had their home, and Andrew rolled a fat one over in order to get his grease, which has the reputation among frontiersmen of making good gun oil.

In the top of a dead spruce I saw a large hawk, the arch enemy of grouse, and dropped him at 75yds. with a shot from the little Stevens.

We were wet and tired by the time we reached camp, but soon got dried out. After supper Joe and I watched for elk until dark beside a little lake where tracks were numerous, but nothing came.

At daylight next morning I started out and soon caught sight of a buck about 400yds. away in the open. While making a careful stalk through a clump of timber, a bunch of horses came along and frightened the deer. Before I had gone a quarter of a mile further, a cold rain set in and I returned to camp.

After the storm had ceased we packed up our dunnage and started back, knocking over some more grouse by the way.

While we were riding through a large open park, Joe noticed a hawk high in the air above us acting in a very peculiar manner. While we were looking we saw it drop something which fell close to where we were. The something proved to be a weasel which the hawk had endeavored to capture, but the wiry little animal had proved too tough a customer.

At Joe's cabin we had dinner, and after adding half of the deer's carcass to Brownie's pack, started out for New Castle. On the way I noticed a snowshoe jack rabbit hopping along into some spruce timber, but as soon as I dismounted to shoot he hid behind a pile of brush and rocks with only his big ears visible. I took a shot at the place where his head appeared to be, but fortunately for the rabbit a rock intervened and he escaped.

When I reached home I found orders which sent me up into the duck country on the Illinois River; then down into a spur of the Sangré de Christo range in New Mexico; and now I am longing for the time when I will again be in northern Colorado, where I can once more stand on the divide and look far across to the Flat Tops and Marvine Mountain, for the sight of their summits brings memories of many glorious days spent in the saddle or on foot with true friends, some of whom it may never be my fortune to see again.

EDW. F. BALL.

BLOSSBURG, New Mexico.

SPORTSMANSHIP AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"What is a sportsman?" "What is a true sportsman?" The subject is as old as I can remember. It was agitated in *The Spirit of the Times* in the old days, and *Rod and Gun* long before FOREST AND STREAM was published, and has bobbed up every now and then in the latter until every "sportsman" who reads FOREST AND STREAM must be familiar with it.

Now, what is sport?

"Mirth; diversion; contemptuous mirth; plaything; play; diversion of the field, as fowling, hunting or fishing; to represent by any kind of play, etc."

"Sportsman—one who pursues the sports of the field; one who hunts, fishes or fowls; one skilled in the sports of the field."

That ought to settle it so far as field sports go, but it don't seem to, for they still ask, "What is a *true* sportsman?" and then they call one kind of a hunter a "pot-hunter" and another a "game hog." Some look contemptuously upon the man who hunts with a $4 "Zulu" because he cannot afford any better, and others growl at the more fortunate man who is the possessor of an elaborate outfit, while both may share equal pleasure and be as conscientious in pursuit of it as it is possible for any human to be, and the "Zulu" man would possess an elaborate outfit too, if he could, because he has an equal love for the gun and dog.

I wish the question might be settled, for I want to see this great family of FOREST AND STREAM live harmoniously together as good brothers and sisters should. Aye, sisters; we are adding them to the family circle every day, God bless 'em! FOREST AND STREAM is making men and women better every day.

If I were asked to define my ideal "true sportsman," I would say that I think he is the man who hunts or fishes for the enjoyment he derives from it, whether he be rich or poor; one who anticipates and actually enjoys the fatigue that follows a successful or unsuccessful day afield. He is observant and enjoys the surroundings of nature, and is not discontented if unsuccessful. He loves his rod, or gun and dog, and is scrupulously neat and careful with his outfit, reading from it the stories of bygone days as from the pages of a well-worn book, longing for others to come. He is honest, manly and law-abiding, courteous, sympathetic and charitable in feeling toward his brother sportsman, always willing to give you the pleasure of his companionship afield when he is not "chained to business" or otherwise prevented, and one whom you wish to have with you again.

I used to have one such for a hunting chum, but, alas! he crossed the dark divide years ago and I hunt mostly alone now.

J. H. B.

MCKEE'S ROCKS, Pa., Nov. 9.

Natural History.

HAIR WORMS.

NO DOUBT many of our readers have heard what is sometimes alleged by those not properly informed, that a hair in water will turn to a worm, at least certain kinds of hairs under certain conditions. Mr. E. F. Rowe found yesterday morning in a rain barrel in his yard, which had not been used recently, a number of the whitish, repulsive looking, wiggling worms, upon the existence of which the story is based.

Some of the worms are nearly as large around at one end as a lead pencil for the distance of about an inch. Then it bluntly reduces in size to the size of a hair. This small part in some is dark colored like a hair throughout the several inches of its length, while in others it is dark only toward the tip, the rest having a whitish color the same as the body and giving evidence also of life.

One suggestion advanced as to the explanation was that some insect had laid its eggs on hairs or bristles that had gotten into the water and when hatched the product remained attached to the hair and the latter would be mistaken for a part of it. That might be in some cases, but not in this, for plainly the living worm and the apparently dead hair blend together, forming one existing body of whatever kind that might be.

Dr. C. Duffy informs us that he has many a time seen the same kind of worm in tan ooze, and that they exist in still unclean water which the sun reaches—it takes such conditions to hatch them. The Doctor furthermore informs us that he would not be at all surprised if some of them could now be found in cisterns around us.

The Doctor says the hair-like projection is simply an extension of the worm, a kind of tail they have, and he tells us moreover that if a bottle containing some of them were placed in the warm rays of the sun, it could be seen what kind of an insect was the parent of the worms, as they would change to it in a short time.—*Norfolk News.*

For the benefit of such of our readers as have been interested in "hair snakes" during boyhood, we propose to give a very brief outline of some of their habits and peculiarities. The development of these entozoa, though very obscure and difficult to trace, has yet been made out with a considerable degree of clearness; and, for the main additions to our knowledge of this difficult group, science is indebted to Dr. Joseph Leidy and M. A. Villot. It has recently been found, too, by Messrs. Riley and Packard that the hair worm is a valuable ally of the farmer, in that it is a formidable enemy of the locust, which has in recent years done so much damage to crops in the West. One observer indeed states that in a certain section of Minnesota these worms destroyed in 1875 as many hoppers as any other enemy. The worm or worms are found coiled up within the locust, occupying almost the whole inside of the body.

The *Gordius* is most easily found in late summer or early autumn in still pools of water near creeks or rivers, and though really quite common is easily overlooked, owing to its resemblance to the fibers of dead vegetation likely to be found in such situations and among which it often lies. Sometimes several are found together twisted and knotted into a tangled mass, and Dr. Leidy infers that these knots suggested to Linnæus the name given the worm from the famous Gordian knot of antiquity.

This worm is very tough and elastic, and is, besides, extremely tenacious of life, and will live and move for some time after being cut to pieces. It has not jaws nor vent, and no stomach nor intestinal canal, nor, so far as is known, has it any system of blood vessels or nutritive tubes. There are no eyes or special sense organs. The eggs are laid in the water in long chains and are enormously numerous, and they are deposited very slowly during a period extending over two weeks or more. Dr. Leidy estimated the number produced by a specimen of the variable *Gordius*, 9in. in length, as 6,624,800, the eggs being 1-5,750th of an inch in length by 1-1,000th in width. The young are developed and hatched in about four weeks, and in escaping from the egg they pierce the egg membrane, or shell, by the aid of the armature of the head.

The young is now about 1-450th of an inch in length, and its first move is to gain a comfortable resting place in which to pass this first stage of its free existence. This it soon finds in the fly larva, which share its watery home, and it lives encysted in them. In this stage the worm is active. The second stage of the larva's life begins when the fly larva, in which it has been domiciled, is swallowed by a fish. The process of digestion sets free the worm, which now proceeds to bore into the mucous lining of the fish's stomach, where it remains inactive and motionless for months. At length, in spring, it bores through its cyst and escapes into the stomach of its host, whence it is carried off with the fæces into the water. Here it undergoes great changes, and before long it increases in size, the integument grows harder, and when it is about 2in. in length it begins to move, turns brown and is soon a perfect "hair snake."

These hair worms are found principally on locusts, grasshoppers, katydids and crickets, but they are by no means confined to these. Dr. Leidy has reported one from a cockroach, and they have been discovered in beetles, moths, bees, flies, spiders and other small animals. It is difficult to comprehend how larvæ, developed in water, could ever attach themselves to creatures like grasshoppers, katydids, etc., which never go near the water, and Dr. Packard has indulged in some ingenious speculations relative to this point, on which, however, further observations are needed.

The account of these worms which we have thus given, brief as it is, and stripped of all its technicalities, will show our readers the absurdities of the old belief that these worms are animated horse hairs.

FROM CONE TO TREE.

I WILL try and give my idea of the life of a spruce tree growing in a mixed forest, starting from a seedling and continuing until it becomes a timber tree. Some effort of nature has prepared the ground for it. Some trees have overturned, thereby making an opening through which the light and sunshine necessary for the germination of the seed is let in. The seed has either been waed by the wind to this spot or a red squirrel that has been diligently gathering the spruce comes from a neighboring tree selected this place for his mid-day meal, and is greedily tearing the cones apart for the little seeds that lie on either side of the scales; some of these seeds are scattered and in the following spring germinate. It will take a sharp eye to detect them then, little delicate shoots almost like the moss that is found in the woods. After about three years they begin to have vitality enough to put out roots and you will notice a little cluster growing very thickly together. Meanwhile numerous other seedlings of different varieties begin to grow; some are short lived and others with a stronger constitution shoot ahead.

Providing one of these spruce seedlings has fallen in soil favorable for its growth it grows in height rather than in wood—the little seed branchlets have been overcome by the shade and drop off—the top is still reaching upward, but is a mere spray; it has not sufficient leaves or needles to help in the evaporation neccessary for the increase of wood. It simply gains in height. At last a favorable season gives it a new start, more roots are put out, new branches are formed and at the end of say 40 years it is a healthy looking tree or sapling—about 4in. in diameter. In time it reaches the desired point; it forms part of the crown cover and coming in contact with the sunlight and carbon begins to make trunk development. The others that have grown with it are out of the race and eventually drop out and die. The ground in time is covered with as many trees as it will support. Thus the seedling becomes a timber tree.

Now let the lumberman step in about this time. He harvests the crop of larger trees, possibly cutting about ten standard of logs to the acre. The smaller trees that have not been suppressed now make a new start. The hardwood trees around them serve as protection from the winds, etc., and eventually they become a new forest of second cut timber.

If it were not for the forest fires nature could reproduce a forest of some kind in a short time; but fire will destroy the work of ages—the soil is left almost barren and not anything but timber that is really not merchantable will grow in such places.

Fire has been the most disastrous agent in destroying a large part of our forests. Thousands of acres of land that at one time were covered with a great wealth of timber have been devastated by fire, and these lands never will be in shape to reproduce the amont of timber that would have been there to this day if the fire could have been kept out.

Laws should be passed making it a criminal act to allow fire to get out anywhere. Examples should be made and it could not take effect too soon, for unless a different system of forestry is carried on and more rigid laws enforced in regard to forest fires our beautiful Adirondack Forest will be a thing of the past.—*Frank C. Parker in Elizabethtown Post.*

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGISTS' UNION.

THE Thirteenth Congress of the American Ornithologists' Union convened in Washington Nov. 11, and continued until Thursday, the 14th.

The evening or business session was held at the residence of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, the public meetings commencing Tuesday, Nov. 12, being in the Lecture Hall of the National Museum.

The active members present were: Dr. J. A. Allen, of New York; Maj. C. E. Bendire, of Washington; Wm. Brewster, of Cambridge, Mass.; Frank M. Chapman, of New York; Dr. Elliott Coues, of Washington; William Dutcher, of New York; D G. Elliot, of Chicago; Dr. A. K. Fisher, of Washington; Prof. Theo. N. Gill, of Washington; Leverett M. Loomis, of San Francisco; F. A. Lucas, of Washington; Dr. Edgar A. Mearns, of Washington; Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of Washington; Robert Ridgway, of Washington; John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn.; Hon. Geo. B. Sennett, of Erie, Pa.; Dr. R. W. Shufeldt and Dr. L. Stejneger, of Washington.

The associate members present during the session were: Job Barnard, W. F. Roberts, Wm. Palmer, Outram Bangs, Dr. E. M. Hasbrouck, J. D. Sornborger, R. P. Currie, Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, Miss. Florence A. Merriam, Mrs. Nelly Hart Woodworth, Sylvester D. Judd, C. H. Townsend, W. E. Clyde Todd, Dr. Louis A. Bishop, Edward A. Preble, Vernon Bailey, J. van Denburgh, Prof. F. E. L. Beal, Colton Maynard, Gerrit S. Miller, Jr., C. J. Pennock, Dr. T. S. Palmer, A. M. Reed, C. W. Richmond, Stephen Rozycki, H. C. Oberholser, Prof. F. H. Knowlton, Edward Arnold, B. W. Evermann, E. J. Brown.

William Brewster, of Cambridge, Mass., was elected President; Dr. C. Hart Merriam and Mr. Robert Ridgway, of Washington, Vice-Presidents; John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn., Secretary; William Dutcher, of New York, Treasurer; Dr. J. A. Allen, Maj. C. E. Bendire, Frank M. Chapman, Charles F. Batchelder, Dr. Elliott Coues, D. G. Elliot and Dr. A. K. Fisher were elected members of the Council.

Mr. A. W. Anthony, of California, was elected an active member, and Mr. W. T. Blanford, of London, England, an honorary member. Mr. W. H. Hudson, of London, England, and Dr. D. Webster Prentiss, of Washington, were elected to corresponding membership. Eighty-eight associate members were elected.

The committee on classification and nomenclature of North American birds reported that the new check list is practically finished and will be published in a few weeks.

The protection of birds being considered, Mr. Leverett M. Loomis, of San Francisco, said that there had been wholesale destruction among birds and their eggs on the California coast the past year.

Mr. Witmer Stone, of Philadelphia, stated that so far as he knew only one colony of terns were left on the New Jersey coast. As these birds nested back in the meadows and away from the coast it was almost impossible to protect them. In recent years the "eggers" had destroyed immense numbers of the eggs of the clapper rail, which nested in favorable localities along the New Jersey coast. This rail had increased during the past

summer, as game wardens had watched the meadows and arrested several marauders.

Tuesday evening a public memorial meeting was held in the Lecture Hall of the National Museum in commemoration of the two distinguished honorary members of the Union who have died during the past year. The late Geo. N. Lawrence, of New York, was eulogized by Mr. D. G. Elliot, and Prof. Thomas Henry Huxley by Dr. Elliott Coues.

It was voted to hold the next annual meeting in Cambridge, Mass., commencing Nov. 9, 1896.

Resolutions were passed thanking the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for the use of the Lecture Hall of the National Museum as a place of meeting for the Thirteenth Congress of the Union, and thanking the Washington members for the cordial welcome and generous hospitality exteneded to the visiting members.

The attendance of members and visitors was large.

A group photograph of the members was taken on the steps of the U. S. National Museum.

The following is a list of the papers read at the sessions: Exhibition of Unpublished Water-color Paintings of Birds by Louis A. Fuertes, with remarks.; Elliott Coues. An Important Factor in the Study of Western Bird Life; Carl F. Baker. The First Plumage of the Philadelphia Vireo (*Vireo philadelphicus*); Jonathan Dwight, Jr. On Pallas's Cormorant; F. A. Lucas. Further Remarks on the Subgenus *Quiscalus*; Frank M. Chapman. Midwinter Migration Southward in the North Temperate Zone to Breeding Grounds; Leverett M. Loomis. The Terns of Muskeget Island, Part II.; George H. Mackay. Food of the Meadowlark; F. E. L. Beal. An Instance of Individual Dichromatism in the Screech Owl (*Megascops asio*); A. P. Chadbourne. The Pine Grosbeak (*Pinicola enucleator*) in Captivity; O. W. Knight. What Constitutes Publication? J. A. Allen. Kingbird and Sapsuckers of Southern California; A. J. Cook. Methods in Economic Ornithology, with special reference to the Catbird; Sylvester D. Judd. A few Effects of the Winter of 1895 upon the Spring and Fall Migration in Canton, Mass.; J. H. Bowles. Birds of Idaho; M. J. Elrod. On the Standing of *Ardetta neoxena;* Frank M. Chapman. A Critique on Trinomial Inconsistencies; William Palmer. Why are there so few Bluebirds? Mrs. Louisa M. Stephenson. On Gätke's Heligoland; George H. Mackay. The Value of the Tongue in the Classification of Birds; F. A. Lucas. Exhibition of Lantern Slides of Birds; William Palmer.

A Curiously Marked Deer.

PESHTIGO, Wis., Nov. 10.—The woods are full of them; that is to say, of hunters after deer. And of deer, too, according to what they tell. The queerest freak in the deer line we have ever had here was of a specimen brought in last week, which had on one side a broad band of white hair, pure white, extending longitudinally along the body. F. E. G.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE LONG ISLAND DEER PLAGUE.

SCENE.—*Office of Kennel Editor,* FOREST AND STREAM, *318 Broadway, New York.*

TIME.—*2 P. M., Nov. 4.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Kennel Editor and Trap Editor.*

TRAP EDITOR (*loquitur*).—"Have you read our esteemed Western contemporary's editorial account of the great number of deer on Long Island; the destruction of crops and gardens by those animals, and the quantities met with in a single drive?"

KENNEL EDITOR.—"No. What about it?"

TRAP EDITOR.—"Well, it's great. This is what it says:

"'The effects of the game law of New York protecting deer on Long Island until 1897 are already manifest, the deer being so numerous even now that they are quite an annoyance to farmers, and many complaints have already been made of their destroying the farmers' crops and gardens. They will enter a field of grain or cabbage patch at night, and before sunrise the next morning almost ruin it. One man at Farmingdale says he has driven as many as a dozen deer out of his field of cabbages in a single night. The deer range on the island is said to be one of the finest for deer propagation in the United States. The great rolling pond hills face to the north, and afford safe and warm protection for the young deer during the winter. The winter winds are, as a rule, from the north, and the deer seek the lee of the hills for protection from the cold and snow. People often drive over the road running through the range just to see the deer, for it is no uncommon thing to see from three to a dozen during a single drive. They have become so numerous that they wander out into and along the country roads, and occasionally venture into the outskirts of some of the smaller villages. The number of deer now on the range is estimated at not less than 600. The new law pleases the true sportsman immensely, for he realizes that great sport is in store for him two years hence. While the farmers wish the deer to thrive, they do not like to see them do so at their individual expense.'

"What a chance! Deer to the right of us, deer to the left of us, and ruined grain fields and cabbage gardens all around us! And, mind you, all this is due to a law not five months old, and which was passed seven months after the breeding season of the deer had closed!"

"By Jove," said the kennel editor, and he rushed to the water cooler. After taking a swallow, he added: "Had our esteemed friend studied 'Game Laws in Brief' as carefully as it should, it would not have made such an egregious blunder. Do you note that it informs us that 'the winter winds are, as a rule, from the north?' May kind providence temper the north winds of the coming winter to the lamb that wrote that editorial!"

"Now," proceeded the trap editor, as soon as his brother editor had fully recovered, "is the opportunity of our lives. Let us go forth into the wilds of Long Island (we can get back the same day) and see the deer in their native state, wandering along the roadways, ten and twelve at a time, or causing a shortage of the sauerkraut crop by reason of their ravages! I remember seeing the same thing in the *Sun* and other New York dailies weeks ago—in fact, here's another note to the same effect that appeared in the Greenport, L. I., *Watchman* of Oct. 19:

"'☞Complaints, bitter and loud, come from the vicinity of the deer range, in the towns of Smithtown and Islip, that deer are seriously depredating on the gardens and fields of farmers and small truck growers thereabouts. Despite the six days' saturnalia of drunken rowdyism and reckless slaughter which the open season for deer degenerated into last year, and after all the sharp pursuit of these animals during the past years, their number is said to be increasing. At all events there seems to be no doubt that they are numerous and destructive to crops within their reach. As the law now stands it is an offense, punishable with a fine of $100, to kill a wild deer on Long Island, and this condition will last for two years. Both the farmers, who want protection against the ravagers of their planted fields, and the hunters, who want to enjoy the sport of hunting deer at a proper season, cry out against the present law. We refer them to those responsible for the legislation of 1895.'

"And look here. This is a clipping from a regular Down-East publication, an agriculturists' paper that is brought forth in the hub of the universe; just listen to what it says:

"'A New York law prohibits killing of deer for two years in Suffolk county on Long Island. As a result the deer are becoming very numerous, and are doing great damage to the crops of farmers. Under this new law all the farmers can do is to drive the deer away, and as they do most of their depredating at night this makes the saving of their crops a difficult matter. One farmer named William Berry has driven as many as twelve deer out of his cabbage fields in a single night. Thousands of his cabbages are eaten down to the stalks. All this damage to farmers is to make a few days' sport for huntsmen two years hence, when the interdiction on killing deer will be removed. By that time the deer will have eaten five to ten times what their carcasses will be worth. It is doubtful whether the State has the constitutional right to prevent farmers from defending their property from destruction by wild animals. The farmers at least mean to test the question whether they cannot secure pay for property thus destroyed by authority of law. It seems that they can at least do this.'

"William Berry (I think that must mean William O'Berry, of St. James, quite a noted deer hunter down on



IN THE HEART OF THE DEER RANGE.

the island) has good cause for complaint. Think of it! 'Thousands of his cabbages are eaten down to the stalks.' I never thought until to-day it was anything but a fake or a kind of duck-egg story. Since, however, our excited Western contemporary finds the state of affairs worthy of an editorial note, it must be so. Let's go into this wilderness and view the deer wandering around in squads."

"Yes," said the kennel editor, "we are growing fleshy from overwork. Let's ask the editor-in-chief for a day off so that we may reduce some of our adipose tissue; we're too healthy looking to plead any broken-down constitution or ill health. Let us go where the farmers wish the deer to thrive, but 'not at their individual expense.' *Individual* is a good word."

"And we'll take the camera along," said the trap editor. "Then we'll get some living pictures of the cabbages, the deer and the jungles. You remember what Burnham and Jock Darling did with the camera in Maine this summer, and how Hough and Hofer *ski-ed* and camera-ed it through the Yellowstone winter before last? Here's *our* chance."

"Shall we go to Farmingdale, where the cabbage herder 'says he has driven as many as a dozen deer out of his field of cabbages in a single night?'" said the kennel editor, who is fresh from the Windy City.

"Farmingdale be eheued. Farmingdale is miles this side of the deer jungles. We'll go around and through those same jungles, and we're bound to find game before long, as it must be really very plentiful."

Thus it came about that the editor-in-chief assented to their request, and two of FOREST AND STREAM'S editors went forth to search out the wild places of Long Island and to learn whether these things were really so.

The Day off and its Result.

The early hours of the morning of Nov. 6 were not very inviting for a stroll through the wilderness. A heavy fog



BE'ER DEER CONSULTS THE "BRIEF."

that rolled in from the Atlantic before a gentle southeasterly breeze impeded traffic on the river, dampened the sidewalks and made things in general somewhat gloomy. It had but little effect, however, on us. We had our day off before us, and we were going to see the deer in their native state, and to commiserate with the farmers on their loss of their fields of grain and their cabbage crop. We had the camera with us too, and with the aid of the fog and the general boldness of the marauders we felt that the misty atmosphere would be no detriment. At 10 or 15ft. we could distinguish objects readily; with a long-time exposure (and we didn't think the bold and saucy deer would object to stand for us) we could get some negatives, even if they were a bit hazy, for at that they might not prove a whit more shadowy than the rumors.

Twenty miles this side of our destination the sun came out bright and strong, making it the sweetest of Indian summer mornings. When we got off the train, our umbrellas and overcoats were at a discount; it was a perfect day.

We first interviewed the proprietor of the hotel near the station. His house was a favorite resort for sportsmen, while he himself was a deer hunter of no small repute. The result of the interview from our point of view was scarcely satisfactory.

"Deer? Oh, yes, there are deer, of course, but they're nothing like as numerous as you imagine. Don't they injure the crops? Nothing more than usual. How could they? The law has only been in force a month or so; how could that affect the number of deer? Newspaper reports? Yes, that's just newspaper talk, nothing else. There's no more deer now than there were a year ago, and they don't do any more harm now than they did then that I know of."

It was a discouraging start; but we still hoped, thinking that he might have some occult motive for deceiving us as to the true condition of the deer plague. Our rudely shaken faith was considerably strengthened a few minutes later, when, within a stone's throw of the hotel, we discovered a cabbage eater. Seated at the root of an old tree was an undoubted specimen of the genus *Lepus*, and a fine one too, with its coat already changed in anticipation of the "winter winds" which in that part of Long Island "are as a rule from the north." Strange winter winds of Long Island!

The surroundings were wild, but were bare of any cover. The well-known ferocity of the *Lepus kottontalus rusticus*, to which sub-family the specimen before us unquestionably belonged, made the operation of obtaining a negative of the animal a decidedly hazardous task. The trap editor, with his usual self-denial, desired that to the kennel editor should belong the honor of photographing in its wild state the animal at once so engaging, so rare,



A CLOSE CALL.

and yet withal so dangerous to approach. "Nay," said the kennel editor, "for this time at least must I deny myself. To you rightly belongs all the *kudos* that is to be gained by securing on a gelatinous film a reproduction of such an animal in its wild and untamed state. This side of the fence is good enough for me."

Seeing that the kennel editor was determined to efface himself, there was nothing more for the trap editor to do but to prepare to photograph the cabbage eater. Taking advantage of every little inequality of the soil, every blade of ragweed and every frost-blighted stalk of goldenrod, he managed to approach within 10ft. of the subject, which, to his relief, he then discovered to be wrapped in the sound slumber that is born of a hearty breakfast of cabbage. Not even the click of the camera's shutter disturbed it; there was not a break in the continuity of its snores. The return to the trail was made in safety, and we at once proceeded on our way into the jungle. The only thing to mar our unity was a determined effort on the part of the kennel editor to belittle the dangers attending his brother editor's achievement. We soon forgot our troubles, however, in the joy at having so soon obtained a negative of a cabbage eater and a girdler of trees.

We felt much better again when, a few hundred yards further on, we came upon a very rare specimen of the fauna of this remarkably wild section of Long Island. Was this indeed a vision, or was it a real live specimen of the *simiadæ?* That it was not a vision is satisfactorily proved by the accompanying cut, a negative of fair quality being obtained after a careful and heart-thumping stalk.

This time the kennel editor essayed the task. Carefully keeping a sapling of some 4in. in diameter between him and the animal so as the better to conceal his approach, he succeeded in getting within 50ft. of the object. In his task he had been materially aided by the animal itself, which, with its back to the stalker, had been busily engaged in the pleasing operation of inspecting its limbs in search of marauding insects. Finding the distance too great for a satisfactory negative, the kennel editor attempted, by assuming a snakelike mode of progression, to make a near approach. The mistake was a fatal one; his form is not fitted for any such purposes; he caused trouble and aroused the animal, which, open-jawed, sprang for him. His presence of mind did not desert him, but, snapping the camera, he turned and fled.

Feeling morally certain that the negative would be

practically valueless, the trap editor volunteered to try again as soon as the suspicions of the animal had been somewhat allayed. (Later it was discovered that the negative contained only the gigantic body and legs of an animal that closely resembled a chimpanzee. This was caused by the proximity of the subject to the camera, showing the closeness of the call.) The kennel editor, fresh from the dangers attending the effort, did his best to dissuade his brother editor from immolating himself on the altar of scientific research; for, said he, "Do you



CHAINED TO BUSINESS.

not remember the horrible and malicious ferocity of this animal and its undaunted courage and strength without limit, as described by Paul Chaillu, the great African explorer? The animal has no end of accidental deaths and broken heads concealed about his person, which he gives with a lavish hand to those who incur his anger."

But this argument availed naught. The trap editor divested himself of his overcoat and umbrella, and there came that look on his face which boded ill for man or beast which crossed his purpose. He took the camera and left a message for the dear ones at home in the event that the worst befell him. The kennel editor volunteered to go along and hold the animal while the trap editor did the execution, which friendly offer was ignored.

The trap editor first stealthily crept along a fence for a few yards, then observing that his prey was seeking insects, he glided quickly and noiselessly behind a large tree, where he took breath for a few moments, and prepared himself for the final effort. No Indian in his native forest was more sinuous, silent and resolute, and few indeed ever showed more indifference to peril or a better nerve. The young man then set his instrument and roached his back and took aim; the click of the shutter alarmed the ferocious relative of man's ancestors, and with demoniac rage he sprang toward the daring intruder; his fetters rattled and we discovered that he was "chained to business."

After this startling episode we plunged still deeper into the wilderness, keeping our eyes open, as we hoped soon to espy a dozen deer or so in a bunch; ones and twos we expected to find so common as to be unworthy of notice. A distant cabbage patch that bordered on one of the wildest portions of the jungle caught our fancy. With ordinary luck a stealthy sneak might result in a negative showing a half-score of the cabbage destroyers taken *in flagrante delictu*. We remembered how Burnham had exhibited with pride a negative of a single pensive doe, daintily munching her breakfast of succulent lilypads; our negative would far transcend his—but there was no deer there, nor could we detect any ravages in the crops save those of the knife. This was one of the greatest disappointments of the day. We visited other cabbage patches during the day with like results.

Returning to the trail, we followed it for about a mile into the virgin wilderness, noting with some wonder that it was defaced by the tracks of horses and wagons, showing signs of much traffic. All the trails in this vicinity were marred in a similar manner. No game of any kind save a solitary and evidently vagrant specimen of the *felis domesticus tomcommunis* was seen. Of this animal we would gladly have made a negative, to prove further the wildness of the country and also on account of the Cimmerian darkness of its fur; but it stood not on the order of its going—it went.

Decayed and broken-down rail fences bore silent testimony to the great age of the wilderness and to the ease with which the cabbage eaters could assail their victims. A valuable piece of information was obtained from a husbandman whom we met up with a half mile further in he bowels of the jungle:

"Why, yes, there's some deer around here; not more'n usual tho'. Do I often see 'em? Haw-haw! Well, I'm gumswazzled! What do you city fellers think deer is, anyway?" and a broad grin illuminated his features. "Like groun' squir'ls, I suppose, runnin' along fences 'n' barkin' at people when they gets a good ways off? How about my cabbages? As good as ever, and that's sayin' a good deal, 'cause I can raise cabbages that is cabbages on this lot o' mine. Does deer bother me any? Why, nothin' to brag about: there's other things besides deer that like cabbages. What things? Why, just things that get in among 'em when I don't keep my fences up same as I ought to. Got a spare chew of terbacker, either of you gents? Don't chew! Gosh! Chew White's Yucatan gum, d'ye say? Good thing, push it along, is it? Well, mebbe it's all right for you city fellers, but out in these parts we chaws terbacker—when we can get it. B'gosh, it's good though. Yes, there'll be more deer next fall, I don't doubt, but this fall they're about the same as last, no more and mebbe less; there was a sight of 'em killed last year to my knowledge. It was like the Fourth o' July round here when the boys was out after 'em, cracking and banging to beat the devil. A man wasn't rightly safe in his own yard. Do the winds as a rule blow from the north in the winter? Haw-haw! Think yer right smart, don't yer? Well, s'long."

We were beginning to get a little disheartened. Negatives of deer, even of a single specimen, seemed now difficult of realization. It began to look as if we had been fooled. The only thing that cheered us was the husbandman's remark about the "things." Perhaps we might get some negatives of some of these cabbage destroyers so vaguely hinted at.

In Indian file, plunging still deeper into the mazes of the jungle, we kept on, the kennel editor leading the way. All of a sudden he turned, and in true hunter's fashion placed his finger to his lips and hoarsely whispered, "Hist." Following the direction of his eyes, the trap editor instantly spied the game, a veritable cabbage destroyer. When first seen it was lying down in one of the most impenetrable portions of the wilderness. Its sex could not then be ascertained, but it was noticed that it had horns. The wind was from the right quarter, and a negative of the cabbage destroyer in its lair might have been obtained but for the bulk of the trap editor, which made a noiseless passage across dry sticks an impossibility. The negative, as shown by the accompanying cut, tells that the cabbage destroyer was caught by the camera immediately after it had sprung from its lair and while it was contemplating a precipitate flight. (Note by the editor.—A close microscopic examination of the photograph discloses the fact that the specimen was a genuine *bos jersey anus*, a species by no means rare in the jungle of Long Island.)

Shortly after we had secured this negative we experienced another piece of luck, being overtaken by the "oldest inhabitant" of that wild region, who was riding in a springless wagon that was drawn by a sway-backed horse, which had evidently overstepped the span of life allotted to members of the equine race. Pulling up his horse, a feat by no means so difficult as it sounds, he offered to help us on our way. Here was indeed a chance. Did not our contemporary from the land of the setting sun assert that "it is no uncommon thing to see from three to a dozen during a single drive?" Of course we gladly accepted the offer and took our share of the single seat, willing to put up with any amount of jolting so long as we had a sure chance of seeing "from three to a dozen deer" thereby, as the authoritative information implied that the sight was for "a single drive"—not two or more drives,



A CABBAGE EATER.

and not for people afoot. Thus we left no stone unturned to fulfill the conditions enjoined by our esteemed contemporary.

How far we drove we had no means of calculating. It is sufficient to state that we rode as far as we could into the midst of the wilderness, only leaving the wagon when arriving at our guide's domicile, which was indicated by "the oldest inhabitant" saying that he wasn't "goin' no further." There was no help for it, and—we had not seen a single deer, let alone "from three to a dozen," in our long "single drive."

But our ride had not been fruitless. Our guide had been able, between his twinges of rheumatism, groans and licking the stolid horse, to impart additional valuable testimony in regard to the awful damage to "a field of grain or cabbage patch," caused by the deer in the jungles of Long Island.

"Deer 'round here? 'Course ther' is, and have been ever since I come here thirty-four years ago. Many as there used to be? Not likely, seein' as how they've been shootin' and killin' of 'em right along all these years. Fruit trees and cabbage patches 'ud be all right if people 'ud keep their fences mended, I reckon. Deer never bothered me none that I know of. It's all humbug this talk. Many monkeys about? Never saw one in my lot since I come here, and can't say as they're real numerous. Never bothered me and I never bothered them. I know fellers as has seen monkeys and blue mice too! Haw-haw! Geet up!"

In the midst of the wilderness we heard the ting-a-ling of a bell, a most startling sound where erstwhile was the silence of wild nature, broken only by the harsh notes of the bluejays, the caws of the crows, and the cries of the cabbage eaters without cause. Instantly thereafter there glided by us a beautiful vision, a dryad on wheels, none the less lovely and lovable whether seen on the solitary trail of the wilderness or on the boulevards of effete civilization. The bicycle girl! Benisons upon her! We did not classify her as a cabbage eater, but rather as a rosebud of the wilderness, adorning and dignifying it. The gloom that had settled on our spirits was dispelled, and we passed down the trail brighter and better men.



A ROSEBUD OF THE WILDERNESS.

We now had before us three miles of the trail that led us through the very heart of the jungle. It was again a sore disappointment to us to find that this trail, like the others we had struck, was much spoiled and cut up by the hoofprints of beasts of burden, and by marks that could only have been left there by the tires of wagon wheels.

As we meandered along we discovered another denizen of the wilderness. Wrapped in patriarchal dignity, and conscious of his own forceful dignity, stood a useful specimen of the *Capra buttsoria* (vulg. billygoat), one of the "things" which prey on cabbage when the eyes of the husbandman are not upon him, or when the tomato-can plant which he loves so dearly is not in bloom. The trap editor approached the goat, humped in that alarmingly stealthy manner so peculiar to the itinerant photographer, yet withal so harmless in itself. The goat interpreted it as an unfriendly attitude, and became eccentric in its deportment, as is truthfully depicted in his pen portrait. The attempt to photograph him was abandoned, he being "uncertain, coy and hard to please."

The next sign of game was apparent when we came to a place where a bevy of quail had been dusting. Not being able to locate them, we had to move on without obtaining a negative. From that point to where we struck the main line of the Long Island Railroad, a monument to the skill and hardihood of the fearless engineers who first ventured into this wilderness, we saw a fair amount of deer signs. Tracks in the sand, at varying intervals of from 200 to 500yds., showed us where deer had crossed the road some time within the previous few days. (We preserved carefully a few of the tracks. If any one cares to call at the office of FOREST AND STREAM to view them, we shall be glad to show the same at any hour on Nov. 28.)

Reaching the railroad, we followed its course to Center Islip, noting as we passed a runway where the deer crossed to and fro between the preserve of the South Side Club and the outlying portions of the jungle.

We found later on that the railroad formed the northern boundary of the game preserve of the South Side Club, of Long Island, in whose territory of 40,000 acres the deer find a safe harbor. That the deer are aware of their safety in the preserve is very evident, as we found on following the railroad track for about a half a mile deer crossings were quite numerous compared with what we had struck on the trail through the wilderness. We saw quite five or six places where single deer had crossed in and out of the preserves of the club.

On our arrival at Center Islip we made the acquaintance of an aged and experienced deer hunter who had resided in the jungle of Long Island for several years, and who had himself taken part in the slaughter of deer during the six days of open season last fall. After a few general remarks, we broached the subject of deer to him. This fortunately seemed to be a favorite theme with him, and upon it he talked readily. The conversation was a long one and covered the matter thoroughly—so much so that we shall only attempt to give the substance of it.

He stated that the two years' close season on deer was not a popular one in that section, inasmuch as it was scarcely safe for a man to take his dogs out into the jungle to hunt rabbits, the risk being that the dogs were liable to strike a deer trail and thus run a chance of being shot for illegally pursuing deer out of season. This risk hardly seems as great as he made out, since from his own statements the neighbors are all banded together and allow each other to hunt over their posted lands, objecting only when a stranger comes upon the scene. "Neighbors don't care to do nothin' agin' one another as a gen'ral thing," said he. He objected chiefly to the clause which permitted the killing of his dogs while pursuing deer, as the hunter might be out after rabbits and be wholly innocent of any intention of having his dogs run deer. (He forgot apparently that the law of previous years only permitted his dogs to run deer for the short period of six days. His objection seemed to have an ulterior and suspicious flavor.)

He said further that in respect to the damage to cabbage patches and grain fields, it was no greater this year than in previous years, and was not serious at any time. Once in a while it happened that deer did some damage to



ANOTHER CABBAGE EATER.

growing crops, but it was too infrequent and trifling to seriously consider.

As regards the number of deer, he said they were no more plentiful than last year, probably not so numerous. He mentioned that one had been seen passing through the outskirts of the town about ten days previous to our visit. This he referred to as a noteworthy event, although the incident occurred less than a mile from the runway. This would seem to indicate that the deer are not wandering around in marauding bands, and that they are not so easily seen, at least by actual residents, in the heart of the

jungle where deer abound and where "from three to a dozen" can be seen "during a single drive." ("During" is another good word.)

He also stated that he had seen no fawns, and had also noticed very few fawn tracks while out hunting in the wilderness. We ourselves had noted the fact that there were no signs of any fawns having crossed at the runway.

Our next information was obtained from a gentleman who resided outside the southern boundary of the South Side Club's preserve. To repeat his statement would be unnecessary, as it was only a corroboration of those given above. The gist of it was that deer in the immediate vicinity of the preserve did do some little damage occasionally, but nothing to speak of. This, however, he said, was not a new thing, but had been the case in all previous years—last year, the year before that, and the year before that again.

The most important portion of our interview with this gentleman was that which related to the probable cause of all the newspaper talk: "One man told me that the object of this agitation was to have the law changed at Albany next winter so that deer could be killed on Long Island the following fall."

Several other interviews were had with persons well qualified to judge of the situation, but as they were all in the same strain as those we have already recounted it is not worth while to occupy more space for the sake of righting the base libels on the innocent inhabitants of the jungles of Long Island.

Thus is the ghost of the Long Island deer plague laid, and the alarmist's cabbage head busted!

The Summary.

Sensationalism, press clippings and the grievances of individuals who wish to kill deer regardless of the claims of the people or of the next generation form poor authority from which to thunder forth instructive editorials on the game situation in Long Island or in the Island of Jal-



"THE SUMMARY."

abaloo, or anywhere else; that is, if gross exaggeration and perverted fact can be called instructive editorials.

The natural conclusion to be reached from the slaughter of deer last fall is that the breeding stock being thereby lessened, the increase in the supply of deer this year would be lessened in like ratio. The complaints upon which the editorial was based are, so far as we can ascertain, merely cloaks to the real purpose, which is to kill the deer. Moreover, in respect to these complaints, the conditions in regard to damage by deer are in nowise different from what they were in past years. B. WATERS}
EDWARD BANKS.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S SHOOTING.

THOMPSON FALLS, Mont., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reading a paper a few days ago I noticed an attack upon Mr. Theodore Roosevelt by a Mr. Trude, of Chicago, in regard to the way in which he killed game.

I have accompanied Mr. Roosevelt on several hunting trips, and I feel that I can speak with some degree of accuracy in regard to this matter.

I was Mr. Roosevelt's guide when he killed his first white goat, and can truthfully say that he made one of the best shots I have ever seen made. At the time I thought that it must have been a chance shot, but when we got after the next band his shooting was such as any sportsman might feel proud of, especially his shot at a goat running up a cliff at a distance of 225yds., when he broke the animal's neck.

On our trip together to British Columbia I feel that his coolness and nerve saved me from being torn by a bear, as I had a heavy pack on my back and was unable to use my gun. The bear had been wounded by Mr. Roosevelt, who ran to where he last saw the bear. As the creek made quite a noise, the bear was right on me before I knew it, and was on his hindfeet, ready to strike me, when Mr. Roosevelt ran up and shot him in the butt of the ear and killed him.

Three days later I saw him make a good shot at a caribou, which he killed. There were five in the band and I tried to get him to kill the entire band, but he said he only wished those with good heads, and that under no circumstances would he kill a doe or fawn, unless he was compelled to for the meat.

We went through more hardships to the Big Hole Basin than on any of our other trips. As it was late in the season and Mr. Roosevelt's time being limited, we wished to cover as much ground as possible.

We usually started from camp in the morning without blankets and nothing but sour dough bread and salt, depending on our rifles for our meat. On one occasion I lost my reckoning and we did not find the camp for two days. During this time we ran on to a band of goats, and he could have killed the entire band, but only shot the best specimens. He displayed great nerve and endurance, and I do not think he ever lost his reckoning, but we were both played out by the time we reached the camp.

A few days later we ran on a band of elk. Two of them were fighting, and his description of this scene is very accurate. I have never known him to shoot a cow or calf elk or caribou, and on no occasion did we ever have any kind of a trap, but depended solely on his skill with the rifle.

I have read all the articles that he has written about his hunting trips on which I accompanied him, and I consider that he has underestimated rather than overestimated himself, as I think him one of the coolest and best shots at game, and he endured as many hardships as any man that I have ever known. Always in a good humor in camp, which is something unusual, as hunting will generally try a man's patience more than anything else.

I hope that you will give this letter space in your valuable paper. JOHN WILLIS.

THE WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS FOX CLUB HUNT.



A TYPE.

THE eighth annual hunt of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club was held at Westfield Nov. 13 and 14. The first day was all that heart could wish. The weather was perfect and the running good. Seven foxes were killed and accounted for, which, if we are not mistaken, is a record for the club. The second day opened cloudy and with indications of rain, which were verified later, but the trailing conditions were excellent all day, and not enough rain fell to destroy the scent. Four foxes were killed, which made the total for two days eleven, a showing which is really remarkable when it is considered that the hunting was all done in one locality, and that in the immediate neighborhood of Westfield.

The hunt was without question one of the most successful ever held—not only in the annals of the Western Massachusetts Fox Club, but of any similar organization in New England.

The occasion was notable not only on account of the number of foxes bagged, but also for the large attendance of visiting sportsmen. The unique features of the Westfield hunt are becoming more widely known each year, and the fame of its hospitality and of its oratory are reaching further and further.

The Fox Club hunt has come to be a sort of civic affair in Westfield. All the townspeople turn to to make it a success. The lawyers and public men, the flower of western Massachusetts oratory, lend their services to the cause, with the result that the after-dinner speaking is unsurpassed.

Visiting Sportsmen.

As has been remarked, the number of visiting sportsmen was unusually large. Worcester sent a delegation of eleven, while other sportsmen came from Milbury, Springfield, Great Barrington, Ware, Monson and Boston, Mass.; Waterbury, Farmington and East Granby, Conn.; Westport, Syracuse, Brooklyn and New York, N. Y.; Portland, Me., and other places. The following list includes most of the visiting sportsmen:

Messrs. Walter W. and C. L. Holmes, of Waterbury, Ct.; Judge Hubert Clark, Willimantic, Ct.; N. Wallace, Farmington, Ct.; J. H. Willey and W. A. Darling, Boston; L. Fisherdick and W. H. H. Perkins, Ware; W. J. Briggs, Syracuse, N. Y.; A. B. Blynue, Westport, N. Y.; Frank W. Whitlock, Great Barrington, Mass.; A. D. Norcross and L. C. Flynt, Monson; R. D. Perry, Portland, Me.; C. Van Deuzen, Melrose Highlands, Mass.; Ed. and Charles Owens, East Granby, Ct.; J. B. Hazleton, Brooklyn, N. Y.; L. B. Coe, Springfield, Mass.; M. L. Fuller, Chicopee Falls; Jno. M. White and Dr. C. H. Hakes, Milbury; O. M. Ball, Austin Esterbrook, A. B. F. Kinney, Jas. E. Fuller, Jerome Marble, C. H. Howe, C. W. Walls, E. Sprague Knowles, C. A. Hanson, Hon. Jno. R. Thayer, W. R. Dean and Geo. Goddard, of Worcester. The last mentioned gentlemen are all members of the Worcester Fur Company. Messrs. Owens, of East Granby, are members of the Tunxis Gun Club. Messrs. Holmes, of Waterbury, represent the recently organized Waterbury Fur Company.

Most of these gentlemen arrived Tuesday night, in order to be in season for the first day's hunt. At the Park Square Hotel, which was headquarters for the hunters, they were welcomed by President Roraback in the name of the club. During the course of the evening Mr. Roraback made a graceful speech of greeting, which was responded to in behalf of the visitors by Hon. Jno. R. Thayer.

The First Day.

Wednesday, Nov. 13, the hunter's horn sounded at 5 A. M. At 6, the hunters, having breakfasted, mounted the buses and other vehicles that were in waiting, and started for the scene of action. They left the town in a northwesterly direction and headed toward Montgomery Mountain. At the foot of the mountain in the Pochassic lowlands the dogs were cast loose, and before 7 o'clock three foxes were jumped and running races that each ended at the muzzle of a shotgun.

They were all started nearly at once, and the day's sport began with a flourish. Fifty hounds were out; and if the foxes did not hurry it was not their fault.

I have already given the names of many of the sportsmen, but perhaps the hounds deserved mention first. Prominent among the visitors was the Worcester delegation. There was the Kinney-White pack, headed by the celebrated Logan, who none will gainsay is a hustler. He was ably seconded by Aggie, Fly, Ned, Jack and Diamond K., of the same pack. Hon. John R. Thayer had Gus, a pup that had never smelled a fox track previous to last June, but who later in the day was in at the deaths of two foxes, and who was still running after the hunters had returned at night, in company with one of the Kinney-White pack and one of the Holmes Brothers' dogs. J. E. Fuller's Dick and Sprague Knowles's Dick Turpin completed the list of Worcester dogs.

The Holmes boys, of Waterbury, brought Tolland and Ranger, as handsome a pair as were seen at the hunt, and N. Wallace, of Farmington, had several good ones. Emil Kidner also had two hounds.

Of the local dogs one of the best known was Mr. Bert. Holcomb's Prince. This dog proved himself to be in the first rank by work in past years and ran a very pretty race which ended in the catching of the fox after it had been wounded the second day of the hunt. Mr. Holcomb had also a number of other dogs that gave good accounts of themselves.

Mr. James Jeffers, a well-known breeder of hounds, who is associated with Mr. Fred Shepard, ran the celebrated Southern-bred dog Commodore, which formerly belonged to Roger Williams, and which he has at present on probation, as well as several others. President Roraback had a couple of young hounds that have already shown considerable promise. Benj. Babb had Jack, a red dog that is at home in hot company. This dog had the misfortune to be caught in a steel trap the first day of the hunt, but was apparently none the worse for the experience the following day.

John T. Way had a dog named Jake that is said to be a good one, and Thomas Mountjoy was also represented by several hounds.

Of the three foxes first started two were soon killed, one falling to Benj. Babb about 7:15 A. M., but the third ran nearly all day. This fox was pressed hard by Logan, and the run was remarkable in more than one respect.

In the afternoon the chase was in sight of a number of hunters as the fox and hounds ran across some open field in the north end of Montgomery. About 3 o'clock, however, after the fox had circled back through some woodland, he ventured too near Perry Otis, and lost his life. Otis, who is a lucky fox hunter, occupied the same stand where Mr. Kinney shot his foxes last year.

About 10 A. M. Louis Pomeroy, of Westfield, killed the fourth fox. Other foxes during the day fell to the guns of F. H. Clapp, of Southampton; H. W. Stedman, Russell Tyler and Jas. Lynch, of Westfield. The total for the day was seven.

The Supper.

The Fox Club made an innovation this year and changed the scene of the banquet from the Town Hall, which has heretofore witnessed this function, to Beethoven Hall. The usual feast of good things was spread before the hungry sportsmen, who, with proverbial hunters' appetites, rapidly disposed of everything edible. Then the chairs were pushed back from the tables that ran the length of the hall in four unbroken ranks to the upper end, where the speaker's table was placed at right angles, and 200 sportsmen at peace with all the world settled at their ease. As the clouds of fragrant tobacco smoke arose, Mr. William H. Foote, of Westfield, the toastmaster, introduced Robert H. Kneil, the first speaker of the evening. He was followed by A. B. F. Kinney, ex-President of the Worcester Fur Company. The other speakers were Judge Hubert Clark, of Willimantic, Conn.; F. W. Whitlock, Great Barrington, Mass.; H. W. Ely, the silver-tongued orator of the Woronoco Valley; Rev. S. L. Gracey, of Westfield, ex-United States Consul at Foo-Chow, China; Charles L. Holmes, of Waterbury, Conn., President of the recently organized fox club; ex-Representative Jas. H. Bryan, of Westfield; Hon. John R. Thayer, President Worcester Fur Company; ex-Selectman L. F. Thayer, of Westfield; Hon. George D. Elbridge, Westfield; J. B. Burnham, of FOREST AND STREAM; E. Sprague Knowles, Secretary Worcester Fur Company; W. J. Briggs, of Syracuse, N. Y., and George C. Parker, the Chauncey M. Depew of Westfield. An amusing feature of the evening was the presentation by H. W. Ely to John T. Way, one of the popular members of the club, of a kodak enlargement of three foxes with the statement that they were the only foxes he would ever get. Mr. Way has consistently attended the hunts for a number of years without securing a fox.

After the banquet a business meeting was held and the old board of officers re-elected. This re-election was a foregone conclusion, and is following a precedent established of recent years. As long as President George W. Roraback lives no one will think of substituting another name for his. Mr. Roraback occupies a unique position. He is a popular dictator, made such by the loving esteem in which he is held by all who know him, and he will not be permitted to abdicate. Possibly it would be for the good of the club to make changes in some of the other offices, for most growing organizations profit by new blood, and stagnation of any kind is to be avoided, but this is only a suggestion.

The Second Day.

Like St. Patrick's Day, it always rains on the occasion of the Fox Club meet. And the Eighth Annual Hunt was no exception. Fortunately, the elements were as kind as they could be under the circumstances to the hunters. It was an absolute necessity that it should rain, but it rained with moderation—just enough to conform to precedent, and not enough to bother sportsmen or dogs.

As on the first day, the hunters drove directly to Wm. Moore's house in Pochassic, at the foot of Montgomery Mountain, which was constituted headquarters.

The selection of this place was due to the fact that a number of the hounds had not turned up the night before, and it was thought advisable to hunt the same locality in order to pick them up.

The section is extremely prolific of foxes, and there was no question but that some would be found.

The hounds were cast loose in all directions; some on the Pochassic lowlands, while others were taken up the mountain to start, and the air was soon resonant with the music that the fox hunter loves.

Many of the hunters climbed the mountain, while a few penetrated as far as Grindstone, but all these were disappointed. The running was all in the lowlands, to the eastward.

Shots could be heard from time to time in this direction, and once the air quivered with a volley as one of the hunters emptied a repeating shotgun at a fox, without effect, however.

During the forenoon the hunters began straggling back to Moore's and each had some interesting piece of news to tell.

John M. Lane had started a fox with Logan, and had headed the chase on a certain runway. He saw the fox coming, and prepared to shoot just as the fox ran behind a pine tree ten rods distant. Mr. White drew a mental picture of how he would paralyze that fox when he came from behind that tree, and in his mind's eye saw him stretched out limp as a dish rag, cold in death; but the pretty picture never materialized. The fox knew a thing or two, and when he came out from behind the pine tree he was half way down the mountain.

Mr. Bert Holcomb started a fox and shot at it twice. The fox ran along the foot of the mountain and crossed the main road where a piece of woodland borders it on the west, a quarter of a mile above Moore's house. Here Mr. J. B. Hazleton, of Brooklyn, was waiting with blood

in his eye and no intention of permitting foxes to pass that way.

The fox, however, saw that his gun was not cocked, and jumped across the road, only a few rods distant. Mr. Hazleton was on the alert, however, and cocked his gun and gave the fox one barrel in a fraction of a second. The fox almost immediately found the shelter of a stone wall and ran out of sight for some distance. Billy Dean had passed ahead of it only a moment before, but the fox saw that his gun was cocked, and considerately waited till he had gotten out of the way.

After circling back around Moore's house, the fox recrossed the main road and was caught by the hounds in a piece of plowed land. He had been hard hit, and the wonder is that he ran as far as he did.

The chase of the day, and one that was witnessed by many sportsmen, occurred a little later. A fox ran north in plain view from the road, followed by a pack of ten hounds in full cry. The music they made was something worth hearing, but most of the nearby hunters were too busy trying to interview the fox to appreciate its full melody at the time. This fox was killed eventually by Charles Upson in the neighborhood of the brickyard, three miles north of the point where it was jumped.

Other foxes were bagged by C. W. Walls, of the Worcester Fur Company, and Arthur Dibble, of Westfield, making the total for the day four, or eleven in all for the hunt.

Among the Westfield hunters seen on the grounds the second day were: President Roraback, John T. Way, Jas. Jeffers, Fred Shepard, C. D. Allen, B. R. Holcomb, Jas. L. Lynch, G. Austin, Geo. C. Parker, F. S. Dewey, John Warren, Delos Kellogg, John Sheldon, Howard Griswold, Arthur Dibble, Perry Otis, Benjamin Babb, Dr. James Holland, A. S. Kneil, Thomas Mountjoy, Dr. George W. Shepard, George Watermann, H. Upson, Russell Tyler and H. W. Stedman.

Notes.

All that is necessary to make Montgomery an ideal hunting country is a trolley road to the top of Grindstone.

Uncle Lisha Knowles is at a critical point. He has killed thirteen foxes, and the foxes now avoid him as an unlucky man.

The Southern hounds may be speedy, but for endurance we doubt if they are in it with R. D. Perry. Has anyone seen the man walk?

Mr. Babb and his bicycle in combination with a Winchester shotgun is bad medicine for foxes.

Talk about Orpheus charming the wild animals. He is a back number when Perry Otis is around.

Dr. Hakes, of Milbury, is a pedestrian and a gentleman, but he doesn't like cider.

Somebody will please tell John M. White, the next time he illustrates a fox hunt, not to compare the stone to a mountain and that the spittoon has other uses than to stand for a pine tree.

When two men shoot a fox and a dog catches it, who is entitled to the fox?

Roraback—in fox language a synonym for bugaboo, hoodo, the devil.

The foxes would like to exorcise the president of the Fox Club.

There are more ways of hunting by proxy than one—some men send their clothes to the hunt.

John T. Way hunted in person and by proxy as well.

It isn't wise to contribute to a pool for the first man who gets a fox. It is apt to spoil your chances for killing anything.

If you can't shoot a fox or dig him out of a hole or buy one, what are you to do?

Waterbury not only makes watches, but also hunts foxes.

The Westfield Band is all right after the guns are laid aside. But when the hounds are running no other music has charms.

The man who heard somebody snore and dreamed it was the hounds was sadly mistaken.

The farmers and fox hunters are on good terms. The farmers are short on hens and long on foxes.

Scenery is more beautiful when viewed at a distance than when climbing over it. The Berkshire Hills were made to be looked at.

A 10lbs. gun is good to shoot foxes with, but it can't walk.

People who say that women are the most fickle of creatures never hunted foxes.

A fox sat on one end of a log while a wood-chopper cut off the other end. But when a hunter came within half a mile the fox moved into the next county.

All stands are good for the lucky man.

One of the hospitable members of the Fox Club, to whom FOREST AND STREAM is indebted for many favors, is Mr. S. S. Conner, perhaps better known to our readers under his pen name of Woronoco.

This gentleman, in connection with Mr. Ed. L. Clark, of the Springfield *Republican*, who incidentally is a good fox hunter, and Harry R. Lloyd, morning editor of the *Union*, has formed an outing club known as the Woronoco Camping Club. They have put up a cabin on an island in Great Lake, East Otis, Mass., and spend part of their time there each summer. The fishing in the lake is very fine, and 5lb. pickerel are not uncommon. Great Lake is one of the prettiest ponds in the southern Berkshires. It has bold wooded shores and very clear water. Originally it was inhabited exclusively by trout, but years ago some one carried over pickerel from Congamond Pond, and the trout thereupon disappeared. The pickerel are plentiful, however, and gamy enough to compensate in a measure for the loss of the trout.

Mr. A. B. F. Kinney did not participate in either day's hunt, though he was present at the banquet as one of the speakers. He had made arrangements to attend the meet of the National Fox Hunters' Association at Owingsville, Ky., and notice of the postponement of the meet came too late to enable a change of plan.

N. Wallace, of Farmington, Conn., left immediately after the hunt for the scene of the Eastern field trials at Newton, N. C.

J. B. BURNHAM.

Illegal Game Shipments.

EAST HAMPTON, N. Y., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Shipments of quail and partridges are being made from here every few days. Most of the people here care only for what they can get out of them, without regard for future sport. With shells only 35c. a box they can gain considerable.

JUSTITIA.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Game and the Markets.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 16.—There is a world of history in the brief paragraph in the current market reports for Chicago:

"Receipts of game were moderate, and much more would sell than is coming in. Prices on all varieties were firm, and prairie chickens were higher."

That covers it. There is your history and your location of the cause. "Much more would sell than is coming in"—much more than will ever come in now.

Never in the history of Chicago has game been so scarce in the region adjacent or tributary to Chicago. There has been no shooting at all, and reports do not indicate that there will be much. There are some bluebills in Lake Michigan, and one can get better shooting from the Government breakwater than he can in Minnesota or Dakota; but that does not comport with what most men call sport in the field. Outside of that I don't know where to tell a man to go to look for ducks.

In about every other line of field sports the same conditions obtain. The fishing season is over. The deer season in our North woods will soon be closed. There has not been any duck season. There has not been any snipe season. There has not been any plover season. There isn't going to be any quail season. I think we'd all better buy us a good rabbit dog and an anise seed bag apiece, or else play marbles.

The Lakes Disappearing.

The lakes of Wisconsin are disappearing under the long continued dry season. Beaver Dam Lake, one of the Northern Fox Chain, is drying up. The water now averages only 18in. in depth and is fast disappearing. Relic hunters are finding all kinds of curiosities, such as antlers from deer, arrow heads and other Indian relics. A move is on foot to get permission to remove the fish that now abound in the lake without interference from the fish warden before the cold weather sets in. The fish that are left will freeze solid with the ice to the bottom and cause a stench and perhaps an epidemic next spring. This movement should be watched with suspicion, as it is probably a commercial project. The State warden ought to go to work at once, after the able fashion of the Illinois Commission, and seine out these fish from the shallow waters and put them into cars for planting in other waters which are not drying up. They will do some good there. Sold at 3 cents a pound and shipped out of the State, they will do no one any good except the few immediately concerned.

The condition of affairs at Beaver Dam Lake is described to me as being most singular, and it is almost worth a trip up there to have a search along the shores left dry by the receding waters. Some very interesting Indian relics have been found, and scientists should surely have an eye on that locality. This year of 1895 is the *annus mirabilis* so far as shortage in water supply is concerned.

Maksawba Club House Not Burned.

One of the consequences of the protracted drought was the burning of the Kankakee marshes, which was duly mentioned. Miles and miles of what was once a famous shooting country literally went up in flame and smoke, at least in regard to its surface. The peaty soil in many places burned down 10 to 15ft.—which shows how far a man would have sunk in the mud in the old ducking days.

Along the Kankakee are located several club houses, the glory of all of which has in a measure departed with that of the now disappearing marshes. The Cumberland Club, the Diana Club, the Maksawba Club, the Pittsburgh Rod and Gun Club, and several minor organizations, all have property worth thousands of dollars along the Kankakee marshes. In some cases this property was in serious danger from the flames, and it was reported that the Maksawba Club house was destroyed with all its valuable contents. The *Game Dealers' Friend*, a sporting weekly printed in Chicago, this week printed the canard about the destruction of the Maksawba Club house. There are drawbacks in depending on a press bureau for "news," and then printing without ascribing credit to the source.

Maksawba Club is one of the oldest and most respected clubs of the long list of shooting and country clubs which at one time made Chicago famous, before the time when Chicago men had to travel so far for their shooting as they do to-day. The history of Maksawba Club takes one back to the time when Fred Taylor had a gun store and when Eddie Price was a youth only 60 years old, "before the Kankakee River was finished." Leroy Brown, Henry Sloan, John Watson, Col. Felton, Chas. Kern, Joel Kinney, Matt. Benner, Dr. Buechner, Chan. Lamos (deceased), Charlie Willard, Billy Mursey, Chas. Petrie, Fire Chief Sweenie, Fire Chief Musham, etc., etc., were all old-time members of Maksawba Club, and many of them were among the charter or early members.

Geo. Holden, long one of the regulars at Maksawba Club, when interviewed to-day said that the fire came up to the school house, within about an eighth of a mile of the club house. It destroyed a farmer's barn at that point, but came no nearer to the club house, and did not destroy any of the outbuildings belonging to the club. Many valuable guns, boats and outfits are always at Maksawba Club, and the members should feel glad over their good luck in escaping the danger threatened. Instead of the "total loss of $10,000" which was reported, there was no loss whatever. Otherwise, the report of the Chicago sporting paper was, as usual, quite correct.

Unfortunately True.

It is, however, unfortunately true that one Chicago club house was within the week destroyed by fire. On last Sunday (too late for this week's FOREST AND STREAM) the news came down of the burning of the Columbia Club house of Fox Lake, Ill. This club is mostly composed of Chicago gentlemen, and the club house has for years been one of the fixtures on the east shore of Fox Lake. There were two buildings, and both were entirely destroyed. Guns, boats, outfits, furniture and personal belongings, bringing the total loss to the figure of $15,000 or more, went with the buildings. The club will rebuild again, and will have better quarters. There are twenty-four members. Among those present at the time of the fire (or near by at the shooting stands) were Victor Born, Henry Dement, Ald. Watson, James Gardner, J. Sandler, J. Mathiesen, P. Johnson, Wm. Meyer and S. J. Mellin. Sen. Netherstrom lost a yacht and full outfit for fishing and shooting. Mr. Boyden lost his yacht and outfit. Mr. Born lost four guns. This fire was small, but disastrous. It is not due to the dryness of the ground, for the buildings are directly upon the lakeside. The fire sprang from an unknown cause in the sleeping apartments.

The Oldest Inhabitant.

Speaking of old-time shooters, an interesting bit of news develops in regard to the oldest shooter of them all. At a recent meeting of the Old Settlers' Society, of Chicago, a gold medal was voted to Mr. F. A. Howe, as being the oldest continuous resident of Chicago. It happens that Mr. F. A. Howe is also the oldest and perhaps the most revered of Chicago sportsmen. Since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary he has been the president of the Tolleston Gun Club, the wealthiest and hardest fighting duck club in Chicago. He always will be president. I do not know Mr. Howe's exact age, but he is not old, though he came to Chicago in 1834, and has lived here ever since. Twice a week he goes to Tolleston Club for a duck shoot in season. There are few better duck shots anywhere. He was bemoaning the fact that he only got twenty-six ducks on his last visit to the club grounds.

Mr. E. C. J. Cleaver (a nephew, I believe, of Mr. Howe) tells me that his mother is no doubt the second oldest inhabitant of Chicago. She came here in 1834 also.

If there is any city in the world that can claim a better shot and better sportsman for its oldest inhabitant, Chicago would like to hear from it. There is no doubt possible about it. Chicago has the noblest Roman of them all.

Ducks and Rats.

I have spoken of the ducks in the open water of Lake Michigan. This habit they have of going into the big lake has spoiled the shooting at Tolleston Club, the birds coming in at night to feed, but going out early in the morning into the lake.

Tolleston Club has long preserved the muskrats on its marsh, thinking that they were a benefit to the shooting, since they cut out open holes in the heavy cover. Now, however, the rats have increased until the club have concluded to kill them down a little. One keeper was once told to catch "a few," and he caught 1,700.

Deer.

Frank Place killed two deer on his hunt near Eagle River Station, Wis. The station-master would only check one deer to Chicago for him (though the law says two), but he found an obliging traveler who took the other one on his mileage ticket, and then got off about fifty miles down the road. So the station-agent never got the other deer.

Chas. Norris has returned from his Wisconsin deer trip. He says one party had six deer spoil in camp. He brought home the head of a spike buck which he solemnly avers he killed himself.

Bear Story.

I have heard of a great many ways of killing bears, and know of a great many bear hunters of credit and renown, but after all there is only one real good bear hunter, and that is Eddie Bingham, of this city. Eddie told me to-day (in the presence of witnesses, so it must be true) that one day down in Arkansas he was going home from a quail shoot, when his dog pointed at a brush heap.

"I noticed her hair was standing up while she was pointing," says Eddie, "and I thought that was funny. But I went up and kicked on the brush pile, and out jumped a grizzly bear—what? Well, maybe it was a black bear; an' I cut loose an' killed it with No. 8 shot. What? Why, how could I miss it? Of course I killed it."

I wish to point with pride to the habit Chicago shooters have of shooting bears over pointers, and this entire city will cheerfully back Eddie against all comers at this style of shooting. The gun must, however, be held below the elbow, and each man must flush his own bears.

Soaked.

Messrs. Beckwith and Nelson, who thought coffee-sacking was as good as wild rice for a blind, and so shot in open water, failed to appear for trial before Justice Burke, at Antioch, and the latter entered up "Twenty and costs."

Personal.

Mr. W. A. Roth, of the John Wilkinson Co., sporting goods, is lying ill in a hospital, after an operation for appendicitis which recently became necessary. Mr. Roth's pleasant face will be missed at the camera counter for a while.

The Seal Must Go.

The dispatches from the coast put a blue look on the seal question. In the last three months 4,314 skins had been brought into Port Townsend, according to the collector of customs, and of these 4,000 were females, at the season of nursing young. These figures do not cover one-eighth of the catch, for thirty schooners sail out of Victoria alone for seal cruising in the North Pacific waters. The seal must go.

A Foreigner in the West.

Some time last August I spoke of a German army officer, Capt. Brand, who was over in this country on three months' leave for a hunt in the Rockies. Capt. Brand had for his guide Frank Beller, Billy Hofer's partner in the guide business, and first went to Jackson's Lake for a hunt on wildfowl. Thence he went toward Pacific Creek, getting five antelope, and afterward went on the upper Buffalo River, where he killed six elk. The Captain has recently returned from his hunt, and writes me the above from New York city, whence he has by this time departed for Germany. He says that everything in the way of outfit was what he needed, that the guide Beller was thoroughly satisfactory and "ein guter 'fellow'" in every respect, and that the hunt was an entirely pleasing success in all respects. This I am glad to hear, but I would also have been glad to hear whether all the game was killed by the little small-bore Mannlicher rifle, and how it performed on the game.

The Thieves Grow Bold.

The thieves, they grow bold in Texas. Not long ago one of them stole a black bear which was kept at the Springs menagerie near San Antonio. It is thought that this was the same man who has just stolen the horse of one of the mounted police officers. Chicago thieves steal pretty well, but I have never known one to steal a live bear.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago E. HOUGH.

CAPE COD AND MAINE.

BOSTON, Nov. 16.—There has been considerable excitement among the hunters at Mattapoiset, Mass., the past week. A deer, with exceptionally fine antlers, has been seen at several points in that town. He was seen on Sunday near the Almshouse by a number of persons. On Monday, Melvin Harriman saw him swimming in the water near Angelica Point, and tried to lasso the animal. He was seen again on Tuesday near Pine Island. A friend sends me a newspaper account, and another friend from that town suggests that the deer has doubtless escaped from some private park in the vicinity of the Cape. A mob of hunters have been after him, and any one of them would shoot the beautiful creature at sight, though there is a perpetual close time on deer in Massachusetts in Plymouth and Barnstable counties.

Mr. Charles Z. Basset, of Appleton & Basset, is absent on a shooting trip in Plymouth county. He is quartered at Farewell's Camp, and several friends are with him.

I met a Mr. Pierson, of Boston, to-day. He is just out from a deer hunt in Maine. The weather has been very bad—raining nearly every day for a week. He went into the Kingfield region. He was out one day with his guide, in the rain. The guide says, all at once: "Now is your chance! take your time, and aim at the shoulder!" Looking carefully ahead and into the fog, Mr. Pierson saw two deer. He shot one, but was greatly displeased when he saw that it was a doe. The next day he came out of the woods in disgust.

How singular it is that the novice—the greenhorn—at hunting and fishing usually comes out ahead. The Gillams and Ed. Bean have had some luck, though the weather has not been all that could be asked. Mr. Bean's brother here has a letter from the woods stating that Ed. has shot a deer. His previous hunting experience had been nothing, though he had shot a military rifle some at targets. But the Gillams, old hunters and experts with shotguns and hunting rifles, have got no deer. The Cuttings, Will and George, were guides.

C. B. Seagrave has lately returned from a successful hunting trip into Maine. He was accompanied by O. A. Mason. They went to Machias, and from that city, sixteen miles, into camp. They got a deer.

A party will start as soon as the telegraph advises that there is snow, to be composed of Dr. Heber Bishop, Mr. W. T. Farley and Mr. C. C. Williams, of Boston, and Dr. McLeary, of Worcester. The other members of the party are good hunters, but they are looking to Dr. Bishop to take them into the land of the moose and caribou. They will go up the Aroostook Railroad nearly to the end, and thence twenty-two miles to Ashland. From that point they strike to their hunting grounds. They will have four camps, though one of the four will be made a home camp, to which all will look after each day's hunt. But if belated, either of the other camps will have supplies of provisions and sleeping accommodations. Each man will have a guide and hunt independently. The four camps are located some six or eight miles apart. A hunt of two weeks is on the programme, unless a plenty of big game is secured in less time. SPECIAL.

Brooklyn Men have Luck in Maine.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed in last week's issue my letter from Maine and so send you another to finish our story. We went out the Monday following, each alone, and I walked perhaps a mile and a half from camp when I came upon a company of nine deer. I was even more surprised than they were, but they did not seem to mind me at all, so I picked out the largest buck I could judge from the distance. We had to drag him the whole distance to our camp, but I believe I have one of the best formed buck heads in Brooklyn, and am now having it mounted. My partner also killed his buck, but some three miles from camp, and it was one of the hardest pulls I ever had in dragging him to camp; his hair on one full side was dragged off as if it was shaved.

We now had our full law's allowance, our guide, C. Arbo, keeping his one deer, as he intended taking another party out. The American Express officials at Boston say we had as fine a lot of game as ever came into their office. I was charged with 251lbs. for my buck, so you can imagine it was a good-sized one. In all we were charged with 690lbs. of deer.

I send you under separate cover a picture of my place of business with the four deer hanging outside, and assure you they made a fine show. We both used the Marlin rifle .38-55.

We may mention that we would be only too pleased to recommend any of our fellow sportsmen to Eleme Pond, and if anyone would like particulars we will gladly tell them all we know about it.

P. P. WIGAND.
CHARLES MCLAUGHLIN.

Adirondack Deer Statistics.

THE Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission has sent out a circular letter to residents and guides in the Adirondack region asking that these questions be answered. The information thus gained is to be used in the forthcoming report:

1. Estimated number of deer killed in this territory.
2. Number killed by floating or night-hunting.
3. Number killed by hounding.
4. Number killed by still-hunting or otherwise.
5. Estimated proportion of bucks and does.
6. Are the deer in this locality increasing?
7. Were there more or less deer killed this year than last in this territory?
8. How did the deer killed this season average in size as compared with previous years?
9. Were any dead deer found in this locality last winter, and about how many?
10. How many deer in this particular territory are estimated as having been killed out of season in 1895?

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

IN a recent number of the FOREST AND STREAM I noticed an interesting account of coon hunting in western Tennessee. The facts related by Kling remind me of many incidents connected with the sport in the Old Dominion. Many a time I have had just such luck as he.

I heard a gentleman while discussing this subject relate the following incident in connection with some of his hunting experiences:

The party, consisting of hunters, dogs, axes and torches galore, had been hunting for a good part of the night without any luck whatever. Finally, however, the dogs "treed" a coon up a very large tree. While discussing the subject of cutting down such a large tree, one of the many negroes in attendance volunteered to climb the tree and investigate the whereabouts of his coonship. All agreed to this and sat around to await developments. Soon after the negro had disappeared among the branches the attention of all was drawn to a very peculiar sound emanating from the top of the tree. It was a kind of mixture of negro and coon dialect. Some one ventured the remark: "Bill, have you got that coon?" "Yas, sah," was his reply, "I'se got dis her' coon, but I wish you 'u'd send some o' dem niggers up her' to help me turn him loose." BANG-BANG.

LICKING, Va., Nov. 11.

Sea and River Fishing.

BLACK BASS WAYS.

The Leap and the Shake.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If you had not given me the assurance in advance that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM would forgive me for "threshing old straw" in reviving once more the question of leaping bass, I would not dare to give my experience or views.

It is not strange that anglers should differ in views, for with all the literature which we now have there is yet room for a most interesting book on this fish, and its title should be "What I do Not Know about Black Bass."

I have always believed, and still believe, that the bass leaps from the water for the sole purpose of throwing the hook from its mouth, and an experience of many years confirms this view. It is for this reason that a bass taken with a fly yields greater sport than those taken with bait, for its instinct leads it to believe that a hook in the mouth can be thrown out more readily than one lodged in the stomach. In my experience those hooked in the mouth invariably leap from the water, while those hooked deep in the throat or in the stomach very frequently do not leap at all.

Some years ago I was casting the fly for bass on Pleasant Lake near Monticello in Sullivan county, which was taken by a fish of good size, and on its first leap from the water the snell was broken at the shank of the hook. In a few seconds the bass leaped from the water at the same place and shook its head vigorously, and after an interval of a few seconds more it leaped again from the same spot, and on this occasion threw the hook from its mouth with such force that it fell on the water to a distance of from 10 to 15ft., but after this it did not leave the water any more. It follows that on this occasion at least the bass must have had its mouth open, for it could not have thrown the hook from a closed mouth, and that the head must have been shaken with great force to throw the hook so great a distance, and it also follows that it leaped to free itself from the hook, for after it had been thrown from the mouth the leaping ceased.

On the other hand I have frequently taken bass in Canadian waters, while drifting or dragging with a long line and using a minnow for bait, which did not leap from the water at all, and have commonly found that in such cases the bait had been swallowed and the hook was far down the throat or in the stomach, and in fact it is frequently possible to tell to what extent the bass has swallowed the bait by its tendency to leap or not to leap from the water. As to the frequent leaping of bass as a matter of habit, as claimed by some of your correspondents, I can only say that I have often seen them break water, and in such cases have always found that they were after food abounding on or near the surface, but I have never seen them leap clear of the water except when hooked.

The Migration of Black Bass.

A question of much greater importance in regard to the habits of the small-mouthed black bass seems to have been overlooked, or at least not to have elicited discussion, and it is one which must be carefully considered in our future legislation for the protection of these noble game fish.

It is well known that the Senate Fish and Game Committee of this State were authorized at the last session to confer with the representatives of the Canadian Government for the purpose of arranging if possible for the adoption of a system of uniform laws to apply to the common waters of the St. Lawrence. The fish needing especial protection is the black, and one of the principal questions to be considered is whether the bass which spawn in the St. Lawrence inhabit those waters during the entire year, or whether they migrate to a large extent from Lake Ontario in the early spring for the purpose of spawning, and then retire to the lake for the winter.

During the conferences held in the latter part of last August I made this the subject of careful observation and inquiry, and am satisfied that most of the bass which spawn in this river migrate from the lake, descending as far as Ogdensburgh or lower. As the shad leave the ocean and ascend our rivers to reach congenial spawning grounds, so the bass leave the deep waters of Lake Ontario and descend the St. Lawrence until the shoals at the foot of the lake and for a distance of sixty miles or more down the river become every spring one vast spawning ground for the bass of at least the lower part of the lake.

A single fact, if my information on this point is correct, will corroborate this view. In July the bass fishing down the river begins to fall off, and then as the season advances anglers are obliged to frequent grounds nearer and nearer the lake. I met a party of gentlemen about Sept. 1 last at Marysville, in Canada, across the Bay from Kingston, who told me that they had visited that place for many years because the bass fishing continued good there after it had fallen off down the river.

The bass, as they work toward the lake, stop to feed on the shoals, and the nearer the lake the longer the season.

If I am correct as to the above facts and conclusions, then the protection of the bass in the St. Lawrence is a matter of much more than local importance. We protect the shad as they ascend the Hudson River, and especially protect them on their spawning beds and as they descend to the sea, so that they may return with each recurring year, and we must likewise protect the bass of the St. Lawrence, so that the lake can every year yield a full abundance of brood fish for the great spawning grounds at the head of and in the river.

To accomplish this result three things are necessary. The close season should be slightly extended, say until about June 10, although many of the bass are even then on their beds or brooding their young. The limit of size should be not less than 12in. in length, which is about the length of a fish weighing 1lb., although many fish of this length will not exceed 11oz. in weight; and the number of fish allowed to a rod or to a boat, if more than two rods are used, should be limited.

Such a law if passed should certainly command the heartiest approval and support of all true anglers who are interested in the restoration of these waters, and if respected and obeyed the St. Lawrence would soon regain its former wealth of black bass. J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Nov. 11.

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The first regular monthly meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association since the summer vacation was held on Thursday evening, Nov. 14, at the Copley Square Hotel. Between sixty and seventy members were present, and an excellent dinner was served by Proprietor Risteen. President B. C. Clark occupied the chair, and opened the speechmaking with congratulations upon their successes during their various outings with rod and gun, and urged upon the members renewed activity in the work of the Association. He read the decision of the Supreme Court, just promulgated, in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Follett, of Lee, Mass. This was the case where Mr. Follett was convicted of the illegal taking of trout in close time. He claimed the right to take trout from a brook running through his own land for the purpose of securing their spawn for breeding purposes, having planted the trout to that end. It was shown that the brook was a natural trout stream and that it contained other fish than those planted by him. He was convicted in the lower court, and the case was carried to the Supreme Court upon exceptions. These are now overruled, the Chief Justice—Judge Field—holding that as it was shown that the stream was in part a public waterway, the defendant had no right to take the fish.

The routine business was then proceeded with. The following gentlemen were appointed a committee to nominate a list of officers for the ensuing year: Dr. J. F. Stetson, Charles Stewart, Dr. J. W. Ball, Alexander Pope, W. B. Hastings, Ivers W. Adams, Luther Little; and Messrs. Dr. Heber Bishop, Walter M. Brackett, C. J. H. Woodbury, Senator Robert S. Gray, Hon. George W. Wiggin, Senator Charles F. Sprague and William B. Smart were appointed a committee to arrange for the annual dinner in January. Messrs. A. R. Coolidge, Clifton A. W. Bartlett and Geo. L. Young were elected to membership, and the applications of Sumner A. Gould, William L. Henry, Arthur R. Robinson and E. B. Parker were received and will be acted upon at the next meeting.

Then followed an hour of interesting talk by members and guests. Hon. John F. Hutchinson, president of the Fruit and Produce Exchange, told of his experiences with rod and gun in various parts of the country. J. Russell Reed, Esq., was warmly welcomed back to the ranks after a long illness. He said that for several years past business had taken him to the West, and he always took his rods and guns along, to get a day's sport whenever the opportunity offered; and it was his opinion, based upon actual experience, that better shooting could be had within 100 miles of Boston than within the same distance of Denver; that on the whole there was better shooting right here in New England than in very many parts of the great West. Dr. Ball, ex-president E. A. Samuels and others added to the general fund of experience and information, and the meeting was brought to a close at a seasonable hour after a very enjoyable session. Mr. Clark makes an admirable presiding officer and there is no lagging when he is in the chair.

WILLIAM B. SMART.

To Protect Potomac Bass.

THE MARYLAND STATE GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, BALTIMORE, Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association has for some time had under consideration the best means for the better protection of black bass in the Potomac River, and, after a very thorough investigation of the subject, is convinced that it is absolutely necessary for Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia to agree upon a uniform law regulating the catching of bass in the Potomac, and then have the law agreed upon enacted by the Legislatures of the respective States. I will not say anything about the many nefarious methods employed in depleting the Potomac of bass, but it is apparent to all who have investigated the subject that unless radical and speedy measures are adopted the black bass of the Potomac will soon be a thing of the past. Our Association is equally as pronounced in the opinion that with proper laws restricting and regulating angling (the only way game fish should be taken) in the Potomac the supply of bass will be inexhaustible, affording anglers of the tri-party agreement and whosoever will perpetual, healthful and delightful recreation.

Earnestly desiring the accomplishment of the plan briefly outlined, the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association has issued this call for a conference to meet at the club house of the Blue Ridge Rod and Gun Club, Harper's Ferry, W. Va., Nov. 23, 2:30 P.M., for the purpose of discussing and drafting a satisfactory uniform law. GEORGE W. MASSAMORE, Secretary-Treasurer.

POTOMAC FISHING.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 14.—We might almost call our notes now "Winter Angling," but for the fact that they are records of long drawn out seasons. Angling for black bass in the Potomac opens up in the spring of the year, when smaller fish, usually known as "bucks," are running. These movements of the fish are from the deep water winter quarters to the purer waters of the spawning beds. Just what effect this early fishing has on the natural propagation of the bass is hard to determine. That fish with developed ovaries are taken is not to be questioned; however, we are assured by anglers that the fish as a rule are small males, and that very few well-developed females (mother bass) are caught before the natural spawning season, so it is possible this spring fishing is not very injurious.

As to the season running late, we have records of good fishing last week, excellent hook and line bass fishing in the Potomac at Point of Rocks, where Mr. H. A. Parker, of this city, fished Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8 and 9, being the guest of Mr. Dave Conrad, near the Point. On Friday twenty-one bass were taken, the total weight being 22lbs. The largest weighed over 4lbs. On Saturday the fishing was good again, and Conrad and Parker had a successful two days of it.

Dave Conrad has fished at Point of Rocks for years. He knows the haunts of the bass. The past season has been a successful one for him, although the water has been exceedingly low and clear. Parker says they saw plenty of bass in the water. Used the river chub (known around the Point as suckers) for bait.

Point of Rocks is well patronized by Washington anglers, owing to its location and the good bass fishing. The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. runs by the Point, and being but an hour's ride is especially accessible to business men.

One of the habitues of the Point is—as angling goes—an oddity, as well as being a school teacher. This particular gentleman resorts to the Point every Saturday to fish for bass. He fishes seven lines without a rod. The lines are connected with a windlass (reel if you like), but are operated more as handlines. The bait used are large-sized catfish, ranging in length from 5 to 10in., and this fisherman invariably takes home two bass of the giant mossback order. He says he does not care for many fish, but will not have them under 4lbs. weight. Calls 1-pounders little trash, and now most of the boys are beginning to blackguard him.

Several members of the Anglers' Club have taken bass during the past week below the Great Falls.

Speaking of the late season here for bass, an old fisherman and the writer were discussing the subject a few days since. He said that he had recently taken eight bass at the Long Bridge, here at the city, and that he has taken them there as late as Dec. 16 or 18. It seems only to depend upon the condition of the water. Last week the weather was warm, the water clear and the bass were biting.

To-day in market I saw a small pickerel, several yellow perch and a small-mouthed bass on the same string. These were apparently fresh-caught Potomac fish. I wonder who hooked them out with a net! BART.

THE PERE MARQUETTE WATERS.

SAGINAW, Mich., Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a copy of the Lake County *Star;* the most important thing in it is the article relating to the Père Marquette Club waters. As you have already noted in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, we have been bothered there with poachers. Whenever we have made an arrest for trespass we have won our suit, but the fine was so small (6 cents and costs) that it had very little effect. There is a State law, making it a crime for any one to enter upon waters that are used for the private hatching and rearing of fish, and it was on the strength of this that we hoped for criminal convictions. Public sentiment has awakened somewhat in our favor, and yet many of our big breeding trout have been stolen and other depredations committed.

This paper is published in the heart of the hunting and fishing section, and you will notice is full of items relating thereto.

We got home from our Western trip about ten days ago and had a splendid time. We did not find as much game as usual, but enough for a dozen men to eat during the three weeks we were away. The trip was replete with thrilling incidents, and I hope I have not grown so old and lazy that I cannot write an account of the Saginaw crowd's doings for FOREST AND STREAM. I am sorry to say I was the only one of the old original crowd that went along this year. Some have died, some are on the sick list and others moved away so far that it was impossible for them to go with us.

I am happy to say that the game laws are being rigidly enforced in Saginaw county. Deputy Game Warden Carpenter is a hustler and doing good work. The law prohibiting the sale of quail, woodcock and partridges is being enforced, and will no doubt greatly increase our local game supply. Our county board of supervisors fixed the county warden's salary at $500 per annum, a wise move, I think. A few years ago they laughed at game protection and would pay nothing for a warden.

W. B. MERSHON.

From the Lake County Star.

At the last term of the Circuit Court held in this village, Henry A. Rudd was prosecuted criminally for fishing in the waters of Kinne Creek, which is a private stream owned by James B. Peter and George B. Morley, trustees, of Saginaw, for certain gentlemen who are using the same as private fishing grounds and are engaged in propagating speckled trout for the purpose of stocking said stream to be used for such purposes.

By the order of the Circuit Judge the defendant was discharged, the court holding that the act of the Legislature under which he was prosecuted did not apply to such a stream as this so as to make the fishing in the creek a crime under the statute, and holding that the waters covered by the act of the Legislature, making such fishing a crime, would be either a lake or a pond not connected with any public water. In rendering this opinion, however, the Judge used language which is of interest to every resident of this county, and fully determined and decided the question as to the rights of anybody to fish upon said stream without the consent of the owners, and on that subject we quote from the opinion of the Court. Judge McMahon said:

"The owners of the banks own the bed of this stream, whether it is navigable or non-navigable, and these proprietors of Kinne Creek and of the lands adjoining its bank own the stream and the soil under the water in the same sense in which they own all the land of which they have the title, unless it be that if the stream be navigable it is subject to the public easement of navigation and must be held subject to that easement. * * * In a certain sense the waters of Kinne Creek are certainly private waters. The owners of the banks and shores of the bed of the stream in fee are the absolute owners of these waters, subject to the easement only of which I have heretofore spoken in case it is navigable, but that easement in no sense impairs their title, and they may do with this stream anything not absolutely forbidden by statute which does not impair a public right. * * * And therefore in this case the proprietors of Kinne Creek may do as they please with it. It is theirs in the largest sense, and therefore these waters are private waters in the largest sense, and the owners may protect it against all trespassers.

"There is no question, therefore, that when any person goes upon the banks of Kinne Creek, or wades within its current to catch fish, he is a trespasser and liable to be prosecuted in a civil action for trespass. He is a wrong-doer and has no business there whatever. It is the same as though a man comes into my orchard and robs my fruit trees or goes into my garden and pulls up my vegetables and flowers; it is a trespass of wrong. This is private property in the full sense so far as the law governing trespass and private right is concerned. * * * I have no sympathy with this defense. This club has come on there and instituted a public improvement. They have improved this stream, propagated large numbers of fish, and put them in this stream and other streams in Lake county. They come here in considerable numbers, men of property and influence, and advertise the affairs of Lake county and community, and they should be treated as gentlemen and respected; and there is no reason why interlopers should be allowed to go and catch their fish at random, and that policy is the policy of the man who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. To drive these men out of this county is an outrage. There are plenty of waters for the rest of us to fish in without disturbing them. There is no harm to the public in their owning that stream and having their club house there and fishing on it. I therefore wish to say that I have no sympathy with the defense, and making the decision I do in this case merely because I believe it is the law, and I never, at least knowingly, allowed my sympathies to control my judgment in deciding a case. Gentlemen of the jury, you will bring in a verdict of not guilty."

Fishculture.

New Jersey Fish and Game Interests.

From the annual report of the New Jersey Fish and Game Commission.

Annual Report.

IN submitting our annual report we desire in the first place to call attention to the fact that there is perhaps no State in the Union better adapted for the preservation of fish and game than the State of New Jersey. Nature has been lavish in her gifts in this direction, for we have not only the primeval forest with its many hiding places for game, but also the clearest and purest streams and lakes in this part of the country. If it were possible for science to follow in the footsteps of nature and create a vast preserve for game and fish, no better model could be found than the State of New Jersey. Our woods are admirably adapted for the propagation of all the different kinds of game that thrive in temperate climes; our streams and lakes furnish in abundance natural homes for the finest fish created by nature, and along the eastern boundary of the State sweep the waters of the Atlantic, carrying to our State a never-failing and inexhaustible supply of fish.

It is perhaps on account of this wealth of natural advantages that the State of New Jersey has in the past paid so little attention to the preservation of fish and game. Other States have for many years enforced the most stringent laws, laws so severe in their provisions that the people of New Jersey would never have permitted of their enactment here. States younger in statehood and far less advanced in civilization than New Jersey have for years annually spent thousands upon thousands of dollars in maintaining hatcheries and competent corps of officers for the protection and propagation of game. One of the most important duties of their legislatures has been the enactment of laws to regulate the taking of fish and game and the keeping up of a supply of food fish. Not only the commonwealths immediately contiguous to our State, but those removed from us by hundreds of miles have deemed it prudent to enforce laws absolutely prohibiting the export of fish and game. The past decade has been an era of advancement and progress, so that the scientists of the country have become so thoroughly acquainted with the habits of game and fish that with judicious laws and their proper enforcement there need be no lack of either in any State offering even mediocre advantages. For many years New Jersey did not join in this march of advancement; we were so well supplied that we could afford to be extravagant. But even as the largest patrimony may be squandered, so may the resources of New Jersey become exhausted. The depletion of the woods and waters in the more thickly settled counties of the State called attention to the necessity of more stringent laws and the better enforcement of existing statutes. The Legislature at its last session passed a code of laws far superior in many respects to anything New Jersey has ever had.

It was but natural that some of the enactments should be considered irksome by some people who had been accustomed to revel in a plentiful supply at all seasons of the year, and who could not understand why the same source of supply should not be sufficient for an ever-increasing number of inhabitants. But the necessity of these laws has been recognized by every person who has made a study of nature and her ways, and there is now a healthy disposition prevalent in the State in favor of taking better care of our resources. Many States with a population far smaller in proportion than New Jersey have found it advisable and at times absolutely necessary to prohibit altogether the taking of fish and game for periods of years; others have practically restricted such taking to their own inhabitants. There is no need in New Jersey for any such measures, for with the laws as we have them at present, perhaps somewhat altered in some respects, and facilities for their enforcement similar to those furnished by the last Legislature, we have a plentiful supply of fish and game not only for ourselves, but also for the stranger within our gates.

Transplanting Fish.

The supply and quality of the fish in a great many of the lakes and streams of this State have materially deteriorated during the past few years on account of the want of the infusion of new blood. In a great many waters the original stock fish were very few in number, and although these increased materially for some years it was but a question of time when the results of inbreeding would be apparent. This was perhaps not so much the case with the indigenous fish as with those brought hither from other States. It was thus found that in some lakes and streams the small-mouthed bass were small and weak; in others a similar condition prevailed in regard to the large-mouthed bass. In some waters the pickerel had been greatly reduced in number and quality, and the pike had altogether disappeared from some waters. Although it will take several years to wholly overcome this evil, your Commission proceeded to take such steps as were deemed necessary for a beginning of the work.

For the purpose of ascertaining where the fish supply had become exhausted by inbreeding or from other causes your Commission caused blanks to be prepared and forwarded to the wardens, with instructions to fill them out properly. In this way a history of every pond in the State was obtained as far as the fishing interests were concerned, and your Commission was placed in possession of information of great value for the carrying out of a systematic replenishment of the fresh waters of the State. It became apparent from the reports received that a great deal of work could be done toward improving fishing without going outside of the State for a supply of fish. In a number of cases it was found that the fish in ponds within a short radius of each other could be improved by taking fish from one pond and placing them in some of the others and vice versa. Unfortunately the season was not well adapted to this work. Transferring fish is attended with considerable difficulty and expense during the warm months, and some time before the fall set in there was a cold spell of weather which served to drive the bass and other fish from the shallows into deeper water, where it was frequently impossible to reach them. In a number of instances arrangements were made with fishermen, who were glad to take stock fish for the Commission in return for the privilege of keeping the carp taken in the nets. In this way a number of thousand of stock fish were taken and placed in other waters. The work is still in progress at the date of this report, and consequently the details thereof cannot be here adduced. To publish in this report the information gathered by wardens in relation to the lakes in the State would be an unnecessary expense. But in order that the work done in this respect may be seen your Commission has caused a detailed report to be entered into two books, which are on file with your Commission and which may be seen by any person interested at any time. Your Commission expects in the early spring to resume the work of replenishing the waters, which will shortly be interrupted by the cold weather, and has no doubt that the good results thereof will be apparent in time.

Carp.

The United States Fish Commission, assisted by private enterprise, some years ago introduced into the waters on this side of the Atlantic a number of the different varieties of English and German carp. This fish, which apparently held an enviable place in Europe, was expected to do well in the waters of the United States and to materially add to our supply of food fishes. It is almost superfluous to state that the carp have multiplied very rapidly, easily accommodating themselves to the conditions of our waters. As to its value opinions differ. Glowing reports have been published by the United States Fish Commission relative to the benefits accruing from the introduction of carp in some of the large lakes and ponds of the West, but your Commission believes that it is perfectly safe to say without chance of successful contradiction that the introduction of carp into the waters of New Jersey has been attended by nothing but evil results, and that of the most aggravating kind. In a great many of the waters of this State the carp have practically driven out the far superior indigenous fish, and unless a stop were put to the further propagation of carp it is only a question of time before there would be no fish in our waters but carp. The edible qualities of the carp have not been appreciated in this State, and viewed from the standpoint of an angler the carp is utterly valueless. The habits of this fish tend to drive away all other kinds of fish. Not only does the carp destroy the clearness of our streams, so necessary to the successful development of American fish, but the carp has also shown a decided liking for the spawn of our native fish. Although the bass and other American fish may successfully defend its young against the ordinary intruder into its nest, it stands no chance whatever against the bulky carp, which, by reason of its strength and size, easily overcomes the weapons given by nature to other and smaller fish. Under these circumstances your Commission deemed it necessary to take energetic measures toward putting a stop to the further importing of carp into this State. The Legislature was appealed to for help and passed a law making it an offense to liberate carp in any of the waters of this State. This law was not passed a day too soon, for the State was threatened with the introduction of the English tench, in reality nothing but a carp of a very inferior quality to those already imported. The tench is not regarded anywhere as fit to eat unless it has been fed expressly for this purpose. Some places in other parts of the country may want fish of this kind, but New Jersey, blessed as it is by nature with an excellent and bountiful supply of the finest food fish in the world, has no need for anything of the kind, and nothing but serious harm can result from its introduction. Your Commission accordingly instructed the wardens to be especially vigilant to prevent the liberation of more carp in this State.

But, to a great extent, the evil has already been done and carp are on the increase in this State. Your Commission accordingly entered into correspondence with a number of fishculturists in the country for the purpose of ascertaining whether in any way the multiplication of the carp could be stopped. One fact developed by this correspondence was that a great many other States were engaged in endeavoring to find some means of outgeneraling the carp. Experience has shown that attempts to introduce carp had proven failures in waters inhabited by pike perch, a fish frequently called the wall-eyed pike and later the Susquehanna salmon. This fish had shown a decided liking for the spawn of the carp, and instances were found where the introduction of pike perch was followed by the extinction of the carp. The pike perch, although not as gamy as the black bass and inferior to it in other respects, is regarded by all as a valuable food fish; it was placed by nature in the streams of this country and its transplanting has been attended with success in every case where the waters were suitable to its habits. Your Commission at once endeavored to secure the introduction of this fish into the waters of this State, but met with disappointment. Arrangements had been made with the fish commission of a Western State for a supply of this fish, but lack of appropriation prevented the taking of the fish, the Legislature of the State referred to having for once declined to make the annual appropriation. Your Commission would have been very glad to have secured a supply of adult pike perch, but was prevented from doing so. Neighboring States, where pike perch had been recently introduced, were naturally jealous as to their removal before they had materially increased in number, and to bring the fish to New Jersey from places where they naturally abound would be attended by so many difficulties that the project was not considered feasible. Your Commission has, however, made arrangements for the securing of a large supply of this fish in the early part of next year.

For the purpose of preparing our streams for the introduction of the pike perch and also for the purpose of taking

stock fish for the replenishing of the waters of the State, your Commission entered into arrangements with a number of fishermen by which the latter were permitted to net carp under the supervision of wardens. In a few instances these permits were abused and promptly revoked, but in most cases the fishermen were conscientious in returning to the water all the food fish not wanted by the Commission. The result of this netting was the removal of hundreds of tons of carp from this State and the establishment of the fact that in a number of the waters of the State the carp had driven away all other kinds of fish.

Legislation.

During the last session of the Legislature certain laws were passed for the better protection of the fishing and gunning interests of the State. Some of these laws were suggested by your Commission; others emanated from members of the Senate and General Assembly. A practical application of these laws has developed the fact that there are in them a number of incongruities. Your Commission has been at considerable pains to ascertain the desires and wants of various portions of the State, and sees no reason why a law should not be passed providing at the same time for the better protection of sport and paying a judicious regard to the interests of those who may be injuriously affected by a too close attention to the wants and desires of the sportsmen.

For this reason your Commission desires to offer the following suggestions:

The law dividing the State into two game sections has at times given rise to some complications, but it is difficult to see how these can be avoided. The habits of birds and fish would naturally indicate the necessity of different laws for different portions of the State. Although the law has given satisfaction on general principles to the southern portion of the State serious objections have been made thereto in the northern portion. At present the general season is opened on Oct. 25 in the northern section of the State. In many years woodcock take their southern flight before that date, and consequently the sportsmen of the northern section who are compelled to abstain from killing the birds until Oct. 25 are deprived of all sport as far as woodcock are concerned. Giving the sportsmen ten more days at the beginning of the season would be in a measure satisfactory in the northern section without being open to the objection that there would be no birds left for the people in the southern section. Your Commission would accordingly recommend opening the season on Oct. 15 in the northern game section.

The law at present provides that the season for upland plover and doves shall be from Nov. 1 to Dec. 15. Long before the opening of the season both plover and doves have left the State, and if these birds should be shot at all—and there seems to be little reason to the contrary, especially as far as plover are concerned—a season should be established beginning as early at least as the opening of the season for woodcock and quail.

The seventeenth section of the general fish and game act provides that eel baskets or eel weirs may be maintained from Sept. 15 to Nov. 1. There are serious objections to this law. Although the principle that fish and game belong to the State and not to the individuals on whose property they may be found has been generally adopted, there is no reason why some special privileges should not be given to the farmer and land-owner, who in some instances are annoyed by the presence of game on their properties. Eel weirs are destructive to the life of fish, and if these were permitted to be indiscriminately used there would soon be an end to the fish supply in the fresh waters of this State. Your Commission would accordingly suggest the passage of a law by which farmers and land owners may be permitted to make use of eel pots and eel baskets placed on the bottoms of streams at all times of the year. These contrivances are more easily constructed and are more effective in the taking of eels and catfish than are eel weirs, and the result of such an enactment would be that land-owners would be enabled to take these fish whenever it suited them to do so.

The section of the law making it unlawful to remove game and fish from the State excepting by the person who may have lawfully captured the same has met with considerable opposition in the southern portion of the State, where there are still a few men who depend on marketing game to assist them in gaining a livelihood. Your Commission would, however, respectfully urge that something must be done to put a stop to the diminishing of game and fish within the borders of New Jersey, and for this reason the section above referred to was enacted. The last Legislature in passing this law only followed in the footsteps of twenty-seven other States where such measures have been in force for many years. States in the extreme West and South, which are still teeming with game, have adopted similar laws, and compared to the laws of those States the law of New Jersey is anything but stringent. The principal objection to the law was that it prevented the marketing of reed birds by dealers. In this connection it should be remembered that the reed bird is during the larger portion of the year an insectivorous bird of great value to the farming community. To permit the shooting of these birds by the thousands would eventually drive them from our shores, and the result would be a serious loss to the citizens of this State engaged in agricultural pursuits—a loss which, once sustained, would be irreparable.

Your Commission would also respectfully call attention to a law at present upon our statute books which has given rise to a great deal of complaint. The law referred to grants a charter to the West Jersey Fish and Game Protective Society, and provides that no person shall gun or fish in the six southern counties of the State without having first complied with such by-laws as this society may have seen fit to enact. The principal by-law of this society provides that non-residents must become members before they can shoot or fish, but any non-resident can attain membership upon the payment of $5 for the first year and $2 for each subsequent year. Aside from the questionableness of a delegation of the lawmaking power by the Legislature to another body comes the objection that the by-law opens our fields and streams to such non-residents as can afford to pay for the same. The law in our opinion is not in accordance with the spirit of American institutions. To exclude a man from certain privileges because he cannot afford to pay $5 therefor does not speak well for the hospitality of New Jersey. Numerous complaints concerning this law have been received, and information obtained from our wardens is to the effect that the violators of the law who have been prosecuted in the counties where this law applies were almost invariably members of this society. Your Commission is also informed that the membership of this society is composed principally of sportsmen from Philadelphia and other places. Your Commission would accordingly suggest the repeal of this law.

Works on Sunday—

Talks business seven days in the week—a "Forest and Stream" Kennel Special advertisement.

Game and Fish Protection.

Pennsylvania Association.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 16.—The regular monthly meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association was held Saturday evening, Nov. 9, at the rooms, 1020 Arch street, Philadelphia.

The following resolution was passed:

Whereas, A recent Act of the Legislature of New York, permitting the use of eel weirs in the inland waters of that State, has resulted in restoring a number of these destructive devices in the Delaware River, which, unless destroyed, must work irreparable injury to the vast fishing interests involved in said stream, and nullify much of the hard and persistent effort of the Pennsylvania and New Jersey Fish Commissions,

Resolved, That the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association heartily indorse the decision of the Pennsylvania Commissioners of Fisheries, that the Delaware being a boundary stream is not affected by the New York eel weir act, and urge upon the New York Commissioners of Fisheries concurrent action, that the Delaware may remain clear of these deadly obstructions.

A special committee reported that enough evidence has been adduced during the period that these weirs have been placed in the river to show their damaging effect. Large numbers of fish have been captured, especially wall-eyed pike and black bass, while the slats of the eel weirs have been covered with young shad caught on their way down the river and killed in the traps. The following was also passed:

Resolved, That the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association earnestly commend the action of the Pennsylvania Commissioners of Fisheries in their effort to design with the New York Commissioners of Fisheries a uniform interstate law for the protection of fish in the upper Delaware, similar to that now in force with New Jersey; and that the influence of the Association be exerted in behalf of securing such legislation.

The Committee on Protection and Distribution of Fish submitted a lengthly report. The distribution of fish by the State Commission had exceeded the output of any previous year. Owing to the extraordinary demand for bass, an extra appropriation of $5,000 had been secured from the Legislature for the purchase of same; 35,000 black bass had been distributed, together with large quantities of calico bass, white bass, rock bass, yellow perch, and upwards of 30,000 Lake Erie sunfish. The distribution of brook trout exceeded 3,500,000 in addition to 750,000 other species of trout fry, a grand total exceeding 4¼ millions.

The warden service of the State has improved to a marked degree, as attested by the number of arrests and fines. The new law prohibiting the taking of black bass in the Delaware River under 9in. had been very effectually carried out by the wardens; notices and posters have been placed along the river and the New Jersey wardens have been equally active. Arrests and convictions were made for erecting eel weirs in the Delaware at Port Jervis.

The special committee referred to on page 2 also reported that the Attorney-Generals of Pennsylvania and New York sustained the decision of the Pennsylvania and New York Commissions that the law applied to the inland waters of that State, and the erection of eel weirs in the Delaware by citizens of New York was therefore illegal.

It was decided to send a number of letters of inquiry to every county in the State, in an effort to secure information regarding the effect of the extended drought upon fish life in the streams.

M. G. SELLERS, Sec'y.

A Michigan Fyke Net Case.

THE observers of the game law in Ottawa county will remember the case of the People vs. Derimo, which was called up in the Circuit Court some time ago. Frank M. Derimo was at the time accused under Section 5, Act 111, passed in 1889, of unlawfully using a fyke net. Prosecuting Attorney Visscher represented the people and Walter I. Lillie appeared for the defendant. The latter, in behalf of his client, plead that the net was set for a legitimate purpose, not of catching fish, but turtles. In the circuit Derimo was convicted, but exceptions were entered and an appeal taken to the Supreme Court.

Early last month the conviction was set aside and a new trial awarded on the ground that a conviction under this act could not be sustained. It was claimed that the accidental imprisonment of fish in such a net was not sufficient. In this opinion Judges Long and Montgomery concurred with Judge C. J. McGrath. Following is the decision rendered:

Respondent was convicted under Section 4 of Act No. 3, laws of 1889, which provides that "It shall be unlawful for any person to take or catch any fish at any time with seines, pound nets, gill nets, or any species of nets" in certain waters. * * * "provided, that the use of dip nets in catching mullet, redsides and suckers shall not be unlawful." The complaint alleged that respondent "did feloniously and unlawfully, then and there, catch and attempt to take and catch fish with a fyke or hoop net."

The respondent offered proof tending to show, "That he had made over the nets for the purpose of catching turtles; that the funnel was made large enough so that when fish went into the nets, they could swim out again; that in a fish net proper the funnel was hanging loose, so that there was no opening for the fish to come out; and that these particular nets were made with the opening and with strings tied from the end of the funnel or opening to the main side of the net so that when the net was set as these nets were set, the opening of all the funnels was pulled open thereby, giving the fish plenty of room to swim out after they went into said nets; that all of said nets were so arranged and for the purpose of letting fish which swim in to swim out; that the turtles which went in could not get out because of their size and shape, and that all of these nets were hoop nets; that these nets were set differently than nets were set for catching fish; that these nets were set with pieces of heavy chains at the bottom so that the bottom of the nets would be in the mud, and to catch them the nets had to be on the bottom and were set in about 12 to 15ft. in depth of water; that in setting nets for fish there are no chains on the bottom to hold them in the mud, for the reason that fish do not crawl on the bottom; that the respondent told Hammond (the Deputy Game and Fish Warden), in the winter before, that he was going to set nets for the purpose of catching turtles, and that said Hammond saw said respondent set said nets long before the time of taking these nets, and said nothing about it; that the respondent told said Hammond that he, respondent, had caught turtles in said nets before Hammond took them up, and that there were a few fish in them, and that respondent put them back in the water unharmed."

It appeared that the nets were drawn by the Deputy Game Warden, and that fish were found therein.

The trial court refused to give to the jury certain instructions asked for by defendant's counsel, respecting respondent's intent and purpose in setting the nets, and instructed the jury as follows: "That the nets that were set there were such nets as would take and catch fish. I say, if you find those to be the facts and beyond reasonable doubt, then this respondent would be guilty of the offense here charged although he may not have drawn the nets himself. If you find that the nets were drawn by this game warden and fish were then and there caught in those nets, and that those nets belonged to and were set by this respondent, then he would be guilty under this act of unlawfully taking or attempting to take or catch fish. The intent with which he set those nets there has nothing to do with the law in this case; and if he set them with the intent to catch turtles, and actually did and were well calculated to catch and imprison fish and take fish, and the fish were actually taken at the time, it would be a violation of this law."

This instruction was erroneous. The respondent's testimony tended to show that he set the nets for another purpose.

The statute does not prohibit the setting of nets, but the catching or taking of fish from the lake by means of nets. It would be a narrow view to take of the language employed, to say that a fish accidentally imprisoned by the use of a net employed for another purpose, and not one which was shown to be entirely legitimate, was caught within the meaning of the statute. Whether or not the net was set for the purpose of catching fish, was a question for the jury under all the facts and circumstances of the case.

Judge Hooker dissented, and he was supported in his opinion by Judge Grant as follows:

The defendant was convicted of the offense of unlawfully taking fish by the use of fyke nets, in contravention of Section 5 of Act No. 111, of the Public Acts of 1889. This section provides, "It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to take or catch, or attempt to take or catch, any fish at any time with seines, pound nets, gill nets, or any species of nets in any of the waters of this State," etc.

The defendant does not deny that he set the nets, or that fish were caught and killed thereby, but says that he did not set these nets from a desire to catch fish, but to catch turtles, and that he made no use of the fish that were caught, but released such as were alive when he took up his net.

The trial court held that this did not constitute a defense.

It is admitted that the defendant used a net adapted to and commonly used for the purpose of catching fish. There is every reason to suppose that he knew that it would catch fish, for it had done so to his knowledge. To hold him guiltless is to say that a man may do those things which will certainly result in the destruction of fish, if he has another object in view, and will return such fish as he may take, alive or dead, as the case may be, to the water, and not use them, while his neighbor who desires to keep them is guilty.

In my opinion a man who sets a net with the knowledge that it will result in the taking and destruction of fish intends to take them, notwithstanding the fact that his primary object may be to accomplish another purpose. He wants the turtles, and to get them he is willing to take or catch the fish. This does not show an absence of intent, for it is just as unlawful to take fish that turtles may be caught as to take fish to sell or to eat.

The right to protect fish by law is within the police power of the State, and there is force in the claim that the act is punishable regardless of the intent. Many cases can be found that hold that convictions may be sustained in the absence of criminal intent, *e. g.*, the sale of adulterated milk, Commonwealth vs. Farren, 9 Allen 469; selling liquor not known to be intoxicating, Commonwealth vs. Boynton, 2 Allen, 160; marriage of minors by one honestly supposing them of proper age, Beckham vs. Nacke, 56 Mo., 246; the killing and sale of a calf under a specified age, though the defendant was ignorant of the animal's age, Commonwealth vs. Raymond, 97 Mass., 567; transporting a slave on a steamboat, State vs. Steam. Co., 13 Md., 189.

These cases and others cited in People vs. Roby, 52 Mich., 580, where the subject is discussed, fully justify the doctrine that neglect may be criminal. Here there is not mere neglect, but a positive expectation of doing the act prohibited, and immunity is expected upon the claim that the defendant designed to catch turtles, and to do so involved the taking of fish, but his indifference as to the fate of the fish relieved him from liability under the law.

In my opinion, the man who sets a net adapted to the purpose and known by him to be likely to catch fish, and which actually does take them, cannot be said to be guiltless.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 26 to 29.—Bridgeport Kennel Club's show, Bridgeport, Conn. E. M. Oldham, Supt.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 25.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Dec. 2.—Owingsville, Ky.—National Fox Hunter's Association Meet. Harry I. Means, Sec'y.

Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H. Thompson, Sec'y.

1896.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Jan. 20.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. seventh annual trials. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Canadian Kennel Club.

A MEETING of the executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club was held Nov. 8. Among the business that came up for discussion was the question of cropping dogs' ears; it was decided to take a vote by mail of the club members on this point. The question of mutual recognition of suspensions was not considered pending further negotiations with the A. K. C. It was also decided that it is in the interest of the club that the publication of registrations for 1895 be in abeyance for the present.

The president, H. Bedlington, and Geo. B. Sweetnam were appointed a committee to submit a draft of a revised constitution and by-laws at the next meeting. A resolution of condolence with Mrs. Alfred Geddes, the widow of a late member of the C. K. C., was also passed.

Great Dane Club Prizes.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Great Dane Club of America offers the following special prizes for great Danes, to be competed for at the Westminster Club kennel show, February, 1896, these prizes being open for competition to members of the Great Dane Club of America only, viz.: First, $10 for best in open dog class; second, $5 for second best in open dog class; first, $10 for best in open bitch class; second, $5 for second best in open bitch class; first, $10 for best puppy of either sex shown in any class; second, $5 for second best puppy of either sex shown in any class.

CLIFFORD WOOD, Sec'y.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable*

Cropping and the A. K. C.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the next meeting of the American Kennel Club, to be holden in December next, there will come before the members of that club, to be voted upon by them, a resolution that the rules of the club be changed, and that no dog whelped after a date to be fixed and with cropped ears can be shown in competition at any bench show held under the recognition of the American Kennel Club.

The discussion of the question of prohibition of cropping versus non-prohibition in the public press has been carried on up to this time chiefly by those opposed to cropping, and by gentlemen not interested in any breed of dogs which will be affected by the proposed resolution. The arguments advanced in favor of the proposed change are: that the practice is cruel and that cropping is prohibited in England.

I have not yet seen expressed by those interested in the breeds affected, at any length in print, the results which the proposed resolution would have upon these breeds.

I believe that the effect of such a resolution is more far-reaching in the case of, and inimical to the interests of, the great Danes than to those of any other breed, and that such a resolution, if passed at this time, would result in the general abandonment of the breeding of great Danes.

The great Dane stands in a different position from almost every other breed of dog. In almost every breed either there are now owned in this country as good dogs of that breed as can be found in any country of the world, or such dogs as are imported for the improvement of the breed are imported from England, where cropping is prohibited; with the great Dane this is not the case. This breed is comparatively a new one in this country and we have not here as good dogs as can be found elsewhere. The quickest way in which to improve the breed is by the importation of dogs for that purpose, and in this breed such dogs are not imported from England, but from Germany. The great Dane is, I think, the only dog customarily cropped which is not imported from England, and will, therefore, be more affected by the proposed legislation than any other breed of dog.

I have found very few among those who advocate the prohibition of cropping who even claim that the prohibition of cropping in this country is likely to produce any modification of the practice in Germany, where the great Dane has been cropped from time immemorial; and that the proposed resolution will not have the slightest effect on breeders of great Danes in Germany is conceded by all those who are without prejudice on the question.

While the German breeders have paid great attention to the purity of the breed, they have paid little attention to registering and recording the pedigree of their dogs, and for years Americans have urged that this negligence be corrected, so that when great Danes are imported into this country it may be done without the payment of duty, without producing any material change in the practice of the German breeders; and if we have been unable to induce the German breeders to cater to our needs to this extent, and in this very important matter, it is idle to say that if we wish dogs with uncropped ears they will cease their practice with regard to cropping.

The great Dane is an expensive dog to import; his size and the difficulties already mentioned, which lie in the way of importing him without the payment of duty, make him so. Wins which the dog has made in competition in Germany have very little if any effect in making his services sought for, as a stud, in this country. In order that the services of the dog be in demand here, he must be shown, and win prizes here. A man who intends to import a great Dane from Germany, as a sire, will not import an untried, immature puppy, of six months or less in age. If he imports an older dog than that he imports a dog with cropped ears. Now if the proposed resolution applies to that dog, the importer goes to his great expense, trouble and risk, knowing that he cannot show his dog in competition in this country; that he can win no prizes with him in this country; that the dog will be unknown to other breeders interested in the breed in this country; that the services of that dog as a sire will not be in demand, and that he will be unable from stud fees to recoup himself in any measure for the expense he has incurred in importing the dog. Who, if this resolution be passed and under such circumstances, will import a great Dane for the improvement of the breed?

Objection may be made that the rule will only prohibit the importation of great Danes whelped after a certain date, and that dogs whelped before that date may still be imported and shown in competition with cropped ears. This is still in effect a prohibition of importation. A short time in the life of a man is a long time in the life of a dog. In a very few years, perhaps two, the rule is in effect prohibitory. The importer would be limited to bringing to this country "has beens," dogs who are growing old, who were once good, but who have in Germany been supplanted by other younger, better dogs. The American, when he imports, wants to and does buy the best, often without any regard to expense, and it is due in large measure to this that after he has imported dogs of any breed for a few years it will generally be found that the best dogs that there are of that breed are in this country.

The passing of this resolution would seriously affect this breed in another way. In all probability, more than one-half of the great Dane dogs owned in this country are owned by Germans, or those of German descent. A German is, in my experience, very often positive, not to say obstinate, in his likes and dislikes; and a man is more likely to be so, and perhaps with good reason, in matters which concern his pleasure than in those which concern his business. The German who keeps great Danes has been accustomed to having the ears of his dogs cropped, and often does not care to continue to keep the dog if the entire character and appearance of his head is to be changed. Many owners of great Danes, German or of German descent, have told me that if they could not show their dogs in competition with cropped ears they would not care to continue to keep the dogs at all. With so strong a feeling against owning uncropped great Danes, held by a large class which now owns and supports the breed, it is evident that, if the proposed resolution be passed, the number of those who will own dogs of this breed will be greatly lessened, and the demand for and sale of puppies of this breed will be greatly restricted. This is not a matter of sentiment, but is a serious condition which we may expect.

Relying in the past that the ears of this breed would be cropped, breeders have paid very little attention to the shape of the ear, and have only tried to get an ear which was strong at the root, and would stand up easily when cropped. The ear of most great Danes is not a thing of beauty, and changes entirely the expression which has come to be considered characteristic of the breed. That it is possible with time to breed the great Dane or any other dog with an ear of any particular shape, or with no external ear at all, may be conceded, but it could not be done at once, and the appearance of the dog would in the meantime be greatly injured.

The opposing of cropping, and gross exaggerations as to the amount of suffering which the dog undergoes in the operation, is at the present time the popular fad in the kennel world; it is popular, and for that reason alone advocated by many who have no interest in the question one way or the other. A nervous toy dog, whose ears are cut to a long sharp point, suffers much more in the operation than the great burly Dane, all muscle and with few nerves, whose ears are cut to a shorter point, or simply cropped short with no point at all, and what may be great cruelty in the case of another is simply a temporary inconvenience. Let us not go wild on this subject simply because it is temporarily popular.

It may be conceded however that some suffering attends the cropping of the ears of any dog, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is within its province in urging the adoption of the proposed resolution, but this society has not for one of its objects the improvement or advancement of any breed of dogs; in seeking to have the resolution passed it is simply seeking its own ends, worthy as they may be, and without any regard or consideration whether their attainment means the ceasing of the breeding of any one breed, or of all breeds, of dogs or not. The objects of that society and those for which the American Kennel Club and the different specialty clubs were formed were entirely different, and may and in this case do conflict; and when they do conflict that society will look after its own interests and seek its own ends only, and the American Kennel Club must look after its own interests and those of the element which supports it, and to advance whose interests it was formed and exists.

It seems to me that this question, which involves the type of several breeds of dogs, is one to be dealt with in the case of each breed by the specialty clubs which devote their time and attention to that breed, and should be left to be dealt with by them. And when you come right down to brass tacks, what right have the St. Bernard men, the spaniel men, the pointer men, the setter men, the bulldog men, the collie men, the poodle men and others to say what the type of hounds, great Danes and terriers shall be, and the condition and shape in which they shall be shown in competition at bench shows. We do not drive pegs between the teeth of our great Danes, we do not break their noses, we do not inflict on them heavy coats of hair under which an Esquimau would faint, we do not fire bird shot into them, either fine or coarse, we do not use spiked collars on them, and we do not do to them a great many other things which breeders and owners of many other kinds of dogs do, or are said to do, to their dogs. There are some remarks about beams and motes in the eye, and about casting the first stone, which were written a great many years ago, which are accessible to all, and which it would be a good thing for some people to read and bear in mind. Some people are said not to know on which side their bread is buttered until it falls on the floor.

The question of whether the Great Dane Club should or should not change its standard so as to prevent the cropping of great Danes was brought up and discussed by that club long before it was considered, and esteemed a vital question which must be settled before they could sleep by men who are not affected by it. And the club then expressed its opinion that the action was too radical and could not then be taken with respect to our dog, but great Dane men were warned that they must prepare for such a change in the standard and breed with reference to it. According to the standard great Danes may be shown either with or without cropped ears, and several great Danes were shown with uncropped ears at the last Westminster Kennel Club show.

Sentiment is a good thing; mixing with common sense and discretion improves it.

I would furthermore say that I have at different times owned foxhounds, beagles, pugs, fox-terriers and great Danes, and that I have never had the ears of a dog cropped, also that I have no dogs for sale. I may therefore be believed when I say that I write without prejudice on the subject, and only from a deep conviction of the disastrous effects which the prohibition of cropping will have upon my favorite dog, the great Dane.

CLIFFORD WOOD.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.

Bridgeport Bench Show.

THE Bridgeport Kennel Club have added the following classes to their premium list: Challenge class, foxhounds, dogs and bitches, first, $5; puppy class, St. Bernards, dogs and bitches, first, $4; second, $2.

The following is a list of judges; in your mention there was an error in the names: Dr. James E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., for pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters and beagles; German Hopkins, Hempstead, L. I., all terriers, foxhounds, greyhounds and whippets; R. K. Armstrong, Highland Falls, N. Y., bulldogs and collies; James Watson, New York, all other classes.

Entries close Nov. 16. E. M. OLDHAM, Supt.

Collie Field Trials.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My committee at the last minute, at my earnest request, have consented to hold field trials for sheep dogs, at our coming show of cattle, sheep, etc., to be held at Madison Square, Nov. 25 to 30. If you will kindly make this fact known through your widely-read paper, you will be conferring a great favor on me personally (as it has been my pet idea), and also on the society. We shall put up liberal prize money and charge no entry fee. Entries can be made to me at Madison Square Garden.

JAMES MORTIMER, Asst. Sec'y and Supt.

THE E. F. T. C. TRIALS.

The Members' Stake.

THE competition between the six starters of the Members' Stake began on the afternoon of Nov. 16. The judges were Messrs. S. C. Bradley and W. S. Bell. Mr. N. Wallace, who had consented to act as judge with Messrs. Bell and Bradley, was detained at home by pressing business.

The weather was delightfully pleasant. The sun shone brightly, and but the gentlest of warm breezes stirred at intervals. It was a day of sunshine and warmth, such as one may experience in June in the North, though each is set in widely different colors. While the weather, warm and balmy, was pleasing to the unusually large group which followed the competition, it added greatly to the work of the dogs, making it in itself more laborious and the birds more difficult to find. Among those in attendance were three ladies, Mrs. and Miss Phelps and Mrs. Meares, who honored and graced the event. It is auspicious for the future of field trials when the ladies enhance them by their presence, and it is better for the ladies too, for there comes from it good health, and from good health comes color to the cheeks, bright eyes and wit and vivacity.

Birds were lazy and disinclined to fly even when found, the warmth of the temperature seeming to provoke a most marked indolence in them, and as they were not moving it added to the dogs' labors. The numbers found were nevertheless satisfactory, although the point work is meager.

The entrance to the sweepstake was $10, divided into two prizes, 65 per cent. to first, 35 per cent. to second. As is well known, each member handled his own dog.

In the matter of quiet and gentlemanly handling the stake was worthy of the careful consideration and emulation of many professionals and amateurs; in the matter of skillful handling it ranked very high. There was an entire absence of loud and prolonged whistling or effort to take any unfair advantage.

Joyful, the winner, exhibited great judgment and a rare knowledge of the best manner of working on birds, with at the same time a most trustworthy observance of work to the gun.

Following is the order of running:

Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Shad (Eugene T.—Lou) with Eldridge Kennels' l. and w. pointer bitch Graceful II. (Duke of Hessen—Concave). Mr. C. E. Phelps, handler.

Mr. Fred Hodgeman's liv. and w. pointer dog Arthur (Graphic—Meally) with Eldridge Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch Antonia (Antonio—Miss Nellie Y.).

Mr. W. B. Meares's white setter dog Joyful (Dion C.—Natalie) with Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr.'s, b. b. setter bitch Antoinette (Antonio—Daisy Hunter).

First Series.

SHAD—GRACEFUL II. were started at 1:30. The range of both was lacking in judgment. Shad pointed; nothing found. Graceful pointed a bevy nicely. Shad pointed one of the scattered birds. Mr. Lorillard killed it and Graceful retrieved it nicely. Shad pointed near a bevy in the open. A wounded bird fluttered before him, tempting him on, resulting in flushing several others. Up at 2:14.

ARTHUR—ANTONIA were started at 2:22. Both worked industriously, though the pointer was rather slow in his gallop. Some work was done on a bevy by Antonia which we could not see. Some of the spectators said it was a good point on a bevy, and it had every appearance of being so. Following down a valley in corn, Antonia flushed a single and the rest of the bevy flushed. Up at 3:24.

JOYFUL—ANTOINETTE began their heat at 3:30. Joyful pointed a bevy in thick cane, a most difficult piece for a dog to work in. The birds were flushed a few yards from his point by a horseman, and several of them dropped back in nearly the same place, but wisely no further work was attempted on them in the dense weeds, briers and cane. Sent on, Joyful next pointed a bevy nicely in thick grass. Antoinette flushed one as she came up, then stood. Up at 4:10. Joyful showed excellent "bird sense," obedience and an honest purpose to work to the gun.

Second Series.

GRACEFUL II.—ANTONIA were cast off at 4:21. Both dogs made game, but being urged on too fast, the handlers flushed the birds. Graceful flushed a bevy and Antonia pointed on the footscent of it a few moments later; Graceful backed. Up at 4:42. Both worked diligently; their range was middling.

ANTOINETTE—ANTONIA began at 5:01. Antoinette stopped to a point after flushing a bird or two of the bevy. The birds were followed into woods. Antoinette made two points on singles and one point to which nothing was found, and Antonia made one point. Up at 5:30.

The judges announced the winners as follows: First, Joyful; divided second, Antonia and Antoinette.

[*Special to Forest and Stream.*]

NEWTON, N. C., Nov. 19.—There are fourteen starters in the Derby as follows: Arapahoe, Ranee, Gleam's Ruth, Domino, Virginia, Sister Sue, Tory Fashion, India, Marie's Sport, Patrician, Mazeppa, Nabob, Kent B., Fen Follet.

The first series and one brace of the second were completed yesterday. In second series are Tory Fashion, Gleam's Ruth, India, Marie's Sport, Nabob, Arapahoe, Ranee, Domino.

The All-Age has nineteen starters: Tick Boy, Brighton Tobe, Sanford Druid, Elgin's Dash, Jingo, Joyful, Cynosure, Harold Skimpole, Tippoo, Belle, Palona, Joe Bowers, Tory Dotlet, Lady Mildred, Rod's Top, Revenue, Minnie T., Gleam's Pink and Tony Boy.

The weather is too warm for best work. Birds have been found in fairly good numbers, enough to determine the competition so far. There is a good attendance of noted visitors.

B. WATERS.

Bird Supply for U. S. Trials.

NEWTON, N. C., Nov. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Birds are not so scarce as has been said on the trial grounds, and it is a lucky thing for field trials that the unwarranted report of one man has not succeeded in stopping the United States trials, as was first intended. If it had been carried, it would have been a death blow at the prestige of clubs, and that only on the unofficial report of one man.

G. MUSS-ARNOLT.

FIELD TRIALS OF THE NATIONAL BEAGLE CLUB.

THE National Beagle Club held its sixth annual field trials at Hempstead, N. Y., Nov. 11–14. The trials were a great success, and will go on record as the best in the history of the club. During the week a number of ladies followed the beagles, and among the gentlemen registered at Roth's Hotel, the club headquarters, were C. Staley Doub, Chas. W. Quynn, Richard T. Cramer, Frederick, Md.; W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass.; Geo. F. Reed, Barton, Vt.; Thos. Shallcross, Providence, R. I.; N. B. Baldwin, East Orange, N. J.; G. W. Appleton, G. W. Rogers, New York, N.Y.; D. F. Summers, Thorndale, Pa.; Wm. Saxby, Chas. Shoemaker, Ilion, N. Y.; L. H. Peters, Lenox, Mass.; H. S. Joslin, Oxford, Mass.; F. H. Bolton, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; John Bateman, Gravesend Beach, N. Y.; G. B. Post, Jr., A. W. Post, Bernardsville, N. J.; H. F. Schellhass, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. D. Lewis, Hempstead, N. Y.; Horace Porter, Garden City, N. Y.; A. C. Pickhardt, Massapequa, N. Y.; Bradford S. Turpin, Roxbury, Mass.

The only drawback to the week's enjoyment was the scarcity of game. Rabbits were hard to find, but when found they ran well and furnished splendid sport. Many of them left the scanty cover and made long races in the open fields, giving all a perfect view of the chase.

The judges were Chas. W. Quynn, of Frederick, Md., and Bradford S. Turpin, of Roxbury, Mass. Their decisions met with general approval.

The majority of the winners are already well known from their previous records, but among these that were honored for the first time are Triumph, Young Royal and Talor. All three are good ones, and Triumph and Talor showed great speed and excellent nose.

The entries in all classes were called to fill on Monday morning. The following were absent: A. C. Pickhardt's Jester III., Walter Randall's Belle, W. S. Clark's Sunbeam, Somerset Kennels' Marvel, C. J. Prouty's Becky Bates, William Saxby's Bessie, George Laick's Laick's Rattler, G. F. Reed's Spinaway R. and William Saxby's Dime's Daisy.

When the hounds were measured William Saxby's Bessie was transferred to the 15in. class and D. F. Summers's Talor and Summers's Kit to the Derby.

The drawing resulted as reported below. Immediately after dinner the club left the hotel for the hunting grounds, and succeeded in running off the 15in. class for dogs. The field marshal was George F. Reed.

All-Age Class for Dogs, 15 to 13in.

First Series.

ZENO—SNYDER III.—The former was handled by Thos. Shallcross and the latter by H. S. Joslin. Scent lay badly, but the race was an interesting one. Both worked well, but Zeno was the better hunter and a trifle faster than Snyder. Much of the work was done in the open, giving all an excellent chance to see the sport. Two sight chases added to the interest. The heat was a close one, without great advantage to either. Down 1 hour and 10 minutes.

SPARK R.—ZENO.—The former was the bye dog. He was handled by George F. Reed, and Zeno was put down with him. The race was an exciting one, and much of it took place in the open fields. The rabbit was finally run down and killed fairly on the ground. Zeno ran in splendid form and showed speed, nose and hunting sense. He surpassed Spark, who did not run as well as at Oxford. Down 31 minutes.

Second Series.

SPARK R.—SNYDER III.—An uninteresting race. The driving was slow. Snyder showed the better nose and defeated Spark. Down 31 minutes.

The judges gave Zeno first, Snyder III. second and Spark R. third.

SUMMARY.

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y., Oct. 11.—All-Age class for dogs, 15 to 13in., that have not been placed first in any open class at a field trial. Fee to run $10, of which $4 must be paid at closing of entries. First prize $40, second $25 and third $10.

First Series.

ZENO—Awashonk Kennels' b., w. and t. dog (Deacon Tidd—Daisy), handler, Thomas Shallcross,

with

SNYDER III.—H. S. Joslin's blue ticked dog (Synder II. —Nancy), handler, owner.

SPARK R.—George F. Reed's b., w. and t. dog (Kenneally's Lee—Skip), handler, owner, a bye.

Second Series.

Spark with Snyder III.

Winners: Zeno first, Snyder III. second and Spark R. third.

The running in the class for bitches, 15 to 13in., was begun immediately.

All-Age Class for Bitches, 15 to 13in.

First Series.

ADA B.—LUFRA—The former was handled by N. A. Baldwin and the latter by J. W. Appleton. They failed to make a start and were taken up at dark. Down 37 minutes.

The annual club meeting was held in the evening, Vice-President J. W. Appleton presiding. The following members were elected: C. M. Chapin, Bernardsville, N. J.; J. Q. Bourne, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; L. H. Peters, Lenox, Mass.; Wm. Saxby, Ilion, N. Y.; J. L. Kernochan, Hempstead, N. Y.; F. B. Robinson, Port Jefferson, N. Y.

The election of officers resulted in the choice of H. F. Schellhass, president; J. W. Appleton, Geo. B. Post, Jr., J. B. Lozier, vice-presidents; Geo. Laick, treasurer; G. W. Rogers, secretary; N. A. Baldwin, John Bateman, A. Wright Post, executive committee.

The club voted to select the official judges for bench shows annually from the active members. The following were elected for '96: W. S. Clark, Geo. Laick, G. F. Reed, H. L. Schellhass, John Davidson, Jos. Lewis. Adjourned.

Tuesday.

The day was clear and cold, with a northeast wind. The 15in. class for bitches, and one brace in the All-Age, 13in. class, was run off.

ADA B.—LUFRA—The scent was poor and there was no steady driving. Both did some backtracking and made many losses both in swamp and upland. Down 25 minutes.

MARGUERITE—TRIUMPH.—The latter was handled by C. Staley Doub and the former by W. S. Clark. Triumph ran at a killing pace, driving evenly and well, and leaving Marguerite far in the rear. Down half an hour.

BESSIE—NELL R.—Wm. Saxby handled Bessie and Geo. F. Reed Nell R. Bessie was the better worker in the search for game, but after the rabbit was up Nell was superior in nose and in catching the losses. Down 1 hour and 35 minutes.

LUCY S.—DIME.—This brace were wide, rapid rangers, and under little control. Lucy was in charge of D. F. Summers and Dime of Wm. Saxby. Lucy was better in nose and outfooted Dime when on game. Down 1 hour.

Lunch was now served, and photographs of the party and of the officers were then taken.

Second Series.

TRIUMPH—LUCY S.—The race run by this brace was the fastest and best yet seen in the trials. Triumph showed the better nose and possessed greater speed than Lucy. The rabbit saved his life by checking the beagles on a plowed field. No faster race was ever run at a beagle trial. Down 41 minutes. A splendid exhibition of nose and speed.

DIME—NELL R.—This race was dull and uninteresting to a degree. Neither could lift a hot trail where the last brace had carried their game without difficulty. Down 31 minutes.

Third Series.

LUCY S.—NELL R.—This heat was a formal one to comply with the running rules. Down 5 minutes. No start was made.

The judges then awarded first prize to Triumph, second to Lucy S., and divided third between Nell R. and Dime. Bessie won the reserve. Cheers were given for Triumph and her owner, whose win was a thoroughly popular one.

Winners—First, Triumph; second, Lucy S.; third, Nell R. and Dime; reserve, Bessie.

The running in the All-Age 13in. class was commenced immediately.

All-Age Class—13in. and Under.

First Series.

SKIP II.—LOLA LEE.—The handlers were George F. Reed and W. S. Clark. Skip was frightened and refused to hunt. Lola ran a beautiful race, driving steadily and showing that she possessed an excellent nose and a sweet voice. Down 20 minutes.

YOUNG ROYAL—LOLA LEE.—The former was the bye dog and was put down with Lola Lee. Royal was handled by F. H. Bolton and showed himself a stylish, merry worker. Lola started a crippled rabbit that went to earth after a short run, and was the only rabbit that was put into the ground during the trials. Further search for game was unrewarded. Down 38 minutes.

This closed the day's sport.

Wednesday.

A northeast wind and a cloudy sky. Scent was bad and the game seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth. The morning's work was tedious, but in the afternoon four races were run on one rabbit and the sport was good. The Derby was commenced and the 13in. open class was finished. Skip II. was withdrawn, as she was sick.

YOUNG ROYAL—LOLA LEE.—This was the most tiresome heat of the trials. It was nearly three hours before a start was made and then the rabbit was shot by some local gunners before the hounds could be put on. However, they could do little with it. Roy backtracked a few yards and Lola trailed an equal distance and lost. Later, Roy made another start, but could not carry. Both showed great powers of endurance. Down 2 hours and 50 minutes.

The judges gave first to Lola Lee and second to Young Royal.

The Derby.

First Series.

TALOR—PHŒBUS.—They were handled by D. F. Summers and J. W. Appleton. Talor showed great speed after the rabbit was up and was a busy worker before the game was found. Phœbus lacked experience and was left far behind by his speedy rival. Down 2 hours and 45 minutes.

PISEN—JUTE II.—The former was handled by C. Staley Doub and the latter by J. Q. Bourne. The greater part of this run was in a weed field and in full view of the spectators. The scent lay badly and the rabbit skulked in the weeds. Pisen cast wildly when at a check and Jute was inclined to potter. What little driving there was was jerky. Down 30 minutes.

BARONET—SUMMERS'S KIT.—W. S. Clark handled Baronet and Kit was in charge of D. F. Summers. The rabbit was driven for a long distance in the open fields and then back to the weeds. Both showed speed, but Baronet had the better nose and was quicker on the turn. He had the advantage in the heat, though Kit proved herself a good one. Down 30 minutes.

Second Series.

TALOR—BARONET.—A rabbit was started by Baronet, but, as Talor did not get into the chase on even terms with him, the judges decided to give them another run the next morning. Down 41 minutes.

Thursday.

Another cloudy morning, with the same northeast wind that had been blowing all the week. The trials were completed.

TALOR—BARONET.—These flyers ran a pretty race in a thicket of scrub oaks and bull briers. Baronet winded a rabbit and had a decided advantage in the race, showing greater speed and a better nose and catching more turns. Down 13 minutes.

The judges awarded first prize to Baronet, second to Talor, and reserve to Summer's Kit.

There were no entries in the pack, brace or 15in. champion stake. The 13in. champion class had two entries.

Champion Class—13in. and Under.

LADDIE—SPOT R.—N. A. Baldwin and Geo. F. Reed were the handlers. Two rabbits were started during the race and both were driven to a loss. Both beagles did dashing work and the heat was one of the best of the trials. Spot excelled in the care with which she hunted her ground and in nose, but Laddie was in the race from first to last. Down 1 hour and 24 minutes.

The judges gave first to Spot and second to Laddie.

In the evening a club meeting was held, H. F. Schellhass in the chair. A. C. Pickhardt, Massapequa, N. Y., and Horace Porter, Garden City, N. Y., were elected to membership.

It was voted to give two special prizes of $10 each at the New York show: one for the best dog and one for the best bitch with a field trial record owned by a member of the club.

A futurity stake for future trials was proposed and generally approved. Adjourned.

A session of the field trial committee was held, H. F. Schellhass presiding.

A vote of thanks was passed to A. D. Lewis and Joshua Barnum for the use of their land in running the trials, and to the field marshal and the judges. Adjourned.

The special prize offered by Geo. F. Reed for the beagle that best marked its game to earth by giving tongue was not awarded.

J. A. F.

Field Trials at Newton.

NOV. 15.—There is already a goodly gathering of field trial supporters, stanch men whose names are familiar with yearly regularity in connection with field trial competition. There are here Messrs. Hitchcock, Meares, Stafford, Avent, Costar, Hodgeman, Arnolt, Kidwell, Bell, Bradley, Sturgis, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Phelps, Major Taylor, and in town and within easy striking distance a number of handlers. Mr. Edward Dexter was here a day or two ago and is now absent for a day or two, returning later.

At Washington, *en route* here, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. W. L. Bell and Major J. M. Taylor, also *en route* to the field trials, and at Salisbury we met Mr. Merriam and son, who were *en route* to western North Carolina on a shooting trip. By mistake, their dogs were carried on to Atlanta, thus forcing them to remain at Salisbury two or three days awaiting their return. The dogs having arrived, they continued their westward journey.

Birds are reported as being in fairly good numbers on the Eastern Club's grounds, Mr. Hitchcock having, with an assistant, found sixteen bevies in three hours one day last week. Still, I think there will be many heats run in which the work will be very light and the heats discouraging, from the few finds following the fruitless though persistent effort. However, I will be highly pleased if birds are found in abundance.

The trainers are a unit in insisting that birds are scarce, and as they have had experience during some weeks, day in and day out, their statements should bear great weight.

Most outspoken dissatisfaction prevails over the act of the Continental Field Trials Club in canceling its trials. A number had prepared dogs for the Continental Club's stakes, and they felt that it was treating them curtly and unfairly to declare the event off without so much as saying by your leave. It moreover seems that, at its own solicitation, the Continental had entered into a compact with the Eastern to run its trials on the ground of the latter, paying therefor one-half the rent. The United States Club was an applicant at the same time for the same privilege. On the assurance by the Continental Club that it would hold a trial jointly with the Eastern, its claims were recognized and its application accepted.

Without any request or effort to be released from this agreement, but ignoring it entirely, it declared its trials off.

There are several here who do not hesitate to openly state that the action of the Continental was inspired not so much by the scarcity of birds as by the fact that it was bound to lose some money on account of the number of entries being too few to "pay out," and therefore that the scarcity of birds was but a pretext to avoid running the trials at all, and also to avoid the loss of money.

They hold the act as being most ungenerous in the face of the fact, which is well known to all of them, that the Continental made a great deal of money out of its chicken trials, and was therefore in condition to stand the loss which would be a consequence of running the quail trials.

The United States wavered, declared its trials off at Newton, then, on the assurance of several club members that they would stand good for a deficit of $400 or $500, they reconsidered their action and decided to continue. Under the circumstances of declaring the trials off without sufficient reason, breaking faith with the Eastern Club, avoiding a loss with plenty of money in their treasury, etc., the Continental Club at the present moment is looked upon with unkind eyes by the ones who were to make its competition.

Mr. H. B. Duryea, whose name is familiar to the sportsmen of America, more especially to field trialers, and whose name also is a synonym of enthusiasm, fair play and the highest sportsmanship, whether as a club member, judge, competitor or spectator, will be missed from the trials for a while—not long, let us hope—he having recently married. If he realize but a fraction of the good wishes which are bestowed upon him, life will be happy, long and prosperous.

The drawing for the Members' Stake took place to-night. On the blackboard is the following legend:

"The Eastern F. T. Club is here to stay, and we don't give a Continental."

After this follows the date of running the Members' Stake and Derby, and the date of closing of entries.

The Eastern Field Trials Club received the following official notification on the 15th inst., the first it had concerning the matter:

"INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 10, '95.—*Mr. Washington A. Coster, Sec'y Eastern F. T. Club, Newton, N. C.*—Dear Sir: Owing to the scarcity of birds at Newton this year, the Advisory Board of the Continental F. T. Club has declared its trials off. Yours very truly,

"P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas."

There is much disapprobation in respect to the Continental Club's act in declaring off its trials. B. WATERS.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters nd anglers require. See advertisement.

Yachting.

THE unfortunate termination of this year's international racing teaches a double lesson which we hope will no longer be lost on yacht clubs. The FOREST AND STREAM has urged for years the adoption in this country of the English method of visible marks at the end of the waterline, placed by the owner and measured and certified by the official measurer; and with this, the enforcement of the rule that a yacht shall be measured and her official measurement properly recorded before she shall start in a race. It is easy to see now how much trouble might have been avoided had these two important and practicable conditions been insisted on.

The marking of the waterline of a racing yacht is absolutely necessary under the present rules and conditions of match sailing, and should long ago have been made compulsory by American, as it is by British clubs. It takes the responsibility of a very difficult task from the measurer and places it where it belongs, on the owner who builds a yacht with freak ends; it is fairer to those owners who live rigidly by the rules, and it tends greatly to prevent such charges as are now being made against Vigilant and Defender. It would put a stop to one unfair practice which prevails in some cases. A new yacht is measured within a month of her launch and comes within her class by such a margin as $^1/_{100}$ft.; in the ordinary course of things she may race on this same measurement for four or five years, exceeding it before the middle of her first season, and always after being far out of her class. Of course, through necessary and open alteration a remeasurement may be made necessary; but such is not always the case, and protests on measurement are so seldom made here that yachtsmen as a rule are willing to submit quietly to an obvious injustice, racing a yacht which is well within the class against one which is known to be over it, rather than to enter a protest. If the waterline were marked this state of affairs would at once cease.

In the cases of Valkyrie II. and III., in 1893 and the present year, we see no reason why Lord Dunraven's repeated request that the waterline be marked should not have been acceded to, and every reason why it should—for the protection of the American yacht, if nothing else.

In discussing the Dunraven matter, the American papers have confined themselves mainly to two points, the condemnation of Lord Dunraven and the absurdity of his charge that more ballast was added to a yacht that was concededly stiff enough already. The arguments on the latter point are not only superfluous; as it first remains to be proven that Mr. Iselin was dishonest enough to wish to cheat, and foolish enough to risk the terrible consequences of an almost certain detection; but they are in themselves essentially weak. Lord Dunraven's charges do not imply solely that Defender's normal ballast was increased by 12 to 15 tons after measurement, which, it is generally conceded, would be no advantage to her; but they include another supposition, that the normal ballast was decreased by a lesser amount, say 10 to 12 tons, prior to measurement, raising her some four inches above her normal trim; and that after measurement and before the first race this ballast was replaced, bringing her to her proper waterline. The gain from such a proceeding is quite as plain as the loss from the opposite course, of carrying an excess of ballast in light weather; and completely nullifies the argument as to the absurdity of the act.

At the same time it must be said that such a change would be even more difficult than the other; it would have been necessary to remove the ballast at New Rochelle, where the yacht was haunted day and night by reporters and sightseers, prior to reaching the Erie Basin about noon on Sept. 6. At the Basin there was a crowd of possibly two thousand people eagerly watching every detail of the measurement under the eyes of Messrs. Herreshoff and Watson. If the yacht had been recently raised several inches, it is hardly possible that the marks would not have been visible in the discoloration of the bronze to some of the thousands of prying eyes.

THE rule calling for the measurement of a yacht prior to starting in a race is practically the same on both sides of the ocean, and on the other side, at least, it has been strictly enforced up to last year. The first exception was in the case of Vigilant, who raced on the Clyde and on to the Solent, sailing eleven times without being measured. This year the same thing was done, for a different reason, in the case of Valkyrie III., she being allowed to sail her three races on the Clyde without measurement. The example had already been set in this country by the special exemption from the provision of Rule V. granted to Defender in order to conceal her length and sail area from the challenger. Whatever may be said in defense of this action in the cases of Valkyrie III. and Defender, it cannot be disputed that such a rule and its rigid enforcement are necessary to the proper carrying on of general yacht racing, and consequently should be upheld by all yacht clubs and in all cases. It is no defense of Lord Dunraven's latest action to say that his request for the marking of the waterline was fair and reasonable, and that if it had been granted, and if Defender had, in her first trial race with Vigilant, been compelled to observe the rule of the New York Y. C., just as smaller yachts are, the present trouble could never have arisen.

THE *Field* of Nov. 19 says:

Nobody in this country supposes that Mr. Iselin could possibly have been implicated in any tampering with the Defender, but Lord Dunraven's suspicion that the Defender was deeper in the water on Sept. 7 than previously could have been proved or disproved if the course Lord Dunraven communicated to Mr. Fish had been adopted. It ought to have been done.

Nobody in *this* country who is at all familiar with yachting supposes for a moment that any one connected with Defender, from Capt. Haff down to the cabin boy, would have cared or dared to have made any alteration on the yacht without the express orders of Mr. Iselin. In all of the yachts which he has owned, from Mary Emma down to Titania, Vigilant and Defender, Mr. C. Oliver Iselin has never been a passenger, but has been master in every sense of the word His part on these boats has been the same as that of Gen. Paine on Mayflower and Volunteer, supervising and directing every detail, and it is simply inconceivable that a radical change of ballast, whether permissible under the rules or not, could have been made without his direct orders. Lord Dunraven's charge is to all intents a direct accusation of foul dealing against Mr. Iselin, and must be considered as such. It cannot be accepted as impersonal and directed merely against some unknown members of the crew.

THE past week has produced but two sensations, and those but mild ones—a renewal of the rumor that Sir George Newnes will challenge for the America's Cup, and a report that Vigilant was guilty of shifting ballast in her British races last year. The facts that Sir George Newnes is not a yachtsman—we believe he is not yet a member of any yacht club—and that he is a successful publisher and the proprietor of several popular and widely advertised periodicals, are not in themselves very promising. The reports as to Vigilant are too indefinite and general to call for special attention.

WE have received too late for publication this week the particulars of a new restricted class of 30ft. l.w.l., for which seven yachts have already been ordered of the Herreshoff Co.

Lord Dunraven's Charges.

THE full text of Lord Dunraven's letter as it appeared in the *Field* is as follows:

CIRCUMSTANTIAL STATEMENT OF THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

Sir—So much has been written and said loosely and from the standpoint of imperfect knowledge concerning the races between the Valkyrie and Defender for the America's Cup, and I have received so many requests for fuller information concerning that matter, that it is, I think, due to the yachting and general public and to myself to make a short statement on the subject. This statement will be mainly extracted from a letter which I sent to the secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron on September 24 last. I would confine myself entirely to the cause of my withdrawal, namely to the overcrowding of the course, were it not that other matters have been alluded to in the report to the New York Yacht Club, made by the America's Cup committee.

On August 30 I met the America's Cup committee at the New York Yacht Club, and, after some conversation, mainly on the question whether the races should be stopped after dark and declared off, the agreement as to terms and conditions, which had been previously arranged between us by correspondence, was mutually accepted, with a few small modifications. Among the conditions in this agreement the following have place:

The competing yachts shall be measured with all of the weights, dead and alive, which they intend to carry during the race on board; but the competing yachts shall not have on board more persons, all told, during any race than is permitted by the club rules.

If either yacht carries water tanks they must be filled with water at the time the measurement is taken.

The measurement referred to above covers all restrictions as to weights, system of measurement, time allowance, and the racing rules at present in force in the New York Yacht Club shall govern all the races.

The rules of the New York Yacht Club at page 142 say, among other things:

The official measurer, at the time of making his measurement, shall affix a distinctive mark at each end of the load waterline.

I was under the impression at the time that this rule meant that the competing vessels would be marked on stem and stern, in such a way as to make the marks externally visible, as is the case under our Yacht Racing Association rules. I learned, however, at the time of the meeting with the Cup committee on Aug. 30, that according to the practice of the New York Y. C. load waterline length is marked by a couple of copper tacks driven into the deck.

I did not consider this method of marking satisfactory, as it obviously afforded no means of judging whether the vessel was sailing on her proper measured length or not. I contented, myself, however, with observing that it did not appear to me to be of much practical value. I went no further than this, as I did not feel justified in demanding any departure from the ordinary usage, without some strong and definite cause.

On Sept. 4 Mr. James D. Smith, the chairman of the Cup committee, informed me that Mr. Iselin was anxious that our agreement should be amended so as to insure the intervening of one clear week day between each race. To this I agreed, and I took advantage of the opportunity offered by this reopening of the agreement to press upon the Cup committee, in the following letter, my views on the subject of measuring and marking, which I had previously expressed in conversation:

No. 439 FIFTH AVENUE, New York, Sept. 5.—*Dear Mr. Canfield:* I have received your letter notifying me of a contemplated alteration of racing dates. That question having been reopened, I wish to call your attention to another matter which, on reflection, I do not consider satisfactory.

This contest may possibly extend over a period of ten days, or, perhaps, a fortnight. It is obvious that alterations in the load waterline length of either vessel may, under present conditions, be made without orders, without the knowledge of the principals and without the possibility of detection. It is, of course, impossible to guard absolutely against such an occurrence.

But these contests cannot be compared with ordinary races, and in the interest of the public and of the owners, who have to do their best to see that rules are obeyed, it is surely right and necessary that the America's Cup committee should take every precaution to see that both vessels sail on their measured load waterline length.

For this reason I have to request that the official measurer be instructed to mark each vessel's measured load waterline length on both stem and stern and to take any further steps that either he or the committee thinks advisable by remeasurement at any time, or by any other means, to ascertain that the load waterline length, as measured, is not exceeded in sailing.

To mark vessels in this way is a perfectly simple matter. A scratch with a file or chisel or a distinct paint mark would suffice. Yours very truly, DUNRAVEN.

To that letter I received no written reply, but I was given verbally to understand that the committee saw no object in reconsidering the points involved. I did not further press the matter, as I considered the committee responsible, and that, unless necessity compelled, I had no right to insist on my points.

The agreement involving the conditions of the race was signed by Mr. Smith and myself on board the Valkyrie's tender, the City of Bridgeport, on Sept. 6.

The first race was sailed on Sept. 7.

I am of the opinion that the Defender did not sail on her measured load waterline length during that race.

I should first explain that, to the best of my belief, none of the gentlemen interested in the Defender lived on board her or on board her tender, the Hattie Palmer; that the Defender's crew slept on board her, and that, in consequence, a good deal of material—men's coats, etc.—had to be transferred backward and forward between the Hattie Palmer and the Defender. A good opportunity was afforded us of observing Defender when she lay close to us in the Erie Basin previous to docking after her final trial race with Vigilant on Aug. 31. When she came into the same basin to be measured on Sept. 6 it was plain to me—as it was to all on board the City of Bridgeport—that she was floating considerably higher then than she floated on the former occasion, but that was, of course, quite unobjectionable.

I may further mention that, according to the statement of Mr. Hyslop, the official measurer, Defender was some 6in. shorter when measured for the America's Cup races than when she was measured for the Goelet cup race.

Both yachts lay inside Sandy Hook on Friday night. Defender's tender, the Hattie Palmer, lay alongside her, and her crew were at work from dark to 1 o'clock in the morning. Early on Saturday morning my attention was drawn by those on board the City of Bridgeport, including representatives of her American crew, to the effect that Defender was visibly deeper in the water than she had been when measured. She so appeared to me, but as her tender was alongside and engaged apparently in taking material out of her, it was impossible to form a definite opinion at that time.

When, however, I put Mr. Henderson, my representative, on board Defender, about 9 A. M., after the Hattie Palmer had left her, I felt perfectly certain that Defender was immersed deeper than she was when measured. Not only was her bobstay bolt nearer the water (which might have been the result of alteration of trim), but, judging by the line of bronze plating and by the fact that a pipe amidships, which was flush with the water when measured, was now nowhere visible, she was, in my deliberate opinion, floating about 4in. deeper in the water than she was when measured.

I was reluctant to make a formal complaint to the Cup committee on a matter which it was, of course, impossible for me to verify.

In any case, nothing could be done before the race was started, but as soon as Mr. Lathan Fish, a member of the committee, came on board the Valkyrie as Defender's representative, and before the race was started, I stated the whole case to him.

I told him I thought some mistake had been made, and that all of the weight put into Defender after measurement had not been taken out of the before the race. I added that I was positively certain she was sailing at least 1ft. beyond her proper length, and requested him to take the earliest opportunity of mentioning the matter to the committee.

Mr. Fish asked me what suggestions I could make, and I replied to the effect that I wished the committee to put one of their members, or some reliable representative, on board of each yacht immediately after the race, and to have both vessels remeasured, if possible, that evening.

If that were impossible, then I said I would suggest that members of the committee, or their representatives, should stay on board in charge of both vessels until they were remeasured; that the load waterline should be marked on both vessels, externally, in such a way as to be plainly visible, and that the committee should take any other steps they thought desirable to insure that both yachts should not exceed their load waterline length when racing.

I met Mr. Fish on board the committee boat immediately after the race. No action was taken that evening beyond ordering the vessels to be remeasured and marked externally on the day following.

No members or representatives of the committee were placed in charge pending the remeasurement, as I had requested should be done. Had this been done, my contention that Defender exceeded her measured length and the extreme limit of length imposed by agreement and deed of gift, namely, 90ft., would have been proved or disproved.

Defender lay Saturday night at Bay Ridge, with the Hattie Palmer alongside her.

Both yachts were remeasured on the following day, Sunday afternoon, when their load waterline length was found to be practically the same as when measured on the Friday previous, but obviously that fact afforded no proof that either or both of the yachts had not exceeded their measured length when sailing on Saturday.

My action in making this complaint has been severely criticised. I will only say that I considered it my duty to act as I did, and that I asked for nothing that I was not ready and willing to submit to myself.

The first race, on Sept. 7, was fifteen miles to windward and back. The starting line was so dangerously crowded by all sorts of steam vessels under way that it was impossible for the boats to maneuver properly or in safety. Craft were constantly passing in front of the markboat, and it was impossible to pick up the line accurately. When Valkyrie came near the line, the lee markboat—a small tug—was completely hidden from view, and, not knowing where the line was, and fearing we might be too soon for the gun-fire, we bore away for a time and spoiled our start.

On the fifteen-mile reach home from the weather mark Valkyrie was badly hampered by numerous boats, being surrounded on all sides by large steamers and tugs, which gave her the full effect of their wash and completely blanketed her. It was not until they had drawn out a little wider that we got anything like a true wind and sea. Defender was also doubtless interfered with, but to nothing like the same extent. This was in accordance with my former experience—that the vessel astern got much the worst of the wash.

The second race was sailed on Sept. 10. The starting line was again blocked and crowded to a dangerous extent, making it impossible to maneuver with any reasonable degree of safety. So much so, that after the gybe and when both vessels were going for the line, a large iron coasting steamer, the Yorktown, had to go full speed astern to clear the Valkyrie. While maneuvering for the start a foul occurred which led to a protest by Defender against Valkyrie, and to a decision of the regatta committee awarding the race to Defender.

The race was over a triangular course, the courses to steer by compass being given us by signals from the committee vessel before the start, the first side of the triangle being laid off to windward. During the turn to windward to the first mark we had fairly clear water to sail over; and on the reach from the first to the second mark a fairly clear course was also preserved; but on the reach from second mark home the excursion steamers interfered with us to an extent unprecedented in my experience, either on this occasion or in 1893.

Some eight or nine vessels crossed our bows; a number were to the windward of us, and, what was worse, a long line of vessels, packed closely together and steaming at a high rate of speed, accompanied us to leeward, their wash running against wind and natural sea, giving us heavy broken water to sail through. We sailed the whole way in a boil of wash, and were blanketed on both sides. It was difficult to steer our vessel, and racing was reduced to an absolute farce.

I make no accusation of partiality. I only say that, whereas the ship which was astern on the first day got much the worst of the wash, the ship which was in front got much the worst of it on the second day.

Even assuming the absolute impartiality of intention, the result was a race sailed over a course impeded by some 200 steamers and tugs, and which was an issue of chance. I made up my mind that it was perfectly useless to sail under such circumstances, and communicated my decision then and there to the gentlemen on board Valkyrie. What course I should have taken had I been merely personally interested I do not know, but as representing a British yacht club in an international race I had no hesitation in declining to sail under conditions which precluded the possibility of a fair trial of the merits of representative vessels.

I had come out to race, not to take part in a show.

It has been stated that in coming to this decision I was influenced by the fact that Valkyrie had been protested against.

That is not true.

I was not aware that any protest had been made until we were brought up at Bay Ridge, some hours after I had informed the gentlemen on board Valkyrie (Mr. Kersey, Mr. Glennie and Mr. Ratsey) that under existing circumstances I would race no more. On my return to the City of Bridgeport that evening I wrote the following letter to the Cup committee:

SEPT. 10, 1895.—Gentlemen: It is with great reluctance that I write to inform you that I decline to sail Valkyrie any more under the circumstances that have prevailed in the last two races, and for the following reasons:

First. To attempt to start two such large vessels in a very confined space and amid moving steamers and tugboats is, in my opinion, exceedingly dangerous, and I will no further risk the lives of my men or the ship.

Second. On the reach home from the second mark to-day eight or nine steamers crossed my bows close to. Several were to windward of me, and, what was worse, a block of steamers was steaming level with me and close under my lee. I sailed nearly the whole distance in the tumbling water and in the heavy wash of these steamers.

To race under those conditions is, in my opinion, absurd, and I decline to submit myself to them again.

I would remind your committee that, foreseeing the trouble that would occur, I urged upon them the desirability of sailing off Marblehead or in some locality other than New York Bay, and that they refused to do so. At the same time I wish to testify to my belief that your committee have done everything in their power to prevent overcrowding.

The fact is that when a contest between representatives of two yacht clubs creates so much popular interest and attracts such crowds of people (if the race is sailed in the immediate neighborhood of a great city, and if the dates of races and the times of starting are known and advertised), it is impossible to keep the course free from the cause of exceptional danger and clear enough to insure the probability that the result of the match is decided according to the relative merits of the competing vessels.

I have the honor to remain your obedient servant,

(Signed) DUNRAVEN.

Finding, soon after my return to the City of Bridgeport, that a protest had been lodged against me, and believing that the Cup committee had heard the protest, I did not think it right to hand them this letter pending their decision. I wished to avoid the possibility of appearing desirous of influencing them, or of being myself influenced by the fact of the protest. I therefore handed the letter to a third party—Mr. Kersey—with written instructions to deliver it after the protest was decided.

As it turned out, this precaution was perhaps unnecessary, as on arriving at the New York Y. C. on the following morning I ascertained that the regatta committee had decided the protest, and that the Cup committee were not concerned in it. I met Mr. Canfield, the secretary of the Cup committee, at the New York Y. C. about noon, and requested him to call a meeting of his committee to consider a letter of importance. My letter was opened by Mr. Canfield at 2:30 P. M., and it was, I believe, laid before the committee then, or shortly after.

About 9 P. M. Mr. Canfield and Mr. Busk called upon me at the Waldorf, where I was at a dinner party, and we had a short conversation on the subject of my letter. I understood their proposal to be that if I would sail the following day, the committee would not start the vessels until the starting line was clear, and that the dates and times of starting any other races should not be published. I did not consider that arrangement satisfactory, and told Mr. Canfield and Mr. Busk that I did not see how I could depart from my decision.

I begged that the next day's race might be postponed to give me time for deliberation, but offered to sail if the committee would undertake to declare the race off if, in their opinion, either vessel was unduly crowded. I asked for a distinct proposal in writing and a little time for its consideration. At 10:30 o'clock I received the following proposal in writing:

"SEPT. 11, 1895.—My Lord: The America's cup committee will postpone the start to-morrow as long as may be necessary to secure a clear space and plenty of room for the yachts to maneuver and start in. In case of such postponement a preliminary signal will be given fifteen minutes before the preparatory signal.

"I have the honor to remain your obedient servant,

"(Signed) A. CASS CANFIELD."

The following reply declining to sail round the course, but saying that I would cross the line, was delivered at the New York Y. C. at 12:15 the same night:

No. 439 FIFTH AVENUE, September 11, 1895, 11:30 P. M.—*Dear Mr. Canfield:* I have received your letter. I regret that, being engaged at the time you and Mr. Busk were kind enough to call at the Waldorf, I could not give you a decided answer to the proposition made in our short conversation.

I have since considered the matter carefully. Your proposition to postpone the start until we have sufficient room meets only one out of the more serious difficulties mentioned in my letter of the 10th, and if no solution can be found to those difficulties I must adhere to my decision as expressed in that letter.

I am fully convinced that the committee have done and would do to-morrow all in their power to keep a clear course, but under existing circumstances they are powerless. As I told you, I would sail if the committee would take it upon themselves to declare the race void if, in their judgment, either yacht was interfered with by steamers and tugboats.

I regret that you are unable to agree to that. I regret also that the race fixed for to-morrow could not be postponed in order to give the committee ample time to consider my former letter, and I am sorry my letter was not delivered to you sooner. As I explained to you, I was under the impression that the Cup committee heard the protest, and pending decision I did not think it right to place the letter in their hands. When I learned this morning that the Cup committee had nothing to do with the protest I requested Mr. Kersey, to whom I had intrusted the letter, to hand it to you.

In case you do not receive this letter to-night, I shall take Valkyrie

to Sandy Hook Lightship to-morrow morning and will cross the line to give Defender a start. Yours very truly, (Signed) DUNRAVEN.

I am in ignorance as to what followed on receipt of this letter, and I do not know whether the contents were communicated to Mr. Iselin or whether any steps were taken to inform the public.

As regards the foul, I do not for one moment impugn the motives of the regatta committee, but I think myself entitled to call attention to the protest. The protest is as follows:

To the Regatta Committee, New York Y. C.:

DEAR SIRS—It is with much regret that I hereby protest Valkyrie.

In the race to-day I shaped my course for the line, which course, according to my orders, was not altered in the slightest degree on the starboard tack with sheet trimmed down when Valkyrie bore down on us with wide sheets, and in luffing fouled our starboard main rigging with her main boom, carrying away our spreader and springing our topmast. Respectfully yours,

(Signed) C. OLIVER ISELIN.

The following is a written statement handed by me to the committee before giving verbal evidence:

At about two minutes to the starting gun both vessels gybed on to the starboard tack, Valkyrie being to windward and slightly ahead of Defender; the vessels being distant from each other about 50yds. Owing to the presence of a steamer right in our track to the starting line, the vessels separated a little, Valkyrie passing ahead and Defender astern of the steamer.

After clearing the steamer, Valkyrie held her course for a little, then luffed, pointing a little to the windward of the committee boat for a few moments, then kept away so as to cross the line well clear of the committee boat.

Defender, after clearing the steamer, held the same course as Valkyrie for a little, then luffed, and would, if she had kept that course, have passed considerably to windward of the committee boat. I judged she was going for my weather quarter. She then kept hard away; then luffed again and fouled Valkyrie. Neither vessel had sheets in. Defender was overtaking and had overlapped Valkyrie to leeward directly after clearing the steamer, and was nearly abeam of her when the foul occurred.

Valkyrie's helm was eased in order to avoid a foul if possible. Had she luffed more a foul would still have occurred, and Valkyrie would have run into the committee boat.

Had she stayed, the foul would have been much more serious, and Valkyrie would have been forced to cross the line on the wrong side of the committee boat. As it was, we had to pull the helm hard up in order to clear the committee boat, and only just succeeded in doing so.

I submit that Defender broke rules 7, 10, 14 and 16 of the New York Y. C. She was not luffing to prevent herself from being passed to windward. She was the overtaking vessel. An overlap existed long before she luffed. She was bound to give room at the mark and had no difficulty in doing so. Even on the supposition that Defender steered a straight course from the steamer, I submit that she was bound to give room to another vessel approaching the committee boat on the same tack. Either vessel would, if close hauled from the time they passed clear of the steamer, have passed about 150yds. to windward of the committee boat.

Had I deemed it possible that Defender would protest I should have protested against her. I believe the foul to have been the result of accident. I thought that, being affected by my wash and her headsails being right under my mainsail, she had probably taken a sudden sheer to windward and unintentionally fouled me. Under these circumstances I did not think it necessary to protest.

The decision of the regatta committee is given below:

REGATTA COMMITTEE, Sept. 11.—*C. Oliver Iselin, Esq.:* Dear Sir—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday.

We have given the matter our careful consideration and believe that the foul occurred through a miscalculation of distance between the two yachts at a critical moment.

From our own observation, confirmed by that of others who were in a good position to see all that occurred, we find that Valkyrie, in contravention of Section 11 of racing rule No. 16, bore down upon Defender and fouled her by the swing of her main boom when luffing to straighten her course.

We also consider that Defender left Valkyrie sufficient room to windward to pass clear of committee boat. Your protest is therefore sustained. Yours respectfully,

(Signed) S. NICHOLSON KANE, CHESTER GRISWOLD, IRVING GRINNELL, } Regatta Committee.

To my written statement I have little to add.

Photographs taken just before and immediately after the foul clearly show the positions of the vessels. I do not see how we can have had sufficient room to windward, for I know that we were in imminent danger of running into the committee boat. I could see her to leeward, of our bowsprit and close to us that I was within an ace of ordering the helm hard down instead of hard up, fearing we could not clear her, but eventually we just scraped clear by putting the helm hard up.

When two vessels are rapidly converging nothing is more difficult than for an onlooker (unless he is exactly astern of them) to decide whether any alteration of helm takes place or whether one luffs or the other bears away, and I still hold that Valkyrie was pointing just well clear of the weather end of the line—namely, the committee boat—and that we did not bear down, but that Defender luffed into her. But assuming me to be wrong, I fail to see what rule was broken. Section 11 of racing rule 16 of the New York Y. C. states that "A yacht shall not bear away out of her course so as to hinder another in passing to leeward." Passing to leeward is, I apprehend, intended to apply to a vessel sailing a definite course to some definite point, and cannot apply to vessels maneuvering for a start and steering half a dozen courses in as many minutes. Under such circumstances the only course that can be said to be given them is to get to the starting line. Both vessels were on the same tack; both off the wind, Valkyrie a little ahead and to windward, Defender to leeward and overtaking. There could not be any question of preventing Defender passing to leeward, as she had her whole length of the line clear to leeward, and I fail to see how any rule could be broken unless we had borne her down on top of or to the leeward of the lightship, which represented the other or leeward end of the line.

Section 7 of the racing rules of the New York Y. C. lays it down that "an overtaking yacht shall *in every case*, (the italics are mine) as long as an overlap exists, keep clear of the yacht that is being overtaken." There can be no question that Defender was overtaking, and that an overlap existed.

While accepting the verdict of the regatta committee as final, and, of course, given in perfect good faith, I am bound to say I think their judgment was founded on a mistaken estimate of circumstances and of the relative courses and positions of the vessels in respect to the direction of wind and starting line. I saw no protest flag shown on Defender, nor, I may add, did Mr. Henderson, my representative on Defender. Had I been aware Defender had protested I would certainly have done the same.

My declining to accede to Mr. Iselin's proposal to sail the race over again after it had been awarded to Defender has excited considerable comment. It was quite impossible for me to do so. Protest was made; it was not withdrawn; it was disputed; the proper authority investigated the case and gave their decision. I could not resail the race at the personal request of Mr. Iselin after the committee had given a verdict against me, even had I been willing to do so.

It was not within the power of Mr. Iselin and myself to resail the race, nor within the power of the regatta committee to permit it. The regatta committee could, under Article 10 of the New York Y. C. rules, have ordered the race to be resailed without taking evidence. They could have done so after taking evidence on the ground that it was inconclusive, or that the foul was on both sides accidental, but, having once heard the protest and decided that one of the vessels broke a regulation under which she was sailing, their decision was final, and could not be revoked by any private arrangement with or without their sanction.

When I went before the regatta committee they asked me, on their own initiative, and without any authority from Mr. Iselin, whether I did not think it would be a good thing if the race could be resailed by mutual agreement.

I replied to the effect that they had the power to order the race to be resailed, but that a definite protest having been made and not withdrawn, I supposed they ought to hear it, and that so far as I was concerned I was perfectly willing to have the case decided on its merits. I do not see what other answer I could possibly have returned.

Owing to some ambiguity in the words of a letter from Mr. Iselin to Mr. Smith, the chairman of the America's Cup committee, dated Sept. 16, my refusal to resail this race has led to the erroneous supposition that I declined to resail the whole series.

Mr. Iselin made, I believe, a proposal at the New York Y. C. to resail the series under any conditions agreeable to me, but this proposal was never communicated to me by Mr. Iselin, or by either of the committee. I would have been more than glad to avail myself of it, with a reasonably clear course assured.

As my action on Sept. 12, when the last race took place, appears to have been misunderstood, especially in respect of my crossing the line, I may be permitted more fully to explain.

Having made up my mind on Tuesday, the 10th, to sail no more under the circumstances that had prevailed during the race of that day and of the previous Saturday, I endeavored to carry out my determination with the greatest courtesy to every one. When I was towed down to Sandy Hook on Thursday morning I was in complete ignorance as to the intentions of the committee, but thought that they would postpone the race by the simple process of hoisting the letter G. As they did not do so, I crossed the line to make a race and conclude the match.

The accusation made against me freely in America that I broke my agreement by not sailing around the course is unreasonable. A fair field and reasonably clear course is an understood condition of any match. It was the business of the committee to provide such a course. It was not my business to dictate to them in any written agreement the means they were to employ. Failing a fair field and reasonably clear course, no man can be bound by any agreement as to terms to continue sailing under circumstances which gave the vessel no chance. To complain of the condition of the course, and to sail over it again without effective steps having been taken to remedy that condition, would have been absurd. To refuse to make a start would have been improper, and I think rude. I fulfilled all the strict liabilities by crossing the line. I had agreed to sail the best out of five races. By crossing the line I made a race and concluded the contest.

Moreover, I thought it the most courteous thing to do, and I had told Mr. Canfield and Mr. Busk that I would do so. Having crossed the line and returned, the match and the international character of the proceedings were over, and I took down my racing flag and hoisted the burgee of the New York Y. C. (of which I have the honor of being an honorary member), instead of the Royal Yacht Squadron's burgee, which I had hitherto worn. I hoped that this would have been construed, as I intended it to be, into a sign of courtesy.

I have no desire to comment upon the action of the committee, but I must express my regret that the third race was not postponed. The fact of overcrowding was not disputed nor denied. To ask for a day for consideration or proper means for the abatement of an admitted evil was not a very exorbitant demand. It was refused on the ground of public convenience, and I have been accused of deliberately causing inconvenience to the public by my action. Timely action on the part of the committee would have averted any inconvenience that arose.

My letter refusing to sail under existing conditions was considered by them early on Wednesday afternoon. Nothing could have been easier than for the committee, having such an important matter to consider and decide upon, to have notified the evening press that the race for the following day was postponed. If on Wednesday afternoon they determined to make no concession, other than undertaking to secure a clear starting line, they must have been perfectly well aware that I would not sail round the course. Mr. Canfield and Mr. Busk had it verbally from me at 9:30 o'clock that I would not do so, and my letter distinctly declining to do so was at the New York Y. C. at 12:15 o'clock that night, and if they were still in any doubt as to my intentions, it was perfectly easy for them, when passing the Valkyrie on her way out to the Lightship on Thursday morning, to have come alongside and ascertained them.

It was further perfectly possible, and quite within the rights of the committee, at the last moment to have hoisted the letter "G," which, according to instructions, means: "Do you assent to calling the race off for the day."

Valkyrie's answering pennant was got ready to reply to the signal, in the full expectancy that it would be hoisted. Defender, naturally not wishing to sail over the course alone, would no doubt have at once agreed to the postponement, and no more inconvenience would have been experienced by anybody than in the case of a postponement owing to the lack of wind, to fog, to some accident to either vessel or to any similar cause.

In any case, the object of the challenge was to try the merits of the two vessels in a series of races for an international cup, and with that object no other consideration should have interfered.

I can only add that nothing was further from my thoughts than a desire to appear discourteous, or to cause any inconvenience to the owners of the Defender, to the committee or to the public. If any inconvenience was caused I regret it, but I cannot hold myself to blame therefor. Failing postponement, I regret that the committee refused to take upon themselves the responsibility of determining whether the two vessels were unduly crowded during a race. They could have called in the assistance of a referee if they had so desired.

Steps were taken to insure a clear start on the last day. It is a pity that they were not taken sooner. Had steamers been at the same time informed that the race would be called off if they hampered the vessels, it is possible that a fairly and reasonably clear course would have been preserved.

As to the merits of the vessels, as far as I can judge, on the first race we made a bad start. We lost sight of the markboat, and when close on the line we bore up without, as it turned out, any necessity for doing so, and so lost our weather berth. But the ship sailed remarkably well, especially considering that the conditions we least desired prevailed—namely, a very light wind and a good deal of swell. She worked out clear very fast into a very good position, and would, I am convinced, have rolled the weather mark well ahead had not the wind constantly southerned and broke us off badly.

We made two palpable mistakes. When we stayed to eastward to fetch the mark the wind broke us off about three points; and when we stayed to port to cross Defender on the starboard tack, the wind broke us off again and freed her and we were forced to stay again. She rounded the weather mark 3m. 23s. ahead, and made the whole of that gain in the last quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. Against all that, of course, there is nothing to say—it was bad judgment on our part or bad luck—but I was perfectly satisfied with the way the vessel turned to windward.

As to the reach home, it is impossible to judge, owing to the crowding of the steamers already alluded to, but my belief is that Defender would have gained on us in any case, though certainly not to anything like the same extent.

On the second day, I do not think that the fact that Defender carried no jibtopsail to windward made any difference. We carried a jibtopsail because we had set it at the start, and as it was no detriment we did not risk losing anything by taking it in, but Valkyrie would have got to the weather mark as soon without it. We gained 2m. 50s. on that leg of the triangle. On the reach from the first to the second mark, Defender lost time by not carrying—I presume by not being able to carry—a larger jibtopsail; but, on the other hand, we lost a good bit by having to shift sails.

I think the tug employed to lay down the second mark made a mistake in the course given her, or that her compass had a larger error than was allowed for. I had Valkyrie's compasses adjusted to every point by a skilled man from Messrs. Negus, who attend to all the compasses and instruments of the White Star Line, and I had them tested with special reference to the possible effect of the steel boom in various positions. My navigating officer, Mr. Harrison, verified the adjuster's work and found it correct. We steered the course given us—namely, N.E. by E. magnetic—and Defender for some time steered identically the same course that we did. Therefore, either both the yachts made a mistake or the tug did. Having covered some six miles, as we estimated, we were much puzzled at seeing no sign of the tug or mark. There was the tug steaming along to windward of us, and our attention was specially called to her by seeing Defender haul her wind a couple of points or so, but we concluded that this could not possibly be the markboat, as she was not steering the course given us, and was not far enough ahead. Shortly after this the tug steamed head to wind and let go the float about one mile from us. Defender, having steered for this tug some fifteen minutes before, fetched the mark easily, but we were then so much to leeward that we had to take in our bowsprit spinaker and set staysail, jib and jibtopsail to do so.

How much we lost by sailing over the additional ground and in handling these big sails, with a crowd of men out on the bowsprit and forward, I cannot say; but we certainly lost considerably through the inefficient marking of the course. We lost 17s. on this leg of the triangle.

Of the reach home, when overcrowding was intolerable, it is unnecessary to speak further. We lost 1m. 17s. in that nine and a half or ten miles.

On the whole, my belief is that Defender is the better of the two vessels on a reach, and Valkyrie, in turning to windward. We never came on a run, owing to the wind shifting so much during the first race; but as running is Valkyrie's best point and seems to be Defender's worst point—judging by her sailing against Vigilant—I have no doubt that Valkyrie is the better of the two vessels on that point of sailing also. DUNRAVEN.

The special meeting of the New York Y. C. called at Mr. Iselin's request was held on Nov. 18, with Com. Brown presiding. The club house was packed with members, the meeting being by far the largest ever held. The first order of business was the reading of the following letter, to which was appended Lord Dunraven's communication:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 18, 1895.—*To the New York Yacht Club:* Gentlemen: I desire to lay before you for your consideration the charges made by Lord Dunraven in his letter to the London *Field*, of which a copy is annexed.

"A careful perusal of his letter will show that Lord Dunraven makes the charge that, after having been measured for the Cup races in September last, the Defender was surreptitiously loaded so as to sink her 4in. deeper in the water; that she sailed in that condition on the first day's race, and that immediately after that race the ballast so loaded was secretly removed, so that, when remeasured the next day—Sunday—no discrepancy was found to exist between the two measurements. While Lord Dunraven intimates that I was not personally cognizant of the fraud, the charge is none the less explicit.

"Now, Lord Dunraven is an experienced yachtsman, and when he made this charge he knew perfectly well, as every yachtsman knows, that it was a practical impossibility for such a thing as he charges to have been done on the Defender between her measurement on Friday and her sailing on Saturday, without being known or made known to me, who, on behalf of the owners of the Defender and in the name of the New York Y. C., was charged with the sole responsibility of managing her during the race. Officers and men to the number of thirty-eight were on board all the intervening time, and it is impossible that the fourteen tons of ballast necessary to accomplish the result charged could have been put into her on Friday night and taken out again before Sunday without the fact being known to a large number of witnesses. I was responsible for the proper officering and manning of the yacht. I personally examined the Defender's hold and every part of her on the morning of the 7th immediately before the race, and I know the absolute falsity of the imputation. I consider myself, therefore, as standing before the world solemnly charged by Lord Dunraven with an offense as base as could possibly be imputed to a sportsman and a gentleman, and which I indignantly resent and repel; and more than that, with having betrayed the confidence of my associates in the ownership of the Defender, the trust placed in me by the New York Y. C., and the good name of my country, whose reputation for fair play was involved in the contest.

"Lord Dunraven claims to have sailed the race on Saturday after being satisfactorily assured that he had been cheated in the fraudulent overloading of the Defender. He sailed the next race on the 10th with the same conviction on his mind that on the first day's race he had been cheated. He broke off the last day's race, not upon any such ground, but on the entirely distinct ground that the course would not and could not be kept clear. He went home, and after a silence of more than two months, he makes this odious charge in a communication addressed, not to me, nor to the owners of the Defender, nor to either the New York Y. C. or the Royal Yacht Squadron, whom we respectfully represented in the races for the America's Cup, but to a public newspaper on the other side of the Atlantic, which it would be impossible for me to read or reply to before it had already made a deep impression on the minds of his countrymen.

"Relying upon its belief in my integrity, the New York Y. C. deemed itself justified in placing its honor and that of the country in my hands in the conduct of the race. I could not have imagined that, in assuming that trust, I should expose myself and you to such gross imputations. But now that they have been made, I place myself in your hands, in order that the club may take such steps as it sees fit, not alone to vindicate the Defender and the honor of her owners, but also to refute the imputation cast upon the good faith of the club and the country. C. OLIVER ISELIN."

The reading of the letter was greeted by hearty cheers for Mr. Iselin. The following motion, made by Lewis Cass Ledyard, schooner Montauk, and seconded by Ogden Goelet, steam yacht White Ladye, was passed unanimously:

"*Whereas*, The London *Field* has lately made public certain charges purporting to have been made by the Earl of Dunraven in reference to the recent Cup races sailed under the challenge of the Royal Yacht Squadron; and

"*Whereas*, This club is of the opinion that, notwithstanding the extraordinary conduct of the Earl of Dunraven in respect to the time and manner of making such charges, it is due to its honor and dignity that suitable action should be taken in relation thereto,

"*Resolved*, That J. Pierpont Morgan, William C. Whitney and George L. Rives are hereby appointed a committee, with power in their discretion to add to their number, to whom the matter of said charges is hereby referred, and that said committee shall have full power to represent this club in reference to the matter, and to take, on behalf of the club and in its name, any action which may seem to them proper in the premises."

Secretary Oddie then read the following letter:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—*Dear Commodore Brown:* I understand that a motion may be made at the meeting of the New York Y. C. this evening to appoint a committee of the club to look into the matter of measurement referred to by Lord Dunraven in his letter to the Cup committee of Sept. 7 last and subsequently.

"I have a cable from Lord Dunraven to-day saying that, while he thinks it is now too late to investigate, if a desire exists among the members of the club to do so he will come over here and place himself at the disposal of the club or its committee. He says that he would not be able to get away before the fourth proximo.

"Will you kindly inform either the club or the committee as you may think desirable? Yours sincerely, H. MAITLAND KERSEY."

After the reading of this letter the meeting adjourned.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

THE regular November meeting of the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. was held on Nov. 12, with Com. Benedict in the chair. The race committee read its report and Secretary Hayden then read three challenges for the club's international cup: one from the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. of Montreal, in behalf of Messrs. G. H. Duggan and F. S. Sherwood, which, being first in order, was accepted. The second was as follows:

LONDON, Nov. 7, 1895.

Secretary Seawanhaka Y. C., New York:

The Royal Corinthian Y. C. challenges for an international race in the 15ft. class for Mr. Linton Hope's Kismet. Letter follows.

T. J. F. WINSER, Sec'y.

No. 72 MARK LANE, London.

It was resolved to accept this challenge conditional on the cup being still held by the club after the races with the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. Mr. Brand's challenge was entirely informal, nothing having yet been heard from the Minima Y. C., but a formal challenge, if received, will be accepted by the club on condition that the first and second challenges are unsuccessful.

The race committee proposed a vote of thanks to Com. Benedict for his aid in the races, and one to Vice-Com. Rouse for the construction of a defending boat. A vote of thanks was also passed to the Indian Harbor Y. C. for its hearty aid throughout the races, and in providing three boats for the trial races. Some changes were made in the by-laws by which the board of trustees is increased to nine members instead of five, one of them being chairman of the house committee. The following members were elected: Rhinelander Waldo, Frank H. Boynton, William H. Starbuck, William M. Renwick, H. T. Blodgett, C. A. Garland, A. A. Bibby, Deforest Manice, J. M. Woodbury, H. A. Van Liew, E. W. G. Welling, D. B. Burnham, C. S. Hoyt, W. H. Burgess, John R. Drexel, Howard Ford, August Z. Van Winkle, Richard Stevens, Robert Goelet, Guy Phelps Dodge, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Edmund Clarke and Samuel Insull.

Since the meeting it is reported that Vice-Com. F. E. Walker, Victoria Y. C. of Hamilton, Ont., will send a fourth challenge.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. H. C. Wintringham has just completed the designs and specifications for two very handsome steam yachts, the larger, of 140ft., to be built of steel; the smaller, some 20ft. shorter, of composite construction.

Dr. Wm. C. Herring, owner of the schooner Mohican, which was burned last March at Shoreham, Eng., has won his suit for $15,000 insurance on the yacht.

John R. Fell, Cor. Y. C. of Philadelphia, owner of the steam yacht Baracouta, died at his home in Philadelphia on Nov. 16, at the age of 35.

Steam Yachts and Launches

BUILT BY MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago, Ill. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

AFTER all that has been urged for the Lake Champlain sites, Willsborough and Bluff Point, in the last few years, it is somewhat of a surprise that the return to the St. Lawrence River and Grindstone Island came so quietly, so naturally and as almost a matter of course. Very little has been said about it this year, and much has been said at the past meet, as at the preceding ones, in favor of Lake Champlain; but all at once opinion seems to have changed in favor of the St. Lawrence.

We look to see a very pleasant and successful meet at old Grindstone, under the management of Com. Huntington. The material features of the camp are likely to be well looked after, and the preliminary arrangements, so far as they have gone, are very satisfactory; the site has been obtained, the Delaneys have arranged to supply ice, meat, etc., as in the past, and the manager of last year's mess at Bluff Point has signified his willingness to undertake it this coming season. The idea of revisiting the old camp ground will bring back many who have not been seen at recent camps, and the fame of Grindstone, as oft recounted by the old fellows, will bring many of the newer ones.

WHILE we look forward with pleasure to the meet of 1896, it is with a certain apprehension that there may be some disappointment on all hands. To the old men the camp on Eel Bay will recall memories of many who are absent and of some, like Fairtlough, Lloyd Thomas, Carter and Van Deusen, who are dead; and the pleasure of the reunion will be dimmed by sad recollections. While the three camps at Grindstone were, in location and arrangements, the best the Association

has ever known, their one great charm was in the familiar intercourse of many old comrades, practically the same set of men attending each year. This inner circle of canoeing has long since been broken, and the old men—those who made the A. C. A., Bishop, Oliver, Vaux Bailey, Richards, Rathbun, with Tyson, Jack Weller, Neilson, Baldwin, Ford Jones, Whitlock, Phil Wackerhagen, Kirk Munroe, Westcott and Andrews, all of the old Grindstone's party—are seldom seen at the meets. We hope that this year may bring back many, but it will bring them back, if at all, older, busier, and long out of racing; and nothing can bring back, in one short year, the old-time fellowship that did so much to strengthen the A. C. A. in its earlier years.

THE financial report of the year is most gratifying, not only in that it shows that the past year, with a meet quite equal in the perfection of its arrangements to the previous ones, the Association has actually made nearly $600, and has now a sinking fund of over $1,000 in place of a debt of $500 just four years ago; but because it shows that, with ordinary economy and good business management, there is money enough to conduct a first-class meet, to provide adequate transportation between the camp and the nearest town, and to purchase instead of begging all prizes; with a neat balance over each year toward the purchase of a permanent camp site. Commodore Witherbee has every reason to be proud of an administration which, while suffering nothing in comparison with the previous ones in the management of the camp and meet, has at the same time made such a successful financial showing.

The excellence of the work of the camp site committee of 1895 has been recognized by all who attended the meet, and it is highly gratifying, after the large sums spent at times in preparation of the ground for a two weeks' camp, to find that the net cost to the Association this year has been under $100. While all of the members of the camp site committee were present during the meet, each doing his share of the work, the credit for the excellent business management of the committee's finances is due chiefly to the present commodore, then chairman of the committee.

THE question of transportation between Clayton, Gananoque and Grindstone would be a very simple matter if it were not for the wise and beneficent regulations made by this Government apparently for the annoyance of American citizens. By a law of long standing, no Canadian vessel is permitted under heavy penalties to call at two American "ports" in succession. In other words, the small steamers plying between Gananoque on the Canadian side, and Clayton, owned by the company of which ex-Com. Rathbun is the head, could and would make the trip from Gananoque to Clayton, taking on passengers, and then to the camp, just on the boundary line; the service being reasonably expeditious and convenient and quite cheap. Here the law steps in; having taken on passengers at the American port of Clayton, the vessel is not allowed to land them at the American port of the A. C. A. log dock at Grindstone Island. Canoeists from Clayton might take the boat, stay on it while it stops at the camp and lands its passengers from Gananoque, proceed to that port and return on a later trip, but such a loss of time is out of the question. Unless that ancient and probably useless restriction is waived for this special occasion by the Treasury Department, some independent and more expensive means of transit between Clayton and the camp must be arranged.

American Canoe Association.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, 18TH ANNUAL MEETING.

Rome, N. Y., Monday, Nov. 11, 1895.

PRIOR to 1883, the business of the American Canoe Association was transacted at a "pow-wow" around the camp-fire or in the wigwam at Lake George, the pipe of peace—a veritable calumet of the Delaware Indians—being passed around the circle. When a more complex organization was found necessary, in 1883, an executive committee was created, to meet in the fall of each year and select a camp site, elect general officers and attend to other business of the Association; this plan being further elaborated with the formation of divisions in 1886. Since then the annual meetings of the executive committee have been held in various places, as designated by the incoming commodore—Albany, New York, Boston, Toronto, Kingston, Oswego, and finally in Rome, the home of Commodore W. R. Huntington and of the Deowainta C. C.

The meeting was called to order by Com. Huntington at 10 A. M. on Monday, in a parlor of Stanwax Hall, the following members answering to the roll as called by Sec'y-Treas. T. H. Stryker: Librarian, W. P. Stephens; Atlantic Division—Vice-Com., James K. Hand; Rear-Com., W. C. Lawrence, by C. V. Schuyler, proxy; Purser, H. M. Dater; executive committee, H. L. Quick, H. H. Smythe and P. F. Hogan. Central Division—Vice-Com., H. D. McVean, by L. C. Allen, proxy; Rear-Com., A. T. Smith; Purser, W. H. Martin; executive committee, H. V. Backus. Eastern Division—none; Mr. Paul Butler, of the Board of Governors, as proxy for Howard Gray, of executive committee. Northern Division—Vice-Com., A. H. O'Brien; Rear-Com., D'Arcy Scott; Purser, D. H. McDougal, by W. G. McKendrick; executive committee, F. C. Johnston, by J. W. Sparrow, proxy. Dr. W. J. Nellis, of the Central Division executive committee, arrived during the meeting.

The minutes of the annual meeting of November, 1894, were read and approved, also the minutes of the two meetings held in camp last August. The following reports were then read; we have been unable to obtain a copy of the secretary-treasurer's report:

REPORT OF CAMP SITE COMMITTEE, 1895.

Expenditures.

Labor and teams	$196 32
Tents for headquarters	159 62
Tent pegs	3 50
Lumber	252 63
Nails	15 28
Flag poles	2 00
Disinfectant	8 94
Closet paper	8 00
Barrels	1 20
Total expenses	$647 53

Receipts.

Floors and labor	$339 89
Lumber and nails	52 00
Tents sold after meet	120 00
Total receipts	$511 89
Net expenditure	$135 69
Material on hand, tent, etc.	43 78
Total of Camp Site expenses	$91 91

W. R. HUNTINGTON, Chairman,
CLARENCE ASHENDEN,
J. R. ROBERTSON,
L. W. FRANCIS.

Reports of Pursers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Nov. 1, 1894, to Oct. 1, 1895.

Receipts.

Balance from Purser F. L. Dunnell	$26 14
Dues for 1894	28 00
Dues for 1895	251 00
Dues for 1896	1 00
Entrance fees for 1894	19 00
Sale of Code Books	4 00
	$329 14

Expenditures.

Mice expenses	$13 60
Collection charges	21 50
Mailing and postage on Year Books	16 74
Sec'y-Treas., Chas. E. Cragg, 30% dues, etc.	84 45
Balance	192 85
	$329 14
Oct. 1, 1895, balance to Purser Henry M. Dater	192 85

Membership.

Members, Nov. 1, 1894	275
New members	19
Reinstated	29—48
	323
Resigned	10
Deceased	1
Dropped	61—72
Total membership Oct. 1, 1895	251

THOMAS HALE, JR., Purser.

Audited and found correct.
WM. M. CARPENTER, HENRY M. DATER, } Auditors.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

No report.

W. S. HACKETT, Purser.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Receipts.

Balance Nov. 5, 1894	$ 18 66
Dues, 1893	2 00
Dues, 1894	34 00
Dues, 1895	321 00
Initiation fees	62 00
	$437 66

Expenditures.

Stationery and printing, etc.	$ 35 72
Sundry office expenses	18 75
Eastern Division flag	7 00
Mailing Year Book	17 91
Eastern Division meet, labor, etc.	$100 88
Prizes	51 69
	$152 57
Camp dues	75 00
Net expenses of Division meet	77 57
E. D. headquarters, Bluff Point	12 98
Thirty per cent to Secretary-Treasurer	125 70
Balance Nov. 1, 1895	142 03
	$437 66

Membership.

Members, Nov., 1894	281
Reinstated	34
New	62
	377
Resigned	9
Dropped	47— 56
Total Nov. 1, 1895	321

R. N. CUTTER, Purser.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Receipts.

From former purser	$48 80
Dues, 1894	7 00
Dues, 1895	77 00
Initiation	4 00
	$137 80

Expenses.

Printing and stationery	$16 68
Sundries	1 55
Postage	5 22
Circulars, postage, Montreal	1 00
Circulars, postage, Toronto	1 00
Circulars, postage, Ottawa	2 00
Thirty per cent. to Secretary-Treasurer	25 20
Postage on Year Book	6 76
Cash on hand	78 19
	$137 80

Membership.

October, 1894	95
Reinstated	7
New	4
	106
Dropped	27
Resigned	2— 29
Total Nov. 1, 1895	77

EDMUND F. BURRITT, Purser.

OCT. 11, 1895.
Audited and found correct.
R. H. HAYCOCK, D'ARCY SCOTT, } Auditors.

Regatta Committee—Financial Report.

Record flags	$6 00
Entry blanks and prize tickets	2 00
Three barrels for buoys	2 25
Rope, rings, paint, etc., for buoys	2 67
Services of man on boat	2 00
	$14 97

The purser of the Central Division made no report of any kind, and a motion was made and passed to the effect that he be requested to forward a formal report, the commodore and secretary-treasurer being empowered to receive it if properly audited. The purser of the Eastern Division forwarded merely a press copy of an informal statement of his accounts, which was accepted conditionally on the presentation of a properly made out and audited report. The pursers of the Atlantic and Northern Divisions presented reports in proper form and duly audited, which were accepted by the committee, with the reports of the secretary-treasurer, camp site committee and regatta committee, the latter being laid on the table for future action on the proposed changes of rules.

The following new committees for 1896 were then announced by Com. Huntington: Camp Site—J. R. Robertson, chairman; J. S. Wardwell, Rome, N. Y.; F. F. Andrews, Rochester, N. Y., and J. G. Frazer, Ogdensburg, N. Y. Transportation—J. K. Hand, New York, chairman; C. V. Winne, Albany, and F. S. Rathbun, Deseronto. Regatta Committee—W. C. Witherbee, Port Henry, N. Y., chairman; E. D. Edwards, Peterboro; Butler Ames, Lowell, Mass.

Mr. Wardwell made a verbal report for the new camp site committee, recommending the old camp ground on Grindstone Island, which was received with hearty applause. He reported that the site could be had from Mr. Will Delany, who would furnish ice, etc.; that arrangements for transportation between Gananoque and Clayton were in progress, and that Mr. Mulvany, who managed the mess at Bluff Point last summer, would be willing to undertake the mess at Grindstone.

No arrangements had as yet been made for providing electric light for the camp, and it may not be possible to do so, consequently the committee recommended that the date be made from Aug. 14 to 28 in order to get the benefit of the full moon. This provoked a very long discussion, some favoring the middle two weeks of Aug., 7 to 21, but the original date was finally chosen after a close vote. No objection was made to the proposed site, and no others were mentioned.

A recess was taken to permit of a meeting of the Board of Governors; only Mr. Paul Butler, of the Eastern Division, was present, the other divisions being represented by proxy. After the meeting the board reported that it would continue the arrangement made last year, allowing to the officers and committees 80 per cent. of the total receipts for the present year to cover running expenses; at the same time advancing $250 to the Sec'y-Treas. until money was received from the divisions in the spring.

The question of the Year Book was taken up, bringing out a number of proposals, most of them impracticable or undesirable. As the report of the secretary-treasurer shows, the book is now not only self-supporting, but an actual source of profit to the Association. It was proposed that the book be published with no advertisements; that it be published with just enough advertisements to pay the cost, leaving no profit; that it should include the flags, in colors, of all the clubs, a complete list of all clubs and the dimensions and class of all canoes. If all these improvements were adopted, it is probable that there would be a loss of $500 per year as compared with the present method. It was finally decided after much discussion that the book should be published, as now, with the advertisements, and that each division purser should furnish to the secretary-treasurer a list of clubs and club officers in his division, to be printed in the book, and that the proofs of lists of members should be sent to each purser for final correction before printing.

The associate list was then taken up and some changes made, the following ladies being elected: Miss Cartwright, Miss Mary F. Cartwright, Kingston; Miss Wright, Miss Marion H. Wright, Miss Margaret J. Wright, Miss Martha J. Robbins and Miss Lillarene R. Hopkins.

Vice-Com. Hand offered a resolution to the effect that the executive committee disapproves of the use of the A. C. A. burgee with any lettering other than as prescribed by the by-laws, which was carried with very little discussion. Mr. Hogan recommended that the regatta committee be instructed to provide boats to patrol the course and lend aid in the event of capsizes. The discussion showed that such a provision was generally approved, it being suggested that two good rowboats in the middle of the triangle, or two or more war canoes of suitable size, with crews of about four each, would make the most efficient lifesaving corps. No formal action was taken, the matter being left to the regatta committee.

The report of the regatta committee was then taken from the table, but owing to the recommendations not having been published for fourteen days, no final action was taken. A number of proposals for the change of the racing rules were taken up, however, and discussed, those approved by the committee to be passed upon by a mail vote. Mr. Butler started with the proposal to drop from Rule I., Par. 1, the words "except the unclassified boats, etc.," and to substitute a new clause, "Sail area shall be limited to 130sq. ft." Mr. Quick seconded the motion, which was generally approved and unanimously carried. The question of a limit of size for the so-called "club four" race, or more properly for canoes for four-men crews, was taken up and discussed, the following amendment, proposed by Vice-Com. O'Brien, being finally adopted: Add to Rule I., to follow Par. 5, "Canoes for four-men crews shall not exceed 20ft. length and shall have a minimum beam of 30in." On motion of Mr. Scott, it was recommended to the regatta committee that it should insert in the race programme a provision that canoes in the tandem paddling race, event 16, shall not be less than 30in. in beam and 55lbs. in weight. Mr. Butler moved, seconded by Mr. Quick, that Rule I., Par. 2, be amended to read: "The centerboard, when hauled up, must not project below the keel." The words, "must not drop more than 18in. below the garboards," which had been in the rules since 1881, are hereby omitted, the motion being carried with no dissenting voice. Several members spoke in favor of removing the limit of drop, as it has long since ceased to be of use. On Mr. Butler's motion the following words were omitted from Rule I., Par. 5, defining the cruising canoe: "The sliding seat shall not be longer than the beam of the boat, and."

Rule V., Par. 2, was amended by inserting after the word "men" on fourth line, the words "provided ten or more men finish; prizes shall only be given for each two or fraction of two finishing." The object of this was to meet the contingency, never contemplated a few years ago, but met with now, of but five or less men competing for the record, each receiving a prize. The motion was passed and Mr. Scott then brought up the matter of the lettering on the record flags, suggesting that the present lettering was insufficient, and that it be changed, which was done by a proposal to omit in Rule V., Par. 2, lines two and three, the words "with the year and race plainly marked thereon;" and to substitute the words "paddling, sailing, or record, as the case may be; the letters A. C. A.; and the year, expressed in full figures."

A motion was then made by Mr. Quick that the giving of silk flags be abandoned and that a metal shield or some similar emblem be given

GENERAL SUMMARY OF RACES, 1895.

Canoe.	Owner.	Club.	EVENTS 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	Total Starts.
			Record			Trophy.																					
			Combined.	Paddling.	Sailing.	Paddling.	Sailing.	Dolphin Trophy.	Unlimited.	Club Sail.	Limited.	Cruising.	Novice Sail.	Unclassified.	Novice Combined.	Open Paddling.	Tandem Decked.	Tandem Open.	Club Four.	Upset Paddling.	Upset Sailing.	Hurry Scurry.	Swimming.	War Canoe.	Jabberwock.	Hotel Champlain.	
		No. of starters	6	5	5	2	10	6	10		12		4			2	2	2	3	3	2		3		3	6	
Az Iz	J. R. Stewart	Iroudequoit	2	3	0	....	w	..	w		4		1			..	..	..	..	1	2		..		1	..	10
Crescent	C. Cartwright	Cataragui	w	..	..	....	w	..	w		..		3			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		..	..	4
Bug	Paul Butler	Vesper	....	....	....	....	4	..	2	2	..		..			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		..	..	5
Bee	D. G. Goddard	Vesper	....	....	....	....	1	..	w	3	2		..			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		..	6	5
Wasp	Howard Gray	Vesper	1	4	1	....	1	..	w	1	6		2			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		..	4	8
Fly	Butler Ames	Vesper	....	....	....	....	w	..	..	w	9		..			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		..	..	4
Torment	F. C. Moore	New York	....	....	....	....	w	..	3	4	3		..			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		..	..	4
Zaidee	H. V. Backus	Rochester	....	....	....	....	5	..	4	5	8		..			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		2	5	6
Kiowilla	C. E. Cragg	Bulwagga	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	..	6		..			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		..	..	6
Eel	J. W. Sparrow	Toronto	5	5	w	....	w	..	w		..		..			..	1	2	..	..	..		..		..	..	7
Pagan	C. W. Lansing	Bulwagga	3	1	w	....	....	..	..	..	..	6	..			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		..	..	7
Kit	H. W. Treadway	Carillon	....	....	....	....	....	..	w		..	5	..			..	..	..	..	2	1		..		..	..	7
Sea Gull	H. M. Carpenter	Sing Sing	4	2	w	....	....	..	..	..	..	5	..			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		..	3	6
Oniko	W. M. Carpenter	Sing Sing	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	..	..	10	..			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		..	..	10
Mab	C. E. Archbald	Pointe Claire	....	....	....	....	....	No starters.			No starters.		No starters.			2	..	..	..	..	..		No starters.		..	..	2
Lella	Ernest Bolton	Pointe Claire	....	....	....	....	2	..	..	..	..		..			..	..	..	2	..	..		..		..	1	5
Az Iz	H. L Quick	Yonkers	....	....	....	....	....	1	..	..	..		4			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		..	..	4
....	Wendel Andreas	Bogota	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	..	..		..			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		..	..	3
....	R. O. King	Toronto	....	....	....	....	1	..	..	..	..		..			1	1	2	..	..	..		..		..	..	5
....	C. B. Ashenden	Wawbewawa	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	..	..		..			..	1	1	..	..	..		..		..	..	3
....	D'Arcy Scott	Ottawa	....	....	....	....	2	..	..	..	..		..			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		..	..	3
....	Thos. Hale, Jr.	Yonkers	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	..	..		..			..	2	..	2	3	..		..		..	..	3
....	F. J. Burrage	Wawbewawa	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	..	..		..			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		..	..	1
....	Lewis A. Hall	Wawbewawa	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	..	..		..			..	..	..	1	..	..		..		..	..	2
....	W. V. Forsaith	Wawbewawa	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	..	..		..			..	..	..	..	1	..		..		..	..	1
....	F. S. Howard	Pointe Claire	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	..	..		..			..	..	..	..	0	..		..		..	..	1
....	W. V. Brown	....	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	..	..		..			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		..	..	1
....	R. Appolonio	Shuh-Shuh-Gah	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	..	..		..			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		..	..	1
....	J. H. Braine	Ianthe	....	....	....	....	....	..	..	..	..		..			..	..	..	..	..	..		..		..	..	1

Six events—the club sailing, cruising "go-as-you-please," unclassified, novice combined, hurry-scurry and war canoe—had no entries for not more than one; and five had but two starters. Only nine events out of twenty-four scheduled showed four or more starters. Six entries failed to start at all. But fifteen of the entries started four or more times.

(The above table and summary are somewhat enlarged from the official report.)

instead. It was urged that the silk flags decay in about five years, and that a permanent trophy in the form of a silver or bronze shield mounted on polished wood would be permanent and quite as valuable as a souvenir. The proposal was favorably received and it was decided to leave to the regatta committee the question of putting it in practical form. Mr. Sparrow proposed that the allotment of prizes for each different event should be made before instead of after the event was decided; the proposal was favorably discussed, but no action was taken. Rule V., Par. 6, was changed by omitting in line five the words "rig or" and substituting in line ten the word "trial" for "unlimited." All of these proposed changes will be submitted to the entire committee by a mail vote. Vice Com. O'Brien moved that the Canadian journal, *Athletic Life*, be made an official organ of the association. After discussion it was decided that this journal, being a monthly, would not be available as a means of giving speedy notice of the names of applicants for membership, but that such names and other A. C. A. matter might be published. The following was finally passed: "It is the sense of this meeting that names of applicants shall be published in the FOREST AND STREAM and other official organs." The meeting then adjourned. In the evening the guests were entertained by the Deowainsta C. C. at a dinner in the hotel, followed by a visit to the Rome Club; most of the party leaving on the midnight train for New York, Albany and Boston.

The report of the regatta committee is as follows:

REPORT OF A. C. A. REGATTA COMMITTEE, 1895.

The 1895 regatta committee respectfully report the following result of the races held at the annual meet at Bluff Point on Lake Champlain, August 9 to 23, 1895:

RECORD.

Event:	1	2	3	Total Points.
Wasp, Howard Gray	5	3	5	12
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	4	3	0	7

In Event 3 Az Iz was disabled immediately after the start and was obliged to withdraw after finishing the first round, but the committee allowed her to count 0 on the record.

RACES.

Event No. 1, combined. Start 10:11:

				Points.
Wasp, Howard Gray	10 35 02	11 07 18	0 55 42	5
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	10 34 35	11 08 43	0 56 17	4
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	10 34 47	11 09 19	0 57 41	3
Kit, H. W. Treadway	10 34 28	11 12 03	1 01 03	2
Kiowilla, C. E. Cragg	10 33 40	11 18 03	1 07 03	1
Crescent, C. Cartwright	Withdrew.			0

Event No. 2, paddling. Start 5 P. M.:

	Place.	Points.
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	1	5
Kit, H. W. Treadway	2	4
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	3	3
Wasp, Howard Gray	4	2
Kiowilla, C. E. Cragg	5	1

Event No. 3, sailing:

					Points.
Wasp, Howard Gray	5 34 28	5 53 15	6 14 15	0 59 15	5
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	Disabled.	Withdrew.			0
Eel, J. W. Sparrow	Withdrew.				0
Kit, H. W. Treadway	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .	0
Kiowilla, C. E. Cragg	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .	. . . .	0

Event No. 4, trophy paddling:

	Time.
R. O. King	0 08 49
D'Arcy Scott	0 08 51

Paddled in service canoes.

Event No. 5, trophy sailing, 9 miles, start 10:10:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	Finish.	Elap'd.
Wasp	10 28 48	10 47 17	11 06 15	11 24 53	11 43 46	12 00 07	1 50 07
Mab	10 28 39	10 47 06	11 07 07	11 26 21	11 44 05	12 01 29	1 51 29
Bee	10 29 33	10 48 08	11 07 42	11 27 06	11 44 24	12 02 30	1 52 30
Bug	10 29 12	10 47 56	10 08 16	11 28 18	11 46 35	12 05 28	1 55 28
Zaidee	10 30 54	10 53 50	11 13 32	11 32 04	11 50 27	12 08 38	1 58 38
Torment	10 30 20	10 51 37	11 12 50	11 31 46	Withdrew.		
Fly	10 30 22	10 55 06	11 14 23	11 33 48	Withdrew.		
Az Iz	10 30 22	10 55 42	11 15 31	11 34 10	Withdrew.		
Eel	10 32 40	10 54 57	11 15 40	Withdrew.			
Crescent	10 31 52	10 55 32	11 17 19	Withdrew.			

Event No. 6, Dolphin trophy, 7 miles, start 2:50:

	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	Finish.	Elap'd.
Mab	3 09 48	3 27 40	3 46 36	4 06 14	4 24 00	1 34 00
Bug	3 09 36	3 28 10	3 47 20	4 07 02	4 26 00	1 36 00
Torment	3 11 45	3 34 53	3 55 15	4 16 21	4 36 30	1 46 30
Zaidee	3 11 50	3 31 40	3 52 55	4 14 04	4 36 31	1 46 31
Wasp	3 11 22	3 30 33	3 50 16	Withdrew.		
Bee	3 15 22	3 34 32	3 56 32	Withdrew.		

Event No. 7, unlimited. Start—Class C, 10:20; Class B, 10:23; Class A, 10:26:

	1st round.	2d round.	3d round.	Finish.
Wasp	10 45 00	11 04 15	11 23 16	11 40 53	1 20 53	1 14 53
Bug	10 45 45	11 07 34	11 28 19	11 47 23	1 27 23	1 21 23
Bee	10 46 47	11 13 52	11 30 13	11 54 41	1 34 45	1 28 45
Torment	10 52 07	11 15 06	11 34 34	11 55 45	1 35 45	1 29 45
Zaidee	10 47 24	11 22 23	11 41 17	12 02 33	1 42 33	1 36 33
Eel	10 50 50	Withdrew.				
Kit	11 02 15	Withdrew.				
Fly	10 55 32	Withdrew.				
Crescent	10 53 09	Withdrew.				
Az Iz	10 45 10	11 11 00	11 41 18	Withdrew—dismasted.		

Event No. 8, club sailing: No starters.

Event No. 9, limited sailing. Start, 11:45:

Bug, Paul Butler	12 05 02	1 01 55
Bee, D. S. Goddard	12 09 09	1 02 05
Torment, F. C. Moore	12 05 36	1 02 10
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	12 09 40	1 02 11
Kit, H. W. Treadway	12 24 40	1 03 15
Kiowilla, C. E. Cragg	12 25 20	1 03 17
Oniko, W. M. Carpenter	12 36 22	1 03 39
Zaidee, H. V. Backus	12 19 33	1 03 40
Fly, Butler Ames	12 27 25	1 03 41
Sea Gull, H. M. Carpenter	12 39 00	1 04 15
Wasp, Howard Gray	Lost centerboard.	
Pagan, C. W. Lansing	Withdrew.	

Event No. 10, cruising, "go-as-you-please": No starters.

Event No. 11, novice sailing. Start, 2:55:

	First.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	3 10 23	3 30 38	0 35 08
Fly, Butler Ames	3 12 40	3 32 16	0 37 16
Crescent, C. Cartwright	3 13 15	3 37 34	0 42 34
Leila, Ernest Bolton	3 14 00	3 47 20	0 52 20

Event No. 12, unclassified sailing: No starters.

Event No. 13, novice combined: No starters.

Event No. 14, paddling, open canoes. Start, 12:54:50:

R. O. King	1 01 31	0 06 41
C E Archbald	1 02 15	0 07 25

Event No. 15, paddling-tandem, decked canoes, start 12:23:30:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
R. O. King and J. W. Sparrow	12 28 48	0 05 28
C. E. Ashenden and Thos. Hale, Jr.	12 29 38	0 06 18

Event 16, paddling-tandem, decked canoes, start 1:19:20:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
C. E. Ashenden and Louis A. Hall	1 24 31	0 05 11
R. O. King and J. W. Sparrow	1 24 32	0 05 12

Event No. 17, paddling, four-men crews, start 12:54:35:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawbewawa—C. E. Ashenden, F. J. Burrage, Louis A. Hall, W. V. Forsaith	1 00 40	0 06 05
Mixed Crew—R. Appolonio, Thos. Hale, Jr., W. M. Carpenter, J. H. Braine	Not timed.	
Northern Div. Crew—D'Arcy Scott, R. O. King, J. W. Sparrow, F. S. Howard	Swamped.	

Event No. 18, paddling upset:

J. R. Stewart	1
C. W. Lansing	2
Thos. Hale, Jr.	3

Event No. 19, sailing upset. Start 3:00:21:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Pagan, C. W. Lansing	3 50 20	0 49 59
Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	3 50 40	0 50 19

Event No. 20, hurry scurry: No starters.

Event No. 21, swimming:

D'Arcy Scott	1
W. F. Brown	2
Wendel Sandrock	3

Event No. 22, war canoe: No starters.

Extra No. 23, Jabberwock trophy. Start 2:55:

Az Iz, J. R. Stewart	3 10 23	3 30 08
Zaidee, H. V. Backus	3 10 50	3 31 38
Kit, H. W. Treadway	3 13 05	3 50 08
Kiowilla, C. E. Cragg	3 15 00	Withdrew.

Extra No. 24, Hotel Champlain Cup. Start 2:50:

Mab, C. E. Archbald	3 46 36	0 56 36
Az Iz, H. L. Quick	3 47 30	0 57 00
Bug, Paul Butler	3 47 30	0 57 20
Wasp, Howard Gray	3 50 16	1 00 16
Zaidee, H. V. Backus	3 52 55	1 02 55
Bee, D. S. Goddard	3 56 32	1 06 32

Sailed as part of event 6, course three rounds, 4½ miles.

The committee are under obligations to Com. Witherbee for relieving them of the responsibility of securing prizes, which duty he performed by personal correspondence. We are aware that it was his intention to write personal letters thanking each one, and should any not have received such, it is due to their gifts having been sent in during the meet, when the name might accidentally have been omitted from the list. The committee also wish to thank for the Association and for themselves the donors of prizes, as follows: Mrs. H. V. Backus, Miss Smith, Mrs. R. C. Black, Miss L. Francis, Miss F. Archbald, Mrs. W. C. Witherbee, Mrs. Bowman, Misses Braine, Mrs. C. G. Belman, Mrs. W. H. Cotton, Miss E. Draper, Miss F. Dartnell, Mrs. Howard Gray, Mrs. Heron, Miss E. Pauline Johnson, Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. F. L. Mix, Mrs. Mather, Miss Wiser, Miss Lillie Sherwood, Misses McVean, Miss Scott, Miss M. Leonard, Mrs. McLaughlin, Mrs. Holden, Miss Severance, Mrs. Warner, Miss G. Fraser, Mrs. Hittler, Messrs. J. F. Turrill, Robert P. Wakeman, Peterborough Canoe Co., Knickerbocker C. C. and Hotel Champlain.

In addition to the full official record of the races and donors of prizes, the report of the 1895 regatta committee is as follows: Owing to the absence of two of the regularly appointed regatta committee, Mr. E. M. Fulton was appointed a substitute. Mr. Fulton very kindly placed his yacht Gadabout at the disposal of the committee for the entire meet, of which we take this opportunity to express our appreciation. We also desire to thank Messrs. James A. Smith and Percy F. Hogan for their services as clerk of the course and starter respectively, and Mr. Carpenter for the use of his yacht and assistance in logging courses, placing buoys, etc., and the Rochester C. C. for the use of their cannon for starting races. Several letters are herewith submitted, from members who have been good enough to favor us with their opinions concerning a modification of the sailing rules. In consideration of these expressions, and of the general sentiment of our members, so far as we have been able to learn, we beg to suggest the following changes:

First. In Rule 1, lines 7 and 8, strike out words "except the unclassified boats, to which class the limits of length and breadth only shall apply."

Second. In Rule 1, lines 24, 25, 26 and 27, defining the dimensions of cruising canoes, make such changes in size of well and restrictions to centerboard as shall meet the requirements of the improved modern cruising canoe.

Third. Provide a rule that shall limit the length of the sliding seat, for all races, to not exceeding the beam of the canoe.

Fourth. Provide a rule that shall make the limit of length and beam of canoes for club fours sufficiently larger than the dimensions of the regular limits to meet the requirements for such races.

And we would further suggest that the executive committee recommend to the incoming regatta committee that they provide races similar to event 9 (limited sailing) and event 21 (swimming) on the programme of this year; and that they consider the advisability of continuing the classification as used in events 7 and 8.

(Signed) MORTON V. BROKAW, Chairman,
FRED. A. NICKERSON,
H. K. TILLEY,
E. M. FULTON,
Regatta Committee.

To the report are appended several letters containing suggestions to the committee, most of which were published in the FOREST AND STREAM last spring. The following, however, was not published then:

TEHERAN, Persia, March 30, 1895.

Chairman Regatta Committee A. C. A.:

Dear Sir—I have read with much interest the plan of the A. C. A. to revive the sport of canoe racing by a system of handicapping; and although I shall not have the pleasure of taking part in the meet of 1895, yet I shall watch closely the events attending your handicapping experiment.

As I consider it to be the duty of every racing canoeist to give the committee the benefit of his experience or advice, I beg leave to lay before you the following suggestions, in the hope that you may find it of some use in determining upon a system of handicapping.

My observation in England last summer led me to believe that in canoe and small yacht sailing, as well as in larger craft, the most satisfactory results are to be obtained by a system of handicapping based on length and sail area, and that, except in individual cases, or exceptional circumstances, the handicapping rule should be hard, fast and immovable, in order that men might have a definite standard to build to in planning boats for future racing. Anything in the way of sealed handicapping or temporary guess work is, in my opinion, most injudicious. I would suggest, therefore, that as a basis of your deliberations you take the rules of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. of New York, and the Yacht Racing Association of England. For the purpose of canoe racing I think that the Y. R. A. rule is to be preferred, as it is much simpler in form and places a greater penalty on sail area.

It seems to me that if new men are to be encouraged to take up canoe racing, and the veterans of the sport are to be encouraged to come back and compete with the present day experts, a very considerable tax should be placed upon sail area. Every inducement should be given for the improvement of form of hull; and to that end I think that hull should not be taxed, lest the racing canoe degenerate into a tub.

The Y. R. A. rule is as follows: $\frac{L \times S.A}{6000}$ = Rating. This rule is especially good for small raters, whatever tendencies it may have to produce boats of abnormal beam in the larger classes. It would be difficult to imagine a better rule for half-raters and under. The Seawanhaka rule is practically the same, with the exception that it does not place so great a tax on sail area. In canoe racing, if the modern experts desire to carry great spreads of sail, they should be made to pay a heavy penalty for it. In this way we may in time work out a better all-round racing canoe, that will give every man a fair chance in most of the A. C. A. events. MR. WILLARD HOWARD.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Pacific Slope Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 27.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club at Shell Mound range:

Kuhnle rifle medal, 200yds: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 88, H. R. Crane 74, F. O. Young 72, G. Schultz 68.

Rodgers ladies' medal, 50yds., .22cal. rifles: Mrs. O. M. Peck 93, 95, 96.

Military rifle medal (circular 8in. bullseye):

F Poulter	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	—48
E Hovey	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	—47

Blanding medal, pistol, 50yds.: C. M. Daiss 94, J. E. Gorman 93, F. O. Young 92, Dr. Rodgers 89.

Nov. 10.—The weather conditions were unusually good, and all the shooting clubs were out in force. The Schuetzen Verein had a turkey shoot for its members, 3 shots allowed. A. H. Pape was high man, 73 on German ring target.

The Nord-Deutscher Club held a bullseye shoot and the Germania Club a monthly medal shoot. In the latter the winners were:

Champion class—Dr. Rodgers 421; first class—H. Huber 403; third class—N. Ahrens 422.

The Columbia Club's targets were kept busy all day, some good shooting being done. Scores: Pistol, 50yds.; rifle, 200yds.; standard target:

For members only, no re-entry:

Champion class: F. O. Young 91, S. Carr 89, Pape 85.

First class: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 91, A. B. Dorrell 87, D. W. McLaughlin 86, F. Poulter 76, A. Gehret 73.

Second class: A. Fetz 82, E. Jacobsen 75, Kennedy 65.

Pistol, Blanding medal, re-entry: S. Carr 93, 94, 94, 95; J. E. Gorman 92, C. M. Daiss 91, Young 89.

Military rifle: E. Hovey 46, 46, 46, 47; F. Poulter 46, 46, 46; F. O. Young 45.

Target rifle, members only, no re-entry:

Champion class: D. W. McLaughlin 91, Dr. Rodgers 89, Young 83.

First class: P. Bohr 86, H. Hellberg 80, A. Gehret 79, A. B. Dorrell 76, F. Poulter 73, G. Schulz 70.

Second class: J. E. Gorman 73, G. Barley 69, A. Fetz 71, Jacobsen 72, A. H. Kennedy 68, Crane 66, Unfred 54.

Kuhnle medal, target rifles, re-entry: Dr. L. O. Rodgers 89, Young 86, McLaughlin 85. ROEEL.

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—A prize shoot of the members of the Turtle Bay Rifle Club was held to-day at Woodside. Some handsome prizes were awarded the winners. It was a cause for regret Captain Jantzer was unable to attend the shoot on account of illness. The scores were:

Distance, 128ft., .22-cal. rifles:

C H Plate	204	204	213—621	W Lubeck	183	193	206—581
J Ochs, Jr.	198	215	202—615	F Pophusen	156	169	175—500
H Walter	210	190	201—601	J Hassmer	109	106	110—415

A special match was also shot between C. H. Plate and H. Walter—the latter a member of the Empire Athletic Club—the former winning by only 8 points:

Plate	186	216	—402	H Walter	184	210	—394

J. OCHS, JR., Secy.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—The winter season of the Zettler Rifle Club was opened this week, 18 members taking part in the opening shoot:

Conditions: 75ft., 25 ring target.

Dr. J. A. Boyken 247, M. B. Engel 247, L. Flach 247, F. C. Ross 247, R. Busse 246, Henry Holges 246, B. Zettler 246, C. G. Zettler 244, P. Fiegel 241, H. S. Mueller 240, A. Kronsberg 238, H. Muntz 238, S. Buzzini 237, G. W. Downs 235, A. Klein 232, William Soll 230, Col. H. Fabrourais 224, F. C. Roidel 206.

The list of prize winners for the spring and summer season, which commenced on April 14 and closed a week ago, is not a large one considering the membership of the club, and the attendance which characterized the weekly shoots of the club up to the time of the National Schuetzenfest at Glendale Park; up to that date the average of attending marksmen for the 13 shoots was 22, a number that shows the members were interested in their work. After the Schuetzenfest they seemed to lose interest and the result was that only ten men qualified for prizes. The Brooklyn *Eagle* gives the following on the subject:

"All the shooting in the tournrment was done at the 200yds. range and the main condition was that each man's best fifty scores of ten shots each would count, so that in order to qualify for a prize a member would have to fire 500 shots or over during the season. Champion Ross made a total of 11,215 points out of a possible 12,500, an average of 224 and a little over for ten shots, and the fine average of nearly 22½ per shot for 500 shots. His highest score was 232 for a series, and at that he was beaten by George W. Plaisted, who made 235 out of a possible 250, the high score of the tournament for ten straight shots. The ten men divided $325 in cash prizes. Besides that, Ross, Plaisted and Gus Zimmermann, with 73 points each out of a possible 75, and John Blumberg, with 72 points, divided the cash prize of $25, presented by Charles O. Wissel for the best straight target of honor scores."

The following table shows each man's total number of points scored, his average per ten shots, and his highest ten-shot score:

	Total points.	Average for 10 shots.	High score for 10 shots.
F C Ross	11215	224.3	232
L Flach	10932	218.6	232
H Holges	10919	218.2	232
G W Plaisted	10665	213.3	235
M B Engel	10602	212	226
L P Hansen	10455	209.1	231
C G Zettler	10377	207.5	223
B Zettler	10150	203	226
G Krauss	9914	198.2	215
J Blumenberg	9908	198.1	221

Pittsburg Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 12.—A good attendance marked the opening night of the Pittsburg Rifle Club's tournament, sixteen riflemen being present and taking part in the contests. Al. Hofmeister, Ingersol, Aber, Sperling and Kestner did the best work. Following are the scores:

German ring target, 3 shots, 60ft.:

L F Ingersol	73	74	75
Goldstrom	68	69	71
Smidt	59	60	62
Barrett	62	65	70
Kestner	60	62	73
Galbraith	65	66	69
Grau	60	63	67
A Hofmeister	62	64	67

Honor target:

Albert Hofmeister	71		
L F Ingersol	70		
L P Ittel	67		
J C Dias	67		
H Spurling	66		

Al. Hofmeister	70	72	74
Dias	67	68	69
Sperling	70	71	71
Sorg	64	65	69
Aber	71	71	72
Ittel	69	70	72
Burt	66	70	70

Dr D L Aber	66
W C Galbraith	61
J J Barrett	57
C N Burt	56
J A Jacobs	54

Ross-Martin vs. Dorrler-Plaisted.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Riflemen in this section will have a chance on Thanksgiving Day of witnessing a good four-handed match at Cypress Hills Park, Brooklyn, between Fred. C. Ross and Ignatz Martin on one side, and M. J. Dorrler and G. W. Plaisted on the other. The conditions will be: 200yds., German ring target, off-hand shooting, 100 shots per man, Zettler Rifle Club rules to govern; all the contestants are members of the Zettler Rifle Club. The match may be styled Brooklyn vs. New Jersey, as Ross and Martin live in the City of Churches, while Plaisted and Dorrler are both residents of New Jersey.

The match is for a stake of $200, and is the second that has taken place between the two teams. In the first match Ross and Martin won by 39 points, and this pair are the favorites in the coming contest. Given a fine day and perfect weather conditions, the affair ought to be productive of some fine scores, as the shooters are among the best in the country.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Nov. 26-27.—ATLANTA, Ga.—Amateur tournament of the Kirkpatrick Hardware Company; targets; professionals barred.

Nov. 26-28.—DES MOINES, Ia.—Tournament of the Des Moines Gun Club; live birds and targets. C O Perkins, Pres.

Nov. 28.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Thanksgiving tournament of the Canajoharie Gun Club; live birds and targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—RYE, N. Y.—Thanksgiving tournament of the Rye Gun Club; live birds and targets; shooting commences at 10 A. M. E. J. Pope, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—MARION, N. J.—Thanksgiving tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club; targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Thanksgiving tournament of the Eureka Gun Club; targets. W. F. de Wolf, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Thanksgiving tournament of the Limited Gun Club; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Nov. 28, 29.—MORRISTOWN, N. J.—Two days tournament at the Morristown Driving Park; live birds. Frank Class, proprietor.

Dec 7.—HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa.—Team race, 25 men to a team, between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League; all day shoot on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League.

Dec. 19, 20.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Fifth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

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Jan. 4.—WILMINGTON, Del.—Second team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 25 men to a team; all day shoot on the grounds of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club.

Jan. 4-5—PHŒNIX, Ariz.—Annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Jan. 9-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the auspices of Texas State Sportsmen's Association and management of J. M. George and O. C. Guessaz (Texas Field).

Feb. 1.— ———.—Third team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 25 men to a team. (Place of shoot not fixed.)

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; $1000 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2,000 added money.

May (second week) —MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

May 12-14.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co.

R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 20-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association, J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

Charlie Fehrenbach (Bilderbach), of Wilmington, Del., writes us under date of Nov. 11 as follows: "Arrangements have been completed for a 25-men team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, i. e., Philadelphia proper against the Diamond State, A. S. A. rules to govern, 25 targets per man. The first race will be shot on the Keystone League grounds, at Holmesburg Junction; the second race on the Wilmington R. and G. Club gronnds, this city; the place for holding the third race to be decided by the winners of first race. As this will be an all-day affair, the following sweepstake programme has been announced by the Keystone League for Dec. 7. (First race): No. 1, 10 targets, known angles, $1; No. 2, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1; No. 3, 15 targets, known agles, $1.50; No. 4, 15 targets, unknown augles, $1; No. 5, 20 targets, known angles, $2; No. 6, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1; No. 7, 10 targets, known angles, $1; No. 8, 20 targets, unknown angles, $1.50; No. 9, 10 targets, known angles, $1; No. 10, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1.50. If 20 entries or over in the 15 and 20 targets, 5 moneys. Entertainment committee, W. Wolstencroft, H. Thurman and Jos. Leaming. Harry Thurman will captain the All-Philadelphia team and Chas. Fehrenbach will captain the Delaware State League. First race, Dec. 7, '95; second race, Jan. 4, '96; third race, Feb. 1, '96."

W. H. Brady, of Detroit, Mich., a member of the Swan Creek Club, in a letter to us relating to other matters tells of a few days' sport he has had recently: "I have been north of Alpena to Grand Lake with Joe Marks, of Hodgson & Howard, whom I presume you met when you were here. We went from Detroit to Alpena with Ed Gillman, Louis Duryea and other members of the Turtle Lake Shooting Club; they were going on their annual deer hunt to that point in a special car from here, and they invited us to join their party until we arrived at our destination. There we were met by our friend, George MacDonald, of Alpena, who had a team and outfit; we then drove twenty-six miles north to Grand Lake. It is a beautiful inland lake, eleven miles long and two miles wide, and has thirty-seven islands on it. The east side is lined by a high bluff on which they have a fine club house used principally for outings in the summer. We made our headquarters there for about four days, hunting ruffed grouse, making a nice bag of fifty birds. Before I went north to Alpena I had two days' duck shooting at the club while Parker was away at Atlanta; I bagged sixty-three redhead, mallard and teal." Mr. Brady is now in Detroit, chained to business, but he enjoys life fairly well notwithstanding, as he does the next best thing—he reads FOREST AND STREAM.

At the Altoona, Pa., Gun Club's annual tournament, held last July on the summit of Wopsononock Mountain, the visitors made the Wopsononock Hotel their headquarters. Every evening after dinner the poolroom of the hotel was the general lounging place; experts, semi-experts and duffers, all measured their skill with the cue. The only drawback to the evening's amusement was the lack of chalk, there being but one small piece for both tables. Dutchy Smith, who by the way is an expert cueist, took charge of that piece of chalk, everybody whose cue needed any attention in that line going to Dutchy to have it chalked. So jealously did he guard that chalk that on his return to his home in Plainfield, N. J., he found it reposing in his pocket. It now seems that he has lost it, for we have received the following card: "$5 rewarts. For dea peobels dot stole dea las pieses of chaks dot wos at dea pool rooms uf dea Wopsononok Mountains Hotel at dea dime uf dea Altoona shuting tournements, July 10, 1895. Dea above liknes is dea correct pikture uf dea chaks. Ef found dea above rewarts will bea giving by me—Irish." ("Dea obove pikture" is a photograph, actual size, of the piece of chalk.)

The Des Moines (Ia.) Gun Club will hold its annual autumn trap shoot on Nov. 26-28. In sending out its programme, which contains events both at live birds and at targets, the club says: "You will notice that in the division of purses we have departed from the customary sweepstakes method, and make all divisions under the equitable system. We feel confident that the amateur shooters throughout the State will appreciate this departure from the old custom, under which it was possible for the expert trap-shot to win a good income for two or three months in two or three days. We regret it is not possible to adopt a plan of purse division under which all may be winners, but we are confident our effort to popularize a system whereby the good shooter may win some and the poor shot lose but little will meet the approval of our club members and visiting friends." The four and five-place equitable provides that each man shooting into a place shall receive an equal amount for each bird killed or each target broken. The four-place equitable will be used on the first day, the five-place equitable on the second; the "full equitable," used on Nov. 28, gives each contestan participating in an event an equal amount for each bird or target scored.

Is this another instance of "mental telegraphy" such as was outlined by Mark Twain a few years ago? While we were writing the article, which appeared in last week's issue, advocating to a certain extent the adoption of Rose's system of division of purses in connection with a proposed new handicap, Mr. Rose, in his distant home at Salida, Col., was busily engaged writing us a letter on that same subject. With the letter he also sent us a number of examples worked out on his plan, using for his examples events shot at some of the more prominent tournaments of the season; for the sake of ready comparison he had also worked out the examples on the present basis of divisions. We hope at some early date to reproduce some of Mr. Rose's examples in order that the trap-shooting public may be able to judge for itself the merits and demerits of this system.

At the conclusion of the second King-Messner match, at Pittsburg, Pa., on Nov. 15, the loser, Messner, at once claimed the right to a third match for a stake of $200 a side, that right being given him by an agreement entered into by both parties when arranging the first two matches. The third match will not be shot until after the holidays, as King will be away on a hunting trip for several days. There is some talk of matching Harry Mohler against King, and it is understood that Mohler is ready to shoot a race with Messner's conqueror. A Pittsburg paper commenting on the shoot says: "Neither Clark, of Altoona, nor any person representing him, was at the match to challenge the winner." Do the Pittsburgers really want Clark?

The Ohio Trap-Shooters' League has decided not to alter its dates, which are the same as those claimed for the Memphis tournament. The idea of the League is that the programme for its shoot, which is a State affair, would have very little attraction for outsiders, so far as open events were concerned, and that the absence of some of the Ohio experts at the Memphis shoot would not be prejudicial to the best interests of the sport in that State; on the contrary, we understand, the absence of those experts is held as likely to be conducive to a larger entry list of purely amateur shooters. We are not at all sure but what the League is right, and shall watch the outcome of the experiment with much interest.

The championship contest at the E. C. Powder Company's tournament, held at New York during the first week of May, will draw a large number of entries. As already stated, the E. C. Powder Company has decided to adopt FOREST AND STREAM's idea of arriving at a "champion of the world at targets," and will incorporate in its programme, with some slight modifications, the plan as outlined in FOREST AND STREAM of October. There can be no question that the man who breaks the largest percentage of the 400 targets—100 unknown angles, 100 expert rules, 100 reversed order and 50 pairs—would be honestly entitled to the name of "champion."

Capt. Bartlett, of the Burgess Gun Company, Buffalo, N. Y., has been in this city for a week or so. Bartlett has attended all the big tournaments this year, and will be on hand again in '96. He can look back upon the season of '95 as the one in which he made what we believe to be a record, breaking 151 straight at unknown angles at the Rochester, N. Y., tournament. Capt. Bartlett's handling of the Burgess gun at the score makes many friends for the weapon, but we think his wonderful trick shooting, showing off as it does the rapidity with which the gun can be fired, adds largely to that list at every tournament which he attends.

During the struggle for the ownership of the gun donated to the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., details of which are given elsewhere, Major Taylor ran out of shells, and was compelled to shoot during the afternoon four different kinds of shells. It will be noticed that the changes from one ammunition to another made little difference to him. So long as you're holding right, you can use pretty nearly anything that is loaded properly. Richmond, who of course uses Walsrode, had to beg and borrow shells loaded with other nitro powders before night put a stop to the shoot.

Jordan L. Mott, Jr., the patentee and inventor of the Mott live-bird trap and automatic pulling apparatus, has offered to wager J. Seaver Page a certain sum of money that he cannot kill 81 selected birds trapped from his traps. He offers W. S. Edey a similar chance, but reduces the number to be killed to 80. Knapp will try his hand at 85, the number which George Work tried to kill and failed. The general opinion among the amateurs who have tried the traps is that they are 3yds. faster on quick-starting birds than any other trap now in general use.

Those who have attended the three annual tournaments held on Wopsononock Mountain by the Altoona, Pa., Gun Club, will remember the patch of woods and swamps that lie between the shooting ground proper and the tournament grounds at Lookout Point. It will be of interest to them to learn what happened one day last week to Billy Bell, a prominent member of the club, who was out with a party hunting ruffed grouse in that patch of territory. Billy carries a Daly three-barrel gun, two barrels 12-guage, the third a .38cal. rifle barrel; his fellow club members have often joked him on the subject of "old three legs," but this time "three legs" came in handily. Kate, Billy's setter, made a curious demonstration in the way of making game, following a trail for some hundreds of yards, finally coming to a stanch point near a ledge of rocks. The game proved to be a 300lbs. bear that stood at bay not dreaming of "three legs." The .38cal. spoke, and now Billy and Kate are hero and heroine respectively, while "Wopsy" has added another laurel to its crown.

The fifteenth competition for the President's Cup, at the Carteret Club, took place on Wednesday, Nov. 6. On this occasion there were only 5 members present to fight for it. These were W. H. Stafford, George Work, J. P. Knapp, W. H. Mead and H. Mackey. Stafford was the winner with a score of 18 out of 20, Work and Knapp being in second place with 17 kills each. The cup must be won five times before becoming the individual property of any member; as matters now stand the following have wins to their credit: Knapp and Duryea 4 wins each, Work 3, Seaver, Page, Mead, Hoey and Stafford 1 each.

The All-Philadelphia vs. the Diamond State matches, the first of which is scheduled to be shot on Dec. 7 on the grounds of th Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia, at Holmesburg Junction, P. R. R., will be purely sporting affairs and should be productive of much genuine fun and real benefit to the cause of trap-shooting, both around Philadelphia and in the State of Delaware. Neither Father Time Thurman (who is shooting very well now) nor Charlie Fehrenbach will have an easy task in picking their respective teams of twenty-five men.

A two days' shoot at live birds will be held at the Morristown, N. J., Driving Park on Nov. 28 and 29. The programme for Thanksgiving Day (the first day of the shoot) is as follows: No. 1, 5 birds, $5; No. 2, 7 birds, $7; No. 3, 25 birds, $15 (birds extra, with $50 added). Second day: No. 1, 5 birds, $5; No. 2, 7 birds, $7; No. 3, 15 birds, $15, birds extra. In this last sweep the conditions will be: 25yds. rise, use of one barrel only, gun below the elbow until the bird is on the wing, in fact —Long Island rules to govern.

The Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., opened its target-shooting season for 1895-96 on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 16; the grounds are located at Bay Ridge, L. I. The attendance was small, but this may be attributed to the greater interest displayed by the Crescents in the outcome of the football game at Eastern Park that afternoon.

There was a small shoot at Fanwood, N. J., on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 16, on the Climax Gun Club's grounds. John Benner defeated Harkins in a race at 15 live birds by the score of 11 to 7, while Neaf Apgar defeated C. C. Hebbard by 3 targets in a 50-target race, unknown angles, the scores standing 47 to 44; Neaf broke his first 25 straight.

Preparations for the San Antonio midwinter shoot next January are progressing favorably. A strong delegation from the Buckeye State is contemplated, among the number being Raymond, Heikes and Dando. New Jersey will have her representatives there too; neither Ferd Van Dyke, Noel E. Money nor Tom Keller are likely to be absent when the time comes.

With the wind-up of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League season for 1895 we ought to begin to hear of some interclub team races. The afternoons are short, but team races would bring the boys out for an hour or two of sport, and would help to keep the clubs from going to sleep.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., will hold an all-day shoot at targets on Thanksgiving Day. During the morning a series of 15-target races, $1.50 entrance, will be decided; in the afternoon a 100-target event, $10 entrance, will be shot off.

An all-day shoot will be held on the grounds of the Eureka Gun Club, Chicago, Ill., on Thanksgiving Day. W. F. de Wolf, secretary of the organization, will see to it that all who attend have a good time and all the shooting they want.

A. H. Hebbard has severed his connection with the Empire Target Co. Mr. Hebbard has been the superintendent of the target factory for some time. His brother, Charlie Hebbard, of course, remains with the company and looks after its interests as usual.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, will hold an all day shoot at its grounds, Marion, N. J., on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28. All the events will be at targets. The club issues a general invitation to all shooters to attend this holiday shoot.

FOREST AND STREAM's tournament squad pads seem to have hit the bull'seye. All clubs that contemplate holding tournaments, and that are not already supplied with squad pads, should send to FOREST AND STREAM for samples and prices.

On Saturday, Nov. 9, Leander B. Campbell, of Little Silver, N. J., and W. H. Conklin, of Red Bank, N. J., shot a match at 25 live birds on the Elkwood Park grounds. Both men killed 20 birds; Campbell refused to shoot off the tie.

The Vernon Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will hold its regular monthly club shoot at live birds this afternoon; there will be no shooting at the club's grounds on Enfield street in consequence.

The Kirkpatrick Hardware Company, of Atlanta, Ga., will hold a two days' tournament on Nov. 26 and 27. This tournament will be for amateurs only, professionals being barred.

H. D. Swartz, of Scranton, Pa., announces that there will be a live-bird shoot at the Driving Park on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28.

The first annual meeting of the Cook County, Ill., Trap-Shooters' League will be held on Monday evening, Dec. 2.

EDWARD BANKS.

Boston Shooting Association.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 8.—The Boston Shooting Association's two days' tournament, held on its grounds at Wellington, Mass., was brought to a close this afternoon. Tables showing the scores of the winners on the various events are as follows:

First Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Targets.	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	20	15	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	25	25
Le Roy	9	10	..	9	10	7	19	20	15	14	10	8	9	7	8	10	10	17	..	..
Puck	8	8	9	9	9	9	17	16	14	..	..	9	8	6	7	10	7	16	24	..
Lyman	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	13	12	7	9	8	..	7	8	7	..	..
Hoyle	8	..	..	..	9	7	18	16	13	..	10	7	10	6	8	10	9	..	23	24
Clark	8	10	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	13	..	8	8	4	..	8	9	..	..	..
Herbert	7	9	9	..	8	8	..	15	14	13	7	7	..	7	..	7	8	8	17	..
Snow	7	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	8	8	10	..	..	..	..	..
Conn	7	8	8	10	..	9	20	16	15	13	..	6	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mascroft	7	10	8	9	10	10	..	16	12	13	..	8	8	..	7	8	8	15	..	..
Bond	..	..	8	8	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jones	..	..	..	9	8	..	..	..	13	..	7	6	..	8	8	..	..	..	..	..
Allison	..	..	..	..	9	17	16	..	13	7	9	10	6	9	9	10	..	..	..	..
Dickey	..	..	..	..	..	19	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21
Burbridge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	13	7	9	..	8	8	10	8	..	..	..
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	..	6	..	7	..	15	..	..
Curtis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	8	10	..	..	..	..	..
Sanborn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Daniels	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..

Second Day's Scores.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	15	10	15	20	25	10	10	20	25	10	15
Le Roy	9	10	8	15	10	9	10	15	10	14	20	25	10	7	8	23	13	..
Puck	9	9	10	13	9	8	..	14	8	12	16	..	9	10	10	23	..	13
Mascroft	9	9	8	..	10	9	..	..	10	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Lyman	..	9	8	14	..	8	8	..	9	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Clark	..	9	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	7	..	..
Hoyle	9	9	8	14	7	10	8	13	10	..	17	..	8	8	..	..	..	..
Davis	9	9	9	14	9	7	9	15	9	..	23	9	9	9	..	..	..	..
Herbert	8	9	9	13	9	..	9	14	8	12	18	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Jones	9	9	7	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	8	8	9	..	..	..
Snow	6	..	9	12	8	7	..	8	..	..	..	..	8	7	..	..	..	..
Warren	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Keller	..	8	8	14	7	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	..	..	..	..
Curtis	..	10	8	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Martin	..	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	..	..	..
Rogers	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wetherbee	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Ellsworth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Conn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	..	13	..	12	..	..	10	..	15
Baxter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Daniels	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23	..	..	8	21	..
White	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21	..	9	..	20	12
Beveridge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	8	..
Newcomb	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..

Altoona Gun Club.

ALTOONA, Pa., Nov. 15.—To-day was the day set for a two-men team race between Bill Clark and Kotty on the one side and Billy Sands and Clover on the other. The day dawned as bright as one in June, and although the contest was not to begin until 2 P. M., quite a crowd of spectators had gathered several hours before that time. The contestants are all good shots and there was much speculation on the result. There was no handicap, all standing at the 30yds. mark. The boundary was a 50yds. semicircular one.

The feature of the event was the magnificent work of Clark. These birds were a selected lot and with a few exceptions were very strong. He had made a run of fifty-two straight on Tuesday until his gun practically broke down.

Kotty's only excuse for being on earth this evening is that he is not in form and hopes to even things up in another contest. Sands was shooting a new Forehand ejector which had never been used before. His score indicates that he will keep it. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Kotty	4 5 4 1 5 5 4 2 1 4 5 4 3 4 5 2 4 4 5 5 4 3 2 3 1 3 ↘ ↙ ↖ ↘ ↙ ↗ ↖ ↘ ↙ ↘ ↙ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↙ ↙ ↗ ↖ 1 1 2 1 2 0 0 1 0 2 2 2 1 0 2 1 0 • 0 1 1 2 1 2 2—18	1 2 5 2 1 4 5 1 5 1 1 4 1 1 5 4 1 4 2 2 4 4 4 2 3 ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙ ↖ ← → ↘ ↘ ↘ ↙ ↗ ↘ ↓ ↖ ↘ ↘ ↙ ← 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 2 2—25—43
Clover	1 1 2 1 5 1 1 3 1 5 4 2 2 4 1 2 5 5 5 1 2 5 4 3 4 ↙ ↗ ↗ ↘ ↙ ↖ ↗ ↙ ↙ ← ↘ ↘ ↗ ↓ ↗ ↙ ↗ ↘ 2 1 2 • 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 1 2—22	5 5 5 3 4 5 1 4 2 4 1 1 2 4 1 3 5 1 2 4 4 5 1 4 1 ↙ ↗ ← ↙ ↘ ↗ ↖ ↙ ↘ ↗ ↗ ↗ ↘ ↙ ↘ ↙ ↗ ↖ ↗ 1 2 1 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 1 2 1—23—45
Sands		

After the team event was over it was decided to shoot a miss-and-out to use up the twenty-five remaining birds. This attempt resulted as the following scores show:

Clover	5 4 4 5 5 4 ↘ ↙ ↗ ↘ ↖ ← 2 2 2 2 2 2—6	Kotty	4 5 4 5 3 3 3 ↘ ↙ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↙ ↖ 2 1 1 2 2 1—6
Clark	1 1 4 3 1 1 ↘ ↘ → ↙ ← ← 1 1 1 1 1 2—6	Sands	5 2 3 3 4 5 ↖ ↘ ↙ ↙ ↘ ↘ 2 1 1 1 1 1—6

Nov. 13.—A number of interesting live-bird contests were shot this week. She first took place on Tuesday afternoon, the affair being an impromptu one. The first events were a series of three 10-bird races between Clark and Clover, Clark killing all his birds. Then followed a three-cornered race in which the high gun took the purse and the low man paid for the birds. Then came a similar event in which five contestants took part. During the sixth event Clark, who had made a run of 52 straight through the events, lost his third bird by a very decided flinch. This occurred again in two of the miss-and-out events. On returning to the city he had a gunsmith examine the weapon and found the mechanism of one of the locks so much out order that he turned it in for repairs. The birds throughout the afternoon were a mixed lot, some of them being corkers. The weather was cold. Following are the scores in detail:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Clark	5 1 3 4 2 1 5 2 3 4 ↗ ↗ ↓ ↗ ↘ ↗ ↑ ↘ 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 1—10	4 1 3 4 5 1 2 4 5 2 ↘ ↗ ↘ ↘ ↘ ↘ ↙ ↘ 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 1 2—10
Clover	5 1 3 1 2 4 1 2 3 4 ↙ ↙ ↙ ↗ ↘ ↗ ↗ ↖ 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 0— 7	4 1 3 1 2 3 4 5 2 3 ↘ ↗ ↙ ← ↘ ↘ ↗ ↙ ↘ 2 2 2 1 1 1 1 0 2 2— 9
	No. 3.	**No. 4.**
Clark	3 4 4 3 5 4 3 4 5 5 ← ↘ ↘ ↙ ↗ ↘ ↘ ↗ 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2—10	1 5 2 1 3 5 2 2 5 2 ↖ ↘ ↘ ↙ ↗ ↘ ↗ ↙ 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1—10
Clover	2 5 2 3 5 3 2 5 5 2 ↘ ↗ ↘ ← ↙ ↙ ↘ ↖ 2 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 2— 8	4 5 5 2 2 5 2 2 1 3 ↖ ↘ ↓ ↗ ↘ ↗ ↘ ↙ • 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 1— 9
Parker	5 4 5 3 2 5 4 1 3 3 ↘ ↙ ← ↘ ↘ ↗ ↖ ↓ ↘ 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 2— 7	
	No. 5.	**No. 6.** **No. 7.***
Clark	4 3 5 2 3 4 2 5 3 4 ↘ ↘ ↖ ↖ → ↘ ↘ ↘ ↙ 2 1 1 1 1 1 2 2 1—10	4 4 4 1 5 4 4 5 1 5 2 → ↘ → ↙ ↖ ↘ ↖ ↘ ↙ ↙ 1 1 0 2 1—4 2 2 2 2 1 1—6
Clover	2 1 3 5 4 4 3 5 2 5 ↶ ↖ ↘ ↘ ↘ ↘ ↘ ↗ 1 1 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 1— 9	4 2 3 4 3 1 1 2 4 2 ↗ ↙ ↘ ↗ ↖ ↓ ↙ ↘ ↗ ↗ 1 1 1 1 1—5 2 2 2 2 0 —4
Parker	5 3 3 3 5 5 2 1 5 2 ↘ ↙ ↘ ↙ ↖ ↖ ↙ ↘ 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 1—10	5 1 2 3 5 ↗ ↖ ↙ ↙ ↙ 1 1 0 1 1—4 .....
Sands	3 2 4 1 3 5 2 3 2 ← ↗ ↘ ↗ → ← ↙ ↗ ↓ • 1 2 1 2 1 1 • 0 0— 6	3 5 3 2 3 ↙ ↘ ↗ ↘ ↙ 1 1 2 2 1—5 5 1 4 4 4 3 ↘ ↙ ↗ → ↙ ← 1 2 1 1 2 2—6
Forney	1 1 4 2 3 2 3 3 1 1 ↖ ↶ ↘ ↙ ↖ ↘ ↓ ↙ 2 1 0 1 2 3 2 1 0 1 2— 8	4 1 4 4 5 ↘ ↘ ↙ ↙ 2 1 1 2—5 1 4 2 5 4 4 ↗ ↖ ↗ ↘ → 2 2 1 1 1 0—5

* Miss-and-out.
No. 8, same: Clover 2, Sands and Forney 1, Clark 0.
No. 9, same: Sands and Forney 3, Clover 2, Clark 0. GRANT.

King Defeated Messner.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov 15.—The second of the series of races between J. G. Messner and Alex. King was decided to-day, King winning by 4 birds, killing 79 to Messner's 75. Both scores were poor ones, and although the birds are said to have been remarkably fast, neither man was shooting anything like his gait. The first match, shot Nov. 8, resulted in a tie on 88 apiece. To-day's match was, therefore, for double the original amount—$100 a side—making the purse worth $400 to the winner. The result, so far as the scores are concerned, was both a surprise and a disappointment to the many friends and admirers of both men.

The Pittsburg, Pa., *Post*, in giving an account of the match says: "King began strong. He killed 23 of his first 25 birds, but was unfortunate to lose 2 which fell dead out of bounds. At the end of the first 25 birds King was in the lead by 1 bird. He fell off woefully on his second 25, killing only 15, whereas Messner brought down 20. This put Messner 4 birds ahead. Then came King's brilliant spurt. Of the next 25 he killed 24, bringing down 17 straight, the best record of the match. When each had shot at 75 birds the score was even at 60 apiece. Messner then missed 3 straight, which greatly surprised the large crowd of spectators. Before he finished his string he had 7 more, 3 falling dead out of bounds. He wound up by killing only 15 out of the last 25. King, on the other hand, though he was also in bad form, killed 19 of the last 25, finishing 4 birds ahead. Messner's best record was 12 straight. Three times he missed 2 birds in succession. King, including dead out of bounds, missed 2 birds in succession three times. Messner had 4 birds dead out of bounds, and King 3."

The scores in detail were as follows:

A H King	2222222122022••2222202222—21 02022•2202022222202202060—15 2222220222222222222202222—24 0222220202220222222202212—19—79
J G Messner	2211202222222222222•20222—20 0212202022022222222222220—20 2222202222022222222222202—20 0002•222•2220222202220•22—15—75

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Nov. 12.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held this afternoon. The following scores were made, the first four events being at unknown angles, the last two at known traps and angles:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Nelson	1111111010001111111001011 —18	1101111111101111111111111011—22
Scott	1100001011010110110101101—14	0110001000000101010100001— 8
Dornin	1010111111111110110110101—19	1110111100011101110100111—18
Moorman	1101001100001110010111111—15	1111101111101111101111021—21
	No. 3.	**No. 4.**
Nelson	0011110100110111111101011—17	0111101111011111010111101—19
Scott	1011111111111000111001111—19	0110011111101110110010010—15
Dornin	1111101011111111111011100—20	0111001101101111111011101—18
Moorman	1111111111101111111111111—24	1011111001111111111111101—21
	No. 5.	**No. 6.**
Nelson	1100110101011111011111011—19	101110111111111 —13
Scott	1111111111010110011110110—19	111100011011100 — 9
Dornin	1101111111111111111111101—23	011111101111011 —12
Moorman	1111111111010100101011110—18	111010110111011 —12
Miller		110110111011110 —12

F. M. D.

On Long Island.

VERNON GUN CLUB.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 9.—Only six members of the Vernon Gun Club put in an appearance at the club's grounds, Enfield street, near Liberty avenue, this afternoon. The weather was very fine and the conditions altogether as perfect for trap shooting as one could wish. Seven events, all at 10 targets, were shot during the afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
W Thompson.	7	10	6	9	8	..	..	Barron	..	..	..	..	9	7	6
Wright	4	7	4	6	3	6	..	Emery	..	..	..	..	5	2	2
Dr Allen	4	6	4	4	..	..	..	Hess	..	..	..	..	1	0	5
T Thompson.	..	6	..	..	9	5	9	Allen	..	..	..	..	..	..	4

ROCKAWAY POINT ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Nov. 12.—Members of the Rockaway Point Rod and Gun Club spent nearly the whole day to-day, busily engaged smashing targets at their grounds at Rockaway Park. Schorty and Wash made the best records, the latter leading by 6 breaks more than his opponent. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	25	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	5	25	20
L H Schortemeier	21	7	7	10	6	5	6	5	..	18	16
G T Wash	20	6	7	7	..	9	8	8	..	19	17
H P Tessenden	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
J Coleman	13	4	5	6	6	6	5	4	1	12	..
P L Steinbrucker	12	2	3	6	..	3	4	4	2	11	..
J C Fleming	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Bourke	9	5	..	..	5	..	..	..	4	8	..
H Meyer	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Glier	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
P L Baetz	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

NORTH SIDE GUN CLUB.

Nov. 12.—Six members of the North Side Gun Club took part in that club's regular monthly badge shoot this afternoon. The shoot is at 7 live birds per man, club handicap rise, modified Hurlingham rules governing. Harry Meyer, the winner of last season's club championship badge, was the only one to kill his 7 birds, thus winning a heat for this season's badge without a shoot off. Events Nos. 1 and 2 were $1 miss-and-outs, the Meyer brothers cutting up both of them. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
H Meyer (28)	2222222—7	...	...
C M Meyer (28)	1020122—5	122—3	222—3
J N Meyer (28)	1211020—5	121—3	223—3
J H Jennings (28)	0010221—4	210—2	220—2
L Otten (25)	0 1 2 0 0 0 —3	120—2	220—2
M M Manning (30)	0200000—1	...	...
Marash (25)	.....	0 —0	...

BERGEN GUN CLUB.

Nov. 12.—The opening shoot of the Bergen Gun Club for the season 1895-96 took place this afternoon at the grounds at Flatlands Neck. The attendance was very good, eleven members taking part in the club shoot, which is at 7 live birds, club handicap rise, A. S. A. rule governing. The birds were a good lot and were aided by a strong wind. John B. Purdy, whose handicap is 26yds., was the only one to kill all his birds, winning the diamond badge without a shoot-off. In the miss-and-out sweeps which followed the club shoot, Rynhart, Richards, Murray and Valentine took the largest share of the pots. Score of the club shoot:

J B Purdy (26)	2222222—7	H E Reynolds (28)	22●2201—5
P J Rynhart (28)	1022222—6	C H Webb (26)	22202●2—5
W Hooper (28)	●221122—6	H Richards (26)	●120222—5
P H Murray (27)	2222201—6	C Morgan (25)	02210●2—4
R J Valentine (28)	2010222—5	O H Keefer (25)	02●●021—3
A J Harvey (28)	0022221—5		

PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Nov. 13.—The Parkway Rod and Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot this afternoon, 8 members being in attendance. The wind helped the birds so materially that there was not a straight score, no less than 5 out of the 8 contestants tieing for the badge on 6 kills. Ties were shot off at 3 birds, then miss-and-out. Bookman, who was in the tie, withdrew without shooting his tie birds. In the end Andrews, a Class C man with a handicap of 25yds., carried off the badge with 4 straight kills. A 3-bird sweep, $1 entrance, brought the afternoon's sport to a close, Bennett winning the pot by killing his 3 birds. Scores:

No. 1, club shoot:	Ties:	No. 2:
A Andrews (25) 1221021—6	2212—4	013—2
E Helgans (28) 22●2222—6	2220—3	101—2
A Bothy (30) 2022212—6	2220—3	010—1
H Bramwell (25) 2122220—6	10w—1	●01—1
H J Bookman (28) 22●2211—6	w	...
T Short (28) 102●211—5	....	...
J Bennett (28) 1020102—4	....	222—3
H J Sclover (25) 0120100—3	....	...

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.

Nov. 14.—The Unknown Gun Club's monthly shoot was held this afternoon, nine members competing in the club contest. This competition is at 7 live birds, club handicap rise, the scores counting for the club championship at the end of the season. A sweepstake in connection with this event serves to keep up the interest of the shooters. Moses Brown won first money alone with a straight run of 7 kills; second money went to Vroome, Voorhies and Knebel, Von Staden taking third money alone with 5 out of 7. Of the nine shooters present two of the number were over 70 years of age, while five others were past the 60 years mark. The scores were as follows:

Moses Brown (28)	2221121—7	Richard Smith (25)	0121010—4
E A Vroome (28)	0111211—6	W J Skidmore (25)	1010110—4
J B Voorhies (26)	2211110—6	John Akhurst (24)	0020112—4
Henry Knebel, sr (26)	1111101—6	A C Rankin (23)	2002011—4
Henry von Staden (26)	1201101—5		

IDLE HOUR GUN CLUB.

Nov. 18.—Eight members of the Idle Hour Gun Club took part in the club's regular shoot. The club event is at 7 live birds, 28yds. rise. The following were the scores:

Helmstead 6, Wilsheimer 5, Landiford 4, Bauman, Vremeister and Schroeder 2, Lambert 1, Hoffman 0.

Helmstead won the first medal, Wilsheimer second medal, and Landiford third medal.

Carteret Gun Club.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13, was a special sweepstakes day at the Carteret Club's grounds, Bayonne, N. J. The programme consisted of three events: No. 1, 10 birds, optional sweep of $10 or $5; No. 2, 5 pairs, $10, and 5 birds $5, club handicap and allowance. Although the weather was all that could be desired, the attendance was light, mainly owing to the absence of so many members of the club, who are away from the city on hunting trips.

The birds were an excellent lot of quick, strong flyers; just such a class of birds as Phil Lumbreyer, the club's superintendent, always has on hand nowdays whenever there's any shooting at Carteret. The change in the quality of the birds provided at the club's shoots of recent date is remarkable, when one compares them with the class of birds trapped there one year ago. Aided as they were on the above date by a fairly strong northeast wind, the birds were calculated to beat anybody; the scores, therefore, are by no means as bad as they look, while Yale Dolan's record of 27 out of 28 from the 30yds. mark will compare very favorably with any score on a similar class of birds. Seaver Page dropped in late, but made his mark in the first sweep he shot in, and was doing excellent work in the next, No. 4, until his gun broke down. His lost bird in that event, however, was not the fault of the gun; it was just one of those cases where a second barrel could have been used with telling effect, but—wasn't.

W. H. Mead, the secretary of the club, was the victim of a bad headache, and failed in the majority of instances in the first sweep to place his load of shot anywhere near his birds. Usually Mr. Mead is a dangerous man in a handicap event, but on this occasion his physical condition outweighed his allowance and handicapped him too severely. Chapin, from the 30yds. mark, killed 17 out of 21, and it should be added that of the birds he missed none were easy ones; his lost bird in event No. 1 was perhaps an exception, and could have been scored with a little care. H. G. Wright bunched his misses and came out with a total of 19 out of 23; his weakness seemed to be an inability to be careful when he drew an easy bird. On really fast birds, with no poor ones in the crate, Wright would be no gift for anybody if he stood at his handicap distance of 29yds. W. S. Edey shot well throughout, but experienced some ill luck in event No. 1, having two of his three cyphers scored to him on birds that fell dead just outside the boundary; he scored altogether 25 out of 30, standing at the 28yds. mark, losing two dead out of bounds and making a bad miss on his last bird in event No. 6. Knapp killed 18 out of 22 from the 31yds. mark; with one exception, his fifth bird in No. 1, all his lost birds were good ones, and yet he did not seem to be shooting as he can shoot. He appeared to be careless, too, when at the score, handling himself as if he did not care whether he killed or missed. George Gould has had little experience in trap-shooting, but he managed to divide the first sweep he took part in. Dolan's work, as stated above, was very good, killing his birds in good time and very cleanly. He arrived at the club house just in time to enter the 10-bird race, and walked away with first money as a result of some good shooting. All the above remarks apply only to the single-bird sweeps, No. 2 being at pairs.

In that event two birds were placed in each trap and only one trap pulled at a time; this is an improvement over the idea of pulling two traps when shooting at pairs of live birds, as there is less likelihood of sitters to our way of thinking, while wild, fast birds it is hard enough to make one's choice and kill one's birds in time to have them scored. Dolan shot well in this event, but was somewhat favored by the birds; he killed 7 out of 9, not scoring at the 10th for reasons that follow: The club rules do not call for both birds to be on the wing when killed; it is only necessary that the bird killed shall be on the wing when killed to be scored to the shooter. When No. 5 trap was pulled for Dolan's last pair, he had only to kill one bird to win the sweep; both birds proved to be sitters and had to be flushed in the usual manner—with balls rolled along the ground; one rose and was promptly killed, but the other refused to fly, although the club limit of five balls was rolled to scare it up. As Dolan had already won by killing his first bird, the referee, John S. Hoey, told him to kill the bird on the ground to save time.

Wright shot well in this event, and but for extremely hard luck on his second pair would have given Dolan some trouble to take first money. Edey also shot well, but should have killed his fourth pair; his first bird in his fifth pair fell dead just outside the club's grounds after towering high in the air, the wind eventually carrying it over the fence when it fell. Knapp started in badly, but finished strongly; his 1st, 3d and 5th pairs were made up of some of the strongest birds trapped during the afternoon.

The way the traps fell to each man is given below; it will be noticed that Nos. 1 and 5 were pulled below the average, No. 1 slightly, but No. 5 decidedly so. The traps were pulled 190 times during the six events 38 being thus an average for each trap to be pulled:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Chapin	6	6	7	6	1	26
Wright	4	9	6	6	3	28
Edey	6	12	4	7	6	35
Mead	6	4	5	5	2	22
Knapp	5	5	6	7	4	27
Dolan	5	8	6	9	5	33
Page	2	2	4	2	2	12
Gould	1	3	1	1	1	7
	35	49	39	43	24	190

The scores in detail, showing the flight of each bird, number of trap and whether killed or missed, are given below. Nos. 1, 2 and 3 were the programme events; Nos. 4, 5 and 6 were $5 miss-and-outs. In the first three events the money went to the two high guns, hence to keep things moving, those with one miss and who had no allowance dropped out at the close of the third round. The club boundary is 50yds., and is marked by a small wire fence about 2ft. high. Scores:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	No. 1	No. 2.*
	4 1 3 1 2 3 3 3 4 3	1 1 4 4 3 3 3 3 4 4
	↖ ↖ ↑ ↙ ↓ H ↖ ↖ ↘	↖ ↗ ↖ ↖ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↑ ↑
C A Chapin (30)	2 2 2 ● 2 1 2 2 2 1 — 9	●0 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 — 3
	5 4 2 4 3 2 2 2 4 4	2 2 3 3 5 5 3 3 3 3
	↖ ↗ ↖ ↓ ↖ ↑ ↗ ↑	↩ ↗ ↖ ↖ ↑ ↗ ↗ ↖ H
H G Wright (29)	1 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 — 9	1 1 ●● 0 0 1 1 1 1 — 6
	1 4 5 1 3 2 4 3 2 4	5 5 3 3 5 5 5 5 2 2
	↩ ↑ ↑ ↗ ↖ ↖ ↘ ↑ ↖	↘ ↑ ↖ ↖ ↑ ↗ ↗ ↖ ↘
W S Edey (29)	2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 1 ● 0 — 7	1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 ● 1 — 6
	2 3 5 1 3 4 1 4 1 3	4 4 4 4 3 3 3 3 2 2
	↖ ↖ ↗ ↙ ↑ ↖ ↙ ↗ ↑ ↖	↑ ↑ ↗ ↑ ↖ ↙ H ↘ ↗ ↘
W H Mead (28)	● 0 2 0 0 0 0 2 0 ● — 2	0 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 — 4
	4 3 3 5 4 4 5 2 4 1	3 3 2 2 3 3 1 1 4 4
	↑ ↖ ↗ ↑ ↙ ↖ ↖ T ↑ ↖	↖ ↗ ↑ ↑ ↖ ↖ ↗ ↗ ↖ ↗
J P Knapp (31)	2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 — 8	0 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 — 6
	1 1 4 3 2 4 4 3 4 4	3 3 4 4 5 5 5 5 5
	↗ ↖ ↖ ↖ ↑ ↑ ↖ ↖ ↑	↖ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↙ ↙ H
H Y Dolan (30)	2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 — 10	0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 — 7

* In No. 2 all stood at 25yds., no handicap.

	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
	2 2 5 .	1	1 2 2	4 4 2 1
	↑ ↖ ↖	↑	↩ ↖ ↖	↘ ↗ ↑ ↑
C A Chapin (30)	0 1 1 —2	0 —0	1 1 2—3	2 2 2 0 —3
	1 5 4 2	4	2	1 1 3 1 3 2 2
	↖ ↑ ↖ ↖	↖	↩	↖ ↗ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↖ ↑
H G Wright (29)	2 2 2 ● —3	0 —0	0 —0	2 2 2 2 2 2 2—7
	1 2 4 2 5	2 5 2 4 2	4 3 1	1 1 4 2 3 2 2
	↓ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↘	↩ ↖ ↖ ↗ ↖	↖ ↑ ↩	↖ ↖ ↘ ↖ ↗ ↙ ↙
W S Edey (29)	2 2 2 2 2—5	2 2 2 2 2—5	2 2 0—2	2 1 2 2 2 2 0—6
	2 1 4 5	1 2 1		
	↘ ↩ ↘ ↘	↗ ↗ ↗		
W H Mead (28)	1 2 1 ● —3	1 1 0 —2	.....	.....
	5 4 5	2 1 1 2 4	1 3 3	2
	↑ ↩ ↖	↗ ↗ ↗ ↑ ↖	↙ ↑ ↗	↑
J P Knapp (31)	2 2 ● —2	2 2 2 2 2—5	2 2 2—3	0 —0
	3 2 1	2 5 1 2 4	2 5 2	1 4 3 2 2 3 4
	↘ ↗ ↙	↑ ↖ ↖ → ↑	↑ ↩ ↖	↩ ↑ ↖ ↩ ↗ ↗ ↑
H Y Dolan (30)	2 0 2 —2	1 2 2 1 1—5	1 1 2—3	1 2 1 1 1 1 1—7
	1 5 4 4 1	3 5 3 2 3	2	3
	↖ ↑ ↖ ↖ ↑	↖ ↖ → ↗ ↙	↑	↩
J S Page (30)	2 2 2 1 1—5	1 1 1 ●—4	0 —0	0 —0
	2 2 4 2 5	1	3	
	→ H ↖ ↗ ↗	↖	↓	
*Geo Gould (25)	2 1 0 2 1—4	0 —0	0 —0	.....

* In No. 3, 27yds. and under, received allowance of one miss as a kill.

EDWARD BANKS.

Cobweb Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—The Cobweb Gun Club held its monthly live bird shoot to-day in rainy weather. Notwithstanding the bad conditions, so far as comfort was concerned, twenty-two members put in an appearance and shot for the three class medals. The scores below show how the medals were distributed.

Club shoot, 5 live birds, club handicap rise, ties shot off on 3 birds, then miss-and-out:

Class A (30yds. rise).

*McKeon	11211—5	Odell	21110—4
Hoffman	11111—5	C Zahn	11201—4
Pilkington	22011—4	Dickson	01120—3
Train	11201—4	Knapp	10201—3
Gecks	21021—4	Loomis	0210w
Greiff	12220—4	Hendricks	2100w

Ties:

McKeon	23●2—3	Hoffman	2200—2

Class B (28yds. rise).

*Jarvis	12022—4	Donnelly	21102—4
Byrnes	22210—4	Kerker	10210—3

Ties:

Jarvis	122—3	Donnelly	10 —1
Byrnes	10 —1		

Class Z (26yds. rise).

*Bage	20120—3	Magee	02010—2
Nagle	10210—3	Goldie	00022—2
Curren	10100—2	Gochnour	00010—1

Ties:

Bage	121—3	Nagle	020—1

*P. F. McKeon won the medal in Class A, Frank Jarvis the Class B medal, and A. Bage the medal in Class Z. F. A. KERKER, Sec'y.

Kirkpatrick Hardware Co.'s Tournament.

WE have received a programme of the tournament to be held at Atlanta, Ga., Nov. 27, 28, which is given by the Kirkpatrick Hardware Co. of that city. The tournament is indorsed by the Fulton Gun Club, of Atlanta. The following extracts from the programme explain the plan on which the tournament will be run:

"Rules of the A. S. A. will govern this tournament, except where they conflict with the special features adopted herein. Manufacturers' agents and those who receive their guns and ammunition free and all known professionals will be barred from shooting for purses. We will, however, be glad to see such persons who wish to attend and show their goods. This is intended to be a strictly amateur shoot, and no one but amateurs will be allowed to enter for purses.

"Shooters will shoot targets at known traps, unknown angles. Any shooter who wins or divides first money must shoot in the next event which he enters according to expert rules, which will be unknown traps, known angles. If in this event he fails to win or divide any part of the purse he will fall back to known traps, unknown angles, in the next event which he shoots in, and so continue to be graded.

"All purses at this tournament will be divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.; price of birds will be deducted from each purse and all ties divide.

"The referee's decision is final under all circumstances. Shooting to commence promptly at 8:30 A. M. each day. Money will be refunded for all uncontested events. Grounds will be open for practice shooting the morning of the 26th. Shooters are requested to make entry for the entire programme each day. If they wish to withdraw from any event for which they have entered they may do so and their money will be refunded, provided of course they do so before the event commences."

Among other particulars it may be noted that 10-gauge guns and black powder are barred, as well as the professionals. A sole leather gun case will be given each day to the shooter making the highest average in that day's events. The programmes for each day are identical: eight 15-target events, $2 entrance, and two 20-target events, $3 entrance. The company adds $10 to every purse. Empire traps and targets will be used, the traps being under the personal supervision of Chas. C. Hebbard, of New York, who leaves to-day for Atlanta to take charge of same.

As an Amateur Sees it.

CINCINNATI.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am an amateur. I make this statement at the start to inform you of my standing as a trap-shooter and that you may the better understand my views in the relation of amateur and professional, and the many lively questions, theories, systems and what not which appertain to those interesting personages.

Speaking as an amateur myself, it seems to me that the amateur at large is too constant and too clamorous in his demands for advantage, thinking entirely of his own interests, asking for special concessions that are more or less outside of the matter at issue in a trap contest—that is to say, skill with the gun—and so arguing that one could easily infer that great skill and ability militated against some vague and vested right which the amateur possessed simply because he is an amateur.

Stated in simple English, he says: "I can't shoot so well as you can, Mr. Expert, or Mr. Professional, and I am too indolent to devote the time and too thrifty to expend the money that you have expended in obtaining skill and knowledge; therefore I wish you would devise some system of handicapping yourself, so that, without going through the rigorous schooling and great expense which were necessary in attaining your skill, knowledge, etc., you will so oblige me that I can win your money. Any system which does not make my awkwardness equal to your skill is a failure, and I will continue to howl 'wolf' and 'wolves' till I can get the prey myself, whereupon my cry of wolf will cease."

It is true that I am an amateur, but that is no reason why I should be blind to all the principles of equity, or why I should be blind to what constitutes real progress and improvement.

The expert once made a beginning. He was an amateur. His progress was marked by enthusiasm, industry and diligent study of his art. Energy overcame obstacles; disappointments stimulated greater effort; success now and then inspired confidence and hope for greater successes.

The same course is open for the sluggish amateur to become an expert. Let him pursue the same course to attain his success. Begging for favors at the hands of experts savors too much of a weak, cringing and indolent spirit; ambition which is groveling instead of soaring; a sordid eye for gain instead of a true spirit of sportsmanship and not from a desire to compete and excel. The course of practice which made the skill of the expert is open to the amateur to follow. He asks for something before he has tried and before he is worthy.

As to systems, it is my belief that none can be devised to put the amateur and expert on a level, and it is my conviction that none should be attempted. The skill of the expert will always surpass the inefficiency of the amateur, for if he is inefficient in his shooting no "system" will improve it. Moreover, any handicap which is imposed on the expert and which relates to his skill, such as amateurs angling against known angles, will never avail, since the expert's skill is so equal to all the varieties of shots which can be offered that his success is diminished but little, while the amateur's untrained nerve will leave breaks in his score regardless of the advantages conceded to him by the handicap.

So much for the question of skill. Now let us consider the injustice of handicapping by distance. In this way the skill of the shooter is thrown out of consideration in part, and his gun is handicapped. He is not only required to show greater personal skill, but his gun must do greater and more difficult work than the gun of the amateur. He is required to show greater skill in his own person in the difficulty of the shots, and the power of the gun is lessened inasmuch as it must make longer shots. He is forced to give attention to every detail. And all this—as a result of diligent effort, coming from a desire to excel and from constant application and great expense as compared to the spasmodic and temporary efforts of the amateur—results in loud declaiming against the winning of the expert, which is really a protest against the expert's success, and an admission of perpetual inferiority.

It is the more surprising to me that there is such a silent and spiritless acceptance of all these arguments against the expert; first because there is nothing which compels the amateur to compete with the expert if he objects to do so, and second because the expert seems to present his own side of the case improperly. The latter may know how to shoot expertly and yet be wholly inefficient in presenting his side of the argument and in defending his rights. To me it seems as if the plea of the amateur is a special plea, or rather a begging for something more than rightly belongs to him. He admits his own absence of skill and asks that he be given something for the sole reason that he is incompetent.

In all the affairs of business the man of skill reaps the reward of the industry, research, knowledge and skill which come to him who makes a success of a specialty.

In the business world the competition is not so direct, but it is none the less keen. No man with any sense in the business world would plead his own inefficiency as a plea to handicap his superior. Every one must stand on his own merit.

As proficiency in the art is the ultimate aim and purpose of the competition, if it is really a sport and not a mere means to juggle for money, the sport should be so systematized on that basis. The manner of developing the skill and educating the amateur should be paramount to the matter of dividing the purses.

But do we read of competitions as educators? Are these competitions for the love of the sport? Are these "systems" for the benefit of all concerned, for the sake of all concerned? I think not. It is this and that for the benefit of the amateur—some complex artificial arrangement to bolster up the shortcomings of the amateur, which often is a term denoting incompetency against knowledge and skill.

The real purpose of trap-shooting, which I trust I am not wrong in assuming is a gentlemanly diversion, has been clouded and partially smothered in a complexity of systems, no one of which is based on the competition as a sport; but, on the contrary, all are based on some way of splitting up the money. All this naturally prompts the inquiry: What is trap-shooting for? Is it a sport for gentlemen or is it a scramble for money? Are the benefits those of practice for real work in the field, the pleasing emulation of competition to spur one to his utmost endeavor, the improvements which come from efforts to reach the higher standards of skill exhibited by some one else, or is it a compromise by which all hope to keep all in a game which has a basic principle on the matter of dollars and cents?

To me, as an amateur, it seems all very simple. I shoot when I feel like it, pay my money, and if I am beaten I submit to superior skill. I have thus a standard to aspire to. I work harder and endeavor to improve. When I am near men who are incomparably my superiors, I stay out. If I go into the competition and I am beaten, I admit that I am beaten. I can go into training in private to beat the man who beat me in public if I think it worth while. There is no need that I should come forward and, with thumb in mouth, plead the baby act in public.

I write this as an amateur who asks nothing of no one or any one.

AMATEUR.

WESTERN TRAPS.

TURKEY DAY TRAP.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 16.—The Eureka Gun Club, of Chicago, will hold an all-day shoot on Thanksgiving Day at its grounds, 79th street and Vincennes avenue.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., will hold an all-day shoot on Thanksgiving Day.

The Anderson, Ind., Gun Club is making preparations for its tournament to be held on Nov. 27 and 28.

A trap-shooting contest of English sparrows, open to all, will take place at Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 27.

The Des Moines, Ia., Gun Club will hold its annual autumn tournament Nov. 26, 27 and 28. The management departs from the old sweepstakes system and announces boldly that it will divide purses under the equitable system. Progress.

MATCHES.

George Deiter, of Milwaukee, defeated George Franklin in the 100-live-bird match for $100 a side, at Evanston, 80 to 85. The weather was unfavorable for good shooting. At 30 birds Franklin led by 4, and at 50 he was still in the lead by 2. The contestants tied at the 95th bird. Franklin missed 2 out of his last 5 birds and Deiter won the match by killing 4 out of the last 5.

At Lincoln, Ill., the contest for the gold medal offered by Bogardus was won to-day by Gilbert, the Iowa champion. The match between Irwin and Bogardus was postponed until the Springfield tournament.

VISITING.

J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, is in Chicago. He is not looking for matches, but visiting with the boys. He says all is lovely at K. C.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

In New Jersey.

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Nov. 9.—This was a day set for a practice shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club, at Marion, N. J. This afternoon was a perfect one, but the members of the club turned out very poorly. Event No. 1 was at 15 targets, Corson scoring 13 to Edwards's 10. No. 2 was a 10-target event, the following scores being made: Corson 10, Edwards 8, G. Piercy, Piercy, Jr., and Fry 7. This was followed by two 25-target events, some of the scores in which counted in the club shoots, as several members had back scores to shoot up:

	No. 3.	No. 4.
Edwards	0111111011111010101011111—19	
Corson	1101101111111011101011111—20	1101111111001101111101111—20
Piercy	1101111111110011111111111—22	1111111110111111111111111—24
Fry	0101111101110101000010010—14	1001010110110010110100110—14
Piercy, Jr.	0111101110011101000110111—16	1110111111001110110111111—20
Duff		0110111111011110110001101—17

No. 5 was a 15-target event, resulting as follows: Corson 15, Piercy and Piercy, Jr., 10, Duff 8.

The four above named then shot at 5 live birds each, scoring as follows: Corson 4, Piercy, Piercy, Jr., and Duff 3.

J. A. CREVELING, Sec'y.

CENTRAL GUN CLUB.

Nov. 9.—The Central Gun Club, of Perth Amboy, held its monthly shoot this afternoon, six members taking part in the club event. This event is at 10 live birds per man, A. S. A. rules governing. A sweep of $3 was shot in connection with the event, the first money being won by Spencer Dayton with a score of 8 out of 10. The scores were:

S Dayton	1212102021—8	Wm Dayton	0021000120—4
H Jones	1110001122—7	Jas Glenn	0200202122—6
H Dayton	0201012120—6	S Hornsby	0000221002—4

H. J. MASON, Sec'y.

NEW JERSEY TRAP-SHOOTERS' LEAGUE.

Nov. 12.—This was a gala day at the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J. The occasion was the shoot-off for the gun donated as a prize for the league members by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. It had been decided during the last shoot of the league, which was held at Red Bank, N. J., in the month of October, that the gun should be shot for by any member of the league who wanted to try for it. The event was to be a 50-target handicap race, the handicaps of the members of the league being computed from the records made by them in the various league contests held during the year. Lots were drawn for the privilege of holding the shoot and the lot fell to the South Side Club.

The day was a lovely one, but there was a trifle more wind than target-shooters like to have playing with the targets when they want to make good scores. The attendance was satisfactory, thirty-eight shooters taking part in the handicap. The conditions were: 50 targets per man with a handicap allowance of extra targets to shoot at; the first 25 at known angles, the second 25 and the allowance at unknown angles; no man to score more than 50, all scores of 50 or more being counted as 50; ties shot off at a like number of targets with same allowance and under same conditions.

The men shot in squads of six as usual, shooting their 25 known angles first; they shot their remaining targets whenever it was convenient for the management to get them to the score with a view to saving time. There was no regularity about it, as the shooters did not show up at the start, straggling in up to a late hour, although the shoot was set to commence at 11 A. M.

The first squad to shoot was: W. Sigler (52), F. Van Dyke (scratch), Dutchy Smith (55), M. Herrington (58), Gus Greiff (55) and Johnny Hoffman (54). Of this squad there were no survivors, although Herrington, who scored 49, and Sigler, who ran up 48 out of 52, came very near the mark. Sigler scored 22 out of his 25 known angles and then broke 26 out of 27 at unknown angles. Dutchy's shells went back on him, as any one can see who looks at the scores made by this usually reliable shot. The second squad consisted of Maj Taylor (59), George McAlpin (51), H. Folsom (60), Capt. Money (52), L. Thomas (56) and J. H. Richmond (58). McAlpin and Thomas did not shoot anything like their usual gait and were left out in the cold, being joined by Harry Folsom and Capt. Money, the latter breaking 25 out of his 27 unknown angles. Maj. Taylor and Richmond both survived the ordeal and went away to prepare for another bout; the Major scored 21 out of 25, known angles, and 31 out of 34, unknown angles—52; Richmond led him with 54—24 out of 25 known angles, and 30 out of 33 at unknown angles.

The third squad was made up as follows: E. Sickley (54), W. N. Drake (52), Asa Whitehead (54), Dr. T. J. Jackson (59), G. Piercy (60) and R. Heber Breintnall (55). Of this number Sickley and Dr. Jackson landed in the first division, the former scoring 24 out of 25 known angles, and 26 out of 29 unknown angles; the latter also broke 24 out of 25 known angles, and 28 out of 34 unknown angles. Bailey Drake shot well, but could not total more than 47 out of his 52; Breintnall and Asa Whitehead made 46 and 45 respectively. The fourth squad then toed the mark: Neaf Apgar (51), C. F. Lenone (57), R. Manning (57), E. Edwards (59), Tom Keller (55) and Louis Schortemeier (55). Schorty was the fifth man to join the A class, breaking 23 out of his 25 known angles and 28 out of his 30 unknown angles—51. Manning came within a single break of getting in among the upper ten, while Lenone only fell 3 short of the requisite number. Keller blames the rheumatism and Edwards's "chinning" for his defeat.

Squad No. 5 did not send a single man into the second round, although Charlie Hebbard (56) and E. A. Geoffroy (55) came within 2 breaks of the necessary 50. Charlie Heddon (56) and Aaron Woodruff (57) each made 45; Astfalk (58) scored 41. Bartlett, the other member of this squad, shot from scratch as a guest of the club, scoring 22 in each series of 25 targets. The sixth squad added 3 new members to class A: F. Walters (56), Tom Brantingham (58) and J. Shaw (60) being the lucky men. Of the remainder Dan Terry (57) broke 47, Van Iderstine (60) scored 45 and A. Sickley (53) 43. Eddie Collins started well by breaking 24 out of his known angles, missing his 25th target; by losing 4 out of his first 25 at unknown angles he retired, as with a score of 45 out of 50 he could only total 49 if he broke his allowance of 4 targets. Batsch (60) was never dangerous and did not shoot up his allowance, as the day was drawing to a close.

The first series of ties was then started with only eight left in, Taylor, Richmond, E. Sickley, Jackson, Schortemeier, Brantingham, Walters and Shaw. Of this number Dr. Jackson, Brantingham, Walters and Shaw failed to reach the maximum, although Shaw only lost his chance by dropping his last target, scoring one less than the number required. As time was getting very short and the sun was getting down to the horizon very fast, no unnecessary targets were shot at, each man dropping out as fast as he reached the maximum or when he could not reach the 50 mark.

The second series commenced with four men, Taylor, Richmond, E. Sickley and Schortemeier. All but Sickley reached the 50 mark; had he broken his four extra targets he could not have made more than 49 as his total, for the 50 was only 45—good shooting, but not enough for the purpose. The first 25 of this round produced some remarkable work, even if it was at known angles; Sickley broke the first 25 straight of the day, while the other three shooters each totaled 24—97 out of the 100 targets shot at!

The third series, and the last for the day, again produced some very good work, the light being very poor indeed. Maj. Taylor broke 25 straight in his known angles and 25 out of 31 at unknown angles. Richmond scored 23 out of 25 at known angles and 27 out of 33 unknown angles; he had to break his last 10 at unknown angles to score his 50. Schortemeier retired at the end of the eleventh round in the unknown angles, as he could not make more than 49 if he broke straight. That left only Maj. Taylor and Richmond to fight it out for the gun. The light was now so poor that a target could hardly be seen and Richmond claimed that the tie should be shot off some other day, as it was too dark for shooting. As Maj. Taylor had to leave for the South for a stay of three weeks while attending the field trials, he naturally wanted to shoot it off anyhow and have done with it. It was decided, however, that the tie should be shot off on some date not yet fixed.

It will be of interest to know just what percentages the four leading men made at the different styles of shooting. Here are the figures:

Major Taylor.		J. H. Richmond.	
Known.	Unknown.	Known.	Unknown.
21	31 out of 34	24	30 out of 33
24	26 out of 27	24	26 out of 29
24	26 out of 28	24	26 out of 30
25	25 out of 31	23	27 out of 33
—	—	—	—
94	108 120	95	109 125
Schortemeier.		E. Sickley.	
23	26 out of 30	24	26 out of 29
24	26 out of 28	22	28 out of 29
24	26 out of 29	25	20 out of 25
20	10 out of 11	—	—
—	— —	71	74 83
91	90 98		

The actual percentages were: Known angles—Richmond 95, E. Sickley 94.6, Taylor 94, and Schortemeier 91. Unknown angles—Schortemeier 91.8, Taylor 90, Sickley 89.1 and Richmond 87.2. The total number of targets thrown during the handicap was 2,887; this was good work, as the sun sets about 4:45 P. M. at this time of the year, and the handicap did not commence until the noon hour whistles had got ready to blow the employees to dinner.

As usual the South Side management did all they could to make the boys happy, but barring the fortunate few who got into the upper ten, there was very little shooting for some of the others. This was not altogether an unfortunate thing for a good many, as they still had some money to spend that would otherwise have found its way into the pockets of a few. The full score follows:

W Sigler (52)	1111101111110111111111110111
	1111111111130111111111111111 —48
F Van Dyke (50)	1111101111111111111011101
	1111011101111111111111111 —44
Dutchy (55)	0101111011101110010111011
	0000101101101110010001001111011 —32
M Herrington (58)	0011111111111111111110111
	1011310111101111111101111111101 —49
G E Greiff (55)	1111101100111111111111011
	1111111110000101010100111101 —41
J Hoffman (54)	1011011111111111110111111
	0100011011111111111111111111 —45
Major J M Taylor (59)	1111110111110111101111101
	0111101111111111111111111111111111 —52
G S McAlpin (51)	0111111110111111011111111
	0101001010110111111111010 —39
H Folsom (60)	1111111111111011111111111
	1011110101111001000011101110101010101—45
Capt Money (52)	0011100110111111011111011
	1111111111111111101011111 —43
L Thomas (56)	1101011111110111011111110
	1000101111111001101111001010111 —40
J H Richmond (58)	0111111111101111111111111
	0111111101111101111111111111111 —54
E Sickley (54)	1011111111111111111111111
	1101111111111101111011111111 —50
W N Drake (52)	1111111101111111111111111
	1111101111111101111011111 —47
Asa Whitehead (54)	1111011111111111111111110
	0111111101111111111111010111 —45
Dr Jackson (59)	1011111111111111111111111
	1011111101111011111111001111111111 —52
G Piercy (60)	0101000010110111101110010
	1010101111101111101010111011100011—37
R H Breintnall (55)	1011101111111111111111111
	0110111111111101111010111111 —46
N Apgar (51)	1111111111000111111111111
	1111000011111111111111111 —43
C F Lenone (57)	1111111010111111011101000
	1111011111111111111111111111101011 —47
R Manning (57)	1111101101111111111111111
	0111101101111111111111101111110111 —49
E Edwards (59)	1101110111001100111111111111
	1101111111001111011100101111011010 —48
T H Keller (55)	1111111110100101111111111
	1000011011110000011001111111011 —39
L H Schortemeier (55)	1111111111111111111111011
	1111111101111111111111111101111 —51
B A Bartlett*	1110101111111111111111110
	1110111011111111111111101 —44
C M Heddon (56)	0110111011101111001111110011
	1010101111111100111111111111111 —45
C Hebbard (56)	1011101111111111111001111
	0011111111111111111111010111111 —48
E A Geoffroy (55)	0111111011111111111111111
	1111111111011111111111111110001 —48
N Astfalk (58)	1011110001100110111111010
	1100111101111111101011011101111011 —41
A Woodruff (57)	1011011111011111111110111
	1101101111001101011111101111011 —45
T H Brantingham (58)	1111111111011111110111011
	1111111101111111111111011000111111 —50
F Walters (56)	1111111111111111111111110
	1111111111101111111111111100011 —51
A Sickley (53)	1100111111111011000011111
	1110111111111111111111110111 —43
J Shaw (60)	1111001111111011011111111
	1100101111111111111111111111111111111—51
Van Iderstine (60)	0111010110111111111011
	1011101110111111111011111111110100—45
D Terry (57)	1110111111011010111111111
	1111111111111111000111110111100 —47
E Collins* (54)	1111111111111111111111110
	1111001111111011111111110 —45
F Batsch* (60)	1011100000111001111110110
	0101000101110000100000110 —25

* Bartlett shot as a guest of the league. Collins and Batsch being unable to score 50 with their handicap did not shoot their allowance of extra targets.

The first series of ties resulted as follows:

Taylor (59)	1111111111111111111111101
	1111111111111111111111011111 —50
Richmond (58)	1111101111111111111111111
	1111111111111111111011101111 —50
E Sickley (54)	1010111111111111111111011
	1111111111111111101111111111 —50
Dr Jackson (59)	1010111111101101111011000
	1101101111101111011111101111 —41
Schortemeier (55)	1111111111111111111110111
	1011111111111111111101111111 —50
Brantingham (58)	1111010110111111100011111
	1111111101111111101011111 —41
Walters * (56)	1111111101111111101111011
	1111111111111111111001111 —41
Shaw (60)	0111011111011011101101010
	1101111111101111111111111011110—49

* Walters retired on his seventeenth target at known angles, being unable to score 50 if he broke all his 8 last targets.

Second ties:

Taylor (59)	1011111111111111111111111
	1111111101111101111111111111 —50
Richmond (58)	1111111111111101111111
	0111111111111111011011101111 —50
E Sickley (54)	1111111111111111111111111
	1111100111111011111110001 —45
Schortemeier (55)	1111111111111111111101111
	1110111111111111111011111101111 —50

Third ties:

Taylor (59)	1111111111111111111111111
	0111111111101011010111101111 —50
Richmond (58)	1111111011111011111111
	1100101111111101111111111111111 —50
Schortemeier (55)	1011011011111111101101111
	1111111110 —30

EDWARD BANKS.

NEWARK GUN CLUB.

Nov. 14.—Secretary Green didn't feel very well this afternoon, first, because his especial pet, the Newark Gun Club, didn't turn out strong, and second, because he himself had not recovered from a hard day after ruffed grouse. Still, a few of the old stand-bys were in evidence; the rest of the crowd which usually attends the Newark's monthly meeting were prevented this time by the rain, which dripped and drizzled all the afternoon. Erb, as usual, had a good lot of pigeons, which, however, were, like the non-attendants, handicapped by the weather. All the same, there were a lot of good ones among the birds, as several of the contestants will vouch for. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
C Wright	1211—4	1212—4	1120—3
S Castle	110 —2	1110—3	1121—4
*W Hollis	1● —1	1111—4	2122—4
J Erb	20 —1	20●2—2	2210—3
F Van Dyke		2112—4	1122—4
Liddy		....	2111—4

	No. 4.	No. 5.
F Van Dyke	2212222211—10	2222●211221— 9
S Castle	1211111211—10	1012112121— 9
J Erb	1221112111—10	2101122011— 8
W Hollis	1001112212— 8	0111012010— 6
C Wright	0221122201— 8	2112112122—10

*In event No. 2 Wright, Hollis and Van Dyke shot off their tie for first money; Van Dyke missing his first tie bird, the other two divided, having killed their birds. No. 1 was at 4 birds, $3, high gun; Nos. 2 and 3 were the same, with the exception that there were two moneys; No. 4 was the club event, with a sweep of $2.50; No. 5 was $5 entrance, two moneys.

W. R. HOBART.

ELKWOOD PARK.

Nov. 14.—A few well-known target and live-bird shots took part in a shoot held at Elkwood Park, near Long Branch, N. J., to-day. The weather was wretched, rain falling in torrents during the day. Among those who were present was Edgar G. Murphy, of Long Branch, who a few weeks ago very nearly lost his trigger finger by monkeying with the sprocket wheel of a bicycle while it was being cleaned. The scores were:

No. 1, 25 targets: J. S. Shaw 21, L. B. Campbell 21, W. H. Conklin 20.

No. 2, 10 targets: Conklin 7, Henry White 6, Fred Hoey 5, Campbell 4, Shaw 3.

No. 3, same: Shaw 8, Conklin 7, Edgar Murphy 6, Hoey 4, White 0.

No. 4, same: Shaw 8, Conklin 7, Murphy 5, Hoey 1.

No. 5, miss-and-out: Shaw 6, Campbell 5, Conklin 3.

SOUTH SIDE'S SATURDAY.

Nov. 16.—The regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., was held to-day in glorious weather. In the team race Breintnall's team won easily, defeating Warren Smith's team by the score of 84 to 72. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
W Smith	8	8	9	7	9	8	6	..	..	..
Couch	10	6	6	7	7	6	7	..	..	..
Breintnall	..	9	5	6	8	7	9	..	6	..
Green	..	10	8	8	..	..	8	..	8	..
Folsom	..	7	5	9	..	6	..	4	8	7
Dawson	..	6	5	2	..	2	..	6	..	..
W M Smith	..	5	..	..	7	4	..	4	..	..
Whitehead	..	9	..	..	8	..	..	..	7	..
Hedden	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Herrington	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	8	8	10
Paul	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..

Team race:

Breintnall's team.

Breintnall	1101011101011101101011111—18
Whitehead	1111110111111111101011101—21
Herrington	1101111111111111111111011—22
Hedden	0111111111111111111011111—23—84

W. Smith's team.

W Smith	1111101111111101111011111—22
Green	1001110001101011101111001—16
Couch	0110110110011101011011101—16
Folsom	1011001111110011101111101—18—72

SECRETARY.

Trap around Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 7.—B. F. Smith and Otto Besser, Jr., shot their race to-day with the result that Besser won with ease, scoring 92 to Smith's 85. Over 200 persons witnessed the match, which went off in an orderly and quiet manner, there being no kicking at the referee's decisions, etc.; N. E. Story was referee, George MacArthur, official scorer; Besser was handled by A. Downs, while Harry Kirkover looked after Smith's interests. Both men used 12-gauge guns; Besser shot a Burgess with 44grs. of E. C.; Smith an L. C. Smith with 4drs. of Du Pont smokeless. Smith did fairly well, but was undoubtedly outclassed, his opponent shooting consistently well throughout the match, scoring 45 out of his first 50 and 47 out of his last 50. Smith on the other hand did not strike his gait until toward the end; he only killed 40 out of his first 50, but rolled up 45 out of his last half, scoring 38 out of his last 40 birds, the other two dropping dead out of bounds. Besser made the longest run, killing 37 straight, and 42 out of his last 44, one dead out of bounds. Score:

B F Smith	1221112●012112022112●12222—21
	212212●02122212022●2111●01—19
	1●222122●20●2121221112122—21
	1221111●2111112111212122—24—85
O Besser, Jr.	1221121121221●1111●1221222—23
	0121211111111121●1101211—22
	1212210111●12111112121211—23
	1211111111111122111222011—24—92

After the match Besser issued a challenge to shoot any man in Buffalo a match at 200 targets for $50 a side. His challenge was promptly accepted by F. Alexander, B. F. Smith being made stakeholder, and Dec. 11 fixed as the date for the match. The conditions are: 200 targets per man, three unknown traps, one man up, to shoot 3 targets and retire. The match is exciting a lot of interest, as Besser is no doubt an excellent target shot, but in Alexander (*a nom de plume*, by the way) he will meet a foeman worthy of his steel, for the latter is one of the best target shots in and around Buffalo.

At Smith's grounds on Main street there is every facility for either target or live-bird shooting, Mr. Smith having a set of new blue rock traps with North's electric pull in position; in addition to this there are the two sets of traps used by the Audubon Club at its club shoots. The Audubon Club holds a shoot every Saturday afternoon; the Idle Hour Gun Club every Thursday, while there is an open shoot at targets and live birds every Wednesday during the season.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Leaves from Our Letter File.

"STRAWS indicate the way the wind blows. Here are a few selections from our business mail the last month, showing the effect of advertising in FOREST AND STREAM. The letters are given just as received. They are spontaneous expressions of approval, and represent the opinion of many other advertisers who do not write, but who continue to advertise year after year because FOREST AND STREAM pays.

THIS IS FROM A YACHT AGENCY.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., Oct. 1.—Inclosed please find amount due on bill. Continue our ad. till further notice, and send rates for three months, six months and one year.

We have had very satisfactory returns from the ad. already running. Respectfully yours, BUZZARD'S BAY YACHT AGENCY.

A PROMINENT MANUFACTURER OF SPECIALTIES IN SHOES WRITES.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 24.—The ad. to remain until forbid. This is probably as good a contract as you wish, is it not? You are doing us good and we appreciate it.

We are too well pleased with the results to take it out of your truly valuable paper. Respectfully, M. A. SMITH.

A TRIAL OF FOREST AND STREAM RESULTS IN CONTINUOUS ADVERTISING.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 15.—In reply to your notice that our ad. ends in your issue of the 19th inst., we wish you to continue our ad. for one year at present terms and conditions. Send us duplicate contract blanks, to be signed by us and returned to you, and oblige

ALMY WATER TUBE BOILER CO.
SPENCE, Sec'y.

CONTINUOUS ADVERTISERS FOR 20 YEARS INCREASE THEIR SPACE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—Kindly change the ad. of Schieffelin & Co. for the next twenty-six insertions to double the space (4in. instead of 2in.), and insert the ad. in the order the copies are marked.

M. VOLKMANN.

FROM THE PROPRIETOR OF MUCKROSS KENNELS.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt., Oct. 26.—Please change ad. in the next paper sure. We have had a phenomenal demand for our stock, and have sold everything in the way of a setter that we have got to sell.

W. W. BROWN.

ANOTHER TESTIMONIAL.

MONTROSE, Pa., Nov. 8.—Receipt and return bill for this check. Sold dog already and got order for another. I never missed a sale when I advertised with you. Truly, J. M. KELLY.

New York Day.

COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, ATLANTA, GA.

NOV. 25 is New York day. The Southern Railway, "Piedmont Air Line," will carry an immense crowd. Preparations have been made for over 2,000 from the city of New York. Brooklyn will send several special trains. Already a special train for Mayor Schieren and city officials has been arranged. The Trunk Lines have announced low rates for Nov. 19 and 21 from all points in the State of New York. The Mayor of every city in the State has been invited.

The round trip rate from New York to Atlanta will be $20.50 and good to return within ten days. Special rates for military companies. Everybody should go and visit the great Cotton States and International Exposition. By taking the Southern Railway you pass through the most interesting section of the South.

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For further information call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, or R. D. Carpenter, General Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.—*Adv.*

Blue Ribbon Smokeless.

MR. E. D. HICKS, who made the highest average during the Summer Prize Contest of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, used Blue Ribbon smokeless. In expressing his approval of that powder he writes the Hazard Powder Co. as follows:

ROCHESTER ROD AND GUN CLUB.—Incorporated June 5, 1891.—Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1895.—The Hazard Powder Co.: Gentlemen—I have fully tested your nitro powder Blue Ribbon both in the field and at the trap, and find that I can do better work with it than with any other smokeless powder. I take pleasure in recommending your Blue Ribbon smokeless powder to all brother sportsmen who are looking for the best. Yours respectfully,

(Signed) E. D. HICKS.

COMMENCING on Monday next, 18th inst., the Fall River line steamers will leave New York at 5 P.M. instead of 5:30 P.M., as at present.—*Adv.*



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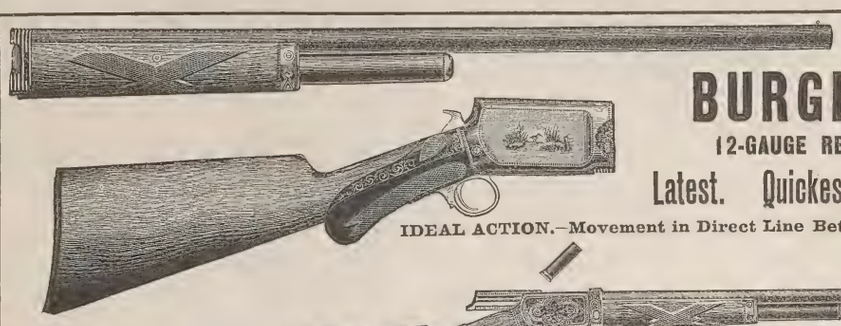
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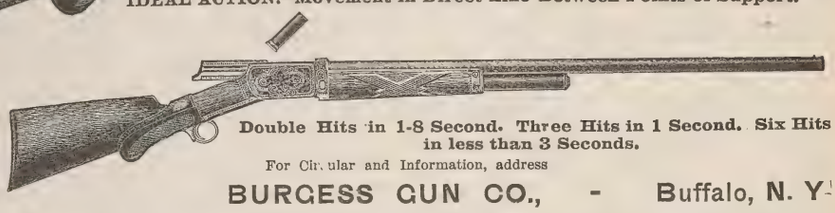


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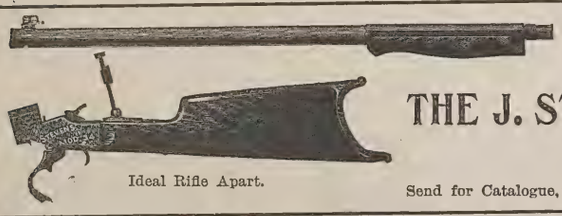
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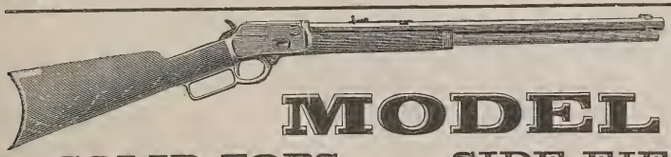
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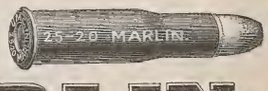
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1895.

VOL. XLV.—No. 22. No. 318 BROADWAY NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page iii.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

THE BANNOCKS AND THE GAME.

FOR the first time in the history of the Bannock Indian hunting troubles in Wyoming, the matter has been taken into court and a legal decision respecting it has been made. The point at issue was as to the right of the Bannock Indians to kill game on the unoccupied lands of the State in contravention of the game laws as to seasons. The Indians claimed that they had such a right, and last summer some of them set about exercising it in the vicinity of Jackson's Hole. Thereupon the settlers of the Hole, constituting themselves judge, jury and executioner, apprehended certain of the Indian hunters and killed them. Having executed the penalty of death upon them, they then instituted the customary procedure to determine the guilt or innocence of the individuals they had shot down.

To make a test case, one of the Bannocks, named Race Horse, was arrested by the State authorities on the charge of having violated the Wyoming game laws, and he was tried in the United States Court at Cheyenne, where Judge Riner has just given an opinion, which finds that the right of hunting was conceded by the treaty made between the Bannocks and the Government, and that treaties having been declared by Congress to be the supreme law of the land, this one could not be abrogated by the State of Wyoming, nor has the State any power to enforce laws which conflict with or restrict in any way the full rights guaranteed the Indians by treaty. To alter the existing privileges of the Indians with respect to hunting on unoccupied lands in the State of Wyoming is solely within the province of the United States Government, and until action shall be taken at Washington to purchase from the Bannocks their present rights, Wyoming is powerless to restrict them. However unfortunate may be the conditions which have arisen, the opinion of Judge Riner commends itself as a sound exposition of the law. There the matter rests. Attorney Gen. Fowler and Judge Van Deventer, counsel for the State, have given notice of an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States. There is little reason to believe that the decision just given will be reversed.

THE VERMONT LEAGUE.

AN argument that is very generally advanced in favor of protecting fish and game is that we should preserve them for the benefit of those who are to come after us, as well as for our own future use. The argument is certainly a sound one, and in many States is really about the only plausible one. In Vermont, however, a solid business-like view is taken. The State has a magnificent lake and some lovely fishing rivers, and mountains and valleys well wooded and eminently fitted for the purposes of rearing and fostering of furred and feathered game in large quantities. The scenery is grand, and the climate during the summer and early months of the fall, added to her natural beauties, make Vermont a favorite resort for a vast number of visitors during that season. This friendly invasion is a good thing for the State. Every individual visitor means money expended in her borders and the sum total left in Vermont each year by her temporary visitors cannot be computed with any degree of accuracy in cold dollars. The Vermonters are by no means slow people; they have recognized in their lake and rivers, in their forest-clad mountains and valleys, a fruitful source of revenue if properly looked after and cared for, correctly surmising that if the hunting and fishing shall be improved, the number of annual visitors will proportionately be increased.

At present the Vermont Game and Fish League is engaged in looking closely after the game now in the State, and is doing its best to prevent violations of the existing game laws. The State hatchery, under the able care of Superintendent Titcomb, is also doing great work in stocking the waters of Lake Champlain with game fish. Efforts are also being made, as will be apparent by a perusal of a report of the proceedings of the recent annual meeting of the League, given elsewhere, to introduce new game birds into the State, with a view to making a day's hunt in the forests of Vermont the more attractive by reason of the variety of game that shall be obtained. The League is therefore doing good work in behalf of fish and game protection, perhaps from neither a semi-selfish nor a purely philanthropical motive. There is a solid business motive at the bottom, but we cannot see that its work is any the less commendable; it is working for the best interests of the Commonwealth.

The supply of deer in the State is yearly increasing very satisfactorily. The penalty for killing a deer is severe and the laws in this respect are well observed. From most reliable sources we have heard of deer being seen in certain favored sections with a frequency that augurs well for the first open season, that of 1900. With five more peaceable breeding seasons before them, the number of deer now in existence should be very largely increased. What the people of Vermont must now look to is the preservation of those deer from total extinction as soon as "the law is off." It should not be a case of a colored man's dog after a hog-killing—full as he can stick for two weeks and half starved the remaining fifty. A short open season, say from Oct. 15 to Nov. 15; non-shipment of deer out of the State; a limit placed on the number of deer to be killed by each hunter—all such restrictions will be of incalculable benefit when it comes to protecting the deer from extermination in 1900 and the succeeding years. The Vermont Fish and Game League may be trusted to see to it that these points will not be overlooked when it comes to framing a law in regard to the legal killing of deer.

THE FOURCHETTE BUFFALO.

FOR a long time it has been an open secret among cowmen in Montana and travelers through the State who are interested in such subjects that there were still left on the Big Dry Fork of the Missouri River, and perhaps on the heads of Big Porcupine and Little Porcupine, a very few buffalo. The country is one of extreme difficulty, being exceedingly rough with bad lands and almost waterless. The few buffalo left there were the remnants of that last remnant of the great northern herd which furnished to Crees, Blackfeet, Assinaboines and Gros Ventres 50,000 hides in the year 1883, the last considerable shipment of buffalo hides which went down the Missouri River. Later it was into this same desolate and forbidding country that Hornaday went to secure specimens of the buffalo for the National Museum; and later still Dr. Daniel Gérard Elliott, now Curator of the Field Columbian Museum in Chicago, but then connected with the American Museum of Natural History, New York, made an expedition thither in behalf of the last named institution.

Buffalo were there, but so few in number and so exceedingly wary that it was almost hopeless to attempt to find them. At the same time we have known that from time to time within the last few years an occasional buffalo has been killed in that country.

At first these animals were seen only by twos and threes, later we heard of a bunch of half a dozen, and later still of eight, one a calf. For the last two or three years it has been stated that the cattle owners, whose herds range in this country, have been protecting these buffalo. This they did in two ways, namely, by denying to inquirers that there were any buffalo in the country, and by threatening with death any one who should disturb the animals. It is known that within the last two or three years the cowboys have branded a number of calves, and it is said that last summer the iron was put on at least four.

It had been hoped by many residents of Montana that this system of protection might ultimately result in a herd of semi-domesticated buffalo ranging on tributaries of the Missouri from the south. Unhappily this hope seems now in vain. It is now reported that this little band of buffalo, sometimes known as the Fourchette band, have been killed off by the vagrant Cree half-breeds, who, finding Canada too hot to hold them at the collapse of the Riel rebellion, crossed the boundary line at that time and have since made Montana their home. These people are inveterate hunters, and since their invasion of the State they have probably killed more game than all its other inhabitants put together. As they are known, and as their acts are known to the authorities, it is difficult to see why the law is not set in motion and why some of them are not punished for the illegal killing of game of which they are so frequently guilty. It is sometimes said that because they are citizens of Canada the State of Montana has no right to punish them for offenses against the game law, but we fancy that no such explanation would be given if these people had been guilty of murder or of cattle killing, or of any one of a hundred other offenses which more nearly touched the people of the State, and we are inclined to think that the inertness of the authorities must be due to a carelessness about the enforcement of game laws, rather than to any doubt of their ability to punish these people.

The laws of Montana prohibit absolutely the killing of buffalo and fix a penalty for the same. These laws are sometimes enforced against white men and more frequently against Indians. It is not so very long ago that three Assinaboines on the Missouri River were imprisoned for killing game illegally, nor since half a dozen Indians in Flat Head county, captured with elk skins and heads in their possession, were promptly locked up. If this is good medicine for our Indians, it should be good medicine for Canadian Indians guilty of like offenses if they can be captured on our soil and the offense proved against them.

SNAP SHOTS.

An obliging correspondent who writes anonymously sends as marginal commentary on an Adirondack deer hunting note, recently printed in the FOREST AND STREAM, this comment: "The rankest, meanest pot-hunter in the State; preaches God's law Sunday and breaks State laws. Hunts out of season. Is a meat-hunter, and a disgrace to the cloth and to the name of sportsman." Such an indictment as that deserves authentication by the name of the person preferring it. The uselessness and ineffectiveness of anonymous letters is understood by most intelligent persons. If this anonymous accuser can make good his charge, we trust that he will make an opportunity to communicate with the game protector. A straightforward statement of facts, given to the proper authorities, will accomplish something. No-name letters are not worth the paper they are written on.

This is not to question the perfect good faith and right motive of the sender of an unsigned letter or of one signed "Justice" or "Veritas" or other substitute for a real name. In many cases "Justice" or "Veritas" may have actual knowledge of game law violations, and information and evidence which would prove amply sufficient to convict offenders, and which it is his duty as a good sportsman to lay before the authorities. Resort is had to anonymous writing only because the writer fears to give his name; he is apprehensive of the vengeance of the guilty; he thinks that his barn would be burned, or his cows would be killed, or his dog poisoned. What course he shall pursue under such circumstances is for each one to determine for himself. It is reasonable to conclude, however, that in every case where an informant will substantiate the information he has to give by coming out in his own proper person, the editor or the game protector or the army officer will respect his communication as confidential.

Mr. N. P. Leach, chairman of the committee on introducing new kinds of game into Vermont, has recently received a lot of Mongolian pheasants. He reports that the birds arrived in good shape, are bright and lively. They will be kept in a suitable inclosure and their eggs distributed among the members of the Fish and Game League, with instructions how to set the eggs and care for the young birds, etc. Mr. Leach expects very soon a lot of ptarmigan. These birds in the spring will be released on Mount Mansfield and other bald-top mountains in the State.

There are compensations. The world is full of them. Only one must have the correct philosophy, and look for them in the right spirit. Sometimes they are to be angled for with a fishing rod, sometimes hunted for with a shotgun. The weapon matters little, provided the spirit is right. Here is a man who looks on the bright side. "The Blanktown *Times*," he writes, "will suspend publication until next year. I will now devote the most of my time to hunting, and will keep you posted about the sport in this section." There are many editors who would suspend if they could put in most of their time in hunting in Virginia.

The twenty-second reception of the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, on the evening of Nov. 20, was an occasion of pleasant reunion and review of the year's pleasures with rod and gun.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HOW FUR IS CAUGHT.

The Pine Woods in Winter.

In the month of February last winter I was delegated by FOREST AND STREAM to secure a little information in regard to the modern methods of trapping fur, more especially that of the smaller fur-bearing animals. The public in general knows little of where the furs come from, how they are caught, or what are the conditions of their pursuit. To supply such information *in extenso* would of course be impossible, and undesirable if possible; but it was thought that a trip into a region where some of the commoner furs are regularly taken in some quantity would prove of interest and would supply the material for the story. Knowing that upper Wisconsin and the Michigan North Peninsula furnish each year a great many furs of the otter, beaver, lynx, marten, fisher, fox, mink, muskrat, etc., I decided upon visiting that region, the month of February being chosen because that is the time when the most of the above furs are prime, although of course every one knows that trapping begins as early as the fall and continues well on toward spring. It would perhaps have been easier to make the trip in the fall, before the woods were filled with snow and before the severity of a Wisconsin winter had reached its height, but to make it at that time would have given no idea of some of the harder conditions of a trapper's practical life, so of course the winter trip was decided upon, both as being more typical and more interesting of itself. After correspondence with different dealers and trappers all over the pine country of the two States above mentioned, I decided to go to Mercer, Wisconsin, near the northern State line, and near the head of the muscallonge waters, that point being on part of the Turtle chain of waters, which make up to the divide separating the muscallonge waters from the Lake Superior waters, and forming in part the division line between Wisconsin and Michigan. At Mercer I learned of G. W. Buck & Son, who were shipping a good quantity of fur, and I made in advance an arrangement with them to take me out with them over their trapping lines, so that I could see practically just how they lived and how they worked. Perhaps the simple story of our trip will serve well enough to show, in a modest way, a little about the methods of the fur-catchers of to-day, and will give something of a notion of the difficulties of the much misunderstood calling of the trapper.

I was accompanied for a part of the trip by Mr. Charles Norris, of Chicago, whose duties as a traveling passenger agent of a railroad take him much through the country indicated. We left Chicago early in February, and taking the evening train of the Northwestern Railway found ourselves at about 5 o'clock of the next morning some hundreds of miles further north, and in the heart of the pine forests of that great region between the lakes and the wild prairies of Dakota, a region which in spite of lumberman and angler, of iron miner and tourist, still remains a desperate and impracticable wilderness, which for generations yet will defy the patient and smoothing hands of the man who reaps the cultivated products of the soil. When we alighted at Mercer it was dark, except for the white reflection from the snow. The pine woods came down close to the railroad tracks, and the village, of a few log houses, also huddled close to the iron rails, as though afraid to venture far from that strong arm of adventurous civilization. The snow lay very soft and white and deep over the face of the world. The pine trees talked unceasingly, as they always do. Evidently we were in a winter country. The thermometer was some degrees below zero. It was impossible to help noticing the great difference of the air we now breathed from that we had left at Chicago. The atmosphere was keen, but sweet and exhilarating as some rare tonic. Once more I thought of the wisdom of letting a vacation fall in winter and in a winter country, instead of spending it in summer in some crowded so-called summer country, where relaxation and not building up must be the natural result, albeit desirable by contrast to the fatigue and fag of business life. Our whole trip was proof enough of this theory. I lost entirely the throat troubles and colds which annoy the average Chicago man in winter, and Norris, who had been weak and sick, came out feeling well and vigorous. There is potent medicine and stimulant in the frozen, balsamic, germless air of the winter pine woods.

Stimulus enough there surely was to make us eat a hearty breakfast, after we had found the long, low log house of our trapper hosts, one of the half-dozen of residences of summer guides and trappers which made up the town. It took us but short time to get acquainted with Mrs. Buck, who was frying sausage, and Mr. Buck, who was stringing a snowshoe, and Fayette Buck, a stalwart boy just about to reach 21 years of age, who was also snuffing the sausage afar off, and with Frank Brandis, who was soon crawling down out of the loft which made the upstairs sleeping apartments in the log house. Brandis, as we learned, was one of the three equal partners in the trapping lines. Mr. Buck, being somewhat disabled by long sickness, did not run the long lines, but tended a short line of sets for lynx and fox, which took him comparatively few miles from home. Fayette, practically the head of the family in hustling and hard work, joined Brandis in running a line which extended its two arms far over into the State of Michigan. I was pleased to hear that we should have to travel in all about 100 miles and return to cover the full lines of traps then attended by these three. All of this, of course, had to be done on foot and on snowshoes, and all supplies would have to be taken in in packs on our backs, except what supplies had been taken into the line camps before the closing of navigation at the advent of the snow season. Thus we were to see winter trapping in one of its very hardest forms, devoid of the ameliorating conditions of boat or horse transportation.

Snowshoes and Winter Wear.

In regard to the means of locomotion, I found that the Norwegian *ski*, which I had hoped to find practicable, was useless in that country as a practical shoe, except on the beaten sled track of the lumbering road, or upon the level surface of the ice-covered lakes and streams. On the lakes I could go quite away from my companions, who were using the web shoes: but in the timber and brush, where the hills were short and choppy and where there was much down timber, the web shoes proved themselves altogether superior, and indeed the only practical shoe. My *skis* were objects of much comment in that country, and I found that the residents knew little or nothing of that sort of shoe, the environment having produced the proper development in the web shoe universally used by the trappers, lumbermen, and indeed everybody who travels in that country in the winter time. I had until that time never worn a web shoe, and of course had read all kinds of things about the awful difficulties of learning to use them, and of the terrible pains accompanying their use by the beginner. I found all this much like other bugbears, with very little to it. We did fifteen miles the first half



WISCONSIN WINTER COSTUME.
O. W. Gayner.

day I ever wore the webs, and I was surprised to find how easy it was to learn the step—far easier than to learn the use of the *ski*.

As to clothing, we found that the country had evolved its own proper and distinctive garb. The pine country is a country of wool. The heavy Mackinaw jacket, flannel shirt and heavy lumbering stockings make the best possible wear for that climate. The feet especially demand the best of care, and we found the practice of wearing several pairs of great stockings a very commendable one. The pine woods man thrusts his trousers in his long stockings, and pulls on over these only a low rubber shoe—not an arctic, but a pure rubber shoe, made without any heel step on the floor irside, and usually provided with rough corrugated soles. This shoe is sometimes fastened by a strap over the instep, but is more usually worn without any fastening, the full woven stockings filling it up so completely that little snow can work in at the edge of the shoe. On the rough wool of the stockings the snow has little effect, and unless the snow be damp they keep the feet dry and warm. The trappers of that region use the garb as above described. A few use the moccasin on the web shoe when the snow is dry and frozen, but I could not learn that they did this for any reason so much as that the rubber shoe is harsh on the lacings of the snowshoe. The Indians use the moccasin, and from what I saw of it in that country I should say the moccasin without other covering was a very sloppy, troublesome and dangerous footwear in thawing weather, though very fine when the weather was dry.

Transportation.

No doubt many readers have noticed the different methods of transportation employed in different sections of the country, each according to the necessities of the land. On the plains the wagon may be used. In the mountains the pack horse becomes a necessity, and the diamond hitch is invented. In the pine woods not even the horse can go, and the man must be his own pack horse. I had renewed occasion to wonder at the loads that a woodsman can pack. It is no unusual thing for a timber cruiser to start with a pack of 80lbs. when out "looking land." The guide and trapper who traverses the pine country must learn the same facility in carrying heavy packs. Fayette Buck, though still but a boy, was a man in stature and strength. I think his pack when we left for the line of traps weighed over 60lbs. Brandis packed as much when occasion came. The man who cannot carry these weights on the snowshoes, no matter what the condition of the snow, cannot successfully run a winter line of traps in that country. Let my lady, who nestles her cheek against the soft fur of her boa in the cold winter days, reflect that upon some other winter day, perhaps colder, some sturdy trapper, with a load upon his back amounting to almost as much as her saddle horse would like to carry, set out into the deep pine woods to live alone for a while, in search of the little fur bearer which at that time was wild in the snowy wilderness, and wearing his own best and warmest clothing. And let my lady's husband, who has read that trappers are a lazy set of fellows, read FOREST AND STREAM, and so learn that they are anything in the world but lazy. Methinks they might often teach my fine gentleman a lesson or so in manhood. The world is big, and men have different tastes. Some love the woods, where the air is clean. Some prefer the city life, where one perpetually parallels the gutter, if he does not walk therein. To cling to the sweet pine woods, some men follow trapping in the winter time, because there is little else to do then. In the summer they guide and row for other men who can't do that sort of thing for themselves.

There does not seem to be money enough left in the trapping business in these regions now to make it an exclusive calling. The Bucks in the summer time have a summer fishing resort and a line of boats from the railroad up the river to Turtle Lake and all the adjoining waters—a very good place to go, too, for muscallonge and all sorts of fish. As soon as the last of the summer fishers and the fall deer hunters have gone they begin putting out their lines of traps. This is before the snow has fallen to any great extent and before the waters are frozen. It is possible at that time to use boats for taking in the bedding and supplies for one or two of the main camps, and of course the trapper clings to his boat as long as he can. In spite of the most favorable conditions, however, the great bulk of the traps must be carried in on man back. A load of sixty to eighty traps, together with the omnipresent axe and the necessary food, constitutes a considerable proposition, but the trapper must be able to take it all cheerfully.

Sorts of Traps.

I should at this time say that the deadfall and the artful wooden traps of all sorts, which we see described in the trapping guides, are practically things of the past as to actual use to day, at least in all the country anywhere near the railways. In Wisconsin and Michigan one does not now hear of a deadfall, except the large deadfalls set for bears. There is progress in trapping as in everything else, and nowadays the steel trap is relied upon altogether. I went prepared to make some pretty pictures of ingenious deadfalls and snares, but none of my trappers had any such things, and in the 200 miles or so I traveled on the trapping lines I never saw any sort of trap except the steel trap.

The Laying of the Line.

Let us say then, roughly, that the trapper is going to rely entirely on the steel trap. He decides where he is going to lay his lines, of course not intruding on any other trapper's country, in which case there would be complications. He will cling to the creeks for his mink and otter, having before this time paid good attention to the muskrats on the streams and lakes of his territory. He will follow up the streams, setting a trap here and there, perhaps one in each half mile, perhaps one in two or three miles. Then he will swing out over some divide or along the ridges, scouting for sign of marten or fisher, which he knows will be apt to cross there. On these high ridges he will drop a few traps here and there, depending on the sign he sees. He may see a bit of country where some foxes are working. Then he follows some game trails into a heavy thicket or bit of windfall, and discovers that to be a good place for a lynx. He wanders on, his pack growing lighter as he leaves his traps—which latter he does not scatter promiscuously, but with the most conservative care and deliberate judgment. When night finds him he may be twenty miles from his home camp or his central line camp He figures that it will take him about that long to run the traps, after they are out, each time that he comes over the line; so he builds him a rough shelter at that point, in order to have a place to sleep when he comes in there tired and cold at the close of some win



SNOWSHOE COSTUME.
The FOREST AND STREAM Man.

ter day—when my lady is out sleigh riding in the city in her furs. If he is in a hurry, and not sure that he is going to leave his line of traps down long, he does not take much pains with his shelter. It is often only a lean-to of boughs built against a log, or an open-faced camp made of pole and pine-needle thatching.

A Tale of Two Fires.

In some cases the trapper makes a permanent hut of logs and boughs well out on his line. He cannot pack in a stove very well, and he has no rocks to make a chimney, yet he must be warm when he comes to this camp, say forty miles from the home cabin, perhaps with some furs in his pack besides his tea and beans and blanket; he cannot carry many blankets, though the thermometer be far below zero in this bitter winter land where the fur grows good. So he makes a sort of wooden tepee out of logs, with a hole in the middle of the roof and a den



MOOSE HEAD OWNED BY MR. H. C. PIERCE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Killed November, 1890, about ninety miles northeast of Winnipeg, Manitoba. Age about 25 years. Weight about 1,400lbs.

HEAD MEASUREMENTS (ACTUAL).

Length of head between ears to point of nose	32 inches.	Circumference of horn at burr	14½ inches.
Length of ear	11 "	Longest point on lower palm	12 "
From tip to tip of ears, straight line	30 "	Longest point on upper palm	13½ "
From eye to point of nose	22 "	Widest part of lower palm	12 "
Circumference of nose 7in. from point	26 "	Widest part of upper palm	18 "
Circumference of ear	12½ "	Length of upper palm	35 "
From tip to tip of horns, straight line	56 "	Points on left horn	17 "
Length of horn from burr to tip	42 "	Points on right horn	17 "

back under the logs, where he can doze for a few hours each night between mendings of the fire after he has dried his stockings and skinned out his fur and had his tea and beans. He dozes here under the slant roof of logs, his head upon the precious furs for which he seeks, his feet to the fire. Outside the wind shrieks, and the temperature goes down and down. The awful winter of the pine woods sets in in full sway. He dozes, he sleeps unharmed, himself a creature of the wild woods, and fit to survive. Meantime, in the city, my lady is returning from the ball. Her maid removes the fur-lined mantle. She sits for a moment near the grate, her feet to the fire, resting them comfortably upon the soft depths of the fur rug which lies before the fireplace. She does not dream of the trapper out in his lodge of logs, his head upon furs such as she holds under foot. Fire and frost are not the same elements for her and the trapper. And once, she thinks, perhaps she remembers, her husband, when they were together up in the woods at the hotel somewhere, had said to her that a trapper was a lazy fellow. My lady eats a wafer and a cup of tea—a very thin shell of a small cup. My trapper, if he sleep very cold at that hour, makes him a pint or two of tea in a can that was once a lard pail. It came up from the city, where the furs go—these furs, which he must not allow too near the fire. Good night, my lady, and may you sleep well. Of course if one be only a lazy fellow, it does not matter if he lose a few hours' sleep.

The Running of the Line.

It will be seen, then, that one of the great labors in trapping is establishing the line of traps in the first place, looking out the territory, setting out the traps, putting up the main camps and supplying them, and building the temporary camps and shelters. All this had been done on our line of traps, of course, some months before I arrived on the scene; but it remained to see how the traps had been put out and how they were attended in the actual winter work. Since the establishment of the lines the traps had been visited each week, or say not less often than each eight or ten days. I was glad to hear that the take of fur had been good in nearly all sorts of furs common to that region. Marten had been most plentiful, but our trappers had caught a number of foxes, a lot of fishers, several lynx and a few otter. Mink had been abundant, but did not bring much. They had trapped a family of beaver—an animal now becoming very scarce in that region, and protected by law in Wisconsin—and were expecting before long to get results from some poison they had out for a pack of wolves which had several times swept down across their territory. On the whole, it had been a good season, as trappers viewed it. If all went well, the three of them would clean up $500 or more that winter. At the time of our arrival they had just made a run of the lines and had shipped all the furs. It was now time to go over the lines again, and if we thought we could stand the trip, we were welcome to go along and see how they did it. It would be necessary to walk twenty miles or so each day, to sleep out pretty rough at times, and to eat trappers' diet of plain food. All this was just what we were looking for. I felt glad when at noon of one bright winter day we left the railway and with pack on back set out into the woods. At that time I had just returned from a trip to Texas, and as I pulled on my lumberman's socks for the voyage over 3ft. of snow I thought of the barefoot children we had a month before seen playing out in the open air along the Gulf coast. I wondered at and admired the more this great country of America, of which we were now to see another phase.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

About Some "Forest and Stream" Writers.

BISCAYNE BAY, Fla., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Although FOREST AND STREAM is always a joy and is always well worth reading from cover to cover, it contains every now and then an article, sketch or story of such extra merit as to be worthy of especial commendation. For instance, what reader did not experience an added thrill of pleasure upon opening his paper of three numbers back to discover that Uncle Lisha, Antwine, Sam Lovel, Joseph and Peltier had come again to camp with us for awhile? In this connection I am certain that every one of the widespread FOREST AND STREAM brotherhood will welcome a few words concerning the genius who created those characters and has again evoked them for our entertainment.

Last summer, when taking a bicycle trip through Vermont, I made an especial pilgrimage to North Ferrisburgh in the hope of meeting Mr. Robinson. Nor was I disappointed; for I not only met him, but I received such a kindly greeting and was so charmingly entertained that I came away feeling that the day was to be marked with a red letter, and that I had gained a friend. Mr. Robinson is a man of striking presence—tall, straight and broad-shouldered, with snow-white hair, and a face beaming with good-will to his fellows. He is a gentleman, and his speech is pleasantly punctuated with the "thou" and "thee" that betray his Quaker origin. Although he is always cheerful and gives no sign of what he suffers, he is a victim of one of the greatest misfortunes that can come to man; for he is totally blind, and can no longer gaze abroad over the widespread valley of Otter, that he loves so well and of which he writes so well. He writes, as he always did, with pencil on paper, but now he must lay the sheet on a corrugated board and slowly feel his way from line to line. Does it not make his work doubly precious to know of the well nigh insurmountable difficulties that attend it? To me it does. And now, when I find a chapter shorter than I would wish it to be, I no longer complain of its brevity, but am thankful for the dauntless perseverance that has given it to us at all.

Besides thanking this blind wizard of the Green Mountain State for his wonderfully lifelike word pictures of that corner of our country, and for the best examples of Canadian-Yankee patois extant, I want to thank you, and through you Dr. Robert J. Morris, for his story of a salmon in one of your September numbers. Never have your pages held a sketch more happily conceived or more deftly woven than that. Can't you persuade Dr. Morris to write another, and when he does, won't you announce it beforehand that we may enjoy it in anticipation?

Then there is Mr. Hough's masterly but terrible picture entitled "My Lady's Plumes." I would that it might be reprinted in every paper in the land until it reached the eye of every man whose brutish greed leads him to the slaughter of God's innocent creatures for money, and of every woman whose contemptible vanity leads her to deck herself with the blood-stained fruits of his crime.

I am sorry that Mater should have so woefully misconceived Mr. Hough, and so misinterpreted his words as to imagine that he was attacking her sex, for I am certain that no more chivalrous knight than E. Hough ever wielded pen in defense of right or defiance of wrong. As I read his article it contains no word of indiscriminate attack against womankind, but is leveled solely at those whom every right-minded woman should be quick to condemn for their thoughtlessness, cruelty and silly vanity. And, Mater, look about you the next time you go to church or to the theater. For every feminine hat unadorned by feather or plume do you not see two decked with wing, breast or other evidences of slaughter? Even if the proportion claimed does not hold in your locality you will see enough to convince you that the annual sacrifice of bird life for millinery purposes is incredibly enormous, and it is well to remember that while it is man who does the killing it is invariably woman who pays his shameful wages. O. K. CHOBEE.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.

IV.—The Ducks of Little Otter.

WHEN Sam and Antoine paddled out from the landing a thick film of fog lay upon marsh and channel, undulating in the almost imperceptible breath of the morning breeze, but disclosing the dun and green rushes and glassy water the canoe's length away, beyond which color and substance dissolved and vanished in the pearl gray mist. Now a vague form loomed up in the marsh's edge till it shrunk to the solid reality of a muskrat house, then again became unreal in the veil of vapor. To the voyagers' eyes there was nothing substantial but themselves and their canoe and the little circle of glassy water sliding smoothly into the fog before, rippling a widening wake into the fog behind.

Now and then the raucous quack of dusky ducks was heard calling to their befogged mates, and the rustle and splash of some unseen life occasionally stirred in the marsh; but far or near there was no sound telling of human presence save the tinkling drip of the paddles or the scratching of a weed along the canoe's side, or a few whispered words of consultation.

So for half an hour they drove the arrow of their wake through the fog till at a turn of the channel Sam saw the ripple of another wake ruffling the water before him, and following it toward its point discovered five dark objects appearing as if hung in the mist. In two cautious noiseless motions he laid down the paddle and took up his gun, then aimed and fired just as the ducks, now suspicious and restless, were pivoting on the point of taking flight. As the smoke slowly lifted it disclosed two ducks killed outright and one fluttering toward the marsh with a broken wing, while two drove away into the fog, uttering wild quacks of terror. Antoine stopped the cripple with a timely shot, and then sent the canoe forward with a few dexterous strokes of his paddle till Sam could recover the dead birds.

The report of the guns was followed so quickly by the roar of myriad wings, as a mighty host of waterfowl uprose from the marshes, that it seemed a part of the echo which rebounded from along the wooded shores and far away among the distant hills, and then for a few moments the air was filled with the whistle of wings as the disturbed flocks circled above the almost invisible intruders or set forth in flight toward the lake.

"Wal, there!" said Sam, after listening till the confusion of sounds subsided to a faint whisper of retreating flight and the splashing flutter of laggards suddenly alarmed at finding themselves alone, "I guess we started aout the last duck in the hull crik, an' might as well go back tu camp. The' can't be no more, the' hain't no room for 'em."

"Oh, Ah'll tol' you, Sam, dey was roos' top one 'nudder, an' dey a'n't honly top one flewed off yet," Antoine answered in a low voice. "Naow we go in de ma'sh for load off aour gaun."

With a few strokes they sent the canoe her length among the wild rice stalks to insure greater steadiness while they stood up to reload their guns. The sun was rising, and the first level beams paved a gilded path and pillared and spanned it with resplendent columns and arches of mist as it lifted and wreathed in the light wafts of the uncertain air, and now through and beneath the rising vapor a stretch of the channel shone in a curving line of silver, still barred with fading ripples of the canoe's wake. Sam's eyes were following it as he capped his gun, when suddenly he crouched upon his knees, whispering hurriedly:

"Scrooch daown, Antwine, th's su'thin' comin'; I'm goin' tu try 'em if they don't light."

Antoine bent his head low as a flock of teal came stringing down the channel in arrowy flight, and Sam, aiming a little ahead of the leading bird, pulled trigger. The hindmost teal in the line slanted downward, and, striking the water with a resounding splash, lay motionless when the impetus of its fall was spent.

"Wal, if that don't beat all natur'," Sam said with a gasp of surprise. "That 'ere duck was ten foot ahind o' the one I shot at. What sort o' ducks du ye call 'em, Antwine?"

"He come 'fore you call it dis tam, but w'en he a'n't, you call heem steal dawk in Angleesh, Ah b'lieved so. He was plumpy leetle feller," Antoine remarked as he picked up the bird, when Sam had reloaded and the canoe was again in mid-channel.

"An' a lively breed they be, tu shoot a-flyin'," Sam commented, as he examined this victim of chance. "'Tain't no use a-shootin' at 'em. You got to shoot 'way off int' the air ahead on 'em, an' let 'em run ag'in your shot. Naow be we goin' tu poke among er lay low for 'em?"

"Wal, seh, it bes' was dis tam o' day, we go 'long kan o' slowry. 'Long mos' to evelin' was be de bes' tam for hide in de ma'sh, w'en de dawk come for hees suppy. Naow you be ready for shoot an' Ah'll paddle de cannoe, me,"

They had not gone far up the channel when the canoe in its stealthy progress came close upon a dusky duck sitting among the wild rice, where she might have remained unseen and unsuspected but for her alarm. As she sprang with a startling splash and flutter clear of the rank marsh growth, Sam thought to profit by his experience with the teal and fired too far ahead his mark, making a clean miss.

Sam stared at the escaping duck and Antoine offered the consoling comment: "Dat feller a'n't run ag'in you shot, prob'ly." ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Natural History.

RATTLESNAKE FANGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have intended for some time past to reply to some correspondents who have asked information on some matters of natural history which I have made a study of and especially to defend the handsome, brave and valorous rainbow trout from an undeserved aspersion that he eats the little speckled trout, and thus constitutes himself a general nuisance to the breeder of this highly esteemed fish.

First let me set your correspondent, who averred that the fang of the rattlesnake was double, at his ease for what he avers is true. I send you a drawing made this past summer of the fang on one side of the jaw of a rattler that I caught and dissected for the satisfaction of supporting my frequent conclusion that the cyclopædias are not of much account on scientific subjects. The Britannica says the fang is single and is set in the center of the mouth on the upper part of it, the palate, I should say it was. But it is no such thing; there are two distinct fangs, one solid and one hollow. The solid fang is firmly fixed to a loose bone, held in the jaw by a muscle which permits the fang to lie back until it is erected. The two fangs are a true copy of some taken from a snake which I caught and held by the throat in a pair of blacksmith tongs while I examined his mouth carefully. Then I killed the beast by decapitating his head from his body, as was once said by a noted historian, to be sure the operation was complete, and then the mouth opened and shut and the fangs were exserted and drawn in again, just as the sting of a wasp is. One of the fangs is hollow. It is the shorter one, and it seems as if when the creature strikes it first makes the wound and then by the second fang, which is a real hypodermic syringe, it ejects the virus into the wound.

The socket of the fang is a loose bone held by a muscle, and this is retractile, thus raising the fang and forcing it out of its sheath, which is a loose sac over the jaw, having an opening through which the fangs are forced when the jaws are spread. When at rest and with the mouth only partly open the fangs are closed in the sheath. It is doubtless the case that when the rattler strikes the spreading of the jaws presses on the poison sac attached to the roots of the smaller fang and inclosed in the hollow space at *a* in the drawing. In the specimen described, on pressing this sac a minute drop of liquid appeared on the point of the fang. The sac in this specimen was the size of a small pea.

This snake, after it was beheaded and while I held it by the neck to draw off the skin, had vitality enough to strike back on to my arm with considerable strength. This it did twenty times at least during the taking off of the skin. The snake was a yellow diamond back and I stepped over it while it lay coiled under the hay as my men were raking it off a meadow on the low bank of one of my ponds. Doubtless this was the same snake I saw in the water a few days before taking some of my young ducks, drawing them down by the feet and swimming to the bank with them. I was too late to catch it then, and had just stepped over the hay when it started its rattle. I teased the snake for some time, trying to get it to jump, as some assert that it will, but it made no attempt, but simply darted its head to the stick with which I was stirring up the beast. Neither did it spit venom, even while I held it in the tongs, during my closer investigation of it. I never saw one jump or spit and I have come across a score of them at least. I doubt very much that they do either.

Writing of my ponds recalls that one correspondent made an inquiry some time ago about otters. Unfortunately I have several of them in my ponds, and doubtless they take many fish. I have seen scores of them on the shores of Lake Superior, where I spent some years and fished a good deal. The otter slides are or rather were quite frequent there, and I have seen them like boys sliding down the steep banks into the water one after the other, diving into the stream and running up the bank and taking turns one after the other. These slides are favorite places for the trappers to set their traps under water, where the playful animals get their feet caught as they run along the bottom to climb the bank again. They will eat a great many fish; I have seen one take a rainbow trout of fully 2lbs. weight and swim with it to the shore within 20ft. of my boat. My men have informed me that they have seen them quite often take fish and carry them ashore. They eat crawfish, frogs, newts and ducks when they are short of fish.

Now about the iridei eating trout. I have always opened and dressed my fish, and never saw a trace of fish in one of the stomachs of this species; neither in the stomachs of the fontinalis. The commonest food is clearly the diatoms which are gathered on the water plants and the dead trees and drift in the ponds. I have found the shell of crawfish in them, and occasionally the remains of a newt. I once saw a large iridei take a big frog; it was a pretty picture. It was on a beautiful evening in the autumn when the foliage was in its glory. The water was quite still and the reflections on it were as if another world appeared to open below between the banks, more glorious and far more distinct than the upper world above the water. I floated slowly and silently down the current, when something moved on a forked limb sticking out of the water near one bank. I was looking fixedly to see what it was; when the boat was only a few feet from the branch a large frog leaped into the water or tried to. But it never reached the water, a big rainbow darted clean out of the surface and took that frog on the fly, making a big splash when he, with his prey, fell back into the pond. The bright crimson streak of the fish's side and his open mouth as he made a sharp curve and fell into the water again were quite conspicuous. The ruffled water soon became still and the erewhile glassy surface returned, and the other world below belonged to the fish. It is curious to observe how very distinctly every leaf and twig may be seen in these reflections, while on the shore they seem confused and not nearly so clear. I have often observed this.

H. STEWART.

HIGHLAND, N. C.

The Fourchette Buffalo.

BILLINGS, Mont., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have reports from the "Big Dry" (of the Missouri River) that our little band of buffalo have been killed lately by the Cree Indians, who are refugees from the British Northwest. We had great hopes from this little band of buffalo, as they were gradually increasing on their native heath. Last summer the cowboys reported branding four calves, two the year before, so we hoped ere many years to have a real live herd. But alas! these prowling Indians have killed them all off. We are powerless unless we go to work and kill the Indians, in which case the Indian Department would want to kill us. These (Cree) Indians are a remnant of the Riel rebellion Indians, roaming about our State, killing all the game at all times of the year. Our Governor says we can't do anything, as the Indians are not our wards. So says the Canadian Government also. It occurs to me that our Indian Department should see about these Indians at once, or a killing will be the result.

JOHN D. LOSEKAMP.

THROUGH YELLOWHEAD PASS.

I WAS one of a party prospecting for mica through the Yellowhead Pass, Canada, by pack trail for five months last summer. An account of the hunting met with in that unfrequented place would probably not be amiss.

From the time of crossing the Pembina River one enters upon the chief moose and elk country now left in northwestern Canada, especially between the headwaters of the Brazeau and McLeod rivers. Bear are frequent along the trail. Passing through the White Mud, we enter upon the foothills where caribou and deer are found, and rapidly approach the Jasper House, the eastern entrance to the pass, an old Hudson Bay post, now occupied by a free trader. The mountains around the Jasper House abound in sheep and goats. The Roche Miette, Jack's Rock, Stoney River and the mountains opposite Fiddle Depot on the north side of the Athabasca River are the best for sheep and goats. The usual method of hunting is to wait until they come down to the salt licks and then get above them; owing to the formation of the rock the animals are forced to come up within a few rods of the hunter and present good chances for a shot. One of our party who was with me, above one of the licks, killed a goat with an ounce of BB. from a shotgun. Near the Henry House there is also another good place for sheep, but that is as far as they are found west. On a back trail near the Mi-at-in River caribou are plentiful.

Our party crossed the divide on the old Government railroad survey pack trail, and a place called Buck or Cowdung Lake is particularly good for bear, caribou, goat, porcupine and other small game, fur-bearing animals such as marten, beaver and lynx also being plentiful. Near the Yellowhead Cache is a place worthily named the Swift Current, where bears are so plentiful that the Rocky Mountain Iroquois snare them without trouble, grizzlies being the only bear that will not be readily caught. The mountain Indians never shoot at a grizzly unless they are above it, and if it charges they always wait and give him the final shot at close quarters. I have seen numbers of grizzly hides burnt with powder, showing how close they get. John Moberly and Isidore are notable among the Iroquois for this, and I understand this is done with a .44-40 Winchester carbine. These men are particular about their ammunition, and will only use Winchester or U. M. C., rejecting that made in Canada; rightly, too, for it is unreliable in the extreme. Near the Tete Jaune or Yellowhead Cache on the Fraser River the grizzlies have their home, being rarely disturbed by the few Indians who penetrate so far west.

The salmon run arrived at the cache on Aug. 23. On our return we met at the Roche Miette Mr. Loring, the energetic field naturalist of the Biological Department, Washington, with Dan Noyes as guide. He was collecting specimens of birds and animals, also taking notes of their various habits. When hunting for sheep above the lick he came across a large black bear, which he killed and prepared while we were there. I informed him of the large grouse found in the recesses of the mountains, it being as large or larger than a domestic hen, also of the mountain siffler or whistler found about timber line, of which he intends obtaining specimens.

Unfortunately for this grand game preserve gold indications have been found, and if ever they are proven of value they will cause numbers to come in prospecting and mining, and drive the game out.

Any one intending to visit this part hunting I strongly advise to obtain an Indian lodge, it being easy transported and every way superior to any tent for comfort, and also a portable canvas boat for crossing rivers; the one used by our party was an Osgoode; while easily packed on a horse it proved entirely satisfactory under many severe trials.

G. P.

In spite of the persistent efforts of explorers within the past decade, there would seem still to be some new country left, if one is of a mind to go far enough. Mr. Warburton Pike, Prof. Frank Russell and others have recently told of the Far North of the Mackenzie River region. Prof. R. Bell has just found a whole new big river in Canada, running north into James Bay, in a country where no one has suspected a big river of being concealed. In such connection the recently completed work of J. Alden Loring, Field Naturalist of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, in the Jasper Pass region of the McLeod River, Northwest Territories, is of interest. Prof. Loring's purpose in visiting the locality, he says in the Winnipeg *Bulletin*, was to make a biological survey of the country and collect a series of animals that could not be found elsewhere. In this he was very successful, taking in all over 300 specimens and filling a journal with valuable information. Although most of the time was taken up with this work, he managed to get in a few hunts and shot two black and two cinnamon bears. The rest of the party killed two cinnamon and two grizzly bears, four sheep, two caribou and a moose, besides a lynx and quantities of small game, such as grouse, ducks and rabbits. There were seven in the party: George Gagnon, Walter Bisson, Samuel A. Dirr, Willie Shanno, Dan E. Noyes and his son, who acted as guides. The trip occupied just two months and a half, during which time they traveled over 800 miles, besides numerous hunting trips of fifteen or twenty miles. The first part of the trip was very wet, but the weather afterward was all that could be asked for. Several snowstorms hindered the work considerably. The scenery in the Jasper Pass is simply grand. On either side the mountains rise for thousands of feet. At the head of the Maligne River they found a cañon fully 300ft. deep and not more than 15ft. wide, through which the water rushes and boils for more than a mile. Near by are several hot sulphur springs, which will undoubtedly be of much value when the country is opened up. Prof. Loring has returned to Washington, D. C., to prepare his report on the trip.

An Otter in Ohio.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While at Sandusky Bay this week I learned of the capture there last winter of an otter. It was taken in one of the nets of a local fisherman, but had unfortunately been dead so long before it was discovered that its fur was not prime.

I imagine it has been some years since an otter has been taken in Ohio before this one, as I have seen no record of one in a long time.

F. M. COMSTOCK.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE MAINE IMPORTED BIRDS.

LEWISTON, Maine, Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Perhaps a few words in regard to the game bird experiment that has been made in this vicinity might not be without interest. Nearly two years ago a meeting of sportsmen was called in Lewiston, to agitate the question of introducing game birds into the State, in particular the capercailzie and black grouse.

The meeting was held at the Hotel Rockingham and Mr. Gay, the proprietor of the house, was the chief agitator and the leading spirit of the enterprise.

At the meeting, which proved a very interesting and well attended one, an organization for a game protective association was made, including among its members prominent men from different sections of this State and outside. There was no lack of speeches and enthusiasm, and many letters were read from interested parties all over the country who were unable to be present.

Of this association Mr. Gay was the head and he received ample promises of funds; in fact, as he stated, "there was no lack of money," at that time, at least. The committee appointed for the purpose at once set about the procuring of birds of four varieties: capercailzie, black game, sharp-tailed and pinnated grouse, the first two varieties from the Scandinavian Peninsula and the last two from the West. Land was leased in the immediate vicinity of the Lake Auburn Fish Hatchery and work was begun at once. The site selected was on the northerly side of a hill covered with a thick growth of evergreen, and a clear spring furnished an abundant supply of excellent water. The tops of the trees were cut off about sixteen feet from the ground, posts were set and a framework built, and wire netting stretched over the whole space of about one hundred feet in length, by fifty in width, by sixteen in height.

Later in the winter the birds began to arrive; first the pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse. These, when taken to the pens, seemed to be hearty and strong birds, and, with the exception of some injuries by flying against the netting, seemed to take quite kindly to their new life. The cold did not trouble them in the least, and they gradually became accustomed to their keeper, Mr. Waterman, and also to the sight of strangers, who visited the grounds in large numbers.

The black grouse also arrived in good condition, and were beautiful birds; but the capercailzie were a long time on the way, and apparently were not properly cared for on the passage by steamer; so that several were dead when they arrived in New York. Then another blunder was made by the transportation company in shipping them as freight instead of expressing them through direct; so that when finally the birds came to their owner's hands only two were alive—one male in a dying condition and a female that lived for some months at the breeding pens. In this way a part—and the most interesting one of the experiment—was nipped in the bud; for although an attempt was made to have the one capercailzie mate one of the black game males, of course it was futile.

As there were about a hundred of the pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse, a part were liberated on an island in Merry Meeting Bay and others on Mt. Desert. The remainder were kept at the pens with the idea of breeding them in captivity.

The first spring the birds nested and laid to some extent, and the eggs were set under bantam hens; but only one or two live chicks, and not strong enough to be any test, were the result. This last spring the results were a little better, and something over half a dozen of fairly strong chicks were kept for some time in the care of the bantams; but they did not take kindly to their foster mothers and died, one after another, all in a few weeks; and the trial is still a very doubtful experiment.

A few months since, the association being financially embarrassed and its members discouraged, the property was turned over to the State through the agency of the Fish and Game Commissioners. Mr. Arthur Merrill, superintendent of the Lake Auburn Fish Hatchery, now has charge, and as the State has leased the works, the chances will be better at least of paying the bills, although the conditions are very shady for future results, for there are now but a handful of birds.

Of nearly 100 birds put into the pens at first only thirteen are left—three black grouse, one male and two females, and five each of the pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse. These are now so tame that they will come to their keeper and eat out of his hands, and are apparently no more timid than domestic fowl.

Mr. Merrill thinks that one serious mistake has been made in feeding the birds entirely on grain and not allowing them any green food. Under this treatment the birds constantly died off, one after another, but of late they have been fed partially with green stuff, cabbage leaves, etc., and since the change they have all seemed to thrive much better. It is evident that there was something wrong in the feeding, for the birds ate the twigs from the evergreens (firs and cedars) in the pens, until the most of the trees are dead. What few birds are left are in excellent hands, and Mr. Merrill will do all in his power to make a thorough trial of the material left in his care, and if any one can make a successful experiment of it, he will do so.

Mr. Waterman, the former keeper, had everything to discourage him; his salary was not paid and he was obliged to purchase feed at his own expense. His experience was about on a par with nearly all who furnished or

did any work for the association, as Mr. Collins, the contractor who built the pens, and others can testify. As to where the trouble existed it is hard to say, as there are said to be no books showing what the expenditures or receipts have been.

The expenses in starting were about as follows: Ten capercailzie at $14 each, nineteen black game at about $10 each and one hundred pinnated and sharp-tailed grouse at $1 each. To this must be added the cost of transportation in each case, so that the whole cost of the birds when they reached the grounds of the association was not far from $650. The pens cost about $200, so that the entire cost of starting was not far from $850. To this the cost of feed for a year and a half must be added and the keeper's salary—if it were paid. The whole outlay up to the present time has been about $1,500, a portion of which still remains to be paid and probably will remain. At this rate the thirteen remaining birds have cost over $100 a piece, and it has been suggested that they be kept in gold cages after this, or better, in fire-proof vaults.

As to just how much money has been paid into the association for membership fees and private subscriptions it is doubtful if any one can tell or ever can. Mr. Gay stated on several occasions that "the money was coming in freely," and that "the association could have all the funds it wanted." This was when the broom was new. It did not sweep so clean afterward.

As to the grouse mentioned as being liberated in other places, no certain results can be given. People living in those localities reported that they bred the first season; but it is thought that all were shot in the fall; at least no further indications of them have been seen.

It is a great pity that the venture should have so nearly fallen through, for while it has always been a question if the pinnated grouse could be made to thrive in a thickly-wooded country like the State of Maine, there is no doubt of the feasibility of introducing the capercailzie and black game—especially the former. They are magnificent birds, nearly as large as turkeys, and are accustomed to a wooded country. Minister W. W. Thomas, Jr., thinks that they would thrive well in Maine and would be a great addition to the game of the State. Why could not another importation be made and the birds liberated in the central part of some one of the nearly unoccupied townships, say in Oxford county? A special act of protection could easily be gained from the State Legislature for that section, and continued for a term of years. Three or four hundred dollars expended in procuring birds, to be brought here and liberated the last of March or first of April, would be almost certain to make the test a success, and the money could be easily raised if some one interested would lead off. OUTSIDER.

Commissioner Stanley writes us of the bird enterprise under date of Nov. 18:

In your paper, Nov. 2, I read with much interest an article from Mr. C. H. Ames in regard to the attempt that has been made at Auburn by the Maine Game Protective Association (so called) to breed in captivity the young of sharp-tail and pinnated grouse, black game and capercailzie, also an editorial note making some inquiries and criticisms on the subject. The Maine Fish and Game Commissioners had nothing to do with the enterprise, but as the experiments have been conducted on our grounds at East Auburn, where the bird pens are located, perhaps I could give you the information as to what has been done as well as anyone. I am at the hatchery every few days and see the birds often and know how they have been treated. The Maine Game Bird Association should not be confounded with the Maine State Fish and Game Association. They are separate, with no connection or common pecuniary interests whatever. The Bird Association was started for the express purpose of raising in captivity new and desirable game birds for the purpose of stocking the forests of Maine. The expenses of the experiment depended entirely on subscriptions from its friends.

One year ago last spring the Association started in, I think, with about twenty birds each of the pinnated and sharp-tail grouse. A portion of these were sent to New Hampshire and Bar Harbor last season. I think six of the black game and the same number of capercailzie were purchased in Sweden. The black game arrived in good condition. The capercailzie, when they arrived in New York, I understand, were all right, but through some mismanagement or misunderstanding were shipped by freight instead of by express, were several days on the road without food or water, and, as might have been expected, were dead or dying on their arrival at Auburn. A farmer near by was hired to care for the birds. Their feed was almost entirely corn, with but little change. Very seldom was any green vegetable given them, of which they appear to be very fond. Yet with what I call poor care the larger part of the birds have lived. The grouse of both varieties laid a few eggs which were hatched under bantam hens, but died in a few days. They were not strong when hatched. Last spring the black game laid a few eggs for the first time, which hatched and died the same as the others, probably from the same cause. The man who had charge of these birds was apparently ignorant of their habits and food necessary for their young. The care they have had was no better, if so good, as that given by the average farmer who lets his poultry shift and care for themselves. That the few birds that are left are even in as good condition as they are now is more than I should have expected. There are now left five sharp-tail and five pinnated grouse, three black game, one cock and two hens.

Owing to lack of means further to carry on the experiment, the Association turned over the birds to the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners a few days ago. We have thoroughly renovated and cleaned the pens, have set out evergreens, and are giving the birds a variety of grain and seeds, also vegetables of various kinds, of which they are very fond. We have also ordered from Sweden four hens and two cocks each of the capercailzie and black game. We intend to try breeding them for one season.

As to the success of the experiment I am skeptical, but it can be done with very little expense to us, and perhaps is worth trying. Of course we are ignorant as to the proper treatment of the young birds and must depend on common sense and what information we can gather from others. If any readers of FOREST AND STREAM can give us any information to help us, it will be thankfully received.

If we fail in raising any young birds next year, we shall take what stock we have left back into the forests of Maine as far as possible from the haunts of the sportsmen and turn them loose, which course appears to me would be the most likely to be successful.

I have had considerable discussion with Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., our late Minister to Sweden, which is the home of the capercailzie and black game. He has seen and hunted them in Sweden and is familiar with their habits, etc. The climate and forests of Sweden are identical with ours. He is firm in the faith that they will thrive in Maine as well as in Sweden. But he thinks as I do that the proper and surest way to succeed is to buy the birds in sufficient numbers, turn them loose in some secluded locality in our forests and let them do the rest. If successful they would be a great attraction and addition to our game birds, and well worth the cost. As for the pinnated and sharp-tail grouse, I have no faith in their introduction into Maine. We shall not waste any money in trying experiments with them. HENRY O. STANLEY.

TEN DAYS WITH THE PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

MARYSVILLE, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Who would sell a farm to join a circus? I would not, or at least that is what I thought about Sept. 1, '94. It had been my misfortune to sigh with the Kirkhart show early in May, and we traveled in the State of Iowa the whole season. It was far from a P. T. Barnum outfit, yet it did stay out all the season, and I should not have shed a tear had it "busted" the second month out; still, if it had done so I would have missed ten days of the finest chicken shooting that ever fell to my lot.

The season had been extremely dry and hot, and it was anything but pleasant. About Sept. 1 I was congratulating myself on soon returning home, when I chanced to make the acquaintance of a young man named Bert, at La Verne, on Sept. 7. I was invited by him to take a ride after the show was over to find some chickens, and I accepted.

Bert was one of those fellows who make you feel, after a few minutes' conversation with them, that you had been on familiar terms all your life. He was a farmer, owned a good horse and buggy, and two as fine English pointers as ever stood staunchly, and which were as finely broken as they could possibly be. He owned a double-barreled Parker and a repeating shotgun.

Soon after 3 P. M. Bert and I were driving for the chicken grounds as fast as a good road horse could take us. We stopped at a cornfield about three miles from town, turned into it, and as there were no fences we had full sway. The dogs first worked out a stubble field through which we were going, but without finding, it being rather early in the afternoon. The birds were resting in the corn where the sun could not strike them, a fact which the dogs well knew, as they turned from the open field and made for the corn. We waited about five minutes for them to come out, but they not appearing we concluded to investigate. We had not entered more than five rods into the corn when we found them both standing as if they had grown there with it. Talk of living pictures! There was one. The order to flush was given, and was promptly obeyed. The result was not quite what we expected. Only a single cock bird flushed, which at that time of the year are always found by themselves. He rose and soared away, but not far, as Bert had leveled the Parker on him, and I had the repeater. He hit the ground with a thud and was retrieved nicely by Little Dick, who acted like a trained dog. His brother Ben did enough of the ranging to make matters even. I doubt if I ever saw two dogs work better to each other's interests, and without a spark of jealousy. They are a brace to be proud of.

After we had worked the cornfield for a while without finding any more birds, we returned to the buggy, the horse having quietly grazed in our absence.

The sun was now going down in the west. We worked for a stubble not far away which we could always mark by the straw stacks, and where there was a stubble there were chickens, providing that it was in the cool of the morning or evening. Once near the stubble, the dogs worked with a vim, and soon they were both stiff as a stick on a point. I am not a very lazy man, but to ride up to the dogs is much easier than to walk when one is hunting prairie chickens. We got out, gave the order to flush, and the moment that the first bird fluttered both dogs dropped to wing.

To one whose shooting has been confined to Bob Whites, which, when flushed, rise all at once with a whir, chicken shooting offers something quite different. The chickens rose two at a time, just long enough between times to permit us to get ready for the next pair. Bert scored two, and if he had taken advantage of the opportunity he could have reloaded his gun and shot two more before they flew out of range. As for myself, all I had to do was to stand and pump, and with fairly good results too, for by the time I had fired five times the birds had stopped rising. I had one cartridge left in my gun, and a remaining bird tried to steal a march on us and nearly did so. He flushed wild all of 60yds. away, when I pulled on him with little hope of bringing him to grass, but he fell with a broken wing and ran toward the corn. However, Little Dick had his weather eye on him, and as soon as he tried to steal away Dick ran after him, and soon both were out of sight in the corn—not for long; in a short time Little Dick came out with much dignity, trotting to us with the bird in his mouth.

On counting the result we found that we had seven birds besides the old fellow we got in the corn at the start.

We had marked the birds down and had no difficulty in finding them again, and in the next flush we brought three more to bag. This was enough for one day and we then returned to town.

We were billed to show at Algona on Sept. 17, and as it was not more than ten hours' drive from La Verne I arranged to join Bert for ten days.

If I were to tell of even half the sport we had with the prairie chickens it would crowd the pages of FOREST AND STREAM. There were about fifty people with the circus, and for ten days they had all the chickens they wanted. We had all the morning to hunt between towns, as the jumps were not long, then in the afternoon from 3 o'clock till dark we hunted and shot when we found the chickens to shoot. At Algona I shook the hand of Bert in farewell, and said good-by to Little Dick and Ben and the horse. I left the show there and took the train for Ohio. I could not remain longer. I expect to see them all again soon, but I will not be with a circus. H. S.

NEW BRUNSWICK GAME.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Nov. 18.—The season for gathering feathered fruit is now about over in this region, and many of the gun cranks are beginning to den for the winter. Of course our chief game bird is the partridge. The crop has not been up to the average of former years. The fruit has been well ripened, but hard to pick. The cranks have patrolled all the country roads faithfully, and once or twice in a while have been able to persuade some infatuated bull partridge to lay aside formality, fuss and feathers. But no large bags have been taken—except in the newspapers.

Woodcock have been more plentiful this season than for years past here. Harry Atherton, as usual, is top-notcher in this style of sport with a total of 67. Rainsford Wetmore has accumulated 44, and George Hoegg 35. Other gentlemen have been seen by reliable witnesses punching holes in the twilight, but without any needless shedding of blood. Of course accidents are bound to happen and birds are apt to be killed or wounded by the hasty discharge of firearms at some other bird.

The star actor down here in the drama of the chase has been our genial friend, "Rains" Wetmore, whose score of over 100 geese, brant and duck at Miscou is not going to be easily duplicated. Rainsford assures me that he saw some birds over there which he did not shoot.

Our equally genial friend, Will Chestnut, is away in the region of Little Sou-West Lake with that king of guides and woodsmen, Henry Braithwaite, and though the weather has not been up to specification, it is dollars to doughnuts that moose or caribou, or both, will fall to William's deadly rifle.

This reminds me to remark that the most genial of all our friends, Fred Irland, of Detroit, was down here this fall and as usual went home covered with gore and glory. He shot a fine bull moose and a bull caribou, and his companion, Herbert Flowers, who is only 14 years old, shot another big caribou right in the neck. There wasn't any fluke about it. Of course the gun knocked Herbert over, but Herbert says he didn't mind that when he saw the caribou come down. Some of these grown-up people who indulge in buck fever ought to communicate with Herbert.

Some people have more luck than some other people. A bicyclist was down here from Boston the other day. His name was Wintergreen. He said he would like to go hunting. He did not care whether it was moose, caribou, bear or deer—most anything would do him. He went out to Zionville, and in company with a boy named Tommy Evans, son of a well-known trapper, entered the forest. Then hadn't gone more than three miles from the house when they flushed a flock of three bull moose. Mr. Wintergreen promptly shot two of them and brought the whole business into town next day. He says this is a great country for moose, and if he has a week to spare next year he is coming down here to get a few more.

With each succeeding season deer are increasing in number in this Province. They are drifting over the line from Maine all the time and threading their way on nimble feet into the remotest regions of the wilderness. If the game authorities can prevent the indiscriminate slaughter of deer by crust hunters in the winter they will soon be very numerous. As yet the only deer shot this season by a Fredericton marksman was the fine fat doe scored by Frank Risteen a fortnight ago on the Maryland road. It is certain that others will be taken as soon as snow falls.

Jimmy Hawkins had a sad experience the other day. James is a deadly foe of the bull partridge, so the other day he chartered a buggy and in company with his wife drove out on the Wilsey road. Becoming suspicious of game at a certain point he got out of the carriage and strolled up an "old road." While James was gone four partridges scurried across the highway in front of the horse, and immediately afterward a large lucifee ran across, apparently in pursuit of the birds. Mrs. James called aloud for her husband, but without success. When James finally emerged and learned of this he made a few hasty remarks and plunged into the bush in pursuit of the lucifee and the partridges. He was gone a good while and went a good ways, and therefore he did not hear Mrs. James, who was again calling aloud for her husband. At last James appeared, and Mrs. James showed him where a great big deer with horns on had come out the "old road" and then gone into the bush as though in pursuit of James and the lucifee! The exact words used by James are not known. Of course he went into the bush in pursuit of the deer, but this time he kept his ears wide open, and hence, when Mrs. James once more called aloud for her husband, he reached the road so quickly that Mrs. James was able to show him where a large bear, not more than a minute before, had crossed the road and gone into the bush in pursuit of the lucifee, the partridges, the deer and James! James then turned the horse and started in pursuit of—home. He says the next time he goes into the woods he will leave the gun in the wagon.

PROWLER.

Deer in Rhode Island.

A FEW days since, a reputable resident in the vicinity of Sneech Pond, near Cumberland, R. I., reported as having seen a good sized buck deer in that neighborhood and stated that if he had at the time had his gun he could easily have proved his story. Such stories circulate now and then here, but of course the teller is well laughed at and his hearer seldom believes the yarn.

For the past few days my chum and I have been the laughing stock of various friends, and in going to and from the office I now haunt the back streets, and all because we report deer tracks in the vicinity of Greene near the Connecticut line. It came about in this way: We went down to our old grounds rabbit and squirrel shooting, and in talking with men who hunt in that vicinity were told that a deer's tracks were plainly visible. Where these tracks were seen no cattle have been and the explanation that they may be hogs' tracks is offset in the same way. The hogs are confined, or killed off. The tracks are sharp and clear, having been made during the last week when the ground was soft from the rains. Now what is the opinion of the brethren of FOREST AND STREAM? Could a deer find its way down into our State, and what domestic animal is there whose tracks could be mistaken for one of these animals?

The simple fact of seeing the tracks might be overruled, but the fact that a deer was actually seen may prove that some strayer has found his way down among us. TODE.

SPORTSMANSHIP.

DICK OF CONNECTICUT tells us of his deep pondering as to whether it exists in this country, and concludes that we haven't got the genuine article.

Don't this nearly take you off your feet? Eheu don't express it; in the language of a dear lady friend, this is "jes' turribul!"

Here we have been all this time carelessly allowing the universe to wobble along as best it might, and the earth to revolve, as dear old Artemus Ward used to say, "on its own axletree, subject only to the constitution of the United States;" all the while supposing that if we each paid several "puns sterlink" for a Hinglish shotgun and joined in a concerted howl of indignation over the effrontery of the skipper of Defender in presuming to enter a protest against Dunraven's playful, kittenish style of winning a yacht race, that we were all sportsmen.

But here we are, it seems, up a stump after all. Like the little children of the old colonist, who, having heard that their father had been unexpectedly made corporal of a militia company, began instantly to execute an impromptu war dance, and in their childish glee shouting "We're all corporals, we're all corporals!" were rudely awakened from their dream of bliss by the harsh voice of the mother crying, "Shet yer mouths, you little fools! there is nobody corporal but your daddy and I"; we find that it is pretty tough to learn at this late day that there is nobody corporal but Dunraven and Dick.

Possibly he is right. It may be that Boone, of Kentucky, plunged into the depths of the greatest forest any continent of this earth ever knew, 700 miles distant from civilization, home, friends, wife and babies; loving the great wilderness with an intensity of devotion which made these days of peril from wild beasts and savage men—peril unshared by mortal man—the very happiest of all his long life; it may be that he was no sportsman. Was Nessmuk? Was Carson? Were any of the great host of true American pioneers who, from sheer love of the great unexplored wilderness, eagerly encountered its thousand perils rather than accept the life of security and ease in the settlements?

Dick of Connecticut (who whole families of us are about ready to conclude has mistaken his place of residence, and belongs rather to Berwick-upon-Tweed, or Stratford-upon-Avon, or Lunnon-on-Tems) asks in conclusion, "Who says nay?"

Before I, for one, make reply, I want to know if we each buy a complete new shooting outfit imported from England, and when procuring camp supplies reject entirely any and all canned salmon from the Columbia or any other American canneries and take instead only the straight tinned product from some English tinnery, and when on our journey to our inclosed game preserve we insist strenuously upon having the cars shunted instead of side-tracked, and put in all our spare time shouting "Great is Diana of the English Ephesians!" whether this will entitle us to take rank with the grandees across the water or not?

It might also be even possible for some American (who had lost the sense of smell, and was possessed of a gunny-sack stomach) by dint of hard practice to eat birds which had been hung up by the neck until the feathers dropped out of them, but I doubt it.

Still, if any one on this side of the water is ambitious to try it he has one assurance—there is no law (but that of decency) against it. If Dick of Connecticut is right there is surely a great gulf fixed between Americans and sportsmanship.

Count me with Boone, Carson, Nessmuk and the rest of our worthies—an American hunter. ORIN BELKNAP.

POTOMAC GUNNING NOTES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 22.—Just outside of the shadow of the dome of the U. S. Capitol Building, as the sun goes down, is William Wagner's Washington headquarters for the Hallowing Point Gunning and Fishing Club. The members of this club are: Wm. Wagner; John Peyton, executive officer; James H. Smith, Daniel W. Edelin, Wm. D. Dyer, John Arth, and Richard W. Barker. All of these gentlemen are gunners of good marksmanship and true sportmen. The president, Wm. Wagner, is an authority on guns and their uses, and one of the leading marksmen in the city. At the Du Pont shoot, recently held in Baltimore, he stood third out of a very large number of entries, killing thirty-nine out of a possible forty. Every evening of the week, except Sunday, Wagner's shop, at the back of his gun and hardware store, is filled with men and smoke, tobacco smoke—the stove draws well. When the writer called Tuesday evening the smoke was strongly tinged with sulphur. This was owing to the sudden return of genial John Arth, who had been down to the Point for ten days. With all his inborn modesty John could not refrain from giving a glowing account of his experiences. He went down the river for a good time and declared he had it. John now swears by corn bread and mushrooms, they saved his life, for he lived on them the ten days. We have John's word for it that mushrooms are to be picked up by the barrelful in the marshes around the club house.

Ducks were somewhat scarce, so John had plenty of time to devote to his corn bread and mushrooms. The weather was too nice and warm for ducks. On Friday the weather thickened up and brought some ducks toward the Point. John prepared his battery, felt good, prospects seemed bright. The ducks showed signs of settling on the water, sure signs, and John pictured them swimming toward him by the fifties, even marked the place on the water by eye where he would let loose and pump the lead into the innocent, unsuspecting creatures. But something was wrong, the birds wouldn't light, they just acted so as to let John know that they were tired of flying and would gladly light if things suited them, and then away they went to alight miles away. Our lone gunner couldn't see what bothered the birds until about 10 o'clock a miserable, dirty-canvased sloop sailed out from the cove back of the point, the skipper of which thoughtfully yelled to John, "D'ye have eny lo-uk," and John replied in language too harsh and rasping to be here mentioned.

Notwithstanding the little circumstance of losing his best morning's shooting, Mr. Arth brought home thirty-two ducks, counting, as he puts it, the three Johnnie shot. They were mostly blackheads and butterballs. The two redheads that were in the number made a good showing. John took them and carefully split the feathers of the head so that there was a broad chrysanthemum effect, then he put all of the smaller ducks into the center of the bunch out of sight, and the two redheads were spread all over the outside in such a manner that when John boarded the Macalester at Glymont Captain Blake opened wide his eyes at the sight of such a lot of fine ducks.

One of the mornings John was surprised to have some mallards swim right up to him; he let go a No. 8 shell at them and didn't ruffle a feather. It was a pure case of duck fever, if there is such a thing. John says he can't see where the lead went to.

The Hallowing Point Club is well located, it being one of the best shooting points on the Potomac. The Point is on the Virginia side opposite Glymont, Md., about twenty-five miles below Washington.

As Peyton remarks, shooting on the Potomac is not what it used to be. However, in spite of changed conditions, the iniquitous big guns and steam launches, very good sport is often enjoyed even nowadays. Edelin and Smith a short time ago killed ten redheads over the decoys. On one of his shoots last season Wagner killed sixty-six redheads and blackheads. Capt. Blake and Wagner killed fourteen blackheads in Nanjemoy Creek one day last year. Some one jocularly remarked that more ducks are killed each season in Wagner's shop than on the Potomac River.

The marshes around Hallowing Point are very good rail shooting grounds. With a very high tide these birds are to be found there in great numbers. There is also good snipe and woodcock shooting.

One great trouble about the Potomac is the fact that the game laws are not enforced. There is plenty of law, but no enforcement to it. If the big guns and steam launches were suppressed the sportsmen would have a chance to reach the game.

Speaking of this part of the river we are reminded of Craney Island, artificially built years ago by a Mr. Chapman as a shad fishing station. Thousands of dollars' worth of the savory Potomac shad were landed here, and the owner was at one time offered $30,000 for the island, so valuable was the fishery, now about worthless. Some very good ducking is to be had off this island at times.

That birds of various kinds know a thing or two and will profit by protection is well illustrated in the marshes back of the Alexander race track, in Virginia, opposite this city. The authorities of the race track control the marsh adjoining and will not allow gunning there, as it interferes with the racing. As a consequence the marsh is full of reed birds, rail, etc., in their seasons.

BART.

WILL'S FIRST WAPITI.

FOR nearly a week we had been riding laboriously over steep hills covered with fallen timber and through deep cañons tangled with underbrush, when about 2 o'clock one afternoon we saw some fresh elk sign, and the guide and our map agreeing that we were safely out of the Park we decided to go into camp.

Neither the General nor Will had ever killed an elk, and to do so was the prime object of the hunt. We were all growing tired of bacon and trout, and our horses were getting tired from six days' hard traveling without their accustomed allowance of oats. Dismounting in a little grove of pines at the edge of a grassy meadow our horses were soon unsaddled and refreshing themselves by a roll in the soft grass. The pack mules were soon unloaded, and lifting up their melodious voices in gratitude, the aprarejos ranged neatly side by side, and the coffee-pot simmering over a fire of dry pine boughs. After a hasty lunch the rifles emerged from their cases, cartridge belts were buckled on and the General and the guide went up back of camp full of murderous intent.

Will and I crossed the little meadow and entered the forest, heading for a little bench about half way up the mountain beyond, and almost smacking our lips in anticipation of a fat juicy elk steak for supper. I confess to having been somewhat amused as Will caressed the polished stock of his little .38-55 Marlin and asked who was the best taxidermist to put up elk heads. But I wisely concluded to say nothing and let him learn by experience that it required something more than a pretty toy and a tenderfoot to kill an animal nearly as large as a horse.

After an hour's toilsome climbing up the rocky and almost perpendicular face of the cliff we reached the bench, and were delighted to find some very fresh sign. Slowly and cautiously now, with rifles "ready," we advanced through the virgin pine forest. Carefully stepping around or over every dry twig and stopping at every little rise to search carefully the valley beyond, we finally came to one of those little open grassy glades of perhaps three acres in extent called parks by the mountaineers.

Peering cautiously out from behind a clump of firs, our hearts bound, and hands grip the stock tighter; for there, about 75yds. away and all unconscious of our presence, stands a bull, his rump to the wind and his full broadside toward us. He has evidently just finished a good dinner from the rich grass and washed it down with a draft of cool water from the little stream which runs through the meadow, and is now thoughtfully chewing his cud in blissful ignorance of the close proximity of his deadly foe; meditating, perhaps, on the charms of those young cows in a herd he knows of, and thinking he would go and call on them if the "old man" wasn't so fearfully big and strong and ill-tempered.

Ye gods! what a sight for a sportsman, and how it tends to make the eyes and mouth of a tenderfoot open wide, and his knees shake under him. And I notice that Will's eyes are very bright and big, though his hand is perfectly steady, and he doesn't forget to cock the little Marlin as he brings it slowly to his shoulder.

A spiteful little crack, and as Mr. Wapiti looks quickly around to see what is the matter, he finds out to his sorrow for the repeater cracks again, and this time he starts off with his hindleg broken just below the gambrel, and held only by a bit of skin.

Right bravely does he plow crashing through the forest for about 60yds. down to another little park, where he falls in a slough, and now the first little pellet seems to give him a queer feeling in the vicinity of his stomach, for he lies quite still until we come crashing out of the timber after him. Another brave effort brings him out of the slough, but his progress is slow and labored. Once again the little "pop gun" cracks, and this time it is fatal, and the noble bull goes down to rise no more. He is a beautiful specimen, just medium size, with ten points—one of them curiously bent down and misshapen, probably from some injury while still in the velvet. But he is fat and sleek, and in perfect condition.

Will doesn't say much, but I notice as he pushes his hat back the absence of three out of the five wrinkles that I noticed in his manly brow when we left civilization, and he stands erect, with shoulders, back and chest thrown out more like a soldier than a staid bank cashier. And I? I am glad now, when I see the leg and the big cervical vertebra spattered by the little "pop gun," that I didn't express all I thought about it and its owner. But the sun is already out of sight behind yon tall cliff. Guns are laid aside, sleeves rolled up, and—well, let me tell you. If you have never dressed a big elk, and don't know how, just you go to a butcher and learn before you start hunting in the Rocky Mountains with no hatchet or saw. But after half an hour's hard work and a big nick in Will's new hunting knife, we conclude that he is butchered plenty, for to-night at least. And another hard hour's work brings us safely into camp with a big piece of liver for supper and breakfast.

Of course it only illustrates a human weakness to say that we were both secretly gratified to learn that the General and the guide "hadn't seen anything," and after a hearty supper we told them all about it. E. L.

MY FIRST DEER HUNT IN AROOSTOOK.

"I HARDLY think the old army rifle will do to kill deer with," was a remark I made to my wife one evening in the latter part of September, "and if I want to be fully equipped I had better be hustling and get a gun that won't shoot around corners." I had brought the rifle from the garret, where it had been laying for the past three years, and it took me but a few minutes to come to the conclusion that it was a back number, and in the morning's mail was a request to rifle manufacturers for a copy of their latest catalogue of "destroyers."

Away back in the spring Dick, an old chum of earlier days, now a farmer and woodsman of that mecca of the hunter's dreams, Aroostook, and one of the jolliest and best all-round companions on an "expedition" that you could scare up in a day's journey, in one of his letters had said: "In my opinion it is most time for me to do some killing, and I am going to commence oiling up my shooting irons and get into training for the fall," and knowing that I had never killed anything larger than a fox, asked me if I was going to join him. Well, that started me off on the same tack, and for the next three or four nights I cleaned out everything with horns and four legs in Aroostook county, and would just be getting a bead on that big fellow with the fine pair of antlers when I would get a jab in the ribs "and a gentle voice would softly whisper," "For goodness sake turn over on your side and stop snoring."

About five weeks ago I heard from Dick again, saying that he had made all necessary arrangements for the trip after big game, and to be on deck sure Oct. 1.

In three days the catalogue had been thoroughly dissected and I had decided on a .38-55, octagon barrel, of the latest model. A prettier gun I never handled, and it weighed but 7½lbs.

Friday, Sept. 27, found me getting off the train at Sherman Station on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, and when Dick saw me he executed a regular "nigger breakdown," or at least as near to it as he could come. Inside of five minutes we had started on the seven-mile ride to his farm, where a hearty dinner already waiting for us was treated in a most affectionate and brotherly manner. After dinner I unpacked, and of course the new rifle was the main object of interest to Dick, who, having "tried" it to his satisfaction, proposed that I go out in the field and see if I could shoot a deer should I get the chance. I looked at him, "but spoke niver a wurrd," packed up the gun and a handful of cartridges and started for the field, and in a few moments had made kindling wood of a small box at 250yds. (I had been practicing before leaving home). This seemed to relieve him wonderfully, so we went up the hill to where a four-horse machine was digging out potatoes. Six men were picking up and barreling, and kept a two-horse team busy hauling them to the house. He told me that this crew could house 200 barrels per day. The principal things of interest though were the deer tracks and they were thick all over the field. Alongside of this field ran a thick piece of woods, in which Dick said we would find plenty of sign. Sure enough there had been deer around during the previous night, but as it was getting too late in the day to commence operations we returned to the house. About 8 o'clock I began to get restless, and as the full moon was shining brightly I said to Dick, "Let's take our guns and go up on the hill. Perhaps we can spot something." "I'm your huckleberry," said he, and soon we were going cautiously up the rise and keeping close in the shadow of the woods. We made a complete circuit of the field before stopping, and then sat down beside a large pile of stones where the shadows were so black that we were completely hidden, but had a fine view of the open.

I think we must have sat there about two hours, when I leaned over to whisper something to Dick. Hark! what is that? Every sense is keenly on the alert, and your fingers instinctively put the triggers of the guns in cock. We listened breathlessly, for a little further above us, apparently in the edge of the woods, we could hear the regular swish, swish, swish of some large animal walking over the dead leaves. It seemed to have no sense of danger, and came on in a direct line toward us. Nearer, nearer, when of a sudden it stopped, and peering out we tried to locate the beast, which was now almost upon us. Now it starts again, but this time headed directly for the open field. Ah! there he is. Both rifles cracked almost together, and then we saw a black object whirling around as if chasing its tail. We put two more bullets in its hide before he gave up the ghost, and then we ran for the spot. There lay one of the finest black bears that had been seen in many a day. I straightened up and let out three of the heartiest cheers that ever came from mortal throat; for I had killed my first bear. We bled him and then went down to the house, considering that we had commenced the season in right good style, and to say we were happy is drawing it very mildly.

The next morning at break of day we took one of the horse teams and an extra hand and went after our game. It was a beauty, with long, jet black hair. Dick said the hide was good for $15, and the nose $5, which is the bounty paid by the State of Maine for bears' noses. After the skin was taken off we found that three of the bullets had gone clear through the body.

Monday morning the rain was coming down as though engaged for the rest of the day. Dick said to me, "Now I will leave it to you whether we start to-day or to-morrow. Either way will suit me." "We start to-day," said I. That settled it, and we got down to business in short order. Into a light two-horse wagon we packed enough straw, hay and grain to last the horses a week, a tent and small stove, rations for ourselves, and last, but not least, a good boat. About 10 A. M. we were off, and just before dark reached the East Branch of the Penobscot, after a hard drive of eighteen miles.

A short distance down stream Dick knew of an old logging camp, which we headed for, but when in sight saw smoke coming out of the chimney, and knew some one was ahead of us. Then we drove down stream to another place he was familiar with, but that was "rented" also, so we compromised by camping between the two, and making ourselves as comfortable as possible, went to sleep full of supper and bright hopes, for the law would not be on big game after 12 o'clock of that night.

Tuesday morning we turned out bright and early, finished up our chores, ate breakfast, and before sunrise had our canoe in the water. Our course lay up stream, and until the time we landed I did not see a canoe on the river that morning. I sat in the bow, rifle in hand, while Dick paddled the canoe, his rifle lying on the bottom. I do not believe I ever enjoyed a trip of any kind better than that early paddle up stream. The rain of the day before had left everything bright and fresh, and the air was keen and bracing with just a touch of winter in it, enough in fact to make you turn the coat collar up and wish for another jacket.

We went on for about a mile, and finding a suitable place to land hauled the canoe up on the bank. By this time I was getting a little excited, and knew that if everything worked well I would have my first deer before night if I had anything to say in the matter, which latter proved to be the case. Dick said to me, "Now you go ahead, and I will follow about a rod behind. Creep along and make just as little noise as possible, and above all things be ready to shoot at a moment's notice." I started on, and we entered a fine piece of hardwood growth. We had gone about a mile in this fashion, and I had stopped for a moment to wait for Dick, who had fallen some way in the rear, when I heard a crash in the bushes some distance ahead, and almost at the same moment saw a fine doe coming in my direction, but well down to the right. She evidently had not sighted me yet, but when about 30yds. away she stopped and looked in my direction. The rifle was already at my shoulder, and before she could bound away I fired, and through the smoke saw her lying on the ground. Well, I believe I was the happiest man in the State of Maine, and when Dick came running up, his congratulations only added another feather to my hat.

Now, I have read lots of fiction and heard all sorts of stories about "buck fever" and "buck ague," etc., etc., and although that deer was the first wild one I had ever seen, and she came on me suddenly, I do not believe I held my gun a bit steadier when I fired at the soap box the day before. The men who tell of their soul-stirring and harrowing experiences, about how their false teeth dropped out and the cartridges exploded in the gun, they had the "ague," or whatever they call it, so badly, will find no sympathy from me, for I do not believe it, and my own experience backs up what I say. (That is pretty strong, Mr. Editor, but it is funny that I didn't have an "attack.")

After bleeding and dressing her we cut two stout poles, and with the line which Dick had about his waist bound the carcass to the poles, took the ends on our shoulders and started for the canoe. Just as we got there we saw three canoes passing up the river containing a party who, answering our hail, said they were going into camp near Mt. Katahdin, and, congratulating us on our luck, passed on. We loaded our game and started for the camp, where we arrived about noon. After eating a hearty dinner Dick said we would go up the river again, but land on the east side. On the way up we passed an old lumber camp, and noticing that one of the buildings was fitted up in very good shape I asked Dick what it was, who told me that an old guide by the name of Fred Brackett took all his parties there, and had a large one stopping at the place then. Inside of a mile we passed four camps in sight from the river, which showed very plainly that the hunters were out in full force.

We landed and struck back through a territory recently visited by the lumbermen, and where the traveling was very rough, unless you kept in the old lumber roads. All the afternoon we tramped without seeing or hearing anything in the shape of game. We concluded to return again to the river, and turned into an old tote road that led up over a small rise. I was about 10yds. in the lead, and had reached the top of the hill, when out jumped two deer from under the brush and started like a whirlwind down the road in front of us. The first one had not taken more than three leaps when I clapped my rifle up and fired point blank without taking aim. I saw the doe stagger, and I pumped another bullet in, and down she went in a heap. In the meanwhile Dick had picked out the one in the rear, and brought her to earth almost at the same time I fired my second shot. Well, it was the nicest bag I ever expect to make, and we paced off the distance between them as they lay and found it to be less than 20ft. I began to feel quite like an old hand at the business, and was ready to meet anything from a chipmunk to a moose.

We dressed them as quickly as possible, and then had to hang them up, it now being so late in the day that we could hardly reach the river before dark. We blazed the trees on our way out, and in the morning had no difficulty in finding the game. They were both full-grown does, and after getting them to the river found that they made a good boatload. After several minor mishaps we landed them safe in camp before noon, and then hustled around to get dinner. We were pretty tired by this time, and decided to lay around the rest of the day and go to bed early.

Along in the afternoon about 3 o'clock we saw a large canoe coming down the river loaded with five fine deer. Two men from Haverhill, Mass., were the lucky hunters. I asked them how it was that two men had five deer, and they told me that there were three in the party, but one had gone out to Grindstone the day before, as he was taken sick. The deer made a heavy load for the canoe, and one man went forward with a long line and towed it, while the other kept it from the bank with a pole. They had been traveling all that morning in just such fashion and were wet to their waists. The men said that they had gone in several days ago without a guide, and from the results it was evident that they were fully able to take care of themselves. Upon seeing our team they made a bargain for us to take them down to Grindstone Station, so we loaded the deer in and Dick drove the team down, while I stayed around camp and got supper, as he would be back before 7 o'clock.

The moon rose early that night, and we sat around the camp-fire and discussed the events of the past two days, yawned a little, yarned considerable, and about 9 o'clock turned in.

Tuesday morning it was decided, as I had shot all the deer the law allows one man to shoot, that I should try the river for fish and shoot partridges around camp, while Dick was going to strike up river again for the other deer. He seemed worried that I had shot my two while he had only got one, but said he was going to stay in the woods until he got his other one if we stopped there until the snow came; and I knew he meant it.

It was nearly 4 in the afternoon when I heard a shout, and looking up river saw Dick coming down in the canoe at a rate that would have made Bob Courtney hustle to keep up. He said he had shot a fine deer with a good set of horns, and that we could hitch up the team and get it back to camp before dark. In five minutes we were riding over an old lumbermen's road that had apparently not been used for the last seventeen years. We went as far in this with the wagon as we could, then hitched the horses to a tree and started to follow the line Dick had blazed when coming out. It was now getting dark, and with his axe Dick would strip off a good-sized piece of bark from the trees we passed, so the white would show if we did not get back to the team before nightfall. It got so dark within the next few minutes that we could not follow the line at all, and had to start back for the team, which we reckoned was about a mile away. I verily believe we walked over the whole of Aroostook county trying to find that team, and I was minus part of one ear from running into an alder swamp and getting tangled up in the bushes, and about 13in. of skin from various places on my shins before we struck an old timber road, and if ever I was thankful to get back to camp that was the time. There was a run on the arnica bottle that night (which Dick had fortunately brought along), and several very uncomplimentary remarks about things in general were passed the following morning when we found the lantern under the seat of the wagon.

Having relieved our feelings somewhat by getting on the outside of a substantial breakfast, we hitched up the team once more and started for the deer. This time we had no trouble, and by 10 o'clock were again at the camp; at 10:30 we had finished our dinner, packed up, struck tent, and with four nice deer and nineteen partridges started on the return for Dick's home.

When we reached Staceyville Station there was a man waiting for the train bound for home with two nice deer which he shot on the East Branch near Mt. Katahdin.

Saturday morning I started for home, and at all the stations hunters were getting aboard with their game. At Norcross Station I counted fifteen deer, one caribou and two moose heads that were put aboard, and the brakeman told me that on one trip they took out over fifty deer.

So ended my first hunting trip in the Aroostook, and being so successful I thought FOREST AND STREAM would like to hear of it.

Next year I am going again, and before I start I shall inscribe on my banner "A Moose or Bust."

D. ROBERTS.

Nov. 2.

BOSTON MEN AFIELD.

IN a FOREST AND STREAM issue of about six weeks ago I mentioned a proposed big game hunt in Maine by a party of Bangor and Boston men. They were to be gone five weeks and intended penetrating to the best moose hunting region in the State. The party consisted of W. L. Miller, C. P. Webber and A. L. Bramm, of Bangor, and W. T. Jenkins, of the Babcock Varnish Co., of Boston. They have just returned to their homes, having stayed in the woods the full time intended, and tell a story of their experiences which must prove interesting to the many hundreds of FOREST AND STREAM readers who find their way annually to the Maine woods. When all ready to start (about Oct. 1) they found, much to their indignation, that the guides whom they had engaged for the trip had abandoned them for another party who had overbid their services, and right here I would remark that this kind of business is getting altogether too common in Maine. I have heard of a few other cases like it this season, and I believe the blame rests almost entirely on the sportsmen who do it. It is more than unsportsmanlike; it is mean. The guides are nearly all poor men, and while they cannot be held blameless, they should not be tempted to such dastardly acts by men who call themselves gentlemen. In most cases such a proceeding would cause the abandonment of a trip, but the Miller party pocketed their disappointment, and procuring a couple of good canoemen, started out to do the best they could. Mr. Miller was especially well equipped for the situation, having been moose hunting for twelve successive years. He has a well-earned reputation as a moose caller, and is generally able to bring his victim right to the water. Their trip was wholly a camping one, and owing to the low water in the many streams and thoroughfares proved to be a hard one. At one time they spent nearly a day in hard work, damming a brook in order to send the dead water back so they could canoe up the stream, thus saving a long carry. They went first to the Allegash country and stayed for a time around Eagle and Churchill lakes. Afterward they went far into the woods from these points, and it was there they had the best results. The entire party saw thirty-four moose during their five weeks' stay in the woods. Mr. Jenkins saw six spike bulls at different times all in range, but did not shoot at any of them. On one night he called a spike bull down, but did not shoot.

The next morning occurred the grand scene of the trip. While paddling up stream with guide they heard a cow moose whine and a great noise ahead. Rounding a bend in the stream they beheld a sight only forty paces off which it is safe to say neither of the men will ever have the good fortune to see again. There in broad daylight stood two great bull moose battling for dear life, their only witness (other than our friends) being a demure-looking cow moose, who with head above the bushes off to one side stood watching the scene. The fight was terrific. With lowered heads they would charge like mighty rams, each seeking to turn the other's guard in order to reach the exposed side. Then rising on hindlegs they would dash the forefeet full at each other's heads with lightning rapidity, all the time bellowing and making a frightful noise. It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Finally Mr. Jenkins fired at the largest one, wounding him with a .45-90 bullet. Filled with excitement he clambered up the banks of the stream only to find the angry moose almost upon him. The guide shouted a word of warning, and realizing his danger he quickly fired again. Straying off a short distance the moose dropped dead. Mr. Jenkins then propped him up and took a fine picture, which I have had the pleasure of seeing. He measured 6ft. 5in. from forefeet to withers; estimated weight between 1,000 and 1,100lbs. He had a fine head, crowned with very regular antlers, and was indeed a prize. Mr. Jenkins also killed a bull caribou, the animal having an excellent head. Mr. Miller got a bull moose, and called the animal down himself. He wounded him with the first shot, and the moose went into the woods. The next day they followed him until 3 P. M. and finally found him lying down. Another shot killed him before he could get up. A fine bull caribou with a head resembling the Newfoundland species in wealth of horns also fell to the lot of Mr. Miller. A large number of deer were seen, but only enough were killed to provide them with venison. Chas. Morris, the guide who so fearfully wounded Warden Collins in the Aroostook country some time ago, walked into the camp one day. He looked careworn and threadbare, and is evidently suffering many hardships alone in the woods. He stated that he had seen the sheriffs go by him, and when told they would come after him when the snow came, declared he would never be taken. He held to his rifle all the time he was in camp, and would not receive some clothing tendered him as a gift, although sadly needing it. By his ghastly act he has made himself an outcast, and I fear will do more harm before he is captured.

Haggett's Pond, near Andover, Mass., is a favorite place for pickerel fishing just now. Some good catches have been made there lately, and it is said that luck had no part in it either. The Haggett's Pond pickerel has a reputation for cuteness. He is educated and the man who succeeds in taking him out of his native element must know all the points. John Saunders, of Andover, is posted about him, and is therefore high line among the fishermen who go there. Mr. Saunders is a born angler, one of the kind that studies the sport from pure love of it, and gives every detail of preparation the most minute attention. This quality combined with a good knowledge of the water he fishes almost insures success in advance. Last Saturday (accompanied by a friend) he went to Haggett's, and brought home fourteen pickerel, the largest weighing nearly 4½lbs. His generosity is proverbial, and a nice, fresh pickerel for breakfast, as a reminder of Mr. Saunders, is a common occurence among his friends.

Geo. D. Loud, of Boston, has made several trips this season to Bonny River country, in New Brunswick. He has just returned from the last one, and as usual expresses himself as well pleased with the results. Partridge shooting was the main object of his trip and he bagged seventy-five birds during his thirty days' stay. Another Boston party were down there during his stay. They were Chas. D. Sias, Mr. and Mrs. Grant, and Mr. and Mrs. Pierce. Ten days was the length of their stay, and they killed about sixty birds during that time. Mr. Loud saw a number of deer, but did not get a shot.

The Florida tourists are beginning to show activity, and are only awaiting the advent of real cold weather to start them on their journey southward. G. W. Pitcher, of Providence, R. I., will leave very soon for Homosassa, intending to stay all winter. He has been South for many successive years. The Gulf coast is his favorite country, and he has hunted and fished over a good part of it. For many seasons he went to Miakka, but lately seems to prefer the Homosassa region, where he says he can be very comfortable, and at the same time find good sport with rod and gun.

One hundred and fifty birds (woodcock and partridges) killed in a little over two weeks' time by F. H. Talcott and a friend, both of Boston, demonstrates the fact that Massachusetts covers can still furnish some good sport in spite of ripe old age and long years of abuse. It all happened pretty near Boston too. A large share of credit is due Mr. Talcott's very excellent dog. What is the use of going two or three hundred miles away when shooting like this can be found so near at home?

C. A. Taft, J. M. Lasell and C. V. Dudley, of Whitinsville, Mass., left on Nov. 8 for a two weeks' stay at Mr. Taft's camp near Flagstaff, Maine. Big game hunting on the first snows is the object of the party. They have gone to a good region, and ought to do well.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 23.—Boston boasts of many great sportsmen, but there are few among the number who are so indefatigable as Dr. Heber Bishop. One trip a year satisfies the most ardent, as a rule, but the Doctor is made of different stuff, and a moderate vacation such as most men take only serves to whet his appetite for more. Last spring he went into Maine on a fishing trip. Early this fall he went to Nova Scotia and the Moosehead region with a party of three or four others. They were at the latter place at the opening of the shooting season and came home a few days later with a very creditable assortment of big game killed on the trip. Now the time and desire are ripe again, and in a few days the Doctor is off to the woods again, this time bound for the great northern Aroostook wilderness. The men who will accompany him this time are William Farley, Charles C. Williams and a Mr. Wilbur, all of Boston; Dr. George McAleer, of Worcester, and I. K. Taylor, of New York city. Moose and caribou are the game they expect to get, and surely they are going to a region where these animals are said to be more plentiful than anywhere else in Maine. I believe they enter the woods from Caribou, and will devote three weeks to an attempt to provide each man of the party with his full legal number of animals allowed. Deer are more abundant than anything else up there, but they are not after them and will only kill enough venison to provide for the table.

The most delightful reminiscence of the average New England hunter is the recollection of how he got his first deer. The scene, even to its smallest detail, is indelibly impressed on his mind, and memory never proves treacherous to him who would recall the experience. The head always graces the home of the ambitious novice, and he is

ever ready to tell his friends just how the deed was done. The latest aspirant of my acquaintance for honors of this kind is Mr. Horace S. Dame, of Boston. It was a buck, and a big one too, that first broke upon the vision of my young friend when seeking sportsmanship honors, and barring a slight touch of the fever which closely follows in the track of every tenderfoot, it may be said that he did exceedingly well. The first shot broke one of the animal's hindlegs, a fact which only seemed to increase the speed of the fast-running deer. The next shot went clean through his neck and tumbled him to the ground. He was on his feet and off again in an instant, but one more leaden messenger just back of the shoulder caused a complete somersault, and our young hunter with his guide ran up only to find him again on his feet and inclined to show fight. It was but a moment, however, before he toppled over and died. The scene was laid in the burnt lands just off the Eustis stage road, some five or six miles from the "Greene" farmhouse, where Mr. Dame was stopping; and after cutting off the head and skinning the animal a large part of the meat was hung up where it could be found later, and the two men started for home, loaded with a good part of the anatomy of the victim. It proved to be pretty heavy before Greene's was reached, but Mr. Dame confidently declares that he would have carried that head clear to Boston rather than abandon even a fraction of an ear. His companion of the trip, Mr. L. Dana Chapman, went on to Chase Pond, about six miles from Eustis, a day or two later and succeeded in killing a doe and buck. This gentleman is a veteran of the woods and very persistent in the chase. If there are any deer in the region he visits he is pretty sure to find them. Mr. Dame's buck had an exceptionally fine head, and I believe all three of the heads are being mounted by Frazer. On the week previous to their visit there was quite a fall of snow, and while it lasted twenty-two deer were brought into the town of Stratton. Harry Haines, of Boston, killed two bucks near Chase Pond that week, and Blyn Viles a fine doe.

The 2,000 young salmon taken in to Big Island Pond for the Megantic Club by Mr. Chapman arrived there in good shape, only four or five dying out of the lot.

A party of Worcester sportsmen, consisting of Gilbert H. Stone, Oscar R. England and Joseph G. Vandreuil, have just returned from the Katahdin region. Mr. England is happy over the killing of an immense moose with a head second only to the one recorded in FOREST AND STREAM of last week as killed by Mr. Cardeza, of Philadelphia. The spread of the antlers was about 62in., and the sportsman and his guide followed him all of one day, camped on his trail over night, and killed him the next day after two hours' hard work on the edge of a swamp where he had taken refuge. Mr. Vandreuil also killed a moose. Mr. Stone was ambitious to make the ascent of Mt. Katahdin. His guide advised him to take his gun, but he thought he would travel light, and has ever since bemoaned his lack of judgment. On reaching the flat table land near the top they found about thirty caribou simply waiting to be shot and not even a popgun to do execution with. What strange things we see, etc., etc.

Stories about the great abundance of deer in Maine are still coming into Boston. John Carver, Fred S. Moxon and Seth Waterhouse, of Atlantic, Mass., have just returned from the Aroostook country. They went in from Grindstone, up East Branch of the Penobscot and stopped at their guide's camps on Soldiers' Pond. During the eight days they were in the woods they saw sixty-seven deer and brought out six handsome bucks. It is a good bear country in there, and signs of bruin were everywhere visible. When trapping last spring their guide (Frank Cram) made a record of nine bears, catching them, it is said, in nine separate traps which he had set for a grand round-up. HACKLE.

Nov. 23.—Mr. L. P. Daniells is just out of the Maine woods with a nice buck deer to his credit. He went to Bethel, Me., and from that point to Upton, and up into the Magallaway region. Very hard hunting came to his lot, with a lack of snow for tracking. It took a good many days of hard work to win success. Hounding from over in New Hampshire has made the deer of the Magallaway very shy and thinned their numbers. Mr. H. L. Hubbard is back from King and Bartlett lakes with a deer of his own shooting. He also found rather slow hunting for want of snow. Mr. L. Dana Chapman, treasurer of the Megantic Club, and Mr. H. S. Dame, of Dame, Stoddard & Kendal, have been to Big Island Pond with 1,500 young salmon, purchased by the club of the State, and taken from the hatchery at Auburn, Me. The salmon were taken through without any loss whatever. Mr. Chapman had the good fortune to secure a couple of deer, while Mr. Dame, who is a beginner at hunting, got a fine buck. L. P. Washburn has returned from a Maine hunting trip. He found bad weather and no snow. It rained for several days of his absence nearly all the time. He got no deer and no moose, though a novice at hunting. He says that the rule that the beginner always gets the game and the largest fish did not hold good in his case. He also says that one should go over the Bangor & Aroostook R. R., as he did, in order to see how many greenhorns at hunting there are going into Maine this year. Nearly every train is loaded with them. A deer to every man would exhaust the game supply of any country in the universe. He says that to see the crowd that embarks on the trains of that road to Bangor, to listen to their talk, to see their toggery, is enough to make one sick. "Talk about game. Why, there isn't game enough in the world to satisfy such hunters! If Maine had a law to keep such fools out of the woods, now!" Here the conversation was cut short.

There are reports of the shooting of a big white moose at Grafton, Me. Reports say that the animal was a large one, weighing nearly 700lbs. when dressed; also pure white, and the first instance of the kind on record.

SPECIAL.

Vermont Small Game.

SHELDON, Vt., Nov. 15.—Ruffed grouse are more numerous in this vicinity than for many years. It is not an unusual thing in a day's shooting to flush from thirty to fifty of these king of game birds. Gray squirrels are also fairly numerous. Northern hares plentiful. Foxes scarce. Woodcock shooting at both native and flight birds has been poor. STANSTEAD.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

The Season and the Game.

STOCKTON, Worcester County, Md., Nov. 21.—We are having splendid success with the quail. I have never known them so plentiful as they are this year. The cover is quite heavy and some skill is required to pick out your birds after they flush in the covey. Mr. C. Clark and party from Darby, Pa., were here last week, and although the weather was bad and the wind northeast all three days they were here they shot nearly 100 quail and several woodcock and jacksnipe. They also got quite a number of ducks, although it is yet too early for good duck shooting.

Quite a number come here shooting and fishing. We have geese, brant and ducks in winter, jacksnipe and yellow perch in the spring, thousands of all kinds of beach birds in August and September and lots of partridges (quail) and rabbits. The whole eastern shore, as you know, is a famous gunning ground, and why gunners go way down to North Carolina when quail are so plentiful here is more than I can say. Two good shots with a pair of true dogs ought to get at least fifty birds here a day, with a few jacksnipe and woodcock thrown in.

O. D. FOULKS.

BRUCEVILLE, Ind., Nov. 14.—Quail in this section were *early* and the flocks full, from 12 to 20; never so plentiful before. The dry season was certainly favorable for hatching



MOUNTED IN VERMONT STYLE.

See Page 472.

and raising young. Our season opened 10th inst., but no shooting to any extent. Mr. J. A. Gude shot one *hen quail* that had eggs in her ready to lay. Would she have nested? I. T. M.

[She probably would have carried out her mission so far as she could by nesting and sitting.]

ELMENDORF, Texas, Nov. 13.—The bird supply in this section is larger than it has been for the past three years. I find that the birds were late in hatching, as there are still some very small birds, but I think this is due to the fact that the small birds are from the second hatching. I found about a month ago an old bird with a brood that couldn't have been over a week old. Have been out on several hunts and found birds fairly plentiful, as we had most excellent shooting. Last week Mr. J. R. Hooper, Z. O. Stocker and myself found seven coveys of birds in one field about five miles from the ranch, and I am certain that this amount of birds over so small ground has not been found before for the past three years, so I can say we are not short in this section this year, though we were last year and year before last.

Why we have more birds than usual I cannot say, but think it is caused from the rains we have had that has made most excellent cover. C. M. ROUNDS.

The Jackman Country.

SEVERAL of my friends who are lovers of the rod and gun have requested me to write you regarding the quality and quantity of game in this region—especially to extol the virtues of Jackman as a center from which to make their circuitous excursions. Having spent six seasons in this vicinity—from May to January, each year—I feel somewhat gratified to make a comparison between this and other regions.

Jackman is a border town of Maine, situated on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and has been hitherto an unexplored region. Though easy of access at present, it formerly was an entirely isolated settlement, the nearest railroad being 100 miles from it.

It lies in the valley of the headwaters of the Kennebec River. Its main stream is the Moose River, which derived its name from the abundance of that game which formerly existed along its banks. This stream is the largest tributary to Moosehead Lake, that paradise of sportsmen.

In former years my friends and self had been annual visitors to the Rangeley region. Since Rangeley has become so esthetic in its habits, many sportsmen who rather enjoy their flannel outfit, and not the conventional dress suit, have been making Jackman their headquarters. Within a radius of thirty miles I can now number fifty-four camps where three years ago not half a dozen camps existed. Possibly the most acceptable place of all for those desiring to bring their families with them is the Parlin Pond establishment. N. W. Murphy, proprietor, and pioneer caterer to the wants of sportsmen, is an ideal landlord. He was the first in the vicinity to see that an inexhaustible supply of fish and game would naturally be a source of good revenue to this region, and accordingly made preparations to advertise for and entertain the lovers of the rod and gun.

His judgment was good, for to-day he controls the largest and best class of sportsmen coming to northern Maine. His hotel is a model of convenience and his camps, situated within easy distances of the hotel, are located at ponds that teem with trout. Ex-Gov. Burleigh of Maine, ex U. S. Senator Williams of California, Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy of Portland etc., are annual visitors to this resort.

The Hotel camps, L. P. Kinne, prop., are scattered throughout ten thousand acres of land. They are the "happy hunting grounds" where abound moose, caribou and deer. Its ponds, besides its natural supply, have been liberally stocked by the State Fish Commission. He is a most entertaining host. It is to the "wild and woolly" North, though, that the true lover of roughing it finds it to his heart's content.

No place in all Maine can compare with the headwaters of the Penobscot and St. John's rivers for game in superabundance, and fish large and small without end.

More moose and caribou are taken from this region alone than from all the rest of Maine combined. Especially on the St. John's waters is this true.

One of the most beautiful specimens of the moose ever seen here was recently brought from that region by Mr. Vaughan, of New York. He intends mounting it entire and placing it in the Maine sporting building in New York city.

It will surely be a speaking advertisement of Maine's noblest animal. The Heald Pond camps, the Churchill and Parlin Stream region alike abound in game. In my next letter I will tell you of them. T. J. M.

Wild Turkey Vitality.

DUNCANNON, Pa., Oct. 18.—One day last week I was fortunate enough to get a shot at a wild turkey which came down at the report of the gun and started to run. I put my setter, Gipsy, on the scent and soon found her holding the turkey and waiting for me. The turkey was still alive and with the exception of a broken wing was apparently uninjured. It had gone a distance of nearly 200yds. from where I shot it. Now there is nothing peculiar about this, but when the turkey was served for dinner the next day a No. 4 shot was found imbedded in the heart. I have always been under the impression that the heart was a vital spot, but after this occurrence I am not so sure about it. Is it not remarkable that it should have run so far under those conditions?

Some years ago I shot at a gobbler which was not more than 25yds. from me, and which at the discharge of the gun fell over, but quickly righting himself started to run at such a rapid pace that, had his wing not shown that it was broken, I would have thought I had missed him. I stopped him with the second barrel. On examination it was found that almost the entire load of No. 4 had struck him the first shot, and the side that was toward me somewhat resembled a porous plaster. Eight of the shot had gone completely through him. Had I not stopped him he certainly would have died in a short time from the wounds, and I would have lost a turkey that I would to this day have believed was only winged. C. C. R.

Old Weeks, of Erie.

WEEKS was all gun. Gunsmithing was his trade. He not only worked at it, but it was the sun and moon of his ambition; yea, the sidereal system of his universe. He practiced what he preached; was the famousest turkey-shooter of Erie; winning when all others failed. His one perpetual song was:

"I want to be a gunsmith,
And with the gunsmiths stand."

For many peaceful, prosperous years he was what he aimed originally to be; then deceased, a true son of a gun. Peace to his empty cartridge!

Once upon a time I called at Weeks's gun shop to buy a gun for my son Conyers. On making known my mission to good old gun Weeks, he, evidently taking me—because of my somewhat somber cut of jib—for a member of the clergy, remarked sententiously as he handed me his best double-barreled English shotgun: "My friend, if a parent wishes to rear his son so that his boy will be an honor to his parents, an upright citizen, a manly man, in every sense of the term, he should buy him a gun." Then he glanced over his spectacles at me in a way that satisfied me of the simple-hearted old fellow's perfect sincerity and confidence in his estimate of what constitutes a model son. C. CROZAT CONVERSE.

HIGHLAND, N. Y., Nov. 23.

A Virginia Game Country.

SURRY, Va., Nov. 15.—This county is on the south bank of the James River and is very easy of access to Northern cities. Game consisting of deer, turkey and ducks can be found in large numbers in this section. There has been killed in the immediate vicinity in the past few weeks sixteen deer and about twenty turkeys. A week ago a friend of mine while out on a hunt of only about three hours killed three turkeys and a deer. I killed a large turkey about three days ago only about 500yds. from my house, and it is no unusual sight to see them from the house.

Since the cold weather set in ducks have begun to come in in larger numbers than I have ever seen them before. With good blinds and decoys good sport can be had with them.

Black bass have been biting very well for the past two weeks, and several large catches have been made. The sportsman who desires a few days' outing at a small expense can secure it in this section. He can leave New York in the evening via the N. Y., P. & N. R. R. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and connect with the James River line of steamers at Old Point, arriving here about 12 M. the next day. By writing beforehand he can have things arranged for a hunt the afternoon of his arrival. A. B. GILL.

Advices from the Seat of War.

MEMPHIS, Nov. 21.—I am just from our camp on Sunflower River, where we have had three or four days of splendid shooting. We killed one bear Friday, one Saturday, two Monday, and two Tuesday. This would indicate

very fine sport, but I am sorry to say that large game such as bears and deer is growing very scarce in these swamps, and within the next two or three years I am afraid it will all be gone. At the end of a most exciting chase after a bear Tuesday, Mr. Noel Money of New Jersey killed his first black bear. The weather is fine, and our camp will not break before the middle of next week. Hough is on the ground and I am pretty sure he will get his bear to-day. T. A. DIVINE.

Sea and River Fishing.

VERMONT FISH AND GAME LEAGUE.

Introductory.

THE sixth annual meeting of the Vermont Fish and Game League was held at the Van Ness House, Burlington, Vt., on Wednesday evening, Nov. 20. This meeting was the most successful in the league's history and must have been very gratifying to the present President of the league, J. W. Titcomb, of St. Johnsbury, who was the promoter and foster father of the league itself.

Organized on Nov. 24, 1890, with 112 charter members, the league has done good work in obtaining legislative reforms in the fish and game laws of the State. The State hatchery at St. Johnsbury, of which President Titcomb is superintendent, is a direct result of the organization's work, the charter members, prior to their regular organization as a body of fish and game preservers, having done a great deal toward obtaining an appropriation for the purpose of installing such a hatchery.

The dissemination of information relating to the game and fish laws by the league has been general throughout the State, cloth posters imparting that information being posted in every railroad station and every post office in Vermont; the railroad authorities themselves have aided the league in this matter by assisting in the distribution of the posters.

In 1892 a new chapter of game laws was formulated by the league, presented to the Legislature at Montpelier, and became a law of the State. At the same session of the Legislature an appropriation of $5,000 was secured for the further equipment and maintenance of the State hatchery. The league has also been very instrumental in bringing violators of the fish and game laws to justice, and may be said now to be more than ever in touch with the people of Vermont on the subject of fish and game protection. Vermonters in general have awakened to the importance of stocking their lakes and rivers with fish, and their mountains and valleys with furred and feathered game. They have realized the fact that a very large source of revenue to the State is derived from those who are commonly termed "summer visitors;" and they have also realized the fact that summer visitors need some attractions to draw them into the State, and they feel that they can best fill the bill by making the days spent by these visitors on the lakes and rivers, and in the woods and swamps of the Granite State, as attractive as possible by reason of a good supply of fish in the one and of game in the other.

The growth of the league in numbers, and the consequent widening and strengthening of its sphere of action, from Nov. 21, 1894, to Nov. 20, 1895, is best evidenced by the figures given in the proceedings at the annual meeting: The annual meeting in 1894 closed with the membership of the league standing at 197; when the annual meeting on Nov. 20, 1895, was adjourned, the secretary's books showed that the league numbered on its roll 355 members, an increase of 158 as a result of the twelve months' work.

The league has big work ahead of it, but under the leadership of President J. W. Titcomb, backed as he is by the members of the league who comprise the best element in the State, the result of its labors in the future will far transcend that in the past, beneficial as it has been.

The Annual Meeting.

At 8 P. M. on Wednesday, Nov. 20, the sixth annual meeting of the league was called to order by President Nelson W. Fisk. The other officers present were: J. W. Titcomb, Secretary, and A. W. Ferrin, Treasurer. There was an excellent attendance of members, considerable interest being evinced in the proceedings by all present.

The reading of the minutes of the previous meeting was dispensed with, as the same had been printed and placed in the hand of all members.

The treasurer's report showed a balance to the credit of the association of $241.44. This balance was largely increased during the evening by the payment of initiation fees and dues by new members, and by the payment of dues by old members. The report showed an income for 1894–95 of a little over $800; with an expenditure of some $40 over and above receipts, the balance in the hands of the treasurer on Nov. 21, '94, being $281.07. Of the sum expended by the league during the past twelve months, $144.55 is credited to attorney's fees, the league having found it necessary in several instances to employ its own attorneys in order to carry cases before the court.

Treasurer Ferrin also presented a report of a fund known as the Leach fund, of which he is the treasurer. This fund was created by voluntary contributions for the purpose of importing and acclimatizing new varieties of feathered game in the State. The report showed that the fund had a balance to its credit of $135.83, the total receipts having been $222.03. The expenditures were: $5.50 for personal expenses of Mr. Leach, $50 for Mongolian pheasants for the league's aviary, which is superintended by Mr. Leach, and $30.70 for expressage on same.

Before going into the election of new members, Gen. W. W. Henry moved that the chair appoint a committee on nomination for officers for the ensuing year. He stated that it would take such a committee quite a long while to do its work, and that it would be a saving of time if it got to work while the election of new members was being proceeded with. The motion prevailed and the president appointed as such committee: Gen. W. W. Henry, chairman; L. Bart Cross, D. A. Bisbee, J. W. McGeary, Capt. S. E. Burnham, F. A. Howland and C. G. Williams.

Before retiring General Henry addressed the president as follows: "Mr. President, allow me one minute before we retire to go into executive session on nominations. I want to know whether you meant what you said to some of us prior to this meeting—will you consent to act for another year as president of this league?"

To this the president replied: "I did mean just what I said when I asked several members of the league to look out for a new president. We have many capable men in our ranks and it is only fair that the honor should be passed around. There are many, too, who have more time to devote to this work than I have, and I find that there is a lot of work that can be and should be done by the president of this league. For that reason I much prefer to have the committee name another person to fill my place." The committee then retired.

New Members.

The secretary announced that he had 47 applications for membership that had all been favorably reported upon by the committee on membership. These 47 were turned in 55 before the proceedings closed, thus making the total membership of the league 355 as against 197 one year ago, 103 members having been elected at the special meeting held at Montpelier on April 11 last, and at the summer meeting held at the residence of President Fisk —Isle La Motte—in July. The 55 new members were all duly elected, the following being a list of their names:

C. L. Woodbury, Dr. H. E. Colvin, F. C. Smith, G. E. Terrill, G. G. Benedict, E. C. Tuttle, J. K. Lynde, E. A. Chittenden, F. G. Butterfield, W. G. Isham, L. E. Woodhouse, W. H. Waters, Z. M. Mansur, J. H. Seymour, S. W. Laudon, S. S. Leach, E. B. Taft, D. J. Foster, C. Clough, F. W. Baldwin, H. C. Gleason, S. A. Andrews, G. L. LaFountain, A. A. Richardson, F. D. Hale, W. H. Stowell, Orrice Ballard, L. F. Abbott, F. M. Barstow, M. G. Safford, E. M. Barlow, C. G. Austin, E. R. Morse, J. H. Edson, Benjamin Cronyn, F. L. Fish, H. B. Salisbury, F. L. Hyde, C. L. Soule, G. E. Blair, C. H. Lane, B. M. Lambkin, E. W. Shipman, A. G. Wittemore, H. E. Tutherly, E. J. Booth, Frederick Gay, Frank Brown, Thomas Arbuckle, H. C. Tinkham, C. N. Mosley, L. H. Bixby and E. S. Adsit.

The committee on game was continued in office, but no report was made by that committee, the chairman, N. P. Leach, of Highgate, Vt., being absent. The secretary, however, made a brief statement as to what had been done in the matter of importing and propagating new game birds in the State, mentioning the fact that Mr. Leach had purchased a quantity of quail on his own responsibility, the committee not being a unit in favor of turning down quail on account of the birds being unable to withstand the rigors of the climate of Vermont.

Hon. E. A. Brackett, of Winchester, Mass., who had contributed a valuable article on "Breeding and Care of Pheasants," was elected an honorary member of the League.

While the meeting was waiting to hear from the committee on nominations, the president requested the secretary to read a letter from W. J. van Patten, Mayor of Burlington, regretting his inability to attend the gathering owing to his having to leave for New York on the morning of the day of the meeting. In his communication the mayor said *(inter alia)*: "I am greatly interested in the work of the league, and trust that your efforts will be as fruitful in the future as they have been in the past." The president announced also that he had received a letter from Senator Edmunds, who regretted that he could not be present; having left the letter at home, the president said he was sorry that he could not read it to the members present. Letters were also received from Hon. Redfield Proctor, Gen. J. J. Estey, Hon. H. H. Powers, Hon. E. J. Phelps, etc.

New Officers.

The committee on nominations then handed in the following slate for officers for the next twelve months:

President, J. W. Titcomb; Secretary, T. M. Deal; Treasurer, C. F. Low; Vice-Presidents: W. R. Peak, N. W. Fisk, F. D. Proctor, E. C. Smith, W. S. Webb, J. W. Brock and Erastus Baldwin; Membership Committee: F. H. Wells, C. H. Bradley and C. H. Heaton; Auditors: Olin Merrill, C. W. West and A. W. Ferrin.

Executive Committee: Addison county, D. A. Bisbee, Bristol; Bennington county, H. S. Bingham, Bennington; Caledonia county, L. K. Hazen, St. Johnsbury; Chittenden county, B. J. Derby, Burlington; Essex county, Nathan Hobson, Brighton; Franklin county, F. W. Baldwin, St. Albans; Grand Isle county, E. S. Fleury, Isle La Motte; Lamoille county, George M. Powers, Morrisville; Orange county, H. E. Parker, Bradford; Orleans county, F. C. Kinney, Greensboro; Rutland county, C. A. Gale, Rutland; Washington county, C. C. Warren, Waterbury; Windham county, F. W. Childs, Brattleboro; Windsor county, F. S. Mackenzie, Woodstock.

Committee on Legislation: Addison county, C. M. Wilds, Middlebury; Bennington county, Wm. E. Hawks, Bennington; Caledonia county, C. M. Libby, South Ryegate; Chittenden county, Wm. W. Henry, Burlington; Essex county, Z. M. Mansur, Brighton; Franklin county, Horace Baxter, Swanton; Grand Isle county, Edwin Adams, Grand Isle; Lamoille county, C. S. Page, Hyde Park; Orange county, W. S. Curtis, Randolph; Orleans county, L. D. Miles, Newport; Rutland county, F. H. Chapman, Rutland; Washington county, George Atkins, Montpelier; Windham county, F. J. Holman, Brattleboro; Windsor county, Fred. Arnold, Bethel.

In making his presentation, the chairman of the committee, Gen. Henry, stated that the change in the treasurership was occasioned by a personal request from Mr. A. W. Ferrin, who had stated to him that, owing to his other business, he was unable to spare the time necessary to be devoted to the affairs of the league. The slate was adopted as presented.

President-elect Titcomb, in thanking the members for the honor done him, said that although the bulk of the work of the league devolved upon the president, the secretary and the treasurer, yet it was absolutely necessary for every individual member to pitch in and work for the interest of the league and of the State. With the stamp of men that composed the membership of the league, they would now, he added, be able to go to the Legislature with every hope of obtaining desired legislation.

After the secretary had read a letter from Rowland E. Robinson in regard to certain fish and proposed legislation in their behalf, Gen. Henry, on behalf of Dr. Curtis, who was unable to speak on account of throat trouble, offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the president and secretary be empowered to use such sums as they and the Commissioners in coöperation deem necessary, upon proper notice and recommendation of members of the league and others, for the purpose of shadowing persons suspected of violating the fish and game laws, to the end that evidence be more surely obtained and conviction more certain.

Before the meeting was adjourned President Nelson W. Fisk said a few words of instruction to the members of the legislative committee. He told them that they had serious work before them, and that each member of that committee should make up his mind to devote as much time as possible during the session of the next Legislature to the cause of the league; he urged upon them that each member of the committee should go to Montpelier during that session and spend all the time he could in furthering the best interests of the league and of the State. Vermont, he said, derived a very great deal of benefit from the amount of money expended within her borders by visitors to the State, and it was necessary, if such visitors were to be attracted to Vermont, that the State of Vermont should herself look after those things which drew men to the State—fish and game. He expressed himself as more than pleased with the results of the league's work so far and predicted a bright future for it.

A vote of thanks was then tendered the officers who had so ably looked after the interests of the league in the past year, and the meeting adjourned.

The Banquet.

The annual banquet of the league, which was held in the dining room of the Van Ness House, immediately upon the adjournment of the above meeting, was very largely attended. Covers had been laid for 150, but it was found necessary to increase that number by three additional covers, the total number of members and their friends amounting to 153.

Those who were present from a distance were:

Ex-Gov. C. S. Page, of Hyde Park; H. W. Bailey, of Newbury; Congressman W. W. Grout and J. W. Titcomb, of St. Johnsbury; F. D. Hale, of Lunenburgh; Frank Howe, of Jericho; C. G. Austin, of Highgate; Edwin Adams, of Adams; J. S. Colvin, of Rutland; Gen. W. H. Gilmore, of Fairlee; C. G. Williams, of Essex Junction; L. H. Lewis, of Hyde Park; C. C. Warren and C. F. Clough, of Waterbury; E. T. Bradley and Col. C. C. Gilmore, of Swanton; Col. A. A. Hall, F. G. Smith and T. M. Deal, of St. Albans; N. W. Fisk, of Isle La Motte; O. C. Phillips, of St. Louis, Mo.; Olin Merrill, of Enosburgh Falls; P. E. Moller, of Hoboken, N. J.; S. J. Davis, of Norwich; L. V. Smilie, of Cambridge; Dr. E. A. Smith, of Brandon; J. H. Edson, of Proctor; G. E. Blair and J. J. Collamer, of Shelburne; N. Phelps and F. L. Hyde, of Barre; J. N. George and A. A. Richardson, of Boston, Mass.; H. M. Wires, M. L. Washington, J. F. Mead, W. S. Curtis and H. B. Salisbury, of Randolph; H. S. Bingham, L. S. Norton, Col. E. D. Bennett and L. F. Abbott, of Bennington; Dr. D. A. Bisbee and A. D. Evarts, of Bristol; F. A. Howland, W. A. Barrett, L. H. Bixby, C. C. Bancroft, C. H. Ferrin, J. M. Boutwell, C. H. Heaton, C. W. Ferrin, J. W. Brock, L. B. Cross, G. A. Peck and G. L. Nichols, of Montpelier; D. H. Lewis, S. A. Andrews, F. L. Fish and J. G. Hindes, of Vergennes; A. C. Johnson, of Mechanicsville, N. Y.; Orrice Ballard, of Georgia; Geo. M. Powers, of Morrisville.

Burlington herself turned out in great shape, no less than 71 gentlemen of that city being present at the banquet: Governor Urban A. Woodbury, General W. W. Henry, Captain H. E. Tutherly, U. S. A.; Captain Smith S. Leach, U. S. Engineer Corps; Judge H. S. Peck, Major C. L. Woodbury, G. G. Benedict, of the Burlington *Free Press*; Joseph Auld, of the Burlington *Daily Press*; A. Arnaquac, of the Burlington *Clipper*; City Treasurer L. C. Grant, Rev. P. M. Snyder, Hon. D. J. Foster, Hobart J. Shanley, H. T. Taft, W. O. Lane, F. A. Rousseau, J. W. O'Sullivan, F. L. Taft, Frederick Gay, W. G. Isham, Lawrence Bartley, W. B. McCarthy, E. S. Adsit, E. B. Taft, J. R. McMahon, F. H. Parker, W. F. Hendee, F. M. Barstow, F. E. Burgess, John W. McGeary, F. H. Wells, E. M. Barlow, A. C. Spaulding, W. J. Seward, H. R. Conger, A. W. Hill, Dr. H. C. Tinkham, W. E. Greene, Henry Wells, W. J. Henderson, David Manson, F. A. Isham, L. S. Drew, W. P. Conger, Dr. J. H. Linsley, George W. Beckwith, E. F. Henderson, J. G. Bellrose, J. B. Scully, W. L. Stone, J. H. Hines, W. H. Lane, Jr., Thomas Arbuckle, C. M. Smith, H. S. Weed, Dr. H. E. Colvin, Dr. L. M. Bingham, F. B. Boynton, J. E. Cook, Dr. Wm. H. Waters, E. J. Booth, W. V. Scully, J. A. Austin, J. A. Haynes, Benjamin Cronyn, A. R. St. Pierre, W. H. S. Whitcomb, Dr. A. P. Grinnell, A. G. Whittemore, B. J. Derby and E. H. Shattuck.

The banqueting hall had been elegantly decorated with trophies of the chase, guns, rods, oars, snowshoes, etc., by the members of the committee on arrangements, F. H. Wells, M. C. Berry, W. P. McKillip, B. J. Derby, W. E. Greene and J. G. Bellrose. The general effect in the handsome dining room was a charming one and the scene was truly an animated one. The bill of fare, which had a good deal to do with the animation above referred to, was as follows:

MENU.

RAW OYSTERS.

Consomme Julienne.

Queen Olives. Celery. Dressed Lettuce.

Baked Stuffed Lake Champlain Pike, Sauce au Juice.

Boiled Fresh Saguenay Salmon, Egg Sauce.

Saratoga Chips.

Fillet of Beef Larded, Mushroom Sauce.

Escalloped Oysters à la Creme.

Vermont Duck, Currant Jelly.

Young Turkey, Cranberry Sauce.

Green Goose, Apple Sauce.

Chicken Salad à la Mayonnaise.

ROMAN PUNCH.

Mashed Potatoes. French Peas. Hubbard Squash.

Charlotte Russe. Vanilla Ice Cream.

Assorted Cake. Rum Jelly.

Florida Oranges. Grapes. Fameuse Apples.

Layer Raisins. Mixed Nuts.

Cheese. Crackers.

COFFEE.

The toastmaster of the evening was George M. Powers, of Morrisville, son-in-law of Governor Woodbury. Mr. Powers is an ideal toastmaster, having a good command of language, an infinite fund of wit and a power to draw upon that fund at the proper moment. With a very humorous short speech he introduced each speaker to his audience.

Governor Woodbury, who is a new member of the league, was the first to address the members and their friends. After referring to his two set speeches, both well known to his hearers, the Governor said: "I see before me a body of enthusiastic business men who have come together here to-day to further the best interests of the State of Vermont. To an old man, such as myself, the preservation of fish and game is of no benefit, except in so far as it is for the decided benefit of the general public. I notice here this evening a body of men the equal of any in Vermont, who are working together for what I firmly believe to be the best interests of our State. You have great reason to congratulate yourselves on the success of this meeting. I know that great good has been accomplished by the league in both good legislation and action. I know of nothing that you could engage in that would be more beneficial to the State of Vermont, and I predict that the success of the league in the future will be equal to that of the past."

On taking his seat, Governor Woodbury was greeted with loud applause.

Toastmaster Powers next called upon the representative of FOREST AND STREAM to get up and talk, introducing him under the title of a "dead-game sport—he looks like it." The applause that greeted the rising of the man so tersely described proved one thing: that Vermonters appreciate both FOREST AND STREAM and a "dead-game sport."

The discourse of the "dead-game sport" was based upon comparisons drawn between the work accomplished by the Vermont Fish and Game League and that of other

kindred State organizations, particularly the work of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association. These comparisons, it must be admitted, were favorable to Vermont, which has such a strong and representative body of men working for it. Before closing he placed before the league the following nut for it to crack: "You have had a close season on deer for many years, and there are lots of deer now in your woods; the season does not open until 1900, and by that time the number of deer in the State will be such as will attract a large body of hunters to come and help to kill them off. How are you going to prevent them from being killed off all at once? Are you going to adopt something like the Michigan law on deer and make non-residents pay high license? Are you going to restrict the number of deer killed by each man? What are you going to do about it, because I understand from your president, Mr. Titcomb, this question has never yet been considered by your body?"

Col. E. R. Morse, who was the next speaker, made a very able and amusing after-dinner speech. He regretted that he possessed none of the special attributes of a sportsman. It gave him the shivers to take a fish off his hook, but—he didn't shiver very often. Now that he had retired from the militia, he could say with safety that he had never shot a gun off in his life. Another drawback was his absolute regard for veracity, a quality which he and the immortal George inherited equally. Notwithstanding the difficulties enumerated, the Colonel made a speech that brought into play the risible muscles of his audience during the whole time he was on his feet.

Rev. P. M. Snyder, of Burlington, who was then called upon by Mr. Powers, said that for the first time in his ministerial career he felt that he was not in it. Brethren of the cloth were always supposed to be right in it all the time when it came to talking, but here he was at fault, knowing so little about the subjects of which his hearers knew so much. "One definite article of my creed," said Rev. Snyder, "is that the sport which you are here to foster and further is perfectly innocent. My fishing and shooting have been very limited; when I fish I simply hold on to a line, and it's the fish's fault if he's caught. I have been hunting once in the State of Vermont, going out into the woods with an acquaintance; his gun went off once by accident, mine didn't go off at all." In closing the reverend gentleman said that the meeting was the most representative one possible in the State of Vermont, and he congratulated the league upon the success that had attended its efforts.

Capt. Smith S. Leach, of the United States Engineer Corps, a newly elected member of the league, brought the proceedings to a close with one of the most humorous speeches of the evening. He began thus: "'Truth is eternal and must prevail.' That's not original and I don't know who said it, but it's true nevertheless. It is generally supposed that a man cannot make a speech in the presence of sportsmen and adhere to the truth and be amusing. I am confronted, therefore, by the following difficulty: Shall I be truthful and dull, or shall I prevaricate and be amusing? I choose the truth." And so he did, as all who heard him will bear witness, nevertheless keeping his audience smiling all the time.

So closed the annual social gathering of the Vermont Fish and Game League for 1895.

Planting Trout in Lake Champlain.

Wednesday, Nov. 20, will be long remembered (if indeed a fish has any memory) by some 800 troutlets which, under the fatherly care of A. L. Barrows, found a permanent residence in the waters of Lake Champlain on that day. There were others present at the time, but we feel justified in giving the major part of the credit to Mr. Barrows, because it was he who, as tenderly as any mother to her offspring, watched over the infant troutlets from the time of their arrival at Burlington from the hatchery until they were finally introduced to the rocky nurseries of Hog's Island Reef and the hospitable shores of Stave Island.

J. W. Titcomb, superintendent of the State hatchery at St. Johnsbury, reached Burlington on the above date on the noon train, bringing with him six cans of lake trout fry to be planted in the lake. Local members of the Fish and Game League had made preparations for taking the fry to the localities best suited for their protection during the exciting times such young fish usually go through in the transition stage from little wigglers to full-grown lakers. Superintendent Titcomb was unable to join the party owing to his work as secretary of the league; but there was a large body of volunteers who willingly manned the Mariquita, a capable craft generously placed at their disposal by the Lake Champlain & Lake George Transportation Co. The weather was scarcely favorable for the object in view, as there was a lot of rain and a threatening look in the sky that boded a strong blow before long. Outside the breakwater the southwest wind did not "blow softly," neither was the water as smooth as the very generally quoted mill pond. On the contrary, there was enough wind to raise a good-sized lumpy sea, that the Mariquita took to in the most graceful manner. She bowed and she courtesied in a way that a minuet dancer in the early days of this century would have envied. Sea legs were at a premium, and it required all the skill Mr. Barrows could muster to fill the bucket with water from the lake so as to acclimate the little ones to the beverage most commonly patronized in the prohibition city of Burlington.

The list of the crew and passengers on board the Mariquita on this occasion was as follows: The captain (whose name has unfortunately escaped our notebook) and the engineer, whose name has gone to join that of his superior officer; first mate, Dan Loomis (of the Lake Champlain & L. G. T. Co.); purser, J. W. McGeary; purser's assistant, H. R. Conger; steward, M. C. Berry; supercargo, A. L. Barrows; cook, L. C. Grant; apprentice, Byron Lambkin; deck hands, F. H. Wells, W. L. Stone, W. J. Henderson and E. F. Henderson; saloon passenger, Edward Banks, of FOREST AND STREAM; steerage passengers, 800 youthful members of the *Namaycush* family in the six cans.

Pointing the Mariquita's nose about due north, our helmsman took us past Rock Point, a curious geological feature on the lake shore. The saucy waves were roughly rocking the craft as we sped on toward the Hog's Back Reef, marked by a lighthouse, whose keeper and a doctor from Burlington had a serious interview with floating ice one day last winter; the lighthouse keeper's family was visited by sickness and a doctor was urgently needed; the trip to the shore for the doctor was made in safety and a medico was secured; on the return trip the boat was caught in an ice-pack and it was late at night when they finally managed to make a landing on Stave Island, some miles to the north, and there build a fire with which to thaw out their frozen limbs.

On reaching the reef, the Mariquita's boat was pulled up alongside and three of the six cans containing the trout were transferred to her stern; she was then headed for the reef manned as follows: Stroke, A. L. Barrows; No. 3, Dan Loomis; No. 2, H. R. Conger, and bow, W. L. Stone. Notwithstanding the total disregard for time evinced by the three oarsmen behind their able stroke, fair speed was made to the reef; shipping their oars, Barrows and Loomis consigned to their new nursery about one-third of their passengers, distributing the balance along the shores of Hog's Back Island.

Returning to the Mariquita, the boat's crew was taken aboard and the vessel headed for Stave Island, a few miles still further to the north. Ragged storm clouds to the northwest assumed a very threatening aspect, and some of the more timorous of the crew wanted to batten down the hatches, but the storm passed over with nothing more serious than a heavy downpour of rain. During the heaviest part of the rain the wind died away, returning later with accumulated force and from a different quarter—the northwest. It was blowing quite strongly and was rapidly growing colder when we landed on Stave Island, the property and summer camp of deck hand F. H. Wells, who has a lovely cottage, where he dispenses generous hospitality during the warm days of the summer months. On the island, which at a rough guess covers probably six or eight acres—maybe more, as owing to the rain we could not judge its extent accurately—there are some English pheasants and a host of rabbits, one of the latter being disturbed by our footfalls on the piazza and making a break for the shelter of a friendly woodpile.

The visit to Stave Island, and the distributing of the remainder of the 800 steerage passengers among the rocks that line the southern shore of that island, completed the business of the trip. The return to the harbor at Burlington was made through a fairly heavy sea kicked up by the northwest wind which was now blowing with ever-increasing force. The entire trip occupied about four and one-half hours, every minute of which is looked upon by the saloon passenger as having been well spent.

Echoes from Burlington.

Among the trophies of the chase which decorated the banqueting hall on Wednesday night were several deer heads, mounted in a most artistic manner by W. P. Conger, a local taxidermist and a member of the league. As shown by the accompanying cut, Mr. Conger softens the hard lines which are always so marked where the deer's head meets the wood of the panel by making good use of the superfluous skin on the neck, the ruffle or collar, adding greatly to the general effect and making the mounted head much more lifelike. We believe the idea originated with him, being the result of a chance use of some superfluous skin on a head he was mounting.

Toastmaster George M. Powers said at the banquet: "We have not come here to blow for Burlington." Capt. Smith S. Leach, in his speech a little later in the evening, stated that he was "full of just such talk, and was going to blow a good deal for Burlington." We feel now just like Captain Leach did then, and we're going to blow too, a whole gale.

The hospitality of Burlington toward her guests was unlimited; the Algonquin Club and the Ethan Allan Hose Company, a purely social organization since the volunteer fire department was done away with, both kept open house on Wednesday, entertaining the members of the league and their guests right royally. The committee on arrangements also looked well after the creature comforts of the visitors.

Prominent among the guests from outside the State were A. C. Johnson, president of the Mechanicville, N. Y., Rod and Gun Club, and P. E. Moller, of Hoboken, N. J. The latter, who is a personal friend of President Titcomb, made a mistake as to the day of the banquet, arriving a day too early. Thanks to his error the morning hours on Wednesday were made to pass the more rapidly for FOREST AND STREAM's representative.

A magnificent specimen of the finny residents of Lake Champlain was accorded a place of honor among the decorations of the banqueting hall. This was a 15lb. lake trout, superbly proportioned and well mounted by Mr. W. P. Conger. This trout, which was taken in Shelburne Bay, has a history: A man and a woman were fishing for smelt through the ice in that portion of the lake one day last winter; all of a sudden the woman felt a great strike and a man took the line with the idea of landing the fish more surely than the lady. While he was hauling it in the hook gave way and the fish was loose; as it happened, however, the other line was being hauled in at the same time so as to be out of the way, and the hook on that line fastened securely in the dorsal fin, the fish finally being landed on the ice. The fish showed no fight, being "loggy" from either the severe cold of the water or from an overdose of smelt, his belly being really chock full of those delicate fish.

The huge eagle which spread his wings in a protecting manner over the head of Toastmaster Powers was a trophy of W. L. Stone's skill with a rifle. The eagle flew over Mr. Wells's cottage at Stave Island one day this fall and settled in a pine tree on the southern shore, being successfully stalked and killed with a single bullet that must have penetrated very close to the region of the heart.

The management of the Van Ness House deserve a vote of thanks for the able way in which it handled the sudden influx of guests on Wednesday. The Van Ness House opened its doors wide on this occasion and made everybody feel at home.

Winter descended suddenly on the State of Vermont last week. On Wednesday morning, Nov. 20, although it was rainy and unpleasant, a light overcoat was all that was necessary for comfort. By midnight there was an inch or two of snow covering a couple of inches of frozen slush, while a howling gale blowing about forty miles an hour was whirling snowflakes around the corners in a true midwinter style.

Under the fostering care of the Vermont Fish and Game League, furred and feathered game has increased very largely in the State. Partridges are more numerous this year than for some time past, while deer are frequently met with in those portions of Vermont wher the country is such as they prefer. In 1900, when th first open season occurs, there'll be lots of deer for the Vermont hunters. With five more years yet to come in which they can go unmolested, the natural increase of the deer will add greatly to the number now within its borders.

Dr. G. H. Woodward is one of Burlington's prominent citizens who finds time to take a few weeks off and go into the woods and enjoy life properly. Dr. Woodward has a camp in the Adirondacks which he makes his home while in the woods, getting good hunting and fishing in its vicinity. In talking about the game of the Adirondacks, the doctor said: "If FOREST AND STREAM wants to do a good work, let it enter into a crusade against 'jacking' and put a stop to that branch of deer hunting. For every deer that's secured by this means, there are many more that get away and die, owing to the almost impossibility of finding a wounded deer in the brush after you have knocked him down while 'jacking.'" Dr. Woodward cited five cases that had occurred to him, in each of which the deer had been severely wounded, often falling in the bushes after reaching the shore, and in only one of which he ultimately secured his game.

It is just seventeen years since Captain S. E. Burnham, J. C. Dunn and A. W. Higgins purchased five deer in the Adirondacks and took them over into the State of Vermont and turned them into the woods. They repeated the operation about a year later, but this time the number of deer purchased was one less—four. This, we understand, was the first *bona fide* attempt at replenishing the game supply of Vermont, deer being then extinct in that State.

An extremely cold day; a snowfall that has weighted down the branches of the spruces, hemlocks and cedars; Vermont "partridges" that have learned a thing or two by experience; the day of the week—Friday; and a companion who has spent the previous night in room No. 13 at the Van Ness House! With such a combination, it is scarcely to be wondered that Henry E. Spear and his companion on Friday, Nov. 22, returned from their hunt empty-handed. The remarkable feature of the hunt was the predilection shown by the birds for the highest and thickest trees; not a single one of the score or more flushed (not all different birds probably) was on the ground. Perhaps after all this fact had more to do with the lightness of the bag than No. 13 and Friday. EDWARD BANKS.

ANGLING NOTES.

Black Bass Records.

IT was FOREST AND STREAM, I believe, that was credited with offering a money reward for a small-mouth black bass of 6lbs. in weight, a story without foundation, although it is current to this day in some of the back precincts, and I expect that our children's children will hear of the supposed reward and apply to FOREST AND STREAM for the money a hundred years or so from this date. I have been asked what I know about record weights of black bass of the small-mouth species.

In 1876 a small-mouth black bass was caught in what was then known as Long Pond, in Warren county, N. Y., which was said to have weighed 7lbs. 10oz., and I have no reason to doubt the weight. The bass was caught by Julius Seelye, and it was the first one of the really big black bass of which I have any knowledge. The capture of this bass was not known beyond the locality in which Seelye lived. Long Pond, now called Glen Lake, is about midway between Lake George and Glens Falls, on the line of the Delaware & Hudson R. R., and is about a mile and a quarter long and a third of a mile wide, and it was stocked with black bass from Lake George in 1868.

Thirteen little bass did the stocking and no bass have been placed in the pond from that time until this year, when the State planted a few hundred little bass about 2in. long.

Early on the morning of Aug. 1, 1877, I caught a black bass in Long Pond weighing 8¼lbs., and I may say once for all that there is nothing but the small-mouthed species of bass in the pond or lake.

I allowed the bass to dry in the boat, after taking it ashore to be weighed by a disinterested party, and the evening of that day the fish weighed but 7lbs. 14oz. I recorded this fish in FOREST AND STREAM, and thereafter for two or three years my life was made miserable by people who had never seen a black bass approaching that weight and consequently did not believe it possible for the species to attain it. I caught another black bass the same morning weighing 6¼lbs., and the two fish were photographed and copies of the photograph sent far and wide only to increase the number of doubters.

In 1883 a small-mouthed black bass was caught in Lake Ronkonkomo, Long Island, for which a weight of 8lbs. was claimed, and it was exhibited in Mr. Blackford's market in New York. Mr. H. H. Thompson writing of this fish said: "Placed in the scales under my own eyes, the sparkling eyes of 'A. N. C.' in my imagination looking through mine, the weight was carefully noted at exactly 7lbs." Mr. Thompson had been one of the doubters concerning the species of my fish. The next year, 1884, I sent a black bass to Mr. Blackford which was caught in Glen Lake in September of that year, and informed FOREST AND STREAM by wire that the fish would be exhibited at Fulton Market. A representative of this journal weighed the bass and announced the weight as 8¼lbs. and the species a small-mouth.

This fish was caught by Mr. Edward Reed, the sheriff of Warren county, and is now in the cellar of the National Museum, at Washington. Reed's bass was not allowed to dry and it weighed the same in New York as it did when I shipped it. The next big bass from Glen Lake was caught by Mr. Boynton and weighed 8lbs. 10oz. Mr. George Pardo was next to break the record with a bass of 8lbs. 12oz. from Glen Lake.

July 26, 1891, Nathaniel Parker caught a black bass of 10lbs. I weighed and measured the fish, and reported it in FOREST AND STREAM as having been caught in Glen Lake; but this was an error. I asked Parker if he caught it in the pond, and he said yes. It was not until some time later that he told me he did not mean Long Pond (Glen Lake), but Round Pond, which is a stone's throw away, and was stocked with black bass from Glen Lake.

Parker's bass is generally considered to be the record fish, and it is mounted in New York city, as is Boynton's bass. Reuben Seelye, father of Julius, caught a black bass in Glen Lake which, it is claimed, weighed 11¼lbs. I do not include this fish in the list above, because there was supposed to be a question about the accuracy of the

scales; but all things considered, I now believe the weight given to have been correct. There was another bass taken from Glen Lake, and one of the parties to the taking, in whom I have every confidence, assures me that it weighed 13¼lbs. This fish was speared, and consequently never exhibited, for it was taken in an illegal manner and out of season; but having heard the whole story I cannot doubt the weight. For the purpose of comparison, I will give the dimensions of the fish I have mentioned:

Captor.	Weight.	Length.	Girth.
Cheney	8¼lbs.	22in.	18½in.
Reed	8¼lbs.	22½in.	18⅝in.
Boynton	8lbs. 10oz.	25in.	16¾in.
Pardo	8lbs. 12oz.	23½in.	19in.
Parker	10lbs.	25½in.	19in.
Seelye	11½lbs.	25in.	21in.

I weighed and measured Reed's, Boynton's, Parker's and my own fish; the other figures were given to me by the people who caught the fish and confirmed by witnesses.

A. N. CHENEY.

THE NEW CANADIAN TROUT

(*Salmo salvelinus marstoni*).

IT was recently my privilege to feast my eyes upon a number of specimens of this newest and most beautiful of Canadian chars, which were taken (by special permit, for scientific purposes) from a series of lakes in Rimonski county. I call the Marston trout advisedly a char, recalling the fact that the word "char" comes from the Gaelic *ceara* (blood) and the Irish *cear* (red or blood-colored), which are almost synonymous with the more western *torgoch* (red-bellied). And certainly the new trout is the most brilliantly blood-colored of any non-tropical fish that I am acquainted with. In the words of Professor S. Garman, who first identified *Salvelinus marstoni* as a variety new to science, who asked Mr. A. N. Cheney to name it, and who examined last year a single specimen that I was able to procure for him from a lake between Quebec and Lake St. John: "Some artist with his pencil will delight everybody interested in the fishes if he will give the public a few ideas of the splendid colors, drawn from life, of the male of Marston's namesake." The Rimonski specimens that I was recently privileged to see, and enabled to identify as members of the same variety, lack none of the radiant beauty and brilliancy of coloring of the fish that I sent to Professor Garman at the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, Mass. In fact, perhaps because it is nearer their spawning season, the Rimonski fish that were shown me early this month more nearly approached in the coloring of their flesh that of the red snapper than did that of any specimens that I had previously seen. Held before a bright light, the thinner portions of the fish adjoining the ventral, anal and caudal fins are of deepest salmon. Its unvermiculated, dark-brown back with its bluish tinge shades into a pale orange on the sides, deepening as it descends with a *soupçon* of pink, which latter color increases in intensity and depth until it becomes upon the belly a brilliant crimson; while among the varied colored spots of this bewitchingly beautiful leopard of Northern water are some of deepest scarlet. The colors fade somewhat after death, but even after shipment of the fish to Quebec, a distance of nearly 200 miles, are beautiful beyond compare.

I am told by those who have fished in the lakes where Mr. Marston's namesake is found that it is held in no great esteem by the residents of the vicinity who act as guides upon these waters. With them fish is only food and food is chiefly fish. Quantity is more than quality, and with such enormous specimens of thick, deep *fontinalis* as there abound, they regard with something like contempt the rapid rush toward the surface lure of what they call the doré of those lakes. This name applied to these trout can only be accounted for by the golden yellow of a portion of its sides. The fish is of course no more like the true doré of Canadian waters (*Stizostedion vitreum*)—the pickerel of Upper Canada and elsewhere, and pike-perch or wall-eyed pike of different parts of the United States—than the latter resembles the John Dory of South British and Mediterranean seas—the much-prized *Zeus faber* of the ancients. The only points of outward similarity between these last two are the hard, bony spines of the first dorsal and the outer coloring, including sometimes the dark spot on the shoulders, supposed to correspond with the finger mark of St. Peter, which has caused the "John" to share with the haddock the honored myth of having been the fish from whose mouth the tribute money was taken. No doubt the familiar English name of the acanthopterygian fish is merely a corruption, as vulgarly supposed, of the French *jaune dorée*, applied because of its golden yellow color. The early French settlers of Canada from the fishing coasts of Brittany must have been well acquainted with the English John Dory, and as color, next after size, would be the most attractive feature to them of a new fish, it is pretty certain that they gave the Canadian *doré* its name, for no other reason than its resemblance in color to the European fish from which it differs so materially in most other respects.

It has been hitherto supposed that the *marstoni* trout were only bottom feeders, but their discovery in the Rimonski lakes and the method of their capture deal a death blow to the theory that they will not rise to the fly, and place them beyond any question among the first game fishes of the American continent. It is probable that they are not to be taken by fly-fishing in summer, nor am I aware that until the present season it was known to fly-fishermen that they would rise even in the fall of the year to their gay deceit. This is now established beyond peradventure by members of the club controlling the fishing of these Rimonski lakes. When the Marston trout takes the fly, it does not spring from almost immediately below it, as the brook trout seems to do, but pushes at it with a rapid dart, often for some distance along the top of the water, like the run of a hooked salmon, leaving a swirl behind it resembling the wash of a small narrow boat. It leaps repeatedly out of the water when hooked and makes a desperate fight, its rapid motions being apparently due to its slender shape and graceful form. A pound fish of this variety is nearly a third longer than a brook trout of the same weight in good condition, but not more than half the circumference. From what I can learn of its methods of fighting when impaled upon a fly-hook, it must come nearer to the ouananiche than to any other Canadian fish in the sport that it affords. Like that silvery monarch of rapid waters which it resembles in outer form much more than it does its nearer relative, *fontinalis*, it seems constructed for about the greatest velocity attainable by fish of its size.

Salvelinus marstoni spawns later in the season than the American brook trout. Opportunities for observation have not thus far been very abundant, but it is likely that it only spawns in January or February. It is found in October and November, however, upon the spawning beds of the brook trout or in their immediate vicinity, and hence perhaps the report that it frequents them to devour the spawn. Whether the tongue of slander has been raised against it in this respect, or whether there be truth in the grave charges so brought against this handsome fish, the question of its spawn-eating qualities ought to be definitely settled before it is introduced into waters already inhabited by *fontinalis*. There is at least this in its favor, that it is found at Rimonski in lakes that contain vast quantities of brook trout. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Canada, Nov. 23.

TO TEXAS FOR TARPON.

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having for some time past contemplated taking a trip to the Gulf coast of Texas to fish for tarpon, I read carefully everything obtainable in the way of literature bearing upon the capture and subjugation of the silver king, whose very existence, not to speak of his eccentricities, seems, except to the favored few who have been presented at his court, to be shrouded in some degree of mystery.

Last month, upon making a personal investigation, I found that I had not been sufficiently informed as to many essential details. In the hope, therefore, of guiding the footsteps of sportsmen seeking knowledge in this direction, I beg to relate my experience as follows:

On Oct. 3 I left this city for Aransas Pass, Tex., a favorite haunt of the tarpon. Upon inquiry at home and *en route* at Kansas City, I found dealers knew nothing about the outfit I required; but at San Antonio, Tex., had no difficulty in equipping myself, although even there those who deal in fishing tackle have something to learn about the needs of the angler for tarpon.

They told me, for instance, that a sinker was necessary; but this I found to be a mistake. The outfit which I bought, and which was found to be ample for a short trip, was as follows: A bamboo tarpon rod (not jointed), fitted with tip, leaders and hold for reel, $2; one 200yd., No. 36, Conroy line, $3 50; one 200yd., No. 21, Tryon line, $4; one 200yd. tarpon reel, $3.50; one dozen tarpon hooks, each mounted on piano wire, with two swivels (one in the middle and the other at proximal end to attach to line), $3.60. I also bought some hooks mounted on heavy leather and tubular cotton snells, such as are used for bottom tarpon fishing on the Florida coast; but found those on piano wire much to be preferred, as the hooks on leather and cotton snells are too visible and are not provided with swivels, and on this account the constant rotation of the bait in the water is inclined to cause kinking of the line.

Running down by rail to the town of Aransas Pass, where, unlike some Texas towns, there is an excellent hotel, I was joined by my brother, Mr. S. P. Panton, an angler who seems to hold all finny creatures in absolute subjection, calling them at will to his fly or bait. The neighborhood of Aransas Pass is a very paradise for the sportsman, unequaled tarpon fishing being only one of its many attractions; for the waters of that region abound in gamy and delicious food fish, including the jackfish—which is probably the greatest fighter of all, not excepting tarpon, trout and salmon—redfish, flounders (four varieties), Spanish mackerel, pompano, sea trout, catfish (three varieties), skipjacks, jew or June fish, etc. The surrounding country is the home of the wild turkey; also wild hogs or peccaries (locally called javalinas), deer, etc., while the bays are covered with myriads of ducks, geese, plover, curlew, etc., throughout the winter.

After a few days of delightful sport, fishing for redfish, flounders and trout, during which a huge blue shark bit off the end of our cast line, with a couple of large hooks on 2ft. of wire, on Oct. 14 we sailed across the bay to Aransas Pass, a channel 1,000ft. wide, from which the town takes its name and which joins the Gulf of Mexico and the beautiful harbor inside, separating Mustang and St. Joseph islands, on the former of which is a hotel. Mr. Silver, the veteran tarpon slayer, was engaged as my boatman; and when he had laid in a supply of live mullet for bait, he prepared me for action by securely tying my reel to the rod and lashing a piece of stout leather to the rod behind the reel to act as a brake. The free end of this leather projects forward over the reel, and is forcibly pressed by the thumb against the line on the reel during the struggles of the fish. Pushing off across the little cove in front of the hotel about 4:30 P. M., we entered the pass and steered for rough water toward St. Joseph Island. As I sat facing the stern I hooked on a live mullet through the jaws, dropped him overboard and paid out about 50ft. of line. No sinker was used, for the silver king is essentially a surface feeder, and the headway of the boat kept the mullet on top of the water. As we got into waves so rough that the boat seemed in danger of swamping, a gleam of silver and gold on the crest of a billow told me I had seen a tarpon, and in about ten minutes from the time we left the shore I hooked my first fish. It was a mighty one. The tarpon was plainly visible as he took the bait with a grand lunge. There was no such thing as waiting for him to swallow the bait and then striking him in due and ancient form, as I have read in descriptions of tarpon fishing off the coast of Florida. Away he went at railway speed—my reel shrieking, not singing, as reels are said to do—and immediately there was a rush to the surface, and the huge fish jumped 8 or 9ft. into the air with mouth wide agape, shaking his head furiously from side to side in a vain endeavor to get rid of the hook. In the brilliant sunshine the spray thrown from the struggling fish assumed prismatic colors, which enveloped the royal captive in a halo. Then followed the wildest exhibition of jumping and vaulting I ever witnessed. Sometimes the fish turned a complete somersault in the air, then varied the programme by plunging to the bottom and rushing back to the surface. Both of my thumbs firmly pressed against the brake seemed for long enough to impede his antics but little. At times he came so near that I was afraid he might jump in upon us, but Silver assured me that a hooked tarpon never does that, although sometimes when in play or chasing mullet one has landed in a boat or vaulted over it. I would as soon have had the foul fiend himself in the boat with us as that tarpon. When the fish was rushing toward me it seemed that he was gone; but he was securely hooked. Of course I kept my line as tight as possible, and especially when he was in the air gave him the butt. When possible I took in line by turning the crank of the reel in the ordinary way; but more commonly the reel had to be turned just as one would wind a clock or turn a screw driver, for the line was too taut to work it otherwise. The tide was going out, and the water of the pass ran like a mill race. This favored the fish and kept us in constant danger of being washed out into the breakers of the gulf; but after an hour of the hardest work ever undertaken by an angler, I had the satisfaction of seeing my fish rise and lie upon the waves, having apparently given up the fight. I reeled in my line until we had him only about 15ft. away and could deliberately examine his proportions. Silver declared he was over 6ft. long and one of the largest tarpon he had ever seen. At that time we were near the Mustang Island shore, and could have landed him but for the tugs and barges which are engaged in the great harbor improvements going on at this point. In endeavoring to tow our fish up the beach out of the way of these obstacles we waked him up again, and after a few surges he settled down on the bottom and sulked there among the rocks. At this point, although I am no weakling, my hands and arms became completely exhausted, and I gave my rod to Silver till I could get the cramps out of my muscles.

The sun had set and night was rapidly closing in upon us, as is usual in this semitropical region. I began to fear the energy of this marine monster could not be conquered, and to wonder whether we had captured the fish or he had captured us, when some explosive cursory remarks from Silver announced the end of the contest. He reeled in my Conroy line and found it parted, frayed and torn. I was disgusted, supposing the long struggle had been too much for the line. Indeed the wonder was that any line could have stood it.

Dejectedly wending my way in the darkness to the hotel, before retiring I took off my Conroy line and wound the Tryon, not very tightly, into the reel, muttering death and destruction to tarpon on the morrow.

In the morning we were up in time to see the sun rise gorgeously out of the gulf, and found Silver wading about in the shallow water of the cove flinging his cast net at the mullets. Bait was very scarce, however, and it was nearly 10 o'clock before we were ready for business. As soon as we reached rough water in the pass, tarpon were to be seen on all sides—a perfect shoal of them. In a few minutes away went my line like lightning; but, as it was not tightly wound on, the great tension caused it to cut down between the wound line and the inside of the reel, where it jammed and would not run out. In an instant my beautiful Tryon was broken off; and, as the fish did not appear upon the surface, I thought it must have been a shark.

Now my line is properly wound and I put on another mullet; a large tarpon takes it and flings himself into the air, throwing a shower of blood in all directions. Every time he comes to the surface the water round about is reddened, showing very copious hemorrhage; but still he fights till I am obliged to give Silver the rod in order to rest my hands. In a moment he is off; but we see him twice afterward, apparently disabled. However, by this time we are so busy with another fish that we have to let him drift out to the gulf.

Several other lively fish took my bait, and, after a few wild rushes, broke away; but at last one was well hooked and about 11 o'clock I landed my first tarpon on St. Joseph Island. I got ashore, lifting him inward on each succeeding wave, until Silver was able to rush into the surf and gaff him. Although such a splendid creature in the water, the tarpon quickly dies when landed. This was a beauty, 5ft. long, and succumbed only after a great fight. It was now time for luncheon; and at the hotel, from which my brother and other people had been watching our sport in the pass, Mr. Jenkins, the chief engineer in charge of the great jetty works, photographed the writer and his beautiful silvery victim.

In the afternoon I landed two fine tarpon, one 5 and the other 4ft. long. One of these fish dived among the rocks in the same manner as my first one, and when he came up again I discovered that my line was almost severed. Seizing the opportunity afforded by the interval before his next plunge Silver deftly took in a loop of the line, including the cut portion, and tied it, thus enabling me to hold my fish. I lost two other fish through their cutting the line in the same way. On account of these rocks, which lie close to Mustang Island, I would advise sportsmen to insist upon landing their tarpon on St. Joseph Island, where the conditions are more favorable, otherwise they are apt to lose them.

Altogether I hooked about thirty tarpon and saw probably a hundred. We ran out of fresh bait, but they took the dead mullets left from the day before. Not once did we row across the pass without getting ferocious bites.

The sportsman who desires to catch tarpon may rest assured of getting all he wants at Aransas Pass. They are also found all through Aransas Harbor and the bays communicating with it, but are nowhere so numerous as in a certain strip of water in the pass with which the boatmen are familiar. I fished altogether less than one day, and stopped simply because my hands and arms were tired out. They were sore for a week afterward. Next year I hope to try the sport again, but will prepare my muscles by a course of club swinging and other such training. This I would strongly recommend to those, no matter how stalwart, whose daily life does not involve vigorous exercise of the hands and arms.

Tarpon fishing will be good up to Dec. 1 or later, unless they have some unusual northers on the gulf, in which event the fish disappear. The harbor improvements will be completed in January, and next year there will be plenty of shipping traversing the pass, going to and from the harbor inside. It remains to be seen what effect this will have upon the fish, but they do not seem at all timid, and I imagine this great fishing ground will continue to be the ideal one for the tarpon angler.

A. C. PANTON.

Lake Champlain.

SHELDON, Vt., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Hook and line fishing in the northern part of Lake Champlain has been this season fairly good, but it is safe to say that it will be much poorer another year, as the seine fishermen are taking tons and tons of game fish out of the lake. Licenses were granted during the autumn months for the purpose of allowing the whitefish, wrongly called shad in this vicinity, to be taken as they come up

on the shoals to spawn. Our local fishermen claim that this is the only time that these fish can be caught, which is the Jehu-est kind of folly, for the whitefish can be taken in Lake Champlain as in other large lakes during the summer months by going into the deepest water for them.

It would be a thousand times better to grant licenses during the months of May, June, July and August to set gill-nets in the waters of the lake that are over 100ft. in depth, than to allow seining in the autumn.

Another season a few experiments with the gill-net would prove the truth of the statements, that these fish will be found nearly alone in the deepest waters of the lake, as in the great northern lakes. STANSTEAD.

Virginia Fish and Game.

WEST POINT, Va., Nov. 21.—The three large rivers centering here are teeming with fish, and there never was better sport available in this section at this season of the year than is now being enjoyed. Yesterday Judge Thos. J. Christian, a true disciple of Izaak Walton, caught eighty-five fine perch and rock with hook and line, and in two hours this morning landed twenty-five fine perch, many of these fish weighing 1½lbs. He says that he catches these fish up to Jan. 1.

Ducks are very plentiful. Mr. Henry Binghan, one of our local sportsmen, went up the Pamunkey River after dinner yesterday and returned before supper, having bagged seven mallards.

GEO. R. QUINCY (of Terminal Hotel).

Fishculture.

Maine Spawning Season.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The spawning season of the trout and landlocked salmon in Maine has just closed. Owing to the extreme low water it has been a very poor season, there not being water enough in the streams for them to reach their usual spawning grounds, more especially the landlocked salmon, which require larger streams than the trout. Up to ten days ago we had about given it up as a failure in procuring any stock of salmon eggs of any amount, as the usual time for them to come on their spawning grounds was past and the fish usually gone from the beds. At Auburn Lake, Nov. 7, the salmon made their appearance in four different places at the same time—at the outlet, North Auburn, mouth of Townsend Brook, and at the water pipe where the city takes its water, the current probably attracting them. We were expecting them only at the inlet at North Auburn, where really the smallest number came. Only at this place were we prepared to take them; but by working day and night we secured the run at the outlet, from which we took 150 salmon, and about fifty more at North Auburn, from which we took 250,000 eggs.

This lake we commenced to stock six years ago with salmon about 3in. long, having been fed four or five months. These are the first eggs we have ever taken there. The weight of the fish taken at the outlet was from 3½ to 8½lbs., averaging over 4lbs. I weighed them myself, and know I am correct. I am also sure I saw much larger salmon at the water pipe, I think of 10 or 12lbs. They came on their beds, spawned, and were gone in two or three days.

The results of restocking not only this lake but many others in Maine with salmon has been much beyond my most sanguine expectations—not only in numbers, but the large growth they attain in so short a time. In addition to the eggs taken at Auburn we have 300,000 at Sebago and 100,000 at Weld, also at Auburn 900,000 trout eggs, also 200,000 at Weld and Sebago.

The trout in Auburn Lake also run large, 1 to 6lbs., averaging about 2½lbs. There is no fly fishing except in September, of which month the last week is the best. The salmon will then take the fly. I took two, Sept. 30, with fly, of 6 to 8lbs. each. In fact, they rise better than the trout. More salmon were taken in September than trout. The most fish are caught in May and June, trolling in the lake in July and August by still-fishing in deep water. The lake is very deep, fed almost entirely by springs, with but few small streams flowing in. A large one flowing out, 3½ miles long, 2½ miles wide, holding its width nearly the whole length, is ten minutes' ride on electric cars from the Elm House, Auburn.

From our State hatchery at Auburn we have stocked forty different ponds and lakes with salmon, being fed fish about 3in. long. HENRY O. STANLEY.

Game and Fish Protection.

New Hampshire Law Enforced.

NASHUA, N. H., Nov. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Protection of fish and game in this State is now making rapid strides. The number of prosecutions in the past few months, a few of which I reported a short time since, seems to have set people to thinking; and the respect for law, so strong in all our better citizens, is slowly but surely asserting itself with particular reference to the once sneered at game laws. It seems to me that a large share of the apathy regarding their enforcement has been due to the irregular, not to say half-hearted, way in which they have usually been enforced.

The vigorous measures taken of late have caused hearty approbation in all sections and the very fact of successful prosecutions leads to the offering of evidence in other cases. A large number of the recent prosecutions were based on evidence furnished the officers of the Hillsborough County Game and Protective Association by upright citizens, who show their disinterested motives in declining to accept the $25 reward offered by the Association for any evidence leading to a conviction.

I had a short conversation with Commissioner Wentworth to-day, who passed through here *en route* for the arrest of an offender in the eastern part of the State. He had just returned from Newport, where he had been notified that dynamite had been used on July 4 last in a pond in Croydon. From the slight clue furnished him he was able to work up evidence sufficient to convict the following persons of using dynamite. They were fined $5 and costs each, amounting to $87 altogether: Geo. W. Brown, Geo. Brown, John McAllister, Geo. Lafountain, Murt Miller, Robert Miller. The first three named are in the employ of Austin Corbin at his large game preserve in Croydon—a fine set of men surely to be employed in the preservation of game or fish.

Commissioner Wentworth took the men on two complaints—one for use of dynamite, the other for taking fish other than by the use of a single hook and line.

The fine on either of these complaints should have been $15 and costs or $30 and costs for the two. The evidence was conclusive on both points, but the trial was before a justice of the peace at Newport, and for some unknown reason he seemed content to let the offenders off with a very light fine, considering the character of the offense.

One method adopted by the Hillsborough County Game and Protective Association seems worthy of being in more general use. They issue posters printed on cloth giving a brief synopsis of the close seasons for fish and game, also penalties for violations of all game laws (on game common to this county). The posters also state that $25 will be paid for any evidence leading to a conviction. These posters are distributed among members of the Association, and by them nailed in country stores and hotels, also on barns and trees, and near all streams, ponds and game covers. They are, to some extent, an education for the many who never saw a copy of the laws.

The bird season is fast drawing to a close, and in spite of rosy predictions has hardly been up to the average. Partridges reported so plenty before the season opened failed to materialize when the law was off, and a good bag of woodcock is almost unheard of. If the snow will stay off this December the best of the partridge shooting will yet come; the birds are now strong on the wing and full-feathered, and it takes straight powder and straighter shooting to kill them. B.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

HINTS ON SKUNK FARMING.

Note to Editor: I intended to be more explicit, and to append a little poetry to this theme to give it a sincere and sentimental tone, but wandered into narrative and verbosity too soon; probably this is worth printing only as being valuable natural history.—RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, California.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I observed some time ago that space in your journal was given to the natural history of skunks. It appears you had been investigating and expounding for the benefit of persons who wanted to know about skunks and skunk farms, or, as I may say, skunkeries. It just occurs to me that I can help you forward, if not further.

Skunk farming being a modern industry—or one that has been neglected a long time—is either in its infancy or totters in its dotage on the verge of oblivion and desuetude. Therefore but little is known of it by city folk and the upper strata of society at large.

It is probable, however, that about the time you have gleaned what information your readers in various parts of the world, including me, have to furnish, you will be reassured there is nothing new and fresh under the sun. By the time we have fixed up and presented to the public a manual upon skunk culture some misfit genius will arise and proclaim that we are trying to revive an antique and obsolete industry that never did pay. It will be said that skunks were incubated and promulgated in the early ages, that they were among the flocks tended by Abraham and his nephew Lot, that they were fostered in Greece and Rome, and that some one has dug up an unmistakable aroma in the ruins of Herculaneum or Pompeii; while some Chinaman will assert that Confucius had an aggregation of skunks that modern ambition can not possibly parallel or even imitate. Such Silurian observations tend to discourage spirit and enterprise everywhere. Hence persons engaged in the melodious and pastoral business of skunk raising should not be criticised if they are somewhat reluctant to publish everything they know.

As for me, however, I am always willing to distribute such knowledge as I possess when it can be utilized or enjoyed by other worthy folks, and I send it abroad absolutely free, unabridged and stringless to all who shall see these presents, greeting.

The ethical knowledge of skunks in my possession has been acquired by experience and the personal contemplation of them upon their native heath, and it is both reliable and comprehensive. In fact, I feel that I can contribute all the information about skunks that anyone should desire or your columns can stagger under. If I omit any essential particular and you will call at my ranch I will supply the deficit and stir up a skunk or two for your inspection.

Most people have—or they ought to have—a general impression as regards skunks. Those who are interested in skunks or who desire to experiment or otherwise tamper with them should know them at a glance, and have at least a dictionary understanding of their characteristics—several of which are unique and peculiar.

Now, if you desire to start a skunk ranch, go about it as you would go about any other enterprise, only more cautiously. Don't gather up a lot of skunks hastily or promiscuously. Select choice ones to begin with, just as you would in starting with any other fowl. It costs no more to rear good skunks than it does to bring up a variegated lot of plebeians.

In skunks, as in every other style of bird and insect, there are aristocrats and commoners, nobility and rabble, and it is cheaper and more satisfactory to deal with high grade skunks than to endeavor to educate the miscellany up to an ideal standard.

Having selected good skunks, decide upon how many you want. This is an important consideration. You may just as well start with a large number as a few. It is just about as much trouble to have a few on hand as it is to have more, and you can arrange for a gross about as easily as you can for a dozen, while time is saved from the start.

You can buy skunks at any reputable skunkery that has them for sale, go into the woods and catch them or send some ambitious boy out with a city dog; country dogs as a rule are not good at hunting up skunks.

As has been observed by other skunkologists the quadruped is eccentric and nervous, but this is not saying that he is easily intimidated. Skunks are not readily frightened away even by city dogs or little Lords Fauntleroy. When flushed they do not whir off like wild turkeys or eagles, but simply ruffle up their plumage and assume the dignified airs of the peacock and some of their own. They sometimes *chassez* forward and back with a sort of double-shuffle, Sir-Roger-de-Coverly movement, while they beat time with their plumed tails.

Sometimes skunks are easily acquired in the suburbs, where all you have to do is catch them and put them in a cage. They will frequently come to a ranch without any special inducement and stay a while under the front porch. They usually come from the woods in the gloaming, and when all is quiet you may hear them as their twitter floats in on the summer air. Indeed their peculiar melody may be so loud, or, as I may say, insidious, you may hear it whether the evening is particularly quiet or not.

When the McDonegals moved into their new house, which j'ins our clearing, they proved a little too high-toned for the vicinity, although they were good enough people in other respects. They brought city airs with them and tried to revolutionize the entire township. They had "lunch" at dinner time and dinner at supper time, and they milked the cow with gloves on.

Well, just before dinner one night, Mrs. McDonegal went into the crematory, where they stored milk and butterine, and when she got in she yelled that there was an owl or some other wild baste after the milk. Mr. McDonegal and all four of the young McDonegals went to the rescue and found there was no owl, but a guinea pig. They got a broom and a basket, and after closing the door of the crematory they tried to sweep the pretty creature into the basket, and the whole family surrounded it. Ah me! for a few minutes they had one of the liveliest times since Finnegan's wake, and they didn't know they had a full-fledged and talented skunk until the lamp went out in the fog, and no one could find the door. When they finally did get out they let the skunk get away, when they might just as well have kept him while they were about it. They moved back to town before the potatoes began to hatch.

A few years ago skunks were not considered valuable, and over on Juniper Creek the farmers just killed them and threw 'em over the fence.

One night they had a big dance over at Robinson's, and Sam Walker's girl went to the dance with another feller. Sam went to the dance too; but somehow he didn't seem to take much interest in the music or the crowd, and only hung around outside. Along just before the supper promenade some one upset a cracker box that had been used for a bench, and a pair of thoroughbred, three-stripe mountain skunks were under the box. The lights and music and the big crowd had jarred upon their nervous natures until they were crazy, and they had probably wanted to get out for some time. They waltzed into the middle of the floor and then the excitement commenced, and it continued when a rush was made for the door, which had been carelessly locked by some one—on the outside. The skunks seemed to know that every one was trying to get out the door, and they wanted to get out too. They got into the crowd, and some one trod on the poor things in the crush. As the newspapers say, the excitement become intense; but it was really mild compared with the intensity of the atmosphere in Robinson's Hall.

No one came after the skunks or seemed to want them, and they went under the house as soon as they got out. The people all went home from the dance earlier than usual, and for several days you could tell from the front gates as you went by who had been to Robinson's.

Sam Walker stepped over to the Simpkins place and left his card with a note, which read:

"AMANDA—I wasn't there; will be glad to see you in 90 days. S. W."

Bill Jobson, who took 'Mandy to the dance, met Sam a few days later and, without much formality, shot one of his legs off.

But as I was saying, or as I intended to say, if you intend to approach skunk culture, go about it judiciously. A man without any brains to speak of can undertake almost anything, but nowadays he can't make it pay unless he goes to Congress. If you expect to get a good crop of feathers from low-grade skunks, and pluck them twice a year, without a careful selection of the best birds to start with, and systematic care all the time, you had better raise turkeys or ostriches. RANSACKER.

"Cow Devouring Partridge and Chickens."

London Field, Oct. 19.

IN a two-acre field situated at the back of Mr. Broadbent's garden, Eton, I observed the other day a cow belonging to that gentleman pursuing some animated creature, which I found to be a wounded partridge. Curious to see what would happen, I retreated a few paces, and presently saw the cow pick up the partridge in her mouth and proceed to chew it, only leaving the legs, head, and a few feathers. Much surprised by what I had seen, I communicated the matter to Mr. Broadbent, who told me that on various occasions remains of chickens had been found in the cow's field, adjacent to the poultry yard. He now thus accounts for the loss of several fowls, and a strict watch will be put upon the animal. The milk has in no way suffered from this unusual diet. If any of your readers could inform me of any similar case I should be much obliged. HENRY DAMAN.

HIGH STREET, Eton, Bucks.

London Field, Oct. 26.

A letter was inserted under the above heading in the *Field* of last week, giving an account of a cow eating a partridge. As it was signed with the name of a gentleman well known at Eton, and as similar instances of depraved appetite in cattle have not unfrequently been recorded, we had no suspicion that it was a forgery, and it was accordingly inserted. We have since been informed that there is no truth whatever in the statements made, and we regret that we should have given currency to the forgery. We cannot congratulate the writer of this silly fraud on his success; he is doubtless aware that any fool can be a liar, and, to quote one of Solomon's proverbs, "It is as sport to a fool to do mischief." Probably the writer imagined he was recording an impossibility, not being aware that similar cases are on record as well authenticated as that which is here annexed.—ED.

The letter under the above heading in your issue of the 19th inst. reminds me of a similar incident that occurred near Lowestoft about four years ago. I was shooting rabbits one summer evening, and hung two upon a tree about 6ft. from the ground at the end of a plantation adjoining a field in which there were cattle. On returning to fetch them about an hour later, I found several bullocks collected round them and two in the act of devouring the remains of the rabbits, which in one case consisted of only the hindquarters, and in the other rather more. I allowed them to continue their meal until thoroughly convinced of their carnivorous intentions, and had I not driven them away they would undoubtedly have devoured all that remained, as they were feeding voraciously when I drove them off. I should have recorded the case in your columns at the time, only it struck me as being such an extraordinary occurrence that I thought probably no one would believe it, and so refrained from doing so. Had the animal been an Indian *bheestie's* bullock I should not have been surprised, as they are decidedly omnivorous; but I was not aware before that English cattle also indulged in that peculiar taste. LIEUT.-COL. E. A. BUTLER.

BRETTENHAM PARK, Ipswich.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 2 to 4.—High Point, N. C.—Irish Setter Club's trials. Geo. H. Thompson, Sec'y.

1896.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Jan. 20.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. seventh annual trials. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

THE E. F. T. C. TRIALS.

THE trials of the Eastern Field Trials Club were successfully concluded. There was grave apprehension at first concerning their success in consequence of the prevailing scarcity of birds. While they were not so abundant as they were last year, they still were in sufficient numbers to afford competition.

Mr. W. S. Bell, Pittsburg, and Mr. S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn., judged throughout.

There was a good attendance of visitors, among whom were a number of newcomers. These were Messrs. F. R. Hitchcock, Edw. Dexter, F. A. Hodgman, G. Muss-Arnolt, F. H. Beale, J. Meares, S. B. Cummings, Pittsburg; Edm. H. Osthaus, Toledo; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Phelps, Miss Phelps, New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Meares, Mr. Theo. Sturgis, H. H. Hargrave, Irving Hoagland, New Brunswick, N. J.; H. M. Kent, Lenoir, N. C.

The Derby.

This was a stake of merit, much of the work being quite worthy of praise. The conditions of dry weather and bad cover were specially difficult for the puppies or young dogs to work under, the latter being either too thin and light or too dense and heavy, mostly the former.

Tory Fashion, winner of first, is a lightly built dog, and while he did some superior work under very favorable conditions on Monday evening, in most of his work he requires a great deal of coaching and careful helping on birds, so much so that it lowers the grade of his work very much. Still the helping is done so deftly that it is difficult to say just what he would do if left to his own resources in working to the gun.

Marie's Sport, second, showed a great deal of merit, has a great deal of confidence, and works on his own judgment. He needs more finish in his point work, which will come with more age and experience.

Gleam's Ruth, winner of third, showed a great deal of merit, but there were faulty places in her work which more experience will correct.

The two pointers India and Nabob were promising candidates for third, or part of it, much of the time. The decisions were well received.

This stake was for all setter and pointer puppies whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1894. Prizes, $300, $200 and $100; first, second and third respectively. First forfeit, $10; additional forfeit, $10; $10 to start.

P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. setter dog Arapahoe (Eugene T.—Maiden Mine), C. Tucker, handler, with Irving Hoagland's b., w. and t. setter bitch Ranée (Gladstone's Boy—Buena Vista), W. W. Boyce, handler.

Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. setter bitch Gleam's Ruth (Count Gladstone—Gleam's Maid), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with Blue Ridge Kennels' b., w. and t. setter dog Domino (Antonio—Ruby's Girl), D. E. Rose, handler.

H. K. Devereux's liv. and w. pointer bitch Virginia (Little Ned—Pearl's Dot), Geo. Gray, handler, with N. T. DePauw's liv. and w. pointer bitch Sister Sue (Jingo—Roony Croxteth), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. setter dog Tory Fashion (Count Gladstone IV.—Fleety Avent), J. M. Avent, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' or. and w. pointer bitch India (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), C. E. Buckle, handler.

H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. setter dog Marie's Sport (Gleam's Sport—Marie Avent), Geo. Gray, handler, with Avent & Thayer's b., w. and t. setter dog Patrician (Chevalier—Patsy), J. M. Avent, handler.

T. H. Gibbe's lem. and w. setter dog Mazeppa (Rod's Dan—Bondhu Nellie), Joe H. Wilson, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' b., w. and ticked pointer dog Nabob (Rip Rap—Dolly D.), C. E. Buckle, handler.

Dr. J. S. Brown's b. and w. pointer dog Kent B. (Rip Rap—Croxie Kent), Frank H. Beall, handler, with Avent & Thayer's b., w. and t. setter bitch Feu Follet (Count Gladstone IV.—Folly), J. M. Avent, handler.

Joe Meares's b. and w. setter dog Senator Zeb (Dion C.—Thompson's Norah) was drawn to run in the first heat with Arapahoe, but he was withdrawn on account of sickness, and Ranée, the bye dog, was moved up into the vacant place.

Monday.

A warm sun, hardly a breeze blowing and rather a high temperature were the weather conditions of the first day of the trials, which began at the Gibson Farm, a few miles from town. It was weather of the most pleasing kind for the people, but far from the best weather for good competition. The forenoon's work was meager in competitive results on birds, although a reasonably fair number of birds were found. The work of the afternoon was on more favorable grounds, and more birds were found and consequently there was much more point work. A good number of spectators followed the trials all day. Some weak birds, ones which were turned out, marred the work betimes, mostly in the forenoon.

First Series.

ARAPAHOE AND RANÉE began their heat at 8:35. The former was drawn to run with Senator Zeb, but the latter was sick, and Ranée, the bye, was moved into his place. On some birds flushed by spectators and marked down, Arapahoe made two points on singles. Next he pointed on stubble and Ranée made an indifferent back. Next Arapahoe pointed; Ranée joined in the point, then both dogs moved on to locate and each made a point on weak birds which could not fly. Down 1 hour and 13 minutes. Ranée had much the better speed, range and judgment in beating out the ground. The point work was very ordinary.

GLEAM'S RUTH AND DOMINO began at 10:01. Domino flushed a bevy excusably and the birds were followed. Ruth pointed twice—single birds—and shortly afterward she again scored a good point. Next she pointed in the open and Domino backed; nothing found. Next she pointed a bevy, and on the scattered birds made three points on singles and Domino pointed once. Up at 11:22. Both worked diligently; Ruth the better in every respect.

VIRGINIA AND SISTER SUE ran a heat of ordinary merit, beginning at 11:45 and ending at 1:06. Sue soon exhausted some energy in a rabbit chase. On a marked bevy on almost bare ground, in the open, Virginia flushed an outlying bird, excusably, across wind, and chased it. Both were more or less erratic in their ranging; Virginia the better. Sister Sue was in season, which may have had its effect on her work.

TORY FASHION AND INDIA were cast off at 1:36, after lunch. A bevy was flushed by horses in woods. The handlers were ordered to work in the open. India worked in the open obeying orders and Tory made four points in the woods, where Mr. Avent was ordered to call him out of, but did not do so, the dogs being separated at the time. India pointed, moved on and located a bevy on a side hill in weeds and was steady to shot. Sent on, India pointed; nothing found. Sent on, both dogs ranged well. India pointed; nothing found; at the same time Tory pointed, drew on to locate better, when India crossed in a heat and pointed the birds. Both showed good speed and range and fairly good work on birds. Tory required a lot of urging to keep him out at work and prompting in his bird work.

MARIE'S SPORT AND PATRICIAN began at 2:22. The latter ran a wretchedly poor heat. He was excessively timid. Sport pointed a bevy in weeds and was steady to shot. Next he made two points on singles in a half-hearted way, next he flushed twice, next made a point, then moved about 10yds. further and made a stanch point on a single. Next he pointed a bevy in the open cornfield and soon afterward the heat ended. Sport in range, speed and diligence made a very good showing. Patrician showed an intention once or twice to quit and return to the wagons.

MAZEPPA AND NABOB started at 3:08. Nabob pointed a bevy in woods; he was steady to shot. On the scattered birds Nabob pointed a single, Mazeppa pointed twice on singles and each backed well. Sent on, Nabob pointed a bevy in weeds on top of a hill; good work. Some scattered birds were next followed, but no work was done on them. Both were industrious; Nabob much the better in bird work. Up at 3:43. The heat was quite a good one.

KENT B. AND FEU FOLLET were cast off at 3:49. Feu began by an assault on a tame chicken. Feu pointed a wounded bird and endeavored to catch it. Next a bevy flushed near both dogs. Working on the scattered birds, Kent flushed a single. Kent started with a fair range and fair speed; he was often kept in by the noisy handling of the opposing handler, Feu handling very hard and receiving much whistling, shouting and coaching. Up at 4:18. Kent's gallop was slow at the beginning, but he gradually improved for a while as the heat progressed, till the whistling and loud orders checked him. It would have been better to have given Kent a run alone, to determine his real capabilities, before the heat was finally concluded—this in view of his being balked as aforementioned. He might not have won a place, but he would have had an opportunity to show what he could do.

Second Series.

In the second series there were eight dogs, run as follows:

TORY FASHION AND GLEAM'S RUTH were cast off at 4:43. In corn, Tory pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. At the same time Ruth, about fifty or sixty yards away, pointed on the footscent. On the scattered birds, Tory made two points, in the first of which Ruth went by him and joined. Sent on, Tory pointed and Ruth crossed in ahead and pointed the birds; both steady to shot. Ruth pointed a single. Sent on, Tory pointed a bevy and Ruth joined in a point on it later as it was being flushed. Tory made a point on a single. Up at 5:16, with the heat decidedly in Tory's favor. This was the best heat which Tory ran, and his work was done with little coaching.

Tuesday.

Hardly a breath of air was stirring, and the morning was warm, the heat increasing as the day advanced till it was mildly uncomfortable. The dogs worked well throughout the day nevertheless. Twenty-one bevies were counted, as against twelve or thirteen the day before. The work of the day was satisfactory as a whole. There were parts of the work which were superior. The running in the Derby was resumed. The handling was perceptibly less noisy.

INDIA AND MARIE'S SPORT started at 8:22. Sport soon pointed a bevy in a hollow in a cornfield and India backed well. The birds were running on the ground and when they flushed Sport broke in, but stopped to order. The birds were followed and each dog made four points; next India pointed where a wounded bird had run. Sent on, India pointed a bevy in pines; Sport called in to back caught scent of some outlying birds and pointed. Next, sent on, Sport pointed some scattered birds in the open and India backed nicely. Up at 9:07. Both were diligent workers and accurate on point work, Sport cutting out the work and maintaining his range well throughout the heat. India fell off in his range betimes.

NABOB AND ARAPAHOE were cast off at 9:12. Nabob pointed a bevy in sedge at the edge of woods, and Arapahoe, called in to back, pointed the same bevy about twenty yards away. Sent on, a bevy was marked down in cotton and the dogs were worked in a circle to it. Arapahoe was coached to the birds and cautioned to point. He saw them on the ground and broke in and flushed. Nabob backed. Up at 9:43. Arapahoe ranged the wider, but Nabob's point work was better and cleaner.

RANÉE AND DOMINO began at 9:54. Domino made two points to which there were no birds, and Ranée refused to back. Ranée spoiled the favorable impressions made the previous day. She appeared to be frivolous and careless. The heat was a poor one. Up at 10:29.

Third Series.

TORY FASHION AND MARIE'S SPORT started at 10:48. A bevy was flushed in the open weeds by the horses, and the birds went into a bad place for work. The handlers followed them against the orders of the judges. Both dogs made flushes. On scattered birds in woods Tory made some points, locating indecisively and being coached constantly. Up at 11:41. Tory's work was much inferior to that of the previous evening. Both showed good speed and range.

GLEAM'S RUTH AND INDIA were started at 11:51. In woods Ruth pointed a bevy and to shot both were steady. On the scattered birds each flushed. Ruth pointed footscent. India pointed and Ruth refused to back; nothing found. India pointed a single bird well and next she pointed a bevy. Up at 12:52.

At lunch the judges announced Tory Fashion first, Marie's Sport second and Gleam's Ruth third. This ended the Derby, and after lunch the All-Age Stake was begun.

The All-Age Stake.

Considering the number of entries, the number of starters was quite a large percentage. This stake contained nineteen entries, drawn as follows:

Kidwell & Stoddard's b. and w. pointer dog Tick Boy (King of Kent—Bloom), J. B. Stoddard, handler, with Eldred Kennels' b. b. setter dog Brighton Tobe (Canadian Locksley—Leddesdale II.), W. H. Hammond, handler.

Westminster Kennel Club's liv. and w. pointer dog Sandford Druid (Don Exon—Sandford Quince), John White, handler, with F. W. Dunham's lem. and w. pointer dog Elgin's Dash (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

N. T. DePauw's liv. and w. pointer dog Jingo (Mainspring—Queen II.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with W. B. Meares, Jr's., lem. and w. setter dog Joyful (Dion C.—Nathalie), owner, handler.

N. T. Harris's b., w. and t. setter bitch Cynosure (Roderigo—Norah II.), J. M. Avent, handler, with W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. setter dog Harold Skimpole (Whyte B.—Nettie Bevan), Geo. Gray, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' liv. and w. pointer dog Tippoo (Rip Rap—Monterey), C. E. Buckle, handler, with Rancocas Kennels' liv. and w. pointer bitch Rancocas Belle (Rip Rap—Maud), C. Tucker, handler.

Rancocas Kennels' b., w. and t. setter bitch Paloma (Eugene T.—Lou), C. Tucker, handler, with Whyte Bedford's b., w. and t. setter dog Joe Bowers (De Sota—Ruth Gates), W. W. Titus, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. setter bitch Tory Dotlet (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Della), J. M. Avent, handler, with Hobart Ames's b., w. and t. setter bitch Lady Mildred (Antonio—Ruby's Girl).

P. M. Essig's b., w. and t. setter dog Rod's Top (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler, with C. P. Powers's b., w. and t. setter dog Revenue (Antonio—Nellie Hope).

W. W. Titus's b., w. and t. setter bitch Minnie T. (Dick Bondhu—Betty B.), owner, handler, with Massachusetts Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. setter dog Gleam's Pink (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

N. T. Harris's b., w. and t. setter dog Tony Boy (Antonio—Laundress), D. E. Rose, handler, a bye.

This stake was open to all setters and pointers which had never won first in any all-age open stake at the Philadelphia, Southern, United States or Central trials. Prizes, $300, $200 and $100. Forfeit, $10; $20 additional to fill.

The first prize was won with something to spare by the pointer dog Jingo, and in this connection—that is to say, in reference to pointers—they made a most pleasing and meritorious exhibition, as will be seen by the more detailed mention. Jingo showed excellent judgment, wisdom in work on bevies and single birds, beat out his ground skillfully and worked with commendable loyalty to the gun. He is indeed a high-class dog.

As for the winners after first, your reporter regrets his inability to perceive their claim to specific superiority, at the same time feeling reluctant to express an opinion in opposition to such experienced judges. In respect to Harold Skimpole, it is true that he ran wide and dashingly, but part of the time he was working out of bounds or too far from the gun, and while some of his bird work was sharp, it was meager, while other parts of it were faulty. As compared to the work of Tick Boy his work was really insignificant. Tick's first heat was in dry weather, and was specially noticeable for the excellence and success of it. Every heat he ran was a heat noticeable for its successful finding and successful bird work. He was always industrious and when ranging was feeling the air with his nose, having birds in his mind, and he showed rare intelligence in working out his ground. In his last heat his range narrowed toward the close, but on work done he was then ahead of his competitor. He was surely deserving of consideration for second place, while third lay between Harold Skimpole and Tippoo, with Tony Boy in for another chance, if more heats were run, to make him establish a better claim or more conclusively prove that he was not in the money.

Tony Boy's work was light on birds, and he had made several errors which were serious. It seemed as if wide range condoned many grave errors in proper work to the gun.

The competition was managed skillfully in respect to the procedure and taking advantage of the grounds. The judges were most zealously industrious and painstaking, and if there was any mistake made in the decisions it was purely one of judgment, to which all are liable.

First Series.

TICK BOY AND BRIGHTON TOBE started at 1:57. Soon Tobe pointed a bevy in the open and was steady to shot. The birds were followed. Tick pointed; footscent, probably. Next both made game and Tick drew quite a distance in the open outside of woods and pointed a bevy nicely; Tobe backed. This work was of a very high order. Both steady to shot. In the thicket, on the scattered birds, Tick made three good points on singles and Tobe flushed a single excusably. Tick was just recovering from the effects of a large tumor on his neck and jaw. His point work was very superior. Their range was middling. Up at 3:07.

SANDFORD DRUID AND ELGIN'S DASH began at 3:13. Druid was making game, but took the back track, and his handler flushed the bevy accidentally. On the scattered birds Druid made two excellent points. Next he flushed and dropped to a point on some remaining birds. Next he pointed a single and made three flushes. Dash pointed one bird and flushed another. Up at 3:44. The heat was

one of extraordinary noisy handling. Druid had a decided advantage in every respect.

JINGO AND JOYFUL were cast off at 3:56. The handlers flushed a bevy and marked it down in open woods. Going down wind Joyful made three flushes on singles. Jingo pointed, then roaded; nothing found. Joyful pointed; nothing found. Jingo made a good point on a single in briers. Joyful pointed a bird well and Jingo backed. Joyful made a good point on a single. Sent on. Jingo roaded down wind at the edge of a cornfield to a flush on a bevy. An attempt was made to work on the scattered birds in a very bad place, with unsatisfactory results. Jingo had a decided advantage in every part of the work. Up at 4:56.

CYNOSURE AND HAROLD SKIMPOLE ran a most unsatisfactory heat, beginning at 4:59. Soon after they started they were quite a distance away when two bevies were seen to rise on the top of a hill near where the dogs were. While it could not be absolutely proven, it appeared as if Cynosure flushed them. Next Harold was lost for a few minutes, he working out of range. Harold made a point on some of the scattered birds, Cynosure securing a point on a single, which she then flushed. Sent on. Next, quite a distance away, Harold pointed a bevy and Cynosure backed. The heat was decidedly a poor one considering the opportunities and the merit of the dogs. Work ended at dark.

Wednesday.

Rain in the night and a lower temperature decidedly improved the conditions for work. Heavy clouds gave threatening indications of a storm, but gradually the sky cleared and there was sunshine without warmth, a cold, raw wind blowing steadily from between north and west all day. The ladies pluckily braved the unpleasant weather and remained out all day. The work was quite good, and the birds were sufficiently numerous for a good competition.

TIPPOO AND RANCOCAS BELLE began at 8:53. The work on birds was begun by Belle, she pointing a bevy and was steady to shot. The scattered birds were followed. They were in a narrow line of cover. Belle pointed them. At the same time Tippoo took a cast off to one side and pointed a bevy. Both ranged well and with speed and judgment. Up at 9:34.

PALOMA AND JOE BOWERS were started at 9:38. Paloma pointed a bevy on a side hill in weeds. Sent on, Joe found a bevy in corn and pointed it well; Paloma backed; both were steady to shot. Sent on, Joe found another bevy and pointed it. He was held some minutes on point while Paloma was brought up to back, which she did voluntarily and well. In the meantime the birds had probably run, for both dogs began roading and Paloma reached the birds first and pointed them, though the credit of the find was Joe's. Up at 10:33. Both showed good range and speed.

TORY DOTLET AND LADY MILDRED were cast off at 10:38. Tory began bird work by bringing in a badly mutilated domestic chicken. Sent on, Tory pointed in woods and Lady backed; nothing found. Next Lady pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. The handlers were unnecessarily keeping wide apart and were cautioned that they must keep together. The birds were followed. Tory pointed; nothing found. Lady at the same time pointed a single at the moment it flushed. Lady next pointed two singles well and Tory pointed one. Tory pointed; nothing found. Up at 11:32. Lady had much the better of the heat.

ROD'S TOP AND REVENUE began at 11:39. Both dogs were out of sight in woods for a few moments. As one of the judges came near to them he saw birds flying, and Revenue had dropped, while Rod was running riot. Sent on, Rod pointed; nothing found. Sent on. Next in the open, Rod dropped to a point, broke in and flushed, stopped to order and his handler flushed more birds ahead of him. The birds were marked down a short distance away in the open. Avent got his dog and secured a point on them, though that kind of work possessed no special merit further than to show the dog would point. Revenue backed stanchly. Up at 12:29. Both ran well, Revenue the better.

The party then went to lunch.

MINNIE T. AND GLEAM'S PINK, were cast off at 1:11. Minnie was lost for a few minutes. Pink found a bevy, pointed it well, though in poor style, and was steady to shot. Sent on, Minnie pointed a single bird in thick briers, a rather difficult piece of work. About fifty yards further on Pink pointed and Minnie backed; nothing found. Minnie pointed in the open and roaded at the same time. Pink dropped to a point at the edge of woods about fifty or sixty yards from Minnie. The birds had run and the dogs followed the scent about in the wrong direction, and sent on to take a new search for other birds, one of the handlers walked the bevy up. Up at 2:06. Gleam's Pink showed good judgment and fairly good range and a knowledge of work. Minnie did not work up to her capabilities, or rather she did not get properly in touch with the grounds. She showed excellent speed and powers of range.

TONY BOY ran a bye, beginning at 2:09 and running 47 minutes. His range and speed were very pleasing, covering the ground well and with judgment. He pointed a bevy and on the scattered birds made a sharp point, stopping while going at speed. His run was a very pleasing exhibition of good bird work, yet it is but fair to mention that a dog running alone has special advantages, since there is no competitor to take the work away from him or to mar it.

Third Series.

In this round there were eight dogs retained in the competition.

JINGO AND CYNOSURE started at 3:49, the judges having consulted about 40 minutes. Soon Jingo pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. Sent on, Cynosure pointed a bevy and Jingo backed well; steady to shot. Cynosure pointed on open stubble, drew about and pointed again, then abandoned the trail and was sent on, her handler not seeming to have confidence in the point, yet near where she made it a bevy was afterward flushed by the horsemen. Up at 4:15. Jingo was the better ranger and worker on birds.

HAROLD SKIMPOLE AND TIPPOO started at 4:23, and of the former it is proper to say that the work and inferences therefrom in his first heat were set in a far better light by this heat. Tippoo pointed, then roaded, and some horsemen crossing the trail disturbed the birds. One or two were seen to rise, then settle again. Tippoo settled on the trail and roaded accurately to them, but was unfortunate in the result. He stopped just as they flushed, but whether in time to save himself from a flush or not it was difficult to determine. In any event he was entitled to much consideration. In corn Harold pointed a bevy well and was most stanchly backed by Tippoo; both were steady to shot and the performance was most pleasing and finished. On the scattered birds Tippoo pointed one and was well backed by Harold. Tippoo finished up the work by pointing a single. Up at 5:05, and the competition ended for the day.

Thursday.

The morning was frosty and clear. Ice had formed during the night. There was not the slightest breeze blowing. Every sound could be heard with weird distinctness. As the sun mounted higher the rime of the frost dissipated, drops of water hung from every spear of grass and every leaf, and later the moisture evaporated. The weather then was warmer, but still the day was most favorable for good work on birds.

MINNIE T. AND TONY BOY were the first brace down. They started at 8:58. Minnie pointed a bevy in woods at the moment it flushed. Several said it was a flush; others said it was a safe point. Tony pointed nicely in corn. He had a bevy, but marred the point by a lack of stanchness, for he moved on and flushed the birds. They were followed into woods. Tony pointed a single and was steady to shot. Tony stopped to a flush on a single outlying bird, then steadied and pointed the rest of the bevy. Up at 9:46. The heat was not particularly noticeable for ranging with judgment, and the work on birds was rather inferior, although both showed speed and needed no urging to keep out at work.

GLEAM'S PINK AND ROD'S TOP started at 9:51. Rod pointed a bevy in open and Pink backed; Rod was steady to order. Next Rod pointed; Pink backed; nothing found. Next Pink pointed and moved on, and a single flushed. Sent on, Rod pointed a single. Up at 10:20. The heat was inferior.

REVENUE AND TICK BOY at 10:26 were cast off. Tick made an excellent find and point on a bevy in the open. The birds were followed into a pine thicket, where Tick pointed a single. Revenue pointed and nothing was found. Next Tick pointed a single accurately, and it ran into a small tree top, and Tick seeing it showed a disposition to catch it, as any live dog would do under the circumstances. Sent on, Tick pointed a bevy in the open, locating it skillfully; a good piece of work. Up at 11:01. Tick ran an excellent working heat, dashing and useless range in the horizon being absent, but a proper range and good bird work being present.

SANDFORD DRUID AND RANCOCAS BELLE started at 11:05. Druid pointed a bevy and marred a good piece of work by pressing forward and flushing the birds. The birds were followed into woods. Belle pointed some scattered birds, and next she made two good points on single birds, and Druid backed. Next Druid pointed a single. Up at 11:38. Both dogs showed a great deal of merit, but their work was not of the sustained quality required in a keen competition.

The running was suspended while lunch was served. The judges announced that Jingo and Harold Skimpole, and Tippoo and Tick Boy would run together, and that Cynosure and Tony Boy would be held in reserve.

Third Series.

JINGO AND HAROLD SKIMPOLE started at 12:46. The dogs soon became separated. Jingo, ranging in a cornfield in bottom, caught scent, drew into a ditch, and about 200yds. away was lost to sight during some moments. A bevy flushed near the place where he disappeared. He was found behaving well, and the presumption is that the bevy flushed wild. In the meantime Harold was making casts outside of bounds, as he was working entirely too far from the gun. He was making game in corn when Jingo, down wind further—about 30yds.—pointed the bevy and was steady to shot. Harold flushed a single, and next he pointed a single and was steady to shot. Sent on, Jingo found and pointed a bevy, and next he pointed a single. Up at 1:40.

TIPPOO AND TICK BOY started at 1:56. Tick roaded to a point on a bevy at the same time Tippoo was making game on it. Both secured a point, the bulk of the credit being Tick's. Tippoo flushed a bevy, stopped and pointed and a single remaining bird was flushed. Up at 2:20. Tick showed greater judgment and bird sense in the heat.

The judges soon announced the winners as follows: First, Jingo; second, Harold Skimpole; third, divided between Tony Boy and Tippoo.

The Subscription Stake.

This stake was open to all setters and pointers. To first, $300; to second, $150; to third, $50. Subscription, $50, payable Oct. 1, 1895. A subscription entitled the owner to start any dog he pleased, whether it was his own property or not. It is transferable to any person not objectionable to the club. The first round to consist of two-hour heats, afterward the running was at the discretion of the judges.

In this stake were eight starters, namely: Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' pointer dog Tippoo (Rip Rap—Monterey), handled by C. E. Buckle, with N. T. Harris's setter bitch Cynosure.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' pointer dog Delhi (Rip Rap—Queen III.), C. E. Buckle, handler, with Manchester Kennel Co.'s setter dog Gleam's Pink (Vanguard—Georgia Belle), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

N. T. Harris's setter dog Tony Boy (Antonio—Laundress), D. E. Rose, handler, with N. T. DePauw's pointer dog Jingo.

W. W. Titus's setter bitch Minnie T., owner, handler, with Avent & Thayer's setter dog Topsy's Rod, J. M. Avent, handler.

Minnie T., winner of first, came into her hunting form in this stake, entirely dissipating the unfavorable impression made in the All-Age Stake. Her work was accurate and intelligent. She worked diligently, showed a good range, was successful in finding, and was strong in her point work on bevies and singles.

Jingo was a good second, but he was not working up to his best form. He was industrious and ran a good race.

Third place was most difficult to determine, as the work of all except that of Minnie T. and Jingo was very faulty. Tony Boy was on the whole the best candidate for third, and he won.

Friday.

The morning was much like that of the preceding day—cool, calm and frosty. The heat of the sun soon dispelled the frost, and the day was warm. Birds were hard to find in the forenoon. In the afternoon they were in sufficient numbers, though in the forenoon the grounds were less favorable.

First Series.

TIPPOO AND CYNOSURE started at 8:01. A bevy was seen to flush, but the dog which was in fault was unknown. On the scattered birds Cynosure made a point on a single in woods. Next she pointed, roaded and stopped to a flush. Next she pointed a single. At this time the dogs were separated. Tippoo flushed a single. Next Cynosure pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. The birds were followed. She next pointed a single. At the end of the two hours she had much the better of the heat, although her work was faulty and she reqired much coaching. The grounds were unfavorable, and although Tippoo worked with fair diligence, he seemed to be in poor luck.

DELHI AND GLEAM'S PINK started at 10:09. Delhi pointed and Pink backed; nothing found. Sent on. After awhile a couple of quail were seen feeding. After awhile the dogs were worked back to them. Pink flushed them and dropped to wing. Sent on, Pink flushed a bevy and Delhi backed. The birds were in cane in a ditch and very hard to flush. Sent on, Pink pointed and there was nothing found. Delhi next pointed a bevy and behaved well to shot. Pink fell off greatly in his work toward the last of the heat.

This completed the forenoon's work. Lunch was next in order and about an hour's rest was taken.

TONY BOY AND JINGO were cast off at 1:00. Jingo pointed, roaded and located and pointed a bevy, and on the scattered birds he made five points, the dogs being separated at the time. Tony pointed a bevy on a side hill at the edge of woods and it flushed wild a moment later. The birds were followed into woods. Jingo pointed twice and Tony backed. Next in open Tony pointed a bevy and Jingo backed. Next Jingo pointed; nothing found. Next Jingo was lost, and when found was on point on a bevy. In the meantime Tony pointed a small bevy. Both were steady to shot. Both maintained their speed and range to the end of the heat and manifested no fatigue or loss of interest in the work. Jingo's work and his manner of searching were superior.

MINNIE T. AND TOPSY'S ROD started at 3:04. Rod ran a very poor heat and Minnie ran a very good one. She found four bevies well, one of which Rod pointed after passing her point and joining in it, then abandoning it and going on. She pointed also a single bird and flushed one. Rod pointed one bevy, three singles, four points to which nothing was found, and one point on tame chickens. About a minute after the heat was ended Minnie pointed another bevy. Rod was tired some minutes before the heat ended, and had greatly shortened his range; Minnie at a later time also showed some signs of being tired, though she kept at work.

Saturday.

The weather was uncomfortably warm, far too warm for the best bird work. The work in part was good notwithstanding.

DELHI AND TONY BOY started at 9:05. On some scattered birds of a bevy flushed by one of the handlers, Tony pointed a single and was not perfectly stanch. Tony next pointed a bevy and made some very slobbery work on the scattered birds, flushing repeatedly. Delhi made three points on singles, and Tony pointed another bevy, pointed a single and flushed one. Both ranged well, Tony the better. Delhi's point work was light considering the number of opportunities, and Tony's was mixed, good and poor. Up at 10:07.

JINGO AND MINNIE were cast off at 10:15. Minnie outfound and outworked Jingo, the latter, however, not working up to his best form. Minnie pointed a bevy and Jingo backed. On the scattered birds Minnie pointed twice, showing accuracy and care in her efforts. Jingo made one point on a single. Minnie next found and pointed a bevy in open weeds, and made a point on a single. Up at 11:05. Minnie's speed and range were fairly well sustained, and she showed excellent skill in bird work.

GLEAM'S PINK AND TOPSY'S ROD, which were ordered to be held in reserve, were started at 11:11. Pink pointed a bevy and was steady to shot. Rod pointed a marked bird at the edge of the cane, but the cover was so dense that it was impossible to flush the bird. Pink next pointed a single in the open. Sent on, some birds were flushed in a corn bottom, but it was impossible to determine the work. Up at 12 M.

The judges announced the winners as follows: First, Minnie T.; second, Jingo; third, Tony Boy.

Boston Terrier Specials.

BOSTON, Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Boston Terrier Club beg to advise you that they have voted the following special prizes for the Westminster Kennel Club bench show in February, 1896: $10 for best dog or bitch, open to all; $10 for best dog or bitch, bred and owned by the exhibitor, open to all; $10 for best dog, $10 for best bitch, and $10 for best puppy, open to club members only.

The club also expect to offer two $100 silver cups for competition, open to club members only, one for best dog or bitch in show, and the other for a breeders' cup. The club also voted unanimously to recommend the name of Mr. Walter C. Hook for judge of the Boston terriers at this show, and the Westminster Kennel Club have accepted our recommendation and have appointed Mr. Hook as judge for these dogs.

We expect a record entry of these dogs in New York next February. FREDERICK G. DAVIS, Sec'y.

United States Field Trials.

NEWTON, N. C., Nov. 16.—At a meeting held on Saturday evening, Nov. 16, the Eastern Field Trials Club consented to exchange courtesies with the United States Field Trials Club by each running on the other's grounds as would best conduce to the success of the running. Mr. S. C. Bradley and Dr. J. S. Brown were admitted to membership. WATERS.

RANGER, A TALE OF A DOG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I always like to read about the almost human intelligence, the loving disposition, and the sense of gratitude that dogs show toward their masters sometimes. I know dogs are good. I have seen dozens of them and can see a dozen any day by passing almost any six houses in Northwood, and these tales of deeds on game dead or alive, and of frisky smart dogs, always make me think, these days, about my dog. Ranger is his name and choicer Wheelertown stock never was bred.

His eyes are brown, his hair is mostly black, his nose is long and pointed, and intelligence—what dog lover can really do his dog's intelligence justice? I almost fear to try and do my dog justice, but I feel that Ranger ought to be told about.

I got him when he was a little staggering puppy and when his hair had just begun to assume the lovely wavy appearance which characterizes well-bred dogs. A double kennel was made for him and he was made happy with choice food. Good dogs should be fed with care and bad ones shot. Even now, as I think how we pampered Ranger, I almost feel that we never treated him justly.

Ranger was like all puppies in his youth. As he grew older and got over the sickness brought on by being carried three miles in a basket he developed rapidly in that peculiar line of intelligence which dog fanciers so love to see in their own dogs. We fondly watched his growth till one memorable day he sowed his first wild oats. It was in midsummer just after noon that Ranger pushed his nose into the crack of the kitchen door and first eyed the mysteries within.

He had been down to the spring not long before and thoroughly washed himself. I always thought it was because he wished to present himself to the household in a proper spirit and in proper garb. Unfortunately he crossed first a place where my brother had dug not long before a few fish worms, then a heap of wood ashes. When the circumspection had been finished he stepped gingerly on the freshly mopped floor; then walked to the wood box, crawled along under the stove, walked under the table to a chair. On to this he hopped, then opened up his delicately formed mouth. He closed his jaws on the beef roast which rested steaming on a platter.

The dog carefully dragged the dripping roast toward him across the white tablecloth. It was too large to be carried by such a small puppy, and so he dragged it across the floor, having rested it a moment in my father's chair seat.

As he reached the door leading out the servant, having called the family to dinner, gave one glance and gasped:

"Oh, my clean floor!"

My father was just behind her and with a stride crossed the floor, and as the puppy was about to leave the back porch lifted roast and dog into the air. Our dinner that day consisted of other things than roast, if I remember correctly.

Now, the Wheelertown stock is of remarkable intelligence, and it is not its fault if there is one dog fancier who does not know it. It is a remarkable fact that when anything belonging to my father, after that kick, if left exposed within Ranger's reach he would immediately show fight, but he never touched anything belonging to any of the rest of us except as shall be told.

He succeeded in ruining an overcoat belonging to my father one day, and only escaped with his life over the bank, as my father came out of the house armed with a shotgun. As the irate man reached the bank he saw Ranger sitting forty rods away on the flats with his jaws up in the air howling dismally. Two days later he signally retrieved himself by putting a herd of cattle to wild flight from our front yard.

One day our servant found the dog in the kitchen. She promptly threw a club at him; and thereafter her dresses (or anything else of hers), hung on the clothesline, in the house or anywhere accessible, were torn down and made away with, while dresses belonging to my mother were untouched. The dog showed human intelligence in its revenges as well as in other things.

About this time I had to leave Northwood for six to eight months. Letters from home often reached me, and usually contained some such footnote as this:

"That dog of yours ought to be shot. He brought five beheaded chickens into the kitchen yesterday—at least we suppose he brought them. We don't know whose they are, but Elgie heard Bill Brant say last night that something, presumably a fox, had carried off six of his chickens the night before."

Bill Brant, it may be remarked, lived a mile distant from our house.

Then again: "I wish some one would shoot your dog. Rance Rude, four miles up the road, saw a gray dog chasing his sheep about 8 o'clock two nights ago. About 9 o'clock that night Ranger came across the porch covered with dust till he looked gray. He went down to the spring, and in a little while came back as black as ever."

When I came home for the summer about the first thing I saw was Ranger in the road. It is positively marvelous how good the memories of some dogs are. One has only to read the lines of the FOREST AND STREAM to find that out, but the Wheelertown is different a little. When I got out of the carriage I said to Ranger: "Hea-a! good dog, yes he is." It was truly affecting to see the dog, having been barking loudly a moment before, for joy, I fondly believed, go around the corner of the house with his tail between his legs.

All summer I coaxed him with tender meat in my hands and tossed it lightly toward him, but he probably thought the meat was stone. At any rate, if I came within five rods of him he fled in fear to bark from some safe distance.

The dog was and is a first-class watch dog, but I sometimes feel that he is an unmitigated nuisance. If I return from anywhere after dark, or before for that matter, that dog barks his "man bark;" for, strange to say, he has a bark for dogs, for cows and for men, each of which is different from the other and very easily recognized.

My dog is now in good health, but though I got him in hopes that I might make a famous hunter out of him, he persists in leaving rabbit tracks to flush chickadees; leaving partridge trails to run mice, weasels and such things.

I hope that no one will disbelieve this life of Ranger. Ranger is a curious dog of a curious stock, and I believe somewhat different from the ordinary run of blooded dogs. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Field Trial Dogs.

LYNCHBURG, Va.,—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The letters that have appeared in your valuable paper lately, anent field trial dogs and their handling, etc., have struck a responsive chord in my heart. Mr. Brailsford's letter which was published in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 12 I have before me now, and it seems to me to touch upon a very weak spot in what I gather to be the system now in use. I say "gather" because I only get my information from Mr. Brailsford and others who have written on the subject, and also from your able reports; I have never been fortunate enough to witness the work of any dogs at field trials.

It seems to me that I would not care to shoot over a dog that minded his own business and not mine; that quality is all very nice and proper in a human being, but in a dog I don't want it. To my mind a dog should obey his master and go where that master wishes him to go, and for that reason a dog should frequently be on the watch for signals from his master. The stealing of a point by a greedy dog is to my mind as reprehensible as a hold-out at poker; a well-established case of a steal of that kind should according to my idea disqualify a dog in any stake, with a possible exception in the case of a puppy. Puppies will do things that older dogs would not think of doing.

Here is my idea of the whole matter (and for that reason I wish Messrs. Titus and Dexter well in their endeavors to establish something like a championship event): I am the possessor of a dog that I claim to be as good a dog as any in the country at what I consider to be true field work. He is young, fast enough for a man on foot and a wide ranger where the country is open; where the country is more or less rolling and covered with scrub he never goes very far out of my sight. He takes care to have the best of the wind, and when he catches sight of me on looking up to locate me a single wave of the hand sends him to the spot I want him to hunt. He knows me, and I believe has recognized the fact that I am older than he, and that I have good bird sense; anyway he does not grudge trying every bit of the ground when I have silently expressed my desire for him to do so. Some men whistle and shout to their dogs, but it is all in the way you teach them. To proceed: My dog is stanch on a point, steady to shot and wing, retrieves when told to, and, though I cannot say what he might do were a good meaty bone in the case, he won't steal a point from another dog, but just backs him in a manner to make you love him.

Now then, what I am getting at is this, although I have perhaps gone a long way to get at it: Do field trials produce a better ideal of a hunting dog than the above? If reports are correct, and if my ideas are correct, they certainly do not, and I have Mr. Brailsford's opinion to back me up in some measure. If Mr. Titus and Mr. Dexter will give me a chance, should business engagements not prevent, I will be on hand to try what my dog can do against the others, just to see if he is as good as I think he is. VIRGINIA.

The Field Trial Champion Association.

ON the evening of Nov. 20, at Newton, N. C., pursuant to a call for those interested in forming a champion field trial organization, a number met for that purpose. The following is a list of the charter members: Edw. Dexter and Bayard Thayer, Boston; N. T. Harris, Lynden, Ky.; J. L. Adams, Louisville; J. N. Seale, Jackson, Tenn.; George J. Gould, F. R. Hitchcock, Theo. Sturgis, New York; P. Lorillard, Jr., Jersey City; W. R. Holliday, Prairie Station, Miss.; C. H. Phelps, Jr., Philadelphia; A. M. Young, Manchester, Tenn.; W. W. Titus, Waverly, Miss.; J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn.; W. B. Stafford, Trenton, Tenn.; C. E. Buckle, Charlottesville, Va.; W. H. Hammond, G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y., and Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus, Toledo. Following is the list of officers elected: President, Edw. Dexter; First Vice-President, C. H. Phelps; Second Vice-President, J. N. Seale; Secretary-Treasurer, W. B. Stafford; Executive Committee of five, P. Lorillard, Jr., A. M. Young, N. T. Harris, W. H. Holliday and Theo. Sturgis. A committee on constitution and by-laws and running rules was appointed, to report at an adjourned meeting on the following Friday night. At the adjourned meeting the report on constitution and by-laws was adopted. Report on running rules was referred back to the committee, to report on them at an adjourned meeting. The prize is to be $300 and the champion cup offered by Mr. Ewing. The winner is to be entitled to the name of champion field trial winner. The nominating fee was fixed at $20; starting fee $10, to be paid at the time of drawing for positions. Any dog that has been placed in an all-age subscription stake, and possibly of Derby's, shall be eligible to compete. Entries to close on Jan. 1, 1896, except for dogs which are placed in all-age stakes subsequent to that date and prior to the running of the stake. Such dogs must make entry within five days after the date on which they won. The first trial was set for Feb. 10, at West Point, Miss., but in case the Southern Field Trials are not concluded by that date the stake will not be started till two days after those trials are completed.

E. F. T. Club Annual Meeting.

THE meeting was held on Thursday, Nov. 21. Present, Messrs. Lorillard, Hitchcock, Phelps, Sturgis, Bradley, Hodgeman, Dexter, Meares, Osthaus and Coster. P. Lorillard, Jr., in the chair. Rules of election suspended and the secretary was instructed to cast a ballot electing the following gentlemen to membership: Dr. J. S. Brown, Montclair, N. J.; Joe Meares, Linwood, N. C.; W. S. Bell and S. B. Cummings, Pittsburg, Pa.; G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Board of Governors: W. A. Coster, Edw. Dexter, H. B. Duryea. F. R. Hitchcock, Joseph H. Hunter, P. Lorillard, Jr., W. B. Meares, Jr., F. A. Hodgeman, S. C. Bradley, C. H. Phelps, Theo. Sturgis, W. S. Bell, Edw. H. Osthaus, Bayard Thayer, J. E. Orr.

The following is a list of officers for the ensuing year: President, P. Lorillard, Jr.; Vice-President, C. H. Phelps; Secretary and Treasurer, Simon C. Bradley. The club tendered to the retiring secretary-treasurer a vote of thanks for his past services. Stakes of 1896 to be the same in every respect as those of this year. Carried that the officers constitute a committee to arrange for grounds for the trials of 1896. Winners of Subscription Stake, excepting they be winners of previous All-Age Stakes, shall not be barred from competing in the All-Age Stake.

Irish Setter Trials.

ROOM 22, 400 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 22.—Inclosed please find entries for the Irish Setter Club's trials, to be run at High Point, N. C., Dec. 2, 1895:

ALL-AGE.

Mr. W. L. Washington's dog Finglas (Fingel III.—Aveline), whelped April 13, 1890.

Dr. G. G. Davis's bitch Loo (Finglas—Currer Belle IV.), whelped July, 1893.

Dr. G. G. Davis's bitch Currer Maud (Finglas—Currer Belle IV.), whelped July, 1893.

Muckross Kennels' dog Henmore Shamrock (Muskerry—Avoca), whelped Jan. 28, 1888.

Mr. James B. Blossom's bitch Squaw (Darrah Pat—Ruby Glencho), whelped April, 1890.

Mr. Alfred von Cotzhausen's bitch Lady Finglas (Finglas—Lady May Swiveller), whelped March 21, 1894.

DERBY.

Dr. Wm. Jarvis's bitch Signora (Signal—Oline), whelped July 20, 1894.

Mr. F. E. White's bitch Mollie Gibson (Dakin—Jessie Fremont), whelped Oct. 13, 1894.

Mr. Alfred von Cotzhausen's bitch Lady Finglas (Finglas—Lady May Swiveller), whelped March 21, 1894.

GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y I. S. C.

United States Trials.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

NEWTON, N. C., Nov. 25.—The Pointer Derby was run yesterday with nine starters. Blethely, Sister Sue, Sappho and Hessie D. were cast out after first series. Competition very inferior. Winners were: Virginia first, Crackerjack second, Rip Saw third, Ridgeview Cash fourth, Leo fifth.

Setter Derby begins to-day with seven starters: Domino, Arapahoe, Marie's Sport, Tory Fashion, Mazeppa, Gleam's Ruth and Feu Follet. All-Age Pointer has eleven starters: Rexfast, Ridgeview Regent, Nongull, Rancocas Belle, Tick Boy, Jingo, Komus, Elgin's Dash, Glad's Lady, Tamarack, Jr., Tory Baron. Heavy rains delay start to-day. The judges are J. King, J. L. Adams, W. S. Bell. B. WATERS.

National Association of Field Trial Handlers.

A MEETING of the Association was held on the evening of the 19th inst. at Newton, N. C. It was decided to make a gift of the balance in the treasury, $30 and a few cents, to the Champion Field Trial Club and to disband the Association, which were done accordingly at an adjourned meeting on the 21st inst.

National Fox Meet.

OWINGSVILLE, Ken., Nov. 23.—Visitors coming to the National Meet here should buy tickets to Preston, Ky., on the C. & O. R. R. We are five miles from Preston and will meet all comers there. S. C. ALEXANDER.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt, whose oil paintings and pen-and-ink portraits of dogs have been received with so much approbation by American sportsmen, had two oil paintings of field scenes which he gave his friends the pleasure and privilege of seeing during his stay at Newton, N. C., while the field trials were on. One painting was of two setters on point and back, the other of two pointers in the same attitudes. Both were of marvelous finish and there was a fidelity to detail which made a realistic effect. It is hardly necessary to add that the paintings were greatly admired.

Hunter—"Boy, did you see a rabbit run by here?" Boy—"Yep." Hunter—"How long ago?" Boy—"It'll be three years nex' Chris'mas."—*Judge.*

Newfoundland Caribou.

CARIBOU SHOOTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND, 1894, by S. T. Davis, M.D. (Shongo), with a history of England's oldest colony from 1001 to 1895, is the title of an exhaustive work treating on the physical features of that island, so near and yet so little known; and of its fauna and flora, fisheries, agriculture, mineral resources, government and finance, education and aborigines, introductory to a description of a hunting trip. The last five chapters are devoted to a most interesting and instructive history of the preliminary arrangements of the trip, beginning at New York as the rendezvous and starting point of the party, and following all the journeyings and events from the start to the return. A vast fund of practical information is embodied, which is invaluable to any one who takes a similar trip, and which was obtained by the author only after much correspondence, study and personal experience. The reports that vast numbers of caribou were in Newfoundland were the incentive to the trip. On investigation, the author was convinced that the reports, which he at first doubted, were short of the reality. The fall of 1894 was set as the season for the outing. A native guide was engaged through correspondence, he agreeing to furnish carriers, canoes, a log tilt and game. A camp stove, specially made, was secured, in which, besides its own furniture, were packed cooking utensils, a coil of copper wire, ½lb. of arsenic, one pair of moccasins, two pairs shoe packs, one pair heavy woolen stockings, forty rounds of rifle cartridges (.40-65), one bag chewing tobacco, two bags smoking tobacco, 1lb. alum and one hank of heavy cord. The bottom of the stove was padded with excelsior to protect the carrier's back, then all covered and sewed securely with heavy bagging, and all completed by buckling on the carry strap; total weight, 76lbs. Each member of the party took as much baggage as he pleased to the point of disembarkation, Pilley's Island, after which each one was restricted to one hunting hat, one hunting cap, one hunting coat, one cardigan jacket, two undershirts, one pair hunting pants, one extra pair pants, four pairs stockings, two overshirts, one pair hunting shoes, one extra pair shoes, one pair rubber boots, one pair gloves, one pair woolen blankets (single), one rubber blanket, one carry-all, one match safe, six handkerchiefs, and one towel, washrag, cake toilet soap, gun (rifle or rifle and shot), jointed cleaning rod and oil, light reel, short trunk rod, fly book, extra hooks, etc., case needles, thread, buttons, compass, hunting knife, drinking cup, pair slippers (heavy soles), package paper, envelopes, postals, pipe and tobacco, cigars, etc., and one good opera or field glass. A few of the common and most necessary medicines were taken along, and a case of implements for mounting skins, repairing guns and fishing tackle, etc. A combination shotgun and rifle is recommended so that both grouse and big game can be shot. Two guns add too much to the weight of the baggage. A small tent is a necessity, and the party found the Protean, 7×7ft., 8oz. army duck served admirably. By way of the Red Cross Line, which has two steamers, which leave Brooklyn every two weeks, the first stop is at Halifax, the next at St. Johns, Newfoundland, and the next at the Pirytes Mines, Pilley Island, Bay of Notre Dame, where North American reindeer or caribou can be shot. The average time northward from New York, including stops, is about six days, two days of which are consumed at St. Johns, and twenty hours at Halifax. The return trip, including stops, is about one day more. The rates, including meals and stateroom berth, cabin, first-class, are: New York to Halifax and return, $28; New York to St. Johns and return, $34; New York to Pilley's Island and return, $72. For a party of four, $14.40 deduction, 5 per cent. less. Twenty cubic feet of baggage allowed regardless of weight. No duty on baggage or guns if they are brought back to the States. The author bestows words of praise on the accommodations. He recom-

mends that the traveler convert his money into drafts from $10 up, as it is better than having all in one large draft and will effect a saving. After the party—Dr. S. T. Davis, Mr. A. C. Kepler, Lancaster, Pa., and Mr. J. W. Davis, Burlington, N. J.—had taken out their license, which cost each member $100 and 100 cents; they were required to subscribe to a written obligation that they would exercise their utmost endeavors to preserve the flesh of the animals taken, which were not to exceed more than five stag and three doe caribou. The party purchased its supplies at St. Johns. The author's description of his arrival at the hunting grounds, the camp and incidents of camp life are intensely interesting. On the first afternoon (Oct. 17) eighteen caribou were seen, though rain was falling, and abundance were found on following days. The strategic maneuvers in killing the big stags for their antlers, the extraordinary abundance of game, the novelty of the surroundings cannot fail to excite the interest of every reader. In connection with killing the largest stags the author adds: "I then looked at my watch and saw that in forty-five minutes I had killed four deer and seen fifty-one." To the guide, Richard Le Buffe, P. O. Wolf Cove, Notre Dame Bay, N. F., the author bestows much praise. The crowning success was the killing of the big stag which they dubbed "The Emperor." His antlers had forty-seven points, and measured, tip to tip, 32¼in. The right beam, from hair to tip, measured 42in.; the left, 41½in. Other specimens of rare quality were secured. The author closes with a description of the caribou and its habits, some remarks on the Micmac Indians and the economics of the island. To the sportsman who is a stranger in Newfoundland and who contemplates a hunting trip within its boundaries, the work abounds in practical information, and to all readers it has interest and profit.

Yachting.

A CORRESPONDENT offers a very sensible and practical suggestion in regard to the new 30ft. special class, that instead of measuring about 31ft. racing length, and thus being at variance with an established class, it should be made to conform to that class, by a very trifling reduction of the proposed limits to sail and waterline. If the clubs are right in adopting racing length as the proper basis of measurement and classification, then such special classes as may be created from time to time should be made to conform to the standard rather than to differ from it by a nominal figure.

THE new special class promised for next year gives further evidence of the dissatisfaction of yachtsmen with those plain and simple rules of measurement which favor large hulls and unlimited sail; and that even the partial restrictions afforded by classification by length and sail area combined, as adopted last year, have come too late or are not heavy enough. The avowed object of the class, to prevent speedy outbuilding and to produce a yacht of some further use when finally outbuilt, are excellent ones, and we hope that the time is not far distant when all the clubs by common consent will endeavor to formulate one common rule of measurement and classification on the basis of placing some certain value on all the main factors of advantage—length, sail, displacement, etc. The day of the unlimited racing machine is evidently drawing to a close.

ONE of the most striking features of the new rules for the special class is the requirement that the waterline shall be plainly marked on bow and stern. Like the racing length classification, the limitation of crews and most other modern innovations, this marking of the waterline has been advocated by the FOREST AND STREAM and cried down by a certain set as un-American and too English; but it is certain to be adopted as a universal rule in America before many seasons have passed. There has never been a valid reason offered why it should not have been adopted five years ago.

Lord Dunraven.

THE banquet in honor of Lord Dunraven, given by the citizens of Cardiff, took place on the evening of Nov. 21. The following report of Lord Dunraven's speech was sent by cable to the American papers:

Responding to a toast to himself, Lord Dunraven said it was the proudest moment of his life when a few gentlemen of Cardiff visited him and asked him to accept their friendship and assurance of respect. They, at least, believed in his honor. He regretted the absence of Mr. McCalmont and Mr Robinson. Both of them were interested in the little vessel he had left, but not abandoned, on the other side. He referred to the controversy his pamphlet on the Cup races had aroused in America, and said he did not think that the care and attention of those who had the management of the races had increased in proportion to the interest shown in them.

In cases of this kind, where there was so much international importance attached to the races and so much money involved, he did not think it right or fair to the public or the parties immediately interested that anything should be left to a question of the honor of A or the honesty of B, or to the keenness of the moral principles of one man or another. Those having control of the conduct of the races ought to take the responsibility themselves, and leave none to be taken by private individuals.

He had been subjected to the most extraordinary accusations. It had been said that he withdrew from the race from a desire deliberately to insult the American Nation. He had also been accused of acting in pique because Valkyrie had been beaten. Most astounding of all was the new accusation of suddenly, and at a safe distance, preferring a charge against the owners of Defender or the New York Y. C. He resented that. He resented it because it was a most contemptible thing to do behind a man's back what it was not dared to do before his face. As a matter of fact, he had done nothing of the kind.

He wished to be precise in what he said, for somehow everything got twisted, contorted and misunderstood by the somewhat excitable persons across the Atlantic. He had always felt some difficulty in speaking, because he desired to avoid saying anything that could possibly be offensive to the nation for which he entertained the deepest respect.

This had led to his being accused of reticence. Then, when he spoke, however guardedly, his motives and actions were misunderstood. He did not hope to convert the American press to take a more rational and more wholesome view of the situation. The delusion that somebody is bent on insulting and persecuting you is one of the most hopeless, incurable forms of mild insanity; but he could explain his position to his hearers.

He believed it would be understood that he published his pamphlet because in yachting circles in this country (England) there was generally a very confused idea of what had actually occurred.

Defender sailed the first race too deeply immersed, and was consequently longer on the waterline than she was entitled to be. He had not at that time or now the smallest doubt on that subject. Whether he was right or wrong was a matter of opinion, and he feared it would always remain, seeing that the only possible chance of ascertaining was not utilized, and had now gone forever. He made a complaint the morning of the race, obviously not in pique, because it was made before the race occurred.

Lord Dunraven rehearsed the contents of his pamphlet relative to his subsequent request that a watch be put on the vessels and that they be remeasured. If that request had been complied with, none of the ill feeling on this account would have occurred. He denied that any attempt had been made to conceal his complaint. He had mentioned it to several gentlemen. He had conversed with Mr. Hyslop, the official measurer of the New York Y. C., on the subject.

Everybody on both yachts, the committee and the official measurer were all aware of the complaint, yet an attempt was now made to prejudice him in the eyes of England and the United States by pretending that now for the first time he had brought a new charge against Defender. They called the complaint a gross insult. Why did they not do so when it was lodged before the race? It appeared to him that the violent hurricane of indignation that had swept the press of the United States would have carried greater conviction if it had occurred then.

He had also been criticised a great deal here, and had been told that he ought not to have revived the point. He did not wish to do so. It was not necessary, inasmuch as it did not form part of the reason why he withdrew from the contest, but he had been compelled to mention it to the Cup committee, which reported it to the New York Y. C. The report was published in the American papers on Oct. 25. After it appeared there, he thought he had an equal right to publish it here in his own words:

He had not wished to say a word on the distasteful subject, and was extremely surprised to see that the committee had reported thereon. The report stated that the vessels had been remeasured and his statement disproved. It was not disproved. It was impossible to disprove it. It was ridiculous to suppose that the measuring twenty four hours after was the slightest proof. If he had been absolutely silent in regard to the matter, his silence would have given consent to the deduction that his statement had been disproved.

He greatly deprecated the introduction of personal feeling. He had traveled in the United States and had made many personal friends. It was hardly likely that he would seek to alienate or intentionally offend any of them. The New York Y. C. was hardly the right tribunal to make the inquiry. Moreover, the time for proof was past. He had not the slightest doubt that the club inquiry would be absolutely impartial, but he thought it was a question of personal honor, and that the contention that the honor of the country was concerned might well be omitted.

He reiterated his statements regarding his position in the matter of his complaint and declared that he was unable to understand the feeling that had been aroused. He hoped that he was able to take a beating in a proper spirit. He had done so in previous years. If the new Valkyrie was to be beaten it must be under fair conditions and in a fair field. These he hand not found, and therefore withdrew.

Lord Dunraven was much applauded throughout his speech.

The *Yachtsman* of Nov. 11 has the following editorial:

"That international yacht racing is unique in every way is surely proved this week by Lord Dunraven's manifesto, portions of which are reprinted in another column. Be it understood, however, that by international yacht racing we refer only to matches sailed for the America's Cup. Such matches, ever since they have been sailed, have been cursed or blessed with a distinct originality that has made them, as we say, unique. But Lord Dunraven has, unfortunately, we think, put the coping stone on the America's Cup triumphal arch by the ill-timed pamphlet which he has issued in justification of himself.

"We have no fault whatever to find with Lord Dunraven's manifesto, save such as is conveyed by the adjective 'ill-timed.' It may or may not be that Defender took in ballast at night after she was officially measured, but the truth of the charge cannot now be proved, and, therefore, should not be made now. The time has long since passed when such an accusation against Defender's sailing master should have been made. Lord Dunraven, be it observed, makes no accusation directly against the New York Y. C.'s Cup committee, but contents himself with hinting that the evil deed of shipping extra ballast was wrought by the crew without the knowledge of Mr. Iselin. This, then, is the secret which has carried for the Earl so much sympathy—the secret that he said before he left America would probably never be disclosed, and which led him to abandon the Cup races.

"The complaint anent the N. Y. Y. C. mode of indicating the measured load line length is fully justified, no doubt, for a more futile way of marking the measurement is hard to conceive, and it appeared so to Lord Dunraven when he had his first information on the N. Y. Y. C. methods in this respect. Yet he was quite complacent enough—he has always been so up till now—in regard to America's Cup races in general, and the '95 matches in particular—to let the matter slide until it has slid too far. One morning he woke up to find that Defender was floating quite 4in. below her measured load line, and instead of pointing out this fact, if such it was, to Mr. Iselin, and asking him to make marks on the vessel's bow and stern, Lord Dunraven put his representative, Mr. Henderson, aboard at 9 A. M., without, it seems, a word of complaint. Mr. Henderson would, no doubt, have had every facility given him had he expressed a wish to make a mark on the stem and stern at that time. At all events, in view of the suspicion which then existed in Lord Dunraven's mind, it would have been well to ask the crew to take their place for measurement, and, whether or no, to have made Valkyrie marks on Defender's load line sufficiently plain to substantiate this accusation brought against her crew. It should be observed here that at least thirteen tons of dead weight would be required to bring Defender 4in. below her designed load line, and thirteen tons are not easily shipped or unshipped without notice, as our readers know.

"'In any case, nothing could be done before the race was started,' Lord Dunraven says. He was 'reluctant,' too, 'to make a formal protest to the Cup committee on a matter which it was, of course, impossible to verify.' If it was impossible, then, to verify the accusation which is now brought against the Defender, we must say that Lord Dunraven and his crew were more wanting in resource than their reputation would lead one to suppose.

"For the rest, Lord Dunraven's justification is a matter of more importance to the R. Y. S. and the N. Y. Y. C. than to us. His challenge for the America's Cup last year brought the R. Y. S. into the very invidious position of having to 'swallow' the 'new deed,' while his pamphlet makes it abundantly clear that the N. Y. Y. C. have not quite grasped the fact that races for the America's Cup should be treated in much the same way as diplomatists treat the oft recurring 'Eastern Question'—with great attention to details. A year ago the name of Lord Dunraven in America was a name to swear by; to-day it seems, alas! to be a name to swear at.

"The members of the New York Y. C. are rightly annoyed at this sudden springing of a mine beneath their feet, but it appears to us that in this case the annoyance should be chiefly felt by the Royal Yacht Squadron. The pamphlet under notice should, we think, have been submitted to the club that so far forgot itself as to father Lord Dunraven's challenge before it was given to the press. Had this course been pursued we feel certain that this manifesto would never have been published. A reference to it will show that Lord Dunraven lays great stress upon his duty to the R. Y. S. as guiding his conduct throughout the late Cup matches, and one can only regret that this keen sense of duty was not carried further.

"In making the above remarks we have no bias against Lord Dunraven, as those who read the *Yachtsman* are very well aware, and it is with the keenest pain that we feel bound to say that in publishing this pamphlet Lord Dunraven has not only acted egotistically, but aimed a grievous blow at the prestige of British yachting."

A report is current that Valkyrie is for sale, and likely to be purchased and kept in this country.

Uncapsizable Light Draft Yachts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a paper on "The Centerboard," published in a recent issue of the FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. W. P. Stephens makes the following statement:

"While absolute non-capsizability cannot be obtained on a draft of 30in. or less for a waterline of 25 to 50ft., there is ample practical proof that a reasonably safe and able boat, and one of universal adaptability, may be had from these three classes" (sharpies, Cape cats, etc.).

Now, while having great respect for Mr. Stephens' ability, I cannot allow the above quoted statement to pass unchallenged.

Lying at anchor in front of my window is a yacht 28ft. on waterline 26ft. over all, 9ft. beam, carrying 650sq. ft. of sail, and drawing 26in, with centerboard up, the centerboard being of wood and not weighted. This yacht is a fast, weatherly, sea-going boat with a comfortable cabin, and is not only absolutely uncapsizable, but is also unsinkable.

I can readily understand why men who have devoted the better part of their lives chiefly to a study of the heavy displacement cutter type fail to comprehend the fact that a yacht of very light draft and small displacement can be so shaped and rigged as to be absolutely uncapsizable. But there are, nevertheless, many such craft now in use, and it is certainly of importance that yachting men should not be kept in ignorance of so valuable a fact. THOMAS CLAPHAM.

ROSLYN, L. I., N. Y., Nov. 21.

Atlantic City Corinthian Y. C.

THE Corinthian Y. C., of Atlantic City, N. J., has enjoyed a most prosperous season, which ended with the annual meeting on Nov. 17, at Woolery's Hotel, Atlantic City, Com. W. W. Hollingsworth presiding. The report of Secretary Adams showed an increase of 44 members and 18 yachts within the year, making a membership of 182 and a fleet of 92 yachts, from the 15ft. inosquito boats, so popular in this club, up to yachts of large size. The club has held 17 races, including its ocean race in July, which latter was very successful. The treasurer's report showed a balance of $313, with no debts. The following officers were elected:

Com., Dr. W. W. Hollingsworth; Vice-Com., H. E. Miller; Sec'y, Chester Adams; Treas., Leonard D. Algar; Meas., John Andrews; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Talbot Reed; Regatta Committee, Lem Wootton, George Gale, E. A. McGuire, H. E. Miller and E. A. White; House Committee, H. E. Miller, J. E. Mehrer, Lem Wootton and Wm. Stimmel; Committee on Models, Lines and Exhibits, F. Sprow, George Gale, Paul Wootton, Sr., E. S. Reed and Lem Wootton; Entertainment Committee, Wm. Burkhard, Wm. Stimmel, W. S. Cochran, Charles Gale and J. E. Mehrer.

After the meeting Com. Hollingsworth entertained the members in the club house.

The Buckley boiler, made by the Rochester Machine Tool Works, is adapted for either coal, wood or oil as fuel. One of the 6 h. p. Buckley marine engines and boiler has been in use for some time in a 32ft. launch owned by E. P. Wheat, of Wheeling, W. Va., making nine to ten miles with 130 to 140lbs. of steam, though 180 to 200lbs. may easily be carried. Another outfit that is doing good work is of 3 h. p. in a launch of the ship Severn, Capt. J. W. Reid; the boiler being fitted for coal, wood or oil, the latter being used in preference.

Displacement as a Factor of Measurement.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* If you will kindly afford space for the suggestion, it occurs to me that the consideration would not be out of place at this time of a proposition to modify the existing yacht rating and time allowance rules.

In addition to encouraging a manly and useful sport, the rules should properly be such as to foster the development of powerful and useful craft, which would be desirable property beyond the great honor of winning a race; in that respect the present rules adopted by most clubs do leave something to be desired. They tax waterline length and sail area. Why should the latter be taxed? Other things being equal, the ship that can stand up to the most canvas is the best boat, and both a stout rig and skill in handling sail would be encouraged by a large spread.

It would seem that in the Defender (God bless her) we must have nearly reached the limit of speed in these large racing machines. Their general features are the logical outcome of the present rules, and, while they are in many respects admirable craft, I think that it would be well to introduce (for large ships) the factor of displacement in such a way as to encourage a bigger body on the same main dimensions. A few years ago Mr. Herreshoff proposed that the rating be found by the formula $\frac{L.\sqrt{S.}}{\sqrt[3]{T.} \times \text{constant}}$, and the FOREST AND STREAM suggested, with good reason, the substitution of displacement for tonnage. If we omit sail area (S.) and make the numerator L^2, the quotient would be linear, that is in the American form of corrected length. If we put the fraction simply $R. = \frac{L.^2}{\sqrt[3]{W.}}$, the corrected length obtained would be greatly in excess of the waterline, and so a constant should be incorporated in the divisor, and this will not increase the value of displacement or weight (W.). Assuming the beam to be one-quarter the length, and the draft to be two-thirds the beam, and coefficient of displacement to be .20 or .25, the length would be approximately $15^3\sqrt{W.}$, and thus by using the constant 15 the "corrected length" would be not far from the actual. While the coefficients of Valkyrie III. and Defender are only about .14, the assumed 20 or 25 per cent. will probably not be excessive for craft built under the proposed rule, as the displacements will probably increase; the Vigilant's is nearly 20 under the present rule, I believe.

The proposed rule still leaves beam and draft untrammelled; but the beam will always be controlled by the length, and any great increase of either beam or length will produce the handicap of increased wetted surface. There is no tax on draft now, and the inconvenience and expense and increase of wetted surface due to the fin is put up with for the sake of the power given by the ballast placed so low. A rule of the proposed form would discourage the ballast fin; by giving a bigger, deeper hull proper, an equal stability would be obtained by a heavier lead keel of less depth, and the bigger displacement while furnishing the floatation for the heavier ballast would influence the time allowance favorably. A vessel would be produced in which could be combined success and pleasure in cruising. The general effects would be much the same as the effects of the rule suggested by Mr. Herreshoff, with the exception that the sail area, not being taxed, would grow to the greatest possible limit; and in the interest of sport I see no objection to that. The tendency might be to produce something of a "brute," but not, I think, to an objectionable extent. It may bring a weighted centerboard to the front, unless that be ruled out as shifting ballast.

Let us apply the formula to Valkyrie III., Vigilant and Defender, and assume their lengths and weights to be respectively 88.85ft. and 155 tons, 85.00 and 147, 88.45 and 140; these displacements are probably not quite correct for the corresponding lengths, but relatively, *inter se*, they are probably right enough for an approximate test.

By the formula $R. = \frac{L.^2}{15^3\sqrt{W.}}$ Valkyrie's corrected length becomes 97.98, Vigilant's 91.27, and Defender's 100.44. According to the N. Y. Y. C. time scale, Defender by this rule would give to Valkyrie 66 seconds on a 30-mile course, instead of Valkyrie giving her 29.1 seconds as at present. Defender would have to give Vigilant 4m. 21.9s., which I cannot compare with the allowance under present rules, not knowing what the latter is. If Valkyrie's displacement had been 200, her racing length would have been 90ft., bringing her 5m. .02s. allowance in 30 miles.

Like all rules, the one proposed is not without objections, but these are not necessarily vital. In important and especially international matches, there will be a disinclination and possibly refusal to divulge the plans necessary for the computation of the displacement; but in these cases certainly a displacement scale certified to by the individual club committees would be accepted, or some such arrangement could be made, the draft figures being permanently marked upon stem and stern and likewise certified to, or verified if desired. In the case of small craft, where such work would entail a trouble and expense not in keeping with the results, it is a question if any rating other than the simple one of length is necessary; or ratings could be established, and the contestants built and rigged to come as near the head of their rating as possible, eliminating all time allowance—as in the Seawanhaka contests. As stated above, the rule is proposed only for fairly large craft, or for races to which may attach unusual interest.

In last season's Newport races the advances shown in the performances of Volunteer, Vigilant and Defender were even greater than expected. It is possible that a similar advance may be made on Defender, but it is difficult to believe that now. The concurrence in such nearly identical types by prominent designers on opposite sides of the Atlantic is fair evidence of the type being that best calculated for ships of that size to win under present rules. Superiority of skill associated with experience may be shown in the relations of beam to length, depth of hull proper to beam, sweep of lines, construction, etc., as was apparently the case in the two Cup races of last summer; but I do not look forward to a vessel soon being built which, under present rules and provisions of the deed of gift, will outsail Defender nearly as much as she outsailed Vigilant. For this reason it would seem both timely and interesting to revise the rules so as to favor greater displacement. If this be done, a successful racer may be also a comfortable cruiser; and when several public-spirited gentlemen each build a boat to compete for the honor of defending the Cup (or possibly in the future of challenging for it), it would be with the comfortable assurance that even if not selected as champion, the owner would possess a craft capable of giving great pleasure in other ways. The mental energies of our designers would also be stimulated to determine the new turning point of maximum efficiency.

Incidentally to the above the factor L. should not be length on the actual waterline, but the length between points 2 or 3in. above, or perhaps from the waterline aft to 3in. above forward, the object being to tax the overhang forward. The displacement should, of course, be that corresponding to the actual draft forward and aft. Very truly yours, U. S. N.

The Centerboard.

SCRANTON, Miss., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was very much pleased in perusing yur paper to-day by reading an article entitled "The Centerboard," by W. P. Stephens, which alone is worth more than the subscription price of your paper in value. From my experience in boating in Southern waters the writer is in the main correct. There is really no good reason why the centerboard vessel cannot be made as strong as the keel vessel; as the centerboard case can be made to strengthen the structure or body, the same as a bulkhead running fore and aft. I commenced to build small boats at the age of 14 years, and have continued to the present, excepting the four years of civil war.

Mr. Stephens is correct about the plate centerboard, as I have given it a fair trial and agree with him that it is good in light winds, but in stiff weather the weight depresses the boat and she loses in speed. I have just taken one out of the Teaser, of 450lbs., this being too heavy for 17ft. l.w.l., and replaced it by a wooden one of 100lbs., which proves satisfactory.

In the latter part of the paper I find mention of the one correct position for centerboard. I suggestively offer my experience: in boats of one-third beam to length I place the trunk exactly in center of keel length; of boats over one-third beam to length I place the trunk 2½in. aft for every foot over the third beam, and in boats under the third I extend the case forward in the same ratio; from which I have by practice found good results, having to deal with shallow water all the time in this section.

Some four years ago I bought a boat of 18ft. in length by 8ft. beam. She had to be rebuilt and the trunk was placed 5in. further aft, which has made her a faster boat and more easily managed.

I offer my experience in the hope that it may prove of value to some boat designers and builders, for I design and build my boats and also sail them in races. S. R. THOMPSON.

Model Yachting.

ON Nov. 14 a model yacht club was organized at Fifty-eighth street and Tenth avenue by a number of gentlemen interested in the building and sailing of model yachts.

The club will be known as the New York Miniature Yacht Club.

The distinguishing signal will be a pointed burgee of red with a white diamond in center of field.

Mr. T. J. Sweeney was elected chairman and Mr. W. H. Dixie secretary.

For all information address secretary, No. 342 West Eighteenth street.

A New Restricted Class.

A MEETING of the gentlemen interested in the smaller class of yacht racing was recently held, and resulted in the formation of what will be known as a special 30ft. racing class, the restrictions being:

Length on L. W. L.—Length of waterline between 29 and 30ft. with crew and all racing equipment on board. Boats to be marked on bow and stern by measurer.

Sail Area.—Sail area to be between 950 and 1,000sq. ft.

Allowance.—No time allowance.

Length O. A.—Length over all not to exceed 43ft.

Cockpit and House.—Cockpit and cabin house to cut away deck not more than 14ft., nor less than 13ft. in length, with cabin trunk not less than 6ft. 9in. long. Breadth of cockpit and cabin trunk to be two-thirds beam of yacht. Top of crown of cabin trunk to be not less than 20in. above deck at gunwale for two-thirds of the length of cabin trunk. Cockpit to have a rising around it not less than 7in. high, unless cockpit has floor above waterline and is watertight.

Crew.—Crew limited to four, three of whom may be paid hands. A lady, however, may also be carried.

Ballast.—Ballast to be permanent and all outside of the hull.

Centerboard.—A metallic centerboard or one weighted for the purpose of increasing the stability not allowed.

Draft.—Draft of water, without centerboard, not to exceed 7ft. 2in.

Rig.—Rig to be jib and mainsail, with mainsail not more than eight-tenths of sail area. Sail area to be the area of mainsail when dry and well stretched—boom and gaff to be marked by measurer—plus area of forward triangle. The measurements for forward triangle to be: Base—Distance from tack attachment for jib to forward side of mast. Altitude—Deck to bottom of highest block or sheave used to set jib or spinaker.

Spinaker.—A spinaker may be used, and the length of the spinaker boom, from outhaul attachment to center line of boat, when swung out square must not be more than length of base of forward triangle.

Equipment.—Racing equipment to include: Anchor of not less than 32lbs., 40 fathoms of 1¾in. cable, pump, bucket, boat hook, five life preservers, signal light, compass, fog horn, sounding lead and line, and two cushions not less than 6ft. long, 1½ft. wide and 3in. thick.

The principle adopted in establishing this class has been to encourage the greatest number to join and to have a really fast and useful type of boat, which, after her racing was over, would still be of use for every-day sailing.

The restrictions were adopted for the following reasons: The length is limited to 30ft., as it was considered to combine the maximum of speed with the minimum of trouble and expense.

The sail area is moderate for the waterline, and there being no time allowance would make very much better racing. The general proportions of the boat are the same as those of the 21ft. class of last year, which proved very satisfactory. As the cutting away of the deck for the cabin and cockpit is a structural weakness to be overcome, it is arbitrarily limited that all designers may contend with equal disadvantages.

The limit for the crew being three paid hands may appear unnecessary, but it is intended in the event of the owner not wishing to steer, the helmsman can be used and still have two for available crew, and that a lady may be carried without penalty must surely add to the popularity of the class and the enjoyment of a majority of the owners.

Nine boats have already been ordered by the following gentlemen: H. B. Duryea, G. Kortright, H. P. Whitney, R. N. Ellis, C. Vanderbilt, Jr., Bayard Thayer, W. O'B. Macdonough, E. D. Morgan, and an unknown owner, and others have mentioned the probability of their building.

The price of the boat complete, with everything on board, will be $3,850.

These eight boats have all been ordered from the Herreshoff Mfg. Co., and will be built, and when finished lots will be drawn as to who shall own them. They will all be built on the same mould, and the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. have also agreed in case they should build any others for this class during the season of 1895 that they will build all on this same mould only, so that any one ordering a boat will feel perfectly sure that his boat and equipment will be exactly like the boat and equipment of all his competitors.

Any one wishing any information in regard to the class can obtain it by writing to Mr. H. B. Duryea, Union Club, New York, or to Mr. W. B. Duncan, Jr., 26 Cortlandt street, New York.

Sir George Newnes.

MR. ROSE having withdrawn his hasty challenge, Lord Dunraven being now out of the question, and all attempts to work up a challenge from the Prince of Wales in a new Watson boat built by the Hendersons having failed, the special correspondents and the daily papers have fallen back on Sir George Newnes as a forlorn hope. There seems little prospect that this gentleman will really challenge, but his name is good enough to furnish occasional headlines when feeding the news flags. Before the question of whether he will challenge is the much more important one of whether he should challenge, and whether any British yacht club should indorse him by making a formal challenge in his name. While this is mainly a question for the foreign club, the New York Y. C. has also certain rights in the matter.

The defense of the America's Cup is to-day no light matter, and promises to be a more difficult and expensive task each year. Apart from the cost of building at least one defending yacht, which is both a private and a club matter, the preliminary negotiations, the general arrangements and the direct management of a series of three out of five races calls for not only quite a large expenditure of money, which the New York Y. C. can afford, but for the voluntary services throughout the season of a number of experienced yachtsmen. The arduous and exacting nature of this work and the serious personal responsibility are not realized by most persons. In the old days it was an easy enough matter to shorten all preliminary negotiations by denying all requests, however fair and just, of the challenger, and going into the Upper Bay to sail one or two races, the result of which was never seriously in doubt; but to-day, when a long and complicated agreement as to details of measurement, crew, etc., must be drawn up, and when a number of races must be sailed from a starting point over twenty miles from the city, the task is no sinecure. It requires on the committees a number of men of recognized standing among yachtsmen, with a thorough technical knowledge of match sailing, of sound sense and good judgment, and unlimited leisure. There is no reward for these services, the glory of the event going to those on the winning yacht, and not to those on the committee boat; and even a fair and capable performance of their duties may subject them to blame and abuse from one side or the other. It is always easy enough to get men to serve on the committees, but not to get the right men; and in the future it is likely to be much harder than in the past. In any future races some more elaborate and systematic attempt to control the excursion fleet will be necessary, of itself adding greatly to the work.

Before asking a defending club to assume a task of such magnitude, in addition probably to providing through its members a defending yacht at a heavy cost, a challenging club should consider carefully the obligations on its side, and the yacht owner in whose behalf its services are enlisted. It should make certain that he is qualified, not only by ample financial means, but by a knowledge of yachting and yacht racing, and above all by a thorough knowledge of the terms on which the America's Cup was first offered and those on which it is now held, to represent the club with honor, whether victorious or defeated. If it should appear that he is ignorant of or entirely indifferent to the conditions governing the Cup and under which his challenge must be sent, a club incurs a serious responsibility in vouching for his standing as a properly qualified challenger, and merits the blame which will surely attend any failure through the ignorance of the challenger.

As regards Sir George Newnes, we have very little information, a fact that, so far as it goes, is against him; as we understand, he is not a yachtsman or a member of a yacht club, and is a yacht owner only to the extent of intending to purchase a 500 ton steam yacht; in these respects being very nearly on a par with Mr. Charles Day Rose. The following particulars concerning him are given by the London correspondent of the New York *World;*

Sir George is not now a member of any leading yacht club, but as he said he knows a provision in the deed of gift requires the challenge to be issued by a regular yacht club, it is to be presumed that he is now up for election in some such organization.

He has had a noteworthy career. Twelve years ago he was a traveler—or, as we call it, a drummer—for a great papermaking firm. Being fond of desultory reading, he started a small broadsheet made up of interesting items from books of all descriptions for circulation among his fellow drummers. This proved so successful he issued it to the public under the title *Tit Bits*, which, after five or six years, he sold to a company for half a million pounds ($2,500,000), still retaining a large interest in it himself.

He is also a proprietor of the *Strand Magazine* and other publications, from which he is said to have accumulated a million and a half pounds ($7,500,000).

He sat in Parliament as a supporter of Gladstone from 1885 to 1892, representing the great sporting center of New Market, where he was defeated this year by H. C. McCalmont, owner of the famous race horse Isinglass, and one of the syndicate with Dunraven in Valkyrie III.

It is a peculiar fact, in view of his present intentions, that a crusade was made upon Sir George at the last election for the alleged sympathy of the *Westminster Gazette* with the purpose of the Anti-Sporting League organization, which has been prosecuting in the courts the various racing officials, including the stewards of the Jockey Club, for allowing bookmaking on race tracks. He denied this, pointing out that he himself was an active sporting man in many directions.

He is 44 years old.

The fact that a man is not a yachtsman does not prove that he may not turn out a good one; and we have no desire to impugn motives which may be based only on a patriotic feeling and a love of sport. At the same time we cannot be blind to the fact that a contest for the America's Cup, even though unsuccessful, would be the best possible advertisement of a popular journal or two; and, as modern advertising methods go, might be quite justifiable from a purely business standpoint, in spite of the heavy outlay. On the other hand, there are comparatively few practical yachtsmen who have both the inclination and the means to challenge for the Cup; there are many who might do it in a 70-footer, but very few who can and will build a 90-footer to meet Defender. The enlistment of wealthy men to the ranks of racing is highly desirable provided that they are good sportsmen and not attracted merely by the prospect of cheap fame or profitable advertising.

If the whole matter is more than a piece of cable gossip, and Sir George Newnes is in earnest in his desire to challenge for the Cup, the next question, of his qualifications, rests with the club which may be called on to endorse his challenge; and we hope, whatever club it may be, that it will profit by the unpleasant experience of the Royal Victoria Y. C. in its hasty and inconsiderate endorsement of the hasty and inconsiderate challenge of Mr. Charles Day Rose.

Lake Yacht Racing Association.

THE Lake Yacht Racing Association, of Lake Ontario, composed of both Canadian clubs and those of the United States, is getting well along in years, its twelfth annual meeting taking place at Oswego on Nov. 10. The organization, in spite of many difficulties due to its international character and to the conflicting rules and mixed fleets of its early days, has met with remarkable success, thanks to the energy and good judgment of its leaders, from the outset. It is to-day in a prosperous condition and growing each year. The delegates were as follows: Com. Æmilius Jarvis, A. R. Boswell and Frank Grey, Royal Canadian Y. C., of Toronto; E. H. Ambrose, Royal Canadian Y. C and Victoria Y. C., of Hamilton; J. E. Burroughs, Thomas Prichard and William Wood, Rochester Y. C.; Owen Martin, Queen City Y. C., of Toronto; Com. John T. Mott, J. B. McMurrich and A. H. Ames, Oswego Y. C.

The officers elected for 1896 are: Pres., Æmilius Jarvis; Vice-Pres., J. E. Burroughs, Rochester; Honorary Secretary, E. H. Ambrose, of Hamilton, Ont.; Executive Committee, Com. John T. Mott, of Oswego; Com. Whitcomb, Victoria Y. C., and Com. Tyson, Queen City Club, of Toronto, with the officers of the Association.

The Fisher Cup, now held by the yacht Onward, of Rochester, was intrusted permanently to the L. Y. R. A. under the following conditions:

"This cup is donated on the condition that it shall be a perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition between the sailing yachts which shall exceed 30ft. waterline enrolled in the clubs of Lake Ontario (including the Bay of Quinte) from time to time forming the party of the second part; and should the party of the second part go out of existence, between yachts of the required waterline which shall belong to any club eligible to sign the request for meeting hereafter provided for.

"This cup shall not be held by the winning yacht, but by a club on Lake Ontario, eligible to hold the same according to the provisions of this deed, to which said yacht belongs, designated by the owner thereof; and such club shall be responsible for its safe keeping.

"For the first race the Rochester Y. C. shall be deemed the holder of the cup.

"The club holding the cup shall, on receipt of a challenge duly made, name a yacht belonging to it to defend the same.

"All races must take place under the auspices of and be managed by the club holding the cup.

"The races must be over a course on the open lake and off the home port of the club, except that where the cup shall be held by a club whose home port is not on the open lake, such club shall designate a course to be sailed off the home port of one of the other clubs eligible to hold the same having a lake course, unless some open course can be agreed upon between the challenger and the club holding the cup.

"Should the club holding the cup at any time go out of existence or withdraw from the party of the second part it shall first turn said cup over to such club eligible to hold the same as it may elect.

"Such other rules and regulations, not changing or being in conflict with those herein set forth, in addition thereto shall govern competition for the said cup as may be made by the party of the second part from time to time; or in case said party of the second part should be dissolved and go out of existence, as hereinafter provided.

"If for any reason the said Lake Yacht Racing Association should go out of existence, this cup shall be raced for subject to the conditions herein set forth as supplemented by the rules and regulations made by the said association in force at the time of its dissolution and as the same may be changed as herein provided, except that such rules and regulations made by said association may be changed from time to time as follows:

"The club holding the cup on receipt of a request so to do signed by three clubs having a membership of not less than fifty members, and a fleet of at least two yachts of the required waterline, to challenge for this cup, and having their home ports on Lake Ontario (including the Bay of Quinte), shall at once call a meeting of all the clubs which shall be eligible to sign such a request at its home port for a date not less than thirty and not exceeding sixty days from the date of the receipt of such request. Each of the clubs so notified and the club sending such notice shall have the privilege of sending two delegates or representatives to such meeting, and the delegates at such meetings shall have the power and authority to amend the rules and regulations governing competition for said cup same as the said Lake Yacht Racing Association.

"Any of the provisions and conditions of this deed may be changed with the consent of the parties of the first part at the request of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, or, in case of its dissolution, at the request of a meeting of the delegates hereinbefore referred to; or, in case of the death of all the parties of the first part, by the Lake Yacht Racing Association, and, in case of the dissolution of the association, by a meeting of the said delegates. Except that said cup shall always be a perpetual challenge cup, to be raced for only by sailing yachts over 30ft. waterline belonging to clubs on Lake Ontario (including the Bay of Quinte).

Signed: F. S. TODD, J. R. WHITE, A. T. HAGAN, } Owners of Onward.

A communication from the Cleveland Centennial Commission inviting the association to join in a grand regatta at Cleveland next year was referred to the Executive Committee. A communication from the Royal Hamilton Y. C. inclosing conditions offered by Hiram Walker & Sons for a $500 cup was received and made a matter of record.

After discussion, it was decided that in place of a week's meet at one point, as last year, the old plan of a racing circuit should be resumed for 1896, beginning about July 15, the rendezvous probably being at Charlotte. The meeting was followed by a banquet in the evening.

The New 30ft. Class.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note that the rules governing the new 30ft. class specify that the load-waterline length must be between 29 and 30ft., and that the sail area is to be from 950 to 1,000sq. ft. It is to be presumed that the boats will be built to the higher limit of the class, namely, 30ft. l.w.l. and 1,000sq. ft. of sail. Now, if they were designed instead for the lower limit, 29ft. l.w.l. and 950sq. ft. of sail, the boats would answer their purpose just as well, and would have the advantage of measuring as per the regular rules under 30ft. racing length. This would allow them to compete in a fixed class as well as in their own special class, and would give the boats a greater salable value when the racing as a special class ends, as it probably will in a season or so. The regular class limits as at present adopted have proved satisfactory, and it seems unfortunate that this new special class should be built without any regard to the existing classification and system of measurement. All special classes have been virtual failures up to now, but this new one-design class gives more promise of success than any class heretofore established, and it is to be regretted that any error should be made in the framing of rules governing it. In fact, the rules could be amended now, as the work of construction has hardly begun.

WEST'ARD.

Valkyrie III. is now moored just west of the Erie Basin dry docks, beside the tramp steamer Bermuda. The watchman in charge, Peter Donnelly, recently fell overboard in boarding the yacht from the steamer, and was so exhausted when rescued that he was sent to the hospital.

Capt. Charles Barr, who recently sailed for England, will be married on Dec. 9 to Miss Emily Smith, of Southampton, and will return to this country, making his home at Marblehead. Young John Barr, now Capt. John, Jr., has just been made an American citizen.

Mr. Brand's Protests.

MR. BRAND, on his return to England, has been interviewed as follows:

In an interview Mr. Brand, the owner of the half-rater Spruce IV., which was defeated by Ethelwynn, said that he received the fairest treatment while he was in America. The racing was properly conducted. The steamers did not interfere in the least, except one by accident, when the owner of the interfering steamer apologized. His only complaint referred to his protest, the refusal to support which lost him the cup.

Ethelwynn, in the sixth race, he says, certainly violated Rule 34 by not keeping clear. The committee threw out his protest because nobody on board the committee boat was able to see any violation of the rules. The committee, he declares, ought to have taken evidence on both sides before deciding the matter. Ethelwynn had just crossed the finishing line in the last race, after the boats had been running with their sheets well eased, when the wind shifted dead ahead, and Spruce IV. was compelled to peg to windward to get to the line. It was this that made the boat's time look so very bad, a fact that the American press had not noticed. Altogether, Ethelwynn, as an all-round craft, especially for American waters, proved to be the better boat.

Mr. Brand added that an unofficial challenge for another contest had already been issued by him. He will issue a formal challenge if the Minima Club gives its consent, but he will not challenge through any other club. He is trying to organize a syndicate to build a boat to make another attempt for the cup. She will be a half-rater, and her waterline and sail area will be the same as those of Spruce IV.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Brand adheres to a statement, already made to American reporters, which is very unfair to the committee and in no way in accordance with the facts.

His double protest of Sept. 27 was thrown out only after the evidence of himself and Mr. Bell had been heard by the committee, and he had been unable to give any proof other than his personal statement that Ethelwynn came so close as to compel him to luff. As this was opposed by an equally positive statement from Mr. Ball that at no time was Ethelwynn near enough to cause any interference with Spruce, and as by yachting usage the burden of proof always rests with the protesting party, the committee could not entertain the protest. We can vouch for the fact that Mr. Brand made a semi-excuse at Oyster Bay for his numerous protests by saying that if he did not win he must at least put in a protest to justify himself before the Minima Y. C.

The FOREST AND STREAM in the report of the last race gave Spruce full credit for the shift of wind, deducting 2m. 41s., and allowing a victory for Ethelwynn of but 8m. instead of 10m. 41s., as the timing showed.

Since the above was written we have received the *Yachtsman* of Nov. 14, in which we find the following:

"Mr. J. A. Brand has been kind enough to give us some of his views on the Spruce IV.-Ethelwynn matches. It appears that both on Sept. 24 and 26 Ethelwynn fouled Spruce IV. in the most flagrant manner, and that it was owing to the apparent laxness on the part of Ethelwynn's crew that Mr. Sturdee on Sept. 24 protested against Ethelwynn on the score of unshipping and reshipping ballast. That protest should, we think, have been upheld; for the committee confess that Ethelwynn was guilty of a breach of their rules, and the cup should now be in the possession of the Minima Y. C."

This statement is distinctly unfair to Mr. Sturdee, who was in no way responsible for Mr. Brand's many and frivolous protests. On Sept. 24 Spruce made no protest, nor did Ethelwynn, though she was clearly fouled by Spruce directly under the eyes of the committee on the line. The fouling did no particular damage, both yachts moving slowly, but Ethelwynn was prevented from setting her spinaker quickly. However, she made no protest, though clearly entitled to do so.

In the race of Sept 26 there was a very close call for a protest at the first mark, when Spruce tacked so close to Ethelwynn as to endanger a collision before she could fairly have claimed the rights of starboard tack; but nothing was said by the other boat. As concerns the "flagrant foul" in the same race, though Mr. Sturdee, with the committee, was watching the two boats approach at a very interesting point in what might have been the deciding race, he was at a loss to understand the cause of the protest flag, as he freely stated as soon as it was shown, and saw nothing which would warrant it. Mr. Brand was on this leg of the course leaning far out of his boat in the effort to hold her up in a strong breeze, and the most tenable assumption is that in looking under his low boom for Ethelwynn she seemed much closer than she really was. The great angle of heel, the low boom and very narrow cockpit, with the crew hiking out full length, as in this race, made it very difficult to keep a lookout to leeward, where Ethelwynn was. On the other boat the crew were lying flat on deck, instead of hiking; and the wide cockpit made it possible to get down in the boat and look under boom. Anyone who saw the two boats in a breeze will understand how much more comfortable the crew of Ethelwynn was. There is no question of Mr. Brand's good faith in making this protest, but he was not forced about, he cannot give any proof that the other boat was so near as to compel him to luff, nor did she appear so to his representative with the committee. After two such decisive defeats as those of Sept. 26-27, and the hollow victory of Sept. 25, we hardly think that the Minima Y. C. would care to hold the cup on the technicality that ballast had been removed for a perfectly valid reason and replaced exactly as before. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Brand has not profited more by the example of Lord Dunraven.

Model Yachting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note with pleasure, in Mr. Stephens's paper on "The Centerboard," read before the Society of Naval Architects, Nov. 7-8, he mentions the model yachtsmen. In the last paragraph but one he says:

"In conclusion, while the centerboard has been at times an instrument of evil through the easy way which it opens to bad design and construction, the device, when properly handled by the honest and skillful designer, is of the highest possible utility. Through it is made possible a craft of extreme light draft which, though incapsizable, is still reasonably safe and exceedingly useful in skilled hands; and no other should attempt to use it. With adequate depth and a proper construction, the material being preferably all metal in large craft, it gives a strong, safe and practically non-capsizable sea-going vessel, for either pleasure or trade, on a moderate draft of water. The best possible combination of good qualities—speed, safety, accommodation and convenience of use—are to be had in a yacht in which the greater part of the depth is made up by the hull proper, the keel or appendage being reduced to a minimum (for the sake of light draft) and the main factor of lateral resistance being a centerboard properly proportioned to the hull and placed in the one correct position. Could I say where this position is, I should feel that my work might aspire to a far higher value; but I frankly confess that I know of no rule or formula that covers the case, and there are many more experienced than I, professional designers, who will join in this admission. Some designers do know, but they are very few; some believe that they know, but their boats speak to the contrary; many yachts of excellent proportions and model have been utterly spoiled through the misplacing of the centerboard. As in most of the details of yacht designing, the location of the conterboard is not a matter of exact calculation, but of judgment based on practical experiment and close observation."

He omits to state the possibilities of ascertaining the true position of these elements through the trial of a sailing model of the intended yacht, which can be done and has been done.

A model yacht must be perfectly balanced, otherwise she would not sail by the wind with any satisfaction. We would suggest that the experimenting be done in the model before building the large yacht, thereby saving expense and disappointment.

We congratulate Mr. Stephens on his able paper and hope he will pardon us for this suggestion, but we could not keep our hands off.

A MODEL YACHTSMAN.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. C. D. Rose, who recently broke his leg by a fall from a horse in France, has now a 20-rater of Arthur E. Payne's design on the ways at Summers & Payne's, and a 5-rater of Soper's design at Fay's.

Messrs. Ogden Goelet and Col. Arthur Paget have together ordered a 20-rater of Sibbick, and will race her in the Mediterranean next spring.

The Hull Corinthian Y. C., organized in 1889, and incorporated two years later, has finally disbanded and surrendered its charter.

Mr. Will Fife, Jr., has among other orders one for a 15-ton fast cruiser, for an American yachtsman.

Sapphire, steam yacht, A. L. Barber, is now on her way to the West Indies, having been at Bermuda on Nov. 7.

Jeffreys's Marine Glue, which was comparatively unknown in this country a few years ago, and difficult to obtain, is now in general use as a standard article in ship and yacht building. Messrs. L. W. Ferdinand & Co., of Boston, have recently taken the sole American agency, and are prepared to furnish all qualities and in any quantity. They have the glue in quality as cheap as 10 cents per pound, and from that up to 25 cents per pound for the finest grade, used for yachts decks. The cheaper grade is used on steamboats and coasting vessels

Among the vessels payed with Jeffreys's Glue are the yachts Mayflower, Volunteer, Vigilant and Defender, and the steamers St. Louis and St. Paul, with the war vessels Indiana, Massachusetts, Iowa, Minneapolis and others. A special make of light-colored marine glue has lately been added to the stock.

Mr. Arthur Binney has designed a police boat for the city of Boston. He will also design one or more 15-footers for next season, as the class promises to become popular in Boston as in New York.

The Massachusetts Y. C. has refitted its quarters at Rowe's Wharf, Boston, formerly used only in summer, and will occupy them through the winter instead of the old winter quarters in Hayward Place.

Yampa, schr., R. S. Palmer, will soon fit out for a West Indian cruise.

Starling, steam yacht, W. I. Lockhart, of Boston, is now on her way to the West Indies with her owner and family on board.

Steam Yachts and Launches

BUILT BY MARINE IRON WORKS, Clybourn and Southport avenues, Chicago, Ill. Free illustrated catalogue. Write for it.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

Canoe-Yawl Cruising.

THE LOG OF CHERUB—1895.

AFTER the excitement of last summer, it is most pleasant and restful to read the following record of a sort of sailing in which measurement rules are a dead letter and protest flags unknown.

Such work as Mr. Strange tells of, and which he does every year, has charms of its own which more than compensate for the rewards of match sailing.

July 26.—Arrived at Greenhithe in the evening and found the boat all ready. Slept on board that night.

July 27.—Sailed for Gravesend in the morning, and took part in a handicap race under the flag of the Gravesend Sailing Club in the afternoon. Strong wind, in which we might, as it turned out, have dragged along under whole sail in the turn to windward, but, having a reef down, we did it at that in the turn to Greenhithe, but shook it out on the run back. After a close race, gained second prize, and, considering that our opponents were for the most part full-fledged 0.5-raters or class boats—we being in complete cruising trim—we were well pleased.

July 30.—Got under way at 5 A. M. to sail to London Docks for Southampton steamer, but got no further than North Woolwich that tide. Proceeded in the afternoon, and after much scratching and bumping in the locks were finally hoisted on board the Lady Martin at 7 P. M. Only took part of ballast out.

Aug. 1.—Arrived at Portsmouth after a pleasant passage; got the yawl over after breakfast, and the steamer being in a vast hurry, we were left made fast to a buoy in a state of dire confusion, everything having been lumped on board anyhow. My "deckie," D., an old hand at cruising, being extra smart, we had things right in an hour, and after turning up the harbor for a look at the noble old hulks, reached over to Wootton Creek to the B. C. A. camp, which was in full swing. Here an accident happened that might have been serious if the Cherub had not been a lucky ship. D. had compounded a lovely stew, which we left cooking while we paid a short call on the camp officers. The heat caused a bottle of whisky which was lying too near the stove to burst, resulting in a fine blaze, which was quenched by the dinghy boy before it had done much harm. We made vows never again to leave the ship with the stove going.

The camp was on a very excellent site, and in full swing. Both D. and myself were struck with awe at the magnificent tent arrangements of some of the members, whose palatial residences resembled suburban back drawing-rooms. Camp bedsteads, chests of drawers, flowers, photographs and other luxuries made us feel quite vagabonds, although we were both heartily welcomed to share them. Nothing we had ever seen in our H. Y. C. cruises approached the scale of splendor that was here displayed, and we felt that the accommodation of the Cherub offered but a poor return for the hospitality we received. But we did our best, and many availed themselves of a passage to Cowes, Ryde and other places, as the weather seemed too much for a few of the yawls to care about facing. On no occasion did we miss our daily sail, although the short "slop" (it cannot be called a sea) caused by the strong winds then prevalent did not suit the boat so well as the longer sea for which she was built, and made it a case of "oilers," which would not have been dreamed of in a similar strength of wind in our home waters.

It would be tedious were I to give day by day our log while at the meet, but I hope I may state, without prejudice, my impressions of the various craft called cruising yawls we found there. Some, hailing from a well-known university, having seen their best days as racers, rode securely at their moorings day by day, rarely going outside the creek, while their respective owners patiently bore a large amount of playful chaff concerning "honest cruisers." Others, built for tidal waters, braved the breezes more or less satisfactorily, but afforded no living room to their proprietors, although as tent carriers they were eminently satisfactory. Heron, a Thames-built yawl of homely appearance, turned out a splendid hard-weather craft, seemingly equal to anything. May, a pretty Mersey-built boat, with a moderate sail plan, was both fast and weatherly, took things very comfortably and did a lot of cruising, besides sailing from Lulworth Cove to the meet in excellent time.

The well-known Tavie, very smart and shipshape, made a good passage in company with some of the bigger ships on a breeze day, to Hamble and back, on which occasion the little Vestal also made a fine passage. In fact, all the ballasted craft performed their work as cruisers fairly well; but common opinion conceded that nothing smaller than Cherub was the size for efficient cruising, and, considering that our extra weight, depth and beam gave no extra trouble, nor at any time hindered our coming and going in the narrow waters of the creek, while rendering us quite independent of a shore tent, and, what is far more important, permitted free movement about the boat when under way (capsizing being quite out of the question), one wonders how much longer the advocates of the skimming dish type of yawl will continue to claim the title of cruiser for craft which did no cruising during the meet, when other yawls were sailing about the Solent and in all respects properly fulfilling the purposes for which they were designed. Even the claims for speed, made on their behalf, are not founded on any true basis, as the high speeds at which they are said to sail are only visible when there is not sufficient wind to develop the normal speed of bigger-bodied yawls. When there is breeze enough to stir the placid waters of the Solent into a lop, they are inferior in speed and weatherliness to the "honest cruisers," as the times made in the race for the challenge cup given by the Lough Erne admirers of the B. C. A. prove. On this occasion there was only a nice sailing breeze, for cruising craft could carry whole sail and the Yankee carried 125sq. ft. without capsizing; yet the big-bodied boats finished before the skimmers, although I must admit that, barring the mishap that happened to Yankee, the tiniest of the lot, she would have been in many minutes ahead.

A little racing brightens up the men (even the cruisers) who attend the meet; but it would be, perhaps, more useful if some more definite idea of what constitutes a cruiser could be established. The new regulations made by the B. C. A. go a little in this direction, but rules compelling the man to live on shore for a stated period will naturally have no effect whatever upon the boat he races in. The Yankee, which is a very beautiful little racing machine, and fast withal, is no cruiser; and her owner complied with the stipulated requirements. But what chance had the genuine cruising canoes Lily and Argo in a sailing match with the Transatlantic machine? Yet these two little ships were out and about in all weathers, and in what must have been heavy weather for such little craft on several occasions, while the machine lived under a shed nearly the whole time. I ask with wonder why a race nominally for cruisers should be open to a machine under any conditions, and how much longer a body of sailormen are going to be before they discover the injustice and the harm it does to cruising and canoeing?

The weather improved very much during the latter part of August, and, with a fresh crew, we continued our cruising under very exhilarating conditions. Portsmouth Harbor was very thoroughly explored, and Portchester Castle interested us very much. A pleasant incident was also the meeting with an an old friend—the Viking, once sailed under the burgee of the H. Y. C.—still as staunch and seaworthy as ever, and the comparison of the old and new type of Humber yawl seemed to show that improvement had been the general outcome of increase of beam and overhang and decrease of displacement.

The end of our holiday drawing near, it behooved the Cherub's crew to watch for a chance of running up channel for the Thames, and on Saturday, Aug. 31, we left Ryde for Littlehampton at 6 A. M. There had been a strong breeze the day previous from the S.W., but a light wind from W.N.W. helped us along over the old swell and with the east-going tide very nicely. Shaping our course for the Looe, we sighted the red and white buoy of the Swatchway about an hour after the flood had made. As we drew nearer a small yacht ahead of us made an attempt to go a long way inside, across the Streets, evidently disliking the tidal race, which we could see breaking in a most alarming manner right across the Brake. The nearer we drew the less we liked the look of it, but there was no getting out of it, as we were drawn into the strong rush of tide bursting through the Swatch, making a most uncanny noise, and altogether being very nasty to look upon from the well of a canoe-yawl. Hauling our wind, we found it impossible to avoid going through, the pace of the tide being at least four knots, and so we put the little ship at it again and made a virtue of necessity. She took the first sea like a duck, only a few hundred-weight of water broke over the fore deck at the second and third mad plunges, and then we were swept well into the channel and out of the breakers. Turning to see how our small friend inshore managed, we found he was hard and fast ashore and striking in a most dangerous way. We felt very anxious about him, but could do nothing, and, seeing a large cutter yacht turning through in the slack of the Boulder Bank, we stretched off and hailed him to ask if he saw him and could send a boat to him. We were reassured on hearing that, although no boat could be sent from the cutter, the shipwrecked craft had launched a dinghy, and that assistance would be sent from shore if possible. There was too much swell to allow us to watch his movements very accurately, but we hung about as well as we could, and at last saw the little craft, under the foresail only, gradually draw off the rocks, and, still under that sail, stand away due south until she was lost to sight; a most extraordinary proceeding it seemed to us, the mystery of which we have long pondered over without being able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. So we went along again, and on arrival off Littlehampton went in about half flood, and moored alongside a coal wharf ahead of the once famous Pollywog, of Milford Haven fame. Her owner very courteously did everything to make us at home, for which attentions we were very grateful. A strong rush of tide sets across the entrance to Littlehampton, which we were successful in negotiating, but care is necessary in taking this harbor except at slack tide.

Next day being Sunday (a day I have invariably found favorable to making long passages) we left about 5:30 and at 6 were outside, going gently along with a light air W.N.W., which remained light and paltry until nearly to Newhaven. We carried our tide as far as Beachy Head, when a smart breeze from S.W. sprang up, and we went along very fast and comfortably until off Hastings, when, owing to the increasing strength of the wind, the boat began to overrun the sea, which had by now increased, but rean very true, with very little top. Here we hauled down two reefs and proceeded, passing many fishing crafts turning to windward. Going across to Dungeness we had the whole of the W. going tide to bore over, and the sea broke more frequently, but nothing, not even a spray, came aboard aft. The boat was tearing through the water, but seemed to go but slowly by the land, we being well off it, and it was getting toward evening as we rounded Dungeness and reached well into the E. roads to smoothen our water. Here were several craft brought up, and we would have liked to have brought up too. But "a bad barbor is better than a good roadstead," so we plowed along in the dusk for Folkestone, which we reached at 9:30 in pitchy darkness, and at dead low water, not a living soul visible anywhere.

This being a dry harbor, we hung on to a warping buoy and cooked our supper (with much motion, owing to the sea running round the end of the pier, and the backwash from the rocks) until there was water enough for us to enter the port. Finally we made all fast and turned in at midnight, having made a very satisfactory run of about seventy-five nautical miles, and feeling very pleased at having got so far along on our homeward journey.

Monday and Tuesday it blew hard, the south cone being hoisted. The regatta here was postponed, but the sailing match for the big luggers came off, and a fine sight it was to see these powerful craft smashing to windward under double reefed foresails and mizens. Needless to say, we did not continue our voyage, but on Wednesday morning we left early for "as far as we could get," and had a rare old shaking up over the swell left by the previous day's breeze, until we got well into the Downs, where all was quiet, and a large fleet of craft brought up; so we too let go our anchor for an hour, and had a quiet second breakfast.

Folkestone is a fearfully bad harbor; the range is something dreadful, and as the bottom is gravel and rock, as hard as brass, we fully expected to find that our centerplate was jammed, as, before the boat was properly afloat, she ran backward and forward on the gravel, in spite of double ropes fore and aft. However, nothing went wrong, and the plate worked serenely, so we continued our journey, passing Ramsgate, and stretching right off to the Tongue Buoy in order to get the best of the young flood in our turn to windward up to Margate. Here we went ashore for letters and some necessaries, staying nearly an hour, and then went on in the hope of making the East Swale before the ebb. But progress was slow with a dead head wind, and off Herne Bay the tide met us and made progress still slower. We turned on, however, with all sail set until dark, when, being just off the Street Buoy, and finding that to get to windward over the ebb would be too tedious, we let go our anchor, hoisted our riding light, and after taking careful bearings of the Girdler, Whitstable and Herne Bay (in case anything happened), turned in until dawn, after doing another good day's work, and feeling quite at home in the river.

Thursday, Sept. 5.—Up before dawn, and turned to Shellness, letting go again and resting until midday, when we again got under way with double reef sail, and turned through to Queenborough without once touching the ground. The first of the flood is by far the best time to go through, and it may be useful to cruisers to know that we found at least 21ft. under the railway bridge at two hours' flood, and got through without lowering our mast. We remained at Queenborough that evening, and turned to Chatham next day in a very heavy breeze of wind, and were pleased to see how well we held our own with the barges that were turning up with us. After a few days of single-handed work in the Medway (a very favorite river of mine), we again set sail for Greenhithe, and ended a very successful and interesting cruise, and one which I am sorry that professional duties and engagements will not allow me to repeat next summer. CHERUB.

A. C. A. Finances.

THE following report was received too late for publication with the others last week:

REPORT OF SECRETARY-TREASURER A. C. A., 1895.

Receipts.

Balance from Geo. P. Douglass, Secretary-Treasurer, as per report	$609 15
F. L. Dunnell, Purser Atlantic Division	25 80
Central Division, full income	175 75
Atlantic Division, 30%	84 45
Eastern Division, 30%	125 70
Northern Division, 30%	25 20
Year Book	423 40
Postage on Year Book	52 52
Camp dues	173 00
	$1,694 87

Disbursements.

Transferred to Board of Governors	$359 15
Office expenses	47 20
General expenses	11 00
Express charges	3 85
Year Book	232 80
Postage and addressing Year Book	51 04
Camp Site Committee	143 81
Regatta Committee	1 00
Camp expenses paid	80 42
Balance	761 60
	$1,694 87

There are no outstanding bills against the Association.

The following amounts are still due the Association, viz.:

West Shore R. R. (transportation)	$15 00
R., W. & O. R. R. (transportation)	25 00

CHAS. E. CRAGG, Sec'y-Treas.

The undersigned committee, appointed by Commodore W. C. Witherbee to audit the accounts of Secretary-Treasurer Chas. E. Cragg, find them to be correctly kept and properly vouched.

C. A. NEIDE, A. C. A. No. 14.
R. P. HOLDEN.

PORT HENRY, N. Y., Nov. 8, 1895.

No final statement is given, but, as we understand, the balance of $609.15 was turned in by Secretary-Treasurer Douglass on Nov. 1, 1894, and was transferred to the board of governors; the sum of $359.15 being deposited in a Brooklyn trust company under the signatures of the president and secretary of the board, while $250 was advanced to Secretary-Treasurer Cragg to meet current expenses until cash was received from the division pursers. The balance turned over by Secretary-Treasurer Cragg, $761.60, includes this sum of $250, which should be deducted, making the actual balance of the year 1895 $511.60. To this is to be added $40 still due on advertising in Year Book. The sum now in the hands of the board of governors is $1,220.75, from which $250 will be advanced to Secretary-Treasurer Stryker, to be repaid when the returns are made by the division pursers. This is a remarkable showing as compared to the deficit of $500 at the end of 1891. It proves that with a proper system of government and reasonable economy in its expenditures the Association has an ample income, and can afford to buy good prizes and pay all legitimate expenses and yet preserve a permanent balance.

The Eastern Division has sent in a duly audited report, the figures of which agree with those of the statement published last week. The Central Division has as yet sent in no report.

The Limit to the Centerboard.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* According to the FOREST AND STREAM, our executive committee has seen fit to recommend certain changes in the racing rules of the A. C. A. Among others they propose to remove the 18in. limit to the drop of the centerboard. I cannot see how canoeing is to be revived by any such method. Those owning the present type of boat must either go to the great expense of reconstructing their centerboard trunks and purchasing large daggers or sheets of metal, or else they must build entirely new canoes with such appliances.

For years the hull of the canoe and its necessary boards have remained practically unchanged. To propose in a moment, one might say, a reconstruction of this entire fleet is radical legislation, to say the least. Of course some will say, why not use your present boat? It may be as fast as any new type. This is possible, but hardly probable, for obvious reasons. In order to keep up with the procession one must spend a considerable part of his income in experimenting with different types of centerboards and finally choose a supposedly perfect one. I cannot see how this is to bring back to racing the older men who have old types of canoes and are disinclined to spend much time or money in reconstructing their boats. It was difficult enough when a man had to keep improving his sail area in size and quality.

The men with 180ft. sails practically frightened out of racing the men who could not afford or had not the time to improve their sail plans; so last year the racing was confined to a dozen men. Now if men will not go into races because of the time and cost of perfecting rigs, how much more likely are they to if their boats must be reconstructed or new boats built?

The fact is, a man who thinks he has a chance with the present type of canoe would hesitate about racing a new and supposed superior type. He would say he had no chance against such circumstances. The races would probably be confined to a less number than at present.

The rule proposing the limiting of sail spread seems a good one. In fact, I think that the race we had last year, when the sails were limited to 100ft., was the best of all, in spite of the uncertain winds.

I do not see the use of going from an extremely large sail area to an extremely large or deep centerboard. An unlimited drop to the centerboard will have exactly the same effect on racing as an unlimited sail area. There should be a limit to all things. CIMEX.

American Canoe Association.

THE officers of the American Canoe Association for the year ending Oct. 1, 1896, are: Com., William R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.; Sec'y-Treas., Thomas H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.; Librarian-Custodian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

Atlantic Division.—Vice-Com., James K. Hand, New York; Rear-Com., Wm. C. Lawrence, Trenton, N. J.; Purser, Henry M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Executive Committee: Henry H. Smythe, New York; H. Lansing Quick, Yonkers, N. Y.; Percy F. Hogan, New York.

Central Division.—Vice-Com., H. D. McVean, Rochester, N. Y.; Rear-Com., Albert T. Smith, Albany, N. Y.; Purser, Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y. Executive Committee: Dr. W. J. Nellis, Albany, N. Y.; H. V. Backus, Rochester, N. Y.

Eastern Division.—Vice-Com., James W. Cartwright, Jr., Boston, Mass.; Rear-Com., Howard Frost, Worcester, Mass.; Purser, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass. Executive Committee: Howard Gray, Lowell, Mass.; Louis S. Drake, Auburndale, Mass.; Alfred W. Dodd, Hartford, Conn.

Northern Division.—Vice-Com., A. H. O'Brien, Toronto, Can.; Rear-Com., R. D'Arcy Scott, Ottawa, Can.; Purser, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Can. Executive Committee: F. C. Johnson, Montreal, Can.

Board of Governors.—Atlantic Division, Robert J. Wilkin, president, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Central Division, C. V. Winne, recorder, Albany, N. Y.; Eastern Division, Paul Butler, Lowell, Mass.; Northern Division, E. B. Edwards, Peterboro, Canada.

Camp Site Committee.—J. R. Robertson, chairman; J. S. Wardwell, F. F. Andrews, J. G. Fraser.

Transportation Committee.—J. K. Hand, chairman; C. V. Winne, F. S. Rathbun.

Regatta Committee.—W. C. Witherbee, chairman; E. B. Edwards, Butler Ames.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Name.	*Club.*	*City.*
Fred W. White	Tatassit	Worcester.
Wm. C. Pierce	Tatassit	Worcester.
Henry E. Whitcomb	Tatassit	Worcester.
C. H. Vaughan	Tatassit	Worcester.
Frank A. Clark	Tatassit	Worcester.
Chas. K. Fiske	———	Northampton.
Wm. C. Marshall	———	New Haven.
Russell A. Ballou, Jr.	———	Newton.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Riflemen.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 17.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, 3lbs. trigger pull, rifles under 10lbs, standard target, 7 ring black. A feature of to-day's shoot was a 100-shot match between Payne and Roberts. Payne scored 787, Roberts 751, Payne thus winning by 36 points. Hasenzahl added another clean score to his credit:

Drube	6	9	9	6	9	7	10	7	5	9—77
	8	10	8	7	5	6	8	9	5	10—76
	9	9	7	8	7	8	9	7	6	6—76
	9	8	9	8	8	10	4	6	5	9—76
Gindele	10	8	5	6	10	9	9	10	8	10—85
	9	7	6	7	6	9	7	10	8	8—80
	7	10	8	10	8	9	7	7	10	8—84
	9	10	8	7	7	8	9	7	8	7—80
Payne	10	9	6	9	7	8	9	10	10	9—87
	7	6	8	10	7	10	10	8	7	10—83
	10	10	10	8	8	7	8	5	6	10—82
	8	6	8	7	7	8	10	6	10	10—80
Weinheimer	7	10	5	8	9	5	10	8	8	6—78
	7	7	8	8	6	9	6	7	7	8—73
	5	4	4	8	3	9	9	6	10	10—68
	10	10	8	4	7	7	6	5	4	6—67
Trounstein	9	10	6	9	1	8	6	8	4	6—67
	9	6	5	5	8	9	5	8	3	9—67
	5	8	7	5	5	6	5	7	8	8—64
	6	8	7	4	5	9	4	6	6	5—60
Strickmeier	7	8	8	7	7	7	6	6	7	9—70
	5	7	6	8	7	7	10	5	8	9—72
	4	9	5	9	7	10	7	8	5	8—73
	7	6	6	8	8	10	10	5	8	8—76
Brumback	4	7	8	7	8	4	8	7	9	9—71
	6	10	6	7	8	5	10	8	7	6—73
	8	9	5	8	5	6	7	8	7	6—69
	5	6	7	4	10	6	6	7	9	8—68
Frank	6	6	6	3	9	2	1	5	3	9—50
	5	5	5	2	4	9	8	7	8	7—60
	6	1	7	5	4	5	4	4	9	4—49
	5	3	8	5	10	3	4	4	1	6—49
Roberts	7	8	6	8	9	8	8	7	9	10—80
	10	7	8	7	8	6	9	9	8	9—81
	7	9	7	7	7	9	6	8	10	8—78
	6	7	7	9	7	9	7	8	9	7—76
G Gindele*	7	9	9	6	7	6	8	8	6	9—75
	5	9	6	8	8	8	6	6	8	8—72
	8	4	8	3	5	6	8	7	7	7—66
	6	8	5	9	4	6	5	6	8	7—64
Hasenzahl	6	7	6	7	9	9	10	7	9	10—80
	8	8	6	9	9	8	9	7	8	9—81
	8	6	8	6	9	9	10	9	10	6—81
	8	9	9	9	8	8	8	10	9	8—88
Louis	9	6	10	8	5	10	4	9	7	8—76
	8	8	6	7	6	7	8	7	7	10—74
	10	9	7	7	5	10	8	9	6	7—78
	9	6	7	9	5	5	6	7	8	6—68
Hake	6	5	6	8	10	5	4	8	4	6—62
	6	9	8	9	10	7	10	5	10	8—82
	6	8	8	5	8	8	5	6	9	10—73
	4	5	6	7	6	7	5	8	10	7—65
Topf	9	5	6	7	10	9	9	9	7	6—73
	10	5	9	6	6	5	8	10	7	5—71
	5	9	7	7	6	8	8	7	9	4—70
	4	5	6	5	8	6	7	10	8	6—65

* Denotes rest.

Hudson Rifle Club.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Nov. 21.—The three days' tournament of the Hudson Rifle Club, of this city, ended last night after a most successful meeting. The number of marksmen who competed for the cash prizes, which amounted to over $500, was extremely large and most gratifying to the management of the tournament.

The winner of first prize on the ring target was Louis Flach, of the Empire Rifle Club, who scored 222 out of a possible 225. L. P. Hansen, of the Excelsior Rifle Club of Jersey City, won first prize on the bullseye target, while A. W. Steuber won the handsome medal which was the first prize in the honor target competitions, this event being open to members only. Following is a list of the winners:

Ring target:

Louis Flach	75 74 73—222	G Worn	72 72 71—215
L Buss	75 73 73—221	H Krauss	73 71 70—214
M Dorrler	74 74 73—221	C Boag	71 71 70—212
W Rosenbaum	74 74 73—221	C Horne	73 72 66—211
H Mahlenbrock	73 73 73—219	G Sneller	73 69 68—210
J Rebban	73 73 72—218	L Vogel	71 70 69—210
L P Hansen	73 72 71—216	B Zettler	71 70 69—210
F C Ross	74 71 70—215	A Muth	72 70 68—210
G Purkess	73 71 71—215	C Malz	70 68 67—205

Bullseye target:

L. P. Hansen, 8 degress; A. Muth 11, John Rebhan 12, A. W. Steuber 14½, H. Oberst 16, W. Rosenbaum 16, H. Mahlenbrock 17, G. Worn 17, G. W. Plaisted 18, H. Hutch 18½.

Honor target:

A W Steuber	71	A Malz	59
H Mahlenbrock	68	Chas Stademan	59
John Rebhan	67	S A Middleton	56
Henry E Badey	65	P Coyle	54
Chas E Bird	62	O Binder	54
Anton Braun, Sr	61	J Buch	53
Chas Hatch	61	B Thiele	51
F Schaefer, Jr	61	J J Evans	43
L Kirchner	41
Wm Schakraft	39
John Smith	38
Wm Connors	38
F W Rapp	34
P J O'Hare	20
E Allaire	19

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—The regular weekly shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club took place at the club's range, 219 Bowery, this evening. The scores made were as follows, a possible high score being 250:

Louis Flach	249	C G Zettler	244
Dr J A Boyken	247	B Zettler	244
Henry Holges	247	S Buzzini	243
F C Ross	247	Dr I W Furness	243
H D Muller	246	A Kronsberg	242
M B Engel	241
H Muntz	239
G W Downs	238
A Klein	231
R Busse	225

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Dec. 3-4 —HENRY, Ill.—Tournament of the Henry Gun Club; live birds and targets. A. Bacon, Sec'y.

Dec. 4-5.—NEWARK, N. J.—Tournament of the Newark Gun Club; live birds, at Erb's grounds.

Dec. 7.—HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa.—Team race, 25 men to a team, between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League; all day shoot on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League.

Dec. 12-13.—LANCASTER, Pa —Tournament of the Fairview Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Dec. 19, 20.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Fifth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

1896.

Jan. 4.—WILMINGTON, Del.—Second team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 25 men to a team; all day shoot on the grounds of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club.

Jan. 4-5—PHŒNIX, Ariz —Annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Jan. 7-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the auspices of Texas State Sportsmen's Association and management of J. M. George and O. C. Guessaz (Texas Field). $2,000 added.

Feb 1.— ————.—Third team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 25 men to a team. (Place of shoot not fixed.)

April 1-3 —NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; $1000 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK —Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2 000 added money.

April 30—May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 12-15 — MEMPHIS, Tenn. — Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

May 12-14 —DAYTON, O —Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 22-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 30-June 1 —MILWAUKEE, Wis —Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 1-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Champion Cartridge and Target Company.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

We have been asked by one or two correspondents to explain once more our suggestion for arriving at a true championship of the world at targets. As our suggestion has been adopted by the American E. C. Powder Company, and will be carried out at its tournament in the first week of May, we gladly give the following explanation: During the four days' shoot there will be a series of 400 targets shot at as follows: 100 unknown angles, 100 expert rules, 100 reversed order and 50 pairs. These 400 targets will be divided into 16 events, 12 of them at 25 targets each, the pairs being divided into two 15-pair events and two 10 pair events. Each of these 16 events will be separate sweepstake events, with an entrance fee of (say) $3 each, probably one event at each style of shooting being shot off each day. From the purse in each of these events, including of course the added money, 5 or 10 per cent. could be deducted to form a fund to be divided as may seem fit by the management of the tournament among the three, four or five men making the highest general averages in the above 400 targets, a cup emblematic of the world's championship at targets being also presented to the man making the highest average in that contest. We claim, and we think our claim is a sound one, that the man who succeeds in making the highest average at the 400 targets shot as suggested is worthy of the title of champion, particularly as he will meet on that occasion the best in the land. Of course, the above is only a rough sketch of the plan, but we understand that the idea will be carried out in the main as we have given it.

Paul R. Litzke, our Little Rock, Ark., correspondent, sends us the following: "The match for the live-bird championship trophy of Kansas, between W. W. McIlhany, of Weir City, and E. W. Hoffman, of Galena, which has been announced to take place at Weir City, Kan., Nov. 21, had to be indefinitely postponed, owing to the fact that Hoffman is critically ill with typhoid pneumonia. As it will be some time before he will be sufficiently recovered to be able to shoot the match, McIlhany has instructed the stakeholder to return to Hoffman his $50 forfeit money. McIlhany is now open to challenges from any shooter residing in Kansas; anyone desiring to wrest the trophy from him has but to send his forfeit ($50) to Dr. King, president of the Business Men's Gun Club, Weir City, Kan., and he will be accommodated. The conditions are 50 live birds per man, American Association rules."

It seems that we made an error last week in our "Wopsononock bear story," locating the death of the bear between the hotel and Lookout Point. It seems that the correct location was "just back of the Wopsononock shooting grounds, a spot familiar to very many trap-shooting readers of FOREST AND STREAM." Although we are well acquainted with that section of the Alleghenies, we are still in the dark as to just where bruin met his death. Anyway, he was killed, and Billy Bell and Kate, his setter, were close up at the killing, which are the main points of the story. Owing to the negligence of some employee of Adams Express Company, the box containing the pelt got sidetracked; when found it was valueless, having been irreparably spoiled, and Billy is now after that company for the value of a hide that was covered with a coat of hair wonderfully long and as black as ebony.

The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., has taken a lease of the grounds at Marion, N. J., where the club holds its regular shoots. These grounds, known as "Al. Heritage's grounds," are easy of access, the P. R. R. running frequent trains which stop at Marion, while trolleys from the Jersey City ferries of the P. R. R. run close to the grounds. Parties desiring to obtain the use of these grounds for private matches, team races or tournaments can get all necessary information regarding same by writing to Dr. P. Fletcher, president Endeavor Gun Club, 23 Cottage street, Jersey City, or to J. A. Creveling, secretary, 371 New York avenue, Jersey City.

We have received from John C. Shallcross, secretary of the Keystone Shooting League, a programme for the day's shooting on Dec. 7, when the All-Philadelphia vs. Diamond State team race is shot, which differs slightly from that which we gave last week. The revised edition is as follows: 1, 10 targets, known angles, $1; 2, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1; 3, 15 targets, known angles, $1; 4, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1; 5, 20 targets, known angles, $1.50; 6, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1; 7, 10 targets, known angles, $1; 8, 20 targets, unknown angles, $2; 9, 10 targets, known angles, $1; 10, 10 targets, unknown angles, $1 50. Class shooting; 12 entries and under, 3 moneys; over 12 entries, 4 moneys.

A letter from our Altoona, Pa , correspondent, dated Nov. 21, says: "This week finds nearly everybody out hunting, and if all goes well I expect soon to be there myself. Ferd. Van Dyke joins a party of us next week." The party referred to has leased the sporting rights of a large tract of good hunting country in Fulton county, Pa., and has erected a comfortable cabin in the midst of their shooting territory. Ruffed grouse are generally to be found there in numbers sufficient to make it well worth the trouble experienced in a day's walk after these gamy birds. The section also contains some good deer country, so that Ferd. will probably have an opportunity of finding out what he knows about buck fever.

On Nov. 16 the Marlborough, N. Y., and the Peekskill, N. Y., gun clubs tried conclusions in a six-men team race on the grounds of the Marlborough Club. Each team shot at 150 targets, 25 targets per man, the home team winning by 5 breaks after a very close contest. The scores were: Marlborough—Frost 24, Vail 23, Woolsey 22, Wyatt 22, Bingham 21, Rhodes 20; total 132. Peekskill—H. P. Dain 23, Dr. Mason 23, Raher 22, J. B. Halsted 21, Perry 20, Loder 18; total 127. It was against the Marlborough team that the Peekskill men made their big record about a couple of years ago.

With a very general exodus of Northern shooters to the Southern States for field shooting, there is naturally a lull in both live-bird and inanimate shooting circles just now. From now on until the first week of May in 1896 there will be little to keep our trap columns going, with the exception of the San Antonio mid-winter shoot and the Grand American Handicap, the latter event coming off in the vicinity of New York during the first week of April.

Mr. David Brown, president of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., writes us that his club claims the following dates in 1896: April 30, May 1-2, spring tournament; Oct. 7-9, fall tournament. At both these tournaments the club will add money to the purses. These semi-annual tournaments of the Newburgh club are always pleasant and sociable gatherings; with the attraction of added money they will become still more popular. The Newburghs can run a shoot too.

The Buffalo, N. Y, *Courier* of Nov. 15 says: "The members of the Audubon Gun Club have decided not to build the contemplated club house at present, believing they can use their money to better advantage during the State shoot, which will be held under their auspices in June next. A small shed for protection from rain and storm is being built at Audubon Park. Large tents will be used at the shoot."

In a personal letter to us, dated Nov. 16, Irby Bennett, writing from the Atlanta Exposition, says: "Our mutual friend, Elmer Shaner, is down here looking after the exhibit of the U. M. C. Co. I can see his bald head shining at me from where I sit." Since the Interstate Association started on its work in the South it seems pretty hard to keep Elmer up North, particularly in the Smoky City.

The two days' tournament of the Newark, N. J., Gun Club, Dec. 4-5, will be held at Erb's grounds. On the second day there will be a special event shot under the following conditions: 25 live birds per man, $10 entrance, birds extra. Events of this class are very popular in New Jersey, consequently a large entry list may be confidently expected.

In regard to the San Antonio shoot, Oscar Guessaz (Texas Field) writes us that the dates have been altered from Jan. 9-11 to Jan. 7-11. With $2,000 added money, this means a big five days' shooting at San Antonio, Tex., just when shooting affairs are at their lowest ebb.

The Fairview Gun Club, of Lancaster, Pa., will hold a two days' tournament, on its grounds, on Dec. 12-13. On the first day (Dec. 12) all events will be at targets; the second day live birds will be used, an attractive programme being arranged for both days.

A tournament will be held at Henry, Ill., on Dec. 3-4, under the auspices of the Henry Gun Club. Both live birds and targets will be used. Further information may be obtained by addressing the secretary of the club, Mr. A. Bacon.

Stanstead's system of dividing purses in trap-shooting contests is given elsewhere with our comments on the same. Send in your systems and criticise those already advanced. That's the only way we can ever hope to successfully cope with this question.

H. B. Meyers, secretary-treasurer of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, writes us that the Association will hold its twenty-second annual tournament on the usual dates chosen for those annual affairs —the first week of June.

Fred R. Eaton, of Olean, N. Y., has sent us a notice of the sudden death of Hollis W. Moore, of that city. As a rifleman and as a trap-shot Mr. Moore was well and favorably known in the State of New York.

FOREST AND STREAM'S tournament squad plans are evidently growing in popularity. Managers of tournaments at which they have been used write us that "they are just what we needed."

EDWARD BANKS.

Sudden Death of H. W. Moore, of Olean, N. Y.

OLEAN, N. Y., Nov. 14.—Hollis William Moore, one of our most respected and prominent business men, died suddenly to-day. Deceased was one of the men that organized the Olean Sportsmen's Club about fourteen years ago, and was at the time of his death president of the club. The club has been ably assisted by him in maintaining its position as a first-class club, made up of our best citizens. The club held a live-bird shoot a short time since at which he was present, entering into the sport with his usual zeal.

He was born at North Leverett, Mass., on Nov. 1, 1832, the son of Capt. Lovell Moore, of that place. He came to Olean in April, 1855, and soon after married Rosina L. Smith, of Cuba, N. Y., who survives him. He also leaves a daughter, Ella, their only child.

At the time of his death he was manager of the International Steam Power Co. The company manufactured the high pressure water tube safety boilers, invented and patented by him. He was placing one of them in position on State street, in this city, when he died. He also invented and patented the black giant sheer, punch and upset, that have been sold from California to Russia. He also invented and patented the Hollis ram's horn spring for carriages. He also had other valuable patents. He conducted a large carriage manufactory here for years. He was one of the first members of the Eagle Engine Co. No. 1, our first fire engine, in 1860.

He was a first-class rifle shot and a good trap shot, and one of the best mechanics in the State. I came to Olean the same month that he did, and we have always been close friends and have spent many happy hours together with the gun. He was a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM.

FRED R EATON.

Buffalo Trap-Shooters.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 20.—The weather to-day was not what we like for trap-shooting; it was cold and raw, with snow on the ground. Capt. A. C. Anson, of the Chicago Colts, was a visitor at our grounds; he is playing at the Star Theater here. The first bird he drew in No. 1 was a corker that beat him out; his second was lost owing to his neglect of the safety. His next loss was his second bird in No. 2, which fell dead out of bounds. After this piece of bad luck he ran 17 straight, losing the last bird he shot at dead out of bounds; this bird was an incomer that was hit with both barrels, but kept coming. Anson trying to make one of his famous first-base grand-stand catches, jumping 24ft. in the air, but making an error. Harry Kirkover was not shooting as well as usual to-day, as his scores will show. Krotz, who is a beginner, shot well in No. 3, only using his second barrel once. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
H D Kirkover	11000—2	1200011121— 7
C S Burkhardt	2e102—3	2122112011— 9
A C Anson	00211—3	1e12122211— 9
Warren	11111—5	2112211111—10
J Franklin	10101—3	2210011131— 8
Eishman	00101—2	2110101222— 8

No. 3, 10 live birds, $5: G. Krotz 10, Kirkover, Burkhardt, Anson and Franklin 9, Warren 8.

No. 4, 5 live birds, $2.50 a side and price of the birds: B. F. Smith 5, G. Krotz 3.

No. 1 was at 5 live birds, $2.50 entrance, two high guns; No. 2 was at 10 live birds, $5 entrance, two high guns.

Nov. 23.—Notwithstanding the heavy rain that fell this afternoon, a large number of shooters took part in the poultry shoot at Audubon Park, a fact which goes to prove that the members of the Audubon Gun Club are not merely parlor shooters. The day was a miserable one for target shooting, and a heavy fog made it necessary for the shooters to take a snap shot at the targets before they disappeared from view; this accounts for the poor scores given below, all events being at unknown angles. The first event was at 25 targets, handicap allowance of misses as breaks, the prizes being merchandise of various kinds, from a large turkey and a box of cigars down to a pair of kid gloves and a two months' free shave! Scores:

L W Bennett (0)	1111011011111011111011111—21
J P Fisher (0)	1011100111111011111111111—21
F D Kelsey (0)	1111111000111101111011111—20
L Erb (1)	1110101111101111010110111—20
B Talsma (0)	1111110101111110001110111—19
E W Smith (0)	0011101111011111010111111—19
L Northrup (2)	1100110001111110101111110—19
C S Burkhardt (0)	1001111111101111100011111—19
H Williams (0)	1111001011110111111010111—19
Dr McMichael (3)	1010101010111010110111011—19
Dr Fisher (3)	0110101000111001110101111—18
Holmes (3)	1111000111000101111001101—18
A Forrester (1)	1110101111101100010111101—17
Dare Sweet (5)	0010001010010010001100101—16
E H Rounds (0)	1110111101001001001111001—15
Meyers (0)	0111001101011001101011100—14
Fries (0)	0111101010011110000011101—14
Story (0)	0010010010100111011111111—14
Bob Hawkins (2)	0101011001010000110011011—14
Brandell (3)	1011100000100010011010101—14
Dr Sowers (8)	0000100000001000010000000—11
C Oehmig (0)	0001010110100001001010101—10
Haigh (6)	0000100001000100000100000—10
Eaton (2)	0000010001000101010100100— 9
Miller (7)	1000000000000000010000000— 9

No. 2 was a team race, C. S. Burkhardt and E. W. Smith captaining the respective sides. Smith's team won in a walk by 111 to 94. It was quite dark when the last squad went to the score, the six men composing the squad only shooting at 10 targets each instead of 25 on account of darkness. Score:

Burkhardt's team.	
C S Burkhardt	1101110101100101010110111—15
F D Kelsey	1111010110111001110111111—19
L W Bennett	1000111101110110100101111—16
C Oehmig	0010010010010001001000100— 6
L Northrup	1101010100001010101010101—13
H Fries	1011010010011011011011011—15
*H Williams	0010000001 — 2
*Miller	0010010010 — 3
*Eaton	0110100110 — 5— 94
Smith's team.	
E W Smith	1011010100001101101111011—16
A Forrester	0011011010010110110111111—16
J P Fisher	1101010111100110101111111—18
B Talsma	1010111110111011111111111—20
Phil Meyers	0101011010001110010110111—14
W E Story	1101010010010101011111100—14
*E Rounds	1101101010 — 6
*D Sweet	1000111001 — 5
*Dr Sauer	0001000010 — 2—111

* Only shot at 10 targets on account of darkness. B. F. SMITH.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Nov. 19.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day. As the following scores show, the high wind that was blowing made the shooting very unsatisfactory:

No. 1:	No. 2:
Nelson 011100011100101111101101—18	101010011100100111001100—13
Dornin 101101110010011001011110—15	110111010001101011100111—16
Scott 110101111111010100111110—18	110010111111110011111111—20
Moorman 001111111011101111011100—18	111101011111100011111111—20
No. 3:	**No. 4:**
Nelson 000001010111010111100111—14	101111101111111111011101—21
Dornin 111111010011101111111100—19	011101110011111111111111—21
Scott 100110111001111010100110—15	011111010011011001000—13
Moorman 011010110011111101111101—18	111011111011001011011111—19
Stearns	010011101101001111011—15
No. 5:	
Nelson	110111101101110010101111—17
Dornin	111111111011110010101110—19
Scott	110111100111000111111000—16
Moorman	100011111111110001111101—18
Stearns	111101010010001011001000—12

F. M. D.

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 19.—The Rochester Rod and Gun Club has inaugurated a new series of semi-weekly shoots for a challenge badge, the shoots taking place every Wednesday and Saturday between the above date and Jan. 15, 1896. To become the personal property of any one member, the badge must be won three times in succession, the winner each time being compelled to defend his title to the badge under penalty of forfeiture. The conditions of the event are: handicap allowance of targets, unknown angles, the handicaps being based upon the form shown by the members in the summer series of shoots just ended. The handicaps are as follows:

38, Glover; 40, Stewart, Hicks, Lane, Meyer; 42, Hadley, Kelsey; 43, Myer, Tassell, Norton, Lowden. F. L. Smith, Koch, Crouch, Hill, Hunt, Ed Andrews, Pope; 44, Griffith, Wride, C. Rissenger, Babcock; 45, Sumner, Brad. Palmer, Redmond, Weller; 46, Gardiner, Van Ostrand, Rickman. Borst, Truesdale, McCarthy, Schmitt, C. S. Smith, Borst, Hooker, Nichols, Wolcott; 47, Quirk McVean, Backus, Maguire, Foley, Judson, Kay, Fulton, Putnam, Rugg, Mann, J. Rissenger; 50, Macomber, L. B. Smith, J. H. Brown, Hutchinson, A. L. Bruff, Mullan, Squires, Bradstreet, S. B. Stuart, James S. Watson, Cleveland, Haggerty, Moore, W. S. Smith, Jr., Selden, Trip, Wilson, Wilbur, I. H. Andrews, George W. Brown, E. P. Bishop, Schleyer, Kleinhans, Bauer, Willard, Houck, Catchpole, Barbite, Clark, Buckley, Hess, Hale, Nolan, Widener, Gordon, Bridesmaid, Roth, Fraine, Ryckman, U. A. Bruff, James McCullough, Joseph W. Palmer, S. B. Williams, C. F. Walters, Bausch, Davy, Eaton, Durand.

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Nov. 20.—Unknown angles, "A. S. A. rules.

No. 1.	No. 2.
Johnson 0101111111101110011111011—19	1101111111111111111010110—21
Smith 1110111011111101111111011—21	1111101101111111010101111—20
Hayes 1111110111111111101111110—21	1111111101001111111111011—21
Belton 0101110100111111011101111—18	1111101110101011111110111—20
Krider 1111011111101101101101011—19	1111010111111111111111110—22
Ebrgott 0111111110001010011111011—17	1010010101111100011001110—14
Prenatt 1001011011111111111111101—20	0011101010001010111111100—15
Stein 0111111111101101111111111—22	1010110101111101101111111—19
Lashells 0110001001110011001001010—11	1011010100011111011100111—16
Reisinger 1111111111111111001110—19	1111011111111111111010110—21
Gundaker 0111101110111100111011001—17	1111111101100011111111101—20
Baker 0100010000111011001111110—13	0000101010001111011110111—14
No. 3.	
Capt. Bartlett	1111111111111111111111125
Stein	1101000111111111111010110—18
Hayes	1010101111101101111111111—20
Lashells	1111101111101111101111101—21
Belton	0110011011111011101010110—16
Smith	1111101110011111011101111—20
Prenatt	1111110111111111011101110—21

CHOKE BORE.

On Long Island.

EMERALD GUN CLUB.

Nov. 19.—The attendance at the November shoot of the Emerald Gun Club was scarcely up to the average, only twenty-five shooters putting in an appearance, the usual attendance being over thirty, still twenty-five shooters make a good showing for any club. The birds were a good lot and left Mott's traps in fast time, the result being that Tom Short (28) was the only man to kill 10 straight. Fessenden, the secretary of the club, Gus Nowak and G. Loeble, also 28yds. men, scored 9 each. Full score, showing flight of birds, is as follows:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1895 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Thos Short (28)..... 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2—10
H P Fessenden (28)..... 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2— 9
G H Loeble (28)..... 2 2 0 2 1 2 1 2 1 1— 9
Gus Nowak (28)..... 1 1 2 0 1 2 1 2 2 2— 9
E Bell (28)..... 0 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 1 1— 8
Gus Greiff (30)..... 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 1 0— 8
J H Moore (30)..... 1 1 1 1 2 1 0 ● 1 1— 8
R Regan (25).. ..... 2 2 0 2 1 0 2 2 2 2— 8
L Schortemeier (30)..... 2 2 1 ● 2 2 0 2 2 1— 8
J H Voss (30)..... 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 2 ● 1— 8
E A Vroome (28)..... 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 1 2 0— 8
C Wash (28)..... 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 1 2 2— 8
W Amend (25)..... 0 2 2 1 1 ● 2 1 0 2— 7
M Herrington (30)..... 1 0 0 1 1 2 1 1 2 0— 7
F W Place (28)..... 0 1 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 0— 7
C Charles (25)..... 0 1 0 0 1 2 0 2 2 2— 6
T Codey (28)..... 0 0 1 2 0 1 2 1 1 0— 6
Dr G V Hudson (28)..... 1 0 ● ● 2 0 1 1 2 2— 6
N Maesel (28)..... 0 2 2 0 2 0 2 1 2 0— 6
R Phister (30)..... 2 2 2 2 2 0 ● 2 0 0— 6
C Maesel (25)..... 0 2 0 0 1 2 1 0 0 1— 5
J Woelfel (25)..... 0 0 0 2 2 2 0 1 0 1— 5
F C Hamilton (25)..... 0 0 1 2 0 2 2 0 0 0— 4
T Purcell (25)..... 0 0 1 1 0 0 0 2 1 0— 4
B Amend (25)..... 2 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 2— 3

The following miss-and-outs, $1 entrance, 28yds. rise, were also shot off:

No. 1: Herrington, Wash and La Mair, 3; Schorty, Place, Loeble and Lair, 2; Phister, Lawrence and Walker, 0.

No. 2: Lawrence, La Mair, Schorty and Loeble, 4; Herrington and Wash, 3; Place, 1; Walker, 0.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

Nov. 20.—The November shoot of the New York German Gun Club was held to-day, twelve members competing in the club event, which is for three gold medals. The championship medal became the property of Louis Schortemeier at the October shoot, he having won it three times in succession. A new medal for the champion class was put up to-day and S. J. Held, the junior member of the club, won it for the first time by killing 11 straight, Dr. Hudson running him to a tight finish with one less kill. The shoot is at 8 live birds, ties shot off at 3 birds. Score:

		Ties.			Ties.
Dr Hudson (25)	11212111—8	101—2	A Schmitt (30)	12●2112●—6	
S J Held (21)	12111111—8	121—3	Silas Edwards (25)	12101010—5	
Schortem'r (30)	2222222●—7	110—2	G A Leutheusser (21)	●211●●11—5	
J Frazer (25)	12101111—7	220—2	Max Klein (21)	10001111—5	
J Wellbrock (25)	12110121—7	121—3	Fred Sauter (25)	●21●0110—4	
A Busch (21)	11110111—7	0 —0	Michael Bandau (21)	10000100—2	

On the shoot off, Held killed three straight, while Dr. Hudson missed his second bird, taking second medal. Wellbrock won third medal. Before the shoot, Peter Garms, Sr., for many years captain of the club, tendered his resignation and was elected an honorary member. Mr. Garms has just passed his 84th birthday, but took part in all club contests up to to-day's shoot.

The following sweeps were also shot off during the afternoon:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
S J Held	01222—4	211—3	122—3
F Sauter	11221—5	221—3	●00—0
A Schmitt	1121●—4	020—1	220—2
A Busch	01011—3	101—2	111—3
S Edwards	00100—1	...	...
J Frazer	222●1—4	...	...
L Schortemeier	01212—4	211—3	...
J Wellbrock	02222—4	112—3	...
Hudson	.....	...	111—3

G. A. LEUTHEUSSER, Sec'y.

FOUNTAIN ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Nov. 21.—Six members of the Fountain Rod and Gun Club took part in the club's regular monthly shoot this afternoon, three of the six being members of the victorious team in the recent team championship match: Dr. William Wynn, Dr. A. Eddy and W. H. Lair. The wind blew so strongly and the birds flew so fast that not a single straight run of 10 was made in the club event. Dr. Wynn and Lair tied for first trophy (the Brixey Cup) on 9 out of 10, the tie being decided by the toss of a coin, Dr. Wynn winning; Lair took the second trophy, the Eddy medal, while Eddy won the third prize with a score of 7. Of the two sweeps which followed, Dr. Wynn won the first, dividing the second with Lair. Scores:

No. 1, club shoot, 10 live birds, modified Hurlingham rules, club handicap: Dr. Wynn (30) 9, W. H. Lair (30) 9, Dr. A. Eddy (29) 7, Hugh McLaughlin (28) 6, Abel Crook (28) 5, Samuel Crook (25) 5.

No. 2, handicap sweep, 10 birds, $2 entrance, birds extra: Dr. Wynn (30) 9, A. Crook (28) 5, W. H. Lair (30) 4.

No. 3, 5 live birds, handicap, $3: Dr. Wynn (30) 4, W. H. Lair (30) 4, Thomas H. Barkley (21) 2, A. Crook (28) 1.

FALCON GUN CLUB.

Nov. 22.—Three members of the Falcon Gun Club took part in the club's regular shoot to-day. These were John Bolling, John Moller and John Vogt. The shoot is at 10 live birds per man, club handicaps, club rules to govern. The club rules are: gun below the elbow, bird to be on the wing when killed, second barrel kills scoring only half a point, the club championship being decided by the greatest total of points at the end of the season. Score of to-day's shoot:

	Points.		Points.
J Bolling (25)	1101111111—9	J Vogt (23)	1201001101—6
J Moller (25)	1221011211—9		5½
	7½		

BERGEN ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Nov. 23.—Two members of the Bergen Rod and Gun Club, J. Hamilton Romaine and Chas. W. Bennett, met this afternoon on the club's grounds at Flatlands to decide a 25-live-bird race for a stake and the price of the birds. A good crowd of the friends of both men was on hand to witness the match. Romaine won by three birds, scoring 20 to his opponent's 17, the winner standing at 28yds., Bennett at 27. The score showed that Romaine used his second barrel 18 times, Bennett 14 times.

After the match a sweepstake was shot off, the conditions being 10 live birds per man, handicap rise. Score:

James W. Blauvelt (28) 9, Robert J. Valentine (26) 9, Henry J. Schaeffer (26) 8, Richard V. Webster (26) 8, Henry W. Carleton (28) 7, James W. Gregory (26) 7, Albert W. Moran (26) 7, Daniel W. Reynolds (28) 6, Richard G. Uris (26) 6, John G. Schaeffer (25) 3.

VERNON ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Nov. 23.—The monthly live-bird club shoot of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club was well attended this afternoon. The birds were a fast lot and were too good for the majority of the competitors, Harry S. Welles being the only one to score his 10 straight; Welles is a representative of A. G. Spalding & Co., and shoots a Burgess gun equally well at either live birds or targets. The scores were:

H S Welles (28)	2222211222—10	H S Lippack (28)	0220●●1122— 6
F W Place (28)	0112212012— 8	J Wright (28)	●011●21●22— 6
L C Emery (28)	1022212012— 8	F A Thompson (28)	2●●2201●22— 6
W H Thompson (28)	●2212●12●1— 7	Dr Baron (27)	0011220020— 5
W A Thornton (27)	2210102022— 7	Dr Allen (25)	0●002100●2— 3

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Nov. 23.—The target grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club at Bay Ridge were well attended this afternoon. The following table shows the scores made, the events being at various systems and of a varied nature:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	5	10	11	Targets:	10	10	5	10	11
A A Hegeman	7	8	4	5	6	D Deacon	5	6	3	7	5
M Van Brunt	6	5	2	7	4	D C Bennett	7	9	3	6	6
Dr Shepard	5	3	1	6	8	R E Gray	6	4	2	5	5
J Gaughan	8	8	2	4	5	W F Sykes	..	4	2	8	6

Nos. 1 and 2 were at known angles; No. 3, 5 unknown traps, shooter standing with his back to the trap when calling "pull"; No. 4, reversed order; No. 5, 5 singles and 3 pairs.

No. 6, 14 singles, known angles, and 3 pairs:

D C Bennett	11111111111011	00 10 00	—14
M Van Brunt	11111100010111	10 11 10	—14
D Deacon	11111100111001	10 10 10	—13
R E Gray	10111111101100	01 00 11	—13
Dr Shepard	10111001101011	10 10 01	—12
J Gaughan	11111000110110	10 00 10	—11
W F Sykes	10110111111000	00 00 10	—10
A A Hegeman	01011000000w		— 3

Trap-Shooting at Doyleston.

DOYLESTON, Pa., Nov. 22.—A very successful live-bird and bluerock tournament was held at this place to-day. The day was a good one for the sport, being bright, still, and not too cold. The birds were a good lot—strong and active. The entries in the various races included some of the best wing shots in Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Among them were Landis and Thurman, of the Keystone Shooting League; Paddock and Park, of the Riverton Gun Club; and Apgar and Warford, of Frenchtown, N. J.

Following is the result of the day's events; Nos. 2, 4, 5 and 6 were 5 birds, $3—birds extra; Nos. 1 and 3, $1, miss-and-out:

	No. 1:	No. 2:	No. 3:
Thurman	111112112—9	01001—2	0 —0
Paddock	20 —1	22222—5	1121—4
Landis	121112221—9	12122—5	0 —0
J M H	112121110—8	21122—5	20 —1
Peters	20 —1	21122—5	....
Headman	0 —0	.....	....
Curtis	0 —0	.....	10 —1
Arnwine	.....	10101—3	110 —2
Jones	.....	00100—1	1110—3
Ditman	.....	21021—4	1110—3
Holjes	.....	.....	20 —1
Apgar	.....	.....	10 —1
Loper	.....	.....	0 —0
Warford	.....	.....	0 —0

	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Arnwine	11111—5	22001—3	12100—3
Apgar	12020—3	12212—5	11101—4
J M H	22201—4	01112—4	....
Headman	20010—2	....	....
Warford	11011—4	01220—3	22211—5
Thurman	....	10022—3	12121—5
Landis	....	10112—4	21221—5
Paddock	....	22112—5	22002—3
Duke	....	12201—4	12022—4
Holjes	....	11200—3	01120—4
Heist	....	01111—4	02001—3
Jones	....	....	20011—3

A live-bird match for $100 a side was also shot, the teams being Warford and Apgar, Heist and Jones. Each man shot at 10 birds, Warford and Apgar winning by three birds, mainly owing to Warford's good work. Score:

Warford	1121111111—10	Heist	0021012201—6
Apgar	1100210000— 4—14	Jones	1000102101—5—11

Three 10-target events, $2 entrance, brought the day's sport to a close; the following were the scores:

No. 1: Warford, 10; Thurman, Peters and Headman, 9; Landis, Curtis, Duke, J. M. H., Holjes, Heist and Apgar, 8; Arnwine, 7; B. Brink and Boileau, 5; C. Brink and Edmunds, 4.

No. 2: Peters, 10; Thurman and Landis, 9; J. M. H., 8; Heist, 7; Duke, 6.

No. 3: Peters, 10; Thurman and Landis, 8; J. M. H., 6.

ABEL MCREYNOLDS.

South Side's Saturday.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 23.—A good attendance and pleasant weather is the record for this afternoon's amusement at the grounds of the South Side Gun Club. All events were at unknown angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Shaw	6	4	6	10	9	7	..	..	10	..
Couch	6	8	6	7	7	4	..	..	5	..
Adams	7	8	9	5	6	8	8	8	10	7
Dawson	2	1	..	..	5	8	5	..	6	..
Van Dyke	..	7	7	9	10	9	8	10	7	8
Duston	..	8	8	7	6	8	8	7	6	8
Orton	..	..	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
Herrington	..	..	8	8	8	8	9	8	7	10
Folsom	..	..	7	5	5	4	5	..	8	..
Whitehead	..	..	7	..	7	..	..	..	9	..
Mason	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..

Team race:

Team No. 1.	
Duston	1100111111111110011111111—21
Shaw	0111011100101110011011011—16
Herrington	1011001110110110111011111—18
J H Terrill	1111001001010111111111110—18
Folsom	1111110101011111111001110—19—92
Team No. 2	
Van Dyke	1101011111111101111111111—22
Whitehead	1011111110011111111111111—22
Adams	1111110101111111111111111—20
Couch	1001111011111101111011011—19
Orton	0100100110000111110110111—14—97

SECRETARY.

Another System of Dividing Purses.

UNDER the *nom de plume* of Stanstead a correspondent sends us the following, dated Nov. 18:

"The trap-shooters of the present day are quite as much puzzled over the problem of how to arrange a system of division of purses so as to meet all requirements as our statesmen are in trying to frame a bankrupt law that will not only protect the unfortunate, but prevent them from defrauding their creditors. I am an ex-manufacturer of ammunition and a trap-shooter of bygone days, and I believe that, among the many systems of dividing purses, there is none equal to that which we call the 'N. P. L.' system, which is as follows:

"Divide the purse, less the price of the targets, by the number of targets broken in the event; the amount thus obtained, multiplied by the number of targets broken by an individual, would give his share of the purse. Example: 20 targets, 20 entries, at $2 50, $25 added money; total purse (after deducting price of targets at 3 cents, $12) would be $63. Suppose 310 targets out of the 400 were broken, this would give us 20 cents as the value of each break, with $1 over to go to the club; thus a straight score of 20 would net $4; a 19, $3.80, and so on.

"The objects of trap-shooting tournaments are twofold: First, to promote and increase this sport; second, to increase the consumption of trap-shooting supplies. To successfully accomplish these objects, tournaments must be arranged and conducted so as to bring out every lover of the gun, and then keep them interested in the sport. This can only be done by giving every contestant a slice of the money, instead of letting a few superior shots capture the whole. If managers of tournaments would try this 'N. P. L.' system, and advertise it thoroughly, they would bring out all the local shooters, as well as a crowd from other localities. The great majority of those who take part in the sport, so long as they win a portion of the money, will go away happy, ready and anxious to come again. It will be only the sharks who will growl and kick."

Stanstead is a resident in the State of Vermont, and that's about all we are at liberty to say about him. As regards his system, we would call attention to its similarity to the "Jack Rabbit" and other equitable systems. It is certainly an *equitable* system, as a man receives a due proportion for the breaks he scores. For one-day shoots, small tournaments, or club shoots, we think the idea would be a good one, but the figuring it would require in a tournament the size of the big circuit ones of 1895 would be too much for an ordinary cashier, hampered as he is by so many people always wanting his attention.

In club shoots, and in small sociable tournaments, we believe in minimizing losses as far as possible. Our idea is that by doing so there is always a better feeling in the crowd, and no one goes away with a sensation of being euchred out of his money, but that, on the contrary, he has had his fun, and has paid a fair price for it—just like a matter of purchasing one's theater ticket and enjoying a good show. We think that this is an axiom: That for every one who goes away from a tournament a good winner, there are at least half a dozen others who go away with a slight soreness, feeling that they have not enjoyed their day's sport, having paid for that sport a little too dearly for their fancy.

At large tournaments, however, the matter is somewhat different. There, owing to the amount of added money, there is a far better show for a moderately good shot, *i. e.*, an 85 per cent. man, by making a straight to come out whole on the day's expenses. There are so many in the class named, and in the classes above 85 per cent., that such large tournaments will always be well patronized. We need not consider them when discussing Stanstead's system. This system, like the Rose system, absolutely prevents dropping for place and is therefore entitled to respectful consideration.

We shall be glad to publish further criticisms on these two vexed questions: handicaps and division of purses.

Climax Gun Club.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Nov. 21.—In cold weather ten members of the Climax Gun Club stood before the traps at Fanwood, N. J., and shot their scores in the regular monthly club shoot with the following result, Grier as usual being away up:

J Grier (33)	1111111111111111101111010111011—29
R Manning (27)	1111011111011111111111111111—25
L Schortemeier (26)	0111111111101111111111111—24
J Swody (31)	0110111011011110110111111101041 —23
N Apgar (25)	1110111111111111110110 —22
D Darby (30)	0111111000110011110001011111 —20
D Terry (26)	1111101111101011110110100 —19
T Brantingham (25)	1111011011110000011111111 —18
T H Keller (25)	1111111000010111101011 —17
J Goodman (32)	1111100000100110010110110100100 —16

The following teams shot a race for the price of the targets, Apgar and Grier choosing sides; Grier's team paid for the targets shot at by Apgar's team, as the score shows:

Apgar's Team.	
N Apgar	1111111111111011111111101—23
L Schortemeier	1111110111011111010111111—21
T H Keller	1111111111110111101110111011—22
D Terry	1000111000111111001110111—17
J Goodman	1111100000010110111110111—16—99
Grier's Team.	
J Grier	1101101011100101110111110—17
R Manning	1111111111111111111010011—22
T Brantingham	0111101111111101111111111—22
D Darby	0111111010111010110011—17
J Swody	1111111011101001000111001—16—94

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Personally Conducted Tours via Pennsylvania Railroad.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces the following personally conducted tours for the season of 1895-96:

Two tours to California and the Pacific coast will leave New York and Philadelphia Feb 12 and March 11, 1896. Four weeks in California on the first tour, four and a half weeks on the second. Stop will be made at New Orleans for Mardi-Gras festivities on first.

Tours to Washington, D. C., each covering a period of three days, will leave New York and Philadelphia Dec. 26, 1895, Jan. 16, Feb. 6 and 27, March 19, April 2 and 23, and May 14, 1896. Rates, including transportation and two days' accommodation at the best Washington hotels, $14.50 from New York and $11.50 from Philadelphia; $13.50 from New York, not including meals *en route*.

Tours to Jacksonville, Fla., allowing two weeks in the "Land of Flowers," will leave New York and Philadelphia Jan. 23, Feb. 4, 11, 18 and 25, and March 3, 1896. Rates, covering expenses *en route* in both directions, $50 from New York and $48 from Philadelphia.

Tours to Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington will leave New York and Philadelphia Dec. 26, 1895, Jan. 23, Feb. 20 and March 12, 1896.

Detailed itineraries will be sent on application to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Room 411 Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

Tours to the Golden Gate and Florida via Pennsylvania Railroad.

THAT the public are quick to recognize the advantages of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's perfect personally conducted tourist system is exemplified by the annual increase in the number of participants in tours organized under that system. Aside from this, the growing desire of Americans to see the wonders of their land is also an important factor in advancing this healthy sentiment in favor of travel.

This season's tours to California will be conducted in all respects as those of preceding years, and will leave New York and Philadelphia Feb. 12 and March 11, 1896. On the first tour a stop will be made at New Orleans for the Mardi-Gras festivities, and four weeks will be allowed in California. On the second tour four and one-half weeks will be allowed in California.

In addition to the tours to the Golden Gate, a series of tours to Jacksonville has been arranged. The tours will leave New York and Philadelphia Jan. 28, Feb. 4, 11, 18 and 25, and March 3, 1896, and allow two weeks' stay in the "Land of Flowers."

Detailed itineraries of these tours will be sent on application to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Room 411 Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

"She Do Not Even Hesitate."

Raleigh Press-Visitor.

"THE negro of this region can often throw in a word to describe a situation when a scholar who is conversant with many languages would fail. The other day at a station on the Seaboard Air Line this side of Hamlet, a lady approached, and, being a stranger and seeing an old negro man, asked, 'Uncle, does the vestibule train stop here?' 'No, marm,' answered the old coon, 'she do not even hesitate.'"

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Winter Excursion Tickets on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

ON Nov. 1 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company placed on sale at its principal ticket offices excursion tickets to all prominent winter resorts in New Jersey, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Cuba. The tickets are sold at the usual low rates.

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An illustrated book, descriptive of winter resorts and giving routes of travel and rates for tickets, will be furnished free on application to ticket agents.—*Adv.*

New Ideal Tool.

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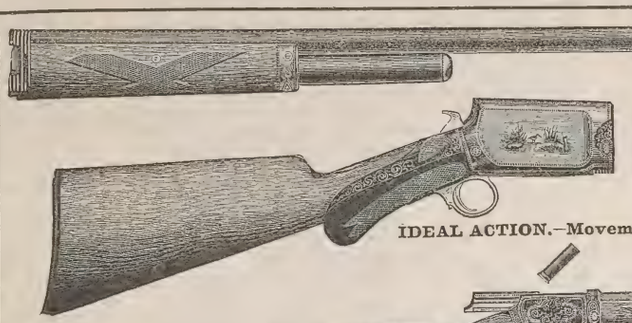
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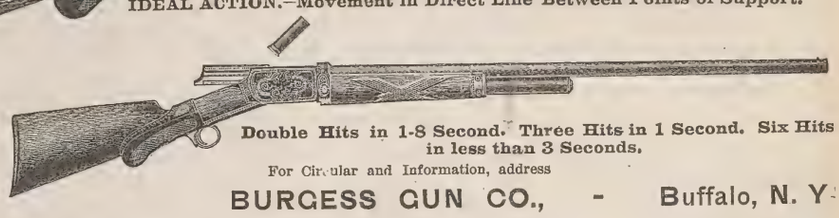


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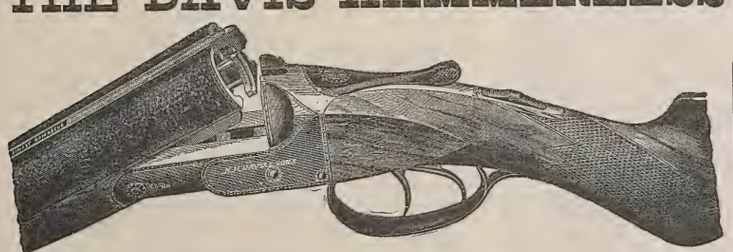
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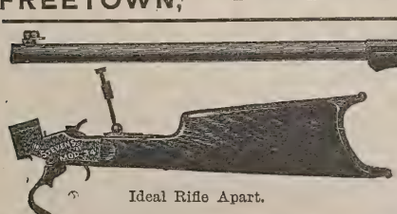
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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK REPORT.

THE last report of the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, from which we make copious extracts elsewhere, is an interesting and encouraging document. In most respects it shows a continuance of the improvement in Park matters which has been taking place there since the present Superintendent took charge, and its only discouraging feature is the game killing which takes place in and near the southwest corner of the Park, and which can be prevented only by furnishing to the Superintendent a larger force of men.

To those who recall the frequency with which the forests of the Park were ravaged by fire ten years ago, it is interesting to learn that during the year just passed no fires of any great importance have taken place. This is in large measure due to cautionary warnings given to all travelers by the Superintendent and to a patrol system which he has established, by which his men visit daily during the season all the different camping places and put out any camp-fires that may have been abandoned unextinguished by tourists. It cannot be doubted that this efficient system of patrol has done more than anything to protect the forests of the Park. The greatest danger to them has always been from neglected camp-fires.

As often recommended by FOREST AND STREAM, the control and management of the road work was last year turned over to the Superintendent of the Park. The advantages sure to result from such a change of control had long been evident, and the event has justified our recommendations. Since the change was made roads have been more promptly and cheaply mended, and new roads have been built at an expense considerably less than before. The officer responsible for the work is on the ground and able to watch it from day to day, so that all work is done to the best advantage, and there has been a saving of money and an improvement of the roads.

The few bison remaining within the Park still attract the head-hunter, and the small force at Captain Anderson's disposal makes it most difficult to keep them out of the Park.

We have frequently called attention to the fact that in Idaho there is no law forbidding the killing of buffalo, and to the further fact that, as the western boundary of the National Park is in Idaho, that State has become a gathering ground for lawless characters, who take advantage of this absence of law to kill the buffalo that wander from the reservation into unprotected territory, or even enter the Park and there destroy the animals, which are then at once carried out of the Park and into Idaho, where the depredators feel safe. No longer ago than last July we again urged the recommendation by the Governor to the next Legislature of the passage of a law protecting this species.

It is manifest that the few troops now stationed in the Park—no matter how earnest and energetic they may be—cannot efficiently patrol a boundary line nearly sixty miles in length, and that unless assistance is rendered the Park officials by the State of Idaho, the killing of the few remaining buffalo will be continued until all have been destroyed. Even now dispatches are being published in the newspapers telling of the slaughter of some buffalo in the Park, and of the arrest of one Courtney for the offense. The specific charge against him is the killing of five buffalo within the Park, and Courtney is said to have had companions, for whom the United States officials are now looking. It is stated that there are only ten head of buffalo left in the Park, and, while it is not to be supposed that this is true, there appears to be no doubt that they have been frightfully diminished within the past two or three years, and that unless some action is promptly taken by the Idaho authorities, either more troops must be stationed in the Park or the buffalo must be wholly exterminated. A note from a Utah correspondent, printed in another column, tells something of the practices of the poachers in that region.

We have reason to believe that at the next session of the Legislature Governor McConnell, of Idaho, will recommend the passage of such a law as we have indicated. In the meantime, the only action that can be taken would seem to be the stationing of scouts along the borders of the Park, with instructions to capture poachers found entering the reservation, and to bring them in, alive, if possible, but at all events to bring them.

The condition of things along this Idaho line is an impressive object lesson to those people who have believed that the northeast corner of the Park should be thrown open to settlement, and that the Yellowstone River should form the boundary of the Park. If a segregation bill were to pass and that river were made the Park boundary, it would bring the game butchers close to the winter feeding ground of the elk, and they could cross the stream anywhere along its length with but little difficulty or danger, just as these Idaho butchers now cross the Park line on the west. The herds of elk now wintering along the Yellowstone Valley would exist for a short time only, if exposed to the attacks of such marauders.

The fishing within the National Park has greatly improved, and many streams which in old times were without fish, having now been stocked, afford splendid angling to the tourists. Capt. Anderson's suggestion that no fish under 6in. in length should be taken is a wise one, and such a regulation should at once be put in force.

Too much praise cannot be given to the Superintendent of the Park for the energy, earnestness and good judgment that he has displayed in his administration of its affairs. He took hold of it at the precise time, when it became most difficult to protect; when the lawless element of the adjacent States had come to believe that the regulations established by the Secretary of the Interior were a mere formula, and that an infraction of these regulations carried with it no penalty. He has fought the law breakers with all his strength, and he did much to secure the passage of the law for the protection of the Park and to defeat the project for segregation.

The record of Capt. Anderson's work here will always be an important chapter in the history of the Nation's pleasure ground.

STEELHEADS AS CANNED SALMON.

JUDGE S. H. GREENE, of Portland, sends us a copy of the *Oregonian* of Nov. 20, which has this note:

> Dr. Tarlton H. Bean is being earnestly pushed for the vacant position of president of the United States Fish Commission by the New York *Fishing Gazette*. The doctor contributes an article on salmon to the current issue of the *Gazette*, in which he says of the steelhead: "A few years ago it was scarcely considered fit for use because its bones are hard, and it is consequently not suitable for canning." Columbia River packers, who have been putting up steelheads for years, will be surprised not only to learn that they cannot can the steelhead, but also the reason why they cannot. It is therefore a little illogical that the *Gazette* should say editorially: "The article on the first page by Dr. Tarlton H. Bean is evidence of Dr. Bean's knowledge of the fisheries, and disarms all criticism for the support given him by the *Gazette* for the position of United States Fish Commissioner."

Judge Greene comments: "For my own part, I think Dr. Bean about the best equipped man we have to fill the place made vacant by the death of Marshall McDonald. He may be a little off on the Pacific coast salmon industry, however."

Knowing that Dr. Bean, by many years of devoted study, has become well acquainted with the West coast fish and fisheries, and has always tried by every means in his power to promote the interests of legitimate fishery, we take issue with the *Oregonian* for its criticism of his expressed opinion on the steelhead's merits. It is well known to every one who has access to the statistics that steelheads constituted less than one-twelfth of the pack in 1889, increasing to nearly one-sixth in 1892, the increase being due chiefly to the growing scarcity of Chinook and blueback salmon.

Dr. Bean's statement, however, is that steelheads are unsuitable for canning and should be marketed as fresh fish. That is his individual opinion, and it is shared by Dr. David Starr Jordan, as evidenced by the following remarks on the steelhead in Section I. of "The Fisheries and Fishery Industries of the United States," pages 474–475: "Elsewhere than in the Columbia this species is highly valued as a food fish. When taken in the Columbia in spring little or no use is made of it. Its flesh is pale, and its bones too firm for it to be used in canning, and at that season the old individuals taken are usually spent and worthless."

Again, in Section V. of the same work, Vol. I., page 745, Dr. Jordan and Prof. Gilbert say of the steelhead: "With the salmon in spring a large trout is taken (*Salmo gairdneri*, Rich.), known as the steelhead salmon. * * * It has no value to the canner, as its flesh is pale and its bones are not soft when boiled."

If any further argument be needed on this point it is to be found in the fact that canned steelheads are not quoted under their own name, and are intended only to supply a demand for cheap fish—a demand which has led to the utilization of other pale-fleshed species such as dog salmon and little humpbacks, to the great injury of the trade in prime canned salmon. A fresh steelhead is worth about twice as much as one of equal size when converted into canned salmon.

We are inclined to believe further that Dr. Bean's attempt to discourage the use of the steelhead for canning grows out of his respect for the nobility of that fine trout—for trout it is, although the Oregon law-makers have classed it as a salmon. It belongs to the same race as the rainbow or California mountain trout, the red-throated trout, lake trout or salmon trout of the Columbia River region, the Waha Lake trout, the Lake Tahoe or silver trout, the brown trout introduced from Europe and some others.

SNAP SHOTS.

THE annual meeting of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held in Syracuse on Thursday, Jan. 9, and President Frank J. Amsden advises us that he anticipates a large attendance and an important business meeting. The amendments of the law desired by various individuals and clubs are already in the hands of the law committee.

We assume that the Association will give first attention to an effort to secure a repeal of the iniquitous Section 249, which is the market men's section, permitting the sale of game in close season. This provision calls for the most determined opposition. So long as it continues in force, New York cannot expect to protect her own game covers, nor can she avoid doing injustice to her sister States. We have seen it intimated in print that the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game have found Section 249 an impediment to the efficient enforcement of the law which forbids the transportation of game to market. If the State Association could have the undivided support of the Commission in its opposition to Section 249, such a combination of influence should prove effective at Albany.

To put it in homely phase, the present New York Fish Commission have not yet been able to make head or tail of the accounts of their predecessors. A special committee charged with an investigation of the books of Secretary Doyle has made a report which is not altogether lucid, and this lack of lucidity is accounted for by the fact that the investigators were unable to find certain books of account. The disclosures show at least one thing very clearly, that it was time for making a radical change in the Commission.

We have no quarrel with M. de Montauban, who recites his individual experience with a market-hunter of harmless sort; if all gunners for gain were as inoffensive, the principle of prohibiting game would not form a platform plank; there would be no necessity of it. But the unhappy reality is that the average market-hunter is not of the idyllic character portrayed by our correspondent. The industrious despoilers of the prairies and swales and deer forests, who have piled up their tons upon tons and carloads upon carloads of game in the markets are of quite a different breed. They are the agents of wholesale game depletion in this country, and their traffic must be suppressed if we are to have any game left.

Oregon has afforded another example of loose wording in game and fish legislation. The law forbidding the sale of mountain trout confines the prohibition to fish taken in fresh water; and as the trout of coast streams resort to the sea, and may there be caught, the dealers are making the most of their opportunities, selling unrestricted lots of mountain trout and claiming, with or without truthfulness, that the fish come from salt water. If Judge Green and his allies are shrewd they may yet make a case against some of the trout sellers. There is one infallible test of these fish as to the source of capture. If the trout have the red spots they come from fresh water, for in salt water the spots are lost.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.

V.—The East Slang.

Sam repeated his mistake with two or three more rising birds, but got two more in a sitting shot at a flock of wood duck discovered in a nook of the marsh, and then to Antoine's great disgust easily knocked over a coot that stupidly permitted them to paddle within short range.

"Dat feller a'n't worse you' paowder, Sam. You see he gat mout' mos' lak' hen was, an' hees foots some lak' hen, some lak' dauk, an' he'll a'n't t'oddur t'ing or one. Ah'll 'spec' prob'ly it was hens try for be dauk, or dauk try for be hens, an' he'll a'n't mek' up very good. He mek' some good fedder for Zhozeff. Hello, Sam, you'll know dis place, a'n't it?" he asked with eager interest as he came to a narrow tributary channel with fishing stakes set on either side.

"Wal, if it hain't the East Slang, sure as guns," said Sam in joyful recognition of their old trapping ground. "I tell ye what, Antoine, we mus' go an' take a look at aour ol' hum'stead," and Antoine turned the canoe's prow into the narrower waterway and followed its lazy meandering among the broad level of the marsh to where the sluggish current creeps between narrower margins of wild rice rushes and sedges flanked by open fields on the east and, at that time, by almost unbroken forest on the west.

At the nearest point of this shore they found an opening to their old landing and pushed the canoe to a berth alongside a clumsy dugout which gave evidence of recent use in a fish-pole and line and a basin of earth in which a few angle worms were crawling and reaching vainly for a way of escape over the edges of rusty tin. A well-worn footpath led away through the bushy border and under the hemlocks.

"Prob'ly some more mah rellashin, Ah guess," said Antoine.

"One o' your brother-in-laws. Mebbe we'll go an' look him up bime by. I b'lieve I've heard you tell o' hevin' one or tew. But le's gwup tu the ol' shanty," and he led the way to the familiar spot.

It was not hard to find, for the moss-grown slabs were lying in a crushed heap upon the broken ridge-pole, and in front a patch of ashes filmed with moss, nourishing fireweed whose silver-winged seeds were now drifting alee on the light breeze, marked the place of the old camp-fire. Beside it was the log seat, softer than it used to be, with decay and a cushion of lichens. They seated themselves upon it, looking around upon the desolation with half melancholy interest while they slowly filled their pipes.

"It looks so as if de folks was all dead gre't many year 'go an' it seem so we was de folks," said Antoine ruefully. "It mek' me feel lonesick."

"Yes, it does make a feller sort er lunsome, a mournin' for the feller that was himself oncte."

"Dat true as you livin', Sam. Bah gosh, seh, it a'n't seem if Ah was me, w'en Ah'll re'mbler dat leetly boy in Canada wid hees fader an' mudder, young folks dat dance all naght, an' Ah'll gat honly one brudder-law, an' de summer las' mos' all de year an' de winter a'n't never too long 'cause Ah'll happy every day. Oh, Ah'll a'n't dat leetly feller. Den w'en Ah'll growed big mans Ah be naow Ah'll a'n't know much an' can' spik Angleesh more as frawg; dat a'n't de sem' feller Ah was naow, for know much anybody an' spik jus' lak' Yankee. Den Ah'll faght in de Papineau war more hugly as dev', naow Ah'll was peaceably mans, honly w'en Ah'll was get mad, den dey want for look aout, everybody but you, Sam. Oh, Ah'll was been great many feller, me."

"We're gen'ally tew folks all the time," said Sam, following a climbing wreath of tobacco smoke with meditative eyes. "One is the feller 'at we know an' t'other's the feller 'at other folks knows, an' most on us is almighty shy o' showin' the one 'at we know tu other folks. By the great horn spoon! I dasn't hardly look at my Sam, myself, he's got so many mean streaks in him. Hello, there's aour ol' squirrel, er one 'at looks jus' like him, a-snickerin' at your Antoine er my Sam this minute." He pointed with his pipe at a red squirrel that was jerking himself into a frenzy of derision on the trunk of a hemlock.

The sun and the breeze had burned and blown the mist away and the day was bright with the beauty of late September, the clear blue sky, the first autumnal tints of the unthinned foliage bordered with the lesser glory of woodside golden-rod and aster, the marshes in the broad masses of bronze and russet and gold unbroken save where the scarlet flame of an outstanding dwarfed maple blazed among the colder tints, with the verdure of the grass lands, looking as green as in June.

Such sounds as were heard were distinctive of the season and some were conspicuously absent. The flute of the hermit and the bells of the wood thrushes were silent. The booming of the bittern and the chorus of the frogs no longer sounded over the expanse of marshes. Birds that rejoiced melodiously over the earth's fresh luxuriance in June uttered now only brief notes of farewell to the kindling glory of her ripeness. Only the bluebird sang, and with a mournful cadence. The crows cawed lazily, jays squalled apart or in united vociferation, chickadees repeated their own name, nuthatches piped their nasal call, woodpeckers hammered with voiceless industry and never a rattling drum-call, these and the squirrels were the only tenants of the woods who gave audible evidence of their presence.

Across the fields from distant farmsteads came the regular thud of flails, and from one barn the clatter and roar of a new-fangled threshing machine; and there was also the rumble and clatter of farm wagons and the bawling of plowmen, shouting as if their oxen were deaf or a mile from their driver. Piercing through these larger sounds there could be heard the shrill voice of cockerels practicing their yet unlearned challenge, and the yelping of wandering flocks of turkeys harvesting the half torpid grasshoppers and gleaning the grain fields.

Every sound that came to the ears of Sam and his companion, as they unconsciously listened, was as indicative of the season as the visible signs of the year's ripening which met their abstracted eyes.

"Wal, Antoine," said Sam, arousing himself and knocking the ashes of his pipe upon the grave of the old camp-fire, "Le's go an' see if you've got a new lot o' relations settled here," and Antoine, nothing loth to undertake such quest, followed with him the path into the shadow of the hemlocks.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

HOW FUR IS CAUGHT.—II.

The Start on the Trapping Trail.

As has been stated earlier, the little town of Mercer is on the Turtle chain of waters. It is a journey of about twenty-five miles from the Northwestern Railroad at this point to the head of the water shed, the voyage being over some pretty rapids in the river, and across some pretty lakes. The Bucks' summer place is on the narrows which practically divide Turtle Lake into two bodies of water, and at this place we were advised that the trappers had their main camp, which consisted of a big wall tent, fitted up with a cook stove and supplies. It was our intention to make this main camp on the first night out, this being easy to do, since the distance by land trail was only about fifteen miles. We took the morning down train from Mercer to Manitowish, a distance of about three miles, and left the latter point a little after noon of a lovely winter day. A good logging road made us easy going for about five miles more, during which time we crossed the trapping line run by "old man" Buck, who had a number of sets for lynx and one for otter, but of course we did not stop to run any of his traps for him. After leaving the logging road we struck out across the lake known as Circle Lily, then a glittering plain of blinding white. Here we made good time, although Fay, Buck and I had to wait for Brandis and Norris. The latter had invented a new kind of snowshoe strap arranged with loops and buckles which he had figured out to be a good thing, but which like a good many other good things did not turn out the way he expected. The straps, instead of being easy on his feet, proved to be very hard, and it was not until Frank Brandis, with good pine-woods ingenuity, had altered the hang of the straps, that Norris was able to get along with any kind of comfort.

Snowshoe Ties.

I was much interested in studying the different snowshoe ties used in the pine country. There are several different ties, each of which has its ardent advocates, but in



HEAVY MARCHING ORDER.
The FOREST AND STREAM Man.

actual use you will hardly see any two sets of straps alike. When you buy your snowshoes you will find a nice set of thongs come with them, and you can tie these into very pretty knots so long as you remain on your office floor, but when you get out in the woods on thawing snow you will find things very different. The thongs get wet and stretch out into thin, biting cords which need continual adjustment. When they are wet they stretch and when they are dry they shrink, so that a tie which is good in the evening will be impossible to negotiate in the morning. The Wisconsin trapper uses a toe strap to his web shoes, and this he never alters after adjusting it so that his toe works just right over the rim and into the foot hole. From the bar running back he has two long loops which pass back of the heel. The lower one of these loops serves to keep the heel from slipping back. The upper loop crosses over the instep, and then passes back of the heel, where it meets the lower loop, both resting on the Achilles tendon. Some snowshoers tie their straps every time they put on the shoes, but our trappers did not do this. Their straps were never touched or "monkeyed with" in any way. When they wished to tighten the straps a little bit they simply rolled the upper and lower loops together at the resting place behind the ankle. When the straps got too tight they loosened them by unrolling the loops at the same place. I speak of their "straps," but really they had very few straps to their snowshoes except the permanent toe strap, as their thongs were mostly made of linen rags, which they said were easier on the feet and less subject to stretching and shrinking. There is a wide difference between theory and practice in many lines of sportsmen's equipment. The snowshoer can only learn by actual experience in the woods. As I have said before, the art of web shoeing is not hard to acquire, the only difficulty being with the straps. The beginner may punish himself for some time by not knowing how the straps ought to feel, but after a time he will learn how to twist, untwist, tie and retie them until he gets a combination which gives his foot perfect play up and down, keeps it from slipping forward or backward, and yet gives him the minimum of suffering on that tender place back of the ankle, which of course is well protected by heavy socks and his moccasins or overshoes. The step itself is not difficult to acquire. It is a long reaching step, and if one is powerful enough to keep it up through all sorts of snow, it is astonishing what a distance he can waddle over in a day. Our trappers used shoes with very little rake-up at the toes and of a very broad oval. Their shoes were 4ft. in length. If it is necessary for a heavy man to have a good big pack, it is necessary for him also to have a good big shoe to hold him up. A pair of shoes last a trapper a little over one season. To-day one of the prized trophies in my collection is the old, worn out pair of shoes which Frank Brandis finished up on our trapping trip in February. They still show the deep sunken mark where the heel was forced into them on wet days when the sinews stretched, and the web is patched with hay wire and raw hide and about everything else a trapper could lay his hands on.

Footwear.

I have already spoken of the footwear proper for winter in this latitude, but as usual the visitors had something to learn. Norris and I wore high top overshoes, such as are very good for *ski* work, but very poor for the webber, where the ankle needs continual freedom in play, and the foot has to be lifted clear every step, in a way quite different from the sliding shuffle of the *ski* step. Inside of my overshoes I wore Indian moccasins, and I learned something about moccasins that day. I had always thought of them as being soft, innocent, easy-going things, incapable of punishing one's foot if they wanted to, but now I know how wrong that supposition was. Repeated wetting and drying had shortened my moccasins until they were just a little short for my foot. When I stood up on the floor they were apparently all right, but after I had shoved my toes into them for a few hours on the trail, I found they were all wrong. They bent the toes back in a way which was very painful, and in consequence I lost the nails from three toes, the result of one afternoon spent with the wrong kind of a footwear in the woods. After that I did not wear them any more, and the next pair I get is going to be about 14in. longer than my foot. I prized those pretty pink toenails of mine very highly. When I came out of the woods I had thrown away my original footgear, and was wearing the heavy socks and sawed-off rubber shoes of the country, and was traveling in perfect comfort.

I have earlier mentioned that I took in for the trip both *skis* and web shoes. Whenever possible I used the *skis*, which offer much better sport and far greater ease of traveling on country suitable to their use. Of course, skating along a trodden logging road is in no sense *ski* work, and away from the lakes, the roads, and the open woods or clear country, the *skis* could not be used to any advantage. I found that no one in that region knew anything about the *skis* or their use, as it is not naturally a *ski* country, but still I was reluctant to give up the use of the shoes which had previously afforded me so much sport and comfort, and so (with assistance of Frank Brandis part of the time) I carried both the *skis* and the webs for about fifteen or twenty miles of the way, as far as the country offered any chance for the *skis* at all.

"Enough Norweglans."

On this first day, as we were going along the logging trail which led out of Manitowish, we came upon a man lying on his back on the snow in the middle of the road. He was motionless, and when I went up to him I thought he was dead, but at length saw he was only paralyzed by pine woods whiskey. He was dressed in the usual Mackinaw clothing, much thanks to which for the fact he was not frozen stiff. After much trouble we got him awake, and found he was only one of the tough "lumber jacks" common to the region. (I think the working population of the pine woods is the lowest, filthiest and most degraded class of men I have ever seen in any part of the United States.)

"I jist set down fur wance in a woy," said this specimen, who proved to be an Irishman. "D' ye moind, I wuz waitin' fer a felly, see?"

We saw that to leave him alone was to allow him to freeze to death, so we dragged and drove him along with us for a couple of miles, till we came to the logging camp, where we left him. As the keen air and exercise of walking (which latter in his case was violent) began to eliminate some of the effect of the awful liquor he had been drinking, he became first apologetic, then explanatory, then talkative, and finally belligerent. North country whisky has a couple of fights in every drink, and its chief characteristic began to show in our newly discovered friend.

"An' pfwhat moight be yer name, ye yeller-headed —— — ——?" he said to me, as I walked ahead. "An' pfwhat is thim t'ings ye're carryin' over yer shou'ther?" (meaning the *skis*.)

"They're my *skis*, you red-headed —— — ——," said I to him, cheerfully.

"Umph—humph," said he, and lapsed into thought for a while, at last resuming: "Skees, it is, is it, eh? Thim is thim skates the Norwaygins uses, eh?"

I told him he was correct, and for quite a while he was silent, but at length broke out with a snort of rage.

"Shore, if I had a gun I'd kill ye, ye yeller-headed —— — ——!" said he. "There's Norwaygins enough in this yer counthry now!" This he said with an air of the deepest conviction, and I could only admit that he, being a resident of the country, must be better acquainted with its condition and requirements than myself.

Fur Sign and Trapper Talk.

We arrived at the further side of Circle Lily Lake about the middle of the afternoon, or rather, Fay and I did, and we could then see Norris and Brandis well out from the shore on their way across. Between this lake and the first one of the Turtle chain there lies a low, swampy bit of ground about three miles or so across, heavily covered with thickets, timber and windfalls, offering hard traveling and good trapping at the same time.

"We have a number of traps set in this swamp," said Fay, "and I should think we ought to have something. Do you see the marten tracks? They often hop along and follow a trail quite a way, sometimes until they find a trap. A fox will not follow a trail that way so much, but will parallel it. I have seen their tracks where they have been going along that way, and all at once I would see where old Mr. Fox had smelled something wrong, or got a notion in his head it wasn't all right, and had made a big jump and lit out clean away from the trail as tight

as he could go. A fox is about the hardest animal we have to catch, though we do catch them right along.

"Now, a lynx is not a very hard animal to trap. Sometimes a lynx is the biggest sort of a fool. He won't try to spring a trap, or to run away from it, but will go right into it. He will follow along a trail for half a mile or so perhaps, and as we always want an animal to do that we sometimes use a drop or two of scent now and then, and we put scent on the bait. Fish oil is a good scent, or fish oil and beaver castor, or fish oil and parts of female animals. We don't rely on the scent altogether and have no secrets about it, but we use it sometimes. A lynx will follow a long way on the trail of scent, and it seems to be full of curiosity. Now, if you wanted to put out a sign over a trap to frighten away a fox, you would hang a red rag over it, wouldn't you? Yet I have often caught lynx by hanging a piece of red flannel over the trap. If a lynx sees a red rag hanging up that way he is about sure to go and see what it is.

"We bait all our traps with just whatever we happen to have handy, mostly pieces of rabbit. We caught some beaver not long ago, and we have used a good deal of chopped beaver for bait.

"When a man is running a line he has to have a good many pounds of bait in his pack if he is going far. I carry my bait in a rubber bag, made by sewing up one end of a rubber boot leg. This keeps it away from your other stuff, in case the warmth of your back thaws it out on the march.

"In 'trappers' guide' books you see pretty pictures about



STARTING FOR THE WINTER CAMP.



TRAPPERS' EXPRESS, STAR LAKE, WIS.

how to build bark or slab houses for the bait, so that an animal is sure to get caught if he goes in. We don't do anything like that, for it's a bad plan. All our sets are just natural sets. We take advantage of natural objects only in laying our traps."

My young giant now pressed ahead over the fallen timber, up and down and around hummocks, over and under prone tree trunks and masses of uptorn roots, walking with ease and swiftness, now and then striking a playful blow with the axe he carried in one hand. His pack of 60lbs. seemed not to distress or encumber him, and he talked to me of the ways of the woods creatures as we went along. We saw plenty of sign as we got into this rough country, most of it marten sign; but at length Fay stopped, and called out:

Hello! Here's that old lynx again." (Of course he called it "link.") "He's been through here two or three times before, and I believe there's more than one of them in this windfall."

He pointed to the tracks, near the trail where it passed through a section of massed and matted down timber, a "windfall" such as the lynx likes for a home. The big, furry paws had left holes in the snow the size of a horse's track. We followed the sign for a way, and I was following along this while Fay went ahead to look at some traps along a side trail. Soon after this Brandis and Norris overtook me, and we three started on down the trail together.

The Lynx in the Trap.

Fay, who was a rapid walker and a hustler on a trail, was nearly a quarter of a mile ahead, when we heard him halloo to us, his voice at first sounding very faint and far away. Knowing that something had turned up, we all crowded ahead as fast as we could, and at last I could distinguish his words.

"Here's your chance for your picture!" he sang out.

It was a chance, sure enough. From under the root of a fallen tree, where a few drooping boughs had aided in making a little den free from the snow, there sprang an animal as large as a setter dog, but with a flat head, close-laid ears and great thick legs and feet. In the dim light in which we first saw it in the deep woods, it looked quite black, but when we came closer, we saw the gray coat of the full furred Canada lynx—a lynx with the steel trap hanging to his forefoot, a lynx full grown and viciously angry all the way through. Our trip was not an empty one!

The lynx tried once more to loosen the clog pole, which was about 8ft. long and which was thrust into the roots of the tree, the ring of the trap chain being driven down tight on its larger end. Failing in this, he swung and whirled over the pole, spat, sniffed and clawed about, and then went back into his hole. He was a migthy mad lynx, if the usual cat signs of anger were any good.

"You get your photograph machine ready, "said Brandis, after I had let the lynx chew the end of my snowshoe pole awhile (the deep marks of his teeth are on the pole yet.) "I'm going to pull him out."

The lynx didn't want to come out at first, when Brandis pulled on the clog pole, but all at once he let loose and came clear out into the trail at one motion, clearing a swath around with a spread foot that looked as big and ugly as a buzz saw. Then, failing to reach any of us, as Brandis crowded the end of the pole down into the deep snow, he lay flat with his ears down, his teeth showing and a most tremendous deep bass growl coming out of his mouth. It was the chance of a lifetime for a photograph, and it would have been worth a good deal to FOREST AND STREAM to print the picture of the beast as it lay there, fairly buffling with rage.

But alas! The same faking fraud of a camera which three times broke down with me out in the Yellowstone Park, and which only by a miracle did the work asked of it, chose this very moment to go wrong again. I got square in front of my lynx, at a distance of about 8ft., set the instrument, got Brandis to poke up the subject until he looked a very demon of wrath, and touched the button! The camera did the rest. (I will say this was not an Eastman machine.) There was a faint, slow, half-way click. I knew, from former experience, what was the matter. The shutter doors, instead of passing free and letting in the light, only threw half way. They paused at just such a point that by no way possible could a ray of light get into the lens! My heart sunk, for I knew it was all over. It was no time to fix a camera, in front of a live lynx, in a dim forest, with the evening light already waning. Later the miserable fraud of a camera closed its career by tearing the film across, twenty miles from the railroad and in the middle of the trip. At great trouble and delay I sent back to Chicago for another camera, and thus in the last half of my trip got some pictures after all.

But I got no picture of my lynx, and I presume I shall never have such another opportunity. Unwilling to admit the truth, I tried several times to get an exposure, and once nearly lost a trouser leg by it. I was only about 6ft. from the lynx, and with my back against a cedar tree, when he made a sudden spring, tore the end of the pole out of the snow, and came at me with a circular sweep of his good foot which didn't miss my leg 6in. We surely had lively times there for a while.

The Lynx is Easily Killed.

This lynx was finally killed by a blow over the back of the head from a snowshoe pole, and I was surprised to see how light a blow sufficed to kill it. "They all talk about the toughness of lynx and wildcat," said Fay, "but they ain't hard to kill at all, if you hit 'em over the head right. But they'll fight all right. If a trapped lynx breaks loose, it's more'n likely he'll come for you. Once last winter I was out on the line, and I had a rifle along. I only had two or three cartridges along, and shot away all but one load. Then I came to one of my traps that had a lynx in it. I thought I'd just shoot him, so I cut away, but somehow he moved, and I hit him in the foot and cut it loose from the trap. You can bet he didn't run. He just came for me a-jumping. It happened that there was a club sticking up in the snow, such as we nearly always leave near a lynx trap, and I just grabbed it and swatted the lynx over the head with it when he jumped at me."

Such was Fay's brief version of an affair that would have been good for two columns in a New York daily, or which would have served many men for a life-long story of their own heroism. I confess that the prowess of these big cats deteriorated in my esteem from that time on.

The Well and the Weary.

Fay now went on ahead to camp, which was still four or five miles away, while we repacked our worthless camera and again took up the march. To my surprise, Brandis did not stop to skin the lynx, but strapped the body on top of his pack, which must already have weighed 50lbs. It seemed to give him not the least trouble, and again I marveled at what custom and habit will do for a man. It would be impossible for one unused to it to carry such a pack even on the best of roads.

When we emerged from the cedar swamp we came to the shore of Turtle Lake, which lay before us a great white plain, perhaps five miles across. Even then, in the distance, the figure of Fay Buck was growing shorter and dimmer in the distance, as he kept up the clipping gait which he had struck. After this distant guide we followed, the trail lying perfectly straight to the point of an island. At the edge of the lake I put on my *skis*, and from there on in it was like flying for me, as the snow was good. The others plodded along, clumpety-clump, Brandis silent, mechanical, tireless, long-haired, blue-eyed and picturesque. At the last two miles Norris, who had been sick not long before, began to weaken and tire very fast. We took his pack, but still he did not freshen, for the step of the web shoe is much harder than the slide of the *ski*, and requires more muscular effort. It was now growing bitterly cold and we felt the wind keenly out on the lake. Three-quarters of a mile from camp Norris walked to a stump on the shore of the lake, which we were skirting, and sat down. This was bad, and I knew he was about played out, so we dug down deep in Brandis's pack and got out the brandy flask, which was kept as a last resort in a case of this kind. I gave him a Billy Hofer drink—what the screw-top of the flask would hold—and then we persuaded him along into camp, which we reached at dusk.

The Main Camp.

We found the central camp of our trapper friends a very comfortable affair, thanks to the transportation facilities afforded by water in the summer season. The camp was located in the heavy timber at the narrows of the Turtle Lakes. It was composed of one big wall tent with a smaller one ended on to it at the rear, the latter being used as a sleeping place. In the big tent there was a table, a good cook stove and a few rough stools. A rope was stretched over the stove for a drying line. There was a good pile of stove wood back of the stove. In the sleeping tent there was a perfect stack of good blankets. Everything was eminently comfortable. When we went in Fay had supper nearly ready. Fay is a fine cook and not a trapper of the shiftless kind. He baked as nice a pan of biscuit as one ever saw. And there was some of that same sausage that we smelled frying when we first found Mrs. Buck getting breakfast. And there were pork and beans, and tea and sugar. By the time we had our wet outer socks drying on the line everything was ready, and we ate as only such folk can. Surely the day had been a busy one, and not one of child's play, but work for men. My first day in trapperdom did not bear out in the least the old tradition of the easy, lazy and shiftless ways of the trapper. If those were ever successful methods they would not do to-day.

But we were almost too comfortable for my notion of the correct thing. The blankets were too abundant and thick and warm, even though in the morning when we awoke they were covered with a thick frosty rime from the congealed breath (the thermometer was 6° below zero). I signified my wish to tackle something tougher.

"You'll get it tough enough if you go the round," said Fay, grinning as he looked at Frank Brandis; and Brandis replied with his slow smile.

E. HOUGH.
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A SPOT ON THE SPECTRUM.

THERE are occasional dark spots on the spectrum of a sporting life—that is, incidents which take all the sport out of a trip and leave only memories that call up unpleasant things. Such a memory haunts my mind to-night. There is a child in this story, and anything that touches children touches all our hearts alike.

In western Nebraska there is a broad strip of country that is only partially settled and the towns are far apart, only little more than trading points for the few people who manage to make some kind of a living out of the soil they cultivate. This country, between the Platte and Republican rivers, is famous for goose hunting; and that was the game we were after when we got off the train one cold night late in the fall of '86.

We had had supper and were sitting around the hotel stove discussing the goose question, when some one rode up to the door and hallooed. We opened the door, and there sat a man on a steaming pony in the full glare of the lamplight. While the white flakes of snow, forerunners of what soon developed into a blizzard, sifted to the ground he addressed us with words about like these: "Say, you fellers, Blodgett's little kid has strayed away from home this afternoon and we're going to organize to hunt it. All that can go better get some kind of a rig and get out there as soon as you can, for we want all we can get and we're going to have a nasty night too. I'm going down and get the boys at Hank's and I'll meet you later at Blodgett's."

That was enough. There was a helpless child, 5 years old, lost on those open prairies in the darkness and storm. Some of us had little ones of our own, and those who didn't were ready to go anywhere on demand.

In ten minutes there was not a man left in the hotel office; and two spring wagons were whirling away through the storm as fast as the sturdy broncho teams could take them.

Men grim and determined, with blanched faces, breathed a silent prayer for that little wanderer as they rode into the storm, that increased and grew colder as they faced it on a mission of help.

Some of us had been lost on those dreary uplands and fear for the child tugged at our hearts as we thought how small was the chance of finding that little form alone there in the darkness, wandering God only knew where.

We were not long in reaching the Blodgett home and soon learned that the child had been playing with others just before dark in a cañon, as they call the draws and gullies in that region, and when called had failed to appear. They had found the track and followed it far enough to know that the child had started out down the cañon, or directly away from the house.

We were soon on the trail with lanterns and followed the sturdy little fellow's footprints until the snow completely covered all traces; then we went on searching

every foot of the country for two or three miles in every direction—searching, calling, listening for the answering cry that never came.

Only the dismal howl of the blast and the singing of the snow crystals answered us.

All night long, hoping against hope, facing the blizzard with a grim determination that did not recognize fatigue or cold, those hard-handed, big-hearted men scoured the hills and cañons. When daylight came they still searched, and noon found them still facing the storm, but at night they said there was no use to look further until the snow cleared away. We all knew that what we had feared had become a dread reality and that the little one was beyond human aid by that time, for no child could stand such a storm; and we knew that when the sunshine came again we should find the little form stiffened and frozen. For two days more the storm lasted and then the sun broke bright and warm from the masses of heavy clouds, and by after dinner the snow was soft and wet on top. All that day we searched and the next day until noon; then one man walked across the hilltop leading his horse and on the horse was bound a little still form.

The search was over.

Tenderly we laid the baby on the bed and did our best to cheer the little mother, who was wild with grief.

More than one rough hand was drawn across an equally rough face, and a tear dashed to the ground by men who had not shed tears for many, many long days. They knew the country, knew the awful feelings one so young must have experienced among those gruesome cañons at night and alone in the storm; yes, they knew and they pitied, and they shed tears when they looked at the still form. So would you have done.

They followed the footprints after the snow was gone and found that the boy had traveled almost twelve miles that stormy night, and he had jumped square off of a bank about 16ft. high and landed square on his feet; then when exhausted he had crawled into a sheltered nook and gone to sleep—the same as grown people have done—had gone to sleep, and sleeping had died, a merciful ending at least.

We could not hunt after that experience, and went home without even taking our guns out of the cases.

Yes, even sportsmen see dark shadows once in a while and have thoughts that haunt them with unpleasant memories. EL COMANCHO.

SPORT IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

THE Island of Jersey, which is the most picturesque and fertile island of the Channel Island group (Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark), is too well known to require minute description. It is, geographically and geologically speaking, a remarkable island. It occupies, in common with the rest of the group, a position central to two countries of importance among other nations of the world, England and France, and it has been the scene of a history as unique as its situation.

The small island of St. Helier, near the town of the same name, in the Bay of St. Aubin, on the south side of Jersey, took its name from Helier, a holy man who lived here many centuries ago, and was slain by the pagan Normans. His little cell, with the stone bed, is still shown among the rocks, and in memory of him an abbey was founded, on the site of which now stands Elizabeth Castle, with its old fortifications.

Jersey is twelve miles from the French coast, about twelve miles long and six broad.

Its climate is perfection, both in winter and summer (Jersey has the same latitude as Rouen in France). There is no snowfall and the heat of summer is tempered by sea breezes. The interior of the island is undulating and picturesque in the extreme.

Intersected in various directions by "Devon's Nine Lanes"—each lane is a "study" for the lover of pen and pencil. At the time to which I refer the inhabitants were as ignorant of the sound of a railway whistle as they were of the sight of the tall chimneys of a manufacturing town. Indeed, the general character of the island was that of a garden in the most picturesque part of that most picturesque county of Merrie England—Devonshire. Is it to be wondered, therefore, that a British "sub." was exuberant with joy on his regiment receiving marching orders to proceed to Jersey—when considered, moreover, that for forty years previously there had not been a whole regiment in the island; a detachment only—and the "Jersey Lilies" (the term applied to Jersey girls in general, owing to their remarkable beauty) had yet to experience the pleasure of dancing to the music of a regimental band.

Can I, then a young "sub.," ever forget the pride with which I carried the Queen's colors up the hill to barracks to the strains of our fine band on the day of our arrival, when I considered that the eyes of hundreds of pretty girls were turned upon the junior ensign of a marching regiment.

Every man, woman and child in the island seemed to have assembled to welcome the corps, and as each family brought its basket of flowers, our path to the barracks was literally strewn with flowers, a foretaste of the "rose-bed" of gaiety we afterward found in the island.

French families and English families (equally divided in numbers) vied with each other in hospitality; and the physical frame of the warrior, in being educated to endure the strain of round after round of picnics, dinners and dances, was put to frequent practical test.

Then, for a while, as apparently in these notes, the word "sport" found no place. It is true that among regimental officers there are those who cannot possibly or conveniently keep up the constant strain of "pipe and dance." The "Jersey Lily" has shot her arrow with effect, but prudence says, "Beware, your purse is slender; a hut at Aldershot 12×12 for a wife and three brats is not the place for you."

An old bachelor, who had been looking out for a desirable "girl" as partner of his joys and sorrows, and is still, though now a retired general officer, looking out for youth and beauty, said, "I must wait till we move to another station; Jersey beauty is only skin deep."

These and others, in after-dinner reverie, soon sighed for "sport"—sport at any price.

"Come, let us kill something," is said to be John Bull's first thought after breakfast; nor does this love of sport come with declining years. It is our privilege to know a good and true sportsman of 90 years of age who takes his daily long walk often in search of sport.

It is but a day or two ago that he stepped out briskly, followed by his brace of terriers, when he met another old gentleman who asked:

"Where are you going, Tom?" and was given the answer, "I'm going hunting with the terriers. Come along."

Yes, at 90 years of age he takes as great interest in a rat hunt as at 60 he took pleasure and pride in leading his county hounds on his favorite hunts.

Long may it be before the love of sport is "improved" out of the Anglo-Saxon heart of man by luxury or by modern civilization, so called.

The fact remains that even in this civilized age man seeks to "kill something"—with rod and gaff in summer, with shotgun and rifle in winter—horse and gun are but necessary appendages.

It was thus that we cast about for a while in vain for something "to kill."

It was about this time that I was taking my walk abroad in the western portion of the island in an unfrequented place, St. Peter's, when I came upon a small lake, distant from farmhouse or lane, and when going into its placid waters I observed the unmistakable sign of tench feeding, as they sucked the May fly from the surface of the water.

Knowing how highly valued by the epicure are these delicious fish if well cooked, they being in taste like the red mullet, I revealed my secret to but one, a keen sportsman, and we at once formed our plan of campaign in order to secure tench enough for the morrow's mess dinner. We rose before dawn of day, and, armed with a small sack net, proceeded to our happy hunting grounds. The question whether this was real sport never entered our minds.

Our net well placed, the two ardent sportsmen (?) made "flank movements," wading deep the while toward the net and beating the waters violently with thick sticks. By pursuing this plan for some time and changing the net from place to place, we secured an abundant supply of fine fish before the sun rose high in the sky.

The return to barracks of the mud-bespattered youths as the morning 6 o'clock parade was being formed was the source of amusement and wonder to the assembled soldiery.

No less wonder was it to the gourmands at that day's mess dinner when the bill of fare was found to include tench—tench cooked, too, as it should be—each fish gracefully folded in its white paper wrapper. We had given the necessary instructions on this point to our French cook, Pat, from the county of Cork. We had also given instructions to the mess waiters not to give information as to the person or persons who supplied these delicious fish. We kept up the supply daily in this manner to the surprise of the officers. We then, not satisfied with our success, and to improve the flavor of the tench, conceived the idea of giving the fish a few days' bath in a stream flowing into the lake. We made a suitable dam for that purpose, and fished long and wearily to fill the dam. In doing this we nearly emptied the lake of fish. But then our splendidly constructed dam was filled with fish enough to supply our mess for many months—so argued the ardent youths. It proved the old story of "man's proposal." One early morning while working hard at our dam we spied a distant figure, that no doubt of an island farmer, like ourselves an early riser, probably looking after his flocks and herds, but we did not like his appearance on the scene just then. With some misgivings we returned to barracks. We youths, both of us, had horrid dreams that night—dreams of Jersey farmers robbing us of all we valued most, and then knocking us down and chucking us headlong into our lake.

Sorry and sad we wended our way at dawn of day on the morrow to the river dam we had so labored to construct and render safe for the valued tench. What meets our longing gaze? The dam is leveled to the ground, the fish have evidently changed owners—they are gone! and a strong adjective is uttered by at least one of the dejected youths.

Thus ended our first lesson in search of sport in the island of Jersey. Obstacles and difficulties to the sportsman are things to be removed and overcome. Ask the man who has carried a milicete canoe on a four mile "portage," through swamps and morasses, over "crags, knolls and mounds confusedly hurled;" or has on snowshoes, in heavy snow, hauled toboggan from dawn till dewy eve to reach a supposed "terra incognita" near the watershed of a country for caribou hunting; or has skated seventy miles up some grand river with a high wind in his teeth. "Have you had in your experience difficulties to overcome in search of sport?" He will answer, "Yes, many and great." We, knowing this, must have another "try," whatever our reward, for sport in the unpromising island of Jersey.

One or two of us whose education with horse and hound had not been neglected had imported our hunters from England, where they had been "eating their heads off." Could we but use them in this island. Fox hunting was of course out of the question. Could we have a drag hunt? Our first steps must be to pick up a few hounds. We wrote to many a friendly M. F. H. and employed other means, at last we succeeded in procuring a few good-looking hounds. We formed a small club, master and whip, with half a dozen members, and on one memorable day we "dug out" our hunting breeches and top boots, made great display, published the time and place of the "meet" in the local newspapers, and with all the pomp and circumstance of war—war against an imaginary fox—we meet in a remote part of the island near a detached barrack, St. Peter's.

All went well for a while. Joe Price, with the scent, went on ahead, the hounds were laid on, and oh, joy! hill and dale soon resounds with the madrigal of music of the hounds, with the sound of the horn and the "view halloo" of the huntsman. The brief, far too brief, "excitement produced by the emulation of hunting, and the insatiable desire to be nearer and nearer still to that fleeting vision which, like happiness, is always just another stride beyond our reach," take possession of us, when suddenly a shot is fired, a shot too apparently in anger, else why that angry crowd of Jersey farmers, armed with shotgun and pitchfork; and why, moreover, our best hound lying dead at our feet as the smoke curled from the muzzle of the gun of a young farmer—all evidently the result of a jealous determination to put a stop to our hunting. We speedily dismounted without word of command, and such a "cabbage garden" fight took place as has not been seen or heard of since the days of Smith O'Brien in Old Ireland. Suffice it to say that we soon found it difficult to stop the fight, for every man of our grenadier company then on detachment appeared on the scene, and with wild Irish yells these giants flung themselves upon the Jersey farmers, now in the minority, and but for the knowledge of discipline on the part of the grenadiers in obeying the stern orders of their officers the Jersey farmers would have been wiped out, and we should soon have secured, free of cost, "close quarters" in the Jersey jail. As it was, complaint was made to the Governor, and hunting was put a stop to. And thus ended our second lesson in search of sport in the island of Jersey. MIC MAC.

FREDERICTON.

THE DEER HUNT.

AFTER preliminary arrangements and due preparation, George Seamans and myself, accompanied by Albert Nemic—our guide—arrived at our hunting camp. We had written the guide that we wished to camp in some remote spot where deer were plentiful and little disturbed by hunters. He accordingly landed us on the wild and lonely shore of a charming lake, situated in an extensive wilderness. The cabin was rudely constructed, but comfortable, and was situated on the eastern side of the lake, near the water's edge.

We had come for many miles through dense forests of pine and hemlock, along hardwood ridges, and across extensive flats and swampy places. The country was broken and dotted by many small lakes that do not appear on maps. Having arranged our camp outfit and put things in order we prepared supper, enjoyed a hearty meal, and commented on our future success in killing deer. Night had fallen, but the moon was full, and in the flood of silvery light the scenery on the lake and about our camp was weird, charming and beautiful. Our guide is a typical hunter and trapper and an expert in woodcraft. He has killed a score of bears, trapped all species of fur-bearing animals to be found within his beat and has gained a good reputation as an expert rifle shot and all-round hunter. As we sat around the cheerful campfire he entertained us by relating numerous thrilling accounts of exciting and successful exploits in pursuit of various species of game. After the rounds of hunting experiences we rolled in for the night and slept soundly.

When morning came George and myself were soon off for a hunt, leaving Nemic busy at the camp. The early morning air was cool and bracing. We buttoned our warm hunting jackets closely about us and moved slowly on in open places, traveling on high ground as much as possible and keeping a close lookout for game. Our general course was northward, facing the wind, which was only now and then a gentle puff that made but faint sounds in the treetops. We soon reached a position where to the east of us was a small lake, fringed by sedgy spots, abrupt terminal ridges and shaggy pines. We were separated from the lake by a deep ravine or gully and a high, narrow ridge, which extended back from the lake to heavily timbered regions. Glancing to his right, my companion discovered what he took to be a deer standing on the ridge. He quickly fired a shot at the object, but missed. Startled by the shot, three deer—two bucks and a doe—were seen, all running on the ridge in the direction of the heavy timber and thick cover.

Bringing my rifle quickly to my face, I held well ahead of the largest buck and pressed the trigger, but without effect, except to add to the fright of the game, which was making tremendous leaps over brush and fallen timber at long range. A second time my repeater spoke, when down went the buck all in a heap, with a resounding crash. He was hard hit and did not regain his feet. I hastened to him as quickly as possible, over logs and through brush which filled the ravine, and with the greater part of my wearing apparel still clinging to my person. When I reached my prize the struggle was over, and he lay peacefully upon the ground, with a crimson pool at his side, the blood still dropping from a bullet hole behind his left shoulder—the terrific effect of 300grs. of lead propelled by 90grs. of powder. This was one of the supreme and thrilling moments of the hunter. His head was partly doubled under him, and I had to straighten out his neck before cutting the throat.

As I stood over him in silent admiration of his shapely form and enormous proportions, I could not help feeling that I had taken the life of a noble creature. He bore a fine pair of antlers, and was truly a lordly fellow and a "giant of his kind."

I now began to wonder what had become of George, whom I had lost track of in the excitement of my success. I remembered hearing him make several rapid shots with his .45-90, and I wondered what effect his shooting had accomplished.

I accordingly called out to him. A response came from the ridge about thirty rods away in the direction of the timber. I hastened to the spot from whence the reply came, anxious to relate my success. To my surprise and satisfaction, I found him dressing his deer. He had killed the other buck. A stab in the haunch of his deer showed that he had recently been overcome in battle, probably by the buck that I had killed. The doe, over which they had waged war for supremacy, escaped unharmed. In due time both deer were dressed and hung up side by side against a pine with overhanging bows. George had shot his buck at a greater distance than I had killed mine, but my deer was a trifle the larger of the two; so I felt as good as he did, although neither of us said much about the affair at the time. We blazed our way back to camp and informed Nemic, that at the other end of the blazed line he would find two as fine deer as any hunter could wish to see waiting to be brought into camp by him as soon as he found it convenient to go after them.

The next morning we breakfasted by lamp light and started out into the woods early. The air was now warm, but refreshing. The sun finally appeared above the horizon, surrounded by a hazy mist. General conditions forbode a storm in the near future. We had taken a different course than on the previous day, owing to the wind, which had veered to the south. We had no tracking snow to aid us. We were still-hunting and traveled against the wind as much as possible. We finally reached a well-worn game trail, which led between two small lakes. Taking our positions near by, we concluded to wait for a time, hoping that a deer might attempt to pass along the trail, as it was yet early in the day. We waited but a short time, when a fine handsome doe appeared not twelve rods away. She was browsing and constantly on the move—in a nervous sort of way—taking a bite here and there. She was slick and in a fine condition. She would make excellent eating. We concluded that for our pur-

pose she had browsed long enough, and accordingly brought her down with little effort. After my rifle cracked she wheeled and started away; George fearing that she might possibly escape—a wounded deer—drew a bead on her as she started and sent a ball into her carcass, from which the doe not only slackened her pace, but dropped in her tracks. It was afterward learned, however, that with my shot alone she could have made but a few jumps. After dressing and hanging up the doe we moved on again cautiously. We wanted just four deer and thus far we had killed only three.

While crossing a narrow valley and near a small stream we came to a dead lynx, which lay stretched out upon the ground. It had been dead for some time. The earth about it was scratched and dotted with bits of fur. The dead leaves were scattered about, while upon the hide of the animal numerous scratches and other marks of violence could be seen, as if the creature had met its death in mortal combat with some other beast not less powerful and ferocious than itself.

Leaving the lynx we soon came to a swamp, which we decided to cross, as through the dense growth it appeared to be but a short distance to high ground beyond. After passing into the swamp the footprints of a moose met our eyes. The trail was very distinct in places, and the animal had but recently passed.

A moose was larger game than I had expected to be called upon to face, and I began to think of affairs at home that needed my attention. With George the effect was somewhat different. In him the fresh moose tracks seemed to arouse latent powers and to bring forth enthusiasm and all the natural instincts of the true hunter that he is. He had hunted the grizzly bear and was familiar with the bugle call of the stately elk in the Rockies; but he had never seen a moose. The fresh trail of this monarch of the woodland greatly impressed him, and his actions plainly indicated his desire to have a tussle with the brute. We followed the moose trail for some hours, really hoping to get sight of him. We found where the long-legged creature had browsed on twigs of the tops of small trees, and where he had lashed the brush with his horns. Further on he had entered a pond, fed on lily roots and then taken long strides through boggy places.

We followed the trail of this huge beast with increasing care and eagerness until we were finally led into a choked and tangled mass of thick-growing spruce, with dead timber strewn in every direction. It was utterly useless to attempt to make any further headway on the trail, and we decided—under existing conditions—to make no further effort to get sight of the monogamous shovel-horn.

Taking a last lingering look at the enormous hoof prints in the soft earth, we left the trail and began the task of working our way out of the swamp. In our eagerness to get sight of the moose we had paid little attention to our course. The heavens had clouded over and the position of the sun could no longer be observed. We had penetrated deeply into a swamp and now gave our whole attention to getting out of it. On we traveled, using the compass to guide our course over logs, bogs and windfalls of down timber, until it seemed as if there was no end to the tangled mass in which we had become imprisoned, and through which we could make but little headway.

As time passed on we grew fatigued. The overhanging cloudiness and darkness added to the gloom. Night was rapidly approaching. We decided to stop where we were and arrange a temporary camp for the night, as we could do no better. The air was warm, and we could not suffer much from cold; but our surroundings were dismal and lonely. We were in a strange country. We were not lost (?), for each of us carried a pocket compass. The difficulty had been a lack of judgment as to what particular point of the compass to follow. We constructed the best weather shield we could in the time afforded out of such material as we could find. A rabbit was killed and a fire was kindled. Laying in an ample store of wood for the night, we roasted and ate our rabbit for our evening meal, and tried to feel happy before our cheerful, blazing fire, which shone out into the mysterious darkness about us. Rain soon began to fall, and, all things considered, we put in a most enjoyable night—I say enjoyable, for the true hunter enjoys the solitude and impressiveness of the forest primeval, and our location was not lacking in these essentials. The mystic and melancholy scenery about us was less varied than impressive, and the monotony of the night was only broken by the dismal and savage howling of the gaunt and hungry wolf that occasionally greeted our ears, and added to the utter loneliness of our surroundings. At times, as the night wore on, "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," came to our relief, and I dreamed of home and comfort; but was soon awakened by the sweet sighing of the wind through the trees and by the patter of the rain, which I not only heard but distinctly felt.

Morning finally came, but before the darkness and gloom of the night had wholly disappeared signal rifle shots in the distance greeted our ears. Nemic was coming to our rescue. We answered the shots with our own guns and exchanged signals occasionally, until we worked our way out of the swamp and with him in due time arrived at the camp, where we dried our water-soaked clothing, filled up on fried venison and drank hot coffee; not wholly regretting our recent experience, in which we had partaken of some of the "bitter" as well as the "sweet" of the hunter's life. Nemic and George soon went out and brought in the doe which we had killed on the previous morning, while I remained in camp by the fire. The weather was bad and we all stayed at camp during the remainder of the day. By evening the rain had changed to a steady downpour, and the wind howled unmercifully through the forest and about our cabin. In its sweep across the lake the gale sent the waves splashing against the rocky shore, and with the night was dark and hideous, and contrasted strongly with our well-lighted cabin, within which was cheer, warmth and plenty. After supper we cleaned and oiled our rifles, as usual, and exchanged ideas freely on all branches of hunting lore, until our eyes finally grew heavy and we quieted down in slumber for the night. We awoke early to find that the storm had abated. The lake was smooth and scarcely a leaf stirred in the forest about. The sky was clear, the air was warm, and there dawned upon us one of the finest autumn days that ever thrilled a human soul, and it was a pleasure indeed to be in the woods. We hunted perseveringly during the entire day for the fourth deer, but it was too fine a day and the woods were too quiet for successfully still-hunting the wary creatures; and although we caught glimpses of several, we did not succeed in getting a shot at any of them. As our time was limited, we decided to break camp on the following morning, thus ending our deer hunt of 1895. F. D. H.

REEDSBURG, Wis.

Illinois Alligators.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last Wednesday, Nov. 20, William Parker, who is fishing at Hurricane Island, thirty-five miles above Grafton, on the Illinois River, found a 7ft. 'gator stranded on the bank of the river, so benumbed by the cold that it was unable to move. Parker approached the reptile, and finding that the 'gator made no objections, picked him up and took possession. The animal has since warmed up enough to move around, and is at present on exhibition in this city.

Various views as to this animal's origin are held, some thinking that it came up the Mississippi during some high water and has never been able to get back to that "Sunny South" that Mr. Hough writes so charmingly about. Other people think it an escaped captive from some museum; while there are other people who say that they believe it to have sprung spontaneously from Chicago River water under the influence of last summer's heat. What does Mr. Hough think of this theory?

Several years ago, while I was duck hunting with a party about ten miles above Hurricane Island, Moses Collenberger and Doug. Miller came into camp reporting that they had seen two alligators in the backwater, one 10, the other 12ft. long; and when asked why they had not brought them to camp Collenberger laid all the blame upon Miller, saying that he had begged to be excused from any attempt at capturing them. Of course the rest of the party made light of the story and laid it to mental derangement, sunstroke or snakebite. But now we are happy to state that their records as truthful duck hunters are established.

This last 'gator will probably keep all the small boys from swimming in the Illinois—from now until next spring, any way. L. S. HANSELL.

Tennessee Game.

GIBSON WELLS, Tenn.—In this section of west Tennessee I believe the quail crop is fully up to the average. In going over my preserve, which I have increased to something over 5,000 acres, I find signs in all likely places and a good many coveys. In all my experience I have never, as a rule, seen coveys so large as this year. The last time out I found six coveys in a two and a half hours' hunt, and the average would be twenty-five birds. The dry weather has had a great deal to do with not finding birds. A soaking rain here yesterday has fixed the grounds all right for good work from our dogs, and I think, as friend Titus says, sportsmen will find with weather conditions favorable that the crop of '95 and '96 is fully up to the average. R. B. MORGAN.

Natural History.

WOODCOCK, AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN.

OSCEOLA MILLS, Pa., Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I killed a woodcock this season which was the largest I have ever seen. It weighed 14½ oz. Is this large for any other section of country? I have read the FOREST AND STREAM for ten years. E. C. B.

We believe that there never was an American woodcock (*Philohela minor*) which weighed 14½ ounces, and the one mentioned by our correspondent was unquestionably a European immigrant. The American bird is only about one-half the size of the foreign one, and while, in a general way, the colors are the same, they are very differently applied, as will be seen by an examination of the two cuts herewith presented, which are taken from Elliott's "North American Shore Birds," and for the use of which we have to thank the publisher, Mr. Francis P. Harper, of this city.

Both European and American woodcock have a ground color of rufous, reddish or rusty, and the markings are black and ash, with a little white. The American bird is so familiar to our readers that no description of it is needed, but we may quote from Mr. Elliott a description of the adult of the bird of Europe.

"Anterior portion of crown and forehead, buff gray with narrow central dark brown lines; remainder of crown and nape, black, crossed by four narrow buff or pale rusty lines; a conspicuous dark brown line from nape to eye; chin and throat white, spotted with brown; neck all around buff, crossed with fine dark brown lines; upper parts reddish chestnut, vermiculated with buffy spots and brown lines, and blotched on the back and scapulars with black, the latter as well as the back mixed with light grayish; rump, reddish brown barred narrowly with black; the upper tail coverts tipped with gray or buff; tail black, margined on outer edge with chestnut and tipped with grayish buff on the upper surface, and with silver white on the lower; entire under parts grayish buff, narrowly barred with brown; primaries dark brown, transversely banded with cinnamon on the outer webs; bill flesh color graduating into brown for the terminal third; legs and feet flesh color; iris hazel; length 13½ inches, wing 8, culmen 3½, tarsus 1½."



AMERICAN WOODCOCK.
From Elliot's "American Shore Birds."



EUROPEAN WOODCOCK.
From Elliot's "American Shore Birds."

The European woodcock has a wide distribution in the old world, being found in suitable localities from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from the Arctic circle to the Mediterranean. In habits it is not markedly different from its American cousin, but it is said to be inferior to the American species in gastronomic qualities. Many specimens of the bird have been taken in America, and it is desirable that whenever one is taken its capture should be recorded and the skin, if practicable, preserved. Can our correspondent tell us if he noticed anything peculiar about his capture?

A Pennsylvania Wild Pigeon.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Thinking the following account might be of interest to your readers, although I have delayed sending it until now, I hope it will not prove too late.

While ruffed grouse shooting in Monroe county, Pa., near the Pike county line on Oct. 25, my brother had the good fortune to kill a genuine wild pigeon, a single specimen which he saw in an oak tree, to which it had flown from the ground near the roadway. This bird is the only pigeon I have ever had the good fortune to see that had been recently shot. It was in fine condition and plumage, and has been mounted. The residents of the surrounding country who saw it said that it was the first one that had been seen or heard of in the neighborhood in the past ten or fifteen years. EDWARD NORRIS.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the Society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, Dec. 10 and 24, at 8 o'clock. Dec. 10—L. B. Bishop, "A Day in North Dakota." Herbert Wheaton Congdon, "Random Notes on some Birds seen between Scotland and Iceland during August, 1895." Henry Hales, "Tameness and Domestication." Arthur H. Howell, "Impressions of some of the Birds of the Northwest, with remarks on their Distribution." Dec. 24—Raymond L. Ditmars, "The Snakes found within fifty miles of New York City."

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y,
American Museum of Natural History.

MAMMOTH TEETH UNEARTHED.

Mr. Nace Brock has shown us two huge teeth which were dug out of a canal on Mr. Cad Koonce's land near Richlands, Onslow county, at a depth of 6ft. The teeth are adjudged to have belonged either to a mastodon or a megatherium, both of which animals are accounted by scientists to have existed ages before man, the former in highlands, the latter in lowlands. The mastodon was somewhat the larger of the two, but the megatherium had the greatest length. He was about 30ft. long, and by raising himself up and resting his front feet on tree limbs or other support he could graze upon the tops of moderate-sized trees. It is to this latter animal that Prof. Charles Hallock, who has seen skeletons of each, supposes the teeth to have belonged.

Each tooth has two deep indentures on top in one direction, and a cross central one the other way. These give the top of the tooth somewhat the appearance of three rows of saw teeth with two teeth to the row.

They measure about 6in. from the crown to the end of the roots and they measure 6in. across in one direction and 4in. in the other. One tooth is nearly entire—only a small part of the roots having been broken off; the other is simply the upper half; the tooth that is entire weighs 3lbs.

Some bones, seemingly remains of the animal to which the teeth belonged, were found also, but they were too decayed and crumbly to amount to much.

Mr. Hallock informs us that about fifty varieties of animal remains—some of extinct species and some of species still extant—can be found in the great South Carolina phosphate beds. The immense accumulations are accounted for by scientific men in this way: They say there were great floods which drowned out the animals and the currents swept the great proportion of them to the places where the immense deposits are found, while here and there an animal or two would be caught and its remains left elsewhere, as in the case of this solitary animal now found in Onslow county.

Mr. Hallock gives us the following as to the origin of such deposits and the extinction of certain species:

"Historical geology might inform us that once upon a time, during the early part of the Cenozoic age, in the period termed tertiary, a mighty flood from which there was no escape submerged nearly the whole continent, as it now sometimes does portions of the Mississippi Valley, and involved these innumerable creatures in one common destruction. Then did the overwhelming downpour of rain beat the helpless fowls to the earth. It drowned out the amphibious animals and reptiles, the alligators, the turtles, the tapirs, the manatees, the saurians and the megatheria which occupied the low-lying swamps and lagoons. And the mighty current which surged toward the sea bore upon its turbulent tide the dead bodies of the animals which had been drowned in the uplands and carried them coastward until a sudden subsidence of the waters left them floating among the carcasses which already polluted the lagoons and basins along the shore. Meanwhile sharks and other rapacious fishes, which had been attracted to the carnival of decaying flesh, were impounded in the basins by the receding flood, and so also miserably perished.

"Here, in the still and stagnating waters, the processes of decomposition and sedimentary deposit went steadily on. The drift of other partial floods which succeeded gradually covered them. Silt, till, vegetable mold, and all kinds of organic matter accumulated, including the decayed portions of the carcasses, and finally the lagoons filled up, the water evaporated or ran off, the land emerged or rather was raised by alluvial deposits carried from higher regions, plants and trees germinated, grew and matured, and so by natural and intelligible processes the phosphate beds were formed. Portions of the bones and pachyderm did not decay, but became preserved or petrified. In the aggregate no better material for a compost heap could be gotten together.

"These phosphate beds, therefore, are the records of the second great submergence of the continent, the first having taken place during the first glacial period, when there was no animal life. The partial submergences or lesser floods which occurred subsequently added to the depth of the deposits and to the assortment of animal remains, thus accounting for remains of extinct and extant creatures being found together. But it was during the great submergence that many of the now extinct animals disappeared."

Deer Horns, Velvet and Trees.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I fully agree with Mr. Wilmot that the Virginia deer at least do not find it necessary, neither do they get rid of the velvety covering of the antlers by rubbing them on trees and bushes.

Like the leaf on the tree, it will fall when it has fulfilled its function without any effort on the part of the deer. The velvety skin covering the antlers during their period of growth is thin and tender, possessing none of the qualities of the true skin of the animal, but like the epidermis or grain which the tanner scrapes off the skin before tanning. So when it is no longer needed and the circulation ceases it becomes dry, shrinks and as a consequence cracks, becomes loose from the horn and falls off without any rubbing. I have lived among the deer in the Adirondacks all my life and have killed more or less every year for the past fifty years. I have never seen where bucks have marked trees or bushes with their horns until some time after the period for shedding the velvet covering. I have seen no markings before October. This habit is most prevalent as the rutting season approaches, and during the forepart of that period bucks will paw the ground and rub trees with their horns more than at any other time. Musset.

Adirondacks.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Lew Wilmot still adheres to his theory that deer are not in the habit of getting rid of the so-called velvet on their antlers by rubbing them against brushes and young trees. He further asserts that the velvety covering is never fast to the horns. Again he is in error. I have a pair of antlers mounted in my room which were taken from a stag I shot during the time the antlers were still covered with bast some fifteen years ago. They are today in the same condition as the day the stag was shot and the covering on them shows no signs of "peeling" off. It still sticks fast to the antlers.

Brehm's "Illustrirtes Thierleben"—Illustrated Animal Kingdom—says on the subject here at issue: "As soon as the antlers have attained their full development and regular size the blood ceases to circulate in the velvety covering, and the stag has the desire to get rid of this skin or bast, which now becomes loose by rubbing the antlers against young trees or brushes. As a rule antlers grow 120 days, that is the velvety covering sticks to them for a period of forty days after they have assumed their regular formation, and during this last named time the antlers appear to be very sensitive, since stags are then particularly cautious not to injure their horns. The stag does not commence to 'feg' (the German sportsmen's term for rubbing) until twenty days afterward, or when the covering shows a tendency to peel off. Antlers of the same species of stags vary in color. This is due to the difference in the sap of the particular trees or brushes against which the antlers were rubbed." Armin Tenner.

How a Snake Sheds its Skin.

Dublin, Va., Nov. 20.—The letter in your paper from J. W. Schooley, of East Radford, Va., in reference to his rattlesnake reminds me of one I possessed at the same time. My rattler was very savage, never becoming tractable as with Mr. Schooley's. The general impression with most people is that the shedding process comes on when the skin becomes loose and the snake crawls out and leaves the skin on the ground as it was. This was not the case with my snake. The day before he was apparently as lively and his skin as perfect as usual, but when I saw him the next morning he had only half shed his skin, the rest being turned back, wrong side out, as if a bag was turned. He accomplished it by twisting and turning the body. When he had the skin turned down to his rattles it seemed to hang for some hours, thereby hiding the rattles from view. J. D. S.

Breeding of Wapiti in England.

It may interest some of your readers to learn that one of the wapiti that Sir Peter Walker imported from America two years ago gave birth to a fine calf last week at Osmaston Manor.—*Correspondence London Field, Nov. 23.*

Game Bag and Gun.

A STORY OF DEER HOUNDING.

The scene of this narrative is in the extreme northern part of New Hampshire, among the spurs of the White Mountains. Two beautiful ponds located there are well known to all New England sportsmen and tourists, as they afford excellent trout fishing and are surrounded by woods which are the haunts of deer. During the summer months the place is one of the most peaceful and quiet on the face of the earth and is visited principally by gentlemen and their families who are fond of "the happy practice of angling." At this time also deer hunting is unlawful, and the deer not being molested become quite tame, and are often seen during the day feeding on the lily-pads which grow near the water's edge. Hunting begins Sept. 1 with guns and Sept. 15 with dogs, and in both cases lasts until the end of December.

I was at this place recently on the opening of the "hunting" season, and remained a day or so for partridge shooting, and it was during one of those few days that the events recorded here occurred. This was the first deer hunt I ever saw, though not the first deer.

There are several ways of capturing this noble animal—some lawful, civilly and morally; others decidedly unlawful in every sense of the word. Crust-hunting I hold as unlawful; this consists in following the deer when he can make no progress through the deep snows, while you are aided by snowshoes.

Jacking is better than crust-hunting; still, it is not a very honorable way of killing a deer. The bullseye lantern takes advantage of the curiosity in a deer and holds him spell-bound as long as you do not make a noise and frighten him. In this mode of killing the hunter must be skillful in the management of a canoe, so as to make the least possible noise; he must exercise patience and be on the alert to catch every sound, for it often happens that the deer is in the woods ready to enter the pond to feed, and will come out to view the light if all is still; and finally the hunter must be able to shoot under a jack light, if called upon. This latter is not an easy task, as the dim light is deceptive. A guide—and good authority—once told me that about nine-tenths of the deer shot at under a jack escaped to the woods more or less wounded. The only true, manly, creditable way is to steal upon him in the woods when there is little or no snow upon the ground. This puts hunter and deer upon equal footing. The one depends on his intellect, good judgment and skill to overcome the instinct and acute sense of the other. The manner of hunting described here is termed "hounding," or driving with dogs.

On the day in question the weather was clear and the temperature warm for the latitude. Several parties had arrived in camp the preceding day, among them a party from Lancaster, N. H., who were the institutors of the hunt. The proprietor had secured a trained dog for the occasion. The men had been inquisitively eyeing the weather and were elated with the prospects of a good hunt. They had handled and patted the dog, looked at him, remarked on his build, questioned whether he would follow a deer well, etc. They had cleaned well their firearms, carefully selected their ammunition and one or two were regulating their rifle sights by an occasional shot at a target.

The guide was to take the hound up on a distant mountain and loose him there on a fresh track, while the party were to distribute themselves on the shore of the two ponds. Some remained on the little pond where the camp was situated, but the majority took to the big pond. The hunt happening to take place on that day at the big pond, we will leave those on the little pond full of the hope that the deer would give the big pond the go-by and come in by them.

Some of the hunters at the big pond went over to the cove, some to the upper end, others to outlet or inlet, each of them thinking that the others were fools who knew nothing about deer hunting, and that the deer would certainly come in where he was. In the meantime the deer was still in the woods and undecided as to where he would enter.

An hour passed before the long-drawn bay of the hound was heard, showing that a deer was up and moving, whether toward the pond or up to Connecticut Lake they did not know, but were nevertheless expectant and wishing that the dog would drive him to them. Now the dog can drive the deer and that is all. Whether he will drive him to the pond or not depends on the deer.

As soon as the dog gives bay the deer is up and off; he knows by instinct what that sound means; his ancestors were chased by wolves, a far more tireless and dangerous enemy than the dog, and his nature tells him that he must run for his life. He starts off, relying on his legs for security, and runs for many miles down through valleys or up over mountains, leaping brooks or bays, or whatever obstacles are in his way, but the dog draws nearer, as he knows too well by the occasional bay. The deer is by no means weary yet and keeps on, hoping to tire his pursuer, but he cannot; another bay and another tells him that the dog is gaining. He makes another break and goes at his topmost speed down the mountain side to the pond, where he will run into a new danger. If he can reach the pond and cross before the dog strikes the shore and sees him get out on the other side, the scent will be destroyed and it will be a long time before the dog can take it up again, if he ever does find it, and the deer will gain a good start and perhaps time for a rest.

He is nearing the water, but some of the so-called sportsmen have been over-indulgent with their whisky and are trying their guns on some muskrats. This is enough for the deer; his scheme has failed, so he starts down the outlet of the pond for a new run—he knows not where or for how long. The dog follows the track down the mountain side to the lake; he is thirsty and perhaps a little tired, so he comes into the water for a drink and a moment's rest before starting off again.

The guide starts the dog on a new trail, for he knows full well that that deer will take to other waters. A fresh trail is again successfully struck, and the dog bays aloud. This deer is started near the pond, and it is not probable that he will take to water until he has tested the running and scenting powers of the dog. He starts for the north toward Connecticut Lake and runs for about half an hour, and then returns to the pond, to use the last resort swimming the lake. The hound has been gaining and he must destroy his trail. He pauses in the woods on the edge of the pond and looks over the water. All is still. The hunters are concealed among the bushes eagerly waiting for the appearance of the buck, for the dog's bay has told them that the deer is near the water.

The deer breaks cover and plunges well into the water, dashing up the spray before him; he swims out a short distance and will return to shore again at another point, but he has been discovered, and with the crack of a rifle a bullet passes through his ear. This is shown by the spasmodic shake of the head. Bewildered, he turns for the nearest shore, but another ball from the same rifle breaks his lower jaw, making it drop helpless and useless forever afterward. He rears well up out of the water from the effects of the pain.

By this time the other boats have come up for a share of the "sport," and there is a general fusillade from seven or eight men. The exposed part of the deer's head and neck are the targets. The strife does not last long, however, for a well-directed ball from a Winchester rolls him over dead. His course is run; he obeyed his instincts and did his best, but the odds were against him.

The boats now gather around and he is taken aboard and to shore. The hunters are triumphant. During the excitement they forgot the cruelty of the operation and called it sport. Perhaps it was to those who were intoxicated with the excitement which prevailed, but not to the deer. They were not skilled in the use of firearms and could claim no praise from that source, for they threw aside all caution and reason, and came very near shooting each other. Each one thought only of himself and glory, thus showing a high degree of selfishness. All of them could not lay claim to glory, only one, and his claim was not a creditable one, as it was afterward found that the death-dealing bullet from the Winchester was the last of thirteen shots that had been fired at the deer by the same person.

The dog arrived at the water's edge right in the marks of the deer and gave a long-drawn howl of disappointment. He gladly joins his party, for he is tired, and is surprised to find his quarry slain. When the party returned to camp they were welcomed by the others, who helped to carry the buck. He was laid on the grass to be admired, and well was he worth it, more so than his cruel slayers. If these men had, by some skill or ingenuity on their part, obtained the deer, then give them credit; but they had not. They had sent the dog out to do the work, well knowing that the deer would come into the water and be at their mercy. Instead of waiting in the woods and shooting him on the run, they wait until he gets well out into the water and then row up as close as they please before they shoot.

The men stood around with an air of having accomplished a great feat. Each told of what he had done toward the killing. They bragged and boasted, but in all the tales told over the body of that deer there was not one which showed either gallantry, skill, credit or humanity. One man stated that now as he had killed a deer he felt like going to war.

But how about the dog, to whom they owed all their reason for boasting? Where did his share of the credit come in? He had been running for miles the whole time that they were resting easily in their boats. The marvelous powers and sagacity of the dog had been severely tried and had borne the test. He, in obedience to his instincts, had successfully accomplished the work set before him, and amidst all this triumph and proclamation of glory he modestly takes a back seat, well knowing that he did it and not they. The very expression on his face is one of well-deserved pride for himself and disdain for those around him. C. B. S.

Game Laws in Brief.

The *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

NORTHERN MINNESOTA GAME NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now that it is the close season on grouse and deer and all foreign hunters have gone home, some elated over their success, others feeling blue over failure, and the woods are quiet, I find time to give brother sportsmen the result of the game campaign in this (Aitkin) county. Visiting sportsmen by the score have made this point their rendezvous, prominent among them being George P. Garred, editor of the Wahpeton (N. D.) *Times;* Charles E. Wolfe, a prominent young lawyer of the same place; George W. Ferris, of Independence, Iowa, and a company of Uncle Sam's boys in blue from Fort Snelling. The latter brought with them the new 30cal. rifle furnished to the army but recently, and expected to do wonderful execution with this terrible new arm. As a perforator of the human anatomy the new Government gun may be a success, but as a gun for deer it is a failure, as the soldiers quickly learned after the first day's use. It is a crime worse than poaching to use such an arm on deer. Perforating them only results in the game getting away without leaving a bloody trail for tracking, and causing internal hemorrhage and the total loss of the animal. These boys finally got possession of .45-70 Winchesters and went home—with some venison as a result.

Minnesota's new game law has worked wonderfully well this fall. But few infractions have come to my personal notice. As it now stands only enough deer are killed for practical use, and there has not been any shipped from Aitkin station except legally, whereas last fall there were tons of saddles shipped. St. Paul and Minneapolis commission men have tried every possible means to dodge the issue and get game shipped to their houses, but they have been met at every turn by the State Game Commission, and next year the people will know exactly what to expect. One trader living at Sandy Lake brought upwards of 500lbs. of saddles to Aitkin Saturday last and endeavored to sell them to local merchants, not being able to induce Agent Rice of the Northern Pacific to aid him in shipping the meat. At last accounts this individual was sputtering around "dot tam law vot prevents him selling his deer." Dear me, but I sympathize with him. It means the loss of twenty-five dollars to the trader—but the knowledge he gained about the State game law will offset this loss and he will never feel it a hundred years hence. One thing more I noticed is the respect the Indians have for the law. The untutored sons of the forest were daily heard to inquire about the game law. They have not been in with any deer to speak of, preferring to keep it for their own needs, as it was only worth seven cents in trade. They have sold considerable quantities of duck and partridge, invariably taking in exchange such commodities as coffee, tobacco and wearing apparel.

Minnesota sportsmen are all keen to learn the result of the controversy between Executive Agent Fullerton and editor E. C. Kiley, of the Grand Rapids *Herald*, who charges Fullerton and his men with "standing in" with law breakers, especially taxidermists at La Prairie. Fullerton has threatened to sue editor Kiley for criminal libel, but so far the tilt has only assumed a miniature bluff. The row is over the moose head found consigned to a prominent New York journalist and captured by a deputy at St. Paul. Mr. B. N. Austin, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. of the Northern Pacific Railway, St. Paul, recently returned from an outing in the West, and returned with a fine five prong buck as a trophy of his season's recreation in California. He is having the buck mounted by a noted taxidermist.

Whitefish are beginning to run here in small streams, and though they make fine fish to salt are not taken in any quantity. F. J. SMITH.

AITKIN, Minn.

"STOP THE SALE OF GAME."

AND would you stop the sale of game, Mr. Editor?

What would I and the likes of me do then, Mr. Editor?

Can I never have a taste of a partridge any more because I cannot shoot him myself?

Or any black duck?

Nor a bit of caribou steak?

Why, I should hardly have eaten a bit of game in my life if the sale had been forbidden. Even when I was young and comparatively sprightly I couldn't hit the side of a hill with a double-barreled shotgun.

What kind of a chance would I have had of taking off the head of a partridge with a rifle or of stopping one on the wing with shot? And I know about the hillside business, because I shot at one once and missed it. It was black with wild pigeons, but not a bird did I get. The fellows said one charge of shot went clean over the top of the hill and the other struck the ground about 10ft. ahead of me.

So I don't think I could hit a partridge. And if I couldn't buy any game what would my little man Matte do?

Matte has supplied me with partridges to the extent of one or two couples a week during the season for several years, and as he is about the only sportsman here who makes a specialty of partridges, and as I am his principal purchaser, the non-sale of game would be rough on both of us.

But then, perhaps Matte is not a sportsman at all, but only a pot hunter, not entitled to consideration anyway.

The going shooting he does for sport, but the bringing the game to me he does for economy. For one pound of partridge he can get two pounds of pork, which are four times as useful to him and which he greatly prefers. But he does sell his game and I suppose that settles it.

Personally I shall give him the benefit of any possible doubt. He is a decent, honest fellow, who only hunts at odd times or when his regular work is slack, never shoots out of season or tries to get the last bird in the bush. If he shot altogether for fun we should have to call him a sportsman, and must we speak disrespectfully of him because he can't afford to do it?

He did turn up once as a sportsman. It was last winter, when he tackled and killed his first caribou, all alone. A prouder and happier fellow you never saw. I happened to be near at the time with a couple of young men from Boston, and I think we were as pleased at Matte's success as if it had been our own. Perhaps the fact that we had already secured two made some difference in our feelings, but I hope not too much.

So far as pot-hunted game is concerned, I fare better in the caribou department than I do in the partridge line, I have some fishing camps that I let the boys have for their hunting trips, and as they always insist that I shall go with them I invariably come in for a haunch or a saddle. But the chaps that shoot partridges are not disposed to divvy with me.

I confess I don't like the market shooters who go in to shoot anything and everything they can get sight of, and would clean the last bird or beast out of the woods, but I do like to have one hunter like Matte in the neighborhood, so that I and my family may have a bit of game once in a while. There is another man who brings me a pair of nice ducks occasionally under the same conditions. They are delicious and I enjoy them, although I cannot go and shoot them myself.

We cannot all be young and vigorous sportsmen—nor even millionaires.

But perhaps you have abandoned that war cry that I placed at the head of my letter. I do not remember to have noticed it lately, and I read FOREST AND STREAM through faithfully—except the gun editor's section, which I cannot understand. G. DE MONTAUBAN.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, November.

WHY IS IT THUS?

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have often wondered why it is that sportsmen who relate their experiences in the great New York dailies can and do achieve so much more in the line of wonderful deeds by flood and field than the many famous sportsmen who from time to time give to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM details of their modest achievements. True, your paper once in a while gets two deer at a single shot; occasionally one is killed in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM with bird shot, but such occurrences are rare, while on the pages of the aforesaid g. N. Y. ds. they are too common to deserve more than a passing notice. The game animals also that show up on the pages of FOREST AND STREAM are quite as modest and well behaved as the men who hunt them; the moose rarely kill the lumbermen's horses or chase the lumbermen up trees; the deer don't tear down fences, hook sheep or worry the farmers' cattle, don't even destroy cabbage (*vide* FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 23); even the bears refuse to eat little children, and are positively averse to masticating old and tough yarn spinning hunters. I was most forcibly reminded of this curious state of affairs by reading a two-column article that appeared in a recent issue of one of the g. N. Y. ds. relative to the exploits of a mighty hunter, who while on a short trip to the Maine woods slew one of those ferocious, horse killing, man treeing moose, and sad to relate, doubly sad because the game protector failed to get in his work, eight deer. All this in a few short days in October, and one shudders to think of what such a mighty hunter might have done in a month of long days, say June, for instance, when the poor deer are driven to escape the flies into the lakes and streams. Two pictures accompany the record of this most remarkable "game hog," one of which, from a photograph presumably, is a wonderful revelation of the buoyancy of Maine timbers. Some half a dozen logs about 10ft. long carry, without being half submerged, two men and the monster moose, a monster indeed, "18in. between the eyes," at least so the moose slayer says through the medium of the g. N. Y. d.

The sportsman during the progress of killing his moose tried several experiments. He first shot him through the "fan of the horn," and failing to kill, he next—I use his own language—"began shooting him in the belly" and then pumped lead "into his haunch," and told his men, three or more, to shoot, which they presumably did. Whether the wounds inflicted by "my men" or those in the horn, belly and haunch stopped the earthly career of the moose, the g. N. Y. d. does not inform us, but finally states that the moose was killed.

I trust, however, that the hunter will tell us why he killed, including the two killed at one shot, four times the number of deer allowed under the provisions of the Maine game laws. Possibly he was like the fellow who, when arrested for assault, pleaded that he had such a fair crack at his victim that he "just couldn't help it." Possibly he did not kill any deer. Who knows? We are told, however, through the medium of the g. N. Y. d., that our hunter when he first sighted his moose hesitated to shoot, fearing it might be a cow moose; and as there was a fine of several hundred dollars for killing cows, he "did not care to break the laws that are meant to preserve game." This he tells us after having killed eight deer in less than a week. In the language of Mr. Squeers, "Here's richness for you." Again I ask: Why is it thus? S.

BOSTON MEN NORTH AND SOUTH.

QUAIL shooting in North Carolina and Tennessee is looked forward to as a winter sport with very pleasant anticipation by many of our best Boston sportsmen. Mr. Louis Cabot has an extensive estate in North Carolina which provides good shooting, and he generally spends the early winter months in that interesting region. F. E. Peabody has left for a few weeks of quail shooting in the same State. A Brockton friend (Mr. Shaw) has just returned from Tennessee, and tells me of two days' quail shooting down there during which he bagged sixty-four birds. He calls it an easy country to shoot over, and hopes to repeat the experience soon.

The recent heavy storms along the coast have driven in a large number of birds, principally coot, although a number of sheldrakes and brant are found among them. Mr. J. C. Caswell, of Boston, has gone down to Chatham, having heard from there that the birds are very plentiful. Many are also going down to the Cohasset shore. A letter from a friend states that black ducks and geese are flying near Weymouth. The recent warm weather has made these late flights possible, but the season is practically over, and with the advent of solid winter weather—liable now any day—the shooting will come to a sudden stop.

The smelt are now getting out into the channels in deep water and nearly all the fishing from the shore has come to a stop. The city of Salem has one resident though who keeps on fishing just as long as there is a smelt to take his bait. E. S. Thayer is the man. Most of his fishing is done by lantern light at night from his own wharf. He goes out heavily clad to stand the cold weather and fishes late into the night. Fishing under any circumstances is good sport for Mr. Thayer, and even now he is generally successful in getting a good string.

The country around Chase Pond, six miles in from Eustis, Maine, on the Chain of Ponds road, is said to be of a peculiarly happy formation for the hunting of deer. It abounds in rocky ledges on which are many bare spots, and often the game is found at a decided disadvantage, making it an easy matter to get a good shot. Two parties who returned from there, but a short time ago, each got their full legal allowance of deer, and they all speak



THE BUCK THAT GOT AWAY.

Drawn by Ernest Thompson. Reprinted by request of a correspondent who claims to have lost one just like it.

highly of the region. Fred M. Viles, the popular ex-steward of the Megantic Club, has three snug log cabins there, making quite a camp, where those who have visited the place have been made comfortable indeed. HACKLE.

Nov. 29.—C. P. Stevens and F. H. Stevens, both of Boston, are out of the Maine woods after a deer hunt of seventeen days. They were in the vicinity of Kennebago Stream, at Lowell's camp. They were after deer and both wanted bucks with good heads. They waited ten days for snow. At last snow came on Wednesday night. But it was a peculiar snow. Every twig was loaded with snow and every bough bore roses of snow. Around the branches snow hung in balls. It was next to impossible to move without showering down volumes of damp snow, and though the sight of the woods was beautiful in the extreme, yet one could distinguish objects only a few feet. In such hunting as this they got their deer. Both are of the opinion that still-hunting deer without snow is exceedingly difficult. Not a bit of venison did they have in camp till they had killed it. They took in no fresh meat, fully expecting to kill venison the first day.

Mr. Patterson, of Patterson Brothers, has been down South on a quail shoot. He had his usual good sport. C. P. Jones secured several partridges Thanksgiving in Reading. He says that the birds are remarkably shy.

SPECIAL.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

From the annual report of Capt. George S. Anderson Acting Superintendent.

Protection of Forests.

I have heretofore gone into the subject of protection of forests at such length as to leave but little to say this time. Last season was noted for the frequency of light rains, which no doubt aided in the prevention of fires. I have once more to report that none of any material consequence occurred during the entire year. I have, therefore, but the one serious fire of July, 1893, to report as occurring since my arrival, and that one I find upon careful examination to have been much less extensive than previously reported. The system of daily patrols from my numerous outposts has done much to prevent fires. My rule is to have a man start every morning from each of these stations, carrying with him a bucket and a shovel with which to thoroughly extinguish any smoldering embers that may be found in the abandoned camps of tourists. These patrols continue on their way until they meet similar patrols from the neighboring station, when, after a short halt, they retrace their steps in the afternoon to their own proper home. In this way many serious fires are undoubtedly prevented, and to the thoroughness of the system I feel sure most of the good results are due. Whenever camping parties, by their carelessness, leave fires which endanger the forests, arrests are promptly made and the parties brought into this station, where they are tried by the United States Commissioner for violation of the Park regulations. Convictions had are freely talked of among the tourists, with the result of making subsequent parties more careful. There have already been twelve convictions for violations of the law of May 7, 1894.

Outposts.

The work done by the patrols from the various outposts that I have established has continued to give the greatest satisfaction. The duty is hard, involving much riding in summer, exposure to heat and to cold, much snowshoe work in winter and the incurring of many dangers. I find the freedom and the ease of the life makes this duty very popular with the better class of soldiers, and I have no difficulty in obtaining from the best of men applications for this sort of service.

I have not established any new stations for summer service, but during last winter I added one, which was occupied by a sergeant and three men near the Mud Geyser. The object of this new station was the protection of the bison that winter in the Hayden Valley.

In my last report I noted the death of Private Mathews, of Troop D, Sixth Cavalry, while on detached service from the Riverside Station, going to the Lower Basin for the mail. A most thorough search for his remains was continued for at least six months after his disappearance. His body was found early in June of this year on the south side of the Gibbon River, about three miles from its junction with the Firehole. It was evident that he became lost, and while in that condition became crazed and perished from cold.

For this season's work I have been authorized to expend a portion of the appropriation for Park improvement in the employment of additional scouts. As soon as the poaching season fairly begins I will make such use of this fund as I feel sure will result in important captures, and a few convictions will have a most salutary effect upon game protection.

Roads.

Soon after my last report was rendered, the control and management of the road work were turned over to me by an order from the Secretary of War. It was then too late in the season to inaugurate any extensive system of road building. Repairs, resulting in material betterment, were, however, instituted. The arch bridge near the Upper Falls of the Yellowstone was completed, and the road at that point thus made passable for travel, but not before the end of the tourist season. The road at the foot of the Virginia Cascade, which had entirely washed out in the spring of last year, was put in a condition to withstand any rise in the water that the springtime might bring. About two miles of road in the Gibbon Cañon, which had so washed out as to be almost impassable, were put in a thorough state of repair. A mile of new road was built between here and Gardiner, replacing the old road, which was rendered impassable by the destruction of the bridge over the Gardiner River, about a mile and a half below here. By this new road the heavy grades of the old one are entirely avoided, and the experience of this season has shown that it is a much superior thoroughfare.

With the beginning of this season I began work in earnest on the road system. My first object was to put the roads in a thorough state of repair. To this end I made a liberal use of the road machine, filling up the ruts cut by heavy freight wagons in the wet and softened roadbed. Following these machines was a man who removed from the track all small stones which were found there, thus saving the jolt caused by them. This, in many places, at small expense, converted a very bad road into a good one.

A new road of full width and easy grades has been constructed down the brink of the Grand Cañon from a point over the Lower Falls to Inspiration Point. I have also had protecting rails put on both Point Lookout and Inspiration Point. The trails leading down to the Lower Falls have been improved, and the dangerous places guarded by hand rails. A new road has been finished from a point on the old road just south of the Alum Creek Bridge, passing around Sulphur Mountain, and joining the old road again near Antelope Creek. A roadway has been opened from the Lake Hotel to the Natural Bridge, so that it is now passable for light wagons. A crew has been working for about a week on the road which was projected along the shore of the lake, near the Thumb, but not heretofore completed. As about two miles of this part of the road is very heavy from the covering of loose beach sand, I shall have to surface it with some clayey material, which will not be an inexpensive piece of work. I hope, however, to have it completed within a few days. The road from the Old Faithful to the Upper Crossing of the Firehole has been remade, and a driveway to the Lone Star Geyser opened. I have also made a road passable from the Fountain Hotel around the Constant, or Black Warrior Geyser, and back by way of the Great Fountain. A bridge will soon be completed over the Firehole River just south of the Excelsior Geyser, permitting teams to cross the river at this point and join the direct road in the edge of the woods opposite. A bridge has also been constructed at the old ford near the mouth of the Gibbon Cañon. I have located a new road connecting a point on the old road at the top of the hill beyond the Gibbon Cañon with the same road on the flat about a mile north of the Firehole cottages. This road is already completed for more than half its length, and by Aug. 1 I hope to have it in use. I will also connect this road at its nearest point with the road down the Madison, at the junction of the Gibbon and the Firehole. The balance of this road down the Madison Cañon I shall survey this year, but will leave the construction of it for another season.

In a few days a surveying party will proceed down the Snake River to complete the roadway to Jackson Lake, begun two years ago. As soon as the surveying party can be spared from this last-named work it will be put to work locating the proposed road from the Grand Cañon to Yanceys, over Mt. Washburn.

When some of the crews now engaged in road repairs can be spared from that work I shall place them on the road near Cooke City, to open out and improve the road in that vicinity.

All of this work is done under the direction of the Secretary of War, but I embody a mention of it in this report in order that you may be informed of the progress made. Of one thing I feel certain, and that is, that the transfer of the road work from a non-resident officer to the acting superintendent resulted in a great saving of appropriation and in much improvement to the roads.

Fishing.

I have little to add to my previous reports on the subject of fishing in the Park. The enormous number taken here by all parties who take the time to cast a line surpasses all belief. The plants of trout put by the Fish Commission in the Gardiner and Willow Creek, in the Firehole and the Nez Perces, now furnish the rarest sport to those wishing to try the brook trout, the Loch Leven, or the Von Behr. The plant made by the Fish Commission in Shoshone Creek two years ago has prospered, and the stream is now filled with small ones. The only plant that does not seem to have succeeded is that of the rainbow trout in the Gibbon River, above Virginia Cascade. An occasional fish is seen in this part of the river, but they are nearly all large, indicating that for some cause or other they have not propagated satisfactorily.

The black bass sent out by the Commission in December, 1893, reached here at a time when the thermometer was 22° below zero. By the time they reached Norris they were apparently all dead, but they were thrown into the Gibbon River at that point. I have recent reports from a crew building a bridge over the Gibbon near the mouth of the cañon that several had been seen at that point. I had hoped that they were all dead, as it was not my desire to have them in streams where trout either were or might be planted.

The plant of bass promised for last year was not sent, but about ten days ago 500 were received at Cinnabar one morning at 11 o'clock, and before night I had them distributed in the lakes which were their destination, more than fifty miles distant from the point where they were received from the car. Every one of this number was healthy and in good condition, and I have strong hopes of soon adding bass fishing to the other pleasures of the Park tour

Prof. Jordan, who had already made several trips through the Park under the auspices of the Fish Commission, passed through last month as a tourist. He was much interested in the progress of the plant which he had been instrumental in making. He said that he believed the large number of trout taken in the Yellowstone Lake did no harm, and that those that remained were improved by it. The opinion of this high authority is conclusive as to the fact that there is no need of protection to fish in the lake and the waters of the Yellowstone. It has occurred to me that protection might be needed for those planted in the Gardiner and the Firehole. It is gratifying to note that they were more numerous this year than ever before in both these streams, but, inasmuch as the volume of tourist travel last year was small, perhaps some restrictive measures will be necessary in the future. I do not suggest a closed season, but rather that a regulation be made requiring all fish under a certain length to be returned to the stream. I suggest 6in. as a minimum length for any fish permitted to be taken in the streams so stocked. Of course the plant of bass will be protected until they have sufficiently increased in numbers to permit of their being taken without endangering their numbers.

Poaching.

The act of May 7, 1894, seems to have had a most healthy effect upon the poachers who surround and prey upon the Park. I believe that those of the north, the east and the south sides have nearly or quite ceased troubling it. I can not say as much as this for the Idaho border. There is a section of country beginning at Henry's Lake and extending south for about 25 miles inhabited by a merciless and persistent lot of head and skin hunters. In most civilized countries the occupation of such vandals as these is held in merited contempt, but it is not so in the region of which I have made mention. The laws of Idaho are extremely deficient in game protective measures. I believe it is a fact that the bison, now so nearly extinct, is not protected at all. So long as the only herd of wild bison now existing in the United States is on the border of this State, liable at any time to cross within its dominion, it would seem that the State would pass the laws necessary to protect them with the most vigorous of punishments. Extended inquiry into various rumors of the killing of bison, either in the Park near the Idaho line or across it within that State, has convinced me that this last remaining herd is in danger of extinction by these people of whom I have made mention. I have good evidence of the killing of at least ten less than two years ago near the State line, but probably outside the Park. This was prior to the passage of the protection act, which has nearly put an end to depredations within the Park. I have undoubted evidence of the capture of three calves this spring by a resident of Henry's Lake. He claims that this capture was made outside the Park. There are rumors of a herd of nearly one hundred having been seen in Idaho outside the Park within the last two or three months. The Park act can afford no protection to these animals after they cross its boundary. I trust every influence will be brought to bear to induce the Idaho authorities to pass a protective law, and to this end I will exert my best endeavor.

A single conviction of a poacher under the law of May 7, 1894, will act as a powerful deterrent on these criminals, and I have no donbt will go far toward settling the question of incursions by depredators for all time.

The only other way in which the Park is liable to be troubled by poachers is in the capture of the fur-bearing animals. It is so easy to place poison or set traps where the eye of the most expert scout cannot find them; it is so easy to pack the pelts out of the Park without detection, that it has seemed to me one of the most difficult problems that I have been called upon to handle. Of course the constant system of patrols has done much to enforce the law and the regulations on this subject, and I am pleased to state that the effect has been the best. Evidences multiply on all hands of the constant increase of all of these animals. Four years ago I considered the extinction of the beaver imminent. I now find them multiplied many fold in all of the suitable streams in the Park. Of course some of them fall a victim to the trappers who hang around the borders, but the large central area of the Park is as thoroughly protected as though poachers were non-existent.

The few elk, deer, antelope, bear, etc., that may fall victims to the hunter's rifle within the Park limits will not in any material sense diminish their numbers, and except as a matter of example it would not be worth the trouble of pursuing the poacher who confines his depredations to this kind of game.

Game.

Last winter there was less snow than ever before known within the Park. It was possible for the larger game, such as bison and elk, to pass at will over most parts of it during the entire winter. For that reason, perhaps, the bison that have heretofore wintered in the Hayden Valley were not massed there this year. The most seen there in a single bunch at any one time was about thirty. Small herds of from three or four to ten were seen in widely separated localities where they have not usually wintered. I feel sure that many of them did not leave their summer range along the Idaho line. How many of them may have been killed or captured I cannot determine, but I fear that their number has not increased, although I am still disposed to adhere to my estimate of last year that 200 still remain. There has been placed at my disposal by Prof. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, $3,000 with which to build an inclosure and provide food for so many as can be driven within it during the coming winter. If this plan should succeed we will be able to retain a small herd and keep them nearly in a state of nature. I hope to have this inclosure built by the middle of September.

On account of the mildness of the winter and the early disappearance of the snow it was a particularly favorable season for the rearing of young, and all of the wild animals seen this spring are accompanied by an exceptional number of vigorous and healthy offspring.

From reports received from the station on Snake River, it seems that the moose in that region are rapidly increasing. I have no doubt they are thoroughly protected, and in time will form an important element among the game preserved within the Park.

Of the mountain sheep I have nothing new to report. Their summer habitat is not within my observation, but the usual herds wintered on Mount Everts and were seen almost daily by travelers on the road between here and Gardiner.

The elk have quite held their own or increased in numbers, and have been seen almost daily by tourists up to the present date. They exist within the Park in such great numbers that the question of their preservation is not one that causes any concern. A succession of open winters like the last would possibly make them more numerous than the food supply could well support. That they breed and winter within the Park and wander outside of it to furnish sport for hunters is not an evil, and is perhaps one of the very excuses for game protection within its limits.

The antelope have increased very materially. Certainly 800 of them wintered on the flat this side of the town of Gardiner, where this most shy of all wild animals became nearly as tame as domestic cattle.

The deer seem to have increased more rapidly than any other variety of game. I have seen within the last twelve months double the number that I have ever before seen in a similar period. During the winter and the early spring they wander unterrified over the grassy slopes at this point and pass within a few feet of the houses and barracks, exposed to the gaze of the officers and soldiers, without exhibiting the slightest fear.

Bears are as plentiful and tame as ever, visiting most of the hotels nightly, where they are a source of amusement and entertainment to the tourists. Although they have increased notably, I do not think it is desirable to diminish their numbers. They are not dangerous to human life, and the Park can well spare whatever of the other game they may consume for their sustenance.

The only contributions made to the National Zoölogical Park at Washington last year were ten beaver, a few of the smaller animals, and some birds. This was, of course, largely due to the fact that I was uncertain as to whether I would be permitted under the new law to capture and ship them. An affirmative decision on this point came too late in the season to be of any value, for the young were then too large to be captured. I am arranging to make some captures for shipment this autumn.

Geysers.

I have had observations made on the eruptions of the geysers covering only such hours of the day as the men stationed thereat were on duty. Eruptions occurring during the night were, as a rule, not observed or included in the report I append for publication. A list of these observations was made last season and published in my last report with a view of counteracting the prevailing opinion that there is a general law of periodicity in their action. Old Faithful, which years ago was carefully observed during all of its eruptions for nearly a month, was found to have a nearly uniform interval of about sixty-eight minutes. It is probable that this interval has slightly increased, but that it is still measurably uniform from one eruption to the next is quite certain. The Fountain Geyser also has a fairly regular action with an interval of about five hours at the present time. This interval seems to be dependent somewhat upon the water-surface supply, being greater in dry months late in the season than in the spring when the supply of surface water is larger. A fairly regular interval has also been noted for the Great Fountain. At the present time its interval is about eight hours.

ADIRONDACK DEER HOUNDING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, Mr. Allen, thinks because no starter or dog can steer a deer into any given lake, hounding is no more destructive than other methods of hunting. But how is it when there is a party of hunters at every lake and pond, as is the case during the hounding season? It makes little difference where a deer runs before the hound, in nine cases out of ten the deer is killed. This fall a party, at one little pond containing no more than forty acres, killed over twenty deer—the larger number being driven to the water by dogs belonging to other parties hunting in the vicinity. Another party killed thirteen deer, nine of which were driven by dogs not belonging to the party. And so it is all over the Adirondacks. Having the opportunity to observe the effects of hounding deer in all its phases, I am fully convinced that if hounding could be abolished at the expense of legalizing crusting and the killing of deer in the deep snows of winter, it would be an advanced step toward the protection of our Adirondack deer and the brutality no greater than when butchering them in the water.

MUSSET.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Of course a deer has a chance to escape when run by dogs. I know it and I don't believe that there is a dogger of deer but can tell of at least one deer having escaped. I'm right glad Mr. J. C. Allen has jumped on to those indiscreet writers who talk as if a deer had no chance to escape. Maybe half of them escape. It's possible, but I'd hate like sixty to swear to it. "Stray races are frequent," says Mr. Allen. The blamed deer have a way of going over into the other party's territory that is just fearfully provoking to a man who is after heads or meat.

I can believe Mr. Allen when he says he knew a dozen dogs backed by a dozen men to hunt one whole day without getting a deer to water, but it seems too good to be true. Were the dogs sick or pugs? Tell us all about it. Such instances should be marked with big letters and all the details told. They should be carefully studied and the whys of it understood. Why is it that the parties who hunted "for a week with dogs" and never downed a hoof haven't told of their wonderful experience?

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

OREGON NOTES.

Ducks.

J. ROBERTS MEAD, F. T. Swift and Frank Hart killed 238 ducks, a Canada goose and a swan on Jewett's Lake, Sauvie's Island, yesterday. I saw them and they were a nice fat lot. At this rate of speed sportsmen will soon reach the other end, where there are no ducks. Truly, it makes my heart ache to view such slaughter; but the boys are cruel enough to suggest that it is a kind of death-bed repentance on my part.

Elk.

Captain W. J. Riley has just returned from his annual elk hunt. Every fall he takes a trip over into the Coast Range for elk and has never yet failed to get meat. This time he killed two magnificent elk, each carrying a fine set of antlers. He thinks that one of the elk was the largest he has ever seen. He also brought back some fine trout, caught in the Nasel River.

Turkeys.

Not wild turkeys, but the good old Thanksgiving kind are plentiful and the boys are having great fun at their shooting matches. And in this connection they tell a good one on H. T. Hudson. It is said that he went out to the turkey shoot at Riverside Inn with his .38-40 Marlin and used .44 S. & W. shells. George Norcross, the gunsmith, says that while the turkeys came out of the ordeal in good shape the gun didn't.

Live Decoys.

Here of late our sportsmen are using a great many live duck decoys. And now some fell disease is carrying them off as if stricken with the plague. The cause of the trouble is not known and the boys are in sore distress. Some think that the mortality may be accounted for in the lack of gravel on the grounds where they are kept. Others claim that it is from eating a kind of newt that abounds in those waters. At any rate the decoys are rapidly dying off and the boys are correspondingly unhappy.

Swans.

Speaking of live decoys reminds me of a little incident that occurred down at the Jewett the other day. The boys were shooting the "little rowdy." Hart was on one side with his live decoys, while Mead and Swift were on the other. A couple of swans came in over the heads of the latter and each picked his swan. Swift's bird was tipped and fell just across the lake among Hart's live decoys. When the decoys saw the monster descending upon them they all made for the shore. But one old hen was too fat to get out of the way and the boys had to send up to Jewett's for a spade with which to resurrect her.

Sirens.

There is considerable human nature about these live decoys. Nothing seems to please them more than luring their wild cousins to destruction. It sounds a little fishy, but it's a fact. After they get thoroughly educated they are very attentive to business, and will call themselves hoarse to get their brethren within range and never wink when the gun goes off.

Use for Carp.

You know that the carp have eaten up all our wapatoos, widgeon grass and other duck food, and ducks are not easily decoyed because they seem to know that there is nothing to eat. So the boys have to resort to all kinds of schemes to get the few ducks within range. An enterprising sportsman of my acquaintance has adopted a novel method. He first anchors his decoys and then takes a good strong hook and snell, inserts the hook through the carp's dorsal fin, ties the loop on the snell to the decoy and turns the business loose. The carp keep the decoys in constant motion, occasionally causing them to dive, and wild ducks seem to imagine that the decoy ducks have struck a fine lot of food. S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 25.

QUAIL IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

NORTH ONTARIO, Cal., Nov. 16.—As our summers are always dry, that would cut but little figure in the matter were it not for the grass fires, which, in my opinion, destroy more nests and very young birds than almost any other cause. The past summer has been very favorable and the crop of birds promised to be one of the best for years, and were the game laws enforced no doubt it would have more than fulfilled our expectations. Bad as matters are in this respect, there are still a goodly number of birds.

The last Legislature made a move in the right direction by shortening the open season, but did not make adequate provision for enforcing the laws. The matter being left to the boards of supervisors of the various counties, but few game wardens were appointed, and the illegal killing of the birds has gone on as before. What we need most in this part of the State is protection in fact. The birds will multiply if given any sort of a chance. I am informed on the best of authority that some parties who had been seen killing quail almost daily from the first of July were reported to our local officer, and nothing whatever was done. The supervisors refused to appoint a game warden, and what are we to do? One man, the superintendent of a large vineyard, makes his boasts that all are free to kill quail on his property whenever they choose. A good, active warden, with the sportsmen of the State at his back, could soon put this matter to the test, and a few heavy fines would do a world of good to those who seem to think they can do as they please. An officer of the State did, I believe, make a couple of alleged arrests in this county; but as nothing further has been heard in the matter, we suppose it will end at that.

There is no place on earth where quail have fewer natural enemies than here in southern California, and never in my experience, which extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have I seen or heard of such willful violations of the game laws or such laxity on the part of those whose duty it is to see them enforced. H. M. TONNER.

IMPORTED GAME BIRDS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As I was one of the speakers at the first meeting of the Maine Game Protective Association, at the Hotel Buckingham, Lewiston, Me., two years ago, I have read with the deepest interest the accounts you have published in FOREST AND STREAM of the experience of those who have been attempting to introduce black game and capercailzie into the State of Maine.

I am familiar with these grand birds and have shot them in Scandinavia, and I of course regret that they have not yet succeeded in Maine—but the result is just what I expected. If a sufficient number of birds were turned down in a suitable locality I am sure they would succeed. As for sharp-tail and pinnated grouse, they are certain to fail in Maine.

My theory is that alien birds or beasts may often be successfully introduced into a region apparently suited to them, and to which they could not have obtained access without the aid of man, but that failure will invariably result by introducing them to a region to which they could have spread naturally had it been suited to their requirements. I may instance the success of the pheasant, transported from the Euphrates to Britain by the Romans; the rabbit, taken by settlers to Australia; the California quail, introduced into Vancouver's Island, the climate of which is mild enough for its welfare, but which is separated from the natural habitat of the bird by many hundred miles of unsuitable country; the introduction of the Mongolian pheasant into the Pacific States; the restocking of Scotch coverts with capercailzie from Scandinavia, and such well-known instances of success.

I possess a good deal of information upon black game and capercailzie which is at the disposal of any person desiring to make use of it. ST. CROIX.

Snow for Foxes in Vermont.

SHELDON, Vt., Nov. 23.—The definition of the term "sportsman" can be given very briefly and fully. A sportsman is a man who indulges in the sports of rod and gun for the sake of the sport itself, and is generally a person who uses as good tools as his means will admit.

The slight snow this morning brought the fox hunters out in full force. The writer shot a large dog fox in front of Whirlwind and Drive. At the time of writing the other hunters have not reported their success.

STANSTEAD.

A New Jersey Vermin Bounty Complication.

UNDER date of Nov. 21 the New York *Sun* had a report from Blairstown, N. J., which ran: "The township committee of Stillwater, Sussex county, met to receive groundhog, skunk and weasel scalps a day or two ago. They were surprised to see several loads come in. One man had all he could haul in a truck wagon. Another came in with a wheelbarrow full. A bicyclist brought almost 300 strung together and tied to his wheel. School children, too, brought in large quantities. When the committeemen came to count up the scalps they found that they had some 10,000 of them, and would have to borrow money to pay for them. Due bills were given, and the hunters will not get the cash until the taxes are collected. The committee has hired two corn cribs to store the scalps in, as hundreds will be brought in nearly every day for the next week or two. The township agrees to pay 10 cents for every scalp, but the committee will cut down the reward one-half."

These figures were only 1,000 more than three times too large. The facts are given in this communication from Town Clerk Driscoll:

"MIDDLEVILLE, N. J., Nov. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to your request of Nov. 25 in regard to scalps, the township of Stillwater pays 10 cents per scalp for groundhog scalps only. The town committee met Nov. 16 to receive these scalps. About 3,000 were brought in, not 10,000. Cannot say as to how they were brought in, whether in truck wagons, wheelbarrows or on bicycles. No corn cribs were leased to store these scalps; kerosene was thrown over them and then they were burned. There was not sufficient money in hands of treasurer to pay all bills, and a few bills will not be paid until next meeting of committee. W. F. DRISCOLL, Town Clerk."

Miss Milhau's Moose.

AROOSTOOK COUNTY, Me.—Miss Mary Dudley, of New Jersey (formerly of Presque Isle, Me.), Miss Zella Milhau, and Mr. W. H. Penny, of New York, and Miss Tenney, of Houlton, Me., have just returned from Big Fish Lake, where they were unusually successful in securing two moose and a deer. Miss Milhau succeeded in shooting a monster moose with a spread of over 4ft. in the horns. Added to this, she has a record as an angler; she visited the lake in July and caught some fine trout. The party speak in glowing terms of the entire country there, and claim that they have never seen its superior as a model hunting ground.

Mr. Frederick Harding and Henry Garrison, of Paterson, N. J., have just returned from Squaw Pond and Black Water with two caribou and a moose, besides several other smaller specimens of game. This is Mr. Harding's second trip. He was here in the summer and succeeded in capturing three bears.

Mr. A. A. Barker, of Newport, R. I., and Mr. Joe Robinson, of Presque Isle, have just returned from Big Fish Lake and Machias with two moose, one of which is a perfect monster, weighing dressed nearly 1,200lbs., with a spread of 5ft. 1in. between antlers. He has shipped it home complete, and is to have it mounted just as it stood in its native elements. H. H. S.

[We would like to have authentication of the antler measurements.]

Michigan Deer Hounding.

LANSING, Mich., Nov. 28.—Hounding deer seems to have been practiced pretty generally all over northern Michigan. At Bravort Lake the hotel keepers and guides run dogs all the year through. At Gilcrist the hounding was general. At Alpena and all west of there dogs are used constantly. In Clare county dogs are used all the year through. At Roscommon almost every hunter has a dog, and the report there is that the game wardens and prosecuting attorney use dogs for deer. In Jack Pine township I hear that dogs are used constantly, and it is the custom there to muzzle the dogs to prevent their making too much noise. From Raney Lake a party just in state that dogs were used there every day during their stay. At Indian River and all through that section, I am told, almost every deer hunter has his dogs and runs them whenever he wants to hunt. All this I get from hunters who have been on the ground and seem to know what they are talking about. From about McKinley comes the same report. For outside hunters the season has been poor. JULIAN.

Shooting Incidents.

IN reading a recent issue of your valuable paper I read of two incidents of killing foxes with a quail load and a white woodcock.

In the winter of 1867 I was shooting quail in Delaware county, Ohio. My pointer made a point in an open wheat stubble. I walked in ahead of him to flush as I supposed a covey of quail. Instead I started two red foxes, both of which I killed with No. 8 shot. The dog fox was killed dead in his tracks at about 20yds., the vixen ran after being hit say 50yds. and dropped dead.

While shooting summer woodcock at Mogadore, O., eight miles from Akron, O., in August, 1892, I found in a piece of topped corn seventeen woodcock in a three acre piece of ground. Among the lot was one white bird, which was killed. It was a young bird fairly well grown, and was all white with the exception of a few dark spots, some five or six, about the size of a pea. I have it mounted and it was nicely done by H. E. Chubb, of Cleveland, O. R. B. MORGAN.

Pennsylvania Game.

OSCEOLA MILLS, Pa., Nov. 25.—Pheasants are very plenty this fall, but the poor little quail that were around last season are a thing of the past. I think the severe storms in February killed all of them. Rabbits are very plenty. On last Friday we had a fine tracking snow for a few hours in the morning, and there were hundreds of rabbits killed. Some scored as high as thirteen to one gun. My friend C. and myself managed to kill thirteen cotton-tails and six pheasants from 8 A. M. till noon, and, as I heard one hunter say, it was not a good day to hunt either. (It snowed.) No deer have been killed here this season. I have only heard of four being seen, and that was before the season came in. Squirrels are very scarce, very few being bagged. I have been out only five times and have killed twenty-six pheasants and eight cotton-tails. E. C. B

Notes from Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 30.—We have already reported a scarcity of quail. As to other game it is not so scarce, though our gunners are not having much of a feast of shooting deer and turkeys. Several parties came in Thanksgiving Day morning and their one small deer was very conspicuously lugged along by a porter.

Messrs. Tappan, Laird, Murray and Culliane are back from a few days' shoot in the mountains around Buckingham Court House. They saw deer and have had venison to supply their tables. Mr. Tappan says he was hardly on his stand when he saw a deer coming toward him. The creature stood awhile, scenting the air, moving its head from side to side; the gunner fired a charge of buckshot at it and the deer left for safer quarters. Tappan says there is no use trying to shoot buckshot out of a rifled gun.

Some of our District militiamen recently went down into Prince George's county, Maryland, quail shooting, coon hunting, possum hunting—any kind of hunting—and came back empty-handed. Lieuts. Robbins, Marron, Sergt. Murray and a corporal hunted over three farms, covering 1,000 acres, and saw but six birds. To their credit, these few birds were left for breeding. As for coons and possums, they did not find them.

From the western Maryland side we have good reports of opossum and coon hunting. In Washington county James Hart has a season's record this year of forty opossum and twenty raccoons.

One of the largest flocks of ducks seen for years passed over the city this morning. They were flying high and passing southward, following the river.

Several of our gunners have been on the river the present week, but report no success.

Some wild geese have been killed along the Chesapeake.

BART.

Mongolian Pheasants in Pennsylvania.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of Nov. 16 I notice Frank Robinson's note in reference to Mongolian pheasant cock killed in Bucks county, Pa. The Pottsville Game and Fish Protective Association on April 7 last liberated fourteen of these birds in Schuylkill county. Ten of these were females and the other four males. The birds were distributed in four groups in a radius of about twelve miles, and it's just likely that one of these cocks has wandered from Schuylkill county through the intervening county of Lehigh into Bucks.

In 1892 we bought and had shipped three birds, one cock and two females, from Mattison & Mattison, of Turner, Ore. Two of the birds liberated were originally brought from Oregon, the third (a hen) having died some time afterward. We were remarkably successful in hatching the eggs, as high as 90 per cent. hatching; but our efforts at raising the young were failures. These birds stand the Association about $150, and by a majority vote we decided to liberate them and stop the expense. One of our members was presented with a trio of birds and is still trying to raise more.

F. C. PALMER,
Sec'y Pottsville G. and F. Pro. Asso.

Massachusetts Covers.

BOSTON, Mass.—The sportsmen of this State have had a fair amount of shooting this season, considering the scarcity of game and the number of dogs and guns. We depend largely on flight birds for woodcock, as very few breed here compared with former years. The flight is expected usually from the breeding places at the North from Oct. 10 to 22 on their way to the winter homes in the Southern States.

Sometimes, if the weather is mild, they will linger with us a week or more, giving the gunners fine sport. But some seasons we get but a day or two of good shooting, as a hard freeze or a fall of snow will drive them South in a hurry, and then it is good-by till the next season.

Ruffed grouse in some sections of the State have been plenty and some good records have been made.

Quail seem to be rather scarce so far as heard from. Quite a number of black and wood duck have been shot in the ponds and rivers within fifty miles of Boston, but our fast diminishing game birds need much more protection than they have at present.

BAY STATE.

Killing Park Buffalo.

SILVER CITY, Juab County, Utah, Nov. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you slip cut from a newspaper which relates to the killing of Park buffalo, and I would add that I had a chat recently with a man who has been in that portion of Idaho situated east of the Utah Northern Ry., and west of the Yellowstone Park, during the past season, and he told me that the latest way in which those fellows get the buffalo, without fear of detection and fine, is to go into the Park without arm or ammunition of any kind, and finding the band of animals they stampede them out of the Park; and when across the line they get the guns they have cached at some convenient place without the Park, when they slaughter the buffalo with impunity. Those scamps seem determined to get the very last of the buffalo, and haste must be made if the few remaining ones are to be saved. There is no sentiment in those wretches.

C. H. B.

A Curious Deer Horn.

EDGERTON, O., Nov. 26.—L. Gebhard and Jacob Larhman have just returned from a three weeks' trip to the Wisconsin woods. They camped about sixteen miles from Colby. Gebhard killed two deer and Larhman one. They brought two home and ate one in camp. They also brought with them the head of a four-point buck, killed by P. Swan, living near where they camped; one of the antlers extends straight out from the head about 11in. in length, and it has three small points on the end and one close to the head; the other antler is the same as on all deer. Mr. Gebhard, who is a taxidermist, is mounting the head. Rev. E. P. Rankin, of Stevens Point, was in camp with them a week, and reports a jolly time.

L. A. G.

News from the Expedition after Bears.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Nov. 30.—Party killed ten bears in ten days. I killed one.

E. HOUGH.

The Reporter and the Pipe.

Some writer on the *San Francisco Examiner* prints a story savoring of the "pipe," as the vernacular of the perfesh hath it, in regard to a herd of cattle in Colorado which live in a valley whose edges are so sharp that no man can get down into it. In order that all men may know right where this is, I print the directions:

In the wildest portion of the West, 75 miles northwest of Meeker, where, in 1879, the Utes massacred the Meeker family and every one at the agency, is the most wonderful cattle ranch in the world. Within a space five miles in length and three miles in width roams a herd upon whose sides the branding iron has never been placed, and around whose horns the lariat has never tightened. But a score or even fewer of them have ever seen a man or horse, or other animals of their kind, and in fact their kin, except at a distance of nearly 600ft. high above them. The Ute Indians call them "p'check-up," or red buffalo.

The cattle are in a prison, says the *Examiner*. Out of it there is one method of escape, but to travel that road means death to the adventurous one. There is no way to get in except it be by use of a rope 1,000ft. in length. The herd was started there in 1874, when a herd of cattle belonging to John Wyckliffe was stampeded by thieves. Wyckliffe and his sons tried to stop the stampede, but "instead they and their horses were swept on and driven, in the terror to escape the charge of maddened animals, over the brink of the awful precipice which frowns up from the waters of the Bear. After them plunged the whole fright-crazed herd, and down to the bottom of the fearful fall went horses, riders, and horned creatures. Out of this plunge of life, to what was seemingly certain death, to all, a few of the herd were not killed. Those which had gone ahead formed a cushion of death. Maimed, stunned, but still invested with a spark of life, when the dread storm was over, the living cattle crawled out from the mass beneath them and formed a nucleus for the herd which now roam at will within their rocky confines." There may be a herd of cattle in a mountain park, but if there is any valley in the Rockies that white men haven't been into and out of, it would be a pleasure to hear more of it. Meantime let us have no uneasiness on the matter. As these cattle got down in there by filling up the valley in a violent and rapid manner, so they will after a while get out by a reversal of the same process. In course of time they will have increased and been multiplied until there won't be room in the valley for them any more, and they will spill out over the top, and thus stock the surrounding country. This will afford material for another good story.

E. HOUGH.

Spare the Homing Pigeons.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having been a reader of your paper for a great many years, I ask permission to use its columns on behalf of the homing pigeon.

Besides being a lover of the dog and gun, I am also a lover of the homer, often called a carrier pigeon, and have spent a good deal of time and money in attaining good stock.

Many sportsmen will think it pretty tame sport, but I assure them, when several fanciers are joined and flying sweepstake races, it is exciting, as a race is often won in seconds; besides they are useful. I often, when going away on pleasure or business, take a few with me and use them as messengers to the people at home.

The great drawback to the sport is that many get shot, it is on that account that I write these few lines.

It is very annoying, to say the least, to have a bird that has worked well in all flies up to 300 miles get shot in the most important race of the season, viz., 500 miles; in that race they become tired and are liable to fly low.

One of our club members had some birds liberated at Flint, Mich., about 650 miles "air line" from home. They were stamped on the wing by the Race Secretary of the Federation. When less than 200 miles from home, they were shot into, the party writing there were five in the lot and he killed two; he must have wounded another, as only two reached home.

I have frequently had birds come home only to die; they are gamy birds, full of grit.

Now I wish to ask my brother sportsmen to refrain from shooting pigeons that may come within reach of them while in the field, feeling satisfied that every thorough sportsman will do so when his attention is called to the fact that they are engaged in a race and are straining every muscle to get home.

I have often had letters from people who have shot my birds, expressing great regret, at the same time assuring me they would be more careful in the future, and in one or two cases they have become fanciers.

J. C. HARRIS.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE OREGON TROUT INDUSTRY.

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 21.—Mountain trout fingerlings taken with hook and line in the Pacific in quantities sufficient to supply the demands of our great and hungry city. Shades of Izaak Walton! Who would have thought it?

And what must Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, heretofore regarded throughout the civilized world as the best of all authorities on the trout of the Pacific coast, think of himself now? Has he not written: "This is the last generation of trout fishers. The children will not be able to find any. The trout that the children will know only by legend is the gold-sprinkled living arrow of the white water; able to zigzag up the cataract; able to loiter in the rapids; whose dainty food is the glancing butterfly?" Evidently Dr. Jordan was not aware that the mighty Pacific Ocean was teeming with the prettiest of mountain trout. It took an Oregon legislator to suggest it and a Portland dealer to demonstrate it, while the recorded judgment of a Portland justice of the peace banishes all doubt.

There is one thing for which we who prize our liberties may feel thankful. An Oregon legislative assembly meets at Salem biennially. If it convened oftener doubtless we would have more liberties. But as long as we put our trust in Oregon legislative assemblies our rights will be protected, and we'll eat trout whenever we feel like it.

Certain so-called sportsmen and financial philanthropists are continually bothering these assemblies for laws for the protection of fish and game, seemingly forgetful of the fact that these legislative bodies have all they can do to elect United States Senators, pass appropriation bills and do things of a dignified character. What would one's constituents think of a legislator that would fool his time away about such trifles as little fish and little birds? And besides one's constituents need fish and game in their business and feel abundantly able to take care of such matters themselves, while their representatives at Salem attend to the more important matters of State. Now and then, of course, some fellow that doesn't expect to be re-elected nearly succeeds in his spleenful efforts to undo his constituents by securing the passage of a protective law that would hold water. But the more ambitious ones—those who keep their fences in good repair—have never yet failed to discover the plot in time to knock it into a cocked hat, or at least knock a hog hole in it of sufficient dimensions to satisfy the most exacting of his constituents. Our rights are thus preserved and the stealthy assassin of our liberties is foiled.

Section 14 of our fish and game laws, as published and distributed by our very efficient protector, Mr. H. D. McGuire, reads as follows: "Every person who shall, within the State of Oregon, during the months of November, December, January, February and March of any year, catch, kill or have in possession, sell or offer for sale, any mountain, lake, brook or speckled trout, caught from any fresh water, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. Every person who shall, within the State of Oregon, take, or attempt to take, or catch with any seine, wire net or other device than hook and line, any mountain or brook trout after the passage of this act, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

Last week one of Mr. McGuire's special deputies purchased at one of our markets some bright, lovely trout, which the dealer represented (truthfully) as mountain trout. Mr. McGuire had the dealer arrested at once, as was his bounden duty. The case was tried before Justice Geisler, and his honor took the matter under advisement until this morning. The defense did not question the fact that they were mountain trout, but they produced an affidavit from some man over at Yaquina Bay that he caught them himself with hook and line in salt water. This morning Justice Geisler discharged the defendant, and now, in less than an hour after the decision, every fish dealer in the city of Portland is displaying openly for sale the finest of mountain trout. I am not prepared to say whether they all have their affidavits ready. But the market man is all right. It isn't likely that he is going to sit down with his hands in his pockets and talk to his patrons about close season for trout, etc., when his customer can step around the corner to the dealer's more enterprising competitor and get all the nice black-spotted mountain trout he wants, fresh from the ocean.

And what must these so-called sportsmen think of their own idiotic record; days of toil and hardship among the boulders and rapids and brush of some little stream away back in the mountains for a few dozen measly trout, when, if they had only been members of the Legislature, they would have known that all they need do to secure plenty of mountain trout for themselves, their friends and to pay expenses of the trip, was just to run down to the coast and sail out on the broad Pacific.

The legislator who so thoughtfully and ingeniously knocked the hog hole in our trout law ought to come forward now and claim the credit of establishing a new Oregon industry, the industry of catching bushels of pretty 6in. mountain trout out of the briny deep for the market.

Some fellow (doubtless one of the disgruntled minority) suggested to Warden McGuire the other day the advisability of not having any close season on legislators, and that the rising generation of Oregon boys be supplied with arms and ammunition at the expense of the State, but, thanks to the foresight of the framers of our constitution, that could only be done by legislative act, and so the honorable members of that august body have ample protection even in salt water.

Truly our fish and game "laws" are enough to give Protector McGuire the hysterics. Why, as the law reads, he must even be in doubt whether he can protect us from the cold storage nuisance. He tendered the last Assembly a set of acts bearing upon all the most material points pertaining to salmon, fish and game, but by the time that body got through with them—well, McGuire didn't know whether he was "afoot or horseback."

But never mind, Mr. McGuire, we'll eat trout all the year round if we want to, and you can help yourself as long as our representatives stand manfully by our interests and our appetites. And so far as the rising generation of Oregon boys is concerned, carp and catfish are good enough for them; and by the time we are done with the trout, and some of these boys get into the general Assembly, and begin to stop up these big holes, there'll be little occasion for any marked display of energy in the matter, and the boys would surely entertain too much respect for their forefathers to execrate them of record.
—*S. H. Greene in Portland Oregonian.*

Landlocked Salmon Culture.

ST. PAUL, Minnesota.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some two years ago a number of landlocked salmon or winninish were planted in Lake Pulaski, Wright county, this State. I did not see the fish myself, but I believe they were identical with the fish found in Lake St. John and contiguous waters. A few days ago I wrote Mr. H. B. Griffing, who resides at the lake, and who made the experiment, asking the result of the effort to stock the lake, and have the following in answer this morning:

"With regard to the salmon of which you inquire, the planting was not a success. The fish were something over a year old when introduced, and a few of the original fish survived and were caught, but they did not propagate, and I doubt if there are any now left in the lake."

The lake is about a mile long and the same in width. Water is very deep and cold. There are few if any streams emptying into it, the supply of water coming from springs principally, as in many of the Minnesota lakes. I should like some expert in fishculture and re-stocking to say whether it is essential in stocking with these fish that there should be spawning ground in streams, or if the fish will spawn in the lake itself if there be suitable locations therein.

Fly-fishers would doubtless be interested in this direc-

tion, as it might be the means of adding a magnificent fish to the fly-takers in the waters of this State.

W. L. Agnew.

MORE ABOUT THE MARSTON TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the description of *Salvelinus marstoni* published in Forest and Stream of this date the printer made me say the fish "pushes" at the fly with a rapid dart, when the word should be "rushes," and thus convey a different sense from that intended, at least to those who may not have guessed at the proper meaning. Very likely the manuscript was indistinct, and this may have accounted too for "Rimouski" being spelled "Rimonski" throughout the article.

Only a few days after having mailed you the article in question, I received by good luck a few more specimens of this beautiful fish (taken of course by special permit). Some of them reached me in most brilliant coloring, and you may hear more of them, for I immediately expressed three specimens each to Mr. A. N. Cheney, New York State Fishculturist, and Professor Garman, of Cambridge, Mass. One I skinned for purposes of future external comparison, and another a young artist friend is endeavoring to reproduce in water colors. He agrees with me that it will be no easy matter to so mix colors as to produce the particular shade upon the sides and belly of his brilliant model. When this fish reached me the reddish shade of orange upon its sides had attained, near the roots of the ventrals, to very nearly the brightness of cardinal red. I much regret that the specimen I retained for a table test was cleaned before I had an opportunity of examining whether it contained spawn. I hope my friends Messrs. Cheney and Garman will be more fortunate in this respect, for at present there is little but guesswork and conjecture respecting the spawning habits of the Marston trout. Mr. Hurley, of this city, to whom I am indebted for my last specimens of the fish, believes that in the waters they inhabit they are now making for their spawning beds. If this be so, it is likely that December is nearer to their spawning season than either January or February.

The flesh of the specimen that was cooked for me retained a pale pink hue after coming upon the table, much more pronounced than salmon. I cannot claim that it was as firm as the flesh of some brook trout that I have eaten, but this may be because of the time that it had been out of its native element. E. T. D. Chambers.

Quebec, Nov. 30.

Alabama Gulf Fishing.

Point Clear, Ala., Nov. 25.—Fishing is simply grand from Oct. 1 to February, for white trout, speckled trout, redfish, croakers, ground mullet, sheepshead and Spanish mackerel. Capt. Joe Rayfield, of Mobile, visits here about once a month and spends a week fishing and hunting. The last time he was here he bagged forty-four quail, twenty teal ducks and three turkeys, and caught an immense number of fish. T. S. B.

Game and Fish Protection.

New York Fish Commission.

The finances and records of the former New York Fish Commission are in a mixed condition, which Messrs. Lyman, Babcock and Davis, as a special committee of the new Commission, have been endeavoring to untangle. We give below the report made on Nov. 26. It is reported that Commissioner Thompson has resigned. At a meeting of the old Commission, called by Secretary Doyle at Albany on last Monday, $1,500 was handed over to the Comptroller, making $3,500 in all paid by Secretary Doyle on the old accounts. The report reads:

This Commission organized April 25, 1895, electing Edward P. Doyle, who had been secretary of the Fish Commission, which we succeeded, as secretary. The books of record, account books, vouchers and official correspondence of the old Fish Commission were at 53 Broadway, New York, and in the custody of Mr. Doyle as secretary, excepting a portion of the papers which related to game protectors' business.

The Forest Commission, which we also succeeded by the Consolidation Act, known as Chapter 395, Laws of 1895, had its office in the Capitol, and upon our organization this Commission occupied its old quarters. Its secretary, before retiring, delivered its books and other property, together with complete files and duplicate vouchers, check books, stubs, official papers and correspondence.

Upon the organization of this Commission we adopted rules for its government and divided the work of the Commission among five committees, assigning to each of the five Commissioners the immediate responsibility of looking after the details of the business of his department. As is well known to this board, it must be made the duty of this committee, in addition to the duties of auditing accounts and the special care of the finances of the Commission, to examine and check all books and accounts, and report the result of such examination to the board as often as once a month.

The outgoing Commissions made no statement or formal transfer of funds or property on hand, an omission which was perhaps as much our fault as theirs, as good business principles and common sense require that we should have demanded this formal transfer and an exhibit of the assets and liabilities of the boards, which, by the Consolidation Act, we were to succeed as legal representatives, before attempting to go on with the business, which, among other things, required, as we now have found, the settlement and liquidation of thousands of dollars of debts owing by our predecessors, and the collection and adjustment of thousands of dollars due the State from various sources, but principally on account of fines and penalties and judgments therefor, and on account of sales and leases of oyster franchises.

The only excuse your committee has to offer for failing to make this demand for an early accounting and delivery of property and funds is that this Commission had retained in its service the chief executive officer of the Forest Commission and the secretary and engineer of the Fish and Game Commission, who was also its disbursing officer and accountant and manager; also the chief game protector and his clerk, besides having upon this board two members, one each from the Consolidated Commissions.

The secretary on May 20 made to us and entered on our minutes the following reports, viz.: "The secretary informed the Commission that the Comptroller had paid the pay roll of the old Commission, and that the secretary had paid personally all outstanding accounts of the late Fish and Forest Commission."

This statement we very soon found to be a mistake, by the scores of bills and claims which were presented for payment, some running back as far as 1890. Your committee then began a thorough examination of the office and found that they had no books of accounts, vouchers, canceled checks or stubs of the late Fish and Game Commission. Inquiry developed the fact that all books and papers relating to financial transactions, as well as all official correspondence, were kept at 53 Broadway, New York, which had had been used as a branch office. Requests were made for their production, but same was ignored, and thereupon, June 7, the following resolution, offered by Commissioner Babcock of this committee, was adopted, viz.:

Resolved, That all the books, papers and receipts pertaining to the Commission in the New York office be removed to this office and turned over to the auditing and pay clerk at once within ten days.

Within a few days a box containing some old books, duplicate hatchery accounts, letters, obsolete blanks and other papers, many of which did not relate to the public business, was received, but found not to include the account books and fines and penalties, oyster franchises and general expense or any of the accounts or duplicate vouchers needed to enable us to liquidate claims against the Fish Commission or collect outstanding accounts due this Commission.

The most serious difficulties were met with in the department of fines and penalties, where hundreds of people, including justices, protectors, peace officers, lawyers, printers and others, were interested in moieties of recoveries which could only intelligently be adjusted from the accounts contained in the books and papers withheld, and can only be paid from the funds collected from fines and judgments recovered for violation of the game laws. We had no official knowledge of the serious condition of things until personal complaints began coming to members of the committee. A personal request for the books and vouchers met with no better success than the written direction of the Commission and the existence of the missing books and vouchers was denied.

In October, with the consent and by the courtesy of the honorable Comptroller, we employed an expert accountant to go to his office and make copies of all vouchers paid within the last fiscal year, and get such memorandum from his books and files as would enable us to make up our accounts for settlement with claimants, and for the purpose of ascertaining how much our funds had been impaired, and to enable us to make the financial report to the coming Legislature required by law.

This gentleman has already made his preliminary report to this board, dated Oct. 8, which showed that several thousand dollars of advances made, which was applicable to and supposed to have been used in liquidation of the indebtedness of this Commission, had not been so applied, and that several thousand dollars in vouchers returned had not been credited up because of imperfections therein or a misunderstanding of the particular appropriations to which chargeable.

These discrepancies are being adjusted and balances collected, and later on the expert will make a supplementary report.

The late secretary resigned July 9, and soon after, by resolution of this board, a letter was addressed to each of the ex-Fish Commissioners respectfully asking them for such information as they possessed in reference to the missing books and documents. Information was promptly received from ex-Commissioners Bowman and Huntington stating that the books and duplicate vouchers were left by them in the New York office, and volunteering to go with your committee and examine the office and confer with the late secretary as to what had become of the same.

We met Nov. 11 at the former branch office as agreed upon, and succeeded in finding there a quantity of duplicate vouchers, which we placed in a box for shipment to Albany. We also found several hundred official letters of this Commission which had been mailed to, or at least brought up in, the office at 53 Broadway, and had never been seen by this Commission. Many of them were of the nature of complaints as to the negligence of this board as to unpaid overdue bills, in some instances imputing to us dishonesty and crookedness, and others containing matters of more or less importance, which should have been considered and answered. These were also packed up for shipment to this office. It may be asked how our official correspondence was thus missent. The explanation is simple.

First.—The old Commission had their branch office there, and nearly all their business was transacted through their secretary and general manager for many years. Again, this Commission allowed its letter heads, vouchers, envelopes, applications for fry, etc., to be printed and go broadcast with the statement that 53 Broadway was a branch office still, thereby misleading the public and sending much of our correspondence there, especially that pertaining to bills which had been contracted there, as the public had been educated to look to the secretary personally for their pay. Upon inquiry we were told by Commissioner Thompson that the account books which we were looking for had been sent to the Comptroller's office, as he had been informed by Mr. Doyle on the previous day.

Communicating with the Comptroller's office, this was found not to be so. Mr. Leslie furnished us with an extract from the general account book, which he had made, showing the franchise account. We requested an inventory of the public property of the men in and about the office, but were informed that they could not give it to us without the consent of Mr. Doyle, who had personally employed them. When asked if he had not received notice that his services were dispensed with by this Commission, Mr. Wyeth said he had not, and said that there was due him $474, beyond some advances, the amount of which he declined to state without Mr. Doyle's consent. Mr. Leslie informed us that Doyle had charge of the correspondence, and that at times there would be as many as 200 letters awaiting his coming to be opened.

Your committee on the following day called at the office and met Mr. Doyle and requested the delivery of the books and documents. He told us we could not have the books and vouchers, as they were the property of the old Commission, which, counsel had informed him, was legally dead, and that this Commission had no jurisdiction or control of its official books or papers; that he had sent the oyster franchise account book, which also contained miscellaneous expenses and some other accounts, to Mr. Huntington, upon Mr. Thompson's orders, and the fines and penalties books to Mr. Bowman, and the duplicate vouchers to the Comptroller's office. When informed that the matter, so far as your committee was concerned, was ended, except to refer it to the Attorney-General's office or other proper authority, he reconsidered and agreed to produce the books at Albany the next day, which he did, at the same time informing the chairman of the committee that he had been a regular employee of the Commission since July 9, under an agreement with Commissioner Thompson that he should take the entire charge and management of the Shell-Fish Department at a salary of $100 per month, but had not claimed any pay so far.

A casual inspection of the fines and penalties account showed a shortage, as admitted by Mr. Doyle, of $1,195, for which he gave a check to the chairman of the executive committee, subject to a re-examination and further adjustment of the accounts, which, with $356 before returned, as per report of the chairman of the executive committee, Nov. 7, makes $1,551 repaid upon this account.

Your committee deem it their duty also to report that the books known as the shell-fish accounts and records are very incomplete. They also indicate there has been a neglect to collect moneys due, and unless better methods are at once adopted this Commission will have difficulty in making a proper detailed statement of its receipts from that source, and the State will be a loser thereby.

The maps of the whole oyster territory sold and leased by the State are none of them on file in the office of the Secretary of State or Comptroller. To produce these maps has taken years of time and cost the State thousands of dollars, and, together with the field books and other important data, showing title to and location of the hundreds of irregular parcels of land sold or leased by the State, should be on file in the office of the Secretary of State, and become public records in fact as well as in theory. As it now is, they are subject to loss or destruction. In this connection we desire to say that, in our opinion, the legitimate surveying and mapping of these grounds chargeable to the State should be done by and under the direction of the State Engineer and at the expense of that department, and that the advertising for the application of leases should be at the expense of the purchaser.

There has been an expense incurred by this Commission since April 25 of about $2,500 in advertising applications to lease lots for oyster cultivation, and nearly or quite as much more in various kinds of engineering and other expenses connected therewith.

The lots are in parcels from one-half acre to eight or ten acres. There is no real competitive bidding, all sales for good, bad and indifferent lands being for 25 cents an acre, the minimum price allowed by law. It is claimed that the theory is to give the present occupant a better title and insure him quiet and peaceable possession. It would seem, if this is the only end to be served, that it could be done by act of the Legislature at much less expense to the State and less annoyance and uncertainty to the occupant and owners of the equities therein. Be that as it may, the funds of this Commission will not admit of further wholesale depletion in this direction unless we close some of our hatcheries and withdraw a large part of our protectors from the forests. It is expected that when the shortages found by our expert have been returned to the Comptroller and the Commission it will help the condition of our finances somewhat, unless the Comptroller holds that moneys so returned must be credited to the general State fund. We find that several judgments for costs have been entered against the State and certified to us for payment because of indifference of attorneys in charge growing out of the neglect to answer their communications or settle their bills, and many others are threatening to let cases go by default if no attention is paid to their claims for services and disbursements heretofore made.

These complications become very serious for this Commission, especially in view of the fact, as reported by this committee at your last meeting, that of the $92,750.82 appropriated May 10, 1895, for the maintenance and work of the Commission for the fiscal year ending Oct. 31, 1895, we had, outside of funds specially appropriated for the purchase of lands, but $34,019.31 left Oct. 31, about one-fifth of which is required at once to liquidate debts incurred by ourselves, without considering the obligations contracted by our predecessors. We believe that this board should decide at once whether they will, from the funds on hand, pay any more accounts of the old Commission, and if they conclude not to do so, inform every creditor of the fact, and why they cannot settle their claim, and when they might reasonably expect relief.

And further, that measures should be taken at once to reduce expenses by cutting down the number of our employees and general retrenchment to meet the exigency. Otherwise we will have no funds left to hatch and distribute or protect forest and game.

We may add that a casual inspection of the oyster franchise book shows a discrepancy on the face of it of about $1,200. The late secretary admitted that he expected that account to be found short, but as yet all books and data for checking the account are in New York. Our expert accountant reports informally that he finds that duplicate vouchers have been used to considerable extent in settlements of shortages, which, as your committee thinks, explains the determined effort to keep all vouchers from the possession or inspection of this board.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

AN IMPARTIAL FEMALE.

Yaas, sir, my wife Keturah, in one pertic'lar way,
Is an abserlute fernomenon in this here present day.
She's an imparshul female, without no prejudice,
An' always hollers for fair play, and gives the best advice
To both sides in a quarr'l, in her imparshul style;
And sez, "Jist let the best man whip, after an honest tryle!"
Now, a woman like that thar, sir, as wimmen folks do go,
Is about as common in this world as is a milk white crow.

Set down by that thar hemlock log, down by the runway thar,
An' I'll tell ye a short tale about Ketury an' a b'ar.
Me an' Ketury, late last fall, was coming home one night,
Down the trail to our old shanty (it was jest about twilight),
Ketury knittin' as she walked and singin' Sankey's hymns,
An' me a-goin' on in front an' holdin' back the limbs,
When jest by the old berry patch upriz a big he b'ar,
Showin' his teeth, ez if to say, "Jest tetch me if you dar'!"
I hadn't got no rifle, nor nothin' but my knife,
So thort I'd gin the b'ar the road, and lead a Christian life.
But Ketury—waal, she up an' sez, "Now, Peter Jones!" says she,
"Ef you're the style of hunter I've hearn you claim to be,
You'll sorter draw your toothpick, an' show that sassy brute
You're somethin' on the bowie knife ez well ez on the shoot."
So I perdooced my weppin, an' breathin' a short pra'ar,
I wrapped my coat erbout my arm an' started fer that b'ar.
I found I'd met my ekils, an' p'raps a leetle more,
'Twas slash an' stab, an' cussin an' chew, an' growl an' roar!
Ketury she sot on a log a-knittin' calm an' slow,
Quite easy an' imparshul like, umpirin' that thar show,
An' every singil word she said was perffick fa'r an' squar'.
Sometimes 'twas "Go it, hubby!" an' sometimes "Go it, b'ar!"
At last my foot ketched on a root, an' down I cum, kerflop!
The b'ar he fell on top of me, an' sorter had the drop.
So I hollers out, "Ketury! my preshus angil pet,
Git a pole an' whack the b'ar, or else yer husband 'll be et!"
Then she spoke up so scornful, "No, Peter, 'tain't my style
To take a mean advantage of a pore dumb annimile!"

Them nobil words inspired me; I gin a savage thrust,
The knife it found the heart an' the b'ar he bit the dust.
Now, but for that thar savage thrust the b'ar, with rav'nin' fury,
Would most assuredly have et fust me an' then Ketury.
But that consideration couldn't move her in the least
To play the least unfair like on a pore dumb struggl'n' beast.
But what I liked most, stranger, and thort so kinder nice,
Was her imparshul conduck, so free from prejudice.
But hark! I know the meanin' of them thar baying sounds,
Thar's a deer a-comin' toward us, in front of our two hounds.
Jump right behind that birch tree, an' keep as still as mice,
An' you'll git a daisy shot, if you foller my advice.

Reginald Gourlay.

The Bluebird's Pipe.

THIS morning I was walking down my street smoking a favorite brier wood pipe. I was in a somewhat meditative mood and as I sauntered along I was conscious of a sweet bird note titillating my drowsy ear. Gradually it aroused me to a realizing sense of my surroundings and I said to myself, "Hello, a bluebird's note." I had seen and heard just one bluebird this year, on Easter Sunday, so it was with bated breath that I took my pipe from my mouth and stopped short to listen for the repetition of the dulcet note, but it failed to come and I started in only to hear it again before I had gone ten steps. Another pause, no sound; on again, the sound repeated, and so it went until I located the music in the stem of my pipe as I drew the air through the orifice. It was a great disappointment. Let us hope another year they will be with us again. H. W. D. L.

DANSVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 23.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.
March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.
March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

1896.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.
Jan. 20.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. seventh annual trials. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

UNITED STATES FIELD TRIALS CLUB'S TRIALS.

THE club's trials began on Nov. 25, and were favored with extremely pleasant weather throughout the week. Owing to the constant disturbance of the birds during so long a time, the last days were marked by meager and unsatisfactory competition.

Messrs. W. S. Bell, Pittsburg, and J. King Jackson, Tennessee, judged throughout, while Mr. J. L. Adams was the third judge in the Setter Stakes. Mr. A. M. Young, Manchester, Tenn., the third judge of Pointer Stakes, was absent.

With the ending of the Eastern trials the greater part of the spectators left, so that the following of the running was much decreased. Trials held on the same ground cannot hold equal interest, as the last trial comes after the novelty has ceased or the visitor's time is expired. It goes to show that it is better for each club to have its own grounds, and to have a small interval of time—a week or so—between events.

The Pointer Derby.

THERE were nine starters in this stake as follows:

H. K. Devereux's l. and w. bitch Virginia, Geo. E. Gray, handler, with J. H. Johnson's (Agt.) b. and w. dog Rip Saw, J. H. Johnson, handler.

J. L. Adams's l. and w. dog Blithely, J. H. Johnson, handler, with N. T. DePauw's l. and w. bitch Sister Sue, N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

Adams & Thompson's l. and w. dog Cracker Jack, J. H. Johnson, handler, with Geo. A. Castleman's l. and w. dog Leo, Mr. Fly, handler.

O. Totten's l. and w. bitch Sappho, Geo. E. Gray, handler, with T. T. Ashford's l. and w. bitch Hessie D., J. H. Johson, handler.

Avent & Thayer's l. and w. dog Ridgeview Cash, a bye. J. M. Avent, handler.

The work was decidedly inferior, the best of it being but ordinary.

Mr. Muss-Arnolt constituted the spectators, aside from those directly interested in the competition.

Virginia did some fairly good common work, and of the others it may be said that they won because their work was not quite so poor as the ones cast out. Cracker Jack won second, Rip Saw third, Ridgeview Cash fourth, Leo fifth.

The trials began on Nov. 25. Mr. J. King, of Jackson, Tenn., and Mr. W. S. Bell, of Pittsburg, judged this stake. The third judge, Mr. A. M. Young, was absent.

Prizes: $150 to first, $125 to second, $100 to third, $75 to fourth and $50 to fifth. For pointers whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1894.

Monday.

The weather was foggy till the middle of the forenoon when the fog cleared away, and although the sky was lightly overcast, the temperature was uncomfortably warm. Birds seemed to be hard to find.

VIRGINIA AND RIP SAW started at 9:03. Rip secured a point on a bevy, next pointed a single, next flushed one. Virginia backed. Virginia pointed a bevy, Rip backed. Sent on Rip made three flushes. Rip pointed one and Virginia flushed a single. Up at 9:50. Their range was but middling and their point work lacked finish, although the first was one of the best heats run.

BLITHELY AND SISTER SUE started at 9:56. Blithe flushed a bevy and Sue flushed a single and was unsteady. Two bevies were flushed by men in the open field, where the dogs were ranging about. Among the scattered birds Sue flushed a single. Up at 10:40. Sue was in season. Blithely was not sufficiently experienced, and was entered more to fill out the stake than for any other purpose. The heat was very sloppy.

CRACKER JACK AND LEO began at 10:46. Jack pointed a bevy and Leo stole the point; Jack chased. Each made a flush; Leo unsteady. 11:32. Their range close and there was a lack of finish in their point work.

RIDGEVIEW CASH had a bye. Cynosure, a setter, was cast off with him, a wholly unwarranted proceeding, as she was not in the stake and was far superior to Cash. The only point work Cash secured in the stake was the result of Cynosure's find of a bevy. Cynosure pointed a bevy, Cash backed, moved up and stole the point. Cash flushed a single; next he pointed the scattered birds. At 12:02 Cynosure was ordered up and Cash ran alone seven minutes, during which time he loafed and pottered.

SAPPHO AND HESSIE D. were next run, they being run out of their order to favor Mr. Johnson, who had had several heats to run consecutively, and therefore had had some very hard walking. They started at 12:12 and ran till 12:45. Nothing found. Other qualties poor.

Second Round.

Five dogs were kept in.

VIRGINIA AND CRACKER JACK began at 1:20. Virginia pointed a bevy and was backed. On the scattered birds Virginia made three points. Jack made a point on scattered birds. Up at 1:59. Virginia was much the better, and well ahead of all competitors.

RIDGEVIEW CASH AND RIP SAW started about 2:00. Cash made a slobbery flush on a bevy. Up at 2:27.

This ended the running. The judges then announced the winners.

The Setter Derby.

There were seven starters in this stake. They were drawn to run as follows:

Blue Ridge Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Domino, D. E. Rose, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, b., w. and t. dog Arapahoe, C. Tucker, handler.

H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. dog Marie's Sport, Geo. E. Gray, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's b. and w. dog Tory Fashion, J. M. Avent, handler.

T. H. Gibbe's b., w. and t. dog Mazeppa, Jos. H. Wilson, handler, with Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. bitch Gleam's Ruth, N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

Avent & Thayer Kennels' b., w. and t. bitch Feu Follet, a bye, J. M. Avent, handler.

The work on birds was so extremely meager that it was difficult to make accurate estimates of the dogs' relative merits. The judges awarded the prizes as definitely as the conditions warranted.

The winners are as follows: First, Marie's Sport; second, Tory Fashion; third, Gleam's Ruth; fourth, Domino; fifth, Feu Follet.

This stake was for setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1894. Prizes—First $150, second $125, third $100, fourth $75, fifth $50. First forfeit $10, additional forfeit $10, $10 to start.

Tuesday.

The morning of the 26th was muddy, a dark sky and every indication that the heavy rainfall of the previous night was not ended. About 9 o'clock, however, the sun shone forth. A start for the Gibson place was made at 11:30. A stiff wind blew throughout the afternoon.

First Round.

DOMINO AND ARAPAHOE started at 11:54. Arapahoe made three points; nothing found. He flushed a single bird of a bevy which Domino had pointed. Up at 12:37. Domino was much the better.

MARIE'S SPORT AND TORY FASHION started at 12:42. Tory flushed two birds. Sport made a good point on a single, Tory backed. Sport pointed a single. Up at 1:12. Tory had a shade the advantage in range, but on birds his work was very faulty.

MAZEPPA AND GLEAM'S RUTH ran from 1:17 to 2:54 without finding, though they worked diligently. Ruth the superior in range and judgment.

FEU FOLLET, the bye, ran about a half hour, ending at 3:31. She pointed a bevy nicely in a cornfield and was steady to shot. On scattered birds she was coached a great deal. She made two points on them and one point on which nothing was found, and one flush. Her range was not conducted with judgment.

Second Round.

Six were retained in the second round and ran in the following order:

DOMINO AND MARIE'S SPORT were cast off at 3:40. Sport had much the better of the heat. He pointed a single and Domino backed. Next he pointed a bevy and Domino backed or pointed—presumably the former, as he was up wind of the bevy. Domino made two points on scattered birds. Sport made one. 4:13.

TORY FASHION AND GLEAM'S RUTH started at 4:17. Tory at the edge of woods pointed and Ruth backed; Tory pointed on a footscent presumably, as the bevy was flushed about 30yds. down wind of him in the open. Ruth pointed, lost scent and moved on; two birds afterward were flushed close by her point. Tory pointed scattered birds. A bevy was followed to woods. Tory flushed. He pointed in open; nothing found. Ruth made a point on a single; Tory a flush. Up at 4:39.

MAZEPPA AND FEU FOLLET ran from 4:41 to 5:18. Feu fiddled on the scent of small birds, but no quail were found. Mazeppa part of the time ranged well. Feu was frivolous in her work.

This ended the stake. It was most difficult to decide on the competition presented.

All-Age Pointers.

The quality of the work in this stake improved a great deal over that exhibited by the Derbys. Some of the competitors exhibited very superior capabilities. It was by far the best stake of the week.

There were eleven starters drawn in the followiug order:

C. Coolidge's l. and w. dog Rex Fast (Rex—Mosy), M. A. Fry, handler, with F. A. Hodgeman's l. and w. dog Ridgeview Regent (Beppo III.—Bloomo II.), J. M. Avent, handler.

Ashford & Odrun's l. and w. dog Von Gull (Kent Elgin—Fanny V. Croxteth), D. E. Rose, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, l. and w. bitch Rancocas Belle (Rip Rap—Maud), Jos. H. Wilson, handler.

Kidwell & Stoddard's b. and w. dog Tick Boy (King of Kent—Bloom), J. B. Stoddard, handler, with N. T. De Pauw's l. and w. dog Jingo (Mainspring—Queen II.), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

G. Chisholm's l. and w. dog Komus (Clip Graphic—Mack's Juno), D. E. Rose, handler, with F. W. Dunham's lem. and w. dog Elgin's Dash (Kent Elgin—Mack's Juno), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

L. W. Blankenbaker's l. and w. bitch Lad's Lady (Lad of Rush—Lady Margaret), J. H. Johnson, handler, with H. K. Devereux's l. and w. dog Tamarack, Jr. (Tamarack—Maud Graphic), Geo. E. Gray, handler.

Thos. Hitchcock's l. and w. dog Tony Baron (Duke of Hessen—Westminster Ina), J. M. Avent, handler.

This stake was for pointers which had never won first in any All-Age Stake in any recognized field trial in America. The prizes were $150, $125 $100, $75 and $50.

Tick Boy, first, ran a superior race, and defeated his competitors with something to spare. He carries a high nose, is a good finder and works with good judgment.

Jingo was not running in his best form, though he ran an excellent race and was easily second.

Rancocas Belle, third, ran but fairly well. I thought Von Gull the better dog for third, as his judgment is good and he showed superior hunting qualities. He won fourth. Tamarack, Jr., on ordinary work won fifth.

First Round.

REX FAST AND RIDGEVIEW REGENT were cast off at 8:42. In the open Regent got close to a bevy, caught scent as it flushed, then ran away about 15 or 20ft., returning timorously but steadily to where the bird flushed. It was a very bad piece of work from a very bad fault, birdshyness. Rex, in woods, pointed a single; Regent refused to back and flushed the bird and was unsteady. Each flushed. Rex pointed a single. Up at 9:12. Rex was the better in every respect.

VON GULL AND RANCOCAS BELLE began at 9:19. The judges flushed a bevy which was not far from the course taken by the dogs. Von pointed a single, Belle pointed twice, both doing clean work. Up at 10:11. Both had fair speed and range. Von's style of hunting was superior, he carrying a high nose and attending to business. Belle also showed superior merit.

TICK BOY AND JINGO were cast off at 10:14. This heat excited great interest, as both were conceded to be great dogs. Tick pointed a bevy; Jingo coming in pointed same bevy; both steady to wing and shot; the credit was Tick's. Tick pointed a single; Jingo backed. Sent on, Jingo pointed a single. Next Jingo pointed; Tick backed; nothing found. After this the dogs separated and worked on different grounds. Tick took wide casts, beat out his grounds with dash and judgment. Jingo in woods roaded, but at last gave up the search; seemingly he was on the trail of a bevy which had flushed. 10:59. Both dogs showed superior ability. The advantage was with Tick Boy.

KOMUS AND ELGIN'S DASH started at 11:05. Of the two bevies pointed by Komus, Dash flushed the first after refusing to back, and among scattered birds he showed inability and carelessness, flushing repeatedly. Komus was the superior in every respect save speed; up at 11:34.

LAD'S LADY AND TAMARACK, JR., started at 11:47. Two birds were seen to flush in the open; Lady was found on point near the place; Tamarack backed—footscent probably. Both side by side pointed a bevy. Lady made two points on singles; Tamarack a flush. This on birds lying close together in cover on a side hill. Tamarack flushed a bevy. Tamarack made two points and a flush. Both had middling range, and were rather wiggly and indecisive in taking advantage of the opportunities offered.

TORY BARON started at 1. Up at 1:40. The exhibition was extremely inferior. He loafed and seemed shy.

Second Round.

Eight were retained in the competition.

VON GULL AND JINGO were started at 1:50. Jingo made a very pretty exhibition of galloping about 100yds. straight up wind to a point on a bevy which he had scented. Von backed. Von made a point and a flush. Jingo made a point on a single and Von stopped at the same time to a point on the same bird. 2:25. Jingo the better workman.

KOMUS AND BELLE started at 2:28. Both ranged well. Belle pointed a bevy on a side hill and Komus backed. Komus made two points, one on a wounded bird. Belle pointed a bird well, and made a point at the same time the bird flushed. The heat was a fairly good one in range, speed, judgment, etc. 2:56.

REX FAST AND TAMARACK, JR., began at 3 and ran nineteen minutes. Both pointed close together on a bevy. Sent on, Tamarack pointed a bevy at the edge of woods, moved on a piece and located it accurately. 3:19. Both ranged well.

TICK BOY AND LAD'S LADY began at 3:25. Tick found and pointed a bevy, but the birds were flushed about 30yds. to one side of his point by horsemen. Tick made three sharp points on single birds. In woods he made a good point on a single. 3:41. Tick showed very superior qualities in every respect, outworking Lady on all points.

Final.

JINGO AND TICK BOY were started to more definitely determine the matter of range and speed, although this heat was not necessary. Both dogs ranged well and beat out the ground with judgment, though not up to their best form. Ordered to work back in a certain direction, Tick was turned back while Jingo worked on in forbidden ground and pointed a bevy, locating it in a rather laborious manner. Having the advantage in seeing the flushed birds and getting into the woods first after them, he got one point on a single, and he and Tick divided a point on some scattered birds. 4:27. The heat really determined nothing which could not have been determined before.

One heat was run in the Setter All-Age Stake, which ended the day's competition.

The All-Age Setter Stake.

The starters in this stake made a very feeble competition as a whole. It rated much inferior to the corresponding stake for the pointers. It may be said, however, that the birds from being constantly pursued had become wild and were in hiding. The grounds had been diligently worked for two weeks, to and fro, the same route being in general constantly followed. Even with this plead as an excuse, the competition was feeble and wearisome, one of the dullest days of trial by no means filled with excitement. There were ten starters, drawn as follows:

Fox & Seiler's b., w. and t. dog Tony Gale (Antonio—Nellie G.), J. H. Johnson, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. bitch Tory Dotlet (Count Gladstone IV.—Tory Della), J. M. Avent, handler.

C. N. Powers's b., w. and t. dog Revenue (Antonio—Nellie Hope), W. W. Titus, handler, with Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. dog Gleam's Pink (Van Guard—Georgia Belle), N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. dog Harold Skimpole (Whyte B.—Nettie Bevan), Geo. E. Gray, handler, with N. T. Harris's b., w. and t. dog Tony Boy (Antonio—Laundress), D. E. Rose, handler.

W. W. Titus's b., w. and t. bitch Minnie T. (Dick Bondhu—Betty B.), owner, handler, with N. T. Harris's b., w. and t. bitch Cynosure (Roderigo—Norah II.), J. M. Avent, handler.

Phil M. Essig's b., w. and t. dog Rod's Top (Roderigo—Topsy Avent), J. M. Avent, handler, with Whyte Bed-

ford's b., w. and t. dog Joe Bowers (De Sota— ——), W. W. Titus, handler.

Minnie T., the winner, is too well known now to need extended description. She won first fairly in a poor competition, not running in her best form.

Cynosure, winner of second, was a close competitor for first, and after that of these two there was very little definite work on which to make judgments.

Tory Dotlet, third, did a little sharp work, and some that was frivolous.

Rod's Top, winner of fourth, ran a very poor race, in my opinion much inferior to Tony Boy's.

Gleam's Pink, fifth, made a fair, ordinary performance, with little of a really competitive character in his work.

Thursday.

A white frost still clung insistently in the shady places when the dogs were started and the morning was uncomfortably raw. As in the preceding days of the trials, as the sun mounted higher the temperature rose, and after the morning hours the day was uncomfortably warm. Birds were not easily found. Nearly the same route had been followed day after day till the birds were drawn out of their haunts or had become wild to a high degree. The competition dragged at times, and was at best meager and faulty. The placing of the winners was necessarily on very narrow margins, for it seemed impossible to establish the necessary data for definite judgment. It was demonstrated that when two clubs hold their trials on the same grounds, the one which runs last has much the worst of the bargain. If the U. S. F. T. C. and the E. F. T. C. run at Newton next year they need much more grounds, or each, better yet, should have grounds of its own.

The first heat of this stake was run on Wednesday evening.

TONY GALE AND TORY DOTLET were cast off at 4:40. Both ran riot on a bevy. On scattered birds Dot pointed a single, then broke in quickly and flushed. Dot next pointed a single nicely. Gale flushed a single. Each pointed next, nothing found. They ran about 30 minutes. The heat was a poor one.

GLEAM'S PINK AND REVENUE ran 39 minutes, beginning at 8:50. Revenue appeared to be off his nose entirely, he making two inexcusable flushes on bevies. Pink pointed a single bird. His range was middling good.

HAROLD SKIMPOLE AND TONY BOY were cast off at 9:37. Harold's work was a disappointment, for while he ran well as a mere matter of running he had no success in finding. Tony made a flush and two points, the bird to the last one being close-lying and was flushed after the dog was sent on. He made a point to which nothing was found. Tony's judgment in beating out the ground and working on birds was far the better. 10:36.

MINNIE T. AND CYNOSURE ran the best heat of the day, beginning at 10:38. Minnie soon found and pointed a bevy nicely. The birds were marked down on a steep side hill in dense cover, where work was most difficult. Several times the dogs pointed, but no bird was found, though no doubt many of these points were true, as the birds had run and scattered. Minnie flushed once and made three points, two of which were made on the side hill, where they could be plainly seen by spectators in the bottom, but it is doubtful if the judges saw them, as the birds flushed wild. Cynosure made three points, pegging her birds accurately and with confidence, doing some very good work. Minnie at times seemed over cautious and too painstaking in avoiding errors. Both ranged well and were steady to shot, point and back. Up at 11:07.

ROD'S TOP AND JOE BOWERS began at 11:14. Rod made a good point up wind of a bevy, jumping a fence to locate it the better. Next he pointed; nothing found. Both ranged well. Up at 11:48.

Second Round.

Nine were retained in the running.

TORY DOTLET AND GLEAM'S PINK ran 53 minutes, beginning at 12:25. Dotlet pointed a bevy and nicely pointed a single and flushed one. Pink laboriously located a single. He made two flushes. His work on birds was labored and he pointed often on footscent. Dotlet was much sharper in her work. Up at 1:18.

TONY GALE AND MINNIE T. began at 1:22. Minnie pointed a bevy. Tony pointed in corn; nothing found. Minnie dropped at the same moment a bird flushed. Minnie again dropped in dry leaves at the moment a bird flushed. Of these points it was difficult to determine exactly the merit, but as Minnie is very honest and accurate there probably was no fault. Up at 2:11.

HAROLD SKIMPOLE AND CYNOSURE began at 2:28 and ran 28 minutes. A bevy was seen to flush, but it was not known which dog was guilty. Cynosure made two good points on singles. Harold ran well, but accomplished nothing as a finder. Cynosure had every advantage in the heat save that of speed.

TONY BOY AND JOE BOWERS were cast off at 3:02. Down 45 minutes. The work was very ragged on birds. Both dogs ran well, covering much ground.

ROD'S TOP, the bye, began at 3:50. Down 15 minutes. He passed close by a bevy in the open which was flushed by his handler a moment later. He made two points on the scattered birds, and was heady and hard to manage.

The Irish Setter Club's Trials.

A STANCH band of the admirers of the Irish setter met at High Point, N. C., to hold their field trials, beginning on Monday, Dec. 2. Still, with all their enthusiasm, the field trial party had a feeling of disappointment at the number which, for various reasons, could not start, thus lowering the number in the competition.

Monday morning was rainy and raw, the sky a mass of solid black cloud, and underfoot was muddy. About the middle of the forenoon there were signs of clearing up and the party weathered forth to the contest.

Mr. W. S. Bell judged. Owing to the scarcity of birds it was impossible to give the dogs a thorough test on them, and therefore the judge could decide only upon such qualities as he could test.

The Derby.

There were two starters in this stake, both rather puppyish in their manner of working and both about average in merit. They were run as follows:

Alfred Von Cotzhausen's bitch Lady Finglas (Finglas—Lady May Swiveller). W. Tallman, handler, with F. E. White's bitch Mollie Gibson (Dakin—Jessie Freemont), W. G. Smith, handler.

LADY FINGLAS AND MOLLIE GIBSON ran 56 minutes, beginning at 10:31. The weather was damp, part of the time rain fell and it was a most unpromising morning for birds. Nothing found. Range and pace moderate.

Lady Finglas, first; Mollie Gibson, second.

The All-Age Stake.

There were three starters in this stake drawn in the following order:

Dr. G. G. Davis's bitch Currer Maud (Finglas—Currer Belle IV.), E. O. Whittle, handler, with Lady Finglas.

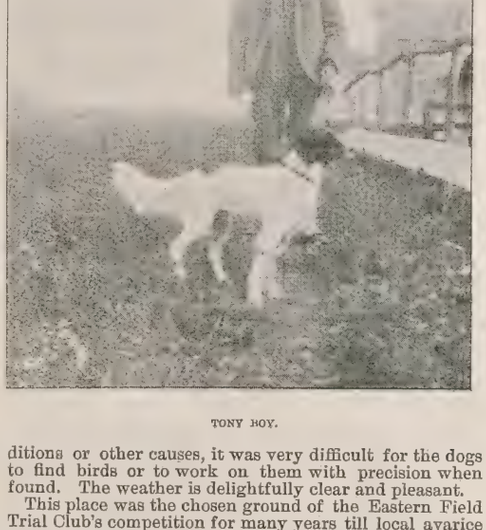
Dr. G. G. Davis's bitch Loo (Finglas—Currer Belle IV.), a bye, E. O. Whittle, handler.

LOO was run first to give Lady Finglas a rest, she having run in the Derby. She ran 31 minutes. Nothing found.

CURRER MAUD AND LADY FINGLAS began at 11:23. The weather then was clearing up and the temperature was growing warmer. A bevy of birds was seen to flush. Their course could not be noted accurately. A diligent search was made for them without success. Up at 2:07. Currer Maud ranged fairly well.

LOO AND MAUD ran from 12:08 to 12:30. Nothing found. First, Loo; second, Currer Maud; third, Lady Finglas.

HIGH POINT, N. C.—On the morning of Dec. 2 there arrived a plucky band of Irish setter fanciers, enthusiastic in promoting their cause and neither deterred nor disheartened by the meager entries. With but ten entries all told, the expense of the trials and the scarcity of birds were no obstacles to carrying to a conclusion what they had advertised to begin. The party consisted of five members of the Irish Setter Club and Philadelphia Kennel Club, namely, Dr. G. G. Davis, whose faith, industry and enthusiasm in the interests of the Irish setter never lessen, and Messrs. Francis G. Taylor, J. H. Ogden, S. Murray Mitchell, and George H. Thompson, Secretary of the Irish Setter Club. Professor Edm. H. Osthaus and Major J. M. Taylor are here also. From all reports, birds are not plentiful nor easy to find. Mr. P. Lorillard, Jr., who has a preserve at this place, and who was shooting on it last week, stated that, owing to atmospheric con-



TONY BOY.

ditions or other causes, it was very difficult for the dogs to find birds or to work on them with precision when found. The weather is delightfully clear and pleasant.

This place was the chosen ground of the Eastern Field Trial Club's competition for many years till local avarice grew apace and extortion increased year by year till it became an evil. With the arrival of the field trial supporters, the value of everything instantly increased to an extraordinary degree. Hotel rates, which ordinarily were offered at $1.50 per day with few takers, jumped from that in all degrees of the scale up to $3.50 per day, and no weekly rate so long as a man owned a dog or gun. This in no wise implied that a guest was well served. He must do his own still-hunting for the porter, and fee him to an extent which attained the dignity of a bribe—otherwise no wood, no fire, no anything. Eternal vigilance was necessary for comfort and security in retaining one's own, else the small pile of green wood placed with unctuous demonstration by the ebony-hued porter, whose every movement had ulterior designs on the guest's generosity, was in danger of being taken to some other more easily gulled guest, by the same porter who brought it in or by some other porter who had made a scientific study of the economy of forces. I remember once devoting special time to the task of interviewing the landlord concerning wood for a fire. The order was turned over with true official, though irresponsible, dignity to the porter after he was laboriously sought and brought into communication, and by diligent supervision enough wood was secured at once for an evening's supply instead of being doled out stick by stick, as was the custom. The ease with which a bill grew to rotundity was in striking contrast to the difficulty of getting anything in return for it. Well, in regard to the wood. I went into the office for a few moments, and when I returned the wood was gone. The porter had received a larger bribe or had been terrorized into rapid action by a guest who would not submit to any imposition. The meals were largely served in a manner which would cause the guest to deceive himself into believing that he was fed reasonably well, for there were a number of small dishes with a dab of something or other in each—a spoonful of cheap canned tomatoes, a spoonful of rice, a spoonful of hominy, etc., a lot of decoy dishes which, being uneaten, always would serve consecutive meals for many weeks—the whole suggesting color and substance to the eye, yet on trial illusive to the stomach—and all this mockery of keeping a hotel was charged for at famine prices. The stablemen were neither slow nor backward in availing themselves of their opportunities. The value of some rough-haired aggregation of blemishes, an uncanny brute of a horse, which was fed on washed-out corn fodder and water all his life, rose from anything they could get before the trials to an even $1.50 per day during the trials. The difficulty of finding a porter to attend to his duties during the guest's stay was only equaled by the astonishing squad which awaited to intercept him at the moment of his departure, each and all claiming most importunately that they had done material service, and all with a hollow obsequiousness and reckless lying which gained more or less reward according to the degree of the infliction on the guest's credulity.

But now there are lamentations that the club is gone and regrets for the insatiable hunger which led to the death of the goose which laid the golden egg.

The Bellevue Hotel has undergone great changes. It is now run on lines of equity, and the guest's privilege is to eat a genuine meal, honestly made and served, as well as to pay his bill; in the old days his only certain privilege was the latter.

The celebrated Irish setter Henmore Shamrock (Muskerry—Avoca), owned by Muckross Kennels, died of pneumonia at Thomasville, N. C., where he was in training for the Irish setter trials. His loss is great to the Irish setter interests of America, as he was strong in the Muskerry blood which has won so much favor with many breeders.

B. WATERS.

The Philadelphia Kennel Club's Trials.

IMMEDIATELY after the Irish Setter Club's trials were ended the party partook of lunch and the Philadelphia Club's trials began. The drawing had taken place the night before and there were nine starters. The club decided to make this an All-Age Stake. Several new arrivals on Monday occasioned another drawing, which resulted in twelve starters, run as follows:

S. Murray Mitchell's o. and w. setter dog Sandy Gladstone (Breeze Gladstone—Belle of Delaware), John Lewis, handler, with Frank M. Fleer's liv. and w. pointer dog Gamester (Duke of Hessen—Woolton Game), owner, handler.

Dr. G. G. Davis's Irish setter bitch Currer Maud with S. Murray Mitchell's setter dog Popillon (Antonio—Lilly Burgess), J. Lewis, handler.

S. Murray Mitchell's setter dog Clarke (Antonio—Gladstone's Norah), J. Lewis, handler, with Francis G. Taylor's b., w. and t. setter dog Ben Hur of Riverview (Ben Hill—Zoe W.), owner, handler.

Frank M. Fleer's b. and w. setter bitch Flora (Roi d'Or—Diamond), J. Cassidy, handler, with J. H. Winslow's b., w. and t. setter dog Breeze Bolton (Breeze Gladstone—Nellie Belton), W. Tallman, handler.

J. B. Baker's b., w. and t. setter bitch Lou with Geo. H. Thompson's setter bitch Frills (Edgemark—Lucy II.).

Dr. G. G. Davis's setter bitch Loo, E. O. Whittle, handler, with J. B. Baker's liv. and w. pointer bitch Westminster Zoe (King of Kent—Westminster Ina), J. Lewis, handler.

Mr. W. S. Bell judged this stake and made the phenomenal record of judging two field trials in one day.

SANDY GLADSTONE AND GAMESTER began at 1:07. Down about 30 minutes. Gamester flushed a bevy. On the scattered birds he showed a good nose and capabilities of finding and pointing, but he was headstrong and unsteady to shot and wing. He made three points on singles; Sandy made one. Sandy was careless and sloppy in his point work. Neither ranged wide.

CURRER MAUD AND POPILLON ran 41 minutes, beginning at 1:38. The latter was the wider ranger. He pointed at the edge of woods, left his point—presumably to get a better scent of the birds—and his handler walking into the woods flushed the birds. He showed good judgment in beating out his ground. Maud ranged well, though not wide.

CLARKE AND BEN HUR OF RIVERVIEW started at 2:23. Ben was laboriously making game when Clarke, passing in front, flushed the bevy. Both were moderate rangers.

FLORA AND BREEZE BELTON were cast off at 3:05. Both made game. Nothing found. Breeze made an indecisive point on a single, flushed one and made a point which proved worthless. His speed was commonplace. Flora ranged wide and fast, but as was proved in a later heat, her work on birds was lawless. Down 36 minutes.

LOU AND FRILLS started at 3:45. Lou showed fairly good speed and range. Frills made but an ordinary showing.

LOO AND ZOE started at 4:02. Zoe pointed a bevy in the edge of woods. Loo backed prettily. In moving up to locate Loo joined in the work, but the credit of the find was Zoe's. Up at 4:23. Both ranged well.

Second Round.

Six were retained in the running.

POPILLON AND BEN HUR were started at 4:27. On scattered birds Ben pointed and Popillon pressed by and forward to a flush. Each pointed a single. Up at 4:32. There was no ranging, all the work being in woods on scattered birds. Ben Hur had the better bird work. Popillon was headstrong and lacking very much in stanchness.

FLORA AND ZOE began at 4:35. Down 6 minutes. Zoe pointed a bevy in the open. Flora flushed it and was riotous. In woods Flora flushed a single. Zoe pointed a single. Flora backed. Zoe had much to spare in beating Flora.

LOU AND LOO began at 4:45. Loo pointed a bevy nicely; Lou backed. Lou a bit unsteady to shot. Up at 5:06.

ZOE AND POPILLON ran a few minutes, more to obey the law, which requires that first and second winners have run together, than to make a competition.

The judge announced the winners as follows: First, Westminster Zoe; second, Popillon; third divided between Ben Hur of Riverview, Loo and Lou.

On Monday evening the club held a meeting and decided to run a members' stake on Tuesday. Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus consented to judge it.

U. S. F. T. C. Meeting.

AT a special meeting of the U. S. F. T. Club, on Wednesday night, Nov. 27, it was the sense of the meeting that the U. S. F. T. Club hold its trials at Newton, N. C., in November, after the E. F. T. C. holds its meeting. A committee was appointed to act in conjunction with a similiar committee of the E. F. T. C. in regard to protecting the birds on the grounds between trials. The following applicants were admitted to membership: Messrs. Hobart Ames, North Easton, Mass.; S. C. Cummings, Pittsburgh; W. W. Titus, Waverly, Miss.; J. C. Bradley, Greenfield, Conn. A resolution was passed thanking and complimenting the judges. Finances reported in good condition.

The Bridgeport Dog Show.

THE first annual bench show of the Bridgeport Kennel Club was held in the old Baptist church building of that city from the 26th to 29th inst., inclusive. The support given by outside and local fanciers was most encouraging to its promoters, and augurs well for Bridgeport from now on having an annual dog show. Already many of the prominent local fanciers are working to found a permanent club, and a meeting for the purposes of organization is called for this week. The total entry was 300, which beats Danbury, with a larger premium list and an A. K. C. show, by about 80. Had it not been for the bad storm on the opening day there is no doubt the show would have been more of a financial success; as it was, the attendance was fair, although it was not until the two last days that the public really commenced to look with favor on the venture. With a larger building next year there is no doubt the attendance will be better. Much praise is due to Dr. James E. Hair, president of the club, for his untiring efforts to make visitors comfortable. E. M. Oldham was superintendent and Spratts Patent benched and fed.

The judges were: Dr. James E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., pointers, English, Irish and Gordon setters, beagles; German Hopkins, Esq., Hempstead, L. I., all terriers, foxhounds, greyhounds and whippets; R. K. Armstrong, Esq., Highland Falls, N. Y., bulldogs and collies; James Watson, Esq., New York, all other classes.

The following is a complete list of the awards:

MASTIFFS.—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, J. H. Fromm's Prince.

ST. BERNARDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, McCarl & Cattaneo's Fernwood Bruce.—ROUGH-COATED—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, T. M. Burke's Pontiff II.; 2d, M. Grace's Osmonde. Vhc., F. W. Foley's Lord Melrose, Jr. Hc., L. G. Wallace's Duke of Bridgeport. C., E. McCall's Dash. *Bitches:* 1st and vhc, McCarl & Cattaneo's Spec Lomond and Minnie C.; 2d, F. W. Foley's Reina F.—SMOOTH-COATED—*Dogs:* 1st, T. M. Burke's Carmot. *Bitches:* 1st, W. Warwick's Lady Warwick; 2d, T. M. Burke's Seibeba. Vhc., Mrs. T. M. Burke's Donna Marie. Hc., Mrs. E. C Ribero's Hope. *Puppies:* 1st, T. M. Burke's Carmot; 2d, vhc. and hc., Mrs. W. Warwick's Grand Duke, Earl Warwick and Grand Duchess.

GREAT DANES.—1st and vhc., E. Knieriem's Major McKinley II. and Caleb.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—1st, M. S. Tyson's Colonel's Own.

GREYHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Bestwood Daisy. Res., Dr. J. H. Lyke's Wild Lily.—OPEN—1st, Toon & Thomas's Southern Belle; 2d, P. Schoenfeld's Sport. Res., H. Jarrett's Archbishop. Vhc., R. Cunningham, Jr.'s, Drab. Hc., J. Owens's Sailor and C. A. Wintzer's Schooner.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Bitches:* 1st, G. W. Lovell's Wild Lily.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Spendthrift; 2d, J. French's Brown; 3d, J. C. Chamberlain's Chief. Res., G. W. Lovell's Prince of Pontiac. Vhc., C. Gradher's & P. W. Seery's Trinket, W. Flynn's Litchfield and W. H. Chapin's Duke. C, J. A. Wilson's Don. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, Rinada Pointer Kennels' Brackette, Lady Reveller and Hempstead Kit. C., W. H. West's Jersey Lily.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Lewis's Larkspur; 2d, G. W. Neal's Robert Kent; 3d, J. Carver's Bald Rock. Vhc., E. E. Beach's Partang II. Hc, E. R. Ives's Max and H. Blansfield's Dash. Res., E. J. Bell, Jr.'s Young Howard. *Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Furness Maid; 2d, J. M. Sterling's Hoosier Nell; 3d, E. K. Sperry's Daisy Gale. Vhc., E. W. Cornwall's Nelly Bly of the Pequots. Hc., C. Gradher and P. W. Seery's Della and Wm. Knott's Nelly Bondlin.

IRISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st and res., Oak Grove Kennels' Ch. Kildare and Kildare Glenmore. *Bitches:* 1st and res., Oak Grove Kennels' Ch. Queen Vic and Ch. Norna.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, J. B. Blossom's Katonah and Londonderry; 3d, T. B. Bradley's Roe. *Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Duchess; 2d, H. Jarrett's Seminole Fly; 3d and res., J. B. Blossom's Squaw and Nuggett II. Hc., G. W. Dayton's Judy II.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Leo B. Res., J. B. Blossom's Ch. Heather York. *Bitches:* 1st, J. B. Blossom's Ch. Flomont. Res., Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Louise.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. Schaefer's Wang Ivanhoe; 2d and 3d, J. B. Blossom's Beaumont, Jr., and Comus. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and res., Dr. S. G. Dixon's Princess Bonnie, Lady Ivanhoe and Santa Marie; 3d and vhc., J. B. Blossom's Venus and Sally Beaumont. *Puppies:* 1st, Dr. S. G. Dixon's Lady Ivanhoe; 2d, Dr. G. C. Eighme's Marc Antonio; 3d and hc., Dr. W. C. Bowers's Rameses and Totmes. Res., C. M. Calhoun's Taffy.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—OPEN—1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Fairy.

FIELD SPANIELS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, M. A. Viti's Wardance. *Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Myrtle; 2d, H. Jarrett's Nellie.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' champion Middy. Vhc., G. Greer's Bambo.—OPEN—BLACK OR LIVER—*Dogs:* 1st and 3d, E. W. Fiske's Billy and Chief; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Josephus. Vhc., J. G. Struss's Royal. *Bitches:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Dart; 2d, G. Greer's Corrie; 3d, E. W. Fiske's Floss Obo. Hc., Mrs. A. J. Cattaneo's Baby Ruth II., F. W. Kitchel's Susanna Herrick.—ANY OTHER COLOR—1st and c., F. W. Kitchel's Mr. J. Jinks and Jasper; 2d, Dr. J. H. Lyke's Commotion; 3d, F. F. Dole's Edgewood Hebe. Vhc., E. W. Fiske's Muldoon. Hc., Swiss Mountain Kennels' Cherry Punch and Marguerite, E. W. Fiske's Red Niobe, F. F. Dole's Sport.

FOXHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, N. Money's Songster.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, H. Jarrett's Mainstay; 2d and res., W. H. Wilson's Sport and Sam. Hc., J. Ellis's Sport. *Bitches:* 1st, N. Money's Friendly; 2d, H. Jarrett's Larceny. Res., J. Ellis's Cap.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Deacon.

COLLIES.—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, S. L. Stewart's Dr. David and Clyde Alexander; 3d, L. Fackler's Milford II. Res., J. C. Thornton's Guy. Vhc., Rev. P. Fox's Grover. Hc., G. Hall's Bruce Derby. *Bitches:* 1st and 3d, R. Buckle's Lady Morgan and Victoria; 2d, S. L. Stewart's Newburgh Queen.

POODLES.—*Dogs:* 2d, J. C. Cochrane's Bud. *Bitches:* 2d, C. E. Knott's Prinnie.

BULLDOGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Imperial Kennels' Juno II.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. B. Miller's Duke II.; 2d, A. B. Graves's Handsome Dan; 3d, G. W. Campbell's Robin Roy. *Bitches:* 1st, J. B. Miller's Venus VII.

BULL-TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, F. F. Dole's champion Starlight.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, F. F. Dole's Victor and Edgewood Roger. Res., Smith Penfield's Ben Bolt. *Bitches:* 1st and vhc., F. F. Dole's My Queen and Edgewood Fancy III.; 2d, Dr. George Darby's Lansdowne Thelma. Res., Smith Penfield's Alice.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st and res., Bayonne Kennels' Prince Walnut and Nankin.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Bayonne Kennels' Mack and Hector. Res., Mrs. C. D. Woodward's Nick. Hc., W. Gillespie's Brandy. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Bayonne Kennels' Maggie and Trixey. Res., F. L. Cheney's Clytie.

DACHSHUNDS.—1st, Mrs. Wallace M. Bulkeley's Pretzel.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, Joe Lewis's champion Ringleader and champion Lonely.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Joe Lewis's Rattler; 2d and vhc., Glenwood Beagle Kennels' Glenwood Boy and Clipper. Res., C. O. Smith's Tariff. *Bitches:* 1st and res., Glenwood Beagle Kennels' Lady Glenwood and Frances; 2d, E. L. Stine's Rose of Hornell.

FOX-TERRIERS.—SMOOTH—CHALLENGE—1st and 2d, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Capture and Warren Safeguard.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Sage; 2d, Geo. Raper's Baby Rival. Res. and vhc., Mere Kennels' Charlton Nigger and Mere Dominie. Vhc., Dr. J. F. Belt's Wawaset Royal. C., Chas. Cavanagh's Halo. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, L. & W. Rutherfurd's Warren Sentence and Warren Dusky. Res., Toon & Thomas's Spinster. Vhc. and hc., Mere Kennels' Mere Tansy and Dudley Nettie. Vhc., Dr. J. F. Belt's Wawaset Lucy.—WIRE-HAIRED—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Fidget.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Brick; 2d, Dr. H. T. Foote's Brittle Boy. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. H. T. Foote's Brittle Bee; 2d and res., Dr. J. F. Belt's Wawaset Vixen and Hillhurst Pansy.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Briggs's Best; 2d, G. Gordon Hammill's Hilltop Surprise.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, S. D. Parker's Endcliffe Barney; 2d, G. Gordon Hammill's Hilltop Jackanapes. *Bitches:* 1st, Dr. Ed. Kirk's Kathleen; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Biddy.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—*Bitches:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Tibby.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—1st, M. James's Hard Tack; 2d and res., J. Hopkinson's Beachgrove Bluebelle and Beachgrove King.

SKYE TERRIERS.—1st and 2d, C. A. Shinn's Endcliffe Maggie and Elphinstone. Vhc., hc. and c., G. Heritage's Maud, Mary and George.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—1st, Toon & Thomas's Endcliffe Mary.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Dr. H. T. Foote's champion Broomfield Sultan.—OPEN—1st and 2d, J. B. Hefter's Silk and Olata. Res., E. Mack's Dandy. Vhc., Dr. H. T. Foote's Rochelle Catnip.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—1st, H. Jarrett's Dixie; 2d, C. H. Hinkley's Trixy. Vhc., Miss J. Hair's Bradford Doc.

PUGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Miss E. Cryer's Bob Ivy.—OPEN—1st, W. G. Brittain's Bradford Marvel; 2d, C. Y. Ford's Otterburn Treasure Vhc., J. Lewis's Pearl H. Hc. and c., Mrs. G. Copeland's Jack and Jill.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.—1st, 2d and vhc., J. Lewis's Tinnie II., Sprite and Spring.

WHIPPETS.—1st, Toon & Thomas's Spot; 2d and res., C. E. Knott's Nellie and Prince.

MISCELLANEOUS.—1st, J. Carver's Ben; 2d, M. S. Tyson's Draymau. Vhc. and hc., F. Pfau's Jumbo and Baby.

The Monmouth County Hounds.

THE Monmouth County Hunt Club came off with flying colors at the Live Stock Show held last week in Madison Square Garden. The New York *Sun* of Nov. 28, in its report of the previous day's work at the show, said:

"One of the best features of the show thus far was furnished in the evening, when the Monmouth County Hunt and the Westchester Hunting clubs came out with their horses and hounds to compete for a prize of $250. The conditions in this class required each club to show five couples of foxhounds and three hunters, with the huntsmen in appropriate costume, appointments being considered by the judges in making the award. The Monmouth County Hunt showed the three noted fencers, Ascetic, ridden by P. F. Collier, M. F. H.; The Dutchman, with Jimmy Blute up, and Ascetic II., ridden by Caffrin. All of their horses were big, powerful, well-formed fellows, up to carrying almost any weight, and the riders wore showy, bright-red coats, making a handsome display with the well-broken hounds at the horses' heels.

"The Westchester Hunting Club's representatives were The Tartar, with Robert E. Tod, M. F. H., in the saddle; The Turk, ridden by Louis Hayt, and Rameses II., ridden by Callaghan. The hounds were judged first, and then came the jumping competition over six fences. Here the Monmouth Club outpointed the Westchester hunters, Ascetic, The Dutchman and Ascetic II. taking the jumps in very clever fashion and scarcely touching a stick. The Turk and The Tartar of the Westchester trio did well, clearing the fences nicely, but Callaghan's brute made a mess of it, bolting, refusing, and tearing down the rails instead of topping them. Messrs. Foxhall Keene and H. L. Herbert did not hesitate long about making the award, the Monmouth Hunt getting the prize."

Henmore Shamrock.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt., Nov. 29.—Our imported Irish setter dog challenge Henmore Shamrock died of acute catarrhal pneumonia at Thomasville, N. C., where he was in the hands of Mr. Wm. Tallman, being handled preparatory to being run in the coming Irish Setter field trials. The dog was going well and Mr. Tallman expected to have him well to the front, and he would have undoubtedly made a good showing. I inclose his pedigree and list of his winnings. He was, back of his head, as fine a show dog as stands to-day, and was a grand field dog, a good sire, and, in fact, one of the best of his breed on this side. All we have to console us is that we have got a most promising pup sired by him out of Rosamond. This pup bids fair to make a worthy successor of his noble sire.

MUCKROSS KENNELS.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Both Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus and G. Muss-Arnolt were much of the time busily engaged in making portraits of many of the noted dogs which competed in the trials. The portraits are so spirited and realistic that they are marvelous. Their finished attempts are in pleasing contrast to the crude attempts of years gone by.

Mr. Fred A. Hodgeman, New York, intends to spend the winter in the South, where he will enjoy the shooting and the balmy climate.

Owing to the scarcity of birds in North Carolina, many of the trainers will go to Mississippi to continue the training of their dogs.

Mr. W. H. Hammond, trainer of the Eldred Kennels, left for Mississippi on the 29th ult.

Tick Boy had quite an ovation after his win, and his popular owners mixed a bucket of milk and knock-out drops for the delectation of their crowd of friends with results that will live in memory.

The Members' Stake of the Philadelphia Kennel Club will be run at High Point, N. C., after the Irish Setter Club's trials are concluded.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There is no charge for answering questions under this head. All questions relating to ailments of dogs will be answered by Dr. T. G. Sherwood, a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. Communications referring to other matters connected with Kennel Management and dogs will also receive careful attention.

W. E. R., Reading, Pa.—Please inform me through your paper what is the matter with my pointer bitch, 7 years old. Whenever I take her out for a long run she commences to hang her head, and before I get her home she becomes so weak she can hardly get along. I thought she might have some trouble with her heart. When she is home awhile she seems to get better. She has some trouble with her skin; the hair comes out in her front part, but the skin does not get sore nor any worse. She has also trouble with her eyes; they are always full of matter. She has a good appetite. Please prescribe for her. Ans.—Without an examination we cannot say exactly what is the matter. She must have some internal trouble. Why not have her examined by a veterinarian?

O. B. M., New York City.—Please prescribe for my Irish setter dog, 3yrs. old. He has very weak eyes and discharges freely, hair coming off around the eyes. Shakes his head and scratches his ears continually. Good appetite and cool nose. Ans. Treat dog for worms. Give two compound sulphur tablets twice a day. Into the ears pour a little of the following lotion twice a day; also apply this lotion to the eyelids three or four times a day: Goulard's extract of lead 4drs., water 6oz. Mix.

Champion Field Trial Association.

SOME changes were made in the prizes at a recent meeting of the Association. The prize is fixed at $250 and a cup to be given by the club. Other cups have been promised. All winners in any public field trial are eligible to enter. Committee on judges will announce judges at an early date. Public announcement of conditions of stake, etc., will be published as soon as the secretary can prepare the matter.

New England Kennel Club.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Our bench show committee has decided to claim the dates of April 20, 21, 22 and 23, 1896, for our twelfth annual show. D E. LOVELAND, Sec'y.

Yachting.

Practical Yacht Designing.

IT can hardly be said that any pressing need exists of treatises on naval architecture and of its application to the designing of yachts and boats; any deficiency in this direction has long since been made good by the standard works of several well-known writers. For those who can afford the expense of several rather costly works, and the time necessary to their careful study, there is no lack of practical and reliable information; but the inquiries which we constantly receive from the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM prove that there are many to whom, for one reason or another, the existing works, extensive and thorough as they are, must be practically sealed books. There has been for some years a growing demand for a simple treatise on practical yacht designing, presenting the subject in a way that may be readily understood by anyone of ordinary intelligence and possessing a desire to learn and a knowledge of arithmetic.

With the first number of the coming year the FOREST AND STREAM will begin the publication of a series of articles designed to meet this demand, the author being Mr. W. P. Stephens, for the past twelve years in charge of the Yachting and Canoeing Departments of the paper. Mr. Stephens is specially qualified for this task by his long experience as an amateur designer and builder, and as a critical and technical writer on yachting; and by his close intercourse through the FOREST AND STREAM with those for whom the work is specially intended. His personal experience as an amateur designer and builder, dating back to a time when text-books on these subjects were unknown, have shown him what the amateur and the tyro want to know; and his later work at building, designing and writing has fully qualified him to teach what he has learned. His book on "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs," though written in 1883, is still recognized as the standard work on small craft; and within its limited scope a thorough text-book of the subject.

The new work will cover a much wider field: the designing of pleasure craft, from canoes and boats up to such sizes of yachts proper as would be likely to engage the attention of the amateur. The same methods will be followed as have proved so successful in "Canoe and Boat Building," the thorough presentation of the leading principles, and the elaborate attention to those details, apparently trivial, which are essential to success in any mechanical work.

The opening chapters will deal first with the object of designing—the production of some sort of floating vessel—the means to this end, from the first consideration of the conditions of the particular case to the turning over to the builder of the drawings, specifications and tables of offsets. The many intermediate steps will be treated of in detail, the first considerations, the selection of the class, the principal dimensions and the elements of the design, the tools, materials and work of drawing, the calculations and the specifications. The articles will be fully illustrated, and will continue through the year to such a length as the subject demands.

SOME of the yachtsmen who are hurrying to the defense of Lord Dunraven in the British papers display an ignorance which completely disqualifies them as incompetent to discuss fairly the question. One correspondent of the *Field* assumes that if Defender had a "tug" alongside through the night the whole question is decided against her; and another, in the *Yachtsman*, wants to know why Defender should have a tender alongside every night. These gentlemen are very evidently not up in modern racing methods, or they would know that both Valkyrie and Defender had in constant and close attendance, night and day, not a tug, but a good-sized steamboat, that of Valkyrie in particular being quite a large craft, with staterooms on the upper deck. On board these tenders were duplicate spars, mainsails, chains, anchors, hatches, ladders, boats, in fact about everything movable that was not actually needed in a race. Hammock berths and such stuff were shifted back and forth each day, and the entire crew was fed on the tender. As far as mechanical appliances are concerned, it would be an easy matter for either crew to shift lead from the tender to the yacht. The *Yachtsman*'s correspondent, after all that has appeared this year about Defender's Deer Island Yankee crew, accuses them of shifting ballast in Vigilant in 1894, in ignorance of the fact that they are fishermen, and never in a yacht until last season. Unfortunately he offers nothing but his signature in support of the charge of foul sailing on the part of Vigilant in 1894; it might be well if he would specify the instances and offer some proof.

A Cruise in Flatfish.

IN connection with the lines of the racing 5-rater Flatfish in the present issue, we republish from the *Field* of Aug. 24, 1895, the log of the yacht on a cruise from the Isle of Wight to the Welsh coast. While the log proves what such craft may be made to do, it does not prove that they are in any way desirable for other than the special racing work for which they are designed and built; we can readily sympathize with the crew who wanted to go back when they saw daylight through the planking of the bow and felt the water coming in freely.

Editor of the Field:

To prove how incorrect are those "knowing ones" who assert the "present day smaller class yacht racing machines" are unable to go to sea, lack all seaworthy qualities, etc., I think the inclosed log of 5-rater Flatfish during her voyage from Southampton to Port Dinorwic, under the charge of Capt. Elias, may be of interest to some of your readers. Methinks, had some of the "knowing ones" been aboard Flatfish in the very heavy sea and strong gale of Aug. 11, they would admit a present day racing machine can, when obliged to and if well built and ably handled, face nasty seas and gales. H. H. VIVIAN.

Friday, July 3.—At 9:30 A. M. launched from slip at Messrs. Fay's yard. Got all gear, provisions, etc., on board; set sail and proceeded out of Itchen River. Passed Calshot Castle at 11 A. M.; stiff breeze and cloudy. At 11:15 steam tug towing Lassie yacht, also belonging to the owner of Flatfish, came by, took our rope, and towed us to Yarmouth, where we anchored about 12:30, wind being S.W., hard. Wind and weather in the evening very strong and rough.

Saturday, Aug. 3.—Strong S.W. wind and heavy rain during the night and part of the day. At noon went on board the 1-rater Soper to race; started at 1:30. After rounding the first mark another boat ran into Soper's quarter and made a hole. Kept on to finish the first round, which we did about 20s. behind Gallia, the first boat, when we gave up race owing to the possibility of a protest from the fouling boat. Six P. M., asked pilot cutter No. 2 what kind of weather it was

outside; he reported strong wind and rough sea. Heavy showers with squalls during the evening; decided to stay in till morning.

At 3 A. M. Sunday, Aug. 4, a few minutes after turn of tide, found that the large cable had been caught by the fin while she was turning on the flood. Got the hands up and tried to pull up the hitch where it was bridled to the small anchor rope; but before we could get at this the sharp edge of the fin cut the 4in. rope and left us with only the small rope and small anchor to ride to. At 8 A. M., just before the turn of the tide, got under way with trysail and third jib. We tried to grapple for the lost rope with our small anchor, towing over the bow, and made several tacks across where we had been riding, but failed to catch it. After the turn of the tide gave it up and sailed close to the steam yacht Assegai, belonging to Col. Crozier, and asked the captain if he would lend us a kedge and rope. They immediately got them up and put them in their boat and brought them to us, with which we anchored.

At 10 A. M. Sunday, the 4th, got away under trysail and reefed third jib; blowing hard from the westward, but I was anxious to leave Yarmouth, as the tides were strong and we were liable to lose another anchor; so I left with the intention of beating to Portland. Passed the Needles at 11 A. M. Very strong wind and heavy sea. The Flatfish laboring and plunging heavily. Crew frightened, saying they could see daylight through her bow, water coming in freely, otherwise everything all right. Crew wished to go back, saying they could not keep her free of water. I said I had come out to reach Portland, and if nothing worse happened she would have to go there. Stood out for about thirty minutes, when we tacked, at about noon, to the N.W., heading up for Poole, intending to anchor under "Old Harry" if weather got worse. At 3 P. M. passed "Old Harry," wind having hauled to the N.W. by W. with a shower, and more moderate, and there being a good westerly going tide I decided to go on for Portland; the crew by this time having gained confidence, seeing our little craft was not going to break to pieces, and I also realizing her good qualities. At 4 P. M. off Swanage. Wind more moderate, and sea going down; set double-reefed lugsail, took trysail down; also shook out reef from staysail, when we made much better headway, Flatfish steering much better. At 4:30 passed Durleston Head. At 5:10 abreast of St. Albans; flood tide commencing to make and heavy sea in the



- XANIA.

Designed by owner, G. H. Duggan. Built by J. St. Onge. L.W.L. 20ft. 8in., beam 8ft. 5in.

race. While about here several large yachts passed us; asked one of them to report us; they promised to do so. At 8:30 passed schooner Maid Marion close to. At 9:30 got past St. Albans, and, the tide having slackened inshore, beat along the shore. At 12:30 A. M. passed Portland Breakwater and beat up the harbor, where we anchored at 1 A. M., wind blowing strong at W. N. W.; made sails fast, and made all snug; got a cup of hot tea, and hung riding light up. Turned in with everything wet after fifteen hours' hard fight, and fourteen hours at the tiller myself.

Aug. 5.—At 5:30 had a look at the weather; found it blowing hard from W., decided not to start until it moderated. At 7:30 got up again; saw the schooner Phantom's boat going ashore; asked the man if he would take a wire for me to owner and wife, which he kindly did. Noon 5th, strong wind at W.S.W., with showers and thick weather. 4 P. M. Wind S.W., with wild looking sky, barometer falling. Very fortunate to be in a safe anchorage. 8 P. M. Strong westerly winds and heavy rains at intervals. Barometer falling. Midnight. Gale and occasional heavy showers.

Aug. 6.—4 A. M. Gale continued. 8 A. M. Strong winds at W.N.W., with heavy rain at intervals. Noon. More moderate, with showers; wind backing to W.S.W., barometer rising. 1:30 P. M. The schooner Sarah Jane's boat came alongside. One man went ashore with water breaker to refill, also to get some bread, etc. 4 P. M. Still blowing hard, but weather improving slightly; barometer rising. At 6 P. M. weather still improving. Went on shore to have a look at the sea from the hilltop; returned at 8 P. M. At 9 P. M. decided to sail. Set double-reefed lug and reefed third jib. Passed out between the breakwater at 9:30. At 10 P. M. passed the Bill of Portland, with stiff breeze and very heavy sea; had to nurse her through it; got to the westward of the Bill when the sea was much more smooth and wind steadier.

Midnight, Aug. 7.—Off Exmouth. Less wind. Shook out the reefs from lugsail and beat down to Berry Head. The cooking apparatus having got out of order, put into Brixham to repair. At noon picked up moorings inside breakwater. Went ashore with lamp, but found that no one in the place could repair it. Had to buy another lamp (to burn paraffin) for cooking purposes. At 5 P. M. left the harbor and set sail to the westward. When off Berry Head the wind died away from west and sprung up at E. for about half an hour. 8 P. M. off Berry Head. Dead calm. Drifting to the N. E. Midnight. Light, variable airs. Drifting toward Start Point.

Aug. 8.—4 A. M. Off start; dead calm. 8 A. M. Off Salcombe; light airs and calms inclined to spring up at S.E. 9 A.M. Light breeze sprung up set spinaker. At noon. Off Eddystone, about five miles, breeze springing up, and inclined to rain. 4 P. M. Strong breeze and rain, with very thick weather; took in balloon jib and set third jib, also reefed mainsail; very heavy sea off Lizard. Flatfish driving into it very heavily. Decided to go into Falmouth for the night for the rain and mist to clear up. Spoke cutter-yacht Achilles, R. M. Y. C., bound for Holyhead; both bore up for Falmouth, where we anchored close together. At 7 P. M. Put up riding light.

Aug. 9.—5 A. M. Strong wind W. S. W.; thick rain. Decided to stop in; several schooners putting in for shelter. Noon. Strong wind, and showery. 6 P. M. Stiff breeze and heavy rain. 8 P. M. Moderating; weather inclined to clear up; good prospect for a start in the morning. Put up riding light. 9 A. M. Decided to get under way; wind increasing gradually. At 9:30 passed out of the harbor; wind at S.S.W.; inclined to be thick. At midnight passed Lizard. Very thick fog and rain. Wind slightly increasing.

Aug. 10.—Light breeze and very thick fog; several steamer's whistles about. 8 A. M. Wind and weather as above; fog very thick. 10:30. Passed Longships very close; heard reports of the fog gun. Cleared up for a few minutes, when we saw the lightship abeam; shaped course for the Smalls and set spinaker. Noon. Weather clearing up; fine breeze, the Flatfish skimming along at a good pace; passed several coasters, some asking us for a tow. 4 P. M. Nice breeze and fair weather. 8 P. M. Weather inclined to be squally; wind increasing; took in spinaker. 9 P. M. Strong wind, and rather a wild appearance; decided to shorten sail as we were approaching a dangerous piece of navigation, viz., Smalls and Hats and Barrels; put three reefs in lugsail and proceeded; wind suddenly increasing to a moderate gale; very glad I had three reefs in.

Aug 11.—Midnight; passed Small's light bearing E., log showing 102 miles from Longships, true distance 104. 4 A. M. Brisk gale and thunder and lightning; very wild wintry appearance; the little yacht stepping out in grand style, doing little less than 10 knots, a large steamer steaming the same way could not get away from us until we were forced to heave to take in the lug, which we did with some trouble at 6:30 A. M.; gale having increased and sea running very high, the Flatfish behaving splendidly through it; inclined to leak slightly; no water of any account coming in overall. Stowed lug and covered it; crutched the boom and set trysail, when she started on her course again in good shape, steering much better than with the lug.



ETHELWYNN ON THE BEACH.

8 A. M. Wild and stormy, heavy squalls with rain; very heavy seas running. At 10 A. M. sighted Bardsey Island, one point off starboard bow. Squalls inclined to clear away. 11 A. M. Abreast of Bardsey when the sea became slightly less rough. Noon. Off Port Dinllaen with spinaker set, hurrying for the Bar. At 1:30 crossed Carnarvon Bar with very rough seas, but got over it nicely, twenty-seven hours from Land's End, and two and a half hours from Bardsey with tide against us part of the way. Passed Carnarvon at 2:15 P. M. Arrived at moorings Port Dinorwic at 2:40, after a passage of one week from Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. Made all snug and went ashore.

D. ELIAS.

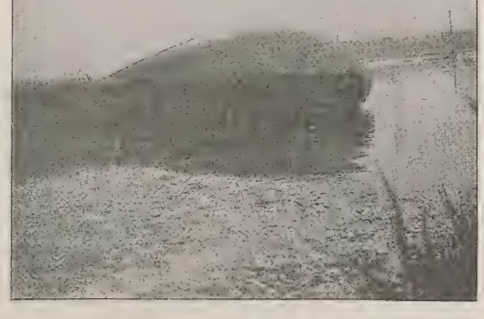
The Morning Toilet.

THE accompanying pictures, for which we are indebted to Mr. B. C Ball, show the 15-footer Ethelwynn on the beach just before a race. The boat was left afloat during the races, but about every other day she was beached and carried up on the sand, her lead ballast removed and the hull turned over on edge until the masthead touched the ground. When in this position she was rubbed down and coated with a preparation of black lead or some similar material, her rudder and centerboard were polished and the entire exterior surface gone over. An hour or so before the start she was righted, her ballast replaced and lashed, and she was carried down and again floated. Spruce, it will be remembered, was slung in a pair of heavy canvas straps and hoisted out of water on davits every night.

A Painful Tale.

A SHORT time since an Eastern yachtsman was entertaining a friend, a landsman, over Sunday, and as the day was particularly rough and stormy a drive inland instead of a sail occupied the morning. The friend was greatly disappointed and did not conceal the fact that he did not think it too rough for a sail, if others did; so in the afternoon the host took a boat and treated his friend to what proved a very wet trip, making profuse apologies whenever a sea unavoidably came aboard. A few days later he received the following poem:

I was sailing, of a Sunday,
Just inside of Minot's Ledge;
There were hummocks on the water,
And the boat was on her edge;
But whenever some big billow
For a moment on me sat,
It was pitiful to notice
The distress of Skipper Pratt.



ETHELWYNN ON THE BEACH.

Oh! he proffered his excuses
With so pained a look at me,
That I quite forgave the fellow—
Till he shipped another sea.
And when I asked, severely,
What in —— he meant by that,
'Twould have made a porpoise blubber,
The distress of Skipper Pratt.

I have heard great Paderewski,
Seen Sir Henry Irving play;
And I went to Keith's new theater
For an hour the other day;
I have studied the "new woman,"
Looked at "Kelly at the Bat,"
But I've nothing seen to equal
The distress of Skipper Pratt.

He apologized so sweetly
When a wave upon me broke,
And he turned her head so neatly,
Just to give me one more soak!
He supposed that I believed him,
As he chattered through his hat
But some day I'll give occasion
For distress to Skipper Pratt.

A New "One-Design" Class.

THE Cohasset Y. C. has now on the stocks a dozen new boats for a "one-design" class for next season, the boats to be drawn by lot among the members of the class. The design chosen is that of the Scarecrow, as published in the FOREST AND STREAM, and the boats, which will be of 15ft. racing length, are building by James McIntyre, late of McIntyre & Kirk, Quincy Point. The rig will be a leg-o'-mutton mainsail and a jib tacked to the stemhead; the boats will be fitted with iron centerboards or weighted wooden boards in place of the fin, on account of the bar off Cohasset. The class is an experiment, and if successful will probably lead to a larger "one-design" class.

Mr. Brand's Protests.

A British yachtsman writes as follows to the *Yachtsman:*

Editor of the Yachtsman:

With reference to your editorial notes re Spruce and Ethelwynn in this week's *Yachtsman*, surely you do not mean to suggest for a moment that the Minima Club would accept charge of a cup won on such a quibbling protest as that made against Ethelwynn, viz., for shifting ballast, *i. e.*, taking out a pig or two of lead while the boat was on the ground scrubbing. I don't care whether Spruce's other protests should have been decided in her favor or not, but I feel sure no sportsman would have liked her to win on this one, and I am sorry it was ever made.

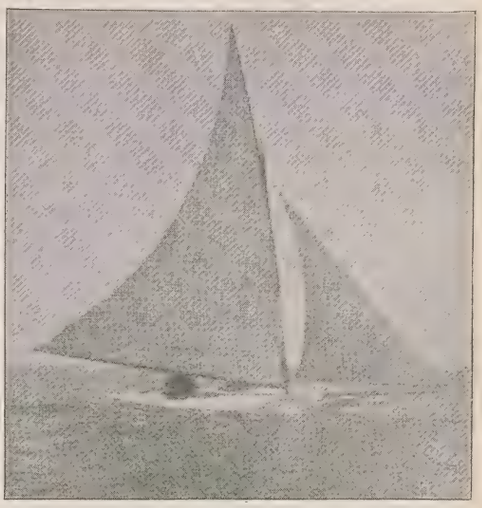
J. F. JELLICO.

The *Yachtsman* says in reply: "We join heartily with our correspondent in regretting that such a protest was ever made. But that we regret it cannot alter the fact that it was made; and, this being, Ethelwynn should have been disqualified according to the strict letter of the law. As we said some weeks since, it is a very dangerous precedent for an international sailing committee to attempt to go beyond the letter of their written rules."

The above is very true, and technically correct, but there has never before arisen the occasion to apply the Seawanhaka racing rules to such very small boats, and many small points came up which could not be covered by the rules as they stood. Most of these were the subject of a special agreement between Mr. Brand and the committee. Had the rules been enforced to the letter the committee would have had no alternative, under one of Mr. Brand's protests, but to have disqualified both boats in every race and have recalled the entire series, as neither carried two life buoys on deck. Even Mr. Brand does not claim that the races were not managed in a spirit of fair play and the utmost liberality to the challenger, and that Spruce was not fairly outsailed by Ethelwynn.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Under the title, "Elements of Navigation," Messrs. Harper & Bros. have recently published a small volume by W. J. Henderson, the well-known writer. Mr. Henderson, who at one time was in charge of the yachting news on the New York *Times*, and is now an ensign in the First Battalion of the New York Naval Reserve, has devoted much of his spare time to yachting and navigation, and his thorough familiarity with the latter subject, added to his recognized ability as a writer, has enabled him to put a great deal of old matter into an entirely new and



TOMBOLA.

Designed by Thos. Clapham. Built by owners, F. W. Molson and W. Arthur C. Hamilton. Racing length 16.36ft.; overall, 22ft. 6in.; beam, 6ft. 4in.; l.w.l., 13ft. 9in.; draft, 5in.

practical shape, in which it cannot fail to be of value to beginners, or as a handy and reliable reference book. The selection of the matter, its arrangement and presentation, are all good, and while the book is simple enough to be easily understood by all, it is at the same time complete and comprehensive enough to fill all the requirements of actual navigation without recourse to the larger works. It is particularly adapted to young yachtsmen and to professional seamen who desire to post themselves without outside aid.

Star of the Sea, steam yacht, arrived in Philadelphia on Nov. 10 after a voyage of forty-six days from Southampton, in charge of Capt. Norman Ferguson and a crew of fifteen. This yacht was designed by Alfred H. Brown in 1882 and built by Ramage & Ferguson, being named Saide. She is of composite construction, iron frames, 142.8ft. length, 24ft. 7in. beam and 13ft. 4in. depth of hold, with engines 17 and 34x32in. Her tonnage is 383 and she is barkentine rigged. In 1883 she was renamed Star of the Sea. She was originally one of the finest yachts of her day, her interior being specially elaborate and she is still a very fine vessel. Her last owners were Major A. Finley and David Faber, who disposed of her to Mr. Cassatt for £7,350. On the voyage she encountered very severe weather and in a gale on Oct. 24–25 she was hove to under a drag improvised out of oars and canvas by Capt. Ferguson.

There is quite a show of activity about the Erie Basin dry docks, where a number of steam yachts, Valiant, Corsair, Sultana, Atalanta, Sagamore and Conqueror, are laid up. In one dock is the big Sound steamer Puritan, with her bottom partly torn out by the rocks of Little Gull Island. A very large portion of the bottom is destroyed. The repairs are being made by the Erie Basin Dry Dock Co. A big shed has been erected for the new twin screw steam yacht which the firm will build for M. C. D. Borden, from designs by J. Beavor Webb, on the site where Sultana was built. The yacht will be 250ft. 6in. over all, 212ft. l.w.l.; beam, moulded, 28ft.; depth, moulded, 18ft 3in.; depth of hold, 16ft. 8in. The yacht has been laid down and some of the steel is on the ground, and the keel blocks are now waiting for the keel.

The new yacht designed by Mr. Watson for A. J. Drexel, and building at Troon, will be 239ft. 9in. l.w.l., 33ft. 6in. beam, of 1,250 tons. She will have twin screws, with a guaranteed speed of 16 knots. The yacht for Mr. Higgins, also designed by Mr. Watson and building by A. & J. Inglis, will be 260ft. l.w.l., 35ft. beam, twin screw, with a speed of 16½ knots; and with bunker space to take her across the Atlantic at a speed of 15 knots. Her interior arrangements will be on a novel plan and very elaborate. Still another large steamer is for N. B. Stewart, Maria II., to replace the Watson yacht Maria I. She will be 216ft. l.w.l. and 27ft. 6in. beam.

At Mumm's old shop, in the Atlantic Y. C. grounds, for some years occupied by Samuel Ayers, H. Manley Crosby and his brother Joseph have started in, having lately moved from Cape Cod. They propose to build the Cape Cod catboats for which the Crosby family is noted.

Mr. A. S. Chesebrough has designed a 30ft. cruiser of shoal draft, 2ft. 9in., for Barnegat Bay, the owner being Dr. E. H. Williams, of Philadelphia. She will be built by Lawley and named Hermitage. She will have a double skin, with planksheer and deck fittings of mahogany.

Harlequin, the curious keel nondescript that has ornamented the basins of South Brooklyn since she was first built five or six years ago, has been sold, and rigged as a schooner at Abrams's yard, Twenty-sixth street, South Brooklyn.

The interesting log of the canoe yawl Cherub, which appeared last week, should have been credited to the *Field*, in which it was first published a few weeks since.

Wallin & Gorman have just finished a handsome open catboat, 22ft. over all, for the St. Lawrence River, and also an 18ft. boat of the same style.

Satanita, cutter, C. D. Rose, is fitting out at Fay's yard, Southampton, and both she and Ailsa will race in the Mediterranean.

Judge, steam yacht, formerly Marietta I., has been renamed Albatross by Col. Jacob Ruppert, Jr., her new owner.

At the Herreshoff shops a fin-keel 15-footer has been completed for A. S. Van Winkle, of Hazleton, Pa.

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.—1895.

SINCE its incorporation, four years back, though organized in 1888, the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, has become quite an important factor in the yachting world. With its club house, storage and building sheds, marine railway, pier, breakwater, basin, tennis courts, etc., etc., it employs quite a staff, and is in a much better position to satisfy the yachtsman's wants than many a club of greater prominence. It is continually improving and enlarging its properties, and with the work of its energetic committees may within the coming year do greater things than even its most ardent members might imagine. The club now musters some 70 sailing and 30 steam yachts, and nearly 500 members, with a regular annual increase.

If the racing of the past season was not quite as keen as it might have been, more especially in the larger classes, it is chiefly due to the prevailing light airs attendant on last summer's racing days. Though fortunately all classes have finished within the time limit, many of the slower boats were disgusted and preferred not to start unless a finish at least looked fairly sure.

Last spring a committee was elected for the purpose of looking into the advisability of promoting a smaller two-man craft than the existing 18-footers. A less expensive and more easily handled boat, offering about the same accommodation and speed as the club's present smallest craft, was what this committee sought for. The capital racing and service afforded by what the English termed ½-raters—before their change of measurement came into force—was well known, and the racing of the 15-footers about New York was keenly watched. Consequently the 15ft. class was promptly formed, and next season will see numerous and valuable prizes for this small type of yacht, which at present seems to be all the rage among the most important yachting nations.

It becomes no yachtsman to say an unkind word of anything that floats, and it is not in a detrimental sense that the following remarks are made. With scarcely a kick that swift and uncomfortable—when over-canvased, as it usually is—toy, the St Lawrence sailing skiff, has as a racer died a natural death. Those left boatless by this disaster, it is hoped, will take up the cause of the 15-footer. They will be trusty little ships, compared to the late and lamented, on the sharp gunwale of which you may repose, but are not compelled to sit or sink.

Mr. Duggan's challenge for the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. international trophy, through the Roy. St. L. Y. C., being accepted, will doubtless give quite an impetus to building and racing during the coming year. At least six 15ft. boats should appear, by what can be learned at present.

THE SEASON'S RACING.

On Saturday, June 1, the racing season of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. was opened, when the 15ft. class had its first contest. It was fine and warm, no wind being detected for more than an hour after the start; then a pleasant southwesterly breeze sprang up. Meanwhile Pirate, followed by Lassie, drifted about three-quarters of a mile up the lake toward the first mark. Tombola, less fortunate, grounded within a stone's throw of the starting buoy, to which she afterward moored, recommencing on feeling the breeze that her companions were first to enjoy.

The course, a distance of five miles, was twice around a triangle, Rear-Com. Jackson acting as officer of the day. Pirate showed the way during the first round, but was overhauled by Lassie in the windward work of the second. Tombola turned first mark over fifteen minutes astern, but gaining six minutes in the remaining four miles, clearly showed her superiority in a true wind. Start, 3:55:

	Elapsed.
1. Lassie	2 09 47
2. Pirate	2 13 38
Tombola	2 18 50
Vixen	Did not start.

Saturday, June 8, brought a cruisinx race, for all classes, to Laloude's Bay, a distance of eight miles, which turned out to be a drifting match to windward in the prevailing light southerly air, which at times fell completely. Time allowances were made at the start, Mr. J. C. C. Almon being officer of the day. Dream crossed the line before her gun, and did not return to recross properly, while Rita and Frolic started too late to do as well as they might. Rita's modern bow and Frolic's double headsails puzzled some of their '94 acquaintances. Xania, the smallest starter, was first away, and led to the finish. Start 3:55:

	Corrected.
1. Xania	3 36 00
2. Chaperon	4 23 12
3. Rita	4 58 08
Frolic	5 42 00
Dream	Not timed.

The fleet, under command of Rear-Com. Jackson, aboard Dream, was joined by other yachts, and early the following morning started, in a light breeze, for Beauharnois. All reported at the club that evening, feeling lucky at reaching home in the scarcely perceptible air.

Saturday, June 15, brought out the 18-footers for their second race, Vice-Com. Smith being in charge.

The flighty quartet was sent three times around the triangle, 7½ miles, in a moderate, flawy northeasterly breezer; it being clear and warm, many witnessed a remarkably pretty contest.

Vixen, a new boat by Cuthbert, of Toronto, and the Clapham yearling Tombola went at it hammer and tongs around the entire course, never getting beyond "secret-telling" distance of each other. Vixen's best point, down the wind, was quite equaled by Tombola's windward and reaching, which kept the smaller boat well within her time allowance.

It was disappointing, however, to see the gritty little newcomer cheated out of a sure second place by being needlessly made to bear down and foul Tombola while on the port tack.

Lassie found Pirate pretty hard game, but at the end of second round established a lead which was gradually lengthened to the finish. Start 3:35:

	Elapsed.
1. Tombola	1 51 55
2. Lassie	1 54 21
3. Pirate	1 57 37
Vixen (allows Tombola 42s. (1:51:45)	Disqualified.

Saturday, June 22, was cloudy and not exactly a day to test the relative speeds of the different starters on account of the fickle S E. wind, which freshening veered to the east for the home run.

The A, 30 and 25ft. classes, were to sail the regular club 10-mile course; the Valois Bay triangular 5-mile course being left to the 21-footers. Mr. David A. Poe, officer of the day, started all at 3:30.

Valda, the only 25-footer entered, would not take a sailover, while the measuring of Ellida after the race spoiled the fun for both; with her new canvas the latter easily went into the 25ft. class. Ellida was awarded a prize, however, for making so good a showing, winning handily from Folly (a modern Cuthbert boat) and giving Elsie a drubbing, probably not having forgotten the turnabout contests of 1892 she had with the latter.

CLASS A.

	Corrected.
1. Chaperon	2 46 50
Coquette	2 50 15
30FT. CLASS.	
1. Xania	2 30 48
Rita	2 40 00
21FT. CLASS.	
Ellida (measured over 21ft.)	2 23 15
1. Folly	2 27 27
2 Elsie	2 33 47
Jubilant	Did not start.

Saturday, June 29, the fairest racing day of the season, was clear and warm, the steady westerly breeze with a "bone in it" had made the lake a bit lumpy.

Mr. Robt. Fitz-Gibbon, the officer of the day, sent the small fry twice around the triangle, 5 miles.

This race was an object lesson, and added much weight to the fact that an over-canvased yacht affords no better results than an over-charged gun.

Pirate and Lassie struggled and labored along under full sail, probably holding their own running, but making wretched windward work of it. The latter, however, capped the climax by capsizing, when trying to carry a spinaker on a beam reach. Vixen with a reef down made but a poor showing, her headsail was too large for the short-ened mainsail. Tombola led over the line, never looking back, having one tuck turned in and No. 2 jib. She seemed to leave her classmates on every leg. Besides being well trimmed she was well sailed, and with the exception of Aug. 17, when under full sail, Tombola's was this day the fastest time around the course. Start 3:45:

	Elapsed.
1. Tombola	1 12 40
2. Pirate	1 21 50
3. Vixen	1 28 40
Lassie	Capsized.

Monday, July 1, our national holiday (Dominion Day), had every promise of a thunderstorm or nothing. The morning called for the fourth annual contest for Honorary Commodore Sir Donald A. Smith's challenge cup, classes A, 30 and 25-footers being eligible. A threatening sky, a southerly patchy air at the start, then from all quarters, steadying down for an hour's stiff southwesterly wind, seasoned up with an ugly rain squall from a directly opposite quarter, necessitated a beat home. Rear-Com. Jackson got the fleet off at 11 A. M. over the 10-mile club course. Xania, the smallest finisher, cleverly handled throughout, easily repeated her performance of '94 and so retains the cup for another year.

1. Xania	2 57 00
Chaperon	3 12 30
Coquette	3 14 18
Rita	3 15 10
Frolic	Did not complete course.
Valda	Did not complete course.

At 3:45 Mr. Robert Fitz-Gibbon got the little ones out for their fourth attempt to down each other; one was indeed downed and for a repetition of an error so plainly demonstrated on June 29. The noon squall had failed to clear the air to any marked extent. Twice around the triangle, 5 miles, was the order of the day, a nice start being made in a full sail southerly breeze. Lassie led Pirate and Tolombola over the line, Vixen bringing up the rear. In the windward work Tombola went up head. All, well bunched, arrived at Mark No. 2 the same time as a rain squall and steamer, but not a hair was turned, only the buoy. Away they went before the now stiff wind, Tombola, with poor execution of a good idea, reefing, down the wind, to be ready on the turn to windward, was so long at it that Lassie, who was bravely staggering against some hard puffs, got too far ahead to have her claim for first place harmed. All sail was used for the finish, the wind softening considerably. Vixen's shortening canvas on a turn to windward cost her dearly, and Pirate threw away a sure place by not leaving well alone.

	Elapsed.
1. Lassie	1 22 05
2. Tombola	1 32 40
Vixen	Did not finish
Pirate	Capsized.

Saturday, July 6, witnessed the first annual race for Com. Hamilton's Cup—open to yachts measuring over 21ft. It was cloudy and warm, and in a light variable southeasterly air, the starters, well bunched, crossed the line; finishing in a puffy easterly breeze. Xania won easily, and even had Chaperon not grounded within a gunshot of the finish, Rita would have been second on time allowance; Valda, however, crept up to third position, on account of Mr. Clouston's black cutter hugging the well-known shoal too closely.

Mr. David A Poe was officer of the day and at 3:30 sent the starters off around the 10-mile club course.

	Corrected.
Xania	2 44 37
Rita	3 06 00
Valda	3 18 40
Chaperon	3 21 50
Coquette	3 26 00

Saturday, July 13, the second cruising race for all classes took place, time allowances being made at the start. The course to Laloude's Bay, a distance of about eight miles, in the fresh northwesterly wind was a close reach. Mr. J. C. C. Almon gave the first signal at 3.30 and before the smoke had disappeared the smallest starter, Tombola, was over the line and away. Vixen did not start and Elsie was late in getting off. Rita easily drew away from Coquette and gradually overhauled Valda, but the speedy 18-footer could not be caught and won handily—carrying full mainsail and small jib, setting the large jib for the last mile to finish in style suitable to a winner. Off Valois Bay, Rita and Valda catching some hot puffs struck their topsails, resetting them however on nearing Lynch's Island. Coquette becoming disabled and returning home robbed the fleet of its commanding officer; the yachts accordingly separated; Valda and Rita remaining away over night, while Elsie followed Tombola home.‖

This was a most enjoyable race, the hard squalls lending life to the cool and gray afternoon.

	Corrected.
1. Tombola	1 29 00
2. Rita	1 31 15
3. Valda	1 33 57
Elsie	1 42 15
Coquette	Disabled.
Vixen	Did not start.

Saturday, July 20, turned out fine and warm, but very disappointing as a race day. Rear-Commodore Jackson delaying the start, trusting a breeze might spring up, at 4 o'clock, in a patchy S.W. air, sent all hands around the 10-mile club course; the 21-footers covering but 8 miles by omitting one leg.

Jubilant, nicely timed, led the fleet across the line, but was soon passed by Elsie and Flatiron. At the first mark the tail-enders were favored with a nice breeze which enabled them to accompany some of the leaders around Buoy No. 2. After this the wind petered out and only Rita with her sky-scraping topsail, and Flatiron with some secret power, managed to move onward. The manner in which the latter craft hung on to her larger mate was truly remarkable. Waterwitch and Elsie followed them around the third mark, where the balance of the fleet hovered about for over an hour whistling for the favoring puff that would lift them around the buoy.

Three gave up and drifted home. The time limit being 4h. 30m., Waterwitch saved her class from resailing the race by 16s.

A AND 30FT. CLASS COMBINED

1. Rita	3 58 10
Coquette	5 01 00
25FT. CLASS.	
1. Waterwitch	4 29 45
2. Okieha	5 31 00
Valda	Did not finish.
Ellida	Did not finish.
Marjorie	Did not finish.
21FT. CLASS.	
1. Flatiron	2 56 15
2. Elsie	4 02 22
3. Folly	4 17 52
Jubilant	4 18 08
Soubrette	4 23 32

Saturday, Aug. 17, the 21 and 18-footers donned their war paint and feathers to settle which would hold the Hamilton challenge trophy through the coming winter. Flatiron and her smaller companion, Tombola (respectively the most likely boats of the above classes), had not yet met, and all believed barring accidents one of these two would win. In spite of the small amount of windward work Tombola started a hot favorite.

Mr. Robert Fitz-Gibbon started them off at 3:35, three times around the triangular course, 7½ miles.

A dull, threatening sky with a moderate east wind, gradually blowing up to half a gale from the south at the finish, were the prevailing weather conditions.

Flatiron led Tombola in the reach to first mark, but was overhauled in the windward work. They would have arrived at Buoy No. 2 together, but unfortunately the 21-footer passed the mark and had to return to round it. Tombola, with a lead of fully a minute on the first round, seemed to gain on every leg of the course from this out. Vixen made a plucky fight, but could not hold the older boats. Pirate did well, but was within an ace of being caught by Jubilant, who, starting some three minutes late, put Elsie back one place. The latter two had quite a tussle, but whether or not Elsie's jovial owner preferred taking the leather medal to letting the donor of the cup, who was at Jubilant's helm, capture it, will never be known; suffice it to say Elsie's jib got in trouble at the most exciting moment.

1. Tombola	1 37 44
Flatiron	1 42 55
Vixen	1 46 15
Pirate	1 51 55
Jubilant	1 52 15
Elsie	2 02 40
Wideawake	Did not start.
Folly	Did not star
Soubrette	Did not finis

The first annual race for the Judge Girouard Cup, open, the club 25-footers, was sailed the same day, around the club 10-mile course. This class having done practically no racing, it was hard to pick the winner, but many looked to Valda for first place, and had she been driven down the home stretch, as in days of yore, perhaps the good little sloop would have saved her time on Undine. Okieha was well sailed and deserved the prize, which the club's largest cat would have won had she not wasted so much time by making her first trial at setting a spinaker. Waterwitch's behavior was odd, and, as in the fury of the breeze she crossed the line with mainsail on deck, no one wondered at her being last.

	Corrected.
1. Okieha	2 00 24
Undine	2 00 45
Valda	2 03 32
Ellida	2 09 29
Waterwitch	2 16 05
Marjorie	Did not start.

The club anchorage presented a lively scene—the competitors in both races arriving just as the gale was at its jolliest, some in a more or less confused state. Happily all was made snug and no damage sustained.

Saturday, Sept. 14.—A race for cat-rigged yachts was sailed twice around the triangular course, 5 miles.

Mr. Fred P. Shearwood, acting as officer of the day, started the yachts at 3:47 in rather a fluky westerly breeze.

Undine had the race well in hand after the first round, but Waterwitch, by working along shore in a better breeze, came right upon its larger companion, finishing but 1s. after it. The small number of entries for this race is accounted for by the fact of other yacht owners attending the steamboat parade outside Sandy Hook.

	Corrected.
1. Waterwitch	1 28 40
2. Undine	1 29 25
Marjorie	Did not finish.
Wideawake	Did not start.

Saturday, Sept. 28, the last of the club's 1895 racing days, proved to be cool and bright, with a moderate northeasterly breeze. The Rear-Commodore, after trying in vain to have an 18ft. sweepstake race, arranged a match between his Vixen and the club's wee champion.

Mr. David A. Poe held the ribbons, and on account of the late start ordered the yachts once around the triangle (3 miles).

Whether or not he remember was wet will never be known, but to this day the starting gun has not been heard. The respective owners, rowing up to make the westerly mark, have yet to make their first protest. They thought nothing of a "little thing like that."

Tombola nicely timed, with her larger chum close up (thinking it too soon), turned back to reapproach the line; Vixen, perceiving an agitated state of affairs on the pier end, grasped the situation, broke out her spinaker, and made for Buoy No. 1, 15s. in the lead.

On the run Tombola lost nothing, though she set no spinaker, and picked up 10s. on the reach to the skiff, in which were comfortably seated Messrs. Jackson and Hamilton.

There was little to choose between them at this point; the one-mile beat back, however, settled the race, Mr. Hamilton's boat romping home in a canter, not requiring her time allowance, which on this special occasion had been withdrawn.

	Elapsed.
1. Tombola	0 33 05
2. Vixen	0 34 25

If the racing fever strikes in next season the club can turn out half a dozen yachts in each of the two larger classes and some ten in each of the 25, 21 and 18-ft. classes, any of which could give a fair account of herself by the fall.

Both Xania and Tombola are probably a little too strong for some of the less modern boats; nevertheless, if handled and tuned up as well as these two were, if results were not exactly reversed, the finishes might be much closer.

The most interest was undoubtedly taken in the contests of the smaller yachts, and without hurting the larger classes it should be greater next season.

RECAPITULATION OF THE SEASON'S RACING.

CLASS A.	Starts.	Firsts.	Seconds.	Thirds.
Dream, slp., H. M. Molson & Hon. A. W. Morris	1	..	..	Started too soon.
Coquette, cut., C m. Hamilton	5	..	..	..
Chaperon, cut., E. S. Clouston.	4	1	1	..
30FT. CLASS.				
Rita, slp., C. O. Clark	6	1	1	1
Frolic, cut., E. K. Green & W. A. C. Hamilton	2	..	..	..
Xania, slp, G. H. Duggan	4	4	..	..
25FT. CLASS.				
Undine, cat, Geo. R. Marler	2	..	1	..
Valda, slp., A. F. Riddell	5	..	..	1
Waterwitch, cat, Jas. Paton	3	2	..	..
Ellida, slp., F. Jamieson	3	1 sailover.	..	..
Marjorie, cat slp, W. G. Ross.	3	..	..	..
Okiena, cut., C. E. Archbald	2	1	1	..
21FT. CLASS.				
Elsie, slp., Wm. Davidson	4	..	2	..
Soubrette, slp., J. Keator	1	..	..	..
Folly, slp., A. E. Abbott	2	1	..	1
Flatiron, slp., A. & H. Drummond	2	1	..	..
Jubilant, slp., Hamilton Bros.	2	..	..	..
18FT. CLASS.				
Vixen, slp., Rear-Com. Jackson	5	..	..	1
*Pirate, slp., C. H. Routh	2	..	2	1
†Tombola, slp., W. A. C. Hamilton	7	5	1	..
‡Lassie, slp, H. M. Molson	4	2	1	..

*Pirate, one capsize. †Tombola, one aground. ‡Lassie, one capsize.

The Dunraven Charges.

THOUGH the special committee of the New York Y. C. began its work immediately after its appointment, nothing has yet been made public. It is surmised that a letter has been sent by the committee to the Royal Yacht Squadron, but even this is not definitely known. Following the editorial which we reprinted last week, the *Yachtsman* speaks as follows in its issue of Nov. 21.

We have been called to account by divers correspondents for having ventured to express an opinion last week in disparagement of Lord Dunraven's action of publishing his now famous Cup fiasco pamphlet. However, while fully appreciating the fact that all our readers are entitled to cherish their own sentiments on such international matters, we must take leave to say that the man at the *Yachtsman's* wheel has always made a point of saying what he thinks, and not what he thinks other people think. In this case of the accusation of foul play brought by Lord Dunraven against the crew of the Defender, we feel as yet unconvinced that the Valkyrie manifesto will serve to do aught but lower the prestige of British yachting in the eyes of impartial readers—and these are to be found on both sides of the Atlantic in large numbers, while Continental nations are obviously dispassionate in this instance.

Leaving aside, as we well may, the first outbreak of natural indignation and indecorous language which found its way into the New York press when the gist of Lord Dunraven's pamphlet became known, we would ask our readers to carefully peruse the *Times* telegram, which we publish elsewhere. Mr. Iselin's letter to the abnormally large general meeting of the N. Y. Y. C., held on Monday last, puts the case, from the Yankee point of view, with great clearness, and we confess that Mr. Iselin has only accentuated our own views regarding this most unfortunate lapse of dignity on the part of Lord Dunraven.

We must not, however, be understood to think that this pamphlet has in any way whitewashed the Cup committee of the N. Y. Y. C. Lord Dunraven's complaints are not confined to shipping and unshipping ballast aboard Defender; though that, indeed, is by far the gravest accusation, inasmuch as Mr. Iselin is directly responsible for such cheating, if it occurred. We fancy that it was a pretty well accepted belief among British yachtsmen before the publication of Lord Dunraven's pamphlet that Valkyrie had not received the fair and square treatment that her owners would expect in British waters. But does that fact in the slightest degree justify the publication of Lord Dunraven's pamphlet the week before last? Surely no men in England knew better than the head of the Valkyrie syndicate and Mr. G. L. Watson what conditions and treatment would probably have to be faced in the Cup races.

In the number of the *Yachtsman* which appeared on Sept. 5—two days before the first match—we clearly pointed out the annoyance of what we have since been pleased to call the New York "floating rabble," and yet we have had the delight of witnessing an America Cup race. It therefore seems to us that Lord Dunraven's complaint on this score, though fully justified by facts, is rather feeble. However, Lord Dunraven's enthusiasm has more than once led him to abandon demands which his experience should have taught him were essential, and leaving aside the great personal influence which he exerted to get the Royal Yacht Squadron to accept the new deed as a valid document, he was content to forego his request that the matches should be sailed off Marblehead.

We are glad to see that the New York Yacht Club intends to thoroughly investigate the grave charge brought against Defender's crew, and the impeachment of its own conduct contained in this pamphlet, and that Lord Dunraven himself has signified his willingness to face the storm that he has too tardily created by going to New York and formulating his accusations in *propria persona*. This, perhaps, is the only course open to him now, and the fact that he feels called upon to follow it is surely sufficient proof that the Cup pamphlet should never have been published; and, indeed, by the same cablegram to Mr. Edward Kersey, Lord Dunraven is reported to have expressed the opinion that it is now too late for an investigation.

This matter should be settled, we emphatically say, by the Royal Yacht Squadron—through Lord Dunraven, perhaps—and the New York Yacht Club. The honor of the one club is now no less at stake than that of the other, and the Royal Yacht Squadron, having made one *faux pas* at the start, should see to it that it disclaims any share in the needless and, we may say, childish stirring of muddy water which Lord Dunraven has found consistent with his dignity.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

School of Instruction for New York Patrolmen.

THE patrolmen of New York city are to be taught how to handle the revolvers with which they are armed, so that those weapons of defense and offense may be used with more safety to their owners and the general public, and with increased danger to evildoers.

FOREST AND STREAM has long advocated some such "school of in

struction" as will be opened on Dec. 9 in the basement of the 8th Regiment armory, Ninety-fifth street and Park avenue. With the advent of a new régime in the Police Department the scheme has matured, and now, with Sergt. W. E. Petty of the police force, who is probably the best revolver shot in this country, in charge of the school of instruction, patrolmen will have every opportunity of learning how to shoot. The Sergeant, with a detail of four patrolmen, runs the whole school and has the planning of the arrangements.

There are four ranges for practice, so that it will be possible to handle the men quickly, at the same time giving them needed advice, such as how to hold the pistol, etc. As a matter of fact, patrolmen in this city will now have to qualify as marksmen, just as national guardsmen do. They will be required to shoot a string of 15 shots under the following conditions: Off-hand, .38cal. Smith & Wesson revolver, 30ft. range; the target will be like the army target, so that a highest possible will be 75 points for the 15 shots. It will require a score of from 45 to 55 to qualify. The target has a 4in. bull and is in all 2½ft. square. In firing the 15 shots the police will not be subject to a time limit, the object being to give them instruction and to teach them how to handle their guns.

Sergeant Petty has mastered all the details necessary for keeping a complete record of the scores; as the work progresses, it will be possible with a very small amount of figuring to note whether a man, or whether a whole precinct, has improved or deteriorated in pistol practice. Each man's score will be filed away in such a manner that the authorities can lay their hands on it at once and satisfy themselves as to the quality of the work he is doing.

There is something very ingenious about the manner in which the targets themselves are fixed: They are stencilled on stout manilla paper and a number of them are rolled or a continuous strip around a roller; this roller is at the bottom of the space in which the paper target will appear, and is protected from wild shots by a piece of sheet iron; the first target is unrolled and pasted upward and fastened to another roll at the top of the target space; this roll is protected from wild shots in a manner similar to the lower one. A rope attachment which passes to the front of the range enables the attendent to roll up the target when the fifteen shots have been fired, at the same time bringing into view the next target. This idea is Sergeant Petty's own, and he is to be complimented on its completeness.

The shots are scored as made by the attendant in charge of the range. The target outside of the bull is, of course, white, so that each shot in that part can be readily seen and scored; the difficulty of seeing just where a bullet strikes in the black is overcome by means of a lamp with a reflector in rear of and below the target; when a bullet pierces the bull a gleam of light shines through the hole and betrays the whereabouts of the bullet-hole.

Sergeant Petty seemed very confident that by the time all the patrolmen had fired their first trial of fifteen shots he would be able to pick out a team of revolver shots that would puzzle any team to beat them. He seemed satisfied that there was a number of good shots in the ranks of the patrolmen of this city, but said that the majority knew very little about the handling of their revolvers. This fault, he said, the school of instruction was created to rectify, and it would do it.

As there is no appropriation for this work, the department is doing it on its own hook, and naturally has to be very careful of every dollar of expenditure. Sergeant Petty hopes by loading and reloading all the ammunition used to reduce very largely the expense attached to the school of instruction. The school has a big task ahead of it, but there is absolutely no reason why it should not prove an entire success. On the contrary, having been started in the right manner and with a capable staff, its future ought not to remain long in doubt.

Ross and Martin Won the Match.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 28.—Champion F. C. Ross and Ignatz Martin, of this city, won their match to-day with M. J. Dorrier and G. W. Plaisted, both of New Jersey. The match was for $100 a side, 100 shots per man in series of 10, 200yds range, Zettler Rifle Club rules governing, all four men being members of that club; Bernard Walther was referee, Charles G. Zettler scorer. The scene of the contest was Banzer & Bookman's Cypress Hills Park.

As the four contestants are among the crack riflemen of this part of the country there was a good attendance of spectators to witness the trial of skill. This is the second time these four men have met in a four-handed match; the first match was won by Ross and Martin by 39 points; to-day the difference was much less, only 15 points separating their totals at the end of the match. That the Brooklyn men won at all is probably owing to Plaisted's unfortunate break in the fourth series when he only scored 187. Ross was not up to his usual form, but Martin kept things going and held up his end most successfully. Dorrier did excellent work, and tried hard for victory; his best totals were: 231, 229, 227, 225, 222 and 223; Ross's best were: 224, 222, 222 and 221; Martin scored a 223 and a 220, while Plaisted's best was a single 225.

The different stages of the match were as follows: At the end of the first string of 10 shots New Jersey led by 14 points, having scored 436 to 422. In the next 10 shots Brooklyn cut this lead down to 12 points, making 439 against 427. The third series saw a still further reduction in the lead of the Jerseymen, the Brooklyn men scoring 433 against 430. This left Dorrier and Plaisted only 9 points ahead, with less than one-third of the match gone. In the fourth series, Plaisted, as above stated, scored but 187, the Brooklyn men piling up 434 against 414, a gain of 20 points for them, this landing them in first place with a total score of 1718 against 1707—11 ahead. At the half-way house the scores showed: Ross and Martin 2151 against 2134—17 ahead, a gain in the fifth series of 8 points. The sixth series was also disastrous for the men from New Jersey, as their opponents gained 12 more points, scoring 441 against 429—29 ahead; 3 points was the sum of the gain made by Ross and Martin in the seventh series—441 against 438, Dorrier and Plaisted each making 219. The total scores were now 3033 against 3001—32 ahead. Still the Brooklynites marched ahead, scoring 445 against 437 in the eighth series, their lead now being exactly 40 points over their adversaries, with only 20 shots each yet to fire. The totals stood: Ross and Martin 3478, Dorrier and Plaisted 3438.

The ninth series saw the New Jerseymen take a big brace; they cut down their opponent's lead exactly one-half, scoring 443 to 423, the totals standing 3901 against 3881. The tenth and last series saw that lead cut down by 5 more points, Dorrier and Plaisted scoring 440 against 435, the totals showing at the end of the match 4336 against 4331. It was a really tight finish all things considered. The scores:

Ross	213	219	219	222	216	221	224	222	216	216—2188
Martin	209	210	214	212	217	220	217	223	207	219—2148—4336
Dorrier	221	216	229	227	222	222	219	225	218	231—2230
Plaisted	215	211	201	187	205	207	219	212	225	209—2091—4321

Revolver Shooting in England.

THE report for the year's shooting at the North London Rifle Club is now published. It says: "Upward of 6,000 entries have been made during the season and the receipts are in every particular in excess of any previous season. The policy of throwing open revolver shooting to every member of the club, and of giving allowances to the less expert shots, has had the effect of inducing many members to try their skill with that weapon. Your committee will recommend next year classification instead of handicapping. The score made by Mr. Winans for the championship is simply marvelous, showing that his hand has lost none of its cunning, and though winning by a large margin, yet his runners up have shown good form. Winners of revolver spoons: Winans 20, Knapp 15, B. Comber and Munday 14 each, Carter 13, Earle, Luff and Richardson 12 each, A. J. Comber 11, Chitty 10, Howe and Howard 7 each, Evans and Gould 6 each, Bashford, Clement-Smith, Denyer and Franzmann 5 each, Allman, Frost, Macdonald and MacCormack 4 each, H. J. Andrews Chicken, Clemence, Diggins, Garaud, Lowe and Treadwell 3 each, Andrews, Baxter, Brading, Britton, Glanville, Howell, Peters and Ricketts 2 each, Atherton, Cowan, F. Evans Gill, Gibbons, Hare, Hore, Jones, Skilton, Stillibrass, Tillie, Varley, Ward and Heath 1 each. Total 262.

"Best range scores and total, 1895, revolver:

"Series 1, 20yds., stationary target; Mr. W. Winans 42 points (highest possible), six times; Major Palmer once.

"Series 2, 20yds., alternate hands: Lieut. Chitty, and Messrs. Knapp and Winans, 41 points, each once.

"Series 3, 30yds, disappearing target: Mr. W. Winans 42 (highest possible) once.

"Series 4, 50yds.: Mr. Winans 39 points."

Turtle Bay Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—The second outdoor shoot of the Turtle Bay Rifle Club took place to-day at Woodside, L. I., the following scores being made:

25 ring target, 100 shots per man, 22 cal. rifle, 125ft. range:

H Walter	221	220	197	216	206	202	215	194	210	223—2104
G E Jantzer	216	227	224	196	213	216	208	198	200	197—2095
O G Fuchs	204	192	214	184	206	188	214	176	187	202—1967
C H Plate	199	196	205	215	187	201	208	167	179	169—1926
Harry Jantzer	196	197	193	204	110	200	200	160	170	168—1884

A special 30-shot match for the club medal was won by H. Walter, who scored 639, the scores being as follows:

H Walter	210	223	206—639	O G Fuchs	185	202 190—577
J Ochs Jr.	214	197	210—621	C H Plate	170	178 180—547
G E Jantzer	200	201	211—612	Harry Jantzer	179	176 192—547

J. OCHS, JR., Sec'y.

Mr. William Lyman in Europe.

BERLIN, Schöneberg, Nov. 20.—Mr. William Lyman is at present sojourning in Berlin for the purpose of acquainting the German gunmakers and dealers with his well-known rifle sights. He brings one of the new .25cal. Winchester take-down rifles, and intends to demonstrate this beautiful and useful weapon to the German Emperor, who is one of the best and most passionate rifle shots in Europe. Mr. Lyman has made a business trip through England, France and Belgium, and expects to visit Suhl and other gunmaking centers before his return home.

He is very favorably impressed with the progressive spirit prevailing throughout Germany, and especially with the remarkable growth of Berlin, which city he has not seen for a period of six years.

ARMIN TENNER.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Dec. 7.—HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa.—Team race, 25 men to a team, between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League; all day shoot on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League.

Dec. 12-13.—LANCASTER, Pa.—Tournament of the Fairview Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Dec. 19, 20.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Fifth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

1896.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N. J.—Fifteenth annual New Year's Day reception and tournament of the South Side Gun Club; targets. Shooting commences at 9:30 A. M. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Jan. 4.—WILMINGTON, Del.—Second team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 25 men to a team; all day shoot on the grounds of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club.

Jan. 4-5.—PHOENIX, Ariz.—Annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Jan. 7-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the auspices of Texas State Sportsmen's Association and management of J. M. George and O. C. Guessaz (Texas Field), $2,000 added.

Feb 1—————————.—Third team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 26 men to a team. (Place of shoot not fixed.)

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; $1000 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. P. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2,000 added money.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

May 13-14.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 20-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 1-5.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

When that heavy gale struck Detroit, Mich., the beginning of last week, it very nearly put an end to Jack Parker's duck shooting, and to the career of the Iolanthe. The following clipping from the Detroit *Free Press* tells the story: "Jack Parker, the well-known sportsman who lives on Junction avenue, had an experience early yesterday morning he will not soon forget. He was out on his fall crusade against the migratory ducks and had gone down below the mouth of the river in his boat. He had a large flat-bottomed schooner with a commodious cabin on it and was occupying it with two men and a boy. The day's shooting had been good, owing to the storm driving the ducks in, and they had about 250 wildfowl in the boat, together with 135 decoys they had taken aboard for the night and five duck boats tied to the schooner or on her cabin. The boat was anchored and about 4 o'clock she parted her chain and nothing could stop her in the drifting match. The wind and current sent her across the lake and she finally ran high and dry on shore near Amherstberg. The ducks, decoys and duck boats were lost, and water poured in through the windows, which were dashed out by things falling against them. Parker came home last evening and says he never had a worse experience—not excepting the time when he was caught out in the moving ice a couple of years ago. He saved the schooner and the guns, but says he would have considered himself lucky to get away with his life."

The programme for the tournament of the Fairview Gun Club, of Lancaster, Pa., is to hand. The first day's programme is confined to target events; the list of events is as follows: No. 1, 10 targets, $1; No. 2, 15 targets, $1.50; No. 3, 25 targets, $2.50; No. 4, 20 targets, $2; No. 5, 10 targets, $1; No. 6, 30 targets, $3; No. 7, 20 targets, $2; No. 8, 15 targets, $1.50; No. 9, 7 targets, $1; No. 10, 20 targets, $3; the total is 172 targets with an entrance of $18. Targets will be charged for at the rate of two cents each; under 12 entries, 3 moneys; over 12, 4 moneys. The second day's programme contains 5 live-bird events: No. 1, 10 birds, $5; No. 2, same; No. 3, 15 birds, $10; No. 4, 7 birds, $4; No. 5, $1 miss and out. No. 1 commences at 9 A. M. sharp, and is open to amateurs of Lancaster county only. There will be three three moneys in events 1, 2 and 4; No. 3 will be divided into four moneys; birds extra. The management reserves the right to alter the programme on the first day, and on the second day it reserves the right to handicap any shooter. Messrs. A. H. Hershey, J. B. Kready and L. A. Brenner compose the tournament committee.

A special car will be chartered to carry Northern shooters from this city to the midwinter shoot at San Antonio, Texas, Jan 7-11. Those already booked are: Noel E. Money, Ferd. Van Dyke, Fred Quimby, T. H. Keller, Neaf Apgar, C. E. Willard, J. A. R. Elliott and O. R. Dickey. The car will go via Washington, Atlanta and New Orleans. At Atlanta B. H. Worthen, of Charleston, S. C., will join the party, while Colonel Anthony is expected to step on board at Charlotte, N. C. Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington may also be expected to furnish a shooter or two, as a low rate has been secured for the round trip. The car leaves New York on New Year's Day. Any shooter who desires further information, or who intends joining the party, should address T. H. Keller, Box 92, New York.

George Mosher and his Hollenbeck gun are coming to this city to take Keller's scalp in a live-bird match. Some time ago these two men shot a race at live birds for the price of the birds, Keller winning; on that occasion Mosher had to borrow a gun and shells. Ever since that time George has been quiet, merely biding his time—which has come. Last week Harvey McMurchy was in New York and he went back to Syracuse, N. Y., carrying Keller's gun along with him, as it needed some little work at the factory. Mosher, who also of course lives at Syracuse, heard of the arrival of McMurchy and that gun; he at once notified his opponent that he was coming to New York for revenge. Tom's hustling for a gun now.

Charlie Hebbard arrived in this city from Atlanta, Ga., on Monday last. He was brimful of Exposition talk, and of the manner in which Guy Mitchell, of the Kirkpatrick Hardware Company, managed the shoot. That the company was well satisfied with Hebbard's work may be judged from the following extract from a personal letter from the Kirkpatrick Company to W. Fred Quimby: "We regret very much that you could not have been with us during the shoot. It was fairly successful, not as good a crowd as we expected. The targets and traps, under the very efficient management of Mr. Hebbard, were all that we could expect and gave universal satisfaction."

The South Side's fifteenth annual New Year's tournament is one of the new announcements in our "Fixtures" column this week. The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., always makes these annual gatherings most enjoyable ones, keeping open house and providing a solid New Year's dinner for its guests. The secretary, Billy Hobart, promises to make the coming tournament one of the most successful ever given by the club; he has the club back of him too, so that Billy's promises may be looked upon as certainties. Shooters in the vicinity of New York should not forget the fifteenth annual of the South Side Club; it will be worth attending.

At the sixteenth contest for the president's cup at the Carteret Club, shot on Nov. 20, there were only five shooters present. A heat for the cup was won by W. H. Mead, the club's secretary, who now has two wins to his credit. The scores were: Mead 19, George Work 18, J. Seaver Page 17, J. P. Knapp and W. H. Stafford each 12 out of 15. The wins stand now: Knapp and L. T. Duryea 4 each, Work 3, Mead 2, Seaver Page, Fred Hoey and W. H. Stafford 1 each. The cup, which by the way is a Purdy gun to be made to order, must be won five times before becoming the property of an individual.

Jim Elliott is in the city once more, and promises to spend the winter with us. Jim's headquarters while in the East are, of course, at the Winchester Repeating Arms Company's store, 312 Broadway. Although Elliott might like to get on a match or two while with us, it is hardly worth while figuring on such a possibility, as one cannot see who would want to stack up against him. Brewer is out of the question, as Jim will not meet him, and for good reasons too. We shall, no doubt, often meet Elliott at sweepstake shoots in the vicinity of New York. At all such shoots Jim is always welcome. He is a great favorite in this section of the East.

While *en route* for Long Branch, N. J., on Thanksgiving Day, on the 9:10 train for Jersey City over the N. Y. & Long Branch R. R., we could readily see the main cause for the scarcity of game in New Jersey. Scarcely a field that was rough enough to hide a field mouse was without its hunter and yellow dog. Returning the same way after sundown we noticed two bags of game, the one a solitary hunter with two rabbits; the other, two men with the following varied bag: Four rabbits, three tame pigeons and a "fly-up-the-creek." Schortemeier diagnosed this bag as "a regular sauerkraut bag."

At the date of this writing Ferd Van Dyke is deep in the wilds of Fulton county, Pa., a guest of a hunting club composed of members of the Altoona Gun Club. It is safe to predict that before his return he will have been made intimately acquainted with Pennsylvania ruffed grouse and venison, and with Killits and Kotty to teach him, will have become an adept at the tear dance around the camp-fire.

There are few places better adapted for holding live bird or target tournaments than Elkwood Park. The inclosure between the tracks is all that could be desired for either kind of sport, while the grounds themselves are supplied with up-to-date fixtures. Blackbird shoots next fall will be a specialty at this place, live blackbirds being readily obtained, owing to the immense flocks that roost in the marshes along the Shrewsbury River.

Harvey McMurchy was in the city last week and put in Thanksgiving Day at Elkwood Park. Harvey was in good form, breaking 95 out of 100 targets, and 15 straight at live birds in a sweep shot after a good regulation turkey dinner had been served. In talking about the championship event at the E. C. tournament next May, McMurchy said that he was satisfied to hail as champion the man who made the highest score in the 400 targets, thrown as suggested by FOREST AND STREAM.

On Nov. 29 Capt. A. H. Bogardus defeated W. T. Irwin, of Peoria, Ill., in the third match of the series between these two shooters. The contest took place at Springfield, Ill., Bogardus winning by 47 to 44. Of the three matches Bogardus won two, the Captain thus winning the rubber. Bogardus's rules—a 10yds. circle around the trap and each bird to be killed outside the circle or a lost bird to be scored, gun below the elbow, 15yds. rise, use of one barrel only—governed the contest.

After we left the Carteret Club's grounds on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 27, a few more sweeps were indulged in with the "light of moon" to shoot by. Notwithstanding the uncertain light, both McAlpin and Wright kept up their good work, each killing 12 straight in the four miss-and-outs. These figures should be added to those given in another column, making McAlpin's score for the afternoon 44 out of 46, and Wright's score 52 out of 55, three dead out of bounds.

Thanksgiving Day in the East was a perfect day for the purposes of trap-shooting; it was particularly favorable for target-shooting, a little more wind being desirable perhaps when it comes to live birds. All the club shoots in this vicinity were well attended, but the open shoots once more demonstrated forcibly the fact that holidays are as a rule poor days to choose for giving open shoots.

Another addition to the shooting fraternity of New York city is Bill Clark, late of Altoona, Pa., who has come, with his *lares* and *penates*, to the Empire City, and taken a flat in the immediate neighborhood of Goatville. Bill's defection will be a sad loss to the Altoona Gun Club, but the shooters of this section will gladly welcome him among them. What is Altoona's loss is our gain.

Neaf Apgar, Capt. Cramer and Jake Blenderman have just returned from a hunting trip in North Carolina. They had a most successful hunt and found plenty of game to interest them, quail and turkeys being their principal meat. Blenderman, however, was lucky enough to get a chance at an 18-months-old buck; he made good use of his chance, the deer falling to his gun. They were located at Lewiston, N. C.

The amateur championship will be shot on the grounds on the Westminster Kennel Club early in January. The shoot is at 100 live birds per man, $100 entrance, $25 forfeit. There are twelve entries up to date, so that a good shoot is assured, while good birds are a certainty, as the event is to be shot on the above grounds, where Superintendent Mott always has good and fast birds.

The Endeavor Gun Club's Thanksgiving Day shoot was a good one and was highly satisfactory to the management. The fact that the home club were beaten once more by the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., does not bother Secretary Creveling at all.

The programme for the coming season at Monte Carlo will be studied with interest. It will be found elsewhere in these columns.

The Boston Shooting Association claims April 22-24, 1896, as the dates for its annual spring tournament.

EDWARD BANKS.

In Favor of the Straight-Out System.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While discussing the question of handicaps and divisions of purses at tournaments, we would like to ask what objections have ever been raised to the "straight-out system" with which most shooters are somewhat familiar. We have not tried it here, but we saw it used at the Sherburne shoot last summer, and everybody present was more than pleased with it. It is certainly most simple; nothing can be more easily figured unless it be class shooting. I would send you an example, but am sure you are entirely familiar with the system. It absolutely does away with the worst evil in trap-shooting—dropping for place. With that one thing corrected what else have we to do in order to place the sport above reproach? There are plenty of amateurs in this country who are ready to gamble that they can break 12 out of 15, which would let them in for part of the money, but they know that the more skillful ones, under class shooting, can manage to get nearly all the money. I would like to know of one single objection to this system. H. W. BROWN.

The above communication from Mr. Brown, who is well known to the trap-shooters of this State, is just the sort of letter we like to receive. It is the letter pre-eminently of a sportsman, and not of one who attends tournaments for the sake of "the money there is in it."

The "straight-out" system which Mr. Brown advocates is precisely the same as the Rose system, to which we referred in our issue of Nov. 16. Some eight months ago, before we were aware that Mr. Rose had placed his system before the public on his score sheets, we received a suggestion from a New England shooter, who was also unaware of the existence of the Rose system, urging the claims of a system which we then called "straight-out" from the fact that it paid a man better to shoot out straight than to drop for a place. On our publishing this system and its workings in FOREST AND STREAM, we received from Mr. Rose some of his score sheets showing that he had elaborated the system and had had it in working order in Colorado for a year or two. We presume this is the "straight-out" system referred to by Mr. Brown.

If there seems to be any need of further examples of the working of this excellent system, FOREST AND STREAM will be only too glad to open its columns for that purpose. As Mr. Brown says: The system absolutely does away with all dropping for place, one of the very worst features of the trap-shooting of to-day. It also pays a man according to his work; another feature that is worth something. The last sentence of the above letter is one that we would like to see answered: "I would like to know of one single objection to this system?" Who can enlighten us on this point?

The Monte Carlo Programme.

CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By the kindness of Mon A. Blondin, Secretary at Monte Carlo, who has just forwarded the programme for 1895-6, I have the pleasure of sending a description of the general features to FOREST AND STREAM.

Pigeon shooting at Monte Carlo is to be on a more extensive scale this season than it was last year, and will include what is termed "free handicap," translated means "equal handicap." When more than one pigeon is mentioned in these lines, the usual sweeps for 30 and 20 per cent. obtains, also sweeps for 30 and 20 per cent. will obtain in purse events of one pigeon. There will be more cups this year and altogether the programme will present a magnificent entertainment. The matches will be continuous, but the programme is divided into a series of five parts: The first is known as "*Tir Hebdomadaire*" beginning December 16. Nearly every other day there will be three events: first, a miss and out, one pigeon; second, an event for a $100 purse, miss and out, six pigeons; third, a handicap miss and out, one pigeon.

Second part, known as *Concours Preparatoirés*, beginning Jan. 20, with two events every other day; 1st, for a purse of $200, miss-and-out, one pigeon; 2d, a handicap miss-and-out, one pigeon.

Third part, known as *Concours International*, beginning Feb. 1, one event each day, with purses ranging from 2,000 to 3,000 francs and *objets d' art*. The *Grand Prix*, with its beautiful cup, is to be shot for on Feb. 5, 6; there will be three prizes, the first being $4,000. This event will be at 24 pigeons, allowing three for a miss-and-out.

Fourth part, known as *Concours de Feuzieme Serie*, beginning Feb. 12, with two events nearly every other day; 1st, for a $200 purse, miss-and-out, one pigeon; 2d, a handicap miss-and-out, one pigeon.

Fifth part, known as *Troisieme Serie*, beginning February 26 with three events nearly every other day: 1st, a handicap miss-and-out, one pigeon; 2nd, an event with purses from $100 to $200 each, miss-and-out, six pigeons; closing the season with an event on March 14 for a $200 purse and *objet d'art*.

The new rules on all events, with the exception of the *Grand Prix*, are that, beginning at 26 yards, winners of $100 are handicapped one-half yard; winners of $200 are handicapped one yard; every time a winner scores a purse he is handicapped additionally, the extra distance being 31 yards. Events will be shot at Nice, which is a half-hour by rail from Monte Carlo, once or twice a week, these events not conflicting with the Monte Carlo programme.

For the benefit of pigeon shooters who contemplate visiting this tournament and carrying their own gun, I would state that the gun must not weigh over 8lbs. and must not be larger than a 12-gauge. All sizes of cartridges and all kinds of smokeless and several black powders can be had at reasonable prices, and with guaranteed loading on the grounds from the club's armorer, the well-known Mon. Guyot, of Paris. In addition, however, there are, to my knowledge, three reliable gun stores at Nice and three at Marsailles, and many, both French and English, at Paris. There is no duty charged to import one shotgun, so shooters will have no trouble. Shooters will have great trouble in trying to import cartridges; the same will be confiscated and probably a fine imposed. It is my suggestion that you do not try importation.

For further particulars and programme, address Mon. A. Blondin, secretary Tir aux Pigeons, Monte Carlo, France.

LIEUT. PETER GIBSON.

The Rule for Shooting Double Birds.

ON Nov. 29, at Morristown (N. J.) Driving Park, Aaron Woodruff, of Elizabeth, N. J., shot at a pair of pigeons which were both liberated from No. 4 trap. The birds flew from the trap almost instantaneously, one being a right-quartering driver, the other a right-quartering incomer. He shot at the incomer, killing it, the remainder of the load hitting the outgoing bird and killing it also. The shot was especially peculiar from the fact that both birds were killed instantly.

In discussing this occurrence, the question of a referee's decision in such matters came up. The A. S. A. double-bird rules say (Rule No. 7): "If both birds are killed with one barrel it shall be declared 'no birds,' and the shooter shall shoot at another pair of birds." That is a rule with which, of course, all trap shooters are familiar. We, however, have always had our doubts as to the equity of the rule, and certain clubs in this country have adopted a club rule that scores one bird for two killed at one shot; a pair thus killed would be called "one dead, one lost." We are not, therefore, alone in our ideas as to the propriety of following the A. S. A. rule on this point. To score one for a pair thus killed of course penalizes a shooter, but it makes him all the more careful not to "bunch" his hits.

Rule No. 6 of the same rules is one that we have always taken issue with. "If a shooter fires both barrels at one bird intentionally, it shall be scored 'lost bird.'" Our first claim is that the rule is wrong on the score of humanity; it prevents a man from putting a wounded bird out of its misery, penalizing him if he dares to do it; it also compels him to shoot at another bird, with a chance of sending them both away badly wounded. Our next claim is that the rule nullifies the sporting element of trap-shooting which it was framed to foster. In "doubles" trap-shooting is brought as nearly to covey-shooting as we can bring it; but imagine a rule that would prevent a man in the field from firing his second barrel at a badly wounded quail. We have always thought it far better to cut down with the second barrel a bird that had been "tailored" with the first, rather than to put the second barrel into another bird and trust to one's dog to find the wounded one. Aside from the humanitarian aspect of the question, is there any valid reason why a shooter should not be scored a dead bird for a pigeon killed with a second barrel after it has been wounded (or even missed) with the first?

We are strongly in favor of changing the rule in regard to the pulling of two traps. From what we have seen, both birds are far more likely to fly at the same time, or very nearly so, when they are both liberated from the same trap. Since an effort is being made to revise the shooting rules for both inanimate and live-bird shooting, it would be well if there was some discussion on these points. We have stated our views. What are yours?

Trap at Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 20.—There has not been much live-bird shooting here to report of late. To-day several members of the Audubon Gun Club shot a match at live birds for a cut glass decanter, 15 birds per man, club allowance handicap of misses as kills. Score:

I L Parker	020012001222221—13
C E Felton	220201011112221—14
C S Wilcox	220110210222002—13
Dr Frothingham	211112020101022—12
W L Shepard	111210120200202—12
J E Price	222022001112111—13
W Fred Quimby	211012121112202 —13
J A R Elliott	201122020222220 —11
Paul Stone	002010220220210 —7
Levi	110001221210021 —10

Same day, 5 live birds, $5 entrance:

I L Parker	11121—5	C Plum, Jr	10222—4
W F Quimby	12212—5	C S Wilcox	21010—3
P Stone	01112—4	Levi	12201—4
Dr Frothingham	22122—5		

Nov. 16—This afternoon R. L. Watts, J. B. Wilson and J. Wilkes shot at 50 live birds each for practice; Watts did the best work, scoring 43 out of his 50. Score:

J Wilkes	1110100122221210200111 20—18
	0002212120112031212212 13—20—38
J B Wilson	0103110112221220211111201—20
	1102001120021021212222101—18—38
R L Watts	0210111312321011011212—21
	1212121113121012102012122—22—43

RAVELRIGG.

Clark and Willey Matched.

ON Tuesday of this week W. G. Clark, late of Altoona, Pa., and Allen Willey, of Hadlyme, Conn., came to this office and signed articles of agreement to shoot a series of three 100-bird matches on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week, Dec. 12, 13 and 14. Each match is to be for $100 a side, the loser of each match paying for the birds; 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, Hurlingham rules to govern. The first match will be shot at Elizabeth, N. J., on Dec. 12; the second at Zwirlein's grounds, Yardville, N. J., on Dec. 13, and the third at Dexter Park, L. I., on Dec. 14.

The other conditions of the match are somewhat curious: If Willey beats Clark in the first match they shoot even-up again in the second; if he beats him in the second they shoot even-up in the third. If, however, Clark beats Willey in the first match the second is shot with Clark allowing Willey three misses as kills; if he beats him in that match he again allows him three misses as kills in the third match.

All the money has been placed in the hands of Mr. J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Co. The position of scorer and of referee will be filled most probably by Mr. Jacob Pentz and Edward Banks, who will be asked to serve alternately. Both the shooters being well known in this neighborhood, a great deal of interest is being taken in these sporting matches.

Allen Willey, of Hadlyme, Conn., has taken up his abode in this city and will remain with us until spring has set in. Mr. Willey's face will be a familiar one at the shoots in this vicinity until the time when "the robins nest again."

On Long Island.

INVITATION SHOOT AT DEXTER PARK.

Nov. 27.—The invitation shoot to-day was poorly attended, there being only five shooters present, among them Billy Mills, the trapper, one of the best retrievers of wounded birds in the country. As will be seen from the following scores, Billy won two out of the three sweeps, taking second money alone in the other:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
W Mills	22222—5	12022—4	12022—4
S J Held	11021—4	12122—5	12002—3
Brown	12021—4	12001—3	21001—3
H S Lippack	22220—4	11200—3	10102—3
Stellman	10101—3	10101—3	10110—3

Before the sweeps were started Held tried his hand against 20 picked birds, backing himself to kill 15 of them. This he accomplished with one to spare, scoring 16 out of 20.

FREEPORT GUN CLUB.

Nov. 27.—The Freeport Gun Club, of Freeport, L. I., held its monthly shoot to-day on its grounds at Freeport. The club shoot is at 25 targets, the trophy being a gold medal emblematic of the championship of the club. The scores were: Dr. T. D. Carman 17, Charles T. Sprague and Dr. Edwin F. Carman 13, Edward A. Dorlon 12. Dr. Carman won the medal as above.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Nov. 28.—The tournament of the New Utrecht Gun Club at Woodlawn Park was a meager one, 7 being the total number of shooters who took part in the events, while only 4 put in an appearance when the Holiday Cup contest was called. This was won by Charley Floyd with a total of 11 straight, Coulston having tied him with 10 straight, but failing on his first bird in the ties. A few small sweeps were also shot, the different events being as follows:

Holiday cup, club handicap, 10 birds, ties shot off, miss-and-out:

	No 1:	No. 2:	No. 3:
Ties:			
C W Floyd (28)	2222221122—10,,,,1	H P Fessenden (28)	,,2222202222—9
G Coulston (29)	1221222222—10,,,,0	J N Meyer (28)	1221210220—8
Coulston	21111—5	221222—6	1e111—4
Meyer	02222—4	122110—5	,,,,,
Floyd	02022—3	112122—6	22122—5
Fessenden	0e301—2	,,,,,	,,,,,
Otten (28)	,,,,,	2210 —3	,,,,,
C Fergueson	,,,,,	,,,,,	22222—5
E Lohman	,,,,,	,,,,,	21020—3

Nov. 30.—Eleven members of the New Utrecht Gun Club met at the club's target grounds at Bay Ridge this afternoon. The main event was the club handicap shoot; in this event Class A men shoot at 50 targets—20 known, 20 reversed and 5 pairs; Class B men at 55 targets—25 known, 20 reversed and 5 pairs; Class C men at 60 targets—30



PAUL LITZKE.

known, 20 reversed and 5 pairs. There were two cash prizes and two merchandise prizes, which were won respectively as follows: J. Gaughen, first; H. P. Fessenden, second; P. Adams, third; D. Deacon, fourth. A summary of the scores show as follows, those not having a chance for the prizes not shooting their allowances:

	Known.	Reversed.	Pairs.	Allowance.	Total.
Class A.					
P Adams	14	16	7	..	37
A A Hegeman	10	8	5	..	23
D Deacon	14	13	9	..	36
M Van Brunt	10	9	4	..	23
Class B (allowed 5 extra targets).					
Dr Shepard	11	8	4	w	23
R E Gray	13	8	4	w	25
H P Fessenden	13	13	7	5	38
J Gaughen	18	13	6	5	42
Dr Pool	6	8	w	w	14
D C Bennett	10	15	5	3	33
Class C (allowed 10 extra targets).					
P A Hegeman	13	10	4	7	34

Wells, who shot as a guest of the club, broke 12 out of 20 known, 10 out of the 20 reversed, and 5 out of his pairs; total 27.

A couple of 15-target races, nominal entrance, were also shot, as follows:

No. 1: A. A. Hegeman 12, Adams and Deacon 10, Thornton and Van Brunt 8, Gray 6.

No. 2: Van Brunt 13, Adams 11, Gaughen 10, Thornton 9, Hegeman 6.

UNION GUN CLUB.

Nov. 28.—The Union Gun Club held its first shoot of the season to day (Thanksgiving Day) at its grounds at Long Beach. Nine members took part in the club shoot, which is at 15 targets, the prize being a gold medal presented to the club by Robert J. Cameron. The scores made were as follows:

Club shoot, 15 targets, for the Cameron medal:

R J Cameron	111111111111111—15	F J Murray	011100110010110— 8
C Hart	111110111111111—14	A Porter	100010100010001— 5
J O'Brien	101110011111111—12	T W Murphy	000000100000011— 3
W H Grady	110111011010011—10	J J Morgan	100010000000000— 2
Dr Holmes	111011100110100— 9		

Two other sweeps were shot as follows:

O'Brien	1111111111—10	1001111111—8
Murray	0111111111— 9	0011101001—5
Hart	1010111111— 8	1010011110—6
Cameron	1100011111— 7	1111011111—9
Holmes	1101011111— 7	1111011111—9
Porter	0101011110— 6	1001001010—4
Grady	1111100100— 6	1110110118—8
Murphy	0110100010— 4	0000100002—2
Morgan	0000100110— 3	0000000000—0

VERNON GUN CLUB.

Nov. 28.—Thanksgiving Day saw a poor turnout at the grounds of the Vernon Gun Club, only four of the members showing up. These four shot a series of four 10-target events with the following results:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
R Phister	3	8	6	7	J Wright	7	5	6	4
C Osterhout	5	5	3	3	L Bishop	5	3	7	8

EMPIRE GUN CLUB.

Nov. 29.—A baker's dozen of the Empire Gun Club, of Brooklyn, took part in the club's regular shoot at Vanderveer's farm, Flatlands, this afternoon. The club shoot is only at 5 live birds per man, but so good were the birds that only one of the thirteen shooters had a clean score at the end of the second round; this man was John Metzenbacher, and he succeeded in accounting for his 5 birds, winning the shoot without a tie. The following are the scores, showing the handicaps of the shooters:

J Metzenbacher (25)	11111—5	O Bogart (25)	e1e2—2
J Skidmore (25)	10211—4	J Geary (25)	1ee00—1
T Gott (25)	e0111—3	P Heiss (25)	e1000—1
H Meyer (25)	0e111—3	W Schenck (25)	0200e—1
G Fassnacht (25)	0102e—2	F May (25)	0e0e0—0
J Woolley (25)	1e20e—2	S Bennison (25)	00e0e—0
C Gerken (25)	0101,0—2		

A team race at 5 targets per man brought out sixteen shooters, sides being chosen by Gerken and Woolley. Both teams made very low scores, but Gerken's team won easily, scoring 17 to 13. Scores:

Gerken's team: Metzenbacher 5, Brundage 3, Schenck, Skidd and Gerken 2; Hein, Geary and May 1; total, 17.

Wooley's team: Woolley, Orr, Skidmore and Geary 3; Meyer 1, Bogart, Fassnacht and Bennison 0; total, 13.

The Eureka's Thanksgiving.

CHICAGO, Ills., Nov. 28.—The all-day shoot advertised for to-day (Thanksgiving Day) came off as announced. Snow covered the grounds, but paths were shoveled through it by the indefatigable Reddy, who has become a fixture at these grounds and who knows so well how to make our traps do their best work. The shooters were few in numbers, but numerous enough in enthusiasm; their total number was only 12, and only 1,200 targets were thrown during the shoot, ordinarily a small amount for an afternoon's work at their grounds.

In considering the scores, remember that nowhere are targets thrown any harder than on the Eureka Gun Club's grounds; it's no boy's game to average 90% over its traps. Stannard shot an L. C. Smith; De Wolf, a Lefever Pigeon gun and Schultze powder; Glover, a Lefever and Schultze; Plum, a Lefever, and J. L. Jones a Greener. I was unable to ascertain the make of the other guns used. After a few practice shoots the following programme was disposed of:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	25	10	25	15	20	10	25	15	15	15
Stannard	21	9	19	..	..	8	23	..	13	..
Plum	19	5	13	13	..	..	..	6	13	..
Glover	20	4	17	..	..	7	22	..	..	..
De Wolf	21	8	22	14	11	..	19	12	14	14
W A Jones	19	3	20	9	8	..	13	8	11	..
Goodrich	14	7	16	..	..	4	24	..	..	..
J L Jones	14	6	16	10	..	..	..	..	..	7
Taylor	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Pete	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
C Plum	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
Buck	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	11
Souther	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Long	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..

The scores in detail of events Nos. 1, 4 and 8 were as follows:

No. 1:

Stannard	0111110111111111101101111—21
De Wolf	1101111011111111011111011—21
Glover	1100111111111111101101110—20
Plum	0111111101101011011111101—19
W A Jones	1111101110110111101101011—19
Goodrich	1110111000600011101111100—14
J L Jones	0100001111010110001110010—14

	No. 4.	No. 8.
De Wolf	1111111111111—14	1111111111111—14
Plum	1011111110111—13	1111011101111—13
J L Jones	0111110001101—10	,,,,,
W A Jones	0110011101101— 9	1101010101111—11
Buck	,,,,,	1111111111111—15
Stannard	,,,,,	1111111011011—13
Souther	,,,,,	1011110101000— 8
Long	,,,,,	1001000001001— 4

Nos. 1, 3 and 7 was at unknown angles, $2.50 entrance; Nos. 2, 8, 9 and 10 were also at unknown angles, $1.50 entrance; No. 4 was at expert rules, $1.50 entrance; No. 5 was at 10 pairs, $2 entrance, and No. 6 at 5 pairs, $1 entrance.

W. F. D., Sec'y.

Thanksgiving Day at Baychester.

BAYCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 28.—There was a good attendance to-day at Miller & Zorn's shooting grounds. A total of 385 live birds were trapped during the day, while a series of target events were also shot off. The best shooting was done by Elliott, who killed 48 out of 52; Pilkington scored 82 out of 102; Nicholls 44 out of 52; Loonie 43 out of 54, and Hendricks 26 out of 33. Of the 12 sweepstake events, all except Nos 9 and 12 were $3 entrance; Nos. 9 and 12 were $10 entrance. The scores in the various events were as follows:

	No. 1:	No. 2:	No. 3:	No. 4:	No. 5:
G Nicholls	0211—3	0112—3	0202—2	1110—3	2111—4
F Hendricks	2120—3	1001—2	,,,,	,,,,	,,,,
J Elliott	1111—4	2120—3	1221—4	1111—4	1102—3
J Pilkington	0120—2	1211—4	1120—3	2112—4	0001—1
H Huffman	1222—4	2202—3	0102—2	,,,,	,,,,
B Loomis	,,,,	1110—3	,,,,	2111—4	0122—3
Bradford	,,,,	,,,,	,,,,	0111—3	0100—1
J Loonie	,,,,	,,,,	,,,,	0221—3	,,,,

	No. 6:	No. 7:	No. 8:	No. 9:
J Pilkington	12111—5	1111—4	0011—2	111221—6
J Elliott	11211—5	1111—4	2012—3	122130—5
B Loomis	21221—5	,,,,	,,,,	,,,,,
G Nicholls	11110—4	1110—3	2211—4	121112—6
H Huffman	,,,,	1121—4	0010—1	,,,,,
R Arnow	,,,,	0112—3	0012—2	,,,,,

	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.
G Nicholls	1211—4	1121—4	11230—4
J Pilkington	1122—4	1112—4	11211—5
J Elliott	1212—4	1122—4	22222—5
R Arnow	0211—3	1021—3	,,,,,

Match, 4 birds, $5, then miss-and-out.

M Fisher	2011—3 01111102121110—12
R. Arnow	0212—3 01212011111121—13

Match, 50 live birds per man.

J J Loonie	e12111220202121221e201201—20
	2102102222e22120211022212—20—40
J Pilkington	11121011102020102101010ee2—17
	0e2101111211111222015113 1—21—38

Match, 25 live birds per man:

J Bannon	0e0221211112002211201e010—16
F Hendricks	2112111211022211102e211011—21

In a match at 10 birds, $10 a side, Long Island rules, J. Elliott defeated J. Pilkington by she score of 6 to 5.

The following 10-target events were also shot during the day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Nicholls	8	7	9	8	8	..	Loomis	9	7	7	8	7	..
Pilkington	8	6	6	5	4	4	Elliott	4	..	..	..	..	..
Murphy	6	..	..	..	..	8	Brown	..	..	..	..	..	3
Bradford	7	2	5	6	5	..	Adams	..	..	..	..	..	6

E. P. MILLER.

The Cobweb's Field Day.

BAYCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 26.—The Cobweb Gun Club, of New York, held a field day to-day at the grounds at Baychester, N. Y., lately opened by Messrs. Miller & Zorn. There was a good attendance notwithstanding the heavy downpour of rain that fell almost the whole day. George Nichols did the best shooting, scoring 20 out of 22 birds shot at; Pilkington scored 27 out of 32; McKeon 22 out of 28. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
J Pilkington	2112—4	0110—2	1122—4
P McKeon	1222—4	,,,,	2121—4
G A Barker	1000—1	0011—2	0021—2
G Nichols	2221—4	1221—4	2111—4
M Herrington	1101—3	1211—4	2211—4
C Donnelly	1121—4	,,,,	,,,,
A Bage	1211—4	,,,,	0001—1
J Nagle	,,,,	2110—3	,,,,

	No. 4.	No. 5.
J Pilkington	2121220111—9	1221011101—8
G Nichols	1121020112—8	,,,,,
M Herrington	12202.000e—5	,,,,,
P McKeon	2011102120—7	1201202021—7
G Barker	0102300000e w	,,,,,
A Bage	100101e w	,,,,,
Hennessy	020002e	,,,,,

The Interstate's Annual Review.

WE look forward at the close of each year to the receipt of the annual review of the Interstate Association's work during the season that has passed. Branching out, as the Association does, into districts where trap-shooting needs booming, and into sections where lovers of the gun are unaware of the pleasures to be obtained from a few days' sociable tournament life, its work is probably of far more value than it was when it followed the beaten tracks up here in the North.

For two years the Interstate has practically abandoned the North, going South instead, into a comparatively virgin country, teaching the old and the young ideas how to shoot, and showing the gun clubs of the Southern States what can be done in the way of holding tournaments, and *how to do it*. This year the report is very interesting. The

Introduction

runs as follows:

"Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

"The foregoing adage is one of long standing, and of the many truisms handed down by public characters of the past and present none excel in point of wisdom and philosophy the words of Davy Crockett, the American pioneer, hunter and frontiersman, whose worldly career is noted on history's pages. At the inception and during the life of our organization, his time-honored maxim, 'Be sure you're right, then go ahead,' has ever been prominently before us. Five years of its existence have elapsed, and to-day, as a result of the indomitable will power and progressiveness of zealous and active workers devoted to its success and welfare, the Interstate Association presents a permanent testimonial of what pluck, energy and enterprise will attain when made use of earnestly and judiciously. The advancement and impetus given to target and live-bird shooting in all parts of the country in consequence of its guiding power cannot be overestimated. Although the statistics of 1895, as given in the following pages, have been clearly and correctly outlined, nevertheless they convey but a slight conception of the incalculable good accomplished by the Association.

"The Association for four years confined its operations mainly to the North. At the annual meeting, held last December, it was suggested that the Association for the then coming season limit its work to the South. It was looked upon by some as a costly experiment, and wise-acres predicted that owing to the fact that there were but few regularly organized gun clubs in that territory, our venture would end in failure. But the projectors of the movement, understanding the nature of the people, did not hesitate, and proceeded on the lines laid down. Southern hospitality asserted itself on every side, and now, at the close of the season, as we contemplate the work accomplished, we look with approval on the course taken during the year just closed. We are really more than encouraged, and it is decidedly gratifying to chronicle the fact that the stimulus trap-shooting has received, and the organization and growth of the many gun clubs beyond Mason & Dixon's Line, is of that stability and permanency of character for which the Southerners are so justly celebrated in anything they may undertake.

"The progress and development of the Interstate has more than fulfilled the aims and desire of those responsible for its inception, and if the past may be accepted as a criterion, the future will continue to further strengthen the bonds of unity and good-fellowship and cement those interests that are so necessary for the perpetuation of a particular line of sport that is second to none in the country."

Then follows an exhaustive review of the work done by the Association during the season of 1895:

The Grand American Handicap.

The inaugural tournament for 1895 was the third annual Grand American Handicap at live birds, which was decided at Willard Park, Paterson, N. J., April 3, 4 and 5. The Interstate Association guaranteed $1,000 (and all surplus added) in the main event, which was shot under the following conditions, viz.: 25 live birds, $25 entrance, 50yds. boundary with a dead line at the 33yds. mark, and handicaps ranging from 25 to 33yds.

There were fifty-eight entries and three forfeits, making the total purse amount to $1,520.

John G Messner, 25yds., won first money.....$760 00
J A R Elliott, 33yds., won second money..... 456 00
Frank Class, 32yds., won third money..... 304 00

J. G. Messner on the 25yds. mark, J. A. R. Elliott on the 33yds. mark and Frank Class on the 32yds. mark, each killed 25 straight. They shot off for first, second and third places at 10 birds each with the following result:

J G Messner (28yds).....2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—10
J A R Elliott (33yds).....2 1 2 2 • 2 1 2 2 1— 9
Frank Class (32yds).....2 2 2 2 2 2 • 0 0 2— 7

Seven of the contestants killed 24 birds each and five killed 23. Eighty-six shooters took part in the tournament and $3,924 50 was divided in different purses. The total number of live birds trapped was 3,627.

The Greater Pittsburg.

The second tournament was given at Pittsburg, Pa., April 16, 17 and 18, under the auspices of the Pittsburg Gun Club.

The first day was devoted to the shooting of a handicap target race under the following conditions: 100 to 125 targets, entrance $5 and price of targets, 16yds. rise, known trap, unknown angles, four moneys. There were 33 entries, making the total purse amount to $165.

Norman Pruitt (115 targets) scored 96 and won first money.....$66 00
W J McKeldon (120 targets) scored 95 and won second money... 49 50
J A Flick (113 targets) scored 91 and won third money..... 33 00
A H Donnally (115 targets) scored 88 and and won fourth money 16 50

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

J A Flick, first.....83 9-17 per cent.
E D Rike, second.....82 6-17 " "
C W Raymond, third.....79 7-17 " "

BEST AVERAGES THIRD DAY.

E D Rike, first.....85 15-17 per cent.
J P Easton, U M C Thomas, } second.....83 9-17 " "
J A Flick, third.....82 6 17 " "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 89. Average entry first day, 33; average entry second day, 36½; average entry third day, 29 4-5 The total amount of money divided in purses was $1,921.20; 21,312 targets were trapped during the tournament; $200 was added to the purses by the Pittsburg Gun Club.

On the Atlantic Coast.

The third tournament was given at Wilmington, N. C., May 9 and 10, under the auspices of the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

E L Gilmer, first.....66 per cent.
J L Fonda, second.....64½ " "
U M C Thomas, third.....64 " "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

H C Bridgers, first.....65½ per cent.
E L Gilmer, second.....62 " "
Aug Schmidt, third.....61½ " "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 21. Average entry first day, 10 1-5; average entry second day, 11½ The total amount of money divided in purses was $537 50. 4,965 targets were trapped during the tournament. $100 was added to the purses by the Eastern Dog and Game Protective Association.

In the Old Dominion.

The fourth tournament was given at Lynchburg, Va., May 17 and 18, under the auspices of the Lynchburg Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

Wm Wagner, first.....78 4-17 per cent.
Geo McAlpin, second.....76 8-17 " "
W Tell Mitchell, third.....75 5-17 " "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

Col J T Anthony, W Tell Mitchell, } first.....81 3-17 per cent.
J L Jordan, second.....80 10-17 " "
Norman Pruitt, third.....75 14-17 " "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 31. Average entry first day, 21 1-5; average entry second day, 19 3-10. The total amount of money divided in purses was $1,030. 8,300 targets were trapped during the tournament. $200 was added to the purses by the Lynchburg Gun Club.

On the Mississippi.

The fifth tournament was given at Vicksburg, Miss., June 26 and 27, under the auspices of the Vicksburg Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

H L Foote, first.....77½ per cent.
U M C Thomas, second.....76 " "
A W du Bray, third.....72 " "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

H L Foote, first.....80 per cent.
J Pinkston, second.....77 " "
A W du Bray, third.....76 " "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 27. Average entry first day, 16 3-5; average entry second day, 11. Total amount of money divided in purses was $966. 7,680 targets were trapped during the tournament. $200 was added to the purses by the Vicksburg Gun Club.

During the Peach Carnival.

The sixth tournament was given at Macon, Ga., July 17 and 18, under the auspices of the Macon Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

F C Etheridge, first.....81¼ per cent.
D M Porterfield, second.....79⅜ " "
Harry Troutman, third.....78¾ " "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

Geo Peterman, first.....82½ per cent.
Geo Swan, second.....81¼ " "
C Holt, third.....79⅜ " "

The total number of shooters taking part was 37. Average entry first day, 23 1-10; average entry second day, 21 4-5. The total amount of money divided in purses was $989 50. 7,930 targets were trapped during the tournament. $200 was added to the purses by the Macon Gun Club.

At the Crescent City.

The seventh tournament was given at New Orleans, La., Aug. 9 and 10, under the auspices of the Louisiana Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

Noel E Money, first.....79 11-31 per cent.
T A Divine, F P Poston, } second.....77 13-31 " "
H E Duncan, Abe Frank, } third.....76 24-31 " "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

S C Thornhill, first.....76 4-31 per cent.
H E Duncan, H L Foote } second.....74 26-31 " "
D M Porterfield, A B Allen, F P Poston, } third.....73 17-31 " "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 40. Average entry first day, 25 3-5; average entry second day, 24 1-5. The total amount of money divided in purses was $1,381. 9,110 targets were trapped during the tournament. $200 was added to the purses by the Louisiana Gun Club.

In the Hornet's Nest.

The eighth tournament was given at Charlotte, N. C., Aug. 27, 28 and 29, under the auspices of the Charlotte Gun Club.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

John W Connor, W W Dornin, F V Van Dyke, R O Heikes, } first.....88 per cent.
second.....86 6-7 " "
third.....86 2-7 " "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

R O Heikes, first.....90 6-7 per cent.
B W Claridge, second.....89 5-7 " "
J W Connor, George Swan, } third.....86 6-7 " "

BEST AVERAGES THIRD DAY.

George Swan, first.....90 6-7 per cent.
R O Heikes, B W Claridge, } second.....88 4-7 " "
B H Worthen, third.....86 2-7 " "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 28. Average entry first day, 19 9-10; average entry second day, 22 3-5; average entry third day, 19 3-5. The total amount of money divided in purses was $2,023. 11,980 targets were trapped during the tournament. $400 was added to the purses by the Charlotte Gun Club.

At the County Fair.

The ninth tournament was given at Shepherdstown, W. Va., September 4 and 5, under the auspices of the Morgan's Grove Fair Association.

BEST AVERAGES FIRST DAY.

S J Fort, M. D., first.....86⅜ per cent.
J M Hawkins, second.....85⅛ " "
D M Porterfield, third.....84⅜ " "

BEST AVERAGES SECOND DAY.

J M Hawkins, first.....88⅜ per cent.
B W Claridge, second.....83⅛ " "
U M C Thomas, third.....81⅛ " "

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 24. Average entry first day, 11; average entry second day, 10 4-5. The total amount of money divided in purses was $383.50. 5,163 targets were trapped during the tournament.

RECAPITULATION.

In the table will be found, in the aggregate, the leading details of the work of 1895. Considering the fact that our Southern season was largely of an experimental nature, and in a hitherto untried field, the results cannot fail to be exceedingly gratifying.

Shooters taking part	383
Live birds trapped	3,627
Targets trapped	76,420
Money divided in purses	$13 216 50

That time-honored event, the Grand American Handicap at live birds, will open the season of 1896. It will take place at New York, April 1, 2 and 3. The target season will commence about April 15 and end about Oct. 1. It is requested that clubs desiring tournaments make an early application for the same. J. A. H. DRESSEL,
Secretary-Treasurer, 313 Broadway, New York.

The following is a list of the members of the Interstate Association: Tatham & Bros., 82 Beekman street, New York; LeRoy Shot and Lead Works, 261-263 Water street, New York; Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Bridgeport, Conn.; Wiebusch & Hilger (Limited), 84-86 Chambers street, New York; American E. C. Powder Co. (Limited), Oakland, N. J.; Cleveland Target Co., Cleveland, O.; Von Lengerke & Detmold, 8 Murray street, New York; Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.; Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn.; The Hazard Powder Co., 44, 46 and 48 Cedar street, New York.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 21.—A capital shoot was held to-day at Brunot's Island, fifteen members of the Herron Hill Gun Club taking part in a 25 live-bird sweepstake. Messner, who was on the 30yds. mark, won first money alone by killing 24 out of 25. Bessemer and T. F Wall tied for second with 23 each, McWhorter taking third alone with 22. The score:

Messner (30)	2222222222222222222222222—24
Bessemer (29)	2212221220212022222222223—23
T F Wall (29)	2111212222222202221202222—23
McWhorter (29)	2222222202212022222201222—22
A H King (30)	2211022220020202022112122—20
Loughrey (27)	2102121202222222201122020—20
McPherson (26)	2001222220222220023222221—19
Jacque (27)	1022222222220111611202002—19
W S King (28)	2102002220222101220122102—18
Old Sport (26)	1211120111111001201202010—18
J H Shaffer (28)	2120112210211020202120220—18
Denny (28)	0102320200222222222201020—17
T H Ewing (28)	1011112022112000021111010—17
J Parker (27)	2020101212201220102100002—17
A C Lewis (26)	0111022120122000202000100—12

A $2 miss-and-out was the last event; this had 12 entries, among them being W. G. Clark, of Altoona, Pa., who dropped in on the boys on his way home from a rabbit hunt in the western part of the State. As the following score shows, he divided the money with Old Sport and T. F. Wall; the latter scored 33 out of his 35 birds in both events. Score:

W G Clark	2111121222—10	McPherson	22122220 — 7
T F Wall	2212222212—10	A H King	21122220 — 7
Old Sport	2211121112—10	E H McWhorter	12212210 — 7
W S King	2221112120— 9	Miller	1220 — 3
J H Shaffer	2221122220 — 8	J G Messner	0 — 0
J Parker	1221221110 — 8	Bessemer	0 — 0

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable*

Kirkpatrick Hardware Company's Tournament.

ATLANTA, Ga., Nov. 27.—The tournament of the Kirkpatrick Hardware Company closed to-day after a couple of days of good sport. The weather was clear and delightful, perhaps a trifle cool in the early morning.

The shoot was held at Lakewood, a kind of summer resort and picnic grounds, reached in thirty minutes by trolley cars from the center of the city. The traps were located on a hill overlooking a lake, the targets being thrown against a clear sky background. Two sets of Empire traps, with Hebbard's new electric pull attachment, were used, and, under the personal supervision of C. C. Hebbard, of the Empire Target Company, neither traps, pulls nor targets were found wanting. Guy Mitchell, of the Kirkpatrick Hardware Company, assisted by Hebbard and by Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, kept things moving along steadily, and although late in getting started, the programme was shot through by 4 P. M.

The Atlanta boys did not show up as strongly as was expected, many who had promised to attend if the professionals were barred being conspicuous by their absence. From out of town came: T. F. Nelson, W. W. Dornin, R. B. Nelson and C. W. Scott, Lynchburg, Va.; G. H. Peterman, Capt. George Swan, W. E. Post and T. P. Costello, Charleston, S. C.; D. M. Porterfield, Vicksburg, Miss.; F. C. Etheridge, C. C. Holt, A. L. Butts, Chas. Moore and Thos. Green, Macon, Ga.; J. H. Polhill, Brunswick, Ga.

The rules were changed so that any person winning the whole or a portion of first money shot in the next event he shot in under expert rules. Professionals and manufacturers' agents being barred from participating in the purses, the four who were present shot along in a squad by themselves. The scores of the first day were as follows, the tables telling the story of the shoot:

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			Per
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.	ct.
F C Etheridge	14	14	14	14	17	14	11	12	12	19	160	141	88.1
A L Butts	10	12	12	10	17	10	10	13	11	11	160	116	72.5
G Peterman	13	13	13	12	19	..	11	14	13	18	145	126	86.8
C W Scott	11	12	13	13	16	10	10	10	12	17	160	124	77.5
J H Polhill	11	10	11	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	80	51	63.7
W W Dornin	15	..	14	12	17	14	12	12	12	17	145	123	84.8
T F Nelson	..	14	12	12	12	14	13	13	13	15	140	118	84.2
W E Post	..	12	11	13	10	..	11	..	..	10	90	67	74.4
G H Swaw	..	14	13	13	14	19	..	13	11	13	16	145	129	88.9
T P Costello	..	11	12	11	13	17	12	14	..	13	19	145	122	84.1
L J Alston	..	11	10	10	11	15	15	..	13	10	19	145	114	78.6
T Green	..	12	9	10	11	15	12	13	14	13	20	160	129	80.6
C C Holt	..	12	11	15	..	13	13	13	15	..	18	130	115	88.4
C B Moore	..	9	10	12	10	14	11	..	..	12	..	110	78	70.9
B W Bizzell	..	15	..	15	..	14	13	14	12	18		111	101	91.8
Hal Morrison	..	11	9	..	..	12	..	..	..	..		45	32	71.1
R H Land	..	..	11	10	12	..	..	..	9	..		65	42	64.6
A L Waldo	..	..	..	9	15	10	11	..	9	..		80	54	67.5
J C Turnipseed	..	..	..	..	7	11.	6	..	10	12	16	100	62	62
W C Edwards	..	..	..	9	8	9	..	10	14	14		100	64	64
J O Tignor	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	..	10	10		65	38	58.4
C Everett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	7	16	50	34	68
H M Elliott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	17		60	35	70
M Reid	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	11	9		50	26	52
M D McGinnis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	15	8	15	8	53.3
F W McRae	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	6	..		30	18	60
W C Rawson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	12	..		30	22	73.3

As stated above, winners of first money in any event shot in the next event under expert rules; the following are the scores made, Alston and Costello withdrawing after scoring 4 out of 10 and 3 out of 9 respectively; Nelson's 19 out of 20 in No. 10 is worthy of special note:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	20
W W Dornin	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
B W Bizzell	..	..	..	10	..	14	..	..	..	..
C C Holt	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	12
G Peterman	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..
G H Swan	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..
L J Alston	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	w	..	..
T P Costello	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	w	..	..
T F Nelson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19

The scores made by the manufacturers' agents, who shot at unknown angles throughout the programme, were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			Per
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.	ct.
C C Hebbard	12	12	14	14	18	13	13	15	13	19	160	143	89.3
D M Poterfield	13	13	11	14	13	11	13	13	..	17	145	118	81.3
Irby Bennett	12	12	12	13	17	13	13	15	12	18	160	140	87.5
W N Drake	..	11	11	8	2	..	..	12	6	14	115	64	55.6

In event No. 6 Dornin shot along with the manufacturers' agents, scoring 12 out of 15; in No. 7 Peterman shot with them, scoring 14 out out of 15; in No. 9 Waldo, under the same conditions, scored 13 out of 15.

The averages of those who made 80 per cent. or better at unknown angles during this day's shoot were as follows (manufacturers' agents included):

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.		Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
B W Bizzell	110	101	91.8	G Peterman	145	126	86.8
C C Hebbard*	160	143	89.3	W W Dornin	145	123	84.8
G H Swan	145	129	88.9	T F Nelson	140	118	84.2
C C Holt	130	115	88.4	T P Costello	145	122	84.1
F C Etheridge	160	141	88.1	D M Porterfield*	145	118	81.3
Irby Bennett*	160	140	87.5	Thos Green	160	129	80.6

* Manufacturers' agents

The programme for each day consisted of ten events, eight at 15 targets and two at 20 targets. The Kirkpatrick Hardware Co. added $10 to every purse, a total of $200 for the two days' shoot. All events were at unknown angles, a modification of the Interstate Association's handicap being adopted by the company for this shoot, as stated above.

Second Day.

The weather to-day was again most delightful, but the attendance at the shoot was lighter than yesterday's owing to it being an important day at the Exposition (Atlanta day). The scores made at unknown angles were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			Per
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.	ct.
Porter	13	12	12	11	15	12	14	11	11	13	160	124	77.5
Etheridge	13	11	12	15	..	13	11	11	15	..	120	101	84.1
Peterman	12	14	..	12	19	..	..	13	..	17	100	87	87
J L Baker	10	12	13	13	13	15	..	11	13	14	145	119	82
C W Scott	13	14	..	13	15	13	14	11	13	20	145	126	86.8
Costello	12	11	15	..	13	13	14	9	..	..	110	87	79
Swan	11	11	10	13	19	..	12	11	13	17	145	117	80.6
Dr Holland	10	10	12	8	18	11	9	8	11	12	160	109	68.1
Tignor	12	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	45	34	75.5
Nelson	12	13	11	12	19	..	13	10	14	14	145	118	81.3
Chas Reif	10	9	12	12	18	9	12	11	9	13	160	115	71.8
Everett	7	11	12	22	17	9	8	10	9	14	160	109	68.1
Bizzell	14	..	14	14	14	11	12	12	12	17	145	122	84.1
Dornin	..	11	13	11	18	14	15	..	15	..	110	97	88.1
Elliott	..	9	11	12	14	..	9	6	12	13	130	86	66.1
Hebbard	..	..	13	10	16	13	12	12	13	18	130	107	82.3
Alston	..	..	11	12	16	13	11	13	13	..	110	88	80
Rawson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	11	13	50	36	72

The scores made by the shooters when shooting as experts are given in the following table; it will be noticed that Peterman shot in four events as an expert, thus spoiling his general average. Dornin also spoiled his general average by losing 12 out of 35 targets which he shot at as an expert:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	15	15	20
B W Bizzell	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G Peterman	..	..	..	10	..	..	14	10	..	6
C W Scott	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
T P Costello	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	..
F C Etheridge	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
G H Swan	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..
T F Nelson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
J L Baker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..
W W Dornin	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..

15

The averages of those who made 80 per cent. or better were as follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent		Shot at.	Broke.	Per Cent
W W Dornin	110	97	88.1	C C Hebbard	130	107	82.3
G Peterman	100	87	87.	J L Baker	145	119	82
C W Scott	145	126	86.8	T F Nelson	145	118	81.3
B W Bizzell	145	122	84.1	G H Swan	145	117	80.6
F C Etheridge	120	101	84.1	L J Alston	110	88	80

In New Jersey.

AT THE CARTERET CLUB.

Nov. 27.—The attendance at the Carteret Club's shooting grounds, Bayonne, N. J., this afternoon was not up to the average. This, however, may be easily accounted for, as there was a strong counter attraction at the grounds of the Westminster Kennel, Babylon, L. I., in the shape of a 100-bird race between J. P. Knapp and George Work. Louis Duryea was also still out West in the wilds of Michigan. As there were only five shooters present, each man had all the shooting he needed for one afternoon. Up to 4:15, the hour at which we left, 239 birds had been trapped in two hours and a quarter; of that number 50 were trapped in the event at 5 pairs.

Both Wright and McAlpin did some excellent work, the former scoring 40 out of 43, the three lost birds falling dead out of bounds. McAlpin scored 32 out of 34, one dead out of bounds, while the other bird, which got away, was one that it was no disgrace to miss. Capt. Money was trying a new single-trigger Lancaster that is far too crooked for him; his work, therefore, was nothing like as clean as usual. E. F. Thomas, of Denver, Col., a member of the Carteret Club, was on hand and faced live-bird traps for the first time since he made his 24 out of 25 in the Grand American Handicap at Willard Park last April. His shooting showed a lack of practice as a natural consequence, but at times he made some brilliant kills. Butler, except in the pairs, was not in form, and let several birds get away from him that on other occasions he would have stopped.

In the event at five pairs, as the club rules prescribe, two birds were placed in each trap and all the shooters stood at the 25-yards mark; it must be stated also that under the Carteret rules it is not necessary for both birds to be on the wing at the same time; the only thing necessary to constitute a dead bird is, that a bird to be so scored must be on the wing when killed. McAlpin easily carried off the honors in this event with a total of 9 out of 10, one dead out of bounds—a piece of very hard luck had it been necessary for him to have scored the bird. Butler shot very well, too, in this event and made some rattling good doubles; bad luck pursued him, however, as he lost two dead out of bounds; in his second pair he knocked a right-quartering driver down to the ground, apparently stone dead, but it got up of its own accord and went over the boundary; the first bird of his fourth pair fell dead inside the clubhouse. Wright finished strongly, but Capt. Money, after making a good start, fell all to pieces, but his third pair were a couple of good flyers that would have been bad enough if trapped singly.

Taken as a whole, the birds trapped during the afternoon were a rattling good lot of strong flyers and quick starters, particularly during the first hour and a half; after that they seemed to be a trifle slower, but could still be classed as good birds. Had the wind been behind the birds, instead of blowing gently from No. 5 to the man at the score, there would have been more goose eggs to record in all probability.

The fall of the traps is a matter that is often of interest, more especially when, as in this case, an automatic pulling apparatus is used. The following table shows how the traps fell:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Capt Money	6	9	17	3	10
H G Wright	5	12	15	9	7
E F Thomas	5	10	10	8	10
H A Butler	10	10	6	6	7
G S McAlpin	9	7	9	10	4
	35	48	57	36	38

As the traps were pulled 214 times, an average for each trap would be a fraction less than 43 times. It will be noticed that Nos. 2 and 3 were away above the average, No. 3 being a notable transgressor; Captain Money drew that trap 17 times out of his total of 45, *i. e.*, more than one-third of his birds were from No. 3 trap; Wright drew No. 3 15 times out of 48. The full detailed scores in all the events were as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

	No. 1:	No. 2:	No. 3:
W Money (30)	5 5 1 1 5 ↑↗←↓↗ 2 1 2 1 ● 2 1—4	3 1 3 2 3 5 3 ↘↙↗↗↗↖↑ 2 1 2 1 2 2 0—6	5 2 3 2 5 3 3 5 5 ↘↑↗↘↓↓↑→↑←↓ 2 1 0 2 2 ● 2 1 1 1— 9
H Wright (29)	3 5 2 5 2 ↑↗↑←→ 2 2 2 2 2—5	2 4 3 5 4 3 4 ←↖↑←↑←←↖→ 2 2 2 2 1 1 2—7	1 1 3 2 4 1 5 3 2 2 ←→↗↖↑↗↖↖↖↖ 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—10
Thomas (28)	3 2 3 2 ↘↑↑↙ 2 1 2 0 w—3	4 2 1 1 1 ←←↙→↓ 2 2 2 2 ●—4	1 4 3 3 2 5 4 4 3 5 ↖↗↑↖↑↑↗↖↖ 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0— 8
H Butler (28)	2 3 4 1 4 ↑↖↘↖→ 1 0 1 2 2—4	1 2 5 5 2 5 4 4 3 1 ↑↓↙↖→↑↗↖→→ 0 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 1—·8	
McAlpin (29)	2 1 4 2 4 2 2 ↑→↑↗↙↘↘ 2 1 2 2 2 2 1—7	3 3 5 3 1 4 2 2 1 4 →↑↖↖↖↖↑↙←→ 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2— 9	

	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Money	3 3 3 3 2 ↑↖↘↑← 0 1 1 2 2—4	2 3 3 3 1 4 ↑↑↓↘↖↗ 1 1 2 2 2 1—6	3 5 2 3 1 ↙→→↖↖ 2 2 2 1 0—4	4 2 ↗↘ 2 0 —1
Wright	2 3 3 4 1 ↑↗↗↑← 2 2 ● 2 2—4	4 2 3 3 ↑↑↑↑ 2 2 2 ●—3	5 1 5 3 2 ←↑↑↖↑ 2 1 2 2 ●—4	4 2 4 3 3 3 3 2 ↑↗↗↖↘→← 2 2 2 2 2 1 1—7
Thomas	2 5 3 5 5 ↘↖←↘↙ 2 2 2 2 2—5	5 3 3 5 4 5 ↗↑↙↙↑↑ 2 2 2 2 2 0—5	5 4 3 3 5 ↖↗←↙← 2 1 1 1 1—5	1 4 ↑↑ 2 0 —1
Butler	1 2 1 2 3 ↙↑↑↖↗ 1 1 2 1 0—4	1 1 1 5 2 ↑↖↑↖↖ 2 2 2 1 ● —4	5 3 ↗↘ 2 0 —	5 1 2 3 3 2 4 ↑↑↗←↙↙↑ 2 1 1 2 2 1 0—6
McAlpin	2 3 1 4 3 ↑↘←↖ 2 2 2 2 2—5	4 2 1 1 5 3 →↑↗↙↑↖ 2 2 2 2 2 2—6	3 ↖ 0 —0	1 4 3 1 3 2 5 ↑↑↑↗↓↙→ 2 2 2 2 1 3—7

Between Nos. 3 and 4 an event at 5 pairs was shot, with the following result:

	5	2-	2	1	4
	↙↘	→↗	↗↗	↙↙	↗→
Capt Money	1 1	1 1	0 0	0 1	0 1—6
	3	5	2	3	4
	↘↑	↘↘	↗↖	↓↙	↗↗
H G Wright	0 1	1 0	1 0	1 1	1 1—7
	4	2	2	2	2
	↙←	↙↙	←←	↘→	↗→
E F Thomas	1 1	0 1	1 0	● 1	0 0—5
	2	2	1	5	4
	↑↘	↗↖	↖↗	↓↗	↘↗
H A Butler	1 1	● 1	1 0	● 1	1 1—7
	4	4	1	5	4
	↖↖	↑↗	↘↑	←↗	↖↘
G S McAlpin	1 ●	1 1	1 1	1 1	1 1—9

THANKSGIVING AT ELKWOOD PARK.

Nov. 28.—The attendance at Elkwood Park on the morning of Thanksgiving Day was very small, the attraction of a 100-target race, $10 entrance, not being sufficient to draw shooters from their Thanksgiving dinners. The consequence was that but three shooters put down their names for the event, among the number being Harvey McMurchy, of the L. C. Smith gun (Hunter Arms Co.), of Syracuse, N. Y. Harvey did not want to shoot for anything but the targets, but they persuaded him to pay in $10, the result being that he walked off with the money, breaking 95 in capital style. M. Herrington, of the W-A powder, did not get his grip until he had shot at 25 targets and lost 11 of them; then he pulled himself together and broke 20, 22 and 23 respectively out of his three remaining series of 25 targets. With the aid of 15 handicap he reached 93, scoring 14 out of the 15. J. S. Shaw, comparatively a novice at this sort of shooting, but who has been doing some good work lately, had a handicap of 10 extra targets, but only reached 80 out of his 110. Held and Edwards, the latter borrowing a Smith gun belonging to a brother of S. J. Held, shot along at 100 targets to keep warm; Edwards broke 72, Held 56. Held is a new hand at targets, this being his second attempt at the inanimates; live birds are his forte, and he showed later in the day that he could shoot them all right.

At 1 P. M. an adjournment was made to the Elkwood Inn, where a Thanksgiving dinner of ample proportions was ready for the shooters. While they were discussing the good things target traps and screens were being cleared away and everything made ready for the live birds. The event on the programme was at 15 live birds, $7.50 entrance, birds extra. This had ten entries, among the number being some of the best shots in New Jersey: Fred Hoey, A. L. Ivins, Leander Campbell, of Little Silver, 'Lisha Price, of Branchport, and a coming man of the name of W. H. Conklin. Postmaster Van Dyke, of Long Branch, also a good live-bird shot, was one of those who got a place.

Fred Hoey was a little off with his first barrel at the start, but after his fourth bird he settled down and centered them every time. Ivins was not shooting well. The boys said, "He's hunting matches." McMurchy shot—as usual; it's not necessary to say any more, except to state that not one of his second barrels was apparently needed, the first one doing the work every time with a clockwork regularity. Held shot well; being close up to the traps, he used his cartridges with judgment and centered most of his birds well. On his fifth bird he made a bad error with his second barrel, shooting away behind a bird that turned into a right-quarterer after being hit very hard with the first. Ordinary care would have scored the bird. Of the other shooters, Postmaster Van Dyke shot well after severely handicapping himself by dropping his third and fourth birds. Price and Conklin, although both out of the money, made some brilliant kills at times, the latter in particular showing very good form. M. Herrington, L. Campbell and J. Applegate were all clear out of form, retiring "with a privilege" quite early in the race.

As usual at Elkwood Park, the birds were a capital lot, duffers, according to the usual acceptance of the term, being conspicuous by their absence. The retrieving was done by dogs—two of them. The best performer was Paddy, Phil Daly, Jr.'s, little liver-colored spaniel. This little fellow has only lately been taught to retrieve by Mrs. Phil Daly, Jr., who has taught him to fetch gloves, etc., when thrown for him to bring back to her. Although his avoirdupois was a little too much for his small body, his spirit was willing and his little legs fairly twinkled as he chased himself in his efforts to retrieve the birds. The other dog was a brown setter belonging to Conklin; this dog, but for an intense desire to consume the "innards" of each bird he gathered (he succeeded, too, once or twice) was fast and quick when he attended strictly to business. The weather was as perfect a day as any fall day could be; for a live-bird shooter it perhaps lacked in wind; otherwise the conditions were delightful, being of the made-to-order sort. Henry S. Chanfrau, who is managing the Elkwood Inn and the shooting grounds, looked after everybody's comfort and made all feel at home.

The scores made during the day were:

One hundred targets, handicap, $10:

H McMurchy, 111111111111111011111111011111111111111111101111—47
(100) .....1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—48—95
M Herrington, 10110000110100111010110111111111011010101101111100—34
(115) .....1111111111101111011110111111101111111111111111111—45
11111111111101 —14—93
J S Shaw (110).1111111100011101111110101111101011111100101010—37
11101101111001111010010111011010111101010111—35
1111110110 — 8 - 80

E. Edwards and S. J. Held shot at 100 targets, each man paying for his targets; Edwards scored 17, 18, 19 and 18—72; Held, 12, 15, 17 and 12—56.

A match at 5 pairs was shot to pass away the time, the result in this and in two 10-target three-cornered matches being as follows:

	No. 1, 5 pairs:	No. 2, 10 singles:
McMurchy	10 10 11 11 11—8	.....
Edwards	10 10 11 11 10—7	1111011111—9
Held	10 10 11 01 11—6	.....
Shaw	11 11 10 01 00—6	1011101011—7
Herrington	10 00 00 00 00—1	1101111111—9

No. 3, 10 singles; Herrington 9, Shaw and Edwards 7; Shaw beat Edwards on the shoot-off at 5 targets by the score of 5 to 2.

The scores in the live bird event were as follows:

Fred Hoey (30)	2222222222222222—15
McMurchy (30)	1111211132111112—15
S J Held (26)	...1213●1311212222—14
Van Dyke (27)	1100232221212125—13
Conklin (28)	...2222222021110O2—12
E Price (29)	.....2122220202022—12
A L Ivins (30)	.....2102022202121—12
L Campbell (29)	.2130021Ow — 5
Herrington (28)	.2201201000w — 5
J Applegate	.....2123000w — 4

THE ENDEAVORS' THANKSGIVING SHOOT.

Nov. 28.—The Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., held an all-day shoot to-day at its grounds, Marion, N. J. The weather was perfect for target-shooting and a good attendance was the natural result, 25 shooters taking part in the day's fun. The main event was a team race between 7-men teams of the home club and the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J.; the visitors won after an exciting match by the narrow margin of 4 targets. About 2,300 targets were thrown during the day, shooting not commencing very early. Following are the scores made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	15	
G H Piercy	13	8	9	9	8	10	5	8	20	9	..
L R Piercy	11	6	7	..	..	6	..	..	..	..	12
R Strader	4	6	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	7
A R Strader	12	4	7	7	7	8	5	5	11	6	8
Thomas	..	7	8	7	8	7	5	9	18	6	..
W Smith	..	10	10	9	10	8	10	8	17	8	..
Polhemus	..	8	9	8	6	6	9	9	..	7	10
Eames	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..
Corson	..	5	3	7	6	6	5	8	14	..	7
Creveling	..	7	7	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	..
E Sickley	..	..	8	5	10	9	9	9	18	8	..
Welles	..	..	6	9	8	8	8	7	17	8	..
Crop	..	..	8	5	8	5	8	18	7	..	..
Seeley	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
E Miller	..	..	..	..	9	9	7	8	17	8	..
Jackson	..	..	..	..	9	9	9	9	18	6	..
Graby	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Connitz	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	8	6	7
Chambers	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	11
McPeek	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	19	7	..
E Collins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	9	12	..
R Willmans	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	9	..	..
Breintnall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	7	..	..
Ingram	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	13	..
Fletcher	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	..	..

The team shoot between the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., and the Endeavor Gun Club resulted as follows, each man shooting at 25 targets, unknown angles:

Union.

R H Breintnall	1110111100111111111111101—21
J Williams	1011011111101001111101110—18
W Smith	1111011111111100111110111—21
E Sickley	1110111101111111111011110—20
L Thomas	0011111010101101111111111—19
E Miller	1111111001111101111111001—20
Dr Jackson	1111110101101101111101001—18—137

Endeavor.

E Collins	1011101111111111110111111—22
H Welles	1110111111011010101101111—19
G Piercy	1111011110011011111110111—20
C McPeek	1111111111111011011110001—20
R Proctor	0111100011101111111101111—19
Chambers	1111100000110101110011110—15
E Ingram	1110111011100011101111111—18—133

The Endeavors also shot off their club shoot to-day. The event, which is at 25 targets, unknown angles, resulted as follows:

E Collins	1111100011110111101111111—20
R H Breintnall	0111111011111111111111111—23
L Thomas	0111100110101101101111111—18
G H Piercy	1111101111111101111111101—22
J A Creveling	1101111011111011001111111—20
Dr Fletcher	0101101011111111101111011—19
Polhemus	0011111101001111111101100—17
Corson	1111101111010111100101101—18
E Ingram	0111101011001111111111111—19
Connitz	1111100010300101010351101—13
A R Strader	1110010101011110010110010—14
L Piercy	0101111111100000100101101—14

J. A. CREVELING, Sec'y.

AT ERB'S GROUNDS.

Nov. 28.—Some good shooting at live birds was done at Erb's grounds, Newark, N. J., the attendance being very fair when we consider the number of attractions offered elsewhere. The scores were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2	No. 3.
J Duston	11012—4	11111—5	12121—5
J Erb	02112—4	12212—5	10111—4
W Hollis	12202—4	12112—5	●1012—3
S Castle	●1203—3	10●12—3	201●1—3
E A Geoffroy	....	.....	2●1●2—3
Castle, Jr.	....	.....	01002 - 2
Ruddin	....	.....	00103—2
	No. 4.	No 5.	No. 6.
Duston	10001—2	11122—5	.....
Erb	11111—5	10121—4	12●12—4
Hollis	11110—4	11111—5	11222—5
Castle	11111 -5	11111—5	22120—4
Geoffroy	12122—5	11222 5	22222- 5
Castle, Jr.	1●000—1	.....	.....
Ruddin	....	01111—4	.....
Leddy	....	10111—4	12●32—3

No. 7 was a similar event with three entries: Geoffroy and Erb, 5; Hollis 4.

W. R. H.

MORRISTOWN DRIVING PARK.

Nov. 29.—Frank Class, the proprietor of the Morristown, N. J., Driving Park, issued a card calling for two days at live birds, on Nov. 28-29. The attendance on both days was very small, yesterday's being composed of three shooters, Class and Timmons, of Morristown, and Allen Willey, of East Hadlyme, Conn. Timmons did some remarkably good shooting, scoring 60 out of 65, three of his lost birds falling dead out of bounds. Willey was out of form, but shot well in the 20-bird race, missing his first and then killing his remaining 19 straight. The scores:

First Day.

	No. 1.	No. 2.
James Timmons	11110●1111—8	112●11●111—8
Frank Class	01●11●1222—7	11122212 11—10
Allen Willey	11●12202●2—7	11121212 12—10

Both the above were at 10 live birds, $4 entrance; a 5-bird sweep, $2.50 entrance, resulted as follows: Class and Timmons 5, Willey 4.

Three more 10-bird races were shot:

	No. 4.	No. 5.
Willey	1211021112—9	1220120●20— 6
Timmons	1011211111—9	1122112111—10
Class	022212●●2w	2212111111—10

No. 6 was a similar race, Class and Timmons scoring 8 each, Willey killing 7.

No. 7 was at 20 birds, $10 entrance:

Timmons	1111121122121111122—20
Willey	0112211112121112222l—19
Class	1122121202112●●121●2—16

Second Day.

The second day saw three additional shooters on the grounds: Jas. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., and Aaron Woodruff and Nate Astfalk, of Elizabeth, N. J. A 20-bird race, $10 entrance (birds included), three moneys, was shot off:

Jas Timmons (28)	1221111111112012111—19
A Woodruff (29)	122●12221212222l112—19
Jim Elliott (30)	2201022111222222l2●2—17
A Willey (29)	02222212●●2221102212—16
F Class (30)	?●2020222●2122●22101—14
N Astfalk (26)	1101000220211221210l—14

Proceedings were brought to a close with a 10-bird race, $5 entry, three moneys; the results were as follows:

Elliott	2222212222—10	Woodruff	2212120211— 9
Timmons	1111l1●122— 9	Class	●2●2121●●2— 7
Willey	1121●22120— 8	Astfalk	1●12011●11— 7

SOUTH SIDE'S SATURDAY.

Nov. 30.—As usual there was a good attendance at the South Side Gun Club's ground this afternoon. About 1,000 targets were thrown between 2:30 and 4:30 P. M., the short days making it hard to throw many targets at an afternoon shoot. As usual L. Thomas was unlucky enough to choose a losing team, as the scores below will show:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Breintnall	8	10	9	7	9	..	7	..	..
Folsom	5	7	9	8	5	7	2	9	16
Edwards	8	7	8	8	6	5	6	8	16
W M Smith	5	5	..	1	..	6	8	..	..
J D Orton	5	6	..	..	..	..	7	5	..
Dawson	3	4	2	..	4	3	4	2	..
Whitehead	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thomas	6	6	9	9	8	6	7	8	16
Heddon	..	..	9	9	..	..	..	..	..
Duston	..	..	..	..	..	2	6	5	20
Waterbury	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..
Hollis	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	..
Reeves	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..

Team race:

Breintnall's team.

R H Breintnall	1110111111011111101111110—21
C M Heddon	1111111011111101111100111—21
I H Terrill	0111111101101111111111110—21
Dr Clark	0001111101110001111111111—18
H Folsom	1111110010011101101111011—18
W M Smith	1010101000111000011010110—12—111

Thomas's team.

L Thomas	1111111111111111011110110—22
A Whitehead	1111100111111111111110011—20
S Duston	1101100110111101101111111—19
E Edwards	0001110011111101010111100—15
W Dawson	1110111030100000101010000—10
F Orton	0010001000010100000111011+ 9— 95

THANKSGIVING DAY AT FANWOOD.

Nov. 28.—A few live-bird sweeps were shot here to-day, a couple of 10-bird sweeps being among the number. The first had six entries at $5 each, and resulted as follows:

Aaron Woodruff 10, P. Jay and Blodgett 9; H. Folsom, D. Darby and J. Benner scored 6 out of 8, withdrawing with a privilege of re-entry if they had a chance of a part of the purse.

No. 2, 10 birds, $5: P. Jay 9, T. H. Keller and Dutchy Smith 8; Folsom and Bennet 6, Singer 5.

(An unpleasant occurrence marred the sport of the day, Blodgett deliberately missing his last bird in the first race, the case being a most palpable one of dropping for place. Such cases, as long as class shooting with the present system of dividing purses prevails, are bound to occur now and then. The remedy, however, is not far to seek and should be patent to every shooter.)

BRUNSWICK GUN CLUB.

Nov. 30.—The Brunswick Gun Club, of New Brunswick, N. J., held its regular monthly shoot this afternoon. The club shoot is at 25 targets, unknown angles; in that event the following scores were made:

J Fisher	1101011110110101011110011—17
W E Sperling	1101111111011111101011110—20
J A Blish	1111111110111111011010110—20
A Reamer	0100101000000011101000000— 8
H H Stevens	1101111110111001111111111—21
C Oakley	1011111010101111111111111—21
H Iredell	1110010010010110110111000—13
O J Waker	0001011000110000101000111—11
H B Smith	1001110111101001110001101—16
J Suydam	0000100000100000010000000— 3
R Booth, Jr.	0001111010000011001101010—11
E Reynolds	1111100111010110011011111—18
M Allen	1111101101111001111110010—18
R C Nicholas	1110100100101111001001111—15

H. H. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Trap at Columbus, Wis.

COLUMBUS, Wis., Nov. 28.—Several members of the Columbus Gun Club took part in a handicap event at live birds on Thanksgiving Day. The birds were a good lot, only four being killed at the traps for refusing to fly. The handicaps ranged from 24 to 28yds., and the conditions were: Gun below the shoulder until the bird was on the wing. Under these conditions the shooting was really better than the scores show. A strong wind blew from the shooter toward the traps, and the way some of the birds went off down wind made stopping them within bounds a matter of uncertainty. F. A. Chadbourne, the winner, is a new hand at trap shooting, and, indeed, at any kind of shooting, having owned a gun only a year. The manner in which he stood at the score and killed bird after bird stone dead showed him to be possessed of a veteran's nerve. His first slip was on his 15th, a light, chocolate-colored bird, that left the trap with a snap and crack of its wings and zigzagged out to the left, carrying both loads just barely over the line. This seemed to make him a trifle anxious and he clearly shot behind the next one, a slow incomer to the left. His nerve did not forsake him, however, for his next nine birds were killed without a skip. Mr. Chadbourne used a Colt gun and his load was 3¼drs. Du Pont Smokeless in U. M. C. cases.

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

F Chadbourne (24)	↖↘↘↗↘↑↗↑↙↖↘↙↘↘↖↗→↗↗ 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 ● 0 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 1—23
H Anderson (28)	↑↗↑↘↖↗↖↑↗↑↗↑↗↖→↙↗↑↘↑↖↖→↗ 2 1 2 0 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 . 2 1 1—21
Dr Maxwell (28)	←↙↖↑↑↓→↙↑↗↑↑←→↘←↙↖↑↘↘↑↗↑↖↖ 1 0 2 0 2 2 ● 1 0 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 0 0 2 2 1 0 ● 2—17
G A Buckstaff (28)	↖↗↖↗↖↘↘↗↘↑↗↗↗↑→←↘↖↖←↗↑↙↑↗↖ 2 1 0 ● 0 0 1 1 1 0 0 2 0 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 0 1 0 2 0—14
R Pick (28)	↑←↑↘↗→↑↗↑→↑↙↗↖↘↘↗↖→↗↑↑↖↑↑ 0 2 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 ● 0 1 0 1 ● 1 2 ● 1 1 0 0 0—13

BLUEWING.

Hudson Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—The Hudson Gun Club, of New York city, held its initial shoot at the shooting grounds at New Dorp, Staten Island, this afternoon. The club shoots at targets, the club championship medal shoot being at 15 targets per man. This event was won to-day by Dr. Philip G. Renry with a score of 14 breaks. The following were the scores made:

No. 1, club medal shoot, 15 targets per man: Dr. Philip G. Henry 14, T. W. Vincent 12, Fred. G. Henry 11, E. F. Schaeffer and G. W. O'Brien 9, B. V. O'Rourke 8, Dan. R. Thomas 6, P. H. George 5, Andrew G. Frazer 4.

No. 2, 10 targets: Dr. Henry 9, F. G. Henry 7, Schaeffer and O'Rourke 6, Vincent and Frazer 5, O'Brien and Thomas 3, George 2.

No. 3, same: O'Brien 8, Dr. Henry and O'Rourke 7, Vincent and George 6, F. G. Henry, Thomas and Frazer 5, Schaeffer 3.

A new gun club with a charter membership of twenty has been organized at Lockport, N. Y.; Dr. Moyer was elected president of the club, with Irving Atwater as secretary.



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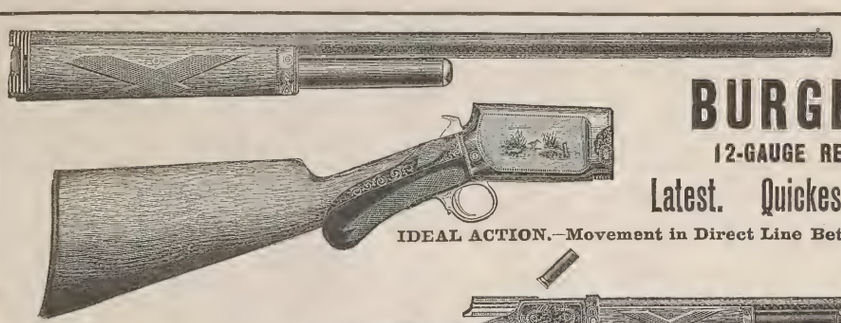
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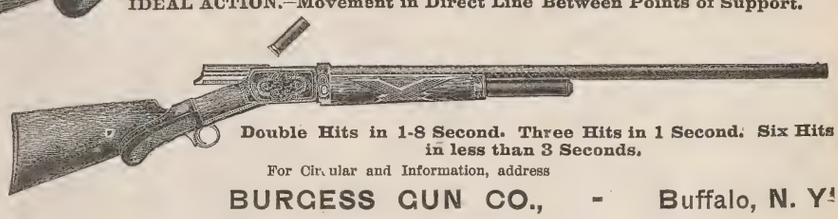


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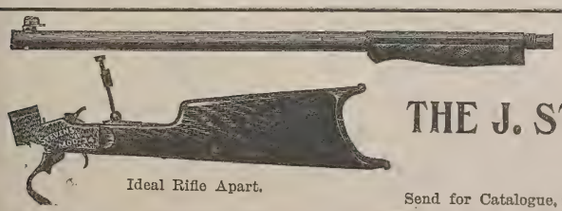
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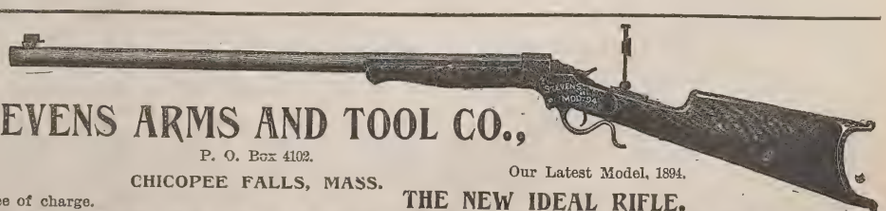
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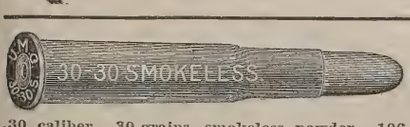
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CONCERNING SOMETHING HARD TO ENDURE.

THERE are degrees and varieties of boredom in the world, as there are degrees in everything. The different varieties, however, never could be accurately classified. Very few men are bores at all times, though some men maintain quite a uniform standard in their capabilities of killing interest and evoking weariness.

The cause of borish propensities in the greater number of every-day instances may safely be ascribed to the combined selfishness and thoughtlessness of the borish individual whose desire is to have his own preferences of time, place, conversation and company paramount to all others. He considers himself, not others.

While there is a vast field of common interest in life, every age, station and occupation has its own special interests. Even the days, often the hours, are so subdivided to meet the cares of duty or business that any obstruction to the routine is an annoyance or hindrance, or possibly a loss. There are times when one's company or speech is out of place, and this generally when there is an annoying lack of common interest.

Any man who fails to recognize these facts, and to regulate tactfully his actions accordingly, will unfailingly achieve more or less of a reputation as a bore. Thereafter he will be looked upon more as an affliction which cannot be cured than as a desirable companion, or one at least who could be pleasantly tolerated. Nearly all bores have a common failing of talking too long and too much.

In a general way the bores of every-day life may be divided into two classes—he of the first class may be agreeable and worthy of esteem; his conversation may be both instructive and edifying, but he may be heedless of the length of time he exacts while visiting his friends in the midst of their business or other cares, and also heedless of whether or not time can be spared to him. The man who is occupying the time of another, which should be devoted to the serious duties or interests of life, cannot justly feel hurt if his friend betrays preoccupation or lack of interest in him.

Thus a man may be a most interesting companion in himself and still be a bore by encroaching on the time of a friend who is engrossed in other matters.

The bores of the second class are much greater in numbers and are found everywhere. He may be an interminable prattler, whose vapid nothings neither please nor instruct; he may, on the contrary, talk well, but only on a subject which interests no one but himself; his supreme vanity and self-confidence blind him to the annoyance and discomfort he causes to others.

And where do the bores congregate? Everywhere. On the suburban trains he drops into a seat occupied by a passenger busily engaged in reading. He immediately makes a trial at a conversation regardless of his rude interruption. The slightest encouragement starts him under full way, and the victim may thereafter hold his paper ever so suggestively in an attitude ready to resume his reading and it will avail naught. The bore is fond of talking and talk he will.

At the banquet he flourishes always. Though he talk on a dead flat of inanity, he imagines he is in astonishing flights of witty or entertaining oratory, and generally the poorer talker he is, the greater avidity he displays in seizing every opportunity to talk in season and out of season, regardless of the visible fatigue of his listeners He is one of the kind which consumes both the time and patience of his audience—a double bore.

At the theater he can be heard while the play is in action explaining the plot to his companion and all that is to occur in the following scenes, with such frank criticisms added as he can invent. His eagerness to display his knowledge overshadows the fact that he is spoiling the effect of the play to his companion and making himself an irritating infliction to everyone within hearing.

There is no one who has not met the bore, and will meet him again. He may have a mission in inculcating a greater patience in his victims, though that is doubtful and hard to believe; it is much easier to comprehend how he could utterly destroy it. And yet the victim is not without his defense, for by having a long and tiresome story to tell in return, with much circumlocution, repetition and particularity every time the bore appears, he will soon be checked from the similar feelings in himself which he inflicts on others. The borer is always a poor boree.

But while there are habitual bores—made such by nature, education and favorable opportunity—there are others who are unjustly accused of being bores, and of those are the men who "talk dog," or "talk gun," or "talk fish," etc. Sportsmen who are holding a mutually pleasant conversation over the merits of dogs, guns or rods, or of sport on land or water, are not boring each other. If a sportsman talks on his favorite theme in a company which has no interest in it—and such lack of interest is indeed rare at the present time—it is simply enthusiasm out of place. The instance is a very exceptional one when a sportsman will descant on the pleasures to be enjoyed in his favorite sport, or when he will recount the incidents of former pleasures with dog and gun or rod and reel, if his audience shows a lack of interest. There may be an extremely exceptional instance in which there are bores in respect to their favorite sport, but even then they are such in a good cause.

The bore sometimes creeps into literature, but there he fares less happily, for while it is frequently a difficulty or impossibility to refuse to listen to his oral efforts, it is not difficult to refuse to read his writings.

FOREST AND STREAM'S pages are free from him, for in it are ever writings of common interest, crisp, instructive, well written, the best of their kind in knowledge and scope of subjects covered, and their sources are bounded only by the geographical ranges of the game, large and small, of the world. Nowhere is there more freedom from the annoying, the uninteresting, the wearisome.

FEDERAL FOREST PROTECTION.

VERY slowly, but none the less surely, the public interest in forest protection is increasing. Secretary Noble showed his appreciation of its importance when he caused to be set apart the forest reservations made possible by the act of March 3, 1891, and now Secretary Smith recognizes the needs of these reservations by asking from Congress legislation which shall give reality to these reservations, which as yet exist only on paper.

This subject is one to which frequent attention has been called, and we have often pointed out the absurdity of proclaiming that a certain tract of land is a forest reservation and yet doing nothing to make it one in fact. We had twenty-two years' experience of this mode of caring for the public rights in the Yellowstone National Park, and how it worked there is well known. A proclamation or the establishment of regulations by authorized officers of the Government are good just in so far as they are backed up by the power of the Government to enforce them and no further. No legislation looking to the preservation of our forest reserves has ever been enacted by Congress. No law exists by which offenses against the public can be punished. While most of the national parks are protected by troops, even these guardians have—or until very recently had—no power to do more than expel from the reservation an individual guilty of violating the regulations established by the Secretary of the Interior. It is surely time that an end were made of this farce. The forest reservations should have the protection which they so greatly need and without further delay.

The ridiculous inadequacy of the means now at the disposition of the Interior Department is shown when it is stated that there are only thirty special agents who can be employed for this purpose, and when it is remembered that the forest reservations aggregate many millions of acres, lying in widely separated portions of the continent, in Alaska, on the Pacific coast and all through the Rocky Mountains.

Secretary Smith recommends the passage of Mr. McRae's Bill to protect public forest reservations. He believes that the enactment of the measure would enable the Government actually to accomplish something toward protecting the public possessions. Under present conditions it can do nothing. The bill ought to pass, for the reason that it authorizes the Secretary of War to detail troops to guard the reservations, just as they are now detailed to look after the Yosemite, Yellowstone, Grant and Sequoia parks. If Congress shall authorize the employment of troops for this purpose some temporary relief may be had from the ravages of the timber cutters, sheep herders and forest burners, who are now destroying the forests of these reservations. Aside from this one point the bill, it must be said, has little to recommend it. It is loosely drawn, contains no provision for the punishment of offenders against the regulations established by the Secretary of the Interior, nor any process for their arrest, trial and punishment. It contains provisions permitting the cutting of timber under restrictions which may easily be evaded.

It would seem that when Mr. McRae introduces his bill its form might be so changed that it will at least provide some form of government for these forest reservations—some method by which law can be enforced within their borders.

SNAP SHOTS.

The "fake" mills are still grinding. First it was a yarn about Alaska duck-egg destruction; then about Long Island cabbage beds ravaged by deer; and now it is about carp—500 tons of them taken out of a New Jersey pond. A New York paper reported the other day that when Vreeland Pond, in Passaic, was drained Poles and Hungarians flocked to the muddy fish preserve and carried away 500 tons of German carp. There was a roundness about this 500-ton carp "fake" which struck the fancy of the FOREST AND STREAM'S statistician, and two minutes with a piece of paper and a lead pencil evolved an interesting computation. Now 500 tons equal 1,000,000 pounds; the market price of carp is 6 cents a pound; 1,000,000 pounds at 6 cents would make $60,000, quite a snug little value for the Poles and Hungarians to bear off. Again, allowing to each one of these fortunate recipients of the harvest of the New Jersey mud-pond fertility a horse and wagon to cart his plunder home in, and reckoning a half ton to a load, 1,000 wagons would be required; and reckoning that each wagon would require 20 feet of space in the procession, there would be a train of carp-laden vehicles 20,000 feet or four miles long. Altogether it was a big haul of fish, the biggest ever known in these parts, and almost as wonderful as the great Kekoskee bullhead harvest. But, unfortunately, unlike the Kekoskee bullhead story, this one was not true, not by 490 odd tons of carp. What did take place at Vreeland Pond Warden Shiner tells in another column, and it is an interesting story too.

The New York Fish Commission financial muddle appears to be growing more serious as new developments are made. At a meeting last week the Commissioners announced that they had been compelled by shortage of funds to dismiss fifteen of the thirty-three game and fish protectors, and with them Clerk John Liberty, who has so long done valuable and efficient service in the office of the Chief Protector. This is the pretty state of affairs that has resulted from the happy-go-lucky regime of the former Commission; it is precisely what might have been expected when the Fish Commission of New York was prostituted by Governor Hill to political purposes, and men were put into the board whose sense of responsibility was so slight that they treated the office as a choicely humorous affair and their own connection with it as a huge joke. Ex-Secretary Doyle, whose accounts have given the new Commission so much trouble, has been getting the blame for the financial complications the old board left behind it; but the pertinent question is: What were the Commissioners doing that their accounts got into such a condition?

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.

VI.—A Way Station.

TANGLES of hobble bush sprawled over the russet carpet of hemlock leaves, gaily flecked with variegated rattlesnake plantain, overtopped by yellowing sarsaparilla, and here a crowded cluster of scarlet berries, still upheld on their withered stalk, marked the place where the fiery bulb of the Indian turnip was hidden. There were moss-covered cradle-knolls and moldering trunks of the old trees whose uprooting had formed them, with trees already old growing upon them. Great mats of sphagnum were in the hollows between and all were the characteristics of the undisturbed floor of the ancient forest.

For all these Sam had a keen eye, noting the difference of forest growth here from that of his own hill country and speaking of it to his companion, but never of the beauties of nature, for, with the deep and tender feeling of the true lover, he could not prate of the charms of his mistress to the common ear.

Antoine enjoyed them with an undefined touch of the same feeling, but more than the symmetry or majesty of a tree he saw the axe helves in the hickory, the baskets in the ash, the plank in the hemlock and pine, and the medicinal virtues of the prettiest plant were more to him than its beauty.

Ten minutes' leisurely walking brought them to a clearing of a few acres where some young cattle were pastured. They left off grazing on the approach of the strangers, whom they curiously regarded for a moment and then scampered into the woods in a flurry of alarm. A small log house stood in the middle of the clearing with a pole-fenced garden patch in front wherein some cabbages flourished in the virgin soil in spite of poor tending. A few bean stalks drooped their frost-bitten leaves over the clattering remnant of dry pods, and the withered cucumber vines, linking together the dropsical overlooked fruit, showed with what rampant growth and how riotously they had gadded abroad under the summer sun and showers.

A thin wreath of smoke trailed upward from the low chimney, diffusing a pitchy, pungent odor even to windward in the light breeze, and the merry notes of a fiddle, accompanied by the sound of jigging feet, came through the open door.

"Bah gosh, de smell an' de nowse was kan' o' Frenchy, don't it?" Antoine remarked as they drew nearer; but he started backward with an exclamation of astonishment when, still unperceived by the inmates, he cautiously peered in at the door. "Oh, dey was too da'ks color mos' for mah rellashin," he whispered as he fell back to Sam's side, "Dey was nigger!"

Sam stole forward and looked inside. Sitting with his back toward the door was a lithe figured and very black negro, energetically playing a fiddle, which divided his attention with a taller and more strongly built man of the same race, who was putting his whole soul into the elaborate execution of a jig, occasionally exhaling his breath in a gusty puff that was almost a deep-toned whistle, while the fiddler expressed his delight in the performance by frequent squawks of laughter.

Presently the dancer finished with a grand flourish and a final bump of his quivering heels and slouched across the room to refresh himself with a draught of water from a pail that stood in the corner, while his comrade hugged his instrument under his arm and rocked to and fro in a spasm of delighted laughter.

"Oh, ah, oh, Lord,'" he gasped, "if that don't knock the spots out'n all the dancin' ever I ever did see. Oh, oh, yah, yah! oh, Lord."

"Wal, yas, honey," said the other modestly, as he dropped heavily into a creaking splint-bottomed old chair, "'at's er de way dey wu'ks de heel an' toe down in ol' Firginny. Now, I'se gwine fus' to sing ye dat' ar' li'l' song ag'in, so's you can ketch de chune wid you wiolin," and he began to sing in a deep sonorous voice, beating time with his palms upon his knees, while the other felt for the air with uncertain touches of the fiddle strings.

"De coon fas' 'sleep in de holler ob be gum,
Who dar? Who dar?
Brer Fox come a-scratchin' 'roun' de do' ob his home,
Who dar knockin' at de do'?
De coon cock he eye an' he listen wid he ear,
Who dar? Who dar?
Who dat a-wantin' ob somebody byar?
Who dar? who dar a-knockin' at de do'?
Dat's me, Brer Coon, so prepar' for to die,
Who dar? Who dar?
Coon squirt 'bacca juice plum in he eye,
Who dar? Who dar, knockin' at de do'?
'Taters in de ashes, cawn b'ilin' hot,
Who dar? Who dar?
Come ter yer supper, table all sot,
Who dar? Who dar, knockin' at de do'?
Brer Fox run' blin', smash he head 'g'in' de tree,
Who dar? Who dar?
O, you ain't de man I'se wantin' for to see,
'Tain't me, 'tain't me, knockin' at de do'."

"Yas, sah," the tall negro remarked, when the song was ended and cordially applauded by his friend, "w'en dey is 'bout fawty niggahs jes' a-shoutin' dat ar, yer could jes' set an' listen at 'em all night."

Unwilling longer to play the eaves-dropper, and loth to leave such entertaining company, Sam stepped forward and knocked on the door post.

"Good mornin'," he said. "'Scuse me for interruptin', but me an' my friend stopped tu see 'f we c'ld git a drink o' water. This 'ere crik water 's p'isen, I b'lieve."

Both negroes had arisen suddenly when Sam knocked, the taller with an alarmed, alert look, as if in quick consideration of a way of escape, the other with an abashed yet half defiant air. The first seemed assured of no evil intention by a glance at the visitor's quiet, good-humored face, and stepped backward with a questioning smile on his own no less good-humored visage.

"Water? Course you can hev' some water. My stars! haow you did scare me," said the violinist, emphasizing each sentence with a chuckle. "Didn't s'pose anybody was in a mild o' here. No, sir. An' me an' my cousin was sort o' keepin' hyouse whilst the ol' woman an' the coon 's gone. My brother hain't been tu see me afore, I do' know the time when, an' we allus hev' to hev' a little fun when he does come. O, I forgot you wanted some water. 'Tain't the best water in the world," he apologized, as he brought a brimming dipper of milky-looking water, "but it's some wet."

Sam sipped with gingerly lips, but found it better than the clearer, weedy-tasting creek water, and gave it as cordial approval as one could who had been accustomed to the crystal springs of the mountains.

"Ha' some, Antwine? It's pooty good water fer the time o' year," but Antoine would not be prevailed on to help him with this excuse for their call.

"This feller an' mee," Sam explained, indicating his companion by a sidewise nod, "come up the Slang a duck huntin,' an' he kinder wanted tu see the haouse where he faound his father, so we come over. He didn't know but what he'd find some more relations here."

"Wal," said the negro, chuckling as he cast a quick quizzical glance at Antoine and jerking his head emphatically, "he is kind o' dark complected, but he don't look like any o' aour folks 'at I remember. I don't claim no relationship, but mebby he does."

"Oh Sa-cree, cochon noir!" Antoine growled explosively.

"The' hain't nothin' stuck up 'bout me, an' if he c'n prove it I'll own it," continued the negro, giving no evidence if he comprehended that he was called a holy black pig.

Another person now quietly appeared at the door, a placid faced middle-aged man in red flannel shirt sleeves that contrasted oddly with his broad-brimmed hat and sober-hued waistcoat of unmistakable Quaker cut. His sudden appearance did not seem to surprise the negroes, whom he accosted pleasantly, while he saluted Sam and his companion with more reserve, regarding them with some wonder.

"Well, James," he said to the master of the house, "so thee's got company, has thee? And who might thy friends be?"

"That's more'n I c'n tell ye, Mr. Bartlett. Only one on em's arter a drink o' water an' t' other 's lookin' for his relations."

"I guess you don't remember us, Mr. Bartlett," Sam said, rising from his broken-backed chair and extending his hand as he smiled on the puzzled face of the Quaker. "Me an' this man shantied an your land here one spring, four, five year ago. We was a trappin' mushrat. Peltier Gove come tu see us an' hired aout tu you. My name's Samwil Lovel an' this 'ere's Antwine."

"Why, dear me, yes," said Friend Bartlett, his face brightening with recognition as he shook Sam's hand. "I thought I'd seen thee somewhere. And this man too. Why, his father and mother lived in this very house a whole year."

"Oh, yas, yas," cried Antoine. "Ah'll fan' it here, an' Ah'll ant 'spec' more Ah'll was for fin' it in mah soup, me. He live 'long to me naow, an' he smaat lak boy, an' so was mah mudder."

"That's clever," said Friend Bartlett, and then to Sam, "And Peltier, how's he? He an' Lowizy are married, I s'pose."

"Wal, Peltier's abaout so," Sam answered soberly, "but he hain't merried. Lowizy's dead."

"Thee don't say. Wal, that's sad, to be sure," Friend Bartlett said in a grieved voice. "Poor child, poor child. It will grieve my wife to hear it, for she set great store by Lowizy. And Peltier was a stiddy, clever young man, poor boy. He must be greatly cast down."

After some further conversation with Sam he turned to the negroes and his eyes fell upon the fiddle. "Well, James, thee has been entertaining thy visitors with music, has thee?" He bent over the instrument curiously and touched the strings with one cautious finger, withdrawing it with a start and an abashed face as they gave forth a resonant chord. "Well, it's rather a pleasant sound to worldly ears, I dare say," he remarked, and then in a low voice to the man whom he called James, but who was Jim to the world's people, "thee should be careful about attracting strangers to thy house, James, while Robert is with thee."

"I hadn't no idee the' was a livin' soul within a mild o' here, Mr. Bartlett; no, sir, I hadn't," Jim protested, with many an emphatic jerk of the head. "They popped right on tu us as if they'd riz right aout o' the airth. I hain't none afeard o' the tall feller, but I do' know 'bout that gabbin' Frenchman," and he cast a suspicious glance at Antoine, who, unconscious of unfriendly scrutiny, was leisurely whittling a charge of tobacco for the waiting pipe between his teeth.

"I come down to fix up the fence a little and look at the young cattle," Friend Bartlett explained to the company, as he went to the door and picked up his axe which he had set down there.

"Friend Samwell, I'd like to speak with thee a little about Peltier," hesitating over the untruth of the pretext. "I feel clear to trust thee," he said in a guarded voice when Sam had followed him apart to a comfortable leaning place on the fence, "but I ain't quite so clear in my mind about thy companion." He paused a little, abstractedly hewing the withered leaves off a sunflower stalk. "The fact is, that tall colored man is a fugitive from slavery, and might be in danger if some folks knew he was here."

"I 'spected where the critter come from," said Sam, "but ye needn't be afeared o' me tellin' on him, Mr. Bartlett, an' I don't b'lieve Antwine would either, not tu mean no harm. All 'at ails him is he's tew full o' his gab."

"Well, Samwel, thee must caution him. It would be sad if anything should happen to hinder this poor man's getting to Canada."

"I guess the' hain't no danger o' that," Mr. Bartlett.

"More than thee thinks, perhaps." Friend Bartlett glanced cautiously toward the house before he added, "I feel free to tell thee that strangers have been seen not many miles off that we mistrust are looking for him."

"Du you b'lieve it?" Sam asked in surprise. The Quaker nodded. "Wal," Sam drawled out, "I ruther guess they won't ketch none o' their stray black sheep up this way—not if I c'n help it."

"Thank thee, Samwel; but I think if nobody lets out the secret they won't be apt to discover his hiding place. Try to keep thy companion's tongue bridled for a few days. Now, I won't hinder thee any longer," and the Quaker moved slowly toward the house.

"Come, Antwine," Sam called, "le's be a-moggin'," and Antoine coming forth, the two began to retrace their way to the landing.

"Farewell," Friend Bartlett called after them, "thee tell Peltier what I told thee and remember me in kindness to him, will thee?" ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

THE LOST MAN.

IN looking over a collection of photographs taken last summer while on a New Brunswick fishing trip, I have come upon one that revives queer memories. I am going to send the photograph and the story to FOREST AND STREAM, so that its readers may puzzle over the matter as I have done.

The thing happened in a corner of the wide, little known wilderness which forms the larger part of the province of New Brunswick. Under the pilotage of that greatest of all New Brunswick guides, Mr. Henry Braithwaite, of Stanley, three of us had started from Boiestown on our way to Little Sou'west Lake, a good sixty mile walk. We were accompanied the first thirty miles by a portage team, drawing our outfit on a sled with broad wooden runners. That is the only vehicle which, in the summer time, can stand the terrible vicissitudes of the Dungarvon portage. Even that stanch craft is often in danger of shipwreck. Some of you know what a thirty mile portage is, over a very old and long unused lumber road, full of fallen trees, up steep hillsides, across quaking bogs, where the horses frequently break through, leg-deep. Well, there had been no team in ahead of us before that season. We knew of just two men who had gone ahead of us, and they were an Indian from Rivier du Loup and Mr. Dave Douglass, two assistants of our guide. We could plainly see where they had branched off the road at a certain point for a short cut through the mountains. It was a wilderness so little disturbed that we knew the pedigree of every footprint we saw.

When we crossed the Dungarvon, on the afternoon of the second day out, the team went ahead while the three fishermen caught a few trout, and Risteen and Atherton each gathered in a frisky grilse. These were merely incidental, however, and in an hour we followed the team, catching up with it where the road ended entirely, at an old lumber camp, the last outpost of even that barbaric relative of civilization. Beyond, away up to the Restigouche on the north and across to St. John waters on the west, stretched the grim and unmapped wilderness, while to the east the settlements on the Intercolonial Railway were nearly 100 miles away.

Douglass, who was to meet us at this camp, did so. The Indian was building a canoe on a lake twelve miles north. In the morning the teamsters were to retrace their profane steps out to the settlement thirty miles south of us. The accomplished Braithwaite cooked a special supper. Seven pounds of grilse and uncounted potatoes, as well as other edible things, disappeared in the manner customary on such occasions. Fifty yards away was a little tinkling stream. The day died slowly, as it always does in latitude 47 early in July. It was nearly 9 o'clock before it got too dark to see to read. An argument as to whether it was yet too dark to see to shoot was settled by Risteen, New Brunswick's medal-winning rifleman, who fired at a distant stub and hit it. As the teamsters wished to start back early in the morning, we turned in as soon as it was dark, occupying the long-deserted bunks of the lumbermen of other days. The fire outside flickered and fizzed. In two minutes after I lay down I was asleep.

Some time in the night, I do not know when—it was after the moon rose, and that happened at 10:30—I was awakened by Risteen, who crept back into the bunk, saying that a lost man had come into camp, that he had eaten a big supper and that neither the men nor himself could make anything out of him. I was too sleepy to take much interest in the matter, but the next morning we all took a hand at trying to help the unexpected visitor find out where he was at—and we all got left. He was a grizzled, skinny old chap, who might have been 70, and was more likely 60. He had a two weeks' growth of beard. He was tall and bony, and strong considering his age. "How had he stumbled on us?" "O, he heered the gun go off just as he was layin' down beside the run." "Where was he going?" "To Grand Falls, and thought he must be about there." "But, great goodness, man, Grand Falls is on the St. John River, seventy miles in a straight line, and a hundred from here, the way you'll have to go."

This information did not seem to disturb the man much, and in fact nothing else did. How long had he been out? He did not remember, but he had been in the American war. He had with him no matches, no compass, no blankets, no food. He was not hunting, or prospecting, or cruising. If he could get to Grand Rapids he had friends there. He had refused to come into the camp, but slept all night on the ground by the fire. He did not seem specially hungry. He ate his breakfast without comment, but took off his hat and said grace by himself. His sole earthly possession was a rusty axe, which he said he had picked up in some stream he had crossed, and it was plain that the axe had lain in the water a long time. What had he had to eat yesterday? A quail. Now there is not a quail in that region. He spoke with an uncertainty of utterance which made it difficult for him to pronounce his own name intelligibly. It sounded like Dorns or Torrance. He was not sociable, and the only wish he expressed was that the teamster would not swear. He was utterly wrong on the points of the compass, but did not seem to care much about that. The fact of being far astray in an absolutely unpeopled wilderness did not arouse a word of alarm or regret. While breakfast was being cooked I took his photograph—a thing he did not like. He sits in the foreground with his hat off. He went away with the teamsters on their return journey, and as he left us he turned and looked us all over. He did not express a word of thanks or interest. He seemed to be all the time in a sort of trance. As he stood looking at us he said, as though talking to himself, "Is there any man here that knows me, or do I know any man here?" Then he turned and swung off down the portage at a good gait.

Afterward we learned that the poor old fellow went out to the settlement with the steamer, where no one knew him, and where the keenly-observant inhabitants insisted he had never been before. He tendered his rusty axe as part payment for lodging and breakfast at a settler's house. Reaching the settlement on Sunday, he went to the little church and nearly created a row by occupying the whole time in an interminable, incoherent address and prayer. The next morning he started off up the bank of the Southwest Miramichi River all alone,

barefoot, with his boots in his hand, and without means of sustenance, bound, he said, for Grand Falls, 100 miles of wilderness between him and his destination.

I have often wondered what happened to him. His manner, his incoherent replies, his indifference to the perils of his position, his peculiar religious tendencies, indicated that he was not in his right mind. If Risteen had not fired his rifle the poor old man, lying there without a fire, blanket, food or knowledge of his whereabouts, was in a fair way to starve. That vast tract of mountain and forest is an extremely bad place for a man who has neither food nor fire. Yet somehow our lost man had worried along through this world for more years than



THE LOST MAN.

had any of us who had pitied him. He was not afraid of the big woods. And perhaps he came out all right. Perhaps he did not; in that case, he found a cemetery without troubling anybody very much. Mr. Braithwaite dismissed him from his mind by saying: "Well, I've been in these woods all my life, and he beats me." I have presented his picture and so much of the story as I know to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. What do you suppose became of him? FREDERIC IRLAND.

WHAT THE SIGNS DID.

THE haze of Indian summer was in the air and the rays of sunshine filtered down, bronzing the dried buffalo grass and the buttes, making all one color, tinting, toning softly down, until the rugged outlines were lost in the blue distance.

A dreamy, contented air seemed to have settled on all things in this great lone wilderness as they silently waited for the passing of the summer and the coming of the blizzards which would soon be sweeping across the country, born of the north wind.

At such times all nature reminds one of an old, old man, white-haired, withered and palsied, a man who has had good days, but who has passed them and is slowly wasting away, dying from the mere lack of vital force to keep him going, dying as the white-bearded milkweed dies, from a want of heat and moisture. Such an old man is nature, basking in the sun and waiting for the winter of death to strike him down; old, very old, and with seams and wrinkles on his face, basking in the sun for warmth.

So thought I as I rode along, with rifle across the saddle pommel and eyes and ears alert for any indication of game, for I knew the fat blacktail deer were basking in this same sunshine, lazy enough so long as they were safe. I also knew that the blue haze did not dim the ever watchful eye of the old buck, whose antlers were like a plum thicket for branches and whose nose was ever pointing in the wind for the first sniff of danger. I knew that old fellow, knew I was in his country and out of meat. I wanted a deer, and that old buck was the one deer above all others.

Wasn't his track nearly as big as those of the last year's mavericks that mingled with it in the mud around the spring? Didn't he look lordly as he bounded up the mountain side last week? Wouldn't that set of horns make a first-class hat rack in the hall down in the States? I wanted that set of horns and I was going to have them, there was no doubt about that.

On I went, letting the wiry little cayuse pick his own way over the rough ground, until I reached the spring, where a few pines stood shoulder to shoulder around the damp spot—a mark to be seen for miles, crying in a dumb way, "Here is water, good water; let him who thirsts drink."

I had quaffed the treasure that they guarded and had thanked the pines for showing me the place. They had whispered and pointed to a huge track in the mud, and the mountain breeze had sung, "Here is the spot. Here the big buck drinks too, for he knows that this is the best water for miles around, and his taste is only for the best."

While the horse drank I walked about and saw his track again, big and fresh and close together. It sunk deep in the mud where he had loitered in the water, while the sun rose until the level beams had shone into his big brown eyes. He had paced back and forth this last morning, nipped a killikinick bush here, a tender shoot of tule there from the only bunch at the spring, and taken a taste of bunch grass from the hillside; at peace with himself and the glowing morning as he watched the sun come up from behind the Bearlodge range for the last time.

At least so said the signs, and they have only a true tongue.

When the sun was up the old buck stalked away along the hillside, over the ridge and toward the cedars that fought with the winter wind for life. These cedars stand close together, that the living may support those who die and turn gray like dead men's bones when the north wind chills their hearts and the snow weaves a winding sheet for them.

All the wild things are friends, and the old buck went to the cedars and they hid him when he slept. They wove their dead bones against his antlers until both were one, and they painted their tufty leaves with blue until you could look at the buck and see only cedar trees, or look at the cedars and every one was a blue buck, so cunning are they.

Yet the signs know and tell tales to all who know them, and I listened to the signs.

They knew where the buck went and they made it all so plain that soon the cedars whispered in the old buck's ear and said, "Fly."

Then the buck stood up and looked about and smelled the air. The air gave him nothing, for it was traveling the wrong way. The cedars blinded his eyes, for they could not move and show him danger, they could only whisper. Then the signs pointed him out as he stood there big and grand, and I knew he was mine.

Silently the rifle looked at him—and spoke.

The lead found his side, but he did not fall, only bounded away, hurt to death, yet he would strive to live.

In his flight he bounded with full, strong leaps along the mountain side. Then the rifle looked again and sung to him, twice more it sung and the big buck went down. My long knife ripped his skin and drank his good red blood, and so he died. Soon he was bound on the horse and carried away from the cedars, away from the spring and down the mountain side, and made meat for the ranch, and good moccasins were made from his skin. See you that head? That was his.

Thus it was he died, betrayed by the signs when the blue haze was on the mountains and the world was like an old man sitting in the sun. EL COMANCHO.

HOW FUR IS CAUGHT.—III.

Snowed In.

WHEN we awoke on the morning of our first day at the camp on Turtle Lake we found a heavy, damp snow falling, covering all the woods with great flaky fleeces, and lying light and deep upon the ground. We were afraid to start out on the trail in so wet a snow, as the stringing of the shoes was certain to wet through and stretch—a condition of affairs much to be dreaded by the web shoe man. Moreover, Norris was not sure of his inclination or ability to finish the journey over the line, the hardest of which was on ahead, including two nights or more out in very rough shelter. We therefore lay in camp, and spent the day in talking. Some of the things which our trapper friends told us may be of interest.

Elk, Moose and Turkeys in Wisconsin.

I asked Brandis if he knew of any instance where elk or moose had ever been seen in Wisconsin. He said that some years ago on the Ripley Richards farm, near Antigo (some ninety miles south of where we were), three pairs of elk horns had been found under water in a lake.

In Forest county, Wis., in 1893, both Frank Brandis and Fay Buck more than once saw a "great big animal, black, with no horns," which was living in a swamp, and which "wouldn't run, but trotted fast." They both shot at it, but never knew what it was.

In 1892 a timber cruiser killed a moose between Hurley and Ashland, Wis. (about forty miles from where we were). A homesteader by name of Tommy Ryan had this moose located and was waiting for it to get fat. He was much incensed when he learned it had been killed.

Old man Buck spent his youth trapping in the Michigan South Peninsula. He says that thirty years ago there were wild turkeys below Grand Rapids, Mich. At Cadillac, further north, there never had been any so far as he could hear. He could tell of no proof of elk or moose in the South Peninsula. He thought the buffalo once lived in the South Peninsula, and later in Wisconsin, as well as the wild turkey.

(O. W. Sayner, of Plum Lake, Wis., told me that there is a steep bluff or hill about eight miles from Eau Claire, Wis., which is known to-day as "Elk Mound." Tradition says that forty years ago an elk was seen standing on top of this mound. Joe Blair, a trapper of Big St. Germaine Lake, said that years ago his father found one elk horn in a marsh in Fond du Lac county, Wis. I have heard of other horns found in this same county.)

More Curious Game Stories.

Brandis told me that in 1893 he saw quail (Bob Whites) in Forest county, Wis. This is most singular, though I do not doubt it. Forest county (where the moose was also seen) is away up in the pine country. In the lower part of Wisconsin, in the farming and hardwood region, the quail run wild. (Who would look for quail in North Dakota? Yet Ed. Bowers, of Fargo, in the Red River Valley, saw a small bird fly into a plum thicket a few years ago, not far south of Fargo, and on putting the bird up and killing it found it to be a Bob White quail, the only one ever seen in that country.)

Panthers.

Our trappers said that twelve years ago, in Altegamme county, two panthers were killed between Bear and Maple creeks. The fall after that one panther was seen near Clintonville. Neither of these had ever personally run across any panther sign in their years of trapping.

Wolves, Lynx, Otter and Marten.

Our trappers said that the gray wolves of upper Wisconsin were the largest of the United States. They drove the deer a great deal. A pack of seven wolves had twice crossed their lines that winter and they had poison out for them. Wolves swept across a great deal of country, thirty, forty, fifty miles or more, and did not remain local. The lynx also traveled a great deal. A lynx usually came around again in about seven days, and the wolves once in two or three weeks, though not so regular as the lynx. The otter also traveled a great deal, but was irregular. It would sometimes leave the water courses, and travel miles across dry divides to entirely new country. The best place to trap marten was along the high ridges between waterways, and that was best also for fisher. They quite often caught fisher, but never had a wolverine.

How to Trap the Shyest Animals.

Our trappers rated the fox the hardest animal to trap, the wolf next, and the otter third. To catch a fox they often made a bed of chaff and got him to lying in it or fooling around it, the trap being set under the chaff. Or a trap was set at a place where several foxes seemed to stop for a certain purpose. Or a fox could be caught sometimes by putting a bait a little way out in the water, and then putting a pad of moss between the bait and the shore, with the trap hid under the moss. The fox, not liking to wet his feet, would step on the moss and be caught.

For wolves the usual way was to put out poison (strychnine). Often they would not touch the poisoned meat.

For otter it was necessary to use great care, not leaving any chips or litter around. Our trappers usually caught them either on a slide or at a place where they came out of the water (not where they went in, as the otter slides with his feet doubled under and would be apt to spring the trap with his body). It was a good way to drop a limb or stick on the side of the slide, cutting it down and letting it fall naturally, so that the otter could not so easily escape the trap. The trap should never be set in the middle of the slide, but at one side, as the otter's feet are so wide apart, and he would not be caught should he spring the trap with his body.

For otter and beaver, if they were trapped near deep water, a sliding pole was usually used, arranged with the



A BLANKET CAMP.

small end stuck down into the deep water. The animal when trapped plunges into the water, and the ring of the trap chain slips down along the pole. The little stubs of the trimmed-off boughs prevent the ring from slipping back up again, and the animal is drowned. An otter should not be left in the water over nine days or the fur will slip. A few days makes no difference. All traps should be visited about once in six to eight days.

Beaver.

Our trappers said there were very few beaver left. (Protected absolutely by law in Wisconsin.) The beaver was an easy animal to trap. A good way was to find where he came out of the water and to put a dead stick (not a green one) across his path. If the stick were green the beaver would pick it up and carry it into the water; but he will always stoop down and crawl under a dead stick. Then he steps into the trap. Our trappers had caught seven beaver that season. The Indians watched the beaver very closely, and if they located a family always got them all.

"Black-tail" and Other Deer.

Having heard it said that there were some strange deer seen in Wisconsin at times, I asked my friends about it. Brandis said he had noticed a difference in the horns of

the deer, there being two sorts: one was flat-horned, with "narrow, white horns;" the other "round-horned, with dark, round horns." The latter sort always had shorter legs than the other. Dave Cochran, between Eagle River and Buckatabon Lake, killed a deer said to have been a black-tail. Joe Blair, a trapper, said: "I think it was a black-tail."

Our trappers thought the deer were gradually working West along Lake Superior, away from the cut woods.

The mice and porcupines eat up the shed deer horns very fast.

The Indians killed the deer at any season. So did about anyone who wanted meat.

In October, 1894, in one month, over one road, from one region of Wisconsin (that in which we were trapping), there had been shipped 3,650lbs. of short saddles of venison.

The horns of deer do not depend for size so much on the age of the deer as on its condition. If a deer has had a good winter its horns are good, and *vice versa*.

Indians.

Our friends said they had often found arrowheads and the like in their travels. I asked them about the chain of signal mounds, said once to have extended from Lake Superior south to lower Illinois. They were unanimous in the belief that, no matter what other Indians may have done, the Chippewas were too lazy to build any signal fires.

The Chippewa method of catching bass is with a 5ft. rod and a 2½ft. line, with a big frog for bait. The squaw does the fishing, the buck paddling the canoe softly along the lilypads. The bass jump at the frog and are jerked into the boat before they know what has happened.

Ginseng.

Ginseng, or "ginshang" root, is one of the staples in the trappers' world. He traps fur in the winter and "hunts ginshang" in the summer. Nearly all fur buyers handle ginseng also. It sometimes brings $30 a pound. The root when dry is light and pithy, yellow-white, of flat, insipid taste to the beginner of its use, though the trappers say that one can get in the habit of chewing it all the time. The roots are long and slender, and do not yield much to the plant, and the plant is scattered, a "patch" of it being held a lucky find. Brandis, who is one of the best of ginseng gatherers, had some at the camp, and we saw and tasted it. He says that often in getting this plant in the hot, close woods, the mosquitoes are so bad that the hunter has to keep a bit of lighted punk in his hand while he is working. Of course, he has to stoop over, with his face to the leaves, and the mosquitoes are too much for most men. Ginseng is sold nearly altogether for the China trade. Some dealers are dishonest and cheat the trappers who send in ginseng. One trapper "plugged" a lot of ginseng with shot once and made a good thing of it.

Trout.

Brandis had fished brook trout for market. He said the Evergreen had been the best stream he had fished in late years, but the catches were made by wading the stream down through the swamps, which was cold, hard work. The fly could not be used.

Muscallonge.

I was told that thousands of pounds of muscallonge had been annually speared and shipped in the winter from the Manitowish chain. This had not been done so much on the Turtle Chain (which is Chippewa water, lying to the north of Manitowish chain), except near the railroad, where the lakes were entirely cleaned out by the market men and Indians.

The feed of the big muscallonge is largely the "red horse," of which sucker the Turtle waters contain great numbers, they coming up in thousands in the spring.

Fay Buck told me that when they first went into some of the Turtle waters the 'lunge were very bold. On three different times he has had them strike at a metal-bound oar which flashed in the water. Once the teeth of the 'lunge marked the blade of the oar. This fish (or one taken near there soon after) weighed 29½lbs., and was caught by J. W. Donnell, of 254 Wabash avenue, Chicago. On No Man's Lake Fay had a 'lunge strike at a tin cup which he was trailing in his hand over the boat side. Mr. Donnell and Mr. Chas. Jarnegan, of 12 Sherman street, Chicago, saw this. The same thing happened on Rainbow Lake, in the presence of Dr. Smith. The latter wanted a drink, and Fay thrust the tin cup into the water, when a muscallonge struck it.

A 6lbs. muscallonge was found by Fay Buck with a 6lbs. sucker fast in its mouth. Both were dead.

Sea Serpent.

Our guides had heard tell of the famous sea serpent which once infested the Madison lakes, and which Mr. Norris called to mind. This creature used to chase the loons which lived in those lakes, according to Mr. Norris.

Flapjacks.

Fay was very expert at cooking flapjacks. He declared that he once threw a flapjack through a hole in the roof of a tent, and then went outside and caught it in the skillet, other side up, as it came down. This, it must be admitted, is thirty-third degree work.

Cedar Bark.

We learned that dry cedar bark makes the best kind of insoles for rubbers or overshoes, keeping the feet warm and dry and not chafing them.

Unknown Country.

We were told that we would in our trip cross lakes which are unmapped and unnamed, some of which have never had a boat on them, and have not had 200lbs. of fish taken from them. This more especially of the bass lake or the Presque Isle Chain, which are Lake Superior waters. We were on the head of the divide between Lake Superior and Mississippi waters, and between the Wisconsin and Chippewa River systems. The latter streams both flow into the Mississippi, and so their tributary waters carry muscallonge. Only Mississippi waters carry 'lunge, and north of the divide that fish is not found. Winding in and around the little known country lying at the very head of these water systems, in the highest part of Wisconsin and probably in the best fur country of the State, we now had 120 miles of traps to run on the total of the lines. To cover this each week in the depth of a Wisconsin winter (where the thermometer had been 30° below that month) was no light task for three men.

The Season's Catch.

The total product of the lines up to the time of our arrival (about Feb. 15) had been 7 lynx, 5 otter, 65 marten, 7 fox, 4 fisher, 40 mink, 700 muskrats (the latter taken in the earlier fall by boat trapping). Our trappers thought the season was nearly over, but believed they would clean up about $500 on their winter's work. I must say I thought they had earned it. In following chapters we shall perhaps see further into the life and methods of the modern fur trapper by continuing the actual story of our trip. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Natural History.

WHY ARE THERE SO FEW BLUEBIRDS?

BY MRS. LOUISE M. STEPHENSON, HELENA, ARK.

[A paper read before the American Ornithologists' Union.]

THROUGH nine years' observation of birds in this region—Helena, Ark.—it is safe to say there have been few sunny days, even in winter, in which one or more bluebirds have not been seen in my neighborhood. The year 1894–95 was no exception to the rule, and all went well with them until Jan. 28. That morning, while the snow was falling fast, four bluebirds were seen taking shelter in a martin house close to our windows. As the storm did not continue long and the sun shone at intervals next day, it was believed they had flown further south as soon as it ceased snowing. The weather, which was continuously cold for twenty-three days (a very unusual period here), moderated greatly after that, and as the owners of the little house might be looked for at any moment, it was taken down Feb. 28 for some needed repairs, and there were the four bluebirds, frozen to death.

With such evidence at hand, inquiry as to the number of dead birds found after the storm was instituted, and the answers though few were alarming, inasmuch as they showed what the effect had been on much hardier species than *Sialia sialis*. These, with replies to questioning letters sent later, and other material of the same character, form, when collected together, interesting though melancholy data. Feeling certain of this, and that my correspondents would not object to so proper a use of their reports, I take the liberty of submitting them in full; all were written in 1895.

LAGRANGE, Ark., April 1.—In answer to the inquiry about dead birds, I have to report the death of a great many bluebirds, and I would like to say that in my opinion the lessening number every year is from two causes, the severity of our recent winters and the ceaseless war made upon them by the English sparrows.—MOSES BURKE.

HELENA, Ark., March 15.—In answer to the request of March 12, I would say that one of my neighbors found a dead yellowhammer and two sparrows; another a robin, and still another two bluejays and two unknown gray birds, all evidently frozen to death.

OLD ORCHARD, Mo., March 22.—With the exception of ducks and blackbirds, birds generally are still scarce. The most extraordinary feature is the almost total absence of bluebirds and robins from their breeding places. There are some troops of robins present, and once in a while we hear the carol of a bluebird; but they seem to be strangers, and only here in transit. Our robins and bluebirds are not with us yet, and the question arises, will they come or are they all dead? Did they get killed or only chilled? It is most unusual for them to stay away so long. The weather here is not unusually cold. It is not forward, like last year, but we cannot yet call it unusually backward.—OTTO WIDMANN.

OLD ORCHARD, Mo., April 3.—Unfortunately our bluebirds have not yet come. The carol of this loveliest of early spring birds used to be heard everywhere. This year it is a rare treat. On the 27th ult. I went to Dardenne, forty-three miles north of St. Louis, and came back on the 29th. On this trip I did not see or hear a single one. On the 30th I went to Creve Cœur Lake and heard one during the whole afternoon, and in a region where I used to hear a dozen. It may be some will come yet, but I doubt it.

May 7.—Bluebirds are still scare in the neighborhood of Old Orchard.—OTTO WIDWANN.

MEXICO, Mo, April 20.—I am impressed with the almost total absence of the bluebird from my region this spring. I have seen none and heard of only a few. This absence extends well over my county, as I have heard from inquiry. Have written North, and now ask you about them.—J. N. BASKETT.

ROCKFORD, Ill., April 21.—I have not seen or heard a single specimen of the bluebird since the middle of January (previous to our extreme cold). To-day I took a long tramp afield on purpose to find one, but was disappointed. I can hardly think that it was the extreme weather that destroyed them, as they are quite hardy little fellows. It is not uncommon to see one or two here off and on through the winter.—J. E. DICKINSON.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., April 22.—I have not noticed any unusual diminution in the number of bluebirds in this immediate vicinity. At best they cannot be called a *common* bird here of late years, and we do not often see them during the winter months, unless the weather be mild. This winter, though severe in parts, was not an abnormally cold one with us, and I don't think our winter residents suffered from it to an unusual extent.—THOMAS JACKSON.

STANFORDVILLE, N. Y., April 25.—The bluebirds do not winter here, as I presume you know. I have never seen them really abundant in my vicinity, but this spring they certainly are scarcer. The first one arrived March 11, and since then I have occasionally seen a few stragglers, or heard their voices in the distance; little companies of four or five taking the place of the flocks of eight or ten of previous years.—MARY HYATT.

MANCHESTER, Iowa, April 27.—One pair of bluebirds only, as far as heard from, has been seen in this vicinity—I have seen none—where pairs other years have come with the robins. Our birds came late this year. How account for the missing bluebirds?—MRS. MARY L. RANN.

ORANGEVILLE, Mich., June 6.—Due inquiry has been made in regard to the bluebird, and all are positive that they have decreased sadly. Mr. Townsend, who is out in the woods and about his farm continually, says he has looked for them the past ten days, and has not seen one. I saw one pair here a month or six weeks ago. The robins are not as plentiful as formerly either.—ELI NICHOLS.

LACON, Ill., June 6.—This spring I doubt if there is a bluebird in our country. They were very plentiful here in years gone by. Do not know why they are not here now, unless the English sparrows have driven them away.—MRS. MARY I. BARNES.

EASTHAMPTON, Mass., June, 11.—I am sorry to say that we too have missed nearly all our bluebirds this spring. I know of but one pair nesting here, and have seen very few. In fact all our birds, with one or two exceptions, have fallen off in numbers this year. The bluebirds do not winter here, but the cold weather extended so far south this winter that many species must have suffered. We have some faint idea this season what spring would be without birds.—MARY E. BRUCE.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, June 10.—I have been looking up my notes and those of my acquaintances in regard to the bluebird. The species is a common spring and fall migrant and breeds north and east of here. Contrary to the bulk of the notes I have lately noticed, I have found the bluebird fully as common this year as any other. I have found them breeding in March in the heavily timbered country east of San Antonio, and have reliable information that they were as numerous as usual in the hills northwest of here. From what I have noted it seems to me that more bluebirds than usual remained to breed in this part of Texas this year.

The snow of Feb. 14–16 did not affect any of the birds of this locality, as far as I was able to judge, although snow is itself a rare winter visitant. I trust the bluebirds will be found before long. I cannot imagine how a species so numerous could be utterly blotted out. One unusual occurrence this year was the late leave-taking of the robins, which were here in countless thousands throughout the winter. My last note reads: "April 20, six robins seen in San Pedro Springs—will any remain to breed?" Whether this was due to the very cold weather I am not prepared to say.—ARTHUR H. W. NORTON.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Oct. 26.—In latter part of March, 1895, observed one bluebird; only one was seen or heard during spring of 1895, and they are very abundant here generally. In late May took a fifty-nine miles buggy ride through a territory just suited to them and where they are generally common, and did not see one. In the first week in October, 1895, a friend (reliable) reported a flock of forty bluebirds. Could hardly believe him. I rode out with him about the middle of month and saw nine old and immature bluebirds at side of road. About Oct. 20 I saw a dozen old and immature bluebirds. These flocks were all migrants.—*From Notes made by Dr. Morris Gibbs.*

OLD ORCHARD, Mo., Oct. 30.—As regards our friend Blueback I have good news. From about the middle of September to the middle of October I had the great pleasure of meeting small troops of six to twelve bluebirds, families probably in different parts of St. Louis county and in St. Charles county, and the dear old call of wandering bluebirds was almost daily in the air. This shows that not all hope is gone, though it may take many years before they become as plentiful as before. In traveling through the country I used to see numbers of bluebirds along the railroad lines, but this year all the way from St. Louis to Boston, via Cleveland, Buffalo and Albany, I did not see a single one, either going (in August) or returning (in September).—OTTO WIDMANN.

This closes the correspondence. What follows has been clipped, as indicated, from different newspapers:

Not a bluebird has been seen in Taliaferro county this year, according to the *Savannah Press*. Possibly they have been ousted by the jaybirds, who mistook this county for their regular Friday assembling place.—*Rome Tribune.*

A gentleman from London, Canada, visiting Boston, reports that there, too, the bluebirds have entirely failed to appear this spring. It would be comforting to know for certain if it is the cold that has killed these shy, delicate little companions of man. Undoubtedly this is so. The gentleman just mentioned says his grounds were full of half-frozen crows one week, so torpid and miserable that they could be taken up by the hand.—*Boston Transcript.*

One of the curators of the Smithsonian Institution, who makes special provision for birds on his suburban place, picked up seven dead bluebirds on his grounds after the blizzard last February, and found fourteen more dead in a bird house. He has not seen a living bluebird this year. The shooting of birds this season will nearly amount to extermination.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat, June 5.*

Rev. T. F. Cargill, of Fulton county, Arkansas, cut down a hollow tree one day last week and found a number of dead bluebirds in it. He thinks they froze to death.—*Stuttgart (Ark.) Free Press.*

I write, and with regret, to record the fact not generally known, that in consequence of the protracted cold winter the beautiful little bluebirds were exterminated. Being insectivorous, their natural food was not to be had during the long cold spell and starvation was their sad fate. Not one is left in all this country to propagate the species. The habits of birds, like those of man, are marked by zones; hence I fear we will never know the beautiful little bird again.—*W. T. Hollis in Pine Bluff (Ark.) Commercial.*

I have not done as much collecting this season as in former ones, but have been around the country considerably and have failed to see a single pair of bluebirds nesting—something very unusual for these parts, as they are one of our most common birds, or at least have been in former years. I am in hopes our good ôölogists will spare what few are left for a few years until they can be heard again in the latter part of March, singing their mournful chirp high up in the air when the ground is covered with snow.—*Almon E. Kibbe, Mayville, N. Y., Aug. 2, in the Nideologist.*

Returning to my own district. Two pairs of bluebirds nested within two miles of the city this season, but of more than that the most diligent inquiry has brought no evidence. The morning of Oct. 28 a friend telephoned: "Six bluebirds in my neighborhood.' Since his observation has been the same as my own up to the present, and these remained near him only a few moments, they were

beyond doubt migrants, which it is hoped will go this time beyond the danger line.

And now I may be pardoned for changing Mr. Kibbe's "spare the bluebirds for a few years" into "forever," and for asking if it is necessary that every man and boy who fancies for a few months he has a taste for science to murder such birds as bluebirds, robins and many other as well-known species?

If it is, then every house in the land may become the workshop of the amateur taxidermist, and knowledge gained at such cost by Audubon, Wilson and other self-sacrificing scientests might as well have died with them.

Game Bag and Gun.

OHIO QUAIL AND HOSPITALITY.

MASSILLON, O., Dec. 3.—*Editor, Forest and Stream:* Anticipation is a wonderful thing; realization is glorious. But how often do we experience both in relation to the same event? In the event which I am writing about I can truthfully say almost always. My friend Bill and I have for several years taken our annual quail hunt among the hills of Coshocton county, and from the time the cool breezes of fall begin to appear until the date of our departure anticipation gets in its work. You know how it is. We talk over the prospects, get our traps in order, take our dogs out for regular exercise in order to harden them for the four or five days of hard work which is before them—and it is hard work, as Coshocton county is one of the hilliest in the State. Oh, anticipation is a wonderful thing. When we are finally landed at our destination realization comes to the front "with both feet;" of course we do not always realize quite what we anticipate—who does? But we always have a glorious time and have never yet failed to bring home at least a fair bag.

In the neighborhood of our shooting grounds the farmers are nearly all Germans, good old-stock Germans, who are chock full of genuine hospitality, who treat you with the utmost kindness during your stay—the kind that will drop farm work in order to accompany you and point out the best grounds, and who seem to consider it an act of condescension on your part for honoring them with a visit. Bill has been hunting in this locality for eight or ten years, and is so popular with our German friends that his yearly visit is looked forward to with pleasure, and nothing is too rich for him in their estimation. The first time he invited me to accompany him on this trip we arrived at Chili station on the C. C. & S. R. R. about noon, and started to hunt across country about three miles to the farm of Valdine Huprich, away up among the hills, one of Bill's old standbys.

When we arrived it was about 2:30 and Huprich and his sons were in the field husking corn, but good old Mrs. Huprich welcomed us with genuine German hospitality, and going into the yard let out a peculiar yell which echoed from hill to hill. It was immediately answered by another which had a deep, masculine tone and seemed to come out of the clouds. This was the signal from wife to husband that he was wanted at the house, and in a few moments I beheld a very tall form stalking down the hill through the fields, and was soon introduced to the proprietor of the farm. "Vell, poys, haf you had your dinner?" said he. "Come, mutter, hurry up dot dinner for Pill und his frient." We were soon doing full justice to a square country meal, after which Pap, as Bill called him, said, "Vell, poys, got dem goons retty und I go mit you. Hay, Jake!" he yelled to his eldest son, a strapping young fellow of 25, "Pill's here. Youst led dot husking go und go oud mit him after dem guails."

As soon as Jake arrived we started up the hill back of the barn, Jake and I in front, Pap and Bill behind. As we were about to enter a stubble field on top of the hill the old man remarked, "Say, dot's petter you led Pill got in front."

I "caught on" at once, for Bill had told me previously that the old man imagined that there was only one man on earth that could slay quail, and his name was Bill, so I stepped aside with Jake and allowed Bill and Pap to set the pace. We soon became separated after entering the field, and while Bill and his backer were at one end of it, Jake and I took the center, and before I knew it I stumbled into a small covey of birds. I luckily knocked two down—one with each barrel. Jake opened his eyes in astonishment, but said nothing. Calling Bill, he came up to us and I told him where I had marked them down on a hillside in the woods. We started after them, and to my intense delight Bill missed his first three clear, while I added two more to my string. All this in plain sight of Pap. About this time Pap remembered that he had something to do at the house, and left us.

That night when we came in we had nine birds, and as we took them from our pockets preparatory to hanging them in the spring house, Pap came down and asked Jake, "How many pirds vas you got?" Jake replied: "Nine." "Who kilt dem?" "Pill kilt two und dis feller kilt sefen." Pap looked at me, and in a voice which plainly showed that he was disappointed that his idol was ruthlessly shattered, but still betokened admiration for the victor, said: "Say, by Chimminy! you can shoot a liddle, can'd you?"

This is where I wiped Bill's eye, and while I felt that I had ingratiated myself into the heart of the honest old German, I knew that Bill was the pre-eminent individual who held the admiration of Pap Huprich, and fully realized that he had strong hopes of his favorite redeeming himself on the morrow; nor was he disappointed, for while my chum did not have a majority of 7 to 2, he had a slight one which was sufficient to please the old man. But I have been just conceited enough to imagine that Pap has since divided his stock of admiration about equally between Bill and I.

This year we have been listening to the reports of brother sportsmen who have hunted in other directions with many misgivings. They have all reported bad luck, few birds and hard hunting, but as Bill said, "It's a mighty cold winter that will freeze them all out among the hills and rocks of old Coshocton county," and we have found it so. The birds suffered last winter without doubt. Farmers tell of birds frozen on the ground; but there was seed left, and we found enough to give us three days of fair shooting; and if this winter is not too severe we will have enough birds next season to give us plenty of fun, for we are not game hogs, and are satisfied with a moderate number of birds. On our last trip, which is just ended, we killed forty-six quail, two pheasants and twelve rabbits. Not a big bag, it is true, but enough to satisfy us. For my part I never could see the sense in killing forty or fifty birds a day for several days when they are not needed particularly. As for rabbits, if we had taken a rabbit dog or two we could have killed a cartload, as they are very numerous in that section this year. Pheasants are unusually scarce, only four being seen on the entire trip, although we hunted some excellent grounds, where in former years Bill has bagged large numbers. But the real pleasure of a trip of this kind to a man who is "chained to business" and can only get away once a year lies in the anticipation, the genuine hospitality of his farmer friends, the entire absence of the cares of business and the realization of his hopes of a moderate bag of brown beauties, and last, but not least, the gratification he feels when he is able to present a few of his trophies to his non-hunting friends.

ALMAS.

AN AROOSTOOK MOOSE.

I HAD been encamped on the shore of Grand Lake Sebois, in Aroostook county, Maine, for some days, and my guide and I had heard moose at intervals sounding their calls and challenges to each other from the neighboring ridges and across the waters of the lake. But, though we had ourselves on several occasions sounded the cow's call to the monarch of the woods, both at sunset and at dawn, we had not succeeded in obtaining a sight of the animal with which I so earnestly desired a short interview.

Finally Alvah (my guide) and I decided to penetrate a little further into the woods, and, after an early breakfast the next morning, we packed our blankets, extra clothing and sufficient provisions for several days into our canoe and started. Our intention was to ascend Wadleigh Brook, one of the tributaries of Grand Lake, look for signs and call at such places as seemed to promise a successful result.

My rifle was a new one, a half magazine .45-90 Winchester repeater which I had purchased especially for this trip in deference to the wishes of Maine guides, whom I have frequently heard state that they preferred to have sportsmen carry rifles of large caliber when hunting moose. Alvah carried no rifle, for I did not mean to let anyone share with me the honor of shooting my first moose. The sequel showed that the caliber of my rifle was none too large.

We paddled up the lake for about a mile and then entered the mouth of Wadleigh Brook. We ascended the brook for two miles, and while I kept a lookout for any stray bull that might be crossing the stream or the bogs through which the brook wound its way, I cast a piece of pork rind with a light rod here and there among the lily-pads in an unsuccessful search for pickerel, with which the stream abounds in summer, but which seemed to have sought the deeper waters of the lake at the approach of cold weather.

At the end of the two miles we found a barrier where the stream found its way over a rocky bed and where the water was too low for the canoe. Exploration resulted in finding a carry of about one-quarter of a mile in length, and after having lunched we transported the canoe and impedimenta, noticing fresh moose tracks on the carry, and re-embarked. At this place the banks showed many large hoof prints in the mud, and making a mental note of one promising place at least, for a "call," we continued our voyage of investigation, observing that there were low wooded ridges on both sides of the stream, from which they were separated by wide bogs—ideal conditions for moose.

About 100yds. above the carry the brook divided, and we had time before sundown to ascend both branches. We saw no more fresh moose tracks, although the lily-pads had been so completely cropped that the projecting stems resembled a stubble field. Their ends were shriveled, however, and their height above the water level showed that the cropping had occurred some weeks before, when the water was higher.

By this time the sun was getting low and we hurriedly paddled back to the "fork" in the brook above the carry where we had noticed the tracks, and took up our station, backing the canoe up against the bank. The sun by this time had set in an uncloudy sky, and it was growing cold. There was no wind, and there was no sound to disturb the impressive stillness that intensifies the solemnity of the woods as night approaches. Alvah took up his birch bark horn and sounded the call.

Low as the notes were given, since a bull might be so near as to readily detect any false tone or cadence, the sound of the two preliminary deep grunts, with the following long-drawn "low," slowly increasing and swelling in volume to its height, and then gradually dying away without any lowering of the pitch, was so far-reaching that it aroused the echoes of the hills, which repeated the call in softened tones. The echo had hardly died away when there came back to us from the opposite ridge the sound of a deep thump, but so faintly that I could just barely hear it, and Alvah told me, in a low, excited whisper, that a bull moose had answered and was coming. A whispered conversation informed me that the moose was not far off, probably not more than three-quarters of a mile, and that he would be with us presently—the conversation being interrupted by a frequent "Hush, do you hear that grunt?" from Alvah, and a confession from me that I did not, but an anxious inquiry whether the moose was approaching. I was assured that he was.

Presently I felt the canoe shake as if it had a chill, and as the shaking recurred at intervals, I found that Alvah was shivering with cold, not excitement; so I hastily made him don my sweater, for a violent shiver of the canoeman was not conducive to a steady aim by the sportsman. Then we waited, withdrawing the canoe still further under the cover of the bank, and I wished that a life in the city did not have a tendency to dull the sense of hearing.

After about thirty minutes from the time of the bull's first answer had elapsed, during which twilight had rapidly changed into dusk, the grunts ceased and Alvah told me that the moose was crossing the bog.

Fifteen minutes more of the nervous tension of waiting and rapidly growing darkness passed, and then we both heard the sound made by a heavy animal in crossing the brook below us, splashing the water and striking the rocks with his hoofs. With an excited exclamation, Alvah shoved the canoe out into the stream and paddled down, stopping at a point where I could faintly distinguish about 60yds. below us two large black objects standing out in relief between the two banks.

"Shoot that moose!" from Alvah in a feverishly excited low whisper.

"Where is he?" from me.

"Shoot that moose!" was the only reply.

Afraid to wait any longer, I raised my rifle and three successive cannon-shots broke the stillness,* the bullets being fired at what I found the next morning to be a large bush surrounding a small tree standing where the stream made a bend.

There was no resulting sound to indicate any effect of my shot and the two black objects were motionless.

Again, "*Shoot that moose!*" from Alvah, this time in hoarser and more excited tones.

"Where is he?" was my reply.

"The canoe is pointed at him, can't you see him? He is standing right there, looking at us, shoot!" was Alvah's responsive rejoinder.

I overlooked the tone of command because of his evident excitement; but as the canoe was pointed at both objects indifferently, I was tempted to laugh at the indefiniteness of the information. Still, as I had fired three times at one of the objects without any result, I decided to try the other one. This time my shot was followed by a commotion, and then, as I could plainly see, the moose turned and, splashing the water at every step, recrossed the brook in the direction whence he had come. I hastily fired two more shots at him while he was crossing, and then I could hear him crash into the alders on the opposite bank and force his way into them.

"Did I hit him?"

"Hush!"

After an interval, during which I could hear nothing, I was told that the moose was wounded, and we decided to leave the place and return in the morning, as we could not track him in the darkness, while any noise that we made would result only in either causing the moose to run further or provoke an attack which would be dangerous.

Accordingly we left the place, and passed the night lying wrapped up in our blankets in a clump of cedars on the bank of the stream about three-quarters of a mile away.

With the first appearance of light in the east we paddled back to the spot where the moose left the brook and entered the alders. We could see new tracks in the mud on the bank, but could find no blood and no signs to indicate the direction which he took. With many doubts of ever seeing our quarry again, we began to make circles through the alders in hope of discovering something to guide us.

In making one of my circles, one wider than that which Alvah was following, I happened to look out over a small open spot in the bog beyond the alders, and saw between the trunks of the low cedar trees which dotted the bog what seemed to me to be the antler of a moose. Closer inspection convinced me that it was, and I saw it move. I called to Alvah, and we both approached the spot. We found the moose lying down and we cautiously advanced toward him.

He turned his head and looked at us, but although we were not more than 20ft. away he made no demonstration. He was lying in such a position that there was no vulnerable point exposed except his head, which of course I did not wish to injure.

Concluding that he was unable to rise to his feet, we approached still closer. But we were in error. When we were about 12ft. from him the bristles on his back became erect, a dangerous gleam appeared in his eyes, and he began to scramble to his feet. With a shout to me to run, Alvah, who was unarmed, himself ran like a deer, and dodged behind a cedar some yards off. I followed him a short distance and then turned, with the one idea that the moose was on his feet and would escape. But I found that he had no intention of escaping, but was charging upon me, hampered, however, as I subsequently discovered by a broken leg, the result of one of my shots of the night before. I saw nothing at the time that he was charging, however, but a huge black breast, at which I fired as fast as I could work the lever and pull the trigger.

My fourth shot (my seventh in all, for my last three shots of the preceding evening and these four had all been effective) proved fatal, and the moose fell heavily on his side. He was lifeless.

With the blood coursing rapidly through my veins and my heart thumping, I gazed upon my first moose.

His antlers proved to have a spread of 4ft., and, estimated from the number of points, he was about 8 years old.

J. E. HINDON HYDE.

OCT. 20.

* The silence of the woods can be appreciated from the fact that I subsequently learned that my shots were heard and correctly counted by men working on a dam five miles distant.

Mr. Baird has Luck.

WHILE Mr. Evins Baird, one of the employees at Mt Orford Lodge, was passing along the base of the mountain last Saturday morning, he had the fortune to see the largest deer that these woods produce. As good luck would have it Mr. Baird had his Winchester with him and with one shot the beauty was his. Mr. Baird had to leave his prize in the woods and go out for help to convey the deer home. The dressed meat weighed 200lbs. The antlers measure 32in. from tip to tip and are as fine a pair as this country produces, and can be seen at the residence of Mr. Miron Gould. Messrs. Harry Hobbs and Butler Aldrich had the good fortune to run on to Mt. Orford Lodge last Friday night at bed-time, where they were welcome to a hot pot of pork and beans and other dainties such as a lumber camp contains. They eased their sore feet and told of deer that they came near getting, then piled into bed feeling more comfortable than they would had they not found the Lodge and roosted under a bush.—*Magog (Quebec) Enterprise.*

Mr. Burnham gets a Moose.

318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 8.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* Jock Darling and self have been out in the Maine forests after moose. I got one

J. B. BURNHAM.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

INDIANA QUAIL SHOOTING.

FOR the last twenty years nearly every opening day and sundry following days have found me in the stubbles and cornfields after quail, and this year was no exception. Opening day this year was drawn blank for the forenoon, but in the afternoon two bevies were found, from one of which seven birds were bagged and two from the other, and on the way home four more were secured from a scattered bevy that had made lots of fun for a couple of shooters during most of the day. They told me afterward that they bagged eight of them and would have got more only the ammunition gave out, as they only had twenty shells apiece.

Old Joe is still my partner in these quail hunts; he is 8 years old and there are plenty of gray hairs among the black about his muzzle, and he whines about the high fences, but he knows more about quail than most men and is as enthusiastic as ever he was. Give him plenty of raw beef every night and he will do all the hunting that one man will care to follow. One day in each season Joe and I go to Economy to have a day with George Cook. George is a blacksmith and always too busy to hunt much, but when he does go he enjoys it. Joe and enjoy going with him too, for he seldom misses a fair shot and don't want to do all the shooting either. It is one of our rules that we shoot in turn at single birds, and under no circumstances do we both shoot at a bird the dog points. If the man shooting in his turn fails to kill it the bird goes free. Of course some birds get away that the other man might kill, but the shooter, knowing that it all depends on himself, and that a miss will be derided, does his very best; so after all the bag is probably as large as if we both shot at every bird. In thick brush our birds don't lie well to the dog and one cannot know whether his partner has any show for a shot, so then our rule is, "shoot whenever you see a bird."

One morning last week Joe and I drove up to George's shop and dared him to go after quail with us. George said he "wouldn't take no sech a dare," untied his apron, put the horse in the stable and said, "Now we'll get a few before dinner." We went to some big cornfields down in the creek bottom and walked up a bevy, while Joe was making a wide cast ahead of us. George got one and I failed to score. We thought we had them pretty well marked down, but after hunting half an hour and finding but one concluded we did not know so well about it and gave them up; but away up the "branch," while hunting for another bevy, we came on to them closely hid in thick grass and weeds. They got up "promiscuous like" all round us. We got in three shots apiece, George killing two and I none. It did not seem to be my day for shooting, for I had shot four times and had four misses, while George had four shots and four birds. We followed after some of the scattered birds and Joe pointed one. It being my turn to shoot, I had the luck to kill it. Soon afterward I walked up another and cut a lot of feathers out of it. George downed it as it flew past him, but neither we nor the dog could find it.

We then started to the house for dinner. About halfway to the house we missed Joe, and after twenty minutes of fruitless looking and whistling for him he backed out from under a nearby brush heap and looked at us with a why-don't-you-come-and-kill-this-rabbit expression on his face. I kicked the rabbit out and George killed it. Now I thought the way was clear to dinner, but Joe pointed another rabbit in the roadside hedge right in the edge of town. George shot at it, but it ran across the field and got under the meeting house, and George got a small dog and put it under the house *à la* ferret, and in about ten minutes he brought it out. This made us a little late to dinner, but the sausage and the sweet potatoes and the mince pie and coffee were all hot, and ample justice was done to them and all the other good things that George's wife always gets up.

After dinner we went leisurely down the hill and along the east road. A quarter of a mile from the house seven quail flushed from the edge of a cornfield, flew across the road through a strip of willow bushes and dropped in the short grass of the meadow. Joe pointed every one of them singly. George and I shot by turns. Four of the birds dropped dead, two to each of us. Each of us let one go away badly hurt, both of which Joe found afterward, one dead and the other unable to fly. The last one of the seven flushed unexpectedly, flying between us, confusing George so he did not shoot, so I fired both barrels at it, but too late to stop it. Half a mile further on Joe was trailing a bevy around a clump of thicket, and I, walking round the thicket to meet him, flushed them before he got within 50yds. of them. I got one, but George being on the opposite side, got no shot. There were twenty to twenty-five birds in this lot. They went into thick beech woods full of undergrowth. It was an abominable place to shoot, and as we approached the birds they began to get up wild from in front, from right and left, and a number flew out of the trees. For a few minutes there seemed to be flying quail everywhere, and our guns were being used as fast as we could handle them, but all the quail except three got away. We followed the scattered ones and got two more, making six bagged from this bevy.

After this we spent an hour working out an old field of weeds and briars and two more cornfields, but found nothing. We were half-way back to town when Joe pointed at the edge of a strip of weeds covering a hillside. I told George to go down and put them up, while I stayed on the hill to mark them. He got one when they rose, and I marked part of them in weeds thirty rods up the valley and close to the road, while some others went just across the road, dropping into short grass. Joe pointed in the weeds. Two birds flew, two guns discharged at once; there were two little clouds of feathers in the air and two quail fluttering in the middle of the road. After getting these birds Joe got into the field across the road, pointed, and again two birds got up and fell dead in the road. Knowing these birds were safe I did not let Joe go after them, because there were others in the grass close to us. Joe did not agree with me about this and had to be spoken to quite sharply. Before he had gone two rods he pointed again, and for the third time two birds rose, two guns cracked again, but (love for the truth compels me to say it) this time two birds flew right on over the hills and out of sight. Joe looked for a moment after the flying birds, turned and ran for the road. Jumping the fence, he picked up one of the dead birds, brought it and went right back for the other one. George said, "Aren't you glad I missed my bird?" "I'm just that mean," said I, "but rather than acknowledge it I put it t'other end foremost." "How's that?" asked George. "Why, so long as you missed your bird I'm glad I missed too," said I. "Yes, I see," said George. "That way of viewing it makes a man believe he is big, while the other way makes him feel small."

Joe pointed four more and we got two of them, and both missed another that flushed while we were both climbing the fence. "How many have we got, George?" "Don't know; let's count." So the pockets were emptied on the grass. "Nineteen, and five before dinner are twenty-four. That is enough, George. Let's go home;" and we went. George said, "Stay till morning;" but it was only seven miles to drive over a good road, and an hour later I was at my own supper table satisfying a great big appetite, while Joe lay in the yard tearing chunks of meat from a beef bone. Altogether it was one of the days that doesn't need to be written down to be remembered.

This is only one of a number of tramps after quail this season. Birds are not very plenty, but always get some. My note book shows that I have been out ten times this season with the following numbers bagged each trip: 14, 5, 5, 11, 3, 2, 12, 5, 12, 4. None of the trips except two were over five hours. I am using a full choke gun, and think the bags would have been one-fourth larger with an open patterned gun.

My note book shows that with a gun that makes a pattern of 150 the average of birds killed was 70 per cent. The gun used this season makes a pattern of 310, and the average of kills is 50 per cent. Why not continue using the open gun? Well, for two reasons. One is that it is rather too destructive on the birds when as scare as they are now, but the chief reason is that the close-shooting gun requires greater skill and more careful aim, and when it kills the shooter knows he did it about right and feels good over it. So soon as a man masters any weapon or tool he wants to try one more difficult. He is built that way. I felt that I had mastered the open-shooting gun, and wanted something that would further tax my skill and add more interest to the sport, and the close-shooting gun did it. I find that with the close gun fewer birds go away wounded, and there are fewer winged ones to chase through the weeds or dig out of brush piles. It is usually a clear miss or a clean kill.

Some critic says, "If you are so anxious to test your skill, better use a rifle." Now there are two extremes to this question: One is to use a gun that will carry enough shot and spread them wide enough to kill all the birds without the need of any skill, and the other extreme is to use one so close that the shooter can do no good with it. In the first case, he would soon feel that he was complete master of the situation, and lose interest in it. On the other hand, the skill of the shooter must be sufficient to produce fair results or there will be no satisfaction in it. A young friend became so enamored of quail shooting from seeing others shoot them that he has bought a dog and gun and hunted until he had fired 400 shots without bagging a bird, except three that he got by firing into the bevies as they rose. Here was a man born with the shooting instinct in him, but after persistent effort, finding he could not acquire the skill, it did not interest him and he gave it up. It was not because his instinctive love of the sport had failed; for after he had entirely given up shooting he used to follow me in the field, saying he liked to see the sport, if he could not do it himself.

The elements of pleasure in shooting are sufficient skill in getting shots and shooting to produce reasonable results, but there must remain the knowledge that there is more skill to be acquired and confidence in the ability to acquire at least some more of it. Besides this, there is the pleasure of getting wild creatures in our power. It is this desire to control or capture, and not the desire to kill, which sends us afield with the gun. If it was simply a desire to kill, it would answer the purpose and be cheaper to have the birds delivered alive in the back yard and shoot them whenever the killing mania attacked us. Many of us have eagerly pursued game, and after capturing it alive turned it loose, though we pursued it with full intention of killing it. So soon as we got it in our power we lost all desire to hurt it and would have fought in its defense. I once (without dog or gun) chased a rabbit four solid hours, and at last picked it up; during the last half hour of the chase I threw perhaps fifty clubs at it, each one of which I hoped would kill it, but after it was in my hands never thought of killing it; but after holding it a few minutes put it down, and did not even note which way it went. These finer feelings, of course, do not apply to the meat hunter, the man with a killing mania, nor does he ever enjoy the highest and best things in field sports.

O. H. HAMPTON.

More Maine Game Statistics.

THE Bangor & Aroostook Railroad sends us this record of deer, moose and caribou shipped from its stations during the months of October and November, 1895:

	October.			November.			Total.		
Shipped From.	Deer.	Moose.	Cari-bou.	Deer.	Moose.	Cari-bou.	Deer.	Moose.	Cari-bou.
Presque Isle	6	2	3	25	6	12	31	8	15
Mars Hill & Blaine	2	..	4	..	..	..	2	..	4
Oakfield	14	12	5	12	1	5	26	13	10
Island Falls	3	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
Crystal	46	1	5	2	1	1	48	2	6
Sherman	14	5	1	35	3	4	49	8	5
Stacyville	33	..	..	28	..	1	61	..	1
Grindstone	40	..	..	21	1	..	61	1	..
Millinocket	33	..	7	58	3	3	91	3	10
Norcross	159	11	2	81	..	2	240	11	4
West Seboois	17	..	..	23	..	..	40	..	..
Schoodic	52	4	..	16	..	..	68	4	..
Brownville	20	..	..	13	..	..	33	..	..
Milo	7	1	..	14	..	..	21	1	..
Katahdin Iron Works	20	1	1	53	..	1	73	1	2
Brownville Junction	6	..	..	9	..	..	15	..	..
Monson	3	..	..	13	..	..	16	..	..
Greenville	185	16	9	89	6	2	274	22	11
Shirley	..	..	..	1	..	..	1	..	..
Blanchard	3	..	..	1	..	..	4	..	..
Guilford	..	..	..	1	..	..	1	..	..
Sebec	6	..	..	6	..	..	12	..	..
Total	669	53	37	501	21	31	1170	74	68
Shipped in October and November, 1894	479	24	10	345	8	13	824	32	23

During October, November and December, 1894, there were shipped from the line of this road 1,001 deer, 45 moose and 50 caribou.

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TWO WEEKS ON LITTLE PRAIRIE.

Reprinted from the Minneapolis *Journal* by suggestion of Mr. W. B. Mershon, who thinks the FOREST AND STREAM readers should see it.

AITKIN, Nov. 22.—Just as soon as the game law of the good State of Minnesota made the deer thereof a legal target we started out in search of a good time primarily, and incidentally such venison as we could accumulate. We were R. H. Hartford, W. C. Palley, Stephen Stearns, Scott Way and "a literary cuss, who writes himself as we and us" in the columns of the Aitkin *Age*. Hartford, commonly called "Rube," is an old sailor, a thorough woodsman, a first-class cook, and as good a rifle shot as can be met in a day's travel anywhere. Palley is a veteran of the 36th Wisconsin, also an old woodsman and a past master in woodcraft, a fine shot and an excellent conversationalist. Stearns is a typical pioneer, at home anywhere, and able to make himself comfortable under any circumstances. Way is a young lumberman, and can work a Winchester like a bell punch, and the L. C. had his hands full to size up to his company, I can assure you.

Well, we started, taking Stearns's team, plenty of blankets, a sack of flour, some butter, sugar, tea, coffee, salt, baking powder, potatoes, onions and beans. As to meat, we took a round of salt pork. We had five rifles and two shotguns in the party, and only took the pork for use in baking beans, or in case of a "ground hog" necessity, which we did not fear. We also took a sheet iron camp stove, and of course ammunition galore, and off we went. Before we were three miles out of town we saw a flock of geese in an oatfield near the road, and Scott and I executed a flank movement on them, which resulted in eight fine, fat birds to start on. Of course we took enough cooked rations to last on our two days' journey to our hunting grounds, and only stopped to feed the horses and when night overtook us. When passing Sandy Lake we discovered lots of ducks, and made six of them our own. We could not tarry long, though duck shooting there was fine, but pushed straight on for our destination, which we reached at 8 o'clock the second night after leaving home. Our lodge in the wilderness was an abandoned logging camp in a fair state of preservation, and half a day's work of all hands sufficed to make it very comfortable. We had to build a temporary barn for the horses, but we had plenty of axes and knew how to use them, and the job was soon finished. A kindly lumberman, who was not aware of our coming, had stacked a lot of hay in a neighboring meadow, and as we had brought plenty of oats, our four-footed allies were in as good care as reasonable horses could ask while we stayed.

After our house was put in order we proceeded to build a fireplace outside, taking as large green logs as we could handle to build it with, and digging a hole about 2ft. square and as many deep in the center. As the object of the hole may not be apparent to such as are not hunters, I will explain its use. First you dig the hole, then you build a fire in and over it and keep the fire going till you have the hole filled with live coals. We had a sheet of sheet iron, with a ring in the center to lift it by, and whenever we were through cooking for the nonce we clapped the iron over the coals and we always had fire, and plenty of it, at our command. Before we fired a shot we provided wood enough for two weeks' consumption, cutting dry tamarack and poplar and green white birch, all of which are easily accessible at any logging camp, and which make a splendid combination for cooking and camp-warming purposes, and right here I'll let city men who go camping and only too often get more vexation than enjoyment out of it, into a secret. First of all do as we did and institute a fair division of labor at the start, and he who will not adhere to it don't let him eat. Second, get the best baking powder in the market for your bread, put in lots of it and bake only before a fire of dry poplar wood.

Of course you will have a tin "baker" along, and be sure to take two or more baker sheets. Keep your coal hole ever full of live coals, and all you have to do is to parboil a pot full of beans at night, cover them up in the coals and you have as appetizing a dish for breakfast as hungry hunter could ask, and one that will support you in the long, hard tramping you needs must do, if you ever hope to crimson your hand with deer's blood; and if you have a soul capable of rising above the pitiful conventionalities of society, you can enjoy the rarest dish ever mortal man set tooth in by the aid of that same coal hole, and due hearkening to the wisdom of the sage who speaketh. Take, therefore, such grouse, partridge or duck as you may kill, making the proportion one for each man, wrap each bird, unset and undrawn, in clay enough to thoroughly cover it and place it tenderly in your pit, cover it with live coals and over it build a fire, wherewith you cook your potatoes, boil your tea or coffee, or what not. When the rest of your cooking is complete shovel out the coals, and carefully taking out your clay-covered birds you will find them enveloped in a substance somewhat like potters' ware, breaking which ware to pieces, in the process stripping your bird completely of feathers and skin, you will find underneath what no *chef* on earth can serve up, *i. e.*, a game bird cooked to perfection, without the loss of one jot of its natural flavor or one tittle of its natural juices. Follow the hunters' rule; don't commit the sacrilege of putting a knife into it; just take it into your fingers, sprinkle on salt and pepper as you like, eat it down to the bones, and if its savor, flavor and all-round exquisite goodness don't make you "thank God for the room that was inside you" before you took the first bite—there'll be none before you take the last—you were born without either soul or palate, and are past praying for. Such was the bill of fare of the first dinner we took at Camp Hartford, as we named our habitation.

And then we made a "booyaw"—that's the way it's pronounced hereabouts anyhow, and any one hypercritical enough to find fault with the spelling can alter it to suit his pleasure. Now, there are booyaws and booyaws, of course, as there are cooks and cooks, but of such a booyaw as Rube Hartford makes there is only one. Our first day's hunt yielded a young doe, half a dozen partridges and sundry rabbits and squirrels. Rube had brought along his big kettle, and in that he concocted the divinest mess of venison, partridge, rabbit and squirrel, mixed with potatoes and onions, that ever fulfilled to hungry man's stomach the promise it gave to his nostrils. And from the first day the booyaw pot was never empty. We kept it always full, and every morning, on starting to hunt, set it on the iron slab over the live coals, and every time a man was hungry he'd only take the lid off the pot fork out what he wanted to eat and fill in. And just re

member that our meals, toothsome as they were, were seasoned with Spartan sauce, and you will readily conceive that we had no trouble in reaching the state of beatitude where a man is thankful that he is alive, and wouldn't change places with the Czar of Russia or any other potentate on earth.

As to our other domestic arrangements, they were of the simplest, and in simplicity lies perfection. We made a pen, seven feet long, across one end of the camp, filled it full of hay and fir boughs, and spread our blankets on top of both. A softer, warmer bed no man desires, and if a man wishes to experience the deep, dreamless sleep of boyhood, just let him take a couple of weeks' vacation next November, go hunting in the Minnesota pine woods, follow our example as here set forth, and if he don't get his wish his conscience and digestion are beyond repair. As become good woodsmen, we used our tussacks for pillows. A "tussack" is simply a grain sack, into which extra clothing, tobacco and such can be packed, and which can be carried across the back by means of a stout cord. As to dishes, knives, forks and so forth, of course, we had them, but used them as little as might be. Each man had his own and looked after them. Some washed them after each meal, while others gave them "a lick and a promise"—that is, licked them as clean as possible and then polished them cleaner and brighter on his trousers. I know that may sound horrifying to ears polite, but it is wonderful how soon even the ultra fastidious yield to the charm of free, untrammeled woods life and become as "rowdyish and bully" as the most unregenerate lumber jack.

The hunting was excellent; it always is, but the quarry was not near as abundant as it would have been had we a little snow. The woods were as dry as a chip, and to get through them without making noise enough to scare all the game within a mile would have puzzled an Indian. But the deer were thick, and we were hunting for pleasure, not for profit, and so bore our first poor luck with good grace. We easily got all we could eat, and let scarce a day go by that we did not hang up a deer somewhere in the woods. And right here let me tell you that the man who goes deer hunting must remember that he has to match his craft against the instinct of the wariest creature that breathes; that he must exercise the utmost patience, fortitude and judgment before he gets a shot, and must have and conquer the "buck ague" before he kills. We did no hunting in the morning. Only the Indian and the most expert of white hunters ever accomplish anything at that. The reason is that the deer are all hidden from about daylight till the middle of the afternoon in swamps and thickets, and the only specimen of their kind abroad are bucks on amatory errands, who are as wary on such occasions as a cat on a cream stealing expedition, and as hard to get a good sight of. I did try watching for one of the antlered gentry on a runway, where the sign told me he was in the daily practice of traveling, but my object was defeated by the deer's natural ally, the little red squirrel. I had found good cover under a stump commanding the runway, and was watching it both ways, with my soul in my eyes, when bunny showed up. Bunny promptly ascended a tree and set up a chattering which could be heard for half a mile. I tried throwing sticks at him, but he only ran up the tree and went into wilder paroxysms of wrath at my presence. I tried going away, and stayed away an hour, but the little red fiend was on hand again on my return, and set up his infernal chatter at a greater rate than ever. He was too insignificant to kill, and so I left him pounding the termination of his spinal column against the tree and chattering as wrathfully as ever; and so time wore on until our first week was nearly up, and we had eaten two deer and had three hung up. It may sound like a Gargantuan feat to say we had eaten three deer, but if you had ever eaten such booyaw as Rube made, and such venison steaks as we broiled over the coals—of course we brought a broiler along—you would wonder at the moderation we exercised in the face of the opportunities we had.

But one night the snow came, and in the next three days we hung up fourteen, including two of as pretty bucks as you ever looked at. Our mode of hunting was each man for himself. Each started out and worked over the ridges, eyes all over him, and ears ever on the alert. Each practiced the cardinal principles of successful deer hunting, which is, never have a cartridge in your rifle chamber until you are ready to shoot; never shoot till you plainly see what you are shooting at, and never jerk your trigger; always press it; and it paid us a hundred fold. Only one deer fairly hit got away from us, and had we not been too far from camp at the time to follow him I think we would have added him to our collection. Out of the twenty victims of our skill but two had fallen to my rifle up to our last day's hunting—and I began to think that the laugh was on me, both being does—when a wonderful piece of luck came to me that put me well with the party—who didn't see the elegant snap I had—and which I will briefly describe. I was walking campward about 4 o'clock in the afternoon after a long and vain trudge after a shot, and had the good luck to be traveling against the wind—which is the one way to travel if you want to find a deer at your journey's end—and had sat down against a stump for a few moments' rest, when I suddenly caught sight of a fine deer some forty rods away from me. I rested my rifle on the stump and held fairly in the middle of her forehead. My aim was sure as death, and I was slowly pressing the trigger when she began to cut up in a way that was never meant for my edification, but which put an idea into my head which secured her a reprieve. Have you ever seen a pretty girl on the street who is willing to commence a flirtation with a good-looking young fellow on the opposite side of the street, but wants him to take the initiative? Of course you have, if you are familiar with city streets, and equally of course you can form a good idea of that doe's actions without being told. I tumbled at once. There was a king of bucks at hand, and I risked losing the doe at hand to get him. I knelt there, like a very homely model of a statue of patience on a monument, for I don't know how long—it seemed two hours at least—when the doe suddenly threw up her head and ran off, yet slowly, and as one not unwilling to be overtaken, and the next moment the antlered monarch of the woods came in sight—a perfect picture of virile strength and beauty—perfectly oblivious to everything but the relenting fair so coyly, yet slowly, retiring before his ardent pursuit, and giving me the chance of a lifetime. I saw he would pass within 30yds. of me, and let him come on unmolested till his flank was fairly opposite the stump, when I sent two shots into him as fast as I could pull. He ran on for 88 paces—I paced the distance afterward—but he fell, and I found both balls had gone through his heart. When I cut his throat not a teaspoonful of blood fell on the knife, every drop of blood had been pumped out of his body before he fell. I disemboweled him, made a sled Indian fashion out of basswood saplings, bound with their own bark, put my prize on it and with labor as hard as ever man knew, but as sweet as sweet could be in view of what I was dragging, dragged him to camp. I had him weighed when we got back to Aitkin, and he tipped the scales at 225lbs. His antlers were as fine a pair as ever I saw, and will soon ornament the home of one of Minnesota's ablest jurists. When I got into camp Rube gravely proposed to hoop me, to avert danger of bursting, and to tell the truth I was shooting mammoth bucks all night. The next day we broke camp, and in three days' travel we reached home, tired, dirty and ragged, but happy beyond compare. KELL.

MERELY SQUIRRELS.

UNTIL a man has had his annual outing in which his favorite tastes have been gratified everything else seems tame and insignificant. He has dreamed of Maine, of the Adirondacks, of the great West; he has been there or elsewhere, had his adventures and misadventures, and come back and told about them. Then he begins to realize that no more trips of that sort will be vouchsafed to him in 1895, and he looks about him for some of the lesser sports within his reach. The elk, the moose and the deer are no longer accessible; but there are the quail, the grouse, the rabbits and the squirrels, and they are all within a very few hours' ride from the city. Yes, he will have a try at them, take the edge off from his yearning, and at least have the satisfacfion of smelling powder once again. Some such train of thought as this prompted me to get out my Parker last month, pack my faded and disreputable looking corduroys and take the afternoon train for a little town on the N. J. & N. Y. road. I had heard a well authenticated rumor that there were gray squirrels there. Now gray squirrels are the game on which I was brought up, and I have never gotten over a sneaking fondness for hunting them, although I am sometimes derided therefor by certain friends, who would rather thrash about in a blackberry patch all day for a single quail than to shoot a string of squirrels.

I am prepared to defend my position and give logical reasons for a fondness for the sport. In the first place, it takes you into the big, clean woods, which is better than brush and briars and swamp. It is still-hunting too, and surely, from the sportsman's standpoint, that is all right. Both the eye and the ear are called into play, and a considerable knowledge of the squirrel's habits and tricks is necessary to insure success. Then there are easier things to shoot than a squirrel on the run, and I have seen very good field shots make some unaccountable misses when they attempted to stop him in his erratic course.

Be that as it may, I got back to first principles and went squirrel hunting. Everything was favorable, including the weather and the applejack at the little hotel where I stopped. I was in the woods before it was fairly light, and it was not long before the familiar squawk of a squirrel came from a bunch of oaks near by. Careful investigation revealed two, and the full-choked 12-gauge landed them both.

I do not propose to follow out the details of the day's sport which made a boy of me again, but merely to "obey orders and report my luck to FOREST AND STREAM." I saw ten squirrels, and bagged seven of them and a rabbit. Had a snap shot at a partridge and missed it clean. I couldn't lay it to the gun either, for it killed everything it was properly pointed at that day.

Just a day's squirrel hunt, that was all; but it was good to be there. The hazy autumn air was full of tonic, the pungent scent of the ripened leaves was a wholesome delight, and the woodland sights and sounds were a rest and a relief. And these are the little things which help to make life endurable. ARTHUR F. RICE.

SPORTSMANSHIP.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been taking great interest in all the different letters on the above that have appeared week by week in your paper, and now that it seems all can air their opinions on the subject (and that is as it should be), may I have the privilege of also saying a few words on the matter?

In your week's issue dated Nov. 30, 1895, I see a letter by a gentleman signing himself Orin Belknap, in which he expresses himself on the above subject, which I suppose will never reach solution while all people make a world, yet I can assure him of two things that I think are rather mistaken ideas in his letter on this subject, viz., the aspirations of the English language, and also his amusement at the ideas of the way in which a bird's condition should be to taste good to the poor deluded Britisher! To deal with these two points separately—firstly, I can assure your correspondent that the majority of educated Englishmen speak as good grammar, and aspirate the H as generally, as does the equally well educated American, and also one meets in America as uneducated men as in any other part of the world, England included.

In what condition game should be eaten is simply a matter of taste, and I think that if Mr. Orin Belknap has traveled to any extent over this continent he will have observed that there are numbers of his own countrymen who like a bird kept in moderation, and without being "Anglo-maniacs" at that.

To get to the point that is, however, now drawing our attention, viz., "What constitutes sportsmanship?"

In my humble opinion it is giving the quarry a chance for its life, and pitting your brains against the natural sagacity and cunning of the animal, bird or fish.

Take hunting with foxhounds, for instance, in a prairie or open country. Which constitutes in your readers' minds the higher ideal of true sport: to find a wolf or a fox and lay hounds on either of their respective trails, to have checks (on account of the cunning of the quarry or climatic causes) and then hit off the line again, and eventually, after a good gallop, with your hounds working out the puzzle in front of them, to mark to ground (and then to leave it there for another day); or to run in in the open after possibly an hour's work, and to ride home and ponder on the individual work of this hound here or how that puppy took up the trail there, and with only possibly one mask at your saddle; or to go out with the hounds, put up your quarry and gallop like a maniac, whooping and hallooing, ride over the poor brute, hitting it over the head with a stick, or shooting it about a mile or two from the start, and then ride home with possibly several pelts gained this way dangling at your saddle, your hounds trudging along behind wondering where their sport came in?

Also take greyhounds on the flat prairies; what greater murder than to put up a jack rabbit and chase it with eight or ten fast greyhounds, giving it no chance to double and picking it up in 20 rods or less, instead of running two hounds in a leash and giving the quarry a legitimate chance for its life?

Again, which is the better: to shoot a bevy of quail on the ground or a bunch of ducks on the water, or to get a smart right and left at the rise and know there are some birds left for another day?

Which is the better: to land a 1lb. trout with light tackle after a good bit of play, or to heave out over your head half a dozen 2lb. pickerel with a bamboo stick and a thin rope?

Also allow me to say that there are good sportsmen in America as well as in every nation in every part of the world, and also there are first-class poachers. As far as I can see, if the question comes in that the game is to be taken for food, then the idea throughout this letter is absurd; because who in his senses, when absolutely needing the wherewithal to live, would frighten a jack rabbit from its form to have the pleasure of shooting it running (with the possible chance of a miss) when he could quietly *pot* it when sitting; or scare up a bunch of mallards, to also possibly fail to get one, when he could rake into them on the water and get several?

To prove that there are grand sportsmen in America, take for instance a pioneer or big game hunter, even if he does pot hunt to replenish his larder, which is only reasonable, and he then takes his rifle, and meeting a grizzly bear (and has the chance to retrace his steps) deliberately opens fire against the brute, knowing if he misses he is a dead man in all probability, then I think we can consider him a sportsman.

But allowing that the poor man here or elsewhere is simply out for what he calls a day's sport; then my idea is that, as I have said before, let him give every being a chance for its life.

Also possibly some of your readers will say, "It's easy enough to be a sportsman if you are rich." Yet living, as I have here for ten years, I find the worst enemies the young hardly fledged birds have to contend against before the opening day are the rich men from the cities with their "Hinglish himported setters" and magazine guns.

Before concluding this I must say I should decidedly like to take a few lessons in the American language from the "dear lady friend" of Mr. Orin Belknap, who evidently thinks "it's real smart" to say "jes turribul" or else doesn't know any better. A "SIDE-TRACKED" ENGLISHMAN.

BOSTON HUNTERS OF BIG GAME.

BOSTON, Dec. 7.—H. H. Moses, a prominent sportsman of Exeter, N. H., has just returned from the Katahdin region. He made his headquarters at the Iron Works, tramping about from there to the different camps in search of game. The weather conditions during his stay were about as bad as possible, there being no snow, but very frosty, making still-hunting almost an impossibility. In spite of this he killed two small deer. Pleasant River camps and Jack Coughlin's place at B. pond north of the Katahdin Iron Works were both visited by Mr. Moses during his stay, and he comes back with a fine opinion of the whole region as a hunting country. Rev. I. J. Lansing, of Boston, has just returned from the Iron Works, and was fortunate enough to kill a fine buck within five minutes' walk of the hotel.

C. A. Taft, J. M. Lasell and C. V. Dudley, of Whitinsville, Mass., have lately reached home from an eleven days' visit to Mr. Taft's camps near Flagstaff, Maine. Mr. Dudley killed a large buck with an exceptionally fine head, and Mr. Taft also got a buck. The party saw deer every day, but they had poor hunting conditions. They estimate that they saw three times as many deer on this trip as were seen on a trip made to the same region last year, and consider themselves unfortunate in not having snow to make the hunting better.

John Weber, of Wrentham, and Edgar Belcher, of South Easton, returned a short time ago from a trip north of Moosehead Lake. They had as guide that expert canoeman, Wm. Hildreth, of Greenville, who has guided Mayor Curtis, of Boston, on several trips. They made their principal camp on the Moosehorn dead-water, and found the game very plenty, each of the sportsmen getting two. While paddling down the West Branch of the Penobscot they came within a few rods of a cow and calf moose drinking in the river. The animals were quite companionable and did not seem in the least disturbed by the talking going on in the canoe. Finally they walked off in the woods very leisurely. Partridges were plenty and very tame, and both gentlemen are satisfied that the region selected for their outing is as good as they could have found.

Geo. Heywood, of Gardner, Mass., has been up in the Aroostook country four weeks. Most of this time was spent at Will Atkins's camps, near Millinocket Lake, and Mr. Heywood was successful in getting a large bull moose and two buck deer. HACKLE.

Anticipation and Realization.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Oct. 27.—I am now working fifteen hours a day endeavoring to get my business affairs in shape for a three weeks' hunt in the Cumberland Mountains. Our Chickamauga Rifle Club, which is a sporting club as well as a shooting club, starts on the yearly deer hunt on Nov. 9, and as I occupy the honorable position of historian for the club my presence is necessary.

Nov. 27.—I am just back from our deer hunt on Cumberland Mountain and had very poor luck. Only killed four wild turkeys and forty squirrels and one pheasant in a two weeks' trip. The game feature of the trip was almost a failure; but we had a jolly band of fellows and lots of fun. A. B. WINGFIELD.

MAINE MOOSE MEASUREMENTS.

PHILLIPS, Me., Dec. 7.—In reading a communication from H. H. S.,of Aroostook county, headed "Miss Milhau's Moose," in FOREST AND STREAM, I notice that you desire the authentication of the statement that the antlers on the moose killed by Mr. A. A. Barker,of Newport, R. I., had a spread of 5ft. 1in. H. H. S. has certainly fallen into a habit of exaggeration which is so common among writers of sporting news for the papers this year. His statement is not quite as bad as that made by the Bangor *News* recently that the antlers of a certain moose had a spread of 9ft., but he is just a foot out of the way. The antlers were measured by the postmaster at Presque Isle and found to have a spread of 49in.

Dressed the animal weighed, including the hide and a bob sled on which it was hauled, 1,360lbs., and it is doubtless the largest ever killed in the State. The horns are 38in. long, the web being 12in. wide, with 15 prongs on one side and 13 on the other. He measured from the tip of his nose to a point between the horns 2ft., and from that point to his tail 9ft. The animal has been presented to a historical society in Newport and is being mounted whole.

It may be interesting to your readers to know a little more about this really wonderful animal. Col. Barker was accompanied by Mr. Jos. D. Robinson, of Presque Isle, and the two spent two weeks on and near Greenlaw Mountain, near Machais, with Leon Orcutt and Roscoe Flint as guides. They had remarkable good fortune, taking out with them two moose, two caribou and one deer. It required eight horses to haul the game.

There was nothing especially remarkable about the game aside from Col. Barker's moose. It was an awful job to get him out whole, but the Colonel was bound to do it and afterward said that he would have spent $1,000 rather than to have failed in doing it. The animal was shot in the densest part of the forest and had to be hauled many miles over the worst kind of a road. A crib or sack was made and the moose put in it in a kneeling posture and then secured. The crib was then placed on a sled and hauled to Ashland, where the sled was exchanged for a cart. The moose was shipped by rail from Presque Isle to Newport. WINCHESTER.

[The moose killed by Dr. T. D. M. Cardeza, of Philadelphia, near Chesuncook Lake, had antlers which measured from tip to tip 62in.]

IN OLE VIRGINNY.

THE Old Dominion has been famous for its game and hunting and fishing grounds ever since the days of Capt. John Smith and Pocahontas. It is no less famous for its hospitable people, and your correspondent was especially struck by this on a recent morning when, feeling a yanking to fraternize, he mounted his silent steed and rode to Alexandria.

Arriving at that once very flourishing city, recently reawakened after a long period of quietude not enjoyed by her enterprising business men, but now in company with most of our cities quietly waiting for the present depression to pass away, I saw on one of the prominent corners a handsome Irish setter, through which I introduced myself to its owner, Mr. M. J. Page, who told me that game is scarce, especially partridges. For information such as I wanted Mr. Page referred me to Creighton's store, headquarters for Alexandria's sportsmen. At the store I found the proprietor, Dr. William F. Creighton. Having introduced myself and stating that the object of my visit was to become acquainted with the hunters of Alexandria and report to FOREST AND STREAM some of their recent experiences, the Doctor said, "Why, yes, there sits Harry Simpson now reading your paper, and let me introduce you to Lieut. James Smith, and this is Mr. Lucas, and here is my son Frank."

The Doctor went on, "Among our other sportsmen mention George Ayres, Walter Nalls and Henry Schlicting."

Alexandria's nimrods, like all of their brethren of the Eastern United States north of the Carolinas, feel greatly the loss of the quail shooting. These birds were found frozen by the dozens after the severe weather of last February. It is hard for the fraternity to lose its quail shooting even for a season. The only sport now in that line is to take the dogs, of which Alexandria boasts a goodly number of well bred and trained, out for practice. The sportsmen are refraining from killing off what few quail are left, so that one of the most entertaining features in the shooting line in the Old Dominion is off the boards for the present season. As to the vicinity of Alexandria, her sportsmen are now negotiating for birds to stock up with from North Carolina.

At Mt. Vernon, the tomb of George Washington, Supt. Dodge is raising some Mongolian pheasants. A few of these birds have been seen outside of the preserves. It is to be hoped that they will to some extent at least stock the surrounding country.

Some of the most successful shooting done during the season is that of Harry Simpson, who is the champion woodcock huntsman of the place. The other day he went out and secured nine of the largest, plumpest birds seen for some time. The highest number killed in one day this year was thirteen—just a baker's dozen. Two years ago the highest record was made when twenty-eight woodcock were shot. Mr. Simpson says he has killed in all about 300 woodcock this season. The season in Alexandria and Fairfax counties is from July 1 to Jan. 1. "Chip" gives a great deal of credit to his dog, a small Irish setter, without which it would be impossible to find the birds in the lowlands thick with vegetation. Very good grounds are readily accessible to hunters from Alexandria, but Simpson says it takes hard work in some of the marshes. Many a time a man flounders around and wishes himself well out of it all; but a little firmer footing and an easy shot which is rewarded by a good plump bird revives his spirits, so that he keeps working all day and at its close, though very tired in body, is the happier for it.

There is very good rail and snipe shooting in the big marshes below Alexandria, and in what are known as the Double Ditches, six miles below the city, very good shooting is to be had in season.

As an example of what has been done in the rail shooting line, we give the following: In the month of September, 1888, 1,300 rail were killed by one gunner in the marshes near Alexandria. Besides the rail, quite a number of reed birds and blackbirds were shot. From 116 shots 115 rail were picked up.

Dr. Creighton may be styled the nestor of sportsmen in Alexandria, having taken a great interest in dogs and gun for the past forty-five years. His first experience was a visit to Uncle Jim's down in Maryland, where he shot his first rabbit. Shooting the rabbit and wounding it, he says he dropped the gun and ran for the game, chasing it up and down, over ditches and brush rows, till finally he secured his prize. Uncle Jim watched the sport, shouting, "Where's the gun," but the boy didn't stop for man or gun until the game was captured, and then they had quite a time finding the old weapon among the high weeds.

Not long since there passed away to the happy hunting grounds old Shot, 17 years old when death overtook him, one of the best dogs ever shot over. A picture of his boy and old Shot is highly prized by the Doctor. I send you a photo of Harry Simpson and dog Flirt, a noble animal and excellent hunter. She carries but one eye in the picture, the other having been accidentally shot out.

Dr. Creighton has a curiosity in the way of an old horse pistol fitted with a gun stock. He says the boys and he have had lots of fun with this firearm. It is good on singing cats late at night.

The counties around Alexandria abound with rabbits. Some turkeys are found down around the big dike, but just now we are sighing for the good old quail shooting as of yore. BART.

GAUCHO AND SAM'S DUCKS.

SHREVEPORT, La.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have just had one of the greatest day's duck shooting of my life. Numerically I could have done more, as I left my blind and we took up the decoys at about 3 P. M. But quantity is not quality, and when a fellow bags seventy-seven ducks from 9 A. M. to say 3 P. M. he ought to be satisfied.

I wish it distinctly understood that I claim no credit whatever for having killed these ducks—not a bit of it. They came up to see my decoys—not so much to see me, I presume—and I was there all ready to receive them, and with my little 20-gauge Parker I simply killed as many as I could, finding it a most excellent fowling piece on any duck when inside of 35yds. I had in my blind a spare gun—a 7¾lbs. Parker, in which I shot 48grs. of E. C. and 1⅛oz. chilled No. 5 shot, loaded in U. M. C. 2¾in. smokeless cases. This gun and load is hard on a duck, very; it is only a question of getting the load and duck to connect, and anywhere inside of 50yds. the duck is taking a great many more chances than the shooter, see? So I shot both guns and missed about as many with one as the other. I found I had to lead my cross shots further with the 20, but was surprised at the way it closed them up when under 40yds.; beyond that distance it could not be compared in effectiveness to the heavy 12 bore with its crushing load.

And all this is in very bad form, for I should have commenced talking about my host and not starting off at break-neck pace howling about my guns—but *que voulez vous?* I like a gun awfully much, especially a good honest make of gun; so—well, you all know the gun I prefer and I won't say another word about it.

Now I'll tell you something of real live interest, and it's true, and that's the strong part of it. Dead earnest every word, and if any one doubts me let him come here and verify my statements.

There lives in this town of Shreveport, La., a man whose name is Sam Enders, and Sam was reared and educated among the ducks. He was always first in his class; stood head, gave the ducks general instruction, so now they come his way from force of habit, or perhaps through hypnotism—*quien sabe?* But they come, and that's what other fellows try to accomplish, and you all know how they succeed; perhaps you know better if you have tried it yourself. I for my part speak from experience.

When Sam was a little boy he went to school and the first word he learned to spell was "duck"; when he got a little bigger the uppermost thought in his mind was to circumvent "duck"; so he roamed the marshes over, learned what a duck's palate most craved, imbibed all he could from books relative to ducks, studied their habits and idiosyncrasies, and ever since has been slaying ducks. It is not recorded anywhere that even a single duck or drake has ever harmed Sam. Nothing of the kind; only being of a playful turn of mind he just likes to fool ducks. The more sagacious the duck the more keen becomes Sam, and the surer the demise of the said duck. We all have our playful moods; Sam is having most fun when decoying ducks. Some are saddest when they sing; Sam is gladdest when the wing of the mallard sweeps overhead. Alas! poor duck, now so stone dead! What made you fool with Sam's decoys? That's it, you see. Sam's decoys are simply irresistible; they are magnets around which the duck family revolves; they attract a duck from miles away, and he cannot resist their silent but eloquent appeal to come in their midst and be one of them—*i. e.*, one of the dead ones lying around, with a wire stuck through their throat; so that even after death Sam makes a duck lie to his living mates, and causes the unsuspecting to voluntarily court their own destruction.

And then again, in the way of deep-laid schemes Sam has a folding jack-in-the-box sort of blind that just fools a duck every time. There are sagacious, wise and learned ducks that have, through a varied stage of experience, accumulated much wisdom. These are "high flyers;" tall, circling chaps, ducks that disdain to be allured by ordinary mortals and give them a wide berth. These lofty, cloud-cleaving ducks simply glance from their exalted position, and, having soul-searching eyes, they perceive that down in the depths below their lies concealed a biped called man, who, though still and silent as a statue, clad to resemble his close surroundings—a veritable tramp in appearance—yet there he is; and that shining thing he holds in both hands is veritably a most dangerous trick. So, all in all, the brainy duck, wise in his generation—perhaps riddled on a former occasion—hies him hence, and goes to some other bunch of ducks where there is no fagot of willows in the vicinity, circles about, quacks in satisfaction, and proceeds to guzzle sweet grasses, seeds and dainty snails, flaps his wings, and were he a rooster would crow, to show his contempt at all such fools who are inveigled by simple, plain decoys.

But look here—what of this? Sam's decoys are principally live ducks—nice big fat fellows, who air themselves gracefully swimming about—real live ducks, who can talk to the aforesaid high flyer—and his blind is fitted with hinged sides that enfold him so completely that the eagle glance sees nothing but a bunch of willows. So who can blame even a full-fledged, decorated, self-taught and college-graduated duck for descending from his elevated plane and flying square into a load of shot—proceeding as it does from the bunch of willows that opens up without warning? Really, it is too bad—so bad indeed that few ducks get away, and as none refuse to come in, you, my gentle reader, can plainly see that what I said about Sam to start with is about correct, and no exaggeration at all. But then, you see, when other infants were playing in their cradles Sam was sucking at a duck's wing; when, later on, other boys were playing marbles Sam was studying pictures of ducks; when, after this, lads were courting lasses, Sam was skirting duck marshes, gun in hand, not so much depending on his weapon, but bent on learning the habits of all the duck family, and that's where his head was level; for, as I said before, it is easy enough to kill ducks, but awfully hard to get there at the killing. So what with his folding blinds, persuasive, alluring decoys, unerring aim and great duck sense Sam gets all the ducks he wants and so do all his friends; for, after the fun of killing them comes the pleasure of giving them away. So you see just what an awfully nice thing it is to know such a fellow as Sam Enders.

And now they are forming a club—a ducking club—the members of which will have about as good duck shooting as any one on earth. So if any of my readers would join, let him write to Mr. Sam Enders at Shreveport, La., and he will give him full particulars—and believe me, there are very few such places in America or out of it.

"'Nuff said," a word to the wise, etc. GAUCHO.

DR. BISHOP'S MOOSE.

BOSTON, Dec. 6, 1895.—The big game hunters continue to complain of bad weather. There has been a remarkable lack of snow in Maine, the ground being bare nearly all of November, and for several days into December. For this reason the moose, deer and caribou have escaped a good deal of destruction, for the hunters have been most remarkably numerous. Not so the partridges. As near as I can learn these birds have suffered severely at the hands of the hunters in the woods this season. In the first place there have been more hunters to the square mile than ever before, and more square miles of the backwoods have been thoroughly hunted over. All the hunters I have talked with admit of having taken a great many partridges. In the absence of snow and good deer hunting they have been obliged to content themselves with partridge hunting. Can the birds stand this extra hunting, is the question.

Novel ideas enter the brain of the deer hunters, as well as the stay-at-homes. Mr. R. P. Woodman, who has returned from a rather unsuccessful deer hunt at Parlin Pond, in Maine, tells me of a novel hunting outfit he came across while there. Mr. Woodman's health did not admit of his doing his usual amount of hunting himself, and so he had to be contented with listening to the exploits of others. A brother of Gov. Buswell, Mr. Woodman understands, with a friend, landed at Parlin Pond, via Canadian Pacific, with a camp on wheels. It was also provided with runners, so that it could be used on snow. It came by rail easily, but it took a number of horses to haul it over an old logging road to where the hunters wished to camp. It was provided with cold storage and cooking apparatus. The hunters have left it and will occupy it another season, moving it to whatever location they wish to hunt. It seems that at first the hunters owning the movable cabin were looked upon as rather "new" and inexperienced, and it was considered that the big game was generally safe where they would be hunting. But when one of them came upon a flock of partridges and really shot the heads off from five of them in rapid succession, opinions began to change. He at least was conceded to be a good rifle shot. On the morning of the first snow the other one was advised to follow down the old logging road, the person suggesting this direction not having the least idea that he would come upon big game. But he had scarcely covered a mile when three deer passed across the road—a doe and two bucks. The hunter brought down the first buck and quickly turned and shot the other. This exploit raised him considerably in the estimation of the guides and campers at Parlin Pond.

The Morrisons, of Bar Harbor, seem to have been successful hunters this year. Six deer and a moose are reported to have been killed by them in the region around Ox Bow. Their load of game passed through Bangor recently, and that was where my informant saw it. Their names are Dr. C. C. Morrison, Dr. E. J. Morrison and M. C. Morrison.

Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston, is certainly the champion moose hunter of the present day. He came out of the woods yesterday with two handsome buck deer and another moose. This moose makes the third one within a year, and eleven in all that have fallen to his rifle since he began to hunt. He has killed three within a year, in fact. One he killed on the 31st day of December last—the one that showed fight, and described at the time—one taken in Nova Scotia in September last and the one mentioned above. The Doctor this time hunted in the Allegash region, 42 miles from Presque Isle, the end of the Bangor & Aroostook Railway, though a branch is building to Ashland, 18 miles from the camp occupied by the Bishop party. Mr. C. C. Williams came out with the Doctor with a deer to his credit. Dr. G. A. McAleer, of Worcester, was also of the party, and Mr. W. T. Farley. Both of these gentlemen were still in the woods at this writing, both having located moose. Mr. Farley had already taken a handsome buck deer, but was not satisfied. Mr. Bishop says that he has no doubt but what Mr. Farley and his guide, who were hunting near, started the moose he shot, which was following a cow at the time. The Doctor's guide, Herb Neal, of the Megantic region, was out with that gentleman looking for moose when a cow moose came "thundering through the woods," Both were sure that another was following, and they allowed the cow to pass, when quickly a spikehorn bull hove in sight. He paused, threw up his head, giving the Doctor a fine shot, side on. At one crack he fell in his tracks. The deer shot by the Doctor were both handsome bucks, one with a 22in. spread of antlers and the other with a spread of 21in. and a most remarkably symmetrical form. The skin of this deer the Doctor is to hav mounted whole. Very peculiar weather was experience

by the party, the principal lack being light snow. No sooner did a snow come than it would be followed by rain and crust. Four times the mercury went below zero, and on Wednesday morning last it was 12 below.

Dr. Bishop thinks that moose are increasing in Maine, "but they are not increasing as rapidly as moose hunters are. There are certainly more moose this year than last." His experience in moose hunting should entitle him to a good deal of credence. Caribou, he thinks, are doomed unless something is done. Still he thinks that their migrations may bring them back again. Deer he believes to be able to stand up against even the present great rate of slaughter if crusting and early summer shooting is taken care of. SPECIAL

NOTES FROM WASHINGTON.

DR. GEORGE HENDERSON, surgeon of the District militia, has returned from a week's trip to Virginia. The Doctor made Alleghany his headquarters, and had the pleasure of shooting a magnificent buck, one of the finest deer he has ever seen. The buck had a fine pair of antlers, being five-pronged, with a lateral horn. The saddles weighed 80lbs. The Doctor shot him on the go, the deer being about 140 strides off.

Reports of success with deer hunting in West Virginia and Pennsylvania are coming in. In the mountains of the former State deer are reported to be in fair numbers, while in Pennsylvania, on the South Mountain, hunters are having some sport.

Messrs. Green and Gulick have returned from South Carolina, whither they went for quail. Of course they bagged some birds, but the shooting is not to be compared with former years. While a couple of years ago twenty coveys would be scared up in a day, this year but three or four could be found.

Mr. Jos. H. Hunter is visiting the old home in Indiana. He is banging away at birds, if there are any; if none, at something else. For Joseph is a great lover of the gun.

The authorities of Prince George's county, Maryland, are up in arms against some of our misfit hunters. This county lies to the east of Washington and used to contain quail and rabbit, besides other small game, and to a small extent still contains game. The law of the county requires non-residents to secure a permit from the Clerk of the Court before hunting in the county. This requirement, it is claimed, is pretty generally disregarded, so steps are being taken to exclude outside gunners. Many of the farms are posted.

All the same, if a man goes to Upper Marlborough, Prince George's county seat, sees the Clerk of the Court and then starts out with the boys, he will have a good time, whether it be coon hunt, possum hunt, ducking on the Patuxent or swapping yarns. BART.

MASSACHUSETTS SOUTH SHORE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As an enthusiast in the many local advantages for sport in shooting and fishing in this vicinity, I have been not a little chagrined to find no reference to it in FOREST AND STREAM except what scattering reference is made to catching smelts by Hackle or a stray mention of some name familiar to the habitues of Hingham or Cohasset by Special. So I made a mental resolution, and am following it out on paper, that unless you prohibited it this locality of ours should occasionally be represented.

There is no better all-round fishing and gunning county in Massachusetts than Plymouth county, in which are most of the South Shore towns.

But I won't digress into a description of the country, as all I intend to do is merely to give a few facts in relation to sports and sportsmen.

The smelting season is practically over. Never has it been better in and around Hull and in Hingham Harbor than this year. Beginning with the 1st of June, the catches were phenomenal for warm weather. The highest catch in one day that I have heard of was 70lbs.

Mr. T. O. Edmonds, the veteran bandmaster, is an ardent disciple of the rod, and it is his intention to secure an appropriation from both Hingham and Hull to be used in apprehending the seiners who annually infest these harbors.

I visited the Stony Beach House at Nantasket Beach a while ago, and was amused to find the exterior of this little hostelry decorated from chimney to foundation, piazza and all, with coot, hung up in strings. Genial George Hatch, the proprietor, is high line for the season with 542. His best day's work was seventy-seven.

Mr. Carl Place, proprietor of the Gun Rock House, has just returned from a hunting trip in the vicinity of Mt. Katahdin, Me., and the two deer he brought out have furnished venison steaks for his friends.

Geese shooting in Hingham Harbor and at Accord Pond has been as nothing compared with last year, but the gunners are all hoping for a late flight. The birds seem to pass more to the east and west of us.

At State Island, where Mr. Edwin Clapp, the well-known shoe manufacturer, has a stand, twenty-six have been shot. At Accord Pond, where there are three stands—Wilder's, Chubbuck's and Poole's—the entire kill has been but seventeen. At Whitman Pond in Weymouth I hear they have done better, while at Jacob's Pond in Norwell it has been light gunning.

I don't think quail shooting was ever better than it has been here this season. Of course the prime condition which made it so was the close law in 1894, but in Hingham particularly the gunning fraternity are profiting by the stocking of private estates. The Brewer estate, Mr. Chas. B. Barnes, Mr. Wm. L. Bradley's estate, Mr. Francis W. Brewer, Mr. J. D. Scudder on the Downer property, have all put out quail and the birds will escape their confines to the benefit of the gunners. Six to ten is a frequent bag.

Partridges, too, have been brought to bag in good numbers.

Elisha Burr, the veteran dog trainer and proprietor of Burr's kennels, is kept busy most of the time in making it pleasant for his many visitors. Dr. Langmaid is a frequent visitor and so is Mr. Peabody, of Kidder, Peabody & Co. Somehow or other they always manage to return to Boston with the pockets of their gunning coats well filled. But then, 'Lish' has got pretty nearly every bird tagged in these parts, and when he puts up his gun—well (no reflection intended on the other fellows' marksmanship, either).

Fred. Farrar, of Norwell, exhibited a woodcock which he shot a few days ago. Pretty late for woodcock. I guess he was "the only one that's left of all the family." Speaking of woodcock, this same Farrar and a friend, Herb Hersey, also a well-known local sport, bagged thirteen woodcock and six quail for one forenoon's sport, one day in October. Pretty good sport, wasn't it, you fellows who think you've got to go out West to get gunning?

A light snow is all the fox hunters are waiting for up in the Norwell country, and then the hounds may be heard. Twenty-five foxes were shot last year in that region.

Among those to try their luck here this fall I have noticed Mr. Charles F. Danforth, a well-known insurance agent of Boston; Mr. E. L. Bremer, Harvard, '96; Mr. Dick Jenness, the well-known wool teamster of Boston, besides more whose names I don't know.

More anon. PABLO.

ADIRONDACK LANDS.

TROY, N. Y., Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you herewith clippings from the Albany papers relative to lands purchased by the Land Board and the Fish and Game Commission yesterday:

"The State Commissioners of the land office yesterday approved of the recommendation of the State Fish, Game and Forest Commission, that the State purchase 75,000 acres of land in Herkimer and Hamilton counties within the boundaries of the Adirondack State Park. The price to be paid is $8 an acre, or $600 000. The land belongs to Dr. W. Seward Webb and a small portion is inundated by back water caused by the construction of the Beaver River and Moose River dams. Dr. Webb has now pending against the State claims for damages to this land amounting to about $400,000, and these claims are extinguished by the State purchasing the land. The damages arise to his land and valuable lodge and camping sites, but the large proportion of the claim for damages is based on the fact that the construction of the dams destroys the natural outlet of the rivers by which the logs cut from the lands were to be marketed.

"This is the largest addition that has been made to the lands owned by the State within the boundaries of the Adirondack Park in many years. There are 2,807,760 acres in the area set apart for the State park, a good portion of which the State expects to acquire gradually. The State now owns about 600,000 acres within the Adirondack Park boundaries, and the Webb purchase will give the State title to about one-quarter of the total acreage in the Adirondack region within the State preserve."

For the sum named, $600,000, four or five times the quantity of land purchased could have been bought in more desirable portions of the Adirondack woods. The statement that "some of the lands" cost Dr. Webb more than the price now asked is misleading. It is a fact that after Dr. Webb had secured the bulk of the property he was obliged to pay rather steep prices for small, isolated parcels located within the limits of territory acquired by him. The claim for damages was a most exorbitant one, and would not have been allowed by the Court of Claims, at least no large portion of it.

The Stillwater dam was raised 8ft. in 1893 under my supervision, and I am quite familiar with existing conditions, and have no hesitancy in saying that for purposes of lumbering, with the exception of the comparatively small portion flooded, the value of the lands purchased yesterday has been actually enhanced. M. SCHENCK.

ABOUT NON-RESIDENTS AND DEER.

PORTLAND, Ind., Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am not a little surprised at the remarks of your Mr. Hough, under date of Nov. 2, relative to hunters in Wisconsin and Michigan. I am reminded of the old saying about men in glass houses. Speaking of hunters from Ohio and Indiana, he says: "Many of these men will revile the game laws which prohibit hounding and all the easy ways of destroying deer." He refers to men being killed and says, "Nearly always they are the wrong ones." Now, by what authority does Mr. Hough sit in judgment on the non-resident hunters in Wisconsin? And where does he get evidence that justifies him, on Nov. 2, in saying that during the first twenty days of that month "many of these men will revile the game laws?" And what prompts him to state that "nearly always they are the wrong ones" that get killed? Only a couple of months ago he told us of what a fine time he had had trouting in Wisconsin. Did he revile the fish laws? Did the right man get killed while he was up there fishing? How is it down in Mississippi, where he is now? We extract from his language the understanding that if the right man gets killed he will be a non-resident.

There were too many hunters in Wisconsin this season, I admit; yet I am not sure the deer suffered any the more on that account. A forest full of hunters is in a measure dangerous to the hunters, but the deer, finding themselves chased at every point, in a few days leave that section until the hunters withdraw, then they return.

Besides many business and professional men take advantage of the cheap rates and opportunity for recreation who never go far from camp. They may be sportsmen in the strictest sense. They enjoy the outing, though they never kill a deer. I have killed twenty-two deer in eight outings, but I have had with me on several of these trips a county school superintendent, a prominent physician and a merchant whose Saturday sales average $1,500, neither of whom has killed a deer. I have met many hunters in the forest and on the way, and feel safe in saying that fully four-fifths of them were respectable citizens in their community and of more than average intelligence. There are exceptions is this case, as in all others, but I protest against the hunters from Ohio and Indiana being stigmatized as a motley crowd.

As to hounding deer or other violations of law Mr. Saynor, whose portrait in the garb of a representative woodsman appears in your last week's paper, and who is proprietor of Plumb Lake Hotel, near where we were camped this season, could bear evidence that no Ohio nor Indiana hunter was guilty in that section this season. Thirty-five men from Ohio and Indiana were camped at Plumb Creek. Our camp got three large bucks, another got two deer and one bear, another one deer, while two camps got nothing but small game. A native camp with two dogs got, I think, eight deer. The dogs, of course, ran foxes only.

There may have been violations of law by non-resident hunters in other parts of the State, and I would not for a moment condone these offenses; but the sweeping charges made by Mr. H. are an injustice to law-abiding sportsmen, and should be withdrawn.

We were advised while in camp that a license law would be agitated, and to a man up a tree it looks as if this was the beginning of it. He says a traveling passenger agent reported that thirty-five hunters got off at Abbotsford in one day. Abbotsford is where Wisconsin Central passengers change cars on to the Ashland Division, and is near the center of the State and 203 miles from Duluth. I hunted last year sixty-eight miles north of Abbotsford, on the Wisconsin Central road, and know that the entire division runs through good deer range, furnishing hunting ground for several hundred hunters. The towns are few and population small, while the railroads run parallel and some thirty miles apart. We camped last year sixteen miles from the railroad, in order to get good bass fishing, the hunting season being in October; and we saw no other hunters except a tent of Indians. Five hundred hunters might scatter themselves over the northern half of Wisconsin and there would not be more than one hunter on each thirty-five square miles. This would not seem to threaten the extermination of the deer very soon, when it is known that a camp of still-hunters rarely cover more than nine square miles, be they one or a dozen in number.

If deer were killed only by still-hunting, and that during an open season of three or four weeks, the forests of Wisconsin and Michigan would furnish good sport with the rifle until they go up in smoke to make room for the settler's potato patch. G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

The Port Huron, Mich., *Times* of Dec. 2 reports that the Turtle Hunting Club, of Alpena, recently returned from a hunt with twenty-eight deer. Nine of the members were from outside the State, notwithstanding only one non-resident license had been issued.

Chincoteague Ducks.

STOCKTON, Worcester County, Md., Nov. 6.—This year the redheads and bluebills are unusually late to arrive here in Chincoteague Bay. Last year at this time they were on the shoals in great numbers. The fact of our having no heavy storms, I think, will account for their late arrival. To-day the wind is blowing hard from the N.E. with snow and rain, and it looks as if we were about to have an old-fashioned gale. This will bring the ducks down from the upper waters.

There are plenty of small ducks and any number of cubheads, whistler or golden-eyes or jinglers—it is astonishing what a number of names each duck has to go by. From any point or blind on the bay you can get a dozen or so before 9 o'clock any morning. They are very nice and fat and make better shooting than redheads or bluebills, as they fly singly or in pairs, never bunching, and are remarkably swift on the wing, requiring much more skill than bunch shooting. But when you are informed that there is nothing in the house and you had better not come home without a dinner it makes some difference—at least it does to me.

There are a good many geese and some few swan, but no brant yet. The shooting is all done from shore or from blinds stuck out on the shoals. There are no sink-boxes here; a good battery well covered with decoys would do great work. Late in the winter there are parties here who shoot the geese and brant with lanterns and big guns. This is to be deplored, but it seems we either have no law here or no one willing to apprehend the culprits.

The quail have been very plentiful in this county; last year they were protected, and the result was fine shooting when birds have been scarce everywhere else. Our cover is very heavy here, and notwithstanding the enormous amount of shooting that has been done we still have plenty of birds, but it takes lots of work, a good dog and a good shot to make a good bag. O. D. FOULKS.

Tennessee Deer and Quail.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.—The Cumberland Mountain range has been almost entirely depleted of its stock of deer. Would you believe it if I were to tell you that last year there were 248 carcasses of deer shipped from the small town of Crossville in Cumberland county, East Tennessee? Is not that an infernal shame? And then some people have not got sense enough to advocate stringent game laws. We are cursed in this particular section of the country with "pot hunters." There is one man named Bud Holmes who kills all the quail within ten miles of Chattanooga and sells them at $1 per dozen or about 8c. each.

I am glad to report that the last Tennessee Legislature passed a law forbidding the killing of deer in five of our mountain counties for a period of five years. This is a godsend to sportsmen, as this section would soon have been like some other parts of the country entirely cleaned out of deer. The names of the counties that the new law is enacted upon are Cumberland, Claibon, Scott, Morgan and Anderson. All of these counties are mountain counties and have more or less deer. The penalty for killing or hounding a deer is $50, half of which goes to the informant. Please publish this, as there are *scores* of Kentuckians who make an annual hunt into the Cumberland Mountains of East Tennessee and that is where a great many of our deer go. I do not think the law is generally known, as it was passed and recorded at the last meeting of the Legislature.

Quail are fairly plentiful if one goes fifteen or twenty miles out from Chattanooga. I was out not long since with my hunting chum Wm. Cooke and we raised nine coveys with one dog and it was very dry. I am sorry to say we did very poor shooting, as we only bagged twenty birds. Several of the coveys we let go without shooting at them on account of their being in thickets and bad places.

A. B. WINGFIELD.

Colorado Deer Law Violation.

THE DENVER CLUB, Nov. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your paper of Nov. 23 I notice an article by Mr. Edw. W. Ball recounting how he killed a doe, and tried to kill a fawn in this State. As this is absolutely against the law in Colorado I am surprised that such an article should find its way into FOREST AND STREAM even if the writer was unsportsmanlike enough to violate the law and shoot does and fawns. JOHN A. PORTER.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable*

IN AN INDIANA QUAIL COUNTRY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

With the opening of the quail season came an urgent invitation from my friend Mr. Thorpe, of the Pennsylvania Company's offices at Fort Wayne, Ind., to come and have a couple of days shooting with him over one of the best dogs in the State; and not having had an opportunity to enjoy this rare sport for many a day, I sent word that I would be on hand at the appointed time.

Leaving Pittsburg Saturday night, Nov. 9, I reached Fort Wayne early Sunday morning, where I spent the day very pleasantly, talking over the proposed trip which we had planned for Monday morning, and partaking of the hospitality of my friend and his good wife.

Leaving Fort Wayne next morning at 3:30 we reached Columbia City, twenty miles further west, about 4:15 A. M., where a conveyance awaited us, and where we also expected to get our dog, but much to our discomfiture, that very necessary part of the outfit was not in condition to play his part, having taken sick the previous day, and the owner did not consider him in fit shape to travel, so we had to rely upon our own ingenuity to find game.

We accordingly drove ten miles north to the home of Mr. Irwin, a farmer and an ardent sportsman, where an elegant breakfast awaited us. Our long drive through the frosty air of the early morning gave us keen appetites, and to say that we enjoyed the meal does not half express it.

Breakfast over, we donned our shooting clothes, and upon learning that fox squirrels were fairly plentiful in that locality, decided to try for some of them, and leave the quail shooting for another time, when we might have a dog to find them for us.

We spent Monday and Tuesday with the squirrels, and upon counting the string preparatory to our return found that we had eighteen red, one gray and eleven very large fox squirrels; the latter being the finest I have ever seen. Some of them were as large as a half-grown woodchuck, and as I had the honor of killing them, I had abundant opportunity to judge of their size while carrying them nearly two miles to the house after the "slaughter" was over.

To any one fond of this sport that portion of Indiana offers a good opportunity. The country is tolerably level and the woods are comparatively free from underbrush, making it an ideal place for the fox squirrels.

Our short outing was very much enjoyed, and we were royally treated by our friend Mr. Irwin and his charming wife and daughter, who did everything possible for our comfort. We have been invited to come again next spring and have some sport with the bass, which are very plentiful in the numerous lakes within easy distance of Mr. Irwin's home.

I have long been a devoted friend of FOREST AND STREAM, and find so much pleasure in reading the weekly contributions of my brother sportsmen that I take the liberty of sending the above, trusting that it be of interest to the readers of your splendid paper.

L. H. HULL.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

Shooting Pictures.

"ENGLISH SNIPE" and "Prairie Chickens" are the titles of two more of the series of "Shooting Pictures," by Mr. A. B. Frost, which are now ready for subscribers. "English Snipe" portrays a scene so familiar to lovers of that kind of shooting—a broad marshy flat, with its patchy growths of swamp vegetation, wet ground and chains of water, and hills and woods in the distance. Two handsome orange and white setters in the foreground are pointing and backing, a snipe has just flushed from the point and the sportsman is in the act of shooting. "Prairie Chickens" contains much that is pretty and much to admire; but in a shooting sense it has some faults which it may not be hypercritical to mention. The scene is in a cornfield, and shooter, dogs, birds and shocks of corn are massed together in a most artificial manner. Shooting chickens in corn in the chicken country is mostly in uncut corn. In the picture the shooter and dogs are too close to the birds, and the dogs are still pointing with the birds directly over their heads, and which they entirely ignore. The shooter has killed one bird closer to him than any shooter would deem permissible; indeed so close is it that instead of being neatly killed it would be blown into atoms. The dogs are excellently portrayed, and their position on point is spirited and correct. The shooter also is correctly portrayed. The chickens are good chickens, but faultily placed with reference to man and dogs, and their wings are all spread in unison in a manner rarely observed in the flight of a bevy.

Havre de Grace Ducks.

HAVRE DE GRACE, Md., Dec. 8.—I am truly sorry to be compelled to say that up to this time our sports and pothunters have done the poorest business that I ever knew, with no prospects of any improvement. The waterfowl that have been coming every fall for hundreds of years to see us, and to spend their winters in the waters of our Southern States, have either found other countries where they can spend their winters, or else they have nearly all been exterminated—more than likely the latter. Therefore I can't give a favorable report. I have been somewhat interested in gunning and fishing in Maryland for sixty years, but up to the present time I have never seen game and fish of all kinds so scarce.

CAPT. E. B. GALLUP.

How Many Deer are there in the Adirondacks?

CITY ENGINEER'S OFFICE, Troy, N. Y., Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you herewith statement received by the Forest and Game Commission relative to the number of deer killed this season in the Adirondacks and an estimate of the number remaining in the woods:

"A short time since the Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission sent out circulars to reliable persons in the Adirondacks asking for information regarding the number of deer killed during the past open season. Replies have been received from four-fifths of the persons asked and the result is that 3,551 deer are reported to have been killed. President Davis, of the Commission, believes the total number of deer killed will exceed 4,000. The territory embraced is 3,000,000 acres. The largest deer killed weighed 293lbs. There are about 35,000 deer in the Adirondacks, it is estimated."

The estimate of deer in the woods at this time, nearly eight to the square mile, I believe to be excessive. Since the early sixties I have averaged, summer and fall, at least one trip per year to the Adirondacks, and from a knowledge thus obtained am satisfied that in limited districts only would anything like eight to the square mile be found.

M. SCHENCK.

Capercailzie and Black Game.

CANTON, S. D., Dec. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Having read the articles respecting the importation of game birds from Sweden I would like to say a few words regarding this, as I was born and raised in the middle part of Sweden and have seen and hunted these glorious birds from childhood till I was 20 years old.

I know their habits well. The capercailzie is a very hardy bird and will stand almost any kind of climate. They are always found in heavy timber where there are blueberries and juniper; they grow to be very old and cunning; I have had several in captivity and they always did well. I fed them on oats and barley, giving them plenty of blueberry vines and juniper berries, and never had any trouble to keep them as long as I wanted to.

The black game are somewhat different in their habits, being found more in open glades and around peat bogs, where they congregate in large numbers in the springtime, a good deal like our prairie chickens. They prefer places where there is birch, as they feed on the buds. If the Maine woods are like that I don't think there would be much difficulty in raising the birds there; and I hope to see the experiment carried on.

WM. BLOMSTRAND.

Game and Fish Protection.

New York Fish Commission.

THE New York Fish Commission, because of want of funds, has dropped from service Mark C. Finlay, of Wayne county, the special agent for the detection of fraud; John Ferguson, an oyster protector of Suffolk county, and John Liberty, clerk in the office of the Chief Protector, together with fifteen of the thirty-three game and fish protectors, who get $500 a year and $450 for expenses. These are J. L. Ackerly, of Yates; Thomas Donnelly, of Warsaw; Ira Elmendorf, of Ulster; A. B. Klock, of Herkimer; J. H. Lamphere, of Cayuga; James D. Lawrence, of Delaware; B. S. Morrill, of Clinton; C. M. Prouty, of Washington; Riley M. Rush, of Oneida; William A. Ten Eyck, of Saratoga; George B. Smith, of Chemung; T. J. Brooks, of Monroe; D. G. Helmes, of Hamilton, and O. S. Potter, of Oswego. Several special game protectors, whose services are paid for by clubs, were appointed.

Oregon Trout Law.

IN our comment on the Oregon trout law last week we referred to the red-spotted fish losing its color in the salt water, having in mind the Dollie Varden trout, and forgetting for the moment that Judge Greene's letter concerned the black-spotted fish, rainbow or Gardiner's trout or steelhead salmon. We may add that while the probability of taking any of these fish in salt water for a market supply does not appeal to one's credence, there is nevertheless just enough possibility of it to make the law a pernicious one.

Sea and River Fishing.

NEPIGON AND SAGUENAY RIVERS.

A Five Minutes' Comparison.

THE Nepigon River has for its source a great spring which presses against more than ninety miles of encircling rocks in seeking for a chance to escape, and then pours its bounty of bright waters pell mell through a forty mile chute straight into diaphanic Lake Superior. If the river stops a bit wherever there is need to touch up the landscape with a lake, or if it runs slowly past engaging scenery, no one cares very much, because it makes up for lost time in a headlong chase over the rocks all of the rest of the way.

The Saguenay River with its forty miles of peat stained water debouching into a dark sullen estuary is the result of a conference of long rivers which meet at Lake St. John and require ninety miles of sandy circumference for the assembly. If you would know which St. John the lake is named after, try to cross it in a birch bark canoe when a question of north wind is before the conference. The Nepigon River as a strong individual character retains its original motives and carries into Lake Superior the same volume of clearest cold water with which it started, —water that makes such white foam and spray in the rapids that the Indians could not help calling the river the Nepi-gon or river-that-is-like-snow. Such a river is not very susceptible to passing influences and during the whole year it may not rise or fall more than twenty-five inches, while the Saguenay responding to many influential constituents rises and falls as many feet in the course of two months, and not only that, but it is warm or cold at the dictation of the season.

The Nepigon is not afraid to show its true nature at the outset of its career, and it gives honest warning that it is powerful. The Saguenay, on the other hand, leaves the St. John conference with murder in its heart. Stealthily as a leopard it noiselessly glides past the Isle d'Alma, then it mutters and growls for awhile, and suddenly bursts out with demoniacal ferocity upon the rocks in its path. If you are a master of rivers and fear none of them, go to the Nepigon and to the Saguenay and see how grandly nature is displayed along these two great tributaries of the St. Lawrence which are so much alike upon the map and so different in their characters. Leave behind the pleasures of the city that are dependent upon arts which stimulate the mind without nourishing the soul; where the gardener makes the rose more and more beautiful as he gradually forces its stems to become petals, until, as the queen of flowers, it has lost the power to continue its varieties; where the arts of civilization stimulate the mind until it flames up in genius and a degenerate body falls back. Go to the Nepigon and to the Saguenay and see what substantial things can be found there in nature.

On the Nepigon, igneous cliffs of trap rock tower in stern grandeur over the river-that-is-like-snow. The dark forest growth of fir and tamarack, toned by poplar, birch and roundwood, becomes thinned and sparse on the mountains, just as though the Oreads had planned their forest before violent upheavals of the earth made ten miles out of one mile and thereby upset their calculations. On the Saguenay—the corrupted name for the Shagahneu-hi or ice-hole river—so named because the seals used to keep many air holes open in the ice of the estuary, the Laurentian rocks in somber piles lift up their covering of coniferous and deciduous trees, which are much like those of the Nepigon, but here and there a fine yellow pine holds monarchial possession of a jagged island, and the trunks of the northern white birch light up the forest aisles. An area of fossiliferous limestone on Lake St. John has come to the surface, bearing evidence of the abundance of life in silurian days. A devout clergyman remarked that these fossils were never alive, but were placed there in their present form to test our faith, and they have done it. Moose and caribou sometimes leave tracks in the moss along the banks of both the Nepigon and Saguenay rivers, and one need not go very far away to find an abundance of such game. Black bears swim the rivers at safe crossing places, and the voice of a gray wolf may be heard above the sound of rushing waters when all else under the stars is still. Along both rivers the northern hares furnish the principal food supply for predacious animals and birds, just as the ciscoes furnish the principal food supply for the predatory fishes of the region. Spruce grouse and ruffed grouse fly into the bushes near the fisherman and look at him in wonderment, and the cinereous owl catches ptarmigans on the hills in winter. In the Nepigon River brook trout find such an abundance of food and such agreeably cold water that they grow to an enormous size and are ready to spring after the fly at almost any time of day after 10 o'clock in the morning. Like fish in the other very cold streams they do not rise readily in the early morning, and the best sport may be had with them in the middle of the sunshiniest day. The big 6-pounders jump at the fly almost as eagerly as the youngsters do, and the very largest trout are so sleek and fat that they are delicious for the camp table—quite different from the mill-pond trout of warmer waters, which lose flavor and activity as soon as they have passed the ounces period in their lives. Side by side with the trout are swarms of monstrous pike (*Esox lucius*), and sometimes one of these will take a silver-doctor fly. So will the salmon trout which lurk in the tail water of deep rapids, and so will the pike-perch if one is casting the fly at night. The Nepigon looks like good bass water from the fisherman's point of view, but the bass themselves say that it is too cold, and I know of only two that have been caught there.

If we leave the best trout water to itself for awhile and toss the fly over still deep reaches where the water is ever so many fathoms deep, a surprise may come to the surface in the form of a pale trout with translucent nose and fins, who shows by his colors that he lives away down in the profound bottom caverns. We must not expect to catch one of these trout, but once in a while there comes an hour when they are all at the surface.

Whitefish take the fly readily if one is knowing enough to tempt them in a politic way, and they certainly belong to the game fishes of America. They cannot chase and capture an ordinary artificial fly, but if we put half a dozen flies, tied on No. 14 hooks on a single leader, and drop this affair lightly among the fins that are circling about at the surface in the evening, and keep it perfectly still, pretty soon the whitefish will move up to it and try to pick off the small flies as daintily as a red deer nips a lily bud.

Although there are half a dozen species of fish that will rise to the fly in the Nepigon, the chief game fish of the river is first and last the red-spotted square-tailed brook trout. In the Saguenay the chief game fish is the ouananiche, or salmon-that-is-little. This is the landlocked salmon that is found in many lake streams from Maine to Labrador, if the streams contain smelts. Ichthyologists find the landlocked salmon anatomically the same as the salmon that goes to the sea, but the ouananiche are content to remain with the food supply that is in sight in fresh water; just as certain people who might be most important in the town prefer to remain small in the village, because they are satisfied with the opportunity in sight, though anatomically they are the same folks. It is principally a question of size of opportunity.

In the Saguenay we find the same monstrous pike and the same pike-perch and whitefish as in the Nepigon, but the trout are absent. There are plenty of trout in the tributary streams which are not inhabited by the ouananiche, but the two fish cannot bear to live together because they are such close rivals. Both are magnificent, but they cannot see it in each other.

The guides of the Nepigon are for the most part Chippewa Indians or half-breeds, who are willing enough to have visitors enter their domain, but who are not very amiable. Such is their nature. They do not even make friends of their dogs, who would gladly love them and forgive all of their failings. A stray Indian dog of the most pathetic yellow color came to our camp one day, and when we tried to pat his head the poor little fellow spread his legs apart and braced himself, thinking that we were trying to push him over. He did not know that there was any such thing as affection in the whole wide world; but we developed that latent trait for him, and glad indeed was he to find at the end of a week that his tail had a use and that it could wag.

On the Saguenay the guides are hardy, polite French-Canadians, simple in their ways, and delighted to have a chance to show their hospitality if we visit their humble homes. In their relations with each other every man stands on his real merits and accepts the position that is given him in the estimation of his *confrères*. Monsieur E. R. Duton cannot block up a shaky reputation by signing himself Eelvo Reanne Duton. He cannot elevate the neighborhood by forcing his name under society in the form of a wedge as E. Reanne Duton; nor can he send the chain shot name of Eelvo Reanne-Duton hurtling through a startled public if he is personally deficient in powder.

The Nepigon has completed its duty when the tribute of waters is freely paid to Lake Superior, but the Saguenay holds back and makes its current pass through a long estuary before delivering its property to the sea. The estuary is full of weird interest. The somber current, the beetling mountains and the cold northern air

are all in keeping. White whales gleam out of the dark flood in striking contrasts of color. A beluga is not "sort of white," but is one of the most beautiful of white animals, the quality of his coloring reminding one of the soft, supple white of a pure white stallion.

At Tadonsac, with its lofty terraces and shifting dunes, the Saguenay joins the St. Lawrence grudgingly, and the reddish waters push far out into those of the greater river before their moroseness is tamed.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

DOG AND DOG SALMON.

YOU probably remember that a year or two ago Judge Greene wrote of Billy Newman's catching salmon with a bulldog and a club—or, perhaps, Billy wrote over his own signature of the fact. I do not remember now, but the fact remains clearly impressed, and the more so that now I have been having the same sort of unique and entertaining experience. I remember that the judge drew the inference from some jesting remark of mine that I harbored a little dubiosity (permit me to coin a word, or, if not coined, unused in my hearing) concerning the alleged transaction. I was somewhat pained at the attitude of the judge in this matter, for he well knows that anything in his epistolary menu, from the soup of his appetizing and introductory paragraphs to the palate-tickling and refreshing coffee of the beautifully rounded and concluding sentences of his literary repast, goes with me, and goes smoothly, quickly and pleasurably. I am truly sorry that anything I said aroused suspicions in his mind that his veracity was doubted by me in the smallest particular. We are governed by faith considerably, and also no little by ocular evidence. Anent the salmon-dog-club-hunting I have the benefit of both. But it was not a bulldog this time, but just a sort of common Irish water spaniel setter cross of a canine that furnished the amusement. Some duck hunters camped near where I am staying a week or two ago, and when they left, after some very profitless experience, among the camp wreckage was this dog, who wandered around a day or two disconsolately and evidently very empty, and finally was adopted by the major domo of the ranch. Why the men left the dog was apparent recently, when the owner came alongshore in search of him. He (the dog) was a fine duck retriever, as I had reason to know when he brought out duck after duck for me in fine style. But he was in his element in more senses than one when we took him down to the creek where the dog salmon, running up from the salt water, were fairly swarming in the pools and dashing the water into spray with their powerful propellers as they forced their difficult way up the boulder stream rapids.

We have been told in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM of the wonderful numbers of salmon as they run up fresh water to spawn; how they fill the stream from bank to bank, even so that one might walk dry shod upon their backs. I have never essayed that feat, and, knowing the slipperiness of a salmon, I haven't any ambition in that line, and even had I, I have not seen the fish quite so thickly packed as to warrant the trial; but I have stood upon the banks of a stream not over ten or twelve feet wide, and not straight enough to afford a lengthy view either way, and seen hundreds of fish of 5 to 10 pounds in weight lying in the shallow pools so close as almost to touch each other, with their backs and tails to the median line, often out of water, or rushing, splashing, dashing, hissing through the shallow water of the rapids, struggling over the shallower parts, and resting occasionally for breath where there was a little more water, until they finally made the pool above, or, tired and disheartened for the nonce, slipping, weakly struggling, into the pool from which they started, to try it again when the impelling force asserted itself.

Near the rapids the dog would take his stand, and when the big fish had fairly started upward, dashed in and, seizing it by the back, endeavored to take it ashore. Then the fun began. The powerful fish flopped, floundered and desperately struggled, throwing the water in sheets, while the dog, with vise-like jaws, endeavored to maintain his hold and back out with his prey. Seldom did he succeed without a break away, once, twice, thrice, but he was about as quick as the fish and immediately hitched on again, drifting down stream a little each time, when he succeeded in getting the salmon ashore, always taking it away from the water, even up quite a steep bank or into the brush, sufficiently far to insure its not flopping back again. The care he took in this respect was remarkable. Or it might be that the fish, breaking away, turned and made an arrowy flight for the pool below. Then there was an aquatic race worth seeing. Terror lent wings to the fins, while the dog, with unstable footing among the smooth stones, rushed through the flying water vainly endeavoring, with savage lunges, to get a tail hold, or any hold, until dog and fish plunged, kersouse! into the pool among scores of waiting salmon that, suddenly crazed with fright at this awful irruption, dashed this way, that way, any way, up stream, down stream, making the water literally boil with the mad whirl of dog and dog salmon, while the former, wild with excitement, plunged his head under water and came up snorting in repeated, but not always vain, endeavor to fasten to the slippery and elusive fish.

It was an enjoyable and exciting experience for the spectators, and very evidently for the dog, whatever it might have been for the fish. After some experience, the favorite hold of the dog was the back fin, and notwithstanding the severe struggles of an 8 or 10-pound fish, I have repeatedly seen the dog maintain his hold, dragging the fish to safety. I should dislike to have that dog fasten to a fin of mine with that grip—I should have to go along, too.

Concerning the club part of the dog salmon performance, that's easy. There's no affidavit necessary.

These salmon gradually turn white after being in fresh water, at least hundreds of them do, and the streams are lined with their dead bodies. Whether all such die before spawning I know not—large numbers do. It may be that the majority of the dead are males. I suspect that this is so. They have ugly hooked teeth at the end of each jaw, and if a person's finger came into contact with these teeth there will ensue a sorrowful remembrance for many days. But there's a heap about salmon that I don't know. When I learn more perhaps I'll talk. The dog and club story is all right. O. O. S.

WASHINGTON, November.

OUT OF A NEW JERSEY POND.

PERSONS interested in angling and fish life generally who happened to be present at the drawing off of Vreeland's Pond on Wednesday and Thursday last were treated to a sight well worth witnessing. Vreeland's Pond lies in a section of Passaic which is rapidly building up. It belonged to the Vreeland estate, but was some time ago purchased by a Mr. Kingsland, who with his two sons compose the Yantacaw Ice Company. This company has cut ice from the pond for a number of years and up to last year there was little complaint concerning the quality of the ice. The pond is fed by a brook which supplies several other ponds, and was inhabited by black bass and a number of small fish. These fish, together with what current the flowing stream contributed, kept the water in good condition. For many years it has been the almost daily resort of the angling fraternity of Passaic, and many good catches of fish have been made there. Two years ago it was noticed that the quality of the ice had deteriorated, and last year the complaints were more pronounced. At times the ice seemed to have a decided fishy flavor. This was attributed to the existence in the water of a large quantity of German carp, which had come down a few years ago from a pond further up the stream. The carp were of both the scale and the leather-back variety. The pond was a considerable body of water and the owners did not care about undertaking the project of draining it, although they thought that such a process, with the removal of the fish and the cleaning of the bottom, would result in a better quality of ice. Two enterprising individuals, who thought they could make some money out of the sale of the fish, made an agreement with the owners of the pond to do the work necessary for the draining in return for the fish. The work was begun on Monday, and on Tuesday the water in the pond began to go down. On Wednesday it was pretty well down and it was apparent that there were plenty of fish to be had.

The outlet of the pond flows under one of the public streets of Passaic, and for the purpose of preserving the fish for the market a screen of fine mesh was erected under the arch. The latter was separated from the gate of the pond by a space of about a hundred feet and connected with it by a 3ft. pipe. As the water receded the fish soon found their way through this pipe in large numbers, and consequently were imprisoned between the dam of the pond and the arch. In order to protect as far as possible the game fish, the State Fish and Game Protector took a hand in the work of removing the fish. He ascertained that all the water was to be drawn off, and his first intention was to erect a coffer dam in the pond and place in the inclosure all the game fish, in order that they might be liberated as soon as the pond began to fill again. But he soon ascertained that it was the intention of the owners to drain the pond again in the spring of the year, and that there was every likelihood that the territory formerly covered with water would be turned into dry land. It was consequently useless to talk about saving the fish for the pond itself, and consequently the protector concluded to remove all the fish he could get hold of to some other ponds, where they would be of use to the angler.

The sight on Wednesday was one affording a great deal of amusement. The residents of the Dundee section of Passaic, principally Poles and Hungarians, assembled in large numbers and proceeded to help themselves to the fish. The men to whom the fish really belonged had their hands full in keeping the crowds off, but could not succeed. There were about 3ft. of mud and about a hundred men were engaged in spearing carp or raking them ashore with rakes. Every once in a while one of these men took a tumble and found himself imbedded in soft mud and ooze to the great delight of the onlookers and frequently to the discomfiture of the principal actors in the scene. But on most occasions the men who met with these accidents paid little attention to them and proceeded in their quest after fish as if nothing had happened. It was a matter of comparative ease to capture the carp, on account of the sluggish movement of these fish, and there was little danger of any bass being captured with any such crude contrivances as rakes or spears. When the carp had disappeared either in baskets or barrels or through the pipe into the inclosure between the dam and the arch of the street the fishermen turned their attention to the eels, which were found in considerable numbers in the mud. Digging the squirming eels out of the mud and securing them by persons standing in 3ft. of mud resulted in more fun for the large audience which watched the operations from the dry land.

As no bass were being taken the work of the protector was easy enough on Wednesday, but he apprehended trouble on the following day, when the fish were to be removed from the inclosure above referred to. He accordingly secured such assistance as was immediately necessary, and telegraphed for Wardens Riley and Tooker, who put in an appearance shortly afterward. It was evident that the Hungarians would make a raid on the inclosure during the night and for the purpose of preventing the taking of bass the protector had the place watched all night.

The work of removing the fish from the inclosure was begun on Thursday morning, but it was soon interfered with on account of the continual flow of water. The gate in the dam had been removed, as it was badly broken, and so this place was filled with bags of sand. This stopped the flow of water and the bottom of the inclosure soon presented a lively sight, being literally covered with a large number of fish all endeavoring to get away. Unfortunately the splashing in the mud done by men looking for carp in the pond above, which could not be stopped, forced large quantities of mud and sand into the inclosure and the fish were in an exhausted condition, which precluded the possibility of their being removed to any great distance. It was only by the use of fresh water and the greatest care that they were preserved. This was attended by further difficulties caused by the cold weather, the nets used for taking out the fish being frequently covered with ice.

Some of the angling fraternity of Passaic requested the protector to place the fish where they would be of the most use to the people living in Passaic, and in order to comply with their wishes the protector decided to stock Westervelt's Pond, a sheet of water of some eight acres, lying near Clifton. The first lot of bass removed consisted of ten cans. These were taken to Westervelt's Pond. As the water had almost drained off, there was little difficulty in securing the rest. Ten cans, each holding from thirty to fifty fish, were then removed and taken to Pompton Lake, where they will be a welcome addition, as the lake had been run down on account of the great amount of fishing done there. A large hogshead had been secured, and in this were placed such bass as could not very well be transported as far as Pompton on account of their size. About twenty bass, weighing anywhere from 2 to 4lbs., were placed in this tank and removed to Westervelt's Pond.

It was impossible to keep an accurate account of the bass removed, but their weight is estimated at nearly 1,000lbs., and of these only three were lost, and these were in a moribund condition when taken out of the water, having been jammed against the screen.

On Wednesday 1,800lbs. of carp were removed by the men who were entitled to them, and about a similar if not larger quantity by the poachers. On Thursday at least four tons of carp were removed and 500lbs. of silversides and eels. Silversides are not supposed to be good eating, but they found a ready market in Dundee.

One important fact was definitely established by the draining of the pond, and that is that the presence of carp is destructive to the life of black bass. It has frequently been argued that carp would annihilate the bass on account of the carp eating the spawn of the bass, but this is perhaps the first case in which this was proven beyond the shadow of doubt. Vreeland Pond has always been a good pond for black bass of the large-mouthed variety. The absence of rocks and the little sand to be found made the pond unsuitable to the small-mouthed bass, but it was just what was wanted by the big-mouthed fish. They thrived year after year, and although frequently the shores of the pond were almost lined with anglers the supply continued. The bass taken on Thursday were all 2 years old and not one was less than 10in. in length. There were no bass of last year's or this year's spawning, showing conclusively that the carp had eaten up every particle of bass spawn during the past two years. The bass stands no show with the carp, as the lumbering carp grovels in the mud and crawls into the nest, where he is secure from the bass, whose weapon is situated on his back, being the sharp fin so frequently used for disemboweling fish at which the bass gets a chance.

The carp taken were nearly all of the variety known as the scale carp, there being comparatively few leather-backs. Their number was enormous, but their size was smaller than might have been expected, there being very few specimens weighing 15 or 20lbs., although there were hundreds weighing over 10lbs. Only one goldfish was taken and one perch, and there was no sign of any pickerel or pike.—*Charles A. Shriner in Paterson Chronicle, Dec. 8.*

ADIRONDACK OTTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the summer of 1892, while I was at Number Town, Lewis county, in a discussion on the subject of Adirondack fur bearing animals, Mr. Fenton, proprietor of the Fenton House, an old time woodsman of more than a half century's experience, expressed an opinion that otters in many portions of the Adirondacks were as "plentiful as they ever were," which statement I received with several grains of allowance. The experience of many years in the Adirondack woods had led me to believe that the otter had become a somewhat rare animal in the lakes and streams of even the more remote portions of the woods.

In the fall of 1894, however, I became convinced that the views of Mr. Fenton were not far from correct. That season I spent ten days at Hutchins's camp (Bonney's old place) on the Chain Lakes, located in townships 17 and 18, Hamilton and Essex counties, during which time our party saw five otters, two of which were shot at, but neither was secured. The day following my arrival at the camp a gentleman stopping there called my attention to two animals that were swimming near an island in Third Lake, and a glance through a field glass showed them to be otters, one of them a very large one.

Early the following morning when paddling through Second Lake I saw an otter swimming within 30yds. of the boat, and as it rose in the water to get a good look at us I sent a shot after it, which the guide thought struck it. The water where the otter disappeared was very deep, and we were unable to see bottom, so could not tell whether or not the otter was killed, at all events we saw nothing more of it. On the afternoon of the same day game protector Isaac Kenwell, who came in the woods with us, saw an otter eating a trout on a partly submerged log on the shore of Grassy Pond, a small pond connected with the Chain Lakes. Kenwell shot at this one, and a trail of blood on the log and in the water showed that the shot took effect, but he was unable to find the game. The trout was a 2lbs. female, laden with spawn nearly ripe. Two days later on Jackson Pond, another small sheet of water connected with the Chain Lakes, guide Carlos Hutchins and I saw an otter swimming quite near the shore and disappear under some overhanging black alders. We waited some time for it to show up, but it did not, and we were unable to get a shot. As the places where these animals were seen were quite long distances apart it is not probable that we saw the same otter several times. The fact of our having seen five otters in broad daylight in less than one week in one locality is sufficient evidence to me that they must be quite abundant in that part of the Adirondacks, too abundant by far for the welfare of the trout in the Chain Lakes. S.

TROY, N. Y., Nov. 30.

News for the Lake George Trout Fishers.

THE following will be good news for those who like to indulge in the lake trout fishing in Lake George: The Lake George Steamboat Co., realizing the necessity of more adequate facilities for early and late transportation on the lake, purchased this year the steamer Mohican. With the idea of accommodating the early trout fishers, as well as for other purposes, the Mohican will commence her season of 1896 shortly after the month of May has opened; she will run from Caldwell to Baldwin and return twice daily, calling at all landings on signal.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

THE BLIND ANGLER OF HADLEY.

MR. CLARENCE E. HAWKS, who is popularly known as the "blind poet of New England," and whose verses are current in leading magazines and journals, has just issued a volume of collated poems, under the title of "Pebbles and Shells," which has hit the public taste exactly, the first edition being sold before it came off the press.

Its contents are presented in six parts, devoted respectively and first to nature, second to war and patriotism, (including that graphically heroic poem entitled "The Last Charge at Gettysburg"), the third to love, the fourth to thoughts of childhood, the fifth to idyls of New England, and the sixth to miscellaneous effusions. The volume is delightfully original all through, and its title is in touch with the proclivities of those who love nature.

Sportsmen in particular will read it with keen sympathy and at once become eager purchasers as soon as ever they understand that the interesting young author is not only an expert angler, but that the deprivation of his eyesight came from a charge of shot in the face while he was afield with a companion, and that this calamity followed the amputation of a leg which had been injured by jumping a fence.

Although so seriously handicapped, his ardor is not at all abated, and he sings and recites again with cheery voice the active parts he has enacted; and all the time his sunny pictures seem the more vivid for being physiologically developed in the dark! One thing is certain, and no less remarkable, that few habitues of the mountain streams which thread his native hills in northwestern Massachusetts are more deft in casting the fly or worm, or handling a captive fish and bringing it to creel. We can conceive it to be simple enough for a blind man to sit in a punt and fish over the side with a hand line, but trout fishing enlists more active faculties. This marvelous gift of young Hawks, which seems to centralize and stimulate all the remaining senses to supply the ones destroyed, is certainly inexplicable; and it applies to all his walks and pursuits in life. The loss of his eyesight seems rather to enhance and intensify the pleasure which the other perceptive faculties afford. A psychological analysis of this rare gift is given in a preliminary chapter of the book, as well as a biographical sketch of the author, whose life history is phenomenal and intensely interesting.

The volume is illustrated by Elbridge Kingsley, one of the most eminent artists of his guild, and the introductory chapter is by Charles Hallock, the pioneer editor of FOREST AND STREAM.

Altogether it is the most attractive book of poems that has been issued in many a year, and would be a fitting associate in the library for Isaac McLellan's "Poems of the Rod and Gun," It is being circulated in æsthetic literary circles, and the author has already received an autograph congratulation from ex-Secretary Robert P. Lincoln. It is published by the Picturesque Pub. Co., Northampton, Mass. Price $1.50. H.

Fisheulture.

California's New Salmon Station.

BAIRD, Cal., Nov. 30.—An event has occurred this season in California which will probably revolutionize the work of salmon breeding on the Pacific coast. It is the establishment by the State Fish Commission of their station on Battle Creek near Ball's Ferry, and the phenomenal success which has attended their operations at that point during the last month. Salmon eggs have never been taken before in this country so quickly, so easily and with so little expense as they have just been taken by the State at Battle Creek. A comparatively very small force of men took 10,000,000 eggs in eighteen days and within a period of twenty-one days in all. The creek below the rack was a moving mass of ripe fish. It took but three men to haul the seine, and they caught enough fish the first haul to keep the force at work the rest of the day taking their eggs. Such expeditious and inexpensive salmon spawning was never known in this country, and probably not in the world.

The discovery of this extraordinary place for taking salmon eggs and the turning of it to practical use is due to Mr. John P. Babcock, the chief deputy of the California Fish Commission, who recommended it to the Commission, who in their turn showed their wisdom and foresight by adopting Mr. Babcock's recommendation and building the station this last summer.

This station will doubtless be able in future to stock both the Sacramento and the Columbia with fall run eggs, but it must not be forgotten in this connection that it is the summer fish that support most of the great canneries of the Sacramento and the Columbia, so that however great the success of the Battle Creek Station may be, the United States Station at Baird on the McCloud River, which is the only station on the Pacific slope which turns out any large number of eggs from the summer run of Quinnat or Chinook salmon, will still have an excuse for its existence.

LIVINGSTON STONE.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

1896.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Jan. 20.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. seventh annual trials. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

Feb. 10 or later.—West Point, Miss.—The Field Trial Champion Association's first trial. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Business.

I SOLD the two dogs advertised in FOREST AND STREAM, namely, Molleen (Henmore Shamrock—Daisy), winner, divided third I. S trials, 1892, and Alice Kent (Inchiquin—Onota Belle), winner of many prizes, to Mr. Bernon Ogden, of Chicago. F. L. CHENEY,

COON HUNTING IN CONNECTICUT.

IN those days, back in the 50s, I was but a lad in my teens, living in that rugged section of the State adjacent the Naugatuck River where I became acquainted with that whole-souled, genial old gentleman, Squire Calvin L., who delighted in chasing to bag those ever alert little animals, coons, and with whom I experienced my first knocks and bruises, together with sundry contusions incident to an all night among fallen timbers, tangled myrtles and jagged boulders, not to mention the many surprises from hidden burrows, which occasionally would swallow a leg, often threaten the whole boy, and seldom failed to test the strength of my vertebra.

It was only in these rustic surroundings that I found coons holding their entertainments, or if they ventured far from home it was only for a short vacation of pleasure—maybe on a trip to some neighboring creek to indulge in a little recreation at frogging, or perchance to some nearby cornfield to sample the succulent ears in the general interest of coondom and their own; at all events, whatever fancy stirred their brains, they always kept an eye on things at home in their mountain fastness, seemingly that in case of failure in their outside speculation they could have the satisfaction of being the possessors of a home to return to, and thus avoid being left out in the world, subject to its cold charities, of which their appreciation for seemed but small in its most magnified presentments; but, like the higher order of animals, they did sometimes make a mistake in calculation, and it was such an occurrence that Squire Calvin and myself, in the new combine, were permitted to appear upon the scene.

The Squire had often talked about a coon hunt, and had put about as much coon into my head as it could well hold. I was fairly aroused with the idea by his faithful description of how Tiger could tree them and then kill them when they were shaken to the ground; and what an easy thing for a lad like me, "so fond of climbing," to go into the tree and shake them off, and then to get down and see Tiger finish them, sometimes two or three in one evening.

That settled it, I must go a-coon hunting and see my intimate friend old Tiger in his glory. Only a few weeks more when on some suitable night we were to go and I was to be informed in time to be on hand.

Now, my friend Tiger was a good dog, worthy of the name of friend. He was good every way, and his sense of propriety and duty was never questioned by any boy in the village. He would mind his own business and be contented with so doing; but if set upon by dogs of less sense he always came out best. It is told to his credit he saved the house of his master from being burned to the ground by pulling the clothes from his master's bed and escorting him to a fire well under way in the kitchen, where in a few moments more it would have been beyond control. On another occasion he aroused his master in a similar way and stealthily led him to a stable in time to save the horses from thieves, who fled from the unlocked door without having secured their booty.

To him coon hunting seemed to be conducted upon principles instinctively and peculiarly his own, as I never heard that any one ever trained Tiger; but that he had no peer in all New England for this sport all who knew him will willingly vouch. Then here was to be the new combine—the Squire, myself and Tiger. After waiting a full moon or more the time seemed favorable—corn was big enough to tempt coons, and report was that one field had received their visits, as the ears plainly showed their work. And the damp night so long waited for had arrived, and the Squire had located a field of corn, one lying well upon the side of the bluff back of the present village of B. F., a field which looked well advanced, with adjacent large timber upon the one side, the home of coons—so reported—with a good growth of small trees below and on the opposite side of the cornfield. This would afford excellent retreat and they could be easily climbed whenever a coon should be silly enough to venture there in our presence.

Ten o'clock, the hour of starting, was announced by the Squire. Supper being over, the Squire and myself busied ourselves cleaning up an old single-barrel muzzle-loader, looking up ammunition, getting candles for the old tin lantern, putting up luncheon and a bottle of hard cider, walking to and fro waiting for the hour of 10 to be rung out on the gong within the 7ft. clock standing in the corner of the kitchen—did time ever move so slowly or hang half so heavily?

At length the little gray horse was brought out all saddled and bridled, as the first move; then Tiger caught the fever and begged and coaxed for us to wait no longer, and as the night was quite dark and a fog was settled over the lowlands, we concluded to make the start without waiting the full time of 10 o'clock, and thus we departed at 9:45, the horse carrying the Squire, the lantern (not lighted), the gun, ammunition and luncheon, while myself and Tiger ran along together beside the horse—all in the highest glee, with a clear mile and three-quarters before us. After the usual stumbling and interruptions to be found on a country road on a dark night, we at length reached the turn and left the main river road, following one bearing toward the woods, with knolls and hills rapidly succeeding one another, until at length we reached the bars on S.'s farm which stood guard to an ancient cart path leading off across the lots into denser darkness. Here the Squire called a halt and gave me his load; then, dismounting, hitched the little gray; then calling Tiger to him he caressed the dog and talked to him for a moment, telling him "he was a good dog, and must show up a good lot of coons." Turning to me he said: "You take the lantern and keep the door closed so as not to lose the candles. I will carry the gun. The luncheon we will leave right here. All ready? Now move carefully and still." And as we, a procession of three, moved to the timber line above the cornfield, the quiet was almost painful. At length, reaching a knoll above the cornfield, which was faintly outlined below us, Tiger was bid to "Go look 'em," and the Squire and myself took seats near to each other and awaited further developments. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and no report, not a sound; but as the Squire and myself were whispering our disappointment the faithful Tiger returned and begged us to go up the hill toward the timber, in all probability recollecting some former experience thereabouts. We unhesitatingly did as indicated, as we must have a coon near that place, although disappointment met us where we had pictured so much success. We were out for coons, and we must go to where they were.

The dog was let go again, and we followed among the trees into the woods where darkness was made darker, over roots and broken limbs of trees, with no pack to guide us. Moving on until well up the bluff, halting a few moments here and there, we moved as silently as possible. When the dog returned he was again dispatched further up the bluff. The Squire and myself took seats on a fallen tree and awaited the sound of a start with expectant ears, the Squire whispering, "This beats all; this is good ground for 'em; they are always here. But if they get started for the big ledge there will be no use of spending much time with 'em, for every coon that gets in there is a safe coon sure. I suppose just to our left for a hundred rods or so I have run in a dozen under that ledge and never got one out up to this day. Hark! Hear that? Mark the sound! That is Tige and a coon, but only a track yet. There he goes! Now he sees him and is close on to him! But ain't he hazing him! Tige never barks like that unless he has had a sight of the animal. He understands that if he rushes him he won't run far before he trees. But it will suit me just as well if he turns a little further down the hill, for if he gets into one of those big chestnuts up there he is about as good as lost to us unless we camp till morning, as they are too big for you to climb and thick enough at the top to shelter any amount of coons such a night as this."

I felt a little anxious to be a-moving, but the Squire said, "No, just wait; I'll tell you when to start, Tige will give the signal when to come, let him alone for that. Only last fall I had one up that big shingle oak just over there (pointing close across my nose) in the gully, and I got him, a big dog coon, the darkest colored one I ever saw. I maneuvered all night around that tree, but no go, I had to wait till daylight. Then!—we must be going now."

And go we did, with the Squire chatting on: "And then I shot him. It took three charges to knock him out, but I did it. The rascal got away out on the largest limb he could find, one that runs out on the down-hill side, as far away from the ground as he could well do, and the nearest I could get to him left me to shoot straight up in the air, and the limb was a good shield for him, but the second shot made him hitch along a little, and I got the next charge in all right, and down he came."

Tiger was now barking in good earnest, doubling his former efforts, and at a much higher key, the Squire urging "more speed" and puffing loudly, "He is either in a tree or under that ledge, and I am afraid under that ledge, for Tige don't bark right. Now you follow close to me. I know the ground and can go straight to him."

"But why not light up the lantern," I suggested, which only brought forth the reply: "That won't do, for if Tige sees the light he will stop barking before we get to him."

And so we stumbled and hurried, and I took my first genuine "header" over a rolling stone and laid low listening to the rattle of the old gun as it fetched up against an oak sapling, and heard the Squire grunt as a fallen limb doubled him with a blow below the belt; but I was up and to the rescue just in time to hear again the fierce bark of Tiger, which sounded just a little to the left, only a few rods further on, when Squire Calvin ordered "less haste," the wind being much taken out of him climbing the steep and rough bluff covered with stones innumerable.

I willingly adopted the new and better tactics, as I too was getting a little short of breath and much heated, the sweat starting freely; but we did not stop, only let up a little; and here we were close to Tiger, as he whined not a rod away. The Squire with saddened words said, "I fear it is all up. That blasted coon has played it on us. He is in that ledge sure." And so it was. There we were standing under its overhanging side and there was Tiger throwing the dirt and gravel over the leaves at a rate that would have done credit to a steam digger. We lighted the lantern and by its dim rays explored the situation. There was the rock, as big as a meeting-house, with a cavern under one side of it which I easily crawled into for several feet; and there were burrows extending from its several sides with no visible means of finding the other end of either of them. After spending a full half hour punching sticks into the one which Tiger claimed contained the coon, and with no better result, we determined to let that coon remain.

The Squire coaxed the dog to follow, and after taking a good look with the aid of the lantern at the big specter-like figures and shadows before us, we blew out the light in the lantern and took steps on our course to the smaller timber below, where we hunted without results for nearly an hour when we concluded to retrace our steps homeward, believing we had scared all the coons out of the woods for the time being, but agreeing to come again at no distant date; and so journeyed on to the horse at the bars, where we had left him.

The Squire being hungry and dry proposed a lunch, which was quickly agreed to and as quickly consummated, thus doing away with that much of the load. Luncheon being over the bars were let down and the Squire mounted the gray and took possession of the lantern and gun, and leading the way started on the road homeward with saddening thoughts that the new combine had utterly failed in their first expedition.

Moving on in sad procession, we had not gone to exceed a quarter of a mile when Tiger quickly left my side where he had been trotting along and bounded over the low, half tumbled down stone wall topped up with a few rails *à la* Virginia, he gave voice which was fast crossing the pasture. The Squire reined up with true military precision, and we both listened with hopes rising to catch the sound of conflict.

"Coon, sure," came from the Squire.

"Ours, sure," said I.

"There!" says the Squire, "that is something like it. That is our coon. No ledges there. Just you trot to the bars at the foot of the next rise and let me through and we will cooper that fellow." My part was quickly done even at the trot.

On the opposite side of this pasture not forty rods from us was a fair-sized brook, which led into a small pond some 200 rods below, but which from long neglect showed only a tumbled down heap of an old stone dam, but it sufficiently stopped the water course to cause 2 or 3ft. of water to cover nearly a quarter of an acre of poor land. In front, and as our course lay, across this brook was a high bank as steep as the roofs of the houses hereabouts, and this bank was covered for a few rods with a thick growth of very tall hemlocks with branches from the ground up-

ward, woven and interwoven to an apparent impenetrable thicket. Into this thicket Tiger had made his way, and was loudly sounding the news at high key; and across the pasture by a footpath we were hurrying along straight to the brook, which we heard murmuring in front of us. Here we hitched the gray and prepared for active service. The campaign had actually opened. The dog, hearing us so near, stopped barking, and we had to wait in silence for several minutes, when again the sound came forth just in front of us and only a short distance in the thicket. Having taken a careful bearing we made a bee line across the brook, and climbed the bank on our hands and knees over the slippery, spongy soil, to where we found Tiger in high spirits, his head pointed up the body of the largest tree near us, his forefeet resting on a limb and his body supported by his hindfeet, which rested in the mud. In this position Tiger exhausted his knowledge of climbing, and the only thing which prevented him from going to the top of that tree before we arrived was the fact that it was a race impossibility, he not being "built that way."

What seemed to us on the road as being dark had suddenly changed to greater darkness among the hemlocks, and a more uncomfortable night for discerning objects could scarcely be selected.

After vain effort to gain any point of observation from the ground, it was decided for me to climb the tree, which I found to be but the work of a few moments, as the limbs were thick on every side of the tree. After getting well up toward the top, where the limbs were surprisingly slender, the Squire concluded to interview me, and lead off with "Hadn't you best cut you a gad to punch him off with? Do you see him? Where is he? Where will he fall?" etc., without giving me breath or time to answer, when by mistake I missed a limb and caused the slender top of the tree to wave, which revealed to my gaze the coveted animal just above my head, and then for the first time I attempted to forward my answers to the Squire's interrogatories.

This being all satisfactory, the Squire said "All right, come down, and we will make a little preparation, and I will provide you with a gad." I did so and received the gad from the Squire, sharpened at one end in the most approved style, together with a fist full of gravel to be dropped at the point where the coon was to land after being punched to my satisfaction with the gad, that Tiger and his master might be in an advantageous position to make his short stay very uncomfortable upon landing on our shore.

With the parting salute from the Squire, "Look well to your footing and don't touch him until you have located Tige and me, and then give it to him," I left the Squire and wound myself and the gad spirally among the branches to my first position near the top of the tree; but not being able to see the animal as before, I ventured a few limbs above, when I managed to get another and a better view of the big black bunch above me and only 8 or 10ft. away, but where the size of the limbs decreased fast.

Upon examination of my footing, I dropped my first pebble to let the Squire know I was all right, and followed it up with a second and third, after which I received assurance all was "in readiness," and I began to critically examine the object above as to what part of his anatomy I should bestow my efforts on, when it suddenly occurred to me that there were several pairs of eyes, and upon further examination I located four eyes, which seemed too many for one coon; and that tail, that is a coon's tail; and now it seems I can see better—yes, there are two tails! Oh yes, that accounts for it—two tails, four eyes; those are two coons. Having unraveled this much I reported to the Squire (after retreating a limb or two to a more secure place), who advised "a careful inspection before beginning, and then if one can be knocked out and leave the other there send him down."

I carefully moved upward to my former position to carry out the wishes of the Squire and if possible secure the two coons; so, selecting the best position at my command, I sought out the weakest point for attack, and to my surprise the number of tails had increased to three, plainly visible with the aid of a very uncertain light. This was "a poser." Having made this discovery, I hesitated about opening so large a pot to one dog, and quietly descended to the ground for further parley with the Squire, who seemed not a little impatient at the slow way I was doing business; but after the situation was fully understood the Squire proposed that we light up the lantern and make ourselves as comfortable as possible and await the coming of daylight, which he calculated would be due in about two to two and one-half hours—if the fog lifted.

"It is like this," he said, "if we should knock two or three coons to the ground at once we would loose some if not all of them; but if we wait until light then we can shoot 'em with prospects of getting all of 'em. At any rate, we can better attend to their cases. Now you just get a dry place and I will hang the lamp on a twig, and Tige and me will put in for a little rest right here."

This counsel prevailed, and after a half hour of rest on a rough stone near the foot of the tree I concluded to make another ascent and see how things were getting on during my absence, as Tiger had already taken his seat at the body of the tree and showed considerable anxiety about things above, and without doubt thinking we were taking things too easy; so, smoothing his noble head, I crawled partly over him and commenced my winding ascent, but when only about one-half way up I heard something scratching along on the darkened side of the tree just above me, and soon by the aid of the reflected light below I was able to see the retreating forms of coons going my way toward the top of the tree, and being able to confirm my previous estimate as to number, and in this order the procession proceeded until we reached about our former position, but finding the limbs quite too small for a comfortable seat, I returned a short distance and perched upon the first respectable-sized limb, and from here reported to the Squire the condition of things, but I did not receive any response. Here, then, I determined to await the coming of light.

To describe either my mental anxiety or my physical suffering as I sat there alone would fill several pages. The only sound that greeted my ears as I was there roosting between coons and earth was the occasional crowing of some comfortable rooster at his home, the barking of some pet dog and the deep and regular snoring of the Squire, who had sprawled himself on as many boughs of the hemlocks as were available to serve as couch to his tired limbs, where sleep had claimed him for a time.

But here my duties were multiplying with my reveries. The family above were anxious to go down, and it became my duty to escort them back to the top of the tree several times, and the intervals of these trips were growing shorter and shorter, until I found it necessary to roost a peg higher, but where the comforts of a good limb had to be dispensed with. At length by presuming a little I fancied it growing a little lighter, and the cocks and the dogs were being heard from in many directions, which, after mature thought and considerable deliberation, induced me to return to the ground and attempt the rather difficult task of awaking the Squire. It was a job—he held on to his part well, but I succeeded in arousing him and gave him my latest experience, which I concluded with a request that we shoot those animals as early as convenient.

The Squire moved but slowly at first, but after hearing about one-half I had said guessed it was best, and proceeded to rub his eyes and kick out sundry cross-cut kinks in his nearly benumbed limbs, when suddenly coming to he revealed the truth, "I declare, I think I fell asleep." Then consulting the bull's-eye watch in his hand by the dim light of the nearly extinct lantern, he declared "it ought to be getting a little light, and we must be on the sharp lookout for our game."

Just here Tiger got excited and tried all sides of the tree and growled, while the Squire put in a fresh candle and opened the door of the lantern, throwing the full rays of one candle power of light up the tree and closely squinting up after it; when for the first time he got a view of the family I had stood guard over for so many anxious moments.

As soon as the light struck them they had hastily commenced an upward movement which was quite familiar to me, and possibly expecting that the Squire would follow them as I had been doing, or possibly somewhat confused, they had mistaken the Squire for me and were afraid of the transformation scene below. At this new experience the Squire continued to kick out the remaining portion of kinks first from one leg and then from the other, remarking by way of accompaniment, "Now you had better go up after that lot, and if light enough you had better take the gun with you, a part of the way at least, and stay by those fellows, for it looks to me as though they wanted to come down (a fact long before known to me), and if you can't keep 'em up, let 'em have it from the gun all in a bunch, and between you, the gun and Tige and me, we stand a good show for some coon meat, but understand, it is only if you fail to keep them up to the top."

This I thought well of, as it would be a prize shot for an amateur to kill three coons at once, and with this idea in my mind I took the run and climbed the tree again, with a firm determination to empty that gun at them if they proved in the least disobedient to my orders to keep quiet; and I speculated as to about the probable distance that charge would land me should I lose my grip on the hemlock, but at no place could I see the animals in good position to carry out my plans under circumstances that would permit me to trust that gun to my shoulder. The limbs were small, the footing bad, the gun too long for the brush; so after due consideration I secured the gun among the limbs, where I left it and climbed above on a tour of inspection, when I found the family safely collected about as high up as it was safe to venture, and while I stood there examining them and speculating on the light and prospects of seeing them from the ground with a view to shooting, one more daring than the rest sprang over my head and went tumbling from limb to limb, while I hallooed to the Squire to look out for him, and speculating if he would knock the old gun out of the tree and who would get killed by it.

Tiger and his master were near where the coon landed, and for a time it was riotous doing; things were mixed up with man, dog and coon, which was revealed to me by sounds of "take 'em," crash, snap, a growl, and a splash in the water of the brook, first of the coon and dog as one, and the man on top.

Taking in the whole situation, my comments were that it was a piece of good generalship on the part of the coon to get to the brook, while I could hear that "take 'em, Tige," growing fainter and further away.

I wanted to be there myself, but this was not my part; I was a home guard and the combine was for a time broken up. Fearing further loss from above, I got the gun and laid low for the remainder of the family; with one arm around the tree and with the gun resting on my shoulder, with one hand only to work the gun, I awaited their coming in fear. I did not have long to wait. They were restless and kept a continuous moving about, and the light had now got strong enough to be able to keep a fair record of their doings, when seeing them both together with heads well up, I calculated it would be my last chance and I poked, instead of being able to sight, the gun as near at them as I could guess. It was not a good fair shot, but it was now or never, so I let it go—fully thirty feet of fire, which for an instant lighted up the top of that tree in royal style, producing a sound that might have been mistaken for a powder mill explosion, and as for me I was busy. I had the biggest job of my life. I had all I could take care of to keep in that tree and not lose the gun; in fact, it become a matter of quick calculation about going along with those coons. I saw them as they passed by me and quite too close for comfort, but my hope rose as I believed I had killed two coons anyway.

I hastened down as quickly as possible to gather them in, which happy event did not come off just then, for after a search of every nook and cover there were no dead coons to be found, and I laid the gun in sadness by the side of the old tin lantern and pronounced them a happy pair, and then slid down the track taken by the Squire to the brook below; then followed the brook to the pond further below, where Tiger and the coon had just landed; the coon in his last agonies and poor Tige about tired out and partially drowned.

Looking around I espied the Squire on the opposite side of the pond hole, where he was emptying his boots and wringing his stockings. Espying me at about the same instant, he invited me to cross the stream below and "bring the coon," all of which directions I carried out. As soon as within talking distance, "What did you kill?" was asked by the Squire, who avowed he saw forty feet of fire come out of the top of the coon tree, and continued, "Tige had a hard time, and he had it all alone most of the time. I could not get to him or be of any service to him, as the coon kept to the brook, where the stones were slippery and where the brook in places was quite deep, and that —— coon was always in the wrong place, and they traveled too fast for me to keep up with them; but when they struck deeper water at the pond that coon did his best to drown Tige"—and turning to the dog (who had just stretched himself at his master's feet) he says to poor, tired Tiger, "He wa'n't coon enough—not that fellow, was he, Tige? No, you good old fellow, I'll bet ten dollars, at odds of two to one, that there ain't a dog except Tige in the township that could have saved that coon." Then, picking up the coon, he proposed to "go back and try for the others," and back we went, leaving one coon in company with the horse, but no other coon could be found; and as we were all well tired it was thought best to go home; but Tiger, who had been nosing around, suddenly started off and was soon at the end of the old dam, where he began barking. I ran down there, to find him trying to get in among a mass of old rocks and logs, which at some time had formed a portion of the old dam. Calling Tiger off from the unpromising venture the combine were soon all gathered about the horse, packing traps for home.

It was now daylight, and with gun, lantern and one coon, the Squire and myself on the little gray, we moved on. A more dilapidated, dirty and mud-covered pair of hunters never set themselves up for public gaze; and it so happened that we were just in time to see all the early risers along the highway, and to be by them seen as well, and it was a great relief to arrive at the Squire's barn, where we felt the exhibition was over.

If I am to be pardoned for telling so much about my first coon hunt I may at some future time tell of subsequent hunts along with the Squire and his faithful Tiger.

SID BROMLEY.

The St. Louis Kennel Club.

THE organization of the St. Louis Kennel Club should give an added impetus to canine interests in the West in particular and to the same interests in general. About fifteen years ago St. Louis was the center of action of the canine interests in the West, and in certain respects it was inferior to none notably in the length and breadth of its practical sportsmanship, it geographically being within easy reach of the great natural game preserves of America. Missouri possessed its own abundance of game and fish, and it was but a few hours' ride to the great chicken grounds of the North, the quail grounds of the South, the wildfowl shooting in every direction. No city is more favorably situated for the healthy enjoyment of sport with rod, dog and gun. While the practical side of sportsmanship had not lessened, there was an apathy concerning the competitive features of the dog world, and the educational advancement of the public at large which comes from public exhibitions and competitions.

The new club is formed on specially sound financial lines, ones worthy of the consideration of other organizations of a similar character. The stock of the club is capitalized at $3,000, divided into 300 shares at $10 each. Ownership of one or more shares constitutes membership, and as the shares are non-forfeitable and non-assessable, it is a much more desirable and satisfactory arrangement than any system of initiation fee and quarterly dues that could have been devised. But a few shares remain untaken. In the membership are the names of gentlemen famous in the financial, social and political world and in the affairs of sportsmanship. Mr. John A. Long, the president, is well known as a breeder and fancier of collies, and many times has been an active participant in bench show matters. Mr. John F. Shepley, vice-president, was more active and conspicuous in promoting the advancement of kennel interests a few years ago than he is at present, business interests requiring his attention, but he is none the less enthusiastic in the cause and an admirer of a good dog. Of the treasurer, the following in a communication to the *St. Louis* gives but a fair presentation of the worth and esteem in which he is held. It says: "The treasurer, J. B. C. Lucas, is the right man in the right place, and his name has done more to inspire confidence than any other that could have been proposed. A friend of the dog in the broadest sense of the term, a sportsman from the top of his head to the soles of his feet, he has done more to increase the membership and further the movement than any man in it. Mr. Lucas has been prominently connected with every association connected with such matters in many years, and his name is a synonym for all that is upright, straightforward and honorable." Loving the sports with rod, dog and gun for their own sake, there never was anything selfish in his enjoyment, for he was ever ready to promote the general good and enjoyment of others. The secretary, Mr. Wm. Hutchison, enthusiastic and capable, has proven himself a hard-working and indefatigable officer in carrying out the ideas of the controlling board. One of the projectors of the movement, he has seen it prosper beyond his most ardent expectations, and no one is better pleased or more in his element than when doing something for his pet project—the St. Louis Kennel Club. The club has not confined its share of action to the mere field of canine improvement and the development of a greater public interest in canine matters. It has been an active factor in game preservation, and by its material and moral aid has done much to make the game warden, Mr. Jesse W. Henry, an active officer instead of a passive one, there being an inadequacy of funds to meet the demands of his office, or in fact to meet even a small fraction of the necessary expenses. The club has been active in securing funds for the necessary expense of the office and courts of prosecution, besides liberal subscriptions by its own membership.

Spaying.

RUTLAND, Vt.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I shall be very glad if some of your thousand and one correspondents will give in your columns their experience in spaying bitches that have had one or more litters of puppies, and have grown to be four or five years old. I have an exceptionally fine pointer bitch of that age, highly bred (Robert le Diablo—Pomp), well broken and a very good bitch. If it will not destroy her ambition and render her useless, I wish to have her spayed.

Please ask your readers to give their experience, if they have had any in similar cases. If spaying is out of the question, what can be done to shrink the teats to natural size? In this case the teats have been abnormally large since she had her last litter, a year or more ago, and are very unsightly. VERDE MONT.

[In FOREST AND STREAM of July 20 Verde Mont will find several authorities quoted on this subject.]

The Bright and Dark Side.

Mr. S. C. Bradley, secretary of E. F. T. C., is thoroughly in earnest in promoting the success of his club and he has a keen sense of the field trial situation. In a personal letter he touches on field trial matters as follows: "I feel confident that there are many good men in this country who will be glad to join our forces, if they could but realize the pleasures to be derived from a field trial outing. I believe that articles should be published in the sporting press which would present the true sport to be enjoyed at our annual trials, to the end that the public may comprehend the true status of field trial club meetings. So much has been written in the way of spiteful controversy or to air the prejudicial feeling of some cranks that a part of the uninformed public is disposed to believe that the clubs are more or less mismanaged. I hope the time may come when field trials, one of the most innocent and enjoyable of all field sports, will be presented in their true light by the sporting press and also by all who are interested in the work of setters and pointers and in a good outing, so that the public may realize the fact that the clubs are managed and conducted by gentlemen who are of the truest type of sportsmen."

This letter has the right ring of faith and good purpose. It makes public a fault, for nearly all the personal writings concerning field trials have been of the wrangling or denunciatory character, implying that field trials were largely made up of squabbles and bitterness of feeling. Nothing in that respect could be more erroneous. No gathering has so many sincere and cordial greetings, hearty handshakings and genuine welcomes as has the members of a field trial party. No stranger is a stranger long if it be known that he loves a dog, and if he love a dog in a genuine sense he is made much of, for he is introduced and made welcome, and to him is "talked dog" till exhaustion comes. Then there are the horseback rides in the fields and woods; the constant stimulus to interest as heat after heat is begun and ended; famous dogs beating newcomers or newcomers beating famous dogs; the ever varied scenes and combinations; the excitement of competition; the abundance of varying incident to sustain interest—all in a setting of nature's own handiwork, in the luxuriance of the earth's vegetation and rich autumn colors which come but once a year, beautiful and pleasing, and all an adornment to man's more serious diversions afield.

Look at the list of gentlemen whose names recur year after year in connection with field trials, and that of itself will be an assurance of the genuine interest and worth of the field trials. Among such men any real discord would not be tolerated for a moment.

But after the trials are ended there is commonly one or two malcontents whose minds—in their own estimation—contain all the principles of equity and knowledge, all of which, strange to say, are a part of their own selfish personality and have but one interpretation: that is, their own selfish interests. They are no more a part of field trials than a pebble in one's shoe is a part of one's person, though both may be annoying.

New Jersey Kennel League.

At the last meeting of the executive of this club there were present Miles A. Hanchett, president, in the chair; Walter Brown, vice-president (by proxy); Dr. W. F. Seidler, Frank Linck, Carl Brandt and Edwin H. Morris.

The committee on a building for another show for Thanksgiving week reported that, after an attempt to secure every building deemed suitable by the executive, located at Newark or Orange, had to state its inability to secure one.

The meeting was called to consider proposals from members located at Jersey City for a show there, following that of New York next spring.

It was the sense of the meeting that such a show, given by a local committee, should have the support of the club, and the aid of those who gave their time and service in making the Newark event successful was promised.

Communications were received from those interested in great Danes asking the League to use its influence against any attempt to stop cropping in an arbitrary and summary manner.

The following resolution, offered by Frank Linck and seconded by Carl Brandt, was unanimously adopted:

"*Whereas*, This committee, partly composed of German-Americans, representing a large German element, desires to express its sympathy with great Dane breeders and owners, it considers that such radical measures as those proposed will work serious injury to the breed as well as to vested interests. That the initiative in such cases should be taken by the specialty clubs representing the breed and not by any American Kennel Club committee. That the delegate of the club be asked to consider these points and to cast his vote to the best of his judgment."

New members were elected. The treasurer reported a balance in favor of the League.

Edwin H. Morris, Sec'y.

P. K. C. Members' Stake.

The Members' Stake of the Philadelphia Kennel Club was run Dec. 3. Weather was fine, frosty in the morning, warm and pleasant during the day. Birds—same story as everywhere else in North Carolina this winter. Only 4 coveys were found. The dogs were drawn on the ground as follows:

Dr. G. G. Davis's Loo with Murray S. Mitchell's Duly.

J. F. Fleer's Gamester with Mr. G. H. Thomson's Frills.

Murray S. Mitchell's Sandy Gladstone with Francis G. Taylor's Ben Hur, of Riverview.

Mr. Baker's Lou, a bye.

Loo and Duly were cast off at 9:10. Mr. Mitchell had purchased Duly the night before and the dog refused to hunt for him. He would not go out, but ran back to the wagons to find his old master. After ten minutes of unsuccessful attempts to make the dog hunt, Mr. Mitchell asked permission to withdraw him, which was granted. Loo was hunted on alone. She showed good pace and range, very excellent style, and improved very much on her good showing of the day before. After a long hunt for birds she was finally successful, being discovered on a covey point in the edge of pines. She was a trifle unsteady to shot, but stopped readily to command. Up in pines, she pointed three singles well; a bit unsteady again on one of them. She is easily handled, obedient at all times and hunts her ground with judgment. Up at 10:05.

Mr. Fleer, the owner of Gamester, had not yet arrived on the grounds, and to give him time the bye dog was hunted next.

Lou was put down at 10:10. She did not show any very wide range, cutting back a good deal, and waiting to be prompted by her owner. Up in stubbles she pointed where according to report a darky had flushed a covey. Ordered on into woods she pointed; three birds found which she had located badly. She was unsteady to shot. Further on she pointed another single and behaved well. Up at 10:59.

Sandy Gladstone and Ben Hur were the next brace called up, as Mr. Fleer was still absent and remained so. Put down at 11. Both dogs were not in condition to hunt, being altogether too fat. They showed willingness to go and stayed out well, but their pace was inferior. A covey was seen to flush; Sandy out of sight and turned up suspiciously near them. They were marked down further up in pines and the dogs were worked toward them. Ben Hur pointed indifferently, and Sandy, ordered to back, went ahead and sat down among the birds, which had bunched again. They flushed. Nothing further done. Ordered up at 11:40.

Frills was started at 11:43; hunted over a lot of ground without finding birds. She was only moderate in speed and range. Worked toward ground where covey had been found on previous day and no results. Up at 12:25.

The party now went to lunch, after which the judge called up Lou and Loo to run together. A long drive to other grounds and the dogs were put down at 1:30. It was soon evident that the Irish setter had the best of it in every respect. No birds found; ordered up at 1:40. The decision was promptly given declaring Dr. Davis's Loo the winner. Everybody present indorsed the decision.

Dr. Davis is to be congratulated upon having an Irish setter of such first-class quality, and we hope that he may be successful in breeding more like her. This is a great step ahead in Irish setter interests.

Edmund H. Osthaus judged the stake.

Aged Dogs.

Washington.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Kindly permit a constant reader of Forest and Stream to register a gentle kick against some statements recently made in a New York paper relative to canine longevity. The paper referred to contains the picture of a pampered poodle of Russian origin, and claims for him that "he is the oldest dog in the world." His age is stated at 25 years. That is a venerable age, sure enough; but Washington, the land of huge fish and enormous trees, can equal, if not exceed, the example. Don M. Hewit, of Yelm, Thurston county, this State, has a half hound, alive and well, which was whelped in June, 1870. He was reared by Mr. Walker, an early settler, and has dragged down scores of deer in his eventful life. Eleven unwounded and twenty-six disabled wildcats have fallen victims to his ferocity, and he is carved and seamed by numerous battles with cougar and bear. His feet are deformed and tender from age and rough usage, and he is very deaf. I have mislaid the paper giving the exact age of the antique poodle, and so cannot say positively that he is not older than the veteran Yelm prairie; but my recollection is that there are months at least in favor of the rugged old warrior out on the Nisqually. I found the old hero last month while grouse hunting, and took dinner with the family of his owner. I regret now that a camera did not form part of my *impedimenta*.

Dr. J. A. Beebe.

A. C. B. Stud Book.

Vol. I. of the American Coursing Board Stud Book is an invaluable work to all who are directly or indirectly interested in the greyhound. It contains the names, colors, ages and pedigrees of greyhounds registered therein up to July 1, 1895, and a list of members of the American Coursing Board, constitution and by-laws of the latter, code of running rules, list and officers of coursing clubs; reports of meetings containing list of winners, dividers and runners-up; registrations, re-registrations and changes of ownership; list of owners, breeders and coursers; registration of partnerships and kennels, and names of official judges and slippers. In its mechanical and artistic features the work is most skilfully completed. Address Roger D. Williams, Lexington, Ky.

Gunshyness and Shooting.

Dallas, Tex.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just returned from my annual quail hunt, and must say that I never found birds so plentiful. After getting a bevy scattered, and while working on the singles, I would very often find a new bevy. The birds were well grown and the bevies large, showing that they had been molested but little during their raising. The birds seem to be feeding on small acorns, and I found but few in the farms.

I have a most excellent place to board, about five miles from the railroad, with no small children to annoy me; the cooking was of the very best; as to quail I soon tired of them.

I killed 136 and the neighbors had all they wanted. I expect to go again in January. I had three dogs with me, an English setter of royal blood and two pointers, great-grandsons of Meteor. The setter and one of the pointers were trained and did me good service, but the other pointer was gunshy, and no one but a handler of bird dogs can begin to know how provoking this fault is.

Mr. Editor, did you ever once think how utterly worthless a gunshy dog is? If you have one that will break shot, chase and do other devilment you can manage to have a little shooting and some fun with him, but if he is shy of the gun you are emphatically powerless until he is cured of this the very worst fault a dog can have. I did say once that life was too short and dogs too numerous for one to waste with such a dog and advocated a load of No. 8 shot at short range, but this fellow has so much hunt and energy in him I have concluded to try and break him, provided I can control my temper.

Muzzleloader.



DOGS OF WAR IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

Brunswick Fur Club.

Roxbury, Mass., Dec. 5.—The seventh annual winter meet of the Brunswick Fur Club will be held at Brunswick, Me., during the week of Jan. 13, 1896.

The club headquarters will be at the Tontine Hotel, where a special rate of $1.50 per day will be made to visiting sportsmen.

The annual meeting for the election of officers for the ensuing year and for the transaction of other business will be held on Monday evening.

This is to be a rousing hunting meet, and all fox hunters are cordially invited to be present and to bring their hounds.

Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

National Fox Hunters' Association.

A cold day with a snowstorm threatening was Dec. 2, at Owingsville, Ky., the scene of the National Fox Hunters' Association second meet. The Derby was started notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, a large party of ladies and gentlemen braving the uncomfortable temperature and displaying much enthusiasm. The competition dragged owing to bad weather. Spencer Brothers' Kit (Clark county, Ky.) was one of the winners. Judge J. A. Perry, of Lexington, Ky., was expelled for a violation of the rules, consisting of hunting on forbidden ground, concerning which he avers that the charges are unfounded.

Henmore Shamrock.

Pittsfield, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read with regret the death of my old companion, Henmore Shamrock, in your issue of Dec. 7. Shamrock was imported by me in 1890 and I exhibited him at the principal shows for a number of years, and shot over him on snipe, woodcock and grouse until the fall of '94, when I sold him to Mr. Brown. He was a perfect companion and one of the best all-round fielders I ever saw.

F. L. Cheney.

Information Wanted.

Bay City, Mich.—Will some one who possesses the information please give me, through the columns of Forest and Stream, the address of Mr. C. F. Waterhouse, a dog breaker, who at one time lived in western Massachusetts.

F. J. G.

Setters and Connecticut Shooting.

HARTFORD, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One moment, please, and let me tell you that, as I could look ahead and see a day or two of leisure, and always having the inclination, I wrote and made a date with Mr. Pearle, of the Hampton Kennels, for a few days' shooting, and a most enjoyable time was the result. Mr. Pearle, with his accustomed politeness, met me at the depot and with his reliable Pegassus took me quickly to his hospitable home, where the celebrated kennels are located, and after looking over some of the gamest-looking young setters that it has been my fortune to see for a long time, and taking a hasty lunch, started for the field in search of partridge—my favorite bird. Mr. Pearle let out of the kennel a blue belton and a Llewellyn, which, I can assure you, made a splendid showing. They were very industrious, quick and snappy, working apparently for each other and each always backing the other. I never expect to see a prettier working brace. We had a nice tramp over hills and through swales, of which this locality particularly abounds, being on what is known as Hampton Hills, which are said to be the highest hills of the State, and quite noted as a summer resort. Six partridges fell to our guns, and we were fully satisfied with our success; and not the least enjoyable part was to see under what perfect control Mr. Pearle has his dogs. You can hardly hear his orders, they are given so quietly. Mr. E. K. Sperry has been much interested in this kennel from its origin. This year he has put out nearly one hundred northern Missouri quail on a preserve about a mile square which has always been a natural feeding ground for these birds, but the shooters that have stopped at the Hill House had completely destroyed the original stock. Mr. Sperry says that he has tried to restock with the Southern birds, but it has always been a total failure. Mr. Pearle has not shot any of these birds, hoping to get the town restocked again, and at one time this fall he thought that he could start thirty bevies on this preserve. Feed has been kept constantly by them, and the success attained has fully paid all cost and trouble of Messrs. Sperry and Pearle. If there were a few more in the State that would go and do likewise the work of game wardens would fall into insignificance; and I'm not sure but this alone does it. Our tramp the next day was still more enjoyable and eight partridges were bagged. My trip was a very enjoyable one, and I shall not soon forget Mr. Pearle and his six beautiful setters on Hampton's thousand hills, which must have been full of the drumming bird at the opening of the season, for nearly 175 game birds fell to Mr. Pearle's gun alone in the month of October. NIMROD.

New England Beagle Club Futurity Stake.

LINDEN, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following stake will be run in connection with the regular classes at the fourth annual field trials of the New England Beagle Club, 1896:

A futurity stake, open to all beagles, dogs and bitches, 15in. and under in height, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895. Conditions are as follows: 50 cents to be paid when 3 months old, 75 cents when 6 months old, $1 when 12 months old, $1.25 when 15 months old, $1.50 when 18 months old and $5 to be paid at the trials the night before the class is run.

The prize money will be divided as follows: 40 per cent. of the entire entry fee to the winner of 1st prize; 25 per cent. of the entire entry fee to the winner of 2d prize; 15 per cent. of the entire entry fee to the winner of 3d prize; 10 per cent. of the entire entry fee to the breeder of the winner. The remaining 10 per cent. to go to the club.

Any nomination sold at any time before the trials the new owner has the privilege of continuing the payments and starting his entry in the trials, the same as if he had made the original entry. All nominations close Jan. 15, 1896. Entry blanks will be mailed to all known beagle breeders and fanciers, but should any be overlooked please address the secretary and same will be forwarded at once. Any information in regard to the above stake will be given with pleasure.

W. S. CLARK, Sec'y N. E. B. C.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Mr. W. B. Stafford, the secretary of the Field Trial Champion Association, intended to prepare the conditions of the stake and advertise them soon after his return from the field trials at Newton. This stake will prove a safety valve to the enormous pressure which has been directed toward proving which dogs were really champions during two or three years past in a manner more colloquially known as "the challenge business." Besides determining definitely, so far as a competition can accomplish the result in determining which dog is champion, it will also determine how much good faith there was in the numerous columns of challenges, and cheap circumlocution and streamers of advertising attached to a challenge stuffed with wind and commercial intention.

The second edition of Dr. Wesley Mills's well-known work, "The Dog in Health and in Disease," is recently from the press in a revised and enlarged form. Many new illustrations have been added. The work is divided into two parts, the first entitled "The Dog in Health," which treats of the origin, history and zoölogical position of the dog, classes and uses of the different breeds, and the management and care of the dog in health. The second part, "The Dog in Disease," as the name implies, treats of the different diseases to which the dog is subject and their remedies. The work is neatly bound in cloth and contains 408 pages. Price, $2.25.

It is a pleasure to note that the intermittent spasms of the kennel world, caused by the sayings of Mr. Taylor, "the English judge at New York," are showing signs of ending. Now that the medals, after a delay, have been sent to the Messrs. Woodiwiss, let us hope that the wearisome matter may end. Individuals, the press and America's highest kennel body have thundered because Mr. Taylor spoke. The American Kennel Club appointed a committee "to expose the malicious statements which were made without warrant," and they were officially and officiously exposed some months after the matter had been thoroughly exposed and discussed and in part forgotten. As to what would "warrant" a "malicious statement" is not quite apparent. Moreover, after all the words expended it seems that there are now decided differences of opinion as to whether Mr. Taylor was right or wrong in the main points of his criticisms. As to the more personal features of the discussion, Mr. Taylor was quite as free to express his criticism or disapproval of American men and manners as Americans were free to criticise him or others, and to a certainty Mr. Taylor did not surpass his critics in unfriendly frankness.

We are indebted to Mr. J. L. Winchell for a photograph of Beaufort's Black Prince, of which he says: "It is the last picture taken of him before he sailed for England to his new owner, Mr. W. Norman Higgs, of London. He probably brought a higher price than any mastiff sold in America. He is probably the first American bred dog that England has bought in America for the show bench. He has been shown at the largest shows here for the past five years and was never beaten. He has won the American Mastiff Club's cups and medals nineteen times and besides has won the special as the best non-sporting dog. He has proved himself the greatest sire, and is without doubt the best mastiff ever bred in America or shown on the bench here."

Manager Corrigan, of the Meadowmere Kennels, reports that he has a grand lot of puppies which he intends to exhibit at the coming W. K. C. show next February. Also that last year prize winners are in excellent condition, as are also some recent importations which will make their first appearance at said exhibition. This kennel always makes the W. K. C. exhibition its specialty, and Manager Corrigan informs us he will make a larger number of entries than ever before. As announced last fall the Meadowmere Kennels intend to exhibit at this show only.

In our business columns this week, Mr. H. N. Howell, Lancaster, Pa., offers broken pointer. Mr. E. K. Sperry, New Haven, Conn., offers broken setter. Box 3, Rocky Ridge, Md., offers setter in exchange for spaniels. Fieles & Bro., Christiana, Pa., offer coon, fox and rabbit hounds, and setters and pointers. Oak Grove Kennels, Moodus, Conn., offers setters. Frank Forester Kennels, Warwick, N. Y., will board dogs and offers Chesapeake bitch. Mr. J. W. Churchill, Salem, Mass., offers St. Bernard puppies.

It is a fault in story telling to use so much circumlocution that the point is marred or lost. It is a demerit in a dog to potter and waste time in feeble attempts to point. It is a merit in story telling, as well as in the work of a field dog, to come to the point.

Mr. A. J. Gleason, the well-known field trial handler, formerly of Alma, Kan., is now manager of the Kinloch Kennels, Kinloch, St. Louis county, Mo. He reports the kennels in a flourishing condition, and his own satisfaction at the change from breeding and training as a public business to breeding and training for the pleasure derived in actual sport afield. All Mr. Gleason's many friends will rejoice at his success.

On Nov. 16 the pointer dog Naso of Upton died in England. He was a famous winner in England and at one time attracted the interest of American pointer admirers. Mr. C. H. Beck, his owner, refused to sell him, though having good offers, and he remained in Mr. Beck's possession while he lived.

Yachting.

Practical Yacht Designing.

IT can hardly be said that any pressing need exists of treatises on naval architecture and of its application to the designing of yachts and boats; any deficiency in this direction has long since been made good by the standard works of several well-known writers. For those who can afford the expense of several rather costly works, and the time necessary to their careful study, there is no lack of practical and reliable information; but the inquiries which we constantly receive from the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM prove that there are many to whom, for one reason or another, the existing works, extensive and thorough as they are, must be practically sealed books. There has been for some years a growing demand for a simple treatise on practical yacht designing, presenting the subject in a way that may be readily understood by anyone of ordinary intelligence and possessing a desire to learn and a knowledge of arithmetic.

With the first number of the coming year the FOREST AND STREAM will begin the publication of a series of articles designed to meet this demand, the author being Mr. W. P. Stephens, for the past twelve years in charge of the Yachting and Canoeing Departments of the paper. Mr. Stephens is specially qualified for this task by his long experience as an amateur designer and builder, and as a critical and technical writer on yachting; and by his close intercourse through the FOREST AND STREAM with those for whom the work is specially intended. His personal experience as an amateur designer and builder, dating back to a time when text-books on these subjects were unknown, have shown him what the amateur and the tyro want to know; and his later work at building, designing and writing has fully qualified him to teach what he has learned. His book on "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs," though written in 1883, is still recognized as the standard work on small craft; and within its limited scope a thorough text-book of the subject.

The new work will cover a much wider field: the designing of pleasure craft, from canoes and boats up to such sizes of yachts proper as would be likely to engage the attention of the amateur. The same methods will be followed as have proved so successful in "Canoe and Boat Building," the thorough presentation of the leading principles and the elaborate attention to these details, apparently trivial, which are essential to success in any mechanical work.

The opening chapters will deal first with the object of designing—the production of some sort of floating vessel—the means to this end, from the first consideration of the conditions of the particular case to the turning over to the builder of the drawings, specifications and tables of offsets. The many intermediate steps will be treated of in detail, the first considerations, the selection of the class, the principal dimensions and the elements of the design, the tools, materials and work of drawing, the calculations and the specifications. The articles will be fully illustrated, and will continue through the year to such a length as the subject demands.

THE work of the special committee thus far is most satisfactory, as it has enlisted the services of two capable and impartial men outside of the club, making a committee of five; and has taken active steps toward an investigation which promises to be thorough and convincing. The exact nature of Lord Dunraven's original complaint on the morning of Sept. 7, and of its treatment by the committee, will certainly be disclosed; and, so far as the defense goes, it is not yet too late to produce the testimony of everyone connected with Defender and Hattie Palmer. What evidence Lord Dunraven will present cannot yet be conjectured. It would have been a most difficult matter even on the instant to have proved other than by actual measurement that Defender was below her lines, and it will be still more difficult at this length of time. But all this has doubtless been considered by him, or should have been, in reopening the matter.

Whether Lord Dunraven's presentation of his case be strong or weak, and whether or no he may be able to show that his original complaint was not properly acted on by the Cup committee, we have no doubt that the defense will be able to present proof that from its very volume must be conclusive to all fair and impartial yachtsmen that no changes were made in Defender's ballast.

NOT a few of the American papers have been unjust to Lord Dunraven in decrying his offer to visit New York as a piece of bluff, and announcing that he had from the first no intention of placing himself on the wrong side of the Atlantic to reiterate his charges. It now appears that this imputation of cowardice was undeserved, and that in spite of bluster and threats of horsewhipping and similar condign punishment, Lord Dunraven will sail this week for New York.

Lord Dunraven's Charges.

THE special committee of the New York Y. C., appointed to investigate the charges made by Lord Dunraven, have made public a statement of their work thus far, as follows:

At the meeting of the New York Y. C., held on Monday evening, Nov. 18, a special committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, William C. Whitney and George L. Rives, to whom was referred the matter of Lord Dunraven's charges. The following letter from Mr. H. Maitland Kersey to the commodore of the New York Y. C. was read at the meeting:

"NEW YORK, Oct. 18.

"*Dear Commodore Brown:*

"I understand that a motion may be made at the meeting of the N. Y. Y. C. this evening to appoint a committee of the club to look into the matter of measurement referred to by Lord Dunraven in his letter to the Cup committee of Sept. 7 last, and subsequently.

"I have a cable from Lord Dunraven to-day saying that while he thinks it is now too late to investigate, if the desire exists among the members of the club to do so, he will come over here and place himself at the disposal of the club or its committee. He says that he would not be able to get away before the 4th prox.

"Will you kindly inform either the club or the committee as you may think desirable, and oblige, yours sincerely,

"H. MAITLAND KERSEY."

The committee, upon careful consideration of the subject referred to them, decided to send the following communications to Mr. Kersey and to the secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 23.

"*H. Maitland Kersey, Esq.:*

"DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 18th inst., addressed to Com. Brown, was laid by him before the meeting of the New York Y. C. held the same evening. At the same meeting the undersigned were appointed a committee to represent the club in the matter of the charges purporting to have been made by the Earl of Dunraven.

"We have to request that, in accordance with the offer contained in your letter, you will communicate with Lord Dunraven and inform him that it is the desire of the N. Y. Y. C. and our intention to begin immediately an investigation of the facts connected with the race of Sept. 7 and the charges made against the representatives of the yacht club.

"We will be prepared to enter upon this investigation immediately upon the arrival of Lord Dunraven, of the probable date of which we would be glad to be advised. Faithfully yours,

"J. PIERPONT MORGAN,
"W. C. WHITNEY,
"G. L. RIVES."

"NEW YORK, Nov. 23.

"*Richard Grant, Esq., Sec'y Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes:*

"SIR—At a special meeting of the New York Y. C., held on Monday, Nov. 18, the undersigned were appointed a committee to represent the club in the matter of certain charges made by the Earl of Dunraven in reference to the recent America's Cup races, and published in the London *Field* of Nov. 9, 1895. The resolution appointing us is as follows:

"*Whereas*, The London *Field* has lately made public certain charges purporting to have been made by the Earl of Dunraven in reference to the recent America Cup races, sailed under the challenge of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and

"*Whereas*, This club is of opinion that notwithstanding the extraordinary conduct of the Earl of Dunraven in respect to the time and manner of making such charges, it is due to its honor and dignity that suitable action should be taken in relation thereto;

"*Resolved*, That Messrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, William C. Whitney and George L. Rives are hereby appointed a committee, with power, in their discretion, to add to their number, to whom the matter of said charges is hereby referred; and that said committee shall have full power to represent this club in reference to the matter, and to take, on behalf of the club, and in its name, any action which may seem to them proper in the premises.

"The article in question expressly charges that after being measured for the Cup races in September last, the yacht Defender was surreptitiously loaded so as to sink her 4in. deeper in the water; that she sailed in this condition on the first day's race, and that immediately after that race the ballast so loaded was secretly removed, so that when measured the next day—Sunday—no discrepency was found to exist between the two measurements. While Lord Dunraven intimates that the owners of the yacht were not personally cognizant of the fraud, the charge is none the less explicit.

"It appears from Lord Dunraven's article that this statement, as published in the *Field*, is 'mainly extracted' from a letter which he sent to the secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron on Sept. 24 last. We therefore beg to inquire whether the charges last mentioned have been laid before the Royal Yacht Squadron, and whether any and what action has been taken by the squadron upon the subject.

"In view of the grave imputations thus made by the representative of the Royal Yacht Squadron in an international race between the two great yacht clubs, the New York Yacht Club feels that the most searching and complete investigation of the facts and of the charges against the representatives of the New York Yacht Club should be promptly begun. It is our purpose to conduct such investigation so as to satisfy every fair minded man on either side of the Atlantic, and to that end we have already communicated with the Earl of Dunraven and requested his presence in accordance with the offer made by him.

"The result of the investigation, with all testimony taken, will be transmitted to you.

"J. PIERPONT MORGAN,
"W. C. WHITNEY,
"G. L. RIVES."

On Tuesday, Dec. 3, the committee received the following cable from Mr. Grant:

"LONDON, Dec. 3.

"Committee thank you for your cable. Squadron has taken and can take no action, it being purely a personal matter. Lord Dunraven does not request the Squadron to interfere. Am writing. GRANT."

On the following day the committee received through Mr. Kersey two messages from Lord Dunraven, sent by cable, and dated respectively Dec. 3 and 4.

The first of these messages was as follows:

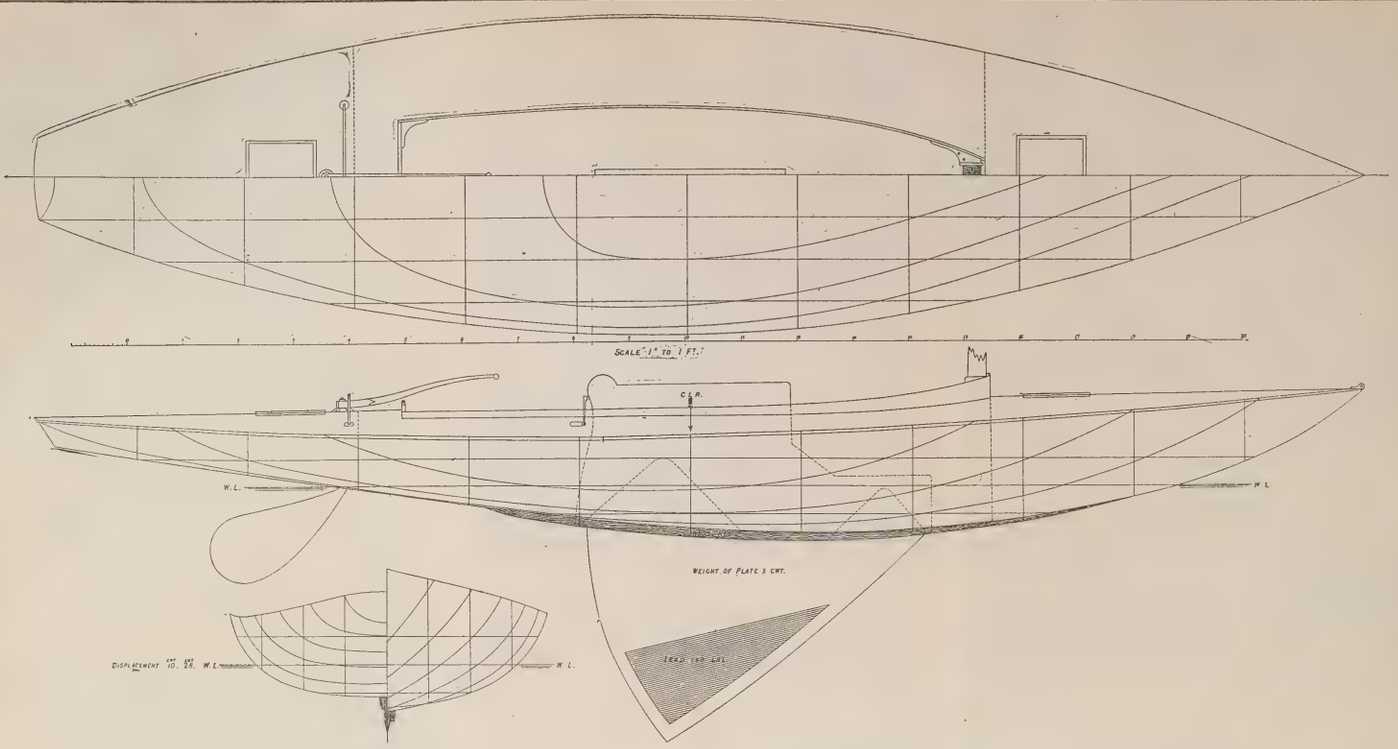
"Kindly inform committee I will sail at the earliest possible moment—7th or 8th, probably former. Regret delay, but must have statements of skippers, etc., now scattered."

The second message read thus:

"Shall come by Germanic 11th certain. Kindly inform committees."

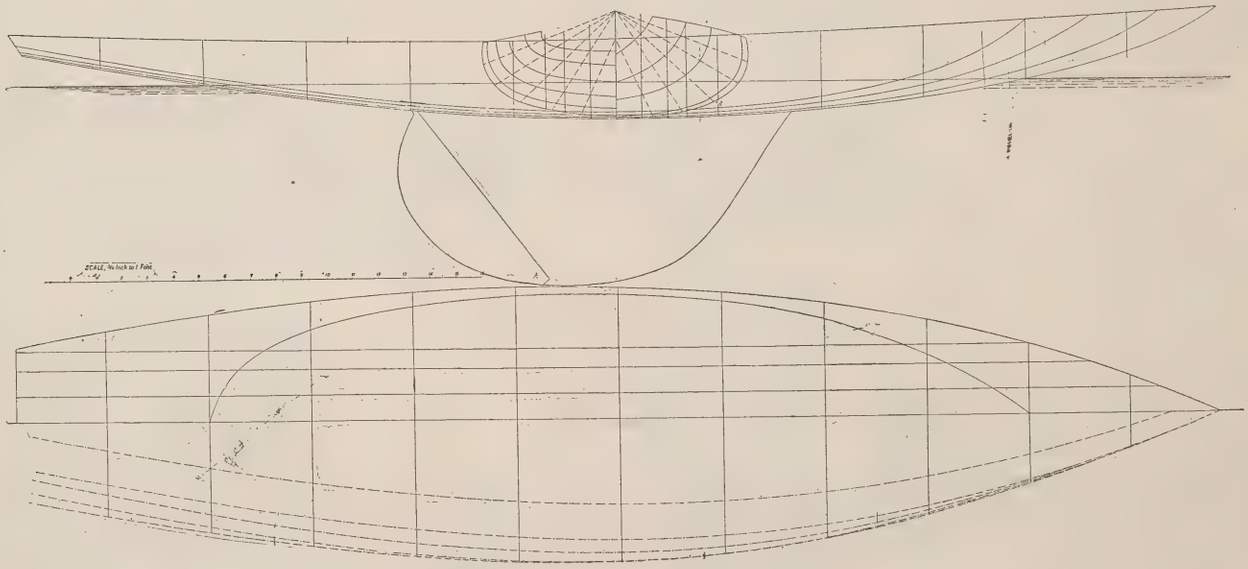
The committee, after receiving the foregoing replies from Lord Dunraven and the secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron, decided to add to their number, as they had power to do, and they have accordingly invited Hon. E. J. Phelps, late United States Minister in England, and Capt. A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., to act with them. Both of these gentlemen have consented to serve.

The two members of the committee, though not yachtsmen, are valuable additions in that they are men of high standing and both particularly well known and esteemed abroad. Mr. Phelps, a man of about 70 years of age, has been Minister to England and one of the United States Commissioners on the Behring Sea Arbitration; and is Professor of International Law at Yale College. Capt. Mahan, of the United States Navy, has recently won a very high position as an expert in naval matters through his book "Sea Power in History" and other writings.



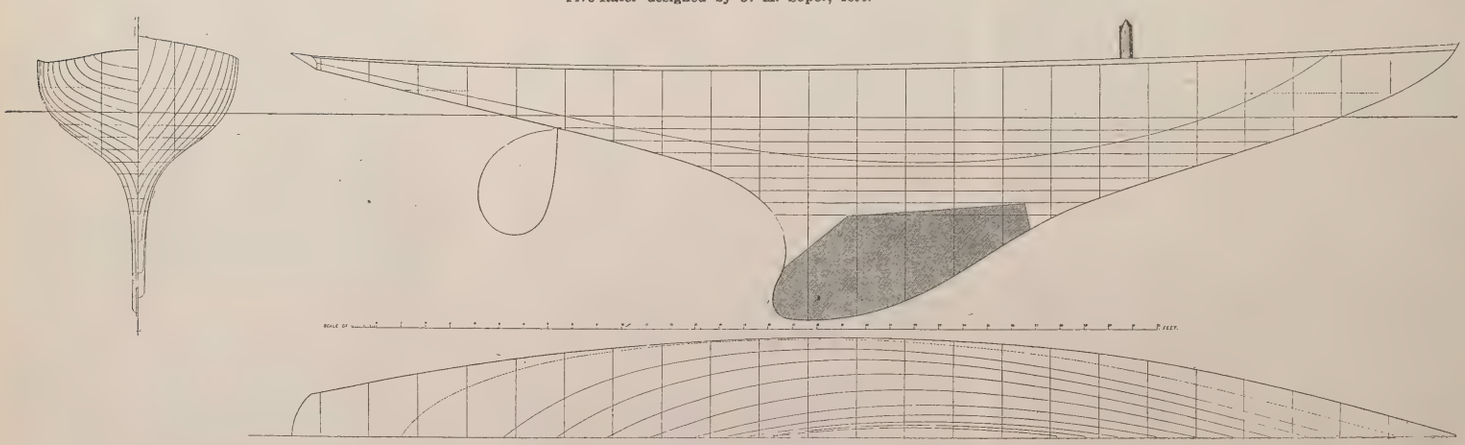
RAGAMUFFIN III.

Half-Rater designed and built by H. C. Smith, 1894.



FLATFISH.

Five-Rater designed by J. M. Soper, 1894.



DACIA.

Five-Rater designed by Chas. E. Nicholson, 1892.

Yacht and Boat Sailing.

EIGHTH EDITION.

Mr. Dixon Kemp's standard work, "Yacht and Boat Sailing," has been so long before the yachting public that its merits are known to all, and in reviewing the eighth edition, just published, it is necessary only to mention the numerous additions to the collection of designs. The general text of the book, though revised and amended in places, is practically the same as in the later of the preceding editions; in fact, the chapters on the selection, examination, building and equipment of a yacht, the management of open boats and decked yachts, the rules of racing and the practical work of yacht racing, have long since reached a point where little further improvement was possible. The number of plates (in addition to the numerous illustrations in the text) has been increased from 100 in the last edition to 124; and as many of the older plates have of necessity been omitted, there is a large and valuable addition of new material. The book is particularly interesting at the present time as showing the latest developments of yacht racing under the rating rule which has just expired (1887 to 1895); large drawings of some of the most noted of the smaller racers being given. Among the many new designs are the Thames 1-raters Sorceress, Mirage, Challenge and Holly; Mona, .85-rating; and the ½-raters Ragamuffin III. and Baby; the Watson boat Vida and the Fife boat Hatasoo; the Clyde and Thames "one-design" boats by Linton Hope; and the Solent yachts Dacia, Flatfish, Papoose, Maharanee, Gaiety Girl and Worry-Worry. The single-hand cruisers are well represented by Scourge, Capt. H. E. Bayly; Dorothy, Linton Hope; and Aere Perennius, designed by John C. Enberg, the winner of the first prize at the model competition of the London Sailing Club competition of 1895. Among the bulb fins is Virginia, 2½-rater, designed by Mr. Kemp last spring. The chapters on steam yachting and canoeing have been extended and brought down to date; though as a matter of fact canoeing presents little that is at all new.

We reproduce on a greatly reduced scale three of the more interesting of the plates—Ragamuffin III., a successful ½-rater and opponent of the different Spruces; Dacia, Mr. Charles Nicholson's very successful 5-rater, and Flatfish, the curious craft designed by Mr. Soper for the same class.

The one criticism that suggests itself is that the book, owing to the large size and great number of the plates, is very unwieldy and difficult to handle, especially in consulting and studying the larger plates.

The earlier editions of "Yacht and Boat Sailing," of ten or twelve years since, treated largely of types of yachts little known or used in this country; the recent changes in design, however, have brought the yachts of the two nations so closely together that nearly all of the examples in the latest edition are of immediate interest to American readers, who will find much to repay them in a study of the book.

New York Y. C. Prizes.

THE list of winners in the 1895 cruise of the New York Y. C. is as follows:

There were six squadron runs during the cruise, and prizes were given in each class of schooners and cutters:

SCHOONERS.

	First.	Second.	Value.
Constellation	5	1	$1.000
Ariel	5	5	1,000
Nesera	4	9	800
Lasca	3	1	700
Alcma	2	2	600
Ramona	1	3	500
Volunteer	1	0	200
Shamrock	0	1	300
Fortuna	0	1	100
Dauntless	0	1	100
Atlantic	0	1	100
Emerald	0	1	100
Mayflower	0	1	100
Dagmar	0	1	100

CUTTERS.

Queen Mab	5	0	1,000
Wasp	4	1	900
Huron	3	3	800
Katrina	3	1	700
Vigilant	2	0	400
Eclipse	2	0	400
Harpoon	1	0	200
Jessica	1	0	200
Hildegarde	1	0	200
Mariquita	1	0	200
Uvira	0	2	200
Total			$11,100

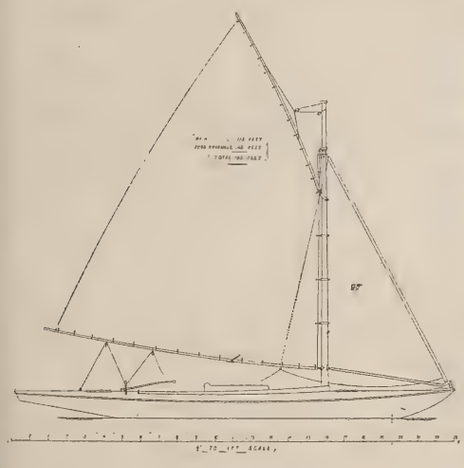
Practically Non-Capsizable?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time since I had occasion in the columns of the *Rudder* to hold a friendly dispute with Mr. Clapham concerning the merits of the cutter type of yacht as against the shallow centerboard boat, which he advocates and uses. In your issue of Nov. 30 is an article contributed by Mr. Clapham on the one particular point of argument between us at that time—the ability of the shallow boat to avoid capsize.

In his article in the *Rudder*, if my recollection serves me, he claimed that his boats were practically non-capsizable. He now claims absolute safety on that score.

It is not my intention to quibble over words, but to learn, if possible, exactly what is meant when the word absolute is used. For instance, a cutter may be laid flat on the water by a sudden squall, but she will right herself immediately she is relieved of the pressure of the



RAGAMUFFIN II.

wind; in other words, she is, I consider, absolutely safe from capsize, and all owing to her form and the disposition of her ballast, peculiar to the cutter or deep keel type of yacht.

Not many years ago a catboat capsized in Newport Harbor, drowning a lady passenger. The boat, it was stated at the time, was in the hands of an experienced boatman, and, like most Eastern cats, was considered an able and practically safe boat; but she capsized.

The schooner Sarah Craig, a typical centerboard coasting schooner, was capsized in New York Bay and a party of ladies lost.

A properly designed and ballasted cutter cannot be capsized by the motion of wind or wave. Can Mr. Clapham claim as much for his boat? If so, how does he do it? W. D. STRYKER.

The Boston Knockabouts.

THE following rule for measuring sail has just been adopted by the Knockabout Association, of Boston:

"The actual sail area shall be not over 500sq. ft., 400sq. ft. of which shall be in the mainsail. The inspector shall be provided with a correct sail plan of any boat to be measured, and previous to measurement the owner shall cause distinguishing marks satisfactory to the inspector to be placed on the spars, as follows:

"On the mast at the tack and at the throat of the mainsail, on the boom at the clew of the mainsail, on the gaff at the peak of the mainsail. No part of the mainsail shall be allowed to extend beyond these marks.

"The marks shall be black bands painted around the spars in a manner satisfactory to the inspector. The lower and inner edges of the bands shall be the limits of the sail (mainsail). The area of the jib shall be considered to be the area of the forward triangle, viz., the product of one-half the distance from the attachment of the tack on the stem or stay to the forward side of mast, multiplied by the distance from the deck to the throat mark.

"Knockabout boats already launched, and whose sail plans comply with the old rule, shall not be obliged to change their sail plans to conform to the new rule."

This rule apparently removes the cause of complaint noted by a correspondent in the FOREST AND STREAM of July 20, and is much more equitable than the old. The Association will henceforth admit as members owners of knockabouts which do not conform to the rule.

American Model Y. C.

AT the regular meeting of the American Model Y. C., held Dec. 6 at 227 Fulton st., Brooklyn, considerable important business was transacted, Com. J. H. Lane presiding.

The prizes won by Lizzie, schooner, Katie S., first-class sloop, and Dolphin, third-class sloop, in the races of Nov. 5, were presented to their respective owners.

The fact that the club will have a permanent salt-water station next season, and the building of a model house, has proved a factor in augmenting the membership. No less than nine applicants were admitted at the previous meeting in November and three at this meeting, including one honorary member, making a membership to date of sixty-one, all told, with sixty-two model yachts on the list.

Yacht designer A. Cary Smith was proposed by Frank Nichols and seconded by the Commodore, and was elected unanimously an honorary member amid great enthusiasm.

Mr. Smith is a believer in model yachting on a scientific basis and has always upheld the sport, a fact which has been duly appreciated by all model yachtsmen.

Mr. Geo. W. Townley was instructed by the club to complete the plans and specifications for the new house at the salt-water station at once.

The opening of next season will mark an era in the history of the club.

"One Design" 15-Footers.

From the Boston Globe.

INTERESTING racing is promised in the half-rater or 15ft. sailing length class in and around Boston next season. The Cohasset Club's lead in building a dozen boats for the class has stirred up several other clubs, and the Winthrop is already in line for a number of boats on the same general plan as that adopted by the South Shore Club. The boats will be built from one design, and will be selected by lot when completed, so that no owner will have any advantage at the start over another. The Winthrop members who have agreed to build are: Com. George T. Leighton, ex-Com. E. A. Cook, ex-Com. Charles A. Hovey, W. H. Stimpson, W. A. Mirick and A. W. Chesterton. Other members are expected to join them, and they are also hoping that other clubs will follow in the same line.

Although the boats are small ones they hold possibilities of skill in handling and excitement in sailing which many a larger class fails to present, and as they are comparatively inexpensive to build, a yachtsman can have one without disposing of a boat which he may have on hand. In fact, the Cohasset Club members going into the class will retain all their present boats, but will do their racing in the new ones. The present boats in the club are of such different types and sizes as to make racing decidedly uninteresting, and the new class has been adopted mainly to secure sport which would otherwise be lacking. If the "one design" idea proves a success it may be that a larger class will follow it in a season or two.

If enough boats are built in several clubs to give promise of general sport in the class the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association will undoubtedly take the matter in hand and add a special class to its present list, so that a uniform measurement may be had. The rule under which the boats are "half-raters" is the English rule of multiplying the waterline by the sail area and dividing the product by 6,000. With 15ft. waterline and 200sq.ft. of sail the result is .5, or half of one of the "sail tons," in which the measurement or rating of the larger boats is expressed.

The Cohasset boats are from a design by W. P. Stephens, and are 15ft. 4in. waterline, 21ft. 4in. over all, 4ft. 9in. beam and 8ft. draft of hull. They will have a "dagger" centerboard 5ft. long and 21in. wide, which can be dropped perpendicularly, so as to utilize practically all its length. The board will be a galvanized steel plate, one-quarter of an inch thick and weighing about 110lbs. It can be easily and quickly raised by a tackle leading from its forward upper corner to just abaft the mast, and back into the cockpit, while the rounding off of the after upper corner gives more room in the cockpit itself.

The cockpit is watertight, with solid bulkheads fore and aft, and a floor 3in. above the waterline. The top of the centerboard box is flush with floor of the cockpit, so that water which may be shipped will readily drain off through the slot. With watertight compartments fore and aft, the boats are practically non-sinkable, and may be easily righted if capsized. Only about 350lbs. of inside ballast will be carried.

The sail area will be 200sq. ft., of which 160ft. will be in the mainsail and 40 in the jib. It was originally intended to use a "leg-of-mutton" sail, but because of difficulties in balance and reefing the ordinary gaffsail has finally been adopted. The sail will be 15ft. on the boom and 9 on the head, and will have 10ft. hoist. The jib will be 6½ft. on the foot

A balanced metal rudder without a "skag" will be used and the steering will be so easy that only a short tiller is required.

Strength and lightness will be combined in the construction, as special study in this direction has been made by the designer. The keel and keelson are of oak, and the frames are of the same wood, ¾×¾in., except at the mast partners, where they are ¾×1¼. The planking is ⅝in. cedar and the deck is of pine of the same thickness, finished bright. The covering boards are of bard pine and the washboards of oak. Brass screws are used for most of the fastenings.

The cockpit is 6ft. long between the bulkheads, but the washboards extend forward and aft on the deck to a total length of 8½ft., and this gives a chance for small hatches to both the forward and aft compartments inside the washboards.

James McIntyre is building the boats in his new shop in Neponset, and has adopted a method which insures absolute uniformity. Each boat is built bottom upward on a form, with moulds fixed firmly to the shop floor. The bulkheads and a couple of frames forward and aft preserve the shape when the boat is taken from the form, and the remaining frames are then put in place, the fastening completed and the deck and cockpit fittings put on.

A saving of time and labor is effected by this method of building, and two dozen boats can be turned out just as readily as one. One of the boats is already off the form and is being framed, while the bulkheads and keel of a second one are in place.

In model the boats show a round yet easy bilge, with some dead rise in the floor and very easy lines in both the bow and run. The bow frames are more on the V than the U shape, and give a fine entrance and an even sweep aft to the body. The bow is suggestive of that of the Pilgrim, which was confessedly a handsome and useful one in spite of the non-success of the design as a whole.

The boats will be sailed without time allowance, and can carry a crew of two men.

These boats are building from the designs and specifications of the "Scarecrow," as published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

To those who, now that the sailing season is over, wish to renew their memories of past cruises as they sit beside a cheery fire, we can recommend a little book entitled "By Ocean, Firth and Channel," published by *The Yachtsman*, London. The author, Diagonal White, tells in a pleasing vein of various cruises in a 21ft. (afterward lengthened to 23ft.) cutter on the Scotch and Irish coasts. Beside the story of the cruises, which is in itself very interesting, the writer discusses many points relating to small yachts, their fittings, and single-hand or two-man sailing. The book is well illustrated with numerous photo-gravures and engravings. In one of the photos is shown the catboat Una (not Truant), built in 1852 by Capt. Bob Fish, at Pamrapo, N. J., and taken to England in the following year by the late Lord Conyngham. The boat is still afloat at Lord de Ros's country seat, Strangford Lough, Ireland.

"Boat Sailing in Fair Weather and Foul," is the title of a neat little volume by Capt. A. J. Kenealy, published by the Outing Pub. Co., New York. The book is largely a compilation from larger works, and we recognize many old acquaintances among the illustrations, but it is well written and likely to be of considerable service to the young boat sailor. It is thoroghly practical, and the advice which it gives is good.

The large steam yacht designed by Lewis Nixon for P. A. Widener, of Philadelphia, is now well advanced at the Crescent Shipyard, Elizabethport, the frames being all up except at the fore end, the stem not being ready, while about half of the plating is on. The yacht will be 225ft. over all, 183ft. l.w.l., 28ft. beam, 16ft. depth of hold and 11ft. 6in. draft. She will have a single screw, with engines by John Sullivan, of New York, cylinders 18, 28 and 42 by 28in. There will be a house 137ft. long, from the foremast aft. She will be schooner-rigged. The keel has been laid on the adjoining ways for a large double-deck ferry boat for the Pennsylvania R. R., and the keel blocks are in place for the gunboat which Mr. Nixon will build for the Government.

The Racine Boat Co., of Racine, Wis., is now at work on a steam yacht of novel design for F. W. Morgan, of Chicago. She will be 130ft. over all, 140ft. l.w.l., 18ft. 3in. beam at deck, 17ft. 4in. beam at waterline. As the dimensions indicate, she will have a ram bow and a stern like a torpedo boat; in fact, she is designed, in model and construction, so as to be convertible in a very little time into a war vessel. Her engines will be 13, 19, 20 and 20 by 15in., with a wheel 5ft. 6in. in diameter, and a speed of 18 miles. The firm has lately secured the services of T. S. Poekel, for some years head draftsman for the Hereshoff Mfg. Co.

White Ladye, steam yacht, has been re-chartered for the winter by Ogden Goelet, and is in dock at White's yard, Cowes, for a half time survey. She and Queen Mab, J. F. Lord, will visit the Mediterranean.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, 2d, owner, with his brother, of Pappoose, Baboon, Gossoon, Harpoon and Rooster, has just been elected Mayor of Quincy, Mass. Messrs. Adams will sail next year a 15-footer designed by Arthur Binney.

Capt. Irving R. Titus, in the employ of H. M. Flagler, left New York on Oct. 30 with the naphtha launch Wake and the catboat Madeline, reaching St. Augustine on Nov. 27, and off the port was caught in a N. E. storm, the catboat losing her mast and going ashore on North Beach, whence she was finally hauled, with little damage. The naphtha launch was anchored outside the breakers, the captain and crew swimming ashore, but during the night the launch was swamped and wrecked.

Alice, yawl, has been sold by Conyers C. Converse to W. M. Wilson, of New York, who will spend the winter on her in Florida with his family.

Coronet, schr., has lately been completely overhauled and has sailed from New York to San Francisco, where she will take on board a party and proceed to the Island of Yezo, Japan, the purpose being to observe the total eclipse of the sun on Aug. 9, 1896. Capt. Crosby is still in command.

On Dec. 1 Mr. W. E. Elsworth and his two companions were compelled to abandon the yawl Mary at sea, 27 miles southeast of Georgetown, S. C., being taken off by the coasting schooner Nellie W. Howett, Capt. Steelman, from Charleston for Norfolk, and landed at the latter port.

Canoeing.

The Limit of Drop to the Centerboard.

WE were in hopes that the letter of Cimex, in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 30, might bring out some expression of opinion, pro or con, from the many canoeists who are presumably interested in all important changes of the rules; but thus far we have heard nothing. In our opinion the proposed change is an excellent one, and should have been made long ago. That it is proposed now is not so much in the hopes that it will revive an interest in racing as in that it will remove an obvious incongruity from the rules and permit canoeists to use a form of centerboard that is peculiarly applicable to the canoe.

The limit of 18in. drop is the sole survivor of several wholesome restrictions on the centerboard devised many years ago by the Royal C. C. with the idea of preserving living and sleeping room within the canoe for her crew, and a shipshape and sailorlike arrangement of fittings. Under these limits the centerboard was made to house above the keel and below the deck; it was of not over 60lbs. weight and it dropped but 18in. below the keel. These restrictions were used as the basis of the racing rules of the American Canoe Association in 1881, their framers having the same old-fashioned and—as has since been proved—entirely erroneous ideas of what a canoe should be.

At first the centerboard restrictions were selected by all canoeists, but as racing became keener and men gave up the general use of their canoes for canoeing, the centerboard was moved to the middle of the well, leaving no room for sleeping or even for sitting below in paddling, and then the "circular saw" centerboard, projecting 1ft. or more above the coaming when raised, was introduced about 1888. Next came the very long centerboard, caused by the retention of the limit of drop, with the trunk occupying and cutting through the whole middle portion of the canoe, as in the present craft

As soon as the centerboard was allowed to extend above the deck when raised, so far in some cases that the boom would not swing over it, the necessity for the limit of drop disappeared, and this restriction might well have been dropped from the rules in 1890. As long as the centerboard was allowed to dominate the entire design, to monopolize all the useful space in the canoe, to be heavy, unwieldy to handle and transport, and of expensive construction, as has long been the case, it might with perfect propriety have been allowed, when racing in deep water, to drop to its full extent.

The policy of the American Canoe Association has for many years been to let bad enough alone in order to see how much worse it may become, by which time "vested interests" are too strong to admit of a change. Even yet this policy in a measure prevails, as instanced in the proposal to limit sail within placing some minimum limit on the hull. It requires no special keenness of discernment to understand that the natural result of limiting sail alone on the present canoes will be to produce a new class of "Peewsie," of still smaller body, and quite as cranky and uncomfortable to sail with 130ft., still a large limit, as the present Vesper canoes, of big body, with 180ft. It is unlikely, in the present state of canoe racing, that any new canoes will be built for the reduced sail plan, but if they are, they will probably be so cut away as to be no better suited for the novice and non-athlete than the old craft with 180ft.

We have for many years advocated a complete revision of the portion of the rules relating to the centerboard, with a view to keeping the trunk in a position where it would still leave some room in the well; and of limiting it to a reasonable size and weight, both for convenience of transportation and to keep the canoe what we believe it should be—a wholesome and shipshape craft, with the board completely housed when not in use. Had canoeists been willing to accept such restrictions and to develop the canoe on these lines, the racer, with its bucket well and long slide, would still have kept close company with the all-round canoe instead of being of a totally different type; and the great gulf that now separates the two would never have existed. It is quite possible that the forward position of the board and the form of rig which it would have called for would have resulted in a small loss of absolute speed; but the total separation of racing canoes and cruising or all-round canoes, and of racing men and general canoeists, would never have taken place. We believe that there is ample ingenuity and invention among canoeists to produce a centerboard that shall leave a good part of the well unobstructed and shall house completely within the trunk, and yet be effective to windward. The problem, important as it was to the healthy growth of canoeing, was deliberately shirked by canoeists, who preferred the easier way of placing a big centerboard directly in the center of the well. Such abominations as a centerboard that could not be raised after the sliding seat was once fastened in place, thus making it virtually a fixed keel, should long ago have been suppressed by regatta committes or by alteration of the rules.

The arguments of our correspondent are hardly convincing. For years racing men, whether they wished or not, have been compelled to go to fresh expense each year for larger sails, larger boards, longer deck seats, and various complicated and expensive fittings; and yet no objection has been made to this course of more than doubtful improvement that has killed canoe racing. The expense involved by the removal of the limit of drop is by no means heavy: in many cases the old centerboards can be used, the gear being slightly changed to allow them to drop deeper; in fact, cases have been known under the rule where boards were fitted to drop far beyond the limit and were used so except in races under A. C. A. rules. An entirely new centerboard of Tobin bronze, the favorite material, is a matter of $10 to $15 at most, and it is more than likely that the effectiveness of the canoes to windward will be greatly increased. There are certain limitations, for instance, to length, breadth and weight, which might with advantage be placed upon the centerboard when the limit of drop is finally removed, as we hope it will be; but we have little expectation that the matter will be considered, as it should be, by all who are interested in canoeing; or that it will be handled as deliberately and intelligently as it deserves.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

The year book of the Humber Yawl Club for 1895 is rather larger than the preceding numbers, and quite as liberally illustrated. Among the designs is one for a genuine centerboard canoe-yawl, designed by Albert Strange for Henry Hayes, and built by James Frank, of Scarborough. She is 19ft. 3in. over all, 18ft. 6in. l.w.l., 5ft. 9in. beam, 1ft. 7in. draft without board, iron keel 675lbs., iron centerboard 90lbs., mainsail 185sq. ft., mizen 35sq. ft. The centerboard is well forward and there is a wide sliding hatch, forming a small cabin or cuddy. The boat has a very nice form, by no means as tubby as many canoe-yawls. We notice with regret that even this club of cruisers is wavering in the faith, as shown in the design of a steam launch, which certainly cannot be called a canoe-yawl; and also of Arline, a racing nondescript by H. C. Smith, builder of Spruce IV., a racing craft that has nothing in common with such yawls as Cherub. The club has now a membership of fifty-four and a fleet of fifty-six canoe-yawls, canoes and other small craft.

The New York C. C. has nominated the following officers for 1896 the election being on Dec. 12: Pres., C. Bowyer Vaux; Sec'y, John C Mowbray; Purser, Woolsey Carmalt; Captain, H. C. Ward; Mate, John E. Plummer; Trustees, Louis L. Coudert, Frank C. Moore, L. J. Boury. The club is now discussing a one-design class of 15ft. racing length, the boats to be of inexpensive construction, somewhat after the skipjack model. If arrangements can be made to build at a moderate price some ten or a dozen boats will be ordered in the club. The past season has been a very successful one in that the club has found satisfactory quarters and kept its members together; and it starts the new year with good prospects of permanent recovery from the serious losses incurred by the damage to its floating house.

Chas. H. Wilbur, formerly with the St. Lawrence River S. C. & S. L. Co., and in charge of their repair shop at Croton Point meet, has started a shop at Clayton, and will build canoes and boats.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Zettler Rifle Club Elects its Officers.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—The Zettler Rifle Club held its annual meeting to-night at headquarters, 219 Bowery. The following officers were elected for the ensuing twelve months: President, Bernhard Walthers; Vice-President, Henry D. Miller; Treasurer, Charles G. Zettler; Financial Secretary, Max B. Engen; Corresponding Secretary, Fred C. Ross; Shooting Master, Bernard Zettler.

The following are the scores made at the weekly shoot held at the same time as the annual meeting:

R Busse	241	237	246	240	243	A Kronsberg	230	233	232	245	233
Dr J A Boyken	243	241	243	247	244	H B Muller	230	241	243	238	239
S Buzzini	231	232	241	237	237	H Muentz	229	219	233	237	242
G W Downs	221	223	232	235	234	F C Ross	244	243	244	245	246
M B Engel	239	230	240	240	240	C G Zettler	233	242	242	245	246
L Flach	245	243	242	241	247	B Zettler	238	242	241	237	243
Dr W Furness	238	241	237	238	232	F Fabarius	218	217	221	227	216
H Holjes	241	242	244	243	239						

Cincinnati Riflemen.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 1.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, 30s. trigger pull, at the standard target, 7 ring black. To-day begins the contest for gold medal under handicap rules, which must be won five times to be entitled to ownership; Hasenzahl won to-day:

Gindele	9	10	10	9	9	6	9	7	8	9—86
	9	8	9	9	9	7	7	10	7	9—84
	7	8	7	8	7	8	9	8	10	7—79
	8	8	6	9	9	6	7	7	6	9—78
Payne	7	9	6	9	9	8	8	7	10	8—81
	10	7	6	5	8	8	8	10	9	7—78
	6	6	9	6	10	9	9	7	7	7—78
	8	10	7	9	9	8	7	8	5	6—77
Weinheimer	6	7	7	9	10	6	6	9	9	7—76
	8	9	5	10	5	9	5	5	10	8—74
	9	6	8	8	6	9	8	7	7	5—73
	7	7	10	8	7	6	9	6	4	7—71
Trounstein	7	6	5	9	6	6	8	8	10	7—72
	7	10	6	8	6	6	6	3	5	9—66
	8	6	6	5	7	7	5	5	8	5—62
	5	10	7	5	9	4	5	9	4	2—60
Louis	10	8	4	7	7	7	8	7	6	7—71
	8	8	6	8	7	5	3	7	9	9—70
	9	5	9	7	8	7	6	6	6	8—69
	5	8	7	6	7	6	7	7	7	9—69
Frank	9	5	5	10	6	8	6	6	6	2—63
	5	5	5	6	8	4	7	4	8	7—59
	4	5	5	10	6	7	6	3	7	4—57
	8	7	9	3	5	5	5	9	3	1—55
Hasenzahl	10	9	9	10	7	10	8	9	7	9—87
	9	8	10	8	6	10	9	10	6	9—85
	8	9	8	10	6	8	5	7	10	9—82
	8	8	10	8	6	8	5	9	10	9—80
Strickmeier	8	8	7	8	6	9	9	7	8	9—81
	7	8	7	5	7	10	8	9	9	2—72
	7	7	6	7	9	7	7	4	6	10—71
	8	4	7	10	9	8	6	5	8	5—70
Nestler	6	8	6	6	4	10	9	7	9	9—74
	9	7	7	8	7	3	9	6	9	7—72
	8	9	5	5	8	9	5	7	8	7—71
	7	6	6	6	7	9	10	7	7	6—71
Topf	9	5	7	9	4	5	6	7	8	5—65
	6	5	6	6	5	6	8	6	9	5—62
	4	5	10	4	10	9	4	6	3	6—61
	6	5	7	3	9	4	6	7	7	4—61
Drube	9	6	10	7	8	7	9	9	9	10—84
	6	7	7	7	8	8	10	8	8	8—77
	5	8	9	8	10	6	7	7	6	9—74
	4	7	6	7	6	6	10	8	9	9—72

Miller Rifle Club.

HOBOKEN, N. J., Nov. 27.—The members of the Miller Rifle Club held their regular weekly shoot at headquarters, 423 Washington street, this evening. Meyns made the best total of the evening, coming within nine points of a highest possible. The following are the scores made:

Meyns 241, Rogers 235, Miller 234, Scott 233, Vanderheyden 228, Kerrigan 227, Dewey 223, T. Wolter 211, Messenkopf 218, Bischoff 215, Becker 210, Nelson 208, Deetjen 207, Kneisel 201, Kraft 191.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Dec. 19, 20.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Fifth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

1896.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N. J.—Fifteenth annual New Year's Day reception and tournament of the South Side Gun Club; targets. Shooting commences at 9:30 A. M. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Jan. 4.—WILMINGTON, Del.—Second team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 25 men to a team; all day shoot on the grounds of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club.

Jan. 4-5—PHŒNIX, Ariz.—Annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Jan. 7-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the auspices of Texas State Sportsmen's Association and management of J. M. George and O. C. Guessaz (Texas Field), $2,000 added.

Feb. 1.—————.—Third team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 26 men to a team. (Place of shoot not fixed.)

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; $1000 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. P. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2,000 added money.

May 12-15 — MEMPHIS, Tenn. — Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

May 12 14.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 20-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. H. Deuc, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 1-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

The death of Dr. Gideon Lee Knapp, of this city, on Saturday, Dec 7, was a heavy blow to his numerous friends, many of whom were scarcely aware of his serious condition. His death resulted primarily from a severe cold which he caught while attending one of the race meetings at Morris Park last October; he had not entirely recovered from this attack when he went down to Hampton, L. I., to shoot ducks. While there, on Oct. 31, he was taken ill with typhoid fever, being brought to the house of his brother, H. K. Knapp, in this city as soon as possible. Pneumonia followed the fever and, in spite of the best of medical aid, his death resulted as above. As a sportsman Dr. Knapp was well and favorably known, his efforts, in connection with those of August Belmont and others, having done much to purify the race course during the past year or two. As a pigeon shooter Dr. Knapp has not done much of late years, but his judgment on disputed points in pigeon shooting was always highly thought of. Less than a year ago a knotty point regarding a pigeon match that could not be finished owing to darkness, the Page-Brokaw match at the Country Club, Westchester, N. Y., was referred to him and another for decision. His famous match for a very large stake with Charles Mac-Alester, then of Philadelphia, but now of Baltimore, which took place at the Westminster Kennel Club's grounds, Babylon, L. I., is always a favorite topic when the conversation turns on pigeon shooting. The position in the Jockey Club held by Dr. Knapp will be a hard one to fill, his death leaving a big gap in the ranks of those who are fond of sport for sport's sake.

W. G. Clark, who will shoot a race at live birds at Dexter Park this afternoon with Allen Willey, of Hadlyme, Conn., shot a few live birds for practice last Saturday afternoon at Dexter Park. The birds were trapped from the Mott disappearing traps lately installed at those grounds, and were as fast as anybody could wish to see. Every bird was a specially selected one, Billy Mills having done his best to choose strong ones, an effort in which he succeeded admirably. When the trap was sprung each bird cracked his wings and made for the boundary in a manner seldom equalled, and very rarely, if ever, excelled. Taken as a whole, they were as good birds as we ever wish to see, and Clark's total of 19 out of his first 25 is not so poor as it looks, considering that he was at the 30yds. mark. His total in his next 15 was much improved; having mislaid the score we cannot give the exact figures. It is safe to say that if Mr. Lippack supplies the same class of birds for to-day's match (Dec. 14), anything over 85 will be very good work indeed.

The programme of the midwinter shoot at San Antonio, Tex., was not ready for publication until the beginning of this week, but we have received an advance sheet which gives the following general idea of its make-up: There will be eight 20-target events each day, $50 added to each purse; targets charged for at 3 cents each; purses divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Among the special features will be a 50-target race for the E. C. Powder Company's trophy, also an interstate team race, four-men teams, any State to enter as many teams as it chooses. The following additional information will be of interest: Ship your shells to either C. Hummel & Son or to Victor Cortines. The Menger Hotel will be headquarters during the shoot; nobody barred and no dropping for place. The management adds: "When the added money is all gone we will scatter out for geese, ducks and quail, to say nothing of deer and turkey." Anybody desiring hotel accommodation should write to O. C. Guessaz at San Antonio.

The annual meeting of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League, of Chicago, Ill., set for Monday evening, Dec. 2, had only a moderate attendance, owing to the inclemency of the weather. It was thought better, therefore, to adjourn until Jan. 6, 1896, at 8 P. M. During the intervening four weeks a committee of 7 will visit each club's annual meeting as held, and will explain the league's objects, plans and expectations with the result, it is hoped, that the coming season's events will all be very large ones. W. P. Mussey has offered a $100 or $150 trophy for competition, while two other parties have come forward and promised two prizes, thus making a No. 1, No. 2 and No. 3 trophy for the three classes, A, B and C, to be competed for by teams from each club. In addition to the above there will be five or six individual trophies for high averages.

The All Philadelphia vs. Delaware State team race, shot on Saturday last, Dec. 7, on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia, was a grand success. The match was one for 25 men teams, 25 targets per man, the scores appearing elsewhere. The Keystone team won, but not easily. The return match comes off at Wilmington, Del., on Jan. 4, 1896, when the home team hopes to turn the tables. Such team races as the above one are the best methods of increasing interest in trap-shooting among club members, and do the cause far more good than a dozen tournaments.

Charlie Zwirlein, of Yardville, N. J., has gotten up his name as a purveyor of first-class live birds. There is no question that he deserves credit for the quality of the pigeons trapped on his grounds; his birds always fly well, but why they should do so is past our comprehension, as there is apparently every inducement for them to turn into tucomers, there being nothing to draw them away from the buildings back of the traps. Zwirlein's birds prove that there is one in the way you keep your pigeons than in the location of your grounds.

Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, will be in this city last week. Mr. Shaner's business in New York is to attend the annual meeting of the association, and to choose some place for holding the Grand American Handicap. Notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, no decision has as yet been arrived at as to where the Grand American Handicap of 1895 will be held.

W. G. Clark and Allen Willey shoot their third match this afternoon, commencing at 1 P. M., at Dexter Park, L. I.; the match is: 100 birds each, $100 a side. The Dexter Park management has promised to provide the best birds possible; the match, therefore, will be worth looking at, if only to see good birds fly.

Our Rochester, N. Y., correspondent writes us anent the Rochester Gun Club's Thanksgiving shoot. "Mr. Glover has just received his new 12-gauge Parker; he used it at our Thanksgiving tournament and broke 99 out of 100 targets. It has been said that Glover could not shoot a 12-gauge gun, but Sim says he will fool some of the boys next spring."

Alex. King beat J. G. Messner in the third match of their series of three 100-bird races. The first, shot Nov. 8, was a tie on 88 each; the second, Nov. 15, resulted in a victory for King by a score of 79 to 75. The last, shot on Friday, Dec. 6, was for $200 a side, and was won by King, who killed 91 to 88.

"Guacho and Sam's Ducks," which appears elsewhere, shows that Critzer and others who use 20-gauge guns at the trap and in the field are handling weapons and not toys. Guacho tells us that his little gun caused no little trouble to the ducks, but the ducks had to come in pretty close.

The Shenandoah Valley route offers big inducements to those who intend being present at the San Antonio midwinter shoot to go South by its line. Its scale of figures to points in the South and the Southwest are worth considering by any sportsman who thinks of taking a hunting trip this winter.

The Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club's bi-monthly tournament takes place next Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19, 20. The first day is at targets, the second at live birds. They generally have good birds at Elizabeth and a good programme; as there is nothing to clash with this meeting, there should be also a good attendance.

The Naromake Gun Club of Norwalk, Conn., held an all-day shoot at its inclosed grounds on Saturday last, Dec. 7. This club has conveniently located grounds, electric cars running direct to the grounds from the city.

EDWARD BANKS.

Thanksgiving Day at Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 28.—The following scores were shot to-day at Watson's Park:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
S Palmer	0222002101— 6	20121—4	21121—5
T Hicks	1101121111— 9	11201—4	11211—5
Cunningham	2101222212— 9	.....	.....
Fleming	1212112111—10	01210—3	.....
Richards	2201122122— 9	.....	.....
Dr Shaw	1101112121— 9	21121—5	20220—3
Dr Liddy	1122121221—10	02212—4	02211—4
B White	1102120012— 7	.....	.....
A Kleinman	2112121111—10	11120—4	.....
T Hall	0201102001— 5	.....	.....

No. 4:

O Von Lengerke	0221102121121202222—17	S Palmer	2221122001020010212—14
T P Hicks	1221201212101101111—17	Dr Shaw	1120012111022221020202—15
W Palmer	2212211111020201213—17	Dr Liddy	2111221121111220202—19
		C Richards	2202210121111222102202—17

No. 1 was a 10-bird sweep, $3 entrance; Nos. 2 and 3 were at 5 birds, $2.

Dec. 7.—O. Von Lengerke and S. J. Nash shot a friendly race here to-day at 25 live pigeons each. Score:

O Von Lengerke	2222112221222222202222—23
S J Nash	2122•2212112210111220•0220•—18

For practice:

L Goodwin	0200000221221011120202002202211—18

Match for the price of the birds:

N G	0002200012—4	L Goodwin	2022110020—6

RAVELRIGG.

Quannapowitt Sportsmen's Club.

WAKEFIELD, Mass., Nov. 28.—The following events were shot off today by members of the Quannapowitt Sportsmen's Club:

No. 1, 25 targets, for a 10lb. turkey: Steele 22, Gard 20, Bricher 18, Day 18.

No. 2, 25 targets, for three merchandise prizes: A. S. Tuttle 23, Gard 18, Howland 16, Mitchell 13.

No 3, 25 targets, for a gold medal to be competed for at four shoots: Frank Merrill 19, Gard 17, A. S. Tuttle 12, Howland 14, Mitchell 13, Reid 8.

No. 4, 10 targets, for three merchandise prizes: Mitchell 7, Howland 3, Aborn 2.

H. TALBOT, Secretary.

Germania Gun Club.

NEW DORP, S. I., Dec 6.—The Germania Gun Club held its regular medal shoot here this afternoon, William H. Schneider winning the medal by 14 breaks out of 15 targets. Score:

W H Schneider	111111111111110—14	C Meyer	100011111011110—10
W Glander	101111111110111—13	H J Woelfkine	012011010101011—10
G Becker	011111011111011—12	C Gerlich	100101110101101— 9
H K Knobel	110001110111111—11	J Brehm	101100010010111— 8
A Schmitt	011111011101011—11	J Dreuse	010001001001100— 5
R Wagner	111011100011111—11		

Thanksgiving Day at Rochester.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 28.—The attendance to-day at the grounds of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club was very large for an occasion of this sort. It is true that there were several special events calculated to bring out the shooters; that's the case in lots of places, but here they came out and shot, as the list of scores given below will show.

There were several noteworthy features in to-day's scores: First, the large team total of the Rochester men, who defeated their opponents, the Hulberton team, by the score of 224 to 201. Had the Rochester team scored one single break more than the above number, its team average would have been exactly 90 per cent.

The second feature was the high scoring in the Walsrode Powder Company's prize badge contest; in this event all the shooters were compelled to use Walsrode powder, and fifteen men shot a 90 per cent. gait, including the ties.

The third feature was the great shooting of Sim Glover, one of the very best shots in the country. Sim and his 10-gauge have been such constant and prominent factors in the averages at the big tournaments of the past few years that it got to be a saying that Sim could not shoot a 12-gauge. The boys cannot say that any more, as to-day he gave us a sample of what he could do with a 12-gauge. Sim has just received his new 12-gauge Parker, and used it for practically the first time at to-day's shoot. He "didn't do a thing" to the targets with it, did he? Look at these scores: Team race, 23 out of 25; Walsrode powder contest (including ties), 49 out of 50; sweeps, 99 out of 100. Total, 171 out of 175; an average of 97.7 per cent. And all this he did with a 12-gauge!

The fourth feature of the day's shoot was the work of McClintock, a new member of the club, whose scores surprised his friends. In the team race he broke 23 out of 25, and in the Walsrode powder contest (including ties) he broke 48 out of 50, winning the badge, as he was given an allowance of 8 targets out of every 25. A Rochester paper in giving a report of the shoot says: "The first time McClintock ever shot was a few weeks ago on the club grounds, when he borrowed a gun and fired at five of the clay targets, missing all but one. This beginning instead of discouraging him gave him a liking for the sport, and he straightway purchased a gun for himself. In each of the first four shoots in which he took part he showed marked improvement, but no one was looking for such a record as he made for himself to-day. In the team shoot he broke 23 out of his 25 targets, while in the badge shoot he made first a straight string of 25 and then another one of 23 out of 25."

The scores made to-day were as follows:

Rochester.

W C Hadley	1111111111101111111111—24
J Borst	1111111101101111111111—23
S Glover	1111111111101011111111—23
E D Hicks	1111101111111111111101—23
McClintock	1111101111111111111101101—23
Norton	1110101111111111111111—22
J Rissinger	0111111111101111111111—22
H M Stewart	0111111111111011111111—22
Perry	0111110111010111111111—21
E C Meyer	1111110011101101111110111—20—223

Hulburton.

Squires	1101111111111111111011111—23
Byer	1111011111011111011111111—22
Burns	1111100101111111111011111—21
Ferguson	1011011011111111111011111—21
Nicholls	0111111101110111111110111—21
Southworth	1111111101101111111101110—21
Gardner	1111011111101111011111001—20
Green	1011000110111111111101111—19
White	1101111060011011111111001—18
Mattern	0111001010000001111111011—15—201

The next event was for a silver badge presented by the Walsrode Powder Co., 25 targets per man, all contestants obliged to use Walsrode powder in this event. Score:

	Broke.	Allowed.	Total.
Glover	1111111111111111111111111—25	3	28
McClintock	1111111111111111111111111—25	8	33
Hicks	1111111111111111111111111—25	4	29
Stewart	1111011111111111111111111—24	4	28
Norton	1111111111101111111111111—24	5	29
Meyer	1111111101111111111101111—23	4	27
Byer	1111111101101111111111111—23	6	29
Hadley	0110111111111111111111111—23	5	28
Squires	1001111111111111111111011—22	6	28
Borst	1111101111111111011011111—22	7	29
Perry	1101111111111101011111111—21	7	28
Rissinger	1111111111101111100111110—21	9	30
Schleyer	1111101101111111111111011—20	11	31
Burns	1111111101101101011111101—20	7	27
Nichols	0111101111111101100011111—18	7	25

Ties:

Glover	1111111111111111111011111—24	3	27
McClintock	1111011111111111111111111—23	8	31
Hicks	0111111111111111111111001—22	4	26

The scores made in the sweepstake events were as follows, Glover's run of 99 out of 100 being especially noteworthy:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15
Glover	10	14	15	15	15	15	15
Burns	10	12	12	..	..	14	..
Byer	10	15	15	..	14	12	..
Borst	9	15	11	13	10	12	12
Hicks	9	..	14	..	..	..	..
Nicholls	8	11	10	14	15	..	11
Ferguson	8	13	9	..	13	..	..
White	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
Squires	6	13	12	..	..	14	..
Southworth	6	15	13	14	13	14	..
Jeff	5	12	9	5	10	9	..
McClintock	5	..	10	8	9	10	..
Rissinger	..	11	15	15	13	8	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	15	15
Rogers	..	..	..	12	15	11	15
Perry	..	..	..	11	7	..	5
Clerk	..	..	..	9	9	..	..
Hadley	..	..	..	..	..	15	15
Green	..	..	..	..	..	12	10
Worth	..	..	..	..	..	11	..
Gardner	..	..	..	..	..	9	13
Mattern	..	..	..	..	..	8	10
Meyers	..	..	..	..	..	15	11
Powell	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Redmond	..	..	..	..	..	..	14
Schleyer	..	..	..	..	..	..	10

Nov. 30.—To-day on the grounds of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, Perry and Meyer again met defeat at the hands of J. Rissinger and E. D. Hicks. The match was shot at 25 targets per man, 50 targets to a team. Hicks broke 24 and his partner 23, making their total 47; Meyer did more than his share by breaking 25 straight, but his partner let him down by scoring only 20 out of his 26, their total being 45. The score in detail is as follows:

Hicks	1111111101111111111111111—24
J Rissinger	1111110111111111111111011—23—47
Meyer	1111111111111111111111111—25
Perry	1111100111101111001111111—20—45

DR WITT.

Oxford Gun Club.

OXFORD, Pa., Nov. 28.—The annual Thanksgiving tournament of the Oxford Gun Club was held to-day on the club grounds. A half dozen target matches were shot and also three live-bird sweeps, all the latter miss-and-out events, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary. The birds trapped were strong and good flyers. W. T. Jackson, of Havre de Grace, Md., made the best record of the day, shooting at 23 birds and killing 22, the lost bird, a hard one, falling dead out of bounds; he used his second barrel but three times during the shooting at live birds. Miller, Alexander and Walls also did good work, the former killing 18 straight. The following are the scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Alexander	211221—6	21220—4	21221122110—10
Miller	122121—6	122122—6	1122120—6
Jackson	11121•—5	111111—6	11111111121—11
Walls	21120—4	220—2	12221122120—10
A Walls	221122—6	.....	.....
White	20—1	120—2	.....
Spring	20—1	.....	.....
Wilson	0—0	120—2	.....
Keen	0—0	.....	.....
Caldwell	0—0	.....	.....
Burton	.....	0—0	.....
Gifford	.....	0—0	0— 0
Clayton	.....	.....	20— 1

Portland Gun Club.

PORTLAND, Me., Nov. 28.—Following are the scores made by members of the Portland Gun Club at their annual Thanksgiving Day shoot:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	25	15	25	15	50
Darton	7	10	22	14	21	..	..
Neal	8	9	18	15	21	14	..
Dow	5	7	13	8	..	..	..
C Randall	8	9	17	14	23	11	..
E Randall	8	6	18	13	20	10	..
Fisher	8	10	23	14	21	12	..
Rich	8	4	16	11	17	7	..
J Peterson	6	5	15	10	..	..	..
Dennis	7	7	..	9	..	..	..

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	25	15	25	15	50
E G Peterson	6	7	20	..	..	..	..
J N Martin	3	5	..	11	..	..	..
Adams	8	10	14	12	18	10	..
Taylor	..	..	5	..	13	14	..
Chisholm	..	..	8	21	13	..	..
Gray	..	..	19	..	..	..	..
Hunt	..	..	..	..	5	..	..
Merrill	..	..	..	..	..	..	41
Thornton	..	..	..	..	..	..	39

In New Jersey.

THE BOILING SPRINGS THANKSGIVING.

Nov. 28.—There was a good attendance to-day at the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., the occasion being the annual turkey and sweepstake shoot of the club. Some excellent shooting was done by McAlpin, Jeanneret, Frank and Huck, McAlpin's work being especially noticeable for his score of 73 out of his last 75, the last event being at 5 pairs, in which Mac made a clean score. Hall, who only shot in the last two events, made a 10 straight and 8 out of 10 in the pairs. The weather was all that one could wish for target shooting. Scores:

	Ties.		Ties.
Proctor	1111011111—9	101111*	P Carver	1101101110—7	10
Shell	1110111111—9	101110	Pearson	1111100110—7	0
Moork	0111111110—8	11111101*	Green	0001111101—6	111*
Wojeck	1011111110—8	11111000	Smith	1100110110—6	110
Brooks	1110111110—8	11110	Larsen	0101101101—6	110
Gray	1110110111—8	0	Hubbard	1111010011—6	0
Bonehill	1110011101—7	11*	Sachem	1101001011—6	0

Other scores in this event were: Stevens, Cap. Mitchelson, Warren and McNaught 5, Doc and McDonald 4, Fulton 3, Terwilliger 2, Partridge 1.

No. 1, 10 targets: Bonehill 10, Carver 8, Shell 8, Sachem 8, Pearson 7, Larsen 7, Wojeck 7, Proctor 7, Moork 7, Warren 7, Brooks 6, Smith 6, Stevens 6, Cap 5, Little 5, McNaught 4, Williams 4, Hubbard 3, Doc 3, Fulton 3, McDonald 2, Gray 2, Partridge 2.

No. 2, same: Wojeck 10, Proctor 9, Pearson 9, Sachem 8, Moork 8, Shell 8, Bonehill 9, Brooks 8, Little 9, Smith 8, Williams 7, Warren 7, Carver 6, Larsen 6, Pinto 6, Green 6, Fulton 5, Stevens 4, Partridge 2, Hubbard 2.

No. 3, same: Brooks 9, Sachem 8, Warren 7, Moork 7, Williams 7, Bonehill 7, Wojeck 7, Shell 7, Little 7, Carver 6, Proctor 6, Green 6, Carlson 5, Larsen 4, Pearson 4, Pinto 3 McNaught 2.

Dec. 7.—The monthly club shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club was held this afternoon. All sweepstake events were at unknown angles. Frank led in the club shoot with a score of 47 out of 50. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*15*
Huck	9	10	15	13	15	Paul	..	10	10	..	..
Shaw	7	6	13	..	..	Marvin	..	10	11	..	..
Greiff	10	10	14	9	13	Welles	..	..	13	7	11
McAlpin	10	7	11	..	..	Thornton	..	..	11	12	12
Frank	10	..	12	..	..	Barron	..	..	9	5	11
James	7	..	..	..	..	Collins	..	..	12	11	10

The club shoot is at 50 targets per man, the first 25 being shot at unknown angles, the last 25 at traps in reverse order. Score:

Frank ..... 1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111—47
Collins ..... 1111110101111111011111111111001111011111111111101—43
Paul ..... 1111110101111101111111111111111111011011110111101111—42
Huck ..... 1111010111111111111111111111001110111111111001111101—44
Welles ..... 1011111111111111111001101111001110011111011111101—40
Greiff ..... 1111111110111101111111111111111111111111111111101—40
Thornton ..... 1111111111011111111011100110101111011110111101101—40
McAlpin ..... 1111111101111101011011101111011111111000111101111—39
James ..... 1010111111111101111011011001010011100100111101—35
Barron ..... 1111001110111101111111111001110100001011100111—35
Marvin ..... 1111010101111111110101101010111100001000011011110—33
Shaw ..... 1111110101111101100010011100111100010001101001101—30
Imbert ..... 0010000000000010000000000010000000000010000000000— 4

EAST SIDE GUN CLUB.

Nov. 28.—The East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., held its regular monthly shoot to-day (Thanksgiving Day) at its grounds on Knoch Meadows. Some good shooting was done by the half score of members present, four events at live birds being decided as follows:

No. 1, 7 birds: Koegel 7, Hilfers 6, Hassenger 6, Perry 4.

	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Koegel	2110111—6	2012110—5	12011—4
Hilfers	2121222—7	1222011—6	10221—4
Hassenger	1200211—5	1120111—6	11101—4
Leuthauser	1210211—6	2110211—6	02201—4
Perry	0120121—5	2111221—7	21210—4
Perewent	.....	2201111—6	11111—5
Roth	.....	1021000—3	12112—5
Blitz	.....	1220210—5	21120—4
Batch	.....	0212221—6	20201—3
Koehler	.....	2011111—6	21111—5

FORESTERS' GUN CLUB.

Nov. 28.—The regular monthly shoot of the Foresters' Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., was held to-day on the club's grounds, foot of Peddie street. Hayes, F. Sinnock and J. Flemming made the best scores, C. Smith scoring 17 out of 20 in the ninth event. Scores as follows, all events except No. 9 being at 10 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Hayes	8	7	6	9	10	8	8	10	Tarlton	7	5	9	4	7	8	8	6
J Flemming	8	8	7	7	7	8	9	7	Young	7	5	4	6	4	4	7	10
F Sinnock	8	9	7	9	7	10	9	8	T Smith	7	8	7	8	5	7	7	7
D Flemming	5	7	5	8	6	7	7	6									

No. 9, 20 targets:

Hayes ..... 11111110111110101111—17
J Flem'ing 11011010110100101010—12
F Sinnock 10111101011100111—15
D Flem'ing 11111110011110101100—14
Tarlton ..... 11010111010011111111—15
Jewell ..... 11110101000100110011—11
T Smith ..... 10111001101011001111—12
C Smith ..... 11101001111111111111—17
A Smith ..... 10110111010101051000—11
Goode ..... 11110011110101101011—14

UNION HILL GUN CLUB.

Nov. 28.—The Union Hill Gun Club, of Hoboken, N. J., held a Thanksgiving Day shoot to-day, the following being the scores made:

C Woolmington	2020110211—7	21111—5	11011—4
Unterner	0101120011—6	10110—4	.....
Ruttenbaum	1210210111—8	.....	.....
J Waller	0010000000—1	.....	.....
A Volk	0100001210—4	12021—4	.....
F Hall	2120111111—9	11211—5	21111—5
J Hughes	0121120210—7	10210—3	.....
P Sullivan	0000001012—3	21102—4	21000—2
T Dennehy	0010011111—6	01120—3	.....
J Worth	0000000000—0	.....	.....
J Woolmington	0101001110—5	.....	.....
F Bender	0201021010—5	22022—4	01111—4
J Sullivan	.....	10021—3	11101—4
T Lennon	.....	00112—3	00101—2
Berriman	.....	.....	11011—4

AT THE CARTERET CLUB.

Dec. 4.—The 17th and last competition for the "President's cup," at the Carteret Club's grounds, Bayonne, N. J., took place this afternoon. The "cup," which, as previously stated in FOREST AND STREAM, was an order for a Purdey gun—price not to exceed $400—is now the property of J. P. Knapp, who scored his 5th win this afternoon.

The attendance to-day was an old-time one, 14 shooters taking part in the sweep which was shot in connection with the cup contest. Of the 14 there were 8 in for the cup, and this 8 included the strongest amateurs in this part of the country: George Work, Fred Hoey, J. P. Knapp, L T Duryea, J. Seaver Page, L. H. Thompson, W. H. Mead and W. H. Stafford; the first 6 would make a strong team against any similar number of shooters from any section. Thompson made his first appearance at the Carteret, or for the matter of that at any Eastern grounds, since he left for Colorado; his position at the traps—one of the easiest we have ever seen—has not altered in the slightest, while his execution is as it always was, equal to the best of them.

The birds this afternoon seemed to be better than usual, and that's saying a good deal, because Carteret birds now are a pretty warm lot. Fred Hoey was able to tell something about the quality of the birds before he had gotten through shooting; every bird he drew but one—his 7th—seemed to know that Hoey was at the score, and every mother's son of them when liberated hustled its wings as fast as it could. Duryea also drew a hard lot of birds, the 32yds. mark handicapping him on his 1st and 3d birds, both of which fell dead out of bounds. The fact that only 33 out of the 229 shot at in the cup contest showed any incoming tendencies speaks volumes for the birds; add to this a slight breeze that was by no means favorable to the birds, and it will be readily seen that the birds were far above ordinary ones. John S. Hoey acted as referee throughout, but his work was, barring the cold, almost a sinecure.

With fourteen entries, that included the men mentioned above as shooting for the cup, it was a matter of considerable surprise to find only one straight, George Work, at the end of the fifth round. He ran straight up to the tenth round, when he lost a fast driver from No. 1 dead out of bounds. Knapp lost his 3d and 4th birds, both hard ones from the 32yds. mark; he lost his 14th, also a good bird, that clearly beat him. When he had lost three birds it looked as if he was out of the race for the cup, as Work and Thompson at the close of the fourteenth round had each of them missed but two birds, Thompson's work on his 14th being a poor piece of shooting. Work lost his 18th, a driver from No. 3. This left Thompson alone for the cup, with only two misses when he killed his 18th bird and had but two more to shoot at. He fell down, however, on his very next bird, letting in both Work and Knapp. These three then killed out, closing their scores with 17 each. The conditions of the contest call for ties to be shot off miss-and-out. Thompson dropped his 3d tie bird, leaving the cup between Work (3 wins) and Knapp (4 wins). If there was to be another contest for the cup Work must win this heat. As matters stood, Work was defending $400, the value of the gun which he was giving as the "cup," while Knapp was shooting to win the $400 order. It was a $400 miss-and-out! Work drew a right-quartering driver from No. 4 for his 4th bird; it did not seem so very fast, but he failed to center it and the bird, hit hard, went over the boundary, falling dead outside. Then Knapp had to kill to win; everybody left the club house and went out to watch the result of the shot. He killed his bird easily, and was for a few minutes afterward kept busy shaking hands with those who crowded up to congratulate him.

With all this account of the cup contest, the shooting of H. A. Butler and G. S. McAlpin must not be overlooked. Butler shot very well indeed, killing some remarkably hard birds, his 12th being a streak of black that was cleverly centered with the second after being clean missed with the first. He won first money alone in the sweep with 18 out of 20, his 18th bird falling dead out of bounds. McAlpin handicapped himself by being a little careless over his 1st bird, that was perhaps a trifle faster than he judged it to be. He then killed 13 straight, several of them really good birds, and it began to look like Mac for part of first money, but his 15th shot was an unaccountable miss, while his 18th, like Butler's, went over the fence to die. He went out with 17, tieing Work, Knapp and Thompson for second money, dividing with Knapp on the shoot-off miss-and-out at the end of the fourth round; in his tie birds McAlpin was very fortunate, drawing four easy incoming birds in succession.

The way the traps fell to each shooter was as follows, 46 being about an average. It will be noticed that there was only one transgressor, No. 5:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Butler	3	4	4	7	2	20
Knapp	4	5	5	3	7	24
McAlpin	7	3	3	7	4	24
Work	6	1	5	6	6	24
Thompson	3	6	7	4	3	24
Duryea	4	6	3	2	3	18
Stafford	3	2	3	3	5	16
Page	4	3	4	2	3	16
Hoey	1	3	2	3	5	14
Mead	3	1	2	0	5	11
Edey	3	1	3	2	2	11
Thomas	0	3	4	1	3	11
Chapin	2	2	1	3	3	11
Wright	1	3	0	0	2	6
	44	43	46	43	53	220

The following table of guns and powders used will be of interest:

Name.	Gun.	Powder.	Name.	Gun.	Powder.
Butler	Parker	Du Pont.	Page	Purdey	Walsrode.
Knapp	Purdey	Schultze.	Hoey	Purdey	....
McAlpin	Francotte	Schultze.	Mead	Purdey	Schultze.
Work	Purdey	E. C.	Edey	Francotte	Schultze.
Thompson	Purdey	Schultze.	Thomas	Greener	E. C.
Duryea	Francotte	Schultze.	Chapin	Francotte	Schultze.
Stafford	Purdey	Schultze.	Wright	Purdey	Schultze.

The full score in the President's cup contest was as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

H A Butler (28) 1 5 4 2 2 4 4 4 3 4 1 3 2 1 2 3 4 5 4 3
↖ ↖ ↘ ↑ → ← ← ↖ ↙ ↗ → ↑ ↗ ↑ ↖ ↑ ↖ ← ↘
2 1 2 1 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 ● 1 2 —18

J P Knapp (32) 5 3 2 3 4 5 3 5 2 5 4 5 4 1 2 2 2 5 3 1 5 1
↘ ↖ ↖ → ↖ ↙ ← ↖ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↗ ↑ H → ←
2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 —17

G S McAlpin (29) 1 1 4 5 3 5 1 1 3 4 4 1 4 1 3 1 2 2 5 4
↖ ↙ ↖ ↖ ↗ ↙ ↗ ↖ ↓ ↑ ← ↑ ← ← ← ↑ ↙ ↗
0 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 ● 2 2 —17

Geo Work (31) 4 5 4 1 5 5 3 3 2 4 1 5 1 5 1 1 4 1 3 5 4
↗ ← ↖ ← ↑ ← ↖ ↗ ↑ ↖ ↑ ↓ ↗ ↙ ↓ ↑ ↑ → ↑
2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 ● 2 0 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 —17

L H Thompson (31) 3 5 2 1 3 2 3 2 4 3 5 5 3 4 2 1 4 2 2 3
↘ ↖ ↑ ↑ ↙ ↑ ← ↗ ↖ ↖ ↗ ← ↖ ↙ ↗ ↑ ↑
3 2 1 ● 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 0 2 —17

L T Duryea (32) 2 1 3 5 2 5 2 1 1 5 2 2 3 4 2 1 4 3
↖ ↑ ↑ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↑ ↙ ← ↘ ↖ ↗ ↑ ↑ ← ↑ ↖
● 2 ● 1 1 2 2 ● 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 —14

W H Stafford (28) 2 4 1 1 5 3 4 5 5 4 5 3 3 2 5 1
↑ ↖ ↙ ↑ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↑ ↖ ← ↖ ↗ ↖ ↗ ←
2 2 2 0 0 2 0 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 —12

J S Page (30) 2 5 3 1 3 5 3 1 1 5 2 4 1 3 2 4
↖ ↖ ↑ ↑ ↖ ↖ ← ↑ ↖ ↖ ↘ ↗ ↙ ← ↑ ↗
0 2 1 ● 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 —12

Fred Hoey (31) 2 1 3 5 4 5 3 5 4 2 4 5 5 2
↖ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↖ ← ↑ ↖ ↓ ↖ ↑ ↗
2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 —10

W H Mead (28) 1 3 2 5 5 3 4 1 1 4 4
↓ ← ↗ ↘ ↖ ↑ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↑ ↖
1 1 2 2 0 0 1 2 2 0 0 —7

W S Edey (29) 1 3 2 4 4 1 5 1 3 3 5
↗ ↖ ↖ ↖ ↑ ← → ↑ ↗ ↗ ↑
2 2 ● 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 0 —7

E F Thomas (28) 4 5 2 5 5 3 3 3 3 2 2
↑ ↖ ← ↑ ↖ ↑ ↖ ↖ ↖ ↙
2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 0 —7

C M Chapin (30) 4 5 5 4 1 1 2 3 5 2 4
↗ ← → ↑ ↑ ↗ ↗ ↑ ↗ ↗
2 1 1 0 2 1 2 2 0 ● 0 —7

H G Wright (29) 2 2 5 2 1 5
→ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↗ ↑
2 0 0 0 2 ● —2

Ties, miss-and-out:

	5	2	1	3	—	—	—	5	3	3	4
	↘	←	↖					↙	↖	↗	
Knapp	2	2	2	2	–4	Work		2	2	2	●–3
	4	3	2	5				3	1	4	
	↘	↘	↙	↓				↑	←	↗	
McAlpin	2	2	2	2	–4	Thompson		2	2	0	–2

EDWARD BANKS.

THE NEWARK GUN CLUB'S TOURNAMENT.

Dec. 5.—The two days' tournament of the Newark Gun Club was brought to a close this evening. The list of entries was very satisfactory throughout the entire shoot, while the birds supplied by John Erb, at whose grounds the shoot was held, were good flyers, particularly in the main event this afternoon.

Among those present on the first day (Dec. 4) were: Allen Willey, of Hadlyme, Conn.; W. G. Clark, late of Altoona, Pa., but now of New York city; Chris. Wright, Paterson, N. J.; M. Herrington, of New York city, the representative of the W. A Powder Co.; Jim Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo.; Gus Greiff, of New York, shooting Schultze and a Francotte gun; Eddie Collins, with King's Smokeless; S. J. Held, of New York city, a new addition to the ranks of live-bird shooters in this section, etc.; the locals were out in force, Geoffroy, John Erb and Sam Castle worthily upholding the honor of the Newark Gun Club. Jim Elliott shot well, killing 13 out of 14 from the 32yds. mark in the last event, and scoring altogether 33 out of 35 shot at during the day; Jim is now shooting a pump at live birds and is showing the boys what he can do with the combination of E. C. and a pump.

The first four events were all $5 entrance, but the fifth event was at 15 birds, $15 entrance, birds included. Owing to darkness it was impossible to finish this event, the referee calling a halt at the close of the fourteenth round. It will be noticed that Geoffroy is the only one credited with a straight score out of the twelve shooters, but Sam Castle, who had killed 13 straight, refused to shoot at his 14th bird, claiming that it was too dark to see. The referee warned him that he would score him a lost bird if he wouldn't shoot, and as he parsisted in his determination not to go to the score, a cypher was credited to him, as shown in the following scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
T C Wright	1●22122222— 9	2102102210— 7
W G Clark	0011212200— 6	2121111111—10
J Erb	1212212111—10	1211212111—10
A Willey	1111221222—10	1122112111—10
M Herrington	22210●201w	2222012221— 9
Law	2112202021w	2●211●2●11— 7
J A R Elliott	.....	2121222221—10
H Eley	.....	0210212011— 7

	No. 3.	No. 4.		No. 3.	No. 4.
T C Wright	1222—4	1111110—6	Law	2121—4	01●2122—6
J Erb	1011—3	11111●1—6	J A R Elliott	3211—4	2212201—6
H Eley	2101—3	1121200—5	Sam Castle	.....	1211111—7
M Herrington	2211—4	1222011—6	E Collins	.....	2222222—7
A Willey	1111—4	0211123—5	G E Greiff	.....	1211120—6
S J Held	2111—4	0121112—6	E A Geoffroy	.....	21●1212—6
W G Clark	0212—3	2101122—6	J S Duston	.....	01●1201—4

No. 5:

A Willey (30) ..... 1022122112220 0—11
J A R Elliott (32) ..... 2212222111222 22—13
J Erb (29) ..... 1121111202111—13
E A Geoffroy (28) ..... 1121121212222 1—14
S J Held (28) ..... 0122121212220 0—11
E Collins (28) ..... ●210210●212222—10
S Castle (29) ..... 1212112111211 0—13
T C Wright (28) ..... 2201121222202 —11
H Eley (28) ..... 12010●0000w —10
A Bunn (26) ..... 2201022212112 1—12

The second day's scores were all well earned, on account of the quality of the birds. In event No. 1, with 6 entries, there was no 10 straight; in No. 2, with 10 entries, there were two straight scores. Event No. 3 was at 20 birds and had 12 entries, yet 19 was high with such men shooting as Jim Elliott, Brewer, Clark, Woodruff, Geoffroy, Erb, Morfey, etc. Morfey, by the way, arrived late and brought no gun or shells, borrowing Elliott's Winchester and ammunition.

Geoffroy, who has been shooting very well lately, was placed on the 32yds. mark and placed 19 to his credit, taking first money alone. This he would hardly have done had not Duston let two birds get away under peculiar and interesting conditions: His first loss was his 6th bird; this flipped up and lit again close to the trap, Duston pulling his gun right off the bird when he fired his first barrel; his effort to kill it with the second as it sat on the ground was not successful, the bird rising and flying out of bounds. His second loss was his 20th bird, he having killed 18 out of 19 with a chance of 19 out of 20 if he killed straight. His work on this last bird of the string looked very much as if he did not want the bird to be scored to him, thus making more friends for high gun shooting as against class shooting.

Capt George Swan, of the Palmetto Gun Club, of Charleston, S. C., was present, and shot live birds from traps for the first time in his life. For a first attempt he did remarkably well, killing 16 out of 20, some of them hard birds indeed, and losing one bird through inexperience when he might very properly have claimed a balk. Elliott and Brewer both shot well, the latter doing good work with his pump. Clark was in poor form in the first two sweeps, and experienced some hard luck in the big race, losing 3 dead out of bounds, his 5th and 13th being rattling good birds.

The scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
W G Clark	00●2011122—6	●2011121●1— 7
J Erb	1221112102—9	2121102111— 9
J S Duston	1110121221—9	1121●11111— 9
Sam Castle	11110●2111—8	1111011111— 9
J A R Elliott	1211101111—9	2212222222—10
W H Green	1121111220—9	1111112100— 8
G H Piercy	.....	0112102●220— 6
G Swan	.....	1012100111— 7
E A Geoffroy	.....	1221101220— 8
J L Brewer	.....	2222212122—10

No. 3, 20 birds:

J L Brewer (32) ..... 22202222220221222222—18
W G Clark (30) ..... 2221●2221222●12●1112—17
G Swan (27) ..... ●1201122212211110112—16
G H Piercy (27) ..... 01222202121202121122—17
J Erb (23) ..... 021121●11●110●111w —12
E A Geoffroy (28) ..... 1221122212122221●112—19
J A R Elliott (31) ..... 2110121212022221222—18
A Woodruff (29) ..... 2221122122221●21021●—17
E Collins (28) ..... 1202222●2221221●2220—17
J S Duston (28) ..... 1111101121121121110—18
Sam Castle (28) ..... 1001010222121111●2222—15
W H Hollis (28) ..... 1111011122101012111—16
Steglitz (20) ..... 00001●2021w — 4
T W Morfey (30) ..... 1022●22222220122220—16

AT TRENTON.

Dec. 6.—C. H. Allen and Dr. Woolsey shot a race to-day with G. N. Thomas and William Taylor, on the Trenton, N. J., Gun Club's grounds. The wind was blowing about 25 miles an hour, making the shooting extremely hard; this accounts for the comparatively poor scores made. Conditions: 50 empire targets per man, 25 known angles and 25 unknown angles. Score:

C H Allen ..... 1000111111011111101111111111101010011111111111—40
Dr Woolsey ..... 1011110010111111111111111001011101001010000001—31—71
G N Thomas ..... 1101111110011110010011110100000011111101010—30
W Taylor ..... 1001011110100101000111101010100100011111011110—29—59

ONLOOKER.

SOUTH SIDE'S SATURDAY.

Dec. 7.—A dozen shooters put in an appearance at the South Side Gun Club's grounds, Newark, N. J., this afternoon. All sweepstake events were at 10 targets, with the exception of No. 6, which was at 20 targets. The team race, shot at known angles, was won by Breintnall's team, Asa Whitehead leading the procession with 25 straight. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
W Smith	8	8	7	9	..	..	..	Dawson	3	3	6	4	4	7	1
Couch	7	7	7	7	7	..	..	Whitehead	9	8	..	..	..	..	9
Sherwood	8	7	9	5	..	16	6	Thomas	8	7	8	6	10	17	9
Orten	8	2	4	6	5	15	..	Folsom	9	5	7	7	16	7	
Yeomans	9	8	7	7	8	..	..	W M Smith	..	2	4	5	..	..	2
Breintnall	7	10	10	7	..	15	..								

Team race:

Breintnall's team.

Breintnall ..... 1111111111111101111110101—22
Whitehead ..... 1111111111111111111111111—25
Thomas ..... 1011111011111111111001110101—19
Folsom ..... 0110111011001110110111111—18
J H Terrill ..... 1110111110110101010000110—15
Hollis ..... 1011100110101100010111110—15—114

W Smith's team.

W Smith ..... 1111110111001100100101111—17
Yeomans ..... 1111110111111111111111101—23
Hedden ..... 1111101111101111111100111—20
Sherwood ..... 1111111010110111001111101—19
Young ..... 0011110111101111000111111—19
W M Smith ..... 0100000101011100001000010— 9—107

Clinton Rod and Gun Club.

NEW DORP S. I., Dec. 4.—Fourteen members took part in the monthly shoot of the Clinton Rod and Gun Club at New Dorp this afternoon. Harry Williamson was the only one to kill 7 straight, thus winning the shoot without a tie. Score:

H K Williamson (27)	2222222—7	L J Williamson (27)	1200201—4
Dr E Schrader (27)	0111111—6	J Henderson (26)	1001011—4
T Longrief (27)	1120101—5	T P Lee (26)	1010020—3
G Kingsland (27)	2100112—5	S Porter (25)	0100101—3
A W Barton (26)	1201110—5	G G Schneider (25)	1022000—3
E W Schrader (28)	1102002—4	R Morgan (26)	0021000—2
L Wilson (28)	2000111—4	W H Smith (26)	1001000—2

The following live-bird and target events were also decided:

No. 2, handicap sweepstakes, 5 live birds: George J. Kingsland (26yds.) 3, Dr. Emil Schrader (28yds.) 4, Thomas P. Lee (26yds.) 2, Richard D. Morgan (26yds.) 5, Wm. H. Smith (26yds.) 2, Thomas P. Longrief (26yds.) 3, Samuel G. Porter (27yds.) 2.

No. 3, same: Henry K. Schræder (26yds.) 5, George J. Kingsland (26yds.) 4, David G. Schneider (26yds.) 3, Dr. Emil Schræder (28yds.) 3, Samuel G. Porter (26yds.) 3, Richard D. Morgan (26yds.) 3, Thomas P. Lee (26yds.) 2.

No. 4, 10 targets, everything known: Henry K. Williamson (16yds.) 9, Louis G. Wilson (16yds.) 9, Richard D. Morgan (16yds.) 6, Thomas P. Lee (16yds.) 7, Dr. Emil Schræder (16yds.) 7, David G. Schneider (16yds.) 6, Thomas P. Longrief (16yds.) 5, Andrew W. Barton (16yds.) 4, Wm. H. Smith (16yds.) 4.

No. 5, same: Louis G. Wilson (16yds.) 10, Richard J. Williamson (16yds.) 9, Dr. Emil Schræder (16yds.) 8, Richard D. Morgan (16yds.) 7, Samuel G. Porter (16yds.) 5, Henry K. Williamson (16yds.) 7, George J. Kingsland (16yds.) 6, Wm. H. Smith (16yds.) 5, Thomas P. Lee (16yds.) 4.

Central Gun Club, of Duluth.

DULUTH, Minn., Nov. 28.—The annual turkey shoot of the Central Gun Club was held to-day on the ice at the foot of Twenty-first avenue, west. The ice where the shoot was held was only about 6in. thick, and several times the spectators had to be driven back to prevent a general breaking up of the ice field. The number of entries was quite large, and several ties had to be shot off, making the competition of great interest. The totals for the four 10-target events were: Bonehill 33, Shell 32, Wojeck 32, Brooks 31, Proctor 30, Moore 30, Sachem 30. The ties for these averages were shot off, Shell, Brooks and Moork winning the second, third and fourth prizes respectively. Scores in the events were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		Per
Targets:	*25*	*25*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	Shot at.	Broke.	ct.
G S McAlpin	23	22	15	12	15	10	10	9	9	10	10	155	145	93.5
P A Jeanneret	21	23	15	13	15	9	..	..	..	..	..	105	96	91.4
C F Lenone	22	22	14	15	7	9	9	9	..	..	..	125	107	85.6
W H Huck	23	22	15	14	13	9	9	8	9	8	8	155	138	89
James	17	14	..	..	..	7	8	6	4	..	..	90	56	62.2
Adams	22	19	..	..	..	8	10	8	7	9	8	110	91	82.7
Abbott	21	..	..	..	..	6	2	6	..	..	..	55	35	63.6
Vermorel	21	21	..	..	..	7	8	10	..	..	..	80	67	83.7
Marvin	17	..	14	..	..	..	8	7	..	..	..	60	46	76.6
Frank	24	..	..	..	..	10	8	10	..	..	..	55	52	94.5
Laurenson	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	25	11	44
Hutchinson	17	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	7	..	..	45	31	68.8
Coe	13	..	14	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	47	67.1
De Wolfe	..	..	..	..	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	30	20	66.6
Hall	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	20	18	90.
Flaig	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	10	6	60
Imbert	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	10	4	40

All-Philadelphia Won.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 7.—The first of a series of three 25-men team races arranged between Philadelphia shooters and trap shots from the State of Maryland took place to-day on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, Pa., at Holmesburg Junction.

Two teams of 25 men each makes a large number of shooters for an all-day shoot, and as a natural result, with two sets of traps, a large number of targets were thrown—the scores showing that about 3,500 were shot at. The sweepstake events were well filled, but, of course, the team race was the main thing after all.

The two teams were captained respectively by Harry Thurman, of the Keystone Shooting League, and Charlie Fehrenbach (Bilderbach), of the Wilmington, Del., Rod and Gun Club. The Blue Hen State team was a strong one, but the boys did not seem to be able to gauge the speed of the empires, which were thrown hard and fast, as successfully as did the Philadelphians, the result being a win for the latter by a comparatively small margin of 27 breaks. As a proof of the difficult nature of the shooting it is only necessary to point out that only one man out of 50, R. Miller, of the Delaware contingent, accomplished the feat of breaking 25 straight. There were two 24s, both Philadelphians (Blondin and J. Peterman), while there were also one three 23s. The shooting must have been hard. The scores were as follows:

Philadelphia Team.

H Blondin	1011111111111111111111111—24
J Peterman	1111111011111111111111111—24
Landis	1111111111101111111111111—23
J Burton	1111101111111111101110111—22
David	1101111101111111111101111—22
J Tredway	1011110111111101111111111—22
Jas Cowen	1110100111111111111011111—21
H French	1111111010110111111101111—21
J Leaming	1010110011111111111111111—21
S Weaver	1101011111111111111101011—21
Anderson	0111011111101111111001111—20
Duke	1111110111111101011100001—20
M Henry	1011110101110111111111011—20
H Buckwalter	0111111011101111101111010—19
A Peterman	0111111001101111101111011—19
H Thurman	1101111111101111101010011—19
Yeakel	1111010111101101110111110—19
W Pack	1100011010111011001111111—18
H Ridge	0111101111110101011010101—18
J Thurman	1100111100101111101111011—18
F Hoagland	0101100011111111110001111—17
D Longnecker	1110100101011010111101011—16
Whitcomb	1100001111001111100011110—16
Morrison	1011101011001011110001011—15
Beyer	1011101010011010001110101—14—489

Delaware State Team.

P Miller	1111111111111111111111111—25
Evans	0110111111111111111111111—23
Maul	1011111011111111111111111—23
G Huber	0111111111111111111111001—22
Ewing	1111111100011111111111110—21
King	1111110111110101111011111—21
Marshall	1111110111110101111011111—21
Springer	0111111111111111111011110—21
Burroughs	1111111100101101111111110—20
C Buckmaster	1111101101111111111101100—19
Cleaver	1011110111101111111030111—19
Creadon	1111011010110011001111111—19
Springs	1111101111111101101010110—19
Hartlove	1111111101111001111010011—19
Young	1101011101011110111111011—19
Fehrenbach	0111110111011111101001111—18
J Gaughan	1001111111010110111011101—18
Lyman	1111100010011001111011011—18
Stout	1101101111011001111101010—17
Bird	0101101101110100111101101—15
W Buckmaster	1100100110110010010111111—15
Mason	1110110100110100011011011—15
Martin	0101011001111000010011111—13
Caldwell	0100110101010010110010110—12
Huber	0010100001011010000100111—10—462

The sweeps resulted as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*10*	*10*
G Huber	9	8	14	14	19	7	7	Maul	8	10	15	..	16	..	..
Peters	9	7	14	13	15	8	..	Caldwell	6	..	11	..	..	..	..
Longnecker	7	7	11	13	16	..	..	Paddock	8	7	..	..	..	4	..
Stout	5	6	..	..	..	..	..	Springs	5	..	..	..	12	..	..
Ridge	9	8	9	..	..	..	..	J Huber	8	..	8	..	11	..	..
Duke	6	5	11	..	17	..	9	R Miller	8	..	15	..	..	..	..
Boileau	5	..	11	..	13	..	7	J Creedon	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
French	10	8	11	15	18	10	8	H Thurman	8	7	..	13	16	..	..
B Brink	6	6	10	..	..	..	..	Leaming	9	8	10	8	14	..	10
J Burton	9	8	13	12	..	7	..	Martin	..	..	..	..	10	..	..
G Anderson	7	9	..	11	..	8	..	Landis	..	..	..	..	12	13	18
H Blundin	7	..	13	..	16	8	7	Brown	..	..	..	..	8	..	..
Tredway	9	6	12	..	..	..	..	Cowen	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
T Hoagland	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	Sanderson	..	..	..	..	14	..	..
C Springer	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	Marr	..	..	..	..	13	..	..
J Evans	8	10	12	11	16	..	..	Felix	..	..	..	..	10	..	17
S Weaver	10	8	13	12	13	..	..	Henry	..	..	..	..	10	..	17
Burroughs	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	Morrison	..	..	..	..	..	12	..
T Ewing	9	6	12	7	..	..	..	McDaniel	..	..	..	..	10	..	7
J Cleaver	9	9	13	15	19	..	..	Heist	..	..	..	..	11	15	7
W Bird	8	8	11	12	17	7	6	J White	..	..	..	..	13	17	10
Hartlove	5	8	10	..	..	..	..	Bowcroft	..	..	..	..	11	17	..
Gaughan	10	7	..	13	18	..	..	J Thurman	..	..	..	..	10	..	9
Capt Ware	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	W Pack	..	..	..	..	4	..	..
Bilderback	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	David	..	..	..	..	15	4	..
Buckmaster	7	..	11	..	..	..	..	Whitcomb	..	..	..	..	..	7	..
Peterman	8	..	14	..	..	..	..								

King again Defeats Messner.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 6.—The third and final match of the King-Messner series was decided to-day, King winning by the score of 91 to 88. There was a good wind that blew strongly at times, but the birds were only an average good lot of flyers. The attendance was small owing to the difficulties that met those on their way to Brunot's Island, the river being on a boom and full of floating ice, while the ferry was represented by a solitary skiff.

It will be noticed that the race was a close one throughout. Both tied on 22 out of their first 25, Messner going ahead on the 46th round, when King's bird fell dead out of bounds. At the end of the 50th round Messner led by 1—44 to 43. In the third string of 25 King killed 24 to Messner's 23, the score at the end of the 75th round being 67 all. The last 25 was where Messner lost the match, as he had three birds drop dead out of bounds and slipped up on his 83d, a driver from No. 2 trap. King scored 24 out of his last 25—48 out of his last 50. The longest runs were: King 29, 14 and 13; Messner 19, 19 and 11.

The traps fell to each shooter as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
King	19	19	25	16	21
Messner	18	15	20	29	18
	—	—	—	—	—
	37	34	45	45	39

In describing the match the Pittsburg *Dispatch* says: "Alex. King yesterday defeated Messner for the second time this autumn in a very close match, the score being 91 to 88. It was a rattling good race from start to finish, so closely contested that the backers of each were on pins and needles until almost the very last. Not until the shooters were pretty well along on the last 25 birds did the King men begin to feel as if they were on "easy street." Messner certainly made a good run for the money. He took the lead at the start, and though he was tied at the 25th bird he soon led again and retained the advantage until the 66th bird, when King again caught him. Messner's 77th bird died out of bounds, and this gave King a lead which he never lost. Messner seemed to lose his nerve slightly, and that settled it, for King never weakened for an instant. He was shooting stronger at the finish than at any other time, and his record of 48 birds out of the last 50 is one that is hard to beat.

"The match itself was for $200 a side. The first match between these two occurred at Brunot's Island about a month ago, and was for $100 a side. As it resulted in a tie—88 birds each—it was decided that the second match should also decide the first, and should consequently net the victor $200. This race was shot at the Country Club and went to King by a score of 79 to 75. Yesterday's event was under the same conditions.

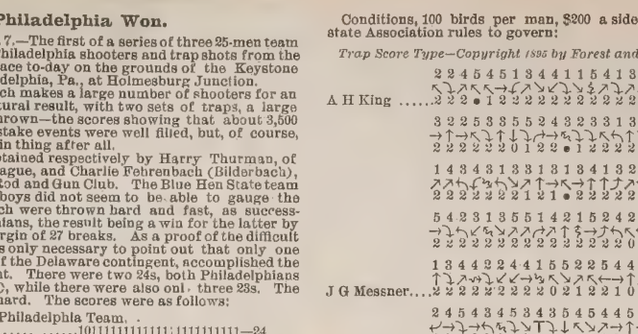
"There is little to be said about the details of the match. The birds were fairly good—probably better than the average around here—though not so strong by a good deal as those in the previous match. King thought the first 50 were not as good as the last 50, though his record on the latter was the best.

"Each man lost 4 birds which died out of bounds, 3 of Messner's being in the last 25, and it was these 3 misses that lost him the match.

"Elmer Shaner was referee and Wm. McCrickart trap puller. At the conclusion of the match Shaner announced that he was authorized by W. G. Clark, of Altoona, to challenge the winner for from $250 to $500 a side. King did not accept the challenge, and probably will not do so. It is generally conceded that Clark is a little bit too good for any of the men about here."

Conditions, 100 birds per man, $200 a side, 30yds. boundary, Interstate Association rules to govern:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1895 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



On Long Island.

CONEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Dec. 4.—The monthly shoot of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, which was held this afternoon, was well attended, twelve members taking part in the shoot for the Hughes diamond badge. Hugh McLaughlin, the veteran of the club, won the badge without a tie, being the only one to kill his 7 birds. The club shoot is at 7 live birds per man, handicap rise, gun in any position (except at the shoulder) until the bird is on the wing. Score:

H McLaughlin (27)	1111211—7	Wm Rial (30)	0012112—5
H Knebel, Jr (28)	0111211—6	J B Voorhies (28)	1011022—5
F McLaughlin (27)	1210122—6	J E Lake (28)	0112120—5
H Muller (25)	0121211—6	Dr Parker (25)	0022212—5
Dr Raynor (25)	1011112—6	Dr Van Ord (30)	1002101—4
Dr Sherwell (25)	2211102—6	F Ibert (25)	0112001—4

The tie for third money was shot off at 3 birds; Lair being the only one to kill his 3, he took the money.

A 3-bird sweep was won by J. E. Lake, who killed his birds; the scores were: Lake 3, Lair, Muller, Ibert, Van Ord and McLaughlin 2.

PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Dec. 4.—Several members of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club met at the Old Mill, near Jamaica, this afternoon. These members were divided into two teams, the teams being composed respectively of the Class A and Class B men of the club. Each man shot at 10, the result being a tie with 46 kills for each team; on a shoot-off at 2 birds per man the Class A men won, Class B paying for the birds, dinners for the crowd and all expenses of the excursion. Following is the score:

Helgans's Team—Class A (28yds.).	Tie:
E Helgans	2222222•22—9	22—2
J Bennett	1111220212—9	10—1
H J Bookman	•2212112112—8	11—2
Van Wyckoff	1222122022—9	21—2
A Andrews	•1220111110—7	11—2
J Mehl	0220000001—3—46	00—0—9
Selover's Team—Class B (28yds.).	**Tie:**
W R Selover	1101211120—9	10—1
D S Van Wicklen	2222120210—8	2•—1
J Wye	1201211022—8	00—0
H J Bramwell	2020111222—8	21—2
E Frost	1201122100—7	11—2
H J Selover	1020102012—6—46	01—1—7

CRESCENT GUN CLUB.

Dec. 5.—The Crescent Gun Club, of Brooklyn, was but poorly represented at its regular shoot at Dexter Park this afternoon, Capt. G. W. Coulston, L. C. Hopkins and W. D. Gilman being the only members present. The club shoot was at 7 live birds, and this was won by Coulston with a straight score. Nine sweeps were shot off, honors being about even up. The club shoot score was as follows:

G W Coulston (30)	2221111—7 W D Gilman (28)	2121101—6
L C Hopkins (28)	1211120—6	

PHŒNIX GUN CLUB.

Dec. 6.—The Phœnix Gun Club's monthly shoot was fairly well attended, eight members putting in an appearance this afternoon and shooting their string of 15 live birds in the club event. All stood at the 25yds. mark, Botty and Gardner tieing for first place with 12 out of 15. Scores:

A Botty	120111002312121—12	J Smith	1101010111002121—11
P Gardner	201220211111112—12	E H Madison	1102111210101213—11
D Freleigh	0211112200221021—11	J Akhurst	0002101200021111—9
M Brown	1201111011111100—11	A Rutan	1001010000212011—7

A team race, 5 men to a side, 10 targets per man, was then shot, the team being captained by Peter Gardner and Moses Brown, Brown's side winning easily. Scores:

Brown's team.		Gardner's team.	
A Rutan	1111110111—9	E H Madison	1101110111—8
M Brown	0110111111—8	A Botty	1010111100—6
H Houseman	1111011011—8	J Smith	0101100101—5
S J Heald	1110110011—7	H Bramwell	1011100010—5
D Freleigh	1001011010—5—37	P Gardner	0011100100—4—28

EXCELSIOR GUN CLUB.

Dec. 6.—Fourteen members of the Excelsior Gun Club faced the traps on the North Beach grounds this afternoon. The club shoot is at 10 live birds, handicap rise, and for the third time in succession Samuel R. Williams won the diamond badge, with the score of 9 out of 10. Scores:

S. R. Williams (27)	1201211112—9	A J Siegel (27)	200•111001—5
George Orton (28)	2101131102—8	W H Archer (26)	1020000111—5
James Odell (27)	0•21121111—8	L G Wilson (26)	0010101110—5
H Heinberger (28)	1001201221—7	D J Kingsland (27)	0001001201—4
R E Deegman (27)	1001020111—6	D G Nelson (26)	0110220000—4
B G Williams (27)	0122000112—6	T L Henderson (26)	1110100000—4
Thos Richards (27)	•201100110—5	H K Jackson (26)	0110001000—3

ROCKAWAY PARK ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Dec. 7.—The Rockaway Park Rod and Gun Club held its monthly shoot on its grounds at Rockaway Park this afternoon. There was a good attendance at the traps, everybody getting all the shooting they wanted. The nine events shot outside of the team race included events at expert rules (Nos. 3, 8 and 9), pairs (No. 6), walking match (No. 7), unknown angles (Nos. 2, 4, 5 and 10), known angles (No. 1). The team race was at 10 known and 15 unknown angles. Schorty's side winning by the narrow margin of one target. The day was cold and raw, with a strong wind in the face of the shooters. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Birds:	*10*	*15*	*7*	*9*	*25*	*20*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Schorty	9	11	6	7	22	12	7	10	6
Wash	9	11	6	9	19	14	5	9	9
Held	8	9	4	9	23	..	..	4	6
Woods	8	11	5	4	20	..	..	8	10
McKenna	4	4	3	4	12	11	5	4	2
Edwards	9	9	5	7	15	13	8	5	4
Waters	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..
Coleman	4	9	0	3	..	..	..	..	2
Gray	..	5	..	2	..	..	..	1	7
Dilley	..	..	..	..	..	18	10	3	5
Loeble	..	..	..	..	..	11	4	5	5
Burke	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	5
Trees	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	4
Kelly	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..
Jennings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8

Team race:

Schorty's Team.	
L Schorty	0111101111110100011101111—18
R Woods	1110101010001011111111111—19
E Edwards	1111111001001010010110110—15
J Jennings	1101111101101101111011100—18
T Dilley	1001100001000101001100010001—10
E Bourke	1010000111010101010011111—15
Johnny	0001001010000111101100100—10—105
Wash's Team.	
C Wash	1111111001111111111110111—22
B Jennings	1111011010001100111111111—17
S J Held	0011110011101111011011011—18
F Coleman	1010000101110000010011100—10
T Loeble	1001011111010111000111101—17
F Wilkes	1000000101001011000110111—11
B Waters	0000111010001010000001011— 9—104

Eddie Bourke, the south-paw expert of the club, brought the day's sport to a close with two 10-target matches. The first was against Held, Bourke winning with 7 to 6; in the second Wash was his opponent, and again was Bourke the victor, winning by 7 to 5. It should be mentioned that both of his opponents gave him a handicap of two misses as breaks; but in neither match did he need his handicap allowance, winning without any trouble.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Dec. 7.—Several members of the New Utrecht Gun Club met at the Bay Ridge grounds this afternoon. The main event was a match between Capt. Money and Dr. Shepard for the Challenge plate, Dr. Shepard being the holder. Capt. Money as a Class A man shot at 30 targets, known angles, and 10 pairs; Dr. Shepard, of Class B, shot at 33 targets, known angles, and 11 pairs; Capt. Money scored 24 out of his 30 singles and 10 out of his 10 pairs, while Dr. Shepard only totaled 22 out of 33 singles and 10 out of his 11 pairs. Scores:

Capt A W Money (A)	111111101011111000101111111101—24
	10 00 10 10 10 10 10 01 10 10 11—10—34
Dr Shepard (B)	0011101010001101111111011011101—22
	00 11 00 10 10 10 00 10 10 01 11—10—32

Eight sweeps were also shot for nominal entrance moneys, the results being as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*5*	*10*	*5*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*5*	*10*	*5*	*10*	*10*
W F Sykes	9	5	5	3	6	3	4	..	Shepard	8	5	5	3	..	3	..	..
Adams	8	9	7	4	8	4	8	8	Deacon	5	7	3	1	7	4	8	..
Money	9	5	6	4	7	2	8	9	J Lott	..	..	..	..	3	4	..	4 5

No. 1 was at known angles; No. 2 at reversed order; No. 3 at 5 pairs; No. 4 unknown angles; No. 5 known angles; No. 6, back to trap, both barrels; Nos. 7 and 8 known angles.

The clue shoot, which is at 20 targets, everything resulted as below, Class A men allowing those in Class B two extra targets:

W F Sykes (B)	10110111111010101111111—18
P Adams (A)	11001001111110001011 —13
Capt Money (A)	11001111101111011111 —16
Dr Shepard (B)	11111101110101001110—16
D Deacon (A)	01111110000111111111 —15

Trap Around Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 27.—To-day was the regular weekly afternoon shoot at Smith's grounds, Buffalo Plains, open to all. The main event was quite a sporting affair: 25 live birds per man, $25 entrance, three moneys, class shooting, all at 28yds. rise. For this event there were nine entries, quite a good number for this class of sweepstake. Among the shooters were some of the best shots in the city.

The winner proved to be C. S. Burkhardt, who scored 24 out of his 25 birds, after losing his first bird dead out of bounds. His brother (E. C. Burkhardt), Kelsey and Kirkover were all three close after him with 21 each, E. C. Burkhardt being unlucky enough to lose three of his birds dead out of bounds. Kelsey knocked down his 13th bird with his first barrel, and thinking that the bird was stone dead, broke his gun and went into the club house; when the man went to retrieve the bird it rose and flew out of bounds, when it was gathered. The full scores were as follows:

No. 1, open sweep, 25 birds, $25, 28yds. rise, three moneys, class shooting:

C S Burkhardt	•1102211222211121212021—22
E C Burkhardt	1•22112121•2210223212221•—21
Hy Kirkover	2211202221222202•212.22•1—21
F D Kelsey	1121201212101221222•2222•1—21
E Andrews	2•0122022222122102222202221—19
Warren	2111222111201120111001001—19
O Besser	2•1221011112121001220•22201—18
Koch	2210012122221212220•11010•—18
Krotz	2101110021020002220210000—14

No. 2, 7 birds, $5, 2 moneys: E. W. Smith 7, Andrews, Besser, Kirkover and Warren 6, C. S Burkhardt 5, E. C. Burkhardt 4. Smith shot only for the birds, first money being divided among the four men with 6, C. S. Burkhardt taking second alone with 5.

Nov. 28.—The Thanksgiving Day shoot at Audubon Park did not draw many shooters. Seven sweepstake events at targets were shot, the entrance fees being nominal. The scores made were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*15*	*15*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*20*	*20*	*15*	*15*
Edwards	4	5	12	17	15	9	11	Jones	7	7	11	16	16	10	10
Williams	8	6	..	11	14	11	13	Werlin	..	..	3	11	10	..	..
A Heinold	8	5	13	18	17	13	11	Meyers	..	..	..	..	13	10	11
Northrup	10	8	13	19	16	15	12	Besser	..	..	..	..	..	7	..

Bronx River Gun Club.

BAYCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 30.—A half dozen members of the Bronx River Gun Club met this afternoon at Miller's grounds, Baychester, N. Y., the occasion being the monthly shoot of the club. In the club shoot, which is at 25 targets, all the contestants used W-A powder. M. Herrington won the medal with a score of 22 out of 25. Scores:

Club shoot, 25 targets:

Herrington	1111111111101110011111111—22
Catheart	1010110011011011110000111—15
Duane	0010110010001001010100000— 8
Zorn	1100111111111001111100011—19
Nichols	1100111101111011111010111—19
Loomis	1110001101111111011011111—19

The four following sweeps, $1 entrance, were also shot, No. 5 being a match at 15 targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Nichols	9	9	7	8	13	Breidenbach	7	7	..	..	..
Loomis	9	8	6	8	..	Duane	..	..	..	4	7
Herrington	8	10	8	8	14						

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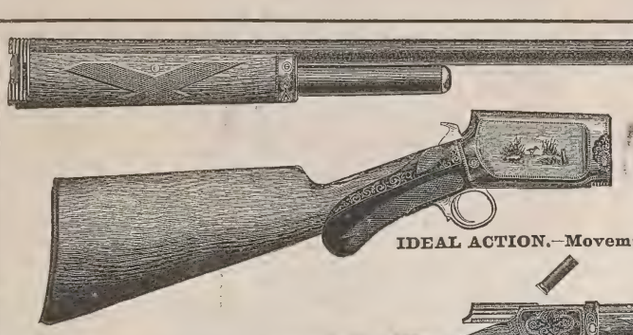


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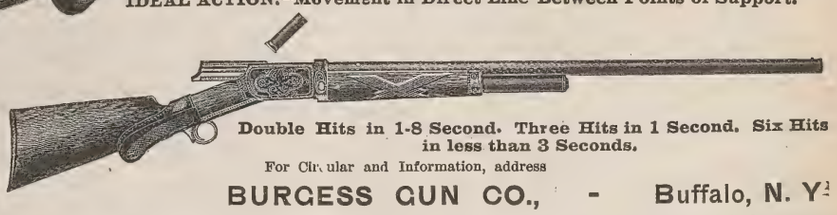


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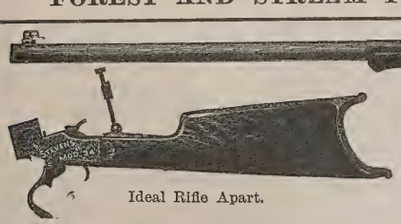
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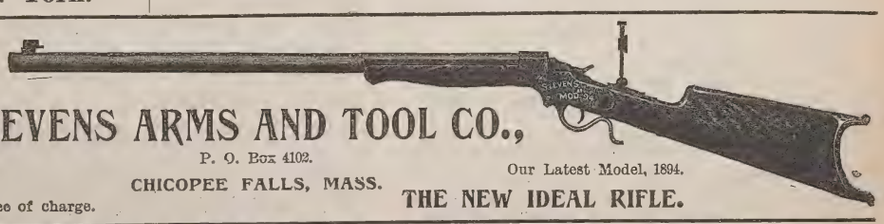
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SPRING SHOOTERS AND "BUTCHERS."

THE self-assurance with which one individual will sometimes adjudge another individual or group of individuals as this or that, and devoid of claims to sportsmanship, is well exemplified by a recent ruling of a contemporary that President Cleveland and ex-President Harrison were shooters, not sportsmen; and specifically that "both are spring butchers pure and simple, that and nothing more."

The question of sportsmanship stripped of the fallacy and intolerance with which it is invested by different men who have different personal hobbies is one determined by the ethical standards and usages of the best sportsmen in the land, and not by the oracular utterances of any self-constituted authority.

Confounding a question in game-supply economics with ethical matters of sportsmanship does not show a true perception of the question.

It is safe to assume that gentlemen who have graduated in the highest schools of life and who move in the highest circles of the business and ethical world know what is correct and proper in their business or their pleasure. And it is certain that the usages of a large class of gentlemen throughout the land, more particularly when the usages clash with a thin scattering of isolated and individual opinion, determine the status of what is proper and what is not. Individual hobby is not usage.

Surely a standard of sportsmanship, measured by the notions or dicta of one person, is not a sufficiently broad ground from which to denounce a class of sportsmen throughout the length and breadth of the land, of which class the President is singled out with invidious spitefulness.

There is no universal sentiment nor statutory law against spring shooting. As to the possibilities or desirability of abolishing it, there are differences of opinion. Common consent, however, has never established it as a test of sportsmanship, the dicta of any individual to the contrary notwithstanding.

Spring shooting has long been in the realm of debatable questions in the economy of the shooting interests of America. It is an important question for the consideration of sportsmen, merely as it relates to a restricted killing of the ducks with a view to a future supply. There is a general sentiment which disapproves of the making of large bags, of killing for the sake of making a large count, or killing after the manner of the pot-hunter; but the question of the season, spring or fall, has never yet been definitely determined as a subject of expediency, much less as one of ethical rule. The wrong of spring shooting must be recognized by common usage or by statutory law before it can be cited as occasion for denouncing any one as a butcher.

One may feel that spring shooting is wrong; he may make a resolve that he himself will not indulge in spring shooting; he may cherish a belief that he has the true ethical principles of sportsmanship within himself; and so long as he makes his own beliefs his own rule of action no one can say nay to him; but when he uses his own creations as measures by which to rule the actions of others, contrary to established usage, he then enters into the realm of fanaticism.

Spring shooting is destructive to the duck supply, and if persisted in will eventually result in still greater depletion of their numbers. To shoot or not to shoot them in the spring is a material question for the consideration of the sportsmen of the land, not an ethical question which makes butchers of all those who advocate and practice spring shooting, and sportsmen of all those who shoot ducks in the fall.

FOREST AND STREAM has been and is opposed to spring shooting for material reasons, reasons which have a solid foundation in the economy of the sport, which appeal to the sportsmen of the land as sportsmen in general in moving for the general good, and not confounding with ethical principles with which it never has been conceded a part.

SNAP SHOTS.

Here are three shooting scores to be noted, those of Emperor William II., President Cleveland and Mr. Edwin Thorne, of Long Island. The German Emperor went to the boar park of Hanover last week for his annual pig and deer hunt in the forests of Springe and Landenau. The programme of the royal hunt called for the killing of at least 350 pigs and of red deer in proportion, the trophies to be laid out in rows after the hunt for the admiration of the participants in the sport and of the public. Affairs of state, however, intervened and required the Emperor's return to Berlin before the hunt was half over. Most of the 350 pigs which were condemned to slaughter are still foraging for the acorns of Springe. For the very interesting photographs of the game killed on a former hunt in the same preserves we are indebted to Mr. W. Hesse, Head Forester of the royal game parks. The pictures hint of the ceremonial character of a royal hunt, this in such striking contrast to the simplicity and absence of display which mark the shooting excursions of a President Harrison or a President Cleveland.

Mr. Cleveland got back to Washington last Sunday from his ducking trip to North Carolina waters. The game which he brought back as the fruits of the expedition was not laid out in rows on the White House lawn for public inspection and admiration, but the newspaper men were on hand when the party came ashore, and they have recorded as the spoils of the trip a bag of fifty-two ducks, five geese, four brant and thirty-two quail.

But when it comes to making a bag of game that is a bag, William II. and President Cleveland are insignificant sportsmen. Mr. Edwin Thorne, of Long Island, is a "biger man than old Grant," and no Kaiser or President on earth can compete with him in duck butchering. Mr. Thorne appears to be a combination of sportsman and market-hunter, and when a favorable opportunity offers he does what he can to insure the modest and moderate gratification of both of these personalities. On Nov. 23 there came to Mr. Thorne the chance of a lifetime; he improved it by killing 264 birds, which were afterward photographed, and are reproduced for illustration in our shooting columns this week. The score was an extraordinary one for Long Island, and if mere bigness is to be considered, is one which will probably long remain unsurpassed. The good fortune which came to the Babylon gunner will be noted with envy by many a duck shooter. Moralize as we may, there is no use in attempting to deny that fact. Probably as human nature goes, nine men out of ten who had the opportunity to kill 264 birds in a day would do so, provided they had a gun that would stand the test and shells enough to do the work; and it is very likely too that they would have their harvest of ducks photograpaed, and would pat themselves on the back and expect others to pat them on the back for having achieved a great feat of sportsmanship. Whether any one has a moral right to perpetrate such a slaughter in this year of grace and of duck scarcity 1895 is quite another question. We have been hearing much of late in condemnation of the record killers. Experienced sportsmen like Didymus, who have lived long enough to get beyond that early stage of sporting life in which success is likely to be gauged by the bulk and the dead weight of the day's shooting, would have us believe that to kill without stint is to transgress the laws of consideration for others, restrictions which it is a sportsman's first duty to remember and regard for his own self-control. Such considerations are likely to be applied to this bag of 264 ducks made by a Long Island gunner, and it might be perfectly just so to apply them if we had to do with a case which was to be classed exclusively under the designation of sport. As a matter of fact Mr. Thorne sent his birds to market, and we presume that he would resent any discussion of his achievement which took the narrow ground that the feat was a sportsman's only. He might very well claim the greater privilege of the market hunter, a privilege which is unrestricted by any foolish notions of consideration for others. The one rule which the market hunter knows is to kill as many birds as can be disposed of to the consumers. Tested by such a law Mr. Thorne's duck score was a very creditable performance.

The name of Patrick Mullen is known but to a few of the present generation of sportsmen, but it was familiar enough to the older school of wildfowl gunners of New York, and indeed of the country at large. From his little shop in Maiden Lane, in this city, Mullen sent out guns which had a deserved reputation, for he put into their making honesty, skill and pride. The duck shooter who had in his blind a Patrick Mullen gun was accustomed to feel the utmost confidence in it as an "old reliable," and the products of the Mullen shop were considered the most perfect weapons one could count in his armament; a very high measure of esteem was accorded the maker for the lofty principles which controlled his life; and no man might ask for a kinder remembrance after he had passed from earth than that which is expressed in this tribute contributed by Mr. James C. Carter to the *Evening Post* of last Saturday:

> He was a plain mechanic of the old-fashioned type, working for himself, with no journeyman to assist him, and with no ambition except to make his work perfect and to give it that finish and beauty which come from perfect adaptation to the purpose designed. No money could tempt him to turn out a poor piece of work, or to ask or accept anything more than a fair and reasonable price for the best. Honest in every fiber of his nature, with a self-respect that shone out with dignity and pride, though never with ostentation, industrious every day and hour, he lived his eighty years of life in a manner to command the admiration of every man who knew him.
>
> All his old friends will pay in thought a silent tribute to his memory. I ask you for a place in which to utter mine aloud.

A distressing story comes from Quebec that tons of deer meat are shipped from the Province into Maine wilds, to be transported thence by sportsmen under the pretense that their prowess brought down the game, or to be shipped directly to the Boston market. The Canadians are lifting up a great cry that they are being despoiled of their venison. Now, it is known perfectly well that hunters do bring out from Maine wilds deer by the thousands, and it is also understood that many tons of venison are shipped to Boston every season; but Maine has always claimed and has been given credit for the game; and we believe that the State deserves it, every bit of it.

The Quebec Legislature has adopted resolutions providing for the leasing of unsettled parts of country to clubs for hunting and fishing preserves. The parts so leased may not exceed 400 square miles, and the annual rental is to be not less than a dollar a mile. Vast areas of Canadian wilderness have already been taken up for hunting tracts, and there is a well defined tendency toward the preserve system on a still larger scale. We even hear talk of deer preserves and trespass signs in the heart of Newfoundland.

The Sportsmen's Exposition to be held in Madison Square Garden next March gives promise of excelling in magnitude and interest the first affair. Spaces have already been taken by the leading firms, and we hear of previous exhibitors who are doubling their spaces for March. Remember the dates, March 16 to 21.

The New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will hold its regular annual winter convention in Syracuse Jan. 9, and one of the important topics then to be considered will be the section, No. 247, of the game law, which permits the sale of game all the year around. On this subject there should be such an united and emphatic expression of opinion as to leave no room to question the public in condemnation of the law.

The Sportsman Tourist.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.

VII.—Visitors in Camp.

At the edge of the woods Sam turned and took a careful observation of the clearing.

"I s'pose the's a landin' daown there on the crik 'baout as nigh as the one on the Slang, hain't the'?" he asked.

"Wal, Ah do' know prob'ly. Yas, Ah guess yas. What you wan' know, hein?" Antoine answered and asked.

"O, nothin', on'y I was a-thinkin' if the canew was there we c'ld git tu camp quicker. My stomerk's cryin' cupberd if that feller's water is victuals an' drink. Haow is 't wi' your'n, Antoine? You hain't hed even water tu stay it."

"Bah gosh!" cried the Canadian with hungry zest, "Ah'll can heat one of dat dauk raw an' hees fedder."

"That 'ould hurt Joe's feelin's, he wants all the feathers for a peace offerin' tu M'ri'," said Sam, lengthening his strides till a glimpse of the open sky beyond the landing was seen, when he slackened his pace and peered cautiously out upon the open marsh.

"Hsssh," he whispered, drawing back and slowly sinking upon his haunches, "the's a hull snag o' ducks a squddlin' 'raound not four rod f'm the canew. We c'n crawl up an' git a crack at 'em."

Crawling side by side they wormed their way within short range of at least a dozen wood ducks that were swimming, diving and bickering over choice morsels in the narrow pathway of water that made from the channel to the landing. Then taking deliberate aim at the thick of the flock they fired at the word given by Sam. Above the rolling cloud of smoke they saw but five terrified survivors scurrying away in scattered flight, and beneath it when it lifted seven dead and wounded unto death, all of which they speedily secured, even to one poor cripple that skulked among the weeds and was mercifully dispatched by a stroke of a paddle.

"There, Antoine," said Sam, as the canoe floated out upon the channel, "you set for'ad, I done all the shootin' I want tu-day."

Thus disposed they paddled down the Slang. As they passed the trim newly built muskrat houses, almost every one of them had a tally stick stuck beside it marked rather conspicuously by a bit of birch bark inserted in a cleft at the top.

"Dat was Injin fashi'n," Antoine commented, "an' Ah bet you head dere was some of it trappin 'raoun' here."

"Jest their shifflin' way, ketchin' lots o' half-growed ones. But the's plenty o' white folks 'at's jest as bad. I wonder where the creatur's is campin'. I sh'd like tu run on tu 'em."

"Oh, Sam, you'll want great many t'ing, a'n't it? You'll fan' two nigger an' one Quakers to-day already, an' naow you'll want Injin. Say, Sam, what kan' o' nigger you call dat beeg one, hein?"

"I do' know 's anything more'n a tol'lable black one. Why?"

"Wal, seh, he'll gat diff'nt of aour kan' o' nigger. He'll a'n't spick Angleesh sem' lak' you was, an' me an' dat odder nigger. Oh, Ah tol' you, Sam," he said impressively, and looking over his shoulder at his companion, "Ah'll b'lieved he was slave runaways nigger from Souse 'Mericay."

"Sho', Antoine, you du git cur'u's ideas int' your noddle."

"Wal, Ah'll b'lieved dat, me," said Antoine decidedly.

"Wal, s'posin' he is," said Sam, carelessly, "let him run; I sha'n't stop him."

"Prob'ly de mans dat hown it was willin' for give feefteen, prob'ly twanty-fav' dollar. Haow many you s'pose, prob'ly?"

"I s'pose," said Sam with impressive earnestness, "if a man was mean 'nough tu du sech a sneakin' job he'd ortu be sunk in this 'ere crik, an' I cal'late that's as mis'able a death as a fellow could die. If you want tu keep friends wi' me, Antwine, don't you tell nob'dy 'at we seen sech a man—not nob'dy."

"No, no—no, Ah'll won't tol' mah waf', no, sah," adding after some reflection, "honly Onc' Lasha an' Zhozeff, prob'ly."

"Wal, if you must tell someb'dy er b'ust I s'pose they'd be as safe as anyb'dy. But don't ye open your head tu no strangers. Naow, remember."

"Dat all Ah want. But Ah'll tol' you, Sam, it mek me felt kan o' mean for keep all Ah'll know for mahsef."

"Hol' on," said Sam, steering the canoe close to the marsh where a muskrat house stood in a narrow environment of open water, "there's a poor leetle mushrat not so big as a haouse rat, all wopsed up in a mess o' weeds where he can't draown ner git away."

As the canoe ran alongside, he reached out and carefully disengaged the trap and its struggling captive from the entanglement of marsh weeds, and after a brief inspection pressed the spring till the jaws opened. When the little prisoner found himself free he made off with scrambling splash into the marsh as Sam gave him a parting admonition.

"There, you poor little devil, go your ways an' grow bigger. Naow, Antwine, wouldn't a feller be meaner 'n pusley tu put that leetle chap back int' the trap ag'in?"

"Yas, prob'ly," said Antoine; "but Ah'll an' spec' de Injin t'ank you much, prob'ly, a'n't it?"

"Wal, I wa'n' ezackly considerin' the Injin's feelin's."

Their way down the Slang and creek was unmarked by even an unsuccessful shot, for the few ducks they saw arose too far out of range to tempt them to the trial of the uncertain chance. Now and then they were startled by the sudden uprising of a heron beating upward with labored strokes of his broad vans in a long slant to level flight over the marshes, or the frightened squawk of a bittern jerking himself into the air and stumbling through it on awkward wings to a safer retreat. A countless dusky swarm of blackbirds rose up from their busy feeding among the rice in a sudden cloud and with a dull roar of innumerable wings, as if a mine had exploded beneath the flock.

When they rounded the last great bend and came in sight of the bay, they saw a large craft with a single square sail coming in toward the mouth of Lewis Creek.

"Hurra' for Canada," cried Antoine, joyfully, after regarding it intently for a moment. "Look, Sam, dat was Canada boats."

"What makes you think so?"

"O, Ah'll know it by hees sail jes' easy as you can tol' nigger by hees skin. Yankee boat a'n't got square sail lak' dat more as he wore botte sauvage or heat pea soup. Prob'ly he brought some salt for sol' it or come for bought some happle, prob'ly, bose of it, Ah do' know 'f he a'n't. Ah'll gat brudder-law was be captain for one of it. Mebby dat was be mah brudder-law, mos' likel'. Ah'll go see to-naght 'f Ah'll a'n't in de morny, me."

"Wal, I'll go with ye. It's turrible interestin' tu look at furrin shippin' an' that looks like an ol' buster, nigh 's big 's a canawl boat."

"O, dey was beauty boats," said Antoine proudly. "Ah'll tol' you, dey was mek de water roar lak' Onc' Lasha w'en he sleep."

Presently they were at the landing among the willows under the bluff, a place made familiar to them in their summer fishing trip of a previous year. Thence, laden with guns and game, they climbed the steep to the camp, where they were loudly welcomed by Uncle Lisha and Joseph, who generously congratulated them on their success, though it abated the pride of their own achievements.

"Wal done, boys." Uncle Lisha slowly counted the ducks, carefully inspecting and observing each and inquiring its kind. "You did du fust rate, sartain. But what sort o' critter's this 'ere?" he asked, picking up the coot and minutely examining it. "Antwine, hev you be'n a-robbin' someb'dy er nuther's henrwust?"

"No, Onc' Lasha," said the Canadian, one hand busy with the potato kettle and frying-pan, while from the other he snatched hasty mouthfuls of bread to appease the cravings of his fasting stomach, "dat was you good boy Sam, an' Ah'll tol' it he don't ought for do so weeked. But he want for pracsit for shoot, so he'll shot de folkses hen. What you t'ink for dat, hein?"

"No, 'tain't a hen nuther," the old man decided, "but it looks more like one 'an some o' these 'ere patent new-fashion Chinee faowls does. Clapham's got a rwuster 'at come f'm Boston 'at he calls a High-shang er hang-shy er some sech a name, 'at don't look no more like a civilized barndoor faowl 'an you du, Ann Twine, an' when he does what Clapham calls crowin', it scares child'en. I never heard sech a' on'arthly yollopin'."

"Wal, Onc' Lisha, dis t'ing was kan' o' fool dauk. Dat hees nem of it. We jus' brought it home for de fedders for Zhozeff."

"Wal, me and Jozeff hes picked 'em all off'm them leetle baby ducks 'at we got, an' don't you b'lieve both on ye 'at he was so savin' 'at he pulled the pin-feathers aout with his teeth, an' we got pooty nigh a piller case full an' the ducks is dressed complete. Haow be ye goin' tu cook 'em, Antwine? Rwust 'em, er bile 'em, er fry 'em? I'm kinder hankerin' for some hot victuals."

"Wal, Ah'll b'lieve Ah'll goin' for fry it, for be quickes' way for our hongry," said Antoine, laying the split teal in the frying-pan with a generous lump of Danvis butter from the Lovel dairy. "Come, Sam, ponch de fire. Zhozeff, pull up you stump an' chaup off some hwood. Hoorah."

The fire was properly replenished, the potatoes boiled merrily, the frying-pan screeched, and Antoine pranced around them fully impressed with the importance of his office, while the others sat on the fireside log hungrily watching him with their backs to the world.

"I do' know as ary one on us told ye 'at we hed comp'ny whilst you was gone," Joseph said. Antoine held an attentive ear above the crackling of the fire and the turmoil of cookery, upon which he kept his intent eyes, shielded by one protecting hand, while the other, armed with a fork, urged the process of cooking with frequent prods and shakes of the contents of the pan.

"Wal, sorter comp'ny er vis'ters er callers, mebby you you might call 'em. Tew fellers they was 'at come a saunderin' up an' sod daown an' smoked a spell an' 'peared turrible sociable. Hed guns, they did, kinder huntin', but was inquirin' if the' was colored man livin' anywher's 'raound here, o' the name o' Jeems suthin' er nuther. What was 't, Uncle Lisher?"

"I do' know," Uncle Lisha replied, "I tol' 'em 'at we hedn't had time tu git 'quainted wi' the white folks, let alone the niggers."

"Color' man," cried Antoine, lifting his voice above the roar and crackle of the fire, the walloping of the pot and the sizzle of the pan, and making it very audible though his back was turned to his hearers. "Bah gash, me an' Sam was visit some black color' mans an' hear of some red color' mans. An', seh, de black color' mans leeve raght over dere behin' de hwood, pooty clos' neighbor of us, seh. We gat for stay wid heem one slave nigger dat was run 'way wid hese'f all de ways from Sous 'Meriky an' oh, he would dance you never see to beat it w'en t'udder nigger was fi'le more better as dat leetly humpy Palmer feller. An' dat beeg slave run'way nigger was sing jus' lak' black yallerbird sem' as de gros riche lady gat in leetly wire coop. Oh, Ah'll tol' you 'f Ah'll hown dat nigger. Ah'll a'n't took more's fee'ty dollar for it, no, seh."

As Antoine ceased Joseph slowly turned in his seat to reach a stick of wood and was confronted by two men standing close behind the unconscious group.

"Sam Hill!" he ejaculated. "Here they be naow! Where in tunket did you come from? Dumbed if you didn't skeer me, anyway!"

The other members of the camp household were as much surprised as Joseph, but Sam was most disturbed, for he felt almost certain that much of Antoine's disclosures must have been overheard by the intruders, whom he suspected were hunting larger game than ducks.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," said one of the newcomers, a brisk, wiry little man with a sharp face and a business-like, official air. "Don't wanter intrude, but we'd jes' like to light aour pipes 't your fire. Can't scare up a match betwixt us. Got a flint an' steel, but lost aour punk," and without waiting for permission he stepped to the fire and thrust a dry twig of cedar into it, wherewith when ablaze he lit his pipe and then offered it to his companion, a tall, sallow man, all of whose movements were deliberate if not indolent, except those of his restless, searching eyes.

"Here, Clark, light up. This 'ere's better 'n punk or a match."

But Clark had just begun to whittle a charge from a huge plug of peculiar light-colored tobacco, very different as Sam noticed from the black nail rod and twist to which he was accustomed, and he also noticed that the stranger's pronunciation of the few words he spoke bore a marked similitude to that of Jim's guest. When he had generously offered his "raal ol' Ferginny leaf" to each and lighted his own pipeful, so fragrant that those who refused regretted having done so, the visitors seemed in a hurry to go, but he who was the spokesman returned after they had gone a little way to ask in Yankee fashion for the loan of the scow.

"I s'pose you couldn't let us take your scaow boat a spell to go aout an' see 'f we couldn't git tew three ducks, could ye? We hate to go hum 'thaout a feather. They'll make fun on us so. "We can n't git a thing huntin' 'long the shore."

Sam shook his head. "I'm turrible sorry, but we got tu use aour boat jest as soon as we git some grub."

"We'd fetch it back in a couple o' hours," urged the man whom his comrade called Baker. "Guess you c'n let us have it as long as that, can't you?"

"No, got tu use it right off," said Sam. "Come, Antwine, hain't ye got the victuals 'most ready? We want tu be off tu rights."

Reluctantly relinquishing the design of borrowing the boat, Baker and his comrade hurried away up the bank of the creek. Sam watched them with unfriendly eyes till they disappeared among the trees beyond the landing, saying to himself as much as to his companions:

"Consarn 'em! They won't git no boat o' aourn tu hunt niggers."

Uncle Lisha and Joseph stared at him in puzzled inquiry, and Antoine, with an abashed face, devoted himself to his cookery.

"What is 't, Samwel?" the old shoemaker asked at last. "I can't make head nor tail on 't."

"Why, you know what they ast you, an' you heard what Antwine said 'baout the darkies an' so did they, a-sneaking up behind of us at just that onlucky minute; heard all they wanted tu er they'd ha' ast me some questions. They're arter that 'ere runaway chap, an' I don't cal'late we're a-goin' tu help 'em much, be we?"

Uncle Lisha snorted a contemptuous negative and Joseph Hill said,

"It don't seem's 'ough that was what we come here for, not ezac'ly."

"Prob'ly Ah'll s'pose, Sam, you blem me all up, but Ah tol' you seh, Ah'll a'n't to blem. Ah'll a'n't s'pose dere was anybody but wese'f goin' for heard me tol' Onc' Lasha an' Zhozeff de new, an' Ah mus' tol' dat," Antoine said in deep dejection, as he set the dinner on the table and the hungry crew gathered about it.

"O, I do' know 's I blame you none. The' hain't no use in cryin' over spilt milk, an' we'll jest tend tu aour business an' let other folks tend tu their'n if it hain't the pootiest 'at ever was. Say," he continued as if dismissing the subject, "when we git done eatin' le's take the scaow boat an' all go over an' see that 'ere boat f'm Canady."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

ON THE BANKS OF THE NOBLE SEVERN.

After a hard and vexatious winter's work I was possessed of that luckless malady known as "that tired feeling." I think I must have felt like the poet when he wrote: "Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it." I called upon my good friend Tom Myler, who is nothing if he isn't the "prince of good fellows."

From him I learned that of all the pleasant summer regions Canada was the most desirable. Few places in the world possess greater attractions than do the lakes and woodlands of the Muskoka district. They have the bracing atmosphere in which almost every essential will be found for the "setting up" of the ever increasing army of "run downs."

For those who seek mental and physical health, rest and seclusion from the busy cares of city life, this Muskoka Lake region is indeed a "land flowing with milk and honey."

Tuesday morning, Aug. 7, we boarded the Lake Erie train at Pittsburg, arriving at Niagara at 8 P. M. The ride down the banks of the old Ohio was indeed splendid, very picturesque and beautiful. From the Ohio to Niagara one sees a magnificent farming and fruit-growing region. In my travels I have nowhere seen such energy and enterprise among the farmers. Their clean cropped farms, trim fences, fine buildings and luxuriant crops were fair to look upon. Hereafter I shall eat the "Chautauqua grape" with greater relish, for from the beauty of the country I would expect something fine.

Our ride to Severn was pleasant, but uneventful; arriving too late to take Staunton's launch, a boat that makes daily trips from Severn Bridge to Sparrow Lake.

Just at dark we heard the whistle blow, which was a signal that the launch was making a second trip. When the boat landed it proved to be a launch belonging to Mr. John Massey, of Massey, Harris & Co., Toronto.

After considerable trouble we persuaded him to take us to Sparrow Lake.

It was now pitch dark, and the way that boat shot down the narrow gorges of the Severn River was a caution. Several times, to avoid logs and rocks, the helmsman shot us around so suddenly as to almost overturn us. We put up at Bennett's, where we found the boarding excellent, the rooms airy and the beds clean. Next morning found us up with the sun, fishing off the barge at the boat landing.

In a short time we had quite a string of fish that we thought were bass, and you can imagine our disappointment when told they were perch, and too bony to be eaten. As we had not the slightest knowledge of the habits or feeding places of the fish, we fished in hard luck.

In the meantime it was our rare good pleasure to meet a fine Scotch gentleman by the name of Brimer, who resides in Toronto.

He directed us: "Go down to the mouth of the Severn, hitch your boat to the second pole and don't move, and you'll catch fish." We did as directed, and caught fish. In a little while I noticed my brother's reel fairly sing; he reeled it in and again the line paid out.

After a hard battle he landed a 4½lbs. bass. My! the excitement and pleasure as the fish cuts through the water, darting hither and thither. Three times he threw himself far up out of the water, his yellow sides dripping in the sunlight. Once he vaulted clear over the stern of the boat.

Several times he came to the surface and tried to throw the hook from his mouth, shaking it as a dog shakes a rat. Not until he was flopping around in the bottom of

the boat did we have the assurance that he was the crown jewel of our finny treasures.

I got a vicious bite, and in another instant I was struggling with a 3lbs. beauty. We were advised to hitch our boat to the second stake, for at this second stake the Severn suddenly veers to the right coming down stream, and the waters are whirled around in pretty eddies.

In these eddies lie the noblest, the strongest and the bravest of all creatures that swim—the bass. At this shrine every angler bows his knee, and in the glowing light of thousands of camp-fires the tourist chants his praise. In these eddies come the noble bass to feed, for







THE ARRIVAL OF WILLIAM II. AT THE BOAR PARK.

to this point the river bears its burden of worms and insects. The fish come in schools, and the day Dave and I were there we caught the whole school, urchins, truants, teachers, janitor, principal and all; at least so we considered it. In a couple of hours we had all the fish our family could use and slowly rowed homeward, arriving in time to see Mr. Skinner, our host, one of the oldest residents in the whole country side, land a 25½lbs. channel cat. My! the fight he had to land him. Three times the fish towed the old man in his little boat across the river before he would consent to be rudely dragged ashore. We immediately called our crowd together, and in due



WILD BOARS AND DEER KILLED IN THE ROYAL HUNT.

In the Boar Park, Hanover. The game in the first and second rows was killed by the Emperor William II.

form elected this old patriarch of the rod and reel chairman of the next "Channel Cat Convention." In the afternoon and evening my Scotch friend rowed me down to Sparrow Lake to troll for 'lunge. Up here they do not say muskinonge or muskalonge, but simple, emphatic, trenchant lunge.

No other word implies so well the splendid pluck and prowess of this kingly fish.

We trolled up and down past the mouth of the lovely Koschee River, and although our luck was not good the glorious scenery of this romantic Koschee with its craggy dells was abundant reward.

My friend Brimer keeps jollying me along by saying, "Don't get uneasy; we are not yet at the proper place. Wait until we strike the lunge weed then we'll have fun." Presently I saw down in the deep waters of the lake a tall green fern-like weed that undulated backward and forward, keeping time to the rhythmic motions of the boat. In the soft, pithy stock of this weed there burrows a worm which becomes a large juicy grub that is as fine as tenderloin to the hungry lunge.

The fish breaks the weeds to pieces to get this delicious morsel.

"Now we'll have some fine fun," says Brimer, but nevertheless we don't, and as the hours roll around even the over-enthusiastic Brimer begins to look as though he had that "tired feeling."

We thus toil "until the evening sun descending set the clouds on fire with redness, burned the broad sky like a prairie, left upon the level water one long track and trail of splendor."

Our stock of disgust increases as we view the result of our toil:

Two measly little pickerel.

Sadly we start homeward, but we had not gone far when I felt the loose line jerk and tighten, felt its vicious lurches. "It's a lunge, and a good one," says Brimer; but mind you give him no slack line. We play him for several minutes. I conclude to draw him into the boat, when to my amazement he shot fully 4ft. from the water, the pearly drops flash from his blue and silvery sides, and he came down with a crash into the water and shot crosswise under our boat, almost overturning it.

As the fish leaps from the water and thrashes its surface to a foam, even the sage Brimer, a veteran of many similar wars, grows excited and exhorts to be careful and not overturn the boat.

He finally tires of his mad rushes and we yank this princely 15lbs. muskinonge into the boat.

When we arrive home grandfather Skinner, the patriarch of this region, remarks by way of encouragement? "He's a nice little fellow, but not half as big as I have seen 'em. Why, I speared one in the spring of '72 that weighed 43½lbs."

Monday morning we hitched up the Democrat, a four-wheeled vehicle, and in true Republican style rode out to visit a number of the small lakes in the vicinity. We visited Bear, Buck, Grass and St. John's lakes, finally pulling up at Orilla, one of the prettiest towns of Ontario. It is prettily nestled on the banks of the romantic Couchiching (lake of many winds). It is prominently associated with the massacre of the Huron Indians, and the merciless massacre of the early Catholic wilderness missionaries. It being the base of missionary operations earned the fierce wrath of the relentless Iroquois, and its sad fate is too tragic to relate. No history is more sublime in its record of suffering, self-sacrifice, peril and death than is the history of those pioneer Catholic missionaries. Though 200 years have elapsed, their tragic end seems still to taint the region with sadness and the somber pine tree to chant their funeral dirges.

On our return to Bennett's we heard marvelous tales of the region known as the Lower Severn. Capt. Woods, a millionaire of Pittsburg, had been a member of the party just returned, and his graphic descriptions of the wonders seen "down below" were awe-inspiring.

Then the awful sounds at night were, to hear the captain in his unique and entertaining way tell it, most thrillingly. There was the howling of wolves, screaming of lynx, and the ominous call of the moose.

Oh, my! how could we refrain from going "down below?"

Wednesday morning, having packed three days' provisions, hired guides to paddle us, we glided out of the handsome Sparrow Lake with our hearts all aglow with bright anticipations of the wonders "down below," as the genial captain had put it.

"Take a good look at that house," said Archie, my guide, "that's the last house you will see for three days," and we saw with feelings akin to sadness the outlines of this rude house fade away in the distance.

We knew that although we were on the bosom of a mighty waterway, destined some day to be one of the commercial highways, yet we should probably see no human faces save our own for three days.

We swept down past the lovely camp of the Iron City Club, of Pittsburg, a coterie of the finest ladies and gentlemen of that city.

At McDonald's Chute we were compelled to portage our boats, which to me was one of the most novel of my experiences in Canada. The guides dextrously threw the boats over their heads and bore them like the tortoise bears his shell. The others carried the guns, rations and camp utensils.

Oh! the reckless and light-hearted abandon with which we trudged over that portage. Once over the portage we again launch our birch bark canoes and lazily paddle down the noble Severn. Another portage is made and



RED DEER IN THE ROYAL PRESERVE.

we all make a dash to see who will be first to view the far-famed Ragged Rapids. Here we carry our boats a mile or more. This tiresome trudge knocks the romance of the portage into a cocked hat; but the sight that greets your eye as you peer over the crags to the foaming depths below helps the hurt that toil has made. Here the waters of the Severn are forced through a gorge, scant 50ft. wide, and so precipitous that the waters fairly fly. When the floods pass through this rapid must be one of the world's wonders.

No sort of craft could for an instant live in the awful fury of the beating, rushing waters which are ground out at the foot of the rapids in giant waves, as from the paddle of some immense steamer.

The waters, as if tired out after their perilous journey, flow sluggishly away, and as we slowly paddle away on its calm surface, the guide stops and remarks: "You are now in the fisherman's paradise."

We anchor at the head of Flat Rapids; baiting our hooks with live frogs, we begin our work.

All around us we see the bass jump up and snap a big brown fly of the mosquito type, called the bass fly.

My bait hardly struck water until the reel began to sing and the rod to bend. In my over-anxiety to land him I broke my rod and had to drag him upon the beach. I soon cut a pole from an alder thicket. In trying to drop my bait into a fine eddy a bass jumped at it before it touched water. It had scarcely sunk out of sight when I felt the energetic snap of the bass. Eager to land him, I dashed him far upon the bank, from where he flopped down into a tangle of brush and weeds, and I lost much valuable time in getting him out.

For an hour or more we were kept busy baiting hooks



WILLIAM II. INSPECTING THE GAME.

The Emperor stands between the second and third window to the right of the door.

and landing fish, fifty or sixty bass and pickerel being the catch.

So engrossed were we watching the bass springing from the water after the bass flies that a fawn swam almost to our fishing lines before we saw him. He was not 25ft. away. Several shots were fired in quick succession at him; but for my part, I was glad to see the deer reach the shore and bound unharmed into the forest.

Now comes the most thrilling of all our experiences in Canada.

Just below where we anchored to fish, the river bends abruptly downward, causing a rapid. Long before you come to it you may hear the rush and roar of the water. Our canoe glides toward this tumbling mass of spray and foam, but our guide seems undismayed. All his life has been spent on turbulent waters. This boiling rapid is nothing to him.

In a moment more we are in the whirlpool of the rapids, where no eye is quick enough to take in the import of the maddened waters. You feel as though you were in a descending elevator. All around you the waters are rushing along in whirling eddies. The rocks beat them into a spray that is as white as the driven snow.

In an instant a side current caught our boat and hurled us on toward an angry rock, and it seemed no human power could save us; but the angry waters split upon the rock and we are hurled from its smooth sides with redoubled speed, and in another instant we shot out into the calm waters below. All this is wildly romantic and exciting; but how insipid and bare the telling compared to the actual realization in the swanlike birch bark canoe. The danger over, we set out for the Cherry Creek lumber camp, some four miles below the rapids.

As we lazily paddle down I drop my trolling spoon into the dark waters of the river and paddle off shore, and was soon wrestling with a maskinonge that could not have weighed less than 25lbs. You may imagine my chagrin to see him unhook himself just as I had him almost within the boat. Presently I struck another. I thought I had snagged a small log that was floating to our left, but soon discovered I was battling with a 15lbs. pike, which I succeeded in landing. Three other large ones were hooked within a mile. Further down we met a party of Kama Indians who greatly outnumbered us; yet we were not alarmed, for as Longfellow in his "Hiawatha" says:

"Buried is the bloody hatchet,
Buried are all the warlike weapons,
And the war cry is forgotten.
There is peace among the nations.
Unmolested rove the hunters,
Build the birch canoe for sailing,
Caught the fish in lake and river,
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver;
Unmolested worked the women,
Made the sugar from the maple,
Gathered wild rice in the meadow."

To me there were deep traces of sadness in the countenances of those Indians. Their faces seem to be turned backward to the not far distant times of a most glorious past. They have no future that gives promises of any better days to come. They are being carried

"Down the pathway of the dead men;
On the swinging bridge they cross it.
To the island of the blessed.
To the land of ghosts and shadows,
Unseen hands do seem to beckon them."

Wednesday we stayed at the Cherry Creek Lumber Camp. The "wood ranger" and the camp cook regaled us with many strange stories of the region. Shortly prior to our sojourn there a big black bear had paid a visit to their pig-sty with sundry intentions on fresh pork.

This unwelcome guest started the porkers on a run. They made a bee line for the camp. Bang up against the door came pigs and bear. The wooden door latch broke. The lone lumberman had made his bed just by the door, and in came pigs and bear in one promiscuous heap on top of the startled sleeper. Unless very angry or hungry, the bear is a very timid animal, and when the scream of a human voice was heard the shaggy form of that bear was seen ambling off to the forest. In the morning the keeper took us out and showed us the porkers. They were considerably the worse for the wear. One showed a broken leg and the other came up minus a few pounds of flesh from his left shoulder.

In the evening we went out and stood upon the shoulder of an immense rock that overhangs the waters of the bay, and as we bathe our spirits in the lovely starlight of this northern latitude a long low howl arose over the lapping of the waters.

"It is the wolves," said the wood ranger. The weird melancholy of that howling brought a sense of utter loneliness and desolation as the sounds reverberate backward and forward over the bay until they die away in silence. The loneliness of your isolation becomes deep enough to feel. However, "tired nature's sweet restorer," sleep, soon takes hold, and our rest at Cherry Creek Lumber Camp is "the sleep of the just."

Next morning finds us on our way down to view the chief wonder of the Severn, "The Big Chute." On our way we halt at Cape Rock to fish. We push our boats over the boom chains, stretched across the bay to prevent the logs set afloat by the lumbermen from entering, and row nearly to the head of the bay. We cast our lines from a ponderous rock that had, in bygone days, fallen from the cliffs above.

Here the jocularity began. Channel cats in multitudes, and biting like mad dogs, pickerel plenty and bass abundant. In a couple of hours forty-eight channel cats, and an abundance of pike, pickerel, bass and red finned suckers were taken.

All were thrown back but the bass and pickerel, and as they had not been caught long they lazily swam away.

On down the river we paddle. The region down below Cherry Creek is wildly picturesque and grand. The shore is a succession of rocky crags of granite and gneiss.

The river alternately widens to a bay and narrows to a gorge, and when these gorges precipitously take the water from a higher to a lower level they call them chutes, and past these all boats must be portaged.

When the big floods come it must be a grand sight to see the waters dash themselves down these chutes.

We reach the big chute by noon, finding it a repetition of the others, only longer and steeper, its rocks more craggy and its waters more foamy. At the Big Chute Lumber Camp we had dinner. On our return we pass a very pretty island in the Lower Severn, and it becomes clothed with a new beauty when the guide explains that it is the property and camping site of the Buckskin Club, of Pittsburg, an organization of well-known and wealthy gentlemen, many of whom I recall with pride as among my acquaintances.

At sunset we again reach Cherry Creek Camp on our return.

The genial Harry Hopkins, who presides over the affairs of the camp, gives us a royal welcome. We relish beyond measure his splendid blackberry pie and sweet biscuits. Early next morning we are on our way home. As we pass one of the many bays a large bald eagle takes fright and slowly flapping his ponderous pinions he bears southward a large bird in his talons for his waiting children down the Lower Severn.

The last five miles of our journey we made in a blinding rainstorm, reaching home at 7 P. M. We were soaked to the hide; but this was not our saddest thought. It was this: On the morrow we were to leave the land that had afforded us a very prodigality of pleasure, and come home to the daily treadmill of toil.

At 7:30 A. M. next day finds us aboard the Toronto express hurrying homeward. We sweep down past the pretty Lake Couchiching, and on to the pretty cities of Allandale and Barrie, the latter named in honor of the illustrious Commodore Barrie, so conspicuous in the war of 1812.

The view from Allandale down to Barrie is splendid.

The long reach of the circular Kempfield Bay, the wooded shores on either side, softly receding into the bosom of old "Father Sincoe," the biggest lake of the region, is one of the most perfect pieces of scenery I saw in the province.

Of the pleasures of the trip across Lake Ontario on the steamer Chicora and the conspicuous grandeur of the Brock monument we need hardly speak, for we hasten on to the glories of Niagara.

Driving up on the Canadian side, it was glorious to watch the waters in their first bend over the rocks. They came down green and beautiful as a bank of emeralds, but with a fitful landing showing the white feather as conscious that in a moment more they would be dashed into spray, and rise into the air white and pale as the driven snow. Although viewing God's greatest wonders and hearing the very thunder of his voice, my mind instinctively went back to the scenes on the noble Severn. I heard above the dash of the mighty waters the plunk of the falling sinker and the sharp hum of the reel as the line paid out.

My sojourn in Canada is ended, but I daily live over in fancy the pleasures I there experienced. Its delights still linger around me like the memory of a pleasant dream.

HOW FUR IS CAUGHT.—IV.

Soft Shoeing.

On the morning of our second day at the trappers' main camp, on Turtle Lake, the weather remained soft, thawing. The snow hung heavy in the trees and lay deep and soft on the levels. It was not a prospect to make glad the hearts of men who had in view a long snowshoe tramp with heavy packs, for a thaw was imminent, and a thawing snow and softened webbing are the dread of the web shoe man. To cover the trail around to the main camp meant fifty miles or so of travel and two nights lying out, with only such food and blankets as we could pack along. Norris shrunk from this prospect, and wished to be left alone at the main camp, or allowed to find his way back alone to the railroad. It was only by alternated ridicule and bullying that we got his promise to finish the trip, for his first day's experience had frightened him. He did go, however, and got through all right, hardening up and finishing in good shape and without any difficulty after the first day's tramp, although he carried no pack, thanks to Frank Brandis's broad shoulders. After making our decision and arranging our packs with such scanty necessities by way of blankets and provisions as we deemed indispensable, we started late in the morning for our journey across the watershed, our trail leading directly across the divide separating Turtle and Presque Isle waters, and making the natural division line between the States of Wisconsin and Michigan.

As we had about two or three miles of lake trail at the start, I clung to the *skis*, and slid along easily, while my companions were clumping away laboriously in soft snow which let them down a foot and a half at every step. I was sorry to reach the place where the *skis* had to be left behind for the remainder of the trip. We *cached* them by sticking them up straight in a snow drift, so the porcupines could not get at the straps. Then I put on my webs, and followed after in a style which I soon found far more difficult in snow such as we were having.

"If you can make it in to-night, you're all right," said Brandis, "for you won't often find worse snow than this. In half an hour more the stringing of the shoes will be soft as paper."

It was as he said. By the time we had reached the little lake which was the last of the Turtle chain the shoeing was awful. Balls of ice formed under the heel and under the ball of the foot, so that the position of the foot was unnatural and strained. The webbing, softened by the moist snow, allowed the foot to sink down deep into the snow, leaving a deep, pointed hole instead of an oval shoe print. Each step was made by sheer muscular strength, and to hold the gait meant something of an effort. Fay, restless and silent as usual, pushed on ahead and broke most of the trail. It being his branch of the trapping line, Fay attended and baited the traps. The trail led over ridges, over valleys, through willow thickets, tamarack swamps and tall pine woods. There were hills, but they were not high. All that pine woods country is monotonous in the regularity of its low, rolling hills, covered with blackened or dark green pines.

The Trapper's Line.

To the novice two questions might arise. First, he might wish to know how many traps were set on the line, and second, he might wonder how the trapper found them all. Answering the first question, I would say that the trapper does not have any regular rule for putting out traps, but sets them where he sees sign or where he thinks the locality exceptionally favorable. When he once has his line laid, he does not change it capriciously whenever he happens to see a few tracks of fur elsewhere, for he knows his game will travel and may find his traps. Once having located his traps, he must be woodsman enough to remember the stump, the hollow log, the old windfall or other landmark which he notes for each. On this day's run, which was only about twelve miles or so, I hardly think the line averaged a trap to each three-quarters of a mile. Fay found each trap without hesitation, though once, on a little lake where a pile of beaver carcasses had been poisoned and put out for our pack of wolves, we all hunted for a long time trying to find the bait, which was buried deep under the heavy mask of newly fallen snow.

A Beaver Dam.

We crossed a beaver meadow and a beaver dam about 150yds. long, lying in a little hollow hid deep in the heart of the pine forest, where one would think the cunning animals should have been safe even from remorseless man. But the dam was white and silent, and the houses were tenantless now. This family of beaver had been taken some weeks earlier. A beaver has small chance in those woods now. I brought home with me the skull of one of the inhabitants of this forest village. Their skins have long since gone their way into the whirling marts for which the silent and sinewy trappers labor in the wild, cold country of the pines.

The Divide.

This beaver meadow, I think, must have been near the head of the divide. All around it lay the wildest part of our Northern wilderness. We crossed over some beautiful lakes, flowing into both of the water systems. Many of these have never been fished, and many have no name to-day and are not known on any map. To reach them in the summer time would be harder even than in the winter, for a boat is harder to portage than a pack, and cedar roots are worse in bareness than when covered under 3ft. of snow. As to the "divide" itself, it was nothing, being crossed without one's knowing it. All at once Brandis told me we were on Presque Isle waters. After that the pines were thicker and the hills were a little sharper, and I thought the country looked better for game. We saw a great deal of deer sign, and crossed two great yards, where one could have killed (illegal) deer to any extent he liked. Our trail was now blazed through the thick forest, and the thought of this gave one a good, wildish feeling. All around the woods were very white and silent. The air was like a tonic in its sweet freshness. It was a rare and keen pleasure for a city dweller to be amid such surroundings.

The Trapper's Luck.

Fay worked hard and faithfully over his traps, going on ahead of the rest of us, who went more at ease. Luck was not brilliantly favorable. A few jaybirds, a rabbit or two and a weasel—this was discouraging enough. To offset this, however, two pine marten were taken, one a rusty yellowish one, worth only about a dollar and a half, but the other a prime dark one, worth at least $3.50, Fay thought, as prices then were. So at least we did not come in empty-handed. The marten is a long, slim creature, heavier and larger than a mink, but reminding one of that animal. The head, ears and feet are delicate and beautiful, the teeth very long, fine and needle-like. The cleaned skull of the marten has the outline of an otter skull, but is more slender. The bones seem thin as paper, and the effect is of a savage but delicate little creature, warlike, but easily preyed upon.

How to Set a Steel Trap.

The traps put out for the marten were the same "natural sets" mentioned earlier. Usually the trap was set under a root or in the mouth of a hollow log, where it would be protected from the snow. Sometimes a piece of bark was leaned up to guide the animal over the trap. The bait was usually a piece of rabbit (or beaver) and was thrown carelessly into the hollow back of the trap (never on or near the pan of the trap). The trap was covered up carefully by the powder of rotten wood. A handful of this was thrown over the trap and smoothed by a stroke or two of a bough. Fay would set and bait a trap quicker than any one I ever saw. Expedition is necessary when one has to cover twenty miles a day. The trap was not troublesome to set in his powerful and skillful hands. He never put his foot on a spring, but simply compressed the springs with the grip of his left hand, and arranged the jaws with his right. Sometimes his fingers were caught. "You have to get used to that," he said.

In the Jaws of a Bear Trap.

I asked Fay what he would do if he should be caught in a bear trap, which accident may happen in the woods. He said that once he was caught by the wrist in a bear trap he was setting, but only one end spring was on, and the teeth did not strike his wrist, but met and did not pass, the jaws being rolled with burlap. His wrist was not injured. Both he and Brandis agreed that it might be possible to break the spring of a bear trap by shooting it with a rifle at the bend of the spring on the end. They had heard of an Arkansas trapper who once freed himself in this way.

Along the Blazed Trail.

At an hour and a half before dark we were still following along the blazed trail. The novice often reads of the blazing of a trail. Perhaps he would think it plain and broad, with every other tree showing the mark of an axe. This is not the case. The blazes of the trapper's trail occur only at such intervals as are naturally covered by the eye as one travels along. Sometimes there may be no mark for 100yds., if the country be such that the trapper knows where the trail naturally ought to go by virtue of the lay of the land. Then a white chip may be seen, taken from a sapling by a careless swing of the axe as the bearer walked on. Then on ahead, just at the place where one is on the point of losing the trail, there appears a white spot, or a yellow spot, or a nearly faded spot on some tree trunk which tells him where the pathmaker went. Very often the trapper leaves the main trail with side trails out to some point where he has thought it best to put out a trap. These side trails are blazed also if the country be difficult. In some conditions of weather it is not difficult for ever a woodsman to go astray in the monotonous pine woods.

The Porcupine Camp.

We traveled that day in all about ten or twelve miles, but the going was so bad that I should rather have

walked thirty miles on good roads. Fay, with his heavy pack, kept on ahead, his trail leaving a succession of holes 2ft. deep in the soft snow. Brandis's shoes got wet and soft, and let him down deep at every step. The last mile, over an old logging trail, was almost too much for all of us, Norris stopping several times for rest. At last we desperately plunged through the heavy snow into a little open spot and came upon the habitation which was to give us shelter for the night, an old abandoned camp once used by the loggers, and now left bare except for a couple of bunks half filled with hay and boughs. This place our trappers used as one of their night camps, and they called it the "Porcupine Camp."

By the time we got up to the camp Fay was already in and had cut a pile of wood for the night's supply. The trapper who runs a line in winter has small time for rest. He must be a beast of burden on the trail all day, and at night must work for a place to eat and sleep. He does not come into a warm room at the end of his day's work, but must get his own fuel and cook his own supper. I know of no calling asking more difficult or continuous exertion of a man.

Our little log house was cold and cheerless when we went in, but we soon had a fire and before long a tin pail of beans and a cup of tea made us forget most of our miseries. Then we dried our socks and also dried out, as slowly as we could, the webbing of the snowshoes, which was soft and stretched on all our shoes. Our trappers said they had rarely had worse shoeing. After that Fay skinned out his two marten, "casing" the skin and stripping out the tail bone fearlessly between his thumb nail and finger. Both he and Brandis accepted the luck of the day philosophically, and no one grumbled over the food or the beds, we may be sure, although it was necessary to put on all one's extra clothing to piece out the blankets we had been able to carry.

"This is a good camp, and you're all right here," said Fay, "but you wait till to-morrow night. The trail is longer and harder, and you'll have to sleep without any roof."

This, however, did not frighten us, for we all had reached that happy stage of philosophy which does not fret much about to-morrow so long as the beans and tea hold out to-day.

Deep In the Wilderness.

Our journey for the next day was to be admittedly at least fifteen miles (I think it was at least twenty); so we got an early start. The temperature had dropped and the snow had settled, so that the shoeing was not so bad. The country, however, was worse, being for much of the way a succession of sharp hog-backs, with about four miles of a nearly impenetrable cedar swamp, where we stumbled over logs and roots, and crawled under low brush and had a generally awful time of it with the shoes and packs. This swamp was worse than twice the distance of forest trail, and we were heartily glad to get through it. It was a grand place for fur, but it happened we caught nothing in it. Indeed, up to noon we found nothing except one marten. This marten was alive, and as Fay came up it made a jump and broke away from the trap. Fay struck at it with the axe and luckily hit it, or it would have escaped. Usually the small animals are frozen to death when found. We found one marten curled up in a little round ball about the trap as if asleep. It was frozen solid, and was carried so into camp. I could never get over the cruel features of trapping, and cannot say I like the idea of it on general principles. But the trapper cannot think of that, of course.

Lunch and an Otter.

Fay had a side trail of about two miles and back to a spring hole where he had set a trap for an otter. He left his pack at the point where he left the main trail. "I ought to get an otter," he said, "but I expected to show you a fisher before this, and we haven't got any, so may be we won't have any otter. You'd better not go along, for you may have the walk for nothing." The rest of us accordingly stayed on the main trail, hunted up a warm hollow, smashed down a dead cedar tree, and tramping down a place in the snow, went into camp for the purpose of making tea.

We had finished our lunch, and had a vessel of tea waiting for Fay when that vigorous youngster appeared, rocking along at a good clip over the snow. Under his arm he carried a long, black, round and slippery-looking object, which he cast down in the snow near us.

"There's your otter," said he. "Gimme some tea."

So here he was, a very beautiful, wild-looking creature, with round, flat head, short legs, and sinewy, graceful body. In coat he was dark and prime, worth between $7 and $10, Fay thought, at the current prices.

An otter weighs, I should think, between 15 and 20lbs., being about as heavy as lead for its size. I expected, therefore, to see Fay stop and skin the otter, so as to avoid carrying so much weight. He said, however, that it was too cold to do a good job at skinning, and so slung the beast on top of his pack and carried it eight miles into camp. We all had a hard day of it that day, and we were all tired, even Fay, when we reached camp, just before dusk.

Wigwam Camp No. 3.

This camp was the one called by our trappers the "Wigwam Camp No. 3," being one of temporary shelter used by them when running the trail. I imagine that if one should show this structure to a man in the city at the close of a hard day's work, with the thermometer getting down toward zero, and tell him that he had to spend the night there, he would faint away at the prospect. As we came up our house seemed to be merely a conical pile of snow. Examination proved the cone to be hollow and without any top. As I pushed aside the slabs which served as a door to this hollow cone, I found the inside filled with snow. The temperature was precisely that of a good refrigerator. The wind was now blowing very cold, and I confess the prospect of a night for four men in such close quarters seemed at first a bit cheerless. It was a part of the play, however, so we set to work shoveling snow and cutting firewood.

This "wigwam" camp was unlike any I have ever seen in the woods. Fay and Frank made it one day in the fall when they were setting their line of traps, and they thought it a pretty good house. There was a circular lodge with an open top, made by setting together small trees, logs, slabs and bark. In the center of this was the place for the fire. At one side of the lodge was a little hole in the wall, going back into a little log lean-to about 4ft. square, with its front about 4ft. high, opening on the fire, and its roof running back to about 3ft. in the rear. This little lean-to was built by driving stakes into the ground (before the frost came) and laying up logs for sides and roof. Then the whole had bark thrown over it and a covering of dirt. The walls of the wigwam took in this little cove, which was only large enough for one man to lie in comfortably. Of course he would have to keep the fire going all night, but by this means he could doze through the night after a fashion. Fay usually ran this trail alone, and the "house" was built for him alone. It was looked upon as a very ambitious structure.

Here I really felt badly for imposing on our trapping friends. Our joining them meant extra work, and here it meant extra discomfort. The two generous fellows insisted that Norris and I should occupy the lean-to, while they bunked back under the shelter of the lodge roof. Norris and I made a very uncomfortable night of it in our cramped quarters, and slept but little (though I went to sleep long enough to burn the toe out of my heavy German sock). Whenever I awoke out of the troubled and shivering doze which made the nearest approach to rest, I could see Brandis sitting on the boughs across the wigwam, his head just inside of the steady drip, drip of the melting snow which leaked down from the edge of the roof, his hat pulled over his eyes, his arms on his knees, and his pipe going in slow, deliberate puffs. He may have smoked in his sleep, sitting up, but I am sure he smoked all night. Fay, poor boy, was very tired, and slept at least part of the time. Before he lay down under the lodge poles he skinned his otter, hanging him up by a hay fire, and working by firelight. The skin was cased, the tail being deftly slipped out by clamping a bent stick each side of the bone.

It came on bitterly cold that night, and the wind rose, so that it was very hard to keep warm enough, even in



JOE BLAIR—TRAPPER AND GUIDE.

the lean-to, which evinced many cold cracks as soon as the fire went down. We all turned out smoky, grimy and not very brilliant in the morning after our indifferent night of it, but a cup of tea put a better look on things. We found our snowshoes and socks dry enough, and by the time the sun was an hour high we were on the trail again.

Along the Presque Isle.

Our camp was upon the banks of the Presque Isle River, and our trail for a few miles lay directly along the river, where we had to look for air holes and rapids. Near the camp was a bit of open water, but we found no sign of otter at that time.

We were now headed back for the main camp on Turtle Lake, a distance of over twenty miles. About six miles of the trail was over lakes (we crossed four lakes, I believe), and when we got to this open country we made fast time. On the lakes the wind struck us, and this made all the difference in the world. It was so much colder that we were willing to travel at top speed to get across. In the woods the snow was fluffy and not first-class for shoeing. On Harris Lake we missed striking the blazed trail on the opposite side, as the snow had drifted over the old snowshoe trail. The lake shore all looked alike in its regular edge of black pines. Here a tenderfoot would have been lost. Indeed we all enjoyed, for about thirty minutes, the sensation of being lost in the wilderness, for we missed the trail about a quarter of a mile. At length we found it, however, and so forged on again. We made tea at noon in a warm valley, and by 4 o'clock were at the edge of Turtle Lake. A detour of a quarter of a mile took me to where I had left my *skis* two days before. This was the same as being in camp for me, as I now slid along on top of the snow instead of sinking into it, and made the couple of miles in comfort. "I must make me a pair of them things for traveling on the lakes," said Brandis.

We reveled that night in the luxuries of the main camp: abundant food, good beds and plenty of warmth. But before bed-time came much had to be done. There was wood to be cut, bread to be baked, and a lot of other "chores." After supper Fay carefully fleshed his otter skin, putting it over a round beam kept for that purpose, and rubbing it carefully with the back of a drawing knife. The part of the skin over the shoulders is especially hard to flesh out, the membranes and fat clinging to the hide in the most obstinate manner. Care must be taken not to leave any flesh on, yet not to scrape the hide too thin, so that the hairs will pull through. No skin is so difficult as that of the otter to care for properly. It took Fay, skillful as he was, over an hour of hard work before he was satisfied the skin was all right. The last thing done was to mount the skin on a "spreader." The "spreader" or "stretcher" is made of two tapering strips of inch board, beveled to an edge outside and curved at the smaller end. A thinner strip, wedge shaped, travels between these two in a groove. The skin is turned inside out and the lips tacked with small nails to the ends of the boards pushed down into the head. The wedge is then driven in, and the skin is stretched tightly. It must not be stretched too tightly, or the fur will show too thin. The skin is nailed to the board at the other end also, and the tail is split out and carefully nailed out flat all along its edge. No salt or anything whatever is put on the skin, and it is not allowed near a fire, as that would start grease into the hair. It is simply allowed to dry in the air. All fur is treated this way. Marten skins are stretched the same way. An otter board is about 5ft. long, and the skin when stretched is much longer and wider than when on the animal.

The Luck of the Day.

Our last day on the wilderness trail was not one of the lucky ones, and even Fay lost his temper over the fate that seemed to haunt the line. We caught one owl, one squirrel, three birds, two weasels, several rabbits and one rabbit's foot, with only one marten to vary the monotony of the hard luck. I suppose our total catch on the round trip was worth $20 or $25. The two Bucks, father and son, and Brandis, who was in partnership with them, would probably clear up $500 for their winter's work. The best of the catch was over when we were there. The snow was getting so bad that the trappers thought they would soon take up most of the traps. Marten fur gets "rusty" so late as April, but it did not pay to run the line far into March.

Fast Travel Home.

Brandis had a twenty-mile line over to the Black River region, and it was now time for him to run this line. We therefore left him alone at the main camp, it being thought best for the rest of us to return to the railroad. I said good-bye to Brandis with regret. He is much of a character and a fine fellow to be out with. I do not know of any better muscallonge or better deer country than these two, Fay Buck and Frank Brandis, can show, and I do not think two better or more competent guides exist anywhere. Certainly they were very kind and careful with us, and I do not forget them for it.

Fay Buck, Norris and I started from the Turtle Lake camp for Manitowish on a bright winter day, and traveled steadily, with pretty fair shoeing. We ate lunch at the logging camp near Circle Lily Lake. From there in to Manitowish the sled road was now perfectly broken out, so we slung our shoes over our backs and walked in afoot. We wanted to catch the 3 P. M. train up to Mercer, which would save us three miles of walking, so we struck a good gait, and made the last five miles in just an hour and fifteen minutes, which in view of our packs was fast traveling. I have rarely met a better walker or packer than Fay Buck.

At Mercer I stopped with the Bucks over a day, Norris going on home to Chicago. I visited an abandoned wickiup which a fishing party of Winnebago Indians from the Flambeau Reservation had recently abandoned. These Winnebagoes are fond of ice fishing (spearing), and the jaw bones of many muscallonge showed they had been successful here. A great heap of deer hair showed they had been tanning deer hides. There were deer feet and legs about, and pieces of partridge skins, and worn-out moccasins. In the wickiup I found rolls of cordage made of elm bark. Here also I found an Indian curio with which for a long time I puzzled callers at the FOREST AND STREAM office—an odd sort of rough racquet, made by splitting a stick into three limbs and braiding across these with splints. I found no one who could tell me what this was. Some thought it a dish to keep meat warm upon at the fireside. At length Joe Blair, an old trapper on Lake St. Germaine, told me that my enigmatical implement was a tobacco-drier, used by the Indians in curing their strips of kinnikinick over the fire. In my Indian wickiup I saw the architectural origin of the "wigwam" camp of our trapper friends. It had the circular form, but had no lean-to or sleeping apartment. The Indian family slept around the circle, back under the sloping sides, the fire being in the center and the roof open in the middle, as our wigwam was. A piece of a rag and a thick, bushy balsam bough had served for a door to this winter house. I made out the party to have been two men, three women and three children. The poles of their house were unromantically fastened with hay wire, that great convenience of the pine country. Hay wire is to the pine woods dweller what rawhide is to a Mexican. There is no hay except store hay in the lumber regions. Nothing can be raised there and probably the region never will be farmed. It is the Wilderness, the home of the trapper and of the Indian, albeit the latter does use wire instead of thongs.

I was obliged to leave Mr. Buck and his stories, Mrs. Buck and her sausage, and Fay Buck and his furs after awhile, and was reluctant to do it, one may be sure. I am going to see them all again some time. It seemed to me that FOREST AND STREAM needed yet a little rougher and wilder trapping trip, and a little further look into the ways of the Northern trappers. These things I thought might perhaps be found along the Manitowish and Wisconsin River waters, where I had word of another trapper or two. I accordingly dropped down along the Northwestern Railway to Woodruff, Wis., out of which town the second part of the trip was made. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Mr. Burnham's Moose.

MR. J. B. BURNHAM, of the FOREST AND STREAM, went up into Maine for a moose the other day and got it. This he does not deny, but he wishes it understood that he did not write nor cause to be printed the special dispatch dated in this office and printed last week announcing the moose capture. The note was written by the trap editor, its printing was encompassed by the kennel editor, and the only person concerned who knew nothing of it whatever was Mr. Burnham himself. While it is pleasant enough to wake up of a morning and find one's self famous, Mr. Burnham claims the privilege of telling about his own moose in his own way, and in his own chosen time; and when that time comes the reader of these pages will have a moose story worth the following.

OUT AND BACK AGAIN.

The jolly and genial fifteen men that compose the Three States Hunting Club have been to Arkansas on their outing for 1895, and it is possible that your readers will be glad to read of the sport that we so much enjoyed.

We left the K. C., F. S. & M. R. R. at Marked Tree, thirty-nine miles out from Memphis, and went by wagons to what is known in that section as Fuller's Camp, on the Right Shoot of Little River, twenty miles from the railroad. We were on the road nearly a day and a half before we decided the exact spot on which we would strike camp, because we were suspicious of our ground. The great waste of wilderness around us was made up of swamps and glades, with here and there a little 10ft. ridge of "blue stem," and beside this we saw but little that it seemed to us would be attractive for deer or turkeys to range upon. Within an hour after we had stretched our tents it began to rain, and the balance of the day was soaking wet. The next morning we were all pretty blue, and were wishing we had selected some other place for our hunt. But as the wagons were returned to the town we could do nothing but stay in the locality selected, and make the best of it we could.

We had four dogs with us that we expected would help us in our hunt for venison. But they proved to be of little service, as they were without any previous training. We entered the woods with a determination to do what we could in getting game. It was apparent before the first day's hunt was over that we were in the midst of a very fine range of deer, though we had all failed to get one. Several of us saw the shy creatures as they were dexterously avoiding our stealthy efforts to become somewhat familiar with them. The day was nearly gone, and not one of us had killed anything more than a few squirrels. The next day would be Sunday, and this club never violates the Sabbath by the boom of gun or the chase of game. What were we to do for our Sunday meat?

Just before sundown some four of us took our fish hooks and a few minnows we had caught, and thought we would tempt the finny tribe a bit, to see what our luck would be in that line. The river was near by and the signs of fish were good. It took us but a little time to be ready for a cast. We selected a large tree top that had fallen in the edge of the river, and while others of us were rigging our lines, our genial and lucky hunter and fisherman, Tom Harris, cast his hook into the water, and before he could take in the situation a fine "croppie" had it and was gone. He landed the fish promptly and cast in his hook a second time, and under went the cork and out came another fine fish. All became excitement to those of us not yet ready, for fear we would not get a chance at the fish until the luck would turn. But our fears were needless, as we were able to land twenty-five of these very excellent fish within about thirty minutes, and they were just as ready to take our bait at the close as when we began. In fact, we found this to be the best fishing locality we had ever seen. There seemed to be no possibility of our affecting the supply of fish. We caught all we wanted and could catch them any time we went after them. Not only the splendid perch fish, but the lively black bass was easily taken, and we had all we wanted in camp and carried some of them home to our wives and children. I have never seen the equal of Little River for fine fishing.

We rested on Sunday and early Monday morning we were out for a chase. The rain had measurably erased the tracks of the deer that had been made before our arrival and we could easily determine about the supply by carefully noting the evidences of their perambulations. It was a wonder to think of the number of these denizens of the forest that must have been in that locality, and the size of some of them must have been enormous. They had actually made roads through the passages between the fields of tall saw grass that spread itself out over the country. Our dogs could get up a deer as easily as they could get up a rabbit in the old sedge fields at home; but they would not stay with the deer. They seemed to become disgusted with them because they could not stay close enough to them. Because of the incompetency of our dogs we did not get as many deer as we would have secured if there had been no dogs in the crowd. We were inclined to depend on the dogs to bring the deer to us, and for that reason we did not go out to take them on our own account.

We walked and hunted with tolerable faithfulness until Tuesday before we had killed a single thing, except some squirrels. We had plenty of fish, but no other game. On Tuesday a gang of wild turkeys ventured into the section where we were hunting, and Tom Harris, Ben Hillsman and Wellington Ethridge were not slow in taking their chances at them and brought in seven fine gobblers. Joe Browder had also taken his chances on some ducks that same day and brought in some fat mallards. Others of us had squirrels and had caught fish until we had an abundance of meat on hand.

The next day we determined to do better on the deer business. We were beginning to feel ashamed of ourselves. We had never failed to get a nice lot of deer in any hunt we had ever had before. We had some good deer hunters in the crowd and we must do better. This was the decision of the camp. So out we went early in the morning. We walked, we listened to the dogs as they passed by us again and again on the hot trail of a buck. We looked at their tracks, and slipped up easily and with the most perfect stealth on to many tree tops and briar thickets, but never a deer did we get. The crafty fellows would outgeneral us at every turn. We were beaten; we had no deer meat. We were getting thirsty for blood and hungry for deer meat.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when but two of our men were in camp, two gentlemen rode up and in a familiar way said: "Gentlemen, we have been visiting the different hunting camps up and down the river to ascertain if the hunters had paid the license tax, and we did not want to slight you. We have come to ask if you have a license to hunt in Arkansas." Great goodness! License! Why, of course not. We had hunted in Arkansas for seven years and had never been called on for license before. No, we had no license; didn't want any license. We were not getting game enough to require the getting of license, surely. But the gentlemen soon convinced us that they meant business, whether they had any right to the money or not, and as others of the boys got in from the day's chase they held a consultation and decided to pay the license on eight of the boys, the officers agreeing to let the remaining seven go free on that condition. This amounted to $6.40 for each of us, which we paid. The officers took their departure, the rest of the boys finally strolled into camp and the time we did have over the fact that we were licensed hunters in Arkansas was worth all that the license had cost us. We were all satisfied that the whole proceeding was a fraud, but as we were getting full receipt for the money we were paying out we believed we would find out about it more fully later on. And we are engaged in that business now, with a good prospect of getting our money back and getting the man that collected it in jail. He had the audacity to go into another county than the one in which he lived, and of which he was an officer, and collect the license in a territory where he was without authority.

Well, on Thursday we decided that as we had paid for the privilege of killing some deer in Arkansas we were determined to do it. So out we went, resolved to bring in some of those bucks that had been playing around us. We had a good crowd of faithful fellows, who would stay in the woods as long as there seemed to be any use of it. So it was late in the afternoon when we began to assemble in camp. As each man made his way into the circle of his fellows he was eagerly scanned to see if he had signs of dead game about him. Several of us brought in squirrels and ducks, but it was left to our excellent friend, George Dent, to bring down and bring in the first buck. He killed a very fine fellow, and when we got him stretched in camp we all agreed that if we had paid our license a little sooner it is probable we would have killed more deer. Each man joined in the rejoicing over the fine buck we had in camp, as he himself joined in the company. It was nearly sundown, and everybody was in camp except Dr. De Myers, one of our most excellent men. Inquiry was made and no one had seen him during the day. It was soon agreed that he must be lost. The evening shadows longer grew, and yet he did not return. We began to figure as to what we should do. To be lost in that vast wilderness was a very fearful thing. It was miles and miles to where anybody lived, and the awful loneliness of a night in such a forest was hardly bearable. But to our delight a while before dark the Doctor walked into camp, telling us the experiences of the day. He had really been lost, and had walked about twelve or fourteen miles in his hunt for camp, although he was at no time more than four miles from camp. We were tired and slept well, after a good supper of course, and were set on doing something the next day, which was to be our last in camp.

We were out early on Friday morning. Some went fishing, so as to get some fish to take home with us. They had fine success, and got all they wanted. Prof. McCall got a fine turkey, and Mr. Barry killed the largest deer we had seen. Mr. Browder also knocked down a deer, but it got away from him. We had a pretty fair day's hunt for our closing day. In fact, we had just got on to the range and run of the deer, and if we had been able to stay a few days longer the probability is that we would have had a very successful time of it. As it was, we felt that we had had a very pleasant time. Our company was a very fine lot of men, all of one spirit, and not a fractious or heady man in the lot. We had no profanity, no drinking, no quarreling, no fighting. We did well, paid our license, ate all the game we could while in camp, never saw better fishing, all of us improved in health, and we returned home in good time, with our minds made up to do better next fall.

Wasn't that a fine hunt? J. N. Hall.

Fulton, Ky.

LITTLE SUNNY SPOTS.

St. Augustine, Dec. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There are sunny spots in life that stick. I am about as old as Methuselah was at the same age, and have consequently had opportunities for skimming off the very cream of shooting and fishing in the early days of our worn-out country, when quail, partridges and woodcock would pop up anywhere in the woods and fields upon the slightest provocation, and when a man who put up a trespass sign was considered the meanest cuss in Christendom. But though the finest bird shooting has been fairly thrust upon me all my life, there were certain little trips that were so enjoyable as to make impressions that can never be effaced, though they may have counted very little in the eyes of record hunters.

One of the most delightful afternoons I ever spent was in the woods near Boston. It was a soft and warm October day, with not a breath of wind, and the few leaves left upon the trees were of the richest color. It was altogether tempting enough to make a sportsman break his business chains even if starvation stared him in the face for doing it. On the spur of the moment I went to my room and got my gun, fully bent on having a delightful autumn stroll, though I had not even a dog for a companion. The Providence cars were just about to leave the depot, and I bought a ticket to one of the stations a few miles out, with the intention of buying another if the place did not look wild enough. When I reached a place that pleased me I got out and walked across a little meadow to a thicket of small trees, and had scarcely taken twenty steps before a woodcock rose and fell. I proudly picked him up and strolled on very leisurely—as my object was more a pleasant stroll than shooting—and I had scarcely gone ten paces when another whistle sounded, and he shared the fate of his predecessor. I went a few steps further and a third was bagged. I began to think, very naturally, that "the woods were full of them," and expected that by thoroughly hunting the little thicket over I'd be loaded down, but there was not another in it. I had gone to all three as straight as the best nosed pointer could have done it.

After assuring myself that I had left nothing there, I walked leisurely down a beautiful ravine through the open woods, killing in the course of an hour three partridges in three successive shots.

I felt that day as if a bird could not escape if he got up near enough. The whole business was so quietly and neatly done that I could not have gained more satisfaction if I had bagged a grizzly or an elephant.

Another little episode in my life that is equally bright in my memory was at Chicago, when that grimy and wicked city was little more than a cluster of small wooden houses with their gable ends toward the street. I went out on the prairie three or four miles from town to look for ducks, and was standing by the side of a stream with not a duck feather in sight when I heard a peculiar sound a long distance off, and on looking for the cause I saw in the distance two large birds coming directly toward me and keeping up that peculiar laughing sound.

I hastily made myself flat and inconspicuous—though the grass was hardly high enough to hide me—examined my gun to see that all was right, and waited. I saw they were a pair of Canada geese, and scarcely 50ft. high. When they got to within 15 or 20yds. of me I jumped up and they separated, and I dropped one on each side of me. As they flopped around on the grass it seemed to relieve the monotony of the dull old prairie amazingly. That spot is now almost in the heart of the city, but still I see that pair of beautiful white geese as plainly as when the grass was there.

There was shooting enough around Chicago then—in fact so much that we seldom took the trouble to go so far as the Calumet (where even a record hunter could find ducks enough), because we could find enough game nearer.

My health was at one time so disturbed by drinking the sewerage water from the Chicago River that I went up to Madison, Wis., to recruit. It was just at the time when they were trying to give the embryo town a boom, and everything was wild and new. In these degenerate, worn out days Chicago sportsmen are willing to go even to Dakota for the glory of bagging a dozen grouse, vulgarly called prairie chickens—while the sportsmen of those days found them in such numbers that the sport was not appreciated.

I very soon wearied of it and would always leave them if we stumbled on quail or snipe, because no skill was required in killing the grouse. It was simply tiresome, stupid work. One time only did I put myself on a par with the record hunter. An Englishman who was living in Madison at the time and kept a fine dog said that a farmer who lived some miles out wanted him to kill off some of the "chickens" that were destroying his grain, and he was willing to go if I would join him, to which I agreed. Under the circumstances it was not disreputable to slaughter as many as we could, and we went back to town with our two-horse box wagon heaping full, and the thanks of the farmer for our services. We distributed our bag among the hotels and all who wanted them, so they were not wasted.

When I go out now and hunt a whole section of creation over for a bird I think of those days and heave a sigh.

Even so late as twenty years ago I had some of my most enjoyable shooting days in the vicinity of New York city, days that I look back on with the greatest pleasure. I would take the Erie cars as far out as Hohokus, and sometimes to Turner's, and get to my shooting ground by about 9 o'clock, and usually went back in the evening with several woodcock and partridges, after a most delightful autumn stroll. On one of these trips I got eight fine woodcock and not a partridge. I was never annoyed by trespass signs in those blissful days, and these little trips were far more enjoyable than a tiresome prairie tramp even with 50 or 100 grouse as a result. Didymus.

IN THE COLVILLE.

Some day, not so very distant, the Government will open the Colville Indian reservation in Washington to white settlement. It is made possible with the opening of this reserve for the enthusiastic sportsmen of this wide country to enjoy an entirely new hunting ground; one, too, which has been for a quarter of a century unknown to the white hunter, and whose mysteries are yet to be explored. That they will appreciate it cannot be doubted, for here is a grand game country indeed, with many mountain streams, in which myriads of trout show their glittering sides to the sun, and picturesque camping places in snug valleys convenient to the haunts of deer, bear, ruffed grouse and prairie chickens.

It was my good fortune last summer to spend five months with the Government surveyors in this land of delight, and I can say truthfully that five months were never more pleasantly spent, nor were any five months ever so fraught with good sport and good luck.

With a crew of twelve hungry men to supply with fresh meat, one man found his job a sinecure. He did not hunt one-quarter of his time, and that was done on horseback at no great distance from camp. Game was so plentiful and so easy to get that the men rebelled at it as a steady diet, and demanded bacon at least once a day as a luxury they were entitled to.

This land, as has been said, is a new country, and its trails and bypaths are known only to a few, and this knowledge is confined mostly to the half-breeds and Indians who have made this country their home since it has been a reservation. Fortunately for us, our guide, packer and hunter, Maxime Deshottle, had lived many years in the reserve, and knew the twistings and turnings of the trails, the ins and outs of this land, so well that whenever duty would permit, and we were so inclined, with him to show the way, we were certain to get good sport in the minimum amount of time and with the least amount of climbing.

To descend from the general to the particular the best sport is to be had here in the fall. From September until December deer are found in great numbers; they are constantly on the move, frequent the valleys and open hillsides, and at this time are the easiest come at. If there was a choice of hunting ground in the reserve I would say that around the base of Mt. Bonaparte, and particularly east from it to the Curlew Valley, is the best place on the reserve for good diversified sport. From this mountain the immediate four beautiful creeks, Bonaparte, Mill [illegible] Terroda creeks. They teem with mountain [illegible] the hills and valleys through which they flo[illegible] alive with grouse and prairie chickens, and eve[illegible]ere—one place is no better than another—deer are [illegible], with now and then an occasional bear to relieve the monotony.

The easiest way into this country is over the Spokane Northern R. R. from Spokane to Marcus, and then up Kettle River to Terroda Creek, then up Terroda Creek as far as you wish to go. This is the easiest way; the road winds over bunch-grass hills, through lovely valleys and cultivated farms; crosses Kettle River repeatedly and is withal a delightful way into the reserve. But for picturesque scenery, and for those who like to rough it when out for a good time in the mountains, the old Hudson Bay Company's trail from Marcus to the Okanogan is the ideal way into this country. This trail begins at the confluence of Kettle River and the Columbia, follows down the Columbia six miles, then climbs over a spur of the mountains to the Sin-pail-hu, then up this stream, cross-

ing many noisy rivulets and winding among tall pines and green firs to the summit, 5,000ft. above the sea. If one is not in a hurry to push ahead and would like to try his hand at once it will pay him to camp upon this stream. Here is good trout fishing, and deer and bears will be found in no inconsiderable number on the ridges back from the creek. But if you want to push on to better sport in a better land do not let this tumbling, noisy stream beguile you into lingering by its side.

After you have reached the summit of the first range of mountains you are in the very heart of the reserve, and have a fine panoramic view of your hunting ground and the entire country for several hundred miles north and west of you. The charming valley at your feet is the Curlew Valley, twelve miles away. Push on and you can sup off of prairie chickens and ruffed grouse, and mayhaps if you are in luck a few speckled beauties from the San Puel will be added to your menu.

Now you are on the eastern edge of the best hunting ground, and in the morning take your rifle and go out on the hills north of the San Puel, and you will begin to reap the harvest which is the reward of every ardent sportsman. If in the morning you are not satisfied with your sport, take your gun in the afternoon and have a try at the curlew and prairie chickens in the field at the head of Curlew Lake, and I am sure that this sport will repay you for any disappointment you may have had in the morning. If this programme is not enticing enough, take your fishing tackle and whip the San Puel for trout, and I feel sure that you will return to camp at night owning this to be the best day's sport you ever enjoyed.

No two of the valleys of the reserve are just alike; each one has a beauty peculiar to itself; each one has its creek flowing through its center, a raging torrent in the spring, but dwindling to a streak of glittering, glistening silver in the autumn sunlight. So, when you tire of one locality do not hesitate to move on, for what you leave behind will only add zest to what is before you.

Kettle River should be your next halting place, for here opposite Dick Crugan's is one of the most picturesque camping places on the reserve. Not only has it the charm of diversified scenery to please the lover of the beautiful, but it is convenient to good sport with rod and gun. After reaching this camping place untie your fishing tackle and have a try at the big but wily trout which lurk in the depths of the pool just above the camp. Be circumspect about it, throw your fly in and be ready for the rush and fight which will surely follow when you strike one of these big fellows, whose impetuous rushes fill your soul with joy. Remember though that this pool is only one of the many strung up and down the river, and if success does not attend you at this one whip the next and the next, for they are here, and their hungry maws will not long refuse the fly.

When this sport palls try stalking the white-tail deer (*C. leucurus*) which frequent the alder bottoms back on the mountains to the south. If you wish something bigger than these little deer, something with the spice of danger in it, pay no attention to them, but put your dogs into the alder thickets and keep your eyes open for the black bear which are surely there.

There still remains to be visited the valley through which flows Terroda Creek and the country around the base of Mt. Bonaparte, and it is probable that it is this country which will appeal more strongly to the feelings of the sportsman than any section that he has yet visited on the reserve. As you leave Kettle River and start up Terroda Creek you notice that the topography is different from anything you have yet seen. The valley up which you are climbing is but little more than a cañon, the mountains are higher, more rugged and their north slopes are densely timbered, and withal the country, as you travel on, begins to more and more fit your ideal of what a game country ought to be. These feelings but do the country justice, for here is where you will find the big mule deer (*C. macrotis*) and the columbian or black-tail deer (*C. columbianus*). This country is the fall and winter feeding ground of these deer, and when the rutting season begins in October they are constantly on the move and are found on the high mountains and in the valleys alike.

The most dangerous of our big game is the grizzly bear, and the hunter whose prowess enables him to wear a grizzly's scalp at his belt is justly proud of the fact that he has met and conquered this monarch of the woods. They are gradually disappearing from the mountains of the West and as each year goes by they are still further and further back in the wild uninhabited districts. They are found upon the reservation, but from the fact that they seldom remain long in one locality few of them are killed in comparison with the number of black and brown bears slain each year. This constant traveling through the country makes it extremely uncertain when you will meet with one. Consequently when you are going out for mule deer you want to be prepared to have a shot at the grizzly, which the next turn in the trail may bring face to face with you. A visit to this land of sport ought to be at least of one month's duration, and the sportsman should come prepared to rough it in the widest sense of the word. He should have pack horses and a complete camp outfit, and it would be advisable to employ one of the half-breeds as a guide and packer, being sure that he has an accurate knowledge of the country he is going into. And the one making the trip under these conditions in the fall will surely be fully repaid in good sport for the hardships of camp life, and will vote with me that this is the coming Mecca for the sportsmen of this broad [illegible].

SEATTLE, Wash. GEO[illegible] OFFICER.

Noah's Ark on Wheels.

MR. HOWARD EATON, of Medora, N. D., came [illegible] last week with a carload of live stock, and by the time he reached the end of the journey he knew just how Noah felt when the Ark landed on Ararat. In the car were four horses, a mule deer, a porcupine, three mountain sheep, two coyotes, a lynx, two elk, an antelope and ten swans. The specimens were all very much alive when they started, and lost none of their native vivacity on the way. They came through without accident, and Mr. Eaton divided up the menagerie between the Philadelphia Zoölogical Garden and Schenley Park in Pittsburg. Two of the sheep, a 4-year-old ram and a yearling doe, went to the Philadelphia Zoo, where they will be cared for intelligently by Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, the superintendent. Mr. Eaton tells us that the buck is a magnificent specimen. The animals come from Idaho and the Bad Lands of North Dakota.

TWO MEN IN THE WOODS.

To Say Nothing of the Dog.

SITTING on the veranda at The Oaks one pleasant evening last summer after a particularly good day with the bass I casually mentioned to D. L. Hall, the proprietor of that justly famous resort, that for a long time there had been a deep-seated conviction in my mind that to kill a bear was strictly necessary to my future happiness. (The Oaks, I might mention, is on the shore of Lake Cossayuna, which means: Where the black bass live.)

Once while partridge hunting in the Sawkill Swale in Pike county, Pa., I strayed away from my shooting companion and was soon thoroughly lost in the dense jungle of laurel bushes.

Night was coming on, and just as I arrived at the edge of a small creek that cut its way through the clay bottom of the swale I saw a bear track in the soft mud bordering the stream.

There were, in fact, several unmistakable signs that a bear had been in that vicinity, and very recently at that. Yet, so contradictory is human nature that for the first time since I could carry a gun I had no desire whatever to meet that bear, or in fact any bear. But that was because it was late, and I was not hunting bear anyway.

Now the fever was on again, and when Hall also confessed to a hankering for a bear hunt and suggested that when things were ripe we should go over into the Green Mountains and loaf around for a week or so with the hope of at least seeing a bear, my satisfaction was unbounded.

Sept. 25 found things ripe, and at 10 A. M. we started from Salem. Don went with us. Don is a dog over whose rigid back we had poured many a pound of shot in times gone by. And Don is very wise in woodcraft.

At Arlington, Vt., we stopped over one day, shooting woodcock in company with Mr. C. B. Warner, of that place, and on the following day started for Glastonbury.

Our aim was to find one Norman Madison, a veteran bear hunter whose fame was great, and who moreover had been thrice elected a member of the Vermont Legislature.

We learned that he also held the offices of supervisor, road commissioner and district lister. Hall argued that a man holding all these offices would have no time to lay down the reins of state and go hunting. Later on we learned that there was no ground whatever for any such idea.

Away in the heart of the Green Mountains we came upon the object of our search. He said he always had time to go hunting, and accepted with enthusiasm our proposition that he act as our host and guide while we were there.

"Were there any bears in the vicinity?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Three had been seen within a mile of his house a short time ago."

"Could we get a shot at one?"

"Very likely."

We put out at the house, got dinner, went out for partridge that afternoon, flushed a good many birds, killed four, ate a light supper, and spent three hours of solid comfort listening to our host's tales of bear hunts past and gone.

In the morning it was foggy, and the frost clothed the stubble so that our trail was marked as in snow, as we tramped up toward the woods half a mile away.

We had intended taking only the bearhound (Madison's) and leaving Don behind, but to this he (Don) entered an emphatic protest: "He had walked the better part of fifty miles, worked every bit of birdy ground in transit, and to be left just now, just when things were beginning to happen, was outrageous."

It was pointed out to him that a liver and white pointer, with an abnormal bump of curiosity, might get in trouble interviewing an excited bear, who would probably be in a hurry anyway, and he was forthwith shut in the stable, from which he emerged immediately through a broken window with an unnecessary celerity.

Then we tied him to the corner of the woodshed and started for the woods. He overtook us a few minutes later, wearing an air of unwarranted cheerfulness and 3ft. of broken strap.

Then on his solemn assurance to stay close to heel we took him along. The morning, as I have said, was cold and foggy.

Within 100yds. of the house, Madison, who was a few yards ahead, stopped, pointed to the ground and beckoned to us excitedly. We ran up and there, plainly outlined on the frosty stubble, was the track of some large animal.

The hound, which was ranging some distance off, was called in, and while waiting Madison informed us that it was a bear track, and a recent one; that he had probably been feeding in an old orchard near by and had been frightened off at our approach, and consequently could not be far away.

Presently the hound came in, and after sniffing excitedly at the trail for a moment, started for the woods at a pace that soon left us far behind.

Now that dog had, on ordinary occasions, a voice that might be called "peculiar," but the changes he rang in on this occasion were startling. When he struck the ground he would yell, and his clamor while in the air was a thing to be remembered.

There was a curious little break in it now and then, that suggested to one's mind the idea that he had swallowed something sharp. We were all on a run by this time, and even Don forgot his solemn promise. He probably argued, that when an honest hunting dog made such a noise as that it was fair to assume that things were going to happen, and he went to see; which was quite human, indeed.

Tearing through the dense thicket of alders at the edge of the woods, we paused to listen. The hound was not more than 100yds. ahead, and even while we listened there came a break in the yells ahead, and then a series of howls of an entirely different nature, and then silence. Madison swore softly to himself, and as we crowded through the underbrush we gathered from his lurid remarks that things were not panning out exactly as he wished. Immediately after this we met Don. He was returning with an enthusiasm that left no doubt of his determination of abandoning bear hunting as a pastime in the future. He was in a hurry, and evidently worried about something. Every few steps he would stop and try to look at the back of his neck. Then we saw that he was bleeding from a cut just back of the ears. He was thoroughly consumed with pity for himself, and his efforts to see just how badly he was hurt were interesting. To all attempts to have him lead us to the scene of conflict he turned an absolutely deaf ear. He said substantially, "Go on if you want to. I'm done. I'm going back to the house." Which he promptly did.

Further on, just at the edge of a narrow but deep gulley, we found the hound. We gathered from some remarks that he let fall that he, too, was dissatisfied about something. He was bleeding from an ugly lacerated wound of the shoulder, and there were many curious designs drawn in his hide in red.

It was clear that the two dogs had plunged into the gulley after, or rather on top of, the bear; that he had said something discouraging to them, and then pursued the even tenor of his way up the mountain side.

We went back to the house then. Madison carried the hound, which was really unable to walk. Hall walked behind, and made remarks chiefly concerning hunting dogs that didn't know how to hunt, and it was obvious that our chance for getting a bear in that neighborhood was slim indeed. There was no other bear dog at hand, and even the next day it required much diplomacy and tact, to say nothing of force, to get that hound out from behind the stove, and even then it was noticed that he always came out on the side furthest from the woods.

Even partridge hunting after this was not a success, because Don insisted that we heave a stone into every thicket before he would work it. So the following day we left our statesman guide and came down the mountain to Sunderland, and as the guest of Mr. Charles Bacon, of that place, put in two days of fine woodcock shooting over his marsh flats.

And here, by the way, Don's courage revived, and to see him stop and tell those honest farm collies the details of that battle in the woods was a sight to be remembered.

They would gaze at him in admiration and awe, and he would yawn and walk around to imply that it was quite a common occurrence with him, and in time he grew to be quite as conceited as a human over it. But I shall always believe that he lied to those dogs about the details of that battle in the gulley. F. J. TOMPKINS, M.D.

Natural History.

WHAT OLD DEER HUNTERS SAY.

Deer and Lilypads.

LANSING, Mich.—Deer will always go to a lake to feed on or among the lilypads if there are any lilies in the lake, and they will be there feeding during the early morning, the early evening, and often during the entire night, if the nights are moonlight. Whether a deer will eat lilypads is questioned. It is stated that the moose will eat lilypads and dig in the mud for the roots, but the deer will only eat the finer grasses which grow in the water among the lilies, and seldom, or never, touch the lilies. A deer park I sometimes visit has a small swamp in one corner. This swamp has a large quantity of lilies growing in the soft mud. The deer are constantly rooting around among the lilies, but the owner tells me that they never touch a lily. It is the small water weeds and slender water grasses that the deer seem to be hunting for.

Deer in the Water.

Deer go to water quite as much to bathe and to get away from the flies and to enjoy a swim as to drink. Deer will go a long while without water if the water is not accessible to them, but when they are really thirsty and want to drink they will go a long distance to get water and cover the distance in a remarkably short time. Deer often swim a long distance just for the sake of the swim, and they take these long or short swims of their own accord quite as often as when driven to the water.

In the winter in our northern country deer are often run down by wolves, and a remarkable part of it is that deer when pursued by wolves in the winter, when the lakes are frozen over, will run for the ice exactly as they run for water in summer when closely pursued, and as they make slow progress on the ice they fall an easy prey to their pursuers.

Some years ago I was spending a few days in the early fall at a lumber camp. One morning I discovered a big buck swimming down the lake near the camp, so I walked along the shore, in plain sight of the deer all the while, for nearly a mile, and when the deer came out of the water I was not to exceed four rods from him, standing in plain sight, and made no attempt to conceal myself. The buck looked at me a few moments, shook himself, and leisurely trotted away. I have often wondered if they had an idea when the close season was. Deer sometimes seem to be very stupid and dull, and will act in a manner hard to explain; but usually it will require all the shrewdness of a good hunter to get well within gunshot of a deer.

Deer on the Burned Lands.

In our northern country fires often run over large strips of woodland, and almost before the ground is cool the deer will begin to travel over the burnt off district. The weeds spring up quickly after these fires, and the deer seem to enjoy eating the weeds more than they enjoy browsing. They will frequent these burnt places and play in the ashes, and it requires quite a little persecution to drive them away.

Local and Migratory Deer.

Deer in Michigan are known as local deer and migratory deer. The local deer are those that remain in a certain neighborhood during the entire year, and the migratory deer are those that are simply passing through a certain section, either in the fall going south or in the spring going north. The residents of a country frequented by deer soon learn to distinguish the local deer from the migratory deer quite readily. Their habits differ, and their actions differ greatly, in different parts of the country. Deer like their old homes, and will come back to them year after year if the feed is good and they find plenty of timber and water, and they are not driven away by hunting.

Deer Beds.

Deer lay down often, and the difference between a

night bed and a day bed depends largely upon the nature of the country, the feeding grounds, and whether they are hunted or not. Deer rise from their beds exactly as cattle do—that is, they get up on their hind legs first and then rise up on their front legs; in that way their feet are placed in the beds and they mark the bottom of the beds. Deer stretch, and stick out their hind legs, and grunt, and wiggle their tails, and leave some droppings usually before leaving their beds if they are not driven out. They take plenty of time to get up and stretch themselves before starting from their beds if undisturbed. The amount of droppings on the edge of a bed will indicate to a certain extent the length of time that the deer has remained in that particular bed. When a deer gets up, if he leaves no droppings in the bed, he will be pretty sure to leave some so near the edge of the bed that some of them will roll into the bed. He will nearly always do so.

Deer Feeding.

Deer are usually on foot and feeding during the early morning and early evening, and if the nights are moonlight they are often on foot and feeding during the entire night. They sometimes move about considerably on dark nights, but not as a rule. They usually have finished their feeding by 9 o'clock in the morning, and retire to some quiet place to rest and sleep. If not disturbed they seldom come away from their sleeping and resting places before 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon, but this will depend largely upon whether the day is bright and sunshiny or dark and lowery; on dark days they begin to stir about earlier.

They have no special hours for going, or coming, or feeding, but the rule is that they go and come and feed as stated. Very likely the governing cause for their actions is hunger. When they have fed, and their stomachs are full, they are inclined to quiet, but when hungry they start for their feeding grounds. JULIAN.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Woodcock Weights.

ONTARIO, Canada, Dec. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following remarks *re* woodcock may be interesting to your correspondent E. C. B., of Osceola Mills, Pa., whose letter I read in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 7, and perhaps to others of your readers. About the middle of last October my brother and a friend drove into the country about ten miles for a day's woodcock shooting. My son, who does a little taxidermy, requested me to ask them to save any good specimens which they happened to secure. They returned with three small birds, attributing their small bag to the fact that the northern birds had not yet arrived. Subsequently the same party revisited the same grounds and brought back a splendid specimen, a large bird, which on being weighed on a platform scale, used for weighing grain, tipped the beam at 12oz. The smallest divisions on this scale were ¼lbs. I have no doubt, had this bird been accurately weighed on a fine scale, it would have weighed a couple of ounces more. My son mounted the bird and has it in his possession. A few days later my son shot two birds equally as large, but shot up too much for mounting. On the following day he shot another bird just as large, which he mounted. One day two years ago, on the same grounds spoken of, our party shot seven or eight birds apparently as heavy as the one written of by your correspondent. Every fall for the last fifteen years we have killed quite a number of birds as large as the one weighed. When, years ago, birds were plentiful about here, we never secured in the summer time such large birds as we got in the fall. It appears, therefore, to me as if these large birds were of a different species and bred further north.

WM. HOLLIDAY.

Three Duck Broods in a Season.

ESSEX, Conn., Dec. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A friend of mine in town has a pair of Long Island call ducks which have raised three broods this last summer. The last brood was hatched about six weeks ago. Is not that something quite unusual? P.

[What are the "call ducks?" The three broods are unusual.]

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

SOME time since while hunting in company with three other sportsmen, and jolly good fellows they were too—whom we will call Bill, Tomp and Jack—among the dense thickets several miles off to the northeast of Lakewood, the dogs followed a big rabbit up near to where Bill and Tomp were standing.

As it was going from them like a streak of lightning, they both banged away, but missed it, seemingly, mind you; the dogs continuing in its track. Soon afterward Jack came up, and when he learned that it had got away he started after the dogs, which were barking at a little distance, saying as he crashed through the bushes that he'd "have that rabbit or die in the attempt." In a short time bang went his gun and soon after that he emerged from the thicket, and in answer to our inquiries said that he had made a most splendid shot; for the rabbit, after having run some distance into the brush, had doubled, and while it was coming on the full jump along a wood path directly toward him he "had knocked it over with that shot just as slick as grease."

Then he took bunny from the pocket of his hunting coat, and while showing it to the rest of us we noticed it had received several shot in the rear, but not a single one could we find in front, which naturally had a tendency to make us set up a thinking. "How in thunder did you fill that rabbit's hind part full of shot when he was coming toward you?" asked Tomp, after having examined it closely. "None of your business how I did it," answered Jack with a show of anger, "but I shot it all the same just as I told you." "Then it must have been coming along that path tail foremost," again put in Tomp, which brought out a horselaugh from the rest of the gang at Jack's expense, and the conclusion we came to in regard to his "splendid shot" was that either Bill or Tomp or both had hit the rabbit and the dogs had run it down, which as soon as Jack had found, he fired off his gun to make the rest of us think that he had shot it, little thinking that the dead game would show to the contrary.

But it was some time before he heard the last about the effect of his unaccountable shot. A. L. L.

Game Bag and Gun.

FIXTURES.

March 16 to 21, 1896.—Second annual Sportsmen's Exposition, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, at Madison Square Garden, New York city. Frank W. Sanger, Manager.

UNUSUAL SCORE AT RUFFED GROUSE.

No bird, I believe, is prized so highly by a majority of field shooters as the ruffed grouse, generally called partridges in the States of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, and pheasant in Pennsylvania. If it were left to a vote of the sportsmen the ruffed grouse would certainly be voted the most difficult to hunt successfully for man or dog. No bird knows better how to baffle and evade its pursuers and none will dish out more disappointments to the average shooters than it.

There are hundreds of good field sportsmen in the States above mentioned who have killed hundreds of heads of quail, woodcock, snipe and other game, but who have never killed a single grouse, or at least not over half a dozen of them, in their lives, although birds are within easy reach of them.

Years ago I had learned successfully to kill snipe, ducks, woodcock and quail, could shoot pigeons from the trap and handle the gun as well as most men, yet I could not kill ruffed grouse with deliberation, and they would beat me oftener than all other game birds combined. Dozens of failures to kill fair shots in former years are indelibly impressed upon my memory, yet I hunted these birds in preference to any other game bird, as they had an irresistible attraction for me which no other game bird could begin to equal. Never have I ever experienced the same sensation of pleasure, pride and satisfaction when bagging any other game as when making a good clean kill at a ruffed grouse. From my earliest career as a field shooter I loved and at the same time respected this bird until my shooting companions called me a crank on partridge shooting.

And yes, I plead guilty. I am still a crank, only in a more pronounced degree, and form more dangerous to the bird than during my early experience. During the last dozen years I have paid up for old debts, and since these years I have hunted ruffed grouse almost to the exclusion of all other game, and believe I have since bagged more of these noble birds than any other man in New York city.

My difficulty, like that of most unsuccessful grouse shooters, was that the bird with its thunderous noise would rattle me, and ever since I learned to control myself upon the bird taking wing I began to improve my success in killing them until I have repeatedly succeeded in making scores which I believe are seldom equaled or surpassed. At the same time I repeatedly meet with conditions while hunting grouse which make good scores on paper impossible.

During my four days' Thanksgiving hunt in Sullivan county I shot two days and made an unusual score over an orange and white coarse native setter, Duke, whom I broke on grouse some four or five years ago. The dog is difficult to keep in proper condition, as he has bad feet and other faults, but when physically fit he is about the most killing partridge dog I have ever seen. He is not a slow dog; on the contrary, ranges off and goes over a good deal of ground, and has a way of using both foot and body scent that enables him to approach and hold birds which under other conditions would act wild.

During these two days I fired in all at game nineteen cartridges, never once firing the second barrel, and killed and bagged eighteen head of game, consisting of fourteen ruffed grouse and four cottontails, firing only one shell at a grouse unsuccessfully. The shooting was not easy, on the contrary, rather hard and of all descriptions. I shot at everything that I would shoot at under any ordinary circumstances, and that there was no picking of shots is shown by the fact that I only saw eight birds and killed seven of them each day.

The eighth bird the first day was one of two flushed together on the edge of a hillside laurel thicket, of which I killed one, not being able to shoot at the other. Following up the remaining bird the dog flushed and pointed it in high laurels in a corner of a swamp, it lying close, its mate having been killed and the cover being very dense. After taking a position on top of an old stump, raised about 3ft. off the ground, I ordered my companion, Charlie Snyder, who carried my game and accompanied me both days, to flush the bird. It went out of the thicket low into the open and across the next cover. I fired this shot only—well, I'll make no excuses, but few men would have wasted a shell at it.

The eighth bird on the second day was being trailed by the dog late in the evening and got out of a low tree and was not shot at nor found again, it being quite dark. I mention the above score not for the purpose of bragging, but as a curiosity and an instance of a remarkable combination of all that brings success, and give my word as a man that my statement is true and not stretched in any way. I fired during these two days nineteen shells and bagged eighteen head of game, fourteen grouse and four rabbits.

Of course luck played a part in the success, as two birds at least were killed outside of 60yds. and several at long range. One bird was bagged after flying 100yds. or more. All birds of course were killed on the wing, most of them over points or while the dog was trailing, but several were killed on unexpected rises.

Successful runs like the above are almost or quite beyond the belief of some occasional grouse shooters, yet similar scores are sometimes made, and I have seen good scores made by others. I started in this season killing the first five or six grouse straight, with as many shells. Three or four years ago, while hunting with a brace of dogs, I killed nine ruffed grouse with ten consecutive single shots in a single day. The same year I averaged over eight birds to my gun during the whole season. Several years ago I made two good doubles in succession after having hunted for years and having killed hundreds of birds without ever having made a fair and square double, but have made other doubles before and since.

Birds are not plentiful this season—in fact scarce in such parts of New York State and Pennsylvania as I have hunted. In New York and New Jersey, near home, there are a good many birds, but so wild that good bags are practically impossible, birds rising out of sight.

I am using for all my field shooting a 12-gauge, 26in. barrel, 6¼lb. Francotte gun, both barrels choked—though not full choked—and consider it the most perfect gun in weight and length of barrel I have ever handled for upland field shooting. My ammunition for ruffed grouse is 42grs. of Schultze powder and 1⅛oz. of No. 7 chilled shot in a U. M. C. No. 3 primer case. J. VON LENGERKE.

GROUSE TRICKS AND DOG WAYS.

NEWT and I have been doing some hunting this fall, and so far have improved a bit over last year, although I cannot yet shoot a partridge on the wing, but did get one duck nicely on the wing once this season.

We had rather a strange experience one afternoon on Shefford Mountain. We had put up several partridges, managing to get one and a gray squirrel. Newt said he knew that some we had raised had by that time got back to the beech trees for their supper.

We went cautiously that way, going up an old road ascending quite a hill, when turning a corner near some ground hemlocks we saw two partridges feeding near the foot of a large beech.

It was a fairly long shot, but we could not get nearer, so I let drive at them, when one flew away, the other starting straight up in a flustered manner through the branches of the beech, finally arriving among the small limbs at the top, where she caught on a twig, her wings still spread, supported by other twigs. She appeared to be fairly alive, so I tried the other barrel, the shot knocking twigs and nuts all around her, but she never stirred. That was my last cartridge. Newt pulled up and tried her with the same success. He had one cartridge left, which he insisted I should use, get a little closer and bring her down.

I slipped in the cartridge, approached about 20ft. nearer and fired at her carefully, but she never stirred, although through her outstretched wings we could plainly see shot holes.

Newt said she was dead, the limbs holding her there, but I said her head stood out too well for that.

We went up under the tree, talking and making a noise, but she never stirred. I had one cartridge loaded with buckshot and smokeless powder, which I carry this fall, as a deer has been frequently seen around here this summer. I did not want to shoot her with that, as it would tear her all up, but Newt said to try it anyway. I kneeled down right under her, she being about 60ft. above my head, took careful aim at her head, "*à la* Cunningham," but missed her, the shot cutting off a limb a few inches in front of her beak. She still stood there.

Newt said if the tree was not so large he would climb it, as he was sure he could shake her out, as he had no doubt she was dead. The tree was about 15in. through, and about 25ft. to the first limb, so I said I would try it.

It pulled my wind a bit to get to the first limbs, where I rested, the partridge in plain sight. I then started up through the limbs, and nearing the partridge told Newt she was alive, but perhaps was badly wounded, that to be ready for her, as when I shook the limb I believed she would run when she struck the ground.

He assured me that he would catch her if I shook her out.

I was then within about 8ft. of the partridge, and placing my hand on the limb I commenced to shake; at the first vibration the partridge spread her wings and sailed away down through the woods apparently as strong as ever. From my height I could see just about where she lit among some ground hemlocks, but on going over there could not find a feather.

It has been a great mystery to us what become of her, Newt still maintaining she was dead, but I am sure when I saw her bright eyes up in the tree within 8ft. of her that she was not hurt, and yet with five shots at her, all the noise we made climbing the tree and all, I don't see why she did not fly before.

Newt had another experience at the same place a day or two after. He came cautiously up the hill, I going in another direction, when he saw one partridge in a small beech tree, one just under it and another in a birch at one side. He had a single barrel, first shooting the one on the ground, which heeled right over. He then fired at the furthest one in the birch, which flew away. He then tried the one in the beech, noticing while loading that the first one was still at the foot of the tree dead, and brought her down. It was on the bank of our trout brook, which just there was rather steep, so that the one from the tree in striking the ground fluttered and was rolling down the bank. He made for it, secured it and then went to pick up the one at the foot of the tree, but could not find her. Hearing so much shooting I had come over, and although we both searched diligently we could not find her, but at the foot of the tree it was strewn with feathers and could plainly see where the shot had struck right under and all around her.

It is still a mystery what became of her.

He had a similar experience up near Warden, where he found two in different trees, downing both, but we could find only one, although we found feathers at the foot of the tree and could plainly see where her body struck.

We have been out a number of times, hunting all afternoon and coming home empty-handed after seeing plenty of birds, but we are never discouraged. When driving home we talk the matter over and try and plan how to get ahead of them the next time, but somehow the next time they have some other trick, and at times it seems discouraging, as we never appear able to know just where they are going to be or what they are going to do about it.

We are going to try them some more now that we have some snow, but presume we will have to learn a lot about their tricks on snow before we can come up to their cunning, so perhaps the season will be over before we have them down pat, and then no doubt we will have to learn it all over again next season.

Still I believe we enjoy it as much in anticipation, yes, even more than in participation; at any rate we both agree that we would be ashamed of ourselves if we went out eight afternoons and shot 147 partridges, as one of your correspondents did early in the season. We have not heard much about "game hogs" this season, but what would Dick of Connecticut think of him for a sportsman?

By the way, I suppose he considers me a "pot hunter," as no doubt many of your readers will, for shooting a partridge sitting, but I believe the man that will go to the woods, leaving his dogs at home, hunt up his own birds

and successfully stalk them in the month of November, will be willing to take them wherever he can get them, and I say he is entitled to them, at least he would be in this part of the country.

Along this summer I was anticipating some great partridge hunting, as one of my travelers told me he could get me a good bird dog. About the first of September he advised me he had shipped me a dandy. Newt happened to be in Montreal that day, and coming down a little early to take the train noticed some excitement around the express car, and on inquiry found that a dog had chewed his way out of the crate and escaped. Some one suggested to the messenger that he pick up some cur and put it in, as the consignee would never know the difference; but Newt, knowing I expected a dog, asked him who it was consigned to in Granby, and learning it was for me, told them he was the owner and that they had better catch the right dog, as the one shipped was a very valuable one.

It appears the dog ate his way out of the crate, the car being one of those compartment ones with express one end, mail in the center and baggage at the other end.

When the dog got out of his crate he simply walked through the place where the stove is in winter, and out through the mail car, the door of which stood open.

The American Express Co. would not settle, claiming the dog was at owner's risk from death or escape; but I contend there is no receipt that will exonerate any common carrier from negligence, which in this case is simply proved, as they locked the express car door and left the stove hole open. Considering the number of partridges I might have shot had the dog reached me, I have sued them for only $50, which I think is cheap.

I wrote my traveler I would have to have another dog, but it took him till about two weeks ago to find one. He wired me one day to look for a dog by that express, writing later that, although the dog was not handsome, the man he secured him from vouched for him as a first-class bird dog.

He safely arrived, and seemed much pleased to see me when I opened the crate, much more pleased to see me than I was to see him, as I had very grave doubts of his being a bird dog, in my opinion not being the right breed. However the next afternoon I took him out a little ways from the village where I knew there was a stray bird, but on entering the woods he did not appear to want to leave my heels, acting as if he was afraid he would get lost in the woods. I urged him on in English, French, Spanish and tried it in German, but he would just sit down at my heels and look around innocently.

I did not know but that he was fooling with me, that he knew there were no birds there; thought I was trying to fool him, 'cause, don't you see, he came to me highly recommended.

I never had a hunting dog, and thought perhaps I did not know how to handle him. I have read in FOREST AND STREAM of handlers getting big pay, of getting ahead of the judges at times, so they must be smart kind of people, and I concluded I would have to hire a handler. I started along through the woods, thinking that perhaps if I put up a bird he might then show some interest and show me how to do it, but unfortunately I could not find a bird.

Getting further into the woods, I heard a blue jay call, and that being the only thing I had heard or seen I thought I would try a shot at it and see if the dog was gun shy, or what he would have to say when he heard the noise.

The blue jay finally appeared in a beech a long distance off, but not caring whether I hit him or not I blazed at him, carefully watching the dog, who was not at all gun shy, but sat down near me, seeming to wonder what I was doing. The jay flew to another tree and, offering a better shot, I took careful aim and downed him. I was a little surprised at it myself, so long a shot, but the dog did not seem a bit surprised at anything. I thought I noticed a little disdainful curl of his upper lip, as much as to say, you must be a healthy partridge man, but at any rate I would go over and see if I had hit that bird. I paced it off and found it was forty-five paces to the tree he was in, and looking a little further along saw Mr. Jay.

The dog had wandered away about 15ft. from me while I was pacing this off, but all the time was looking back wistfully.

Finally he seemed to think I would stay there a little while, so he ran along on a log quite briskly. Then I says to myself he is going to hunt. I brought my gun up ready, not knowing whether he was a pointer or setter, but he soon stopped up, sniffing around leisurely, and I spied a squirrel going up a tree, coming to the conclusion that that was what he was after.

I came back from there, when my office boy asked if he was a good dog. I said I did not think so, that during the whole time I was out he never even whined. The boy wanted to know if that was not a sign of a good bird dog. The boy is English, the terrier is Irish.

The next day I took him out again, and thinking that the woods were strange to him the day before took him back to the same place so he would not be lonesome. But he stayed right at my heels. I told him to go ahead a bit, to hunt, to get a move on, but he would not. I fancied I smelt a partridge near there and tried to coax him to it with a stick, but he would not, would just lie down and I could lay down the stick (in view;) didn't even whine.

Along a little further I was on the top of a steep ridge and thought there was a partridge in the little valley, and asked the dog to go down and flush him so I could pull him down, see that bunch of feathers float away as he raised up over the other ridge, etc., but the dog would not. I took him by the cuff of the neck and threw him down there, but he would not go any further; as soon as I moved away he was quickly at my heels.

Coming along an old road I asked him to go over by some hemlocks about 10ft. away, but he would not, so I sat down to cogitate, trying to think of all I had read in FOREST AND STREAM about handling dogs, but somehow did not seem able to find any rule to apply to this breed of a dog.

After sitting there a few minutes the dog thought he might stretch his legs, so he moved over toward that bunch of hemlocks standing on a piece of ledge, the roots of the trees coming from under it. He looked back at me to see if I was still there, then started cautiously to go in, when out went a partridge with an awful noise. The dog stepped back and looked at me as much as to say, "What was that?" I sat there looking at the dog and wondered if he was pointing, but did not see him get rigid at all; his eyes did not get glassy, nor did he seem all of a tremble—nothing like what I had ever read of. I went in after that partridge and when I got where I thought she was I asked the dog to go ahead, but he would not. I stopped, reached back and pulled the dog in front of me, rubbed his ears, as I had seen them do with roosters down in Texas to make them fight, but the dog would not. I tried to push him along, but just then the partridge went up and the dog got under my feet, nearly tripping me down the hill.

From there we started home, and when we reached the clearing he seemed to be more at home, and run around a bit.

I noticed him go over behind a ledge, putting a hemlock between us, and thinking he might have gone over there to have a laugh at me all to himself I went to investigate; but all he was doing was trying to dig out a chipmunk.

When I got home I sat down and wrote the former owner, asking him if he was trying to play a joke on my traveler. If the cigars I had sent him were so bad that in revenge he was sending me a "sooner" dog, telling him he would not hunt partridges for me; if he would for him I would return him, but if he did not want him I would on the next occasion promptly shoot him. By the next mail I had a reply apologizing, saying a friend of his had left him there to keep, saying he was a good partridge dog, and that was all he knew about it.

I thought I would give the dog one more chance, so took him out for a long walk and managed to put up some partridges quite close, but somehow the dog never seemed to be looking that way, or did not hear them. I put him on the "spoor"(?) of the bird, but he did not seem to be able to follow the trail.

Finally, as I was coming home through the woods, I stopped at a place where I knew there was a bird and looked cautiously around. While peering through the hemlocks I caught a shadow over my head, and looking up saw the partridge sailing from afar toward me at a ninety-mile-an-hour gait. I thought of the picture "Stopping an Incomer," but before I could bring my gun up she had settled down in a little cedar swale.

I went in after her, the dog following around, but he did not seem to like it and was always making for a log to walk on, as he did not seem to want to get his feet wet.

I stopped often, looking under the trees, around old stumps and knolls for the bird, and finally the dog finding I was on a dry place came up to me and sat down. While contemplating his beauty, he looking straight up at me, the partridge went out of a tree not over 6ft. from my head.

It took me by surprise, but the dog did not seem at all anxious, except he wanted me to get out of that swamp.

That was the last straw. I looked him over carefully, considered the ground, whether it would make a good graveyard for dogs, and came to the conclusion everything was favorable.

I had made up my mind to shoot the dog. I put in a BB cartridge and asked the dog to move off a little, but he would not.

I found him a dry spot to stand on and moved off into the water, but he would not. It took me about five minutes to get him in the proper position, then I fired. The dog was no more. He came to a dead point, became quite rigid, but the bird had gone, been flushed some time before. He still lies up there if the foxes have not found him, and I am still open for a bird dog.

J. BRUCE PAYNE.

BOSTON SPORTSMEN.

THE dinner committee of the Megantic Club have fixed on Saturday evening, Jan. 11, as the date for the coming annual club banquet, and the Copley Square Hotel, in Boston, as the place. It is the intention of the managers to excel, if possible, all previous efforts on this gala occasion, and the club members are promised a royal good time and a gorgeous repast. These occasions serve to unite old friends and to renew acquaintances formed, in many instances, in the woods and by the stream, and as such are a valuable arrangement toward increasing the club's prosperity and quickening interest in its affairs. With a full membership of 300, which they now have, the committee expect a large attendance, and no doubt their expectations will be realized.

A sportsman friend, too modest to have his name mentioned, has just returned to Boston with a record of large game unsurpassed by any one of whom I have heard this season. A bull moose, a bull caribou and two buck deer, the full allowance by law to one individual, are the spoils of his trip, and each and all were killed by himself. He went into the woods with one guide, and being confident of his ability to kill all the game wanted, the guide left his gun behind. This method, followed by sportsmen generally, would in many cases largely reduce the amount of big game killed, for without doubt many large animals are brought home as the sportsman's prize which were really killed by the unerring aim of a competent guide. The northern Aroostook wilderness was the region in which my friend found his good luck, and although he has visited in the past nearly all the other good hunting sections of Maine he thinks this country excels them all.

The frigid weather of the past week has put the final touch on the shore bird shooting along the Massachusetts coast. Several Boston sportsmen returned the first of the week, and one party, consisting of Moses Bamber, Charles Stimpson and Fred Hersey, express regret that they could not have stayed over to get the flight borne in by the heavy northeast gales of the past few days. They have been down to South Orleans, near Chatham, for two weeks, and killed about forty black ducks, sheldrakes and whistlers. The weather was warm and clear, with bright moonlight nights—too nice altogether for the best results. Quail shooting was quite good and they saw a number of partridges, but did not get any of the latter, as they were very wild. On Thanksgiving Day they attended an old-fashioned rooster shoot. The plan was for each man to shoot at a small paper 60yds. distant with No. 8 shot. He who put the most pellets in it captured a bird. One of the natives appeared on the scene with a whole arsenal of guns, determined to sweep the deck. He had four in all, the largest being and old 4-bore single gun. His great preparations yielded him but three birds, much to his chagrin. Two flocks of geese were seen by my friends, one of about fifty birds and the other seventy-five. Strange to say, these birds seldom light in the fall in this vicinity, but almost invariably do so in the spring. Another party of Boston sportsmen who have lately visited the Cape are Eben A. Thacher, C. W. Gammons, Lindsey N. Oliver and J. Howard Edwards. They enjoyed good coot and sheldrake shooting down at Sandy Neck, near Barnstable, and considering the lateness of the season did extremely well.

The Cedar Beach Gun Club, of Boston, are mourning the loss of their shooting grounds down on the south shore. The property has been taken for a part of the new boulevard which is to be built through that section, and the gun club people are now looking for other quarters. They have in view several good locations on the north shore, but have not yet decided just where to pitch their tent. They were well pleased with the old place, and I hope will find another equally as good. Thomas Sedgwick Steele, the sportsman artist, spent a short time in Boston this week, visiting among old friends who like him are lovers of the rod and gun. He is enthusiastic over an European trip which he has lately completed, having been as far south as Egypt and north to that land of beauty surrounding the North Cape, the northern limit of Norway. Mr. Steele is the artist who painted the well-known picture, "Two at a Cast," and also other paintings of almost equal note.

A Boston sportsman who has been shooting in northern Maine returns quite convinced that the reports published in many papers during the past three months, stating that the game laws in that State were being properly enforced, are far from true. He says that illegal shooting of game as regards quantity allowed to each individual is constantly going on, while the killing of moose for their hides by Canadians who cross the border for that purpose is a very common occurrence. More game wardens is the only remedy he can suggest, and I think FOREST AND STREAM'S many readers who are interested in the preservation of game in Maine will agree with him on that point.

HACKLE.

BOSTON, Dec. 13.—The weather has lately been somewhat in favor of the big game hunters. Snow has been universal in New England for a week, and it was not followed by rain and crust. The number of hunters absent from Boston and vicinity has dwindled to a few, and the success of most of these is yet to be heard from. T. C. Smith writes to a friend here from Kenebago that he has taken the biggest buck he ever saw. F. E. Newell is back from Green Lake, Washington county, Me., with a deer, the first one he has ever killed. F. E. Whiting, one of the junior proprietors of the Boston *Herald*, is back from the camps of the Inglewood Club, in New Brunswick. He was accompanied by his friend, Mr. Jewett. They found deer tracks in plenty at the preserve, but the snow was wet and crusted and not favorable for deer hunting, and deer hunting was accordingly abandoned for duck shooting at the head of the bay. They had excellent success with coot, butterbills and numerous other ducks.

Mr. E. Frank Lewis, of Lawrence, is again out of the woods—from his second deer hunting trip this fall. This time there is a buck to his credit, though his first trip was not a success. He was with a party of friends, including F. W. Sprague and Col. L. W. Walsh, Byron Horn and Mr. Nelson. They went to Lee and from that point to townships No. 3 and No. 4, and were quartered at Camp Homer. They had snow, enough of it, only 15in. falling to their credit, and the most of it wet and hung to the trees. But they brought out two bucks and a doe, poor as the shooting was.

A Boston traveling salesman, who has his eye out for things as they are and is considerably interested in big game, says that he has been on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad a good deal this fall and has been noting the shipments of moose, deer and caribou. The weight of the moose shipped has particularly attracted his attention. He reads in the Bangor papers that Mr. So-and-So has killed a big moose weighing 1,000 or 1,100lbs. He sees the big moose of Mr. So-and-So on the train and in the hands of the express company, where it is carefully labeled as weighing 500lbs. He says that he has not seen a moose being shipped this fall that has been marked as weighing over 700lbs., and but one of that weight. The express company is presumed to weigh the animals carefully and to carry them by weight. His idea is that the average weight of the moose carried out this season over that road is not above 450lbs. Let some one who has an exact record speak up.

The pleasures of hunting are not all of shooting. The camera is playing a most important part in the hunter's outfit. There is many a hunter to-day who would as soon be in the woods without his gun as without his camera. Mr. Geo. T. Freeman, a Boston gentleman exceedingly fond of both fishing and hunting, has lately added the camera to his outing kit. His success has been remarkable, for the reason that he has gone into the matter in a painstaking manner. His annual trip to Anisquam after coot this fall was fairly successful. The pictures he took and the snap shots he made are truly worth looking at in every case, besides including one or two gems, representing himself and his friends, C. W. Whittemore and Bart. Hill, all in "oilskins" and "tarpaulins." The native guide or boatman also forms a character study. Mr. Freeman thinks that the ducks slain were a small part of that hunting trip compared with the pictures.

I came across a gunner yesterday who had six black ducks and one hooded merganser, which had been killed at Scituate, he said. He also remarked that the shooting was holding out remarkably late there. His idea was that there would be still another flight of ducks there as soon as the weather "softened" again. He says that he has hunted in that section for years, but has never known the ducks to remain so late.

SPECIAL.

We are advised that the FOREST AND STREAM'S statement last week that Dr. Bishop had killed a moose in Maine this year was an error, as he killed no moose. Also that in the hunting regions of the State snow has been on the ground continuously since the mlddle of November.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

THE BEAUTIFUL ST. JOHNS.

MANY localities of the country in which we live are justly famed for the beauties which one may see and the sport which one may experience while in that district, but none more justly than that far-famed hunting ground, the Upper St. Johns River, Florida. Many of these same famed resorts are famous not owing to the quantity or quality of their game, but to the vivid imagination and ready pen of a fluent writer, who exercises his talents for so much per column. As to the St. Johns, let me add my testimony (valueless though it may be), which was gained by actual experience during a week's stay upon its waters, in company with some of the best wing shots to be found North or South.

On Saturday, Jan. 27, 1894, the prosperous town of St. Francis, Florida, was the scene of busy preparations for the departure of the steam yacht Lolliboy with a lighter in tow, which was to be the home of a party of nine for a week.

The yacht was in charge of Capt. John E. Harris, who was ready, as all good captains are, at all times for any emergency; while Mr. Chas. Knickerbocker took the wheel and shoved the spokes from port to starboard as necessity demanded with the skill of an old timer. Mr. J. E. Dreggors took charge of the culinary department, and the good spirits which the party maintained was sufficient evidence that everything which went to feed the inner man was well prepared, and the quantity devoured also bore testimony to the same fact. Mr. C. K. Harris and myself, who were upon our winter vacation from college, completed that portion of the party which went aboard from St. Francis. All day provisions, cooking utensils, fishing tackle, guns, ammunition, etc., were being carried aboard; at 6 o'clock all the preparations were complete, and at 6:50 the party were well started amidst the shouts and good-byes of our many friends.

An all-night trip took us to Sanford and Lake Monroe. The landing was made at 5:45, and after breakfast the party was completed by the addition of four (all Pittsburgers), who had just returned from a week's trip on Lake Walken Water, where they had been guided by George Tallahassee and Laton Wilson. This contingent consisted of Dr. Joseph Dickson, otherwise known as Tom Tiger, which title he won by his skill in slaying alligators while with the Indians; Dr. James Dickson, who is better known among Northern shooters as Jim Crow, and who has made his record in many contests at clay as well as feathered birds; Dr. Thos. McCann, who holds a line and reel as well as pulls a trigger, and who has made somewhat of a reputation as a swimmer; and Joseph W. Graff, who although young has learned the art of handling a gun, and whose string of ducks and curlew holds its own with any of the party. These four having settled themselves and their varied paraphernalia on board, the real start of the trip was made from Sanford at 1:20 P. M., Sunday, Jan. 28.

Soon after starting the heavy rain which set in from the west kept the party indoors, and the time was well spent listening to the tales of the old hunters, who, although they spoke with great gravity, refused to swear to an affidavit vouching the truth of their statements.

The lake was soon left behind and a successful run made to Lake Harney, during which great quantities of game birds, large and small, could be seen winging their flight in a southern direction. The reputation of Lake Harney for beauty as well as game was well established, except as regards squirrels, which did not appear in and about Geneva Landing. This, however, was our only disappointment of the whole trip.

Geneva was left at about 4:30 in the afternoon, and before we could reach the river darkness had settled and a high wind had arisen, which prevented us from making sufficient headway to cross the bay; pulling and hauling on ropes and pushing with poles failed to float the boat from where she had grounded within a skiff length of the channel, so we all turned in and refreshed tired nature with that blessed remedy, sleep.

Bright and early we were at work again endeavoring to get afloat, but all our efforts were vain till Jim Crow ran short of his supply of equilibrium and falling overboard raised the water sufficiently for us to glide peacefully on our way.

After proceeding a short way up the river we anchored for our first duck shoot. The country was level and marshy, really an ideal place for ducks; two boats, after having stationed the several men, kept stirring up the game, and the rapid and almost constant reports of the guns assured us that the feathered tribe were being well received, and not a few bowed to the report of a gun. Our string, when we had reassembled after a few hours' hunt, set all doubts at rest as regards the character or quantity of the birds in that section. Tom Tiger and Joe Graff topped the crowd by bringing in six curlew and a heron besides mallard and teal.

Dinner over we proceeded up the river and Dr. Tom bethought himself of the lines, and ere long, with but little assistance from the rest of the party, had a string of seventeen fine bass which aggregated 22lbs. Night fell and all were well satisfied with the day's sport, and resolved to tempt the finny tribe on the morrow.

Early, while the Lolliboy steamed up river, the lines were prepared, and soon six white streaks in the water brought consternation to Fishtown and joy to the hearts of the fishers. A small pound bass was the first catch, and soon the merry dance was on to the full extent. Double catches were frequent, and each fisherman vied with each to surpass in number and size the catch of the others. Jim Crow had a fine bite, and pulling him in landed about a four-pounder in the galley; but he was game, and making a flop soon had left that unfriendly place, only to be again put back by the alert Jim. Again the fish led, and this time with one tremendous leap cleared galley door and end of boat. Landing in the water, he turned and putting his head above the surface smiled sarcastically at the astonished Jim. All day the sport went on until Dr. Tom thought the water was being depopulated, and having lost his hold added one more to the number of the inhabitants. After prospecting for a short while near the bottom he evidently saw his mistake, and appeared at the top, the picture of surprise and determination. He soon clambered aboard, but in the meantime an obliging bass, while endeavoring to lend a fin, became entangled upon the line and was ruthlessly landed; poorly paid for his attempt to assist his enemy, man. Our string for the day amounted to twenty-five fish, weighing somewhat over 45lbs.

That night we tied up for the night in Snake Creek after passing lakes Ruth and Luffman, a party of three taking a row boat went to place the ducks which we intended to meet the next morning. Their return brought a favorable report and we rose bright and early next day and soon were away upon the day's expedition.

Dr. Tom, Jim Crow and Joe Graff, with Enoch, were the first to leave, and Tom Tiger, with Capt. John Knick, and myself soon followed them. Graff was soon stationed from one boat, while Captain John and Tom Tiger were put out from the other, all in advantageous positions, and the rest of the party kept the game on the wing. A strong wind soon necessitated a change in the position of the stations and we picked them up and followed on to Shad and Salt lakes, where the rest of the party were constantly shooting, which assured us of the fact that they had found the proper place for sport. Having reached the field we placed Joe Graff on a good stand and soon saw him drop his first duck of the day before getting out of sight of his stand, when placing Tom Tiger on his stand we were surprised to hear the report of his trusty weapon and turning I saw a large moccasin spring in his death agonies. The Doctor says the reptile had plenty of running room, but had deliberately turned to attack him. Game soon began to rise from all quarters and soon a large osprey fell a victim to the same gun as the moccasin.

The morning's sport was intense, and when we returned to the boat we found that every gun had scored at least one bird, and many of them five or six. Jim Crow carried off the honors of the day, while two were a close second. The boat looked much like a well-stocked game stand, and the table was well supplied with the fruits of the chase.

The return trip was as pleasant as the forward one, and the fish were deluded to such an extent that the table was well supplied even to the last meal. While lying at the dock at Geneva, with only Dr. Dickson and C. K. Harris aboard, the lake was violently disturbed by a high wind which threatened for a time to tear the tow from the Lolliboy. After much trouble they were separated and the yacht anchored out in the lake, where she rode the waves in peace during the night.

Altogether the trip was one of great enjoyment and productive of much game. Mallards, bluebills, blue and green-winged teal, jacksnipe, several ospreys, about twenty curlew, heron, moccasins and about 120lbs. of bass, the largest of which weighed 6lbs., makes up the list of the week's game.

The scenery from the start to the finish of the trip was of the finest, and Dr. Dickson has preserved several photographic views of the party as well as of the country. A hope for another such trip by the whole party testifies to the enjoyment experienced, and the report of Florida's wonderful game resources will be spread far and wide by those who enjoyed the trip on the Upper St. Johns.

RUSSELL K. SMITH.

ST. FRANCIS, Fla.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Desperate Days in Wisconsin.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 12.—Does the sportsman public know how limited the game regions of the United States have now become, and how intense is the scramble of all sorts of hunters to get at them? Let us take the State of Wisconsin, which has been advertised to its death in these matters, treating it more especially in regard to the deer shooting season.

I have already spoken of large parties of deer hunters from other States who went into Wisconsin the first week of the deer season. A gentleman of Fox Lake, Dodge county, Wis., writes me that he and his friends intended to go to Star Lake (on the new spur of the C., M. & St. P. from Woodruff), but learned that there were 250 hunters at that point. He says the hunting began Oct. 20, with set guns, hounding, jacking and platform shooting at night. The deer had no chance at all. The law was defied by the non-resident shooters.

The local men have at last awakened to the situation, and have been trying to do what they can to stop the extermination of their deer. A secret committee of Eagle River citizens was formed to aid in arresting illegal pot hunters. The local paper there speaks thus of the plague of non-resident invasion:

"Never has the northern part of Wisconsin been swarmed with foreign hunters as at the present writing. Every incoming train brings in scores of them, some of them arriving ten days before the opening of the season.

"Vilas county is receiving a little more than its just proportion; by actual count nearly 100 hunters, chiefly the pot hunters, hailing from Ohio and Indiana, have arrived in this village and are now scattered about in every direction. They never fail to bring all the necessary articles of 'grub,' ammunition, etc.; they come to slaughter deer, but it will be a miracle if this is all that falls before their carelessness; generally they are a class of hunters that would not hesitate to pull the trigger at any object moving in the brush. This is the reason our local hunters are timid about going out when the woods are full of this class of hunters. This is no dream. Already two hunters in Michigan have fallen under the aim of just such hunters as are swarming in this locality.

"The Michigan Legislature at their last session grabbed 'time by the fore-lock' and compel non-residents of the State to pay a license fee of $25 for the privilege of hunting deer within the State bounds. The Ohio and Indiana pot hunters are too penurious a set to pay this license fee and in consequence poor Wisconsin is getting within its commonwealth every pot hunter west of the Alleghanies."

The Marinette *North Star* has the following to say on this: "There are two kinds of animals that Marinette and Florence counties are pestered with this fall, wolves and pot hunters. The former destroy everything in sight, but they are not nearly so destructive as the bullets of the Ohio and Indiana deer hunters. If by some dispensation of providence the wolves and pot hunters should wage merciless war on one another and the wolves should win it would not cause bitter tears up this way and the deer slaughter would also be greatly curtailed. To save the complete extermination of the deer in this State there is but one thing for Wisconsin to do, and that is at the next session of the Legislature to enact a stringent license law and see to its strict enforcement."

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* covers the same situation thus: "According to deer hunters who have returned from the northern part of the State during the past few days, the game laws in northern Wisconsin and the upper Michigan peninsula were being violated openly and in defiance of the large number of deputy game wardens who are scouring the woods. Dr. J. W. Coon, registrar of the Health Department, returned yesterday morning after a week's hunt near Tomahawk. He reports that though the State laws prohibit the use of dogs for hunting deer scarcely a hunter is found in the woods who is not accompanied by one or more hounds.

"Dr. Coon went to Tomahawk, where he joined a party of hunters who were in the woods before he arrived. The party included Col. Wagner, of Madison; Register of Deeds Schultz, of Monroe county; S. C. Basse, of Madison; Charles and Clarence Macomber, of Tomahawk; and Fred Withey, who lives near Tomahawk. The party had already killed thirteen deer, but during the time that Dr. Coon was with them not a single deer was shot. Of the thirteen deer killed, Withey shot six, which is the largest record made by any one hunter this year.

"Dr. Coon says that the woods are swarming with hunters, and every deer trail is followed for miles. Deer are numerous along the Wisconsin River, but there are also plenty of hunters in the field. Among them there was a Chicago party of sportsmen who came to Tomahawk in a special car. The party brought six deer hounds with them and established a camp several miles up the river. Last Sunday it was rumored that game wardens had been dispatched from Madison to make a raid on the illegal hunters in the vicinity of Tomahawk. This report caused a stampede among the hunters, who scattered in all directions. Monday night, while coming home on the train from Grand Rapids, where the Doctor went on Sunday to visit friends, the trainmen reported that the game wardens had made a raid that day and captured a number of hunters who were chasing deer with dogs. It was stated that the Chicago sportsmen were among those arrested. Their names could not be learned."

A Result.

MARSHFIELD, Wis.—George Gray, at work in one of the Lowry lumber camps north of Medford, while out hunting last Saturday was mistaken for a deer by Robert McAdams, of Neillsville, who was also out hunting, and terribly shot. Gray was in a stooping position when the shot was fired, the ball entering his body just above the right hip, tearing away three ribs, passing through the right lung and coming out near the neck. His father, Albert Gray, of this city, was sent for and was with him until yesterday, when he returned home with the sad news that his son's life hangs on the merest thread, and he expects at any moment to hear of his death. Mr. Gray is a young man of good habits and has a wife and one child.

A Result.

MARSHFIELD, Wis.—Edwin Stockly was shot and killed by his brother-in-law, Jesse Morgan, of Ironwood, Mich., on Tuesday. Morgan mistook Stockly for a deer and shot him dead. The shooting was pronounced accidental. Stockly was a track maker, from Chicago. The accident occurred at Lone Rock, Wis., about ten miles from Hurley.

A Result.

MARSHFIELD, Wis.—Jacob Hochwart, of Morse, was shot by George Bidgood last Wednesday, near Morse. The latter was hunting, and lying near a deer runway waiting for game. He mistook Hochwart, who was on his way home from work, for a deer. Hochwart is in the hospital at Ashland in a precarious condition.

A Result.

ASHLAND, Wis.—This afternoon Mr. Brayton, of the Geneva Optical Company, of New York, who was hunting deer near Sanborn with two Chicago men, drove into Ashland after a doctor, announcing that he had shot a 17-year-old boy, supposed to be named Hallock. The party hurried back with physicians. This is the third accidental shooting case of the kind during the week. One man was killed near Hurley and one is now at Rinehart's hospital. Officer MacDonald announced late this afternoon that he and Under Sheriff Firth would leave for Saxon and arrest Brayton.

Net Results.

I have heard of eleven cases this fall, including those mentioned above, of men shot for deer in the State of Wisconsin. I presume over 1,000 rifles were out in a region sixty-five by fifty miles in extent.

What does the sportsman public think of the scramble?

Wait till I have told about the scramble in Mississippi, from which country I have just returned.

What will the sportsman public do when it wakes up, sudden and sharp, and finds that the game is gone in Wisconsin, in Mississippi, in Texas, everywhere? That day is coming, very, very fast. True, we may sleep and dream yet a little while. It is very pleasant to sleep.

Locked Horns.

A good specimen of locked deer antlers was on exhibition this week at a local taxidermist's.

The two bucks were engaged in combat when the hunter, W. L. Brown, of Albion, Mich., came upon them, near Bismarck, N. D., Nov. 15 last. It became evident they could not separate, even if they tried, so Mr. Brown ended the fight by killing them. Their antlers were found to be perfectly locked. The head and neck of each were then separated and sent to Chicago to be preserved and mounted. The owner has refused $300 for the trophy.

Another White Deer.

Mr. W. E. Warren, of Wisconsin, writes of having seen the white deer which was killed near Eagle River, Wis., last August. This animal was beautiful in life, but is grotesque as mounted. Some of the local hunters thought the animal was "not a mule deer, but a species of antelope," which is certainly a trifle startling. The effigy as shown in a photograph determines nothing, but leads one to guess the albino was an albino spike buck of the white-tail. The mate of this deer was "spotted red and white," so the report goes, though its age is not stated; so that we suppose it to have been a fawn. The albino was, of course, killed illegally.

It is Related.

It is related that State Treasurer Peterson and Railroad Commissioner McKenzie, of Madison, Wis., while out deer hunting in that State recently came upon a track,

thought to be that of a deer, which measured 4in. across. They trailed it for some distance.

(P. S.—It was an ox track.)

Close of Navigation.

Leon Pomel, of Kezar, Col., reports a foot of snow in the Gunnison country the first week of November. He killed two bucks one day and sent the head of one, a grand one, to Mr. J. W. Oswald, of Toledo, O.

On Nov. 26 the river at Edmonton, Alberta, N. W. T., froze hard enough for foot passengers.

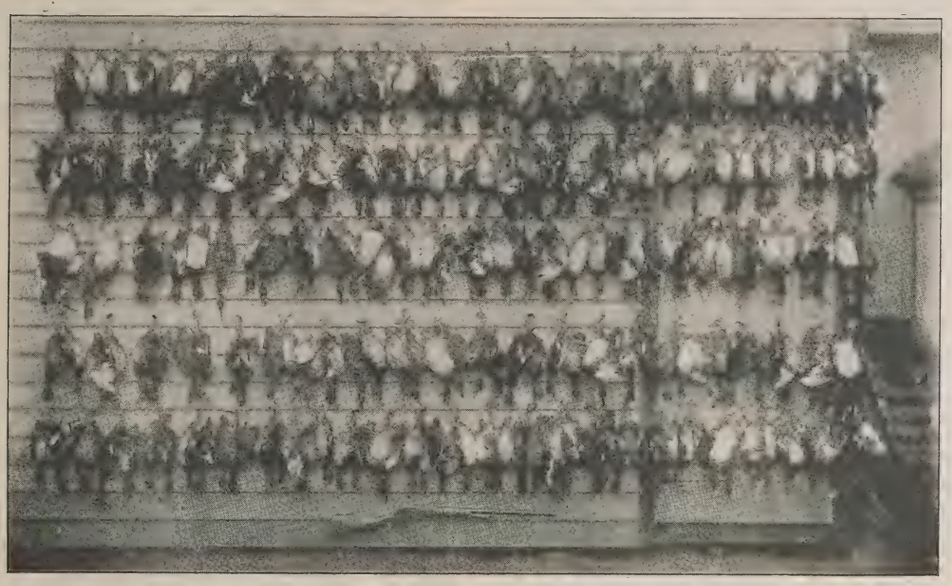
Among the Clubs.

The Swan Lake Shooting Club elected officers at the Great Northern Hotel yesterday afternoon as follows: E. W. Bangs, President; W. C. Nash, Vice-President; Samuel Jewitt, Secretary; S. Mack, Treasurer, and Cummings and G. H. High, directors. The club house is at Henry, Ill.

Representatives of the Tolleston Hunting Club, which is composed of over 100 of Chicago's leading shooters, appeared in court at Crown Point, Ind., Dec. 11, as defendants in the case of the State vs. the Tolleston Hunting Club. The State is endeavoring to secure a clear title to several thousand acres of swamp land in Calumet Township now occupied by the Tolleston Club. The case goes to the Supreme Court for final decision.

Calumet Heights Club had a Thanksgiving turkey shoot and coon hunt. Two foxes were killed one week on the club grounds. The club meeting is held at the Sherman House this week.

Messrs. J. E. Dreudel, Charles E. Erbet and George R. Frankland, all of Chicago, have purchased a tract of land, including a lake, thirty miles from Ellis Junction, Wis. The lake and tributary streams are well stocked with fish. Game is also very plentiful. The intention is to form a club of friends and spend the summer at the place.



A LONG ISLAND MARKET-HUNTER'S HARVEST OF 264 BIRDS IN A DAY.

They Want the Fish.

The Fox Lake *Representative*, of Wisconsin, thinks FOREST AND STREAM too suspicious in advising against the marketing of the fish in the drying lakes near that city. It claims the only intention is to prevent a pestilence in the spring, and so thinks the fish should be killed by dynamite and marketed. "Any way will suit our people," it says, however, "so long as the fish are taken care of and not allowed to rot. If Mr. Hough would come up we could convince him in five minutes there is no suspicious commercial transaction in the deal. We are pleading for the lives of our people."

The fish are not frozen to death yet. The pestilence is not yet a certainty. Yet it is certain that dead fish tell no tales later on.

Personal.

Dr. French, Mr. Frank Burdo Huntington, Mr. Edward Herbert Holmes were among the callers at the FOREST AND STREAM Chicago office the past week.

Mr. Edward Little Rogers, of Kinross road, Boston, was also among the callers at the FOREST AND STREAM Chicago office during the past week.

A Near Thing.

CHICAGO, Dec. 14.—"*Special*" *to Forest and Stream:* Fire broke out at 9 P. M. this (Saturday) evening in the building at 149–151 Wabash avenue, occupied by A. G. Spalding & Bros. The fire was on the fourth floor. It was soon extinguished, not extending to the main floors, where the most valuable sporting goods are kept. The chief damage will be from water. It was an extremely near thing for the entire store and its heavy stock of goods. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Indiana Quail Shooting.

"SAY, Bill, let's go and shoot some quail this evening before the snow goes off."

"I'd like to go, Sam, but you know I can't shoot quail flying."

"Oh! you can shoot them on the ground while the snow is on. I was out this morning and shot eighty-eight in two hours."

"Well, Sam, I thought you was a sportsman, but a fellow that does that I'd call a game hog."

"You may call it game hog if you want to, but I got $8.80 for them, and am going to hunt them as long as the snow lasts."

"Hello, Sam! Bill told me you had good luck this morning."

"Yes, Jim; I went out for two hours; just had 100 shells and shot ninety times; killed eighty-eight birds. I tell you I did some good shooting."

"What did you do with them, Sam?"

"Why, I sold them to H., and he is going to ship them to New York to-morrow."

"Don't you think, Sam, that H. is liable to get in trouble for shipping quail out of the State?"

"Oh, no; he ships them in with rabbits, and the game warden thinks they are just rabbits and lets them go."

This is the way most of our quail freeze in the winter. Give them a chance and they will survive our most severe winters. This one man is not the only one I hear bragging about the number of quail they shot that day when this snow was on the ground.

Our game law should be stricter in respect to shipping quail; then there would not be so much pot-hunting.

J. G. M.

BRUCEVILLE, Ind.

PROTECTION IN MICHIGAN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Michigan seems to be somewhat jealous of her rights to the fast disappearing deer within her borders.

In making the license fee for the resident hunter the paltry sum of 50 cents, while the stranger without her gates is compelled to pay $25 for a like bit of paper, she has followed in the footsteps of Missouri and North Dakota in discriminating against non-resident sportsmen. Personally I do not approve of such legislation. It smacks too strongly of the "What's yours is mine and what's mine is my own" policy. Whether it will put money in her coffers and preserve the deer remains to be seen. The season which has just closed has proved nothing. If one may believe newspaper reports, there were but just two non-resident deer hunters in the State. One of these paid for his license like a little man. It is to be hoped that he killed a deer or two. The other, being of a more daring disposition, concluded to take his chances. How he came out the following extract from the Grand Rapids *Herald* of Dec. 11 will show:

"TUSTIN, Mich., Dec. 10.—Irving J. Lane, a resident of New York State, has reason to believe that the game laws of Michigan are not a farce. He has been tried and convicted on a charge of hunting deer without having secured a non-resident's license, and sentenced to three months in the Hersey jail at hard labor. Thus Mr. Lane will have ample opportunity to compare the sport of hunting deer with that of sawing wood for Osceola county."

I should like to know if this party killed a deer. I confess to feeling a decided sympathy for him—not because he violated the law, however; the law, good or bad, should be respected—and hope that he has something pleasant to remember while he is sawing the wood.

My sympathy is his because he is an outsider and has felt the weight of Michigan justice as administered to all outsiders when they are caught violating the fish and game laws. That there is a strong discrimination against the non-resident in the matter of punishment for violations, the following extract from the same issue of the same paper quoted above will prove:

"ROSCOMMON, Mich., Dec. 10.—Seven fishermen from some of the towns along the F. & P. M., in Clare county, were caught spearing fish in Houghton Lake, Roscommon county, by one of the deputy game wardens and fined $3 and costs."

Three months at hard labor (for the non-resident) for hunting deer without a license! Three dollars and costs (for the resident) for spearing fish! Truly, "the punishment fits the crime" in each case. Great is Michigan justice.

Nor is this an isolated case of severity on the outsiders. I have seen just such in my own county, and have read of many others in different parts of the State. Five dollars and costs is the heaviest fine that has ever been assessed upon the resident violator in this county so far as I know, even in the most flagrant of cases.

Protection is not making rapid strides in this section for reasons which I have stated in these columns before. Most of those who were genuinely interested in it have lost heart. I feel like giving a Semitic shrug myself whenever I hear the word, although continuing to "saw wood" whenever the opportunity presents itself.

But it must be apparent to every man who is in the habit of taking a yearly deer hunt that the deer are rapidly disappearing. I think it safe to say that not half as many deer were killed in this county this season as were killed five years ago. It was a remarkably favorable season for the still-hunter, too, the snows coming early and remaining on the ground. Many hunters attribute their poor success to the fact that they did not dare to run their dogs. Deputy State Warden Brewster and his satellites were known to be near, and that fact had a salutary effect. Still there was a great deal of dogging done. Two or three men in a sparsely settled country like this can guard but a small territory. They might protect a township, but not a county.

It is not the slaughter in the legal season which is so reducing the deer. The "mossback," the Indian, and the man who kills to supply the lumber camps keep right on with their work all winter. Now and then one is caught, but so rarely and with so slight a punishment that the rest of his stripe are not deterred from pursuing their evil course.

It would bankrupt the State to protect the deer by a force of wardens large enough to cover all the deer-inhabited territory. They will be all gone long before "popular education" can accomplish the end. The rank and file care nothing about the deer, and the majority of those who do care are so ignorant and narrow-minded that they consider a deer in the hand to-day worth far more than all they might kill in the years to come.

It may be that I am a pessimist on this subject; it may be that this is, so far as protection is concerned, a dark corner of the State; but I must confess that I see little hope for the preservation of the deer.

I was out deer hunting for a few days this year, and if I can ever find time to reduce my experience to writing may tell your readers about it. F. A. MITCHELL.

MANISTÉE, Dec. 12.

NORTH CAROLINA GAME NOTES.

NEW BERNE, N. C., Dec. 12.—The steam yacht Sybilla, of Philadelphia, with a party of ten sportsmen, came up to New Berne from Pamlico Sound last Saturday and sailed again for Roanoke Island early on Sunday morning. They landed 500 ducks, geese and brant, which were shipped north by express. On Monday Mr. Carroll Winchester, wife and party of seven, from Baltimore, came up from Beaufort with his sailing yacht and left again on Thursday for Bogue Sound. He has rented a house in New Berne for the winter. Mr. A. W. Howkins, wife and family, of Great Barrington, Mass., have winter quarters at the Hotel Chattawka. He puts in his off days on quail. Fayette S. Giles, Esq., and wife, are also guests of the Chattawka. They are recently from Paris, France, where Mr. Giles has had a watch and jewelry establishment for many years. Mr. Giles is well known as the originator and first president of the Blooming Grove Park Association. He is writing a book on "sociology," and divides his time between work and hunting. He scoops anything whatever from quail to bears, but is especially struck on wild turkeys, of which there is a great abundance this season. A train on the Wilmington, Norfolk & New Berne R. R. ran into a large flock the other day, and Captain Pittman shot a big one from the deck of his steamer May Bell while on his regular trip up the Neuse River. Three wild turkeys were shipped north on Monday by a shooting party from Norwich, Conn., who are camping on Catfish Lake. The same outfit captured a fine fox squirrel whose head and fore paws were entirely black. Its tail measured 15in. in length, being 3in. longer than the body. The fine lake wilderness, eighteen miles from New Berne, is becoming much frequented by Northern sportsmen. Joe Ballard and his brother have killed and shipped twenty deer from there within the month. Perhaps a better deer and bear country than this would be on Core Creek and White Oaks River. There is a heavy timber country in there very little frequented. Dr. W. S. Bell and family, of Philadelphia, are at the Chattawka for the winter, and Mr. Compton, of Plainfield, N. J., is at Riverdale, eight miles out, in the center of a good turkey ground.

Pierre La Montague, of New York, was showing a bunch of seven fine woodcock the other day. Woodcocks are quite abundant in certain localities and are very little looked after. N. S. Richardson, job printer, of New Berne, gathers more quail than most any one else. He says they are quite plenty around Grifton, up the Neuse River, reached by steamboat or train. Short trips up river or by rail are quite in vogue by parties who prefer New Berne for permanent headquarters. Messrs. Giles and Howkins speak very highly of the table at the Hotel Chattawka.

C. H.

Wildfowl in Currituck Sound.

VAN SLYCKE'S LANDING, N. C., Dec. 8.—The opening of the shooting season here in Currituck Sound did not promise much sport. The fowl were singularly few, and but little was done by those gunners of the North who sat in blinds on the opening day. Up to about Dec. 1 but little shooting was done, the best score of which I heard being forty birds, all of them common ducks. Up to that time no blackheads, redheads or canvasbacks had been seen.

The change of weather which came about Dec. 1 brought on a lot of birds, and since that the shooting has greatly improved. Bags of fifty, sixty and seventy birds have been made and a good proportion of those shot are widgeons.

It seems evident that the scarcity of birds at the opening of the season was due to the mild weather, and that a little severe cold will drive the birds to us in something like their usual numbers. We shall know more about this, however, by Christmas time.

A number of gunners from the North, members of the clubs owning property on these waters, have been down here, and some of them have had excellent success. No doubt others will visit us during the winter, and the right sort of weather will probably bring them down here in numbers.

Little quail shooting has been done, but the birds are as numerous as ever, and we may expect to have good sport with them later in the season. A. C.

Mr. George W. Naugle killed some pheasants Thursday, and in the craw of one of them was a green snake about a foot long. About half of the reptile was digested, but the other half, including the head, protruded from the gizzard of the bird. Mr. Naugle preserved the gizzard in alcohol, and you can see it if you call at his store. Don't look at it if you value your liking for pheasants.—*Phillipsburg, Pa., Ledger.*

Who Shoots Deer with Bird Shot?

COLD SPRING HARBOR, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One day last month I bought a venison steak in Fulton Market. It was a small round steak, from the hindleg, and in the portion served to me at home there were two fine shot which I judged to be No. 8s. The deer was never killed with the charge that these shot belonged to, for an examination showed them to be but a short distance under the skin, and they were surely not near any vital part. It is evident that some heartless fellow peppered the deer without expecting to kill it; perhaps some wanton boy. I prefer to believe it was a boy, for they shoot at everything, and if there is one thing a boy should not be allowed to have it is a gun. I speak from experience, for I was a boy who roamed with a gun, and killed or shot at every living thing in range or out, from a wren to larger life. Speaking of venison, of which I am fond, there seems to be a scarcity in New York markets of rib chops, which, if fat, I consider the choicest portion of a deer. Dealers say that saddles, long and short, are mostly received, and that carcasses are bought up by restaurants.

FRED MATHER.

Mr. Thorne's Big Bag.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The present wildfowl season on Long Island has been one remarkable, in some ways, one feature being the large numbers of birds that have been seen in some localities.

Some local as well as visiting gunners have secured good day's sport. Among the fortunate local gunners has been Mr. Edwin Thorne, of Babylon, L. I., who on Nov. 23, while shooting from his battery, anchored on Yellow Flats, opposite the town, killed 264 birds. Of this number Mr. Thorne and his helper brought to shore themselves 253. The 264 birds were divided as follows: 249 broadbills, five whistlers, nine coots and one sheldrake. Mr. Thorne used a 10-gauge lever action Winchester repeating shotgun and Winchester Rival shells loaded with black powder. Mr. Thorne having his home near the feeding grounds has a decided advantage over any visiting gunner, and has always taken advantage of the same, and has made many good bags in previous years, but none to compare with the one here recorded. W.

In the Indian Territory.

LOCO, I. T., Dec. 10.—Game with the exception of quail is not so plenty as last season. I have been out three times and have killed six chickens, ten or twelve ducks and forty or fifty quail.

There are no pecans this year, consequently the squirrels are scattered out over the hills instead of along the creeks as usual, which makes hunting them slow work.

L. D. W.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Singing Mouse.

ONE of the most attractive and artistic books of the season is Mr. Hough's "Singing Mouse Stories," just published; but although its mechanical beauties are great, it is not these that will chiefly attract the public. They may no doubt commend the volume to many a purchaser, but that in it which is really valuable is the tender spirit reflected in the stories themselves, which will cause the book to be read and pondered and re-read.

The scheme of the book is attractive. The simple machinery employed is that of a singing mouse, which visits the author and by its song calls up to him memories of happy scenes of long ago, and thoughts on problems of life and death and past and future. These are given in a series of chapters or essays written with so much feeling and so much sympathy as to move and charm the reader. There are sixteen of these chapters, making up the 177 pages of the book, and unconnected by any thread of story save the presence of the Singing Mouse. They touch a wide range of subjects, but through them all runs a deep undertone of love for nature, and in all of them are found sweet and tender pictures, memories of country scenes, of the free wild creatures of fields and woods, of innocent childhood, of manhood tried and true, and of pure and perfect age. All these, under the magic of the Mouse's song, are beheld again as once they were seen through the eyes of youth, unstained by contact with the rough world and unknowing of its evil, and they are softened by a mist of distance which conceals all that was bitter, and intensifies all that was sweet.

Mr. Hough has a touch at once strong and nervous, yet tender and sympathetic. Without effort he strikes, by some simple form of words, that cord which in every human heart is stretched ready to respond, and yet which most writers fail to reach, notwithstanding all their striving, all the elaboration of art. In his writing is found that touch of nature which proves the universal kinship of humanity.

Indeed these stories of the Singing Mouse are worth reading, for in them there is that which appeals to every man and to every woman. With a change of name, or place, or circumstance, the story is the reader's own. They are stories of human things, told in a human way and with a feeling so deep an insight so keen, a sympathy so broad and a simplicity so real, that they move to sadness or to joy, inspire pure thoughts, raise lofty ideals and so give renewed strength and courage to meet life's heavinesses and to fight life's battles. They are prose poems, which, if sometimes they fill us with sadness and regret, also sometimes exhilarate and uplift us. But however they may affect our spirits they make us better.

Mr. Hough, who is a writer, a traveler and a man of business, is also a philosopher, and we shall do well to borrow from him a little of his philosophy. It will be helpful to all of us.

From an artistic standpoint, the "Singing Mouse Stories" are entitled to high praise. In appearance it is altogether a book of the end of the century; clear and handsome as to type, well balanced as to page, and printed on excellent paper. The cover design is most artistic, and shows up well on the green buckram of the binding, while the beautiful marginal thumb-nail illustrations add much to the volume's attractions. Thus these charming pictures are well set off by a handsome frame.

A Stray Shinplaster

Comes to us once in a while for a copy of "Game Laws in Brief;" but shinplasters nowadays are scarcer than Moose in New York; and 25 cents in postage stamps will do just as well.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH, ICE AND AIRHOLES.

Read before the Muscatine Academy of Science, Oct. 22, 1895, by J. P. Walton.

THE destruction of our native fish during the cold weather is getting more general as the country gets older. We learn that during the last winters great numbers of our best fish died in the lakes and sloughs all over Iowa, and especially in this locality. In Keokuk Lake alone I am told that car loads died. It is supposed they were frozen to death. This has gotten to be a common occurrence of late years.

In the winters of 1893–94 and 1894–95 they died in many places where forty years ago they wintered well. In fact, this fatality did not occur forty or fifty years ago. Very rarely did we hear of such an occurrence previous to 1860. It was not because the winters were not severe enough. In the winter of 1843–44 there were seventy-three days of continuous freezing, the ice got to be 3ft. thick on the Mississippi River and in many of the lakes. No fish froze or died that winter. The question is asked, why do they die now and not then? We will answer that the fish die for the want of air. The supply has been cut off during the recent winters and no arrangements have been made to supply them. The fur-bearing animals—the otter, the mink, the beaver and the muskrat—were the great air suppliers. These animals always kept the water opened and made it accessible to air in a limited way, but sufficient for the use of the fish. It is true that while they supplied the fish with air the otter and mink lived on the fish. I think the beaver and muskrat rarely, if ever, touched a fish, but what the otter and mink ate was a small amount as compared to the number that now die for the want of air.

The muskrat is the best friend to the fish. He either lives in a house where he thinks there will be water all the winter or at least where he can reach the water from it at all times, or in the bank, if one can be found steep and the water deep. A muskrat house in appearance resembles a shock of hay from 2 to 3ft. high. They are erected during the autumn months, and the high waters in the spring and summer generally wash them away, hence a new one is built every year. They are built with rushes, roots, grass and mud. If one would cut a house open they will find a nice arched dome, with a raised platform above the level of the water on which the rat resides when not out in the water feeding or gathering food. We know how they look. We have cut open many a one to get the rat after spearing him with a long sharp, one-tined spear through the shell of the house. From their houses they have roads running to other houses and to deep water. To large houses they have three or four of these roads. In the roads the rushes and mud are cleaned out and they are kept in constant use, the rat going to or from the house by no other route. If the roads freeze over with clear ice sufficiently strong to bear a man, these roads make an excellent place to spear the rats through the ice. My brother and myself speared 130 one day in the Big Sand Mound Pond. These roads are white with air under the ice, carried in by the rats, I presume for their own use, and to keep the ice from freezing so hard over the road. This air and the open water at the end, kept in motion by the rat, supplies the fish with air.

It is possible that the rat may feed on the fish if hard pressed, but I think not often. He feeds on the roots and nuts in the bottom of the ponds, and when the water is not frozen, on clams or mussels.

When the water is deep or the bank above the water is steep he digs a hole back into the bank beyond the reach of frost, then he runs another outlet under the surface of the ground into the water, which he always keeps open under the ice, making the same traveled roads with a deposit of air along them under the ice, running from one hole or house to another.

The otter makes his home in the bank like the muskrat and keeps the water open in the same manner, but in place of living on roots and mussels, as the rat does, he lives on the fish that resort there for air.

The mink is a regular pirate. I think he never makes a hole of his own, but uses the muskrat's when he wants a mess of fish. I am not familiar with the beaver. There were but few in this locality.

In shallow ponds where muskrats do not work the fish usually die, while in similar ones with a few rat houses on the side no fish die.

In the early days the muskrat was abundant and had his houses or holes in almost every pond where roots, clams or mussels could be found. It could be frozen almost dry; if the muskrat would stay the fish would live. When the muskrats were abundant, as they were say in 1840 to 1845, one could calculate to find a house or hole in use from every 60 to 100ft. along the shores of all our ponds and sloughs. I think we can place to the credit of the muskrat the preservation of the number of fish we had at an early day in our waters.

In deep ponds, where moss grows in the bottom, a few fish survive the hard winters. The growth of moss, although but slow in the winter, makes some air or oxygen which the fish live on. If a person will go to a pond of this kind in the winter when everything is frozen hard, cut a hole in the ice and drop a hook baited with a live minnow, he will catch a pike if there is one in the pond. The fish in these deep ponds wear hollow places in the under side of the ice which catches the air that rises from the moss. During the past winter one of my acquaintances struck one of these inverted hollow places that had a little air in it and got a fine mess of fish.

It is evident that if we have fish we must take care of them. In connection with the legal protection we now have, we should include set lines. For instance, two parties set a row of poles and lines for six or eight miles along Muscatine Slough. They had over 500 lines each and made a business of it. At one time it was thought they had caught about all the fish in the slough. Also some means should be provided for supplying the fish with air. For the present the supervisors should employ at county expense some one to keep holes open in all ponds or sloughs where the fish are during the exteme cold weather. Or perhaps, better than this, keep a supply of fresh warm air pumped or forced in under the ice. I am inclined to think it would spread out and be more accessible to the fish than a hole of small dimensions, or by adopting a device now in use in carp ponds, which is simply making a muskrat hole with tiling placed below frost. And protect the muskrat, who is a harmless, prolific animal, who if not molested would in a few years help to if they did not entirely take care of the air supply for our fish. They can be easily protected, as they are worthless for anything but their fur; the sale of it could be prevented as easily as the sale of game. The Legislature should make provision for these purposes at the coming session.

One word in regard to the habits and abundance of fish in former years. In the winter, if possible, they gathered in deep holes where there was moss, after the surface of the water was frozen over, and when they began to suffer the want of air they started out to look for it. If a rat hole or springy place was to be found the fish went there. In Muscatine Slough there were several springy places where the ice did not freeze thick and it opened easily. These places are well known to the residents along the slough. For the past fifty years they have been in the habit of cutting holes at these springy places and taking out the fish. Large numbers were taken out during the winter of 1894–95.

We frequently have what we call a January thaw: If this thaw is extensive enough and wet enough to make water run in the slough the fish are safe. They leave these places and do not return again.

In regard to the abundance of fish in former years, I will say that when a person would go along the sloping banks of the river almost any still time in the summer and autumn months he would see the wake of a fish that would weigh from 1 to 10lbs. every two or three rods, all swimming up stream, probably all looking for food. In late years but few can be seen. Fish in those early days grew to great size. I recollect seeing one that Mr. Gilbert caught in the summer of 1838 that weighed 165lbs.

We hardly expect to see them as abundant again, but if they are cared for in this and other States their numbers can be greatly increased with but little expense. We have thought that if the fish were cared for at county expense they would be considered worth something, and would be less liable to be stolen by the net fishermen.

NOTE.—The question was discussed at length by the members of the Academy, and it was the unanimous opinion that the Legislature should provide a way by which the Board of Supervisors or some one else be required to protect the fish by supplying them with air during the cold weather at the expense of the county. Also that the game law be so amended as to protect the muskrat.

HOW THE TYEE FELL.

THE sun was just beginning to paint the eastern sky with broad flashes of crimson and start the fog curls winding up among the firs when I came to the head of the rapid and fastened on a governor and a coachman to start with.

Down at the foot of the swirl I knew I would find the biggest fish in the stream, for I found him there every time I came out, and every time I found him he took a fly away and then laughed at me.

That is, I thought he laughed, for his mouth looked like a grin, and he had a way of turning his side toward you so he could get a better view, and then his mouth looked more like a grin than ever.

I was reasonably sure I could get a fair showing without him, and I didn't mind the loss of a fly once in awhile, so I didn't think much about him this trip. This particular morning the rainbows were lazy and didn't seem to care much whether they got foul of my hook or not, so I didn't get as many as I was figuring on and was a little out of sorts in consequence.

I fished on down toward the foot of the rapid and an idea got loose about that big one I had lost so many times.

I saw him rise once in awhile and I thought I would just sneak up in a quiet way and see what it was he was feeding on this time.

A short time after that I was flat among the bushes looking over at him as he lay in the stream, twisting his broad tail like a screw propeller and balancing on his fins as the water swung him about. He looked big and good enough to eat, so I thought I'd eat him if I could and wondered how I would get his consent.

Then a yellow grasshopper, about a day old, I guess, dropped down on the water, or maybe he didn't drop that far before that big old rainbow met him; any way he went out of sight very suddenly and I concluded the trout was partial to that brand of 'hopper maybe. It didn't take me very long to find another 'hopper about the same size and build and get him comfortably seated on the hook. Then I tossed him down in just about the same way the first one fell, and—do you think the trout was fooled? I should say not. He turned over in a lazy kind of a way and I think he winked his northwest eye, but maybe he didn't. Anyway he didn't want that 'hopper a little bit, and I got a trifle mad about it.

I tossed all kinds of flies to him and he wouldn't look at them, just sulked until I was ready to give him up, and I caught my fly on a limb overhead.

I jerked it to free it and did get it off the limb—and stuck it in the yellow silk top of my old tobacco sack that stuck out of my coat pocket.

Now, an ordinary fisherman would consider that worse luck, but I just gave the hook a jerk and tore a piece of the sack out. Then I dropped the hook and the wind blew it out over the water and I let it blow while I got out the fly-book. Then I laid the rod down and was picking out the right fly when the rod took a start toward the stream and I grabbed it.

That was the exact time I found out that the big trout was on the other end and chuck full of business too.

He took a lot of line out to start with and went to see some relative of his that lived about a mile down stream.

That was a point we could not agree on, so he gave it up and came back. He shot up stream, down stream, across, jumped out in the air, sulked, tried to tangle up with a fallen tree and acted real mean in several ways, but somehow it didn't do him any good that time, and at last I towed him up in the shallow water and flopped him up on the bank. Then I took him a hundred yards or so back into the brush, where I thought he couldn't run back, and I sat down and looked at him. Then I smiled a few times.

After I had looked at him I prospected for the hook and I found it clear down in his stomach.

He was too cute for any kind of a fly or any kind of decent fishing, but that old piece of yellow tobacco sack

had fooled him completely. After I found out what he had done I lost about all the respect I had for him and had a big notion to throw him back—but I didn't. He weighed just 4lbs. and I painted his portrait.

I look at the picture once in a while, and then visions of a new fly of tobacco sack yellow crosses my mind's eye. I would recommend them as just the thing for big rainbow trout in swift water. EL. COMANCHO.

THE OREGON TROUT QUESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your editorial comment (FOREST AND STREAM, Dec. 7) on the construction given our trout law by our courts, whereby any kind of trout may be taken from salt water at any time of the year, and the consequent pernicious results that must necessarily follow such an ignoble, imbecile construction, you suggest that if myself and my allies are shrewd we may yet make a case against some of the trout sellers, and add: "There is one infallible test of these fish as to the source of capture. If the trout have the red spots they come from fresh water, for in salt water the spots are lost."

At the trial of the case before Justice Geisler authoritative evidence was introduced to the effect that the trout in question could not have been taken from salt water for the reason that their spots and markings were bright and as perfect as those of any trout in the upper waters of the Molalla or Clackamas. But the court held that this was only theoretical, while for the defense there was direct and positive evidence that the trout were caught out of salt water with hook and line in the testimony of the party that caught them, and theory must defer to fact. In other words, a lie well stated and supported by the sworn declaration of a man that has neither respect for his own solemn asseverations under oath nor for the country that harbors him and affords him protection and an opportunity to do it mischief will knock out the best of theories—theories susceptible of complete demonstration and in fact already fully demonstrated by the observations, investigations and experiments of earnest, honest, painstaking, capable and conscientious scientists.

Dr. Jordan, in a letter just at hand, points out plainly and forcibly the net results. He says: "If people can catch mountain trout in the Pacific at all times of the year, the day will soon arrive when there will be no trout. Why should they go to the mountains when the ocean is inexhaustible?"

Sorrowfully we are forced to the conclusion that the only way to educate the American people in the matter of protecting fish and game is to exterminate the fish and game. Then, after it is all gone, maybe FOREST AND STREAM and its allies will not be regarded by the general public as such villainous enemies of their rights, liberties and privileges. S. H. GREENE.

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 11.

Nepigon and Saguenay Rivers—Correction and Note.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your compositor is ag'in' me. Otherwise why did he shoot at the vital points in my Nepigon and Saguenay sketch? He made Monsieur Duton out of Monsieur Dutou and thereby crippled my nice little literary trick—for who could translate Duton? Then he fiendishly hunted over the article and made me inform botanists that the gardener developed petals out of the stems of roses, and thus turned up the point of my moral. In all of the rest of the article where a typographical error would have been powerless there were no errors. My kingdom for a Nordau to sic on to that compositor!

It was my intention to add a foot note relative to the color of Saguenay water. When the manuscript was mailed to FOREST AND STREAM I wrote to our Department of Agriculture at Washington and also to the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa asking for an explanation for the dark stain of northern river waters. From Washington I received a brief reply stating that the department had no information on the subject. From Ottawa I received a long personal letter from Secretary H. B. Small, who kindly informed me that no official answer could be given, but that he believed the stain to be caused by the action of tannin. Acting upon this suggestion I at once experimented by adding tannic acid to iron oxide in a weak aqueous solution, and obtained a reaction which gave tannate of iron and a color rather more reddish than that of river water. The next thing naturally was to obtain a tannate of manganese in the same way. This gave a smoky colored water. On mixing the solutions of tannate of manganese and tannate of iron, and allowing the mixture to stand in the light for a couple of days, a precipitate formed, leaving the water stained the old familiar color. From this experiment there seems to be evidence that the stained water streams are colored by tannate of manganese and iron principally, and the explanation looks simple enough, for water percolating through the dead bark of tannin bearing trees would take tannin into solution, and this water percolating through a soil containing manganese and iron would be pretty well loaded with the tannate stain by the time that it had reached a stream. In some unclean streams in peat regions the color is due to vegetable matter in suspension.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

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The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.*

REPORT YOUR LUCK

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To FOREST AND STREAM,

New York City.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

1896.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Jan. 30.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. seventh annual trials. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

Feb. 10 or later.—West Point, Miss.—The Field Trial Champion Association's first trial. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

THE A. K. C. AND CROPPING.

THE matter of cropping and the action which the A. K. C. may take thereon at its meeting this week have evoked much argument for and against cropping. In a general way the arguments advanced in favor of cropping touch all the degrees from fact to much of the fallacious, the irrelevant, the absurd and the immaterial. The arguments against cropping are founded on its cruelty, its uselessness, its harmfulness, its degraded origin, its violation of modern humane sentiments, and possibly its violation of established law, and in respect to the latter the law of New York (Title XVI. of the Penal Code, Sec. 655) reads as follows:

"A person who overdrives, overloads, tortures, or cruelly beats or unjustifiably injures, maims, mutilates, or kills any animal, whether wild or tame, and whether belonging to himself or to another, or deprives any animal of necessary sustenance, food or drink, or neglects or refuses to furnish it such sustenance or drink, or causes, procures, or permits any animal to be overdriven, overloaded, tortured, cruelly beaten, or unjustifiably injured, maimed, mutilated, or killed, or to be deprived of necessary food or drink, or who willfully sets on foot, instigates, engages in, or in any way furthers any act of cruelty to any animal, or any act tending to produce such cruelty, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

"Sec. 669. The word 'animal,' as used in this title, does not include the human race, but includes every other living creature. The word 'torture' or 'cruelty' includes every act, omission or neglect, whereby unjustifiable physical pain, suffering, or death is caused or permitted."

Here at the outset the question is confronted by the set ruling of statutory law, which applies not to the dog fancier alone, but to every human being within the State of New York; and as nearly all States have similar laws, it may reasonably be inferred that the same sentiment which so universally established the law is in force everywhere.

The question then is not one solely between the advocates of cropping on the one side and the opposing canine sentiment and powers on the other; it first is a question whether in itself it is not unlawful under the laws of the land. No doubt the law in specifying justifiable mutilations had in mind those which were materially necessary, as in castrating horses and bulls, etc.; but whether a mutilation, made to gratify a whim or fancy, would be considered justifiable, there is much doubt. In fact, in analogous cases of mutilation to gratify a fancy—that is the docking of horses' tails—everyone knows of its established unlawfulness in most States and the swift punishment which follows conviction.

The A. K. C. is thus placed in the peculiar position of being able to abolish the practice within its jurisdiction, but not able to indorse it without a possibility of running counter to the statutory law; and as the trend of public opinion is toward a more general and stricter observance of the humanities, it is possible that in the future cropping may be specifically unlawful.

Having set forth the broad scope of the question, the seriousness of which is readily apparent, and which strips it of the sentimentalism so liberally charged—though why one man has not quite as good a right to be sentimental as another has to be fanciful is not explained—we will now consider it in its narrower bearings, as set forth by different writers.

First of all, it is maintained by a few advocates of cropping that the matter is one which should be passed on by the specialty clubs of the cropped breeds; that to them properly belongs the jurisdiction in the matter.

On the face of it this seems to be a plausible plea, but on analysis it has not a leg to stand on; for, first of all, the specialty clubs have already passed on the question by their acts, their literature and their usages. Second, any action of a specialty club would have but a limited effect, as it would carry no penalty and would generally be confined to its membership. It would not be representative of public opinion. Type and related matters could very properly be left to the club, but a question of mutilation is one in which the public at large has asserted its interest.

As the scope of a specialty club is necessarily confined to establishing a type and promoting the interests of the breed it adopts and represents, it can have no other than advisory influence outside of the interests of its own breed. Even within its own scope it has no arbitrary powers. For instance, the world at large may accept a specialty club's standard or not, as it deems fit. The specialty club, being a club of individual experts or promoters of the breed, may have the confidence of the people in it as a club, which embodies the highest knowledge and friendly interest toward the breed it champions, and its dicta may be accepted as the highest expositions in respect to such breed, or they may not. The acts of the specialty club may not even be accepted as final by its own members, and if the minority as individuals choose to foster some type differing from the type adopted and set forth by the club, there is no penalty for it. Often the members of a specialty club are few in number, and reside in a small section and form a provincial group, strong in their own environment. As the specialty club is composed of individuals, sometimes few, sometimes many, but never composed of all the individual owners or admirers of the breed, often differing radically on club matters, it will readily be perceived that the acts of the specialty clubs carry no more force with them than the public at large voluntarily concedes.

On a question of cropping, in which all dog fanciers and the public at large are interested, since it involves questions of humanity, the issue if left to a specialty club would be settled by a vote of the members, and as the public thus could not have a voice in the matter the results could not be satisfactory to all.

Specialty clubs do a great deal of good within their province. The only point raised here is that they are confined to too narrow a field to settle questions of common and general interest. To settle a question of humanity on a basis of a fancy for a certain type would not satisfy the humanitarian.

A. K. C. Letters.

In the *American Kennel Gazette* of November, on the subject of cropping, there appear letters from Messrs. Wm. J. Bryson, Chicago; Geo. W. Schenk, Lyons, Iowa; M. R. Fonda, New York; F. P. D. Brereton, secretary of the Bull-Terrier Club; and Clifford Wood, of the Great Dane Club. As these letters embody many of the main points advanced, it may be proper to here consider them.

W. J. Bryson.

Mr. Bryson is well known in the bench show world as an owner of bull-terriers and an active officer of the Mascoutah Kennel Club. He most unreservedly denounces both docking and cropping. He stigmatizes them as senseless and cruel and a relic of barbarism. He says: "This brutal and disfiguring operation is simply the result of ignorance, and introduced by dog fighters. Now, if a man wants to be brutal enough to keep a dog for the purposes of fighting, let him keep his dog in his own circle." He adds: "I am in favor of the A. K. C.'s proposed rules to prohibit the cropping of dogs' ears and hope the same may be passed."

This is from an owner and admirer of the breed, and it dwells not upon the commercial interests at stake, or the value of a morbid fancy, but upon the principles of humanity.

Geo. W. Schenk.

Mr. Schenk misses the real point at issue—that is, the uselessness and cruelty of the custom. He objects to any action on the part of the A. K. C. prohibiting cropping, and adds: "I have at present thirteen great Danes and intended to import a stud dog, but under the circumstances I would be foolish to do so; in fact, I shall quit breeding if such a rule is passed, for great Danes uncropped will not be admired and are unsalable."

As Mr. Schenk's ideas do not concern the matter further than the expansion and contraction of his pocket book, his opinions may be dismissed as being purely commercial and outside of the issue.

M. R. Fonda.

Mr. Fonda, although an owner of a cropped dog, is on record in opposition to cropping. Touching its artistic features, which are made so much of by its admirers, he says: "While I like the appearance of cropped ears better on that breed (great Danes) when well done, I venture to say that in three-quarters of the cases the job is very poorly done. I know the ears of my own dog were miserably cut. That it is a cruel practice goes without saying. Anyone who has seen the poor puppy writhing in agony under the shears, or suffering for weeks afterward with its tender ears, cannot for a moment doubt that. Moreover, the necessity for the operation has almost passed away. It is justifiable only as a measure to prevent laceration in the hunt. I will not consider protection in fight, for any man who fights dogs is not fit to belong to any kennel club. I apprehend opposition to a reform in this matter by bull-terrier and great Dane owners, but trust they will be defeated. But they will soon get used to long ears and their dogs will be the better for it. There are too many men in the dog business for money only, the sooner they are weeded out the better. The true sportsman is ambitious for the welfare of his dogs."

The foregoing and other letters show that there is not a unity of sentiment on the cropping question among great Dane and bull-terrier owners and admirers, and that there are those who tolerate it because it is conventional with a class, yet who personally believe it is cruel and useless. They would oppose it were there a general movement against it. No more valuable testimony of its cruelty could be obtained than that of the owners of cropped dogs, men who know the pain it inflicts.

F. P. D. Brereton.

Next in order is the letter of Mr. Brereton, secretary of the Bull-Terrier Club of America, who, in official behalf of his club, remonstrates against the A. K. C. disqualifying after a certain date dogs which had been cropped, and sets forth their reasons for remonstrating as follows:

"That bull-terriers having been cropped for many years, in fact, ever since the breed has become a fixed one; that in consequence it was unnecessary to pay particular attention to the ear-natural, nor has there been any such recognized; and that natural ears appear of every known description, from the semi-erect bat wing to the pendulous ear of the beagle.

"To disqualify now would be to upset the work of 75 or 100 years. The fact that the English Kennel Club now has this rule in force is an added reason why it should be left alone here for the present, as they have yet to establish the ear, before even breeding, to produce it. If the same task be attempted here there will in all likelihood be two specimens of natural ear evolved, giving rise to endless confusion and wrangling, as it is not likely that all fanciers and breeders will adopt the same ear as desirable to breed to.

"Still further, it is our opinion that in a few generations, if cropping be persisted in, nature, aided by judicious cropping, will stop reverting to such useless and unsightly appendages as most bull-terriers' ears naturally are."

The reasons are badly chosen. If the bull-terrier has been cropped "ever since the breed has become a fixed one," how can Mr. Brereton possibly know "that natural ears appear of every known description, from the semi-erect bat wing to the pendulous ear of the beagle?" Such universal and immemorial clipping of the ears in youth would cut off at the same time all knowledge of their mature forms.

He adds that "to disqualify now would be to upset the work of 75 to 100 years." What work? Clipping ears? He admits that they have established no type of ear. It seems that, instead, it is time to perfect the type of dog and establish a typical ear. If cutting off parts of a dog make a type, then the knife and shears are more potent than breeding.

In "Stonehenge on the Dog," bearing date 1873, on page 167 is stated: "The *points* of the bull-terrier vary greatly in accordance with the degree of each in the specimen examined." That is rather an indeterminate statement as compared to what is claimed by Mr. Brereton for the work of 75 or 100 years.

In the revised edition of Stonehenge, bearing date 1882, n the scale of points ears are valued at 5 out of a total of 100, and it is further stated that the ears are always rimmed for show purposes. At its greatest, the penalty or uncropped ears in those days of cropping was trifling.

Mr. Brereton's prediction that in all likelihood there will be two specimens of natural ear evolved, giving rise o endless confusion and wrangling, is a direct accusation of incompetency against his club rather than a sound plea against cropping. What is a specialty club for? Breeds have been perfected from a much greater diversity of parts than differences of ears, and of the breeds so perfected the bull-terrier is not the least. As for confusion and wrangling, they are irrelevant to the subject.

His last plea, that it is their opinion that in a few generations, if cropping is persisted in, nature if so aided will stop reverting to such useless and unsightly appendages as most bull-terriers' ears naturally are, is not at all easy to understand. What is meant by aiding nature? since cropping is a perversion of nature. Moreover, what is common to a type is not reversion. If he means that in a few years dogs will be bred with ears ready cropped, he ignores the fact that mutilations are rarely inherited. The great Dane has been cropped from time immemorial and still there is no sign of nature deferring to the whims of men.

Mr. Brereton's statement that the English Kennel Club now having the anti-cropping rule in force is an added reason why cropping should be left alone here at present,as the English breeders have yet to establish the ear, is most illogical and inconsequential. After the ear had been established in England, granting that an ear is to be established at all instead of a type of ear, American breeders would have made no progress in the meantime and they would still have before them the task that Mr. Brereton endeavors to evade now. On the whole he has made a most illogical plea, begging the question entirely and evading all discussion of the real issue, its cruelty and its offensiveness to fanciers at large and the public in particular.

Mr. Clifford Wood.

Mr. Wood predicts that if the rule against cropping be passed it would result in the general abandonment of the breeding of great Danes in this country.

It is difficult to imagine that depriving the fancier of the privilege of cutting off his dog's ears should have such far-reaching and serious results. The dog's nobility of character, majestic mien, activity, symmetry, usefulness and fidelity count for nothing as against his ears being cut off. Is the pleasure entirely in owning a mutilated dog? Does this artificial feature of the ears transcend in importance all else combined? The affection for the dog which rests on such a plea has not a very genuine lodgement in the bosom of an owner who advances it. It has more of the flavor of dollars and cents than true sportsmanship.

Mr. Wood further sets forth that "the great Danes imported to improve that breed of dog are imported from Germany and not from England. It is idle to claim that the prohibition of showing cropped dogs in this country will produce any modification of the practice in Germany, where the dog has been cropped from time immemorial. If the proposed resolution prevails no one will import for the improvement of the breed."

So far as what Germany may or may not do in relation to the matter, it is entirely irrelevant and immaterial to the question. When cropping was abolished in England similar pleas and similar interests had to be opposed. Many predictions of dire disaster remain unfulfilled since the dawn of creation.

Mr. Wood states as a fact what he merely holds as an opinion, namely, that if cropping is ruled out by the A. K. C. no one will import for the improvement of the breed. No one can possibly know that. The implication, however, is that all great Danes are ruled out of competition and all incentive to improvement is at an end; in fact, a universal destruction of interest comes because an owner can not cut off his dog's ears and force the mutilated animal upon those who disapprove of it.

Mr. Wood rather dramatically asks, by way of peroration: "Do the members of the A. K. C. wish to legislate the great Dane out of the country? If so, pass the resolution and kill great Dane interests; if not, kill the resolution."

That is entirely a perversion of the issue, as the whole argument presented by Mr. Wood is a begging of the question. He evades the main issue—the cruelty of the custom. Show that the custom isn't harmful and cruel, and the matter ends.

This in the main treats of those who have letters in the *Gazette*.

James A. Lawrence.

Mr. Lawrence, who is noted as a breeder and owner of great Danes, presents a letter in support of cropping—a letter in which all logic and consistency is thrown to the winds. He uses contradictory terms in the same breath and appears to be charmingly unconscious of it. He describes the manner and conditions of cropping: "Clear, cool or cold weather, cocaine hypodermically injected into the ear, dressings with Friar's balsam and carbolated vaseline every other day for eight or ten days, the puppy in the meantime being kept in a well ventilated and comfortably warm room." How many men observe all these conditions? Mr. Lawrence says: "At no time during the dressing of a sore ear will a young puppy ever make much effort to get away or show any perceptible sign of pain."

He has a "sore ear," but unlike cases of other sore ears in general the puppy shows no sign of pain. This statement is in marked contrast to that of Mr. Fonda quoted before. All the conditions mentioned by Mr. Lawrence would apply equally well to the cutting off of a leg, or docking a horse, and if done with knife or scissors, cocaine, and afterward dressed well, it would be "sore," not painful. He adds: "Ear cropping, as done to-day by those thoroughly understanding it, is among the minor cruelties imposed upon the dog," First it was "painless," then "sore," now we have got so far as a "minor cruelty" when practiced by those who thoroughly understand it! And what is it when done by those who do not thoroughly understand it? Yet almost in the next breath he adds: "I have no hesitancy in saying ear cropping is not necessarily a painful or inhuman operation." No, it is a painless "minor cruelty." He mentions with irrelevancy, as it happens, that he once owned a St. Bernard bitch which had canker, and of the hundreds of great Danes he owned he never had a case of canker; therefore, cut off a dog's ears and he will not have canker—not in the part cut off.

Mr. Lawrence then cites the practice of dehorning Jersey cattle which are "wicked" to each other—a most convincing argument that a dog's ears should be cut off to please his owner's artificial standard of beauty. Then he mentions that he saw a man training a setter afield—first the man whipped the dog, then he shot him for flushing, inflicting a painful wound.

The inhuman acts of one man or several men are reasons why such acts should be suppressed instead of citing them as being acts of greater cruelty to justify the minor cruelties. It is not logical to assume that the minor cruelties should be approved because greater cruelties exist. But as Mr. Lawrence plainly had no perception of the true question at issue, and was striving awkwardly to prove what he wished to establish, it is but a natural consequence that he should be unable to make a correct interpretation, and should be inconsistent throughout.

Then Mr. Lawrence says: "If the object of the American Kennel Club is to lessen the suffering of the dog by prohibiting one custom practiced on three or four breeds, what will they do with a custom so broad, disastrous and cruel as exhibiting is to dogs? For what can possibly be more cruel than to put a dog (and often four or five) in a hamper or box and take them long journeys from one show to another, in an overheated car one minute and on a truck perchance in a piercing cold wind the next minute; handled by strangers, after suffering for many hours from want of food and water"—and so on with an exaggerated picture of what might possibly happen if an owner sallied forth with special intent to impose every possible hardship on his dog. With all the exaggerated striving for effect, but conceded as good for the sake of argument, the hardships enumerated are incidental to a journey in striving to accomplish a useful purpose. The owner himself may suffer many of the hardships enumerated; but unavoidable discomforts are distinctly different from deliberate and willful mutilation of the dog, and are entirely irrelevant in that relation.

Mr. Lawrence continues: "Thus the unfortunate canine, born more handsome than rich, undergoes dog show hardships, rough-tracked chases, thorny hunts, the pit, and other cruelties without number, all for the fancies and pleasures of man." Such a jumble of cant is rarely seen. "Rough-tracked chases" afford the greatest delights known to dog nature, and thorny hunts (of course all hunts are thorny!) are no less to his pleasure. Left to his own choice, the dog often goes hunting voluntarily, and sometimes in his enjoyment of it remains away for days. "The pit" is abhorred by all true fanciers, is unlawful, and is confined to a very small class; but Mr. Lawrence calmly groups dog show hardships, rough-tracked chases, thorny hunts, the pit and "other cruelties without number" as being in the same class, all being presented as good reasons why the small matter of cutting the dog's ears off should be added thereto; for the implication is that if the dog suffers cruelties without number, the addition of a "minor cruelty" is of no consequence, the more so as that cruelty is "painless."

J. H. H. Maenner.

Mr. Maenner somewhat summarily disposes of the matter by saying that "the breeders of those kinds of dogs whose ears are cropped would, as dog fanciers, doubtless discontinue the practice of cropping if it would be a torture to their pets, and they ought to and do know more about that business than other people. It is a good maxim that all persons should mind their own business." (See Section 655, Title XVI., of the Penal Code, which shows that people in New York will not mind their own business. See other penal codes also.)

He further remarks: "In a treatise on the great Dane, written by me for 'The American Book of the Dog,' published in 1891, I stated several views on the cropping of great Danes as follows: 'The ears of the German *dogge* are generally cropped because it gives the head a bolder and livelier expression and appearance. In England, however, a strong opposition prevails against the cropping of the ears of any breed, and the wish of the Queen of England, as well as the exertions made by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to put a stop to this so-called cruelty, may be of no little consequence.'"

Why did the S. P. C. A. exert itself? Why did not they mind their own business?

He continues: "The Queen of Würtemburg, who visited the exhibition at Cannstadt, 1889, expressed also a wish, when admiring the beautiful German *dogges*, that the ears might be left to them just as God created them. The French, on the contrary, do not want a *dogge* with uncropped ears, and a German sporting paper, *Hunde-Sport*, remarked not long ago: 'There is danger that America will follow the example of England. We in Germany do not crop the ears of our *Hatzrude* since the day before yesterday; our ancestors did so centuries ago, and if it will be admissible to draw a general conclusion from a Greek coin, the cropping of ears was customary 2,000 years ago, and neither England nor America will alter it."

The Greeks had a number of customs which we do not imitate or approve at this day.

He continues: "The same paper had in its issue of Jan. 22, 1890, the following: 'We have been informed that in two cases owners of young *dogges* were indicted by societies and fined for cropping the ears of dogs. Should any one of our readers be fined on that account he is requested to enter protest against it, and to ask us to name him two experts who are ready to declare under oath that the non-cropping of ears was the cause of continual suffering in the ears, so that the cropping had to be performed in advanced age. Not the cropping of the ears is tormenting, but their remaining uncropped. We are convinced that on such evidence the parties indicted will be acquitted.'"

Undoubtedly that was a day of hard swearers.

Mr. Maenner is not quite so explicit in his recent communication as he was in his article in "The Book of the Dog," for he added after the above quotation: "On the other hand, experts spoke and wrote against the fashion of cropping ears. Professor Weiss, of the Veterinary College at Stuttgart, says in the book, 'The Dog, his Qualities, Breeding and Treatment in Healthy and Sick Condition': 'The operation of cropping ears consists in a tormenting for the sake of satisfying a nonsensical taste; besides, according to the opinions of the greatest dog fanciers, the dog looks, in his natural condition, much better than after squandering any cruel art upon him; moreover, the consequences of this useless mutilation do not cease when the ear is healed. The irritation caused by it often has an injurious effect on the internal ear and frequently deafness is the result.'"

Mr. Maenner supplements this by saying: "Not a few dog fanciers affirm that the exterior ear of the dog, being movable, prevents the free entrance of insects, dust, rain, snow, hail, etc., protects against the changes of temperature, assists the animal in catching the sound waves and thereby renders the sense of hearing more acute."

Then he sums up by saying: "Thus we see the opinions of experts as well as of fanciers differ and are diametrically opposite with reference to the cropping of ears."

It would seem further that even in Germany there were people who heeded not the maxim that all persons should mind their own business.

The editor of "The American Book of the Dog," Mr. G. O. Shields, in an editorial foot note said: "I wish to record here a most earnest and emphatic protest against cropping, docking or otherwise mutilating dogs of any breed. In my judgment these practices are cruel and useless, and the taste or notion that fosters them is erroneous."

In the scale of points which Mr. Maenner gave he treated the ears as follows: "Ears very small and greyhound-like in carriage when uncropped; they are, however, usually cropped." Here Mr. Maenner recognizes uncropped ears.

Thus it will be seen that the admirers of the cropped breeds are not a unit in advocating cropping, while society at large has uttered a warning in its statutory laws. The strongest admirers of cropping admit its cruelty in a more or less direct manner, and that it serves no purpose other than to please the eye which is trained to an artificial standard of beauty.

The Jurisdiction of the A. K. C.

Let us now consider the powers of the A. K. C. in so far as they relate to the subject. It is national in the scope of its jurisdiction, and each of its members is an organized body formed on certain requirements concerning purposes and competition. The clubs in the confederation, through their delegates, make laws and determine the action of the central body. Writers too often assume and set forth that A. K. C. legislation has an arbitrary and exclusive source within the four walls of the A. K. C. office. Nothing could be more mistaken. Every club within the Association has a right to representation, and the acts of any meeting are the acts of the delegates present. If any club neglects its right to representation, its own negligence is not a just cause of complaint, and it cannot justly complain of any legislation in which it was too negligent to take part. If a number of clubs neglect to send delegates, the cumulative negligence forms no just ground for fault finding with those clubs which did take action.

As the jurisdiction of the A. K. C. is over bodies which are public, and whose mission is the improvement of the dog through public competition and exhibition, it can exercise the powers with which it is clothed for the general good of all its members. While it may not be able to enforce direct and positive punishment for any infraction of its rules if an offender objects to the punishment, it can enforce a negative punishment by refusing all participation to this offender in its membership and benefits. Its legislation is not for the benefit of a class; it is for the benefit of all concerned.

Should, therefore, the A. K. C. decide that cropping is harmful or obnoxious to the majority and the general good, it does not thereby abolish cropping, but it abolishes it from its jurisdiction.

The voices of those who have an interest in the general competition is to be heard with as much consideration as the voices of those who are in favor of cropping, and if the majority considers that cropping is a cruelty—so obnoxious that they do not care to compete against or be identified with dogs so mutilated—they do not transcend their powers when they do so rule.

In the rules governing bench shows, rules VIII. and IX., castration, spaying, total blindness, deafness or lameness absolutely disqualify. The power to make this ruling is indisputable; the matter of cropping is of like character for ruling if the A. K. C. chooses to take cognizance of it.

If cropping is abolished in A. K. C, shows it in no wise deprives an owner of the pleasure of keeping as many cropped dogs as he chooses. He can hold shows of his own or with those who will join him if he so pleases. It, however, leaves all specialty clubs free to act as they choose; they can indorse cropping or abolish it. The A. K. C. can only act within its jurisdiction, and within that it has powers to act, for it would be an absurdity to assume that a central governing power has not the necessary power to take necessary action.

Cropping.

As to the merits of the case, it is easily understood that though cropped ears may please an eye long accustomed to an artificial standard of beauty, they may and do offend the sense of humanity of many others. If the humanitarians are so numerous that their members are in a majority, and their sentiments so earnest that they will force an issue in the matter, there is no good reason why the majority should not rule

The plea that the changes would prove destructive to the interests of the breed is not to be entertained for a moment. It rests entirely upon an assertion, *ex parte* at that. When a standard is more or less conventional, made so in part by mechanical means, thus being more or less artificial, it is not difficult to modify it. In this case it is only whether a dog's ears shall be cut off or not. If any fanciers retire from the field because their favorites, in their mutilated form, do not meet the recognition of those who object to the mutilation, there may be others who will come to the support of the breed—others who now may hold aloof for humane reasons.

As to the action taken in England against cropping, there is no possibility of misunderstanding it by the unprejudiced. It is simply one of the acts which come into tangible being in all civilized countries when the causes become of sufficient importance to interest the general public. It is in keeping with the better sentiments of humanity.

To sum up, the custom has the sanction of relatively a handful of individuals, whose fancy for it is correspondingly small as against the general opinion of fanciers at large and of the general public.

The specialty clubs which have the interest of the

cropped breeds in charge undoubtedly should receive every deference on matters of type, if they have the confidence of the fanciers they claim to represent; but mutilation is not a part of a type. It is a matter in which all claim an interest. As the specialty clubs contain but a handful of members as compared to the members of society at large, and therefore those clubs would have but a corresponding handful of opinion, they could not possibly pass on a measure of general public interest as a representative body of the public.

Moreover, the members of the specialty clubs and the owners of the cropped breeds are not a unit in its favor. Many of them admit that it is cruel, and some tolerate it because it is conventional with the majority of their special fellow fanciers. In Germany, the home of the breed, it has its earnest opposition, as will be noted by Mr. Maenner's writings, which are hereinbefore quoted and which are admissions from an advocate of cropping.

Cropping having been abolished in England by the canine powers, does not prove that it is useful to practice it here. On the contrary, America, being civilized, should not be behind any country in the world in a sincere observance of the humanities.

The plea that cropping should not be abolished because there are greater cruelties practiced is too absurd to treat seriously. Admit it as sound, and all law is abolished. Nor does the plea that it has been a custom from time immemorial carry any weight; for if it is admittedly a cruel practice, the plea of antiquity merely calls attention to the fact that it has been a cruelty from time immemorial. Furthermore, many customs which once were cited as being immemorial have been thrown into the ash barrel of the past, and the rejection of the objectionable is what makes progress.

The claim that it improves the dog's appearance is merely the claim of those who by long association and education have come to look upon the artificial changes in the dog's appearance as parts of the real dog. Those who fancy the cropped dogs are not debarred from that pleasure by any act of the A. K. C., if it should bar cropped dogs from its shows. A fancier who will not own a dog because he cannot have the pleasure of owning it cropped, and at the same time force his fancy on those who object to cropping, cannot have any genuine affection for the nobility and intrinsic worth of the breed. The plea of its beauty at best is not well taken, as it originally was not practiced as a measure by which to improve the dog's appearance. The practice outlived its material purposes, but the eye of many became habituated to it, and with many habit is as strong as nature.

These remarks apply alike to other unnecessary forms of mutilation when they are practised for the purpose of gratifying a fancy.

W. K. C. Bench Show Judges.

NEW YORK.—Following are the names of the gentlemen who have kindly accepted our invitation to judge at the coming show; premium lists will be ready for distribution next week:

Mastiffs, St. Bernards, bloodhounds, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, English foxhounds, collies, old English sheep dogs, poodles, bulldogs, bull-terriers, fox-terriers, Irish terriers, Scottish terriers, Bedlington terriers, pugs, toy spaniels and miscellaneous—Mr. George Raper, Sheffield, Eng.

Great Danes, American foxhounds, Basset hounds and dachshunds—Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Pointers—Mr. Jas. L. Anthony, Netherwood, N. J.

English and Gordon setters—Mr. Wm. Tallman, Plainfield, N. J.

Irish setters—Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H.

Irish water, clumber, field and cocker spaniels—Mr. Andrew Laidlaw, Galt, Ont., Can.

Beagles—Mr. W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass.

Boston terriers—Mr. W. C. Hook, Boston, Mass.

Black and tan, white English, Yorkshire, toy, Dandie Dinmont and Skye terriers, whippets, Italian greyhounds and schipperkes—Dr. H. T. Foote, New Rochelle, N. Y.

JAMES MORTIMER, Supt.

Mascoutah Kennel Club.

THE premium list of the Mascoutah Kennel Club is ready for distribution and can be obtained by addressing the Mascoutah Kennel Club, 952 Monadnock Building, Chicago. As is a feature of this club's prize list the specials are numerous and valuable. The specialty clubs are materially in evidence also. Mastiffs, St. Bernards, setters and collies, in challenge classes for dogs and bitches respectively, have $15 to first, $10 to second; in open classes, dogs and bitches respectively, $15, $10, $5 and $3; puppies, $5 and $3. The prizes in other classes range from $10 in challenge, and $10, $5 and $3 in open classes, to $5 and $3 in some of the breeds which are not strong in bench show numbers. Entry fee $3. Entries close February 16. All express companies will return free to point of origin all dogs that will be sent to Chicago over their lines on which charges have been paid at time of shipment, providing ownership remains unchanged. Geo. H. Hill, superintendent. This show is one of the great annual events in the canine world, and it is worthy of the attention and support of all fanciers.

City of the Straits Kennel Club's Show.

DETROIT, Dec. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The City of the Straits Kennel Club has claimed March 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1896, as the dates for its fourth annual bench show. The club will also hold a show for dogs owned in Wayne county, Mich., and Essex county, Ontario, on Dec. 20 and 21. This will be purely a local show, the idea being to give resident enthusiasts a chance to find out the relative merits of their favorites without compelling them to run up against the cracks going around the grand circuit. Our new officers are: Geo. M. Hendrie, President; W. Howie Muir, First Vice-President; Guy D. Welton, Second Vice-President; Arthur D. Welton, Secretary; Chas. F. Backus, Treasurer; A. T. Knowlson, Ed. Wiles, R. Humfreyes Roberts and T. C. Ouellette, Directors.

ARTHUR D. WELTON, Sec'y, C.S.K.C.

We are indebted to Mr. W. H. Mullins, Salem, O., for a photograph of a sheet copper statue of a setter dog. Also for a photograph of a group of statues, also made by him, for the Cotton States and International Exposition Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Meeting of the American Spaniel Club.

A MEETING of the executive committee of the American Spaniel Club was held at the residence of Dr. S. J. Bradbury, 110 East Twenty-second street, New York, on the 10th inst. Present, E. M. Oldham, President; R. P. Keasbey, Secretary; S. J. Bradbury, Treasurer; James Watson and Marcel A. Viti. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The following resolutions were carried.

That the annual meeting be held on Thursday, Feb. 20, 1896, at 4 P. M., at Madison Square Garden, and that the club hold their annual dinner on that evening, and that the following be the committee or arrangements: E. M. Oldham, R. P. Keasbey and S. J. Bradbury. That the following club cups, etc., be offered for competition at the New York show in February next:

The Whitehead trophy (value $50) for best cocker stud dog with two of his get.

The Bell cup (value $30) for the best brace of other colored cockers.

The Smith trophy (value $150) for the best other than black cocker spaniel.

The American Spaniel Club trophy (value $100) for the best cocker.

The American Spaniel Club trophy (value $100) for the best field spaniel.

The Saybrook trophy for best American-bred field spaniels.

The Brace Challenge Bowl (value $200) for best brace of American-bred spaniels over 28lbs.

It was also resolved: That we instruct our delegate to the A. K. C. to vote to lay the question of cropping on the table, and if the matter comes to a vote to refrain from voting, and to request the secretary to so record him.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Henry Lacy, late of Manchester, England, father of the celebrated writer and editor, Mr. H. W. Lacy, died on Dec. 12, in New York city, and was interred in Woodlawn Cemetery. He was well known to the dog fanciers of the Old World and the New. Our sympathies are extended to his family in their bereavement.

The entrance fee for the local show of the City of the Straits Kennel Club is 50 cents. Challenge, open, novice and puppy classes will be made for dogs and bitches. Entries should be addressed to Arthur D. Welton, secretary, 25 Larned street, West, Detroit. The act of the club in giving local exhibitors encouragement and opportunity is worthy of high praise.

Mr. W. E. Warner, manager of Mr. Gould's kennels, has received very favorable accounts of the dogs' performances from Mr. Armstrong, who is at Pheba, Miss., giving the dogs their winter training.

Dr. G. G. Davis's faith in the Irish setter has brought forth material results, as will be seen by our report of the Philadelphia Kennel Club's Members' Stake last week. It is gratifying to note that the Doctor's plucky competition and honest enthusiasm are reaping success.

The following is the list of officers elected by the National Fox Hunters' Association at its recent meet at Owingsville, Ky.: President, Dr. Wash Miller; First Vice-President, A. B. F. Kinney; Second Vice-President, Hayden C. Trigg; Third Vice-President, Roger D. Williams; Directors, W. S. Walker, Walter Rice, A. Ware, G. W. C. Gregg, R. H. Pooler, W. C. Huffstetter, Col. A. W. Hamilton; Secretary and Treasurer, F. J. Hagan, of Louisville, Ky.

In a personal letter, dated Dec. 7, Mr. W. W. Titus mentions that "Mr. Geo. Richards has settled at Vinton, Miss., for the winter, and has room for a dog or two to train. W. H. Hammond, of the Eldred Kennels, arrived in Mississippi after many vexatious delays through getting mixed up in the crowd going and coming to the Atlanta Exposition, and he is now located near West Point. Chas. Tucker and son and N. B. Nesbitt came on with him, the former going to Stanton, Tenn., the latter's home. The Messrs. Young are making the foxes hustle these days. Last Thursday and Friday they had some big races, having a pack of twenty-two dogs, all of which were in the chase. As a negro by the name of George Washington would say, 'They made the welcome ring.' It is raining here to-day in the regular old Mississippi greasy style, making no fuss, but just raining. Up to date there has been less rainfall than common, but I expect that from now on it will come in broken doses."

In our advertising columns this week will be found the announcement of the Championship Stake of the Field Trial Champion Association, to be held at West Point, Miss., on Feb. 10, 1896. This stake has evoked much interest among sportsmen, and if the results are the success that its organizers and promoters have reason to believe they will be, the stake undoubtedly will be a permanent fixture.

We have received from the author a copy of "The American Foxhound," a new contribution to kennel literature, which we will take pleasure in reviewing next week.

Here is an extract from the lady's letter which I commend for its downright and unalloyed straightforwardness and business-like tenor: "My dog does not require any cheap advertisements. In place of wasting £5 to £20 on a challenge I would advise a stud advertisement, which would do more good and save a considerable sum." —*Our Dogs.*

The world do move, as the following from a St. Louis paper will show:

"A. E. Flickenger, a prominent citizen of Burrton, Kan., believing that the tax of $1 on his pups was unjustly assessed, refused to pay the amount and was sent to jail. His friends secured several hundred signatures to a petition to the City Council asking that body to repeal the ordinance under which the tax had been assessed and the penalty imposed. A special session of the Council was held last night and speeches were made in support of the petition. The ordinance was repealed and a committee of business men, armed with an order for his release, waited on Mr. Flickenger at the jail and escorted him to the principal hotel, where he was given an elaborate banquet. Speeches were made extolling the prisoner for his heroism in accepting martyrdom for a principle."

Mr. J. B. Stoddard, in a personal letter, writes that he arrived safely at West Point, Miss., and will locate at a convenient point within easy distance of the trials to be run at West Point in a few weeks. He mentioned tha birds were reported plentiful.

Yachting.

Practical Yacht Designing.

IT can hardly be said that any pressing need exists of treatises on naval architecture and of its application to the designing of yacht and boats; any deficiency in this direction has long since been made good by the standard works of several well-known writers. For those who can afford the expense of several rather costly works, and the time necessary to their careful study, there is no lack of practical and reliable information; but the inquiries which we constantly receive from the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM prove that there are many to whom, for one reason or another, the existing works, extensive and thorough as they are, must be practically sealed books. There has been for some years a growing demand for a simple treatise on practical yacht designing, presenting the subject in a way that may be readily understood by anyone of ordinary intelligence and possessing a desire to learn and a knowledge of arithmetic.

With the first number of the coming year the FOREST AND STREAM will begin the publication of a series of articles designed to meet this demand, the author being Mr. W. P. Stephens, for the past twelve years in charge of the Yachting and Canoeing Departments of the paper. Mr. Stephens is specially qualified for this task by his long experience as an amateur designer and builder, and as a critical and technical writer on yachting; and by his close intercourse through the FOREST AND STREAM with those for whom the work is specially intended. His personal experience as an amateur designer and builder dating back to a time when text-books on these subjects were unknown, have shown him what the amateur and the tyro want to know and his later work at building, designing and writing has fully qualified him to teach what he has learned. His book on "Canoe and Boa Building for Amateurs," though written in 1883, is still recognized as the standard work on small craft; and within its limited scope a thorough text-book of the subject.

The new work will cover a much wider field; the designing of pleasure craft, from canoes and boats up to such sizes of yachts proper as would be likely to engage the attention of the amateur. The same methods will be followed as have proved so successful in "Canoe and Boat Building," the thorough presentation of the leading principles and the elaborate attention to these details, apparently trivial, which are essential to success in any mechanical work.

The opening chapters will deal first with the object of designing—the production of some sort of floating vessel—the means to this end from the first consideration of the conditions of the particular case to the turning over to the builder of the drawings, specifications and tables of offsets. The many intermediate steps will be treated of in detail, the first considerations, the selection of the class, the principal dimensions and the elements of the design, the tools, materials and work of drawing, the calculations and the specifications. The articles will be fully illustrated, and will continue through the year to such a length as the subject demands.

ONCE again has Lord Dunraven been the victim of most unwarranted interference on the high seas. On Dec. 11, as he had announced, the Earl boarded the White Star steamer Germanic at Liverpool with the intention of proceeding to New York to take part in the inquiry of the special committee in the matter of his charges against Mr. Iselin. When off Crosby Lightship, at the mouth of the Mersey, and in a dense fog, the Germanic was interfered with by the Glasgow steamer Cumbrae, Capt. Blair, bound in to Liverpool. The Cumbrae struck herself nearly beam on against the Germanic's bow, forcing herself on to it for a distance of 14ft., and disabling the latter steamer so badly that she was obliged to abandon the voyage. A perfect panic ensued among the frantic rabble of Anglo-Gaelic excursionists on the offending steamer. Lord Dunraven escaped personal injury, and as his captains and crew were not with him their lives were not imperilled. After the Cumbrae's passengers and crew were taken off the Germanic backed away and the Cumbrae rapidly sank. The bows of the Germanic were stove in for a distance of 20ft. above the waterline, and she anchored, her passengers being returned to Liverpool by tugs.

THE Royal Yacht Squadron has distinctly disowned all responsibility for Lord Dunraven's latest action, leaving him to answer personally to the New York Y. C. We are by no means certain that under the circumstances the New York Y. C. has not a perfect right to disregard Lord Dunraven personally, and to look to the Squadron to defend its representative; but as the club has elected to take a different and more direct course, no more need be said on this point. It is, however, as we believe, desirable in all negotiations for international matches to increase the responsibility of the club which vouches for a challenger; the negotiations being made, as far as possible, between the two clubs, and not between the defending club and the challenger as an individual.

It is quite evident that the Squadron is by no means out of the whole matter; as in the event of Lord Dunraven's charges being clearly disproved, the New York Y. C. would still have good grounds for looking to the Squadron for some official condemnation of its representative for making such serious accusations.

IN speaking of the various challenges for the Seawanhaka cup in 1896, the *Yachting World* remarks: "We must say that we do not consider the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. are treating Mr. Brand too well. If he is really willing to undertake another trip in quest of the cup and is again backed by the Minima Y. C., we think he ought to have first claim to a race." In answer to this it may be said that over two months have elapsed since the finish of the races, and yet nothing more than a most informal statement that he would challenge if he could arrange a syndicate and secure again the indorsement of the Minima Y. C. has been received from Mr. Brand. Ample time has elapsed for a communication from the Minima Y. C., but none has been received, and in the meanwhile other *bona fide* challengers have some rights in the matter.

No news has yet been received as to Lord Dunraven's future movements. He did not sail on the Umbria on Dec. 14, as did some of the passengers of the Germanic, but returned to London. The special committee had arranged to begin the inquiry on Dec. 20, but has postponed the opening to Dec. 27. Capt. Haff has been to Deer Island to

secure the attendance of some of Defender's crew. A late dispatch states that Lord Dunraven will sail on Dec. 19 on the Teutonic.

It is now understood that the inquiry will be held in the model room of the New York Y. C. house, and will be private, not even members of the club being admitted. We are surprised that, in view of the importance of the matter abroad, the committee has decided to make the inquiry private. The interests of the defense, which presumably has nothing to conceal, demand the fullest publicity throughout the entire proceedings, and there should be nothing in the evidence which in the interest of either side must be suppressed or concealed from the public. The press at least should have full liberty to attend and report the proceedings. Without questioning the good faith and good judgment of the Cup committee in failing to make public on the instant Lord Dunraven's first charges, it is evident that had this been done the matter could never have assumed its present serious phase.

Boucanier.

ONE-RATER, 1895.

The accompanying design was made last summer by Capt. Henry E. Bayly for a shoal-draft one-rater under the Y. R. A. rule; but the yacht was not built. Under the classification adopted with the new Y. R. A. rule (the new limit being 24ft. racing length) she would be outclassed by craft specially designed for the rule. The design promises a fast boat of the extreme shoal type in the 20ft. or 15ft. class in this country, and we hope that some of those now intending to build in the latter class may be induced to test it next season. The two scales give dimensions for both 20-footer and 15-footer. As a one-rater, the boat would be 18ft. l.w.l., with a displacement of about 1,350lbs., or, crew, 450; knife plate, ¼in. steel, 100; hull, rig, etc., 800.

We have shown a waterline of 18ft. 3in. as a 20-footer, which would allow a sail plan of 470sq. ft., a large area, but the boat would carry it in ordinary summer racing, with three good men on the weather side. If made of bronze, the centerboard might be $^{5}/_{16}$in. thick. The waterline of the 15-footer is 14ft 7½in., allowing 237sq. ft. of sail; but the sections might be spaced sufficiently closer to make the waterline 14ft., with 256sq. ft. of sail, under which the boat should be very fast. There are two bulkheads, as shown, and a small well. The rudder is fitted in a trunk through which it may be lifted out in beaching. The dimensions are:

	20ft. Class.		15ft. Class.	
	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.
Length over all	22	7	28	1½
l.w.l.	14	7⅛	18	2⅛
Overhang, bow	3	10	4	9½
stern	4	1½	5	1½
Beam, extreme	6	5	8	
l.w.l.	5	10⅛	7	4
Draft, hull		4		5
with board	5		6	2
Freeboard, least		8¼		11
bow	1	3½	1	7½
stern		11¼	1	2¾
Centerboard, length	5		6	2
width	1	8	2	1
thickness		1¼		$^{5}/_{16}$
Sail area, sq ft	237		470	

Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

A special general meeting of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, to receive the report of a special committee on classification and measurement, was held on the evening of Dec. 11, at the Windsor Hotel. The report strongly urged the adoption of the present Seawanhaka rule for the measurement of all the club's fleet excepting such rigs as can not be readily measured by formula, in which case the actual sail area, as nearly as it can be ascertained, to be taken. It recommends also the establishment of a fixed crew limit for each class, and a reclassification of the smaller boats in the fleet by the abolition of the present 21ft. and 18ft. racing length class, and the creation of a 20ft. class with a three-man crew limit, and of a 15ft. class with a two-man crew. The report was adopted, and all the changes it recommended were duly legalized.

The correspondence with the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., in reference to the club's challenge on behalf of G. H. Duggan for the 15ft. trophy, was submitted to the meeting and provoked much enthusiasm. Mr. James Ross offered to present the club with three substantial prizes for the first, second and third boats in a series of races for 15-footers during the coming year. The steam yacht members of the club also offered a first and second prize, to be given to the winners either in the 20ft. or 15ft. class, as the club should provide. It has been the custom in the past for the executive committee to appoint a sailing committee at its first meeting after election in February, but in view of the 15ft. challenge, and the necessity of getting the programme for 1896 arranged for as soon as possible, it was decided to appoint a sailing committee to take office at once, and a notice of a motion to amend the constitution to permit of this being done was given. It was decided to hold the annual ball in January, and the meeting adjourned to meet in the new town chambers in two weeks.

There is every prospect that a fleet of from six to eight 15-footers will be built during the winter, and the challenger for the Seawanhaka cup will have a couple of months hard racing at home before she goes down to salt water. The new 20ft. class will include such undeniably fast boats as Folly, Flatiron, Tombola, Vixen and Jubilant, and therefore good racing among existing boats is insured by its creation, and it is a more desirable class to build into than either the former 21ft. or 18ft. class.

Naphtha Yachts.

Within the past two years the Gas Engine and Power Company has turned out a number of craft considerably larger than the launches which have made the reputation of the firm, and this new type of twin-screw cabin launch promises to be quite as popular and successful as the old. It includes a 63ft. yacht built in 1894 for F. G. Bourne, owner of the steam yacht Reverie; a 67ft. yacht built last year for Col. A. B. Hilton, and one of the same size for D. L. Armstrong; two 64ft. yachts for Charles Fleischmann and Charles F. Ulrich, a 59ft. yacht for H. L. Terrell, a 50ft. for Pierre Lorillard, and a 65ft. for the Lighthouse Department, U. S. A. In this size of craft, with the engines well aft and out of the way, the center of the yacht gives two good saloons, pilot house and space for galley, toilet, etc.; the accommodation greatly exceeding that in a steam yacht with engines and boiler amidships. The company has now under way two still larger craft, one of 76ft. for J. A. Mollenhauer, and one of 75ft. for Alfred Van Santvoord, owner of the side-wheel steam yacht Clermont. The yacht, which will be used in Florida waters, has a draft of under 3ft., with a beam of 12ft. 6in. The motive power includes two naphtha engines of 12 h. p. each, located well aft; the naphtha tank being in the bow. The engines are entirely independent. The pilot house is raised about 4ft. above the main deck house and is placed aft, the floor being sunk so that the steersman stands practically on the ice box. This forward end of the main deck house forms a large saloon and dining room, abaft which are two staterooms. The stairway to pilot house and gallery are in the after end of the house; a permanent awning deck being carried out to cover engines and after deck. The yacht is now nearly completed and will go South early in January.

Absolutely Uncapsizable.

Roslyn, L. I., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to Mr. Stryker's letter about uncapsizability, etc., in your issue of this week, I would refer him to an illustrated description of the Roslyn yawl Minocqua which was published in the Forest and Stream of Feb. 9, 1895.

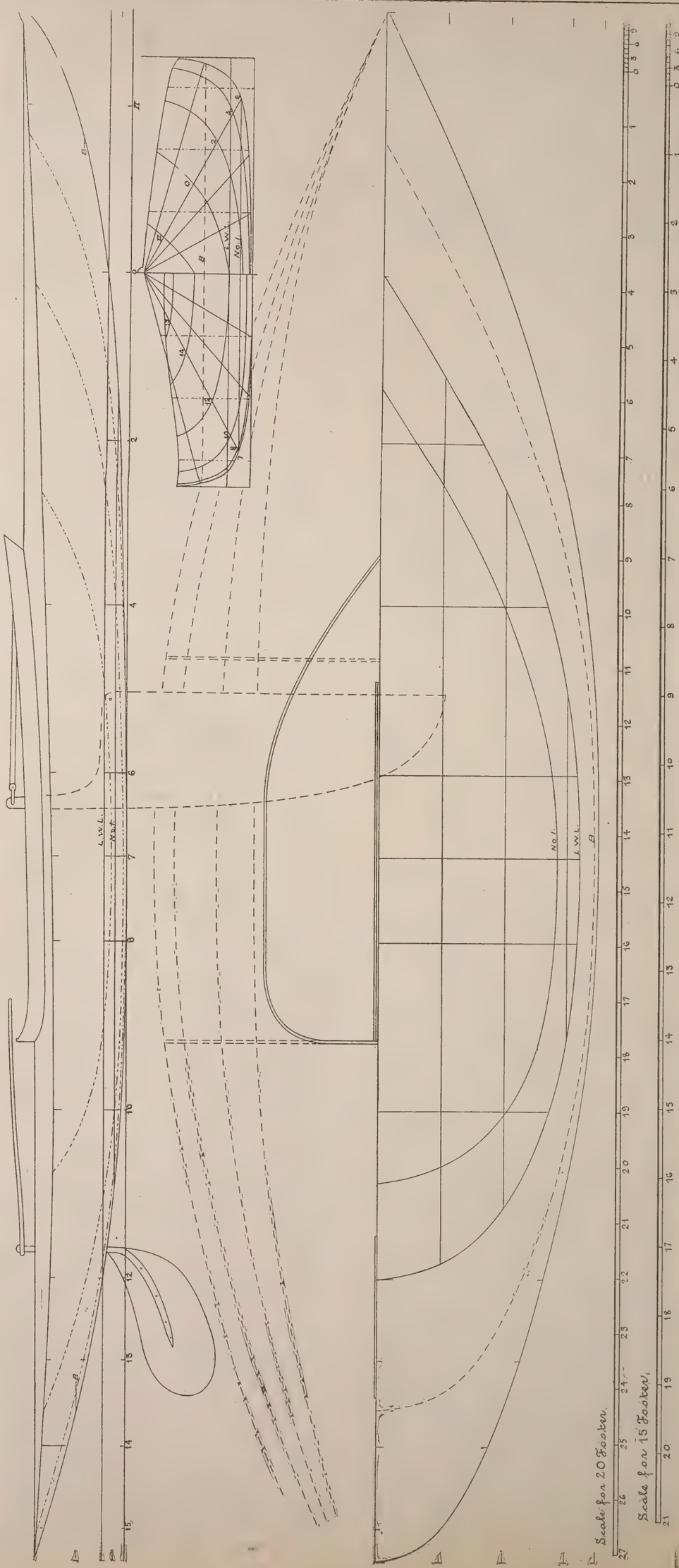
This boat is absolutely uncapsizable, that is to say she can be knocked down squarely on her beam ends with sails in the water. She may be forcibly held in that position for hours, yet will at once right herself on being released from the force that has knocked her down. She draws, as before stated, only 26in. of water.

Mr. Stryker or any one sufficiently interested can see her shape and her style of rig by looking up the number of your paper referred to.

I have no wish to revive the tiresome old discussion of cutters, etc. The cutter is dead; she died in peace, after serving her purpose, and left her effects to a nondescript which I am pleased to see is also showing signs of giving up the ghost. Let her bones or lead rest in peace. Sharpies and Bouncers still live, especially the latter, for all men who look may see the Bouncer's typical "spoon bow," full water lines, long forward overhang, and segmental curves in every winning yacht of to-day.

Thomas Clapham.

[It is but fair to state that the "sharpie" Minocqua carries a lead keel of 1,250lbs. Sharpies, including, we believe, some of Mr. Clapham's build, have at times capsized; but one of Minocqua's section, with nearly all her bulk out of water and a small amount of ballast, would probably float safely when thrown on her beam ends; and would right if her ballast and stores did not get adrift.]



BOUCANIER.—One-Rater. Designed by Capt Henry E. Bayly, 1895.

Yacht Designing.

THE following letter is a fair example of many that we receive:

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you kindly spare enough of your time to answer the following question?

What book would you advise me to get to learn more about the designing and building of yachts, say from ½ to 5-raters? I have built two ½-raters and am much fascinated with the work.

I have Stephens's "Canoe and Boat Building," also an English book by Nelson, but I should like a book that will explain such things as these:

Why one boat is good "on the wind" and how she differs (or her lines differ) from one whose best point is "down the wind," etc.

How to figure how deep a boat will set in the water, not by "rule o' thumb," but by scientific calculation.

A chapter on the relation of fine lines to stability and just how much can be sacrificed, one for the other, to advantage.

The advantages of big headsails over large mainsails (as in some of Dyer's boats) and vice versa.

Why a boat will be improved (sometimes) by taking out a heavy plate board and substituting a wooden board which must offer more resistance in passing through the water.

To be brief, the whys and wherefores of a great many such things that I know are so, but do not know the reasons for.

I trust that you will not consider these as fool questions and will favor me with a reply. W.

[We know of no book which will answer even a part of our correspondent's questions, and will be very glad to learn that there is one, no matter at what price. The standard works on naval architecture and designing will not answer them; the best that they will do is to put the student in the way to seek his own answers by experiment and close observation. We have no expectation of being able to give final and satisfactory answers to them in the articles on designing which will shortly appear in the FOREST AND STREAM, but we shall endeavor to meet as fully as possible the requirements of the large class of eager amateurs represented by our correspondent.]

Massachusetts Y. R. A.

THE following letter will be sent by Pres. L. M. Clark and Sec. A. T. Bliss, of the Massachusetts Y. R. A., to all clubs eligible to membership in the association:

Gentlemen—The Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts was temporarily organized at a meeting held Oct. 24, 1895, from what was formerly known as the Congress of Regatta Committees. A complete set of by-laws, racing rules, etc., has been arranged and a permanent organization will be formed, officers elected and dates assigned for open races for the season of 1896 at the meeting to be called on March 19, 1896.

Uniformity in classification, measurement, etc., in open races is of vital importance, and the rules to be presented have been compiled with considerable care and are simply the usual written and unwritten rules which have governed our races in the past.

The stimulating effect given to local yacht racing for the past two seasons through the work of the congress of regatta committees gives evidence of the benefits of concerted action among the clubs.

Each club is to be represented by one delegate. The annual dues are $5, payable in advance. Applications for membership must be made in writing to the secretary of this Association and must be signed by the commodore or secretary, and must contain a correct list of the members and yachts of the club.

In presenting this matter to your club it is hoped you will appreciate the benefits of such an organization to the interests of yacht racing and yacht building and co-operate by sending a delegate to this Association.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The Spaulding-St. Lawrence Co. are now at work on a fin-keel cruising yawl of 26ft. 6in. l.w.l., designed by C. E. Davis and C. J. Field, and owned by the latter. She will have a trunk cabin and will draw 6ft. Her name will be Ethelwynn II.

The history of steam navigation in America is well told in the volume "American Steam Vessels," by Samuel Ward Stanton, published by Smith & Stanton, New York. The volume is made up of well-executed drawings by Mr. Stanton of steam craft of all classes, several hundred in all, from the Clermont of 1807 down to the yacht Eleanor, the Sound steamers Peck and Lowell, and the American liner St. Louis. Mr. Stanton has devoted much time to securing accurate portraits of the early and more historic steamers, and has succeeded in making a most interesting and valuable collection. Each plate is accompanied by a short history of the vessel. The volume will have a permanent value as a reliable record of many famous craft.

The Orange Lake Ice Y. C. has elected the following officers: Com., H. C. Higginson; Vice-Com., Willett Kidd; Sec'y-Treas., A. N. Chambers; Meas., C. A. Dixon. Com. Higginson appointed the following regatta committee: Dr. Willett Kidd, Frank G. Wood, Charles A. Dixon, Alonso Krom and B. B. Moore. Sailing began on Dec. 12, several good races being sailed.

Mr. Wm. Elsworth, owner of the yawl Mary, is still in the South looking for news of the yacht. She left Beaufort with good weather and an offshore breeze, but after passing Frying Pan Shoals a heavy N.E. gale was encountered. The yacht was finally obliged to anchor in a bad cross sea, which increased so that when at 9 P. M. on Dec. 1 the coasting schooner Nellie W. Howlett, Capt. Steelman, was sighted, she was signaled with a gun, and her mate put off for the yacht in the yawlboat. After getting his cousins, Wm. B. Elsworth and Philip E. Van Buskirk, into the yawl, Mr. Elsworth declined to leave the yacht, but was finally induced to do so, as the seas were threatening to overwhelm her and crush in decks and cabin house. The schooner was loaded with phosphate rock and bound for Norfolk. As the gale increased she labored badly, the weather being very bad off Hatteras, and she came in leaking. While his companions came North from Norfolk, Mr. Elsworth returned to Carolina, but as yet has heard nothing of the yacht. She was left with two anchors down, in 15 fathoms, about 27 miles off Georgetown, S. C.

Mr. Parker H. Kemble, of the Corinthian Y. C., of Marblehead, has designed a fin-keel cruising yawl which is now under construction by William Acker, who has recently established a boat shop at East First street, foot of E street, South Boston. The yacht will be 30ft. 6in. over all, 20ft. 6in. l.w.l., 6ft. 3in. beam, 4ft. 6in. draft and 570sq. ft. of sail. There will be 4ft. 4in. headroom under a house 6ft. 6in. long, and the yacht will be fully fitted for single-hand cruising. The sails will be made by Cousens & Pratt.

The *Journal of the American Society of Naval Engineers* for November contains a very thorough and interesting account of the steam yacht Yosemite, by Chief Engineer Isherwood, U. S. N.

Lawley & Co. have begun work on the 30ft. yacht for Dr. Williams, designed by Chesebrough, and are also busy with several naphtha launches, one of them for Eugene Tompkins, and one, just finished, for B. F. Hutton, who will use her on the Honosassa River, Fla. She is 32ft. over all, with a cabin house.

The Knockabout Association has adopted the following resolution: "It is agreed that no Association knockabout boat shall enter or sail in the class in any open race unless the race for said class shall be governed by the rules of the Knockabout Association, and without time allowance."

The wedding of Capt. Chas. Barr and Miss Emily Smith took place at Southampton on Dec. 9.

Herbert F. Otis, of Boston, has ordered of Ambrose Martin, of East Boston, a schooner of 79ft. over all, 65ft. l.w.l., 20ft. beam and 10ft. 6in. draft, to be named Hesperus. She will be of wood and intended solely for cruising.

According to report, Mr. Will Fife has an order for a racing cutter similar to the very successful 40-rater Isolde, designed and built by him last winter.

Luella, schr., owned by L. A. Shaw, of Providence, and Daniel Lanton, of Pawtucket, sailed from Boston on Nov. 28 on a cruise to Florida, and on Dec. 5 started across Nantucket Shoals. She was caught in a gale and rode it out near Cross Rip Lightship, losing mainsail and jib, breaking boom and wheel, before she reached Nantucket Harbor. She will be laid up at Nantucket for the winter.

Black Pearl, steam yacht, owned by the late Earl of Pembroke, and recently purchased by George R. Sheldon, of Chicago, arrived at New York on Dec. 8, after a rough voyage of thirty-one days. She left Southampton on Nov. 7 with Capt. Bond in command, calling at St. Michaels on Nov. 22, after passing through a heavy gale off Cape Finisterre, in which her decks were swept and jib boom carried away. On Dec. 6 the decks were swept by a sea which carried away the forehatch and flooded the forecastle, the gig being swept away and a seaman thrown down and injured. Black Pearl was designed by Will Fife, Jr., and built by him while he was manager of the Culzean works for the Marquis of Ailsa in 1885. She is of 345 tons, 144ft. between perpendiculars, 23ft. 2in. beam and 13ft. 2in. depth, with engines 19 and 36 by 24in. She is of composite build, with iron frames. She did excellent service for nearly ten years under her late owner. Mr. Sheldon will probably send her to Chicago. Capt. Eldridge, so long in command of Yampa, will be in command.

The annual meeting of the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound will be held in Parlor F, Fifth Avenue Hotel, at 8 o'clock, on Monday evening, 30th inst.

The annual meeting of the Douglaston Y. C. was held on Dec. 10, the following officers being elected: Com., Charles A. Gould, steam yacht Nearea; Vice-Com., Clay M. Green, steamer Viola; Rear-Com., F. R. Parsons, slp, Cresent; Sec'y, James B. Hixon, Jr.; Treas., George A. Corry. Com. Gould and C. F. Robins will each build a 30-footer, and another member will build a racing 15-footer, so the club will be well represented in the Sound races next season.

The annual meeting of the Rochester Y. C. took place on Dec. 6, followed by the annual banquet. The following officers were elected: Com., F. S. Todd; Vice-Com., J. E. Burroughs; Fleet Captain, J. W. Robbins; Sec'y, Thomas B. Pritchard; Cor. Sec'y, F. S. Peer; Treas., George H. Clark; Meas., W. H. Pillow, Jr.; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. J. W. Herriman; Directors, J. F. LaClaire, J. R. White, R. K. Dwyer and A. T. Hagen; Delegates to the L. Y. R. A., J. E. Burroughs, Thomas B. Pritchard and F. W. Bickford.

Saunders, the Bristol builder, has just completed a small fin-keel schooner for the Samana Bay Fruit Co., of San Domingo, for use as a dispatch boat between the company's plantation and the port of San Lorenzo, fifteen miles distant. She is named San Lorenzo, and is 35ft. over all, 28ft. l.w.l., 8ft. beam, and 4ft. 9in. draft, with a bulb-fin of cast iron weighing 3,600lbs. The rig will be two leg o' mutton sails and jib. The construction is particularly strong and designed to stand in hard work and a hot climate.

The annual meeting of the Pavonia Y. C. was held on Dec. 11, the following officers being elected: Com., David W. Kohn; Vice-Com., James Johnston; Fleet Captain, Robert H. McFarland; Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Louis Baumann; Treas., Benjamin H. McClain; Fin. Sec'y, Wm. F. Tobin; Cor. Sec'y, Wm. A. Miller; Meas., Asher P. Curtis.

BOAT BUILDERS WANTED to plank and build throughout modern racing and cruising yachts of the smaller types. Only first-class, experienced men wanted. Constant employment to right parties. Write S. L. B., FOREST AND STREAM office, 318 Broadway, New York city.—*Adv.*

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

New York C. C.

THE annual meeting of the New York C. C. was held on Dec. 12 at the club house, Bensonhurst, President Coudert being in the chair. The reports for the year showed a large membership list and a very good financial condition, considering the heavy losses of several previous years and the great expenses of the new station. Last spring the club leased a large plot of ground at Bensonhurst, with a very roomy and comfortable dwelling house, which was refitted to suit its uses. A small canoe house was built on the beach, and a long pier with float and bridge. The cost of the pier and float was $1,200, and many other expenses accompanied the furnishing of the house. Through the season and even up to the present time members have lived in the house, a very good table being provided at moderate prices. A good deal of sailing and cruising has been done, and new members added. The floating house, which is useless in the present location, has been docked at Bay Ridge through the season, and will be sold as soon as an opportunity offers; the club having a five years' lease of the present premises, with the option of purchasing. The task of the officers through the year has been trying and difficult; but winter the club had no money to meet its old obligations or to warrant new and heavy expenditures, and that so much has been done is greatly to the credit of the president, Mr. L. L. Coudert, and the chairman of the house committee, Mr. H. C. Ward. The officers elected for 1896 are: President, C. Bowyer Vaux; Secretary, John C. Mowbray; Purser, Woolsey Carmalt; Captain, H. C. Ward; Mate, John E. Plummer; Trustees, Louis L. Coudert, Frank C. Moore, L. J. Boury.

On Dec. 14 a mess dinner was given at the club house, at which forty members and guests were present. After dinner the question of a "one design" 15-footer of cheap construction was discussed, and steps were taken toward securing designs and estimates for such a boat; the expectation being that at least a dozen will be built if the cost can be made low enough.

American and English Canoeing.

IT is a matter of regret that international canoe racing is no longer possible between America and England, in consequence of the great difference in the rules of the two nations. The *Field* discusses the subject as follows:

The leading canoe sailing authorities, both of England and of America, have now settled the classifications and places of canoe sailing for 1896, and we are again facing the fact that the classification rules differ so widely between the two countries that international canoe sailing competition is almost impossible, or at least extremely unlikely to take place. A canoe constructed in England to the full allowance of the racing class, that is, of 36in. beam, is not eligible under the American Association rules; so also is the English cruising class of 42in. beam barred; and yet, as the English rule requires a rating of 0.3 ($L \times S \div 6000$), the sail area of the English canoe is limited to probably 130sq. ft. or less; whereas the Americans may carry at present anything up to 130sq. ft. (that is if the vote of the A. C. A. executive committee is indorsed by the Association) no matter what the waterline length may be, so long as it does not exceed 16ft., the English allowance of sail for such length being only 112sq. ft.

An English canoe, fitted with a bulb-liftable keel, where the bulb remains below the boat's wooden keel when hauled up, is barred by the American rule that "the centerboard when hauled up must not project below the keel."

On the other hand, the American canoe coming to England would, unless her loadwaterline did not exceed 14ft., have to reduce her sail area in compliance with the 0.3 rating. She would be a very small and touchy craft to sail on a windy day at Burnham-on-Crouch, especially as she would probably have to meet some of the new class of 42in. beam craft fitted with bulb-plate keels, and with 42in. slide seats against hers of 30in., for it appears that another recommendation agreed to by the A. C. A. meeting is to limit the length of slide seats to the width of the canoe. But, after all, there is of course still the possibility of men in either country building specially for racing in the other country, building fully up to all allowances; but this means building and fitting for practically one race, with very scant chance of test races or tuning up.

The American Canoe Association camp meet for 1896 will be held Aug. 14 to 28, and the old 1886 site in Grindstone Island on the St. Lawrence is again to be the place of meeting and racing. Were it not for the classification difficulties above mentioned, why should not 1896 be a repetition of 1886, and bring together on the old camp ground, on the border between Canada and America, a large muster of the old hands of America and of England and her colony? Would the younger blood make a clean sweep of all the prizes? We doubt it; that is to say, if gymnastically handled revolving machines were either barred entirely or reasonably clouded, by being made to compete, and at some disadvantage, with larger and more powerful, perhaps more "tubby," canoes.

Unfortunately, it is now only too clear that no practical line has been taken in America for next year to arrest the downward course and dwindle of canoe sailing, proved and admitted, as it is, to be caused by sailing having degenerated into "trick riding." Why has no attempt been made in the United States even to test, by a vote, the easily possible amendment of the classification rules, with the object of encouraging a better type of sailing canoe?

In England, at least, the way is now open, and the possibility for a better type than the racing machine has been placed before canoemen. The revolving machine—in some places called a "racing canoe"—has this past season, in open water sailing, covered herself ignominiously with water and ridicule. But, if half the present forecasts should prove true, this type has about finished its career; its flame may not be quite extinguished, and it may yet make a flicker or two in 1896, but a couple of miles of Burnham salt water with wind against tide will soon snuff out that last flicker. The poetical fiction of rats leaving sinking ship is not of much import, but when the skippers leave, things are probably going down. We had it last week from three of last season's "skippers," and two lately racing men, that they intend to build for 1896, and race in the "cruising canoe" class. It is the conglomeration of organic molecules which creates a world, and the "atoms" aforesaid may make a class and a world of sport.

The B. C. A. Meet.

THE British Canoe Association, at its annual meeting of the general committee at Liverpool on Nov. 29, decided to hold the annual meet at Falmouth, from July 27 to Aug. 17.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Walnut Hill Scores.

WALNUT HILL, Mass., Dec. 7.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held to-day, the weather conditions being entirely favorable for good scores. There are only three more weekly shoots before the series of prize competitions are brought to a close; as a natural result, much interest was taken in the result of to-day's shoot. The scores made to-day are given below:

200yds. range, standard American target:

Bronze and Silver Military Medal.

Won on 10 scores of 40 or better, by A R Schulze										40	41 45 46 41 42 41 41 42 43

Rest Prize Match.

*H L Willard	11	11	11	12	12	11	12	11	12	12	—115
	11	11	12	10	12	11	12	12	11	12	—114
	11	12	10	12	12	10	11	12	12	10	—112
*F Daniels	11	11	11	12	9	12	11	12	11	12	—112
M T Daly	10	11	12	10	12	12	11	11	10		—111

B E Hunter	106	J B Hobbs	104
S M Dudley	105	C A Coombs	102

All Comers Rest Match.

*J French	12	10	11	11	12	12	10	10	12		—112

B E Hunter	106	S M Dudley	102
F W Ford	105	A W Hill	100

*Telescope sight.

All Comers Off-Hand Match.

C C Sidney	7	9	8	10	8	10	9	9	9	9	—88
C C Clarke	7	7	A C Moore								—72

Off-Hand Prize Match.

J Hadley	9	9	7	7	8	9	9	7	7	10	—82
	7	8	9	9	9	10	7	8	5	—81	

C A Coombs	77	A W Hill	72
S M Dudley	75		

Off-Hand Medal Match.

S Gleason	10	7	8	8	10	8	8	6	7	10	—82
A W Hill	7	4	C B Poor								—66

Military Medal Match.

G H Nason	4554554454—45	J Boardman, Jr.	5545554444—45
	5555444514—45	I B James	4454444555—44
A W Hill	43	N C Jones	40
W O Burnett, Jr	41	A J Litchfield	39
W Clampein	41		

Military Medal Match.

A R Schulze	4445544544—43	A W Hill	41
M T Day	42	N C Jones	40

Pistol Prize Match—50yds.

J H Tyler	10	9	6	10	9	8	10	8	7	8	—85
C B Poor	8	3	A W Hill								—81

Dec. 14.—The following scores were made to-day, in cold, windy weather, by members of the Massachusetts Rifle Association at Walnut Hill. Standard American target, 200 yards:

Best prize match: *F. Daniels 115, 113, *H. L. Willard 115, 114, S. C. Sampson 96, M. T. Day 96, B. E. Hunter 92.

Members' rest match: *F. E. Russell 106, 104.

*Telescope sight.

Off-hand prize match: F. Williams 83, C. A. Coombs 82, M. T. Day 77, J. A. Smith 75, B. E. Hunter 74, D. S. Martin 71, W. F. Hart 65.

Medal off-hand match: S Gleason 76, D. S. Martin 74, M. T. Day 73, B. E. Hunter 62.

Military prize match: C P. Nutter 45, 45, 45, J. Boardman, Jr., 44, I. B. James 43, W. F. Hart 42, B. O. Wood 41.

All-comers' military match: W. O. Burnite, Jr., 45, 45, 44, W. F. Hart 43, S. R. Ames 42, C. W. Lamb 41, P. N. Cooke 40.

Military medal match: A. J. Litchfield 40, P. N. Cooke 39, A. W. Hill 37, C. S. Snow 36.

Revolver medal match, 50yds., six shots in one minute: J. H. Keough 28, 28, 28, 28, A. W. Hill 27, 27

Pistol prize match, 50yds: H. S. Harris 97, M. T. Day 91, F. Williams 87, W. A. Wesson 86, A. W. Hill 85, P. N. Cooke 82, C. B. Jameson 81

Pacific Slope Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 8.—To-day ended the members' medal shoots for the year in the Columbia and Germania Clubs, a summary of which I shall soon send you. Two weeks from to-day the All Comers' contests of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club will also be completed for 1895. Some of the medal hunters are neck and neck in the race.

Am pleased to learn that the New York police are learning how to shoot. One of Columbia Club's champions, Smith Carr, is an officer on our force, and has recently been detailed to train the men in revolver practice.

Scores of the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club:

Medals and cash prizes, open to the world, re-entry, rifle, 200yds.:

Target rifle, Kuhnle medal: D. W. McLaughlin 93, F. O. Young 88, Dr. Rodgers 85, A. Gehret 83.

Military rifle, Glindermann medal: Frank Poulter 48, Ed. Hovey 47.

For members only, no re-entry:

Champion class: Dr. Rodgers 84, F. O. Young 84, D. W. McLaughlin 82.

First class: P. Bohr 76, A. Gehret 76, Dorrell 72, Schulz 70.

Second class: H. R. Crane 77, E. Jacobsen 76, J. E. Gorman 70, Dennis 70, Fetz 69, Kennedy 62, Hess 61.

Medals for members only, no re-entry, pistol, 50yds.:

Champion class: A. H. Pape 92, F. O. Young 91

First class: Dr. Rogers 90, J. E. Gorman 90, A. B. Dorrell 86, McLaughlin 82.

Second class: F. Dennis 83, E. Jacobsen 82, Crane 75, Fetz 72.

Open to all comers, re-entry:

Pistol, Blanding medal: C. M. Daiss 96, F. O. Young 91, E. Jacobsen 90. ROEEL.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—The following scores were made by members of the Zettler Rifle Club at the club's weekly shoot this evening:

Dr J A Boyken	244	244	241	244	243
S Buzzini	232	239	240	237	240
G W Downs	232	237	234	236	233
M B Engel	245	241	240	242	240
L Fiach	242	246	247	247	245
H Holjes	237	242	244	245	247
H D Muller	244	231	240	242	234

Gus Nowak	234	237	238	236	242
S Buzzini	244	244	237	243	243
C Overbough	235	244	242	240	246
F C Ross	243	243	249	241	249
C G Zettler	242	241	245	235	242
B Zettler	244	240	239	242	245
C F Roedel	207	209	218	219	211

Turtle Bay.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—The regular outdoor shoot of the Turtle Bay Rifle Club took place at Woodside, L. I., Sunday, Dec. 15. A 50-shot team match was to be shot by Messrs. Plate and Ochs vs. Walter and Fuchs, but the latter two had failed to appear, so they had to forfeit the purse. Scores:

C H Plate	222	224	210	216	209—1081
J Ochs, Jr.	220	219	217	208	208—1072
J F O'Berle	201	202	204	206	205—1018
Aug Eberhardt	200	212	196	200	199—1007

Range 125ft., 22cal. short. J. OCHS, JR., Sec'y.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Dec. 25.—MARION, N. J.—Monthly prize shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J.; targets. Shooting commences at 10 A. M. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Dec. 26.—YARDVILLE, N. J.—Team race between 15-men teams of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., and the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia, Pa.; live birds.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

Tell, our correspondent at Mountville, Pa., writes us as follows: "The Lancaster County Shooting Association will hold an all-day target tournament at its grounds at Mountville, Pa., on New Year's Day. The club has a large and commodious club house, well heated, with the whole of the front inclosed with glass; the shooters and the whole field can be seen from the inside of the house. This year's programme will be in touch with all the boys, as it will include the 3 moneys, class shooting; the 25 cents miss-and-out, and purses divided on the A. I. I. or the N. P. L. system, *i. e.*, the 'all in it,' or the 'no person left' system. We have never shot this system yet, but many of our shooters are tired of shooting right along and getting nothing. We propose at this shoot that everybody shall have some sport. In the A. I. I. system we foot up the targets broken by the shooters, dividing the net purse by that number so as to get the value of each broken target; we then multiply each shooter's score by the value thus obtained, etc. All get something back; all go in again and the sport goes on. Mountville is midway between Columbia and Lancaster, on the electric railway, with grounds not a minute's walk from the track." The above system, as we have pointed out several times, is a variation of the old jack rabbit system—a capital system for club shoots. A man who shoots a good clip can do better than break even, while a poor shooter only pays a fit sum for his day's sport; under this system there are no big winnings and no big losings—both mighty good things for the best interests of the sport of trap-shooting.

The O. K. Gun Club, of Kansas City, Mo., at the beginning of the season of '95 purchased a fine medal, for which it paid $125. This medal was contested for monthly, and was to become the permanent property of the shooter making the best average during the season. The conditions were 15 live pigeons per man, with an added dead bird handicap. The final contest for the trophy took place Tuesday, Dec. 3, Chris. S. Gottlieb proving the winner of the same, he having an average of 100 per cent., including his added handicap. Up to the final contest Chris. Gottlieb and A. Rube were tied for the trophy, but in this shoot Gottlieb scored 14, while Rube only scored 11. Twenty-three shooters took part in this last contest; of that number fifteen tied for the medal. In the shoot off Durrant won, and he will therefore be permitted to wear the medal for the current month. After that it will revert back to Mr. Gottlieb, who becomes the permanent possessor of it.

August Holzapfel, of Cuero, Texas, died at San Antonio, Texas, on Dec. 4. Mr. Holzapfel, or Holz, as his friends generally called him, went to San Antonio about the middle of November to receive medical treatment. His sickness was incurable, and he died as stated above on Dec. 4. As a trap-shooter, Holz was one of the most popular men that ever attended a tournament; he was quiet and unassuming in his manner and was never heard to raise his voice in protest of a referee's decision. He was the acknowledged all-round champion shot of the Lone Star State, and his absence at the tournaments of the great Southwest will be felt for some years to come. Holz came North last summer and was a guest of the New York State Association at the State shoot at Saratoga in June. He also made many friends in the vicinity of New York, when he attended the club shoots of the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., and of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J.

We are told that doubts have been expressed as to the capabilities of the managers of the San Antonio (Tex.) midwinter tournament to carry out their programme successfully; that is, to add $2,000 to the purses. No such expressions of doubt have reached the office of FOREST AND STREAM; but, on the contaary, we have heard much that goes to bear out the statement of the management that it will add $2,000 to the purses. The promoters of the midwinter shoot are: J. M. George, Postmaster of San Antonio; Albert Steves, of the firm of Ed. Steves & Son, of the same city, and O. C. Guessaz. Mr. George is easily worth half a million, while Mr. Steves is one of the wealthiest young men in the vicinity of San Antonio. The addition of $2,000 to the purses at their tournament by either Mr. George or Mr. Steves would be a matter of little moment to them. The added money at the midwinter tournament is all right.

Arrangements are being made for a match between teams from the Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., and the Keystone Shooting League, of Philadelphia, Pa. The match is to take place at Yardville, N. J., neutral grounds, on Dec. 26, the day after Christmas Day, the conditions of the race being as follows: teams of from 12 to 15 men, 15 live birds per man, optional sweep of $5 or $10, losing team to pay for the birds. Charlie Zwirlein will see to it that each man has as good birds as he wants to shoot at, and also promises to furnish dinner free to the members of both teams. As this is the third match between the two clubs, both organizations will make a strong effort to get together as strong a team as possible during the holiday season.

The amateur championship, as it is termed, will be a big event. The dates for it are Jan. 10, 11, the shoot being set to come off at the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I., where the birds, under the care of Superintendent George Mott, are always of the very best quality. Over a dozen entries have been already received, with a prospect of an additional half dozen before the date for closing arrives. The conditions are: 100 live birds per man, $100 entrance, all at the 30yds. mark.

We have not heard directly from the hunting party formed of members of the Altoona, Pa., Gun Club, that has been camped for some time in the wilds of Fulton county, Pa. From what has reached our ears, we learn that "Van Dyke is punching holes in the air around the ruffed grouse, the same as we all do!" Deer had been seen pretty often, and the party was only waiting for a tracking snow before going for them; no hounding is permitted, all the deer driving being done by sportsmen who are self-denying enough to place their friends on the runways and then go off and follow a fresh track.

Jas. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo., and T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., have agreed to shoot a 100 live-bird race as soon after Jim Elliott's return from the San Antonio midwinter tournament as possible. In all probability the match will take place the latter part of January. According to the terms of the agreement Elliott is to use a Winchester repeating shotgun, Morfey using his double gun, both standing at the 30yds. mark. Morfey says: "I'll make him kill 90 to win, and I don't believe he can do it." Jim says: "I'll try hard to get that 90."

The death of August Holzapfel, of Cuero, Tex., as reported elsewhere in these columns, is a sad loss to the ranks of the trap-shooters of the great Southwest. "Holz," as he was familiarly called by his friends, made many new friends during his visit to the North last June and July. He was present at the New York State shoot at Saratoga, and, as the guest of Tom Keller, made his appearance at shoots held on the Climax and Endeavor Gun Clubs' grounds prior to his departure for his Texas home. Holz was a good shot and a great favorite. His absence will be felt at many a shoot in the Southwest for some years to come.

The Cook County Trap Shooters' Association, under the secretaryship of W. F. de Wolf, promises to boom things next season in the vicinity of Chicago. A live body of trap shooters, as long as there is an energetic body of officers at its head, can do more to help trap shooting than can be accomplished by the holding of a dozen large tournaments. The New Jersey Trap Shooters' League is another organization, of a similar character to the Cook County Association, that has done a lot of good for trap shooting in the neighborhood of New York city.

The Jockey Club of San Antonio has offered the use of its grounds to the managers of the midwinter tournament for the purposes of the shoot, and the traps will be located directly in front of the grand stand. The Jockey Club has also placed its club house at the disposal of the visitors to the shoot, the creature comforts of the shooters thus being assured. We understand also that the officers of Fort Sam Houston have proffered their aid, and that there will be a grand military display. In fact, the midwinter tournament will be a gala occasion.

There is another shooter at Pittsburg, Pa., besides those who are well known in trap-shooting circles, such as the Denny brothers, King brothers, Messner, Bessemer, etc. The one we refer to is C. A. May; readers of FOREST AND STREAM who have followed the scores made in the live-bird shoots of the Herron Hill Gun Club will have noticed the frequency with which Mr. May's name appears at the top of the list. The name May is, by the way, an assumed one, but "the rose by any other name," etc.

Arkansas will be represented at the San Antonio midwinter tournament; so writes our Little Rock correspondent, Paul R. Litzke. He tells us that an effort will be made to have an Arkansas squad in attendance. John J. Sumpter, Jr., and G. W. Hughes, of Hot Springs, and W. R. Duley, of Little Rock, have signified their intention of being present at the shoot, while several others from the same cities are contemplating a trip to Santone.

In our report of the winning of the "President's Cup" at the Carteret Club by J. P. Knapp on Dec. 4, we made an error in the name of the maker of the gun used by Mr. Knapp, who uses a Francotte gun made after the Purdey model, not a Purdey gun pure and simple. As the performance, a win from the 32yds. mark, is indeed a meritorious one, we gladly make the above correction.

William Terry, of Plainfield, N. J., and John Benner, of the Fanwood, N. J., road house, are booked to shoot a match at 25 live birds per man, $25 a side, on Christmas Day, the shoot coming off at the grounds of the Climax Gun Club. There will be sweepstake shooting both before and after the match.

Elias Helgans, one of the crack shots of Brooklyn, N. Y., a member of the Parkway Rod and Gun Club, has matched himself to kill 85 live birds selected by Mr. Lippack, of Dexter Park, the birds to be trapped from the Mott traps. The stake at interest is the price of the birds.

On Saturday, Dec. 7, H. G. Wright and J. Seaver Page shot a 100-bird race on the Carteret grounds, Wright winning with a capital score of 89 to 85. As Superintendent Lumbreyer always has good birds on hand at the Carteret Club grounds nowadays Wright's score of 89 is pretty nearly first class.

George Work defeated J. Seaver Page in a match at 50 pairs of live birds on Monday, Dec. 16. The shoot took place on the grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club, Babylon, L. I., Work laying odds of 2 to 1 on himself.

Elmer Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, is in the city and was present at the annual meeting of the Association held on Tuesday, Dec. 17, at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, N. J.

The regular monthly prize shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., will be held on the club's grounds, Marion, N. J., on Dec. 25. Shooting commences at 10 A. M.

In their series of three matches shot last week Clark and Willey both used Greener guns and Schultze powder.

EDWARD BANKS.

Interstate Association Annual Meeting.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Interstate Association was held Dec. 17, in Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City.

Those present were: Justus von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Detmold; J. A. H. Dressel, secretary-treasurer of the Association, representing the U. M. C. Co.; Paul North, of the Cleveland (Blue Rock) Target Company; Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Company; J. L. Lequin, of the Hazard (Blue Ribbon) Powder Company. Proxies were held by Mr. Dressel on behalf of the Leroy Shot and Lead Works and the S. S. Powder Company, Messrs. Wiebusch & Hilger, of New York.

In the absence of President Chas. Tatham, Mr. Paul North, on motion, took the chair.

Mr. Dressel stated that the following had joined since the meeting of 1894: Hazard Powder Co., Parker Bros., and the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. The active membership of the Association is thus ten, the Standard-Keystone Target Co. having retired.

It was voted that in future all candidates for membership be elected by ballot of the stockholders, two negative votes to exclude; the ballot to be by mail or in meeting. Motion carried.

The report of the manager of the Association, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, was then read, as follows:

MANAGER SHANER'S REPORT.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 14, 1895.—*To the president, officers and members of the Interstate Association:*—Gentlemen: I would respectfully present to your notice the following as a detailed report of the transactions of the manager's office for the season of 1895.

In the review of tournaments, copy of which is hereunto annexed, will be found briefly yet clearly outlined all the interesting statistical data of the work accomplished by this Association.

As will be remembered, at the annual meeting held last December, the board of directors decided to confine the work of the Association for the then coming season mainly to the South. After a calm, careful review of the work and its ultimate and far-reaching results, the wisdom of that decision will not now be seriously questioned.

When we consider the permanent, lasting and active character of the many gun clubs organized throughout the South, attributing in many cases their origin and success to the well-directed efforts of the Interstate Association, and further note the advancement of trap-shooters of both sections of the country, it will be admitted that the trap-shooting interests of the South are in the same position to-day relatively that the same were in the North some five years ago; and at that time, as is well known, trap-shooting took a decided boom.

While each particular tournament given was more than ordinarily successful, it will be noted by readers of the "Review of Tournaments" that in the aggregate the number of shooters taking part, and the number of targets trapped, was, as predicted in my last annual report, not quite as large as that of the phenomenal season of 1894, which was confined principally to the North. With this single exception, it was the most successful season, numerically, in the existence of the Association. In a general summary, the incalculable good done by this series of tournaments to the sporting goods trade can be readily discerned by the increasing demands for and sale of sporting goods in their respective localities and surroundings, and it will be understood how this must eventually redound to the practical benefit of your subscribers individually and collectively.

For the season of 1896, when we take into consideration the lasting and permanent interest manifested throughout the South, I deem it quite advisable to devote another year's work to that particular locality, not overlooking the fact that the gun clubs of the far West and Northwest are making such insistent demands upon us that their claims cannot much longer be ignored.

As advised by the board of directors at the last annual meeting, I purchased one large tent 36 × 22ft., with full equipments for same, as well as new gun racks, cartridge tables, coat racks and large cases for the carrying of the *impedimenta* of the Association. This was undoubtedly one of the wisest movements ever made by the Association, as the gathering of shooters in the one large tent brought to their particular attention the exhibits and advertising matter of all the subscribers without any preference in position, as possibly might have been construed in the arrangement of several tents. Another advantage of the one-tent plan is the great saving in freight tolls, the rate of which throughout the South is exorbitant. While on this subject it might be well to call the attention of the board of directors to the necessity, if practical and possible, of having the outfit franked, or even pro-rated throughout the circuit for the coming season.

The red-letter event, the annual Grand American Handicap, and all the details connected therewith, should be given serious and decisive consideration at this meeting.

The system of handicapping, if any, to be adopted for the target tournaments during the year of 1896, should be given the mature deliberation of the board of directors.

The paraphernalia of the Association is all stored at Pittsburg, fully covered by insurance, and with the exception of incidental wear and tear, resultant from frequent shipments, is in strictly first-class condition.

In conclusion, gentlemen, I thank you for the many kindnesses and timely advice tendered the management, which, by me, has always been gratefully received, and has proved an incentive to me to strive for the further success of the Interstate Association. Very respectfully submitted, ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

On motion it was agreed that an auditing committee be appointed to go through the books, and that a report be made in writing by the treasurer to each member of the Association.

This board of directors was elected: Chas. Tatham, O. D. Delano, J. A. H. Dressel, Justus von Lengerke, Noel E. Money, Paul North and Charles F. Wiebusch.

The meeting of stockholders was adjourned, and a meeting of the board of directors, with Paul North as temporary chairman, then went into session.

The board elected these officers of the Association: President, Chas. Tatham; Vice-President, O. D. Delano; Treasurer-Secretary, J. A. H. Dressel; all the above were unanimously re-elected. The executive committee for 1895—Messrs. Dressel, Chas. Tatham and Justus von Lengerke—was re-elected to serve for 1896. Classification and Tournament Committee, J. von Lengerke, Noel E. Money and J. L. Lequin. Club Organization Committee, Paul North, Noel E. Money and Justus von Lengerke.

The Association unanimously appointed Elmer E. Shaner manager for 1896. The chairman paid Mr. Shaner a very high compliment for the manner in which he has handled the affairs of the Association in the past.

The other business of the board was connected with the programme for 1896.

Washington Heights Gun Club.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—The Washington Heights Gun Club held a shoot at its grounds, 169th street and Kingsbridge, this afternoon. The main event was at 10 live birds, ties being shot off miss-and-out. The scores were as follows:

	Ties.		Ties.
J A Belden.....1012011102—7	1	W Dishrow.....0110000122—5	10
J J Organ.....1121020110—7	0	J Power.....1001011010—5	10
C E Twiliger....1200012211—6	121	R B Saul.....0111100010—5	20
H Harrison.....2010110011—6	120	H Knose.....0000000212—3	
E Leach.....0010221201—6	220	F Sherry, Jr....2000001000—2	
H H Oliver.....2100110002—5	11	F Sherry, Sr....0001000000—1	

Belden won the first prize, Twiliger second prize and Oliver third prize.

Trap Around Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 4.—Two friendly races were shot to-day at Audubon Park, the two shooters breaking even, each winning a match. The first was at 30 live birds and in this match Smith used his second barrel but four times, twice unsuccessfully, he finished his score with a run of 21 straight, 19 of them one-barrel kills. The target match was won by Edwards, although Smith led up to the 53d round. Scores:

Match No. 1, 30 live birds, $10 a side and the price of the birds:

B F Smith	101111101111121111211111111—28			
J Edwards	1210211•1211011211221211212—26			

Match No. 2, 75 targets, unknown angles, $10 a side and the price of the targets:

J Edwards	101111110111111111101111100111111111111101111111101—43 11111101111111111101111 —23—66			
B F Smith	111111111111111111011001111111011111111111111100—44 11001000101111011111111 —18—62			

Dec. 6.—A few targets and live birds were shot at Audubon Park this afternoon in cold, raw weather, with a very strong wind blowing. The sweeps resulted as follows:

No. 1, 15 targets, unknown angles, $1 entrance: McClure, 13; Mallory and Smith, 10; Storey and Charles, 9; C. Orr, 7.

No. 2, same: Mallory, Charles and Smith, 10; McClure, 9; Storey, 5.

No. 3, 5 live birds, $2.50 entrance, two high guns, tie shot off miss-and-out:

Charles	1212•—4	1122—4	Mallory	1•211—4	1• —1
Smith	22•21—4	222•—3	Storey	00221—3	....
Kirkover	12021—4	120 —2	McClure	01•21—3	....

Dec. 7.—The Audubon Gun Club held its badge shoot this afternoon at its grounds, Audubon Park, Main street. There was an excellent attendance of members, nineteen taking part in the main event, while the two sweeps also shot off had eighteen and seventeen entries respectively. A very high wind was blowing directly from the shooter toward the traps, making the targets fly hard and fast. Following is the score in the badge shoot:

C S Burkhardt	1000111111011010111001111—17
E C Burkhardt	1110101101001100111011110—16
E W Smith	0111111100010011110001111—16
G McArthur	1110010111010011101110001—15
C J Haigh	1000010101011011011110011—14
L J Northrup	0001110100100110010101111—13
J J Reed	0011110010111010000101100—13
H D Williams	0010101011111110101001000—13
E H Rounds	0111010110001101010010010—13
J P Philips	1101101010010000100010011—12
N E Storey	0110000011111000101010101—12
B Talsma	0111100000110101010100000—10
Dr McMichael	0000000111011010010101010—10
Dr Sawer	0101010001000000011111000— 9
L Erb	0111001001010100000000111— 9
G E Miller	0000101000101010010110000— 8
A Combs	0000010010000111100000000— 6
P Meyers	0000000100000100111000001— 6
Dr Woodbury	0000000010000100010001000— 4

Two sweeps were also shot with the following results:

No. 1, 10 targets: G. McArthur 9, J. P. Fisher, P. Meyers and E. W. Smith 7, E. C. Burkhardt, E. H. Rounds, N. E. Storey, L. Northrup and J. J. Reed 6, B. Talsma, C. S. Burkhardt, Dr. McMichael, Dr. Sawer and Philips 5, H. D. Williams and G. O. Miller 3.

No. 2, same: G. McArthur 9, E. C. Burkhardt and P. Meyers 8, E. W. Smith, C. S. Burkhardt, E. H. Rounds and G. O. Miller 7, Dr. Sawer, N. E. Storey and L. Northrup 6, J. J. Reid, Dr. McMichael and B. Talsma 5, H. D. Williams 3.

Eden Gun Club.

EDEN, N. C., Dec. 11.—The annual meeting of the members of the Eden Gun Club was held here to-day. In connection with our annual meeting we held a live-bird shoot which, being something new to us in this country, was well attended, several of our visitors coming twelve miles to be present at the gathering. The scores, which are given below, were made on some of the fastest birds I have ever seen trapped. A feature of the day's fun was the placing of a rabbit in one of the traps instead of a pigeon; the trap fell to Mr. I. N. Dorsett, and it is hard to say which was the more surprised of the two—the rabbit or Mr. Dorsett; anyway, bunny got away without a hair being ruffled. Before the shoot commenced the following gentlemen were elected officers of the club for the ensuing year: President—Richard Regan, ex-president of the Emerald Gun Club, of New York; Vice-President—M. F. Briles, of Eden, N. C.; Treasurer—E. H. Dorsett; Secretary—George H. Yow. The scores made in the shoot were as follows:

Dr G V Hudson (28)	0211212—6	E H Dorsett (26)	0•112•0—3
J W Rush (28)	1121012—6	A S Miller (26)	020•102—3
R Regan (26)	2211021—6	J W Lambeth (25)	1•00120—3
I M Dorsett (21)	1012122—6	M F Briles (21)	2002010—3
G H Yow (28)	111•102—5	Dr Flippin (28)	0•20001—2
J D Laflin (28)	•210012—4	J T Grimes (28)	001•002—2
R L Hoover (26)	12•0120—4	A E Andrews (25)	0•02010—2
C Skeen (21)	2•02101—4	D Thomas (21)	00••201—2

The first prize, a silver cake basket presented by Dr. Hudson, fell to Richard Regan; second prize, a silver sugur bowl and a dozen spoons, presented by Mr. Regan, was won by I. M. Dorsett; the third and fourth prizes, a shooting vest and shooting hat respectively, both presented by W. Fred Quimby, of New York, were won by Dr. Hudson and J. W. Rush.

After the presentation of the prizes the members and their guests sat down to dinner in the residence of E. H. Dorsett, our worthy treasurer, the menu being varied and of an excellent character. It is unnecessary to add that the Eden Gun Club is a live organization.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 10.—Several members of the Herron Hill Gun Club held a shoot to-day at Brunot's Island. The birds were an excellent lot. Scores:

No. 1, 10 live birds: Farmer and C. A. May 9, Rickey 8, W. S. King 7, J. O'H. Denny 6, Hays 5.

	No. 2, same.	No. 3, same.
J Denny	2221222202—9	....
W S King	2112001120—7	2100210012—6
C A May	1122121101—9	1021122011—8
Farmer	1120220212—8	2201121122—9
T Henry	2121111000—7	0101111111—8
Rickey	0122021112—8	2202212200—7
Old Sport	1101110112—8	1121101110—8
Bell	0112022222—8	1210110011—7
Hays	1102000221—6	0010211112—7
T Wood	0120110112—7	0202022101—6

Rickey, Farmer and C. A. May then shot at 20 live birds per man: Rickey scored 20 straight, Farmer 17 and C. A. May 16.

The Newburgh Men were Victorious.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—A team of 9, representing the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association, of Newburgh, N. Y., shot a race to-day on the Baychester, N. Y., grounds with a team from the Cobweb Gun Club. The race throughout was a most exciting one, the Newburghs winning at the finish by the narrow margin of 1 bird—77 to 76. The day was bright and clear, but cold, with a strong wind that blew from left to right across the traps; this wind carried several birds out of bounds, notably the two scored lost to Gus Greiff. Score:

West Newburgh G. and R. Assoc'n		Cobweb Gun Club.	
Higginson	2222222222—10	Train	2112122212—10
Kane	2112•2•122— 9	Elliott	1021211111— 9
Halstead	1222202112— 9	Hoffman	2112210112— 9
Sothard	2222222220— 9	McKeon	1220222211— 9
Taggart	1122122120— 9	Pilkington	1011112222— 9
Taylor	2112202212— 9	Greiff	2222•0•222— 8
Thomas	1010112212— 8	Hendricks	22201•2112— 8
Ramsdell	1012202021— 7	Nichols	1201012•12— 7
Likely	2220•01221— 7—77	O'Dell	0220112101— 7—76

Coldren Defeats Harrison.

READING, Pa., Dec. 12.—Harry Coldren, of Adamstown, and Brooke Harrison, of this city, a member of the Reading Shooting Association, shot a race at live birds to-day. Coldren winning easily with a score of 88 to 80. The birds were a selected lot, Coldren's score being a very creditable piece of work, as it was his first appearance as a match shooter in a long race. Score:

Coldren	1111111111212221022211222—24 1222212112022212222202221—23 0221212212202012111222210—21 0022212121220110112222202—20—88
Harrison	1222222022222222021022001—20 2022101020222122022222210—18 •021223212222120222222212222—23 0122221022222022010222202—19—80

G. P. Christianson, of Webster City, Ia., has issued a challenge to H. Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., for the Du Pont cup, now held by the latter. The match will be shot during the holidays.

The Clark-Willey Matches.

WILLEY WON TWO OUT OF THREE.

THE series of three matches arranged to take place between W. G. Clark, late of Altoona, Pa., and Allen Willey, of Hadlyme, Conn., was brought to a conclusion late on Saturday afternoon last, Dec. 14. The three matches had been fixed for three consecutive days, one match each day. The first was to be shot on the grounds of the Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club, Dec. 12; the second at Charlie Zwirlein's Yardville, N. J., grounds on Dec. 13, and the final match on the Dexter Park, L. I., grounds on Dec. 14.

The above programme was successfully carried out, the weather—barring the cold on the first two days—being all that could be asked for. The birds at Elizabeth and at Yardville were a rattling good lot, while at Dexter Park the first 100 flew well, many of them being extremely hard birds; the last 100 were shot at in a fast falling light, the consequence being that incomers were far too numerous. As a matter of fact the match at Dexter Park was commenced at least an hour too late for this time of the year, the first shot not being fired until 2:25 P. M. The last 25 for each man were shot in such an uncertain light that many of the kills of outgoing birds were little short of marvelous.

Taken as a whole, the work of the two men in the series was a disappointment to their friends, the scores being low ones with the exception of Willey's 50 out of 56 in the match at Yardville. In that match he shot an excellent race, killing some extra fast birds and shooting in good, quick time. Clark did by far his best work of the series in Saturday's match, when at one time he ran 53 out of 61, two of his lost birds falling dead out of bounds. This was from the 10th to the 70th rounds inclusive. In the same match Willey scored 31 out of 32 birds, from the 39th to the 70th rounds inclusive.

The scores in the three matches were as follows: First match—Willey 83, Clark 80. Second match—Willey 50 out of 56, Clark 36 out of 56, Clark withdrawing, owing to reasons given below. Third match—Clark 85, Willey 80. These figures show that out of the 256 birds shot at by each man Willey scored 212, Clark only 201.

The combined records of the way the traps fell in the three matches are as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Willey	49	53	56	49	49	256
Clark	48	52	43	59	54	256
	97	105	99	108	103	512

From the above it will be seen that Willey drew No. 1 and No. 2 each once more than Clark did, but he had No. 3 just thirteen times more than his opponent. Clark, on the other hand, drew No. 4 ten times and No. 5 five times more than Willey did. As 102 would be about an average for the five traps, each trap kept wonderfully close to the average. At Elizabeth and at Yardville an indicator was used, while at Dexter Park the Mott automatic electric pulling apparatus was used. Each match is treated in detail below.

WILLEY WON BY TWO BIRDS.

Dec. 12.—The first match of the Clark-Willey series was shot to-day on the grounds of the Elizabeth, N. J., Gun Club. These grounds are capital ones for a pigeon match, and Nate Astfalk to-day showed that he can provide as good birds as anybody else. The birds were really an excellent lot of flyers, quick to take wing and strong when started. Notwithstanding the penetrating cold of the northeast wind, they were not allowed to feel it, the match birds being kept inside the warm club house and being brought out a dozen at a time as they were



W. G. CLARK.

needed. The consequence was that they were never the least bit chilled and flew as well as any we ever saw. This probably accounts in a great measure for the comparatively low scores made, 82 winning the match by 2 birds.

It cannot be said, however, that it accounts entirely for the low scores, because each man showed that he could kill good fast birds when they were dealt out to him. Of course there were a few that "nobody could have killed," and they naturally got away. Then again the cold was very severe and few shooters, if any, can do their best work when they have to be blanketed, like a horse, after each shot. Clark appeared to feel the cold the most, particularly after the interval of ten minutes for warming up, which took place at the half-way notch. Willey, on the other hand, seemed to be in need of the stove at the close of his second string; he did the best shooting of the match after the first 7 birds in the third string had been shot at. Out of the next 31 birds he lost but 2, and one of the two went out of bounds after being knocked down apparently as dead as a doornail.

As regards the luck of the birds, Willey drew the hardest birds in the first half, but Clark's birds in the second half made up whatever was lacking in the previous 50. Taken as a whole, therefore, the luck of the birds was about even. The fall of the traps, an indicator and a rope pull being used, was as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5
Clark	11	21	17	14	27
Willey	21	28	21	19	11
	32	49	38	43	38

It will be noticed that Nos. 1 and 5 fell very unevenly to both men; Clark had No. 1 ten times less than Willey, while he drew No. 5 sixteen times more than his opponent did.

The match commenced at 1:15 with Willey at the score, Al Heritage acting as referee, Aaron Woodruff as trap-puller and Edward Banks as official scorer. Carl von Lengerke looked after Clark's interests.

The first bird of the match was a corker. It left No. 5 like a flash and twisted like a snipe, but Willey was too good for him and he made the first kill of the shoot. Willey missed his 4th and gave Clark the lead, but the latter followed suit in the next round and the pair were even. Next Willey lost his 7th bird dead out of bounds, but Clark once more evened things up by losing his 8th bird, also dead out of bounds. In the 13th round Clark drew a very hard bird from No. 5, the bird carrying both loads of shot just outside the boundary. This gave Willey the lead and he held it for the next 5 rounds. In the 19th round he drew a fast bird from No. 2 that beat him entirely, the bird losing only a few feathers; the score was once more a tie when Clark landed another good bird from the same trap. In the 21st round both men lost their birds, the score being still a tie. Each killed the next 4 birds, the score at the end of the first 25 showing 21 all.

Willey was the first to lose a bird in the second series, his 28th bird falling dead outside the boundary. Both men lost their birds in the 31st round, but Willey added one more to Clark's lead by losing his 10th bird. The next ten rounds were productive of some of the poorest work in the whole match, each man losing 4 out of his 10 birds. Killing the next 4 straight, the score at the half-way showed: Clark 41, Willey 39.

After the recess of ten minutes Jim Elliott took Al. Heritage's place as referee, the cold being too severe for Heritage's comfort. The official scorer also went inside the club house, where it was warm. Willey's 54th bird fell dead out of bounds, Clark's lead being increased to 3 birds. The next round, however, saw Clark lose a bird, but as Willey lost his 57th, Clark still had a commanding lead of 3. After that round, though, the match quickly took on another aspect; Willey ran 23 straight, while Clark lost 8 birds, the latter losing his 74th, 75th, 76th and 77th birds in rapid succession. Both men lost their 81st birds; Willey also had his 87th go out of bounds after being supposed to be a dead bird. When Clark lost his 93d the match was all over, as Willey had a lead of 5 with only 7 more to shoot at. Then Willey gave his backers a temporary scare; he let an easy bird from No. 2 beat him in the 94th round; his 95th was a fast driver that jumped clean out of the first load, not a pellet apparently striking him. Willey held his second barrel for a long time, finally bringing down the bird at least 35yds. from the score, the wing being broken; it was one of those 10 to 1 shots that come off now and then. His 91st and 92d both escaped, the 92d being a particularly fast bird. As Clark had killed his 4 birds, this work of Willey's reduced the lead to 2, with 3 more birds to shoot at, but the 3 he drew were all that one could ask for in a tight place and he scored them, winning as above by 2 birds to the good. Clark shot well at the close, killing 21 out of his last 23; he had struck his gait, but he came too late. The match occupied three hours all but five minutes.

The full scores, showing flight and number of trap, are as follows:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

5 2 3 4 4 2 4 3 2 1 4 4 2 2 3 3 5 4 2 4 1 3 1 4 1

A Willey (30)...2 2 2 0 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 ● 2 2 2 2—21

1 1 1 2 1 5 2 3 5 4 3 1 2 3 2 5 1 2 4 1 5 1 2 2 3

2 2 ● 1 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 ● 0 2 2 2 0 1 2 1 2—18

1 4 3 2 2 5 3 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 3 2 3 1 4 4 3 5 4 3

2 2 1 ● 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

4 3 1 3 3 2 5 5 2 4 2 2 5 1 3 2 4 4 2 2 4 3 1 2

2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 ● 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 0 0 2 2 2—20—82

5 4 1 5 5 1 3 1 5 3 5 2 5 2 2 4 5 4 2 4 4 5 2 2 3

W G Clark (30).2 1 1 2 0 2 ● 2 2 2 1 ● 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 2—21

5 4 2 4 5 1 4 4 1 5 4 2 2 3 4 5 2 1 2 1 2 2 3 4 4

2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2—20

5 4 4 5 3 5 1 4 5 4 4 3 2 2 4 2 3 3 5 2 5 5 1 5 5

2 2 2 1 0 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 ● 1 2 2 1 0 0 2 2 2 0 0—18

2 2 5 3 2 2 3 4 3 4 5 4 5 4 5 3 5 1 3 5 4 3 1 3 3

● 0 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 1 1 2 2—21—80

CLARK'S GUN GOES BACK ON HIM.

Dec. 13.—The second match of the series was shot to-day at Yardville, N. J., on Charlie Zwirlein's grounds. The weather was even colder than that of the previous day—Dec. 13, 1895, making a record for itself by being the coldest Dec. 13 since 1872. A strong wind blew in such a manner as to make right-quartering incomers a probability, but so good were Zwirlein's birds that 68 out of the 112 trapped in the match were outgoers, while 17 more were either direct right-quarterers or left-quarterers; in other words, inclusive of two hoverers, 87 out of 112 showed no incoming tendencies. Those figures tell most conclusively what was the quality of the birds.

The 9:10 A. M. train over the P. R. R., arriving at Yardville at 11:21, had on board it a small delegation of shooters and others interested in the match. In addition to three newspaper men, there were Allen Willey, W. G. Clark and J. L. Brewer, of New York; Al. Heritage, of Marion; Aaron Woodruff and Nate Astfalk, of Elizabeth. The party was joined at Pennsylvania Crossing by John S. Hoey, of Long Branch, N. J., who kindly consented to act as referee in the match.

Charlie Zwirlein's dinner was first disposed of, the rabbit stew finding much favor. The party that sat down to the dinner included, besides those named above: L. W. Budd, of Pemberton, N. J.; John Rothacker and Ed. Johnson, of Philadelphia; etc. After dinner an adjournment was made to the grounds and a 7-bird sweep, $5 entrance, three moneys, was shot, with the result given below. The birds shot at in this sweep were not as quick to start as is usual with Yardville birds; they were apparently suffering a little from the intense cold; once started, and with the wind behind them, they went as fast as any one could ask.

The match itself started at 1:33 and by 3 o'clock it was all over, Clark withdrawing at the end of the 56th round, his gun having gone back on him and his opponent being 20 birds in the lead. The accident to Clark's gun was not of a serious nature, but still it prevented him from using his second barrel with effect, in addition to which he slowed up perceptibly in his time with his first barrel, apparently with the idea of making surer work with it. This made his birds appear to be harder than Willey's; as a matter of fact the luck of the birds may be said to be about even. In the matter of the traps, a rope pull and an indicator being used, the result was as follows:

	No. 1:	No. 2:	No. 3:	No. 4:	No 5:
Willey	13	8	11	7	17
Clark	13	11	10	14	8
	26	19	21	21	25

The hardest trap of the lot, with the wind as it was, No. 5, fell to Willey with a frequency that was remarkable, while Clark drew No. 4 just twice as often as Willey did. An average for the 112 times the traps were pulled would be 22.4; the result as given above shows that the traps fell very regularly, observing the average very closely.

The story of the match is not a long one and is best told by the detailed score, with FOREST AND STREAM's trap-score type to indicate the flight of each bird. Clark changed guns in the 42d round, trying two or three before he finally withdrew. He was unfortunate enough, also, to cut his trigger finger on the first joint with the first gun he changed to, the second one making the cut still larger. Willey shot very well indeed, shooting in quick time, centering his birds well with the first barrel, and, in fact, shooting like a winner all through the match. The fact that he naturally grew more confident as his opponent rapidly fell behind him cannot detract from his work, which was as good as any we have ever witnessed, and was, we think, the best he has ever done. His kill of the 43d bird was a splendid piece of shooting. He made a run of 21 straight and another of 11, scoring 32 out of his last 34 birds. Clark made good kills also, notably on his 37th bird, a second barrel kill that called forth rounds of applause. The traps were pulled by Mr. Hill, the father of Eddie Hill, of Trenton, N. J., the official scorer being Edward Banks. It took one hour and nine minutes to shoot the first 100 birds, the delay being due to the dilatory movements of the shooters themselves, the work of the trappers and Nig, the black setter, being all that could be desired.

After the match sweepstake events were shot off, the shooters just managing to catch the 5 o'clock train for New York. Scores of all the events:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

4 1 1 5 5 5 2 4 1 5 1 5 3 5 3 2 5 3 5 5 1 2 3 1 2

A Willey (30)...2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 3 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—21

5 4 1 1 1 1 1 5 3 2 1 3 2 5 3 1 3 4 1 5 5 5 3 4 2 2

2 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 0 1 2 2 1 2 1—24

5 4 3 5 3 4

2 2 1 2 1 0 — 5—50

5 3 4 3 2 1 4 3 5 2 4 1 5 4 1 1 2 4 4 4 3 1 3 2 3

W G Clark (30).2 2 2 2 2 0 0 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—19

2 3 1 5 5 3 5 2 1 1 5 4 5 4 4 2 3 1 1 4 1 2 3 2 4

2 2 2 0 2 ● 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 0 0 2 2 ● 0 0 0 2 2—14

1 3 4 3 4 1

1 0 1 0 2 0 w — 3—36

The three sweeps, each at 7 live birds, $5 entrance, three moneys, were as below. Zwirlein shot very well indeed, killing his 21 birds without a single scratch, centering each pigeon well. Brewer killed 19 out of 21. Everybody stood at the 30yds. mark. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
J L Brewer	2222212—7	2022222—6	1111110—6
J Rothacker	2002202—4	0022202—4	2112002—5
W G Clark	0222122—6	.....	.....
E Johnson	2202220—5	0020021—3	1210202—5
I W Budd	2222222—7	.....	.....
Allen Willey	1111112—7	.....	.....
Chas Zwirlein	1222122—7	2222112—7	2222121—7
N Astfalk	1022200—4	1100012—4	.....
T F Carlton	0122202—5	.....	.....
A Woodruff	2002222—5	2221122—7	0111001—4
E Hill	.....	2222201—6	0202012—4

CLARK TOOK THE THIRD.

Dec. 14.—The third match of the Clark-Willey series took place this afternoon on the Dexter Park, L. I., grounds. The weather was very pleasant, perhaps a trifle cold for anyone to stand around and do nothing, but by no means a bad day for live-bird shooting. The wind was in favor of the birds, helping right-quarterers very considerably. Mr. Lippack, the proprietor of the grounds, provided a very nice-looking lot of birds, and the first 100 or 150 proved to be as good as one generally sees on most grounds, many of the birds being as fast as any ever trapped. Still there were a number of sitters, birds that required the scarecropes, and this delayed the progress of the match very much; the fault seemed to lie not with the birds so much as with the fact that they had been quite recently fed, the crops of many of them being full of food.

The Mott disappearing traps, with the Mott automatic electric pull, were used. The only fault we can find with these traps is the lack of a flipper to start a bird that has refused to fly when the trap has opened. Unlike the King or the Clark trap, these traps have no attachment that can be worked after the trap has once fallen out of sight; if the bird does not start at once scare ropes or balls must be used to start them off. When birds are really fast, we believe, despite some opinions to the contrary, that these traps are two, if not three, yards faster than the King trap.

A mistake was made in starting the match at such a late hour as 2:25 P. M., the time it actually commenced. No dogs for retrieving were used; the consequence was that, owing to several of the birds having to be flushed, and also owing to the fact that the birds had to be retrieved by hand, it was 2 hours and 40 minutes later before the 200th bird had been shot at. During the last 40 minutes the light was very poor, and at the close it was hardly possible to see a bird leave the traps, while the official scorer had to light matches to see that he was placing the figures where they belonged. Gus Greiff acted as referee; Herman Voss as trap-puller; Billy Mills did the trapping and retrieving. As at Yardville, W. R. Hobart looked after Willey, Jim Elliott handling Clark. The attendance of spectators was quite large, among the number being: J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Company, and Secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Association, Mr. Dressel having acted as stakeholder for Clark and Willey; T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., who is booked to shoot a race with Jim Elliott in the latter part of January next; C. Wash Floyd, S. Julian Held, Dr. Allen, F. A. and W. H. Thompson, Tom Short, Al. Heritage, John L. Brewer etc.

Clark won the toss and went to the score first; both men killed their first birds. The next round saw Clark's bird go out of bounds before coming down; the 2d round saw both men miss their birds, Willey letting off an easy incomer; in the 7th round both men missed again, Clark's being a low fast driver, Willey's bird being an extremely hard one to score. When Clark lost his 9th bird dead out of bounds, thus giving Willey a lead of 2, it looked as if the latter was going to make it 3 straight. After that piece of bad luck, however, Clark settled down and ran 19 straight before losing a low driver from No. 1 in the 29th round. While Clark was making that run Willey lost 3 birds, his 12th, 14th (dead out of bounds) and his 22d, Clark having a lead of one at the end of the first quarter, the scores standing 21 to 20 in Clark's favor. The loss of Clark's 29th bird did not affect the score, as Willey for the third time in this match followed suit by letting his 29th bird get away.

Then came a break on Willey's part, his next 4 birds adding as many ciphers to his score, both the 32d and the 33d falling dead outside the boundary; this gave Clark the big lead of 5, a lead which Willey still further increased by the loss of his 36th and 38th birds. Then Clark lost his 44th dead out of bounds, reducing the lead to 6, the score showing Clark 44, Willey 38 at the halfway post. Willey lost his 50th, a comparatively easy bird as it looked to us; this made Clark's lead 7 once more, but the loss of Clark's 57th, dead out of bounds, made it 6 again. The 71st round saw both men spoil nice runs by losing their birds, this being the fourth time in the match that Willey followed Clark's example. The latter then lost in rapid succession 2 more



ALLEN WILLEY.

birds, his 73d and his 74th, the last one dead out of bounds; for the fifth time Willey lost an opportunity to gain on Clark, also losing his 74th bird. The score at the commencement of the last 25 showed Clark 65 to Willey's 60.

The next losses to be recorded were in the 82d round, Clark losing an easy incoming bird from No. 1, while Willey for the sixth time failed to take advantage of his chance by losing a good bird from the same trap, the pigeon falling just out of bounds. Willey's 83d and 86th birds both got away, Clark's lead being once more 7, the latter's loss of his 87th and 91st bringing back the difference to 5 again. As Clark lost his 96th and 98th birds both dead out of bounds, and as Willey let his 93d and 98th also escape him, the lead was unchanged, Clark winning by the score of 85 to 80. It will be noticed that for the seventh time in the match Willey missed in the same round that his adversary did, the 98th round.

The high runs were: Clark, 19, 14, 13 and 12; Willey, 19 and 12. Clark had 7 of his 15 lost birds fall dead outside the 50yds. boundary, Willey losing 4 in that manner. The traps fell to each man as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Clark	24	20	16	21	19	100
Willey	15	17	24	23	21	100
	39	37	40	44	40	200

Though both men drew plenty of hard and fast birds in the match, Clark had the best of it in the luck of the birds; no less than 40 out of his 100 showed an incoming tendency, Willey having 29 of a similar character. It took 1 hour and 12 minutes to trap the first 100, the last 100 taking 1 hour and 28 minutes, 16 minutes more than the first 100. The difference in Clark's style of shooting in this, the last, match of the series was very marked as compared with that in which he shot during the first two matches after his gun went back on him. The cause of the trouble was easily remedied by J. P. Dannefelser this morning. The gun is a Greener that Clark has had for a long time, and out of which he has fired many thousands of shots. Owing to heavy wear and tear the bolt that locks the grip had worn a little loose, allowing the gun to open slightly. This fact Clark had not noticed until halfway through the first match. After he had regained confidence in his weapon this afternoon he got back into his old-time form and did some good work, as the following score shows:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1894, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

1 3 1 1 5 1 3 1 3 4 2 1 1 4 3 1 1 5 1 1 5 1 2 2 5

W G Clark (30).2 ● 0 2 2 2 0 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2—21

2 5 5 1 2 4 5 5 5 5 2 3 2 1 2 5 2 3 1 2 2 1 2 4 1 5

2 2 2 0 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

4 3 2 3 3 5 5 4 4 4 4 2 4 2 2 3 5 3 4 4 4 4 2 2 4

2 2 2 2 2 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0 2 0 ● 2—21

1 4 1 5 5 3 1 5 4 2 1 2 2 4 4 3 3 4 3 1 1 1 5 3 4

2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 ● 2 ● 2 2—20—

5 4 5 2 1 4 3 1 3 3 5 2 3 4 3 1 4 4 4 5 3 2 4 1 3

A Willey (30)..2 2 0 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 2 0 2 ● 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2—20

5 1 3 5 5 1 2 2 2 4 4 5 1 2 5 3 4 5 4 1 3 4 4 5 4

2 2 2 0 0 0 ● ● 2 1 0 2 0 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2—18



In New Jersey.

AT THE CARTERET CLUB.

Dec. 11.—There were only seven shooters at the Wednesday special shoot this afternoon, but that seven kept things moving in a very lively manner. Promptly at 2 P. M. the programme was commenced, and from that minute there was no delay, the afternoons being short enough just now. When quitting time came nine events had been shot and 312 birds trapped—194 singles and 59 pairs, the traps having been pulled 253 times. "Quitting time" means, at this season of the year, about 4:40 P. M., and that was the hour they stopped shooting at Carteret this afternoon; the above figures show, therefore, that the traps were pulled at the rate of about 90 per hour! This speaks well for the speed with which the birds left the traps. They were indeed good birds, and they were aided considerably by a strong east-northeast wind; this may sound rather strange, but it should be borne in mind that the Carteret are not like other grounds, the traps facing about west-northwest, perhaps a point or two more to the west; a northeast wind, therefore, has not the same effect at Carteret as it has at most other grounds where the traps face as a rule to the east of north.

A curious feature of to-day's shooting was the success of Seaver Page at pairs, who scored 20 out of 22 at that style of shooting, but could only score 18 out of 21 at singles! The best work of the afternoon must be credited to George Work, who scored 26 out of 30 at singles, and 19 out of 22 in the pairs. Mr. Godchalk, a member of the Riverton Gun Club, started off at a great rate, killing his first 15 straight, dividing both the first two events. The following table will show the work of each shooter during the afternoon:

	Singles.		Pairs.	
	Killed.	Shot at.	Killed.	Shot at.
Chapin	14	21	15	20
Seaver Page	13	21	20	22
Edey	26	33	5	10
Godchalk	27	33	6	12
McAlpin	25	28	6	12
Knapp	23	28	15	20
Work	26	30	19	22

In connection with the above figures it should be stated that Work was not shooting his own gun, having sent it in for some repairs; he was shooting a gun that belongs to Mr. W. Watrous, and although it was strange to him, he handled it all right on fast birds, but the loss of a couple of slow, easy birds may very properly be laid at its door. McAlpin shot well, as usual, at single birds, but strangely enough he was not in it this afternoon when it came to pairs. He got mixed somewhat on his first pair in event No. 3, losing a bird by killing one on the ground and then missing the second when it flew; the latter of course was scored lost, and he shot at another pair, the last bird shot at to count; he killed both and was accordingly credited with a miss and a kill.

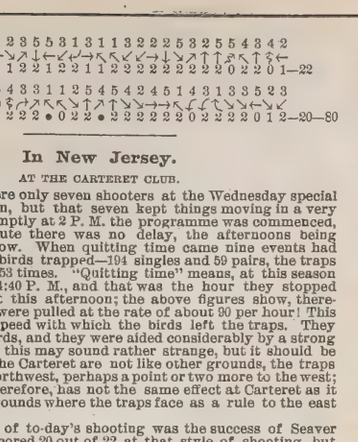
The traps were pulled as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Chapin	11	7	5	3	5	31
Page	7	5	10	5	5	32
Edey	6	8	7	4	13	38
Godchalk	8	5	9	10	7	39
McAlpin	9	8	5	4	8	34
Knapp	10	11	4	8	5	38
Work	12	6	10	5	8	41
	63	50	50	39	51	253

As 50 would be about an average, it will be noticed that the fall of the traps was very even so far as Nos. 2, 3 and 5 were concerned, No. 1 making up No. 4's deficiency.

Nos. 1 and 4 were 5 birds, $5; No 2 was a miss and out with a handicap allowance of misses as kills, viz , 31 and 30yds. men allowed two misses before being out, 29yds. men allowed three misses, 28yds. men four misses, 27yds. men and under five misses; $10 entrance. This event was divided between McAlpin and Godchalk, who had each missed but one at the end of the 11th round; Nos. 3, 8 and 9 were at pairs, No. 3 being $10 entrance; Nos. 8 and 9, $5; Nos. 5, 6 and 7 were $5 miss-and-outs. In all the events except the miss-and-outs the purse went to the two high guns. Scores in detail were as below:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1895 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



	No. 1.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Chapin	12● —2	02112—4	20 —1	20 —1
Page	1120 —3	21100—3	0 —0	2● —1
Edey	21222—5	02220—3	22121227	20 —1
Godchalk	21222—5	●2110—3	22122206	110—2
McAlpin		22220—4	220 —2	222—3
Knapp	2120 —3	22122—5	22● —2	2● —1
Work	21222—5	10112—4	2121111—7	220—2

	No. 2.	No. 3.
C M Chapin (30)	2●10 —2	10 10 10 11 —5
J S Page (30)	201122● —5	11 01 11 11 11—9
W S Edey (29)	●022222122●—8	●0 01 11 —3
E H Godchalk (29)	2221122221 0—10	00 01 —1
G S McAlpin (29)	0221212222—10	01 01 ●0 —2
J P Knapp (31)	2202222 0 —6	●1 11 1● 10 —5
George Work (31)	0220 —2	11 01 11 1● 11—8

	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.
Chapin	21210 —4	11 10 11—5	11 11 01—5
Page	20 —1	11 11 11—6	11 11 01—
Edey	220 —2	01 ●1 —2	... ...
Godchalk	10 —1	11 11 10—5	00 —0
McAlpin	2211220—6	01 11 10—4	... ...
Knapp	2221226	11 10 11—5	11 01 11—5
Work	1221226	11 11 01—5	11 11 11—6

CLIMAX GUN CLUB.

Dec. 11.—The Climax Gun Club, of Plainfield, N. J., held its last monthly shoot for the season of 1895 on the Fanwood Road House grounds. Fifteen members put in an appearance and shot their strings. At the first shoot of the 1896 series the prizes will be distributed to the winners and new handicaps awarded. The score in today's shoot was as follows:

Brantingham (25)	1111111111111111111110111 —24
D Darby (30)	1111011111111101111101001111 —24
Schorty (26)	1111110111111111011111111 —24
C Smith (25)	1110111111111111111111111 —23
Singer (35)	1111011101000110010101111000101111—22
Manning (27)	1101100111111111111011011 —21
J Darby (32)	1101110111011010101001101001101 —20
T H Keller (25)	1110101111101111111110011 —20
Swody (31)	1111010110001111110010101001 —20
H S Craft (25)	0111110111101111110011101 —19
Scott (28)	1111000110001111110101111110 —19
D Terry (26)	1111110001001101110010111 —18
W Terry (30)	0000111111110110010011010 —18
J E Goodman (32)	0100100010110111101101111001100 —17
Squires (27)	0100111111110111001100001 —16

A team race was shot with the result that Schorty's team paid for the targets shot at by Dutchy's team. Score:

Dutchy's Team.

Brantingham	1111011111111111111111111—24
D Darby	1111110111111111111010101—21
Keller	1000111111111111111101111—20
W Squires	1111001101001111111111111—20
Smith	1111100110001111111101111—19
Scott	1111000110001111110110111—17—121

Schorty's Team.

Manning	0101111111111111111011101111—21
Schortemeier	1001011111111111111011110—20
D Terry	1010110011110110101111111—18
Craft	1010110101101101100110111—17
Goodman	1101101010111011111100000—16
J Darby	0100100010100100001011111—11—103

WALSRODE GUN CLUB.

Dec. 11.—The banner shoot in the history of the Walsrode Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., was held to-day on the club's grounds, foot of Elm Road, Newark. Nineteen shooters took part in the seven sweeps, over 1,200 targets being thrown in the events decided. Both Piercy and Perment shot well up, while several others were not far behind them. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	10	10
Piercy	9	..	9	10	14	5	9
Perment	9	8	9	14	9	5	5
Thomas	9	7	6	12	7	7	..
Winters	8	9	6	11	13	4	4
Hepsley	5	4	6	7	9	..	..
Lenthauser	9	8	8	9	10	7	8
Riebold	3	6	6	11	7	4	2
McKelvey	0	0	0	..	..	..	..
Duff	3	3	5	7	6	7	6
Erhardt	5	3	7	8	9	2	6

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	10	10
Knoblauch	2	7	6	9	8	1	5
Heber	4	6	5	8	..	6	..
Schock	..	9	7	10	..	..	..
Young	..	6	8	7	..	..	..
Hassenger	..	7	3	11	13	7	5
Farrelly	..	..	5	11	9	6	..
Koeller	..	..	..	8	9	7	2
Glockler	..	..	..	3	6	..	3
Kraemer	..	..	..	..	..	5	6

AT YARDVILLE.

Dec. 12.—Gib Geiberson, of Allentown, N. J., and Will Weidmann, of Trenton, N. J., shot a match here to-day on Zwirlein's grounds. The conditions were: 25 live birds per man, $25 a side. Geiberson won by two birds, scoring 21 to his opponent's 19. The race was a tie at the end of the 16th round, at which stage of the game both men had lost three birds. Weidmann then lost his 18th, 20th and 21st, thus giving Geiberson, who failed to score his 25th bird, the match, as stated above. Score:

Gib Geiberson	1011112112121202012111210—21
W Weidmann	1201122111212120010100121—19

SOUTH SIDE'S SATURDAY.

Dec 14.—The South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., opened its club house and grounds as usual this afternoon. Owing to many counter attractions the attendance was small. The weather was bright and clear, but a strong wind at times made the targets hard to locate. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Shaw	8	7	10	7	4	8	..
Folsom	6	6	9	6	5	10	6
W M Smith	10	6	6	7	..	..	..
Orton	8	6	4	5	..	7	5
Team race:							

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Dawson	4	2	..	..	..	6	5
Whitehead	..	9	8	10	..	..	..
Thomas	..	..	..	7	8	5	10
Hedden	..	..	..	..	..	..	10

Shaw's Team.

Shaw	1101101001011101101001111—16
Thomas	1111111001111111111101111—21
Orton	1011111001011010111001001—15—52

Folsom's Team.

Folsom	1111111100111101011111111—21
Terrill	0101100100001100110100001—10
W M Smith	1111001011010111011111001—17—48

On Long Island.

THE LAIR-IBERT MATCH.

Dec. 9.—The Lair-Ibert match was shot to-day on the Dexter Park grounds, Lair throwing up the sponge at the close of the 50th round. The conditions of the match were: W. H. Lair, of the Fountain Gun Club, to stand at the 30yds. mark and shoot at 100 live birds; Frank Ibert, of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, to stand at the 25yds. mark and shoot at 125 live birds, a side bet and the price of the birds depending on the result. Although as a rule Lair is the much superior shot, the enormous allowance he was giving Ibert made several people favor the latter's chances; but even those people must have been astonished at the outcome of the match.

Lair started off at a capital gait, killing 18 without a skip, Ibert losing 3 out of that number; then Lair stopped gaining on his adversary, both losing 4 out of the remaining 12 of the first string of 25, the score showing Lair 21, Ibert 18. In the next 25 Lair fell to pieces, only killing 16 out of his second string. Ibert, on the other hand, was shooting very well, killing no less than 20 out of his 25, and actually was in the lead by one bird when the 50th round had been shot. With the match in such a shape it was wise of Lair to withdraw and save the price of 125 birds. The scores were:

W H Lair (30)	1122211121211012021200211—21
	1202101010200102012111112—16—37
F Ibert (25)	2220102112221011011202011—18
	0121102028211012221221210—20—38

A sweep at 10 live birds finished the afternoon's sport. The scores were: L. T. Duryea (30) 10, W. H. Lair (28) 9, Frank Ibert (28) 8, S. J. Held (28) 8, Louis Neir (25) 7.

NORTH SIDE GUN CLUB.

Dec. 10.—The North Side Gun Club held its monthly shoot this afternoon in cold and raw weather. The birds were a very uneven lot, the vast majority needing flushing with the scare ropes. Chris. Meyer during the afternoon shot at 29 birds, killing 28 of them, many of the 28 being really hard birds, as Meyer seemed to have the faculty of drawing most of the fast birds in the traps. Harry Heyer and J. H. Jennings are still a tie for the club championship, both of them losing a bird in to-day's club shoot. There are three more contests yet before the badge can be awarded. John Tiernan, of Rockaway Park, led in to-day's shoot with the only straight score; J. N. Meyer was shooting a 10-gauge that was too heavy for him, a gun that he has not shot for a long time; the result is apparent in his score. The scores of the club shoot, and of the miss-and-outs that followed, are given below:

J J Tiernan (28)	1222112—7
J H Jennings (30)	12212●1—6
C M Meyer (28)	2221●22—6
Harry Heyer (28)	2202222—6
E B Edwards (28)	121●111—6
Herman Ollen, Jr (28)	2010122—5
Dr Halsey (28)	1001122—5
J N Meyer (30)	02●112●—4

No. 1, miss-and-out, $1: E. M. Meyer 6, Jennings 5, Tiernan 5, Edwards 3, J. N. Meyer 2.

No. 2, same: C. M. Meyer 5, Tiernan 4, Heyer 4, J. N. Meyer 3, Edwards 2, Jennings 1.

BUSHWICK GUN CLUB.

Dec. 10.—The Bushwick Gun Club held a shoot this afternoon at its grounds in Newtown. There were ten entries in the club event, George Schaefer winning the handsome gold badge with the score of 18 out of 20 targets; H. J. Williams was second with 17 breaks. The scores in this event and in the two 10-target sweeps that followed are given below:

Club shoot, 20 targets:

G Schaefer	11110111111111101111111—18
H Williams	01111111111111111110—17
J H Nolan	11101110110011111111—16
Johnston	11101110110101011101—14
Richards	11001001011111001011—12
G Morrison	01111100000111001110—11
P Young	00011111010001100101—10
A Murphy	11110000001100101000— 8
J O'Brien	11000010001101000001— 7
E Hudson	10000100010000110000— 5

Sweepstake, 10 birds: Schaefer 10, Williams 8, Morrison 8, Nolan 7, Murphy 6, O'Brien 6, Richardson 6, Johnston 5, Young 5, Hudson 3.

Sweepstake, 10 birds: Johnston 9, Young 9, Schaefer 8, Nolan 8, Murphy 8, Williams 7, Morrison 7, O'Brien 7, Richardson 7, Hudson 3.

VERNON ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Dec. 7.—The attendance at the weekly shoot of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club, held this afternoon on the club's grounds, Enfield street, near Liberty avenue, Brooklyn, was very small, only three shooters putting in an appearance. The brothers W. H. and F. A. Thompson shot a 50-target race, F. A. winning by 3 breaks, scoring 39 to 36. The scores were:

F A Thompson	10011111111101101011101—19
	00111111110111010111111111—20—39
W H Thompson	11101111111111001011010—19
	01111110100010011111111011—17—36

During the afternoon F. A. Thompson shot at 30 more targets, breaking 16 of them. W. H. shot at 10 extra and broke 8 out of the 10. Dr. Allen shot at 30 targets for practice and scored 19 of them.

PARKWAY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Dec. 11.—The Parkway Rod and Gun Club held its regular monthly live bird shoot this afternoon. In the club shoot, C. M. Meyer, J. Bennett and Henry Bramwell tied for the medal, the tie being shot off miss-and-out, Bramwell forcing Meyer to kill 8 straight to win. After the club shoot several sweeps were decided. Scores:

Club shoot, 7 live birds: C. M. Meyer (30) 7, H. Bramwell (28) 7, J. Bennett (28) 7, A. Botty (28) 6, S. Short (28) 6, D. S. Van Wicklin (28) 6, J. Wye (28) 6, G. Clark (30) 5, H. J. Selover (28) 5, A. Andrews (27) 5, E. Helgans (28) 4, H. J. Bookman (28) 3.

Tie for Medal: C. M. Meyer 8, H. Bramwell 7, J. Bennett 3.

No. 1, 10 birds: C. M. Meyer (30) 10, A. Botty (28) 9, H. Bookman (29) 9, T. Short (28) 8, H. J. Selover (28) 8, J. Wye (29) 8, A. Andrews (27) 7, H. Bramwell (28) 7.

No. 2, same: E. Helgans (30) 10, C. M. Meyer (30) 10, H. J. Bookman (28) 10, T. Short (28) 8, A. Andrews (27) 8, H. Bramwell (28) 7.

Tie for first money: E. Helgans 5, C. M. Meyer 4, H. J. Bookman 4.

No. 3, 5 birds, tie shot off miss-and-out: A. Andrews 5 and 4, C. M. Meyer 5 and 3, H. J. Bookman 5 and 3, E. Helgans 5 and 2.

UNKNOWN ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Dec. 12.—The Unknown Rod and Gun Club held its December club shoot this afternoon, 7 members taking part in the main event. This competition is at 7 live birds per man, handicap rise, the scores in the monthly shoot counting in the yearly averages for the gold championship medal. To-day's shoot resulted as follows:

H. Housemann (30), M. Brown (28) and J. Akhurst (25) 6 each, W. J. Skipmore (25) 4, E. A. Vroome (28) and H. von Staden (23) 3, A. C. Rankin (23) 2.

Sweep at 3 live birds, then miss-and-out; Brown (28) 4, Housemann (30) and Von Staden (25) 3, Rankin (25) 2, and Skidmore (35) 1.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Dec. 14.—Seven members of the New Utrecht Gun Club faced the traps at the club's grounds, Woodlawn, L. I., in the club shoot at 10 live birds per man. Three of the seven scored 9 birds, Chris. Meyer losing 2 out of his 10, but dividing the third event with 8 straight. Scores:

	No. 1, club shoot.	No. 2.
Dr Littlefield (A)	2220122121—9	.....
C M Meyer (A)	2221122022●—8	.....
A Eddy (B)	1222221101—9	1111202●2w—7
J N Meyer (B)	1202221121—9	.....
W F Sykes (B)	1●22220202—7	12222222202 —9
C Katfenstroth (B)	22●0212202—7	.....
P Adams (B)	2●02102021—6	121001●110 —6

No. 3, 5 live birds, then miss-and-out, nominal entrance: C. M. Meyer 8, Dr. Littlefield 7, J. N. Meyer and Jere Lott 4; P. Adams 3.

CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB.

Dec. 14.—Messrs. F. Geddes, White, Chapman and Bunn, members of the Crescent A. C., of Brooklyn, N. Y., met on the club's target grounds at Bay Ridge this afternoon and shot a series of strings at 25 targets per string. Geddes averaged 19 out of 25 for 5 strings, White averaging 14 for 4 strings. The best scores made by the four shooters above named were as follows:

Geddes	1111110111111111101110111—22
White	1110011111011110101100101—17
Chapman	0111011010110100110101111—16
Bunn	0001100001011000100000001— 7

IDLE HOUR GUN CLUB.

Dec. 16.—The Idle Hour Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot this afternoon. The club shoot is at 7 live birds and, although there were ten entries, W. Sandford was high with a score of 5. Result:

W Sandford	1212100—5	H Meyers	2201000—3
A Busch	1100302—4	H Offerman	0200102—3
H Boemmermann	2002002—3	H Hoffman	0001020—2
C Lakemann	1202000—3	G Veimeister	0020000—1
F Elfers	0210002—3	F Wilsheausen	0000020—1

After the main event a 3-bird sweep, $1 entrance, was shot off: Sandford, Offerman, Meyers and Wilsheausen, 3; Busch and Boemmermann, 2; Elfers, 0.

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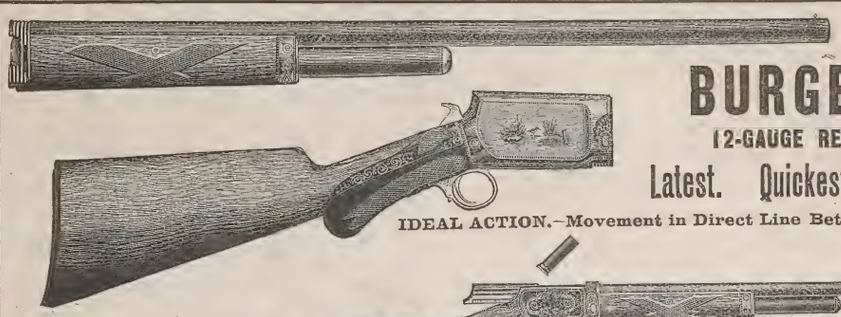
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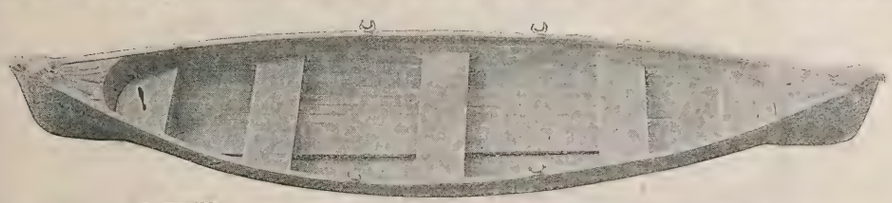
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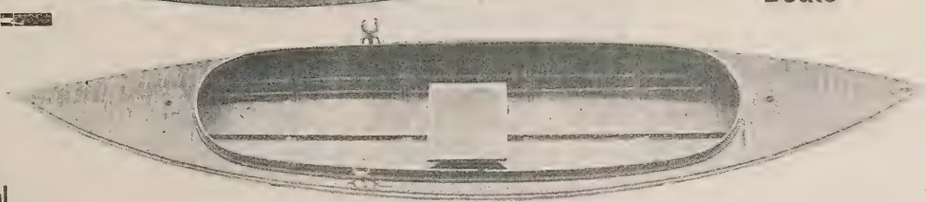
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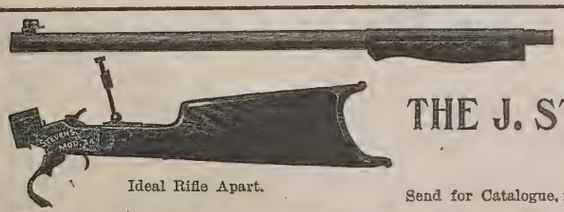
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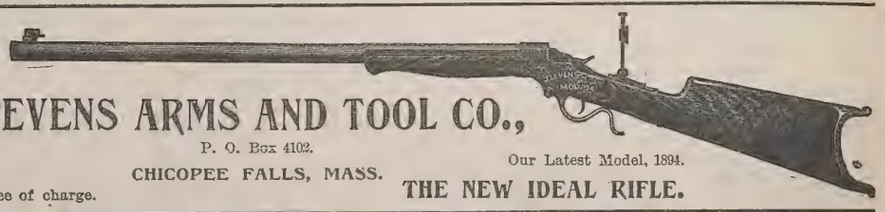
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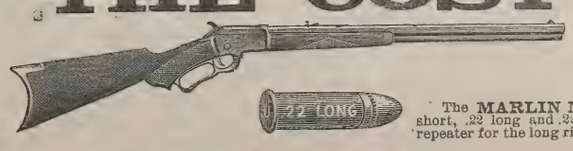
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The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press on Tuesdays. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us by Mondays and as much earlier as may be practicable.

THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

THE project of handing the United States Fish Commission over to the politicians has been brought up again in Congress. Representative Haines and Senator Thurston, both of Nebraska, have introduced a bill to make the Fish Commission a bureau of the Agricultural Department; and the measure has in each house been referred to the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry.

The conditions have in no wise changed since the previous attempt to give the Commission into the control of the Agricultural Department in 1890. It is just as evident now as it was then that the proposed transfer is for politics, and not in the best interests of economy and efficiency. The Commission's work has been done under the direct and constant supervision of committees of both Houses of Congress; the details of its expenditures have been scrutinized annually; various departments of the Government have contributed to its scope and, in turn, utilized its results. Leaders among business men and scientific associations at home and abroad have expressed their admiration of the very efficiency which has provoked the envy of political creed. From far and near, wherever the Fish Commission is known, protests have come against any experiments with this successful branch of the public service. Clearly this proposition has its origin, not in the public demand, which is unreservedly opposed to it, but in a supposed political necessity. It aims simply to pull down the organization to the level of a fish-distributing machine, double appropriations, and provide additional places in reward for partisan service.

It is preposterous to assume that the Fish Commission would be benefited if put under the erratic control of Secretary Morton.

CROPPING AND CRUELTY.

THE issue in the matter of cropping, which has been engaging the attention of the American Kennel Club, is one deserving more than a passing consideration, since it involves more than a mere matter of fancy on the one hand or sentimentalism on the other, though when sentiments are in favor of greater kindness to animals or the stopping of cruel practices, such sentiments are worthy of respectful consideration and earnest admiration.

The question is not a new one in itself, nor is the principle involved one of doubtful issue. In all civilized countries, cruelties which can not show material justification have received the stamp of public condemnation. Statutes have been passed by practically all the States in the Union making unlawful all forms of unjustifiable cruelty.

Nor is public opinion in a passive state in respect to these matters. Innumerable thousands of men and women throughout the civilized world have raised their voices and devoted their time, effort and means to the suppression of cruelty and to the punishment of the offenders whose sensibilities were so dead or dormant that they could not be touched by suasion or example, and they still continue to do so. The humane sentiments are growing stronger day by day. The cause has its own special journals, in which humane considerations impel hundreds of writers to advocate a proper observance of greater humanity between man and man and man and the lower animals. The opposition to cruel practices has a firmer foothold and a greater influence at present than ever before, and it has its sentiments in the tangible form of statutory law with vigilant and zealous officers to enforce it.

So far as cropping is concerned the question is whether it conflicts with the law or not. The presumption is that it does, since many of its advocates admit its cruelty. Nearly all of those fanciers who have no special interest in the breed disapprove or condemn it. The public at large looks upon it with an unkind eye. There is thus no question but that it conflicts with humane sentiments. It is a question worthy of grave consideration, not only as it concerns the present, but as it also concerns the future. The action of the A. K. C. at its recent meeting is not a final disposition of the matter. On the contrary, it will serve to bring the question conspicuously before the public, it will draw the sharp scrutiny of the humane societies to it, and it will become so momentous that its future will be out of the hands of the original parties at interest.

The question of the right or wrong of it is one which cannot stand public agitation. Agitation means thought, discussion, reflection, the moulding of sentiment, and in the end a condemnation of ear cutting. The vote of the American Kennel Club last week was not sufficient to abolish the showing of cropped dogs on the bench, but it did reveal the existence of a preponderating sentiment against cropping. Had every delegate present been at liberty to vote as his personal convictions dictated, the two-thirds majority required to amend the club's rules would have been voted. As it is, the discussion which has begun will continue, and in the end the American Kennel Club, or the several specialty clubs themselves, will rule against the ear cutting. The specialty clubs may well take note of the signs of the times. It would be a graceful thing on their part to recognize the growing sentiment, and by their own suitable action to win the credit for voluntarily doing away with cropping. If it is left finally to the action of the A. K. C. or statutory law to abolish the cruelty, it will carry with it a rebuke to its advocates that will be avoided by voluntary action on the part of the specialty clubs interested in the matter. And it would be wise for the specialty clubs to give prompt attention to the matter and prompt action to their good intentions.

BEE HUNTING.

THAT survival of man's primitive wildness which is termed the sporting instinct exhibits itself in some forms that are not recognized as legitimate by those who arrogate to themselves the title of true sportsmen. Yet who shall say that they are not, since they have the authority of most ancient usage and are entered upon with as keen a zest by those who affect them as are the so-called legitimate methods by those who practice only them?

Even the fish spearer and the trapper find in the excitement of their pursuits and in the acquirement and exercise of skill an enjoyment quite distinct from the acquisition of gain, and as keen as that of the acknowledged sportsman.

They may have, too, their purely æsthetic quality, for it is possible that the wielder of the spear may be as contemplative as the caster of the fly, and that a man may commune with nature as profitably while he sets a trap as does another while he sights a flying bird.

More apt than either of these to fall into such gentle moods one might fancy the bee hunter. His lines are cast in pleasant places in the delightful weather of late summer and early fall, and he spends the golden hours of busy indolence with bees and flowers for his most intimate associates.

He has time and opportunity to observe the ways of wild things, and he can hardly help but grow into some accord with nature while he breathes the fragrance of her ripeness, hears the drowsy hum of the bees, the faint trickle of the spent rills, caught and lost amid the fitful stir of leaves and the farewell notes of lingering singers. What his craft has trained his senses to catch and much besides he may use to a finer purpose than its own object.

No man needs a keener eye than he to follow such swift, diminutive quarry, nor keener wits, and he must be cool and resolute, for this hunting has its spice of danger.

Who shall say that bee hunting may not become a fine art among sports, and that in the increasing dearth of fish and fowls and beasts of venery the wild honey bee may not come to be legitimate game and the hunting thereof the contemplative man's recreation?

SNAP SHOTS.

THE fact that wild turkeys are still found in Michigan, as stated in another column, would certainly seem to call for prompt action on the part of the Michigan Legislature and of all the game protective associations of that State. Surely some effort should be made to protect absolutely the few remaining individuals of this superb species, and this can only be done by enacting a statute which shall absolutely protect them for a long term of years and by arousing within the State a public opinion which shall come to the support of such a statute, and make it appear to every one who carries a gun a crime to destroy one of these splendid birds. Almost all the States where the buffalo used to range now have laws absolutely protecting them, and in States where exotic species have been introduced similar protective laws are passed to prevent their slaughter, so as to enable them to gain a firm foothold. If such action is taken with regard to exotic species, how much more should this be done when the most splendid game bird in America, if not in the world, is in question. The wild turkey is to other birds what the buffalo or moose is to mammals, and it should be a matter of pride with all residents of Michigon to protect and foster the species within the State's borders.

In his report of the Black River Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, Secretary Wolcott writes that some of the members have expressed much dissatisfaction at the non-enforcement of the game law, and have gone so far as to question the advisability of keeping up voluntary protective associations. We sincerely trust that such sentiments will not prevail. In the present condition of affairs the only hope for game and fish protection in this State lies in the existence of voluntary associations. Protection by the State is at the lowest possible ebb. We have a $9,000 Commission, the president drawing a salary of $5,000, and without funds left sufficient to pay the district protectors, who are being dismissed right and left. We have a law, which was advocated by the president of the Commission, allowing the sale at all times of game killed outside of the State, which means in practice also the sale of game killed in the State. So long as that law shall remain in force it will be impossible to stop the selling of our own game in close season. Without a reasonable law, and without protectors, the outlook at present is dark. It is no time for voluntary associations to disband.

For the North land the coming of Christmas marks the end of the shooting season on almost all game. Usually by that time the ground is snow-covered and often ice-bound, and upland birds are in a measure safe from pursuit with dog and gun, while the cold has locked the waters of lakes and bays of the seacoast, and the waterfowl have disappeared to seek open feeding grounds. The end of 1895 has been remarkable for its mild and pleasant weather, which has constantly invited the gunner to be abroad in the fields and woods, and the wildfowl still linger along the coast, by night sleeping in the open waters and in the gray of the morning winging their way into the bays, where with much splashing and with hoarse cries they dive for food or playfully pursue each other under the mild sky.

In the East it has not been a good season for the upland gunner. Birds have been scarce in the more thickly settled districts or rather in many places there have been none at all. Wildfowl, on the other hand, have been unusually abundant along the North Atlantic coast, largely, no doubt, because of the autumnal drought, which made many of their inland feeding grounds unavailable.

The mild weather of the autumn made fowl shooting in Southern waters rather unsatisfactory for some time after the season opened, but the cold snap of early December sent a large flight of birds to the Chesapeake and the waters of Virginia and North Carolina, where there has since been fair shooting. We are told in the old saw that "When the days begin to lengthen, the cold begins to strengthen," and no doubt a little later fowl will be very abundant along the Southern coast.

Those men are to be envied who can take the time for a few weeks' outdoor life in the sunny South at this season to bask in a blind waiting for fowl to come, or to stretch their legs for quail over the old fields behind the dogs, or to flounder through the marshes after snipe. These sports do not carry with them the bracing vigor of the long stalk through the snow-clad forest on the track of big game, nor the tramp over frozen swamps for a cunning old partridge, but they are none the less delightful and restful. Let him enjoy them who can.

This is our Christmas number. It brings with it, whether it find you near at hand or in the remotest corners of the continent, our sincere wish for your Merry Christmas, and we hope that this generous fund of stories and sketches which the FOREST AND STREAM contributors have provided for your entertainment may add to your enjoyment of the holiday season.

For Christmas Week.

HOPKINS'S POND.

Echo hiding up among the rocks quietly reproved the boy who yelled too loudly when he pulled the croaking bullhead out of the warm pond water, and with a low, forbearing voice showed with nice modulation how the sound of joy ought to be made next time.

It was a quiet pond, without a single bad trait, excepting that it smelled rather pondy in summer when the water was low, but that is nothing to a boy. Its tranquility was in keeping with the tranquil farms that extended part way around it, but it nevertheless had certain subdued sounds of its own, for in the spring the honest toad sat in a leaky bog and trilled a serenade to his love who was largely immersed in the cool water below. Little frogs chuckled and big frogs rumbled in bass, while the old mill wheel, which labored irregularly, mingled its thumpings with the sound of water plunging over the low wooden dam. Such sounds were very different, though, from the rattle and bang of a noisy engine and the screech of a steam saw that one is in danger of hearing nowadays if he is not judicious about his selection of ponds. We never heard anything of that sort about old-fashioned Hopkins's Pond, which was very dear to the heart of the boy, and very dreadful in the mind of his mother, who imagined that its eager depths were always yawning for her dirty little darling, who had safely outgrown the cistern and the well.

As a matter of fact it was about as good a pond as we could imagine, though it really was rather deep, down by the flume where the water silently moved underground in a slow, portentous current, and the sticks and rusty bait boxes that we boys threw in there disappeared forever. If such things went as completely out of sight in the bonfire in the garden it was a different matter. When the agrostis ghosts and dead leaves had all been raked out from under the currant bushes and piled upon the heap of trimmings from the grapevines and apple trees, a cloud of crackling smoke rolled up into the balmy spring air that was more fitted to receive the bluebirds' song, and into the fire we threw various garden rakings: a tail from a wornout buffalo robe, and the heavy dried paint-pot, a chicken's foot, a recently unearthed spool that little sister begged us to spare for her wagon, a piece of bagging with plaster on it, the remnant of a hoop-skirt, an old tow chignon that the pup had dragged over from the minister's yard, a sole from grandfather's boot, the wooden cover of a Webster's spelling book, a cabbage stalk with roots deeply entwined in a hunk of dirt, a mouldy corncob, a rusty screw, and a good new clothespin if nobody was looking. We watched the disappearance of these things in the fire with great glee, and there was none of the sober feeling that came over us when the sticks and bait boxes went out of sight in the flume.

A large part of the pond was spread with lilypads which shaded the reticulated pickerel, and round about the margins amphibious arrow weeds lifted themselves up high enough to whisper to the companionable willows which leaned over the water as far as they dared, and which canopied the nest of the woodthrush when she pressed her warm spotted breast over the satin-lined blue eggs that held hours and hours of coming song.

Twittering swallows slid in graceful curves over the surface of the pond, dipped their bills into the water as they flew, circled out over the hayfield and back to the pond again as lightly as mere allusive emblems of flight. Gaudy opercled sunfish built round nests in the yellow sand where the quawk waded with his phosphorescent breast lantern at night, and gauzy winged dragon flies no heavier than mid-day air balanced upon the tippiest tips of the sedges. Archippus and argynnis butterflies drifted about over the clustered asclepias on the bank and the colias fleet luffed on the half dried mud.

In the autumn the muskrats built cosy houses of calamus and cat tails at the head of the pond, and one could find a raccoon track under the button bushes if he knew just where to pull the branches aside to look for it. Wood ducks floated among fallen leaves in the shallow cove where sere and brown grasses hung their loads of rich nutritious seeds within easy reach, and sometimes a black duck spent two or three days among the frost killed weeds on the low islands where splashy waves and autumn rains had made good woodcock ground under the alders. Katydids and tree crickets katydided in the venerable and respected maple tree, while the disbanded chorus of hylas piped with solitary voices in the woods which had been littered by a departing season. The old rickety bridge lay slanting upon its abutments. Its beams had been obliged to yield a little in the spring freshet when the ice had jammed against them. The chestnut planking of the bridge was warped, and where horses' feet had punctured the rotting boards pine slabs were nailed as a provision against accident and unwise expenditure. Hay seed that had sifted down from August loads sprouted in the dust on the girders, and it rattled down into the water when we turned up a plank in order to slyly poke a copper wire noose in front of the unsuspicious white-nosed suckers as they patiently worked from rock to rock along the bottom under the fancied protection of the bridge.

When winter came over the pond the hemlocks sighed very often, for they loved rivalry with other trees in foliage, and the bluejays went to them to offer sympathy. Green and blue added a bright bit of color to the white landscape and persuaded the distant winter sky to come nearer. Soft-footed rabbits carelessly left whole rows of rabbit tracks in the snow where blackberry briers offered tempting nipping, and the thick rushes were as full of quail tracks as an egg is full of meat. In the cold, still winter midnight, when the belated traveler blew his frosted finger tips and trudged noiselessly along through the fluffy snow in the lonely pond road, allowing superstition to keep one eye on the lookout, the muffled quunk, quunk, quunk, of uncaused ice sounds suddenly admonished him to take longer steps and to get some kind of a door behind him.

There was nothing mysterious about the pond in the daytime, and it was great fun to kick a stone out of the frozen ground and send it bounding across the ice; to hear the musical whunk, whenk, whink, ink, inkle, inkle, inkle, inkle, until the stone bounced into the bushes on the further bank. How the ice did ring to the clipping skate strokes when we youngsters, red-mittened and with flying tippet ends, played shinny in the moonlight until the driftwood fire burned low and we realized that we had been out three hours later than the time when we had promised to be at home, where our good parents were consoling themselves with the thought that we always had come home previously. No matter how frosty the night, or how keenly the wind blew, we knew nothing of that while the fun lasted, but it began to feel chilly when Susie had chosen to go home with Dave, and it became shivery when Ed had been accepted as escort for Nellie. Pretty brown-eyed Nellie with warm home-knitted woolen stockings and glowing cheeks, her mirthful eyes shining out through a loosened lock of dark hair under her fur-lined hood. We knew that Ed would bashfully steal a cold-nosed hurried kiss at the gate, and that Nellie would hit him with her skates, but not very hard—not as hard as we would have done it. We knew what would happen because Ed had looked sheepish for a whole week after he had gone home with Nellie the last time, but we told each other that we didn't care if Nellie did like Ed the best. We didn't care a darn bit, 'cos he wa'n't nobody nohow. Couldn't set rabbit twitch-ups, nor snare suckers, nor play nibs for fair, and he only knew 'rithemtick and school things. A feller like that wa'n't no good and nobody 'ceptin' the teacher and Nellie liked him. How little did we realize in those early days that there was something green-eyed as well as something brown-eyed out for an outing when the weather was right, but boys who are supposed to have no troubles at all are all full of them, because they have the emotions of older folks without the training to discover the locality of a thorn. Many are their troubles which make a lasting impression through life.

One of us boys was so enthusiastic about trapping muskrats that he got up at 4 o'clock every morning all through the winter and tramped miles along the streams before breakfast, watching the habits of the warmer coated denizens of the brook, hunting for their holes under the banks and the paths where they came up into the meadow for grass. A heap of unio shells had for him a meaning. A burrow under the snow to a certain apple tree showed which frozen apples the muskrats liked best. A soggy, decayed log in the water always carried a definite evidence of their fondness for that spot, and the boy knew that his trap would be sprung and the sweet apple pulled from its stick when he went to that log in the morning. The boy's interest and labor were well rewarded, and he caught more muskrats than any of the other boys who went to their traps when it was convenient and who did not set them in very good places anyway. It was a matter of so much pride to the boy to be successful that he told all of the other boys about his luck, and expected that they would pat him on the back and sing his praises as a famous hunter; but, ah! how much more had he learned about muskrats than about human nature. The other boys simply would not believe at first that he had such luck as he described, but he made them believe it by taking them out to the barn and showing them the skins carefully stretched upon shingles with flat tails all in a row. Did that end the difficulty? No indeed! The other boys straightway got ugly about it and said that if he had such luck as that he must have taken the muskrats out of their traps, and they told Nellie and Susie what they thought about it. Nellie and Susie responded with that sympathy which is the sweetest of feminine characteristics, and promptly sided with the injured ones. Such was the boy's first experience in competing for gains; but in later life he found that whenever perseverance and work made him successful over others who were less interested than he they at first refused to believe, and when forced to believe decided that he must have employed unfair means.

The boy was very much grieved at the attitude of his companions, whose esteem and good fellowship were more to him than the muskrat skins or the powder and shot that they would buy. The problem at one time seemed to end at nothing short of his giving up the profitable trapping and letting the other boys do it all; but finally he hit upon the plan of telling them of his best tricks, and showing them the good trapping places that he had discovered at times when they were comfortably snoozing in bed. That eased the strained relations somewhat, but as the best luck, unfortunately, continued to pursue the boy, his companions persisted in showing their disapproval. Innocently looking for praise, knowing that he had earned it, there was not only no praise forthcoming, but actual antagonism.

One day while lying upon the ground by the dam, listening to the roar of the water and thinking of the ways of different animals, like a flash the thought came to the boy that this antagonism on the part of the other fellows was just simply one of the habits of the boy animal. All at once it was just as clear to him as were the habits of the woodchucks and of the partridges, and he remembered that the perspicuousness of their leading traits had been as unexpectedly revealed to him. So firmly did this thought seize the boy that he did not go home to dinner or to supper, but lay there in the grass by the dam and formulated an hypothesis which to this day has made him happy and contented, even though successful in life. That hypothesis assumed that if one made the habits of antagonists a matter of interest from a natural history standpoint, there would be no necessity for defense or revenge, and all of the energy that would otherwise be diverted into such channels could be utilized for accomplishing something of real importance. One would expect of course to defend principles, but separately from self. Under the hypothesis there was no need to care for either praise or blame, and one could laugh up his sleeve and watch unmerited praise and unwarranted blame striking a balance with each other while he was engaged in doing something useful.

The more disagreeable a person was, the more interesting he became as a specimen, but the most beautiful feature of the hypothesis was the ability which it gave one to forgive his worst enemies for anything at any time and to find that insults could neither be given nor received.

If it had not been for the muskrat crisis, which took place at Hopkins's Pond, the boy might to this day be wasting energy in complicated strife instead of enjoying comfort and pleasure while working for himself and for others. The boy lives a long way from the pond now, and his hair is grayer than it was in muskrat days, but it is a pleasure when visiting the old homestead to go over to the pond and hunt for the heaps of unio shells and the burrows under the bank. Ed and Nellie are married and have sons and daughters of their own, and he as a man of wide renown has proven that fraudulent estimates were furnished to us boys by the green-eyed dealer in the game of life. Dave and Susie drifted away from each other when Dave went off to college, and while his tastes were ascending hers remained stationary, so that after a few years they were not companions for each other at all. She as a household drudge is very different from the happy Susie whose skates rang merrily with ours on the black ice under the winter stars. Joe and Pete, who failed to do much with the muskrats and who were ugly about it, have failed to get up early in any of their undertakings, and they often go for aid to the boy who tried to show them how to succeed in former days, but it is of no use. They still grumble and complain of their lot and are ever ready to impugn the motives and the methods of any man who is prosperous. Jerry, who was about the dullest boy in school, went West and has made a fortune in railroads, so that it seems as though almost anybody could do that; but Henry, who was one of the very best scholars, is an extremely respectable clerk in Jerry's employ, and he has never as yet perceived opportunity standing out in as bold relief as a fly in the milk. Tom was drowned at sea, and no one seems to know what has become of George. Everything has changed excepting Hopkins's Pond, but to-day the water pours over the dam as of old, and the cricket's sharp chirp finds its way through the duller sound. The muskrat makes a rippling wake in the moonlight, but I do not know whose boy eagerly marks its course now. Pickerel still suspend themselves under the lilypads, and a bullhead will pull any one's cork 'way down under water on almost any warm, misty evening. The pond that once entered so much into the boys' life is now entering into the lives of a new generation of boys.

One day recently Echo up among the rocks was heard protesting more loudly than ever before, and soon a coaching party of sightseers with four bang-tailed horses and a brazen horn came rolling along the road. One of the ladies touched a gentleman on the arm and said, "There is a pond." The gentleman answered, "Yes." And the coach rolled on.

That was all that it meant to them, for they were sightseers.

Robert T. Morris.

A BEE HUNTER'S REMINISCENCES.

"So you like to hunt bees, Uncle Jerry?" I asked my old friend, who had mentioned that pastime with a glow of animation.

"Of course I du," he answered, "anything that's huntin' an' that comes the fust on't when the' hain't no other huntin'. It's a pleasant time o' year tu be a shootin' 'raound the aidge o' the woods an' intu 'em, an' you're like tu run ontu litters o' young partridges an' l'arn their ha'nts an' come ontu signs o' young foxes bein' raised, that 'll be hendy tu know 'baout, come fall. An' it hain't every dodunk 'at c'n hunt bees, le' me tell ye. If you think so, you jest try it.

"A feller's got tu hev sharp eyes, an' use 'em, an' be pooty well l'arned in the critter's ways, an' hev some gumption, in a gin'ral way. An' it hain't all lazin' 'raound nuther. I've lined bees nigh ontu three mild, an' when a feller's done that an' fetches up ag'in a tame swarm in someb'dy's do' yard it makes him feel kinder wamble-cropped.

"O, bee-huntin' hes its disappointments julluk all huntin' an ev'ything else in this airth. Oncte I got some bees tu workin' an' come along towards night, I'd got 'em lined up clus tu where the tree was. I knowed, 'cause the' was a dozen on 'em comin' back tu the box in no time, but it was gittin' tew late tu foller 'em, so I set a chunk o' comb on a rock, an' quit an' went hum, 'spectin' tu make a short job on't next mornin'. But come tu git hum, word hed come 'at my ol' womern's mother, Mis' Perry, was a hevin' one o' her spells, an' wa'n't 'spected tu live, an' so we hypered off tu Goshen in the mornin' an' didn't git back for a week, an' then when I went tu finish findin' my bee tree, darned if someb'dy er 'nuther hadn't got ahead o' me an' took up the tree, an' a big one it was tew. An' by grab, ol' Mis' Perry didn't die arter all."

Uncle Jerry drew his pipe from one pocket and from another a great oval japanned tin tobacco box, bearing on its cover the device of a bee-hive and the legend, "Industry brings plenty," on which his eyes rested with an abstracted, retrospective gaze. He continued after a pause:

"I allers thought it was Hi Perkins an' Joe Billin's 'at got that honey, but I got square wi' 'em. That very same day I lined a swarm stret tu a tree an' put my mark on't, an' as I went moggin' along back towards home on the line I met the critters a-workin' up on it, an' they looked cheaper'n dirt when I told 'em 'at I'd faound the tree, for they'd be'n a-workin' the line ever sence mornin'."

Uncle Jerry filled his pipe and found a time-worn match out of his vest pocket, which he succeeded in lighting after repeated scratchings with both ends on his trousers. Then having got his pipe in blast he resumed his reminiscenses.

"Yes, bee huntin' hes its disapp'intments an' oncertainties, an' mebby that's what makes all sorts o' huntin' interestin'. One time I was goin' tu Ch'lotte, on the New Rwud, an' as I druv along past Wheeler's woods a gawpin' up int' the trees, I see a swarm o' bees a skivin' in an' aout of a hole abaout 25ft. up a big ellum, an' thinks, says I, there's luck for ye, a-findin' a bee tree 'thaout huntin' a minute, an' it's big 'nough for a hunderdweight o' honey. So nex' day I took my hired man an' each on us an axe an' hitched on t' the one-hoss lumber box waggin an' lwuded a big brass kittle into 't, an' off we went tu take up the tree 'fore anybody else diskivered it.

"The on'y way we c'ld fall it was right across the rwud, but hev that honey we must, and so at it we went, hammer an' tongs, an' it hotter 'n blazes. In 'baout an haour daown she come, ker-onch, right acrost the rwud. An' haow much honey du ye su'pose we got?"

"Well, 50lbs.," I guessed, after considering the size of the tree, and meaning to get within reasonable limits.

"Not a tarnal drop! Not one speck!" cried Uncle Jerry. "By grab, they wa'n't bees; they was abaout a hatf'l o' blasted yaller-jackets. An' there we hed that tree tu git aouten the rwud an' them a sockin' on't tu us red hot, an' whilst we was a choppin' an' a boostin' an' a fightin' hornets, along come the fust s'lec' man an' faound the highway blocked up, an' that made him mad an' he give me Hail Columby, an' I was mad tew, but tew 'shamed tu say anything back, but it done me some good when a

hornet took him in the forwead, an' 'fore he got by they stung his hoss—an' he went, I tell ye.

"An' 'fore we got away one on 'em gin it tu aour hoss jest as we got ready tu start, an' the way that 'ere kettle baounded an' rattled an' we a hangin' ont' the seat an' the ol' hoss a humpin' hisself for all he was wu'th, if it wa'n't a circus—wal."

A chapter of description was condensed in that concluding word, and Uncle Jerry did not spoil the picture by adding another touch.

"Bees is cur'us critters," he began again, after a few minutes of meditative puffing. "I got terribly bothered oncte on the saouth eend o' Shellhaouse Maountain. I'd ketched a bee an' got tu work an' got his line right up a holler int' the woods, an' he'd be gone jest five minutes every time, but the' was a place I'd lose him an' couldn't find the tree ner foller him one inch furder. He never fetched a bee back with him. I fussed with him all day an' when I went hum at night I tol' my neighbor, ol' Uncle Pa'sons. He was an ol' bee hunter, an' says he, 'I c'n find 'em in ten minutes, I bet ye.'

"So next mornin' he put up a bite o' suthin' t' eat an' went 'long wi' me an' he fussed wi' that pleggid bee all the forenoon, an' all he c'ld du was tu git up ontu a ridge, an' he said it was one o' Barnses tame bees an' no use in follerin' on 't no furder, an' so he eat his grub an' went hum, but I wouldn't give it up yit.

"I got the bee in the box an' kerried it up on the ridge an' let him go, an' the fust time he come an' went I got his line right stret along the ridge, an' didn't go ten rod 'fore I faound the tree, a big ches'nut oak. We hed a time a-takin' on 't up, for the' was a snarl o' bees an' they was uglier 'n sin. But we got over a hunderdweight o' honey. It was 'cause the swarm was so rich 'at that 'ere bee worked so slow an' come back alone, but I never see one travel so crooked. Suthin' 'baout the laidges, I s'pose."

"Another cur'us thing is if you kerry bees past the' tree they won't come back tu the box.

"Twicte I got scairt a-bee huntin'. Once was when I went tu 'the Patrimony' wi' Sol Mead tu take up a bee tree. It was an all-killin' hot day, an' we daowned the tree an' slabbed off a piece where the honey was, an' was a-takin' on't aout when all tu oncte Sol he was took sick, an' I tell you he was awful sick. I kerried him off an' laid him 'n under a tree, an' he kep' a-growin' sicker, an' I reckoned he'd die sartain an' folks 'ld say I killed him.

"But he made me go an' finish taken' up the honey, an' I did, an' the' was a whole lot on't which I wished the' wa'n't none. A tree full o' honey an' a dyin' man on my hands tu oncte was more'n I wanted. But I got the honey, took keer on an' it an' Sol int' the waggin an' started the percession. He begin tu git better 'fore we got hum an' was all right nex' day. I cal'late 'twas the heat an' the smell o' the mad bees a fumin' up int' his face 'at ailded him.

"T'other time I was alone, linin' some bees on Shellhaouse, an' 't was gittin' late an' I'd got tu quit, when I hearn the awfulest yowlin' right daown the wood rwud I was cal'latin' tu go. Fust I thought 't was a woman who was lost, an' then I knowed it wa'n't, but some sort of an annymil. Mebby it was a painter, but more likely it was a lynk, but I wa'n't hankerin' arter a lynk fight wi' nothin' but a bee box an' a jack-knife for weepyns, an' I jest hypered right over the maountain best foot for'ard. Last I hearn the critter was yowlin' right where I quit off, but I didn't stop to listen much till I got int' the lots. The' was a lynk killed in the west part o' the taown the week arter, but mebby it wa'n't mine.

"You sh'ld like tu go a-bee huntin', hey? Wal, 't ain't much use nowerdays, the's so many tame ones tu bother a feller. An' I guess y' eyes hain't good 'nough. Nigh-sighted, hain't ye? An' it hain't ev'y dodunk 'at c'n hunt bees. But come nex' summer, we'll try it a hack if you wantu."

Uncle Jerry's words are not encouraging to one whom he evidently considers a "dodunk," and summer seems far off as one looks across the dun, flowerless fields to bleak, gray woods, and I doubt if we ever "try 'em a hack."

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

FERRISBURGH, Vt.

A CHRISTMAS ON THE RIO GRANDE.

AWAY off in the cow country, out on the range where cattle are left to shift and find for themselves, they are said in the quaint vernacular of the ranchmen to "rustle." Just so, one December in the last decade, when I found myself foot-loose on the Texas prairie, with my hat chalked wherever I listed to travel, catching some inspiration of the locality and occasion, I felt as if I too had been turned out to rustle, for the field was vast and the pasture rich. I sniffed the keen air of unlimited adventure afar off and all around, yet was unable to formulate any definite plan of campaign; so, like a long-horn yearling just from the branding pen, I kicked high and started incontinently for the uttermost border.

The Christmas tide was at its flush when we approached Laredo. Christmas lights were burning all along the Rio Grande. High over every Mexican hovel (hakels they are called) lanterns, suspended on tall poles, threw out their fitful gleams into the starlit night. They blazed from every shadowy hilltop, symbolizing the Star which Scripture tells us hung over the manger where Christ was born, guiding thither the "wise men of the east," some few of whom, I may venture parenthetically, were possibly included among my fellow passengers on the arriving train. Inside the hovels the squalid inmates devoutly rehearsed some crude expression of the Passion Play in commemoration of the Nativity, after the custom introduced into the country by the Spaniards, and by them taught to the natives. The personages of the play, as presented in due form, represent the Shepherds and the Magi, the archangel Michael, and also Satan, Lucifer and Beelzebub, with a full caste of supernumeraries. The head demons attempt to prevent the shepherds from presenting their offerings to the child Christ, and a scrap ensues between the trio and the archangel, which results in a touch-down for Michael amid general rejoicing. This religious drama is locally known as "The Pastors," and is pretty generally celebrated at Christmas tide by the Mexican residents on the American side of the Rio Grande as well as on the other, the greasers comprising even now, at this late day, a very considerable portion of the population.

Until 1850 there were no American residents in Laredo, and there was no settlement between it and San Antonio, 153 miles distant. The whole intermediate country was overrun with desperadoes, horse thieves and Indians, but when Fort McIntosh was established some degree of protection was afforded and the town began to improve. In the course of the next thirty years the population increased from 2,000 to 4,500, of whom some 250 were Americans; and in 1881, with the advent of railroads, a new development began. Laredo has now 12,000 population, and 75 per cent. of the increase is American. Nevertheless, the native *fiestas*, or holiday sports, have been scrupulously kept up all the time, and it is only within the year 1895 that public sentiment has abolished the popular bull ring. Hereafter curious visitors must cross the river to the Mexican town of Nuevo Laredo to witness a bull fight. But for the rest—the cock fights, dog fights, horse races, mule races, foot races, sack races, fireworks, puppet shows, theatrical performances, fandangos and picnics—they still stand. The Feast of the Nativity to the devout *pelado* would be inane without them.

It was early morning, cold and foggy, when we were driven in a modern bus from our comfortable Pullman to the Commercial Hotel, kept by Victor Calvayroe, proprietor. Anticipations of a blazing fire and grateful warmth had sustained our spirits throughout a long and cheerless ride from the depot, but the moment we were dumped upon the hard cement floor of the old stone *maison*, where no fire had ever burned, whose walls reeked with dampness, and whose dismal emptiness of all furniture except a deal table and high desk (it was the office) was barely revealed by the flicker of a wretched lamp, we felt as if we had landed in a crypt. We heard the sepulchral rattle of our heavy trunks upon the pavement like coffins from a hearse, and when the upholstered and varnished bus departed, it seemed as if all comfort drove off with it. The experience was all the more doleful because we, in common with all verdant visitors from the North, expected to find figs, oranges and bananas in perpetual fruitage, and a summer climate all the year round.

The Commercial Hotel, like all the old Mexican buildings in town, was originally built on three sides of a square; one story high, with thick walls and flat cemented roof; but an American architect had added a second story of wood with a gallery around it, well adapted to ten months of the year, but woefully deficient in comfort in midwinter. There were many rooms, but no chimneys. Cooking was done in a detached kitchen. In frigid weather when stoves were set up the pipes were thrust through a broken pane in a window or skylight. After four hours' patient waiting for daylight breakfast was announced, but the dining room was cold, the food was cold, and copious draughts of frigid air from open doors swept the apartment. French and Mexican culinary art combined to produce the most execrable abominations of overcooked and imperfectly disguised dishes that the human palate was ever called upon to identify or determine. The menu sent down to the Apostle Peter in a sheet was clean in comparison. For a three-dollar-a-day house the experience was altogether the worst I ever had. Subsequent meals I found in a fairly good restaurant.

Breakfast over, I took a turn down the street in front of the hotel, and discovered in the fog a shadowy figure leaning against a corner of the building, muffled in a big blanket shawl, with a stupendous felt sombrero pulled down over his face. He looked like the villain in a play, but seeming to be an early riser I allowed he must be a gentleman, and approaching him deferentially accosted him in English. Without moving a muscle he remarked laconically, "Mucho frio." Not caring to argue the matter, I sauntered back to the hotel office and leaned in the doorway. Half a dozen bullet holes in the jamb attracted my curiosity, and I was in the act of sizing up the caliber with the end of my little finger when the negro porter volunteered the information that a man was shot a fortnight before just where I stood by the barber opposite. Then I asked if I could get shaved right then by the same barber, and he said I could. I also ascertained that the victim was "only a greaser," and that there were a good many of the same sort in town, and that they chiefly followed the occupation of the man I had seen on the corner. Later on, while wandering about town with a resident, I noticed a small mob at a corner. It looked like a football rush, and I was pulling my friend over across the street to investigate; but he held me back, saying, "We don't pay attention to such things here." The next day I read in the *Two Laredos* (the morning paper) that two Mexicans had been stabbed there and one of them killed. It was simply a case of *aguardiente*.

By this time the whole town was alive, and an undertone of festivity pervaded the place like the hum of electric wires on a telegraph pole. Groups and throngs were everywhere. Merchandise stalls and gambling booths stood in the main plazas. Pens were put up for the exhibition of horses, cattle and sheep. Bands of music made the streets noisy. In the distant suburbs an immense amphitheater loomed up, inclosing the bull ring, where bull fights always took place twice a week during the holiday period, enlisting the best blood and fiercest talent of old Mexico. The bull ring is an immensely strong wicker inclosure, formed of 3in. saplings closely interlaced and reinforced by stakes driven into the ground at close intervals. There are two exits, or rather an entrance and an exit, by the first of which the bull enters. The moment he appears he is saluted with "bravos" from the gaudy assembly surrounding the arena, and all wait impatiently to see what he will do next. If stolid and the clatter and glitter have failed to excite him sufficiently, manifold expedients are employed, and if he does not then show game he is ignominiously removed and another substituted. In these *fiestas* the exhibition is one of agility rather than bloody cruelty. There are no matadors, as in old Spain, with the disemboweling of horses and dragging out of dead victims. The bull is only teased into irascibility without great torture, and there is actually much more danger to the picador, his opponent, than to the animal itself. The picador gives big odds, and his play is to decorate the bull's frontlet with little steel-pointed rosettes of gay ribbon, which must be planted exactly between the eyes and on either cheek, while he dexterously avoids the bovine thrusts and lunges. The feat is seldom perfectly accomplished, and it naturally elicits the wildest applause when wholly successful. The suppleness of some of the performers is truly wonderful, and the marvel is that they are not repeatedly thrust through and gored by the bull's impetuous charges.

During the continuance of these *fiestas* there is much drinking of *mescal*, gambling and boisterous hilarity, but there is less disorder than one would expect to see in a frontier town. The remarkably cold weather of that Christmas (1883) nearly brought the festivities to a standstill, but milder temperature followed, and the programme was in a fair way of being carried to a satisfactory conclusion when suddenly one of those terrific sandstorms, which occur periodically in the Rio Grande basin, tumbled over the booths, filled every one's eyes with dust and blew the whole holiday business into irrevocable smithreens. This catastrophe incontinently squelched the lively mood into which the native greaser had been temporarily stirred. For the rest of the year he will mope on the sunny streets or in the shade, and with eyes half closed take little heed of the march of improvement which is filling the town with business, swelling its population and making it the most important emporium on the Mexican boundary. All this will make but little difference to him, so long as he can get his cigarette and *mescal*, his *frijoles*, and full allowance of sleep. Only when called upon to vote will his aspirations take momentary flight. Then will he arise from his well-worn seat by the wayside to find himself an important factor in politics—sometimes on one side of the Rio Grande, sometimes on the other. But, whichever republic wins his permanent allegiance in the end, he will always favor the largest amount of liberty and the smallest amount of work.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A GRIZZLY.

WE were following the trail up Swift Current. We had thirty horses. This included our pack train and riding horses and our wagon horses, which we could not leave alone with the wagons below. The *personnel* of our outfit was interesting: Two special Indian Commissioners, a hunter, Jack Monroe, a packer, Joe Brown, an agency surveyor, a Chinese cook, George Taylor, and an escort of eight men from the agency—four half-breeds of influence and four of the full-blood Indian head men. We were on a Government errand, not a hunting trip, and I, who was to have my initial experience in the Rocky Mountains, was taken along as an unofficial appendix. My new gun was of the Winchester make, "take down," .45-70 caliber. One of the Commissioners carried his old Sharps single-fire .45-70, and, barring three old-fashioned Henry carbines of .44 caliber carried by the Indians, these constituted our armament. I had also my 5½lb. feather weight Francotte shotgun.

The day was crisp and clear. The trail followed the appropriately named Swift Current River lying below us at the left, and on the right the hills sloped gradually to the top of the divide between Swift Current and Kennedy's Creek. On the opposite side of the stream the heavy timber rose steeply to the snow, which glistened brightly in the morning sun at the gray and rocky summit of the great divide. The slopes on the right were diversified by small timber and openings, the timber consisting of quaking asp, service berry and scrub pines or fir, the



ONE OF THE INDIANS.

openings carpeted with long grass, the cured and succulent fodder of the country. The morning had opened frosty and we had put on our overcoats and wore gloves. My gun lay in its scabbard beneath my left thigh.

Jack Monroe had suggested that I should head the cavalcade, as the trail was a clear one, and I might have a chance at deer or elk. The horses moved along at a walk and needed no attention. The bracing air filled my lungs, and I greatly enjoyed the beauties of the landscape and the various forms of animal life which from time to time presented themselves. The blue-gray waters of the river tumbled roaring and splashing down on their way to the Saskatchawan or broadened out into miniature lakes with sluggish current and deep blue color. Far ahead of us, but seemingly quite close, were the gray, beetling fronts of the Rocky Mountains, the backbone of a continent. We could see in the river bottom, where the beaver of years ago had built their houses, the cut off stumps showing their patient labor, and at times causing us to marvel as to how they could handle trees so large. Birds flew up in front and at our side, the sharptail grouse, the dusky grouse and the Rocky Mountain ruffed grouse. Occasionally a Lanner falcon would shoot by, hardly recognized before becoming a speck in the distance. The noble war eagle poised, a mere speck in the sky above, the next instant might fall like a shooting star to seize an unlucky kid or rabbit. My sure-footed nag carried me slowly along the trail, absorbed in dreamy enjoyment of the novel sights and sounds. The hoof-falls of the train behind, or the occasional shouts of packers or Indians as they drove back the horses straying from the trail in crossing the open spots, were the only sounds to indicate that man was there.

I was about 100yds. in advance of the outfit when I rounded a small grassy knoll, and found myself gazing with unnatural stare at a grizzly bear. He stood on the side slope about half-way up, and not more than forty

paces off. He was broadside on, but was intently looking down the trail and wondering what the distant noises might mean.

I have stood in front of the bear cages in the London Zoo and Central Park and read: "*Ursus horribilis*—habitat North America," but here in front of me, a few paces off, on a sunny slope of the Rocky Mountains, stood the biggest old brown-gray silver tip that ever turned over stones for grubs or scraped off "service berries" in Montana. I was a tenderfoot, a pilgrim, and can I be blamed for wondering what was the proper method of procedure? I slipped the glove off my right hand and reached for the gun; then, what to do with the horse? To turn and half gasp to Jack Monroe, who was only a few yards behind, "There's a bear," was the work of a few seconds only, but it was long enough to call the attention of the bear to us, and also to show his presence to the hunter. I was told to drop off the horse and "pump into him," and I tried to obey orders, but by the time I was ready to shoot the bear was disappearing over the crest of the hill. I was ordered to follow, and we two left the trail in hot pursuit.

Jack Monroe had brought his two dogs with him. They were nondescript in breed, black in color and of medium size. The older one, Prince, was well scarred about the face from previous encounters with mountain lions and bears, while Bummer understood deer stalking, but had never had a scrap with a bear. On the summit of the hill we found a thick growth of quaking asp and pines, and the dogs took different trails. We picketed our horses and spent a profitless and uncomfortable five hours in following trails of bears, which crisscrossed the timber in every direction. At 3 o'clock it began snowing heavily, and cold, wet and disappointed we mounted our horses and turned our faces up the stream and arrived in camp at dark. Here we recounted our experience, of which the rest knew nothing, and I had the satisfaction of being told that I did right in not shooting, for had I wounded the creature he might have stampeded the whole train on the narrow trail.

The following morning I was awakened by Jack Monroe at daybreak. I was stiff and sore. My enthusiasm had cooled, but the few sparks left were fanned into flame by Jack Monroe's positive assertion that we would have a grizzly by noon. Upon the ground the snow lay soft and feathery to the depth of 5in. Jack Monroe said that meant that we had a "cinch" on the bears. So after a cup of coffee and some bacon and bread, we saddled and started down to the scene of yesterday's exploits, four miles below. Before starting Jack Monroe went over to the Indians' tepee and borrowed one of the antiquated carbines, "just to have something to carry." The snow was still falling in a desultory sort of way and the scenery was magnificent. Our camp was at the Swift Current Falls, at the base of the towering Show Mountain. Away up on its perpendicular face we saw a flock of seven goats, seven white specks threading their way along its sheer sides. The snow clung to every leaf and twig and came filtering down one's back in a chilly kind of way, but this could not keep us from enjoying the scene.

Before leaving camp we were told that two of the Indians, excited by our bear story of the night before, had gone down ahead on their ponies to see what they could do. Shortly after leaving the camp we came across two fool hens (Franklin's grouse). They flew up into the low quaking asps, and Jack Monroe, after two or three trials, knocked one down with his rope. We left the trail a mile above where the bear was seen the day before, and clambered up the snowy hills on our horses, and across coulees and through timber, where I thought it impossible for man or beast to travel. Jack Monroe told me it was easy going. As we sat on the summit of a hill laying out our course, I descried far up on the mountain side a black object emerging from the timber and immediately another. Outlined against the snow we easily made out our Indian friends on horseback. They seemed somewhat excited and when they saw us began to make signs. They signaled us to come to them. They did this by riding their horses in short circles. Suddenly one of them disappeared, then the other; and floating down the mountain side and echoed from the opposite hills came the crack of their rifles. Five shots followed in quick succession and then the Indians appeared, riding to and fro. Their figures were sharply silhouetted against the white and distant background, and we sat motionless, awaiting an explanation. A moment later we saw a large black object emerge from the timber above them, and, unseen by them, gallop up the slope and disappear over the snow-capped summit beyond. Jack Monroe waited no longer, but calling "There's our meat," started to ascend the mountain side on the full run. We floundered along for 100yds.—two men, two horses, two dogs—when Jack Monroe (in the lead) suddenly halted, and gazing down in front of his horse, remarked that we need go no further.

I followed his eyes, and even a tyro could see where one or more animals had swept a path in the snow at right angles to our course. It looked to me as though some one had swept the snow aside with a broom, and in the path were footprints. Jack Monroe said it was an old she bear with two yearling cubs. I could not make all this out, but I saw that the claw marks of one set of feet were much larger than the others. Of course, the bear we had seen far up on the mountain side, running toward Kennedy's Creek, was abandoned, and the dogs immediately took the new trail. Prince went slowly. Bum wanted to hurry on. So did I. The trail was so fresh that visions of grizzly bear filled my brain. Jack Monroe called Bum a fool, and told him that he would get enough bear before night, and to go slow. His diagnosis and prognosis were both right. The trail was very hot, and after a few hundred yards turned into the timber. Jack Monroe said that the timber was not a very large piece, and that we should skirt it and find where the bears came out. It would save time. Around it we went. It was easy enough to see whether anything had come out. A chipmunk track could easily have been followed in that light snow. Having completed our circuit, we were surprised to find that although three bears had entered the piece, no bears had emerged. They were still inside. A quarter mile square was approximately the size of the cover.

Jack Monroe made some remarks about the intelligence of the bear, and after we had tied our horses and entered the timber requested me to keep close to him and the dogs, as he had no confidence in his popgun.

The cover into which we plunged was of scrub pines, service berry and quaking asp trees. All was covered with snow and very thick. Before going far we crossed the trail of the bear family and slowly and silently followed it. We followed it in and out, north and south. We described circles and arcs of circles, triangles and trapezoids. We came across our own tracks and found the bear tracks overlapping our own of twenty minutes before. The bears were following us! After two hours of weary work through the densest kind of cover my wind was about gone and my muscles were refusing to perform their functions. Only once Jack Monroe caught sight of the old bear, just for an instant, but he did not shoot. At last the tracks led down the hill toward the river, and soon we were following as rapidly as the steep and slippery ground would permit. The sun had come out bright and warm, and the snow was melting fast. Halfway down the hill the tracks separated—the old bear keeping straight on and the cubs turning off to one side. A halt was called and a very short and epigrammatic lecture on the grizzly bear was given me by Jack Monroe. I was about done up and decided to return to the horses and to camp. Jack Monroe said that he was going to follow the old bear a little further, but would be back in fifteen minutes. After about a half hour I concluded to try to find my way up the hill and to the horses.

In this I was unsuccessful, and finally concluded that I was lost. From an open spot, however, I could see the Show Mountain, and knew that by keeping straight on I must cross our morning's trail in the snow, and by following this in its devious windings must eventually come upon the horses. Acting on this plan, I finally found myself more dead than alive in the opening where the horses were. Scarcely was I ready for the home journey, and wondering where Jack Monroe could be, for it was now nearly two hours since we parted, when a distant "pang" away below in the valley told me that he was either engaged in conflict or signaling. Something seemed to tell me that the latter was the case, and I went to the crest of the hill and fired a shot, which was answered at once, and then a distant whoop was heard. I mounted and sat waiting for Jack Monroe's coming. After ten minutes I could see him toiling up the hill, and as he came nearer I noticed that something was radically wrong with his dogs. Prince was dragging his hindquarters in the snow and lying down now and again, and Bum left a trail of blood and seemed to have no tail worth speaking of. When within talking distance the following dialogue took place:

"What did you shoot your dogs for?"

"Hell, I didn't shoot the dogs."

"What's the matter with them?"

"I've had a scrap with that old bear and we've got to get her."

By this time he had got to me and was preparing to mount his horse.

Picking our way down the hillside, stumbling, slipping and falling—tired to death, yet fired to renewed life by what I heard—Jack Monroe told me his adventures as follows:

"When I left you, I followed the old gal's tracks down to the river. Just before reaching it, I saw where one of the cubs had rejoined the old one. I was interested in the tricky intelligence of the old bear and determined to follow on further. I waded the stream, the dogs swimming, and took the trail on the other side. It led up the mountain into the big timber, across that dead piece, and up into the green timber beyond. I saw fresh signs of moose, elk and blacktail, but kept on up and up until I got about three-quarters of a mile above the river. The trail was pretty hot and Prince kept close to me, but Bum was generally behind. All of a sudden, and it was pretty dark, I thought I saw a bear to my left about 20yds. ahead. I raised my gun, and just as I did so the old she one came out from a thick spot to my right. She was upon her hindlegs, and I supposed after the dogs. I had no time to think and blazed away. She dropped on all fours with a growl and the dogs were on her. I did not care for any more just then, and throwing my gun down, I swarmed up a fir tree, the only one small enough to climb. I don't know how it was, but I did the squirrel act in great shape. I saw that Bum was at her head and Prince worrying her behind. She made one sharp snap at Bum and off went his tail, and then with a quick turn she caught Prince by the seat of his pants and both dogs ran howling back into the forest. The old bear kind o' winked at me and then trotted down the hill. Now she is wounded and ugly and won't go far and we can get her."

Of course I agreed. By this time we were nearly down to the river. We forded it on our horses, picketed them on the opposite side and entered the dark and silent forest. Everything since morning indicated that it was a toss up whether we were hunting the grizzly bear or she was hunting us. But at the time we did not think of anything but the fact that we had here a foeman worthy of our steel. That we had but one gun, that I was a tenderfoot and unused to "pumping into" things, that it was foolhardy to the last degree to hunt a wounded grizzly in thick timber, did not occur to us.

Did you ever reach the point in hunting or tramping or in any outdoor exercise when it seemed a physical impossibility to go further? When you could just, by great exertion, and on the level, put one foot in front of the other and keep on simply because there was something to eat and a place to sleep at the other end of the line? This was the way I felt before beginning to climb that mountain side. But Jack Monroe is a most encouraging man and I am a pliant branch, and after many stops to catch my wind we finally reached the scene of the late encounter. It was indeed a dark spot. The giant trees stood so thick that little or no snow had filtered through, and the sunlight flecked the ground only at midday. Down timber everywhere made the going difficult, and the querulous cry of the Canada jay or meat hawk and the sighing of the wind through the pines made the whole scene seem like a Mayne Reid tale to me. Corroborative evidence of Jack Monroe's story was plainly to be seen in the torn-up ground, the blood of the canines, the tail of Bum and the trail of bruin down the slope. The dogs had followed us, and our hope was that Prince could be persuaded to drag his mutilated carcass along the trail to our quarry. Then for the first time Jack Monroe told me of the danger of our undertaking and gave me my instructions.

"That old bear is ugly. She is after us now just as much as we are after her. The first you see of her will be when she comes straight at us from some dark spot. My gun is no good; you must do the shooting. I think Prince will show us where she is, but he won't do any fighting. Now keep close to me, not more than a few feet away. Look at every piece of fallen timber, every bit of undergrowth, carefully, and when Prince stops, you stop."

I thought Jack Monroe was over careful, but I obeyed orders. So we started. Poor old Prince had to be coaxed a good deal before he would go on, and he kept very close to us, looking back occasionally as much as to say, "Master, must I go on?" Bum was not in it. Most of the time he was lying down 50yds. behind and licking his tailless rear. Not a word spoken. I looked every log and bush out of countenance. After a time I imagined I saw a flock of grizzlies behind every stump and tree. So we crept along, and I began to think it was all for naught. We had descended into a narrow basin. The trees were a little more open in its center and snow had collected there. The dog, about 15yds. ahead and going very slowly, had turned sharply to the left, and Jack Monroe had just stepped off a little snow-covered bench down about 6in. and I turned with him, standing 3 or 4ft. to his left. I saw Jack Monroe turn suddenly toward me and heard him say, "There." I heard old Prince growl and I saw him turn back, and I heard a roar and saw a mass of brown-gray hair, preceded by some glistening teeth, springing from the foot of a giant fir tree and making directly for us. The bear was not more than twenty steps away at the start. There was no time to get "rattled." I heard Jack Monroe's popgun go pang, but with no result, and I raised my Winchester, shotgun fashion, and fired.

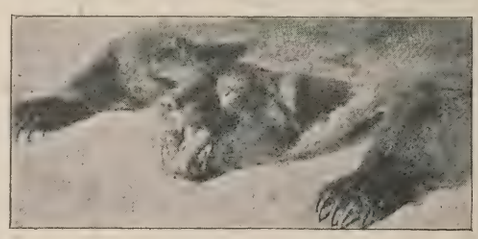
The bear fell with a crash as though struck by lightning, and for an inappreciable interval I thought myself one of the greatest of heroes. But she had hardly struck the ground before she was on her feet again and coming at us. I fired a second shot into an enormous ball of hair less than 10ft. away. She was on us. Jack Monroe, who had fired only once, tried to dodge backward. His heels caught on the bench behind him and he fell flat on his back, and I saw him poking the muzzle of his short gun into the grizzly's mouth, evidently trying to fire, while she tried to slap him with her ugly paws.



THE TAIL OF THE DOG.

Jack Monroe did not preserve an imperturbable calm, but made the forest aisles ring with fervid requests, coupled with the names of saints and others, to "pump into her." I did pump a last shot before the dying bruin had done more than mental injury. It was at the closest range, and the noble old beast quivered and sank slowly backward, down and down, until her massive head lay pillowed in the snow while her wicked claws were only a short 12in. from Jack Monroe's precious carcass.

In trying to dodge he had turned the old-fashioned safety latch on his borrowed gun and it had placed him out of the fight after his first shot. Examination showed that my first shot had cut the base of the heart in two and torn the aorta, the largest blood vessel of the body, into shreds. This beast proved to be a 5 or 6 year old silver tip, with the grayish collar—the most intelligent and dangerous of her kind. MORTON GRINNELL.



THE HEAD OF THE BEAR.

MALISEETS AND MOHAWKS.

THE Maliseets of the St. John River have many traditions respecting the Mohawks, who were their most deadly enemies in bygone times. Many years since I was standing in a country shop in New Brunswick, where there were some squaws waiting to be served; they had with them a little boy, who called his mother's attention to a colored engraving, which, serving as an advertisement for Wright's Indian pills, represented an Indian warrior all painted and plumed. I heard the child say to his mother in a whisper, "Mohawk." "What is that?" I asked him. His reply was, "Bad Indian; kill you and eat you."

Some years ago a party of Mohawks came down the St. John River and slaughtered great quantities of moose on the head of Tobique. The Maliseets living on the mouth of that river made great threats, but took very good care to keep out of the reach of the Mohawks.

Mr. A. Beveridge, who had a shop some years since on the Upper St. John, about four miles below the mouth of the St. Francis, told me that two or three Maliseet squaws were seated in his store one day, when a tall, fine-looking Indian walked in to make some purchases. As he passed the squaws he cast a contemptuous glance on them, at which Mr. B. said these women actually shivered with fear. "What is the matter?" said Mr. B., "don't be afraid."

"Mohawk!" was he trembling reply, and it was a real Mohawk who was descending the St. John in his canoe and who had come to Mr. B.'s shop to replenish his store of food.

The Maliseets yet think that the Mohawks are still peering at them out of the darkness of the forests with a view to doing them some injury, and they have told me that their women have had their baskets of food stolen from them by these Mohawks when the former were picking berries.

There is a hill on the east side of the St. John, a few miles above Fredericton, which is usually known as Currie's Mountain by the old Maliseets. It is called "Mohawks' Lookout," as it overlooks the islands near the mouth of the Keswich which were once the favorite summer resort of the Maliseets.

"It was from the top of this hill," said Gabe, one of the ancients of the tribe, "that the Mohawks, when they came down the St. John to attack us, used to spy out our place so that they might come upon us when we were not prepared."

The Maliseets have a tradition that the last treaty of peace between them and the Mohawks was made at the mouth of the Muniac, about forty miles above Woodstock, and which river is called by the former Amwé-nek. "Here," said Gabe to me, "we buried the hatchet deep under the bed of the stream." EDWARD JACK.

FREDERICTON, New Brunswick.

THE TALKING PINE.—I.

THE street cars passed and repassed with their customary jangle of bells and rattle of wheels. A muffled roar of many feet in motion came to my listening ear as the endless multitude of city people surged along the street like the twisting lines of ants I had sat and wonderingly watched when a boy.

Other noises added their mite until a dull and ceaseless murmur like surf on the ocean sand filled the air with a monotonous, heavy sound.

Smoke from a thousand black-throated chimneys drifted across the sky like the black scuds of the southwest storm winds off Cape Flattery.

It was late at night and the full moon tried to send its rays down to the streets of this big, busy city, where people live a lifetime and never know what deeds old nature does.

What does one moon amount to against so much smoke and so many electric lights? These are inventions of these white people, who all live in one place and dig up the trees so they can put big houses in their places and fill the air with black smoke. The moon is too far behind the times, it is too old for these new things, yet it is better than they. The moon is always kind and will listen to the troubles of the sea and the troubles of the pines when the wind chills them and they cannot sleep.

Do you know the language of the pines? O, yes, they can talk and they can tell many, many things, for they are old—very old. They can tell all the secrets of the mountains and the wind is always gossiping with them, so they are very wise.

Have you not heard the wind and the pines talking? You may have heard them and yet not have known it, for the voice of the pines is very low, and one must sit close to them, and must know their language too, else he will never know what the pines say. Some people have said that the pines moan and shriek like crazy folks, but those people did not know the language of the pines, and only heard them when the wind was blowing hard and the pines were dancing and singing the wind song, which is wild and mournful and is the song they sing only when they dance. They have other songs too, but some people cannot hear them because they are so soft and faint.

Then again the pines talk best at night when the moon shines and the south wind is walking by and not many people are in the deep woods, and so not many know the language of the pines.

When the pines have friends who are away they send messages by the wind, which you know is a great traveler and finds the pines' friends and always gives them the message.

So it happened that I had a friend among the pines which stand together on the bank of the lake of the mountains, far, far toward the sundown. Nobody knows how deep the lake is, but it must be very, very deep, for the mountains are in the bottom of it, and the water is very blue.

The pine stands close to the lake and has lived there for a great many years and knows all the secrets of the lake, and like a great many people who are very old the pine tells tales and gossips.

The pine is very tall and is so old that its arms are beginning to wither and its top to turn gray, yet it is a good pine, and it can remember the days before the white men came—the days when the red men were the only men in all the woods.

I like to listen to the pine when it tells of the strange things it has seen the red men do in those days, and the pine always tells me when there is anything to know about them now.

The red men come sometimes to the pine and dance as they did a long time ago when the pine was young, and the pine always sends me a message to come when the moon rises and sit close to its feet, so it can talk when the red men dance.

So to-night as the wind hurried out of the west it called and whispered until I heard it and asked for its talk.

This the wind told me as the message from the pine: "My friend, the wanderer, listen: The Chinook wind tells me that in three moons from the ripening of the salmon berry there is to be a kloo-kwallie with the red men. It is to be here at my feet, where it has been many times before. The red men will dance and sing strange songs that even I do not know. There will be tortures and feasting, for S'dokes, the wise one, S'dokes, the son of Yelth, the raven, is to be made a new tah-mah-na-wis—a medicine man. I have seen the like before and it is a good sight, though wild, and blood may flow, but not in anger. There will be fire—good red fire to light the scene and to burn the masachee tah-mah-na-wis away. There will be paints of many colors to blind the evil eye. There will be chanting and music of the wild kind they do not know in the land of the white men across the mountains. There will be many canoes and a brave gathering.

"Come then, my friend the wanderer, and sit by my feet and see this, the kloo-kwallie, that will not be danced maybe again in all time, for the white men say the red men must stop, and the white men are strong while the red men are weaker each time the snow comes. Come when the leaves turn brown, the third moon after the first salmon berry ripens, and you will see it."

So said the great pine by message of the wind.

I sat and looked at the moon and thought how I could leave the big city of the white people and go to my friend, the talking pine.

After I thought a long time I called to the wind and gave it this message for the pine:

"Say to my friend the wise one, the talking pine that lives by the lake of the mountains, say this message from the wanderer: 'At the third moon from the ripening of the first salmon berry I will come to the lake of the mountains and rest by the feet of the wise one, the talking pine, at a time when the moon is only so high as the top of a pine that is one winter old.

"'I will come then, and we will watch the kloo-kwallie together and listen to the red men sing the chant that nobody knows but them, and we will see the torture fire that burns for the masachee, and paint with the paint that blinds the evil eye.

"'We will see S'dokes become the tah-mah-na-wis man by the dances and the torture. It is well.'"

So was the message I sent to my friend the talking pine.

Then I sat and listened to the murmur of the street, which was not now so great, and fell asleep there.

Many things may happen in the time of three moons, and things did happen, yet at the time I told the pine I would come I was at the place where the pine lives by the lake of the mountain, and there I saw the sight of the kloo-kwallie as it was when the pine was young.

Of that sight I will tell the story at another time, for it is a good story, and it is well to know of the ways of these different men as they lived a long, long time ago, when the talking pine was very young.

EL COMANCHO.

CAT, KITTENS AND KID.

BELIZE, British Honduras, is a pretty town, where for several months we occupied a picturesque cottage surrounded by a large garden. A lawyer, with a stiff leg and a reputation for sending in a bill to any one who happened to ask him a question on any subject, even in the street, knocked at our door regularly every day to ask how soon we intended returning to the North. He wanted that cottage.

There was an outhouse which, during our stay, served as an asylum for stray creatures. A good-looking turkey generously insisted again and again on working her way through a hole in the fence for the express purpose of bestowing on us her unhatched progeny.

One morning on entering the asylum we heard sounds issuing from the depths of a barrel. Behold! Cat and kittens nestling in some straw. Without ceremony, presuming that she had more than once been baptized, we named the elder feline Miz. She was large, pale gray, pretty faced and starved; it was not difficult to study her anatomy. The kittens had but just arrived. One was larger than the other and a perfect image of a spotted leopard. We therefore named it Chaacmol, an Indian word for leopard, and we called the smaller one Balam, another name for the same animal.

We took the strangers under our protection, and Miz expressed gratitude, never eating the food without first rubbing her pretty head against the hand which offered it. Before those kittens opened their eyes they knew our voice, and crawled to us when we uttered their names.

Miz introduced her husband, for whom she always reserved part of her ration. Tom was young, handsome, loving and respectful to his spouse.

On the ninth day Chaacmol's eyes had a perceptible slit in them. Balam was more backward. When Chaacmol was 12 days old he could fairly look around on this gay world, and that very day Miz removed her family to a square box.

A little before sunset we heard a piteous screaming, and, on investigating, found that Miz's supper had attracted that troublesome, spiteful and persistent plague, the red ant. Not content with devouring the food, those aggressive insects had almost covered the wretched little Chaacmol, who, perpetually on the move, had crawled from the box. He was sprawling in the plate in a most deplorable condition. An excellent substitute for the bite of a red ant is a red-hot needle thrust into the skin. We carried the unlucky kitten and his brother back to their native barrel.

On the following morning Miz failed to come for her breakfast. We went to see what new calamity had befallen the family. A startling tragedy was revealed. Miz stared at us with wild eyes while she kept on licking Chaacmol, helping to restore him to animation, what remained of him, for his forepaws and the lower half of his body had disappeared. The unfortunate little wretch, not satisfied with his ant adventure, had started out on a second expedition, and the land crabs which infested the premises having stumbled upon him enjoyed a tender supper.

Two days later Balam died. Perhaps he missed his brother, for they used to sleep embracing each other. Miz showed violent displeasure when we attempted to remove the kitten, and until the small body was cold she licked and coaxed it. For several days she fasted and mourned, while Tom suffered a good deal of ill-treatment because Miz relieved her feelings by exercising her paw on him, and he never retaliated.

Later on the bereaved mother had another kitten, which she deliberately starved to death. Afterward whenever we asked her what she had done with her offspring she ran to the box where it used to be, looked in, then sat down and mewed softly, showing that she understood and remembered.

Our interesting cat was friendly with a white kid that we had trained to perform tricks, but if the kid attempted to enter a door when Miz was stretched across the threshold that amiable feline would use her paw so deftly on the nanny's face as to induce a hasty retreat. When we amused ourselves with the kid Miz showed extreme jealousy. She was a very dainty puss, and when the dinner did not please her would turn her back to the dish and whip the floor with her tail.

As soon as we began to dismantle the cottage prior to deserting it, Miz disappeared, to our annoyance, we having promised her to a friend. Apparently that cat understood that we were going away, for she, though seen in the neighborhood, did not again come near us.

Ours was a charming garden. The royal palm towered above every other tree. Next in size was the African flambeau, introduced in British Honduras by the early settlers; its gorgeous flame-like flowers and dark pods nearly a foot long were a gorgeous sight. There was one of the mimosa family, whose sensitive leaves quivered and shrank at the slightest contact.

beautiful, with its large wax-like, highly perfumed blossoms that maidens came begging for in the month of May to place on the church altars. Among the fruit trees, mangoes and others, there were two bearing soursops (allied to the custard apple), each fruit weighing 3 or 4lbs. Another tree was loaded with the shining yellow cashew, whose external kidney-shaped nut is for marking linen. Foremost among the flowers was the brilliant tiger lily.

It was all very nice, the neighbors said, but we must look out for the goats, because in Belize they would go astray and "the plant touched by a goat's tooth dies."

Effectively, a troublesome white kid, already mentioned, repeatedly entered our grounds. At last we caught the intruder and notified the police, but nobody claimed the prisoner. We named her Bianca and shut her up in a fenced grass-grown plot, letting her out at a certain hour each day for educational purposes. She soon learned to walk on her hindlegs, twenty or thirty steps, and perform a little valse before letting herself down. A banana was her reward. Many ingenious tricks she planned to steal her favorite fruit from kitchen and dining room. Always on being liberated she bounded up to me and performed her dance to obtain the morsel that she liked. Thus the trait first manifested by the goat was diplomacy, instigated by greed. But the biggest bump in Bianca's head was that of inquisitiveness. It occupied about two-thirds of her skull. Perched on a box by the front fence, she remained for hours at a time almost motionless, losing sight of nothing. Sunday was a great day for her, when she could watch the people going to church. Day or night, if she heard any unusual noise in the street, she would bound to her favorite box and poke her nose over the fence, craning her neck to see up and down the street, indulging her very vulgar curiosity. What a gossip she would have been could she have chatted!

Affection was not Bianca's strongest characteristic, but she always answered my call, and generally sought me on being freed, sometimes lying at my feet as a dog might. We gave her a companion of her own species, a gentle, handsome creature, but because we petted him she was so angry that she pierced him with her sharp horns in a way that caused his death. She herself was alive and well when we sailed out of Belize Harbor, leaving her in possession of a faithful little maid, whose complexion was of a sufficiently close tint to contrast artistically with the glossy coat of Bianca. ALICE DE LE PLONGEON.

TEAL AND TARPON AT TAMPICO.

FROM this alliterative title it might be inferred that the delicious little duck and the king of fishes had been killed by the writer in Mexican waters. This is not true. Neither fell to my rod or gun.

I had left the Floridian at Vera Cruz for a week's visit to the City of Mexico, intending to rejoin the ship at Tampico, and arrived at that city a day in advance of her coming. Sunday exhausted the sights and resources of the place, the most attractive being the market held by the natives on the slope of the public square or plaza, leading down to the marshes which ended at the river, a short distance from the upland. This square was well set with some kind of leafy tree, the branches of which were filled with a kind of golden-eyed and very tame black bird, whose incessant and musical calls filled the air. On the sloping cobblestones the natives spread out their wares: gaudy handkerchiefs, blankets, sombreros, small fish, tomatoes (very small and seemingly the only vegetable), bananas, little oranges, and among the other exhibits I observed some teal, which I found to be worth 25 cents Mexican, or about 13 cents United States currency. The inference was that teal were abundant around Tampico.

An Englishman who was with me, and had the same inference brought before him, had in the hold of the Floridian two "scatter" guns, and he proposed that we pursue the ducks the next day, to which I assented. We had found a very courteous man in a New Orleans creole, who was a clerk in the office of the Mexicans who were agents for the English company which ran the Floridian, who agreed to provide us with a boatman the next morning at daybreak for the purpose of pursuing the teal. We also obtained some (very badly loaded) cartridges from one of the shops.

Our steamship arrived and anchored opposite the city that night, and the next morning, at 6 o'clock, we took our bath and coffee and were ready to slaughter the 13-cents-a-pair teal. We found at the ladder a most villainous-looking brigand of a Mexican (who was doubtless really a most respectable fellow) in a canoe formed of the trunk of a ceiba or silk-cotton tree, hollowed out by fire, at least 30ft. long and about 2ft. wide. The bottom was filled with a kind of asphaltum or coal tar pavement. There was a single thwart near the bow, upon which Steel and I sat, facing the bow, and the brigand worked a setting pole in the stern. The canoe was wonderfully steady, however.

There was the densest fog over the river I ever saw. We had not left the ship 20yds. when she was invisible. We had not reached that distance when there was a whistle of wings and I made a quick shot and dropped a shearwater gull, which seemed to give the brigand some satisfaction. We pushed over to the shore and pushed up the river with the rising tide. There was a strip along the bank 20ft. wide of black mud, very deep and very soft. The next object which loomed up close at hand in the dense bog was a blue heron (or silver crane, as they call the bird in Florida) and I was inclined to disregard this animal, but the brigand began to jump up and down and gesticulate, and I found that it was his ardent wish to have the creature reduced to possession, which Steel, at at my suggestion, accomplished. The pride and delight of the brigand were gratifying. "Mucho bueno! Mucho bueno!" he shouted.

We poled slowly along the shore, looking anxiously for a passage to the lagoons where the teal frequented, as our amiable friend the clerk had assured us, without finding any, and the next animated object I saw was a bird about the size of a quail, having a brilliant yellow breast, black wings and head, and black hairs (like a butcher bird growing from the base of the bill. I shot this specimen, and then we had great trouble to get the brigand to go into the mud after him. It was a grewsome job, but he finally retrieved the bird. And so we pursued our way, bagging four more blue herons, three more yellow birds and a white crane—a most contemptible collection, but which were highly acceptable to the brigand.

Every once in a while I would hear the blow of a tar-

pon out in the river, and occasionally see the side of a rolling fish, with the rosy gleam on the scales which is seen on the unharmed and unalarmed animal alone.

About 10 o'clock there were signs of clearing weather, and we turned to retrace our course. On the way back the brigand became exceedingly demonstrative, and I fired into a large tree and brought down a green parrot which fell into the worst kind of a cactus thicket, whence our boatman really could not extricate it. On the way back I shot at four graceful birds running on the mud which resembled small turkey hens; I do not know what they were and got none. I also killed three doves, which were the only edible results of the trip.

The sight of the tarpon made me to desire a tussle with that fish, and having the proper tackle with me, I engaged men and mullet to meet me at the mouth of the river the next day. With a fellow passenger (from Chicago) I fished faithfully the whole day without a strike.

I am satisfied, from reliable sources, that the tarpon on the west coast of the Gulf of Mexico will not take the bait before the month of May. I do not generalize on this single experience at Tampico; that would be foolish. But men of large experience at Aransas Pass and places with some musical but forgetable Spanish names, who are hunters of wildfowl and in the region every winter, tell me that the natives tell them that the fish will not strike before May. I have seen Texas scores in FOREST AND STREAM, and they always deal with summer and autumn months. There is no tarpon fishing worth considering for winter or early spring except the Charlotte Harbor region, and notably at Fort Myers on the Caloosahatchie. F. S. J. C.

THE CHRISTMAS GROUSE.

FOR a man who is passionately fond of the country and of outdoor life and sports to find himself, at the vigorous age of 30, condemned to the slavery of office work in a great city is a striking instance of what has been called "the irony of fate." Such was my lot when I first began to really live; that is (for I use the term advisedly) when I "married me a wife" and began to look about me for a little home.

I swore a mighty oath—and there be mighty oaths which are not profane—that, though doomed to toil within the dark and rumbling depths of the great town, I would not live there. My home at least should be where God's breezes kiss the grass and the trees, and where God's sunlight strikes on other than glaring pavements and brick walls. So I rented me a cottage twelve miles from town in the suburbs of a suburb. To be sure, the trail of the city was over it all—the deafening buzz and rumble of the trolley cars; the suburban trains following one another like an endless pack of hounds on a hot scent; the scream of the newsboy and the howl of the huckster; the prim park system, where no man feels that his soul, or the twig that brushes his hand, is his own; the proudly exclusive "estates," with their stone walls and their frightful threats against trespassers—all these things and others like them took the charm off the seeming country. Still it was better than pavements and brick walls; and by locating upon the extreme edge of this pert little suburb, called Underwood, I found myself able to have a bit of garden, swing a hammock and even look over my back fence upon an unprotected field and, beyond it, some woods.

I do not remember how long I had been living in Underwood before I discovered the grouse—the Christmas grouse; only he wasn't a Christmas grouse then, and probably never dreamed of being such. I imagine I must have been a resident about six months. It took me all that time to get over my dread of being arrested if I should venture out of the main traveled ways and delight my presumptuous soul with a bit of woodland ramble. But one August afternoon, a Saturday half holiday, I did defy law and precedent by crossing my unknown neighbor's bit of pasture and striking boldly into the woods beyond.

Then it was to my utter amazement, unbounded delight and startled apprehension that I discovered there was actually a living grouse within the borders of Underwood—only twelve miles from the stalls of one of the greatest game markets in America.

He launched from the foot of a thorn-apple bush in the good old whirring, thundering way; I saw him plainly. He was a grouse and no mistake—a goodly old cock grouse, apparently in a state of vigorous nature, independent, self-reliant, and undismayed by the presence of an advanced civilization which had put its ban upon trespassing. What music his thunderous wings made for me! And yet how strange, how almost incongruous, that he should be there; strange as finding a gray hair in a baby's head.

That afternoon's discovery gave me new lease of life. It brought back all the romance of my gunning days to know that there was actually a grouse, a live, wild grouse, within two gunshots of my own back door. From that time on I lived in a new and more endurable world.

Gradually I overcame my fear of those awful hobgoblin trespassing signs, which I found to be as harmless as Irish bogies, and roamed far and wide through the forests of Underwood. And I was surprised to find what a large area of woodland there was—acres and acres of it at a stretch. But no more grouse did I discover. That one lusty fellow in the woods behind my house was all that remained of an otherwise locally extinct race. And he was spared, doubtless that he might become the Christmas grouse.

But of that in due time.

I became so bold, so reckless, so defiant of consequences that I bought me a gun and began to hunt that solitary grouse. Not that I would have killed him—no, not for the world. There was not the slightest danger of that. I must not—I could not hit him. I bought my gun with distinct reference to this necessity. It was a 16-gauge and choked so lightly that both barrels threw their contents in the shape of a hen's egg up to 60yds. No living man could have hit a healthy, flying grouse with a gun like that. And furthermore, my feathered friend having discovered that I was after him with a persistency which might probably prove dangerous, made up his mind to discourage any undue intimacy by rising in my presence at the coolly courteous distance of 80yds. on an average.

But for two successive years what fun I did have hunting him! How my health improved—how my eye brightened—how my homesickness for the dear old woods of Vermont decreased! Every day when I could get off for a few hours, during the open season, I was out popping at him—popping at 80yds., with no more expectation of getting him than a leap-year spinster has of getting a millionaire. And I was never arrested—that was the wonder of it. Twice, by mistake, I threaded a trespassing sign with daylight, and once I fired at the grouse so near the house of the man who owned the woods that my shot rattled down on the glass roof of his conservatory. Yet I was not arrested. It was marvelous, it was inexplicable, it was almost demoralizing.

So came—or rather approached—Christmas of the third year. And my grouse still lived, thrived and gave me joy.

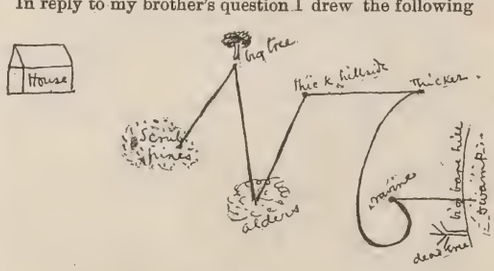
Then came a letter from my favorite brother. He had been in the far West, had returned and was now at the old home in Vermont. How I longed to see him! I wrote, begging him to come and spend Christmas with us, and by way of extra inducement, remembering that his fondness for sport was as keen as mine, I mentioned that there was a wily old grouse in the woods back of my cottage and invited him to come and help me "circumvent" him, as we used to the shy old birds in Vermont that everybody else had given over as beyond the reach of mortal skill.

To my delight he came, and to my dismay he brought his 10-guage. It was then that, for the first time, I began to seriously consider the possibility of grouse as an afterpiece to the Christmas goose. The more I thought of it the more inclined I felt to sacrifice my cherished bird upon the altar of Yuletide cheer. Think of the magnificent thrill, the triumph of it, to begin with! Then, it must be remembered that my grouse was growing old. Before another season he might die an inglorious natural death—unless we saved him from that ignominy by shooting him. Besides, why could I not import another and younger grouse for next year's sport?—my brother could send me one from Vermont. All things considered I decided to immortalize the old log-drummer of Underwood by making of him—a Christmas grouse.

To this end, on the evening of Dec. 23 my brother and I sat planning.

"Do you know his flyways?" asked my brother. "It will all depend on posting ourselves rightly, so as to cut him off on some flyway, as we used to do with the old tricksters at home. One of us must drive, the other one stand ready on the flyway."

In reply to my brother's question I drew the following



THE MAP.

map. So long had I pursued the old grouse that I knew, every time he rose, exactly where he would go.

"That is exactly the way he will fly, to a dot," I said.

My brother examined the map closely. Then he broke into a laugh.

"Do you see what it spells?" he asked.

"No," I replied, with some curiosity. "Does it spell anything? What?"

"It spells 'N. G.,'" laughed my brother. "No grouse, I suppose that stands for."

I joined in the laugh, but added: "Wait till Christmas! Before that day has passed it may stand for 'now guzzled.'"

The following afternoon I returned from my office at 2 o'clock, and we started in pursuit of the old grouse. The day was still and rather warm. No snow had as yet gathered on the ground, and one might easily have imagined it an overcast day in late October. My brother carried his 10-gauge gun, with twenty shells in his shooting-jacket. I had my little 16-bore.

"Now, Rob," said I, "you are to do the shooting, and I will play dog. I shall station you first among the hardwood trees. The bird will surely come that way, though I can't tell which one he will select to light in. Be ready for him."

The big hardwoods were quite near the road, and I cautioned my brother not to fire low, lest he should hit somebody. Leaving him near the center of the grove, I circled back again and came up on the opposite side of the scrub pines, where I was confident the old grouse was hiding. Sure enough, up he got, with resonant wings, long before I came in sight of him, and less than a minute later I heard the boom of the 10-gauge. But I listened in vain for Rob's exultant yell. When I reached him he was creeping with cat-like steps about the grove, his neck bent back almost at right angles to his body, and his eyes fixed on the tree tops.

"The rascal is hiding here somewhere," he said. "I took an incoming overhead shot at him and missed. But I heard him light somewhere. '

Just then the old fellow launched with a mocking roar of wings from the very tree under which my brother stood. So arrow-like was his flight that by the time the 10-gauge reached Rob's shoulder the grouse was more than 200yds. away.

"Well, sir, he's a corker!" exclaimed Rob.

"You may wager your boots he is!" I replied. "Do you suppose I have had him in training two years for nothing? But come on. Let's waste no time. He is now among the alders down by the brook. I will station you on the hillside, just off the road, below here. It is thick there, but I will put you in the clearest place, and you must take your chances. You will hear him at least."

It was quite a long trip from the hillside, around the edge of the woods to the opposite side of the alders, but I got there at last, and drove my bird just as I expected to. I heard him tearing away toward the hillside; but this time there was no boom from the 10-gauge.

I found, as I expected, that the grouse had alighted in the thick brush, about 50yds. from my brother, and at the latter's first move to get a flying shot had whirred away, unseen, below the cover, and given him no chance at all.

"Oh, he's full of his tricks," said I, "but we will have him yet. I guess we'll drive him over to the ravine now, and get him away from the houses and the road. Then we can peg at him as we please. Hark! There he goes!"

Warned by the sound of our voices, the wily old bird had left the hillside and was now making his sweeping curve around the shoulder of a long ridge into the ravine beyond.

"Now, Rob," said I, drawing out the map, "I am going to put you on the top of that bare hill where the dead tree is. The grouse has to cross it in order to hide in the swamp, which is the last and winning move. If he gets into the swamp we may as well go home. But don't you let him pass you. I will fire when I start him from the ravine, whether I get a fair shot or not, in order to give you warning. Then do your prettiest. The bird isn't likely to cross out of range."

Twenty minutes later Rob stood like a statue behind the old dead tree on the hill, and I was on my way back to the ravine. It was nearly sunset. The clouds had broken away in the west, and the gray landscape was bathed in a deep, soft, almost crimson light. I scaled the ridge and began creeping down toward the mouth of the ravine. For the first time that season the old grouse lay like a stone, and I almost stepped on him before he rose. Crack went the little 16-gauge, and the egg of shot buried itself in a neighboring hemlock. Crack went the other barrel, but the grouse kept right on.

Half a dozen flying leaps took me out of the ravine into a little open space, where I could see the bare hill opposite, toward the sunset. Just as I emerged there was a thunderous report from behind the old dead tree, and the lurid sunset seemed flecked for a minute with the floating particles of a cloud of mist. Then came Rob's well-known yell of triumph.

"Hi-yi! hoo-oo-oo! whoop!"

When I reached the spot, I found him searching for the poor old Christmas grouse. The ground was sprinkled with feathers for yards around, but not a particle of anything more substantial could we find, until at last I spied something pinkish white lodged in a crotch of the old tree. I poked it down with a long stick, and we found that it was part of the stripped breast of Rob's victim.

And that was what we had for the after-piece of the first course at our Christmas dinner. Did I say we? No! the cat had it. But we all tried it. PAUL PASTNOR.

AT SUNRISE IN THE SIERRAS.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, California.—Anticipating my usual custom by about four hours, I arose recently at 3 o'clock in the morning. I got out of a comfortable bed at that early hour because there was no fresh meat in the house, and I wanted venison.

My house is several miles from a meat market. In fact, my house is a rather obscure hermitage, and for the past three years I have lived as near the solitary life of a hermit and as near absolute solitude as I care to exist.

An erratic individual several years ago conceived the plan of erecting a sawmill in this out-of-the-way niche in the California mountains. The mill did not continue for several sundry reasons, and the machinery was removed. A quantity of sawed lumber was left on the ground in among the mighty granite boulders of a little flat on the banks of Bowlder Creek. For several other sundry reasons I collected some of the boards and timbers, and after an expenditure of much labor and some money built a house here.

My house is worth writing a great deal more about, in my opinion; but in deference to the unknown reader I will say no more than to add that it is at the terminus of a rough mountain road and at the foot of at least five very steep spurs from a lofty range of mountains to the west. These spurs, or radials, from the high ridge almost intersect or unite near my house, forming, after a fashion, one-half of a huge wheel, with a bend in the swift, rocky stream for the hub. The spurs coming in together at this point made the place desirable for a mill site.

These same spurs puzzle me a great deal. As they are separated by gulches, ravines and cañons, I find it impossible to climb more than one of them at a time. Hence, when I decide to go out hunting I have also to decide between the spurs. More than once, after getting my rifle and causing my dog to go into one of his customary fits of joy at the prospect of a hunt, I have stopped to consider which spur to select. Consideration often leads to hesitation—at least I am sure it does on Bowlder Creek—and hesitation always implies delay.

> "Enterprises of great pith and moment
> With this regard their currents turn awry
> And lose the name of action."

The chances for finding deer are about equal upon either of the several slopes and there is not much choice as to their ascent. Some are steeper in one place or another, but they are all steep most of the way, and all finally end at about the same altitude, where they join the main ridge.

But there are always considerations or "strings" appended to everything, it seems to me. The sun may shine in my eyes if I go up the south spur, the wind may be wrong if I select the north; perhaps I was up the middle one last and had no luck, or there may be a band of cattle there now and they would start the deer over to the next spur, and so on until

> —"the native hue of resolution
> Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Sometimes my dog seems to fathom my speculations, and fearing I may abandon the hunt he sets off in advance with great manifestations. In fact my present dog is a sort of "confidence operator." He has operated upon my confidence until I begin to suspect him. He has of late assumed airs and simulated sagacity in what I fear to be a bogus kind of a way. He elevates his nose and steps high, as though he scented deer, and he has betrayed me and led me astray.

One day he took me down into a deep cañon on the trail of a big deer. He pretended to be excited and I followed the track after him for a half mile over very rough ground. Finally when he began to sniff at pine burrs, where squirrels had been feeding, my suspicions were aroused. I got down and examined the deer tracks and I'll be ding-donged if there wasn't grass sprouting in them.

But I was about to say: I arose at 3 o'clock to go out after venison. My rifle gleamed in the corner, having been freshly cleaned and oiled the night before. She is a .38 56-255, model 1876, Winchester. I selected her myself

from the hundreds of guns in the Winchester Company's store in San Francisco. She has seen service, and if the deer and other victims, grouse, squirrels, pigs, skunks, hawks, foxes, catamounts, etc., etc., were in cold storage, the supply would furnish Delmonico's for quite a period. I shot a deer once and killed it at so great a distance that it took me fourteen hours to reach it and carry it back to the point from which I shot—but this is a long story, although simply true. I will reserve it for a separate tale. All truths cannot be briefly stated to advantage.

As appears somewhat heretofore, I was astir at 3 o'clock A. M. I made a fire in the cook stove and compiled a hasty breakfast; for, look you, hermits addicted to eating, and eating cooked provender, must through necessity cater to themselves. My coffee was soon steaming (together with such alien ingredients as chicory, burnt acorns and other refuse that some villainous purveyors mix with it to make an honest dollar. In northern California we get, at present writing, three pounds of alleged coffee for one dollar. If Congress desires to elevate itself in my opinion, it can do so by making a law that will permit us to lynch all adulterators of common foods or beverages. It can soar higher toward the top of admiration by making another law to make it a capital crime for speculators to corner and batten upon the necessities of life, or common foods. These abuses cover a great deal of man's inhumanity to man in this country. When a mountaineer sends for miles over rough roads and trails to get his little supply of necessaries, and meets with swindles, impositions and thievery, his confidence in his fellow man—in human nature itself—totters).

Ah, well; I say my coffee was soon steaming, and I had a couple of slices of bacon browned and a couple of honest eggs (turned over) alongside.

Speaking of eggs, I pray you take notice, reminds us of chickens or hens. Then, too, there is the rooster. I have a notable group of fowls. If you desire to glean a little natural history and a few eggs you should have a lonely hermitage, all by yourself, and raise some poultry. I have also a garden. My garden fence is 10ft. high. It did not incommode the hens, however, until I trimmed their wings; then they had to dig under. After they get through with my garden (and meantime) they roost on my veranda, on top of my house, and besiege my domicile perpetually. The rooster is a black knight, and he fools away more time crowing to no purpose (for he has no cotemporary) than any fowl I ever heard of. Blast him if he don't crow all day and most of the night. If a door is left open he comes into the house and crows. Sometimes he makes me weary, and, during moments of irritation, I have thrown everything at him within reach, except the stove. Never touched him. I am daily tempted to assassinate him with the shotgun, but that would make widows of about seventeen hens and leave a host of orphans, with no apparent possibility of acquiring a stepfather in this region. If I can kill him, however, with a frying pan or one of my ballasted biscuits he is subject to the vicissitudes of fate.

Well, then, by the time I had breakfast and had fed the dog and the cats—now, there's the cats. At present, I have only three cats left. I have had at different times—or, that is, at the same time—as many as nine cats. I have been troubled at my ranch by a steady accumulation of cats. I have sent surplus cats away—have carried several abroad and given them to distant neighbors (in an unostentatious manner), but periodically, or rather oftener, my domain is oversupplied with cats still. My affections cling to but one cat. I have tried to name him Don Quixote, but I always call him Tom, for short. He is a blue, smoky-colored Maltese, and one of the sneakiest, catlike felines in existence. He has no especial pedigree, but he has a history. I will reserve his record until he finishes his promising career.

And so, after these things weredisposed of, I took my rifle in hand and set out. It was yet an hour before dawn, and I was confident of getting off the premises before the chickens came out. When I start out during the day with axe or gun, I always head a procession. The order of march is as follows: First, myself; second, Shep, the dog; then Tom, the cat; then two or more other cats; the rooster; a platoon of hens; three ducks; various chickens; a sow and pigs; one gray horse; finally, scattering chickens.

The horse and the hogs are not always in line, as they range off on their own account frequently. I have also noticed that a number of bluejays, a pair of pileated woodpeckers and a kingfisher bring up the rear, or flank my line of march. When I glance back at my following I incline to a belief in the story of Noah and his Ark. If he had only had room enough in his boat for the elephants, giraffes, boa constrictors, anacondas and the Texas steer, I would conclude that he really did make the scheme work.

These creatures court my society. Their taste is in no manner to be criticised, as they have no choice. They instinctively like the companionship of man, and I am the only resource within their realm. They do not follow for food, for the whole cavalcade of them know where to look for or expect that. The instinct does not exist in domesticated creatures alone. It is evident that birds of many kinds follow and keep as near as permitted to human habitation. And not birds alone, but every creature coming under my observation has shown the same desire to some extent. If deer were not hunted by dogs or men, they would domesticate themselves. Bears would, of course, appropriate the pen, hogs and all, but I believe they could be civilized and made as harmless as Daniel's lions.

It is, in my opinion, complimentary to human civilization that dumb brutes, birds and beasts, seek the society of man. Allowing that some do so for food, some for protection or what not, it implies that all creation acknowledges his superior intelligence and power and try to get near it.

Now, every once in a while it occurs to me that perhaps we are not advancing in humanity. According to my definition of the word it implies consideration for all creation, and especially for all living creatures. We are wont to refer in boastful terms to modern advance in civilization, arts, sciences, enlightenment. Perhaps we can advance in all these and halt, or even retrograde, in humanity.

How far have we really advanced in humanity since—say since authentic history began? It is a searching query. Were not the most ancient people we know of humane where it profited them to be so—or where they thought it did? Do we in the present day protect any creature from any higher motive? Who retrieved the dog from his wild state and preserved him to be the benefactor of mankind? Who the horse? Who the first cattle? In the discovery and occupation of this vast continent has the Anglo-Saxon set up any particular monument to humanity? Has he not swept its native population, Indians and all, into oblivion as rapidly as the advance of civilization?

Here is a chance for some humane society. Among the thousands of birds and beasts of a great continent, can not some new species be domesticated, fostered and passed down to posterity as a token of the humanity of the nineteenth or twentieth century?

Over 300 years ago Shakespeare caused poor old King Lear, himself exposed to the midnight tempest, to exclaim:

> "Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
> That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
> How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
> Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
> From seasons such as these? Oh, I have ta'en
> Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
> That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
> And show the heavens more just."

The melancholy and philosophic Jacques moralized—but I beg the patient reader thereof to pardon me. As I glance back over the course of my pen, it looks to me as though I have permitted it to wobble. I began in good faith the story of a deer hunt in the remote and western Sierras. I will continue, and hope to conclude my story without so much subsequent deviation. I will, after the manner of Polonius, give you "more matter with less art."

To proceed, therefore; together with my dog, I say I got off before dawn and for results, perpend:

I selected one of the spurs which led most directly to the high ridge, and after about an hour's steady climbing I found myself within a couple of hundred yards of one of the most prominent mountain tops of the vicinity.

It had been a hard climb, and as I was now well in the midst of the best deer ground, I sat down to rest to recover my normal respiration and quiet my nerves. It was not yet light enough to shoot, and as I had an unobstructed view to the east I decided to watch for the first purpling of dawn.

About seventy miles to the north Mount Shasta could be faintly seen. The clear, cold air of October tasted almost like a dram from the crystal water of Bowlder Creek. The forest fires of summer had seemingly been all extinguished, and the clarified atmosphere was as pure as any to be found in the world. The stars, as if anticipating the coming of the sun and their obliteration from the sky, fairly sent out flames of glittering greenish fire and seemed to exaggerate and increase in brilliancy.

The hills about me were as silent as a quiet sea. There was not a breeze to rustle in the giant pines. Even the half dry foliage of the black oaks and maples had ceased to rustle, and only at long intervals an acorn broke the silence by falling to the ground, doubtless released from its cup by some early and industrious worm. His enemy, the bird, was not astir.

In the faint light the hills in the immediate foreground looked like huge waves of a yellow sea, except where covered and darkened by the forest. To the north and east the hundreds of mountains and ridges shaded away into the darkness until, away off on the horizon, Shasta broke the mighty arch with its lofty silver-gray outlines, and its great flanking chains of mountains.

Ha! the summit of the snow-covered peak grows paler. Far beyond him, to the south, the sky assumes color! Its dull cold gray begins to purple; the purple slowly changes shade by shade, until radiating waves of yellow faintly appear, deepen to orange, and then to blue and gold. Almost suddenly the east is arrayed in gaudier colors! The mountains are as purple as grapes, but their summits are fringed with ruby and emerald, and then they blaze as if crusted with molten gold. Mount Shasta in his robe of snow first changes from gray to white, then glistens into gilded outlines fringed with the plumes of Iris.

Ha! there he blazes! The majestic glory of the universe, the source of light and life for creation, rises above his western mountain tops and flashes his herald rays of power and command over the mighty Pacific and away toward the celestial empire of the Orient again, where there are 400,000,000 Chinamen or more.

Ho! watching the sun rise is not looking for deer. I look about in my more adjacent vicinity and observe that the denizens of the mountains and the wilderness are up and astir. See the gray squirrels, three—four of them, and as blue as indigo in their winter furs. As I rise to my feet whir-r-r-r, cuck! cuck! cuck! goes an old blue grouse from that clump of firs, followed quickly by her brood, nearly grown. I am discovered, the alarm is given! The squirrels climb the nearest sugar pine, a covey of mountain quail (as large as three or four Bob Whites in one) whiz away down the ravine. The squirrels bark and chatter in their squeaky accents. Their voices need lubrication. So do those of the jays, that add their clatter to what is now a general hubub.

I thought I heard the crash—thud—thud—thud of a deer as it bounded away down through that thicket of buck brush. If it was a deer he is evidently of a very retiring disposition and safely out of reach and sight. I survey the ground about me, and yes, sure enough, here are tracks. Does and fawns; there a yearling's track. I don't want them. I want a buck with something on his ribs besides hide. Ho, there's a track. He's a smasher—same track I saw around here last fall. My talented canine sniffs the track. He pronounces it fresh. Now, go slow, watch close.

My aforesaid dog is alert, and as John Gilpin said, "So am I." There is a promising thicket—scrub oak and blue brush—slow now, easy there! I hear brush breaking—there is something just below the big pine log there; down, Shep, —— you, down! If you break this time I'll—. Just about this time I see the straight blue back of what must be the big buck. Ah, I saw his ears flap. But he keeps low down, and I'll have to flank him by going around the point. I am puzzled that I saw no horns. He ought to be wearing 'em at this time o' the year.

I sneak as softly as possible down the point and am luckily to the windward. About 30yds. below is a cattle trail. He is following that; I hear him. My ambitious dog is excited. I can hear his heart throbbing against his gizzard or ribs or somewhere. I am not exactly placid myself. He's coming; now then!

My rifle is ready. I try the set trigger as a final precaution. It is all right. Now then, if he passes that clump he's mine!

Just at this particular instant I am jarred. A loud voice above me to the left exclaims in mighty poor English, "Vat in h—l vill you been doing dere now, Mister?" At the same particular instant a blue line-back donkey, or burro, stalks into my view on the trail. I can recognize a jackass at a glance, especially when he has a pack saddle on. I did not shoot. I lowered my rifle and looked up at the man who had shouted at me in such blasted bad taste and grammar. He had a rifle across his arm in a convenient kind of way, and he again shocked me by observing audibly—very peculiarly audibly—"Ef you vill shoot my shack vy vill you been sneakin' dot vay apout me?"

I began to convalesce, and then I began to explain. I could only say, "Sir, I thought the jack was a deer. I don't want the jack." I further intimated that my eccentric canine didn't know any better than to hunt jacks, as he had probably never seen one before.

The stranger succumbed to my apologetic attitude, held his gun less conspicuously, and finally came down where I was. He said his name was Arizona Pete, and that he "vas brosbecting all ofer ef'ryveres." He inquired the nearest way out of the vicinity, and I told him how to go. I went with him and his "shack" as far as my road home took me, and we parted fondly. Then, preceded by my faithful but erratic dog, I hied me home.

I have been hunting since then. I have met with success; but I have already been verbose. I will pause.

RANSACKER.

TO THE ECONLOCKHATCHEE.

AT 9 o'clock on the morning of the 16th of January, 1895, the steam yacht Lolliboy, in command of Capt. John E. Harris, gave the signal of departure and drew quietly away from the St. Francis dock, Lake county, Florida, with her head toward the upper St. Johns, and bearing a party of tourists and explorers, who though few in numbers were not lacking in enthusiasm. Following is a roster of the party: Capt. John E. Harris, Mr. Chas. Knickerbocker, Mr. Clifton K. Harris, Messrs. Ed. S. Wright and W. S. Smith.

The first stage of our journey, although uneventful, was not devoid of interest, particularly to those who had never passed up the river by daylight. One feature that attracted our attention was the numerous picturesque fishing camps which dotted the river banks here and there, particularly for a few miles below Lake Monroe, where shad fishing is extensively carried on.

Our progress up the river was slow, and marked by no mishaps except those which befell a few ducks which indiscreetly ventured so near the party as to fall victims to the guns with which the party was amply provided. To Mr. Charles Knickerbocker is due the credit of the first contribution to the commissary, and it may be added, he made many more of a like character during the trip. The party was well supplied with ammunition, ducks were abundant, and the bombardment that was kept up indicated nothing short of entire extermination. Although at no time were the feathers that were plucked from the ducks over a foot deep on the steamer's deck, there was a gratifying prospect that we might sleep on feathers and live on roast duck during our entire cruise.

We have not space in which to mention the numerous points of interest below Lake Monroe, which we reached just as the sun was about to don its night-cap.

We lay safely moored at Sanford over Wednesday night, during which a heavy rain prevailed, and the prospect looked gloomy, but Thursday morning the rising sun soon pierced the clouds and dispelled the gloom, and our hopes of a pleasant trip were renewed.

Passing out of Lake Monroe we began to realize a wonderful change of scenery, and also soon became aware that a stream may have more than two sides—that is, reckoning by the points of the compass. The thirty miles between lakes Monroe and Harney are of a character to make a charming trip, the interesting features of which are enhanced by the bewildering sinuosity of the stream. Throughout much of this distance the river is bordered with long and narrow low-lying islands, frequently thickly studded with picturesque palms and grand live oaks. Intervening between these islands and the high lands, whose lofty pines we occasionally discern in the distance, stretches mile upon mile of prairie, now partially covered with water. Upon these vast plains is a luxuriant growth of grass, which furnishes food to thousands of head of cattle. These cattle seem equally at home on dry land or in the water, hence the plausible story that they are web-footed.

Leisurely we proceeded on our way. The beauty of the scenery seemed to become more and more striking as we advanced until at 5 P. M. we reached a point in close proximity to the north shore of Lake Harney. Here upon a shell mound we found an inviting camping ground, which had previously been the rendezvous of a fishing party. Pitching a tent and necessary preparation for cooking supper is quickly accomplished when sharpened appetites furnish the stimulant. The gastronomic feats that were accomplished at those open air meals were wonderful exhibitions of human capacity and endurance.

On Friday morning—bright and beautiful as only a Florida morning can be—we drew out upon Lake Harney, a beautiful body of water of perhaps five miles in average diameter. At Geneva landing, on the west side, we made a stop of a couple of hours, and, just to stretch ourselves—a proceeding that might seem entirely superfluous so far at least as one of the party was concerned—took a two-mile walk to Geneva, a pretty location in the high pine woods of east Orange county. At 1 o'clock P. M. we resumed our journey and an hour later once more entered the channel of the river. On the upper or south side of Lake Harney the river channel is much narrower than below the lake, but otherwise the general characteristics are about the same. Wide ranges of Florida prairie dotted here and there with herds of cattle, apparently thousands of head. Here, too, on these vast watery expanses, surrounded and partially covered with tall grass, is the winter home of millions of ducks, coots, curlew, cranes, herons and other aquatic birds, which furnish to gunners, who find convenient shelter in the tall grass, such sport as is rarely found elsewhere, even in Florida. Here the water also contributes liberally to the gratification of angling sportsmen, who, if their skill is equal to the occasion, may shoot ducks with one hand and catch fish with the other. In fact, between fish and fowl they come near

being an insurmountable obstruction to navigation—to sportsmen, who can only get through by shooting and fishing their way out, as did our party. Guns and fishing tackle were in active service for hours, and for a time the pleasures of sight-seeing were given over to the excitement of sport.

About one mile above Lake Harney we finally reach and enter the mouth of Econlockhatchee Creek. From this point forward all our party were on unfamiliar waters, and soon made the discovery that the channel was so crooked that it was necessary to keep a lookout on the bow of the boat for fear of doubling on our track and running ourselves down. We have been unable to learn the meaning of the Indian name of the creek—Econlockhatchee—but there certainly must be something crooked in its significance as well as its pronunciation. This way, that way, backward, forward, and in every direction but up or down, we finally threaded the bewildering maze and found ourselves at last in a plainer but little less tortuous channel. Here, too, the banks were higher above the water, and we found ourselves, at a distance of perhaps five miles from the St. Johns, entering upon the most attractive portion of our cruise. As night was once more falling we again selected a camping place; this time among the immense moss-draped monarchs of a forest in which, we can readily imagine, the stealthy and solitude-loving Indian once found favored haunts.

Here the usual interesting episodes of camp life are once more enjoyed. Out of respect for our readers we will refrain from rehearsing them, only mentioning a terrible wild beast which invaded our camp and disturbed our slumbers, and which one of the party failed to catch in a trap which he set for it. No one saw the ferocious animal, but all agreed that its track very closely resembled that of a razor-back hog.

After a hearty breakfast of fish, duck and squirrel, with all the necessary accompaniments, we once more resumed our journey. We were not long in discovering that we had entered a veritable land of enchantment.

Before us, winding here and there between high banks which ran back into beautiful heavily-wooded hammocks, flowed the stream, appearing in the morning sunlight like a silver-paved and emerald-bordered highway. The waters, clear and cold, like those of some mountain stream of the North, flowed rapidly downward, yet seemed at times to linger for a brief period beneath some particularly lovely spot to reflect the beautiful picture upon its mirrored surface; then again rushing reluctantly forward to mingle in the general flow. First to the right bank, where drooping willows and alder brush its shimmering surface with their branches, then in a graceful sweep across to the left, where it laves the bared roots of lofty palmettos and grand, grotesque and gloomy live-oaks, which seem to have stood as silent sentinels upon its shore for ages, the stream flits hither and thither like a restless bird, yet seeming to preserve a dignity becoming to its magnificent setting.

We find numerous points at which the channel seems to divide, and are allured into some beautiful estuary which seems to have been set there by nature to draw unwary travelers from the main channel.

The beauty of the stream is not in the volume of its flow, for it has but a narrow channel, but in the picturesque and almost bewildering surprises which its many turnings bring into view are presented pictures which the hand of art could not adorn and but nature alone could copy.

We continued up the stream—not to its head by about thirty miles, but to a point where we found with regret that the narrowing channel and numerous obstructions prevented our going further, and so, after a brief stop, we reluctantly retraced our course. The scenes of the upward trip were presented to us again, but in a new and no less charming light, as we proceeded down the stream, and the panoramic changes that seemed to pass before us were such as to leave a lasting and most agreeable impression on our minds.

It was our good fortune, while coming down the creek, to meet Mr. G. M. Jacobs and his sons, of Chuluota, which place lies some four miles from the stream. Mr. Jacobs has long been a resident of that vicinity, and it is a pleasure to talk with him of the country with which he is so familiar. He informed us that the point at which we turned back was the highest point on the creek ever reached by a steamboat.

Passing from the creek we once more successfully thread the mazy channel and find our way into the St. Johns without mishap, thence across Lake Harney to our former camping ground, where we again spend a night in invigorating sleep.

At 8:30 o'clock Sunday morning we resumed our journey, and the gallant little Lolliboy bore us swiftly homeward.

After what we had passed through the homeward trip seemed a tame affair in comparison, but it was nevertheless enjoyable. At 6 P. M. we reached St. Francis, having made the seventy-five miles from Lake Harney in a little less than nine and one-half hours.

Thus ended a trip which will not soon be forgotten by those who participated in it. To Capt. Harris is due from the party a vote of thanks for the pleasures the cruise afforded. Those in pursuit of sport or pleasure will do well to place themselves under his care and guidance for a like trip.

W. S. SMITH.

ST. FRANCIS, Fla.

Five Hundred Dollars for a Buffalo.

CHANUTE, Kan., Dec. 17.—It may be of interest to you to know that a carload of deer and buffalo passed through here this evening *en route* from Cedarvale, Kan., to Kansas City. The circumstances are as follows:

Mr. Ed Hewins, a prominent stockman of Cedarvale, recently sold his ranch of 1,600 acres, on which was an inclosed park of about forty acres, which he has for many years kept stocked with deer and buffalo. Being unable to take them with him to Woodward, I. T., where he is now located, he sold them to Kansas City parties, and yesterday they were all killed and shipped to market.

Fourteen deer and one immense buffalo bull, which had been in captivity over sixteen years, were killed, Mr. Hewins himself firing the shot that laid low the monster bull, which weighed, after being disemboweled and ready to ship, 1,800lbs. He had for years been very ferocious, and could not be approached.

I understand Mr. Hewins received $200 for the head, $100 for the skin, and $200 for the carcass. G. H. M.

HOW FUR IS CAUGHT.—V.

Life in a Lumber Town.

THE village of Woodruff, Wis., is in the fishing season the port of entry for Trout Lake and the Manitowish muscallonge waters, and at that time it has a sort of transient life. In the winter season it is dull, squalid and tough with a toughness not easily to be paralleled. I think there is no population in America of so low a grade as the riff-raff of the lumbering regions. The small towns of the Western frontier are tough, but they have a brilliant wickedness which gives them a fascination of their own. The logging town is low, sodden, degraded, and does not rise to the dignity of wickedness. The inhabitants, or the transient loggers who enable the inhabitants to live, are assorted foreigners of beast-like habits and tendencies. Cleanliness is unknown. Dirt, vulgarity, depravity, low-downness are the characteristics that meet you. One can mingle with clean wickedness without personal discomfort, but dirty vulgarity is far worse in consequences. Even the style of fighting (and where cheap whisky abounds fighting must ensue) is of poor type in the pine woods. In the Rockies we used often to see gentlemen who were in their cups have disagreements, and pull their guns and shoot it out like gentlemen, others not interfering. In the lumbering regions the weapon is the fist and the hobnail. Etiquette demands that when one has knocked an enemy down he shall stamp on him or pound him. Often half a dozen will set upon one man, and custom seems to dictate that all one's friends shall help him pummel a single adversary. Woe be to the "river jack" who starts into a fight without a "gang" behind him, for if the other man has a "gang" with him they will all go into action as soon as it seems safe. There are many nationalities, and the feuds between the different clans always break out at the bar where the red-eye moveth itself aright. All the hotels are small, and the bar in each is the biggest half. Quiet is there unknown. As I could not personally approve of the style of fighting customary in this region, I was a good deal bored during my three days' stay at Woodruff, while I was waiting for my camera to come up from Chicago. Moreover, the express agent was of the smart-Aleck class, and no doubt thought I was a lumber jack out of a job, as I had adopted the costume of the country and perhaps looked a trifle hard. I relieved my feelings by discourse with him about himself, in return for which I believe he held my package over a day for me. It was a bad time I had of it, alone at Woodruff in the winter, and had I not found a good fellow by name of Glover, who ran a jewelry store, I should have perished of fretting. Glover sells cheap jewelry for cash to the Indians, and cheap watches to the lumber hands on time, having out agents who visit the camps and "stand in" with the foremen. He being something of a hunter, and having a quiet room to sit in, we got along well together. Since then he has wandered away out to the gold fields of Washington, and I don't know what I should do if I had to loaf three days in Woodruff now.

Hitting the Trail.

But at last my camera came, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and I hurriedly got ready for the start into the woods again. I wanted to get over to O. W. Saynor's place on Plum Lake, expecting there to get to a trapper by name of Joe Blair, who was a guide on those waters in the fishing season. There was a new line of railroad built up through that country to Star Lake, but there were no regular trains running on it, except that a logging train went up from Minocqua every day. No one could tell what the prospect was of that train stopping at Woodruff Crossing, and no one knew where it would stop up in the Plum Lake region. Evidently Minocqua and Woodruff were not friends. Moreover, as proof of the general looseness and inaccuracy of the human intellect in that region, no one could tell me how far it was to Plum Lake—or rather, no two could tell it alike. It was somewhere between eleven and twenty-one miles, I supposed, those being the limits assigned. And I was to take a trail which led to the left from the railroad, after crossing a high trestle over the first big creek. There was no main trail but the railroad, and the snowshoeing there was bad, for the snow was melting between the ties, and there was no ballast on six or eight miles of the roadbed. These being the circumstances, and only an hour of daylight remaining, it seemed best not to run the chance of lying out all night in the snow; so I only went four miles that night, stopping at the little sawmill town of Arbor Vitæ, on the lake of that name.

At Arbor Vitæ I was directed to a good boarding house kept by a Mrs. McGregor, who was out visiting when I called. I hunted around among the neighbors until I found her, and asked her if I could stop over night. She looked at me critically for a few moments, and then said:

"No, we don't keep anybody from the lumber camps. We don't dare to. I have always kept a clean and respectable house, and I don't let just anybody in."

When I heard this it seemed funny to me, and I laughed a long peal of silvery laughter, which startled Mrs. McGregor very much. We then engaged in conversation, and when I said I was from Chicago, and proved it after much difficulty, the lady began to thaw out, and eventually invited me to go over to her house and take off my pack. (Everybody carries a pack in that country.)

At Mrs. McGregor's house I was very well treated, and in the morning I got an early start after a good breakfast, having decided to take no chances on the railway train, but to go on through on foot. It was bad going, part hard walking and part wretched snowshoeing, but I made the distance, whatever it was, 7, 9, 11 or 17 miles, by about noon, luckily hitting the faint trail in the snow which led across the railroad to Plum Lake. The wind had blown snow over the trail, about half a mile from the railway, so there was no telling which way it went, but I could then see the lake. Going next on the ice, I saw a windvane whirling on top of a tall pole near the shore—the only sign of a human agency—and pushing on over, I found Saynor's house, where I was well received. Mr. Saynor keeps a good summer resort, and often has Chicago parties up in the summer time, enjoying the fine muscallonge fishing of those waters.

I learned that Joe Blair was living *en bachelor*, over on Big St. Germaine Lake, about six miles or so from Mr. Saynor's place, and that probably he would go out on a trapping trip; so Mr. Saynor and I walked over to Big St. Germaine after lunch and interviewed Joe.

The Trapper's Cabin.

Here I found the trapperiest looking cabin I had seen, full of the dozens of handy appliances the lone man in the woods usually gets about him. There were traps, paddles, knives, spreaders, all sorts of things interesting to handle and talk about. Joe himself, middle-aged, long haired, dressed in buckskin and wide hat, made a good figure of a trapper, and proving to be also companionable and cheerful, I concluded I had blundered into pleasant places. He said he was just going over to look at some new otter country, near Buckatabon Lake, some thirty miles or so, and if I cared to go along he should be glad to have me. We agreed to start from Mr. Saynor's the next morning, and I arranged to spend the night with Joe, Mr. Saynor going on back home.

That night Joe and I had fresh perch for supper, just out from under the ice in Big St. Germaine. And we baked some bread, and had beans (of course) and tea (of course). Then we sat down and had a long talk about sport and work in general, and trapping in particular.

Trapping Lore.

Joe told me that nearly every winter he caught an otter or two on Lost Creek, a little stream near his cabin. He had lately caught one, and showed me the skin, a very large and beautiful one, stretched nicely on the spreading boards. He had heard of a black fox being seen that winter. (Billy McArthur, on Trout Lake, the winter before, had caught one black and one silver-gray fox, and this winter had caught a black fox. He got only $75 or $100 for the best of the skins, and was probably worsted by the dealer, as prime skins of the silver-gray often bring twice or three times that amount.)

"I will show you how I trap otter when we get out together," said Joe. "For foxes I don't care so much, for a common red fox is only worth a couple of dollars or so, and a prime otter may bring $10 or $12 this winter.

"Foxes are sort of mean to trap, but you can trap 'em—you can trap anything. I mostly find it easiest to trap a fox around an old camping place. A fox will come up to a dead camp-fire and move around and pick up scraps. I make a bed in the ashes and put a trap under it. A fox will lie down in a bed that way, like a dog. Sometimes a lot of straw or chaff will attract them that way. Sometimes I put a trap at a stick or tree which they are using, and sometimes I use scent for them, at a water-set, putting the trap under some moss a little way out from the bank, so the fox will step on it. He don't like to get his feet wet, you see.

"A lynx is a fool, and can be trapped anyhow. I use castor scent for lynx a good deal. Sometimes I put up a red rag near the trap.

"Nearly every fellow has his favorite scent. Castor is good, and the oil from decayed fish is good, but the best scent is made by putting in the bottle certain parts of the female animal. That is good for foxes, for mink, or most any sort of animal.

"Wolves are poisoned easiest by putting strychnine in lard and putting it in a hole or narrow place, where they lick it out or get it a little at a time. You can fill a whole deer carcass up with poison, but somehow you won't get many wolves; anyhow, not unless the poison was put in as soon as the deer was killed, so the poison could be absorbed by the blood all through the body.

"I would rather trap bears than anything else. I usually set a deadfall for a bear. We are going over into a good bear country, and we will build a deadfall in there somewhere. It won't be long now before bears begin to come out and travel. They are hungry at first and there isn't much to eat, so they go right into a pen of any kind for a chunk of meat.

"You have seen how to trap marten, fisher and the like. In my trapping I use a 'natural set' for about everything. I never build a house for anything but a marten. Sometimes I catch them by covering the trap with a bark or slab house for the marten to poke his head into. Usually the less monkeying you do around a trap the better it is.

"Of course there are some 'secrets' about trapping, but the best secret is to use judgment and common sense, and to keep your eyes open and not be in too big a hurry. Every fellow learns something for himself and trappers don't all work alike. For instance, maybe not everybody knows about the beeswax bait for bears. Sometimes I take two red hot flat rocks and put a big chunk of beeswax between 'em, and let it smoke and burn. That smell will go a long way on the wind, and if there is a bear anywhere in the neighborhood he'll come to it, sure.

"Then sometimes I go out through the woods in a big circle and drag a piece of meat to make a track for the bear to follow to the trap. I don't always trap alike, and no good trapper does. If he is any good he will act the way circumstances seem to show him is best."

The Deer Range.

I had seen a great deal of deer sign that afternoon and spoke of it to Joe. He said there were few better deer countries than that around Big St. Germaine. Deer wintered in a heavy thicket there. He thought the law was not broken much in winter, except that the residents might once in a while kill a deer to eat. In the summer hundreds were killed illegally by night shooting around the edges of the lakes. Most of this was done by city fishermen, nearly all of whom brought rifles in with them. He knew one so-called sportsman who fired at seventeen different deer one night on Big St. Germaine, using a shotgun. He killed one and wounded a number, which were afterward found dead.

"But I suppose it was a sportsman that did that," said Joe, reflectively, "so it isn't so bad as if I had done it." (Yet on another occasion that same "sportsman" was fined over $100 for illegal shooting of deer.)

Muscallonge Waters.

Joe said that Lake Big St. Germaine had not been fished by the 'lunge anglers much for six or eight years. He thought the fishing ought to be good. The biggest 'lunge he ever saw came out of that lake. He admitted that one spring he speared two 'lunge (illegally), either of which weighed over 45lbs. He told me of a party of gentlemen fishermen from Kansas who put up at Saynor's place the summer previous. They sold their fish and marketed over 1,000lbs. (so Gaynor told me also), but they kicked because they did not pay expenses! There was an amateur photographer in that same Kansas party who sold Saynor pictures of his house at $1 a picture. It would seem that the Kansans put up rather a hard game for Mr. Saynor to lay up money on.

The Dog Sledge Express.

In expectation of this trip to the Buckatabon region, Joe had already taken his toboggan and camping outfit up to Saynor's place on Plum Lake, intending to make that the starting place. (It seemed that I was to see yet another style of trapper's transportation.) We had therefore little to carry on our six miles' journey in the morning, from Joe's cabin to Plum Lake. By noon we had our supplies all ready, Mr. Saynor generously helping us out in that line, and offering to go with us and help us get our stuff over to Buckatabon Lake.

We had a tent, a sheet iron stove, blankets, cooking utensils, axe, camera and supplies for a week or more, besides our outfit of traps. This would not appear to figure up much, but it makes a big load for one toboggan, more than one man can pull unless the snow be very good. It is more than two men can pack on their backs. We decided therefore to use not one, but two toboggans, for part of the way at least. Moreover, and most interesting of all, part of our rolling stock was to be the dog sledge express operated by Mr. Saynor's son, a chunky, rosy-cheeked little fellow about 7 years old.

Joe and I both agreed that this boy was "an awful good kid." If I said that he hauls all the wood the family uses in winter time, and brings it a mile and a half from the forest to the house, I might not be believed, yet this is true. His playmate and fellow-laborer in this is a big, strong staghound, only 16 months old at that time, but apparently strong as a mule. The boy has a collar and traces for the dog, and when he wants a load of wood he hitches up, gets into the toboggan, cracks his whip and goes off across the lake a good deal faster than a man could run. He gets his toboggan full of wood, heads back for the house, and the big staghound, with head down, comes trotting in about as fast as he went out. If the sledge sticks at a hummock, he stoops, strains in the collar, the muscles on his thighs standing up like those of a cart horse, and over any ordinary obstacle he will snatch the load or break something trying. When the toboggan is loaded very heavily the boy trots along at the head of the dog, carrying his short whip, and young as he is, I should woefully dislike to have to keep up with him. That boy will surely grow up with good legs and lungs. He and his dog have a perfect understanding, and the latter does not work so well for anybody else. Together they make a freighting outfit about equal to three powerful men, and very much faster than any man on foot. This was the oddest sort of transportation I ever saw in the pine country, and the best for the locality where it was used—mostly on the level, frozen lakes.

The Real Toboggan.

The best toboggan is made of maple, which is hard and wears smooth. The toboggan should be 1ft. to 16in. wide and 6 to 8ft. long. The front end is curved up and back, the bottom being tight and solid, with no cracks. There should be a light sideboard on each side and an end board, all nailed tightly on to the bottom and extending 3 or 4in. high clear above the bottom. This keeps the snow out of the toboggan, and makes it run much more easily. When the sideboards break and the snow gets in on the bottom board, one quickly finds he is pulling three times the load.

Our able monthly magazines sometimes print pretty pictures of jaunty-looking sportsmen pulling a moose or two along swiftly on a toboggan which is apparently made of a piece of board turned up round and nice at one end. Perhaps the artists get their ideas from the toboggans in the show windows, which usually are simply slats cleated together and bent up forward, but with no tight bottom and no sideboards at all. That is a very pretty style of toboggan, and it is also very worthless for woods work, though it might do to slide down hill on. If you want a trapping toboggan, you want one of the sort above described. And then you want a good dog and a husky kid, such as we had. Supplied that way, you can surely travel.

Dog Train and an Ice Trail.

We loaded up our two sledges at Mr. Saynor's house, as I was saying, about noon, and pulled out, Mr. Saynor, Joe and myself, the kid and the dog. I have rarely started out under more picturesque conditions. It was biting cold—for everybody at least except for the kid and the dog, who didn't mind it—when we got out on the lake, but I could not forbear halting the procession and getting some pictures of our singular outfit. Then the boy cracked his whip and started off ahead over the trail up Plum Lake to the Star Lake portage. He trotted at the dog's head, and the time they made was a caution. The rest of us, taking turns at the other toboggan, soon were laboring far in the rear.

A Nervy Boy.

The Star Lake portage is over a quarter of a mile of high, rough ridge, and here we had hard work, though the big staghound buckled into the traces nobly and left little to be done except to help him over the logs. Then we had a smooth run to Star Lake settlement, a little sawmill town at the terminus of the new line of railroad lately built in. This was about five miles, I believe, from Mr. Saynor's house. Here we transferred the boy's sled load on to Joe's toboggan, and I put on my pack, which till then had been on Joe's toboggan. It was necessary for the boy to leave us here and go back home. The day was bleak and cold, and the forests looked wild for a youngster to travel alone. His father had no fear for him, however, and the boy was unconcerned, except that he wanted to go on with us and not go back home. The last we saw of him he was going a clinking pace toward the portage, the dog trotting like a thoroughbred, the boy sitting up straight on the toboggan and driving like a king. He got home all right in about three-quarters of an hour.

Night at a "Summer Resort."

We three men now found that we had our work cut out for us. We wanted to get over to Lake Laura that night, about four or five miles further on our way. The way was over choppy hills, and the trail was awful, being cut up by logging teams which had plunged through once or twice and left a double row of icy ridges and holes in the deep snow. It was nearly dark and we were all tired when we felt that strange, cold breath in the forest by which one knows that a lake is not far off. Then we soon made Laura Lake, which neither of my companions had visited over this trail. We were now getting well into wild country—though indeed all the country, from Woodruff to where we now were, is wild enough in the winter time. Laura Lake is the very head of the Manitowish waters. We were here at the divide between the Manitowish and Wisconsin River systems. Laura Lake was once a famous bass lake. An enterprising man started a "summer resort" here, and sought to lure city people to his place for the fishing. Meantime he and his family fished for market all the time, all seasons, spring, summer and winter, and cleaned all the bass out. They shipped 900lbs. of bass at one shipment. Laura Lake today is a denuded water, as thousands of other lakes in that wonderful region soon will be.

Apparently business had not been good lately, for we found the "summer resort" (which was a three-room, story and a half frame house) abandoned. There were many deer legs and horns about. The hide of a skunk was flapping idly in the wind. Inside the "summer resort" we found, to our joy, that the cook stove had not been moved, that there was a good pile of wood already cut, and that there were two old mattresses on the floor in the room where the stove was. Being thus saved from pitching camp on the snow, we joyfully kicked off our snowshoes, moved in, and soon had made ourselves thoroughly comfortable over a meal of hearty pine woods food, after which we rolled down our blankets and passed a good winter night on the floor of the "summer resort."

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

CURLY.

WISCONSIN.—The subject of my narrative is not a myth, but a solid reality, one of which the poets have never sung and whose deeds, though heroic, were never recorded in history. And though Curly was a dog and only a dog, his memory is cherished by every member of our family. He was a true friend; and he who despises the friendship of a dog misses one of the choice things in life.

Curly was a large, square, black water spaniel, with an intelligent face, large brown eyes, and a silky coat that resembled the choicest Astrakhan. He was presented to our youngest son by the janitor of the academy where our boys were attending school, and he became attached to every member of our family, but his love for his young master was something out of the ordinary. He followed him like his shadow. On one occasion, when there was preaching at the schoolhouse on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, the family attended, and when the boy came in and took his seat with other boys Curly was on hand and insisted upon sitting beside his master. He sat sedately and quietly for a while, but he grew tired of this monotony and would look wistfully out at the door, then up in his master's face and whine, then again he would look wistfully out of the door, as much as to say, "Can't you see how lovely it is out in the sunshine?" Then his master would point his finger at him and whisper, to the delight of every urchin present, "Now, Curly, you sit still and listen to the sermon, and you'll be a better dog if you do." He then settled down and went to sleep, but as soon as the congregation rose to sing Curly jumped up and gave one joyous bark!

When he was two years old the boys went to Minnesota and took him with them. He learned many bright tricks in his absence, and when they returned at the end of a year it would have been hard to tell which was most delighted to get home, the boys or the dog. One of the tricks he had learned was to toss up crackers, candy or peanuts and catch them, never missing one. He was a general favorite, and never entered a grocery but what some one was ready to lay crackers and candy on his nose to see him toss them up and catch them. He had a great appetite as well as capacity for sweetmeats, and his appetite, without doubt, shortened his days. Curly was very neat in his habits, never failing to bathe in the morning when conditions were favorable, said conditions requiring nice, high, wet grass or light snow; he seemed delighted with either, and would frolic and roll until he was thoroughly clean, whereupon he would dry himself before coming into the house. He was extremely sensitive, and would show as much chagrin at being laughed at as would a sensitive boy.

He came in one day in a frolicsome mood, frisked into the conservatory, where a fresh sheet of sticky fly paper had just been spread. The tip end of the long wavy hair on his tail just touched it and lifted it high over his back. He shook it, barked and growled, but his efforts only made it stick the tighter. He wouldn't let us touch it, and finally becoming frantic, went out in the dooryard, rolled over, spreading it the length of his back. After we stopped laughing, he seemed perfectly willing to have us free him from his tormentor, and in a few minutes was as cheerful as ever.

After awhile one of the boys married. Curly became greatly attached to the bride, and finally, as his master was much from home, took up his abode with the young couple, who lived on a farm on the opposite side of the road from the homestead. Still he was a frequent visitor at the old home. While the young people were at breakfast he would walk around the table and greet each one, expecting and getting a choice morsel from each, then he would trot right over to his old home to see us. Our houses stood about eighty rods apart, but he generally managed to get there before we had left the table. If the door was shut he would scratch it gently. We always made it a point to meet him and open the door. He would come in laughing, as we termed his peculiar short breathing when he was pleased. He was greatly disappointed if we had left the table before he arrived. If his young mistress scolded him or told him his feet were dirty, he would march right over to his old home.

We could always tell by his manners when he was in disgrace. Then sometimes we would scold him just to see him perform. He would put on such a "woebegone" expression and start right back, but never at such times would he go more than half way, where he would sit down on the turnpike, with his face to the west, and stick his nose up as high as he could, shut his eyes and sulk it out, then he would be his own lovable self again; but with all his redeeming qualities he had his faults.

He was jealous to a human degree, but was not human enough to be revengeful. He was not only jealous, but was a thief, a petty thief, his weakness being for peanuts and candy. I well remember one Christmas, when a little girl brought a bag of peanuts and candy for the Christmas tree, and not wanting to eat them that night, put them on the top shelf in the conservatory. In the morning when we entered the dining room the carpet was strewn with peanut shucks and paper. Curly could not resist the temptation, and like any other thief waited until all was still, then feasted. He had torn the bag to pieces, evidently fearing a little peanut or bit of candy had escaped him. Of course he was only petted for his sagacity. We told him it was no crime, and that there was no law against dogs stealing as long as they didn't steal sheep.

He would carry packages as well as a boy. One time his young mistress intrusted him with packages, among them a little bag of peanuts. He no sooner got a sniff of the freshly roasted peanuts than he sat right down in the middle of the road in the snow, tore open the bag and ate every one, then trotted on home with the other package.

Curly was a privileged character, and on account of his neat habits was allowed to roam all over the house. Sometimes, when a room got too warm for his majesty, he would get up and walk to the door, asking us in his mute way to open the door, and when we had complied with his wishes he would sit down just inside the door and sniff the fresh air to his satisfaction, then go back and lie down and watch to see if we shut the door.

He would never eat like other dogs. If we offered him scrapings from the table he would turn up his aristocratic nose and walk away. At such times we would draw upon his jealousy by calling the cats. Soon as we called, "kitty, kitty," he would fly at the food and eat it in a trice. I saw his young mistress take some dry biscuit out one day to feed the chickens. Curly asked for the biscuit and ate every one before the chickens got there. If we had offered him fresh biscuit well buttered, he would have refused it.

On one occasion one of the boys went to the library in the second story to write some letters. Curly, of course, followed; he laid down under the secretary and went to sleep. The young man went out, closed the door, and went to town. Curly slept on until the sun was far down in the west; then we were startled by hearing a rumbling noise and feeling a jarring sensation overhead, then the library door would shake violently. None of the girls or kitchen help dared go up and see what was the matter. All at once there was a calm followed by a crash, and broken glass fell from the large east window and lay in a thousand pieces on the ground. We rushed out and looked up at the window, expecting to see something, but alas! nothing met our gaze but broken sash and space. Then we commenced daring one another to go up and open the door. A girl in the kitchen said the racket was caused by spirits. "Well!" said I, "spirits were never known to hurt anyone, and I am going," and suited the action to the word. Judge of my surprise when I opened the door and met only the black face of Curly with a malicious gleam in his dear old brown eyes. "You black rascal!" said I, "why didn't you finish the job by jumping out and breaking your old neck, after you had made a way?" He looked up at me complacently and wagged his tail, as much as to say, "I knew too much for that." Strange, none of us even thought of Curly; strange too, that he didn't bark or howl. I suppose when he awoke and found himself a prisoner he became frantic.

Curly was always civil to other dogs, and tried to keep out of trouble. He tried in a doggish way to live up to the golden rule, but if a dog persisted and seemed bent on a fuss he would accommodate him. Curs would frequently run out after him when he would be passing farm houses in the country; then he would trot to the opposite side of the road and whine, as much as to say, "I am a peaceable dog and don't want to fight;" but if the canine still persisted Curly would stop and shake him well, and send him yelping back whence he came, "a wiser if not a better dog." Then Curly would trot on after the team as if nothing had happened. He in this way gave many a mongrel a lasting lesson, and many of them twice his size. At one time he followed our teams, which were going to the pinery, sixty miles away, got tired of it and turned back, reaching home the following day, and after a good supper and a night's rest was as frisky as ever.

His young master went to England and imported some fine horses. After they were rested and well groomed they were led to the door for the ladies to look at. After their long and perilous journey they naturally became objects of interest, and in proportion to the interest we lavished upon them Curly's jealousy was aroused. When he could stand it no longer he walked off a few feet, struck his peculiar attitude, and all the while the horses stood there he sat with his back toward them with his nose elevated in the air, his eyes closed, perfectly oblivious to everything until the horses were taken away to their stalls; then at the first sound of his name he would give one sigh and bound around as playfully as ever.

To prove his jealousy we took to petting old Jack, the house dog, more than usual. We petted the chickens, kittens, anything, just to see Curly sulk; but soon as the obnoxious object was banished he was his own dear self again, and would look at us in such a confiding manner that it would give us a pang of remorse; then he always got an extra amount of petting to pay for it. His forgiving spirit would put many a human to shame.

At one time when the craze was on for advertising cards, the girls brought some home from an upholsterer's. Among them was the picture of a pug dog. Now, said the girl, I am going to plague Curly if I can. She stood it in the middle of the floor, then called, "Come, Curly, and see the pretty doggie." He came, walked up to it, sniffed around it, gave a little low growl and left the room, and could not be prevailed upon to return until the inanimate and offensive object was removed. We hung a pier glass opposite the entrance to the parlor, and when Curly first saw himself in that the hair raised up on his back and he gave his picture a saucy growl and looked behind the glass to see where the dog was that dare go in the parlor, and when he found nothing he looked silly, but was really quite jealous of his own handsome profile.

Curly was quite useful as well as entertaining. He learned to retrieve without being trained in any way. The first time he showed his ability was one day while his young master and a friend of his went out to a little preserve or pond to shoot some ducks. They shot several and found all but one, a wounded one, and were getting ready to return home when they heard a rustling among the willows; in a minute out walked Curly holding gingerly in his teeth a large wounded mallard.

At one time one of the boys had to make a business trip to Minnesota, and as his train left at 3 o'clock the next morning he thought he would pack his trunk over night,

Curly watched him closely and the young man thought to slip away in the morning without his notice. When morning came the dog was nowhere to be seen. The young man on arriving at the train went in and took a seat, looked around, and there stood Curly, wagging his tail and seeming to say, "Well, here I am, you see I am on time."

The train was already moving when the conductor came in. The young man asked him to stop the train and put Curly off. He looked at him a minute and Curly returned the look with such a self-satisfied and innocent expression that the conductor said, "No, he has earned his ride; let him go," and no nabob ever enjoyed a pass better than Curly.

But our pet was growing old, which made us all regret that dog life was limited to so short a span. His sight was growing dim, his hearing dull. He always hated flies, and when they lighted on him he would catch nearly every one and eat them. After his sight began to fail we concluded shadows like spider-webs came before his eyes in like manner as we had heard old people complain of, for right in midwinter he would catch and appear to eat imaginary flies.

Curly was a great guard; he would never see a woman go home alone. He went home with many a pretty girl, and we often remarked that she might have been in far worse company; and woe to any one who came meddling in the night or who came in rags in the daytime.

It seemed as though one of the family was pluming their wings for flight, for the older he grew the more he seemed to care for our society. I would talk to him and sometimes quote a favorite poem to him, one written by a friend.

Well do I remember the last time I saw old Curly. He tried to come home with one of the girls, but his gouty old feet gave out, and he sat down and watched her until she reached home, faithful to the last; then he turned sadly around and with difficulty reached his home again. He was shot the following day to end his misery. It saddened all our hearts, for the twelve years he spent with us were among the brightest of our lives. It made us sad to reflect that all that was left of his beauty and his love were a sunken grave beneath a tree and the crumbling earth above.

MRS. M. E. WARREN.

THE REALIZATION OF A DREAM.

EVER since I began visiting the Triton Game and Fish Club territory, comprising some 550 square miles of wilderness, 100 miles north of Quebec, I have been told of tremendous brook trout which frequent its innumerable lakes and streams; but up to this fall I have never assisted at the obsequies of any running over 3½lbs. in weight. That this is large enough most fishermen will agree, but the fabulous five and six pounders always haunted their imagination. In many a dream have I seen my fly taken by a monster with a back fin "like a ladies' fan," only to find my trusty rod transformed into a punky cornstalk, my reel singularly like an ice cream freezer, or to suddenly awake to the dull roar of a never sleeping city. I had heard of a lake far away in the wilds which was reported to be a paradise of game and fish, unknown, except by one flying visit, to any except Indian hunters. It was said fairly to boil with huge speckled beauties, while the evasive moose was credited with relaxing his habitual aloofness about its "savannes" secure in solitude.

The fascination of exploring unknown regions also added its weight to the arguments in favor of a departure from usual lines, and so Lake Moise (pronounced Mcéés) was determined upon. The motto then became "Moise or bust." Fortune favored me by providing an unexpected companion in Mr. W. L. Pierce, of New York city, who was lured by my tales of moose into joining forces.

We reached Quebec Sept. 6, and noon next day found us at Skroder's Mills, the temporary headquarters of the club. By previous arrangement our guides had carried in all provisions and camp plunder to Lac des Passes, coming out to meet us with the canoes. This enabled us to save a day and travel light.

The next night, after we had unsuccessfully whipped several streams and lakes *en route*, found us in a delightful camp at the above lake.

It had been a rather sad beginning. No fish where there were plenty the previous year, and at Lac des Passes eight new club members, forming with their sixteen guides a regular encampment on my old point, while canoes were visible in every direction. The lake fairly bulged with them. In that camp were about twenty-five 2 to 4lb. trout drying in the smoke, and we found upon sampling that the 33-year-old fly paint in general use was entitled to warm commendation. These trout had all been caught by trolling flies with a bit of bait attached slowly about the bays. The prospect wasn't very gay. After supper, at our own camp a mile below, we decided to rest one day and then push on.

We had no luck whatever the next day, try as we would. Tuesday morning we broke camp early, and at night we were at the head of navigation on the River Moise, the last of our cleared carries. We had been assured that an old trail existed along the river, but that there was much deadwater in the stream, up which we could pole and save carrying. It was thought wise, however, to emulate the children of Israel under similar circumstances, so early next day two of our guides started up stream with orders to get to the lake and come back with a report.

Pierce and I, with the other two, went down the river to visit another old camp of mine on Lake Batiseau. *En route*, and just as we had smashed our canoe in a lively shute, necessitating debarkation for repairs, we met two other members going out after a brief outing. They had just seen two caribou cross the river below out of shot.

After the usual interchange of civilities and nerve food they pushed on, while we made repairs in nine places. While thus employed a cannonade above drew our attention. A large lady caribou was fairly sailing across in shallow water, while the rifles barked or cracked as black or smokeless spoke. We saw no faltering, but perhaps we were deceived by the sulphurous cloud which hung low over the scene. Pierce suspected that this might have been caused by the conversation, but I am inclined to believe that at least one rifle used black powder.

We lunched at the old camp at the end of nine-mile Lake Batiseau, returning up river in a driving rain. We had caught as many small trout averaging about ½lb. as we cared to take but none over 1½lbs.

It was good fun, and by no means effort wasted, as I learned when calling for trout at breakfast next morning. The reply came, "No trout, Monsieur." We looked blank, for we had brought in over seventy, of which we had eaten perhaps six, but inquiry evolved the fact that all the rest had been boiled and eaten at one afternoon tea. It is impossible to waste fish in such society.

But we digress. Our arrival at camp found the two spies comfortably chatting by the fire. The report was short and sweet—no deadwater, no trail, no lake, no possibility of advance in that direction. This was fairly sickening. After all our planning and eager anticipation, to be stopped at the very threshold was not to be thought of. Again, a very shrewd suspicion existed of the gen-



A PRETTY WOODS PICTURE.
Photograph by H. N. Curtis.

uineness of the difficulties. It was too complete a catalogue. It probably really meant a prospect of hard work which was not favorably regarded. Therefore the head guide was tersely and emphatically advised that we took no stock in him or his story; that we had come from New York to reach Lake Moise and proposed to do it; that he was too old to go in the woods any more, but should sit by a fire and smoke all day, etc. This last taunt acted as was intended.

"Sacr-e-e-e! I good man yet—I go where any—the man lie who say trail there or can go up river—no can go—all bad shutes and big rocks—take maybe seven day to get through."

"Stop there," I said. "To-morrow morning we shall all begin to chop a trail, and we will see how far we can go in one day, at all events."

There was no reply possible, of course; but stubborn looks and muttered comments prevailed about their fire, while Pierce and I tried to cheer up and feel hopeful.

Which end of the motto was to win was the problem.

After breakfast we crossed the river with two guides, who within ten minutes found the blazes of the old trail.

This was a good beginning, and all hands were soon working away for dear life. At first it was fairly easy. We only cut wide enough for a canoe, and left all logs which we could straddle.

The old blazes were only of use as indicating the direction; but the trail most of the way was full of fallen trees or young growth. The order of attack finally resolved itself into my going ahead with the least useful guide to pick out the easiest route and blaze for the choppers. Pierce acted as rear guard to drive them along.

At noon we had made about a mile and were feeling very well satisfied. After lunch I started on again, determined to get as far as possible before turning back. It was slow progress, sure enough.

There was no soil whatever, but only stones and boulders of every size, carpeted with deep green moss as full of water as a soaked sponge. This effectually covered the crevices and chasms, so that every few steps the foot would go down between rocks, barking the shin or ankle or causing a heavy fall. Occasionally I would fall into a cleft wide enough to take in my whole body and higher than my head. Then the forest had its own seductions. In all places it grew so thick as to necessitate chopping for the width of a canoe, and near the river the alders formed a perfect network; but not content with this, fallen trees were every few feet, while in every direction lay tangled windfalls acres in extent, in which the spruces, balsam and birch were piled in inextricable confusion. Usually the old blazes led cheerfully up to one of these and disappeared in the shuffle. Then came the fun of unraveling the skein. If it was not too large we would circle in opposite ways, picking up the blaze as it emerged generally at some wholly unexpected place; but in most instances there was no alternative but to start in, crawling, climbing, jumping, falling, and when we had any breath to spare commenting earnestly on the surroundings. After careful search perhaps a fallen tree would be discovered bearing a blaze, then another a long distance away and entirely out of line, but often we simply smashed along the most feasible route, trusting to find the blaze somewhere ahead. As a matter of fact, we found and lost it many times, but in general both trails followed the river.

To make it wholly and completely cheerful and satisfactory it began hailing and raining at noon, so that in a few moments each branch became an eager and diabolically intelligent shower bath loaded with ice water. It would have been drier swimming the river. At about 4 o'clock I stood on a big rock at a bend in the river, with only a rushing torrent in view above in which no canoe could live. It was three long and hard hours to camp, but the choppers had made good progress and hope still sprang as eternal as mentioned by the poet. Moreover it had become a matter of pride now.

The next day was practically a repetition, except that we carried our canoe and several light loads as far as we had chopped the day before.

As before I was ahead, and at about 2:30 came to a sure enough deadwater with lilypads in it. This I took to be an arm of the lake. No rapids were visible above, and an attempt to go further through the forest led into an almost impassable deadfall of great extent. Moreover the old blaze, again recovered and followed for the last half mile, ended here at a big flat rock.

This then must be the gateway to Mecca. We started back full of satisfaction and hope, but reasonably hollow in other respects. In about a half hour we found the choppers, told our story and sent them all on to finish up.

Then came the long return tramp to camp. In the morning we started out with the remaining canoe and dunnage, reaching deadwater at about noon. While the boys were getting lunch Pierce, Lavan (our head guide) and I paddled up the stream, when on rounding a bend the sickening spectacle of more rapids presented itself. It was pretty hard luck. We found the blaze on the left bank at the head of the deadwater, and leaving Pierce at the canoe Lavan and I took it up. We lost it almost immediately, but kept on over a little shoulder of the mountain toward an apparent opening in the forest. After a time we again found the trail, which without



A CAMP WITH ALL THE MODERN CONVENIENCES.
Photograph by H. N. Curtis.



Mr. Pierce. Mr. Mowry. Mr. Curtis.

ONE MORNING'S CATCH——THIRTY-THREE FISH, 110LBS.

Photograph by H. N. Curtis.

more ado brought us out on the shore of a bay—the lake this time beyond doubt.

Returning down the deadwater we had a snack, and then while two of the men returned half-way for the remaining loads, the rest of us went on. I was pioneer as usual, and after a hard and tangled scramble was approaching the shore, blazing as I went, when I heard the brush snap ahead. I stopped short to listen, several repetitions of the sound convincing me that some large animal was not far ahead. Leaving my axe, I hurried back as fast as possible for my rifle. With this and my pack I again made my way back and stopped to listen. Whatever it was, it was still there, so I crept forward silently, visions of moose or caribou vividly in my mind.

When within about 100yds. of the shore I saw a movement in the bushes, and carefully shifting to get a good look, saw an unmistakable human arm clad in a crimson sweater wielding an equally tangible fly-rod.

We are told that thirsty travelers in the desert become insane when the beautiful streams and groves of the mirage fade from view. I can sympathize with them.

Utter and unspeakable disgust filled me to overflowing. I was conscious of a strong temptation to put a bullet into that shining mark—and apologize afterward, if necessary—but what I did was to sit down on a wet log and wrestle with my spirit. It would have been no greater shock and surprise suddenly to have come out on the corner of Broadway and Fulton street. Here was our fabled wilderness, reached after days of mortal toil, crowded with fly-fishermen in red jerseys. They must have come in from some other region east of us and were clearly interlopers. I became stern and righteously indignant, and in this frame of mind went ahead prepared for frigid and sarcastic rebuke, but as it suddenly occurred to me that my dark moving form might equally invite a leaden messenger I stopped and forgot my dignity long enough to yell loudly. The dark face of an Indian appeared over a pile of fallen timber while a phlegmatic grunt answered my bird-like notes.

I scrambled over to him. He stuck out his hand, grinned, called me by name and said: "You got my boy." This called for a new deal. I probably looked very blank, but he said: "I am Tomas Sivi. My boy, young Tomas, is with you."

My intellect began to work as I recalled the young daredevil, one-third Indian, one-third Irish and two-thirds monkey, who formed a part of our retinue. "Who is with you?" I gasped.

"Mr. Mowry," said he. "We heard that you were coming here, so I brought him in another way." Then he grinned.

It was a pretty good joke—for him. Well, it was only one, a fellow member, and he had just arrived. I went back and told Pierce, and we proceeded in state to present ourselves. Mowry was mildly jubilant at being the first to arrive. He had struck the lake at the upper end by way of an old Indian hunting trail, coasted its entire length to find if we were ahead of him, and having found no signs was tranquilly fishing for his supper. Upon comparing notes, however, we found that we must have reached opposite ends of the lake at about the same time.

As he stood talking and casually casting from the rocks he got a heavy strike, soon after landing a 3-pounder. In a few minutes he followed this with a 3¾ fish. Our eyes began to protrude. My rod was at hand, so I tried my luck, but not possessing his skill I only succeeded in hooking the trees behind.

Just then one of our men came with a canoe. Launching this, Pierce paddled me out clear of the shore, and in a few moments I had one on which scaled 4lbs. 1oz., and shortly after struck an infant terror, which, after towing Pierce all over the basin, came reluctantly to net, tuning up to 5lbs. 2oz.

It was then getting pretty dark, so we went ashore and forgave Mowry several times.

We camped right on that spot, dark and damp as it was. The next morning Mowry was out bright and early, getting several big fellows. We breakfasted leisurely, then while Pierce and Mowry began their labors in the basin at the head of the river, the lake's outlet, I went with young Tomas to a pool and falls said to exist about two miles below.

Passing through narrows not more than 50ft. wide, connecting wide bays, we went up a lagune for several hundred yards, guided by the roar of the falls. Here it broadened out into a pool perhaps 60yds. in diameter, nearly circular, into which plunged the little river over a series of rocky steps, a total fall of about 20ft.

Paddling slowly and cautiously around its edges, I whipped as scientifically as my limitations in that line permitted, but with no result. This went on for twenty minutes. The place was ideal, but we all know that ideals do not exist for trout. Apparently no trout existed for this ideal.

We had slowly edged our way up to the foot of the fall, holding by a rock which rose in the eddy. Suddenly the water boiled close to the canoe as my flies left the water after a short cast. Nothing was visible, but I dropped in again not 15ft. away, let the flies rest an instant and began to recover. There was a tug and then a surge, and I struck firmly twice before the rush began. How the reel sung. It was music for a king, or better yet, for an ardent sportsman. For a few moments it was hot work, then succeeded a time of sulks and pulls which indicated big game. The canoe was worked back to a sloping sand beach where I could stand up. Then I began to get the mastery. The circles became smaller, the plunges fewer, but in spite of the arc of the rod and a reel to take in every spare inch the strain was heavy. "He is a whale," I said to Tomas.

Just then a fin and broad tail flashed up into the air, and just beyond what looked like the tip of another.

Deux! deux! Monsieur!" yelled Tomas; "deux gros truite."

"Oh, no," I replied, trying to be indifferent, "only one big one, I guess."

But he was wild with excitement and sure of two. He was right. The leader was strong, the fish fought and helped drown each other, and in about twenty-five minutes after the strike I swung them by him as he stood waist-deep with the net, when with one swift but careful swoop he netted both.

I thought the steel hoop would break as he raised them out of water, but it only sprung down at an angle, thus partially closing the mouth of the net. Before they could well flop he had them in the canoe. One weighed 5lbs. 8oz. and the other 4lbs. 6oz.; total 9lbs. 14oz. of fighting trout. To say I was proud is putting it very softly. Not even my first luck many years ago gave me any deeper thrill. I stopped right there and then. There was no probability of equaling that feat and anything less would be sacrilege.

In a few moments Mowry paddled in with half a dozen beauties, "picked up anywhere along." We exchanged congratulations. When we got back to camp Pierce had twelve fine fish close at hand.

That day's catch figured up thirty-three trout with an aggregate weight of 110lbs. 4oz.

Mowry said to me at the pool: "I feel guilty about catching so many magnificent fish; it's murder. I'm going to stop."

"Well," said I, "I have stopped because I don't care to break the spell of my double, but I advise you to land every one you can. This is our day. We will probably never hit such luck again, and you can rest assured that nothing will be wasted."



C. H. MOWRY AND "THE BABY."

Photograph by H. N. Curtis.

"I guess you are right," said he, "the temptation is certainly very great."

He proudly showed the top notcher at night—a six and one-half pounder. "And the one that got away with my bottom fly was a yard long—wasn't he, Tomas? And would weigh over 8lbs.—wouldn't he, Tomas?" and Tomas said, "Yassir."

The fun of Mowry's catch was that his improvised landing net consisted of an old piece of burlap—originally an envelope for pork—stretched in a shallow bag to a looped pole.

The following morning was devoted to photography and the skinning of four of the finest fish, which were rubbed with salt and alum for preservation. (Here I may say that they came through all right and have been beautifully mounted by Mr. Henry Squires, of New York city.) In the afternoon we explored the whole lake, picking out a better camping ground, on a point about midway. Mowry went out next day after accomplishing a feat for which he had longed, viz., the catching of a 5lb. trout and putting it back. "That," said he, "is what I have always wanted to be able to say—that I had found them so beautiful that I had put them back. That will please any man who comes back at me with a bigger story."

That same morning we shifted our camp to the new location. It began to get hot and sultry. The fish were not in general evidence as hitherto; in fact, as it became necessary to fish for the pot (the ravening maws of our tubular guides having worked destruction upon all our flour, biscuit and over 120lbs. of trout), we were driven back to our first pool for any luck at all. Here we picked up eight one afternoon and eleven the next morning, running about as before. This finished our big fishing, as we went out the day following. Here is the demnition total—fifty-two fish weighing 168lbs. 11oz.—a grand average of 3lbs. 4oz. Leaving out ten which weighed under 2lbs., the average for forty-two was 3lbs. 11oz. Seventeen of the catch went over 4lbs.

Each of us had something to be especially proud of. Mowry had the largest, 6½lbs.; Pierce the largest number, twenty-one, with the highest average, 3lbs. 7oz., and I held the championship in doubles.

These fish were all taken scientifically with the fly. There was no bait-fishing. They were without exception the most brilliant fish I have ever seen. The colors were so vivid as to be incapable of reproduction by brush or description by the pen. They were a deep-bodied, heavy fish, full and strong. When struck it was a matter of fifteen to thirty minutes to bring them to net, and for the whole of that time perhaps after the first rush it would be a steady sulk about 6ft. below the surface, from which no effort could raise them. Time and again, after long spells of this, in which the rod butt was held perpendicular at the edge of the canoe, the pliant cane describing a perfect arc with its tip close to the water, I tried to raise my fish by lifting the butt straight up to full arm's length; but the tip stayed right at the surface, notwithstanding the tremendous and long-continued strain. Often a lost fly or part of leader showed that two had been on at once, but one had broken away.

Again, the smaller fry, under 2lbs., had a disagreeable habit of snatching the top fly after a big fellow was fast below, making difficult work of bringing him to net. It took sharp work to save the rod when a rush was made under the canoe; but we proudly remark that not a tip was broken, not a fish lost except such as broke the leader or carried off a fly in case of a double strike.

I have never heard of equal luck for both number and size. It is something to brag of for a lifetime.

The trip out was severe because of the excessive heat, and uneventful but for one clean miss of a caribou, the only shot we had, although I saw a big bull swim the lake a half mile away, going out before we came within shot.

H. N. CURTIS.

NEW YORK.

THE SPELL OF AN OTTER'S EYES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

By the Adirondack woodsmen along the banks of the West Canada Creek the otter is regarded as quite as sly as the fox, inasmuch that it is very difficult to trap in any kind of contrivance. There are fewer stories about the creature's intelligence, as the animals are scarce and have not been so much observed as have the foxes.

There has been, and probably is, an otter that for six years anyhow, and perhaps longer, has traveled down the creek winter and summer about every two weeks. In the winter it left a running, sliding trail in the snow on the ice, seldom leaving the creek bed to go into a cove or overland for a dozen or fifteen rods. In summer weather it fished and caught frogs in the coves of the flats. A good many shots have been fired at it and a lot of traps set for it, but none were ever successful. It is believed by woodsmen that the otters, like the hell-divers, loons, mink and others, dodge shot or ball.

I saw this otter once some years ago in the summer time, and while only one feature of the animal is distinct in my mind, I do not recollect any other wild animal so well. The body is a mere glimmer of black in waving swale grass. Even the head is a burly, rusty gray shadow, a sort of background for the two eyes.

I have seen deer when they were standing still looking at me, have looked at squirrels, rabbits, partridges, foxes and other wild animals alarmed by my presence, but their forms, rather than their eyes, are more or less distinct. In fact, the eyes seem secondary in the mind pictures, except in the case of the otter. It seems to me that the otter did not merely look at me; it was more as if it looked into me, the same as the sensation one has when some one—a man or woman—"reads your innermost thoughts." These eyes were large and full rounded, dark brown with a shimmer of light gray skating across and around the center, and with a lively beauty as different from the dead beauty of a deer's full eye. It sent precisely such chills up and down my back as dark human eyes have done. It was a tense particular look, and not the general gaze of a bird or other animal. The otter, I think, hypnotized me, for I did not shoot, although my impression is that we looked at one another for a minute or two.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

THE VERDICT.

IT was a shooting club. They were men of thought and they met in solemn conclave. They discussed momentous matters pertaining to their beloved pastime. And this is what they said about the question of

Nuisances.

No. 1. "The greatest nuisance is the dog that breaks and runs when a man fires."

No. 2. "But a greater is a dog that, with that awful fault, also gulps down the fallen bird."

No. 3. "I can bear with a poor dog, but the worst nuisance I meet are these posters all over and around, 'No hunting.'"

No. 4. "But a greater, added to the posters, is a man's head and the muzzle of a gun just above the fence, crying, 'Git out o' there.'"

No. 5. "As for me, I despise more than these a mad bull rushing down upon a fellow and driving him to the fence."

No. 6. "And worse still, a bulldog on the other side of the fence." [Cheers.]

No. 7. "Gentlemen, you have all spoken—spoken as becomes members of this noble club. But there is one thing above all that I abominate, abhor and despise. It is a nuisance *par excellence*. The man who conceived it ought never to have been born. The dog that breaks and eats his bird has not bitten me; the selfish curmudgeon behind the fence has not shot me; the mad bull has not gored me, nor the bulldog torn my pants. But my poor flesh has been lacerated and my corduroys torn to shreds by this most terrible of all nuisances—a cussed barbed wire fence." [Amens and deafening cheers.]

N. D. ELTING.

Natural History.

FOREIGN BIRDS IN MAINE.

BOSTON, Dec. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The three letters which my observations and questions on the Auburn, Me., bird-hatching experiment have brought into your columns have, naturally, been interesting reading to me. Two of the writers seem to look upon the matter as I did, viz.: that it is absurd to try to stock Maine with foreign game birds by an attempt to breed in captivity, as an intermediary phase in the process.

I confess I cannot see how anyone ever thought of such a thing.

If the original promoters of the Auburn scheme thought the matter out at all, must it not sooner or later have dawned on them that, even if they did succeed in rearing a few birds in their cages, the number they could raise there must always be infinitesimal as compared with the number needed to appreciably stock the State, and that for this larger number they would always have to depend on the natural increase of the birds in the wild state?

Perhaps they were under the impression that during the transportation of the birds from their native haunts to Maine they would forget their natural instincts and never know how to breed again until they were put through the persuasive treatment of confinement in a wire cage and a restricted diet, and of such a character as they had never before experienced. Whatever was the theory, I still think a statement of it would be psychologically, if not otherwise, valuable. Your last correspondent, Mr. Blomstrand, of Canton, S. D., hopes to "see the experiment carried on." I am not quite certain whether he means the Auburn experimant or merely an effort to introduce capercailzie and black game into Maine. I think it likely that he means the latter, in which case I heartily agree with him. I envy Mr. Blomstrand his personal knowledge of these fine game birds and wish he and others who know about them (and there must be many in America) would give through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM all the information they can which may tend to increase interest in this subject and give the data needful to secure success in any future experiments.

From what I have heard of the capercailzie, I feel great assurance that it is well fitted to flourish in the forests of Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and much of Canada, and I hope to live to see this noble bird—certainly one of the very finest of all the grouse family—thoroughly installed in our northern woods.

If a few dozen pairs can be brought to Maine in fair condition and liberated at the right season in the wilderness, far enough from the settled country to insure comparative freedom from molestation by man, and if they can, in addition, receive complete protection by law for a few years, I feel hopeful of a great and valuable addition to the interest which now draws the hunter to these northern wilds.

But we should know many things before money is again spent in this matter. We should know more of the habits of the bird in regard to breeding, food, and as far as possible disposition toward other game birds, ability to protect itself from enemies such as it would encounter here, etc., etc. We should also know the best time of year for liberation. We should also know how it compares with our native game birds for the table. I, for one, would much like to know how it is hunted and shot, and hope some capercailzie hunters will give us full accounts of the sport they have had, that we may know something of what we may expect when we get this bird fairly established in the Maine woods. Mr. Blomstrand certainly has my cordial invitation to give us from his rich store of experience. I am capercailzie hungry.

C. H. AMES.

Bluebirds near Washington, D. C.

AT the last congress of the American Ornithologists' Union I heard Mrs. Stephenson's paper about bluebirds read—I refer to the one that subsequently appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, on page 510 of the issue of Dec. 14, 1895. It interested me both at the time and since, while in some respects I was surprised at the information it conveyed. There can be no question now, of course, that since last winter bluebirds have been extremely rare in many localities; yet during the autumn migration just passed (1895) I did not find them extraordinarily so about Washington, D. C. During my daily rambles in and about that city, from the middle of October to the middle of November, I frequently heard them overhead, and in one week during that period I counted eighteen individuals along the roadsides. There was something surprised me the other day, however, for upon walking in from a point sixteen miles north from the city on a cold, windy afternoon (Dec. 10, 1895), I saw a number of single individuals of this species, heard others far overhead, and in one flock counted six males and two females. These last were associated with juncos and a mixed company of other small winter birds.

I am inclined to believe that if we are blessed with one or two, more or less, mild winters now, and a certain class of insane collectors, who may come to think that the bluebirds are upon the high road toward utter extinction, why, in a season or two, this, one of the very loveliest of all our lovely spring migrants, will become abundant once more.

DR. SHUFELDT.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, Washington, D. C., Dec 15.

Game Bag and Gun.

FIXTURES.

March 16 to 21, 1896.—Second annual Sportsmen's Exposition, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, at Madison Square Garden, New York city. Frank W. Sanger, Manager.

SENATOR PROCTOR'S MOOSE.

LUDLOW, Vermont, Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On my return from Indianapolis I put in my spare moments in reading FOREST AND STREAM, and I was surprised to see in the issue of Nov. 23d last an unfavorable comment on Senator Redfield Proctor's moose hunt. You do that gentleman great injustice. I did not see the Maine papers and of course do not know what they contained. I take it for granted they claimed the moose were killed in that State; the Vermont papers said Canada, which was correct. In the latter part of September Senator Proctor invited my brother and myself to accompany him on a trip to Canada and join him in a hunt while there. I could not go, but the Senator and my brother did go, and had a grand time and a most successful hunt. Their moose were all killed in a legitimate manner and in season. You will find they killed no more than the law allowed. I quote from a letter written me by my brother: "I won't write you the details of our hunt, but will tell you and the boys our thrilling experiences and hair-breadth escapes when I see you. The Governor [Senator Proctor] is the luckiest man I ever saw. He stayed two days in the woods and got two fine bull moose. He killed one when only a few hours out from the railroad station and sent it in by a flat boat he found. He reached camp that night and the next morning was out bright and early and had another one in less than an hour. After resting he returned to the station, leaving me in camp. I stayed eleven days and shot two bull moose and a caribou—all of them fine specimens. Altogether the most successful hunt ever having taken place here, so they say.

"This is the finest fishing and shooting place one ever saw; I think if you saw it you would bring your family here for the summer. As I sit here I can look out of the window down the lake eight miles south, and it runs twenty the other way. I send you to-morrow a haunch of the last moose I killed."

Now when you consider that Senator Proctor left the railroad, killed two moose and was back again on the train in less than forty-eight hours you can see that no explanation from him is necessary. Another year I propose to be one of the party if I can possibly go. I have just returned from central Indiana; there are no quail there this year to speak of.

Ruffed grouse are extremely plentiful here. Hares are thick, in fact I never saw so many. Foxes everywhere; there is one old silver gray that everybody sees occasionally, but no one can get a shot at. Above Ludlow about six miles there is quite a herd of deer and they are increasing all the time and are extremely tame. No one ever bothers them.

Last fall Chas. Sumner got two black bears, an old one and a cub, just a few miles above Ludlow near Patch Pond.

CHAS. B. FLETCHER.

HALIFAX LAW QUESTIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As it is in contemplation to consolidate the game laws at the ensuing session of the House, the Game Society has sent out the following circular with a view of gathering the opinions of those interested in the subject on some disputed questions.

The question as to whether all shooting for birds should open at one day is a difficult one, the project having been tried the past two years as an experiment. Such a law is much easier to enforce, because shooting of birds out of season cannot go on under the pretense that the party is shooting those in season; while on the other hand it is contended that, so far as woodcock are concerned, the best shooting is over by Sept. 1, and that any date at all suitable for all birds must be too late for some.

As to the protection of cow moose, some persons contend that there are now many more cows than bulls, and that this, together with the difficulty of knowing, in the woods, whether the animal seen is a bull or cow, overbalances the undoubted evil of killing cows when with calf. Those who receive the circulars are asked to write answers to all or some of the following questions, and return with as little delay as possible to the secretary.

Questions.

1. Are you in favor of having one day to begin open season for all birds alike? And if so, what day? At present it is Sept. 15. If you think different days should be fixed, will you say what days you approve of for each?

2. Do you approve of a law which would make illegal the sale of any game, birds or animals, either permanently or for a time?

3. Do you consider a close season for some years, for either birds or large game, either necessary or desirable? And if so, for which birds or animals?

4. In your opinion is it desirable to continue the law making it illegal to kill cow moose?

5. Do you approve of the continuance of the law making it illegal to kill otters?

GEORGE PIERS, Sec'y Game Society.

DUTCH VILLAGE, Halifax, N. S.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Sportsmen Tourists in Texas.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 14.—In earlier issues of FOREST AND STREAM I mentioned the invitation of Col. A. B. Pickett, editor of the Memphis *Scimitar*, to join a party of sportsmen in a special car party to Texas. The inability to join this party meant the loss of one of the enjoyable experiences one always regrets. The party was most fortunate in every regard and the trip was a succession of happy events. On his return from the voyage in Texas Col. Pickett gave his paper an outline of the doings of the party, and from that account I take the following:

The party consisted of the Hon. Josiah Patterson, Gen. Sam. T. Carnes, Col. Napoleon Hill, Mr. J. S. Dunscomb, Mr. E. L. Boyle, Mr. Fred Schmidt, Mr. Robert Galloway and Mr. A. B. Pickett, of Memphis; Mr. W. C. Gillette, of Chicago; Mr. T. K. Riddick, Mr. Tom Williamson and Mr. John G. Hendon, of Somerville, Tenn., and Mr. John R. Sloan, of Covington, Tenn. John Graham, of the *Scimitar*, went along as purser, and Ben Stansberry, the colored porter of the *Scimitar*, had charge of the baggage. The Pullman company sent an experienced French cook, an expert pantryman and one of its most efficient porters. Harry, Floyd and Preston were three of the most important members of the party.

The car left Memphis at 7 o'clock Thursday evening, Oct. 31, and dinner was announced when the Arkansas shore was reached. Mr. Pickett was elected the manager for the party, and his instructions were carried out without objection from any source from the day of departure until the return home at 8:30 yesterday morning.

The first stop was made Friday night at Waco, where Col. Parrott and other distinguished citizens entertained the party. A stop of a few moments was also made at Corsicana.

Saturday morning Mr. Warner, of the Cotton Belt, who had joined the car at Tyler, piloted the excursionists to San Antonio, via Kennedy and Yoakum, over the San Antonio & Aransas Pass Railroad. Mr. O. C. Guessaz and Mr. Joe George, at the head of a distinguished party of San Antonio gentlemen, met the car on its arrival, entertained the visitors royally that evening, taking them to the plaza, where they were served rare Mexican dishes by the chile genus, to the fort and the famous Alamo, and the following day accompanied them to Rockport.

Leaving the car at Rockport, sail was set on Monday morning for Aransas Pass, about fifteen miles away. The weather was everything that could be desired, and several of the party had strikes that afternoon, although no fish were landed. The next morning the tarpon hunt was resumed, and during the day three of the monsters were captured, the smallest weighing 102lbs., caught by Mr. Boyle; the largest weighing 140lbs. and measuring 6ft. 3in., captured by Mr. Gillette; and the third, about the same size, pulled in upon the sand by Mr. Schmidt, but lost through the carelessness of the boatman, who cut the line with his gaff in the act of hauling the fish in out of the surf. Any quantity of sea bass and redfish were caught, besides several sharks and stingarees.

Several of the party remained at Aransas Pass the entire week, the remainder returning to Rockport ahead of them and going out to Sorenson's Camp for a duck hunt. Several canvasbacks and redheads were bagged, and Monday morning early the car left Rockport for Gregory, where they were again met by Mr. Guessaz and Mr. George, who arranged for the day the most novel duck hunting expedition anybody ever saw or heard of before. Wagons were secured, and at 10 o'clock in the morning the entire party, with the exception of Mr. Galloway, who returned home, were lined up in the willows on top of the high levee, which dams the waters of the gulch and separates the pond which they make from the waters of Nueces Bay. Corpus Christi could be seen across the bay, four or five miles distant. From time to time flocks of from five to fifteen ducks would attempt to cross the levee on their way from the sea to the fresh-water pond, and at the right moment, when the command to fire was given, fourteen guns would be turned loose almost at the same moment. It was a rare thing for a duck to get over the levee with his life. One wild goose, which came honking down the valley just before sundown, fell with a hatful of lead in his body.

Leaving Gregory Tuesday morning the car made its next stop at Tyler, where the party was joined by Mr. Warner, Mr. John Durst (a leading capitalist of Tyler) and Mr. J. J. Daglish, a prominent hardware dealer of that place. Both of these gentlemen are experienced deer hunters, and under their guidance tents were pitched the following day eight miles below Lufkin, in the heart of an immense forest of pine, oak, beech and magnolia, with the Angelina River on one side and the Nueces River on the other. A large pack of fine deerhounds was secured, and in less than an hour a big doe was brought into the camp and turned over to the tender mercies of Harry, the cook. Eight deer were killed the next day and three the following morning, all within less than a mile of the camp. First honors fell to Mr. Riddick, second to Mr. Schmidt and third to Mr. Williams. Mr. Hill and Col. Patterson, who were mounted on Texas mustangs, rode the woods from morning until night each day and slept in the leaves with the balance of the boys.

Saturday afternoon the bird dogs were taken out for their first run, and half a dozen big coveys of quail were found within an hour.

Leaving Lufkin at 7 o'clock Sunday morning the party came straight home. The last dinner was eaten on board the car at 3:30 o'clock after leaving Tyler. When the cloth was removed a business meeting was held, at which Mr. Pickett presided. Resolutions were adopted thanking the railroad officials and gentlemen of the Lone Star State for the many courtesies lavished on the party.

When seen at Memphis last week by the FOREST AND STREAM representative, Col. Pickett was full of enthusiasm over the delightful time he and his friends had had.

E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

Reasons for Sticking.

FIRST HUNTER—"I'm going to stick to black powder. I kill as well as any of them and it is cheaper."

Second hunter—"That's all right if you take the chances. I won't. You see there are so many notices put up all around, 'No shooting allowed,' that I concluded to do no more shooting aloud, but in a whisper. See?"

E.

DEER HORNS AND VELVET.

What Old Deer Hunters Say.—II.

[*Concluded from page 535.*]

LANSING, Mich.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A spike-horn buck is a one-horn or yearling buck, a prong-horn is a two-spike or a 2-year-old buck. After 2 years old a buck will add a single prong each year for two years, which would indicate a 3-year-old with three prongs, and a 4-year-old with four prongs. After 4 years old you can tell very little of the age of a buck by the number of tines on his antlers; after 4 years old the antlers often grow irregularly, and the number of tines on each antler may differ greatly in number and form. A 5-year-old buck may have five, six or more tines on his antlers, but he cannot be less than 5 years and have a greater number of prongs than four.

The tips of the antlers in deer up to 5 years old are usually close together, say 4 to 6in. apart, and sometimes the tips will meet almost. I have seen several antlers of which the tips passed each other, and in two cases the tips hit together in the center, and the terminal ends are bent out of their natural course to get past each other. After a deer is 5 or 6 years old the end of the antlers will each year spread wider and wider apart till in old deer the antlers are wide open, and oftentimes almost at right angles to the frontal bone. In old deer the antlers are usually whiter than in young deer, and the grooves where the blood vessels run are smaller and not so well marked.

The antlers of the buck are shed, or thrown off, in the latter part of winter or very early spring. Exceptionally they are shed somewhat earlier or a little later, but as a rule the antler is thrown off late in winter or early spring. When the vital process begins which results in the casting off of the antlers, the buck loses his strength and ambition and vitality, and he hides away in some thick cover where he can be quiet and not disturbed. Whether one antler is shed before the other, or they are both shed at the same time, I am unable to say. What becomes of the antlers after they are shed is something of a conundrum, but it is supposed that they are eaten up by mice and porcupines. At any rate, they all disappear quickly. A cast-off antler is seldom found.

A deer-hunting friend has often seen bucks with one antler gone. He thinks that the antlers would drop off in time, but they are nearly always broken off accidentally before the time has come for them to drop off. He has often found deer antlers in the North Woods years ago. He doubts the truth of the statement that the antlers are eaten by mice or porcupines. He states that all rodents must carry out their nature and have something to gnaw. This they must have to keep their teeth in proper condition. When they find an antler on the ground they gnaw it, because it is handy to get at and serves their purpose, and not because they like it or derive nourishment from it.

Previous to the horn-shedding period the buck has been wild and crazy to get at the does, and he would chase and run them all the time, for at this time of the year the does are in season, and they remain in season for some time during the months from September to January or a little later. This is called the running time or rutting time.

During the horn-shedding period and during nearly the entire time the antlers are growing and hardening the buck does not molest the does. This seems to be nature's way of protecting the does and their fawns during the spring and summer, for if the bucks were as crazy during this period as they were during the time when the antlers were fully developed, they would kill the does and fawns by their furious actions.

A few weeks after the antlers are shed the frontal bone becomes greatly loaded with blood and the parts are intensely congested. A little later projections appear where the antlers ha e come off. These projections grow very rapidly and in about three months this soft growth, which is to be converted into bone, has attained its full growth. This new growth is soft like a link of sausage, is intensely charged with blood, and if the parts are touched they will bleed very freely, and if they are much broken or bruised the buck may bleed to death.

During this formative period the antlers are covered with a velvet-like substance, or skin, and the buck is said to then be in the velvet. During this period the buck has shed his coat of hair and has passed the stages called the red or the blue coat, later when the antlers are hard he has his regular winter coat of gray. A singular fact is that if a buck is shot and killed in the water in the gray coat he will float, but if shot and killed in the water when in the red or blue coat he will sink at once.

When the antler is growing and the parts are injured or broken they remain permanently so, and this accounts for many blemishes to be found on the antlers. When this new growth has reached its full size and form and shape, the burr or ridge around the base of the antler begins to harden and contract, and soon strangulates the bone and cuts off the blood supply, and the new growth begins to grow hard and in a very short time is converted into bone substance. The grooves in the substance of the bone and on the outside mark the course of the blood vessels during the period of horn growth. When the blood supply is cut off and the horns begin to harden the velvet covering dies and loosens somewhat, and the buck begins to rub his head and antlers against bushes and stones to get the velvet off. A few days ago I sent a piece of this velvet covering to FOREST AND STREAM to show how little nature had to do with shedding the velvet when the buck could not get at it to rub it off.

About the time that the horns are well hardened and the velvet is off, the buck begins to feel the intense blood flow to the head, which has become a habit, and for lack of its accustomed relief—horn-building—the head is deeply congested and the neck begins to swell to oftentimes a great size, and the buck gets full of life and vitality. He is strong and crazy and furious to get at the does. Nature has so arranged the whole matter that the does come in season about the time the horns are well hardened, and the bucks get in form to serve them, and the rutting season begins.

As the horns begin to harden the buck begins to roam, hunting for the does, and for the next three or four months he chases them all the time. He is crazy and wild to find them. About the time the does are all served and the bucks are no longer needed nature steps in and begins the process again, which results in horn-shedding, and again sends the buck to his yearly summer retreat, where the horn-shedding goes on as before.

When the buck is running after the does he smells strong and musky, and an old buck will often be so musky that his flesh is not fit to eat.

A gentleman from Lake Superior was just in, and I asked him what became of the deer antlers after they were shed. His reply was, "Eaten up by mice and porkies." The horns are soon covered up by leaves and snow, and wherever a horn has dropped you will find mice. Their runways will be all around and about the antler, and they will winter there and eat up the horns, every bit of them.

JULIAN.

HALIFAX, N. S., Dec. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have noticed considerable discussion in your columns recently as to how deer get rid of the velvet on their horns. That they do so by rubbing their horns on small trees, I can furnish any one with ample proof of during the proper season; but although they get rid of the velvet by rubbing, they do not rub to get rid of the velvet.

Some one asks, however, why do they rub? That I cannot answer. That they begin to rub as soon as the horns are ready and rub vigorously, I know; also that they continue the rubbing until the horns are almost ready to fall, although with much less frequency and vigor. For example, a tree which in the early part of the season would be almost stripped of branches may in the late fall have only a few bruises on it; perhaps our deer will only give it a friendly poke in the ribs while passing.

After the velvet is gone a deer will stand and hook at a small tree with every manifestation of fun and pleasure in so doing; or again, he will attack one as if it was a mortal enemy to whom he could show no mercy. I have in my mind's eye now a tree, a great pine rampike, whose hardness any woodsman knows, 18in. in diameter at 6ft. from the ground. It also had a big knotty growth as big as one's head on it. This tree had been attacked by a bull moose and the ground all around the tree was trodden over and over. The knotty growth was lying on the ground. Several long splinters had been knocked off the trunk, and as high as the moose could reach that old tree was bruised and marked by his horns. I never before saw a tree so marked, and I never expect to see another. I would have given a good deal to have seen the actual conflict. What a sight it must have been—a mighty moose hooking madly at a tree mightier even than the moose himself. No other impulse than anger pure and simple provoked the attack, and it was long after the velvet had gone.

I was in a great caribou country this year and had splendid opportunities to look into the rubbing question. Parts of the country, miles in extent, were covered almost exclusively with small pine trees, 5 to 10ft. high, and also contained hosts of caribou, owing to the abundance of white moss, which forms their food. In that section you scarcely can walk 20ft. in any direction without finding some tree or bush marked by the caribou horns; and mind you, I only speak of the rubbing done in the current year. Let us look closely at a few of them. What is this dry, stringy stuff sticking to the tree? It is long strips of the velvet torn off and dried upon the tree.

I have been in caribou and moose country during the season when the velvet comes off, and found the velvet still with the blood undried adhering to the trees which had been rubbed. I could go on and give instance after instance to prove that the velvet is got rid of by rubbing.

My experience is all with moose and caribou. I cannot answer for any other deer; and the little I have written may help the many writers on the subject toward arriving at a conclusion.

TIAM.

HALIFAX, N. S.

OROVILLE, Wash., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You are certainly correct in your editorial comments in regard to the general belief, that all of the cervine quadrupeds rub the velvet off from their horns on bushes and small trees. Have you ever killed a deer or an elk that showed on the outside of the velvet green bark or leaves? Do you believe that after the horn has performed its natural functions] the deer or elk has to knock the horn off against a tree? Now I claim that the velvet dro ps off after it has performed the duties for which nature has intended it, just the same as they shed their hair, and should I live until next fall I shall try to send you a pair of horns that have shed their velvet before they have been rubbed against any brush.

LEW WILMOT.

GRAND VIEW, Tenn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I believe that Mr. Lew Wilmot claims that the buck deer does not rub while shedding the velvet from the ripening horns.

The rubbing and rasping proclivities of the buck deer are well known by all the old-time deer hunters. They begin to rub when the velvet begins to peel; whether they do it to clean their horns or satisfy their natural inclination to rub is immaterial. All the same they continue to rub and rasp the young saplings occasionally until the horns drop off in December and January.

I once had a tame buck that carried his horns until March. But I never knew any wild deer that cast their horns later than the middle of January. As far as I have known the elk shed their horns in March.

I have heard it said and have seen it written that when the buck deer drop their horns they chew them up and eat them—rather a flinty morsel to chew, I should say! The hardest of all horns is the buck's horn, and it is grown and perfected in five months.

Rubbing bottoms was a familiar term among the old Pennsylvania deer hunters. The Clarion River and its tributaries drained some of the roughest country in the State, where the mountain sides generally reached down to the water's edge, excepting some very small river or creek bottoms, ranging in size from a half acre to two acres, the surfaces of which were a little above high water mark. These patches of level land were nearly destitute of large trees, and were called rubbing bottoms from the fact that the elk and deer had used these places for rubbing and scraping since time immemorial, girdling the saplings as fast as they grew up, which accounts for the absence of large timber.

ANTLER.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.*

Michigan Elk.

WATERFORD, Oakland County, Mich.—I notice that Mr. Hough seems to be searching for information as to the fact whether the wapiti or American elk ever inhabited the lower peninsula of this State. It certainly did, and probably about the beginning of this century elk were quite numerous, judging from the many skeletons and antlers of theirs found in the lakes and bays. As late as the fall of 1859 or '60 my father and I tracked a drove of eleven elk some distance while encamped in a hunting expedition on White Creek, a tributary of Cass River, in the northern part of Tuscola county; but the herd had too much the start of us and got into an almost impenetrable thicket of wild plum and willow bordering a small stream, and we ceased our pursuit of them, thinking we would look for them again. Then we followed a bear whose track looked so fresh that we expected momentarily to overhaul it; but didn't in going some miles, and had to give it up also when night came on. It went through all the windfalls in its course, which we had to go around, and lost time. While encamped there a day or two afterward a party of five or six Indians came along, each bearing a heavy load of elk meat, on their way to Hart's Mill, or Wajamega, as it is called now, some five or six miles away. We had a chance to buy some of it, but it looked bloody and dirty from having been badly handled, and we thought we would kill our own meat; but we neither saw nor got any at that time nor since.

The adjoining counties of Sanilac and Huron were very much frequented by these fine animals, and it is a shame that they have all been exterminated, the last one about the year 1876–7.

Tipseco, an Indian of giant stature and the strength of two men, who was a great hunter, is said to have killed a drove of seven elk up there in that section in one day.

J. W.

In a Texas Game Country.

VELASCO, Tex., Dec. 15.—A party consisting of Messrs. T. W. Gregory, Edgar Nalle, A. F. Rose, J. A. Jackson and C. J. Johnson, of Austin, Tex.; W. A. Jones, of Waco, Tex.; G. F. Tarlton, L. A. Carlton and W. C. Morrow, of Hillsboro, Tex.; Dr. J. D. McGregor, of Houston, Tex., and J. M. Moore, of Velasco, Tex., have been camping in the Colorado River country west of this place for the past week, hunting and fishing.

Messrs. Moore and Morrow came in with a load of game yesterday to express to the various families of the nimrods. I inclose you a photograph made in front of Hotel Velasco the evening of their arrival. They report twenty-nine deer so far and splendid sport with the birds. Partridges and jacksnipe are plentiful, while the late norther brought in large numbers of duck and geese.

A party consisting of well-known railroad officials from the Gould system have been here the past ten days fishing and oystering at Cridar Lake. They report a heavy catch of redfish and sheepshead, shipping several barrels of fish to their families for the holidays. The silvery-scaled tarpon, the king of the game fishes, is plentiful here, but while it is no trouble to hook them the fishermen are amateurs and have not yet learned the art of killing their game. Mr. J. A. Russ, auditor of the Pacific Express Co., and Mr. W. J. Taylor, general baggage agent, both of Palestine, Tex., and both leading members of the Palestine Rod and Gun Club, lead the party of railroaders.

The weather is delightfully cool and bracing, in fact our mild winters make it the finest country in the world for camping.

J. B. SHEA.

Wild Turkeys in Michigan.

HOLLAND, Mich., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The wild turkeys which old man Buck reported to Mr. E. Hough as occurring below Grand Rapids, Mich., thirty years ago are still there in very small numbers. Nine out of a flock of about thirty have been shot there during the open season, which closed yesterday. Of these the last, a pair, were killed the 7th inst. The hen, which weighed 12lbs., was brought to me for mounting. The gobbler was spoiled by the dog, having been pretty well denuded of feathers.

The turkeys are found in or near an almost impenetrable swamp, where it is very difficult to secure them; yet I fear that owing to the number of hunters who are desirous of bagging some that they will be totally exterminated in a year or two.

I have a report which, however, I have been unable to verify, but have no reason to disbelieve, that a flock has made its home in a piece of heavy timber within ten miles of this city for some time past. This fall a party of hunters found them and shot most of them. Thus will vanish our largest game bird to join the buffalo and elk on their way to extinction.

Speaking of elk reminds me that a few days ago I was shown a section of an elk horn which a farmer plowed up on his farm in Olive, eight miles from here, four years ago. Another friend has nearly the entire antlers, though in parts, of an elk. These were found in Laketown, seven miles from here, twenty years ago.

ARTHUR G. BAUMGARTEL.

In Michigan.

EAST SAGINAW, Dec. 17.—Winter has set in in earnest with us. Very soon after the shooting season on quail and ruffed grouse opened heavy snows commenced and have kept up ever since. I do not think the birds have been injured any, but I do know that it has prevented piles of them from being shot. I have not seen or heard of one being in market this year, showing that that portion of our game law is a success, and I do know that the snow has been too deep for sportsmen to tramp after them. I never have seen ruffed grouse in the last ten or twelve years more plentiful than this year, and if all goes well, will be in great luck another season.

W. B. M.

In West Virginia.

CENTRAL CITY, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Game is unusually scarce, owing, as some think, to the severe winter we had. Some attribute it a good deal to lawlessness, such as trapping, shooting out of season, etc. To their great shame, it is said, even some of the members of a gun club kill quail unlawfully, men who, most of all, are expected to respect the laws. I have not pulled a trigger this season.

E.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

A Snap Shot.

A MODEST, smiling, good-natured young lawyer is Ben. Ben and Blackstone always did agree. But Ben understands rifle shooting too. And in the ordinary course of events Ben became possessed of a pretty little .32 Marlin. And so when he visited us a few months ago his rifle was conspicuous among his trappings. He sometimes gently hinted in his remarks that he had strong notions of extinguishing the squirrel breed in our section. Later, however, he seems to have turned his attentions toward snipe, as will appear from the following:

Sauntering forth on one beautiful summer's morn in company with several of the fair sex and a certain Mr. H., Ben thought fit to take his rifle along, probably as a defense to the piercing darts of Cupid—who knows? In their ramblings they stirred up a snipe in a thicket in the vicinity of our house, that immediately arose and started down the swamp. At the sight of this little snipe Ben reasoned somewhat like the little boy:

"His body will make me a nice little stew,
And probably he will make me a little pie too."

However, he raised and fired. The snipe fell at the crack of the rifle with a bullet hole right through his body. Mr. H., who is a splendid rifle shot, looked on for some time in silence. Finally he collected his senses sufficently to remark, "Ben, did you kill that snipe on the wing with a rifle? Impossible!" "Oh yes, Mr. H.," Ben replied in all seriousness. "But I don't think that I could make the center shot every time."

Much speculation has been indulged in as to how Ben managed to kill that snipe. That the angel of death was hovering over the snipe, or that one of the fair ones gave Ben a "killing" look, are both plausible theories. Then too Ben was "dressed to kill."

BANG-BANG.

Sea and River Fishing.

BLACK RIVER ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Black River Association for the Protection of Fish and Game has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, George G. Chassell, Holland Patent; Vice-President, John W. Hicks, Oriskany; Secretary, W. E. Wolcott, Utica; Treasurer, Bion H. Kent, East Steuben. Directors, John W. Hicks, Oriskany; Bion H. Kent, East Steuben; John H. Williams, Remsen; Benjamin Sanders, Marcy; H. A. Pride, Holland Patent; W. E. Wolcott, John E. Roberts, Utica. Delegate to State Sportsmen's convention, W. E. Wolcott.

An abstract of the secretary's annual report is given: "It can scarcely be said that there has been any very noticeable advancement in the line of fish and game protection during the past year, and in some instances sportsmen have expressed much dissatisfaction at the non-enforcement of the game laws in certain localities. Some have even gone so far as to question the advisability of maintaining protective associations, arguing that it was a waste of time and money to continue them. But cooler and, we think, wiser heads have counseled patience, believing that the influence of such associations as ours is manifested for good in may ways, and that it would be a great mistake to give up the struggle just when concentrated efforts are most needed. The mere fact that protective associations exist has a wholesome effect in preventing flagrant violations of the law in the districts in which they are particularly interested and their influence is felt in creating a healthy public sentiment. That much good has been accomplished in the past can not be gainsaid, and there certainly never was a greater need for concerted action on the part of sportsmen than there is at present. This Association applied to the State Commissioners of Fisheries a year ago for 200,000 brook trout fry. The application was granted for 30,000 brook trout and 10,000 brown trout fry, which were received in the spring and deposited in Oneida county waters. For years past this Association has stocked the waters within its jurisdiction with infant fish and the good results attained warrant the recommendation that the practice be continued. Much regret has been expressed that boards of supervisors in this State no longer have the power of passing acts for the protection of fish and game in their respective counties. Many of the local laws enacted in former years were working well. Partridges were uncommonly numerous in Oneida county this fall, which fact was no doubt due in a great measure to the wise act passed by our board of supervisors two years ago shortening the shooting season at both ends. The law was perhaps not as vigorously enforced as it might have been, but nevertheless its salutary effect was apparent in the increase of birds. Unfortunately, however, the law being now inoperative, the shooting season opened early this year and is not yet closed. Birds have been slaughtered in great numbers, especially by market hunters, who have been unusually active in all parts of the county. The following proposed changes in the game laws have been forwarded to the chairman of the legislation and law committee of the State Association: Prohibiting floating for and hounding deer at any time. Making the open season for deer, grouse, woodcock and squirrels commence Sept. 1 and close Nov. 15. Repealing the section providing for a bounty on bears. In conclusion, I desire to call attention to a step which appears to be desirable as the only solution to a problem which has long been puzzling sportsmen. Owing to the rapid increase in the number of hunters and the alarming decrease in game of all kinds, it seems likely to be a matter of only a few years before certain kinds of game will become extinct. In view of this fact it would seem to be wisdom to prohibit absolutely, for a term of years at least, the sale of any and all kinds of game killed in this State.

Resolutions were adopted declaring it to be the sense of the Association that the sale of game and speckled trout killed in this State should be prohibited, and that the open season for hares and rabbits in Oneida county should be from Sept. 1 to Feb. 1.

The secretary was instructed to apply for 200,000 brook trout fry and a committee was appointed to attend to their distribution.

PORTSA.

UTICA, N. Y., Dec. 20.

A SUMMER AT SAN CATALINA.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is I know rather late in the day to report such a thing, but if you care to have it, here in brief is the result of a delightful summer's sport at Santa Catalina Island, the wonderful fishing resort of the southern California coast. Too much cannot be said for this charming sport from the point of view of the angler or the lover of splendid scenery, wherefore these few words of mine may possibly tempt others to go where I have been and enjoy the same pleasures.

My trip was an unalloyed season of delight to me, and now as I look my long list of photographs over I take pleasure in recalling many a tussle with the game fish of those waters, whose number is legion. The great game fish is, of course, the famous yellow-tail (*Seriola dorsalis*), whose terrific rushes, pluck and unyielding strength try both the patience of the angler and the pliancy of his rod. The giant jewfish (*Stereolepis gigas*) too is an adversary as tireless as the world can stand, and when once roused to action one of the most tremendous fighters for which an angler can ask. To kill fairly with rod and reel a fair-sized jewfish represents, as I well know from experience, a good day's work. My largest one took me three hours and thirty-five minutes to bring to gaff, and I think he towed our boat nearly four miles.

During the whole summer I used a 7ft. Hall striped bass rod—perfection it proved too—capable of lifting at most 4½lbs. of dead weight; a powerful, best make, Abbey & Imbrie multiplying reel, and from 900 to 1,000ft. of Cuttyhunk line.

I found a thumb-stall absolutely necessary, and of these I wore out six as well as two stout leather brakes in the course of my sport.

Here is a summing up: Jewfish, four specimens, 98, 148, 168 and 210lbs. respectively; total, 624lbs.; yellow-tail, 131 fish, total 2,332lbs. Rod and reel catch for the whole summer, 5,412lbs.

STUART-MENTETH BEARD.

Fishermen's Luck.

THE pranks that Dame Fortune plays with us poor fishermen are enough of themselves to fill a book. How many a fisherman has gone down to the riverside to give a novice his first lesson in the gentle art, and then and there has had his nose put out of joint by the novice's luck. There was that big trout beneath the log. Fly after fly had you put over him with all the nicety that a split-bamboo rod and the experience of years could command; and yet it was not by your skill that he was caught at last, but to the clumsy efforts of a youth with a strong line, rough pole and large hook with a worm on. Shall I ever forget a certain expedition along a river bank in search of trout, where a small boy of eight summers killed a round dozen of good fish, when I, within a few yards of him, could not so much as get a rise? What advice or instructions he did offer me, and how my good friends laughed when I told the tale. Ah, well, it is a strange world, this little world of fish. We live and learn, and then we live and prove our learning wrong again.

JOHN E. NEWSOME.

CANADA.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

1896.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 3 to 6.—City of the Straits Kennel Club, Detroit, Mich. Arthur D. Welton, Sec'y, 25 Larned street, West.

March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show. John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

1896.

Jan. 20.—Bakersfield, Cal.—Pacific Coast Field Trial Club. J. M. Kilgarif, Sec'y.

Jan. 20.—West Point, Miss.—U. S. F. T. C. trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 3.—West Point, Miss.—Southern F. T. C. seventh annual trials. T. M. Brumby, Sec'y.

Feb. 10 or later.—West Point, Miss.—The Field Trial Champion Association's first trial. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

A. K. C. MEETING.

A SPECIAL meeting of the American Kennel Club was held at 55 Liberty street, Dec. 19.

The Vice-President, James H. Terry, presided.

There were represented: Associate members (H. H. Hunnewell, Jr.; and H. T. Foote), Brunswick Fur Club (B. S. Turpin), Scottish Terrier Club (J. L. Little), Southern California Kennel Club (C. D. Bernheimer), Bull-Terrier Club (A. Thomson), American Mastiff Club (G. G. Stephenson), American Spaniel Club (E. M. Oldham), Boston Terrier Club (L. Burritt), Bull Dog Club of America (E. W. Roby), Collie Club of America (J. Watson), Columbus Fanciers' Club (J. M. Taylor), Gordon Setter Club (J. B. Blossom), Great Dane Club (C. Wood), Mascoutah Kennel Club (C. F. R. Drake), National Beagle Club (H. F. Schellhass), New England Kennel Club (Edward Brooks), New Jersey Kennel League (E. H. Morris), Northwestern Beagle Club (F. S. Webster), Pacific Kennel Club (James Mortimer), Pointer Club of America (G. Jarvis), Westminster Kennel Club (Thomas H. Terry). And by credentials the following: New England Beagle Club (H. S. Joslin), Rhode Island State Fair Association (Marcel A. Viti), Scottish Terrier Club (James L. Little), Bull-Terrier Club (Arthur Thomson).

Vice-President Terry having resigned, Mr. Edward Brooks was elected to the office and took the chair.

The secretary's report was read, adopted and placed on file.

The following amendments were made to the constitution:

ART. IV.—Sec. 2. Before such delegate shall be entitled to qualify in the Association he must be accepted by ballot by the Association or its executive committee. A majority vote will be necessary to accept

and such acceptance may be withdrawn by a two-thirds vote by ballot at any meeting of the Association or its executive committee.

ART. VII.—Sec. 2 amended to read "Finance" instead of "Advisory."

ART. VIII. amended by adding (after "election") "by ballot at the next meeting of the executive or advisory committee."

ART. XII.—Sec. 1 to read: An advisory committee of eight, consisting of the president and vice-president of the Association, the president of the associate members and the chairman of each of the standing committes, as provided for in Article XIII. Sec. 4. At all meetings of this committee four members shall constitute a quorum.

ART. XIII.—There shall be elected at each annual meeting the following standing committees, the members of which shall serve until their successors are elected.

I. A stud book committee, composed of three members, which shall have the business management of the stud book, investigate all charges submitted to it, and shall render an account of its proceedings to the executive committee at each meeting.

II. A finance committee, composed of three members, to which all bills must be referred for approval, and which must audit and certify to the accounts of the secretary-treasurer in January of each year.

III. A constitution and rules committee, composed of five members, one of which shall be the secretary-treasurer of the Association, to which must be referred all proposed amendments to the constitution or rules. This committee must report to the Association its recommendations upon all amendments offered before they can be acted upon. It can also suggest such amendments as it considers advisable.

IV. A field trial and coursing committee, composed of delegates representing field trials and coursing clubs, to which all matters pertaining to field trials or coursing must be referred.

V. A membership committee, composed of three members, one of which shall be a secretary-treasurer of the Association; it shall have the power to report its recommendations upon all applications for membership. Sec. 2. At the annual meeting of the Association the delegates shall elect first the chairman, to be followed by the remaining members of each standing committee. No delegate can be elected as chairman of more than one committee.

Section 1 of Dog Show Rule 15 was amended to read: "One of which shall have been at a show offering not less than $1,000 in cash prizes. This qualification does not apply to shows held west of 95° of west longitude."

The Rule V. of Regulations Governing Clubs to read: "No show held under American Kennel Club rules at which the prize money is less than $500 can provide any challenge classes; this rule does not apply to shows held west of 95° of west longitude."

A proposed amendment empowering the advisory committee to license clubs to give shows under A. K. C. rules was tabled.

The committee on rules also submitted this proposed amendment: "No dog whelped after January 1, 1896, can be a competitor for any prize offered at a show held under A. K. C. rules that has been cropped." It was warmly abated.

The additional rule recommended in the report, to wit: "No dog whelped after June 30, 1895, can be a competitor for any prize offered at a show held under A. K. C. rules that has been cropped," was read.

DR. FOOTE—I move the adoption of that rule, and in doing so I want to present the argument which gives the idea of the committee. When we suggested the abolishment of cropping we supposed that the sense of humanity in our breeders would surmount all other considerations, and that it would receive not only general, but hearty indorsement. We did not suppose that the legal aspect of the question would have to be considered, nor had we imagined the extent to which personal money consideration would influence the result. As it is, we find a strong opposition, with absolutely no argument that cannot be met by those who favor the step.

The most extensive protest comes from the great Dane and bull terrier breeders, but, sifting the matter, it is now or never; for the longer cropping is permitted the stronger will become their reasons for its continuance and the greater would be the hardship should a change be made. In the case of the great Dane it is claimed that their natural ears come too large and spoil their expression. We question if they would look any worse with natural ears than they do now with their miserably butchered ears, for a well cropped one is a rare exception, and we believe it would have been impossible to breed a good appearing ear on these dogs. The breeders claim that the cropping will be continued in Germany, and that they will not be able to get good uncropped ones. This statement is not well founded. When the Germans find that we want uncropped Danes they will be only too glad to save the best ears for American and English purchasers. Furthermore, we contend that any breed that cannot live without mutilation is not worth fostering.

As to bull-terriers, we all know that some of them carry good natural ears. The protest from the Bull-Terrier Club is a *reductio ad absurdum*. It reads: "If cropping be persisted in, nature aided by a judicious cropping will stop reverting to such useless and unsightly appendages as most bull-terriers' ears naturally are." If we continue to countenance cropping the English breeders will be most pleased to crop their worst-eared specimens and send them to us, keeping their good ears to improve their breed, while we will be worse handicapped than ever to obtain good ears. In black and tan and white English terriers cropping has been their curse, and yet I question to-day if the breeders in this country would have the courage to meet the temporary loss and inconvenience by supporting the non-cropping amendment. The same argument applies to these breeds as to the bull-terriers. Toy and Yorkshires can be improved in appearance with well carried natural ears that could easily be produced.

The opposition in our kennel club is somewhat astonishing. We can understand the vote from the Dane and Bull-Terrier clubs, but the others are suggestive of setting aside principle that no offense may be offered. What other explanation can general clubs, such as the New England Kennel Club and the New Jersey Kennel League, give?

The Boston Terrier Club takes the most remarkable step in directing its delegate to oppose the amendment. Its scale of points as published in their constitution not only in no way recognizes cropping, but calls for natural ears, and we fail to see how judges can recognize a cropped specimen. (Read from the Boston Terrier constitution.)

The action of the Spaniel Club can only be explained in their desire to protect shortening of tails, and we are only sorry in forming this amendment that we did not cover all unnecessary mutilation, but the tail cutting is so infinitesimally small as compared with cropping that it never occurred to us as entering into the subject, and the plea that it is justifiable might be reasonably claimed in at least one breed.

Mr. Higginson, of the Bull-Terrier Club, has been the leading opponent to the amendment so far as his breed is concerned. In one of his letters he says: "I believe that I am a law-abiding citizen; I believe that ninety-nine out of every hundred bull-terrier men are the same, and when it is laid down that cropping ears is cruel in the eyes of the law I am going to give up the practice; but I want the law of the country to say this, not the whims of a lot of pug, bulldog or mastiff men, very worthy men, but not bull-terrier men, and I want bull-terrier men to have a say about prohibiting cropping bull-terriers."

In the Penal Code of this State we find Section 655, on page 208, together with Section 15, on page 4. We are assured by Mr. Haines, the president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, that this law is general throughout the United States; so after all Mr. Higginson and ninety-nine out of every one hundred bull-terrier men, with all that they have written against the amendment, must be with us, and no doubt had the law been better understood there would have been less opposition at this meeting.

The E. K. C. would have taken their action in opposition to cropping long before they did, had they appreciated its illegality. A conviction under the law was enough, and like law-abiding citizens they gracefully bowed to the situation. You can have no doubt but that the law we have read to you fully covers the question. Can we afford to ignore it and give our indorsement to an illegal act? Is it necessary for us to await a conviction? and would such conviction influence the present opposition? Croppers may say what they please about the little suffering incurred by the operation, but those of us who have seen it in all its phases and in all breeds in which it is practiced know better, and your committee can not understand how one who loves a dog—and the dog alone—can sanction the continuance of this practice.

MR. WOOD (representing Great Dane Club)—It seems to me that the legal aspect which Dr. Foote objects to has been first called in by himself. I know of no case in which it has been brought in except by the ponderous brief and by reference to the penal code he has made here to-day. I shall only speak of the matter so far as it relates to the Great Dane Club, of which I am a delegate. I have heard in opposition three arguments: one that the practice is cruel; the second that cropping is prohibited in England; the third that it is a showing of the dog in a mutilated condition. The great Dane dog is not one which has been in this country for many years. He is comparatively new to this country. We have not the best specimens here in this country. You all know the quickest way to improve a breed of dogs is by judicious importation—such dogs as are imported either from England or from Germany. In Germany the dog has been cropped from time immemorial, and he will be cropped in spite of and without regard to any action taken by this club. Now, if the great Dane breeder wishes to import dogs he either has to import an immature specimen or one which is cropped; he will not import for the improvement of the breed an immature specimen; therefore he has to import one cropped. If he imports one cropped he cannot win prizes with him in this country. He cannot make that dog known to other breeders in this country by showing him at bench shows.

Another matter which plays an important part with great Danes is that a large number of great Dane dogs in this country are owned by Germans. They have been in the habit for years of seeing a certain type of dog, a certain type of head and a certain form of head, which can only be obtained by cropping the ears of the dog, and an expression that the dog will never have if his ears are allowed to hang down. A great many Germans have told me that if they could not continue to keep their dogs with cropped ears and show them in competition in that form they did not care to keep the dog at all. This is not a matter of sentiment; it is a matter of actual tangibility. The action of this club has already had a vast effect upon the Great Dane Club. Mr. George W. Schenck wrote a letter to the Great Dane Club which has been published, which in substance was that he had thirteen dogs in his kennel; that he was endeavoring to import a dog, but that he would not do so until this question was settled. I have since received a letter from Mr. Schenck, and although he is a large breeder and seems to be very faint hearted, as some one seems to have told him fairy stories, he says that thinking it was reasonably sure that this amendment was passed, he has already sold his kennel and dogs. I think that disposes of any validity of the argument that the English Kennel Club is also prohibiting cropping so far as the great Dane is concerned. So far as the question of cruelty is concerned, as I understand it the legislation which was taken by the English Kennel Club was taken under these facts: It is a misdemeanor under the English law to crop the ears of a dog, and in England they obtained a conviction for the cropping of a dog's ears, and after that conviction was obtained the English Kennel Club took cognizance. The effect of that rule was that they simply stood by the law of England. Here the case is entirely different. Dr. Foote has read you the section of the penal code which applies if any does. It is the only section of the penal code upon this subject, and nowhere else except in this section does it touch the question of cropping either directly or indirectly. I have made diligent search and I have also made inquiries at the office of Horace Russell, the counsel of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I have yet to learn of any instance where a jury of this State has declared that cropping a dog's ears was unjustifiable injury, maiming or mutilation of an animal.

The position in this country is radically different from what it is in England. In England they adopt the straightforward course. They obtain their conviction and then the action of the English Kennel Club followed. In this country they are trying to get the American Kennel Club by its action here to express its opinion that cropping is cruel. Then when the next trial under this section comes up the action of the American Kennel Club may be used in enabling them to obtain what they have not been able to do, that is, obtain a conviction. I think that the American Kennel Club has sufficient to do without aiding anyone in pulling out chestnuts from the fire.

Then Mr. Wood read a letter written by Dr. Phillips, the surgeon at the hospital at Hornellsville, surgeon of the Erie Railroad, and special agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as follows:

In reply to your question, "Do I consider the cropping of dogs' ears a cruel proceeding?" I would say that, in my opinion, if the cropping is properly done under an anæsthetic and dressed properly, it is not cruel, as it occasions no pain; but if done without an anæsthetic, with a dull pair of shears, or, as is very often the case, a chisel and a block, it is decidedly cruel, and should be prevented in all cases.

A case came to my attention the other day, as agent of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, when a cropping was attempted with a carpenter's chisel and hammer. I appeared upon the scene just in time to prevent the mutilation, and showed how it should be done humanely. I gave the dog anæsthetics, cropped the ears with a sharp pair of shears, and brought the cut surfaces of the skin together with a continuous catgut suture. I dressed the ears with iodoform gauze and cotton, and got union by first intention. This method diminishes the amount of partissure at the cropped surface and leaves the edge of the ears covered with hair, which prevents flies from biting the bare surface, which greatly annoys the dog in the summer.

I need hardly say to you, an experienced dog fancier, that it is dangerous to give your anæsthetics carelessly. You should always have an experienced man to give the anæsthetics, and I think you will find the "A. C. E." mixture safer than chloroform, and very little is required to place the dog entirely oblivious to his surroundings.



MR. C. A. BATHBONE'S TOLEDO QUEEN.
From a painting by Edw. H. Osthaus.

I do not think that the question of the difficulties which we would encounter in breeding the great Dane with uncropped ears need be touched upon. I think that everybody will admit that it is an impossible thing to do for at least a great many years. So far as the question of humanity is concerned, the great Dane breeders are as humane as the breeders of any other dog. The dogs' tails are never cut and none of the other practices which are sometimes spoken of as cruel are permitted. Before this question ever came up and before the American Kennel Club took any steps, action was taken upon this subject by the Great Dane Club. It was suggested that the Great Dane Club modify its type so that the dogs could not be shown with cropped ears. The question was argued and discussed at great length, and it was considered that the action was inadvisable at that time.

It seems to me that this whole question is one that applies to certain breeds of dogs, and it seems to me that the action which the American Kennel Club should take on this subject is to leave the type of dog to the specialty clubs which have charge of that breed of dog, bringing forward their interests and promoting that breed. It seems to me that it might be possible for the American Kennel Club to say that no dog should be shown with his hair cut. It is within their scope and power. They can do it if they want to, just the same as they can pass this resolution, but that is a question of type just as much as the cutting of dogs' ears is a question of type, and I think the American Kennel Club will act wisely in leaving it to the specialty clubs to deal with the type of dogs which they represent especially.

Mr. Webster made a telling speech in reply to Mr. Wood. He divided Mr. Wood's arguments under two heads: first, that cropping would be a pecuniary loss. Mr. Webster considered the letter, read by Mr. Wood, a splendid argument against cropping, and that it supported the claim that cropping is a brutal custom, followed by men of inexperience, and who, as a rule, have no fine instincts whatever. He touched on the use of anæsthetics and dressings, and held that

most of the cropping is not done in that manner. He showed that the A. K. C. should not wait for a conviction before taking action. He assured his hearers that the Humane Society was investigating the matter and under the statutes would have a clear case. The difficulty was simply in catching a man in the act. He commended observance of the laws. Mr. Watson said that the cruelty was admitted. He suggested that cropping was more cruel than putting a dog in a turnspit, and the latter was held as being cruel.

Mr. Schellhass held that there was no legitimate argument advanced in favor of cropping, except the part referring to the importation of dogs from Germany. He referred to the Bull-Terrier Club's argument as unworthy of consideration. He warned them that the S. P. C. A. was watching the matter, and that if a conviction was made it would place the A. K. C. in a cheap position. He touched on the matter in its pecuniary features and otherwise showed the fallacy of the arguments advanced in favor of cropping, most of which are touched upon by later speakers.

Mr. Watson—I do not think that the clubs which oppose this resolution look at the matter in a proper way. What will be the result of this? You say you are willing to accept it in a few years. The Bull-Terrier Club stated that same thing, and that was one reason why we did not adopt the rule before. They said they were willing to have the resolution go through in a short time; until that is done what happens? We have all the best dogs cropped over in England. We have the bad ones sent away. We have the good-eared dogs sent to England as great Danes, and as Mr. Wood says, England is the best market that Germany has for great Danes to-day. If we do not pass this cropping law, we will have the bad-eared dog over here from Germany. The good ones go to England. There is a great deal of theory about this. Let us know what has happened. Ten or fifteen years ago the Irish Terrier Club was established. I was a member of it. It had been in existence about five years, and they passed a rule prohibiting any cropped dogs winning any of their prizes. There was a great outcry. Columns of matter appeared in the press—more than we have to-day—attacking a committee for suggesting such a thing. Even such a well-known authority as Wm. Graham said that was the end of the breed, but nevertheless he turned around and bred natural dogs, and sold them for better prices than he did his cropped-ear dogs. You cannot get a cropped-ear Irish terrier in England now, and none have been obtainable for some years. Now, we will have the same thing here if you bull-terrier men will breed good dogs and keep them. There is the rule of the Irish Terrier Club before you, which can not be gainsaid. It is not theory—it is fact. The Irish terriers look just as smart and as clever as ever the cropped dogs looked when they were shown.

Mr. Burritt—My own views are something that I have no right to voice here. I am before you as a delegate of the Boston Terrier Club, and I am instructed to vote against this resolution, and I am forced to take the position of an advocate of the Boston Terrier Club and its wishes, regardless of what my own personal views may be.

The Boston Terrier Club feels that the American Kennel Club is dealing with something that does not concern it. The American Kennel Club is made up of bodies who foster individual interests. They are supposed to look after its individual interests themselves, and so far as each of their dogs in the ring is concerned it is done on a standard adopted by them as specialty clubs, and the Boston Terrier Club questions the right of the American Kennel Club to say what its standard shall be for its dogs.

We do not come before you on the ground that the cropping of ears is not cruel. We admit, as Mr. Wood and all men of any brains and sense will admit, that the operation as performed in days gone by and is now performed among illiterate and uneducated people is cruel. The argument that a great amount of cruelty results after the operation we say falls to the ground so far as our dogs are concerned, for the reason that there is no manipulation used after the cropping. The point we make is that you are attempting to make law for all the States in the Union, where laws differ. Your New York law will not apply in Massachusetts or New Jersey, and your New Jersey law will not apply here. Bring us a Federal law against such an operation, then we will admit you have some legal grounds on which to stand.

I think that the proper course of this meeting to-day is to lay that amendment upon the table and adopt a resolution to the effect that it is a matter with which you have no business.

Mr. Brooks—I am a delegate from the New England Kennel Club, and their sentiment is practically what the Boston Terrier Club's representative has stated, that the American Kennel Club has no right to enter into this matter; but it belongs to the specialty clubs, and I shall vote no.

Mr. Thomson—I am here as a delegate of the Bull-Terrier Club and endorse everything that the gentleman from the Boston Terrier Club has said. I think he has covered the ground exactly. I do not think that it is a question at all with these other clubs, who probably know a great deal about it, but at the same time who do not take the same interest that the Boston Terrier Club does or the Bull-Terrier Club men do. I think it should be left to those clubs to decide.

Mr. Little—On behalf of the Scottish Terrier Club I beg to say that our sentiments agree exactly on that point; that the American Kennel Club is formed for the mutual benefit and protection of its members, and to take any action which would be against the interests of any of its members would be against the constitution of the American Kennel Club.

Mr. Morris—I agree with Mr. Burritt in all his remarks. I represent the New Jersey Kennel League, and I have here the resolution passed by that club.

Mr. Oldham—I am directed by the American Spaniel Club to move that the amendment be laid on the table, and if that motion is lost, and it should come to a direct vote, I should refrain from voting. The American Spaniel Club feels that it behooves the American Kennel Club to be careful, in view of the fact that there are so many specialty clubs among its members, how it legislates on such an important matter as cropping. I therefore move as an amendment that the proposed amendment be laid upon the table. Motion lost.

Mr. Blossom—It is against the law and we may argue it as long as we please. We have got to vote upon it. We have got to either say we approve of it or that we blink at it, and it is cruel, and it is against the law, and for one I do not want the American Kennel Club to occupy such an undignified position as to say that they are in favor of a crime. It is something which if it is done has got to be done behind closed doors, and if a policeman catches the man in the act he will haul him up before a magistrate.

Mr. Burritt—I move, before this resolution is to be taken up for action, that the date named therein be changed from June 30, 1895, to Jan. 1, 1896. Motion carried.

Dr. Foote's motion for the adoption of the amendment was put, and a roll call resulted in the following vote: Ayes—B. S. Turpin, C. D. Bernheimer, G. G. Stephenson, H. T. Foote, E. W. Roby, James Watson, J. M. Taylor, J. B. Blossom, C. F. R. Drake, F. S. Webster and G. Jarvis. Nays—J. L. Little, A. Thomson, H. H. Hunnewell, Jr., L. A. Burritt, C. Wood, Edward Brooks, E. H. Morris and J. Mortimer.

The chair decided the motion lost, as, under the constitution, a two-thirds vote was necessary to pass the resolution.

Mr. Mortimer—I should like to say for the information of the gentlemen who are here assembled, and who are interested in the breeds that are properly cropped, that the ground I took in the first place was the very best means in the world to do away with cropping, and that was to offer prizes for uncropped dogs; and I brought that before the committee of the Westminster Kennel Club show and they were kind enough to recommend a clause, and a clause has been made in our premium list, in which we make a classification of uncropped dogs of all different breeds which are generally cropped. I have expressed my views on this cropping question pretty thoroughly, and I may say that I am not in favor of cropping, and had I been left to my own personal views of the matter I should have voted in favor of the amendment, but in representing the Pacific Kennel Club I thought I had better write them and get instructions from them, and I received their instructions that it is their desire that I should vote against the resolution as to the cropping of dogs.

Mr. Hunnewell—I voted against it on the ground that I think it is not the business of this club to stop it.

The regular quarterly meeting of the American Kennel Club was next held, Vice-President Edward Brooks presiding. All the clubs mentioned at the special meeting were represented except the Bull-Terrier Club and Westminster Kennel Club.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The secretary's quarterly report was read. We give these extracts from it:

The charges against the Western Kennel Club for nonpayment of prizes at its show of 1895 were laid on the table at our last meeting, with directions to bring them before this meeting. Under date of Dec. 8 Mr. Bacon informs me that the prizes won by his dogs had not yet been paid, and in a letter from the late secretary of the club he neither denies nor affirms the charges, but says it has been referred to the president of the club, and that his "impression is that those who have been putting up the money are getting tired."

I found it necessary to protest the exhibition of two litters of puppies at the late Milwaukee show. The treasurer of the club replied with a very satisfactory explanation, and although the catalogue published two litters of puppies among its entries, I am assured that the puppies were not present in the show building at any time.

Mr. Franklin G. Bixby has filed an appeal from his suspension.

The Rhode Island Fair Association has filed a complaint against one of the delegates of this club, and requests an investigation.

I beg to call attention to an unfortunate habit of the exhibitors, in making their entries to the several bench shows, of repeatedly changing ownership. At one time a dog may be entered in the name of the individual owning it, the following show the same dog will be entered in the name of the kennel, while at a third show the same dog will be entered in the name of either the individual or his wife, or some other member of the family, and at the next in his own individual name again. This habit not only makes it difficult to compile the records, but may give an impression that our rules are violated. It should be made plain that in entering a dog at any show it should be continued in the same name as first shown unless it has been conveyed to another owner in the regular way.

I give notice that Mr. Cromwell, President of the Associate Members, has appointed a nominating committee for the year 1896. Nominations made by that committee will be mailed to all associates having paid their dues and who are thus entitled to vote on Jan. 21, 1896, as provided for in our constitution.

I desire to submit a proposition: That beginning in 1897 at New York and Chicago, to be followed the next year at Boston and St. Louis, and to continue each year with two shows, one in the East and one in the West, at which shows the American Kennel Club shall provide a class in each breed of dogs, where competition can be had, to be known as a "Champion Class," open only to dogs having won at least three first prizes in a challenge class at any recognized show, the winner to be styled and known as "The American Kennel Club Champion."

The treasurer's report was also read:

I herewith submit my quarterly report of all moneys received and dispensed by me since January 1, 1895:

Balance on hand January 1, 1895	$2,003.94
Receipts from all sources to date	6,560.05
	$8,563.99
Disbursements from January 1, 1895, to date	6,703.41
Balance on hand	$1,860.58

Respectfully submitted, A. P. Vredenburgh, Treasurer.

The report of the Stud Book Committee was also read.

No case out of the ordinary routine has come up for decision since the previous report was rendered. The present year, as was expected, shows an improvement upon 1894 in the matter of registrations, but is still behind the more prosperous years of 1892 and 1893. Bids for the printing of the *Gazette* and Stud Book have been advertised for, and the placing of these matters in public competition will undoubtedly result in a reduction of the expense of their publication without making any change in their appearance. It is anticipated that there will be a reduction in expense of possibly $200 on both publications during 1896. Yours respectfully, Jas. Watson.

The report of the special committee to prepare an open letter to the *Stock-Keeper*, of London, in reply to allegations made by Mr. James Taylor in said paper, was read, stating as to the Woodiwiss plate: "In a later issue of the *Stock-Keeper* the Messrs. Woodiwiss published a letter in which they stated that the plate said to have been sent to them had never been received. Your committee at once communicated with Mr. Terry on the subject and learned, greatly to its surprise, that through an oversight the plate in the form of medals had been lying in his safe for months. These medals were promptly shipped to Messrs. Woodiwiss, Mr. Terry mailing a letter apologizing for the delay, duly published in the *Stock-Keeper* Nov. 22, 1895, and which was gracefully accepted by the Messrs. Woodiwiss."

The charges against the Western Kennel Club was referred to the advisory committee.

The appeal of Franklin G. Bixby was referred to the stud book committee.

The complaint made by the Rhode Island Fair Association alleging certain derogatory statements made by E. H. Morris, and published in the *Turf, Field and Farm*, was taken up for consideration. On the charges being read Mr. Morris denied that he had made any such statements as reported, and a motion was made that the matter be referred to the advisory committee. Mr. Mortimer moved that Mr. Morris be exonerated from blame so far as said newspaper article was concerned. Motion lost, and the original motion carried.

The following requests for kennel names were on motion granted: E. J. Weiser, Hotfoot; C. D. Bernheimer, Morey; Henry Cannon, Riverside; H. G. T. Martin, Ridgewood; A. C. Wilmerding, Watnong; D. J. Maich, Wakefield; Toel & Brower, Ampere.

The recommendation of the secretary as to the collection of outstanding debts owing to the American Kennel Club to the amount of $475 was called up, and on motion of Mr. Mortimer the secretary was empowered to place said claims in the hands of a collection agency for collection.

The recommendation that shows be given each year, one in the West and one in the East, at which the American Kennel Club shall provide a "Champion Class," was referred to the advisory committee.

Charges preferred by L. A. Van Zandt against Andrew Laidlaw for misconduct in connection with dogs were referred to the advisory committee.

The secretary then read a letter to him from Mr. E. H. Morris, which as a part of the charges against Mr. Morris was referred to the advisory committee. Motion carried. It was voted that the New Jersey Kennel League be requested to send another delegate to this club.

Applications for membership of the Binghamton Industrial Exposition and the Dachshund Kennel Club were accepted.

Messrs. Watson, Schellhass and Fiske were elected members of the Stud Book Committee; Mr. Watson, chairman.

Committee on Field Trials and Coursing Meetings: Major J. M. Taylor, chairman, the other members of the old committee being continued in office.

Mr. Webster was elected chairman of the Committee on Constitution and Rules, the remaining members being re-elected.

Finance Committee: Mr. A. C. Wilmerding, chairman; Mr. Blossom and Mr. Mortimer.

Membership Committee: Mr. Oldham (chairman) and Mr. Bernheimer.

The American Foxhound.

That foxhound interests have advanced to a stage where a special literature of their own begins, is a source of just pride to fox hunters and foxhound owners in particular and all dog fanciers in general. "The American Foxhound," by Haiden C. Trigg (Glasgow, Ky.), is devoted specially to foxhounds, giving in particular a history of the Trigg, Birdsong and Maupin strains.

The pleasures of the chase are most charmingly set forth, the care and feeding is described, the methods of different sections are kindly and temperately treated. Some short biographies and letters of famous fox hunters are given, and pedigrees of famous dogs and much other matter. The "Death of Hornet" has a most pathetic vein; a famous dog, dashing, swift and a leader of leaders, he met death in full cry at the head of the pack while crossing a railroad in close pursuit of a red fox. Paper covers, 94 pages.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

By the death of Dr. Samuel Fleet Speir, of Brooklyn, Long Island loses one of its best known sportsmen. Dr. Speir was a founder of the Robins Island Club, and always took genuine enjoyment in the club's field trials, where he would handle his own dogs in the members' stakes and win with them. He was a type of those who find in field sports relaxation from arduous professional work, and among the sportsmen of the day none stood higher in the respect of friends.

Mr. W. W. Welch, 20 and 21 Loan and Trust Building, Milwaukee, Wis., writes us that all communications for the Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association should be directed to him, and that Mr. Morrison is no longer secretary.

The mention of the premium list of the Mascoutah Kennel Club's show in our last issue was an error. A copy of this year's premium list was mailed to us, and not noticing the date and assuming it was the list of the forthcoming show, it was treated as such.

Concerning the cropping question Mr. A. H. Heppner, in defense of the practice, lays down this startling law: "The higher a dog is bred the stronger his inclination to degenerate." This effectually settles the question of prepotency, transmission of good qualities, the benefits of pure breeding, etc. The sun do move.

Philip Bauer, Tivoli, N. Y., offers different kinds of dogs. Mr. M. Baker, Washingtonville, O., offers setters. Box 14, Whitestone, N. Y., offers pointer. Standard Kennel, Georgetown, N. Y., offers beagles. Geo. T. Robinson, Philadelphia, offers dogs for sale or exchange.

The vote of the A. K. C. on the cropping question failed to abolish cropping from A. K. C. jurisdiction on account of the constitutional restriction concerning a two-thirds vote, but a majority of the votes were against cropping, and many of the delegates, who as such voted in favor of cropping, repudiated the sentiments of their clubs and announced their personal disapproval of the practice.

The Southern Field Trial Club has declared its trial off and the club has disbanded.

The judges who have been engaged for the first Champion field trial competition are: Messrs. A. Merriman, W. S. Bell and John King.

Yachting.

Practical Yacht Designing.

IT can hardly be said that any pressing need exists of treatises on naval architecture and of its application to the designing of yachts and boats; any deficiency in this direction has long since been made good by the standard works of several well-known writers. For those who can afford the expense of several rather costly works, and the time necessary to their careful study, there is no lack of practical and reliable information; but the inquiries which we constantly receive from the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM prove that there are many to whom, for one reason or another, the existing works, extensive and thorough as they are, must be practically sealed books. There has been for some years a growing demand for a simple treatise on practical yacht designing, presenting the subject in a way that may be readily understood by anyone of ordinary intelligence and possessing a desire to learn and a knowledge of arithmetic.

With the first number of the coming year the FOREST AND STREAM will begin the publication of a series of articles designed to meet this demand, the author being Mr. W. P. Stephens, for the past twelve years in charge of the Yachting and Canoeing Departments of the paper. Mr. Stephens is specially qualified for this task by his long experience as an amateur designer and builder, and as a critical and technical writer on yachting; and by his close intercourse through the FOREST AND STREAM with those for whom the work is specially intended. His personal experience as an amateur designer and builder, dating back to a time when text-books on these subjects were unknown, have shown him what the amateur and the tyro want to know, and his later work at building, designing and writing has fully qualified him to teach what he has learned. His book on "Canoe and Boat Building for Amateurs," though written in 1883, is still recognized as the standard work on small craft; and within its limited scope a thorough text-book of the subject.

The new work will cover a much wider field: the designing of pleasure craft, from canoes and boats up to such sizes of yachts proper as would be likely to engage the attention of the amateur. The same methods will be followed as have proved so successful in "Canoe and Boat Building," the thorough presentation of the leading principles and the elaborate attention to these details, apparently trivial, which are essential to success in any mechanical work.

The opening chapters will deal first with the object of designing—the production of some sort of floating vessel—the means to this end, from the first consideration of the conditions of the particular case to the turning over to the builder of the drawings, specifications and tables of offsets. The many intermediate steps will be treated of in detail, the first considerations, the selection of the class, the principal dimensions and the elements of the design, the tools, materials and work of drawing, the calculations and the specifications. The articles will be fully illustrated, and will continue through the year to such a length as the subject demands.

LORD DUNRAVEN and Mr. Glennie sailed on the Teutonic on Dec. 18 and are due at New York on Christmas Day. Mr. Herreshoff was recently in New York for a day and in conference with Messrs. Iselin, Kane and Duncan. It is about settled that Joseph H. Choate will represent Mr. Iselin before the committee; but it is not known whether Lord Dunraven will have a legal adviser. The first meeting of the committee will be held on Dec. 27.

A Handy Sailing Boat.

THE accompanying design for a small sailing boat of light draft was made by Messrs. Carl L. Holmer and F. J. Trist, of Cleveland. The form of the boat is very easy and at the same time powerful, and with the lead ballast outside she should make a comfortable little craft for those who do not care for the lively hiking called for in a racing 15 or 20-footer. The after end would have been improved in appearance by a longer overhang. The boat is arranged for afternoon sailing, with large cockpit and seats for several people. The dimensions are:

Length over all	22ft. 6 in.
l.w.l.	18ft.
Beam, extreme	6ft. 6 in.
l.w.l.	5ft. 10 in
Draft, hull	1ft. 3½in.
with board	3ft. 4 in.
Freeboard, bow	2ft.
least	1ft. 0½in.
stern	1ft. 3 in.
Displacement, fresh water, lbs	1,920
Ballast, lead, on keel, lbs	500
Mainsail, sq. ft.	220
Jib, sq. ft.	50

The boat is shown with both jib and mainsail and canoe rig, gunter sails being used in each case.

New Steam Yachts.

IN addition to the 135ft. composite steam yacht Hiawatha, which Messrs. Charles L. Seabury & Co. are building for Mr. Charles Fleischmann, and which will be commanded by Capt. B. F. Smith, and the 85ft. twin-screw steam yacht building for a Brooklyn gentleman, they have also secured another order for a composite steam yacht, which they are to build for a New York yachtsman and member of the New York Y. C. The principal dimensions are 140ft. over all, 114ft. l.w.l., 17ft. beam, 9ft. 6in. depth, 7ft. draft. The keel, stem and sternpost will be of white oak; frames, reverse frames, keelsons, breast hooks, deck beams, diagonal straps and fore and aft plates of steel. The planking will be of yellow pine, one thickness below waterline and two thicknesses above. All fastenings will be of Tobin bronze through bolts. There will be four steel bulkheads made watertight. The rudder will be of bronze. The yacht will be flush decked and schooner rigged, with awning to extend full length of the vessel, and fitted over bridge. The dining room and pantry will be in the deck house.

A chain locker will be fitted in the forehold; aft of chain locker will be the crew's toilet room. Aft of toilet room will be fitted berths and lockers for crew. Next aft will be arranged two staterooms—one for captain and one for engineer—fitted with wide berth each, with drawers underneath; also small dressing case. All these rooms will be thoroughly ventilated and lighted by port lights. Aft of the staterooms will be the galley, to extend full width of the vessel and fitted with large ice box, dish rack, dresser, locker for coal, sink and pump, range, etc. Large skylight fitted over same for ventilation and light. A large ice box will also be fitted under floor of crew's quarters.

Aft of galley will be arranged the boiler and engine room. The bulkhead aft of boiler will be protected with a non-conducting material.

Aft of the boiler space will be arranged owner's staterooms, 8ft. 6in. long, and the two to take up the full width of the yacht. These staterooms to be finished in maple with bird's-eye maple panels. There will be one berth thwartship and one fore and aft. There will be a dressing case, folding washstand and clothes closet arranged in either room. A sliding door with full length mirror on both sides will connect the rooms. There will also be a sliding door connecting with a starboard room with a toilet room directly aft, which will be fitted with w. c. and wash basin, to drain overboard. This room finished in mahogany.

Aft of the toilet room will be arranged a single stateroom, mahogany finished. Aft of stateroom will be arranged the bath and toilet room, fitted with copper tinned bathtub arranged to pump water from the sea or tank, fitted with w. c., wash basin, etc. Also furnished with hooks, towel rack, etc. This room will be lighted and ventilated by part of a skylight in deck, also by ports in sides. Aft of toilet are arranged two closets for use of clothes, painted white inside.

On the opposite side of the yacht will be arranged two guests' staterooms, with a passageway 30in. wide between these rooms and the rooms on the starboard side, the passageway to be finished in white and gold. These two rooms to be fitted with two berths, dressing cases, etc.

Directly aft of the owner's staterooms will be the main saloon, finished in ivory and gold. This room will be furnished with desk, racks for bric-à-brac, and space for piano. The headroom will be 6ft. 4in.

The engine will be a Seabury design triple expansion of latest type and a Seabury safety water tube boiler, fitted with everything necessary to conform with the U. S. Inspection Service. The guaranteed speed in contract is sixteen miles per hour for three consecutive hours over measured course. Besides a launch she will carry three other boats. She will be lighted throughout by electric lights, with search light on bridge forward. She will be ready for commission by June 1, 1896.



SAIL PLAN—JIB AND MAINSAIL RIG.

Important Changes in Hydrography.

THE U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey gives notice of some important changes in the hydrography of two localities much frequented by yachtsmen, off Marblehead and in Long Island Sound.

The resurvey of the coast of Massachusetts, between Boston and Cape Ann, has developed many changes in the hydrography. The following dangers to navigation, recently determined by Lieut. Robert G. Peck, United States Navy, Assistant, Coast and Geodetic Survey, commanding the steamer Bache, have been reported to the office of the Survey and are shown on the charts on the bearings:

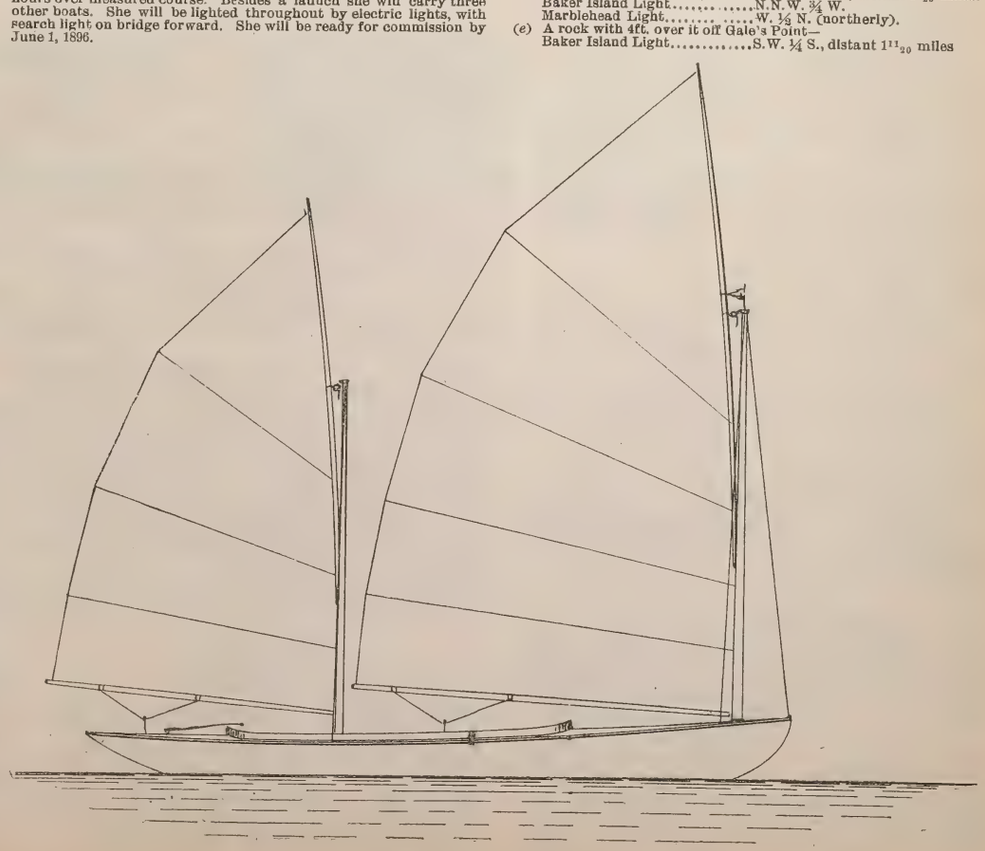
(*a*) A rock with 12ft. over it—
Roaring Bull Spindle.....N.E. 5/6 E., distant 7/8 mile.
Dread Ledge Spindle.....W. 5/8 S.
Ram Island (center).....N.W. 1/2 N.

(*b*) A rock with 16ft. over it—
Roaring Bull Spindle.....N E., distant 1/4 mile.
Ram Island (center).....W. by N. 1/4 N. (northerly).
Flying Point.....N. 3/4 E.

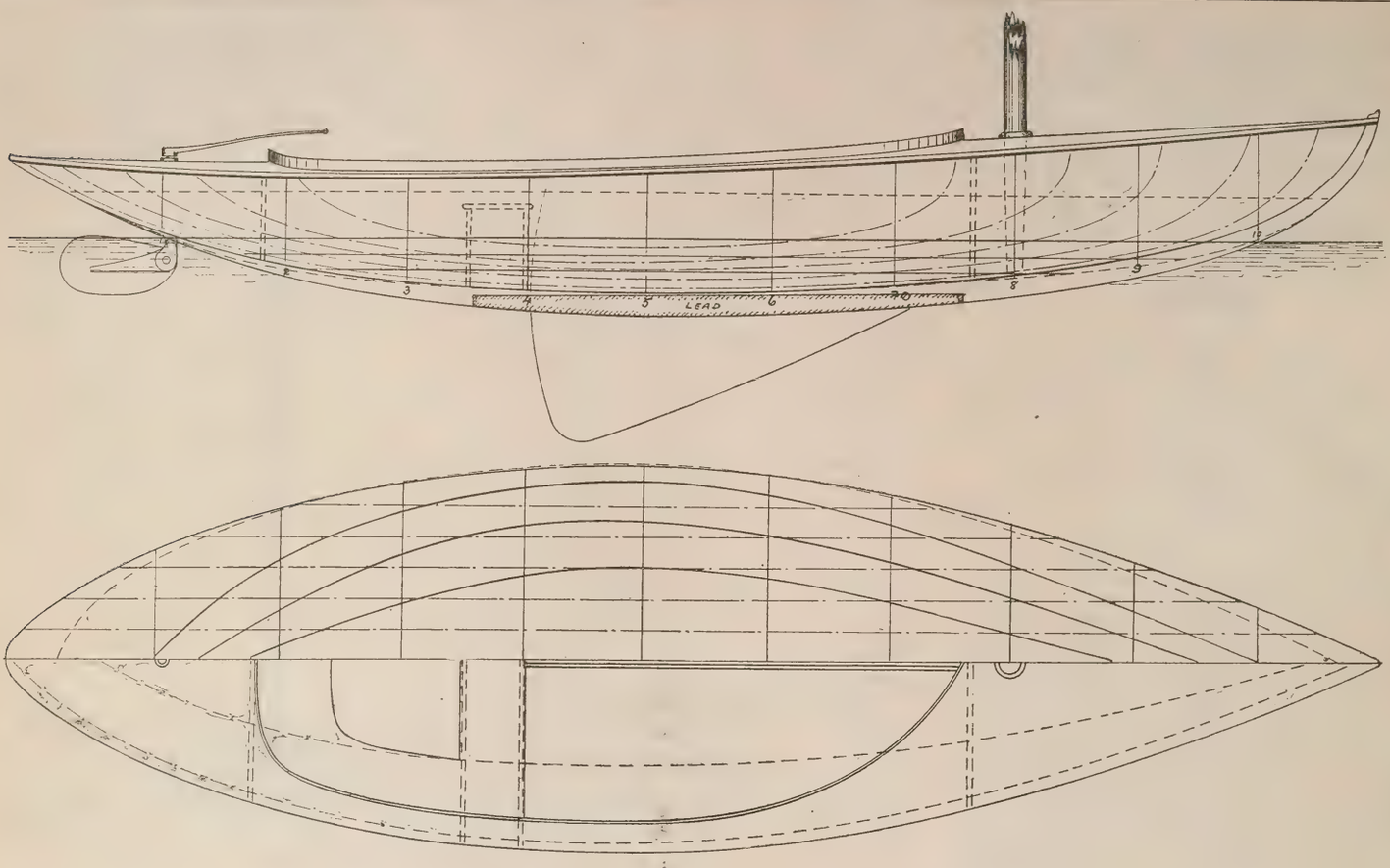
(*c*) A rock with 18ft. over it—
Roaring Bull Spindle.....S W. 3/4 W., distant 9/10 mile.
Tom Moore's Rock Spindle.....N.N.W. 3/8 W.
Marblehead Light.....N. by W. 1/2 W.
This is the rock on which the yacht Volunteer struck in 1892.

(*d*) A rock with 18ft. over it near S.E Breakers—
Halfway Rock Beacon.....W.S.W. 3/8 W., distant 1 1/20 miles.
Baker Island Light.....N.N.W. 3/4 W.
Marblehead Light.....W. 1/2 N. (northerly).

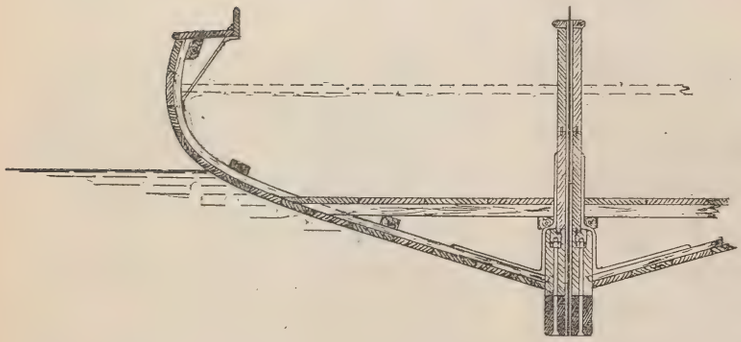
(*e*) A rock with 4ft. over it off Gale's Point—
Baker Island Light.....S.W. 1/4 S., distant 1 11/20 miles



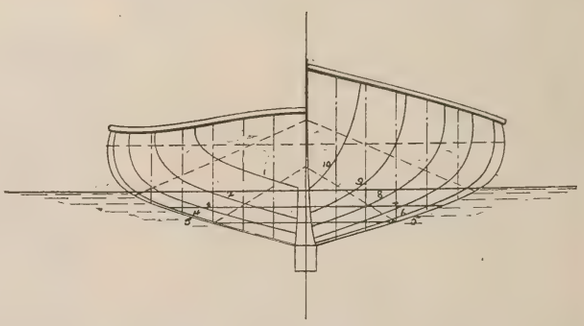
SAIL PLAN—CANOE RIG.



SAILING BOAT—Designed by Carl L. Holmer and F. J. Trist, 1895.



SECTION SHOWING CONSTRUCTION.



BODY PLAN.

Chubb's Island (N. tangent)....W.N.W. ½ W.
Salt Rock.....E. ⅝ N.

(*f*) A rock with 15ft. over it off N. point of Marblehead Neck—
Marblehead Light.....W.S.W. ¼ W., distant $^{3}/_{20}$ mile.
Marblehead Rock Beacon.....S.E. by S.

(*g*) A rock with 10ft. over it off N. point of Marblehead Neck—
Marblehead Light.....W. ½ S., distant $^{3}/_{20}$ mile.
Marblehead Rock Beacon.....S.E. ½ S.

(*h*) A rock with 10ft. over it near Boden's Rock, Marblehead Harbor—
Marblehead Light.....E N.E. ¼ E., distant ⅛ mile.

(*i*) A rock with 7ft. over it in Marblehead Harbor—
Marblehead Light.....N.E. by E. ⅜ E., distant $^{13}/_{20}$ mile.
(Nov. 21, 1895.)

This affects Charts 335, 109, 6 and 7; United States Coast Pilot, Atlantic Coast, Part III., pp. 30, 31, 32, 36, 37.

Long Island Sound, between Cornfield Point and Clinton Harbor, the more important changes developed by special examinations made by Lieut. L. M. Garrett, United States Navy, Assistant, Coast and Geodetic Survey, commanding the steamer Endeavor, are indicated on the charts on the bearings:

(*a*) A rock with 16ft. over it off Stone Island Reef—
Kelsey Point.....N. by E. ⅞ E., distant 1⅛ miles.
Falkner Island Light.....W. ⅜ S.

(*b*) A spot with 18ft. over it off Duck Island—
Duck Island (S. Point).....N. ¾ E., distant ⅜ mile.
Saybrook (Lynde Point) Light.E. ¼ N.

(*c*) The 18ft. curve, marking the shoal making off from Duck Island, has been extended to a point where the southern end of Duck Island bears N. ¾ W., distant about 1½ mile.

(*d*) A small bare rock is shown in the continuation of the line of ledges making off from Menunketesuck Point, to the westward of Westbrook Harbor in a position from which Saybrook (Lynde Point) Light bears E. 1⅛ S., distant 5⅜ miles.

(*e*) A rock with 1½ft. of water off Chapman Point—
Chapman Point.....N. ½ E., distant ¼ mile.

(*f*) A rock with 15ft. over it off Cornfield Point—
Hen and Chickens Beacon.....W.S.W., distant ⅛ mile.
Saybrook Breakwater Light....E.

(*g*) A spot with 18ft. over it off Cornfield Point—
Hen and Chickens Beacon.....S.W. by W. ¼ W., distant $^{7}/_{16}$ mile.

(*h*) The 18ft. curve now extends ¼ mile from Cornfield Point in a westerly direction toward Hen and Chickens Beacon; it includes a 15ft. spot at its outer end and shoaler water inside.
(November 23, 1895.)

This affects Charts 253, 115, 52 and 8; United States Coast Pilot Atlantic Coast, Part IV., pp. 51, 67, 68.

A New Linton Hope Yacht.

The Racine Yacht and Boat Works have now on the stocks a new racing craft from a recent design by Linton Hope, to be 18ft. l.w.l., 30ft. over all and 7ft. 8in. beam. The hull will be of double-skin mahogany and will weigh not over 600lbs. The shoal racing craft of the Sorceress type is growing rapidly in numbers among the racing yachtsmen on the smaller Western lakes, and is displacing the older type of centerboard skimming-dish and sandbag racer.

Edmond Redmond, a Rochester yachtsman, has obtained a patent on a device consisting of a long tube running out at right angles to the side of a vessel and held by guy lines, the outboard end of the tube being fitted with a tank for water, and the inboard end being connected with a pump, suitable valves being arranged so that the tank may be quickly emptied after being filled by the pump. It is proposed to rig the tube out on the windward side and pump the tank full of water, thus, by means of the longer lever and the weight of the tank of water, obtaining stability sufficient to dispense with lead ballast.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Colonia, cutter, one of the Cup trial yachts of 1893, has just been sold by her owners to Chas. A. Postley, formerly owner of Resolute, schr., which he rebuilt and renamed Ramona. Under the direction of A. Cary Smith the yacht will be converted into a schooner, a centerboard being added. She has lain at Tebo's since she was in use last season as a practice ship for Defender's crew, but has just been, towed to Elizabethport, where she will be docked at Nixon's yard for examination. The original syndicate included Archibald Rogers, J. E. Brooks, J. Pierpont Morgan, F. W. Vanderbilt, W. K. Vanderbilt and F. Augustus Schermerhorn.

On Dec. 14 an adjourned meeting of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association was held at the Victoria Y. C. clubhouse, Hamilton. It was resolved to establish a 15ft. class under the regulations of the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. class; and that a meet be held at Toronto from July 2 to 4 inclusive under the management of the Toronto S. S. Club.

The book of the Corinthian Fleet of New Rochelle, formerly the Corinthian Mosquito Fleet, for 1895, shows a membership of 117 and a fleet of 57 yachts. The club has done well during the season in its new quarters on Harrison Island, New Rochelle Harbor.

A rumor, that was contradicted before it was well on its way, was started in London last week to the effect that Mr. Watson had an order for a cutter to carry 20,000sq. ft. of sail, to be built by Hendersons, to challenge for the Cup.

At the Herreshoff shops two steam yachts of 100ft. are in hand and the first of the new 30-footers is on the stocks. These boats will be 47ft. 6in. over all, about 30ft. l.w.l. and 9ft. beam. The inner skin will be of ⅝in. yellow pine and the outer of ½in. mahogany.

"Bound Foreign": Yampa, schr., R. S. Palmer, to the West Indies; Comanche, stmr., H. M. Hanna, to the West Indies; Valiant, stmr., W. K. Vanderbilt, to the Mediterranean; Talisman, stmr., under charter to K. H. Ballatyne, to the West Indies; Sultana, stmr., J. R. Drexel, to the Mediterranean; Navahoe, cutter, R. P. Carroll, to the West Indies.

The steel steam yacht building by Nixon at the Crescent yard for P. A. B. Widener will be named Josephine.

Whileaway, sloop, has been sold by the estate of the late G. F. Randolph to Dr. F. H. Boynton, of New York.

The first mess dinner of the winter will be given by the Seawanhaka C. Y. C. at the Hotel Brunswick on Dec. 30 at 7:30.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

Rochester C. C.

The annual meeting of the Rochester C. C. was held at the uptown headquarters, 901-903 Granite Building, on Dec. 16. There was the largest attendance at this meeting for years, much important business being transacted. Several important amendments to the constitution were adopted, among which was one putting the control of the club in the hands of a board of trustees of five members. Only one meeting will hereafter be held during the year.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Capt., Al. T. Brown; Mate, C. F. Wolters; Purser, Chas. A. Bruff; Meas., Robert B. Mimmack; Regatta Committee, H. M. Stewart, H. S. Moody and H. V. Backus; Board of Trustees, Al. T. Brown, C. F. Wolters, Robert B. Mimmack and H. M. Stewart.

An annex for the members' families and lady friends will be built this spring, and will also contain quarters for the steward and a repair shop.

The annual banquet will be held on Jan. 11, 1896.

The ice boating season has already opened and several members have had an opportunity to run their flyers. There will be seven boats on the bay this winter, all built within this year. A new one by Polk, of Poughkeepsie, will make its appearance.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Empire Rifle Club.

New York, Dec. 19.—The Empire Rifle Club, of this city, closed its prize shoot this evening. During the two days that it was open the tunnels at Zettler's gallery, 219 Bowery, the club's headquarters, were kept quite busy. Wm. Rosenbaum, of the Empire Rifle Club, and M. Dorrler, of the Zettler Rifle Club, tied for first honors. The conditions were: German ring target reduced, 3 shots, off-hand, 75ft., .22cal. rifle, best two scores to count. The winners were: Wm. Rosenbaum, 75, 74; M. Dorrler, 75, 74; L. Busse, 74, 74; M. Engel, 74, 74; P. Kossek, 75, 73; G. Worn, 74, 74; F. Ross, 74, 74; L. Flach, 74, 73; J. Dietz, Jr., 74, 72; Charles Horney, 73, 73; Ivo Eberhart, 73, 73; P. Knoetgen, 73, 72.

Zettler Rifle Club.

New York, Dec. 17.—The members of the Zettler Rifle Club made the following scores at the regular weekly shoot of the club held this evening:

R Busse.....	236	240	245	244	243	H D Muller.....	239	235	241	244	238
Dr J A Boyken	244	243	240	241	240	H Muenz.....	227	230	227	232	237
S Buzzini.....	233	238	229	233	226	F C Ross.....	240	243	244	245	247
G W Downs....	217	220	230	234	230	C G Zettler.....	244	234	244	244	239
M B Engel.....	243	242	245	238	243	B Zettler.....	237	245	244	240	247
L Flach.....	244	242	242	247	248	F Fabarius.....	222	207	206	215	231
H Holjes.....	244	241	244	245	244						

Rifle Shooting at Paterson.

Paterson, N. J., Dec. 15.—Messrs. Irons and Johnson, of this city, shot a match to-day at the Bunker Hill range. The conditions were: 25 shots per man, 20-ring target, ¾in. circles, 6in. bull, $10 a side. Referee, W. Dutcher. Score:

Irons.
16 17 17 18 0 17 20 18 18 18 19 18 17 17 17 15 19 19 13 18 18 18 18 18 20—424

Johnson.
14 2 012 16 18 15 18 13 16 13 16 19 14 18 16 17 15 20 19 15 16 15 14 18 16—403

Dutcher.

Cincinnati Riflemen.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 15.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association at their range to-day. Conditions: 200yds., strictly off-hand, 3lbs. trigger pull, at the standard target, 7 ring black. Mr. Frank Speth, one of our old members who for the past three years has been living in Colorado on account of ill health, is now with us again, and we are happy to note a great change for the better in his appearance.

Gindele	8	8	8	7	5	9	10	8	9	9—81
	7	8	7	9	10	8	6	8	10	7—80
	4	7	8	7	9	10	7	9	9	8—78
	6	8	6	10	5	8	7	9	9	9—77
Payne	8	9	9	10	8	7	9	8	8	7—83
	7	9	6	8	7	9	10	8	8	10—82
	5	7	8	10	9	8	8	6	10	10—81
	10	10	8	8	6	8	9	7	5	10—81
Hasenzahl	9	10	8	7	9	8	6	8	9	10—84
	8	8	10	7	8	9	8	9	9	8—84
	8	9	8	6	7	10	7	10	7	9—81
	7	7	9	10	6	8	9	10	6	8—80
Louis	10	10	10	4	8	8	9	5	9	10—83
	7	9	7	5	7	8	9	10	9	10—81
	8	8	9	6	10	8	5	7	8	8—77
	8	7	10	5	8	5	10	6	8	8—76
Weinheimer	7	9	6	6	9	6	9	7	10	6—75
	7	4	6	6	8	9	8	9	9	7—73
	9	6	7	6	6	5	8	5	10	8—70
	8	8	7	7	9	4	8	5	4	9—69
Stickmeier	9	10	6	8	10	6	7	10	8	6—81
	8	9	9	6	4	6	6	7	6	10—71
	6	6	6	8	5	8	8	7	9	6—69
	8	8	6	10	6	3	3	5	9	8—66
Roberts	1	9	8	10	9	8	10	9	9	10—82
	8	8	6	9	9	7	6	10	8	10—81
	9	7	7	10	7	10	8	6	7	8—79
	9	6	9	7	9	9	9	7	9	5—79
Drube	10	7	6	9	9	6	9	8	6	9—79
	5	8	6	9	9	10	9	7	9	5—74
	5	7	7	8	6	7	7	8	7	9—71
	7	9	6	7	8	8	4	7	7	6—69
Frank	9	5	8	7	10	9	9	7	7	9—80
	5	6	5	6	8	8	8	9	6	6—67
	6	6	5	4	8	6	4	5	4	5—53
	5	6	4	3	4	5	4	4	5	8—48
Speth	10	7	6	8	8	9	6	10	7	9—79
	10	8	7	6	10	8	8	7	7	5—76
	6	9	8	9	7	5	8	9	8	6—75
	10	9	6	7	8	5	9	6	6	5—69

Hasenzahl, Roberts and Payne shot a three-cornered match of 50 shots per man to-day. The veteran, Wm. Hasenzahl, won, carrying off the honors with a total of 400 points; Payne was second with 397; Roberts third with 386. Another match of a similar nature, will be shot by these three men in the near future.

Pistol Shooting in Massachusetts.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Dec. 20.—The Smith & Wesson Pistol Club, of this city, have been practicing considerable at their range lately, and the following scores are evidence of the fine work they are doing at the targets.

Dec. 17.—Scores made to-day at 50yds. on Standard American target:

C S Axtelle	7	10	10	10	9	9	10	10	10	10—95
Re-entry	7	10	10	8	10	7	8	10	10	10—90
Z C Talbot	9	10	8	10	9	9	10	9	10	10—94
Re-entry	8	9	9	9	10	7	10	10	10	9—91
A Smith	10	7	10	10	8	10	10	9	10	9—93
J H Wesson	8	10	7	10	10	9	10	9	10	9—92
Re-entry	10	8	9	10	10	10	9	8	7	10—91
J Goodrich	10	10	9	9	10	10	9	8	9	8—92
Re-entry	10	7	10	8	10	7	10	9	10	9—90
F Hodskins	9	10	9	10	7	10	9	10	9	8—91
O Hodskins	6	7	8	8	9	9	9	10	10	10—86
C Call	5	10	6	10	6	9	7	10	9	10—82

Dec. 18.—Scores made to-day at 20yds.:

F Hodskins	10	10	9	10	10	7	10	8	10	9—93
C Axtelle	7	9	8	9	10	10	10	9	10	10—92
A Smith	9	10	9	10	9	8	10	9	10	8—92
J Wesson	8	9	10	10	8	9	9	9	10	9—91
Z Talbot	9	7	10	8	8	10	10	8	10	10—90
Dr W A Smith	8	5	8	9	10	9	10	9	10	9—87
C Call	7	8	7	9	8	10	8	9	8	10—84

Greenville Rifle Club.

GREENVILLE, N. J., Dec. 16.—The members of the Greenville Rifle Club held their annual election of officers this evening, the meeting taking place in the club's headquarters, Jersey City Heights. The following is a list of the officers elected and committees appointed: President, Edward Barr; Vice-President, John Hovindon; Treasurer, Edward Wuestner, Jr.; Financial Secretary, Henry Gotthardt; Recording Secretary, George W. Plaisted; Captain, Colin Boag; Assistant Captain, Charles H. Chavant; Sergeant-at-Arms, Frank Wuestner. Trustees: John H. Hill, William H. Robidoux, James Boag, William C. Collins and Charles H. Chavant. Shooting Committee: Colin Boag, chairman; Charles H. Chavant, Michael Darrler, George W. Plaisted, Henry Lutz, William L. Collins and George Purkess.

Rifle Notes.

THE Ideal Manufacturing Co. has perfected a mould and reloading tool for the new .30-30 Winchester and Marlin smokeless cartridges.

The mould casts a bullet with a beveled groove near the front end, around which the shell is crimped, thus preventing undue pressure on the powder.

The Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburg, Pa., held a prize shoot at its indoor rifle range, 1717 Jane street, on Christmas Day; $50 was given away in prizes.

The opening prize shoot of the Empire Rifle Club, of New York, was held on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Dec. 18, 19, at the club's headquarters, Zettler's gallery, 219 Bowery. The club gave away $124 in prizes.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

1896.

Jan. 1.—NEWARK, N. J.—Fifteenth annual New Year's Day reception and tournament of the South Side Gun Club; targets. Shooting commences at 9:30 A. M. W. R. Hobart, Sec'y.

Jan. 1.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Shoot of the Limited Gun Club. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Jan. 4.—WILMINGTON, Del.—Second team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 25 men to a team; all day shoot on the grounds of the Wilmington Rod and Gun Club.

Jan. 4-5—PHOENIX, Ariz.—Annual tournament of the Arizona State Sportsmen's Association.

Jan. 7-11.—SAN ANTONIO, Texas.—Grand mid-winter tournament, under the auspices of Texas State Sportsmen's Association and management of J. M. George and O. C. Guessaz (Texas Field), $2,000 added.

Jan. 23-24.—UTICA, N. Y.—Mid-winter tournament on the grounds of the Oneida County Sportsmen's Association; live birds and targets. J. W. Fuiford, Manager.

Feb. 1.—————.—Third team race between All-Philadelphia and the Delaware State League, 26 men to a team. (Place of shoot not fixed.)

April 1-3.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; $1000 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. P. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2,000 added money.

May 12-15 — MEMPHIS, Tenn. — Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, $2,000 added money.

May 12-14.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap-Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 20-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 1-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

The selection of Elkwood Park as the scene of the next grand American handicap should meet with the general approval of all intending shooters. The only objection that can be brought to bear upon the selection is on the score of distance, and that in point of time is not as bad as it was to Willard Park last April. One hour and a half without a change, with trains stopped right at the entrance to the park, is nothing compared with the conveniences when one gets there. Shooters who don't want to sleep in New York every night can find ample and excellent accommodation at Branchport, not a mile from the park, or at Long Branch, about one and one-half miles away, with plenty of stages at hand to carry them to and from their hotel. The breezes from the Atlantic Ocean, which can be enjoyed to the full at Long Branch, are calculated to make a man shoot straight whether he wants to or no.

A special feature of the programme for the Grand American Handicap meeting will be radically different from that presented last year. As we understand it, all events under 10 birds will be high guns; 10 birds and over class shooting, with the exception of the Grand American Handicap itself. It is possible that even in this event the management may throw out some additional inducements to the general shooting public to enter, a suggestion being made to divide $1,000 between the three high guns, the balance being divided as in class shooting among those who have not got placed. Manager Shaner will tell everything in his programme, which he will go to work upon at once. There will be three sets of traps, one of the three being devoted entirely to miss-and-outs. This last set is bound to be a popular one.

Paul North, the gentleman "from Ohio," was present at the annual meeting of the Interstate Association last week. While talking about the prospects for next year, Paul said that he thought there would be more target shooting than ever; his sales told him that, he said. Regarding the E. C. tournament in May, he said it ought to be the biggest affair of the kind ever held. "You've never had a large tournament, with such an amount of added money—$2,000—for the boys to come after. They'll come from all over the country to see New York and to get a slice of that $2,000." We think Paul is right, and also think that the championship event will be a grand success, and that after it is over we will be able to hail a real all-round champion at targets.

The New Utrecht Gun Club is launching out into the target field, and will shoot a team race with a team from the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., some time in January. In making a match with the Boiling Springs Club, the New Utrechts are flying at high game, as the Jersey boys can get together a very hot team. We understand the teams will be quite large, probably twenty-four men a side. Among the target shots of the New Utrechts are: Capt. Money and his son, Noel; L. H. Schortemeier, Charlie Floyd, H. P. Fessenden, A. A. Hegeman, D. Deacon, Gus Greiff, W. F. Sykes, Dr. Sheppard, Dr. Pool, etc.

Judge Lindsay's handicap will be adopted at the Chamberlin tournament next May. This handicap, it will be remembered, handicaps not by distance nor by style of shooting; it merely makes winners pay more money into the next event they shoot in than those do who were unlucky enough not to get a portion of the purse. Roila Heikes *et hoc genus omne*, literally the crackerjacks, will pay about $15 a day *more* into the purses than do the "contributors." This will reduce winnings and losings; a mighty good thing for trap-shooting in general.

The decision of the board of directors of the Interstate Association to adopt the Rose system with a view to giving it a trial at some of their tournaments in the season of 1896 is on a par with the progressive nature of the work done by the Association in past years. In our issue of March 16, 1895, we gave an exhaustive review of the workings of this system under the title of the "straight-out" system, believing that the scheme for the division of purses was the right one, and the one best calculated to attract the rank and file of trap-shooters.

We learn from H. A. Penrose, who was in the city last week, that all challengers for the Du Pont Smokeless championship cup, now held by Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., must use Du Pont in their matches for the cup. It was originally stated that challengers might use any powder, but such was not the intention of the donors of the trophy. G. P. Christianson, who has challenged for the cup, has a good reputation in Iowa and in the West as a live-bird shot, so Gilbert will have to look out.

The departure of B. G. Empie from Lynchburg, Va., will be a sad blow to the Lynchburg Gun Club. Mr. Empie was very popular in that city, and was a moving spirit in its trap-shooting affairs. In his new home, New Orleans, he will find ample opportunities for testing his skill at targets, and, judging from the scores made from time to time by members of the Louisiana Gun Club, he will have to put his best foot foremost if he wants to hold his own.

Capt. Adrian C. Anson took part in the live-bird events on the second day of the Elizabeth, N. J., bi-monthly tournament. Anson shouldered Brewer's 8lb gun, marched to the 28yds. mark, shoved in a couple of Brewer's 3¼in. Roman candles, called "Pull," and knocked down his birds in capital shape; the close shooting qualities of the gun bothered him a little when he had to put it on to incomers.

John Benner, of Fanwood, N. J., has been laid up for about six months with a broken leg that stubbornly refused to heal. Within the past week or two, although going on crutches, John has been trying his hand at the trap. He took part in the Elizabeth Gun Club's 25-bird race on Dec. 20, scoring 20 for the 27yds. mark, making some good second barrel kills.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association will be held in Kansas City, Mo., during the first week in January, for the purpose of completing arrangements for the nineteenth annual tournament of the Association, which will be held in that city May 20-24 next.

The third match between ten-men teams of the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the Riverton Gun Club of Riverton, N. J., will be shot on Wednesday, Jan. 15, on the grounds of the Riverton Gun Club. The match is at 15 live birds per man, 29yds. everybody.

Are you going to San Antonio? That's about the most common remark hereabouts just now. The Northern contingent will be a strong one, both in point of numbers and in shooting powers. Added money to the amount of $2,000 cannot fail to attract the boys.

Bert Claridge, one of the best shots of the Baltimore Shooting Association, made a good record on Dec. 13, the second day of the Fairview Gun Club's tournament at Lancaster, Pa. In three 10-bird races at live birds he scored 29 out of 30.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Lancaster Tournament.

LANCASTER, Pa., Dec. 13.—To-day was the second day of the Fairview Gun Club's tournament. The programme for the day consisted of four 10-bird races at live pigeons. The scores in the various events were:

No. 1: Farmer 9, Martin 8, Benner and Paine 7, Johns and Brant 6, Young 3, Garber 1.

No. 2: Coldren, Claridge and Gent 9, Penrose, Esterly and Russell 6, Myers and Zellers 5.

No. 3: Franklin and Claridge 10, Coldren and Gent 9, Penrose, Esterly, Dommell and Adams 8, Clover 7, Russell 6, Myers 4.

No. 4: Claridge 10, Clover and Franklin 9, Gent 8, Taylor 7, Adams and Penrose 6, Anderson and Myers 4, Hart 3.

The Interstate's Pro ramme for 1896.

OUR report of the Interstate Association's stockholders' annual meeting, held on Tuesday, Dec. 17, was given in full in last week's issue. At the time of going to press, however, the board of directors had not yet decided upon a plan of action for 1896.

Mr. Shaner, the manager, suggested that, in view of the success that had attended the Association's efforts in the past season, the Association confine its attention, for one more season at least, to the South. He put forward the claim of the Palmetto Gun Club, of Charleston, S. C., to another Interstate tournament on its grounds, and recommended that the tournament and classification committee act favorably on the club's application, in consideration of the way in which the bad weather spoiled the tournament in Charleston in October, 1894.

A letter from A. R. Rose, of Salida, Col., was also read by the manager. In his letter Mr. Rose urged that the Association adopt his system of dividing purses with a view to giving it a practical trial. The system was thoroughly explained to the board of directors, examples worked out by Mr. Rose being placed before it in order that the board might the more readily understand the system. It was evident that the directors thought well of the system, as they decided to give it a trial at some of the Association's tournaments in 1896.

It was also decided by the board that the programme for the Grand American Handicap meeting be drawn up on these lines: All events of 10 birds or more except the Grand American Handicap should be class shooting; all events of less than 10 birds should be high guns. There will be three sets of traps in use: one for the Grand American Handicap, another for sweeps, and a third for miss-and-out events.

The board was also unanimous that the traps over which the Grand American Handicap are shot should be King traps. This was ordered because it was thought best that the traps for this event should be those which were commonly in use all over the country and to which, therefore, the public were accustomed.

A motion was made and carried unanimously that an admission fee of 50 cents per day to witness the shooting be charged alike to all except those who had entered in the Grand American handicap. It was positively stated that such admission fee (gate money) could not possibly be construed as taking away from any shooter his amateur status, since he would in no way be benefited by the same. The Hurlingham Club, the Gun Club of London, Circle des Patineurs, of Paris, etc., all charge a round sum as admission fee to witness the shooting at their grounds.

This concluded the business before the board of directors.

CLASSIFICATION AND TOURNAMENT COMMITTEE.

The classification and tournament committee met Dec. 18 at the store of Von Lengerke & Detmold. The chief business was the selection of the place where the Grand American Handicap was to be held. Elkwood Park was decided upon. The dates are April 1-3. It was decided to charge everybody except contestants in the Grand American Handicap the sum of 50 cents per day for admission to the grounds, as decided upon by the board of directors; but it was also agreed that each shooter upon paying his first entrance fee each day into any sweepstake event shot on the grounds should be credited in that entrance fee with the 50 cents he had paid as admission fee to the park.

The circuit for 1896 was arranged as follows, subject, of course, to alteration: Six target tournaments to be held during the season, three of them in the Southern States and three in the New England States—Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont; the three last being conditional upon the Association receiving applications from gun clubs in those States warranting the holding of such tournaments.

Elkwood Park, N. J., is located on the New York & Long Branch R. R., about a mile from Branchport station and two miles from Long Branch. Two trains each way will be stopped at the platform at the park gates, thus doing away with the necessity of a transfer of guns and shellbags to hacks. At Branchport and at Long Branch there is plenty of good hotel accommodation. The fare from New York over either road is $1 50 the round trip.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Dec. 11.—Messrs. Nelson, Dornin and Scott, three members of the Lynchburg Gun Club, braved the snow and cold wind that blew over the shooting grounds and made the following scores at the club's weekly shoot:

No. 1:

Nelson	1101101111111111110111100—20
Dornin	0111001011011110111011111—18
Scott	1111010011100100011101111—16

No. 2, same:		No. 3, same:	
Nelson	0111110111111111111111111—23	0101110111111011111101111—20
Dornin	1110111011111111111101111—22	0110111111111010011111011—19
Scott	1110111101011111010010101—17	0101111111111111001011110—19

No. 4, same:		No. 5, same:	
Nelson	1101101110111100111111011—19	1111111011111011111	—18
Dornin	1101111111111111111111111—24	0111111111111010111	—17
Scott	0111111111011010111110011—19	1011101011011110001	—13

A FAREWELL TO EMPIE.

Dec. 17.—This afternoon the members of the club gave a farewell complimentary shoot to our friend and fellow sportsman, B. G. Empie. Mr. Empie goes South in a few days to make his home in New Orleans; he carries with him the best wishes of the many friends he has made while in this city, who part with him with the greatest regret. During the afternoon the following scores were shot:

No. 1.		No. 2.	
Nelson	0101011111111101111111111—21	1111111101111111100101101—20	
Terry	0111101011011011111001111—19	1111111111111001010011001—18	
Scott	0111011111101111001010111—18	1110011111010100111111111—17	
Dornin	1111011110011011111111110—20	1111101100111111111111101—21	
Empie	1001110100111011111101111—18	1111111110110011111000111—19	
Moorman	1001111011011111111100101—18	1111001110011001111111101—17	
Cleland	1100111010111100111110110—17	0111100110111011011011100—16	

No. 3.		No. 4.	
Nelson	1111111001111100110111100—18	1111111101111010111111101—21	
Terry	1110101001111111101111100—17	1111101111100111011111100—18	
Scott	1111001110001010101101111—16	1101110111111011111011000—18	
Dornin	1110111111111001111111111—22	1010101111101111111111101—20	
Empie	1111110011110001001011011—16	1111001110110101011111001—17	
Moorman	1110111111101111001011110—19	1101110111001011111111100—17	
Cleland	1101110011101101101111000—16	1100011100110101011101101—15	

No. 5.		No. 6.	
Nelson	1011111110010111111100111—19	1100011111111111111111110—21	
Terry	1110111001111011110100110—17	.....	
Scott	1111011011100111101100111—18	1011101010111111101100111—18	
Dornin	1001011011111111111111111—21	1111110111011111110110101—20	
Empie	0111010100101111010111101—16	1110011100101011101011111—17	
Moorman	1111111111111111111110—24	.....	

F. M. D.

Singac Gun Club.

PATERSON, N. J., Dec. 17.—The first shoot under the auspices of the new gun club at Singac, N. J., was held to-day on the club's grounds in rear of Arthur Bunn's hotel. The grounds have been much improved of late, a shooting platform, tables for scorers, seats for the shooters, etc., having been added to them since the last shoot was held. As Bunn always has a lot of good birds on hand anyone wishing to have a little shooting cannot do better than make the trip to Singac.

To-day the attendance was not very large, but it was decidedly fast, Jack Brewer, Jim Elliott, Frank Class, etc. The birds were an excellent lot of fast flyers. It will be noticed from the scores that even the cracks seemed to find them hard enough; the pigeons were all blue birds, not a light colored one among the lot. Class won first money alone in the main event with 13 out of 15; Elliott missed his first 3 birds and then killed 12 straight by some capital shooting, Eddie Morgan, who came late and borrowed a gun, tieing him for second money. Chris. Wright missed his 1st, 5th, 13th and 15th, but took third money alone with 11 out of his 15. Brewer shot in bad luck, several of his birds getting away extremely hard hit. A peculiar feature of the event was the fact that five out of the seven shooters missed their first birds; at the end of the 5th round Class was high with 4 out of 5. Brewer's handicap of 33yds. was very severe considering the character of the birds. Elliott, of course, was shooting his Winchester; his mark was 32yds.

After the main event—the New York contingent had to leave to catch a train—a couple of handicap sweeps were shot, with the result that Morgan won the first with 4 out of 5, Chris. Wright taking the second with a straight score of 5. Out of the 150 birds trapped during the day, 43 were scored lost. Scores:

No. 1, 15 live birds, $10 entrance, handicap rise, 50yds. boundary, Hurlingham rules:

F Class (31)	0212222020122222—13	J L Brewer (33)	2101021022210022—10
Jim Elliott (32)	0002221222222222—12	J Timmons (29)	1200120220212110—10
E Morgan (28)	0202222021012222—12	Klotz (27)	0220020011220201— 8
T Wright (29)	0122022222222010—11		

No. 2:		No. 3:	
A Bunn (28)	00112—3	(28)	02222—4
J Smith (28)	01102—3	(28)	02101—3
Klotz (28)	20202—3		
E Morgan (28)	11110—4	(26)	20221—3
A Mains		(26)	11011—3
T C Wright		(30)	22222—5

DUTCHER.

In New Jersey.

AT THE CARTERET CLUB.

Dec. 18.—Eleven shooters took part in the afternoon's programme at the Carteret Club to-day. Shooting commenced as usual about 1:55 and stopped at 4:40, a total of 291 birds, exclusive of practice birds, being shot at in the above space of time, an average of about 105 per hour. There was scarcely a breath of air to aid the birds, but the lack of it was hardly noticed, the pigeons flying very strongly and taxing the skill of the shooters to the utmost. The following table shows the work of each man for the afternoon:

	Shot at.	Scored.		Shot at.	Scored.
McAlpin	32	29	Stafford	30	23
Butler	32	27	Chapin	20	16
Hoey	26	22	Page	23	16
Wright	20	26	Leonard	17	12
Thomas	37	31	Edey	14	11
Godchalk	30	24			

From the above it will be seen that McAlpin, Hoey, Butler and Wright were doing some good work. In the last two events Hoey, from the 31yds. mark, made a run of 20 straight, drawing a lot of hard ones among the birds that fell to his lot.

No. 1 was at 5 birds, $5 entrance, two high guns. This event had eight entries, four of whom went straight and split up the purse to facilitate matters. No. 2 was at an unlimited number of birds, handicap rise, with an allowance of misses before retiring. $10 entrance, two high guns; 31 and 30yds. men had two misses before being out of it; 29yds. men, three misses; 28yds. four misses; 27yds. and under, five misses. This event had ten entries, and the general supposition was that, considering the weather, it would be a long drawn out affair. As a matter of fact it did take seventeen rounds prior to a division between Stafford, McAlpin and Butler, each of whom had still a miss coming to them when they divided. The first to fall out were Fred Hoey and Seaver Page, Hoey losing both his birds dead out of bounds; Page was out of all form and let an awfully easy one get away from him in the 3d round. Leonard fell out in the next (4th) round, Chapin following suit in the 5th round. Godchalk was the fifth on the list of withdrawals, the 11th round being fatal to him, although Thomas had been hanging on the ragged edge with a total of three losses, all dead out of bounds, placed to his credit at the close of the 7th round. Wright lasted thirteen rounds, Thomas finally dropping out at the end of the 15th round.

This left three in for the money—Stafford, McAlpin and Butler; each man had two misses due him, so that matters were even up, as it were. Stafford used one of his ciphers in the 16th round when a rattling good bird carried his shot over the boundary. In the 17th round Stafford killed, while McAlpin and Butler both lost their birds; as everything was thus even up once more, the three agreed to split up the purse. Butler, who according to his handicap was allowed four misses, went straight up to the end of the 9th round, and apparently had a cinch on the whole of the purse; he then lost his 10th, 13th and 17th birds; McAlpin made a run of 11 straight after losing his 5th bird.

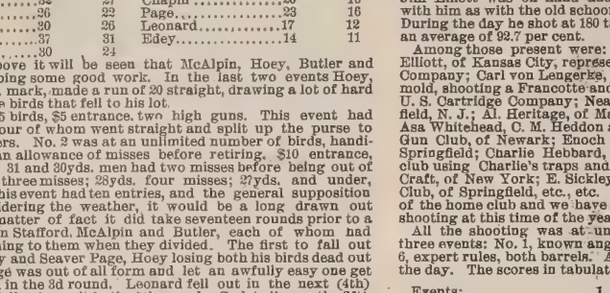
No. 3 was 10 birds, optional sweep of $5 or $10, two high guns; this event had eleven entries, W. S. Edey having arrived on the scene too late for either of two previous events. McAlpin, Hoey and Butler went straight and shot off for the money, the two first named winning after killing three straight in the ties.

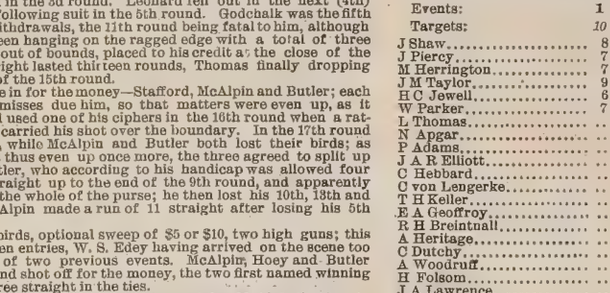
No. 4 was a $5 miss-and-out with ten entries, McAlpin having to hurry away to catch a train. Thomas, Page and Wright divided the purse after killing 8 straight, Hoey dropping out in the eighth round. The traps fell to the shooters as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Thomas	9	8	8	8	4	37
Godchalk	8	4	10	2	6	30
Stafford	7	6	2	9	6	30
Page	0	10	9	2	2	23
McAlpin	11	6	3	8	4	32
Hoey	8	5	3	6	4	26
Leonard	3	5	4	3	3	17
Wright	8	8	4	5	5	30
Butler	9	5	7	6	5	32
Chapin	5	5	4	2	4	30
Edey	2	4	3	3	2	14
	69	66	57	54	45	291

The scores in detail are:

Trap score type—Copyright 1895, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.





ELIZABETH GUN CLUB'S BI-MONTHLY.

Dec. 20.—The two days' shoot of the Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club, which was brought to a conclusion this afternoon, was entirely satisfactory in every way. The weather, as is usual at this club's tournaments, was all that could be desired, the days being as springlike as the pleasantest days in April. In point of attendance, the club cannot find any ground for complaint, while the comfort of the shooters was well looked after. The catering department, too, was in the same capable hands that have handled it since the institution of the Elizabeth Gun Club and its bi-monthly tournaments.

First Day.

On Dec. 19, the first day of the tournament, targets were used, the club issuing a long and varied programme of events. Altogether twelve regular events and two extras were shot off, the total calling for 205 targets. J. S. Shaw and G. Piercy both started in at the commencement of the programme and went right through to the end. M. Herrington, the popular representative of the W.-A. powder, and Neaf Apgar, who shoots Walsrode, shot in thirteen out of the fourteen events. Major Taylor took part in the first two events, scoring 19 out of a possible 20. He then had to leave to attend to other business. Jim Elliott was on hand and easily carried off the honors. It was with him as with the old schooner America—"Elliott first, no second." During the day he shot at 180 targets, scoring 167 out of that number, an average of 92.7 per cent.

Among those present were: J. S. Shaw, of Long Branch; J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Company; Carl von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, shooting a Francotte and Schultze powder; T. H. Keller, of the U. S. Cartridge Company; Neaf Apgar and Dutchy Smith, of Plainfield, N. J.; Al. Heritage, of Marion; R. Heber Breintnall, L. Thomas, Asa Whitehead, C. M. Heddon and E. A. Geoffroy, of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark; Enoch Miller, from the Union Gun Club, of Springfield; Charlie Hebbard, of the Empire Target Company, the club using Charlie's traps and targets; J. Grier, of Dunellen; Harry Craft, of New York; E. Sickley, one of the cracks of the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, etc., etc. Add to the above number four or five of the home club and we have quite a large entry for a day's target shooting at this time of the year.

All the shooting was at unknown angles with the exception of three events: No. 1, known angles; No. 4, traps in reversed order; No. 6, expert rules, both barrels. About 2,700 targets were thrown during the day. The scores in tabulated form are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	15	10	20	15	20	15	25	10	15	10	15	15
J Shaw	8	8	11	5	14	10	17	8	22	8	11	8	8	8
J Piercy	7	7	12	7	16	12	13	12	19	8	12	7	8	7
M Herrington	7	7	10	8	18	13	16	13	19	7	12	8	12	..
J M Taylor	9	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H C Jewell	6	6	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W Parker	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L Thomas	..	7	11	7	14	12	18	13	..	7	14	9	12	..
N Apgar	..	8	11	8	18	10	16	11	24	9	12	7	14	14
P Adams	..	8	13	9	16	9	17	14	21	10	11	7	..	..
J A R Elliott	..	9	15	8	20	14	19	15	21	10	15	10	11	..
C Hebbard	..	..	..	6	16	..	15	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
C von Lengerke	..	..	..	8	18	..	17	11	21	..	13	..	..	..
T H Keller	..	..	..	9	17	11	16	12	21	9	14	7	14	10
E A Geoffroy	..	..	..	8	16	13	18	15	24	9	14	9	..	..
R H Breintnall	..	..	..	..	14	9	15	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Heritage	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	8	..	8	12	..	..
C Dutchy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	12	20	8	14	10	11
A Woodruff	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	21	8	..	..	..
H Folsom	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	13	20	9	11	8	12
J A Lawrence	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	10	6	..	..	..
E D Miller	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	19	14	23	8	13	..	..
E Sickley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	18	8	13	9	13
J Grier	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	22	9	14	9	11
C M Heddon	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Whitehead	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	8	..
H Craft	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..

Second Day.

The shooting to-day was at live birds. The programme contained three events: No. 1, 7 birds, $5; No. 2, 10 birds, $5; No. 3, 25 birds, $10 (birds extra), handicap. The birds, under the superintendence of Nate Astfalk, flew remarkably well; taking into consideration the fact that they had absolutely no wind to help them, they were a wonderful lot, and reflected great credit on the gun club's management.

The day being a lovely one, the attendance of spectators was quite large; the number of shooters was not as numerous as might be expected, but this is a busy time. As it was there was an entry list of eleven in the big event. No. 1 had six entries, Elliott and L. Thomas going straight. No. 2, the 10-bird event, had seven entries; in this event Class and Allen Willey went straight, while three others came out with 9 apiece.

For the main event Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, acted as referee. In connection with Mr. Shaner's work it should be mentioned that a point came up for consideration that caused a lot of argument, several holding that the referee's decision was not correct. We uphold the referee, claiming that his decision was absolutely correct. As there appeared to be much doubt on the point, and as there also appeared to be a lack of knowledge of the rules (A. S. A. by the way), we give the circumstances and the rule on the point:

In the 9th round Willey drew a white bird from No. 1 trap that flew a short distance as soon as the trap was pulled, alighting about 6ft. on the far side of the trap from the shooter; Willey did not shoot at it, but seeing that it had gained about 2yds. on him, called "no bird," turning away from the score as he did so. He was then told that he must kill it, so fired at it on the ground, wounding it, whereupon it flew away, the second barrel doing it very little harm; outside the fence the scouts took good care of it. "Lost bird," called the referee. Then ensued quite a lot of talk on the subject, several claiming that as Willey had called "no bird" he was entitled to another; Willey himself, under the impression that he had a right to another bird, took his place at the score until the referee told him to let the next shooter, Anson, go to the score.

The whole point is this: The bird had been on the wing, and therefore could not be refused by the shooter; *it had not refused to fly.* A. S. A. rules say: "The shooter may declare a bird refusing to fly when the trap is pulled a 'no bird'!" After the bird had flown a short distance and alighted, the shooter had the option of two methods of dealing with it: either to wait for it to be flushed in the manner usual at the club's grounds, or to kill the bird on the ground, thus making it a "no bird." It must be remembered that the rules do not permit a shooter to call a "no bird" for any other reason than its refusal to fly. The bird in question had not in our opinion refused to fly; it had only refused to fly far enough to suit the shooter.

In regard to the work done by the shooters, Brewer shot a good race, losing a bird that was hard enough to take advantage of a temporary slip up on the part of the man at the score. Elliott shot well, but drew far more than his share of the hard birds; he did not draw an easy bird while we were watching the shooting. Aaron Woodruff shot well up as usual, handling Allen Willey's Greener as if he had been used to it for a long time. Class went straight up to the 20th round, but then fell away; the first bird he lost was a rasper from No. 1; it was a bad bird to see, and Class "fudged," the bird gaining 5 or 6yds. on him before he got his first barrel off. H. Koegel, a good shot from the East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., was lightly handicapped at 27yds., and should have landed higher up on the list than he did; he is a left-handed shooter, and like all other south-paw shooters is able to point his gun very straight. Willey also shot well, and but for his piece of bad luck mentioned above should have landed a notch higher than he did.

The scores in the three events shot during the day were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
J A R Elliott	1112112—7	2120112211—9
F Class	1120121—6	1122232222—10
Jas Timmons	1122030—5	0121112111—9
A C Anson	1211102—6	1111122021—9
N Astfalk	1020011—4	0200201101—5
L Thomas	2221122—7	.....
A Willey	.....	1122122222—10
A Bunn	.....	2022012012—7

No. 3, 25 live birds, handicap, $10, birds extra, 3 moneys, class shooting. Brewer (32) 24, Willey (30) and Woodruff (29) 23, Class (31), J. G. Piercy (27) and H. Koegel (27) 22, Timmons (28) 21, Elliott (31), Anson (28) and Bonner (27) 20, Bunn (28) withdrew in the 10th round.

EDWARD BANKS.

Trap Around Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 14.—At the Audubon Gun Club's weekly shoot to-day, Secretary E. W. Smith and C. S. Burkhardt chose sides for a live bird match under the following conditions: 10 live birds per man, $3, losing team to pay for the birds and a supper for the winners. As a result of some good work on the part of J. A. Phillips, one of the oldest shots in Buffalo, who scored the only 10 straight, and also on the part of E. W. Smith and H. Erb, each of whom killed 9 out of 10, the ten men captained by Secretary Smith will eat a good supper at the expense of Capt. Burkhardt's team. Score:

E. W. Smith's Team.		C. S. Burkhardt's Team.	
J A Phillips	1112112211—10	Schwartz	1111101112—9
E W Smith	●221121111—9	B F Miller	2201110111—8
H Erb	1110111111—9	E C Burkhardt	2202111021—8
L W Bennett	1020011222—7	C S Burkhardt	0211020112—7
Dr Fisher	2111011100—7	Northrup	21221●2020—7
G P McArthur	00111●2201—6	Dr Sauer	1021202102—7
C Oehmig	1●10120202—6	L Erb	22110112●●—7
G O Miller	1110210●●0—5	Eaton	130●020012—5
H Williams	01001●●211—5	E H Rounds	●002010011—4
W E Storey	11220 —4—68	Coombs	01131 —4—66

On Long Island.

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

Dec. 17.—The members of the Hell Gate Gun Club turned out in force at the club's monthly shoot held at Dexter Park this afternoon; twenty men put down their names and shot their 10 birds in the club shoot. Of this number only two, Louis Schortemeier and Trostell, killed their 10, three others losing but one bird. The following are the scores in full:

F Trostell (28) 2111112121—10	J P Dannefelser (28) 0010121122— 7
L Schortemeier (28) 2211111211—10	C Dege (28) 0121001121— 7
E Doeinck (25) 1221011212— 9	Gus Nowak (28) 2●22●00222— 6
A Kodel (28) 1220221112— 9	W Rabenstein (28) 0021221200— 6
A Schmitt (28) 0221122211— 9	J Sehm (25) 0000211202— 5
J H Voss (28) 2●2●211112— 8	C G Riger (28) 0011100002— 4
P Woelfel (28) 2120211●1●— 8	H W Voss (28) 0101000012— 4
J Kohls (28) 1110011021— 7	C Weber (28) 1100020●01— 4
S J Held (28) 11212●●102— 7	J Newman (25) 0022300002— 4
R Linder (28) 2002112021— 7	C Marginardt (28) 0002100020— 3

In sweeps for the price of the birds Held beat out A. Schmitt by the score of 9 to 8.

BERGEN ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Dec. 17.—Robert L. Valentine and James W. Reynolds, both members of the Bergen Rod and Gun Club, shot a match to-day on the club's grounds at Flatlands, Reynolds winning after a very close race. The conditions were: Reynolds 29yds., Valentine 30yds., 25 live birds per man, Valentine also conceding his opponent two misses as kills. The score was: Reynolds 22, Valentine 21.

After the match a sweep at 5 birds, $1 entrance, two high guns, was shot with the following result: John S. Fletcher (26) 4, Robt L. Valentine (28) 5, James W. Reynolds (28) 3, Alfred W. Morton (26) 2, Peter K. O'Brien (28) 3, John A. O'Donnell (26) 2, John G. Schaeffer (27) 3, Charles W. Reynolds (26) 2, Daniel G. Quinn (26) 1, Louis G. Wilson (26) 3, Thomas P. O'Dell (26) 4.

NEW YORK GERMAN GUN CLUB.

Dec. 18.—A few sweeps were shot this afternoon by some members of the New York German Gun Club at Dexter Park, the following scores being made:

	No 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
A Schmitt	11100—3	22111—5	22202—4	0222—3
F Radle	20022—3	20220—3	02010—2	2001—2
S J Held	22222—5	11011—4	12202—4	2012—3
B Koenig	10100—2	10121—4	22201—4	1211—4
C Weidmann	10121—4	10001—2	12010—3	1211—4
F Sauter	.....	12011—4	00120—2	.....
J Racky	.....	11011—4	22001—3	0100—1

August Schmitt, president of the club, and C. Weidmann also shot a race at 15 live birds, Schmitt winning easily by scoring 12 to 9.

IDLE HOUR GUN CLUB.

Dec 16.—The Idle Hour Gun Club held its monthly shoot at Dexter Park this afternoon, and some of the best birds in the coops were trapped, the consequence being that 5 out of 7 was high, two out of the nine competitors killing that number. The score was as follows:

Club shoot, 7 live birds, A. S. A. rules governing: Henry J. Boemmermann (28) 5, Richard Sandiford (28) 5, Adolph Busch (25) 4, Christopher M. Lakeman (25) 3, John F. C. Elfers (25) 3, Henry A. Meyn (25) 3, Henry J Offermann (23) 3, Frederick A. Wilshusen (25) 1, Gus. Viemeister (23) 1.

After the club shoot a sweep at 3 live birds, $1 entrance, was shot with the following results: Sandiford, Offermann, Meyn and Wilshusen 3; Busch and Boemmermann 2, Elfers 0.

ENTERPRISE ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Dec. 19.—The Enterprise Rod and Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., held its monthly shoot this afternoon at its grounds, North Beach, L. I. The club event is at 7 live birds per man, handicap rise, scores to count in the yearly averages. John H. Cameron was the only one to score 6 out of 7, making the top score for the day. Result:

John H. Cameron (26) 6, J. G. Williamson (25) 5, F. C. England (27) 4, A. B. Whyland (25) 3, F. B. Weedon (23) 2, J. W. O'Rourke (25) 2, P. C. Kennedy (26) 2, A. G. Hudson (25) 3, W. H. Greene (25) 3, S. G. Porter (26) 1, J. A. Andrews (25) 3.

Sweep No. 1, 3 live birds, $1 entrance: Andrews, Hudson and Porter, 3; England, Whyland and Greene, 2; Weedon, O'Rourke and Kennedy, 1.

No. 2, same: Andrews, England, O'Rourke and Kennedy, 2; Porter, Weedon and Greene, 1; Whyland, 0.

Ideal Gun Club of St. Paul.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 15.—The Ideal Gun Club, of this city, held its second shoot of the season to-day. There was a good attendance of members, twenty-nine shooters taking part in the various events decided. Speaking of the club and its members the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* says: "The Ideal Gun Club is not a misnomer. It is composed of a number of the best and most enthusiastic marksmen in the city, and their outings so far this season have been of the most interesting and successful character. Among its members are champions at the trap and in the field, and one of them, Tom Poucher, is said to be hard to defeat on a duck pass by any sportsman in the State, or out of it, perhaps. The Ideal has had a standing challenge out all season to any other club in the State, but so far it has not been taken up."

Live birds were used to-day and so good were they that, though the events were two of 8 birds and one of 6, only one straight score was made. Scores:

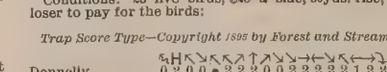
	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Burkhardt	11111011—7	.....	.....
Chanler	10111111—7	111100—4	01101111—6
O J Mooney	11111101—7	110110—4	.....
F Novotny	11110111—7	111110—5	01111111—7
Highouse	11110111—7	.....	01111111—7
Wack	11111110—7	.....	11111101—7
Kavanagh	10111101—6	.....	.....
Nettleton	10111110—6	.....	10111010—5
Reed	11110101—6	111101—5	11111111—8
Revord	11001111—6	111110—5	01111111—7
Salsburg	11101011—6	.....	11100111—6
Wheaton	10110111—6	.....	10101011—5
Wilmot	11111001—6	111001—4	11111011—7
Bickel	11010011—5	011011—4	11100101—5
Daley	01111010—5	110111—5	.....
Duryea	11100011—5	.....	01110110—6
E Novotny	10010111—5	111110—5	01111111—7
Lehr	11101010—5	.....	.....
Campbell	10110110—5	.....	.....
Roberts	11001011—5	.....	.....
Helfenstine	00011101—4	.....	.....
Shotwell	00111010—4	.....	.....
Dr Quinn	11001100—4	010111—4	11001011—5
Young	00011101—4	.....	.....
W Rete	01000000—1	.....	.....
Wilson	.....	101110—4	10111011—6
French	.....	011011—4	.....
Pamey	.....	111100—4	.....
Burk	.....	.....	11100111—6

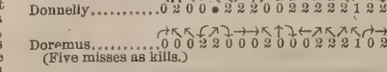
Donnelly Defeats Doremus.

PATERSON, N. J., Dec. 14.—Shooting around Paterson has not been very brisk lately. The Paterson Gun Club expects to get to work again as soon as Boyle Bros. get the grounds in shape after the Rugby football season they have passed through. The birds furnished for to-day's match at Willard Park were an excellent lot, and were entirely too fast for Doremus, who is a great shot in the brush and under Long Island rules. His match to-day with Donnelly was something new to him, and notwithstanding his allowance of five misses as kills, he was beaten one bird, the score standing 16 to 15.

Conditions: 25 live birds, $25 a side, 30yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, loser to pay for the birds:

Trap Score Type—Copyright 1895 by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.





(Five misses as kills.) DUTCHER.

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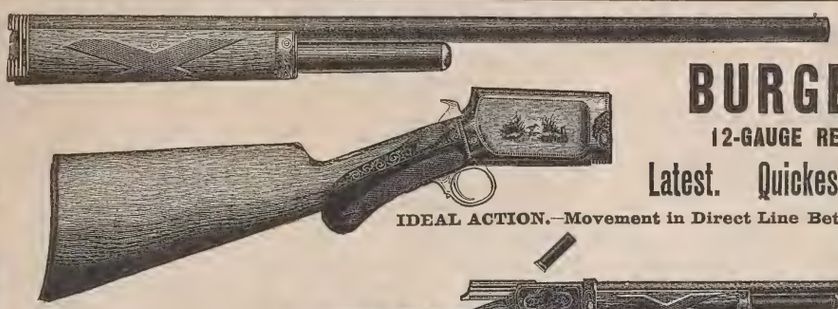
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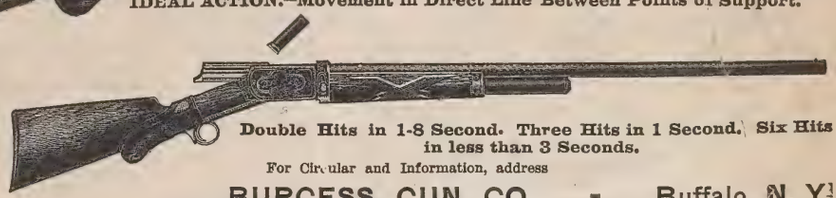


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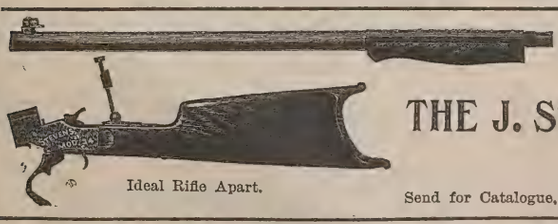
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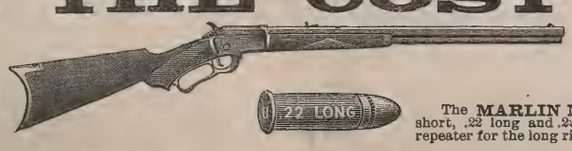


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